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# fioretti





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## *Literary Anthology*

*Marian College  
Indianapolis, Indiana*

*Vol. 40*

*No. 2 1981-82*

*This edition of Fioretti is dedicated  
to St. Francis of Assisi during this  
800th anniversary of his birth—*

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## Love is...

Beginning, Middle, End —  
even after and beyond,  
Love is indestructable, indivisible,  
divinely eternal.

Silent walks, soft gentle talks,  
yet sometimes edged with ice —  
A moonlit beach, dreams within reach,  
a timeless unchanging life —

Caring, feeling, and always enduring,  
Love follows even unto the  
world unknown.

Golden memories of sun  
will penetrate the barriers of  
the grave, violating death itself.

Suzanne Bingman

# Listen...

by Jean M. Carson

Softly closing the sliding glass door, Daniel put the hectic week behind him and stepped out into the warm and gentle Colorado evening. The starry sky winked its familiar greeting to him, and with the aid of the moons brilliant beams, lured him toward the timeworn porch swing. Daniel seated himself comfortably upon it and basked in the serenity of the summer night. He formed a silent prayer of thanks that it was Friday and that he had managed to survive successfully another week of work. In celebration of the accomplishment, he reached for his Alvarez guitar and began to strum. While the rhythmic creak of the swing kept time with the music, it also helped him keep pace with the flow of disturbing thoughts flooding his mind.

Daniel derived most of his relaxation from these infrequent opportunities in which he was free to escape into his music. As with most dedicated artists, he had always felt the need to push his talents to the limit. Therefore, he longed to relive the summer after his highschool graduation because he had been able to spend it solely concentrating on his guitar techniques. This period of creativity gave birth to both his versatile style and newfound confidence in his abilities. He had directed all of his efforts toward becoming a star guitarist.

This dream had not materialized, however, because his parents, especially his father, had scorned his ambition to become a professional musician. As he rocked back and forth remembering their disapproval, the swing squeaked its sympathy for his unfortunate situation. His dad insisted he pursue a more stable career; to appease him, he had majored

in medical technology at Colorado State, where he was currently a sophomore. He enjoyed school, but discovered it monopolized too much of the valuable time he needed to practice guitar. The soothing motion of the swing enabled him to sort his priorities, and he realized that music was at the top of his list. Convincing his parents he must quit school to start establishing himself in the music field was proving to be an impossible task because his father refused to listen to him. It had reached a point where his father would leave the room whenever Daniel started to play his guitar.

He finished playing and looked up into the sky, searching for a glimmer of hope or encouragement. As he inhaled deeply, the unclouded brightness of the stars gave him the inspiration he needed. Swinging to a stop, he decided that something had to be done -- immediately.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning Daniel's older brother Christopher stopped by for a game of one-on-one basketball, as was his usual custom on Saturdays. This event took place on the half-court near the north end of the back patio, and Mr. Partlow was often the lone spectator from the porch swing at the south end. A highly successful and hard-working accountant, he looked forward to these regular opportunities to watch his two athletic sons engage in sport. Critically eyeing their every move, he sat rigidly on the edge of the swing, serving as both coach and referee. Daniel always made sure that a transistor radio was placed on the picnic table near the swing to provide rhythmic atmosphere conducive to the game. Distracted by what he termed "that tribal music," Mr. Partlow frowned and turned the volume knob down until the music reached a barely audible level. Satisfied that he

could now concentrate, he ignored the disappointed look on Daniel's face. As the game progressed, Mr. Partlow marveled at his two sons playing the same sport, but with such dissimilar techniques and attitudes.

Daniel was only 5'10", but he had been a star member of his highschool's basketball team. In those days, he had seriously dedicated himself to the sport, but now he played mostly for personal enjoyment. During the game, Mr. Partlow noticed that Daniel's natural coordination made up for his lack of height; this coordination accounted for the success and ease with which he shot, dribbled, and made fast breaks. For example, when he shot, he slowed down, extended his right foot slightly forward for balance, lined the ball up evenly with the basket, and flipped it through with his wrist. This was accomplished in one unbroken movement. When he dribbled, he was grace in motion. He maintained a smooth, steady rhythm the whole time he bounced the ball. When making fast breaks, Daniel could sometimes dart under the arms of Christopher.

Christopher was 6'4" and had belonged on both a highschool and college intramural basketball team. He had graduated cum laude a month earlier with a degree in business, and he had already started working in a reputable business firm. He still practiced daily to keep in shape, but he played with keen, competitive spirit. As a result, he had gained a reputation for "playing for blood" and for making risky passes and outside shots. His coordination was not something with which he had been born. He had developed it through hard work and devotion, and he had become quick and aggressive. When shooting the ball, his height plus coordination were an advantageous combination!



his shots "swished the net" with ease. He dribbled at varying rates: quickly one moment and more slowly the next.

Both of Mr. Partlow's sons were good basketball players. They simply employed their skills in different fashions to produce the same results - points! However, because Daniel's attitude toward the game had become so easy-going, Chris usually defeated him soundly. This tended to annoy Mr. Partlow because his youngest son's only ambitions anymore seemed to be to develop a professional career in music. He had tried to discourage Daniel from pursuing this "foolish dream" by ignoring his interest in the guitar and persuading him to go to college. Daniel had reluctantly enrolled, but it was obvious that his heart belonged to music.

Mr. Partlow sighed with dismay as he observed a typical scene on the court. Level-Headed Christopher had stolen the ball from Daniel who had been distracted by a song on the radio.

"Crank it up Dad. That's one of my favorite songs! The guitar work is tremendous and . . ." began Daniel excitedly as he moved toward the radio.

"For heaven's sake, Daniel, pay attention to what you're doing. You should never have let Chris take the ball that easily!" interrupted Mr. Partlow, with disgust.

"But Dad . . . that's one of the Eagle's greatest songs!" protested Daniel.

"I don't care if it's one of the Cardinal's greatest songs. You should be paying closer attention."

Wanting to avoid an argument, Daniel turned away from his father and returned to the court.

"Is there any hope for that boy?" Mr. Partlow muttered under his breath.

\*\*\*\*\*

Daniel declined an invitation to have dinner and to watch a televised baseball game at his brother's apartment. The rock guitarist Rick Weston was performing in town that evening, and Daniel had been eagerly anticipating the concert for months. Daniel's vast record collection included every album Weston had ever recorded, and he had listened to them so intently that he knew most every note of every song by heart. Unfortunately, he could not reproduce Weston's multifaceted style on his own guitar. He longed for the freedom Weston had to compose and perform the music pent up inside of him, but he couldn't break away from home with a clear conscience until his father had acknowledged his ability. It was important to Daniel that his father believed in or at least understand the type of future he wanted to pursue.

The concert was held in a hall that seated only 500 people because Weston preferred to perform in intimate settings to make his music as personal as possible. Sitting in the third row from the front, Daniel felt as comfortable as if he were in his living room at home. Watching Weston on stage, Daniel decided that a major element of the musician's success was his calm composure. He was usually casually posed, holding his guitar lightly with his eyes often closed. Daniel could relate to the relaxed manner that this star radiated; whenever he played his Alvarez, the music that poured forth had a tranquilizing effect on him.

Weston's dynamic guitar work and meaningful lyrics captivated the audience. His performance was a tidal wave of sound that generated human electricity. It was both sizzling and sensitive at the same time, and Daniel savored every moment of it. Toward the end of the concert, Weston said that he

wished he could play a duet written by one of his favorite musicians. But his usual "partner" for the song was ill. The song was entitled "Father and Son", and because it was a selection on one of Weston's albums, Daniel knew it well.

"I don't suppose anyone out there would care to join me?" he kidded the audience. Amused laughter rippled through the audience, but Daniel took Weston seriously. Springing from his seat, he cried out, "Yes!"

The ripple became a roar as the audience reacted with mirth at Daniel's enthusiasm.

"Heck, kid, come on up!"

Embarrassed, Daniel started to sit down, but the audience cheered encouragement to him, and so he dumfoundedly made his way up on the small, spotlight stage.

"Make yourself at home," Weston said, offering him a stool and a guitar. "You know the song 'Father and Son' I take it?"

Daniel nodded shyly and accepted the instrument with awe. He seated himself beside the professional musician and fingered the shiny guitar timidly. By the time he had finished tuning it, he adjusted to the sound and feel of it, and he relaxed.

"Ready, kid?" challenged Weston.

"Yeah, as ready as I think I'll ever be!" replied Daniel with a confident smile.

And so side by side, note by note, the amateur and the professional performed their duet. Daniel was overwhelmed by this opportunity to share his intense love for music with such a renowned guitarist. As a result, he performed flawlessly.

As his clear, strong voice sang out the part of the son, he realized that, ironically, he was singing the lyrics to his life. Just as the father in the song was concerned about his son's future, he knew that his father was

was worried about the lifestyle he sought. Both fathers were offering what they considered to be sound advice, but without being aware of their sons' real needs. How long would Daniel have to go on trying to convince his dad that he wouldn't be happier in a white lab coat in "General Hospital" or in a suit and tie on Wall Street? Music was his life, and everytime his father failed to acknowledge his ability on guitar, he negated Daniel's very existence.

When the song was over, he thrilled to the audience's appreciative response and thanked Weston warmly.

"Heck, kid, thank you! It would have been hard to perform a duet by myself. You play well. We'll have to get together and do it again sometime," chuckled Weston.

Exhilarated, Daniel returned to his seat. His only regret at that moment was that his father had not been there to experience the meaning of the song he had played.

One of the three friends he had gone to the concert with greeted him with a surprise when he reached his seat.

"I got it all on tape Danny-boy!" he whispered ecstatically, revealing the miniature recorder hidden in his camera case.

"You can't tape concerts! That's against the law!" Dan whispered back.

"Well, I've taped every concert I've ever attended, and I haven't been arrested yet. But, gosh . . . if you think it's unlawful, I'd be more than willing to erase it . . .," he teased Daniel.

"I'd never speak to you again if you did," Daniel threatened jokingly. "Hey, can I borrow that tape later tonight?"



"Borrow it ? Consider it a gift. Just don't forget me when you make it to the top of the song charts!"

\*\*\*\*\*

When he returned home from the concert, Daniel found his father seated quietly in the porch swing.

"Hey, Dad, listen to this. You'll never believe it !" Dan switched on the mini-recorder, and the first strains of "Father and Son" gently nudged the silence of the evening aside.

"Not now, Dan. I'm tired, and you know how that noise disturbs me . . . " began his father wearily.

"Please, Dad. Just this once- listen!"

"Is it really that important that I listen to it tonight ? Maybe tomorrow. . . if I have time . . . "

"That may be too late, Dad. By tomorrow, I may be gone. " Daniel switched the music off.

"Now listen here, young man. . . "

"No Dad. It's your turn to listen !"

Placing the tape recorder on the picnic table, Daniel walked off the patio and disappeared into the darkness.



Her eyes are the measure of fair beauty;  
stars whisper faint in wistful sanctuary;  
clouds aspire expression to this loftier  
form.

She is gentle spring that peaceful streams  
adorn.

How my heart in her redeems fallen hope,  
soothing tearful vanities in love repose.

~~~~~  
Kent Daniels

Care...

~ tender  
and yet hard to grasp

~ shut out by blinders  
of pride and ignorance

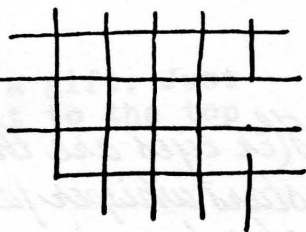
~ thought of as blanket of security  
yet rejected as charity

Care ~

It does exist ~  
just open your heart's eye.

L.M.<sup>c</sup>

# On Graph Paper



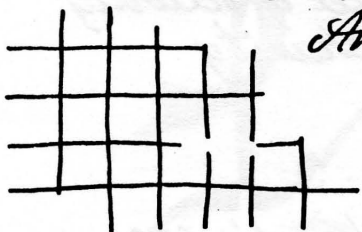
Oh, divine line,  
it's possible to plot the planet,  
plan it,  
and pelt it surely on the square,

And squarely cruc-ified,  
crucified,  
crucified,  
it lives thus raised to knowledge light.

But You-Are-More!  
The First Invariable  
who pierced the origin  
and thus threw skew perfection's lines!

What dimension do you see? Describe  
not one, not two upon this page

But Many-One  
Any-One  
and Unified.



D. SEARS

## artist 10

wrinkled canvas  
with slashes of anger  
stuck in the corner  
of an empty studio

amidst rubble  
of tubes and jars  
dried up spots  
of paint on cloth

broken brushes  
dulled pencils and pens  
pallets scattered  
in the midst of aborted thought

from this  
a single crushed dream  
an imperfect creation  
inspiration is born

the unsigned  
the unfinished vision  
brings life  
to the poet

who owes his thanks  
to the unknown painter

— Rusty Clyma



# Sunshine and Slaughter

The sun shines bright on the verdant field  
As might warriors engage.

Weapons of war: steely sword, painted shield  
Locked in deadly battle-rage.

Glory of heroes, pride of a nation —  
The knight, the lord, and the self  
Who'll challenge Death's cruel revelation  
To fall lifeless to the turf?

Feint and charge, hew and hack,  
Slash, stab and parry

Till the hated enemy drops back.

Cry, weep and bury —  
That is the duty of women.

And His Majesty screams,  
"Never surrender, never give in."  
And the blood flows in streams.

The beautiful banners wag and fly.

The fight is intense.

A soldier falls, an arrow in his eye.

Day drags on, hence

Thousands and thousands will lose

Life's precious gift.

The sword-arm wearies of the strife;

Attitudes shift.

Upon a summer's plain

Where wildflowers grow,

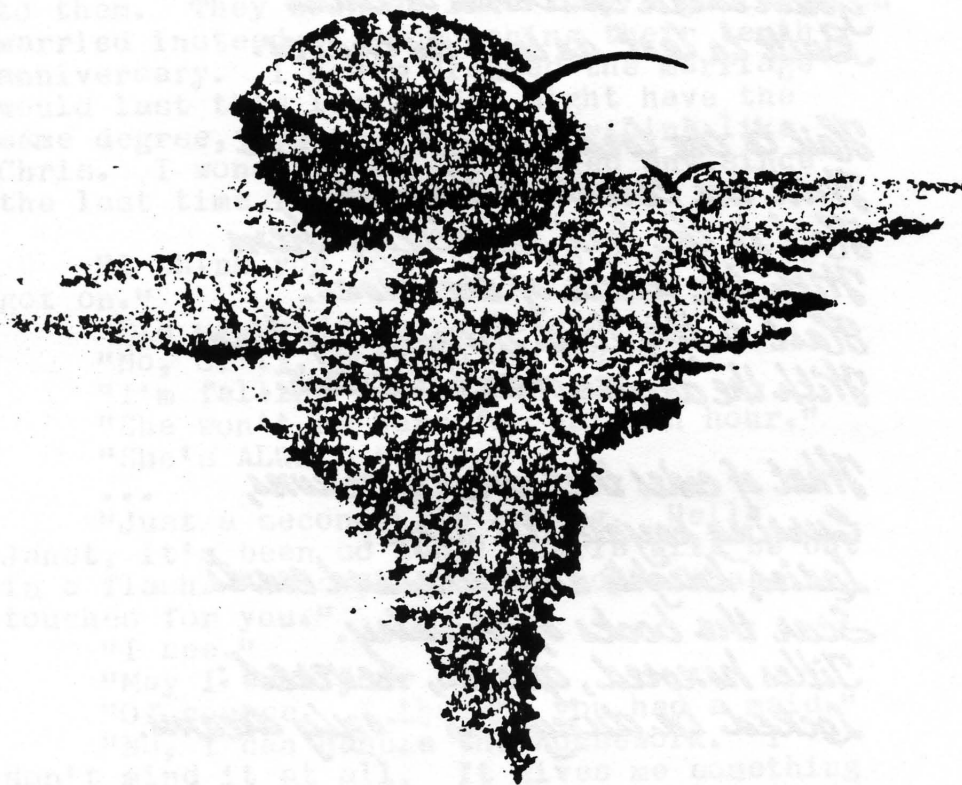
A scarlet trophy remains to show.

Michael Dugan

## Haiku

Barn swallows diving —  
the earth reverberates  
with nearing thunder —

Drew Appleby



# Castle-Builders

They came hence like dragon breath.  
Lordly dictum: "Rise from dawn."  
Wizard's brew they plunge into.

Holding time to sterile tools,  
Chisel chipping hopes so lost  
Over boulders bent; so heaved  
Into dragging years away.  
Youth is old in terms of walls  
Built to last as long as graves.

Hail to the lord nourishing them  
With the cereal of the fields.  
Hail to the lord protecting them  
With the water of the moat.  
Hail to the lord murdering them  
With the dagger of architecture.

What of codes that worship crowns,  
Cursing royalty in serfs?  
Ladies, knights and dukes and counts  
Scar the books of chivalry.  
Titles honored, grand, revered:  
Locked in dungeons — only dreams.

A castle-builder.  
Who recalls a single name?

No one!

Christy Cassino

*From Green to Grey... with Love*  
*by Trish Looney*

"Toni, where's my grey tie?"

"It's in the top drawer. What do you need a tie for anyway?"

"I've got to look nice."

"It's just your sister. She doesn't care what you look like."

"Oh, Baby."

I really should have knocked on the door then, but it was interesting just listening to them. They sounded like they'd just gotten married instead of approaching their tenth anniversary. I never dreamed the marriage would last this long. She might have the same degree, but she wasn't anything like Chris. I wondered if she'd aged any since the last time I saw her.

"I think you look cute in what you've got on."

"Did you hide my pants again?"

"No, Silly, they're on the bed."

"I'm falling behind schedule."

"She won't be here for half an hour."

"She's ALWAYS early."

...

"Just a second, I'm coming. Hello, Janet, it's been so long! Chris will be out in a flash. He's putting on some final touches for you."

"I see."

"May I take your coat?"

"Of course. I thought you had a maid."

"No, I can handle the housework. I don't mind it at all. It gives me something to do while Chris is at the office."

I couldn't help disliking Toni. Her house, her marriage, even her figure was



perfect. Well, maybe she was too tall. As she took my suitcase upstairs to the guest's bedroom, I watched her. She liked bright green. She looked very striking in it. Her thick black hair bounced just below her shoulders as she playfully took the steps. She was thirty years old, but no one could tell it. Most would guess her to be in college. My brother was forty himself.

"Hi, Janet. You look nice. How are you and Bobby doing?"

"That's another reason I came for this visit. Can you recommend a good divorce lawyer?"

Chris's face changed totally. The last he'd heard, I was extremely happy with my third marriage. He looked hurt and sad. After another moment I saw the familiar "lawyer face." That look didn't go well with his casual pull-over and neat but relaxed slacks. Just last month I saw Chris on the front of the Baltimore Times and various other papers. Photographers always managed to get in a picture when Chris was working on an important case.

"Well, I really don't need to know right now. You can think about it for awhile."

"I'm really sorry."

"Don't be, he's not worth the worry."

"Are you taking it okay?"

"That's why I came to see my big brother-to cheer me up."

Toni walked into the room and smiled when she noticed what Chris was wearing. But her smile faded as she saw the look on Chris's face. He explained the situation. She said she was sorry and actually looked sorry. She wouldn't know what it had been like to be married to three different guys. My first hus-

band was a sex maniac, the second a homosexual, and the third just a jerk.

Chris was always quiet and diligent. Before he married, he wrote me about Toni. My impression was that she was a sweet, timid, young thing. Instead, at their wedding I was hit with this bright, happy girl. I felt Chris and she both would wake up and realize that the world wasn't all fun and games. Apparently they were still dreaming. I didn't know what Toni's younger days were like, but I doubted she ever had to work for anything. As it was, Chris could provide her with an extremely rich lifestyle. He had sold his townhouse for this little cottage in the middle of nowhere because "she likes the woods." From the looks of this place you would think that they were poor. Chris didn't want Toni to work, and Toni gladly accepted his position. Maybe if she worked, she'd learn something about life and people. I couldn't stand her so happy all of the time.

"Honey, can you get the phone?"

"Hello."

...

"This is Christopher Masters."

...

"I see, I'll be right in... Toni, the kid accused of murdering his girlfriend just attempted suicide. I'd better see whether he is going to be all right."

Then, looking at me, Chris said, "It's these innocent people who get to me."

Toni looked upset at the thought of Chris leaving. She excused herself and followed him up the steps. I took the opportunity to survey the changes she'd made in the house since my last visit. Everything seemed pretty much the same. She liked antiques but only primitives. These crude and somewhat massive pieces of furniture were covered with doilies

and dried flower arrangements.

I found myself staring out the window at all of the trees. It was so calm and peaceful here, nothing like the city. Toni was cut off from the rest of the world. I wondered if I would enjoy all this quiet in my own little world. I wouldn't have been surprised to see a unicorn slipping through the trees and over the brook.

"You don't have to wait on me. Take Janet out to the little restaurant outside of D.C., and I'll meet you there as soon as possible."

"I heard an owl last night. I'd never heard one before but I knew what it was. For some reason it made me nervous."

"You and your premonitions."

"Be careful. That will make me feel better."

"I will."

I could hear them speaking to each other. Sometimes Toni was kind of "different." She worried too much about Chris occasionally. Usually she was happy-go-lucky without interruption.

"Janet, I'm sorry to be leaving so soon. I don't plan to be gone really long."

Then he whispered, "Take care of Toni for me."

Chris walked out the door looking magnificent in grey cashmere. Toni's sad eyes followed his every move. I actually felt sorry for Toni. She was noticeably depressed at his leaving.

Toni brought my coat down to me. As she was selecting a coat for herself, one of Chris's scarves fell off a hanger. She stared at it strangely. Finally, we left the house.

While at the restaurant, Toni tried to make pleasant conversation, but she was pre-occupied with the door. She would glance up at it every so often. I decided that the only way I'd get her eyes to leave the door was to go into something really deep.

"Well, Toni, I've been through three very different marriages, and I've never been happy for very long in any of them. How do you do it?"

A flush of pink came over Toni, but it soon faded. Her eyes sparkled as she thought about Chris.

"Chris is wonderful. I'm very lucky."

"Each of my husbands started out wonderful, too, but somewhere along the line they messed up."

"Do you know that I admire you? I always have."

"Why?"

"You have so much strength and a will to go on, even after what you've been through. Whatever you want, you go after and get it. You're like Chris."

"Well, I've always hated you. You're so damn happy all the time."

"I'm happy with Chris. I really don't want anything else. For awhile I wanted children, but Chris helped me to get over that after the doctor told me I couldn't have any."

I was puzzled because Toni's eyes darkened. She stood up and seemed in a stupor as she walked to the door. A policeman had just come in. I couldn't hear what they said, but the look on the policeman's face was that of sad nervousness. Toni was totally expressionless. She showed no emotion at what she was being told. If she wasn't standing up, she could have passed for dead.

The morning paper read "Christopher Masters, world known lawyer in critical condition following collision." The article went on to explain how this mishap occurred. His car was run off the road and over an embankment by a red pickup. The driver of the pickup was being charged with driving under the influence. Chris's condition was worse than it sounded. He had a broken neck and had slipped into a coma shortly after the crash.

One week passed since the accident. Toni had left the hospital only once during this time. That was to get some clothes from home. Mostly Toni spent her time in the hospital room with Chris. No one could drag her away. Once I walked in on her, crying and begging Chris to wake up.

There was a great difference between the hospital and Toni's fairytale home. I hated leaving the beautiful tranquility for the white sterile walls of the hospital. Many friends and relatives came to visit. Toni would come out to see them, but the minute they left she was right back at Chris's side. Never for a moment did the old gleam pass over her eyes..

It had been three weeks since the accident. I was told earlier that there were no brain waves, however I was not prepared for what the doctor had to say. He told me that Toni had given him permission for the respirator and the other machines to be turned off. Chris was now dead in body as well as in mind.

I expected to see Toni torn apart. Instead, I was met by a cool, composed thirty-year old woman who looked every minute of her age. The youthfulness I'd seen less than a month earlier was replaced by a sad but determined look.



I was amazed over the next two days as Toni efficiently made all of the funeral arrangements. Her schedule boggled my mind, but she whipped right through it. Chris would have been astounded at his wife's proficiency.

On the morning of the funeral a "For Sale" sign went up among the many trees. I ran down to the sewing room to see Toni staring out the window. With every sound of the mallet hitting the sign, I could see Toni's heart drop lower in her body. I knew she didn't hear me come in, but she didn't act at all surprised to see me. Her face was blank, but buried deep in her eyes, I could see profound anguish. She seemed to be in a trance.

"You can't sell this place! It means so much to you."

"I can't live here now. I may as well let someone else find the joy that is now lost to me."

"But you can still enjoy it if you try."

"I don't want to try. I can't take any more pain. My way of life died with Chris. I intend to carry on for him, not for me."

We ascended the steps slowly yet resolutely. I knew that she was serious about following in Chris's footsteps. I silently wished her luck.

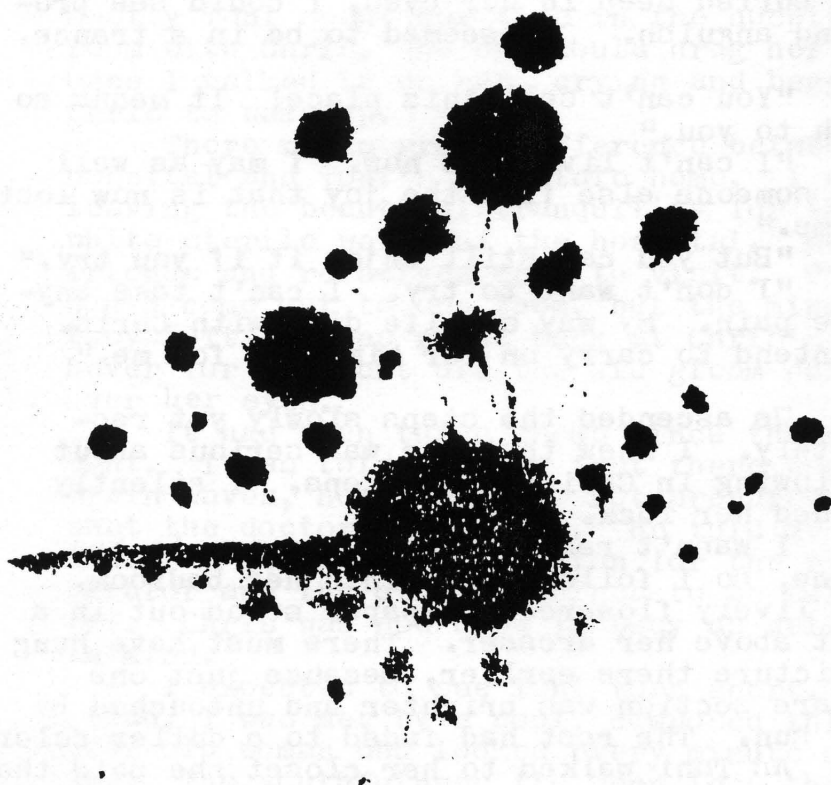
I wasn't ready to go to my own to be alone, so I followed her into her bedroom. The lively flowered wallpaper stood out in a spot above her dresser. There must have hung a picture there earlier, because just one square section was brighter and untouched by the sun. The rest had faded to a duller color.

As Toni walked to her closet she said that she didn't want to wear black. Chris had hated that color on her. Instead she pulled out a dark-grey wool suit to wear to the funeral.

# Haiku

Sinking in the haze,  
the September sun is lost  
among the poppies—

DREW Appleby



## The Egyptian Sacred Scarab

(held sacred by the ancients because it represented the god who rolled the sun across the heavens)

She tumbles cross the fertile plain  
And queenly goes — let none disdain —  
The Swineherd's lot is her domain.

The craft is one we deem unclean  
(lowly globes of earthy green),  
And yet her work does not demean.

For from the refuse left behind,  
From toil and patience undefined  
Comes LIFE — off spring her kin  
and kind!

With this, her virtues quick are weighed.  
To her, respect! (But say, what bade  
Them think of dung the sun was made?)

D. Sears

# Love, Dreams, Reality

My love is a warmth, a glow from deep within my heart.

It is a remembrance of the touch of lips in a gentle, loving kiss, shared for a short time.

It is the feeling of arms around me, the touch of a hand at the side of my face in a loving caress.

It is the feeling of being young and alive.

It is the heights of happiness and the depths of despair.

It is being alone and lost in deepest darkness.

It is knowing that no matter how much I love, there will be that final barrier to fulfillment.

It is a dream that will never be born.

It is a decision that will have to be made in the end.

It is finality and death of a dream that should never have been.

It will be a remembrance of what might have been, had circumstances been different.

D. Marshall

# Suburban Cowboys

by John Boyle

I'll never forget the first time I met Dickie Scalise. I was beginning my freshman year at Saint Edward's University in Austin, Texas. Previous to that time I had never been that far away from my home in Indianapolis. I didn't know anyone at Saint Edward's and wondered how difficult it would be to make some friends. Somehow or another I met a guy from Victoria, Texas named Jim Jureka. We seemed to get along great immediately. One day I went down to his room at the dorm to see if he wanted to shoot a few games of pool. The door to his room was open so I just walked in. Jim wasn't there but someone else was. Upon entering, I discovered an athletic-looking fellow with blond curly hair and a bronze tan doing push-ups on the floor and sweating profusely.

"Hi," I said. "Is Jim around?"

"No," replied a gravelly voice. "He'll be back in a minute, so have a seat."

Something about that guy rubbed me the wrong way. Maybe it was the fact that it was 102 degrees, the rooms weren't air-conditioned, and yet the jerk was still working out. I guess he was afraid his muscles would go away if he didn't work out several hours a day. I imagined further that he probably sat under a sun lamp at night in order to keep up his tan. The next instant Jim walked in and said, "See you've met my rooming buddy."

"Well, kind of," I said.

"Chuck Phin, meet Dickie Scalise," came the introduction from Jim. We said hello and shook hands, but in the back of my mind I was thinking--Boy, what a jerk and "Dickie," what kind of ridiculous name is that?--I hadn't known the guy for five minutes and I already hated his guts.



A few weeks passed and all seemed to be going well. One day when I went to pick up my mail, I discovered an invitation. The invitation was to a rush party at one of the fraternities. The party was to take place on the upcoming Friday, and I was tickled-to-death to be invited to my first college party. The next time I saw Jim I asked him if he'd received an invitation, and he said he had but that he wasn't the least bit interested in attending.

"Come on, Jim! This is the first party we've ever been invited to since we got here. We might meet good-looking members of the opposite sex if we go. We can't afford not to go," I said.

"Nope, not for me," replied Jim. "I don't want to get mixed up with a bunch of frat rats. They're nothing but a bunch of boozers and losers. Besides, I want to write a letter to Brenda Sue back home."

I was dumbfounded. My first chance to get into the campus action, but I would have to go alone if I wanted to go at all. Well, Friday rolled around and I was debating on whether or not to go to the party. I decided. Alone or not, I was going. It was about 7:30 p.m. and I was still trying to decide whether or not I should wear the cowboy hat I had recently purchased. Everyone in Texas wore a cowboy hat. That was one of the first things I noticed. I couldn't decide if I should wear mine or not. Just then, I heard a knock at my door. I opened my door, only to see Dickie Scalise, cowboy hat and all.

"You going to the party tonight?" he asked.

"Well, yeah, I've been planning on it. Why?"

"Jim told me he thought you were going and said that he thought you might feel better if you had someone to go with."

It dawned on me what he was getting at and to be perfectly honest I would have preferred to go alone rather than go with Dickie Scalise. However, rather than be rude I told Dickie that I appreciated his stopping by and said that I'd be ready to go in just a minute.

"Hey, Dickie, does everybody always wear their hats when they go to these kinds of parties down here?"

"I don't know. I've never been to a frat party before. I'm only a freshman too."

"Yeah, but what about parties in general down here?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'm from Chicago."

The more I looked at Dickie and the more I thought about the situation, I finally decided against wearing my new hat. After all, it might have looked funny if the only two guys from North of the Mason-Dixon line turned out to be the only ones there with cowboy hats on. Besides that, I noticed one other thing. Our hats were identical.

We left for the party and once we got there we met some nice people and had a fantastic time. The drinking age in Texas was eighteen so consequently there was an abundance of beer. I wasn't used to a lot of drinking and from the looks of him neither was Dickie. It got pretty late and we decided we had better be getting back to the dorm. I'd discovered that when he was drunk, Dickie wasn't such a bad guy to be around. He was relaxed, happy, and full of good jokes. We had about a three block walk to get back to the dorm and Dickie kept me in stitches the whole way.

The next day I woke up and felt miserable. My head ached like crazy and I didn't have one lousy aspirin. I decided to go to Jim and Dickie's room to see if they might have some. Jim let me in and said he'd heard that he'd missed a pretty wild party. I told him that it had been too wild for me and asked if he

had a couple of aspirin. In the meantime I'd noticed my cowboy hat's twin sitting on Dickie's bed.

"Where's your roommate?" I asked.

"He went out jogging."

"Jogging? It's got to be 100 degrees outside. What's with that guy?"

"I don't know. I guess he just likes to keep in shape. Here's your aspirin."

Jim seemed to be acting kind of cold towards me and said that he had some studying to do. I went down to my room, took the aspirin, and decided to lie down until my headache was gone. At about the time I started to doze off I heard a quick knock at my door. I thought about not answering it yet the knock persisted so I got out of bed and went to the door. It was Dickie. He was in gym shorts and tennis shoes and was dripping sweat all over the floor.

"I've still got two more miles to go and thought you might be interested."

"You must be out of your mind," I said.

"It's steaming out there and besides, I feel lousy."

"Nothing better than jogging to sweat out a hangover. What's the matter? Afraid you can't keep up or afraid you just can't go the distance?"

Dickie managed to strike a nerve. The next thing I know I was out on the track running with Mr. America. After the run I felt worse instead of better. Dickie offered to buy me a Coke and I immediately took him up on it. We talked for quite a bit during and after drinking our Cokes and discovered we had a lot in common besides our cowboy hats. We were both from the midwest, were both pre-law majors, and had both left girl friends back at home. The latter of the things we had in common was painful for both of us and talking

about it to each other seemed to help.

As the school year progressed my friendship with Jim dwindled but in the meantime, Dickie and I got closer. I don't know why Jim and I stopped hanging around together. I suppose it had something to do with the fact that I had joined a fraternity. Dickie joined too so that now as well as being friends, we were fraternity brothers. One day Dickie came down to my room. His face was kind of puffy and I could tell he was upset.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "You look horrible."

"Well, Carla's called it off," he said with a breaking voice. "I loved her, Chuck."

I didn't know what to say. I knew how much he cared about Carla. He wrote to her every other day and talked about her as much as I talked about Juanita.

"It's all right, Dickie. It'll work itself out," I said for lack of anything better to say.

A couple of months went by and Dickie did seem to be getting over Carla. The only trouble was that we were about to reach Christmas break and I knew he'd see her sometime while he was at home. I gave him some brotherly advice as to how I would handle the situation along with a Christmas present. That I said was not to be opened until Christmas day. It was a sunlamp with a comical explanation of my first impression of him written on a card inside the box. I hoped it would help cheer him up.

Dickie called me on Christmas from Chicago to wish me a Merry Christmas and to thank me for the sunlamp. He told me that he'd seen Carla, talked with her, and although they didn't get back together, he nonetheless felt good. Well, this time it was my turn to lay a sob story on him. I told him how Juanita had just dumped me for some guy who worked at Eli Lilly's and drove a Corvette. He told me that it was all right and that it would all work itself

out. Where had I heard that before? To lighten things up a little he asked me what my parents thought of my cowboy hat and said that his laughed at him when he walked in the front door wearing it. That was funny because mine had laughed too.

The Spring semester began and I was glad to be back, away from home and the depression caused by Juanita. Besides, it was a lot warmer in Austin than it was in Indianapolis in January. It was great, fifty degrees, chilly, but much warmer then ten below. I hadn't been in my room a half hour when Dickie came walking in wearing sweatpants, a sweat-shirt, and tennis shoes.

"Well, let's go," he said.

"Jogging? It's kind of cold out, isn't it?"

"Nah, this is the best weather in the world for running. Clears your head out if you know what I mean."

Well, here we go again, I thought. The second semester was off to a classic start.

The second half of the school year was even more enjoyable than the first. We had made quite a few friends and were having party after party at the fraternity clubhouse. Dickie and I were beginning to establish a reputation. We always wore our twin hats to the parties and both of us refused to drink booze. We had just as good a time not drinking as the others did. Because of our eccentricities, we became known as Chuck Phin and Tom Sober, the Suburban Cowboys. To be perfectly honest, we loved the attention. When we weren't going to parties, doubledating, or studying, we'd workout together. I was probably in the best shape of my life, thanks to Dickie. The semester flew by and when it was finally over I wasn't ready to go home. I was having too much fun.



The school year did come to an end, much quicker than I had hoped or anticipated. It had been one of the most enjoyable years I remember ever having. To save money, I had found a ride as far as Louisville. My parents would meet me there and drive us home to Indy. Dickie was coming with us and his dad in turn would drive to our house from Chicago to pick him up. Once we got to our house, I talked my parents into letting me drive Dickie home. We drove to Chicago and Dickie showed me the city and some of his old stomping grounds. Finally, I said that I had better get going. We said our good-byes and talked about getting together when the Fall semester began. Afterwards, I stepped into my white Mustang, tipped my hat to Dickie, and made one of my uglier faces. He laughed and tipped his hat in response. When the time came for the Fall semester to resume, I didn't return to Saint Ed's. I haven't seen or talked to Dickie since taking him home that time. I suppose we both got caught up in other things. Still, I'll never forget the good times we had together and the friendship that developed between us. Maybe someday I'll get up to Chicago and try to track him down. Maybe I will.

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*A writer holds his pen,  
marks a dance to the skies  
to etch a beginning—  
Imagination severs the ties.*

*Kent Daniels*

## The Escape

Come, sweep moondust into  
A broom closet  
Then step in with me  
Our cosy haven  
Sharing our warmth  
And secrets—  
Let's hide from the world  
And fashion our fantasies  
Skirting the recesses of time  
Just you and I  
And the pounding of our hearts—  
No responsibilities  
In our make believe space  
Safe  
In the pocket of yesterday's trousers  
We'll huddle together  
And conveniently forget...

Dorothy Lehmann

# A Nightmare

Awaking in the dark ~  
No comfort anywhere,  
Curtain shadows ~  
Monsters in the mind,  
House a burglar  
Stealing safety.

Think soothing thoughts,  
Sing a song,  
Cry out for Mother.

Lisa Casteel

~~~~~  
Sleepy eye resistance, steel grey road  
awakens;  
the dawn eclipse grows angry,  
fencing out the sun,  
fighting through unraveled silence,  
bordered by haze.  
I can almost hear winds change  
their dark directions.  
Just the same, nothing awaits  
its shadow  
uncommitted, untried the same.

Kent Daniels

# Content

As the light breeze  
Rolls through my window  
I feel content.

As a violin bow glides smoothly  
Over its strings  
There flows a soft sound of pleasure.

As the whisper of silence  
Encloses me by four walls  
I can sense the presence of beyond.

As the tiles lie flat  
Almost motionless on the floor  
There seems to be a remote murmur of play.

As I lie here long and relaxed  
Like flowing silks draped on objects  
Of different heights—  
I feel sleep.

Chris Reeves

## artist 13

the alarm buzzes lightly  
as the strings of Tchaikovsky  
blend into made-in-japan electronics  
graceful limbs strong as Hercules  
glide out of the sheets that protect from the night  
the bandage again winds around the left knee  
as memories of a fallen swan  
flood the room with embarrassment then rage  
turned to confidence  
a yawn a giggle  
and once more the 6:00 a.m. stage  
transforms itself into the lake  
where the swan must dip into icy waters  
to edify the angels

Rusty Clyma



# A Good-Bye "Sigh"

There comes a  
Time for  
Tentative good-bying  
No gaudy-gauche  
Riotous, roaring  
Hour

But only  
A quiet going  
Necessary  
Exit minus  
Fanfare  
Termination moment  
No tolling  
Bells  
No triumphant  
Trumpet blasts  
No cymbal sounds  
Nor roll of  
Drum, dramatic  
Merely minor  
Leave taking  
Thru' a narrow  
Door softly shut . . .

Oh, but may  
There be  
For me  
Some silent  
laughter  
Occasional  
And an  
Appreciative  
Smile, seasonal  
From those  
Who recall  
One who dares  
Request  
"Rainbow-BALLOON  
Remembering"...!

St. Francesca Thompson  
... in exit

