

The Messenger

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Spring 1994

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The Messenger
Spring 1994



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Spring 1994

University of Richmond

Spring 1994 Nominations for Awards

* Indicates award recipient

Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry

New Light * Kieran Cavanna
Solace in Being Bryan McKee

Margaret Owen Finck Prize for Creative Writing

Green (Fall '93) Eric Townsend
Eros and Me * Alex Glage
(Fall '93)

Artwork and Photography Award

Untitled (p. 35)* Inga Clough
Untitled (Fall '93) Sallie Hirsch

Judging

Poetry: Dona Hickey, Louis Schwartz, Cynthia Barrett

Prose: Steve Barza, Melissa Capers, Kieran Cavanna

Artwork and Photography: Margaret Fields Denton

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*Richmond College, Westhampton College, and E. Claiborne Robins School of Business Student Government Associations
University of Richmond Art Department*

The Margaret Owen Finck Prize for Creative Writing

The Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry

Steven Barza, Faculty Advisor

Leonard Goldberg, Student Affairs

Herbert Peterson, Controller

Areopagus

And all of those who have submitted their work.

UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND

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Lost Ki-Rin

The rider of the lost Ki-Rin can see
Only of where she's been,
Little of where she'll be
As the hooves race on to begin
The quest for a new day,
Such a one to bear tidings for each
With the judgment of good to say
Complaints for evil to preach.

Bearing the burdens of victims found,
The rider clings for life
As Ki-Rin tramples sky and ground,
Leaps, bounds through hurt and strife,
Daring the wind to strip his guest
Of her choice to clutch the reins
Or to fall at her own behest
To cushion the blow to other's pains.

Such a ride as this arrests
The pulse, chills the skin,
Measures pride and moves to test
The choice to lose the self, Ki-Rin.

Roman Bulawski, '97

Her Mausoleum Near the Sea

I

Mighty Egypt lost the naval battle
Of Actium, and hence a war to Rome,
Forever. Ancient victors turned to chattel
Defeated enemies. They brought them home
To serve as slaves. This, Cleopatra knew.
To serve her honor, Amon's daughter flew
And sought her mausoleum near the sea.

II

Her Marcus lay defeated, dead. She'd lost
Him. Yet, she'd borne her Caesar's death. I feel
She could have borne his, too. The war had cost
Her son and heir, her child. The Roman's steel
Had killed her son, her throne, her love, all three.
She, sonless (unlike Troy's Andromache),
Had sought her mausoleum near the sea.

III

I think our protagonist perhaps would
Have chosen life to save her son, but... We
Are taught in school to notice how she could
Seduce. She spoke in seven tongues, and she
Had staved off Rome for thirty years! I find
Her noble, gentle... Picture with your mind
Her, in her mausoleum near the sea.

IV

Amidst the carved alabaster, white
And ornamental, 'pon her jackal throne,
Our lady wears her crown, the red and white
Her dress, with finest, woven linen sewn,
Like only Egypt's weavers e'er achieved,
Does drape about her shoulders... She's relieved
She sought her mausoleum near the sea.

V

She calls "A snack! The Romans come to take
Me homeward. Strength I need!" Her servants bring
Her figs to taste. The basket's coils, they make
Her tremble... Oh, the black foreshadowing!
She knows... She knows... She chose... She reaches in...
A sting! Ah... 'tis complete and she will win,
In this, her mausoleum near the sea.

VI

She wins, for Isis, Watz, and Sehkmet,
The funerary gods, now guard her soul.
The mighty refuge, built with captives' sweat,
Allowed our queen the chance to reach her goal,
A death with dignity alone, removed
From Rome's rapacious talons. Thus she moved
On, in her mausoleum near the sea...

Steve Scarbrough, '94

Insomniac Logic

Searching for peace again in some dark hour
where shadow beasts play chess eternal
with fragments of insomniac logic;
can't decide if it's the caffeine
or just God,
come to pay me back for sins
She begged me not to repent.
Adolescence longs for resignation,
seeks surrender
as Justice transcendent demands,
only as end to the waiting;
yet I'm loath to concede my soul,
shards of a shattered China doll.
There's nothing I can do
but ponder the Buddha's trance,
some embattled king's dilemma,
and depend on my awakening
to come with the imminent light.

Bryan McKee, '96

Almost Afraid

She is almost afraid
as she walks across that cold floor
with eyes on her
staring, judging.

She only wants to sit
with legs crossed in the grass
and peel a tangerine
delicious and wet,
while singing softly
and off pitch
to only herself
and he,
who loves her regardless.

Tomorrow she will cry a lot
and incidentally say goodbye
to the one who saw her
dancing
naked
to an Aha song playing through a
very old radio.

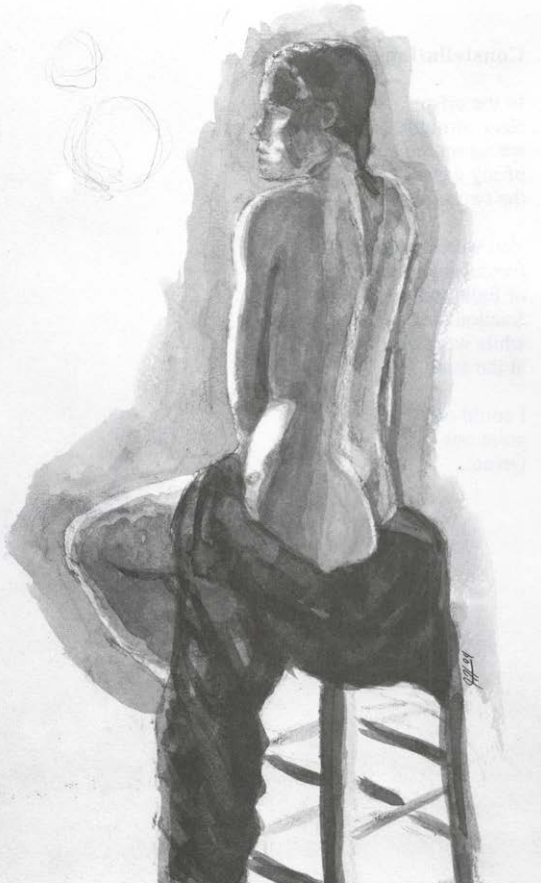
And he will understand
and hold her
and want more
but won't take it
because she would.

She is not a mystery
and tonight, as always,
I let her be-
lying on the sofa,
 watching her,
bent over,
hair in face,
 hand in hair,
 reading
the book I lent her four months ago.

I smile
and take comfort
knowing she isn't looking.

The dress she wore today
(when she was almost afraid)
looked horrid on her
and hopelessly I loved her for it.

Randy Baker, '96



1577
2011

Constellations

In the crisp
clear of night
we sat on the hood
of my car
the two of us.

You were spouting
formulas and theories
of light and
fractionating helium particles
while we gazed
at the stars.

I could only
point out
Orion.

Melissa Langan, '96



Upon a Moment of Reflection

Once all the lights have faded,
And the troubadours have fallen silent,
The winter wind carries the dust away...
And you find yourself alone.

You remove your mighty breastplate
Velvet cloak, and regal plumes.
Embracing the night-
In a naked shudder.

Free at last...
To bleat the colors of your emotions,
To purge the afflictions of mind and soul,
To stare into the eyes of folly.

And upon a moment of reflection
Even the brave king's visage clouds.
And gazing deep into the puddle of truth,
You see only a man.

And you curse the light,
And curse your crown,
And curse word and deed
And the shadow you stand in.

In the monochromatic clarity of the night,
The stars and the moon and Heaven above
Laugh with you at the ruse
You have insulated from yourself.

All pleasure has brought you hurt,
All love has disappointed.
The lights and the songs of passion
Betray your very heart.

And in that cold reality
You see that a man would be a fool,
To betray himself so
For a fleeting taste of life.

And when the laughter fades into the echo of night,
You gather your regal things.
Leaving the man behind,
Returning to the lights...

T.A. Dwelle, '97

In a London Bar

In and out of these same-different/same-so-same scenes
 i catch glimpses of it
wavering amidst the dragon steam
 and the poppers and the lights,
weaving in and out of the hip young things
 and the circle of their thighs.

It, too, here to pass the time with a packet of Marlboro's,
on the 24-hour for the transcendent of choice
 (boxed and ready to go).

In this false front of pupil-ridden stares from vampiric
eyes,
they shimmerdazzle from behind waving plaits,
 mystics hidden beneath dazed cleopatric facades
yet broadcasting mindlessly-yours with their souls.

Well made up knowing-looks pose themselves,
the arch of the brow asserts a precarious knowledge.
Expressionless faces are painted to resemble haunts of
smiles

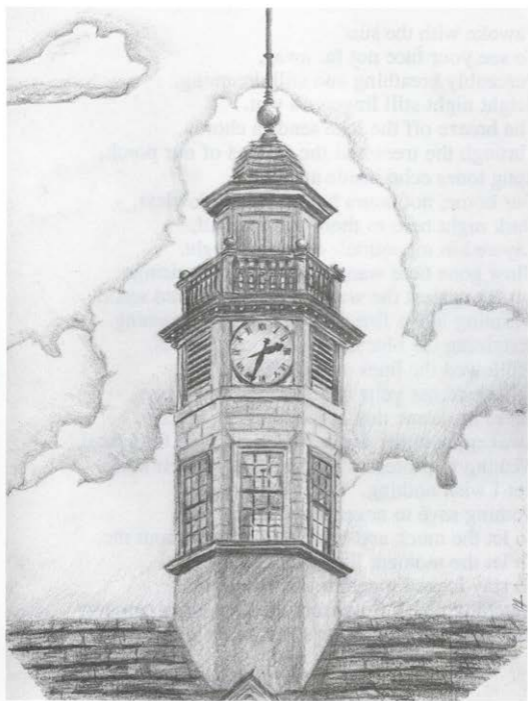
 and to match the decorated jingle-dance of the
bodies.

Arms amalgamating the ages- reeling in the decades
 (like so many fish).

And sold, sold, the hopefuls now hopelessly Sold,
 into the ultimate brainwave frenzy.

In this London bar,
 I am hiding here among them.

Alexia Meyers, '94

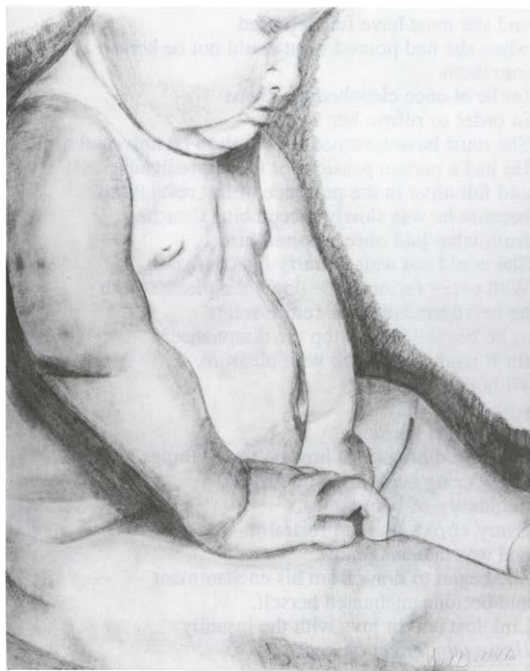


New Light

I awoke with the sun
To see your face not far away,
Peaceably breathing and still dreaming,
Bright night still lingers in you.
The breeze off the lake sends a chorus
Through the trees and the chimes of our porch,
Long tones echo inside and out.
Our home, not hours before stood glowless,
Dark night here to there wrapped all,
Layered in moontide's clean cold light.
Glow gone time waned when the first risings
Let fly against the walls of honey colored wood,
Warming like a fire near damp logs, steaming.
Imagining the blue eyes beneath your lids,
I followed the lines of blonde hair
Falling across your face, ending in disarray.
There are some that at moments of reverie
Awaken from the dream state in a rush for pencil,
Wishing to profess what explodes in their heart.
But I wish nothing.
Nothing save to never move again.
To let the muck and tumble spin on without me,
To let the moment linger on and on,
To stay locked together and not regret
Watching time's flow from a honey wood window
And never read another's words again.

Kieran Cavanna, '94

Winner of the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize



February 21st

She had a certain attraction to his hands
and she must have felt deprived
when she had poured what could not be hers
into them
for he at once clenched the chaos
in order to refuse her a drink.
She must have assumed his wrath to be universal...
He had a certain passion for the unpredictable
and felt alive in the presence of her revelations
because he was slowly succumbing detached
from what had once inspired him...
She could not wait to hurry his confusion.
With every furious race down the piano's flesh
he heard melodies for future songs
as he begged her to stop the dissonance
for it made him weak with pleasure.
Without his pen
without his clay
without his harmony
he amazed himself at how on top of things he was
considering he thought he had lost
the luxury of bare hands.
Every stroke drained restraint
and was manual genius.
She began to draw from his enchantment
and became enchanted herself.
Link lost and in love with the insanity
*He was no longer an artist,
but a work of art...*

Eric Townsend, '95

Crescendo

Herr Franz Hoffner stood ramrod straight atop his conductor's platform. The epitome of *hauteur*, he glared down at his assembled orchestra from this majestic altitude. He felt like a flamboyant rooster with a bevy of hens. His orchestra looked to him for guidance and direction, and he enjoyed their dependence.

With a snap of his wand he brought them to attention. Violins and violas were obediently shouldered and cellos were tucked more firmly between knees. All bows were poised, except for one. Only the lone bassist defiantly returned Hoffner's baleful, unwavering gaze. As though he were flipping a switch, Hoffner flicked his wand, and the music began, a Telemann concerto in 4 movements. By nature, a concerto's movements alternate *legato* and *presto*, and this first movement was accordingly slow and rhythmic. Hoffner got well into his stride, swaying to and fro, eyebrows waltzing across his brow. He leaned forward over his score sheet, delicately prodding the violins with emphatic face and descriptive gestures. His hands danced aloft, signifying a *crescendo*, and finally crashlanded as the second movement began.

Hoffner began to dance from one foot to the other, wagging his head and shaking tendrils of white hair across his eyes. The music grew steadily faster and faster, building up to a trill, which Hoffner indicated by vibrating his wand. As the music carried on its stirring rhythm, Hoffner stiffened in anger. The bassist was two beats ahead! The imbecile! Already nearby cellos were attempting to modify their pace to catch up with the

faulty bassist. Hoffner fixed the bassist with a murderous glare. The bassist did not heed. Desperately, as the changeover into the third movement began, Hoffner stabbed his wand at the offender. In doing so, he overturned his music stand, and it toppled gracefully into the middle of the orchestra horseshoe, scattering pages like dead leaves. The orchestra was on its own. Confused and minus their leader, the majestic rhythm grew distorted. Hoffner, his face purpled, attempted to correct matters. The fractious bassist remained two beats ahead, and Hoffner leaned further and further over his platform, until he was nearly leaning on the nearest cellist. The bass player ignored him, and a slight smile toyed with his lips.

The fourth movement began, and the rhythm ran away from Hoffner, whose anger was focused on the insolent bassist. As he flailed his wand in desperation, it slipped from his grasp, and landed on the head of a startled cellist, who promptly dropped his bow onto his stand partner's foot. As he reached for it, he overturned the music stand, which set off a domino effect, knocking two other stands into the laps of viola players, who were taken by surprise. The lower string section became disjointed, and an instrument was shattered on the floor. Elbows jabbed and toppled further music stands, one of which rendered a viola player unconscious, as it hit the surprised musician on the left ear. Pandemonium took over, with only the violins left relatively unaffected. Recriminations began to be shouted.

The violins desperately played until rosin dust was thick as fog. Herr Hoffner watched this nightmare with a

stiff body and white face. The violin's fractured rhythm mingled cacophonously with the crashing of wood and steel, as Herr Hoffner collapsed on his platform in an apoplectic fit. And through it all, steadily playing two beats ahead, the bassist prevailed.

Leigh Humm, '94



the Bonesucker

It was Saturday. Not that it matters at all. Being Saturday, and I Am Not, he must get up early tomorrow morning. Late and soon, he must meet the Bonesucker for a cup of tea that the waitress, her eyes fixed eternally on the slender black figure behind her, filled to the bubble and then some causing it to overflow into his lap.

Emiss Smith sat pleasantly by the old white bear on the floor. He was alone and thus blessed. The house was silent, caught somewhere between the death of the new and the birth of the old, in that order; so that Emiss paused, waiting to become maybe a pulsating worm squeezed by the earth or an eel sucking up the water-scum. He became neither. The air was still, frozen in exhale. The room, its corners shrinking from perception, was fading into the digestive tract of anticipation. All was Silent, except for the annoying rapping on the window directly in front of the chair where Emiss sat and waited.

"Let me in", said a distant yet perceptible echo.

"Who are you?" returned Emiss, blatantly annoyed that his daily devotional period was being so inconsiderately interrupted.

"I Am."

"You are...who?"

"I am the Lord of the Dance", said He.

"I am currently occupied, and I don't enjoy dancing anyway. Unless, of course, I may put on my cowboy boots."

"You must let me in. I am the Lord Almighty."

Emiss returned to his reading. He had not time to continue in this sort of discussion. His mind preferred to

ignore the incessant rapping on the window. All was Silent. He was alone and thus blessed; he had no need to continue.

Emoss gently placed his Bible on the glossy oak lamp stand beside his chair. He got up and began to walk over toward the window, which had been rendered opaque by a thick silk curtain. On his way, he tripped over the bear's head and fell flat on his face, well actually his nose, and blood began to spill onto the bear's soft white coat. Emoss leaped to his feet and systematically removed two Q-tips from a small bowl resting on the fireplace. He shoved each one up a single nostril and threw another log on the fire.

"Let me in", said He.

"Hold on, I'm coming", growled Emoss as he pulled the curtain from the window.

No one was there.

The lights flickered and were devoured by Blackness. Emoss listened to the rain as it pounded the roof. His head began to swirl, lights danced into and out of his vision. The hairs on the back of his neck stood paralyzed, and Emoss felt his arms and ears flinching as if pulled by invisible strings. He looked out the window, into the Silence and the Blackness. A bolt of lightning illuminated the room, and Emoss was confronted by a hideous blue face beyond the pane, contorted as if every drop of rain pushed the flesh in a different direction.

"Let me in", said He.

Emoss staggered to the door. He hesitated, taking a deep inhale, then turned the knob.

The door swung open, slapping Emoss and hurling him across the room, where he tripped over the bear's head and fell flat on his face, well actually his nose, and

the Q-tips fell out as the blood gushed in a river of red, spilling on either side of the bear's soft white fur.

The lights came on and Emoss leaped to his feet. He walked over to the fireplace and picked up a clothespin, carefully attaching it to his nose, and returned to his chair to continue reading. He was in the middle of a crucifixion story when he noticed an ugly blue hand covering the right side of his Bible. He looked up.

No one was there.

He returned to reading but was forced to stop due to the presence of an ugly blue hand with black hair covering the fingers, and long twisted black fingernails.

He grabbed the hand and looked up.

No one was there.

He looked down at the hand. It jerked to the right and clasped his wrist with a tight grip. Emoss shook his hand violently from right to left in a valiant attempt to grant his own wrist escape from the blue hand. After experiencing a brief stay in futility, he stopped. The hand began pushing his hand into his own face, punching his nose and knocking the clothespin off so that blood splashes all over the soft white fur of the bear. Emoss had been driven to near discontent. He screamed and bit the hand.

"Ooouucchh", yalped He.

Emoss calmly got up out of his chair and walked over to the fireplace. He obtained a tube of toothpaste and methodically squirted some blue fluoride with sparkles up each nostril. He returned to his seat, only to find it was occupied.

Emoss crossed the room, passing a majestic grandfather clock with a brass pendulum. The clock smiled as he passed, but Emoss was not in the mood for

conversation. He was near the point of illogical behavior. He picked up the receiver of the telephone that clung to the wall, and began dialing.

"Hello, yes, I would like to place an order for a large pizza with everything. Please hold the onions, green peppers, black olives, sausage, ham, bacon, mushrooms, and pineapples... Yes, Smith... S-M-I-T-H... 555-5555... 666 Highway Ave... Thank you..."

He replaced the receiver and walked back over to his chair, which was still occupied by a thin blue man with thick, knotted hair squirming on top of his head. This hair was a black tint... no, it is now a soft gray with green highlights... Wait! It seems to be transforming into a deeper green...

The man's face was gaunt, seemingly sucked into the twisting hoard that danced to the screeches of the violin which was playing. The chin was dominant, protruding, clinging to the thin layer of skin that stretched towards the fire. Red, now violet, eyes penetrated the elastic layer, forming a double abyss of tranquility within the triangle, devoured by the intensity of the emptiness of the pupil in a changeling's dress. Nostrils flared, sickened by the rotting odor climbing from the sinews of the body, which was cloaked in patches of defiant black hair. The skin suffocated the body's naked muscles which only seemed able to exude one final breath, yet sustained with subtle power and explosive proclivity.

"You're sitting in my chair", stated Emiss firmly.

"So, I'm God, I can sit wherever I please. I created you, I indirectly created this chair. Thus, in essence, it is my chair and I wish to use it", replied He.

"You don't look like God. God has a beard and

always wears white”.

The blue man was instantaneously adorned in an exquisite lace wedding dress, and Emoss watched as the long brown beard began dripping from the blue man’s chin.

“Now do you believe me, brother Thomas?” retorted He smugly.

Emoss was not convinced. “Do you have any form of identification, a birth certificate, or a major credit card?”

The blue man thought for a second, reached into his mouth and pulled out a small white card, which curiously appeared in Emoss’ hand. It read:

God
Wonderful Creator, Prince of Peace, Station of Creation
(Very, very old)
Heaven
*Must wear glasses or contacts when creating

Emoss was still skeptical. “How do I know you didn’t have this made in Washington D.C., or somewhere like San Francisco.

“Look on the back”.

Emoss flipped the card over:

This card was not made in Washington D.C. or somewhere like San Francisco.

The doorbell rang. Startled, Emoss lunged forward in the direction of the door, but his feet became entangled with the bear’s head. At the conclusion of this carefully planned diversionary tactic, Emoss had two

short carrot stubs guarding his nasal passages.

Emoss walked over to the door. “Who is it?”

“Pizza here for a Mr. Sm...ootherybulaskis?” replied a faint voice from behind the door.

Emoss opened the door, and his eyes greeted a little fat boy. The boy’s fat face was squished down by an enormous wavy brown mop, it oozed around thick silver glasses that shadowed hazy gray eyes. “That will be \$6.00”, said the little fat boy.

Emoss handed the boy a ten dollar bill and pointed over to the thin blue Man who was sitting in his chair, reading the Bible. “You can keep the change if you answer one simple question. Is that God sitting over there on my Chair?”

“I don’t believe in God”, replied the little fat Boy. I’m an agnostic”.

“What do you mean you don’t believe in God? You have to believe or else the fires of Hell will consume your Flesh when you die. Don’t you want to go to Heaven?”

The Little fat boy’s face became a lucid hue as he spoke. “What about Gandhi? What about my Brother? Believe in Jesus Christ as Your Savior and ye will be Saved. Go to church, don’t Drink, don’t Smoke, Honor thy Mother and Father, wash Their Car on Sunday, never take The Lord’s Name in vain, Never Drink from a Square Cup. But what about Gandhi? I want to go to Avalon.”

“Just look over at that chair and tell me if that Man looks like God”, stated Emoss, who was rather annoyed.

The blue Man interrupted the conversation. “Did I hear my name mentioned? I Am, and that’s all. I am the Prince of Peace, the Station of Creation.” He accompanied this with A Sugar coated flurry of flying

fists.

“Perform a miracle then”, said the little Fat Boy.

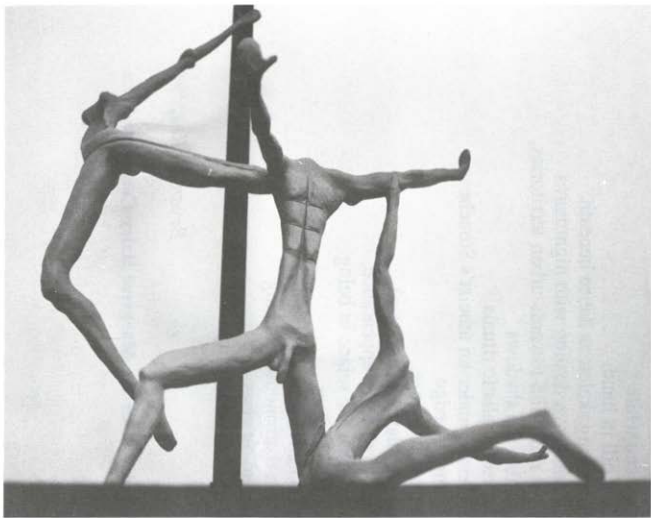
The blue man thought for a second. He snapped his fingers and a glass of water appeared in His hand. “See this ordinary Glass of Water?” He passed it to Emoss, who tasted it and passed it to the little Fat Boy. It was indeed water. “Now I will turn this Glass of Water into... Whiskey”. The Liquid turned a deep brown Color and the blue Man Gulped it and belched with authority.

“He’s not God”, said the Little Fat Boy. “If God was real, he would have turned the water into Wine, not Whiskey.”

“You’re right!” exclaimed Emoss. “I think I’m Going to be an Agnostic. I’m going to Avalon!” He began doing an Irish jog, but his feet became entangled with the Bear’s head and he fell. His head began to swirl, flashes of light exploded underneath his eyelids, and his stomach swelled into his throat.

The little Fat Boy ran over To Him and pulled A Silver coated black Semi-Automatic pistol out Of His coat and sunk it into emoss Mouth Im going to Kill You on the Count Of three he Giggled One two Emoss eyes Welled with Tears he Took the Gun out Of his Mouth our Father who Art in Heaven i Believe in Jesus christ Holy son Our lord Hail mary Full Of grace The lord Is with Thee The Blue Man Lunged Toward Emoss Fallen Body He Reached Into Emoss Skull As If It Was A Loaf Of Bread Pulled Out The Brain And Devoured It Then He Dined On The Sumptuous Body Sucking Every Bone Dry.

Michael Helsel, '96



Solace in Being

We left the station looking
small and white
like a pill in hand,
and making skeletons dance beneath.
I'm not above dealing with nightmares
as we roll blind towards urban territories,
engaging the shadows
with cannibalistic rituals
performed under an atheist's Stonehenge.
Dulling the edge
on an opiate haze,
lends to darkness and steel
the aura of mere appearance,
as I search for solace in being
small and white
and magically seduced
by the metronome clacking
of bone on glass
smoothly into the city.

Bryan McKee, '96

Nominated for the Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize

Another Art

It isn't hard to master being lost.
Call it escape, count it among your joys;
you're not the one who has to bear the cost.

Your mother dragged you shopping for a sauce-
dish in a store with (yes, you looked) no toys:
You mastered, in those long aisles, being lost.

You're faster than the rest of the team rost-
er but you could not win the trust of boys:
you left, and it was they who bore the cost.

Your best friend used to call you from her mossed
college. But her conversation annoys
you. It is no disaster being lost.

The Bishop prayed for you, solemnly crossed
you, but you don't believe those Christian ploys:
you're sinful but you can avoid the cost.

You slip away before the time when frost
can lock your lover's confidence and voice;
it isn't hard to master being lost:
it's freedom. You can let them bear the cost.

Emily Compton, '97

Winter Concerto

I walk onto the stage
through the back door,
case in hand.

It is hot.
It is hot and muggy
and the lights are beating down.

I am walking through a maze
of chairs and stands
trying to reach my seat.

I put the music on the stand,
sit in the seat,
unlatch the case,
cradle the violin.

After a while
the light burns my eyes
and I must close them
and play the notes from memory.

The notes swarm on the page
into my fingertips
through my veins
to *mi alma*.

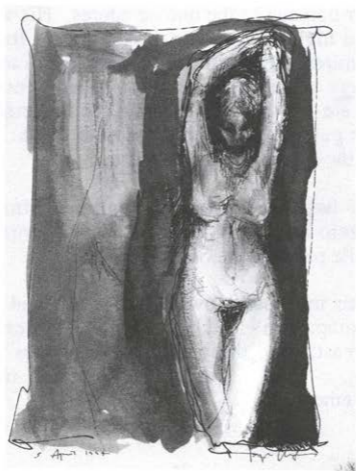
It rests on my chin
My fingers vibrate gently

the bow sways
up and down.

My palms are sweaty.
it is hot.
It is hot and muggy
and the lights are beating down
and burning my eyes.

Somewhere it is snowing
while I play the concerto of Vienna.

Melissa Langhan, '96



To Satisfy the Sky

Torn is the son of Orion from the book of the sky. Each night, the young man stares at his father until his armor falls off and he is no longer a warrior... He is putty for Torn's imagination. He is a firm believer in the naked eye and regularly curses Lowell, Galileo, and all other so-called gazers... Nothing feels closer to him than the night sky...

Torn wears the label "helpless romantic" with a smile. Each night, he drives his beat-up Chrysler to the summit of his mountain and creates. With only the tools of the painter, he grabs a hold of all that he can while still paying fair homage to the one he adores. His work never reveals the night sky as you would expect from such a crazed admirer... His paintings resemble fish and reptiles and the pets of people he'll never meet. Torn believes that there are other civilizations in the universe and that he has the power to communicate with them... For this, he thanks the sky for being an artist...

The helpless romantic confuses himself with Michelangelo and often recites a sonnet written by the master while painting the Sistine Chapel:

"With my beard toward heaven, I feel my brain atop my hump; I'm getting a harpy's breast; and the brush that is always above my face, by dribbling down, makes an ornate pavement..."

In these words, he draws inspiration from a fellow artist who attempted to paint the heavens... Yet he questions his methods...

On several occasions, Torn has threatened to stop painting the sky. He fears that his paints scar the canvas and suffocate Orion. He wonders if the true painting is the "ornate pavement" described or even no painting at all. He wonders if his audience sees through the ills of other sky-painters... Many airplanes are allowed to leave streaks of exhaust across the sky which burn its flesh and are yet called beautiful... The most "beautiful" sunsets are adorned with magenta dresses caused by toxins in pollution... Torn between inspiration and its release, he cannot help but think that if Orion could roam the daytime sky, he would drive his sword into their evil and perhaps his...

Torn still paints the night sky and curses airplanes, sunsets, Galileo and all that represents evil to a lunatic... He is quite a pagan upon his mountain, and through his dance and chant, he offers gifts to his father. No one can watch his parade and assume that, by throwing paint at the earth, he is not a great painter... Under certain veils, Torn sits without his brush and paints the sky with only his eyes... naked eyes... For no telescope could bring the young Torn closer to the man whom he loves... Here, they are both at home.

Eric Townsend, 'RC 95





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