

*East Aurora's Literary Magazine Presents:*



*(Named) Contributing Authors::*

*Lizzy Javor, Taylor McClure, Zach Warning, and Jon Javor*

*The VOYCE*

## *A Dusting of Poetry*

*Let it snow! As opposed to last year, when we were singing a different tune: "Make it Stop!" But in this issue of the VOYCE, you'll find neither blizzard nor green—a light dusting of poetry to keep the blood flowing behind your eyes, just in case it ever does decide to get cold.*

*Merry Reading!*

*- Jon Javor, Editor*

# PERPETUAL DOWNFALL

The trees put on their winter visage  
and bathe in silvery effluence  
from a waning autumn moon.

Tonight Orion arises, cold and perilous,  
above the somnolent village.

And I myself bemoan the wanting space  
within the darkness of this egg  
where I lie helpless as an unhatched bird.

Tonight fledging wings unfurl  
at last — in time to grow apace.

Lurid shadow engraves a tender form upon the wall  
whose release enraptures innocence,  
treading blind upon the boundless waters.

Tonight I arise with Orion cold and perilous,  
to share in perpetual downfall.



*I would be negligent not to note that this poem is not only hand-written, but the author also rendered the picture of the feather.*

## Watching Through a Window

By Taylor McClure

Watching through a window  
Flashes of the trees  
The buildings  
The people

Piecing together lives  
And hopes  
And dreams  
And routines

Watching the house be built  
Day by day  
Watching the children grow  
Week by week  
Watching the people leave  
Month by month  
Watching the places change  
Year by year

Nothing stays the same  
But at the same time  
Nothing is ever different  
The eternal paradox  
Of watching through a window  
Your whole life



When will your eyes  
Learn to see  
Beyond the glass?

# untitled

As a  
child  
I  
WAS  
REGULARLY  
submerged in a  
JAR  
of  
MAYONNAISE



*I was assured by its author that this poem is of a significance currently beyond the grasp of the human mind at this stage of evolution.*

# The Old Drawer With the Knob Broken Off

By Lizzy Javor

we hide away our yesterdays  
in that broken-down drawer  
with the knob broken off.  
no one ever bothered to fix it.

some days  
we look at our yesterdays  
and scroll through the pages  
of our short history.

some people we don't remember-  
those who whispered  
and tip-toed through our lives  
and disappeared with a wink and a  
smile.

some are the friends  
we had in sunny and stormy days  
we'll keep them in our hearts and  
lives  
until one of us is no longer.

and then there are those no one can  
ever forget  
if we try, we just remember them  
more.  
we love them still  
but they can never return that love  
again.

they are the bones  
below the old grassy hill  
and the stone-  
silent like the greatest of  
truths.

we feel the pain  
in their faces in the pictures  
staring with lifeless eyes  
never to glow again.

who will time next unfold  
in these pages?  
who will next become  
only a vivid memory?

I suppose that's why  
we hide away our yesterdays  
in the broken-down drawer  
with the knob broken off.

no one bothered to fix it.

but no one ever forgot.



# Res Publica

By Lizzy Javor

I was a puppet.  
I had indeed a thousand  
strings upon my back,  
Being pulled by a thousand other puppets,  
For no one is to himself a master.  
Through all these commands,  
Somehow I was pulled in only one direction.

How I danced!  
"Good show, puppet, good show!"  
And all the others clapped,  
Their hands moving the hands of others,  
Strings upon strings.  
Together, apart,  
Together, apart.  
Creating a droning, vibrating noise  
As each giddy spectator maintained an illusion.  
An illusion of self,  
That they clapped because they felt,  
Because it was to them a splendid show.

Was it really splendid?  
Did anyone consider?  
No, they just pulled the strings on my back,  
And I continued on in a state of deluded happiness.  
For they all loved me.  
I was their happy puppet, and they were my happy puppets, too.  
For they, those puppets, were my controllers,  
As I was theirs.



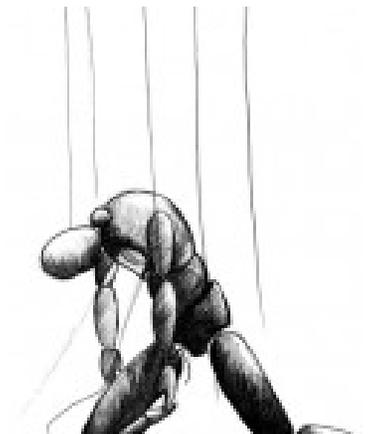
And so, as I wore my sewn-on smile,  
They too wore masks of joy.  
Though who's to say they weren't happy?  
I'm sure they, like I, thought they were happy,  
Satisfied with the mirage of themselves.  
Though they were only others.

Who's to say they didn't have hearts?  
The kindness they gave must have seemed real,  
A thousand pleasantries met with a thousand more,  
Spewing forth empty words from emptier heads,  
Imaging meaning in their prattling to make it possible to  
bear.

Who's to say they didn't have minds?  
Each could think, and they pretended that they did.  
Though in their heads there were a thousand rooms,  
Each one rented out to someone,  
Each tenant giving their opinion.  
Yes, in their heads were only others.  
Who can say why they let them in?  
Who can say why I let them in?

It was easier when I didn't question,  
When I smiled as they pulled me to and fro.  
When no one said I wasn't happy,  
That I had no heart or mind.

But now I've said it.  
And so no more can they fid-  
dle with my strings.  
Now that I am left,  
Without even a fake heart,  
Can I build for myself a new  
one?



# Eleventy-Six

By Jon Javor

the Surface dwellers  
dwelled on the Surface  
dressed very fine and  
said witty things and  
thought brilliant thoughts  
looking Outside and  
laughing at the outsiders and  
knowing themselves to be  
better

but the man Below  
the Surface dwellers  
wept  
from His cell  
for the outsiders  
and their follies  
He wanted only to  
Hate them  
or Love them

the Surface dwellers  
dwelled on a surface  
of white  
like white bedrock  
beneath their  
steps



the man  
dwelled  
below  
sand-seated  
He could never  
for the Surface  
had loc

for He was,  
Man-  
Animal-  
Simple-  
the Surface  
afraid unlike  
by

but it came  
that the Surface  
One  
by an  
beautiful

and  
and it  
that the man  
One  
in  
with an  
beautiful  
and

Below  
in a cage  
the Surface  
shifting sifting  
get a footing  
dwellers  
ked Him  
Away

truly  
blooded  
hearted  
minded  
dwellers were made  
themselves  
Him

to Pass  
dwellers were  
Day  
upset  
outsider  
of  
Mind  
Poise

came to Pass  
Below was  
Day  
Love  
outsider  
of  
Face  
Form

so it came to pass  
One Day  
in Love  
the Surface dwellers and man Below  
were in  
Agreement

the man Below  
broke Free  
cried Havoc  
ran Amok  
Loving to  
Raise some  
Hell

the Surface dwellers beat him reasona-  
bly  
Eleventy-Six bruises upon his body  
casting Him  
Down  
reasonably  
Buried  
reasonably  
in His cell

but by Him their  
clothes had been frayed  
their wit had been dulled  
their brilliance dimmed  
but all's well that ends  
well





## Haiku

by Taylor McClure

Footprints in the sand  
Leading me to new places  
Where shall I go next?



## Forevergreen

By Zachary Warning

Out where the cold bites the green off the trees  
And the forest is painted with brown and red leaves  
And all of the trees have been swept of their dye  
That's when we find where the evergreens lie.

Nearly all of the trees are at first glance lifeless  
All except, it seems, the green cones of cypress.  
But what makes some trees live and some die?  
If only I knew how the evergreens lie.

From summer to winter, they stand safe from time.  
Seemingly always in the midst of their prime.  
But, don't be fooled, you can hear these trees cry  
If only I knew why the evergreens lie.

Oh, we have all seen how they tower  
Taller, greener, and better than ours.  
But, be warned, their secrets untie  
If you ever find out about what evergreens lie.

Their façade is perfection  
Of Nature's best selection  
But when the winds come tearing on by  
Down on the ground do the evergreens lie.

Down on the ground with their shallow roots pulled  
Lying; dead; frozen in the wake of the cold.  
So when leaves return and the sun is not shy  
Everyone forgets where the evergreens lie.

# Of Girl and Guitar

By Taylor McClure

The strings yield beneath her fingers  
The wood allows her arm a place to rest  
This is where she feels safe

Her fingers slide up and down the neck  
Soft, *quiet* notes  
Becoming **LOUD, HARD** chords  
That echo throughout the room

Her voice reaches up to the rafters  
Until another cuts it off sharply  
And she is silenced once more

She moves to a melody no one else hears  
**Ever-changing**, ever-present  
Like her own personal soundtrack

The notes fly through her mind constantly  
Words bounce around shyly (wildly)  
But most never make it past her lips

Her emotions are kept bottled up inside  
But **explode** over the strings as she plays

Calluses are made and lost  
As she plays until her fingers ache  
The high, *clear* notes of  
"Stairway to Heaven"  
Becoming the rough, **loud** chords of  
"Simple Man"  
Through capos, picks, and fingertips  
Through every single missed note and **bang** against the wall  
Her instrument remains *her best friend*

She sometimes wishes her room were soundproof  
So no one else could hear  
This private union of girl and guitar  
Where, for once, her mind is free

Her guitar cares not for masks of happiness  
It sees her when no one else should  
When she's blotchy and upset  
And radiating **stress**  
And **confusion**  
And **betrayal**  
And **hurt**  
It takes her in and cares for her  
Transforming emotions into *beautiful songs*

Her guitar is an extension of her self  
In order to understand her  
You must first understand  
Her relationship  
With music



# Ask the Editor!!!

Why do some words sound less like themselves the more times you say them in a row? Is this a metaphor for the daily grind of the everyman?

What an educated hypothesis! You, dear reader, must be a patron of avant-garde psychology, psychiatry, and perhaps astrology (what's your sign?). But unfortunately, you're still dead wrong: this is not a metaphor for the everyman's daily grind. The true answer, in fact, is just the opposite. The more you say a word in a row, the closer you are coming to unlocking its natural state: a variety of words that are not words. The phrase "toy boat" in English means only one thing: a facsimile of a naval vessel meant expressly for recreational use (i.e. "tubby toy"). But try saying it a few times fast – "toy but, toi-boit, tui butte" – and words emerge. New words. Words English has never before seen, never before imprisoned with the singular nature of its definitions. Who knows what those words could mean, the wrists of their true potential not yet chafed by the shackles of dictionary definition? We could be on the cusp of evolution to a new and improved form of the English language, where a single word has an infinite number of meanings. For cross-reference and further observation, it should be noted that the field of modern art is currently undergoing this exact same phenomenon.

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If you were to run for president or some other high-ranking political office, what habits would you abandon, and why?

Unless you're Donald Trump, when you're attempting to make it in politics, you watch what you say, because people take offense to anything. For example, were I to mount the podium and remark that I like apples better than oranges, the media would report that I was attempting to incite race riot, to institute programs for gender inequality by making men subservient to women, catering to the religious right, taking a firm but irreligious stance against gay rights, and plotting to assassinate all the top government officials at the next state-of-the-union address with my Illuminati soldiers in black helicopters (that last one would be Fox News). So it is only logical, dear reader, that I would abandon the habit of speaking entirely, and by that I mean all forms of communication whatsoever; from sign language to writing, impressions of cartoon characters to deploying duck decoys. I would take to the podium, and say absolutely nothing; I would look down at my tie for ten minutes before taking my leave. Through this campaign strategy, I could come closer than any other candidate in America's history to a 100%

popular majority vote: without saying anything, I would give my potential critics nothing to criticize. No one could disagree with me, or find fault in anything I'm saying, because I wouldn't be saying anything! I'm going to make such a great politician!

