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blue-eyed girl was not with her, and she ran off through the trees, dancing with the wind to imaginary music. She flew in circles through the twisted branches and danced around the trunks, chasing her own broken shadow. Occasionally, she stopped to pick an especially lovely, lonely flower to wear in her hair. As Rega stopped under a gigantic oak tree to rest, she heard her name whispered on the wind. She called with a new joy to the girl, "I am over here. Come join me!" But the calling wind stifled her joy as Rega realized it was not the girl at all. She leaned against the trunk of the oak and closed her eyes, a tear running down her cheek.

Several hours later, Rega awakened under a starry night, not at all sure where she was. But the grand, old oak tree had lowered his gnarled branches around her, keeping her safe from the unknown night. She kissed the tree, and whispered that she must go home. Her family was sure to be back, her mother worried. He reluctantly lifted his branches to release her, and she knew he would wait for her return another day. Rega glided through the trees back to the

waterfall, found her book and shoes in the moss, and ran toward home.

Rega's mother did not scold her when she came running in the door, already apologizing. She could see Rega's anguish at causing trouble, and she was not too worried, anyway. Rega was often caught up in her own world, forgetting the real one. Her mother could tell by the wind blown look of Rega's clothes and the liveliness in her eyes that her day had been splendid. But she did not ask about Rega's adventures, knowing they belonged only to her daughter. Instead, she gave Rega a hug and handed her a plate with her dinner. Rega slipped into a chair, her stomach grumbling intensely. Her mother walked slowly out of the kitchen toward her bedroom, leaving Rega to eat her dinner alone in the diminishing night.

Waking a few hours before dawn, Rega's mother slipped out of the bed to check on her daughter. Opening the door, she saw outlined by starlight a limp shape buried beneath several blankets. Uncovering her sleeping child's smooth, relaxed face, she glanced out of the window to the fading stars. Her mother wondered if even they knew her daughter's universe.

## to The never-met

by Cordelia Chenault

*a fleeting glimpse of kinky Raven-Black  
furtive, feeling the pounding rush as i  
glance*

*into your daughter's room to see you,  
as i pass by*

*You i cannot meet  
face to face*

*i primped today, just in case  
dressed like a "real" girl  
even with my jeans and v-neck black  
button down*

*a magnetic strut adorned in retro, yet  
subtle*

*smiling a stranger's brief hello before  
i shyly focus on the street's cement  
and go on my own way  
just another student.*

*You, the token-bearer to eyes i know so  
well*

*green or gold,  
just a hint of mascara  
silently piercing the chaos, crinkling  
my eyelids with  
an unyielding gaze of love, or pain  
impish suggestions*

*You don't know me from Eve.*

*Me.  
who traces Your Contours and Curls  
in another's face.*

*"Fighting for peace is like fucking  
for virginity"*

*—Jennifer Hurley*

## Poem

by Kurt Davies

*Angels surround me  
But do they see  
There to protect me  
But can they feel  
Tell me not to worry  
Everything will be okay  
But they aren't living through my hell  
They may surround me  
But I do not feel them  
See them  
Hear them  
I do not know them  
And they know me not  
So they cannot help me  
Until they have experienced my pain  
Agony  
Suffering  
Torment  
Only then will I know  
That they are there  
And whether they care  
Or not*

*"Okay. conservatives have changed my  
mind. Allowing gay marriage. I have  
been persuaded. will destroy the fam-  
ily. weaken Western civilization. turn  
America into Sodom and Gomorrah. in-  
crease the trade deficit with Japan. en-  
danger the family farm and promote  
tooth decay. The impeccable logic of  
the conservative opponents is simply  
too powerful to deny."*

*—Chicago Tribune columnist  
Stephen Chapman*



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