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*Driftwood*  
*(The Biscayne College literary magazine)*

*Spring '81*

*Biscayne College*  
*Miami, Florida*

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### *Poetry and Prose*

Dreams	Linda D. Newton	7
On the Inside, Looking out	Joanne Hinline	9
The Blade of Rapiers	Alina Avila	10
Simplicity	Ann Elliston	12
Men in Zebra Suits	JWS	13
Socialized	Teresa de la Guardia	14
Schoenbrunn	James J. McCartney, O.S.A.	16
Frame of Reference	Julie A. Newton	17
Incident	Alan Leon	18
The Maid Joan	Alina Avila	19
Quickfrozen	Kathleen Fuchs	28
Motion in Color	Linda D. Newton	30
China Dolls	Alina Avila	31
The Pier	James J. McCartney, O.S.A.	32
Reaching Out	Julie A. Newton	33
The Lizard of Odd	William D. Crane	35
Sunrise, Sunset	Kathleen Fuchs	40
To Stephen	James J. McCartney, O.S.A.	42
Look at Yourself	Alan Leon	43
Fear Me Not	Julie A. Newton	45

### *Art*

Head and Snake	Kris	6
Black Angelfish	JH	8
<i>untitled</i>	Linda D. Newton	11
Rooster	Jules	15
Ice Cream Cone	Kris	29
Plecostomus Sucker	JH	34
<i>untitled</i>	Linda D. Newton	41
Tree	JH	44

**Notice:**

The poem, *To \_\_\_\_\_, With Love* (DRIFTWOOD, Spring 1980, page 8) was written by Sandy Miranda and not the author listed. We apologize for this error.

*The Editor*

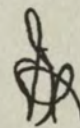


## **Dreams**

A pool of liquid black,  
descending.  
Eyes closed, Breath light, mind's eye  
pretending.  
Visions of pseudo - life, timeless  
never - ending.  
A labyrinth path with dusty tracks  
ever - bending.  
A fragment of a lifetime, fraught with meaning . . .  
dreaming.

*Linda Newton*

*Black Angelfish*



## ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT OR LIFE IN A TEN GALLON TANK

Oooo, yawn, stretch. Who turned on the lights? Oh, just my pet, the cashier. Wonder who's with him.

Hey, Sid! You know who that is?

Oh, well. Sid never was much on talking. He's opening up the lid. Is it feeding time already? Woops! It's the net. Run fellas. Yipes! Help! I ought to practice what I preach. Drat! Here I go-o-o.

Splash, splash!

Wiggle, wiggle!

PLOP!

Ouch, that's what I call hard water. Hey, what do ya mean dropping me in a plastic baggie. I ain't no sardine sandwich.

PLOP!

What's this? Another unfortunate come to join the ranks.

Hi! I'm Gerri. What's your name?

OK, be that way. Just for that I'll call you Seymour.

Slosh, slosh.

Oops, we're moving. Gosh, it's dark in here.

SPLASH!

Ah, home sweet home. Colorful rock formations, green leaves swaying with the current, fellow fish swimming playfully here and there. Ah, this is the life. Wait just a doggone minute. This isn't my tank and that isn't my pet. These plants are all different and they're not in the right places.

YEEK! I thought I saw a Guppy! I did! I did see a Guppy!

Imagine, a Guppy in the same tank with an aristocratic angelfish like me. I'm absolutely devastated.

Here comes that human. Well, I guess I'm stuck here. I might as well name my new pet. Let's see, Fifi, no, Princess, no, Honey, yes, Honey. Here Honey, here Honey. What's that she's putting in the tank. Yuch, it's brown. That Guppy is actually eating it. Well, maybe it's edible and I am rather hungry.

Nibble, nibble, G-U-L-p.

Hey, that's SHRIMP! Beautiful, delicious, delectable, shrimp. That Guppy ain't so dumb after all.

Mmmmmmm. Better than fish food flakes any day. If this is what mealtimes are like, I may get to like it here.

Dedicated to all our fishy finned friends swimming ceaselessly in their fancy fishtanks.

JH  
(alias Honey)

## The Blade of Rapiers

Clock the first passage of the pert twin's fate;  
(From whom all life begins), the faith belittled,  
They, tired of truth, turn then to answers seen  
On billboards torn on highways' missing parts.  
Beguiled, they reel on in circles without a base plan.

Tumbling through the universe is the planet Earth.  
Tiny ball filled with timid life.  
Death ripping her to pieces inside her toilsome core  
Like trails making stinking films of gas  
That veils clouds in black tears, with satellites  
Exploding in poor countries where big bellies  
Are filled only by air. Air to air.  
The fate of man is inbetween rows of books  
Where blades are pointed narrowly into empty shelves.

*Alina Avila*



## SIMPLICITY

We seem to only find enjoyment  
When we're being mused by employment.  
Going here and going there, hurry fast,  
Before the lights grow dim and the sun's cast.  
We have to find some action to survive,  
Without it we would lose control and die.

What has happened to those simple pleasures  
When just a walk in the park was treasured.  
We waste so much time in contemplating,  
"Should we see a movie, or go skating?"  
To stay home is a sickness indeed;  
We have vowed to keep our joyous creed.

Spend three dollars and spend one hundred more;  
A night on the town makes a week such a chore.  
Pockets are empty and heads are throbbing  
Of all whom flock the streets by night shopping.  
Moderation, popular in the past,  
With only a few of us will it last.

*Ann Elliston*

## Men in Zebra Suits

It is safe to assume that everyone in some way or another has ventured to see a basketball game. The main point of this article deals with the small fellow running up and down the court in a zebra outfit looking like a refugee from Halloween. This intriguing chap known as a referee is often the subject of much controversy. Here is a man of average height and below average vision trying to control the actions of bionic studs manufactured in various states throughout the country. It is bad enough the poor man has only a whistle with which to defend himself against these giants, yet he has nothing to defend himself against the other hundred or so officials seated in various locations throughout the arena. If you are one of these self-appointed officials you know without a doubt that your view of the play is so much better than that of the small guy on the court. After all, you are not dodging all those size 16 feet just waiting to put your facial imprint on the soul of their sneakers. So if you think it is so easy, why don't you try it? One will find, as I myself did, that not only is it like painting a house with a tooth brush, but it pays about as well as Scrooge. So before you make comments like "Where did you leave your seeing eye dog?" or "Nuts and bolts, nuts and bolts, boy did we get screwed," put yourself in his position. Give the poor guy a break and tell him he did a good job. After all, his dog might bite.

J.W.S



## SOCIALIZED

Hello me, have you been all right?  
Wish that I could be with you tonight.  
But I have to study.  
I've got to make the grade.  
You know how it's going to count  
At least for the rest of my life.  
I'll see you soon,  
Some Sunday morning in a song.

Here you are again so very near,  
Looking at me through the mirror.  
You know it's important  
That we look just right.  
I've got to go now.  
My friends, they're waiting for me.  
Staring out the window  
On a rainy day we'll have some time.

I really do need to talk to you,  
But, God, there's so much I've got to do  
How quickly that light turned red.  
This noise is just a bit too much today.  
No I can't turn the radio off.  
You know it's not good to be alone.  
These are the strangest of times  
No Sunday mornings, no rainy days.

*Teresa de la Guardia*



## SCHOENBRUNN

O palace of queens and princes  
And emperors divine  
--- or so they thought ---  
Standing serenely between the pastel greens and greys  
Of lovely sculpted gardens and moody skies.  
What secrets do your sallow, sturdy walls  
And staring gargoyles hide?

You speak to me of life and love  
And death and hate as well  
--- how paradoxical you say ---  
But I reply that human life if lived  
As nobody as decreed by measured paths and vaulting rooms  
Must reach that harmony, beauty, and truth  
Through the battle gore of young men's blood  
Poured out in lonely, fearful death.

How many pointless deaths do your shuttered windows hide?  
What stains do your ceaseless fountains try to wash away  
--- always to fail ---  
Why do your flowers all bloom blood red  
Trying to enshroud in elegance a color that betrays?  
Do gawking tourists think of all this strife  
Or do they care that still today the people die in vain?  
O Schoenbrunn Bare of people now an empty hollow frame  
Remind us of noble ideals borne on the backs of dying men  
And let us not build you again, again.

James J. McCartney

## FRAME OF REFERENCE

They've been implying that I'm . . . unbalanced. Just because I gave that evil boy, Tommy McKay, what he deserved. Anyone would have done what I did. It had to be done! There was nothing criminal about it. Anyone will tell you how kind I am. Why, I wouldn't hurt a fly. Now I'm standing trial. But let me explain the events which lead to this sad miscarriage of justice.

I am the chief librarian at Tucker Elementary School; I have been for fifteen years. During that time I have always been able to maintain order and dignity within the library. It would not be unusual for a person, in all that time, to become attached to the elegance and purity of the gathering of so much wisdom. I would be foolish indeed to try to imply that I am not, on occasion, slightly obsessive about the care and treatment of our books. I am, however, fair. I teach children to have the proper respect for the knowledge stored inside those walls, the beauty and wonder cradled on clean white pages, and the mysteries waiting to be unearthed and discovered anew. So many children have responded to the magic of reading and that is what made Tommy's transgression so much more unbearable and humiliating.

Had I only been able to reach Tommy and show him a little of the miracles awaiting him! Libraries belong to the people. They are the culture, the history, the very heart and soul of humanity. But Tommy would not or could not understand. Perhaps it was not fair to blame him, since I am aware of the unhappy home lurking in his background. Perhaps it is just a sign of the times. I pray not but I fear it is true. In that case I am guilty of punishing a victim of society. It is so then I bow to the courts and commend my spirit to God.

Tommy was and is a bright boy, capable of astonishing insight and sensitivity. This is made more astonishing after one has met his parents. His father is a man of little education, which ordinarily would be sad but in this case seems to be premeditated. His mother is hardly any better and seems to delight in disproving the theory of maternal instinct. This is a brief but uncolored account of his natural parents. I took it upon myself to offer him a home some time after meeting them and both parents and Tommy were delighted. Tommy and I were not, as you might imagine, instant friends. He soon came to realize that I was not going to be lax in his education. I was eager for him to realize his full potential, possibly too eager. I have come to regret my insensitivity towards what must have been a severe cultural shock. I suppose the reason for his rebellious action may be traced to my eagerness.

I am not ordinarily a violent person, but when I saw all those books flung heedlessly about the library with pages torn and defiled I became enraged. You must remember that these were my friends, and still I hesitated to act. I asked who was responsible. I was horrified to learn it was Tommy from his own lips, so childlike and filled with malice like rosebuds filled with ice. I shall never forget that moment. I think, in that small instant, I was possessed of some wild demon thirsting for revenge for all my fallen comrades.

I shook Tommy until I was no longer capable of shaking him. He had long since become unconscious. Once I had realized what I had done I called the police and the hospital. And then I wept. I have never cried like that before. I felt spent.

If I should be cleared of the charges, as my lawyer assures me I shall be, then I fear I shall never be able to touch another person in anger again. Sometimes I'm certain I was trying to shake all the evil out of Tommy. But is there ever evil in children or is it just that they don't realize the significance of their actions? I pray Tommy is not marred by what I have done, and yet I hope he does not forget because although it is not the method I generally employ, I still feel it was necessary.

This is my story as I see it. His parents will tell you another tale and probably Tommy yet another. I suppose it depends on your frame of reference.

Julie A. Newton

## Incident

Black - haired, brown - eyed,  
Standing straight on the grey  
Unpainted wooden platform.  
Face expressionless,  
Unconcerned with that  
Which will come  
    Six feet over.  
Hair messed, eyes shut,  
Legs dangling,  
Rope - grey, strong, knotted, taut,  
Face sweated in the cold air of  
That which we've done . . .  
    Six feet under.

*Alan Leon*

*An excerpt from:*

## **THE MAID JOAN**

(A one act play on Joan of Arc.)

by Alina Avila

### Characters:

*First Soldier*  
*Second Soldier*  
*Ladvenu (a friar)*  
*Joan of Arc*  
*A page*  
*The Executioner*

SETTING: The Place du Viex - Marche, Rouen, mid afternoon on the 30th of May, 1431, the time of the Hundred Years War.

To one side of the stage the door of the courthouse can be seen. The rest is a forlorn courtyard where villagers have gathered and two soldiers keep guard. There is a church in the background and the suggestion of a marketplace. To the right of the church a flat wooden platform has been erected. At the opposite side is a huge, oval, roofless barricade surrounding a stake. Some wild red flowers grow around the barricade.

1st Soldier: The sun is strong this afternoon.  
2nd Soldier: Yes, strong and hot. It is too hot here, much too hot for May.  
1st Soldier: Nay. We are a day away from June. It is not too hot for June. I have seen days hotter than this. This is nothing compared to the Arab deserts. There are men the color of sand and their eyes are but hot stones engulfed in their dark faces. The arabs are much like their sun; belligerent and futile.  
2nd Soldier: Still, it is unusually hot for this time. There is not even a wind. A slight breeze might cool us. A breeze is like water. Water might put out a fire. A breeze might cool down this heat.  
1st Soldier: Look at the sun . . . it is all alone.  
2nd Soldier: It is difficult to look at the sun without shading one's eyes. The sun shines too brightly. The sun is like the eye of God: far away, yet always there, feverishly watching, drawing life from dead things. It gives warmth to skin and light to plants so we may nourish these skins in two ways. The sun grows frogs from green dropped leaves of willow trees near ponds. The sun is powerfully strong. The sun is the eye of the Creator. I am sure of it. This afternoon the eye is even stronger.  
1st Soldier: Strength can be siphoned from the strong. Anyway, the sun is not the eye of God. Haven't the monks told us as much? The sun is like a soldier and is as a warrior more powerful than the moon. How might the sun be God's eye when we must shade our eyes from it?  
2nd Soldier: I do not know, but we must shade our eyes from the sun as we keep our bodies from disease and our souls free from depravity.  
1st Soldier: Of a truth, this sun is like an indomitable warrior with a taste for blood. It is like the court physicians who draw blood from pale patients. The sun hath both the taste for blood and the instruments for blood letting.  
2nd Soldier: How hot it is here! The sun is on fire, is it not? There is too much heat now. I wish it were cooler. Too much light is bad. There is heat enough to melt bones.  
1st Soldier: This is strange to me. I have been to England during the hoarfrost winter. The snow gives light to the night as men might be given light by way of the ground. Yet the sun gives light also; by way of the skies. Is it not strange that something cold and something hot might give the same light?  
2nd Soldier: It is not strange, for you know not the way of all things.  
1st Soldier: In the early dawn, the sun is round and partly like the bellies of the landlords, yet what looks like fat is muscle. The sun is like a knight who rides with his armor so burnished that it blinds the eyes of his foes.  
2nd Soldier: The heat the sun gives does not make me happy. This torridity is bad. Nothing good can come of this extreme heat. I am sweating too much.  
1st Soldier: There is nothing hotter nor larger than the sun save the pit of Hell.  
2nd Soldier: (Mockingly) My goodness, you have been to many places and know so much about them: England, Arabia, and Hell to boot! Some say they are the same country.  
1st Soldier: (Laughs) I didn't have to go to the last to know the conditions there. Many a soldier has gone to Hell and back.  
2nd Soldier: Aye, friend, of a truth; these are dog days.

(Joan of Arc is brought out. The priests decide to get a bible for the sermon. A young friar, Ladvenu, goes to speak to the maid.)

Joan: Oh, the air is sweet here.

Ladvenu: No Joan. It is hot here. There is enough heat to quell youth.

Joan: I've heard it said that in Roven the sun costs. Have they sent you to measure my grief?

Ladvenu: No, the Bishop and the Inquisitor have gone to get a bible. There will be a sermon for you.

Joan: My last sermon, Father? This will be the last one I hear. The last one.

Ladvenu: Listen, Joan, there is a type of shoeless man who vainly tries to step on the toes of men who have shoes. These men have all the advantage and the shoeless one is the one who feels the pain.

Joan: This I know, Father: the sun makes the river mud bubble and spring with new life. I have seen it. I have seen beautiful swans come from black mud. The other I don't know about.

Ladvenu: I used to think like you before I learned that even birds must stop flying. There is a lot of pain in living, some feelings without words. They mean little if no names are given them.

Joan: I feel them as the people call me names. Is the feeling of pain not enough?

Ladvenu: For you only. No one but you knows what it is to be like you.

Joan: Since the time you have condemned and excommunicated me, I have talked to only strangers. I live now only with broken backed angels.

Ladvenu: You condemned yourself, Joan. Your youth, innocence, stubbornness, and gender entrapped you. I know no little demons came to you. You see, Joan, the danger is inside, not outside, what we call the soul. We have that evil within us; generation to generation. Don't blame the men of God for believing that evil can be pulled out, piece by piece, when we know that it runs throughout the whole being. You are horrified now, but a time will come when the Church is defiled and objects will take the place of prayer. There will be a discipline that will make weapons to destroy and toys to delight and distract. Then horror will be in the same breath as wonder. We can only try to prevent that times' coming. That is all there is to the calling.

Joan: When I believe in something that I know is good, I cannot compromise. I can't compromise myself, near the altar or on the battlefields. God knows that and called me to use the siege of Orleans and crown the Dauphin. Have you ever been called?

Ladvenu: I had the calling but it didn't come to me in voices. Over 80 years ago, when the Black Death killed half the people of Europe, my ancestors made the pilgrimage to Rome. My mother told me that they took the cross with them and planted it on a hill next to a shrine. My father went on the crusades to the Holyland and died coming back. I have to kneel down to that cross. My people died honoring it.

Joan: (Crosses herself) It is like that with me, only it is not ancestral tradition. When the parish bells ring, the voices come to me. The air brings them to me and I wait for them to come. They have led me to capture great cities. I have led thousands of men to do battle so the English would go home to their land and leave France to the French. In a battle near Troyes, I saw a man behead another. It was also on a hill, where a godom took one of my soldiers by his

neck. With his blade he smoothly sliced the man's head off his body. Finding his comrades looking at him, cheering him on, he waved the head and ran down the hill with it, waving it like a banner of triumph. There is nothing more horrible than a headless body. God stored knowledge in man's heads.

Ladvenu: It is more horrible for a girl like you to have seen it.

Joan: As a soldier, I had to see it. Remember that I am a farmer's daughter. I have seen animals slaughtered on the farm and I have seen people killed in battle. Truthfully, it is for the same reason.

Ladvenu: That is why I came to speak to you. You will be in terrible pain. Your torment will be worse than that administered in the torture chambers. By that torment you will be closer to God, since He is never in this world but in the other.

Joan: It is all right. For women there is bleeding each month that is a preparation for death. At least it is drainage of human flesh, at most a sacrifice for another life.

Ladvenu: For men there is the like everyday. You have lived as both woman and man. You have felt the hatred of many people and yet you went on.

Joan: It is so and no one knows for what.

(Joan of Arc was questioned about her voices. She refused to deny their existence. Consequently, she was dragged to the stake and burned. Most of the remaining people leave. The first soldier runs into the courtyard with the Maids sword. It is dripping blood. He gets on his knees, walks to the stake, holding the sword as Ladvenu held the cross, the blade cutting his hands.)

1st Soldier: Yours is more powerful but this one does the work. (Gets up, puts the sword in the flames.) Back to its mistress.

Ladvenu: What's left of her is just black flesh burning away under the eye of God.

2nd Soldier: (To 1st Soldier) Where have you been? That's blood on your shirt. Man alive, what have you done?

1st Soldier: The Franciscan friar, Richard. I've done, I've done. The English took him to the river to drown him. Drown him in water. They laughed at him; calling him mad. I followed them to the Seine with the sword, the blood dripping from my neck. I offered him the sword. The river was not water; it was mercury. Mercury, the water that doesn't wet the hands. A woman shouted, "The plague, the plague!" An old man was at the mouth of the river, foaming at the mouth. The soldiers dropped their swords and fled. Brother Richard didn't know I was the one he'd cut. He took the maid's sword and stuck it into his chest as though to root out the pain in his heart. I swear when I looked to the sky I saw two suns. Two powerful suns.

2nd Soldier: You're mad. No priest would ever kill himself. You are deranged.

Page: I have heard that the plague would come from the foaming mouth of the old wandering Jew, Ahasuerus.

2nd Soldier: He is mad. He has killed the friar out of spite.

1st Soldier: You did not tell it right, Matthew. I never made you foam at the mouth to write such things about me. I went into the desert where stood a pale young man with sandals and long red hair.

2nd Soldier: He is raving mad. Don't listen to this madman.

1st Soldier: I went hungry because he wouldn't make me loaves of bread from stones.  
2nd Soldier: He's mad. Has anyone any doubt?  
1st Soldier: He would not prove to me his father had great power.  
2nd Soldier: I knew foul things would come. For a nine month things like this have come to pass.  
1st Soldier: He would not accept my gifts. He would not let me touch his hair or shake his hand. He made me leave! It's cooler by the river where foul things grow. The smell here is sickening. It's not the perfume scent of hyacinths. The smell here is like the sun decaying.  
2nd Soldier: You will be taken to bedlam where physicians will shave your head and chain you to the walls where no one will feed you until you die.  
1st Soldier: The plant mandrake is the shape of a man's body. There is nothing to tell the shape of a man's soul. Dead things bring new life. New life dies once more.  
Page: The lamb may go to the waters too often. I'll run and get the soldiers. (Page throws four coins to the market place; runs yelling "Help, help!")  
1st Soldier: We come from a hole, to a hole we return. An extended hole of flesh widened by life - giving passion, to be buried in a deeper hole. Deep hole dug from dirt. Flesh and dirt. It is deep, Matthew. You are already caught in the web of your spoken grunts.  
Ladvenu: Dust to dust.  
2nd Soldier: He has read the bible in Latin and has distorted the words. He has become insane by reading what was not meant for laymen. He has become demonic by looking at things that are forbidden.  
1st Soldier: I see the warrior in the skies and the virgin in the ashes.

(Page comes with soldiers who grab the screaming soldier, chain him from neck to feet with long chain.)

2nd Soldier: Fling him in the river with the rest of the dead things.  
1st Soldier: It is cool there, not hot, Matthew. Not hot like your God.

(Warwick's men and page drag the soldier off violently.)

2nd Soldier: It is the afternoon, Father. It is the air. (To Ladvenu)

(Leaves all the rest of the people following him eagerly. The executioner comes forward with something wrapped in a white handkerchief.)

Executioner: We are the last remaining, sir. In my handkerchief is her heart. It would not burn down.  
Ladvenu: (Takes the handkerchief) It couldn't hurt anyone, this part of her, this that was her. Nothing of this world can take away the passion stored here. It will float on the Seine and be warmed by the sun that on it wild flowers might grow.

(The Moor enters from the ashes and limps slowly away with the cross and sword. The executioner comes with a fife in his hand, stoops over to pick up a twig cross, closes the barricade gates and leaves playing a slow tune.)

## QUICKFROZEN

I bit into your love - ripe apple,  
For it was Fall and I imagined its sweetness.  
Then the snow fell and froze what was once soft.  
Now that apple surface is a barren moon.  
Icicles pierce my heart as the hoarfrost takes you  
over.

Why so bitter when once so sweet?  
Why so numb when once so warm?  
I sit looking out upon the grey Winter's day,  
Feeling frostbitten and forgotten.

*Kathleen Fuchs*





## MOTION IN COLOR

Softly now, the motion speaks,  
Of moths in flight,  
Towards gauzy light,  
All wrapped in clouds of blue.

Deftly then, the motion strikes,  
In panic flies,  
With frenzied cries,  
Motions cast in red.

Stiffly so, the motion halts,  
An old - aged turn,  
So tight and stern,  
The hue has turned to grey.

Noble last, the motion falls,  
A graceful bend,  
To mark the end,  
Settled shrouds of black . . .

The dancer bows her head.

*Linda D. Newton*

## China Dolls

A china doll, made for decorating piano tops,  
With long brown hair down to her back.  
Victorian blue dress with matching bonnet,  
Her head and hands: porcelain white  
Made by gardeners of pink lilies.  
Glass breaks the beauty needed  
For full flowered garnishment.  
Might the doll be like you?

Porcelain cool but within  
An innkeeper to a menagerie of thoughts  
That are unwanted but exhibited in cages  
You reader of Eliot,  
Writer of Sunday letters,  
Thief of quotes hardened with aged mendacity  
What is it that you want?  
A universe, calm and secure, could not have kept you,  
From sitting on pianos, climbing palm trees,  
Picking lilies from my front garden.  
They were alive then, but are dead now.  
You are the shadow of that doll.  
Sit patiently under her mute beauty.  
(Where are your muses, friend?)

You send recipes instead of verses.  
You miss this well - lighted garden as impiety misses virtue.  
There is not much for you but ivory statues under the sun.  
Under the sun there are so few like you and me  
And we are like red bijoux  
Up against dirty sand.

*Alina Avila*

## THE PIER

An interconnecting latticework of leaning lumber  
Leads offshore to a lonely fishing pier.  
Anglers spend the day in stormy solitude  
Trying to connive the crafty creatures of the sea.

And I, cut off from stable moorings but aware of balmy seas,  
Think of life, of love, of the meanderings of fate,  
And cast my line into the ocean of your soul  
Hoping to draw out peace as my unchallenged prize.

*James J. McCartney*

## REACHING OUT

He saw the wisdom through her youth,  
And in her silence read the bitter truth.  
She kept a hold on misery and pain.  
She'd chased away the clouds but not the rain.  
The clouds but not the rain.

He felt the agony of her remorse,  
Which multiplied a thousand - fold along the course,  
Of only a few senseless months, not days.  
It changed her sunny life in darkling ways.  
So changed in darkling ways.

At first he could not reach her through the rain.  
Still did he strive and stretch and strain,  
To fill her empty world with memories to call her own.  
He showed her she could be with him and not alone.  
With him and not alone.

They walked the path so many trod before,  
Because he opened, never closed the door between two souls,  
And proved to her the cursed rains had fled.  
You should not leave the living dead.  
The living dead.

He saw the wisdom through her youth,  
And though she tried to hide,  
He read the truth.

*Julie A. Newton*

Plecostomus  
Sucker



# THE LIZARD OF ODD

## ACT I

Narrator: As our story opens, Dorothy awakens from a traumatic experience. Her home, once located in Key West, had been picked up in a violent hurricane and thrown clear to Munchkin land, located near Ireland. We see her now as she steps from her house. (pause) As she steps from her house. (pause) (louder) As she steps from her house! (Door opens and in walks Dorothy. She looks around in amazement and exclaims . . .)

Dorothy: What a trip! (Walks toward man in green tights and asks . . .) Far out! Are you a Martian?

Munchkin: No, lady. I'm a Munchkin.

Dorothy: You don't look like a Munchkin.

Munchkin: Well I am. And what do you think you're doing dropping that house on the wicked witch of the east?

Dorothy: Where? Oh, I think I goofed.

Munchkin: You goofed all right. She's bad, but her sister is worse and she's really going to be pissed when she sees what you did.

Dorothy: Well, the old bat should have stayed out of my way. Listen, I've got problems of my own.

Munchkin: No kidding!

Dorothy: No, I mean real problems. How am I ever going to get my house back to Florida?

Munchkin: Well, I'm not too smart...

Dorothy: I can tell.

Munchkin: (Dirty look.) ....but if I were you I'd go see the lizard.

Dorothy: What lizard?

Munchkin: The Lizard of Odd. He can help you get home.

Dorothy: Oh, that lizard.

(Puff of smoke. In it appears Glen, the good fairy of the north.)

Glen: Hi. I'm Glen, the good fairy of the north. Who are you?

Dorothy: I'm Dorothy from Florida.

Glen: Oh. What seems to be your trouble, dear?

Dorothy: I'm lost. My house was picked up by a hurricane and dropped here on that witch.

Glen: Oh goody, you killed her! I'm so happy. She was such a brute. Anyway, I'm not too smart either. Not too many of us here are, you know. Hmmm.... Why don't you go see the Lizard. He can get you home.

Dorothy: How do I get there?

Glen: Well...(snaps fingers) I know! Use the witch's slippers. They may smell a bit but they will get you where you want to go. Here.

Dorothy: (Puts on slippers.) Yeech! Didn't she wear socks? O.K. I want to go see the Lizard of Odd. Feet, do your stuff. (Exit, stage left.)

## Act II

(Tin Can, Coward-is-Lion, and the Scared Crow enter stage left talking about a girl. In walks Dorothy, stage right, whistling the "Lizard of Odd" theme song. All stop short and stare.

Tin Can: Who are you?  
Dorothy: I'm Dorothy from Florida and...(sings).. I'm off to see the Lizard, the wonderful Lizard of Odd.  
Scared Crow: And I thought that we were bad off!  
Dorothy: Who are you?  
Tin Can: I'm the Tin Can. (Looks at S.c.)  
Scared Crow: Scared Crow. (Looks at C.L.)  
C.L.: The Coward-is-Lion.  
C.L.: The Coward-is-Lion.  
Dorothy: Well! He may be a coward but you shouldn't call him a liar!  
C.L.: What?  
Tin Can: Who is the Lizard of Odd, anyway?  
Dorothy: I dunno.  
Scared Crow: Well, if you don't know who he is then why are you going to see him?  
Dorothy: Because some guy dressed in green tights and a fairy told me the Lizard could get me back home.  
C.L.: Good luck!  
Dorothy: Wait. Why don't you all come along? I could use some protection from lions and tigers and bores.  
Scared Crow: You ain't kidding.  
Tin Can: Well, we can't.  
Dorothy: Why not?  
Scared Crow: Yeah! Why not?  
Tin Can: Uh... I've got this hot date with a can opener tonight and she's going to flip my lid.  
Scared Crow: You're just scared to go. (To Dorothy) Don't mind him, He's just alyin'.  
C.L.: Hey! Watch it.  
Tin Can: And I'm not scared.  
C.L.: So you should come along.  
Tin Can: All right...I will.  
Dorothy: Then we're going?  
T.C., C.L., S.C.: We're going.  
All: (singing) We're off to see the Lizard, the wonderful Lizard of Odd. We hear he is a wonderful liz if ever a liz there wad. If ever, oh ever a liz there wad, the Lizard of Odd is one becod, becod, becod, becod. Becod of the wonderful things he dod. We're off to see the Lizard, the wonderful Lizard of Odd. (All exit.)

## Act III

Narrator: The four skip along, being lead by the witch's lippers.  
C.L.: My feet are killing me. (Holds feet.)  
Dorothy: These slippers are killing me. (Holds nose.)  
Narrator: All of a sudden the wicked witch of the west, who is the sister of the wicked witch of the east, appears in their path.  
Witch: (enters carrying a basket. She appears to be friendly and helpful.) Apples for sale, apples for sale.  
Tin Can: Aren't you in the wrong story?  
Witch: Shut up. I'm just following the script.  
Tin Can: Sorry.  
Dorothy: Oh my, those are beautiful apples.  
Witch: Would you like one, dearie?  
Dorothy: Oh, yes please. In Florida all we get are oranges.  
Witch: Well...it will only cost you those slippers you're wearing.  
Dorothy: Well...  
Glen: Wait!  
Dorothy: What?  
Glen: Don't do it. Don't let that wicked old witch fool you.  
Witch: Shut up you little twit.  
Glen: First of all, those slippers are worth a lot of money. They can also do magic and everything. And second, you are in the middle of an apple orchard so you don't need to buy an apple, silly.  
Witch: Why can't you ever mind your own business? You're such a goody-goody. You make me sick.  
Glen: As for you..you're an even bigger brute than your nasty sister.  
Witch: Why thank you.  
Glen: Therefore I want you to go away.  
Witch: (Cackles) You can't make me go.  
Glen: But she can. (Turns towards Dorothy.) Turn her into an ice cube with the magic from your slippers.  
Dorothy: (Waves hands in air towards witch.) Turn to ice. It worked!  
Witch: It's too hot out. It's summer...I'm melting.. melting.....melt...  
Scared Crow: You..you killed her.  
Dorothy: (Polishing her nails.) Child's play.  
Glen: Well Hon, you don't need me anymore so I'll be on my merry way.  
Dorothy: Thanks, Glen.  
Tin Can: So let's go see the Lizard.  
Dorothy: O.K. We're off to see the Lizard, the won..  
C.L.: Cool it with the singing, O.K.? I've got a headache.

Dorothy: Sorry.

Narrator: Sportingly, the three and Dorothy continued until they reached the home of the Lizard of Odd. He lives, of course, in the Emerald Garden in the country of Odd. When the four arrived they were shown to the bush in which the great lizard lives.

Lizard: (Loudly) I am ODD.

Dorothy: You certainly are!

Lizard: Why have you come to see me?

Dorothy: Well, my name is dorothy and I live in Florida, Key West to be exact, but this big hurricane came by and picked up my house. Well, the house was picked up and thrown all the way to Munchkinland... (To Tin Can) Is Munchkinland in Odd? (Tin Can starts to speak, but is interrupted.) Anyway, this green guy came by and told me and Glen...Do you know Glen?...Glen is the good fairy of the north.. Anyway, this green guy said I could find my way home if I came to see you...

Lizard: Shhh!

Dorothy: What?

Lizard: I said shhh. There's a fly. (Bzzzzz, slurp!) Go on.

Dorothy: Anyway.. on the way here I met these three guys and when we killed the wicked witch, not the first one but the second,....Did I tell you about the first?... Well the second one's her sister and she melted. Anyway, now we're here.

Lizard: So what do you want me to do about it?

Dorothy: I want you to tell me how to get home and where to go.

Lizard: Tell you where to go? I'd love to.

Dorothy: Be Serious.

Lizard: I dunno. I'm just a small lizard in the Emerald Garden. What do I know about Florida? Don't you have a calle ocho or something?

Dorothy: But everyone said you were great and wise and you could help me get home.

Lizard: Look kid, I've got a big mouth for a guy my size . . .

Scared Crow: I'll say. (Looks forward into the bush.)

Lizard: I convince people that I'm right by talking louder than they do and eventually they give in.

Dorothy: Then how do I get home?

Glen: Hi, guys! Glen is here to save the day again. Look, sweetheart, the slippers.

Dorothy: What about them? They're only magic slippers.

Glen: That's right, dear, magic slippers. all you have to do is click your heels together and say I want to go home and poof, you're there.

Dorothy: O.K. Here goes. I want to go home, I want to go home, I want to go home ...

## Act IV

(Lights flash on and off and when Dorothy open her eyes the Tin Can, C.L., Scared Crow, and Glen are standing in plain clothes, talking among themselves. They're holding drinks and turn as Dorothy opens her eyes.)

Glen: Why do you want to go home? The party is just starting. we're going to Haul-over Beach soon.

Dorothy: I must have passed out. But no, it all seemed so real.

Tin Can: What did?

Dorothy: Well, I was in a hurricane and landed in a place called Odd.

Scared Crow: That's odd.

Dorothy: And you, and you, and you, and you, and . . . (looks into bush) you were there!

C.L.: Who? (Looks into bush.) Oh, it's just a lizard. (Hits bush and stamps foot.)

Lizard: Ahhhhhhhh!

(All look at floor in surprise.)

Dorothy: I need another drink.

THE END

William D. Crane

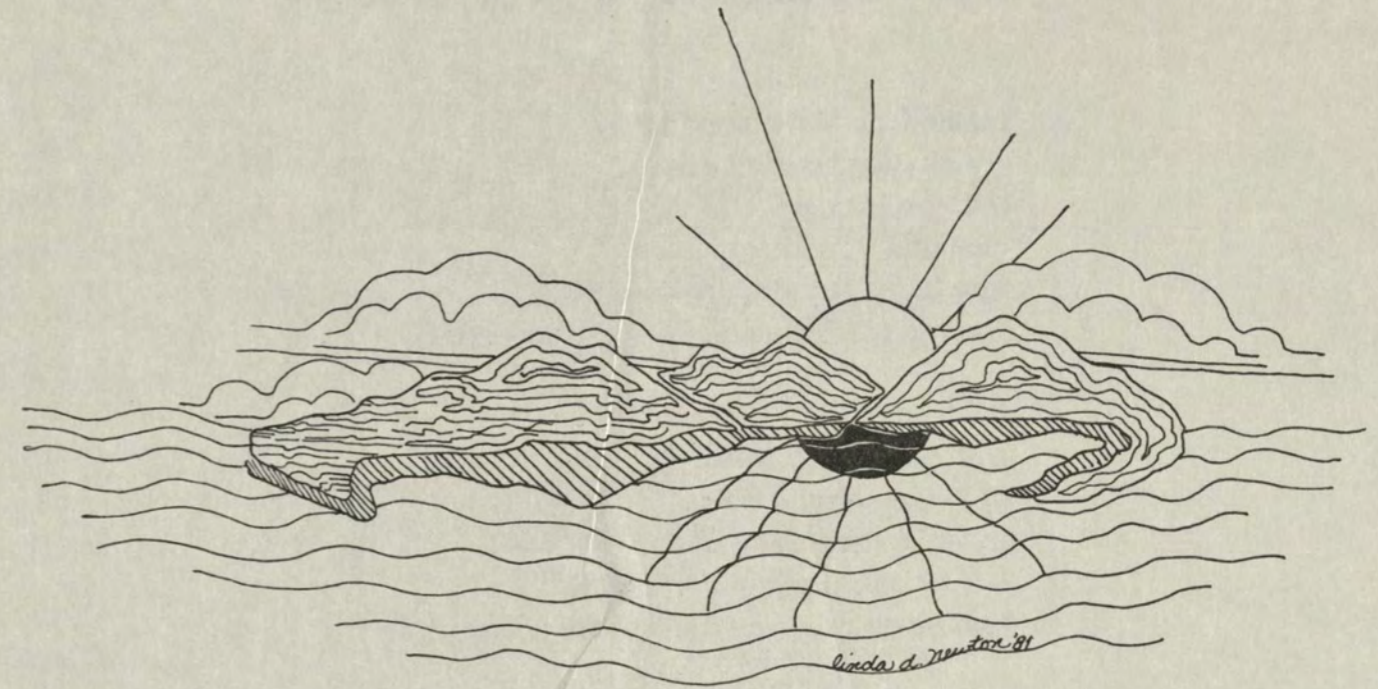
## Sunrise, Sunset

I am a sunset  
Bold, orange, deep:  
Varied, yet distinct.  
Some gaze at my splendor,  
Trying to understand me.  
Some are yet moved by my beauty.

You are a stormy sunrise,  
Waiting cautiously—  
Awakening inner stirrings of joy,  
Subtle, then brilliant  
Your golden sunlight peeps from behind clouds  
Floating in and out,  
Choosing certain moments to reveal  
Your stunning depth and beauty.

Few people awaken early to view the sunrise.  
I will awaken gladly,  
Even to catch a glimpse of you.

Kathleen Fuchs



TO STEPHEN  
(on the first anniversary of his untimely death)

I visited a burial ground today,  
Forest Glen I think it's called.  
Under a hazy sky  
I felt that I could cry  
As a faded flag stood solitary vigil  
o'er my young friend's barren funeral knoll.

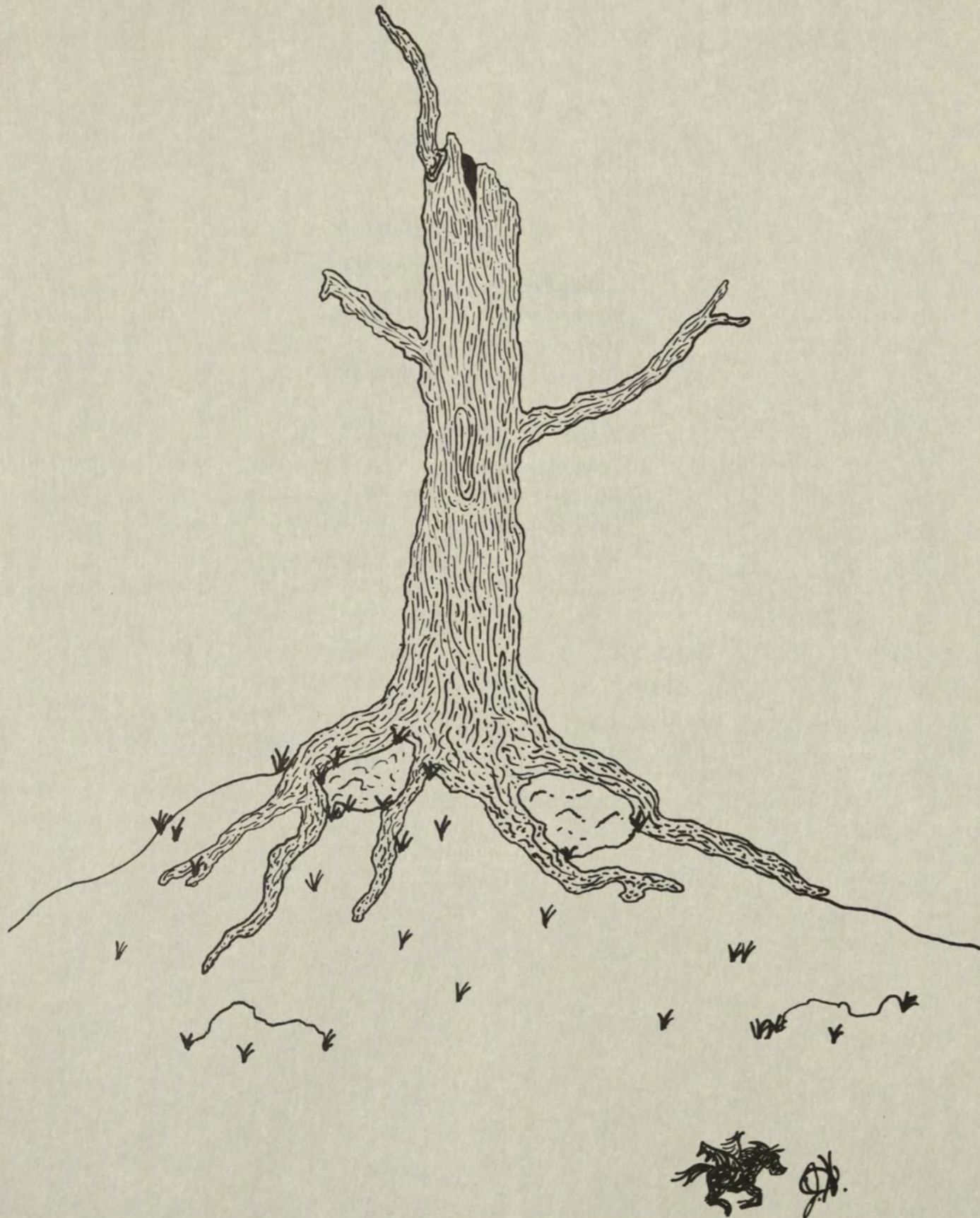
A young Augustine, slim and lean  
With eyes that touched my very soul;  
He had a piercing mind,  
The ever - searching kind,  
A most unsettled spirit in a world  
That never would he call his final home.

Now lies he here beneath my searching gaze  
As autumn's obscene color mocks my empty stare.  
While faded foliage falls  
O Stephen, hear my calls  
Let not your hidden presence search in vain to rest  
But fill my pained spirit with your brightest and your best.

James J. McCartney

Look at yourself,  
Become what you want to see.  
Look at yourself,  
You're not what you should be.  
Look at yourself,  
As God would look at you.  
Look at yourself,  
Now you can become new.  
Look at yourself,  
You grew.

Alan Leon



## Fear Me Not

I:  
Silent seeming in my dreaming,  
Of a man who fears me not.  
Thought transversing, time reversing  
To an age of reasoned thought.

He:  
Strong and long, both brain and brawn,  
Taking shape within my mind.  
Will fulfilling, longing spilling  
Heedless to remain behind.

He:  
Broadly standing as commanding,  
Some invisible command.  
Sternly frowning, fears (not drowning)  
But return to barren land.

I:  
Tense and taut, my hopes are fraught,  
With doubts no man can quell.  
Hungry, thirsty, anger bursting  
Frightens those who know me well.

Julie A. Newton



## Editor's Note

More than a simple note, this is my farewell address to Biscayne and, more particularly, to "Driftwood". For three years I have been involved with this publication and I will miss the joy and the frustration. I've grown a lot and so have both Biscayne and "Driftwood". I'm very proud of this year's issue. More importantly, I'm proud of all of you who have made contributions. Getting material is not always an easy job as writers are very sensitive about their work and with reason. (Editor's can be brutal.)

My deepest gratitude goes to:

Dr. Philip Reckford

Mr. Louis Desmarteaux

and the graphic arts students at American High School.

I would like to thank Mr. Harold Miner especially for his immense patience, dedication and invaluable aid in cutting costs.

"Driftwood" is a Biscayne tradition and one worth preserving. I wish future editors much success and hope they have as much fun as I have had. Good luck and keep writing.

Julie A. Newton  
Editor

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