

...and if I could, I'd show them all,  
beauty comes, simple and small.

...in a poem,  
I can freeze a feeling

...this is all I see  
our unfolding path  
our uncommon destiny

# The Mosaic

in living color...

...an unexpected surprise,  
appreciated by some,  
dreaded by most



...I start to get mad. "Look, it's cold, wet, and late  
You driving home is necessary, not fate.  
So just run the meter and step on the gas  
And let's let silence help the time pass."





Marist College  
Literary Arts Society  
Presents:

*The Mosaic*

Fall 2007 Edition

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Special thanks to Professor Thomas Zurhellen for his continued support and dedication to the club.

## Untitled

Marion Quirici

Talk to me.  
Write to me.  
Listen to me.

I don't care what you say  
Or how you say it  
Or what it means.  
It just has to be real.  
It just has to be you.

The calamity of the world is pressing in  
on our ears  
flooding our brains  
stopping our emotions  
possibly, even  
hardening our hearts

and isn't it just easier  
in such a world  
to create our own?  
To block it all out?  
To just lay down and  
sleep  
sleep  
sleep  
and dream, dream, dream  
until we are cocooned  
in safe and happy feelings?

We shut our eyes to the bad things.  
We close our mouths.  
We only speak of cheerful things  
because to be critical  
is dangerous.

But we who question, we who care,  
we have to stay awake  
(and you know there is no harder task  
when sleep is insistent)  
stay awake, look around, and just  
think.

Fight the silence.

To make it better starts with expression  
Just get it out  
You'll never know the value  
of what's inside of you  
until you do.

So talk to me.  
Rant at me.  
Rave at me.  
Rage at me.

Our words are all we have anymore.

My Thoughts For the Evening  
Tom Krzyk

Beauty floats, and beauty falls,  
for most on money clothes and cars.

But for me, and a dying few,  
beauty falls on things more true.

A warm hand, and gentle touch,  
a clear sky, stars so much.

And if I could, I'd show them all,  
beauty comes, simple and small.

Your Friend  
Tom Krzyk

Hilary wished, with all her vain,  
For sixteen years, this world refrain.

Refrain from tricks, Refrain from lies,  
Refrain from mocking others lives.

She lives in quiet, until she finds,  
Someone in need or pushed aside.

I do believe until she dies,  
Hilary will fight from seas to skies.



Tom Krzyk

Bloomsday  
Marissa Connelly

When I cross back into town  
and make the rounds, I will visit you  
my Brazen Head  
  last.

That passion for Stephen only exists in Europe.

And those thick wool scarves bound round my neck  
captured no warmth greater  
than fine whiskey at noon.

James, sweep clean my barstool with your map of Dub-  
lin.

Brogue-ing my way through it all, but admit it,  
we embraced the novelty of my flattened A's-  
my wearing red or an Andalusian rose .

An American girl. There is something in that.

The distance between us now,  
like reader and text.  
How I long for againing  
my foreign attempts,  
a tower at Sandycove  
and star-spangled distinctness.

On Reading Robert Lowell in the Half-Light on the Way Back from New York City  
Amanda Hurlburt

Cataract lights through patina windows  
break into schools of comet-tailed minnows  
and swim along our speeding Greyhound bus  
as his words float softly, ubiquitous

Three seats away there is trivial talk:  
what's tucked away in a Cheerios box  
And I in their laughter, slightly repressed  
drift alone in copper colored unrest

Odd, because it feels like something's starting  
or should be, anticipation mounting  
in climbing crescendo, mad violin,  
accelerator, heavy foot driven

An occasion for epiphany,  
for serious things, a discovery  
momentous, and effortless poetry  
or a phone call that changes everything

But at a red light, I tip as we stop  
My foot falls asleep and still there is talk  
a party, a dress, a deadline, a song  
And no violin. And nothing is wrong –

except Lowell bothers me less, poetry  
of spiders, extinction, insanity,  
than the Cheerios box, an empty wish,  
than lights that were never meant to be fish.



## Fin

Amanda Hurlburt

it's like freakin Zion in here  
    reeling  
    sweaty  
    stumbling  
they push to get past  
                    watch your step  
i say it like it matters  
like anyone can hear  
a girl with four inch heels  
is gonna trip anyway  
her gait off kilter  
she can't see the weir

    she  
    gapes at me  
flounders out of water  
and crumples  
    caught  
    up

we are all unlovely in this satiation

    flashlight six  
    sweeps  
gets lost in the strobe  
a mess of incoherencies

saxophone steadily swirling  
i lose my mind a thousand times  
    can't find the floor  
    in the flood of feet  
                    watch your step  
    head hammering  
    forced mp3s pulse  
lodge in the divot of my throat  
drowning in sound  
    everyone floating  
    giving way  
    i slip

someone goes flying through the air  
a tragedy in waiting

the treads of his shoes  
peddle the ceiling

    how did i get here?  
locked up in this place

    I'm  
    not  
    even  
getting  
paid

my ears are in my pockets  
shards of pop rocks  
go off in my head  
persistent but  
not entirely  
unpleasant

drained  
guttled  
dim

I  
f  
o  
r  
g  
e  
t  
t  
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w

a

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h

my

steps

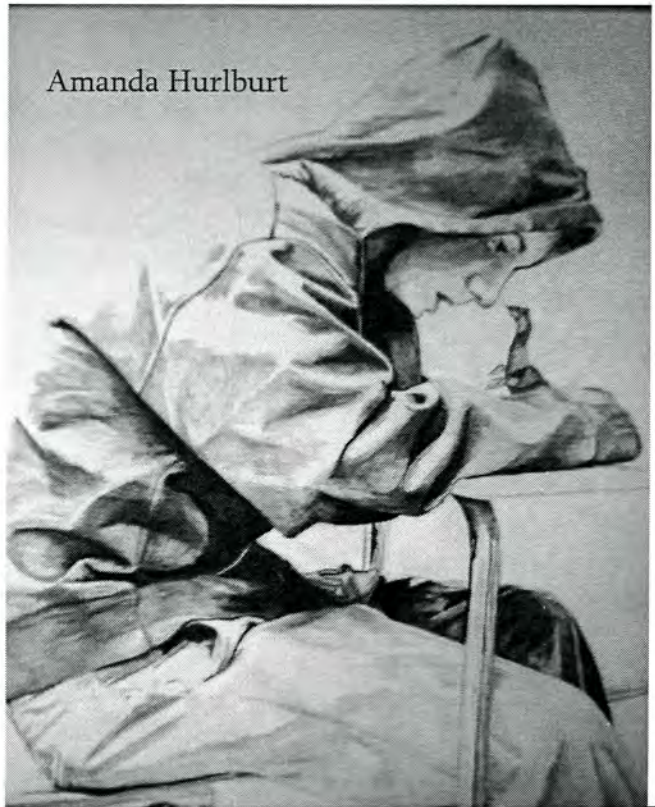
## The Leaky Pipe.

Nicole Damico

Trickling water,  
Leaky pipes  
Trying to find the best combination  
of how to fix this problem.  
This problem of nonsense.  
A headache after another.  
But the pipe is broken,  
it needs to be fixed.  
But why oh why  
can I not find the right person  
to fix this ridiculous pipe.  
The water is dripping  
trickling, trickling  
down, down, down  
into the bucket on the floor.  
But the bucket can only take so  
much and now the bucket is  
overflowing.  
The problem is getting worse.  
The overflowing water,  
it's making a mess on the floor  
the floor.  
It's now all wet.

How do we fix the problem of the pipe.  
The people I keep trying to find  
just do not seem to do the trick.  
Maybe tomorrow, maybe the next day,  
I will try to find someone to fix the pipe.  
I have tried to fix it, but I can't on my own.  
No not on my own.  
So I stand here alone  
with my leaky pipe.  
Trickling and overflowing  
Leaking and broken.  
With cracks and disunited.  
Broken.

Amanda Hurlburt



295 miles

Amanda Mulvihill

Locked in an embrace  
With heaven and imagination,  
I am drawn away by heat:  
A cat on my chest,  
A pillow boiling beneath my ear,  
And the trapped warmth of  
One-too-many extra blankets.  
I dare to open one eye to  
Steal a glance at the clock.  
No, I still have time.  
So I roll over on my other side,  
Rotate my pillow,  
And as soon as the cool fabric  
Grazes my ear,  
I let the undying drumroll of  
Raindrops  
Take me back  
To you.

On Time

Amanda Mulvihill

O time, you fickle friend, flickering light,  
As constant as a candle in a draft,  
You're inconsistent as a bird in flight,  
Yet means by which we measure all we have.  
O time, why never are you passing by  
When urgency and promptness are required,  
Yet speed you up and swiftly do you fly  
Just when my need for more of you is dire.  
O time, you crafty sprite, how do you know  
Of when I need you more and need you less?  
Opposing which direction I may go  
Like stubborn friction does. – May I request:  
    Until in Justin's warm embrace I be,  
    You shall fly by, then stop and wait for me.

Phone Conversations

Amanda Mulvihill

some of the best phone conversations  
are left unspoken  
when we are both in bed  
dog-tired after a long day  
separated by miles  
connected by wires  
and too exhausted to speak  
so we listen to each other's thoughts  
and read each other's minds  
and feel each other's chests moving up and down  
with each breath of love we inhale and exhale  
that's all we need to hear before we go to bed  
hear each other breathing love  
every breath full of more than words could ever  
say  
on the other side of the phone.

## The First Snow

Amy Wheeler

An unexpected surprise,  
appreciated by some,  
dreaded by most.

But even the dreaders have to admit,  
there is nothing more beautiful in the world  
than the first fat flakes coating the earth.

Their touch is light,  
as if each flake is individually carried down by small fairies.  
The light dusting is slippery but sweet,  
wet but fills you with warmth.

It looks like a miracle,  
makes you want to cuddle up with a good book in front of a cozy fireplace,  
makes you long for a hot cup of cocoa.

The trees appear to be covered in small diamonds,  
making nature worth a fortune.

That first snow, the pure, innocent flakes  
falling down dreamily,  
is a sight everyone should be able to see.

The wet surprises that land on your nose,  
tickling it,  
leaving you with a cool freshness,  
is a feeling everyone should be able to feel.

The serene silence,  
the one that only comes on those quiet, snow-filled mornings,  
is a sound that everyone should be able to hear.

The cool flakes,  
the ones that land on your outstretched tongue,  
glistening for a moment before they melt,  
is a taste that everyone should be able to savor.

Winter, a season full of surprises, full of wonders,  
full of senses.

**My Secret**  
Amy Wheeler

My mom's walk-in closet  
seems much bigger through my eight year old eyes.  
The smell of lavender comes from that mysterious container;  
Sneaking slowly, secretly, on a mission  
Searching for the source of the scent that smells like "mom".

Discovering the container  
Wafting the lovely scent towards me.  
And then, before I know it, the slippery container falls;  
With a plop, a puff of soft, smooth, silk-like powder  
Scatters across the carpet  
Blends right in  
Hides my guilt.

I never told.

I Need...  
Amy Wheeler

I want to pursue you, but I don't know how.

I want to forget him, but I can't stop caring.

I want to give you my all, but my heart isn't ready.

I want to stop hurting, but feelings don't just disappear.

I want to know you're better for me, but I only believe it in my mind, not my heart.

I want to stop crying, stop this awful ache inside, but it's always on my mind.

I want to make him stop flirting, stop touching, stop making me feel unsure, but then again, I don't.

I want to feel as comfortable with you as I do with him, but how do I get to that point?

I want to know I can trust you, that you'll always be there, but I am scared to get too close.

I want to stop being jealous, start caring about him only as a friend would, but these emotions are uncontrollable.

I want to take everyone's advice, to understand that it wasn't meant to be, to move on, to be happy, but my mind and my heart don't always agree.

I want to stop wishing for him to call me, stop bursting with little things to tell him, stop telling him every secret, stop wanting to know all the details, but I don't know how to shift these impulses over to you.

I want to stop remembering the good times with him and wondering why they had to stop,

but I can't let those memories slip away.

I want to remember the bad moments, but my mind just blocks them out.

I need to stop loving him, but I just don't know how.



On Time  
Amanda Mulvihill

O time, you fickle friend, flickering light,  
As constant as a candle in a draft,  
You're inconsistent as a bird in flight,  
Yet means by which we measure all we have.  
O time, why never are you passing by  
When urgency and promptness are required,  
Yet speed you up and swiftly do you fly  
Just when my need for more of you is dire.  
O time, you crafty sprite, how do you know  
Of when I need you more and need you less?  
Opposing which direction I may go  
Like stubborn friction does. – May I request:  
    Until in Justin's warm embrace I be,  
    You shall fly by, then stop and wait for me.



♥ lust at first sight  
lost in his apparatus  
dream of raw urges  
just want a taste  
kiss me

manipulate My bare breast  
your body Belong's To me

sweat ing  
pant ing  
scream ing  
fast er  
I need sex

any questions

Brianne Bendit

Hot Cocoa  
Sarah Briggs

The night is young yet dark,  
With the howling wind blowing against her back  
As one quiet girl briskly walks through a dimly lit campus

All she wants to do  
Is get back to her dorm room,  
Change into some comfy pjs,  
And bundle up with a nice cup of hot cocoa.  
She'd really like to cuddle with her love,  
Who is warm and loving like a life-sized teddy bear,  
But that's probably asking too much, she thinks.

She really needs some down time, though.  
Her mind is nothing but clutter  
Filled with various worries;  
From money, to her future,  
Even what she's going to wear the next day.

Breathe, people tell her.  
Stop being so melodramatic.  
But for her,  
It's better to worry too much than not at all.

So she continues her walk from work to her dorm,  
Shrugging off her moment of relapse.  
But maybe she'll still have that hot cocoa, after all.

## Presence

Brit Fiorenza

For a moment  
I knew that there was movement  
All around me  
Still  
Where I was  
Silence  
The grass  
It was damp  
Beneath my step  
Where I chose to exist  
Was sheltered from our excuses for  
life  
The pulse of spirits  
Hung still  
Moon beams settle  
In a mist of fables  
Illuminating the rain drops left upon  
The bark of the tree  
That stood  
Serene  
As though it was a canopy  
Of potential insight  
Filling my soul  
There was life in the stillness of the  
air  
And it is inside us  
As we are  
On all our quests  
Whether we recognize it or not  
  
You exist  
And that's enough

## World with Words Alone

Brit Forenzia

I sat alone underneath a stream of water to  
cleanse my mind  
But my thoughts became as clouded as steam  
on mirrors  
So I stole a moment and wrote you a message  
Something of a secret, if there's anything that  
is a secret anymore  
  
I don't claim to understand any notion of the  
universe  
And I don't claim a single beat of your heart  
Still, I love you  
Whatever that means  
  
I follow my shadow as I head east, towards  
home  
The warm sun is on my back radiating around  
my silhouette  
As I stare entranced at the moon present in  
daytime  
There are still secrets in the sky  
  
Whether we will preserve through these  
storms remains  
And whether our time lasts longer than the  
rain, do you wonder?  
  
So I stare up at the visions before me  
The trees unraveling, the ocean crashing,  
And your face repeating over and over  
Don't smile, don't smile  
  
Know this  
For you  
I'd create a world with words alone

One Road  
Brit Fiorenza

They're in their own world  
Or are we in ours?  
Again, again, the rain is pounding  
I have the windows rolled down  
The door is catching rain drops  
But that's only common sense  
My eyes are on the road  
I don't see you staring at me

Their smoke and sighs are fogging up the  
windshield  
And you and I continue on and on  
While they drift until they're gone  
Passed out in the backseat

We're now alone on Division Avenue  
Where we're headed – God, I don't know  
All I know is you're with me  
And I'm glad because I don't feel much of  
anything without you

Without you everything turns into  
the same old thing  
The same old words and the same old  
feelings  
Still, for now you're next to me  
Mumbling something about the rain  
and maybe pulling over to sleep

And I say yeah, we're used to lying  
So sure, you can hold me in your arms  
Because I'm damned cold  
And your scent envelops me

With you for a moment or a lifetime  
This is all I see  
Our unfolding path  
Our uncommon destiny



## Indolent

Nick Orsini

I watch a skyline collapse  
Into a thick cloud of black  
And when I extended my hand  
Someone finally squeezed back.

I've been at this funeral  
For my former self  
I now know how destruction  
Replaces poverty with wealth.

Substitute a friend's face  
For the same indolent mirror  
That distorts your image  
When it should make it clearer.

Last words have become  
Your trendy art form  
Ideas of me are dead  
Gather around and we'll mourn.

And if I ever loved you  
Now's not the time.  
I burned that tape  
So it would never rewind.

And if you ever loved me  
Now's not the time  
You can't touch someone  
When they're past their prime.

We watched that skyline collapse  
And with it our hearts turned black  
And when you extended your hand  
No one was there to squeeze back.

Kate Feirman



The Index  
Andrew Slafta

My father is not a man.  
He is a history textbook.

A case study in life,  
He begins where I begun.  
Just with a different cast of characters.

Single mom with an only child,  
The bad news leaked through Sunday Cartoon wallpaper.  
At least it must've taken his mind off his stutter.  
A linguistical road block he could never knock,  
But tried to as he grew.

Fell in love with cars  
And the power they held.  
A full tank of gas and an empty day,  
The back roads became his playground.

Then things changed.

And when containment meant deployment,  
He thought to dodge the draft.  
But traded his right for foresight,  
And the word that the army wouldn't take  
A boy with a heart murmur and a stutter.

The word lied, the cat got his tongue,  
And the U.S. army took the rest.

Packed up and shipped out he traded shells with the natives  
Until he could come back to his own.  
Got home just when Mom started to leave.  
Mind and body became salt and pepper.

18 Great together, but never in the same container.

Found love, lost mom,  
And then found out he had never had her.  
Adoption at birth, knowledge in death.  
An equation with no positives, and no answers.

Lived life. Fought hard. Worked Harder.  
A degree in nothing that came in handy,  
For nothing.  
Two kids, 1 marriage, economy cars and ink stains.  
8 hour shifts. The after school special.  
3 – 11.  
Missed rug burns and scraped knees,  
But traded free time for nursery rhyme  
And put 2 kids on 2 wheels, and 4 year schools.

Found mom, found sisters, and found the picture of family  
At the back of a postcard  
That said "I've moved on."

Pushing 60,  
In years lived, and hours per week.  
A role model who had none.

My father is a history textbook.  
And I have yet to get past the cover.

## Left Alone Together

James Bunch

Shhhhh...

Quiet now, I beg of you

You can not quiet me

Tell me what I have to do

I'll never let you be

In my mind hides this infant

Your words not mine

Clawing, tearing to live an instant

Carry us through time

Inside me he boils in the vat of birth

Set me free from this cell

His vision clouded by the decrepit earth

I promise to never tell

Sloshing back and forth he's always turning

Don't you want to know?

These nightmares of my life keep him burning

Are you ready for the show?

I've asked you before and I'm asking please again

It all rests in your hands now

Hello, can anyone hear my cries to be finally rid of him?

Deep inside you already know how.

Shhhhh...

Don't start that again

Please, I just want to be free from this agonizing insanity

Remember you let me in

This time your peripheral tricks no longer amuse me

In time you'll see another

In my third eye I can see you hiding in there

I love you my dear mother

There just isn't enough of me to share

Our time is running out

Eternal silence would be sublime

I'm finally coming out

I think I'm ready this time

Let me out

The blood is flowing

You fool

20 Now you're going

Shhhhh...



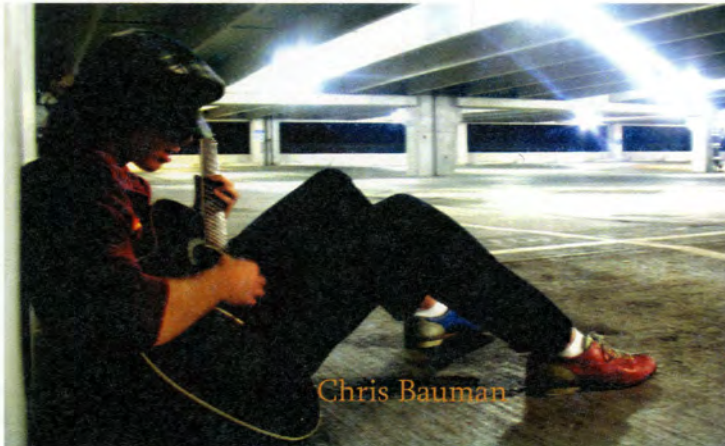


Tom Krzyk

### “Poetry Is”

Julia Stamberger

Poetry is words tumbling from up inside you,  
A waterfall of adjectives nouns and verbs,  
Falling into a steady rhythm along the lined pages  
of my purple marble notebook.  
It is emotions fit onto napkins and scraps of tiny  
paper  
From that moment at 3 am on a random Tuesday in  
March  
By the light of a flashlight or a candle  
When you just had to write.  
It is a little piece of me  
A way to freeze time  
And preserve a feeling forever.  
A picture can preserve a memory forever,  
But in a poem, I can freeze a feeling.

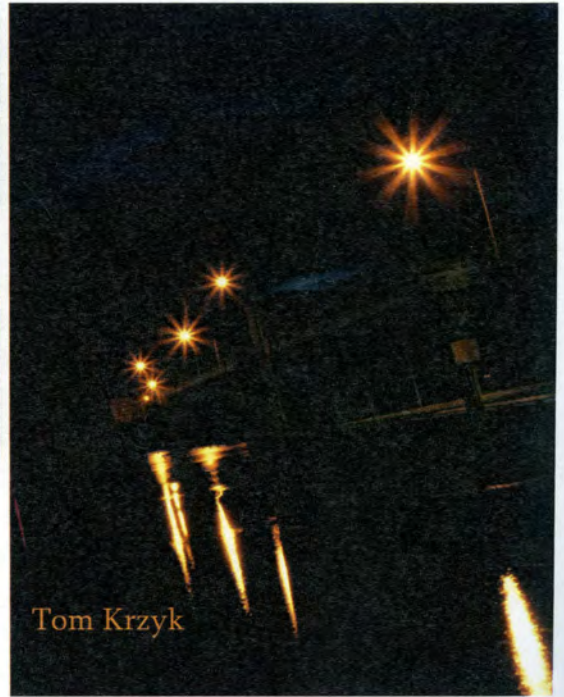


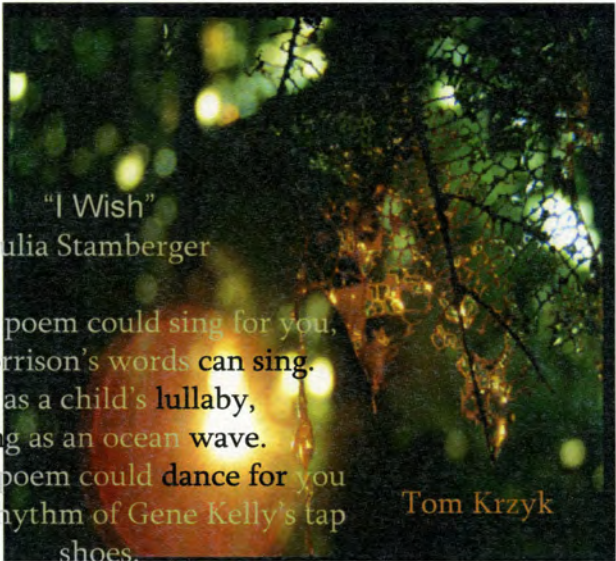
Chris Bauman



Breathe into me  
Nichole Boisvert

Breathe into me  
Let your gentle breeze  
Mold my banks,  
Sending waves  
Down my spine;  
Your breath,  
Whispering through my branches  
Harmonizes  
With my rushing waters.  
Breathe into me  
Not so forcibly  
I bend and break  
Not so softly  
I am not moved.  
Let me show you  
The strength you gave me;  
Test me--  
Do not fracture me.  
Breathe into me





"I Wish"

Julia Stamberger

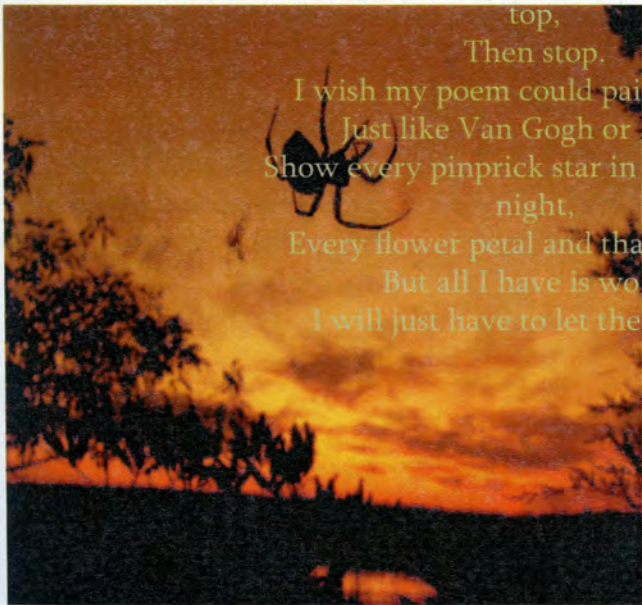
I wish my poem could sing for you,  
Toni Morrison's words can sing.  
Soft as a child's lullaby,  
Strong as an ocean wave.  
I wish my poem could dance for you  
Keep the rhythm of Gene Kelly's tap  
shoes.

Tom Krzyk

Dip you so low that your hair grazes the  
floor boards,  
Spin you so fast around and around like a

top,

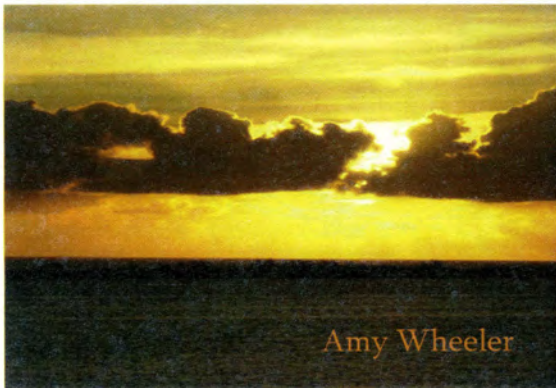
Then stop.



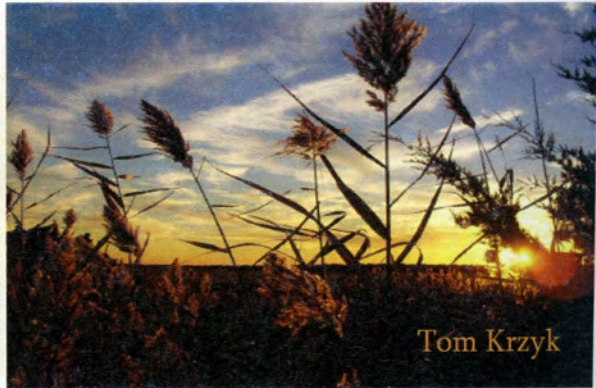
I wish my poem could paint for you  
Just like Van Gogh or Monet  
Show every pinprick star in the blackest  
night,  
Every flower petal and thatched roof  
But all I have is words,  
I will just have to let them speak.



Amanda Mulvihill



Amy Wheeler



Tom Krzyk

## One Night to Learn About Loss

Nick Orsini

3 a.m. and it's about time for me  
To hail a cab and head back to Jersey.  
My wife's asleep and she won't hear me come in.  
Tomorrow morning she won't ask where I've been.

I step outside where the cold and mist linger  
And pray a cabbie sees my outstretched arm and finger.  
The rain picks up and the sidewalk shines.  
I'm stuck wondering which of these cabs will be mine.

And finally headlights roll up to the curb.  
I can tell something's off and the cabbie hasn't said a word.  
He just looks at me with an ear to ear smile on his face.  
"Where to tonight?" His cheer seems most out of place.

I figure it's nothing and I adjust my hat.  
Without missing a beat I tell him, "Hackensack."  
"All the way back to New Jersey I see,  
Looks like there will be some bonding between you and me."

"What?" I ask perplexed from the back seat.  
"Cabbies aren't the type of people I usually meet."  
His eyes scan the rearview until they meet mine  
Until he says, "Maybe things will be different this time."

I start to get mad. "Look, its cold, wet, and late  
You driving me home is necessary, not fate.  
So just run the meter and step on the gas  
And let's let silence help the time pass."

With a swift motion my hat over my eyes  
Hoping this cab driver can respect me and compromise.  
He responds with, "See to any normal driver that may seem like a plan  
But what if we talked about God walking among common man?"

I open one eye and tilt my hat back.  
"What God do you know you silly old hack?"  
With that I feel good, like I put him in place.  
I tilt my head back and my hat hides my face.

"I know the God you think took your daughter away  
And I can tell you the date when you ceased to pray."  
My head snaps up, my hat falls to my side.  
"Pull the hell over, I'm done with this ride."

He told me, "If I pull over, another cab will pick you up here  
But you'll still cry during the night because of the fear  
The fear that your God has left you behind  
And that kind of fear can leave you broken and blind."

I just need to ask one more question before I step out.  
"What can you do for this fear you know all about?"  
He chuckles at me and with a flick of his hand  
He tells me, "First you need to know who I am."

At that very moment time freezes on the dot  
And the rain and the wind instantly stop.  
"Take out the picture; you know which one I mean,  
The picture that's ripped because of how often it's seen."

I reach into my wallet and take out my lost child.  
On my cell phone I have another cab company dialed.  
"Put down your phone and look up at the sky."  
I do and all I see is the moon and a plane fly slowly by.

But as I keep looking I am filled with fright.  
The clouds part for a thin, single ray of sunlight.  
And the ray comes down from the heavens above,  
Down into my hands where the picture was.

And it lights my little girl's face up like she was alive.  
I drop the phone and I begin to cry.  
"What are you doing?" I ask through the tears.  
"Have you been following me for all these years?"

The driver turns back and kindly says,  
"I've known you long before your daughter was dead."  
I am upset, crying, and most certainly mad.  
I throw the door open and jump out of the cab.

The driver opens the window and proceeds to shout,  
"Don't be afraid or filled with doubt.  
I'm the one you prayed to, and you still can  
Because tonight you found God among common man."

It is lonely, dark, and there's no one around  
So I open the cab door and sit back down.  
"Prove that you're God in the moments before I'm home."  
Foot on the gas he says, "Even with your family, you're alone."

I am taken aback by the proof that he gave  
But he seems to know that my situation is grave.  
"Well God, lets find out if you're intelligent and keen.  
Why did you take her from me at the age of nineteen?"

God or my driver scrunches his face for a moment.  
Until he says, "What is life unless you really own it?"  
What does that mean? And why is it so broad?  
"Why can't you answer the question you fraud?"

He keeps his eyes on the road and says, "That is the answer my friend  
Every inquiry isn't always a means to an end.  
Life is lost so that others can value it more  
So people see things in themselves they hadn't before."

I wonder how all this relates back to me  
It is the end of the ride and I owe a huge fee.  
"This means nothing to me anyway  
My house is third on the left. Stop so I can pay."

He frowns and says, "You paid for three hookers tonight  
Without once thinking of your son or your wife.  
You lost a loved one, but don't fault me  
Because it's up to you to be the man you want to be."

I think for a moment and step out of the cab.  
My driver looks dejected and oddly sad.  
I hand him the money and he hands it back.  
"Take this and remember, it's what you have, not what you  
lack."

The cabbie reaches down and takes something in his hand.  
It is my daughter's eighth grade Christmas recital program.  
And there is her name, just as alive as the rest.  
I know at that moment that I'm truly blessed.

And I look at the program and search for something to say.  
But words come to me just in time to watch the cab pull away.



Welcome to America.

Can I take your order, please?

James Bunch

Would you like to try one of our new reasons for public disorder?

Maybe you'd like to try our welfare system that promotes laziness, segregation, and an inevitable class war.

We also have an inept system of checks and balances led by a consortium of three inappropriately appointed corrupt branches.

Or try our presidentially stifled genetic research program and you'll receive absolutely free, one or more of the following terminal diseases; diabetes, leukemia, cancer of any and every part of the human body, down syndrome, pneumonia, or my personal favorite, bovine spongiform encephalopathy.

If you're interested, we have prisons overcrowded by non-violent first time offenders of our McCarthyistic drug laws.

But wait. I didn't tell you about the over abundant numbers of starving and homeless in the heartland of opportunity.

I just know you'd love to try some of our delicious date-rape, incest, and kiddie porn. For a limited time only we are offering our criminally negligent protective services that lead to incidents such as the World Trade Center Bombings and the devastating after effects of hurricane Katrina.

How about a nice nationwide epidemic of obesity to start your day?

Try one of our many tasty cides with your order, which include genocide, homicide, suicide, matricide, patricide, infanticide, and just in, mouth watering deicide.

Great choices.

Your total is the sacrifice of your eternal soul. Please drive around to the next window and thank you for choosing America.

Untitled  
Tim Griffin



What is fear? Surely we have all felt it at one time or another, and have felt it in many different ways. At times it can be foolish, and we look back and deny that our palms sweated and our heart rate rose. But other times the fear is so real, and we wonder how we managed to get through it without simply screaming and curling into a protective ball on the floor.

Fear is not hearing a friend come up behind you before they tap you on the shoulder. It is watching a man across the street stare at you for hours on end, before you realize that it is a life-sized poster from *The Lord of the Rings*. It's also that meeting or test that you know you are prepared for, but you still can't shake that lingering worry from your mind. It's thinking you left your car windows down as the rain begins to come down in buckets.

Fear is being stuck in the middle on nowhere and your car not starting at 2 am. It's the tight clenching of your throat as you make your way over to the podium to speak. It is that rattling that happens every time a plane takes off. Fear is not hearing from a close friend for days, and hoping that they aren't lying in a ditch somewhere off of the side of the road. Fear is staring at the telephone for an hour crying because your shaking hands can't grasp the receiver.

Fear is hearing the word cancer in the doctor's office. Fear is hearing bombs explode outside of your window in the middle of the night, hearing gunshots and screeching tires. Fear is wondering if you are running out of time. Fear is wondering if you will ever see someone again. Fear is praying for death because it seems easier than continuing to breathe. Fear is not knowing if it is all over, whatever it may be. Simply, fear is not knowing. There is no fear in certainty, but only in the unknown.

## About You

Leigh Everett

Examining the oddness of your words  
I sting in the shade of a memory  
Too rough and too ravenous to remember  
whole

You make things seem simple  
Now  
Simply awful, and all because of you  
Why  
Why do you always make this about you?

Because it's easier

I fell for you, and maybe it was because a  
part of me wanted you too

Maybe all your pain is caused by factors  
you yourself  
Cannot control  
But in trying to do so, you lose all of what  
has really mattered

How would you feel if some years down  
the road...?

I told you that.

## Sneezes

Tim Griffin

I'm tired of living life this way,  
like I have too much to lose.  
The truth is I have nothing,  
nothing that I can't get back again.

I'm holding back myself from the world,  
keeping a safe distance from reality.  
I'm tired of living this way,  
tentative, reserved, and scared.

I hope soon that barrier will be gone,  
and I'll finally milk each day til then end.  
Squeeze out each drop of sunshine,  
and savor every taste of soft moonlight.  
I want to actually smell the flowers on the  
way,  
and feel the sneezes that they cause.  
I want to go to sleep at night,  
and fall peacefully to dreaming.  
Because I will know that today was good,  
and I have no regrets to think on.

Kurrr.....plunk  
Leigh Everett

Kurrr.....plunk  
That was the sound heard round the world  
When I kissed him and it wasn't just your normal....  
Kiss  
I tell you  
Oh no,  
Let me explain  
It was like...fireworks and daisies flying  
On a stormy night after a harsh rain

The day I kissed him

We had been friends, for oh a year  
And he had seen me through boyfriend fights  
Family deaths and the day to day high school drama

He was in other words, my best friend.

You see, he had never had a steady before  
And I, Well I'd kissed a few  
But this was different  
Because he made me smile (not your normal kid with a happy meal smile,  
This was your....I JUST SAW A SUPERSTAR and he KISSED ME ON THE CHEEK  
AFTER PROFESSING HIS UNDYING LOVE FOR ME...kind of smile)

And this kid that I was dating a the time, well he just left me out to cry  
Most nights, because he felt that I was doing him a favor by staying  
So that June afternoon, we were sitting on my best friend's couch,  
(You see I LOVE kissing on couches...they are just SO comfy)  
And He looked at me with those....blue beautiful blues and sighed  
He sighed for all that I had told him, all the pain that I had just unloaded  
into his lap  
And he genuinely cared....

So you know what I did...after basically SPELLING IT OUT to Him  
I did it myself...I leaned over...on top of him...and started kissing...  
And this wasn't your typical...chicken pecking...it was full on-MACKING OUT

Afterwards

He wouldn't even let me out the door without a couple more...

And days passed....

Months even...

We got into a couple fights...

Because he didn't understand how hard it was to lose that other dude

(It was hell)

But when I did...We held each other...it was on a dance floor...3 months later

And in that moment...nothing, not the tear stains on my newly bought dress, or  
the murdering stares of our disappointed friends....really mattered....

Because in those moments that followed that first cord of song

The one person I had given my whole truth to,

The one person I had laughed with and cried with for the past year

The one person that utterly and completely understood

Was dancing with me...

And he alone

LOVED ME

I felt in that moment the world collapse around us,

And the stars sparkle for the lights in our eyes

In that moment

I felt free....

For he was mine and I was his for all to see....and in that moment I knew,

This love would be real

For more than just one dance at my girlfriend's sweet sixteen party

It was real right past high school and for all the rest of my romantic  
history.....

Because you see, falling for my best friend was like living out a fantasy

He found his darling girl and I found my sanity.

## Boy Leaves Girl At A Train Station

Leigh Everett

Collaborating melancholies

Transform into interchanging suitcase bags

And picture frame memories

(This is now, this is real, and we are (here) for always)

He sits waiting for the morning train to take him

Hours away from the place we met

A place which said: safe, form fitting and traditional

To the opening of now, and the what will be

(He looks so handsome, hair grown out, sun tan dark

My eyes widen and kiss him heavy

It will be a couple months till we begin this life

Of always together)

And the moments that unfold then

Are like film strips in my head

He says "I'll miss you dearest, just for a little while"

And I start to cry, not for the loss of something

But for all that is yet to come

(I leave him there, waiting and depart)

He waves and things start to shift

From our high school sweet heart fairyland love

To a tale of two cities: real and harsh, modern history

(But this is beginning of our reality together

And we are (here) for always)

The tears they started at graduation, in June

And they barrel forwards now, towards all that is left in front of me

(My love, waiting to leave and become all he is destined to be)

And my memories choking my senses as I fumble for the door to the street

Back to college, and our life as we know it, a newly formed reality.

## Untitled

Marianne Schafer

He's leaving tomorrow. On the walk over to his restaurant, I felt certain about it. I felt like him leaving was merely the next step in both of our lives. I thought perhaps this was a good thing. He will leave and I will start a new school and meet all new people. In addition, this change will allow us to not get hurt.

On the cold walk from the candle shop in Woodstock, NY where I worked all fall to his restaurant on the other side of town, I understood the beauty he and I had shared that autumn together. Meeting in a drunken driving class is a grand story to tell people, and we shared it with the people we met. We were together almost every day since August and it was now December, but he was leaving me. Germany. He was embarking on a new life, and I hated it. However, I never told him that.

Sometimes I look back and wish I had told him how I really felt...how I really loved him and wanted him to stay. I did not though, and I wondered if he knew and then I wondered even more if I even knew that before he left. I pretended to be strong. I was transferring to Marist and thought that I would not miss him, and I would be okay. Although I am okay, I do miss him.

I walked into his restaurant and knew he was bartending upstairs. This was a hardwood, sky-windowed, coffee/bar lounge and tonight it was packed. Christmas Eve brought the residents of Woodstock, NY in to celebrate and be merry with one another. I saw him, and I melted. His shirt was undone with his hair all messy. He was busy at work, but looked adorable.

"Hello beautiful", was his initial comment to me, "Would you like a drink?"

"No I don't think, I'm think I'm going to home" I stated, suppressing my desire to grab him and tell him to stay here with me. He looked at me with sadness in his eye. We had discussed the possibility of me staying with him that night, but I had decided it was better to give this up and stay with my family on Christmas Eve.

"So your not going to come back up later?" he asked as he steams the skim milk for a cappuccino.

“No I don’t think so, you’re not out of here until 1 and plus its Christmas Eve....”

“True,” as he hands the cappuccino to his coworker “I need a hug”.

I gave him a hug and he held me tight for a few seconds longer than he should have. I said goodbye, and he said he’d call me.

I told myself that if he called me that night and asked if I wanted to come back to his house, I would have. I often play the game of chance with myself. For instance, in moments of indecision I tell myself that if the light turns green I’ll get Taco Bell, but if it stays red I’ll do Chinese.

Well, he didn’t call...and never did for that matter.

It’s been almost a year now. I have moved on, and I am happy. We’ve gone our separate ways. I’ve basically forgotten about him, but every now and then he pops into my mind. That’s what happens when it’s really over, the moments and person are forgotten most of the time.

Whenever relationships end we try to sum them up; to tell a shorter story. All of the experiences with that person become blurred into one, the time spend with each other is left in our past and we move on to the next person, and then the next. Although their impact remains with us, they themselves become a distant memory. That’s all he is to me now, a distant memory.





That Scene in "The Shining" Where that Guy got Axed...  
... Yeah, That Was Poetry  
Andrew Slafta

Wes Craven was a poet.  
On sleepless autumn nights in 4th grade I cursed his name.  
He made the inevitability of sleep frightening,  
And with tentacled hands carved dreams into nightmares.  
When he was finished  
So was my confidence in existing.  
If Johnny Depp could die in his sleep, what chance of survival did I have.

Stephen King was a poet.  
He taught us that children, whether of the corn or of the flesh,  
Were not to be trusted.  
With the sweetest of Redrums he drowned my innocence,  
And brought me a perpetual fear of large dogs,  
Prom night pranks,  
And the touch of Christopher Walken.  
The one thing I needed no additional fear of.

Ridley Scott was a poet.  
He took what had been the final frontier  
And warped it into a dark cell.  
A 4 foot cube with no lights, no exits,  
And the saliva of an acid blooded indestructible carnivore dripping on your neck.  
He took away my affection for family dinners.  
He made me think my father's gas was the sound of impending doom.  
The murmur of a toothed snake lost somewhere in his chest cavity.

Mark Jones, well he's just a dirty sinner.  
He took jovial, cereal loving leprechauns,  
And molded them into murdersome misers who have a lust for shoes,  
And a deathly reaction to four leaf clovers.  
He placed Warwick Davis in space,  
Da Hood,  
And then Da Hood again.  
Everyplace a horror movie about Irish Mythology should take place.

But William Friedkin, now he was a poet.  
He took youthful innocence and spun it into demonic possession.  
He took a little girl, and used her to strip us of our certainty in life,  
Our certainty in controlling our own existence.  
All it took was pea soup, and one turn of the head.

They transformed something known into something unknown.  
They took something comfortable, something normal and assured,  
And with unflinching hands dipped it into wells of terror.  
They let it soak.  
Let it steep in unfamiliar waters until it dripped fear.  
The gave new life to old things,  
And that is what a poet does.



Chris Baum

## Untitled

Marykathryn Gielisse

I am fascinated by the change of seasons- so like the cycle of human life. In spring- our infancy and childhood- we are tender and green, new and unmarked by life. We are carefree; effervescent with an abundance of innocence, like the riot of flowers the bright and nurturing sun brings forth from the earth. We grow quickly like the rest of nature in spring, we sprout and blossom. Summer warms and ages this juicy, verdant youth- the heat giving us character, firing & solidifying us. Our growth slows, and we take on the shape we shall fill as adults. Summer's long, baking days and slow nights allow a languid mellowing of the garrish tartness of childhood. Temperatures climb and we are scalded by the trials of adolescence. The burn of humiliation and loneliness; the strife that can riddle the teenage years. Summer's hottest days kill the tenderest wildlife and scorch the plants- like the last remnants of our childish naivete that wither in the heat of pain, rejection, betrayal. What survives to autumn are only the hardiest in nature; just as youth's inferno makes survivors of us all. Ah, fall! The fire and the flush, this passionate prime of life! Colors that quicken the pulse explode upon nature. Red like wanting, love, desire. Orange like fury, passion, vivacity. Gold like the pure unrestrained joy at being alive. All is beauty and magnificence. We are dazzled by the possibilities that seem illimitable now. Dreams are realized, loves fought for and won. The elation, the spectacular potential of living, saturates nature in autumn; just as we are so beautiful in this passionate pinnacle of our striving. Winter approaches then, and age milks the color from us, fading the fire. The growth slows and ceases. The shape of the trees without their foliage is the life we have wrought: the men and women we have become. The wisdom and experience that time has granted us have weathered our features, chiseled our spirits. At last snow comes- the gray end that has a certain beauty to it in its stark simplicity. Nature extinguishes life softly, and our end is as the perfect stillness of snow falling: our graves silent as a forest in winter. Snow, like the slow onward march of time, obscures the shape of things. And with the whisper-quiet of December, we are gone.

## Here You Come Again

Tricia Lynch

The radio plays that song for you—  
Here you come again,  
You're smiling like you did when you were happy.  
The smile that reminds me  
your life wasn't always full of pain.  
They say time will heal. I guess I'll keep waiting.

A boy with deep, green eyes passes me  
by. He looks like he's waiting  
for a release—Here you come again,  
You're looking at me the way you did when you  
said you'd always be here. I was too happy  
to have you around to see that you were in pain.

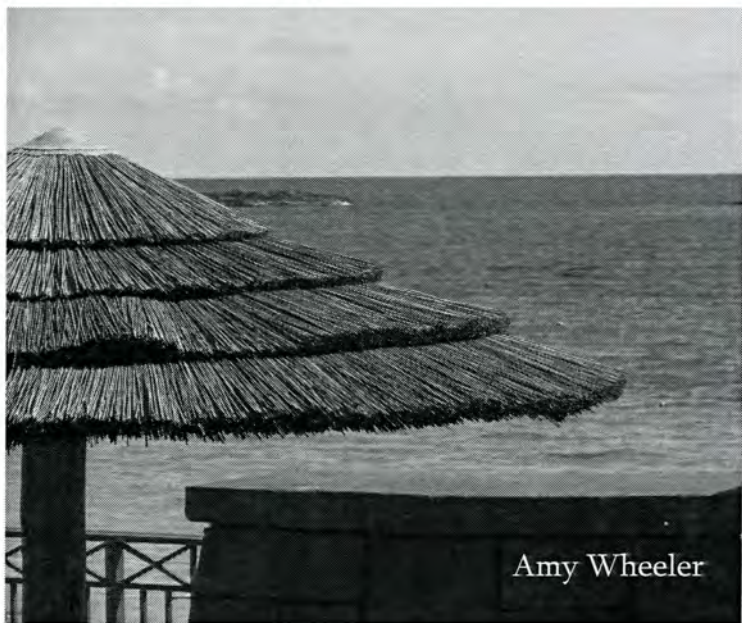
Someone broke my heart today. He told me  
he could never love me. It seems I'm always waiting  
on the wrong guy—Here you come again,  
like that time you wiped my tears and you  
promised that no guy was worth that kind of pain.  
You said, "You're beautiful, be happy."

I reach my hand for the bottle to ease the pain—  
Here you come again,  
I remember when you told me not to make the same mis-  
takes you  
did, because there are so many people relying on me.  
You made me promise that I wouldn't spend my life waiting;  
that I would do all I could to be happy.

I'm not sure I can go on. Sometimes it's so hard for  
me  
to believe in myself—Here you come again  
Pushing me forward to start trying and stop wait-  
ing,  
giving me the courage to forget the pain.  
Watching me succeed always made you happy.  
You'd say, "No matter what, I'm proud of you."

I was mad at you  
today. It isn't fair that you caused us this pain—  
Here you come again  
You tell me  
You kept hoping you'd be happy  
one day, but you just got tired of waiting.

I fall asleep and dream of you—  
Here you come again. You tell me you're happy  
now. The pain is gone and you're up there waiting.



Amy Wheeler

## Grandma and Grandpa's

Stephanie Markey

It'll be empty seven years this December. Really it hasn't been empty. There's been someone living there, I just don't know who. It's actually pretty sad but every time I am in the area, I drive by the house really slowly. I'm sure that its owners think I'm some burglar checking out my next victim. What's even worse is that I still have an inkling of hope that next time I drive by, the house won't be blue. It'll be tan with brown shutters the way it's supposed to be. Or maybe the new owner will see me, and say, "Hey! Do you want to come in and have a look around? That look in your eyes tells me you have a lot of history in this house." One time when my mom drove by, one of the contractors was out on the street. She almost asked him if she could have a peek inside. I have no doubt that it's harder for her to drive by without feeling overly sentimental than it is for me, but there's something special about a person's grandparents' house, which I think may give me an even closer connection to it.

When I close my eyes I can see the whole house, inside and out, just as vividly as if I were standing there. The brown front door would open and my grandpa would welcome us in with a smile, wearing his Mr. Roger's-type sweater and his specially-ordered shoes. The carpet resembled the sky on a hazy summer day, blue but with swirls of gray clouds. In the middle of their coffee table sat two crystal bowls: one with peanut M&Ms, my mom's favorite, and the other with chocolate M&Ms for my sister and me. Opposite stood the organ on which my grandpa spent hours playing silly made-up songs for us. My favorite was "Don't be a fool. Eat Pasta Fagioli." Next to the couch was my grandpa's special chair. It wasn't a rocking chair, but a glider. I remember sitting in the living room the day that he passed away. My grandma recounted the day with disbelief. "We had breakfast. He went to watch his programs on the television set. I sat in the living room for a little bit and went to go set the table for lunch. An hour later I went to go get him for lunchtime and he was asleep in the chair. But he wouldn't wake up. I had talked to him just an hour before he fell asleep in the chair." We put the chair in our basement when the house was sold. It's the perfect place to sit when you feel like you are all alone.

The chandelier was the focal point of the dining room. I remember how Grandma used to hang holly from it during Christmastime. It was at this table that I celebrated every Christmas Eve as a little girl.

The sterling silver tea set reflected in the ornate wooden framed mirror mounted above it and directly across from the record player which played all the classics: "That's Amore," "My Way," "How Much is that Doggy in the Window" and other songs by the greats. We used to pull the card table out from behind the record player and play Memory with Grandpa while Grandma fixed us lunch in the kitchen.

With linoleum floors, a glass kitchen table that collected far too many crumbs in the cracks, and the smell of rye bread toast, the room was filled with love. The table was always set for the next meal, even if that meant getting ready for breakfast the night before. "Grandpa Cookies," a Shop Rite brand vanilla cookie with chocolate stripes, were also plentiful—they were my favorite—as were Klondike bars for my sister. Next to the toilet, in the bathroom near the kitchen, rested the toilet brush that my grandpa would always joke that we'd have to use as our toothbrush for the night. Grandpa's squirrel-friend, Herman, would wait for his walnuts at the side entrance of the house. During the summer, Grandma would try to grow tomato plants on the patio. She never produced any tomatoes that were good enough to eat, but everything else she made was delicious. Somehow she managed to make broccoli into one of my favorite childhood foods. And the traditional Italian Christmas Eve meal of pasta in the fish sauce was something that I will never forget. My mom has the recipe, but every time I ask her if we can make it, she comes up with some reason why we can't. Part of me thinks she just isn't ready to admit that my Grandma isn't around to make it anymore.

My sister and I spent every New Year's Eve at Grandma and Grandpa's house as children. Grandpa used to tell us that we'd have to sleep on the roof or in the garage, but really we used to sleep in their room. My grandpa would sleep in the spare room, which had only a twin bed, and Grandma would sleep with my sister and me. They had the kind of beds that folded up and down with the push of a button. Since they were twin beds, they pushed them together to make one giant king size bed which ordinarily would be fine; however, it's not okay when there is a third person in the bed. Being the youngest and the smallest, I became that unlucky third person who had the unfortunate opportunity of sleeping in the middle of the two beds, in the crack. No amount of complaining or offering of other sleeping arrangements could get me out of that crack. But perhaps the crack wouldn't have been that bad if it had been accompanied by peace and quiet. Grandma would come up to tuck us in and insisted on lying on the bed next to us until we fell asleep. What that actually meant was that she would fall asleep while we were trying to go to bed as well.

And she would snore. So loud. I actually brought earplugs one year. "Sawing wood" does not even begin to describe the length and volume of the nasal sounds that this otherwise dainty, little woman produced.

My sister and I had our own set of special toothbrushes in their upstairs bathroom. The toothpaste always tasted extra minty-fresh at their home. After my grandma's death I purchased only their brand of toothpaste, but it just wasn't the same.

The full third floor attic was one of my favorite places to explore in their home. Although I was scared to go alone, and my sister rarely wanted to venture up there with me, I faced my fears and traveled up the spiral stairs any time my grandma would let me. Their attic had a special smell, not like mothballs or staleness. It was a homey smell that protected all of their treasured possessions. The attic would be one of the last rooms my mother and I cleaned out after my grandma's death. That attic contained memories that spanned generations: cherished belongings of my great-grandparents, pictures of my grandma's family before they came to America, my grandma's wedding dress, her collection of incredible hats, pictures of my grandpa before he shipped out for World War II, my mother's teddy-bear, her Nancy Drew book collection, and keepsakes that belonged to my sister and me.

When there is bread in the toaster or when chicken cutlets are being fried on the stove with a side of pasta in the red sauce, I am reminded of the smells of my childhood. When I open up my grandma's purse, which we still have not had the heart to go through and discard, I put my nose inside and just sniff. I used to buy a hair product that didn't even work just because when I sprayed it, it smelled like my grandpa. When I see a bouquet of roses, I pull off a petal and just rub it between my fingers because it feels as soft as my grandma's skin. And I still drive by the house any time I can. It's different. They've connected the garage to the house, there's a deck now, and the first floor spare bedroom is now a screened-in porch. I know that the door handles are probably not the glass diamond-shaped ones that they used to be, but no matter how different the house may be now, it's still a home to me. And in my mind, it's the place I travel to when I need the comfort and care that only special grandparents can provide.



## A Year Says So Many Things...

Kt Brown

A year says so many things  
It's a point from A to B  
But this year could write a novel  
On how it defined me

This year was for the memories  
And making them fresh  
This year saw some heartache  
This year brought some stress  
This year found me love  
In unexpected ways  
This year found me loving  
The long summer days  
This year holds lots of secrets  
Ones it may never tell  
This year saw Christmas in June  
Singing to silver bells  
This year has surprised me  
With the bad and the good  
This year found me doing  
Things I said I always would  
This year was never-ending  
And now it ends too soon  
This year brought me bare feet in grass  
Under the light of a full moon  
This year was filled with laughter  
And just as many tears  
This year will never happen again  
As soon as the new one is here  
This year is to be toasted  
For it loved us well  
And to the new year  
Well we'll give it hell.

Getting an English Degree is like Wearing a Full Body Cast.  
Andrew Slafra

90% of the time (and I can only guess 90% because as an English major I apparently would need an abacus to go “number 1”) people ask,

“Are you going to be okay?”

Or

“Can I give you some money?”

What is it about an English Degree that makes people think I’m crazy?  
That they need to help me,  
Or I’ll end up in Missouri with a goatee  
Sipping herbal tea  
And planting fig trees?

Do I appear to be in agony? What is this lunacy?

Since when did a business degree guarantee security and stability?  
Why does poetry,  
And my jubilee for vocabulary put me under scrutiny from everyone I see?

What do I plan to do with my degree?

Beats me. But apparently,  
If I'm not teaching literacy in New Jersey,  
Or writing an episode of Grey's Anatomy for Must See TV,  
My fate will be poverty.  
A shack in Tennessee that besides me is completely empty.

Well allow me to disagree,  
Because thankfully,  
I do not believe what the majority foresees.

I see for me my own destiny.  
One where my college degree does not instantly and irrefutably  
Decree my prophecy.  
I could be the bourgeoisie picture of prescribed normalcy,  
Or a hip hop emcee who finds the marquis through verbal potency.

I will be free to be any entity.

Hopefully, you can leave it up to me without having to worry.  
This is my plea.



### Literary Arts Society E-Board

Hey, I didn't say anything about us being sane. This edition of the Mosaic was made possible because of these crazy people, the Mosaic committee, Professor Thomas Zurhellen, and that imaginative thought bottled up in the back of all our minds. Stay tuned for the next installment, you won't want to miss what we have to show you next...

**THANK YOU! GOODNIGHT!**

-RJ Langlois, Mosaic Editor