

DRIFT

WOOD



My words will be
Wash to the shores with the tide,
And there it will find a place to hide.
Until I can find them a place
Where they can forever abide.

José Piñera

it came to me one simple day,
while i was upon the sea.
it was the truth the master said,
and i believed as if it was,
for who am i but simple man,
to disbelieve his word, that
on each wave is crimson truth with
scarlet honesty.
to read the truth is but a task,
to understand--real life.
to read it in the waves--
in the poetry of life.

Ron Kaplan

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE

DRIFTWOOD

I just read the note you left--
You spoke of the love we shared,
How, so soon you were gone and we
Each loved the other
Now the sadness I feel so deep in
My heart,
Is that so were do I have the right
to feel the love I have for you
or, to receive the love you gave
to me.

The Biscayne College

Literary Magazine

Today we as you
Two people who shared now must
leave alone.
The sadness is not that there has ever
been Robert's imperfection but
rather, that the joy and happiness
we shared will now cease to grow.
My memories shall always be of fondness
and love, of quiet hours spent alone,
of special times to which we had
all the answers to our love forever?
Why couldn't our love be forever?

Fall 1976

Our time was happiness, sadness had
its moment,
We tried,
I do still love you.

Biscayne College

Miami, Florida

Good-bye

Michelle Castor

GOOD-BYE MY LOVE

I just read the note you left--
You spoke of the love we shared.
Yes, we each gave so much and we
each loved so true.

Now the sadness I feel so deep in
my heart,

Is that no more do I have the right
to feel the love I have for you
or, to receive the love you gave
to me.

Today we part---

Two people who have shared now must
leave each other to grow alone.

The sadness is not that there has ever
been moments imperfection but
rather, that the joy and happiness
we shared will now cease to grow.

My memories shall always be of fondness
and love, of quiet hours spent alone,
of special thoughts to which we had
all the answers.

Why couldn't our love be forever?

Our time was happiness, sadness had
its moment,

We tried,

I do still love you.

My world has stopped, the whys returned,
my thoughts disturbed all because
today you said

Good-bye

Michele Castor



"DOWNTOWN"

I have seen them all,
the blank stares and the
almost idle walking,
Walking the steps that
will eventually to nowhere
lead.

Oh yes, indeed, I have seen
it all, the weeping at the
sight of joy, so shortlived,
and laughing at the face
of sorrow.

And while many remain undiscovered,
as undiscovered as the entity of
the universe overhead and
as undiscovered as the
mystery of death.

Manny B.

AUGUST 22, 1971

DAY'S CYCLE, DAY'S PRAYER

Now the times of light are passed,
And pray the Lord the dusk won't last
Now is the time of the child's long sleep,
And the day of the awakening has again come
to peep
Now is the time of the coyote's long cry,
And, also, the time for the insects to die
Once was the time to wake and to test;
Now is the time to sleep and to rest
Bless now the Lord, the sunshine has come,
And now is the time the wind sings and hums.
Thank you the day, for coming to break,
And here is the light to get and to take,
And all of God's children, have now, come
awake.

Ron Kaplan

You looked at me with hopeful eyes
And said, "I'll be your friend,"
And with hope and faith behind me
I held on to your hand.

Blinded by the morning sun,
And the stars that shone at night
You led me through intricate passages
Which I called love and delight.

You looked at me with truthful eyes,
And said, "Your love, I'll always be,"
And I full of bewilderment
Said, "Forever walk with me."

I sat along the sand,
And wrote your name and mine,
But the sea must have been jealous,
Of a love so pure and white.

It came up creeping silently
To the sand so fair and white,
And our names were there no more,
And the sun didn't shine so bright.

I rushed to you for comfort
And said, "Tell me that you care,"
But the truthful and hopeful eyes,
Held only a vacant stare.

Now I sit along the sand
And write your name and mine,
Poor sea can't reach our names,
Poor me can't reach your heart.

Cecilia

ORACLE

Jupiter, Jupiter
where are you now?
my sagacious
eye-in-the-sky, my star?
Beware of lizards
that lie in the dark
like cool young men
with frozen eyes.

bdk

CANTADA #10

Blatant displays
are for bed, not book;
but poetry bridges them both.
and if denied one,
the other still remains.
small vices, these,
but delicious.

bdk

WILL YOU,?

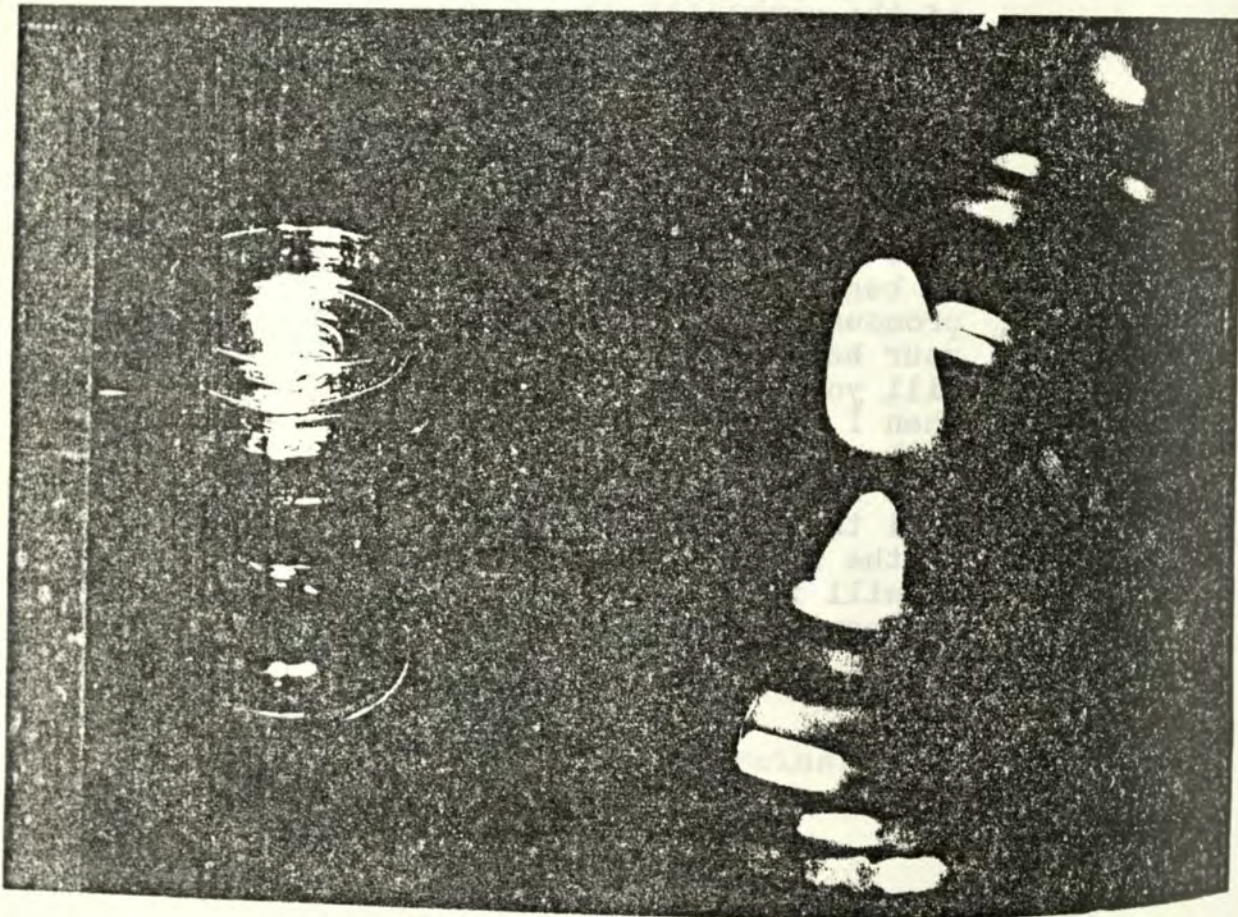
After the night comes
with the silver moon dust falling
as you walk over the cool sand
Will you see me?
or will you see a shadow
of the person that's really there
Will you see the eyes
that in the darkest night
can be found searching,
looking around, trying to find,
asking where you could be.
Will you hear the voice
that no matter where it is
it begins to speak
pronounce, say with a smile
your beautiful name
Will you be afraid
when I go to touch you
Will you feel what I
have felt towards you
Will the stars play music
as the night time lingers
or will it be the omega
between us two.


José Piñera

YEARNING

Encased in this prison of flesh
my soul presses to expand.
Things in my mind are hard to find
when I'm trapped in my tangible form.
In times of thought
I've reached and sought,
plunged deeply inward
to seek and find
that which delights my mind in knowing.
Now showing are things of my soul,
things hard to know and see
if you aren't me.
It's possible to fly and not move,
I've done it,
and cry, laugh, hug
and love,
not being trapped in self-imposed anxiety,
I've done it.
The limits of the mind are endless,
satisfaction guaranteed on a forever trip.

Sara Acosta





As the ship approaches the shore:
 The sky is blue, the clouds are white
 The breeze is warm, and the sun is bright;
 My dear child, this is Paradise.

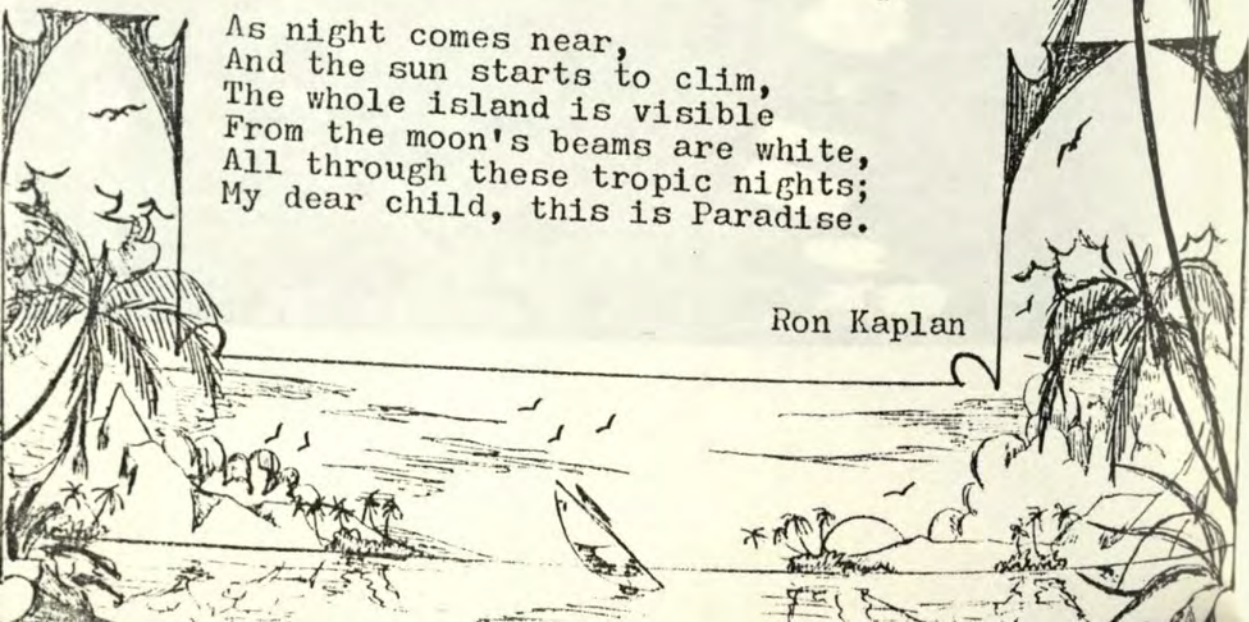
Now here we stand, aboard this ship
 (A clipper ship is what it is,
 That sails upon the sea)
 Watching the island appear
 As the horizon dips down,
 Beneath the morning sky,
 When the island approaches,
 Even nearer-In my mind's eye.

The water is clear the sand is soft,
 Almost like a barn's deep hay-filled loft
 The palm trees sway on the beach,
 On which the natives lay,
 And sleep without awakening,
 Even to the waves' endless roar
 That never ever dies.

The jungle is thick;
 The foliage deep,
 And the weeds are high,
 In through which the animals seep.

As night comes near,
 And the sun starts to climb,
 The whole island is visible
 From the moon's beams are white,
 All through these tropic nights;
 My dear child, this is Paradise.

Ron Kaplan



I am an innocent vegetable
 living in a land full of hungry rabbits
 and bad fruits. Soon I will be spotted
 If I am not eaten by the hungry rabbits
 I will be picked and thrown into
 the basket, mistaken for a bad fruit
 by hands too caught up in their routine to
 know better.

So now I wait quietly for it comes,
 slowly but surely.

Sequence to (The Carrot)

I was an innocent vegetable
 and I am rotting in that land
 of hungry rabbits with insatiable appetites
 and putrid fruits.

I was not given a chance to even
 know who I was nor what I was because
 I was chewed by the hungry rabbits and then
 thrown into the basket by the hands who still
 can't distinguish good from bad

Not from ignorance alone-but also from
 the lack of chance to have learned any better.

Manny B.

The Romantics

To Fly so free,
To fly so high,
This is my dream,
Don't ask me why.
To live a life of bored content,
Is not my kind,
Of what is meant.
Freedom here, is what I want
To do, to see,
And to invent
To live a world so rich with life,
To improvise to some extent.
And what I need
In order to be,
Is not to live so practically,
But to cry,
To laugh,
To fly.
To fly so free,
To fly so high.

Ron Kaplan

Upon being jarred

Deep dark down
in a looneybin hole
I been stuck--
no jive.

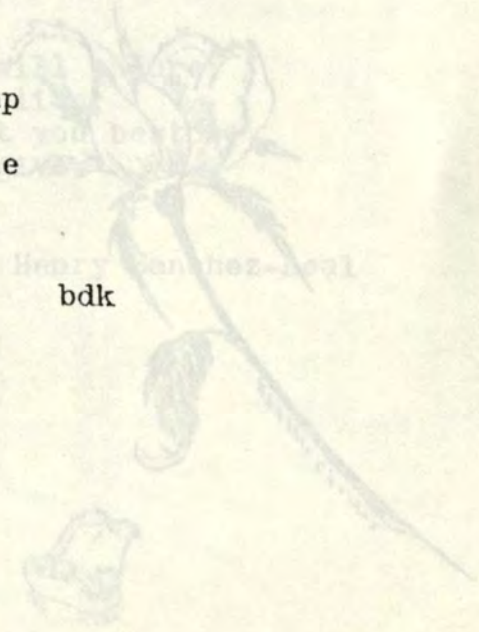
I'm alive by the graces
of a teenage queen
I seen once:
He nuts.

Sucks peppermint drops
'til his tongue's so red
it colors his chin
and more.

Four fingers gone
and they say he's queer
with a leerin' grin
and wink.

I think about the pimp
I killed one night
and the looneybin hole
I'm in.

bdk



YOUR SMILES
(TO LAURI)

Your smiles are all my happiness;
Your sorrows are all my tears;
And every word you whisper, Love;
Will linger through the years.

I cherish every thought you feel;
Each sentiment and sigh,
And when you put your hand in mine,
I know the reason why.

I know you care for me, as much
As I belong to you,
And to the end of time, our love,
Will be forever true.

No matter where we roam this earth;
However far apart,
I shall be yours, and you shall be,
Forever in my heart.

And so our promise will endure;
For all the time we live;
With everything that you bestow,
And all that I can give.

Henry Sanchez-Leal

TE BESARE CON UN BESO
QUE HAGA NACER LA ILUCION
Y SENTIREMOS COMO VIBRA EL CORAZON
TE ABRAZARE CON MIS BRAZOS
Y NO TE APARTARAS DE MI
MEZCLAREMOS NUESTRAS VIDAS
Y ESTARE DENTRO DE TI
VIVIREMOS LOS MOMENTOS
QUE EN TI NADIE MAS VIVIO
PARAREMOS EL TIEMPO
MIENTRAS NOS AMAMOS LOS DOS
SOLO PALABRAS HERMOSAS
NOS DIREMOS SIN CESAR
PALABRAS QUE NUNCA EL VIENTO
SE PODRA LLEVAR.

José Piñera



A Hundred Men went off to WAR, a Hundred Men
All were Brave, None were Scared, No One Knew, No One Cared
When a Hundred Men went off to WAR, a Hundred Men.

A Thousand Men went off to WAR, a Thousand Men
Many were Brave, Few were Scared, Few now Knew, Few now Cared
When a Thousand Men went off to WAR, a Thousand Men.

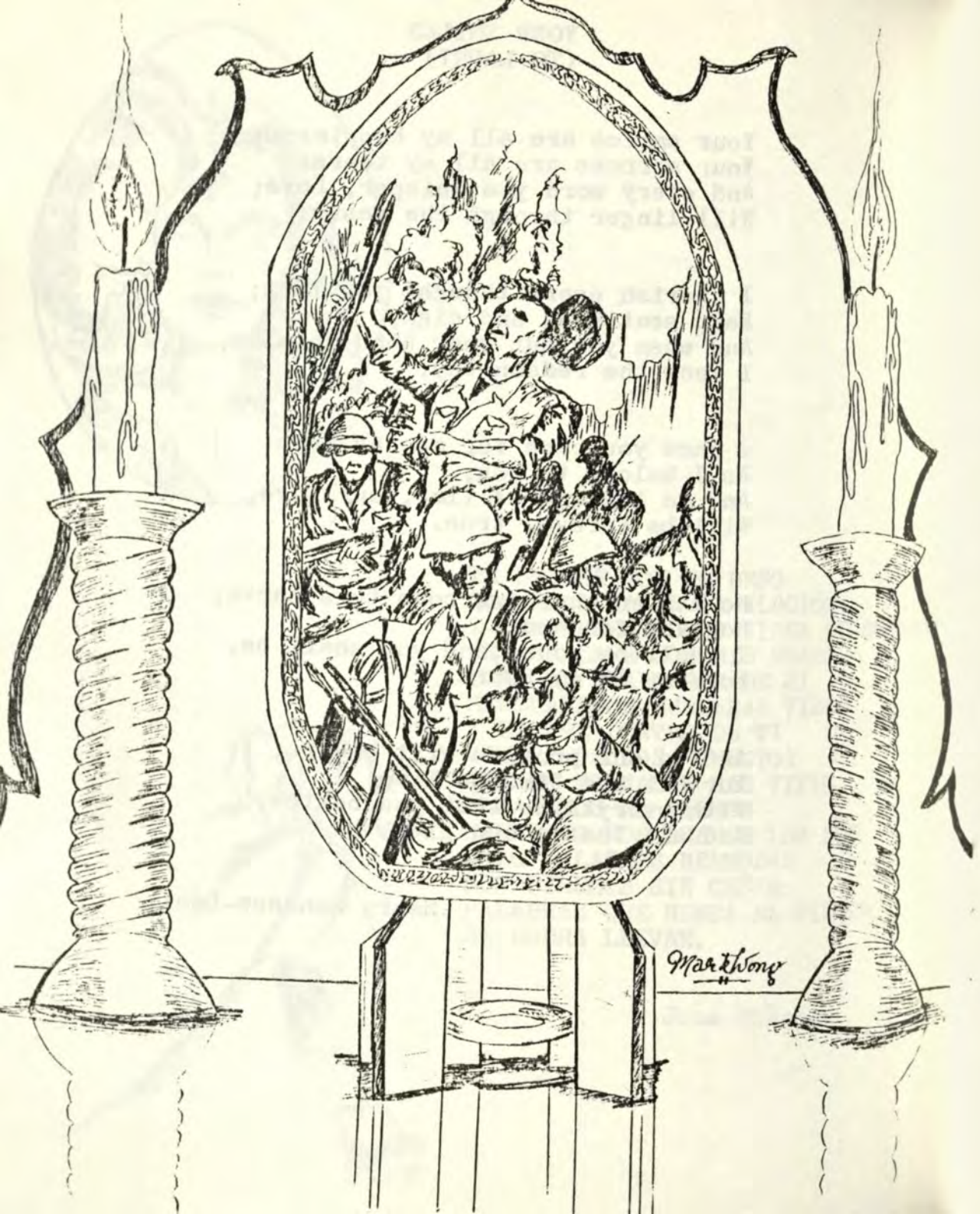
Ten Thousand Men went off to WAR, Ten Thousand Men
Most were Brave, Some were Scared, Some now Knew, Some now ca
When Ten Thousand Men went off to WAR, Ten Thousand Men.

A Million Men went off to WAR, a Million Men
Few were Brave, Many were Scared, Many now Knew, Many now Car
When a Million Men went off to WAR, a Million Men.

Now All Mankind went off to WAR, All Mankind
(And through every alley and street
was spilled the blood of a Billion feet)
Now None were Brave, All were Scared, All now Knew that they
should have Cared.

When a Hundred Men went off to WAR, a Hundred Men.

Henry Sanchez-Leal





Who speaks badly about a country
That has giving all it's land
Full of opportunity, and love
Available to every man.

Do you say that you don't owe her
For what you now may have
Stop and think about your country
And the problems it has.

How can you forget the peace
That in this soil grows
Something that in your homeland
A bearded man once stole.

Hear the bells on Sunday morning
Rise and give thanks, they say
For the blessings put upon you
On this most glorious day.

When did you ever in your country
Hear or see the freedom bell?
Tell me! For I lived many years there
And never heard it's knell.

Can't you see in this country
All are free to be themselves
Without fearing a tyrant
Ripping away at their wealth.

Look up into that big flag
The one with fifty stars
And remember a red one
Which in your country flies.

Don't think that I don't love her
My life for her I'd give
But first I need to be sure
That the rebel will forever leave.

But we should recollect our thoughts
To the time when we were brought
To this country of freedom for all
That few have found, but many have sought.

So let's not blame her
She has done all that she can
Don't speak badly about this country
She's your friend.

The Final Battle

The clouds are black
The unseeing sky,
Waiting for the time to die.

There is no light,
Nor shall there be,
As we ready for the massive fight.

The trees are limp,
With the Fear,
As they should be
Of the cold and raging air.

The ground is moist,
And wet and damp,
Anticipating the warriors camp.

The dawn approaches,
The warriors still,
Waiting for the time to kill.

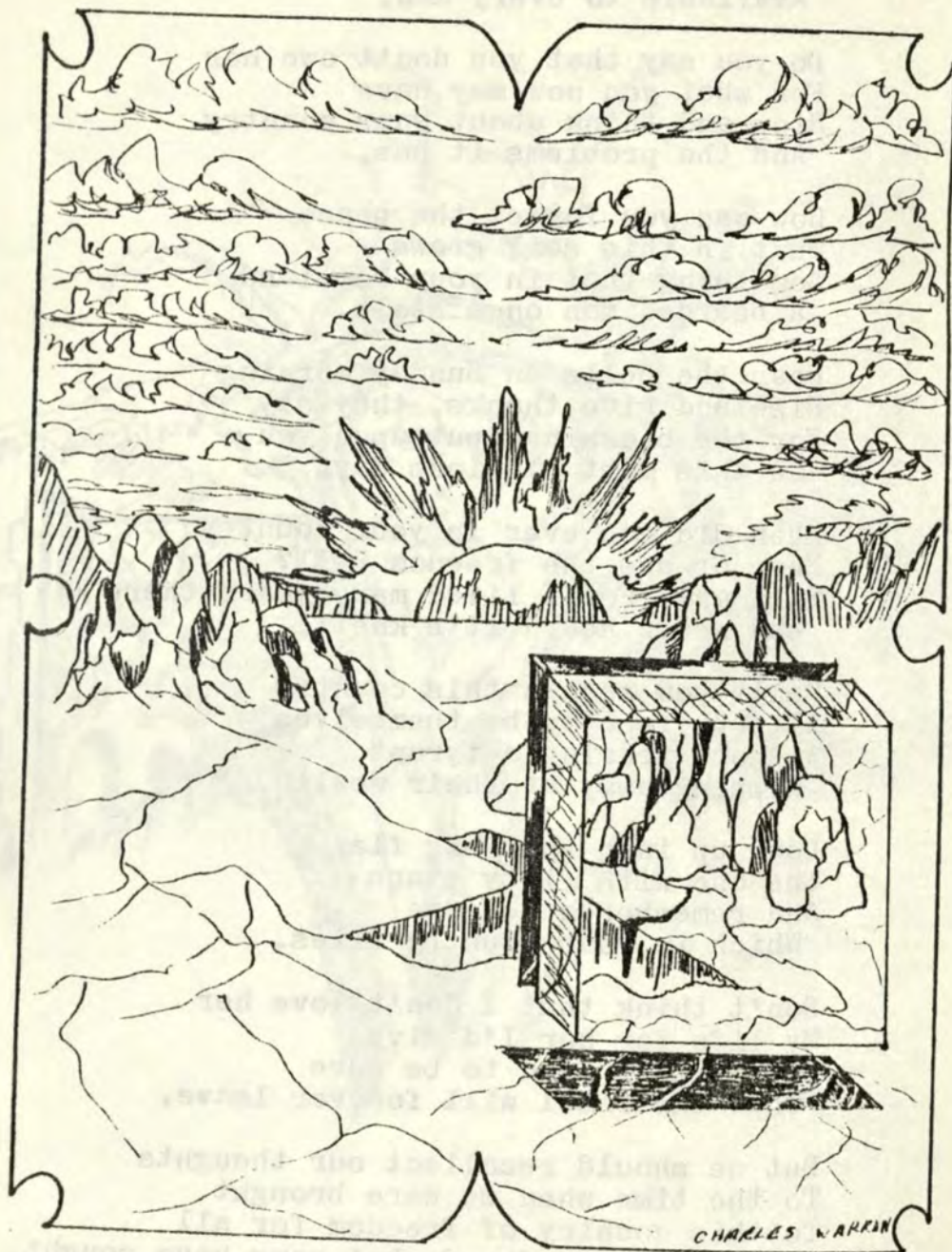
The battle rages,
For endless hours,
The blood that shed could drown all flowers.

Man's senseless fight
His futile doom,
Has ended all that we exume.

The air is sour
Of the fight
That ended all,
Known as life.

The earth is dead
A lifeless planet:
Arid deserts
All around it.

A small seed blossoms,
In the sand,
To produce,
The next of Man.



CHARLES WARREN

At Half Speed

So I cut my gold-bright hair for kicks--
What the hell, it was erotic.
But only was, and only for a time.
Let it be a lesson, old maids all--
There's no substitute for a lover
and single-minded eros is doomed.
However, I will concede one point.
During those doldrum in-betweens
what's left to brighten coldest hell
except these small perversions?

bdk

Twice Two-Thirty

You've saved me from
a grievous case
of department store salesclerk blues.
Where somber days
grow together everlasting
until surprised from routine
by a pair of startling blue eyes
or a crooked-smile leer
with tantalizing temptations,
and I'm by no means bored anymore.

bdk

"Embryo"

Blankness, darkness, no
"conscious" activity-
Simply awaiting a catalyst
To bring forth that reaction
called life.

And if a watch were stopped
Between one second and another,
All returns to that which
Had never been yet always
been.

Manny B.

My Nights

Are of satin blue
But only as long
As I am with you.

My Nights

Are clear and bright
Like the flickering lights
That shine in the sky.

My Nights

Are works of art
That I will cherish
Forever inside my heart.

My Nights

Are pure and long

My Nights

Are sweet and tender

My Nights

Are deep and warm.

José Piñera

Before Winter Comes

The billowing trees touch the dusky sky,
As if to say "I'm here to die,
With reddish leaves, I hesitate
While in the breeze, to meditate.
The sky is red, within the hue,
And all around the rest is blue.
We live today a whole life,
For tomorrow winter relieves our stife".

Then winter comes,
And all is quiet.
The trees died peacefully,
Beneath the snow and ice,
And for the rest of the year
All wait's till when,
The trees are red,
After another short life.

Ron Kaplan

When once I see the dawn that falls,
I rise with joy triumphantly,
To read the morning sky that calls,
to others dreaming different dreams
And I who tries to be just me
Being all I want to be.

He is who was
said the teacher to the young
mind-

But, if He is who was and is
the Creator of all things, then
how was He created...

He is a Spirit that has no
form,

But He has a long white beard

And for whom time does not exist

As there is no past nor present

And a crown, and sees everything
that is happening.

Alas, it is easier to say

He is who was

Manny B.

Through my bleared eyes
and smeared mind
I saw and tried to find
their faces.

The forms changed
like a pencil draws,
then erases.

I want to give them my hand
and say I understand
and thank you for helping me
but thoughts in my mind
can't seem to find
a way to be set free.

I don't know what I'm going to do
you just made my world come true.
In my hopes, in my schemes,
I never dared or even dreamed
to find you.

When once I see the dawn that falls,
I rise with joy triumphantly,
To read the morning sky that calls,
to others dreaming different dreams
And I who tries to be just me
Being all I want to be.

** **

My thoughts begin to shift
Through endless avenues of my mind,
In search of the source,
To which restlessness, so defined

I see myself, and so deprived
of fate's greeted benevolence;
The exalted lives of majesties
So relieved of earthly burdens

Her eyes so bright
To which men fall servants
That puts to disgrace
lighted asterics that trace the boundless
heavens

Here I sit, in stereophonic stupor,
voices coming at me but not into me,
whose clamorous vibration I can switch off
and on at my whim unnoticed by them and
with a simple acknowledgement of
yes or no.



YOU LIKE MY BROTHER BEST

Children are like flowers; their exteriors as fragile as the delicate petals of a rose and their hearts and minds as sensitive and as sturdy as the life sustaining roots of the plant. The life sustaining roots of a child run deep and one harsh word or slightest implication of disapproval can bring the world tumbling down around the delicate flower. The world of a child may begin to tumble before we the parent even realize a trauma has set in and taken over.

Thinking back, of so many years ago, I remember a feeling that kept me a person within myself. The feeling, ridiculous as it seems now, was there and very real. I felt that my father liked my brother better than me. As best as I can remember, the feeling that my father liked my brother best began with a little red wagon. My brother was two and I was six. How was my father to know that a girl would want a red wagon? A red wagon is so insignificant, yet so vital to a six year old girl who felt that a baby brother was stealing her father.

As the years passed, the incident was over but the scar remained. Events of many years to come, unbeknown to my father, caused the scar to deepen. Was it true, did my father really like him best, was my brother stealing my father from me, why did I have to have a baby brother? There were events so small, like staying up on a Friday night just 15 minutes longer than my brother, or when my brother turned fourteen and he got his own dog, or when he got to pick out the sneakers with three red stripes even though they were \$5.00 more than the other ones. It's not that I wanted these things because I didn't and it's not that I didn't want my brother to have them; it is just that each time I saw that little red wagon get bigger and my father seemed to put my brother in a special little corner of his heart. There could never be a place in my father's heart like that for me. I'm just an old girl.

Now, grown with children of my own, I realize the special place I held in my father's heart. Just the fact that I was a girl made me special. The special touches on the hand and the kisses on the cheeks that my father showered

over me I shall never forget. A puppy dog or sneakers with red stripes could never begin to touch what my father and I had. Now I realize it was not liking but the ability of loving each of us individually that my father possessed. Loving each child--two completely different personalities--in such a unique way and helping each child grow and learn from the love was a beautiful quality that my father possessed. My father helped me grow by allowing me to learn the difference between sharing and being selfish. With my own children I am seeing the same thing happening. One loves each child so much but forces each individual personality to develop and grow with the love.

Oh yes, the red wagon is a trivial item now but so important during the early years. It's a joke between my brother and me. I say, "Dad always did like you best, you got a red wagon didn't you and my brother's reply, "Yes, but Dad always kissed you on the cheek didn't he?" Throughout our lives, I suppose that we all run across brothers, red wagons and kisses on the cheek. Perhaps that's why all three of my children got little red wagons when they were two and I will kiss them on their cheeks just as long as they will let me.

God only knows how much I loved my father. I wish he could kiss my cheek now and kiss the cheeks of his grandchildren and tell them the little red wagon story.

He always did everything so perfectly.

Michele Castor

STRIKE OUT

The wind whistled and blew fiercely against the front door as the doctor opened it. A quick glance through the open door revealed a black sky with dark gray and purple clouds traveling swiftly across it, animating faces and objects in their journey.

The doctor inquired about Michael's condition as we passed through the corridors to his bedroom. Michael's condition had taken a turn for the worse.

Anguish took hold of my body, my chest tightened and my breathing became labored as though chains were bound around it. My limbs felt as though the bones had suddenly turned to gelatin and my throat closed completely, I was unable to speak. The good doctor, sensing my inability to speak, put a firm arm around my shoulder as we entered Michael's room. A soft light on the table gave the room a warm glow giving all inside the room a sense of protection from the dreadful conditions outside.

Michael lay so still, his small body appeared lifeless tucked between the sheets. The sheets were alive with pictures of circus animals. I remember how Michael loved the circus. He clapped and cheered the trapeze artist and the clowns and he wanted to take the baby elephant home with him. He ate peanuts and cotton candy and then fell fast asleep before we got home. This sleep is so different now, this sleep is so sound, so permanent and without the smile that Michael had when he slept after the circus.

The doctor examined Michael so carefully and with such precision, as though the child were

a fine Picasso or a fragile original Hummel. A second examination of the small person was deemed necessary and the doctor executed it with the same precision and enthusiasm as the first.

During the examination Michael's expression never changed. He lay helpless, motionless and expressionless. The only motion that occurred came as the doctor physically turned Michael from one side to the other. The rubbing of the bottom of Michael's feet did not even bring about spontaneous movement of any sort. I remember how Michael would stick those little feet in my hand and I would rub the bottoms of them; his toes would curl, his arches would flex and how he would giggle. Now, nothing!

The examination over, the doctor reached across the bed and took my hand. He did not have to speak because the moment that the doctor touched me the electricity passed through my body so violently that my head burned like fire. I felt as though my brain had been singed and my head had exploded. Uncontrollable tears streamed over my cheeks, gushing as if trying to put out the burning fire in my head.

I started to leave Michael's bedroom and noticed his ball and bat standing idle in the corner behind the door. Baseball was a game Michael had loved so much; there rested a bat and ball he would never hold again. Michael had struck out.

Michele Castor

PAN-SKA-TUR

You awake early today, the sun is not yet up; the new pain of waking alone not yet eased from your limbs. You remind yourself it is not yet a week since her passing to spirit, the pain will cease. It did before. As you kneel to splash your face from the basin on the earthen floor, your eyes, of their own accord, linger on the headdress in the corner, gleaming in the not-yet-light. A heartbeat misses, and you recall that this is the Pan-Ska-Tur, the day you dread each year, the day of truth.

As Hon-Tunet, the high priest, you will don your robes today, drink the Cup and lie the truth. As your fathers had done.

The sun breaks as you rise with more thought than awakes, drying your face as you walk to the eastern window. The sun peeks over the edge of the scorched plain without. You don't feel like kneeling. There's no one here to see it.

Instead you drop uncautiously, back onto your bed pad. Too large for just you, you know.

Why did your father tell you the truth? It would have been easier with your faith, but now there's just the knowledge. In one moment, all your people had told you crumbled like ash. But you lit the fire.

It will be very hot today, like yesterday. Already the cool of night has been devoured by the sun. You are sweating, not all from the heat. As you rise again you see the sun is

fully into the sky, there are attendants waiting outside your doorway. They wait soundlessly.

As the robes go on your body as if by themselves although only your hands touch them, you feel as if a toy, played with in a game your fathers made, moving with no cause of its own. You lift the headdress and slowly perch it on your head. The Hon-Tunet is complete and walks out the doorway.

All await you as you walk slowly, to them ceremonially, toward the altars. Upon the main one she'll be, but that's no longer your matter. Younger men spill the blood. You pass through a parting crowd, reverent but envious of your role. For today you speak to the god, you will tell them what god said.

On the third altar the Cup waits for you. You had been told it would give you the enlightenment of Hon-Tunets. Your father gave you the enlightenment of Hon-Tunets, in a single sentence. The Cup and the god are a lie.

Up the stairs, to the Cup. You stand before it and stare back at staring eyes, awaiting your drink. You raise the Cup to your lips and drain it in a single motion.

The thunderclap lights and roars at the same time, your consciousness soars into the heavens. The sun crackles in your ears as white light burns to the back of your skull. You spin over and over, too much to know or count. You cannot hear your screams as they vanish into a solar

My Words
It came to me
Good-bye My Love
"Downtown"
Day's Cycle, Day's Prayer
August 22, 1971
Oracle
Cantada #10
Will you,?
Yearning
Paradise
The Carrot
The Romantics
Upon being jarred
Noche de Amor
Your Smiles
A Hundred Men
Who speaks badly...
The Final Battle
At Half Speed
Twice Two-Thirty
"Embryo"
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Before Winter Comes
He is who was...
Verses:

You Like My Brother Best
Strike Out
Pan-Ska-Tur

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