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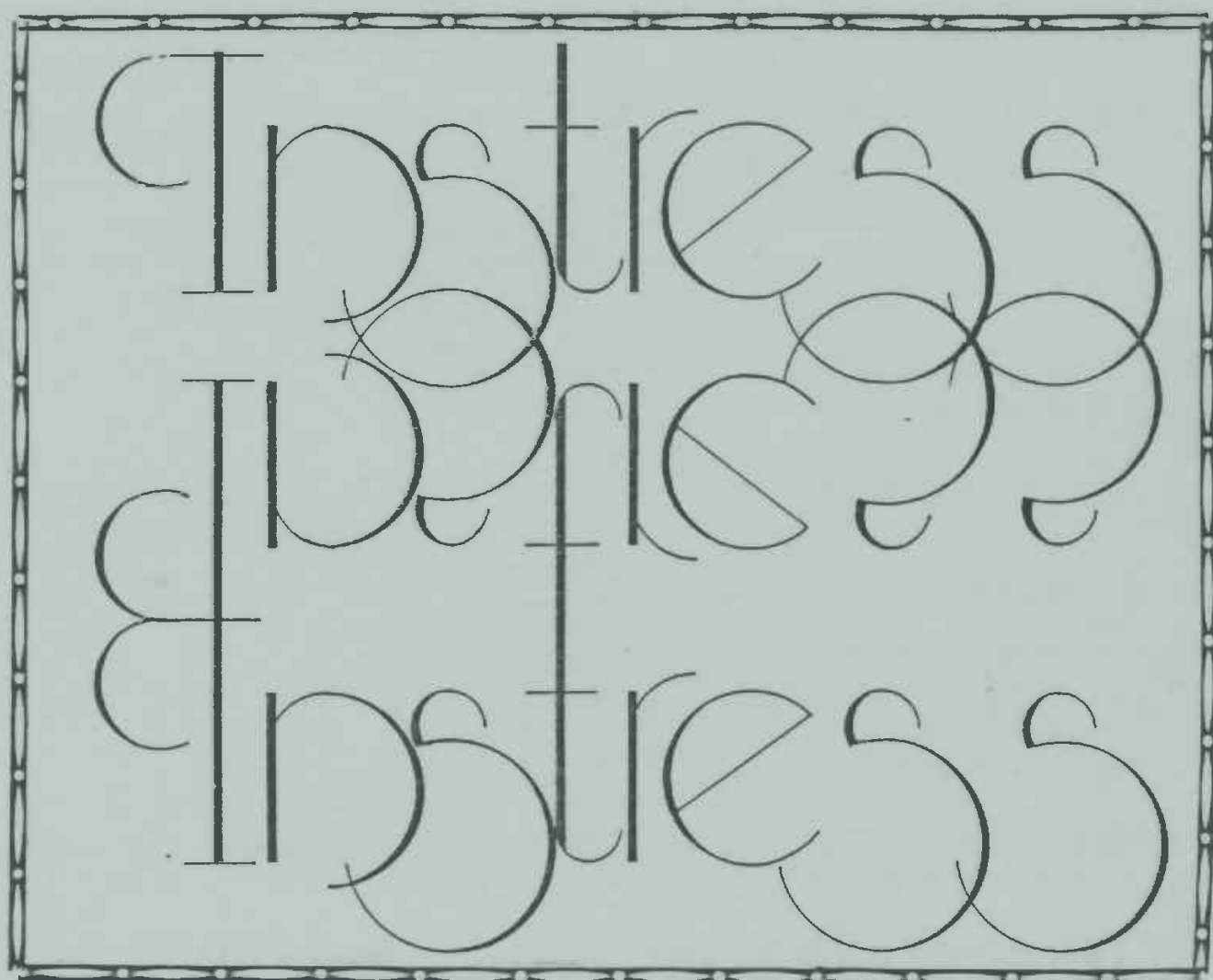
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**SPRING
1987**

INSTRESS has been published by the students of College Misericordia since December of 1966. The title, coined by Gerard Manley Hopkins, signifies the moment the reader achieves complete understanding of the written word. The author, through INSTRESS, conveys to and shares with the reader, an emotionally moving experience.

Submit your works to any of the editors or writers of INSTRESS for publication next year. INSTRESS receives campus members' original artwork as well as their original poetry and prose.

For now, I hope you enjoy and share our INSTRESS.

Rosanne Griffin

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Congratulations



Gardner



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WATCH COLLECTOR

In a room of antiquated mobiles,
polishing glass or metal,
the old watch collector
mounts and dismounts
the threads of time.

Winding the hours, now fascinated
by a concrete abstraction,
now abstracted from his
idiosyncratic activity;
into himself,
crowding abysses.

The hours tick away
pushing, piling, cleansing,
scattering the life of full galaxies
without hate nor mercy,
like God washing his hands.

Winding the hours, nearing
a watch to his ears,
the old watch collector
hopes to wind his own life
to the end of eternity.

by Victor Colon

Threshold

Displaced within her universe, the teacher,
A gray haired matron, speeds along
A missionary road of "Pollies" every Tuesday eve.
Primed with proper lesson plans,
Refined by mindless cache-pots of white cliches.

Displaced within his universe, the client,
A "Big Apple" man, eternally awaits
Behind the iron bars of society's confinements.
Armed with hardened street wise ways,
Defined by ingrained cant of tenemental black.

Within the four gray walls of classroom 2
Their wary worlds collide in wasted words.
Trite words, jive words, slight words, polite words.
A ninety-minute labor of futility
To cure hypocracies of centuries.

Yet, each in search for dignity
Fulfills a need; on the threshold

by Mary Bevevino

PRO-LIFE

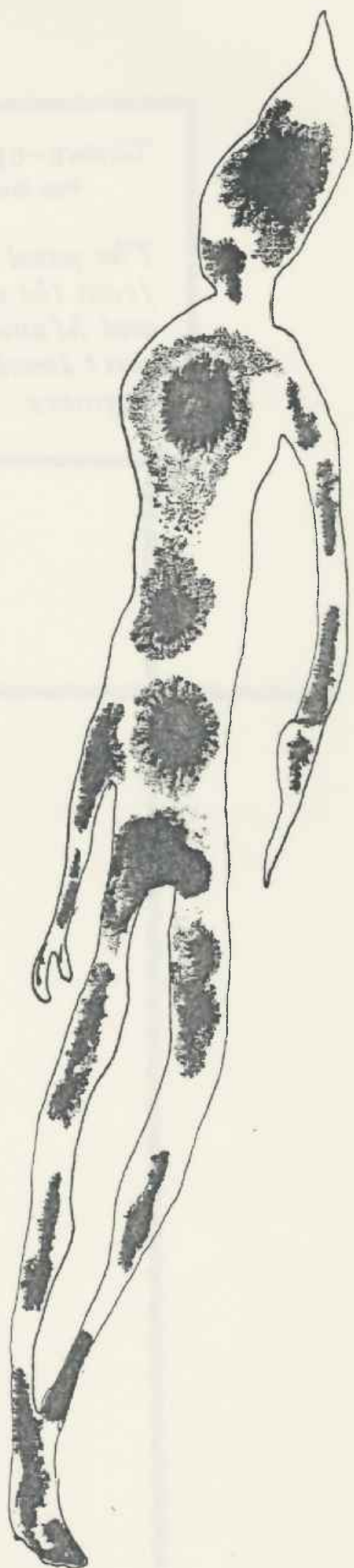
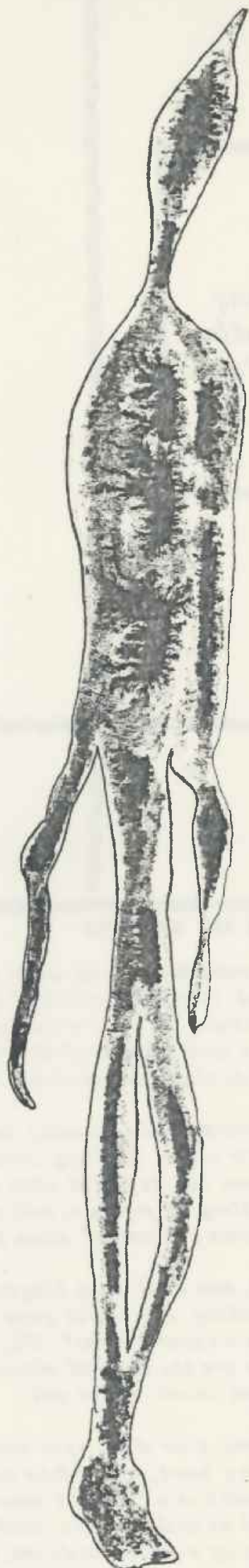
by Rich Aloia

March past white Washington in red
Oh mighty saints.
March for the forced birth of black and white
into your wonderfully warped world:
The place where stones and glass
met the real "pro-lifers."
The blacks marched into Georgia.
Cruise comfortably in your air-conditioned charter
on your divine mission,
They stand taller in Dixie mud.
Your delicate rainbow life one day will die
splashing you with the red of black blood,
Red which they have always worn
in this wicked world of white.
A hero's welcome for a Washington march,
Maybe a band-aid for a black life.
Oh mighty saints march on.

NUCLEAR CHILD

by Rich Aloia

*They told me to run
before they taught me to walk,
Their nightmare racing through my youth
I smoked drugs
drank alcohol
broke windows
and played in the streets.
I lived in a cold house
in a cold world
where the children are dead.
I live in the 80's.*



"Grown-up"

Patti Brennan

*The paint is peeling
from the walls within
and Mama and Papa
can't touch it up
anymore.*

TO MY MOTHER

*I remember waking dawn days
past, lying between cool sheets
listening to your clear voice call
like birds that bend down branches, dancing
on daylight to touch the trees.*

*Mornings now, in cozy darkness,
warm sheets smelling sweetly of sleep,
I wait for daylight when smaller voices,
nestling of my own, call softly,
"Mommy mommy," down the hall*

*Yet, how is it, even fingertips
touching, our hearts grow apart
like wayward roses? Oh, my mother,
you are the taste of plums to me
sweet inside, bitter out*

*Times your dark eyes dart arrows
to my heart, I curl like paper
flowers in a flame I stare back, eyes
hard as distant stars, cold,
closing a door inside me, crying*

Kathleen M Kemmerer

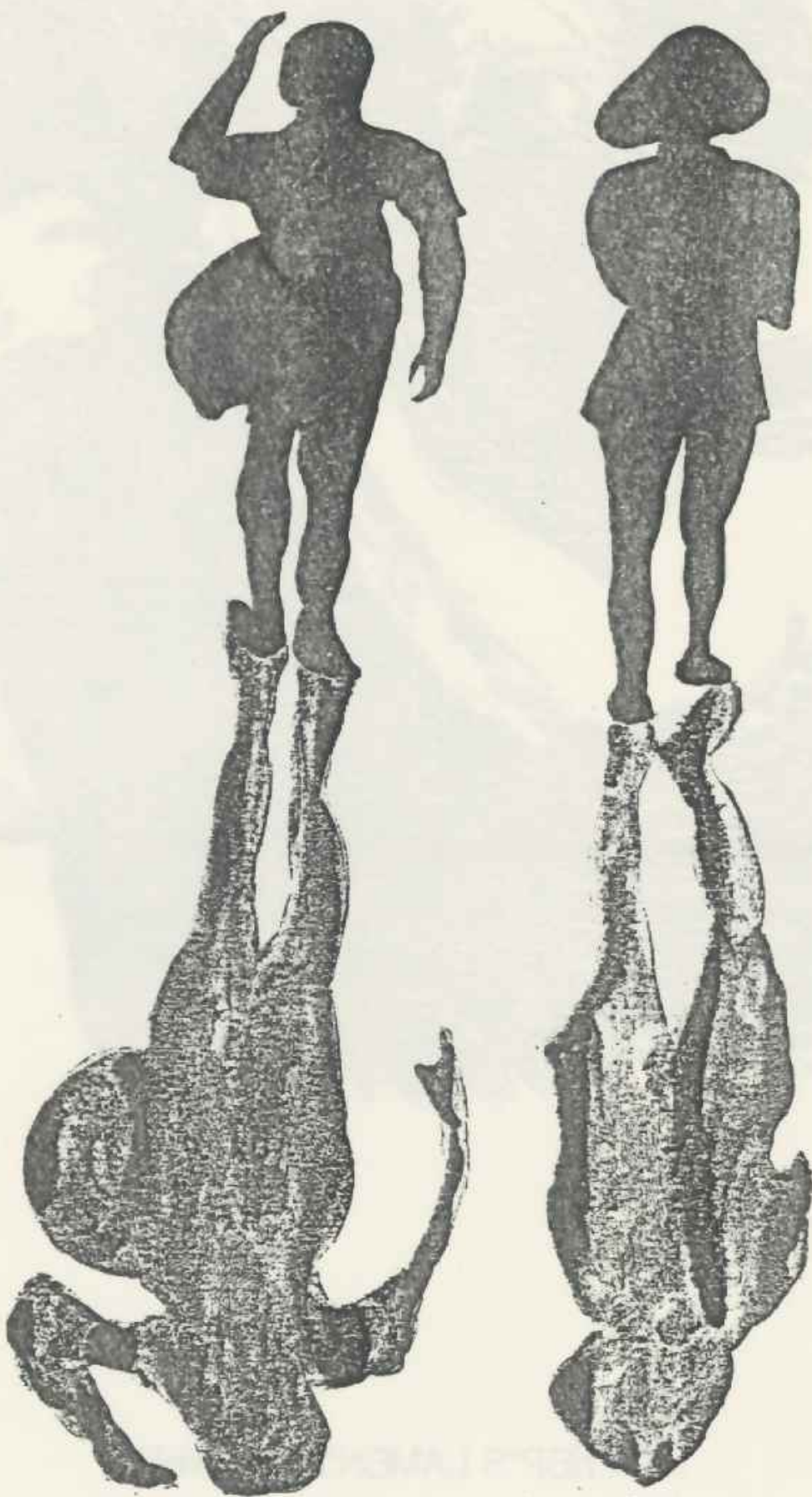


Mari

MOTHER'S LAMENT; to a child

Every moment flies away
As if it were afraid to touch you.
Then you become a moment,
And fly away from me.

by
Liz Gush



mani

WINTER MIMICRY

*Flannel gray sky, sullen,
slouches low,*

*chancing chilled land
with milky, moist snow*

*Deep, dark impressions
visually born*

as nature mimics humic form

*Preening pines don lace-white gloves,
lengthy, fine-spun fingerings*

*Wobbly white caps mount scrubby brush,
noggin nodding drowsily*

*Striated trees, weighed wide with white,
like mystical Mondrian fanciful flights*

Frolicking mime on chalk-white stage.

Mary Mackin

A Feeling

There is some feeling inside me that only finds its way through undefined tears. The undefined tears of importance are seen and feared by no one but me. The tears afraid of the future; of not knowing, not understanding; until the future becomes the past, and the past a memory. A memory that lives inside me, never to be forgotten. Amongst the unforgotten memories lies this feeling that seems to wrap itself around me; tears that fall unnoticed.

How I wish someone would see the undefined tears bound inside me. How I wish someone would open their arms and let me in. I'm afraid out on my own; not afraid of what was, or what is, but afraid of what will be---tomorrow.

Lisa Blaum

DREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

*I've sat up nights
 stumbling upon words.
 I've dreamt of consciousness
 from the organized disarray
 of pencil stumps, ink pens,
 magazines, ragged papers,
 instant coffee aromas,
 cigarettes, dictionaries;
 from a clamorous rain
 pervading my senses.*

*It's been a dance,
 a chess game with death
 (an arduous ritual of passage).*

*I'm passive to optimism
 and finding myself here, somewhere
 within my conglomerate,
 I know I was set for the tempests
 in scattered nights,
 for the hell within.*

by Victor Colon

DEATH—
AROUND, UP, IN,
WAR OR PEACE;
FIELDS, STREETS, HOMES:
AWAITING A WINDOW
OR DOOR TO OPEN
AND CREEP IN.

by Victor Colon

THOUGHTS

OFTEN MY THOUGHTS WANDER
LIKE PLANETS WITHOUT ORBIT.
THEN, THIS NOTEBOOK'S PAGES
FIND IN MY HANDS
THE PROPULSION TO CRASH
INTO THAT HATED, WIDE-MOUTHED,
GLUTTONOUS (THREE-POUND CAPACITY),
WASTEPAPER BASKET.

by Victor Colon

"Through the Looking Glass"

Patti Brennan

*There is a flame
-I have seen it through the looking-glass.
You've been throwing blankets on it
for eternity.*

*The blankets billow in the wind
and smoke flies furiously.
The sparks struggle to survive
and float the floor
and disappear.*

*It has been said
"fire needs oxygen to survive"
but the blankets beat it - to Hell.
So it sadly, slowly suffocates
and this flame will surely die.*

*In your cold cruelty
all warmth has been lost-and blood-red beauty
suffers frozen agony;
its cry is soft, yet you continue
and you do not recognize me.*

*Frustrated arms fly
(I fear the heat will crack my looking-glass)
-but- it cools as it cracks
like a whip and ends
the orange-gold glow- destined to be dust.*

HAIKU

*Playmate from the snow,
glistening white or murky blue,
snowman, day and night.*

*White-washed gelid land
soft, sloping topiary,
rounded, mounded snow.*

*Deep forest collage,
angled, animated limbs,
wild winter montage.*

Mary Mackin



One Line

by Rich Aloia

*Follow the wild chase
of the squirrels into
the escape of a
blue jay toward the
blue of the sky
filled with kites
held by the smiles
of little boys and
their dads
in the corner of
a baseball field
where the little league
play-offs are being held
in front of an audience
of enthusiastic grandparents
sitting on lounge chairs
longing to be unfolded
on the isolated shore
of a tropical island*

BLOOMING

by Julie Kullman

Each new day I wake from sleep, with a bright thought for the world.

My life was put here for a reason, if it takes my
whole life to find it, my search will be worthwhile.

I begin to see what I need to do,
learn, love, live, with my dreams in front of me,
and my tears behind.

*The sun rises and sets each day, regardless of whether I feel its
heat, or its light.*

*People bloom like flowers, different colors, different sizes,
each one growing in the garden of God.*



Confusion With Love

You gave my life new meaning. First it was you and me,
 me and you. Our love was like a dream come true.
 All that is left are memories that are hard to forget
 and yet hard to hold. How do I start anew,
 when I can't get over loving you?
 Once my heart has mended, do I ever give LOVE a try again?
 When Cupid gave a helping hand, I always welcomed him
 How do I know that love is real? So many times I couldn't see
 the forest or the trees. I'm so confused.
 When should Love be taken for Love instead of being abused?

David Victor Scott

"HAPPY VALENTINE'S"

Patti Brennan

Where are you,
 oh Valentine of mine,
 with my heart-shaped box of sweets
 and the card that would bring tears
 to these eyes?

Where are you,
 oh Valentine of mine,
 with my long-stemmed, red roses,
 their sweet scent would fill my world
 with beauty?

Where are you,
 sweet valentine of mine,
 with the special-delivery balloons
 that would bring a rainbow of color
 to a black and white world?

When will you come to me,
 oh Valentine of mine,
 with the love and tender caring
 that will take away these tears
 and leave me with a smile?

The Edge

*When I feel all alone,
I pick up my saxophone.
But you're only too ready to listen,
to a fantasy world on the television.
You'll listen to lies and fallacies
and pious politicians preaching policies.
I can still see you sitting there
in your reclining, adjustable, electric chair.
So if you want to find me,
after you get off your throne,
just listen for the sound
of an alto-saxophone.*

Nick Andrea

Rock

The drums keep pounding and pounding in my brain.
The maddening beat can drive someone insane.

The words chanted put me in their spell.
I try to hold back but those words I sell

The crowd is clamoring to touch what's on stage.
The fists are clenched with outward rage.

For all their pain and hurts and dreams
are sung by those guys with tattered blue jeans.

be

Cynthia M. Donlan

HOLOCAUST *by Liz Gush*

It is no use in hiding or running; there is a cold that I fear is coming.
Lightly and softly and oddly
it travels

Stealthily, shy,
Without hesitation, without asking why.
How silent it is all around me,
How stormy it is yet to be.

This time--
Will peace and Love forbear?
The question
Hangs heavy in air.

Not specifically did anyone tell me,
the answer is certainly, "Maybe."
The threat of new disease is just as sure as was the old,
Will kill, like the old, though heat or cold,
Love or laughter were not a part, are not a part,
Of the beating and working of the Heart.

To each his own, let Alone,
Venture to this land of ice and snow,
Give high regard no less
To the angels who dwell above
or the creatures of the earth below
For Who did suffer first for us? Who made this frost?
This unsuspect world shall not yet know.

Survivor

I, survivor of wrecked life,
surge up oceanic from verbiage,
from thoughts uncorrelated, like an emotion
sprung from subconscious depths--
risen from the bedlam of shadows,
lived and unlived,
to shape reality as I understand it.

WASTE - LAND

Car crushing robotics
rule the world. A
man's work must not
work unless the Union
says so. Suicide!
Fools that pay to
eat while the metal
feasts for free.
Greased words talk cheap.
This is no place
for a poet.

