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Instress



fall 1995

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Watercolor and ink	Jonathon Ross	Front Cover
Watercolor	Jonathon Ross	Back Cover



Misericordia

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It has come to our attention that the previous definition of "instress" was wrong. Since it is a new year and we have a new staff, we decided that it would be rather fitting to include the new definition in our first issue. So here it is, courtesy of Dr. Richard Lynch:

"Instress" and "inscape" are general terms that Gerard Manley Hopkins coined and later applied specifically to poetry. Hopkins had early hopes of becoming either a poet or a painter, and he was always interested in careful observation of natural phenomena-- things like color, the form of a thing, or its movement. We can see this delight in natural observation in his description of the movement of a falcon in "The Windhover," or the appearance of natural objects in "Pied Beauty."

Hopkins's main interest was in those aspects of a thing that make it distinctive and individual, the characteristics that reflect the inner nature of a thing and give it its uniqueness. For Hopkins, at times, this fundamental quality or principle in a thing was the source of all beauty, knowledge, delight, and even religious feeling.

"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.

Besides being the unifying force in the object, instress can be an impulse from the inscape of the object which, through the senses, actualizes the inscape in the mind of the perceiver. So, instress can be the sensation of inscape, a sort of mystical illumination or perception of a deeper pattern, order, and unity in the object that gives it meaning.

Applying the idea of inscape directly to poetry, Hopkins says the following: "As melody is what strikes me most of all in music, and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling inscape is what I above all aim at in poetry."

So, for a short definition, "instress" is the (divine) evergy 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.

barbie is a bitch
 sure, she doesn't have an attitude, really
 she's just a doll - - i know that
 but how many times did i look at her with my
 11-year-old eyes calculating the chances that i would look
 like her when i was
 20 or 21 or however old barbie is
 she had long blond hair and big blue
 eyes and lest i forget that bigger-than-life set of tits
 a little tiny waist
 little miss anatomically correct with her
 long legs and crazy feet
 (does anyone really walk like that, mommy?)
 and wow was ken ever a lucky guy or what
 barbie was his girl
 and i used to make ken break up with barbie
 just to see her lose
 if barbie was a real girlwomanperson
 i wonder if she'd be nice
 i wonder if she'd be a good friend to all the other barbies
 i wonder if she'd be loyal trustworthy funny
 would she be at all like me
 okay so maybe i didn't turn out like barbie
 and maybe that dapper ken isn't my boyfriend
 but i've got a lot more to offer
 than some plastic fantasy

--colleen chandler

Confused Blues

My baby she done left me
She done left me yestaday
My baby gone and left me
It happened just yestaday
I couldn't seem to find the right words
to make her wanna
Remain in a state of co-habitation with me

I'm gonna drink my whiskey
Gonna drink all damn day long
Gonna drink my whiskey Baby
Gonna drink all damn day long
Gonna pick up my guitar and
Play a sweet, sad
Highly structured arrangement using seventh-chord
voicings

I guess I'll be leavin'
Goin' on my own
I'm gonna be leavin' in the mornin'
Goin' on my own
Cause I can't even reach you Babe
On the
Revolutionary breakthrough in Communication

--Peter Iacavazzi

Capitalism

click

Your words they taunt me
Your words they haunt me
Make sure I stay in line
Make sure I do your crime
Don't ever let me go
I've been you for some time

click

*ried to stand on my own
*ried to stand all alone
*hought my legs could carry me
*hought my mind could wander free
*oo long I've hung on puppet strings
Can't move unless your hand moves me

click

I should *aunt you all
*he way you *aunted me
I should laugh at you all
*he way you laughed at me
I should bury you all
*he way you buried me

click

I am weak I admit
But I never asked for *his
You *hrived on my weakness
You pushed me *o darkness
But shame *urns *o anger
And *here is *he danger

click

I should weaken you all
the way you weakened meee
I should shi^ on you allll
the way you shi^ on meeeee
I should take life from you allllllll
the way you took i^ from meeeeeee

click

Bu^, I's...too...late...for tha^ all
I've fallen...too far
Pu^ me back...on the shelf
I've...turned...on myself

click

Did you pu^ the bulle^**** in the gun?

click

Or did I???

click

click

BANG^*****

--Chad Dreisbach

CONFERENCE HAIKU

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH

WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH

-- Maurice Collins

House of Pain

Invisible chains hold me back
a home filled with tension
longing for what I lack
feelings too scared to mention

anger passes through
a once happy heart
hatred I never knew
together yet apart

Do you really understand
or do you lie
I feel as though I'm damned
can you see pain in an eye

Hands tremble with passion
a caged up animal
Show a little compassion
or is it too much for you to handle

--Jen Revie

The Nothing

My normal life is burdened,
When I feel thy presence.

I'm trapped. . . I'm alone

I look around and suddenly feel alienated
Your presence locks onto my thoughts and my soul

I'm trapped. . . I'm alone

Why do they burden me?
Why can't I live my life in tranquility?
Must I feel your erotic presence for eternity?

I'm trapped. . . I'm alone

No one else feels your cold breath at night. . .

No one else feels your wondering touch. . .

No one else can feel your anger. . .

Why do I?

I'm trapped . . . I'm alone

I guess it is only I who feels you. . .

It is only I who smells you. . .

It is only I who is locked onto . . .
the nothing.

I'm trapped . . . I'm alone.

--Jessica Carroll



Holding Back

It is not taking a risk to fulfill your dream
for fear of rejection.

It is not speaking out against abortion,
or for it.

It is ignoring the scream for help
from a woman being raped.

It is avoiding peoples' eyes when you've lied to them,
or slandered their name.

Simply,
It isn't living.

Miss Conception

--Molly Riley

Creamed coffee brown eyes,
looking into my soul

Asking, probing me to analyze,
the whole ugly process.

Casting doubt out through your gaze makes
my heart dance drunkenly in my stomach

Can I trust you?

will you lead the lamb down the path
Less traveled

or will your intellect seduce my
Reservations to ruin

sitting in that concerned pose--

Nylons sticking to your calves and thighs
from the intense heat which

My brain emits as you--

ask yet another question

Can I trust you?

or are those eyes really

The bark of the elm

which was rooted in deception.

--Amy Dunaway

Gross Thoughts

There he was.
As the cold, impersonal metal covering was lifted,
The realization, as well as the horrid stench
Hit us like a hard, definite slap in the face.

Mortality.

Inevitable death.

But we couldn't help but stare. . .
Curiosity made our muscles stiffen
 attempting to prepare ourselves
It was impossible to turn away
Closing our eyes wasn't even a fleeting
 choice of that moment
wide-eyed, blank expressions are what we wore
 that day
For those seemingly never-ending minutes
 millions of thoughts
 raced within the confines of our skulls. . .

Should we be scared?

Sickened?

Shocked?

What?

No one knew.

Numb.

That was one feeling that could be agreed upon.

Relief

 when the time came to leave.

The mixed confusion of emotions remained.

Once more adjusted and prepared,

Only few found it still

 Difficult.

Iwon't look at the face.
I can't.
Meat is no longer a part of my diet.

"Flesh" is all I think about when I see it.
Cold. . . .Lifeless.

Nausea.

Too many questions;
too many different feelings to be settled. . .
Can I do this?
Should I be doing this?
Can I make it through this?

My mind thinks it all possible,
But my heart is too stubborn
To not feel anything.

How can it not?

Life. . .
What an amazing miracle
that too many take for granted.

--Kristin Sprows

SUPPORT

I don't want your money.
I want your fatherly love.
You have none to give.

--Janet P. Matson

Pink Overalls and Blue Sandals

Pink overalls and blue sandals...
 leave tear stains on my cheeks,
 nothing more than dried out streams,
everytime I think of you.
Memories made with every cigarette smoked
 are nothing more than overflowing ashtrays
 dumped on a dorm room floor.
We lost each other somewhere between
 there and my home town
 --I don't know why.
Pain drove me away from what
I used to know...as we grew farther
you grew closer to all I left
 behind.
So I saw you in odd occasions
with the boy I once wanted
as my own.
Quick "hellos" and shallow converstions,
Left us nothing more than acquaintances
Pink overalls and blue sandals
 Where did we go?

--Stephanie Cipriani

I Followed Her

I followed her;
to the top of the cliff;
with a picnic basket in my hand;
with a plaid blanket under my shoulder;
with the Atlantic one hundred feet below;
I asked her to marry me;

Til death do us part.

On the alter we made the oath;
to love and to cherish;
through sickness and health;
through wealth and poverty;
I placed the ring on her finger and my lips against
hers;

Til death do us part.

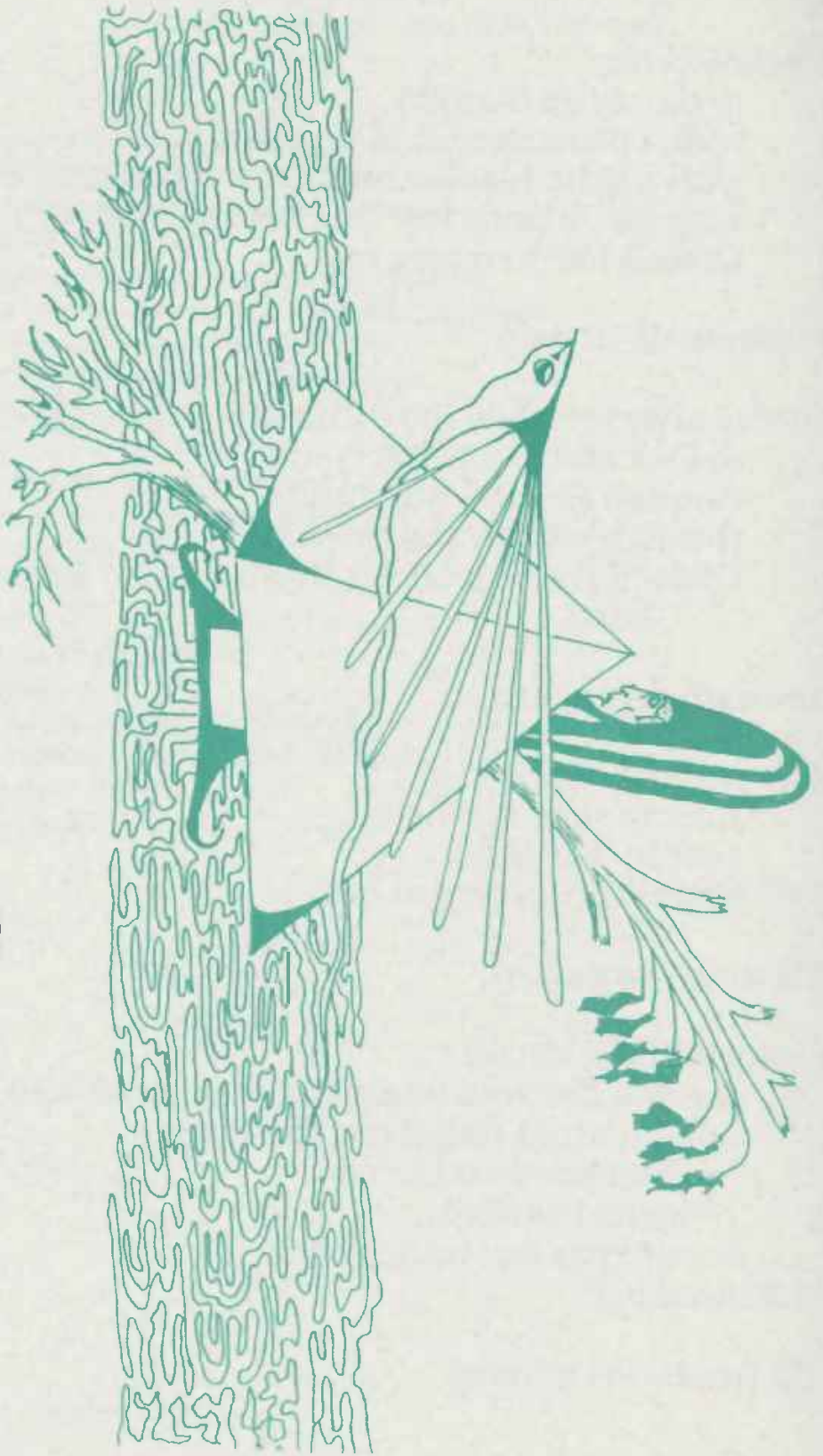
Ten years of bliss;
then to sickness she fell;
I sat by her side;
until cancer cheated her;

Till death do us part.

Cremation she chose;
the will declared where her remains should be placed;
one hundred feet above the Atlantic;
I tossed her over the cliff;
I watched her fall;
I could not live without her;
I followed her;

Till Death Do Us Unite!

--Brett Andrews



Stavis T.Q.M. 5/23/95 MEW

Traveling On

Here I am, adrift on a new ocean,
on a ship with a new crew.
Together we'll share this journey,
where ever the wind will take us.
In the water I see reflections of my former travels.
Within the voices of my mates echoes whisper,
echoes whisper. . .

There is no turning back,
this sojourn has started.
So with memories in hand,
and courage between my teeth,
I stand on this deck careful not to look back,
but to travel on.

—D. J. Rees

Red Sea

The skies cried
In his little room.
The voices hollered
In his tired head.
The seas raged
As he sits down.
The lightning flashed
Quickly, painlessly into the flesh.
The blood flowed
Inside and out.
The stream joined
The sea and became one.
The sea calmed
As the parting closed.

--Neil Hunsinger

How It Fits Together

She lies on her stomach,
Her head is tilted to the left,
Large brown eyes scrutinizing
The blood red piece before her.
A robin's egg,
Surrounded by a bed of flowers.
Petals of various colors
She lays her piece flat,
And adds another.

She leans chin on hands,
Her forearm on elbows,
And plucks a shade of pink
From the mass of separate hues,
Blindly twirls it between small fingers,
It matches her complexion,
Forehead creases crumpled,
Suddenly, brightly, relaxed,
Places the cardboard piece.

She sits up, legs crossed,
Before her, Indian style,
Her elbows fused to the knees,
Forehead resting in palm,
Brown tendrils hanging through fingers,
Colors begin to mix and blur.
Pieces become harder to choose,
She, unrelenting, grabs a grey
And puts it where others could go.

Lady straightens up,
Stretches her back,
Crosses her arms in front,
Keen eyes survey the floor,
Studies the growing mass before her,

There are so many greys.
She focuses on some mistakes
Where one shade ends and one begins
Escape her vision.

He sits beside her,
Beauty looks at him
 And shrugs at the puzzle,
Boy hands suggest a different hue,
Offers it over to her fingers
She touches it in her palm,
Studies its lines and curves,
Searches the memorized cardboard quilt,
Then takes his hand
And places the blue.

Together, two hands place
A sea of azure,
Turns to green in a
Calm and serene ocean,
Some reds and oranges
Stray grey marks,
Pure white snow mountains,
Deep, dark, night.

They sit on their heels,
Their toes tucked under at the ready,
Leaning against each other,
Few yet numberless scattered pieces are left,
The colors age to silver, and are placed.
The two fit solid, cold, black death,
Anxiously, reluctant they finish
 with gold,
Couple stands and leaves the puzzle,
They go on to the next game.

-- Mary McCue

Running
Heart pounding
Hunger
Sweat
Faster...FASTER
The crowd
Harder...FASTER
Run
Be aggressive
Beat them
Devour the ball...MOVE!
Don't let them beat you
Control...MOVE!
No mercy
Steal
Control
Tearing of grass
Sweet maneuver...Break away
1 on 1
Speed...SPEED!
Control
Pressure..HOME } visitors }
Clock ticking
Crowd roaring
Go Jessie!
Speed
Control
Go! Go!
Silence
Shot
Ball Soaring
GOAL
BUZZER
Falling
Exhaustion
victory
Frozen in memory
Silence

--Jess Carroll

Trepidation

I step into the threshold of his lair, never knowing
If I'll find reward or punishment on the other side
As the door slams shut
The darkness is my shroud of fear
He beckons me closer to him with the touch of his hand
His claws in my skin--And I know he wants to
FINISH ME
His breath feels warm against my skin
And he feeds on it like a rabid fox on its prey
Wanting to tear me limb from limb and bathe in my
blood
Like it's holy water--It slips through his fingers so
easily
The life blood of his latest victim

And he is sanctified at the sight of my degradation
Basking in the life of the one he destroyed.

-Michelle Eglasia

Through The Eyes of an Eagle

He soars above this land for hours;
He's our country's symbol for freedom and power.

His calls are piercing, his wings so swift;
He perches, he's silent; then I see his head lift.

His claws are so mighty as they grip the tree;
I look into his eyes wondering what they see.

The wind ruffles the feathers of his broad chest;
He views this once beautiful God blest.

What has happened? Why couldn't beauty last?
Through the eagle's eyes it's vague memory passed.

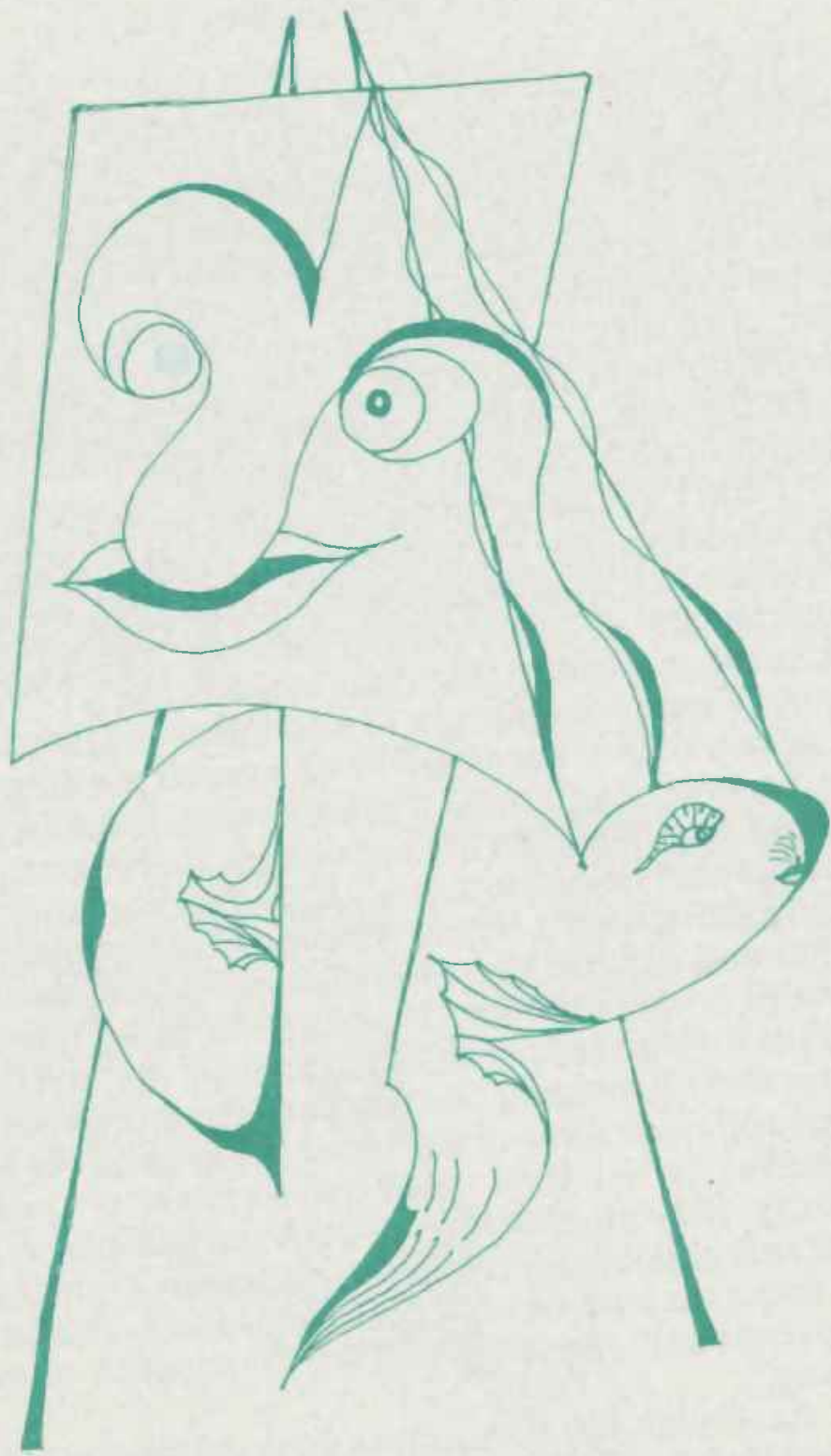
His eyes look deep and he seems to be crying;
He sees mankind the cause for nature dying.

I think I understand what the eagle sees
As he crouches in the high branches of the trees.

The eagles eyes see desolation
that seems to be spreading throughout our nation.

Through the eyes of an eagle there's death at hand
But through the heart of an eagle there is hope for the land.

--Leigh Fliedner



SDawins

Seal's Dream 5/22/98 mew

Mosquitoes

I love mosquitoes. I can relate to them very well. They are pests, vile little creatures that survive day by day consuming garbage and feces that have been cast off and discarded by the greater creatures of the planet. No one likes them, and no one pays much attention to them until they get too close and become annoying. No one does anything to them until they land and begin to suck the rich, sweet blood from their host. Then swift action is taken. The hand or the flyswatter strikes hard and fast, terminating the mosquito's already short and meager life.

I don't kill mosquitoes anymore. In fact, I may be the only advocate. The revelation came to me one night late in my room after what oppression and freedom were all about. It took the life of a mosquito to show me where I stood in this world and whose side I was actually on.

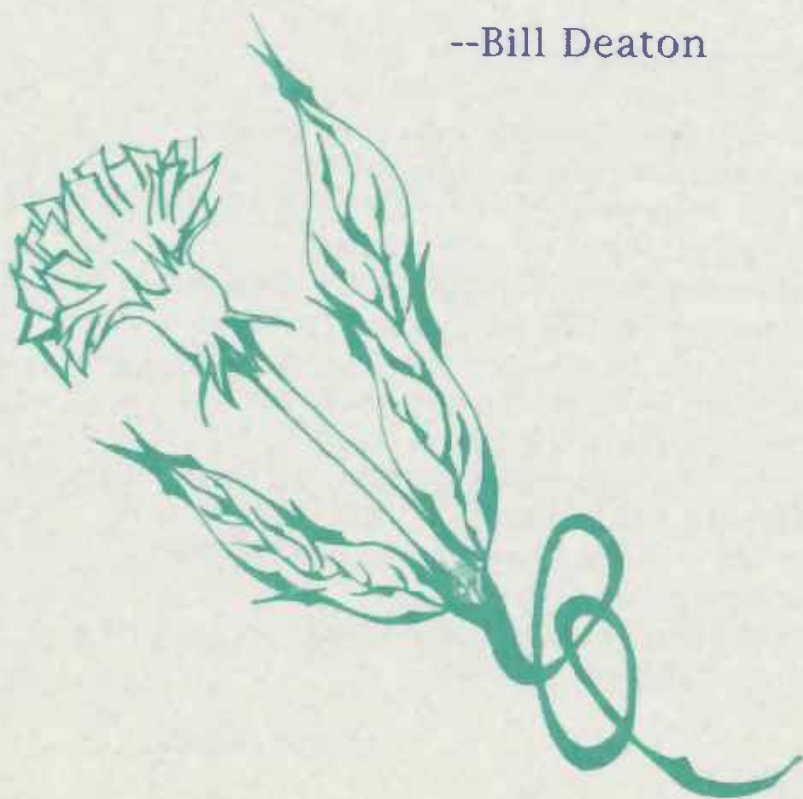
As a boy, I was always in admiration of the strength of our government. For years I had wanted nothing more than to serve it and to be a great patriot, but when I smacked that mosquito my outlook on life began to change. I realized that this lowest of animals, this parasite, was nothing more than a rebel. A poor creature taking what was left and making a go with what he had, no one bothered him until he went too far. No one bothers the rebels in society until they go too far either. The poor and the oppressed eek out their lives until one day they get fed up with the system and want some of the blood of the good life for themselves. When they speak out, or resist, or question authority, they are quickly put back in their place, thrown in jail, and possibly even killed. Oppression from a government and a society founded on Liberty and Freedom. This is the government and society which I wanted to serve? Not anymore.

I stand with the mosquitoes now, getting by, day to day, looking for a place and a time to strike that vein of society and suck its life's blood. Dodging the oppressive flyswatter of the government every chance I get. Taking

little bites of the system whenever I have the opportunity. The system feels every one of those bites, just like a person feels the bite of a mosquito. Even if they swat it and kill it, another will bite at a later time. The same happens in society. Man cannot kill all of the mosquitoes, and the government cannot stamp out all of the rebels. Eventually one will collapse and one will survive. If you can't figure out who it will be, study the biology lessons that you slept through your sophomore year. You will discover that mosquitoes have been around longer than man and that they will survive any man-made or natural disaster. There will always be mosquitoes. So the next time you swat a mosquito, remember this little analogy and ask yourself where you stand. Do you value freedom, or oppression?

I value mosquitoes.

--Bill Deaton



Translucent Corneas

When I look into your soul
I see there's no connection
When I look into your eyes
I can't see my own reflection
Your vision has been clouded
From thoughts that feel so jaded
So I watch you close your eyes
As your love has always faded

You listen to me speak to you
The words don't seem too clear
You block them out as best you can
But they haunt you far and near
I just can't ever understand
Why you feel the way you feel
You seem to circle around yourself
Like a tire without a wheel

When you look into your heart
You don't see it's cold and black
But trying to scrape away the fears
You know there's no turning back
So you hide amid the forest green
That is filled with barren trees
Your cover's blown, your plan exposed
So now you've fallen to your knees

Thinking back on what I've known
I can't believe I dropped so fast
'Cause thinking back on the way you were
I thought the love would last
But now I know that you've disturbed
The bottom of the sea
And made it cloudy once again
For my life and for me

-- K.C. Yerrid

The Injustice of Humanity

You are the reality of a world on the wry.
An ignoramus who can't speak
respectfully but demands respect be given to him.

What gives you the right to judge people by
Your narrow-minded standards, suck-
ing dignity out of those far more dignified than yourself.

For once I would like to see
You handicapped, Hispanic, or Jewish,
For that is the only way your egocentric view will
Focus on what it is to be human.

- Molly Riley

The Face of the Heavens

*Her eyebrows arch across her forehead like two falling
stars,
the stars melt and explode into a shower of sparks,
the delicate sparks create her nose,
under the stars hover two spheres dark as the new moon,
the moons dart with intellect and curiosity,
below the moons are her lips,
twin rivers of crimson red,
they flow and throb with power both cruel and
compassionate*

--by Brett Andrews

Sandman

Give me your hopes and dreams, and I will create for you
A perfect world.

Give me your hands and close your eyes, and let me take
Your breath.

Forget all worries and let go of reality, and we will dance
Forever away.

Let go of those you love and all past happiness, you'll
Need them no more with me.

If you want me you'll do what I say. Am I not worthy
Of such love as yours?

Let us ride the waves of darkness together. Your slumber
Will be ours to keep.

Whisper my name, give me the power. Soon our world
Will be clearer.

Feel the distortion coming on, the dark birds and white
Deer desire your soul.

The tranquil waters call for your desire, and the
Mountain caves admire your gem-like eyes.

Wake no more, I'm sorry dear love, you're here with me,
Can you feel my ethereal flesh?

Grasp my hair and cup my neck, before those worries
Cut too deep.

Together forever you and I, that's what we wanted,
You and me.

--D.J. Rees

Armed Robbery
(Ragtime Swing with Banjo Accompaniment)

No sense working getting your hands greasy
Let me tell you boys--Robbing Banks is easy
You need a nose full of courage--
And a Machine Gun

We get our pick of the honeys
But they don't love us they just love our money
But let me tell you man those girls
Can Shake all night

It's All there for the takin' just you wait and see
These are just the fringe benefits of Armed Robbery
And if the man come to get you--you blow his
Head clean off

Flying into Dallas high on cocaine
Waking up in Los Angeles drinking champagne
And if the man come to get you
You blow his head clean off

No sense in working getting your hands greasy
Let me tell you boys--Robbing Banks is easy
You need a nose full of courage
And a Machine Gun

--Peter Iacavazzi

Terminal Lust

I crave her like nicotine,
like an amphetamine, like caffeine.
I beckon to the call of this siren,
her conch songs come to me
From a deep sea of turmoil that clouds my vision,
my senses, my life.
My psyche ridden with strife
My soul cries for healing, My loins ponder stealing,
invading & defeating.
No submission, No retreating.
To pillage, to rape, & to burn.
These are the things for which my feelings yearn.
Spawned inside some macabre fire that burns deep,
in my soul.
This lust takes its toll on my heart & my mind & my brain
I escape to the ocean.
There on the reef she sits,
Like a mermaid surrounded by the mists.
Naked & Untamed, before me she lies,
I submit to her cries.
She calls for me, sings to me
Her voice like Longfellow's bells, her songs my dirge
Her embrace, my coffin.

--Bill Deaton

Shades of Grey

I found an important issue, one day,
Running through my mind.
I captured it, confined it,
And painted it black.

A friend then told me that
He had captured the same issue
In his mind, but he had
Painted his white.

I returned immediately to mine and
Colored it to the likeness
Of my friend's,
Only to find that a colleague of mine
Had, in fact, captured this issue
In his head
And his was black
Like my original.

I returned again to mine
And took the white can of paint,
Poured it into the black and
The black into the white
And over and over and over.
I then took
This new color
And began painting.

--Jim Sabulski



