



SPRING



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“Nothing Educates Like Failure”

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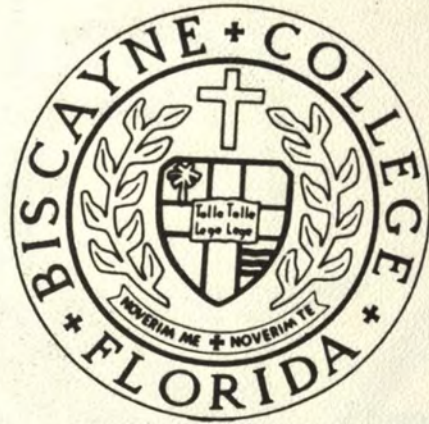
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DRIFTWOOD



SPRING 1968

DRIFTWOOD



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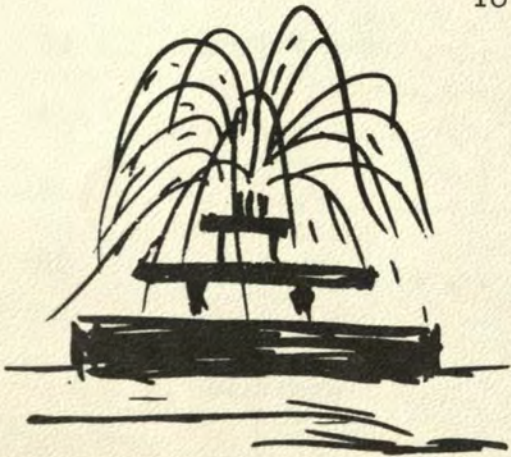
NEXT SUMMER IN WASHINGTON SQUARE

Dark little Italian balloonmen will be selling steamed peanuts
to the parents of Puerto Rican babies who splash
in the shallow pools of dribbling fountains.
The Sprinkling Sun will dabble the bright green leaves
of Summer,
While the Village children scribble dark graffitti
on Washington Arch.

Across the park, beyond marble halls,
John Courtney Murray is delivering a rather periphrastic exegesis
on the theophany of Deutero-Paralipomenon.
But - beneath the steaming black streets,
other prophets are read in stinking subways
by two post-modern jews.
Their fear is not that 'God is Dead', but that man is...

Bitter-sweet smells of hot dog vendors and hashish smokers
seep up through the nostrils of Saturday grandmothers in blue
and bleached blondes in drag...
To love is the incense of the Morning.

Charles Larkin



A MILD CRAZINESS

a mild craziness.
a short time of
feeling differently
and then
acting differently
(for once, life before dogma,
the way it was for John and Paul)
until finally
being differently.
enough in fact not to fit (in).
no regrets. you can
fit (in with) what's outside
so well
you never fit (in with (what's inside))
you.

perhaps not so mild
considering how different.
and not likely
to be very short.
perhpas not even really crazy
at all.

M. Woodcock

TO YOU

Shout to me.

Shout to me.

all through the night

and please kiss

my eyes

to dream I am right.

Oh, know me,

know me.

Please let me know,

Touch me,

Touch me

And forever I'll know.

It's good.

Damn, it's good

Please say it's so

run to me

run to me

and from there we shall go.

OMEGA POINT

Riding, riding into the night
Into the eternal night of his life
Pointless, a ray, in black and white.

Increasing velocity...power is speed
Blind to the meaning of an ultimate need
Swiftly spinning through the wineing gyres
Forgetting the moments of life-yielding fires

Hanging between the fickle and stable
at maximum speed, he is almost able,
He utters the words-and is born again.

Past the sounds...all is calm
Past the emptiness...now there is light
Cruising in ecstasy...outside the womb
Finding his flesh is not really a tomb.



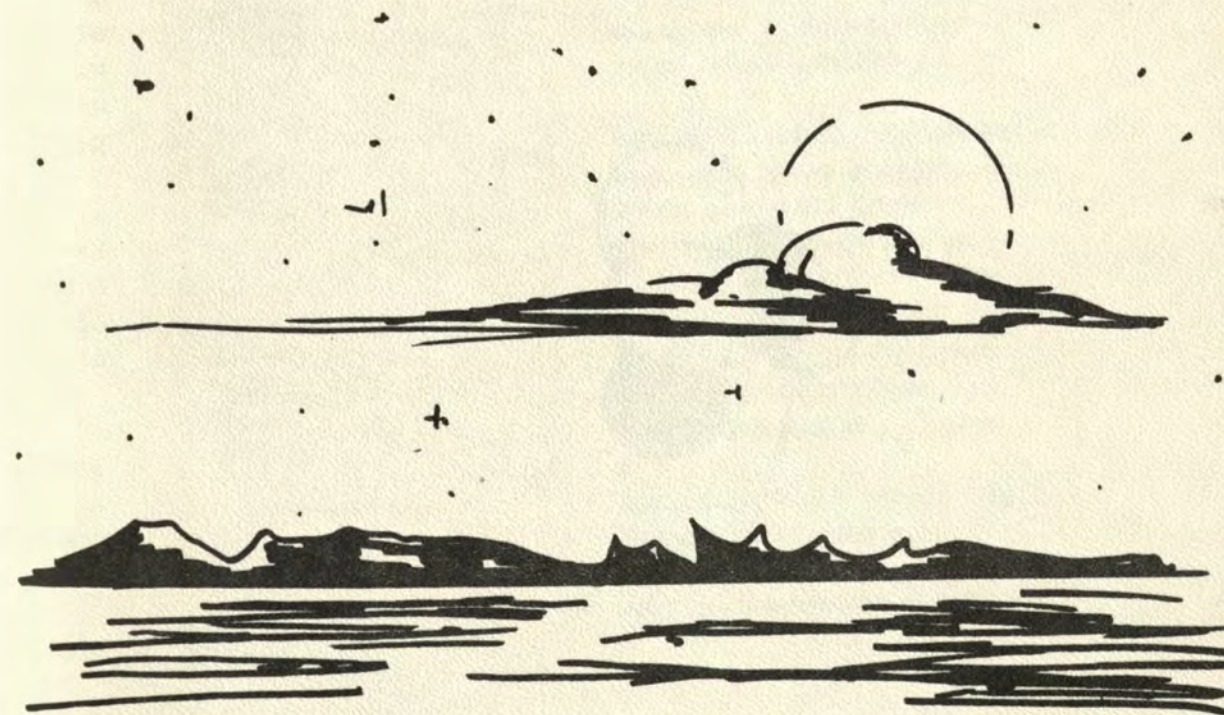
GOODBYE... UMBER NIGHT

Tonight the air
 was so fine and light,
I had no need to breathe...
But no, gentle muse of
 eye and ear
I choose not to hear-
 though near, my soul heaves,
The time was right for me
 to leave....
Take flight from the lime which binds,
 flee from the same I wrought
 though wishing there to be caught.

The pen all too soon is faling
 from my hand
And the moon is calling across the land...
 the sea leaves the sand
 and the tree goes back to seed.
Falling eyes fall in their denial-
 fall and are blind to the sadness behind-
Gone is the labor of the images made
 to mirror the ways
 to win a favor...
 a favor?... a smile,
And the toil did grant us
 like water and oil.

Bitter and numb the night to come
 'til the heart will ease and mend
Better yet I will try to forget
 my foolish love I chanced to lend...
Left there on your doorstep bare.

Away, away minute cloud
Quickly leave my blurring sight
'Lest this all too beautiful night
Be forever my shrinking shroud...
Gentle breezes, take occasion
To coax the cloud away...and come the day,
 spare me your storm of
 inspiration.



THIS IS GLORY

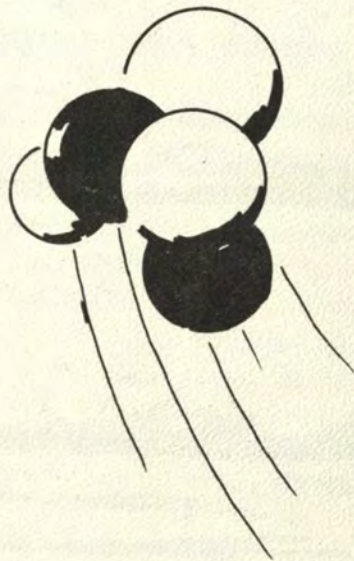
Alone,
I grip,
tightly wound
is the life.

soften my sinew
with shock fluid eyes,

help me flow on the wave.

we'll suck each other
to uppermost skies,

we, to each other will save.



RED BALLOON

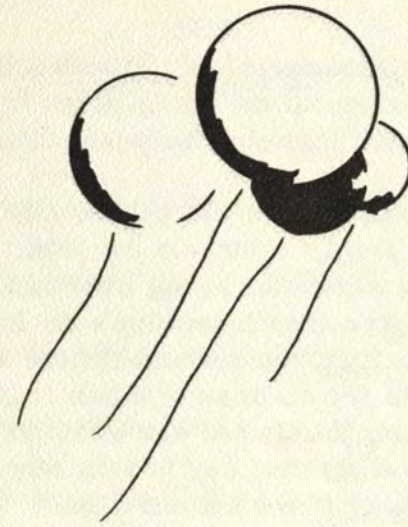
a red balloon
bounced into
my life
uncluttered
my mind.
Freedom was had.

Filled with
breath,
from caverns
within
growing it becomes
more clear
more round
more easy to
perceive.

Keep it high,
from the reach
of confused stabbing
brains.

Release lips
my lips
and perfectly we soar.

T. Cutchall



MASSIVE OH

You and I can see
on the crest of the wave
all nasty encouragement
to go and be brave

And feel licked and sealed
and sent to be shipped
when no man I know
has My Postman's grip.

With the ice melting
on the Crack of my brain
a need quickly rises
to be born again.

But, hell why? damn why?
Must I float like a log?
and give up my spirit,
playing make-believe God"

SOL

O Sonnenschein! O Sonnenschein!
Wie scheinst du mir in Herz Hinein.
(An den Sonnenschein--R. Reinick)

As I gaze upon this clear blue sky
I see the light of our son on high:
Of all the celestial being above,
It is this one which receives my love:
Its divine light warms and thrills us all
So that we run to answer when it calls
And running thusly we are stricken
With a feeling that our hearts may quicken
As if without it we should die.

Upon this earth the sun does shine,
It warms the body and grows the pine;
Without its glow we cannot live,
And yet we know that it will give
All that comforts us, with deepest love.
This epitome of the pure white dove,
Gives its color to the golden wheat
And puts all men upon their feet
In pursuit of the divine.

And now her hair with sunshine glows,
And warmth from within her flows
Touching deep within the soul,
Giving to me a greater goal
Than that of simply selfishness.
For now together we share the bliss
Of the pure white blessedness of my
Love, for without her I should die
No longer knowing to where I go.

J. R. Lauritsen

SMOKY PHOTO

Smoky photo on the wall
Pusing there beside the door
With pouting mouth,
Your wheatened hair
Sheltering an ambiguous stare.
Smoky photo on my wall
There beside the waiting door
Are you coming in to stay
Or one last glance before you go.
Smoky photo - smoky room
Smoky friendship, falling through-
Swirling lives - nebulous world.
Does He that died out of love
Will our pain - for gains, above?

SLUM DWELLERS

Might comes with the opening of
The dungeon doors,
So that the refuse of the earth
May once again make their claim
 over all existing authority:
Stealing,
Raping,
Murdering.

They come from the city slums
Where this is their way of life,
They want nothing better,
They know nothing better,
They have lived their entire lives:
Plundering,
Ravaging,
Existing.

They go on like this
Day after day,
Night after night,
Never knowing when or how it will end
Yet inwardly wishing that someday
 it will
So that they can be:
Earning,
Marrying,
Living.

Then these will fear
Those who are still hidden behind the
 dungeon doors,
Those who still do their evil work at night,
Those who can be helped by:
Loving.

J. R. Lauritsen



NO TITLE

one part awkward
two parts knowing
three parts happy
a pause hangs in the waiting air
of our prolonged goodbye,
full of
 wanting but
 wondering how
 and whether
to dare words that would say
 really
things said
 more or less, sort of
 and mostly without words;
 mostly with special and
 quite unnecessary smiles.

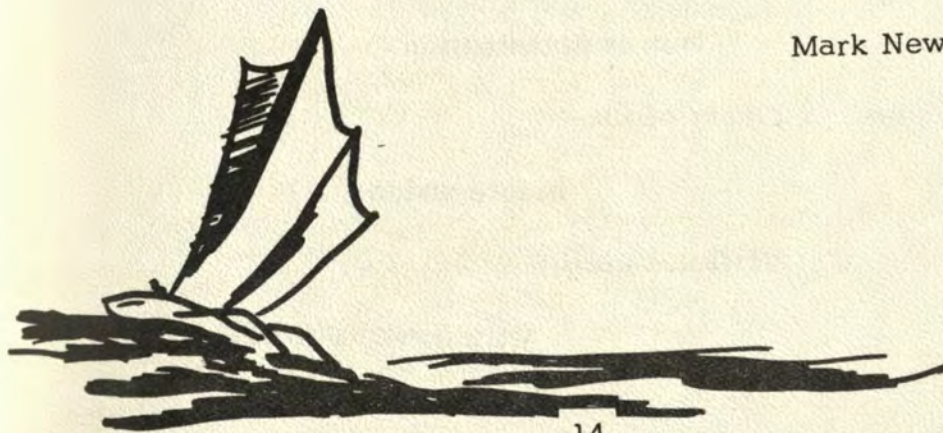
being with:
the cycle from taming
 the stranger without
to searching toward
and almost reaching
 the stranger within
always closer,
and always almost;
we never come full cycle.
somewhere in separate shadows
are the farthest reaches of each of us.
once in a while one of the shadows
risks a momentary sun,
once in a while both at the same time.
only one we've scarcely met
stands in full sunlight.
all in and there'd be no into;
all here and there'd be no toward
no searching out,
and therefore almost nothing.

M. Woodcock

TOKKO TAI--OFF OKINAWA, 1945

Twilight room; gentle green lights glow warmly as ship's radar
 tattles silently, telling
of winged death bearing two-four-oh; disaster is foretold
 under the plotter's pen.
Word to the bridge; klaxon brings sweat on the spine and a prayer
 on the lips--
You're a long way from home, sailor, and you'll never see
 your infant son; boys from farm and cities
have seen their last sunrise--
 Blood on the wind.
Flared muzzles glare at a graying sky as earphones crackle
 with hurried reports, and very suddenly
Chaos on the horizon; intercept by friendlies but
 one come on, all silver and brilliant and glinting
and horribly afire, skimming lower; wing drops. . .
 A curtain of golden flame and screaming metal
harvests young men in a seascape of debris and cries.
 A pilot's soul sleeps at Yasukuni; destroyer buries her dead
in a velvet-black Pacific as platinum stars blink
 into night.

Mark Newton



PAPER GARDEN - PAPER FLOWERS

Artificial lights

shine

Artificial Color

red

On artificial faces

With precarious smiles,

'round a solid curving

Artificial bar

sad.

Smoke and sweets

blanket the room-

Den of Anticipation.

Plenty of fun-

before undone,

Artificial people

with nowhere to run.

THE CONTRADICTION

The white of your eye
the skin of your thumb

The arch of your foot
your numb, numb tongue

all feeling derived from
the seat of my will
Sleep. Sleep.
With the aid of a pill

But no, hevennnns no!!
"I" won't live in a lie!!!

My honor decreed
Oh God, what is this?
My honor is crushed
With a loud, loud hiss.

T. Cutchall

