

DEAR DIARY...

spring MMVIII

PESSIMISTIC

THROUGH THE FIRE

THIN LINE BETWEEN  
LOVE AND HATE

CYCLES

FLAMES

BREAKING POINT  
RELEASE

PHOENIX

ASHES

REALIZATION

CONSCIOUSNESS

LIFE LESSONS

CHANGE

NEW BEGINNINGS

OPTIMISTIC

## **Editor's Note:**

Hi everyone!

Firstly, I am proud of my Executive Board, and thank them for all their hard work this past year. Secondly, I would like to say that I will miss the knowledge, leadership and friendship that Britney has given me over the last 3 years as a member and Co-Editor of Onyx. I thank you for everything and wish you luck in the real world! Now, onto other things. This year we received a lot of submissions dealing with love, and the many layers that come along with it. Much like one would find in a diary or journal, we managed to capture a spectrum of emotions in this issue ranging from pain to happiness, anger, lust, shame, rejection, elation, and loneliness. In reviewing these pieces, I think that it's fair to say that this compilation of emotions have the potential to leave one speechless. So without further ado, I would like to present to you the spring 2008 issue of Onyx Magazine. I hope you enjoy it! :-)

Leila Rush  
Co-Editor

\*\*Cover by Onyx Executive Board members

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## Uncovered

I lost it. It's gone forever. I can't get it back now. I grew up way too fast and without a guardrail to hold onto. Children should not have to see or hear such things. No one should. I had to protect myself. I had to protect my mother. I never cried in front of him though. I never let him see me smile. I could not show him emotion.

Emotion indicates weakness. So, I wore a mask. It still fits from time to time. I wear it around on some days – like when I am afraid and lonely, or angry.

Sometimes it hurts. It's a little different now. There are scars, blemishes that only I can see. No matter how much I heal they will never go away. Sometimes, the scars open again. They open and bleed until my heart is empty. They bleed and bleed until I am left with nothing. Then, I lay to rest. Sleep to pass the time away, sleep to forget it all. I awake suddenly sometimes, in pools of my own sweat; breathing hard. I am haunted by memories of when he lost control. Even though it is hot and I am sweating, I pull the sheets tightly around my body. It makes me feel safe.

It is hard, confusing even. I lay awake at night sometimes and I can still hear him, feel his rage. The air is thick with it. If I am not careful, I might suffocate. I wonder if he realizes who he becomes. Does he hear his own words and recognize their consequence? Or, is he numb to all feelings but his own? I don't think even he knows.

How long has it been since then? You would think that time heals all wounds, but I am bleeding again. It is different than from before. My blood is thinner this time. The tears I never cry anymore finally find solace in my veins. It's harder to stop. Memories and pain come flooding back. I can't control it. Visions and words spill into my consciousness. The pressure builds. My mask isn't as strong anymore. I feel the need to release. It begins to crack around my lips. Words cannot capture the images burned into my memory. Suppressed for so long, I need to let it out. Need to fight it.

He stole it. My fingers were too small. My grasp was not strong enough. No one was there to help me hold on. I was all alone. Struggling. My mother was too busy fighting. Fighting for her life, fighting for us - she fought him so she could fight again.

Some nights I used to stand outside their door. I strained with every ounce of my being to hear what was happening behind it. I wasn't curious. Somehow I already knew what he was doing. I just stood there. Was it really bad this time? I don't know. I crouched. Too frightened to breathe. I willed my heart for it to stop. I prayed that it would. Prayed that he wouldn't find me there. I dread to think about what would happen if he did.

I don't remember a lot. Maybe that's a good thing. I suppose it's a good thing. It's definitely a good thing. It's the only protection I had. Though, it's wearing thin now. I'm trying to remember. Facing it is the only way to be rid of the memories, the pain – everything bad.

One night. I was maybe seven or eight. My mother was working the nightshift. She wouldn't be back until the next morning. He came in. I said no. I think he left, I'm pretty sure he did. It gets fuzzy after that.

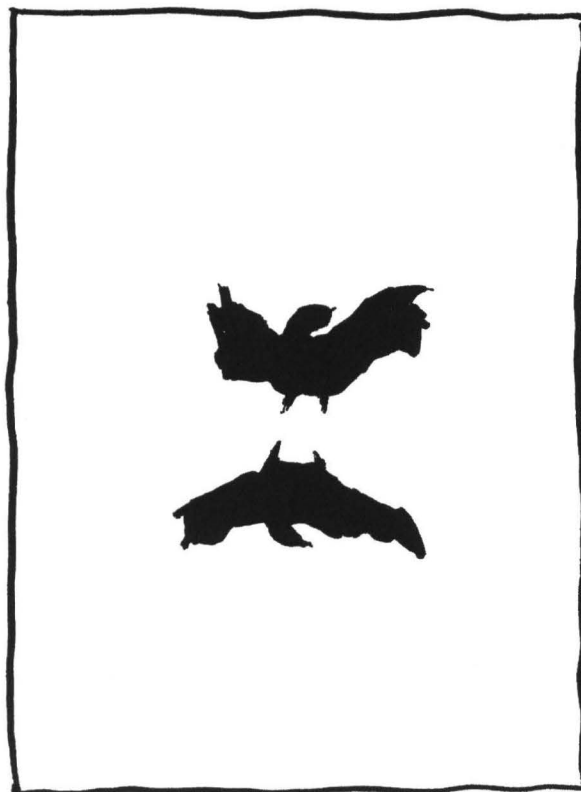
It makes me worry. What if he really didn't leave? What if he stayed? I don't want to think about it anymore. Would things be different if she left him? Would I have the wounds that I have now?

The mask. I wish I never had it. It prevented me from smiling. Still does. I like to think that it hides my vulnerability, but that's a lie. The mask was a way to hide the fact that he took it away from me. I didn't want him to have that power. But, sometimes he did. He made me wait. Wait to cry, wait to laugh, to live, to find myself. I hate him for it.

I close my eyes. Take a deep breath. With effort, in and out. I feel so old. The weight of everything makes it hard. It presses down on my chest. Trying to stop me. Would it matter if it did? Sometimes I'm not sure I care. I hate him for that.

I hate that he can walk away without a second glance. And I am forever looking over my shoulder. I hate that he is unscathed. And that I am left disfigured. I hate that he will continue to deceive and that the world will believe him. I hate him for what he did. I hate that he took it away from me.

V.A.P.



**Untitled**  
*Anjali Nirmalan*

## VENTING

fuck you and your high horse.  
that white stallion you ride  
my knight in shining armor  
is filled with nothing inside  
so fuck your sword  
fuck your shield  
fuck your unwillingness to yield  
fuck your house  
fuck your cars  
fuck your moon  
AND your stars  
fuck your picture perfect fantasy  
all i can be is me  
if you dont like it  
TOUGH  
fuck being a princess  
fuck being a queen  
this is me  
and im being mean  
so FUCK YOU

## **Ideological Dissonance**

I've become best friends with  
Toto through the course of an afternoon,  
My head on its lap,  
My head between its thighs,  
Performing oral sex on urine flavored air,  
Giving my esophagus' most secret confessions:  
Two orders of McDonalds fries, a big mac,  
And eight shots of liquor from Okinawa.  
And as is habit,  
I will pretend that this is my last time drinking,  
That this time was even worse than being drunk at my cousin's christening,  
That poisoning oneself is a relic of the age of Cleopatra,  
That it was bad philosophy—true philosophers melt wax and ponder  
Existence, they don't drink themselves to pieces.  
Right?  
Either way, I have found myself in a valley between two mountains,  
Between repentance and greed,  
Between chastity and "I want to cruise",  
And I seem to have lost my ability to climb.

## Aversion

i act just like an angel  
with glowing wings and crown.  
the void inside cries out to me  
and in the light i drown.

through some of my inconstancies  
your piercing gaze can see.  
yet if i stepped out through that gate  
would you still look at me?

i have a lot to learn  
and i can't say i'm alright.  
the only thing i ask  
is for you to spend the night.

you'll see some of my demons;  
their screams will fill the air.  
the boy you see in front of you  
was never really there.



## **That Corny Ole Love Thing**

Love is a love type thing

A thing that's a kinda funny type thing

Makes you wanna act a fool just to see them smile type thing

It's a foolish type thing

Make you mad

Have you fuming all day 'til you see them or hear their voice and you forget all about your anger kinda thing

Love is a musical kinda thing

and no not burst into song randomly kinda thing

(which some have been known to do that type of thing)

But the kinda thing that when you hear that one song- okay every song,

You think of them type thing

Or

Every time you hear that special ring tone, you heart sings along kinda thing

It's a crazy type thing

Not really the kinda thing that will make you jump out the bushes on someone

('cuz that's some real psycho stuff that really needs some medication kinda thing)

But the thing that would make you smile at the smallest thought of them type thing

Love is a random type thing

Have you calling just to say "Hey" with nothing else to say, because you don't wanna say

"I was just thinking about you" but it's plainly obvious anyway type thing

In turn, love becomes a new wireless coverage type thing

On the phone listening to the breathing of your love thing, texting all day until you remember:

You don't have unlimited texting and all your free time minutes start after 9...pm type thing

So now, you so broke that ya'll can't even go out, but it's okay 'cuz you're deep in that love type thing

It's a sweet in a corny way type thing

moving enough to make me write this

putting my feelings out there and alluding to those missed

using repetition and showing my bliss

But it doesn't matter

because every word of is about you...my own special way of saying

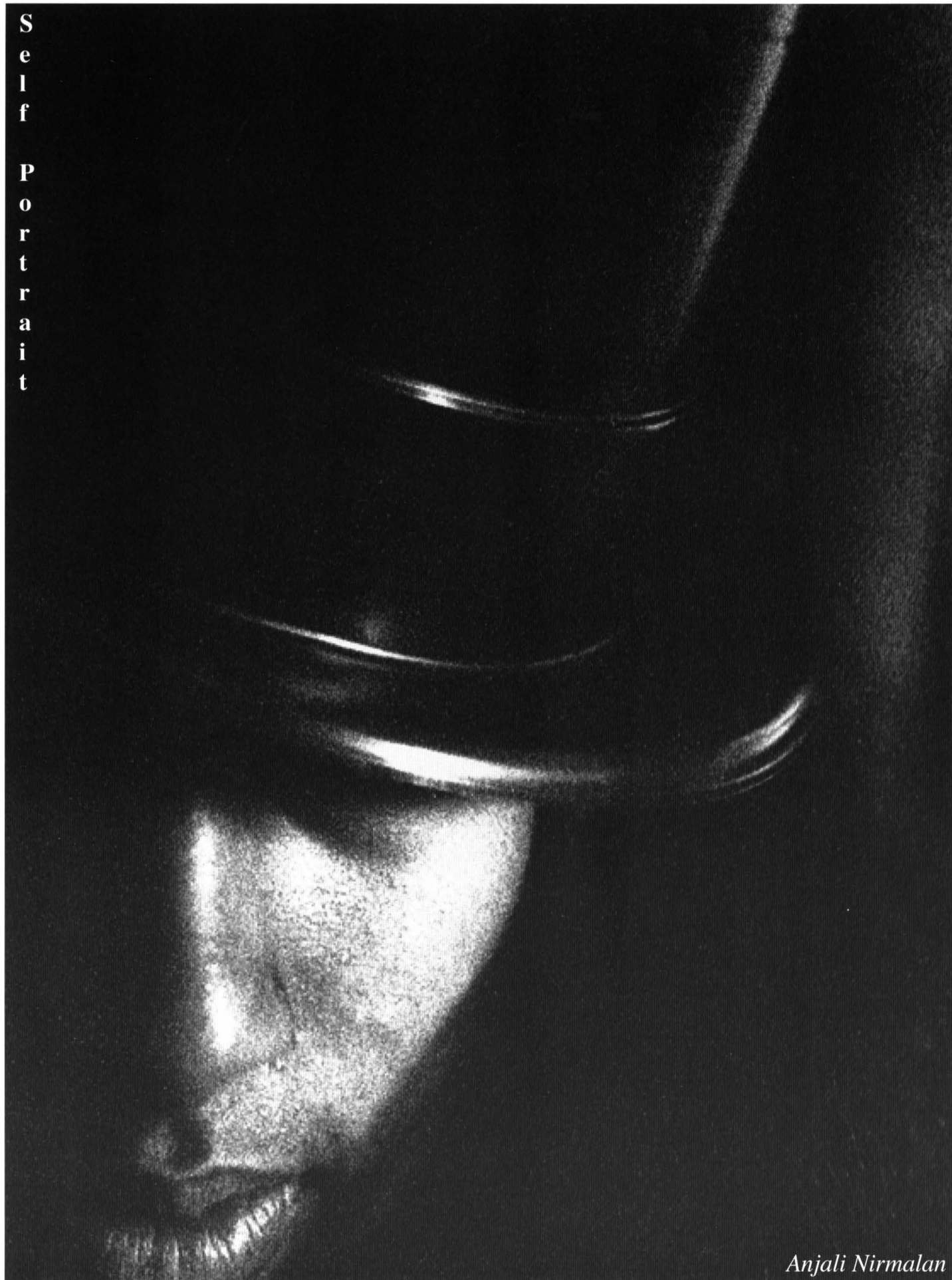
for you,

my love is always anew

### Third Party Opinion

Following the words of modern day music  
*She wants it*  
It's so close she can taste it  
Feel his breath  
On the nape of her neck  
Interrupting the stillness of her time  
A knife through the tension in her air  
Rustling the hairs with a breath so soft  
Dandelions would remain whole  
And laugh in mockery  
At the secrecy of her imagined desires that  
Hide behind smiles and occasional glances  
And whisper seduction instead of yell it.  
For now, she wants to be anonymously known  
Being the shadow that follows but never touches him  
Too afraid externally, but too bold mentally  
Wishing for times of unspoken bliss that speaks volumes,  
Volumes that may never wish to be heard...  
But to whom?  
Surely not her...right?  
Confusion consumes her, as she wonders  
What it would be like,  
Just to claim his touch as her own.  
Knowing that the hands that canvassed her back  
Were meant only for her,  
And not the dream of a former her  
Who sought security in false hopes and tantalizing daydreams  
Of envisioning him beside her, holding her,  
Completely content in sharing her company.

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*Anjali Nirmalan*

## Vocabularization

We need some time alone, find a place of our own where we can go together,  
Truth be told, I think we've grown, but we can both do better  
But that's the assumption, we standing at a junction  
and this is the cross spoke through letters, like a plus minus the mathematics  
minus or add tactics we still just a function of an unequal equal.  
The first was supplication, the sequel evasion, the next subjugation  
but the prequel—elation, can you make sense of these statements?  
I want no ambiguity of course, been paying an annuity of sorts,  
but the proximity of costs disrupts my continuity of thoughts,  
I have this community of thoughts that suggest we undress  
The banter of her façade and masquerade,  
Like the price of rice or ice, the price was right but the market marked up the price,  
but it was bartered and brought down in height, look what my bartering bought,  
I was caught off guard so excuse the mask I made, I guess I was afraid  
If I didn't promulgate my lexicon, and populate my lexicon with a certain vocabulary  
Then this relationship wouldn't ovulate—that is, I'm certain to have you carry the seed  
But our attempts to conceive would fall short like leprechauns,  
I concede it's easy to see the spectrum but the spectrum is transient,  
And no amount of ambien will let you sleep through that,  
No manipulation of wills or accumulation of pills will eat through that  
But you knew that, like you knew that there is only security in promiscuity,  
Standing beside my astonishment, I realize my punishment  
Isn't really punitary, the definition of punitive isn't unitary,  
I mean that I don't mind the subjugation, but whatever we do; we'd do best to accept  
It all as a matter of education, cuz at the end, be it due or unjust separation,  
there's no point in defining *vocabularization*

## **I Hate Dreaming**

Dreamscapes, blue skies,  
Flying side by side with a confused bird,  
No need for legs because floating is sufficient.  
Diving under waves, speaking with the crabs,  
Who by the way get a bad rap.  
Smiling and flowing with my life's soundtrack  
Resonating through the atmosphere.  
Then the music slows down,  
In comes the base along with a cloudy purple sky.  
Suddenly my sneakers become visible,  
and gravity starts paying attention.  
Suddenly the water rushes in,  
Except this time my lungs notice and choke.  
I'm confused.  
Then I realize the music stopped.

**Terrence**



*Anjali Nirmalan*

Via Ascension  
*Anjali Nirmalan*

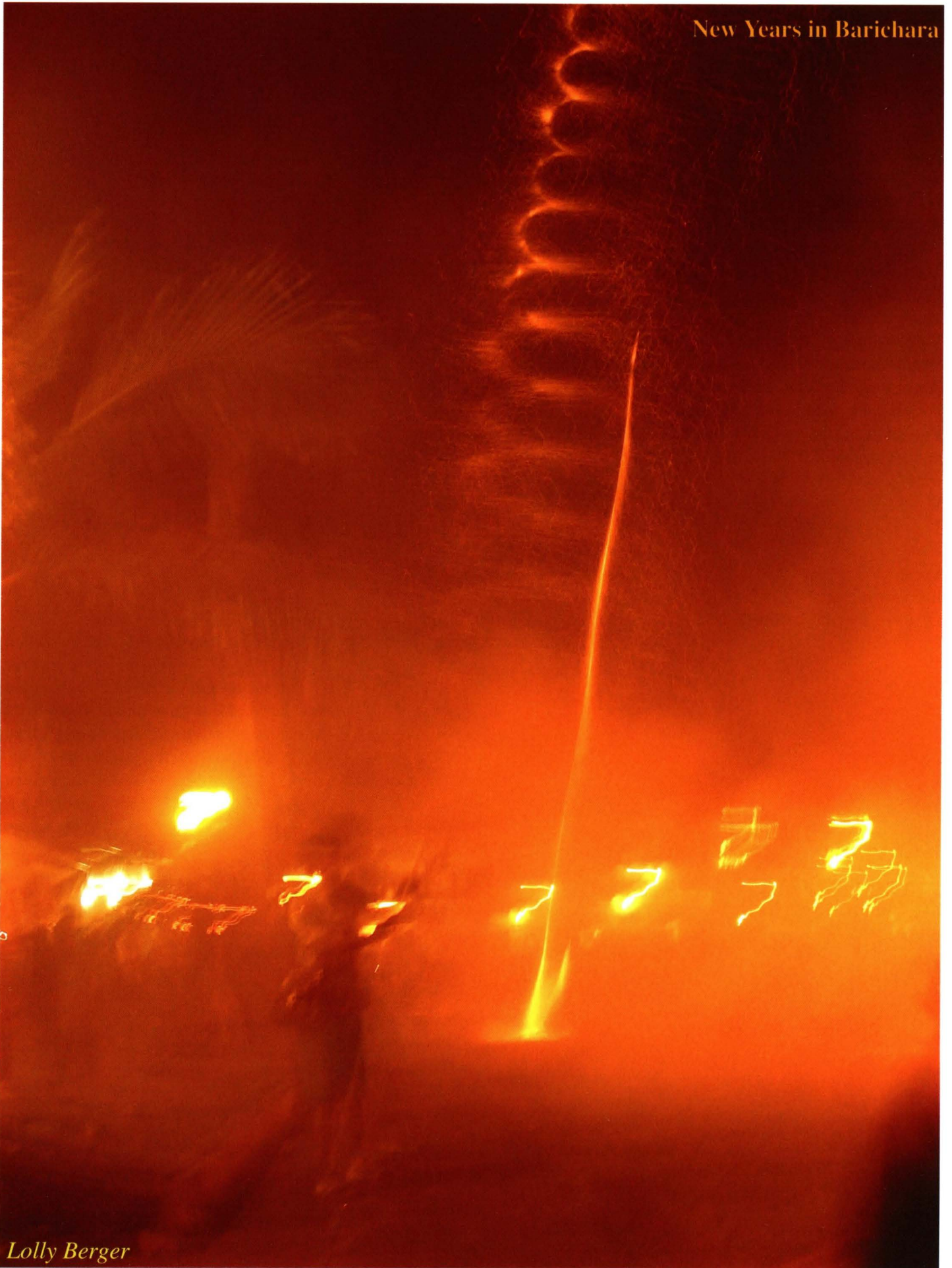


## Baroque Lamentations

There was something old world about his politics,  
About his tea for lunch and his  
Pronunciation of Edinburgh.  
When he told me that the only revolution worth remembering  
Was French,  
That the only musicians worth knowing  
Were German,  
That the only bay worth seeing  
Was the Bay of Biscay,  
There was obviously some bias going on.  
The only thing he had right was that  
Tintoretto was truly a genius,  
That reds and yellows blended in that way  
Was as close as we could ever get to actual glory.  
[Until Basquiat came along, anyway.]  
For him, language was a monolith,  
a gargantuan statue to add to another French museum,  
to fall from the lips of men with eight more last names than they needed,  
with tenuous claims to forgotten nobles and estates.  
Women were to be neither seen or heard,  
To be imagined only, as a Penelope or a Madonna,  
Essentially, to weave or to give birth immaculately,  
But never again to play a Joan of Arc. And so  
It did not matter whether they spoke Spanish with a lisp  
Like the true heirs of Aragon  
Or whether they spoke it like those Dominicans.

It was in his perceptions of bastardization  
That he found his rage.  
That the idea of the white man's burden,  
The providence of European philanthropy to the  
Uneducated curs of the Americas and Africa,  
The giving of universal language to those with too many--  
That this pure idea of compassion could come to be labeled imperialist,  
Could become the ire of Europe in years to come, was  
maddening.  
And it was solely through men like Pericles  
Who fought for the rights of the majority  
That his culture was now muddied:  
Spanish for the Latinos, Portuguese for the Brazilians,  
French for the Africans, English for everyone.  
German was his last major stronghold.  
And whether it be partially out of pity,  
Or partially out of brown sympathy,  
I have decided to allow him to cling to memories of a life  
He has never lived,  
To walk through the great halls of Versailles all the while not reminding him  
Of the Bubonic Plague, of the Dark Ages.  
Essentially:  
To live without knowing the beauty  
Of the world in true color.

*Steven J. Hanton*



*Lolly Berger*



## The Beach

*Love* is a verb; you say it's a noun. *Love* is something I did and something you found,  
*Love* is something I give; I hope you get it now. *Love* is in tense... why make it proper?  
Like a one eyed pauper is King in the eyes of the sightless  
And you a modern day Isis and I, a would be Osiris but I fought like Judo,  
I Popeyed Bluto for a chance at your likeness, but there are light years between us,  
Sweet girl you are Venus, so I should be Pluto, barren and lifeless,  
And the distance iced it, what was left of my certain something,  
Shaken by a G cleft in time with a certain someone's treble and still a rebel  
And finally, I found my cause, if my eyes give you, like your smile gives me pause  
Then why don't we continue, why are we afraid to play?  
Truth be told, *love* is a lie—love is illusion, *love* is delusion, *love* is eluding,  
And I'll tell you why; ignorance is bliss, innocence is the thing we miss the most,  
But that thing is ghost, we'd do best to forget and move on, but the ties are too strong,  
The tide is too strong and must draw us back, so all the filth and squalor  
And hate and anger in our footprints are washed away and we lose ourselves  
In something greater than ourselves; we were both lost, that's why we found each other.  
*If love is a verb, let the only noun be lover.*

*P. Smurf, 3sq.*

## LOVE

They say...they say it will only take a second  
a moment  
a glance  
a touch  
they say...they say it will only hurt a little  
a bit  
a scooch  
a touch  
they say...they say it has no effects....a touch  
they say...they say I should never think of it again....a touch  
but the truth is  
it takes a lifetime  
it hurts more than any other pain  
it takes over your life  
and it consumes every thought in your existence  
LOVE!  
Yea I said it!  
LOVE!  
it takes only a second  
a moment  
a glance  
a touch  
and you are floating  
somewhere between happiness and pain  
then the rest of your life is spent figuring it out  
how could you feel this way  
who is this person and  
how do they possess such power  
such might  
then in a second  
a moment  
a glance  
a touch  
they are gone  
the pain sets in  
and the rest of your life is spent  
tryin to get that good feeling back again

*Nicole McCree*

**Love Thyself**  
*Anjali Nirmalan*



**Crush**

I am an adult —  
this childish feeling you stir  
I want to never end.

*Whitnee Walker-Giles*

## Spektor

I found a letter you sent yesterday  
While flipping through my photo album I found you tucked away  
You were between a memoriam and a new born  
(funny how even in storage your place in my life is accurate)  
Scared to read  
And  
Scared not to  
I sat down prepared to take a walk with you  
Touched by your words and  
Moved by your passion

A statue of Us is constructed and visited in my minds eye.  
Every curve and corner a reflection of what once was.  
Built on memory of former glory  
The inscription reads:  
“The right time never presents.  
Flaws are accepted but  
change perception and  
self understanding grows.  
Choices are made  
People are hurt  
Words are exchanged  
And THIS FRIENDSHIP  
Though short lived has changed us forever”

On your words there I stood at the foot of  
The statue of us  
Erected to commemorate a beautiful friendship  
That fostered a never ending love  
I shed a tear  
Crack a smile  
And begin to laugh

*Ashley L. Bethel*



*Untitled*

Got poetry?  
Artwork?  
A Short story?

Submissions accepted all year round!

Questions? Concerns?  
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