

FIORETTI





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FIORETTI



MARIAN COLLEGE  
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# CONTENTS



## PROSE AND POETRY

- 6 I Needed Those Words... / ecp
- 7 Moving On / Carol Roesler
- 8 Along We Go... / Mary Elmlinger
- 10 Moments Are... / Phil McLane
- 11 Once I Walked... / Ellen Dugan
- 12 A Tender Touch... / Donna Jean Meyers
- 13 Reflections / Kathleen Giesting
- 15 Flowering... / Donna Datsko
- 16 My Hope / Carol Wallace
- 17 Then the Rain / Janice Hynes
- 18 If Dreams Could Speak... / Ellen Dugan
- 19 Impressions on a Foggy Morning / Kathleen Giesting
- 21 We Spoke... / Mary Elmlinger
- 22 I Spent My Day... / ecp
- 23 The Traveler / Carol Wallace
- 26 A Basket of Flowers / Janice Hynes
- 32 The First Rainy Spell of September / Ellen Dugan
- 33 Listen to Their Words... / Kathleen Giesting
- 34 Veins in Petals... / Donna Datsko
- 36 A Handful of Haiku / Ellen Dugan

- 
- 37 Alone in the Twilight... / Donna Jean Meyers  
38 Promising Poet / Phil McLane  
39 I Am Not a Young Boy... / Mary Elmlinger  
41 (they died) / Kathleen Giesting  
42 ... And Man Created Light... / ecp  
43 Haiku / George Daily  
44 Where Are People... / sbs  
45 Everybody Was There... / Sherry Meyer

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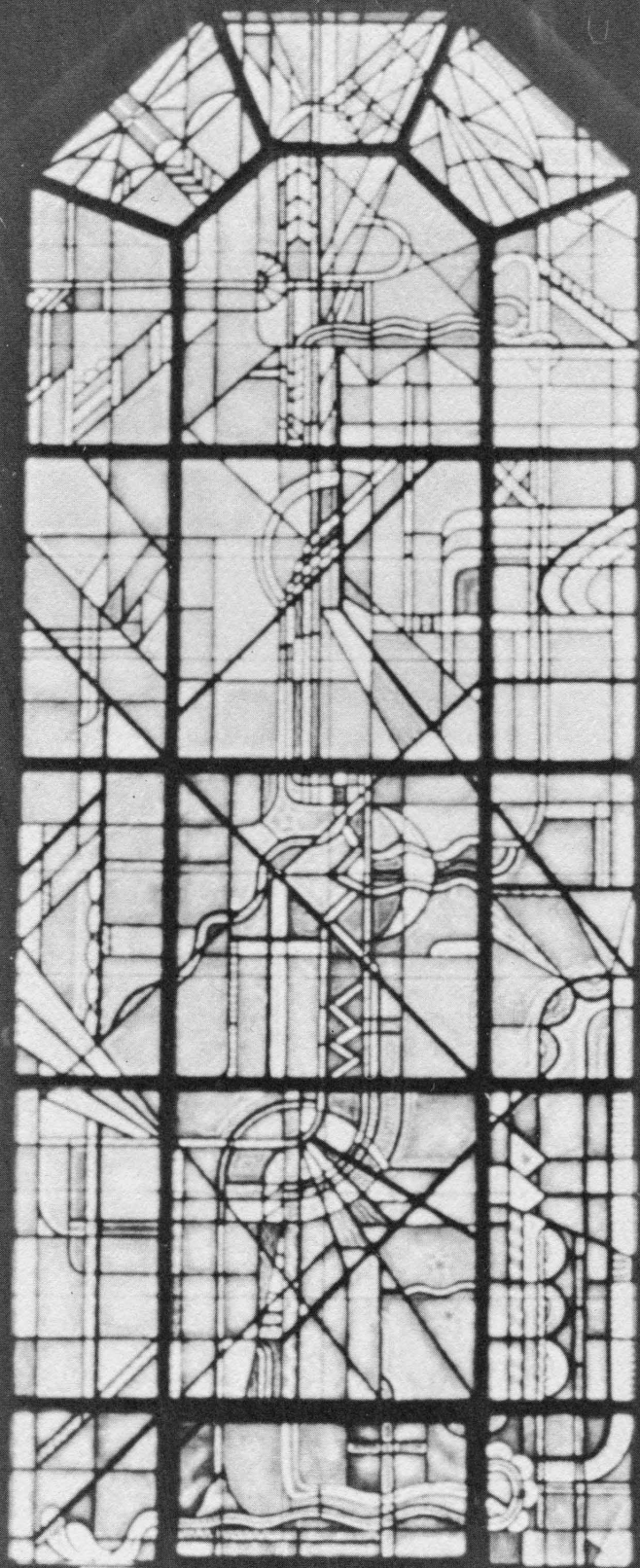
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SPECIAL THANKS TO  
SISTER ROSE MARY







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 losing it"

but for some reason

i didn't do it

i don't suppose it would have sold anyway.

*ecp*

## MOVING ON



he 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*







oments 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*



## REFLECTIONS

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



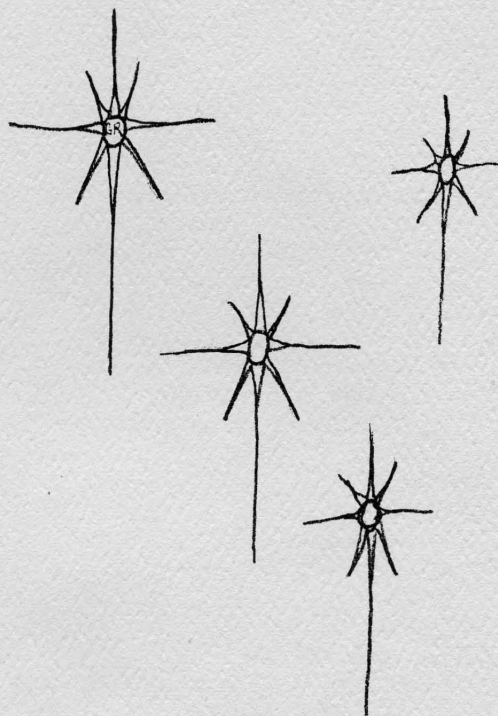
Flames encircled  
The young spring tree  
Making it glow and  
Sigh in burning ecstasy.

The 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.

*Ellen Dugan*



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.

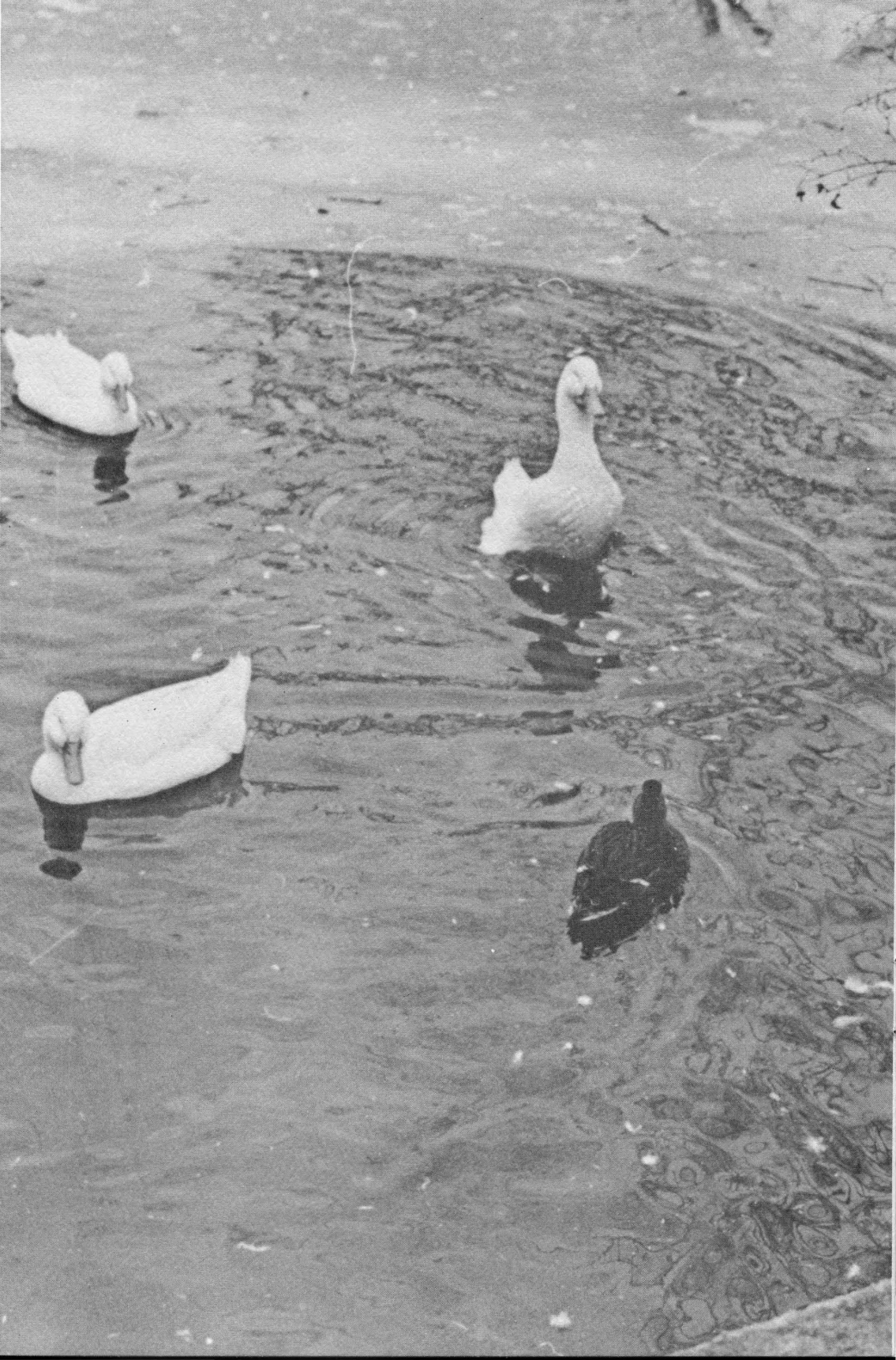
I sink into a troubled dream  
of Alice and the rabbit—  
Endless hallways, doors lacking keys—  
Hookahs smoked by multitudes of caterpillars  
in a rustle of dead leaves.

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 Giesting*







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

*ecp*





## 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*









# A BASKET OF FLOWERS

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 Giersting*





Veins in petals  
crissandcross

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*



## PROMISING POET

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*

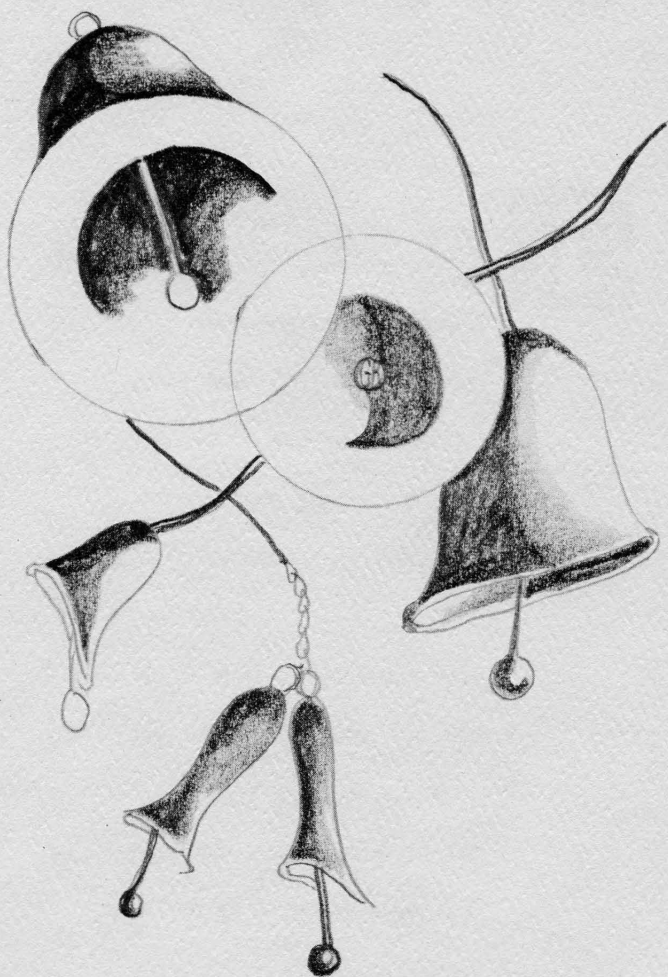






am not a young boy-  
I know not of his kites  
and games  
But I have seen him,  
sleeping in the grass  
and I know of his fancies  
and dreams-  
the existence he feels is his own.  
I shall not awaken him just yet  
For his sun is rising soon  
and he will, of his own accord,  
open his eyes to the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

*Mary Elmlinger*



## (They died)



nd 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 Giesting*





...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*

# haiku

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!







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*



A. WRIGHT '71'



HOLD FAST TO DREAMS

FOR WHEN DREAMS GO

LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD

FROZEN WITH SNOW

*Langston Hughes*





