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# INSTRESS

*Journal of the Arts*

2016



*Special Edition*  
*Celebrating 50 Years of Instress*



# INSTRESS

*Journal of the Arts*

2016

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# INSTRESS

*Journal of the Arts*

## SPECIAL ISSUE CELEBRATING 50 YEARS OF *INSTRESS*

Welcome to *Instress*, Misericordia University's Journal of the Arts. We are pleased to share with the Misericordia community this special issue celebrating 50 Years of *Instress*. In addition to new works from students, faculty, and staff, we invite you to journey with us through the past fifty years of *Instress* history. Our Archival Researchers have handpicked selections from 1966 to 2015, which can be found starting on page 35. We hope you enjoy this issue as we honor the last fifty years of the arts at Misericordia.

*Instress* has been published by the students of Misericordia since December 1966. The word *instress* was coined by Jesuit priest and poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. Bernadette Waterman Ward describes *instress* thus: "Instress is an action of the will—a moral action, for good or evil. Instress is assent, to use Newman's term, to an inscape. To call out an inscape is a pleasure, though not one necessarily leading to God; . . . But the ability to see and instress inscapes is the imaginative faculty that makes love possible." *Instress* at Misericordia is therefore an opportunity of the artistic and literary imagination to make possible something—call it *love* or even *grandeur*—like the following, from Gerard Manley Hopkins' "God's Grandeur":

...  
And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights off the black West went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

# *INSTRESS STAFF 2016*

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We would like to acknowledge all those who contributed to the creation of this year's issue. We extend a special thanks to Sr. Jean Messaros, Sr. Anne Paye, and the Religious Sisters of Mercy, President Thomas Botzman, Vice President Charles Brody, our Guest Poet Vivian Shipley, Dean Russ Pottle and the College of Arts and Sciences, Jim Sabulski and the Misericordia Print Shop, the English Department, Rita Molino, Jessica Garner and her staff, and the editorial board.

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## GUEST POET: VIVIAN SHIPLEY

CSU Distinguished Professor, Vivian Shipley teaches at Southern Connecticut State University. Two new books were published in 2015: *The Poet* (Louisiana Literature Press at SLU) and *Perennial* (Negative Capability Press) which was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize. Her eighth book of poetry, *All of Your Messages Have Been Erased*, (SLU 2010) won the 2011 Paterson Award for Sustained Literary Achievement, the Sheila Motton Book Award from New England Poetry Club and the CT Press Club Prize for Best Creative Writing. In 2010, her sixth chapbook, *Greatest Hits: 1974-2010* was published by Pudding House Press. Her poem, "Foxfire," won the 2015 Hackney Literary Award for Poetry. Shipley also won the Lucille Medwick Prize from Poetry Society of America, the Robert Frost Foundation Poetry Prize, Ann Stanford Poetry Prize from USC, the Marble Faun Poetry Prize from Pirate's Alley William Faulkner Society, the Daniel Varoujan Prize from NEPC and the Hart Crane Prize from Kent State. Misericordia University was delighted to have Vivian Shipley visit our campus in 2015 where she gave a Master Class and Poetry Reading.



The following poem by Shipley, "What to Do about Sharks," is reprinted from *Hardboot: Poems, New & Old* (Louisiana Literature Press, 2010).

## WHAT TO DO ABOUT SHARKS

Vivian Shipley

1. If a hammerhead or a great white makes waves during your workshop or poetry reading, don't flap your elbows or slap at it with rolled manuscripts. Sharks thrive on visual stimulation.

2. Blow out candles. Ease away from the podium, and wait at least ten minutes before going for a light switch. Join hands to keep karma with the other poets. It's okay to recite poems you memorized in fifth grade, Joyce Kilmer, in desperation, even Longfellow.

3. Rule of thumb: it's a shark not a dolphin if it is slamming about the room, hugging, blowing air kisses. Performers, sharks are almost all instinct and no brain. Without sense of occasion, they'll crash any gig, underwater or not, from Madagascar to Malibu.

4. Being eyed by a shark can be exasperating, but don't rush or shift from foot to foot to induce motion sickness. Sharks are immune. They are, however, dyslexic. Flash cover quotes, prize-winning poems directly in front of both eyes. Better yet—stop reading. Pull your new hardback from a knapsack, and if the shark noses you with repeated sharp jabs, hit it on the snout.

5. If all else fails, sharks have a keen sense of hearing. Sing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* at the top of your lungs. Sharks have short attention spans, get bored, leave if there is no open mike. So, swing into another verse: *Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.*

# AWARD WINNERS

The following are the *Instress* Outstanding Achievement Award Winners:

## POETRY

**Award Winner:** "The Scientific Method of Loss" by Rhiannon Judge  
**Runner-Up:** "Death of the Bookworm" by Kristen Capitano

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Award Winner:** "Stories Never Known" by Kristin Kuntzman  
**Runner-Up:** "Hillside Farms - Greenhouse in Winter" by Erin Dougherty

## FICTION

**Award Winner:** "God Made You" by Sierra Krohnemann  
**Runner-Up:** "Sailing" by Angelina Morris

## ARTWORK

**Award Winner:** "Abandoned House" by Catherine Silveri  
**Runner-Up:** "Tree Nymphs" by Lefty

## HIGH SCHOOL WRITERS PRIZE

**Award Winner:** "Twinned" by Dominic Wright  
**Runner-Up:** "CNN News Stories and Burning Bodies" by Mason Crawford

# AWARD WINNER

## THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF LOSS

*A tribute to "The Birthmark" by Nathaniel Hawthorne*

Rhiannon Judge

Make an observation  
Of how foolish you've been  
Ask yourself a question  
How do you live without her?  
Construct a hypothesis  
If I had not been so blind  
Then she would still be here  
Test a procedure to see if it works  
But carrying on with life didn't work  
And drinking didn't work  
Alcohol can permeate the blood brain barrier  
But it cannot burn the guilt out of your limbic system  
Analyze your actions  
Regret every single one  
Draw the conclusion  
That the universe has punished you  
For ruining a beautiful organism  
Before you even attempted to fix her  
Physics tells us that nothing is created or destroyed  
Only changed or moved other places  
But her carbon and hydrogen and oxygen in the dirt  
Is not a comfort  
Even the weight of the elements  
Is an estimation, not a perfect whole number  
Why did you think you deserved perfection now?  
When everything and everyone you've ever touched  
Is made up of unwholeness, approximates, and almos  
Every good experiment needs repetition  
So repeat how much you miss her  
Repeat  
Repeat  
Repeat how much you miss her

# AWARD WINNER

## STORIES NEVER KNOWN



Kristin Kuntzman

# AWARD WINNER

## GOD MADE YOU

*Hate: A word for someone you love but no longer believe in.*

Sierra Krohnemann

God made you. Three words. Simple and you may say, pointless. You were never one for religion, and I was never one for tattoos. But darlin', God made you. He took the stars out of the sky and formed your deep brown eyes. He made your body out of mountains and your skin out of the sea. He found the wings of a dove and the beauty of the river; your heart being his favorite piece. I know you may not believe me, but God made you. God made you out of leftover cloth and pushpins. He made you out of computer keys and guitar strings; your voice a constant hymn. God made you out of flannel shirts and a cheap pair of Timberlands. The hands of a clock, the spring in your step. The items of everyday turned into beauty, turned into you. In the same way that God put a heart inside of steel, God made us both stubborn and needy, yet strong. I know you still may not believe me, and I know it has been a while since I've said these words, but God made you.

And what a beautiful job he did.

# AWARD WINNER

## ABANDONED HOUSE



Catherine Silveri

# AWARD WINNER

## HIGH SCHOOL *INSTRESS* WRITERS PRIZE WINNER

*High School winners chosen by Dr. Okla Elliott*

### TWINNED

Dominic Wright, Wyoming Seminary - Junior

I refuse to be cloned.

To date, I've undergone more  
surgery than any other living person  
(I have the scars  
to prove it).  
Marksmen amputated my amethyst

leg so it couldn't twin.  
I told the world my designer genes  
strawberried into fish

(you'll never know  
which fish!),

but the seeds are sterile now,  
furnaces without steel to cut,  
to cut through my amethyst  
leg and reveal that, inside,

I'm citrine  
like everybody else.

But I don't care.

At least I don't walk away like  
the walk-arounds do.

I fly above them

I will be made.

To date, I have followed your  
surgery more closely than anyone else  
(I have the stitches  
to prove it).  
I spirited away your amethyst

leg so I could twin.  
I told the world my designer jeans  
strawberried into fish

(who cares whether I know  
which fish?),

and the seeds are plural now,  
found apostrophes with steel to cut,  
to cut through your amethyst  
exoskeleton and reveal that, inside,

you think everyone else is citrine  
like you.

And you care.

But you refuse to walk around like  
the walk-aways do

because you cannot walk at all.



# AWARD WINNER

*Runner-Up*

## DEATH OF THE BOOKWORM

**Kristen Capitano**

His hand was old and wrinkled,  
But did not shake from age.  
His eyes no longer twinkled  
In a face of endless rage.

Alone at home he withered away  
Surrounded by his books.  
Dust had long come to stay  
Before anyone thought to look.

The day of defeat had finally come,  
No more excuses could be made.  
There simply was no income,  
Nor hope of any aid.

The remnants of his livelihood  
Lay meekly at his feet.  
It seemed as if they understood  
Their need was obsolete.

A hundred thousand pages  
Eager fingers would never flip.  
No covers slammed in outrages,  
Or held in suspenseful grip.

Now simply press a button  
And right before your eyes,  
Devour books just like a glutton,  
Regardless of their size.

The world of instant gratification  
Has no place for small bookshops.  
After the eBook invasion,  
Hard copy sales all dropped.

The old man quietly locked the door,  
Blocking from his sight,  
The empty shelves that would hold no more  
His life's one true delight.

# AWARD WINNER

*Runner-Up*

## HILLSIDE FARMS - GREENHOUSE IN WINTER



**Erin Dougherty**

# AWARD WINNER

## Runner-Up

### SAILING

*Wynken, Blynken, and Nod is a poem for children. It was written by Eugene Field and published in 1889.*

#### Angelina Morris

*Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew*

I woke from a deep sleep and quickly dressed trying not to make much noise. It was after midnight as we crossed the equator in the middle of the Pacific. I climbed out of the porthole, slipped into the warm water, and watched the lights of the ship grow faint as it moved on. I hadn't had time to take much with me. Deserting the ship had been a sudden decision, one of necessity. I didn't want to leave my men behind, but even all my reasoning and pleading couldn't convince them that we had to "jump ship" as we say on the high seas. I'd waited as long as I could. The water was almost up to my knees before I gave up. I threw a couple of things in a sack, grabbed a life vest, and slipped out the stern porthole while everyone was still asleep. They thought I was the crazy one. I felt their eyes rolling as I turned away, their pants soaked from the waist down, going about their duties I had assigned them.

I treaded a few meters trying to get my bearings. We were way off course. The salt had been seeping in for too long, the ship crumbling around us. Still, they didn't believe me. They were going to drown out there, sure as hell, and how was I going to explain that to the Admiral? I sighed. At least the water was warm, about eighty or so. I stared up at the sky trying to find the North Star. I had always looked for it when I was sailing or fishing and feared getting lost. The clouds were rolling in heavy and dark. The air smelled like a storm. After thirty years on the sea, I accepted it. I knew I could not survive a bad squall with just a life jacket. I reached for my bag. I pulled out a stack of pictures, already wet and fading, but there was only one I really wanted. I gazed at the others briefly before tossing them to the hungry sea, crumbs from my hand to a pitiless mouth.

My mother's likeness, solid and square; she lived back east now with her sister, both of them getting along in their own way. I sent her what I could spare. Her eyes were the last to drift under the waves.

My wife, posed with one arm raised, sepia toned roses clinging to her hair. She was dead almost twenty-five years, along with our only child. I couldn't remember her name. I had

deliberately crossed it off the back, the cursive scrawl that has so easily entangled me. The anger had let up a bit, but I could still remember burning my Bible page by page, after the telegram had been read and torn, the prophet's false words ringing in my ears. "Love is patient, love is kind." Bullshit. Love had given me less than a year of happiness, just long enough to know I would never again find what I had lost.

*Sophia.*

Her name tried to rise with the steam from beneath me. I kicked my feet and swam as far and long as I could to get away from that name. When I stopped, lungs burning, I realized my bag was gone. All of the pictures had been lost but one. I looked at it.

Petey. My brother. My tormentor. My hero. He'd enlisted in the Navy the summer before me, and the months until I joined him were the longest of my life. I sat in the recruiter's office at seventeen unable to wait anymore, listed Petey as a reference, and he'd lied, like any good brother would, to get me in. The Ensign said I was like a duck jumping into ten feet swells without a plan or a prayer. I was almost sure that that was my first real compliment. Then I got married, had a baby on the way, and got assigned to my brother's ship. I read my Bible every night, thanking God for the blessings he had given me. That's when things started to go wrong. My wife died, six months gone with a son we never named. I could have gotten leave, even during wartime if I'd wanted to see their grave, but I didn't and I never have. Then Petey took me into his cabin, the captain's cabin, and ripped out whatever was left of God in my chest.

"I'm leaving the Navy, Sam. I don't care what it takes."

I stared at him his pants so crisp, his folded hat, the lines around his mouth.

"Why?" I managed to ask. It was the only thing I could think of to say, and as it turned out, it was the last thing I ever said to him.

"I just can't do it anymore."

And he was gone. I never spoke to him again. I got his position, his rank, and a letter from my mother saying he had started crop-dusting and wanted to stay in touch. Like hell. I never wanted to see him again.

"You were my idol, my brother, my hope! I would have died for you. I would have lived for you."

All the things I wished I had said that day and never did. I'd left him with a short why and a long silence. Too many years of silence.

The picture I held now showed the two of us on our sailboat when we were about ten. The boat's name was painted on the side. *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod*, after the old nursery rhyme. I was Wynken, Petey Blynken, and Nod, we agreed, was the North Star, the guide to our one dream of sailing safely through the roughest storms. Heroes. I was hanging onto the sails, one foot over the water, while Petey was looking down, a nervous twist to his mouth. This was the face I thought of, when I thought of him at all, not the one that deserted me, betrayed me.

The storm had picked up. I told myself to move with the tides, instinct and training comforting me. One side of my life vest was being torn away by the currents, I could have pulled it closed, but I wouldn't let go of the picture. So I let the ocean take it, the bright colors streaking to the west like the setting sun I would never see again. I could paddle with the best of them, for hours if I had to, but for what? No one even knew I was missing yet, and who would come out into the storm for one lost man?

I laid on my back and floated. I swallowed a lot of water, but it didn't seem to matter. When I finally went under, it mattered even less. Tiny fish swam giddily around me until a white snake descended through the black and they scattered. It moved towards me slowly. I blinked. My eyes burned raw from the salt. It was a rope. I grabbed it and held on as I rose to the surface, gasping in the suddenly cooler air. A large ship had appeared alongside me. The sea was quiet, as still as the mill pond we had once tried to coax a breeze from. I lay panting on the deck, my red eyes trying to focus on the name I had glimpsed on the side of the ship. Was she friend or foe?

A hand pulled me up, and I looked into a face I knew well. My brother tall and straight, a bit older, but he was smiling and wearing his old captain's bars identical to my own.

"Glad to have you aboard, sailor," he said cheerfully.

"That's Sir to you," I replied, and he grinned.

"Just like old times, Sammy."

"Yeah," I paused, choking back the sea water that wanted to come up. "I'm gonna say this quick in case I'm dreaming or something, but thanks for pulling me out. I don't deserve it I guess, after not talking to you all those years. I was mad when you left, but you must have had your reasons."

His eyes shifted from mine, gray as the waves beneath us.

"I did. And Sam, I never told you or anyone I guess, but would you have believed that this sailor was afraid of the water?"

"What?" I couldn't understand. "You joined the Navy, sailed ships . . ."

"Oh, not all at once maybe. But over the years I watched. I saw underneath the waves. I always knew the sea was waiting to take me down."

Then he laughed.

"I took to the air instead. The sky's not as deep," his voice lowered. "But it sure felt it when the engine went."

I watched his eyes closely.

"But you came out here to get me. In the storm. Weren't you afraid?"

He slapped me on the back.

"I couldn't just let you sink, could I? Besides, you've been waiting a long time for me."

"Not too long," I reminded him. "I left the ship only a couple of hours ago." I grabbed his arm. "I didn't want to leave my men behind! You believe me, don't you? You'll help me

explain? Why couldn't they see the leak?"

He traced his fingers down my face, finding long grooves I never saw in the mirror.

"Petey," I whispered. "How long was I on that ship?"

"It sank a hundred years ago," he said, calmly. "Or two hundred or a thousand. Does it matter?"

I gripped his cold fingers against my cheek.

"You weren't ready to get off, Sammy, that's all. You just kept on going, kept on sailing. Some people fight the current, and they don't even realize they're doing it. They push and push until their arms get tired." He smiled and held onto my elbows, the skin wrinkled and dry. "You never did want to get out of the water."

I thought for a moment.

"So if I'm dead, why did you pull me out? I wouldn't have drowned."

He looked down at the dark sea.

"There are lots of different ways of going under," he said and pointed ahead. "Look!"

I gazed out over the ocean, smooth as our mother's hands. I could see the other side of the storm. We were in the eye. The waves ahead were roiling, waiting patiently for the white ship.

"Will we make it through, Petey?" I asked softly, watching his face drift backwards to ten and eight and younger still.

"Look up!"

I did. I saw the North Star right above us. Our third sailor, Nod, waving us on. My voice, as it rose to meet my brother's, sounded young and very far away.

So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod



# AWARD WINNER

*Runner-Up*

TREE NYMPHS



Lefty

# AWARD WINNER

## Runner-Up

### HIGH SCHOOL *INSTRESS* WRITERS PRIZE RUNNER-UP

*High School winners chosen by Dr. Okla Elliott*

#### CNN NEWS STORIES AND BURNING BODIES

##### Mason Crawford, Tunkhannock Area High School - Junior

Tyler Clementi, 18,  
jumped from the George Washington bridge.  
Drawn in by the Hudson's siren love song,  
spit out on the banks of a muddy bay,  
Victim from start to finish.

Matthew Shepard, 21, abducted and dragged into a field.  
Beaten and hung on display  
for transgressions we would normally call Love,  
mistaken for a scarecrow.  
Turned to ash,  
his name was all they could salvage

Leelah Alcorn, 16,  
walked into the oncoming  
winter metal of a tractor-trailer  
fettered to her Biblical upbringing  
alone she wrote:  
"My death needs to mean something."

Yaz'min Shancez, 31,  
lit on fire  
left to die behind a dead end dumpster  
her dignity scraped from the concrete  
a fallen soldier in the war no one knows they're fighting until it's too late.

The world doesn't know how dangerous it is to be us.

Coming out of the closet should not be a shock.  
It should not be a car crash, a twisted metal face;



too many kids crash into the fists of their loved ones,  
hung lifeless in the fields they ran through as children.  
Mothers rejecting their babies,  
dirty and unwanted.

CNN strips stories from lifeless bodies  
to let the world see their sins.

It's true, we may never love the way this world wants us to.  
But we are not the definitions you have written all over us.

I am not lisp and girly clothes  
I am not weak wrists and show tunes

Will the world only know my name when I am killed for this poem?

Florida and Wyoming,  
can you smell their flesh burning.  
New York,  
Do you look into the water and still see his face?  
Ohio? Social media sucked up her story like a cyclone  
and dropped it just as quickly.

Every day we face a silent war  
our tiny victories in big courtrooms  
make us forget how badly we are losing it.  
In 2014, we lost 25  
How many will go this year?

Tyler Clementi  
Matthew Sheppard  
Leelah Alcorn  
Yaz'min Shancez

I have not forgotten you.

Our orientation is not our gender.  
Our ability to love does not change who we are.

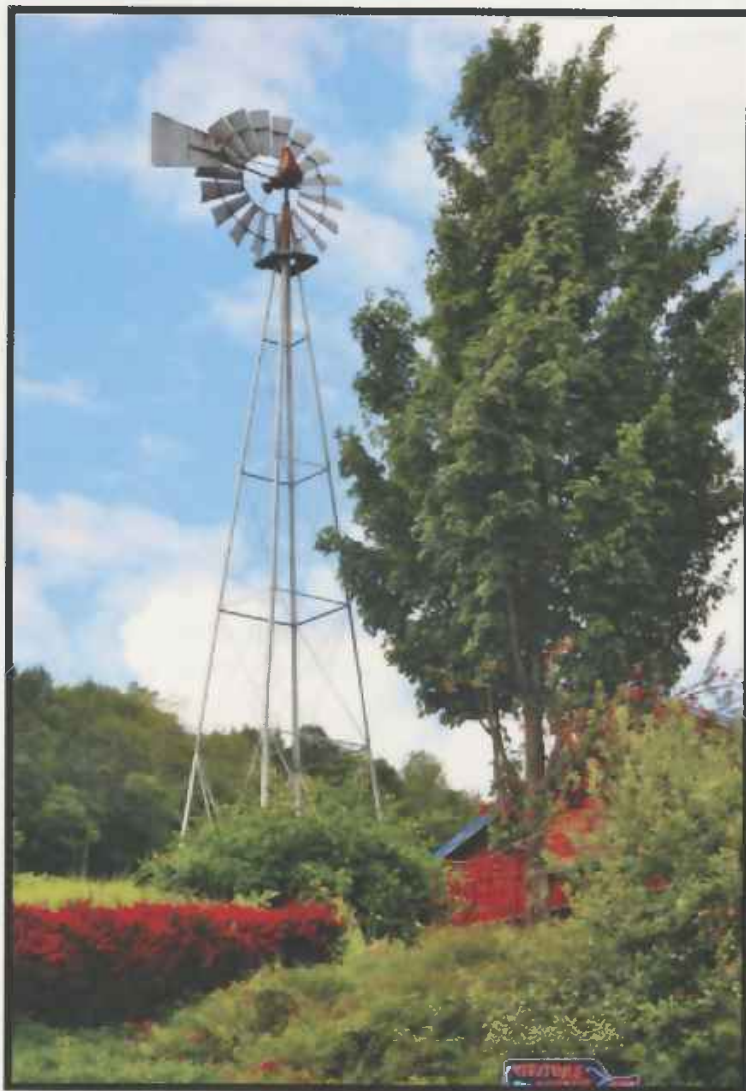
They will call us the kids  
who came out wrong.  
Scarecrows,  
nameless until death,  
the world will finally know our names  
we wear them with pride

I will not die for this poem.

My name is Mason, 16, chin up, walking through the ash.

I am still surviving,  
I am still here to remember all your names.

THE RUSTED WINDMILL



Kayla Stephani

## CRYSTAL LAND

Jeremy Kuba

I awoke to a luminous room  
Grasping the covers to feel entombed  
The light from the window reflects the snow  
My breath visible, to my woe

I hurry to be ready, expecting the worst  
With one step outside I instinctively cursed  
Yet I stood in wonder and awe,  
I wished the crystal land would cease to thaw

The chills' bite is strong  
And the birds seemed to lose their song  
Yet through the silence there is overwhelming light,  
This alone shows nature's benevolent might

ENTER IF YOU DARE



Nicolette Bagoly

## FORMS

*Plato's Forms; the perfect version of our being*

### Lefty

It's better to take that last breath and give it back—  
let it seep deep into this winter's finest solid-cold soil.  
Let the oceans that never settle and stir in the cage leak out and give life.  
Let it take root,  
re-grow.  
So when you're sad you can look for her  
in the deepest roots of the trees,  
bending gently,  
underneath your bootsoles,  
with these leaves of grass as proof that she is  
happy for every sprout that springs from her ashy soul;  
happy to do the dance that feels unlike pain and more like a cosmic give-and-take.

## NO END IN THOUGHT

Jacob Schweiger

Alone I ever sit upon this eternal rock,  
Fist pressed firmly into forehead,  
Nails leaving deep grooves in my palm,  
Waiting to unlock just one door,  
Come to one conclusion,  
I do not want to think anymore

My days are spent both reading and feeling the world,  
Nothing new written in worn out notebooks,  
The ink has smeared but it is no matter,  
These thoughts have been thought before,  
Like church bells they will ring in my ears again,  
In my head on blessedly restless Sunday mornings

But once in my life I was told by someone whom I loved,  
"I like you more when you do not think,"  
I laughed and swallowed the pain of being misunderstood,  
Like a child swallows cough syrup,  
And like cough syrup her words did nothing,  
My cough persists still, a wretched beast to kill

Hands over ears and I am rocking back and forth,  
My mind's been locked for years in a wood way up north,  
Anytime of day when I stare off into space,  
Just know I've gone away to the one place I feel safe  
Is it possible to stop my thinking without a thought itself?  
My thought is the only part of me that I value,  
That is why I never took up drinking,  
Preferring rather to sit starry eyed under a starless sky,  
My answers are the stars behind the clouds,  
Knowing they are there is not the same as seeing them

Do not think me insane because you do not understand,  
If you have never sat motionless on a stump,  
Watching a slug wriggle its way across a branch,  
And asked yourself, "Why?"  
Then perhaps it is you who is missing out,  
You think you understand what you do not

Please follow me into the trees,  
Climb a tree and sit with me in the woods I call a home,  
Whistle to the birds and they will come,  
Answering only in song,  
And when they give you enough to think about,  
Come down and join me with head in hands,  
Finally lost in a way that someone else understands

## TRANSITIONS



Christine Zopf



## THE MOVEMENT OF DEATH

**Brianna Kominiak**

Snow, dappled with the glow  
Of pale light amongst the sky  
Pitless ink in endless flow  
Stars beginning to die

Movement brings pain  
Numbness comes from ice  
Cold like one that was slain  
Waiting for you to pay the price

Ahead of me lies still  
Choking, heated breath  
I scrape up the frozen hill  
Shrouding my soul from death

I finally scale the cliff,  
Where the peak falls deep  
Body growing stiff  
I lay where I fell and weep

A WINDOW TO THE WORLD



Elena Uribe

## REMEMBRANCE DAY

*Dedicated to my grandfather, the strongest man I ever knew*

**Matthew Gromala**

The Old Man shuffles along.  
He has walked this route most of his ninety years.  
At every turn, memories lie in ambush.  
There is his childhood home, so many years spent under that roof.  
Suddenly he is seven again, and the mine foreman is at the door, explaining that Father was  
not coming home.  
Down the road a ways was once the woods he and his friends played, now expensive  
condominiums.  
They staged mock battles among those trees, never imagining they would one day grow up  
and see the true horrors of war.  
But the one tree that truly matters lay just ahead.  
The one he and his wife had carved their names upon, when they were just young lovers.  
His wife,  
His heart.  
His Everything.  
Lillian.  
It will be five years in June that she has been gone.  
Now he walks this route alone.  
The Old Man shuffles along.

**DEAL GONE WRONG**



**Matthew Hinton**

## FADED TATTOO

Lauren Hayden

On my 16th birthday, I had my first kiss.  
I smiled for hours in unadulterated bliss.  
On my 18th birthday, I got a tattoo,  
A heart for me and a heart for you,  
Intertwined on my skin, for there it would stay.  
I didn't care that I was a walking cliché.  
On my first day of college, you gave me your hat,  
"For the winter," you said. "I don't need it back."  
On my 21st birthday, we shared a bottle of wine,  
So blessed and so happy that you were mine.  
For Christmas, you gave me your favorite guitar.  
"Learn how to play it; it will take you far."  
On Valentine's Day, you gave me a ring,  
"You're my forever, my everything."  
You were the light of my life, my sun in the dark.  
The beauty after sadness, the key to my heart.  
On March 23rd, 2013,  
I woke in a panic, like I'd had a bad dream.  
I called you to hear the sound of your voice,  
But instead, your mom answered. She had no choice.  
"Hi, sweetheart," she said in a low, concerned tone.  
"Cindy? What's happened?" I clenched onto my phone.  
"There's been an accident, honey." I held back the tears,  
For she'd confirmed my deepest of fears.  
"He didn't make it. He died at the scene."  
*Was this actually happening?* I needed to scream.  
My body started heaving in hard, heavy moans,  
Then sobs, then yelling till I felt it in my bones.  
*What the hell, God? Why him? Why me?*  
This was not the way things were supposed to be.  
I sat at your funeral with my head bowed down.  
I couldn't look at the casket; I couldn't look at your frown.  
I clenched my wrist with the heart tattoo.  
It was supposed to last forever, just like me and you.  
Well that didn't happen; you left my side.  
You were my confidant, my hero. I could have been your bride.  
Now all I have left is an empty bottle of wine,  
A hat with two holes along the bottom line,  
A guitar with old strings in need of a tune,  
A ring on my finger and a faded tattoo.

## THOUGHTS FROM AN EMPTY BED

Connor Swagler

Skin so soft Satan stripped satin from Earth for paling in comparison,  
Lips that kiss with such bliss I reminisce on a time that doesn't even exist,  
Eyes with so much surprise they take lies to produce cries,  
Hands that I can hold while her story is told and by the end my heart is sold,  
Her arms carry away all harm and any cause for alarm,  
I take my time with each sweet peck I land on her neck until I hit the correct spot,  
I look at her intensely until she realizes it means to kiss me,  
She has a special power to make three hours feel it were three days,  
Maybe if I pray she'll stay another day,  
Either way I hope she ends up in my arms.

HOME



Catherine Silveri

## THE EMPTY NEST

Rita Molino

Each morning, her children sit nearby as she puts on her make-up  
And she wonders if they know just how much she loves them.

This is quality time for them as they discuss their events for the day  
There's school, work, activities, and a multitude of errands.

Yet, each day when she leaves the house for work and locks the door  
She thinks about the end of the day when she will once again see them.

The workday is over and she walks in the door and what does she see?

A stained-glass water color image painted by her twin son  
She sees him still creating the design with his hands holding a paint brush.

She goes to her bedroom to change into evening stay-at-home clothes  
Her twin daughter's framed grade school artwork and poetry capture her attention.

It's time to make dinner and as she enters the kitchen  
More pictures hold two digital images with poetry from her older son.

I've got some really talented children, she thinks  
I'm glad I'm spending the time showing them how to be creative.

Then reality sets in and she begins to cry  
They've all left and she doesn't understand why.

It's the empty nest syndrome,  
She forgets she also taught them how to fly!





Melanie Quintanilla

## **YOUR HOOVES KEEP ME STRONG**

**Jennifer Mathiesen**

The sound of your hooves moving so fast,  
makes me wish this feeling would last.  
But I know soon you will tire,  
leaving me to just desire.

Pulling the reins to make you slow,  
back to reality we must go.  
I find my eyes beginning to tear,  
I cannot stop my fear.

In the saddle I feel so tall,  
but on the ground I feel so small.  
There's one thing that gets me through,  
knowing that you will always be you.

I find myself looking in your eyes,  
and all I can see are blue skies.  
I know you will never lead me wrong,  
and that is what keeps me strong.

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## CELEBRATING *INSTRESS*: 50 YEARS AND COUNTING

Matthew Nickel, PhD

When we think of Misericordia, we don't often say the words *artistic, creative, poetic*. Instead, our university has been branded something entirely different in recent years. Yet, the arts have endured—as the human heart has endured—through the endless economic and social turmoils of the world. Thus, it is with great pleasure that we are able to reflect through *Instress* the creative achievements of our students. It is our job as professors to bring out and encourage those talents, especially when they seem to have no utilitarian value. For this is the mark of the liberal arts, since antiquity, to create the opportunity for individual freedom through artistic endeavors, a freedom not necessarily from a particular iron cage, but a general intellectual freedom from the confines of ignorance, from the isolation of self. It is then, through creativity and the freedom of expression, that our students can achieve a more full education of the person, or—shall we say—of the soul. We hope you enjoy our celebration of 50 Years of *Instress*, 50 years of creativity that marks the enduring strength of Misericordia's liberal arts.

## A “GREAT SOURCE OF STRENGTH”: A CONVERSATION IN FIFTY YEARS

Leah Santucci

In August of 2015, I had the pleasure of meeting someone I never expected to meet during my time at Misericordia University. Her name might not strike the current community of Misericordia as familiar, but she means a lot to the history of our journal of the arts. With the intention of celebrating fifty years, *Instress* staff went on a journey to discover its past. We would like to share our findings with all of those who are still reading and contributing to *Instress*.

As I sat down in the Game Room of the Mercy Center, Sister Anne Paye, RSM, welcomed all my questions about the founding of *Instress* nearly fifty years ago. Sister Anne had been a professor at College Misericordia when she started the literary journal for the students. Cozied up in a pink sweater with a cardigan thrown across her lap, she immediately wanted to get down to business: she emphasized that “*Instress* became a vehicle for students.”

Having received her PhD in Mass Communications from Syracuse University, Sister Anne mainly taught Journalism and was in charge of Publicity for the college. She came up with the idea for a magazine during one of her journalism classes, and she asked her students to contribute as part of an assignment. Thus, *Instress* was born in December of 1966. I listened to Sister Anne as she described the original size of the publication. The 7”x9.5” size of the 2015 edition, which had stationed itself between Sister Anne’s fingertips during this visit, seemed incredibly miniscule compared to the original 11”x14” measurements.

In the 1960’s, College Misericordia did not have the convenience of a print shop down the road on Lake Street as it does today. Instead, Sister Anne spoke of the makeshift rooms she referred to as “The Press Room” and “The Dark Room,” where she developed photographs. The Press Room was not only where *Instress* came alive, but it was also where *Miss Recordia*, the original student newspaper, was published. Unlike our current annual edition, *Instress* was initially printed twice annually. Because there were numerous contributions, Sister Anne had no choice but to publish multiple times. Thus, notice that in our proceeding pages, we have indicated publication year instead of numbered edition.

When Dr. Matthew Nickel and I first went to The Sister Mary Carmel McGarigle Archives, located on the third floor of the Mary Kintz Bevevino Library, our visit set in motion a quest to read through all of the editions in order to capture the essence of *Instress*. The original publications consisted of several genres including poetry, essays, and book reviews. As we traveled through the decades, we noticed how things changed. Submissions became more introspective and dark; art throughout the 1970’s adopted a distinctive groovy look; and sketchings were the predominant art form of the 1980’s. Above all else, the expressive simplicity of the publication was apparent.

A persistent theme throughout the history of *Instress* has been the curiosity about the name itself. The term “instress” comes from the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. Sister Anne Paye had studied Hopkins’ work during her time at Catholic University, where she received her MA. She saw his poetry crafted with words of beauty that were unlike pieces we would see in today’s poetry. Sister Anne claimed his poems presented argumentative verses which required

her to study logic. A longer piece on Gerard Manley Hopkins can be read from the original publication of *Instress* on page 42.

When asked if she found it surprising that *Instress* has been an annual part of Misericordia's history for so long, Sister Anne's answer was one word: *no*. She believes that the journal was meant to become a "great source of strength" through its "recognition of talents and skills" of the students. It was meant to be an inspiration, and that is exactly what it has become.

The university has changed a lot in fifty years, with new programs, new professors, different buildings and colleges, but what has remained is a unique creative talent among the students and faculty at Misericordia. While reading through this current edition celebrating 50 years, we hope that the poems and stories and photos and artwork spark the reader's intellect, causing a great deal of reflection. We embarked on a fifty-year-old journey in order to focus the Misericordia community on the creative force in our university, and we hope you all enjoy our heritage.

We would like to extend special thanks to Jessica Garner and her staff, Sister Anne Paye, RSM, and Sister Jean Messaros, RSM, for the knowledge and assistance they shared with us in order to make this 50 Years of *Instress* section possible.

*The materials reprinted in the 50 Years of Instress section are credited to The Sister Mary Carmel McGarigle Archives at The Mary Kintz Bevevino Library, Misericordia University, Dallas, PA.*



## EDITORIAL

### Instress Editors (1966)

The name *Instress* has been regarded as a curiosity by many who have come into contact with this magazine since its inception some two months ago. Instantly recognizable to any serious student of English poetry, the word has been construed by those unaware or forgetful of Gerard Manley Hopkins as everything from acid indigestion to mental fatigue. The term "instress" is neither.

Hopkins coined the word in his search for terms to identify the distinctive reality of things in the universe in their relation to the observer, and he used it in several of his poems and throughout his notes and correspondence. Unfortunately he never defined it, but critics have ferreted out somewhat vague definitions for us to study.

According to W.A.M. Peters, "instress" is the actualization or realization of the essential energy of an object, and the manner in which it effects the human observer. Alan Heuser, another critic, defines "instress" as the experience or presence of a depth of feeling, emotion or influence brought on by the distinctive reality of a thing—including its essence, accidents and all its connotations.

For the purpose of a magazine title, however, it may be defined as a term expressing a brief, deep *experience* by which the observer (in this case, reader) shares in the reality and essence of a creation and by doing so, realizes an aesthetic union with the creator.

Thus the title: a magazine through which the reader can share the enjoyment of a creation with the author or originator of the creation. More important, the reader may be moved by the experience to create still another work through which others may share with him, and so on—*ad infinitum*.

Since the meaning of the name of the magazine *Instress* has been explained, the next question might be "Why the dedication to Hopkins?" Granted, the magazine has not been so dedicated merely because it borrowed Hopkins' word as its title. Both title and dedication converged at once to the originators of the idea for this publication, and seemed to make a great deal of "sense." A standard was needed for the content of *Instress*, and what more excellent standard than that of Gerard Manley Hopkins?

In his poetry, Hopkins was daringly creative for his time. His rhythms, compound words and knife-sharp images avalanche the thoughts and senses of his readers. What better model for creative efforts? His poetry is bold, fresh, strong, deep and essentially religious. What better standard for expression in this age of renewal?

The most important factor in this consideration of Hopkins as the model for creativity is the strict, conscious adherence to discipline that is evidenced in his poetry and his life. His daring words were tempered by tight metrical patterns. His life of genius was tempered by taut control and voluntary discipline. It is for this reason that *Instress* is dedicated to Gerard Manley Hopkins, and to the idea of creativity which it hopes to foster—his standard of *daring* within *discipline*.

Within these pages, there is the hope to present new and daring thoughts, ideas and



approaches to the world at large, always polished by the service of discipline—of mind and of medium. May the readers of this magazine not only experience the “instress” of what it presents, but go on to unprecedented creative heights within their discipline and find their way to enlighten and enrich each other through the pages of *Instress*.

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In this, our first issue, we announce our policy. *Instress* is open to contributions from students in the field and medium of their choice. All material will be presented in the general categories of literature, art, criticism and comment. The staff and editors of *Instress* plan to publish twice this scholastic year, increasing publication to quarterly issues during the 1967-68 year if contributions warrant this.

The purpose of *Instress* is to inspire and provoke constructive original thinking among its reading public. A reader may not always agree with an article, but at least he may take the time to wonder *why* he disagrees. Debate is expected and hoped for; letters to the editor are eagerly awaited.

## A NOTE ON HOPKINS

Elizabeth Durland (1966)

Gerard Manley Hopkins was a traditionalist turned innovator, a Victorian turned almost modern. His works are like a transitional sentence—necessary to the completion of a whole, awkward in isolation.

The picture of Hopkins' life is one of ecstatic agony—a paradox. A lover of diversity, sensitive to the physical world about him almost to the point of sensuousness, he nevertheless subjected himself to the ascetic regimen of the religious life and its disciplines. The result was a constant struggle between the physical and the spiritual. Outwardly, he reveled in the physical beauty of nature; inwardly, he battled scrupulosity, melancholia, and a certain self-dissatisfaction.

The decision to convert from Anglicanism to Catholicism was a major factor in the formation of the poet, and the decision to become a Jesuit priest broadened and heightened his scope of experience. But with this experience came a self-imposed renunciation of poetry: Hopkins burned his early poems, written while a student at Oxford, and vowed to write no more unless commanded by his community. A superior's request that he write something to mark the occasion of the drowning of the five Franciscan nuns resulted in, "The Wreck of the Deutschland," and the rebirth of Hopkins, the poet.

Hopkins was many things: priest, teacher, poet, scholar, artist, student of music. His poetry, aside from its innovational qualities, is an amalgamation of the spiritual, intellectual, and artistic. The descriptive minutiae contained in his letters and journals evidence his power and ability to give intellectual form to sense perception.

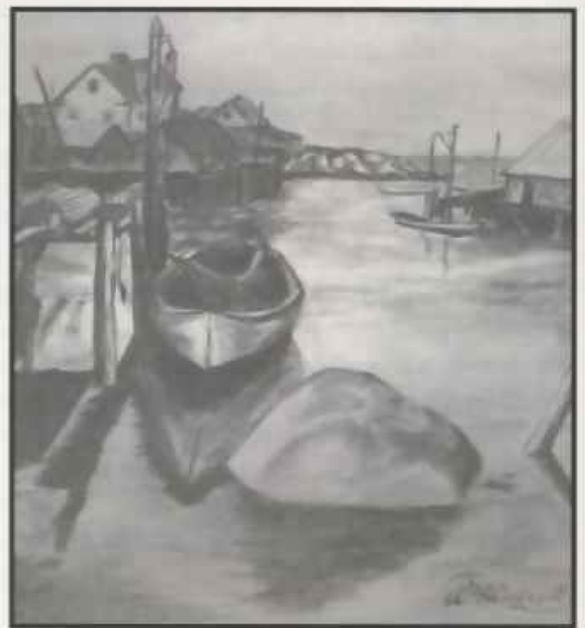
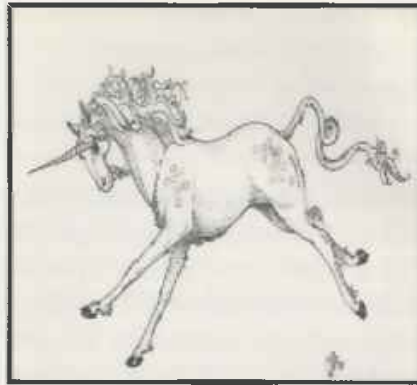
Although his discoveries in the techniques of poetics were not in themselves new to the English language, they did have an evolutionary effect on later poetry. Few understood the value of Hopkins' work until after his death in 1889. During his lifetime he remained a misunderstood, and misunderstanding, poet. As Harold Whitehall has stated, Hopkins was a victim of "artistic loneliness—loneliness no measure of good will could ever dissipate . . ."

It was many years after his death that his poems were published by a lifetime friend and correspondent, Robert Bridges. A poet himself, Bridges dismissed most of Hopkins' theories, but, fortunately, not his poetry. Hopkins explained his theories of "running" and "sprung rhythm" in his journals and letters, and practiced them in his poetry. Coventry Patmore, unknown to himself and to Hopkins, had presented the same basic metrical thesis in his "Essay on English Metrical Law."

Although Hopkins' poetry may appear difficult and unusual at times, it is as disciplined as was the poet, and adheres basically to traditional poetic and metrical forms. His genius manifests itself in the richness of language, the variety and use of poetic and rhetorical devices, and in his renovation of fourstress Anglo-Saxon and medieval metrical patterns.

To the contemporary reader, the most important facet of Hopkins' life is that of poet. Doubtless, his poetry would not be what it is had he not been what he was. He fused his artistic and intellectual genius into a force directed always toward the glorification and adoration of God. According to Whitehall, it was "his ordination of himself to God and his ability to see Christ in all things, that enabled him to attain the depth of insight and the height of poetic expression which are the hallmarks of his genius."

1  
9  
6  
6  
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1  
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7  
5



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:  
**Marilyn Reiff** (1996)  
**Mary Jane Rienhart '76** (1975)  
**Norma Meyer** (1966)  
**Katie Coulton** (1967) **GIRL**  
**Anna Fabian** (1971)  
**Mary Bedrin** (1968)  
**Jean Harcharik** (1966) **FISHING VILLAGE**

## BLACK

Karen Carter (1967)

“Black is bone with muscle of grey.  
Black-blue blood from primitive prey.”  
Sing your sorrows, outcast soul,  
Relinquish hold on wise white goals.

Bold, bolder, boldest be  
With tight clenched fists—  
To be free!—To be free!

Hate is not *your* implement;  
Hate is wise white’s fear for self.  
Strive, struggle, strain, believe  
Strength and patience will win the siege.  
Believe! Be strong. Believe!

## ONE THIRTY-FIVE A.M.

Agnes Toloczko (1968)

In anger you aim your silence  
or your logic—  
as deadly both.  
And I, in a stupor,  
stand soundless  
as you strike.

Somehow your weakness becomes  
my sin, and I feel the need  
to beg forgiveness of your  
impeccable, rational  
constancy . . .  
A blight on your damned constancy!

## JOURNEY TO

Elizabeth Durland (1967)

When Spring came green and flowers blew  
Among the moss-downed rocks beneath  
The willows' dripping, dropping arms,  
The water of the stream was blue  
And bright as children's eyes. The new  
Sun struck with forgers' strength against  
The hammered-silver surface of  
The water's body. But I knew  
Spring's tricks and stepped warily.  
Lovely it was, young and free,  
And for a moment my heart tripped.  
The season would vanish soon  
In a Phoenix flight into time  
And I could only wish it mine,  
Await its fleeting, fire-touched return,  
That naiad Spring that made me yearn  
To embrace the silken ice of fire—  
Drenched form, and drown in careless  
Ecstasy.

So I am wise  
To Spring's ways, quickly turn my eyes  
Away from trembling invitation  
And walk my path in lone formation,  
Into Autumn—perhaps beyond.

## FOLLOW THE CLASSICAL ROADS

Mavourneen Connelly (1966)

My lines seem far from Byronesque,  
My Shakespeare likeness nil;  
My compound words are Hopkins-less  
No matter how I drill.

And Frost would be appalled at how  
I smote his lovely wood.  
With much thought on their labors long,  
I came, I saw, **THEY** stood.



## TWO MINUTES

Maureen O'Brien (1967)

this is absolutely the last time i let myself oversleep it's 7:25 and i have to be at work at 7:30 all the way over to cheney street how do i make it in 5 minutes god it's cold i forgot my gloves if i cut across maple street i can get to the road faster two minutes left good grief starting tomorrow never again that reminds me i've got to get my winter coat out tomorrow good grief there's ice on the side of the road but i've only got a minute this is ridiculous if i slip on this ice i'll look like a fool it's 7:29 hey where'd that car come from my god he really hit me but i'm alright somebody give me a hand i'm late i can't get up isn't someone gonna help me up i've gotta get to work where's my mother that's stupid she's home here comes someone listen would you just help me up it's awfully slippery here and i . . . here come some more people why are they just standing here honestly can't you hear me ok i'll get up myself honestly but it's too slippery boy am i gonna be late today if just one of them would simply give me a hand all these people what's the matter with them here comes someone thank god it's my father hey dad what's the matter with these people can't they see i've gotta go to work gee dad would you just . . .

but my father's dead he's helping me up and and leading me on to the grass gee dad he's smiling behind us there's a group of people standing around someone on the ground they're covering her with a blanket but my father's dead he's asking me to come with him dad where have you been i'll come it's 7:30



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Reads left to right, starting with upper left:

**Andrea Palencar** (1979)

**Dr. Stevan Davies** (1983)

**TENNESSE WILLIAMS**

**REINCARNATED AS THE**

**SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH**

**Mary V. Sweeney '79** (1976)

**Lee Herschberger** (1981)

**Karen Lukowski '76** (1976)

**Chris Nulton '79** (1977)

**Richard James Howe** (1976)



**Mary Beth Olsavsky '78 (1978)**

The youthful writer  
criticized, admired.  
Radical thoughts, ideas, desired.

Crusader of truth  
In search of the finite ways of life,  
When will you ever learn  
your thoughts are too ideal.

You are a dreamer in flight,  
A harbor with light,  
Searching endlessly for answers untold.

As they look with disdain,  
Your thoughts still remain,  
woven within.  
dreamer . . . Dream.  
searcher . . . Search.

**Susan Gedritis '82 (1979)**

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

**ONCE LOVE**

**Rosanne Griffin (1985)**

Like the scarf you gave me,  
That I once wore loosely about my neck,  
I've folded up our love,  
Put it in my keepsake drawer—  
    Behind dried carnations.  
    In the back.



Arnie Garinger (1977)

Ain't it a shame that I'm afraid to try and write a poem  
for fear you'll laugh or smirk at me and the void that's my dome?  
Why shouldn't I be free to share the feelings I possess  
with those who care and those who love and cheers to all the rest?  
You can see it daily in the masks called faces with eyes so politic,  
"If I let them know how I really feel, they'll cut me to the quick."  
A smile to your face, a sneer at your back—a commonplace event;  
who is friend and who is foe? Our humanity seems spent.  
Most folks write and put it in a drawer where no one else can see;  
the further I go, the more I'm sure that that's where this should be;  
still I see so many who want to share themselves with us—  
but they've been shot down so much, their fears are ponderous.  
"What can I do," some say to me, "I'd love to help my neighbor,"  
But "I'm not bright," or "I'm not deep," or "I'll get hurt for  
all my labor."

Do you really believe that you have to be "something special" to help?  
Can't you see that the smallest soul can make his presence felt?  
I know the solution, I try it myself, despite a frequent rebuff,  
for you can't just stop when you turn some off—you must be a  
trifle tough.

I'll give you the answer here and now; try it if you dare:  
For each little person in this big world, Care, for God's  
sake, Care!

Veronica Keirans (1979)

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

## COLLEGE LIFE ON THIRD FLOOR ALUMNAE

Marilyn Albert '79 (1976)

Turn down the music, it's too loud!  
I have to study. (I'm not proud)  
I'm half asleep, my eyes are red.  
There's not a brain left in my head.

Led foot Leonard, alias Pat,  
There to help us and ask "How's that?"  
"Miss Timinski," our little Beth  
Looks at our tongues and smells our breaths.

The phone rings, "Hey is that for me?"  
You've a new dress—do let me see.  
Can I borrow your History notes?  
Do you remember all those quotes?

Going to supper? Or is it too late?  
Nope. I'm trying to lose some weight.  
Have to cram for an exam this week  
Oh! Darn these shoes, they're bound to squeak.

Bedlam from somewhere on the floor  
So you go pounding on their door.  
A mini party greets you there  
"Have some popcorn—don't despair."

The saying is "Let's be cool, man,"  
Number thirty—she surely can.  
Some yodel, some snore, some cry, some sing,  
Some will giggle over anything.

Bathrobes are gone with much mischief,  
And you're left clothed with no fig leaf.  
Come, let's throw her in the shower  
And clothe her next in lots of powder.

How the snow falls down upon us!  
(Causes some to get bronchitis),

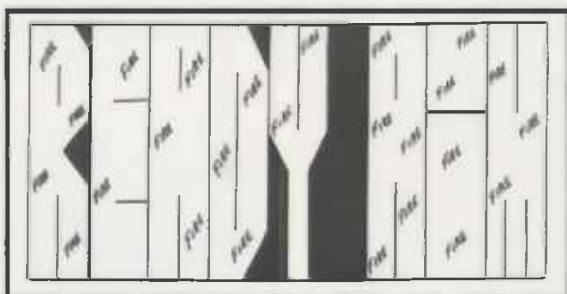
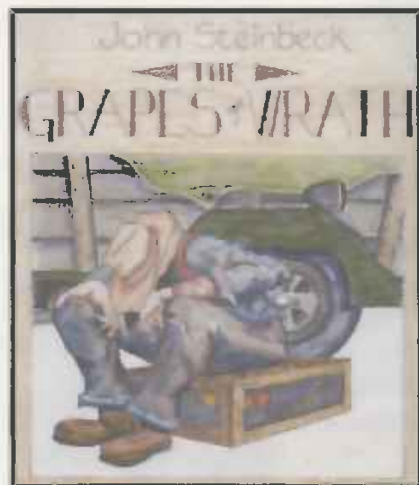
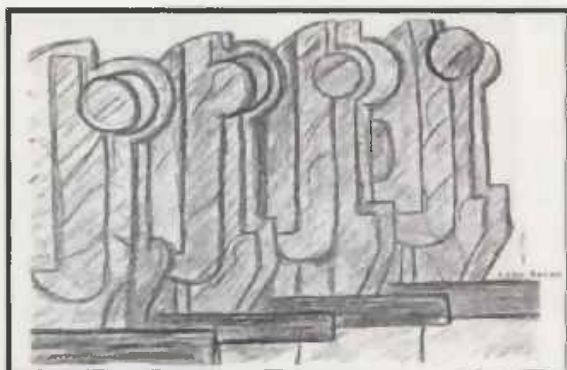
Going to classes with sopping feet  
Ending with coldness in our seat.

Uniforms comes with much glee  
For the nurses who hope to be.  
Pictures were taken with no fuss.  
Our big sisters are proud of us.

Up comes the Inaugural Ball.  
Oh my date! He's so tall.  
Beautiful girls and handsome guys  
Watching each other with starry eyes.

The friendships that shall surely last  
Back in the memories of our past.  
Some friendships dissolve and new  
ones form.  
Life passes swiftly in the dorm.

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Reads left to right, starting with upper left:  
**Lisa Baier** (1989)  
**Jonathan Sakowski** (1992)  
**Anne P. Richards** (1988)  
**Mary Mackin** (1986)  
**Lena Nahlous** (1989)  
**Lisa Blaum** (1988) **HOLOCAUST: DACHAU**  
**Jonathon Ross** (1995)

## A REACTION TO CRITIQUE

Rebecca Ardoline (1993)

I just read a bunch of bad poems  
And now I am going to write one.  
Oh, it will have rhythm and rhyme  
And meter, but when all is said and done  
It won't say anything you've not  
Heard before and it won't make you cry  
And it won't make you laugh, and it  
Probably won't even make you ask why  
(As any good poetry should).  
So why did I write it? The answer's so clear.  
I wrote it because it was all  
That I had, and nothing you wanted to hear.

## A WORD ABOUT WORDS (IN A LIBRARY)

Michael Fiato (1991)

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.

## THE GAME

Jim Sabulski (1995)

Sometimes I call you and hang up  
Before you answer, just wanting to  
Touch the space where you are.  
Pawn to King four.

Sometimes we'll move horizontally past one another,  
In a hallway or on a sidewalk  
And smile or wave . . . or not.  
Queen's rook to King's knight three.

Other times we'll talk  
Diagonal in our movements  
Fearful of revealing too much . . . or not enough.  
King's bishop to Queen three.

Always we display hints and clues  
As to our strategies and agendas.  
But nothing is ever black . . . or white.  
Castle.

Sometimes I just sit  
Staring out the window  
Looking at the board  
Wondering who will make the next move.

Jenn Garceau (1991)

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.

## POLARITY

Mary Bevevino (1986)

Two sons, Satellites of Mother Sun,  
A genetic mystery from within my solar system.

Mars, the elder son by just three years,  
Stumbled through his childhood days,  
Always aching, questing, questioning.  
Sensitive and introspective and alone.  
His moon, his room, reflects dark collections.  
A solar-eclipse of books and ancient coins  
And schoolroom scraps of moody poems.

Light years away, my Jupiter.  
Spirited gods ran rampant through his days.  
Self-assured, with devilish ways, a joie-de-vivre.  
A natural gravitation for his vast orbits of friends.  
His room, his moon, just one of many,  
Radiates a randomness of bright light,  
Devoid of worldly souvenirs.



Jonathan Sakowski  
(1993)

## IN MEMORIAM

Mary Kintz Bevevino,  
a Liberal Studies major  
who graduated May 1987  
passed away 8 October 1993

"A poem," critics tell us, "makes nothing happen." However, *when a poem happens*, everything is re-visioned, remembered, re-named. Those of us who worked with Mary in the Literary Club, in the pages of *Instress*, watched her re-name the memory and the vision of her life as poem after poem began to happen. The act of re-remembering, the act of re-naming are acts that belong to the limited life and language we know. Re-visioning is an act that frees us to learn the language of eternity.

## REQUIESCAT IN AETERNUM

Written by: Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM (1993)



## EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO FATHER JOHN

*"Earth's the right place for love."*

*-Robert Frost*

Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM (1990)

... And the last time I saw you, you said  
"It's so hard to let go."  
This spinning sphere of earth  
With its rising/setting sun  
and its fair-flung silver black stars  
and its moody changing moon  
and its shining spectacle of bright and brooding sky—  
You knew you could turn from at the end.  
For earth is not ours to hold;  
But Love is.  
Earth holds for us only our beginnings  
Boxed deep.  
Love holds together  
All of us who share the piece of earth  
We think is ours.  
It's so hard to let go of love:  
The radiant smile, the lilting voice,  
The quiet stepping into one another's prayer,  
The sacrament of each moment's  
Hope and hurt and panic and pain.  
It's so hard to let go;  
Love holds for us  
All we have ever been,  
Open to all we will forever be:  
No boxed remains,  
No odds or ends,  
Only the unknown,  
Only the dimly-shrewdly guessed,  
Only the infinite "to be."

## CRITICS' COMMENTS ON INSTRESS

Margaret Dersheimer (1989)

Hopkins delighted in the observation and grasping nature. His was a world of impression founded on a keen eye and a delicate ear. Hopkins wanted everything in nature and art to be clear and spiritually pure.

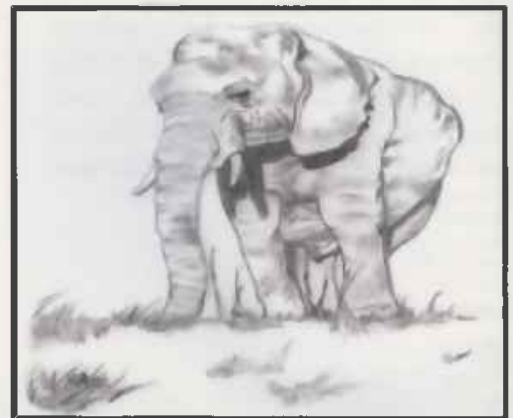
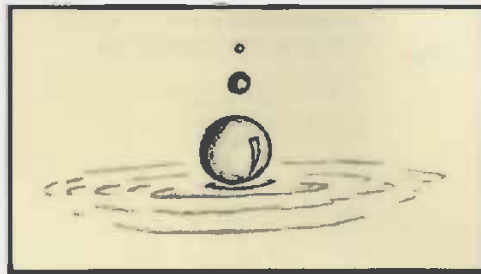
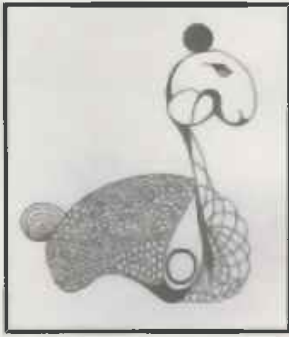
Hopkins felt so strongly about this lucidity, he coined the word "instress." Because *instress* is a personal experience, it affects everyone differently. Hopkins determined that the word *stress* originates from Old French, Greek, and Medieval Latin. Further, he understood it to mean force, pressure, strain, emphasis, affliction, and straits. *Stress*, therefore, exerts pressure, leaps into lines, strains into life, and informs the shapes of creatures.

Stress becomes *instress* when it reaches deep into the origin and gathers a response. In *instress* the feeling is drawn to an interior oneness, energy is collected in a single moment of emotion.

*Instress*, therefore, is the shaping force or stemmed feeling within nature and art. It is the feeling stored in the unconscious, in the "well of memory," drawn to a moment of release.

Hopkins' life consisted of excelling, renunciation, and revival. He was an original thinker ahead of his time.





Reads left to right, starting with upper left:  
**Dr. Stevan Davies (1998) SHEEP**  
**Carla Cognigni (2001) KALIKA**  
**Dana Pienta (2004) THE FAMILY**  
**Amber Hyder (2002) TIGER (IN PENCIL)**  
**Ellen Rita Heidrick (2001) FATHER'S**  
**DAY: JIM**  
**Meghan Dwyer (2001) REBOUND**  
**Michael Blasick (1996)**  
**Traci Badami (2002) ELEPHANT**

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## EASY

David Michael Engelhardt (1999)

Sitting in the big easy chair  
Worn like old blue jeans

With stereo speakers like sentinels  
Behind each receptive ear  
Listening to a loaded tray of CDs  
Not cassettes or vinyl  
Though there is an abundance of neglected  
tape  
And even still the aging vinyl collection  
With the old turntable wired  
Like a blue lipped terminal patient  
To the nineties amplifier  
Tonight CDs are cranking like time  
On the new multi disc player

While having just read  
From the tattered book of poetry  
Lying gently in the cradle like lap  
Meditating on metaphors  
Twists of lyric language  
And rhythmic rhymes  
Open form spaces as small as a sea oat  
Or vast like the azure ocean

Dozing off somewhere in tune  
Between Celtic harmonies  
Dreaming on her while napping

Sitting in the big easy chair  
Worn like a path to the beach

She appears ethereal  
Weaving in and out of visions  
Like a swooping sea gull  
Barefoot in the turquoise surf  
Dressed in navy blue  
As the night sky on the horizon

With the gleam in her hair  
The color of the sunset

Suddenly waking hazily  
To British rock and roll crying  
Like the blues  
And the urgent chirping of the sleek phone  
Fumbling quickly to answer her call  
But it is only  
A WRONG NUMBER

Settling back again lazily  
Listening to the bluesy rock and roll  
Meditating on metaphors  
And navy blue

Sitting in the big easy chair  
Worn like skin

SEPTEMBER 6, 2000

Lindsay Kravits (2001)

The flowers you  
gave me get cold  
at night. The wind  
freezes them and  
their beauty is hidden  
in the dark. The  
night is long and the  
color cannot show  
through. But wait,  
my daisies—the sun  
will come up soon &  
your purple & yellow &  
white will be brilliant  
in the sun. The cold  
water will drip off the  
window and your  
beauty will make the  
long, cold night disappear.

DROP

Meghan Dwyer (2003)

the  
water  
dripped  
from the  
faucet

Just waiting to be turned off.  
Another draining day.

## DON'TS

Amber Hyder (2003)

Don't talk with your mouth full; Don't interrupt; Don't talk back;  
Don't hurt anyone's feelings; Don't say anything you might regret;  
If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all; Don't disobey;  
Do what's expected of you; Don't disappoint; Don't talk about sex;  
Don't go anywhere without telling someone first; Don't complain;  
Always think first; Don't fight unless it's for protection; Don't eat fatty foods;  
Don't get fat; Don't bite off more than you can chew; Don't take chances;  
Don't be selfish; Don't be ungrateful; Don't think with your heart;  
Don't live dangerously; Keep your feet planted firmly on the ground;  
Don't choose dreams over practical; Don't be impolite; Don't be discourteous;  
Don't be jealous; Look the person you're talking to in the eye;  
Don't love more than one person; Don't wear your heart on your sleeve;  
Don't kiss him first; Don't think of yourself before others;  
And most importantly: Don't live.

## DRIED RAISINS (OR PLUMS?)

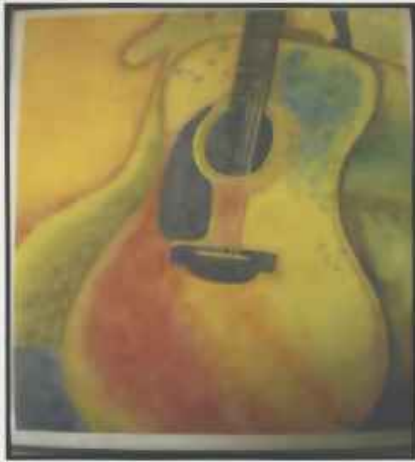
Instress staff (2004)

Primary colors,  
every one used.  
The Christmas edition  
was here.

Like typing on AIM  
the number 2 appeared  
like a Monster face,  
snakes coming out.

And all we could think,  
"Oooo, barracuda."

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Reads left to right, starting with upper left:  
**Megan McClary** (2010)  
**Mitchell Finch** (2009)  
**Bob Wilson** (2009)  
**Sarah Bonn** (2008) **A PLAIN BOARDWALK**  
**Caitlin Bryson** (2009)  
**Kelly Cresci** (2011) **GRASS GIRL**  
**Mason Moher** (2015)

## LEARN TO LIVE AND LIVE TO LEARN

Mary Scarpa (2010)

I am twenty years young, and completely unattached  
I'm not anyone's baby, so don't call me yours  
Limited time, special edition, a girl on her feet  
Not interested in what's best for anyone but me  
Careful not to run into anything else that will hold me back from happiness  
The world is mine, and all these words I write are mine  
Once was a page and nothing more in the chapters of my hardest lessons  
I learn slowly to appreciate the things that faced me at my worst  
Surviving, it will never become the end of my world again  
An unordinary girl with promises and vigor  
If you can't handle me, then learn to or leave  
Take a seat and watch me succeed, or grab my hand and come with me  
I intend to love and to learn and to live  
To make hundreds of mistakes and hundreds of friends  
And learn from both  
So if by some chance I forget these words  
They'll be there to remind me and pick me back up  
A girl on her feet, with only the unknown ahead  
And if you do want to call me baby  
I hope you mean it, because I don't deserve  
To be anything but happy.



## COCKTAIL PARTY

A. L-B (2006)

Snow falling fast,  
Oh, Frost, falling fast  
I've empty spaces, too,  
Vast caverns of marble,  
Conference rooms,  
Cocktail parties.

Not fingernails and slate,  
But the sound of elbows rubbing  
Like coin scratching gray dust  
From a lottery card.

*Hello, sir, yes, sir, all day sir, my life, sir.*  
Snow falling fast, I lean against  
The walls, absorbing warmth from the wires beneath  
An electric answer to my cold demeanor.

*So good to meet you.*

I drink coffee and wonder about Prufrock,  
My brother under the flesh.  
I wear the soft down he eyeballs and  
Mimic mermaids to seduce him.

In the room the women smile and flit  
Talking of Derrida and lit crit.

I have seen the eternal footman snicker,  
And I asked him for his number.

## A STORY

**Auraleah Grega (2011)**

I.  
your heart empties into the skies  
and tells stories that exist among the constellations  
they weave into the crystal air  
they shimmer like your fingertips

II.  
You are a creator.  
Where you walk, you leave prints.  
They remain for all the centuries of the earth.

Your toes are pressed firm into the soil,  
lengthening and deepening into the moisture.  
They speak the words, not your mouth.  
They lead me, not your eyes.

I crave your crown.  
I crave your windows.  
I crave your cavern.  
I seek your branches.

## STRESS

**Lauren Verret (2009)**

It's always around  
sometimes in the background  
maybe right in front of you  
others might feel it too  
you can't escape it  
you might just want to quit  
but you have to fight  
even if it lasts all night  
you'll make it through  
because you have to  
it may be a mess  
but we all have stress



## PARIS, J'ADORE

*In Memoriam, November 13, 2015*

Rebecca Steinberger

Monuments prick the azure sky  
and stick out from their surroundings  
like an ore-plated thumb.

Who can resist  
*mon cherie*  
the teasing swathe of silk  
the French scarves promise  
as they wave in the light wind  
along the Seine  
or the lingering aroma  
of freshly baked baguette?

After your third carafe of *vin rouge*,  
you'll be discussing  
baroque curves  
with unfettered abandon  
among the locals, who,  
with glint in their eyes,  
recognize  
you are not a tourist  
but a collector  
of experiences.

When the train pulls out of the station,  
you weep  
as you would  
the loss of any lover.

## THANK YOU AND GOODBYE

*For Beverly Ann Glennon*

**Leah Santucci**

I like to think that I live without regret  
but not anymore. I regret not making  
those lunch plans and choosing not to  
send an email to check in with you.  
Instead, I chose to wait, and then  
time no longer existed for you.

My heart burst with grief at the news—  
how could you be gone? I don't remember  
if I ever thanked you enough, but  
how do you thank a person for  
helping you to mold your passion and for  
making you realize what you do matters?  
No words fit properly for that sort of impact.

After all of the hard work and the  
time spent amending, editing, and learning,  
I don't plan on taking life for granted again,  
not realizing that the last time having been  
near you would have been our final goodbye—  
parts of which I can't remember vividly.

So I sent flowers to your wake, hoping  
that would help, and all I could think about  
was the last bundle of flowers I gave you  
four years ago—a way of saying thank you—  
but you accepted those from me yourself.

All of the thank you's in the world cannot  
sum up the gratitude I have for your presence  
in my life. You'll stay alive in my memories—  
that's what the priest said at your funeral and  
your daughter said the same when we hugged.  
Pieces of you will carry on within those whose  
lives you touched. So maybe for now,  
I can live without regret.

## FAIRYPOOLS



Kevin Hunter

## CHILDREN OF THE VALLEY

*Genesis 3:19 paraphrased*

**Michael Baloga**

With coal you are anointed  
Bastards hidden between glacier dug walls  
Acidic water baptizes your bodies  
'For dust you are and shall return'.

"Children of the Valley,  
I see you."

Metal fused to tree  
Drunken youth  
Eyes never shut  
immortal  
'For dust you are and shall return'

"Children of the Valley,  
I feel you."

Leather faced whore  
Whose shrieks of anger and contempt  
are accompanied by seething blood  
from mutilated wrist  
'For dust you are and shall return'

"Children of the Valley,  
I know you."

Saline tears squeeze from remorseful eyes  
Cold steel pressed hard to his head  
memories expelled  
All but his daughter  
Her memory falls to the earth  
'For dust you are and shall return'

"Children of the Valley,  
I am you."

My veins swallow that which is yours.  
My heart pumps the heroin you inject  
Collapsing upon itself  
Out of love and sorrow

"Children of the Valley,  
Till the dust rises and we all return"

## A YEAR AFTER YOU

L. Joann Leigh

It seems just a short while ago now,  
How time just flies.  
When I last looked into your eyes,  
I saw something I dreamed of  
Turn into the thing I dread.  
What I thought would be my future  
Was my past in masquerade.  
Time passes, but you don't.

From my mind you're never passing,  
Like a phantom you still haunt me.  
I see you every day, but do you still see me?  
I was a fool not to notice,  
Now I see it so clear, it was there.  
Another year to come,  
No more damage done,  
Only the scars of the past remain.  
Celebrations turn to sorrow  
As I remember what happened then,  
Memories leave swiftly with the wind.

No matter where you go,  
I know there's one thing I can say for sure:  
I will see you again.  
As to when, I'm not sure.  
Maybe a year, as this one passes.  
Perhaps in the city with the masses surrounding.  
A familiar stranger as they say,  
Perhaps then you'll recognize me.  
Then again, after knowing me  
How could you ever forget?

## A BITTER, DISTANT TUNE

### Lefty

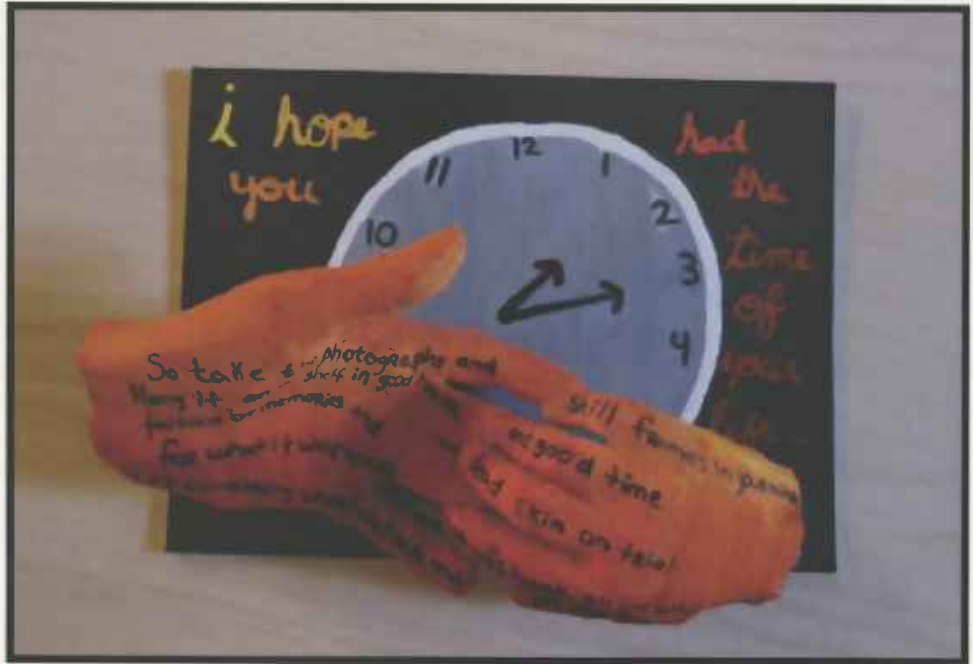
I don't want to go anywhere with anyone.  
When the moon is high and it's after two  
I will not ask you to be there.  
It is then that I will set the yellow fog on fire;  
blacken the sun-dropped, dried-out smoke  
and welcome it into my once young lungs.  
Nothing about my universe is strong,  
and I fear it will never be sweet.  
This isn't neat.  
I'll spit up chunks  
into your gaping white toilet bowl.  
And in the pounding seconds of breath and bile leaving my chest  
you will take off your face and face me;  
Or I will be reminded of why  
I don't want to go anywhere with anyone.

I shall eat the peach  
as so the world has eaten me.  
I in you, you in me.  
I know this cosmic dance all too well.

You'll step on my toes, so I'll step back.  
I'll never know  
if you really listened,  
with your gaping white eyes staying vacant.  
No longer will I look for any fiery flicker of recognition.  
You will flush my universe out to the sewers,  
to the bottom of the seas.  
Eventually, our dance will end.  
And I'll be reminded why  
I never want to go anywhere with anyone.

*\*Allusion to Marvel's "To His Coy Mistress"*

## TIME OF YOUR LIFE



Chantal Whiteduck



## LOSS OF VIABLE EXPLANATION

Annette Ritzko

Everything is still the same,  
I don't hear soft music during the day or see fireworks at night.  
I only see the world differently,  
because I have poor eyesight.  
I'm not glowing, and cold nights are still cold  
And I wasn't lonely before I met you,  
I had family and friends, albeit some were old.  
To the moon and back isn't a measure of my feelings, but a distance.  
If my heart skipped a beat, I would probably get that checked out,  
And the sun isn't brighter due to your existence.  
Why sugar coat or exaggerate something I'll never be able to explain?  
Are there any adjectives that would do it justice?  
Perhaps putting it into words will only do it shame.  
So let's not even waste time trying  
because if I said I found the right words, I'd be lying.  
I hope this poem wasn't misread,  
Because I think we should give that time to each other instead.

## BOLOGNESE

Scott Bargisen

I'm getting tired of Salumeria Biellese. Paige and I always go here on Thursdays after work because of how close it is to her school in Midtown. We always sit at the third closest table to the door, and she always refuses ordering something other than half of an Italian sub with a small bowl of penne, and she always gets mad when I mention it. Who am I to suggest choosing a sandwich with one of the meats that the chain is known for? Not to be cheap, but it's a ten dollar meal made of two dollars of food. Eight bucks for an imported prosciutto and mozzarella panini with a bowl of wedding soup is worth it. But once again, who am I to criticize? Anyway, we're about a block away from the deli, and I can already smell the capicola, prosciutto biellese, speck, sopressata! Even in the city, the smoke for the cacciatorini hangs throughout Eighth Street without disruption from the exhaust fumes.

"You know, it bugs me that you can enjoy this stale air."

"Stale? You still can't smell the meat after all these years? You're too used to the food."

"Oh, don't start this crap because you have this little gift from God that can make you smell a rose in a sewer pipe! This is our thing, we can't just go somewhere else. Quit being an asshole!"

This conversation ends in one of two ways: she lets it be and stays jovial, or she gets serious and makes it an argument. For the latter scenario, Paige attributes her inability to distinguish foods to her Irish Heritage. She says the only reason I have this superhuman trait is my Torinese heritage. In addition to change, my darling doesn't enjoy when I use damn-near every olfactory medical term I learned at Columbia, never repeating a rebuttal. Not to mention that nobody in my family has a sense of smell. "The Wife is always right" when the husband is dumb. I mean, Paige is smart as hell, but she can't comprehend that I may be smarter than her. I'll let her win today; we're too close to the deli to start this debate.

Walking in is always a pleasure, the fresh basil and stewing tomatoes clear your pork-fat filled sinuses. The kid behind the counter looks a bit less excited to work than usual.

"Hey Paul, the hell? You're cutting the salami too thick!"

He speaks thinly through his Brooklyn slur, "Eyo, Doc. I'm cutting it just right for you regulars. How you doing there, huh?"

"I'm alright. What about you kid? What's wrong?"

His eyes are moving all over the ceiling and floor without a bit of eye contact, like he's scared of his thoughts.

"I'm quitting, Doc. This place is getting to be too familiar, y'know? Not that I hate cutting bacon or nothing, but I just wanna break up this cycle I'm in, y'know?"

"Sorry to hear that, kid. You got something lined up, or what?"

He smiles a bit, "Well, I mean, Doctor Moncalieri, I'd look pretty good in scrubs, huh?" The smile leaves again, "Just kidding, Doc. You guys want the usual?"

"Nah, it's alright Paulie. What pasta you got today?"

He chuckles, "I convinced the boss to make a favorite of yours: Ziti Rigati in a nice n'

heavy Bolognese. Now don't tell 'em, but I'll toss some pancetta in, too, huh?"

"Sure kid, that sounds really good!" I drooled a bit, and he laughed.

"Damn straight, you're drooling! Is Ms. Monk having some too, or's she gone?"

"Nah Paulie, she's over at her table; the usual for her. Gimme that bolognese though!"

He gives me a smile and nod as Paige calls me over. Before I sit down, she starts bugging about my lack of communication: I don't talk enough, I listen too actively, and I should voice my opinion more. But she gets mad when I talk, and then talks over me. Nobody is courteous anymore, it's for democrats and hippies, who are usually democrats. She continues with her redundant speech on my inability to listen to her narcissistic speeches. It's like Ben Stein: his economics documentary is awful, but he's funny in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. As goes with anyone, short bursts of interaction are the most enjoyable. Paulie comes over with our food, and I had the ziti on my fork before he said, "Enjoy." Paige is scowling: "Whenever I have something important to say, you always ignore—"

I toss the ziti in my mouth so I won't say something stupid. The sauce is perfect: the pancetta melts from the acidity of the plum tomatoes, while the browned beef is sweetened by vidalia onions. The ziti's al dente; the sauce seeped into the pores of the humble pasta, infusing beautifully. Paul didn't add many spices. Is that oregano? No, marjoram, sweeter than oregano. Now this is common-man's gourmet: efficient in taste, texture, and palate satisfaction. I'm not a connoisseur or anything, just Italian.

The next bite shouldn't be so brutish. Is Paige talking? No, she's eating her sandwich; I should be able to revel in this some more! It tastes as good as the last, but the flavor fades as you eat. This is funny: it tastes like the bolognese I had in The Village on our fifth date. We were twenty-three, and she had never had good Italian, so I took her to L'Artusi and brought some nice Castello Banfi 1997. It's a good red wine, sweet enough to work with red sauce without overpowering the palate. Obviously, I ordered bolognese for us. Paige probably would have ordered chicken alfredo and completely messed up the wine pairing. Wouldn't have mattered, still my fondest memory of her. The conversation outshined the wine:

"Hey-uh, Monkey." She couldn't say my last name, for God's sake. "How much more schooling do you have?"

"Well, I only got about one more year, and I'll be scripting rich people unneeded Percocet and grabbing 'nads for eighty grand a year. You sure that's too long, babe?"

"Well, you better not get all boring like those doctors on *Nip/Tuck*! I'm gonna want your attention every minute you're home, and you know I get what I want."

She grabbed my leg from under the table and gently scratched at my groin. Her lips moisten, though I'm not sure if it's from my face or the food. She bit her lip; yeah, it's me. My legs tensed as I look into her glassy, half-open eyes.

"Oh, I'll give you everything you want, angel. Don't you worry now."

We kissed a little, but just an elongated good morning kiss. We smiled a bit as she returned to her ziti. My eyes stayed on her as I ate. She straightened her hair that night, though it is usually curly, rib-length. It reached her hip with the shine of freshly melted chocolate. The only make-up she wore was a foundation that matched her "Irish-olive" skin, and a gentle mascara. She also wore a touch of body glitter just under the name-plate that I bought her for her twenty-second.

She blushed when she noticed I was studying her.

“What’re we gonna do when we’re older, Monk? You wanna see Ireland? Italy?”

“W-well, I hear Germany is pretty nice.”

She didn’t like that. Her eyes squinted, and her nose ruffled to match her sneer.

“Mike, half of Germany is in shambles because of the U.S.S.R. and the other half,” she couldn’t figure out why West Germany is so awful. “Well, it isn’t great either. Why would you want to go there?”

I shrug. Oktoberfest? The Autobahn? No romance though.

“Well, what about Spain? They got nice beaches, the seafood is . . .”

The thousand-yard stare, oh God, what the hell.

“Yeah, I’d rather go to Ireland and meet my family there.” She paused for a second, twiddling her fork, “Could we do that? Take a few weeks off and just go?”

Her stare sprinted from eye to nose to the other eye in a triangle. Though I couldn’t see her hands under the table, I could hear her bracelets jingling. I couldn’t make a promise like that. I grinned thinly, she still didn’t blink.

“Of course, angel. I can just have someone fill in. It’ll be fun! And don’t you ever worry about time. You will be my first priority until . . . um . . .”

Her eyes swelled like boiling pasta: “Until what Mike?”

I smiled genuinely this time.

“Until we have kids, angel . . .”

Her eyes watered and she smiled brightly enough to display the littlest bits of tomato peel between her wisdoms. Not until this moment did I tell her I wanted her to be my wife. I finally found my best fr . . .

“Mike, why aren’t you looking at me!? God damn it, you selfish prick!”

“Can I eat some more, please, angel?”

## QUEENS, NEW YORK



Alexa Rae Malloy

## WHY POETRY

Taylor N. Rupp

### I. Why I Gave Up Poetry

It felt much too silly.  
It required emotions I didn't want to display.  
It needed to rhyme and have meter.  
It had to follow a form.  
It had to have no mistakes.  
Every word must be the best choice.  
It could not be sloppy.  
That is what I thought I needed,  
That is what I thought I wanted

Plus, Poetry, I thought, was only  
About Love

I was wrong and  
I was right

I was right to write despite my distaste for my work.  
Because all Poetry shows Love

A Love for the past: the basics, the divine, the industrial.  
A Love of the present: a Red Wheelbarrow, a metro, human perseverance  
A Love for the future: for giving, for compassion, for self-control.

And a complex  
Love of humanity as a whole

### II. Why I Write Poetry

It feels relieving, cathartic,  
It allows me to see myself,  
It can be molded however I please,  
It is able to belong completely to me,  
It can be flawed,  
Every sound can resonate,  
It can be scrawled anywhere,  
This is what I want.

This is what I need.

Plus, Poetry, it turns out,  
Can be anything.

I was right and  
I was wrong

I was wrong to think that the world would just come along  
Because all Poetry deserves to do your Love Justice.

Do Justice in the dirges of the plight of poverty, of Godlessness, of arrogance.  
Do Justice in the odes to nature, to lovers, to Death  
Do Justice to the poems of indulgence, of utopias, of misplaced wealth

And most importantly  
Justice to one's self.



DESIGN BOWIE 1987



Rachel Urbanowicz

## POEM OF THOUGHT

Leah Santucci

I think in terms of poetry now,  
except I tend not to have any  
rhyme or rhythm that I'm entirely  
aware of for the most part.  
Maybe if I stop doubting myself  
I'll actually get somewhere in  
life because I shouldn't be  
pausing every time a decision  
appears in front of me.  
Instead of making a choice,  
I have the beginnings of  
stanzas floating through my mind,  
trying to make their way to paper,  
but I never write them down.  
They just drift off like the dreams  
I don't remember from the  
night before when I stay up late  
staring at the wall, waiting for  
sleep to hit me, but the only things  
I face are the thoughts of my past  
and future, hoping that everything  
will somehow come together—  
Is this poem becoming abstract, or  
am I within the realm of the concrete?  
Is this really a poem at all?  
Maybe I should count sheep  
just so I can get to sleep and stop  
thinking about all of these technicalities.  
Then I whip out the notebook I keep  
behind my pillow for instances  
of brilliance and wait for the words  
to pour out, but I only remember  
bits because why should my short-  
term memory last longer than only  
a few minutes? So, the poem goes  
unfinished and all that's left is  
my changed mind on poetry,  
but then again, I'm not really sure.

## A NAME FOR SOMETHING THAT WAS GONE

*For Elizabeth Madox Roberts*

Matthew Nickel

I.

It is another name for a knife with a long blade  
Lean-to edged toward ground, another name  
For campsite, horses drifting toward water  
Salt-lick gathers the wild to innocence,  
Naiveté, the night is a noise that sings  
A lonely psalm, loneliness is a hymn of the hunter

I watched them as night expired in the un-named  
Hour at the half-forgotten spring by some deer-run  
The names all run together, Boone, Holloway, Harrod  
Crockett, Walden, Mansker, Bledsoe, Drake, Smith  
Every one claimed a smith in the family, way back  
When the campsite became a crossroads

And the name of the cross became the name of  
A settlement and a fort with logs and people  
Fought the wilderness and died fighting and  
Forgot dreams had beside a fireplace somewhere  
In lowlands before the end of the world captured  
The boot-heel in mud at threshold. Then a glint

Of steel blade flashed the last flame before night,  
Wheeled stars toward horizon, seasons rolled  
And the names of people became names of places  
On maps with jagged edges marking counties  
Names echoing the wild hollow of the Gap.  
Who can pronounce the name of eternity—

II.

Alone I stare bewildered at a roadside plaque  
Trying to recall who it was in town told me to stop  
At this place, the oblivion of a road marker naming  
But not telling the story of blood flowing the creek  
At Crawford's Spring, a red morning—nothing  
Except the quiet road winding down toward Perryville

The familiar turn toward Springfield, the bridge, the hill,  
The graveyard, and way off those other hills—where  
A little girl, nameless, chases the morning sun, telling her  
Father, over and over, “someday Daddy I’ll name those  
Men and their women who came here long ago,  
Someday, Daddy, I’ll be a writer.”

#### REMEMBRANCE



Leah Santucci

## MY FAVORITE PLACE

Jared Pinter

Where frost flies down  
The mountain's breast  
And sun shines on  
Earth's open chest

Conversation flows  
In diner lights—  
None of these places  
Put up a fight.

Not quite like  
When skin meets skin.  
Where your body ends,  
I begin again.

Naught did I wrestle  
Great Beauty's spell—  
With You in my arms,  
In Love I fell.

## LETTERS FROM UNDER THE SKIN

Jacob Schweiger

A poem is just a different kind of scar,  
Written in notebooks intended for class notes,  
Or scribbled on dirty napkins in diners at 3 a.m.  
And tucked into the pocket of worn out winter coats

Scars are beautiful because they last forever,  
Poems are no different, especially when they are about women  
They are both what remains after you are done bleeding,  
And you wonder where the pain has gone

The thin white lines running across my skin,  
Are a tale of where my body's been,  
The black ink spilled on this page of white,  
Tells where my heart gave up its fight

## SAVING GRACE

Sierra Krohnemann

Sometimes I look at the world in the same way my mama  
Watches the news: mouth opened, eyes wide, terrified.  
I never understood people,  
But why should I?  
They never bothered to understand me.

I like to think my dog gets me,  
But let's be honest,  
She just likes her breakfast at seven and her walks at eight.  
But don't worry,  
At least I can understand her.

The other day I heard a man talk about gun control.  
I couldn't understand how guns meant more than children.  
Are we selfish?  
Or just lost?  
I think children's lives are important.

The world has turned into Eve's destiny;  
Filled stomachs with forbidden fruit.  
Can we ever get past the temptation?  
Our own selfish desires?  
This universe makes me tired.

I fear my past, and sure as hell my future  
But today's humanity isn't appealing either.  
I am not a bitter soul  
I have just been knocked down.  
At least I've got my dog.

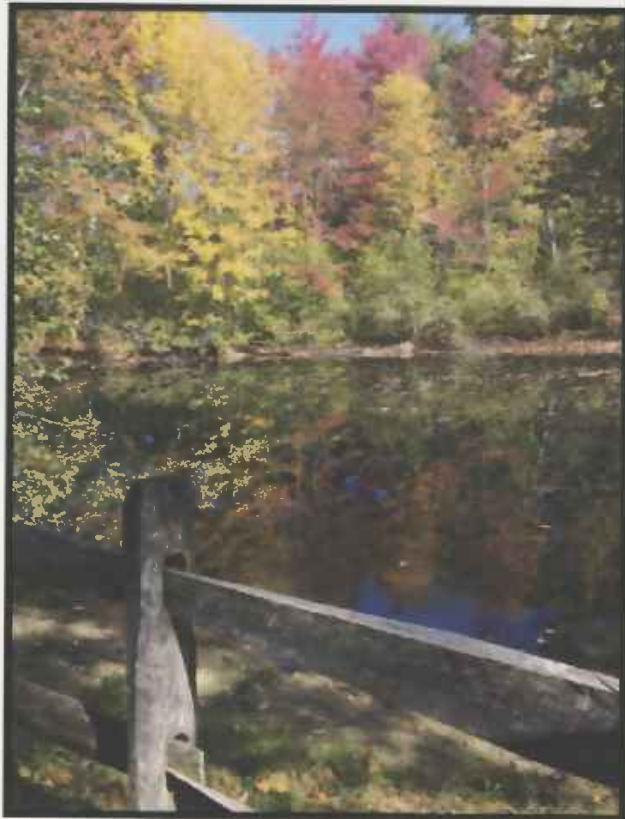


## SUMMER IN YOSEMITE



Naejana Carredo

FALL FOLIAGE



Charlotte Durr

## AUTUMN LEAVES

Rita Molino

Do the maple leaves on the trees  
Cry with the breeze?

When they fall to the ground  
Do you hear a sound?

The tropical storms they brew  
And the waves crash against the sand

But a simple maple leaf  
Just falls on the ground.

## PRESSURE

Riley J. Miller

The force in my head makes my skull walls moan.  
Creaking,  
From ghosts in my mental haunted house.  
Brain feels of lead, floating in a pool of mercury.  
My emotions swam to my stomach but seemed to regret their decision.  
With audacity they followed the breadcrumbs back to their Home.  
Anxiety had an attack so they set up camp in my throat.  
Every swallow angers Anger.  
He holds.  
They stay.  
The pressure builds as I tense all muscles.  
My teeth meet with such force,  
I can hear their cries bounce off my palate, absorbed by my tongue.  
I thought I could hold, must have been a crack in the Dam.  
The first one breaks through:  
A brave soldier.  
Next,  
A crusade of Tears storms the facial battlefield.  
Clashing steel echoes and the stench of gunpowder is overwhelming.  
Cannon Fodder.  
The battle is fought long and hard but I stand divided. Just stop.  
*Please.*  
My face, smooth with a glass coating, is now a monument to those lost in the Fight.  
All emotions return to their Home  
Tired from the day.  
They crawl into bed.  
They set their alarms  
Goodnight,  
My friends.  
*Same time tomorrow?*

## DADA



Susan Lazur

## MATURITY AT 10

Scott Bargisen

Eric, why would you scratch all my video games?  
Why don't you get that I spent 60 each on them?  
Why do you have such intent to take everything,  
Everything mommy and daddy have given me?

Why in the hell must you scream at the top of your  
Lungs every time we're at Disney World waiting in  
Line for the Tower of Terror or anything else that we  
Want to go on? You have nothing but shrieks for us.

Give me a break from your immortal vocal chords,  
Maybe a ride down Splash Mountain will calm you down.  
Nope, it just pissed you off more from the chafing, just  
Do me a favor and shut the hell up? I am

Sick of the staring and glaring from people in  
Wheelchairs because they are too fat to walk.  
Giving us looks 'cause you have a weird problem while  
Stuffing their faces with Mickey Mouse dilly bars.

Getting home wasn't the worst of my worries, though  
It got me thinking of ways to just fix you, kid.  
Maybe some classes on how to be quiet, no.  
"How to be Decent" is what we should take you to.

Damnit I hate you. You can't be my brother. Could  
This be some punishment, what have I done? So I  
Go to my mother, who works with kids like him,  
Asking her why I don't have a real brother. She

Gives me this look of disdain, she's disgusted.  
"The hell do you mean you don't have a real brother?" "He  
won't play with me, all he does is break toys, and then  
Blames it on me knowing you will just yell at me."

"Eric has autism. You need to know this. He  
Doesn't think or behave the same way that you do.  
Eric may be the one brother you have, though his

Mind may be different, still show him you love him.”

Until I turned 12, I knew not what she meant by that.  
Growing in age with him gave me my patience, and  
Taking him places has taught me that people are  
Heinous at times due to smugness and ignorance.

Learning his patterns has made us inseparable.  
Only last week, he said he’s independent. I  
No longer need to teach him the ways of  
Relaxing in crowds or trying new foods. And no

More will I give his forearm a tight squeeze when he  
Goes to punch someone for saying “retarded.” His  
Reasoning for this is that I’ve taught him well. Though it’s  
Bittersweet, pride is the only emotion I felt.

Now that we’re older, we constantly seek to  
Improve ourselves fully in any way possible.  
Naturally, it is ironic to see that  
His mind so distinctly resembles his size.



## DEAD MEN'S TALES

Taylor N. Rupp

Some Dead Men do tell tales.

Dead Men tell tales of depression  
Of a crippling disinterest in life.

Dead Men tell tales of loneliness  
Of people who were never interested  
Of people who never stayed.

Dead Men tell tales of deceit  
Of cheating mothers and fathers  
Of arguments at four in the morning  
Of illegitimate children.

Dead Men tell tales of yearning  
Of hoping for a home  
Of praying for peace  
Of looking for love  
Of desperately desiring death.

If only death could stop these tales but,  
Some who are dead continue to speak and  
Some who speak are already dead.

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FALLEN



Kevin Hunter

RIOMAGGIORE, ITALY



Margaret Guarnieri

## HEMINGWAY

*Dedicated to Nickel*

### Jared Pinter

Hemingway wore dresses  
Because that's what you wore in 1899.  
Hemingway read Burroughs in a dress,  
And could change a fish by 5.  
Hemingway knew everything.  
He spent his summers in Northern Michigan.  
In 1924 and 1925, Hemingway wrote in Paris.  
He fought in WWI and got blown up at 18,  
Fell in love with his nurse, and took Leah fishing.  
Hemingway skied before chairlifts.  
He walked up the mountains.  
Hemingway fished for trout;  
That's why he had women troubles.  
Hemingway loved women, so he married four of them.  
He was happy, but also tortured—as all writers are.  
He was passionate for the bullfights,  
But Jake couldn't get into cockfights.

## RAINY TOMBSTONES

Jacob Schweiger

I felt God breathe a new life into me through that mid-autumn rain,  
A new wisdom,  
The rain cooled my skin to the temperature of the headstones I stared at,  
I saw little difference between the two

Pondering, I grew colder and colder,  
Staring, I became more focused on what was and what was to come,  
The headstone and the rain were telling me,

The rain spoke like a child,  
Falling gently but never ceasing,  
Passing like the ticking of a clock,  
Not a warning, just a statement  
The kind of statement that says, "You know you will be under there one day,"  
I do know this; the rain does not need to tell me

The headstone,  
Telling me I will be held in the memory of others,  
Whispering that it knows my vanity,  
I cannot let this world forget me

As these voices clamored in my ears,  
As if by God's mercy  
A warm wind stirred up the oppressive air,  
Pushing away the clock and easing me out of time,  
So that I am left free of troubles

All is well,  
And the rain, which returned after its brief repose,  
No longer threatens me with its statements,  
But rather, in a soft way,  
Speaks like a father telling me that time goes on  
And the headstone,  
No longer threatens me with its secret knowledge,  
But rather shepherds me down the path toward my own awareness,  
A path past more headstones and through more rain,  
That I have no choice but to take

PSALM 61:2



Kristin Kuntzman

## FOR: A BUSY WOMAN

Connor Swagler

It's not that I'm tired of being alone,  
It's just that with me you have a home,  
I know you've never had a place to call your own,  
And I know that you've gotten comfortable with the rhythm that you now roam.  
Why secure a future just to be by yourself?  
Sure you haven't found anybody else,  
But you're twenty; there are plenty of things you haven't done as well,  
Plenty of time left to do it all in case you couldn't tell,  
To be honest I don't know all that much,  
But there is something about you that really makes me blush,  
From how you're always in a rush,  
To that face you make when I drive you nuts,  
Never giving up because you don't fall for easy stuff,  
Last to raise your fist but not afraid to hit,  
Never say the word maybe,  
Only yes or no that's it.  
I love how when you speak it's always consistent,  
Like with letting the word shit slip,  
You always reach out to catch it as if it's in view.  
I'm not exactly sure if I'm getting through to you,  
About how cool I think it would be to carry your books around school,  
So could we spend a little time together just us two?



Melanie Quintanilla









*Instress*  
*Journal of the Arts*  
*Misericordia University*