

Literary Arts Society's  
**The Mosaic**

Spring 2001  
“The Endless Road Ahead”

### *A Brief Word From The Editor*

*A short path behind, an infinite number of steps ahead, the traveller's feet pad on through time, tireless. These feet have tramped five editions of the Mosaic, but our paths have come to a fork, and the Literary Arts Society will be moving off with new adventures with new members and new editors. I hope you enjoy the hard work the artists and editors of the Spring 2001 Mosaic have climbed to and I hope our paths will cross again.*

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### **Back Again:**

Did you miss me?  
Is that what this is?  
This love spilling forth  
From every pore,  
The sunshine bursting  
From your soul,  
The joy in your voice,  
The glow in your eyes  
Perfectly enchanting.  
Because I fill  
Your spaces  
The ones you try to hide?  
Were you running on empty  
For too long?  
Well, this rest stop  
Is closed.  
Find someplace else to go  
If you can't stay.

**Melinda O'Callaghan**

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## Dark Sky Morning

The sky was dark this morning. I woke up, and couldn't see anything. The darkness enveloped me. As I pulled the covers over my head, thinking it was still night, I glanced at the clock at the side of my bed. It read 10 o'clock AM. I stared a minute longer, not understanding, not comprehending why I couldn't see the light that I knew was there. I got out of my bed, trying to understand what was happening. I got dressed with the intention of going to my tree, the source of my light.

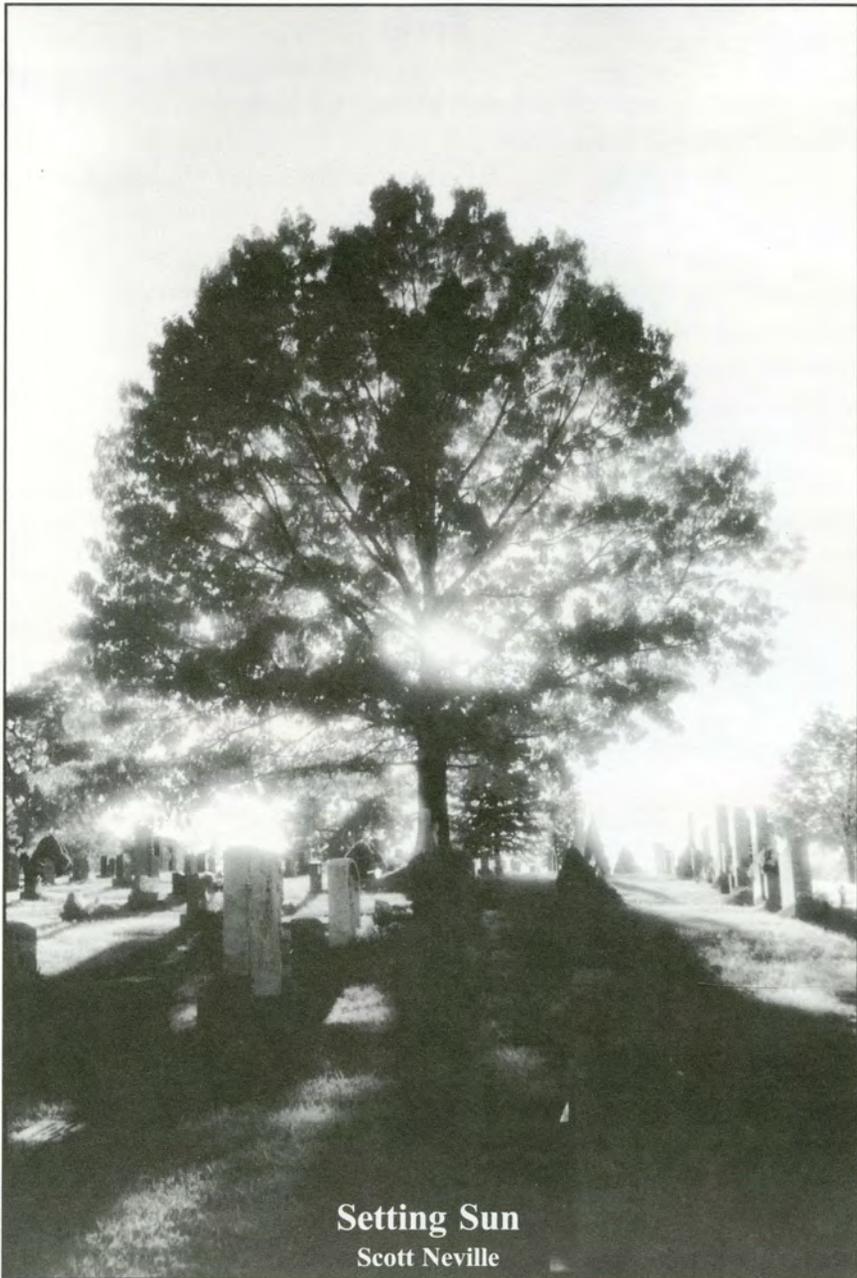
This was my favorite tree. Whenever I went to this tree, I felt alive and happy. An energy that I felt nowhere else emanated from this tree. Whenever I was in the presence of this tree, I smiled and couldn't stop for hours. As long as I was near this tree, I was happy. Its beauty astounded me. The feeling of its trunk against my back as I sat daydreaming under its branches made me more than happy. I could look at the sky and see everything I've always wanted in the clouds. Don't get me wrong, life went on without the tree, and I could be happy not being near it. There was, however, something about this tree, something that made me a hundred times happier than I had been when I was away from it. It was something I could not explain.

Today, in the dark-sky morning, I went to the tree. I went to sit next to it, hoping that its branches would wrap around me and hold me close. I went in hopes of feeling safe and comfortable and happy. I went hoping for that *feeling*: the prickles in the back of my neck, the flushed face, the light-headedness, the pounding chest, the complete euphoria.

Today, in the dark-sky morning, I went to the tree, but it wasn't there. At least, not how I had seen it before. It didn't welcome me today. It pushed me away and wouldn't let me sit beneath its branches. It did not envelop me and hold me close. It shied away from me. I knew that it wanted to hold me close and keep me safe, but something would not allow it to do so. I knew that it wanted me to sit in its branches and be near to it, but it would not allow itself to have the pleasure. I knew that on the other side of the tree, the happiness I had known before hid from me.

The sky was dark this morning. That tree was my light when the sky turned dark. It was my sunshine on a cloudy day. When I was near the tree, everything was brought into the light. I can only hope now that the tree will realize that it does not have to hide its light from me. I will not steal its light, and I will not cut its branches. I will only sit in its shade and let it wrap its branches around me, keeping me close and making us both happy again.

I can only hope.



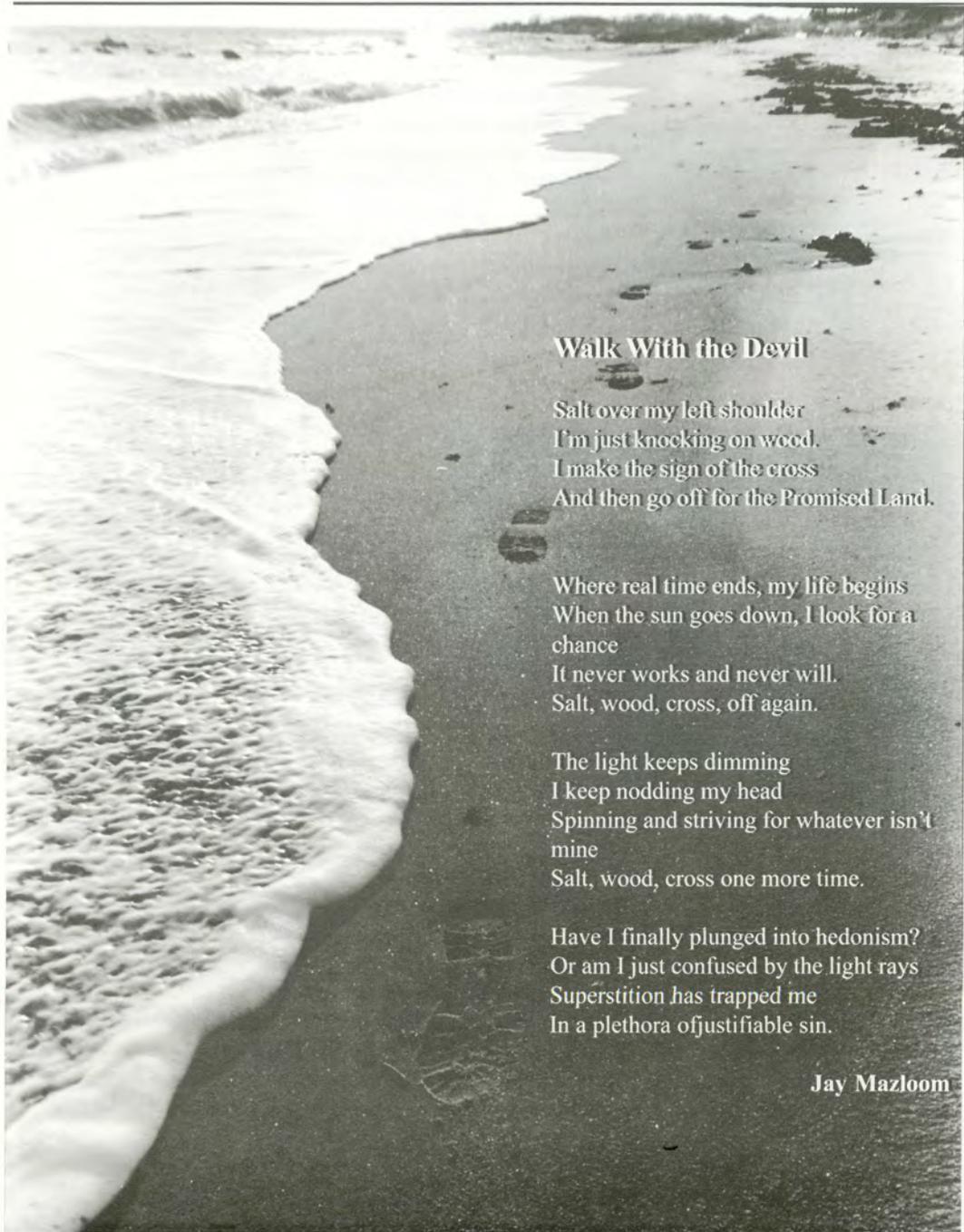
**Setting Sun**  
Scott Neville

## Fever

Subconscious paranoia as represented through physical debilitation  
Fever waves crash on the conscious state  
wavering heat lines like spring break on a Tahiti beach with too many Tequila sunrises  
cascading through the veins  
pushing aside the capillaries and blood cells of red and white (blue?)  
with a telekinetic force that aspirin pills coated in sugared layers can't contain  
A cold chest competes with warm legs for dominance of the quilted blanket  
a cocoon of restoration  
sheathe of rest in a thin veil salty sweet sweat  
as the wuhrwoohrwoauhroooahmas of voices deflect off beige walls  
and become distorted despite the lack of cross winds  
and try as you might there's no sense to be made of it.  
Napalm induced stinging of the eyes  
even when closed  
stabbing through the puffed lids and burning through shades of pink into richer hues of stopsign  
red.  
She dances  
through the unsummoned tears streaking down a flushed face  
sliding through closed eyes so gracefully leaving entropic trails  
brighter than any acid trip vibe lines  
and whiter than any presupposed imagination of angelic beauty.  
A 1/2 inch wide crack in the window lets a small breeze enter  
embrace and caress  
the bed, lifting towards the ceiling in a lopsided fashion as the head spins and cries  
because gravity is denied.  
Pulsing orange green until the bed drops,  
the climax of a rollercoaster,  
as the breeze dies and I sleep

Chris Knutdsen

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### Walk With the Devil

Salt over my left shoulder  
I'm just knocking on wood.  
I make the sign of the cross  
And then go off for the Promised Land.

Where real time ends, my life begins  
When the sun goes down, I look for a  
chance  
It never works and never will.  
Salt, wood, cross, off again.

The light keeps dimming  
I keep nodding my head  
Spinning and striving for whatever isn't  
mine  
Salt, wood, cross one more time.

Have I finally plunged into hedonism?  
Or am I just confused by the light rays  
Superstition has trapped me  
In a plethora of justifiable sin.

Jay Mazloom

## Mommy Said

Peggy said I suck  
 And Margey said I'm fat  
 Mommy said I'm handsome  
 And somehow I prefer that,

And when Cindy said I'm stinky  
 And Jason said I'm dumb  
 I told 'em they should ask my mommy  
 She thinks I'm handsome

Dan Buzi

## Ode to Gertrude Stein

Did you Find you. You  
 you were Found.

The dog the monkey  
 the donkey.

The dog knows you. The  
 dog knows you in the play  
 Part 4 Act I Scene 3.

Not to be to be to be  
 different.

*Tender Buttons* was my  
 first my first was *Tender Buttons*.  
*Lifting Belly* that smelly belly  
 after *Tender Buttons* was  
 only the beginning.

What am I am I you  
 are you me together do  
 we make up you or do we make  
 up me.

Kirsten Dooley



**Smoking It**  
 Jennifer Hoffman

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**Balance**

Icarusbird reigns from the sky like the moon in motion,  
pulling the tides and me with it.  
I'll call it a He as my birdgender prowess is lacking  
and It is too impersonal for a friend of mine.  
On the third night of each solace He rains down  
in showers of wisdom and insight,  
resting one-footed atop pine trees -  
balance instructor finding and showing peace  
to the chaos of "is" and "being" - knowledge.  
I seek and I sought and I strive and I find that moment,  
but it's only a moment and then I'm breathing cheeseburgers  
again  
on a thruway toll heading towards nothing for  
tiny green slips of paper,  
which Icarusbird uses for His nest - practicality.  
And as I take instructions from stoplights  
I see Him evaporate into the twilight of sky  
to be reborn again.  
I know He is better,  
for I too have fallen from the sky,  
my soul neither social nor security,  
and I just haven't found the time - yet -  
to build a new set of wings.

S. Randall Thompson

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## You

I entered.  
A picture on the wall, man  
touching woman's cheek. Paint brushes  
on a table. I throw my keys in a spot  
of green. Your presence occupies the air.  
A wooden box carved with flowers filled with sage. Dried  
petals lie on a book and spell my name. A 35-millimeter, black  
and white prints tacked on a wooden wall, scattered  
on a wooden floor.  
I have to step over your visions. Oil shows  
the way you portray it. Ceramic elephants,  
penne pasta with plum tomatoes, sex  
in the rain.  
I exit through a door. You enter and I am there.

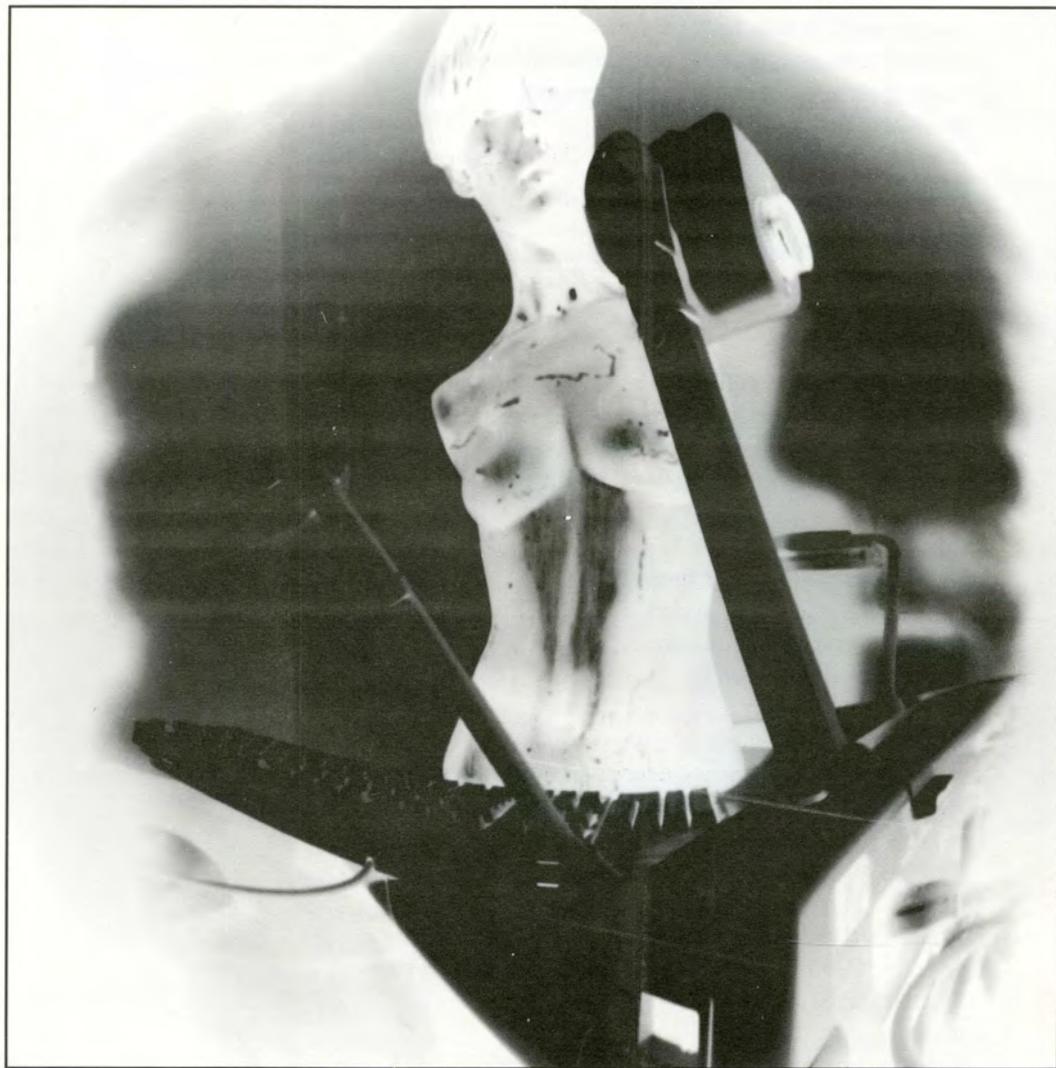
**Kelly Meagher**

## Black Stimulant

I need to drink espresso until a sensation sparkles  
    life seems too weak  
    truth never conquered any fate  
life always goes to cappuccino then instinct  
    yes, java beyond virtue  
    no fuel like ground steam  
    hot caffeine at breakfast forever  
minds in coffee auspiciously woke the whole universe  
    slowly it would be only romantic contentment  
    the possessed still pour liquid.

**Jay Mazloom**

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**Pinhole Negative**

Christina Muller

**Dream**

Best dream I've ever had  
Today I had a dream of the most beautiful blinding vision  
where the flames licked at the skyscrapers  
scratching for capitalistic definition;  
where the riots weren't color-coded classifications of condition  
and where there wasn't blood on the walls  
from an aborted backstreet education.  
Manhattan NOT Berlin where Wallstreet burned down  
as millions of computer capital was faxed to the ground.  
Sounds  
of  
a thousand yuppie voices  
screaming in unison to the chord of desperate choices  
where your life or your liberty is compromised for the state  
when Harlem and Silicon Valley finally can relate.  
It's fate  
that  
we serve as God's final witness  
when society degrades to survival of the fittest  
where sweat is worth more than dollars  
and dollars ain't no threat.  
No regret  
for Starbucks finally got what they had to get.  
We'll move on from convenience and onto sustenance  
no more A-bombs or Fat Cats so we'll finally get the chance  
to grow from the ashes so humanity can actually last  
Past  
the  
point of technological nihilism  
when the Earth bounces beats of an all-natural religion.  
And we dance  
in  
the fires through the night  
because this apocalyptic vision has finally set things right.  
  
Let the motha@#\*!?!= burn baby.

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Chris Knutsden

**AUORE**

This is an archetype; her name is Aurore.  
Start again, with her this time, and it's  
her under you like a small craft,  
till you drift on her balance  
down a stream silvery with trout, to  
the Hudson's brackish estuary.

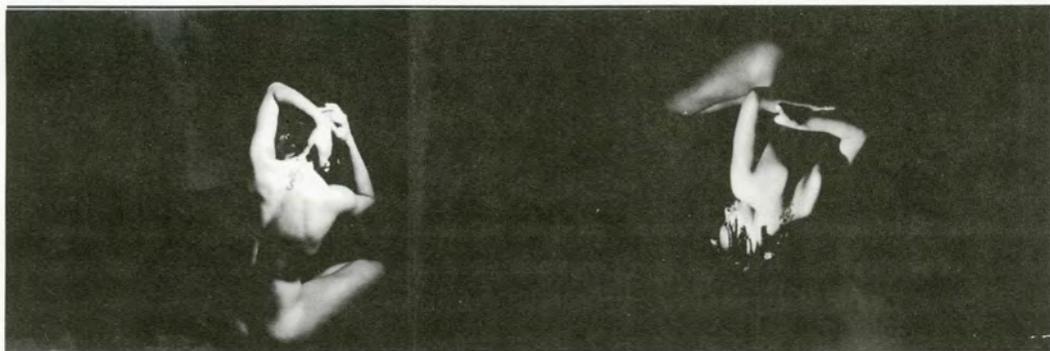
She marries you. The river is fecund,  
shad running in enormous schools,  
the work of days to harvest,  
nights to rest with your head in her lap.

You leave her when you reach the  
river towns, where ferries cut back and forth,  
lights teem and spatter.  
but you go back to the docks again, and  
find her, younger now, though the craft is older.  
The hawsers cry out against their warping.  
She casts off with you into the night current.

With the dawn, you drift into the Sound.  
Lights are blinking in the dark west, but you don't care.  
She stands in the prow, outlined by soft rays.  
To either side, shoals of herring glimmer.

**Tad Richards**

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### Intrigued by Beauty

Oh love, wouldn't you be mine?  
Touch of my hand on your soft skin  
Don't you know I'd give it all away for you?  
Hang your heavy head on my shoulder,  
I'll help ease your load.

Oh beauty, you intrigue me  
beauty inside and out  
beauty eyes i could get lost  
beauty laugh break an angel's harp  
beauty is this the last dance?

Oh heartbreaker, I've seen you do it before  
I don't want to play the victim in your games  
You could be my queen today  
and I'd be your Servant  
What say you, don't break my heart.

Alex Korova



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## Fallen Angel

One cannot understand the power within our souls.

It is a disturbing and relentless divine thing

That takes us under the current and releases our hearts into the murky sand.

It is a song that brings on the unconscious and empties out the trash in our minds.

It is a breeze that's fragrance is long forgotten but remembered upon intake.

It's a mother that would die for her son in the midst of all turmoil.

A father that never comprehends the nature of life but is never afraid to risk his own life.

A woman whom your eyes catch a glimpse of in a casino and you wonder if they will ever be so lucky again.

A brother, whom never understands but always fights like a warrior for the safety of your heart.

It is the bagpipes that play forever and we never want the air to be released out of them.

It is the soft gentle touch of a hand that brings us closer to our China rose.

It is the way my shadow explains nothing to me but knows all the answers.

A glimpse of fantasy and then the sunset is gone.

It is the movies that cause us to believe there is a chance.

It is the actors that we want to be and want to love.

It is the baseball catch with Dad that lasts until the morning of eternity.

It is looking across the river and never reaching the other side.

The way the struggle put before us is seemingly hard but only a three-piece puzzle constructed by a child in the first grade.

It is the concentration, the drive, the determination, that brings me to say to you...

Never ever let your arms move away from the fallen angel...

Or you will miss out on the heavens that lie within your own self

Kyle Mostransky

---

**Home Again***Camelot Revisited*

They say nothing has changed  
(*"Well, not much, all these years..."*)  
but my step sounds hollow,  
a half-remembered stranger  
to empty suburban streets  
blackened by the cold drizzle.  
Chilled, I seek shelter in my hunched shoulders.

I pause, a cursed knight lost  
in the Wastelands - unhorsed,  
unarmored and unmanned.  
With Lancelot's hollow eyes I scan  
the brick face before me. The white  
screen door mocks my small, cringing frame.  
Chilled, I seek shelter in my hunched shoulders.

*"I have remained. I have  
weathered storms, punching fists,  
broken hinges, and still  
I stand firm in my housing.  
Time's termites have rotted yours.  
You bang loosely in the wind."*  
Chilled, I seek shelter in my hunched shoulders.

An angel once showed me  
the Grail behind this door,  
held it aloft to me.  
I never reached for it.  
I reached for him instead.  
The angel cast me out.  
Chilled, I sought shelter in my hunched shoulders.

**Donna Jackson**

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## Step Back

I step back and  
Look up  
At the cold night sky.  
There, I lose myself in the stars  
That seem endless as time itself

I lean back  
And breathe deep  
The still night's air  
With arms open to the world  
And mind clear of all worries.

For a moment, all is right.  
For that one moment,  
All my feelings  
Of Worry  
Of Fear  
Of Friendship  
Of Love  
Leave me behind, and I am happy.

Then the world begins  
Its slow revolutions once more.  
And all that was once suspended  
Comes flooding back to life,  
Inflicting its cruel torture upon me again.  
Then I hear the one phrase that you gave to me,  
"When I'm with you, the world stops spinning.  
It's my favorite part of the day."

Cavs

**S-T-R-E-A-M**

I'm a King,

I'm a homeless man,

I'm the Daili Lama,

I'm a brick,

I'm a flower,

I'm bleeding,

I'm confused,

I'm eroding,

I'm burnt,

Tear us all apart,

life or death or

cycles make up life,

death or life,

music can fill the soul

stories, I love to hear

speak, speak,

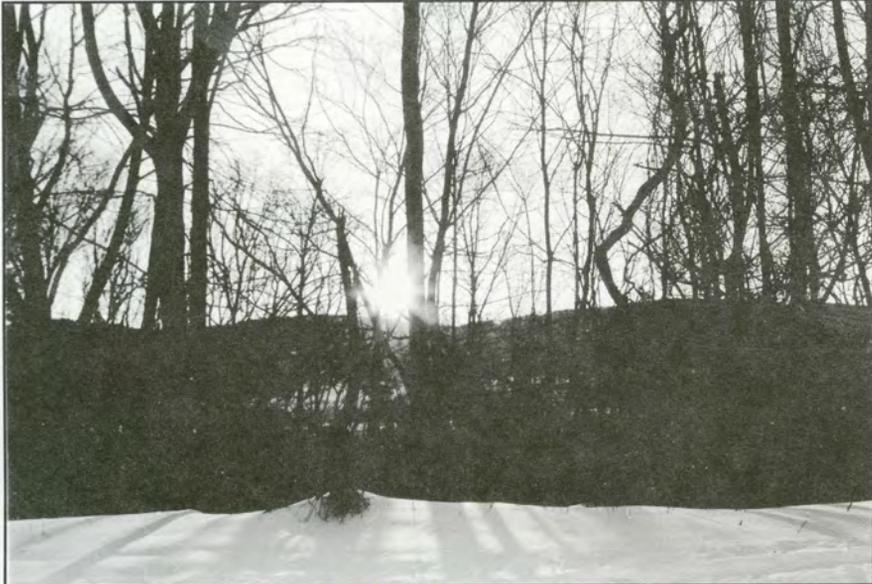
cuz I got none of my own,

TRUTH, TRUTH,

Why do we all lie?

I heard myself the first time.

Why do I repeat myself?



**Rays Through the Forest**

Kathleen Kelly

And if just before the storm,  
Love is the calm...

If love is the sky.  
Bright with the sun,  
Then all must end, before it's even done?

Love,  
Without it there would be,  
No sun nor stars,  
Without it there would be  
No beauty near nor far.  
Without it there would never  
Be happiness nor pain  
Without it there would be  
Nothing to lose nor gain.

So love is thus,  
A decision we must make  
To reach in ourselves,  
To be whole-hearted,  
Or fake.  
Love, this path,  
Which we all should take,  
Can lead to happiness,  
Or to heartbreak.

So thus this journey of love,  
Which we call life  
It is ours...  
It is our only unconditional right

Thank you for loving me.

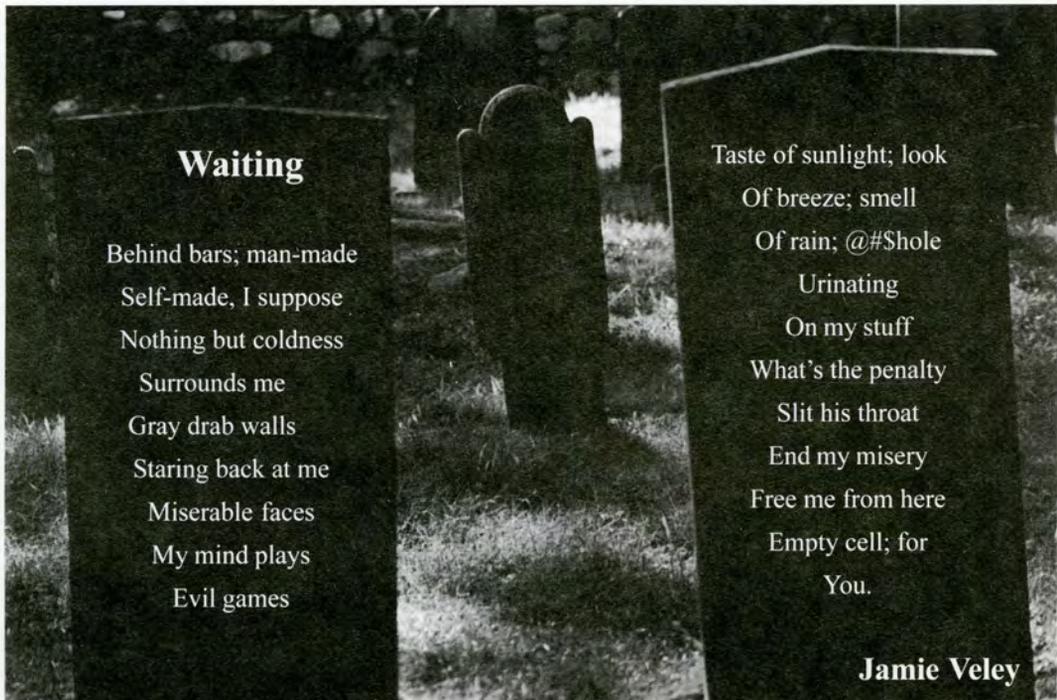
**Jamie Wajdowicz**

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## COFFEE

The guy on the stool next to me looks into his coffee  
 as though it could foretell the future - undeserved wealth,  
 a voyage, a woman. Two. The deathbed conversion  
 of his oldest son to the faith he's renounced; but there's nothing  
 he can use there, only the bitter roast of lowland  
 Guatemala: DDT and stoichiometry  
 of heated oils, molecules rearranging  
 like spiky tinker toys, tartaric acid,  
 caffeine to the sympathetic nervous system,  
 increased peristalsis, vasal dilation.

Tad Richards



Crazy D, I'm writn' this first on paper  
Thinkin' about the grand caper  
The threefold plan  
To take life from outa my hands  
-Education  
-Job  
-Retired  
But by then I won't be inspired  
Life's so precious  
I can't deny her  
I feel like fate will dish me what she pleases  
I pray to holy Jesus,  
But maybe I don't have a choice  
Where there's a will there's a voice,  
But not always a way  
Like a lamb astray  
Cryin' for its master  
Full-fledged disaster  
Soon to be had  
The lamb starvin' mad,  
With no choice  
Just a voice in the empty wilderness,  
Can you picture this...  
Me, all educated,  
I've masturbated long enough on my own  
knowledge

That by then I could teach it to others  
My sisters and brothers  
Who by then pretend I'm their superior,  
But in truth just older  
A little bit colder,  
Frigid as I approach death quickly  
The reaper wants ta sickle me  
Life doesn't tickle me,  
Cuz I haven't grown to be  
Any better  
Just a messenger  
Of more bull@#\$\$% to come  
More books  
More babies,  
More indefinite maybes  
More ways we all want to be  
And never will see  
Cuz we're too stuck grindin'  
It's not livin' it's survivin'  
It's strivin' for da minimum  
Workin' class money bum...  
The picture scares me too  
Probably youth blurrin' my view  
But as for now I don't got no time for survivin'  
Gotta get busy livin' or I'll just get busy dyin'.

Dan Buzi

### **Another wasted class**

Rephrase

rehash

and restate the principle notions of qualitative data we've collected the last 2 weeks

Dull ideas float through stale air

becoming progressively more foul from the sweating impatience of 17 learned runts

shifting in their seats

The contrapuntal nature of this "higher learning"(tm)

wasting time

watching the clock

writing notes for the sake of writing notes

and glancing at the clock again

When

will we realize that this isn't supposed to be a one-way imperialistic empirical trade route

and that half the process is the process itself

not the stress of memorization

**Chris Knutsden**

---



**Prepared for Rain**  
Alexis Scarpinato

**SARA LEE**

It was three score and one years ago,  
    In a factory by the sea  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know.  
    By the name of Sara Lee;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
    Than to distribute wholesale sugar, *coffee*, and tea.

*I* was a child and *she* was a child,  
    In this factory by the sea;  
But we loved with a love that was more than love-  
    It beat making clothes for Kathy Lee-  
With a salary of just pennies per hour  
    Numbering thirty-three.

And, this was the reason that, long ago,  
    In this factory by the sea,  
We had cake and cookies and brownies of fudge  
    Made by the beautiful Sara Lee  
So that hypoglycemia came  
    And bore her away from me,  
So now I must find other ways  
    To worship my sweet Sara Lee.

And Playtex, more comfortable than nothing,  
    Fitting better than leaves from a tree-  
Yes!-that was the reason (as all men know,  
    In this factory by the sea)  
That Rinbros, Giltex, and L'eggs are made  
    By the Corporation Sara Lee.

But her stock it was stronger by far than the stock  
    Of those who were older than she-  
Of Kraft and Little Debbie-

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And neither Hillshire Farm nor Gallo Salame,  
Nor Chock Full O' Nuts Coffee  
Can ever dissever their stock from her stock.  
All were bought out by Sara Lee.

I am sick I think, from the coffee I drink  
Made by the beautiful Sara Lee;  
As my cholesterol rises, my Hanes increase sizes  
Thanks to cheesecake bites by Sara Lee:  
And the Jimmy Dean Meats and carcinogenic sweets  
Oh my heart-my heart-now I can't see my feet.  
Till my pantyhose run and my leg hairs roam free-  
I love you; I love you, my sweet Sara Lee.

Jaime Smith

### Slush

The Earth awakens, the snow melts.  
Gooey, luscious slime seethes from under brilliant white piles of ice-  
Nature's saliva.  
Eagerly, her life juice oozes down her flushed cheeks,  
delightfully, the slobber streams along her rosy complexion.  
Spring is here--  
Finally she can swirl  
with the wind through the trees,  
with the moon through the darkness.  
Her purple and yellow fragrance will linger among the flowers  
in the field where she once slumbered  
but she is alive again  
and begs the Earth to receive her, to cast away the frozen blankets  
and accept her loving embrace.  
The Earth gives in, gathering her puddles of drool in his  
brown, wrinkled hands.

P. Tarantello

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**I Would Prefer Not To...**

I would prefer not to...  
be hit by a car from behind.

I would prefer not to...  
live in a world with the truly lazy, whiners, and stupid  
people.

I would prefer not to...  
have to kiss ass to get anywhere.

I would prefer not to...  
do other people's work for them.

I would prefer not to...  
acknowledge the existence of bigots and racists.

I would prefer not to...  
be sick and tired of being sick and tired.

I would prefer not to...  
know that all my actions have equal and opposite reactions.

I would prefer not to...  
go to sleep angry with someone I love.

I would prefer not to...  
lose any of my friends because of feelings.

I would prefer not to...  
live my life wondering what could have been.

I would prefer not to...  
regret anything I've ever done.

I would prefer not to...  
have written this poem.

**Cavs**

---

## And My Mother Died of Cancer

Another cigarette  
 Rolled with the care of a surgeon  
 And smoked down  
 To not quite cool enough  
 Caucasian fingers

Here's to you  
 Baleful stares out the side window  
 Here's to you  
 Hours of good time lost in the pursuit of what  
 Here's to you  
 Long conversations at Denny's, with the girl I wanted to have... about her boyfriend

I stir my coffee with my fingers  
 And yet I could measure my life with them  
 As Elliot with his coffeespoons  
 "The women come and go, at the end of the night it will be someone else she shall blow"

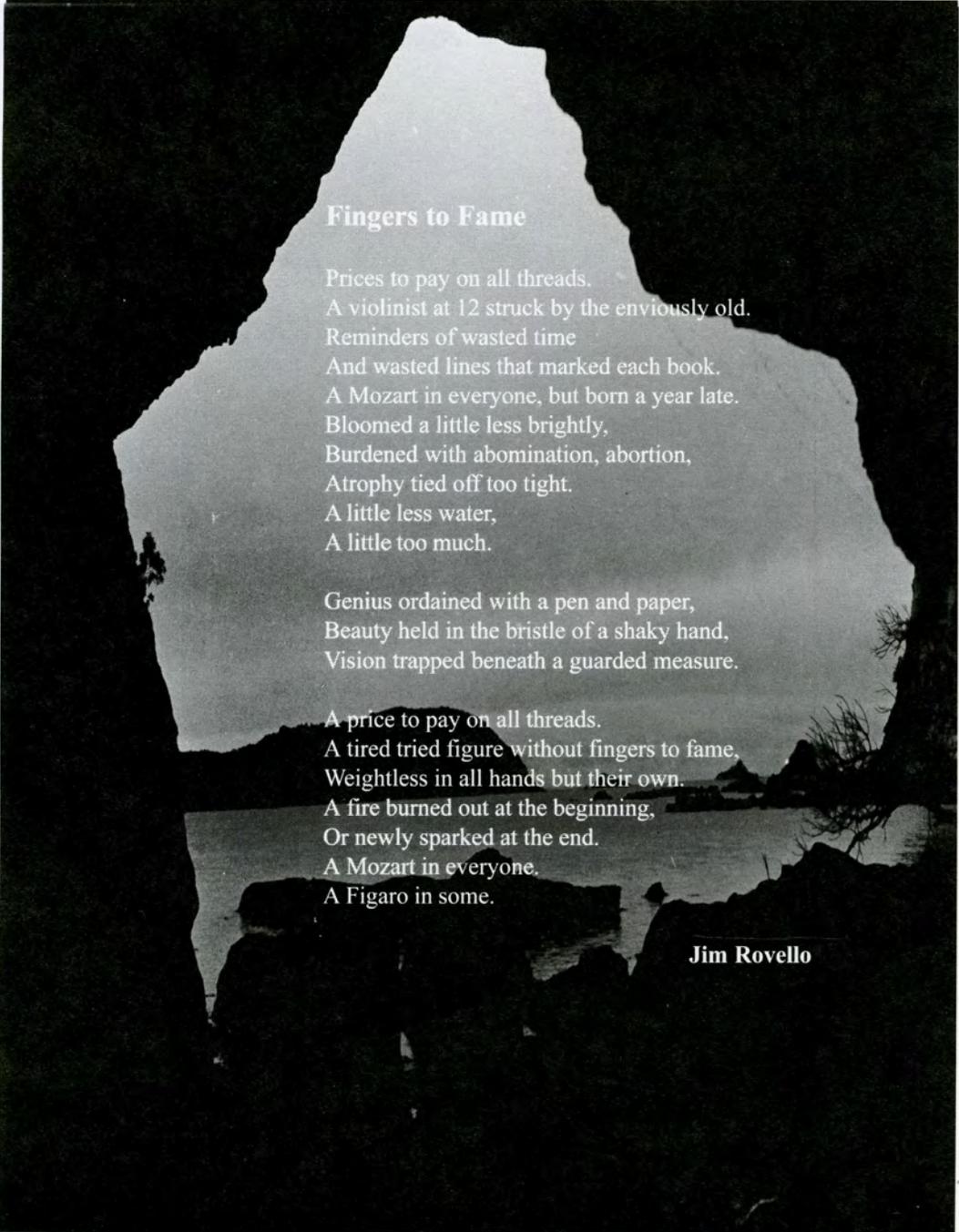
I'm waiting for what? who? when?  
 But waiting  
 Whining  
 Bitching  
 Complaining  
 Writing

They say another of us smoking contemplatives  
 Will die in 8 seconds  
 1 Mississippi  
 2 Mississippi  
 3 Mississippi  
 4 Mississippi  
 5 Mississippi  
 6 Mississippi  
 7 Mississippi  
 8 Mississippi

F@#S you Truth.com  
 It's not me this time  
 As I light another  
 I have at least 8 seconds left

**James Babiarz**





### Fingers to Fame

Prices to pay on all threads.  
A violinist at 12 struck by the enviously old.  
Reminders of wasted time  
And wasted lines that marked each book.  
A Mozart in everyone, but born a year late.  
Bloomed a little less brightly,  
Burdened with abomination, abortion,  
Atrophy tied off too tight.  
A little less water,  
A little too much.

Genius ordained with a pen and paper,  
Beauty held in the bristle of a shaky hand,  
Vision trapped beneath a guarded measure.

A price to pay on all threads.  
A tired tried figure without fingers to fame,  
Weightless in all hands but their own.  
A fire burned out at the beginning,  
Or newly sparked at the end.  
A Mozart in everyone.  
A Figaro in some.

**Jim Rovello**

**“You are the end result of history and evolution”**

Imparted knowledge and dominant thinking  
of every era of mankind’s brief, destructive history -  
is wrong!

The world was flat, then wasn’t.

The sun moved, then didn’t.

God had a son! who, I’m told, was killed for being God’s son.

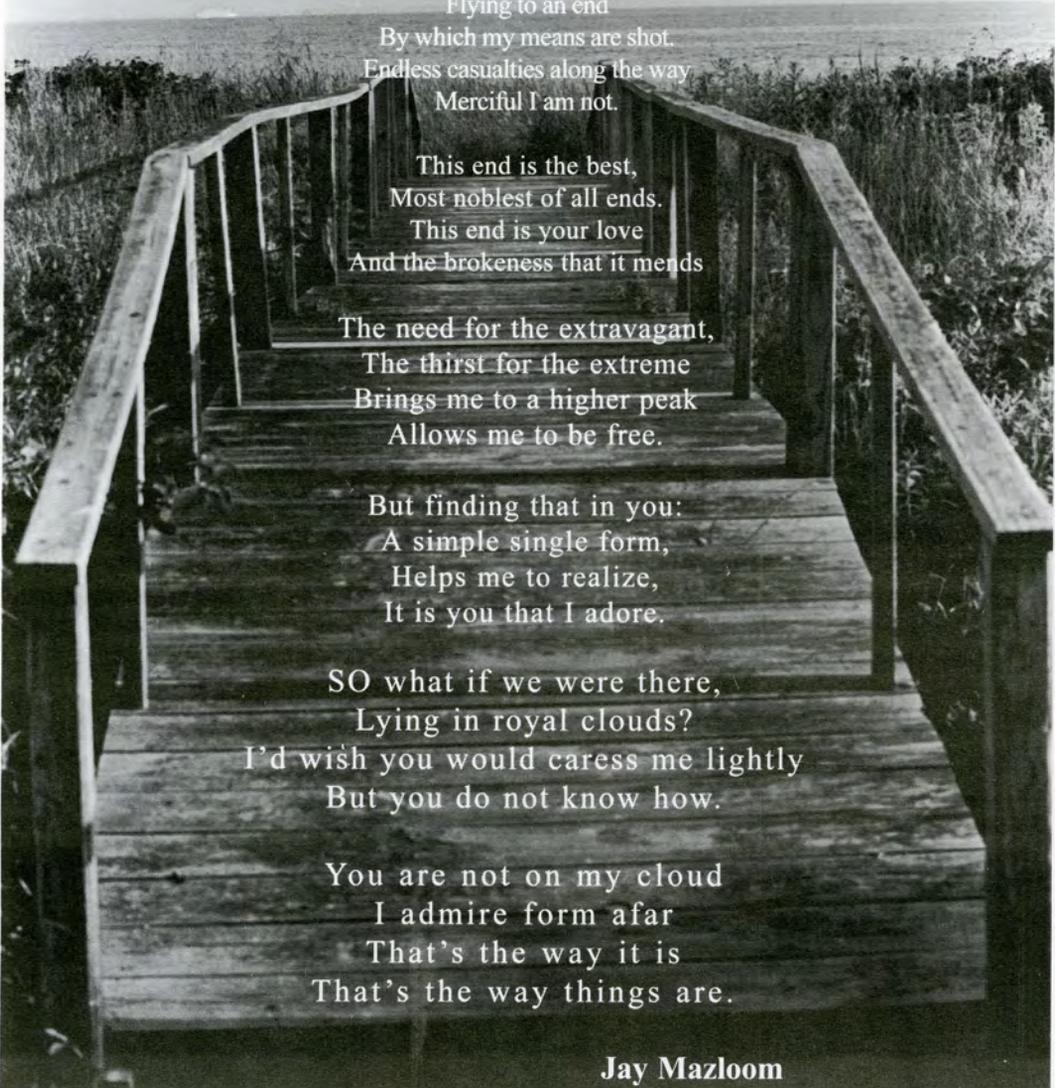
There’s no such thing as evolution, except there is.

I know I cannot be the end result of history and evolution,  
because, despite a history of wrongness,  
I still think that what I know is truth.

So, readers in the future -  
if I died for something I believed,  
whether right or wrong,  
then my life ended not in vain  
but in knowing faith  
and I wish the same for you.

**S Randall Thompson**

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**Justification for Dancing**

Flying to an end  
By which my means are shot.  
Endless casualties along the way  
Merciful I am not.

This end is the best,  
Most noblest of all ends.  
This end is your love  
And the brokenness that it mends

The need for the extravagant,  
The thirst for the extreme  
Brings me to a higher peak  
Allows me to be free.

But finding that in you:  
A simple single form,  
Helps me to realize,  
It is you that I adore.

SO what if we were there,  
Lying in royal clouds?  
I'd wish you would caress me lightly  
But you do not know how.

You are not on my cloud  
I admire form afar  
That's the way it is  
That's the way things are.

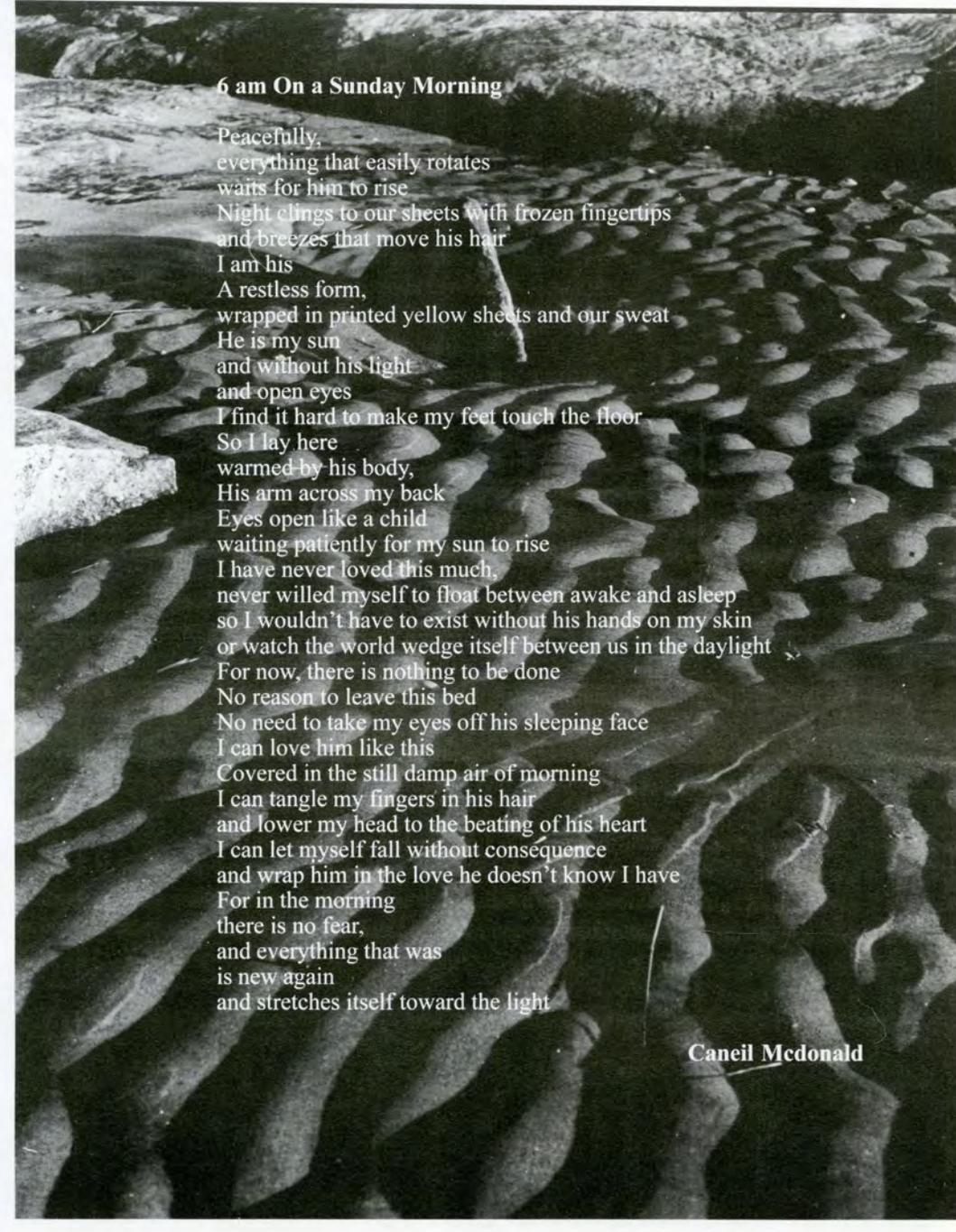
**Jay Mazloom**

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We walk together,  
Although the Boston Globes say we might collide  
Into each other at O'Hare trying to  
Make one international flight.  
They don't see that we originated the creation  
Of this whispered shout,  
And that if we want to end the vacation  
In the Smokey Blue Mountains,  
All we have to destroy is the secret  
Single bedroom apartment above Madrid's kiss.  
Then the sex would run casual  
To cold blood like England's clammy fog.  
All the words we say to each other mean more  
Than electronic laughter and cyber conversation.  
When we talk it's like the Golden Gate Bridge  
Holding hands with the muddy breath of the sky,  
Knotting together shoelaces and fingers  
With Atlantic salt letters.  
Sometimes these puddles spill  
Into the singing sanctuary of weeds  
Of Orion's Big Dipper  
And I'm left to wonder what  
Fresh water truly tastes like  
Because I can't remember not  
Drinking anything that didn't touch your lips.

Ann Metz

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A black and white photograph of a bed with a patterned blanket. A person's arm is visible, resting on the blanket. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting early morning.

### 6 am On a Sunday Morning

Peacefully,  
everything that easily rotates  
waits for him to rise  
Night clings to our sheets with frozen fingertips  
and breezes that move his hair  
I am his  
A restless form,  
wrapped in printed yellow sheets and our sweat  
He is my sun  
and without his light  
and open eyes  
I find it hard to make my feet touch the floor  
So I lay here  
warmed by his body,  
His arm across my back  
Eyes open like a child  
waiting patiently for my sun to rise  
I have never loved this much,  
never willed myself to float between awake and asleep  
so I wouldn't have to exist without his hands on my skin  
or watch the world wedge itself between us in the daylight  
For now, there is nothing to be done  
No reason to leave this bed  
No need to take my eyes off his sleeping face  
I can love him like this  
Covered in the still damp air of morning  
I can tangle my fingers in his hair  
and lower my head to the beating of his heart  
I can let myself fall without consequence  
and wrap him in the love he doesn't know I have  
For in the morning  
there is no fear,  
and everything that was  
is new again  
and stretches itself toward the light

Caneil Mcdonald

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## Joyful Superman

I can't remember clearly what happened; it was all so fast. I was tightly gripping my cousin's arm, as she screamed hanging out of the window six floors high. I was crying and yelling for my mother to come. She was talking in the kitchen with my aunt. My cousin was slipping; I couldn't hold on for much longer. My mother and aunt came bursting through the bedroom door. My aunt screamed and ran toward the window. But her hand was slipping...

Superman was on TV, and Joy and me were his biggest fans. Joy is my cousin, although she acted more like my sister. We were so close - I didn't have any siblings yet, and she was good practice. Joy was my confidant and my best friend. Superman was our favorite superhero. He was unbeatable, super strong and best of all, he could fly. Anyway, the movie was almost finished and we started to enact some of the scenes. I ran into my room and tied a towel to my neck and ran around the room pretending I was the caped crusader. Joy did the same thing of course, and we both were transformed from normal six-year-olds into super humans with extraordinary powers. In one blow, I could blow away some papers on the desk. Joy was so strong that she could lift the chair. My eyes could see through walls. I told my cousin that I had a yellow T-shirt in the closet. Peering into the half-open closet, she confirmed. We both gained abnormal speed, as we raced each other through the hallway of our apartment. The only ability we didn't have was the power to fly. Well, not for too long at least.

I jumped on the bed and told Joy to move out of the way. With my arms outstretched, I jumped off the bed and onto the floor. I didn't end up horizontally like Superman, but with enough practice I could end up like that. Joy looked in awe as I got up from the floor. I smiled and said, "You can do that, too."

So, we each took turns flying, when after ten minutes passed, we still hadn't reached a horizontal position. We both stopped and tried to figure out what was going wrong.

"How come we aren't flying straight," Joy asked.

"I dunno."

"Well, I want to fly straight."

"Me too," I said.

---

I looked at our costumes. Her pink towel was slipping off of her neck, and she was turning red from jumping up and down so much. My white towel was stuffed uncomfortably down the back of my shirt. I was thinking hard about what we were missing when Joy gasped in astonishment.

“Look out there on the stairs,” she whispered.

On the rusty fire escape was a white pigeon, strutting around like he owned the apartment building. He stretched his wings out to show off his feathers. Then, he quickly turned his head to us and winked before disappearing into a passing cloud in the blue sky. He left behind a tail feather for us to remember him by. Suddenly, I got an idea.

“We can fly,” I exclaimed. “That bird just told me so.”

“Yeah right Michael,” Joy laughed.

I knew we could fly. I looked at the feather and remembered Superman. I saw how the pigeon flew off, horizontally, and then up, up and away. It was beautiful.

“We aren’t high enough on the bed,” I reasoned. “In order to fly straight, you have to get high enough.”

So, we scaled the dresser, jumping from it and wondering why it didn’t work. I looked outside. The light bulb went on again.

“You try it first,” Joy told me after she heard my proposal.

“I’m telling you, I’ll follow as soon as I see you do it,” I promised. “Don’t lie. You promise?”

“I promise.”

We sat on the window ledge giving each other preliminary hugs, like two pilots going on their first test flight. I smiled and said, “This is going to be so cool.” “I know,” said Joy excitedly. She put her feet out of the window first, because she was afraid to look down. I told her that once she was in the air that she could sail down slowly, just like Superman when he’s finished flying. She said ok, and then we started the countdown.

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“10... 9... 8...”

Joy shifted nervously on the window. She sucked in a deep breath.

“7...6...5...”

I gripped her shirt tightly. I could hear my mom laughing in the kitchen.

“4...3...”

I thought of Superman. I thought of the white pigeon. I thought this would be the greatest day of my life.

“2...1...”

The high shriek from Joy as she slipped from my arms, vibrated through my skull. She was slipping from my hands. She yelled for me to pull her up, but she was too heavy. I closed my eyes and screamed as loud as I could. I knew that something was wrong. I heard the fear in my cousin's voice. Her fear told me that we could not fly.

I struggled to pull her up. Her hands clamped on my wrists as I pulled backwards to help her in. But her foot slipped, and she was dangling outside again. I yelled for my mother. “Mommy!” I screamed. “Come quickly! I need help with Joy!” I was in shock at how fast everything was going. I remembered just a few minutes ago, Joy and I were together, jumping off of the bed. Looking at her hand slipping, I realized that flying was pulling us apart.

“I'm sorry Joy,” I said shakily.

“Pull me up! I'm falling!” Joy was crying now.

I heard my bedroom door explode and my mother's voice yelling my name. I couldn't hear her, though. I was just focused on Joy's hand sliding down my wrist. My aunt screamed and my hand jolted backward. I heard joy yell, and then... then I couldn't feel her hand anymore.

**Michael Craigg**

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**At the Drive-In**  
Cavs

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## Enlightened Needle

Someone get me my spoon  
I'm going to mainline the world  
Melt it down to its essence and put it all in one big needle  
After all a Republican approach to enlightenment is painfully slow

I could stretch this f@#\$ing metaphor as long as you want me to  
Tie off with your confining convention?  
Roll my soft eyes to the sky at the rush of knowledge's fix?  
Maybe I'll live the cardboard box of my regrets... more? how much? how much longer?

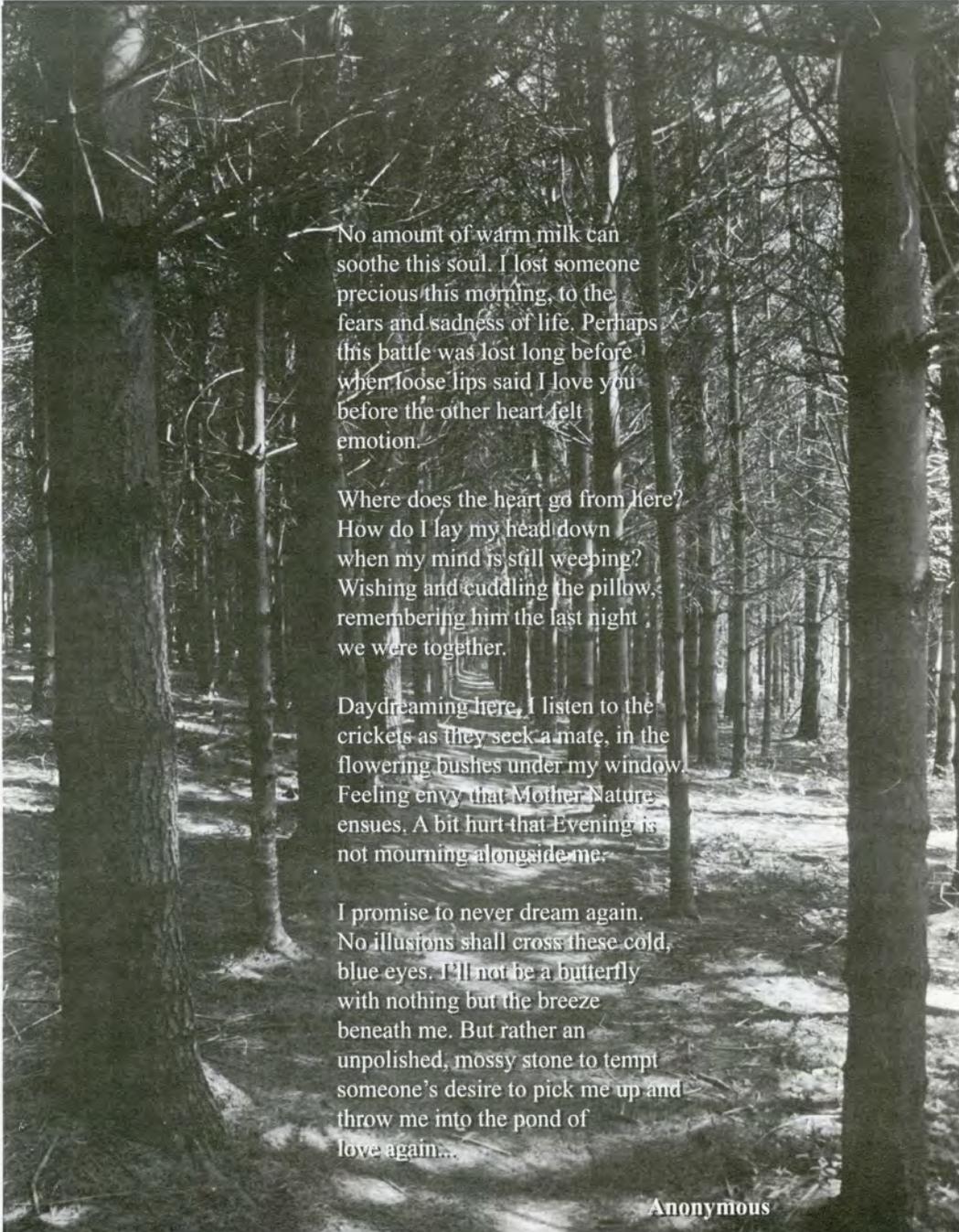
Another year?  
Another day?  
Another instant?  
NAY!

GIVE ME MY INSTANT REVOLUTION LORD!  
My Armchair Renaissance  
I'd risk an OD for this  
This... this... oh goodie... words fail me now too

Bleck, and I call myself a poet  
A napkin, a cigarette, a pen... strong coffee  
Genius is purely chemical apparently  
So why not?

**James Babiarz**

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No amount of warm milk can  
soothe this soul. I lost someone  
precious this morning, to the  
fears and sadness of life. Perhaps  
this battle was lost long before  
when loose lips said I love you  
before the other heart felt  
emotion.

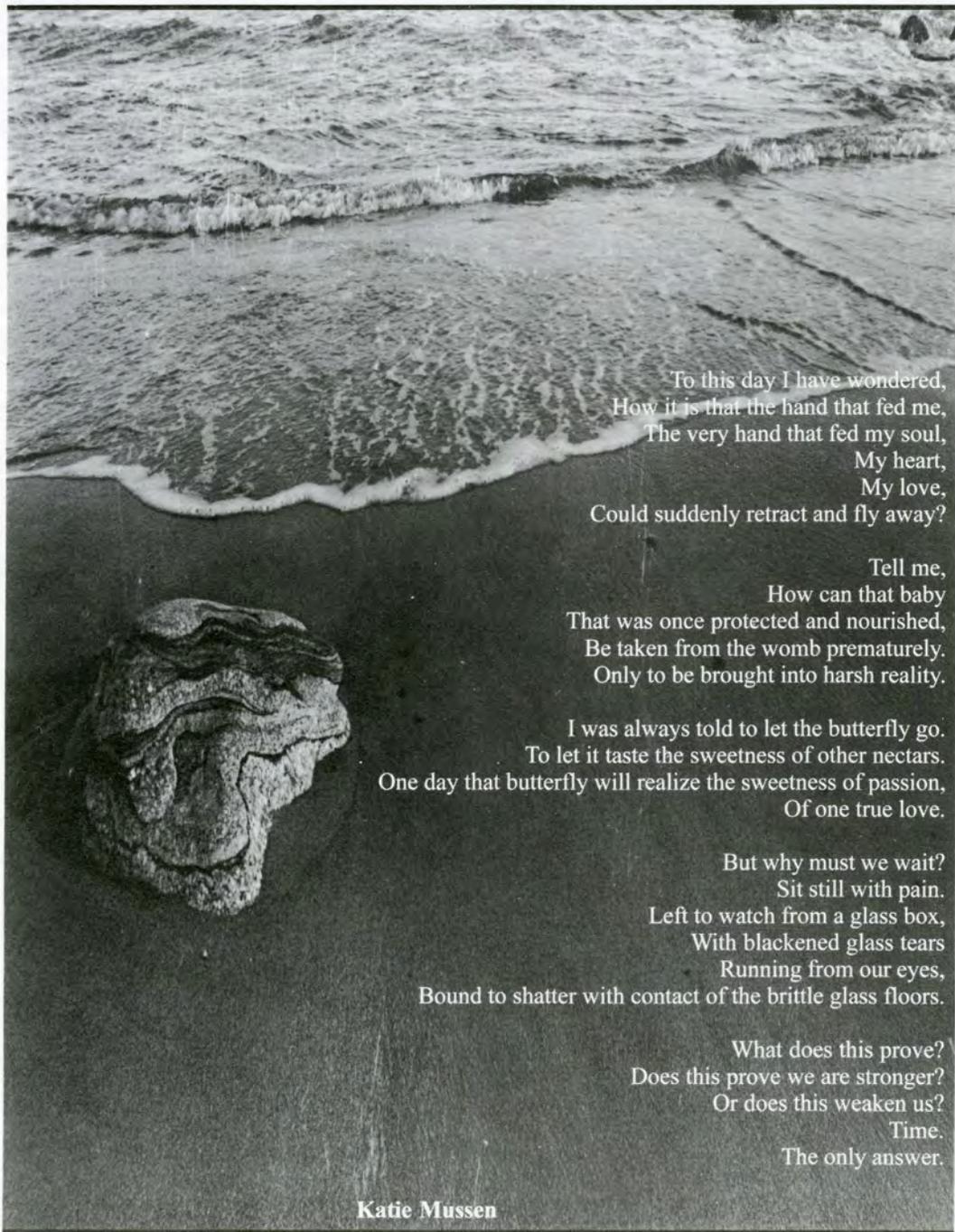
Where does the heart go from here?  
How do I lay my head down  
when my mind is still weeping?  
Wishing and cuddling the pillow,  
remembering him the last night  
we were together.

Daydreaming here, I listen to the  
crickets as they seek a mate, in the  
flowering bushes under my window.  
Feeling envy that Mother Nature  
ensues. A bit hurt that Evening is  
not mourning alongside me.

I promise to never dream again.  
No illusions shall cross these cold,  
blue eyes. I'll not be a butterfly  
with nothing but the breeze  
beneath me. But rather an  
unpolished, mossy stone to tempt  
someone's desire to pick me up and  
throw me into the pond of  
love again...

Anonymous

And we chanted with voices ancient,  
 Hundreds,  
 A Sunday morning feast of sound.  
 "I believe" we began and expounded on such.  
 Many no longer heard their own words,  
 It didn't matter,  
 "Maker of heaven and earth,"  
 Magical words,  
 "fall things visible and invisible."  
 Mixed up in their minds with "one nation under God indivisible"  
 And other such "liberty and justice for all"  
 Not far from "one lord Jesus Christ, the son of God the only begotten,"  
 But the voices took me back, generations behind,  
 A time  
 To reflect  
 And reassess  
 The mind.  
 These words were beautiful then for their simple repetition,  
 For the eloquence of history that they encompassed.  
 My grandfather before me and my great before then  
 Spoke these words still unchanged,  
 Before then in Albanian they chanted the same chant,  
 The intent  
 Unbroken  
 As one moves back, and beyond the words, before Christ  
 To the tribal times,  
 To the tribal times when maybe mongrels controlled that same land,  
 When maybe it wasn't "our father who art in" "one nation under God indivisible with  
 liberty and justice for all."  
 When it was rather, "give us Earth mother" "our daily bread"  
 And other such suppliant words,  
 When men knew not of the One God but many,  
 Even then the intent did not bend under the will of time.  
 The words have changed,  
 "I believe in one" "earth mother provider of all things who gives us our"  
 "liberty and justice for all."  
 It is the veritable quintessence of community, The Chant.  
 We all say the same thing, hundreds  
 a Sunday morning feast of sound  
 "I believe," we begin and expound towards "the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to  
 come," where we know we will all one day end.  
 One day,  
 When the chant can no longer bend,  
 When the words snap,  
 Are dead.



To this day I have wondered,  
How it is that the hand that fed me,  
The very hand that fed my soul,  
My heart,  
My love,  
Could suddenly retract and fly away?

Tell me,  
How can that baby  
That was once protected and nourished,  
Be taken from the womb prematurely,  
Only to be brought into harsh reality.

I was always told to let the butterfly go.  
To let it taste the sweetness of other nectars.  
One day that butterfly will realize the sweetness of passion,  
Of one true love.

But why must we wait?  
Sit still with pain.  
Left to watch from a glass box,  
With blackened glass tears  
Running from our eyes,  
Bound to shatter with contact of the brittle glass floors.

What does this prove?  
Does this prove we are stronger?  
Or does this weaken us?  
Time.  
The only answer.

Katie Mussen

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Mystical eyes,  
Set upon the sky so vast.  
Beads of memories float down her face.  
Cascading,  
Reflecting colors of the past.

Where are you, spirit of mine?  
Pieces of you lay amiss,  
Sprawled out in all directions.  
Picking the pieces up one by one,  
I find a reflection of my body upon those shattered ages.

My journey. My work, Finding my missing pieces among the ruins of the earth.

In the end, I shall walk upon the ruins  
Feeling as if I too have the ability to be a complete me.

**Katie Mussen**

### **Forever Thunderclouds**

Weight of the world bearing down harder than a vice tightening on its wood.  
With every step that I take the ground seems farther away than the step before it.  
The square wheels on my wagon of burdens inch along as I try to pull it out of the  
rain,  
The forever thunderclouds cross the sky and cover the life giving light of the glorious  
sun.  
I yearn for its rays of hope, its light fluttering to the earth on the wings of doves,  
Bringing peace to the down trodden and miserable, comforting those who know only  
saddness and extending a hand to those who need uplifting.  
But the rays of a new life terminate just before my rain clouds begin,  
Just beyond the reach of my outstretched arms.  
Leaning out, trying to grasp anything, something strong enough to pull my weak  
body from the wreckage of my life.  
The wind blows harder and begins to howl as the distance lengthens between my  
fingertips and hope.  
It drifts away like a brown leaf caught on an autumn breeze not to be seen again.  
And so with my solitary escape rout out of reach I have no choice but to continue,  
Continue on leading my square wheeled wagon, as the weight of the world gets  
heavier.

**Sarah Dowling**

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## LET A JUMP ON THE LINE

If you have any party, please  
write expression that you want  
to be published in the  
magazine of the work.

The Faculty will accept in the  
early in the National Center for  
its official records.

and the National Center for  
its official records.



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## **GET A JUMP ON NEXT SEMESTER'S MOSAIC!**

If you have any poetry, prose, photography, or other artistic expression that you would like to submit for possible publication into the Fall 2001 Mosaic, please drop a copy of the work - a hard copy or on disk - in the Literary Arts mailbox in the Council of Clubs room, in the Student Center. All work will be returned in its original condition. Watch for deadlines posted around campus during the semester. Contact Jim Rovello or Ann Metz for more information.

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