

**mosaic
II**

marist
college
arts
&
literary
magazine



cover photo by *Rick Volpe*

This year the need for the student to express himself was felt with greater intensity than ever before. **The Mosaic** once again challenged the Marist community to share their talents in the modes of photography, graphics, poetry, and prose. The response was a positive indication that the arts are alive on the Marist campus.

In this issue we have collected some of the works submitted and published a cross-section of thought and expression. We hope that the material here will inspire others to share with us in the next issue. **The Mosaic** will continue to be a vehicle for the self expression of Marist students.

the editor
nancy lee zaccario

marist college
arts and literary magazine

table of contributors

art of prose — english 102

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sharon stevens

marybeth kearney

paul nunziata

kim fylstra

patricia moriarty

leah frisbee

frances b. de nagy

rick abranio

lark landon

tom perino

looking around

I have been surprised by
the webbed network of cracks
in plaster ceilings
by fish lying on the beach
their eyes sparkling in the sunlight,
by a dead crow frozen amidst
white snow,
by a red ribbon flowing from a cut
in my finger,
by broken bottle-stars on the
sidewalk.

class poem
art of prose — 1978
english 102.

rick volpe



alice?

Like Alice down the rabbit hole,
Emotions have opened up and
Swallowed me.
My heart is falling ever so slowly
Past all locked doors.
Endlessly tearing me apart.
There's no one to catch me
When I reach the end, no one
To pick me up and brush me off.
Wish I were Alice with her
Rabbit and her key, then I could
Unlock my falling heart and
Reach out to you.

erin o'neill



mike iantosca

the circle game

The core of our existence lies in
the center of river water
moved by a stone
dropped from the cliffs.

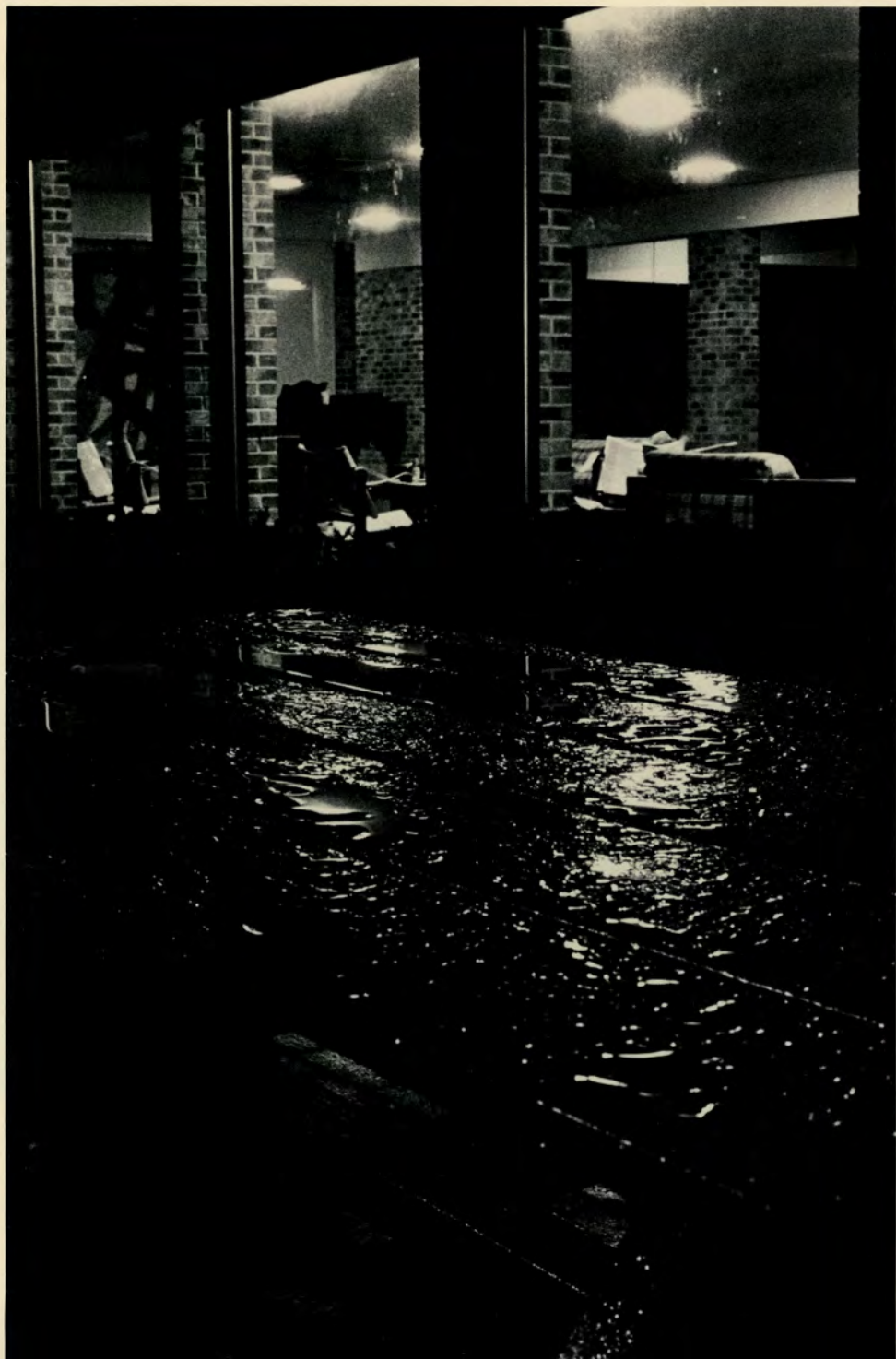
On impact, river rings flow
in symmetrical harmony,
outward.

The focal point of the search begins
to spread, to grow
and flow outward from the center.

So must we with the sphere
move outward . . .
reaching, searching, learning,

Ultimately discovering that
our existence is the result of
taking time to throw stones
and watch the circles move toward
revealing our identity.

nancy lee zaccario



prison

the endless specks of sundried time
the gleam of weathered steel, peeks out
and closes in on one left behind,
the walls meet in darkness solitude
moist, clammy mortar and stone
encompassing all
Nothing in, no one out
forever.

erin o'neill

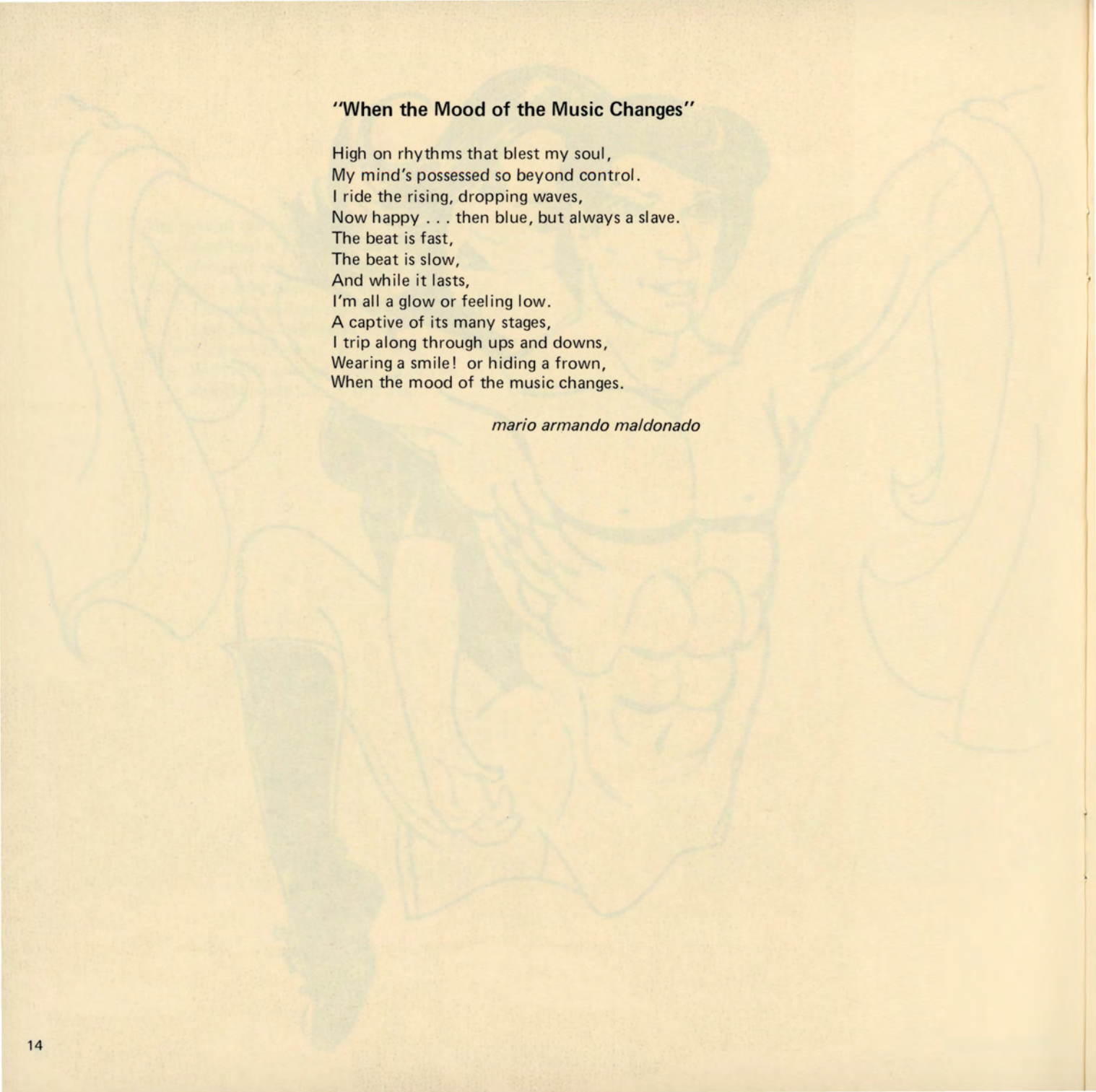


mike iantosca

The time of the heart-felt fear,
And love is the dagger to turn
To see if the lesson is learned,
No and it hasn't been. The eyes,
The eyes well up again and tear;
I tell myself palatable lies
No and I don't believe. Its not true;
With "life goes on" they lie to you,
Another cold winter this year.

chris faille





“When the Mood of the Music Changes”

High on rhythms that blest my soul,
My mind's possessed so beyond control.
I ride the rising, dropping waves,
Now happy . . . then blue, but always a slave.
The beat is fast,
The beat is slow,
And while it lasts,
I'm all a glow or feeling low.
A captive of its many stages,
I trip along through ups and downs,
Wearing a smile! or hiding a frown,
When the mood of the music changes.

mario armando maldonado



lisa

More than just the visage;
Her beauty lies in her usual manner, thoughts, and words:

No other can see her as I.

Yes, they can perceive her tentative charm,

her grace,

even her warm embrace— at times,

I feel (for) her as no other.

She has scorned, scolded, stolen, and protested;

my heart or impulse . . . again tested,

and I manage with her and *no* one can.

A girl,

with an air of frightened confidence, flavored

with a liquor of independent strife;

these are all an overcast of . . . a woman whose

“hidden” ideas, ideals and warmth are on the cusp of

phenomenality.

On this day, I’ll know her like others shouldn’t even consider;

Then think of the day when she will go her own

way, and I mine.

I empathize, but with a better hand;

for I leave with what I have always had:

Dreams and empirical ambrosia.

william c. nolan



The smile, the hug, the focus
Of your eyes were so familiar.
Home—a place
In the heart
Where one can rest;
The familiarity of your mind
When i know what you are thinking.

Exhausted talk of exterior thoughts
i desire the wonderment
Created by the brush of a rose
Across your face
Inhaling its' solitude
Releasing a breath of inspiration
With the thoughts spoken
Untransposed from your mind.

Now i watch as you slide
The razor through the white powder
Like the blade of a skate
On ice through the birth of snow
Your eyes became hypnotized
A faint smile parted to whisper
That your mind was only
A yellow, sticky liquid swirling
Like a pinwheel.

My lips were crying
And my eyes could not speak
For i was fearful they would devulge
The agony of a helpless body
So frozen
The only movement was the
Soft rhythm of my chest
Revealing the pounding of my heart.

i slipped away
Knowing words would be useless to
Your chemical mind
The search began again
For home.

marybeth kearney



paul nunziata

vw

listen, it rumbles along
like my hungry stomach.
It's a motorized insect, creeping
up hills like a slug.
It's a malfunctioning wind-up toy,
A petrol-nursing baby,
A pregnant roller-skate,
A smoothly polished egg balanced
On four morning Cherrios.
Some giant left his derby
On a child's huge skateboard.

kim fylstra

timepiece

My face is marked by sixty spots —
Twelve are dashes and forty-eight
are dots.
You've never enough of what I keep.
You follow my movement like
simple sheep.
You curse me in the early hours
When my metallic scream shatters
your dream.

patricia moriarty



paul nunziata

opiate

I walk alone
in a field
of poppies,
red like the trafficlight
on the corner
you never pass.

I walk alone
amongst the poppies,
red like priest's vestments
on martyrs' days.

I walk alone,
poppies all around
red like my blood
pulsing in vain.

I dream about a dream.

frances b. de nagy



paul nunziata

I feel as majestic as the mountains before me
To stand so high
Their peaks just seem to stretch as though they
were trying to break through the heavens
The solitude of a mountain offers truth,
a peace

The mountain whispers to me, then
it cries forth, come stand upon my highest peak
See all the horizons I offer you
How my soul longs to find its highest peak
To see all there is and all there isn't
I want to know the truth, your turth mountain
You have seen the history of man come and go
Somehow I feel that a secret to the universe is
locked up inside of you waiting to escape, screaming
for freedom.

But no man has ever heard those screams,
There hasn't been as awakening and so there
you stand alone in your solitude
Waiting to be sought out
Mountain Dear, I'm coming soon, I am
coming to you to find your truth.

leah frisbee



paul nunziata

I am trembling in anticipation
shaking with excitement
shuffling in expectation

yet

My feet are planted
firmly on the ground

w
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i
n
g

nancy lee zaccario



rick albranio

images

In waves of time
Reflections at sunrise
of my thoughts.
The softly molded transcripts
of misty, lingering days
each a grain of sand
falling silently
in my life's hourglass.
The past
forming a majestic mountain
by the sea
for me to climb
and look out upon
the endless, placid blueness.
Still my eyes cannot see
where my destiny lies.
But within the haze
dancing mysteriously
around the sun
I focus my eyes on you
for the goal of my life
lies in the fulfillment of yours.

marybeth kearney



egg

As bald as Cousin Donny's head,
minus his mustache,
it sits heavier on my palm
than toughts on his shoulders.

As white as Grandma's hair
as frail as her hands
this little moon.

It cracks as swifly as her small
smile and looks
like the hat with the yellow daisys

My Great Aunt Dotty wore
on Easter Sunday, when she got
caught in the rain.

lark landon



tom perino

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