

# MUSAC

RECEIVED  
SPELLMAN LIBRARY

MAR 28 1966

MARIST COLLEGE  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

MARIST COLLEGE LITERARY JOURNAL  
WINTER 1966

1848

2

1848

1848

1848

1848

1848

1848

1848

1848

## STAFF

### EDITORS

Peter Maronge  
William J. Townsend

### ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Richard Carn  
Bro. Michael Goldrich, f.m.s.  
Fran Murphy  
Bro. John Sullivan, f.m.s.

### CONTRIBUTORS

James M. Croteau  
B. Fallacy  
Bro. Patrick Forsyth, f.m.s.  
R. A. Glass  
Bro. Donald Haughey, f.m.s.  
Bro. Gerald Miller, f.m.s.  
Bro. Thomas Ng, f.m.s.  
Peter Petrocelli

### COVER

Bruce Magner

### FACULTY ADVISOR

Mr. Robert P. Lewis



I.

MR. JONES

blue and gray blur, brown bat crashes -- i'm down  
hollers, screams; jeans, sneakers -- being beaten  
by martians in white monogrammed helmets  
who are under orders like eichmann and goebbles

walk -- we shall overcome -- sirens, two wheeled  
monsters roaring, bumping through our lines.  
brother, -- you're frightened -- darn right.  
i'm frightened but: will not fight back.

why? asked the judge -- babies having the flesh  
torn off their charred broken bodies -- my christian  
neighbors by dropping napalm bombs on shadows  
melting into a jungle eliminating a whole village.

cat calls and boos -- a gallery of other christ's?  
Hell -- i was carried from the train tracks to  
a scum wagon -- thrown against its metal bench  
here i am now -- your honorless -- and you ask why.

blue grey uniforms jeering and beating peaceful  
men -- onward christian soldiers marching off  
to beat and kick crazy kids who march to  
courthouses like this one all over the country.

we sit, sing and are abused, arrested.  
disturbed you say--you don't know what's  
happening Mr. Jones ours is a war of  
peace not a war for peace Mr. Jones.

P. MARONGE



## CHILD DAYS

When I was a boy  
I passed hours  
Out in the back alley.

There wasn't much to amuse  
While older kids were away at school.  
Just time to pass.

Often I would pick the mortar out  
From between the bricks  
Of the garage.

Or make a fort  
Under the porches  
With old wood.

Sometimes collect valuable rocks  
And stones from the alley  
And hide them away somewhere.

Always on the look-out for  
Rex,  
The German shepherd who roamed in the alley.

The alley was mostly Brown paint  
and grey fences  
Dirty broken cement and a lot of mud  
No garbage and no cats.  
Only Rex around somewhere.

At one end myriads of good tasting peppermint plants  
Grew wild in the dirt patches next to the Garages.

For short weeks in the Spring  
There was a lilac bush-tree.  
Every Spring it came.  
Just bursting all over the place with  
The heaviest bunches of grape-flowers.

Right across from it  
And down a way came roses  
When the lilacs were gone.  
Swarms of roses all over the place.  
Climbers they were, bearily hanging on  
To a once white trestle at Rex's house.

Once, when I was a boy  
We all planned a day at the ocean.  
All week long we planned  
And waited for Saturday.

Lunches prepared the night before  
Towels, Suits, Lotion, Blankets,  
Radio, Can opener, Stove and Charcoal and Matches.  
Weather men agreed: A perfect day.

Everyone all set.

BRO. MICHAEL GOLDRICK, F.M.S.



## THE VALUE OF IDLENESS—

### THROUGH APPRECIATION

He was walking down the street.

The day was good—he felt content. His hands were free of items and were found in his pockets; he could turn his head from side to side without the hindrance of a collar to distract his attention.

The day was warm, as one without temperature.

His head was clear—vision, sharp. Things took a definite form and he was able to look at details and think on them.

His muscles, his entire body was loose—his every movement easy and flowing.

His hair was back-free on his head and he felt as fresh as the shower he had just taken.

His feet were light; walking came natural, without having to will it. This day he was meant to walk, as some days he was meant to sit and think—and he *was* walking.

The street was free from people—so he could be natural and not worry about bothering others or being bothered them.

His dress was the usual—but—clothes seemed to fit that day so that he didn't even feel their weight or pull on him.

He knew the hour was early and the day would be long and full.

The slow cool breeze that was the breath of the day brought only a clean, pure smell—a smell that was the absence of odor, and it was good because it wasn't foul as it sometimes was.

There wasn't something more in the elements of the day. It was only that it was free of the things that might bother him. Another day he might not enjoy the cool breeze because his feet hurt as someone else today might not enjoy that same cool breeze.

But this day the things that are taken for granted weren't taken for granted. All these wonderfully simple things were present; but what was more, he knew they were present; he

was aware of them and he *appreciated* them.

He lifted his head, looked up, his hands still in his pockets and just said thanks, laughed, and then walked on. Thanks both *for* the day with its beauty, but also and even more for the ability to *see* and *feel* and *know* this beauty. He was very happy to be alive.

So he was walking then, enjoying himself as well as enjoying the day. He was walking, on one side of the street, and then stopped. It wasn't a sudden stop; he just stopped walking, as he had been walking, without any thought of walking. So he stood there without any thought of stopping. Then he decided to cross the street. The other side was the same, had nothing more to offer, there was no logical reason to cross, but then there was no logical reason to be walking either. So he crossed the street. He couldn't tell himself why he crossed. He only knew that he felt like it.

Then he was glad he was able to do what he had felt like doing.

Then he was very glad.

And he kept on walking.

RICHARD J. CARN

We are the sons of smoke and fire,  
We shun our blackened cognomens,  
We have only this moment, an instant  
Trapped between ashes and the stars  
Like a wisp of smoke lingering  
Beside a half-opened window.  
Ours may be the rare glimmering  
of day to pierce the velvet mask,  
The first ray of vernal sunlight  
To nurture fallow pastures,  
The last sunset to paint the sky.

PETER PETROCELLI

## TWO ONCE LOVE

The soft Autumn sun  
Cast its golden drops  
Through the yellowed  
Leaves of Summer's life,  
And softly made light  
Of two once love.

Touched by the honied rays,  
Shadowed by the fading trees,  
They seemed unreal,  
Captured in a dream,  
Two hearts  
On a velvet carpet,  
With Summer's last flower  
The only eye  
To see.

They lifted a song  
Both sad and sweet,  
That faded into the  
Light cool breeze,  
Caught in the breath  
Of Summer's waning.

But slowly  
The shadows grew longer,  
And the sun  
Began to slip

Behind the darkened trees;  
Summer's last flower  
Fading into the shadow  
Of a passing cloud.

They stopped  
And looked up;  
And a cold wind  
Touched their face,  
Chilled deep  
Two hearts,  
Who had once love,

JAMES M. CROTEAU

#### MY LAST FALLACY

Lord, let me say this be the last fallacy  
This insincerity,  
That uncharity,  
My banality.  
But Lord, let me say this be  
The Last....  
For such  
is to conquer  
in defeat.

B. FALLACY

## THE COCONUT PALM

Have you ever seen a coconut tree,  
Her slender arms  
Embracing the gentle breeze?

Lo!  
The lofty heights attained,  
The ocean wind whistles past  
Her waist.

Have you ever seen a coconut tree,  
Bending her slim body  
Towards the rocky sea  
Where the surging foam  
Kisses the sandy beach.  
Startled  
When a fishmonger drops by  
With a flurry squeak?

Have you seen, to, a coconut tree,  
Casting her roving glance  
Upon the kids  
That dance around her with  
The merry beats:  
“Cee-O-Cee-O-eN-U-Tee”?



Toiling under the roasting heat,  
Grimming when offered the cool and delicious  
Coco-juice.

Of these they sing and more.

Behold the greedy little piggies,  
Well-fed and healthy,  
Grunt in joyous content  
And sniff for more coconut food!

They sing, too, in tones melancholic,  
Of things distressful and unhappy.

Of naughty monkeys jouncing up and down their arms  
Rending off their little ones  
to dash them to the ground.

And finally, of history past,  
When Francis Xavier cursed the tipsy Indians  
Who drank of the arrack,  
The toddy made from coco-sap,  
And cast away the commands, all ten!

Night is nigh and fast blows the wind,  
In ceaseless gossips and multiple gestures;  
The coconut palms  
Stand  
Their ground.

BRO. THOMAS NG

### TE DEUM

The twig and the acorn \*  
Praise You.

The stones and oceans \*  
Praise You.

Two human beings  
In love too.

But that man with a gun—  
Who makes blood run red—  
Who receives his worship?  
Is it a silver eagle and  
E Pluribus Unum?—Whose  
Banner too runs red—  
Striped with the blood of men.  
Up then twigs, acorns, stones,  
Oceans and lovers—save him  
From an unworthy god.

BRO. PATRICK FORSYTH, F.M.S.



## RAIN

The dull roll of thunder, the cloudburst—

Pelting rain

And I am driven back,

And I remember

When thunder and lightning,

And rain and rushing torrents

Seemed the most powerful

Forces in the world.

And I remember the

Victorian armchairs and the

Upright piano, and that box

Of playthings—companions in

Those early years, those

Lonely years but beauty--

Filled, when each new day

Spoke of new life

And every object in sight

Shone like a leaf of ivy,

Still wet with drops from the storm,

Or glowed like a

Rainbow, stretched over the

Housetops.

And I remember others

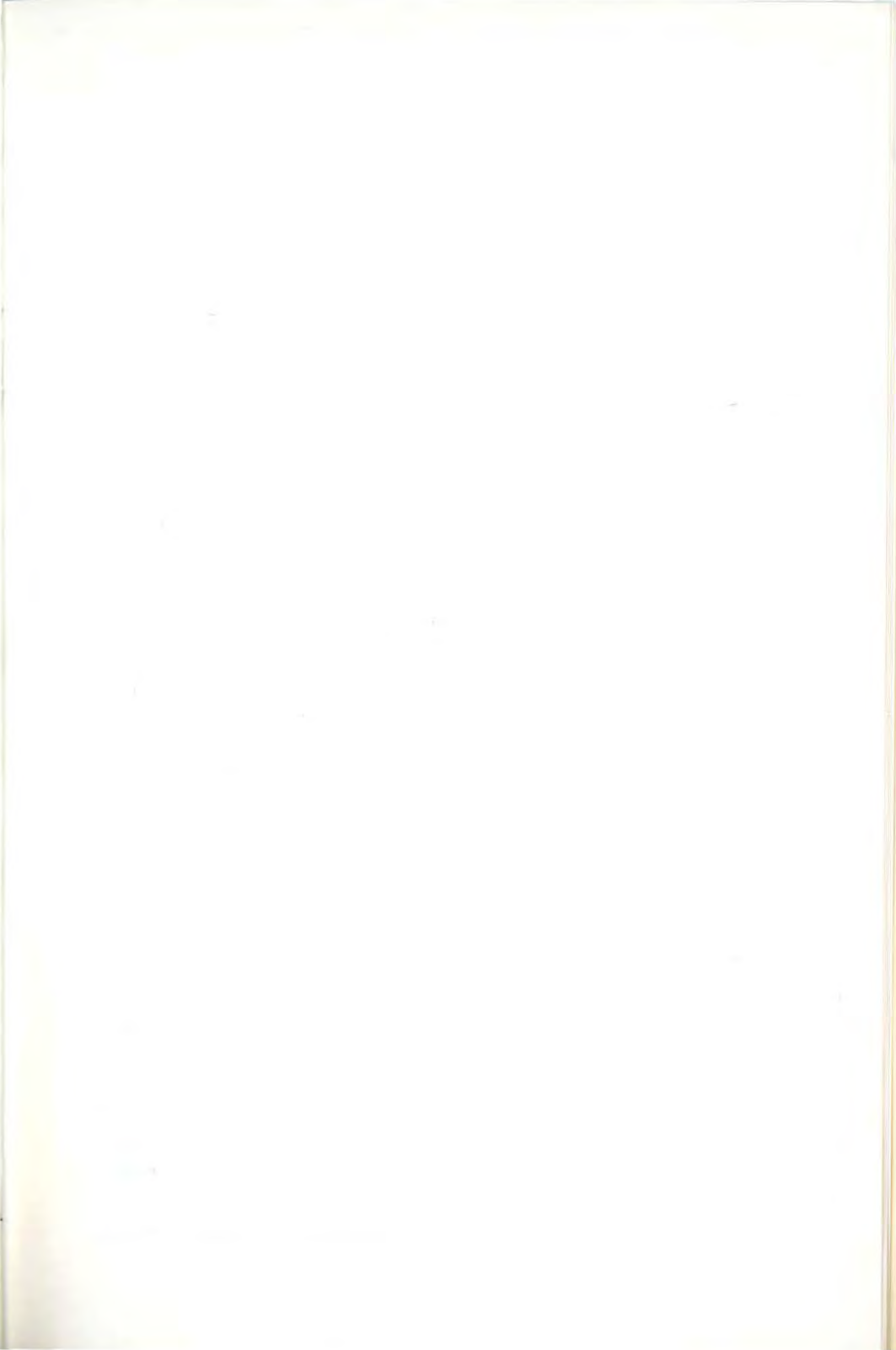
Who loved the rain;

Who shared with me

These moments;  
And, perhaps, they still  
Love the rain,  
And, perhaps, they see  
And hear and feel it  
As I do now.  
The clouds pass,  
The sun emerges  
And dries the earth.

“And what is so rare as a day in June?”  
What is so rare, what is so rare?  
Perhaps a yellow-red day in October,  
Or a blue-gray day in November?  
What is so rare as the longing  
For leisure and rest and for — for what?  
For you, or for someone who knows  
What it is about October and  
November, when the world dies and  
Leaves me with only —  
Cruel remembrances of summer pleasures  
Shared with those who knew?  
With those who knew,  
With you.

BRO. J. SULLIVAN, F.M.S.



he may express will in the course of time be rejected. A work of art must be a genuine product of the creator's soul. Only then will our artistic awareness be activated. We respond to the spiritual quality of the work, its forms, its strokes and its genuine reason for being.

It is this intersubjectivity of the artist that relates to the viewer. Each man possesses this "inner life", and as man comes into contact with the expression of an inner life in visible form, he responds in an emotional way.

Often when the artist hears someone say, "I cannot relate to any abstract painting", he experiences grief for that individual. For this individual has never taken time out to look into his own being, to seek knowledge of himself. A man sensitive to his own being, to reality around him and to the experience of others, has little, if any difficulty, in relating to abstract art.

"Nothing can contain more clarity, harmony, and unity than a work that is the outcome of contemplation, for contemplation is not inextricably bound to the physical aspects of things."

A work of art is the fusing of sensitivity to physical reality and the involment--contemplation of the "image-within-him of the Creative God." Thus: the splendor of truth.

The true artist is free! He has made himself free, not bound by conventions and preferences of the world, but by truth and himself. Herein lies his freedom -- truth to self! He lives to this point. His inner world has liberated him from mythical notions of reality, those notions that have been defined, delineated and died. He gives the world a spiritual-personal vision through his art.

It is here, in the depths of his being that the artist is able to balance the inner world of experience with the outer world of reality; it is through this mystical experience that the artist explodes on canvas, to expose himself to the world, in order that his work may in time experience truth.

BRO. DONALD HAUGHEY, F.M.S.

## A CHILD

My dreams are pierced  
by a crying child,  
and I in terror, wonder  
if I am that child,

A lost child,  
trapped between the earth and sky,  
caught between the night and day,  
touching both,  
yet touching neither.

Cry not child!  
Leave to me my peace.  
I fear you,  
for your crying stirs me.

You are I —  
and you voice my fears:  
the fear of touching others  
and of reaching none;  
and that of being trapped —  
caught within myself —  
alone.

I hear you child.  
I hear your cries.  
But I implore your pity.  
Leave me be,  
lest I cry aloud  
the torment that is you —  
for you are I.

R. A. GLASS

## REFLECTIONS

### I.

We sit and talk  
Of nothing.  
Time passes.

Years pass.

Now I walk along the river--  
And think  
Of that nothing.

So important now.

### II.

Security is something  
That tells you  
Peace is within you.

And peace is nothing  
More or less  
Than going in the right direction.

### III.

Vermont summers come by in my mind again.  
They always seem to pop up when I'm happy  
( 's funny . I always seem to be happy when they pop in)

Anyway, I just wanted to say  
How nice are Vermont summer afternoons.

Why?

For no sayable thing.

Something there is that doesn't love a wall.

That wants it down.

It is true.

And good walls, as everybody knows, really,

Don't make good neighbors.

Certainly.

But something there is about the old, old stone

New England walss

That wants them just the way they are.

Not as barriers to the melding experience

But, well, just as crazy lines drawn along a surface of ground.

Lines of individuality.

Not a fencing in or a fencing out; no divisions here.

Just lines. Helter-skelter, wandering lines.

Lines of spontaneity.

(Not placed thus wise but rediscovered so.)

BRO. MICHAEL GOLDRICK, F.M.S.

Well, it was a horrible day, that day,  
Except for counting the rabbits along the parkway  
And save for the unexpected thunderstorm late in the day  
That threw all our preparations to the wind,  
And sent us fleeing from frothy breakers  
Grabbing out at our little square plot of picnic.

When I was a boy,  
I saw  
Two rain drops  
Racing each other  
Down a window pane.

Halted by dust  
The left lagged behind.  
As the right merged with another  
And rushed on down to the finish line.  
And became a droplet no more.  
But now a puddle.

#### COUP D'ETAT

When I was a boy,  
I saw a broom stick standing in the snow,  
A now man's scepter.  
It wasn't doing anything,



It was just standing there.  
I kicked it over.

Why, because it wasn't doing anything,  
It was just standing there.

BRO. MICHAEL GOLDRICK, F.M.S.

### KNOCKING

Along Broadway,  
millions of apartment  
windows light,

And I wonder....

How does each man  
know which door  
to go to —

How does he know  
there will be room  
once open?

GERALD MILLER

PRAYER FOR AN UNBORN SON —

One of us, God willing,  
Will live to see  
The year two thousand,  
With capsule food  
And plastic trees,  
Metallic wombs,  
And synthetic gods.  
One of us, God willing,  
Will die today.

SCHOOL BUS —

Yellow  
Caterpillar  
Crawling on your way  
Must you stop to gobble kids  
For such times as this, we who rush to punch  
The clock, must stop.

LOVE —

Our love is not a gentle love,  
Fawn-like in its capacity  
For tenderness, although this is.  
It's rather, rock-like in its strength.  
It's honest as the farmer's sweat,  
And free as only free can be,  
And demanding nothing, it gives all.

BEAUTY —

Man, the moral cripple searches blindly.  
Endless hours in search of golden ladders.  
Alone a blind man speaks,  
"It is not good that man should be alone."  
And a legless leper rolled over to him  
In clumsy eloquence-they clamor upward  
For only they can walk and see.

INTROSPECTION —

I looked within myself  
And the carnival stopped  
In the middle of a ride.

— GENESIS

A boy  
Playing with a gun,  
In wartorn Normandy.  
Surprise! a skull, still there!  
How hollow was his youth.  
How real his tears became  
Through tears, a joy unknown to him.  
Through joy God profound.  
From God, through joy through tears,  
A man.

FRAN MURPHY

STILLNESS —

When you lose the sense of time,  
Yet, there is no dread,  
Just an unknowing assimilation  
Into all lives and dies,

Place soon disintegrates too.  
You miss a position less,  
As you slip in a silver of breeze  
To land encased in greeness.

Then, comes a song from the distance,  
But no one is near  
And yet you hear  
The throated melody.

You sigh and realize  
That your place and time are now  
But no longer  
Here.

WILLIAM J. TOWNSEND



