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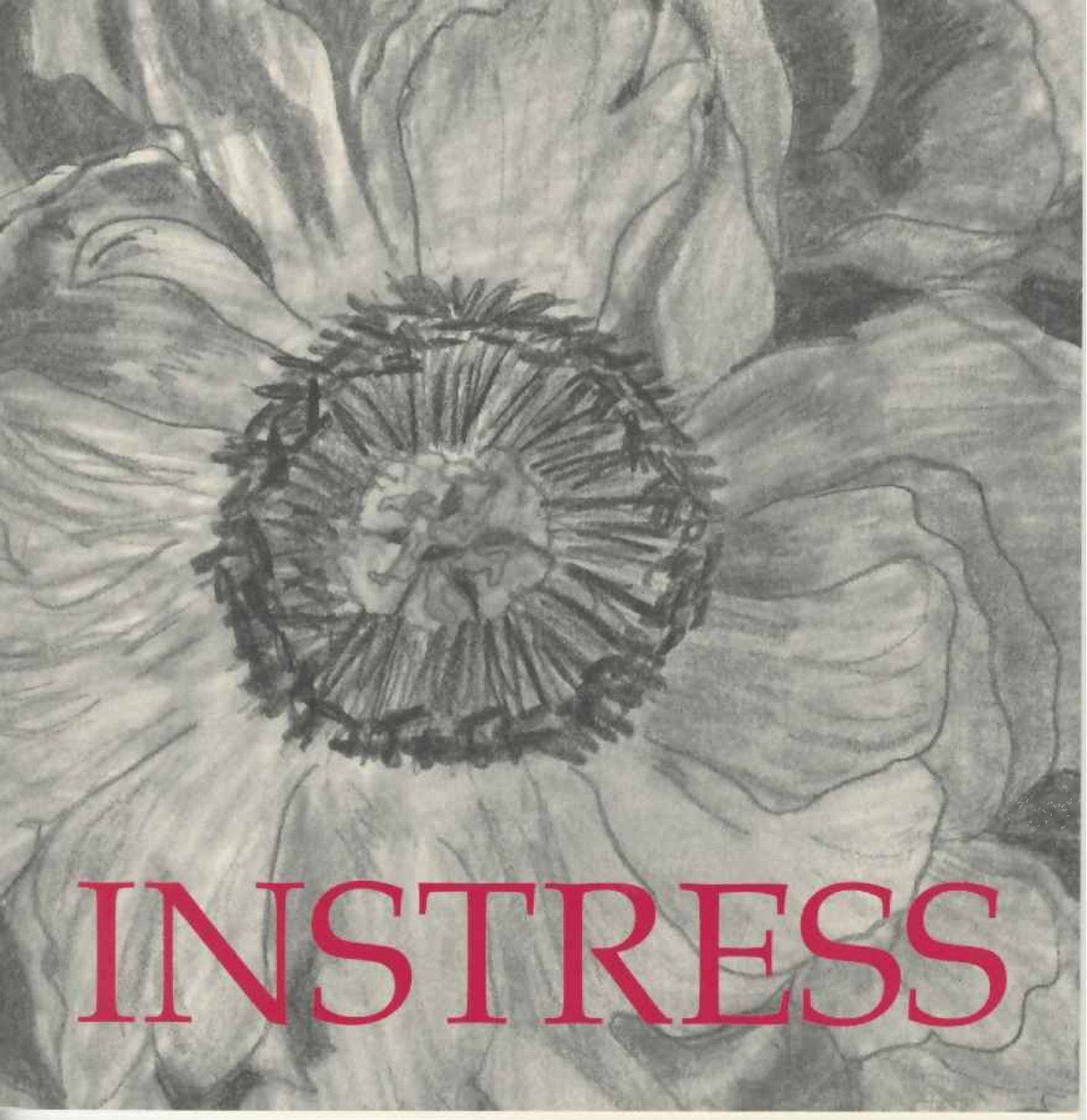
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INSTRESS

Cover Artwork: (Untitled)  
- Kristen Englehardt-

Instress has been published by the students of College Misericordia since December of 1966. The word *instress* was invented by the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. It signifies the moment that the reader achieves complete understanding of the written word. The author, through instress, conveys to and shares with the reader an emotionally moving experience.

### The 2004 Awards for Outstanding Creations

Nicole Cazes receives the Andy Warhol Award for art.

Christin Rhodes receives the Billy Collins Award for poetry.

Jolene Carey receives the Ansel Adams Award for photography.

Alicia Magda receives the Shel Silverstein Award for High School poetry.

#### Editor

Rianna Johns

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Karin Sopp

Instress accepts short stories, poetry, essays, art, photography, music, and other creative works from the students and faculty and staff of College Misericordia and the surrounding community. All works are judged anonymously by the editorial staff. Opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily those of the staff or the college administration.

Blithe

Blithe.

A word seldom ever whispered  
Between friends on an endless day.  
A word rarely thought  
Between the pent-up recesses of our minds.  
Our thoughts razor-edged  
No crevice free for a spot of air.

A word frowned upon.  
The stiff upper lips curling back.  
Proofreaders consistently correcting  
Those who dare articulate it.

But if we are still able  
To relax our wrinkled foreheads  
Allow our guards to break down  
Let our shackled feet run  
May we rebels still feel  
A touch of that feared word.

-Alicia Magda-

## Ancient Grudge Breaks to New Mutiny

Torn between two households-  
Classic Romeo and Juliet.  
But I will not die  
In my lover's arms.  
I will collapse  
From lack of air...  
All alone  
As my mother and father  
Fight over my remains,  
Yelling  
About who deserves me more...  
Who was a better parent...  
Who loved me the most...  
STOP!  
The arguing pierces even  
To the depths of Hell  
Where I continue to be tormented  
By their tug-of-war struggle.

-Emily Hine-



(Untitled)

-Kristen Englehardt-

Scholar of minutes,  
Deft at play,  
A paragon of dreamers,  
Miscreant with sway.  
Clever--  
Never.  
But my pithy bore,  
Despite white symphonies  
is black to the core.

-A. L-B.-

Slip In

Into the  
Slipstream  
concurrent,  
parallel  
to the goings on,  
liquid passion  
Here, Now!  
It's not patient,  
doubt and it's gone  
one toe in the current  
and your whole  
of a soul  
is sucked into  
the vortex  
Pure energy with  
direction  
on your way to freedom  
Imagination  
is born ...and it's a free ride

-Wendy Carey-





tranquillness  
-Jolene Carey-



## The Yellow-Eyed Monster

Timid, eyes narrowing, wary  
Quiet, peering through, softly  
Cautious never to waken  
The lurid yellow-eyed monster

She must never speak a word,  
    speak her mind,  
    offer a view,  
    have a thought.

She cannot walk softly enough,  
    look without offending,  
    breathe quiet enough,  
    do anything right.

She is always giving an attitude,  
    causing a problem,  
    messaging things up,  
    always the one at fault.

Today I killed the yellow-eyed monster,  
I stood up and walked out,  
Had my own thoughts and,  
Started to like me for me.

-Amanda James-

"The greatest act of strength is the realization of weakness accompanied by the willingness to change." -David Hage-

## Redeemer

Please excuse me this time  
I seem to go a little out of my mind  
But I don't mind  
No one seems to mind  
I lie in the shadows  
Far from the battles

I need a redeemer  
A casual demeanor  
Something real  
All the pain hurts so bad  
But I can't feel

I can't let anyone see  
What has become of me now  
Abandoned and estranged  
It all feels so strange  
If I made it all go away  
Would it have been easier to stay

I need a redeemer  
A casual demeanor  
Something real  
All the pain hurts so bad  
But I can't feel

-James McCabe-

## Dried Raisins (or Plums?)

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."

-Instress staff-



Escape  
-Nicole Cazes-

-D-

So here I am once again  
Unable to concentrate on  
the words in front of me.  
Behind the wheel  
Reckless and unable to see  
It's not the glass  
It's the tears running out of my eyes  
Crying over you once again  
Hoping that night wasn't our last

Let me be your doll  
Pose me anyway you'd like  
I'll hold it as long as I can  
But sometimes let my tainted soul  
Escape and be itself  
If you only knew what I hold  
Deep inside of me

But now I make the corner  
Wiping my tears with a napkin  
Rolling down the window  
The cold air pierces my once  
tear-streaked face  
I throw that napkin out the window  
So my tears can melt into the frozen Lake  
Never to see shame again

-Carissa Artz-

*"A life of greatness requires a great life lived."  
- David Hage-*

idol i lie

holding my own  
here in the sky  
in sylvan hysteria  
lynched in my microcosm  
martyr of my own fate

as you permeate my mind  
idol I lie  
content to feel you  
sabotage my heart  
deriding my mania

could you feel  
my heartbeat  
if it STOPPED

writhing in your bliss

-karin sopp-

## The American Paradox

America... the land of the free, home of the brave  
where freedom implies hedonism, and bravery results in intolerance.

One nation under God  
encouraged to pay the church  
in exchange for salvation;  
Where children are taught to be unique...

    like everyone else  
and quickly learn to solve their problems  
with guns and violence.

A nation in which propaganda  
is a means of educating the public;  
Corporations and stocks flourish, while  
people continue to die of starvation.

We engage in wars to ensure peace,  
and preach religious tolerance as we  
drop bombs on other nations.

Crosses hang from the necks of those who  
rape, murder, and steal  
yet man deems himself worthy of judging another.

Small minds living the American dream,  
where ignorance is bliss and money can in fact buy happiness.

-Jennifer McCall-

"Beliefs are only as strong as the actions they inspire."

-David Hage-

Hmmm...

Upside down  
The world looks  
Just a little more  
Enchanting  
Than right side up

I have always  
Wished  
I could walk  
Across the ceiling

It would be  
So much more  
Stirring  
Than walking  
On the boring carpet

On the ceiling  
There's more room  
To dance, skip, leap  
Or roll around  
You can  
Flip onto the  
Furniture.  
Realistically simplistic.

Maybe, Just maybe  
Everything is a  
Little more captivating  
Upside down

especially life

-karin sopp-



Slow-Motion  
-Rianna Johns-



*Susan Lazar*

Rose Trellis  
-Susan Lazar-





Wordsworth Calling (The Lake District)

-Rebecca Steinberger-

INSIGHT

Mirror facing mirror  
eternity beckons  
now I see forever

-Deron G. Grabel-

## Two Sons and a Daughter- Underfoot

Father-seed strewn into the round of a garden womb,  
liquid heat- and burning into Mother the  
contradiction of living and of dying  
Searing day into night, rows without end  
...She dreams of a rain that may never come

Amid the confusion, three seeds take hold and root  
in spite of the round verse and the large leather  
boot standing its ground, shadowing sun and moon.  
It is *his* boot- weighted with the silver-black of fear,  
Unmoving, ridid and in control

Small seedlings survive but only within the unparallel  
lines of earth and heel  
Three compete for space and name, suckling  
dry ash and pain- nourishment of green and light exists only  
beyond his stride...they dream of a rain that may never come.

-Wendy Carey-



(Untitled)

-Kimberly Hreha-

## Aries and Aphrodite

To you, my love, who is no more,  
To you who I love forevermore.  
To thee whom I will never meet again,  
To my Aphrodite whose beauty multiplies by ten.  
To my Aries who shall nevermore knock on my door,  
Not on thy door but on your soul evermore.  
To the blood of my Aries that deserted him,  
To the voice of thee, Aphrodite, stolen from the cherubim.  
To the angels who envy me because of you,  
To your sorrows that they may be few.  
To time that makes your body into dust,  
To your eyes that for me lust.  
To the war that killed your heart but not your soul,  
To the saints to make life again whole.  
To my happiness covered in night,  
To the sunshine to back the light.  
To the gates of Heaven that part you from me,  
To country borders that no longer separate me from thee.  
In my hope that you still love your Aphrodite,  
In my memory to which you hold tightly.  
So that you might sometimes be my guest,  
So that you will never make me leave this desk.  
I offer this for my lost love,  
I answer this to my perfect dove.  
If you love me never leave.  
From you I will never take reprieve.

-Kimberly Graff-

she looked at him through tear stained eyes that night. wondering what he's thinking, watching him stand across the room from her with a look on his face she'd never seen before. it worried her. his eyes almost lifeless, no warmth, no emotion. for the first time since she had met him, she could not tell what he was thinking, his thoughts kept hidden by a shield she couldn't get past no matter how long she looked at him. he looked right through her like she wasn't even there; like he didn't even know who she was (she was his girlfriend, his lover, his best friend- is what she had thought until tonight). & she cried. & he stood there just stood there while she did.

blurry

is what he is to her now is what he was to her that night. even more so now than before. a little more unclear each time she thinks of him. she tries hard to remember but can't. can't see his face like he's not there; like she wasn't there to him that night, him just standing emanating coldness, he won't even f---ing look at her, while she fell to her knees & begged him not to. but he wouldn't listen, & he did, & she cried. & she closed her eyes to hold back the tears, & when she finally opened them he was gone.

now all he is to her is an immense indistinct spot that will not leave. why won't he leave, like he did that night. she tries hard to forget but can't. wants to move on, doesn't want to remember anymore.

-Christin Rhodes-



Perfection

-Rianna Johns-

When I re-meet  
myself,  
different from the  
dream  
world,  
I find me the same  
as always.  
Imperfections  
shining bright,  
my little beauty  
seems to have  
faded with the  
night.  
But, I am the  
same,  
and though I am  
not my dream,  
I don't mind at all  
Re-meeting me.

-Tara Benninger-

"Truth is not found in the minds of men but rather it is found in the arms of a loving  
God."

-David Hage-

## 2. the second letter

could we name these intentions undisturbed  
perhaps still incomplete  
in places? In you, I must admit,  
so often to be found:  
today is now  
and that is that.  
a dance here first-- this floor, and then?  
try a different simple step.  
on the edge here, flirting with  
the Fall, the idea of me  
exploring all of you.

an introduction to your world,  
no, I can tell you now  
amazing. My mouth brims full  
of untold doubts,  
but still I had to come along  
if just to drink your music,  
to swallow whole,  
note by note,  
moving through my body  
while taking flight on wings of  
possibility.

-Helen Papodopoulos-



Compassion for Others  
-Nicole Cazes-



Late Afternoon at Lindisfarne

the ancient bards  
corralled the inspiration  
of this lore-ridden countryside  
and weaved a tapestry  
of history  
of art  
the past  
not always forgotten

this is their land  
punctuated by ruins  
sometimes jagged  
sometimes worn  
like the leather-bound books  
I fondle  
on this July afternoon  
following the English ritual of civility

I listen  
They speak  
Every historical epoch  
has a story to tell  
but today  
the ruins only speak to me  
of a thousand years  
in Lindisfarne  
Now  
it is your turn  
to listen.

-Rebecca Steinberger-



Late Afternoon at Lindisfarne  
-Rebecca Steinberger-



Solitude

-Patricia Lavelle-

Memories

Open fields of green and dandelions  
Waiting patiently for bare feet to prance about.  
Billowy dresses caught in the wind.  
Chocolate curls captured in whirls.

The orchestras of crickets hum while fireflies waltz  
And clouds wander ever so slowly through  
A highway of sparkling children's wishes.  
The earth is bathed in soft moonlight foam.

All is merely an echo  
Of days which time cannot remove.  
Yet for some, scripted in sand,  
For as the tide creeps closer to shore  
The prose fades and memories swept away.

-Crechelle Oliveira-

Falling language  
like flakes of snow.  
Can you lick tiny words with your tongue?  
Hurry, or they will freeze.  
But then I will lean close,  
warm breath will melt them,  
until all that is left is the sweet taste of me.

-A. L-B.-

i lie in bed alone  
without you by my side wishing you were here  
touching knees & elbows & bellies, flesh to flesh, warmth  
& sweetness of breath, eyes locking searching souls soft  
lips caressing lusting for more of me to kiss hearts  
pounding fast then faster, sweat mixing mine with yours  
but  
you are not here  
here is me lying alone in the middle of the bed  
i bring my knees close & pull the sheet over me  
a tent  
i made a tent to protect me when you are away  
i will be here in my tent  
waiting until you come back & when you do i will make  
you promise to never leave me again stay here with me in  
this tent hold me kiss me love me  
here in our tent

-Christin Rhodes-

i spent asleep

i drifted and fell  
into a mindless sleep  
images of you

*you're always on my mind*

flowed like the ocean  
through my less of a mind

*if that makes sense*

i dreamed of the stars  
brighten in my sky

*emphasis on me*

created to look at  
to be seen and loved

*like so many others*

i dreamed of time  
clockhands spinning  
time i wasted every night

*sleep is a waste of precious time*

dreaming of stars and you  
i dreamed of a new life

*that will exist when i awake*

time to start over  
and make things right  
with the stars and you

*both confuse me*

time i'll never get back  
i spent asleep  
with the stars and you

-karin sopp-

Fish Eye

(Based on the drawing "Big Fish Eats Little Fish" by Pieter Bruegel the Elder  
1520-1569)

The black globe of an eye  
watches as the city sleeps and  
fishermen cast determined lines  
of authority into the  
wide white sea

The catch is ample, abundant, excessive, choking

Fishermen, determined,  
slay and gut and expose the  
truth of life's progression  
and soft flesh yields  
to the hard heart of the matter

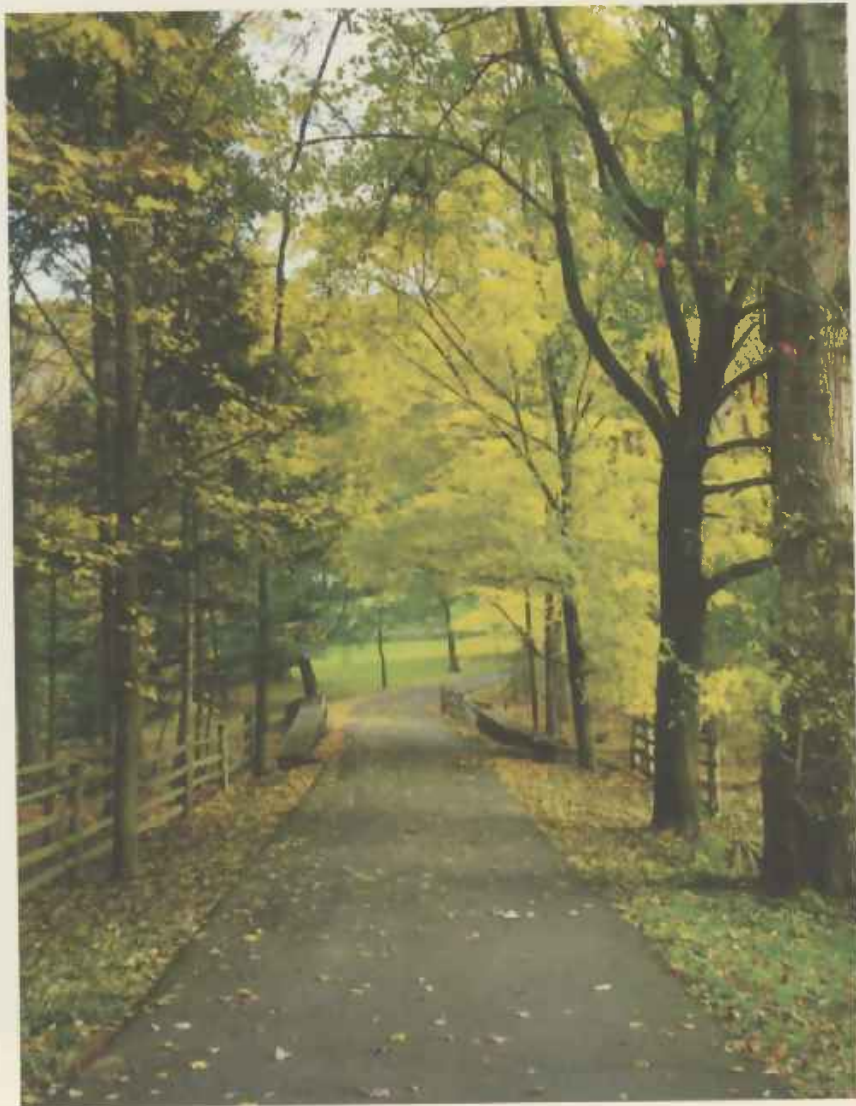
The black globe of an eye  
reflects his soft fish soul  
and we find no shame;  
there are no bribes in the  
belly of a fish

Cold blooded, yet they  
do not seek to plunder or possess;  
they will not demand a revision  
in the black and white  
of the chain of life

-Wendy Carey-



The Family  
-Dana Pienta-



Road to Eudaemonia  
- Jolene Carey -



laundro-mat  
monday  
ten o'clock  
morning time  
waiting  
(all one can do is wait)  
listening  
hum of machinery  
(kawosh kaplomb kerploo)  
watching  
(rhythmic spinning of clothes)  
smells so clean  
(a hundred different detergents conjoined)  
warm  
(sleepy)

sit & wait  
(it's all one can do)  
leaf through another bad magazine targeted at all those teenage consumers  
(make-up clothes zits boyfriends gossip anorexia)  
door opens  
(look up)  
enter a man. & a woman  
a couple  
(old)  
he gets change she fills a washer  
sorts dark from light  
the one next to hers contains whatever the wearer grabbed first  
me mine my clothes all mixed together



Weathering the Storm  
-Rebecca Steinberger-

i bet they come every monday at ten fifteen in the morning  
(i haven't been in for three weeks)  
(ran out of socks)  
they sit down next to each other  
(close uncomfortable chairs)  
(too close)  
he works on a crossword puzzle she reads a romance novel  
(it's probably very bad, like the magazine in my hands)  
they don't talk don't have to  
(know what the other is thinking)  
maybe she did learn something from those love stories i think  
(disgusted for even letting thoughts like that cross my mind)  
put down the magazine reach for my book  
(kurt vonnegut)  
thirty-seven minutes to go  
(all i can do is wait)  
look at the clock  
time's up  
(your quarters are no good here anymore)  
walk to the dryer  
pass the old couple  
pull the door open grab clothes throw them in basket  
walk to the door  
pass the old couple waiting for their laundry  
walk out the door  
leave them there to wait (it's all they can do) alone (but togetherly alone)  
for their laundry  
i bet they fold theirs

-Christin Rhodes-



beyond the pale  
-Jason Miller-

## The Cage

As I wake up and see the light  
    That infernal noise disturbs my slumber  
An eye cracks open just as a chick breaks free.  
    Tis the beginning of a new day  
What glory and honor await me?  
    I peer out my window  
Merely glancing at the ever-so complex landscape  
    There is so much to be seen but is overlooked  
A closer glance is to dawdle in time  
    For efficiency is the key to success

Prim and proper and Punctual and precise  
    The college seems to bark out commands like a ferocious guard-dog.  
This is the day which is awoken within us.  
    Constantly trapped in a body.  
Villainous in nature but fine as a jewel in appearance  
    The empty skeleton drags on throughout the harsh outside  
But alas! A ray of beautiful sunlight!  
    It captures the soul and breathes life into the lifeless structure.  
An awakening has occurred inside and out.  
    What force is this?  
Is it a will of God?  
    Or a touch of freedom?  
The caged beast now recedes and shrivels into his cage  
    Like a newborn pup evades a beast.  
Cowering inside what domain was once his

Tis poison to the very being  
    The struggle rages on and light is shown.  
If there were no sun? Would we all be ravenous animals?  
    No better than when we are at our worst?  
That is what makes the sun shine all the brighter.  
    The next morning you realize all that is good  
Tis not laziness or lowly practices.  
    This act frees and releases the body from captivation.  
If it wasn't for the sun, who would make all that is good?

So I say, Away, Away! Evil dog, leave my body!  
    You are not welcome here!  
You only bring doom and despair  
    Hope is for the hopeless  
So then sun is for the sunless?

I recede back into my chair.  
    The day's done, the sun eclipsed by the earth.  
The earth swallows the sun whole,  
    As if to keep the sun to itself.  
A day ends and the sun falls.  
    A shadow of voracious carnivores appears.  
Our bodies just mere hosts to the evil that can be done.  
    Now the darkness has taken it all  
Selfish and strong, never ceasing to resist  
    The glorious sun sits and waits  
Perhaps tomorrow will be a better day?  
    The sun will reveal the truth below.

-Bradley Stockholm-

## This Old House

Floorboards creak with footsteps of days gone by  
The halls echo momentary sighs  
Rooms once brimming with chaos now stand alone, empty  
Tear-stained walls continue to weep  
Their flower print shield curls at the corners  
Windows reflect scenes past by  
And the heating vents still blow  
But no one's home to feel it  
The yard, it whispers stories  
Winds carry them past indifferent ears  
Rusty hinges on the front door haven't squeaked in years  
And the weather-worn "For Sale" sign tore off long ago  
A lifetime of memories are held at bay just beyond  
And still sits this old house  
Waiting, waiting

-Heather Elizabeth Jones-



A Canterbury Morning  
-Rianna Johns-

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Last but not least, thank you for reading our magazine. We hope you enjoy it.

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Comedy Tragedy  
-Stevan L. Davies-

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