



announcing

**Driftwood**

# DRIFTWOOD

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**BISCAYNE COLLEGE**

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MIAMI, FLORIDA 33054

*"Water Seeks Its Own Level"*

## DRIFTWOOD

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## FROM THE EDITOR

The world I am growing up in is not the same one my father had to face. This same sentence could be written by any son at any place in history. The difference is that there has never been such truth to the statement as there is now.

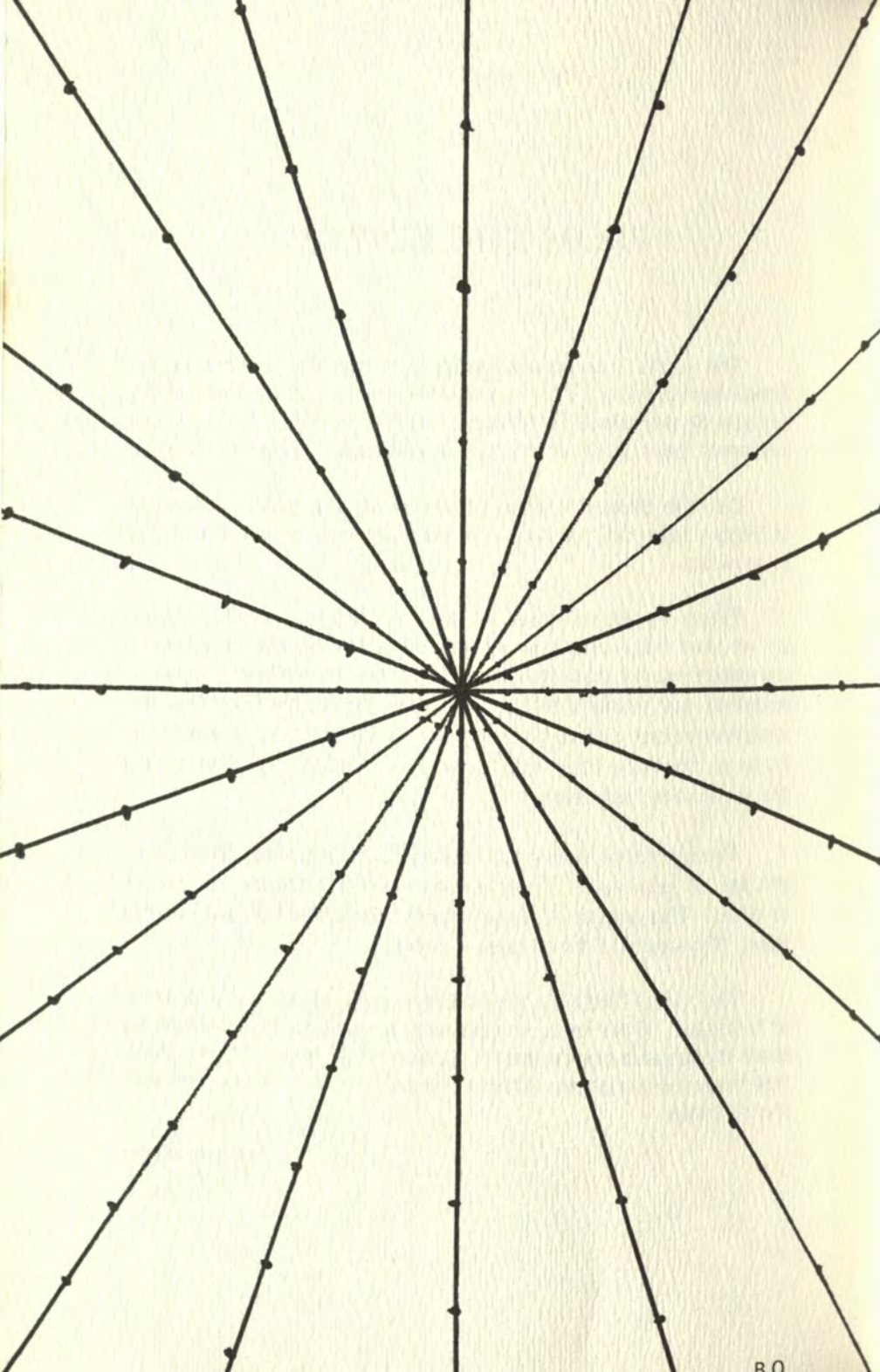
We, the present young generations, are the first people in history who do not know if they are going to be allowed to grow up.

There are major crises at both ends of the earth. There are at least four countries which have the power to destroy the entire world population. If we are to believe the same scientists our leaders tell us to listen to concerning the destruction of our bodies through smoking, then we should also listen to them as they tell us how our elders are destroying the earth with pollution.

The youth of today has asked to be allowed to vote at the age of eighteen. Their elders have the choice to give it to them. The youth of today have been asked to die in Viet Nam. The youth did not have a choice.

The DRIFTWOOD gives Biscayne's students a chance to be heard. This issue, as you will notice was not limited to short stories and poems about flowers and trees. The student was heard by his peers. Maybe his parents and educators also should listen.

*John A. Wolin*



## MENU

Joy in the morning  
honey and butter on crisp, brown toast.  
laughter of waterfalls tickled with  
cool springs--Sweet Matins

Joy at noon  
rye bread with goat's milk . . .  
spring onions that bring tears  
---Sweet Angelus

Joy in the evening  
corned beef and mustard  
Angel Shadows in veils of  
vesper Lights  
dessert  
Sweet Amen.

*-Kenneth Johnson*

## ENCHANTMENT OF APHRODITE

Christopher, a mortal lies  
among the wild flowers.  
visions of Aphrodite  
wandering in the valley;  
in his vision she glides  
among the wild flowers  
of Avalon. patrician beauty  
shadowed by her own  
alluring eyes: for even  
the wild flowers  
are enchanted  
by the presence of  
Aphrodite in Avalon.  
the mist of morning  
dissolves as she drifts  
among the flowers wild  
until direction is taken.  
the sun is Aphrodite's  
radiant beauty  
growing bright as day  
until, at last her face  
is emblazoned  
on his mind.  
"poets say enchantment  
of spirit endures in  
Eden and in Adonais.  
now a new poet  
has found Avalon  
rich with life,  
beauty epitomized."  
here Christopher lies,  
with his visions  
of elysian goddess  
worshipped in ancient Greece,  
but adored in Avalon.

in the past a Grecian beauty  
Aphrodite was given praise  
by the multitudes;  
presently she is a vision  
in Avalon. there to  
Christopher is  
the rendez-vous of man  
with supernatural.  
in the past epochs  
of time this goddess  
was far from ephemeral man.  
today she sparks  
a single flame igniting  
mind afire with crimson  
so richly colored they  
blind the senses  
of Christopher, who  
craves immortality;  
for only then can  
this craving be full.  
in life a sunrise and sunset  
pass quickly. he  
wants an endless sunrise  
cast in brilliant yellows  
shining on the poet's mind  
until the vision is  
at his side.  
Aphrodite,  
daughter of soft sunshine  
Christopher searches  
the wild flowers  
for you, can he find you  
the one he seeks reclining  
on a bed of saffron daisies:  
touching Aphrodite's lips  
lightning flows through his veins;  
they drift together  
among the wild flowers  
Aphrodite, goddess of beauty  
and Christopher mortal poet.

*-Donald Graff*

## PRESENT SITUATION

The walls, the walls  
The walls between us  
Tear them down  
And we will free us.

The words, the words  
The words between us  
We say a lot  
But they don't mean us.

*-Bob Otterson*

## OF SAND AND SUN

In my existence of sand and Sun,  
where time that was tomorrow went,  
I could not or saw anyone,  
that a day of ocean together spent.

How time is yet in copious days,  
I try and fail to never waste,  
and shackle myself with iron stays,  
to limit myself to joy and mistake.

The same sunny day was practically  
screaming with morning brightness, magnified  
a hundred fold by every near white object.

*-Peter Z. Armata*



## *SPIRIT OF THE HALL*

The senior wing lays peaceful and calm  
And few would move at a 12 a.m. boom,  
Or a casual game of frisby or ball  
No one much cared about the great  
Senior Hall

When there came a Stranger into the wing  
And his thought of calm was quite a  
different thing  
He madae a promise that he would bounce  
Anyone who made an unreasonable pounce

He left the Hall expecting the calm to last  
But shortly after there were pounces and  
blasts  
The FLASH couldn't have made if faster  
to the spot  
But upon inquiry, no one knew  
who-where-or what!

Now there seems to be a spirit in the  
great Senior Hall  
Who is always used to having a ball  
The stranger can ramp and rage all about  
But the spirit will stay - he won't move out.

*-“Shep”*

## *INNER LIGHT*

in the purity and simplicity  
of a WHITE CANDLE, I see a light  
that fires my inner world  
and the Devil's snuffer  
becomes a broken match.

*-Kenneth Johnson*

## INITIATION

Swaddled in the fabric of innocence  
convulsing wildly with wonder,  
He is Abandoned  
on the ancient steps of your asylum,  
its frigid druidical stone once buried  
in tombs of fear,  
now exhumed and revived in desperate need  
for fear.

Dismissed from the womb, having reached  
"The Age of Reason"  
he is found by the black-shrouded wizards  
and taught,  
to mime words that have lost their meaning,  
and count indulgence for sins he will  
never commit.

*-Charlie Nutting*

## BLOSSOMS

"Save our land", said the Prophet  
I just arrived and want a room to let.  
Everything just seems to want to go zoom  
And all I ask for is a little room.

Cup of coffee, cup of tea, no thanks  
Said the virgin maiden to the bank's  
President. He had a wife and cherubs  
Which he placed in a fortress in  
The suburbs.

Fantastic, superb, great, excellent  
Said the people as they left the tent.  
They know not of which they speak  
All their images are made of teak.

People running hither and thither  
"Is this where it's at?" No came an answer  
It's over here over there. I say where.  
Why that's it you've got it. No not the pair.

It is only one. Call it me or you or them  
For some of us have it, others must bend  
With the way things are and must be.  
It comes with this, coffee or is it tea?

That's for you to decide, not your councilor  
Whoever that is. It is outside of you or  
Must come from within your mind  
and must be felt with your body.

*-Joseph McCullough*

## THE DEATH

Its life began as do the lives of most  
At birth, it was taken out of the protective  
covering given to it. It was now exposed  
to the horrors which, except for some brief  
periods of rest, would continue throughout  
its life.

Almost immediately it was spun around  
and around.

Every second brought new damages and the  
reality of an end coming soon.

Its parts were always being mutilated and  
sent places few if any men willfully dare  
to go.

And then during a really hectic day, its  
insides were exposed . . .

And all of us know, a roll of toilet paper  
cannot live when its cardboard tube is  
showing.

-anonymous

## ISLAND

The sky was blue and endless.  
Land with plants so green  
I thought my blood was chlorophyll  
Churning through my veins  
In chains of mystery.

You and I walked  
Softly talked  
Of nothing in particular.

We were on an island of love  
Walking side by side  
Trying to see  
What we could be a part of.

We had not journeyed too far  
When I looked in your arms  
And saw the deceit that your heart was.

A copperhead fell from the grass.  
It slithered, dropped into the water.

And I saw that the Island was covered with snakes  
And I was alone and unsafe  
So I tried to get back to the mainland.  
As I crossed the straight  
I fell into my waist  
I had gotten as far as the quicksand.

Turning around I saw the ground  
There was the land I couldn't trespass  
My body went down, my scream was my sound  
The sky will remain blue, and endless.

-Bob Otterson

## A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS (expressed by a man)

I gaze up—to meet an unclear figure  
in a brown or blue suit.  
He said things, sometimes I didn't  
understand, but he and the other  
guy laughed.

The songs I liked were funny, good and loud. His were slow, some with whistling (the boring one's). Young kids were old kids, and people were middle aged, there were no children. The walls of the department store were my caves—hide and wait.

Everything was fun—except the doctor. It was a mark of bravery—to go and not cry. I remember. There were discussions on baseball—I knew baseball when I saw it—but what could they TALK ABOUT? Spooks in closet, in the woods I knew they were there—but now they don't exist (one by one I suppose they disappeared.)

I now gaze down, how time goes slowly—but very fast. Some songs have whistling in them—but now the very old are the old. Old age, the second youth, the threshold of adulthood all the spooks are gone—(or do they appear). From this I believe people live twice in one lifetime—from ages one to twelve and from twelve until death. The first is a microcosm of the latter.

-Peter Z. Armata

