Memorium: A Duet
for Steve Cason September 26, 2001

swing low, sweet
sweet chariot
swing low, sweet chariot
sweet chariot
coming back to carry
swing low, sweet chariot
coming back to carry me home

God, he'll never see another clear night sky.

could the sky be any clearer
try not to sleep, the car side (world) will be
moon real
will God's morning come

oh sweet chariot
John says to eat chocolate gold
fish if we get hungry
better death rate
the stars' reflection on the desert's face

he said he'd only be a minute
upstairs

cling frame bowing in the air
Steve, frozen grieving (happy)
in my mind

So now that the fix has run dry and I need Liddy to help me come down, I show up at her place at three am, all it takes is one knock on the door. She's been waiting up for me, and so it starts again, our clockwork routine. She asks me where I've been and I lie. I tell her I fell asleep, we both know it's a horrible lie, my worst yet. But it doesn't matter, I stopped putting thoughts into my lies a long time ago, back when Liddy got tired and stopped testing them. Now in just part of our old, twisted, beautiful dynamic. She can smell the other girl all over my body and liquor on my clothes. Still, she lets me, cause like I said it doesn't matter. Liddy and I have grown beyond the truth at this point in our relationship. Even at this time of night I am still her best high. We've spent five years of our lives living like this. Our friends stopped trying to "fix" us a while ago. Now they just silently judge us from above on high. They can't understand Liddy and me... they can't afford us. If we can be happy like this these worlds are the ones that get warped and don't make sense. Well, five years of stability as far as I am concerned. They can all fade away as far as I am concerned. My mother told me something once, she said, "the next time you're main lining don't forget to have some qualides handy cause they really take the edge of the fall"... she has no idea how much I listen to her.

Liddy's Junkie

I flash her that smile, the one that's not much to look at, but radiates confidence. And I can feel her get infected by it, then the world starts to blur as the high kicks in. The high that can only come from having some else interested, someone new in your sights...

Getting things going is a hard thing to do, I've never figured out how to set it off and go pro. Yet I've managed to make myself a comfortable amateur's living, grabbing change when she walks by. Opportunity doesn't break up on me anymore; it crashes into me like a wall. A wall that breaks up into a warm wave, its beat, numbing my brain, making everything slow down. Everything except my mouth, that somehow manages to speed up, faster than my brain can turn it off. When her own smile breaks through, the Dame bears up and at that moment I let go of all the guilt. Who cares if I don't believe what I'm saying. Who cares if Liddy is waiting for me, waiting for me to take her out, waiting to celebrate our anniversary, again.

What matters is that I've got a fix going here and I need to finish her off. I never promised this girl anything. I never told her that I was a good guy. I'm not my fault she needs to believe it so bad, so bad that she turned off her own mind. It doesn't turn on again until later that night, when I am on top of her and say Liddy's name. I can feel her recol, and freeze up, but its too late and I am starting to come down, I can see her eyes start to catch on fire and I brace myself for the storm that's about to break. The body aches begin, curving through me, emanating from that torn open wound inside of me. And yet... somehow she manages to catch herself before saying anything. Probably cause she realizes she never really asked the right questions, she knew the answers and just didn't want to hear them said out loud. How could she not, all the signs were there and she blew them off, its not my fault, and besides we both know we'll never see each other again so what's the point, right? I know I didn't do anything wrong, I never promised her anything, even if she thinks I did, I never said the words. As we both get dressed I can see all the cobwebs start to leave her. I can see really slam into her little world and its not pretty, but that's okay cause neither am I.

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Liddy and I got married last summer.
I have brought for you a smile, and a pine cone—
—a small emblem of each year I have missed you
oh I love you I love you my lovely, I love you one of these years with nothing left to bring
I will sink into your soil cuddle in close
and leave for another
the clutched fatigue of love and remembrance.

“Dusk,”

All night I hear the bush and tickle of rain,
Its surf and surge. Your whisper.

I
And with the break and birth of day,
The grass and leaves perspire and steam—
The speeds of light on straws blink
And hesitate - the sky in the far, untouched.

The blunder and vacuum of clouds
Fades. The wind in the bushes sways.
And in the crescendo of silence emerges a beam,
A tender notion to faith.
I wish I had known you, for now
Twenty freckles of light spot the sheers,
And in this most violent of revelries, (1)
The dawn in my room throws soft sunlight.

I
The sheets and silks, the sheets and sheets
Yearn for a glimpse to mimic your slope and curl-
The covers a cradle warm
With your dream-sights.

And, with the bush promise of your lips
Still a whisper near
(‘two-thousand memories pass before the screen’)
I throw open the heavy theater curtains
To a rage cold and sober with morning.

The sun is pale. Its sleepy eye
Just blinking beyond the Hill. My knees
Are old and crank, the weak noisy machine.
It is cold to run.

III
But now I feel my feet are lighter.
The chill now makes my lungs grow tighter.
And spring, spring, sprawl. I am a fish!
And no lesser bird (2) could so believe

This soft heaven to be found in the connaissance (3)
That within this being of dust and soot
There is a wondrous urge to breathe, to once again

Feel the soft-setting of your gaze and your smile.

For on this tiny path winding so far from my home,
The soft breeze in your touch weaves
Through the last of the harvest bend and turn
In the whir of the dress.

IV
The streetlight throw my shadow -
Oh how the darkness is so savage
A disease to sweat out bright, dark,
Bright shaving!

The indecision of this race as horizon turns to sky,
These pleasant paths move a slow turn to mountain.
And my fever a dreading trudging
Up, up this hill.

A train sounds one mile away, its horn a dirge to
A sun-bearer infinitely tired and sad,
Up to this humidity peak, the animal within so generously
malicious

I sigh.

V
Two years after our love, I saw you
Standing at a nest of two hundred colorful ribbons -
A dream from my toy box
After my return.

The world fades and sways in my veins -
That this message thrown to the wind
Will never brush across your feet.
And

I muse, cannot think of this beautiful joke,
My laughter a mere cough, soft.
Once more, your idea has whispered me away -
Your sober gaze distant and my ankles weak.

1. Revelries (lit. VOI-sis, French: Dreams)
2. Lesser Bird of Paradise — a type of tropical bird, the males are highly for their bright and colorful plumage.
3. Connaissance (lit-NAV-sence, French: Knowledge)
Rain in P范文e

The sun is drizzling heavily and monotonously on the roof of my red raincoat. My feet are drenching as monotonously and not any less heavily on the pavement. Ear running through Paden’s stories on this winter weekday morning to get my head back of the storage room from which I had been awakened just minutes ago; in the same rain drizzling against my windows, heavily and monotonously. Not from the very same rain drops of sauce, but from the same fancy of the weather.

I’ve had a pretty rough night fighting dragons and stuff, as I was really exhausted when the rain woke me up. All the eyes-monstrosity and head-shaking did not help, I still felt the dragon’s presence on me. I decided to take a run to get my head clear, despite the rain. Or better.

So, here I am now, splashing through the puddles of Paden’s sidewalk that have turned into streams and rocks following the same horrid rectangular road patterns that dominate the map of every American city. The public kerbs are hugging to the rain like abandoned pantyhose decoration. You know, pales more in a rain more lack distinction in a way. It just doesn’t fit—pains and pans. Pans more suited for rainy beaches in Thailand. Rain stands for using the named agency.

There is a dream catcher hanging on the wall, just in the middle of the head end of my bed. Of course, it has to be here—how else could she catch the dreams? Of course, the dreams are always going into our heads. Coming out of our heads? Whatever, mine is still dripping like hell. This dream catcher is patiently watching me when I sleep and takes care of my dreams. I have been having a long time last night, I probably get overwhelmed. Maybe I should get it exchanged.

I keep on running, automatically, like a clockwork. Pacing across a seeker at me with their tramps. It may have, but rather the care over the people hiding behind their steamstands seem to worry. They are too following their daily routine, slightly disturbed by the rain that is drenching heavily and monotonously on the roofs of both my red raincoat and their ones. I stop running. I am not a historian after all. I think.

My legs have become cold and numb. They keep running on their own. I don’t have to worry about them. Let them have their fun, I’ll have mine. Did I mention that my raincoat is bright red? Like my red raincoat. Red is such a wonderful color on a gray day. And finally, you would only wear a raincoat on a gray day, wouldn’t you? No, giving a raincoat a bright red color is the ingenuity frontline of raincoat creators who put themselves into the place of raincoats waving being raised on.

The world pretty much becomes foggy, which fills me with some concerns. I find myself repressed when taking off my glasses turns the world from foggy to blurry. It’s quite astonishing how a little shell like taking off one’s glasses can change such a big world. Well, for me the world is what I see, of course. So, the world in blurry now. But that’s much better than foggy. Of what use is a sharp world to me when I can’t see it for the fog?

My head feels empty from all the parts of my rain consciousness that I had to go through during the night, the dragons only being one of these remarkable appearances, about one of the most loving ones; which fills me with some concerns. I find myself repressed when taking off my glasses turns the world from foggy to blurry. It’s quite astonishing how a little shell like taking off one’s glasses can change such a big world. Well, for me the world is what I see, of course. So, the world in blurry now. But that’s much better than foggy. Of what use is a sharp world to me when I can’t see it for the fog?

I come to a traffic light that is raincoat red. (Obviously) I press the button the sign on top of which tells me to. The cars are still waiting at me, only this time they’re coming, because I have stepped from their red raincoat with the tip of my finger. I had power steaming through my body. Instead of crossing the road, I want until the traffic light becomes raincoat red again, and the cars start with boring engines. Somewhere blearily, my finger moves towards the button, and finally times to put it there. Only seconds later the cars are stopping and waiting for me hopefully. Leaning against the stoppers, I am just grinning back and not in all of the street. The next time, my finger already more confident of its purpose and presses the button straight all the way through. Seventeen socks later, I begin to worry about my finger becoming too power hungry and about my red raincoat people behind the windscreen becoming two ancestors at the worlds in my red raincoat leaning against the longest building up each hour traffic in its heavy and monotonous rain. I even the stress by only jumping on the yellow squares of the Reds man. You never know what could happen to you if you lot one of the Reds man’s caps. Would you want to risk it? Having matched the other side, I can sure that my finger in not on end and practice button-pushing also from this side of the street.

A little cool from the sunshine and making faces to car drivers. I am leaving home. For the last couple of hundred meters I take off the hood - I want to find the rain. Back in my warm apartment, I tear off the shining clothes and my soaked sneakers and socks. I hang my red raincoat next to the window.

Entering the bathroom naked, a guy with dripping hair smiles at me from the mirror. I silence the shower curtain and let rain drops drip heavily and monotonously on my head. I live what it means in Paden’s.

Two Pond

Twin ponds sparkle with fallen stardust, Reflections of a gentle soul beneath calm waters. Caustic shadows echo upon their depths, Ponderous revelations told by somber whispers, Bowed only by the moon’s uncustomed smile. Divine conversation between heaven and earth Blows ripples across the cerebral nightscape. A dove larvae trembling willow branches. Earth turns away from god’s gentle cares.
Loosened up by Lurky Lager
or by Pilsner Blue Ribbon beer,
he'd not deny me my Black Cow
on fourth-grade Friday nights
at the chrome-simmered kitchen table,
where he sits in undershirt
and workpants, while he's
smoking, drinking, nodding,
counting on that quart of beer
to help him to forget
the day, the weeks,
the months, the years.

Soon he'd grim and move about
the kitchen slowly gathering
ice cream, root beer, spoons,
and glasses for us both.

I would watch his Pall Mall ashes
growing long at table's edge,
and when the warm grey softness fell,
with cupped hands I'd try to catch
its shape be fore it hit linoleum
and turned from ash to dust. It's then
I'd rub it in my cothoys,
like dust without an ashtray near.

Next, I'd slide the burning butt
to get it back out on the edge
where ash could start to build again,
or he'd just light another one.

Simple favors for each other,
catching ash/crearing Crow
went on between my dad and me
for more than thirty years, I know.

Saying little, touching less,
until an hour before he died.
O' What misfortune o'er the head may fall
Or he who masts the labourer's life bare
Or he who deaf'd his ear to labourer's call
Or he who in such calamitous state

Can buy nor shoe for foot nor hat for pain?
What wants the man who for all wantage goes
But that which he finds himself in fair face
But that which from the fertile earth up grows

Or that which from her arteries out thaws?
O painful life of living on the cheap
Whose poverty and peace he freely chose
Your treasures transcendent he now can reap!

To live a little while as lazy sloth
Seems far more moist than yet another job.
"CHURCH ALLEY" by KAMILI CHRISTENSEN. 65 in.
Through spotted, pulled window glass
Through fleeting bonfire after car
Immersed in story faded sun
Weathered telephone poles
All peeling, lips forgotten
Ever more content to rotting

Tumbled fences, feeble boundaries
Hill's horizon close around
Windless hang the grasses now
Siltiness, only, rounds the holes
No greater cause than seeing
Little needed there but being

This passing screams an aberration—
The steel beneath has settled home
The streaking shadow even so
And yet the inner world defies
Deceived in isolation
Neglecting outer decalation

50 miles an hour Montana
Stumbled fields and foothills spread
So many hills between boxcars
Now another lonely station
Shut in once again we pass
Still silent under spotted glass

Eating Grapes

Oh, to enjoy life,
as fleeting and transparent as it is.
It's like popping an insignificant moment into the mouth,
and letting it roll around,
colliding with the canines and the molars;
Feeling the raw peel on the tongue,
smooth and abrasive at the same time;
Appreciating its bland, perfect wholeness,
and then to finally squeeze
just a bit,
and feeling the sudden release;
Breaking through that fragile barrier
and reaching the plump succulent flesh,
which bleeds the musty, tangy worts of the pulp.
Slowly sucking and chewing,
savoring the subtle sweetness,
ever savoring,
until finally the pulp is all but DISINTEGRATED;
And the moment passes down the throat,
to be followed by another brief moment,
a moment that is similar,
but never the same,
not exactly the same.
Every moment is unique,
the tart pleasure echoing through TIME,
to be called on when needed
from the archives of memories,
the tales of moments;
Although few are remembered distinctly,
these individual, negligible moments make up an eternity;
And this is to enjoy life.
Anchors of the Moon

We were children that sat through the night
As the wind wove its hands through our hair,
And we feared our eyes on the light
Of the flowers that bloomed in the air.
There were fireflies casting their light
On the flowers that bloomed in the air
As they drifted around in the sky
Through the warmth of the month of July.

Do you long for those innocent days
When we laughed at the passing of years?
We are trapped at the ends of a time
By the shimmering depth of our tears.
I would cross to your end of this mare
And undo the progression of years,
But the distance between you and me
Has been drowned by the sapphire sea.

So let's meet on the stairway to hell
Where we feast side by side on the moon.
Then our summers are quenched by the well
Of the creamy white light of the moon,
And our winters are warmed by the well
Of the buttery light of the moon,
Which is salty and bitter, but sweet
Like the ocean that lies at our feet.
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