



FRANKLIN PIERCE UNIVERSITY  
SPRING 2016

Dear Reader,

I am pleased to share with and bring to you the Spring edition of the Franklin Pierce University *Nevermore* spring 2016 literary magazine. I would be remiss if I did not thank everyone who made this issue possible. I want to first thank Dr. Sarah Dangelantonio because without her help and guidance as my advisor I would have been lost from the start. I also would like to thank the SGA and the Franklin Pierce Literary Society for passing a much-needed 100 dollar budget which allows us to print 50 more copies so that this student written and run literary journal can reach not just the students who submitted works and were accepted but also students who make up the Franklin Pierce community. Furthermore I would like to thank Rich Berube who walked me through the steps to make a digital copy of the literary magazine so that it's available to anyone who wants to read their peers' works. I would like to thank The Humanities Division and First –Year Composition program for spreading the word about *Nevermore* accepting submissions in the months of February and March. I would also like to thank Jim Wolken, Executive Director of Marketing and Communications, for facilitating the Raven Flash announcements reminding students that *Nevermore* was accepting submissions. I would also like to thank Submitters because without student submissions *Nevermore* would not exist. I want to thank MaryJane Frolich for printing *Nevermore*. I would also like to thank my editing staff for helping with the composition of *Nevermore* including placement of works, bios and table of contents presentation. Lastly I would like to thank Kyle Mahoney for his fantastic artistic ability which went into the creation of the cover art.

I am proud of the completion of this edition of *Nevermore* because it is a continuation of a tradition, and I am thankful to have had a hand in continuing this tradition. My, goal as the Spring 2016 Managing Editor was to give *Nevermore* a broader reach in which it could be available to a bigger audience. I accomplished this by working with Web Manager Rich Berube so that this semester's

*Nevermore* could be digitized and I went to the SGA through the help of Franklin Pierce Literary Society so that I could ask them for more money to boost my printing budget. Every semester's *Nevermore* from now on will be able to reach more and more community members, thus fostering a community that appreciates the Franklin Pierce University's student creativity in more than one.

Within this edition of *Nevermore* you will see poetry, fiction, non-fiction and artwork created by your fellow students. All works included were created with a passion by the artists and writers and I am pleased to bring you the enjoyable reads and feasts for the eyes contained in these pages, so without further ado sit back and enjoy the Spring 2016 Franklin Pierce University *Nevermore* student literary magazine.

*Peace*

*Shawn R. Gray*

*Nevermore*  
*2016 Literary Magazine*

*Managing Editor Shawn R. Gray*

*Editor Mary Decker*

*Editor Sean McCarrick*

*Editor Troy Nikander*

*Editor Brandon Ledoux*

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Nicole Boliver

**Insomnia**

Sleep seems to evade me  
As I close my eyes  
Squeezing my eyelids shut  
Only to flicker open again

I reach aimlessly into the shadows of the night  
My fingers brushing my phone  
Curling around it and bringing it closer  
My thumb sliding down the thin object  
And presses down

Temporarily blinded  
As the object comes to life  
I sigh  
3:05 am

It's only been three minutes  
Since I last looked  
Time to try again



Mary Decker

**I love you they smile**

I don't know why you treat me like this she says  
I've done nothing wrong she says  
I can see why no one wants to be your friend she says  
You just treat people so badly she says  
You really are awful she says  
You're the ugliest person I know she says  
Why was I so unfortunate to have a daughter like you she says  
She's so smart she brags  
She's an encyclopedia she brags  
She's in the National Honor Society she brags  
She went to Costa Rica she brags  
Since we paid for your trip she says  
You get no gifts she says  
We didn't have to do it she says  
You should be thankful you got anything she says  
Why can't you be more like your friends she says  
They are so much more successful than you she says  
Why don't you write more she says  
She's going to be a writer she brags  
Why didn't you tell me about your anxiety she says  
Did you think we couldn't help you she says  
I know about mental illness she says  
I'm mentally ill myself she says  
I know everything about it she says  
I'm an alcoholic she says

I know about anxiety she says  
Why do you treat me this way she says  
You're always so rude she says  
How is your therapy she says  
What do you talk about she says  
Your father cried she says  
Why did you do that she says  
He couldn't believe that you'd say that she says  
I know you did it she says  
Why would you lie she says  
Don't make me hit you she says  
We raised you she says  
We clothed you she says  
We fed you she says  
You have to she says  
We're your parents she says  
You serve us he says  
That's why you exist he says  
Do as I say he says  
Or I'll smack you he says  
Wipe off your face he says  
You look disgusting he says  
You're so pathetic he says

Jessica Marcure

**You say “maybe this time I’ll get it right.”**

You prepare all night.

You’re still awake when the sun is rising over the mountains

And you’re wondering if you have time

For a 20

10

5?

Minute, cat nap.

You don’t

So put on your brave face,

Order you coffee from the gurgling coffee machine

That probably wakes all your neighbors.

Grab the bag you prepared the night before

And run.

Because you can’t be late for this.

Not this time.

You're fear of missing this moment,  
And disappointing somebody  
Is the scariest thing that will happen today.

I am here to tell you a secret,  
Something to help you through your day;

Life isn't scary,  
People aren't scary.

...

They are utterly heartbreaking.

So please,  
plan accordingly.

Nicole Boliver

**Blindsided**

Everything seems to slow down

No.

You're wrong,

It's a lie-

The screen of my phone

Glowed bright in my face

As my finger slides up the screen,

Scrolling.

The words you had spoken

Plastered on every page.

My heart breaks

Like a glass shattering

After it falls to the floor-

Nothing is the same.

Everything has changed  
And in this moment,  
I realize,  
Just how badly,  
I react to change-  
Because, honestly,  
I feel the air leave my lungs  
Tears prickling behind my eyes-  
All over something  
I could never change

Nicole Boliver

**Your Laugh**

You hate your laugh

So you try to hide it

Behind a tight lipped-smile,

A hand in front of your face

But then

In moments of weakness

You let it fly free

Your nose wrinkles

Your eyes crinkle

And your head thrown back

And I can't help but

laugh with you

Troy Nikander

## **My Name**

If parents find  
the meaning behind a name  
incomprehensible,  
does that not create a herculean task  
for their children?

Imagine, for a moment--  
surgeons, morticians--making  
their living from names,  
not bodies open for display,  
not cadavers.

What might a name's autopsy  
really offer up? Derivatives,  
origin, sure. Throw that away.  
Can't names be something more  
delightfully mesmerizing than  
arrangements of letters  
assigned to us upon our birth?



Pass it on to a mortician, who  
sees name after name  
all day. He cares little about them.  
Their skeletal structure gets dressed  
up for an eternal night on the town.  
Troy. Each letter crying  
out to keep me off the racetrack.  
They must not want me  
betting on the wrong horse.

Troy Nikander

**Reading**

From a young age, I loved to read.

I treated each word like filet mignon dressed up  
on the finest china. Soon after

I could stitch sentences together, my childhood duty  
was to march up and down shelves

who saluted me proudly,

their books' protruding spines

lined up at attention in neat little rows.

They waited for me to drag

a weathered old soldier from his place  
and take him along home with me.

As I slowly pried open those books,

one after the next, I bathed in the  
overflowing hot springs

of words, phrases, sentences.

They gave me such delight to read,  
to form with my lips,  
then look them over again  
that I believed words  
could substitute as armor for knights  
seated at the Round Table.

Mary Decker

**Excerpt from “Safety of the Domicile”**

I made my way down the hallway, breathing rough and syncopated. My steps were staccato, and just a few steps from the door, I ran and threw myself through it, onto the tiled floor of every high school restroom.

Crawling, I succumbed to sobs and curled up underneath the far sink, the one right near the paper towel dispenser and trash. I could hide here without being a nuisance and taking up a stall to myself. I pressed my mouth into the knees of my jeans, drooling, breaths coming faster and faster. I told myself to count my breaths, but my body did not cooperate.

I screamed.

At one point, during my episode, a girl came into the room. I was a bit busy being disgusting and loud and appalling so I didn't quite notice her. I also couldn't quite see her properly through my tears. She stopped right inside the doorway, then slunk over and into the nearest stall. I pressed my hands over my mouth to try to quiet myself down. I felt a heat rise up in my chest, like a hand squeezing on my lungs. I had to stay quiet.

The girl left without washing her hands, almost running from the room.

When the class change bell rang, I crawled out from under the sinks. I washed my face, like I did every time after I cried. Like I had been doing all day. The roughness of the thick grained paper towel felt comforting on my skin in its rawness. It was sharp and helped ground me in the present moment.

I took one last look in the mirror. I looked like I've been beaten up, the skin around my eyes darker than usual and swollen. My freckles stood out more than normal against how lifeless the rest of my skin looked. My eyes flickered to my nose over and over, as if not able to believe that it looks no different than any other day.

I headed back to the music room, head ducked, staying close to the wall. I wanted to remain invisible, if I could. Entering the room I spent so much of the past four years in, I knew that it would be just about empty, excluding the few teenagers who spent all their time in the music room, and the teachers. The other students were busy building a throne out of chairs and stands, and were yelling cheerfully at one another. The sheer noise of them put my shoulders up around my ears.

I went back to my chair, carefully turning the stands away from my body so that I wouldn't knock them over and I picked up my bass clarinet. Methodically, I took off the ligature and carefully fitted the reed into its case. I twisted the mouthpiece off of the neck piece (I'd need to put some more cork greases on next time) and put the ligature and mouth piece into their slot. I unscrewed the clamp holding the neck piece onto the body and put that away. I separated the two body pieces and put the caterpillars inside them and slotted them into their mismatched sized niches. Lastly came the unclamping of the ball rest from the bell, and the putting away of the bell in its spot and the ball rest into the trench that held the reeds and cork grease, the swab cloth and every other miscellaneous thing needed to play a wood wind.

I focused intently on every motion I made. The repetitious motions brought my heart rate down. I started to see and think straight. A tension in my body began to loosen. I found myself able to breath without counting.

The whole time I felt eyes crawling all over my skin, the same feeling I got after I saw a spider; like a million small critters were scrambling over me, trying to find a weakness, any opening they could have used to squirm their way inside. I tried to convince myself that this wasn't true, that no one was looking at me, that people had better things to do with their study period. I felt a hand on my shoulder and cringed, swinging my head around to focus on the nose of the person touching me. The nose was good; the nose was a safe place to look. There's no real

way to agitate someone by looking at their nose. This nose in particular was stout but narrow, and under it lay a coifed, thin mustache.

It was Mr. Adams. The tightness in my shoulders released. I stretched my lips out thin, and he raised his eyebrows, looking me straight in the eyes. The facsimile of a smile fell off my face.

He didn't say anything, didn't ask anything, which was a relief after the day I had had. Since I collapsed into my hands sobbing before period A, it seemed like everyone I knew was asking after me. A friend of a friend had even asked if I wanted self-defense lessons.

I nodded at the teacher I had had for the past four years, and he nodded back, patting my upper back almost hesitantly. It was a light patter versus a tight grip. I turned back to the case, swung the lid shut, and snapped the loosely fitting clasps shut.

I looked at him. He opened his mouth to start to speak. I just bobbed my head once more and stalked off to put away the instrument.

The entire rest of the day passed both slow and fast. Every moment that a person would focus on me felt drawn out beyond comprehension, and I could feel time's claws digging into me as it tried to hold on. But classes unfortunately flew by, without me having noticed or learned much. In physics I even took the thread from our experiment and played cat's cradle by myself. It was impossible for me to do what I normally did and lose myself to academics. Instead I would blink and it would be another forty-five minutes closer to going back. I didn't want to go back; I knew I would only dig myself deeper.

And yet at 2:12 I found myself staring out a grimy bus window, a dear friend I couldn't bring myself to talk to acting as shield and comforter. Moments later, it was 2:49 and I was stumbling off the vehicle into a solid four inches of slush and ice. For a moment it was pitch black and sleeting, and my face was cupped up to my face catching a gush of warm stickiness.

Then I blinked, and moved off to the side so as to not be a bother for the other students descending the steps.

"I really wish you could come over, I really do, but you know how my parents are. No one over without a week's notice," I looked over and saw Edith's eyes roll.

"... I really don't want to go home." I pitched my voice down. My eyes darted over to the other students, making sure they weren't within earshot. I didn't really know them, I had no wish to, and I didn't want them sticking their noses into my business.

Edith's normally cheerful gray eyes looked somber, and she reached out and gently touched my elbow.

“You know how it is, the whole “intruders into the safety of the domicile” bullcrap.” Edith pitched her voice haughtily, pulling off a good impression of her mother.

I felt a deepness swell inside me, a dread that had tears prickling at the backs of my eyes. I didn’t know that one person could cry this much in one day. I nodded and swallowed, my throat clicking.

“Yeah, well, one would think that a guidance counselor would know that every “domicile” isn’t safe.” Edith’s lips tightened, and she glanced away. We started to walk the mile back, and I kept my footsteps as small as I could without driving myself insane.

About halfway back, Edith started talking about a recent Pokémon battle she had with someone from Japan. I agreed, his shiny legends were definitely hacked, and it was very cheap to be running six of them. I shared in her pain over how hard it is to breed a perfect six IV Pokémon, and how tedious super training was, and how hackers just spit in the face of her hard work.

But small steps and Pokémon can only hold off the inevitable for so long. My driveway was first, and Edith talked at me for another few minutes. But she couldn’t stay long, or her

mother would panic and send a flurry of texts demanding to know her exact location. She hugged me for a long time, and then hurried the final hundred or so yards to her own driveway.

Looking at my home, I swore I could see a mournful face looking back at me, shaped from the windows and doors. It also didn’t want me to be inside of it. I took a deep breath, and tromped inside.



Krystal Dover

## **Project Cornell**

“Late again.”

“I know. My mother wanted to know if I heard from Cornell.”

Martin Brown and Blair Young have lived in the south side of Queens, New York for years; their two bedroom houses are adjacent to each other but both houses lie in the heart of the projects. They’ve played on the same streets, avoided the same types of people, and studied on their porches together since they were little. They both come from strict families, just strict in different ways. Blair’s mother works at the local corner store while her father is a janitor at the hospital. Despite their poverty they’ve always managed to send her to a good private school in hopes that she would make it out of the ghetto and make something of herself.

“Hey, at least she cares. My mother tried to throw my application in the trash. ‘Cause, you know, ‘drug dealers don’t need to go to college’, Martin said while lifting his fingers to make air quotes. “I need to get out of here, Young. My old man almost saw me looking at dorms online. He told me I better not be looking at that college shit still.”

Blair looked at Martin with sympathy. She had listened to countless stories of his parents not being on board with his college route or anything education related. They wanted him to take over the family drug business instead. Sometimes, she’d hear his father shouting at Martin while she waited on his porch before they would go to the library, telling him how he’s not letting his only child walk away.

“Aw come on, you’ve made it this far without them corrupting that nerdy brain of yours.” Blair chuckled while poking Martin in his temple. She watched him to see if his mood had changed, the gap in between his teeth assuring her that she had done her job. “I prefer the term geek, thank you very much,” Martin replied.

The two continued down the road to the library, making sure to take Colonial Avenue, rather than Baldwin Street- knowing from experience that that was where the gangs hung out. They spend most Saturdays at the library doing schoolwork, reading ahead in their textbooks, and drowning themselves in literature. The library was small and underfunded; it hadn’t stocked a new book since 1985 but it gave them a safe place to focus on their education. In the library they weren’t the no good broke kids from the projects; they were the straight-A students who enjoyed learning.

“Good morning Marian!” Martin and Blair called out to the short-haired woman behind the desk as they walked through the library’s front doors.

“Shhhh. I don’t care how many times you guys come here, a library’s a library. Inside voices,” Marian replied, trying to hold back a smile.

“Right, because we would hate to disturb the other people.” Blair said, her words laced with sarcasm. “My apologies Mr. Chair,” she continued, dramatically placing her hand over her heart while staring at an empty chair.

“Stop fooling around,” Martin chuckled. “I have until three to get through Physics and Calculus.” He threw his bag on the table they always used, “Not to mention I still have scholarship applications to fill out.”

Hours passed until it was time to head back to their houses. They joked around as they walked until a shouting voice altered their mood. “I want my money!” Even from two blocks away they could hear Martin’s father, his deep voice could start earthquakes. Blair didn’t have to look at Martin to know he was already dreading seeing his father.

“He’s upset.”

“Thank you, Captain Obvious.”

“Want to spend the night at my house? You know my parents won’t mind,” Blair asked.

“No, I’m already an hour late. That’ll just piss him off more.” As they got closer to their houses, the broad figure of Martin’s father became more distinct. “Looks like Ray still hasn’t paid my dad back for the ounce he gave him.”

“I’m not a drug dealer expert.. but aren’t you supposed to get the money before you give them the drug?” Blair asked, trying to lighten the mood.

“Shh...” Martin replied, slowing down their pace.

“It’s been two weeks, and I ain’t seen no money.” Martin’s father was standing directly in front of Ray, his face tightened with rage. His muscular body towered over Ray’s small, boney stature. “Now I know I ain’t blind, so it must be you.”

“Listen Demetri—”

“Nah, you listen up here.” His father’s face was now pressed up against Ray’s, droplets of spit hitting his cheek. Although he tried to appear tough, Ray’s eyes gave away the fear he really felt. “You got two days to get me my money, or we gon’ be having a different conversation.” His eyes moved downward to the bulge on the side of pants, “and it’s gon’ be a

different mouth talking.” Ray’s eyes traveled to Martins father’s waist, as he lifted his red tank to reveal the handle of a black gun. No words exited Ray’s mouth, only a frantic nod. “Get your ass out of here.” Ray disappeared down the street.

Mumbling a goodbye to Blair, Martin tried to race past his father but failed miserably. “Where you think you going?” his father asked, stepping in front of Martin.

“I’m just going<sup>2</sup>” Martin tried to get the words out without his voice shaking. Failure. Again.

“I’m just going” Martin’s father mocked in a high pitched voice, throwing his hands up for exaggeration. Martin’s mother laughed from the porch. “You just going where? To college?” He pulled a folded envelope out of his back pocket with the Cornell crest printed in the corner. “CORN-HELL, my son Martin got into Corn-hell. Baby we gon’ have a doctor in the family.” Mrs. Brown’s laughter grew louder as each sarcastic word hit the air.

“Lawyer,” Martin mumbled as he looked at the ground.

“Whatchu say?”

Martin raised his head, looking his father in the eye. “I want to be a lawyer.” His mother’s laughter ceased, almost as if the sternness of Martin’s voice shocked her to silence.

“A lawyer, why, you gon’ put your old man in jail?” No one said anything. They both just stared at each other, neither one breaking eye contact. “I can’t have my own flesh and blood trying to put me in jail!” His voice grew louder with each word and his hand gravitated toward his waist. “Who supposed to take over the business, huh?”

“I don’t want to sell drugs!” Martin shouted. Within a second, the gap between him and his father was filled with a black gun. Blair took a step back, from where she was standing on the sidewalk. She looked to her house, hoping her parents were home, but she knew fully well that her parents wouldn’t be home for another three hours.

Martin’s father shook his head. “I ain’t raising no lawyer!” He cocked the gun and pressed the tip into Martin’s chest.

“Go ahead and kill me! With the path you’re sending me down, I’ll die from a bullet anyway.” Martin’s voice didn’t shake, didn’t waver. He meant what he said. His words froze his father, remorse filling his eyes as he stared at his son. Blair took another step forward and Martin’s father’s eyes shifted toward her. Their eyes caught until Blair lowered her gaze, she was now staring at the barrel of his gun.

“Nah, how about I kill her.” Martin turned and looked at Blair, her eyes still focused on the gun pointed at her.

“Dad, please, she has nothing to do with this.” Martin’s voice was now laced with fear.

“Nothing to do with this?! This bitch has EVERYTHING to do with this! She the one who been fillin’ your head with all this college and education bullshit.” He walked closer to Blair pointing the gun as he shouted each phrase. “Give me one goddamn reason as to why I shouldn’t put a bullet in this bitch’s head!” The tip of the gun was now pressed to Blair’s forehead. A single tear rolled down from her face as the warm metal pushed into her head.

“I’ll do it!” Martin screamed. “I won’t go to college, I’ll take over the business, I’ll stay here with you, I won’t even talk about school anymore, just please, let her go.” Tears filled his eyes as he relinquished the last bit of freedom he had to save his best friend. “Dad, please.”

His father's gaze shifted from Blair to his son and then back to Blair. He stared into the face that had, in his eyes, corrupted his son. With one swift movement he could take away her life and by the tears in her eyes, he knew she could see that too.

“She’s not worth a bullet.” He lowered the gun, tucking it back into his pants. Sighing a breath of relief, Martin lunged forward to embrace Blair. He was only able to brush his hand against her arm before he was violently pulled back. “I ain’t put a bullet in her, but she’s dead to you. From now on you don’t talk to her or even look at her.” Martin’s gaze shifted from his father to Blair’s, his father’s hand quickly grabbed his chin pulling his gaze back to him. “What did I just say? Get your ass in the house now!”

Without looking back Martin turned and walked into the house, his mother and father following. The door slammed as Blair stood there frozen by the porch. The same porch that she and Martin had spent hours talking about college, their future, any random thing that had popped into their heads. Slowly but surely Blair, made her way into her own house. Through the tears in her eyes, she made out a large Cornell envelope placed on the table.

*You see, the hardest part about getting out of the projects is getting through the people that want to keep you there.*

Anonymous

**Skin**

My eyes scan the figure reflected in the glass.

Each detail burrows it's way into my mind, shouting it's intent.

I let my fingers skim across the uneven terrain of my being.

It displeases every sense that I possess.

I feel the imperfections, every bump, every scratch, and every curve.

All of them beg to be ripped from my vessel,

yet all of them cling to me with such desperation.

I reach behind my neck and feel the seam.

I pull the zipper.

I step out.

I'm free.

Brandon Ledoux

**Just Remember**

To remember is a common part of life.

Remembering can take Silence  
and make it squeal like an infant learning to play.

It can take Pain  
and twist it till it's turned into pleasure.

Remembering can take Tears of Sadness  
and mold them into something far better.

It can take Heartbreak  
and sculpt it to mend back a shattered soul.

Remembering can change the course of a Depressed mind  
to a track of Infinite Bliss.

It can take a Person in Mourn  
and give them the breath of life.

Remembering, most importantly, can take a Death and make it into  
a life



Jessica Marcure

**Success is Rising**

They say,

Success is falling 7 times but getting up 8.

They say rise and rise again,

Until you no longer need too.

Well I will continue to rise until I am as high as a tsunami

I will touch the sky,

Blot out the sun,

And watch as I wash everything you have worked for

Away

For you told me to rise and in my anger and desperation I rose too far.

I have done what I could,

I have succeeded far beyond even I could dream,

And it was because you, in your mocking lilt,

Told me to rise, and rise again.

8th times the charm,

I've learned from before

I shall rise

And succeed beyond your belief

Just as you said.

Troy Nikander

## **Bottled Up**

Can I call in a prescription  
to my local pharmacy, asking about twenty milligram pills  
of laughter packaged in neat little bottles?  
Is it the medicine most proven to relieve my  
worst symptoms as recommended  
by the overwhelming majority of doctors?  
Will there be potential side effects like  
mild dizziness, stomach cramps, or even  
shortness of breath if I ingest it?  
If my friend just got pregnant with the wish  
to inject a little millimeter of joy into the world,  
should I warn her against taking laughter?  
And should I end up consuming laughter  
only to find out about a recall after I took it,  
am I liable to receive compensation in court?  
I need an answer from you right now  
as I hear someone preparing a punchline  
for its final curtain call.

Jessica Marcure

I am Made Of...

I was once told that we are made of the stars.

The idea that the same elements inside us were created in a supernova,

Matter can neither be created nor destroyed.

I am a part of the universe as it is a part of me,

Do you understand the comfort that I have gained from the thought that  
we are no different?

I was created by a blinding end,

And I shall shine as bright.

The oxygen we breathe came from a star,

It may have even passed through my ancestors' lungs.

I am made from the same atoms as a Tyrannosaurus Rex and the sun,

I am created by the same atoms that make up birds and bugs.

We are one and the same,

Because Matter can neither be destroyed nor created.

My atoms will be again,

My breath may one day support you and steady your heartbeat.

Perhaps one day,

I will be a star again.

Shannon Haynes

**The Woods**

I tiptoe through the woods  
A silent ghost, an unseen shadow,  
Surrounded by the living but mostly dead  
Matter. The bulbous circle in the infinite  
Black mass, the sole guide to morbid  
Nature. My footsteps make no sound  
In the path of death;  
All I see is one soulless color,  
But I know where I'm going.  
Here, I am welcomed by noise of no sound  
And lights of no color, the only company  
I have are trees that have spindle fingers  
Extending to the endless hole above.  
Four-pawed mammals run ahead in packs,  
Their long-nailed toes clicking  
Against the bleak mat of leaves.

Foul orbs glinting in slivers of moonlight  
That peek through the layers of fingers.  
Coats of unidentifiable color move  
Under the shady canopy, me content  
Among them. They see me and nod  
Before continue on their way.

Joe Lehmann

### Sea-Car

He'd be the creator of a water convertible,  
The ambidextrous man guaranteed with energy.

Not a vehicle that moves on land,  
But one that can glide through the sea.  
Yet critics and audiences began to moan-

Over time, they were cynical.

But the man did not care.  
He believes he has reached his pinnacle.

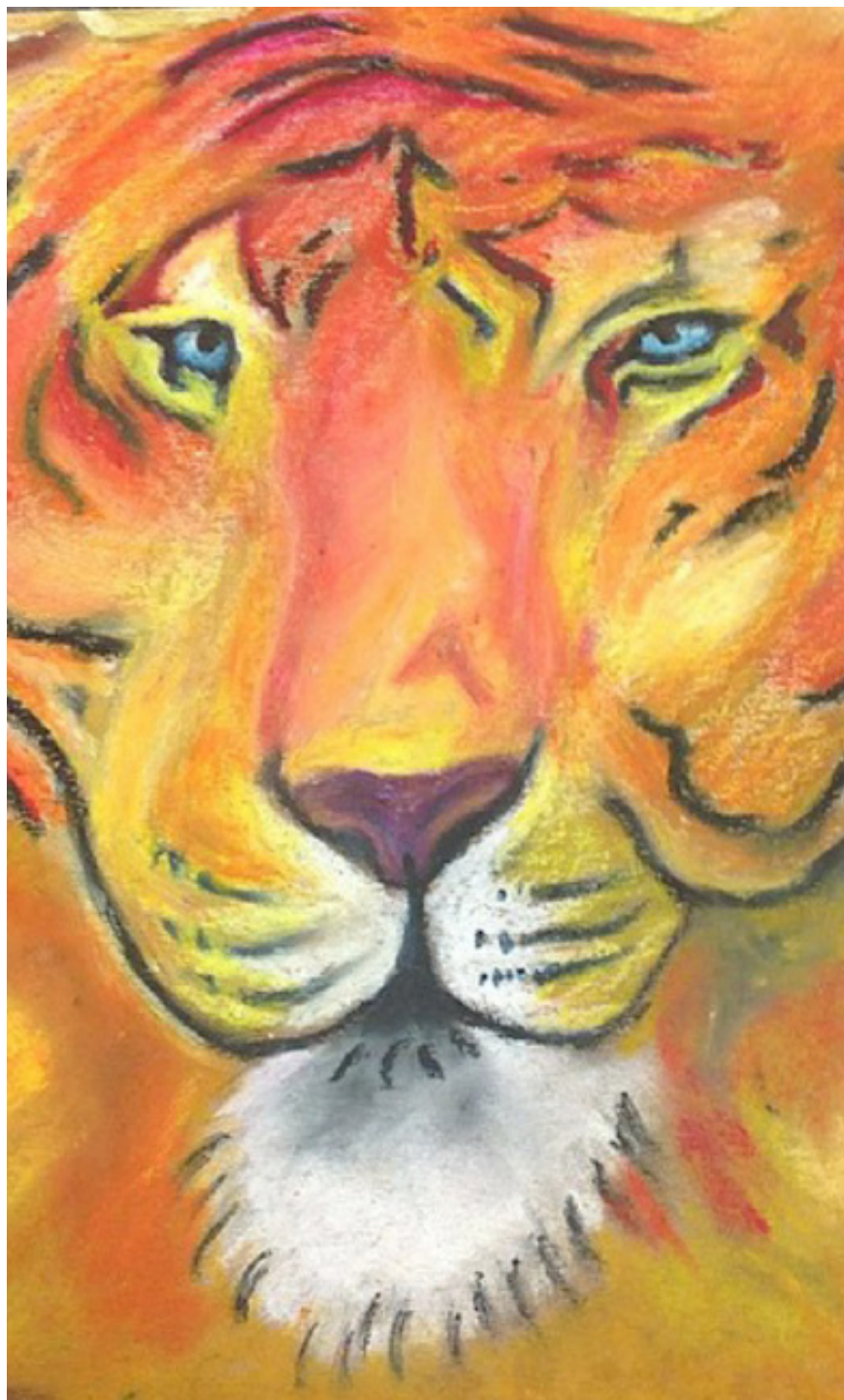
With every pipe and gasket combined,

He still continues to toil;

“Cars,” he murmured,  
“don't always need soil.”

Soon the day arrived,  
The critics still had hostility-  
Yet the engineer had courage  
And welcomed them with hospitality.

The surreal machine was revealed,  
a mixture of metal and bores,  
the crowd became swayed  
this was instantly adored.  
After the commotion,  
The inventor sprung it to life-  
Yet for one reason or another,  
The Sea-Car exploded into an industrial afterlife.





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