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# CASTLES

a song

J. Cocimer

Well the things that are  
happening to me seem unreal  
The castles I built are  
a crumbling  
It's hard to explain  
the way I feel.  
And to keep myself from stumbling

My mind rambles on  
as I hear people talk  
Like leaves a fallin  
their words from an oak tree  
And a thousand words I hear  
wherever I walk.  
And they all seem  
to sound so empty.

As I lie during the night  
in my lonely bed,  
There's a half lost  
feeling inside me  
And thoughts of love  
start enterin my head

# A SILVER STAR

John Glennon

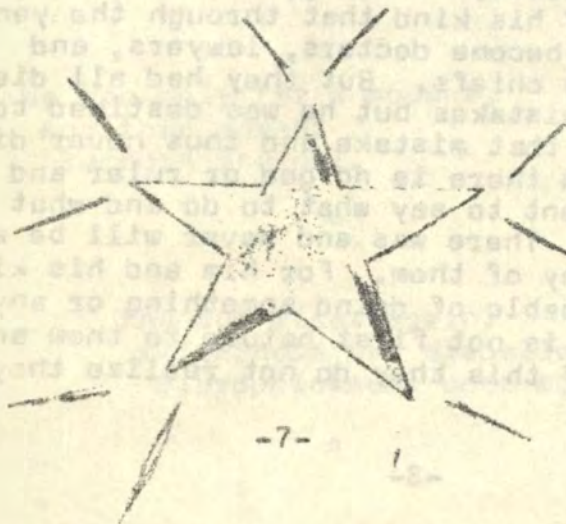
The sun shines in drizzles and the clouds  
Sparkle my eyes. Or is it a tear?  
A single silver star sliding down my cheek...  
And then another... and then another...

I think the wind blew something in  
My heart... a soft careful wind  
Too sacred for anytime but ceremonious  
Occassions, too illusive for the dance of drea

The Sun shines in drizzles and the clouds  
Sparkel my etes. Or is it a tear?  
A single silver star sliding down my cheek...  
And then another... And then another...

No bird carries a song for the wind... and  
The wind has just its own sad song to the  
Bird. The song whirls in my head and each star  
Is a note in the melody of the wind.

The sun shines in drizzles and the clouds  
Sparkle my eyes. Or is it a tear?  
A single silver star sliding down my cheek...  
And then another... And then another...





A MINUTE PAST A.M. A HALF MINUTE BEFORE P.M.

Skin

Seekamp

Untouched, unseen, unnoticed, only by those that are not of his kind. A life that is one of ever wandering and unreached boundaries. Through the vast wasteland of a drop of water or that of an ocean, it does not matter, for both are equal. The search is the easiest one ever known for there is no goal, no prize, no limit and he does not care for there is no reason to. His life is generally the same for he does not know any different. The occasional passing of friends that have broken up since he last saw them, so far in the distant that he can not remember when the last time was. It does not matter how long ago it was because he wouldn't remember seeing them at the same time he saw them.

He had been broken just like all the other of his kind and he was due again. This would be the second time past infinity and it was destined to never stop. Breaking up was not second nature to him but it had been first all along. Society had excepted it since the great fores and the vaporizing of the waters and nothing had ever changed since that time. Nothing, that is, except for some of his kind that through the years went on to become doctors, lawyers, and even indian chiefs. But they had all died for their mistakes but he was destined to never make that mistake and thus never die.

To him there is no god or ruler and no government to say what to do and what not to do. There was and never will be any need for any of them. For him and his kind are not capable of doing something or anything that is not first nature to them and even all of this they do not realize they are doing.

He is the master of disguise and could teach the best make-up man a thing or two. His form was always different and to look at him, if you could ever see him, a thousand times you would not recognize him.

He was a giant among his kind and was almost classed differently than the rest because of his size but to us is literally not there. He has a large family and all are related but they never recognize one another when they pass by, for they are all blind to all but their prey and themselves. He has no manners and engulfs his food whole and never chews. He is considered very dainty by his kind but a slob to those who came after him. He now gives birth to another and leaves without any thought and another is added to his family.

---

Haikus

Al McClure

We see only for a moment,  
And then moment  
Becomes eternal.

\*

The sun rises again.  
Brightness has dispelled  
Disappointment once more.

\*



ROYAL

John Owens

I come to you, whiteness.  
 Your silver headdress gleams  
 In the false twilight.  
 Man has known you,  
 And man will use you  
 Unto death.  
 I am no stranger.  
 You are release, the sought-after.  
 Gold, your crown  
 Seemingly bends in a liquescent flow,  
 Our bond.

I caress you, touching an arm,  
 And your aura vanishes  
 I give you my benediction  
 And once more you are virgo  
 A quick movement,  
 And a speck, a particle, a drop  
 Like the king of metals,  
 Is my final gift, wergeld  
 To ease - my mind  
 For you are Royal,  
 Sloan Valve Company,  
 Chicago, U.S.A.

Day of the Lambs

Peter Howe Sinfeffer

The eastern horizon releases the glorious  
 sun with majestic allegro in apricot and  
 platinum  
 Today the morning rays which bounce diamonds  
 off of the consecrated dew will not go  
 unnoticed  
 Today the hearts of men are unveiled and  
 rise in brilliance-trilogy of virtues  
 kissing them up to God  
 Soon the children, eyes wide and glowing  
 will scamper to the elder's bedside, the  
 hour early,  
 To wake them to witness the discovery of  
 Spring gifts  
 Soon, the breakfast done-joy still pulsating  
 begins the special preparation for the  
 ceremony  
 There, in the massive house, the relatives  
 gathered, the shining faces of young and  
 old, restrain from breaking the reverant  
 hush  
 Then, the visit complete, all leave, smiling  
 and greeting neighbors we do not know  
 The colorful event over, the afternoon  
 blends with evening, and soon the child-  
 ren, with eyes wilted from the day, fall  
 asleep at their play  
 With gentle embrace, the elders carry the  
 small forms and plant them in their soft beds  
 Looking down at the sleeping children, in  
 an instant, the elders know what the day was.



## SHADOWS

Carl Anderson

We became friends--  
 I need one then--  
 And in every crowd I gathered  
 A whisper snuck across my shoulder:  
 "Why him?"

He was popular:  
 In his room  
 And mine.  
 I could not understand  
 Why his close friends  
 Were never seen,  
 Were never close,  
 Were never.

We walked together many times  
 And our shadows stretched before us.  
 I saw his  
 So did he.

His joy frolicked  
 The days when  
 My shadow  
 Made his seem bigger.

It was early  
 But I was afraid  
 And already tired  
 So I helped the sun to set,

Yet,  
 I Still see his shadow.

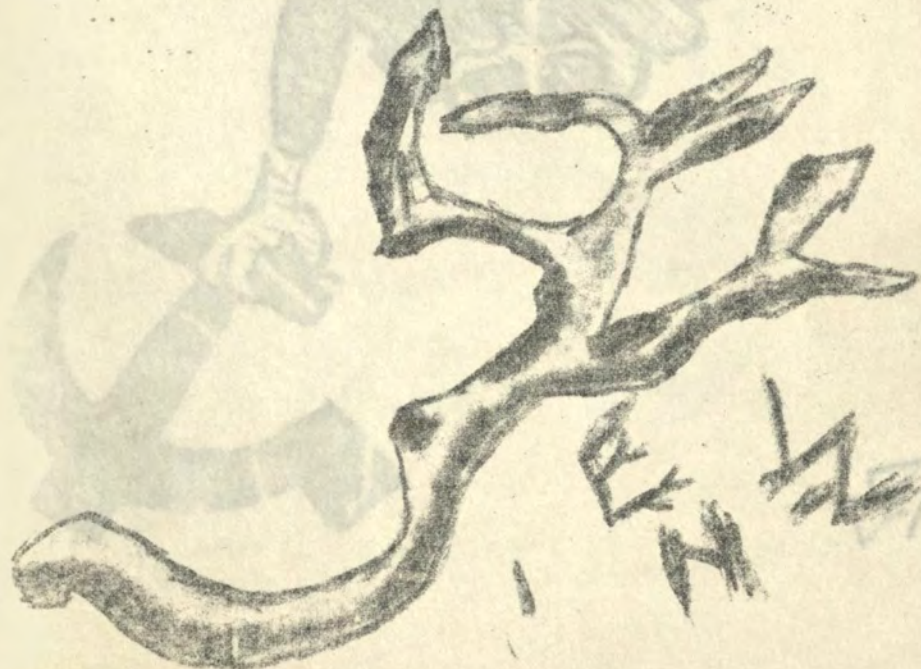
## UNTITLED

Peter Gleeson

Leather  
 Metal  
 Glass  
 Imagined to,  
 Formed to,  
 GO

Point A Point B  
 Life's first cry  
 Life's last gasp  
     (lots of chugs  
             in between)  
 Some built to rattle early  
 Some built to last and last

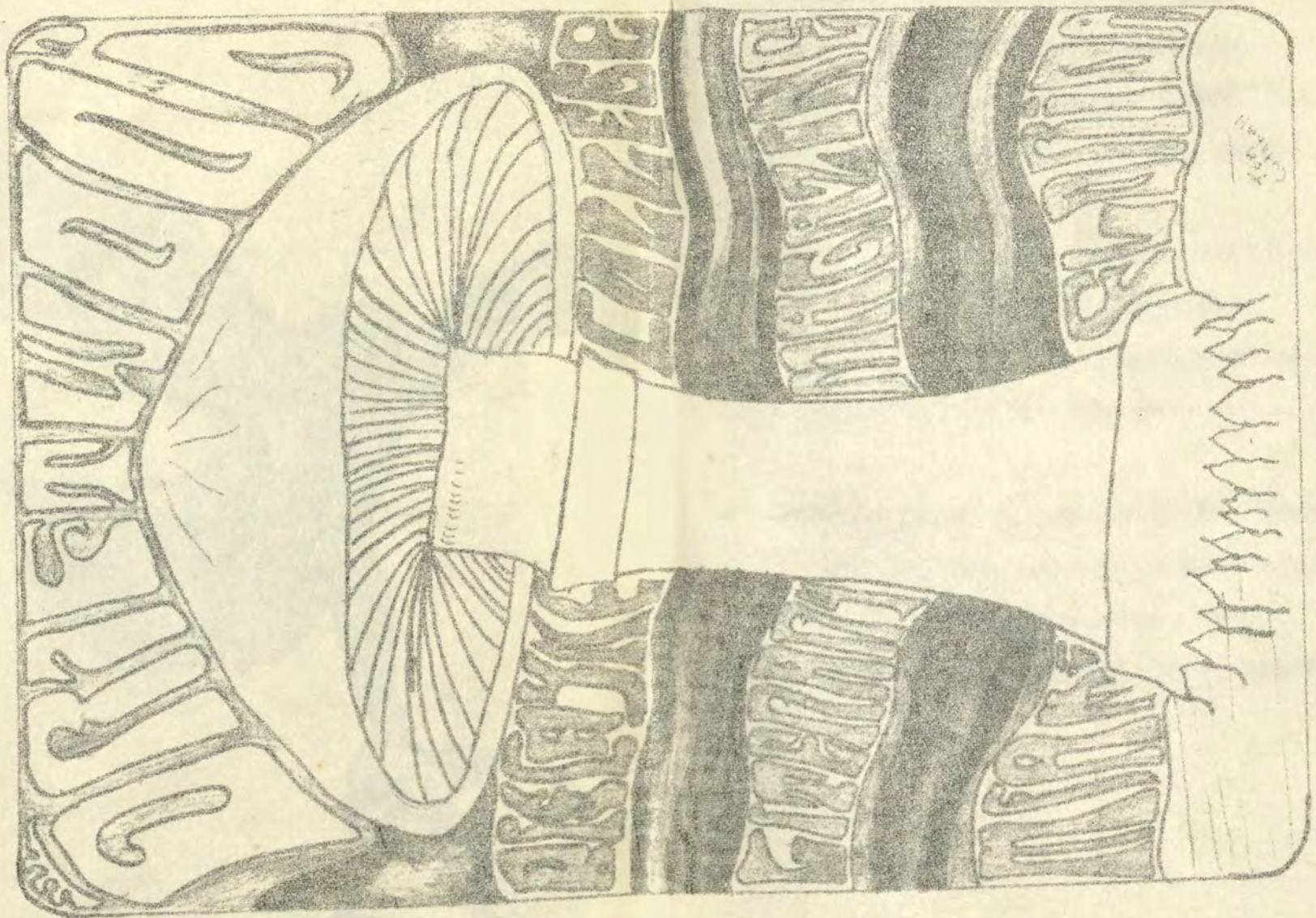
In the shape they were cast  
 All do not remain  
 But their intrinsic parts will last. When  
 The junk yards on the plain.











Hand-drawn sketch of a pair of shoes with intricate patterns.



Whispers through a closed door  
Small windows colored sad dark  
People wearing protective bark  
Alone by themselves, by the score.

Hundreds of people in one small corner  
All mobs wearing one blank face  
Crying dry tears, for each self mourner  
Everyone's running the same sad race.

What is going to happen to the masses  
As the leisure, unhalting time passes  
Who will be seperated and one?  
Who will the complacent sheep shun?



THE COMING OF SLEEP

Tom Cutchall

The rush of life stops at the birth of night  
As I ween slowly on my thoughts  
The evil quiet is my music,  
And I ponder what I wrought.

I surrender myself to the growing dusk  
Which affects my every sense,  
And as the day wears slowly on  
The world grows too immense.

It frightens me to think of how  
I love this world I fight,  
And the men I hate are one of me,  
They fly the same eternal flight.

I wonder if they all feel the same  
Or am I one in number?  
But before I ever get the answer  
I am claimed by relieving slumber.

The GREEN, C

Life is "cool"

A bunch of fools

Living all together.

One might think;

Another, sink

Darkly writing letters

But then she'll come

And strike them dumb

Soon after they have

Real cool, it seems

To those who "dream

But, of course, then

She's out there, for

And will do it for

For a "nickle" you



A TIME OF THORNS

Bill Murray

Grey is the average color  
Of life -  
Sometimes a cold grey;  
Steel knife,  
Sometimes a hot grey:  
Before a storm,  
Most times subtle grey  
The end of night - sunlight,  
The end of a storm - restful blue.  
Direction - where left meets right.  
Space, place-grey meets blue.

Put on your coat,  
Go out and but a knife;  
Carve your initials  
In the tree of life  
And watch them turn grey.

Walk into a storm,  
Sense the building power;  
Hear the quiet thunder and constant  
Rain beat down the drain.  
See the grey cover the blue  
And the grey fade back to blue.

Before the sunrise,  
At the end of the cold-warm storm,  
Fall into dying roses-  
Let your hair turn grey,  
Live in the situation every day,  
Notice the grey ashes;  
Watch life burn  
As it turns, and learn  
The color grey.



THE MORNING OF THE FIFTH DAY  
Timothy Nicholson

It's a beautiful day my boy, the sun's out in all her glory.

Really? I guess that it's getting pretty close to summer.

"In a few more weeks"... His voice quivered slightly. It was in a nervous tone that he continued. In a few more weeks it will be very warm. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth it in all that stifling heat. You know last year it was just unbearable---

Yes! but it's that time I love the best. Sure it's hot but it makes you think about things. The trees and the flowers and stuff. It makes you glad you're alive.

Alive! That was the word which had all the meaning now. There was no other; only that one.

You know--- he continued. I used to go up to the mountains when I was a kid with my uncle. He was a kind of good-hearted dope. Never thought that anybody could do wrong; a real nice guy though. We'd go fishing and hunting and then sit around the fire and he'd tell me about what it was like when he was a kid.

What did he tell you? He must've said how much better people today have it.

No. He never said that. He used to tell me that my generation would be having it rougher and rougher, what with the atomic age and all that. I never really believed him though.

His voice was clear and concise now. He knew what he wanted to say and he said it. There were no hidden feelings, no thoughts of persecution. He just wanted to talk.

My old man was different. He never said much and when he did, it didn't make much sense. A real quiet one he was. I used to think he was scared of the dark.

Was he good to you? I mean--- well, like your uncle.

Oh yeah, he tried, except it didn't do much good. I never wanted to listen.

And when you and your uncle went on a trip, what did he think about it?

Think about it!--- He was surprised at this question and maybe even annoyed. It was something nobody had a right to know besides himself, but it made no difference now. He was mad--- That's just it, that's just what I've been saying, he didn't think about anything. He just stood there like a department store dummy, like he was too dumb to be alive--- Well anyway I liked my uncle better.

He treated you kindly, didn't he?

Yeah, Boy I remember one time I got lost in the woods. I was roaming around and looking at the trees and the sky and I could hear the birds singing--- Aw hell! It sounds crazy.

No, keep going, I'm interested.

He was interested. There was something mysteriously haunting here. Something that he could not explain.

Oh, all right, if you really want to know.

I do.



I was just walking around and then I found this little path in the bushes; it looked like nobody had been there for a long time--- There was anxiety in his face, he wanted to keep going, to live it all over again, and this was his chance.

Did you go down the path?

I walked down it, through the bush and the flowers and then I came to a little lake. It was surrounded by trees. You know like something you'd see in a kid's story book. It was really beautiful.

What did you do then?--- His face was flushed, perhaps in sorrow or even longing, but for what? He didn't know.

I sat down on a rock and began to look around and think. It was really something different, real peaceful and quiet. Like a never-never land and it was all mine.--- He was proud of that. He felt that he had accomplished something even if it was only this.

What were you thinking about?

Oh, I don't know. Just about how nice it was there with nobody around to bother me or tell me to do this and that. I just looked in the water and saw my face, then I knew I wasn't dreaming, that I was really there. I remember I looked up and in the distance I saw this mountain, it was reflecting in the water. It made me imagine things.

Like what?

Well I thought that on top of the mountain, there was a castle and inside it everybody was happy and nobody cared about war and stuff like that. I just sat there and dreamed. The water, the forest, all of it was real, at least for me it was. It was

my own private place.

Did you want to go to the mountains?

I wanted to but I felt that I couldn't. I thought that if I left that spot, it would all vanish. I just looked and then I began thinking some more about how it would have been a long time ago. I imagined that I was a knight and that I was sent to take a message to the castle on the mountain.

What did the message say?

I don't remember--- His face was fearful now. It was this part he hated most, but he knew it had to be said--- I just know that it was a message to the people of the beautiful castle in the distance--- but I just couldn't go any farther so I stayed there and looked. It was getting late and a mist was coming down over the forest and the lake, I was scared but I couldn't leave. I didn't want to--- He'd said it now and he was relieved.

Why couldn't you leave?

Because it was part of me. The castle, the woods, the sky, they all belonged to me. I loved it. I could do anything and be anything. Just me and everything I liked the best. There was no other world. Only mine and that was how I wanted it to be. I wanted to stay there forever.

If you wanted to stay why didn't you? or, well, why did you change your mind?

I didn't leave then. I wasn't ready to. I just wanted to look into the distance at the mountain, and I had to reach it. I had to give them the message but I didn't think they wanted it. They didn't have troubles and if I went there with the message they wouldn't be like they used to be---



They wouldn't be the same. I could go there alone and I would be just like them, but not with the message. It was hushed now and there was no expression on his face. Just a feeling of joy. They both felt it and knew it was there.

What did the lake look like?

Do you remember?

It was small and dark. Did you ever see a painting of those lakes in the woods? You know they look like they don't have any ending because you can't see beyond the horizon. It was like that. There was a big rock in the middle with some moss and a few little shrubs on it. It looked like it had been there since time began. All around me there were big tall trees and it was real dark under them because it was getting late. The sun was going down and the birds stopped singing. I could hear the crickets now, chirping away with nothing to worry about.

I guess you really like it there?--

It was a pointless question, he knew that the answer was obvious; but he asked it anyways.

It was the best place I ever went to. The carnival, the movies; that didn't matter, only this new place was what I wanted most. I just kept thinking that there was nobody alive except the people in the castle and me. If I could cross the lake then I could reach the mountain and I would never have to go back again. If I had a boat! If I only had a boat, I could cross the lake and then I would be so happy. I would never see hatred or fear anymore. I would just be alone and I could do what I wanted--- He looked at the clock on the dim gray wall in front of him. It said eleven-thirty---

But I knew I could never cross the lake and if I did go to the castle, they wouldn't have wanted the message. It would mean another world and that could never be. It was impossible.

When did you leave?--- He didn't want to ask this but he had to know, if only to satisfy his own curiosity. But no, it was something more than that. It was part of life itself. The answer had to come from one who had taken it. He had to know.

I was sitting there and then I heard something moving in the bushes. I thought it was a friend from the mountain, coming to take me with him but it wasn't. It was--- He had tears in his eyes, it caused him pain to think of this. It was--- my uncle! His voice had changed now and he said in a solemn tone: What time do you have?

It's five to twelve, the clock is right

Then they'll be here soon won't they?

Yes, they will--- He didn't want to say that but he had to. He had to tell him the truth, but the boy was ready; the fear had gone now.

I think I hear them coming.

Yes they are.

It's time, Father.

The cell door was opened and the guards led him out. He was young, maybe twenty, but he had the experienced face of one who had seen a great deal in a short time.

As they walked down the long grey hall, he could see that this boy was unafraid and that a gentle calmness had settled over him.

You have no fear my Son?

No, Father. Soon I'll be able to go where I've always wanted to. I'll be back



With the small lake and the trees and the castle on the mountain. I can just sit there and dream and I can be anybody I want. Good bye.

Good bye and God be with you.

As the thick door closed, he looked for the last time on the boy who had wanted peace so much. He turned and walked down the corridor and looked at his watch. It was over now but for another it was beginning.

He knew all this and thought about it as he walked past the clock on the wall. He glanced at his watch again and then looked up at the clock. It's right he said; it's the morning of the fifth day.



