

Misericordia University

## Misericordia Digital Commons

---

Instress: A Journal of the Arts

Digital Collections

---

2024

### Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1991 (Fall)

Misericordia University

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

---

#### Recommended Citation

Misericordia University, "Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1991 (Fall)" (2024). *Instress: A Journal of the Arts*. 5.

<https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress/5>

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](mailto:mcech@misericordia.edu).

# Instress

Fall 1991



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                  |         |                    |       |
|----------------------------------|---------|--------------------|-------|
| Jillian                          | Photo   | Chris Michael      | Cover |
| D.C. Pigeon                      | Photo   | Chris Michael      | 3     |
| Life                             |         | Roberto Montanez   | 3     |
| Alex                             |         | Paulina Riera      | 4     |
| Hobby Horse                      | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 4     |
| Katie                            |         | Mary Beth O'Konski | 4     |
| Smiles-A-Lot                     | Photo   | Chris Michael      | 5     |
| Untitled                         |         | Jean Garceau       | 5     |
| Gaining Through Loss             |         | Michael Fiato      | 6     |
| Motherhood                       |         | Lisa Nowak         | 6     |
| Morning Glories-January          | Artwork | Mary Mackin        | 7     |
| Summer Dying                     |         | Peggy Charnick     | 7     |
| The Day of the Bugs              |         | John Zongilla      | 8     |
| Cell-Block "A"                   |         | Chris Michael      | 9     |
| The Cool                         |         | William Curtis     | 9     |
| A Letter                         |         | Paulina Riera      | 10    |
| A Word About Words               |         | Michael Fiato      | 10    |
| Whenever You're Old              |         | Robert Enos        | 11    |
| Winter Pines                     | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 14    |
| Broadway                         | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 15    |
| Autumn Leaves                    |         | Anya Musto         | 15    |
| Paolo and Francesca              | Artwork | Anya Musto         | 16    |
| First Love                       |         | Anya Musto         | 17    |
| The Bench                        |         | Ann Marie Wilson   | 17    |
| Dream Lover                      |         | Donna Darnos       | 17    |
| Lorena                           | Photo   | Chris Michael      | 18    |
| The Black Woman                  |         | Melvin Yancey      | 19    |
| Beauty Is                        |         | Paulina Riera      | 19    |
| Boots                            |         | Jill Gorman        | 20    |
| Glass Tower                      | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 20    |
| Untitled                         |         | Jill Gorman        | 20    |
| Main Street                      | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 21    |
| Coal Man                         | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 21    |
| Coal Town                        |         | Peggy Charnick     | 21    |
| Anderson Field                   |         | Jeff Johnson       | 22    |
| Journeyman                       |         | Jim Calderone      | 22    |
| Ocean City                       | Photo   | Anya Musto         | 22    |
| Waiting for Afternoon<br>Edition | Photo   | Chris Michael      | 23    |
| Nightmare                        |         | Chris Jones        | 23    |
| Untitled                         | Artwork | Kathy Jerrytone    | 24    |
| Untitled                         |         | Jean Garceau       | 24    |

**INSTRESE** has been published by the students of College Misericordia since December 1966. The title, coined by Gerard Manley Hopkins, signifies the moment the reader achieves complete understanding of the written word.

**Literary Editor:** Anya Musto; **Editorial Staff:** Peggy Charnick, Rob Enos, Jill Gorman, Annette Holmes, Gail Meeker, and Ann Marie Wilson; **Moderator:** Dr. Jeffrey Johnson.

Articles or artwork from this magazine may not be reproduced without the written permission of the editors and the author or artist.



# Misericordia

College Misericordia  
Dallas, PA 18612

We, the staff of Instress,  
would like to dedicate this issue  
to Dr. Regina Kelly, R.S.M.,  
whose reverence for the written word,  
love of learning,  
and standards of academic excellence  
will be a lasting legacy.



"LIFE"

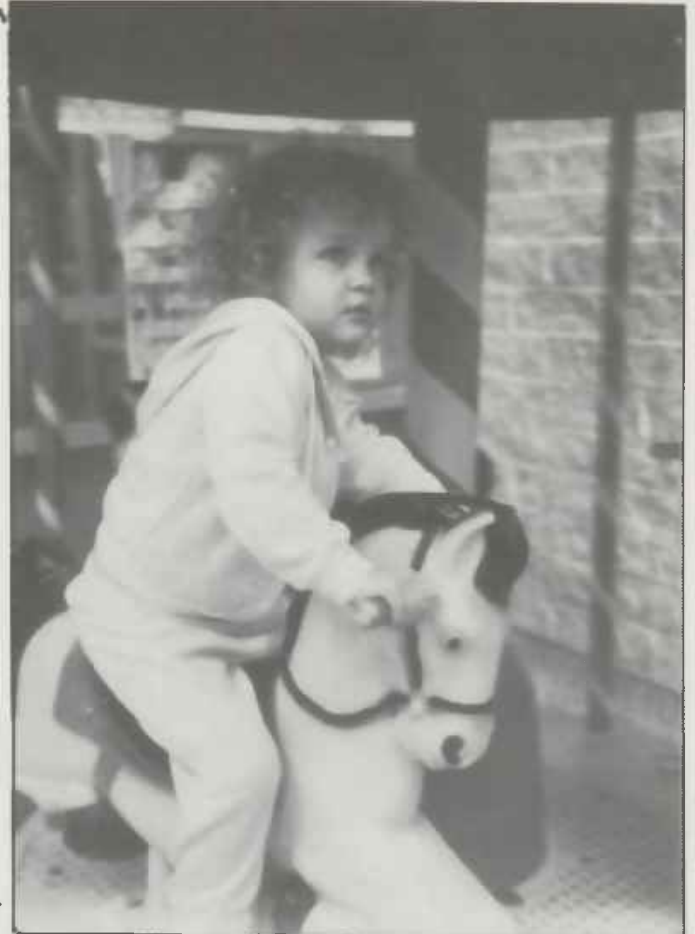
A line with two ends  
that cries when born  
and rattles at the angel's beg  
a broken-line puzzle that interconnects  
and takes to the world trying to make sense  
but lives in a dream that seems to be true  
yet all through the ages she waits for a clue  
of what fait-accomplie she is to be due.

-Roberto Montanez

**ALEX**

Bare feet, oh so foul, roam for warmth  
Each named with childish giggles.  
Puppies, tonight, our feet will be.  
Games shared by sisters alone.  
Playful puppies nudge weary children  
As darkness grows into light.

**-Paulina Riera**



**KATIE**

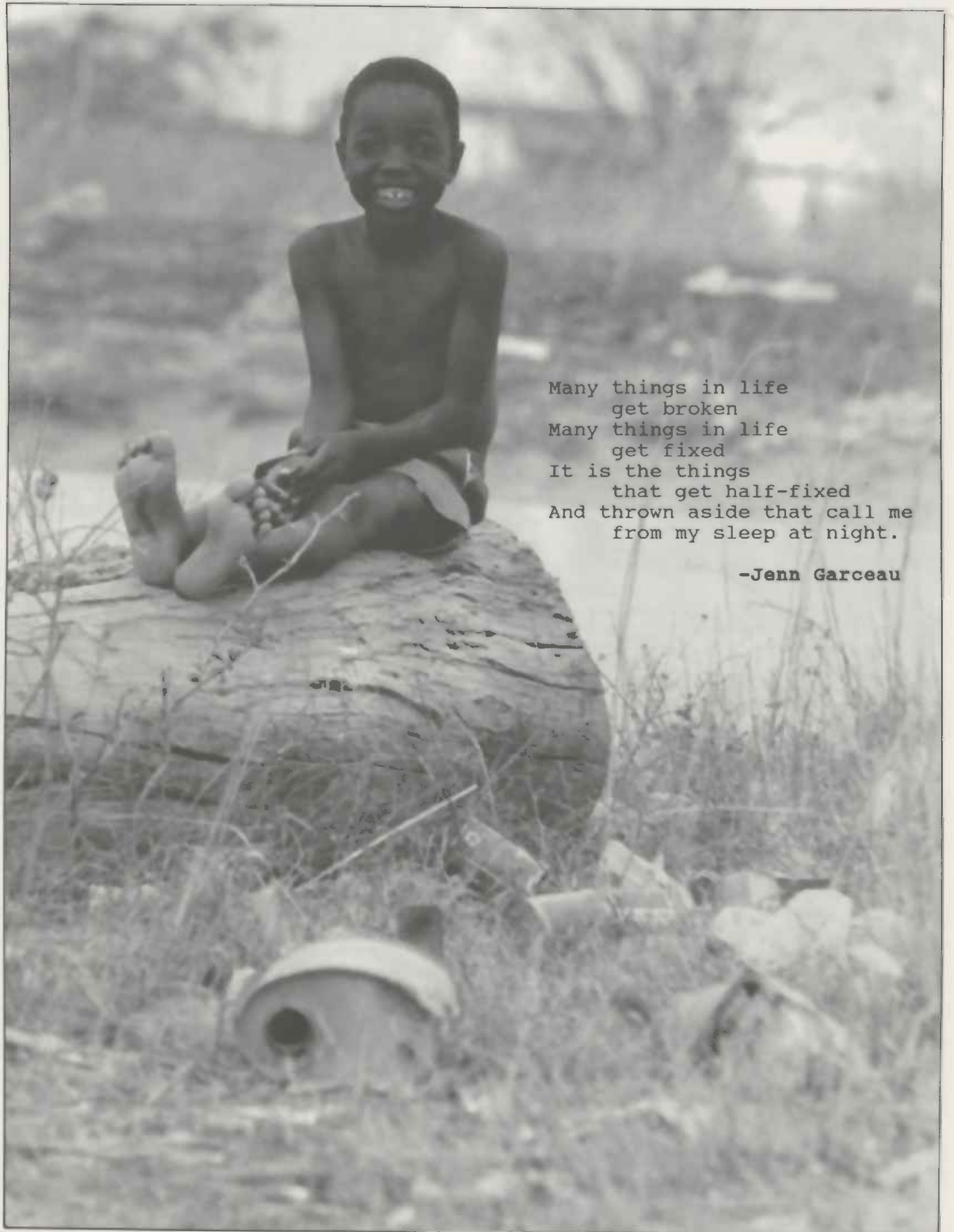
It's funny, but --  
I don't remember your hair  
being quite so fair  
or your freckles  
quite so many.  
Sweet little sprinkles of amber  
dot your nose and cheeks  
and remind me of the little girl of ten  
who was eager to know life  
and experience everything at once.  
You breezed through my life  
like a soft, summer wind  
caressing each of my senses.

You're a grown woman now;  
besides freckles, I see  
family gone and present,  
traces of your father,  
a little bit of me.

Little ways you move your head  
to ask a certain question,  
remind me of times  
when we shared our lives  
before you became independent.

What lies ahead for you now,  
my struggling, young artist?  
Love, fame and fortune perhaps?  
Or could you settle for  
the happiness you so deserve?

**-Mary Beth O'Konski**



Many things in life  
get broken  
Many things in life  
get fixed  
It is the things  
that get half-fixed  
And thrown aside that call me  
from my sleep at night.

-Jenn Garceau

## MOTHERHOOD

Motherhood is a lifetime job with no contract. It is working seven days a week with no vacation, working overtime and double shifts, and working every holiday for twenty-five years in a row. When a woman becomes a mother, she acquires a full-time job for the next two decades.

One of the prerequisites for motherhood should be medical school. Unfortunately, most moms-to-be are unaware of this. They do not know how to treat all of the scraped knees, toothaches, and chicken pox epidemics. Mothers are full-time doctors, nurses, and dentists. On-the-job training is provided for those mothers who are inexperienced.

When a mother is not performing her medical duties, she is required to function as a maid. Her housekeeping duties include laundry, washing dishes, cleaning the car, mowing the lawn, and cleaning bedrooms in cases when the floor has not been seen in six months. Mothers must perform these chores in record time, so that they can catch up on their other duties.

Above all, a mother is a friend. She will always make time to listen, comfort, and advise. The best friend that anyone can make in a lifetime is a mother. Mothers prove their loyalty again and again, and are seldom appreciated.

A mother is a lot of things, from a doctor, to a housekeeper, to a friend. Motherhood is a difficult job, and there is no guidebook for it. Motherhood is a very complex profession, and is perhaps the most important profession in the world.

-Lisa Nowak

## GAINING THROUGH LOSS

The lights are off and suddenly  
The one who meant or means so much to me  
Won't leave me be.  
Horribly, I try to squint, but can't.  
I want to control this one and get out,  
But as always, unconscious powers fall short of the mark.  
It's a great challenge-  
Somehow some instant passes  
And I accept she's dead.  
Scenes flow into one another-  
Suddenly I'm running up a hill comforted among friends.  
I know her grave is up ahead,  
So why do I turn and find her climbing with me,  
Knowing she wants to say "Be careful, don't fall."  
But you're dead, mom; I've accepted this not knowing how.  
Why make it so hard? I'll be alright, won't I?  
She peers through the curtains of our picture window  
As I go out for the night,  
And I know she wants to say "Put your seatbelt on."  
But you're dead, mom, so why are you still at home?  
Which one of us can't accept this?  
Later when the lights are on I daydream it's me.

-Michael Fiato



**SUMMER DYING**

In the aching hours of the night  
Sometimes, not often  
I remember:  
The end of summer smell  
The burgeoning of life  
The utter bleak despair  
Of holding you  
To say goodbye.

I see again your tiny perfect stillness  
Shrouded in a blanket  
Like the tightly folded petals of a flower  
Which can never bloom.  
And I, sere and desolate,  
Cradle you fiercely in disbelief  
And pray for spring, and life  
To come again.

-Peggy Charnick



## THE DAY OF THE BUGS

I usually spent my Sunday afternoons admiring the sights and sounds of nature through my hobby of bug-watching. There was no finer way to truly gain a respect for nature than through the rhythmic motions and harmonic buzzing of a bug. Surely it was as close to Heaven as you could get on this fresh green Earth. But my haven was soon molested one evil day when the forces of Hell entered my tranquil hobby by smashing the serenity and goodness of it all.

It was getting late that afternoon when I decided to gather my things and head inside. I had enjoyed the pleasures of bug watching for nearly three hours, which was plenty enough to ensure pleasant dreams for the night. I just started my way back when I noticed a peculiar odor in the air. It was the smell of fire and brimstone. And no sooner than I identified the smell did the ground open up before me and spew forth a swarm of deadly fire beetles. They began to come my way. It looked as if I would be enveloped by the swarm in a matter of seconds. But, luckily for me, I held on to my faculties and made a run for it.

My feet could not carry me fast enough. The swarm was overtaking me with each step. It seemed as if I was surely finished, especially as I tripped, falling before the swarm. I had stumbled upon someone's picnic, but the picnic was over: the bodies of two individuals lay covered with ants. It appeared as if these two had died days ago, and thus became an ant's feast. And as I laid there praying the swarm would finish me quickly, I noticed an aerosol can laying on the picnic blanket. It was Raid(TM)! I quickly picked it up and began to spray at the swarm with as much fury as one could possibly spray an aerosol can. The fire beetles were dropping at my feet. I could taste victory and smell the stench of dead bugs killed by Raid(TM). But unfortunately, the can was soon emptied, and I stood unarmed before the angry swarm.

I had to act quickly or my life would soon end. I fled down a hill where I knew at the bottom lay a pond. I jumped in as soon as I reached it. The swarm hovered over me like vultures awaiting the death of a wounded caribou. I splashed at the swarm, but to no avail. It merely broke them up for a brief moment until they reformed. It was growing dark, the water was cold; I felt hopeless.

But, suddenly, to my surprise, the frogs of the pond formed a gauntlet around the swarm and proceeded to suck them in!

" Yes! " I cried, " Viva la frogs! Viva la frogs! "

The amphibious wonders soon annihilated the entire swarm. I was saved by those noble creatures. I now spend my Sundays at the pond admiring the grace and cunning of one of God's greatest creation, the frog.

THE END

-John Zongilla





### THE COOL

His sound was called the Cool:  
Melodic tones which graced our ears like soothing, cool,  
ice cream.  
Then at times you could feel the turmoil in his tones ever-  
changing like eyes of the storm.

He was the innovator, the great creator,  
Whose seasons never stayed the same.  
Always moving within time, changing like the great sea.  
Each time arriving at our shores in many different ways.  
Be-Bop the Cool, Fusion.

You know that sound called Jazz, there will always be  
imitators, but none by far can duplicate the  
original innovator of that sound called Jazz.

-William Curtis

A letter to my best friend,

As a girl, when times were bad and everyone found in me a person willing to take abuse, I sat in darkness with only the light of the street shedding rays into my room. I sat watching life outside continue, as life inside seemed to come to a stand-still. Things around my home always seemed to be tranquil chaos. As a small adult i never knew what to make of it. I relied on you to supply my life with hope, with serenity, with some sort of happiness.

I never knew who you were, yet, you were always with me. Although I didn't know what you looked like, you always held my hand, always offered to hold me when I cried. I never knew who you were and, yet, if You hadn't been there I may not have made it this far.

Now I know you. I know the beautiful face that belongs to the beautiful spirit I'd always known.

I love you and I need you, best friend.

I needed you when I was a child and I continue to need you.

Hold my hand as you did then.

Thank you,

-Paulina Riera



#### A WORD ABOUT WORDS (IN A LIBRARY)

Silence. Occasional noise. Silence.

Words.

Receptive chairs sit with the sacred thoughts of others

Lost forever.

Words.

There's that noise again!

Offensive words!

Idle chatter not fit for a place of

Words.

-Michael Fiato

WHENEVER YOU'RE OLD

by

Robert Enos

- Characters:** Henry Charleston (about 77 years old)  
Martha (neighbor - 9 years old)  
Son (of Henry Charleston - 45 years old)
- Setting:** A bare stage except for the following: a small, wooden table with two chairs (stage center); and a door (stage right).
- Scene:** An old man (Henry) is by the table. He is dressed in a formal dark suit. The table is set for a meal. There are **two** place settings. As the stage is lit, the old man lights a candle which is at the center of the table.
- Henry:** (sitting down) Another long year, and here I sit, Martha - as I always do. (to empty chair) Well, happy anniversary, dear. (takes a glass [of wine] and sips, then, looking at the glass) I can't imagine if the grapes for this wine were picked from the same bunch. Wouldn't it be nice if they were? They would feel less lonely then, I suppose - (to the side) before they're swallowed.
- (Quiet knocking upon the door)
- Henry:** (putting down the glass with a frown) OOOh, who could **that** be? (getting up) Excuse me, dear, I should get that.
- (more knocking)
- Henry:** Alright, alright. (crosses to door) Yes, who's there?
- Voice:** (from behind the door a child's voice is heard) It's me, Mr. Charleston.
- Henry:** (slightly smiling with recognition, opening the door) Why hello, Martha. What can I do for you?
- (A little girl stands in the doorway. She is wearing a yellow dress.)
- Martha:** I came over from next door. I wanted to show you my new dress. (picking at her dress) Mom said it was o.k. 'cause we aren't going out just yet.
- Henry:** Why, it's lovely Martha. Where are you going?
- Martha:** Oh, we're goin' to church. (frowning and looking down) Mom says we don't do it enough, and we

should start going more. I think it's boring sometimes.

**Henry:** Sometimes?

**Martha:** Yeah, sometimes. Well, sometimes it's not too bad - like when the people with guitars play and we all sing, or when we go up to communion. Stuff like that. But the other stuff can be boring - like when the priest just talks and talks. (sorrowfully) I know I shouldn't say things like that 'cause it's a sin and all, but -

**Henry:** (smiling and bending down a bit) But you wish you were somewhere else?

**Martha:** (delighted) Yeah!

**Henry:** (In a soft voice) Well, I do too sometimes. But you know it's for the best, right?

**Martha:** (tapping the ground, and more serious) Yeeaah. I know. (looking up) Well, I gotta go. (smiling) Can I come over tomorrow and see the box?

**Henry:** Sure. Come on over in the afternoon, I'll be here.

**Martha:** O.k. (waving) Goodbye, Mr. Charleston. (exits)

**Henry:** Goodbye, Martha. (closes the door)

(LIGHTS FADE)

## SCENE TWO

**Setting:** Same room. Next morning. The table is cleared and standing beside it is Henry and a middle-aged man. Both are wearing casual clothes.

**Son:** (pleading) Dad, please, listen to reason. You are all by yourself here with no one to share the responsibilities for the house. Wouldn't you rather be at our place? You can see the kids as much as you like, and you wouldn't have to worry about fending for yourself.

**Henry:** (stubbornly) No, no. I am just fine here. I can take care of myself and I'm not alone - I have visitors all the time.

**Son:** That's what you say, dad, but is it true?

**Henry:** (Angrily) I am not lying to you!

**Son:** (apologetically) Alright, Dad. But from my point of view, it looks like you are politely turning me down. You know that you would not be a burden on us. Besides, the kids will love to have you around-

**Henry:** The kids, the kids. Never mind about the kids. (pacing) The fact is that it's **you** I'm concerned with. Soon, I will grow tired of the idea and become a nuisance (pointing a finger) and you know it! After a while the kids will dislike having to be quiet around me all the time, and Barbara - I bet it won't be a picnic for her either. Having to pick up after me as well as the three of you...(pause, faces his son) Look, it just won't work. (gently) I see what you're trying to do, son, but did you really think I would be happy?

**Son:** (looks down but says nothing)

**Henry:** Go home. (puts his hands on his son's shoulders) Tell her I was a stubborn old fool. Tell her that you think I would be fine here. Tell her.

**Son:** (Wiping his eyes) Alright, Dad. I'll figure out something. (hugging him) But you come to us whenever you want - you hear?

**Henry:** (patting him on the back) Sure.

(LIGHTS FADE)

### SCENE THREE

**Setting:** Same room. Later that afternoon. Old man is sitting at the table. In front of him is a small metal box. He is wearing casual clothes.

**Henry:** Look here, Martha, my dear. I brought out the memory box. You know I saved all kinds of things and put them right here in this box. (working the box open) If only I can get the darned thing open. (pause as he routes through its contents) Look here, (holding up an envelope) this is a letter you wrote to me when I was in school - remember that? (to empty chair) Well, let's see what else is here. (back to box) Oh, here is something! (holding up a small piece of paper) This is a ticket stub from the movies. (trying to read) AAAh, "Black Beauty." Remember when we saw "Black Beauty?" (reflecting) What a beautiful horse! You said that you wanted to ride a horse just like that one. (pausing, then lowering his head) You never did get to ride a horse like that one, did you?

(knocking on the door)

**Henry:** That must be little Martha. (to the chair) I said she could come over and see these things again. You don't mind, do you? No, I know you don't. Isn't it funny how you two share the same name. (pause) I like it when she comes over.  
(more knocking)

**Henry:** O.K. O.K. (gets up, crosses the room and opens the door) Hello, Martha.

**Martha:** Hi, Mr. Charleston.

**Henry:** Come in.

**Martha:** (enters wearing a white blouse and jeans - cheerful) My mom says I can only stay for thirty minutes, o.k.?

**Henry:** Sure, that's fine. Let's sit down. (seating her at the table in the second chair) Would you like some iced tea?

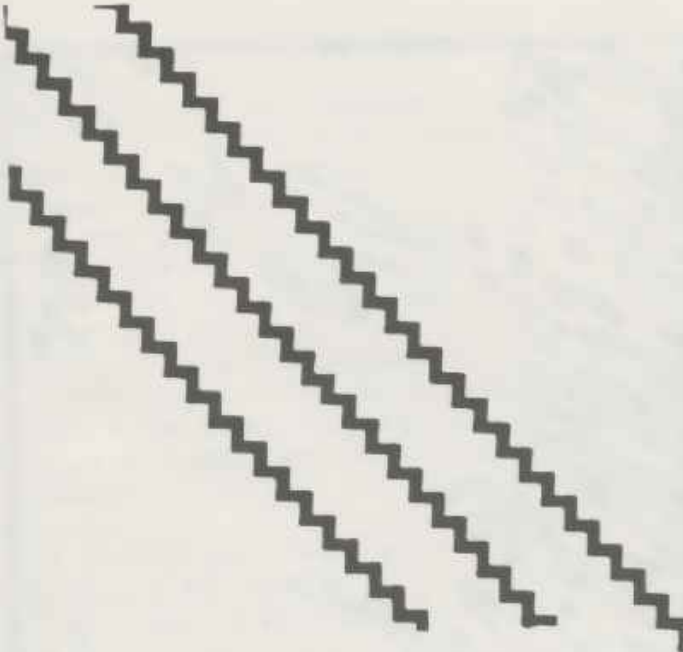
**Martha:** No thanks. (sits down) I see you brought the box out already.

**Henry:** Yes, I did. (seating himself in front of box) So, what would you like to see this time?

(LIGHTS FADE)

THE END



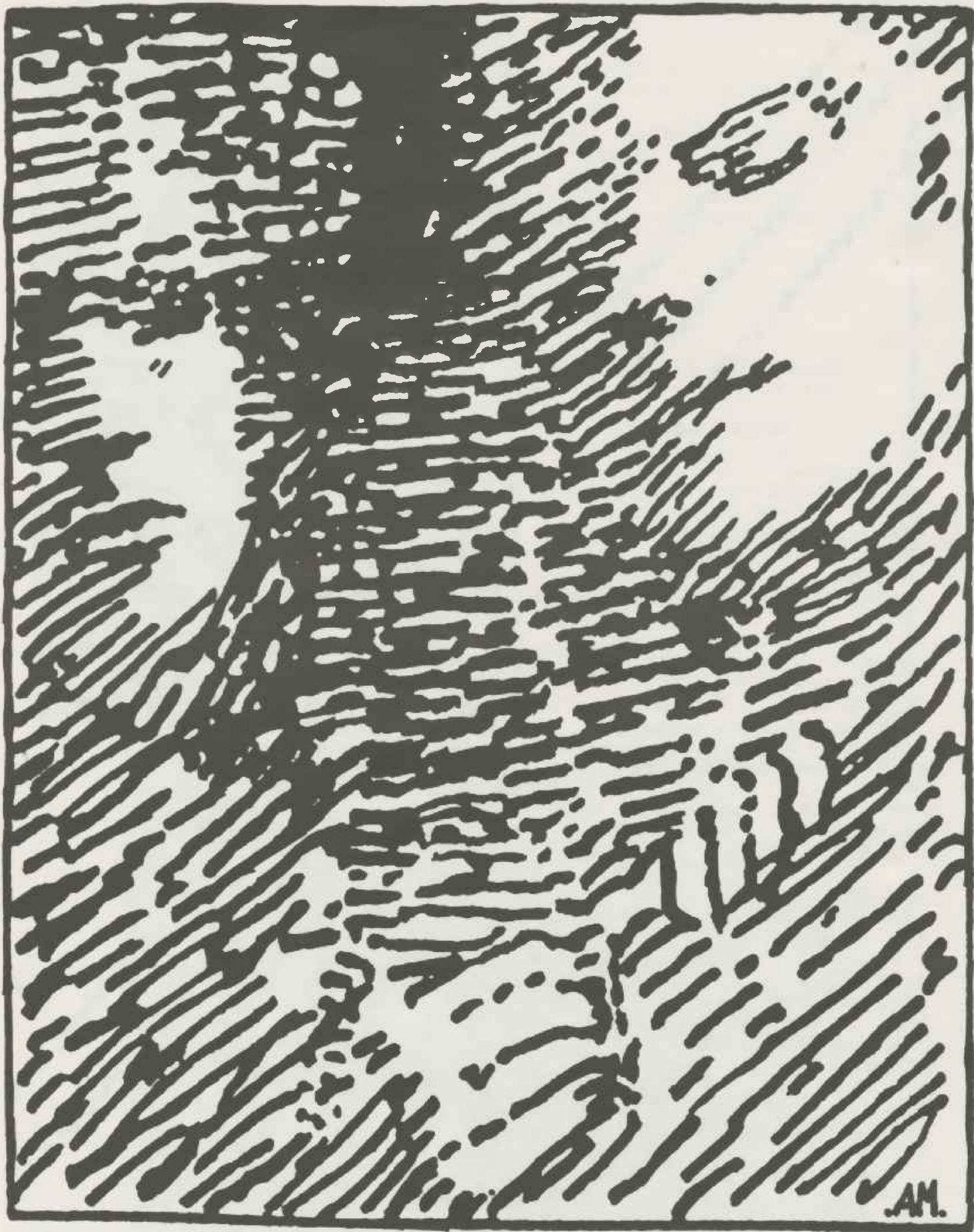


**AUTUMN LEAVES**

We unfurl  
the jade and ochre and scarlet  
of our autumn hearts.  
You envelope me  
in the warming rays  
of your morning smile.  
We giggle-leap  
into  
soft scattering  
piles of pungent  
autumn leaves.  
We tumble to the frozen ground  
drowning  
unable to catch our falling hearts.  
Just me and you outside  
and  
God's autumn light show  
raining  
down  
on  
us.  
Laughing, dancing, frolicking-  
children again:  
playing with leaves and yelping dogs and hearts.  
Your elfin smile and twinkling eyes  
light my soul  
and I shiver at the oncoming darkness.  
I draw you towards me  
in the wonderment of autumn:  
the bonfire of our raging hearts.  
We repose into the peaceful warmth  
of each other's embrace,  
fitting perfectly  
as the bleak grayness whips by  
making us cold where we aren't touching.







## FIRST LOVE

Strawberry Springtime: Face resolute  
I didn't want your yellow roses.  
Friendlier, warmer  
Mushroom Days:  
I shy from your awkward hellos.  
Backseat music-playing:  
my vanilla soul  
perched next to  
your boyish tuxedoed heart.  
We clung tender hands ashamedly  
over melting chocolate ice cream.  
Could they feel what we did?  
HELP!  
But  
I could not keep you from  
coming to my  
Watermelon Summer.

-Anya Musto

## THE BENCH

Listen: to the water gushing  
over the rocks of the  
dam the kids built this summer.

Look: at the circular ripples the  
trout leaves as it jumps up to  
catch a water bug.

Feel: the warmth of your hand as it  
encircles mine.

Experience: the disappearance of the  
world as our gazes meet;  
blue lost in hazel, hazel  
lost in blue.

-Ann Marie Wilson

## DREAM LOVER

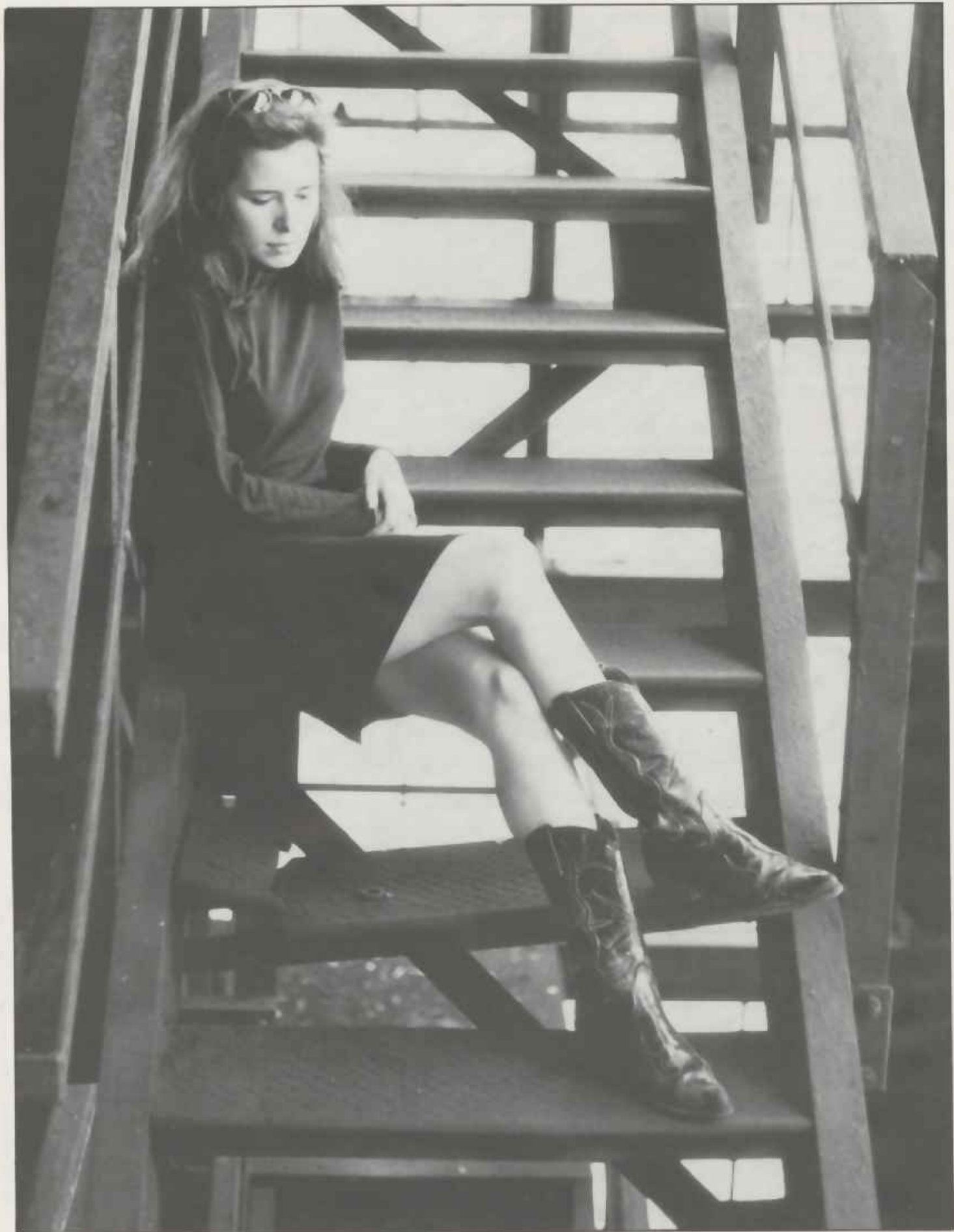
In desperate dreams when comes a storm  
I'm safe in love's embrace,  
and all the stars my pain has borne  
his tender lips erase.

The wind whips furious skies of black  
that mock me, so alone,  
Until my lover calls me back-  
his arms my second home.

His body shields the winter winds,  
His eyes, they melt the snow.  
His hands, they hold my heart within;  
His spirit owns my soul.

I acquiesce in solace sweet  
that joins two hearts as one,  
'Til morning marks his sad retreat  
and our love, as ever, gone.

-Donna Darnos



**THE BLACK WOMAN**

Cheeks of bronze, hair of darkness  
Eyes of Dawn  
Shine your ever-glowing light  
upon this existence called life

Your enchanting voice  
is like a mystery which cannot go unsolved

Oh, Black Woman with eyes of fire:  
Give me a sign  
My body aches, it pains, it throbs not knowing  
how wonderful it would be to touch, to feel,  
even to kiss for a moment

Like grains of sand in an hour glass  
slowly does it pour  
ever-reaching for fulfillment

I am like a lost traveler in a sea of time  
trying to find my way

Reach out  
let your hands touch mine

Woman of mystic powers  
body of hell and fire  
unleash your desire.

-Melvin Yancey

**BEAUTY IS:**

- long shadows of summer
- a friend that goes bump in the night
- new buds on a tree that at night appear to be Christmas lights
- friends who know you and still like you
- love
- Mom's lentil soup
- a call from home
- the new colors of spring
- a late night chat with a mug of hot chocolate and a friend to  
call all your own
- a smile from someone you love
- pizza when you're starving
- a new bud on a plant
- an honest game of tag
- a butterfly's wings in the sun
- the smell of freshly cut grass
- baby's blue eyes
- seeing a bird eating a worm

-Paulina Riera

## BOOTS

She closed the trailer door and found herself alone in darkness. The crisp wind rushed down her shirt but she felt no need to button the long black coat that loosely hung over her. "This is what it is all about," she briskly remarked as she lit her cigarette. Flashbacks from late-night flicks flooded her mind, and she saw a woman with a short imitation-fur coat and thigh-high boots counting the money in her hand and looking at her watch. Up above, a sky full of eyes looked down on her. The entire night of moments seemed to blend together, somehow becoming a distorted picture of something--not love, not hate, not ambivalence--but rather indifference. "You left your gloves inside," the voice sounded from beside her. She met his repugnant, alcohol-laced kiss with a turn and walked down the steps to his car. She dropped the cigarette on the ground and crushed it with her boot. Looking suddenly up at the stars, a cold wind crept into her numbed chest. She looked down at her watch, placed herself in the car, and spoke to no one in particular, "Take me home."

-Jill Gorman



i would go to sleep right now  
but i can't.  
perhaps it's the satin wind running through my window,  
wrapping itself around me, trying to soothe me into submission.  
or maybe it's the towering street light watching over me,  
waiting for me to fall unsuspectingly.  
or perhaps it is the endless nothingness  
that echoes inside my walls.  
but, for the sake of convenience,  
let's just call it you.

-Jill Gorman



.....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....  
 .....

COALTOWN

.....  
 A broken line trips down the ugly street  
 A stab of color on a slab of gray;  
 It flees away on ochre-tinted feet  
 Toward brighter hopes in places far away.  
 The street once bloomed with bars and gaudy signs.  
 King Coal fueled all, but all but few were poor.  
 The tired sad men trudged into the mines  
 And hacked the rock until there was no more.  
 The town is now a used-up grimy husk  
 The buildings tumble down in grim despair.  
 The phantom steps of miners in the dusk  
 Still ring in ghostly echoes on the air.  
 The road in mocking testament still passes  
 A town built on a dream which lies in ashes.  
 .....

-Peggy Charnick

ANDERSON FIELD

Beyond the lawn,  
where athletes strive  
against limitations  
of the will and of the flesh,  
a stand of trees  
redoubles anxious cries  
from those who find there  
Christ raised upon the cross.

-Jeff Johnson



JOURNEYMAN

-August 14, 1991  
Ocean City, NJ

I.

Two figures  
bobbing like gulls  
- now clearer -  
Men at play,  
riding the ocean's tide -  
lunacy in daylight!

II.

Moving, rolling  
riding the rhythm  
of wind and time  
Measured to a moment's  
scale.

III.

Taking steps on  
fluid fields,  
hoping to harvest  
life  
at depths unseen.

IV.

Tasting and breathing  
the salty smoke  
from passage rites  
inscribed on the  
soul.

V.

Turning toward the  
force  
of ocean's heaving  
breast.

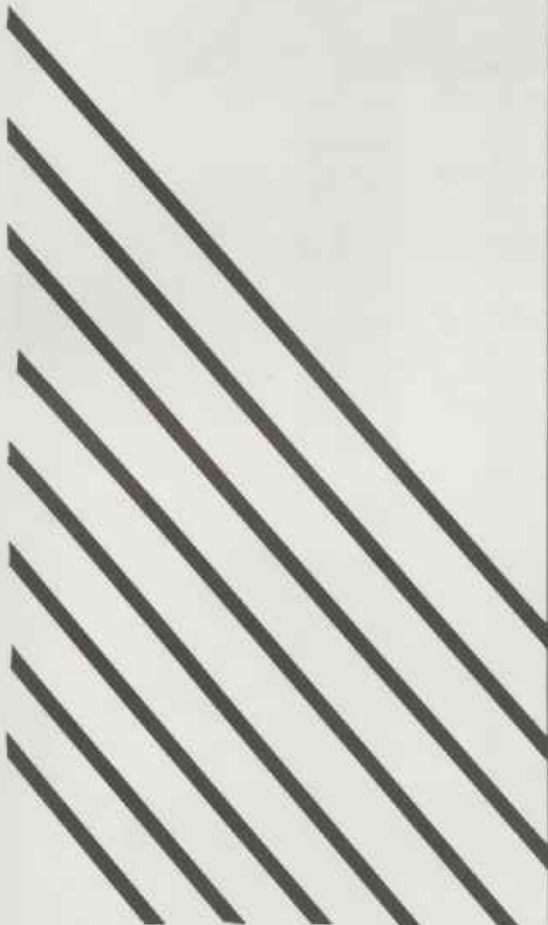
VI.

Nursed by  
Knowledge  
from caverns  
within,

VII.

Following their  
heart.

-Jim Calderone



### NIGHTMARE

#### The preparation

The mare lies in watch,  
Still for now  
Slowly the body wakes  
To the power of cruelty  
Hasten to defense!

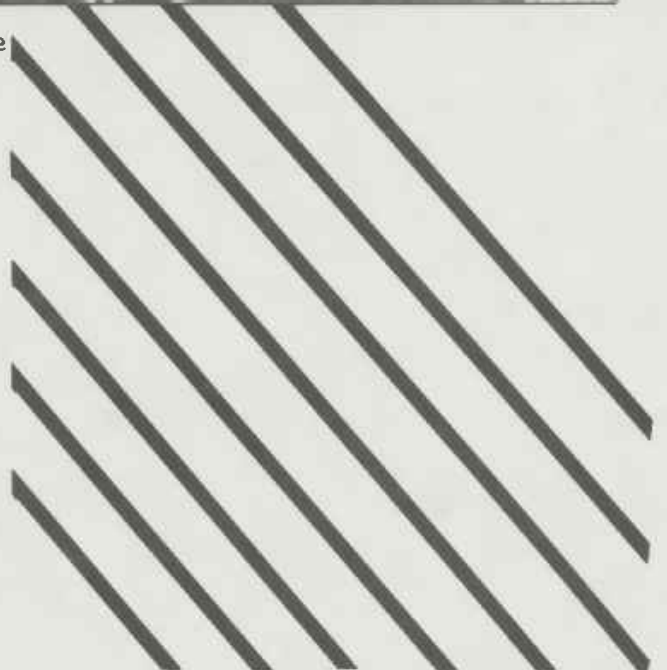
#### The point

Mirrors of the future, little shall it be  
Mares of red on tattered walls,  
Lie in wait for a stolen moment  
Breath taken, though dread be not  
For I in he, the mare runs rapid  
Exhume O' fear,  
The trounce!  
These eyes scatter, strewn to lesser  
Yet more powerful than strength  
To hope to heal I ask no longer  
Weep O' shadow and bear the burden  
Fit be not this temporal world  
Forever be on guard!

#### The triumph

Lie still vicious villain  
No home be cast  
For the next victim awaits.

-Chris Jones







The mind-is lost  
The heart-is aching  
The soul-is longing  
And my arms are reaching to you.

-Jenn Garceau