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Submission Guidelines:

We only accept e-mail submissions. Send all submissions to rainyday@cornell.edu. You must include the submission as an attachment, preferably a ".doc" file. Please make sure all the formatting is correct. The subject in the e-mail must be "RAINY DAY SUBMISSION." Also include within the document your name and contact information. We accept multiple submissions, as well as submissions from colleges and universities throughout the U.S. Send all inquiries about joining the staff to rainyday@cornell.edu. Further information, as well as back issues, can be found at our website: www.rso.cornell.edu/rainyday/.

Dear *Rainy Day* readers:

I enjoy buying used books and imagining who owned them before me. I often imagine who Sarah Bunting is—the woman who so carefully inscribed her name inside the cover of my copy of *Ulysses*, yet who did not make even a stray mark in the rest of the novel. I am not a reader like Sarah Bunting. I love to dog-ear pages, scrawl in the margins, and vigorously underline passages. But my practice seems to be a dying art (or dying obsession, if you prefer). Online books are appearing with greater frequency, and many people predict that in the near future, books will *only* be available on the Internet.

Though I am not sure if my quixotic hopes alone will be able to defend the written word, I would like to believe that *Rainy Day* stands as a testament to the endurance of print. Founded in 1969, this Winter 2009 issue marks *Rainy Day*'s fortieth year in existence.

A friend recently gave me a book called *The First Anthology* that she found at a used book fair on Cornell's campus. Published in 1974 and edited by A. R. Ammons, among others, it features four poems originally printed in *Rainy Day*, as well as works by various other authors who had once published their work in *Rainy Day*. Exploring this anthology, I can confidently say that this Winter 2009 issue has remained true to the excellence of writing that has been exemplified by past *Rainy Day* authors.

Certainly, some aspects of the magazine have changed, and I hope, improved, over the years. We now consistently print two issues each year and publish works not only from Cornell's creative writers but also from those throughout the country, as represented in this issue by works from Reed College and Northwestern University students. And although the past few issues of the magazine do appear online, against predictions, I believe that we will continue to publish printed copies for many years to come.

I hope that you enjoy this issue, that you dog-ear your favorite poems and scrawl in the margins of your favorite fiction pieces. And, with any luck, someone on the *Rainy Day* staff will come across a copy of this issue forty years from now and smile.

Regards,
Jamie Leonard
Editor-in-Chief

TO THAT EGG ROLL

Molle O'Toole

I stood at the top of the hill
dusk on the lake like a lilac mirror
waiting for my ride and eating an egg roll
thinking how life is delicious.

UMBRELLA GRAVEYARD

It lay there in the grass
turned on its head
skeleton exposed to the world
and the whirling winter wind
indecent exposure
a woman, fallen
in her hoop skirt
heels to the sky

another crumpled, defeated
limbs jutting out in
bent metal accusation
jagged finger pointing at
the back of the violence
its abandoning walk away

myself I was unaffected
face to the barrage
pelting pellets quenching pores
while others pulled hoods further down
and coats and friends—but enemies—closer

of all the lost ones in the world
row on row, stretching somber
how many have I put there?
and there I was
guilty treading on fresh plots
of the umbrella graveyard

VEGETABLES FOR BREAKFAST

“Orange like the glow of summer skin
the sun has slid over every centimeter
slowly
beneath the fingertips, striated
leading to a point ...”
she grips the knife tighter.

“In your hands carefully removing
each
layer
(leaving brown shavings in the sink)
strewn carelessly on the floor
at your feet
rubbing the ivory into something soft
that melts on our tongue ...”
he keeps the warm water on
letting it run over his hands

“The stalk is smooth and you take it
between your index and thumb
following the lines up
to its head
full soft textured
like a tiny tree ...”

He comes up behind her
runs his hands over her hips
a forfeit.
The game is up.
She drops the knife.

And in the morning they wake up
tangled up in sheets and each other
and eat (cleaned) vegetables
for breakfast
instead.

RIDEAU

Kelli S. Scott

A Pit Stop in Watertown

In the rumbling box
 shuddering from the spines creeping
downward, glass speckled ivory
the murmurs of times over—
 threw the hazard

metronome. You walked with trails and head
 turns; echoes of affected
façade glaring at my own attempts to
tame the sideways glances.

To be
 with the once-and-again shackled
cranium, the narration your azure view
mouthed to me—change character in step. These
 moments yell louder, the rumbling box
 out-sings, mutes

reality. Each step away,
 angles churn, boot marks
stamped in lacquered grey
brick, the frosted waves distort
 visions that approached in antiquity,
 now pass without heed.

In instants your return
 confirmed my divide
of feeling from physicality
to silence the rancor of the rumbling box
 we were boreal, as the snow—
 job played on in metallic refrain.

Subtle turn, switch
 on the rumbling box takes
 crescendo to cease the pause
 of thought, bringing movement to life.

Ten Feet Is A Mile In A Hotel Bed

I write letters
 to air people.

I know you're asleep but
 I'm a scribe to you now, at least
 in the realm
 of my hypomanic moment,

letting the imaginative army
 of theoreticals waltz through physical
 training without paper.

While I lie here miles
 a minute, with not so much as a minute
 whisper to harm
 the empty peace horizontal
 hours impart. I write.

Dear you, the one who
 followed the light
 like a maggot to the edge
 of a lab bench;

I'm still lying;
 when I let you vanish
 in the glare, that rising
 sun that moved jealousy to

the heat it once bore.

But still I cannot induce feeling at the foot
 of a goddess, no more
 than I can decay

the intertwined separation of
a centimeter.

What I Imagined You Said In The Window Booth

*It's like when you look down
a mountain and the mirrors of
the cars glimmer.*

Like mirrors.

*Wait.
You cannot grasp how
I hide inside the image of my
reflection.*

*Really, stop bottling. I saw your eyes in the
window.*

*If you'd just say
 something
once. Oh forget it—you be the mirror and
I'll be the shimmer.*

*Why change character?
Better we stay inches from
eject, seconds from
shattering.*

Walking With Washer Fluid

Blue fluid, like tidy
bowl—all I could laugh
about. Snow drips

off ends of slowly curling
brown strands.
They were flat once.

You walked in and dictated the path
 curled and frayed in pattern,
 to find ourselves here, fantasy closing
 upon the last salvageable spot
 for clear windows.

Blue fluid, like blood
 with no iron heme
 pumping to the eyes
 you once said could flush
 the world away.

Canal Klutz

Glides forward are
 like steps back.

Angles churn faster and I'm
 trying to keep stride
 but the floor sans friction will
 not honor my plight
 there's a rut

 collapse.
 How can
 you maintain verbosity
 in time with yarn,
 blades and piles of
 unsound appendages?

I regress
 my knee is torn and
 you're miles ahead
 thousands of ruts stand between
 me and the freedom
 of sound ground

Get up.
 keep going. Arms give gravity.

UNTITLED

Jeannie Yoon

i ran my hand over the width of the boat
and cast out my measure
it came back with splinters
dug shallowly into its shell

“you are not my secret to keep
and so i will whisper you away”

here is the protagonist captain
and his prodigal first mate
there is something we pluck from pockets of air
soak them into inflated floats
suspended in viscous untruths
smiling like posed cadavers.

OUR BRIDE/NEW YEAR

Marlena Fontes

This season is bruised when God
turns over his hands and we can
all look into his palms at the colors
we inflicted by bumping our heads.
Rebbe said at this time of the year
every seam around us is frayed.

These trees die in yellow and flame
not wilting, not bleeding away.
When I drown bread crumbs to dust,
to ash, she sweeps her shorn hair,
like a frayed sweater, across her eyes.

RISOES

When you are born you will
carry your father's shame.

I stuff the dough with seafood.
Sticky cod, muscles curled,
the fish still looking for pieces
of herself to tie up, to
uncut the slicing, the hook,
flop back into the ocean.

Salt, pepper, paprika, egg.
I chop onion underwater
Peels clinging to each other's
backs, torn apart and still tearless.

I pinch smooth dough with weathered
fingers into pretty shapes, star shapes
Like my belly button forced
inside out, inside out, smoothed
flattened, a child's nose
Pressed up against a sweaty window.

He is in another woman's bed
Marveling over hooks of her
Fingers, still smooth all over.

You swim on curled feet,
Salt fluid, heartbeat.
Four fingers missing. For
Every month he stayed away.
One hand knotted into itself
A permanent fist.

I set each one to fry
Stuffed pastry bubbling
Spitting, spinning, burning

This great belly, and you,
baby, searching inside me,
the only smooth part of me.
Stuffed between ribs
and hips, pounding muscles
And surviving thighs.

I lay each one out
They cry oil, streaming
Across the soft napkins
Dough now crisped by
The cooking, roughed up
like sand paper

As I serve them,
You kick to get free.
From that part of me.
That one smooth part.

PARTNERS IN CRIME

Christine Hennigan

Ms. Whitten assured us for the tenth time that day that everything we confessed would be strictly between God and ourselves. The priest was just a messenger, she told us, sending heavenward our small white envelopes of sin and then delivering us heaping packages of forgiveness in return. This was, however, the same woman who falsely promised we'd have art every Friday and who claimed that Africa was in Egypt. So as far as we were concerned, nothing she said could be taken at face value.

That day, Calvin and I once again beat the boy-girl-boy-girl seating system by being the two tallest males in a class with one extra boy. Any other teacher would have soon learned to separate us since we were no doubt the most irreverent duo at every First Friday service, but an occasional peek at Ms. Whitten always proved that she herself was more intrigued by Mr. Dubin, the third grade teacher, than by the scripture readings. Knowing that church wasn't for talking, Calvin and I passed the sermons away by playing Squeak Wars, a little competition of who could make the wooden pew creak louder by making the smaller amount of movement. Calvin's mom "cooked McDonald's" every night for dinner, which made it nearly impossible for me to win, but I enjoyed the challenge. And besides, there was nothing better to do.

This time, it was just our second grade class arranged neatly in one corner of the church. Two confessional rooms sat to our left, their doors opened to us for the very first time since we'd been at St. Anne's Academy. Every second or two, another head would turn in hopes of thieving a glimpse of the interior of one of these mysterious closets, but Calvin and I already knew there was nothing to get excited over. He'd convinced me to sneak in one day after Mass thinking he'd found the ultimate hiding spot to help us avoid returning to the classroom. To our dismay, we only discovered a pair of armchairs, a particularly intimidating cross, some books, a screen, and a kneeler—basically nothing that could entertain us for a lifetime if by some chance we had to make this our permanent hideout.

Fidgeting in my seat, I hoped to send Calvin the hint that I was up for a game before the ceremony started. We had been sitting there for five minutes and already I had counted how many red, blue, yellow, and green panes there were in each of the stained glass windows. Looking to my side, I saw him three feet away, kneeling and with his closed eyes receding into his chunky face. His head was bowed as it rested upon folded hands. I wondered whom he was trying to impress.

Unable to get his attention, I kept my eyes on him while giving the pew another push with my behind. Still no response. I glanced up and saw Ms. Whitten tossing her bleached blonde hair over her shoulder while chit-chatting with the priest.

“Call!” I hissed. A piece of lining peered out from the back of his navy St. Anne’s blazer and I gave it a tug. “Call!”

His eyes opened in what was little more than a blink. My patience was beginning to wear thin. Calvin wouldn’t forget this slight, I told myself. My father said only two more weekends until the tree house would be finished and if Calvin was going to carry on like this, I had no other choice than to ban him from the establishment. Or better yet, he’d have to earn his entry by successfully completing a series of grueling tasks (T.B.D.), the same requirement for any female or adult. Besides, he’d probably do the same for me.

But knowing that I was a good kid—I wasn’t, after all, one of those nasty public school kids, as my mother called them—I decided to give him one last chance. Ducking under the seat, I mustered up enough strength to give Calvin’s kneeler a little jolt from underneath. The push popped him up like bread out of a toaster. The crash of the kneeler then reverberated throughout the church, causing Ms. Whitten and the priest to look in our direction. I pretended to search around for the culprit and then waited for them to return to their conversation.

“Call! Want to play?”

Composing himself, he returned to his original position but looked straight ahead. Talking out of the side of his mouth, he mumbled, “Steve, I’m examining my conscience.”

“What? Well can’t you do that while we play?” He shut his eyes again and made a grumbling sound. I continued to play with his kneeler with my foot. He kicked it away.

“What do you got to think about anyway?”

Before I could get angry for being ignored, the priest walked onto the altar, greeted us, and reminded us of the profound sacrament that we were about to receive. After a few hymns and prayers, he then strolled into one of the confessionals and closed the door. Ms. Whitten started with the first row and ushered Andrea Scotto—the first victim—towards the room.

From there, I sat staring down each of my classmates, guessing their biggest sins. Andrea, I assumed, was an animal kicker. The year before I’d gone to her birthday party and noticed she had five cats—all to torture, I imagined—plus a parrot that I bet was going to get roasted and carved for Thanksgiving dinner. Then there was Adam, who seemed like the type that would steal dollars from his grandma while she was sleeping, then Lizzy Fuchs, who probably paid someone off to get that role in the Goya commercial, and then James who had diary-reader scribbled all over his face. This went on for another fifteen classmates until I felt Calvin nudging me.

“Are you scared?” he whispered, eyes fixed on the cross in the front of the church. We were nearing our turns and I could see traces of sweat appear and dissipate as Calvin pressed his hands down on the seat.

"I don't know. Do you think he's going to tell anyone what we tell him?"

"I don't know. My mom told me not to tell anyone my business. I don't know if she meant a priest though." The final girl entered the confessional and Ms. Whitten motioned to me to come forward.

"Good luck," I heard as I stepped out of the pew. I took a look back at Calvin, his pale face taking on the red of the stained glass window above us.

The confessional was just as I remembered it, except with the addition of the priest. Tip-toeing in, I closed the door behind me and eased down onto the kneeler in front of the screen. Two black shoes poked out from the other side of the screen like cockroaches.

"Is anyone there?" a warm voiced floated through the woven screen. The smell of cinnamon drifted from an unlit candle standing on a nearby table.

"Yes father."

"Why don't you come sit over here."

I began to see why Calvin was so nervous. "But my teacher said you can go either face to face or behind the screen and I want to go behind the screen."

"Well," the voice continued, steady and smooth like before, "your teacher and I discussed that it would be a good idea for all the children to have their first reconciliation face to face with the priest. This way it might be less scary for you."

I sat silent and didn't budge, unsure whether or not it was by my own volition. After what felt like five minutes, the priest continued, "Why don't you start us off then? From behind the screen..."

Working my tongue through the paste in my mouth, I croaked, "Bless me father for I have sinned, this is my first confession and here are my sins..."

One shoe, crossed over the other, slowly tapped the tiled floor. I could hear the click of the laces' plastic tips as they skipped over the leather like the second hand of a clock. A small red leaf stuck to the sole of the tapping shoe, its stem grazing the floor with every movement.

"Son?"

"I, I don't really have anything to confess."

The laces stopped ticking. The leaf drifted to the ground. "Did you examine your conscience?"

I told him I had but I didn't come up with anything. Still more silence.

"How about you take a little time to think over the Ten Commandments." I agreed, but failed to mention that they currently escaped my mind.

"I, I still can't think of anything."

He asked me a few questions. Had I been a good son to my parents and respected my elders? Always, I told him. Did I pray every day and go to church every Sunday? Without fail. Had I been caring to my classmates and respectful of their belongings? I asked him if it was a bad thing that I drew a mustache on Lizzy Fuchs when she modeled in the Kmart flyer. He said it was less than kind. Okay, put me down for that,

I told him. That was all I had.

At last, he said the prayer of absolution and sent me on my way with the penance of two Hail Marys and the advice to come to confession more prepared next time.

As I passed Calvin on my way out, I gave him a thwarted high five. Ms. Whitten shot me a look but continued to file her nails as she sat in the first pew. As I took my seat, I couldn't help but be proud. Only two Hail Marys. I was a good kid after all, despite what my conduct grade said.

As I waited for Calvin to come back, I examined each and every statue, scouting out the best gargoyle for the tree house. St. Joseph was a pretty good fit considering he'd fend off intruders with his carpenter's tools. When Calvin returned a few minutes later, he knelt down close to me in the pew. His bottom lip trembled as he took his pair of glow-in-the-dark rosary beads out of his blazer pocket.

"What'd you get?"

Fingering the plastic cross that hung from the beads he answered, "A whole decade of the rosary."

A whole decade. Ten Hail Marys, an Our Father, and a Glory Be. I couldn't believe it. "A decade?" I mouthed. He solemnly nodded, squinting as if to hold back tears.

Slouching down in the pew, its wood creaking beneath me, I glared at the stained glass window above me. The sky behind it was flat and motionless. Calvin's eyes darted towards me and then closed again. A nascent grin began to sprout from his mouth.

I counted in my head how long it would be until our next confession—three months I figured, probably in time for Easter. I had my work cut out for me, but I'd be ready for the challenge.

FOOTLOOSE DIZZINESS

Danielle Schlanger

i cant sit still
when im with you
blues notes turn to polka dotted fireflies
and silliness dances away the monsters
long locked in the closet of childhood bedtimes.
serendipity is overrated, calypso and eucalyptus
and early morning pacific rises are not.
those corinthians knew feng shui.
and the boogie and bebop of holding hands
on madison avenue.

we always find the glittery stars in the sidewalk.

STOP

Crashing, bombarding
firetruck red lightnings onto the dancefloor at a discotechque
in Bali or Buenos Aires,
pushing the oranges and yellows aside to its own
tango rhythm.
Hearts flutter with each step, perfectly mastered under the swaying palms
and passion gyre. Jalapeños in dark chocolate, spicy and more seductive
than its coral cousin.
Carnival, kissing a stranger at three am on the corner of Santa Monica
boulevard in august when the heat rises through the bare soles of your
feet
and electrifies your entire being.
A bottle of vermouth dropped on the floor,
The Scream stolen from an Oslo museum. In the editorial section of the
newspaper, one writes that firetruck red cannot be stopped.

FALL: OBSERVATION *CONTEMPLATION*

Yan Wang

afternoon sun-slivers
glint coyly
through trees.

*shiver, and surrender
the leaves
to the danse macabre.*

i traipse alone
in fall's potpourri
of light.
inevitably,
immuring winds
seize my thoughts.

*this is
hand-holding weather.*

looking down at
emptied hands longing
to capture the fade,
i settle.

*i don't need
to be in love, but—
i will raise my face
to the sky
and let you
kiss me.*

MARKET SONNET

Julliard Lin

A stall sells pretzels heralded by locals:
glossy and hard in sepia, with salt
that navigates deep into the teeth—

there's comfort in imagining

the pale and supple ropes, pulled and boiled
by clean, browned hands:
gran'ma keeps the flour in mason jars
of melting glass, shares her sugar

with us, obscene clumps convening
here, Union Square, hot afternoon—

young men with velvet faces darkened
by cheap hash hawk truth; most everyone's partially lit

and the roaring sunlight's not enough unless it came smoldering
through her gingham curtains, red checkers bleached a baby pink.

TRIBUTE IN LIGHT

In the dark you await

the emancipation: The subway maps
a fast rumbling forth, kerosene snakes

run through ruin they'll ruin

We are trying to grow old

Rewind the demolition, track debris
hurtling heavenward. Past iron gates

in subterranean, painted over dragged open under
lid of night by workers,

as by stars,
push

We push upward old

Gaze up, newborn, at that sky. Such fire
you met just seven years ago. Understand

twin beacons burning mammoth
blue white light beams

Can we endure this enduring freedom?

Holes are cut through thick wet dark.
A beam quivers. Birds get caught in it.

POT ROAST

Diane Miranda

i.

the gold band eyes me with a great need—
for goodness' sake, i haven't time for intimacy.

i let the ring (among other things) persist:
bloated beneath the epic pane of the kitchen window.

then, the hullabaloo, the inhale—and with my mother's knife,
i sever the shoulder of meat, wreak the passion.

good god, i think i hear it glut and moan but i keep maiming—
mother would be proud. there will be no apologies.

the recipe demands a massage: salt and pepper into the slice,
the prep of the wound; my oooh and aaah as i gape the stainless-steel
sarcophagus, then an inferno—

i made it so pretty, what a shame to lid the glory.
it'll be worth it, though,

it'll taste so good once it's done.

ii.

a ghastly exit at the un-lid:

the still-white, fleshy iron exhale from the pot—
my license to breathe, to metamorphose.

the juices gargle and spurt; a meaty opus.
good god, it's a lifebeat—to this i hum as i hone the blade. it shines.

if preparation, like marriage, is give and take,
then i must allow the ransom of garlic and onion—

be one with the heat, my darlings!
when the roast calls, martyrdom is necessary.

iii.

three-and-a-half hours to go.

i was never just a spectator to the carnage.
there was no hokey-poke: the roast was slit by my hand.

what more can i stomach today?
voila: steam takes flight from the pot. the roast is truly roasting.

how should i busy my hands?
i look to the sparkle in cookware to cinch my reflection.

the microwave. the blender. the happy toaster.
all immobile, stainless-steel and humdrum.

but inside, where it matters, i smell their pretend;
i know they've kamikazes in them.

mmm, mmm, mmm, if they had hands...

iv.

another ten minutes.

i laid the violence on the table, wine and all.
your mother's silverware: they eye and eye and eye me.

perchance they want to be wifed? if so, be patient, fork and knife,
for the oven will bequeath a feast. it calls—

and if you want it raw like i do, fork and knife,
i won't even let it to cool. i'll plunge and cease you deep.

needless to say, there won't be any apologies,
no my-oh-my if it's messy, or if my apron catches the collateral.

i shall wait by the front door, stationed for 5:30,
ready to grit myself and greet the swagger i vowed to adore.

oh, my husband: the way you will open the door,
handle the wife and the kiss—then detonate to the head of the table:

“hey honey, get over here and pour me some wine” you'll say.
what competence! what knack!

when we dine, my dear, i'll accept the opposite chair
so you can fork the merit of my roast right before my very eyes.

i will tell you to enjoy it, and i sincerely hope you do.
i will mouth how i enjoy it, too, how, before it all,

i forgot to tenderize the meat.
there's no need to say grace beforehand.

as we gnaw, we will exchange smiles.

MAMA: A SESTINA

Madison Arent

The fog rolls in slowly and hangs above
The earth just barely. A moist breath lingers
Amidst the round hills, obscuring my view
Of the sporadic red, orange, and golden
leaves that sway among the stubborn green trees.
This is what it's like to be in a cloud.

It's hard to believe that beyond the cloud
Is bright blue sky. Such a contrast above
The haze makes my pupils contract like trees
In wintertime. But the darkness lingers
Below and so do I. Searching for gold
Contentment is challenging when my view

Suffocates in the fog. I seek a view
From another whose knowledge cleared the cloud
Of inexperience from her golden
Eyes. Her sagacity travels above
Cayuga's waters to my lingering
Ear. There's no Doubt in the roots of her tree

Of life. For even when branches of trees
Sprawl out like a trusting dog—different views
Are pointed to by each paw lingering
In the mist—they nonetheless pierce the cloud
Of Despair and lead me to heights above.
“It always works out” is as real as gold

nuggets dancing in the miner's pan. Gold
sun lures beads of sweat from his brow. The tree
on the bank offers cool shade from above.
He, and I, use the trunk to rest and view
the gleaming element, as pure as cloud-
less nights. A presage. Honesty lingers.

The persistent guidance I sought lingers.
 When rain again blurs the land, I'll see gold
 Leaves in the distance not obscured by clouds.
 Steadfast, she is as loyal as a tree
 That stands on a bank for cent'ries, viewing
 Moments in the creek. Leaves rattle above.

I rise above ling'ring anxiety
 And view a solution, a golden gleam.
 A mother's advice bends trees and parts clouds.

DIVORCE

Dad left that night. He didn't even stay. He clutched his brown leather briefcase. Its brass locks twinkled once. The house was dark. His back. I watched it as it went down the hall until the hall curved and he disappeared. But not to his and Mom's room. To some other room in some other house. With his brass locks and the little numbers on the dials that unlocked the briefcase. It was hard and clean. It smelled lonely and important. It was a perfect rectangle. The handles were hard too. The leather was stitched with thick twine. I liked to spin the dials. They had neat little ridges. I liked to play with the brass locks. Flipping them open and shut. They would snap into place. They knew exactly what they were doing and what they were supposed to do.

THE BEDROOM, VINCENT VAN GOGH, OIL ON CANVAS, 1889

Lauren Schlesinger

I want to know you by the blue bedroom.
 Berries drained an orange-red for the coverlet
 you laid on the narrow bed. Wrinkles
 rose for you, fine hairs helped a shiver of strokes
 into a gray stream. Two pillows propped, sit still
 waiting for fragrant heads, peach cheek, bent neck.
 From high, under the slope of your blue-streaked
 ceiling, the painted man and painted woman
 spy. You fixed their paired eyes along the bedside,
 never distant and never close by. (Why could
 you not make room for both silenced sitters
 in the same frame?) Mounting your wall of art
 with the wood of the table and bed,
 the nude, yellow grain contests: this room
 portrays no fable. The woman can find a dropped
 stitch on the striped towel; your towel,
 now curled, damp from mid-morning washing.
 While shaving, the smoke of a cigarette sketched
 a crescent of silk-thin smudge on the mirror;
 the man recalls no slacked strokes making it appear.
 I only know you by the bedroom, the hot nut-honey
 scent carried from a street-cart, with lemon
 light and a breeze—heard whispering in frost-bitten
 trees. All of day, sent sifting through green panes.
 Green panes, you do remember, and the stroke
 of light at the mirror, the towel, table and the red
 wash on a crumpled white bed. You furnished
 the initial flush with every flick of your brush.
 You never heard the wheels whine when the mistral
 thrust dust in white thick rain upon each tree, peach
 top to bare root bottom, or frowned when the violin
 player found a fresh street, in a distant town. Bed
 wrinkles rose for you in a wide webbed array
 but never ran beneath your hand.
 In your mirror look—the mirror face wears mine.

HOW TO BE NEAT

Chrissy Piemonte

instead of waiting I focus on the droplets gathering in the cracked wooden windowpanes,
each one swells and stretches until it spills over the ledge,
races, noiseless, down the glass and leaves
a trail of little smudged pieces of itself behind.

instead of waiting I listen to the low rumble of your laugh
when I tease you, inhale the shoulder of your favorite suit, watch
heat spread outward from in the black dots in your eyes.
When I look back you're still there: one arm perched on the railing. An easy smile.

Instead of waiting I scrape my pencil on the thin-lined paper
each word fills a space, each curve of each letter
I cut my finger on the tooth of a comma and I have to erase.
My handwriting has never been so neat.

instead of waiting I switch on my closet light
and flip through the clothes, putting things together like an actress
before her wardrobe.
I stand sideways in front of my mirror in that black dress and bright red heels.

Instead of waiting I am giving
up coffee in favor of tea. Every morning I wake up
and pour a little less into my mug; forcing the stream into its last few drops
I turn on the water to boil.

Instead of waiting I dump everything from my drawers onto my bed.
I try on, sort and toss; make piles of yes, no, maybe.
Your t-shirt with the faded letters smells like Sunday afternoon.
Sandwich between two moth-eaten turtlenecks: think about it tomorrow.

TANGERINE

Heidi Celeghin

To my touch:
Waxen,
Potholed
Temptation.
Hands gripping,
Nails digging,
Almost there.
Fragrance over-
powering.
Tart,
Honeyed,
Sensual.
Finally
Played.
Wet lace,
Cobwebs,
Sea foam
Embracing
A sun-
set.

THE VANISHING POINT

Elizabeth Curran

I knew when the water in the bathtub steamed over, bending
and coursing through the cracks in the tiles and kiss my feet;
I knew when the steam collected in calm droplets, ending
in humid trails, murmuring
a premonition—
That televangelist once said that we don't listen. I guess he's right;
the cement has been building bit by bit.
The bull whispers warnings, the bear urges caution, but only white
noise rushes from their lips: a rush of static, a stream of sluggish
sugar
blocks Godness from our ears—
Anyway, he's disappeared. I hear the thunder unfurl from the street,
the pavement warps like rubber as the rumble ripples from below.
It wafts up into the rooms where they are burning the money. Heat
floods out of each crack in the metal and flows,
oozing like cancer until the streetlights fail—
The light outside my window pales. It is the last lament:
thousands of deaf men swarm into the street,
they shatter mirrors and crevasse the parched pavement
and leave avenues bleeding in their wake;
the city buckles to its knees—
I feel the reprieve. Wall Street collapses with quiet calamity,
carries with it the riots and the burning money and the wailing metal,
the cement in our ears pulls with endless gravity.
A thousand roads stretch in cold, concentric patterns
Where I return—
To the whiteness of the bathtub. It curls over
and splashes on the floor. I see in one- point-
perspective. The water runs to the door, it follows
the lines of the bathroom tile that all converge
on a single point.
The vanishing point.
The crucible—
where the shattered shards of streetlights, the ashes

of cremated money, the gravel of cement, are drawn in
refined into perfect geometric shapes
pouring through the faucet into the street.

CONTINENTAL DRIFT

deep in layers of sedimentation,
in shale and coal and ice and bones,
in lime dripping through stalactite groves,
truth moves in slow tectonics.

the compression of our nascent mountains weighs
on oil-magma veins, flowing
through triassic fields that hear
the echoes of extinctions.

like the pressure of granite footsteps
trodding on a molten core, melted soil strives
to burst through earthen pores, seeps
through striations in my skin.

our latent syllables erupt—
scorching scars and igneous abrasions.
they cool in paleolithic patterns on my wrists
hardened by obsidian indifference.

we glower like obstinate trenches and rumble
tidal waves upon our shores. glaciers melt, creep,
refreeze—carve new skin to keep us warm.
mammoths rove the icescape of our soft spoken separation.

i wouldn't mind if our past became fossilized—
a curiosity, buried beneath a frozen ocean.

(DIS)APPEARANCE

Veronica Roth

The day Kate Harris vanished, it rained.

The rain began at 4:27 AM, and was especially loud in the living room. At 4:12, Kate's knee had collided with the table corner and she had slumped into the couch to recover. She was on the busted cushion, sunken too far, and felt like the couch was eating her alive. Her father had always blamed the couch for eating his change, so maybe it found her flannel pajama bottoms and skinny ankles equally appealing. But then, her father had said a lot of things.

Kate let her neck arch over the back of the couch, and curled her toes to shield them from the cold. As the seasons advanced, the temperature of the house plummeted, and no one had bothered to turn on the heat. She opened her eyes, and the sky lurched through the skylight at her. The maple that stood red, orange, and yellow outside leaned over the house and scratched at the glass like it wanted to come in. The wind blew, and the tree let out a groan.

A vein of lightning stretched across the square of sky above her, making the clouds glow. Its light allowed her to see the maple's branches alternating in the wind. Sorry, she thought. You can't come in. And I can't come out.

Rain clicked, tap shoe metallic, on the windowpane. Kate opened her arms and reached as far as she could in both directions. If she stretched hard enough, she might be able to stretch her arms across the entire couch. Kate winced. No, not big enough to fill the couch. Not big enough to fill even one cushion. The doctors had told her mother, when Kate was born, that she would be small.

4:35. Kate gathered her legs to her chest and tucked her chin behind her knees. Even smaller now. The busy pattern on the cushions swam circles around her. Her mother did not like to go outside, so she had brought the outside in: the pattern was white with roses and branches and leaves and berries spreading over it like a stain. There were real stains beneath every cushion: soda on the right one, coffee on the left one, and on the middle one where Kate sat, spaghetti sauce. She was at fault for all of them, but her parents would never have known, if they had not turned the cushions over. If she had to pinpoint a time at which everything began to disintegrate, she would touch her finger to that day: the day the couch stains were discovered.

There were no lights in the living room except the glimmers of lightning. Her mother had made sure of that. A small square of duct tape covered the tiny red light on the television and the digital clock on the VCR and the breathing dot of light on the sleeping computer. The windows behind Kate wore black curtains. Her mother had not been able to shield the skylight. She had tried taped-together squares of black construction paper, a section of black fabric, and strips of the tape itself, but the

skylight had defied covering. Everything that her mother stuck to it peeled off after a few hours, inexplicably, and she later found it huddled in a neat pile on the floor. If she had looked closely, she might have seen small fingerprints on the glass, the same size and shape as her daughter's fingertips. But Kate's mother had given up and taken the duct tape elsewhere. It even cupped the refrigerator light in a gray glove. They were now out of tape and out of lights to cover.

In the beginning, Kate had asked her what she was doing, but her mother had not heard her, or had not had an answer. Every time she asked, she got less of a response, until the woman just twitched a shoulder and shuffled into the next room in her husband's old bedroom slippers, worn through on the heels where his weight had ground into them. The answer didn't matter anymore.

Bathed in darkness, and shrinking like a drying sponge, Kate smiled into her flannel pajamas. 4:44—the exact moment of her disappearance.

The day after the storm, when Mrs. Corinne Weber was taking attendance, she called for Kate Harris six times. Eventually, she lifted her graying head and scanned the back of the room where Kate usually sat with her shoulders bent and her back curved over her desk. Corinne saw no dark hair, no gray sweatshirt, no blue notebooks: no Kate Harris. She marked the girl absent and moved on to the next name, Greg Horton.

As far as the attendance office was concerned, Kate Harris skipped first hour because she was too liberal with the snooze button. They suspected nothing out of the ordinary. Though she had not been present in any of her six other classes, it seemed that Kate's absence had as little resonance as her presence. Paula, the woman behind the desk in the attendance office, called the Harris home and left a message on the answering machine: this is Paula from the attendance office, calling to inform you that your daughter, Katherine Harris, was marked absent from first hour today.

The six girls that sat at the other end of Kate's lunch table saw an empty space in their periphery, but because they didn't know her name, they couldn't refer to her in conversation. Instead, they bent their heads inward like heavy willow branches and talked in code about the six boys at the lunch table behind them, who were building a tower out of milk cartons and plastic forks.

The bus driver who drove route 23, Kate Harris's bus route, didn't notice she was gone until he paused at her stop and opened the door and no one got up. When he tried to remember what she looked like, his mind conjured nothing but white space. For a moment, he thought she might have fallen asleep—her stop was the last on route 23—but when he walked back to check the seats, he saw nothing but a few crumpled gum wrappers, a rotting apple slice, and a mud-soaked shoelace. With a shrug, he returned to his seat and drove on.

Tori Harris, sprawled face down over the mattress, didn't even lift her head when she heard the phone ring. She was locked in a dream. She was standing alone

on the deck of a whaling ship; as far as she could tell, there was no captain, no first mate, no crew. The sound of the wind in the sails was like the snapping of breaking bones. She took a step toward the mast, but the pressure of the air held her back. When she heard a ringing sound, she assumed it was the wind, whistling in her ears. She struggled to get to the mast.

The first day passed without incident.

For as long as Kate could remember, her mother had an obsession with order. The clothes in Tori's closet were organized in the muted shades of a rainbow, from red to violet, with black, white, and gray at the end. The books in the office were alphabetized, and periodically reorganized as new books came in. The Christmas ornaments were also arranged in order of color and category, in labeled cardboard boxes kept on the third shelf in the storage room. Tori Harris had five categories for her dresses—casual, work casual, work, Sunday, and formal—and she put all green vegetables on the left side of the vegetable bin, other colors on the right.

A sock on the floor in Kate's bedroom meant "messy," and would get her grounded for as many days as there were items out of place. There was a specific method for bed-making that Kate had found difficult to adopt when she was younger and smaller—even this had been a problem for her mother. Tori maintained rigid control of her household, which she referred to as her domain, not to be infringed upon by certain outsiders, including her husband and her daughter. She often left her husband asking where his domain was, and Kate often wondered the same thing. Were she and her father just free floating through these rooms, always guests in this crisp, bleached household? What was it that kept them there?

The day the couch cushions were discovered was the most rootless of days.

Tori and her husband had spent the afternoon arguing. Kate had stayed in her bedroom, sitting on the windowsill with one leg trailing down the wall. Kate heard the roar her parents' voices made, warped by the walls that separated them from her. But she paid more attention to the cool glass that stuck to her flushed cheek—Tori cleaned the smudges from Kate's glass on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—and the sight of the Weber children playing basketball a few houses down. In the lulls of the argument, she could hear the older Weber boys mocking the youngest Weber boy, Anthony, who had not made a basket in the past half hour.

She closed her eyes, and tilted her head so that as much of her profile as possible was against the glass, pressed so hard that her cheekbone stung. What she liked most of all was the moment she pulled her face away and felt her skin, which had conformed to the texture of the glass and become smooth and flat. A high shout broke through the screams beneath her, and Kate opened her eyes, surprised. Anthony Weber stood with his hands closed into fists and hoisted into the air, his brow gathered and his lips pursed. The older Weber boys were applauding. The basketball bounced on the pavement and rolled to a stop at the base of the hoop. Anthony Weber's triumph

became Kate's triumph. She felt the thud of his heart and the heat soaring in his chest and the undulations of his disbelieving diaphragm, and smiled.

"Katherine Harris!"

The smile dropped from Kate's face, and she pulled away from the window, wiping it hastily with her sleeve. The oil from her cheek and forehead smeared, but didn't disappear. She turned, blocking the smudge with her shoulders, and closed her fingers around the edge of the windowsill. Her door swung open, and Tori stood in the doorway with ashy smears under her eyes, holding a couch cushion in each hand. On the left cushion were a few large globs of red sauce in the shape of the Hawaiian Islands. On the right cushion was a splotch of brown that faintly resembled California.

"What..." Tori snapped, "Is this?"

Tori was in a state of disarray that she did not usually permit. The top button of her sweater was undone, and the neckline was askew, revealing too much of one collarbone and too little of the other. Her trousers were wrinkled from sitting. Her hair had come loose from its bindings, and a thick lock had fallen over her face, making it look as lopsided as her mouth, which was contorted in a snarl of rage. She had been crying, so her face was masked with splotches of red. Kate looked from the left pillow to her mother's face to the right pillow, and could think of nothing to say. It was as if each word had been plucked out of her head by her mother's pinching fingernails.

"What is it, Katherine?"

Seconds later, Kate's hands had come up to protect her face as her mother battered her with the cushions. The impact of each pillow stung, but lightly, like the slapping hands of a child. Kate cringed away from her mother's attack, more alarmed by the woman's grating screams than the pillows dragging at her hair and curling around the curve of her shoulders. She saw, through the flurry of roses, berries, streaked cheeks, and wire arms, her father run into the room.

"What are you doing, Tori?" His voice was calm. "Get away from her."

It was not difficult for Kate's father to drag his frail wife away from his even frailer daughter. His eyes were wide as he snatched each pillow from his wife's hands, and held them at his sides. Kate looked from her mother's blotchy skin to the tiny beads of sweat standing out on her father's forehead, fitted her hand to her mouth, and laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" Tori clenched her hands into fists, and rounded on her husband. "Why is she laughing? Why is she laughing at me?"

Kate's shoulders sagged and her stomach clenched. Her face was cold from the window, and locked in the grimace of hysteria. She slid down the wall, with nothing but an arm and a hand to keep her insides in and the outside out. Her father thrust the pillows at Tori.

"She's not laughing," he said, "She's crying."

And it was true.

Kate didn't blame him for leaving. The wind had blown him backward and forward and eastward and westward, and knocked him loose.

Three days after the storm, Corinne Weber rang the doorbell of the Harris home, and looked through the window in the door to see if anyone was coming. The window, she found, was covered with construction paper. The paper had once been black, but the rays of the sun had bruised it purple and blue. Corinne pulled the hem of her shirt down and cleared her throat. No one but Tori Harris could make her feel sloppy.

She had met Tori Harris at a parent-teacher conference eight years ago, when she had still been an elementary school teacher. The woman had marched into the classroom with black wedge heels, each step that she took falling within the boundaries of each tile in the floor. That kind of precision came to Victoria naturally, it seemed, because she never lowered her eyes to ensure that she was still in bounds. She sat down across from Corinne, crossed her legs, and looked pointedly at the woman as if to ask what on earth she was doing there, in a place with crude renditions of sea creatures plastering the walls and three bright beanbag chairs in the corner. But it was her, and not the room, that looked ridiculous to Corinne. There was something natural and serene about the classroom, and something artificial and rigid about the sheen of Victoria's hair.

The door with the opaque window opened, and Victoria, clad in a pair of rumpled trousers and a men's plaid shirt, slumped against the doorframe. Her hair was trapped in a hopeless snarl on the left side of her head, and her fingernails, clenching the frame of the door with white-knuckled force, were chipped and broken. She offered neither greeting nor glimmer of recognition. Corinne wrinkled her nose as the stench of musty perfume and coffee grounds assaulted her, writhing in their peculiar combination.

"Hello," Corinne said. She cleared her throat a second time, for good measure. "My name is Corinne Weber, and—"

"I know you," said Victoria in her hard little voice, "You're that school teacher. The one with the beanbags."

"I have since migrated to high school, but yes. I am the teacher..." Of all things to remember. "With the beanbags. And I'm here because Kate—"

"Katherine."

"Yes, Katherine. I'm here because Katherine has not been to my class in three days, and her absences have come up unexcused—"

"Unexcused?"

"Yes, unexcused, because you haven't called the attendance office to report her absence." Corinne wondered, suddenly, if Victoria Harris had not completely lost her bearings. She seemed to be drifting—drifting through the conversation, drifting into

the door frame, drifting in and out of cognizance. Corinne felt stable by comparison.

Corinne had been standing at the end of her driveway with the mail in hand when Mr. Harris drove away, months ago. She had not known until a week later that he had really left, but the news had not surprised her. Kate appeared to be unaltered by the change in her living situation, but then, Kate Harris had always been the kind of person that shifted immediately into the periphery of most observers. What did emotional instability look like in a girl like Kate? She had no way of knowing.

"I came by because I was worried about her. Is she all right?"

"Of course she's all right. Why wouldn't she be all right?" Victoria drifted back. Her hand dropped to the doorknob, like she was about to shove the door between them again.

"Is she here?" asked Corinne, "I'd like to speak with her myself?"

"Yes, she's here. She's always here." Victoria seemed to acquire some awareness. Her empty stare had gone brittle. "Thank you for your concern, but I have business to attend to."

The door clicked shut. Corinne smoothed a hand over her hair and patted the bun at the back of her head.

Two hours later, Tori Harris filed a missing persons report for Katherine Harris.

There were two prevailing theories circulating the town as to where Kate Harris had gone. The first was that she had run away from home, and would return when she ran out of money. Mrs. Harris had reported, however, that not a single item was missing from her daughter's room, except for a pair of red pajama pants and an oversized tee shirt. Mrs. Harris's credibility had been damaged—if she couldn't keep track of her own child, how could she keep a reliable record of her possessions?—so this announcement was not heeded. The second theory was that Mrs. Harris had in fact killed her daughter, hiding the body in a cardboard box in her basement labeled, appropriately, "Katherine Harris."

Katherine Harris's name was added to a list of 876,213 missing persons, 90 percent of whom were juveniles just like her.

A consequence of Kate's disappearance was that her name, formerly unknown to all but school administrators and Mrs. Weber, became common property. Her absence inspired school-hosted seminars about abduction and teenage depression and the dangers of running away from home. Several students located her locker and decorated it with messages reading come back home soon, I hope you're safe, and where the hell are you, Kate Harris? No one went near the desks she had once sat in, like whatever had motivated her to leave was a disease that was now catching. Everyone pulled closer together, so that between mothers and daughters there was less space, so that between husbands and wives there was less space, so that between teachers and students there was less space.

Mrs. Corinne Weber called Kate Harris's name during attendance for six days after she was confirmed missing, and every time that she did, she lifted her head in the hope that the girl would materialize in front of her. Her students' chatter drew back suddenly at the sound of Kate's name, like the quick pull of a gasp. After those six days, the attendance office printed a new class roster, with no gap between Amy Fitch and Gregory Horton.

Every afternoon, at three forty five, a yellow school bus roared past Kate's street corner without stopping.

Early one Thursday morning, Tori Harris stumbled down the dark stairs, feeling her way through the house with outstretched hands. She had not been tortured by the images of her house in weeks, but she heard the mail drop through the mail slot. She picked up the largest envelope from the floor and opened it. Enclosed within was a stack of paper. She held it closer to the light from the mail slot—they were divorce papers, mailed to her by her husband's attorney. She signed them in the dark, let the pen fall from her hand, and bit down on her fist to keep from screaming.

Tori dragged the scent of laundry detergent and faded shampoo into her lungs. She slid an empty palm across the wrinkled sheets. Her fingers flexed back as her hand fell into the dip in the mattress where her husband had slept. Her other hand glided along the bed frame, where the polished wood had no splinters or irregularities. She shifted her face to the side so that her right eye could peek over the rise of the pillowcase.

Her bedroom was bright.

Tori sat up. Twelve sheets of navy blue construction paper that she had taken from a box of Katherine's old art supplies and taped together with masking tape had fallen to the carpet. The maple loomed across the windowpane, its tangled branches bright with dying leaves. Through the spaces between the leaves, Tori saw the overgrown grass in the back yard, and the dull brown birdhouse she had not filled with seed in months. She got out of bed, and let her hand hover over the window. It was still touched with droplets of water from the night before—there had been another storm.

For a moment, all she could think about was the smear her hand would leave on the transparent glass, the transfer of oils from her fingers to the perfect pane. A moment later, she had pressed both palms down as hard as she could, leaning all her weight into the window. When she pulled back, she saw the impression of her hands, fingers splayed wide. Tori wandered away from the windows, her feet pulling the sheets of paper apart as she walked.

The black sheet she had taped across the window at the end of the hallway had also fallen. Tori's brow furrowed, and she walked down the stairs, leaning heavily into the banister. She had painted the walls white to make her house seem larger, but it now felt bare and cramped, like the hallways of a prison. A shiver followed the line

of her spine, and as she passed the thermostat, her finger pushed the power button.

The window in the door was uncovered; the sheets had fallen from the windows in the dining room; the light in the refrigerator was bare. As she walked, the vents roared to life, spewing air that smelled like burning dust. She wandered into the living room, where the dark velvet curtains on the floor were like wind-patterned sand, and drew a sharp breath. Every lamp was on, every circle of light uncovered, every window naked. Tori's lips drifted apart as the brilliant light assaulted her from every angle, like thousands of tiny darts piercing her skin.

A maple branch hung from the ceiling in the living room, still attached to the tree outside by strained ligaments of wood. The pieces of the broken skylight littered the carpet, casting rainbows of divided light onto the walls. The sun glowed through the red, orange, and yellow leaves, the veins of color in them standing out like the veins in her own hand. Wind stretched through the open window, fluttering in Tori's hair, which had hung limp over her shoulders. She curled her toes. The air was thick with moisture; it hugged close to Tori's body.

Tori plucked a careful path across the room, avoiding shards of glass. She sat down on the coffee table with her knees pulled together and her back hunched. Everywhere, in the tiny imperfections of every wall, in the particles of dust stretching across every beam of light, in the berries and branches of the couch cushions, she could see the imprint of her daughter's face. Tori tilted her head back to stare through the empty skylight, clasped her hands in front of her, and tugged new air into her lungs.

IN THE TEMPEST

BEN THONNEY

When, in the Tempest,
Prospero, in all his pompousness,
exhudes his life story to Miranda, sitting there,
smiling and nodding as if she didn't know,

and Ariel pretends to forget his torment,
or forgot on purpose, because it's only human
and the elements are envious of us,

and the ugly son of a witch plays recalcitrant
even though he should be king or magi,

dear old Will lets us know
how vain Prosperity,
how necessary knowledge—

worth kingdoms to the wise

worth heat to the cold

and castles to the wary—

and that magical island

is for sale, somewhere

watched over by haggling gods

while the Fool juggles pens and parchment

waiting an even trade.

FEATURED EDITOR - MOLLY O'TOOLE

Molly O'Toole is grateful this is in third person because lately she's not been quite comfortable in the first. She thinks this is likely due to an imminent identity crisis, but isn't too concerned, as in her experience they are always generally productive. This crisis is likely due to being one semester away from leaving the beautiful chaos of this place, but she hopes to find herself again in time before she leaves and has to leave herself behind. As an English major she's quite nearly gotten away with cheating the system - having actually enjoyed what she's studied, and having finagled academic credit for writing. Whenever someone asks her what she's doing next year, in The Future, for the record, she'd like to answer, "To hell with it! So long as I can sleep in on occasion, write often, and find time for shenanigans, let it be."

CONTRIBUTOR NOTES

Madison Arent refuses to identify herself by a major (and, well, she is still undecided). She journeys to Cornell University from the Colorado Rocky Mountains and never ceases to be spooked by living in two simultaneous worlds. She is grateful for the support of her family throughout the exhilarating excursion called life.

Timothy Bowden is completing his master's degree in structural engineering at Cornell. When it comes to photography, the truth is, he considers himself more of a storyteller than a photographer. He takes pictures mostly to prove that those stories are real.

Heidi Celeghin is a College Scholar focusing on the narrative told through visual representation. She spends half her time living in the nineteenth century and contemplating her supposed lineage to Casanova and the other half writing, drawing, and reading for her classes.

Elizabeth Curran is a junior government major in the College of Arts and Sciences. She started writing stories about golden retrievers when she was seven in Southbury, a small town in Connecticut that she calls home. She does not like piña coladas or getting caught in the rain but does enjoy Jack Daniels, spaghetti and meatballs, and Spice Girls karaoke. She is thinking about forgoing her law school plans to live as a starving wannabe writer. Stay tuned for future updates.

Christine Hennigan, a senior studying Human Development, hopes to enter into an MFA program within the next few years. When not writing, Christine can be found working on her tea collection, taking bowling way too seriously, and compulsively baking.

Julliard Lin studies Linguistics and Creative Writing at Northwestern University. She misses being home (in New York City) a lot. She also really likes lexicography, axolotls, bicycles, the Oxford comma, and graphic novel renditions of fine literature.

Diane Miranda: Female. Brown eyes. Black hair. 4'11". English major. Filipino but often mistaken for an Eskimo. Or Dora the Explorer. Is ever grateful for her family and friends. Also, no relation to Ernesto.

Chrissy Piemonte is a sophomore in the College of Arts and Sciences. She enjoys black coffee, laughing, volunteering, and spontaneous bursts of productivity. When she grows up, she wants to be a writer and a lawyer.

Veronica Roth is a junior at Northwestern University. She is from Barrington, Illinois. She is also a writing major—and no, she does not know what she will do with it, but thank you for asking.

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