

Refractions

*Spring Issue 1996: Mosaic
presented by The Literary Arts Society*



All works submitted by students of Marist College

Welcome to the Literary Arts Society's final Mosaic of the year. We would like to thank everyone who submitted their work to us. It is these imaginative and creative minds that drive our efforts forward to make Marist a true literary community. Unfortunately, we were not able to publish all of our submissions, but we do appreciate the high volume of submissions we received. If you ever find yourself writing a poem you might want to consider sending it our way. Any submissions should be put in the Literary Art Society Mailbox (Council of Clubs Room, SC 368). Thank you for time in reading through this edition, we know you will be pleased with it.

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In the distance
A man stands
Not a tall man
Not a strong man
A man stands
In the distance.

In the distance
A man moves
Not a fast move
Not a smooth move
A man moves
In the distance.

In the distance
A man falls
Not a long fall
Not a hard fall
A man falls
In the distance.

In the distance
A man dies
Not a slow death
Not a painful death
Yet none help him
In the distance.

-Anonymous



Stream of Unconsciousness 5
Confuse-a-Cat

Buck the cat!
Yeah, get Socks out of office
The mighty Scotch Pine
controls me
The trees are the Democrats
The Democrats are the trees
I am like a simile
Tell me I'm beautiful
tell me I'm a tree
I am a Scotch Pine
Only Wisconsin
is immune to my power
Damn the cat
Tree can't control the cat
Cat has his own agenda
Control the country
strike a pose
annex Kentucky
Annex Kentucky NOW
Follow the trees
— Bryan Walko

Drifting

Everyday I go further off
Broken off from you
Pain has driven me off
Drifting and drifting
Distance widening
Distant
You say
Why?
Because I have to
Distancing myself from you everyday
One day I'll be gone
Drifted out of reach
Never to return
One day the distance will be uncrossable
Please remember me!
Even at a distance
I will still and always...
Distance deafening
To far away
Cannot hear me
Even if you could
You would probably not listen
Not gone
And I miss you already
— Joe LaPosta

The Squirrels

By Meghan Sloan

There was a magnetic attraction toward the garbage dumpster under my window. They were controlled by its power. It was the squirrel's house of worship, their temple, synagogue, and mosque. The garbage dumpster's blatant waste, its abundance of gross, disgusting, slimy food, was their nirvana. Cold, half-eaten pizza, stale potato chips, soggy beer-soaked pretzels were salvaged from the depths of the garbage dumpster. The creatures were appeased.

They would stealthily creep along the asphalt road, crawl through the cracks of the stone wall, and slinkily slide down the landscaped terrace. They would even jump from trees to reach the bliss of the garbage dumpster. I stared out my window at them for hours. The smell of that giant bin o' garbage would bother me, yet I was transfixed by these creatures. They hopped and scurried out and about the garbage dumpster. They became acrobats as they salvaged the valuables that the human beings had unknowingly thrown out. These were shrewd creatures. They did not let a plastic garbage bag go unripped nor any piece of food uneaten. Their's was an eternal quest. A quest for the sticky, greasy, disgusting food. Food even a college student would throw away. I became obsessed.

"Meghan, are you listening to me?" My mother impatiently snapped as we were having our weekly phone chat.

"Mom, you should be here right now, there's this squirrel, and it's carrying a whole piece of pizza. That's amazing. I never knew that squirrels even liked pizza." It was amazing. I stopped listening to my mother talk about the menial details of her boring existence. Instead, I focused all of my attention on the small animal. It jumped out of the garbage dumpster and ran over the wall with its prize.

They fascinated me. I found them to be more interesting than my roommates or even some of my floormates. Squirrels were the only living creature that I could stare at for hours. They had the same motivation, the same desire: to fill their bellies with food that was just gross. The motion of their bodies amazed

me. I loved how these scavengers suddenly jumped out of the garbage dumpster, or how they chased each other around the bin itself. Or how these creatures climbed about and throughout smelly garbage bags. I knew for a fact that the girls on my floor would never jump around in smelly garbage bags. These animals were truly astounding.

Alas, the irony of fate was about to separate the squirrels and me (or so I thought). I was going to have to move. I believed that I would never see these marvelous creatures again. I had tried to console myself with the thought that my ne roommate was interesting, yet in my heart I knew that nothing could ever replace my bushy-tailed friends. What was I going to do with all the time I suddenly had now that the squirrels were gone?

I sullenly opened the window of my new room. A few trees stood outside of my window, yet I did not look for my comrades. I had resigned myself to the fact that I would likely never see my furry friends again. I turned toward my desk and prepared to do my homework. Yet out of the corner of my eye I suddenly saw a flash of brown fuzz. Could it be? I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming. It was not a dream. The squirrels had followed me. What a fool I had been for thinking that we would be separated. After all we had shared. We had more than a friendship, we had a bond.

Now, as I walk along the path, my little friends follow me. They scurry across my path, look down at me from the trees, even run alongside of me. Once, a squirrel spoke to me in that very special language that only squirrels and some unique human beings can understand. I knew what it was saying, it was saying that I was one of them, not in form or actions, but in spirit. We smiled at each other.





Stream of Unconsciousness 7

Embrace the Frog

When can we ride the Donkey, mom?
Take out the electric donkey finder, son.
Can we have lasagna, mom?
Take a left at the flaming donkey, son.
Where is my face, mom?
Your uncle is borrowing it son.
Start the frog, son.
Embrace the frog, son.

— Bryan Walko

Light is dark
But dark is clear
And seeing is a lie

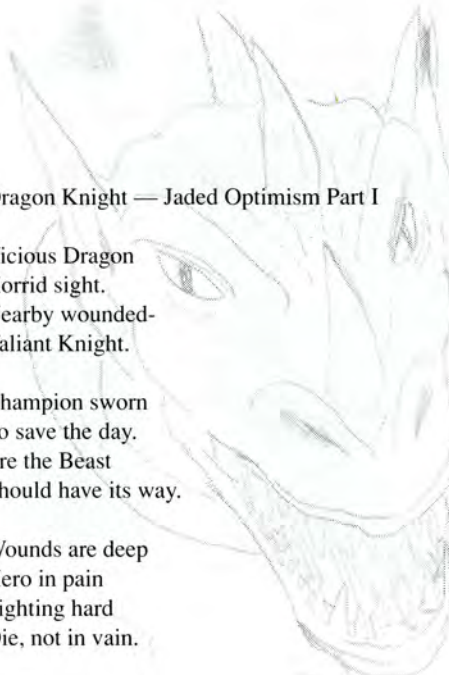
For in the end,
Emotions rule
And darkness slips on by.

— Anonymous

Ireland-Vanderbilt

Castles on land hidden with dark secrets
Lingering with sweet statues of people
alone with their minds.
Freedom and youth play along in the grass
Sacred beds showing only slivers of lost love.
In dim light such sensuality ignored to
produce fine
ignorance
Streams edged flanked with sights of longing
eyes.
Waiting through gardens of seductive maroon
The shadows of blood hold loosely around
flowers
Sweet curves in statues held frozen freedom
The breath of past and the swift movement of
future.

— Merrideth Hawk



Dragon Knight — Jaded Optimism Part I

Vicious Dragon
Horrid sight.
Nearby wounded-
Valiant Knight.

Champion sworn
To save the day.
Ere the Beast
Should have its way.

Wounds are deep
Hero in pain
Fighting hard
Die, not in vain.

Battling against
Suffering and strife
The Knight is you
The Dragon ... life

— Anonymous

Battle Cry — Jaded Optimism Part III

For the pursuit of truth
I challenge the inner darkness
Greatness and fame i do not seek
Heart grows weak
Though fly astray

Horrors and fears
Await me there
Ready or not
Destiny calls

Do what is right
I test all my might
Enjoyment of life the reward

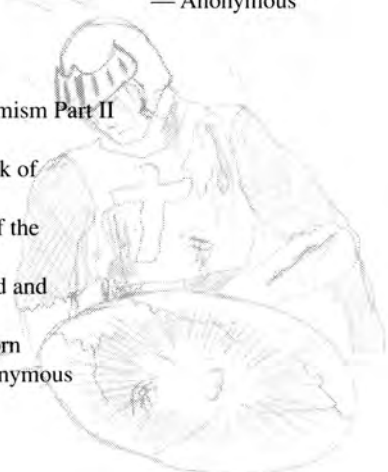
Work and strive now
Encounter your truth
Live life to the fullest
Love if you can

— Anonymous

Growing Up — Jaded Optimism Part II

Though I bear the burn mark of
Dragon Fire
though the raking slashes of the
beasts claws leave scars
though my heart is shattered and
broken apart
There is freedom to be reborn

— Anonymous



The one I knew
is the one I lost
The lost one though is me

For whenever lies
A brand new choice
An old one, never seen
— Anonymous

My Father on Earth

Save him, save his soul. Teach him the ways
of love
Leave him here with me, don't send him away
as a dove
He protects me, he cares, he only lacks the
initial thought
but opens his mind to listen to my words and
what I have sought
I want to show him my love and deep
gratitude
He has done so much for me, he has nothing
to prove
He has changed and accepted me as I am
He would give up everything to help me, all
that he can
He is a strong, powerful man of great success.
I could never be ashamed to hold his hand
He cherishes his family and provides for them
greatly. He deserves to rule over his home
and his land
I want us to be close friends again like gems
and pearls
but mostly, I wish him to be well so I can be
his little girl
— Amanda Liles

Stream of Unconsciousness 33 1/3
Super Size for only 39 cents

Sing a song of six pence
a pocket full of frogs.
Ten little Indians
running for governor.
Tell me why you
can't
smother yourself in love,
that big McDonald's
fast food love
I'm the love machine
just say "Super Size me."
— Brian Walko

A man, A woman
Dreams.

A man.
Shattered.

A man, A woman
A man alone.

But, which one?
— Anonymous



Essay on Woman

Renee Marie Isgro

There is a certain reverence that lets little girls throw their heads back and laugh while they swing higher and higher in the schoolyard. When the backyard seems as large as a jungle and the floorboards of the front porch compare to those of a grand ballroom. It enables us to take compliment - and to travel the universe by means of our imagination. It is then, and only then, that we are told we have the world in the palm of our little hand.

There is a certain freedom that lets teenagers dance around on sidewalks in the pouring rain while the wetness splashes their ankles and soaks the bottoms of their jeans. When we feel compelled to dance around the kitchen, singing into a spoon every time "that song" comes on the radio. It is at this time that we wrap our unscathed hands with their painted fingernails around the steering wheel, secure in the knowledge that we have time on our side.

There is a certain barefootedness that lets a young woman plan her marriage to a man she's never met. When we are overwhelmed with wonder and change. When we are overwhelmed with wonder and change. It enables us to try to accept our concerns

gracefully, and not to submit to loneliness. However, it is at this time when we feel most like crying because, because, in the face of adversity, we are blinking.

There is a certain stigma that causes wives to leave their husbands and take their children and slam the door on their way out. When we surrender to fatigue and disappointment. It enables us to develop mock esteem and act irrationally, or perhaps, too reasonable for our own good. It is now that we want to, need to, rather, scream and run for our lives to the backyard, looking for what we must have left on the front porch.

So we run faster and try harder - not because we have to, but because we know we can - all the while remembering them telling us that we have the world in the palm of our little hand. We run, from whatever has been silencing us to where we are free to tell our story to the world. And as we are moving we hear our heart - no, our soul - screaming, yelling, sounding out loud. And when we finally get to where we want to be, we run down the front porch steps, open our mouths - and are silent



"Reflections for a new year with Bebbby's
band bouncin' in the background"

The end of my first year...
listen to that crazy bass
runnin' back and forth...
the sax and them brass chase
that bass...

the world is good, Mr. Goodman
tells me so. The piano and drum
men soothe my soul—damn, so much
passion, so much passion..

motivation—that is what the last
Half of the past year has taught
me; along with patience and a
soft consciousness of my "self"—
although I still be confused at times,
I have gained a sort of confidence
in my consciousness
I am myself,
as dis-
organized as I may seem.

A new year awaits...
my motors anxiously
but patiently wait.

I Know the Way to peace and
truth. We need to know ourselves,
and if we know our own nature, we
can understand others, we can
realize a similarity and finally
unite.

Maybe I am too damned idealist,
but it's ideal views and thoughts
which eventually lead the masses.

Here I come, mass-asses...
shine your bottoms to me so that
I may rearrange your priorities
I am the American patrol.

— Anonymous

Aching

How I see so many around me.
Lifting up toward a forgotten promise.
The mistaken flowers yearning discovery
divine.
Oceans roar and the winds swirl in the eternal
confusion pushed aside.
The clouds cast my shadows upon meadows
to remind the day, it has not yet been fulfilled.
So here I lay beneath a tree forsaken
Of the shaded prize no one or thing has taken
The sacred Music that impels poets to seek
The unspoken flickered light in the hearts we
keep

Aching to drown in our dream's desire

This unrevealed gift life's
Unquestionable soul's aspire.

All life his master's gaze has created
submissive desire.

Deep beneath the folds in darkness We save in
hope to trust our passion our soul's thirsting
We reach upon.

His Promise I have not yet beheld.
Forgotten in life

His will passed on

— Anonymous



You had him there
He was always yours
 An intimate drop upon
Pearls of friendship
 Distance apart
Knot together - he was yours
 Always
Just a stroke, seconds in time
 A giant falling, shaking the earth
 towards bitter honesty
 and painful disbelief
As David and Goliath
 But you hadn't
 thrown the stone
Your mind uncrossed
 Sling lain still
When the crush of the ground is lifted
 And the scene dissolved within
 Other's clear, borrowed healing
 Bear still the bruise
 Toughened, tender
 For your beloved giant.
Let him not fade, farewell torn

Strong, early tears
 This chapter of
 innocence broken.
Patch the err, Amid your being
 For this Goliath -
 David's Goliath
 Can never fall
 Within your heart.

Rebecca Lynn Lane



Love is an antagonizer between friends.
— Anonymous

