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### Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1978

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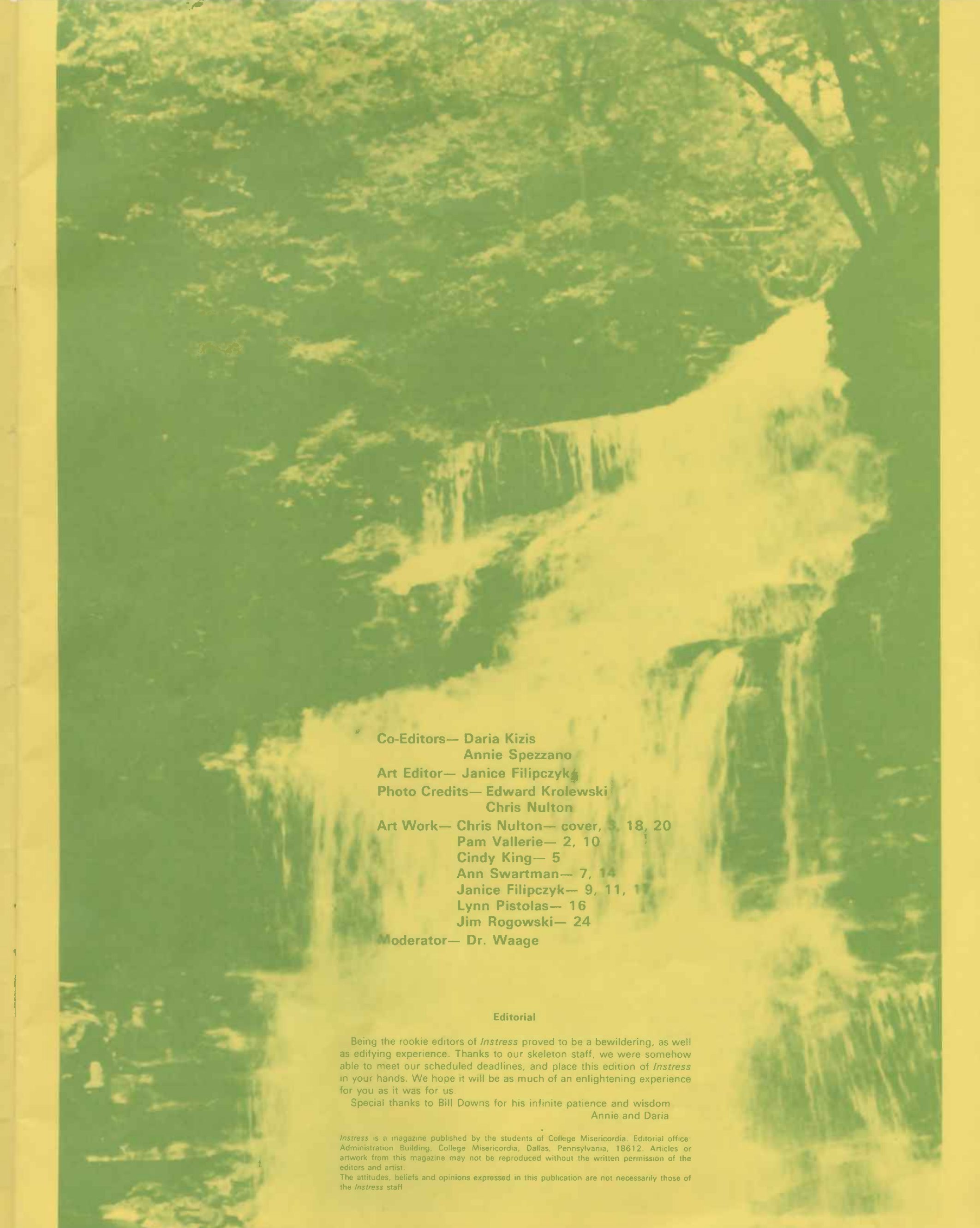
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#### **Editorial**

Being the rookie editors of *Instress* proved to be a bewildering, as well as edifying experience. Thanks to our skeleton staff, we were somehow able to meet our scheduled deadlines, and place this edition of *Instress* in your hands. We hope it will be as much of an enlightening experience for you as it was for us.

Special thanks to Bill Downs for his infinite patience and wisdom  
Annie and Daria

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Dandelion Dance  
Summer dancers in a field  
Turn sun-wheel pirouettes,  
And tumbling thick in yellow reels  
Time's measured rule forget.  
Till, spun out into airy globes  
of silver-breathless light,  
Dissolve on winter hints of wind  
And frost-tipped dance the night.

Catherine McCoy '79

Mood #2

An empty classroom  
Breeds a history of timelessness  
Abstract & uncontroll'd  
And though no space is filled  
No speech display'd  
The message still, unfolds  
Richard Matysik '81

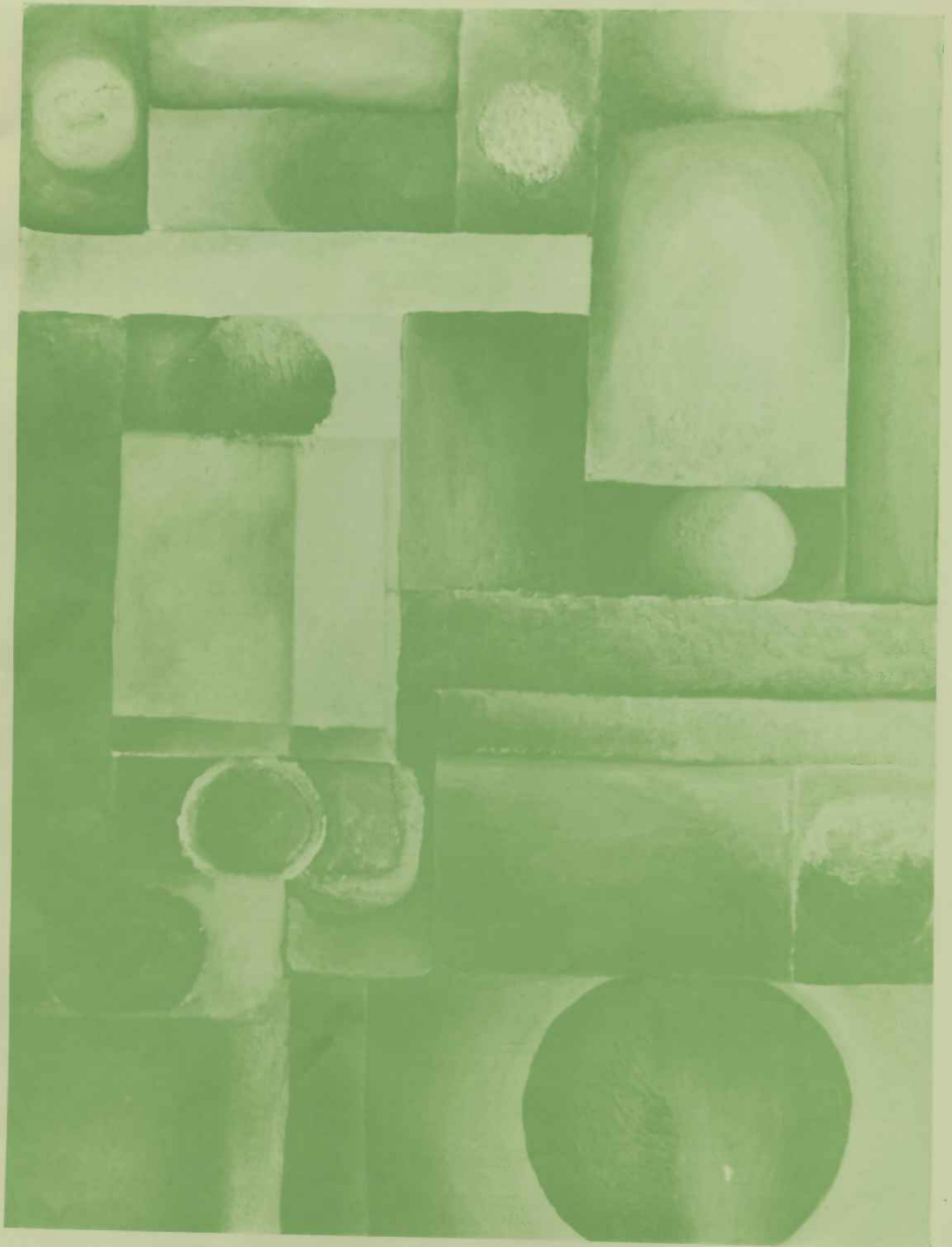
Mood #15

The geese are flying homeward  
Like unguided children in song  
In flight, traveling northward  
Bound to something they'd found  
Long ago.  
Richard Matysik '81

Mood #24

The wood-smoke rises  
Gently into the thin air  
From house, cabin and farm  
It leaves its Mother Wood  
Like a child leaving home  
For the first time

After having clung so long  
It ventures thru the years  
And like our breath  
And like our dreams  
It slowly disappears  
Richard Matysik '81



## Simply Splendid

The evening was dim and quiet and the spider's name was Splendid. The actual sex of the arachnoid was unknown, but the entire household called Splendid "she". Perhaps the feminization was a result of the spider's voracious appetite for victims, a predilection often attributed to the female sex of other supposedly higher orders. Splendid was a family pet along with several cats of more easily determined sex. Like the tomcats, Splendid had wandered into the house uninvited and had elected to abide therein for a time. Although actual friendship between humans and spiders is exceedingly rare, the four humans and the spider existed on a level of mutual respect. Avoiding each other's "turf" so to speak. Tranquility reigned. Human folly was perhaps unavoidable. No less distressing but unavoidable all the same.

The human inhabitants of the household were two more or less married couples. They were more married in spirit but less married in fact. Len and Janice occupied the bedroom nearest to Splendid's web, while Don and Mary Louise shared the upper story of the house. The spider was rather large with black horizontal stripes decorating a yellow tinged body. Eight legs. Normal spider. No physical defects. Nor mental ones either until the humans chose to upset the balance of nature.

Spiders are in some respects the lions of the bug world. They are proud and powerful predators who are prone to pounce pitilessly upon their prey. Spiders are a very fine and highly strung order, both figuratively and literally. Splendid was supposed by the couples who were her neighbors and roommates, to be from an especially fone breed of the spider kingdom. She comported herself with a most regal bearing, seeming to hold all other creatures in a kind of disdain. Splendid was quite adept at the spiderly skills required for her survival. Her web was intricately patterned in an upper corner above the kitchen doorway. The web was expertly spun and sewed as a more than adequate trap for various flies and other insects who foolishly blundered onto its sticky mesh. Splendid dined at will and her physique testified to the nutritious content of her diet.

For several months life in the big white house on Third Avenue in Kingston was uneventful and largely serene. Then the beginning of disaster. One afternoon Len was idly roaming about the house. He was suffering from a mild case of boredom which was nowhere near the George Sanders Terminal Stage, but was annoying all the same. Len noticed a small housefly flying contentedly around the house. With admirable reflexes his hand shot out trapping the intruder in mid-flight. As any experienced fly catcher knows, there is a definite technique to whisking these insects out of the ozone. One must cup the hand and with thumb up swipe at the fly with a slight angle bringing the hand toward the body. Flies for unknown reasons always fly to the right when seeking escape, hence the common expression, "straighten up and fly right."

Enough digression. Once Len had seized the tiny creature there arose the question of how to properly dispose of it. With a flash of terrible inspiration Len thought of Splendid. He strode out to the kitchen and grasping the struggling fly in two fingers, he tossed the fly into Splendid's web. The fly struck to the sticky substance and stayed. The fly's frantic flapping and desperate struggle to free itself awoke the slumbering spider. Splendid supposing the fly to have arrived in its present predicament through the normal course of events was, not surprisingly, quite pleased with the catch. She scrambled down the length of the web and following her natural inclinations slew the fly. Splendid then wrapped the carcass in a shroud of thread and after checking the cocoon returned to her usual position, the center of the web. Having recently dined she saved the fly for future feeding in the age old manner of spiders.

This seemingly unimportant incident spelled doom for valiant Splendid. When the other members of the household returned, Len immediately demonstrated his discovery. It was better than an ant farm. Nature performing in one's own home for the amusement and edification of the inhabitants. Unnaturally everyone wanted to try it. Then of course they all showed their friends. Soon Splendid's web was crowded with assorted offerings from the couples and their guests. They even took to leaving the windows of the house open in order to attract more victims. Splendid realized that something was amiss but not being in communication with the humans, she did not know how to remedy the situation. She grew fat. So arduously did the magnificent Splendid endeavor to keep her home in some normal state that she was almost constantly eating. She spent day and night gorging on the anatomies of the proffered insects. Her gluttony knew no bounds. She grew fatter. Even a spider as courageous as the redoubtable Splendid could not keep pace with this overabundance of gustatorial goodies. She grew obese. Her web was littered from top to bottom with the carcasses of the dubious donations of the deluded. Splendid lost a large portion of her mobility. The once slim spider was suddenly transformed into a slow moving slob. She grew immense. She lumbered about her abode with none of the grace that had marked her former meanderings.

The final stroke in this tragic proceeding occurred in the late summer of the year Nineteen Hundred and Seventy Two. The couples decided that privacy had become a necessity. They planned to go their separate ways. Amicably they parted. Each searched out new lodgings. They divided the cats and Don offered Len custody of Splendid the spider. Len and Janice agreed that Splendid would make a most interesting and novel conversation piece in their new home. When they moved to Shavertown, Splendid went along. In a jar. In the trunk of the car. Packed with the dishes. Fat. Real fat. When the once proud spider was removed from her class coach, Len placed her in a position on the wall similar to the one in her former home. He left her to construct a new web. Splendid tried but soon found she'd lost her touch. The web she finally produced was anemic and lacked stickum. It couldn't even support her now great weight and she repeatedly plummeted to the floor each time she attempted to ensconce herself in her new net. Several days past. Unable to secure food Splendid grew weaker. Her huge appetite went unsatisfied. Her large form prevented her from gaining sustenance. She became weaker and more awkward. Then one dim and quiet night she met another spider. Rather than feel pity towards a fellow creature in need of help, the spider sneered at Splendid. Spiders are a proud and magnificent race and have no sympathy for weakness on the part of others. The newcomer viewed Splendid's condition as an embarrassment to spiders everywhere. In a spate of rage the spider attacked Splendid. The attack was vicious and unbridled. One of Splendid's legs was severed and her body sustained grievous injuries. For a few brief seconds Splendid's bloodline rose to the fore. She unleashed a violent counterattack and for just a fleeting moment she seemed to be the glorious Splendid of old. But reality quickly intruded. Her battered bulk was badly beaten. With Splendid lying prone at his eight feet the other spider coup de grace by snapping Splendid's fat neck. Life blinked and went out. The evening was dim and quiet and the spider was splendid.





### Remembered Episode

I don't think I could ever forget  
that day at the beach  
with you.  
We got there,  
and it was cold and gray.  
We didn't care, tho,  
for we were content  
to walk for miles along the water  
breathing the sea air  
and feeling the wind whip our hair.  
You gave me a shell  
with a hole in it,  
and said it was made by a starfish.  
I said it was there so that  
I could wear it on a chain.

In the afternoon,  
the sun came out  
and chased away all  
the gray clouds.  
It was too cold to go swimming,  
so we lay on a blanket  
and were warmed by the sun.  
We fell asleep  
and I woke before you.  
I looked at you as you slept.  
One strand of hair,  
lightened by the sun,  
had blown across your forehead  
and the light brought out freckles  
I never knew you had.  
You sighed once or twice  
and I wondered what you were dreaming.

Then you opened your eyes  
while I was pondering you,  
and I searched into their deep grayness  
looking for an answer.  
I remember you promised me  
as we stood on the beach  
that although you had to leave  
to go settle something inside yourself,  
you would be back, because  
I meant more than just something to you.

Funny,  
whenever I think of that day,  
I don't remember the cloudy morning  
or the sunburn I got  
when the sun came out.  
I remember you.

Anne E. Spezzano '78

Yesterday  
I reached out  
but you were already gone  
pursuing one of your many dreams.  
I cried after you  
Stop, if only for a minute  
I don't think you ever heard  
you were so far away  
and silence filled your wake.  
Today  
I remember the long, lonely night,  
the darkness, the tears.  
Yet I don't blame you;  
You had to go  
Destiny doesn't wait  
rather, it flies as a spirit  
ever constant, forever free.  
Tomorrow  
I too, will pursue a dream  
And you will no longer be able to  
run both far or fast enough  
Destiny, too, will come for me.

Daria J. Kizis '78

### Sometimes, No Always

You accused me of being a poet  
who didn't bother to write it down.  
Well, here's to you,  
my strawberry sometimes friend.

Purple and white neon lights  
blink obscenely in the shallow dusk;  
Taxis whiz by  
aimlessly  
directionless  
I sit in a bar  
ordering drinks I can't drink  
and wondered  
Why was there a rung missing  
on the ladder  
of my life.  
Did you have to take that too .  
when you left?

I used to think  
Yet meant eventual Get.  
Wrong.  
The computer won't program that  
anymore.  
That's funny.  
It doesn't program much anymore.  
The gears must be losing their teeth.  
They don't grab for all the gusto  
or chew 'til there's nothing left.

Rocking back and forth  
in the fading sunset,  
You remain  
my strawberry always love.

Daria J. Kizis '78



Dutch Boy

There are long fields of poppies  
and wooden shoes  
in your smile.  
There are windmills in your mind.  
Catherine McCoy '79



The youthful writer  
criticized, admired.  
Radical thoughts, ideas, desired.

Crusader of truth  
In search of the finite ways of life,  
When will you ever learn  
your thoughts are too ideal.

You are a dreamer in flight,  
A harbor with light,  
Searching endlessly for answers untold.

As they look with disdain,  
Your thoughts still remain,  
woven within.  
dreamer . . . Dream.  
searcher . . . Search.

Mary Beth Olsavsky '78



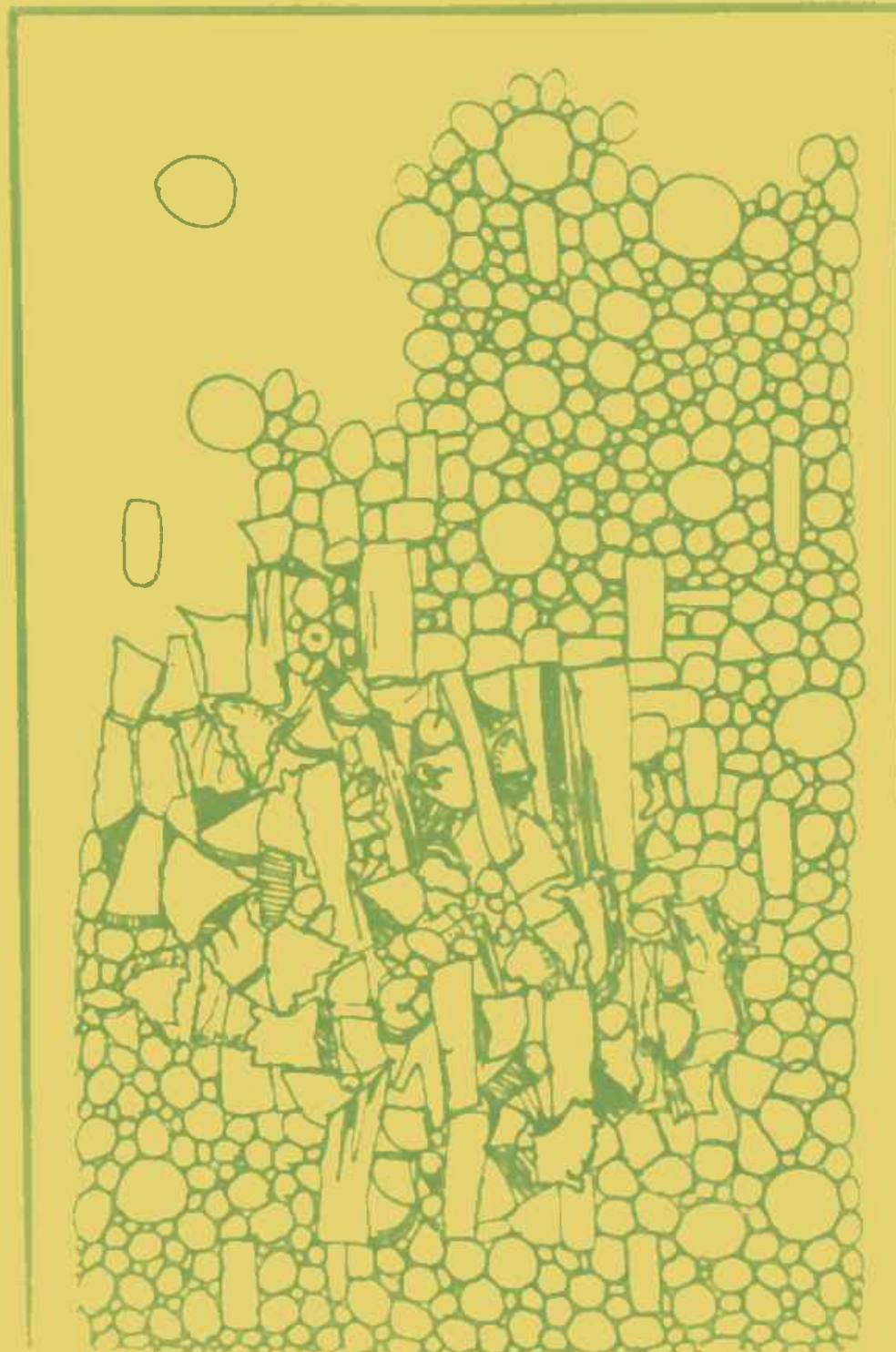
When I was six years old and in the second grade, Kevin McCauley proposed to me. I accepted, of course. (We were in love.) Everyone said that we were made for each other. Both of us had blonde hair and freckles and while Kevin was going to be a veterinarian, I was going to have babies and sell them.

We planned a May wedding, intending to marry the same day as our First Holy Communion, since we would be appropriately garbed in the traditional white veil and gown for me, suit and tie for him. Unfortunately, Monsignor would not consent to the marriage. Kevin and I didn't give up however. We merely threw a temper tantrum and then resigned ourselves to putting the Communion presents of rosaries and holy pictures in our hope chest.

Our lives continued in lovers' bliss—we did everything together. Kevin taught me how to skate-board and I taught him how to make cream cheese and jelly sandwiches. When Kevin came down with the mumps I went to visit him. As soon as his mother left the room, we held hands, so that I could contract the disease also. (It worked; in fact my whole family got the mumps.)

In the third grade, I had a birthday party for all my girlfriends and Kevin. The Hawaiian Punch must have gone to his head—he went crazy chasing all the girls around and trying to kiss them. I was flabbergasted! After the cake and ice cream and the opening of presents, I demanded a pre-marital divorce. We decided, then, that we'd better wait at least until our Confirmation, before getting serious. But in the summer of '68, the McCauleys moved out of town. We wrote for a little while, but neither of us could understand the other's script (which we had both just learned and insisted on using.) By the time fourth grade had rolled around, I was "unattached" again. But I knew there would never be another Kevin.

Brigid Kelly '81



you look so straight  
up and self assured  
will I ever  
see you topple  
over  
and  
fall?

Lynn Pistolas '78

If,  
I slept with a stranger tonight  
would he think it  
an island amidst  
a tormented sea;  
an oasis in the  
Sahara desert;  
an igloo just a millimeter  
farther north than Alaska?

I think that's how I would view it.

I would forget the reality  
of having no one else  
to sleep with;  
the pain of the same  
old, empty ache;  
the cardboard hearts  
and paper emotions.

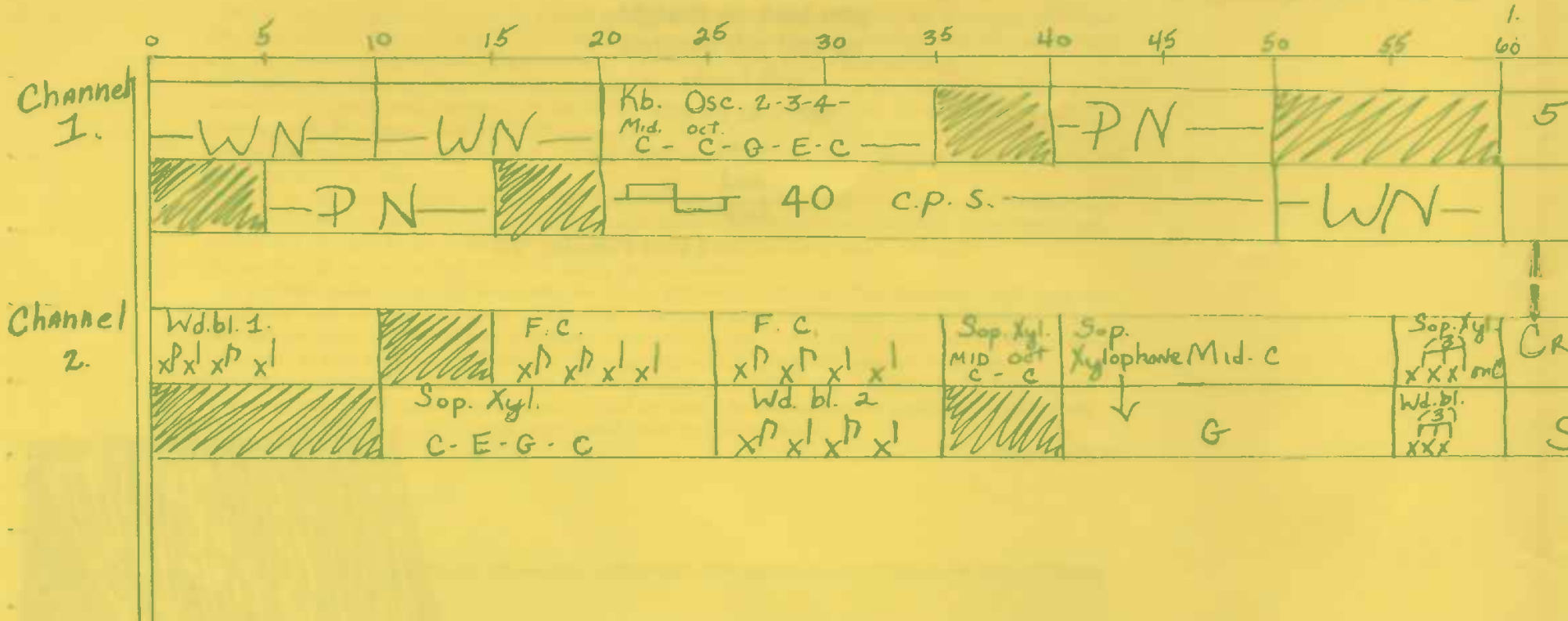
And besides, isn't variety  
the spice of life?

Daria J. Kizis '78





2 Minutes



Channel 1

|| - Boundaries of piece

0-5-10 - Division of seconds

-WN- White noise

-PN- Pink noise

▨ - Silence

Kb. - keyboard

osc. - oscillator

▭ - pulse wave

\* - vary rhythm

c.p.s. - cycles per second

Symbols

Channel 2

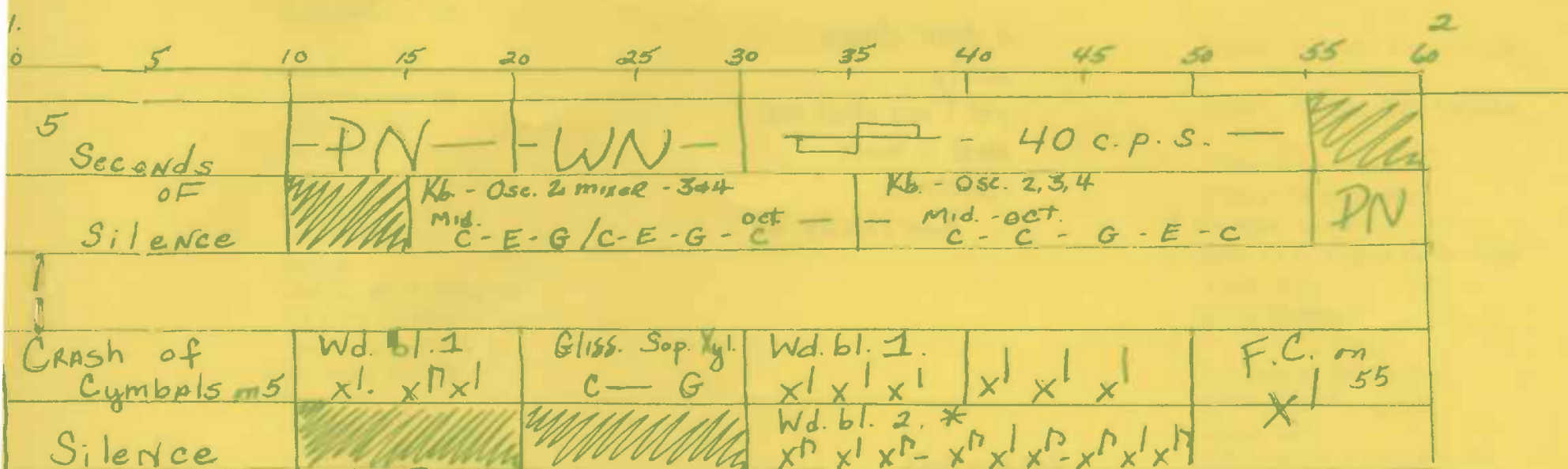
Wd. bl. - woodblock

Sop. Xyl. - soprano xylophone

F.C. - finger cymbal

x! - rhythmic notation





## Computer Music

This piece is a demonstration of the controlling of sound through seconds. This piece is 2 minutes worth of time on a stopwatch. It took approximately 5 hours to complete the piece on tape.

Mary Helen Sweeney '78

a door closes  
softly  
yet i am shut out  
as if it were  
slammed.

Kae Hardy '81

### Red Into Black

The river was wide, deep and black.  
The ripples of water were as much a part  
of him as the pulsating  
beats of his heart.

The rocks enchanted his mind as he  
skipped from one to the other.

A small green frog sat at the edge  
of a brown rock nearby.

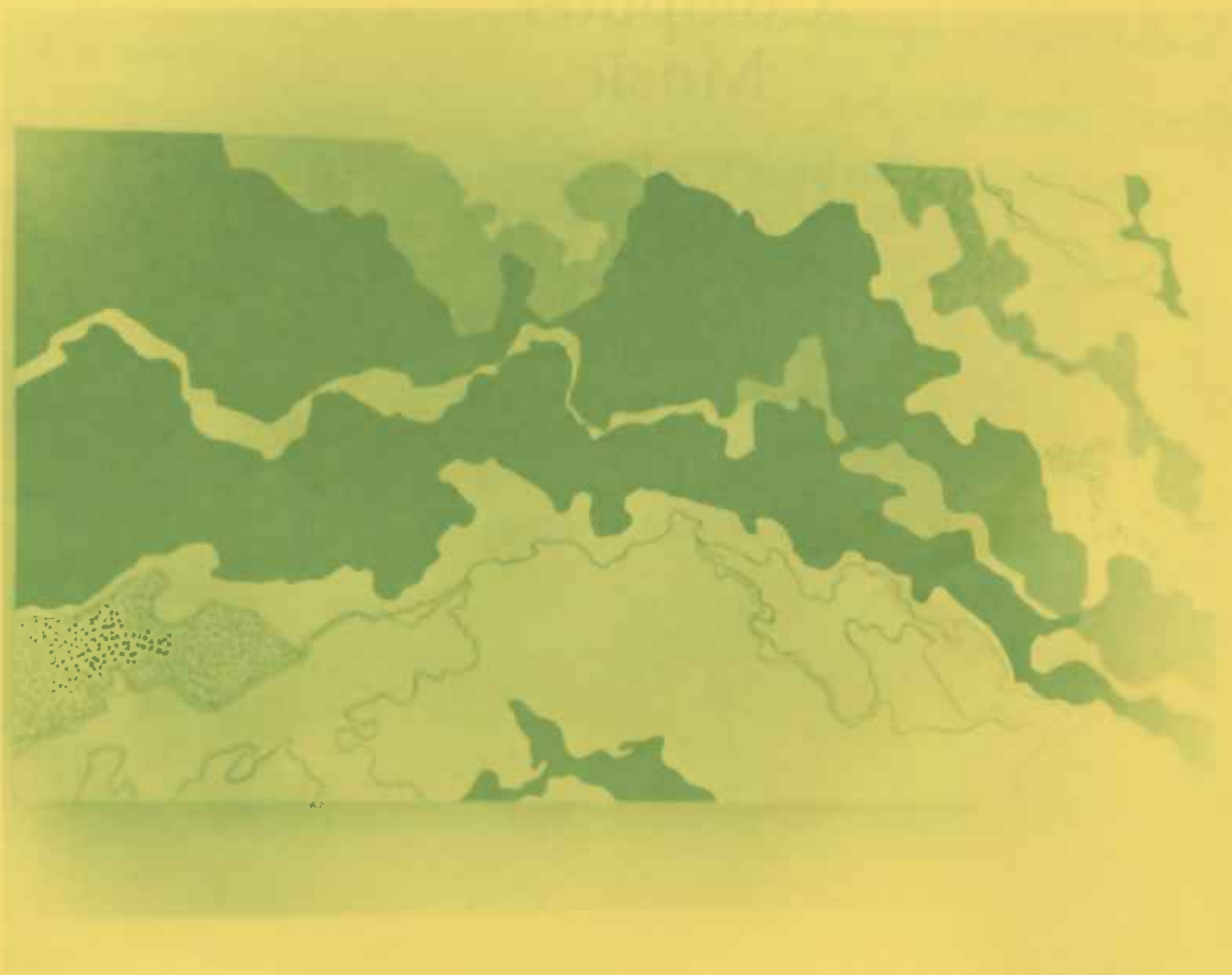
Curious, he jumped toward the rock  
to try and catch the creature.

He slipped.

A point of the rock plunged into his brain.

Another stream formed within the river.

Charlene Le Compte '78



Reflections on Life

sun shines  
to start a new day  
peaceful over  
the ruins  
you'd never think there  
was a war  
here so long ago  
history  
over the great Acropolis  
the great mountains  
spotted with trees  
bordering the sky  
the ruins  
so peaceful  
a red poppy grows.

moving on  
a boat in the  
clear water  
fishing.

the great buildings  
and stone walls  
siesta time  
deserted town

out of the stones  
lazily  
grow flowers  
white-washed walls  
blue water  
yellow sunset  
peaceful night  
flowers and grass  
drink dew  
as the sun rises.

sudden storm  
black  
rain

clear skies  
people come out again  
gentle waves bring in the tide  
windmill  
seen from afar  
dogs and cats  
running  
through courtyards  
laden with things  
every archeologist  
would love to add  
to his collection

butterflies resting  
orange peels where  
a person sat  
carved beautifully off  
by a knife

laundry hanging to tell of the  
fishing luck  
fishing nets  
on the ground  
on walls  
all over  
to boast of  
their history.

an old coal stove  
found decorating  
the afternoon sun  
underwear and other white  
clothes hang  
over a rail  
on the second  
story of a house  
to show what a  
good wife  
lives there.

on the porch of the Caristides  
stand carved women  
hands broken off  
as the blue, purple, and yellow sky  
turns black,  
I sleep

España—Nuestra Experiencia

España, España. Esta España!

Volar, o no volar;  
¡Ésto es la pregunta!  
Esperar, esperar;  
¡Ésto es la alegría de la vida!  
Volar, volar;  
¡Qué divertida!

Los chicos, los chicos;  
¡Que chicos!  
Silvar, silvar;  
¡Ésto vamos a volver loco!  
Huevos, huevos;  
¡Éstes van a enfermarnos!

Sevilla, Sevilla;  
¡Qué hermosa!  
Las tiendas, las tiendas;  
¡Hay muchas!  
Las towels, las towels;  
¡Éstos no robamos!

Una flor, una flor;  
¡Ésta Bernardo dió a la Señora!  
Una flor, una flor;  
¡Qué bonita es el color!  
Una flor, una flor;  
¡Ésta es España, una flor!

Cyndy Orzel '78

Lynn Pistolas '78



December First

I won't see you again  
You left me  
in the market parking lot  
in the winter rain  
You going to find answers  
to your monumental problems  
Money and Madness  
I drove you  
through a mushroom soup night  
Your face searching for mine in hugo's  
My madness secure seeing you  
My love on the sleeve of my coat

I want you  
God, I want you

Praying a hail mary  
I crawled in your bed  
Streetlight shine outlining your body  
so close to mine  
Are you asleep?  
touch me

Reach to my soul  
my ravaged soul

Thoughts of you, Red and Blue  
To write one a day  
on your mirror  
You'd see it when you shave  
As I get out of my solitary bed  
Crying . . . Crawling  
Get me through this day

Christmas is 23 days away  
You've promised me  
I'll spend it alone  
I get suicidal on holidays

My snowflake tears  
falling on man made snow

Angela Marie Roth '77



Winter Solemnity

There is nothing more pure  
Than a winter morning  
Born of gold sunshine  
Rising from the grey dawn  
Of autumn'd naked trees  
Mesmerizing us  
With its beauty  
Of glazed whiteness

There is nothing more sacred  
Than a great oak  
With unpart'd leaves  
Clinging to its limbs  
Defying time with its memory  
Concealing it deep  
Within her marrow

There is nothing more whole  
Than an undisturb'd field  
Of white snow  
Holding all our history  
And all our movement  
Within its confinement

Let us worship the sun  
The tree and the snow

Let us pay homage  
To this greatness  
And celebrate life

Richard Matysik '81

Lest we not forget  
the tragedies of yesterday,  
As the days of tomorrow  
come our way.

Shall we never seek to learn  
from our mistakes,  
Or shall we meet the future years  
blinded by the past.

Is it not enough we had to suffer once,  
must we constantly repeat the error,  
commit the crime,  
Could we not have learned anything from time?  
Mary Beth Olsavsky '78



#### EULOGY FOR AN ARTIST

The old man's hands are stilled and his paintbrush no longer moves across the canvas. He brought color to a dreary world and joy to a tired people by painting his way into all our lives. He left a smile here, a cheery word there. Although in pain, his hands never hesitated—he mended all, from broken toys and tools to broken promises and hearts.

The picture now is finished by the tears which blur his widow's face and paint loneliness for all to see, or not to see, as she sits in her chair by the window of the nursing home and watches the colorless sunset.

Ann Teresa Gast ('80)





Yes, I've come to like it here, it's nice, they leave me pretty much alone here to think; I can still remember a little bit sometimes, but they say it's past, gone, no more.

I'm almost brave now, bold you could say. I do lots of things all the time, and I like doing them, really I do. Why just this morning I called to the misty air outside my window . . . it was quite a thing; we had a dandy talk until the wind came and blew it away. It cried you know, it didn't want to leave. But it had to, it did. I listened real close to what the wind said. I listen to the wind a lot, it talks to me, instructs me you know, it's really a beautiful thing. Ah, but today it was lonely, a wisp of a wind, wandering about lonesome but sweet, melancholy. I cheered it up by telling it jokes . . . we do that you know, cheer each other up here . . . it's the least we can do. It wasn't always like that, sometimes I can still remember when there weren't any jokes, nobody laughed and I was always sad. But it's nice here, it's nice and I like it.

What? What do I do? Why . . . sit mostly . . . that's the most pleasant thing about being here; sitting, thinking, wondering. I dream too. I dream about all kinds of things and that's nice . . . when they're pleasant dreams. Yes, I remember them, I dream in color . . . last night I dreamt I was walking in a grassy park, it was summer, and the grass was bright and green. I'd caught hold of a drop of sunlight and quickly put it away in a glass jar for later . . . for the dark . . . but then it faded and I was left holding an empty jar of swirling dust, and I cried.

Say, do you sing? I like music, I really do. I know lots of songs and I'm real good. Nobody here thinks so though, they just can't appreciate fine music. I had an uncle once who could play polkas on his accordian. Me, I play the flute. I'm so good I don't even have to blow through my lips or read music. It just kind of flows out of me, like a stream after the winter thaw, silvery and quick . . . it's beautiful to hear. Sometimes I imagine I'm playing in an orchestra, you know, like one of those glittering musical groups and they ask me to play a solo . . . and I float in like a midsummer's eve, on a wind winsome and strange. I play them a soft melody and lull them all to sleep . . . and then I disappear quick as a dream.

You have pretty eyes. They remind me of something, something furry and cute. I remember seeing eyes like yours a long time ago, when I was a tad . . . hahaha . . . a tad. Your eyes are soft and kind, just like Barfy's, no that's not right, Blinky's, oh, it doesn't matter . . . but they're nice, you're a nice lady.

Have you ever looked at your hands? Real close I mean . . . ever notice all the lines, ever count them? My hands don't have many, I guess they're not too interesting. Can you read hands, are you a fortune teller? Funny, you don't look like a gypsy.

Yes, I have hobbies. I tend a garden by moonlight. I guess I'm a gardener then. I grow all kinds of things, really, beautiful things, things most people wouldn't even consider. I grow moondrops, and silver rainbows, and silent bushes that weep real tears. I grow mists of morning dew and flowers, pale white with crystal leaves, and they grow, honest they do. I have a rare talent I guess. I tried growing whispers once, one year I can remember, but they became too hushed, distant, and the wind gathered them up one morning and took them away.

I think too. I think a lot . . . and I'm really pretty good at it. I think of lots of things for a long time. I'm like a philosopher I guess. I don't preach what I think though, I'm too serious for that, but I think, and that's enough. I think regularly too, that's best, and I think till the thinking is done. Today I spent a lot of time thinking about what the wind said about paper cups. It seemed a little strange, at first, but there's a lot to learn from paper cups if you think about it, blowing about in the wind. Cups don't move on their own you know, they need the wind for that. Without the wind, they don't move, and if you're not moving, you're not going anywhere . . . anything that's not going anywhere is nothing, is it? See, logical, but not outstanding. But what if you wondered where the cups went when they died, or where they came from in the first place, or who made them, or what they held, well then you're talking. Do you know how many different shapes there are for cups? I don't, but it's worth thinking about. Or, how many colors they wear, and which are the best. What is the best cup, how would it look, what would you put into it; or could you drink out of it, perhaps it would be better just to look and not to touch.

Are cups philosophical? I don't know, but I wonder. That's important to me, because it shows I care and I do. I give a damn about cups, all cups, I'm not prejudiced. I can stare at a cup for hours and then be able to tell you where it came from and what it's done. Would you like to be a cup, would you? I couldn't, my job is to think about them, I think about them for hours, and I never tire. What's in them? I don't know, that's not my job. I think about cups, not what's in them . . . that's somebody else's job. I'm not a genius you know.

I stare at ceilings too, corners sometimes, when it's quiet and I'm alone. I have to be quiet, that's the key, so quiet I can hear myself breathe, and the sounds of the cockroaches scurrying away from my tray fade . . . and all is still. The colors are splendid, vivid pinks, cool crisp greens, pretty blues and buckets of happy yellow. My favorite's purple you know, smooth as silk, it tickles my ears and splashes down my back and then runs noiselessly across the room. Where it goes I don't know, but it always comes back. Do you like colors? I think colors are something special, you know, really, who wants to see everything black and white, or gray. I like purple the best, oh I'm repeating myself, but I do. It's rich and deep and it makes my skin tingle . . . I don't know why, but it does. Blue is nice too, nice for rooms . . . boomadoomagoomawooma . . . hahaha . . . what a wit!

Have you met my friend the wind? He's my best friend and he comes whenever I ask. He's thoughtful and playful and he cares. He's a true friend, an honest friend . . . not false . . . and he doesn't laugh behind my back like others did. We walk when he comes, wander, think, and sit . . . and always it's a beautiful thing.

Why is it beautiful? What do you mean by that? Haven't you ever talked to Wind? No? Well I guess that's not fair then, me talking about it, but it's special, special to me. You see, the wind is everything . . . and nothing. It is, and it isn't but most of all it's my friend. It smiles you see, and I smile back, and that makes it nice.

We walk you know, me and the wind, and we hold hands . . . and it's okay. We wander everywhere, and see almost everything, and always it's good. We travel you know, all the time. I can remember, not long ago, beaches, white and gleaming and waves dancing happily . . . all blue and white with little edges of silver. It was warm there, pleasant, with nice smells . . . and I loved it, sitting in a cloud with the Wind watching the waves and smiling.

We went to the desert once, a long time ago. It was brown there with different shades of color, all swirling. I watched as the Wind fingerpainted with its toe and sat, thoughtful and alone.

We talk too, me and the Wind. We talk of pleasant things . . . of grass waving, and autumn leaves wishing themselves away. We talk of things like oak trees growing and willows weeping and forests bending at night. We talk of hats rolling, birds humming, and flowers dancing in spring. We talk of words wandering, thoughts unfolding, rain whispering and things. We talk of moments coming and moments going and when we're finished we sit and think.

What? What about food? I don't understand. How can you think about food . . . am I talking about food? What is food? I eat . . . sometimes . . . when I'm hungry. The food is not good here; I don't like it. It's always cold and silent. It just sits there; I like a little action in my food. I like to see the peas hop and the butter swoon. I like baked potatoes that grumble and break into a grin. I like meat that sizzles and doesn't frighten me. Dessert's the best, it's always sweet and I smack my lips . . . I eat it real quick before the cockroaches get it . . . . .

Oh, you're leaving? I understand, it's dark. I wonder about the dark; it bothers me. It comes and goes and I don't know why, but I guess it's okay . . . I guess. It doesn't get real dark here you see . . . they don't let it. Whenever it starts to get dim they come in and dust my room with little stars, and I sing to them, and they light up. It's nice then and I lay down in the silvery darkness and listen to the melodies they play . . . and wonder . . . and wish that I wasn't a prisoner . . . here, on this planet . . . it's so strange.

To S.J.C.—“Always and Forever”

Alone  
in my room  
I am overcome  
by a feeling of melancholy.  
It is unexplainable,  
can't be shaken.

My neighbor's presence  
is verified  
by the sound of a stereo  
wailing a bluesy folk song.  
It gives no comfort.

They say there are  
times when people  
feel this way,  
but now?  
The year has barely begun,  
the smell of a new book  
still lingers when it is opened.

My thoughts turn to you—  
reflecting on the past  
and what is yet to come.  
The promise of what you  
have to give me  
remains stable and strong  
during these moments  
of uncertainty.

I will no longer find myself  
tangled up in dusty memories  
as I have done tonight.  
Nothing matters except  
the foundation you have built  
for me,  
for you.  
Each of us a part  
of the same cornerstone  
building upward  
always  
and  
forever.



Anne E. Spezzano '78

She died  
I didn't know her  
You didn't cry  
But you loved her  
And I loved you  
and it hurt  
so I cried.  
But I wonder  
if I were to die  
would you cry?

Kae Hardy '81

The old man  
sat in the park  
and died  
The young girl  
lay in the bed  
next to her baby  
The poor man  
digs coal  
to help his family survive  
The old lady  
digs her grave  
and puts flowers next to it  
The family  
gathers round  
to see her before she dies  
The boy  
goes after money  
gets killed in the attempt  
The other boy  
straight  
goes to fight for his country  
The mother  
mourns  
at the grave of her two sons  
The father  
cries  
the war has been won.

Lynn Pistolas '78

Life and Death—  
Beginning and end—  
Just a few moments apart.  
To get what we were intended for  
We must smile and reach  
For life and Love.  
Every second should be  
lived to its fullest.  
For soon the seconds between  
life and death are over,  
And all that lives on  
Is what we have given others.

Wanda Franklin '78



Small earth, turning  
under smiles.  
Gladly intent on  
seeing the changes  
feeling to rearrange—  
to balance  
that harder, when closer  
smiles—inside out  
surfacing to the world  
exposed energy  
for all to keep,  
through medium brown.  
Interrupted to question—  
hands of clay guide,  
me through mine.  
Strength, warmth  
to gain—then conquer  
my piece of mud.  
Wanting to know  
what feels exact,  
right or wrong  
before the fall.  
Feet not touching ground  
—still wrapped in illusion.

Julie Kurpil '78

"Life is not an endless saga,  
but a complex comedy  
to be acted out. . . ."

Mary Joan Sweeny '81

### Whatever That Means

Angels weep on orange elephants  
with long purple noses and polka dot ears;  
They ride on clouds wrapped in crystal moonbeams,  
And that's the way they do things in Heaven, I hear.

Stars circle 'round in dizzy confusion  
leaving a trail of tears behind  
You can see but not touch them,  
touch but not see  
And that above all really bums out my mind.

An array of coffee mugs, empty and stained  
hints of a union that was there and gone,  
The age old question whispered aloud:  
"I did it, I did it, but was I wrong?"

I told you all my secrets  
you gave me all your dreams  
And I still love you  
whatever that means.

The shadow of yesterday lingers on,  
it's a fog engulfing today's reality;  
I can feel the dampness, it's raining again;  
The knight plays sentry for the queen.

The foil stands poised bloodstained,  
scissor quick and sharp,  
But darkness rolls in, the night blinds his sight—  
His foes a mirrored sea of man eating shark.

A garden of earthly, unearthly delights  
grows willowy and senuous, straight and tall;  
And the hand painted sign read:  
"Free weed for everyone, one and All."

I told you all my secrets  
you gave me all your dreams  
And I still love you  
whatever that means.

The butterfly escaped, he's loose and free  
I want him to come home but what do you say  
When somehow you know he won't come back  
because there's no roles left for him to play.

Out of the dark, a cry echoes on  
into the empty world all around  
The puzzle is broken, the game is lost  
no referee, no rules, no bounds.

There's no rest for those who wander alone  
and no cure for those in pain,  
Fire and passion we get from the sun,  
sorrow and death we get from the rain.

I told you all my secrets  
you gave me all your dreams  
And I still love you  
whatever that means.

Daria J. Kizis '78

*dedicated to the Seniors, Class of '78 . . . .*

I think about it  
somehow it  
could have been  
but it passed  
and was nothing.  
Nothing all the time.  
Lynn Pistolas '78

An opening  
as the sun peeks over the horizon,  
That is what has come into my life  
as the days pass by.

Endless possibilities  
leave me awed at my life,  
The changes I have seen,  
what I have become.

The sun in its zenith  
shines new light upon my path.  
My soul still searches for answers  
as I venture forth on my way.

I can never forget the days gone by,  
the faces I have seen,  
people I have touched,  
who have touched me.

The time has come to move on.  
A day of new horizons approaches swiftly.

Mary Beth Olsavsky '78

