

A photograph of a piece of white paper with the words "THE PIVOT" written in black ink. The handwriting is a stylized, slightly slanted, sans-serif font. The paper is set against a dark, textured background. The lighting is soft, and there are some shadows on the paper.

THE PIVOT

**THE OFFICIAL LITERARY
MAGAZINE OF
NOTRE DAME COLLEGE**

Thank you for reading this year's Pivot!

THE PIVOT'S CONSTITUTION

The Notre Dame Literary Magazine, also known as *The Pivot*, hopes to bring to light the creative capabilities of NDC's student body. We also give students the opportunity to be published, something that looks impressive on a resume. In addition, *The Pivot* promotes literary culture and appreciation at Notre Dame College.

This year's Team:

- **Rose Hunt:** Editor and Chief, logo art, layout
- **Marcia Leon:** Coeditor, layout
- **Sara Oligny:** Coeditor
- **Brittany Stawicki:** Coeditor
- **Dr. Amy Kesegich:** Advisor

*Special thanks to Stuart Smith Jr.

Acknowledgement of this year's Creative Writing Club Contest Winners:

- **1st Place:** Brittany Atkinson's *Starving Artist*
- **2nd Place:** Marissa Ortosky *Purge*
- **3rd Place:** Sarah Bobonik *Camera Check*

*Note: The Pivot team was not part of the judging process. The Creative Writing Club is a separate entity.

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Photography by: Hannah Peerboom

"The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists, and identity;
That the powerful play goes on, and you will contribute a verse."

—Walt Whitman, "Oh Me! Oh Life!" from *Leaves of Grass*



Photography by:
Marcia Leon

Depression

-Marylane Jackson

My heart turns black
I no longer want to be around others because they might see
They might see that the blood running through my veins is no longer red
It's filled with anger and hate
No longer full of faith
My skin reflects the feeling I have of being dried and cracked
Such that it looks like I've been run over multiple times
The hardest part about it is that I can't deny any of it because it's true
I've been mentally and verbally abused
My black heart can't function like it used to
When it beats no one hears it
When it cries out no one comes to the rescue
Not because they know the severity of the issues and choose not to
But because deep down inside they have their own flame
Sparking and giving off a heat that is so strong they could not dare to take more on.
So I'm left to conjure up a cure for my own black heart that shows no promise of returning to its roots of the vibrant red hue
Reminding me that happiness is like a cup of tea
When your cup is full there is nothing you won't believe
But once you take that last sip, you thirst for more
Only to be disappointed because your cup is empty
So temporarily you steal a sip of your neighbors,
but that contentment doesn't last long
Because after a while you get lost,
Lost in a world you never knew existed until you took that last sip
The point is not where it went but how to get it back
How do we fill up our own cup without overflowing with emotions leftover from when it was empty? How do I move on from here
And pick myself up, dust myself off, and hold my head high?
Is it even possible...
It just seems unreal once you've gotten that low.
I whisper my own encouragement in my ear, and I take the wheel hoping
I have enough left within to steer in the right direction.
And that is what I like to call a sip of
Depression.

Warrior

-Marcia Leon

I tear off my dress and climb atop the table, standing naked to the crowd. Finally, they look up and see me. Finally, they dismiss nothing. The meaningless chatter dies. The meaninglessness dies altogether. My body is strong, lean, beautiful. Look at me, I tell them, and my eyes flash with light. Look. At. Me.

I am not a lady. God save me from one. I fly out and begin to run. Oh, I am free. Free from anyone. Free from all. I am one and free like the wind that happily slaps me now. My feet are coarse and blunt. My muscles stretch with joy and the openness of the air. They finally saw me. But they've only seen the beginning. I climb mountains now. And I look at the sun face to face, not you, fools. I conquer and serve.

Spiral

-Rose Hunt

Flowers, especially daisies; yellow.
Tick, tock, tick, tock.
Death.
Tick, tock, tock, tick
Voices, attackers all around.
Tick, tock, tick, tick, tick.
Apologies, hugs, tears.
Tick, tock, tick, tock
Snap.
Tick, tick, tick, tock.
Red, fury, bruises
Tick, tick, tick, tick.
White walls, straight jacket.
Tick...tick...tick...tick.

Ingenuity
Fest-
By:
Sara
Oigny



Great Ape

-Daniel Solomon

I'm a great ape, I'm the best ape, I'm the
best ape you'll find
I'm a great ape, the best ape, evolution re-
fined
In my flaws I am perfect
In my perfection I am flawed; I can see the
forbidden zone
And if this is the devil's playground
Then I'll take my recess in Hell
For I never played too well

Night Currents

-Ryan Cochran

As the black feather whispers past the glisten-
ing moon
And the motionless dark... so distinct and dull
From nowhere comes the deafening purr
Of the crooked rapids boiling with majesty
While the sky thunders... as nimble tears blink
into the river's depth

A yellow frog leaps from under the bark
And begins to flee from the blue fire left by
lightning's strike
The rain foams and seeps deep within Witches
hill
The silent storm so bitter begins to shake
The cliff in wicked triumph as the rocky coast
Crumples to the grim currents below

Walk Down an Icy Path

By Emily Juarez

Sidewalks, freshly dusted in snow
Glimmer under sunset colored streetlights

Trees brace for arctic gusts
Branches bleed into one another
Dark veins against gray skies

I slow my pace
To match the frozen air
Feel it seep through numb lungs

From window panes of timid houses
I see only curtains drawn tightly shut, but
Draped in snow the homes blur into noth-
ingness

Silence lay over this world
Entirely tranquil
While I'm here
While it lasts



Photography by:
Marcia Leon

POEMS BY EMILY KESEGICH

Poem 1:

I want nothing to do with it, I'm free
the past is all out of my system and
now I can just be.
no point or destination,
just finding my center
I don't need a cause, I just need an effect.
before we fall,
before the wreckage,
we find peace in our moments spent
denying how much time we've got left
we've seen it all, we've seen too much
liberated, astonished
I once was so honest
even to strangers
now I'm so guarded
even to my saviors.
where are all of you right now?
are you in your bodies?
are you in last year?
are you even here?
when is the last time we all took a
breath instead of a sigh
most of us are so frantic
so out of control
and on the surface, we do as we're
told.
we fight, we roll our eyes, we scoff
and despise
hold grudges, tell lies
but as kids it was easy
our parents said "say sorry"
and it was over.
lost some teeth and played some ball

Poem 2:

I used to play so much guitar
I used to take the longest walks
I used to lay back in the quiet car
the two corners of my mouth were never a
straight line
I miss so much calling it all mine
falling asleep to thoughts I'd replay
memorably unusual scenarios throughout
the day
I used to hold my head up high
I used to be afraid to die
my little feet were always bare
dipping poorly painted toes in the metro-
park waters
trying not to drop the cigarette
my only care was my tattoo debt
my goal was making them all laugh until
they were out of breath
and when that didn't work I still had the
toyota to play their music and take them
home.
our stories were recyclable
our days were long and perfectly full
our bad jokes still got the room satisfied
reminiscing about the times we've been
fried
I'll never regret a single second
until comes the day I realize it ended.
I used to be spontaneous
I used to be so curious
I used to want to see the world in action
stand close to the stage and sit on the
speakers
now I stay towards the back
because that's just close enough.

POEMS BY TIMOTHY EICHORN

A Psychopermarevolutionarythermal-hoopdee*

Look at the
 Lucent lava lamps,
Dark craters
 Hiring hands.
We walked,
 Mimicking magma.
Hot, why is
 This heat?
Forget Vulcan
 And his illusion
Of kaleidoscopes,
 A rip tide
On the shore
 Of our conscious minds.
We held fire,
 Pretending to swim
Underground,
 But only out
Of pure respect.
 Some had boots
Made with
 The clippings
Of funky tripwire,
 Others wore suits
With goggles
 Clamped to their faces,
Gripping like
 Bay Area earthquakes.
One-by-one,
 Jang-strangs were
Attached to us and
 Hurled into the Pit
With rhythmic rituals,
 Waves of S and P
Flailed away
 Like flags.
One nation
 Under a new.
No one looked away.

A Reed So Sweet*

Once passed,
Always alive,
You Lou*,
Have me hypnotized.
Not one word
That I've heard
Is more real
Than the ones
Told by you.

I too,
Have been
"Waiting
For the man,"
To enter the beast's
Belly and see
A dear,
Dear friend
Of mine;
But mostly
For that one,
Quick fix.

Soon after,
"Heroin" hits
And I too
Am dosed,
I don't know.
My only
Wonder now is
If a smack
syringe can be
As good as
It sounds
Right now.

*Both poems on this page are about Lou Reed.

Incision

Adam Mitchell

A painting, the past, one instant forever lingering,
Photographic, still, but nevertheless it's easy to imagine the crowd
stirring,
So much action, yet motionless,
Was it safe, could it have been, can't have been, surely.

Angled, shadowy characters gaze aimlessly at the spectacle,
Disinterest, fatigue, concentration placed between expressions,
The prophet with his balding halo stands prominently luminescent,
Preaching to his disciples, novices.

Stern nurse looks on, black and white, unmoved,
Whispering fellows seem concerned at what they see before them,
The incision's been made, time goes by, blood congeals,
Was it successful, you can only hope.

* This poem references Thomas Eakins, from the Agnew Clinic 1889.

Starving Artist

-Brittany Atkinson

She held an aquamarine crayon
in between her chubby little fingers
Her small hand swallowed it
A glow enveloped her cyan eyes,
like firecrackers on the Fourth of July
She scribbled wildly,
with no direction

She held a marigold pencil
in between her slim fingers-
no longer chubby, but she thought they
were
Her collarbones smiled through her skin,
even though she did not
But she still doodled,
eating her mistakes

She held a ballpoint pen
in between her brittle
bones-
they were supposed to be
fingers
Her ribcage protruded like
shelves at the market,
however held no food: only
pain
But she still drew,
and devoured the ink
She was a starving artist,
and art was all she ate.

quiet plea

-Mariya Smith

One

I know you know from the way I look at you. I glance down to your ribcage, your legs.
I watch you watch me do it. Then I watch you walk away.

You keep your eyes on mine because only my eyes interest you and I wish you
craved. each. bit.

But me? I'm desired by few
and they're usually men
and they're usually dogs
and I don't care for canines.

I'm more interested in women.

Because women don't play with their private parts in public.

And women like more intricate games than fetch. There's no playing cards with dogs.

But you and I, we could play cards for hours and talk over the noise of the blaring speakers.
You could make me trip over my heart with a glance.
And you will.
And you do.

But there's no playing fetch with you.

You have a mind beyond throwing, retrieving.
Always leaving me high and dry.
But hey, at least I'm high.

I could write a novel about the ways your face lights up. I'm falling so hard, I won't get right up.

This is no love story. This is no call for help. This is nothing.

Nothing more than a quiet plea.

Nothing.

Two

What the absolute hell are you doing? ALL of this is your fault.
You know what they DO TO YOU GODDAMMIT SO STOP BEING SUCH AN IDIOT.

STOP STOP
STOP.

Shit. Calm down.

You're killing yourself, kid. From the inside out.
You know
nothing.

(SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT
SHIT)

Calm down.

This isn't all. This isn't it.
This is probably just nothing.

Nothing more than a quite plea.

Nothing.

Three

Do you know what it feels like to know a forest?

When you travel to a wooded area for the first time, all the trees are randomly plotted around you.
But then you go back and realize they haven't moved.

And you go again
and again
and realize that not only the trees haven't moved, but the rocks haven't
and that flower
and the creek that floods over the stones never stops flowing in that way.

That's what it felt like,
know(love)ing her,
like knowing that not only haven't the trees moved, but that they belong exactly there.

Can you understand that?
Please try to understand that.

But don't worry about me. This is nothing.

Nothing more than a quiet plea.

Nothing.



PURGE

Marissa Ortosky

“May I be excused?”

Anna’s words were swallowed by the chorus of dinnertime. Glasses clinking on the table. Silverware scratching against china. Her parents’ voices, their transparent conversation, drowned her out.

“It’s supposed to be nice again tomorrow.”

“Which weatherman said that?”

“All of them agree, for once. Sunny and warm.”

Anna shifted in her seat. Its stiff wooden spokes pressed against her back, grinding against her spine. She inched forward, perching on its edge. The pressure was gone, but her spine stayed straight. Anna tried again, louder. “May I—”

Her parents’ conversation carried on, turning to the possibility of rain. They weren’t listening. They never did. Deaf and blind, like always.

Anna lowered her head, her eyes falling to her plate. A spongy slab of meatloaf rested on one side, a small hill of mashed potatoes on the other, and a river of gravy in between. Her fork rested on its napkin, free from fingerprints. It never touched her plate.

She’d eaten already. Ten Cheerios for breakfast. Ten more for lunch. Anna remembered how it felt, that stubborn stone inflating her stomach. That extra weight was a constant reminder. She’d eaten. She’d given in. The cereal in her stomach was disgusting. *She* was disgusting. Revolting. It had been unbearable. Anna did the only thing she could—what she had been doing for months.

She purged.

Anna heard it called a disorder in health class. But it was more than that, to her. It was life.

It was like a spider living inside her. Writhing in her stomach, making it stir. Crawling under her skin. Losing icy venom into her veins, making her shake, stumble as she ran to the bathroom. Weaving a web at the back of her throat, keeping it in. Holding it down. Making her suffer, making her *feel* the rot climb up her throat, feel it pressing against the net. Burning. Churning. Making her stomach lurch—once, twice!—until finally the web tore, unleashing rot and slime into the toilet. *Beautiful*, it crooned. *You're beautiful*.

She hated it. She hated it more than her whale-sized thighs or her flabby arms or her protruding gut. But she couldn't stop. Not on her own. She was too deep for that now.

"Mom?" Anna's full plate sneered up at her. The gravy had congealed into sludge, almost the same color and consistency her cheerios had been, floating in the toilet not an hour before. Anna shifted in her chair again, scooting closer to its edge. Teetering. "May I be excused?" Her lips closed around the words even as tears danced in her eyes. *Help*, they said. *Help*.

Mother glanced at her, smiling a little. "Of course, sweetie."



Drawing by:
Michiko Smith

CAMERA CHECK

-Sarah Bobonik

I stand on the false balcony, staring into the large green screen before me. My hands absentmindedly fiddle with the book production handed me. I look down at it, and caress the green leather cover. A few feet below, a man positions a boom mic into place.

“You ready?” he asks. I nod and smile. “Good. Just a few more minutes and we’ll be ready to test.” He walks away and I glance around at all the cameras. Four were in front, four behind, and three overhead on cranes. The assistant director was just off stage, sitting in his chair in front of a bunch of screens. A woman came up beside me with a marker in her hands. She smiles kindly as she waits for the camera to get in the proper place, holding up the marker.

“Camera and sound check. Mark!” Snapping it shut, she bolts off stage, back to a camera. All is quiet and I open the book to a random page.

“ACTION!” The assistant director bellows. I wasn’t given any stage directions or lines; I was told, “stand here, look pretty, and don’t look directly at the cameras.” I look at the text on the page. Quiet foot-falls sound behind me, but I do not turn.

“Such a beautiful lady should not be alone on such a glorious night.” The tenor of the man’s voice sends chills down my spine. I close the book softly and look out into the vast area of green.

“I appreciate your concern kind sir, but I wish to be alone.” Adrenaline courses through my veins as I try to make sense of this. None of this was supposed to be happening. I’m just from the costume department, helping out production. No improvisation was supposed to happen.

“Tsk. Such harsh words from such an... enchanting woman.” His voice holds a slight amount of humor, but makes me overly aware that he is close behind me.

“Are you trying to flatter me, or be a gentleman?” I cock my head slightly, waiting for his answer. A chuckle escapes his lips, laughing at my question.

“I am no ‘gentleman,’ kind woman, but flatter you, yes, I try.”

“Do you mock me?”

“Mock’ you, my dear? I dare not. You are too beautiful to mock... What is your name?”

“A gentleman would offer his name first, before asking a Lady.” I counter. Again he chuckles and takes the few steps to stand beside me. I glance up at the man and gasp, taking a step back. I knock the book to the floor, but leave it lay, as I kneel down. “My Prince, forgive me I did not know it was you that I was speaking to.”

“Please, there is no need for that.” Loki crouches down, picks up the book and offers his free hand. I stare at it and hesitantly place my hand in his. He straightens back up, bringing me

with him, and holds out the book. I grab the book but he doesn't release it. "Your name, my Lady?" A devilish smirk plays on his lips, as I look into his oceanic eyes.

"Saphyra, my Lord." I tell him after a brief sigh.

"Saphyra'... That is such a beautiful name." He releases the book and I clutch it to my chest, and turn back to face the green screen. "The color suits you well." He says after a slight pause. The dress I'm wearing is gold and dark green. His colors...

"Thank you, my Lord."

"Please, just call me Loki, Saphyra." I look at him, a smirk gracing his lips.

"Of course... Loki." I pause slightly; nervous and embarrassed.

"Do I make you uncomfortable? You don't need to fear me, you know." His smirk fades as he looks down at me, and locks his hands behind his back.

"Well you are the God of Mischief. Forgive me, but it's kind of hard to believe you." His carefully placed mask slips and his eyes widen slightly in surprise. "Now, if you'd excuse me, I have other places to be." I turn on my heel and walk off the set, his eyes and the cameras following my exit.

"CUT!"



Photography by: Sara Oigny

Editor's Choice: MY PARALLAX

By: Brian Julius Burleson

It was like slow motion. The electrical synapses of my mind were beginning to ebb from functionality as the screaming voices began to drone. The burning sensation of the resuscitators on my skin began to subside as all feeling drifted from conscious thought. My mind was everywhere and nowhere at the same time, a paradox so surreal it was almost peaceful. My life hitherto became an enigma of final fascination as I opened my eyes to an aesthetically pleasing scene. Two men and a woman scrambled around frantically shouting for instruments I've never heard of in the back of what I gathered to be an ambulance. The sound of the heart monitor paced slower than it had any right to do. The steadily slowing tempo of the tone was the metronome orchestrating the flow of blood from my chest. Each beat brought with it a fresh gush of deep red. I laid my head back to ease the strain on my neck. "Stay with me" the woman screamed, but it was too late. They had no idea that under the oxygen mask my mouth had already conjured itself into a smile as the euphoric feeling of going home swept over my increasingly lifeless body. My eyes closed as the chilling warmth turned into nothingness. "He's gone. Born September 21, 1989, deceased October 12, 2026." I was going home.

I wondered if I was alive. *Was I ever really alive?* "Breathe slowly and open your eyes" I told myself. Or had I? I listened, but did not hear. My eyes opened, gazing, but not seeing. My mind thought, but did not process. An astral body in time and space, I floated. In my gaze an unfathomable reality began to take form. Among stars and nebulas I found myself remembering my old life like a distant dream, fragmented in our memories, yet never fully forgotten. *Was I ever really alive?* With transparent skin I examined myself to find nothing. No hands, no feet to call my own. No heart, no mouth to make a moan. I was a metaphysical entity weightless in a sea of space where hours passed like seconds and seconds drug on for years. But how little did time matter at the augmentation of celestial rebirth?

My life hitherto became an enigma of rudimentary fascination, a primitive notion of a life predisposed to mortality. As a metaphysical being, the lunar wilderness was mine to roam unconfined to the limitations of physicality though my ability was shackled by my own clairvoyance. For years, or maybe seconds, I raced through the emptiness; aghast by the wonders of the universe, utterly unaware of the power developing within me.

I witnessed the birth of stars through nebular maturation and the creation of new planets which evolved existential life forms. “*Was I ever really alive?*” I thought repeatedly. Supernovas gave way to black holes to recycle space and time through a funnel leading to infinity. Infinity was no longer an indefinable measurement used to describe a distance until it faded into an endless nothing. No, infinity to me became my new reality, my new home. Boundless in physicality I entered the dark mass, the planet eater, to see where the funnel would drop me in terms of my new humble infinity.

I was metaphysically stretched longer than the universe itself and compressed smaller than any spec of stardust to ever exist. I was jerked and twisted about in an endless mass. The universe did not exist within the black hole; there was only nothingness, black endless oceans. If the universe was the storm then the black hole was certainly the eye. No elements of the outside storm existed within the eye. There was only violent nothingness surrounded by oblivion until finally I was peacefully filtered out of the endless funnel.

Once dispensed, I found myself in a limbo of broken planets and eaten suns that no longer shined as luminously as they once had. It was a solemn place here. Destruction and death were tangible in every direction. *Beep*. If the universe I had known was my home then this desolation was to become my creation. With purpose I examined every demolished planet, every bit of stardust to become familiar with the elements, but in truth I knew everything about this place before I was ever there. And so ensued the reconstruction of destruction and the formation of my God-like complex. This eradication of life was my garden and I had become the archetype of its future. It was mine to rebuild. I was the harvester and I reaped the chaos dispensed by planet eaters. This sanctuary was my oracle of ambiguity, limitless in possibility and endless within the realm of the unlimited. I was the painter making the mess a masterpiece.

I constructed a new universe to my specifications. Beautiful stable stars illuminated the space for the planets to flourish biologically. I created everything necessary for life to flourish. For years I created, recreated, and created again establishing an endless cycle of trial and error, desper-

“They had no idea that under the oxygen mask my mouth had already conjured itself into a smile as the euphoric feeling of going home swept over my increasingly lifeless body. “

ately searching for the systematic formation of success. I created without the human complex; detached from emotion, my goal was to create life free from self destruction, capable of living in harmony. I had no sentimental attachment to the creatures. In fact I thought them weak, pitiful creatures with an endless consuming preoccupation. *Was I ever really alive?*

They would build, destroy, and then rebuild each other up again only to destroy themselves all over again ultimately leading to their inevitable self termination. *Beep.* A lifeline of hope from the creatures is all I wanted, some proof that they were capable of living amongst each other peacefully unified in a common existential good. No lifeline of hope gave way. *Beep.* After some time I found my creations despicable, unable to look at; I loathed them. On several accounts they displayed exigencies that demanded immediately annihilation and I, in my loathing, was prompt to comply. My God-like complex which so often brought me a smile was in a state of self doubt.

In my final trial of existential harmony I failed, though on this occasion I chose to annihilate all but one man. There was no particular reason for my choosing of this man, he was just the one. When I looked upon his face and a part of me came to life. *Was I ever really alive?* Something about him triggered a mnemonic fragment to become vivid in my mind. He was something I had once known, but had chosen to forget. *Beep.* He was the embodiment of the reality I had once left behind, a figment of fragmented imagination. But who was he? *Was I ever really alive?* *Beep.* I was on his dying planet that I had chosen to destroy. He was the only living thing in my universe, the last of his kind. He was on hands and knees, crying; ash fell from the sky as the wind howled and fires swallowed everything that it touched. The ground shook beneath his planted appendages while I looked down on him. His looks sparked something in me and brought about a feeling I had not known. It was sorrow; it was pity; it was disgust. I spoke for the first time in a thousand eternities, “Why do you destroy?” He only sobbed as the tears evaporated from his face as the molten core began to overheat. I asked him again, “Why do you destroy when I provide such beauty, such promise?”

The man on his hands and knees looked up and replied, “Why do you?” *Beep.*

The audacity of the singularity’s response took me aback, though I should have expected such a response from a man with nothing left but his momentarily life. The man looked up into my eyes and a sudden terror washed over me. *Was I ever really alive?* *Beep.* “Who are you?” *Beep.*

He reached up to me with burnt, blackened hands. His skin was callused and burnt to the bones in some

spots. His eyes stared into me; my eyes stared into themselves. *Was I ever really alive? Beep.* “I am you. You are me. Together, we are the infinite star dust of the universe.” *Beep.*

And then the planet collapsed into its own core. The man was gone, the planet obliterated. I floated in space waiting for something, anything. I turned to the planet eating mass, the black oblivion and from it came not asteroids or eaten stars, but a single black box. *Beep.* Emotions which I’ve never experienced began to wash over me. *Was I ever really alive?* Terror rose within me as I approached the box. On the box was written “To the Drifting Drifter.” I opened the box. *Beep. Beep.* Within the box laid a folder. On the folder was written 9211989. All of the fragmentations began to piece together. Within the folder was a single paper folded in half. I unfolded the paper and read. “Look into the picture.” On the back of the box was a mirror. *Beep. Beep. Beep.* Staring back at me was the man on the planet, *beep. beep. beep,* the man who was consumed by his own power, the man who held the answers and from his chest came a steady flow of blood. I stared at myself as the fragmentations of my previous life became a clear picture. *Beep. Beep. Beep. I am alive.* My universe flipped upside down and the stars began to fall as I was sucked back through the black hole. *Beep. Beep. Beep.* I was jerked and flipped about in the black oblivion. *Beep. Beep. Beep.*

When filtered out of the funnel I found myself laying in my hospital bed while the heart monitor steady *beep... beep... beep.* —————

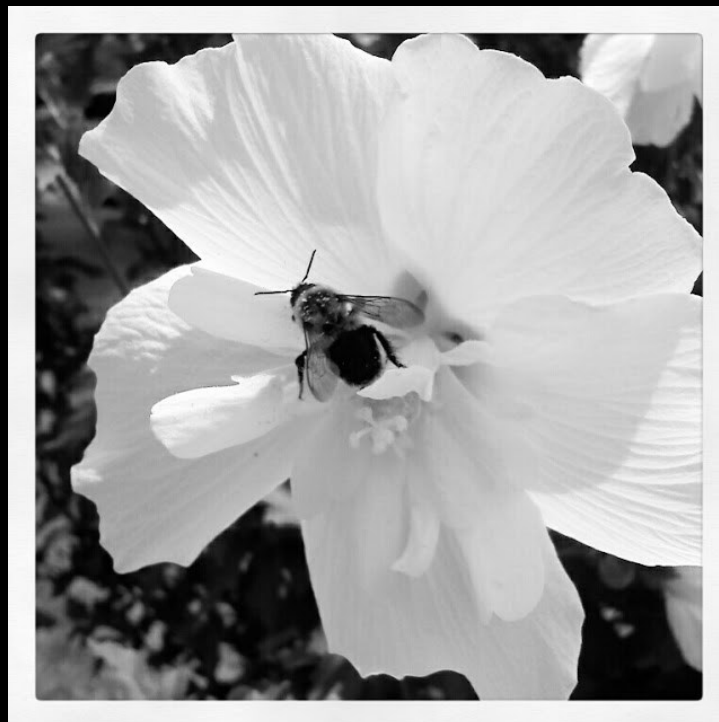


Photo by:
Barbara Blankfield