



antonio ZIRION



the journal of words and images  
**Journal** (mini)

## the key



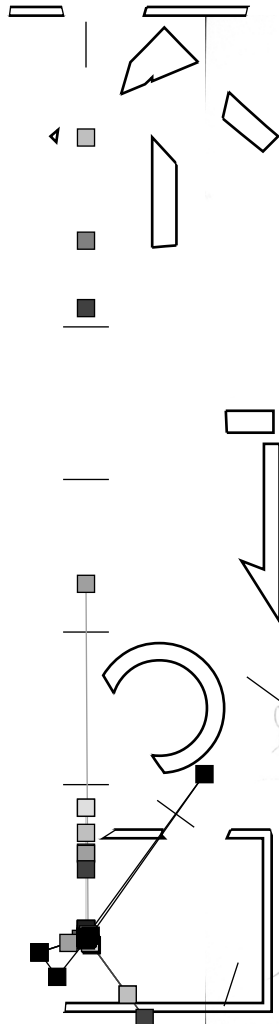
jeremy couillard

## Poem for Sheila

I am lying in bed at 6:00 AM, watching the light coalesce on what leaves remain in the trees above our garage overhead a pearl screen turning blue like a film that opens on neutral sky then down to the lake a deliberate foreshadowing my hand behind my head the radio alarm goes off I do not know this piece I am thinking I must not move & watch this transformation, that we must be as slow, methodical, gentle as this light

I go out for a walk past the shriveled lilacs at the end of our block this brilliant maple which wasn't red last week has become a Rothko a billboard for Coke a colorized prop in a black-&-white film more real than everything else the drabness of October which surrounds it the houses the blue garbage bins the exhaust of idling cars blurring like numbers on a roulette wheel suddenly spun

I am twenty-one again I am working my way around Baltimore I am coming home from work I am stuck in traffic on the Belt I am making love to you on the fouton before Chinese & a movie & everything is effortless the triumphs & the fuck ups & neither of us possesses a vague American sadness which is the inextricable disappointment of not being born affluent or in films -tim lane



travis pickard

## Hypocrisy

So maybe he was a fake just a liar really- covered in a warm, wool coat prophesizing, lecturing, fables and lore.

A teacher by his own degree, preaching his sermons and damning his disbelievers. Wearing hypocrisy as a ribbon pinned upon his breast.

His anti-isms, idealisms and perfectionisms, all this reading, writing and speeching- what ever happened to his life?

His lessons always end in judgment; beginning with his life, filled with his ideals. His resonating voice, warm in his coat, claiming to know the rights, having never chosen wrong.

-kristen kaszeta

## Taiqi Chuan

The sun rises in the morning sky And puts the moon to bed A robin perches on the sill I shoo him off to fly Turning my body left then right Arms stretch as wings for flight Left hand stands erect and straight While fingers point to the sky Right hand hooks like an eagle's beak Hands and feet together Sweeping down pushing to the right. A White crane spreads its wings I Brush my knee and twist to step Then strum and strum the lute Brush the knee and twist to the left Twist to the right again Brush the Knee then left again twist Robin returns to perch The sun rises in the morning sky

-rebecca gaydos

peter richards

OUTSIDE  
CIRCLE  
COLLECTIVE

(mini) Jowal is a free publication showcasing the work of creative individuals. It is made available to the public through generous people like yourself who print the journal from the internet and place it on their favourite public counter-top. If you would like to download Jowal to print more copies, submit your work for the next issue, or would like to have a multi-page, full color version of the current issue of Jowal, visit Jowal on the web at [www.outsidecircle.com/jowal](http://www.outsidecircle.com/jowal)