

# The Scribblerist

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## My Eyes

Listen with your ears and heart  
And they will let you view things  
Your eyes could never see.

Let your heart and hands touch  
And feel things  
That you cannot view visually.

Let your voice speak words  
That will embrace those who  
Are most close and dear.

A loss of one of the five senses  
Is not something I dread and fear.

For this is the way a blind man lives  
On this earth today.

He stands up with courage  
And offers this to say:

I am blind only in your eyes  
Not mine

Oh, can't you see  
What your ignorance is doing to me!

Neena Malhotra

## The Wrong Stuff: What Can I do?

It's 1:50 am. I'm in a "Baker's Dozen" donut shop. I'm hungry. There's a tall, brown-haired white guy wearing a sweat jacket. I'll call him Tall Brown Haired White Guy for short. Besides me and T.B.H.W.G. Baker's Dozen is quite busy for a Friday night/ Saturday morning. I'm ordering my donuts when a blond walks in. She's weeping. She doesn't have to buy sadness. She looks nice, about 17-18 years. I get my mind out of the gutter. Why is she crying?

Tall takes the initiative. "What's the matter?" he asks. Nothing. He tries again. "Are you okay?" She takes a breath, snuffles and replies.

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"  
"I want to go home." Don't we all? "There's a man following me." Wasn't m-- I mean she's scared, terrified.

T. Brown asks, "Is it the man in the black (something?)" No answer. "Want a ride home?"

"No."

Now I try. "Maybe you should call a cab or something." Didn't hear an answer.

T.B. Haired glances down at me, smiles. "What can you do," he asks. I feel the defeat in his words. Got my donuts. As I leave, the lady who was (or was not) being stalked is going to either the cigarette machine or the telephone. If I was her . . . yeah, it would have been the telephone.

While I pitied the lady I have to admit I was pretty impressed with the Guy. The lady was a complete stranger, yet he tried to help her. That was so cool! Sure he wasn't successful, sure he could have tried harder, but what counts is that he made the attempt. That's more than a lot of people do.

Hell, the guy who was stalking Blondie could have been the Scarborough Rapist. For that matter, T.B.H. White Guy could have been the rapist. What can I do? I feel the defeat in my thoughts. End of story.

M. Freelance

## A Hierarchy of Need

For Tara J. Doris

The sky —  
no smog or haze  
from the fake emissions  
of light in the settled areas —  
was a Lite Brite board  
with all the colored pegs removed:  
Black matte construction paper  
with constellations showing  
through the punctures  
that was my Thanksgiving.  
It seemed odd  
of light to exist in my eyes  
where it could no longer  
exist at its origin.  
But power is always shifting  
slicing time and barriers  
to avoid stagnant crystallization.  
(Hail)

Kings have had this  
problem in the past.

You were used to it  
of course you would be  
and tried to explain  
that the image I have received —  
my convoluted surface area  
only a rotating satellite —  
was much more impressive  
when viewed at the lake.

Here (however) it was comforting  
that there was no phone  
no radio  
radiation

(micro)waves  
to disturb the train of particles  
which would have bounced  
& danced

off the cohesive skin of water.  
Instead they hit the soil  
and sped through our exposed flesh

to the bones underneath,  
waiting to reactivate and be freed

their Thanksgiving  
(death)

the relocation of need.

Jennifer Liptrot

## Paradise

(for L.S.)

Our fingers caked with  
cool grains of summer  
we run like maniacs  
to the ocean's rim

to devour  
rippling blue-green currents

salt burning into our eyes

Dodging

fearlessly

into wet hollows of existence  
our young bodies bend  
to the rhapsody  
of waves

Tropical screams of pleasure  
mingled with childhood

abandon

escape harmonically from pursed lips

Back on shore

we bury ourselves

with erosion

Later on all fours  
we sift the sand hungrily:  
soft wrinkled fingers  
ploughing for water crabs

Soon we collapse near  
rafters of water

to be bathed by summer sun.

Jennifer Salter

## Phases of Aaron II

One day was all we had.

One ever so luminescently beautiful day which held enough  
time to last forever.

What have I done? I hope you're alright, for I can no  
longer help heal your wounds or your sorrows.

Don't leave me hanging here all alone  
Just one more day

It held no words, no phrases, and no riddles. Just you  
and me all alone.

Just us, as ourselves in the limelight of reality.

Yet we were deceived. I was cheated and without a  
trace, you are gone.

Please — I need you,

I — think I love you. Don't, I beg you don't die for  
me. Life is too precious and even though I am not as  
strong or as patient, I know I love you.

Who is going to help me through this?  
It was your job.

It was your job, and my glory.

Sunshine is for those deserving  
but for me I have clouds.

Dear, you never did care,  
but unfortunately for you, and I,  
I did. — Sorry.

Tobi Wunch

## Devilution

I am  
the Lord of the Flies.  
although human  
in form,  
made up of  
little but maggots.  
seething  
crawling  
human no longer.  
Earwigs nest in  
my nose —  
their clawed tails  
snapping  
at goals unseen.  
Cockroaches crawl  
from empty  
eye sockets;  
and spiders nest  
in the cracks in  
my head.  
The eggs have hatched;  
and are crawling  
away.  
I am the living death;  
devolved and  
still devolving.  
And who are you to judge.  
Battle-ramming  
the coat of crawling  
seething  
living death  
via barrages of lost memories.  
And who are you to judge  
what demon I  
make myself to be.

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sure that all pieces are proofread for grammatical errors and  
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