



Fountain Spray

Spring 2017

*Fountain
Spray*

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American Spirit Cigarettes

By Rebecca Scharen

See we are all these American Spirit Cigarettes.
Others suck the life from within us.
Even though we may be stomped on in the end,
by the corporate shiny shoes,
we are not silenced and flicked aside.
United together in our American Spirit pack,
we will do no harm;
but try to divide us and we will inflict our fury.

We roar through our enemies' lungs with hunger and pride.
We linger in them until they know our pain.
For we are American Spirit Cigarettes.
Divided we are dragged out to our core,
but united we are in taking down the ones
that actually do us harm.
American. Spirit. Cigarettes.

We burn holes in their throats
to prevent the lies they spew.
We dirty their nails
that show their greed.
Like nicotine we've gotten under their skin,
into their blood.



They become addicted to their 'image'
and light another one.

They are not suave or educated,
but ignorant to what American Spirit Cigarettes can truly do
to people of power through and through.

They can get rid of us,
but they will suffer our wrath
and hear our roar.

Our scent will always linger.
Even when we turn to ash.
They will forever remember the smell of
American Spirit Cigarettes.

Each one of our Spirits looks a little different,
but inside, we are exactly the same.

We each produce potency.

We each produce power.

The more they take of us,
the more we take of them,
until there is none of us left in the end.



Untitled

By Anne Zayatz



Broken

By Kyle Homer

Oh, I see you replaced the clock
That decided to stop working.

It gave its last tick,
The tock that time forgot.

So broken was stamped on its face,
Thrown next to the spoiled milk in the trash.

Now there's a new clock on your wall,
Chugging along to keep time.

The question is, why did you throw it out?
All it needed was a new battery.

But you saw something that was obsolete,
Beaten down, and broken.

So you replaced it.

It's a good thing that my faults and flaws
Are interior; how long would I last?

The cracks in my soul that make me fragile
And weak; does that make me broken?
The void in my heart, that you promised
To fill; does that make me broken?

The demons that are always crawling out
Of the past; do they make me broken?

I guess that only time will tell.



Untitled

By Joseph Duchak



Crumples

By Julie Temple

I am crammed in between the creases.
Unending ceases,
Contrived then controlled.
Constrained and chained...

My contour is cracked.
Abiding by the bylaws of a contract,
They cackle at my yellowing.
My sides, they are constantly elbowing...

Folds spilling out that should be cinched.
A binding no longer clinched.
Change is inevitable.
However, my pages are irreparable.

Convinced that I am a convoluted, flawed edition,
Yet, it is you who crumples my creative composition.
I am a completed entity when isolated.
Your contact crumples my form that is now
tattered and contaminated.



Web

By Dr. Michael Gross



Current Events

By Luana Fahr

I contemplate the sea and sky
And ponder what has gone awry—
From acid rain to belching seas
And drowning civil liberties.
Where innocents are bought and sold—
A pound of flesh, a gram of gold.
An ocean filled with dreams bereft,
Which taken freely or by theft,
Will thus reveal what life devours,
Wasn't ever truly ours.
Nightmares dreamt while we're awake,
Are they all for heaven's sake?
The potent scent of true forgiving
Revives the dead who still are living.
In all loss, we seem to find
Recovered faith in humankind.
We realize that anger spent
Lives in our psyches free of rent.
In the place where egos fly
The swollen cloud must choose to cry,
And gently rinses with its tears
The filmy eye, which slowly clears.



Untitled

By Jessica Hausmann



Dream Another Day

By Jaclyn Baccarella

I am awoken.
By the sound of your hands
Removing the layers of my outer skin.
I smell the sharp scent of your breath filling the air.
Your eyes gleamed while mine glazed,
I am vulnerable but unaware,
In my slumber.

I am awake.
But also asleep somehow,
Caught in the limbo between dreams.
Each harsh, jagged motion penetrates the silence.
I am moving yet I also remain still.
You are my puppeteer,
As I doze.

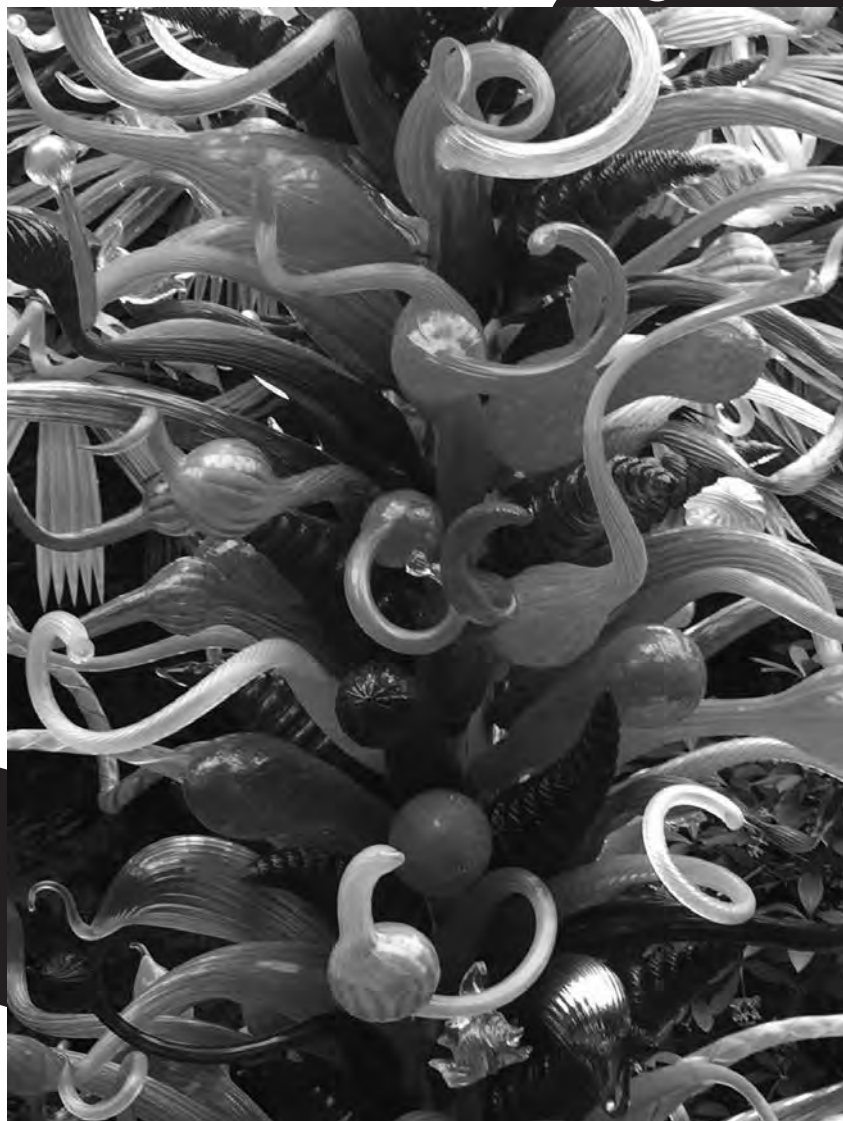
I awaken.
My skin blood-soaked.
Unable to remember the events
That left me such a mess, nor you who created them.
Mystified by your disappearance,
Ignorant of your pillage,
I sleep,

And live to dream another day.



Color in Motion

By Cynthia Mattia



Ebb and Flow

By Julie Temple

Receding before receiving...
Our label of liquid's rhythmic journey,
Reveals our innate tendency to scurry
Before we even know what we are perceiving.

Retraction prevents immersion.
Instead, collapse into the salty, soothing flow.
Release, yet be cautious of the undertow.
Be vigilant of the current, but swim in the dense, watery
submersion.

Reap the rewards of all tides.
Float in the ebb; sink into the flow.
Search for seashells in the low; Feel creatures pass you in the
inflow.
Dive into the fluctuating waves before they and the sand
collide.

Receive or recede.
No matter the height of the tide, always proceed...



Island Girl

By Jasmine Chang



Guardian Angel

By Patricia Prioli

Outside his classroom she appears
Forgotten laptop in hand, extended
“Aw, thank you,” he says
“You’re my guardian angel.”

She takes pride in her role
Watching over those who say they are fine
But aren’t.

She works miracles
Striving for those holy but not whole
She takes their burden from them
And claims it as her own.

Only, she forgets
She is not divine
She is but one human
With her own life and her own struggles
She cannot expect herself to maintain
Constant vigilance
Over every broken soul.

But she does.

So when a forgetful boy
Pops a few too many pills
She takes that burden, and
Claims it as her own
For his guardian angel
Failed.



I Stood by and choked on silence...

By Steve Mulero

These moments hang like a weighted bell in my chest.

Missed opportunities . . .

I walk from these weighed down; my feet and knees sink deep below ground.

I am half my height and double my weight.

With each step my bell rings out a long and heavy pang.

My chest is full and drowned . . .

The air just waits

as I do in the stillness; suffocating on abundance, shaking and throbbing

words unspoken

in silence

behind the cages of

my teeth . . .

but i know

life means

breaking cages

expelling teeth and

rolling your tongue out

through your mouth

finally reaching out!

Four Empty Vases

By Celeste Mann



In The Shadowed Night Next To Life

By Steve Mulero

Innocence is a thick gravity.

It lies on a window sill
in a room
without light.

Innocence sits fetal in the shadowed night next to life.

Burdened by its own bereavement of self and curtailed by a steel
mesh
handcrafted to delude; innocence lies only with itself like a lone
seedling in the absence of sight.

Its own weight is heavy and repressive, blocked too by
hammered nails
and windows shut; innocence confides only to itself in the
darkness of night.

Leaning against its steel lattice cage, innocence tastes the cool
air never grazed; faintly growing,
it hears the resonant hum of a worn sun passing.
Through nights shun, mourning comes, and innocence exposes
itself to a dawning sun.

Shedding tears from a husk,
droplets flow. A slow labored birth. Flowering? A
dayside primrose! Bleeding and budding and building
it squirms its way through its self-constructed grating, reeling
with each gasp, beyond its own lies, beyond its own
comfort-skin, beyond its own shadowed night next to life!
Left behind is a pierced veil of innocence and the darkness
of one's own measured
sight.

Untitled

By Kimberly Sloan



Solo

By Samantha Widmer



Siren of the Sea

By Kimberly Sloan

Onyx ocean
Under ivory sky,
the squall is imminent
tonight.

Seductive Siren,
Sings to the seaman
Sighs ever so slightly,
See you soon.

Ebony eternity
Of endless waves.
His weary eyes are chasing
Shooting stars and satellites.

Onyx ocean
Under raven sky,
Storm is brewing
She sighs, See you soon.

He said, Sweet Siren
Sing me some semblance of peace
Submerge my secrets in the sea
Quell my chaotic heart.

The sea is all he knows.
Her cadence entwines
With the waves' ebb and flow
She will see him soon.

She is a beacon for lost souls,
Lovely Siren of the sea
Beguiling seamen
With enchanting melodies.

Snow Day on Campus

By Maureen Kotusky



The Rock Face

By Patricia Prioli

A grand thing you saw in
My face. You declared,
“American history shall march across that skyline.”
Though what does a man know about history?

Washington, Jefferson,
Roosevelt, Lincoln —
History is more than what is written.
Arikara, Cheyenne,
Pawnee, Lakota —
Even their fireside songs lack
The scope I can provide:

Molten magma
Rocks crashing
Granite growing
Foliage flourishing . . .

Then come the people. This country existed
Long before your ancestors crossed an
Ocean and killed others, whose ancestors
Crossed the other ocean. Long before you
Drew a picture and fought
Over straight lines.

That, dear Mr. Borglum, is the history of
This land you call America, and it did
Stand proudly against the trees until you
And your dynamite and chisels and
Jackhammers gouged out my face,
Leaving me disfigured, unrecognizable.

Yes sir, American history marches across that skyline.



Peaceful Day in the Forest

By Maureen Kotusky



Untitled

By Anne Zayatz



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