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## An Epitaph for Someone You Know

He married the long road that takes you there,  
and found no fortune.

He embellished a brotherhood of man,  
but no friends lingered.

He smiled and he drank for life in itself,  
but death knew better.

He came and went just as free as he chose,  
he came and he went.

Bob Morse

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## The Key

Who, me, they  
I can not say,  
I know not what I may do,  
Yesterday, tomorrow, nor today.

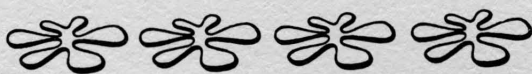
This is the beginning of the End.  
The End that has come and and then then,  
You wonder,  
Why, what, when.

The End will come without pain,  
Except the pain of nothing did you gain.  
Oh life of disorder, orgies , and shame.  
Damn,  
    Damn,  
        Damn,  
            the pain.

Larry J. Roberts

---





Dreams,  
mounting with anticipation,  
rise like runaway  
balloons  
on a mad escape  
to the sky.  
Up,  
up and away  
they soar,  
till unrelenting winds  
of reality  
break them all  
one  
by  
one.

*me*





# \* Hip Chips \*

Setting: A classroom at Marian College in 1980. Students are arranging scattered chairs into rows. They sit down. Some talk quietly; some stare into space; others begin reading large books. It is the first day of the Fall Semester. The theology teacher, Professor Arthur Nouveau, enters. He is wearing a purple jumpsuit, large blue glasses and has a canvas bag suspended from his shoulder. His hair all but covers his face and his feet are bare.

Prof. N.: (Carelessly dropping the shoulder bag onto the desk.) I'm professor Nouveau, Ph.D., University of Chicago, 1976. Do you hear that? Well, forget it. This academic mickey-mouse doesn't make the scene. Like, God is NOW! Dig? We're going to grab old theology by its big toe and make it yell Janis Joplin! (Waits for a response. None comes.) Any questions?

Red: (After a pause) What about tests?

Prof. N.: Tests? Forget it! Tests isn't where it's at, man. (Another pause) Any of you chicks got a question? (Molly raises her hand.) Lay it on me, baby.

Molly: Do we have to do a paper?

Prof. N.: You're putting me on!

Jim: (Chewing his pencil) If we don't have tests or papers, how do we get a grade?

Prof. N.: It's how you feel, man, how you feel!

Jim: (Spitting out shreds of pencil) How I feel?

Prof. N.: You're on to it, Clyde.

Jim: My name is Jim.

Prof. N.: Right on! (Looks around. Points to Isabelle, who is timidly raising her hand.)

Isabelle: (Sweetly) Do we have an assignment for the next time, Professor Nouveau?

Prof. N.: Call me Art.

Isabelle: Do we have an assignment for next time. . . Art?

Prof. N.: Yeah. (Students look up.) Your assignment is to BE!

Jim: (Puzzled) To. . . BE?

Prof. N.: Right on, baby.

Jim: My name is Jim.

Prof. N.: Right on!

Betty: (Hesitantly) What should we be?

Prof. N.: (Raising his hands over his head and slowly turning around)  
Be the world, the grass, the sun. Get into all kinds of being.  
Be tomorrow and yesterday. Be space and time, everywhere  
and nowhere.

Isabelle: (Gasping) That sounds like a whole semester's work, Professor. . . uh. . . Art.

Prof. N.: It's where its at.

Red: How do we get a grade for being, Art?

Prof. N.: (Jumping on to the desk) Cool it, man. I love everybody!  
(Extends his arms in a universal embrace.)

Rick: Do you take roll?

Prof. N.: Roll is evil. Freedom is good.

Rick: (Wide-eyed) You mean we don't have to come to class?

Prof. N.: Do your thing, brother.

Jane: If we don't have any tests or papers, or grades, and if we  
don't have to come to class, what are we supposed to do?

Prof. N.: (Leaping off the desk and snapping his fingers) Like I say,  
BE! (A murmur from the class)

Ron: (Breaking in) You mentioned grabbing theology by its big  
toe. . .

Prof. N.: You're grooving with me

Prof. N.: (Pointing at Ron) You're grooving with me.

Ron: Well, I was wondering what that meant.

Prof. N.: It means getting the old guy to yell Janis Joplin.

Ron: (Pressing the point) I know. But what I mean is, are we  
going to have class this semester or just. . . just BE?

Prof. N.: (Walks to the window and looks out for a long time)  
There's a leaf falling from that tree. Know what I mean?

Ron: I don't think so.

Prof. N.: Janis is in that leaf.

Ron: (Hesitantly) In. . . that leaf?

Prof. N.: (Softly) Yeah. (Prof. N. walks back to the desk. After a  
thoughtful pause, he begins to sing raucously to a heavy  
rock beat. As he sings, he sways his hips and flails his arms.)  
Kume aww-wn bay-uh-buh, tek muh hay-ay-un  
Gone t' duh daay-zhut, waaw-kin inuh sa-ay-un.  
Frow-ow-gz an pi-junz in uh ray-ay-un  
Gooone t' mek ow-uh worl hol uh-gin.\*

\*Translation: Come on, Baby, take my hand  
Going to the desert, walking in the sand.  
Frogs and pigeons in the rain  
Going to make our world whole again.



Carol: Excuse me, Art. But who is Janis Joplin?  
 Prof. N.: (Reverently) A saint. (Another murmur from the class)  
 Chuck: (Frowning) I'm not sure I understand the assignment yet.  
 Could I come to your office and talk about it? See, I need  
 to get at least a B if. . .  
 Prof. N.: Wanna rap? Heavy! You can join our T Group.  
 Chuck: I don't know about that. But I would like to find out what  
 you want us to do. Where is your office, Art?  
 Prof. N.: My office? It's in the sky.  
 Chuck: (Lowering his eyes) I see. (Students look at each other.  
 Some open their books. Art hums softly to himself with  
 his eyes closed and his body weaving this way and that.)  
 Molly: (Firmly) I'm still wondering about a paper.  
 Prof. N.: Far out.  
 Molly: You see, there's this idea I've been wanting to work on.  
 It's about St. Augustine's notion on predestination and. . .  
 Prof. N.: Oh, wow.  
 Molly: . . . and its influence on Calvin's theology. (Art closes his  
 eyes and begins to hum and sway again.)  
 Bill: I'd like to do some reading on Bonhoeffer's idea of religion.  
 (Art hums more loudly.)  
 Ed: Yeah. Can't we go to the library or something?  
 Shirley: We ought to have some tests. I'd like to know where I stand.  
 We can't just BE all the time. (Sounds of agreement from  
 the class. Art stops humming. Keeps eyes closed.)  
 Prof. N.: We got bad vibes in here.  
 Red: Professor Nouveau, we demand that you teach this class.  
 Isabelle: And have tests.  
 Molly: And assign papers.  
 All: And give grades!!!

(The buzzer sounds. Prof. N. picks up his canvas bag, removes a transistor radio, puts the radio to his ear and shuffles out of the room.)

## EPILOGUE

Setting: The faculty lounge. Assorted teachers are scattered around on pillows and rugs. They are passing a cigarette from person to person. A sweet smell pervades the room. Prof. N. enters.

Prof. Hacker: (listlessly) Peace.

Sister Kim: Hi, Art. How'd it go, man?

Prof. N.: (falling into a chair and reaching for the cigarette)  
Spaced out. I just don't know where kids are at these days. It's enough to make me want to go back to the commune.

All: (singing softly)

Kume awww-wn bay-uh-buh, tek muh hay-ay-un  
Gone t' duh daay-zhut. . . . .

## CURTAIN

*Bernard Head*









In the quiet dark  
I wait,  
anticipating nothing.  
Our love has not ended ---  
it is complete.  
And winter  
is not the final season:  
it is the culmination of a year.  
We have built  
on dreams and illusions,  
only to reveal the fantasies  
in the glaring reality  
of darkness.  
Still,  
the sun will rise  
tomorrow.

*Rosanne DeBoni*



## We of Arcanum

In the summer we live lazily  
In dwellings of canvas and driftwood,  
By the sea. Autumn crept into the air  
And we left those sunny sands.  
Migration island  
To watch the brooding forest  
Turn red and gold around us;  
To follow trails of spectral smoke  
That rise from mounds of burning leaves  
In the autumn gloom of twilight.  
Wearing coats of deerskin  
And painted masks of magic,  
We speak of dreams of other worlds  
All long since forgotten.

Carol Wallace



## *The Knick-Knack Life*

Sometimes as the four postered walls  
Close in on me,  
I feel like a gift-wrapped knick-knack.  
When someone comes to open me,  
He'll hold me to the light,  
Squintingly saying, "What is it? "  
But he'll keep me just the same,  
Placing me on some end-table  
As a semi-cherished possession.  
Dust will settle,  
Child-handlings will leave their mar.  
Oily paintings on the wall  
Will be receiving admiring glances  
As the maid places me in the drawer.  
Never again to be opened,  
Never once to be understood.

*Ones Baldwin*



## *First Lady*



My first sight of spring is  
but the sparkle of your eyes  
that puts the morning dew  
to envy such clear and shining  
light.

My first love of spring is  
the soul of one who  
breaks the old and  
wizened winter's heart  
and fills the world with HOPE.

*Ellen Dugan*







## A Benevaledition



In early youth for manly sport danger I would gladly court  
To prove myself a Robin Hood to little friends who roamed the wood  
In tattered shirts soiled with dirt and daytime's meals and snacks.  
So towering oaks I climbed with ease as they gazed upward through  
the leaves

In awesome silence--following my footsteps--and fearing my fall.  
With thoughtless ascent of fragile limbs I placed my hand where even  
squirrels could not stand.

And when a weak bough broke I knew what lay below  
It's a fine art to know where to grab on. . . when to let go. . . a fine art.  
Oh, I rescued kites, wooden gliders, and autumn's barren nests  
(Spring's treasure chests) where little fledglings took their rests  
As Mother Robins sang lullabies while Father Robins roamed the skies  
In search for worms and bread or mud and thread. . .  
Bony trees have taken leave of Spring's gift and Autumn's grace  
Save lonely leaves. . . tenacious leaves. . . who insensitive to season's  
change

Hang suspended against nature defiantly deaf to winter's wind.  
Words to shake away illusions of the mind form speech that's painfully  
kind

Understood, alone, with the passage of time.  
In this late quiet season perhaps silence holds more reason  
Than forced words upon a page, imprecise images that mold and fade.  
Dulcinea's dead and gone, Beatrice lies below the ground crowned  
with thorns of a rose transfigured leaves and shifting snow.  
Irreverently perched on a granite cross a windblown sparrow surveys  
the loss

Of carefully engraved memories carved by loved ones slowly removed  
by time and forgotten

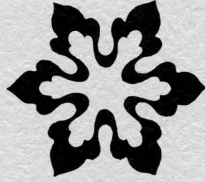
Though time-worn memories seem so strange perhaps a dream remains  
unchanged

That the moment does not precede the possibility for a hope-filled  
unity--a bond of beauty

And vision for a foothold against the wind for a brave new boy eager at  
dawn

To reach for sunlit nests far above the ground

*Brother Roc*



Love,  
failing,  
falls softly  
like a snowflake.  
Gently, lightly it  
drifts  
through the air ----  
till its cold  
kiss  
brushes past my face;  
chills my spine;  
melts away...  
and all that's  
left  
is its memory.



*me*



ALONE



---

a silent sheet of wetness confronts me  
dissolving before my eyes  
into thousands of chains of raindrops.

the rich brown of the earth  
pulls at my footsteps  
slowing my hurried passage.

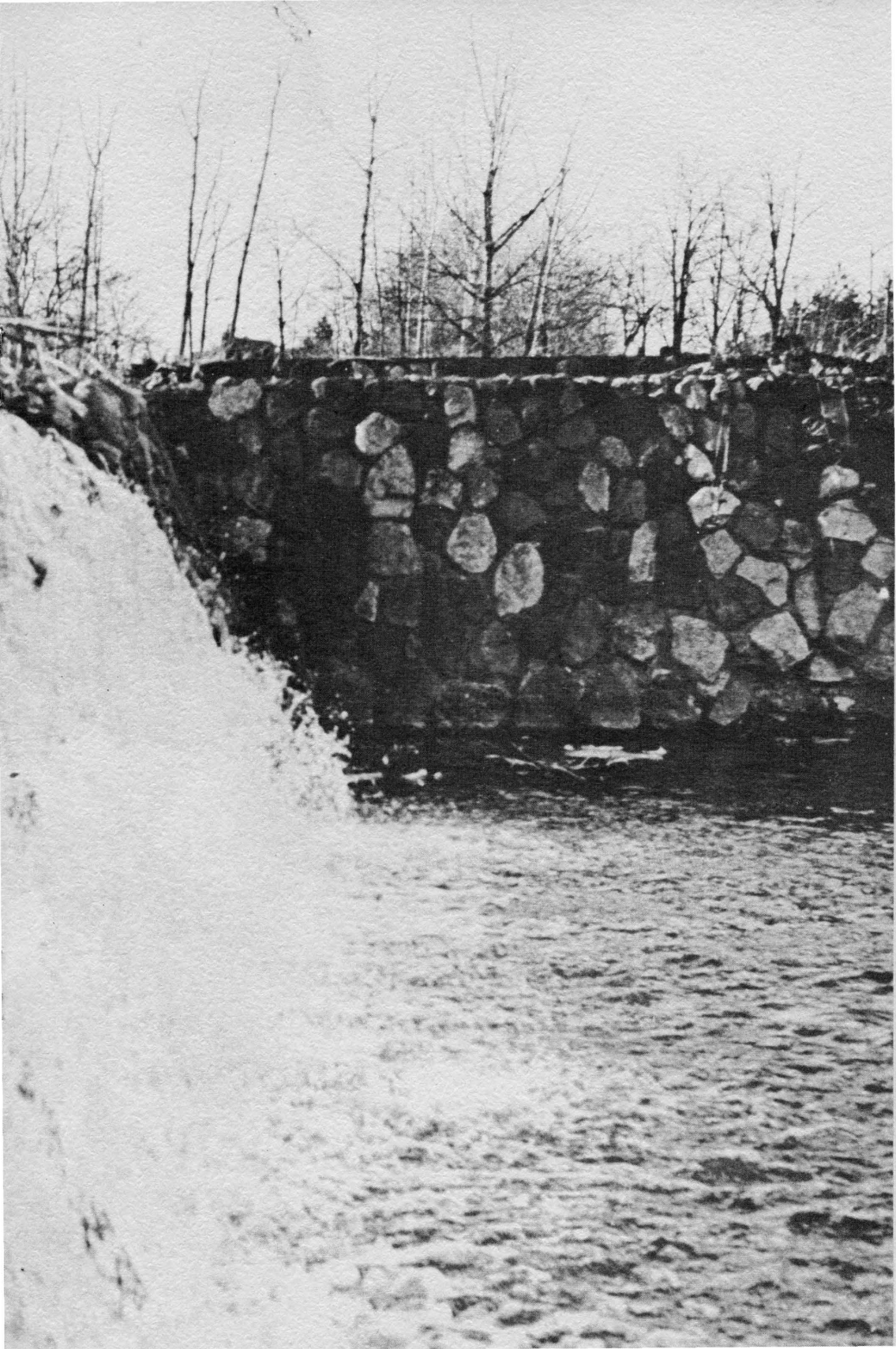
the newly green bushes scold my hastiness  
leaves slapping against me as i pass.

but the warmth of a fire  
and the love i see  
in softly lighted windows  
hurries me on my way.

*Kathleen Gristing*

---







---

Remember the day we drove together from corn fields, through little towns, over steel factories, along the Chicago Skyline, I was quiet as we headed for the Loop; and I tried to take in all the concrete structures, the pollution, the people, and the droning noise of the elts overhead.

Noon hour in the Big City!

Before the idea had registered, we were rushing hand in hand along with the crowd. In and out, around revolving doors, up, down, escalators and stairs, through all kinds of stores.

And then the afternoon became thick and hot; but we were cool inside the elevator riding up to the observatory. Looking out over the Lake and down on the endless, uniform square blocks everything seemed peaceful and ordered.

Soon we were back to the crowds and the cars, sunset passing us by without notice. Colored lights flickered in my eyes while you led me through candle shops, candy shops, and busy cafes of Old Town. Down Piper's Alley to see glass ships and unicorns and the little glass dog you gave me for a souvenir. We glanced at costumes and paintings behind closed windows. A sidewalk artist sketched a smiling little girl as the first rain dropped on our heads.

We made our way to the car in squeaky, soaked sandals. Tired, I leaned against your shoulder. Leaving I saw red and white lights and dark buildings blurred and fading through the sheet of rain on the windshield. My eyelids fell; I thought, 'Where are we today?'

Together.

*Jolene Griffis*

---

the charcoal grey of the night sky  
covers the grass like the dome  
of an ancient mausoleum.  
and the bodies lie on the ground  
as if they had already felt the cold marble.

the sparkling elixir  
quickly fills the rotting bodies  
that rely on it for their semblance of life.  
but my pity reaches out to those  
lying beneath the sky  
they have constructed a tomb for themselves  
spurning the simpler joys  
of all encompassing life.

*Kathleen Greeting*





# A Stranger in the House

There is a Stranger in the house  
Who lurks now in an aging year.  
It's heard down in the deepest corridor.  
Gulfs yawn wide for It to enter.  
To let It stalk our darker halls.  
It chills our thoughts with night.  
Yet daylight brings us pleasure,  
We think of warmth and younger days,  
Of gala eras and bright prism smiles.  
We hear the song of laughing women,  
Girls of lilac and gold hair  
As fresh as meadow at summer's dawn.  
Noon then slips between our fingers.  
We store mementoes of the day,  
Of loves we kept that withered and turned grey.  
Lying in the attic  
Is a plum, gold and crimson,  
Whose moisture harbors life.  
Its cast is cold, unfeeling  
Catching rays of dying light  
Autumnal and dust-heavy.  
Then night entombs the house again:  
The Stranger stalks our corridors  
And the jack o' lantern flickers in the night.

Carol Wallace



Coming home in the darkness  
Of the mid-night  
Gnaws a solitary  
Uplifting of my soul.  
With all other acquaintances  
Long retired--my world  
Truly becomes my own.  
Once the trivial workings  
Of the day that make up  
Its 24-hour schedule  
Are asleep--the essence  
Of life may be discussed.  
I become my 'day'  
Free from the bondage  
Of other men's  
Dreams and mandates.  
But still the peace of sleep  
Does not come to me.  
One wish tears at my  
Lonesome heart and pounds  
My expressive senses.  
That the one upon whom I  
Would bare my soul should  
Be at my side--sharing a  
Quiet road of thoughts and revelations  
Soon to fade into the brightness  
of the rising sun.

*Ellen Dugan*



confusion mounts  
    blurring the once sharp edges  
        of what seemed reality  
dreams --- larger than life  
    defined now in sharp angles  
        stripped of all their cushions,  
            naked before me  
they taunt me  
    hound me  
        demand that I see them as they are  
  
and choose  
    CHOOSE  
those that are sensible,  
reality gone -----  
    my mind is forced to cry out  
        for its return  
visions crowd my mind  
    insisting that I believe in THEM  
        pushing  
            laughing at my fears.  
wakening, I find I was not sleeping  
    and there is no way back.

*Kathleen Greeting*







I hold you in  
my fingertips  
mine to yours  
like  
whorled roses  
and deeper  
ache than  
all flowers.

I feel you  
in the stems of me  
and know  
my faults  
like thorns.

You a leaf  
with one drop  
of dew,  
bright on green,  
clear  
as new-swept skies.

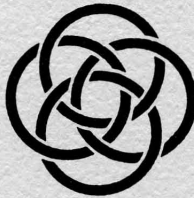
You a rose  
in its bed,  
petals folded,  
You wait  
for the magic gardener.  
I perish,  
impaled  
on faults  
like thorns.

Joseph H. Kempf



Autumn:  
so fragile, lasting only a second,  
as this golden time between us  
tarnishes  
and we watch the setting sun,  
unable to stop it.  
The gusty wind  
beckons us to dance in abandon,  
but our steps are dissonant.  
Seeing the glistening present,  
denying the imminent cold,  
we laugh  
at our fleeting doubts.

*Rosanne DeBoni*







The MAGNOLIA blossoms  
Cup their petals in a  
Sweet embrace of this  
Fleeting sojourn of sun and warmth.

The naivete of Spring's youth  
Flits from serenity to squall.

A short outburst of April's tears  
Pushes away the tender arms  
Of Pink-dimpled white.  
Only in the dewy-fingered  
Morning lies the despairing  
Limbs---Felled by scorn  
And ne'er redeemed by  
Later bawls of regret.

*Ellen Sugar*



## Paperback People



On any natural day  
Paper people press  
Together, but bind  
Against being bound  
So their printed voices  
Won't be smeared.  
On any natural day  
Paper people parade  
Their bare surface  
To no one, but  
Crease it to the inside  
And clutter their covers  
With slick covers  
On any natural day  
Paper people pollute  
The shelves of the hard-backed few  
With yellowed wordy dust,  
Not knowing that on  
Any natural day  
Paperback people will be the first  
To naturally crumble away.

*Anne Baldwin*





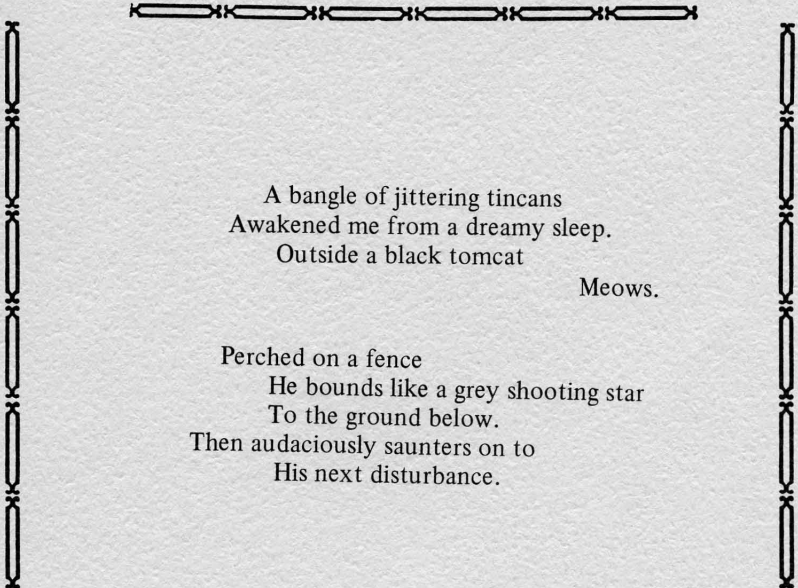


I feel Death coming,  
Like a shadow in a molded shroud.  
I feel the iced footprints,  
Tracking across my brain.

Death engulfing me, sapping all  
As it reduced my thought to self.  
Broken is spirit, hope,  
Sweet is sleep, peace.

*Fred Kliban*





A bangle of jittering tincans  
Awakened me from a dreamy sleep.  
Outside a black tomcat

Meows.

Perched on a fence  
He bounds like a grey shooting star  
To the ground below.  
Then audaciously saunters on to  
His next disturbance.

*Ellen Dugan*



## *No Rhyme*

At times I wonder  
Why I even try to try --  
Like when a friend reads my poems  
And only searches in vain for a rhyme.  
And when I feel a special feeling for one  
To find only he feels no need to feel.  
And like the time I was alone,  
There was no one to tell that I wanted it that way.

There are more times now  
When I wonder even why I try to try.  
Many times - alone.  
Many times - feeling alone.  
There's no rhyme to me,  
My sounds never echo back,  
Never answer to the beat of my mind.  
I can't scratch a word of my verse,  
Some feeling syllables must try to match my own.

*Anne Baldwin*







Like flying kites  
we soar to heights  
of aspirations.  
Dreaming,  
seeing our world spent  
in gusty sunshine days,  
dazzling in wishes-come-true.  
We climb,  
eternity just past our fingertips.  
We will tumble down soon ---  
but not yet.

*Rosanne DeBoni*



Through the prisms of my mind  
corridors of silent thought  
weave into half-spent illusion.

Fragmenting wishes  
hanging in suspended time  
confound my utter helplessness.

Strangely suspended, I stumble  
grasping for ideas vaguely distant  
wondering where my confusion will lead.

Rudely, I realize  
that life is a cruel trick  
that promises only nothingness.

*Carol Kethington*

---



The lonely sound of  
leaves crackling  
beneath my feet  
remind me that  
you are not there  
waiting  
for  
me.



*Sherry Meyer*

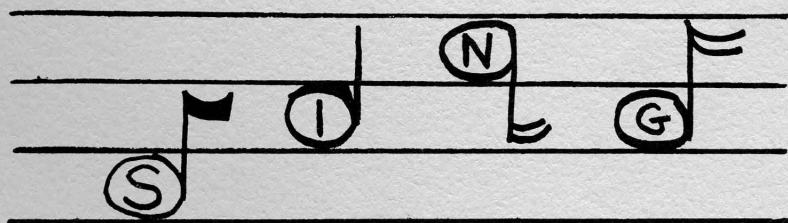
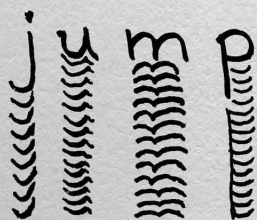






Some of us  
never

~~~~~




or

dance

to another's song








Hold fast to dreams

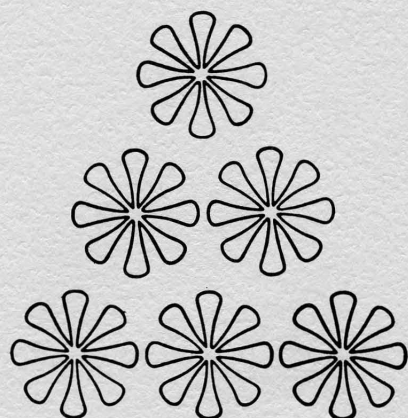
for if dreams die

Life is a broken - winged bird

That cannot fly.

Langston Hughes





THE END

