



# THE FIORETTI

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# CONTENTS

## PROSE

The Mermaid	4	Sigrun Biro
The Eyes of Eyes	6	Sheila Fillion
The Gift	8	Kathleen Beckman
The Inner Circle	12	Sheila Kelley
To Be Alone	16	Susan Smith
The Break	19	Coleen Sharer

## POETRY

Aluminum Is a Mortal Word	7	Carole Williams
Sand Castles	9	Richard Gardner
Refinement	11	Chris Sylvester
Untitled Poem	11	David White
Untitled Poem	11	John Kirchner
To Bacchus in Absentia	12	Carole Williams
Untitled Poems	13	Richard Gardner
Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth	18	Fay Faivre
Untitled Poem	20	John Kirchner
Aftermath	21	Kevin Farrell
Love	22	Richard Gardner
It Had Been Pretty Much Arranged	23	Tess Eichenberger
A Need	24	Dot Mettel
You Scraped the Bottom	25	Fay Faivre
Untitled Poem	26	Kent Overholser
Untitled Poem	27	Bill Devine



## 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 connote 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 flitter 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 tastful 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

## SAND CASTLES

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 pre-occupation 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 of; 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.

"Im 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.

COLEEN SHARER, '69

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?

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?

KEVIN FARRELL, '69

## 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  
LOVELOVELOVELOVELOVELOVE  
smashing down hard upon us all  
till it makes us go crawling  
back to our minds

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—

DOT METTEL, '69

## 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.



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



MAN  
TIME

