


*D*riftwood

A black metal spiral binding runs vertically down the center of the page.

*Driftwood*  
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Please stop awhile in your busy day  
And remember what I always say;  
Stop complaining and you will see  
That life is great for you and me;  
So put a smile upon your face  
And remember you'll always have a place;

In My Life!

C.S.

## The Black

A coal black shadow  
running effortlessly  
through the canyon,  
His shrill scream of  
challenge echoing  
through the darkness.  
His challenge goes unanswered.

Joanne HineLine

## Introspection

I'm never really satisfied....  
this person called myself

I feel my motivation died,  
alone and on a shelf.

And there are those who criticize;  
they say that I am lazy.

If only they would use their eyes,  
for now their view is hazy.

How can I show them what I'm like?  
It's buried deep within me.

One word unkind, acts as a spike  
to let the blood run freely.  
Someday my courage shall not falter;  
my pride intact remain

And if some way this world I alter,  
contentment then shall reign.

Julie Newton



## OUR TIME

Our time will come when we are ready  
We must take it slow, and friends we'll be  
Then someday I hope we will see  
Our friendship blossom into love  
My heart does stir when I think of you  
I wonder if you feel it too.  
Time is slow when you want things fast  
Think of the future and forget the past  
I hope you'll include me in your tomorrows  
Because you'll always be in mine.

## Rolling Right Along: A Round View of Inflation

Hello, Mel! Are we going to the beach today? I'm so glad. We can play catch, I can help you float and we can have all kinds of fun! First you have to inflate me, though. I can't do anything if I'm not filled-up. Being just a flat lump of wrinkled plastic is not my idea of a fulfilling life so hurry up and breathe some inspiration into my deflated body.

Ahhh... that's better. Wow, I can bounce again! Come on, let's go! Look out waves, here I come. Sometimes, Mel, I feel as if the world is not quite ready for me. You know, Julius Caesar, Charles the Great, Teddy Roosevelt, Steve Martin and me. Quite a collection, huh!

True, my green is bright, my red is vivid and my yellow would make a banana envious, but that ocean is the most beautiful blue I've ever seen. The water looks inviting doesn't it? Ouch! This sand is hot as the hinges of Hades! Excuse me madam. I didn't mean to roll over your, .....uh, b.....uh yeah, you know. Gee, honest, Mel! I didn't mean to. Tee, hee!

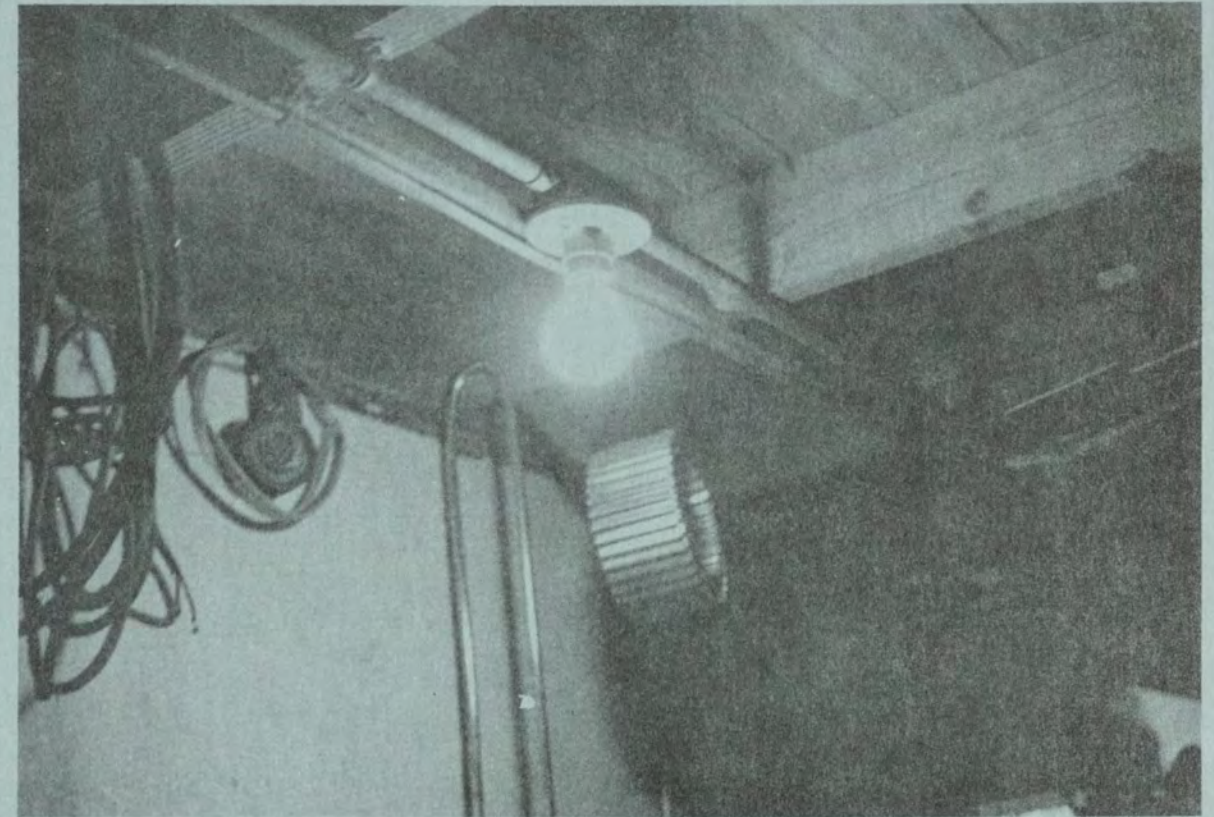
I'll just roll over to the edge and pop in. Ahh... that's nice. My bonny lies over the ocean, my bonny lies over the sea... What? Oh, no! I'm being carried away by the waves. Help! Mel, come save your beach buddy! Good, he's coming. Keep it up baby. Stroke, stroke, stroke. That's my boy. Hurrah, you're a champion swimmer, kid. I'll never leave you again. I promise.

Come on. Let's go lie in the sun. Look over there. That old man looks like he swallowed a basketball. Some people just don't know how to be discreet. Mel, I think that girl is giving you the eye. Why don't you go say hello? No, no Darn birds. No class. Uh, oh here comes another. No, it's just a cloud.

Cloud? Looks like... drat rain clouds. Heh, Mel, I see rain clouds and its beginning to sprinkle. We're going to have to go home. How depressing.

Depressing? Oh, can't you leave me inflated? I won't tell. Please don't pull my plug. Is it because I wandered off caused you so much trouble? But I didn't know that girl had a husband! You want to punish me, don't you. He hit you so you're going to deflate me. Oh, please, I'll be good. Oh, please, no! Oh.....PLEASE...

Julie A. Newton



## Flirt

You cover yourself  
with that personality  
which allows you to  
flirt...endlessly...  
with this you explore  
new territory...  
because only they  
can be so naive  
to that sideways grin  
which comes to you so natural  
and is really a fake  
but soon...  
they find out  
maybe, to late...  
what you really want  
and always will...  
so, on you go  
to new territory  
because only they  
can be so naive  
to give you what you ask...

Dennis K. Wrinn

He gave his all  
He took the cup  
Please hear his call  
And don't give up  
He has a plan for me and you  
He wants to help see us through  
Please listen when He talks to you  
And do what He wants you to.

c.s.



If you are lonely and feeling sad  
Then seek His face and you'll be glad  
Without Him nothing would be what it is  
He gave you life, now give Him his.

c.s.

## MY PEACE

Around me all I see is confusion  
But in myself I am at peace  
I have no cares in this world  
My peace comes from my God.  
I hope that you knee him as I do  
Then you will ahve the same peace too.

c.s.

## CHESS

A field of black, a field of white  
Comprise the lists drawn up to fight  
Thier battleground a checkered plane  
The strategy not brawn but brain.

A game of skill for thinkers and sages  
So like the wars of the Middle Ages  
When the feudal system prevailed in the land  
The shrewd, the cunning held the upper hand.

The first of the pieces, the foot soldier, the *Pawn*  
His number great and frequently called on  
Manipulated freely and sacrificed first  
Just as the serf who received the worst.

The number two piece, the castle or *Rook*  
A fortress of stone, each cranny and nook  
For casteling the king when beseiged and weary  
A place of refuge both dark and dreary.  
The third, the warrior, the *Knight* of old  
With his steed, armor and manner bold  
He swears his allegiance then gives his all  
To the cause he believes in, survive or fall.

The fourth piece, the *Bishop*, whose power is great  
The ascetic who influences church and state  
By gaining the ear of the king or the queen  
His is the might that is felt, not seen.

On to the fifth piece, the ruler, the *King*  
Who knows not today what tomorrow may bring  
His holdings are vast and he hopes secured  
After the battle is fought and endured.

The sixth piece and last, the sovereign *Queen*  
Homage and riches are hers to glean  
With love, ruses and wiles all her own  
She is the power behind the throne.

The players are set, the game will begin  
Black host or white, which one will win?  
Though monarchs have vanished and knighthood is gone  
As long as we've Chess, they'll live on and on!

Felicia

## THE RETURN OF THE PROFILIC PEN

It happened in September, at the start of grade ten, he's the greatest D.I. writer, (now called the Profilic Pen). He wrote many stories, they were well liked by all. He was referred to as Hemingway of the Speech Class, he stood proud and tall. But bad times destroyed all of this. 11th Grade slump brought him down, his writing became nothing, he was a forgotten writing clown. A rebirth his last year found a new need to write, so he and his pen started forward, with fluent working delight.

He wrote many stories, some think he got carried away. He wrote more and more D.I.'s Navarro's hair was turning gray. A.J. would ask for the script, then he stood there in fright. A.J. would threaten him and curse, he didn't want him to write. How was he to know it was wrong? We told him its against the rules. The speech class wouldn't stop him; pen and paper are his tools. So his return is victorious, he defies all the odds. He made a treaty with the guys, a compromise with the broads.

Now the year is closing, all is well again and yes they all will remember the return of THE PROFILIC PEN.

Matt Shakespere Locke



The city, big times, where everyone comes to hide his fears and anguish, his problems and sorrows behind the faceless unorganized multitude. People rushing, hiding their secret desires, people that never ask for names, just numbers. Doors that are bolted and triple-locked never to open to help someone dripping their lives away in the rain. Creeping midnight shadows fall over the sleepy city and over its lifeless rambles that search for love as the sun goes down. Lives that imitate and repeat a desperate task of survival day after day, expecting to receive some compensation for their misery. Those lonely mortal souls cover the dirty, filthy streets without tiring, they can't tire, for this is their daily bread, their water, their only opportunity for enduring.

The little wanderers aren't only found on the city streets, inside the apartments of immense structures, lives also engage in constant combat for survival. In one such dwelling Robert can be found. Open doors request attention. As you enter, you become aware of the opiated smell that is twirled in the rooms with the assistance of the Spring breeze as it comes through the open window.

Colorful ornaments and paintings could be found scattered and shattered through the crumbled craggy, grape colored rug that semi-covers the wooden floors. A collapsed figure of a disappointed human that had given up on all of life's aspirations was in a corner of the room. The bright spacious living room where harmonic sounds that pleased the ears used to be heard, was now only dimly lit by a long-black wax candle struggling to survive like the owner of the shadow that moans and weeps for life.

With the assistance of the flickering light a gleaming metallic object was visible in his bony right hand. He would gaze at it as if looking at death himself. For a brief second the object was out of view, as it was lifted, bringing it to the level of his eyes. The metallic object had become a sharp-edged blade that he caressed and rubbed on his face. Bringing it closer to his mouth he kissed it with the edge of his lips. What he was kissing was cold but not as cold as his spirit felt at this time. A grotesque smile came upon his face as he looked around him, but it disappeared as if it never had been there.

As if wanting to be stronger he wiped the tears that had been running down his face, like racers in a marathon. But his pale face remained moist from those tears that he'd shed. The hazel eyes had now turned gray along with his grieving soul. The look that escaped from him was one of madness, it was one of a deeply held pain that at last had erupted. Agonizing thoughts swept through the mind of the solitary character. Cold sweat was released from his irritated body as volcanic contractions helped in shortening his miserable life.

A deep razor-sharp cut had penetrated the skin on his wrist, aiding the body in the lost of all its coordination, as potent muscles became numb and narcotized in movements. His soul wanted to escape, but escape to where? How? Only vivid sensations of uncleanness surrounded Robert Delon's body as a fetid, almost offensive smell began to appear. The individual essence of Robert wanted to fly but how he had no wings to do it.

Jose Pinera



## THE COMING OF DARKNESS

I once lived in a world of Sunshine;  
A world in which I was happy-go-lucky;  
A world of dreams

All at once though that world was blown  
apart, shattered, by another;  
He came swiftly and quietly, and darkened  
my sunshine.

For me the world now seems dark and cold;  
I feel detached, as if I were on a far  
away planet which had no sun;  
I feel old and lonesome, and inside I  
am ill at ease.  
A part of me is missing, the happy part.

I wonder to myself if this is a broken  
heart. I don't think it is broken,  
just missing. I wonder if I can ever be  
warmed again. Or happy.

I look at the world and it seems to  
have so little to offer. And as I look  
toward the future, with tearfilled eyes,  
I wonder silently to myself,  
"Where do I go to from here?"

W.D.C.

## Forever Yours

IN SPITE OF ALL I'VE LEARNED  
I STILL AM OUT OF PLACE  
MY IMAGES ARE TIMELESS  
MY SPIRIT ABOVE GRACE

SO WHY DO PEOPLE PLUNDER  
FAST AGAINST MY SOUL  
I TRIED TO BE THEIR PERSON  
I TRIED TO PLEASE THEM ALL

NOT SO ANCIENT ARE THE TIMES  
WHEN I RENOUNCED MY MIND  
TO PLEASE THEM NOT DISRUPT THEM  
TO BE FOREVER KIND

FROM MORNING SUN TO EVENING DEW  
I WALKED ETERNAL GROUNDS  
TRYING TO BE MYSELF ALONE  
SCREAMING WITHOUT SOUNDS

DECAYED IS NOW MY SPIRIT  
I HAVE FOREVER DIED  
AND NOW MUST REALIZE  
THAT THEY AND I HAVE LIED

THE TIME IS NOW TO SAY GOODBYE  
BUT DO NOT CRY OR MOAN  
FOR I AM HAPPY TO JUST PART  
AS I HAVE LIVED, ALONE.

Jorge M. Reyes

## Tactile Sight

(dedicated to all the children blind from birth.)

Ah, if only I could make  
you understand  
The colors that I see and  
feel.  
Bright orange is a summers day  
The heat penetrating warmly  
the layers of cool flesh  
Until the chill has left my  
bones  
And I am lying melted on  
the sand.  
The water is the coolest blue  
For when I pour my liquid  
self off the sand  
It washes away the orange  
I am refreshed and regain  
my form as the peace that is blue  
enters me.  
The deep green shadows  
Beckon to me from between  
the rocks  
and behind the palms.  
I smell the tangy, palyful  
scent of green  
I am drawn out of the water  
Into the drunken headiness  
which lulls me to sleep.

I am awakened by a loud red  
Screaming, raging  
plays havoc with the sky  
Long angry fingers of angry red  
rake the innocent twilight  
While I cover my ears and  
close my eyes to shut out the rape of my senses.  
Black greets me with a blanket of numbness  
Not very particular  
It treats everything the same  
But you already know black.  
I look into the midnight  
sky and points of white  
Burning deep into my eyes  
Cause tiny holes in my head  
All my thoughts, free at last,  
come streaming out.  
And still the burning remains.  
Purple chaos fills my soul  
As I, helpless and panic-stricken,  
Search for My thoughts in vain  
and meet with only purple despair.  
I sink into the murky depth  
of brown  
It pulls and sucks at me  
like quicksand  
Waiting to call my soul  
to its very heart  
But a shiny shaft of yellow glimmers  
Grabbing hold with both hands  
I draw on that one tiny ray  
And as I pull the brown slids away  
I am free with my one golden thought  
If only I could make you feel and touch and taste  
and hear  
The colors that I see  
You wouldn't need  
eyes at all.

Julie A. Newton

## The Pack

Noses point toward a shining moon,

A chorus to begin soon.

The ritual begins,

Eyes strain toward distant shadows,

Shapes move in bleak meadows.

The pack gathers.

Stalking through the night,

Silvery moon shining bright.

The hunt goes on.

Prey dart from the brush,

A dozen bodies begin to rush.

Death comes swiftly.

Joanne Hineline

## Terminus

*He was as a tree inclined to the earth  
Rugged yet calm and still  
An independent being from birth  
With a spirit fired by will.  
His steel-blue eyes were keen but kind  
His hair the hue of wheat  
His body quick as was his mind  
His garments crude but neat.*

*She was fair to behold, slim and lithe  
Crowned by raven tresses  
She was fun to be near, gay and blithe  
Beyond all wordly stresses.  
Nature was her own guide  
As she journeyed through life's dark wood  
No evil nestled near her side  
She was all that's gentle and good.*

*One Spring day he came along--  
The good-looking tow-headed boy  
Her life became all wine and song  
She had never known such joy.  
They lived and loved, needless to say  
Immune to the world passing by  
Unconsciously they sealed their fate  
For together they were to die.*

*Just one year from their meeting  
When summer held full sway  
He came to her with a whistled greeting  
And they headed toward the bay.  
A small, quaint boat was their delight  
As upon the waves they sailed  
The starry sky lit up their night  
Before their vessel failed.*

*Those silent waters became their grave  
Pale water lily their crepe.  
The silvery light that the full moon gave  
Turned into a funeral drape.  
The salty swirls closed over the love  
Which often they had vowed,  
As the Lord looked down from the far above  
And blessed their aqua shroud.*

Felicia

It hurts me to think back upon my youth. Everything in the valley seemed greener, brighter, . . . and happier then. I remember rolling in the new spring grass with my friends and, at night, quietly falling asleep as my mother told me stories of the brave deeds performed by warriors of the past. Of course there was the worry of finding food and looking out for our safety but life was generally beautiful.

Yes, everything in our valley seemed perfect until one day. One of our brothers from the next valley brought terrifying news. Giant creatures had invaded his valley and had killed and destroyed almost everything that came in their path. He told us many of our kind had stayed to fight the giants but it was no use. He also told us that the giants were coming our way. He said we should go into the mountains and pray that we weren't followed.

The next few days were a nightmare. Many were saying good-bye to old friends should they not find each other in the strange mountains world. Others, like myself, stayed to fight. We could not just give up our homes and lives.

It was late morning when they came. there were not many, just a few in fact, but they killed with a swiftness unimaginable. By noon many of our race, as well as other races, had been killed. We no longer had the desire to fight. We all left our homes and took to the mountains.

It has been a year since the giants invaded. We have spent that time building new homes here in the mountains. We no longer fight among ourselves but are banding together. Today is the first council meeting of the races. There is one delegate from each of the animal species. We sit in a clearing and plot and plan for the eventual down fall of our new enemy -- THE HUMAN RACE.

William D. Crane



## hojas nuevas

Caminas un camino de llantos viejos  
es arido, esteril, frio  
y un espiritu corre tras el  
al igual que soldados moribundos  
cubiertos de polvo embrujado  
con sus trajes de papel  
ya no se escucha del ciego  
coplas de lunas pasadas  
ni la anciana con mantilla  
vende su fruta en la aldea  
el sinsonte en la capilla  
derrama su traje de lino  
hoy la llama que silbaba  
se ha convertido en humo  
te pesa la carga!  
ya tus huellas no son doradas  
el viento que raspa tu cara  
tambien ovilla las nubes  
una bandera se raja  
y dos sombras amargas suben  
el camino esta cercado  
y el eco de la manana  
hace las barreras caer  
surge la carabela  
comenzando al fin su viaje  
la bayoneta olvidada  
cae sobre la tumba helada  
entre cortinas de aranas  
canta el arbol canto nuevo  
y temible flotan entre miradas  
hojas nuevas gajos viejos

Jose Pinera



## A Charm of Awful Power

Back in the "before time" the young people rebelled against rules and demanded anarchy; a society bereft of laws. The Elders brought Lola and her powers in order to control the people by allowing tensions to be released through nightly sessions of madness.

Sleep invaded the tiny town as nightfall crept ever onward. The barking of dogs was heard, had caused commotion before, but this was not needed by a single soul. Suddenly the barking stopped, as if on cue, like the abrupt shutting off of a faucet.

Then they began. The drums sounded louder as their tempo increased. Shrieks and screams pierced the rhythm as some of the people left their homes in sheer terror, hearts pounding and blood coursing through their veins in hideous duplicate patterns of mutual origin.

One lone girl sat in the corner of a room, untouched by the madness outside, with a smile on her face. She was completely occupied with the knitting of a long piece of fabric. Her needles clicked in time with the drums and as she slowed the drums did also. The whole village became quiet when she stopped to put away her knitting. Then the sun rose as the girl closed all her windows to await the return of the night. A peculiar blank expression had replaced the smile.

Jeanette Freedom rose from the dirt road long enough to get her bearings. As her vision cleared she recognized the small wooden structures surrounding her. A brown hand reached down to help her up.

"It wasn't so bad this time, was it, Jeanette?"

"No, Lar. But I can't help wishing it would all come to an end."

"You know that's impossible, Jeanette. The Elders will not see to forgive us."

"Yes, the Elders. But doesn't the inscription say something about a stranger who will release us?"

"Do you really believe that?"

"No. I cut my wrist last night. I'd better let Dr. Zimm look at it."

"If he has survived another phasing. I heard that those who are dissatisfied with life here kill themselves during phasing. Do you think that's what happened to Marta?"

"No, after all, we didn't find her body, did we?"

"Perhaps she's just lost."

"We all are."

Lar and Jeanette reached Dr. Zimm's hut were met outside by a short stout man of unusual age and dignity. It was said he could remember the "Before time". Most of the villagers were afraid of him because of this.

"Vell, Jeanette, mein lieveling, I zee you have hurt yourself again. Dag? I'll zee if I can ut you back together." The doctor chuckled to himself as he began his work.

"I've heard zat zere is a stranger in town. He is from ze valley or zo mien nurse tells me."

"Oh? Why is he here, Herr Professor?"

"Zat is a question best answered by mien nurse. Dag?"

He chuckled again because he had no nurse and he thought this was amusing.

"He'll not want to stay once he has encountered a phasing. He hasn't anywhere to go unless he wishes to hide and live like an animal. I can remember when strangers were welcomed as long as they followed the rules."

"Shut up! You speak blasphemy when you mention rules."

"I can't help it, Lar. Anyway, we're supposed to be free aren't we? I mean, if there are no rules anymore how can it be right or wrong to speak of them? Is there a rule which forbids the speaking of rules?"

"Jeanette, you don't understand. The Elders feed, house, and care for you. There is no need

for rules."

"Well what about the choosing of mates?"

"You had your pick, mien child. You and Lar are vell suited. Zere vill be no interference."

"What if we don't survive another phasing?" Lar shook his head.

"Let's go, Jeanette."

"Yes, go and find the stranger, mein children. Tot ziens!"

A tall man with a limp came down the dirt road as Jeanette and Lar were leaving Dr. Zimm's hut. His face was weather-beaten and his build was spare and sinewy. As he approached the young couple his face grew stern.

"My name is Tamar and I'm looking for the Dark One. Do you know where I may find her?"

"My name is Lar and this is Jeanette. I do not know of anyone here who answers to that name. Are you the stranger?"

"I have come to find the Dark One. May I speak to the Elders?"

"No, no one speaks to the Elders!"

The stranger fixed his cold blue stare on Jeanette. She began to tremble uncontrollably and her mind was suddenly filled with foreign thoughts. Then, with deliberate slowness, the stranger turned away and walked down the street.

"What's wrong? Are you alright, Jeanette?"

"The stranger knows about the inscription. He thinks we already have the power to break away from the Elders. He thinks we're fools!"

"But how can we break away?"

"By finding the Dark One."

"Who is the Dark One, Jeanette?"

"Lola, the mute in the last hut. She knits a fabric of terror and chaos. She is the cause of our lawlessness and the Sorcerer Tamar has a reason for wanting to know her whereabouts."

"Why is that?"

"She stole from him a symbol of a hawk in black agate. It is the key to the power used by the Elders."

"Then we must hurry before the sorcerer has time to... God, we're too late, he's already in the market place!"

Lar and Jeanette raced over to the market place; nothing more than a fountain which had fallen into disrepair. When they got there they saw the Dark One being held by the Sorcerer Tamar and to their horror they realized that his embrace was meant to destroy. The dark One broke into hundreds of tiny pieces, resembling a mosaic of ceramic or clay. The sorcerer held up the black agate in triumph.

"Good people, you are free! Now you may return to your lives of boundaries and restrictions, now you may fend for yourselves. You are responsible!"

The sorcerer disappeared in a flash of blue smoke, never to be heard from again. Five hunched figures emerged from the shadows and spoke as one.

"We are the Elders. Since Tamar has seen to it that our power is destroyed you must now work for your living. He called you free but you will be forever shackled, slaves to labor."

"You're wrong! Only dedication can make you realize your own worth and then you can become independent. That is true freedom!"

Lar and Jeanette walked away with the crowd. Everyone returned to their huts and no one knew what to do next. They would have to begin again.

Dr. Zimm looked on and asked, "Waarom niet?"

Why not, indeed!

## Days of Thought

Bring me those days  
of sunshine and cloudless smiles.  
of blossoming buttercups  
of you.

Remind me of those days  
of soft slow melodies  
of cool spring breezes  
of mountain spring thoughts

Show me those days  
of care free laughter  
of trickling morning dew  
of bouncing baby kittens.

Where are those days.....?

walking along a singing creek  
the smiling sky eye caressing  
my unaware back. Two small  
indifferent muskrats routinely  
scatter. They would be unafraid  
but they were taught differently  
they were taught differently.

Unwrap those hiding days  
of newborn roses  
of picture postcard scenes  
of you  
find those shy days  
of snickering naivety  
of easy nothings  
of peaceful April afternoons

Disrupt these days  
of nervous discontent  
of steady chiling rain  
of charcoal sneering clouds

A peaceful gull glides angelic white  
above a crowded beach. Children, tattooed  
with sticky sand begin to cry. They  
do not appreciate the beauty among  
them.

Stifle these days  
of ill stricken sunrises  
of bulweaved daisies  
of falseness.

Smother these days  
of polluted waterfalls  
of black billowing factories  
of breath choked nights.  
Cancel these days  
of uncaring winter weeds  
of sinister self consciousness  
of uneasiness

Walking along a stagnant creek, my  
hands reaching, hiding, reaching...  
unable to brave the mental test,  
I retreat to my darkened cave.

Sorrow fills the gloss rimmed eyes  
I can't find those days  
they are gone.

KT



## Burning Within

I felt a burning within  
as I saw the judge come in  
and I wondered at his sneering smile  
knowing well that the defense won the trial  
thru the lengthy week  
I proved what I had sought  
the decision must be innocent  
I'm sure that's the way the jury went  
but I must stay confident and cool  
and wait the jury's rule.

I felt a burning within  
seeing the state's attorney standing there  
He looked and laughed at me a little bit  
and I wasn't sure what was meant by it  
then the jury entered the room  
and everyone was silent and stiff  
as the verdict was given to the bailiff  
and everyone was watching in the room  
the bailiff gave the judge the letter  
we waited for worst or for better.

I felt a burning within  
as he read the words there written  
The verdict was guilty he said  
and the fury of madness went to my head  
I yelled for a retrial  
but only got denials  
a life you steal  
my God, I want a repeal  
my screams of anger went unheard  
like the whole trial, never heard a word.

I felt a burning within  
as I left the building then  
cameras and newsmen all around  
but I ran far from all the sound  
now a man will pay for something  
he didn't do, and they tell me to forget about it  
and they pat me on the back  
and say "you did all that you could"  
but my client didn't sin  
so let this whisky burn me within.

Matthew Locke



a child is walking  
through chiffon alleys,  
where faces hang  
and clocks tell time  
of days that past.  
the crystal horse  
utters no sound  
as they lock a child  
within the metal chest.

look around, see the key  
see the purple shoe  
tight to the branch,  
the key opens bolted rooms  
rooms that lead to sunken years,  
years that took away  
the hope for love.

the daffodil has fallen  
from the ancient tower,  
and the old porcelian fountain  
no longer lives.  
the child that walks alone at night  
receives the comfort of his shadow.

Jose Pinera

I met my lover in a dream,  
but never saw his face  
He came behind me in the dream,  
so warm was his embrace  
His breath was soft and fragrant,  
'twas heady as red wine  
And I will be his faithfully  
until the end of time.

Julie Newton

DO NOT SEARCH FOR LOVE.

YOU WILL ONLY FIND UNHAPPINESS AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

INSTEAD LET LOVE FIND YOU.

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL KIND OF LOVE

IS THAT WHICH COMES NATURALLY.

W.D.C.

Time: 0.45 secs.

ready

Each time we pass, and look upon each other  
with empty, indifferent eyes, I can't help  
but to think how much you meant to me.

You made my days fulfilling  
with your mellow voice, your teasing laughter  
and your warm embrace.

How could we have grown so cold and detached?  
Just when I think that I've swept you completely  
from my mind, I see you again.

And I realize how much you mean to me,  
and how I long to hold you so closely  
just one more time.

Dennis K. Wrinn



## Pass Me By

If by chance we should happen to meet  
On a lonely highway or a busy street.  
Among the crowds our eyes should meet  
Just pass me by.

We laughed and joked about ourselves  
And love was in our eyes  
But you chose to replace that love  
With nothing else but lies.

There was a time when things were good  
And all our plans went as they should  
You changed your mind and played a game  
Now just pass me by.

I know I'll get over you,  
Because its something I have to do  
And even if again we should happen to meet  
Please just pass me by.

D.M.

## THE LAST HEARTBREAK

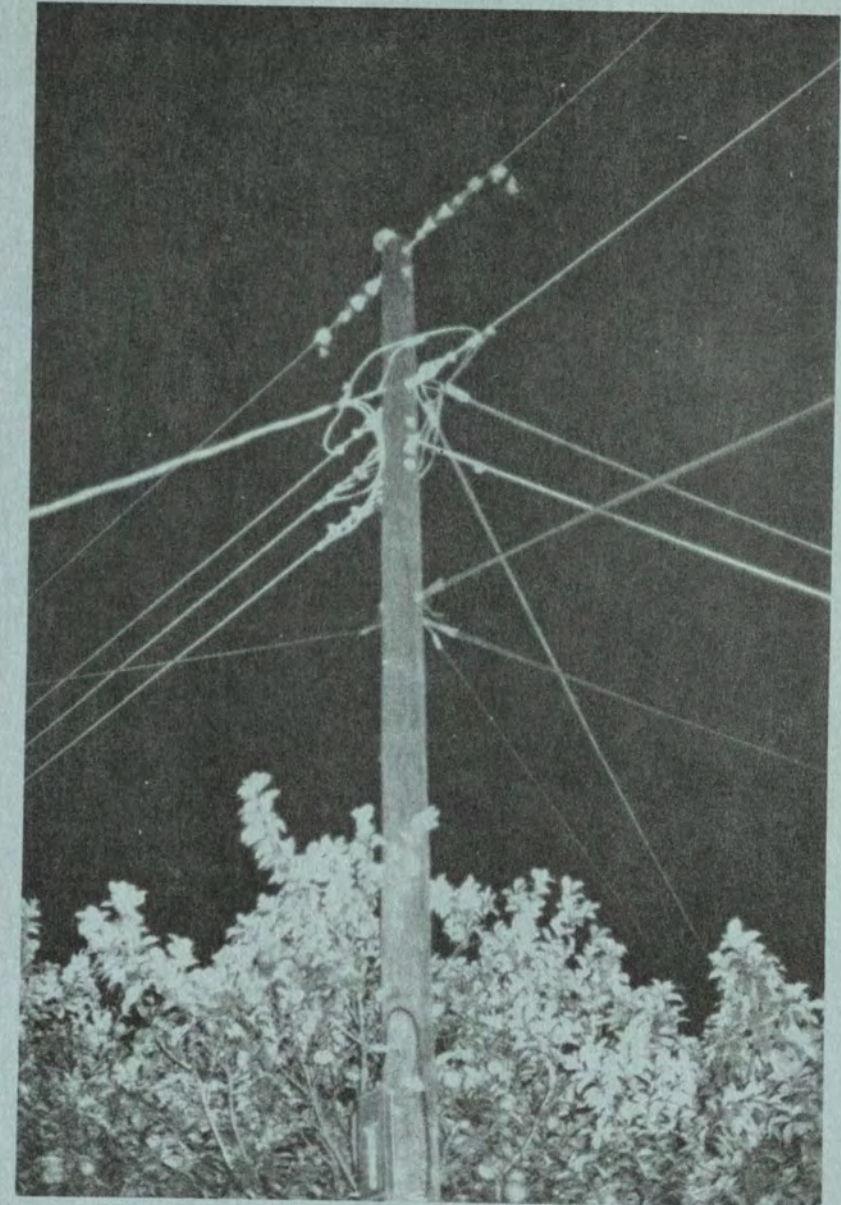
FIRST THE PLANT DIED, BUT THERE WERE OTHER PLANTS  
THE DEATH WAS MY FAULT, NO WATER, SUN, OR SMALL TALK.  
I PULLED THE SCRAGGLY REMAINS AND KEPT THE POT.  
I KNEW THE POT WOULD COME IN HANDY FOR PLANTING IN.  
LIFE WENT ON AND THE PLANT WAS SOON FORGOTTEN.

LATER THE PUPPY DIED, I CRIED BUT OTHER PUPPIES WERE AVAILABLE.  
THE SPEEDING CAR TOOK HIM FROM ME, BUT I STILL HAD PICTURES.  
HIS DISH, TOYS, AND A LEASH ENDED UP ON THE GARAGE SHELVES.  
I THOUGHT MAYBE SOME DAY I'D GET ANOTHER DOG.  
I DIDN'T BUT LIFE MOVED ON, SOMETIMES I THINK OF HIM.

THEN I MOVED AWAY AND ALL MY FRIENDS WERE LEFT BEHIND.  
THE WEATHER WAS ABOMINABLE SO THE MOVE HAD TO BE MADE.  
EVERYTHING I OWNED WAS PACKED INTO CARDBOARD BOXES AND SHIPPED.  
I THOUGHT OF REVISITING THE OLD PLACE, BUT NO TIME WAS AVAILABLE.  
I CONTINUED MY LIFE AND MY FRIENDS WITH THEIRS, SOME DIED I HEARD.

WHEN MY LOVE DIED THERE WAS NO REPLACEMENT AND I FELT SICK.  
IT WAS OVER AND IT WAS BOTH OUR FAULTS, BUT I DID THE CRYING.  
I KEPT SOME PICTURES, SOME MENTAL MEMORIES, AND ALL THE PAIN.  
I HOPED WE'D SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN, BUT IT WAS NOT TO BE.  
THE CLOCK STOPPED, MY DREAMS ENDED, AND A PART OF LIFE WAS OVER.

Jorge M. Reyes





I don't know how to thank you  
it should have been done long ago  
'cause you're the kind of friend  
that everyone should know.  
Many times you've helped me out  
when all the others failed  
many times you've come to see me  
when no one else would care.  
And sure you said some things  
that I knew just weren't true  
but you made me believe in myself  
something nobody else would do.  
We've shared some crazy times  
been through thick and thin  
made a lasting friendship  
where others just begin.  
So I guess I better tell you  
before it gets to late  
that you're the kind of friend I need  
knowing you has just been Great!

Dennis K. Wrinn

## Soldier Has Come Home

Amongst the procession of blood-clad heroes  
comes my battle-scarred knight.....

...has come to woo me once more...

Oh, my sweet soldier, thou speaks of sorrows,  
unending days with no to-morrows,  
Thoughts of me 'tween moments of despair,  
a tear or two when no one was there.

Stripped of innocence, defiant of death  
the horse and the lover in a fruitless charade...  
Now dazed by reality, seeks my love once again,  
No knights in shining armor or damsels in distress,  
nor horses, nor castles....

A tattered uniform...

A wounded soldier...

The legendary unsung hero amidst the fallen brigade.

Sylvia-Maria Rodriquez

*Driftwood is the traditional literary magazine of Biscayne College. It is published annually and is made possible through the combined talents of Biscayne College students. It is designed as a forum to display the writing, artistic, and photographic talents of our students and staff. To all that did submit their work I thank you and gratefully acknowledge and appreciate the help given in putting out this magazine. There is talent at Biscayne College - Driftwood, Act One, Logos, and other clubs on campus help the students display and develop those talents. Good luck to all in the future.*

*I would like to give my congratulations to William D. Crane (1 st. place) and Felicia (2 nd. place), winners of the literary contest sponsored by Driftwood.*

*I also give special thanks and consideration to the following people, without whose help this magazine would not have been possible:*

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*Art students at American High School*

*and last but not least my friend Julie Newton*

*May we always have students at Biscayne College that are willing to work for what they believe in, and professors that are willing to guide their path.*

*Jose Pinera*

*Editor*

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## POETRY & PROSE

Everything	FAM	frontispiece
Please stop	c.s.	5
The black	Joanne Hineine	6
Introspection	Julie Newton	7
Our Time	anonymous	9
Rolling Right Along:...	Julie Newton	10
Flirt	Dennis K. Wrinn	12
He gave...	c.s.	13
If you...	c.s.	13
My Peace	c.s.	13
Chess	Felicia	14
The Return Of The Profilic Pen	Matt Shakespere Locke	15
The city...	Jose Pinera	16
The Coming of darkness	W.D.C.	18
Forever Yours	Jorge M. Reyes	19
Tactile Sight	Julie A. Newton	20
The Pack	Joanne Hineine	22
Terminus	Felicia	23
It hurts me...	William D. Crane	24
hojas nuevas	Jose Pinera	26
A Charm Of Awful Power		28
Days of Thought	KT	30
Burning Within	Matthew Locke	32
a child...	Jose Pinera	34
i met my lover...	Julie Newton	35
do not...	W.D.C.	36
Each Time We Pass...	Dennis K. Wrinn	37
Pass Me By	D.M.	39
The Last Heartbreak	Jorge M. Reyes	40
I don't know...	Dennis K. Wrinn	43
Soldier Has Come Home	Sylvia Rodriguez	44
Chestnut	Joanne Hineine	48

## ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

Early shadows	Charles Warren	4
Rabbit	Charles Warren	8
incandescent lamp	Julie Newton	11
Fly High	Timothy Bast	17
Fire	Charles Warren	25
Space...	Charles Mood	27
Sail	Charles Warren	33
Man for all times	Charles Warren	38
Light comes	Julie Newton	41
My Branch	Timothy Bast	42





## Chestnut

A chestnut-red stallion,  
His silky, cream colored mane  
Falling lightly over his arched neck,  
Stands alone.  
Teeth barred,  
Ears flattened against his small  
Savage head.  
He awaits the coming danger.

Joanne HineLine

