1-1-1967

The Fioretti (1967)

Marian University - Indianapolis

Follow this and additional works at: http://mushare.marian.edu/fio

Recommended Citation
http://mushare.marian.edu/fio/39

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at MUShare. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Fioretti by an authorized administrator of MUShare. For more information, please contact emandity@marian.edu.
THE FIORETTI

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MARIAN COLLEGE PROSE AND VERSE

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Richard Gardner, '69

Assistant Editors
Sigrun Biro, '69
Mary Rose Kozlowski, '70
Bonnie Looney, '70
Eileen McCalley, '69
Dixie Mitchell, '70
Sheila Mudd, '68
James F. Widner, '69

Art
Man Time—
Richard Gardner, '69
Photograph—
Richard Gardner, '69

VOLUME XXVI
NUMBER 2
Indianapolis, Indiana
1967-1968
## CONTENTS

### PROSE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Mermaid</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>Sigrun Biro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Eyes of Eyes</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Sheila Fillion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gift</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Kathleen Beckman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Inner Circle</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Sheila Kelley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Be Alone</td>
<td>16</td>
<td>Susan Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Break</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>Coleen Sharer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Author</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aluminum Is a Mortal Word</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>Carole Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sand Castles</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Richard Gardner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refinement</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>Chris Sylvester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poem</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>David White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poem</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>John Kirchner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Bacchus in Absentia</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>Carole Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poems</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>Richard Gardner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>Fay Faivre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poem</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>John Kirchner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aftermath</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>Kevin Farrell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>Richard Gardner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It Had Been Pretty Much Arranged</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>Tess Eichenberger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Need</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Dot Mettel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Scraped the Bottom</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>Fay Faivre</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poem</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>Kent Overholser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Untitled Poem</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>Bill Devine</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE MERMAID

Floating effortlessly upon the waves of the sea as the reflections of light frame images in the sky for my eyes alone, I sense the peace of my new existence. After several weeks with my limited sense, I’ve accepted this world where there are neither questions nor responses—a silent, speechless world. Here within the sea the only significant sensation is that of the wind, playing with the waves above us, weaving their tips into a white row of disappearing foam. Ultimately perhaps fatally the wind penetrates my existence, leaving behind the only fascinating sensation of my new probational life. This sensation takes the form of a rebellious fury as once was inside me and perhaps the seeds of which still remain within me. This yields itself as the only temptation of my new life.

Isolated in my sensitivity to my uncompassionate brothers, I realize the only existent and conscious bond here in the depths, that one between the sea and myself, rivaled only by the wind. None of the others can escape the temptation of the wind nor do they have to. I can escape because one of the things that remains of my human life is the power of choice. Therefore I must struggle with the wind as he challenges the sea like a jealous lover.

But, the sea, like a fiery mare, throws its rider and then in our union beckons to me to define it and unite with it. The sea now manifests itself as calm and merciful. I can see that it is much more powerful than the wind in his relentless temptation, and I realize that herein lies my salvation.

II

The mermaid thinks back now as she watches the wind and feels the tempting stimulus he leaves. She hears no sound but recalls one of the last incidents before her transformation, relating to the sound the wind had once upon a time . . .

December 15, 1967

“I hope no one is there in my special room. Not many people seem to be over here today. The library doesn’t draw crowds before vacations. Everyone just eagerly counts the minutes that pass. I count them too but I count them miserably because each
passing moment, every word, syllable, new truth threatens my existence, pushes me on to an unidentifiable summit and when I reach it...

"Oh, how lucky, my room is empty. It's good to look down to the trembling lake and watch the chilled, groping branches all seeking warmth, much like myself. Yet in here it's always so terribly warm, so deathly warm, as if some being were smothering me by its lie of comfort.

"The wind howls. The sounds of other existences are muted, and dim. Slowly they reshape themselves into an army of thought that tramples within my brain, seeking new paths, leaving my being in chaos, tempting it with a search. Then, the howling of the wind outside captivates me once again, furiously blending the chaos in my mind. All my attention is on its cry. The cry embodies the words, the syllables, the particles of truth of every man with the exception of one. I have not given to it my sacrifice; I have refused to enter into this universal pact— I have chosen isolation from the collective ejaculations of man."

III

It is the fourth of July. Two people are standing by a grave on which the earth is now dry.
Mother: "She chose this, she wanted it—I can't understand why. Why?? Why did she do this and bring shame to us all?"
Father: "She was always by herself lately, always thinking and angry."
Mother: "Yes, angry. But that's how she always was, so alone and so angry. I should have talked to her. I should never have shut her out those last days before, before . . . Maybe, if I would have only spoken to her—but I didn't, I just shut her out . . ."
Father: "Don't—don't say anymore. It wasn't our fault. We didn't do anything. We should know if we did do anything to provoke this!"
Mother: "But, that's just it. we do know . . . I know . . . We both really know! And we can't hide it. At nights I lie awake and I can hear her condemning us. I see her pointing at us and screaming, screaming, and laughing,
as she jumps into that icy lake. Then I see her in the
water and she’s screaming but then I can’t hear any
sound. She’s just screaming, screaming! . . .”

Father: “Stop it! She’s dead. It’s over. This talk won’t help
us now. At least she’ll have the peace she always
wanted.”

Mother: (hysterically) “She’ll have no peace. She’s in hell. She’ll
have eternal hell. But I will too because I failed her. I
killed her . . . I . . .”

Father: “Shut up! You’re a fool! I don’t want to hear anymore.
You’re just like her—a fool. You make everything so
damned hard. Your mind’s all confused, all confused!”

(Calming down)
“You see hate when there’s love and vengeance when
there’s mercy. Let’s get away from here and leave this
grave in peace.”

IV

The water is warm. Everything is quiet, so simple. I have
until winter to prepare and all I must make ready is my mind,
my thoughts.

Unencumbered, my mind will soon be as clear as the sea is
today, the sea upon which I glide, through which I swim and in
which I must renounce the temptation of the wind, where I make
ready my defense. And then I too will offer my libation only
this time to the sea with the wind as my servant, and not as my
master.

SIGRUN BIRO, ’69

THE EYES OF EYES

It is morning. And all the things that connotate a glorious
environment have chosen to leave with the night.

I am left alone. My heart is crying for something that doesn’t
exist, except in the fantasies reincarnated by one.

And what pains me most is the barrenness of a chair—the one
she used to pensively gaze at the passing of a world beyond our
window. When we were together, this world melted to the city
where it was transformed in the blinking lights and silhouettes
kissing among the littered night streets.

Do I mean this to be a tribute of a passing soul, an exposé of life under her? What is my purpose? What purpose will a fish spawn or a human reproduce? Nothing but a recreation of likeness—a likeness that in the itinerary of Time will ebb.

And so in the memory banks of my eyes I perceive her image calling me. She is floating in sorrow and I come. We touch; our lips meet; our hands grasp; we see the hope glistening in our eyes. No, I do not cry out in an emerging reflection. No, images will not flutter away in the kaleidoscope motion. None but the weak could think in terms of “She’s gone, never to return.”

I am hopeful to the last. The phone echoes its greeting; my pulse quickens; the sweat is streaming from my sinewy hands. My eyes, my perceiving eyes wet the picture I hold. It is she! My beautiful woman has come; she’s here; she has not left. She’s here! We touch; our lips meet; I see; I see.

I see the blood dripping from my arm; I see the floor; I see death.

Sheila Fillion, '70

Aluminum is a mortal word

I like empty beer cans
I had a blue and gold one which was bent in the middle.
It hovered on the edge of my desk,
doubled up like an arthritic caterpillar.
The desk tried to shudder my gaudy beer can
to the floor, and that deformed metal masterpiece
rocked and quivered—
and balanced.
My senile electric clock offered no objections,
and it rattled the indifferent hours
to my silent beer can.
This morning, someone corrected a squashed metallic mistake.
The desk is its tasteful self again.
Trash cans like empty beer cans.

Carole Williams, '70
THE GIFT

Michael ran as fast as he could for a six year old boy. Grasped tightly in his chubby palm was something very special. The summer school class had spent all Friday afternoon working on the drawings. They had to be done most carefully because Sunday was Father's Day. Michael thought about how happy his father would be and how he would praise him for the lines he had sketched after many erasures. Maybe to show his appreciation, his father would even go with him to see his secret Indian grave. For a long time, he had promised Michael he'd come to see it. Michael remembered the day he had found the huge stack of rocks back in the woods. It was only two days after he had found the arrowhead while playing an exploring game. Although it was a bit broken up, he was convinced an Indian had used it to kill a buffalo many years ago. When he went back to search for more, he made the discovery. There were big heavy rocks, at least thirty of them, all piled close together. Michael tried to peek between them but all he could see was blackness. He ran home to get Dad. Surely he'd know if it was really an Indian grave. Excitedly, Michael raced into the den and blurted out his story. Yes, he'd come someday, Dad had said. But now he was working on sales reports and they had to be turned in by the end of next week. Michael would have to be understanding.

On Sunday morning Michael almost tumbled down the steps in his excitement to show Dad the gift. Carefully he handed it to him. Dad looked at it and slowly laughed, then laughed harder. "Mother, come see this funny man Michael drew. See the crooked nose and big ears. It says 'Dad' but that's not me. No sir, the legs are much too long." The tears were rolling down his cheeks now as his laughter continued. Tears were on Michael's cheeks too but he walked away so they wouldn't be noticed.

By the time he got into the living room, he had decided it probably wasn't a real Indian grave anyway.

Kathleen Beckman, '68
a child walks along a beach
wondering where all the sand came from
and where the waves go when they go out to sea
where the birds hide when it rains
and why the days are so very long
when you’re alone

walking along kicking stones and shells
running from foam when the waves roll in
building dreams out of sand
for sea gulls to nest in
until they crumble

now and then
checking the horizon for a sail
on a ship that isn’t there
and a sun that never sets
wishing dreams on whitecaps
that rise and fall at sea
and a face called me

and now and then a footprint
scars a naked shore
or soft the sand turned under
by a yesterday party
ashes still warm

a hill rises up on the right
breaking the smooth line of sand
rocks protruding bulging
pointing out to sea
forming a valley caught
between rock and sea
rock castles that don’t crumble
waves crashing in from sea
birds that build a thousand nests
and me

from a lookout peak that doesn’t move
safely watching rainbows
as they quickly pass away
cherishing only what promises to stay
walls of grey
today

fine shadows sliding over slippery stone
thoughts of things to say
words to use on seaweed
chasing sea-gulls down to sea
free

crowds of people
who weren’t there
setting places for a party
that will never be

insects and rainbows
crawling
both across the sky
empty cans that once held beer
headstones for the sea
to be instead of
just to see
flotsam floating out to sea

thoughts of things that never were
but deep within my mind
dead watchfires on a rainy eve
that flickered many times before they died
coals still warm enough
to singe the feather of a phoenix
thoughts of things i should have said
and things i should have thought before i said
and if I sit here long enough perhaps
i'll remember the pathway i once thought i knew
the pathway to a door
god let there be a door
castles made of sand
afraid of drifting out to sea
to rise and fall and foam
and crash upon a rocky shore
much like this one i now call home

Richard Gardner, ’69

REFINEMENT
Relish the cracked cement.
Devour the congealing air.
But yield the right of way.
Civilization is with us.

Chris Sylvester

half a tree is no tree
why do the roots sigh
when the branches flutter
with the warmth of a
robin or wren?
branches without roots
are sticks

David White

Days and nights were spent crossing
the face of a clock.
The journey of the past crossing a
desert of jeweled synchronization.
It was a long journey made under
a blazing tick-tock.
Every step was danger as bandits disguised
as hands attacked hourly.

John Kirchner, ’69
TO BACCHUS IN ABSENTIA

I don't like to drink alone. 
Last night I had a screwdriver—
I had to drink it alone.
It made me sleepy. 
I sometimes get sleepy when I'm by myself. 
Yes, I do like solitude, 
but how can I drink your eyes 
if they're not fizzing at me 
over the rim of a glass?
I think I'll have instant coffee tonight. 
I can always read the label on the jar. 
But it's not anything like reading your eyes over the rim of a chipped cup. 

CAROLE WILLIAMS, '70

THE INNER CIRCLE

Man appears capable of existing according to the state of his mind. It then appears plausible for man to completely abolish reality and accept the wonders of fantasy. Man could exist without stress, without tension and without the burden of social opinion. Existence could take on a glow of love and complete human happiness.

From the moment of conception, each new life would be cared for by those specifically trained in the field of physical development. Those new lives that appeared to develop with flaws would immediately be extinguished and society would ultimately blossom forth with flawless creations. The state would take on the responsibility of rearing the child, providing the necessary care for each. This would have the affect of abolishing marriage and the
family, leaving men and women an opportunity to live for themselves, to develop their own mind to the fullest degree and to enrich their experiences. Man and woman would be given the opportunity to experience all the drives which are innate to man without the taboos of society lurking over their actions.

In order to avoid over-population the state would designate a specific age for extinction. When man approached this particular phase of life he would freely admit himself to the confines of a "termination hall." This hall would have the job of altering the mind to accept total termination of life. Man would ultimately see the benefits of self-annihilation.

This process is only the beginning of a new and fulfilling life among the most intelligible creations of God. The process would eliminate social injustice as well as social discrimination and prejudice, ultimately leading to social unity and "Utopia." The unity man has spent history seeking. Once accepted, the process is simple and uncomplicated. If you can show me the importance of a realistic life unencompassed by hate, mistrust and an insane preoccupation for power, you are undoubtedly suffering from an incurable disease known as selfishness. And this unforgivable need of man today leads only to self-delusion and self-destruction. Therefore, man cannot logically accept the reality of the twentieth century and must continually search and find the meaning of self; free and uninhibited.

Sheila Kelley, '69

premeditated answers
wander through my doubts
committing intellectual murders

they're giving a lecture on war tonight
laying ground rules for
christian soldiers

Richard Gardner, '69
TO BE ALONE

If he had just been able to spend five extra minutes in the shower or over a second cup of coffee, Thomas knew the whole day would have been different. He would have had a few minutes to himself to relax and to gather the strength he needed to deal with the trivialities of the day. As it was, he barely had time to make the 6:45 train into the city. Once on the train, he tried to collect his thoughts and to begin the day again, this time a little more calmly. But sitting next to him were two middle-aged ladies who refused to let him retreat into his thoughts. They were talking as loudly as they could about the ugliest subject they could think; one of the ladies’ ulcer operation. The more Thomas tried not to listen, the more he heard. As his breakfast turned over in his stomach, he wished for a place where the world’s ugliness couldn’t touch him.

For once in his life he was glad to see the men’s underwear department. The white, striped, and colored mounds looked peaceful and friendly.

“There is nothing here that will talk back or intrude on my privacy,” he thought.

At this moment two other salesmen came over to welcome him to work. The first slapped him on the back, “How’re you doing today, Tommie? You don’t look too sporting.”

“You wouldn’t be feeling so glum if you had come with us last night Tommie, old man. After dinner we went to this bar where we met two of the . . .”

“Excuse me, I have a customer,” Thomas broke in. He hurried off, thankful that he didn’t have to listen to a complete description of “the good times.”

The rest of his morning was busy and nerve racking. All of his customers were of two types. One was the woman whose husband had a waist “about the size of that man over there.” The other type was the woman who knew more about his job than he did. All morning he waited on twenty people and only sold ten pairs of shorts and one pair of pajamas. When lunch came, all he wanted was to go somewhere and be alone.

He ate by himself in the back of the cafeteria but he wasn’t
alone. Usually he brought a magazine or newspaper to read. Today he had forgotten and couldn't hide from the world. There seemed to be a hundred extra people in the room, talking, laughing, and generally causing confusion. The waitresses seemed nervous and on edge. They clattered and dropped dishes until Thomas was sure that there wasn't a whole dish left in the cafeteria. He sat stirring his cold soup and staring into space. All he wanted was to be alone.

The afternoon was going much better than he expected until Mrs. Fowler came in. Each month she came to the store to buy a pair of pajamas for one of her five sons or her eight grandsons. It was always Thomas's job to spend a half hour or more helping her decide if "the blue striped ones really look like Arnold." She was such a perfect lady that Thomas thoroughly enjoyed helping her and listening to the gossip about her family. But today was different. It had been a hard day for him and he showed it. She told him two or three times that she was worried about him.

"You just don't smile as much as you used to. Aren't you happy, Thomas?"

The first time she asked it, he was surprised and didn't know how to react. But the second and third times he began to withdraw and respond bitterly within himself. He was glad when she left. He didn't like people telling him he wasn't happy. If he was unhappy, that was his business. He couldn't understand why people wouldn't leave him alone.

The day was over. As he opened the door to his apartment, he began to let himself relax. He was home now. Safe and alone. No people could come in unless he let them. Thomas didn't bother to turn on the lights. He took off his coat and laid it on the sofa. Sitting down in a chair, he let himself feel the coolness and darkness of the apartment enfold him. He could feel them reaching out and stretching him until he was no longer himself. He was part of the night. All of the tensions of the day faded into the night. Slowly a faint glow of light appeared before him. As he watched, it grew in size until he could see Mrs. Fowler and all her boys inside. They were sitting around a gaily decorated table. She saw him and smiled. She waved and motioned for him to come in. He tried to move but couldn't. The coldness and darkness held him. He couldn't even feel himself. She waved again. He pulled, fight-
ing to break away.

He sat up suddenly in his chair and looked around the room. Nothing had changed. Slowly he began to feel himself awake. Crossing the room, he turned on the lights and stood staring at the chair for several minutes. Twice he started to move. Twice he stopped. Then slowly he walked to the desk, picked up the phone and dialed. All the tensions of the day had disappeared from his face. He seemed to know what he wanted. The number he dialed was busy but it didn’t seem to matter. He hung up the phone and sat down in the desk chair. Ten minutes later he tried again. It was busy. Twenty minutes later he had still been unable to get through. His relaxed look of a half hour ago was slowly disappearing. A different tension was now in his face. Thomas picked up the phone and dialed resolutely. The phone rang.

"I’m sorry the number you have dialed is not in service at this time. Dial 113 for assistance. This has been a recording."

He hung up the phone. Outside cars went by. A truck honked its horn. A few blocks away a clock struck the hour. In the distance a train blew its whistle. Thomas put his head on the desk.

"My God, isn’t there anyone . . . ?"

Susan Smith, ’68

SHARPER THAN A SERPENT’S TOOTH

Please, please, listen!
I want to tell you (choose one)
    who
    what
    why
I am
But I’ll have to use my (underline the best completion)
    (words, language, culture) to do this.
    (Your language isn’t so bad, it just isn’t big enough, see?)

I grew up after the world wars
In a time of anxious peace (which is no peace at all)
In an age of super-clean deodorants, I became anti-cavity toothpaste
I lived at home but spent days with my peers,
nights with my books and records
(You would say I had unlimited choices,
and so, I guess, I had)
I formed myself through choosing, rarely being told
(and so you can't tell me now)
So listen, please, and try to hear my words
(I'll use yours whenever possible, OK?)
As I tell you childish wisdom:
Peace is more than anxious absence of war;
Dreams are real, the transition concurrent;
Decisions are immediate due to lack of time;
Knowledge is for use, not for storing up in memories . . .
Idealist? Pragmatist? Fanatic?
(Answer silently or skip the choice)
I wish you had grown up with me
(I really do like you, you know,
and that's different from love)
But you stopped at adulthood too soon
And therein, Hamlet, lies our to be.

Fay Faivre, '68

THE BREAK

The sky was blue-black and racing clouds told of an approaching storm. Withered leaves blew before me on the path. My pace quickened as rain drops began to speckle the dusty road at my feet. The road narrowed to a foot path and I knew that I was approaching the bridge. The wind was whipping my hair wildly and the rain began to beat against my face. I saw ahead of me the suspension bridge rocking from side to side like a small boat riding out the storm. Its wet planks glistened and the ropes swaying in the wind felt alive in my hands.

Grasping the ropes, hesitant to initiate the crossing, I turned to the village behind me. The windows of every house were lit
and in the house I had known a silhouette stood peering into the dark storm, searching for a glimpse of the departed brethren. The bridge groaned as I mounted it and a violent blast of the storm threw me to my knees. Keeping close to the narrow planks, I inched further across. My eyes stared into the black chasm where the darkness of the night kept the secret of what was below. As the bridge whined in the wind I prayed never to learn that secret.

For an eternity I crept forward seeing only the blackness between the planks. Then as I raised my eyes the bridge ended and the grassy edge of solid ground was only a few feet away. I scrambled from that thread that connected the sides of the chasm and fell exhausted to the ground. At the same instance the bridge snapped an angry retort and its support ropes gave way plunging it into the blackness below. Lying there I focused my eyes on the village secure on the other edge. Many dark silhouettes drawn by the crashing of the bridge crowded into the yellow frames of light. I could almost hear the clicking of their beads as they prayed for the departed brethren. In the church spire that rose high above the town a bell tolled and my separation was official.

The silhouettes left the yellow patches one by one, indifferent so quickly to my departure. One remained there in the house I had shared and her beads rattled for me. I rose and turned for the final time from the town and attempted to pick up the path again. No path had been made here; the grass was high and no way was indicated. I looked into the night before me. The storm had ceased but the darkness persisted.

Yeah, I like you rain
the way you drop from the sky
and beat down on me
with a million love taps.
The way you sneak through my clothes
and surround me in wetness.
The way you make everyone run and hide
All but me, for I'm your friend,
Aren't I rain?

COLEEN SHARER, '69

JOHN KIRCHNER, '69
AFTERMATH

There used to be a lake here, I remember.
There were ducks, and fish.
And there were children, lots of children.
I'm sure of that.

There used to be a lake here, I remember,
There were trees, and flowers.
And there was nature, lots of nature,
I'm sure of that.

There used to be a lake here, I remember.
There was beauty, and quiet.
And there was love, lots of love.
I'm sure of that.

There used to be a lake here, but now there's a highway.
Four-lanes divided, and ramps, and lights, and signs, lots of signs.
I'm sure of that.

But no trees, no flowers, no love.
Just a faster way to get from here to there.
Like I wanted to go fast or something.
I don’t want to go anywhere,
I used to like it here.
There used to be a lake here,
I’m sure of that.
There was a lake,
wasn’t there?

LOVE

messages of love
tattooed on armpits and
underground walls
stretching up and down
endless halls
and superficial minds
echoing across official statements
and department of state
hate
mimeographed and mailed en masse
at Christmas time
describing all the transcendental
values
that
strikes a meaningful praise
of
of
LOVE
showered upon us all
from the divine above
LOVE
conquers all
so look out here it comes
LOVELOVELOVELOVELOVELOVELOVE
smashing down hard upon us all
till it makes us go crawling
back to our minds

KEVIN FARRELL, '69
wiping dust from our behinds
making us crawl
inside out of our minds
realizing
that somewhere out there beyond us all
is the great divine
LOVE
and we're glad to have it there
and try to keep it there
lookout here it comes again
visiting
unlike grandmother
it will leave
not because it wants to
but has to
LOVE

RICHARD GARDNER, '69

IT HAD BEEN PRETTY MUCH ARRANGED

It had been pretty much arranged
I mean the chairs
And what should be said
And could not
For awhile they all took
Their places
I forget who moved first
Just that I ended up on the floor
Against the wall, beside the stereo that
Cried, whispered, screamed
Me
And I talked to myself
about myself for a change
While those in
Their places
Discussed important matters
Hey I really loved
Being egotistic
Down there on the floor
I met this other
Person
And damn it just when
I was going to ask him
An important question
If he liked yellow balloons
The music stopped.
I heard the others calling
And got lost
On a chair.

Tess Eichenberger, '72

A NEED

It seems
sometimes
that life's an endless nothing.
That you live and breathe
    and cry
    despair, laugh
    hiccup and sob
endlessly
fruitlessly
stupidly

What we need
is a knight in armor
a sun-brilliant leader
— that makes of nothing
— that takes what is
— that's so powerful, so god-almighty
that crowds cower and
mobs quiet—movement ceases
and the river of peace flows
gently on . . .
What a myth for a world
that disappointed myths
long ago.

So here we are
  groveling and pushing
  living and breathing—
    (well, breathing anyway)
but looking for something
anything
to grasp, to hold, to live for
  and simply—
    something to die for.

And we today are so
  intertwined with inner-mobility
  so mixed and tangled
that we fail to grasp the
  simplicity and purpose
of
  —LOVE—

YOU SCRAPED THE BOTTOM

And on the sixth day, he was hard up
And so he found a barrel, empty of sweet wine,
And scraped the dregs clean, making man.
Or was it—he found a barrel, empty of sweet wine,
  and scraping it breathed life into it,
Making man, the empty wooden barrel?
Anyway, here we are, dregs or barrels,
And he saw it was not good for man to be alone,
And taking a stave—or was it a grape skin—
  he made woman.
Maybe that was how it was
  —man the barrel, woman the skin—
Or man the skin, woman the barrel more logically.

Dot Mettel, ’69
Anyway, they lived and sinned and left
and that’s how it all started.
Later on, another barrel/skin came along
And he was different. He was both a barrel and a skin.
Nobody understood this guy
and he ended up hanging on a tree.
(That’s why I think it might be man the barrel,
wood on wood.)
And so here we are, a bunch of barrels and a bunch of skins
Running around, trying to fill ourselves again
with sweet wine.
Anyway we try to make it sweet,
skins and barrels notwithstanding,
And dregs and splinters, bitterness and wood taste interfere
And we keep on trying, stomping grapes,
rolling barrels, waiting.
And in the meantime, Lord, can we offer you the dregs?

FAY FAIVRE, ’68

There was a time when we ran together,
all alone, both of us.
But why was I there?
I understood you, but not me.
The circles rolled, the lights gleamed
but after I lost myself completely
All ceased to be.

I know you would have stayed
but some intangible circle, and
many unknown lights
forced me to realize my being.
And finally to judge myself, for . . .
There was a time when we ran together.

KENT OVERHOLSER, ’69
And quenched eyes in quest of a king
Men who sought the source of knowledge
With candles lit from the force of a Father
Simple dreams and simple doubts of thunder dread
And all about the host of clouds in a finishing fire
And I thought of the plastic Christ and wooden Cross
And your screams from a sound that heaven you'd secure
So I smothered my mind 'neath His human blood
To find the Psychic Power—your Prince of Peace
I looked in science and spatial ground
The mystic face in a foggy maze
His magic robe spread round my soul
A toothless truth from a troubled tongue
But the empty valleys of my mind of God
Were filled and capped when first I learned
To bow my head at the sound of His name

BILL DEVINE, '71