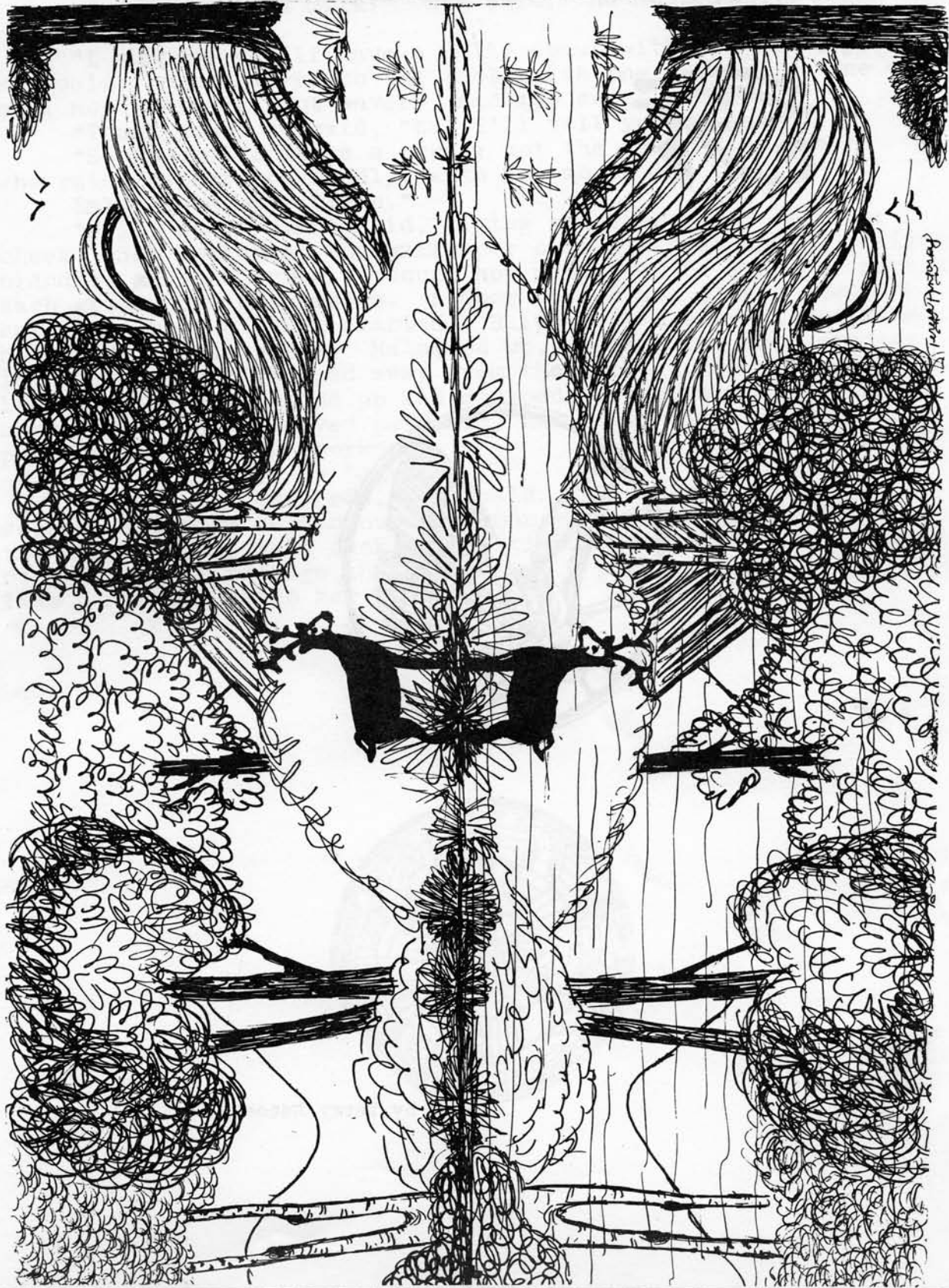


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Cover by Terry Antosky

With this first Borough Bulletin Magazine Supplement, we are very pleased to provide an opportunity for the young people of our community to share their original work. The Supplement is a new idea, a special treat for the last issue of this season, which we hope will quickly become an old idea as it becomes an annual feature of the newspaper. Our purpose is not only to entertain, but to secure a larger audience for the stories, songs, non-fiction articles, poems, drawings, photographs, or fragments of works in progress of our young people, as well as to encourage others to contribute.

We are happy to announce that Elise Moser, the author of the following story, will be editor of the next Magazine Supplement.

David Herrstrom  
Freda Hepner



THREE BY JIM MCKERNAN

## UNDEFINED WORDS

Friendship, a thing so divine,  
and yet so hard to find.  
A word hard to define. It baffles  
the mind.  
Love, undeniably great, yet comes  
with much hate.  
Love the mate  
who comes too late.  
Life, filled with emptiness, never  
knowing happiness.  
Always existing with loneliness,  
Totally meaningless.  
These are the undefined words,  
that haunt the world,  
and we will discover the meanings  
when we fly like the birds.





## SHE

Hair of silk, lips like roses, soft and warm with a kindness that can be matched. Beautifully mysterious, lost in a world of her own. Somewhere, where peace and love were first found, she lives, lost and lonely, creating a happiness that only she can feel. Sad and happy at the same time, she makes you feel like somebody and not like something that belongs in a gutter. Knows where she's at and that makes you happy. You know not her name though she's told you many times. Creating a feeling, unnamed and mysterious, that puts you in a lovely place that you never want to leave. You try to forget her, thinking that you'll never see her again, but you can't, because somewhere deep inside you don't want to forget her. You think that you love her, but you do not know. You begin to feel lost, as a sadness forms in your heart. Your insides feel like an ice cube that has met the sun when you are not with her. Confused, lost, happy, and sad at the same time, you try to tell her how you feel, but you don't know how to. So somehow, you feel that she knows how you feel, but you're not sure. When the time comes, when you find the words and the will to tell her you love her it is too late, for she has died. Now you feel like a fool for waiting so long. You feel empty inside, like you could have done something, but you know you can't do anything. You think of her constantly, but you try not to, sad, mad, and lonely, you search for others, but find no one. You want to live, you want to die, but instead you cry. Now and then you talk to someone, it feels a little better. Once the discussion has ended, the pain becomes worse. As each day goes by, you think of her more and more and forget about yourself. You've lost your job. You've been kicked out of your house, your car is all you have. Now you're drunk and high, speeding. Where to? No one knows, not even you. There is something on your foot, the numbers are flying, your head is spinning. Suddenly it stops. You're no longer in your car. The beach, yes, the beach where you first met her? You search for her, you shout for her. There's someone. It is her? You look, it is not, so you kill her without touching her with your body or anything in your hand.

"Today a young girl was found dead on the beach. The police have no clues as to why she died. There were no marks on her body and her face was set in a silent scream," says a T.V. reporter.

JAM

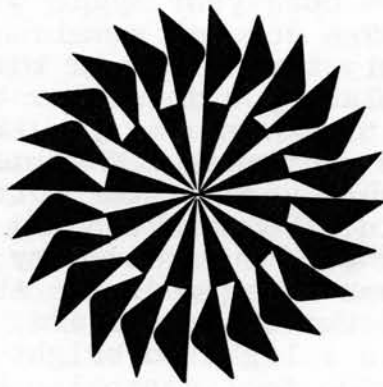
THE ENDING

Darkness all around you, you shut your eyes and listen to the screams. You open your eyes, the people are gone, you wonder where. The screams remain and grow louder and louder, then suddenly they stop and the sudden silence throws you into a place you do not want to be. The darkness becomes total blackness and you find yourself spinning, falling, into emptiness. What seems like hours is only a few seconds and you hit the bottom of solid rock, but you feel no pain. You look around and you see you are in a small rock bed, surrounded by trees that form a wall so high it seems never ending. Above you the blackness you just left, but where you are, from ten feet above you to your feet, is a light so bright you mistake it for the sun. Suddenly you feel something and everything that has happened goes backward and you wake up to find out you are dead.

JAM



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ELISE MOSER

## MIAMI FLOWERS

Miami Flowers scratched her head. Her fingernails were short and thick, and the dull orange polish was mostly chipped away. She pulled her stubby fingers through her thick, unevenly chopped hair and then, irritable, grabbed the hairbrush from the dressertop and pulled her hair into an old rubberband. She wrapped a torn white cloth about her hair and stared at the thick figure in the mirror. An old blueflowered housecoat gripped her shoulders, holding her beneath the arms just too tightly, as if to protest her girth. Her great breasts, like wide fleshy fruits, also annoyed the tight cloth, claiming the privilege in return for their three-fold labors of the past. She liked them, not because they were beautiful--for they weren't--but she liked her breasts because they were gelatinous and massive, and they proclaimed loudly that she had nursed and fed and rocked three children and that was her place in the world and that was a security. She thought of herself as a mother. When she was younger, slimmer but still fat, listening to music, dancing but not understanding, she had thought of herself first as a girl, a future mate, a future wife; and second as a future mother. After mother came daughter, after daughter came telephone operator or shopgirl. Only after her engagement did she think of herself as a future lover and even then it was the last and a small and vaguely, but very, terrifying thought. It surprised her to remember this all now, and suddenly her past was compressed and her future stretched out with the realization that she now had only four roles for herself. The first was Mother, and she pushed her feet, in a pair of worn pink bedroom slippers, into the kitchen. She poured lukewarm coffee into a chipped mug, and sat down at the table covered with the children's breakfast dishes. Ralphie's mashed-up soft-boiled egg swept a sticky golden arc across the table in the corner by the window, and Carole's orange juice made shiny orange confetti flecks where it was mixed with milk in her cereal bowl. MOTHER flashed neon through Miami's mind. MOTHER, she thought, spooning up the baby's leftover oatmeal between furtive drags on her cigarette. MOTHER, looking at the oatmeal; WIFE, looking at the cigarette, giving off a high blue line of waving smoke in front of the window. She had taken the half-empty pack from Henry's pocket while he was sleeping; he didn't know she smoked, and she didn't intend that he should. It was her private thing, something she did to assure herself that she really did belong to her: ADVENTURESS. She frowned, a cheesy frown, because she thought it was stupid for a woman of her age and circumstances to let such a word wander through her mind, uninhibited. Still...she lit another cigarette, wandering over to the box on top of the refrigerator and taking out a stale donut. She sat down at the table again, sipped her coffee, put the baby's now-empty oatmeal bowl in Carole's and bit the donut carefully, watching the cigarette between her fingers as her hand moved through the air,



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performing each motion. ADVENTURESS. Miami Flowers pushed the word out of mind; she was satisfied with the way the smoke curled like ribbon candy or a tapeworm, and she wiped the dry, stale donut crumbs into the egg-mess and watched them stick in a ridge along the edge.

She could feel the fourth category creeping up, and although she tried to ward it off by pushing at the sticky, crumbly yellow with the end of a spoonhandle until it shaped an "M" for Miami, it came on and on anyway, closer and closer. Miami looked at her hand and the cigarette in it, and, taking one last drag, pushed it slowly into the coffee puddle in the bottom of her cup. She rose and walked to the stove and, leaning against it, scooped out the oatmeal pan with a spoon, eating the dry mucousy cereal almost desperately. LOVER. It popped in on her without warning, and she threw the oatmeal pan into the sink and lit a cigarette. The pulpy white cereal was in her back teeth, and she concentrated on digging it out with her tongue, but it wouldn't come out. LOVER. Miami Flowers bit savagely into a piece of old toast lying at the border of the egg-mess, and almost choked in the swallowing, bringing momentary tears to her eyes. LOVER!!! Miami ran into the bathroom, race red and brow creased, and, taking a last deep drag, threw her cigarette into the toilet. She pushed down the handle with all her strength, angry, and watched LOVER disappear on the heels of ADVENTURESS in the churning whirlpool which swirled inside the long white bowl.

Relieved, Miami Flowers rubbed her face with astringent and returned to the kitchen to make her breakfast. Blue smoke hung in the air by the window. She snatched the packet of cigarettes and shoved it into the pocket of Henry Flowers' other jacket, which hung on the back of the door on the days when he took his good one to work.

Miami Flowers jumped slightly with the click of the mailslot. Two advertising circulars and a phone bill lay on the floor, staring up at her. She picked them up and laid the phone bill on the telephone table, taking the circulars into the kitchen with her. She sat by the window drinking coffee and leafing through the advertizements. Papery pink models in bathing suits smiled at each other over style numbers; hulking men in cuffed jeans kneeled with fishing poles behind "Spring Fashion Fair" banners. Heaving a great sigh, Miami Flowers rose and walked slowly into the hall. She glanced at herself in the hall mirror, a diamond-shaped entity in black stretch pants and blue plastic beads. She went out, carefully locking the apartment door behind her, and took the scuffed elevator to the dirty street below.

The street was ringing loud, cars honking and darting, great lumbering trucks growling deeply. Motes of gray dust lingered in the air, and Miami Flowers grasped the two dollar bills in her hand and walked into the street. She looked around, waiting there, edging just into the line of traffic. A green car passed, and two young girls, one blond and one brownhaired, stared at Miami Flowers from the dark windows. She looked past them and then, seeing a clear space, walked across. She turned onto the rough sidewalk and strode lazily, head up, eyes on the block ahead. She glanced at herself in store windows as she passed, scowling,



smiling and staring at herself, She stopped at a crossing, behind a woman in a gamy-smelling, stringy brown fur coat, and felt with her mind the two dollars in her rough, thick hand, the cheap, smooth wedding ring on her fourth finger, the tight place where her orange nylon sleeve bound her arm, just beneath the elbow. She watched the woman's light brown hair fly in the wind, the floating round red light above her, and felt the moist places where sweat was forming under her heavy breasts, the rough material under her arms and over her shoulders. The thin, dry hair of the woman in front of her humped wildly and then settled with the wind, and Miami Flowers felt the tightness at her temples from the rubber band which held her hair. She saw the light blink and it was green, and she pushed her fingers against the paper money in her hand and pushed her way around the fur-coated woman and stepped up on the opposite curb.

"Miami!" Miami Flowers froze for a moment and then, as if released, moved several uncertain steps to the side. She squeezed her hand shut, the dollar bills crushed against her wedding ring, her mind groping hesitantly in the distance. She looked up.

"Miami! Damn!" She moved her legs apart, standing bloated and round on the sidewalk and then, feeling artificial, stepped back a step.

He rushed up. His pebble-colored octagonal face floating above his body; his hot, unpleasant breath running at her face.

"Oh, jeez, Miami, damn!" he said, grasping her arms.

Confused, she stared at him. "Hi," she said, her voice sweating like warm cheese.

"Damn, Miami!" he repeated, taking her wrists and then her fat hands, feeling her wedding ring with his calloused thumb.

"Damn." He looked happy, and lost, like a dog.

"I was just going for some baloney at the A.&P." she said. He looked around, then let go of her hands and turned.

"Sure. Come on." he said. They began to walk.

"I have to make lunch for the children," she said, trying to make the word come out on her face and in her mind at the same time: MOTHER.

"Sure," he said, "sure." There was a silence, and the shiny glass door of the A.&P. swung out at them and in again behind them.

"I also have to buy bananas and milk," she said, almost apologetically.

"Sure," he said, making a helpless, fluttery gesture with his big hands. Miami turned to him and took a breath.

"Pick up a quart of milk for me, will you?" she said. She pointed down the aisle.

Relieved, he picked out the milk and met Miami Flowers at the checkout line. He took the bag of groceries from her and opened the door of the A & P. "I'll just carry this for you," he offered. Miami Flowers smiled slightly, a small, jewel-shaped smile in the middle of her mouth, and walked beside him on the pitted concrete. The noise picked at her face, her ears, her temples, the honking of the cars like a thousand tiny boxing

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gloves hammering at her, and she pressed in closer to him, as if to gain the protection of his hulking body. They stepped past drugstores and butcher's shops and dusty wig stores, and he said, "How many you got?"

Miami looked up at the back of his ear, and, shading her eyes from the weak sun, realized with a shock that she hadn't grown an inch since high school. LOVER. Angrily she punched the word down, and directed her eyes back at the pavement.

"There," she said, "Ralphie is my oldest." She waited for the dull jolt of recognition, and when he cleared his throat, she took his elbow and pulled him across the street, pointing ahead at her apartment building. "In there," she said, and then, as they waited for the elevator, she continued, "Well, you know, I've always liked that name, even before I was in high school." The heavy gray elevator door slid open and she stepped in and pressed a button.

"How old is he?" Ralph asked.

"Seven," said Miami Flowers, and she stepped from the elevator, the ponderous door grating closed, and opened the apartment door.

"And what about the others?" he asked. Miami Flowers shut the door, and with the sound the word popped back into her mind. LOVER.

"Too much television," she muttered, annoyed, and took the bag of groceries from Ralph.

"What?" he asked, his head forward.

"Oh, I have Carole--named after Mr. Flowers' mother--she's five and a half this week; and there's the baby. He goes to the Yellow Ducky Nursery School." Miami turned and saw Ralph standing awkwardly, a great, hulking shadow. "Sit down," she said, waving at the vinyl-covered kitchen chairs, and she began to make coffee. She measured the spoonfuls, counting to herself. Suddenly she realized she'd lost count, and she stared intently at the brown flecks in the metal pot and tried to fight off the huge, inflated neon LOVER that was slowly growing to fill her mind. She pounded at its smug, glowing greenness with all the MOTHER she could find, but the MOTHER was melting out of her hands and she was becoming very angry at the coffee. Finally she slammed it onto the stove and planted herself in a chair.

Across from her, Ralph was sitting quietly with an expectant look on his face. Miami Flowers was confused, but instead of trying to figure it out she stared past him, tracing the avocados and peppers, both long greasy and yellowish-brown, on the wallpaper.

Abruptly, as if someone had tapped her on the head, Miami Flowers realized that he had spoken. "What?" She looked at his shirt collar.

"I say, I'm still driving that old truck," he said.

"Oh, and still married to Joanne and Linda?" she said before she could help it, and, scarlet and furious, she turned away and went to the stove. LOVER. That was the cause of it all; she would never have said such a thing if it hadn't been for that word.

"Well, now, Miami," he said finally, but she interrupted him. "Two sugars and milk?" she said. He nodded, and began again. "Now, Miami--"

"I suppose you'll have a jelly donut with me, won't you?" she said, walking over to the table with the box. Her tone was odd; not unsteady, but wavery, and too sweet.

"Thank you," he said, "but I'll tell you, Miami--"

"So you still drive a truck; not the exact same one?" she said, rather too loudly, with her mouth too full.

Ralph gave up. "Yeah."

"Well, now," Miami said, wiping powdered sugar from her cheek. She looked at the wallpaper over his head again, smiling blandly, and she tried to count how many rows of avocados separated each greasy row of peppers. A door opened and closed down the hall, and both of them started. Ralph looked around, and wiped his hands on his pants. He stood up, feeling the hard muscles in his legs, and stepped away from the table. Miami Flowers looked up at him, stood up and stepped forward also. He stood, awkward, and Miami moved past him, her heavy hips swaying, and put her hand on the doorknob.

"Well, Miami," he began.

"Come again tomorrow," she said. He colored red for a second, and then turned out the door and walked heavily down the hall. Miami went back to the kitchen and slit the top of the bologna package and pulled out a piece and put it, rolled like a new rug, into her mouth.





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