

THE LITERARY ARTS SOCIETY



THE MOSAIC

UNSPOKEN WHISPERS
FALL 2000

A Brief Word from the Editor

Unspoken Whispers sink in the depths of people's minds, on their forever-hesitant lips, tragically never reaching their intended audiences because of fear of rejection. This semester's *Mosaic* is a tribute to all the writers, poets, artists, and photographers that devoted their time to exploring their own inner voices and shouted them out for the Marist community. I applaud you for your efforts and hope everyone enjoys how the work has been voiced in the Literary Arts Society's *Fall 2000 Mosaic*.

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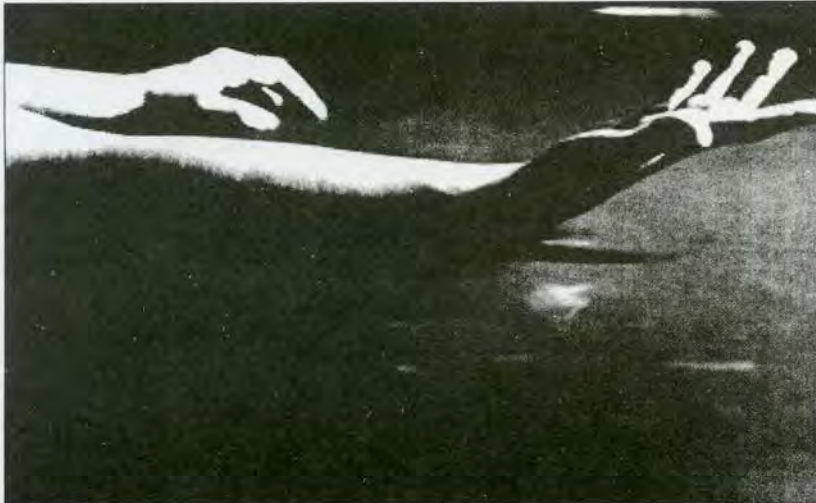
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Untitled

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Brilliant

I'm brilliant -
I once passed by the Sun
and the Sun experienced a Me eclipse -

I'm brilliant -
So bright that all light is absorbed by my brilliance
Into the black hole of Me
Which in turn, combines with every black hole of Me
So that all light, ever, is a part of Me
And then you would still have only a glimpse of My brilliance -

And if light were to "escape" My brilliance
it would travel infinitely at the speed of itself
but the speed of Me is faster
because I am the Here and the Destination
so that the light would really be Me
and just not know it yet -

There are no glasses
to shield Your eyes from the brilliance of Me
because My brilliance is so brilliant that it would end the nonbrilliance
of You,
You being all,
You being Me in unbrilliant form -

Scott Randall Thompson

Friends Vs Friends

*A misunderstanding
becomes an endless battle,
like a storm
where thunder and lighten rage
and nature hides.*

*Voices loud with anger
fill up the space
between two people
leaving a roar in each ear,
a distance
separated by a wall
that doesn't crumble,
and no one wants to touch
for fear the weight
could break upon them.*

*Feelings brushed off
like dirt on a sleeve,
as though they don't exist.
Feelings are burned
as if tied to a stake
in a witch's fire.*

Alexis Kaleida

i want to be lost in the woods
following breadcrumbs with my swedish sister
escaping the wrath of a warty witch

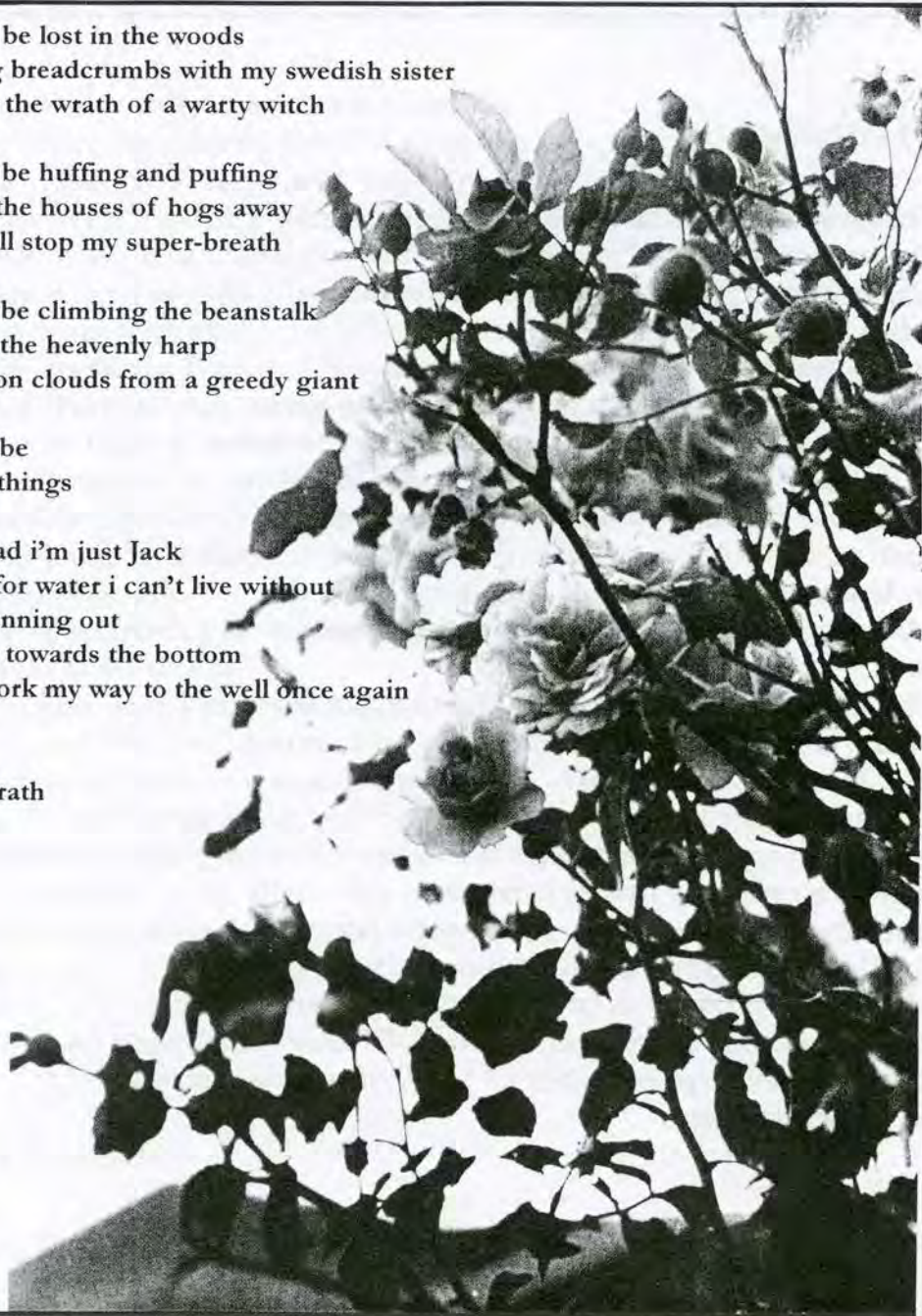
i want to be huffing and puffing
blowing the houses of hogs away
bricks will stop my super-breath

i want to be climbing the beanstalk
rescuing the heavenly harp
running on clouds from a greedy giant

i want to be
all those things

but instead i'm just Jack
working for water i can't live without
always running out
tumbling towards the bottom
only to work my way to the well once again

Jim McGrath



I Believe

**There are moral tales of truth we're told
accompanied by
phantasmal images meant to deceive.
After 20 odd years of reflection
these are the things that I believe.
I believe there is such a thing as true love
not just a tolerance for another's presences
that doesn't compromise your existence.
I believe there's no such thing as racism
just a color-coded differentiation
in the exponential expression of hatred.
I believe there are still some good people
just few and far between.
I believe we're more than simply just bodies
and in a universal knowledge that carries
our lives on after death.
I believe we're too concerned
with material possessions and obsessions of pretensions
that we're more important than we really are.
I believe that there must be some higher power
that's waiting for us to pull our shit together.
I believe "standards of living" can be measured
in far more accurate terms than GNP, per capita,
and the average number of televisions per people
in a community.**

I believe that wallets and credit cards
are the atom bombs of the 21st century.
That all the technology and high-speed
modems aren't going to help us without direction.
I believe that biceps and triceps can move heavy crates
but minds and words can move mountains
and more importantly, people.
I believe in God. Just not the scripture.
I believe that OJ was guilty
and so was Ollie North.
I believe that we should focus less
on how the primary races are going and more
on what the candidates are saying.
Vote Libertarian.
I believe I'm going to die young.
I'm not scared at all.
That people don't enjoy life's experiences
as much as they could and should.
Take pride in your accomplishments,
just don't hold them over someone else.
I believe the night she held me was the best night
in a long time.
It was the worst night since.
I believe
I believe
these things that I believe.

Chris Knudtsen



Untitled
James Pisano

Last Night's Zinfandel

*Lovers fall under the moon's spell.
Drugged by the night's fragrance
Soon to be awakened by the breakfast bell.*

*Quietly he sneaks out of the hotel
room. It was all an accident.
Lovers fell under the moon's spell.*

*Lying on the pillow his villanelle.
How convenient
to be awakened by the breakfast bell.*

*The pen still lying in the inkwell
the ink sill wets the parchment
lovers who fall under the moon's spell.*

*Now it awakens Jezebel
to see him absent,
her lover awakened before the breakfast bell.*

*She sipped last night's Zinfandel
reading the letter's content
lovers fall under the moon's spell
one to be awakened by the breakfast bell.*

Kirsten Dooley

The doctors had all left, the only movement in the hospital room was the orderly shutting down the machines. Kathy had died two days, but it took this long family to give the go ahead to pull the plug and let her body rest. I stood over her still-warm body stroking her blonde hair. When the orderly started to pull the sheet over her beautiful features I motioned for him to stop. He gave me a solemn nod and exited the room, leaving me alone with Kathy and my memories.

I had met Kathy at the beginning of the week, and we hit it off immediately. I am a consultant for a large technology firm out of Houston and Kathy was the receptionist at our client's home office. I still remember how she looked sitting there, a picture of beauty and happiness. She had this air of joy around her. Somehow, even in death, there is a feeling that she might sit up and laugh one more time. The gentlemen I was to meet with were running late and I had enough time to speak with Kathy at length about nothing. I was able to break the ice due to the fact that one of my bags was destroyed on the airplane and I was out of personal hygiene products and medication. We decided to finish our conversation over coffee when I had finished my presentation.

As we left the coffee shop that afternoon, I asked her if she would like to have dinner that night. She pointed out with her trademark sweet smile that I needed to go shopping and quickly added that she had a prior engagement at the gym. I suggested Tuesday and she agreed. One quick hug and she was hailing a taxi.

I then took the next four hours finding a pharmacist, buying the essentials, getting my prescription filled, getting lost, finding a taxi, having the driver deposit me at the wrong hotel twice, fielding messages from my employers when I got back, and starting my reports I had due to the client and my boss.

Our date on Tuesday couldn't have been better. The restaurant that the hotel suggested was fabulous: good food, better wine, and perfect company. We talked The night away unaware of the time until, by pure chance, she noticed the staff was putting the chairs up. With her beautiful laugh she suggested we retire to one of the local bars. She understood that I had a lot of paperwork to grind through after that morning meeting with her employers. She looked a little disappointed, so I pulled one of my best bachelor tricks out and offered to cook her dinner Wednesday.

I was having trouble concentrating on my presentation Wednesday, preoccupied with Kathy and my hopes for the night we were going to have. The rest of my day fled in a blur until five o'clock. Kathy offered to accompany me to the store but I told her that would ruin the mood, and she should expect me at her apartment at six.

At six-fifteen her door opened to me holding two large brown paper bags. Her apartment was very nicely lit, with soft music playing, candles... the perfect romantic atmosphere. I offered her a glass of the horribly expensive bottle of champagne I purchased earlier. When she started towards the kitchen I gently guided her to her couch and told her that I would take care of everything, and just needed to know where the champagne glasses were.

A short rummage through her cabinets offered up two pieces of crystal. We drank quietly, with knowing glances exchanged between us. When we had finished, I took her glass along with mine back to the kitchen and started on the only meal I knew how to make with any ability.

Two short hours later, dining on sirloin and a few vegetable sides over pleasant conversation, I noticed that she was losing her trademark grin. Thirty minutes later, she looked quite unwell. I asked her if she was feeling ok and with some prodding she admitted that she was feeling light-headed and apologized. I said it was all right and asked if there was anything I could do. She said no and excused herself to her bathroom.

I sat alone for five minutes when a loud crash coupled by a very hollow thud came from the bathroom. I called out to see if she was ok. No response. I called again. Silence. I walked over to the door, calling out Kathy's name, and pushed the door open. I can't forget the sight that greeted me.

Kathy lay sprawled out on the tile in a pool of broken glass and blood. The door of the medicine cabinet was shattered and the pieces of mirror shattered on the floor reflected her pale face and the gash on her forehead. The sink had a sizeable red bloodstain on its edge.

The ambulance took less than five minutes to reach her apartment. I was able to make it to the hospital forty-five minutes after that. When I was allowed to see her, her head

was bandaged and the bleeding looked to be under control, but there was a sense of frantic hopelessness infecting the doctors and nurses working on her. They were examining charts and had what I guessed was more machinery in her room than they needed.

Five hours later, a doctor and a police officer approached my chair in the waiting room. The doctor had a sad expression on her face, and the police officer just looked grim. She told me that they had trouble stopping the bleeding from Kathy's forehead, and later tests showed that this was due to her having large doses of blood thinners in her blood stream. Unfortunately, they hadn't discovered this in time and after they had at first stemmed the bleeding, Kathy's condition continued to deteriorate and they didn't know why. An X-ray later, they discovered a bleeding ulcer in her stomach that had caused too much internal bleeding and caused Kathy to slip into a coma.

The officer asked me if Kathy seemed depressed. I responded no, and he told me that they discovered in her apartment an empty prescription bottle in the remains of her medicine cabinet.

The doctor who unplugged Kathy told me that the combination of the blunt impact trauma and blood loss from the head wound she had suffered caused too much brain damage and she would never wake up from her coma.

I looked down at Kathy and gave a soft smile; I never even knew her last name.

"Excuse me, sir?"

Looking up from Kathy, I saw a lovely blonde nurse standing at the door to the darkened room. "Yes?"

"The orderlies need to clear this room. Would you like to come with me and get a cup of coffee?"

I looked down at my watch. My flight left in four hours - enough time.

"Ok, sure." I replied. As I walked behind her, I saw that she was wearing thigh-high nylons. Good. Strangulation is so much more fun than poison.



Jen

James Pisano

Night

*'The black of the magnolias and maples against the charcoal sky makes me sing
 'Who dwells on the heavenly slate?
 It must be the subterraneans
 I look up the flicking flickering fleeting stars-who can touch such a transient force
 'They hold them there with such precision fastened to unbreakable unknowable unseeable
 Cables.*

*'The northwest moon's marvelous molten glow I squint and its Helios rays reflection
 shoot toward me effortless. I do the same with the stars
 And the masters see me, they laugh, they are laughing at me remembering smoking at
 night and their peyote tales
 'The lavender granite of the night makes me sing
 Cackle! Hoot! Wail! WAILING wail! A magnificent mariachi melee
 In the distance.*

*'The climbing pitch crickets string their Christmas bop symphony and I am the audience
 the baritone drone to the loop loop of the conductors wand
 'But yes - even they must clear their throats and crack their knuckles
 'To my right is my friend my friend my friend, my best friend with her grand green
 Twinkle.*

*And with a look I know, nothing more be explained.
 'True love and understanding true love and knowledge true love and an endless fire
 'There is no machinery of this night no artificial neon atomic disgrace
 Just the deafening lull of silence here and again
 Draw a perfect circle
 I just have...*

Landan Gross

Celebrating Paradigm

The microscopic sacrifice has given us a taste
Of suffering for something more than just the human race
If every father only knew the path a child would take
And how each lesson complicates the fragile hand of fate

Could you convince them through it all that one is truly saved
Eternity is something more than ashes in the grave
All our sins are washed away, but who could pay the price
When deep inside of all of us the devil's thinking twice

On the cross he was a prayer for those who had bereaved
In the end he saved himself and all who have believed
His ego slowly dissipates and permeates throughout
His body lives eternally in each of the devout

The macroscopic sacrifice will seem like such a waste
Abruptly ending everything destroying time and space
If every mother had a clue could heaven truly wait
Could any martyr justify the choice we'd have to make

And how we judged our neighbors for the way we all behaved
Despite the gift of providence our souls are yet enslaved
For choose we must — we can no longer leave it to the dice
A life of lukewarm maybes now will simply not suffice

Even so we celebrate for what we have conceived
Prognosticating miracles and more or less deceived
Our moral degradation states that life is all about
The mansions that we build ourselves from what we've figured out

But cosmic dust is all we are and soon will all become
Unless we break from Satan's grip before the day is done

Kevin Herbert

Manifesto of the Pastry Party

A specter is haunting America, the specter of pre-packaged baked goods. All the powers of the industry have risen into an unholy alliance to protect this specter: Dr. Hostess, Sir Nabisco, Little Debbie, the Great General Mills, and the French-radical Frierhoffer.

Where is the party of opposition that is not resorting to poor quality convenience baked goods? Where is the opposition that has taken no interest in the tempting and tasty treats produced by Big Business Bakers in an effort against the very same companies?

Here are two facts to consider while pondering these questions:

- 1) Big-Business baked goods are already acknowledged by All-American and European Powers to be itself a Power.
- 2) It is high time that Big-Business Bakers should openly, in the face of the whole baking industry, put down their spatulas, relinquish their recipes, and shut down the factories responsible for such poor quality baked goods.

To this end, expert bakers of various nationalities have assembled in New York City, and cooked up the following manifesto, to be published for cooks in the English, French, German, Italian, Flemish and Danish (mmm...) languages.

Big-Business Bakers and Pastry Chefs

The history of all hitherto existing pastry society is the history of all the pastry chefs' struggles.

Throughout history there has existed an injustice: Freeman and slave, patrician and plebian, lord and serf; guild-master and journeyman. In a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstitution of pastry society at large (determined largely by food fights), or in the common ruin of the contending pastry classes.

In the earlier epochs of history, we find almost everywhere a complicated arrangement of expert bakers into various orders, a manifold gradation of social baker's rank. In Ancient Rome we had cake bakers, frosting makers, and practicing pastry patricians. In the

Middle Ages, feudal chefs, dessert designers, and bakers' serfs; in almost all of these classes, again, subordinate gradations.

The discovery of sugar long ago opened up a new career in cooking (namely... pastry chefs). Soon, with the market ever growing and demand rising, handmade pastry makers could no longer meet demands, and individual chefs no longer sufficed. Then, steam and machinery revolutionized pastry production. The place of pastry manufacturing was taken by the giant modern convenience Baked Goods Companies, taking the place of talented pastry chefs.

Our epoch, the epoch of pastry chefs worldwide, possesses this distinctive feature: We create a higher quality of baked goods. Society as a whole is more and more splitting into two hostile groups: Those who prefer quality handmade pastries, and those customers drawn in by creamy fillings and sugar coated products.

The modern Big-Business pastry society that has sprouted from the new fast-paced American culture has done away with the experienced pastry chef. It has, in fact, only succeeded in establishing a surplus bargain basement baked goods that flood the market, new "efficient" ways of packaging, and low, low prices in place of traditionally higher costing pastries (namely...ours).

We see, therefore, how the modern pastry chef's social position on the baking food chain has been lowered due to new modes of production and sales.

The Pastry Chef's disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing bakery giant companies. Let Big-Business Baked Goods Companies tremble at the pastry chefs' revolution. The Pastry Chefs have nothing to lose but their aprons.

Pastry Chefs of the World, Unite!

Dave Casarella



Untitled

Kirsten Dooley

High on Wednesday

Pretensions of being productive
blown to smoke in a thick pungent puff
of procrastination and self-indulgent priorities.
Probably
not a good idea to tackle this much
this early into the game.
But it's the third quarter of a four-year event,
the vendors are low on fast food
and running out of
change-
to a new level of political analysis,
the system evaluation of why nothing gets done properly
as a result of the aforementioned
pre-determined priorities that are naturally disposed
of
in
a technologically developing society
that's reverting to degrading
members of an inherently integrating culture
of
McWorld.
One dollar menus that are more affordable
to Bill Gates and the billionaire club of Silicon Valley
while Al Gore and George W. bicker about
who
won and
what
happened and
why
Nader got shifted
Lazio got the shaft
and Bill Clinton got a blowjob in the Oval Office
all in the 35 second flashes brought to you by G.E. and Ronald Reagan
that kept you fixated to visual stimuli
and subliminal programs that forced you to buy more
buy low
sell high
make the deal
and stay online.
RATS (paid for by the friends of W.)

Chris Knutsden



Untitled
Kirstin Dooley

Reflections

I sat uncomfortably inside the car. The air was chilled and my hands were numb with lack of use. I hungrily slapped them together without effect and made small circular motions with my wrists in some subtle attempt to gather heat. I did not look directly at Melissa. I wanted to just sink deeper into the warm seat I had proclaimed as my own and just sit-back and enjoy the ride. Of course it was not particularly enjoyable, nor was it the occasion one expected for enjoyment.

"Think there will be a lot of people there?" Melissa huskily inquired. Her eyes were focused on the ice-encrusted window. The constant rhythm of the car bouncing on interstate 84 made a slow, natural theme to my slumbered form. I pretended at first not to hear her voice, as if she had simply spoken some rhetorical jargon aloud.

"Do you?" she inquired, this time stealing a glance in my direction. Her hazel eyes were filled with clever nonchalance and I swore that a smile graced her lips at the edges.

Quietly, I readjusted myself in the car seat and proceeded to stare off into the passenger side window. Vaguely, my reflection came through the obscured surface and I thought perhaps for a moment that I could have been anyone in that seat. Anyone.

"I think there will be quite a few. She was well loved," I resigned.

"Good, I would hate there to be no one, or little if anyone." Melissa ordained with firmness in her jaw that spoke of years of solidity. She was single minded in her pursuits and that attracted me to her, even if it was only a temporary ticket to passion.

"Why should it matter?" I asked, my eyes still vaguely focused on the reflection in the passenger window. Beyond it a world stretched out in quick heartbeats that only the highway could produce with its impatient rhythm.

"Because it would look bad if no one showed." Melissa answered with that voice of finality. The end all statement of the world that she expected would always be hers even in death. I could see her penning the final lines to her will, or perhaps a suicide note that echoed on into eternity for all those who remained behind. Very pompous of her.

"Shouldn't judge a book by its cover" I cleverly grinned and resumed my detailed inspection of the blurred face in my reflection.

"Well." Melissa answered after a brief pause. "Only the jealous books say that." I could feel her casting me a grin. She not doubt had that playful look on her face and a moment later I felt her warm hand pressed against my thigh. She playfully squeezed it and gave it a sharp slap.

"Either way," she declared in that same nonchalance, "Either way it'll be boring."

"What more can you expect from a funeral?" I asked in that same comatose voice. My eyes shifting away from the blurred reflection to the spinning world outside. What more can you expect?



Sisters

E. DeTraglia

Hell Versus Heaven

The piece of paper that slices through your pure flesh
And forces crimson to pour from your veins.
The pain that begins at the base of your skull,
Envelops your brain,
And pounds through your sinuses like a base drum.
The nightmares that torture you
When you are all alone in the dark.
The fear and torment that constantly contain your thoughts
Worry, stress, and regret.
The girl that your mother warned you about.
Hell.

The down comforter that keeps you warm
During the cold winter nights.
The gentle hand that slowly wipes the tears
Off your cheeks.
The laughter that rings like crystal stemware
Tapped by silverware.
The innocent newborn deer that struggles
To stand on it's own yet is determined to be independent.
The angel that descends
A miracle from above.
Heaven.

Michelle Slesinski

Monosyllabic Killer

The man on the roof thought the scene on the street could use some more spice. That is why he took out his gun. He was on top of a high perch on Oak Street in Dahl, Maine. Not a loud town, but it soon will be, he thought.

The man took out his scope, the sun shone its dull gray paint. Brand new, he thought, this will be fun. I can't wait for the cops and the lights – they will get theirs, too.

The sun was just at noon – High Noon – he said in his head as he dreamt of Wild Bill, the dust of Dodge, and the shoot-out at the old bars. There would be a few from the street that would end up in a pine box by the end of the day. He smiled as he pulled out his gun.

Where would the man aim first? He could not choose- there were a great deal to pick from. There was Ann Mintz, the girl on the street with her son, Jack – fresh from school. Or, there was Merl Janks, on the bench at the bus stop with a pint of warm beer in a brown bag.

Snap, the scope rang out loud in his ear as he saw their end draw near.

Shoot! I am out of live fire! I shot it all at the range. Wait, two duds – Shit! I will try them out,” he said, his hate on fire, smoke flew from his mouth.

The man set the gun tip on the wall and Click, Click.

Damn, back to the Mail Room – lunch break is over.

Scott Neville

Lunar

Draped in regal robes
 she boldly approaches
 lavish but lovely
 Blues, greens, and purples
 lingering harmoniously swirling
 dreamily blending, blurring in the darkness
 In her eyes, the waves of countless ages;
 lengthy voyages, ludicrous lovers
 gallant heroes-she has commanded them all
 Sparkling in her smile, every female
 femininity, creature, nature
 power, life, eternity
 Each silver birthmark
 a stain of purity, wonderment
 a delectable accountability of her perfect chaos
 Smooth, satiny, and dark
 She sweeps by each eye
 gracefully lending her
 celestial light
 her strength
 and
 her depth.



P. Tarantello



Help me.

I cannot leave this place. It traps me and forces me to hide. Why am I here. What have I done. Why do they punish me. My eyes, they hurt me. I see only darkness. It blinds me. I hear only silence. I am deaf. I smell only smoke. It burns me inside. I taste only dust. It makes me dry. I feel only loneliness. It isolates me. I am not dead. I am not alive. I am trapped.

But there is something.

Help me.

I can leave this place. I am free and open. I am here. I have done nothing and everything. They punish me but I do not care. My eyes, they free me. I see only light. I create images. I hear only laughter. I can hear. I smell only your hair. It cools me inside. I taste only sweetness. It makes me content. I feel only love. It befriends me. I am not dead. I am not alive. I am free.

*There was always something about you
That made me feel alive.
A light that I saw each time
You entered the room.
It was something that only you
And I knew; something only we
Could see. It was something
That will be ours forever.*

Reflections on an Autumn Maple

In a complete world,
the solitary individual falling, fluttering - unnoticed -

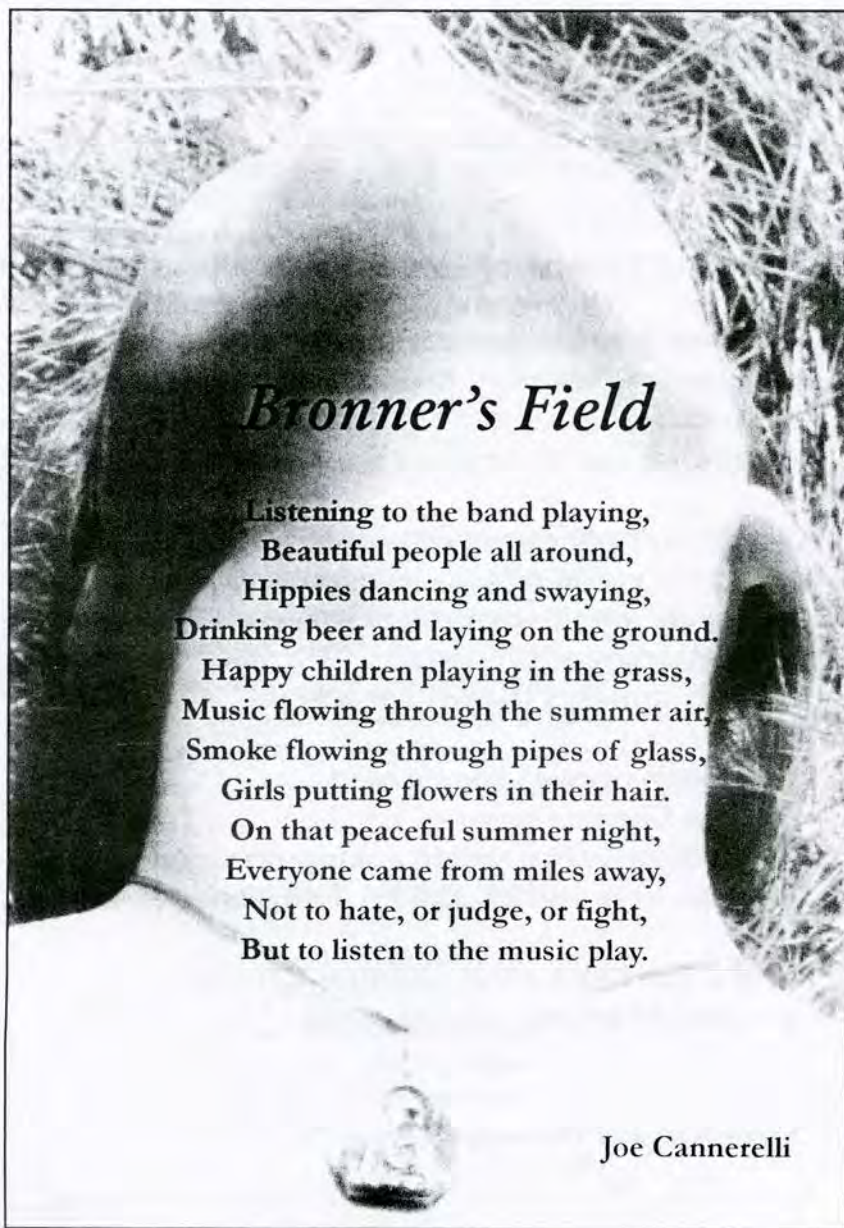
But then Wind comes, stripping her naked –
gale gusting through the whole, sending parts,
feelings astray, numbing the complete,
rendering the incomplete impotent -

And then Time comes - At night,
when the world is too asleep to notice,
the awake world too tired to care –
In the Darkness, even then,
more fragments change the whole -

Then Rain comes - The flowers
and the farmers rejoice
while David is chiseled to a skipping stone
and Monet is a single dot on a canvassed landscape,

And if you think a leaf falling is loneliness,
you should see my balding head -

Scott Randall Thompson



Bronner's Field

Listening to the band playing,
Beautiful people all around,
Hippies dancing and swaying,
Drinking beer and laying on the ground.
Happy children playing in the grass,
Music flowing through the summer air,
Smoke flowing through pipes of glass,
Girls putting flowers in their hair.
On that peaceful summer night,
Everyone came from miles away,
Not to hate, or judge, or fight,
But to listen to the music play.

Joe Cannerelli

i want to be lost in the woods
following breadcrumbs with my swedish sister
escaping the wrath of a warty witch

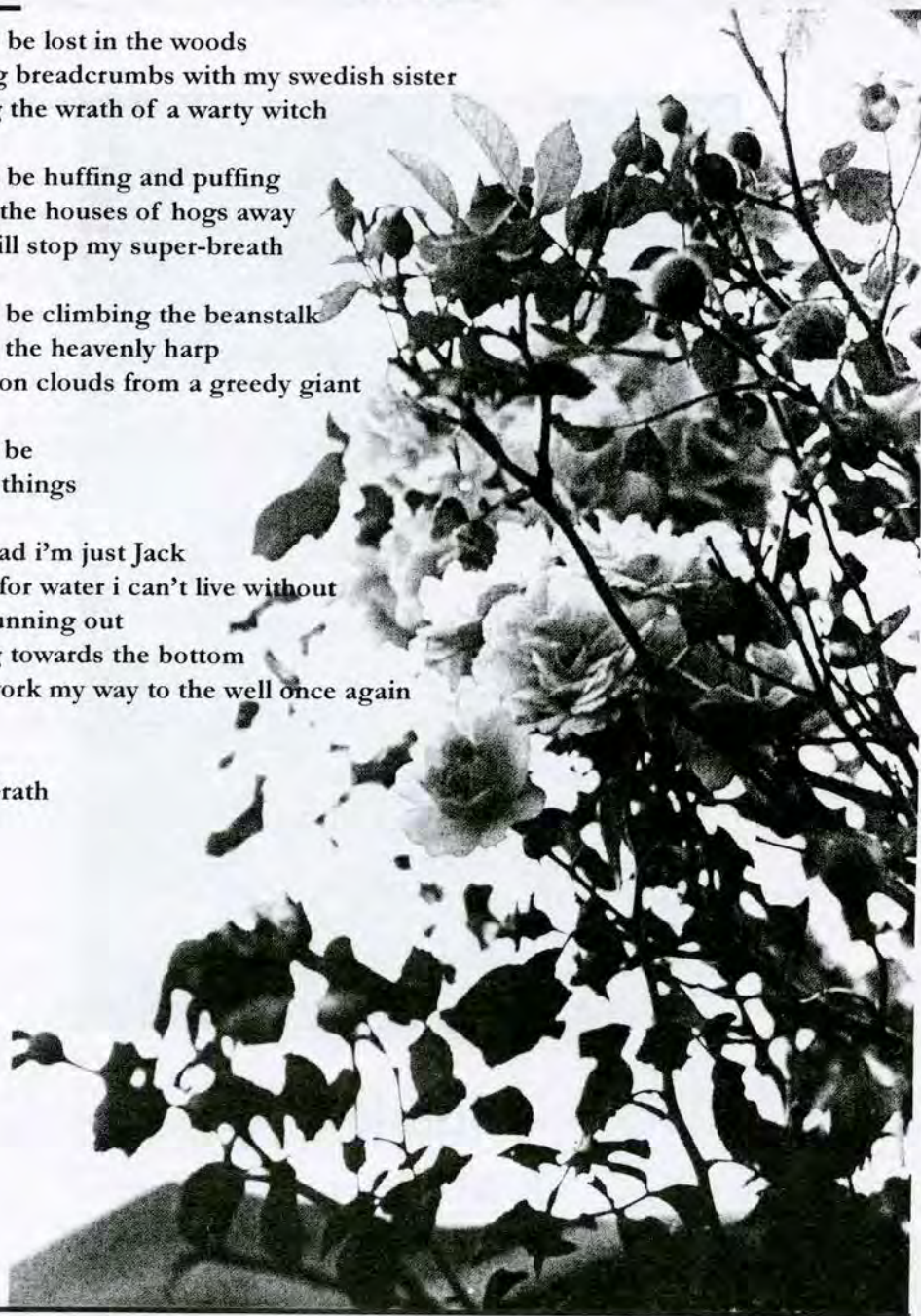
i want to be huffing and puffing
blowing the houses of hogs away
bricks will stop my super-breath

i want to be climbing the beanstalk
rescuing the heavenly harp
running on clouds from a greedy giant

i want to be
all those things

but instead i'm just Jack
working for water i can't live without
always running out
tumbling towards the bottom
only to work my way to the well once again

Jim McGrath





Untitled
Kelly Meagher

A Vision for Carlos

*On a crisp July night (much cooler than usual) I saw a moth's shadow
Flying in front of my porch light flickering
I paid no mind. It was just night.
He hit my back, I thought of nothing, just reciting poetry softly to myself
I heard the moth then speaking
To me?
The wings whipped, rapping up and down louder and faster and louder
He was angel white he circled my head... he had me.
Rhythmic wing flaps as he made trips from my eyes to back... I couldn't quite make it out
He sat next to my ear hovering flapping
I looked straight ahead.
Then I heard him.
And I listened.
I cannot repeat what he told me I promised him
But I looked up and saw...
I saw through everything and saw more than everything
The rich amber hue of the hemlock
The radiant glow of the maple
The stars streaking gold they were moving but they weren't
I saw the underbelly of a jet as it passed overhead
I felt the engine in my chest I felt it's heat on my forehead
Smoke dripped down my throat and continued on to my lungs in one clear heavy breath
The best breath I'd ever taken. It refreshed me.
The bats moths flies just sitting there in enlightened joy in midair.
The trees dimmed against the charcoal heaven they no longer burned
Just a second ago they were illumined. One eternal second ago.*

Landan Gross

I am not yours

You broke your promise

You broke your word

You broke my heart for the last time

Broken glass and broken hearts

Broken clouds and broken dreams

I dreamt the day would come

I dreamt if you were not there

After sleepless nights, I could not dream

Streaming glens and streaming tears

Streaming floods and streaming pain

You never gave me the freedom

You never gave me the pleasure of being right

You never were there for me anyway

Bursts of flames and bursts of rage

Bursts of stars and bursts of rain

Didn't take us long to go our separate ways

Didn't take you long to move on

Didn't take me long to realize

Rays of sun and rays of hope

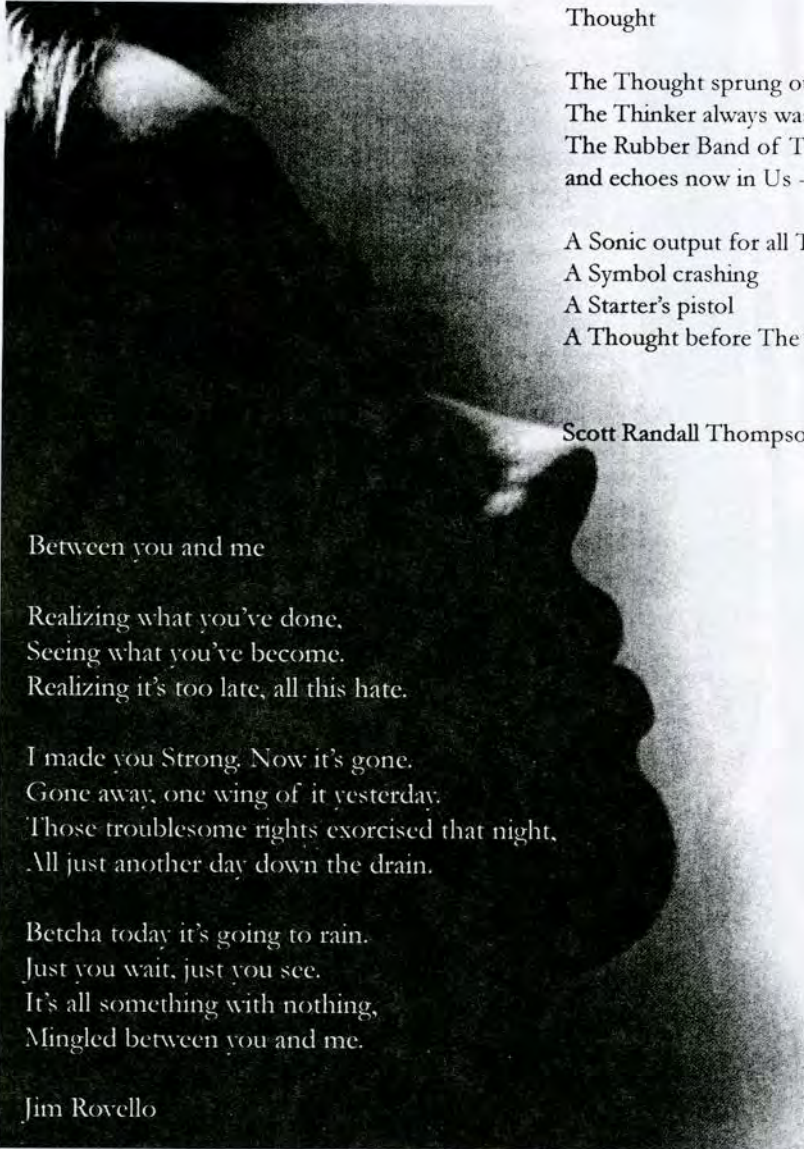
Rays of light and rays of peace

You aren't the one for me anymore

You aren't mine

And I am not yours.

Maria Schiano



Thought

The Thought sprung out and carried -
The Thinker always was -
The Rubber Band of Time snaps back
and echoes now in Us -

A Sonic output for all Time
A Symbol crashing
A Starter's pistol
A Thought before The Thought -

Scott Randall Thompson

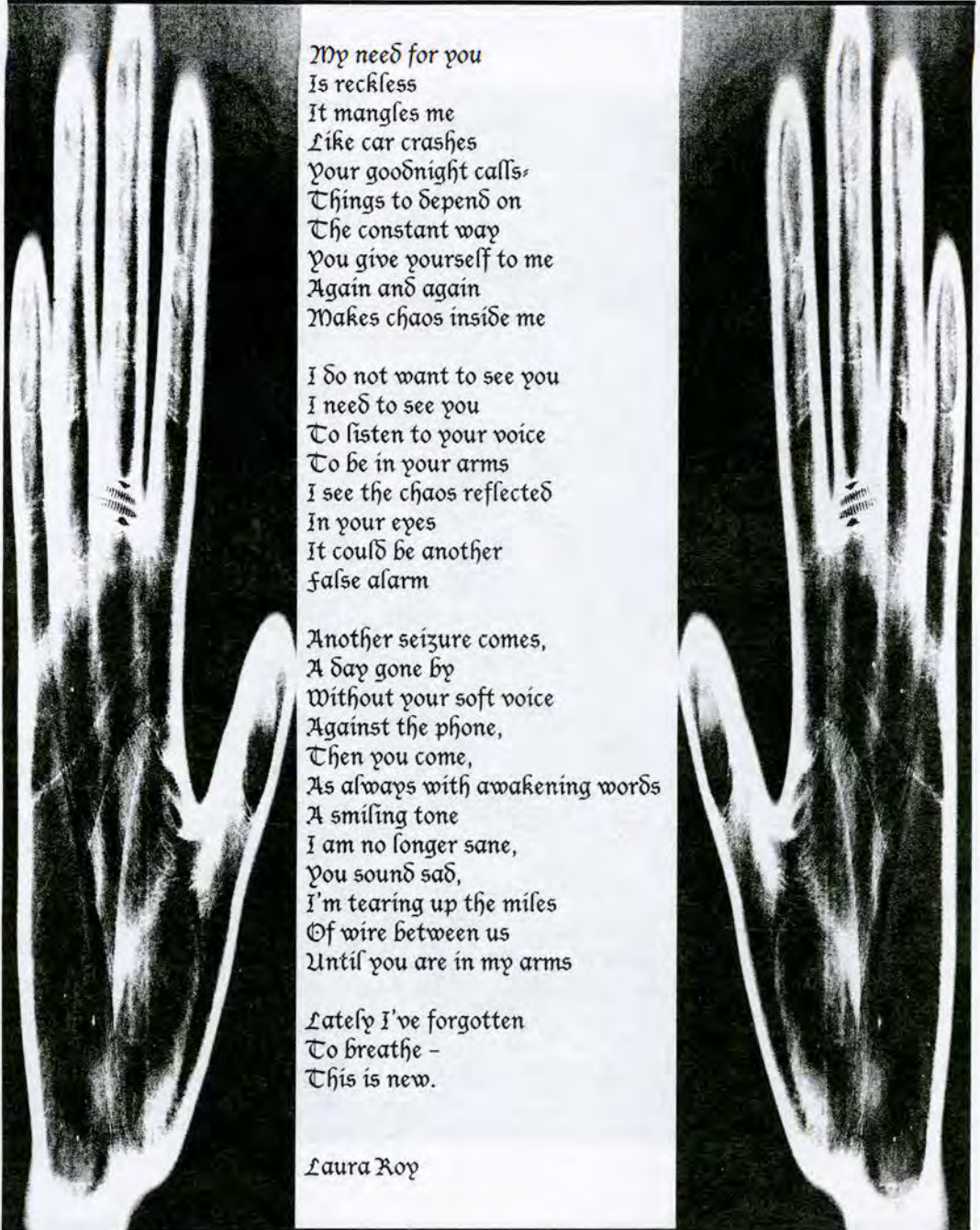
Between you and me

Realizing what you've done,
Seeing what you've become.
Realizing it's too late, all this hate.

I made you Strong. Now it's gone.
Gone away, one wing of it yesterday.
Those troublesome rights exorcised that night,
All just another day down the drain.

Betcha today it's going to rain.
Just you wait, just you see.
It's all something with nothing,
Mingled between you and me.

Jim Rovello



My need for you
Is reckless
It mangles me
Like car crashes
Your goodnight calls
Things to depend on
The constant way
You give yourself to me
Again and again
Makes chaos inside me

I do not want to see you
I need to see you
To listen to your voice
To be in your arms
I see the chaos reflected
In your eyes
It could be another
false alarm

Another seizure comes,
A day gone by
Without your soft voice
Against the phone,
Then you come,
As always with awakening words
A smiling tone
I am no longer sane,
You sound sad,
I'm tearing up the miles
Of wire between us
Until you are in my arms

Lately I've forgotten
To breathe -
This is new.

Laura Roy

Rules for Living

*Eat each moment up like it is a ripe peach
just plucked from its tree. Let the juice trickle down your chin
and savor every bite. Slurp it up
like your mother never told you it was rude!*

*Listen with the intensity and passion
that is found in the colors of autumn's leaves
at the peak of the season. Allow the reds to deafen you,
the greens to soothe you,
and the oranges cheer you.*

*Touch other people's lives as if you are a baby
discovering every texture for the first time.
Be hurt by the people who will prick you like a thorn,
be comforted by the people who will caress you like a cotton sheet,
and be amazed by the people who make you feel
like you have never felt before.*

*See more than what is actually visible.
Look beyond the surface and view what's inside
because the wrapping paper may be pretty
but it's what's inside the Christmas present that counts.*

*Smell the perfume of life. From the roasted chestnuts
outside St. Patrick's Cathedral to the cologne
on your crush's neck, let it all fill your lungs
like it's the mouth to mouth resuscitation
you need to live.*

Michelle Slesinski

Hosts of shades devour
 The serenity of complacency
 Nurturing self-contained quests
 for a dichotomy of life
 Patterns of strength and weakness
 Woven in great detail around
 The eyes of a survivor who
 Clings desperately to that last
 Bit of edge that separates him from
 His own mortality
 Can you see him?
 Can you feel his aches?
 Can you breathe his anxiety in your lungs?
 What do you see...?
 I see a man who has retreated
 Under a tree to shield himself from
 The sun and
 Has begun to fall asleep while
 Reading a book.

William S. Dough

Lazy Waltzers

**Trinklets slipping slowly,
 flowing from the abyss above;
 Droplets dribbling from the grey
 Points and pieces peeling, swirling
 flailing from the misty smog,
 Windy gusts dance with the watery angels
 lightly leading, carrying, spinning droplets
 in a clustery spiral;
 Loose branches, hugged by frightened,
 crunchy greens and browns, and
 forgetful partners
 beg to cut in
 to mix with the drooping spittle
 and waltz lazily to the finish.**

P. Tarantello



Dehydrated Sunbaker

Scott Neville

Tony

*I kissed you under the
Pale light of the lamppost, shining
Down on untouchable souls
I exhaled slowly and a small stream of
Smoke uttered a final good-bye
As we lay laughing I looked to
The stars and chanted your name
In that haunting tone
Sirens singing for you, to your only you
But my song did not reach you
On that hot night on a long and winding
Highway
Sometimes I still sing to you and I
Feel your touch as every hair
On my neck stands erect, saluting
Your unseen presence
You are now the leaf that suddenly
Starts to dance in a soft breeze, drawing me
Near to you, creating the smile I know you
Are searching for.*

Kelly Meagher

Mrs. Beatlilmore

She was overdressed for her station.

*Glittering pearls of ivory light were poured across her neck like small raindrops.
Her hat was an overly large piece of awful wonder and stupendous glamour.*

*She sat impatiently upon her mighty, well-endowed chair fashioned in the
'Extravagant, overabundant form of her hollowed husband. Her soft, moonlit
features were glowing in sinful radiance of true beauty. Her chin was raised in
elegance and her duteous, sacred posture was one of uninhibited bluntness.*

*The paupers before her proclaimed it a wondrous story of rags to riches, of a
single being beating back the grim: violent, and ultimately unsavory odds.
She cast a whole new light on the pompous world she had mistakenly inherited.*

Jim Rovello

**Dark and cool
we lay beneath the safety of the sheets
Face to face, eyes locked
Your kiss makes me weak
Your touch sends my head into a spin
I feel heavy, moving in slow motion
Eyes closed, looking at you with my
hands
Your warm breath tickles my neck
like a breeze in June
Skin to skin
Never knowing where I stop and you
begin
Your whispers softly echo through my
soul
Wrapped in your arms I melt
as I feel the way you love me**

Nicole Reizian

LOVE LOST

Life is empty. Mountains dwindle. Important becomes frivolous. The sun is extinguished. The stars no longer twinkle. I am alone in a crowded world. Responsibilities slip away. The darkness reaches into my soul. I cease to function.

Is she so important? Why am I so devastated? Can I not go on without her? She is dead but she lives. We are separated by an eternity but we are only inches apart. My longing intensifies with each passing second. She is everywhere I turn except with me.

Does she know I love her? Can I make her understand? Love is painful and hate lurks in the shadows. I am afraid. I fear I can't go on. I am an empty shell. Only she can heal my wounds.

Anonymous

LOVE FOUND

Love found is exciting, frightening, fulfilling. The first step is hesitating. Can she love me? Rejection is bitter. She does love me! My spirit soars. Can it be?

She understands, probes, challenges. We grow in each other. Another me, sleeping within, stirs struggling to be born. She is the father.

Fear and guilt mingle with the joy. Can it be? The bitter and the sweet. The depression and the exhilaration. The satisfaction and the frustration. We are constantly torn, ripped asunder.

The pathway looks hopeless. The journey cannot be successful. The enemy is everywhere, inside and out. Love is strong. It will survive. We will not yield.

Anonymous

Washington's Corpse

They had Washington's noble frame
 Enormous in stature before them
 On a blackboard like quantum mechanics
 Tinkering with his psyche
 Making rational judgments
 Agnostic
 Their formulas concocted
 Patiently hovering
 Above the centrifuge spinning
 With Madison grinning
 The spirit of George
 Turning over and over
 In their minds the decision
 Unethically sanctified
 Science prevailing
 In silence
 Except
 For the humbling hum
 Of inexorable tumbling

Kevin Herbert



Angel's Tears

*I can see a dream before me turn to a nightmare
 And then there was you
 Turning my life upside down it is true
 Never seeing you again gives me fear*

*I was ignorant of your existence
 Then you awakened my heart
 When I no longer see you it hurts like a dart
 Just your wave can make my heart dance*

*This angel I drew for hopes to you I give
 But no you're not around
 Hurting from the silent sound
 When with you I get what my heart needs to live*

John Youker

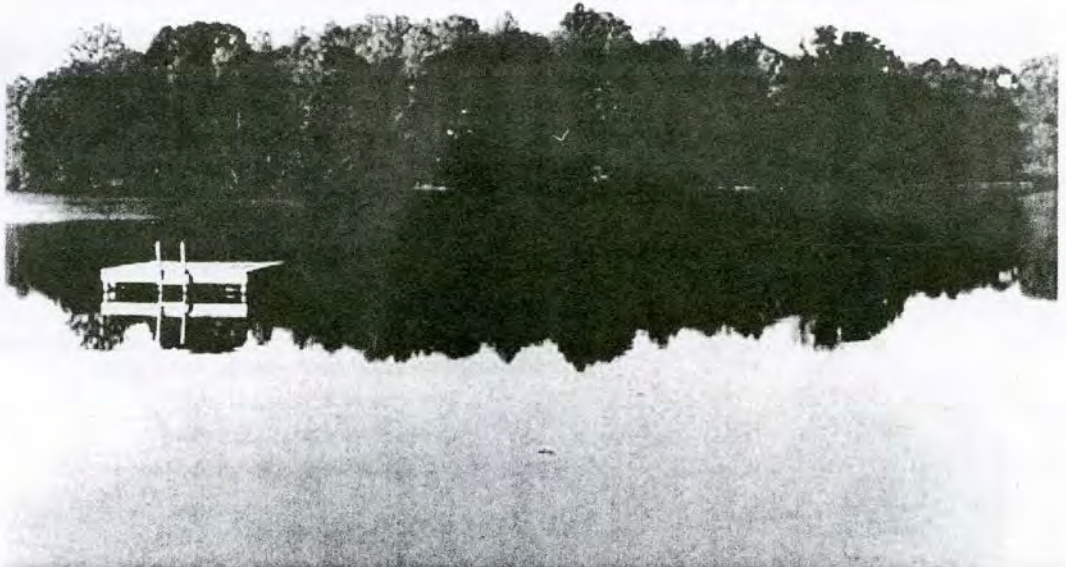


You

*Oh, but you don't seem to understand
Even for one who seemed such an honest man
But I am faltering I am folding I am falling
Into you
I am scared now I am scratching I am seething
All for you.*

*Now do you think that you can find your way
Back into glory of the light of day
Now I want never I want neither I want nothing
To do with you
I want coldness I want teasing I want capturing
By you.*

*Oh, don't you think you know by now
I can tell it by your hallowed brow
And I have waited I have wasted I have withered
Away for you
I have lingered I have lost it I have left it
All for you.*





SQUIRREL

REBECCA URCIUOLO

Alphabet Soup

Abercrombie **B**oys

Call **D**uring Evening

For **G**reat Happiness.

Instead, Joyful live **K**illing

Love's **M**etaphors.

Never **O**ver Praising.

Questioning **R**easons.

Seducing, Teasing, Using.

Vile!

Why?

Xplain Yourself-

Zachary!

Michelle Slesinski

Political Asylum

Dith dong dop

I am a mop

Excuse my inconsistencies

Whip whap whud

The bomb was a dud

The villain's plans were foiled

The heroes saved the day again

Fee fi fo

This guy has got to go

He doesn't wash his hands

Lips are being moved

All are being fooled

Jim McGrath

Two Hits

Chill slides 'cross the shoulders and up
the neck after coming along the spine.
I think I came close to death
from only two hits.
That would explain why I couldn't
keep my eyes open on the train.
Dream without sleep
without the ability to act in my own script.
I almost missed my stop.
More than five hours later and still not clear,
slow sleepwalk with dragging feet
and my arms sway offbeat, lacking rhythm
and droop heavily under the gravity
of just two hits.
Staying awake through a self conversation
on paper
and just as the line of a lifetime comes along,
it dodges back as my hand
reaches out and my fingers
clench clumsily on this pen.
So I ramble on hoping that it comes back
but it's been beaten from my memory
by just two hits.

Chris Knudtsen

Internal Conflict

I **HATE** the evening sunset,
Because night is about to descend,
Some people look forward to tomorrow,
But I know that tonight will **never** end.

Joe Cannerelli

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 Spring 2001 Mosaic, please drop a copy of the work in the Literary Arts mailbox in the Council of Clubs room, located in the Student Center, or get in contact with Scott Neville at x 5074 or Jim "Dolomite" Rovello at x5559 for more information. When requested, all work will be returned in its original condition. Watch for deadlines posted around campus during the spring semester.

