A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Reader,

As the semester comes to an end, we greet the spring as a transitional time. For some, the final weeks of the spring semester mean a long journey coming to an end; and for others, it’s just the beginning. As our e-board prepares for graduation, we promise to fondly remember the magazine and all that it gave us.

This small booklet is a reflection of the artistic achievements of students and faculty at Seton Hall University. We are proud to present Volume XIII Issue II to campus in the hopes what is featured here will never be forgotten; or that, if in the event they are, when they are finally found the issue will take future e-boards back to the magazine’s humble beginnings and thus inspire them to achieve greatness through adversity.

With the publication of this issue, our e-board acknowledges handing over the magazine to the new 2012-2013 e-board ready to take on the task of managing the magazine. We know the magazine is in good hands, and we cannot wait to see what next year’s e-board, and subsequent e-boards, will bring to future issues.

We proudly present the Spring 2012 issue of Seton Hall University’s Literary Arts Magazine: Chavez. We worked very hard to bring this installment to you and it is our sincerest hope that you enjoy it.

In the words of E. L. Doctorow, “Writing is an exploration. You start from nothing and learn as you go.”

The Editors

Samantha Khoury, Kathleen Pagliaro and Michcella Tiscornia

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COVER IMAGE BY ANJELICA F MARTINO
People are just
Droplets in fountains trying to find water springs running dry-
Sprouting leaves, thirsty for the touch of dew,
Lean against clouds of a misty night.
As our spines, resembling rivers, twist with our torsos towards
wind and breeze,
Fear evaporates into
Thin air-
But then it rains again, and the water in our spines run fast-
So fast, the pull of the current becomes too strong
And all sinks (rises and falls) into chaos.
O, I found you
On the sweetest day of summer.
My lips curl up into my cheeks
And I can not stop laughing.
You are, perhaps, my favorite feeling.
And when you’re gone, I’m begging
Kneeling
Ti’ your back and I can let
You occupy, intoxicate me
Put the good before my day
The great before my night
The rainbow after drops of rain,
The solitary kite.
There are no words that can explain
What’s going on inside my head
When I’m happy,
Off to bed
Without a sorrow
And for this,
I bid you morrow.
SPACEMAN
BY ANTONIO RIVERA

This spaceman is space bound, I’m aiming straight for the moon.
My journey is a space flight, but I hope my landing comes soon.
Cause right now I’m Lost in space, like a voice without a face.
How do I know what I’m looking for if I’ve never seen this place?
How do I expect to be found if I never leave a trace?
This spaceman is space bound, fearless though he seems.
Lost is he in reality, afraid to chase his dreams.
Anjelica F. Martino

What is life?
The ever-still beating of your heart?
That’s not it at all.
Our epistemology at a young age dictates a rose colored environment.
In reality however, it is nothing but a pitch black abyss that crushes us.
We become so weighed down with the burdens of being human that we can barely carry on.
In a stranglehold, we turn back to the very things that weigh us down; a dependence greater than any chemical known to man.

Eli Zucker

What is Life?

By Eli Zucker

He wore his heart on his sleeve and sang that out dramatically,
Although it is sad you see, how he lacks originality,
Even when he buys her roses, and yawns real big before he cozes –
Up to her at the next movie,
He wore his heart on his sleeve and sang that out dramatically,
Although it is sad you see, how he lost his place intentionally,
No repetition for effect or effect for repetition.
Morely a redundant mess that is hard to please aesthetically,
It is sad if you gave attention to the afore-mentioned verses in this poem,
They didn’t belong and their connection is still unknown,
There was only a few verses that wanted to be said,
But he knew it was too short to be published or even to be read,
Nothing but space on WORD so here goes nothing…..:
It is pathetic he can’t say I,
More pathetic he can’t say we,
though his heart is on his sleeve, it was lost in steel woolen weave,
He hates he’s not:
plagued with papistry, or blessed with poverty,
Morely that he’s not an oddity,
He just wishes that he was proud of me.

Luke Christioclyph Lachac

Love Noted

By Luke Christioclyph Lachac

What is life?
The ever-still beating of your heart?
That’s not it at all.
Our epistemology at a young age dictates a rose colored environment.
In reality however, it is nothing but a pitch black abyss that crushes us.
We become so weighed down with the burdens of being human that we can barely carry on.
In a stranglehold, we turn back to the very things that weigh us down; a dependence greater than any chemical known to man.
I HATE IT WHEN A FLOWER DIES
BY NOELLE BAUER

It is vibrant with color that speaks to you
shades only God could have made
In that moment you swear to your heart
And your eyes that this image will never fade

To the touch it feels like silk
So smoothe as if your fingers float on air
But there is no comparison at all
To the sweet smell that is almost unfair

Petals perfect, still and calm
Invincible to life’s impurities
Never moving, never fading
to all unanswered questions, it holds the keys

Its stem is tall and sturdy
With every movement as the guide
It is proud, strong, and anything but vulnerable
To anything it may try

But days grow old and weary
Each piece beginning to die
Almost as if something out of nowhere
An illness, a sickness killed it and made it cry

It now has no kindness
No soul or breathe can be detected
You realize your worst fears are confirmed
That nothing lasts but you’re affected

Affected as a witness
Of such a disgusting tragedy in life
But there is beauty to behold, even understanding
As your eyes finally begin to see blessings right
Growing up you were my towering hero and
I wanted to be just like you,

But you became a
Stranger---
Shouting.
Cold eyes, rough hands.
Confused, so I kept my distance.
We stayed in our rooms,
You, yours.
Us, ours.

Only silence.
Even when sitting in the same room
It was quiet.
Your desolate house…
Dust gathered, messes
Untouched.
That hole in the wall,
Never fixed.
That black clock I gave you many Christmases ago,
Never hung.

Some days you were yourself,
Most days you were a
shadow of who you hoped to have become.
You never found your
Happiness, did you?
I watched it fray away.

You loved us,
Gave so much for us.
I wish we could have
Just gone camping one last time.
Ink

by Samantha Khoury

(Paper : Skin) : Record
The fleeting made permanent.

(Haiku : Tattoo) : Ink
Born into poverty, so dying rich is a must,
I wanna have it all cause I never had enough.
Can you blame me? For having desired such material things,
Guess I’m addicted to the attention and feels they bring.
Can you blame me? Because I’m attached to the meaningless.
But back in high school you should have seen me stress.
Over clothes, over my image, this broke ass appearance.
Used to shop at the clearance store but only in the clearance.
Can you blame me? Not really, cause I’m just like you.
I say I dress for me, and you say you dress for you.
How shameful it is that we grow to be disdainful,
Envious to the replaceable because emptiness makes it painful.
I said could you blame me? Go ahead call me ungrateful,
Not having what others have is what makes us so hateful.
Currency leads to chaos, money leads to madness.
The face that we say, “Time is Money” is the root to all of our sadness.

We are the arsonists
Taking places calm and dark and
Turning them into infernos

We are the master maestros
Taking swaying limbs, rearranging to
Make new symphonies

We are the swelling waves
Pulling and breaking
White foam upon salty shore

We are all at once and then no more
Collapsed in grandeur like a dying star

We are the breathless eyes
That were the valley mountains
Between us we’ve two lungs, one heart,
And one thousand incarnations
THE SAINT VALENTINE’S DAY MASSACRE

BY MIGUEL A. RAMOS

in the city of Aleph on Valentine’s Day the fat bottomed winged cupids went on a rampage
straight from the cumulus clouds they came raining down with their weaponry of agony
their choice of arsenals went
from primitive red colored bows and arrows to sleek modern red machine guns
clipped magazines loaded with nicked bullets
of two loves
one bullet named and inscribed love of God
the other bullet named and inscribed love of myself
We all prayed for a shot of love
from anybody or anyone
all kinds of people
no matter where the love came from
the deaf narcissuses
but what they were really craving for
was only a real hug of humanity
perhaps
a love so powerful that defied the feminine/masculine logic of love
narcissuses wanted so much self-love that he believed that the silent meeting of the eyes and face
between a woman and man was the essence of troubadour love
narcissus prayers were answered and the cupids’ delivered it with a vengeance
since nobody was loving or caring for another
rough justice was called for
so a macabre holiday was declared
and then there were the narcissuses the victims of
the St. Valentine’s Day massacre
they were sitting there on the skied white beach under the coconut palm trees
they were fanning and rubbing the sands with their hands to make mirrored glass to look upon
their own reflection
not knowing there was a God of love among them
waiting to strike their least vulnerable spot
their silky pulping heart and their aching liver
yes, liver hurts too
I like to say that the liver hurts same way the heart does
all the nursing organs and even universes has feelings of love
then suddenly the cupids surrounded them from behind when the narcissuses were not looking
not concerned
cupids closing on them
all from a Birdseye’s view flying and swirling around and around in an ever
tight circles
closer and closer and
with all deliberate speed they swooped down on them like single engine
warplanes one by one while breaking the speed of sound and then
rat tat rat tat rat tat
breaking the silence
all you could see was the heart clouded smoke permeating and rising in space and palm leaves
enveloping the bodies and shards of red spotted glass
Salvador Dali moment is over
for narcissuses
multiple bullet jagged edge skin holes in their hearts and livers
their intellect was mercifully spared
cupids ascended and whisper into the blue expanse without a trace
in the distance the wailing sirens blared
many news spiral satellite craned vans came
bustling reporters and CSI agents surrounded the victims
and black and white photographed the event
do not see this as a violence of love but as a merciful love said the CNN News anchor
everybody knew
anxious spectator’s camera and video cellphones and other media tools were at hand
yes the new postmodern art of history begins here
narcissuses were cut down to stump size just below his praying knees the mayor said
one blonde surf beachcomber witnessed the whole thing
camera rolling
on the air
the plethora of magical realism broke the floodgates wide open
it happen so fast dude
I was like walking on the beach when I heard thundering noise thinking that
the big kahuna came crashing down
I saw some magical shifting sands whirling into air like when I was surfing through a
pipeline dude but only inside
This is deep man like Dick Dale
anyway man the next thing I knew and saw
was the flimsy hard bodies
like the ocean beach getting sick man
like vomiting and yelling kelp
it was all over the place man
you saw anyone the cop said
no I saw no one except I saw the sand crabs crawling over the shining grainy mirrored bodies and
eating some coconuts from the pink stained sands
one person hair was matted with a strange sparkling silver liquid one police officer said to the other
detectives
I ran over there to help dude
they were all breathing slowly as if they mediating or praying man and
there were all laying there looking up to the sky
A Proposal
By Clare Allen

Angela wore red and pink. It was Valentine’s Day after all. She was wearing high heels – she still wasn’t used to them – and wobbled while walking up the three low steps to the restaurant. When she told this story later she would leave out that detail, she decided.

Ben handed his car keys to the valet, a bedraggled looking fellow with sad eyes, and stepped up quickly to open the restaurant door for her. She thanked him with a dainty smile and tried not to fall over. The entrance was filled with hapless men desperately hoping for a spare table and their visibly agitated women, all dressed up to the nines with pouts on their pretty faces. Ben took hold of her hand and guided her through the small yet dense crowd to the maître d’. Ben gave his name to the man; he had a funny moustache and a slightly Belgian accent that almost made Angela giggle, but she contained herself. She was getting too giddy, but she couldn’t help it! She knew that this was the night. In one of his pockets, Ben had a little square velvet box. Probably the jacket.

The maître d’ asked after his father, his mother and Ben said they were well, but didn’t elaborate. He looked nervous, as if these were hard questions. The little Belgian didn’t notice; he just led them to their table and gave them their menus. But of course he’s nervous! It’s a very important night.

“They treat you like a little prince here,” she said, scanning her menu. It was all in French. She didn’t know French.

“My parents come here a lot, so…” He was scanning too. “I’ve never been here before though.” He furrowed his pretty baby face trying to decipher the French.

“Oh, so it’s a special night then,” Angela leaned closer to him over the table, hoping he would catch to the setup. But he was caught up in a particularly difficult passage. She could tell because he was making that face, kind of raising his eyebrows, pouting his lips, squinting his eyes. She had seen that face before, anytime she was asked to sit in on company meetings and take notes for George, Ben’s older brother and VP, for whom she answered phones. (She even answered when his wife went into labor. It was exciting.) Ben was… Angela could never keep it straight, the Chief Assistant Financial Director Principal Head of Sales, or something. It was just an odd collection of words; no one really knew what he did. Whenever he made that confused face during a big companywide meeting, his father, the CEO, would give him a look, not quite of shame, but maybe shame’s next door neighbor.

A waiter with no accent and hair that looked painted on came and took their orders. Angela picked something at random and hoped it was chicken. She glanced at the table next to theirs where a fashionable couple was celebrating their anniversary. Married on Valentine’s Day, Angela thought, what a notion! There was poetry to it; she decided that would be her first suggestion for a wedding date, when the time came for that discussion.

She looked down at the chair she was sitting on, so thankful to be off her feet, and saw how unnecessarily ornate it was. “This chair might cost more than my apartment and all of its contents,” she said.

Ben glanced at his chair and shrugged. “No, I don’t think so. It’s just a chair.”

“I run back to the ocean and lean down to pail some sea water from my cupped hands and I run back to them sloshing through even though the jelly fish kept piercing my skin.

Then what you do the cop said
I rubbed the slime juice from jelly fish to wound his wound and then I run back to pail some more sea water
I wanted to wash off the sand from their dreamtigers faces while there I heard someone mustering a question
I came toward one of them and placed my left salty ear next to his mouth and lips since the voices of the victims were descending

what was the question do you know the police officer said
he whispered
who I love

ELIZABETH WILK
real stones and made her so happy. She glanced over his head and could almost see the giant cloud full of money hanging there. It was so pretty, and on his next birthday, that cloud would rip open and rain money down on him. On them both. It was a happy thought.

The waiter delivered salads to their table with a flourish, dotted a bit, and left them again. Angela looked at the salad, it was drenched in an unnaturally purplish dressing, then at her myriad of forks. She hesitated, then picked the outermost one and tried to decide if she actually wanted to eat this. It looked wholly unappetizing, and she very hesitantly stuck her fork into a leaf, and then stuck her fork in her mouth. It was soggy and reacted badly with her tongue, like it was being rejected, and slid down her throat without being chewed. It took all her might not to gag or grimace. She stabbed a crouton with her fork, but it crumbled and turned to powder and made her sad.

Ben’s plate was clean when she looked over at him. “Do you not like it?” he asked. “They can bring you something else, if you want.” He started lifting his arm to summon a waiter.

“No,” she said loudly. “It’s fine. It’s just… it’s fine.”

He nodded. “Okay.” He cleared his throat. “Angie, I have to tell you something.”

Oh, this is it, she thought. She perched herself on the edge of her chair and leaned towards him.

“Yes?”

“So, uhm, Dad’s decided to lower expenses and… he’s decided to cut back on some of the secretarial staff. Cut out some, really.” He pulled at his tie and at his jacket, as if they were trying to slide off his body.

“Oh?” she said, blissfully oblivious, pushing the crouton powder daintily with her fork. “Like who?”

“Well, he’s going to move Jessica down to George and bring in Sara for himself. That’s the only one I heard about,” he added, shifting in his seat. He bounced his leg up and down, making the table shake like an earthquake.

Angela leaned back a little. So the boss was passing down his secretary to bring in his daughter. Typical. “So, am I moving over to you, or…?” It was slowly dawning on her that what she thought would be happening was not happening. It was utterly confounding.

“No,” he laughed, as if it was so ridiculous, “they still need me to train Jennie. There’s no one else who could do it.”

She took a deep breath and made sure to fill her lungs. She tapped her finger on the edge of the plate and digested all the information thrown at her. “Are you firing me right now?” she managed. Oh, how his face changed. He looked like a little puppy that was just kicked. The poor stupid bastard, he had no idea what he was doing.

“I – I – I,” he stammered, getting his bearings, “It wasn’t my idea. I – I didn’t…” His eyes darted and he pulled at his clothes again “I got you something, though. It is Valentine’s Day after all.” He tried to laugh it off.

Good, now this is where you say But now you never have to work another day in your life… Marry me, she thought. Make it better right now, she thought. A tiny spark of hope reignited in her. But it didn’t flicker brightly.

Ben dug into his jacket pockets and pulled out a box and slid it across the table to her, silently. She looked down at it. It was long and rectangular, Tiffany blue, but still not a ring box. Curiosity drove her to open it, though she didn’t want to. At least that’s what she told herself. It was a bracelet, delicate, made of five rows of clear, sparkling diamonds with no metal in between. It slithered in the box like a snake without a head. It was gorgeous, but it was a bracelet.

“Put it on,” he said lightly with a big smile. She glared at him. He’s not very bright, she thought. She plucked the bracelet from its plush cushion and let the box drop. It clattered against her many forks, making the Happy Anniversary couple look over. She sneered at them until they turned away. She wrestled the bracelet around her wrist and clasped it. Her fingers ran over the many small stones, her eyes saw them catch the light and glisten, her ears heard the faint tinkling as she turned it round her wrist. It sounded like money. She smiled in spite of herself.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes,” she heard herself say. It is very nice, she thought. And surely cost several pretty pennies. It’ll do. For now.

“Well good,” Ben said, leaning back and sighing. The toughest part of his evening was over. Angela was still smiling, slowly getting over her disappointment. These diamonds will last forever. For now, they will do. So she doesn’t have a job? She’s got lots of pretty diamonds. She picked up her fork, felt the bracelet and its weighty diamonds slide down her wrist, and stabbed another crouton.
The sounds of cries or of laughter make no difference to me anymore. Ever since it was learned your soul would never be moved again, your body warm – nevermore. There is death that runs loose in the streets, and I cannot help but pound my fists hard to the ground to hear that it’s yours. A smile that could reflect the moon’s beautiful poetry, who was to say we’d never see it again? As your brothers read your eulogy in painful pauses and in heartfelt words, words that realized your heart will never beat again, and as your mom stitches shut a wound that will reopen each time at the thought of you, tell me what are we now to do with your absence that is felt in heavy heaps of sadness in the pit of everyone’s tear ducts? Sadness that sits with a sour taste because we sense injustice as we are whiplashed with the reality of your violent, eternal disappearance. This is the bitterest drink I’ve ever been served, and I gag on the words of your death every time I imagine your last breath and sometimes I forget to breathe as I realize that you never will again. Brother, tell me, how is war still everywhere like a contagion throughout the ages we still pretend has no cure? Tell me, how do they dare say there is peace in your perished future, extinguished like a perfect candlelight amid a blistering winter hell? As blind as the democracy they preach, can they not see, if this was for freedom and liberty, then you would still breathing here right next to me! How do we pretend that patriotism is part of daily life, when we claim to support our troops yet send them to lose their limbs, have bullets make homes in their rib cages, as they rip holes not only through their flesh but rip holes through their spirits, only to return, if they are able to live, to the U.S. where one out of five people homeless is a veteran? To support this longest war our history has ever known is to support the infinite terror, the eyes bled shut, the lives unwoven. Patriotism rings a hollow sound for actions and thought speak louder than words, and how we treat our soldiers is nowhere near the hype we give them in order to join. What I do hear ring are bells instead, bells that toll for you, Brother, I have never felt such a piercing February wind as the day I heard organs play for you, and as I kissed your casket draped in disbelief and as I finally realized after only two decades of living, here we are at your burial, I listened to the wind carry your memory in silent sonnets. Maybe we need you to come and say what it felt like in those 30 minutes of fatal pain, as you were shot by bullets still unrecognized and unnamed. Osbrany, my brother, never had I driven on lonelier roads as the day I drove down your street with the news of your murder in the front seat. Brother, what of your brothers, and your mother now, I know you saw your mother in the corner, as if cornered like a wounded animal by the cruelest of hunters: death. Did you see stone-cold Marines crying as you were laid to rest? Did you see me cringe when my dad called your twin brother your name instead of his? Did you see me collapse as I saw you headlined dead in every newspaper as if to confirm my terror, my madness? Brother, have you sensed the ways existentialism has entered into our conversations as we question age old questions, like the meaning of life and what is it to even exist? Osbrany, brother, I have mourned before the causalities on both sides of this genocide yet now is the first time I see life drained out of the cheeks of a human I knew – I love you, I miss you, and know that I will never forget. You and your breadth, your depth, your death, your beauty.