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SNSTRESS

Registrar

A FUTURE OF NUMBERS

You came to me
softly
and I felt your essence
cover me
like a huge cloud.
The time passed
and
we grew with each other
and
in each other.
It was an 8-hour day
that lasted
forever
and
we were eternity
sharing the things that we did
the big things
the little things-
things that mattered to us.
You laid bare your soul
your whole self
and
I felt the agonies and the joys
of
your past experiences.
I
too
made myself vulnerable
to you
sharing my past
thinking and hoping
you cared.
Then we spoke of love-
that tiny word with a
vast meaning-
And I knew that my whole future
was yours
for the taking.
You took but not fully-
not yet
anyway.
But I gave
and
although we're two
we're one
and
I'm only half of me-
you've got the rest-
and
someday I hope you'll return me
to me
with part of you
to make us
one.

Sharon Mooney

Awakened from my tranquil
sleep in your arms
Thousands of minutes
and thoughts away
I feel myself still
there.

Panasonic
colorful
reels of films
in my mind
run off schedule.

I still don't know why
perhaps my inebriated state
or my mood.

We said nothing;
just touched
and in touching
went wild
with sensuous
movements.

We spoke no lies;
we walked away
but I felt you
and feel you now.

It's just not logical
we were so
physical
but I taste emotion
in almost
every thought I say.

Well, it's a new day
a new time
and I
a new person
lay awake
sleepless
just thinking of
your arms

and wishing
not for them around me
but for you to speak
softly, I guess;
I disdain
loudness
and
anger

and just to know .
but then that was a thousand minutes
and thoughts away
I just can't forget.

Marybeth Cavanaugh

NUMBER ONE



"Twenty-Six"

It's October and
the world is orangy-yellow
And the half-naked-trees reach
and miss
while the yellow blades blow ag
t pane
and I fight back at 40 m.p.h.

The shiny red rolling apples
Swinging and gleaming from the bran
And you, with the wind in your hair.
It's October, and the world is orangy-
except at night.

Deborah Fox

We met when I was ripe
and in
season
You plucked me from my
tree of
Innocence
and molded me and
shaped me
into an almost
fulfilled being
but
before my life was fulfilled
you tossed me away
and
I rolled down
down
down
the hill
while you reached for another
hi her
up.

Sharon Mooney

THE PROVERBIAL ONE

The rain was slight and steady
With a cold, gray sky.
I was accustomed to the dreariness of it.
My Being was blase, unfeeling yet feeling.
Then you, the Proverbial One, came along
You star-spangled my skies while
I absorbed your sunshine.
I never asked you to shine on me!

Being the Proverbial One
You left me with the Proverbial Ache
The rain is no longer slight
It falls in a mad rage
Crushing, beneath its goliath weight
All the joys I had encountered
While twirling in your sunshine.
The dreariness returns and I fight it off.

Mary Anne Grady



Memories of years
shoveled into
cry silently in

Somedays missed s
in the flutter
Promises half-forgo
Tomorrows that na
and endowme
cash-su

"What now?" they
"Wha

(What can I say
except that
It rain

We two—
crouched
A
Of sunset sky
Amid the abje
of somb
(All the worl
We two
h

Know the pai

INTRUDERS

I think I'm forgetting . . . In fact
I am almost sure I have forgotten.
Many people have walked around,
inside,
and through me with their kind-
ness-
and
attention .

Part of my mind was
thinking of them and not you . . .
Now they are overtaking me with their
thoughts and ideas; and
pushing
you out.
Maybe I should hate them-but I'm grateful.
You didn't want to be in
there
anyway.

Cathy Morris

fferent drawers
kness
e edge of remember

ow
mediacy

came

dered on the spot

amed dawn's
st promise

Kathy Nulton

re
nst the amber arc

loneliness
lence

ter
now forever.
loneliness.

athy Nulton



To Zizzy with love on his birthday:

The nogle steeple clanged three tolls echoing within a pale, red-brick village. Dimly the moon gazed through a damp fog; the breath of the sea hung in the opaque air like tiny pearls of wetness. The mist shawled the water and embraced the rotting warfs, salty streets and structures, brewing both kindness and cruelty.

Beside the gray rails of a dock, leaning against a rusty rain barrel, sat a lonesome watchman. He mechanically wrapped his arms around his bent legs to protect them from the dampness piercing his skin. His composure was thin and worn, his face was wisdom and life; with brown coarse skin, gray bristly hair, a wrinkled forehead, deepset blue eyes that reflected the sea in all its boundless glory, a rough beard embedded in worry lines of age on sunken sheeks, high cheek bones, and a square chin. Between the wrinkles, callouses and cracked nails, his hands held a thousand fragments of wood, sand and scales.

The lifeless form was lost, not in the smoky mist, but in an ancient illusion. Retracing the corridors of time, he drifted upon his fantasy, a captain of his own ship. The adventure, the fear, the suspense, the splendor of the sea he knew intimately. To be a captain would be to humiliate the water, to suppress the tragedy and wrath in the unknown depths, to scourge wind and storm with their vigor, to guide men's souls over the realm of an azure mirror. It was an ever-haunting quest, now thriving on weariness.

Sparcely sprinkled over the dry coast were faded olive trees, the cruel wind twisted their spines and raped them of fruit. It was long ago under a child's harassed tree that the surge began. Watching the yellowed canvas sails slip off to support the life of the village ignited the hopes of manhood. The salty odor settled in his nostrils and soaked his brain.

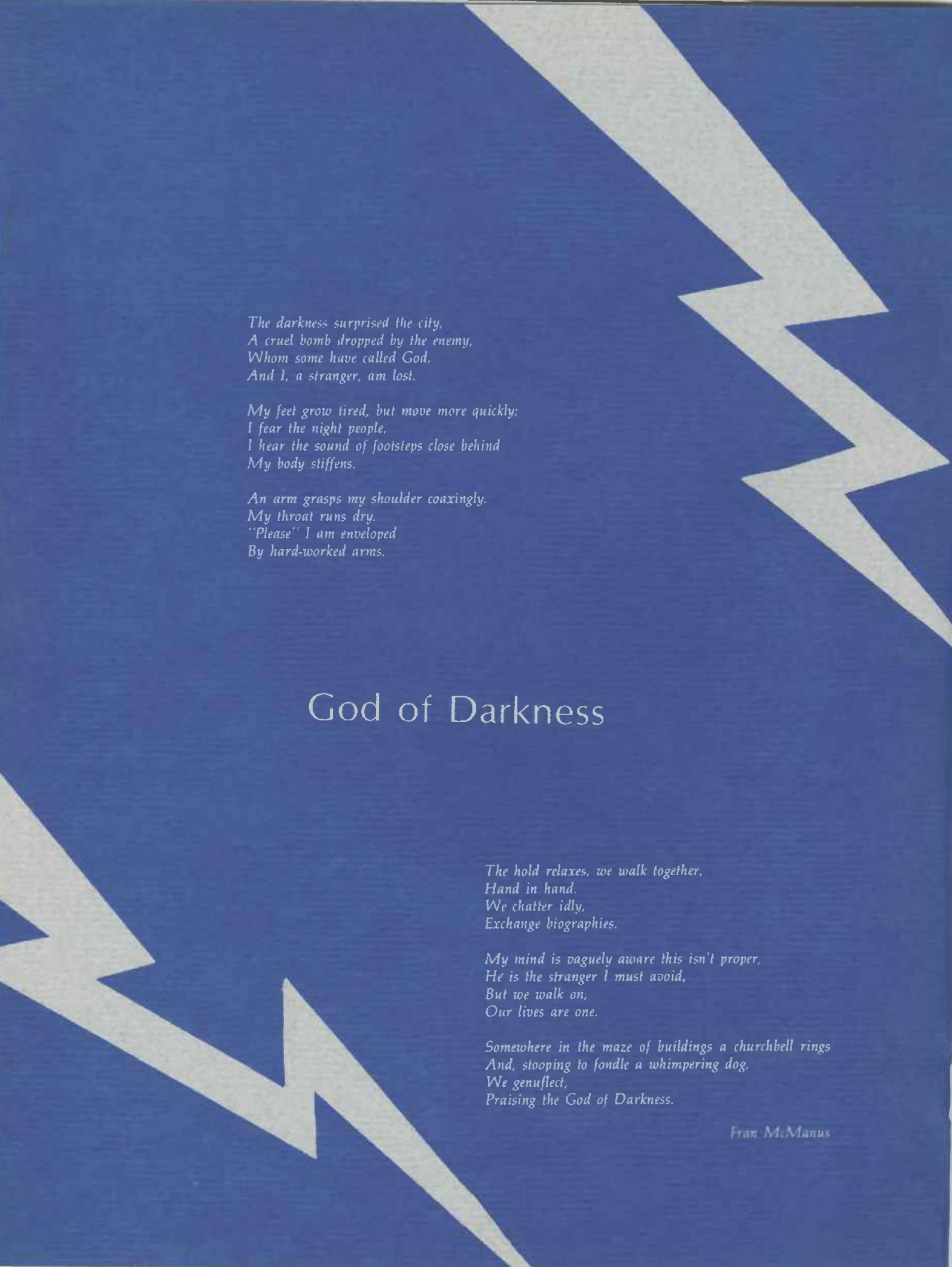
When young, he helped clean and sell fish and sponges at the market. As time advanced he became deck-boy, cleaning the nets, raising the sails, and swabbing the ramps. As first-mate he touched this world. Reminiscencing dazed and bewildered him.

A shaft of light defused the crystal disks of water in the lightless air and defined the curved line of a deep gray horizon. Startled by the shattering blackness his nerves jolted him against the railing. A thousand splinters of warped wood sprang into the dull light and the limp body hurled into the open mouth of the swallowing sea. Quietly golden drops of warmth danced and hopped from wave to wave. The sliver of sun woke the morning and a gull sailed to sea.

In the forgotten sea village a legend remains. The fishermen say, at the beginning of sunrise one can see, through the vanishing fog, a glorious clipper ship voyaging to the horizon with an old gray captain at its elusive helm.



C. KELLY



*The darkness surprised the city,
A cruel bomb dropped by the enemy,
Whom some have called God,
And I, a stranger, am lost.*

*My feet grow tired, but move more quickly;
I fear the night people,
I hear the sound of footsteps close behind
My body stiffens.*

*An arm grasps my shoulder coaxingly.
My throat runs dry.
"Please" I am enveloped
By hard-worked arms.*

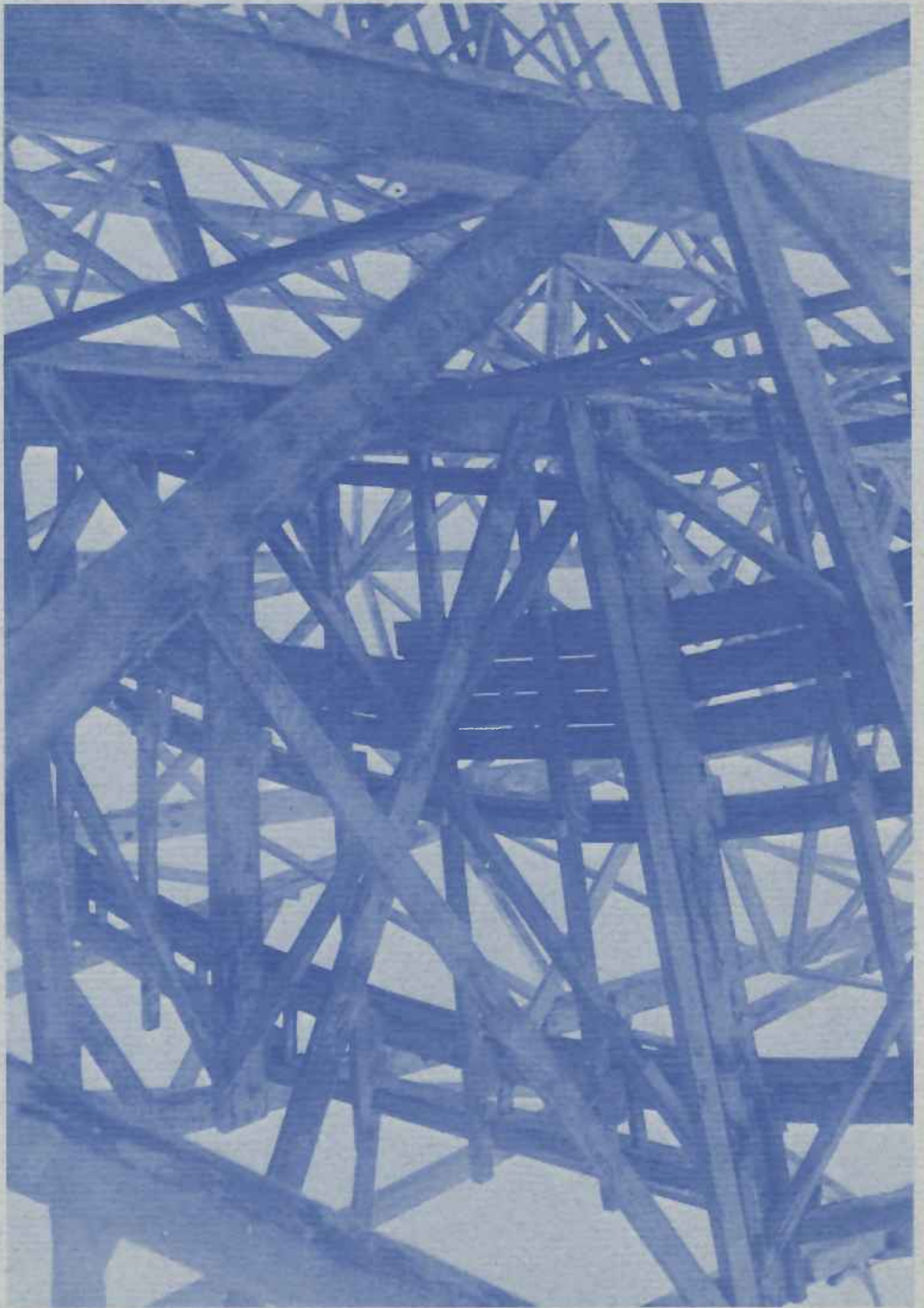
God of Darkness

*The hold relaxes, we walk together,
Hand in hand.
We chatter idly,
Exchange biographies.*

*My mind is vaguely aware this isn't proper,
He is the stranger I must avoid,
But we walk on,
Our lives are one.*

*Somewhere in the maze of buildings a churchbell rings
And, stooping to fondle a whimpering dog,
We genuflect,
Praising the God of Darkness.*

Fran McManus



Melancholy
fickle

atmospheric
pressure
surging
suffocating
air.



Lonely

missing you
shows
condensing
evaporating life.

Frustrated
silent

puddles
weeping
wanting
mud.

The meteorologist reports
all will be fair
tomorrow.

Barometer
heavy
with
fear.



Temperature
frigid.
Cold front blasts in from
the north
but
there's always
the sun
365 degrees
away
with the moon
to follow.
Forecast looks dim;
Hurricanes,
tornadoes
all sweep our dreams to sea.
But despite the
atmospheric
barometric
warnings
creating the overcast sky
I still have
ME?,:!:

Marybeth Cavanaugh



