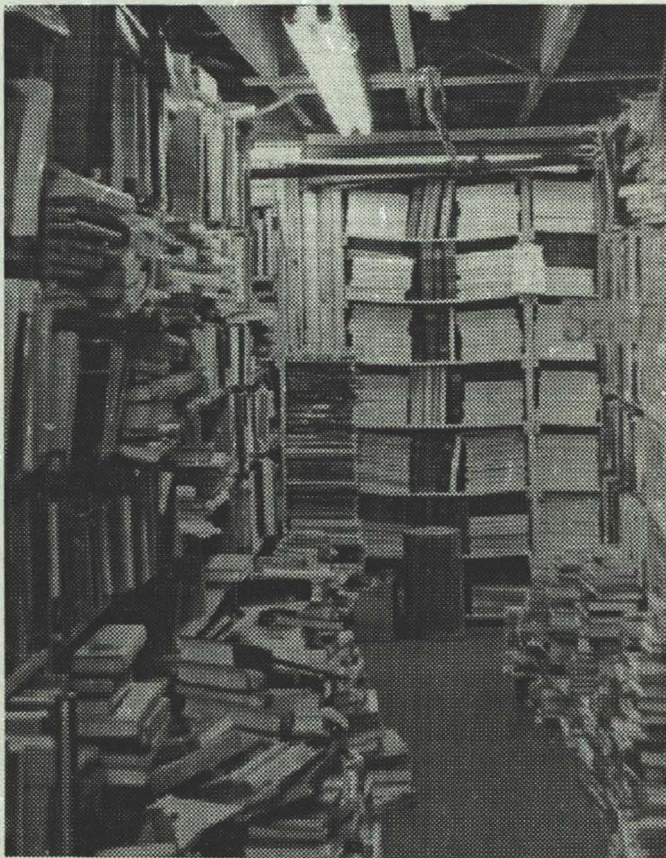


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The Roaring Muse

Literary Arts Magazine



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The Roaring Muse

Literary Arts Magazine

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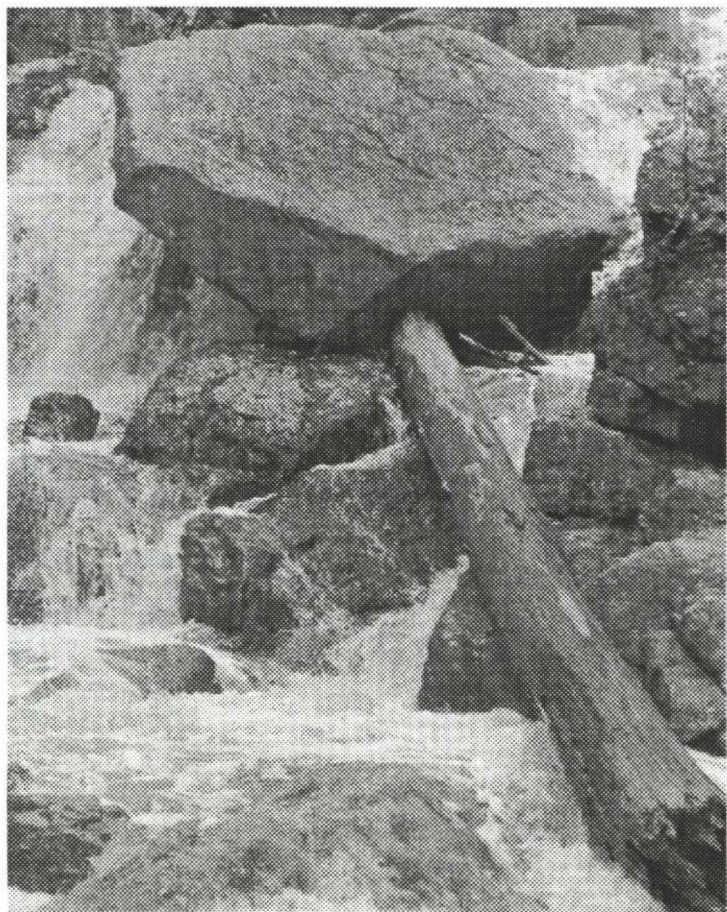
Strip Club Scene

—Josh Carlon



Untitled

—Jacob Voit



“a new road”

—*Adam M Brunner*

you brought it into town,
a busy city on the northern shores of a great lake,
brought with it memories,
seeing now my visions of us in the yard,
so amazed,
now once again i stand mesmerized,
walking next to my sister
down a new road in our lives,
our necks still tilted way back,
heads up,
mouths open and asking for the heavens,
as one or two of its many
spend their last moments in this great big world,
they fall into our mouths,
and we rejoice, saying “got one!” as we laugh and we smile,
making our way down our brand new road.

After Midnight

—Amy Anderson

I hide my tear-streaked face
From the cold gas station lights
Making my way over fences
Through ditches
To the interstate.
I stumble down the rocky slope
To the perfect boulder seat,
Then all my pain overflows
And rolls over my lips,
Down my chin.
I stare at the city and the lake,
Kaleidoscope through salty eyes
And my life seems insignificant
Compared to the enormity
Of the world.

Confusion-
-Jenna Cabill

A place hidden within the shadow of the soul
Harmony and discord conflict in a symphony
Of worry, doubt, hope

Pleasure and pain play a in a tortuous game of tug-of-war
Yet neither submits to the strain
A standstill

Thoughts swirl in the tempest
Getting thrown about violently
Minutes turning to hours
Yet, it al goes back as before
Returning to where it began
In the course of that one minute
Prior to the onset of the confused state
It could have been diverted

The crystal ball is fleeting
The hourglass still flows
Pleasure and pain stand motionless
And we return to what we know as
Confusion

daze of depression

—*Amy Anderson*

crawl without destination
daze of depression
wish i could curl in a corner—
fetal position—
and cry 'til i'm sick
but i can't...
not here
not now.
i haven't cried in so long,
tears building up
poisoning me
make me sick
want to vomit life
world spinning out of sight.

Dream Sequence

—Kelly Stone

Twirled
Winded
Overlapped
Twisted
Long forgotten before it ever existed.
Simple
Colorless
Confused
Frightened
Mostly imagined
But maybe enlightened.
Chaotic
Frustrated
Scribbled
Illusions
Look closely before you make your conclusions.
Dangerous
Clever
Hideous
Silent
Showing none of a coward but would never act upon violence.
Long
Strenuous
Dazzling
Parts
Many may feel it within their hearts.
To break free, you must just be.
Longing for that infinite love, that you feel with the one above.
Don't think just go, so your dreaming river will flow.
Deep waves in the sky, when you are asleep you will fly.

"Fog and the Horizon"

—Brandon M. Swanson

At some point my feet
must have touched the ground,
but my memory
not a step reveals.

I would ramble shorewise
as if governed by the same
chaotic and beautiful law
that waves of a seascape
invariably follow.

As night proceeded,
the breath of the sea
began to rise and come alive...
its time to reign
had come again... born of night.

Its mist came lightly first,
the epitome of stealth,
to own my feet
and soak my soul.

The horizon that ever holds my love
begins to don a haze
that fills my mind
with wonderment and fear.

And my heart in haste
wings to my throat
a plea for my love
through the mist...
that she might hear
and be not consumed.

But as the cry forms on my lips,
a curling mist of fog drenched night
settles in the recess of my mouth,
muting all sound.

As breath of sea and night
seeps to the limits of my being,
the vacant backdrop of sky fuses
ever tighter with the subdued waters
below.

No longer may distinction be made
by my eyes... heavy
with the haze
that blankets all.

I scan far for the horizon...
searching for sense,
for sigh of my love,
but all I see I see is gray- the horizon gone...
all I hear: echoes of her heartbeat
through the dense fog.

My heart fills with joy and cheer
for the sea hath no beginning,
nor can sky claim end...
creating the medium
my heart ever follows,
for the fog has killed
the keeper of all things
beyond the gaspings
of my hand.

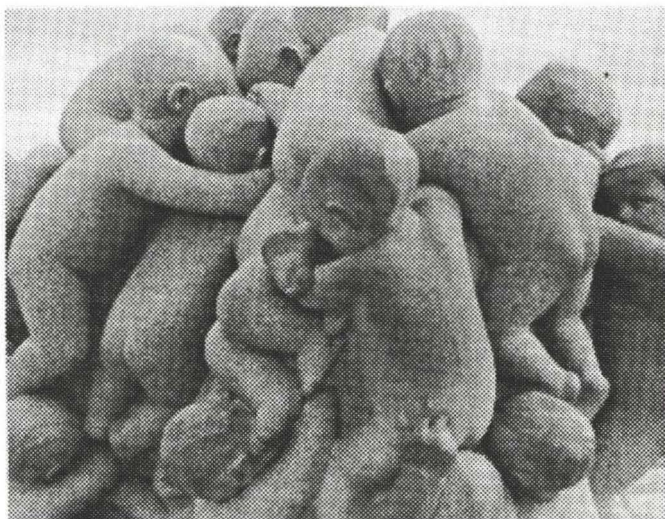
Lonely

—*Adriana E. Matos*

Lonely,
That's how I feel right now
Lonely
As I sit here by myself
Hearing echoes of voices and
laughter
From friends who are there
But not here
Phantom sensations of their hugs
I sit here lonely
Longing for the phantom echoes to
be real
To have those I hold dear
Say I love you
To have them
Within tangible reach
To just
Be there
So close
But now
I am far away
A choice I made
I think
Did I make the right choice
If I knew how sad I would be now
Would I have said yes?
How would I know
How much I miss having them near
But now they are there
And I am here

Pile of Babies, Vigeland Park

—Melanie Peterson



If You Have Jesus, You Have Money

—Chris Homan

I found in my letter slot
Addressed "to a friend"
A blue book about the size and
Shape of a Reader's Digest with
Fake gold embossed border around
The title "Divine HELP" like
A mail-order collection plate for
An anonymous parish
Inside, Jesus' head floats in a field
Of wheat, his luminescent body,
An apparition behind a mailbox
His countenance watching over
Women toiling in a field
His hand points into my face
Under the caption "There is help for you"
He poses with Uncle Sam, Abraham Lincoln
And a Barbie doll woman from t.v. amidst
Testimonials from the saved who
Prayed for money that miraculously
Appeared from the cash machine in the sky
Pennies from heaven, the one thousand
Thirty six dollars and ten cents that
Changed the life of a god-fearing soul
I can see him now
The greasy man, cigar dangling from his lips
Parked behind a gaudy desk, bottle
Of whiskey at his elbow
Composing letters with misspelled words
And quaint colloquial phrases that
Sound like utterances of common, depressed
Work-a-day folk
I can hear him chuckle and belch and crinkle
Dollar bills in his fist as he opens
Odd-shaped envelopes stuffed with dirty
Money and last-ditch hopes for redemption

Kid Sampson's Legs (Ya I know, Catch 22)

—*Spoons MacNamara*

Kid Sampson's legs are still resting at the shore,
and all that's left to do is answer the phone and say
"4th street Jim's."

All that's left to do is have nightmares of the rotting
limbs and sinews lying in decay at the shore
because no one wants to clean, much less see
this joke gone sour.

This taste in my mouth feels like I've thrown up
every blackened image that I once jerked off to.
This reality that turns my head 360 degrees when I
close my eyes and surrender to sleep.

This walking with bags under my eyes
sent to Washington that I am clinically dead.
Till someone wakes me up with the football score
or the progress of 30 feet to the next trench.

Till someone says

"I am bigger,

I have lied and cheated longer, son."

And all that's left to do is pitch a tent much further
to a much more undesirable place.

Because there's not much time till the next pot of gold
is found under your tent and pushed off the end
of the earth.

Proving right, that absurd theory that the
world is indeed as flat as this plain I'm livin on.

“let us dance”

—Adam M Brunner

if i asked,
how would you like to reply,
if i whispered to you,
i have a feeling we could fly
away, and looking down we'd just laugh at the miles,
if i took your hand,
would you say
you gave it with a smile?
i'll be glad to give you
what He made so real,
so let us dance to the sound of us,
the sound of the way this love must feel.

“madness”

—*Adam M Brunner*

when light fails us,
the crazy ones,
the ones who go mad for every heartbeat,
loosing yelps and raucous laughter into the
darkness,
refuse to fall from the atop their world,
and they dance to the madness—
it's blues, oranges, crazy reds and hollow blacks,
and haunting purple in their eyes—
the crazy ones
make their own light.

A Midsummers Afternoon With My Camera

—Heather Mead



March 11, 1994

—Matt Johnson

I've got a thatch of
notebooks
messy poems and organized notes,
nonsense mostly.

maybe I'll go through
them and clean it
all
up and type and shit and
whatever.

maybe a lost treasure
for
a free drink of self-praise, or
a glimpse of meaning,
pretension,
... you know.

I'm a young man,
too new to
poet.
you'd find me laughable
I'm afraid,
untested and fresh.

months ago I found
Carver
and he's been dead
for awhile.
this week I found
Bukowski
and he died yesterday.

I'm too young and
sober
to understand either, probably.
but like a cup of coffee
I don't face a morning
without some
pages
in my head.

I am ever moving

—Adriana E. Matos

I am ever moving

From home to home

Crossing state lines wherever I go

I am always changing

As the different places and people

Mold my personality

I am the snow

That came up to my knees

In the snow of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania

I am the sun

That tans me in Puerto Rico and Tennessee

I am the airplane

That transports me from family to family

My own personal stargate

I am the bind

That connect two broken families

I am the heart

That always cares for those I know

I am the eyes

That shows my emotions

I am the comforting hand

When you need a friend

I am the best friend

Who share her soul with another person

I am the laughter

That fills the room

I am the longing

For something better

And the love that fulfills

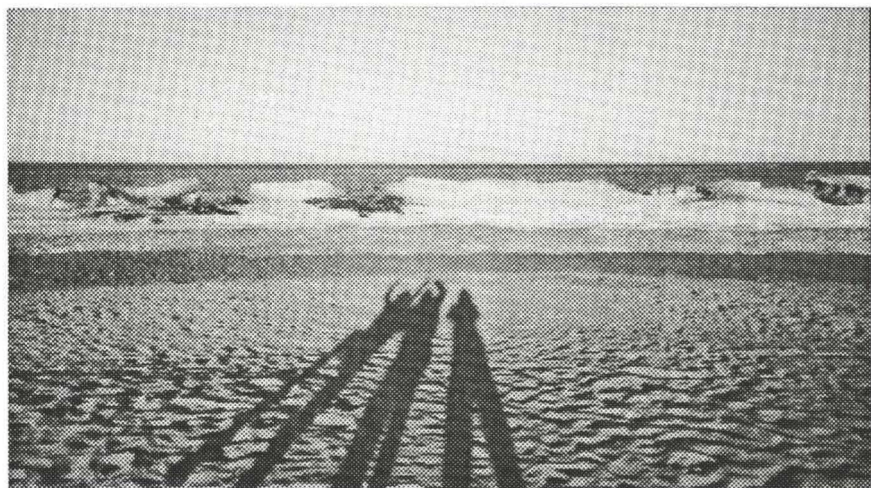
I am the tears

That flows whenever any heart breaks

I am the music
 That makes your heart sing
 And your body rejoice in dance
I am the dancer
 That let's the music move up my body
 To the beat
I am the sister
 Who looks after her siblings
I am the child
 My God chose
 For parents to make
I am the mixture
 Of my ancestry before
I am Adriana Evelyn Matos
 Born a human girl
 With all those traits
 That make life worth living.

Untitled

—*Maria Bataglia*



PHEASANTS HIDDEN IN FOG

—*Amy Anderson*

fog
wraps me safely in its embrace.
all night the billowing shadows
grow near streams,
under trees
and i hold my breath

alarming pheasants' cries
ring savagely in deep woods
and shallow groves,
telling dreams
a world not known beyond trees.

pheasants hidden in fog
lie dark and calm almost
visible.
the wood's line and shadow compromise
along the horizon
cloud by fairy dust
beyond trees.

and though still unseen
the woods cradle the dust.
their boughs sway cautiously
as the dust peacefully lands.

beyond the forest i know
lies pastel-painted dreams
that fairies' and pheasants' eyes have seen.
sky and land become
the same entity,
existing where time exists no more.

torn now from the woods
by the cold and dark
i part,
mindful of fairies now sleeping
a whisper not noticed
in the forest
of dreams.

MIRROR

3-8-00

—Jenna Cabill

Silently, she stalks her prey
Possessed by a rage and hate only her kind can know

Quiet and subversive she toys with her target
Like a succubus to a lustful demon
The more he wants her supple body-
and the closer he comes to her
The faster she moves away

Death and hatred in those innocent eyes
The wrongness of it

She denies what she sees
For she hates it so

What a cruel reflection

Place

—Chris Lavelle

Seething night sails silent
Across the breaths of
broad sweeping seas
And in it you'll find me
Wrapped, fetal in a warm fleece
Amidst cold flowing clouds that
In their passing brevity reveal
Dusty beams of moonlight
In their absence take from our eyes
Their innocent veil of our own size
As I myself swim in the sweet stars
That smile down to us our order
born from this place
To drift among the silence between the Stars,
For the universe's song is silence.
Its instrument is time, playing to a
Humanity that cannot sense its notes
But not for I,
Who drifts amid the silence between the stars
And finds in this listless place-

Place itself.

Poet

—Dan Undem

Pressing pen to paper
Observing the world around
Everything is beautiful
To a person who cannot
See.

RAIN

—Matt Johnson

I'm glad I hear the rain
rushing the roof hypnotically,
it could be snow after all -
it being October.

glass almost empty
no lipstick on its rim
noiseless television, PBS

Drunk as sin, I lie sprawled
in my robe on the kitchen tile,
my beautiful day into night ritual
done too many times.

A dog found your arm today,
deep in the woods
covered in autumnal leaves and mud,
but I can't imagine the rest.

I'm in the bathroom every ten minutes.
It is the only thing keeping me awake.
Head arched back
I let it roar,
I let it rain.

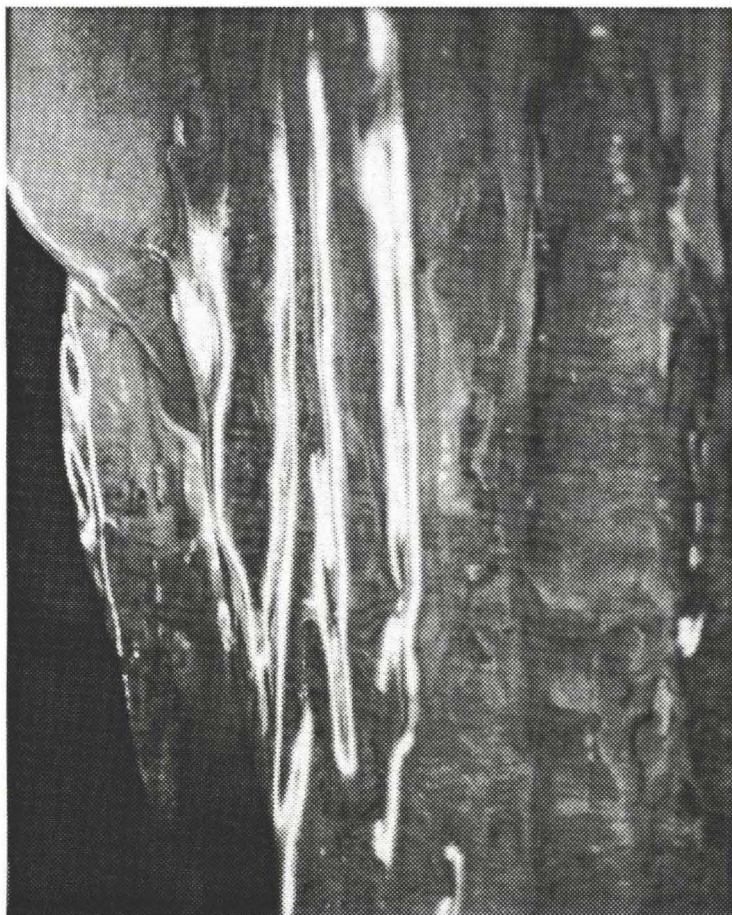
The news called you Jane
and the authorities were hoping to find more,
especially your teeth. I hope
the mud hides them, quietly, with the rest.

I look to the bottle, and look away numb.
I could always smoke the pot my friend
stole for me, but I'll pass,
opting for the rain
splashing my eyelids knowingly.

Maybe tomorrow Jane, but we both know better.

Untitled

—Jacob Voit



“reminisce”*–Adam M Brunner*

twinkle shine,
draped about the rod iron gates of neutrality,
silken flowers on
tables where we sat bashfully in our Sunday's best,
dressed to kill and just killing the time,
you gazed into my eyes, and to you
they sparkled,
and so did yours,
and on the day after your birthday,
i'll come back and watch the memories form,
respecting these times;
and through the corporate panes of crystal clear glass,
the twinkle shine still lingers,
but you're so gone,
and i'm so very here;
i pretend i don't see it shine,
looking, disillusioned,
at a busy mind,
lost in an oily cup
of coffee,
just killing my time.

Summer's Son

—Matt Wright

Wind of fire, take me away
And give me back my hope this day.
Burn it down, all the past.
Blow it away, the fear that's cast.
Reach inside, cool this heart,
The one that's burned right from the start.

Lake of blood, wash away
All the sins I've seen today.
Soak in deep, restore my youth,
So in my eyes they'll see the truth.
Quench the thirst of a desperate soul,
Weary of a world that's taken its toll.

Stone of time, knock me down.
I fight my way up off the ground.
Lay as a pedestal, give me height,
I know the others don't care for the sight.
Cut me down, yet show me mercy.
Let me know what you've foreseen.

Heart of gold, give me life,
For much too long I've felt the knife.
Beating strong, shows me the light,
No living thing wants a lonely night.
Pump some joy into my mind,
Breaking down the ties that bind.
Wings of love, I'll fly with you,
Nothing more that I'd want to do.

The Man on the Sign

—Dan Undem

They are content
To stand
silhouetted in black
against
a
brilliant yellow
background
And dance
to the
music
of passing cars.

Walk Away Autumn

—Matt Johnson

There is that sense in the air,
not a chill or a smell, just
a knowing that a change is due.
I've had this knowing since
I was fifteen, and I've been
rewarded with death and loss.

I fight my depression halfheartedly,
usually with long walks
through the woods, scattering the
fallen golden aspen leaves.
Or else I make my afternoons
endless, dreaming out the window
hoping to glimpse something.

My old days would never
conceive of this - me
sitting in a cabin two hours
from the closest metro
area, with only my books
for comfort.

I don't cradle the ball
anymore, wrapped once
in my strong arms, I
never fumbled my senior
year, the ball anyway.

The knee dropped first,
twisting in ways never
intended. The doctor
said no more, "you'll
at least be able to walk."

I have nothing to wrap around

now - the girls and then women
are not as frequent, and no
longer hover over me. Me of
the softened body, withdrawn
to my own mind.

I lose myself in stories and
poems never sure when I'll
return. The flashlight reading
Updike 2:00 on a school night,
fifteen years old. Run, run.

I walk through the angling pines,
not sure when I'll return. I have
no need to carry anything in my
arms, though sometimes I pretend.

My old friends? I don't know: business,
families, starter homes, softball
leagues, pick up basketball on Sunday
nights, shoveling the walk, even children.
Lovely children.

Don't hear much from anyone,
anymore. Wood for stove, strong
coffee for mind, light then darker,
cold and warm. Age. Decay and an
enhanced appreciation of what can be.
Simply, simply. What will be.

I hear the bear sow wail at dusk, near
the tree she paws, marking her territory
and my boundary. I no longer shiver at
her cry. Instead I huddle in the corner
lifting the bottle, a drink for every
fear you left me custody of.

The trees from the porch seem much closer. Beyond that, I feel the same as two years ago; uprooted, planted, uprooted...

Quit meat. Quit nutrasweet. The bottle dangles closely by though, and I drink to the mad purple wildflowers clustering the prairie grasses, hanging on till fall's first frost.

Pile of old rocks sits on the ridge - rusting old beer cans unearth each spring there. Schmidt, Olympia and other old man beer. Someone's thinking spot. I walk by but never stay for long out of respect.

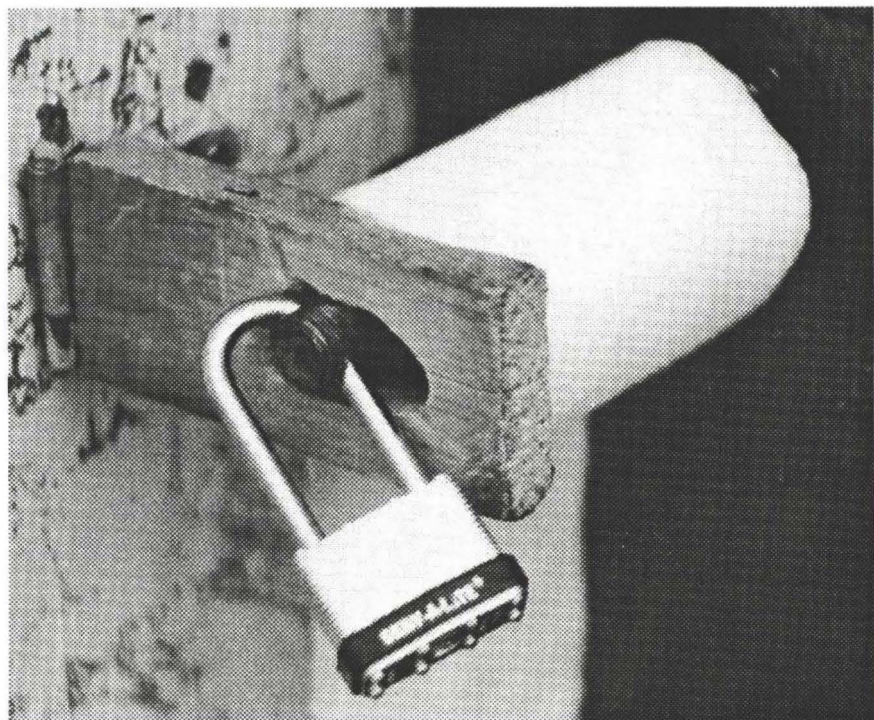
The news comes slowly, every six months or so. The engagements, births, and nearing deaths. So far away... numb like the vampire bat in Panama - novocaine and blood loss.

The hometown streets used to scare me every November - the early darkness and ensuing cold I couldn't control. Now I feel helpless on winter nights next to Lake Superior, thrashing waves endless, keeping me honest and mortal.

I don't care for yesterday's moments, only love them in passing. Dying just a little bit, appropriately.

Untitled

—Jacob Voit



Tribute to Our Contributors

by David Erickson

Co-Chair, UMD Literary Guild 1999-2001

The UMD Literary Guild is honored to receive generous contributions from area businesses and individuals who, with their financial support, help fund the publication of The Roaring Muse, UMD's Literary Magazine. This magazine is developed entirely by our Student Organization without any faculty intervention whatsoever. From the beginning steps of advertising the fact that we are seeking submissions to the marketing and distribution of the finished product, students voluntarily perform all of the responsibilities associated with publishing a magazine. We are, in all aspects, a small, non-profit, publishing firm that offers college students good work experience and provides the community with a source of beautiful literature.

Our literary arts magazine, with copyright registered by the Library of Congress, provides a safe venue for writers and artists to submit their expressive work(s) for publication within our expanding region of influence. With every issue, our organization receives numerous compliments for the quality literature we put in print, as well as the attractive appearance of the magazine itself and the photography and artwork within it. We accept almost any genre of poetry, prose, and short stories from university students and the general public. The diversity of genres that we publish is best supported by our magazine's name, The Roaring Muse. The idea of many voices converging into a roar of expression has inspired the magazine's name and energy behind it since it was first conceived in early 1997. As a contributor, you can help guarantee that there will continue to be a venue for area writers to submit to and a literary magazine for the public to enjoy. There is an old saying among publishers and authors, "Out of 5 million writers, 5,000 get published, and 50 can make a living at it." Our mission is to better the odds of getting published for students and local writers within our region. This can initiate success for some of our writers, all the way up to and including fame on a national or international level. Help support our cause by giving a donation today. Unless you wish to remain anonymous, we will proudly print your name in our Tribute to Our Contributors page.

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