

HERMION

Memory

A memory, blowing in the wind,  
Flits through the silence  
Of a dark black night;  
Playing with Abandon  
Among foaming rushing waves;  
Echoing within enchanted shadows  
The whispered thoughts of lovers;  
Recalling ancient promises  
Made on moonlit sands;  
Drifting with the melody  
Of a song special to us;  
Seeming for a moment present  
Then dissolving into past

ATD

*Driftwood*

THE BISCAYNE COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

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BISCAYNE COLLEGE

MIAMI FLORIDA



### *Pain of Knowledge*

*I sit here  
My thoughts confused into a headache  
Knocking in rapid succession  
Against my forehead, gnawing at my temples.  
Do they hunger to escape,  
Or merely to assemble into a simpler pattern?*

*I wish to elude the ache,  
the throb of knowledge  
But, in spite of myself,  
Or, because of myself,  
I throw wide my senses  
to the speeches of nature.*

**amd**

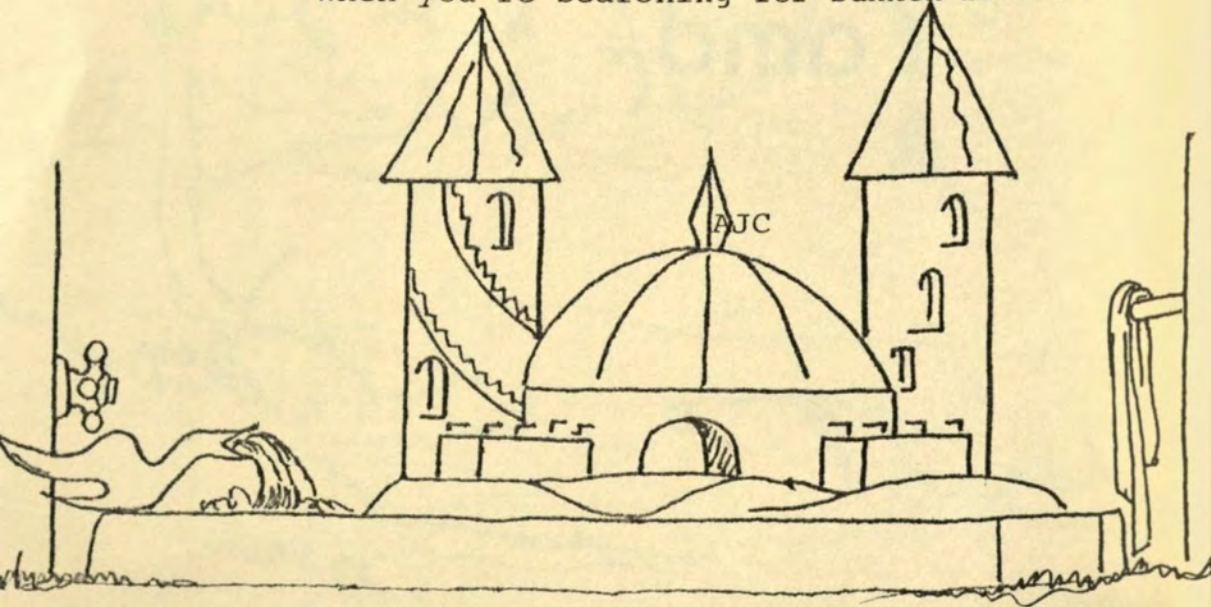
Dreaming

I built entire palaces  
Even to room decor,  
(The bathrooms had sunken bathtubs  
And faucets of pure gold!)

I surrounded us with every luxury--  
Children, Sunshine  
Love, and Time.

I turned the lights down low.  
Lit all the fireplaces.  
Chilled the champagne.

But you  
Had already been seduced.  
So I boarded up our palace,  
Champagne and all,  
In case I ever run into you again  
When you're searching for sunken bathtubs.



there is no method to my madness  
right now i am just hung up on you  
yes drinking and drugging and messed up  
old derelict you what to do what to do  
thoughts harbored in your mind  
about the being that is me knowing  
i am not too free let them loose  
and i'll come walking back just give  
me some clue as to what is inside  
let those feelings that are kept under  
lock

and

key out

of your cerebellum if you please

so what if i am straight laced and apple pie faced  
at times

i flirt but also hurt

while i wait for your gluteus maximus to  
walk by

listen

i know you're a mean old daddy but i like you  
(i like mean old daddys sometimes)

maría antonia bardino

## An Hour in the Life of a Mortician

Jack Schmitt makes his living from a profession that most people would rather not think about. He is a mortician or, in contemporary terminology, a funeral director. Jack runs a small establishment in a suburb of New York City. The funeral home is situated on a quiet side street, but it's not always peaceful since the Long Island Railroad perpetually runs through the back yard. Schmitt's is a small family operation. Jack Sr. passed it on to Jack Jr. and so it will go on.

One cold evening in December, right before the Christmas holidays, the telephone rang loudly in the apartments above the chapel where Jack's mother lives. It is not unusual for the phone to ring late at night because death is not something that works on a nine to five basis.

Dorothy drowsily answered, "Schmitt's Funeral Home."

"Please, my husband has had a heart attack and has stopped breathing. What should I do?" cried the anguished woman at the other end of the telephone.

Dorothy tried to remain calm but it wasn't easy with her high blood pressure. She attempted to comfort the woman and at the same time to get the necessary information. Dorothy didn't want to make a mistake so she verified the address of the deceased.

"Yes, the address is 1495 Oak Avenue," answered the woman.

Dorothy called her son at home and gave him an account of the case and the address. Jack sleepily pulled on his clothes and called his assistant director, Jim.

Once they both arrived at the house, Jack removed the collapsable stretcher from the rear of his station wagon and pulled it up to the walk.

"I wonder why there are no lights on?" mused Jack.

They rang the doorbell and after what seemed like an eternity, steps were heard in the hall. The porch light snapped on and a tall, elderly gentleman opened the door. The man didn't know what these two men wanted at two o'clock in the morning.

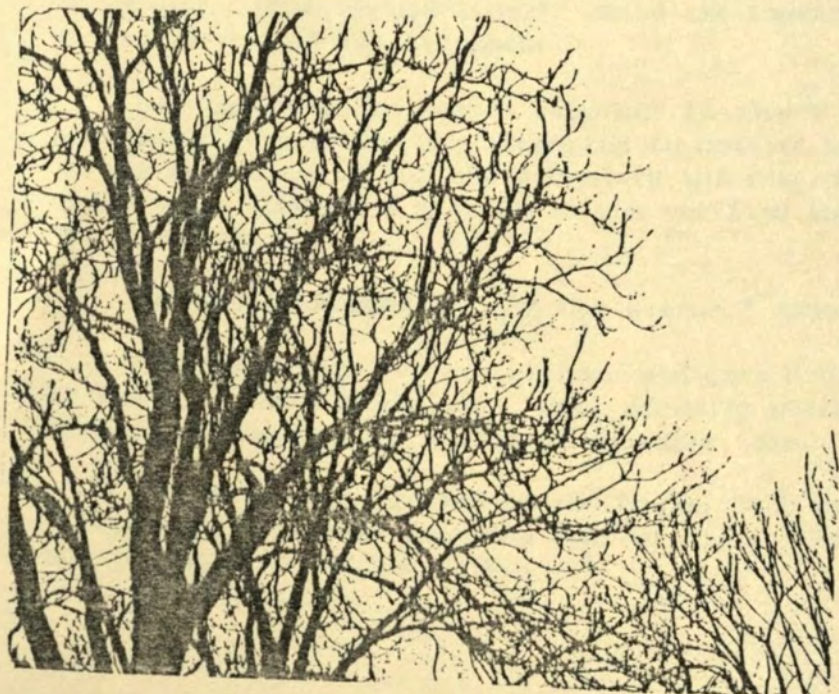
Jack cleared his throat and said, "Excuse me, but we are from Schmitt's Funeral Home and are here for the deceased Mr. Jones."

The man's eyes opened wide and he said, "I hope that you are mistaken because I am Mr. Jones."

Both Jack and Jim went inside with the elderly man and calmed him down and had a cup of tea with him. They apologized profusely for disturbing him and left the house to resume their sleep.

Death never sleeps; rarely does Jack.

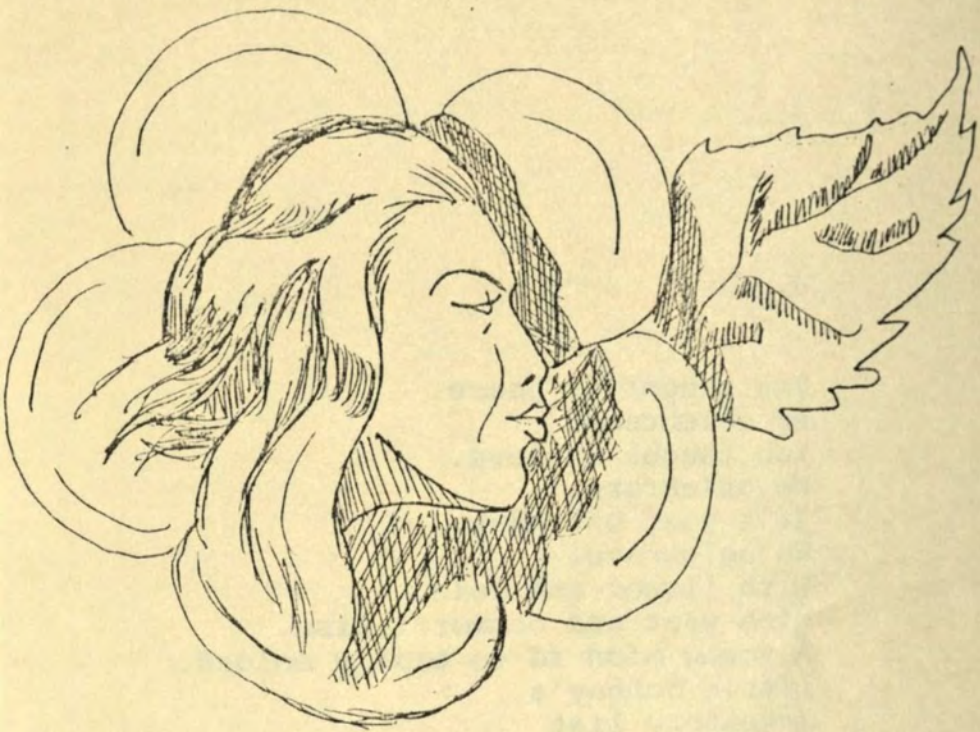
Eileen E. Carroll



J. C.

You taught us peace.  
We celebrate.  
You taught us love.  
We celebrate.  
It's your birthday.  
We celebrate.  
With liquor and coin.  
With want and commercialism.  
A young mind is so easily molded.  
Little Johnny's  
Inventory list  
of "GIFTS:"  
a toy tank  
a plastic knife  
a deluxe 6-shooter  
a G-I Joe  
Should I go on?

Attila Matusek



*Opus*

*The Muse comes softly,  
with bittersweet perfume.  
She seduces me  
with a frosty smile;  
tears my guts out,  
cascading to the floor;  
and People pass,  
exclaiming over her artistry.*



*Masque*

*a halo of lion-gold hair  
in a bright tawny mane  
all around he has.  
And stormy blue eyes  
with ocean-filled depths  
to rival Neptune's in glory.  
(I wax romantic; let it suffice  
that he's a sexy devil  
and a pure delight.)*

**bdk**



In-Out Down

Sick of myself  
Sick of looking for something  
(what)  
that's just not there.  
Sick of not seeing the things  
that are already here  
Sick of not knowing the difference  
and not even caring.  
Sick of what I'm feeling  
Sick of, Sick of . . .

Attila Matussek

looking around that strange and crowded airport  
i searched about expecting to see your face as i recalled it  
the plane was early and you'd be there to meet me  
seven years had passed and i did not find you  
but a paunchy undersized young man in his last year of pre-med  
seven years of growing experiences and blue starry eyes  
that no longer twinkle as they had that night . . .  
In a mad rush through adolescence we somehow missed each other  
thirteen was a make-believe age that was so beautifully special  
twenty was a beautifully special age that was no longer make believe  
but faded illusions are sad things to face  
and i've come home to stop yearning

maría antonia bardino



Toni

Every breath I take  
softly speaks your name.  
Every beat of my heart  
sends it morse code to my brain.

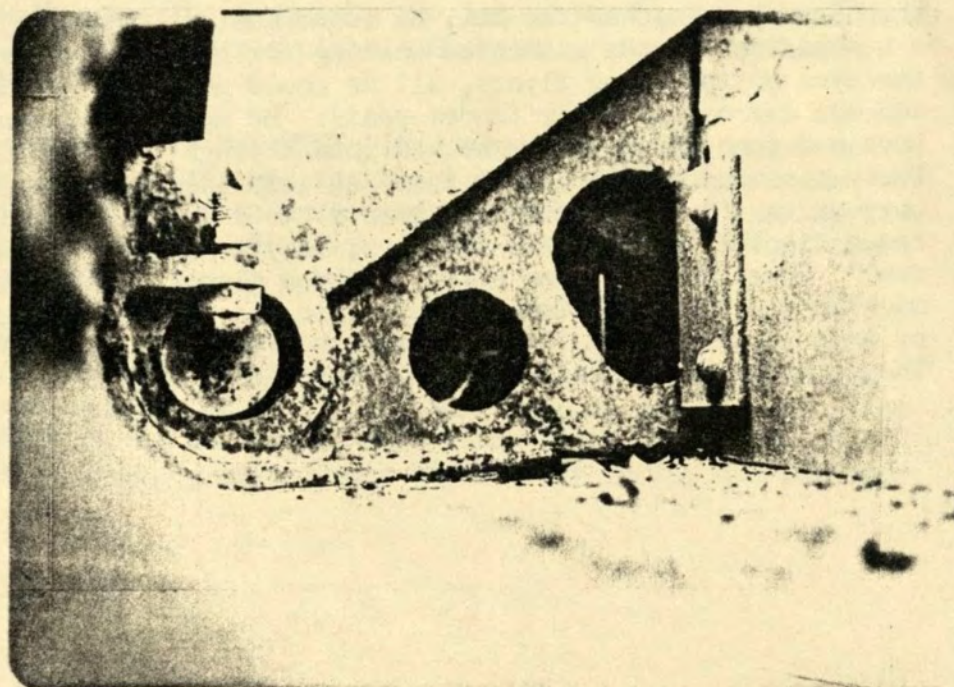
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Thinking,  
don't do it much anymore  
not since the one on my right  
and the one on my left  
and the one that's riding my back  
told me that it brings about brain  
tumors  
and I am young  
and unlearned-d-d-d-d.

*I Found God*

*I invited God up to my room  
To listen to pop music on my stereo  
And then I caught a glimpse of Him  
Entering a cinema which featured a  
Disney movie  
Later I saw Him again at a  
Broken bar downtown  
Drinking beer and joking around  
Everyone wanted to talk with Him  
His kind of laugh made them feel good*

Matthew Wong



## One Hour in the Day of Group Captain James Saunders

At 7:57 a.m. August 14, 1943, German bombers pounded a small Royal Air Force air field on the tiny island of Malta.

At 8:10 a.m., Group Captain James Saunders, D.S.O., D.F.C., sat half-awake, basking in the hot morning sun. Frustrated by his abrupt awakening, Group Captain Saunders decided to walk over to the operations hut and prepare for the briefing on the day's mission.

As Saunders made his way to operations, he stopped to look over the rocky terrain he reluctantly called home. Malta is an island of rocks, cliffs and sun-parched dirt and sand. But underneath this desolate surface were deep, dark caves that formed massive mazes in which even the most experienced spelunker would lose himself. Saunders realized that those caves had saved the lives of many during the German air raids. He himself could not count the many times that his life had been spared by huddling in those grottos as bombs detonated around him, sending shrapnel in every direction.

When Saunders reached the hut, he found most of the pilots in his squadron already assembled waiting for him. As he looked into the eyes of the young flyers, all he could perceive was fatigue and age far beyond their tender years. He appreciated what these boys had gone through, for he had gone through it himself. Every mission could be their last and they knew it. "Bogie on your tail!" "Break right, there's two comin' in on you at ten o'clock high!" "Watch it chaps, they're comin' in out of the sun!" Every day the same thing! If you missed sighting one enemy machine for just two seconds, you could die in a violent explosion or burn to death in a flaming coffin hurtling towards the earth. These thoughts would add years to even the strongest.

The briefing was short and to the point. Saunders was to lead his squadron on a "fighter sweep" against Luftwaffe air fields based in Libya.

As the pilots returned to their quarters to prepare for the flight, the ground crews rushed to fill the huge craters that the Nazi bombs had created on the airstrip.

Saunders, now in his hut, turned to his makeshift closet and glanced at his heavy flying suit with indecision. No! He couldn't wear that suit today! This mission was at low altitude. If he were to wear that he would roast in the cockpit of his Spitfire. Why did he even consider wearing that heavy thing? Perhaps his mind was much more exhausted than he was willing to admit. He desperately needed some rest. Fatigue can be the fighter pilot's most dangerous enemy.

8:49 a.m., Saunders, wearing just his kahki summer uniform, headed toward his aircraft. His crew chief, Sgt. MacDonald, was standing waiting patiently for him. "Mac" had made the final check on Saunder's plane. Everything was in perfect condition.

Saunders put on his MAE WEST life preserver, just in case he were to end up in the Mediterranean on the flight home. He then pulled on his parachute harness and buckled it, making it as snug as he could. Finally on came his leather flying helmet and oxygen mask.

He climbed into the plane and sat down on the hard metal seat. Then suddenly to the surprise of everyone, including Saunders, he let out a piercing yell. He had forgotten just how hot that seat could get in the sun! As he strapped himself into the Spitfire's cockpit, he suddenly became very uneasy and restless.

The signal came. There was a loud whine as the engines of twelve Royal Air Force Spitfires sprang to life. Saunders proceeded to regulate the fuel mixture and adjust the propeller pitch, but he burned his hand on the throttle lever. The sun had made the lever red hot, capable of burning right through his leather flying glove.

The Spitfire's engines switched from the ear-piercing whine to a deafening howl. At 9:09 a.m., Saunders taxied his plane onto the dusty airstrip. As he prepared for take-off, he became more disturbed than before. Would this be his last flight?

That same feeling came over him every time he taxied out to the long, dusty airstrip. He realized that he couldn't let any of the pilots in his squadron see this unusual uneasiness. These men who followed him into the air looked for his leadership and calm, but quick reflexes during combat. It gave them the confidence they needed whenever they flew with him.

At 9:10 a.m., Group Captain James Saunders, as always, collected his thoughts and with his usual calculated coolness and confidence pushed the throttle forward for take-off. Seven seconds later, Saunders was airborne with the rest of his squadron following his lead, as usual.

Larry Lawson

### Signet

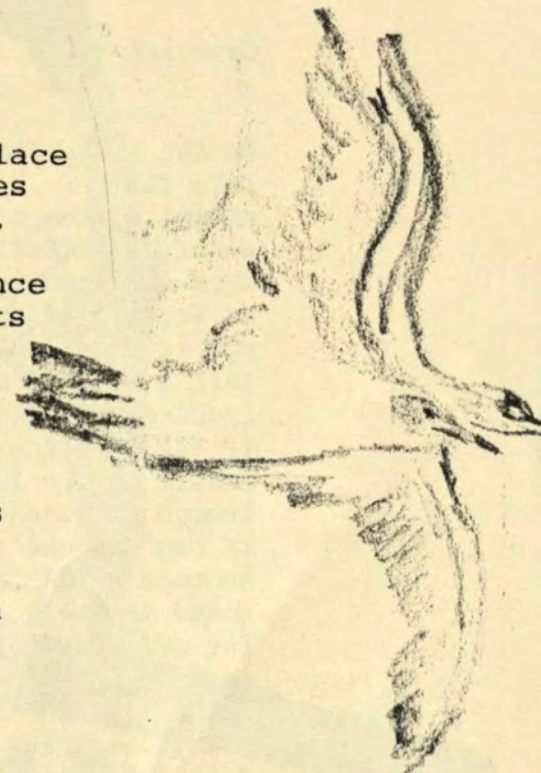
Let me live  
in an art nouveau palace  
with Beardsley statues  
for decadent friends.

Then whistle in cadence  
the delicate movements  
of a balinese dancer  
with an opium pipe.

Give us a parrot  
to prophesy daily  
on the state of times  
yet to come . . .

And last, spiral down  
in sensuous circles  
to beat the mad heat  
in my mind.

bdk



*Carousel ride*

*On the merry-horses  
sits the . . . joker,  
eating cotton candy  
shooting bullets at the birds.  
When organ music plays  
it feels like dancing,  
yet it jumps into the lake  
that's made of clay.  
Looking down the lane  
it sees the ladies,  
little maiden ladies, mending socks.  
Though it reaches toward them  
it can't touch them,  
because golden dust bars  
guard the path.  
The celestial land  
came down upon it,  
darkening the road it travels on,  
but flourescent colors  
like the spectrum  
from his painted face,  
shone on and on.  
Flickering stars with silver wing tips  
in the center square awaits it.  
The joker's love games  
have now finished  
and it's time for him to leave.*

*José Piñera*



Craig's poem

The music people  
shimmer silver the air  
and spark passion  
off strings of pure love.

The music people  
tickle the Sphinx's toes  
until he grins  
and splits the night.

The music people  
bid adieu to the Sphinx and  
set the wind free to dance  
their song.

bdk

next time we are in the same party  
ignore me speak badly of me anything  
but those secretive loving glances that  
keep me strong on you we are anything  
but united no thanks to you unforgiving  
circumstances have drawn us apart  
while we are drawing nearer and nearer  
and your promising glances are getting  
stronger and stronger just even your  
presence is growing dearer to me  
more than it ever should please the next  
time that we are casually in the same  
locale treat me rudely cause  
me shame but no more loving  
glances they cause me too much  
pain

maría antonia bardino

## One Hour in the Day of the Commuter Student

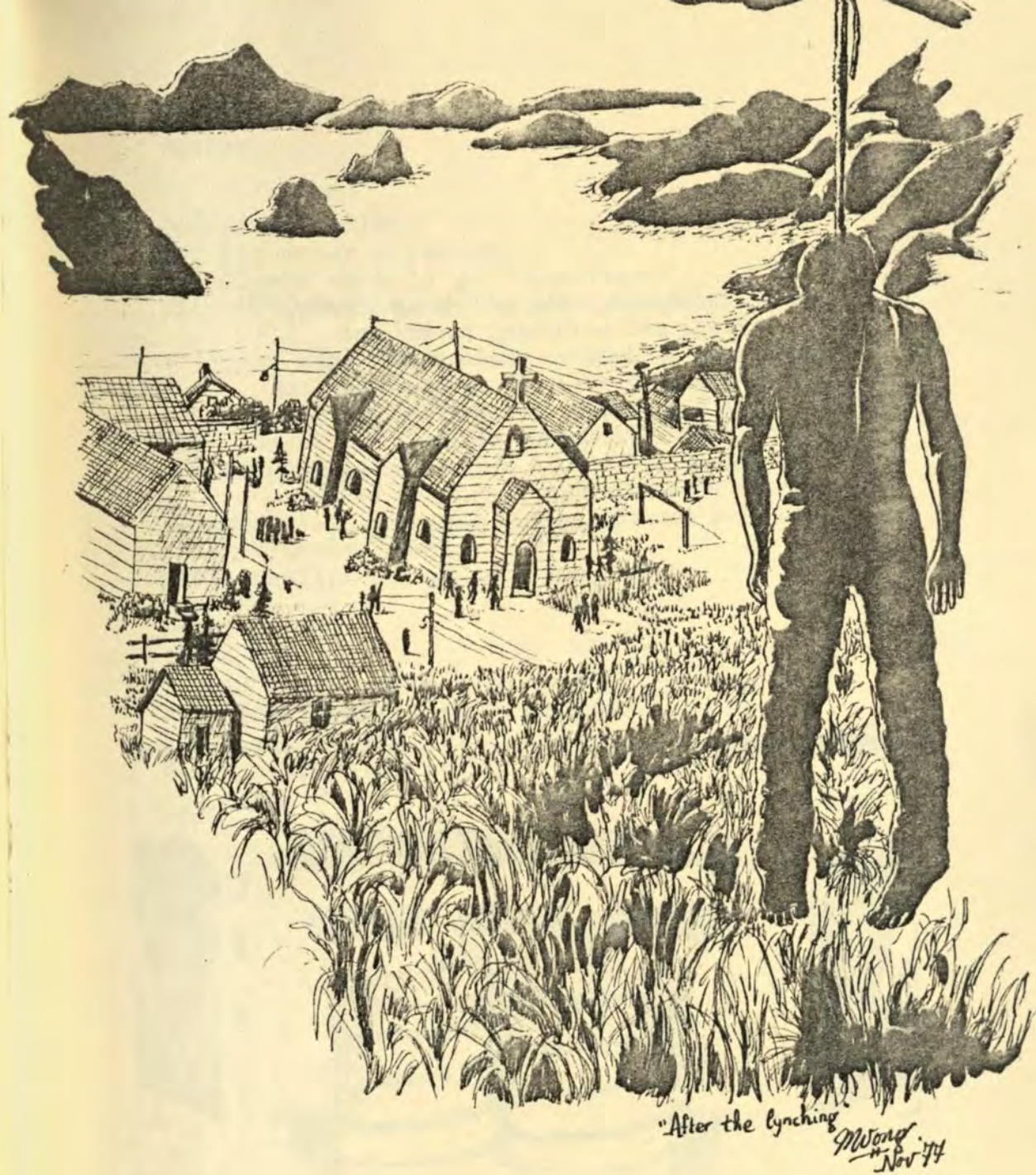
Once again, the impatient morning has started too soon. In a colorless classroom, the political science professor calls the role of attendance. At the same time, approximately four minutes away, a signal light turns an ominous amber as the commuter student approaches it at a speed unsafe for a sane individual.

Reluctantly, the unfortunate commuter presses the brake pedal to the floorboard and utters a "Damn!" as his textbooks leap off the seat and onto the floor as if the car had been stopped for that explicit purpose. Noticing that no one crosses the intersection due to the light change, he curses the automatic efficiency of traffic control and teasingly drifts over the crosswalk. Moments later, he is meandering among parked cars, imagining the ability to park in spaces half his size. Then he juggernauts his way to the classroom.

Floundering among disinterested faces and one or two cold glares, he selects a seat and attempts to locate the topic of conversation. He begins to focus upon the obscure discussion of Pearl Harbor and the controversial alertness to the attack. His ever-grasping mind shifts to a nebulous fantasy of the Hawaiian harbor, the West Coast and California. The polychromatic lifestyle surges into his head along with the Beach Boy image and then a blonde he met at that party last week. Suddenly, eyes are upon him. A proposed question filters through his illusive mind. "What was the position of the United States in regard to the world scene prior to the attack?" The commuter mumbles out an incoherent reply, aware of the professor's attempt to gain his attention.

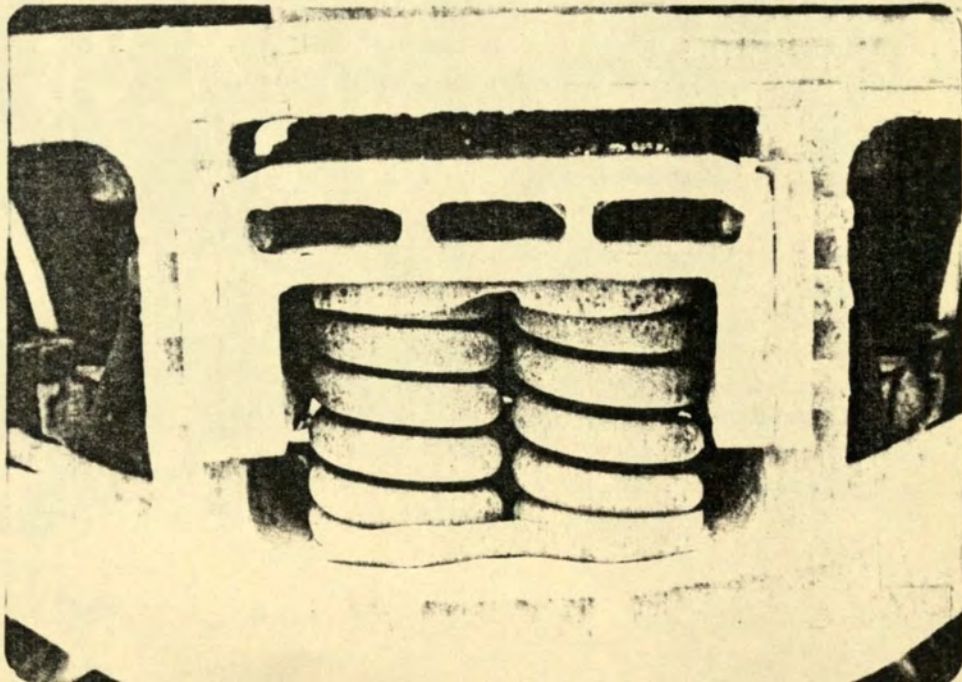
Forty minutes later he again clammers into his chariot and ambles across town to his part-time job. The speedometer needle fluctuates at 65 m.p.h. as he weaves between stationary nomads on the parkway, envisioning a land attack back in Hawaii. Unexpectedly and without a shadow of warning, a rock the size of a tennis ball bounces aimlessly out of the sky and gashes the hood of his car just below the windshield. "Yipes!" he screams as he uncontrollably shivers and almost climbs under the front seat. For a fraction of a second, the commuter honestly believes that it is Pearl Harbor happening again.

Terrence Klee  
November 2, 1977



*while toothpastes are fixing up people's  
love lives and obtaining promotions  
for young executives while people are  
discovering love for their new breakfast  
cereals and getting their kicks out of life  
from chiclets i wonder if they  
can figure out a most proper and of  
course memorable way to cut the strings  
and live happily every after*

*maria antonia bardino*



Unalone

Doomed to failure  
Are the noisy strangers  
Who clamor to fill my loneliness  
With their talk and their nonsense.

I do not want them near to me.

With thoughtful cruelty  
They conspire to chase away  
My thoughts of you.

Amongst themselves they sigh,  
Shaking their heads,  
Sadly bewildered by my departure  
From the world.  
Their world.

I find I can watch them from this side  
Even feeling a certain gratitude  
For their intentions  
Without stepping down to join them.

The world of my mind  
Is my peace and my contentment  
People, as it is,  
By we two.

**ajd**



A Promise

Emily probably thought about it  
Edgar definitely thought about it  
Ernest and Sylvia did it

I'm just waiting my turn  
When it comes  
I'll let you know

**matt  
wong**

Remembering Poets

Wrap me all in gold  
When I am dead and gone  
Soon when I'm good and done  
Feed me to your pigs

And when you eat your  
Pork chops and morning sausages  
Please remember that I'm under your skin  
And Whitman is under your shoes

## Depression

My mother stood listlessly in the kitchen. Salient features were her tear-smudged eyes and a tense expression. A ball of tissue was clenched tightly in her sweaty palm and plastic rosary beads hung out of her apron pocket. Her hair was uncombed and her composure was quite changed from her usual stature of three weeks ago. For it was just over three weeks ago that her seven-year-old daughter had been hit and injured critically by a car, had lingered for nineteen days in the hospital, and had died before Mom's eyes.

It had been a warm Friday night and Katie had been asked to mail a letter before the six o'clock collection at the mailbox across the street.

"Make sure you stay on the crosswalk, Katie," Mom instructed.

"I can read the lights," the first-grader replied.

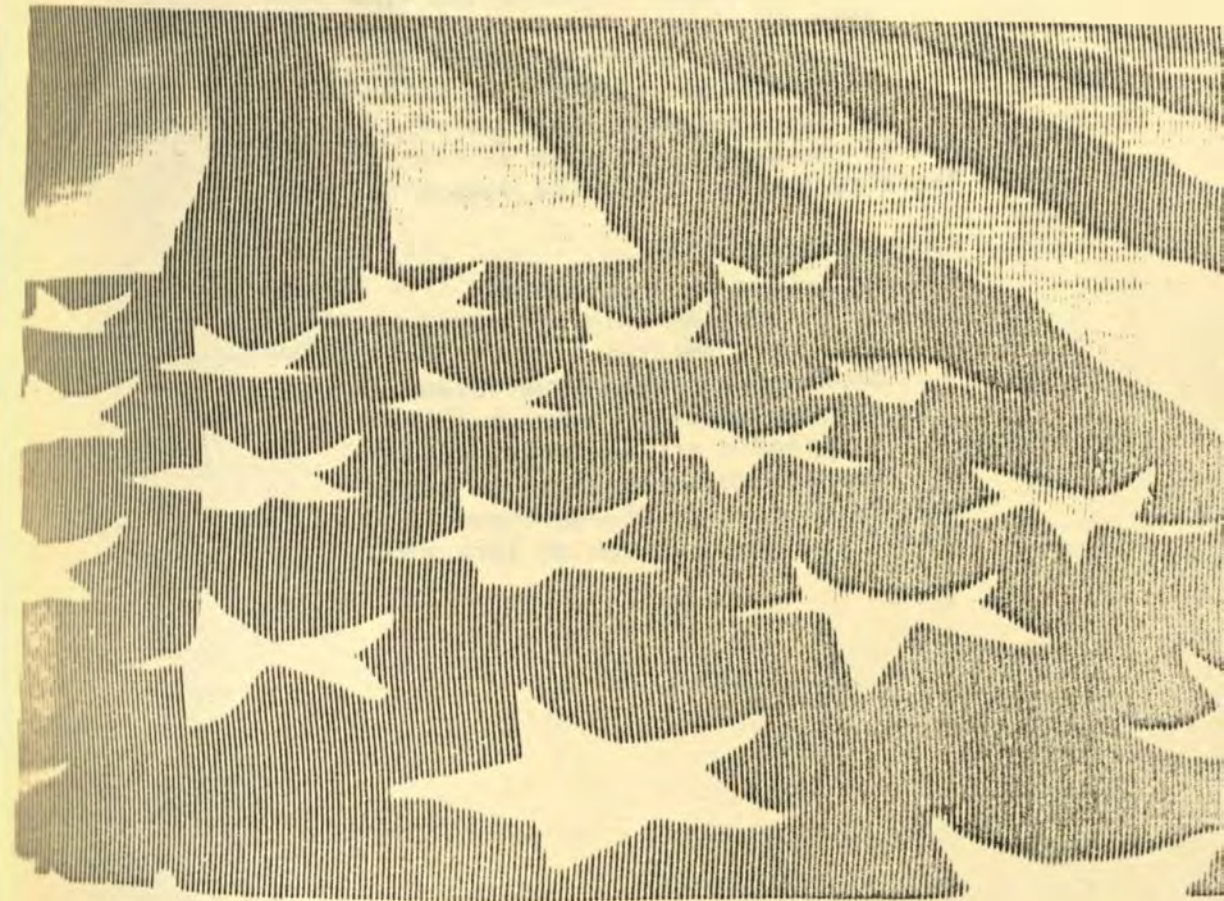
Moments later, the sneaker-clad girl skipped gleefully down to the corner. The light turned orange for the southbound vehicles and Katie anticipated the run across the street. She could read lights. The light turned red and she eagerly sprinted into the path of a Volkswagen racing to beat the light. It was all over in minutes.

Mom hadn't slept too well since the tragic catastrophe and the dark circles glowed beneath her eyes and portrayed this fact. The daily trip to the hospital had ground her down and the sanitary hallways and institutional waiting lounges had been neither colorful nor comfortable. In fact, they symbolized the rather dismal future for the little seven-year-old who probably was just as shocked as Mom from her recent experience. "I don't want to be dead!" she would say to her nurses. But the choice was not hers to make.

The doctors would instill false hopes at times and Mom would latch onto them with firm conviction. Her distraught mood would occasionally brighten by thoughts and hopes of futile miracles. But more than occasionally, the pathetic outlook at home proved to be reality and quite often would bring an entire household to tears.

Nineteen days after that Friday night, Katie died. Mom had been strong in her outward affiliation with friends and relatives at a grief-stricken funeral. But her outward appearance did not hide the newly-formed wrinkles and constant struggle for answers to what had happened to her little girl. Her calm appearance was deceptive, and I think that the ensuing storm will never end for my mother.

Terrence Klee



For my Lady  
(inspired by L. Cohen and R. Altman)

A trading ship that's all she is  
Business dinners that's all they are  
Marys and founding fathers will make her stay the night  
No credit no cheques cash on the line  
    Chinese pipes and inebriating smell  
    Stupor eyes and feverish moons  
    Alice has her Wonder land  
    My lady has hers too  
And in the ocean she sails  
There're no such things as lovers be

Another dock on the way  
Another pebble in the stream  
She washes away my iniquity  
And tells me I am true  
    Shakespeare would have loved her lines  
    Bergman would love her act  
    A splendid artist by any mean  
    For all to see to hear to touch  
And she tells herself again and again  
There're no such things as lovers be

She made me jealous once  
She made me jealous twice  
And she'll do it again  
Even if it hurts her to  
    Our eyes have met over  
    Oysters and peaches  
    Contributions in her box  
    For the motions of the night  
And she tells me many times before  
There're no such things as lovers be

Call at this number  
My lady will be waiting  
In her scarlet robes  
You shall be my gift to her  
    She has done her part  
    And I'll do mine  
    Labors of vagabonds  
    No pain no pleasure  
And we both have agreed  
There're no such things as lovers be

Matthew Wong

another morning after  
when today is like today  
filled with wonders old and new  
and my head is full of rain  
while my heart is full of you  
i am saturated  
    get it  
not dehydrated  
with a special kind of fondness, james,  
    for you  
many people do not understand why men  
with toothy minds become president  
while inner conflict in countries  
grow deeper and deeper  
my own grows stronger and stronger  
and i am puzzled because last night i was you  
    at least  
i was in you briefly, james,  
and the toothy mind was alive and well  
the world kept revolving on its proper axis  
and left us hanging on.

maría antonia bardino

### Song of a Hope

I used to believe  
But now I don't  
I often thought I knew  
But now I realize I never  
I still do accomplish  
But rubbish for the moment  
I told myself I could  
But that was in the past  
Time weighs me down  
Like a pair of cement shoes in a river . . .  
  
But what's it to you  
If nothing is my eternity

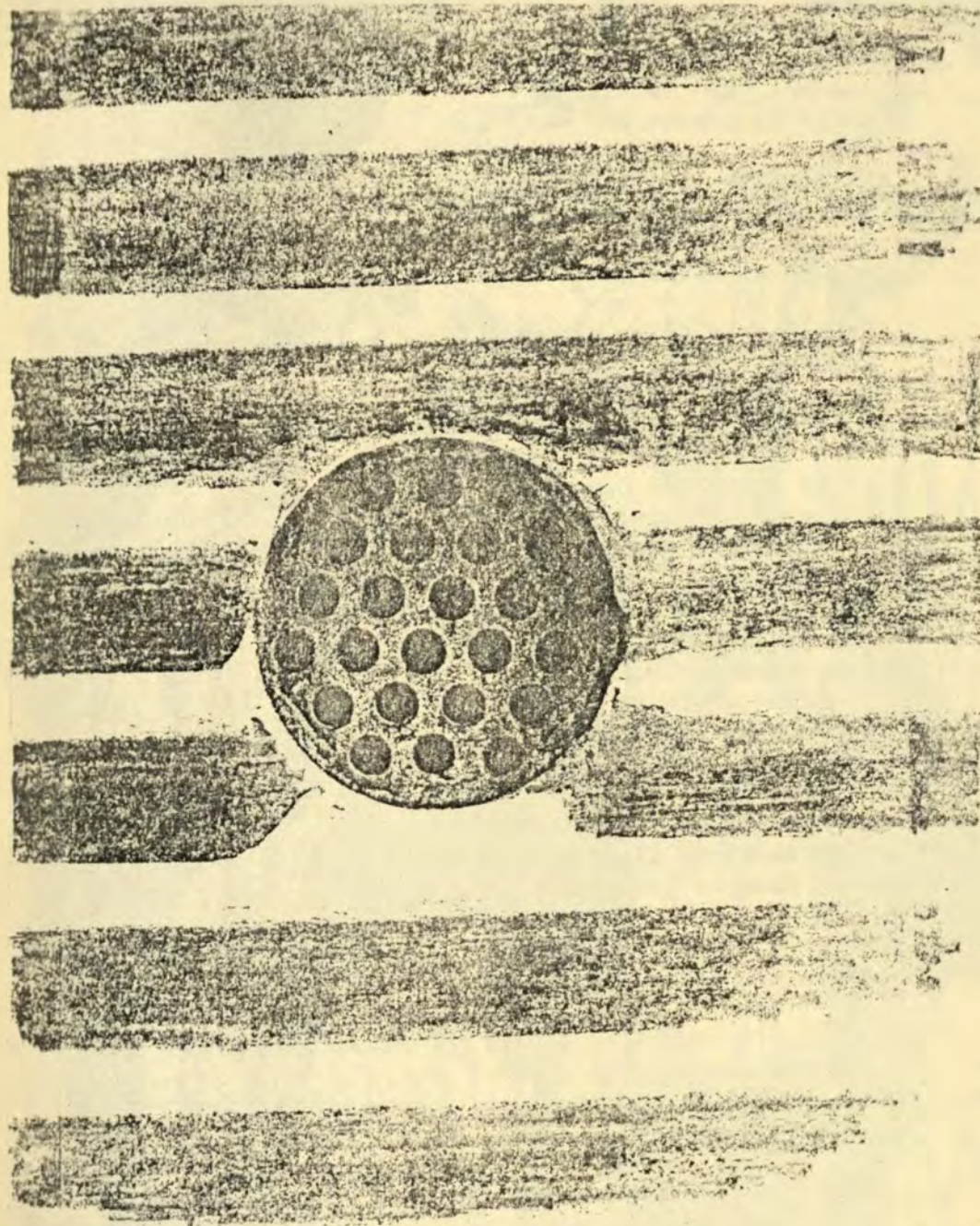
Matthew Wong

"Now and then just like before, I think about the love  
I've thrown away  
But now it doesn't matter anyway"

Peter Cetera, 1977

there was once a time when reading the newspaper  
was a special occasion but only because  
i was reading with you  
ziggy became a beautifully optimistic character  
and the skeptical me checked the horoscope knowing all  
would be fine  
the world was somehow lighter floating  
through each crisp day we were finding our way  
around the sun  
you were destroying calculators when you were unable to  
figure out problems for Doc  
while i read Donne and complained of Reck's  
harrowing exams  
we were lost in love  
feeling comfortably corny in our infatuation  
fading images of lovers left behind  
and last friday a freshman asked me to look back on my  
four years at biscayne college and select a special one  
there was a salty taste in my mouth when i replied  
my sophomore year (and you)

maría antonia bardino



Es el sueño

Es el sueño del poeta  
ver caminos sin final  
caminar bajo la lluvia  
tocar la espuma del mar

Oír cantar la mariposa  
que tiene hogar en el rosal  
sentir una brisa brava  
atacar el despertar

Escuchar la dulce orquesta  
entonar una canción  
que penetra los sentidos  
y perfora el corazón

Es el sueño del poeta  
entre nubes navegar  
y en las brillantes estrellas  
ver los ríos llorar

Es el sueño de los pobres  
tener caminos donde andar  
encontrar un techo amplio  
donde puedan descansar

Arrivar a una cascada  
que les brinde pan y miel  
Y obtener una camisa  
para poderse poner

Es el sueño de los pobres  
algún día poder ver

Sueña el rico con riquezas  
mientras que cae el rocío  
sueña el niño con pobreza  
y el vendaval le da frío

Todos soñamos que somos  
muñecos de blanca seda  
o como un negro leopardo  
soñamos ser rey de la selva

Yo sueño que estoy perdido  
en un mundo de cristal  
y en los espejos teñidos  
veo me alma flotar

Es el sueño de mis noches  
en brumosas calles bregar  
sin encontrar el camino  
por donde pueda escapar

Es el sueño, todo es un sueño . . .

Jose  
Pineira



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## Art & Photography

Bernadette Kidd
Jan Dilorio
Mike MacEachern
Charles Warren Jr.
Mark Wong
Matthew Wong
Art Class of '77

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