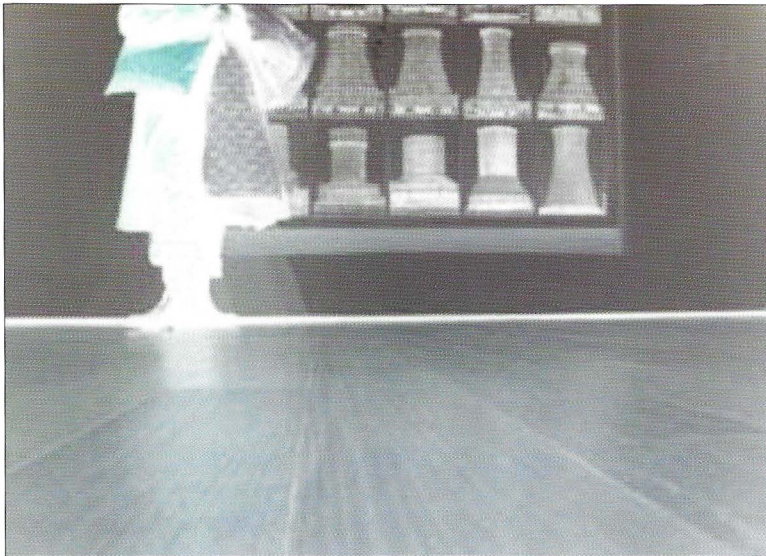


*All Ways
a Woman*



All Ways A Woman is a literary magazine that was first published in the 1970s. As a student publication it focuses on art as an expression of the life of modern women. If you are a writer, poet, or artist and would like to submit your work for publication consideration, please email us at All.Ways.A.Woman@gmail.com. We graciously accept works from male and female literary/visual artists. Feel free to stop by our office: Room 226, in the Campus Center (1C).



A.W.A.W.

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... **A**LL **W**AYS **A** **W**OMAN ...

Editor-in-Chief **Khadijah Rentas**
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Executive Editor **Laura Saldibar**
Literary Editor **April Boland**
Literary Editor **Mary Castellana**
Literary Editor **Alina Dorfman**
Faculty Advisor **Cate Marvin**

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Letter from the Editor

FEMINISM RE-EXAMINED

It's that time of the month and I'm feeling moody. I have the need to relieve myself of that proverbial monkey and what better way than in a reputable magazine like *All Ways a Woman*.

I'd like to tackle the idea of feminism. All women who believe in equal rights between the sexes are feminists. But it goes further than that. If you believe you should have the opportunity to walk into a job interview without the boss assuming you're applying for the secretarial position, you're a feminist. If you think you have the capability to healthily balance bringing home the bacon and frying it too, then you're a feminist. If you believe you deserve as much respect as any man, then stop denying your inner and outer feminist goddess.

All Ways a Woman is a literary magazine that focuses on poetry and prose to portray the many dimensions of women. It unifies women on all issues, whether of the heart, mind or spirit. It is a work of art beautifully arranged to speak to all women – black, white, Jewish, Eskimo and even Nader supporters.

Feminism as an ideal used to uphold the self-respect and dignity of all women lives into 2005. With this issue we grapple with our struggles and relish in our triumphs so that we may embrace and celebrate all that we are – strong, beautiful women.

Bask in greatness,
Khadijah Rentas
Editor-in-Chief

All Ways a Woman

All Ways a Woman is a home where a woman's feelings,
thoughts and person, live and tell of experiences.

There are no rules,
There aren't even any doors;
It may leave the people outside wondering...

As we chuckle air of relief,
by the knowledge
and its power
that brought us here...

Sisters sharing the "how".

What we are about is real,
it is something only the divine can feel...

But hopefully we'll make us real for you,
if
you can understand what we mean by what we say
and do...

And then accept it,

for we grow stronger by the day,
and I for one refuse to falter.

All Ways a Woman is for our sisters,
an attempt to give strength,
and a reminder that we are not alone
but share in our opinion of...
all that follows...

The feminine spirit is too strong to hide;

There are no doors man can build
to stop our divinity,

and naivety
has been the only reason why they would try,
therefore it has been long past time...

And we are breaking free,
with pride.

All Ways a Woman...
And then some.

~Mary Castellana

Eve's Lament

God is a man
or so they say
Where does that leave me?

God created man
on the sixth day
Where does that leave me?

Man was yearning
for a mate
That's where I come in

To be no more
than Adam's date?
To be blamed for the world's sin?

Created by Him,
for him,
of him,

I question...
I wonder...
I grieve...

In a "man's world,"
where is the place
for all the daughters of Eve?

~April Boland

All Dolled Up

In the position that you make me hold
my breath in, you mold the dress to my form.

I hold my arms stiff like ivory tusks
while you poke and pin too close to my skin.

Droplets of blood seep through
Emulating a rose corsage pinned on my breast.
The eye of your needle widens and I almost fall
through it, adorned in the creation you've made me,

Stunning. You finish by painting the expression on my face.

How do you think your masterpiece looks on me?

You proudly escort me into my cardboard box.
Please, lower me gently so the fall won't hurt much

and have the corners of my mouth turned upward.

~Rosalia Dechbery

Monotone

Your simplicity bothers me.
You subscribe to ideas in magazines,
following popular opinion rather than form your own.
There are factories in New York, California, D.C.,
manufacturing people like you.
People who will buy anything.
Your individuality is nothing more than a myth.
All that distinguishes you from the others is air.

I could never live like you.
Being told what to think.
A controlled rebel,
blending into the background of a crowd,
a crowd speaking words already spoken.
words that make me want to scream
and find my own voice amidst the monotone.

~Michelle Amalfitano



Natalia Molina-Castrillon

Peeling Her Off

Peeling her off is taking years,
she's a most uncooperative snake.
Heavy and pale, she lays there,
round white belly smooth against the bed sheets,
but twitching away when I try to unravel her;
she combs her long dark hair before the glass,
and the teeth of the brush
snick, snick through her hair.

I observe her daily,
looking for weak points,
and she's got simply hundreds.
Round shoulders, wide thighs-
still, it's not hard to imagine how she enveloped me
sealed herself over my bones,
learned to operate my limbs-
now the fat girl looks just like me,
bumping big hips against
theater seats, bathroom stalls, classroom desks.

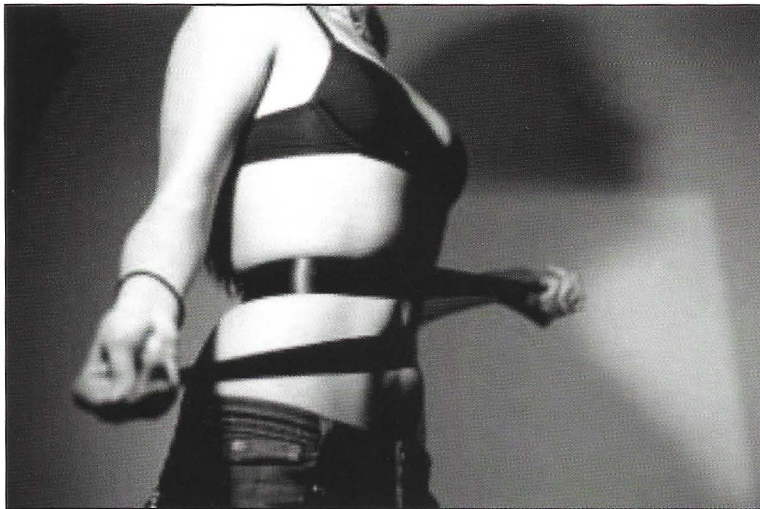
Every night,
I try and trick her into leaving,
pinching flaps of skin between my fingers,
showing her,
I know you're out there!,
Facing her until my eyes cross.
you cannot survive for long,
my svelte soul is fighting it's way up through her throat and mouth;
and soon I shall stretch apart the snake's rubber-band jaws,
and climb out,
slimy and whole.

I had no idea she was so hungry,
chewing still when all around me lie her bits and bites,
chickens and breads:
I cannot move for the crowding.
At night,
she slithers away from table and fills the blue bed,
her white skin firmly over my face-
while she sleeps,

I try to plot my escape but she gnaws her fingers and it distracts me.

She goes so far as to chew the pen!
Even now,
I watch her as she writes odes to her fat,
labels them as my poetry,
the musings of some chubby girl.
Almost gone now,
I lay down to starve,
watch the woman as she gorges,
while I dream of the day she falls off completely,
and I get a brand-new skin.

~Victoria Gueli



Natalia Molina-Castrillon

Beyond Repair

She hides behind truth
in empty liquor bottles
Believing that with each
hand sliding up her once innocent
ivory thighs
that this one could be "the one"
his kisses ignite something foreign
as she kneels down slowly
letting him come
her heart leaves the room
as she swallows her pride
a young girl
trapped
in an overdeveloping body
she sniffs white powdery illusions
of love in straight lines
always trying
but never reaching stars
except the ones
crazy glued onto ceilings
to some
she's nothing but a five minute fuck
at the back of a bus
unwanted with a broken cane
her sense of self
walks around crippled
bedraggled in mascara and forced
million dollar smiles
she is the image of billboard beautiful
yet inside she's broken.

~Rita Jain

The Leaves Didn't Choose to Fall

Every step I take, I enter the empty space I want to be
in.
The empty space I create.
Step by step the orange, green, and brown
reaches my nose.
The dirt catches my fall.
I gather the leaves around me like a blanket.
Stretching in them
I hear them crack.
Patches of the sun
peek through the tree.
I have fallen here.
The leaves fall into their own lives.
The trees grow innocently.
The dirt catches them.
The wind pushes them away.
It's not their fault they were let go.

~Frances Militis



Parima Shanin Moghaddam

Tricked

I saw the fruit of your work today
burning in the sky, an orange in my throat.

As a hunter, I shouldn't ever
let my arrows fall down and rust.

Although, on my knees I want
to cling to his belt and pull myself up.

I don't because a goddess should never
gaze at her reflection in the lake

instead of a golden mirror that will praise her
perfection. But nothing is perfect anymore.

Even though the sun shimmers, the moon won't
luster against the tumultuous sky tonight.

Instead, the moon hides under her gloomy veil,
and hidden behind the mask of fog, I mourn.

~Rosalia Dechbery

If Someone Hadn't Told Me

If someone hadn't told me I wasn't pretty
Maybe I wouldn't cry.
If someone hadn't told me I wasn't smart
Maybe I'd reach for the sky.

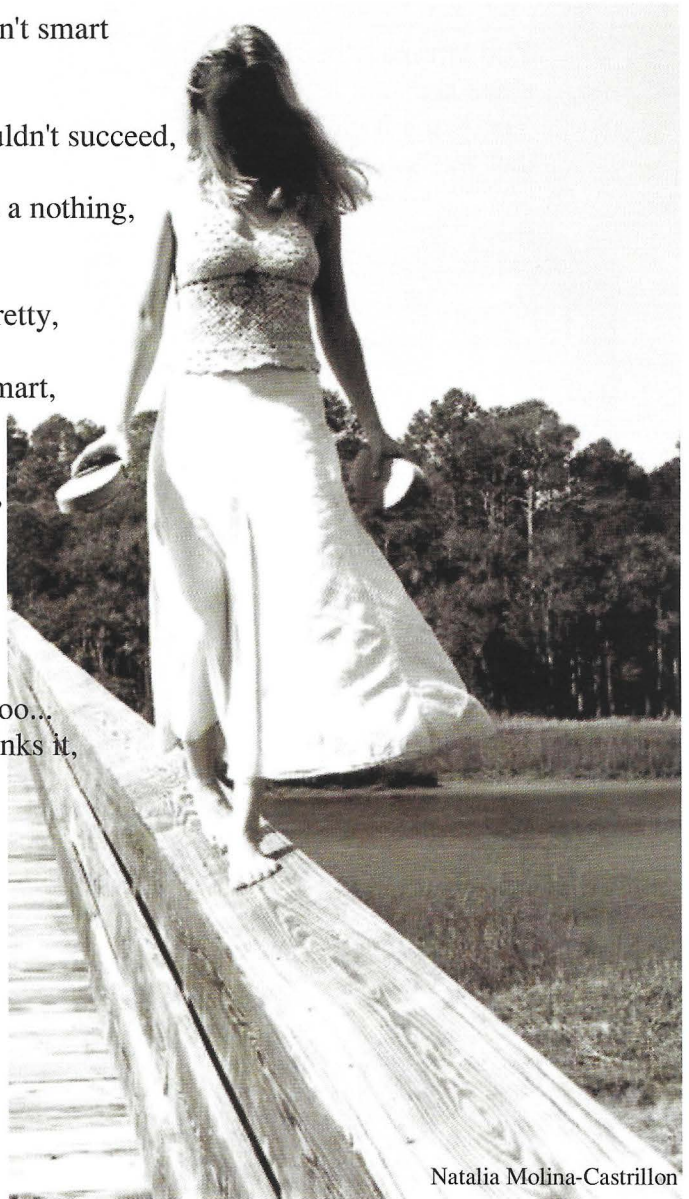
If someone hadn't told me I wouldn't succeed,
I would be the best.
If someone hadn't told me I was a nothing,
I'd beat all the rest.

If someone had told me I was pretty,
I wouldn't live so bad.
If someone had told me I was smart,
I wouldn't be so sad.

But no one told me I was pretty,
no one complimented my style.
No one told me I was smart,
just held me in denial.

Even though we all cry,
Know someone feels the same too...
Because even though no one thinks it,
we all want to cry, even you.

~Connie Venuto



Natalia Molina-Castrillon

Between The Cracks Of Time

Dedicated to my great-grandmother, Anna.
I will never forget you; rest in peace 1/15/97

You left me here on that night
alone and so scared.
You had left me with a heart
that was so unprepared.

Even though you're gone
I still feel you here.
Every night while I sleep
I feel your soul near.

On that dreaded day,
when you left my side,
I wept until it hurt-
it was a pain I could not hide.

Your memory stays with me
no matter what I do.
I look between the cracks of time
until I can be with you.

I will never forget you,
and the memories will always be mine.
But I can always see you
if I look between the cracks of time.

~Connie Venuto

Migrant Mother

One more baby
ain't much difference
when there are nine
others who might not eat

tonight. If I could still
nurse them all, I'd sleep
better knowing tomorrow
we wouldn't have to look

for some water to help
choke back this dust.
If there was food, my children
wouldn't tell me, Mommy,

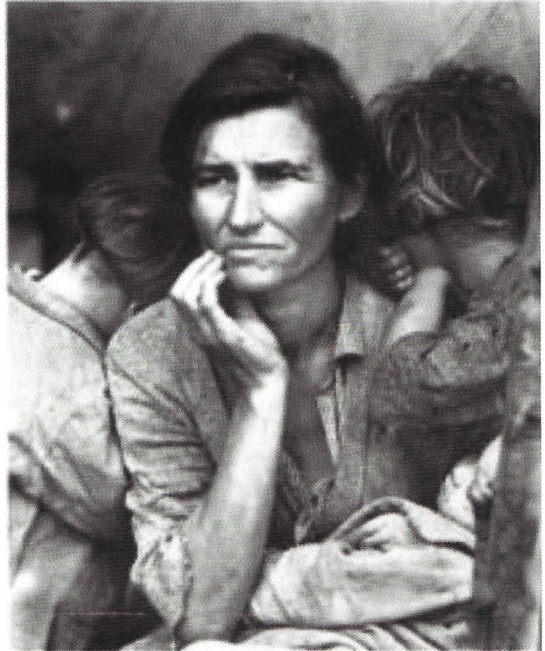
my tummy hurts. I know
I can do nothing for them
except let them cry
as they cling to my shirt. I wish

I could tell them
tomorrow will be better.
They wouldn't have to fall
asleep to lullabies of empty bellies.

I know Herbert Hoover
never went to bed hungry.

~Rosalia Dechbery

Inspired by a photo taken by Dorothea Lange. Migrant Mother, Nipomo California.
February 1936.



Dorothea Lange. Migrant Mother. Nipomo, CA 1936.

Sister

Sister, Little Sister
As August closed
The month of summer
God bore to us
A new life
Into this world
Wrapped in a blanket
Into our home
Into our lives

Sister, Little Sister
Placed into your crib
We stared in adoration
As you slept in innocence
Ever so fragile
Ever so new
And through the years
I watched you grow
Brought together in the
Blood that we share
Fighting like siblings
Laughing like family
The day you were born
I made a vow
Like a soldier on a post
To honor and protect
I hold that vow
Till the day I die
Because you deserve the best
In happiness and love

Sister, Little Sister
Now that we've grown
Know that I am here
For guidance and support
Like a big brother should
In an unbreakable bond
In pride and love

My only sister –
My little sister

~Richard Julian

My Family, My Life

When larks and sparrows announce a day,
When morning light brightens my way,
When laughter and pleasure, beget
joy beyond measure,
When breezes sing a melodious song,
When air is enriched with love and leisure,
When fragrant flowers bloom all around, and
Heaven showers blessings down,
When sun shines in full glory,
When moon mesmerizes my soul,
When night captivates every delight,
these moments pronounce:
My Family by My Side.



~Rehana Shamsi



Notebook Bakery

I have not baked a love poem
for quite some time. My fingers have forgotten
their sugar-pinching, mixing motions;
The ovens have lain idle for weeks.

Prior creations, white words,
soft cakes in the shape of hearts, lightning bolts,
bird's wings, have been
presented and tasted-they need a new sister.

The cups twitter and rattle their spoons,
the bowls edge closer with a thump;
while the boulerange* sits, thinking, and drawing
your face with a finger in the flour.

*bakeress

~Victoria Gueli

Dina Elsibay

Watching a Girl (*and her inner thoughts*)

My hair shines gold as it flows in the wind
(*Wind keeps messing up my hair. I'm sitting at the docks*)

I'm cute and petite

(*So small, will I ever be noticed?*)

My clothes fit just right

(*Yeah, right. Please don't see me.*)

I'm so strong, I can sit here alone.

(*ALONE*)

I don't need anyone.

(*Anyone, please...*)

Ridiculous.

(*I feel...*)

Please

(*Please, help me.*)

The Purple Scarf

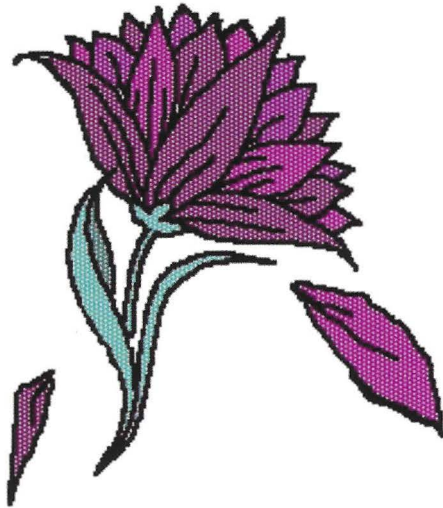
The scarf she wore
It never tore
She never was a bore
He wanted more
To see her for
The things inside her door

One day the scarf was torn
And something new about her born
Now tears her face adorn

He held her hand
he begged to understand
He held her face
And tried her tears to trace

She took her hand and touched his face
And now the scarf around them was difficult to erase.

~Alina Dorfman



Ecstasy in the Marsh

I stand ankle deep and barefoot in the pool.
The green bottom keeps it murky, but it's quiet and
the sunlight is softened by the canopies above;
overall, it's rather pleasant, walking in the marsh.

The marsh is so silent, my heels sound like drums,
and yet sometimes, there is a cacophony among the
birds and insects-
even though my dress is white, I lay down in the
mossy wet,
and let the grasses and water seep into my sleeves and
skirt.

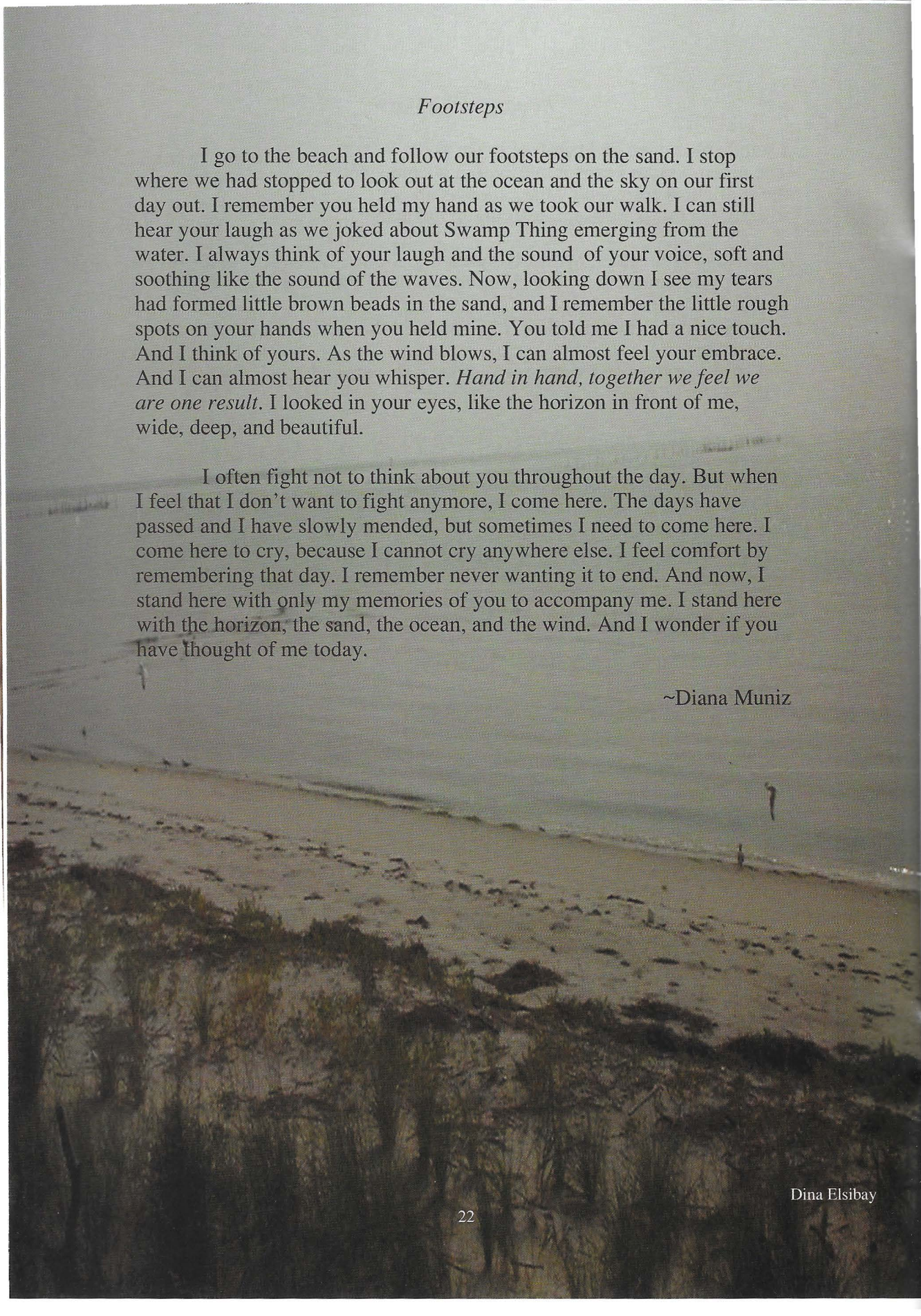
I draw my hands along my body, sliding off my
sodden clothes;
I want to lay in the ground, nothing between
my skin and the marsh; it's tiny hills cup my back and
legs,
and I spread my long hair over it's ridges.

With my face against the soft mud, and my fingers
stroking pebbles, I am happiest; eyes toward
the trees
I watch the leaves slowly flutter down onto my
breasts,
and, smiling, nestle into the marsh.

~Victoria Gueli



Natalie Molina-Castrillon



Footsteps

I go to the beach and follow our footsteps on the sand. I stop where we had stopped to look out at the ocean and the sky on our first day out. I remember you held my hand as we took our walk. I can still hear your laugh as we joked about Swamp Thing emerging from the water. I always think of your laugh and the sound of your voice, soft and soothing like the sound of the waves. Now, looking down I see my tears had formed little brown beads in the sand, and I remember the little rough spots on your hands when you held mine. You told me I had a nice touch. And I think of yours. As the wind blows, I can almost feel your embrace. And I can almost hear you whisper. *Hand in hand, together we feel we are one result.* I looked in your eyes, like the horizon in front of me, wide, deep, and beautiful.

I often fight not to think about you throughout the day. But when I feel that I don't want to fight anymore, I come here. The days have passed and I have slowly mended, but sometimes I need to come here. I come here to cry, because I cannot cry anywhere else. I feel comfort by remembering that day. I remember never wanting it to end. And now, I stand here with only my memories of you to accompany me. I stand here with the horizon, the sand, the ocean, and the wind. And I wonder if you have thought of me today.

~Diana Muniz

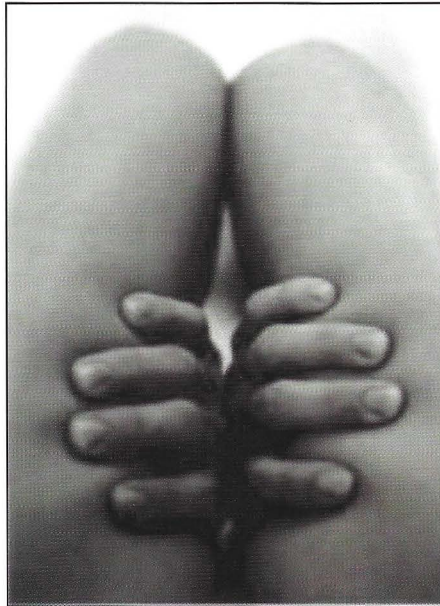




Subtle Seduction

Candlelight between us,
A pale sliver of moon
Peeking from the trees.
I watched patterns of shadows play across
Your face
As you dipped close to the firelight
To kiss me.
I remember,
The shape of your mouth.
Marvel at the sound that
Can escape from parted lips.
A sigh,
A shiver,
While hands discover in their endeavor,
The nape of your neck
To the blade of your back.
Your skin warms beneath my touch
As I grow bolder
Waiting for your eyes to
Reflect my intention.

~Adrienne Dacayanan



Natalia Molina-Castrillon



Hitchcock Blonde

I want to be a Hitchcock blonde-
with blackbirds trailing their shadows behind them in
soft smears across my shadow;
I want to be silhouetted against a backdrop of pure
blue, hair streaming pure gold.

I want to be a Hitchcock blonde-
long and lithe, straight limbs growing from
every opening in my leotard like pale plant stalks-
I want to be that chorus girl across the way,
my portrait in each binocular circle.

I want to be a Hitchcock blonde-
elegant in my gown & gloves,
ladylike in open-toes, slender as a moonflower
I want to be that living lily;
the object of a master's obsession.

~Victoria Gueli





Yea I know I get attached too quick
Start catching feelings and it's like oh she's on my dick
Looking back at my patterns makes me sick
Is it my fault I try to look at somebody
With both eyes open
Thinking can it be, just wishing and hoping
Then its like bitch you must be joking
Get slapped in the face and instead of moving on
I try to find another to replace
The memories of your sweet kisses and how they taste
This is so useless it's really just a waste
But don't worry about me
This is my problem
I got a list of old numbers believe me
Not even you could solve 'em
Why do I even feel like I need someone to be here?
Even if I found the one
I'd find some way to make 'em disappear
Enough about me lets talk about you
And all the stupid shit you do
Like not answering your phone
And then you say oh I left that home
Taking forever to return my calls
I was like a fiend for you going through withdrawals
I hope you find someone who treats you like you treated me
Someone to cover your eyes with mad lies
Until you're so deep in love you just can't see
Someone to front like they really care
But when you're falling their hand is never there
You told me you loved me and your feelings would never stray
I really believed all the shit you used to say
Yeah I know I'm gonna be okay
But I cant wait to see the day
When things finally go my way
When you realize that I was a prize
And you think of how good things used to be
But now you can't have me

~Jennifer Wepler

Apache Dance

Mon Dieu! His fingers dug into my upper arms,
his palms burned hot full moons;
my legs tangled in my skirt,
and I fell with a thump, still clutching his hand;
it was a cold December, I needed one hot dance-
the step, step, dip
in a single circle of light.

Breathing harshly, he jerked me up
and wound one arm around my waist, oui-
his fingers found my starlet curls and yanked;
sharp white teeth in my shoulder.
he was a marvelous dancer,
pressing me against the walls without cease-
Turn. Join again.

Under his tutelage, violet-blue lilies,
blurry-edged, bloomed under my skin like
tiny Monet's; I was completed, pliant, ready
and on my back,
behind the heavy red curtain,
my meat soft enough to eat; my body
soft enough for his.

~Victoria Gueli



Laura Saldibar

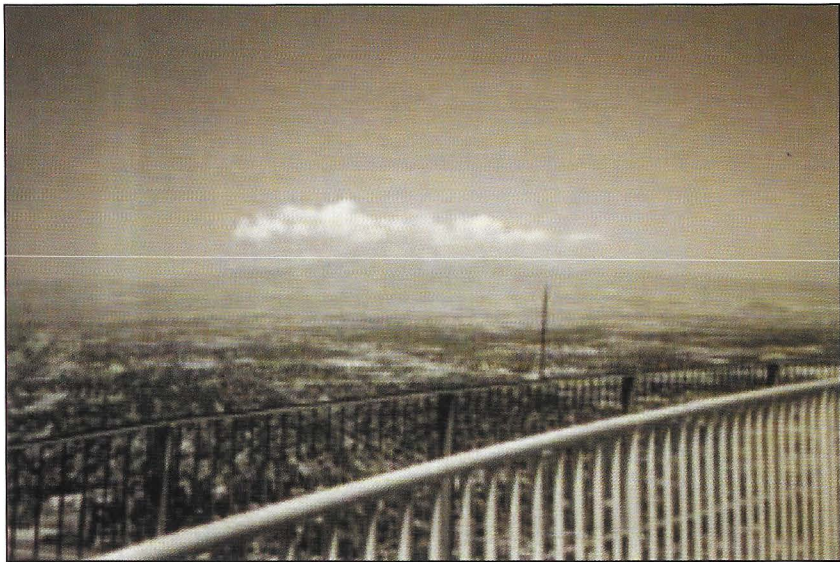
Untitled

I wish to be a voyeur
to the windows of the world
to see who's doing what
and where and how and why

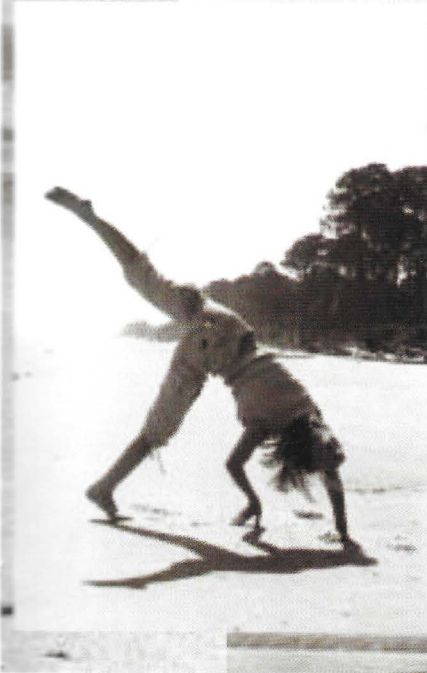
I wish I could fly
I'd get a bird's eye view of
a bird's eye view
and earth could be clearer
and new

To sail the seas without a boat
to hear the music note for note
to clear the greatest depths of sky
and never have to wonder why.

~Richard Julian



Danielle Saldibar



Natalia Molina-Castrillon



Dina Elsibay

Closets

Closets are silent little globes:
they have no idea of the peace they contain.
A sky of tweeds, nylons and wools,
dark colors, long sleeves, scarf clouds.

Smooshed into a crowded corner, one
can sit, cross-legged, eyes closed; the
quiet of the long rectangular box is soothing;
I've heard that the quiet in long boxes is soothing.

A lush forest of galoshes and hiking boots
at the elbows, head resting against the wall-
the doorknob a mellow gleam in the light from under
the door: a brass sun above a thin horizon.

~Victoria Gueli

Definitions

I.

Friendship is a mutual right to dispose of the cape.

Alone is seeing every branch wither, without a leaf to feel.

Compassion is when your heart hitchhikes to another's pain.

Tears are sad apples hitting a hopeless, multiplying floor.

II.

Fear is trying too hard to win.

Two is when you are most like an animal.

When is something that is lost after so much shared time.

Lost is what you are when fear is in your heart.

~Alina Dorfman

Words are Friends

Words stand powerless in a dictionary
waiting to be used with
depth, beauty and energy.
Use them compassionately and delicately,
into the vibrant tapestry of life,
like diamonds set in a crown.

Muse and thunder through your scripts:
bear your pleasure, mirror your pain,
defuse your thoughts to enrich your intelligence,
rescue your memory from a painful imprisonment,
dig deep into the reservoirs of your recollection,
to surface your ideas, stories and your emotions.
Rhymes , images and vocabulary
hold your beliefs solid and firm,
warm verse and affectionate text
melt on sheets like ice in the hot sun.

The cord of memory carries experiences—good and bad,
transfer them in black and white, with humor and
with grace, express them, compose them and analyze them,
apply them, argue them, for and against.

Words are friends, visited by us, again and again
to negotiate our experiences, to discuss our judgments:
catastrophic, dreadful or pleasant,
friendly, cheerful or tragic,
enigmatic, appalling or dynamic.

Empower your scripts to
mesmerize your readers,
emit love to spread fondness,
diminish enmity to deject estrangement,
serve humanity with intelligence and perception.
Arrange words in your composition
with colossal diligence and precision.

~Rehana Shamsi



Writer's Block

I've done

today
But beyond that there is nothing
a void
beyond my armor of cool coffee
there is something
full of scary – nothings
Holes
that drink up colors
like sugar water

I know why *I* am not a painter
Paints make you think that you should be inspired
Crimson and Sienna
are loud
Words are quiet
until I choose to use them.

~Natalie Baldassano



Rosi Dispensa

~ Five ~

He wandered pensive and alone,
Through streets paved with shoes.
Pleading with happiness for a loan.

He saw dry leaves about him thrown,
Like scattered memories bound to abuse.
He wandered pensive and alone.

He touched with trembling hand the statue's bone,
Remembering her heart when him she set about to lose,
Pleading with happiness for a loan.

He smelled the horses, wanting their sadness to atone.
Like them he was misplaced, he felt their histories fuse.
He wandered pensive and alone.

He tasted the snow, inside his mouth a dome.
Beautiful things melt to nothing, paying your heart no dues.
Pleading with happiness for a loan.

He heard the countless footsteps drone.
If added and taken, the destination was his to choose.
He wandered pensive and alone,
Pleading with happiness for a loan.

~Alina Dorfman



Beauté Cassé

I sit beneath nerve endings that twitch
in the wind. My back warps
like a wooden floor and my legs
are pretzeled in the morning sun.

My eyes divorce. One stays pinned open,
the other turns away, unable to watch.
My clay tongue refuses all company and
lonely words bury themselves in the sand.

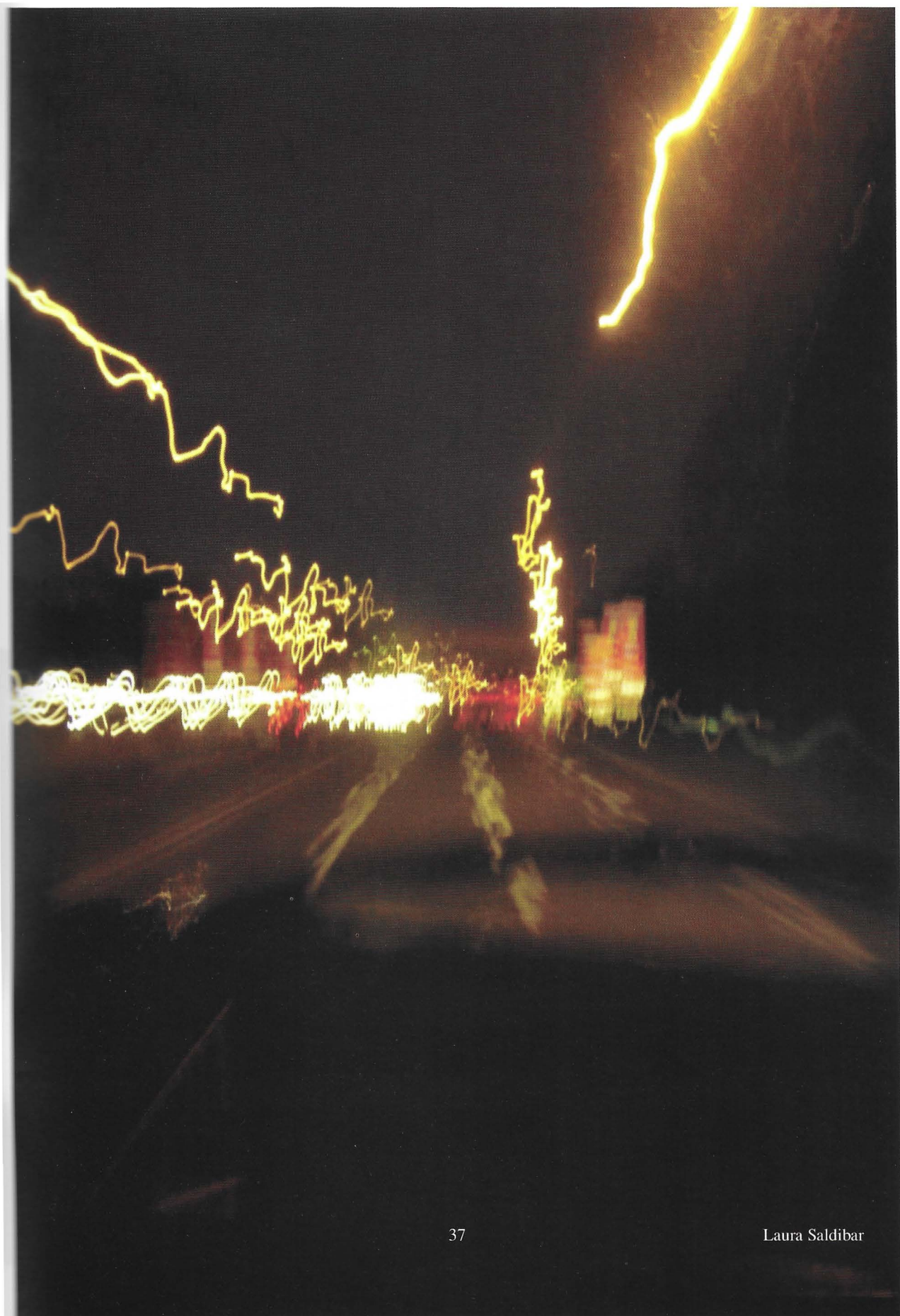
All sounds are a hammer,
pounding the walls of my brain.
I can't get up. I'm nailed down
to my bed and all I want is sleep.

But sleep isn't welcomed when dreams
remind me, screaming who I used to be.
Recoiling, I know if I never find my way back,
I have to force my eyes closed

and go after the girl whose smile
was a marble banister before the rain
melted it. Funny, I never seem to make it past
the orange field in my eyelids. I sit there.

The aluminum foil lake speaks honestly.
My mouth doesn't have to escape to my ear.
My smile creeps back to where it had been
before my face contorted; I was still the belle.

~Rosalia Dechbery



A Few Words from New York to Florida

There was once a time
when I thought
you were my father.
Biologically yes-
but it takes more than blood
to be a father.

You pretended to care about me,
lead me to believe that
I was your daughter.
Although your name is on my birth certificate,
it takes a lot more than ink
to be a father.

You moved our family from New York to Florida
and Florida to New York.
You claimed New York had nothing for you
and Florida would make you a changed man.
Neither of that happened even after
you swore you wanted the best for this family
but it takes more than empty promises
to be a father.

One morning you packed your bags and left for Florida.
I was never to see you again.
You wrote me off as if I was nothing to you.
Tell me why.

One day you'll pass me in the streets
and see your eyes staring back at you.
Could my smile, my voice
or any part of me,
help you to remember who I once was, to you?
Could you recognize your own daughter?

~Jennifer Kearney

Dina Elsibay

Dad I don't know what to do
I'm not sure I can help you
As I sit here crying
I know that inside you are dying
I pray that you aren't already dead
My mind replays all the things I have said
And I hope that you can find life in that
Get yourself back on the right track
They say what you have is a pattern
That year after year this thing will happen
You hit the bottom hard
But today you caught me off guard
All the times before I was a child
I knew that there was a problem
But I thought it was mild
You hid it well for all those years
When you smiled
I don't want you to hide it anymore
I want you to get help
That's what all these doctors are for
If not for you then please do it for me
Because in my life is where I need you to be

~Jennifer Wepler

Bridged

Your tedious driving makes me insane!
Speed up, or at least put the music on.
Strapped in the back seat, there's nothing to see
except the distant crashing of ocean waves
and I don't want to look down at them, daddy.

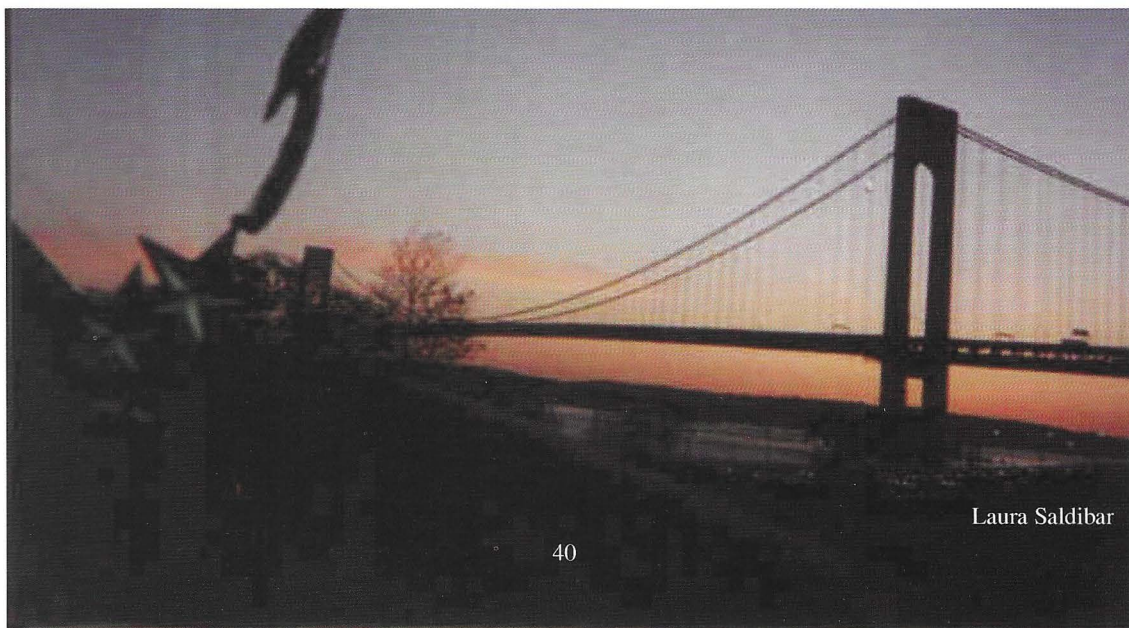
Don't you hear the horns screaming- SPEED UP!
Something's happened. Now's not the time to slow down.
The cars behind us are falling! Plunging into the waves.
The bridge is falling daddy, speed up!
It's not time to lie down. Get up, daddy, get up!

I'm sorry I have to take off my seat belt, scuffing
the car seat as I climb into the front, next to you.
I have to push you aside, daddy, I have to.
So out you go, out your unlocked door-
I have to drive myself to the other side.

I turn on the music because it calms me. It does.
And I make it to land safe, and sound
goes silent, as I throw the cigarette lighter behind me.
Out of the window it glides, setting ablaze what I left behind.
I keep driving straight. The car, my car, keeps driving. Go straight.

I'm sorry I threw you from the bridge, daddy.
If I didn't, we both would have died.

~Rosalia Dechbery



Laura Saldibar

