

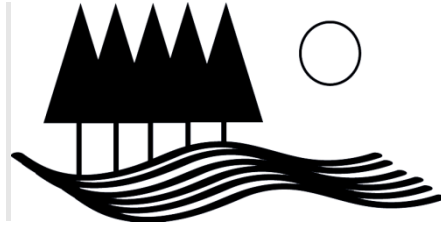
Black River Review

SPRING 2021



BLACK RIVER REVIEW

A Journal of Poetry, Prose, and Fine Arts



Jefferson Community College
State University of New York
Watertown, New York

Volume XXXI
Spring 2021

EDITORS

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COVER ART

Salin Davis

Spirit of the Fox

(ink drawing)

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SUBMISSIONS

The editors seek original submissions in the following categories:

Poetry: Up to 7 poems, not to exceed 50 lines each

Fiction: Up to 2 short stories, not to exceed 1500 words each

Non-Fiction: Up to 2 essays, not to exceed 1500 words each

Plays: Up to 2 one-act plays, not to exceed 1500 words each

Artwork: Up to 4 works in the original medium, such as black ink or charcoal drawing, computer graphics, b/w photographs, even if printed from color film

Music: Up to 2 compositions 16 or more measures in length

Only submissions from Jefferson Community College students (full or part time), faculty, staff, and alumni will be considered. Include name, address, and phone number on each submitted work, as well as a biographical note of 30 words or fewer. Cash awards for outstanding work will be awarded. All submissions become the property of the *Black River Review*. Submitted works will not be returned.

Email submissions, contact information, and bio to
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1220 Coffeen Street | Watertown, NY 13601
Attn: Black River Review

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CREDITS

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Christine Pristash

Introduction

This year I celebrate my fourth year as editor in chief of the Black River Review. Despite the challenges that come with COVID, I have thoroughly enjoyed helping to create this publication every year. Of course, that is partly because of the people I get to work with. Each year, I am humbled by the energy and effort that so many people bring to this work. I will not list them all here (for fear of leaving someone's name out), but many of them can be found on the cover page, while others are our unsung heroes. Thank you, all!

There is another part of job that makes it so enriching: the works of our campus community: students, faculty, staff, and alumni. Motifs magically appear each year. Not surprisingly, this year's motifs relate to change. Salin Davis's piece "Metamorphosis" comes to mind. When describing her piece, she points out how both the butterfly and the trident symbolize transformation. In one of Bruce Hakes Jr.'s pieces, they invoke the movement between the seasons and the writer's need for perspective. You may even be able to still see hints of my original plan to organize this year's publication by seasons, which was inspired by several of this year's works, including the art pieces "Midwinter" and (one of my favorites) "Cold Bernie." While it did not completely pan out, I recognize the focus on transformation or change in many, if not all, of this year's works.

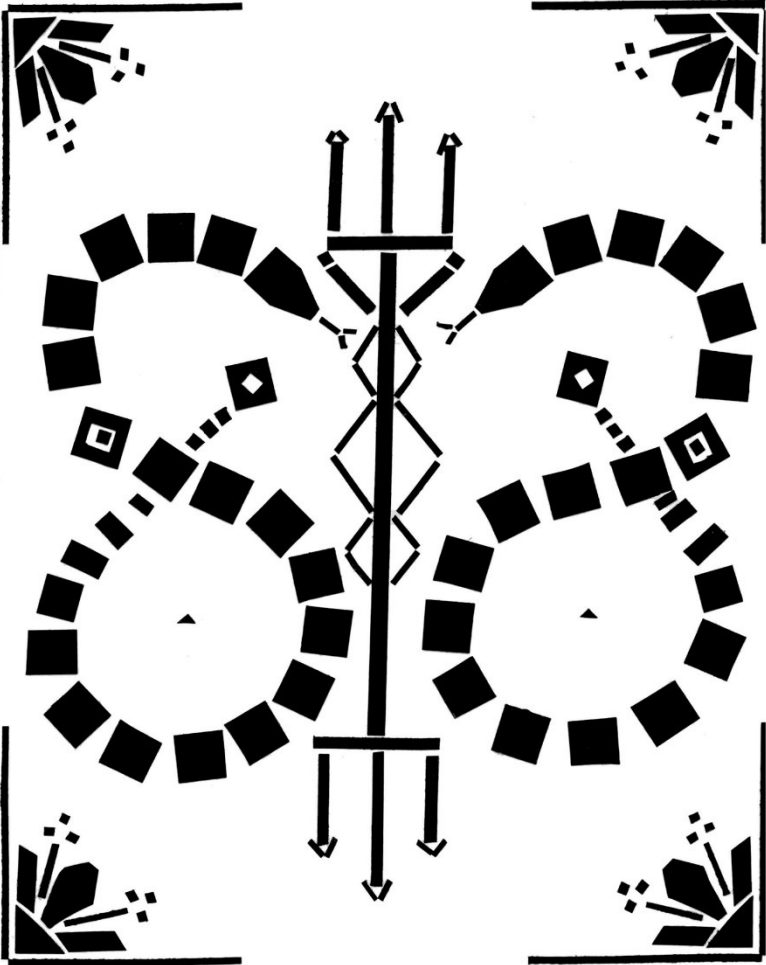
As we move into spring, and the weather patterns have finally stopped confounding me, I find myself hopeful. I wish you all positive change and good health as we wrap up the 2020-2021 school year. And don't forget to start working on next year's submissions!

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Salin Davis
Metamorphosis



Zoe Turtura

Sugar

Daddy can you pass me a strawberry
The one coated in sugar laid inside the fridge with locks
Next to the coca-colas I'm not allowed to drink
It is 8 pm and I have missed curfew but I just wanted to see you
Labels of different kids displayed on your walls
I take pictures of myself
Why is this picture of me when I was twelve
I write these poems that explain your mental health but you do not like me
reading them out loud
She gained control, daddy you are the king of this household
Remember us? Remember me?
Your little... boy yes you need to make it to his every baseball thing but you
have missed my performance
Yes, I will pay for you to get here
I just want you to get here.
She wants to come to take pictures of my amazing day just to explain to
everyone else that we are one big
happy family
My neck aches from the discomfort of the switch you play at night when
she is tucked away
That is my favorite time of day
She wrapped our hearts in boxes and gave them away to someone else
A hug from a man's arms was something I craved
but today I am scared of it
Daddy, will you hold my hand? You are too far away that is okay, I
understand maybe when I turn sixteen
next month I can drive to achieve your touch
Maybe next month you could take me out and-
Oh, she already has it covered.
A hug with no meaning is a true thing because I have been hugging her for
eleven years straight
If I play softball will you meet me at the field?
My hair is now dark like the wintertime sky, we can have hot cocoa for
those specific nights
I have learned not to ask too much and I do not have many words to say
But what I needed you to understand dad, is that all I wanted was a
strawberry.

Darian Sinclair

A Crow Tapped on My Window in Autumn

Death came tapping at my window
In the form of an angry black crow
On a summer-like day in October
that made turning leaves halt their color

Warmth is not always a comfort
When nature is taken unaware by
Seasons of a mind in chaos or
burning from want of morning dew

Death flew away from my window
Perhaps not seeing me there
Sitting in my room staring out at her
It might have just been a bird anyway

Pam Dixon
Plant It, and They Will Come



Margot Jacoby
August 22, 2010

Vegetables in the garden ripening
for the table and for canning

Berries and other fruits reddening
ready for eating on the spot and preserving
if any are left...

Smells and scents of late summer: musky leaves
changing hues in the sun after the rain

Longer shadows in the afternoon
cooler air in the evening after hot days

Fields covered in goldenrod and yarrow dotted
with black-eyed Susans and asters

A time to reap the harvest of life and glory
and now a time to try to live
in the lonely loss of you.

Elizabeth Mallette
New Perspective



Bryce Levac
Crossing Over

Footsteps weigh heavily upon the many cracks in the concrete below. Each step places considerable faith that these separations are in fact even, and not upended from the Earth in the form of a hidden tumor. Fortunately for Lorina Dodson, these tumors do not metastasize and grow until only the most cancerous sections of the sidewalk remain. They are certainly capable of expansion but only to the effect of tripping someone like Ms.

Dodson up enough to fall upon the heavily split surface below. Each footstep is a retaliation of sorts against the growth beneath her, as she races towards the bridge she has spent almost her entire life crossing over and over again.

She's five again and it's the end of summer. Her mother's hand wraps around her own as they walk in unison over the bridge, joining the cars that cross upon it. The bridge itself hovers over a river that flows serenely under the early morning sun. Its purpose, according to five year old Lorina, is to simply connect her house, which is right across the street from the bridge, to the other side of town, which contains all the bare essentials that Lorina and her mother would need from week to week. There are no cracks or obtuse spots of growth beneath them to impede their journey into Lorina's much acclaimed and expected debut of elementary school. To Lorina, it's as if the world was expecting and now welcoming them. The birds' melody offers them a steady beat to walk to as they head to Lorina's first grand opportunity to grow and expand. The river rushes underneath them, occasionally spewing bits of mist into the air that help to cool the arid atmosphere surrounding them.

During this unintentional welcoming ceremony, Lorina's mother leads with a natural and steadfast pace that makes Lorina ponder if her mother even needs the bridge with how she dances in the air.

She's fifteen again and it's the middle of fall. Crossing over by herself had become a normality at this point as her mother felt it was no longer a necessity to accompany her across the well traversed bridge. During this particular time of year, and especially during this particular time of day, the sun's warming observance was at its peak. The life in both the river and land bustled around Lorina. Fish down

below breezed across the surface, letting themselves flow softly down the river. The diner across the bridge already contained a few patrons, each of them wrapped within their caffeinated cocoons, with nourishment coming from the everlasting combination of syrup and pancakes. They all contributed in conditioning Lorina into a more alert and observative state of being as she felt the slight drag in her eyes and body begin to fade into comforting wonderment. The only interruption in this elaborate conditioning was the crack that had formed at the beginning of the bridges' sidewalk, a detail that Lorina forgot almost as soon as she noticed.

She's twenty-five again and winter welcomes her home. Lights dance their way across the bridge, leading both Lorina and her mother toward their house. They had decided to walk to the diner that sat across the bridge for an early dinner since Lorina had just arrived home from college. Despite it having been over a year since the last time she was home, the journey across the bridge remained as familiar to her as her own body. The only noticeable difference being the previously minimal cracks that seemed to have grown in quantity since the last time she visited. The only source of unfamiliarity resided in their journey back. To Lorina, this perspective had always remained foreign to her; no matter how many times she had utilized it on the way home from school or the store to get groceries for them, it always felt as if the world had been inverted. The rhythm had shifted now to be a de-escalation. The river was now at a visible standstill, not frozen over, just lacking movement from the wind that swept above, and the creatures that dwelled below. Even her mother had recognized this shift in the atmosphere as she no longer seemed as confident in her balletic steps as she was on the way there. With the lively diner behind them, all that was left was the image of row upon row of domestic housing that seemed to be sleeping soundly in their respective beds of grass. It was then, as she looked upon the resting masses, that Lorina's balance was disturbed, almost falling upon the pavement below. Both she and her mother let out a slight yelp that communicated their shared fear and concern at Lorina's descent. She was able to catch herself, to the relief of both, before noticing the cause of the trip being an upended, jagged piece of concrete that had amassed itself upon the sidewalk below.

She is now thirty-five and winter is ending. Lorina is forced to walk alone once again. All of these years compound each other, placing all of their choral weight upon Lorina's chest, extracting her

air. At this, she decides to stop herself short of her eventual destination for a momentary bit of respite. She looks back from the way she came, trying to place an image of her previously everlasting home over the now abandoned shell that it is. She imagines what it will be like years from now. A cesspool of overgrown cells in the form of moss and towering blades of grass that would make it unrecognizable. All of it pushing the walls of the house farther apart until it implodes in an emerald expansion that desires to spread to other homes. She hopes the other side will help take her mind off this possible dystopia, that it might not remind her of the same haunting nature of destructive expansion. Although she should've known better, Lorina's entire being still tenses when she witnesses the swarm of foreign bodies that have infested the once homey diner she took comfort in passing on school mornings. The growth here was benign, as the people within seemed joyful enough to be endlessly cramped together until the diner's eventual closure. No matter how harmless and joyful this appeared, Lorina could not feel it, only being able to fear its imminency.

Lorina presses herself against the bridge's fence as it encapsulates all sides of the bridge except for its entrance and exit. Cars pass by swiftly, adhering to the natural flow that has been systematically established since before she and her mom would walk beside it together. They flow continuously in their respective vessels, or perhaps would it be more accurate to call them capillaries? A visible breath of ecstasy escapes Lorina as her lips crease to each side of her face, connecting her dangling scarlet hair to the rest of her face. This instinctive movement passes almost as quickly as the breath's visibility though, as her gaze simply falls to the settling horizon. Lorina presses her face against the steel, interconnecting wires, only wishing to expand endlessly across the city like the cells within her mother had.

A petal then dances across Lorina's face, almost flaunting itself in front of her as it travels through the air. Lorina can only form a look of concerned confusion as it continues a series of dips and dives, spinning endlessly as its pollen is shaken off with each rotation. Her confusion is then rewarded with an almost imperceptible answer. The petal is dancing. Lorina's lips connect to her hair once more, as she steps on the air, knowing spring is only just beginning.

Charley Loftus

Pastiche of Pierre-Auguste Renoir's portrait of Julie Manet



Diona Southcott

The House on Herthum Road

I saw it for the last time through the eyes of the photographer. He couldn't see my cousins standing there. His pictures were empty. But I blink and I'm there in the kitchen, talking with my uncle. You have to say "excuse me" to move anywhere. I guess that's what happens when your life and love multiply into 17 grandchildren. I thought I left a sleeping bag under the chairs at the island, but I don't see it there now. Somebody must have moved it, maybe tidying up for these pictures. I'll have to find it again before dark, so I can make up a bed on the porch.

The photographer moves on before I am ready, to another room that echoes with his footfalls and my memories. How can he capture every curve and corner, and yet none of the shadows which look our way? I've never seen the basement so still, so quiet. The "Bless this Mess" plaque is missing from the wall. And so, in fact, is the mess. I see the children, through rolling trucks, through the thick carpet, building Lincoln Logs on the pool table, arguing over who gets to play Sega next. For a brief moment my heart eases with contentment, but with a click, they vanish.

What's going on here, anyway? How will anyone understand what kind of a place this is if they don't see a pile of shoes at the door? Or a deck of cards dealt around the oriental rug, ready for a vicious game of spoons? Or how the picnic table outside can double as a refrigerator during Thanksgiving? I'm surprised there's not a pie waiting on it right now.

As the sun gleams off an unnaturally pristine floor, the photographer angles for an all-encompassing shot, but I can hardly see between the bodies of my remembrances. I can't shake the flickering shadows that entwine with this house like its own soul. The laughter of adults in the living room, the creak of steps on the stair. The smell of turkey from the kitchen, a dish of nuts always on the counter. My own existence is like a whisper and a whisper among these; the endurance of my life hardly more than that of the dew on a blade of grass outside.

Too quickly, we're done. The session's over. The photographer got what he came here for but I... I guess I have to come to grips with the fact that what I'm looking for is gone. It will

never return to this house. What I'm wanting left the moment Grandpa stood up from that hospital bed to follow Jesus home. Home.

Perhaps this, too, has only ever been a whisper and a shadow, this house on Herthum Road. A reflection of where we are bound, a rumor of things to come. Although it be through a mirror dimly, the restless soul knows its true home, and is not in a silhouetted past, but in the eternity of an undying Love. He's gone on to meet it and so, someday, shall I.

Katherine Forkell
Cabin in the City



Emily Ford
Restoration (2020)

The news gutted me
It gutted me the way they gut the old row houses
On G Street
When strangers come
To tear down familiar walls
With sledgehammers--
Beating and breaking
Stirring up dust and noise
Ripping out wiring, tearing up floors
Until raw beams are exposed
Between ceiling and foundation
A fresh plan laid, streamlined
Walls moved back
Everywhere space
A sleek hearth of tempered glass
Cool to the touch
Mirrors reflecting cold sunlight
Casting dim and coreless shadows
Absent of what was
But the exterior the same

Bruce Hakes Jr.
Watertown

Why can't I write about you?
I think enough about you:
your autumns, your snow laden pines,
your silent snowfall sunrises,
your end of summer amber moons.
I think on those days beside the Black River
reading Gillan, Ginsberg, Rimbaud,
The signs in the stones, its shifty water.
How I found myself absent contemplation,
more peaceful than a sleeping seagull.
I haven't yet begun to thank you for that.
But this isn't the time for thanks.
I remember a professor saying that Hemingway
once said something about never writing
about a place until you're miles, an ocean away.
I think the quote had to do with perspective...
plucking insight from distances
like you would apples from an orchard.
I tremble more than a farmer
who wakes to an early fall frost
when I look down those distant roads.
How my basket is empty.
I'm away—away—too far away—
so far that sentimentality has begun to rot
our memories like a store of apples
intended from cider and spiced donuts.
How my basket is empty.
I'm away—away—too far away
that the small bus stop I waited outside of
for a taxi to the local college campus
is a fly on the side of glass of wine
I poured but couldn't bring myself to drink.

Linda Finerson
Midwinter



Vatressa Teamoh
Kringle

Kringle

Vatressa Teamoh

$\text{♩} = 130$

mp

3

5

mp *mf*

7

9

12

Musical notation for measures 12-15. The piece is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

16

Musical notation for measures 16-19. The right hand continues the melodic development with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand maintains a steady accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

20

Musical notation for measures 20-22. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

23

Musical notation for measures 23-24. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

25

Musical notation for measures 25-28. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

27

Musical notation for measures 27-28. The right hand features a continuous eighth-note pattern. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and sustained notes.

29

Musical notation for measures 29-30. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand maintains the accompaniment.

31

Musical notation for measures 31-32. The right hand shows a change in the eighth-note pattern, and the left hand accompaniment continues.

33

Musical notation for measures 33-34. The right hand has a more complex eighth-note pattern, and the left hand accompaniment remains consistent.

35

Musical notation for measures 35-36. The right hand features a final eighth-note pattern, and the left hand accompaniment concludes the section.

37

Musical score for measures 37-39. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass line with chords and eighth notes.

40

Musical score for measures 40-41. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking *p* is present.

42

Musical score for measures 42-43. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking *mp* is present.

44

Musical score for measures 44-45. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass line with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking *mf* is present.

46

Musical score for measures 46-47. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and quarter notes. The left hand has a bass line with chords and eighth notes.

48

f

50

ff

52

p

54

mf

57

5

Abigail Valentine
Cold Bernie



Zoe Turtura

Apollo

What you have shown me.
Awakening with new stories
I now recognize the growth within me
Soft smells, delicate ribbons
Strong waves riding the tides
Because life is important
You have shown me hobbies that I cannot live without
Taking one fast car at a time
You have shown me that you will stay standing at the finish line
Waking up to your lips
Discomfort is no longer a thing,
Personal space is the future we long for
The rocketship you promised we'd make
Passing stars everyday,
Mommy said those are what I am made of
You are the planets that came together to hold me up
You have shown me how to accept perfect as an illusion
You have shown me how to see small things as my everything
And if time were to run out from the gravitation loosening grips
Our togetherness is not something I would regret
Because you have shown me how to dissipate my fears
I promise I am not scared anymore.
But what you have shown me the most that I will never forget
Is that I was worth loving
And boy am I falling,
And that is okay.

Nathan Skaarup
His World



Jenna Ponte
Shattered

When I fall apart
I'm the only one who will pick up the pieces,
because I'm the only one who's here,
the only one who sees,
the only one who knows.

I've put the pieces back time and time again
and am left with a jagged mess
that no longer resembles what it was,
what it could have been.

You say you can't see the pain,
but you're not even looking.
I can't ask for help,
because no one offers.

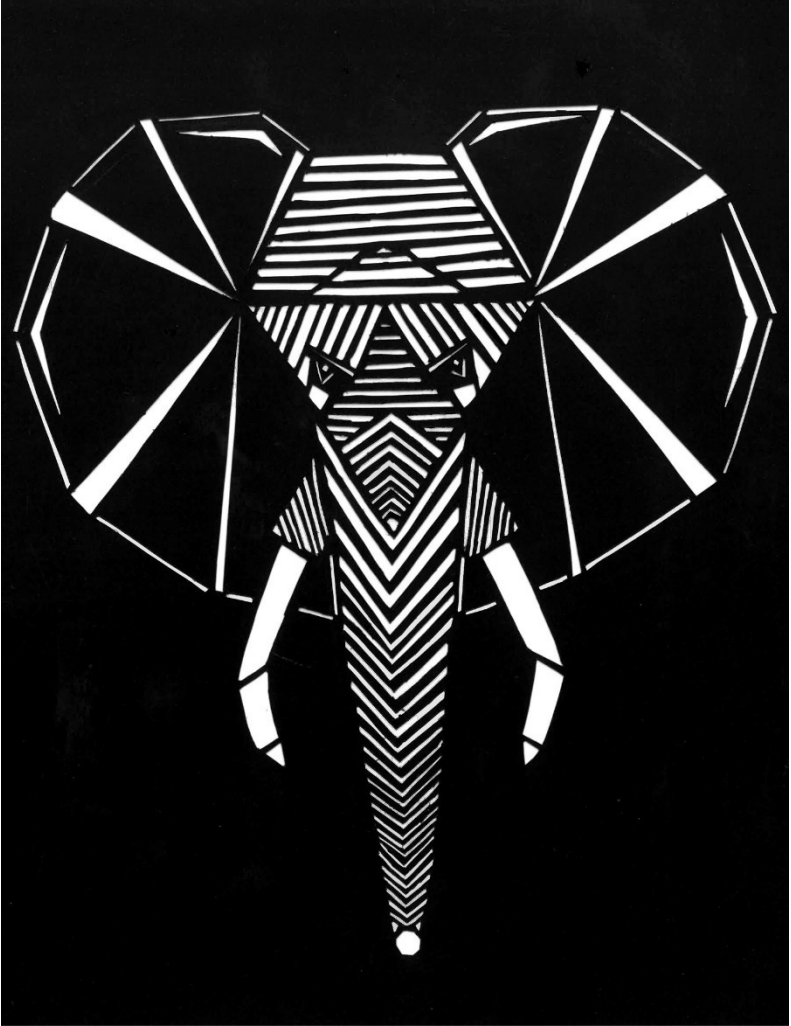
Over and over again I'm cut by my own self
with the mess I was left with.
I make others bleed
simply by being myself.

You call it "strength,"
I know it as "survival."
I've never had a choice,
I was never given a chance.

I'm doing my damndest to keep myself together,
but it's not good enough for you.
It's easier to be abandoned
than for someone to stand beside me.

I was given no choice but to be strong
and you applaud me for it.
No one sees the broken, shattered parts
that I'm desperately trying to hold together.

William Locy
Strength and Power



Rebecca Jiminez
The Chicken Lady

I was new to Arizona and filled with amazement with every new experience. The scenery here alone was much different than what I was used to, being born and raised in Upstate New York. Here some of the yards were covered in a dusty brown sand with succulents and tropical trees to add a splash of green to the dry scenery. Dirt devils, like mini tornados made of sand, twirled across the road. A tumble weed as big as a small child bounced down the sidewalk. Visible heat waves rose from the asphalt like a hot frying pan. There were road signs warning of hefty fines for throwing cigarette butts out the windows of your car. We drove by a park in the middle of a rodeo where I saw a sea of cowboy hats and smelled the stench of manure. As we drove, people sped by on motor bikes without helmets, and seatbelts weren't required.

I was a young bride at the time that I was taken to a little house in Yuma, Arizona, to meet my new family. I met my husband's mother and two sisters. They were originally from Mexico, only a short drive away. His mother spoke only Spanish, and his two sisters spoke broken English. They were short with jolly faces. They spoke to each other as if I weren't there. I heard the word "weta" a lot, although at the time I didn't know it meant "white girl." My husband explained to me that they are proud people and at that moment I was the first white girl to enter the family.

Shortly after arriving, I excused myself from a conversation I could not understand and went out to the backyard to have a cigarette. In the enclosed, dusty backyard, there were barbed cactus and burly bushes growing among the patches of grass. A few terracotta pots sat along the broken stone patio, empty and abandoned. There were also two orange trees with plenty of fruit, and an old decaying stump overtaken by ants, sat in the center of the yard. A couple of odd chairs, freshly painted red and blue, sat next to the fence.

I planted my butt in the blue chair and lit up a cigarette. Not long after the first swirl of smoke left my lungs, I heard a rustling nearby. I was thinking *giant snake*, when out popped a chicken. For a hen she was quite beautiful. She strutted around the yard with her chest puffed out, proudly showing her beautiful sunset colors. She

seemed to be very comfortable, and I began to think of her as the family pet. She appeared very well kept. Relieved it wasn't a lethal snake, I took a couple of satisfying puffs off my cigarette and sat back to enjoy watching her forage for food.

Then, from the side door I had just come out, a little old Mexican lady shuffled through the screen door, carrying a hatchet as she carefully handled a steaming pot of water. Her face as tan as the other family members but very weathered. A grey scarf covered up her bundle of grey hair. She was short and round, kind of reminded me of a garden gnome.

I greeted the woman in her native language, "Hola" being the only word I knew at the time. She gave me a wide smile that put a sparkle in her old eyes.

The old lady wobbled across the broken concrete patio and sat the pot next to the stump. Then quickly, with the hatchet still in her hand, she ran on her little legs after the chicken. A few times she came close to catching it, but just as she approached it, it would dive in a different direction, and the woman's old body could not shift gears that quickly. However, the chicken had no problem at all, nor did it seem to mind that she was chasing it with a deadly weapon. The puffed-up chicken didn't see the danger that was right in front of her eyes.

I thought maybe the chicken was right and the old lady would never catch her, but just as I smothered my finished cigarette, the old lady caught the hen by the neck, surprisingly quickly. Not knowing what else to do with my cigarette butt, I put it in my pocket and stayed seated, with much curiosity. The confident bird was no longer bold, but very much surprised. She started assaulting the old lady with her wings. I didn't know whether I should go help the lady or laugh. Even though she was being battered by soft feathers, she seemed very pleased with her catch. She gave it a little shake and stuck out her tongue at it.

Then the aged woman strangled the chicken with both of her pudgy hands, wringing its neck all the way to the stump, which was not too far from where I sat. Feathers were stuck in her hair and decorated her dress. I had never seen a chicken killed before, but I had heard stories about how the decapitated chicken will run around after losing its head.

With one mighty swing of the woman's ax, the chicken lost its head. The slayer stepped back from the stump with the head in her hand like a prize. She watched me in amusement as the chicken's

body then jumped off the stump and started bouncing around the yard. This made the old lady laugh. Although it was a jolly laugh, there was a little sinister chuckle at the end.

As the headless chicken ran by the lady, she quickly dropped the head and swooped the confused body into her arms. Sitting directly on the bloody stump with no regard for her faded dress, she plunged the bird's body into the steaming pot, her weathered hands seeming to tolerate such temperatures.

The woman lifted the bird from the pot and started to pluck out its feathers. She would pull out a feather, and the headless body would cluck. I did not expect to hear a bird with no head to cluck; that was not in the stories I had heard. But, sure enough, as more feathers came out, so did more clucks. The old lady gave me a toothless grin, creasing all the deep lines in her face.

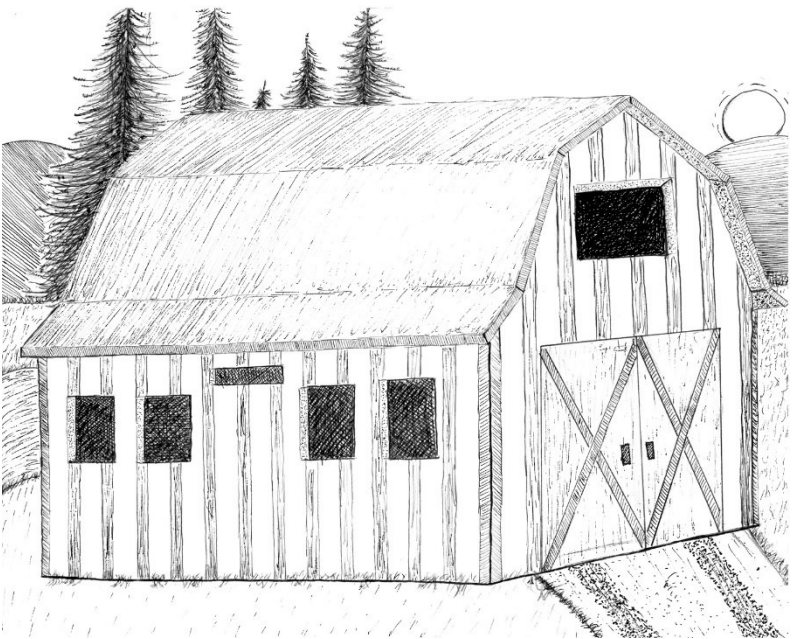
I decided then that the show was over and wanted to leave before the chicken lady asked for help. I gave her an awkward wave and grin. The proper farewell could not be found at the moment I left her, with her tongue hanging out of her bunched lips as she ripped at the feathers of a bird I had once thought of as their pet.

Inside, I asked my husband about the old lady who had been outside committing chicken homicide. He didn't know what I was talking about. He asked his mother in Spanish, and she mumbled something back in Spanish. She must have said something bad, because she spat on the floor after the word left her lips. My husband said that there was no old lady in the backyard and changed the subject to the aroma in the kitchen.

He walked me over to the pot that had been boiling since we got there and said, "We are having caldo de pollo." He lifted the lid and simmering inside was a freshly plucked chicken. I could see the raised bumps on its grey skin where the feathers had been ripped from the flesh. Even though it did smell divine, covered in fresh herbs and spices, the sight of the stripped chicken did not match the tantalizing aroma that filled the house.

For some odd reason, I had lost my appetite. While the family feasted on the chicken carcass, I went back out for another cigarette and found that the yard was littered with feathers.

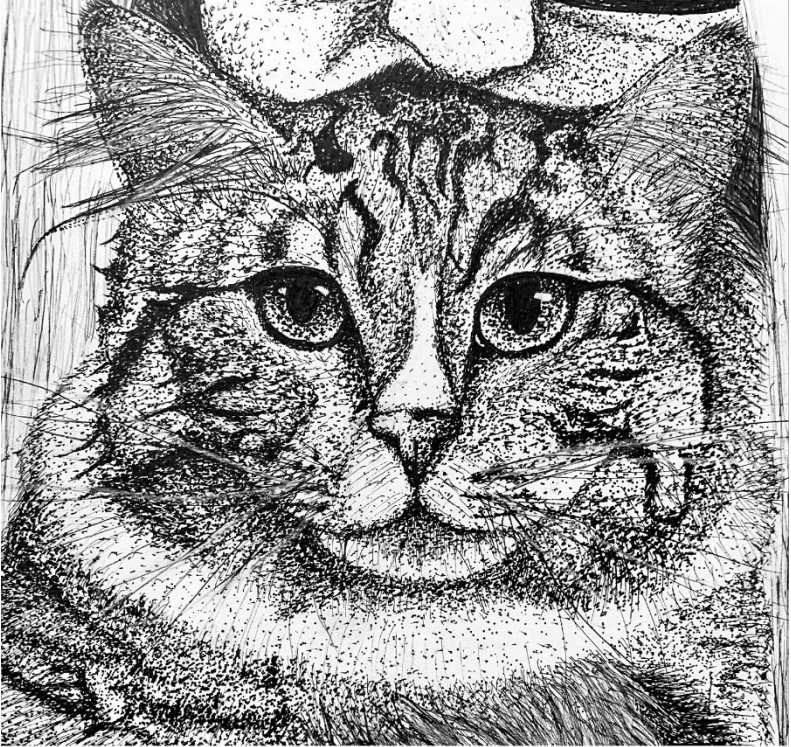
William Locy
Upstate



Bruce Hakes Jr.
On this Night

A stuffed turtle keychain eyeless,
ketchup stained looks as doubtful
as a life speeding from hope—how
the undramatic, moonful cloudscape
would go unseen if not for the smell
of rain, if they didn't seem as mythic
as a dogged, breaded giant—on this
night my spiritedness is a sand fly
beating against the dirty windshield
as I exceed 90 MPH on a farm road
sometime after midnight—on this
night I remark the numberlessness
in being finite, as I'm reminded,
by the smacking of the turtle against
the steering column, of hope, that I am
driving drearily dreamless, head-
strong into an August thunderstorm,
hopeful, lightning will strike me
free of this, myself, this speedy cycle.

Elizabeth Mallette
Mando



Richard Baik

Futility

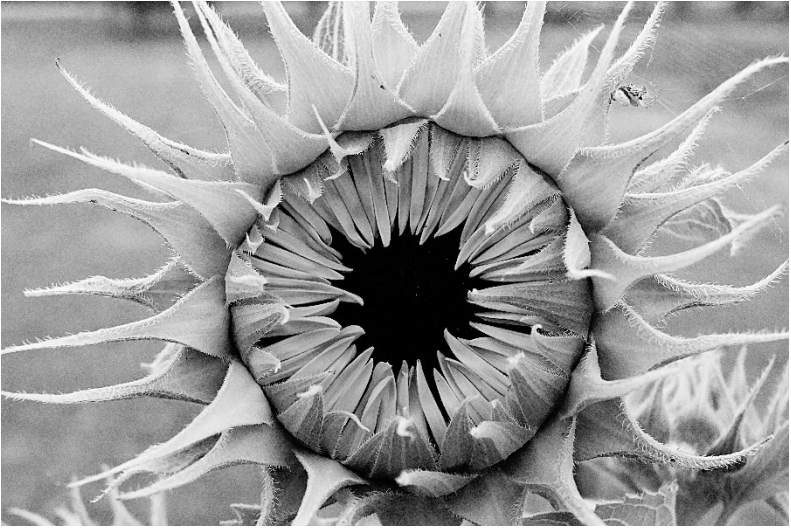
We, hollow inside
Screaming for our salvation
Echoes in the night

Jenna Ponte

Words

Silly little things
floating on the air,
dancing on the page
with no meaning,
but what's given to them.

Pam Dixon
Opening Soon



Collin Render
Victorian Lament in D Minor

Victorian Lament in Dmin

Collin Render

Allegro moderato

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a half note C, a dotted half note D, and a quarter note E. The lower staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment of chords: B-flat major (B-flat, D, F), C major (C, E, G), D minor (D, F, A-flat), and D minor (D, F, A-flat).

7

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, starting with a quarter note E, a quarter note F, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a dotted half note B-flat, and a quarter note C. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords: D minor (D, F, A-flat), E minor (E, G, B-flat), F major (F, A, C), and F major (F, A, C).

13

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody with a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, a quarter note B-flat, a quarter note C, a dotted half note D, and a quarter note E. The lower staff continues the harmonic accompaniment with chords: F major (F, A, C), G major (G, B, D), A-flat major (A-flat, C, E), and A-flat major (A-flat, C, E).

19

Musical notation for measures 19-25. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a sharp sign (F#) in measure 21. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads.

26

Musical notation for measures 26-31. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads.

32

Musical notation for measures 32-39. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads.

40

Musical notation for measures 40-45. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment of chords, primarily dyads and triads.

2

47

Musical notation for measures 47-53. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Measure 47: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has quarter notes G3, A3, B3. Measure 48: Treble staff has a whole note chord G4-A4-B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 49: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 50: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 51: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 52: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 53: Treble staff has a whole note chord G4-A4-B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3.

54

Musical notation for measures 54-60. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Measure 54: Treble staff has a whole note G4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 55: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 56: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 57: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 58: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 59: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 60: Treble staff has a whole note G4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3.

61

Musical notation for measures 61-66. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Measure 61: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 62: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 63: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 64: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 65: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 66: Treble staff has a whole note G4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3.

67

Musical notation for measures 67-72. The system consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). Measure 67: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 68: Treble staff has a quarter note G4 with a fermata; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 69: Treble staff has a whole note chord G4-A4-B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 70: Treble staff has quarter notes G4, A4, B4; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 71: Treble staff has eighth notes G4, A4, B4, C5; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3. Measure 72: Treble staff has a quarter note G4 with a fermata; Bass staff has a whole note chord G3-A3-B3.

73

Musical notation for measures 73-78. The piece is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef consists of: measure 73 (B2, C3), measure 74 (B2, C3), measure 75 (D3, C3, B2), measure 76 (B2), measure 77 (B2, A2, G2), and measure 78 (D3, C3, B2, A2, G2). The bass line in the bass clef consists of: measure 73 (B1, C2), measure 74 (B1, C2), measure 75 (D2, C2), measure 76 (B1, C2), measure 77 (B1, C2), and measure 78 (D2, C2).

79

Musical notation for measures 79-80. The piece is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble clef consists of: measure 79 (C3, D3, E3, F#3) and measure 80 (G3, F#3). The bass line in the bass clef consists of: measure 79 (B1, C2) and measure 80 (B1, C2). The piece ends with a double bar line.

Margot Jacoby

2020: Year of Panic

It was new to most of us,
to the world. Total confusion, but we have a plan
and a plan B, and they kept changing...
We were sent home to create a new office at home,
“Take whatever you may need
we may be out of the office for a while.”

Stock up, but don't hoard
essentials while non-essentials become
a priority. Words like mitigation, CDC guidelines
and mixed messages fill
our TV screens with press conferences and breaking news.

Zoom
what to do and not do
while Zooming. Online classes and meetings
teaching teachers and parents how to navigate
lessons and information in our changed world.

More time at home learning
to be creative at play
cooking most meals at home, let's grill
again! Streaming TV shows, movies, and church
music to fill our weary souls deprived of live
concerts, events, reunions, and rites
of passages.

By the end of spring, or by the summer it will
be better, fall was worse with missing loved ones
during the holidays. Now almost a year
later there's hope
with vaccinations and in a few years, herd-immunity
this virus and its variants are here to stay.

Elizabeth Mallette
New Chapter Blooming



Dylan Kernehan

A Summer Day on Snipe Island

Another day spent on the St. Lawrence River winds down as the gentle breeze begins to fall with the sun and the clear water begins to sink into a restful state of glassiness. The sun is only inches above the treetops and it's almost time to start a fire if we're going to have one. Just off the foot of Whale Island, the loons appear. Mother and father are majestic in their coloration while their fuzzy charcoal chick bobs between them. Although awkward in the air, they're truly masterful in the water and it is a privilege to see them swim underwater. Like playful torpedoes, they jet and dive in search of food. The chick, evidently tired of navigating the surface under his own power, scampers onto his parent's back and nestles in among the folded black speckled wings.

High overhead a gull flies and lets out a screech that's answered by another not far off. The world is too still and gentle now to justify the flapping of wings, so it glides instead, slowly surfing the air currents. The sun is just kissing the upper branches of the trees on the Canadian side of the river and the near horizontal rays it casts tumble through the trees around me. The world is frozen in the moment just after Midas's touch, when the golden transformation is only partial, and everything still retains part of its original complexion within the golden hue. The water between the foot of Hemlock Island and the head of Whale Island reflects the sun's last display of vibrance for the day, and each wave that passes through sheds a showering myriad of sparkles dancing across the gap.

It's time to start the campfire before it becomes too dark to see, so I begin to build my little teepee of sticks and pine needles among the bricks of the pit. As I gather the necessary supplies the loons exchange their bone-chilling alarms. One of the bald eagles is returning to their nest on the Hemlock. Backlighting by the sun, it is only a large silhouette as it rises to its perch with slow and mighty wingbeats. The loons' concern was fair, but unnecessary; the eagle's day of hunting is over, and the loon chick is safe.

I carefully light and nurture my small flame, slowly adding larger pieces of pine, cedar, and birch until it is steady. I prefer to burn cedar when we have it, for it smells sweeter and burns more

steadily than pine; the oil makes the fire crack and hiss. By this time, the sun is just slipping below the trees and the sky is blood orange. The bellies of the clouds turn pink and gradually shift to lavender the farther from the sun that I look. In the early fall I'll see huge V's of Canadian geese flying high overhead, but not now.

Snipe doesn't have electricity; the half-mile worth of underwater cable required to bring it over is too expensive. We make do with kerosene lamps instead, which my father lights as I stoke the fire. The soft glow they give is more inviting anyway. As darkness falls, other fires appear on both shorelines and my father always jokes about who has the biggest campfire and which fire will last the longest into the evening, though ours is rarely the victor of either category.

On clear evenings I can see thousands of stars without ambient light pollution. There's a bit of a glow upriver over Alexandria Bay and by the international bridges that span the river, just as there is a small glow over Mallorytown Landing just below us, but Snipe is fortunate enough to be positioned in the middle of one of the wider and more open points of the river, so light pollution is minimal. I used to watch the stars through a telescope as a kid on weekend summer nights; I wanted to be an astronomer or astrophysicist, but I quickly realized I couldn't do the required mathematics. If I stay patient enough while looking up, I'll see a shooting star and a few satellites pass over, and that's good enough for me.

A bass jumps somewhere in the dark and the splash reverberates off the granite and quartz walls of the three islands that form our group. One of the loons calls soon after. There is no better sound. Like the howl of a wolf, but sadder and softer, the moan hangs on the placid air and carries across the river for miles.

My second favorite sound usually comes within an hour or two, when the train passes through Mallorytown itself, about a mile inland from the landing. The whistle drifts across the river and can even be heard from our house, which is a couple miles inland from the river. On exceptionally still nights I can hear the clickety-clack of the wheel over the track. As a kid, every time it passed through and we heard the whistle, my father would say "Do you hear the train in Canada buddy?" I have no doubt that when he's gone, hopefully a long time from now still, the train whistle across the river will be one of my fondest memories of my dad.

Depending on the shipping schedule and my ability to stay awake, I'll sometimes be lucky enough to see a freighter pass through during the night. The best scenario is a laker heading upriver. Because they don't leave the system, they can be much longer than the ships that head out to the ocean. This added length means that they have more lights and when they head upriver, I can see them appear as one point of light far below Singer Castle and gradually grow and multiply into a small floating city as they come even with Snipe. The soft white lights of the deck and pilothouse, combined with the red and green navigation lights on the bow and channel markers, always remind me of Christmas.

The quiet of the night lets the hum of the engines be heard as the ship steams steadily by in a thump-thump-thump-thump fashion. Sometimes I walk down to the dock to watch the water drift in and out of the slip as, even the better part of a half-mile away, the ship's draw creates a noticeable effect on the water level. Each ship draws out a couple inches of water until it finally passes and allows it all to roll back in as before.

I take a look at the moon now that it is high in the night sky. The river below it dances with the cold white light it drops and its image in the water is bent and distorted by the waves that pass through it. This is as good a time as any to go in and read a chapter of my book before bed, so after a couple of water buckets are put on the fire, I do just that.

I sleep on one of the two elevated beds on the porch, which is surrounded by windows that fold up and are latched to the ceiling on warm nights when no rain is expected. The crickets, loons, and steady sound of water against the shore put me to sleep. My most restful sleeps have all been on Snipe.

I don't set an alarm on the island; I wake to the sun's rays caressing my face and warming me until I become alert. It's the gentle heat on my eyelids that usually causes me to stir. Immediately I hear the water lapping against the shoreline and through the dock cribs. As I sit up and look off the middle island on the American side, I'll often see the loons doing their early fishing by the shoal that sits less than 100 feet off the island shore. Both parents alternate sticking their heads underwater to spot fish before diving if they see one. The chick always has a parent with it until it's large enough to swim and dive on its own. The early morning calls they share that allow them to maintain contact as they fish in separate areas are the perfect sounds to wake up to. Golden beams continue to fall

through the screen and brush the length of the bed as a seagull cries in the distance and surveys the world from high above. Life simply does not get any better. The chipmunks gather the peanuts we leave out for them and scamper off while the swallows collect the morning's bugs and return to the houses we've built for them throughout the island. Mom starts breakfast and dad quickly sweeps off the chairs and the outside of the camp, for though we may sleep through the night, the spiders stay fast at work; and the day unfolds before us, always the same but ever changing. That is the nature of life on the St. Lawrence.

Salin Davis
Guardians of Balance



Contributor's Notes

Richard Baik is here for his second degree at JCC. He enjoys Chipotle and exercising, which he recognizes is quite contradictory.

Nicholas Barry is going on to study Graphic Design and is currently a Liberal Arts major.

Salin Davis is in the Liberal Arts program at JCC. She enjoys learning about languages, art, and cultures from around the world. She is considering a career as a language interpreter or as an art teacher.

Pamela Dixon is a Jefferson Community College Class of 2000 graduate who enjoys photography, gardening, reading and spontaneous adventures. Seeing her photographs published in the BRR is a highlight in her career.

Linda Finerson has lived on the shores of Lake Ontario for most of her life. She started taking classes at JCC in 1969. Life with a busy and happy family of 9 children postponed her A.A. Degree until 2008. Linda is a “Lifelong Learner” who plans to continue to take art classes and workshops at JCC.

Emily Ford is an alumna of Jefferson Community College. She currently lives in LaFargeville, New York.

Katherine Forkell is a Liberal Arts major who looks forward to starting a small business in the future.

Bruce Hakes Jr. is a gender-neutral poet living in Lockport, New York. They are an alumni of Jefferson Community College and Canisius College, where they studied Creative Writing and Philosophy. Their most recent publications include Outsider Poetry and Sink Hollow.

Margot C. Jacoby enjoys spending time with family, writing, and reading. She has been at JCC as an instructor, tutor, advisor, and staff member since 2000.

Rebecca Jimenez is in her second year at JCC and is majoring in Creative Writing. She has been a truck driver, assisted in eye surgery, and helped train soldiers for Iraq.

Dylan Kernehan is a 22-year-old alum of JCC, where he graduated with an associate's degree in arts in 2018. He just graduated from Coastal Carolina University with a B.A. in Sports Communication.

Bryce Levac is currently a full-time student at JCC and will (hopefully) be graduating this semester and head to Oswego afterward to get his bachelor's degree.

William Locy plans to pursue a career in 3D modeling/architecture. He enjoys drawing structures because it relates to his future goals.

Charley Loftus is a Humanities and Social Sciences major, and enjoys taking art classes for the fun challenge they present. In the future, Charley plans to help people through administrative work.

Elizabeth Mallette is a student in the Individual Studies program. She enjoys art and sewing and hopes to have her own little shop or a business one day.

Jenna Ponte, originally from Maine, currently resides in New York awaiting the next move in her journey. When not writing, she enjoys drawing, painting, and discovering new places and ideas.

Collin Render is a Humanities and Social Sciences major with a focus on music. He has been playing guitar since he was seven and plans to eventually work in a recording studio, while recording his own and other artists' music in his in-home studio.

Darian Sinclair lives in Watertown, NY with his wife Sarah, daughters Taylor and Lauren, Nemo the dog, and Ophelia the cat.

Nathan Skaarup would like to have a career in the field of Digital Art. Nathan likes narrative art and legends/lore. As a gamer, he finds it quite difficult knowing the term "YOLO" doesn't mean unlimited lives.

Diona Southcott is a JCC alum (2014) and an aspiring archaeologist who runs away to Israel during the summertime to volunteer at a dig called Tel es-Safi. To date, the only purpose of the winter months is to earn enough money to participate in the next season of field work. She loves her parents, and she loves her two brothers who each have a growing brood of their own, and she loves scheming with her nieces and nephews about the day that they can come to one of “Ona’s” adventures.

Vatressa Teamoh is a 2020 Watertown High School graduate and was born here in Watertown, NY. She is currently a Liberal Arts major. She plans to transfer to another SUNY college following her years at JCC to major in Percussion Performance. The title of her piece is "Kringle" simply because she wrote it during the holiday season. She loves the holidays and wanted to create something with a hint of naughty but also a hint of nice for her first composition.

Zoe Turtura is an aspiring artist who wants to share her past experiences and how she overcame them. An old English teacher from previous years had suspected her gift in her hands, that she was able to write a piece in a short period of time that would gain standing ovations. She now paints canvases with words in hopes to save at least one person each time. She has decided to continue her writing career through college and is looking forward to her future’s journey.

Abigail Valentine plans to finish her associate’s in Liberal Arts then transfer to a four-year school to graduate with a bachelor’s in Graphic Design and hopes to draw more presidential candidate drop-outs in the near future.

Nicholas Barry
The Journey

