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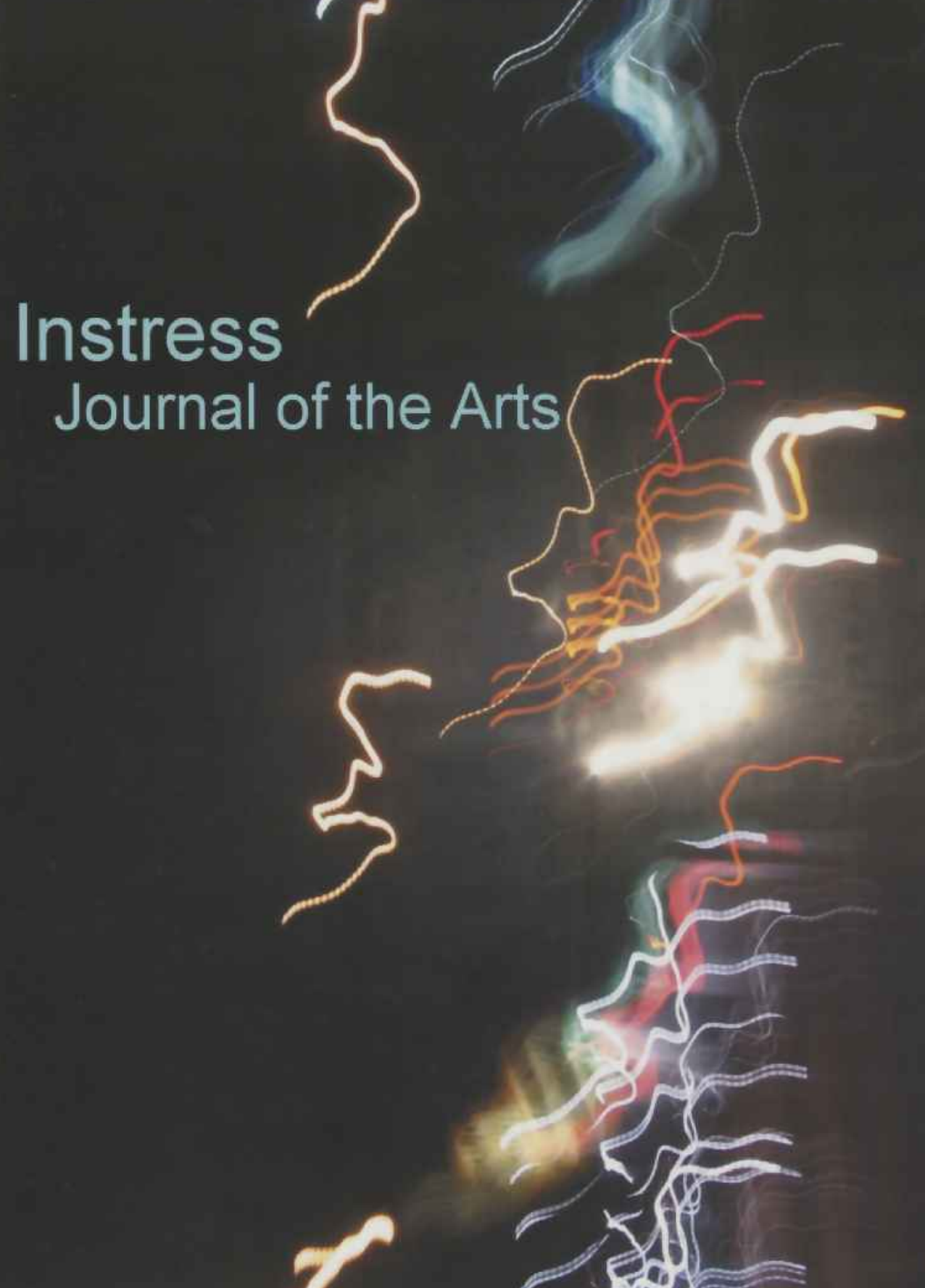
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The background of the cover is a solid black field. It is populated with several abstract, glowing light trails. In the upper left, a thin, wavy orange line descends. To its right, a thicker, more complex trail in shades of blue and white curves downwards. The center-right area is dominated by a bright, intense white and yellow light trail that branches out, resembling a stylized lightning bolt or a dynamic calligraphic stroke. Below this, towards the bottom right, there is a cluster of thinner, more chaotic light trails in white, red, and blue. On the left side, another wavy orange line is visible. The overall effect is one of dynamic energy and artistic abstraction.

Instress

Journal of the Arts

Instress 2005 – Dedicated to Professor David Payne

Thanks to all who contributed - we hope you will continue to use your talents and follow your artistic dreams

Thank you to the college and Dr. MacDowell for generously funding this showcase of student and faculty talents

*Many thanks to Jim Sabulski and Pauline Bump
in the Misericordia Print Shop*

*Thanks to the Highlander staff for use of their computer and
Amy Lynch-Binieck for use of the Writing Center*

*Thank you to our friend and mentor Dr. Becky for generously funding
this publication with time, talent and as always – love.*

Staff

Wendy Carey – Editor

David Hage – Cover Artist, Layout & Design

Chris Gates – Music Coordinator & Engineer

Karin Sopp

Heather & Emilia Jones

Chris Cimei

Dr. Rebecca Steinberger – Staff Advisor



**COLLEGE
MISERICORDIA**

Founded and Sponsored by the
Sisters of Mercy of Dallas

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Art Out Loud – College Misericordia, *Instress Music CD*

Engineer & Music Coordinator – Chris Gates

CD Production Coordinator – David Hage

CD Cover Design – David Hage

CD Design Layout – Janet Gow

– Track Listing–

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. <i>Beautiful</i> | David Hage |
| 2. <i>Stop</i> | Michelle Markellos |
| 3. <i>Monkeys in Mexico</i> | Chris Gates |
| 4. <i>Sakura*</i> | George Sprengelmeyer |
| 5. <i>Guitar Concerto*</i> | George Sprengelmeyer |
| 6. <i>Track 4</i> | Chris Gates |
| 7. <i>The Moon Song</i> | Michelle Markellos |
| 8. <i>Speak the Truth</i> | David Hage |

* Track 4 Note: From Sukura - Theme and Variation on the Japanese Folk Song
Composer - Yuquijiro Yocoh

* Track 5 Note: From Music Concerto No. 1 in D major - Allegretto
Composer - Andantino Alla Romanza

Thank you to all who contributed their time and talents to this first ever
Instress CD!

Journal of the Arts Awards

The Barnes & Noble Poetry Award
Justin Lucas for "Ephemeral Blankets"

The Tudor Book Shop Prose Award
Karin Sopp for "Objects in the Mirror are Closer Than They Appear"

The Guy Cali Photography Award
Jennifer Samonsky for the "Vault" photo
Honorable Mention in Photography - Jolene Carey

The Music Go Round Award
David Hage for "Speak the Truth" Music CD

The Emerging Talent Student Award for High School Students
1st Place – Karina Lickorish, United Nations International School
"It doesn't take alchemy"

Honorable Mention in the High School category
Eric Weiskott, Greenport High School
"Granbois"

The Rebecca Steinberger Broadside Ballad Award
Heather Jones
"Deceiver"

(Art, poetry and prose entries were judged anonymously after faculty entries were removed from the judging process by the editor)

Ephemeral Blankets

At the dark end of the street
A Bagman plays improv on makeshift drums
Cans, tins and buckets in feverish thunder –
A sound liquid enough to get into your ears and stay there,
Muffling other sound
You linger
Rain calls to thunder's response –
Wet drums – silent, like World Wars on Christmas
We drink, and laugh

- Justin Lucas

Pieta

Enfolded in Her arms
I melt into the cloth
Of her garment

My body is ravaged.
Shattered into pieces
She envelopes me.

My face of death
Tastes her tears
Flowing in blessing.

Wombed once again
The fluids of our lives
Are joined in sanctity.

This is my mother
Swooned in remorse
By the darkness of sin.

Affirming her choice
She embraces the pain
Of all women.

Her created world
Has failed.
She bears the shame.

These mourning wounds
Come from God.
She is my savior.

- Michael Bryant



Vault - Jennifer Samonsky

Faceless - From Iraq

The smell of gunpowder and cordite filled the air, a smoky haze covering the battlefield. Once a residential street, filled with cars, workers, men and women, parents and children, was now a deathbed.

Fires burned where buildings and vehicles once sat, reduced to rubble. Bodies lay crumpled and lifeless, strewn amongst debris. Once a testament to life and peace, now the product of hate and war.

More shots rang out, answered by a volley from the opposition. There was still life among the dead, tragically continuing to fight. Some aiming to give and restore peace, others adding chaos where it was not deserved.

Loss of life on both sides was significant. More deplorable was the loss of life from the noncombatants. Just people, going about their lives, dreaming of a free life, of a good, peaceful life. Able to fulfill that dream, now, only in the afterlife, unable to live a life deserved by all. Shrill screams permeated the battlefield, following the rocking explosions, of yet another rocket. More lives lost, more screams heard, more tears cried, more dreams unrealized.

Silence.

Deafening Silence.

The remains of one force came out of cover, tentatively. Nothing moved, except for them. Eyes and weapons scanned the wreckage. Still nothing moved.

The team entered the opposite building, ready to do a search. Each disappeared into the open doorway, as though swallowed by a large mouth. The last one vanished into the darkness. An eternity passed, only the sound of flames licking skyward, consuming their fuel, told the tale that something had once existed here.

Preempted only by a single shot, the loudest explosion of the day rippled outward from the building. The few windows that had remained intact separated from the building and themselves, reflecting the fire beneath, looking like millions of shooting stars. The fires bent away from the building, as though cowering, until the pressure from within the diminished structures subsided.

Small and large chunks removed themselves from the building, falling to the ground to join the rest of the litter.

Then there was silence. No lives left to lose. No screams left to be heard. No tears left to be cried.

No more dreams.

Only the silence.

- Jason Klimchok

OBJECTS IN THE MIRROR ARE CLOSER THAN THEY APPEAR

Alan and Davey stood outside of building twelve, inhaling a bit of nicotine before eighty minutes of pure torture. A smoke break halfway between class would be nice, but no teachers were that considerate and students felt it unnecessary to argue. The two young men talked about nothing important, like most people do at community college. These were school friends, people you talk to in class and get to know – kind of, but no real personal relationships were formed besides a few here or there.

Davey was speaking, with his slight Scottish accent, about some girl he had hooked up with over the weekend, making him that much more of a stud. Adding a name to the list of conquests always made for a good weekend; two names for a great weekend; three or more names for a fabulous weekend. Both were completely absorbed in the conversation, shallow as it was. A girl with distinct long blonde hair was sitting under a tree about twenty yards away, absorbed in her own thoughts, with a curious smile across her face. Some other people were in front of the same building, maybe thirty yards away, but not in plain view. They didn't matter.

As they were still talking, a guy neither Davey nor Alan had ever seen before, or would ever see again for that matter, silently stalked through the tunnel in their direction. He was tall, with dark eyes and dark hair. Slowly approaching, he could hear the footsteps echo off the surrounding tunnel walls as a bead of sweat dropped onto the green cement below him. His heart felt like it was going to explode through his chest and land on the ground in front of him. It was a rush he loved, and he savored every minute of it. He slowly headed toward Davey, unsuspectingly chattering away.

The unknown guy clenched his fist, drew back his arm and threw his entire body into that arm as his fist made contact with Davey directly in the left temple. Davey staggered sideways before altogether collapsing on the cold cement. Alan, frozen with fear, stared at Davey, blood trickling down the side of his face.

The assailant lifted Davey's head, using his hair as a handle, and punched him in the jaw. He dropped Davey's head back onto the ground, took a step back and kicked him in the ribs. A sickening crack was heard, snapping Alan back into reality. Alan screamed for the guy to stop. He did, and ran past the girl under the tree. He kept running into the parking lot, jumped into an old Cadillac with a Pink Floyd bumper sticker, and sped away. Alan ran into building twelve, looking for someone or something to help his poor friend, still lying on the ground.

The girl from under the tree slowly stood up and walked toward the scene of the crime. She couldn't see it for the violent act it was. It intrigued her. She simply kept smiling curiously as the painted green cement slowly started to turn red.

TWO YEARS EARLIER

Julia sat on her sister's bed, holding Carrie's hand, trying to tell her that she would be okay. Carrie tried to calm down, but nothing was helping her.

All she could do was sob and snuffle into the box of tissues, one by one by one. It had been over a year since Davey and she had started seeing each other. They met at the restaurant where they had both worked. They had started out as co-workers and then friends, but their relationship progressed.

Julia tried to warn Carrie of his reputation as a liar and cheater, but he had sworn to Carrie he had matured and changed. Julia didn't know what anyone saw in him. She always thought he resembled a toad, and his accent made her want to projectile vomit. Still, she respected her sister's feelings and tried to be supportive. Julia kept her peace, hoping that he wasn't going to hurt Carrie. He was all she thought about, a permanent smile plastered on her face.

Every time they were together, he told her how much he loved her. But then he started to spend less and less time with Carrie. He made excuses. He had to go to a family affair, got called in to work, forgot about an appointment he had made. Stupid excuses, but nonetheless, very convincing. Carrie believed him. She loved him with all of her heart.

After a while, though, Davey got sloppy. He started hanging out with other girls in places where he shouldn't have, at least not if he was trying to get away with his little games. But maybe he wanted to get caught. Anyone could tell just by the desperate look in the girls' eyes that they were yearning for his attention and affection, just like Carrie. He was making a career out of it, shattering one heart after another. And now he had done it to her sister, and Julia wasn't very happy.

TWO WEEKS EARLIER

Julia had just gotten out of class in building twelve. Her next class was in building four, so she headed for the parking lot. She walked to her car, opened the door and put her backpack in. Then she closed the door, and walked a few paces to the old Cadillac with a Pink Floyd bumper sticker, sitting a few spaces away from her.

She opened the passenger door and got into it. Without saying a word to the guy sitting in the driver's seat, she took an envelope out of her purse and handed it to him. He opened it up and counted the number of bills enclosed. He nodded and put the money back into the envelope.

Julia asked him, "Now you're sure you know what to do? No questions or final arrangements you need to go over again?"

The guy in the driver's seat nodded. Julia thanked him and got out of the car. As she was about to walk away, he said, "Wait." Julia bent at the waist and peered into the car. Her long blonde hair blew across her face, disrupting her vision.

"What did he do to you?" the guy asked Julia. She simply shrugged her shoulders, gave him a mischievous smile and walked away.

- karin sopp



Read the Subconscious - *Lisa Shearer*

Adrian

Needing a break from normalcy and the mundane, I book a flight. London calling. How cliché to an old Clash fan. But during this particular trip Across the Pond, something different unfolds.

I walk down Gower Street toward Tottenham Court Road to meet you. No work at the library on this particular July day. I wait outside the Goodge Street Underground station and furrow my brows at *another* new insert-your-favorite-over-marketed-coffee-house here. Gosh, the second one in one square mile. Capitalism isn't only found in America, you know. Almost mechanically, I spill the contents of my Styrofoam cup on the grassless sidewalk.

With your slicked-back hair, you emerge from the dark tunnel dressed like a rock star, a German Bono: black jacket, white tee, pin-striped pants that are probably too hot for today, and a large cross around your neck that hangs down past your chest. You are many years younger than me and I am giddy as we ride the Tube towards Embankment. We cross Millenium Bridge laughing for the sheer insanity of our time together. Your English is pretty good, and I get embarrassed when your translations make me laugh. As we study the Kandinsky painting in the Tate Modern, your mossy eyes widen.

"This painter, I know him. He is Russian. You know, he is my favorite. When I look at him, I get the duckskin!" Your super-size grin almost sparkles.

"Um, Adrian, I don't understand...." But before you answer, "Oh, do you mean 'goosebumps'?"

You nod your head vigorously, the black sunglasses on top of your blond hair looking like the eyes of a fly. "Yes, duckskin."

Almost balmy, we walk along the Bankside, ignoring patrons at the trendy wine bars dotting the pathway along the Thames. London's so alive, and I don't correct you when you say with German accent and light squeeze of my hand,

"Bay-key you are a specialty."

- Rebecca Steinberger

Ode to a Robin

She sent me a robin
This creative God.
A robin that
Danced and fluttered,
That
Swooped and sailed,
That
Jumped and jived.

I gazed on
A ritual of life
And reveled in
Its syncopated steps.

Suddenly
The robin rose
Diving toward me.
Sitting in my chair
I was safe.

Glassed within a room,
No fear.

Protected in my tomb
No need for alarm.
So what did this
Crimson-feathered deity
see?

An intrusion in her
Daily dance?

A reflection of self
In need of a kiss?

An escape from
A fellow dancer?

A sheltering path
To forbidden freedom?

Whichever synapse
Opened in her minute mind
She thudded into the pain
With graceless wonder.

Unfulfilled she flew
Out of sight and mind
Bruised ego and all,
Never to return, for now.

- Michael Bryant

The Crane

Because mosquitos
need to live too,
I offered up my ankles.

This, they said
is good enough.

Then I came across
an ant, swimming
in an orchid.

He rose
to the surface

How to you define
the color orange?
he asked,
twitching.

Orchids in New York:
I had to laugh
But he was dead
serious

The sun was orange
An orange is orange
The first car I drove
was the Orange Crush.

Then I sat by water.
In the distance
the body and reflection
of a crane
made a beetle, I decided.

Each neck, a pincher.

What else
could I say?

And then it was
the sun again, sinking

- Tom Reichtin



- Brenda Hage

While Wine Tasting on Narragansett Bay

Watching
from a sloping green
as determined fishermen cast
lines of authority
into the wide white sea

Old pearls and black tie
sip merlot and converse
about the weather
but the curious, drift to water's edge
and tower over an unlucky bass

His black eye is bulging in fear,
gills gasp for reason
and another line is cast

Eye watching eye
I stroke the blue and pink
of his soft fish skin
and touch it to my powdered cheek

Rocky shores glow red in the sunset
Chardonnay reflects declining blues, and
Castle Hill Light blinks in warning,
We are taking too much from the sea

- Wendy Carey

Older Brother

We stood, the two of us,
next to your bike,
reading inscrutable painted words
scrawled on the bridge's belly.
So this is what bad feels like.
You threw a rock into the weeds,
sending a green bottle rolling.
I couldn't see the house.

Towers of plastic cups
on the kitchen table
flanked mom's porcelain.
Keep your paws off the china, and her.
You threw them out of my room
where my pillow smelled of smoke.
I slept with it over my head,
but never told.

We were lost in twisted streets,
eating bread and cheese
among ruined walls, or in a park.
I didn't know juevos from jueves.
You threw my pack over your shoulder.
Those aren't traveling shoes, dummy.
The house was miles away,
But home sat smiling at my dusty coat.

- ALB

In the Midnight Hour

George: Very round, don't you think?

Becky: Good choice. You're definitely into the full-bodied variety.

George: Hmmm....

Becky: Not much of an aftertaste, either.

George: Maybe even a little lacking in that area. With a light finish.

Becky: 'Twill cure what ails you.

George: I might call it a bit top-heavy. Great nose. Good mouth.

Becky: If only it wasn't for the weak back-end.

George: Yeah, she'd be perfect. Despite the red coloring.

Becky: We're not talking about your exes, here. By the way, how old?

George: Still quite young but of a good age.

Becky: Where did you pick her up?

George: The usual watering hole. She didn't come cheap.

Becky: Stud.

George: I prefer "connoisseur".

- *George and Me*

Meager Man

I try to laugh it off
Saying it wasn't meant to be
I guess there were clues I didn't see
I wish I didn't have to hear second hand
I wish you hadn't fallen into the arms of my pseudo friend

Maybe it was all part of your plan
I'll just have to deal with the transition
It's such an awkward position
But, I hope you are happy with that meager man

I tried to act all cool and nonchalant
This situation didn't play out how I would want
Maybe I was a bit too callow
But underneath that hat he's still shallow

Don't worry I won't cause a scene
No need for me to get down on my knees
Anyway, you were always better there than me

- James McCabe

It doesn't take alchemy

He looked at me with those switchblade eyes
That cut right to me
I saw the sharpness of his pain in the flint,
Only for a second – in a glint,
A metallic flash

The boy was steel and stone –
Every other kid's eyes warmed to amber
His – only graphite.
At the back of the theatre I cried
Oxygen and diamond for him,
But you won't find tears in rocks like that boy

Every alchemist on this earth,
Every chemist tried to melt and mix the child
Blinded impure scientific understanding
Nonsense.

It doesn't take alchemy.

If you just rip your eyes from the books
And turn your ears from the lies and the formulae
and the human theories
There is one truth.

And now...
The vanadium boy stood at the altar
Confounding every scientific law
His titanium crust melted,
Rust evaporated into infinity
Metals and Metals and Metals
All dissolved in the water that makes new.
No more ammonium, nor more chlorine,
No more toxic stench.

He walked away from the altar –
Precious to Someone like gold –
A treasure to God

Because it doesn't take alchemy.

- Karina Lickorish

Dusk

It's the flat time,



*self's certainty is kept at bay.
Confidence - lost.
Youth's now rattling breaths announce
age's reign, the birth of a learned soul*

Mile High Sunrise - Erin Moravec

- D. A. Phoenix

A Quiet Moment

Reflections on the water surface
The sun is setting
The water is calm
The sky is a mix of orange and blue
The water is a mix of blue and green
The sky is a mix of orange and blue
The water is a mix of blue and green

A Quiet Moment



Blessed Quietness - Sara Bray

A Quiet Moment
Reflections on the water surface
The sun is setting
The water is calm
The sky is a mix of orange and blue
The water is a mix of blue and green
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The water is calm
The sky is a mix of orange and blue
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A Quiet Moment

A Quiet Moment

Dusk

It's the flat time,
a pale reminder of the day.
Dimensions lost.
Straining eyes employ fading light,
while minds ready surrender to the dark.

It's the flat time,
a study in the art of gray.
Clarity's lost.
What was and may be swirl and blend,
a charcoal fog of dream and memory.

It's the flat time,
all the colors have bled away.
Depth of field - lost.
Love and hatred now hold their breath,
idle viewers of time's quiet parade.

It's the flat time,
hands reaching as to feel the way.
Wisdom seems lost.
All that was known and understood
stands strangely awkward in the midst of change.

It's the flat time,
self's certainty is kept at bay.
Confidence - lost.
Youth's now rattling breaths announce
age's reign, the birth of a learned soul

- *D. A. Phoenix*

Untitled

Thoughts of sand, wind, and ashes
blur the horizon of my heart

Tomorrow my mind will turn to love
after the chains of lament break asunder
the blurred visions of a yellowed photograph
will reflect the clarity of my intent

...but today is dissonant and chromatic
My soul in darkness dwells, wailing its lament

And I will drink this grief to excess
praying that the solitude of the hazy night
be replaced by the dawn of renewal

- *Anonymous*

Patterns

White on Blue

The jets make patterns in the sky
Speaking tales of countless people
Searching for a way to
Distance themselves from pain
Line up, take your ticket
And lose yourself in here
with all the others
this stale air is not enough
to help me swallow my fears
Don't mind me I'll just stay behind
I need to get outside...
Down here to suns setting on me
While they are becoming stars up
there
Just look up above...
Isn't it beautiful how the jets make
patterns in the sky
of all the failures of mankind



- *Chris Cimei*

Granbois

In the blackest greenest lonely wood,
a man once walked without his sight,
through glades of thought and trees of theory,
as the day became the night

Though he was blind to every light
that flickered through the tangled trees,
he knew the path (from his perspective),
Felt the sun and heard the breeze

Though bird and beast (from their perspectives)
never saw the thing he sought,
the man kept walking through the wood,
which pulsed and writhed with serried thought

From greenest leaf to blackest sky
The lonely hero braved the gap;
He felt the overwhelming split
of trunk and seed and sky and sap.

He walked between the twilight hours
when truth and fiction melt and blur
and darkness blankets thoughts and leaves
like reams of iridescent fur

and something rustles round his mind
and agitates the forest floor.
O thought! O darkness most unending!
Sun and Moon and something more.

- Eric Weiskott



- Jolene Carey

The Overlook (August 2, 1986)

Silent wisps of smoke
drift and pause
and drift again
over the fairy tale forest.
Little mountains poke through, peaks merged
in the emerald seas
of other peaks
and other mountains -
climbing high, aiming
for the little space of sky
that sleeps beside the moon.

Into the gap with our words,
as though they could fill it,
tumbling over and over
till they lose themselves in the mists,
swallowed quickly by the little mountains
or taken thoughtfully inside
the fairy tale forest
to decide whether the words
are new ones
or old
and have tumbled through mists before.

Did you think of anyone there below?
A quiet reception it was,
prepared, as we were prepared
to see it, obliging us
with symmetry and smoke
and silence
so our thoughts might wander
behind the words
and see if they got to the bottom.

- R.L.



- Jolene Carey

The Church

The unsolicited thought seeped into his mind, "God is here." Whether it go by that moniker or another, he knew that the spirit he so revered now engulfed him.

The doors of the great temple had opened to him a day earlier. He had been meticulous in deciding upon the best location from which to worship. While he was sure that the spirit of this holy place would not be concerned with his chosen roost, he wanted to secure a spot that would afford the most complete view possible of the precious altar. He would remain there throughout the night and ready himself for the next day's blessings.

The mist was welcome, as was the morning whose light revealed it. The peak of Blue Mountain would play hide and seek for a bit longer, dodging detection until the sun could burn off the last of its cloak. However, the cloud had lifted enough to allow his first view of the lake. He scanned the shoreline and made quick note of the other worshippers gathered there. Indeed, his location was ideal, for no other could possibly be the possessor of the view that would soon be his.

He breathed in deeply, tasting the smoke and pine and life that saturated the full north-country air. His wife looked down at him as she stood by his chair and handed him a cup of fresh coffee. He reached for the cup, as though it were a communion chalice. The cup warmed his hands as his eyes beheld the peace in hers. He believed that his soul was, at this very moment, generating more love and happiness than he had ever believed it capable.

She was beautiful. The lake was beautiful. The mountains...were beautiful.

"How's your coffee?"

His heart answered, "It's beautiful."

This was his church, Mother Nature his god. He said no prayer, made no requests of her. His worship was to be his union with her finest creations, which colored this panoramic display. The air, a gift from the trees that gave life to the loons and the coyote, would fill his lungs and rejuvenate him with every breath. He would open himself completely. He would make his heart a vessel and carry its fill of peace to sustain him in the world to which he would, too soon, return.

Indeed, he would be blessed.

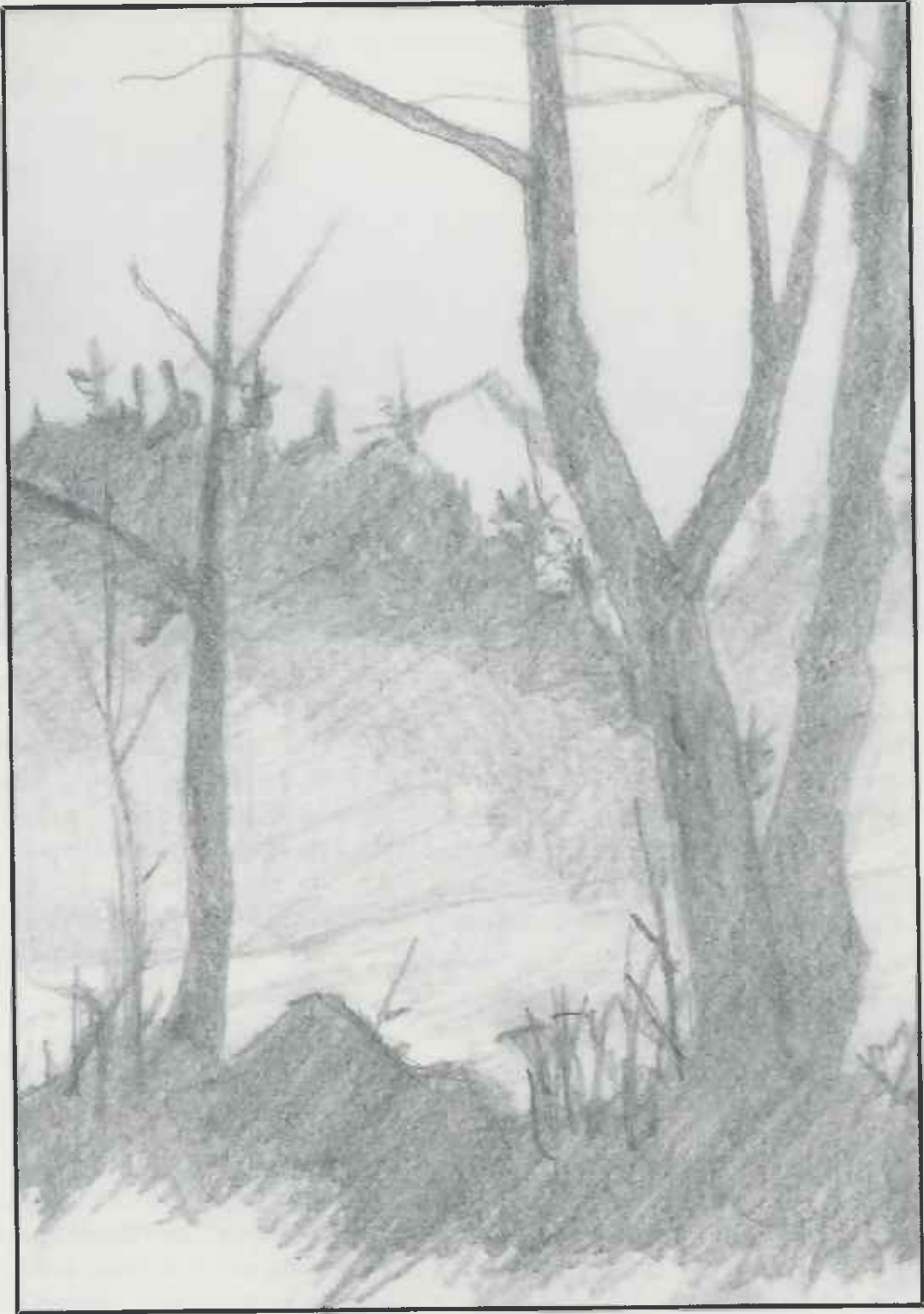
- D. A. Phoenix



Morning - *Wendy Carey*

Groveling to get to the
crossroads
The frail Cloud is
mesmerized by the
oddity
of the moment
Imprisoned by its own
Breath
It valiantly
struggles
to bring the
Rage
to rest.

- *Lisa Shearer*



Wooded Island
from Ferdinand Petrie
- *David Hage*

Looking up at the stars I know quite well
That for all they care I can go to hell
But on earth indifference is the least
We have to dread from man or beast
How would we like it if the stars were to burn
With a passion for us we could not return?
If equal affection cannot be
Let the more loving one be me

- *Karena Richards*

Seasons

Leaves fall from weeping trees
that cry at summer's lease
that runs its course through sun-filled days
until blanketed by clouds above
In the still of night, a mist rolls in
with it, a cold still silence
that all shall fall under the veil of sleep
from which only spring shall wake
In the quiet star filled sky
the heavens watch with a certain sadness
that this beauty shall pass with but one tempted eye
to hold this majestic virgin.

- *Brian Vischi*

Pristine

The sky wears Her
like an earring
who punctures
the face of many nightmares.

The great white orb
opalescent marble
luminates
the star-hungry darkness.

Full-figured
She lets us view her
intimately
—subject objectified—
through the man-made lens

Craters boast
the wearing of time
you, secret voyeur,
are tricked
believing
She is within reach

and when your eyes
focus
on the territory
the jealous clouds roll over her
ending your affair
with the crown jewel of blackness

- Rebecca Steinberger

Revel

I laid there
awake
Unable to sleep
gazing
my lamp illuminated
the stars of the tapestry above
a slight breeze
my window
my escape
with a blanket
pulled tight
I listened
my eyes closed
I waited
finally
I heard
the song the crickets sang
"Come join us beautiful dreamer
come dance beneath the stars
come join us beautiful dreamer
we wait by the light of the moon"
They played
long into the night
though invited
never did I go
but there will come a night
when my feet will guide me
to dance beneath the moon



- Brian Vischi

anticipation

wanting you to be near
 to laugh with me
waiting for every hint
 appearances in my daydreams
knowing you'll be here soon
 tangible or not i'll wait

anticipation is my worst enemy
 clouding my judgment
 pervading my mind
renovation of our past perfection
 has me idly wondering
 provides me with hope
reconciliation of my thoughts
 inappropriate at times
 insanity beckons

wanting as I anticipate
waiting causes me to renovate
reconciling all I know

you'd have been home by now
holding me close to you
as we shared the same air
breathing only your breath
but
now i just hold you in my dreams
still waiting and wanting
something i'll never have again
YOU

- *karin sopp*



- Rekha Sharma

Emilia Elizabeth

It was on this day her presence came to be
She took us by surprise, though we should have forseen
I was scared and so was he

We were two new lovers
comforted in the arms of each other
neither prepared to be father and mother

As my belly grew and grew
our excitement did too
for we knew love would get us through

Finally the day arrived
She appeared before our eyes
and once again her father and I cried

We wiped up all our tears
tucked away our fears
and looked forward to the coming years

It was one year today her presence came to be
She took us by surprise the way she made us so happy
There's no better role than that of mommy and daddy

- Heather Jones

Rainy Day Friend

Oh Muse of mine come play with me
Be my rainy day friend
Toss secrets in my hand
Tickle my fingertips with clarity
Dance concentric circles round my intellect
Hide among the stowaways within
So that I may fall upon them again
Laugh with me till the ink in my pen
Makes the drops from the sky run dry
For that is when you'll hear the call
Of another muted soul
So fly away my rainy day friend
Until I want to play again

- *Heather Jones*



emptiness - *Laura Lewin*

overandoveragain

mad at myself...knowing there's nothing i can do
helpless but never hopeless

so alone even though
so many people feel the same
or even worse
right now

knowing you're alone in that

hospital

a word denoting disease
whispers in the halls
that are yellow with age and infection
and people dread going
like i dread touching
anything in the god-forsaken place
except you

i count the tiles on the floor
on the ceiling
stains on the wall
all souls leave their mark

want to take your pain
so misplaced and unfair
let me endure it instead
younger and stronger and
nothing
without you

can't sleep
tearsblurmy
thoughtsnolongerseparate
fromtheechoes
reverberatinginmyemptyhead
itwillbeok
isallihear
overandoveragain
shewillbeok
itellmyself
overandoveragain

- karin sopp

Van Gogh – *alone*

Loose brush strokes on a canvas
of pain
trying to wash an empty soul
with color
creating only the Impression of
living

He was an empty room
He was a blue landscape without form

Sunflowers bow in shame at the
deception
and wheat fields disguise blood as
poppies

- Wendy Carey



- Vincent Van Gogh

The Feeling

Faint and Dizzy

Legs weak and head swimming

The feeling when your brain won't work,

But blood still flows

You still stand strong

Throwing thought away

But you still find guidance

In a different way

Your body feels warm

And the feeling won't go astray

But you're not in this alone,

Everyone feels the same

Your eyes meet theirs,

thoughts collide

Emotions break out,

And you melt way

- Jonathan Baldwin

Until We Meet Again

Drifting, shifting, twisting

Swaying, straying, decaying,

Missing, kissing, reminiscing

Dating, debating, waiting.

- Alicia Magda

Untitled

the trouble with us is...

I mean...

what do I mean?

the problem is this:

well, I dunno.

I just know there's trouble abrewin'

up ahead,

dark clouds are rollin' in-

fast.

the water here is gettin' choppy and over yonder it's downright violent.

the fish have swum deeper

the gulls have found shelter on land somewhere

the crabs are burrowed safely in the sand.

I can't put my finger on it

can't tell you what it is.

hurricane, monsoon, just plain ol' rage.

angry fists,

angry words,

all come flyin' at me,

like the strong wind brings the pourin' down rain.

I am stuck here on this boat.

I can't escape.

- Christin Rhodes

Broadside Ballads

For any study of social, political, cultural and economic history, broadside ballads are significant in providing clues to the climate of the day. Their relevance to any student of early modern history is clear because of their depiction of key socio-historical issues ranging from class constructs... to trendy clothing... to ineffective rulers... to the pitfalls of sex and alcohol. Literally, the ballads are an important contribution to English culture as they translate history, religion, and trends to their audience. Originally serving as a means to spread news and educate the populous on current events, they were accessible to diverse factions throughout England, and not simply the upper class.



Edinburgh Castle - Brenda Hage

The following selections were written for Dr. Becky's 18th Century British Literature class. The assignment called for students to write their own broadside ballad, in 18th century English dialect, and set it to a contemporary tune.

Deceiver

*'Tis' charm comes from his eyes
The gazer therein is mesmerized
Quickly fooled by his disguise*

*He steals away behind his wit and his smile
She takes part in this, his wicked trial
For young country wives are easy to beguile*

*Her soul is pure
His mistress is a whore
What good is love for*

*Master takes them each to bed
While hussy's mouth is surely fed
On poor lass's heart he's tread*

Thus is the life of a rogue and his wife

- Heather Jones

Set to Loreena McKennet, "Prologue"

Untitled

*Standing on Streets
When you're a singer
people pay money
when you sing well
lyrics you write now
of all songs past
ye coins you crave well
when ye is broke*

*When ye is singing
people stand by and watch
when ye is singing
rocks and coins get thrown
when ye is singing
when ye is grinning
when ye is penniless*

*People are vexed
when ye is a singer
they only like it
when ye write a new song
they make you feel like
you are navel lint
people will hit you
if ye sing bad today*

(musical break)

*This is my career
I do it to support my habit
of buttered scones
I really like them with tea
or by themselves
or with jam
or with marmalade
they're good yeah!*

(musical break)

*This is my song now
I sing it to entertain you
Everyday
I have no other talents
only ballad writing
and I'm not that good
could ya spare some change?*

- Ryan Malone

Set to the Doors, "People are Strange"

The following poems were inspired by the (in)famous "to be or not to be" soliloquy in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

*To speak out or to remain mute
Would it be more just to tell her she is an overzealous bitch
or to turn away and not meddle in the affairs of others?
Must one take a blind eye to the hurt of the oppressed
and the hypocrisy of the dirty gold harlot,
or shall one rise up and smite this fille de joie
in a pool of her own foul sense of relevance?
Might I slap her and her irrelevance out of the light of concern,
or mar this walking hypocrisy as she has marred others?
Others suffer at her hand, and while I cannot feel this suffering,
shall I duel for those who do not fight for themselves?
Must I, should I, can I
stop this injustice?
This ignorance is not bliss.
It causes me to pause and I pray that you may give it pause as well.*

- Chris Gates

Love vs. Death: A Twist on Hamlet

To love or not to love, that is the question

To Kill or not to kill: that is the question

Whether far away or right next to one another

Whether it is nobler in the mind to take

One's heart can be so fickle, changing its mind as often as you blink

The innocence and beauty of a glorious life

Two quotes flow through your mind

Or to take arms against those who may cause them harm

Battling to persuade you to believe their words and not the other

And by this action to kill them, to kill, to snuff out one's life

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"

To snuff out one's life: to take away the chance of natural death

The quote whispers its praises in your ears; how delightful they are.

There is so much pain and heartache that comes from a long life

"Out of sight, out of mind"

The very air we breathe begins to consume one's flesh

The quote moves in butting the other out of the way; so harsh it seems

A quick ending is wished, To Kill, to snuff out one's life

Think of the possibilities it sinisterly whispers; but is it really sinister?

To take away the pain and suffering one falls to

Could it instead be my fear of the truth?

Ending a lifetime of loneliness in a cruel and savage realm

Could it be me turning a blind eye to truth and holding on to a mere possibility?

For who is left to comfort and care for us

I guess I'm just waiting to say "I'm sorry..."

In truth it is a merciful action, To Kill, to save one from a lifetime of pain and misery.

- Raenell M. Greene and Jennifer Samonsky

separate and together

*sitting here
you and me
in my mind
thinking
memories
you knew
i loved
cut flowers
separate
so beautiful
i needed
sleep
to keep
alive*

- karin sopp

*i remember
me and you
all alone
holding
each other
i knew
that you were
about to die
from a life
so unique
peaceful
invigorating
the truth
in me*



- Wendy Carey

Prejudice

Prej.u.dice n. 1. injury or damage resulting from some judgment or action of another in disregard of one's rights. 2. A preconceived judgment or opinion. 3. An opinion or learning adverse to anything without just grounds or before sufficient knowledge.

Why does prejudice exist?
Is it the mysteries of men?
Or arrogance within oneself?
Which two play the unfeigned heart?

A child is born into this world.
His innocence is unscathed.
Until his eyes are forced to see
the rendered filth and rage.

But who is it that shows this child
the wiles of the world?
No one else could depict this place,
but the parents of the boy or girl.

-Esther Anelli

Communing Communion

My head cold is making headway.
My shoulders complain,
my eyes object,
my nose leaks.

The little sleep I've had competes
with my PMS
in how best to ruin my afternoon.

I drive to work.
I grumble,
convinced every red light
a purposeful slight.

Then, I see him in my rear view mirror.

He is young,
wearing a baseball hat and sun glasses,
driving a beat-up jeep.

He sings with abandon to a tune I'll never hear,
drumming ferociously on the dash with both hands
as we wait for green.
He doesn't notice me,
or the other commuters encased in plastic status around him.

He must be at the bridge now,
as he stops singing,
and his whole body moves in time with a beat
I can almost feel
traveling through the blacktop,
into the tires of my Japanese import,
reverberating in my windows,
dusty with salt.

It's time to wash my car, I decide.
Get the salt off
before it eats like a cancer
through the green paint and into
the metal body beneath.

- ALB

To David

I hear tell that you aren't looking well
Hell, you never looked that good
They may say, "Steve, be more charitable",
But we both deemed that unacceptable,
And memorials are but memories of what we were

So I checked in on you the other day;
I saw the same man I've always known
The same off center eyes still shone,
Surveying your universe, perhaps different than my own
And yet we shared this understanding
That the lesson's plan lies in listening close
To the hum of life's rotation,
And that deaf ears and a dull mind
Are the only true death
Education was salvation -
And we learnt with every breath

I suppose I'm just like any man -
I can't stand to say goodbye
To my teacher, our kinship our camaraderie
All so good on their worst days
And on their best -
As close to beauty as one can come
And I'll cry a bit, everyday
I'm ashamed to say it has begun
I suppose I'm just like any man,
Who spent a moment in the sun

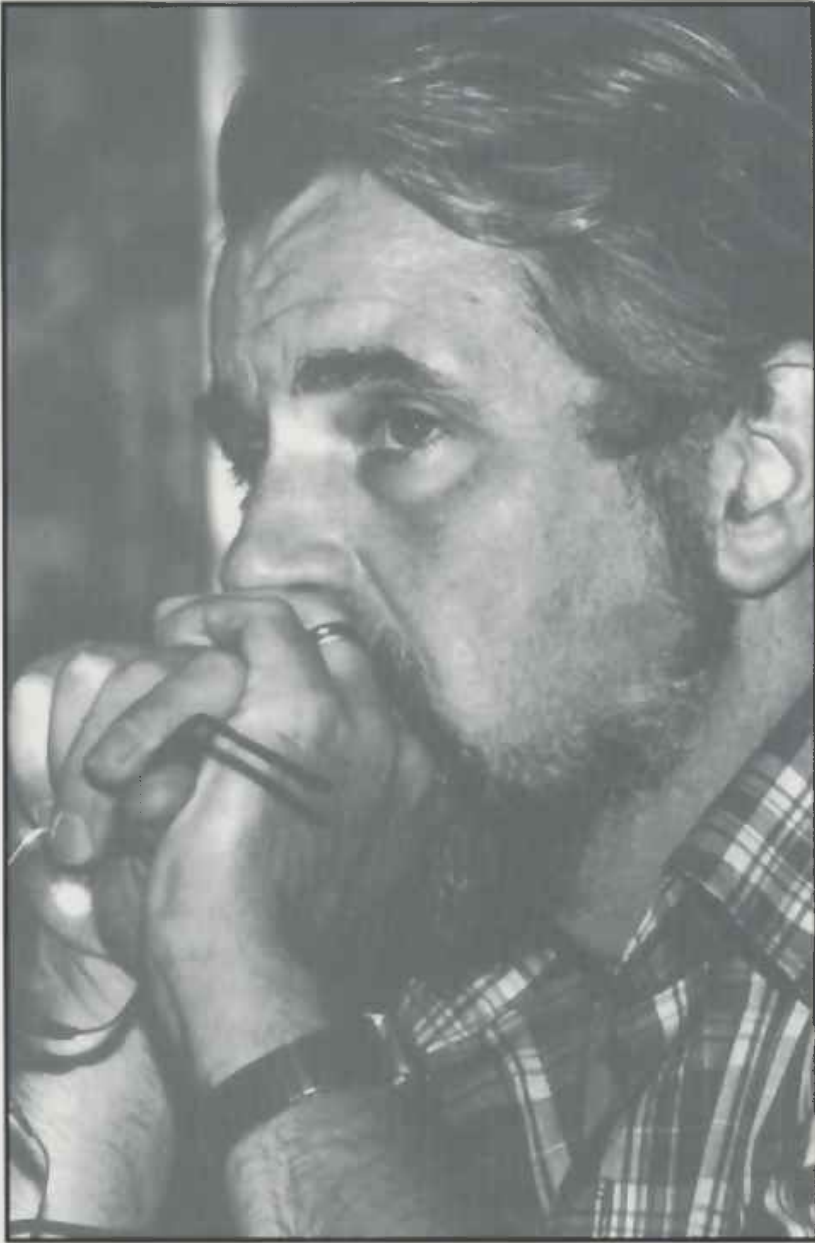
I checked in on you the other day;
I'd like to say that I was proud
There you stood, tall and towering above Death.
To be sure, breath short and bone aching,
but still ever laughing at these miracles of making
I felt the weight of every step
And thanked the stars that we had met

David, you were born to us a gift
From our Master's hand so formed
And now there's no more purpose left
But for you to take your rest
Upon his golden shores

I shall see you when I get there
And I'll pray that they serve beer

- *Steve Janasie*

This edition of *Instress* is dedicated to David Payne,
"O Captain, my captain," beloved professor, muse, and friend.



"I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric YAWP over the roofs of the world"

From Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

