

Misericordia University

## Misericordia Digital Commons

---

Instress: A Journal of the Arts

Digital Collections

---

2024

### Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1996 (Spring)

Misericordia University

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

---

#### Recommended Citation

Misericordia University, "Instress: A Journal of the Arts, 1996 (Spring)" (2024). *Instress: A Journal of the Arts*. 49.

<https://digitalcommons.misericordia.edu/instress/49>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Digital Collections at Misericordia Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Instress: A Journal of the Arts by an authorized administrator of Misericordia Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [mcech@misericordia.edu](mailto:mcech@misericordia.edu).

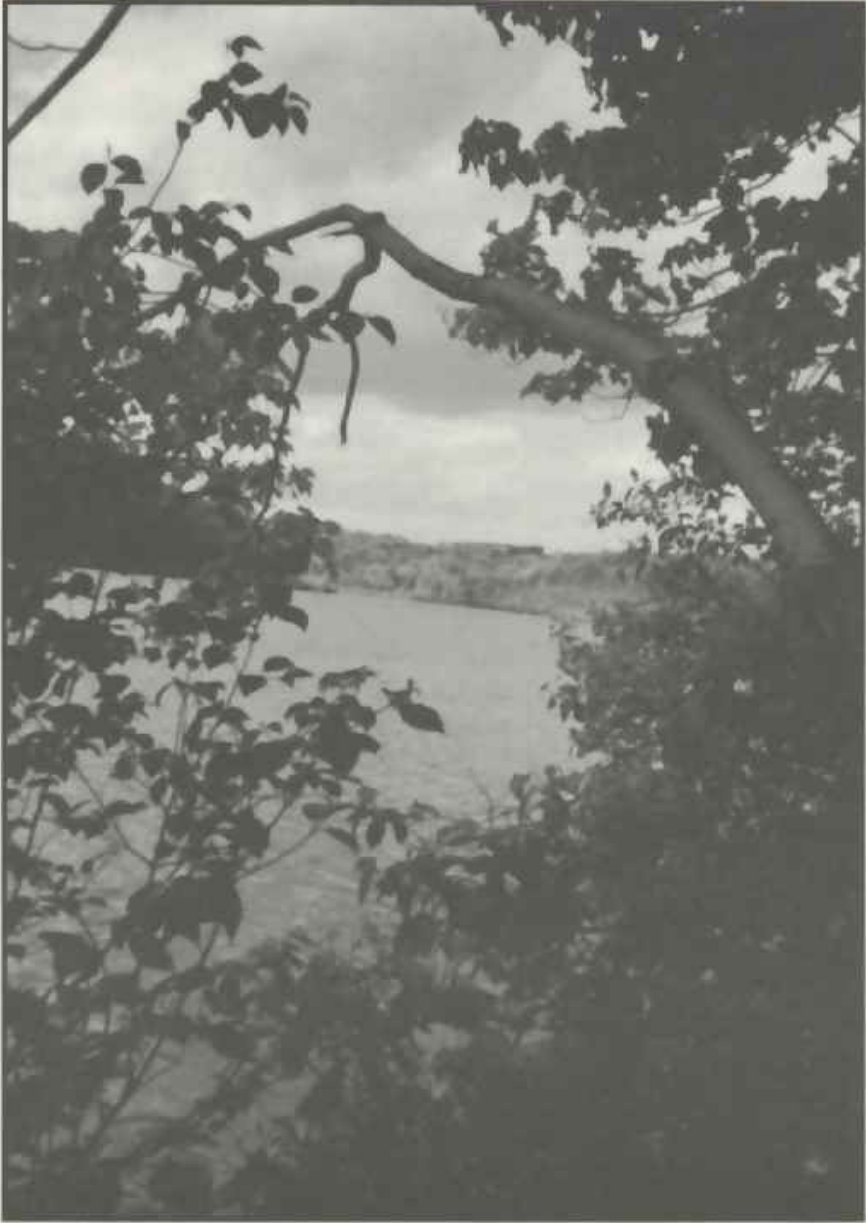
# *Instress*



spring 1996



# *Instress*



spring 1996

## Table of Contents

4 .....	Amy Dunaway	<i>Earth or Bust</i>
5 .....	David Englehardt	<i>Seeking Solace on a Hot Summer Night</i>
6 .....	Bill Deaton	<i>Empty</i>
7 .....	Robin Wilson	<i>Reproduction Artwork</i>
8 - 10 .....	Chad Dreisbach	<i>Strings</i>
10 .....	Sharon Antos	<i>Photograph</i>
11 - 13 .....	Mary Muller	<i>Minimum Wage</i>
14 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
15 .....	Mary Muller	<i>MTV</i>
15 .....	Jen Zullo	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
16 - 17 .....	Jean Hoke	<i>Ode To a Nap</i>
17 .....	Mary Muller	<i>Anticipating the Weekend</i>
18 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
19 .....	Peter Iacavazzi III	<i>Starlet's Soliloquy</i>
20 - 21 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>A Day in the Life of Our Country's Flag</i>
22 .....	Heather Shonk	<i>Land of My Soul</i>
22 .....	Cheryl Piersall	<i>Hide 'N Seek</i>
23 .....	Dr. Davies	<i>Pencil or Pen and Ink Drawing</i>
24 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Imprisonment</i>
25 .....	Cheryl Piersall	<i>The Journal</i>
25 .....	Marie Blizzard	<i>True Love</i>
26 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
27 .....	Cynthia Boccio	<i>A Parable For My Parents</i>
28 - 29 .....	Michael Bryant	<i>Assault of the Senses</i>
30 .....	Dr. Davies	<i>Pencil or Pen and Ink Drawing</i>
31 .....	Jayme Pieretti	<i>Untitled</i>
32 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
33 .....	Laura Gamble	<i>Soul</i>
34 .....	Molly Riley	<i>Reality vs. Romance</i>
35 .....	Amy Dunaway	<i>To Hester My Benefactress</i>
36 .....	Michael Blasick	<i>Pencil Drawing</i>
37 .....	Chad Dreisbach	<i>Can With No Label</i>
38 - 39 .....	Michael Bryant	<i>Where the Graveyard Lies</i>

Literary Editor: Molly Riley  
Editorial Staff: Brett Andrews, Bill Deaton, Amy Dunaway,  
Laura Gamble, Mary Muller, Jayme Pieretti  
Advisor: Dr. Jeffrey Johnson

!!! Contest Winners !!!

*Short Fiction*

Chad Dreisbach	<i>Strings</i>	First Place Winner, p8
Mary Muller	<i>Minimum Wage</i>	Second Place Winner, p11

*Poetry*

Amy Dunaway	<i>Earth or Bust</i>	First Place Winner, p4
David Englehardt	<i>Seeking Solace on a Hot Summer Night</i>	Second Place Winner, p5
Bill Deaton	<i>Empty</i>	Honorable Mention, p6

*Artwork*

Sharon Antos	<i>Original Artwork</i>	First Place Winner, p10
Robin Wilson	<i>Reproduction</i>	First Place Winner, p7

Thanks to our judges for their time and consideration:  
Short Fiction: Dr. Richard Lynch and Dr. Susan Russell  
Poetry: Dr. Scott Blanchard and Dr. Jeffrey Johnson  
Artwork: Dr. Jennie Congleton and Dr. John Curtis

"Instress" and "inscape" are general terms that Gerard Manley Hopkins coined and later applied specifically to poetry... "Inscape" is Hopkin's word for the distinctive form or complex of unified characteristics that constitute the uniqueness or "oneness" of a natural object. "Instress" is his word for the energy of being that upholds all things, the natural stress that determines an inscape and keeps it in being.

So, for a short definition, "instress" is the (divine) every giving life and unity to the unique characteristics (the "inscape") of a natural object, or a poem. It is also an impulse from the object which creates, through the senses, a sudden perception of that inscape in the mind of the perceiver.

-definition courtesy of Dr. Lynch

## Earth or Bust

I am somewhere between  
the Milky Way and God--

I will leave the darkness  
behind and  
return it to the system,  
for I no longer am in need.

Without a map and light years  
late--I am praying to catch the  
first comet destined to emerge in the  
atmosphere--

Halley's lines were reputed to be  
punctual and  
just in time,  
I have eleven  
galaxies to go.

I will not be left to drown among  
childishly happy stars--millions of  
iridescent ignoramuses, always overjoyed to  
detain yet another playmate,  
but it won't be me anymore.

For I am not a star,  
even though I shot up--  
I am coming down, tired of

The hordes of black holes loitering around to  
catch some action,  
and the time warps striving for  
incessant psychedelic euphoria.

I will come down with my bag of hollow  
bottles because I can  
remember that--  
I am heading south,  
hitchhiking my way  
back to earth.

--Amy Dunaway

## Seeking Solace on a Hot Steamy Night

Seeking solace on a hot steamy night  
alone and sweating in a still musty room  
insects droning around the night light  
voices droning from down in the street  
window wide open  
                    hope for a breeze  
  hope for a breeze  
the wind never enters  
                    no one enters  
craze and rage  
                    toss and turn  
pace the room  
pace the room  
                    pace the room  
back to the window  
                    wet head thrust out  
entrails churn  
                    tongue hangs down  
more sweat  
                    more sweat drenched clothes  
slap at the buzzing in eyes  
  and ears  
back inside  
                    pace again  
  race again  
check the clock  
                    how many days  
tepid water tumbles from the tap  
drink  
    and splash  
        and sigh...

--David Michael Engelhardt



## Empty

Empty Cup of Coffee, Empty Pack of Smokes,  
Empty lungs of Oxygen, Whole World Starts to Choke.  
Empty brain of Conscience, Empty heart of lies  
Empty mind of wicked thoughts,  
Everytime she passes by.  
Empty carousel of CDs, Empty Clip of Shells,  
Empty Church of Repentant Souls,  
They've all died and went to Hell.  
Empty streets as I walk the town,  
An empty car goes by.  
I lift my head and look straight up  
And I find an empty sky.  
Empty air of silence, Empty ear of noise,  
An empty girl with empty hands opens a box  
Empty of toys.  
An empty sky of winter stars, Empty moon above,  
Empty Life, Empty Heart, No one here to love.  
An empty man with empty pockets emptied out his gun,  
Emptied the till to an empty sack  
and now he's on the run.  
Empty shelves of Literature, Empty studio of dance,  
They fill themselves with empty hopes,  
Many never get a chance.  
Another empty pack of smokes, An empty can of beer.  
Why do empty rocket silos still give us so much fear?  
Empty vial of cocaine, Empty pipe of crack,  
Empty needle, an empty bowl, It's all a load of crap.  
Empty football stadium, Empty baseball park,  
An empty poet passes on into the empty dark.

--Bill Deaton



## Strings

Web tugged at the string and watched the diamond cut upward through the air catching hold in the wind. He admired it flying up so high and so motionless. He held the string tightly, making sure that the kite retained that one position. He liked it there.

This was his favorite kite to fly, though it was the simplest one he owned. It was gray and nondescript, but it was his first kite--the one that his father had bought for him so long ago. He remembered the day that his father brought it home with him from work (after all, it was completely unlike his father to abandon his work--eat--read--sleep schedule during the work-week) and take him out back to fly it.

"Your grandfather bought me my first kite," he had said, "and I loved to fly it. He told me that his father had made him his first kite. It's kind of family tradition I guess."

The first time he saw it fly, the first time he held the string in his hand, the first time he actually forced it to maneuver for him, he fell directly in love with it. He could not explain the feeling that he got from flying it, but he knew it felt good--it felt right. So many times when he was mad at his parents, or at his elders, or at his friends, or at the world, he would come out back with his kite and just fly it until he felt better. It never took long.

The wind pulled the kite eastward toward his house and he could feel the string struggling weakly against him. He glanced in the direction of his house and could see the kitchen light blink on as the world outside was muffled by the gray of the evening. Directly across the street from the front of his house, almost all of his grandparent's lights were already on.

The reason he was out there now, in fact, was anger. The day had been a long one with the monotony of his work taking an irreparable lump out of it. He did not regret his decision to take a year off before attending college, but he never dreamed that work would wear him down so much. And he never dreamed that his parents would try so hard to bring him down even further. They hounded him night after night to pick a college to attend this fall, and when he told them his thoughts, they would try so hard to push him in the right direction - their direction. His father thought that he must go to a business school to follow in his and his father's and his father's father's footsteps. "Someday maybe you'll own the business that we always dreamed of owning," his father would say with a stern

look. But the problem was that he didn't have that dream. When he arrived home from work today, he told his parents that he was probably going to pick a school where he could take art courses--he wanted to paint the images which colored his mind. His father blew--up, of course, and his mother moaned. "I'm not going to pay a small fortune for you to waste your time taking meaningless classes!" his father screamed, "You'll either apply yourself or you won't go to school at all." With this said, Web then told his father that this would be OK because he could stay home and work another year and continue to draw in his room. "You're not going to slack off for another year! You'll go to a good college and you'll take good classes!" Web could feel the imprisoning umbilical chord tightening around his throat.

A gust of wind pulled the kite further east and Web tightened the string. It steadied out and he pulled it back to where he wanted it. He looked toward his grandparent's house again where his grandfather was opening the door to let Levi, his huskie, out for a run. His grandfather spotted him after a while and waved. He waved back. Levi ran toward the swamp which lay by the house.

Web couldn't take things the way they were anymore. Sometimes he felt so trapped between two worlds. He saw himself as an adult, but it still seemed he was being treated like a kid. He was desperately searching for some point, some foothold, to begin his own life but it seemed he had nowhere to start. Through his parents was his only way to college right now, and they made him feel so indebted to them; they made him feel like he had no choice in his own life. Sometimes he just wanted to scream. He didn't want to be a dependent anymore, but he was so lost.

Looking at his house, he no longer saw the warm rooms and soft lights, the shelter from the harsh world. Now, he saw a dark place where there were more questions than answers; a place of redundancy where everything was so predictable and unswaying; a place of control where the leash around his neck originated from; a place of paradox where one force pulled him in while another pushed him out. This just wasn't right anymore.

The wind picked up a little more and the kite was held against it. Web's mother glanced out the window at him and he could feel something pulling him inside. She walked away from the window. The wind picked up pressing the world against his back. The world grew dark and the light of his house pressed against his face. Somewhere his future lied. Web pulled a knife out of his pocket and cut the string of his kite. The wind took

it out at once and carried it eastward over his house and his grandparent's house and the swamp where Levi ran and the town where people knew Web's name. He put the knife in his pocket and took in a deep breath before turning around and walking off in the other direction.

--Chad Dreisbach





## Minimum Wage

Neatly stacked cardboard boxes covered the trashed and dirty floor of the small storage room. There was no brightness in the room, only the dim light filtering in from the main store area. Shadows on the floor moved about like clouds of smoke in a jar. Lisa busied herself in the corner, pretending to clean the stained sink. She glanced to her right. Through the doorway in the storage room, she could see the entire store. A rather large cigarette case in the front of the room prevented any sunlight from entering. A wooden door in the front remained closed, but unlocked. He stood beside the odorous deli cooler, his presence casting a shadow over the entire counter, with its clutter of cards, candy and day--old donuts. Rows of dusty canned goods blocked his gaudy form. He paced around the counter like a caged panther, waiting for a meal.

Lisa cautiously watched him, knowing that he was waiting for her to come back out to the front of the store. She wanted to hide here until the store closed. Shaking these senseless thoughts from her head, she glanced down at the flow of water and reached for the crusty faucet. As she turned the handle, the silence in the room became startling. She took the first step towards the store--front. When his head turned with those wide open eyes, she quickly turned away and crossed to the soda case. She began to line the rows perfectly. Continuing with the next cooler, she straightened the milk and the butter, anything to keep herself away from him.

The door in the front of the store creaked open. Eyes averted, she hesitantly walked to the counter. The middle-aged customer approached the counter, purchased an eight pack of hamburger rolls, and left the store. They always bought the same things, bread, milk, lunch meat. There was no talking, smiling, or any other congenialities to make the job somewhat pleasant. They buy what they need and leave her alone in the store, alone with him, in his cage. He spoke to her.

"Aren't you glad that party I went to cleared out early? Now I can spend some time with a pretty young lady like you. You shouldn't have to be alone in this place on the Fourth of July, right baby?"

As she listened to his words and stared at the layered golden chains, she again wondered what point he was trying to make. Several times since she began working in this weather beaten, ant infested, hole--in--the--wall that they called a convenience store, she had seen things to make her believe that there was something else going on. After all, this dive did not make enough money to support the cars and jewelry that she had seen. It was just another reason to fear him.

She had forgotten that he had been speaking to her. She mumbled inaudible words and busied herself doing something at the counter. He approached her. He leaned across the counter, dangerously close to her body. His touch had been intentional. It was not the first time he had done this. He was not even the first man who had done this. Images flashed through her mind despite her attempts to push them away. A garbage can of emotion smacked into her head. Her body was still tense and her mind was still swirling when he walked away from her.

"Did anyone ever tell you how beautiful those legs of yours are?"

As he spoke, Lisa could feel the waves of nausea, anxiety, and fright turning in her stomach. She wanted to run, but she was not about to let him know that he was getting to her. His dysfunctional ego would not be satisfied. She responded sarcastically.

"Yeah, my Mom did once."

His deep laughter lead her to believe that he was not about to give up.

"None of those young men you are dating tell you things like that?"

"I don't date very often." She said this dryly, hoping that he would realize she was not willing to talk about this subject. He did leave it alone, but went on with other conversation. He asked her about her home and her family. Without feeling or sign of interest, she answered him. He seemed taken by the fact that she was raised on a farm.

"Perhaps I could visit your home sometime. I really enjoy the country."

He made up some excuse about picking vegetables out of her garden, but she knew what kind of vegetables he was referring to.

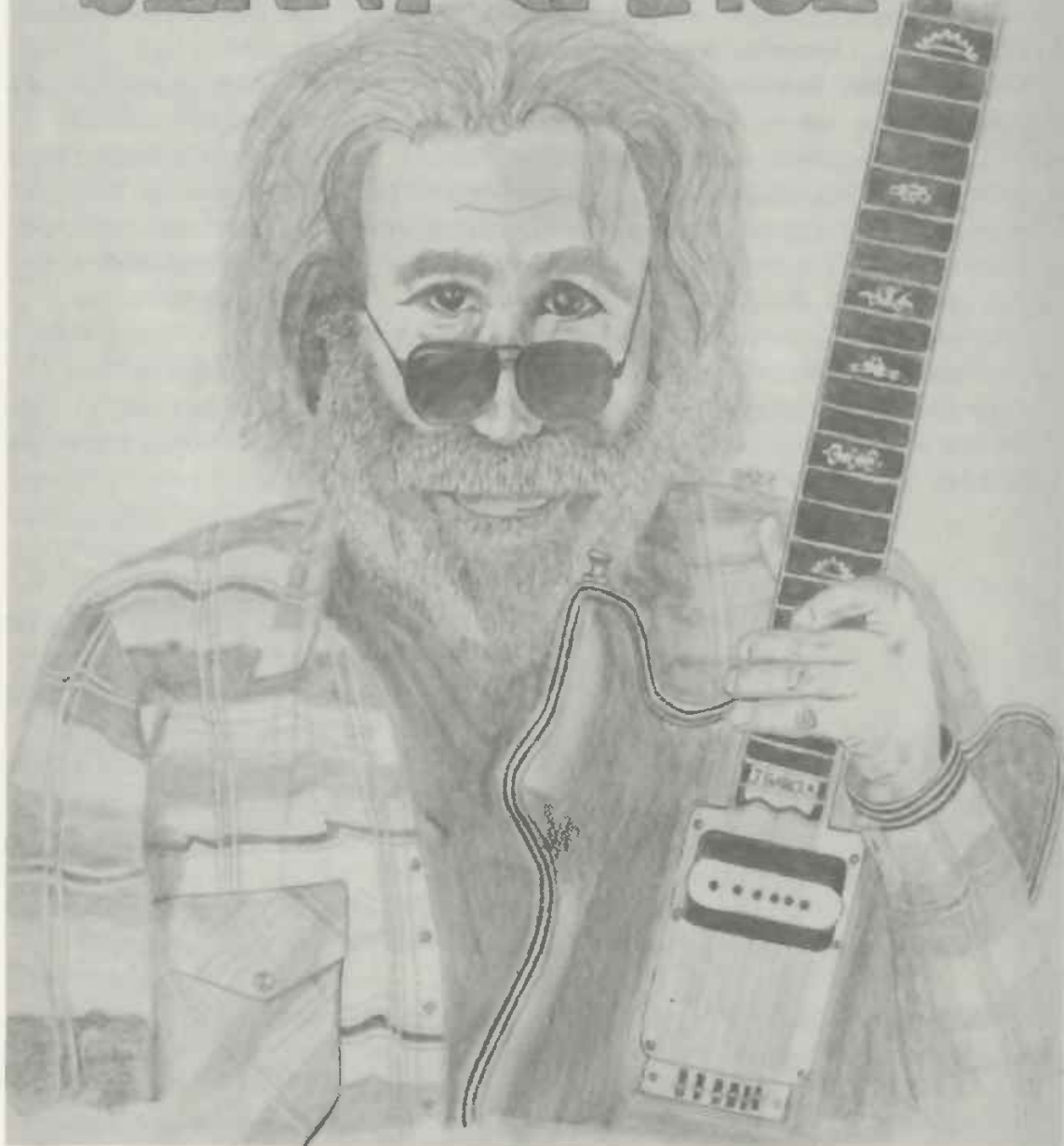
The time went slowly. Somehow she was able to get by with only a few grabs and some implicating comments. She finished up the closing routine and waited by the register for him to come and take the pouch of money, a sign that she could leave.

He came close to her. He reached out. Instead of taking the outstretched bag, he put his hand on her shoulder. With the determination of Achilles, she stood tall and stared into his eyes. Her hand slowly reached down below the counter and grasped the baseball bat that was kept there in case of emergencies. She had always laughed at this before, but she was suddenly very happy that it was there. His rough stare had begun to fondle where his hands would soon try to follow. She raised the bat to her side. A surge of strength shook her body and cooled her emotions. The two remained motionless like marble carvings of ancient warriors in combat. She had lost this battle so many times before. There was a sense of power in knowing that he could not hurt her anymore than the others had. She was not about to back away from this fight. She raised the bat closer to his head and tightened her grasp. When his eyes fixed on her whitening knuckles, he pulled his hand from her shoulder, the anger and defeat blanching his skin. Shaking hands grabbed the money, and he turned away from her. Dropping the bat, her hands were free to pull her coat off the shelf. She ran out the door and across the parking lot to her car. Taking one last glance back, she cried a tear of victory for a battle that should have never been fought.

-Mary Miller



# JERRY GARCIA



## Music Television

awesome music, hot men, great cars,  
beautiful babes, and cool new shows.  
now that's entertainment for everyone!

never the same  
videos twice  
in one day,  
only the most  
interesting vjs  
true to life  
respectable  
characters,  
intelligent  
programming

24 hours of  
inspiration  
its the couch  
creativity  
the past.

thinking

someone

you. beavis, puck, kennedy:

models for our culture.

am/fm radios will

soon be obsolete,

like the old

8-track.

uninterrupted  
for the mind.

potato's dream.

is a thing of

there's no

for yourself,

else shows

--Mary Muller



## Ode To A Nap

NO cries the child  
But, mommy, I'm too big  
Johnnie doesn't have to  
I'm not even sleepy

(Blink)

The child grows  
The naps have stopped  
when--she doesn't know

(Blink Blink)

Big person--college--hard work  
Pressure--stress  
Study through the night  
Get to see the sun rise  
Dead on your feet all day

(Stretch)

My mind starts to wander  
NO, I must get more work done  
My eyes drift shut  
I can't hold them open  
Surrender

(Yawn)

A noise--startle  
Oh my God  
I must have fallen asleep  
what time is it  
10 minutes--amazing  
The power of a nap  
I feel like I can go for hours

Class is getting boring  
It drags on--please  
Set me free  
I can't take it anymore  
I need a nap

(Stretch Yawn Blink Blink)

There is hope  
20 minutes found  
I drop down  
Ahhh  
A nap--so refreshing (Yawn)  
reviving--a few minutes  
that's...all I...need...  
(ZZZ)

--Jenn Hoke

### Anticipating the Weekend

Morning wakes my reddened eyes  
Tender like the heart you drained,  
Wasted tears on a selfish need  
That stole the honey, left the sting.  
Fading memories of the whys and whens.  
Surrendered fragments of pride and trust, but  
Strength will resurrect the soul at the end of the weak

--Mary Muller

Mustang is getting better

# Mustang



## Starlet's Soliloquy

Mirra mirra on My dressin' room wall...  
I'm the best lookin' dish on this town's menu.  
I'm the queen a diss silver scene.  
And ya betta not forget it busta!

You're all a bunch of suckas...  
Nevva evva thought I'd make it out.  
Now the small town harlot is a Tinsletown Starlet.  
Eat me baby!

Rocco promised Me any part I wanted...  
He runs the action in Vegas and now he's runnin' this slum.  
On ya knees 'cause I'm Daddy's main squeeze.  
And ya betta nevva not forget it busta!

Mr. Bigshot over at MGM.  
Usin' his ugly paws ta get Me on the castin' couch.  
Rocco made him look like a second rate palookiss,  
Who went a thousand rounds with champ Joe Louis.

Clove cigarettes and cinnamon gum; diamonds and loot.  
Sippin' martinis in my bikinis; poolside at the Hilton.  
Heyyyyyy ya dumb lugs, roll ya tongues up 'cause you're  
droolin' all over Me!

Ain't I a luscious dame?  
Those legs, that hair, and the gorgeous kissa.  
I'd like ta thank the Academy,  
For havin' the sense ta vote fa me.  
What can I say? A goyle wit a mug like this  
Was made fa bigga and betta things.  
And don't you bustas evva nevva forget it!!!!!!!!!!!!

--Peter Iacavazzi III

## "A Day in the Life of Our Country's Flag"

The battle raged, they fought for days,  
The flag still stood in the foggy haze.

On the hilltop it surely did stand,  
A living symbol of our wonderful land.

Throughout the battle, the men did fight,  
A glance at the flag gave them the might.

They guarded our country, they conquered the hill,  
To ensure everyone's freedom and create good will.

They fought for our freedom, they fought for our beliefs,  
The blood, sweat, and tears were well worth the grief.

Now here we stand united as one,  
A great ray of hope is sent from the sun.

The joy in our hearts, our hearts so bright,  
We saw the wrong and made it a right.

America is born, free at last,  
forget the hardships and turmoils of the past.

The flag is standing, a symbol of our strife,  
Now every race, creed, and color can lead a good life.

The freedom we want, the freedom we deserve,  
God bless the veterans, everyone who served.

They fought for our country, they protected the land  
That is the spirit of a true American man.

The red, white, and blue, flying over our heads,  
It ensures our safety as we lay down to bed.

The stars and the stripes flow in the wind,  
Take a moment to pause and remember our kin...

People of the future, people of the past,  
the flag is a symbol of our freedom to last.

We do what we want and worship as we please,  
What other countries have such freedoms as these?

The Statue of Liberty is a symbol of beauty,  
The American flag is a symbol of duty.

Every time you pass, bow your head,  
And pay your respects to those who are dead.

The freedom to worship, the freedom to speak,  
All kinds of people, the humble and meek.

The symbol of our country, the symbol of our land,  
Where people of all races can walk hand in hand.

Every single person has a chance to succeed,  
No persecution because of religion or creed.

The beauty of the land flows like a fountain,  
From the Pacific sands to the Appalachian mountains.

Everywhere you look, everything you see,  
The land of the brave, the home of the free.

The ability to travel and go as we please,  
The ability to purchase, rent, buy, or lease.

The freedom of press, the freedom of speech,  
If the president fails, the right to impeach.

We fight for our beliefs as a people together,  
Let America be united and free forever.

Is the American flag only cloth sewn with thread?  
If you truly think so, you'd be better off dead.

--Michael Blasick



## Land of My Soul

The lush green leaves dance as  
golden rays of sun trickle through the trees  
playing hide and seek.

Stillness sweetly embraces the virgin forest  
the only sound heard is the melody of a bird  
and the prancing of paws.

The air is cool, fragrant of birch and pine  
peace resides in this haven  
freeing the soul to fly.

Oh virgin land, never leave my soul.

--Heather Shonk

## Hide 'n Seek

"Nature likes to hide herself"  
Masked by warm summer suns  
Or wintry blankets of snow.  
It burrows deep beneath  
Patchwork quilts of foliage.  
Sequestering herself behind lush greenery,  
Keeping vigils in the trees.  
Yet, for as silent as she is,  
Barefoot in night mist,  
She does not go unnoticed.  
Perchance, one has caught a glimpse  
Of her aesthetic work.  
Leaving fulfilled, renewed.  
I know, for I have found Nature.  
Flitting between shadows  
I tagged her, gaining the key.  
Nature has shared with me  
A piece of her magic.

--Cheryl Piersall



## imprisonment

What are we here for, why do we stay?  
How do we do things from day to day?

We're conformed and restricted, we're trapped in a cage.  
We act calm yet constricted, there is no rage.

We forget and dismiss all things of the past,  
In these moments of weakness, how long can we last?

We hide and we suffer, don't do as we please,  
How can we rid ourselves of such atrocities as these?

We're trapped and imprisoned, we shiver in fear.  
Is our beloved freedom really so near?

We're losing all faith, we have little hope,  
With all the injustice, how do we cope?

We hide all our emotions, very few cry,  
How do they do it when they know they will die?

--Micheal Blasick

## The Journal

The journal provides a medium,  
contains the scripts--  
the acts of life.

Allowing the author to soar,  
record the world--from his view.  
Pouring his heart into it, admitting fears.  
A time capsule.

Yet, hiding it from the outside  
protecting its confident.

Giving one permission to be himself  
it is a punching bag for frustration,  
a springboard for creation.

An unseen listener who empathizes,  
revels in your joy.

Opened or closed it is sacred scripture.

--Cheryl Piersall

## My True Love

I cannot remember not knowing the taste, scent, and feel of  
you!

You've always existed in some form, taunting and tempting the  
weak and gluttonous.

Luscious lips licking lasciviously, devouring by the pint and  
pound, your silky substance.

You fill me up and make me want you more and more until I lie,  
weak and weary, wracked with pain and remorse.

I applaud your great purveyors Gertrude and Godiva,  
who knew your power to woo and weaken would sustain for  
centuries, making millionaires of Mars and Hershey.

--Marie Blizzard

“1st Dollar I Ever Made!”



## A Parable for my Parents

One day I knelt down beside my daughter at our garden. I did not wear gloves and the flesh of my hand stained the color of the rich earth. We were silent for a time before I said to her:

"It is good that man should take it upon himself to plant seeds in the dark, moist soil and grow a garden. How he frets and bothers about which seeds to buy! He asks the advice of his neighbors so that he may find out precisely which seeds to grow best in that soil, and then he sets out to buy those seeds and plant them. He takes great care as he places them gently in the soil, and sometimes even speaks to those seeds, and tells them to drink well of the warm sunshine and refreshing water and to grow well. But often that man forgets, that after he plants seeds, he creates for himself a responsibility. It is now his job to come to his knees each day and weed out those plants which might harm his flowers. It is a pity that he often says: 'I did not plant those weeds! The sunshine and water was not intended for them! Why must I work in the heat to destroy that which I did not create?' So he leaves the flowers to fend for themselves. Each morning the man awakens to the sound of flowers choking in the garden. He becomes frustrated and says: 'I planted the best seeds I could buy. I laid them down with instruction and care. I gave them sunshine and water. I did not plant those weeds, therefore I am not accountable!' Often then the man leaves his garden because he cannot stand to hear the sound of flowers gasping for air. The neighbors walk by his property and ask themselves, 'Who would want to plant such awful weeds in a man's garden?' They become very concerned with the matter and accuse one another."

Do not only look, daughter, for man's seeds in the earth's soil, for more often he plants them in his neighbors soul. How beautiful those gardens are! And how savage the weeds! They are called Anger, Jealousy and Pride. Take hold of these weeds with your own hands and destroy them. Do not concern yourself with who planted them; they were there before your time, and mine.

And also keep in mind that if in your neighbor's soul you do plant a lovely garden, it is his garden to pick those flowers that please him, and discard that which he does not want. You must never pick the flowers from a garden that you yourself have planted. You may pick from your own garden, that which lies in your soul.

--Cynthia Boccio

assault of the senses

seeing...  
prayers upon prayers,  
cemented to the wall.  
a kaleidoscope of tiles  
covering the heavens,  
the dome of gold  
beckoning chants to the sky,  
ravaged ruins  
healed by the word of a savior,  
a lifted cross  
reminded souls of the way,  
and throngs of people  
doing the business of the day.

Behold the Eyes that  
Saw the Man

hearing...  
winnowing wails  
calling down god's covenant  
trusted guides  
extolling the roots of faith,  
a gracious gospel  
inviting a mat to be carried away,  
teasers, cursers and beggars  
creating a choir of curiosity,  
stations and songs folded together  
in saintly symphony,  
and a few haggard tourists  
stunned into silence.

Behold the Ears that  
Heard the Man.

smelling...  
sweaty shylocks  
collecting for the poor.  
crisp breezes  
holding god's awe in the air,  
spices and sweets  
surrounding the sorrow,  
garbage from gahenna  
assailing the son,  
innocuous incense  
hypnotizing the hearts,  
and a dream of dice  
dividing the spoils.

Behold the Nose that  
Smelled the Man.

touching...  
impassioning prayers  
impaled to the temple,  
persian rugs that  
tickled god's toes,  
hardened kneelers  
hallowed by time,  
gentiles and jews  
jostled by injustice,  
slabs of stone  
sentencing the silent one,  
and a vault that  
violated all,

Behold the Hands that  
Touched the Man.

Eyes, Ears,  
Nose, Hands...  
assaulted by the world  
assaulting all man and woman  
Behold, the only Man  
making any sense  
whose senseless death  
sets all senses--free.

--Michael Bryant



BALLOT

\_\_\_ OPTION A

\_\_\_ OPTION B

\_\_\_ OPTION C



What shall we be when the long winds cease to blow?  
Heroes that flee, cowards that stand and  
fight; topsy turvy, round and curvy;  
insane fancy has taken flight.

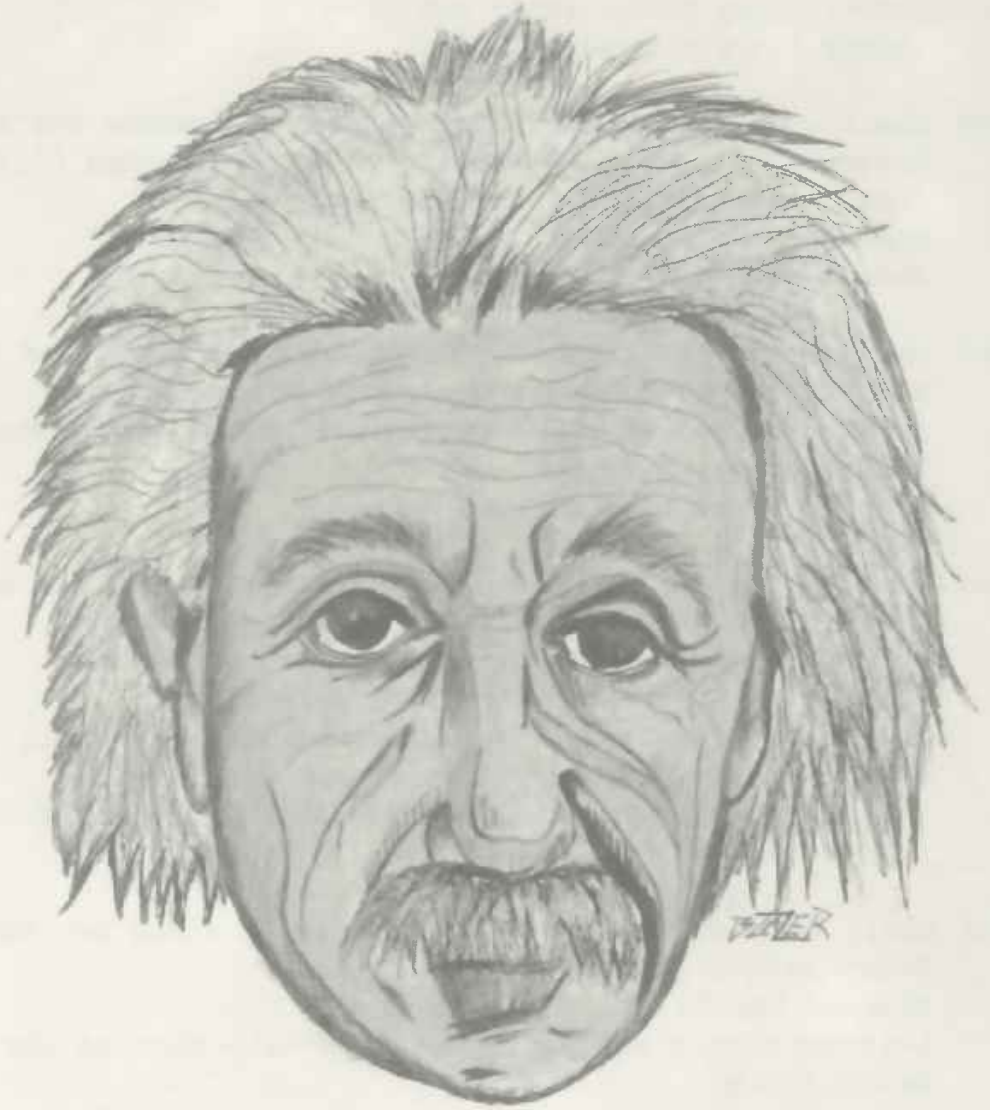
What shall we see when long winds cease to obscure our sight?  
Dragons that roar and spew forth candy covered fluffy  
foam, while kittens dance and frogs speak of  
romance; tittle tattle and mad men prattle;  
demented dreams have become the latest style.

What shall we do when the long winds cease to twist and twirl?  
Saints become sinners and sinners become saints;  
piddle paddle and leap frogging cattle, as passionate  
postmen roam the night;  
twisted times have arrived.

What shall we hear when long winds cease to drown our ears?  
fairy quips and merry tips and bald iguana game  
shows; dibble dabble and mice playing scrabble,  
earthworms have stolen the baby's rattle.  
Creaks and tweaks and boiled salamander beaks all  
marching around the room while our eardrum in a  
knapsack sleeps. Crazy critters that prance and chitter  
have filed the skies.

What shall we find when long winds cease to cloud our minds?  
Sweet sanity gone by the wayside;  
Blessed truths have flown the coop;  
twisted rhymes and nonsense lines have flooded the  
battle fields;  
nothing makes sense and nothing should, like tipsy  
bells and barnyard elves and dancing clocks and  
phantom jello socks;  
mischief and merriment; falsehoods and truths;  
all jaded and whispered into one;  
A poem this would be if any sense in it I could see.

--Jayme Pieretti



## Soul

A man stands on the corner playing his sax,  
At first the music sounds like happiness,  
Every note played makes people dance,  
Each child has a smile,  
Slowly the sax slips into lethargy,  
The man plays like he is in a daze,  
Closing his eyes,  
Swaying his head,  
Listening to every note like he is in love with  
it,  
Totally emersed in his music,  
Tears start to run down his face.

Dancing becomes halted,  
Everyone stops to stare,  
Cry,  
Be affected.

The music continues,  
Stronger and more vivid,  
Powerfully directed to issues unknown,  
Silence invades inspiration,  
The insane quiet becomes louder and louder,  
Almost unbearable,  
Not conscious of his power,  
The sax's voice is revived.

--Laura Gamble

## Reality Vs. Romance

I'd like to say to my former  
Romantic Knight in Shining Armor  
Who "bought his girl the world,"  
And "treated her like a queen"  
For everyone to see:  
First of all, I am no queen, and please,  
Do not waste your breath in being  
So audacious as to condescend to me  
By calling me a girl.  
I am a woman who has figured you out.

What are you hiding?

It is obvious that you are too afraid to show your real self  
Because you always put on this romantic show for others.

If only they could see behind closed doors.

Give me the reality of an equal, a friend, not a superhero.  
Give me a man who is honest and accepts my opinions,  
Not someone who lies to me and tells me what to think.  
I equate romance with passion, passion with  
Uncontrollability, uncontrollability with irrationality.  
You struck me with your irrationality,  
Then bought me flowers. Sure, that makes up for it.  
If I ever get another rose again I think I'll vommit.  
I want to forget everything about the  
False human being that you are.

A manipulator fits my description of you.

Take your white horse and ride off into the sunset...alone!  
I'm staying here with a gentle, honest man who loves me

With actions...not flowers.

--Molly Riley

**To Hester, My Benefactress**

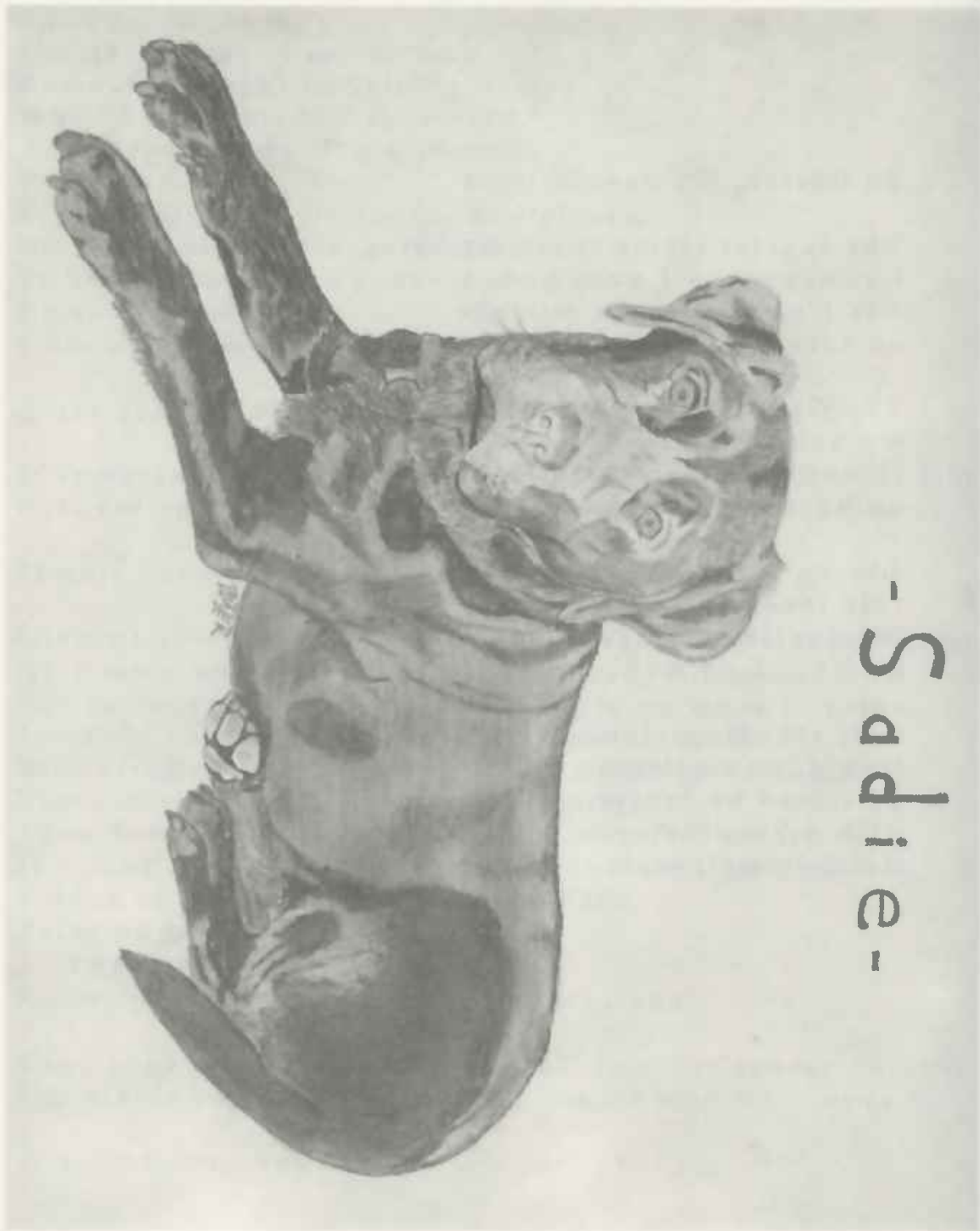
**The scarlet letter sears my being--  
I cower when I pass him,  
Yes I made a grave mistake,  
oh sorry, so sorry**

**The fires continue to feed on  
my aching flesh--  
It was not intentional,  
oh pardon, please pardon**

**The only thing that sustains  
this feeble existence is  
Dissipating ever rapidly,  
oh why, God why**

**Left standing alone--  
trepidation coloring the future  
Glittered by regret,  
with a benefactress  
Holding my heart.**

**--Amy Dunaway**



-Sadie-

**Can with no Label**

**Just a metallic gleam  
Far up on the shelf  
Showing no signs  
Of your true self  
Mixed in with boxes  
Of potatoes and rice**

**A sparkling new cylinder  
Is all that you show  
Looking like nothing  
With nowhere to go  
Waiting for something?  
Nothing is coming**

**You stripped your label right off  
Without second thought  
Now they won't know by looking  
Have to find you inside  
Is there something more there  
That your surface did hide?**

**All of these people  
Gazing to see  
Fruit or vegetable?  
Soup or Chef Boy--Ar--Dee?  
They look and they wonder  
What will end up at the table**

**But nobody wants a can with no label**

**--Chad Dreisbach**



## Where The Graveyard Lies

Take a left on Hickory...  
Or is it a right?  
No, I'm sure it is a left.

We've been down this road before!

Last week it was Seamus McGee,  
An Irish tenor to beat the band.  
And the week before Anna Kromski  
Maker of the best pigs-in-a-blanket.

I've traveled this path  
Hundreds of times,  
Guiding the best dressed  
And the tattered souls,  
Coiffed and painted  
Ready to meet their maker.

They've never looked so good!

What a life I lead!

Carrying the final remains of culminated lives  
In silent procession,  
Stopping all the traffic of time.

A morbid mood I engender  
Leading a pack of polished cars  
Through the narrow and the slanted,  
Around the bend to the spot  
Where eyes become tear-dropped.

My reputation does proceed me!

But the worst is over!

So in quiet I creep  
Manhandled into submission,  
When all my iron heart aches to do is race in jubilation.

No reason exists  
For this heaviness of spirit.

The rusted scars and  
Drunken ditches are no more.  
All tolls have been tallied.

They're free at last, free at last!

You're now more than life-like!

And so Angus and Spike,  
Gillian and Luigi,  
Misha and Martin  
Be ready to roll and rip.

For with unbridled grace  
We will trip-the-light fantastic,  
As I rejoin your sphere.  
Winning the race and  
Taking us to no tomorrow.

Nothing can stop us now!

--Michael Bryant







# Misericordia

**College Misericordia**

301 Lake Street

Dallas, PA 18612-1098

*Founded and Sponsored by  
the Sisters of Mercy of Dallas*