

Misericordia University

Misericordia Digital Commons

Instress: A Journal of the Arts

Digital Collections

2024

Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1984

Misericordia University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress>

Recommended Citation

Misericordia University, "Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1984" (2024). *Instress: A Journal of the Arts*. 15. <https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress/15>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Digital Collections at Misericordia Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Instress: A Journal of the Arts by an authorized administrator of Misericordia Digital Commons. For more information, please contact mcech@misericordia.edu.

Institute
Institute
Institute
Institute
Institute

INSTRESS 1984

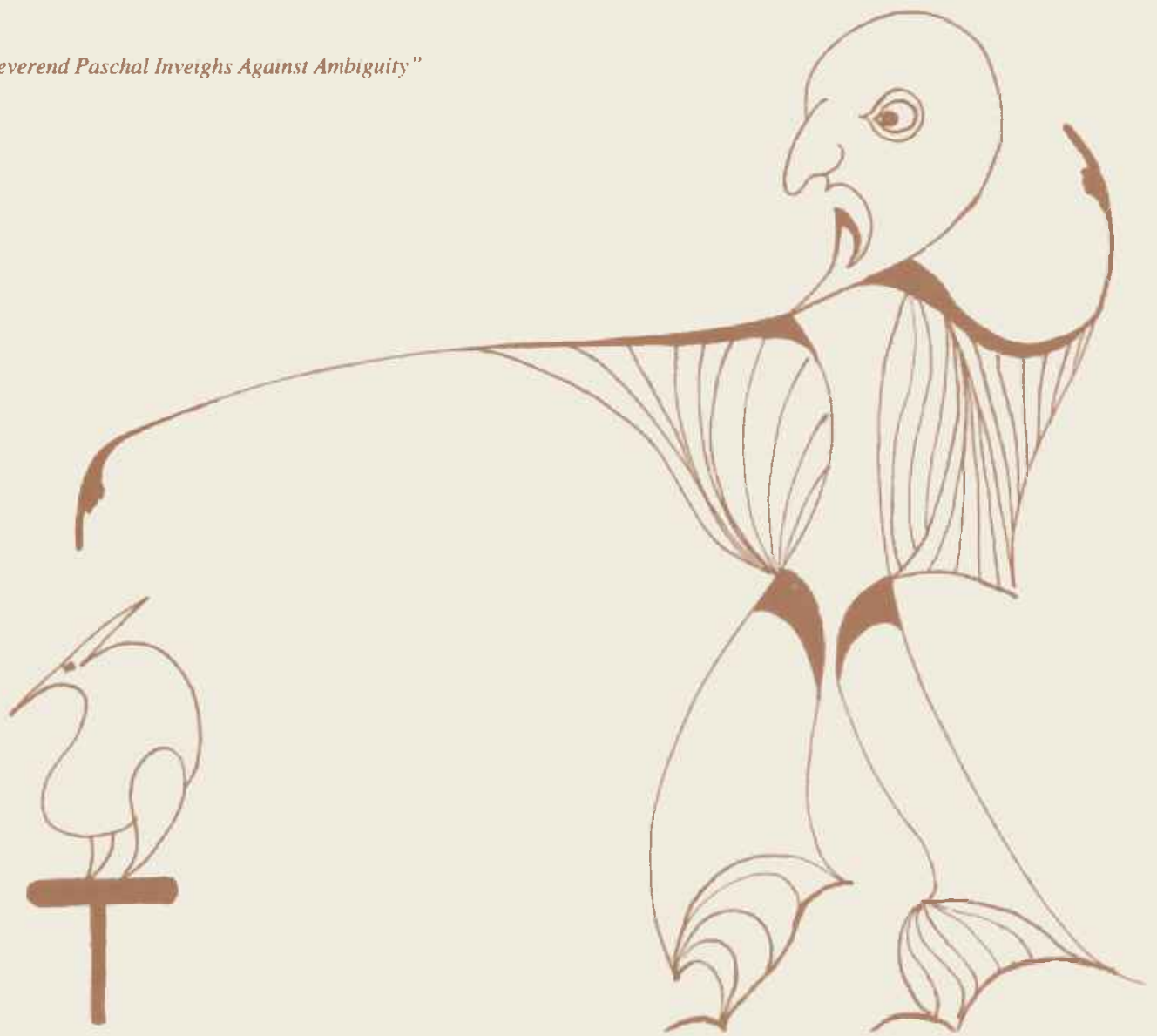
ART FORM/TITLE	ARTIST	PAGE
Cover	Laura Adams	1
Credits	2
Reverend Paschal Inveighs Against Ambiguity	Stevan Davies	3
Poem	Anonymous	3
Drawing <i>(2nd Place, Artwork)</i>	Laura Adams	4
The Ethereal Ballet	Veronica Keirans	4
My Prom <i>(1st Place, Fiction)</i>	Constance Yanosick	5
Thoughts on the Death of a Beloved Son	Ola Mae	6
The Sentries	Stan Yancis	6
Photo <i>(2nd Place, Photography)</i>	Becky Schoonover	6
Photo <i>(1st Place, Photography)</i>	Michael Daley	7
Poem <i>(2nd Place, Poetry)</i>	K. A. Schiller	7
Poem	K. A. Schiller	7
Poem	Anonymous	8
Drawing	Maria Sedlak	9
Drawing <i>(1st Place, Artwork)</i>	Denice Szymanski	10
Poem	Donna R. Stewart	11
Poem	Donna R. Stewart	11
Winter Fog	Ola Mae	12
Photo	Michael Daley	12
Winter in Miami <i>(1st Place, Poetry)</i>	Barbara Wilder	13
The Yellow Ball <i>(2nd Place, Fiction)</i>	Jane Miller	14
Photo	Michael Daley	15
Bittersweet Blues	The Wanderer	15
Tomorrow?	Donna R. Stewart	16
All the World Is a Stage	Veronica Keirans	16
Drawing	Stefanie Thiel	17
Desert Wanderer	Judy Lepore	18
Drawing <i>(2nd Place, Artwork)</i>	Stefanie Thiel	19
Poem	K. A. Schiller	19
Drawing	Stefanie Thiel	20

Editors Becky Schoonover
 Michael Daley
 Jayne Barket
 Karen Schiller

Moderator Dr. Richard Lynch

Instress is a magazine published by the students of College Misericordia.
 Editorial Office: Administration Building, College Misericordia, Dallas, Pennsylvania 18612.
 Artwork from this magazine may not be reproduced without the written permission of the author or artist.

"Reverend Paschal Inveighs Against Ambiguity"



In a battered kitchen chair he sat
swallowing succulent cornflakes
before his bird, Penelope,
who danced for the cameras
but got no chow for her trouble.
On the tube, Mouseketeers
thumbed their noses at Jimmy
while Roy drew obscene pictures
and wiggled his ears.
Penelope, attempting to wiggle hers,
found she hadn't any.

All the same to him —
independent of the failings of birds
his plan, perhaps, had not born fruit that day
but there would be other mornings
and other mutterings
and wheezings over coffee and cigarettes.
All plans demand
carefully sketched out lines of action
in unsteady hands. Meanwhile,
he would watch Roy
for clues.

Anonymous



The Ethereal Ballet

*Someday you will lose the one you love
I will be dancing with the angels above
A proud ballet
I will dance each day
With talent only God can teach
On a stage larger than the galaxy's reach
With grace and beauty beyond compare
This I shall possess when I dance there
In my sunlight spotlight I will groove
Under my feet the very clouds will move
Do not frown but smile
Look to the clouds all the while
Someday again I will meet you
Because someday you will dance there too.*

Veronica Keirans

My Prom

(I would rather have baked cookies)

The highlight of everyone's senior year is the "Prom" — the night when everyone strips off blue jeans, t-shirts, and tennis shoes and slips into rented tuxedos and stylish gowns. All girls dreamed of going with their Prince Charming, the football quarterback or their steady date. For me the prom meant a few sleepless nights wondering if I would be asked at all. It was after one of these sleepless nights that I decided to plan a strategy to guarantee it.

My first line of action was to get to know the cute hockey player who sat next to me in Physics class. Stush was tall and well built, a very good hockey player, shy and very s-l-o-w (if you know what I mean . . .) but I had a crush on him and through reliable sources I found that the feeling was mutual. Thus was Plan A — Objective: Stush.

Next joining forces with my cousin George (who was getting pretty disgusted after two rejections), we set a PD-Day (PD meaning Prom Date); if neither of us had a date by May 12th we would go together. Not an ideal prom date but at least the two of us would get to go and not have to worry about staying together the whole night; each would be free to mingle. Plan B — Objective: Find a date before May 12th.

If Plans A and B failed — that is, if both George and Stush had a Prom date by May 12th and neither one was me, I had a "Failsafe Plan", which was to call my cousin Gary, who lives in Ohio, and pass him off as an old flame, whom I was taking out of obligation. That way, since our actions would be considerably less than loving, I would have a cover story.

So my strategy was planned, details thought out. How was I to know that something unexpected would happen?

The unexpected happening that snafued my plan of action was Richard "Hope" Woods. Hope was so nicknamed because of his remarkable resemblance to none other than Bob Hope. He had the strange nose, protruding chin, and huge lips; his body was nothing but a layer of fat and his feet were a size 16, and both were left.

I was forewarned of his intentions but there were three Connies in my class and my once reliable source of information assured me I wasn't the one. It was later on that day that Hope asked me. (Scratch one reliable source.) There are many things a girl remembers of her four years in high school — getting her Senior picture taken, getting her class ring, class day, and being asked to the Prom. Believe me I don't think I'll ever forget it; as a matter of fact I still have nightmares about it. I can still see his pudgy face and hear his voice as he stammered out, "Doyawannagotadapromwidme??" He had to repeat it four times, twice because I didn't understand him and twice because I did and couldn't think of a reply. Finally when I realized after all my stalling — asking what day it was on, what time, what day of the week — my answer that I was baking cookies that night wasn't getting through to him. I knew I'd have to answer yes or no.

The same story kept running through my head — you know, the one about the girl who has her eye on one guy to ask her, and then this ugly kid asks her and she says no, only to find out the cute one either already found a date, or finds out she told the ugly one no, and figures she already has one and asks someone anyway. I also kept putting myself in his place: would I want someone to tell me no? Having a soft heart and a soft head to match, I said yes.

My cousin George asked the Connie that my source had told me Hope was going to ask and she said yes, so we decided to double. Stush asked my arch-rival and she said yes. Terrific, we were all going to the prom.

Saying we were going to the prom turned out to be more exciting than actually getting there. Hope told bad jokes, stepped on my feet, forgot his tie while we were getting our prom picture taken, burned my dress with a cigarette, spun in the revolving doors on the way into the U.S. Steel building going to the Top of the Triangle (not once but three times), tried to go up the down escalators and finally tried to play Lance Romance with me. Believe me, I would rather have stayed home and baked cookies.

I was so miserable that I didn't notice that my cousin was having as good a time as I was. His date had left him as soon as we entered the Country Club. Hope had drunk most of his beer or spilled it on the velour seats of George's brother's Cutlass Supreme.

Taking comfort in each other's misery, we drove off into the sunrise and decided to go to the after-prom picnic by ourselves.

I for one was glad to doff my elegant dress with a burn hole in it and put on my T-shirt, blue jeans, and tennis shoes.

Constance Yanosick

The Sentries

*Tombstones
ringed the Campus
casting long shadows
in the full moonlight
across the silvery knoll.*

*A hooded hunchback
stalked . . . silently . . . slowly
followed by his black shadow
cast by the luminous orb.
Then . . . a scream
sent the evil one on the run.*

*Stumbling . . . tripping . . . tumbling
he awakened the sleeping spirits.
Vault lids opened
one . . . by . . . one . . .
releasing the entombed.
Their eeeeerie voices
Owled in the night
he was not alone. Long*

*Veiled . . . opaque arms
reached out
Waving—groping—probing
encircled the intruder's mind.*

*The last crypt lay empty
its contents—long past
returned to nature's form.
The lid creaked open—waiting
Welcomed the new tenant
then slammed shut.
Silence returned once more.*

Stan Yancis



Thoughts On the Death of a Beloved Son

*An untimely death,
So hard to believe;
Until it seems real,
We can't even grieve.*

*A man among men,
He stood so tall
But in our hearts we knew
Just a boy after all.*

*He played the game of life
With a laugh and a wink,
And then surprised us
By how well he could think.*

*Time has its moments,
But no power can wield;
Love does not die
Though its lips are sealed.*

*His spirit flown free
From this earthly din;
Let there be no doubt
You will see him again.*

Ola Mae

Untitled

*How easy it is to wander
and not care about eternity,
to drive the princes blind
while others have not yet touched freedom.
To lose something knowingly
is the hardest to comprehend.*

K. A. Schiller

Untitled

I looked below the paint-peeled
window sill every morning and saw
a blossoming tree adorned with
green leaves and white flowers.
It grew up from the earth lean and strong
Each day I promised myself
to pluck some of the delicate and small buds.
Each day I didn't.
As I looked out this morning
there were none left.
The change had come upon it
stifling its nurture.
I waited to see if a change would come again,
but it didn't.
No more leaves or flowers
grew upon its boughs.
The winter's chill had killed it.

K. A. Schiller



Your eyes
will read the world
without words.
Look about
and wonder then —
keep head-bowing learning
in its place.

Anonymous





*To have all that is mine
And to share all that is yours,
If love could only make time
And hearts only be sure.*

Donna R. Stewart

*a poem
is a blurry photograph
of something that ran through the mind
a glimpse of a dream or a fear
a light pencil sketch
of a second of life
of a moment in time*

Veronica Keirans

Winter Fog

Gray skies,
 gray days, gray lives.
Gray is the color of truth —
 and fog.

Wisps and tendrils
Moving, flirting, teasing, skirting,
Torn free from the realm of
Infinite learning.

No black and white boxes,
Rigidly bound,
Can contain the vapors now dense and profound.

Seeping, weeping, slowly creeping
Into the lair of our preconceived lies.
Take my hand, let us dare
The invisible heights.

Ola Mae



“Winter in Miami”

My grandmother only goes to funerals.
She will never see Florida
but she has the world
in her windows.

In the morning the river is fog
and the trees are lost.
Sunrise happens way up high,
it spills down the slopes,
and shines brighter than itself
in the imperfections of old glass.

There is shade all day until
the sun gets lost in the hills again
and the lights come on.
Forever is train noises and headlights
in the dark and every star in the world
shining out across the fields.

I have been to Florida over and over
until I lost count.

Black seaweed, white sand;
the ocean is always itself.
The whole world sits on towels to watch it
stretch out of sight.
I wasn't ever there for that.

I was there for the dark days
and the rain.
Days when the wild things
cry out across the everglades
and the black-winged birds
come pouring in from the North to wage war
upon the dippy dumpsters.

Days when the ocean churns its garbage out
onto cold beaches
and the tourists leave Miami
looking for other
better places
where the weather is constant
and the sea
stands still.

Barbara Wilder

The Yellow Ball

The last time I visited a friend in the hospital, I had the opportunity to peek in on the nursery room in the maternity ward and the hours-old babies lying in their cribs. Each babe was separated by a few feet of space from the next one in his isolated crib; the baby was so very helpless and dependent on someone else for his very life's needs. I feared being reduced to that state of dependence and helplessness; I feared growing old.

Senility in old age turns back the calendar to our childhood; it creates, just as I had witnessed in the hospital crib, a newly helpless being who is headed toward a fearsome (unknown) future. The child's future, totally unimaginable to her as she lies quietly sleeping in her crib, is as awesome to her as is the incomprehensible moment after death to the senior citizen. Each person has a destiny, a destiny unknown to him and hidden in the fog of the future that patiently but relentlessly awaits his arrival, and waits . . .

A lone child stood at the curbside and watched his yellow ball roll to the opposite side of the street. He was helpless to intervene as the ball then rolled ever faster down the road's incline, and, finally, disappeared out of sight. A sense of emptiness flooded his senses; pedestrians passed the teary eyed boy, affording him but a glance as they hurried to complete their tasks. Though so young, the little fella knew that no one cared; no one understood how his little heart had been broken by the loss of his ball; no one helped him to cross the street; no one assured him that life was okay. And that patient but relentless destiny waited, and waited . . .

The senile old man sat alone on the front porch in the rickety, squeaking rocking chair. He was a sad spectator as his mind rolled to the opposite side of the road of life, and as helpless as a spectator as it continued to roll ever faster down the path's incline, and, finally disappeared beyond his imagination. A sense of emptiness flooded his senses; people passed quickly by that bleary eyed little man who rocked, ever so slowly, in his creaking chair. The people afforded him but a glance, for they had so much to accomplish that day. Even in his senility, that little old man knew that no one cared; no one comprehended how deeply alone and utterly crushed he was to know that his mind had rolled beyond his grasp. No one tried to talk to the little man as he sat, staring into space; no one assured him that life was really okay.

The people passed the senile old man and pushed back their fear of his destiny (and their own), their fear of the trials he would have to face in the coming days (and their own), and their fear of acknowledging the incomprehensible future after death that awaited him (and them).

The pedestrians passed the teary eyed little boy, with their conscious minds unwilling to accept what the unconscious minds know already: they would soon be as helpless as that little boy, unable to prevent the proverbial ball from rolling farther and farther from their grasp. That "ball's" destiny prevented those pedestrians from maintaining control over it; the "ball's" destiny would be its final claimant. When their proverbial ball reached the bottom of the hill, those persons would have to face that destiny as the little child and the old man did, helpless and alone. God, help us then.

Jane Miller



Bittersweet Blues

(Tomorrow)

If I live to see tomorrow
Please let the sun shine down on me.
Maybe then tomorrow
I can finally be free.
If I see a smile tomorrow
Please let its kindness fill my heart.
Unhappy faces are so familiar —
I could use a brand new start.
If I hear laughter tomorrow
Please let it fill me with new hope.
I've shed so many tears already
That my soul can't really cope.
I want to see one more tomorrow
Let it be worth my time.
Let it hold new fascinations
Maybe I'll write my finest rhyme.
My eyes want to see tomorrow
My heart will be glad I stayed.
It may be worth living for
If all the possibilities are weighed.
I could use one more tomorrow
It could be the day I find it all.
Today I am alone in pain, but
Tomorrow someone may catch my fall.
I want to watch the world go by
I want someone who'll love me when I cry
Please give me strength for one more tomorrow
To prove I can make a dream come true.
For if I had but one more tomorrow
I think I might just stay for two.

The Wanderer

Tomorrow?

The stage is dark — the lights are dim. The voices have ceased like a quiet rain. Alone by myself, thinking of you. Pictures flash . . . through my mind, for the stage is dark and the time is ours. I laugh . . . then cry . . . — not knowing the reasons why.

Here I am surrounded by the fallen darkness all about me. The quietness relaxes me and yet it scares me for I don't know what to expect.

Life is like that - not knowing what the next day will bring only scares me more. Whether you will be in that day or not only means that I must remain strong. If I falter, the day could be wasted, only leaving behind a painful memory. If I can't have you, in that day, then life goes on. If I can have you, then life goes on happy.

My questions have not been answered here on this empty stage, but it has made me think with a clearer mind. Maybe with time they will fall into place, but for now I'd like to hear the voices again, . . . telling me to carry on.

Donna R. Stewart

ALL THE WORLD IS A STAGE

*The pages turn
The people change
And go off on their own
but you're not alone
The new chapter begins
And the new players file in

For some the part is long
For some the lines are few
For some the character is constant
For some the costumes change each instant

But this is your story
And you have to think yourself the hero
You have to believe in the character you play
If it's gonna work
it's the only way.*

Veronica Keirans



"And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed, perhaps by a smile."
- Cooper

Desert Wanderer

*She walks upon the desert night
a nomad in vast territory. Splendor unrealing
in chaffing wind and searing
memory.*

*To cratered sun and acned sky, weeps
the soul and tremors spirit. Gentle
angel friend leads by touch
the blind. The desert is meant
only for the brave*

Scene 1

*Tender are the crickets from my cozy nest, sweet bed, sugar
dreams. Upon a baby-tree, the second story is a reverie and night
the reward of day's gleaning.*

*She walks the full and faded gold;
Poor precious commodity, reduced to sand.
How humbling the aspect. gold to grains;
woman to child.*

*Salt licks the face of
dune, which is worn as a cloak to
refuge the cold. Pajamas no match,
nor the fear quiet within. The desert
is no place for the homebound.*

Scene 2

*The sky is often a gridded network, light bright;
platformed precisely above my window framed.
Beyond my baby-tree, the legend map of the galaxy
impresses the detailed metropolis of the Divine.*

*Skeletons trail the unrelinquished dunes
scorpions dance their welcome moves while
Present feast searches for water amid dust
and ashes; wearily lying down to sleep.*

Epilogue

*Peace
of mind,
peace.
Silent wonder; peace.
The desert is but
a piece
of mind,
here tonight.*

*There is movement along side that of the trains
in the yard. Coal fog reflections;
an atmosphere of motion stillness.
I can sense the jaunt and pacing scale, engines
muling at half speed — to east and
west, across this continental divide. Which
shuttle will tread towards home?*

*There is motion, aside thought —
station portraits, haunting blacks and whites
ghost images in the vacuum tube.
This recall, vivid fantasy — walk in closet,
the third in a symmetrical mind.*

*Movement remains stillness within
the quiet recesses of memory. Traveling
has since taken to flight; the universe
a transient abode. Keen girded steel,
yet remaining a photographic negative; insistent
memory of the roots of being.*

Judy Lepore



***Prejudice
Beliefs clashed, riots
and misunderstandings have
prevailed against love.***

K. A. Schiller

