

THE
DRIFTWOOD

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BISCAYNE

COLLEGE

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BISCAYNE COLLEGE

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POETRY, AN EXPERIENCE OF THE MIND

The mind

Thinks,

Imagines,

Creates,

Destroys,

Worships,

And condemns.

It paints pictures vividly.

And it is through poetry that these pictures

Are painted

Powerfully

On paper

With words.

For poetry is surely the communication of

an experience of the mind.

J. R. Lauritsen

We all have sex here on earth. What is this but a drive toward completion that we do not yet possess? Who is complete? Who does not need? Who has no sex? Our lives make no sense without others, one other, the Other, to fulfill what we are only partially in ourselves. Most people marry, showing their ongoing mutual need and fulfillment of one another. This is love and the great presence of it. We all must love in life if we would live and grow. Sure we can all just be for ourselves, not needing, not giving ourselves to another's need, but this isn't growth or life. We remain alone and life stops. We die without love.

The great need for one another, our sex — should not this be the most present understand of why there is a God? Our sexuality makes us stand up like men and open our arms, and drives us on to Him. Half the beauty of love is in the growth and chase of it all.

“Those of us who don't marry — where is our fulfillment? Do we have not sex, or do we live as 'angels of God' complete and at rest in His grasp as though in heaven?” No. Our sexuality is as vivid to us as our empty bed at night, as our throbbing bodies in the glow of friendship and beauty! Our hearts ache for others on many a lonely afternoon or moonlit night. This is our sexuality and we don't deny it.

Where are the people, the others, who will complement our sex, who will give to us and fill up our need, who will need from us ourselves, which we are driven to give? Maybe all they have to give is their need — and the world is full of these! So we chase them.

All the world and man groan for completion. Where is the something that will do it? Those of us who are married men still are driven along seeking the rest in love that we long for. In our wives we know this — knowing the truth of our experienced love — that it delights the heart more

than all else, yet even in its delight, still craving more and more. When will it end? When will it end? When will we find peace in the love which we humans crave?

Both we who are unmarried — who do not have a bodily climax now (unless it be that enduring hunger that always expands us just a little bit more!). who are driven on by our sexuality to love; and we who are married— who are driven on in love even in our climax (because we are in time!) We both believe we will find a rest in our love, an expanding but peaceful complement at last in another. This we believe we find in our Father, God. We grow in love to Him, to His fulfillment in us, wherein we, in His oneness, will be at rest in the Father.

If we never hunger for anything, if we never need, then maybe there is no God. But if we are restless, why? . . . or, if we ever see another's eyes in need, why? . . . maybe both of these are the Father calling out to us. Listen.

We need. We are sexual. In others and in Him Who is the Other, we hunger for and find the complement of our sexuality. In eternity, our being caught up into the mutual relations of God will be our only sex; and they are the infinite so we will be in loving rest. Sometimes I wish I could be at rest, that there would be no hunger in my love, but that is chicken. I'd rather live and grow in time through the spirit, 'til then, when You, God will be all in all. “Thou hast made us for thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in thee.” (St. Augustine)

Fr. Morrissey

THE WINDS OF SILENCE

At times I wish I knew everything
about you; your likes
and dislikes, your thoughts about
me when you're in a
bad mood; and most of all your wishes,
how do you want me to be ?

The wind blew through my room today
Shuffling the papers on
the desk. I picked the papers up off
the floor and closed the
window. All was still.

You are like the wind, shuffling my
mind about in scattered
pieces, but there is no one to pick me
up and make me still.
The windows on my face cannot close
you out. I am helpless
and weak. Tell me how you want me to be ?
you won't hurt my pride . . .

Tomorrow I will not see you. I don't
feel comfortable in your
presence anymore. You've changed . . .
I could change too
If only you'd tell me what you want me
to be

Dan D'Alesio

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Al Birch is a model employee who always does his job. "*He hasn't missed a day of work in fifteen years,*" the railway agent once remarked to one of the Vice Presidents of the company.

Today is Al's last day of work before retirement. For almost fifty years he has worked as a brakeman and has always been a credit to the company. Day after day he lugged his rusted lunch pail around with him. No matter what trick he worked, even midnight to eight, he was always on time and never complained.

"*Today,*" he thought, "*and it will be all over.*"

Then he began to reminisce about all he did over the years. He had every right to be proud; a brakeman's job isn't easy. In rain, snow and the heat of summer he rode on the cars that were shifted in the yards by Engine 928; pulling the air-hoses, uncoupling the cars, and throwing the switches.

"*Well, at least the company thinks enough of me to throw a banquet for me tomorrow night. They'll probably give me a gold watch, or something, as a token of their appreciation!*"

All throughout the day's work thoughts like these kept traveling through Al's mind. He remembered all he had gone through those long hard years. The depression, two wars, the death of his wife from diphtheria eighteen years ago.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS (Cont.)

The more he dwelled upon his life the more he became disgusted with the meaninglessness of it. He remembered the days before he began to work. Yes, they were the good old days, when he did whatever he wanted.

His thoughts were interrupted by the engine's whistle as it slowed up for him to climb on. The train moved down the line of cars on a siding. Al got off at the siding and, throwing the switch, waited for the first car to cross over to the main track.

Just as the last car was half-way over the switch he jammed the switch-rod back in the opposite direction. The car derailed and careened into the drainage ditch. Sitting on the track with a grin on his face, Al thought about the days when he was young.

Gordon Mullen

THE BED

The bed is alive with noises
The clock says 5 o'clock and the hands
are spinning backward
I know he will be here soon

I have been waiting for him
he will not get away this time
a whirr comes out of the dark
I jump out of my bed to the window

He is coming, he is coming
I run wild, my eyes bleared like
twin moons in the sky.
I see the dark form under a streetlight,

I am ecstatic as I trip down
the stairs to meet him
Throwing open the door, I run
to the street to receive him

I am as a lunatic as he greets me
Taking the top off my head
he gently drops the insides into
his truck, the garbageman of the mind.

Anonymous

Brack-wash, the water collected in the familiar declivities pocking the cabin's environs. The storm was gone, the whiskey too, and the old man was reminded of the late hour.

"Hand me my boots, boy, I must get home to the fire and my bed." Joseph did not want the man to walk the brush-covered mountain to his fern-thatched shack. *"The sun will be shining in a few hours; stay the night, and have breakfast with me in the morning."* The old man's thoughts were at the top of the mountain. *"Hand me my boots, boy, I must be going."*

And he did.

The freeze came and Joseph spent his time in the cabin. It was three weeks since he had last seen the old man. Mr. Jacob, the trapper, told him of the snow-encrusted body found amidst the brush.

"He was just lying there, smiling at the sky. Just smiling at the sky. I carried him back of the shack and dug the necessity."

After Mr. Jacob left, Joseph took his spade, an old pair of boots, and walked the slow, brush-covered mountain. No one ever called him a boy again.

Anonymous



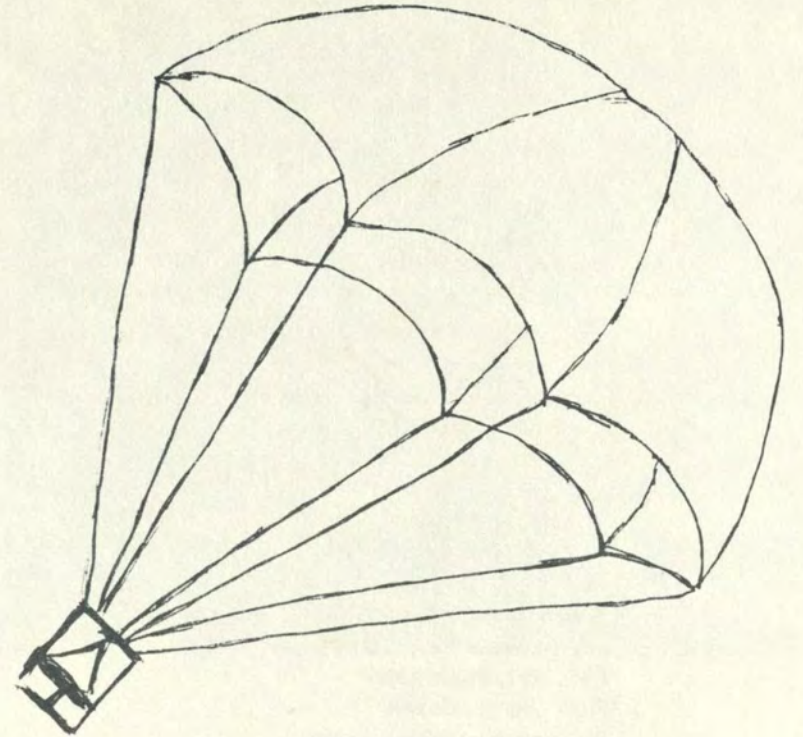
GREEN LIGHT

The early morning hours
Called the jumpers to their feet,
Destined to fall into the cold mountains of Germany,
A vision of sunrise gleaming upon its snows.

Sitting in the fields of snow,
The weight of parachutes
Eased by a buddie's back.
Waiting, silently waiting
While the snow curls up beside you
And the hawk, the almighty wind
Cuts the layers of warmth
To razor the skin
With a slice.

Loading the plane to fill
One of 128 familiar seats,
To take one and strap in
For a formless flight.
"outside personnel stand up"
Transfers tired figures to
Their feet in the warmth
Of unity
As hands grope for a
Single security of a
Clinched static line.

"6 minutes."
"1 minute."
"Get Readeeeeeeee!"
"Stand in the door."
— red light to green light —
"GO!"



GREEN LIGHT (Cont.)

Emerging to the grip
Of the almighty Hawk.
— 1,000, 2,000, 3,000, 4,000, 5,000 —
The harness tugs at your crotch
To assure you
"The Synthetic god "
Has burst into a concave being.

Wandering in space
Treetop level automatically
Fits legs firmly and bends
Them to absorb the shock
Of the security of land.
Fall, roll, duck head
Pull 'chute release.
The end of another jump
Into the cold mountain folds of Deutschland.

Charles Dabney



" WISH " Mark Mirski

Miami Pop Festival Art Show — First Prize

Photography by Mark Mason

“DID YOU KNOW THAT J. M. J. WAS A RABBIT ?”

There I was, man, in the big Time. I finally made it to THE FIRST GRADE !!!

“*O.K., children, Line up and no talking.*” No talking? That really killed me. Those Nuns, all they ever did was yell, “*No talking!*” Everybody talked anyway because we got bored standing in line watching the big kids look cool with their Lone Ranger lunch boxes, and those ugly looking second grade girls walking around holding their composition copy books. Big deal, so what if they know how to write their name two spaces high and a foot long on paper with blue lines and J.M.J. on the top.

Anyhow, when I learned how to write I was doing very poorly on my J.M.J. papers, flunking every lesson handed out. To get better grades I found myself writing J.M.J. bigger than my own name, in different colors; and even on the back of my papers – no good. J.M.J. wasn't helping me get good grades so I decided to use the name of my pet rabbit, Bugsy. I figured if some people get good luck from a rabbit's foot why not use a whole rabbit? It worked. I was getting hundreds on my Think and Do homework, my Dick and Jane reading questions, and on my apple arithmetic. You know Apple arithmetic, one apple and one apple make two apples.

I really couldn't believe I was getting such good grades and neither could Sister Marie Elizabeth. We used to call her Sister “Holy Penquin” for short. She said if I didn't stop writing “Bugsy” on the top of my papers she would keep me after school for the rest of the year. Just when I was doing so well, too. I just couldn't stop writing “Bugsy” on my papers, it was like a sickness. Anyhow, there I was, man, standing in the corner facing a bulletin board full of holy cards.

DID YOU KNOW THAT J.M.J. WAS A RABBIT ? (Cont.)

Staying after school for a first grader is the worst thing in the world. Just going to school the regular hours is tough on a first grader, but staying after school is like waiting all day for your favorite cartoon show to come on and then it gets interrupted because President Truman decides to make a nation-wide announcement, “*Ladies and Gentlemen we are at war in Korea.*”

The only thing that bothered me about staying after school was missing my school bus. This would mean my mother would worry because I didn't get off at the bus stop; and if anything I did not want my mother to worry. She may think I got killed at recess or something, and I just couldn't bear having my mother cry all over the other neighbors at the bus stop while she was holding my cookies and milk. If there is anything I can't stand it's soggy cookies and milk when I get off the bus.

So to counteract my staying after school I started balling my eyes out. Man did I cry and scream all over those holy cards. I knew I was doing a good job because the dye from the crape paper was running down the bulletin board over the holy cards and staining the wooden floor. “*I'll be good, I'll be good. Please, I don't want to stay after school. Give me one more chance.*”

That did it. Sister “Holy Penquin” got up from behind her desk and started walking with heavy foot towards me in the back of the room. I knew she was a little perturbed by the way her Rosary Beads were clanging off each desk on her way down the row.

"Mr. D'Alesio," she yelled.

When they call you "Mr." you know you've made the big time. Out of sixty-five kids in the classroom she remembered my name.

"Now you stop this crying at once!"

"Sniffle, sniffle," so far so good, I thought.

"If you don't stop crying I won't send you home at all, so stop it this instant!"

"You mean I can go home to my Mommy who is waiting on the corner with my cookies and milk?" I said with my little angelic voice. I figured that line really had to get to her. It did.

"I'm putting you on the bus right now, but tomorrow I want from you one hundred times written, 'I must not write Buggy on the top of my paper. Is that clear?'" she yelled.

"Yes," I yelled back.

She grabbed me by the ear and walked me to the little yellow school bus waiting on the playground parking lot. The bus had about eighteen thousand kids hanging out the windows blowing spit balls at people walking on the sidewalk. As the bus pulled slowly away Sister Elizabeth was a victim of a barrage of spit balls which landed in her black habit. I snickered quietly.

I got off the bus and gave my mom a kiss. She asked me the usual questions any first grade mother who is concerned asks her kids. "How was Sister Elizabeth? How was school today? Do you have a lot of homework? I answered the first two "as usual" and the last one "No comment."

"As usual," my mother said.

"Hey guess what, mom?" I said.

"What."

"I decided to change Buggy's name to J. M. J."

"Why?"

"This way I can write his name on all my papers legally, ya see, and when I do my homework and stuff I know that he will still be bringing me luck. Cool, huh?"

"Yea, cool, (amen)."

MICHAEL

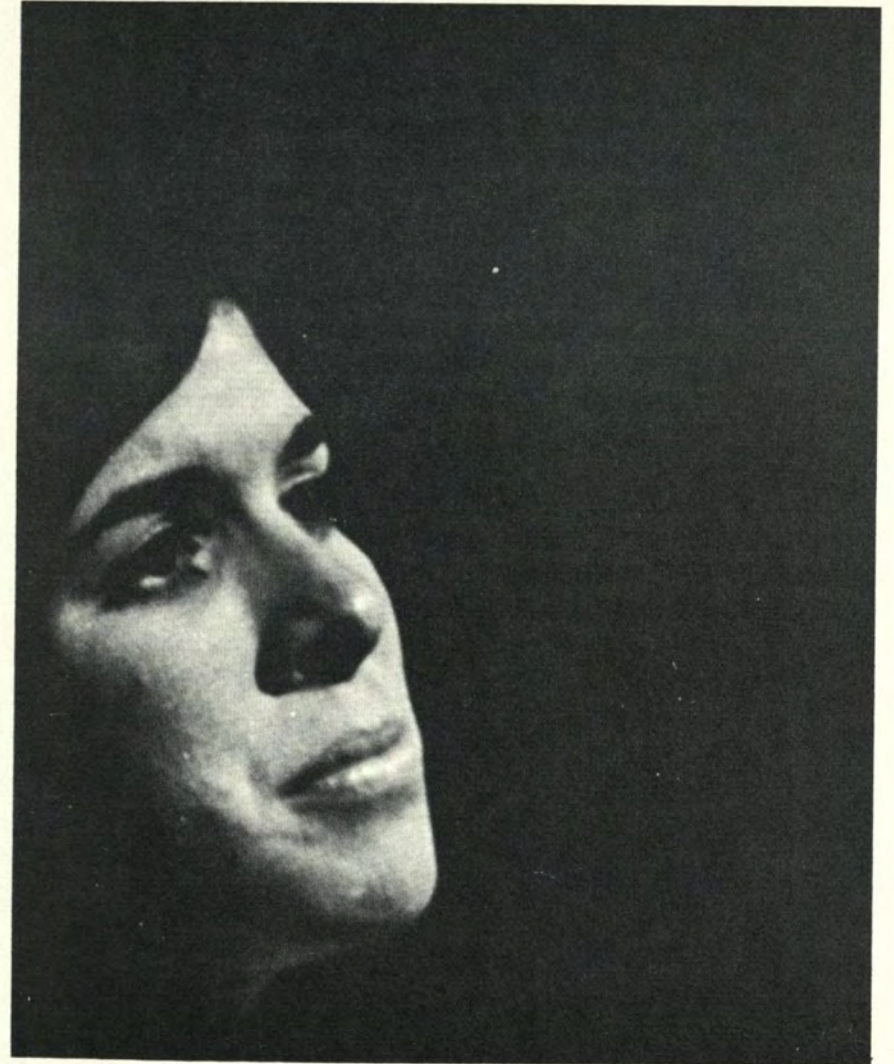
Before the concrete
flood,
Did we care
any way ?

Who was feeling
grass blood ?
In unbeaten way
lead cat tracks.

Wood forms now
smooth.
Black eyed windows
shield.

Spotted gardens do
sooth
A restless slow
stalking.

Barrett



Photograph by Mark Mason

“ DADDY ”

(Written or plagiarized through the inspiration of Malcolm Boyd's poem on obscenity in "Free to Live, Free to Die")

Daddy, what is sex ?

Sex is sacred son; sacred, sacred . . .

Sex is very sacred.

Daddy, what is sex ?

Sex is hush-hush, very hush-hush . . .

Son I told You not to mention sex.

Daddy, what is sex ?

Sex is vulgar, vulgar, vulgar . . .

Sex is vulgar, son.

Daddy, what is sex ?

Sex is dirty. Dirty. Dirty.

Unfortunately, sex is dirty.

Daddy, what is sex ?

Sex is evil, evil, evil, son.

Sex is very evil.

P. Morrissey

MAN ?

As I walked along the beach

On a beautiful sunny day

I looked at the ocean

As it met the bay.

It was clear, blue and

Much sea-life could be seen

at a glance.

But then I looked at the beach,

Here could be seen only

Corrupted sea life.

Dead fish left by the tide.

Everywhere could be seen shells,

Beautiful, bright shiny,

Vacant shells.

Shells that were once living

Are now nothing but organic masses, dead.

Waiting to be picked up by the children of man,

Or else crushed by the timeless movement of

the ocean.

What happened to the living organisms within?

Did they die a natural death?

They died so that others might live,

For the sea follows the survival of the

fittest rule.

MAN ? (Cont.)

But what happens to that beautiful shell
carried home by the child?
For awhile it sits on the mantle as an
ornament.
Then it is cast aside.
It no longer has use.

Yet is this not the same with man?
Man, the supreme, physical intelligence, like
the simplest organisms in the sea
Also follows the survival of the fittest rule.

He cares for something only when it has use,
Then he simply casts it aside, as the shell is
cast up by the ocean when dead.
He does this with the shell on the beach,
or a human being.

But should not more be expected of man?
With his increased technology everyone
Should be fit to survive.

If man were to use the intelligence he has,
Instead of his fellow man,
There would be no more
War, violence, or crime.

The fish in the sea must kill to live,
Man need not.

J. R. Lauritsen

PAM

Her hair like a "host of golden daffodils" did shine
Soft, and flowed as does a feather fall to the ground.
She moved with the grace of a panther, but
was more akin to the gentle fawn.
She brings to mind poise before the hearth
yet could glide o'er the waves as the wind.



A long time ago,
Or maybe not so long,
Young minds learned things;
Things that were important,
Or at least they thought so.
But now the time is at hand,
And the young minds are of age.
It is a time of new values,
Or are they not new but real?

New thought enters,
Ice melts, and
Mountain streams flow free.
It's not sub-culture;
It's just cultural.

Locked horns, locked arms,
Locked minds, locked doors.
Where is the opening?

Catch a glimpse of the future,
Forget it, but it will return.
And when it returns it will last forever.

Anonymous

