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Marian College
Literary Anthology
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ART WORK

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Courtesy of the Yearbook
i needed those words for awhile
   for nothing more than
   a rested mind

   but now even words seem corrupt

you don’t have to SAY i love you

the mind and body can relay the message with true understanding
not a voice for false reassurance

once i was going to write a book

   called “how to blow your mind without loosing it”

   but for some reason

   i didn’t do it

i don’t suppose it would have sold anyway.
MOVING ON

The cold night shrivels up around me and the stars twinkle glassily.

Cars are moving noisily down the street and in a moment they’re gone.

No owls can be heard tonight and store lights are getting dimmer.

The pavement is slippery beneath my rubber golashes,

And the talk of the men standing in tavern doors is as slimy as the slush beneath my feet.

Even the sign at the street corner knows of my lonely destination.

Its only reply is STOP.

Carol Roesler
Along we go
gathering people
for our collection
of unworthy soldiers;
Refurbishing
but growing older
with not one
general in sight
So that later, perhaps,
in melting desperation
we can go back
to the rank and file.

Mary Elmlinger
Moments are, then disappear
and sometimes I feel
this hourglass sand will suffocate me
but the way not to suffocate
is to just keep breathing
and the way to survive these moments
is to wait till they are gone

Phil McLane
Once I walked a lonely road
    And headed toward the setting sun.
All around the darkness warned
    Of evils for those who stray.
At the end of my trail I saw
    The swirling of convergence
Of roads and darkened paths.

Ellen Dugan
tender touch

a beckoning light

a gift of love-- a firefly

To hold for a moment in awe

To open your hand and give it

freedom

to remember...

Donna Jean Meyers
I sit in the still warm darkness
pondering the infinite mysteries
of
the
single
ray
of
light
that penetrated my prison
and passed on
leaving me its warmth.
I shall not weep at its passing
that will not cause its return.
I do not long for its return--
regretting only
that it left so soon.

Kathleen Giesting
flowering like spring trees in

early May,
thoughts of things to come

bloom

and leave their traces--

scattered
to be picked by

some
industrious hand

Donna Datsko
MY hope

Spectacles rise
In sphinx-silent summer forest heat
Fantasy eyes
See the patterns of the subtle heat.
Wonder-world child
Nurses on the mountain
Spirit's peace.
Men of the wild
Know beneath the silence
Stalks the beast.
Ebb of the tide
Conceals all the writing
In the sand.
People will hide
Fearing anything
That's left to stand.
Miracles born
In the forest
Where no one will see.
Lunacy horn
Heralds in your destiny,
And unlike your eyes
That cannot see,
Unlike your ears
Dead to the plea,
All your children will hear and be
Free and alive.

Carol Wallace
Then the Rain

Lames encircled
The young spring tree
Making it glow and
Sigh in burning ecstacy.

Thr tree bent
And swayed and
Seemed to dance
With fervent joy.

But then the
Rain came and left
Charred dead wood dripping with dew
In a way that looked like tears.

Janice Hynes
If dreams could speak
In daylight voices
    Of sensibility.
How more lovely than
The sparkling stars
    Would be our continuity.
Enveloped in a cloud of misty people—
Misty thoughts—
in confusion
gathering on my doorstep—
Demanding my attention.

Logical reasoning—
   impossible in this time of awakening transition,
   flees before me like a ghost
   losing itself among the shadows—
Beckoning to me.

I sink into a troubled dream
   of Alice and the rabbit—
   Endless hallways, doors lacking keys—
Hookahs smoked by multitudes of caterpillars
   in a rustle of dead leaves.

I reach out to touch your hand
   so close only a second before
and find myself surrounded by towering gray walls
   shutting off all warmth and light.
Slowly moving toward me.

I call your name—
   my voice ringing soundless
   in the void
   of my consciousness—
Echoing forever in silence.

If life has deserted me
I know it not
   this ecstasy
   so strangely bright—
Dissolving in the fog.

Kathleen Giestling
We spoke of the year
    wild geese flew
In hordes across the sky;
Shuddering in repulsion
    at their madness,
Eyes shattered with cold,
    we finally saw
The beauty of our terror,
    the smallness of our being.

Mary Elmlinger
i
spent my day
running
through your eyes
seeing
the warmth
of the world
around you
watching
you look
at me
and me at myself
feeling
the way
you feel about me
drowning
in a
salty tear
that
i had
caused
THE TRAVELER

I'm locked inside a portrait
of the mask of long perdition,
Copied from originals
that gave me such position,
that pressured and that
molded me from clay without formation,
And prevented me from breathing
and from knowing separation.
It's a feeling that I've sensed
from the time of your sweet love,
To the time long passed my doorstep
and the ghost that still can move
Me to tears and to excitement,
known to me but not of
the shadow called my soul,
and the emotion called my love.
I walked past your road today,
The street was dark and strange
I don’t know how I remember,
But I know that it was changed.
Your mind was locked, unfriendly,
But my entire body strained,
For I’d traveled so long a time that way
And the reason still remained.

Carol Wallace
The trees outside Judy's window swayed in the spring-like breeze which characterized the end of one season and the beginning of another. Winter was still present, but spring would arrive any day.

Bubbling with enthusiasm at the prospect of playing outside, as any eight year old would be on such a fine day, Judy grabbed her sweater and ran downstairs. The anticipation of spring and the coming of Easter was almost too much to bear. Running into the kitchen, she found her mother putting the finishing touches on an angel food cake.

'Hey, that's pretty!'

Smiling, Mrs. Martin looked at her colorful flower decorations.

'Thanks, honey.'

'Can I have the rest of the icing?'

'Well-I-I, you'd better not. You'll spoil your appetite.'

'Can I go out and play? I already had breakfast. I won't get dirty. I promise. Please?'

'I'll tell you what. You can go to your Uncle Lou's if—now listen—you don't get in his way or bother him. If he's busy, come straight home. Okay?'

'Sure, Mom. I'll be good. Real good. I won't get in his way. He likes for me to come over. It's sure better than messing around out in the yard!'

The door slammed shut after she had already reached the gravel driveway.

Skipping down the dusty road toward her uncle's old, almost ancient house, she remembered what her mother had once said.

'Lou and that house belong together. He built it with his own hands quite a few years ago. He saved his money for a long time before he could pay for LOU'S FLORAL SHOP which was added right on to his house.' His growing and selling of flowers gave him enough money on which to live. Working well with his hands, especially with things having to do with the soil, he loved his business.

Judy and the neighborhood children loved him. Old Lou told them stories, gave them candy, and delighted in teasing them in a fun way. The wide-eyed children were entranced by his Prince Albert Tobacco and his corn cob pipe. Constantly drawing straws to see who would be the lucky one to wear his hat, the children loved the excitement of it. The hat, which was tan and creased in the middle, was a profound symbol of something, though it was never known exactly what. His tools were another source of interest. The hoe was their favorite instrument for working in the garden. Splinters from the old wooden handle caused a few tears of pain, but Uncle Lou (as everyone in the area called him) eased the pain of extraction with his magic potion—one cup of milk, three oatmeal cookies, and a funny story or two.
Lou and his friends also liked to sing. Judy became 'choir' leader because, as Uncle Lou said, 'A little nepotism isn't necessarily a bad thing.'

'Whatever that is,' Judy added.

'It means that only girls with curly blonde hair and blue eyes like yours can be choir leaders,' Lou explained.

Judy was Uncle Lou's favorite relative and friend. Although she was just a child, she really noticed things around her and about people. Like just that morning, when her uncle came back from town. She sensed that something was wrong. He chewed his tobacco and tried to ignore her questions. It was no use. She kept up her barrage of questions until he finally gave her an answer.

'Nothing's the matter. I just heard some bad news about a friend of mine, but everything will be okay. Let's go in the kitchen now and fix a snack.'

Like a ring-bearer at a wedding, Judy carried his pipe. She reverently handed it to her uncle when they reached the kitchen.

Uncle Lou tossed his hat on a chair and got some hot dogs from the refrigerator. Judy ran some water in a pan and dropped the hot dogs in to boil.

'Do you want relish, ketchup, or mustard?'

Judy thought for a minute. 'I'll take ketchup and mustard.'

'Both?'

'Sure. Uncle Lou, where were you this morning? You came home right before I got here.'

'I told you that I was in town, didn't I?'

'Where in town?'

Exasperated, he knew that she'd never stop asking questions. 'I just went to visit Dr. Benton. He's an old friend of mine. Me and Doc Benton went to high school together. He's an old friend of mine who asked for me to come over and see him. That's all.'

'What did you talk about?'

'Oh, nothing much.'

'Did he give you these?' Judy reached for a small brown bottle on the cabinet, but her uncle took it and put it on a shelf.

'What's in it?'

'Candy.'

Judy looked intently into Uncle Lou's eyes. 'Really? Can I have some?'

'No, honey. They're just for me. A present from that friend I was telling you about.'

Shrugging her shoulders, Judy proceeded to fix her sandwich. A strange uneasiness swept through her. The two pals ate their snack and washed the dishes. Leaving Uncle Lou to do his work in the garden, Judy went home. She came to the gate at the front of her yard and climbed over it (which was, of course, much better than just opening and walking through it). She pulled
a couple of dandelions as she walked to the back door. Noticing that the plants were springing up all over the place, she realized the warm weather would last for a long while. Judy took the dandelions into the house and showed them to her mother.

‘Please, Judy, take those weeds out of the house. I just finished straightening up the place.’

‘Are they weeds?’

‘Of course they are.’

‘Why? They look just like Marigolds.’

‘Well, they’re not Marigolds. They’re weeds.’

Judy took the yellow-topped plants outside and laid them on the porch steps. They looked pretty to her. While pondering the paradox of how pretty flowers could be weeds, she recalled what Uncle Lou told her.

‘Dandelions are tricky things. Most people think they’re weeds, but they’re not really. They’re really flowers in disguise. Dandelions are the only kind of flower nobody wants.’

Judy played out in the yard for the rest of the day, occupying herself by playing with her dolls and other toys. The bright sun which had shone so brightly a few hours before was beginning to fade. Distant clouds gathered and formed the front line of a battalion of rain drops that would soon follow. Outlines of trees against the darkening sky looked like charcoal etchings of a troubled artist. Gathering her toys together before the coming of the storm, Judy hurried into the house.

She turned on the television and curled up in her favorite chair. Thunder could now be heard and the rain beat hard against the window. Watching her mother stare out the window, she saw flashing red lights on the highway. The lights were reflected in the beads of water on the pane of glass in front of her mother. The sound of a screaming siren was intermixed with the clap of the thunder. It was an ambulance speeding through the storm. The noise grew louder and sounded as if the vehicle had turned onto their own street. Her mother grabbed her coat and ran for the door. ‘Stay here, Judy. I’ll be right back.’

‘But where are you going?’

‘To Uncle Lou’s. Don’t worry. Your dad will be home soon.’

‘Can I go?’ I love visiting him. Please?’

‘No. You can’t go. Just stay here.’

Puzzled, she watched her mother run across the street. What was the ambulance doing at Uncle’s house? Maybe his doctor friend was just saying hello.
The window fogged and Judy wiped it clear with her hand. People were coming out now. Two men were carrying a stretcher covered with a blanket. What was happening? Mom was crying.

Judy rested on the sofa, feeling the same uneasiness she had felt earlier that day.

The funeral took place on a Wednesday morning. She didn’t have to go, but Judy had wanted to see her uncle. After arriving at the funeral home, she walked on the thick carpet to the rows of chairs where her family would be seated.

‘That’s a pretty lamp, isn’t it, Mom?’
‘Sh-h-h.’
‘Can’t we talk here? When can we see Uncle Lou? Oh, look at all those flowers!’

Judy’s cousin, Danny, came to where she was sitting and whispered to her.

‘There’s a dead man over there!’
‘Of course there is, silly. That’s Uncle Lou.’

After prayers were said, the mourners filed past Lou’s resting place. Judy was shocked. It was Uncle Lou. She had known it, but it had never quite soaked in that he was really dead.

Judy stayed in the house for days. She wouldn’t go outside. She didn’t want to play. Her mother tried to comfort and reassure her daughter, but nothing could make her feel better. Mrs. Martin knew about her brother’s heart condition, but she hadn’t realized how serious it was. The doctor said the heart attack was brought on by over-work and his age. The pipe probably hadn’t helped any, either, he’d said.

At the cemetery, Judy had found three dandelions and laid them on the grave. Somehow it seemed only right. She missed Uncle Lou so much. Death was a terrible thing.

Mrs. Martin tried to think of some way to help her daughter. Easter Sunday would be in a couple of days. After thinking for a long while, she remembered something that would help.

Easter came and Judy was as depressed as ever, and even her Easter surprises couldn’t cheer her up. She didn’t want to wear any new Easter clothes or even go outside. After breakfast, her mother handed her an Easter basket.

‘Another one for me?’
‘Yes, Judy. Another one. Open it and read the note inside.’
Judy took the paper from around the basket and saw that it was filled with dandelions. She took the note from inside and asked her mother what it was.
‘It’s a poem that your Uncle wrote when he was in school.’
Judy read it carefully. She didn’t understand all of the words, but she knew what the poem meant.
The importance of dandelions
We often try to minimize
But remember please
That they are only flowers in disguise

What is thought of as horrible or ugly
May only be a deception by ignorant eyes
Death is a dandelion—
It is life in disguise.
She read the poem her uncle had written in high school several times.
‘Mom, if I hurry and get dressed, can we go to church this morning?’
‘Of course, dear. Are you going to wear your Easter dress?’
‘Yes,’ smiled Judy, ‘I think it’s only right.’

Janice Hynes
The First Rainy Spell of September

Misty days and drizzly nights
Dampened darts of mischief rays
But I have saved a 1000 sights
Of Grecian summer days
To toast to crispy brownness
Twenty cases of fifth-grade clownness.

Ellen Dugan
listen to their words—
truth hidden behind
innocent eyes and toothy smiles
they live and breathe the
  hypocrisy that is their life—
    thriving on its deceptions
    thirsting after its promises of success
taking insane pleasure at every
  lie they can successfully tell
practicing before a mirror
  until they can slap Nature in the face
and they are the lie
having lost the truth of existence.

Kathleen Giesting
Veins in petals
criss and cross

in leaves and hands
in roots and feet

criss
and
cross

weaving a pattern
(that life once followed

but
now
traversed

by
empty
deadened
crisscross

thoughts

Donna Datsko
A handful of haiku

Mud puddles tremble
   When angry feet rudely snap
Serenity’s peace.

A lonely cardinal
Perches on a barren limb
Of a chestnut tree.

A sun-filled picture
Of snow and covered meadows
Welcomes me today.

To touch a snowflake
That sticks to my window glass
Beckons the divine.

Run to the meadow
Hush! A bee is romancing
A reluctant rose.

Ellen Dugan
Alone in the twilight I find a clear place
Away from the roads, away from the care
The setting sun holds hope no one can mar
The chill wind heralds the coming of night

people hate
people die

some will love
some will cry

mankind is destined to doom

some will jump
some will fall

people laugh
people call

All around, the darkness envelopes space
The black roads lead to the edge of nowhere
I search desperately for a guiding star
But can find only an electric streetlight

Donna Jean Meyers
I will taste no more
the sweetness of my bitterness
I promise,
then I wonder
why
has every promise got to be a lie.

*Phil McLane*
I am not a young boy-
I know not of his kites
and games
But I have seen him,
sleeping in the grass
and I know of his fancies
and dreams-
the existence he feels is his own.
I shall not awaken him just yet
For his sun is rising soon
and he will, of his own accord,
open his eyes to the world.

Mary Elmlinger
(they died)

...and the bells rang and rang and rang till their clappers crumbled to dust but there was no one to hear them.

there was no one left to care
no one left to give a damn
how the children died.

and they kept on dying
hardly knowing they ever lived
not hearing the bells.

no one told them to listen
no one bothered to give them a chance
perhaps they could have saved us.

Kathleen Giestig
...and man created light
to see through brail confusion
and peer behind empty
  but semi-private minds

how beautiful to discover the world
  in 50 watt strobe!
  *is man a giant!*

just try to ignite your midnight trip
  with two sticks

(We all know the indians are a dying nation)

besides,

  whoever said that J stands for jesus.

ecp
Neoned city streets—the moon,
this early winter morning.

The wind at night sounds lonely,
at the corner of my house.

Sunset:
on the bridge
the silhouettes of passing cars.

Misty spring morning:
    snail tracks
    on a brown fence post.

A tiny village
    raising through the morning mist
    the peeling of a bell.

Chilled winter night:
in the clear sky
    only half a moon.

The falling snow:
    how beautiful,
    inside looking out.

Summer night:
    the sound of crickets—
    three o’clock a.m.

Balmy night:
on a rain wet street
    distant laughter.

Large old tree,
bearing lover’s heart and initials
    in spray paint!

George Daily
Where are people looking,
Distance, across distance
Straining to see, or to hear,
Distance, across distance.

Where are people going
Hills, over hills
Running to discover or hide,
Hills, over hills.

What are people saying
Words merely words
Describing heart or hate,
Words, merely words.

What are people doing
Working, always working
Gaining money or a name,
Working, always working.

Why are people living
Time, only time
Discovering good or loving evil,
Time, only time.

Why are people waiting
Dreams, many dreams,
Finding disappointment or happiness,
Dreams, many dreams.

When are people being
Tomorrow, until tomorrow
Waiting to do or to give
Tomorrow, until tomorrow.

When are people awake
Future, in the future
Living is now or never,
Future, in the future.

Where What Why When
People, all people
Living-Loving-Laughing-Being
People, all people.
NOW ** TODAY!

sbs

44
Everybody was there
with cracker-jack smiles
and a real prize inside
crunching.
- cracking
  and then, later
  sticky
but when the prize was
broken

Everybody was gone

Sherry Meyer
hold fast to dreams

for when dreams go

life is a barren field

frozen with snow

Langston Hughes