INDIGO
THE LAGUARDIA LITERARY MAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: FARAH FAROOQI
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: OFELIA CHI HAM
FICTION EDITOR: LIZETTE FLORES
POETRY EDITOR: SAIFUL MITHU
SHARON GARCIA
SANDRA PUENTE

FACULTY ADVISOR: DR. TCM FINK

WE WISH TO THANK THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT AND DR. SANDRA HANSON, CHAIR, FOR THEIR FINANCIAL SUPPORT.
My Eyelids Do not Kiss Each other. Your Pumping machine Knocks Exhaustion. I Witnessed All.

You forgot Existence Identity. Mind choked With White dust Invisible Wall

Why bhai, why?

The womb The air The education... Who is to blame? Your parents Committed No crimes Punishment Is Undesirable.

Dreams Swallowed Giant shark Smiling.

Now, White dust Surrendered To Brown dust.

Why bhai, why?
Growing Up

It is a humid August night in New York. It's about 10 o'clock when Robert, wearing a blue jean jacket, a Guns n' Roses T shirt, and an old pair of Converse Basketball shoes enters the Johnson family's well furnished four-room brick house. Robert Johnson is a tall young man with an athletic physique. As he gently closes the door behind him, he notices his father sitting on a black leather couch reading a newspaper.

"Hey Dad, where's Mom?" Robert asked.
"She's sleeping upstairs. Where were you?" his father asked.
"I was at rehearsal, you know we had a big gig coming up this weekend. I'd like you to come see me play."

Robert, the leader of a black rock group, is a gifted guitar player. He has always wanted his father to see him play but David Johnson, a 42-year-old district attorney, would always make up some excuse. Tonight wouldn't be any different.

"I can't Son, I have a big case coming up," David murmured.
"But Dad this is an important show: a lot of big time record company people are going to be there; we could get signed."
"Listen, son, don't go wasting your time chasing this music dream, you start college next month. The summer's almost over; it's time you settled down and concentrated on getting your education."

Robert began to realize that this was the time for him to tell his father that he didn't want to go to college and wanted to devote all of his attention to his music.
"Dad I have to tell you that I've been thinking that maybe college isn't right for me."
"What do you mean college isn't right for you?" David said angrily. "You start at NYU next month."
"Dad, I don't want to go to college," Robert said quietly.

"What the hell do you mean, you don't want to go to college," David said, removing his eyeglasses. "I already paid your tuition. You're going."
"Dad, I've been giving it a lot of thought and college is not for me. I was only going to go to NYU to make you happy, to do what you wanted, but I have to do what I want. I'm sorry about the tuition money; I'll pay you back someday."

David was so angry he couldn't speak. He dropped the newspaper and began to stare at his son for five straight minutes.
Robert looked away but could still feel his father's intense stare. It seemed like an eternity before he finally spoke again.
"How the hell are you going to pay me back? You don't have a job, you don't have anything, all you do is play your fuckin guitar, and run around town at all hours of the night. You have no consideration; how dare you come here and defy me like this."
"Look Dad I didn't mean to hurt you but I got to do what I feel is right. I know were going to get a record deal soon. I can feel it; we're so close, and when I become a big star, I can repay you for all the things you've done for me."
"Boy, get your head off the goddamn clouds. This music thing is a waste of time. Everybody wants to be a start but only a few make it. You not only need talent but luck. The music business is risky and I don't see how you could put off your education for this music thing."

"Why do you keep calling it this music thing; music is not some thing; it's my life. I've wanted to be a musician ever since I was a kid; you were just too blind to see it."

David rose from the couch to stare at his son. His eyes were as cold as a panther. "Look, if you're living under my roof, you follow my rules. I want you to go to college. If you wish to disobey me, then you can't live under my roof."

This ultimatum shocked Robert. He expected his father to become angry but he didn't anticipate being thrown out of his home.

"I don't believe you are going to throw me out of here because I don't want to go to college."

"You heard what I said," David said, agitated.

"Look, Dad, I don't want to go to college and I'll move out if that's what you want," Robert said with conviction.

Now David was the one who was shocked. He felt that his ultimatum had backfire and hit him in the head like a boomerang. He didn't really want his son to move out.

Robert walked into his bedroom and slammed the door behind him. The next day he woke up at 6 o'clock in the morning, showered, and began packing. He had decided to move in with his friend Mike who he phoned last night.

Robert finished packing and quietly crept into his parent's bedroom. David had left for work and his mother Lisa was getting dressed in the bathroom.

Lisa Johnson, a 36 year old accountant, is soft spoken and extremely beautiful. She has a light brown skinned complexion and a small dimple on her right cheek. Her face is highlighted by a black mole above her moist lips.

He knew that his father hadn't told her about their argument last night. He felt that his father had probably thought the whole thing would blow over and refuse to believe his son would move out. With his mother in the bathroom, Robert slipped a letter he had written her the night before, into the corner of the mirror above her dresser.

He went back to his bedroom and quietly picked up his two duffel bags filled with clothes in his right hand, and carrying his guitar case in his lift, walked out of the home and headed for the train station.

This would be the first time Robert would be living outside, but, determined to make it as a musician, he was willing to do whatever it took for him to make it.

Ever since Robert was a young child he dreamed of becoming a music star. His idol was Jimi Hendrix and he would stand in front of the mirror, wearing a bandana, imitating his movements for hours. He was an intense fan and would play his records every day as soon as he got home from school.

At nine, Robert was given a guitar by his uncle and began practicing five hours every day. By the age of fifteen, his tremendous musical talent was evident. He began forming neighborhood bands and would play anywhere. On weekends, he would play at parties and bazaars, most times receiving little or no play.

The money was never important to him because he played his guitar for the love of music. Also, he enjoyed performing in front of people, who would usually be surprised to see a young black man playing rock music. Robert discovered his love for performing after a show that occurred on his eighteenth birthday.
The scene was one of pandemonium. It was around one o'clock in the morning and the air was filled with a dense almost foglike smoke. The small club was filled to capacity and the crowd of mostly young white males were jumping up and down to the deafening thriving beat. The small black stage was shaking from the impact of the frenzied crowd and the hard wood floor was filled with cigarette butts.

On stage, Robert felt like he was in another world. This was his euphoria and he would always say that he didn't need any drugs that could give him the high he could get from performing.

Upset that he didn't see many blacks at his shows, Robert was surprised that people found it strange that a black person would play rock music. He felt that music was for everybody and shouldn't be labeled black or white.

He felt that the issue of race was one of the reasons why his father didn't think he could make it as a musician. There are no successful all black rock groups in the music industry except for Living Color and it is hard for black rock artists to get recording deals. Robert was determined to overcome all racial prejudices with his musical talent.

A week has passed and Robert is tired of sleeping on Mike's couch and eating cold pizza. He is overjoyed when he gets a phone call from his mother Lisa. Lisa invites Robert back home to have dinner with the family and discuss his interest in music. Robert is excited about the prospect of living at home again.

On the night of the dinner, Robert made sure he arrived early. He wore a navy blue dress shirt very unlike the rock T shirts he usually wears. He made sure to wear a pair of jeans which didn't have holes in them. He wanted his father to believe he was doing well on his own.

The Johnsons had steak and potatoes for dinner. This was Robert's favorite dish and he realized his parents were trying to make him feel welcome. He began to think that his parents had missed him as much as he missed them.

The dinner was extremely quiet, when finally Lisa said "Robert, me and your father have talked it over and we've decided that you can move back into the house."

Robert trying not to reveal his happiness said "What about college?"

"Robert you've convinced me that you're not ready for college and if you don't want to go there then you shouldn't go. It would be a waste of time for you to go to college now. Your mother and I want you to move back in with us. We have decided to give you one year to pursue your music career. If by the end of the year you can't cut a deal, we would like you to think about going to college," David said.

Feeling that his father's decision was fair, Robert got up from the dining room table and embraced his mother. He knew that Lisa was the cause of his father's change of heart. Lisa was always more supportive of her son's music career than his father was.

Robert looked at his father said "Dad, don't worry; I won't even need a whole year to get a deal. I'm going make it Dad and you will be so proud of me. I'm going to the greatest rock guitar player ever."

David looked at his wife and said with a wink, "that boy always did have his head in the clouds."

Elliot Wilson
March 10, 1992

The sky was hot and muggy.
My arm had just agreed me.
I felt some negligence while
she was writing a letter to a
woman who was secretly
afraid of her. However,
this happens in vain.

I decided to let the god
see my mother's soul through
the truth. As I rose
no sky in the matter.

We went through a
painful scene. Either
we were yesterday,
I heard a
ch. 
ANDROGYNY

Three form black seas
several fires lie within
kings by will, but not birth
Conquest of morality

Young flower turns with
Yesterday
In me such blooms, and
I love her
I thought she was for me
But her image came from my life.

I live on a plain nearby,
She lived in a frame inside
My dreams were her lifetime.
My darkest hours gave her a soul.
But her gray dawn became black
It was she who was what I was not
But in her sleep she became who I am

Forms in lines cast
Shadows against the wall
Fire burns stone as lunacy rages
I am myself in every way,
Though they are me in only one.

Perhaps I am both
Though I may be neither
But when I walk outside
I must be one.
Only through her can
I be the outer
But wholeness of that is
cruelly mocked

A story about aspiration
of change, of livings
deeper meaning.
With forged and casted
lines for the shadows
thrown by carktatured profiles
and two people that will
never be one.

M.E. NOONE
STARTING TO SLIDE LADY

Vexed by the hollow sadness in your eyes
how heavy the blow that robbed you soul. The
paint wearing thin and beginning to stray. The
clothing hangs carelessly from your neglected
frame. As a tattered piece of paper clings desperately by its last
fiber to a note pad, you
hold fast the dreams of yesterday.

Mingled with those dreams are ghosts of demons
past. SEX, DRUGS, ALCOHOL. . . . .
things you couldn't live without, have become a
millstone around your neck, plunging you into new
depths of depravity. So you wax on a smile, tell
yourself things will change and continue your spiraling .descent to
nowhere.

JOE REYES

ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

It was August 1973, another sweltering Saturday evening
promising to be as dull and uneventful as any that summer. Eddie, Charlie, a
few of the guys and myself were taking up our usual places on the benches at
Itchy Coo Park in Jackson Heights Queens. We were just another group of bored
tenagers with no money and no curfew. I believe it was my man Eddie Hayes
who suggested we hop the seven train to Flushing Meadows Park and borrow
the peddle boats for a couple of hours. "We did that last week and almost got
busted," Charlie said, "They'll be laying for us." Mike Rivardo added, "Lets go to
Adventurer's Inn and pick up some girls." "I don't think Lyn would appreciate
that too much." I threw in . Then Charlie, always the trouble maker, suggested,
"Lets get high and go to Saint Mike's Cemetery."

Saint Michael's is a large, heavily wooded cemetery just off the Grand
Central Parkway in Jackson Heights. I had been to Saint Mike's before but the
cemetery, at night, with a buzz on, did not top my list of entertainment for the
evening. Although I was reluctant at first the suggestion was met with such
enthusiasm I felt like a chump saying no. So with six packs of Bud tucked
under our arms and at least one dime bag of smoke we set off on our so journey
to St. Mike's.

It was ten o'clock at night when we reached the Grand Central. The first
obstacle we faced was crossing the parkway. Having already consumed three
 brews and smoked a few joints, the rush of cars before me seemed like a raging
river and I was without a raft. The rapids quickly turned into the running of
the bulls of Pamplona and it took all my athletic prowess to avoid being gored
by the charging behemoths with large luminous eyes.
On the other side, we searched the overgrown weeds at the foot of the fence for the gaping hole we knew existed. I remember the queer feeling I got stepping into the black mouth of St. Mike, a cold uneasiness of some impending danger.

Charlie Byrnes was nicknamed Sargent Rock after his favorite comic book hero. Chuck was a tough Irish kid with curly black hair and a mug just begging for a fight. He lived in spy and war novels and must have thought he was leading a platoon of green berets on some covert mission, as he ordered, "Let's do the catacombs." Like good foot soldiers we followed. From the path inside, the hole in the fence just faded into the black curtain of night and we were engulfed by the gigantic overhanging willows. Our primary source of light was filtered moonlight with an occasional stray beam from the parkway reflecting off the marble head stones. The Cobble stones in the road lent the atmosphere of an old European countryside. It was as if we were in time warp, far from the real world, and the large stone winged cherubs on top of the mausoleum seemed to warn us away.

As the four of us ventured deeper into the cemetery swilling beer and swapping ghost stories we were soon upon the catacombs or the crypt as some called it. I had heard of the crypt before but was convinced it was the product of Charlie's fertile imagination. I was wrong. The entrance to the crypt was a simple 3x3 foot opening in a mound of earth. It was covered by a heavy metal plate that required two of us to remove. Below was a cold iron ladder dropping fifteen feet into a black hole. As we stood around looking at each other the idea of getting arrested for stealing boats was starting to appeal to me. "Let's do it!" Charlie said as he descended the ladder into the abyss. Eddie followed. Not wanting to be last and thus left outside alone, I shoved past Mike and down I went. As I reached the last rung, I heard the reassuring hiss of wooden box matches igniting, and focusing on the orange halo dancing around Charlie's head I noticed a sinister grin. He was enjoying the idea that all of us were spooked out.

We were each handed a small ration of matches and led down a short corridor. The ceiling was low, barely clearing our heads. At the end of the hall on the left was an open door leading to a narrow room. Just inside the door to the right was a small table and chair with a shrine set up, the wall in front of me was barren, and on the left side of the room was the tenant, resting in what looked like a captain's bunk on a ship embedded into the wall. The lid of the casket had long been obliterated by vandals, by Charlie perhaps, revealing what appeared to be a disfigured mass of sod with the vague semblance of human form. As another match expired the damp, musty smell and close quarters began to make my head spin. Paranoia was setting in. "What if someone were to slam the trap door shut and dump a ton of dirt on top? No one would ever find us," I thought. Thick summer air never tasted so good. I even relaxed for a moment forgetting where we were, fresh from our macabre little visit to the crypt. What I didn't know, however, was that the real excitement was still ahead for me. At this time in New York City a grave diggers strike was in progress; consequently there were security patrols throughout the city's cemeteries protecting the exposed caskets and half dug graves. We might have been better informed had we picked up a a news paper on occasion; but we were after all on summer vacation.

It was after midnight when we began our trek back through the cemetery, feeling somewhat victorious at having braved the crypt we were a little more boisterous on the return journey and completely oblivious of the patrol jeep creeping up behind us with lights off. At that moment headlights and flash lights snapped on. All I heard were car doors slamming and men shouting, "Get them! Get those little bastards! " The next twenty minutes were the longest of my life. As soon as I saw the lights and heard the screams I instinctively dove for cover. I leapt like a terrified beast to my left, out of the rays of the headlights, and rolled behind some brush.
Here I just froze and held my breath for what seemed like hours, anticipating at any moment, that I would be kicked to pieces as I lay there. To my amazement and great relief the sound of foot steps rushing past my head and the glare of flash lights just faded into the distance. Motionless I lay wondering where I was and if it were all a bad dream. Then I realized that this nightmare were for real.

Ordinarily, being alone in a cemetery in the middle of the night I would be preoccupied with spooks, spirits and other such supernatural entities, but the thought of a live angry mob with a license to bust heads between me and the parkway kept me focused on the natural world. I got a sense how the shipwrecked hunter felt in the short story THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, as he was tracked down like wild game on a deserted island, I had only one goal in mind, one vision. The fence. That hole in the fence. I had to reach that hole without being discovered. My heart was crashing against my chest and the adrenaline was flowing. I had never felt so alert, so alive. Like a frightened deer I stood still, eyes wide open and scanning all around, ears pinned back taking in every sound. Slowly I slinked through the woods, about a half mile or so from safety I figured. I crept along in a half crouch like an Indian scout, pulling back branches and stopping every few feet to listen for signs of danger. Occasionally I would jump out of my skin as I'd snap the spine of a dry twig. The sound seemed magnified a hundred times in my state of fear. I followed the flickering headlights from the parkway which at first looked like fire flies or small escaping embers leaping from a campfire. Soon I heard the comforting whoosh of speeding cars and miraculously located the hole in the fence immediately. As I strolled into the park as cool as I had six hours earlier the guys rushed up to me to get the low down. They were sure I had gotten caught and been roughed up and left on the service road of the parkway to lick my wounds. "Just another boring Saturday night," I said. As I took a long, cold hit of Charlie's beer.

Sixto Reyes
EXTERMINATION

Connection---------
Hello?? Hello!! Who is this?
Surfaces targeted
Hell seethes up-
Homeboy scampers
From homicidal alley-
Assassinations, A religious
Forbiddance, popping pills,
Preventing possibilities
Open-mouthed & pallid,
Screeching- Blaring progeny
Chin wilting into bosom
Thrusting needles deeper
Nostrils savor a wooden board,
Circulating blue veins
Screwed up, incestuous ruse-
Boy escaping manhood,
Rubberbands held, bridled hoods
Unveiled in fatal theaters
Sucking mouths of corpses-
Academy of Nocturnal emissions
Brittle hairs on broken bed-
Pointy splinter, erected finger
Darting steel pieces
The axis, The prey, The ashes.
Ejaculative sap, pornographic
Fields, Journey to inferno
Strewed nightmares, fornication
Throttled ropes, cowards abode,
Crippling disease, vexation
Cloistered desires, no more please-
Contamination, Venom injected
Open stables, torrid horses
Crumbling Rampage, Voracious Freedom
Terminal disparity,
Stake out, emergency room
Mythical existence
Insanity, closed room
Edge of the bridge
Hypnotic reality
Essence of the knife
Cleaved umbilical cords,
Havoc, oh, torment
Fleshy wounds, murky red
Gross exhaustion, forlorn-
Jump, Jump, Jump... Defunct
Hello... Hello??
Who is this!
Disconnection..................
THE PLACE I KNOW BEST

The metal bars and turn styles act as my gates and doors to the rest of the world. The sound of the passing train is my thunder without lightning and rain.

This is where I live, beneath the streets in my shallow five feet Kenmore home. To some it's just a cardboard box, but to me it's my under-ground castle. I have everything I could want and more down here. I have the pavement as my bed and the "New York Times" as my pillow. As I wake every morning to the sounds of rush hour traffic, I think to myself, will I make it through the day?

I don't have any friends, but lots of spectators. They look at me as if I don't belong or pretend as if I'm not here. Little do they know, I helped to build this city. I see people from all walks of life down here. White, Black, Red and Yellow; to me they're all the same. This is my home although I can't tell them to leave. I give out the pay phone numbers as if they were my own. But no one calls for me.

The tunnels are like my hallways from room to room. Like a ship drifting without destination, I go from station to station hoping to be out of this maze one day.

CURTIS CAMERON

LIVING IN THE FUTURE

Believing in Hell
Is like walking under a ladder.
Somewhere in the comfort
Of my distant childhood
I was taught to fear God
And eternal punishment.
Now I turn to science;
I know not to fear God
But still walk around ladders.

THE CORPS

I'm a marine
An aqua-marine debutante
Welcome to my coming out

INDIGO
Life.... what is it?
Growing old, restraining one's self from stepping out of
the boundaries of normality!
We lead different lives, here, then, and I suppose
some other day there !.
We laugh at it.
We cry for it.
Others die to preserve the better kind-freedom.
A cousin of life this freedom thing. They are destined
to walk hand in hand, yet fortunately their paths rarely
intertwine.
Who writes the script?
Am I the leading part or just another lost extra in
somebody else's reach for their Oscar seeking quest?
Did you write your script, or obtain it from a mail order catalog?
Life is what you make it someone said.
Well it is my life, directed by others and produced by
a force so mystifying it charms, irritates and scares
me!!
When is my big scene?
Will I know my final lines?

-A. MORENO
A LETTER FROM A CHILD

Dear Parents,

There are a few things that I ask of you on my journey through life.
Be my disciplinarian, teach me to grow, to love, share and be caring, but most of all teach me to be separate from you. Protect me and, as you do, teach me to protect myself. Talk to me, not at me. Just because I am smaller doesn't make me less than.
Teach me to express my thoughts and feelings and let me know it's all right to do so.
Love me for just being alive; Love me for being who I am.
Be proud of me, for I was born from you, not to be you.
Help me to reach mown potential, keeping your "could haves" and "should haves" separate from my life.
And when you disagree, or decide to go separate ways, please remember I am a child who is alive, not a piece of property.
So many times out of your own hurts and fears, we are blamed and then we suffer. You can't correct your lives through mine;
Help me become who I am to be our of my wants and desires.
Resolve the mistakes and misfortunes among yourselves, don't have me pay for them.
And when it's time to let me go, no matter how difficult and painful it may be for you, let me go on my own, let me fall, let me learn, this is how I will grow. And when I look back and see you watching and having a reassurance that you are there if I need you, that will be security enough. For if you are there to pick me up, then we will never be separate from one another.
Love me not only for being your child, but for being a child alive.
Coming from the womb of security and warmth, this world is a very scary place, so try to be gentle and patient with me, for everything you teach me and all that I see will be passed on to another just like me.

Love Your Child

DOLORES PRESTIGIACOMO
"I Am"

I am who I am
I am my mother's child
My father's son
I am so many things
I may conform
I will rebel
where life may take me
heaven or hell
I am the future
or is the future me
could I be the one
to harness the sea
I will succeed in any field
for my opponents

must eventually yield
I am youth
the infants the
unable
in my strength
need to believe
by my own rules
I wish to abide
stride by stride
I am who I am
I'll observe the old then
tackle the new
I am who I was
meant to be
no more, no less

-Tamara Faustin
IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

If I were able to be invisible I would sit next to a person who appears to be annoyed with another person because of the other person just being there. I would whisper in this person's ear and say why do you view him with such hate? Is it his tone of skin? If so what if he was to know and tells you that this is the tone he was born with, and that he can't do anything about it! Also why should he change his tone of skin just to please you? It probably never crossed his mind to even try to change. But if he annoys you, maybe you should wear rose colored glasses that will help you see everybody the same color.

I see it is not only his tone of skin that annoys you, but also his way of dressing ... sure he has a rather unique style of clothes. But why should anyone's style of dressing make you so angry, as long as he's comfortable and protected from the weather. Sure! certain people say that clothes make a person. Why should his style of dressing make him less of a person? Also, stop teasing him for speaking a different language. He was given the gift to learn this language and to learn yours too ... or did you think he was not capable of learning yours too! What if he tells you that he wouldn't mind teaching you his language as much as he would like to learn yours! Why don't you just say hello? What if he were to tell you that he is learning your language not to tease you but to help him to understand you. And maybe help one day ... but if you care not to listen turn away and try to comfort your own empty ways of thinking.

While you're turning away don't look at that woman with such pity and shame, and don't tell the people near you that she must be a welfare case ... And don't think that she must have to be abusing all of her children. Don't be afraid to smile at her babies when they crack a smile at you. Did it ever cross you mind that she really loves all of her children and may had wanted to have such a rather large number. It is very common in some cultures to have a large family. By the way did you notice how happy they all were just being with each other! Oh now you are judging her ways of raising her children with that of poverty; for all you know she might be supporting all of her children on her own with the help of no one! Hey give her credit for caring or at least trying her best; there are so many homeless children in this world with no one to love them or even care for them, also children who go to homes or people who don't even want them, only the money they get for taking them in to their homes ... Is it because she's black or do you view all women with more than one child that way? At least smile at her children and don't pass them the sickness of your hatred ... Don't cover your ears, because I'm not going to stop whispering to you. I'm not here to hurt you only trying to help you learn how to live with the others! Forgive me if you were covering your ears because of me: I see. It's because of that music coming from that young man's radio ... Are you hiding from the young man or are you annoyed with his music? Don't assume that he's trouble and that he must be wild ... Don't you see that he has his own taste in music. Does he have to turn his dial because it's too loud or did you just want him to
turn it off, because it's not your type of music? Thank you for sharing your space, until we meet again!

MARTHA BLACK

JUST END

The mean end
Must justify.
Just the end
Means the must.
The mean end
Justifies must.
Must the mean
End the just?
The justified
Must end
The mean(s).
The justified musts
End the means.
End the musts,
Mean the justs!
The mean
Must just end.
Must the end!
Mean the Just!

Lizette Flores