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MAN ABSORBED IN HIS BOOK





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O

editor-in-chief

john darcy

S

associate editors

bernard mulligan

scott mckenna

A

faculty advisor

robert lewis

I

managing editor

john kavanagh

E

Marist College

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

contributors

richard bala

italo benin

linda cloer

john darcy

cornelius draves

stephen garger

rose gravis

thomas hackett

michael kenry

bryce kiernan

robert lewis

edgar marotti

scott mckenna

bernie mulligan

thomas rabbitt

joseph smigelski

milton teichman

cover art, "Man absorbed in his Book" by sam ditullo

photographs courtesy of richard brummett

In the following pages, you will find assembled the works of several students and members of the faculty of Marist College. They have been chosen from among the many submitted because of their excellence in our opinion. Read them with care and a spirit of constructive criticism. Enjoy them. Respond to them.

We hope that this first issue after such a long lapse will serve as an impetus for further issues in the future. We hope that more people will see fit to submit works for publication. These may be turned into the Mosaic through the campus Mail, Box 856.

Yes,

the editors

Serenity

He shall stand by the child;
for leaves are blue
as robin's eggs
and he has chanted refrains
to the purple sun.

-Edgar Whorlton

SHE SHE

In the evening she floats
like a full moon, mystic, distant.
In the water she swims
like she lives there, silently, easy.
In the morning she moves
like she slept all night long.
In an early mist she disappears
like she really meant to.
In the daylight she shines
like the summer sun burning.
Now she bows,
like a palm tree frond
and moves on
as the rising air and blue skies'
love song combine to sway her.

-Scott McKenna

Will you gather the pⁱe^ce^s

Of my illusions

And be there to hold me

When my sun f

a
l
l
s

From the sky?

When my lollipop is eaten

And the pink toy-chest is empty

Will you be there to watch

Me cry?

-Linda Cloer

SUNDAY MORNING AT LAUDS

I

I stood silently at my window
Gazing at the morning light,
Not yet bright,
And I wrestled with my tiredness
Until I lost myself in the dawn.

I stood silently at my window
Gazing at the mulatto sky,
A bird flew by,
And I awoke from my gaze
To realize the fulness of the dawn.

I stood silently at my window
Lost in the newness of the day,
And I began to pray
To the Fashioner of the varigated sky,
A laud to the Lord of the dawn.

II

I knelt silently before my window
A silhouette for the dawn,
And I felt drawn
To break the silence and the peace
To suddenly speak aloud.

It was Sunday morning at Lauds
A time for hopeful expectations of the day,
A time to pray,
Now the hours of the night behind me
Another dawn.

I could not stop my praying
Nor cease my groping
Or hoping
For a new dawn of the world
A new light from the same one.

III

It was Sunday morning at Lauds
And I cried for the dark still around me,
Why should it be?
When the light is here
Changing the dawn continuously.

I knelt at my window
Praying as I did before,
For peace not war,
And I groveled before Him
Knowing He knew how to act.

I stood silently before my window
Gazing at the morning light,
Now full bright,
And I wrestled with my frustration
Over the hatred in the world.

-Cornelius J. Draves



TRANSMISSION POINT

BEYOND

CENTURAS

TO

HOLES

IN

SPACE

-Bryce Kiernan-

PEOPLE PLACES AND THINGS

The long haired owner of the pipe shop eager
to sell the kind of pipe with the smallest bowl,
The waitress at the diner, once the girl I
Dreamed of while not thinking of anything,
And the game warden in the woods in his
Car watching the sunset are people I know,
The people I see often look at me.
The places I go come to me.

The weedy stream bed, shallow along the
Straight runs but deep at the bends
The narrow branches at the top of trees,
Thin bark covered pencils unable to support
My weight,
And the floors of pine tree groves covered
By layers of needles brown and uncountable
Are places I know.
The places I see often stay with me.
The places I go come to me.

The bolt action rifle, steel blue after a
Fresh application of bluing.

My freshwater aquarium with five fresh-
Caught fry fining for equilibrium,

And the new table lamp I made with
Parts from an older table lamp are some
Things I know about.

The things I see try to look at me.

The places I go come to me.

-Scott McKenna

Haikus for Supperannuated Gurus

Dog-tired, beat
I ride the road and ask "who the
hell is Kerouac?"

Horny and inspired,
Ginsberg blows his load on gay
mangled pages.

Frisco has seen,
Jack and Allen, Corso and Snyder
and now Reagan.

-John Darcy-

NINA

Strong arms, strong legs--

Golden hair cascading to her waist.

Happy, carefree,

Lightning changes flash across her face.

Vibrant, smiling,

Hair-a-flying, skiing over splashing waves.

Laughing, running,

Tumbling down a grassy knoll with Dave.

Sunlight shining,

Eyes enlarged to take in nature's space

Intensely, quietly,

Watching, now, a spider spinning lace.

Sunlight falling,

Dusk begins: skies turn blue to gray

Purring softly,

Calling HER from day to day to day.

-Rose Gravis

. My Name is Arthur Norris

Dumby yea dumby thats what all the people call me

Im not dumb or an idiot or stupid like they all say I
am I don't think so no Im not I love them I like all
the people even the kids that sometimes throw fruit
at me in the night

Why do they do that Im always good to them yes i am

My name is Arthur Norris

Im thirtyseven years old caus I was born in 1942 no
I mean 1932

Sometimes I for gett anyway thats what Misses Fargut
down at the city hal offis tells me when I bring
papers and stuf for her to help me with

Old Misses Fargut is nice when shes not being busey
with all them men eith ties aroun ther necks and she
takes real good care for me she is good like that and
I love her and sometimes go a lot to her hous and take
care and keep her floers wet

so everybody says they looke do wonerfull

She would never ever call me dumby because my name is
Arthur and she nows it but a lot dont

Any how Ive been here in Parksville all my lif

Longer than any body but old Howard Carpenter who
owned the furniture store buy dyd all ready so Im

the longest I still have my roome on top of the furni-
ture shop which the Church now uses to mak littel
books for sunday and they let me stay ther if I
clean the wals and flores and the bathroome two times
a week

The Church is good to me and I go ther and here Father
Rafferty and put some money for all the poore people
in the basket caus they need it and not every body
can be so wel off as me so I just got to help them
I used to have a job with old Howard Carpenter in the
Furniture store but you know what hapen to him so
caus of that I work on the truk that goes aroun the
town

I pik up leavs and swep the walks and sometimes I
carry cement and mixx for holes

But this job is good and I get a lot mor morny then
from old Howard Carpenter and Snips my dog and Sim
Sam my kiten and even my tertel who in Janxy eat bet-
ter and me to

The job gets me to be out all day and to say hello to
all the people who I see but they dorny always say
hello back sometimes they just laff

Hiya dumby

But the most fun I have is at the recreation field on
sataday morning

In the summer the kids all play baseball and it is real fine to go and watch and sometimes the kids that are playing bring their little brothers and me and them throw a ball around

Little ones are always nice to me but sometimes when the little ones who are nice get big they are not so nice no more

Anyhow baseball is good but I like the fall better when it is time for football teams to play

All the kids folks come to the recreation field to watch their kids and sometimes the folks get into bad fights and shout and stop watching their kids on the field I always walk far away when this happens and don't feel too good on the inside but it always happens
But I like to watch the kids play

Winter is bad for me no body is around

The terrible thing that happened to me happened last year I was sitting in my room in the pretty late night and Misses Lawton came in and she was drunk and was hanging on to me and saying how Mister Lawton was doing bad things and she was crying and she said that all the time she was alone with no body around for her and she wanted a man and she thought that I might be one so I was really scared and didn't know what to do but I didn't touch her or anything but

I was lucky caus she pased out in my arms and was sic
but I got her home and to her porch
Nex day I said hello to Misses Lawton but she was in
a hury and never said nothin so I gessed she for gott
but not me no never
People always call me dumby but the shoudnt caus Im
really not
Heck I can write and spel prety good caus before my
Mon dyd when I was twenti she tawt me a littel to
get along on but she never had no time to lern ma to
read to
Mon made me write and spel a littel when she sewed
stuf real prety stuf for all the rich ladys of Parks-
ville so we could by some food caus she said that my
fater was a bum and no good caus he took off for the
west when I was two
But Mom always mad me able to say and spel peoples
names so when I would ever need anything they wood
help me caus she said I was diferent and I gess I am
but I still like and love very body even the kids
with fruit and Mister Lawton
I was a sad fella for a long time when Mom dyd but I
stil love it here in Parksville but please dont for-
gett my name is Arthur Norris.

- Stephen A. Garger-

Anthem

When breasts deflate
and the wetness dries
all the joy
somehow dies.

It wasn't love,
I had a need,
like dogs and cats
I love to breed!

-Scott McKenna

Guitar and Sandalwood

My hand

veined and tense
upon the steel strings

Your hand

pale
lingering with the match

Crickets beyond

the cracked walls
baying to meteors

A song

of a princess
of a raven

The fairy tale

retold
many times before

-Edgar Marotti

SISTERS

We talked,

Giggling under sheets of white, long into night,

While father called, "Save some for tomorrow."

We laughed a lot,

She performing to my audience of one,

Exaggerating incidents, ,licking beaus.

Life was a game

We played, with no thought of a loss.

We danced

Endlessly, practicing steps to use the next night.

Interrupting meals, while mom tried not to laugh.

We shared

Confidences, clothes, kissing each other's beaus,

Delighting in each other's tiny gain.

Life was a game

We played, with no thought of a loss.

We worked

Scrubbing floors, waxing, joking,

Fighting and a cry, "It's not my turn to dry."

We consoled
One another--things will be great;
Things will improve.

Life was a game
We played, with no thought of a loss.
And then--
She lay there, white and still,
While I sat, stunned within.

We consoled
One another----remember?
Things will improve.

Her lips
Moved gently--I moved close.
"Not this time", she sighed.

-R. Gravis

absur

d

-Michael Kenny

Dreams, Wishes, Etc.

Three Class Poems by Students of English 304B

The following experiments in poetry are class collaborations. Aware of the average student's conceptions of poetry and poets, I knew I would have bewildered and alarmed students in my English 304B (Workshop in Writing) if I asked them to go home and write a poem for the next meeting. Instead, I proposed at the beginning of class one day that we devote the session to the writing of class poems. Artists and musicians have collaborated in one way or another, and so have prose writers--so why not have collaborative poetry on a simple level? And since no one expects us to be elegant or musical or profound, I said, we needn't worry about disappointing anybody. We can have the pleasure of discovery. I proposed a simple unifying motifs-- "I dreamt", "I wish", "I used to be but now I am"-- and asked each student to jot down a line or two for each motif. You can be way-out, fanciful, fantastic I suggested. Anything goes. And if you can avoid sounding "poetic" in the usual sense of the word, all the better. The experience proved to be exhilarating and great fun. It proved to be profitable as well, because in the process of editing the material, the class learned something about poetry; that it is most satisfying when it is verbally inventive, concrete, eco-

nomical and evocative. Motivated by their contributions to the class poems, more than a few students in English 304B have gone on to write poetry of their own.

I am indebted to Kenneth Koch whose thoughts on the subject of teaching poetry to young people stimulated me to attempt the classroom experiment.

-Milton Teichman-

Wishes

I wish I were a fish,
swimming in my grandmother's cool
crystal dish, the one on top of her T.V. set.
I wish I were a clean glass
jar filled with Japanese pebbles,
black and smooth, I
bought in Woodstock last summer.
I wish I could understand
the solace achieved by the widowed
thick-skinned rhinoceros frolicking
in his mud hole in Kenya.
I wish I was a piece of paper,
lines and spaces all together.
I wish I were somewhere south-east of the
New Hebrides sailing a six-foot python
canary-yellow super jet.

Used to Be...

I used to be a marshmallow,
soft and easily toasted.
But now I am a walnut
and will crack only under
the most peculiar circumstances.

I used to be a member of the Tewilliger Wakefield band,
But now I am a volunteer fireman.
I used to be a tin can but now I am the beans inside.

I used to be able to throw rocks through the
Manhattan sky,
But now I'm only able to reach the 20th floor in the
apartment elevator.

I used to be the lowest note
on Beckie's clarinet, that blue black sound
that made my eyes look up.
Now I am the major chord that ends the song
about Marranos and their Seder in a cave.

I used to be a caterpillar inching on the ground.
Now I am a Butterfly: the warm air is my
freedom, the soft light my haven.
I travel on the back of the wind.

Dreams

I dreamt I was flying
high, low, soaring and sailing
through space and time
dressed in my green shorts and white t-shirt

I dreamt the ebony cup I held with trembling
hands poured sweet curling smoke line
down my arms into a void

I dreamt of starry things without light
but all iridescent with feeling; cooling blue
and absurd ice-hot red

I dreamt I was a speck of ink locked irrevocably
on a page tossed in a waste paper basket.

I dreamt I went ocean swimming
in my winter coat: a drippy sea monster
with a wet plaid muffler and a
drenched fur hat, the one I bought
impulsively at Macy's

The wind
played with my leaves
her song
a soft touch
delicate fingers
set my greens to dance
praise for love
too soon
the wind
sings eternal
with a fading summer voice....
An autumn witness
sees my brown
 and wasted leaves
hanging motionless
waiting
 on another wind
a final breeze
to free them from my branches....
I within the bark
grow tired of the wind
lamenting
for I am barren now
my leaves are on the ground
her song is over
 unfinished....

-Thomas Rabbitt-

Orgasm of Space Poetry

Three men in a rocket
ultimate vacuum high
floating/flying thru
black seas of shiny
blistered sun-baked
starfish.

Va-Room! Swoosh! Zoom!
go the engines of
Jules Verne's fairy tales,

Now on dark side of moon.
No contact. Houston tense.
No return.
Minutes move. Hour is up.
No contact.
No return.

Three men with rocket -
endless ancient tragedy -
now part of vast ritual
of creation.

No joy in Houston.

No joy on earth.

Nothing in space.

-John Darcy

Love Statement

I

I stand by the brown branch
the sinews split and no longer strong
Hailstones dwell on my left side
gargoyle and sphinx gambol right
The lute dances through wisteria

I possess the time to sit with grass
the hummingbird weaves my aloneness out
late in night the windows are hungry
We rest content with cashews and limes
I listen for your photograph as far as our past

II

In chains you spoke of technicolor
accusing me of the chameleon
While I said that you freed the riddle
I chose the experimental rainbow
you chose the banal circle

Even now
whether it be by martyrdom or blasphemy
in the presence of grace
a dull girl and I in twilight
lie amid the tattered leaves

-Edgar Marotti

Deserted Beaches

The deserted beaches of a dreamer's eyes
are the scenes of my resting place.

-Richard Bala

A TRANSCENDENTAL SUNSET

a disc obscured

an ancient

fiery

ionic column

perhaps of the parthenon

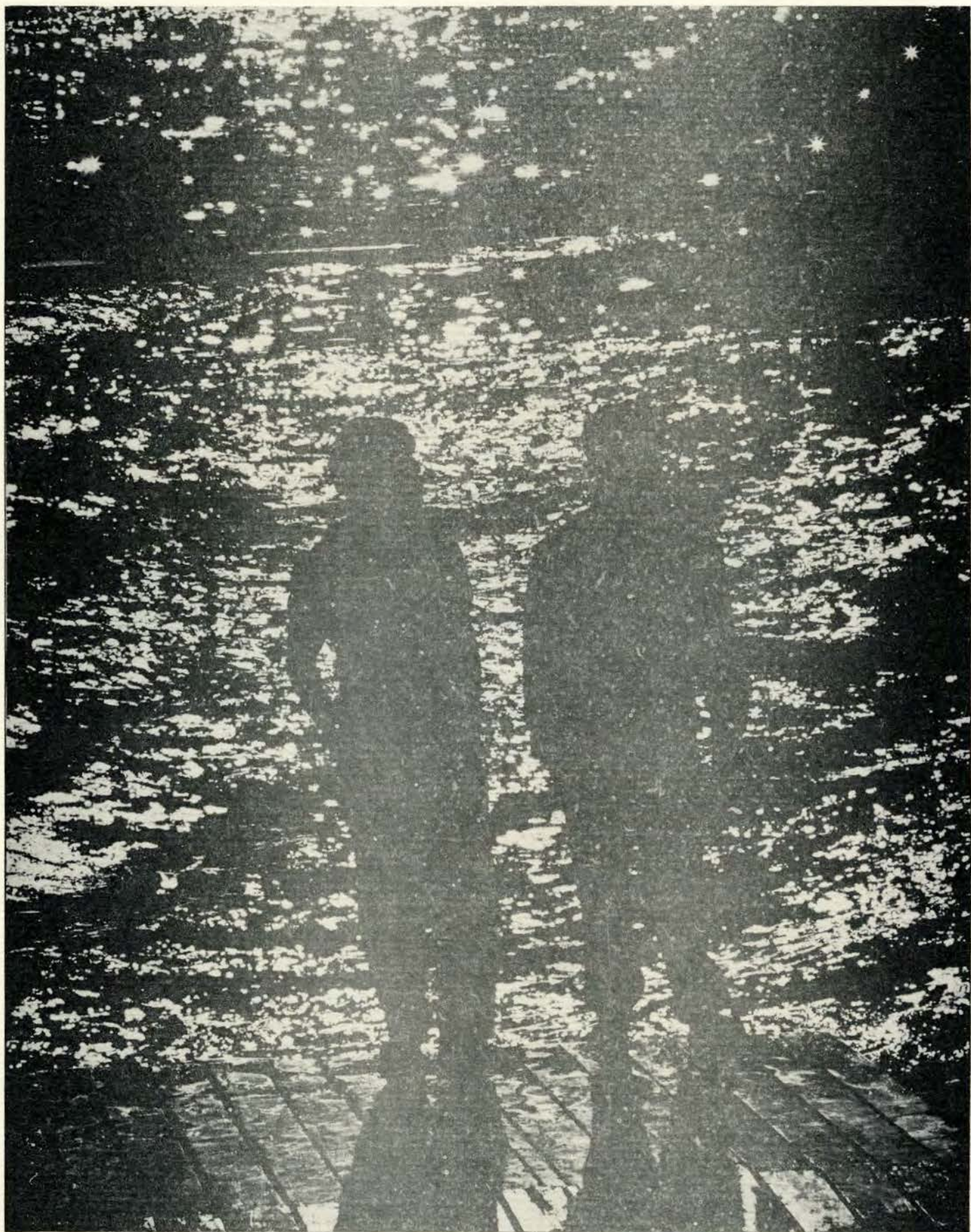
engulfed by a vague

electron

cloud

as two approach

-Bryce Kiernan



Academic Limericks
(Supposed Confessions of a Second-rank Sensitive Professor)

Reading...

Sheaf upon sheaf of blue-book spaghetti
three hours of mental confetti...
Squirring and angling,
I fantasy strangling
The vacant dumb prose of Mark, John and Betty

Deciding...

Through deserts of C's toward some oasis,
I stumble on A's estatic stasis
I sweat out the B's
and fend off the D's
But for F's want a sure metaphysical basis.

Pronouncing...

Said the prof, free from any proclivity,
I judge only a man's productivity
If a logical blot
Is where it ought not,
I pounce with complete objectivity.

Changing...

As we quickly restock our emporium
To answer their bland moratorium
They cite Marshall McLuhan,
to what ever they're doing,
And trick out the whole sensorium.

Seving and Waiting...

I wonder if there are committees in heaven:
Premanent, Platonic structures of seven;
getting up off their ass,
After passing much gas,
Do decisions rise like leaven?

(The limerick's a noxious, narcotic form;
A busy, poetical whore;
So, barringsome great, cataclysmic alarm,
I simply won't write any more.)

- Robert P. Lewis -

IN AN EMPTY BAR

Music: sadness of lost hopes...of promises never fulfilled

Life: a winter that dreams of spring

longing: the stirring of existence

And those ways rippling ad infinitum,

Carrying a message no one will ever know.

Are these notes voices of things that were

Or of things that long to be?

Our dreams are voices of what never was

Of what will never be but was meant to be

You wonder:...The music is like a lullaby

A rocking wave you wish you could follow

In its endless going...

- Italo Benin

When he comes to it

When he comes to it

When it (moves) owns body

=being= with him:

Nothing then is...

all water

all vapor

as a romance.

Possessing it

in its body in him

the analogy is drawn:

the new parallel

(a direction)

like brand new

black lines

criss-crossing

in space:

parable and

parallel

meeting

as lovers

in the mind.

-John Darcy-

EMPTY GRAVES

The soil on the bottom of a newly opened grave
rich, fertile, unique,
revels in the life - giving yellow glory of its new heat and light

The sun nurses the seed for others, flowers
They live, grow, give,
together with the soil.

But the old ones, who opened the soil
and spread the seed,
destroyed their own today.

They measured the new
for a so-named "value,"
and lowered a crushing darkness in them
calling it "knowledge" and "learning"

All is gone
but they call it "life"
That, which they call "full",
is really empty.

-B. Mulligan-

Unanswerable

Where are the soft breasts of my mother
upon whose lap I used to lie
in the springtime of my spirit
when I only cared for ice-cream trucks,
summer sounds, winter white, Christmas bells-
and those smells: Sunday dinner, popcorn
living room fireplaces surrounded by familiar faces?

Where are the soft breasts of those girls
upon whose lap I used to lie-
they'd stroke my brow
and I their thigh?

Where are those firm breasts of love
from which I'd drink the milk of life
when the world was good to me
many moments ago?

Where are the soft breasts of my mother
as I lay reaching for a bust
sucking the dust
crying for my bleeding life
which was stabbed by the knife
of my military wife?

-Tom Hackett-



HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT

A One Act Play
by
Joseph Smigelski

Characters: Hugo, Geoffrey, a Stranger, Louis

"Inside the museums-
Infinity goes up on trail
Voices echo 'This is what
Salvation must be like after a while'"

SCENE ONE

(Complete blackness, save for a small splash of light upon the two characters.)

HUGO: Oh, witness the distant trees burning like Moses' bush! See the spiralling flames advance upon the forest! Are we not all to be damned?

GEOFFREY: Patience and hope my friend; for there is light to be seen other than that of the licking inferno of this night! (A slight pause) Ah, but would I be a tiny squirrel lying molten in the thicket.

HUGO: You see, even in your own heart there is lack of the slightest hope. Oh, how your words betray you as they slither wildly from your lips. It will not be long before you are among the cursed, you hypocrite. There will not be a slither of mercy dealt to you as you pray to your God. Fool - you will find yourself in the lowest circle of Hades. For your falseness shall make you weak

when it comes for you to face death.

GEOFFREY: You are wrong my friend. The poetry of life will see me through, even if my words do indeed escape me as if enhanced with a life of their own. Oh, please don't forsake me with this despair, if only for yourself - for "He that believeth not shall be damned"* - I beg of you, be among the believing. Share my faith!

HUGO: Your faith is a worthless one based solely on fear. Do you see those coming flames? If the night were calm, your faith would be elsewhere - your thoughts would be lechery, you Godless wretch. And yet you dare to quote the Scriptures. You are not fit to be the squirrel you speak of.

GEOFFREY: Stop! Stop! I implore you! It is true that my life has not been wholly devoted to good. It is true I've slept with many women and have felt the warmth of their flesh. It is true I've dealt many a false blow to my competitors. And on and on! But now, no more the retributions; at least not from an equal

*Mark XVI. 16.

- I implore you! I implore you!

(breaks into tears.)

HUGO: So be it. Weep no more for we must be truthful to one another. The flames sweep nearer with each breath drawn into our bodies. It is almost as if we are sucking the flames forward and that the only thing to halt their progress would be our deaths. Oh comrade, are we losing our minds? You with your rampant words and I with my rampant thoughts - is there any hope for us? Are we to be damned? Are the flames to run amuck around our feeble frames?

GEOFFREY: (conquering his tears) Be it that if you die, I die also. For what would be to this existence without a companion - this existence of blackness in which I cannot even behold your face, dear friend, for the only sights my eyes are allowed are the flames and the rapidly diminishing forest which is losing more with each passing moment. Oh friend Hugo, allow your lips to speak optimistically so that I may bear this darkness with inner light - with a small seed of hope implanted in my soul.

HUGO: If anything, it is you who implants a seed of hope into my soul. Let us now join hands in our darkness so that together we may find a ray of light in what seems to be such a measureless void. Let us now put our pasts behind us where they duly belong, and together face our future with strong hearts and sane minds!

GEOFFREY: Together indeed shall we be from moment onward! Curses upon the one who urges the blaze on its destructive path- that blaze which blinds us from all else! Curse all you burning trees! If you had minds, you'd pity us who stand here amidst an incomprehensible destiny.

(We see the spatter of light gently fade away as the stage yields to total darkness.)

SCENE TWO

(Same)

HUGO: The flames approach! Closer and closer they venture. Oh, the sight of them breaking the chains of my mind!

GEOFFREY: Remember what has been said between us.
Courage, friend, courage.

HUGO: Ah, yes, you are right. You recall to my mind

my own thoughts - only as one can we defeat
this dread, as two we are surely doomed.

(Enter a STRANGER)

STRANGER: Fellow mortals! Of what dread do speak?
What indeed is the cause of your fear and,
consequently, your comradeship? Confide in
me, I beg of you, for I am alone.

HUGO: (in a state of surprise) See you not the blaz-
ing inferno which conquers our eyes? See you
not the gasping trees crying so desperately
for relief? Do not their silent screams in-
flict in you the deepest horror?

STRANGER: I fear that your words merely fall at my
feet. I see only two men and myself stand-
ing in almost the absence of light. I can-
not comprehend your fear for I see no in-
ferno and no suffering trees. I feel now
as if I am among the mad.

GEOFFREY: Curse you! Curse you! Curse you! Why must
you add to our grief with your words -
words which would have us believe oursel-
ves insane? It is you who are mad! It is
who are mad! It is you who are mad!!!
(again breaks into tears.)

STRANGER: (in anger) There are things which you do not understand! Your lives have been short -
(stops abruptly, then continues) - I have allowed too much to flow through my lips.

(The STRANGER departs. The light slowly gives way again to total darkness.)

SCENE THREE

(Same)

HUGO: My inner pain is straining my will. I am convinced now more than ever that we are damned! Oh, how foolish I was to enkindle even the slightest hope within my breast. He who has come and gone from us does not see that which clutches our eyes. He does not see that of which we can see no other. Do you see now how foolish your faith was, or do you still cling to it as a child doth clutch its ignorant innocence?

GEOFFREY: Yes, I cling to it - but not as you say. We are not yet consumed by these unholy flames. Besides, have not moments passed which have cast doubts as to their even existing? It is time we re-evaluate our perceptions.

HUGO: There is nothing to re-evaluate. These flames-
 the very ones which his eyes had escaped - are
 drawing nearer; even as I speak to you, they
 are creeping upon me! I am beginning to feel
 their heat! (lets out an agonizing cry.)

(Hugo falls to the ground in horrible convulsions,
as if being burned alive as the light dims once again
to naught.)

SCENE FOUR

(Same. We see GEOFFREY standing in the flicker of
light along with LOUIS.)

LOUIS: Oh, witness the distant trees burning like
 Moses' bush! See the spiralling flames ad-
 vance upon the forest! Are not we all to be
 damned?

(The scene reverts immediately to total darkness.)

FINIS

