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INSTRESS



Editorial

Instress comes from the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins. It refers to the momentarily perfect union gained when a reader fully understands the essence of an author's creation and shares in it with him. Our intent is to offer to both the reader and the artist an opportunity to share in this experience. We would like to thank the staff, our moderator, and all those who contributed to the 1979 issue of **Instress**. We would like to give special acknowledgement to Bill Downs for his patient guidance as our printer.

The Editors

INSTRESS 1979

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Typist	Dr. Kevin McGovern	
Moderator		

Green meadows and fields
Soft morning dew
Fragrant flowers
Give us youth

Susan Gedritis '82

Shadowed summer forest
Dreams to chase after
Hiding between trees
Is all the laughter

Susan Gedritis '82

Why can't I pour my
feelings onto the paper
and let the words splash
themselves into the right places?

Susan Gedritis '82

I have been to
other times . . .
Not by foot
but in my mind.

Susan Gedritis '82

Merry-Go-Round

The merry-go-round is silent
all the crowds are gone.
Smiling animals stand motionless
transparent on the empty grounds.
As August winds tumble about
playing tag with paper cups
dancing in corners quietly
talking in the dust.
Teasing sadly the colored flags
hanging alone in the sun.
Staring silently with invisible eyes,
now that the children have gone.

Kevin A. Duffy '79

Where the sun-air flew
and with its wings
caressed,
the cloud-air
now lays its heavy shrouds
that silence light

There the sunflower
towers alone
with a shadowed face upturned
looking still
looking still
at the place
where yesterday's sun
shed its final glow.

Stephen Casterlin '79

To JRR

While walking along a wooded hill
trailing the leaves of September
I came upon a meeting place
of wild herb and silver maple.
Here I paused to light a pipe
and contemplate grey timbers
etched solidarily in lichen rock
keeping an eye out for Hobbits
faintly hoping a dwarf or two
would stumble by unexpected
off in search of gold or jewels
or some other lost adventure.
Yet, nothing stirred Ent nor Elf
and though silent as a ranger
nothing appeared though I stayed the day
a whisper in the wooded silence
quietly puffing the moments away
preoccupied with rings and Bagginses.

Kevin A. Duffy '79

Rain . . .
write me a poem
of your secrets

tell me how your voice
spins the silken thread
around me

tell me how your coolness
brings me warmth

tell me how your kiss
revives
and how your mirrors
gild the spark

tell me . . .
and make me your apprentice.

Stephen Casterlin '79

Virginia Autumn

From ember-lighted mountains, shaken out,
unrolled
into long gold valleys of farmland fold;

To shadowed snow of November skies, which early piece
October's blue.

Autumn breathes with apple-breath
her sweet enticement to winter rest
and half the world is wooed.

Catherine McCoy '79

Brown Shoes

An old brown shoe doesn't do much
mostly it just hangs around,
telling jokes at corner shops
flirting with pumps and heels.
Sitting quietly in darkened bars
sipping over warm beer.
Talking slowly stumbling with words
lost in World War II.
Stiff, worn, creaking with age,
leather cracked through use.
Softly tapping down the nights
remembering when it was new.

Kevin A. Duffy '79



A Friend

you always listen when I need to talk,
you always manage to make me smile.
when I don't understand myself,
 somehow you do.
when I talk with you,
 the fog somehow clears.
what are you?
you're my friend that I hope
 will last throughout the years.

Valerie Roberts '82

Riding Sights

One rides the Turnpike
surrounded by the free dams
holding back the skies.

Mary Catherine Rishcoff '79

I see you in the sun
 when it stretches long beneath the trees and sleeps, or
when it wakes me like Mass in the morning.

I hear you in music that whispers
 in harmonies
of the past, that reach to touch the future.

You taught me love and life,
and in the thought of you, I love
and live.

Like a swimmer
 I bathe in your light,
Yet the farther I swim,
 The greater do you seem to grow -

Until your bounds are farthest gold of beaches
and my cupped hands only dip your depths.

Catherine McCoy '79

WORD WALL

Not content to dwell in the realm of
the everyday man,
He hides behind a formidable facade
of multi-syllabic words.

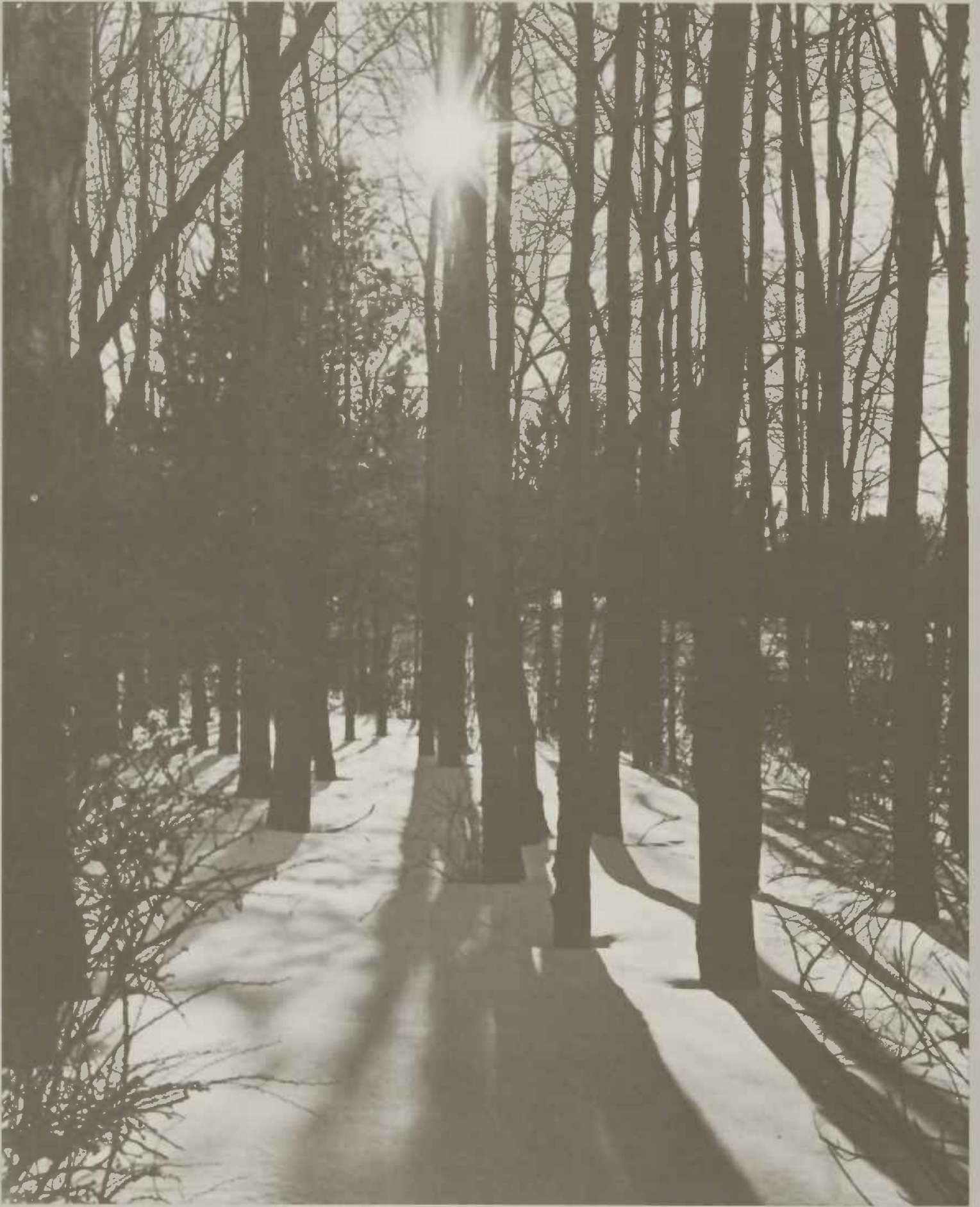
How well his wall is built
every brick so carefully laid
to keep out all but the most intelligent.
He prefers to think he is communicating knowledge . . .
. . . yet I wonder . . .

Ann Teresa Gast '80

REFLECTIONS: After a Visit from Frances Olack

She came one night to visit us
radiating a warmth that lit the room with
her presence.
She was a poet,
creating a piece of herself for us;
Also a magician,
waving her wand to weave a shimmering cloak
of fact and fantasy which fit her well;
A teller of truths
bringing knowledge.
I could see her teaching children to save their youth
in the playground of imagination;
Or setting free the stories which lay imprisoned
in older bodies too infirm to write.
Relator of stories - she told their thoughts
of bees and flowers, squirrels and peaches.
And then she left us
leaving behind her precious gift
of shining scarlet berries in the snow.

Ann Teresa Gast '80





Reflections

A heavenly host fades infinitely
like a sparkling celestial body
and nothing save a flawless sphere
lies anywhere upon its surface.
This cyclopiian mass stands in silvery light
towering silently in contemplation
unrippled, unblemished, in stillness it looms
casting quiet blue reflections.
No sound is heard for none exists
no hum or murmur is given
yet it remains as is, always
contemplating contemplation.

Kevin A. Duffy '79



How can I leave when the feeling's still there?
How can I go when I still really care?
Why walk away when he still means so much,
When my whole world can change with his smile or his touch?

I've come to see that there's no hope at all.
Yes, I've tried talking. It's like talking to the wall.
Why wait until there is hatred and pain?
When the tears of bitter anger start to fall down like rain?

I'd give the world for this all to work out,
But he doesn't even care to know what I'm about.
Oh, can't you see that it's better this way,
Than to play at being happy here, in order to stay?

Michelle E. Harrow '80

Epitaph

My life without him was empty and
Lonely. It was he who
Filled my heart with happiness
And joy. He taught me how to
Think, how to love, and how to
Share in the beauty of nature; for
This I will never be able to
Thank him enough; now as the time draws
Nearer when we will embrace
Each other for the last time, my
Heart grows heavy with
Sadness; as my tears flow, I can only
Take solace in the fact that the
Memory of him and the beautiful sacred
Thing that we once had
Together will always linger on.

Robin Gessner '82

Words, there are no words,
That can tell you how I feel.
Time does crazy things
It turns feelings into memories,
Memories of love long gone.

Memories can get you
Through the night when all else fails.
Memories of yellow roses.
Of snow storms and his smile,
Memories of love long gone.

How can I go on day after day,
Knowing he loves me, yet feeling this way?

I'll never leave him
Though it hurts to live a lie.
He'll never know
That the feeling isn't there
Just the memories of love long gone.

Michelle E. Harrow '80

Eyes are a part of the body always visible, yet often ignored.
Romantics feel they are the mirrors of the soul.
It seems we often miss the gaze of others when we listen:

Do we feel the mirror will cast a poor reflection?


If real men offered their eyes as mirrors,
Then we might see ourselves more clearly.
And, if, like mirrors, eyes need no words to reveal their meaning,
Then we might find answers simply - all with the language of Love

Is this why God gave us a soul?
Do our eyes give our souls a window to the world?
Do the blind really live in heaven on earth?
Can we all?

Since the soul God gave us is His Image, then He is in all men.

Why do we so often close our eyes?
Men search for meaning, look for God, Love and Truth;
Open your eyes - God is alive.

Eileen Schappert



If It Were Not For Shadows

*If it were not for shadows
Our perspective would be lost,
No depth, no difference to what we'd see,
With beauty as the cost.*

*If it were not for problems
And the contrast they create,
Happiness would not be as happy,
Or our rewards seem as great.*

Nancy McCoy '82



On their shining Mount Olympus
 in their sanitary castles
New demigods play ancient games
 with our merely mortal lives.
In their minds those years of learning
 have raised them high with power
And so they play their game of Hide
 where we, mere mortals, cannot seek,
Behind white masks and smiles they wear
 to veil the truth - their ignorance.
We raise them high on pedestals
 and strew our honors at their feet.
They give us words to ease our fear
 because they fail to ease our pain
And, oh, what fools we mortals are!

Ann Teresa Gast '80

Orion

Orion lay sideways in the Autumn sky
 And I - I looked upon his rest,
And on the long bands of translucent cloud
 that wound and bound his curved couch
 to the night sky.

And I thought how it would be,
 to lie there where he was
 on elbow, peering down to the
 dark fields and small lights of the earth.
And I wondered if he pitied us, or just gazed, sleepy
 and indifferent
on the many eyes shining back
 the spiraled glories of his Heaven.

Catherine McCoy '79



The Wind

The Wind,
It prattles past our house
During the long, brief hours
Before morning.

The Wind,
It musters its every sound
Thru each dark cave
To wake us, to wake us
Come – dream away.

The Wind,
Rises to a new intensity
With seeming malice,
Against our deafness,
To break our sleeping.

The Wind,
From the distant churchyard,
From each slanting hill,
Comes running
With its cold, sleek back
Funnelling thru every corner
Of our lives and our pasts.

Richard Matysik '81

The Breeze of Eternity

Scatter me across the mountains
Into the breeze of eternity –
Into the land of the ever-lasting.
Let the winds of time lift me to the heavens,
And as I float listlessly back to Earth
May my toes lightly dance across the virgin snow.
Allow my hands to caress the untouched terrain
Where Father Time and Mother Nature are King and Queen of the land.
My eyes shall see and my ears shall hear
What no other has seen nor heard before.
May my lips be moistened on the dew drops of morning
And drink from a tributary of time.
Let me linger on the petals of laurel so fragrant
And smell the sweetness of pine trees so tall.
I shall stay in the land of the ever-lasting
Until the breeze of eternity will whisk me away.

The Pebble

The pebble ripples the water.
The fox devours his prey.
Dawn brings dew and softness
To this new and gentle day

The plowman rapes the ground;
The minister, his truth,
And spring brings love and kindness
To this kind and tender root.

The laughter drowns the sadness.
The smile denies the frown.
The sunshine here this morning
On this pond commits no sound.

On the earth of our choice,
Hid beneath our search,
The ripples reach out and touch
The isle of the pebble's birth.

Richard Matysik '81

Ann L. Petersen '81

Creative Thought

An artist is an individual,
who respects the expression, of the self,
to the degree that he will react,
violently, when necessary, to preserve
the free flow of thought;
the co-ordination of experience;
the sanctity of solitude;
the medium of expression,
be it art, music or words.

Not all who exercise
art, music and words,
are true, valid artists.
These are a farce to mankind,
attempting to foil the mission
of thought through corruption
of the mind.

How is it, the living are so blind
to the fact that thought is alive,
only when thought is being expressed
and communicated?
Is man virtually incapable of using
his higher intelligence fully,
without jeopardizing individuality?

These questions leave me seeking.
A new approach to reality.
Who is real and what is real?
Or is anyone real or is anything real?

He who exposes himself, in
separation of the sexuality of man,
is placing himself upon the
axing block.

Pity the poor, wretched soul, who crawls
from one bed to another. If he would stand
calmly, near the river edge, look deeply
into the reflection;
he would find himself.

Knowing well, as only the artist can know,
if man were to look deep enough,
he would lose the image completely.
He would drown in the attempt to go
after the image.
Eventually, lost; so it is with a bed.

Annihilation of the self is but a phase,
until one has become that repressed,
suppressed, and denied, that one must die.
Is this the life we must live?
Is there a greater source to give?

Without my self, I have no one.
Attachments are like brushes, instruments,
and pens;
Picked up and put down;
All too painfully.

Come live, with me.

rose

fiery blossoms
such devastating beauty
daring to be picked

Robin Webster '82

grandma

the wise old woman
wrapping herself around you
encircling love

Robin Webster '82

autumn leaves

bursting with color
like an artist's masterpiece
swaying in the breeze

Robin Webster '82

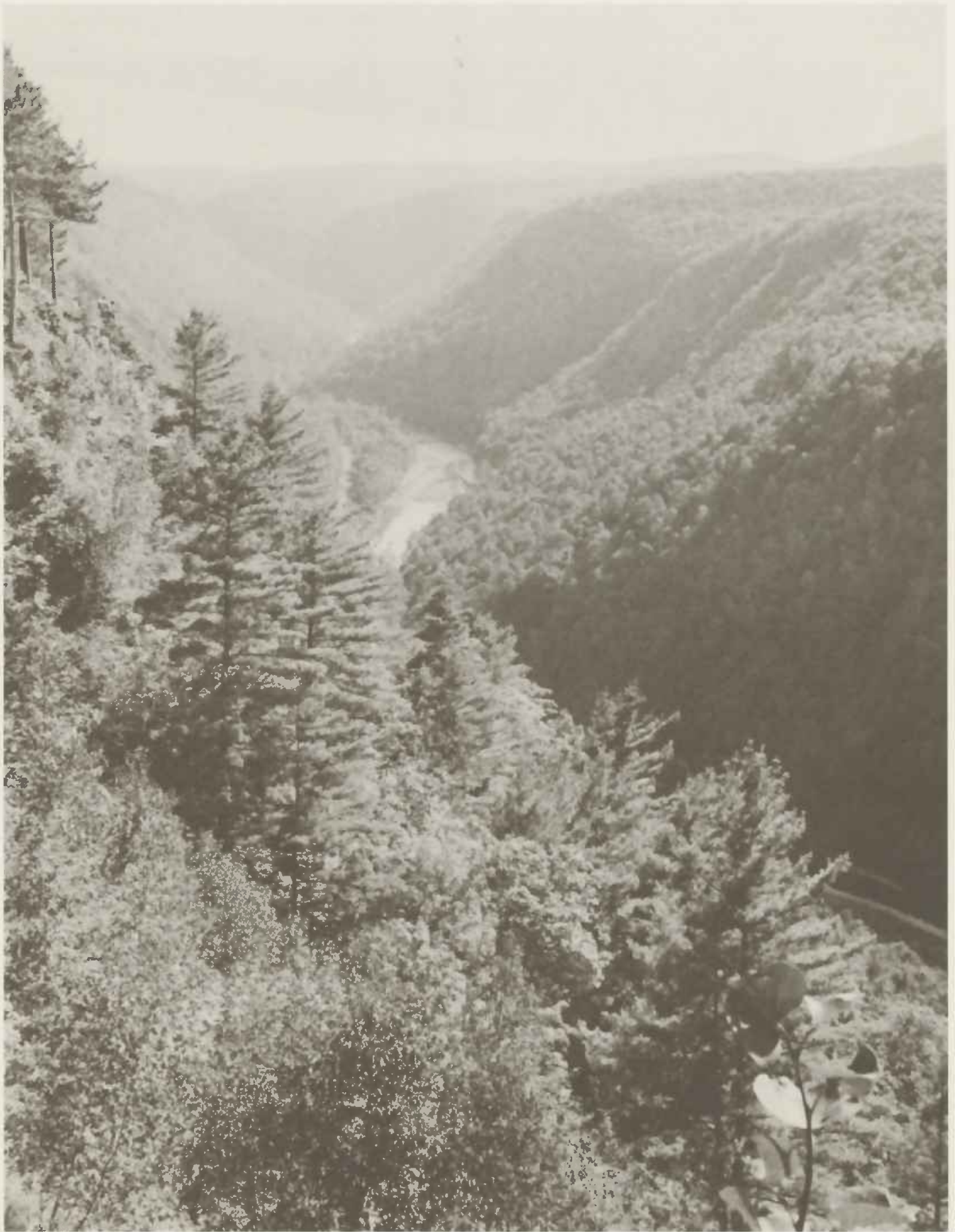
A City Girl's Impressions:
PENNSYLVANIA

Great rolling hills and mountains
tumble over one another
in their haste to reach . . . nowhere
and valleys are created.

The pastures of concrete quilt
and unfeeling trees that scrape murky skies
with their steel and brick branches
are soon left far behind me.

I breathe in the cool calm waters
of flowing fresh fertility
and draw new life from harvests
of slowly smiling faces.

Ann Teresa Gast '80





To Michael

I am alone in my room, cradling the empty space where you are in my thoughts. In my schemes, you come to me and unwrap my folded limbs. Please, pierce the wrapper and calm my changing moods. Taste the bitter-sweetness of my love. . . . The space fills with your tingling, wet touches. Once again, I am able to sleep another night without you.

Mary Sweeney '81

The Squirrel

Occasionally, she would see him cut through the woods sometime around 7:30. Actually, she never thought much about it; the high school was slightly less than a mile away if you took the short cut and she just assumed that was where he was headed. From her kitchen, she could see the path. Except for that boy, she didn't think anyone else bothered with it anymore. There was something pleasing about his appearance from a distance: he was still unmarred by the weight of responsibilities, which was evident by his vigorous sort of stride, his apparent lack of tension. It was such a long time since she'd been as carefree. . . .

The summer after she had graduated from high school, she had gotten married and within four years she'd given birth to two boys and a girl. Her husband had been offered a good job as a forest ranger in Minnesota five years after they were married, so they packed up the kids and their belongings and left. They found a cabin in the woods set near a clearing where the sun shone brilliantly all morning and into the afternoon. It was a rather small cabin: only one large room and a loft. Despite the size, it was just what they wanted. They simply sectioned off the downstairs into a livingroom, kitchen, and master bedroom. Three mattresses were put into the loft, one for each child.

He worked during the day and she was very content with being a housewife and mother. He was good with the kids, knowing just when to be their father and when to be their friend. Actually, he made things very easy for her, handling all the major responsibilities. Their love and friendship grew and matured over the years, although their happiness did not last long: seven years after they were married he was killed in a hunting accident.

They say that "time heals" and it did take a while. Her grief and loneliness were overwhelming at first. She was frightened and confused: she had never had to depend on herself for anything in her entire life—as a child, her parents had taken care of her and, as an adult, her husband took care of her—and now she was left with three small children. How was she going to be strong when she had never learned how? She knew that money wasn't going to be a problem; the problem was going to be an emotional one. Handling three children alone would not be easy. In her determination to come through for them she realized how much she needed them, too.

How does one become a mountain climber overnight? Not in the literal sense, of course, but what she saw ahead was a steep climb. There would be footholds where she could, at least, take breathers, although the top was nowhere in sight. She knew that the climb to each foothold would get less treacherous with the passing of time. Looking back would be impetus to go on and once reaching the top, she'd never have to go back down. As soon as she could feel confidence in her ability to handle the kids without losing control, she would have to learn to drive, and then possibly get a job. At that point, she couldn't see too far ahead, and yet, she was aware that each new task would have to take her a little closer to achieving that confidence she, so desperately, needed.

The next three years were difficult—all she had ever known was to be a housewife and mother—but, day by day, things got a little easier. The loss of her husband made her realize that she was a woman with capabilities beyond mothering, and that in order to realize her potential, she'd have to consider herself. The strength she needed came from within; it had been lying dormant, just waiting for the opportunity to be disturbed. She began to feel good about herself.

At twenty-eight years old, she looked quite well, being on the somewhat small side. She stood 5'1" and weighed only 105 pounds. Her brown hair hung below her waist. She rarely wore anything but jeans. She did have occasional dates, but never got seriously involved with any man she went out with. A commitment was something she wasn't ready for, and it seemed men her own age were too ready to get serious. She wasn't willing to compromise on her new independence—not yet, anyhow.

Now that her youngest child was in school, she had more time to herself. So she went into business with a friend. They made their own cheese and then molded it into various shapes. They worked at home and when they had completed enough molds to sell, they'd take them to the local Farmer's Market.

Every morning she got up at 6:30, got washed, dressed, and put the coffee on. At 7:00, she'd wake the kids for school. Once they were washed and dressed, she'd start their breakfast. Her two boys were eight and nine; her youngest was a girl, six. They went to the elementary school right down the road.

It was while she was cooking breakfast that she would sometimes see the young man through her kitchen window, walking toward the path on his way to school. Each time she saw him, she knew that he saw her too, and it embarrassed her. He only turned his head slightly, but she knew he was looking at her. . . .

Summer was on the way and the kids were out of school. The warm weather was an exhilarating relief after the long Minnesota winters. Everyone exploded with energy. And yet, for her, something was wrong. An aching persisted as if something were secretly stolen from her. The children seemed to be unusually content; surely this was nothing to feel bad about. Business was doing well due to the warmer weather. Everything was just as it should be, and still something disturbed her.

Although she didn't have to wake the children early for school, she did not relax her schedule. She continued to get up early; she preferred doing her molds in the morning before it got too hot in the cabin. The young man had not used the path since school let out. She thought about him in the mornings and sometimes wondered why. She didn't even know him.

Every summer she planted a vegetable garden big enough for her family. One morning in mid-season, while she was picking the ripe tomatoes, she could see a figure approaching in the distance. The sun was extremely bright and it was shining in her eyes, which made it virtually impossible to see anything but a man's silhouette. She watched him as he came closer and only when he stopped, perhaps six feet away, could she recognize him. It was that high school boy she'd seen through her kitchen window. Wearing only a bathing suit, she felt self-conscious (not that she looked bad in a bathing suit—just the opposite, in fact). He just smiled at her and asked, "Are you Sammie, the one who makes cheese?" The sun was hot and she was sweating. Looking up at him, it occurred to her that he seemed nervous. She wondered if she was the cause. Not being able to find anything to do with his hands, he put them in his pockets, took them out, hiked up his jeans, and put them back in his pockets. He probably would have been more relaxed if he'd been holding something. He must have spent a lot of time in the sun; his skin had a copper glow. She answered him with a simple "yes." He explained why he came to see her: it was his mother's birthday next week and would she be able to make a mold of wine cheese in the shape of a squirrel clutching a nut? She told him to come back on Saturday and it would be finished. He thanked her saying, "Okay. I'll see you then," and turned to leave, when she yelled—a bit too loudly—"Hey! What's your name?" "Charly," he answered and ran off in the same direction he'd just come from. "Hmm, he left in a hurry," she mused, slightly disappointed.

His being so close to her had made her feel uncomfortable. She could actually hear her heart beating and her hands were shaking. What made her put on her bathing suit today? Why didn't she just wear her shorts like she usually did? "This is ridiculous," she told herself. That was when she realized what had been bothering her all summer.

The week passed quickly for her. Sammie anticipated Saturday with an eagerness seen only in giddy teenage girls. She even made an effort to look especially young that day, wearing just a pair of jean shorts, T-shirt, knee socks, and sneakers. One long braid hung down her back.

Despite the rain outside, Sammie was secretly excited. After feeding the kids breakfast, she went about her cleaning as she generally did on Saturdays. The kids planted themselves in front of the tube to watch their cartoons. Heading for the loft first, she climbed the ladder, changed the linens, dusted, swept, and then descended to finish cleaning the rest of the cabin. It was afternoon before she finished. Due to the rain, there was little to do that day so she sat and watched cartoons with the children for a while and then decided to do some wash. The day wore on and she was getting restless and irritable. Trying to avoid taking her mood out on the kids, she paced about the cabin trying to rationalize her thoughts. She cooked dinner and by the time the dishes were done, the rain had stopped. The night was extremely hot and muggy. Perhaps, Charly would still show up for his cheese; the bad weather must have delayed him. She sat outside with her daughter on her lap (which was not an everyday occurrence anymore) just rocking and looking at the black, starless sky. The boys were playing on the tire swing, arguing about whose turn it was. Sammie'd allowed the kids to stay up later than usual; she needed their company that night.

Once the children were settled in bed for the night, she just sat on the top rung of the ladder looking at them until, one by one, they fell asleep. It was getting close to midnight, and the heat was still unbearable. She went to the refrigerator for a glass of ice tea. The cheese squirrel was sitting on the top shelf. Sammie picked it up, looked at it, and then flung it as hard as she could, splattering cheese all over the wall. Drained, she fell asleep with her head in her arms on the kitchen table.

The rest of summer passed quickly and the children went back to school. The colors of autumn were exceptionally bright that year; even the kids made remarks about the changing leaves. Sammie never did see Charly in the mornings anymore; maybe he had graduated and had no more reason to use the path. She didn't know. On occasion, she'd linger at the window or take a walk in the woods and find herself thinking of him.

Winter came unannounced and a fresh snow fell overnight. The children were just waking up and Sammie was cooking oatmeal. Except for the shuffling sounds of sleepy kids, the perking coffee was the only other whisper in the silent air. The room was clean but not quite orderly: the beds were still unmade and last night's dishes still had to be done. The entire cabin seemed to dance in the blazing fire. Sammie looked out the window; the snow was untouched except for the footprints of two squirrels playing hide-and seek among the evergreens. The sight of the squirrels reminded her of that long day last summer when she waited for the young man to pick up his cheese squirrel clutching a nut.

She thought about how silly the whole thing was when she saw him coming down the path toward the cabin. Suddenly, she felt panicky. What should she say to him? She heard him step up on the porch; he must have hesitated because he didn't knock immediately. Then she heard the knock.

Sammie opened the door and stood there awkwardly. She felt embarrassed although there was no reason for her to feel that way. He didn't know how upset she'd gotten that day. He seemed to have grown taller since she had last seen him. He must have been close to six feet tall, with long blond hair and brown eyes. Standing there, with his back to the sun, the glare cast a halo on his hair. His fair skin against the white snow overexaggerated his red cheeks. Her self-consciousness was disturbing. What was happening to her? He was only a child—couldn't have been more than seventeen or eighteen. He was so youthful and yet, there was a gentleness about him.

Charly stammered, but only for a moment, and said, "I'm sorry I never came to pick up the cheese last summer." He continued with an explanation which wasn't completely necessary. His grandfather had died that following day and his grandmother had needed his help on her farm back east. Charly apologized again and told her that he'd just gotten back yesterday. Sammie noticed that he was standing in the doorway fidgeting. He was nervous, too. Just then her children went screaming out the door to school, knocking Charly off-balance. He turned to watch them and gave a little laugh. The kids were gone and they were left quite alone.

"It's so cold out there and you look like you're freezing to death. I just put up some fresh coffee. Why don't you stay and have a cup with me? We can sit by the fire and talk."

It was obvious that he did not know how to respond. He looked shy standing there; Sammie knew he wanted to come in and just didn't know how to say "okay." Wanting to make him feel at ease, she turned around and headed for the kitchen, asking him how he liked his coffee.

Charly stood there for a moment longer. Leaning back on the door, he noticed that the logs in the fireplace needed turning. He went over to the log bin and grabbed a stoker, saying, "Two sugars and milk." He squatted in front of the fire. Smiling, Sammie poured the coffee and carried the cups into the livingroom. She crouched on her knees behind him on the oval braided rug. Setting the cups on the floor, she discreetly watched him poke at the fire. He did seem to be taking extra care with it. "He must feel awkward," she thought to herself when he startled her by asking, "Do you think the fire's hot enough?" "Oh! yeah," she answered and then there was an uncomfortable silence. Charly must have realized that she was looking at him. She attempted to make conversation; she wanted to know him. After talking for a while, she went to refill their coffee cups. From the kitchen, she asked him if he was hungry; did he want something to eat? He did not answer her.

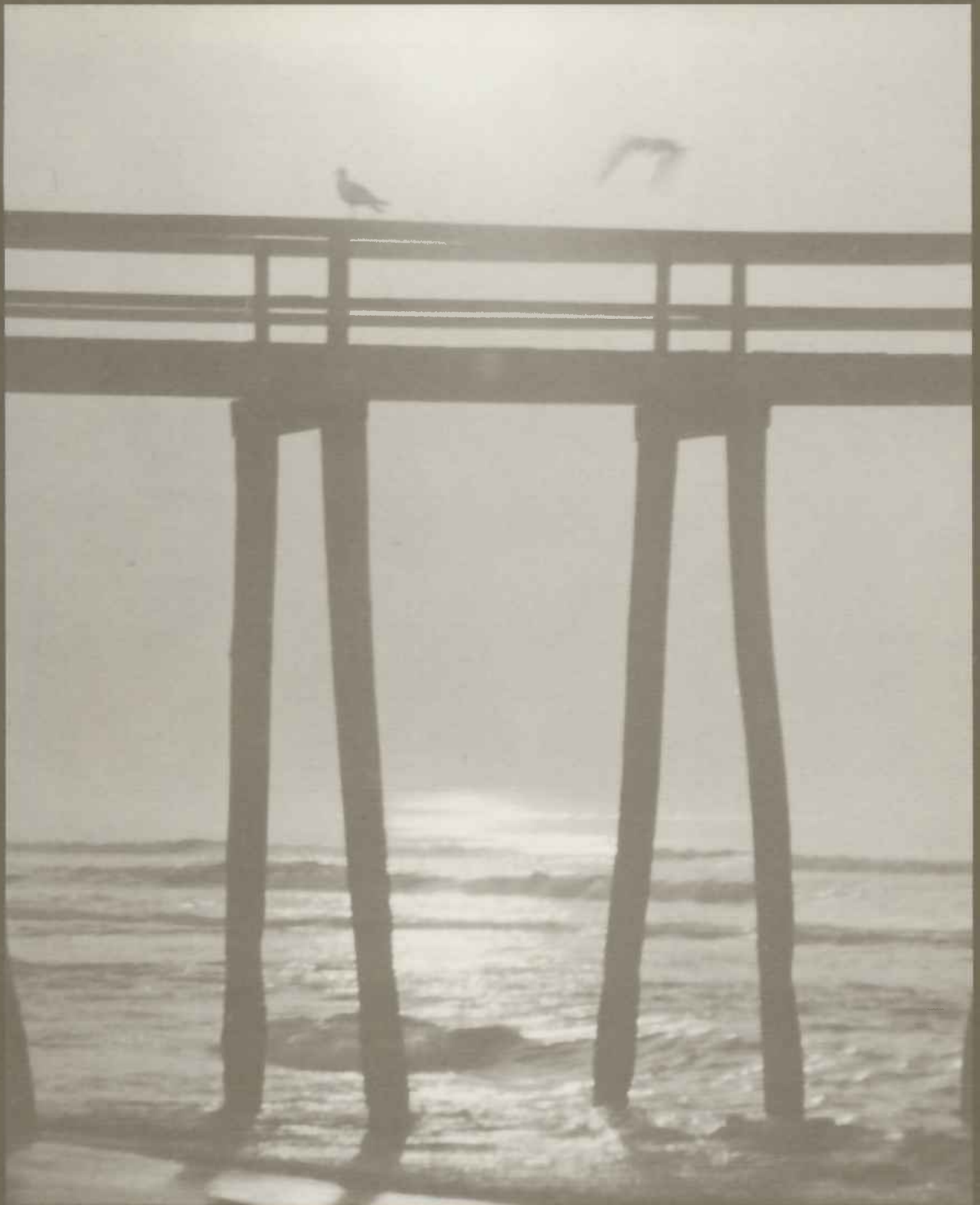
When she returned to the livingroom, he was standing motionlessly, gazing into the fire. He turned abruptly and blurted out, "You know, I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. Sometimes, when I'd be going to school in the mornings, I'd see you at the window. You seemed like the type of person I'd like to know. I don't know why, but I just wanted to be your friend and didn't know how to go about meeting you. I didn't know what to say."

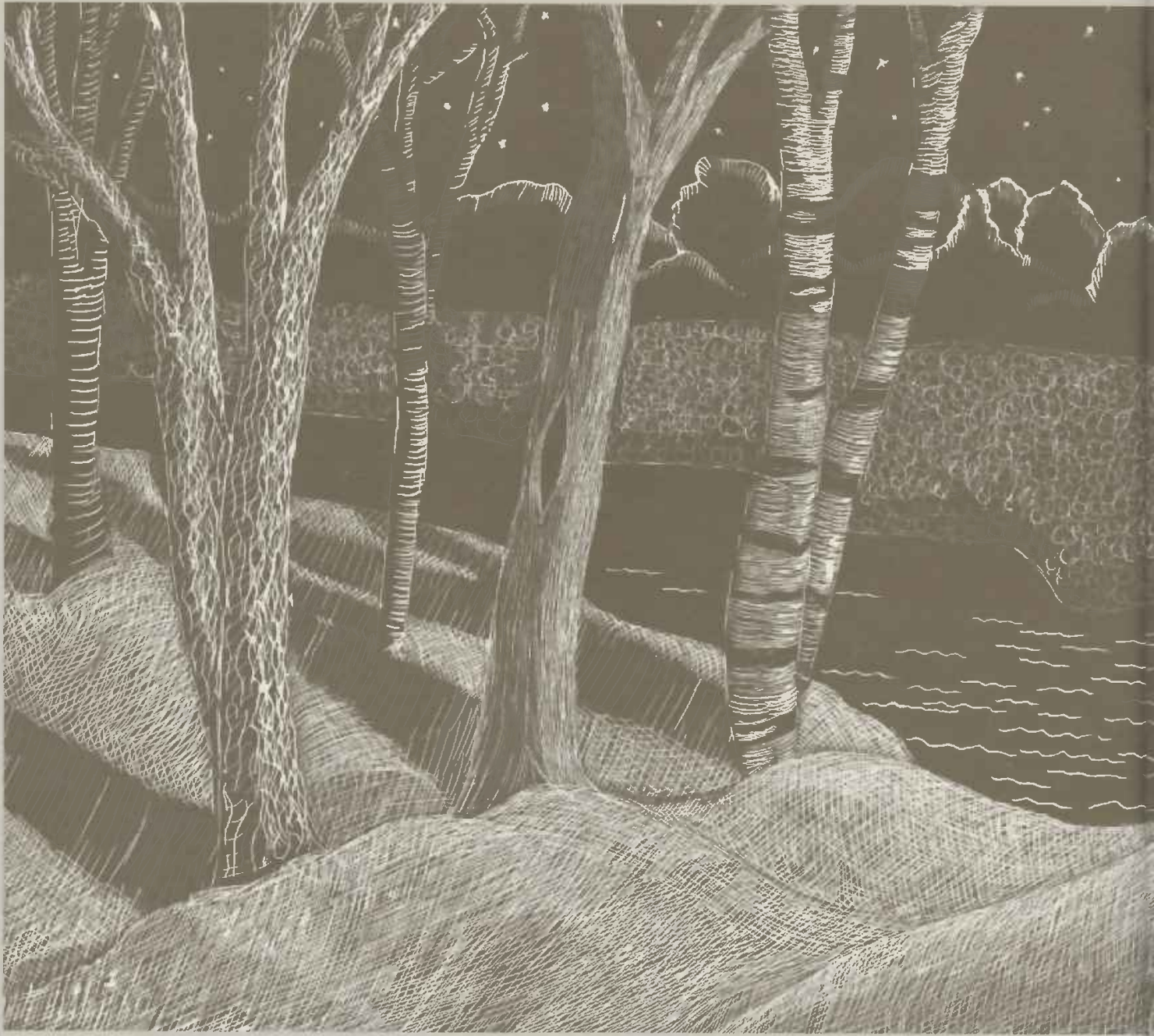
All Sammie said was, "I really am glad you came by this morning." She couldn't tell him how she felt, because she wasn't sure herself.

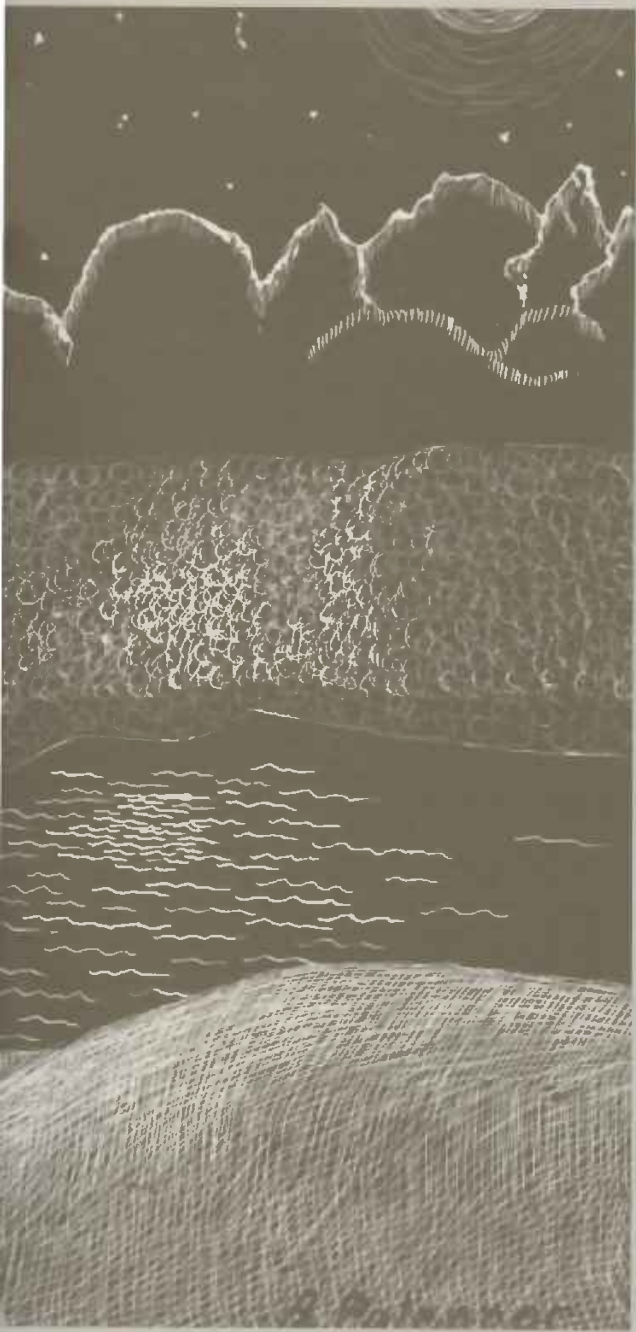
He lay down in front of the fire while she straightened the cabin. They talked; they laughed. She was thoroughly enjoying his company. When the cabin was in order, she sat down Indian style on the floor next to him. On impulse, she leaned over and kissed him quickly on the lips. She sat up, watching for a reaction. He just looked at her for a moment and smiled. Reaching for her, he put his hands around her neck, and pulled her gently toward him. This time, she kissed him with a sudden urgency. Taking his hand, Sammie led him to her room. . .

She lay there long after Charly fell asleep. Lying on her stomach, she turned her head to look out the window. It had started to snow again and the kids would not be home for another few hours. Sammie felt a calm and contentment she hadn't felt in years. What she had done was all right. She was watching the squirrels scamper up the tree as she fell asleep.

Debbie Wested '81







Nighttime

Write what the night tells
Cast colors of witches spells
Moon molded quarter hue
Sirens sound half past due
Behold banquets raging feast
Stars scattered in the east
What wonder brings forth
Gilded gold for its worth
Mountains mystery against black
Feathered forest secrets pack
Stranger sing, tell your pain
Clouds converge, spill your rain
Uplift, uphigh, ride it through
Nighttime never will be true
Hiding hideous faces you hold
Pulsating pump growing old
Down dark alleyed streets
Beating before our life repeats
Step sounds echoed rhyme
Recognized reverbery in time
Alone always though you hear
New noises provoke new fear
It is heard for sure
Calling come is their lure
It's in your head
Vast vintage of dead
Skyline softens with age
Testing time turns the page
Black beckons light
Supresses so the night
Peace proposes coming
Eluding end with the sunning
Wake-up wonders calmly appear
Away awkward Westward steer
Write what the morning brings
Warm wysteria, my heart sings

Susan Gedritis '82

We Call You

Where have you gone
Proud rythmn and rime?
Where have you flown
From this temper of time?

Into what dark wave
Do you tear and weep?
Into what sad house
Do you wake and sleep?

We call you, we call you
Come – you must see;

The imagery abounds
In each metaphor's debate,
And great thoughts approve
Each wit's angry gait.

Every condescending fact
Misleads the standard proof;
The leaning tower bends
From its wind's leaky roof.

We call you, we call you
Come – bring us truth

Of the long and binding wonders
That you whisper as we pass
Thru this overflowing forest
Of ill-constructed glass.

Sway us from our folly,
Save us from our crime;
Proud king of these letters,
Father of these lines.

Richard Matysik '80

Nighttime Song

How good at night to find the ground wet and
Cool outside,
Awash with liquid, silver light and
Cheerful cricket sounds;
And breezes that transport the hush
And dewey, starlike drops; with lush green scents
Of summer flowers onto my window sash.
A graceful pause then seems the night whose
Hours softly sing
Their lullaby of sound and sight, and gently
Press upon my soul the blessed peace they bring.

Nancy McCoy '82

FEAR

A full moon,
hangs from the dark sky,
lighting a path,
across the river,
up over the dike.

My fear of life lives
here at the river's edge.

Dorothy Cramer



toes

oddly shaped creatures
chewing a hole in your sock
longing to be free

Robin Webster '82

