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Artwork

COVER/ Lynn McGugan

pp. 1, 14, 21, 34, 38, 39/ Lynn McGugan

pp. 9, 22, 27, 40/ Patrice Will

LETTERING/ Sister M. Stella Gampfer, OSF

Typing

Dorothy Lahmann

Susie Lewis

Lynn McGugan

Debbie Sears

Editors

Lynn McGugan

Dorothy Lahmann

Debbie Sears

Advisor

Sister M. Stella Gampfer, OSF

Shall I?

Should I venture to discover those
realms?

... the friends, relationships, the loves?

Shall I journey to find the
scenic passages
which the earth offers?

... the mountains, oceans, valleys, and
calm countrysides?

Could I take the treasure in
that outstretched palm
and experience life?

... and live?

Should I expand these realms?

... the lectures, books, the classes?

Shall I venture forth into
knowledge?

... ponder, synthesize, and evaluate?

Could I accomplish the challenge
of that persistent silver platter of
careers?

Live,

and forever hold my peace?

Develop the future, and let
the outstretched palm
fade

away...

L.M.B.

The Epiphany of George Andrew's Patriotism

by Sarah Kuper

George Andrew and I met in our junior high days. He was a new boy in town and was initially a great source of curiosity since he came from back East and, in particular, from Pennsylvania. I don't want to dwell on the details of our childhood because in youth the days seem to blend together. But, George Andrew wasn't of the regular mix. He came from a strict Dutch Reform origin, and this set him apart from the rest of us whose first priority on Sundays was to get out of the church as quickly as possible. Perhaps this was the source of the dilemma he experienced in his early manhood which is my best remembrance of George Andrew.

By the time we reached the age of eighteen, George Andrew and I had shared many adventures. I remember in particular one which the rest of the gang remembered for a long time. In one day we learned a lot about George Andrew's convictions.

In our sixteenth year, Chuck Judson's constant suggestions of a hunting trip for "the boys" got the better of us all. Consequently, a date was set for the tenth of November and doe permits were purchased just in case we didn't happen to bag a buck.

Gene, Chuck, Tommy, George Andrew, and I prepared for the big event. Guns were cleaned, warm clothing was assembled, food was packed; and to lend an air of authenticity, we grew the best sort of beard we could which in a few cases wasn't much.

All of us were veteran deer hunters; that is, all except George Andrew. On the morning designated for departure, George Andrew rose at two o'clock. I'm sure he hadn't slept a wink anyway, because he was so nervous and excited. We met at Chuck's house at two-thirty. He lived just outside of town and it was only a two mile walk to what Chuck termed "the place to get a buck." It was four o'clock when we finished setting up the blind in a large, comfort-

able tree.

The weather was unseasonably warm and by five o'clock we were all dozing peacefully. The snap of a twig brought us to our senses quickly and we caught our breath as a ten-point buck picked its way carefully into the clearing.

According to our draw of lots, George Andrew was to have the first shot. Slowly he raised the gun but didn't seem to realize it was in his hands. The buck was alerted and raised his head. The animal seemed to stare right through George Andrew with its great liquid-brown eyes. The gun lowered slowly and the safety catch clicked back to the reset position. But, the gaze still held. In the next moment a crack of thunder reverberated through the woods as the great beast sank with a hollow thud to the forest floor.

Chuck had brought down the biggest buck I had ever seen. But, after the gutting and hearty rough of congratulations, I looked around and saw that George Andrew had wandered off. He was sitting some twenty feet away on an ancient tree stump. When I walked over and sat beside him, he continued his vacant gaze. At first I figured he was just being squeamish; but, a closer look revealed the Fifth Commandment written all over his face. George Andrew never hunted with the gang again. But, I can't remember if it was out of choice or a lack of invitation.

In May of our eighteenth year, we all graduated from the local high school. It was a momentous occasion for us. We were finally released from the grips of compulsory education. However, when the dean seated himself after his words of wisdom concerning the future, girls were weeping into damp tissues and all I could think of was where I could get the money to go to college and hopefully avoid going to war. World War I, the dean had made clear, was the responsibility of all able-bodied American boys to clean up. Well, after the pomp and circumstance had wound down to a close, the gang met at

Chuck's parents house. The general concensus was: Four-"I-don't-want-to die's," and one "I can't shoot someone." Needless to say, the latter comment came from George Andrew.

When the fourth of July rolled around, the heat in our conversations about the war had settled to a lukewarm interest. At the annual Independence Day Parade, we sheepishly stood to salute the flag as it passed. I suppose the guilt of our cowardice was brought home at this moment for us. For George Andrew, it was a turning point; a seed of conviction was sown. The spark of national pride and duty began to kindle the ultimate fire. George Andrew never was a truly passive person. On the contrary, he was, in all actuality, the possessor of stronger convictions than anyone I have met since. I wondered at the decisions this man made during the following months.

The academic year at Michigan State began in late August. Our entrance tests had come back with high marks and our mothers behaved in the usual sentimental way to our departure. The shadow of the war faded to grey as we embarked on our first independent adventures. Even George Andrew, who had of late become slightly withdrawn, joined in the fun flirting with the girls. He had the luck of becoming attached to a very strong-willed woman by the name of Lillian from a village close to ours. We all figured she must be a bit on the interesting side because a majority of George Andrew's waking hours were spent with her.

And, so it was that with joyfully reckless spirits we arrived home at Thanksgiving only for some of us to find letters awaiting us from the United States Army setting dates for physicals. Only George Andrew and Tommy were excluded. The rest of us were devastated. How could life change so quickly?

My family sat around the feast table unable to choke down the turkey dinner. Mother sobbed ceaselessly while my father sat stiffly with a grave look

upon his face and useless words upon his lips. I certainly didn't want to die in battle and death was what everyone feared the most.

The scene was similar a Chuck's and Gene's homes. Their lives were paramount on their families' minds. But, there was no crying or tight-lipped silence in George Andrew's home. Only tired looks of failure and disbelief were passed between family members while George Andrew sat strong and erect in his chair. They ate little. The fresh venison steaks which were a gift from friends lay coldly in their red drippings.

The seed of George Andrew's patriotism which was sown in the heat of summer and tended by introspection had come to the harvest. George Andrew had informed his family of his intent to join the United States Army. The horror of it was evident but controlled. His decision to kill for his country would never be accepted; but since it was his decision, it was respected.

The light-hearted homecoming was replaced by an undesirable extension of our vacation. Only Timmy returned to the dormitory as scheduled. Gene, Chuck, and I met a few times downtown. Somehow we tried to escape the emmanent spectre of war. George Andrew settled down in a routine of wood cutting and long walks. I joined him for one of these the day before our physicals. We walked out past Chuck's but he wasn't home. We set off across the cornfields full of stubble and rested in a copse of trees. Evening drew nigh and the cows ambled toward us and fed on the fallen corn. Out of the corner of our eyes we saw the first few deer bound lightly to the herd of cows. Within a quarter of an hour, at least twenty were intermingling with the passive cows and side by side they grazed.

I didn't see George Andrew again until the next evening after our physicals were over. We had just taken an uncomfortable seat in the dingy waiting room with several others when an impersonal looking sergeant marched into the room and began barking out

names and results. An eternity passed before he shouted out an affirmation of my nightmare. George Andrew had to wait for the end; but, he seemed not in the least impatient. He anticipated only a positive answer. I was sitting in a dull silence when the verdict came. The words echoed in my head as the sergeant mouthed the words, "Wright, George Andrew. Reject." I jumped out of my chair. One of us at least had come out ahead. George Andrew's jaw nearly hit the floor. "Rejected," was all he said.

In June, nearly three years later, I returned from battle to continue life where it had been cut off so suddenly. George Andrew and Tommy had graduated from Michigan State and were living in the fast-paced world with a booming war economy. Tommy was in the process of acquiring his father's business. George Andrew, the only true patriot in the gang, had found employment with the federal government working in the post office censoring letters. Although George Andrew didn't go to war, his family and what was left of our gang never lost their respect for his decision-the epiphany of George Andrew's patriotism.



Thunder Child

Where lightning struck,
Thunder followed.
Where Oppression went,
Freedom was swallowed . . .

Born to heaven but an infant of agony,
Crying of pain and desperation
And of His volatile condition,
Conscious but not free, the aware
futility
That tomorrow brings no ability
To escape the presence of oppression.

Stripped of sight, this lone and tormented
son
Has been crippled and cast aside,
No longer needed to bolster the pride
Of the malicious Power that spreads
one
Creed of hate and violent destruction,
Leaving Him no haven or hide.

But Thunder Child still has a
voice ~
His testimony to those
Who listen, who make the choice
To save the spring where Hope flows.

Paralyzed by hunger and constant war,
His world is much like our own
Where ambitious men seek the throne
Of Power, enslaving the mass poor
With lies and brutal might before
Knowledge and reason have grown.

There is a pain that destroys the will
When tomorrows never come
To relieve the emptiness of some
Who recognize the fell paths of Evil
As those that encourage men to kill
The possibilities of the Mind's freedom.

But Thunder Child still has a
voice ~

His testimony to those
Who listen, who make the
choice

To save the spring where
Hope flows.

Listen to the Thunder Child.
And remember there are those
Who have no hope in their tomorrows.

Michael Dugan

Sweet Destiny

by Dorothy Lakmann

The rain splish-splashed on the pavement forming pools and running in rivers into the gutter. The gutter, how I could relate to it, the dark, cold stench of it, the waste. The night was black. Dark clouds blanketed the sky, hiding the moon and its mercenaries.

I wasn't afraid and followed the back alleyways. There was no feeling inside me anymore, only a dull ache that ate at my bones. The realization that this time I wouldn't walk it off clung to me.

Death--I knew him well. He had claimed the lives of those I held dearest: my mother when I was barely thirteen; my father when I was twenty; and now just one year later, Tom. It wasn't fair, but death never is.

Tom and I were to be married in June. He was six-foot-two with blond hair and blue eyes; some people said we could have been brother and sister. Tom was my brother, my sister, my father, my friend; he made all the hurt somehow fade into nothingness and replaced it with utter elation.

My pace slowed slightly with each step; I was beginning to get drowsy. It was the simplest

solution. No relatives, no family, only one friend, but she wouldn't mind much. After all, she was the one who had given me the pills. Maybe Sherry had guessed what they were for, but then she didn't know Tom was dead. Whatever I wanted, Sherry was always willing to oblige.

Good old Sherry, she had stuck by me through thick and thin. We had known each other since kindergarten. We had a strange friendship with absolutely nothing in common. Sherry smoked and drank and loved a good party. I preferred to stay home. She was tall and well-built, while I was short and skinny. She was so outspoken, me --shy. We were both only-children and in need of companionship, so we somehow got thrown together. Maybe it was because we were both P's--Principal and Peters. Debbie Peters--look for her tomorrow in the obituart column. Who would really notice? What difference did it make?

Some drunk came stumbling out of a bar across the street, singing boisterously, "I've got the joy, joy, joy, joy down deep in my heart."

There was a day when I could have said the same, several days. Like the time Tom and I went to Chicago with Tom's parents for the weekend. All the bright lights and traffic were overwhelming. We ate at a really elegant restaurant and drank champagne. They were like a

second family to me.

How they grieved at Tom's death. So young to be killed. Tom and a friend were out renting tuxedos for the wedding, and some guy pulled his car right out in front of them. The guy was drunk just like the drunk I saw down the street. He was still weaving and singing. I looked at him, and a seething rage bubbled in my veins. But I was too tired to go with it--much too tired.

The light was red, but there was no one in sight, so I stumbled off the pavement into the street. My legs were becoming like jello beneath me. It wouldn't be long now. Sleep, peaceful and serene and forever, would come swiftly.

A car drove by and slowed as it passed. It pulled to the curb and stopped. I turned and looked through half-closed eyes at Sherry who was hopping out of the car.

"I've been looking all over for you. Are you crazy, roaming the streets at night alone?"

I started to answer, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth. I took one step forward and fell into my destiny. . .



Everyman

He sat on a park bench waiting for the Metro. It was cold, and the dull paint peeled and chipped with every shift of position. His arms stretched horizontally, covering a good portion of the length of the bench.

Tired on some distant, insignificant point, his green eyes were filled by no fleeting thoughts. The threat of snow hung grayly from the sky while noxious fumes of the polluted city filled the gap between cement and clouds.

He himself was average. Anyone who came to the bus stop could not have said later if he had been black or white, young or old, innately good or bad. Nor would anyone have cared.

I, however, noticed all this since I had nothing better to do and time is cheap.

Sarah Kuper

Strangers

The father and son walked in
strangers to each other.

A child grows so quickly
that one meeting a month,
for one afternoon,
doesn't allow enough
Time.

The conversation is stilled,
shaky and
awkward.

The son doesn't know
just how much he can trust
this man —
his father?

But he left once and he comes
back so seldom.
Does he really care?
Or not?

The father...
how can anyone understand
his Pain?
This is his son!
He helped bring him into
this world.

Can he be growing this fast?
He's playing baseball now
with a mit
that someone else bought,
that someone else pitches to.
How can this be —
his son?

But there's never been the
chance
for bedtime stories
or homework helping
or training wheels
or love.

It's hard to catch up
Once a month
Because life goes so quickly
and one afternoon a month
can't justify the
Past
or help the Future.

Carol M. Bates

A Moment in Time

*Like tiny droplets
Cascading down into a stream
Into rivers and lakes
Fleeting moments rush by
Styly slip-sliding
Into nonexistence*

*Until I catch myself
Coming and going
Beginning and ending
Each new day
Trying to fathom the purpose
Of the endless cycle*

*Time, my ever companion,
Racing beside me
Urging me forward
With each pulsating step
Taking me closer
To some unknown vision*

*From hours to minutes to seconds
In a single blur
Will it never slow?*

If for a moment
I could be suspended
Above the tick-tocking madness

Then I would search the heavens
For a cloud to sit upon
And blindly grope
Towards the edge of tomorrow
And hang above my destiny
For a moment in time.

Dorothy Lehmann

~~~~~

## Haiku ~

Housework finished:

her eyes search for dust  
in his empty room

Drew Appleby

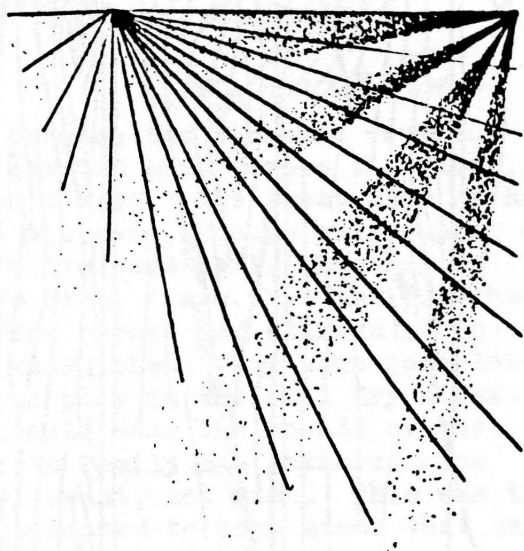


## Awakening .

How reverent beneath night's teeming  
above dark plains these distant woods  
A passing train awakes a scatter  
and creases still earth like a brood  
Each fertile stretch, a field to  
yet anguish yearns, a lonely moan  
A dreary sunsets parked behind  
so time, the listener, departs from  
Unclaimed harvests, youth grows  
who can control the wind that  
Our hollow fears see this deceive  
the misery must now redeem  
Such murder, days by night  
what marks the shadow, no

\*(Dedicated

ing sky,  
lds gleam.  
tered rhyme  
rial scene.  
held for gold;  
artyr, dust.  
d dirt roads,  
rom us.  
wing old with scorn,  
empties barns?  
otion born:  
through harm.  
hide not their song;  
doubt, marks a dawn.



*Kent Daniels*

(to Sister Stella)



# *Upon a Tattered Harness*

*by Debbie Sears*

Light poured between the shrunken vertical boards and plowed slanted bars across the floor, bars as on a prison window. The sweet odor of hay still clung to the air here, though only a pair of broken, disgarded bails were left. Looking up into the barn's old ribs, I saw that the dust had not yet settled. The horses had stirred it up too well... I had not known them; they were gone long before I had come to play in the cool dry straw. In the distance I could hear the sounds of the reunion. My mother's family had gathered once again, their annual event, not mine. This was the first time I had consented to come since that day when I was seven.

I knelt and moved my hand across the old harness, the kind to which a team of plow horses could be hitched. It was the only piece of equipment left; the barn was empty otherwise. I could vaguely remember a wagon perhaps and more hay when I was seven. Much more hay... enough to stack and build and play house and--

"Daaaaamn!" My cry caused a pair of pigeons to burst from their roost. But the barn was content to wait and listen silently. So I went on.

"Why? Why me?" No answer came and I wasn't expecting one. It was an exercise in vanity, but one that couldn't hurt any worse. "Why, why, why..." The words fell quickly now as tears would have, if I had had more tears to cry. My life's portion of tears had drained away by the close of my fourteenth year.

The words soon slowed, as real tears do, and I stared quietly at the floor streaked by the shadows of noonday light. A day like this... the shadows on the floor and his these too and a child playing in the barn... a child, a girl of seven and him... and playing house... I was too dead inside to care anymore and the images wandered in and out uncensored and unspeaking, light in comparison



to that burden of silence I had kept until fourteen. I moved to scoop up a handful of floor as proof that I had come. I could just see Father Cain, the latest in my line of counselors, saying "You've done a good job, Victoria," as he poured the ancient manure across his desk...

"Victoria?" I froze, my hand still deep in the filthy earth. "Victoria," he said again and this time every cell in my body screamed. Recognition, hatred, fear, anguish, horror, they all were there. Every sound I'd ever made shook through my body but at such powers the scream could only be a silent one. He... the one... the cousin!

I whirled or tried to, lost my balance, and ended on the floor, crouching like a trapped animal. I may have even had my teeth bared.

But he was calm, leaning with his back against the doorpost, balancing on one leg with the other drawn up beneath him. He wasn't looking at me. Rather he looked down the hill and across the field where the reunion was. He held a cigarette loosely. Jeans, a dirty hunting jacket... a man taller than the one in my dreams, but with the same unkempt blond hair and lanky proportions. Good ol' Clay, so good with the kids...

He turned his cool blue eyes on me then immediately shifted them away again. "You don't have to look at me like that," he mumbled. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Somehow I felt I'd heard that promise before.

"You bastard!" I screamed, not silently this time. "Get out! Get out!"

"Jeez," he said in disgust and pushed himself into the middle of the doorway. At that moment, panic stormed home and nearly thrust my mind over the edge. But then I saw his back was turned toward me. He was leaving.

Triumph. I wonder now how I recognized it, I had been so long deprived of its taste. But I had won and I knew it.

"Wait!" I commanded. "I have something to say to you."

He came to a full stop before he flicked the cigarette away and turned around, tiredly it seemed.

"Do you remember?" I hissed, slithering up close to him. "You do remember, don't you? Oh, I'm sure you do. That that's not enough. I want you to know the other things you've done to me. Because of you, I have never loved a man. I hated and hated and hated..." I went on and on, circling closer with every accusation. And when I concluded, it was with, "And let's not forget the counselors and--"

An arm lashed out at me, but it was a move I had foreseen in all my dreams and I leaped easily back.

"Stop it!" he cried. "At least you had them!"

Something in his voice did make me stop. In fact, I was stunned to silence. Anguish? Had I heard it? I narrowed my gaze on his face, cutting out for the first time the barn, the dirt, the memories. It wasn't easy, this polishing of the glass, but I tried. Anguish?

His eyes werestill cold blue, but the lines around them were deeper, like gashes. And now I could see that the dirtiness of his hair was grayness. He was much older than his twenty-eight years. My mother's voice came to me. "Crawford County men don't show their feelings. That's why I went outside the county to marry."

The corner of his mouth twitched and the movement errupted into an earthquake of his stoney face.

"Stop blaming me!" With his hands he covered his face and then stumbled down upon the old harness. I suddenly realized that he was not crying either. Stop blaming him? I had only begun. I had never seen him since then. And yet he made it sound as if my silent hatred had struck him daily since then. I had never intended to confront him. I had come to the reunion only when I was certain that he was not coming. "Clay never comes anymore," Grandma had said. But I hadn't stopped



to think why. Who else knew of that day? I had meant for no one but Grandma and Mother to know, for my own shame. But what if...

No, I screamed at myself. You are the victim. He hurt you. You are the victim.

But there he was, crumpled below me, now clenching the harness as if it were a rock in the middle of a storming sea.

"I couldn't leave," he said without moving. "Like you did."

The pain in his voice struck me. Slowly I began to remember how much I had loved him, he, the cousin who though still a child himself was a man to me. Even fourteen-year-olds seem old to a child of seven. He had taught me to swim, holding me carefully in the creek below the barn until I could float by myself. "I had to stay," he said again.

He shook himself, rolled over, and stared at the ceiling. "I told them myself, Vicky. Long time ago... Remember the good times we had? It was all so good then. And then... Damn. Why? Why me? Why, why, why... But I did tell them myself, alone, everyone."

"That," I breathed, "must have taken a lot of courage."

"Like hell. It was the only thing I could do to forget. And then they wouldn't let me forget. One mistake. I knew it was a mistake. They didn't have to tell me. And keep telling me..."

Just as before a tide of horrifying images had stormed my mind, the ebb side now attacked. Isolation, silence, shame, guilt. They were familiar but not my own. I couldn't fight them and I too sank down upon the harness, but not near him.

"I went north when I could," he said. "Work in Gilsonville now. Also, I'm married now, Vicky." His voice was hollow. "I've got a little girl. She's seven now. She wonders why her Daddy won't hug her."

I didn't know what to say. I had heard the

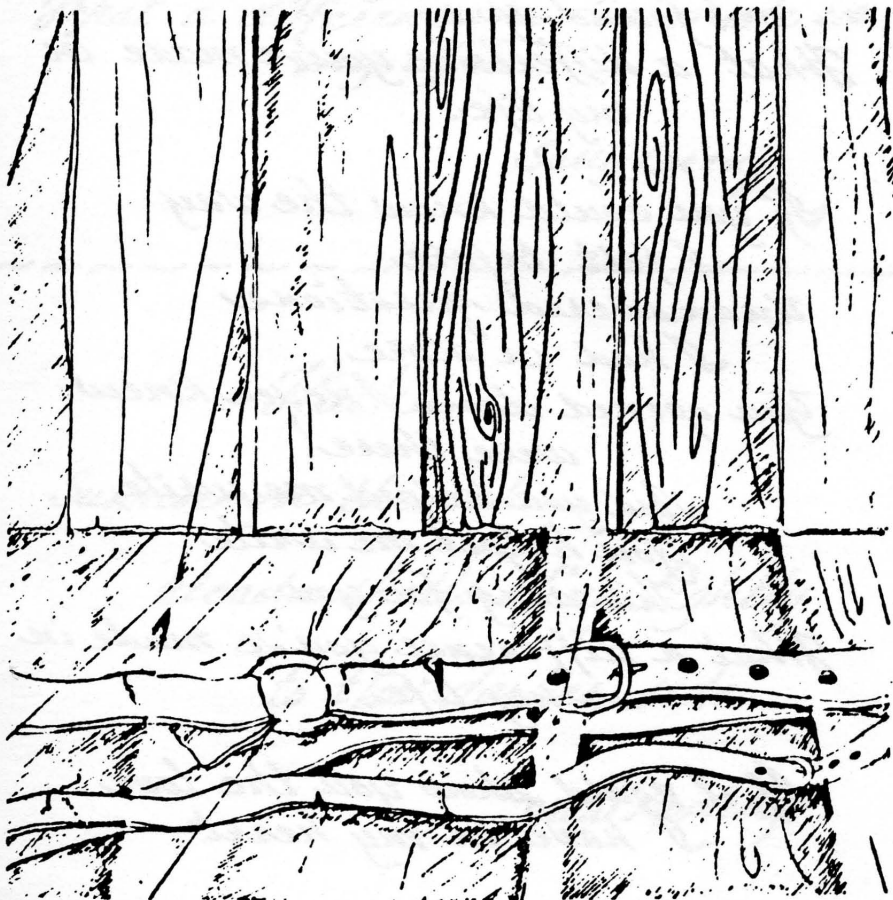
only thing I had hoped to hear, the admission of wrong doing. Not an apology, such a thing was unnecessary and would have been ridiculous anyway. But what could he hope to hear from me?

He went on. "Vicky, I'm afraid to hug her."

His voice cracked and I reached out... reached out to the Clay who had taught me how to swim and had shown me the difference between Spicebush and Black Swallowtails.

"Don't be," I said.

Slowly, painfully, a tear formed in my eye and before long we both were crying, staring through the broken boards, two at bay upon a tattered harness.



## *What a Difference* *(a song)*

*If I could show you the things  
I feel in my heart  
If I could show you how much  
You've been a part —  
A part of my life's understanding  
Of the good and the bad  
I'm sure glad  
I found you.  
What a difference you've made in  
my life.*

*If you could know the way  
I felt before  
Unanswered questions  
I had in store.  
You opened doors I never knew  
were there.  
And you helped me write,  
You helped me write  
This song for you.  
What a difference you've made in  
my life.*

*If I could show you the love  
I have in my heart*

If I could show you that  
You're a special part,  
A part of my year  
Of love and joy.  
I want to say,  
I want to say  
I love you.

That a difference a friend made  
in my life.

That a difference you've made in  
my life.

Sally Lorenz

~~~~~  
Haiku~

Sunrise on the oak—

cicada shells cling tightly
to the darker side

Drew Appleby

*Melt
(spite)*

*The East Side Hat Works delivered
your face today*

And

*Your personality arrived from
Plastics, Inc.*

*The Opaque Glass Company sent
your emotions back*

And

*Your thoughts were returned by
Bubbles Unlimited*

However...

*As you pull yourself back together
again*

And

*Prepare to continue your charades
Heed my warning*

And

Protect your vinyl image with care

Because...

*You are about to enter the flames
of the Real World*

And

Baby, you'll melt.

Rusty Glynn

Self Perception

Feet - Do I know you?

You who carry me across
The vast expansion of my desires.

Hands - Do I know you?

Balancing on slender limbs
Grasping pebbles in the dirt.

Body - Who are you?

Who has become as a mere acquaint-
ance

A shadowy specter of self.

Breath - Can you feel me?

Come, fill the chambers of my soul
Till laughter churns and gurgles
Breaking through the melancholy
night

Like the song of a child in the making.

Self - Can I find you?

Amidst my cluttered perceptions
Carefully tucked and folded,
stacked

Between the brittle pages of a story
book.

Dorothy Lakmann

The times
I need you
most of
all
are when the times and tears
turn you transparent
in my eyes...

And when I hide
I flee
I hate
and cry to never speak
your name again...

It's then I die,
so certain of your love,
I see you're
real again.

Debbie Sears

Loves Lost

My October's child,
Forged from the heart of the gods
And the ice of passion,
Begotten in a summer's field
Of mirth and tranquil joy,
Lies stillborn on the dry ground.

My friends, like the mighty oak
beside me,
Drop their silver amber
And copper-red sympathies
As if autumn leaves,
And abandon me to rake them up
Into soft piles and burn them.

Their smoke, billowing heavenward
And mingling with my anguish,
Clouds the crisp sky
To remind those who chance along
Of my own loves lost

As the late wind blows away the
ashes,
And my hopes,
To prepare my Petit Enfant
For its winter's grave.

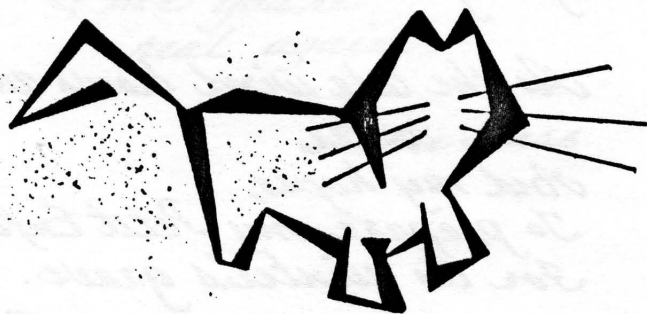
Rusty Clyma

Expectation and Arrival

by Felice Krass

Yesterday I saw Mckeig, our family cat, wandering outside the house and up onto the front porch. She walked slowly with her heavy baggage, and she glanced around with an air of aloof disinterest when she saw me through the screen door. Reaching her destination, she settled herself carefully onto the stone step outside the door; front paws planted firmly ahead, and back paws nestled into the sides of her furry swollen middle. Tucked between her hinds legs, only the tip of her tail emerges beneath her side like another paw. From the heart-shaped, small head silent eyes looked straight to the awaited time.

Looking through the screen door to the corner of the porch, I can see Mckeig inside the cardboard box filled with old flannels. Even from where I stand I can hear the loud purring and see the now flat body stretched to its full length. Against the cardboard box her tail pulses in an active rhythm. Four elongated mouselike creatures nurse contentedly at her side. When I approach the box, Mckeig raises her head expectantly to my comforting hand, then glances back to her kittens and squeezes her grateful eyes in satisfaction.



A Man May Search

*A man's life is often
full of doubt
His main concern is
what life is about
He must decide what meaning
to give
what purpose to life,
what reason to live.
A man may search his
whole life through.
My search is ended because
I found you.*

Peter Connallon

~~~~~

## *Letters*

*tremblings on the desk  
undelivered of their pain  
and for their pain*

*unsent ~*

## Rebirth

Like a desert bursting into bloom  
after spring rain,  
Incredible melodies of light,  
A symphony of rainbow color  
Erupting from depths of longing  
within dry desert plants.  
Death's illusion is disrupted.

Life has hidden there  
within hot, dry sands.

Longing lived in dark depths,  
Lying in wait for the grace of rain.  
Then rain tears the mask away,  
And rainbows dance across  
the desert.

SMSY

## *Haiku*

*Between the street signs  
only the snowflakes falling  
into the headlights...*

*Drew Appleby*

~~~~~

Summer Remembrance

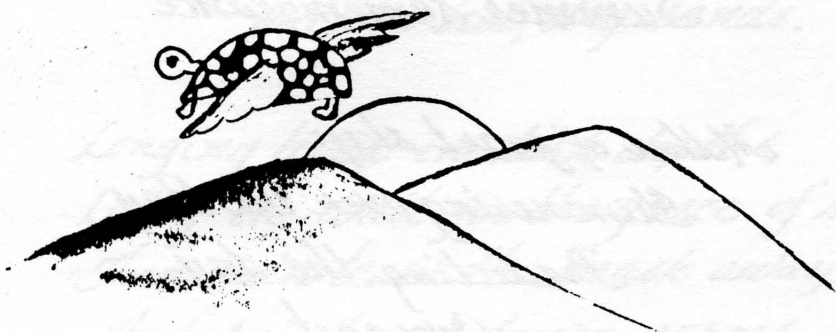
*Mother of pearl sky
Shimmering over the Bay
Predicting the day
Overcast~*

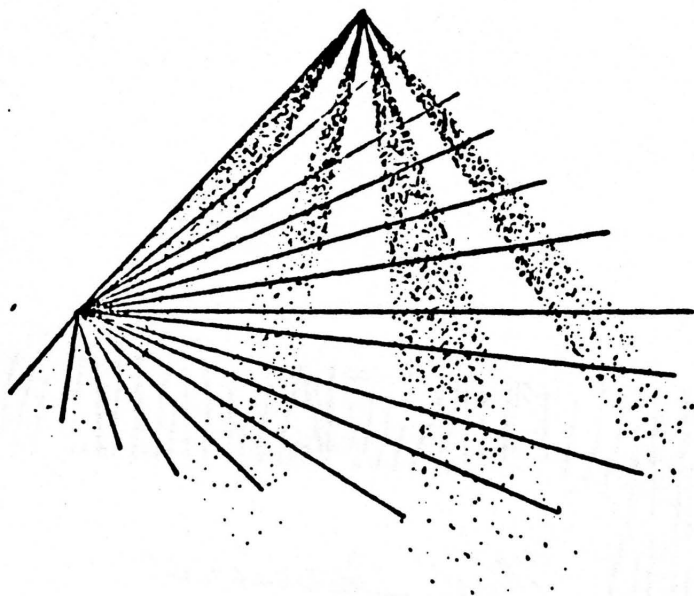
SMPL

Morale

The sun rises above the mountains;
the moon sinks beneath the sky.
Then the spirit is at its best,
even Turtles can fly.

Michael Dugan





*A Blessed
Christmas
and A
Happy New Year!*

from the Fioretti Staff

Morale

*The sun shines on the mountains,
the moon shines on the sky,
then the great stars come out
and the night is full.*

Next Deadline:

March 16, 1983

