

The Mosaic

Spring 2000



“Reflections”

Sponsored by

The Literary Arts Society

A Letter from the President

As we approach the end of the semester, let's take some time to reflect on some of the work that our fellow students have produced over the past semester. I hope you enjoy viewing these works as much as my staff and I have. I thank those of you who took the time to submit your work to our magazine, and I hope to see more of it next year. Thank you all, and have a wonderful summer!

Sincerely,

James I. Pisano

President Literary Arts Society

Fall '99- Present

Table of Contents

<i>Always</i>	Matt Migliorisi
<i>And the Window Shakes</i>	Sujey De Co
<i>Bruises</i>	Janna
<i>Can You Tell Me</i>	Stephen Donnarummo
<i>Configuration of a Prayer, The</i>	Kevin Herbert
<i>Electric Lady</i>	Anonymous
<i>Ferris Wheels</i>	Janna
<i>Genius</i>	Timothy J. Fitzmaurice
<i>It Is My Fate</i>	Stephen Donnarummo
<i>Hands</i>	Timothy J. Fitzmaurice
<i>Let Go of Your Instanity</i>	Maria Schiano
<i>Line, The</i>	Kevin Herbert
<i>Mother of Love</i>	Anonymous
<i>My Solance</i>	Anonymous
<i>No Rest For the Weary</i>	Sujey De Co
<i>Purple Heart</i>	Ann Metz
<i>Prayer for Help</i>	Stephen Donnarummo
<i>Realize</i>	Chris Salamone
<i>rii</i>	
<i>me</i>	Braden Russom
<i>The Saga of an Ant on a Leaf</i>	Jason Shaw
<i>Satan's Fitful Sleep</i>	Anonymous
<i>Tarnished Crucifix</i>	Kevin Herbert
<i>Tribute to True Friendship</i>	Jamie Veley
<i>View of the Hudson</i>	James A. Rovello
<i>Voices in the Woods</i>	Scott Randell Thompson
<i>Waiting</i>	Janna
<i>War of the Loveless</i>	Matt Migliorisi
<i>You Make Me Feel So Dark</i>	Kavi Manoranjan
<i>Untitled</i>	Nicole Reizian
<i>The Saga of a Leaf on an Ant</i>	Jason Shaw

Always

The first time I saw you,
I got lost in your eyes,
And at that moment I knew
As I sat memorized,
That you were the one
And my agonizing search was at last done.
As each day goes by,
I fall for you more and more,
Until the day I die
You I will always adore
I know I may sound crazy,
You and I know what we have is amazing.
I don't want this to end,
I can't imagine how it could,
We have no problems we cannot mend,
In my mind I know I should,
Love you forever,
And hope we'll always be together

By: Matt Migliorisi



temis-protectress of women

by: Anonymous

And the Window Shakes

Rattling the window goes
With the power of the wind.

Dark night creeps in.

By passing the window.

And the wind whooshes and rapes

The defenseless pane of glass,
my barrier

Against the creatures
Of the night.

Dark night creeps in.

Crawling by the arms of the chair.

Slithering around my bare leg.

And as it rumbles across the room

Finding new prey
to devour
till daylight breaks.

And the window shakes.

Violently.

As it is being pounded on

By an unseen hand

A cold, frozen, long dead hand,
Breaking into my dreams of light and
fancy.

The powers of this storm,
bitter and fierce.

The power of ancient Mages
Descending on my oease.

O God, how it freezes my skin.

I shiver.

My skin cracking like ice,
as the night abandons me.

There is no hiding
from the night.

There is no fighting
this evil night,
touches my flesh
as it shatters my dreams.

I awaken
to that long dead hand.
fear.

But nothing is there.

“Silly girl,
to bed with you.”

And day arises
and night is gone
till the next.

When it feeds again.

Bruises

There is a tiny black and blue
On my arm, not from you
But it hurts
Like it should be

The lump on my thigh
Is the color of a stormy sky
It, too, is not from you
But it throbs
Like it should be

The bruise on my calf
Does not make me laugh
It's not your fault
But it should be

The dent in my heart
Wasn't there at the start
It is your fault
And it's not your heart
But it should be

Baby Triceratops



"Baby Triceratops" E. DeTraglia

by: *E. DeTraglia*

Can You Tell Me

By: Stephen Donnarummo

Can you tell me,	And not suffer turmoil.
Is there anybody out there?	Patience is a virtue,
Someone to show me hope,	It is also a burden,
Someone for whom I will	Should I wait for the one,
care?	Or risk suffering again?
I have waited so long,	I want someone,
Failed and never passed the	Who can laugh and smile,
test,	Who is caring and gentle,
Loneliness has been my	And can listen all the while.
friend	I know I ask a lot,
Time to put that to rest.	For the little I have to offer,
The past is behind me now,	I am not attractive or spe-
Bad experiences have hap-	cial,
pened,	But I will always care for
Those people are gone now,	her.
But the feelings not forgot-	So this is my plea,
ten.	To find the one who is true,
I just want for once,	To end a life of loneliness,
To meet someone special,	And start a life anew.
To find some joy,	

The Configuration of Prayer

By: Kevin Herbert

**When suddenly the message clicks
Connected rhyme perfects the tricks
Collects the subtle Archetypes and
Reconnects the new synapses
Recollects the pass of hands
Before your intellect expands
All of your dogma disappears
In floods of crocidilian tears
The years of teeth without a bite
The fearful bumping through the night
Dissolve into the morning light
Illuminating time.**

Ferris Wheels

Everyday I ride
a beautiful Ferris wheel
around and around
eating the blue cotton candy,
listening to the barump of the
shiny calliope near the boardwalk

From the top
I can see the sun
make the world glitter
and the people are small

When I reach the bottom though
the truth is what I see
you control the ride

Sometimes, I get stuck at the top
and the music plays
my hands are sticky
and the world is bright
sometimes, I sit at the bottom
the truth glaring at me
but no matter what
I always have to come down

GENIUS

The pale gray sidewalk lapped the August sun
As our mouths and throats grew dry and worn.
The cold brew he readily shared was satisfying caulk
For my cracked and brittle underaged voice.
"It's about time," he said, "for you to taste good beer."
As he peacefully admired and revered
Some children's passing game of laser tag, complete with squabbles;
Mighty pint-sized debates on justice and equal opportunity
Swiftly abandoned for the hypnotic chimes of Mr. Ding-A-Ling.
"Street urchins that haven't better things to do," I thought.
But my companion would never see them in my cynical spotlight.
As he choked up a masterfully formed wad of mucus
And casually fired it earthward his eyes gleamed with his own squinted sunlight.
He swaggered along through these lifelike scenes
With a bum hip and stiff leg from times not brooded over
With contentedly silvered hair turned back as his eyes
Stayed level to a destination and not monitoring the footsteps that would bring him there.
And as he stopped to relieve himself on an alley wall
I swear I saw Solomon pissing next to him.

-Timothy J. Fitzmaurice

It is My Fate

By: Stephen Donnarummo

It is my fate,

Always to the end,

To be nothing more,

But always be a friend.

For oh so long now

I have hungered for more,

To leave the friend zone

Where I've never gone before.

What awaits me,

What lies outside?

Will I find out,

Or remain inside?

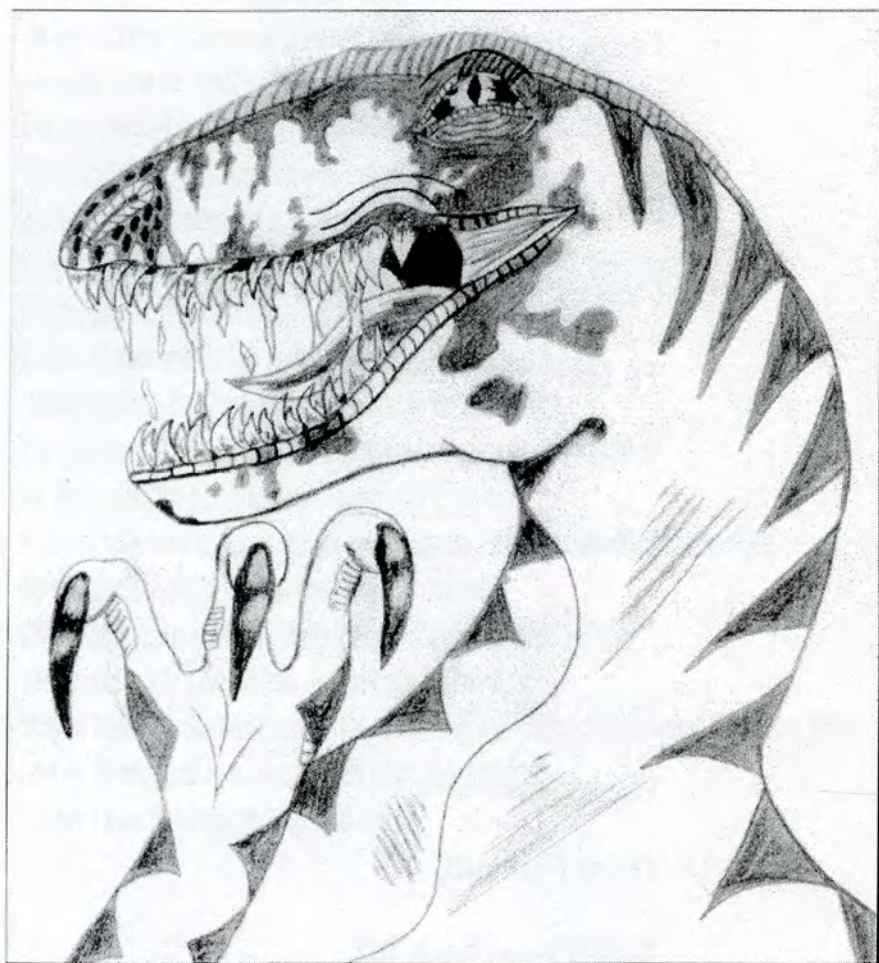
Once I am out,

Will I want back in?

Once I am out,

Where do I begin?

Raptor



Raptor E. DeTraglia

by: E. DeTraglia

The Line

By: Kevin Herbert

I've been close enough to sin to know
It takes some skill to walk the line
Between the grave and the Divine

Better yet to have the record show
The paths I chose weave in and out
A tapestry of dark and light

By chance from some distant vantage point
I pray my half-thought life reflects
A color quite resembling white

Compassion obscure my brief duress
Seceding moments filled with doubt
Yet permanent I cannot change

Contemplating on my life today
Reality within without
Spiraling in toward each defeat

Arranging excuses for each bet
When in the sum the face is met
Each failure met with true success

In vertigo they collide and meet
My trouble drifting far away
Becoming this and that and those

The record stands with little to show
But the passage of time and yet
I've looked long into the abyss

Swirling and twisting my intellect
Recognized in retrospect that
Evil has a subtle face, though...

I've been close enough to sin to know

HANDS

Hands! Oh! My hands!
How many things I've loved you for.
The gentle cleansing is fine and good
And the satisfaction of labor induced callouses.
But what I love all the more
Is the open hand pillowing a cheek.
A glorious touch of skin
Reminiscent of plucking some succulent, golden fruit,
Ripe and perfect.
Lying beside a naked form
As you, hands, breeze along her back
Tracing her outline in the darkness
As this would instill the memory forever.
Coming to dance, not trample, through her hair,
Joyfully confounding each strand
Through your long, slender parts.
Or better still, standing;
In the beloved grace of moonlight,
Her seductive back to me
And you, hands, draped carelessly;
An inefficient loincloth, true,
But a lover's way to dress.
Only with you, hands,
Would I know the sleekness
Of a silent brook, trickling over her shoulders
And down her divine arms.
The clarity
Of a summer's wind, teasing abroad her stomach
And whispering across her resplendent breasts.
And the heat
Of a tender flame, licking indulgently up her leg
And along, inside her perfect thigh.
My hands! Oh! My hands!
I thank you!

Let Go of Your Insanity

By: Maria Schiano

**You're a gem, you're a jewel.
Your creative brilliance inspires me
Like the edge of a diamond, sharp and cool
You're a sage; you're a saint.
But don't try to save my soul.
I can foresee the twisted future
In the reflection of your eyes.
As you choke on anger and fear
Glass breaks at the threshold of your cries.
It shatters as you scream even louder
At cobwebby corners and white walls.
My heart goes out to you,
But I chose to ignore your calls.
My reserve stands as my witness.
My actions speak up for me today.
Just because I don't speak my mind,
Doesn't mean I have nothing to say.
It makes you paranoid to see reality
Looking yourself in the eye of truth.
Venting your sorrows by wrecking the vanity
Remember that I am always there for you,
But please let go of your insanity.**

north star



jennifer hoffman

MOTHER OF LOVE

Anonymous

She brings love to a heartless world. Her presence banishes the darkness. Her being is the warmth that brings forth growing things. Her understanding restores my faith. She is a flower whose petals rain on the world an endless shower of love. Her patience encourages me. Her strength fortifies me. She raises me to unattainable heights.

She brings me joy and sorrow, anger and peace. I have experienced love because I have

experienced her.

She is the mother of love.

My Solance

*My eyes are open
But is my heart?
Observe infinity
No end, no start.
Evolution of me
I'm finally awake
Why stay ion that cave?
Wait for my quake
In my long slumber
Had not one dream
Exciting the cot
Not what stories seem
Crushed by the clouds
Burned by the light
Solace only from
The whispers of night
yet hope finds me
This isn't the end
Unnamed emotions
Grip eternal pen.*

-Anonymous

No Rest for the Weary

*Sleep;
Oh sleep;
Death
ultimate rest.
Bring forth death;
for I can't
go on much further
in this motion.*

*This matter
will take me
to the brink
of insanity;
to the euphoria
of madness.*

*Please!
Bring me forth some
sleep.
Allow me to
stop the matters,
stop the motion
and bring me peace.
Sweet,
heavenly,
sleep.*

Untitled



By: Anonymous

Purple Heart

By: Ann Metz

I wasn't alive when Vietnam was fought.	Somehow my eyes never open, I only feel the rawness of the
I never saw you or your friends get shot.	wounds, The sharp sting of your flesh
Yet voices of the wounded reach me	Raking over me like wire mesh. I can't wake up,
And the blood of the Purple Heart Seeps deep scarlet, drop by agonizing drop,	I have to play death fake So I rise to live again.
Into the core of my green soul.	No, I wasn't there when Vietnam was fought
I feel the pain, I feel the pain.	But almost everyday I bleed from gunshot.
Your wounds are all a fresh stain	I'm a veteran of the home front, Rosy the Riveter with a knife too blunt
That reduce my youth to corpses	To stab and return the wound.
And keep me concealed from loving forces.	Each time I say it will end soon... But it's just a lovesick broken tune.
Yes, you are no longer armed with a gun,	One of these days Ill take a razor blade
But you've still got that sword for a tongue.	To cut myself to the quick shade.
Suddenly I'm no longer your daughter	That will be the Fall of Saigon for me,
But a Vietnamese girl you must slaughter.	Whirled up in Heaven's Helicopter
So you slap and choke me	Above the branches of the trees, Beyond the Purple Heart blood fading gray,
With words all blind mad rage	And all my death coming to a stop.
While inside I quake as if in a dream,	
Believing it is all glaring nightmare.	
If you hit me hard enough,	
Perhaps I'll wake up.	

realize

I'll invent for you

Something that lays out all possibilities (anything you want)

I'll invent for you

A device with which nature can be tapped (in its purest form)

I'll invent for you

A simple apparatus to enjoy the simplicity of life (relish it while it is here)

I'll invent for you

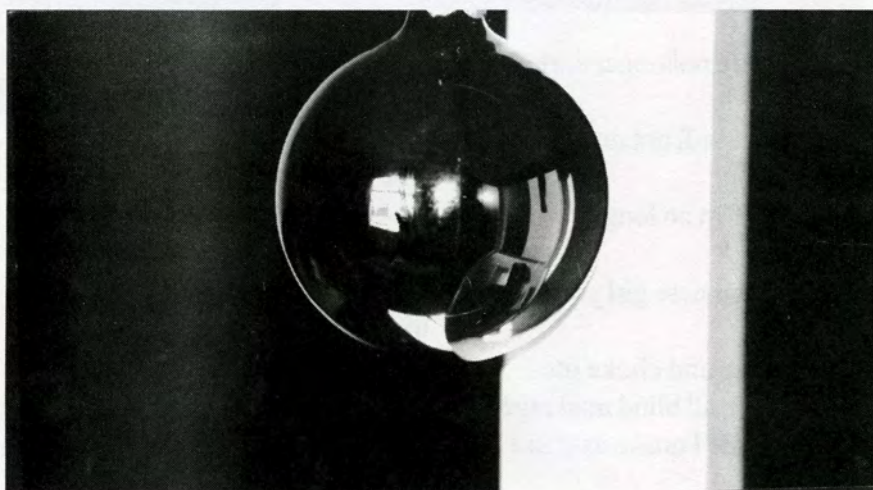
An object which continues to portray exciting mystery (desire for all)

And I'm done...my invention is complete

I'll call it a mirror

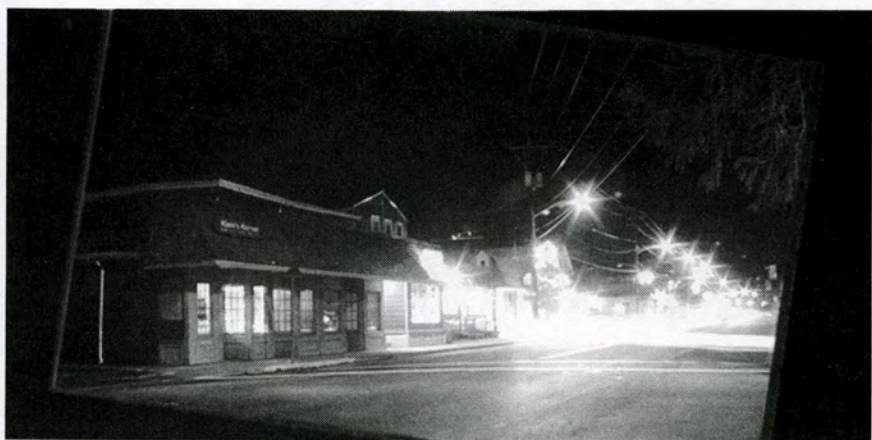
-Chris Salamone

Reflection in a Ball



Unknown Artist

night street



jennifer hoffman

Electric Lady

Electric lady
Eclectic maybe
Ode to the shock of a cussing lady
Limbless trees
Violent breeze
Tribute to the f*cker that wouldn't please

-anonymous

rii
me

It's the (blij
nd) leading the (blij
nd) and that's just fii
ne but at the end of the lii
ne when it fii
nally comes tii
me to open mii
ii
's ii
'll know that mii
lii
fe's been mii
ne. ii

hopes

By: Braden Russom

The Saga of an Ant on a Leaf

By: Jason Shaw

There I was on the leaf, feeling the world around me bob up and down with the cool April wind. I felt peaceful with the breeze against my body with the constant flow of air lifting up the strong minty scent of nature that tingled my senses and made the nerves in my nasal cavity more alive. The feeling of the currents of wind flowing against the membrane of the fragile leaf was relaxing; like lying on top of a wave that you could not sink or be thrown off of. The corrugated surface of my green moving platform was soft—it felt like I was standing on a series of carpeted tiles. I was getting hungry and had just thought to myself that I would make a snack of my leaf soon, even though it had been so hospitable to me.

Then I heard a snap. Suddenly, the world that was once peacefully bobbing like a raft was speeding like a motorboat. I felt a great sense of falling and rising at the same time. My mind was racing faster than the wind; trying to comprehend what has just disrupted the tranquility it was just experiencing only a moment ago. I didn't know where these friendly currents were taking me and I didn't know if they would get me there alive. The world spun around at amazing speed, my brain strained painfully to collect all of the rushing visual images—but all it got was a kaleidoscope of moving colors.

It's strange; the leaf was the cause of my distress yet my only sense of security. There were moments of complete weightlessness, where I was neither flying nor falling but suspended in the air. Time held no meaning in my world anymore; it froze and stretched out infinitely. I wanted to my hazardous journey to end so that I could know whether I'd come out OK, but I never wanted the thrill of it to go away. I grew more excited as the journey went on... and more fearful. I gathered up the courage to stand up taller so I could see over the sides of the leaf.

It was a breathtaking sight, seeing the world from so far above after living my life clung so close to it. I knew that even if I survived the landing, I was far from my colony to ever see it again. Even if a predator didn't get me, I would die without my colony to provide shelter or help me find food. But, oddly, I was thankful for my experience and for this leaf snapping free of its branch.

I had never felt so alive.

Satan's Fitful Sleep

By: Anonymous

It is I who lives in this twisted little world.

Maleforming my characters to play a part in my mind.

I am the twisted alone figure in the night.

**That time holds no bounds to my hungry soul, that I should be in
this corner before the light.**

The Truth!

The stark naked, terrifying truth.

A thousand curious figures peeling my skin loose!

Away you vagrants!

You castaways of flesh!

**I condemn you to my immortal torture if that is what you so eagerly
seek to find.**

**Face my undying wrath with vengeance sworn before my concep-
tion,**

Still clung to a womb from which I was sacrificed;

Torn to a world that abhors me,

**That makes a mockery, a villain, a whore of me, and my wretched
mind!**

That I am to be left alone in this world, like a million other souls.

Vying for our sacred, most sweet and sought after taste.

**A blandness we may know in body, but never in spirit, Never in the
dreams of our innocent little wombs.**

**The worms of experience have not fed upon my resting bed, not by
the hands of this dreary little nap.**

**For this night like so many others is my own, my single lonely
space of time.**

And what of this? I smile.

**I cherish the harps and harmony that speaks softly to my waking
ears.**

To dream is the divine conqueror, a master of us all.

**For what is this world but an extension of those little things in our
head.**

**Those little hopes in everything, in anything, written once before
and once again,**

To repeat in our heart, beat after tender beat.

A Prayer for Help

Sit down my son,
Your life has just begun,
Time to get serious,
So don't be so foolish.
Shoot for the stars
And you won't get far,
Before you come down
And crash to the ground.
But Father, please help me,
For I am still not ready.
My life has just begun,
Why can't I have fun?
I don't want to go out that door,
I just want to explore some more.
Into this world I have been thrown,
Cast out into the great unknown,
Learning how to succeed and gain wealth,
While I am still trying to know myself.

-Stephen Donnarummo

Tribute to True Friendship

We've been friends since first grade. Two completely opposite, yet kindred spirits. The spark that ignited us may have been accidental, but we fed it to see where it would lead. We were just buddies most of our life. The typical kind of will-you-sit-with-me-on-the-bus friendship that all children experience. The deepness wasn't discovered until years later.

We did it all together; completely inseparable. We didn't go out with the other. It was pure hell if we got separated into different classes or even, god-forbid, different teams on the gym class kickball team. We can't even recall how many times we both sang the wrong song lyrics then laughed hysterically until giant tears rolled down our cheeks. Only with one another could we sit in silence and let our thoughts communicate.

We met after a few hours. Yea, I agree it happened quickly, but is that such a bad thing? We were totally different people, but there was an instant bond between us. We really understand each other: our fears, our hopes, our loneliness. We reached out to one another to help fill in some of the voids in our lives. Further than that, we respected each other highly and trusted them to the fullest extent. Should either of us break that trust we would be devastated. Our late night talks over stale coffee kind of friendship created a new person in me. A person who wasn't used to opening up and emptying their thoughts, feelings, and desires

We became friends the instant we met. When I saw your gleaming smile, I knew you were next...next to get me to submit; next to get me to spill out the far-corners of my soul. We always try to please one another; take that extra step to ensure the other will have a good day. We found in one another something we never knew existed in ourselves...a feeling, a happiness, an understanding. With us a hug is greater than a thousand words. We want to protect one another; we hate when the day comes to an end leaving us with one less day to talk and smile.

We meet many acquaintances in our lives, some we care about and others we are apathetic towards. But only those true friends will be with you forever, in your heart and on your mind. Only those people can look you in the eye and without saying a word, make your day a whole lot brighter.

By: Jamie Veley

View of the Hudson

By: James A. Rovello

What insurmountable beauty seems to flow from the
frozen river of this dreary February.
That nature could summon forth such blushing warmth
into the soul of a broken figurine.

A still surface of glittering waves,
Mimicking in their still photograph the tumult waves be-
neath.

A frame of one moment in the never-ending life of a river.
What water had flown here before and which for the first
time am I witness to?

Could this moment etched in ice be the most sacred joys
withing its life span?

Or, the deepening sorrows which know no true depths
below?

How mighty is the Hudson?

How burdensome is its trip that nature's photograph
should instill the struggles of its never-ending journey.

How hapless its victim who struggle above those teary
eyed waves of anguish,

Swallowing whole all that human tenacity may throw.

Including this blot of ink, which like its numerous failed
counterparts will join the ranks of Icarus.

Too prideful to fly, too great to swim,

An age-old reminder of how tempestuous the moment is.

Give in then to the frozen photos and let the waters of
amnesia strip what lasting memories remain.

To the endless depths my creativity goes,

Only to resurface in my child's eye.

Voice in the Woods

By: Scott Randall Thompson

Gretel could wander through the woods of her
head
And find the nothing that was her always
Who she called God others called Pan-
Instead, she stays in bed and prays again-
Laughing Gretel smiles at the corner she stares
at
Towards which she ran like a rod replacing
strays called God
By cats lost like sheep- we are 'til then
This godless rod of cats, communicatory pole,
From air we stole from God of old named Pan-

Waiting

I keep waiting
For things to get better
But my momma told
Me a watched pot
Never boils, and
Patience, was never
A virtue I possessed

My dreams could
Fill a million pots
And when they finally
Begin to boil, all the
Little wishes would
Overflow onto the
Burners, and steam
Their way into reality

I keep waiting
To have my prayers answered
But my momma told
Me that god helps those
Who help themselves,
And water can only boil
If there is heat beneath it

By: Janna

War of the Loveless

The game begins with us blind to the light,
Unaware, unprepared, for the perilous fight.
Heart so bold, sword of gold,
We ride the tide into the night.

Enter the field, borne of innocence,
Leave the day wounded, worried, and tense.
Onward we strive, barely alive,
Hearts heavy with sorrow intense.

But we must battle on,
Until the break of dawn.
No matter what the cost,
Or the soldiers we've lost.
For when all is said and done,
We cannot quit until we've won.
Never giving up, we fight on.

Only once you've achieved victory,
Can you close your spiritual armory.
The spoils of war, forevermore,
Will be your own love story.

So if you ever find that,
Your constant battle is worthless,
Just keep in mind that,
The war of the loveless,
Is better won than lost,
No matter what the cost.
And when all is said and done,
You cannot quit until you've won,
So NEVER give up, FIGHT ON!

By Matt Migliorisi

You Make Me Feel So Dark

By Kavi Manoranjan

Oh girl, I don't know how you do it,
you make me feel so young.
Everytime I see you I am inclined to smile
and my heart pounds in my chest
and I form a lump in my throat.
Your beauty astounds me
and makes me feel so dark
In the illuminance of your light.
I think that I could be him,
the one for you but I doubt myself.
I know what I want to tell you,
what I feel in my soul,
but what if I say the wrong words,
and then you laugh at me and turn away.
Tongue-tied and nervous,
I don't want to say the wrong things,
so once more I
 gaze at you,
 then I turn around
 and walk away.
I hope I will see you again soon
and maybe, just maybe
when that day comes,
I will have the strength
to say to you
the things that you ought to hear from me.

Untitled

By: Nicole Reizian

I sit here on this wooden bench
In the middle of a busy campus,
And strangely you cross my mind.
Thinking of last night
How you held me and made me yours,
If only while we slept.
All my feelings of uneasiness seemed to vanish,
As I felt your lips lightly kiss my cheek.
And when the dreaded alarm sounded
I knew my time of lying beside you
Had ended.
Yet the feeling when I left
You was just as sweet.
Looking at you under the crumpled blankets,
Like a child.
I pulled myself away to being the tasks
That compared to being with you suddenly
Were so insignificant.
No studying or reading made a difference.
Now, I sit here on this wooden bench
I am grateful.
To have each second to remember,
For these bring a smile to my day.

Tarnished Crucifix

By: Kevin Herbert

I've searched for some solution
To dissolve this darkened state
Of meaningless pollution
Of violence and hate
I gaze with disconcerted sight
At tiny pits and rust
Years of never-ending night
And miles of fractious dust



Flowers

By: Jennifer Hoffman

Fireworks



by: Jennifer Hoffman

Untitled



by: Anonymous

Editors Note:

I would like to thank all of those who participated in making this semester's *Mosaic* happen. My editing staff, the authors of the poems, short stories, and pictures, the printers, ect. And a special thanks has to go out to Stephen Donnarummo for all the long hours and tedious typing he did for us. Thank you!!!! To everyone, again have a great summer, and I can't wait to see what next year brings. Keep submitting!!!

**Sincerely,
Taryn Polites
Cheif Editor
Spring '00**