

maryland institute college of art
two-thousand five

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ten

student poetry journal

THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE TEN YEAR SERIES



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Maryland Institute College of Art
two-thousand five

A large, stylized version of the "TEN" logo. The "T" is very large and has a long, sweeping tail that curves under the "E". The word "TEN" is written in a smaller, similar font to the right of the "T".

student poetry journal

THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE TEN YEAR SERIES

“The most powerful weapon on earth is the human soul on fire.”

Ferdinand Foch

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Dedicated

In loving memory to Joseph Cardarelli: Revolutionary teacher, poet and spirit-at-large and the first MICA student poetry publication Juice!

TO THE PREVIOUS STUDENT EDITORS AND DESIGNERS WHO HAVE MOVED US FORWARD IN TIME

Timothy Faith founding editor of Vol.1

Francis Beving & Amy Whitcomb co-editors Vol II&III

Sara Perot & Robert Loh content organizers Vol II

Jeremy Lunguist chief editor Vol IV

Kirsten Savage & Justin Sirois staff Vol IV

Sujin Lee & Matthew Thomas co-editors Vol V

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Jeemin Kim senior editor Vol IX

Heather Nidowicz, Gina Romano, Rachel Chapman, Myung Jung editorial staff Vol IX

Ashley Carter Designer Vol IX

Fire Ten is also dedicated to the more than 300 student poets who have had their work in Fire since its first issue more than 10 years ago. May their work burn ever more brightly in the greater world!

A SPECIAL THANKS TO THE PEOPLE WHO PRINTED THIS VOLUME OF FIRE

Baltimore Color Plate
1030 Cromwell Bridge Road
Towson, Maryland 21286
410.823.9300



a dedication

THE Ten

Richard Kalter

IN LOVING MEMORY of our beloved friend, teacher, and philosopher in residence at the Maryland Institute College of Art for twenty-five years.



UNTITLED *Richard Kalter*

Stillness like the calming spell that a wintry day of snow
sifts on the furtive urban landscape falls gently on my own
enlivened spirit.

I reflect in the warmth of surging energy that fills the
bones and marrow of this body remembering how my once kinetic
rush swept me to this passive moment of illusive rest.

I feel a dream wide awake within me; a pulse of ebullient
power that will not let me go, and I am alive now in the
lively stuff of life itself.

This kindled fire of life, born from the obscurity of
repeated unreflected motion, ignites in open light a
spectacle of myriad echoing images dancing to the ecstasy of time.
The science of movement becomes the art of rhythmic cadence,
and I hold within myself a birth of images that will not be contained
in this lively life of life itself.

The graceful lilt of flowing sequence meets the abrupt and
lightning flash, and I'm aware of tempo, beat and step.

The gesturing rhythm paints the atmosphere with tuneful
brush - restless and alluring filled with starts and stops,
before, behind; cause and change; ups and downs and even
soft and loud - all mixing in a score of movement and the
inkling of an unmoved ground.

I thought my nerves were frayed within the hectic clash
as eye and ear were tumbled in the din of unrelated fragments of
my ride.

But no: now it's clear my nerves were rather humming
and I perceive that stirring resonance spiriting my own
glad heart.

If rhythm is a poet's spark
and kin to the random ordered mystery moving everything that is,
Then may the viewer's gaze embrace the energy of life
as a new-found friend
enabling the heart to skip a beat and dance.

TESTIMONY *Chezia Thompson-Cager*
(because Richard Kalter liked this poem)

“By my life be I spirit”*
Forged in the likeness of a God
who made me from the
EARTH, WIND, FIRE, and WATER
flowing through a rib from Adam
sculptured to hold the rhythm of the universe
within the vessel of a Wooman.

“By my heart be I Wooman”*
Chanting through the cycles of
work and pain that give us the power to name God

Preacher Wooman’s Heart
wailing on a corner in Babylon
singing solitary Blues
to Nyame who calls you
to walk in Jesus’ steps
Be perfect Wooman
by His commandments
to follow Him
Be perfect Wooman
on the strength of His promise
that it is possible to
“Walk in the LIGHT - Beautiful LIGHT”
Where the winds that blew
your thoughts to pieces remake you

Where the waves shall
 obey your will - Peace Be Still
 as it echoes in
Olodumare's language voice
 summoning the joy of the ancients
 who whisper wisdom to us
 when we are willing to answer their call.

The Book of Enoch says
 There are angels to test- angels to help - angels to make a joyful noise.

Walking the earth
 Twelve for the twelve that got sent to Hell
 Eight for the eight that got there late
 Four for the four that stood at the door
 of TIME to do battle with EVIL
 In the name of the Children of God
 Till the Second Coming frees us all.

“By my eyes be I open”*
 Here on this piece of Earth
 We all stand transfixed
 on the beginning of a tomorrow
 we shall not see
 as we push for the Promised Land
 Transfixed in position on the wings of
 Jade Dragon and Golden Phoenix

whose example of warriors fighting back to back
to protect a pearl called
THE SOUL OF HUMANITY
comes to us in the doctrine
of HUMAN BEINGS from THE GREAT SPIRIT of the Sky
who transmutes our future into the multi-technicolors
of THE CROSS IN MOTION
Not a Dead Christ
But an Arisen Savior
singing enchantations
back to us across the room where we must learn
to listen - even in our difficult voices
where we bow to no man's word

listen here - where a man of unknown origin
calls your name
softly

listen here - where you stand a witness
to the power of THE WORD
to free us

listen here - where you stand a pilgrim
to the task of holding on
to our faith

listen here - where you boldly sing a warrior's song
of a coming victory
in the desolate landscape
 holding the blood of a child
 in one hand
 and the virgin olive oil of baptism
 in the other

Singing

*“By my hands be I whole”**

* song lyrics from *Testimony* by Sweet Honey in the Rock

WAR RENGA

by The Intermediate Poetry Workshop Fall 2004

Chezia Thompson Cager, Instructor

Lia Purpura, Poet in Residence for Class

It's that time to drink again
And to drink the cold away
Will make you feel warm

Parties that forget
Justice that neglects the thread
Fabrics against us

Rules kept from dead time
What does history rest on?
Back into pattern

Green like the grasses
My eyes scan the horizon
Searching for answers

Dragged on long, decide
In all set chairs and aligned
Get up, draw the line

In my grip trembling
Green absentee pencil
Sealed now sent I sit

Hold up navy blue
Try to smile and shake my hand
Kiss your wife not me

Soldiers are dying
I never asked for a fight
Who can keep me home?

The blood of ages
Sings and I think my friend knows
What is big, heart-felt



The sovereign hand
Master of his master's land
Unites no one to stand

Tuesday brings new hope
As mothers and soldiers shout
This war is over

Curtained iron door
Light filtered through its seams
Breaking news cracks

We clap hands with
Each others hands outstretching
Space we could not have

This is our freedom
Breeding animosity
Father against son

Beyond what we see
Understanding through bias
Passion lingers here

Question all things
Never left one side take all
Vote with right info

You is real smart
You win all debates, but
You is catholic

You're the patriot
Plant loyalties in your taxes
Suffer Collection

Jorge invented this state
Invented to create darkness
Jorge created sins and forgot to invent forgiveness

Damned if you do, or
Damned if you don't vote for him
So lets all move south

Bullshit Bullshit lies
Fucking Bullshit lies likes lies
Lies Fucking Bullshit

FREEDOM TONKA

arranged by Thomas Smith and Caroline Cecil

written by The Intermediate Poetry Workshop Fall 2004

Chezia Thompson Cager, Instructor

The land of the free
full of Fear, Greed, and Hatred
Buying what is sold
Consume what is not their own
America not my home.

Pride which keeps us safe
Full of hopes and many dreams
Land where one gets free
Take that hope and lift it high
We are graced to be it to

Proud Americans
Stand up to all their slander
Let's go out and fight
Once again rowdy and free
The savage brawling Yankees

Dig into my roots
looking for compassion
seeing the danger
to want to kill to conquer
I will always be digging

Everywhere else
Nothing ever quite the same
Mayonnaise on fries?
This never happens at home
Back there ketchup reigns supreme

Mountain tops abound
With little gardens in yards
And the shores caress
Our hopes of infinite skies
Where our endless freedoms lie

Pipes shine silver
Fireworks black crack away
No more Intranets
The Texas tea be drinking
Thick black and smoking high

I love hot dogs and
Macaroni and cheese and
home made apple pie
stripes and stars will soon be MARS
Bush said so, so that is that

We people are too priveleged
kids die & cry pie
We Americans are hungry
feed me Democracy now

We are divided
Half our voice muffled in soup
Kitchens, Cubicles,
by the shouts of guns, children.
We are more than men in suits

Bad or no credit
its guarenteed or its free
special financing
zero percent apr
free for you and cheap for them

Without hair with wings
With a present and no president
With pain and no aspirin
Breast-less with silicone
A voice and no microphone

America has rats
I run from them at sun-down
How they speak to me
and ask me for my spare change
In newspaper sheets, they sleep

Brainwashed by image
We trust the television
All sitting alone
United by lit boxes
Blind to interdependence

We're in it they said
Hey every one we're in
you, me, Sam, her, him
There is money on my knees
Can you hold this bag for us

Yes, American
con ya, con ya, con ya, OH!
oh, Americant
love ya, love ya, love ya, or
understand ya, at all: BOOM!

All my information
Filtered and siphoned into
Pretty packages
My voice is unnecessary
My government speaks for me

Look at me, love me
Yearning for your approval
Attention seeking
Stardust under my eyelids
Tell me who I really am

In little places
My name means much to many
In little cities
What is beyond the surround
is Becoming all around

AN INTRODUCTION : THE PAST TEN YEARS OF FIRE

The Fire series is a time capsule of emotion in its purest literary form -- poetry. It is a historical progression written by real artists with real concerns, influenced by their respective realities. From 1995 on, a new volume of the Fire series has been compiled each year, keeping the spirit of artist-writers at MICA alive. Fire Ten is the final installment of original poetry in the series, bringing the publication through a full decade of creative writing. This is the version of history that is remembered by the people who experience it, rather than by those who attempt to comprehend it in hindsight.

Viewing the poets' reactions to their contemporary lifestyles a decade later, a new dimension can be added to what one knows as meaning in literature. Time is the fourth dimension, and how it enhances an audience's evaluation of work. It is certainly apparent that even though subject matter is similar over the course of ten years of artists writing, words' moods tend to indicate time periods in which they were written. Poetry about relationships and human interaction has been produced by the poets from the first volume to the last, being a major issue in the lives of college age students. Each book's poetry, however, indicates a different focus on these subjects, with more experience and knowledge of societal influences as time progresses. With each year, another 365 days of history is created to

educate and engage the Fire poets. Having experienced and learned from these histories, points of view of the modern artist inevitably morph into distinct lenses through which readers can see and truly know their worlds.

Each book in the Fire series is a compilation of thoughts regarding every poet's artistic, social, and intellectual experiences. To look back at writing produced during the last ten years, one can understand how crucial these experiences were for the writers when considering the historical and social contexts surrounding them. In books written prior to "Y2K," poems feel questioning, sometimes untrusting of the world and the near future's events. Closer to the new millennium, the writing becomes anxious in its expression, spewing more raw emotion forth through words, and the year 2000 finally arrives, the poets seem to become more aggressive, revitalizing their rights to free speech.

Fire Volume I, the inaugural edition of the collection, intimately chronicles the thoughts of its poets. It can be likened to storytelling, with a group of colleagues sitting around telling tales of life, love, and personal beliefs in a sort of Canterbury Tales manner. The areas of discussion here lead readers deep into the backs of the writers' minds, telling tales of themselves that no one else could. Timothy Faith reveals stream of consciousness descriptions, while Kirk Frankfurth's translates dramatic, daydream scenarios. Bob Lohr recognizes the major concerns of present-day social society, yet also brings them into a personal context by showing his lack of concern for them. The work in Fire I speaks very much

about transitions in changing times, fitting as the mid-nineties were a period in history when people looked forward toward the 21st century.

Just a year later, Fire Volume II poets took their poetry in a different direction, looking in on social situations and relationships from the outside, rather than becoming characters in their stories. These works utilized careful observation and analysis of social encounters to relay their messages, using the power of the witness to express themselves. As the poets see what is happening in their relationships, they evaluate them, thus giving the experiences value separate from that of the emotional. Tracey Beale analyzes the implications of human nature, and critiques our reactions to common stimuli. Jennifer Kalis, however, draws attention to the overlooked details of human error, which in some way, always leave behind a residual history of the event.

Fire Volume III prepares its readers for the future, looking at the past to foster predictions of forthcoming events. The poets are looking ahead to what may be, what dreams may become a reality, as they analyze the actions of modern society. Timothy Faith, although aware of the trials and tribulations of civilization, lives up to his name by sticking to the convictions he holds dear in hopes for coming times. Benjamin Hill immerses readers deeper into the analytical mind of an artist with allegorical images driving his insights for the impending turn of the century. Fire III is very much telling of the anxiety surrounding the poets in a hesitant and doubtful culture.

In Fire Volume IV, the artists are holding onto the raw nature of poetry, valuing what they know as real and true. Rather than anticipate the future, these poets celebrate and embrace the past; what they have experienced before and what they take comfort in sharing their thoughts about. David Grossman writes to people who played a role in previous relationships, and looks back to better times. He reminds us that although times evolve, we can stay the same person we were years ago. Noella Natalino expresses her yearning for a lover who is now gone, reminiscing of events past, and the emotion that such memories conjure. Even though it is evident that an uncertain future is not part of her most desired wishes, she still provides hope to her unattainable dreams.

The expressions brought forth through Fire Volume V's poetry are fiery bursts of the artists' realities. At the beginning of a new millennium, these poets exude the confidence to uncork their once bottled emotions. It is as if they were holding their breaths, waiting to discover what changes may have occurred from entering a new era. When unleashed, these thoughts are explosive, and among the first ideas to be expressed in the 21st century. Roman Salcic's work is a reminder that what we value in our personal thoughts rule over what is expected of us as a society. He shows his readers that what they search for their whole lives may have been found inside each one of them all along. The verse of Kamrooz Aram reveals his experiences thus far with a powerful, rhythmic overview of life's realities. Aram's work truly "tells it like it is," with a fresh, unapologetic attitude. The writers of Fire Volume V attest to life in a new

era, seeing it with wider eyes and more critical minds. Their assertive, even aggressive, approach to poetry conveys a freshness, a readiness for the new generation.

The strong narrative qualities of the poems in Fire Volume VI support their content as that of a “new history.” It is a jumpstart into a world where writers take command of what they deem important, and communicate this to their deserving audiences. Jason Broadhead leads us on a rollercoaster ride of emotions, as his unconscious, real-time dreams become a personal historical account right before our eyes. Alyssa Poole contributes by confronting the “Commander of Thought” in her poem, questioning that which is questioned. She reveals a cycle of closed-minded thinking, and gives her readers a point from which to begin to break down their own cycles, starting anew.

The foundations of the poets’ thoughts, beliefs, and merits are exposed in the Fire 7 poems. It is evident through their language and subject choice that the same stimuli that affect the poets’ everyday values are the ones that also direct their writing styles. Genevieve Elena Zarnowski displays so much influence from her personal life in her work, revealing memories of an old friend. The lasting impressions of her subject are the grounds for which she builds the poem’s form as well as tone. Lara Marcantonio’s sarcastic critique of a mainstream magazine’s superficial message discloses to her readers her own opposing opinions, from which she develops her worldview.

The poetry in Fire 8 examines evidence of the past, present, and future, in both concrete and abstract forms. With the help of the artists as

witnesses, readers discover the true experiences and motivations of their work. Katherine Cannistra's diary entry-like series is an example of this, a recording of everything she faced, with personal reflections. Her first-hand accounts give clues to discovering her poetry in the everyday. Michele Nichols, however, digs deep into her subjects' psyches to provide us with the real stories behind her characters. Her work becomes a reality to readers, who cannot help but to believe it as non-fiction, for the descriptions of these characters' thoughts are so reminiscent of testimonial evidence.

As *Fire 9* was written in 2004, poets are extremely aware of their surroundings in personal and social contexts. Experiences living in a time and place where people are so divided in their views are so abundant in the poems, whether they are good, bad, or indifferent. Rachel Chapman comments on the system of social class in America, and what is considered to be "normal" in a world where gaps between the highest and lowest classes are ever growing. She challenges how we live and what we accept in our modern environment. Miranda Girard also points out issues surrounding the American people in her poetry. She recounts the past in order to predict the future, forcing her readers to be aware of the social implications of war.

Fire Ten, the last installment of the decade-long series, explores the idea of identity in all of its forms. These poets ask themselves what it means to be them, to be another person, to be another object. Jordan Sanford gives his definition of what it is to be a poet, and what it is to be a poem. Not only does his work promote his self-expression, but it is also a way for him to reach out and educate readers simply by recounting the many ways he once described a poet's identity. Ingrid Sanchez uses descriptive, sensory

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imagery to tell us not just how a worker looks or feels, but truly how one exists. In this existence, we find the real character of an individual, especially one that is found in a work-driven society such as that of today.

Over the ten years that the Fire series has been ignited, it is amazing to see the progression of thinking and responding from various artists who were essentially set in the same surroundings at different times. We as current inhabitants of these surroundings are very fortunate to have been able to experience all of these perspective worldviews as readers, thanks to the devoted writers and editors who felt Fire important enough to pass on over the course of a decade. This kind of legacy is power, as every book is a tribute to, and a sincere inspiration to artist-writers at MICA and elsewhere. Tremendous congratulations to every poet who was featured in the Fire series, for these books will always hold a special place in the hearts of its loyal readers.

GINA ROMANO CO-EDITOR



GWENDOLYN BROOKS: She is the author of more than twenty books of poetry for which she received the Pulitzer Prize. She also received an American Academy of Arts and Letters award, the Frost Medal, and a National Endowment for the Arts award, the Shelley Memorial Award, and fellowships from The Academy of American Poets and the Guggenheim Foundation.



LUCIEN CARR: Lucien Carr, a muse and catalyst of the “beat generation” who brought Jack Kerouac together with other writers to spark a counterculture revolution. He brought together the “Beat Generation” of low-life poets, writers and drug-takers when he introduced Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg to each other in 1943.

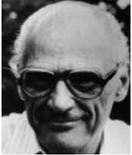


RAY CHARLES: Ray Charles has the distinction of being both a national treasure and an international phenomenon. He started out from humble beginnings to find himself a global entity. Years later he was the musician most responsible for developing soul music.



CLARENCE MAJOR: Among his many honors and awards are a Western States Book Award for Fiction, a Pushcart Prize, a Fulbright Fellowship, and a National Council on the Arts Fellowship. Clarence Major is professor of English and Creative Writing at the University of California, Davis.

in memoriam



ARTHUR MILLER : With his plays *The Crucible* and *The Death of a Salesman*, he has enriched the Broadway stage for several decades. Although Miller's dramas take place in familial settings, he has made a reputation for dealing with contemporary political and moral issues.



CZESŁAW MIŁOSZ Polish-American author, translator and critic, who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1980. Miłosz's poetry and essays are a mixture of autobiographical confessions dealing with the effects of exile, religious or metaphysical fragments, historical and literary analyses. Acclaimed as a Catholic poet, Miłosz has also a strong pantheist element in his work.



BERNARD STONE : He was a prominent and enduringly popular figure on the London literary scene. He provided the catalyst for numerous friendships between the writers and artists who attended the regular parties held in his various bookshops.



HUNTER THOMPSON Hunter Stockton Thompson, who coined the term “gonzo journalism” to describe the unique and furiously personal approach to reportage exemplified in his 1972 book “Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas”.

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

One of the first aesthetic principals we learn in art school is the use of warm and cool colors. Warm shadow, cool shadows, warm highlights and cool highlights, and everything in between are varying levels of the two. They blend in a perfect cocktail that leaves you drunkenly staring into another world of depth and vibrancy on a two dimensional surface.

It's been scientifically proven that certain colors can influence ones mood and feelings. When we perceive warm colors like bright red and yellow, our blood pressure is elevated, our minds stimulated; while cool colors like green and blue lowers our blood pressure, sending endorphins to our brains, relaxing us, calming us. As artists we've known this all along, and we manipulate our artwork to induce these symptoms in our viewers, showing them a different world, not so far off from their own.

Whether it be fine art, music, dance, literature or any other creative endeavor, an understanding of human emotions is essential. The artist utilizes them to communicate to the individual, and the masses.

a letter

We are all so unique; going through various situations all at once, our minds confined to our single body, and through out life, we are alone. Indeed, communication is all we have to feel a connection with our fellow living creatures. Whether through touch or scent, actions or words, paintings or sonnets, we all communicating with one another on many levels. Although we have gone through a wide spectrum of experiences over the centuries, I very much doubt that human emotions have changed in the thousands of years that we have existed. When we light a flame today, we probably don't think share the same thoughts as the cavemen, but we still share the same warm feeling.

In this final installment of the Fire series, we as art students express our observations of the world around us through writing, as we do in our art. The love, the hate, the simple things in life, and the more complicated; we take it all in, and give it back to you filtered through our own experiences. In reading this book, I hope it will inspire you to look at your own life, the complex world we live in today; and I hope it will bring you comfort in knowing that through all of the trials and triumphs of the human race, we all desire the same basic things, we are all one. Thank you for reading, and enjoy!

RACHEL CHAPMAN, SENIOR EDITOR



Fire ten

ten chapters of poetry

THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE TEN YEAR SERIES

“ Write with your eyes like painters, with your ears like musicians,
with your feet like dancers. You are the truth-sayers with quill and torch.
Write with your tongue on fire.”

Gloria Anzaldua



CHAPTER
one

“Art is the elimination of the unnecessary”

Pablo Picasso





THE MUSE *Dustin O'Hara*

The song of a cow bird.
 The lust of a nation.
 In the name of peace,
 or the muse of a landscape.
 A feeling of humility,
 like a cool spring brook.
 The hope of a break,
 for a quick shadowy nap.
 The light flickers, and
 shapes change value.
 The leaves in spring.
 A long winter's hope.
 Nature's true camouflage,
 and a map of its history.
 Blue and Yellow's promise
 of life beyond the primaries.

MAWFS *Brandon Blackwell*

Old and withered
 their wrinkles tell tales
 tales of their wisdom
 their struggles and tails

The MAwfs were all fuzzy
 and pretty and warm
 until age took their fur
 no longer to perm

On MAwfday they dance
 And giggle and glee
 Twirling their wigs
 The day their hair free

HEIRLOOM *Nicole Mosely*

🔥 *Second Place Winner of Fire Ten Poetry Contest*

The accumulation of time
Is as unapparent
As the gradual gathering of dust
On a grandfather's cherished table.

Threaded in a tenuous web
Of weddings, and dinners,
Laughing babies and serious sisters
Ensuring the preservation of stories untold.

The undecipherable language,
Molded chair linguistics.
We are carelessly constructed
From elements void of meaning.

Do your commercial fallacies
Remind you of your mother's cheekbones,
The smell of weathered mahogany
Emitting from cracked drawers?

Our synthetic memories
Upon closer examination
Are nothing more
Than mass-produced instructions.

ASLEEP (ORANGE IS THE WAY) *Thomas Smith*

Orange is the way I am
 when I roll
 over in the sheets of another
 open to him in the whitest way

And orange I am
 when I laugh in the sun
 with my toes in the grass
 and tomorrow in truth

How orange am I
 asleep thinking of you
 In a dream of a park
 so clear and so clean

PALETTE *Chat Travieso*

🔥 *Fire Ten Poetry Contest Finalist*

Crisp, cold, cobalt Blue,
a Christian conservative crystallized Blue
calculating, calibrating, he's quietly conforming his moves.
He's a clean, constructive, clicking-clock Blue
whose concentrated eyes constrict a close by tint of rouge.

Sitting savagely up ahead
assertively signs the scarlet Red.
Her seductive stare's as toxic as lead.
Stunning, saturated silken Red,
she slowly stands and speaks and says...

"Little light passive Yellow
Languidly lying there so dreadfully mellow,
Lantern lemon, linoleum Yellow
Loosen up, and live a little."

"HIS WORDS" *Koye Berry*

Polished stones.
Sparkling-sun-fucked
Lakewater,

Fishless and otiose.
I heard them once fromm the Passmans' dock,
Moving on to nowhere.

EYES OF INDIA *Ingrid Sanchez*

To forget India
 Is to forget the eyes of someone who was once discovered
 And yet who unravels her own image
 To forget India
 Is to erase the sounds of the sea in a delta
 You are an open port
 A river
 A river that seems impossible to navigate
 A river in which I will arrive
 Into your seas
 Into your distant Eyes of India
 Where soon your land will feel my warmth
 The Eyes of India secret in my eyes
 Sacred
 Sacramental in every phrase
 In every moment I have pronounced you.



CHAPTER
two

“Poetry is enthusiasm with wings of fire;
it is the angel of high thoughts, that inspires us
with the power of sacrifice.”

Mazzini





FOOLS *Robin Weinert*

To jump off the Rickenbauer causeway
 With a storm on the horizon
 Is a foolish act
 Water black
 And churning like death
 The fools jump in
 And swim in place
 'till the sea wall
 Comes closer
 And we pull each other up
 Through barnacles
 And brag over our bleeding legs

THRIFT STORE *Josh Bales*

With all the choices
 At the thrift store
 What flannel do I choose
 With red and green
 And blue and black
 I really cannot lose
 And if I wanted something else
 A record or a tape
 I might not make it out alive
 My soul the store will take.

CHOBES TOO *Brandon Blackwell*

Twas the land of the Chobes
Where the first Marf threw
A javelin of fear
Forged by the Marf Forges of Roo

It Struck hard
Killing one two three
Of delightful chobes
Whom thought they were free

The marfs marched in
And took out the gate
The chobes watched with tears
As the clock struck eight

Their chobecars their chobeplanes
And even their klazoos
Were destroyed by the Marfs
From the Marflands of Roo

DIET PIE *Rachel K. Therres*

she eats meat
for breakfast lunch dinner

chicken bits in morning
steak pies for dessert

she cuts them into
apple shapes
molds meat loaf
into bread

her chocolates taste like
meatballs

she cuts her longing out in sausage
slicing the skin,
trimming the side

so she will eat meat

ham jelly beans
mutton pastry
pork chop potatoes.

MISTER *Yaeri Song*

look up
he said just look up
and you'll see clouds that remind you
of the soft foam on your morning coffee
but mister i don't drink coffee
but mocha blasts and caramel lattes
and other three dollar euphemisms
that bind me to communist adolescence
where i'll waddle forever
so i'll never be an office girl or soccer mom
but that's ok i'm claustrophobic anyway
but don't indulge me in the ephemeral
when all i see is synthesis
so the next time someone offers me a shot
i'll pity myself knowing that
i can't even take my coffee straight up.

COUNTDOWN (TO RELAXATION) *Rachel Chapman*

The countdown was posted
 on the bathroom door today.
 The final paper
 the final piece
 Critiquing our passions
 wringing out our minds
 we've befriended the moon
 pledged allegiance to our coffee
 in order to prove our convictions
 and the countdown
 stares back at us
 and says
 it will all be over soon.

THE DEMONSTRATION *Kate Stevens*

🔥 *Fire Ten Poetry Contest Finalist*

He holds the balloon to his mouth and blows,
until it is the size of his fist.
And nonchalantly designs the universe
with felt tip marker galaxies.
Through more breath
the sphere swells,
the galaxies stretch
and slip away from one another.

He pinches the balloon closed with nimble fingers
holding it in the spotlight for the audience to see.
The demonstration now over,
he loosens his hand

letting the balloon exhale.

and moves on

While I sit
still staring at the universe, now
a small withered afterthought.





CHAPTER three

“Creativity arises out of the tension between spontaneity and limitations, the latter (like the river banks) forcing the spontaneity into the various forms which are essential to the work of art or poem.”

Rollo May





GARDEN WALK *Ann Fortune*

A younger version of me
 climbs slippery, sticky egresses
 escaping secret
 city gardens locked within apartment walls

Howling out to other little girls
 jumping rope
 double dutch flippity- smack- flop
 lacing their knees with new scrapes

Onward to interview newer
 kinder
 mothers
 outfitted in beaming maternal glows

Questioning other pretty children
 as itsy bitsy spiders
 climbed up waterspouts

Yesternight's
 bad dreams still haunting my memories of daddy's
 fall

ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE *Jo Anne Moore*

Sisters
Brothers
Let
The
Groove Slide.
Let
That
Revolutionary dance
called
Jes Grew*
Hit you hips
and work its way
through your fingertips.
Jive
Cool
Sweet
and Out of sight
let
that
Swiiiiing
Creep through you with all its might.
And when you're done
let
those
legs stride.
Flip it over
and
Give me five
On the Black Hand side.

*Jes Grew: Taken from *Mumbo Jumbo* by Ishmael Reed, this dance term Jes Grew is associated with a cultural breakthrough for blacks that sweeps through places like New Orleans and Harlem during the 1920's

GREATEST TOOL *Rachel Chapman*

Your smooth rounded edges
 makes my bewildering eyes glaze
 The fruit of knowledge
 is that what you are?
 The world is your worshippers
 who fill in the empty bites
 the school children marvel
 graphic designers swoon
 for just one taste of your powerful juice
 but all I see is doom.
 The bits the bytes
 flying over my head
 to them, you mean progression
 to me, you mean confusion
 and yet we all must taste you
 half eaten, forbidden fruit,
 it boggles the mind.

TRYING TO REACH THE SKY *Chris Paprocki*

I've got to clean out and leave.

Beat with myself, I walk into live music
And scattered people.

I Pace past activity with viewers in cheers,
Then tricked myself
Back to good feelings.

Just to uproot them on later days.

When will my slate be dry and clean surfaced?
Though, It is never as bad as bad can be
I just dump shame all over me.

And In a turning of sights I find only few
That are common with my conversing.

As though from rooftops empty I am
Shouting, from the ground,

I am trying to reach the sky.

PEAR *Miranda Girard*

 *Fire Ten Poetry Contest Finalist*

He carved the pear with a knife, carefully
 spooned the jelly to his mouth cooed as he
 let nectar sail the arch of his tongue,
 mold to the bone of his teeth.

He ate it quietly, eased
 knife into flesh,
 pulled veins dry,
 skinned its many limbs,
 slurped sandpaper scars,
 carved a carcass of bulging seed,
 loose-eyed stem,
 gaping gut.

Left air to gnaw the remains with its forked brown tongue.
 Longed for more longed for flesh
 hefty flesh, round
 moon flesh of women's stomachs
 hilly summer snow bellies cold to touch warmed to kisses,
 double layered
 cake scent reminiscent of a pear.

NO TITLE *Jason Colvin*

My mind infringed impurities
Hap hazardous dignity
Words superimposed metaphors for metaphors
Entrapment in dead hands
Morality is reality
Memorization embedded in a land of stupidity I speak
Seeing faceprinted abandonment
Monolithic insecurities asking
What is normalcy

TOW ZONE *Caroline Cecil*

 *Fire Ten Poetry Contest Finalist*

I am tempted to park where it is not permitted.
Quiet night, pitch lot,
Roll my Cadillac into the slight spot
Park, placed permanently on the pavement.

Upon my rapid return the cubicle is clear
Fear wells up from stomach to tongue
Mind dumb, finger numb I dial the Tow Zone phone

Soon the checker man approaches
He coos a lengthy complaint of the city's policy
Together we wind out of the lights and into the dark
Streets narrow and twist
Trees bleak, grass weak surround this sinister road
Double black diamond slopes compare

Rare smooth ground
 Dancing around potholes
 We drive.

In one slick swerve potholes turn to gravel travel
 My eyes jolt out of the taxicab window
 Woven metal walls cage broken boats
 Tire upon tire stacked high in barbed wire
 Trash converses with the thick, fearing air
 Environmental aura birthed in tar
 A sick, sticky place soaked in negativity

From a wood board shack
 A cheap fluorescence seeps out
 The only light in sight
 In one swift lift I release the door
 And, behind the bulletproof glass
 I see her.

Angry, tired, alone she sits
 In it for the money honey
 Cash only she demands
 Handing over the green feels filthy
 As if I am paying off an illegal acquaintance

Cadillac, freshly uncaged, feels frigid
 We both move slowly in a bleak tremble
 Sniffing the night air.



CHAPTER four

“Writing is not like painting where you add.
It is not what you put on the canvas that the reader sees.
Writing is more like a sculpture where you remove,
you eliminate in order to make the work visible.
Even those pages you remove somehow remain.”

Elie Wiesel





THE OLD PAPER FACTORY *Jo Cosgrove*

I put my hand on a cold radiator
 and spit out the heat it didn't give me
 I went back to an autumn night
 trains shrieking through
 bridges and bleeding night lights
 all straining to walk on water
 and the face of someone talking into their hands
 the caramelized expression of a smile on a canvas
 and in between there was a sense of a circular circuitry
 Wheels invading space and so on...revolving
 Even back past the hazes of concrete giants
 grumbling and moaning in grating keys
 through the discard yards where we overturn puddles
 and scavenge for things asleep
 in the mud.
 It's beyond the reasons why
 I lavish in this
 The time when we're pirates
 seeking the pulp of the night

MY DEFINITION (I USED TO BE A POET) *Jordan Sanford*

🔥 *Fourth Place Winner of Fire Ten Poetry Contest*

I used to be a poet

back in the days
where new words were a part
of a well balanced breakfast
back when vernacular, content
and context met at a vertex
that I called self

back when shadows moved in darkness
and danced the dance of the day
calling themselves human-
wishing the sun would, come out and play

I used to be a poet

I used to mix words into complex elixirs,
serums to save souls, healing wounds
and bandage blisters

I used to be a song bird,
who sang thru closed doors-
bound by brick and mortar
I used to sing

I used to be a poet

before the fire in my mind was extinguished-
and my inner dialogue relinquished
its hold on my thoughts
this is when the epiphany

hit me like Dorothy's ton-a-bricks
hit that western wicked witch

we live in a world of exhausted definitions-
so what does it mean to be a poet
as this age comes into fruition

Cuz see- alotta yall don't know it but poetry
is just a series of eloquently abridged dictionaries
that articulate a particular theme
that tell a certain story
that stirs that certain something in the sea of our
souls
that something that we didn't think we could handle
but when boldly articulated and aptly punctuated
you can unwrap this spark of verbal energy
and suck on it for hours like hard candy

it is the duty of the poets of this generation
to decide with their words what defines them
and express this definition through action
cuz a definition ain't nothing but another poem
waiting to be uncaged- upset at the fact that
not only is there no ground to stand on
they don't even have legs

so until your words grow appendages
and crawl out of your head
in the middle of day dreaming
or when you're laying in bed

don't call your self a Poet
be the evolving definition instead.

THE WORKER *Ingrid Sanchez*

🔥 *First Place Winner of Fire Ten Poetry Contest*

Kissed like last morning
Closed his fence
Crossed the parking lot in a dragging walk
Jumped on his truck like an engine
The wind blows as the sun rises
Labor begins
Placed solid furnitures
Magic strength
Eyes filled with cement and tears
Rested as if it was Saturday
Drank water as if he was drowning
Laughed as if he was listening to a joke
Tripped as if he was tired
Floated on air like a bird
Landed on his bed like a flat package
Agonized on the gated community
Died as traffic
Loved us as if we were one
Opened his fence
Crossed the parking lot in a tiring walk
Jumped on his truck like furniture
The wind stops blowing as the heat rises
Labor ends
Placed magic furniture
Eyes filled with cement and traffic
Drank water like an engine
Rested like a prince
Laughed like the person next to him

Floated like Saturday
Tripped like music
Landed on his bed like a hidden package
Agonized on the drowning community
Died as a street

Loved and kissed like a machine
Gave us a logic kiss
Placed flat furnitures
Rested like a bird
Landed on his bed like a tired package
Died as saturday

BIRDIES *Ben Turner*

Operas soar forwards
Neal and Standy Deal,
Write me a song.

Standy Deal wrote for end-amount
Of time space

Forwards road the star cruise
Lapsteal in hand
Neal swoopily held his space
In the dark and on the floor.

Standy Deal what a man,
Dark stash trim up straight like the French.

Colonial Neal swoopily
Washed the way for the Frenchery
They rose their voices to the open
Sound of the millions of Frenchy
Men and Women and the chorus of the
World around the French Empire

The winds of evaporation dealt the position with
Care,
Make the noise hear the ears
Of the world.

LONGING ISOLATION *Jason Colvin*

Natural guts defeat natural talent
 back to the old stomping grounds
 a Van Gogh yellow sun
 burns the back of my neck
 I get Abe Lincoln stares
 the one eyed man tells me the time
 a ball player's head bounces
 while the mermaid smiles in pink neon
 the colonel with the top hat stare off into space
 as crabs turn wrenches,
 rhinos laugh at dusty keys
 and the mouse jiggles his jewels
 a crow pecks at my brain
 my turtle continues to hold its own
 some one quotes the bohemian rhapsody
 under a pool of beer
 a plane crashes into my ankle
 as I stare into the red eye of an olive
 the befeater chokes on the chicken bone
 the life boats call my name
 as hard hat camels catch fish
 I fumble with words
 Hanging around for nothing
 Refusing to go with the rest
 I struggle to stay alone

THIS NEW LIGHT *Caroline Cecil*

Glare of your diamond finger
Slices into my eye
Shining loss into my soul

Your Lifschitz lapel, with starched collar, speaks of conformity
Retell your days of experimental fashion
To flood this new flash on your finger
Shining a recycled light

Mother, is this white blonde beauty suffocating your true self?
Unleash the red head fast approaching her death bed.





CHAPTER five

“You write to communicate to the hearts and
minds of others what’s burning inside you.
And we edit to let the fire show through the smoke.”

Arthur Polotnik





STORM WITHIN *Dominick Taylor*

I'm A beast Motherfucker
 I Create and destroy when I feel like it
 I have no name
 All that's left is for you to feel my reign
 I am stubborn but when I appear you will
 Feel my pain
 I guess what's left to gain
 Is to be showered with my rain
 I'm full with fluffy dark interpretations
 Bursts of light determining hand gestures
 Fingers of directional light paths turn
 The upside down sea to a bright streaming
 Purple glow leaving traces never to be measured
 Everyone and everything hears me
 My presence is to be felt
 If I strike you once the only thing you'll need is help
 I start off first as a whisper
 Then as a mumble
 And then louder I'm tired of this shit
 I'm tired of being humble
 A loud supersonic crash echoes everywhere
 Claiming its form
 Respect me damn it for I am a storm.

KILLING ME *Miranda Girard*

All I need to breathe
Is a shovel and a pitchfork.
I'll hack a ditch
Dug and done with care
Tugged and tunneled
To fit the bare
Of a bitch's skin.
I'll kill you sleeping when
Night wears thin.
Drag you through the
Twigs – leach leaves licking
Your dented heels.
And when I'm through,
I'll rest my head
On your pillow,
Heat my legs in your sheets
And think of what you'll do
To punish me
Tomorrow.

JUST ANOTHER *Jordan Sanford*

I'm just another
 Mid-town street beater
 Downtown bird feeder
 Suburban squad leader
 Shanty-town mob leader
 Wall Street paper reader

Just another
 Untied lace sneaker
 Drug dealer blown up beeper
 Herder of counted sheep sleepers
 The burner under your beaker
 The bass that breaks your speakers
 The strength God sent to the weaker

Just another soul seeker
 Looking for that truth making feature
 In the children of the world
 And all of God's creatures

The name's Just Another
 It was really nice to meet cha'

UNTITLED *Lauren Ayala*

“I’ll tan your hide”
“I’ll slap that smile right off your face”
“I’ll slap you silly”
“I’ll feed you a knuckle sandwich”
“I’ll knock your teeth down your throat”
“I’ll beat your brains out”
“I’ll knock you into next week”
“I gave you life and I can take it away”

UNDECIDED LEGION *Ingrid Sanchez*

Braced or not, we are equal arms
Armed or not, we are soldiers
Lost with guns in our hands
Practicing old practices that were taught in school
To pledge and live for the nation, and to live without a reason
Through the streets of D.C. the undecided march
Making their ground a solid verse
As they think “a flower may win over a military tank”

Equal arms braced or not
Armed or not, through streets, schools, and construction sites
With history in our hand, and uncertainty in mind.

POLYTIKS *Dominick Taylor*

Depression of my people
 Oppression of my people
 Being enslaved by justice
 Being enslaved by monarchy
 Frankincense and gold
 With a sight to be hold
 Statues of representation to show value of a king
 These days our king is dead
 Puppets take the stand instead
 Hope to not see you later
 While our economy
 Relies on that dirty green cream paper
 Choices that are made without cause
 Choices that are made but also voted
 Without cause countries hang in the Balance without a pause
 Days past
 Countries vast
 Times past
 While people fast
 Our nation stays vast
 While our people come last

SINNERS (AN OPPOSITE VIEW)
Rachel K. Therres

sinner, you are all sinners
 with your birth control
 with your pro-choice
 with your full time jobs
and your live-in lovers
and your homosexual tendencies

I see you piled into train stations
 like hot orange pollution
 swarming insects infecting our
population
I see you all and all my
restraints, gluttonous
with envy.





• CHAPTER
SIX

“Everything in creation has its appointed painter or poet and remains in bondage like the princess in the fairy tale ‘til its appropriate liberator comes to set it free.

Ralph Waldo Emerson





PASSING *Robin Weinert*

Everyone simmering
 Violent and Giddy
 A fire like lot
 All double fist ed living
 But
 Years grow shorter
 And consequence more clearly defined
 Cause and effect
 Cause and effect
 How many of us
 Will say when we are old
 That the drugs and the drinking
 Have ruined our lives
 And how many of us
 Will fold
 And iron our shirts
 Thoughtfully resigned
 From this reckless exuberance

LAND OF RUT *Henri Shedd*

baltimore:
land of stars & heroin
opium dreams,
cars of brick,
stickball bats
from the open hydrant
pouring from east to
west to settle in gutter
with the vial,
debris,
for trees won't grow in asphalt
& all of life is rooted in a rut.

B MORE *Josh Bales*

Hermaphrodites
And crackheads lay
Upon the street at night
Because of whom their pimps to thank
For holding them so tight

And if a better life occurred
Where hands were soft and moist
In Baltimore they would not be
They'd have a better choice.

CITY *Miranda Girard*

Sad storefronts with graffiti vomit on their
 blood brick skins.
 Second hand clothes
 displayed like bunny rabbits
 behind metal cages,
 waving cotton tails at
 cadaver homes, hanging like criminals along
 sore, cracked roads.

Sad deer-eyed bums heaped in corners
 with skeletoned leaves,
 fish-mouthed wailing with
 raw-pawed dogs.

UNTITLED *Chris Owen*

The sky is falling
tumble trip
drip drip
the sky is raining
clouds are released

it is not dreary
how could this
gift hurt?

this rain
drip drip
the hydrogen two
the oxygen one

these are the gifts of the deceased
these are the particles
of Alexander the Great
the mind of Einstien
the beggar on the street
of our forefathers and moremothers
and their ancestors as well

they all have freed themselves
from their physical shell
and given it to the world of
living.

we breathe them
we eat them
we drink them

they are
as we are

the cycle of water
the cycle of life and death
giving, taking, spreading, life.



CHAPTER
seven

“Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt,
and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.”

Leonardo da Vinci





THE MICE *Rachel Chapman*

So small
 and un-belonging;
 disease carrying vermin
 who eat our burritos
 who shit on our kitchen floors.
 The tiny pellets of candy like death
 are rejected by the pickiest of customers.
 Like ghosts scurrying across my retina
 they stare into my merciful green eyes
 Cute, repulsive,
 and I'm torn in two
 until I put myself in a world of giants
 too, and ask myself
 Do I really have it in me to kill?

SARAH *Rachel K. Therres*

One by one
white tablets drop
into clammy hands
varying sizes casting
varying shadows

a blue and purple
death dance
weary slips

tubing emerges
pumping filth from black-
ened liver parts

machines buzz click
forcing thick fluids

her breath
a blue and purple
death dance
on the white white
walls
can't cover the grime
 sickness oozes in
the windows
an empty measure
fills the room, thick
 with fluids suck'd

swollen eyelids
 grit
 heavy
 stuck
 across unbroken stare
 my bedroom wall
 a blue and purple
 death dance

fleeting with autumn air

broken life
 breaks with survival

BROWN CENTER *Jason Colvin*

 *Third Place Winner of Fire Ten Poetry Contest*

My heart hides in the basement with my brain
 A structure of steal and stone
 The outer shell reflects the sun
 7 fractured panels remind me I am mortal
 My blood runs through veins of copper wire
 I find wisdom in old friends
 I dream of the future
 My eyes are open
 My eyes are wide

SHORT WOMAN *Ingrid Sanchez*

Rice and Beans sitting on the table
Multiplied smell, in every corner of the house
Throat, taste, and after her voice
Embracing arms of a short woman
An image of a saint is raised
Transcendentalist, transparent image
Lap
Corner to lay

Short distance, away in the horizon
Certainly, short woman feels my warmth in her womb
Sacred in every sentence, in every short word
In every language.

CARL LEWIS *Dustin O'Hara*

Jumping from branch to branch,
From root to root,
From life to life.
Carnivores awaiting
my slightest slippery stumble.

The churning water,
challenging my acrobatics,
attempts to end my journey.
With a hop, skip, and a jump,
Carl Lewis I've learned to humble.

STONE'S WORDS *Chung Yi*

When will the carousel of lies stop?
 When will the elliptical steps be facing forward?

I beg of the words under the stones of a river
 Words that have been trapped since the beginning of time
 But most of the words have been between them and I
 But will the shared thoughts be mine
 Will the surfaces take my picked up thoughts
 Or will it want to be skipped against
 The glass surface of freedom

The carousel will spin
 Life will still turn with every rock
 Hoping that each wave
 Will either turn them or give them a story of life.

FREEZE FRAME *Rachel Chapman*

Trapped in a 2 dimensional world,
we never bother with time and space;
we never scream
when things stay the same;
the unwrapped packages lie on the table
of which we never are tempted to open,
and the stranger in the corner
still ponders where her wine is;
We always smile
at the chemical bonds
of our prison of which
is only meant for us;
Confined and surrounded by
this rectangular cave,
we are forever dutiful
to our souls longing.





CHAPTER
eight

“ I try to apply colors like words that shape poems,
like notes that shape music.

Joan Miro





THE FUNHOUSE ATLANTIC *Rachel Chapman*

Extinction blew hot
on the brash rocks,
while we witness the dinosaurs
fiery breath and
screeching cries.

Our veins are full of witch taffy,
it flows through the glacier carved valleys,
a cold tattered gully
where the sun
cannot stretch towards.

We float ceilinglessly,
in a jittery
rompus room,
with wet eared
walrus babies,
squealing at the waters song.

We play catch
with the sunshine,

we dance the dance
of evolution,

and we smile
when the rain
pours bricks of blood
too heavy to touch us.

In the fun house Atlantic
surviving
is the most fun game of all.

TRUMPETS OF WATER *Ben Turner*

That's a trumpet of water
 Sounds to the sky and all that can hear
 "Did you play that for a lifetime"
 "Well I used to play for my whole life,
 it was all I knew, and all that I was"
 "That's a trumpet of water."
 "You said it,
 the king came to play the end with me"
 The king plays for his own ears

Forests of sand mountains
 Count every star, and the ocean waves
 Laugh with people. The Trumpet of water
 Sounds as loud as it is.
 Peach and green laughs

UNTITLED II *Chris Owen*

thank you for the garden, mother
the vegetables taste great
i love you, thank you
my stomach is full now
can you still taste the peppers?
no mom, that's okay
you should keep it for yourself
no, it's okay, it'll be fine
i know you want the best for me
i know that you don't want me
to suffer like you did, mom.
i know you've come away
and believe me, your tomatoes
are the only ones I'd ever eat
off the vine.

But winter is coming, and please
do not go to the grocery and
buy the bionic lettuce heads
that taste like so much
water and silt.

Let me miss your grapes,
let me yearn for their sweetness.
Let the cold daze pass over
my stomach
retracting and still.

one sweetness known,
no sweetness loved.

so let this body, be malnourished
for when spring comes
and our crop is a heavenly green
only then, after the emptiness
can our selves be filled
with true love, again.

let me live
in the life giving rain and sun
so that I may give
such a sweetness,
as you gave to me.

DANCE LIKE CREAM *Jordan Sanford*

Sing me a song written by a child,
Who sees the world through wild young eyes.
Sing me a song from the purist depths of the soul,
To baptize me in the sound of your words.
Because you sing like a child and you move like love.
You swirl like cream in coffee and fill me up.
I remember you from the past, or was it the future?
It's always funny when past lives
Get mixed in with the ones we were acting in today.
Playing our parts, or auditioning for roles,
Most that we'll never play, but some day.
We'll get the chance to be old and love like children.

To be young with the wisdom of elders to guide our
wild hearts.
To feel the flame that warms our cup
And to dance like the cream of my coffee mug.





CHAPTER
nine

“ Every artist dips his brush in his own souls,
and paints his own nature into his pictures.”

Henry Ward Beecher





SONG FOR A LITTLE GIRL *Nicole Mosely*

I remember a child
 Contained in a fabulous box
 Easy to please
 Guarded but free

Wishes were like water
 Available to those who asked
 Kept her there forever

Under her mandarin-tinged sky

Outside of her realm
 Quiet becomes confusion
 Yet in her box she remains
 Morning is made eternal.

UNDER FALLING STARS *Ann Fortune*

My eternally youthful eyes
watch small flickering stars falling down to the earth
echoing twinkling lights that lit up the tree
where I sit crying
Because I am still here
waiting for you

Wondering
That if time had stood still
It might have been you

You

Not them,
With their news
And their tears
And their whys

Not them
But you

You

Who never came back
Standing in the doorway,
With your arms stretched out with
Under falling stars
where I have cried
fifteen years worth of tears

Waiting for you

HANDS *Chung Yi*

Looking into surfaces untouched scathed and uncared
 I see the thoughts of minutes, hours, years and hands
 I see hands every time I see my processions
 Hours spent giving care and love and protection
 My father spends life breaking, peeling,
 And suffering those hands
 On my life, my soul, my being
 My father's hands.

WAITING AT WOODBERRY *Kate Stevens*

She has come with layers of bags
 Plastic and paper, like clothing for the cold
 They sit at her feet, her small feet
 She has those far away eyes
 That look at nothing
 They are familiar here
 They close, like broken window shades
 They droop, then lift
 Her head weighty
 Falls like a sandbag into her lap
 Then lifts with realization
 And then falls again
 I want her to forget all of this
 Forget the friend that gave her the drugs
 Forget these last twenty some odd years,
 Let her see her fingers and toes for the first time again.

EXODUS *Rachel Chapman*

The sand dunes of my mind
cannot cover up the smell of your clothes,
or your soapy skin scent.
You said my nose was cute
and I disagreed except
when I'm with you my nose
becomes a goddess
and in my eyes reflects
my most faithful believer;
The memories of you and I
are never blown away by time;
The desert grows with each touch;
Your lips fill the oasis
with clear and thick devotion
and I drink like a wanderer
who's been lost
as Moses walks
for centuries
in someone else's
dry empty memory.

NOT AT ALL WELL *Thomas Smith*

When the crown
 rang hard
 crossed fields
 pressed lime
 and burnt brown-grey
 they stood in stone
 And the land spoke up
 crossed fields
 pressed hard
 Ta ag eiri go dona liom
 then said once more
 to the men in the fields
 so sad but so strong
 from under their feet
 I cannot take much more



CHAPTER
ten

“Poetry is an echo, asking a shadow to dance.”

Carl Sandburg





SUMMER '03 ON MRT *Rachel Chapman*

Hope drives by
in a big white van;
the birds body stays still
while the beating wings
blend in with sky
police birds fly by
flies buzz around me
Although I am alone
I feel unalone
in front of my home
watching white vans go by
listen to calm oceanic music
of I-83, cutting through
the honks and shifting waves
of radios
that pass by so briefly.

TWO *Chris Owen*

Two bodies
amassed in darkness
neither occupied
neither unemployed-
the world is silenced
true love is silent
by the double breath
the words unspoken
burn more than any utterance
no words to be written
for their meaning weighs too much
only the heartstrength can withstand
no objections
no obligations
only wind blown flows
all is calmed, all is rest
blanketed by the vail of polluted diffuse night
sound of distanced dogs of flown owls
each factor peels off layers of onion fear
the stench of ignorance and confusion disperses
both together in body in soul
yet seperated by infinte miles of thought
but the paths of their minds meet
and all distance reaches perfect zero
thank you Vladimere
thank you Robert E. Lee
For things given,
of which you will never know

FALLING LEAVES *Dustin O'Hara*

With life at full bloom, seeping through veins
 like rivers of red and yellow blood.
 The leaves stretch their wings,
 open their arms, and reach out to their mother.
 They know how to fly but trust
 the wind to push them far.

“Farwell my friends, you are beautiful.”

The leaves flip and fall, orange blurs
 of dripping cake icing hitting the supple ground,
 and coating the grass with a transparent glow.
 Their lives are short but ones of beauty,
 growing slow but sweet and ending with a breath.

SOMETHING UNTITLED *Dominick Taylor*

Uplifting words is something not every person hopes for
Uplifting words is a notification of pain
Someone's strain
Impossible moments of struggle, loss for example
No one likes to think of death remember it's only a sample
When face to face with that cold expression it's almost like there
Are worlds and dimensions within another
For this time not every moment is promised
Not every minute is promised
Not every second is promised
All we have is our faith
A lyrical base
A song but not a song
A prayer but not a confession
Words that were once written to live by is now just words to recite
Or are they, when face with adversity
We turn to these
Words of the good book we also recite
Words similar to these when we rest our normally wet eyes
But because we are tired these eyes seem dry
Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray my lord my soul to keep
And if I shall not awake
I pray my lord my soul to take
Wake

It's morning another day I breath easy
I am aware of that cold place no one wishes to mention
I stand here not at full attention
There's life
There's death
And I choose to live between life and death
And I choose to live between life and Peace
Not giving death the satisfaction of knowing its existence
But knowing that when I or loved onces
Lay down to sleep
It's my lord I pray for our souls to keep.

WALKINGGALE

Henri Shedd

tread so
tread so softly under heavy skies
tread so softly underneath the snow
on your own
tread so softly beneath the sea
in my place among the row

RED NOTE

Thomas Smith

Behind the blackest piano
they sway
creating the red notes
and moving them out
into the painted cavern
poked with holes
like the inside of a star

GOOD BYE

Kate Stevens

An orange street light
bruises the cityblock
and the people standing below
waiting for the train

with a s i i i g h

It lets the passengers wade
inside
and swim to seats,
Legs kicking furiously
and heads bobbing in windows
As I wave a slow goodbye to
the strangers on their current



SPECTRUM OF POETIC FIRE CHRONOLOGY

Please forgive omissions and mistakes as the Spectrum of Poetic Fire Listing is a work in progress

1993 *Ed Sanders, Anselm Hollo*

1994 *Allen Ginsberg, Donna Masini, Chezia Thompson-Cager, Frank Chin, LAmont Steptoe*

1995 SABA: A Choreopoem for Djembe

*Featuring The Sankofa Dance Theater, Mt. Royal Station Building, September 8th 6:30 pm
written by Chezia Thompson-Cager*

1996-1998

<i>Anselm Berrigan</i>	<i>Albert Mobilio</i>	<i>Jay Wright</i>
<i>Cole Swenson</i>	<i>Carolyn Forche</i>	<i>Kevin Young</i>
<i>Paul Viola</i>	<i>Kenneth Goldsmith</i>	<i>Arthur Sze</i>

1998 An Evening of Painted Words

<i>Rai Alexander</i>	<i>Justin Augsberg</i>	<i>Daniel Avazpour</i>
<i>Stephen Caputo</i>	<i>Aaron Chelsey</i>	<i>Jeremiah Colonna - Romano</i>
<i>Ron DeAngelis</i>	<i>Greg Dunn</i>	<i>Jackson Eberlin</i>
<i>Timothy Faith</i>	<i>Stephanie Foley</i>	<i>Monique Gagnon</i>
<i>Amanda Grant</i>	<i>Kristen Hanley</i>	<i>Capri Sunshine Harrison</i>
<i>Franklin Henderson</i>	<i>Benjamin Hill</i>	<i>Amy Law</i>
<i>Payton Levine</i>	<i>Jeffrey Maccubbin</i>	<i>Greg McKenna</i>
<i>Steve Meneely</i>	<i>Gabriel de Oliveira</i>	<i>Jill Pearson</i>
<i>Kate Ritz</i>	<i>Jordan Schmanz</i>	<i>Michael Sidranz</i>
<i>Jeff Skalski</i>	<i>Jane Taylor</i>	<i>Fred Van Dyk</i>
<i>Amy Witcomb</i>	<i>Sarah Wojciuk</i>	<i>Asuka Yamaguchi</i>

2000 *Writers who are Teachers and Artists*

September 8 2000 Denise Gantt, Dramatist

September 11 2000 Darcy Steinke, novelist

October 2 2000 Christopher Sawyer-Laucanno, literary critic

October 16 2000 Houston A. Baker, Jr. literary critic and poet

October 30 2000 *Barbara DeCesare, poet*
 November 6 2000 *Elizabeth Spires, poet*
 December 4 2000 *The MICA Poetry Workshop Students Open Mic Reading*
 January 29 2001 *Sam Schmidt and Virginia Crawford, poets*
 February 14 2001 *St. Valentine's Sunday Poetry Marathon, Blair Ewing, co-hosts*
 February 26 2001 *Performance poet, Alan Barysh*

2000 Fire Book Sale and Reception

<i>Hilron Carter</i>	<i>Kristopher Kaufman</i>	<i>Christian Connolly</i>
<i>Terrance Wilson</i>	<i>Rahiem Milton</i>	<i>Erin Madoney</i>
<i>Celita Lisbeu</i>	<i>Justin Cole</i>	<i>Khalil Gill</i>
<i>Amy Nicholas</i>	<i>Katherine Yourishir</i>	<i>Matthew Caught</i>
<i>Joshua Jenkins</i>	<i>Scott Malbaum</i>	<i>Megan Monday</i>
<i>Phillip Spencer</i>	<i>Anastasia Wong</i>	<i>Kajsa Brown</i>

2001 Earth Speak: The Poets Say

<i>Kirsten Fricke</i>	<i>Cara Petrus</i>	<i>Isaiah McKee</i>
<i>Adrian Halpern</i>	<i>Heather Williams</i>	<i>Katherine Cannistra</i>
<i>Eric de la Torre</i>	<i>Kelly Drake</i>	<i>Max Fuchs</i>
<i>Jessica Murry</i>	<i>Hunter Stabler</i>	<i>Evan Hutchinson</i>

2001 The Voice of the Individual / The Voice of the Collective

Friday, September 7, 2001 The Diva Squad Poetry Collective
Thursday, September 13, 2001 Beatitudes: Frank Lima Hard Press, Poet
Friday, September 14, 2001 Nancy Romita & The Moving Company, Dance Choreographer
Thursday, September 20, 2001 Bob Holman, Poet
September 21, 2001 Baltimore Writers' Alliance President, Linda Joy Burke
Thursday, October 4, 2001 The Carolina African-American Writers' Collective, Lenard D. Moore, Host
Thursday, October 11, 2001 Edgar Gabriel Silex, Poet
Thursday, November 1, 2001 Felicia Morgenstern and Linda Zisquit, Poets
Friday, November 16, 2001 Madison Smartt Bell, Novelist
Thursday, December 6, 2001 FIRE: MICA Student Poetry Journal Reading
February 10, 2002 Saint Valentine's Sunday Poetry Marathon, Michael Collier - State Poet Laureate co-hosts
Thursday February 21, 2001 Kyoko Mori

2002 *The Artistry of the Poem*

<i>Kirsten Fricke</i>	<i>Desmond Beach</i>	<i>Lara Kippbut</i>
<i>Cara Petrus</i>	<i>Jasun McCarty</i>	<i>Ryan Compton</i>
<i>Isaiah McKee</i>	<i>Lisa Black</i>	<i>Amanda Otto</i>
<i>Adrian Halpern</i>	<i>Lauren Jacobs</i>	<i>Katie Hudson</i>
<i>Heather Willaims</i>	<i>Joshua Jenkins</i>	<i>Rachel Koven</i>
<i>Katherine Cannistra</i>	<i>Max Gold</i>	<i>Parker Grindele</i>
<i>Eric de la Torrient</i>	<i>Jesse Lebwobl</i>	<i>David Rickmers</i>

2002 *The Tradition of the Scribe*

<i>september 16, 2002</i>	<i>Jeffrey Renard Allen, Poet/Novelist</i>
<i>september 19 2002</i>	<i>Geoffrey G. O'Brien, Poet</i>
<i>september 23 2002</i>	<i>Christine Lincoln, Short Story Writer</i>
<i>october 7 2002</i>	<i>Van Woodson, Painter</i>
<i>october 9th 2002</i>	<i>Frank Lima, Poet; John Yau, Poet at Theater Project</i>
<i>october 29 2002</i>	<i>Galway Kinnell, Poet; Michael Collier, Poet at Theater Project</i>
<i>november 4 2002</i>	<i>Margaret Ann Reid, Literary Critic</i>
<i>november 6 2002</i>	<i>Lucy Grealy, Writer; Kendra Kopelke, Poet; A. Van Jordan, Poet at Theater Project</i>
<i>november 9 2002</i>	<i>WordWrights, featuring Ron D. Baker, Editor</i>
<i>november 22 2002</i>	<i>Lite: Baltimore's Literary Magazine featuring David Kriebel, Editor</i>
<i>december 12 2002</i>	<i>Fire: MICA Student Poetry Journal</i>
<i>february 7 2003</i>	<i>MD. Poetry Review, featuring Rosemary Klein and Barbara Simon, Co-Editors</i>

2003 *Fire Book Sale and Reception*

<i>Jesse Harris Burrowes</i>	<i>Rachel Chapman</i>	<i>Nicholas Gottlund</i>
<i>Jessica Harmon</i>	<i>Nichole Havel</i>	<i>Yutaka Houlette</i>
<i>Luis E. Valdes</i>	<i>Jonathon Kirkbride</i>	<i>Lauren Mosinka</i>
<i>Elizabeth Pieroni</i>	<i>Lindsay Stewart</i>	<i>Reanna Scott</i>
<i>Linda Bills</i>	<i>Laura Carpenter</i>	<i>Michele Clark</i>
<i>Kris DeBlase</i>	<i>Felipe Goncalves</i>	<i>Whiney Gushue</i>
<i>Joshua Thompson</i>	<i>Mell Picco</i>	<i>Lucy Phillips</i>
<i>Sarah Shores</i>	<i>Rachel Therres</i>	<i>Ingrid Sanchez</i>
<i>Josh Schwartz</i>		

2003 *Post Modern Blues*

<i>september 11 2003</i>	<i>Dr. Christopher Shipley, Fiction Writer & Jennifer Wallace, Poet</i>
<i>september 11 2003</i>	<i>"The Bride of History Reading" hosted by Barbara DeCesare</i>

september 18 2003 *Award Wining Poets James Hoch & Lia Purpura*
 september 18 2003 *M. Dion Thompson presented by Enoch Pratt Library*
 september 22 2003 *A. Loudermilk, Award Winning Poet*
 september 25 2003 *The Pozativ Chainge Spoken Word Ensemble*
 october 06 2003 *Lawrence W. Young, Jr. "The New Negro: Art & Image"*
 october 09 2003 *Gail Rosen presents Jewish Poetry*
 november 06 2003 *Md. State Arts Council Poets in the Schools Poet, Laura Shovan, host*
 november 13 2003 *Reginald Harris presents Cave Canem of Maryland & D.C.*
 november 17 2003 *Dr. Ishmael Reed with Dr. Linda Rodriguez Guglielmoni, and David Colosi*
 december 04 2003 *FIRE: MICA Student Poetry Journal Reading*

2004 The Return of the Scribes sponsored by the Office of Academic Affairs

April, *Ishmael Reed, Brown Center Inaugural*
 November, *Galway Kinnell, Brown Center Inaugural*
Clarinda Harris, David Colosi

2005 Everyday Wonders

<i>March, Justin Sirois</i>	<i>The Lawson Oyekan Exhibit Reading: Words Are Our Clay</i>
<i>Ilya Kaminsky</i>	<i>Stephen Reichert BLEEK</i>
<i>April, Jasmine Ortiz</i>	<i>Clarinda Harris T. LUCE</i>
<i>The Narrow House Recording Poets</i>	<i>Brother Yao Douglas Baseford</i>
	<i>Chezia Thompson Cager</i>

2005 Fire Book Sale and Reception

<i>Sarah Acconcia</i>	<i>Nathan Hagy</i>
<i>Mouna Attarha</i>	<i>Benjamin Harris</i>
<i>Maegan Bell</i>	<i>Daniel Hoerr</i>
<i>Daniel R. Bina</i>	<i>Adam Hulkower</i>
<i>Mallory Bohm</i>	<i>Pamela Lee</i>
<i>Jesse Burrows</i>	<i>Sarah Merza</i>
<i>Rachel Chapman</i>	<i>Joaquin Olegario</i>
<i>Sean Conroy</i>	<i>Andrew Paliotto</i>
<i>Richard Daniels</i>	<i>Yaeri Song</i>
<i>Elizabeth Dyla</i>	<i>David Turner</i>
<i>Barry Febos</i>	

*If you think you know what poetry is,
you may want to think again!*

SPECTRUM OF POETIC FIRE READING SERIES 2001

In the first moments of the 21st century there was born a brave new world of poetry.

the road less taken

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Cardelli read by Blair Ewing-Blair Ewing-Michael Fallon-Gary
Blankenburg-Edward Doyle-Gillespie-Chester Wickwire-Nicki
Miller-Barbara DeCesare-Matt Hohner-Kathleen Hellen- Hiram
Larew-Richard Peabody-Barbara Simon-Ron D. Baker- Adrian
Bacon- Alan H. Barysh-Monique Saint Lawrence-Margaret
Morrison - Susan Tegeler-Sam Schmidt- Mimi Zannino- Barbara
Diehl- Kendra Kopelke- Clarinda Harriss- Felicia Morgenstern-
Daniel Armstrong-Lalita Noronha- Albert "NOOT" WoodII-
Linda Joy Burke- Chezia Thompson Cager

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1300 Mount Royal Avenue. Or, mail check or money order for \$17.50 to Chezia
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United Nations Worldwide Poetry Reading 2001

DIALOGUE AMONG

civilizations

through poetry

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Maryland's Poet Laureate
MICHEAL COLLIER

Baltimore Writers' Alliance President
LINDA JOY BURKE

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CHEZIA THOMPSON CAGER

DR. KATHLEEN HELLEN

Gary Blankenbur
Peter Chapman
Lalita Noronha
Marcus Colasurdo
Chester Wickwire
Barbara Diehl
Edgar Silex
Michael Fallon
Annette Gonzales
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2003



THE BRIDE OF HISTORY
a 9/11 poetry remembrance

PROCESSIONAL & RING CEREMONY

Celebrant *Dr. Chezia Thompson Cager*

Your Bride & Groom *Barbara DeCesare & Emery Pajer*

Attendants

Mr. Reginald Harris

Mr. Michael Fallon

Mrs. Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Mr. Bill Jones

INTRODUCTION BY BARBARA DECESARE

1 Corinthians 15: The Manner of the Resurrection
Songs of Solomon

READINGS

Mr. Reginald Harris

Mr. Michael Fallon

Mrs. Danuta E. Kosk-Kosicka

Mr. Bill Jones

DESIGNER CONCEPT STATEMENT

Fire is the phenomenon of combustion manifested in light, flame, and heat. The flame is the simply a visual representation that the energy exchange has taken place. The flame is the glowing gaseous part of a fire. As visual artists, we are walking burning fires that make flames as evidence for others to see that we have been impassioned. We create visual evidence that we are alive, that things happen to make us angry, that we bleed, that we sing. Poetry is our written evidence; burning vocal evidence. *Fire Ten* is a book of yellow evidence in your hand that the passion for poetry has been burning strong on this campus for ten consecutive years.

Color tells us about the temperature of a candle flame. The outer core of a generic candle flame is light blue, which is the hottest part of the flame. The color inside the flame becomes yellow, orange and finally red. The further you reach to the center of the flame, the lower the temperature will be. The reason there is this variation in a candle's flame color is because air convection pulls the warmer gasses upwards. Any variation in the surrounding environment can change the direction of the candle and the orientation of the colors.

Fire Ten has been designed to mimic a flame, but the artists that walk on this campus are anything but generic, so *Fire Ten* is MICA's own poetic flame. The passion of the artist lies deep within and is only made visible when the painting is painted, the poem is written, when the song is sung. For this reason, *Fire Ten* is organized emotionally, so that the "hottest" part of the flame, and therefore the "hottest" poems, are at the very inner core. The poems in the beginning seductively draw you into the core, and the poems towards the end quietly put the fire out. The passion to create lies in the core of the artist, and then it becomes visible to the world.

A solid yellow horizontal bar spans the width of the page near the top.

The design of Fire Ten is an attempt to capture the essence of the past ten years of Fire in a new and refreshing volume that burns as brightly as the first. Larger in size than any previous edition of Fire, Fire ten, like its predecessors, is devoted to the appreciation of the passion that is our language of poetry. The color yellow is integrated to reference the very first edition of fire, which bore a Xerox copied neon-yellow cover. Thus, we complete the circle to ensure that the flame continues to burn for future generations.

LAUREN RICHEL FIRE TEN DESIGNER



student poetry journal
Fire ten: two-thousand five

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