

# Idiom & Image

A Collection of Student Work



Sussex County Community College

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*Cover photo by Cassidy Dube*

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# Edison's Lightbulb

by William Toner

# Somewhere Else...

by Corey Winkler

The cell door swings open by a shadowy force  
Another presence, I hear sounds come through the door  
These walls of mustard yellow are narrow borders  
Without windows but with a concrete bed and floor  
Somewhere the voice of my Mother sounds distressed  
But muffled sounds are impossible to understand through a wall  
“Mommy? Walls hard here rest can’t hear rest”  
“What does he mean doctor?”  
“In severe cases of children with schizophrenia,  
Their minds need time to reconcile between two conceptions of reality,  
One he can see and feel that is fancied and askew,  
And another which is real but only echoes through his perceptions.”  
I stand up approach the cell door and peak out  
Boys push and pull each other and make weird noises  
“No no no Mommy where hear hear you?”  
“It’s okay my baby boy I am right here beside you.”  
She leans down and kisses my forehead  
A boy leans by the door and flicks a gum wrapper in my face  
I run back to my bed into a ball and rock and rock  
“Mommy where hear you can’t rest rest rest you”  
Tears drip down her face like an icicle in the warm sunlight  
Where is my Father? How come his voice is so silent that I never knew?  
He must be where there are no muffled sounds  
Somewhere else too

# On the Other Side of the Sun

by Camila Escobar

I came from my galaxy to investigate this world  
hiding behind that corner  
I found that here  
floats the trivial and the profound

the vicious circle of men and their deeds  
hunger and caviar in the same table  
channel perfume poisoning the furry-coats  
of women without prejudice

dressed up in Ralph's purple label  
from hands to toes  
while I discover  
love is an incomplete hypothesis in this world

I had a vague idea of this place  
and I keep trying to understand  
why poets don't like to find their muses  
and men possess a woman's life but he doesn't own his

on the other side of the sun there is a world in decline  
and is not coincidence that rhymes with war  
it is an amazing land  
but no one here seems to realize

In my galaxy love abounds  
but there is no sun nor water to calm the thirst  
in this world love is a fantasy  
and they keep discussing the last war

I think sometimes God gives bread to those with no teeth  
and a blanket to those warmer than me  
beautiful days to blind men  
and hymns of freedom to the deaf

I have been sailing 100 light years  
and finally found this blue world  
with the greenest leaves turning brown  
and the agony walking by the streets

So I prepared my suitcase again  
because I prefer to die of thirst on the other side of the space  
than be a puppet with string and no soul  
and die of absence of love.

# Ripple

by Paul Frangipane

Constantly moving.  
Even when the trees are abandoned.  
Even when the surface is cold and shut.  
Constantly moving.

The balance of the universe is not restricted to the seasons.  
The push and pull  
The up and down.  
They haunt the individual until equalization.

The question becomes  
Is it necessary?  
When standing atop the greenest mountain, one might say yes.  
But when trapped in the dankest cavern, the answer is undoubtedly  
no.

There are those however, that do not change.  
They look up at their peers with admiration.  
The stale life of the stone.  
The envious challenge of the pine.

Constantly moving.  
Even when the wind is hidden.  
Even when the current is blocked.  
Constant movement.





# **Afternoon Awe**

by Lauren Bell

# Phobia of Toys

by Catherine Decker


“Fear tastes like a rusty knife and do not let her into your house.”

--John Cheever

Every generation had that one toy that creeped out parents, kids and people alike. Everyone wondered why these were made, yet kids always wanted them for Christmas, Hanukah, or birthdays. Being a nine-ties kid, I was aware of only one toy out there that baffled even the kids, the Furby. I cannot look at a Furby without suppressing a scream. With its recent Christmas relaunch, all anyone who knows me could do was joke about getting me this toy. Luckily, it was not under my tree last year.

A Furby is like a pet rock that can speak in a language that no one else knows. Even without batteries, they'd still talk and work. My Furby was from the second generation released for Christmas of 1998 and was called the Citrus Furby, or Fresh Orange. He had a bright orange body, a lime green belly that went up to the eyes, a yellow mohawk and eyelashes, and white ears, tail, and feet.



Just like every kid my age, I wrote my wish-list to Santa and begged for a Furby. It was Christmas morning, I was four years old and was so excited to wake up. Approaching the tree, I saw my pile on one side of the tree and my brother's on the other. Eyeballing each gift to see which one was the Furby, I finally opened one, then two, then three. I couldn't find it, but my brother yelled out, “Yes, I got a Furby!” I had learned over the years, “Santa” gave my brother and me usually the same gifts, so I continued to dig in to the presents. At last I ripped open the wrapping paper revealing the brand new Furby. I screamed in excitement and begged my dad to open it. After unleashing both Furbies from their cardboard jails, I turned it on.



The very first line out of its mouth was, “Furby says fuck you!” I cried, and my parents blamed my brother. This Furby model could be trained to repeat words, and having an evil older brother, I knew the blame instantly went to him. Soon, Furby was only cursing, not even speaking Furbish. We tried to take out the batteries, but one night as I was sleeping, Furby just started laughing hysterically, and it seemed to get louder till either that or my crying woke up the whole house. It was something out of a horror movie with a crazy toy.

Tired of seeing his daughter traumatized by this toy, my father grabbed the Furby, his Zippo lighter, and gasoline and threw it all into the fire bin outside. He wanted me to watch it being destroyed so I wasn’t scared anymore, but that backfired. Furby’s voice deepened, repeating the F-word and speaking once more in what seemed like demonic chants while he became ashes.

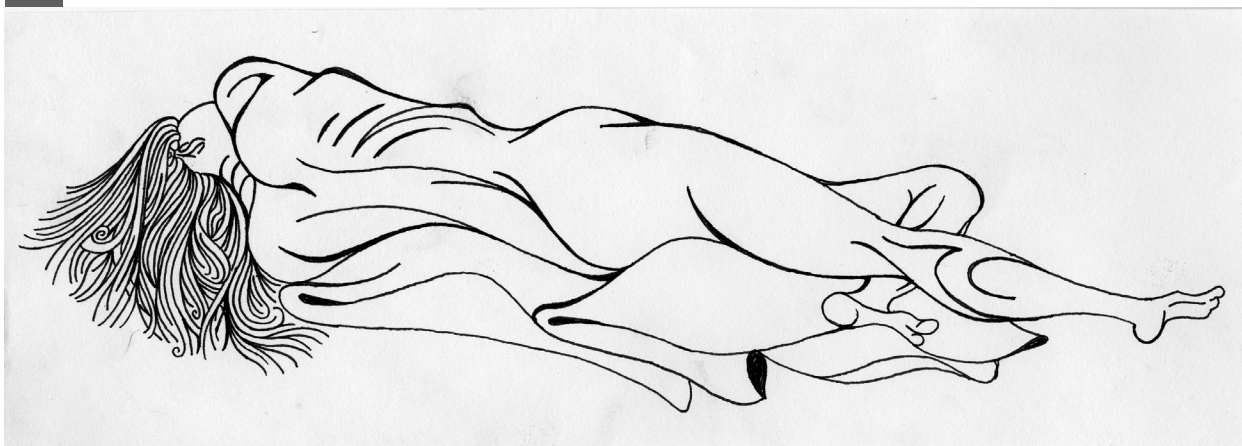
Being older, my family and I still have no idea what happened to the other normal Furby of my brother’s. I still cringe whenever I think about what happened. Now, I can’t play with my nieces or nephew. Especially if it is an animated toy, toy shopping for them is totally out of the question. From that point on, I never got the coolest toys, because everyone was so scared history would repeat itself.



# Ode to Emily Kampka

by Kasha Nystrand

As the wind chimes chime emulating a grand lyre  
An Angels Cathedral hymn of heaven,  
Lays peacefully on my sicken love charm,  
After a feeling like an orphan of somber.  
A breathless pressure of blues.  
As great woe becomes a hoisted burden,  
Feeling a great ecstasy of calm bliss,  
It lets me fathom your presence still with me,  
When you sound softly in the hymn of the wind chimes.  
Chime me to sleep.



# [untitled]

by Stephen Sabia

# I Promise

by Camila Escobar

I promise  
not to think about you  
at breakfast, at lunch at dinner  
not to think about you  
during the day, in the evening, at night  
not to think about you  
when I walk, when I drive

I promise  
not to dream about you  
on Mondays Tuesdays, Wednesdays  
and not to wish you were me Thursdays and Fridays  
when I can't sleep because I can see your ghost  
going around the house haunting my peace

I promise  
I will stop remembering you with every song  
I promise  
I won't hesitate to enter in a place we once went  
I promise  
not to cry in a red light  
so that the cars behind me won't need to beep to wake me up

I promise  
not to try to find you in my pen, in my books  
not look for you in every face  
I promise  
I will not miss your kisses  
I promise not to look for you in the streets  
in the bars, in the theater, in the library, outside, inside

I promise  
not to look for your face in the sky  
and not to build hearts with the clouds  
I promise  
I will stop crying your absence  
and in spite of knowing I won't accomplish anything I just said  
It's a promise I make today.





# **Baring My Soul**

by Lauren Bell



# Broken

by Camila Escobar

I think I'm broken in the inside  
like the parthenon, in pieces  
like the sphinx, without nose  
broken like porcelain  
no light inside, no hope

You left me broken and now I'm afraid to love again  
I'm afraid to feel, to live  
you killed everything inside me  
you broke me

# Owls

by Cassidy Dube

Leaving the vacant parking lot,  
And the brick school building we barely seemed to notice  
For it was a different place than in its bustling day time hours

Leaving a rollercoaster with no tracks  
We'd rode down on your long board  
Feet up, out of control, but I never doubted you for a second

Leaving us, still sitting near the edge  
But not quite the image of you,  
As I traced the crinkled corners of your eyes.

Leaving the grass-- that I stepped into  
Like the summer ocean sand  
Close your eyes and you will feel it, you said

If tranquility was a pair of shoes,  
You could find them amongst that grass--  
Leaving those too

Leaving a friend in a bon voyage, and perhaps  
A few drops of face paint on the asphalt,  
But I can't be sure...

Leaving, the three of us, in your car  
Still an orange glow, a fallen dust upon the world  
There's no coming back from this, I said, and I may have been right

Leaving the night where it was  
And maybe more than we knew  
For the life we hold now, will be leaving us too

But, the music  
And his voice-- ethereal and per-fect, as my sister might say--  
Never had we felt a harmony so deep  
I believe it rendered time meaningless  
Tying us together like we'd always been  
And yet had never quite been before

We weren't afraid of death--  
We would've welcomed it had it knocked

(but it didn't)



## **BG Window on 5th Ave**

by William Toner

# [untitled]

by Victoria Martin

Lie underneath the black sky,  
What do you think?  
Lie underneath the starry sky,  
What do you see?  
Lie underneath the cool breeze,  
What do you feel?  
Lie underneath everything that is holding you down,  
What do you have left?  
Lie underneath your life,  
How do you want to live it?

# Journal Fragments

by Amy Bsales

And from the firm grip of control we insist upon in the daylight, we must release our hold and slip slowly away...letting the wind carry us in the shadows into the ocean. Loosen as our muscles and our fear submit to the tide and its might, swathed in its warmth, its pulse. The whale's song lingering in our ears as we forget that we should be breathing. Nothing is real and everything is here, teaching us ourselves, moves which must be made, lies which must be broken. Love which must be resuscitated, must be announced. All these and many more are the lessons we let die...in a midsummer night's dream.

Though night, your eyes remain unimpaired as you take steady deliberate steps into a house grown from the earth. Its fallen leaves and verdant petals, so soft and warm under your feet, surround you and fill the little sanctuary with a scent reminiscent of a faded childhood memory. You will not see them, but they are there...in the air swelling in your chest, in the broken glass jars now womb to tulips and rosemary and mint which lay tossed aside long ago at your feet in the song of the whippoorwill far above your head...They are there, pieces of truth, of self, of realization wanting so desperately to be called out and accepted. They hide in fear of your always. So they wait and they wait, they grow and become more hopeful. Perhaps one day they will have their chance, one day recognition. In the beautiful corners of mind and nature they wait, to one day be brought to light. The earthen house may always be found by those who seek it...in a midsummer night's dream.



# **Shadow Dance**

by Lauren Bell



**[design]**

by Stephen Sabia



# Neighbors & Coyotes

by Nicholas D'Alessandro

Train whistle, train whistle, why do you make me so?  
You love me, love me,  
As a beacon of hope.

You're too far, I believe, to be of significance to me,  
But close enough yet,  
To interrupt my cigarette.

Sadly, madly, you split the night into two wilds,  
Persevering, steering yourself down the aisle,

Shaking, fingers breaking, from unrelenting cold,  
Seeking reconciliation, for a lover, half-ghost.

Outside, outside, the night seems so harmless,  
Its placid façade will render you dauntless.

Be wary, please be wary, while traveling this road,  
Of talkative neighbors, and howling coyotes.

Superstition, premonition, what could you be?  
Without fair warning, a lack of personality.

# Notes:



# [untitled]

by Jenna Gusterson



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