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instress



spring

1995

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FRONT COVER: ...AND THEN I FLEW, JENNIFER GARCEAU

BACK COVER: CLIFFS, JENNIFER FERIOLA

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In Loving Memory of Nicole Potosky
A SPECIAL FRIEND, AN ANGEL
CHERYL PIERSALL

Cherubs and seraphim gather around,
 awaiting your arrival.
Their tears silently fall in joy and anticipation.
"As you pass by the watchman and drop your eyes,
 unwilling to explain."
I will call you back, "over houses from another street."
A heart like yours touched me gently,
 and in that single solitary moment I found you a friend.
Who should take you, so young, "now forever from our sight?"
What radiant smile, shining eyes,
 cheerful face will I turn to in despair?"
Oh the evil, injustice that roams the earth,
 engulfing what we know--inch by inch
Must it shroud us all--are none safe from its plague?
I can see you now before my eyes,
 you are real and alive--full of life and promises.
You tell me that He keeps his promise, to gather all of His children,
 and "lead them toward goodness and light."
Visiting only a moment an Angel, ever so gently kissing God's feet.
He had ordained another--with wings spun gold
 you flicker before my eyes, never to be forgotten.
"One day the more, one ray the less" I shall go on.
In my heart and soul I shall recall,
"...Whosoever shall believeth in Him shall not perish,
 but have everlasting life."



magic Potion Princeton Summer 7/2/89

SEPARATION
KAREN LASECKI

Somewhere between lullabies and car keys, you grew up.
Still a child to me,
yet to the world,
a woman.

Your life has become your own
emerging from us to you
and occasionally me.

Bonds that cannot be broken.
I still feel them as though you were an infant at my breast.
Love that changes as much as it stays the same.

I see my baby gazing back at me when I glimpse your eyes
though instead of looking to me for answers
you want to find them on your own.

I want to tell you what you need to know.
And I struggle not to speak.

You want to learn to let go.

I want to learn to let you.



DO YOU SEE?
JAYME PIERETTI

Hear ye, the willow's song?
See ye, the sprites dance in the foxfire's glow?
Feel ye, the spirits walk with the coming of the storm?

Nay?

It is no wonder,
Their time is long gone,
Destroyed by our race in its greed.
Only a few are seen now in the briefest of glimpses,
And even then only by a rare few.

Do I?

Aye lad, that I do.



COUNT MY BLESSINGS
MARY McCUE

She's a child,
feels the innocent pain
of adult sin;
placing the blame on herself.

Never comprehending
the uncleanable filth,
concealing choking shame
with layers of feelings,

Never really felt,
masquerading as an adult,
reacting to sinister desires
protecting the dying child.

Resentful shame and guilt,
pushed far below,
suffocated by memory after
memory and the child

Puts on make up,
dresses up sins that don't belong to her,
justifies her guardians' actions
in the name of love.

Blanketed in the darkness,
oh sweet, black, darkness,
Let her forget!
Lest she mourn for the dead

Child within her,
never to live again,
taken from her by
someone disguised as

Trust, security, strength,
sanctuary and love,
eyes, breath, skin,
hands.

She feels little,
she begins to speak--
SILENCE
stern, violent, disbelief.

Retreat to the darkness,
Forget it all--
satisfaction,
Taken before they do.



SECRETS IN A DIARY
JENNIFER HOLLORAN

The majestic oak tree outside my window was an all-consuming presence in our front yard. Its branches hung low and touched the living room's window. I can remember playing tag in the yard with the other kids in the area. The tree was always base. My first boyfriend carved our initials in a heart on the right side of the trunk. In autumn, I sometimes would catch the fallen leaves dancing in the breezes of a whirlwind. The window in our front room captured all the activity in the neighborhood. I watched from the piano bench as the other kids dove into huge piles of leaves.

"Elizabeth, I can't hear you. You are supposed to practice non-stop from 3:00 to 5:00p.m. Start from the top."

"OK Mom."

I started playing "Mac Arthur's Park" and heard mother humming along as she cleaned the kitchen. She was scrubbing the overhead lights like she did every day. She seemed to scrub in rhythm with the music. At the last segment, I fumbled through the final triple chords and ended the song by keeping my hands on the keys as the sound of the chords began to fade.

"Do it again, Liz. How many times do I have to tell you, memorize the music and then play it. It sounds horrible at the end. Start from the top. And don't think for one second you're getting off that bench until you've done the piece completely without a single mistake."

Everything had to be perfect for the dear old Mom. ". . .Without a single mistake" was engraved in my brain. Who would have thought a waitress at the Melrose Diner could have such high standards. When Mom wasn't at the diner she could always be found in the kitchen in our home in Greenfield. She lived her whole life here and often bragged about what a nice plot she would have in the cemetery next to Grandma. Our kitchen was like a sanctuary. The cabinets had all the food sealed and locked in tupperware containers. All our canned goods were grouped and then put in alphabetical order. We had a stainless steel sink that also served the dual purpose of a mirror.

When Mom and I ate together I always used three napkins. One for under the plate to collect crumbs, one on my lap and one under my shirt collar to protect my clothes. Mom got mad when I made a mess.

"How is school, Lizzie?"

"Alright, I guess."

"Work was long. I had to work twice as hard because Doris never showed."

"Must have been real hard to carry out a few extra plates of burgers and fries."

"Liz, don't talk down to me. It's hard work at the diner. You are going to college, though, so you can use your brain for a living."

"I know the plan Mom, college and then medical school -- so I don't wind up working at a diner my whole life."

In middle school, Mom's constant pressure on me to be the best was as relentless as ever. I can remember running all the way home to show my science test to Mom. I was so excited I got a 92. It was the highest grade in the class.

"Why didn't you get a 100? I don't care what the other kids got. They are all morons. I know you could do better. We studied for hours. We have to remember our big plan."

"I know Mom, after high school, college and then medical school."

Well, Mom made sure that I didn't stray from "our" big plan. I went to The University of Pennsylvania for my undergrad work and then matriculated to Thomas Jefferson University Medical School. One afternoon in the middle of a study break I was taking the phone rang. I debated about answering it and just letting the machine pick it up. My more sensible side got me off the chair and headed towards the phone. It was the hospital in Maryland. They told me Mom had just been admitted and to get to the hospital as soon as possible. My heart beat so loudly it felt like it was going to burst out of my thoracic cavity. The thousands of questions I had carried no voice to be heard. Instead, I gripped the table for balance and sat down in the chair. My mind was a whirlwind of thought as the nurse continued to explain what had happened to Mom. Her voice was that of an announcer during an important game. No one really pays attention to what is being said, their focus is on the event at hand. As it turns out, my mother was rushed to the hospital because she had collapsed due to an excessive amount of blood loss. She had been gardening and cut her hand. Her platelets were so low that a clot could not form. She was later diagnosed with leukemia and admitted to Holy Cross Hospital in Baltimore.

Those early days with Mom were really difficult. She looked so pale and bloated from all the medication they were giving her. I can't exactly say we got really close, we just got better acquainted. I was at the hospital all day and all night as Mom slipped in and out of consciousness. I knew she would never know the difference if I was there or not, but I felt an obligation to just be there. I found that by reading to Mom she seemed comforted. I would drag my medical books to the hospital to keep up with the work I was missing. I'll never forget when she opened her eyes, I was in the middle of reading about ischemic cardiomyopathy resulting from coronary artery disease. She couldn't talk because she had been intubated and supported by a ventilator, but she seemed happy I was there with her. The doctors noted Mom's improvement and moved her to a step-down unit out of I.C.U. Mom wanted me to bring her some pictures and memorabilia from home to brighten up the gloominess of her room.

When I went home that night, I started going through Mom's bedroom looking for some photos to bring to her. I figured there might be some in her old chest but it was locked. I found the key and opened the chest. As I was going through the chest, I found a box that had been tied and sealed. Being curious by nature, I prodded the box open. Inside were 5 maroon bound diaries, each with a date in gold in the center of the book. The years of the diaries ranged from 1938-1941.

After I read the diaries, I called my dear friend from college, Karen. She came over in about an hour and I made a pot of coffee.

"Liz, what's the matter? Has your Mom taken a turn for the worse?"

"Oh, no Kar. Its just . . .why don't you sit down. Its gonna be a long night."

"I found my Mom's diaries from years ago in the chest and read them. It turns out that her life was so much worse than I could have ever imagined. Her father was an alcoholic who gambled her family's money away constantly. Mom wrote about nights where her and my aunt would have to hover together just to keep warm. It seems that my Grandfather felt that the local pocker game was more important than paying the heating bill. Her family never had any money so Mom got a job at the telephone company in high school. She gave her Dad 3/4 of her pay every week to help them pay the bills. The rest she kept for smokes and an occasional night out with her friends. It turns out that it wasn't enough for her Dad because he soon began to take what little money she did have out of her wallet to buy a bottle of J.D."

"Do you know, Kar, she never once said anything to him? She knew he would be too proud to admit it and figured her Dad probably needed the money more than she did."

"One of the most horrific experiences in her life was her disappointment over her prom dress her senior year of high school."

"What happened Liz?"

"Here, Kar you read it. It makes me cry every time I think about it. That bastard."

. . .Every afternoon I have waited on the outdoor steps for Daddy. He told me that he'd buy me that beautiful pink dress in the window of the Coronet shop. Everyday I've waited on these steps to see Dad as soon as he rounded the corner of our street. I wanted to be the first to see if he brought the dress with him that day. Daddy promised me he'd get it. He even told me I'd look like a princess and that I'd be the prettiest girl at the dance. Today is the prom and although Dad said he'd give me the dress earlier I knew he was just trying to tease me by waiting until today. But . . .when Dad came around the corner he wasn't holding anything except for a bottle scrunched up in a paper bag. I ran up to him and asked where my dress was. He just patted my shoulder and said, "Oh, Marion I never told you I would get you that dress. You must be mistaken. I guess this is your first real lesson in life-- its full of disappointments, toots." I sat on the steps until it got dark and cried and cried. I never did get to go to the prom. I was too humiliated to wear the one dress I did have. It was brown with pink flowers on it. I wore it to Church every week. I never told anyone the real reason I didn't go to the prom. My pride told them I had a stomach virus that night.

"Oh Liz, all these years we thought your mother was heartless."

"I know, Kar. She's been keeping all these disappointments a secret. I guess she has been trying to live her life through me all these years."

"It even turns out that she wanted to be a lab technician. That was a big deal for a woman at that time. Even though her father always told her her place was in the home, she set out to do it anyway."

"Well, what happened then?"

"She wound up getting pregnant with me. She met my Dad at a U.S.O. dance. She thought he was so handsome and brave because he had been in the army. When she got pregnant, she had to drop out of school and work. Her father kicked her out and told her never to come back. My 'father' left us when I was 2. He said it was too much for him to handle."

"You know Kar, my Mom always told me he died in the war. I guess she didn't want me to be disappointed like she was her whole life."

Kar and I were up for hours that night just talking about my Mom and what a strong woman she really was.

As the months passed and fall soon became winter, Mom became stabilized and was discharged from the hospital. She rested a lot on the sofa and watched me as I continued to study for my classes. She always had the same expression on her face as she lay helpless on the couch, it was that of a soldier getting ready for battle. She was too proud to ever admit or talk about the pain she was suffering.

When Mom's stomach could handle some starchier foods, I decided to surprise her with dinner. When I looked across the table at her, I noticed there were more wrinkles on her face than I remembered and her hands were rough and calloused. When did her body get such a rough appearance? We ate dinner as Mom complained that the steaks were too well-done. I looked up at her and reached out and put my hand on top of hers.

Later that night we drank our coffee as we looked out the window. The wind was howling and the branches of the tree were swaying wildly.

"That tree looks so dark and forbidding this time of year. Don't you think, Mom?"

"Yeah, it gives the whole house a dark shadow of dread over it."

"I was thinking we could cut it down and put another garden in its place. I know how you like to garden."

"That would be nice. We could even use that old fountain in the garage to put in the center."

"Yeah, that would be nice. We could have flowers circle around the fountain. The water from the fountain could even sprinkle over them to keep them healthy."

"That sounds nice. I think I'd like that."



WORDS FOR THOUGHT FROM A GREAT WISE MAN
FRED JOHNSON

A wise man once told me there will be a time
when the sun is simply just too tired to climb
over the trees and hills in order to jump
into the sky before falling again.

That same wise man also said that there will be a time
when the birds of the world find no more joy in life
for them to spread and sing about.

He then continued to say there will be a time
when the last wave has finally struck shore thus
creating an eternal silence and what will
look to be calmness forever.

After thinking about all these horrible occurrences
happening. I then proceeded to that:

I'm no wise man, but there will be
a time when all is well and creative. The
sun is rising. The birds are singing and
the waves are striking and that time
is NOW.

I think I offended that great
wise man for he is walking away.



Shakespeare Spain's Fac Meet 9/29/99

SOUL DYSPNEA
ALICE McGRORY

Catholic girls with spots
on their souls
like cancer on a chest x-ray

Bless me father
for I have sinned

X-ray vision through
the curtain of the confessional
Mortal and venial exposure
like a PA and lateral film

He sees
He knows

I lie by omission and crawl
away on penitent knees
bent with shame
My soul gasping for breath.

MUSIC BOX DANCER
CHERYL PIERSALL

Tender images of a new mother,
Radiating a healthy glow,
She sashays barefooted
Patterns around the room.
Mindlessly humming, light of heart,
Embracing a picture of innocence.
Miracle of healthy chubbiness,
Soft fleshy tones, baby powder scents.
Pressed firmly against her breast.
It is a time of warmth as the heartbeats--
With wide eyes, baby does not question.
There is no fear.
A bond of touch--yearned for, so needed.
As she kisses his toes.
Her lips gently sweep over baby's eyes.
Each has come to understand
A quiet moment between mother and child.
Laid to sleep, he breathes evenly.

WAL-MART POTPOURRI
BARBARA MYERS

Large discount stores have come into vogue recently. Bargain hunting for the American consumer is not just a necessity --it has become a way of life. Of all such stores, Wal-Mart stands out as the leader of the pack. Shopping at this down-to-earth center of human friendliness can be quite an experience.

The employees at Wal-Mart are hired for their outstanding personal characteristics. They are then assigned to the department which would best benefit from these unique qualities.

The first such employee one encounters upon entering Wal-mart is known as the "greeter." She is usually a sweet, genteel, gray-haired grandmother. She smiles with the ease only years of practice can bring. Her face beams as she smiles gently and asks, "Do you need a cart, honey?." There is no way anyone would hurt grandma's feelings by saying "no." There are a lot of shoppers pushing carts at Wal-Mart.

Moving past the homespun grandmother and proceeding down the aisle toward the pet shop, it is hard to walk past the fish tanks. They are probably the most interesting item in the store. The employee in this department, usually female and quite earthy, is called a "nature representative." However, I just call her the fish lady.

This employee is seldom easy to find. After having her paged, she quickly emerges from behind a shelf which holds the empty display tanks. She is out of breath and apologizing profusely. What a sight to behold! Her stringy hair flies in every direction and her Wal-Mart vest strains to cover a non-aerobic physique. There is nothing this "keeper of the tanks" does not know pertaining to the health and well-being of these little creatures. The fish lady scoops your prize possession out of its tank with her miniature fish net. A well rehearsed dialogue on overfeeding, underfeeding and tank cleaning accompanies this procedure. Fish are stress-relievers, constant companions, and a gift from the gods -- so says the fish lady of Wal-Mart.

Moving on and entering the automotive department means an encounter of the strange kind. Waldo the handi-man (they are all called Waldo), works at every Wal-Mart store. His glasses rest crookedly on his beak-like nose, and his red hair resembles a cross between a bunch of carrots and the fluorescent orange of a Tide bottle. The wallet in his back pocket is attached to a beltloop by a silver chain. Obviously he loses it a lot. One pant leg remains tucked inside his muddy farmer boots. Yes, there is something to be said for country culture! Looks in this case are quite misleading as Waldo knows the location of every nut and bolt in the store.

When the excitement of this adventure gets too overwhelming, it is time to enter the "check-out" line. Betty (I'm so bored I can barely stand it), works behind every cash register. This proves the new cloning procedure Wal-Mart has perfected is a gigantic success. It also eliminates the need to move to the next line looking for a living "checker". They are all the same. Betty's hair is reminiscent of Peg Bundy, and her make-up reminds one of Tammy Fay Baker. All checkers must work until they have said "have a nice day now" at least 500 times. Employment at the check-out is complete fulfillment!

A trip to Wal-Mart not only fulfills our shopping needs but can also be extremely entertaining. I love people!

THE GAME
JIM SABULSKI

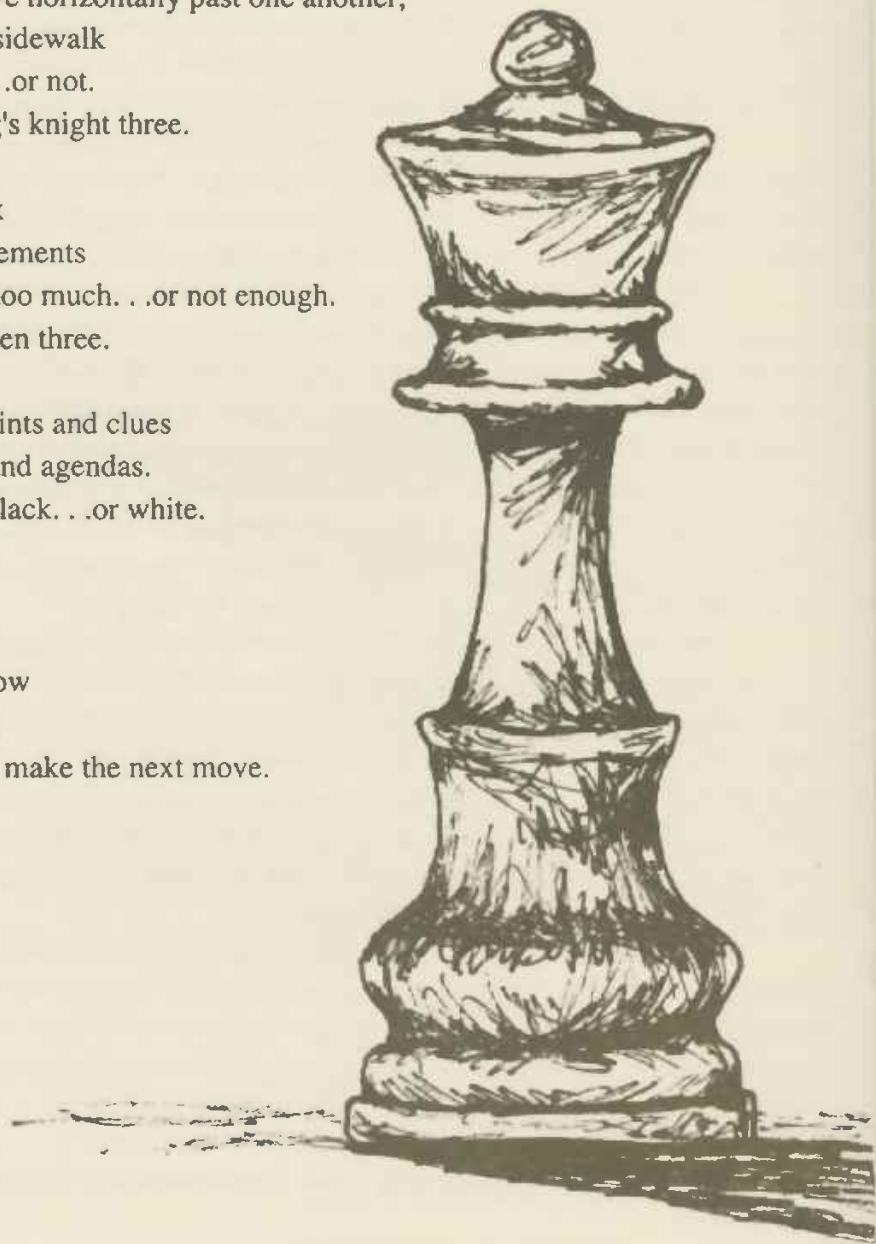
Sometimes I call you and hang up
Before you answer, just wanting to
Touch the space where you are.
Pawn to King four.

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

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

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

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



APPOINTMENT WITH APPREHENSION
MARIE BLIZZARD

A water droplet descended from between my shoulders to the small of my back, dampening the seat of my faded Levi's from the inside out. I fidgeted in the stiff straight-backed chair, wishing I were seated snugly in my cushioned swivel chair which would allow me the mobility to glide out the door, down the hall to the elevator toward imminent safety. My skin was hot and moist, despite the electronically controlled 65 degree temperature in the boxy waiting area fraught with fake ficus soaking up artificial light.

To my right sat a woman holding an infant of unspecified gender who, from the amount of body fluids spewing from its orifices, looked to be in great need of care. Coats, hats and various other baby belongings were draped haphazardly across the adjacent chairs, making the entire quarter of the room virtually uninhabitable by other pathetic creatures such as we who had the great misfortune to be trapped in this "room of gloom" awaiting to be "treated and released."

Sliding glass windows screeched shut as a blond gendarme gazed out from under rimless glasses, excluding herself from those on the outside by virtue of her employment status and present state of physical health, which she guarded protectively.

Minutes turned to overwhelming hours of muzak and pamphlets on the body's various states of unwellness from hair loss to athlete's foot fungus when the door opened and a frail voice chirped, "Next!" Mother gathering up child lock, stock and Pampers and ambled into the darkened passageway where beleaguered souls go to receive their diagnosis, sealing their fate.

Soon it would be my turn. Soon ... by some time frame in a galaxy far, far away.

LEMONADE AND LIONS

JEFF AND LEE JOHNSON

Now that it was summer, the young lions played in the warmth and light all morning long. The sun made the trees bright and the flowers bloom. The sun made the meadows sing and the rivers sparkle. The sun made the lions happy, and they wanted it for their own. So, in the cool of the shade, as the rays from the warm summer sun peeked between the leaves, Maurice and his friends drank lemonade and dreamed how to capture the sun.

As they started to plan, they knew they were strong enough.

"But," Maurice told them, "the sun is very far away. We must get closer so we can trap it." Running to the base of the highest hill, the lions began to climb. But when they arrived at the top, they still could not reach the sun, not even with a very long stick.

One lion then asked, "Why don't we have the eagle fly to the sun, clutch it in its claws, and bring it back to us?"

But another lion warned, "The eagle might keep the sun and then we won't have it for ourselves." They decided that smart, young lions would not trust the eagle.

So, in the cool of the shade, as the rays from the warm summer sun peeked between the leaves, the young lions sat down and thought, and they thought, until they thought they could think no more.

Then, pointing far away to the horizon, Maurice said, "Every day the sun hides there. If we run to the edge of the world before the sun disappears, we can catch it in a net like a big fish."

And off they ran, Maurice and his friends, shouting, "Capture the sun! Capture the sun! We are the ones who will capture the sun!"

But no matter how fast they ran, the young lions never reached the place where the sun hides. Finally, Maurice and the others returned home, no longer wanting to shout, but instead feeling sad and hungry.

After dinner, Maurice was too tired to play, and his mother laid her sleepy son beneath a tree, whose limbs made a tent over Maurice's bed. All night long, the young lion dreamed of his friends and their plans to have the sun for their own.

When he awoke, Maurice saw in the sky, which now looked dark and green, more suns than he could count, and all of them were yellow and bright. Then the wind blew, and a big, yellow sun landed with a thump upon his belly. After trapping his prize, he first poked the sun with his paw. Then he sniffed it. And, finally, Maurice ate it and growled with delight, "The sun is in me!"

In the cool of the shade, as the rays from the warm summer sun peeked between the leaves, the young lions drank lemonade and listened to Maurice tell them all how he captured the sun.





DISMAL FUN, DISMAL HATE,
DISMAL LOVE, DISMAL SEX,
DISMAL LIFE, DISMAL IDEAS,
DISMAL WORK, DISMAL DOG,
DISMAL ETHICS, DISMAL SPEAKING,
DISMAL THINKING, DISMAL HEART,
DISMAL TASTE, DISMAL SMELLS,
DISMAL HEARING, DISMAL OUTLOOK,
DISMAL HAPPINESS, DISMAL SADNESS,
DISMAL SHOES, DISMAL HAIR,
DISMAL DREAMS, DISMAL SLEEP,
DISMAL AWAKENINGS, DISMAL KAKMA,
DISMAL HOPES, DISMAL ENDINGS

BURDEN
KRISTIN SPROWS

The weight has become unbearable.
My shoulders are aching from the burden.
My head is pounding with unsettling worries;
Ones that keep me tossing and turning
 through the never-ending nights.
My thoughts race around incessantly;
My mind wanders uncontrollably;
To concentrate is a completely impossible act.
Nothing I do seems to be enough anymore.
I don't make enough;
I'm not good enough;
I amount to almost nothing.
Contentment is only in a far-off dream.
Happiness appears to be pure imagination.
Sadness, Disappointment, Despair are forever lingering.
How much more can I take? . . .
Not much more than I've already gotten.

MOVING FORWARD
JENNIFER BELLINO

Because we've had difficult times,
it doesn't mean we should dwell on them.
It's better for both of us if we move forward
and remember the good times, and bury the bad.
We can both agree that our experiences
are ones we should learn from, not regret.
But no matter what happens between us,
never be afraid to love--
totally and completely, because
there is a risk in everything we do.
And once we get past the uncertainties,
the rewards can only be everlasting.



PERSONAL JESUS
MICHELLE EGLESIA

I hated you, I cursed you to every man, woman and child
 who would listen to my bitter words.
Phony, self-centered bastard, I cried to every friend
 who would lend a symphathetic shoulder to me
 as I cried over the demise of my self-appointed God.
I was paralyzed when the supports fell from beneath your
 pedestal.
But I learned to walk again, without you standing over me,
 not needing my God, needing my strength and nothing more.
Then you appeared again, this time without a pedestal.
In the flesh, real, and tangible for the first time.
I wanted to believe it was true, but you broke my spirit
 once again, and you know I'll take you back.
I have no choice but to fall at your feet. You control
 me and don't even realize that your mind pulls at
 my strings without even desiring to do so.
Only I can break this hold you have on me. I possess the
 strength, but do I possess the desire?

CARRIE ON!
JIM SABULSKI

There is a place in heaven for those people, usually married or at least involved, who try to play matchmaker. This is a game of skill that I have vowed never to play, but I have on occasion found myself to be a pawn in someone else's game. My friend, Tony, invited me out with him for drinks one night, with his wife, Mary, and a girl named Carrie who she thought would be perfect for me. I was unsure at first, skeptical of a girl whose name was also a verb, but later dismissed this and agreed.

I met Tony and Mary at a local club and as I approached their table was pleased to discover a very attractive brunette seated with them. I naturally assumed this was Carrie and engaged her in conversation immediately. (She had great eyes). After a few minutes I actually started hearing what she was saying, rather than simply trying to catch myself from making some ridiculous statement. Our words began to flow as if we knew each other for years, and it was just as this feeling of comfort settled in on me that Mary interrupted our conversation, introducing me to her friend, Carrie, who was standing at our table. I was immediately confused. It was at this time that I noticed the first Carrie putting on her coat. "Long time, no see. Tell your mom I said hello," she said and left. My mom. My mom?

I motioned for Tony to meet me in the men's room. Standing side by side, he explained to me that Carrie was in fact my cousin, Lynn, who he had met in college, and who also just happened to be there that night. (Why I did not recognize her is still a mystery to me). The second Carrie, actually the first, actually the only, was the girl I was to meet. We went back to the table. Mary had figured out what had happened and was struggling with laughter. I sat down next to Carrie. I didn't know what to say. I had used all my best lines on my cousin, Lynn.

CLIFFS

JENNIFER FERIOLA

She searches
Beyond the cliffs, behind the clouds

She sees
The free birds, the endless air

She feels
A soft flower petal, the grass around her feet

She hears
The wind brushing the leaves, the birds gentle cry

She smells
The salty ocean air below, crashing against the rocks

She looks
Down from the grassy field, into the bed of stone

She flies

Without sight or sound
Screamless, with salty air around
And a sense of freedom as she awaits the ground.