

## The Lover's Squabble

by Brian D. Stone

"Kill me."

"What?"

"Kill me."

"No!"

"You said that you'd do anything for me... Kill me."

"No, I can't ever do that. I love you; don't you see; I really care about you," she said as she felt the cold steel in her hand and loathed its form and feel.

"You're a liar. Kill me. You're killing me slowly; opening new wounds with your words and re-opening and salting old wounds with your actions... Kill me."

"I never wanted to hurt you," she checked on every word she said, "I'm... I'm sorry. Look at me," she said as the tears welled deeply in her eyes and ran down her cheek, "I love you." The words came slowly to her lips now, one by one, "I love you. I'll never stop loving you. I really care about you. I--"

"Don't lie to me; you lie! You never really cared. If you really care, why do I always give and you take. I get nothing! You use me; that's why you feel guilty. Just finish me off. Kill me."

"Stop it... Stop!... Listen... I love you... I've always loved you, a deep love that will never die or fade. Can't you see; I need you; I care about you; I... I love you," the words she spoke were slowly becoming softer; they were almost a whisper now, "I'm sorry. I'm clumsy... I try to show you how much I love you, but I always end up hurting you. I'm... I'm sorry." The tears now streamed down her cheek, down her cheek on to her neck, "Hold me."

He gave in. His anger was abated; he loved her deeply, and had to hold her, he loved her. Even though the hurt caused by her was deep, he had to hold her; he loved her. "I love you," he

whispered in her ear as he kissed her cheek. As he felt her tears flow from her cheek to his own; and the cold, wet feeling of her tears; and the warmth of her embrace soothed and healed the wounds caused by her lies, her ignoring him, her actions, her words, her past, and her yelling at him. He loved her once again. He loved her with a love that was fresh and new. It was a love that was greater than the love he had for her before they had fought. He promised to himself that he would never get upset as he did at her again. He would always love her.

She held him as if she had not seen him for a year. She needed him and cared for him more than she cared for anyone. She loved him more than anyone in her life; her family, her friends, or any of her past loves. Her love for him was an undying one. She cradled his cheek in her left hand;

whispered into his ear, "I love you too," and she kissed his lips gently as she gave him what he wanted.

She eased his body to the floor. As the blood trickled out of the hole in his neck to form a puddle on the carpet, she left the room holding the revolver loosely in her right hand. "I love you too, and I'm glad I could finally give you something you really wanted," she said as she turned away from the room to go downstairs to make supper.

## Rise and Fall

Goodbye to the leaves:  
They're falling off the trees.  
Dead, they change to brown  
And they vanish with the breeze.  
Goodbye to a city  
That is digging down below.  
Warfare in the trenches:  
Blood upon the snow.  
Goodbye to a way of life:  
So vocal, such a fool.  
Helpless and disqualified,  
A racecar out of fuel.  
Goodbye to my father:  
So talented and young.  
Prone to song and suicide,  
His song was never sung.  
-Fritz Light

## Struggle

Peaceful, here below the surface,  
Though we feel the tumult  
Of the pain above.  
The dropping bombs have stopped  
us cold:  
We fight to stay alive,  
Just like those above.  
As time goes by the beds fill up  
But no one seems to leave.  
We're dropping like flies.  
The pounding above has ended.  
The fear below has died  
So have the injured.  
-Fritz Light

## Persisting Heat

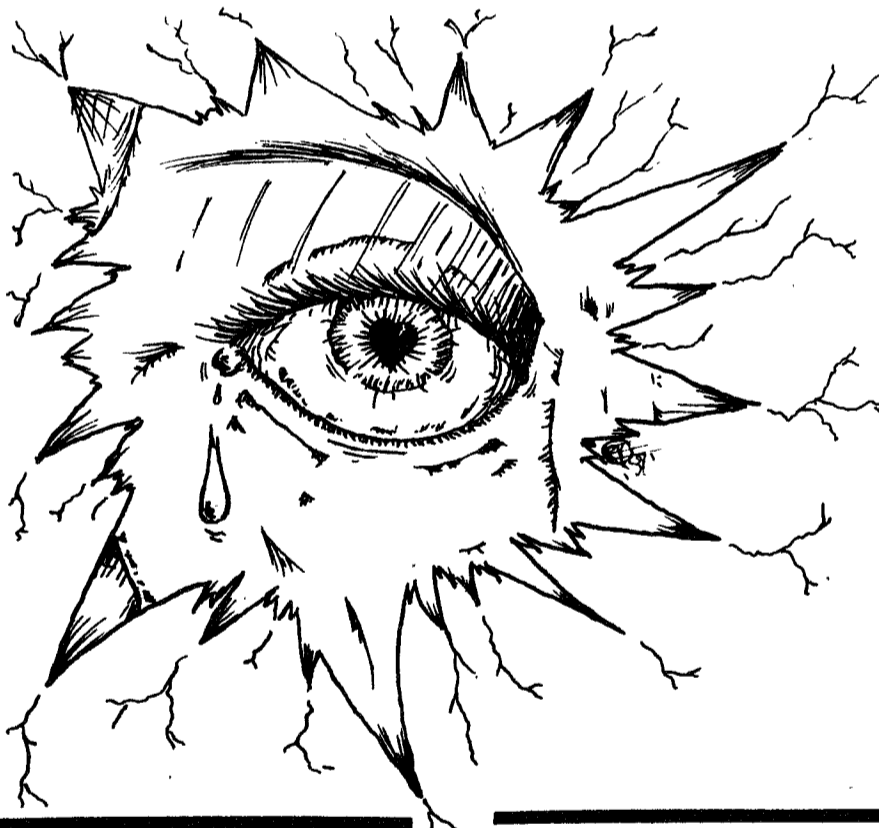
The day is halved; the sun, it  
roasts  
And all around, the ground, the  
sea, the sky  
Are sweltering in pain from the  
sun.  
One man sits, another stands.  
They argue, sweating underneath  
the surrays:  
Nothing more than verbal  
Tug-of-war.  
Perched below umbrellas, one  
man argues  
"Fool, you'll die of cancer at that  
rate!  
"Provoking simple argument,  
"The sun we need to beautify the  
skin  
While underneath our surface, it is  
utilized  
For vitamin production.  
"The hours wane, as does the sun,  
Their argument heals up, as does  
the sun,  
Their sweaty bodies shine, as  
does the sun,  
No breeze blows off the sea,  
No quenching, sudden burst of  
passing thunderstorm  
Meanders toward the point of  
argument.  
"I hate you fool! Your day is  
soon!"  
"But no, you lose, for I will not  
agree:  
I love you, and refuse to let yo  
go.  
"Apollo, race your chariots  
Across our gaseous atmosphere,  
and put an end  
To flaming temperatures and  
temper!  
There soon came night, with  
peaceful rest  
Beneath the autumn luminescent  
moon,  
So high up in the sky: a crescent  
bright.  
There, both men lay, at peace for  
once,  
For neither could deny the fact  
that nighttime follows day,  
And with consensus reached:  
They slept in silent, soothing  
peace,  
And none can argue otherwise  
That peace is unattainable until we  
sleep.  
-Fritz Light

## The Night Air

by Michelle Carlin

The night air is cold and crisp. The dew on the grass glistens from the reflection of the lights that shine from high above the field. An array of quarter and eighth notes in black and white stream through my mind. My left hand grasps the baton while the middle three fingers of my right hand press down on the metal, mimicking the routine I have so diligently memorized. I constantly blow air on my hands to keep them warm.

Suddenly, The Drum Major barks the command to make us come to attention. My body responds, and snaps into position. The smaller muscles work together to help the larger ones support this very uncomfortable position. My eyes are focused directly ahead as I review the marching formations in my head. The cadence begins. I march onto the field, keeping my chin up, the pride reflecting in my eyes. I can feel my heart beating heavily under my uniform, which now seems tighter than when I first put it on. When I reach my spot on the fifty yard line, I assume the "parade rest" position. With my legs apart, and my instrument cradled in my arms, I stand with my face pointed down. The adrenalin is pumped into my blood stream as I hear my name announced as the evening's soloist. The command to attention is called once again.



I think I am nervous, for I have convinced my mind that I am ready, but my knees are slightly trembling. As I look to the stands, I see a myriad of strange faces that are quick to judge my performance. The Drum Major gives us four blasts of her whistle, indicating the tempo of the selection that is about to be performed. On the third of these blasts, I take a quick, deep breath, filling my lungs with air, preparing to start my routine. After the fourth whistle, the music begins. I force the air out of my lungs with a steady stream that flows into the night sky. My ears are tuned in to the bell of the trumpets, listening for the proper pitch and tone.

The piece begins with an inaudible pianissimo that builds into a blaring fortissimo within the

first eight beats. As the performance progresses, my body and mind synchronize with the music. It is no longer cold, in fact, I can feel no weather -- as if my mind has taken Mother Nature and locked her in her room. My solo is approaching. I must constantly remind myself not to get nervous. It is now time. I point towards the press box so that I'm performing for the judges. Each move is precise and the musical notes ring like bells through the night, clear and crisp. But as quickly as I began, the solo ends.

Two other selections follow, each with the same precision as the first. But the show finally ends. I am now standing on the sideline between the forty-five and fifty yard lines; I am a dot that belongs to the letter "B" that is a part of my school's name, "Marlboro." As I stand at attention, I recall the performance.

The night is very cold now, as I feel the wind clash against the sweat that has developed on my forehead. My mind and body congratulate each other on a job well done. Deep down inside of me I know that I have done well. When we get off the field, I am pleased with myself. Bubbling inside of me is a smile trying to force its way out. My body is sore from the rigid postures and strict movement that I had been restricted to, but I ignore this, for I am exulted to the greatest degree. There is a feeling inside of me that is unexplainable. This feeling can neither be taught nor learned, nor injected nor obtained, by any physical means. This feeling comes from an unknown place, deep within us, and only we have the capability of releasing it. I call this feeling "exceeding yourself," and this is what makes life all worthwhile.