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Instress

INSTRESS 1982

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I'm calling home my
appendages and
drawing them near
where I'll huddle
and wait for the
winter to pass;

for it's too cold to
stand in offering
and the sight of my
own breath chills
me to the bone

I've grown weary
of frost-bitten smiles
and lips that come to
mine seeking refuge
until their healing's
done

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

Daydream

Remember the days held in soft summer haze?
The occasional buzz of an insect chorus was
rivaled by somebody's raucous
clanker of a lawn mower,
but who cared?
for the hum of summer's bees
and cicadas in trees
could hypnotize.

Sally Hawk

I saw the stumbling block and gauged my way
carefully around it, only to fall over another while
glancing back.
I could feel myself tripping and falling, and although
I frantically tried to hold on, to catch myself,
it was inevitable.
Making contact with the ground should have been hard
and sharp, but instead I landed with the stars and
in the clouds.
For this time I didn't fall alone. I fell with you
I fell over you.

Barbara Ann Peterson

Miracle in Milan

Bleachers stood dark amid the dust and dried
corn stalks, nothing
to be thankful for
but families came as though
to service
filed in slowly till the stands
were jammed, a huddled
watching.

No robes appeared,
no tonsured priest,
but as the light of dawn increased
their faces smeared
with sunlight
and they filled the empty field
with applause

applause

The sun did not bow
but beamed its gratitude.

Miles Copperthwaite

SILENT REMINISCING

*The old man sits with his eyes down low,
Attracted to a dusty drifting table.
His wrinkles are old and drawn,
His beard is shabby.
His mind is becoming distant of reality and he's
creeping into a time all his own,
When his skin was as fresh as a nectarine and
his smile was real.
His heart is so young again.
It belongs to Babe Ruth and Mickey Mantle.
His face is lighting up.
He's excited, wearing a baseball cap.
He has no ties or destinations around his head,
Freedom rests on his shoulders.
He's holding on to some pretty girl's waist,
Grasping security.
His hold is becoming tighter and tighter
And it's crushing his chain of memories.
He starts to wonder why his youth is hiding,
And where all his flickering dreams have gone.
He looks up at the ceiling and tries to smile.
But it doesn't really matter, plastic grins
never helped anyway,
They only lead you to believe you're happy
when you're really not.
Cellophane lies . . . leading nowhere . . . except back
into the hopeless past.*

Bernadette Krantz



Listen

*Talk to me.
I will listen.
Tell me of your life, old man.
Sound your memories into my mind —
Pictures of a young boy scampering by.
You tell me of a strong man
And of challenges of the vast sea,
Climbing out of the ocean of people.
Your face was popular,
But now forgotten.
I cannot see you young;
You're just a tired old man.
But talk to me,
And I will listen,
For wisdom shows in bright colors
Around the wrinkles of your eyes.*

Holly Fry

Housing Industry

**Box houses, box houses,
Where did they all come from,
Box people, box people —**

Ken Standhardt

Every Meal a Mirror

I.

The Son of God is born aboard the Pacific Queen
Steaming into harbor with a load of dreams.
The Virgin spirit Mary in exhalation
Is gentleness below and torrents of violence above.
She dwells precariously in that not yet
Vowed to celibate virginity, pure
Beyond imagining but like a sword
Forged of pure iron, brittle to the clash.

II.

He was born aloft. He is one eye.
He penetrates the void like a mountain of life.
He is the years long trail of light
From the earth to every star in every galaxy.
He would be embedded in the pure suction of God,
Like a spiraling ammonite of pyrite in shale.
He would be seen but by weary pilots too tired to fly
Dragging through the sky.
Seeking love like the fusion at the center of the sun,
He deals a hand of dreams and aces
Spins spears toward vast and misty places
Bottles genies in his eyes.
Abyss and lace are his disguise.

III.

I am a genie embottled, beating white wings
Against rough clay walls until
Like a moth kept in cupped hands
My wings become transparent.
The floor of my container is a soft carpet
Laid with snowy feathers beaten free.
I lie upon that bed and it does not comfort me.
I am fingered by the stoolie of the garden of delight
Beset by sullen coppers in the silence of the night.
I cross their psalms with silver.
Priests approach behind disguise
As chaplins covered with the residue of pies.

IV.

In the blessing of bastards the priest is restrained.
The burial of monsters occurs in the rain
Imbeciles gibber like Lazarus in pain
And howl too mournfully to be heard.
Cretins all. Whisperjets stall
And dive in parabolas to be
Momentary indentations of the sea.
Meanwhile, masked as Mother Dirty
Grim as grandma's pain,
We are beautiful in silver stockings and our bridal train.
Chains of dark romantic nights
Tick like wooden clocks
As mallets of the dead knock the dock.

V.

We walk like mighty hoodlums and dance
In a separated cellophane romance.
Have you heard the wintry giggle and the whispered
Careless lies and the counterpoint
Of footsteps with the rubbing of the thighs?
All that's on the menu is a frightening surprise.

VI.

Fieldmice breed in heaps of porcelain, unseen
By hawks alert upon the remnants of the mezzanine.
Fall flowers dress the rubble
Daylight urges infant pines skyward
Scattering tilework, bending the complex lines
Of oak parquet. Toads mate in the kitchen drain.
Elvis played good pitcher but now he's dead.
There are heaps of flowers piled
Upon the remnants of his head.

VII.

Eyes stagger in the light's dawn and dim.
Him who feeds upon the cherubim I eat with him.
I saw the future flicker over Monongahela hills
As steel fire lit the mills
And she was wreathed in reptiles
Smoked a ballerina's thumb
Danced on fourteen worshippers
While playing me for drum.
I thundered low and stepped it lively
On command.
I made a lovely one man band
For the nurturer of the damned.
Inbreath, outbreath, all the same to me.
Leave them be.
One or the other.
The deadman or his brother.





*fragile as a moment
or crystal note that lingers fast,
a flashing drop of
water
uniting future with the past*

Nancy McCoy

Shattered Emotions

*My heart has burst
Into a million tiny droplets
Of tear-stained memories
Flooding my mind.*

Joanne Meta

I Want You

*I want you, but I don't need you.
I love you, but I don't want you.*

*I want to hold you, but I don't need your
grip.*

*I want to feel you, but I don't need
your touch.*

*I want to kiss you, but I don't need
your lips.*

*I want to love you, but I don't need
your lies.*

*I want to forget you, but I don't need
my tears.*

*I want you, but I don't need you.
I love you, but I don't want you.
I want you, but I can't have you.*

A.M.F.

Happy birthday, baby
Bite a smile in the camera
You're two years old
Smear a teddy bear in your cake
 or the tiny fingers of a doll
Your eyes are wet with laughter
Your blue eyes see everything
Blow out your candles, baby
Send flames through the wind
Sing to the world
It is your friend.

Bernadette Krantz



Grey hushed by blonde dye
Wrinkles creaking down
the stairs of old age
 tip-toe on your face
Brown blotches
 your hands
Tired veins sleep in
 your skin
White gloves dinged with a yellow stain
 sink in your cedar chest
Like the ghosts of old selves
Ruffled dresses limp
through the back of your closet
And cry at
 your birthday
 party.

Bernadette Krantz

I used to believe
in forevers, Santa, and you.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

I'd give it all
to any frown
in the crowd,
giving me
reason to believe.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

How clumsy we are in
comparison to the white moths
that dance atop the water or
the stalks of grass that bow
to their reflections.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

... and then there are those times
when even my shadow longs to
walk with
someone else.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

My pride fell and smashed into a
million pieces
at his feet. And apologizing,
I stooped to clean up the mess.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

Brambles

Brambles

cling to your skin
with a death grip
like uninvited thoughts
that refuse to leave
until removed by steady hands
or weed and drink.

Brambles

are me.
Painful little creatures, earthy
and complete. Sore to be near
and eventually pulled
off and discarded;
caught in a hapless wind
and carried off for a while.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

Flowing in
Low fields
On rich soil by
Windmills,
Every bright cup
Ready for the bee.

Sally Hawk

In all that you do

Live and see all you can, and maybe
One day, long from now or
Very soon, you can tell me about
Everything you learned, and say

Yes, I still need you.
One day, maybe.
Until then, I can only hope.

Sally Hawk



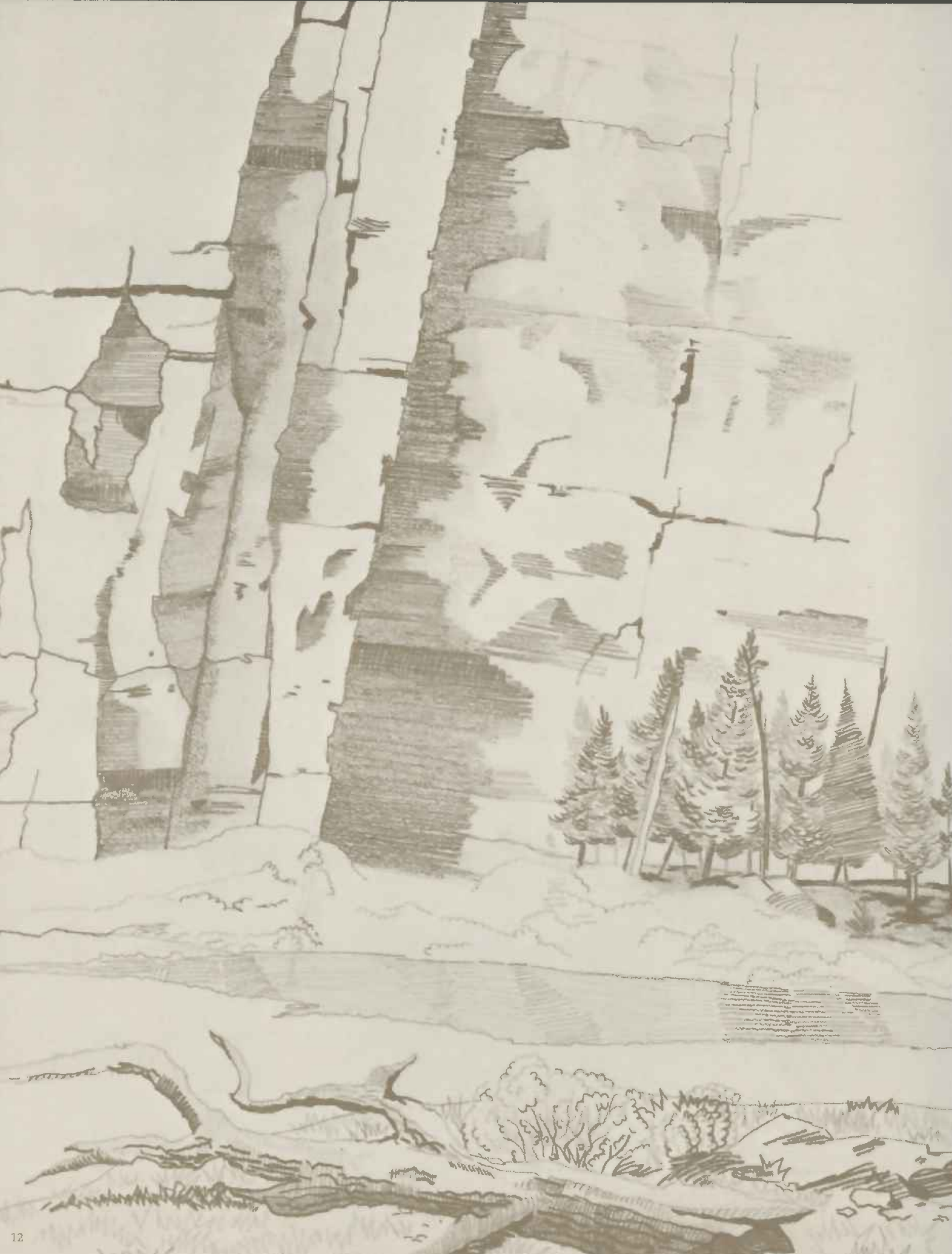
Like raindrops on the
window ledge,
I'm sturdy until touched.

Sharlot Gunther Vosburg

Windchimes

Windchimes
sometimes
make the sound of the sea.
banging
screen doors
sound summery to me.
only
autos
interrupt the perfect view
people
staring
like animals in a zoo.

Sally Hawk



Fire Lady

Dread sister, our sister
jumps the night earth,
singing of children and sorrow.

Her weathered skin
covers her bones of agony,
yet she bears pride in her womanhood.
She tumbles at the sound of thunder,
and her own voice
(even more dread by imagination,
as it lingers,
a mind-echo.)
And the energy jars her bones

The red sun melts
on skin black night,
and as the chant of life
rises with the smoke
to the mountaintops.

She leaps and shakes
and sings of inspiration —
Her children, and the earth

Nancy McDonnell

flames rise
and
fall,
lashing up
at me
violently
scarring and
burning,
couldn't be you
tearing and
manipulating;
eyes inviting —
intense —
and
ready to love.

Nancy McDonnell

And You, the Fish

The wind through the pines
Knows the meaning of free
The wind through the pines
Will shape destiny
And as it whispers its sweet melody
The pines are calling me
The pines call softly to me

The salty breeze that stings the skin
The gale over crashing waves
Neither compares to the beckoning sigh
Of the wind sailing through the pines

Out of the darkness rise shivering strains
Through softly shifting green
Searching and holding, the melodies rise
From a piper never seen

Patti Fox

Memories of the beach and sand —
piercing coldness of the aqua water,
and you, the fish —
swimming either way,
and sometimes just floating.

You comment on dust —
words and feelings —
you filter me through your mind,
comparing the beauty and imperfections,
seeing if i'm worthy.

I plummet into a deep, dark gap
(of my mind)
only to wish for more time
to stir in my own sour air,
winkling my nose at the world, and all its faults,
mocking others as I mock myself,
and you, the fish —
swim away from me.

Nancy McDonnell

Lonely in a Crowd

Why?

That's the question — Why?
And the only one I deserve
If I can even deserve that
I should be grateful
That's what everyone says
And it's all my fault
Really it is
Don't tell me it's not true
Because I will only pretend to listen
I am a rock and an island
I am alone in a crowd.

So I will fake them all out
And put on a happy face
And I may even be really happy
I forget myself sometimes and get that way
But the truth always comes out
We always get what we deserve
Even now I'm feeling better
But then I'm not looking in a mirror
I'm happy for others
Because they deserve to be happy
They deserve to be what I can never be
But since we always get what we deserve
I will always be lonely in a crowd.

Laurie Heidenreich

Back and forth
At midnight
My angel and I
Hold me baby
and rest inside my clothes
Sleep beneath my veins
and hug the pulse of heart
impressing my body
like a fossil
when our eyes fuse together
and laugh
fingers stroke your doll-like
toes and tickle satin skin
that shines from carousel
lamp
Hold me baby
And sleep inside my dreams.

Bernadette Krantz

Tonight it's raining for the third day in a row. Hemlock needles are tracked all over the house beyond my caring. I've just swallowed a gin and tonic, walked all over this monstrous mansion, scrutinized each book of the Gutstein library, pulled out a C.P. Snow, placed it on the coffee table and stared at it. The spotlights shine on wet rhododendrons framing this huge house and all of a sudden I realize how alone I am.

anonymous

"Goodbye Again"

When you are gone, what I see in you
Will leave me my imaginings
Struggling to create those things
My mind's eye now cannot paint true.

I knew a woman, lovely in her eyes,
Dark eyes full of that soft look.
Tumbling warmth that could make
Old men cry out against their days.

I knew a woman, lovely in her hair,
Thick, black silken hair that shook
Me from my time-encrusted nook
And nudged me into novel care.

When she is gone, what I see in her
May help me to remember you,
May help me to create anew
A body in my vacant stare.

Miles Copperthwaite

A Miracle Named Miranda

As I rock,
A miracle of life
Merely days old
Falls softly to sleep
Cradled in my arms.
I hold her close
And find it hard
To believe that one
So beautiful, two,
Through love
Have conceived.
How precious she is.
So small, so new.
So peacefully she sleeps,
A tiny miracle of life,
A miracle named Miranda.

Leona Fleming

*Soft hearted roses, faintly sweet;
I close my eyes and cup your
beauty close to me.
I sense your gift of love given.
You bloom into a pink perfumed little rosette
and give all your beauty to me.
I have now more sweetness to
give me strength to smile.
You were here a scant few days;
first a new lushness flooded
the old thorny vine; then along
came a small green teardrop
that grew until pink velvet petals
began to unfold their smiles.
Your glory was the warm caress of the sun
and the wind spreading your sweet presence
to those who needed your gift.
You were brilliant, soft, and giving.
I carried away your smile and your warmth
and loved you for those last few days.
You played in the wind until each petal
laughingly twirled to hide
in the green stalks below.
Even in your death or seeming incompleteness
your faint perfume scented the warm
air to draw me close to you.
I watched with sadness
your laughing refusal of passing on forever.*

*Yesterday I went again to the old arbor
and found only the base of the rose left.
It waved proudly at me in the dry wind,
reminding me of the smooth rose that
was my gift: my smile.
I returned again and a bright red
seed colored the thorny vine.
How bursting and heavy it was,
bobbing in the breeze.
I closed my eyes as I touched the full seed
and again felt a warmth rise in my heart —
this rose was born from a tear to give love
and laughter to my heart; and a soft scent
to bring an appreciating smile to my lips.
Its smooth fragile petals had laughed at death
and the small seed began to grow.
It had been born from laughter and love,
becoming fuller until next spring this seed would
become a new rose — a new hope.
I close my eyes and grow strong;
one never ceases if one gives love
and laughter to others — instead one is more alive
each day as the warm breeze rustles through
the leaves, and the memories are
awakened in smiles and love.
Mary, you were a soft rebellious little rose
that drew me near and shared your sweet gifts.
You live on in my giving, in my laughter.*

*Dedicated to Mary McCarthy
Born: January 20, 1960
Died: June 3, 1981*

Lynn Phillips



*For nature is a symbol of grace,
and visible miracles symbols of invisible ones.*

Pascal



You were always there looming on the horizon, drawing me forward. Then it was all so overwhelming in our first year. Everything went flying by. I got lost in it all and was so very happy.

You surprised me in our second year. You were cruel and unyielding. I wanted to stay and not give up, not that easily. Please be kinder; please let me stay.

Oh, you were wonderful. You opened so many doors. It was beautiful in our third year. I could have stayed forever. Everything was there with you.

It seemed it would be our best in the beginning, but in our fourth and final year, I was bored of you and you were hard on me. We were destined to separate right from the start. Yet I will leave a part of me with you and I will always have you with me. Goodbye, Misericordia.

Patricia Simon

Back Home

When the sun divides
The earth smells of stillness
Stars warm their sterling lights
And dim my porch with shadows
Cars whisper through narrow hallways
That run on our road

Wheezing in blue air
Neighbors strum on sidewalks
While birds chant a dusk song
Puddles turn into mirrors
And the watercolored world
Seems to wash away.

Bernadette Kraintz



SKY

Silent blue.
A sense of reality.

Is it a memory of what you had,
Or is it turning itself towards new Life?

Blackness, now.
A reminder of what you saw

As you lie quietly still on the sand.
It splits upon your head,

Seeping into your memory,
Never to be forgotten.

Sky.
Wanting the old and the new,

Circling to infinity.

Nancy McDonnell

Spring

At last winter is passing on;
The dark gray clouds have blown
Steadily away the slush and rain;
The herald of birds is shown.

The ground is slowly awakening
To the call of Mother Earth:
For me, a season of sunshine,
Of joy, laughter, rebirth.

Around us there is sprouting green;
The buds have come alive.
Tulips are peeking beneath you;
How did the squirrels survive?

It's a happy, sunny season,
So fresh in its dress of green;
Don't you agree with my reason:
"Spring is the best you've seen!"

Michelle Haszto

Under the Lion's Paw — Communism

I rest,
sustained by its impressions.
In its drowse,
I am embedded into the ground —
under.
Its wake finds us in unison.

With its imprint on my face,
I belong.
Brainwashed and secure,
under its paw.

Nancy McDonnell

A Mother

A mother is one who loves.
Who cares.
Who heals.
Who comforts.
Who understands.
Who worries.
Who disciplines.
Who puts her family before herself.
One word that describes a mother is — LOVE.

Linda L. Domzalski

For Ric

We are a waltz played out in a weary way
On an old Queen Mary ballroom in the South China sea.
Each strain an eternity. Each movement
Mirroring the slow cadence of grey fogs
Rising to hide the Isles of the Immortals
Caught in coriolis, twisted in these tropics, turned
Daintily at a distance of thousands of miles from home.

We were gifted dancers, performing ourselves to all
Each of us, one and two apart from all the others
Visible and invisible. Where, in the red damask
Evening curtains are hieroglyphics of dead lovers?
Seen for a second, a moment, glimpsed, gone.
Servitors and violinists sway as we dance, like we dance,
As if we dance . . . sweet nineteen long ago.
Stradaverii swinging low like sweet chariots.

anonymous





The Endless Sea

*The waves pound in our bodies,
as we reach for unknown shores.
We fight against the broken walls,
but we never find the doors.
We live in an unknown world,
of unreality and hate.
We do not know the real us,
so we cannot find our fate.
Will we ever find the real us?
that we keep locked up inside.
Or will we keep on drifting,
on our endless rolling tide,
For all of us are drifters,
lost in an endless sea.
We lock our real selves up inside,
and throw away the key.*

Ken Standhardt

*LIFE is like the vast OCEAN:
Changing constantly, never static.
Peaceful days — pacified ripples
Violent nights — raging waves*

*We encounter daily problems
that block our goals and ambitions;
it all seems uphill.*

*The sea causes storms that raise
the angry tides, and their arms
reach out to control and submerge the land.*

*Yet, the time comes, when the breakers retreat,
the rough surf is soothed
and tranquility is restored.*

*So it is, as day breaks, the difficulties
we struggled through yesterday
seem minor and are replaced by
HOPE, JOY, HAPPINESS and LOVE.*

Annemarie Regan

The battle is won, I have surrendered.
My army was weakened by your charms,
My resistance broken by your persistence,
The white flag has risen . . .
my love is yours.

Barabara Ann Peterson

Soul's Winter

The wind carries a tone of coldness
edging its dark night robe with frost,
making it sparkle with stars.
And under the moon, somewhere,
(how hollow that sounds)
are you.
Have I truly wronged you?
Have I been a fool?

Sally Hawk

I am watching winter without really seeing it:
Snowflakes slip off my nose, my eye lashes;
my hair straightens
as dazzles turn to droplets.
I can watch it
but it is not felt
as in years melted past.
My mind is buried deeply, so deeply . . .
drifting, blowing
Will it ice over
and give me peace
the solitude, the silence,
the certainty
of snowflake upon snowflake?

anonymous

Joy and Pain

I'm, feeling joy and pain both together.
Just like sun coming through rain,
Showing God's rainbow of colors splendor.

Sometimes I see above the pain,
and joy fills me,
And I can see all the wonders
that lie before me.
They are you, your smile, your serene
and tender look, they appease me.

But sometimes the pain overshadows joys,
And then I feel like every part of me dies.
The pain swallows all my need to be, it destroys

Why can't I see the light
in this darkness?
The joy of love that can
never truly be mine.
For the light must always
stay dim in this vast darkness.

Your tender touch embracing me
I shall never delight in.
Your soft and warm kisses on my mouth,
never mine to have
The bliss of closeness, the warmth
of you so forbidden.

God of all my hopes, shine Your light.
May it overwhelm my darkness.
And bring me in Your sight.

Let my darkness of pain never grow.
No — not more than a shadow
in my memory.
So my whole being at least
can never forget the glow.

Oh! how I love you so, my joy.
My everlasting shadow to employ.

Marie Slusser

Stoned

Here I sit, thinking of Paris.
Why did they move me
to Scotsdale?
Sand, fine-grained
whirls at me
simply swirling,
beating at my once delicate features.

Under the eyes of the indifferent beak
behind me
they will grind away,
the grains, until I am
filler
for potholes
in old macadamized roads.

anonymous



And so the night comes to the day
as a parent comes to a child at bedtime,
listening to the day's events,
all its joys and sorrows,
promising a tomorrow of bright new sunrises
and bustling activity,
calming all of day's fears.
Night then draws the shade down
on daytime,
pulls up a blanket of darkness
and tucks the day in once again.

Meredith Billman





Contradictions

In a quiet little city
Full of angry smiling faces
I met a man who walked
 away
He stammered, "I have nothing to
 say."

I passed a road that wasn't there
and returned to find it gone,
I loved a man who never was
 and still am holding on.

I ate a can of empty broth,
cutting myself on the label,
I laid a table with a cloth of dust
 and spat out splintered salvaged trust.

I slept in weary expectation
— mumbling in my wake
Impoverished on a sunken yacht,
... Am I really what I am not?

anonymous

Growing up with the Suburbs

Childhood was such a short dream.
Michigan, all good wind and apples
giving way early to Detroit.
The hard city nights, hurricane fenced
and dangerous.
Childhood was a dozen ponds,
soft with algae, reed encircled
One big Rousseaux — with no explanations.
I tramped through the wind-breaker days:
the almost time for dinner evenings.
That's all.
Later there were barbeques
and cousins coming.
Sweet purple and white nights
of wet grass, dark lawns, air
and space.
We spun beneath all the pale moons until
almost gods
we fell drunk upon the wet earth,
toadstools, violet skies, and Venus.
The Church stood in its own
pale bright light:
Pastel coats, dark communions,
and a light which said
Eternal Life always passing.
And I was passing.
Life leading to Detroit and Detroit
leading everywhere.
Leading me
through yellow lit tunnels,
dark houses huddling behind
the street lights.
A clear cold world of dark cars
and black glass.
A galaxy of lights like China Town
at New Year's.
It was Detroit
which somehow captured me;
in spite of, because of
the rummage sale sidewalks
rain on the windows.
In the end
it was Detroit
empty shops, empty streets
and too much light
in too much darkness.

Barbara Wilder



The Backroad

Night exhales in wind
Black breath puffing in my car
Boiled air steams from my pores
Until a cool gust fans me dry
Radio filtering my thoughts
in saxophone songs
Miles stretching out on pavement
Like fingers reaching for the sky
Time evaporating with the night
Until the city meets my lights

Bernadette Krantz

Pittston, On Leaving Five Years Ago

There's nothing for me here. Only rain
and steep magnesium streets.
These hundred panes are filled with a watery yellow light
but the corners of the shop are webbed with shadow.
There should be carriages and gas-lights here
but there is only a maroon and gold awning
out there across the street.
The tiny window panes run with rain, blur the words,
whatever words
glisten up above that awning.
Plate glass windows and clothes behind:
Kresge's yellow-purple cotton housecoats,
old display cases: nineteen-forties styles,
and everything looks so old.
My face, these shops, slip along grey-hound windows
lose their hold
and vanish.
Plans forgotten before the coffee's cold.
Promises I cannot forget.
And you within your distance.
Tomorrow is waiting in a shipping crate,
one more highway, one more home;
I can't stop now.
So this time it's Miami, because there's no place left
I haven't been
I take what was me in two-fisted filthy chunks
and wrench it out.

Barbara Wilder

ALONE IN THE RAIN

The street lights dance on the old woman's face
Reflecting her tears of hardships
She crosses the road dampened with rain as
cold pellets glide down her vinyl skin
Stinging her neck as the wind sends her scarf behind her
She glares down at the street
Slicked like black leather. . .
the color of her blistering shoes
Her feet sink into a puddle disguised by night
Icy water bites her tattered support stockings
She makes her way home into the pouring gloom
Wrapping the saturated scarf tighter around her neck
And prays
for Life's rainbow
to shine.

Bernadette Krantz

Like lots of running water
you seep right through my fingers.
Not repressed by any
thoughts or ideals
solidly resounding
through plausible streams of satin.
You know,
the kind that reflects light
often at night.

Nancy McDonnell

Fantasies

*Dreams are always reflections
of what we want them to be
... tinged with reality*

Lynn Phillips

*Up in the cloudy sky
There lies a lone castle
And the Princess in her lacy gown
Rides atop her unicorn;
Within the mysteries that surround them
Along she will roam.*

*Her veils are gently flowing
Held on by a magic crown;
Her crystal dreams lie within her mind
And she asks, "Am I so fragile
Too soft to trust someone:
Will my dreams survive without me
When I'm lying in the ground?"*

*And down below her castle
A man patiently waits
For when she rides her pony down.
He sits atop a pegasus:
In the mysteries that surround them
Along he will roam.*

*They meet in the fields below;
They fall together, two lonely souls.
The fire of love melts within:
She in all her glory
Shines brighter than the stars,
And he in all his majesty
Could want no more.*

*And he wonders, "Am I too alone;
What does the future hold;
Can I ever find someone to love?"
He wishes down within his soul,
He knows someday he will
Meet that special kind of girl
To hold forever more.*

*In the lonely quest for love
Only the sea could know
Why they died so peacefully.
With nothing left to know:
He's the magic, she's the glory;
The pegasus and the unicorn
Simply were not there.*

*The lonely castle in the sky
What for aught you do,
The crystal dream and the magic crown
Are yours forever more.*

Vanessa Matthew



