

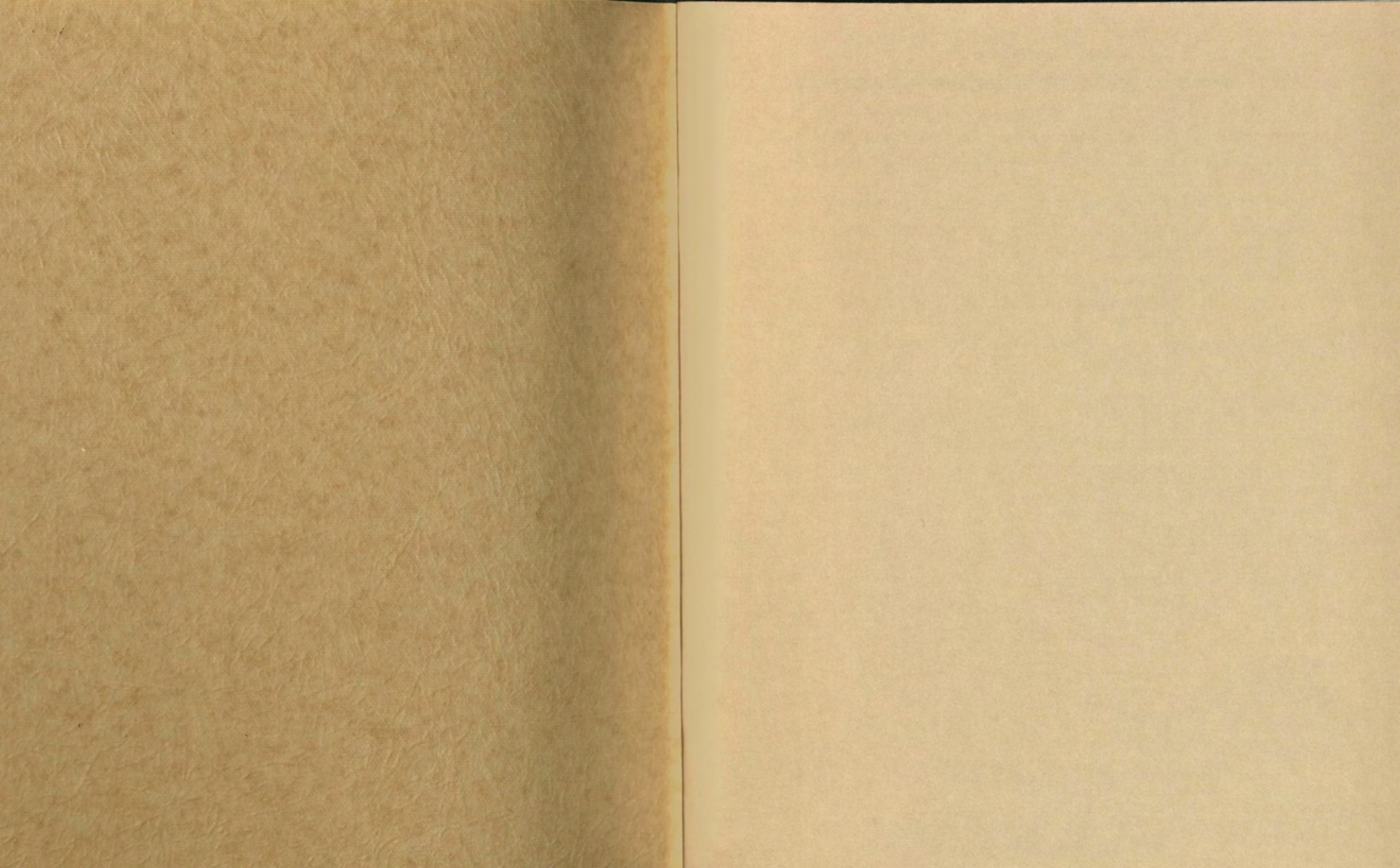
**WILLOWOOD '85**

**WILLOWOOD**

Literary Magazine  
of  
**St. Thomas University**

Miami, Florida







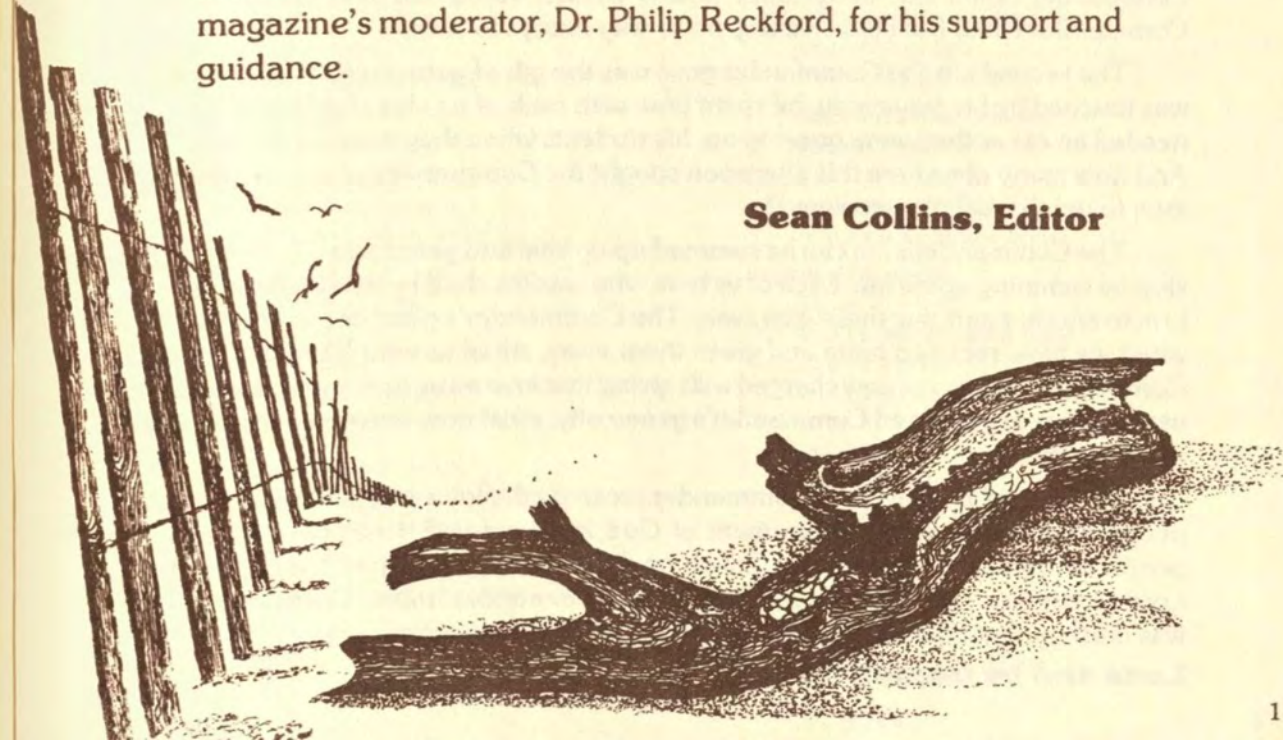
## Editor's Note

This university is more than a group of buildings. This university is more than computers and books and dorm rooms and class rooms. This university is a collection of individuals.

**Driftwood '85** is wholeheartedly dedicated to the group of buildings, the computers, the books, the dorm rooms, the classrooms but, most of all, to the individuals who, with their creative minds and artistic talents, have contributed to the constant growth of **St. Thomas University**.

I hope you enjoy **Driftwood '85** as it is but a small part of the history of an ever-changing, ever-growing university. The feelings of various academicians, captured in words and photographs express a bit of the spirit of the collection of individuals called **St. Thomas University**. I thank the magazine's moderator, Dr. Philip Reckford, for his support and guidance.

**Sean Collins, Editor**





# COMMANDER'S FUNERAL HOMILY

Community Mass, March 18, 1985

I don't think I can top Fr. Geisser's opening lines when he preached Jimmy O'Mailia's funeral homily. I don't own handkerchiefs.

How do you sum up a man's life in a 5 - 7 minute homily? It is not an easy task, but there is a way. You can see what a person is, in a glance, by the gifts that the person gave to the people around him in life.

Everyone who knew the Commander, especially his children, knew of the gifts he gave. This first gift and probably the most precious one, was the gift of love. Commander knew how to love - he loved his family, he loved everyone he came into contact with. I do not believe there is one person in this room who was not touched by Commander's love. We used to talk about how students today would be so confused about love and Commander could not understand how a person could not feel loved because Commander could not conceive any other way except to love.

The second gift the Commander gave was the gift of generosity. Each one of us was touched by his generosity. he spent time with each of us - his children when they needed an ear as they were growing up, his students when they needed some advice. And how many of us here this afternoon sought the Commander when we needed a loan to get through the weekend?

The Commander's life can be summed up by love and generosity - but we cannot stop by summing up his life. Each of us here who was touched by these gifts must now turn to another and give these gifts away. The Commander's gifts become fruitful only when we have received them and given them away. All of us who have experienced Commander's love, are now charged with giving that love away to someone else. All of us who have experienced Commander's generosity, must now become generous with other people.

This is the Christian way. Commander received the love and generosity of other people and he became an instrument of God in loving and being generous to the people he came into contact with. I think he did a pretty good job of it and I think the Lord thought so too. Yesterday he called the Commander home. Commander's job was finished, but now ours begins. Remember the Commander's way -

**Love and be Generous!**



## Elegy for the 17th of March

Important moments and days  
have come and gone  
but this one  
(moment and day)  
will remain. . .

And the phone call--  
"Fr. Martin. . . ?  
the wife said  
and "Top of the Morning"  
I. . . ay. . .

And "It's not"  
he said--  
"the commander is. . .  
dead."  
What can I do?

On the way  
after too many profanities  
on the red road  
near another friend's  
resting place

Tears came--  
deep stomach-shaking  
sobs of anger and loss,  
then self-control  
and bits of hope and faith

And his body  
was still. . . still  
in Marty's room:  
eyes open, feet bare,  
a priest's black blanket for cover

Then the story of Spain:  
a modern Quixote's  
last adventure,  
his last country,  
with his closest friends.

You and John  
teaching Jimbo soccer,  
and your breakfasts with Danielle,  
and the beers in the Rat  
(really not enough of that). . .

And the night, you raconteur,  
you turned off the lights  
to not-tell us  
a mystery's  
end.

And the ironies:  
death in his dorms  
near his friend-priest  
on Saint Patrick's day  
after coming home. . .

And other ironies:  
Chicago, Georgetown,  
The Main Line,  
Biscayne College,  
St. Thomas U. we shared.

And the memories:  
car pools and corridor talk,  
the great lakes rally,  
the fair view and the executive  
parties. . . parties. . .

And Esther  
in school,  
and in love with John,  
and her wedding and home  
and all your love. . .

An Steve  
who coined "The Commander. . ."  
(of course it was Stephen,  
you used to say)  
and called me "Doc!"

And Richard and Peter,  
son one and two  
(you called them  
son one and two)  
and all your family pride. . .

And his daughter  
kissed her dad,  
and Fr. Marty said a Mass,  
and he's gone. . .  
but not-gone, this friend. . .  
Only his body's here,  
and he's gone everywhere,  
and this one  
(moment and day)  
will remain.

**JWC**  
**3/17/85**  
**9: p.m.**



## Why do we have to grow up?

Everything was so simple when we were little.  
Our problems were choosing between Cap'n Crunch and Sugar Frosted Flakes  
Our parents did everything for us - we were always too young.  
We couldn't wait to be 'old enough'  
to do all the things the 'big people' were doing.  
Always wishing our lives away.  
Little did we know how fast that time would come -  
Right before our young eyes.  
Now we're planning our own families and supporting ourselves.  
Our problems are of mature matters and we're learning how to deal with them.  
We stop and reflect on our youth and wonder where all the years went.  
We have wonderful memories to store in our mental diaries.  
Priceless photographs and friendships we have kept through the years.  
Experiencing life and it's changes.  
We wish we could stop the clock from time to time -  
but we can't interrupt nature's cycle.  
At times we wish we still had the security from the world  
and the hurt that our parents protected us from -  
to keep that cotton wrapped around us.  
But we are now adults and it's time for us to take care of ourselves,  
and face what the world dishes out for us and make those special teachers proud  
Why do we have to grow up?  
Because it's the *natural* thing to do.

**Margie Pinto**

## Tootsie

I have a really strange dog. I've had Tootsie now for six years and she's done a hell of a lot of crazy things but this one takes the cake, or the pizza, I should say.

It was Thursday night and I had to work late at the realty office. I just sold a rather nice home for a cool three-hundred grand, a small percentage of which dancing in my greedy little head all afternoon.

Anyway, having to work late, I completely forgot about Tootsie, my overweight brown and white pit bull. It was 10:23 and I realized Tootsie may be at home at that very moment eating my stamp collection for lack of food. I could picture it in my mind her not having been fed at her normal time and searching for the tasty adhesive mint on the flip side of a 1904 commemorative.

I dashed home with dark visions of my childhood avocation being ripped by the foaming mouth of a rabid and emaciated pit bull named Tootsie.

Finally arriving home, I sprinted to my bedroom and, to my sheer delight, discovered the chattel unscathed.

But what of Tootsie? Did she eat the draperies, the furniture, or what?

Her dish was empty. I was certain it would be.

"Tootsie!" I called. "Tootsie, where are you? Come on, have something to eat, I'm home!"

The doorbell rang. I opened the door and found a tall, sweaty man wearing ragged blue jeans and an orange shirt, holding a pizza.

"Hey, you Tootsie?" he asked in an almost intimidating tone. "I got an anchovy pizza for somebody named. . ." He checked the name on the box. "Tootsie. That's all it says."

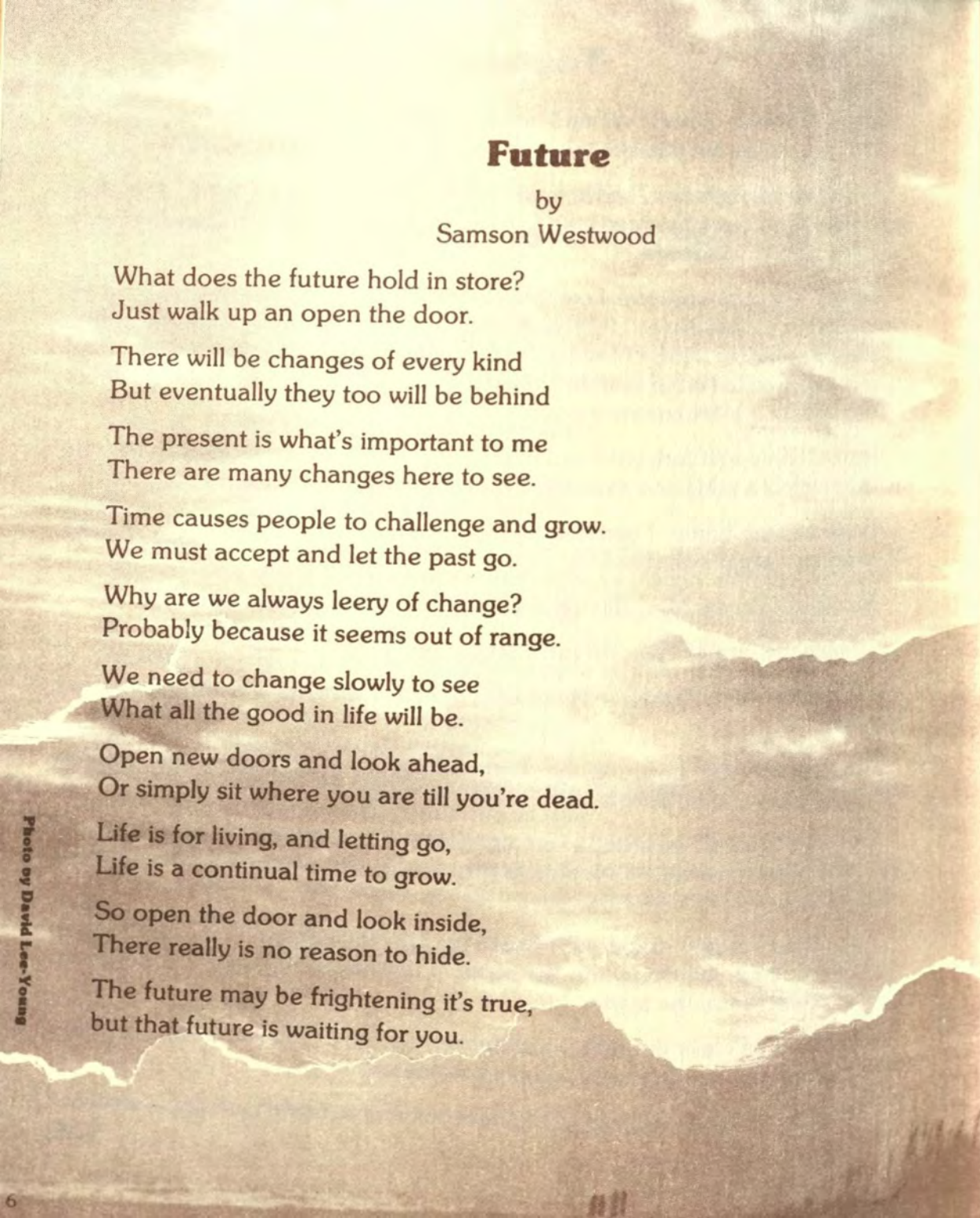
"Er, uh, no, I'm not." Suddenly I heard the familiar jingling of my dog's choke collar as she comes marching into the room, a ten dollar bill lodged in her teeth. "That's Tootsie," I told the man.

"Listen, I don't take the calls, I just deliver, all right?" He was bewildered. Not dumbfounded as I was, mind you, simply bewildered.

The pizza was great. Tootsie let me have some of it. I didn't ask any questions.

**S. C.**





## Future

by  
Samson Westwood

What does the future hold in store?  
Just walk up an open the door.

There will be changes of every kind  
But eventually they too will be behind

The present is what's important to me  
There are many changes here to see.

Time causes people to challenge and grow.  
We must accept and let the past go.

Why are we always leery of change?  
Probably because it seems out of range.

We need to change slowly to see  
What all the good in life will be.

Open new doors and look ahead,  
Or simply sit where you are till you're dead.

Life is for living, and letting go,  
Life is a continual time to grow.

So open the door and look inside,  
There really is no reason to hide.

The future may be frightening it's true,  
but that future is waiting for you.

## The Fast One

The buzzard spans with tasseled wings the dead, grey sky  
And counts my pulse. I

Breathe no more quickly. I am quick

He straddles with his tasseled wings the narrowing strip  
Of west-spun road, each talon's tip  
At ready. I am ruddy, quick.

He sights along his tasseled wing the setting sun  
And fires a night-wind. Wary farers run.  
I stand fast, quick.

**Rhea Miller**

## "The Computer's Down"

Why is it do you suppose  
That every class I need is closed?  
That all my finances are in the hole,  
And my legs hurt from thigh to sole?  
Why is my head throbbing?  
I feel like sobbing,  
Every time I hear the words,  
"the computer's down."

Why are the lines so long?  
Why do they still get all my information wrong,  
When I've filled out forms thrice and more?  
Why do I feel as if I've been here before?  
Why does a little voice inside keep saying "never again"?  
Why doesn't it help to count to ten,  
When someone says "the computer's down"?

Why after all this struggle and strife,  
(Mental agony I'll remember the rest of my life)  
Why are they trying to cancel my hard gotten courses,  
Just because they're told to by their mechanical sources?  
Why, now when I need it to, can't the computer be down?

**DOROTHY BROCHEY**



FORMER POLITICAL PRISONER ANDRES VARGAS GOMEZ HERE RELATES  
THE TRUE STORY OF MIGUELITO CACHIMBA, A PRISONER SHOT BY A  
GUARD IN A CUBAN PRISON CAMP.

## PRISONER

You fell, your arms raised high,  
defenseless, impotent,  
between rows of barbed wire....

No sound  
electrified the fear on your lips....  
You jumped from the hallucination  
of madness  
propelling your legs,  
into your own shadow....

You looked like an absurd hero  
at that supreme second,  
erect, consumed by the furious  
light of the bulbs,  
while the guard threw  
his lethal lightning  
on the profile of your silhouette,  
meek, placid absent,  
with your hands raised  
as if grasping at the sky.

You were entombed on the spot,  
inside your shadow,  
between frightened orbits,  
with your erratic puppet's leap,  
on a magnificent night,  
in a place without a soul.

**Andres Vargas Gomez**

## THE CHRISTENING

**for Father Pat**

White chapel. White Miami light.  
Clear water. Chrism. Pink baby  
in a green shirt.

A candle and  
the blessing hands.

White Host.  
Red Wine, bitter taste. The oldest  
and the youngest face.

In rich  
dark, family ghosts stir. It is  
an appropriate place to start.

**Henry Logan**





Do you know my friend? Sometimes the guy is sad and lonely, sometimes He's happy to be alone, sometimes he wishes he had something to do, sometimes He's glad he has nothing to do.

This man hasn't very many good friends. Many acquaintances but not many truly good friends. His life until now has changed about every four years. He's never really sure what lies ahead. More Change? Stability isn't a big factor in his life. He seems to not mind giving up a meal for a good time out on a Friday night. Still he is searching, searching himself for a true meaning of his life. At times he thinks that he may be able to finally reach out and grasp that meaning. Just as his conscience touches the thought it evaporates.

This man has reached another point in his life which signifies change. The Pressure is on and he must concentrate on himself or he may lose it all. No fishing on a Monday afternoon, no more lying on a bench in the shade whenever he feels like it. Most especially he's not sure where his next meal will come from. Where can this man go? Where has he come from? He lives and breathes in our bodies and minds. He is a college student. The direction in which this man must go is forward, one step at a time

**Michael F. Limperis**



## A THOUGHT

Behold--

There is joy in a world of sorrow  
There is love in a world of hate.  
There is hope in a world of despair.  
There is peace in a world of war.

Behold--

There is good in a world of man

**Janette Giuffra**

## NOT TOO OFTEN

Well at least I don't think about her all the time.  
I think about her a little bit. Well, sometimes, anyway.

Okay, so maybe I think about her pretty often.

Well, a lot.

Once a day. But only for an instant.

Perhaps more.

When I get out of the shower and shave and brush my teeth (oh, especially when I brush my teeth!) And then I look at myself in the mirror and think of her and smile and kiss the mirror and dance around the house in a towel, thinking of her and me and I go outside and get the paper and I forget I'm only wearing a towel and the mailman sees me dancing in my front yard, smiling, with toothpaste on my chin, holding a toothbrush in one hand and a newspaper in the other and my mail somehow doesn't show up at my house for a few days but that's all right because I dance over to my phone and give her a call because I think of her and she's on my mind just about every minute of the day. But no more. Honest.

**The Dancer**

## Regrets

I wished upon a star last night,  
Its lure, a shining thing.  
I wished for years that had passed by,  
And the happiness they'd bring.

I wished to be in a childhood past,  
What a grand and happy time!  
When tucked in bed with loving arms,  
The world was new--so fine!

Oh, to feel again my father's love,  
To hold my mother near,  
To cherish their forgiving ways,  
Their laughter, joy to hear.

Oh, that I could go home again,  
To memories so fond,  
And tell them of my love for them,  
But, dear God--to You they've gone.

I wished upon a star last night,  
My tears, they fell unseen.  
The thing I wished would never be,  
As that time was lost. . .had been.

**Janette Giuffra**



## TELEPHONE CALL

Uh, Andy, give me a chance, will ya?

You had your chance this afternoon.

That was a chance? We spend two and a half hours brawling in a bowling alley. . .

C'mon you make it sound so serious.

With recriminations just short of gunfire. . .

C'mon, Claire.

And you consider it a simple discussion.

Well, maybe you were angry, but I sure wasn't.

Andy, you called me a useless, disgusting, slimy beast.

Yes but I meant it affectionately. Claire, you know me. Would I ever say that and mean it?  
All right, don't answer that.

Oh sure, you call me a useless, slimy beast and then pass yourself off as Mister Affectionate.

You forgot disgusting.

What?

Disgusting. The term was useless, disgusting, slimy beast.

I don't believe this.

Well, I think it's important we get the facts straight.

I'm gonna hang up.

Claire, do you recall what it was you said to me before I issued that rather unkind epithet?

No but I'm sure it had to do with the weather or something equally offensive.

We were discussing my breath.

Oh yeah, that's right.

And you must admit, you became rather vicious with your comments.

Vicious?

Perhaps sadistic would be more appropriate.

Sadistic breath?

No! Oh, forget it Claire. What was it you wanted, anyway?

Hm? Oh, yeah. I'm calling on behalf of the clerk at the bowling alley.

That guy with the hairy ears?

Yeah, that's him. He wants to know what to do with your sneakers.

What the hell are you talking about?

Think Andy darling. It was this afternoon at the bowling alley when we had an argument and you stormed out. Remember? That was you, wasn't it?

Yeah, so?

Look at your feet, Andrew dear. Notice something strange?

Oh my God, I'm wearing bowling shoes!

Bingo. Give a cigar to the man in the obnoxious multicolored shoes and matching personality. You know, you're not too swift, Andy.

Oh, you're loving this, aren't you?

Would it surprise you to learn that I'm smiling?



## QUESTIONING

by  
Samson Westwood

Death, What is it?  
Is it the culmination of what is,  
Or the beginning of what's to be?  
And when do we die?  
What part of us actually ends,  
Is it all of us or just the mortal being?  
What will we experience?  
Is what is to be better than this,  
Or is it worse, or nothing?  
Could this be it?  
Could life only be what we experience,  
Or does God really take us beyond?  
How do we know?  
Will we suddenly say we are dead,  
And then magically float to something else?  
DEATH, WHAT IS IT?  
IS IT THE CULMINATION OF WHAT IS,  
OR THE BEGINNING OF WHAT'S TO BE?

## SO JIM O'MALIA IS DEAD

and the halls are dark with the lack  
of his bright anger.

The quick flame of  
his wit, like a whip, will no longer  
protect us from our slumber.

Who will keep conviction now, when the one  
without fear has left the field?

O the force of his invective straightened  
my spine, and I will not complain that it  
stood the straighter.

It all dissolved  
into laughter over Maloney's piano  
carols, when he said: (So Logan, you're  
a whiskey tenor.)

The leprechaun voice, as  
usual, boomed, and nobody's eyebrows had  
more character.

Now, when we meet, there  
is a lack of luster and a gap unfillable, which  
I freely confess here.

**Henry Logan**



## Papa's Places

'I have written as a philosopher,  
but I have lived as a man.' Samuel Johnson

Not being a skier I'll never get to Ketchum to see his wintry grave,  
But I've checked out his haunts,

Drank a lot of beer at Captain Tony's (the real Sloppy Joe's)  
in Key West,

Took a vaporetto to Harry's one night in Venice (it looked  
a little steep, despite its folksy name),

Grew up in Michigan and know that Two-Hearted River area near Seney,  
Spent a lot of time in Madrid where the bar at the Palace

was a convenient place to meet someone, and Botin's  
a picturesque place to eat,

Went through Red Lodge, Montana in a blizzard in August once,

Even dared the curse of Castro's Cuba one Holy Week: Gave Serious,  
almost religious, thought to stealing son Jack's missal from

the library of the finca outside Havana, had lunch at Bodeguito

del Medio where he liked the mojitos, dinner the same day at

the Floridita where he liked the daiquiris.

Doctor's son, biggest and best-looking kid at school,

Keen sense of adventure: went off to war, was wounded,

and returned a hero at nineteen, which made the girls  
love him even more.

Married a woman with a trust fund and shipped for Paris.

Had a letter from Sherwood Anderson that introduced him to  
all the right people.

Despite the trust fund and steady income from the Toronto Star and  
traveling on an expense account to world conference sites,  
Would later move us to tears about how poor they had been, how  
he would catch pigeons in Luxembourg Gardens and throttle their  
little necks and hide them under Mr. Bumby as he slept in his  
stroller so the gendarmes wouldn't see.

And wrote poetry as simple-minded as anything inside the cover of a  
high school yearbook, but because he had the crumpled letter  
got it published.

Spent the winters in Austria skiing,

The summers fishing in the high country of northern Spain

(This despite the grinding poverty, the dead pigeons under Mr. Bumby)

And then one July he went to the fiesta at Pamplona, and wrote a novel  
about it ridiculing his traveling companions, and it made him  
famous, and he divorced the woman with the trust fund and married  
a prettier and younger one whose grandfather owned the state of  
Arkansas.

He always wanted everyone to feel sorry for him because he wrote  
a few hundred words every morning, because of course it's so hard  
to write and it takes so much out of a man ...

(And all the time there were hundreds and thousands of others writing  
hundreds and thousands of words a day, but they weren't getting  
rich and famous because they never had a letter from Mr. Anderson  
introducing them to Gertrude and Ezra in Paris, in the early days,  
when everything was simple, and there weren't that many people  
trying to get into the ring in Paris in those days, when as soon  
as you had used someone you could turn your back on him.)



I went to Paris once with three students I'd filled with Hemingway lore  
(There was no harm in it, like telling two-year olds about Santa Claus--  
sometimes lies enrich a life);  
We spent a whole day investigating his places, using Rob's defoliated  
copy of Moveable Feast as our guide:  
Hot dogs and Harp on tap at Harry's New York Bar;  
Strolling through the Luxembourg Gardens to look for pigeons and  
a suspicious young American with a moustache pushing a stroller;  
All the bars along Montparnasse--the Selecte, the Rotonde:  
They liked Closerie des Lilas the best, and Mike sat at the place  
at the bar where there's a little brass plate that reads "Ernest  
Hemingway," and Dan took his picture, and they thought about how  
macho he had been, deep-sea fishing and big-game hunting and  
carousing with bullfighters,  
And then I took my turn sitting at the place where the brass plate was,  
And thought about what a lucky guy he had been  
(Even though he used to whimper a lot about how he had written  
three or four hundred words that morning)  
And how when his luck started to run out,  
And he ceased being the best looking guy on the block,  
And didn't feel very good a lot of the time,  
(Conditions under which most of the people of the world  
live most of their lives),  
He shot himself,  
Shot himself at an age when many men are looking forward to retirement  
so they can read all the plays of Shakespeare or take up gardening  
or play golf every day or go through all the junk in the attic,  
He shot himself for his fourth wife to wake up in a horror to find  
him bloody and disfigured and dead.  
Because you know Papa had been pretty depressed of late,  
Things hadn't been going just right for the man who had everything.  
For the man who'd made a fortune writing about courage--  
Three or four hundred words on a good day.

**Richard Raleigh**

## THE FIRST MAN IN MY LIFE

I remember the security I felt as  
he walked me to sleep, reciting  
my very own lulla-bye.  
The warm feeling of his strong  
adult hands on my back.  
As I grew older, we shared Saturday  
nights together watching 'Creature  
Feature', while I'd doze off at  
his side.  
My big thrill was to steer the  
carwheel, as I sat before him,  
driving down our block and into  
the drive way.  
There was nothing I couldn't ask  
him, as it still remains.  
My vocabulary consisted of 'why'?  
No problem. was too small or too great.

I'd look into those crystalized  
objects of wisdom and beauty and  
I'd see the world through them.  
They could never lead me wrong.  
I'll always remember the pride I  
felt when we won the Waltz contest  
in high-school.  
To this day, I can only Waltz  
with him.  
Wow, can he dance!  
I know I rarely tell him how  
much he means to me - maybe  
because it would be too corny.  
But corny or not, I'll always  
be daddy's little girl.  
My advisor, my teacher, my  
special friend... he's my dad.

**Margie Pinto.**

## Forgiveness

Forget? Rather  
gracelessness through grace  
differently remembered.

**Oh Almhurain 1984**



## **That's All That Matters To Me . . .**

We don't have to go to a fancy restaurant  
Or have special plans to follow.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
we don't have to go anywhere.  
I simply enjoy being with you -  
That's all that matters.

**Margie Pinto**

## **The Last One**

Zing!  
And lo, the least appearing mazer  
Triumphantly thinged itself from black.  
Ghost star, lost seventh, piercing woof and warp  
Brought lost heaven back.  
Whff!  
And hark, a slurred, unsyllabled, unmetered  
Welling ebbed and arced.  
Ghost wind, softly sibilancing silence,  
Blew out the dark.

**Rhea Miller**

## **New England Widow**

Where are the days that pleased my heart,  
Before the sea sky did part,  
Before the rains began to fall,  
And whispering, your name to call?  
  
Where are the days that made me sing,  
Before the tragic bells would ring,  
Before the waves rocked o'er the shore,  
And time ticked on; yet, was no more?  
  
Where are the days in which we lived,  
Before the seas, your life to give,  
Before the shallows were your grave,  
And to the sea, last breath you gave?  
  
They are the days that are no more,  
Before the widow's black I wore,  
Before I gazed at the crystal sea,  
Your tender love, a memory. . .

**Janette Giuffra**



## DO THE PARADOX

Steady clapping hands echoed around the music;  
Swaying couples accordioned across the wood floor,  
While voices rose in measured stoccato,

“ Do the paradox, do the paradox”.

Fun surfaced in noisy clouds from bouncing bodies,  
They pushed and pulled hard...but it was still dance?  
Sweating beads moved closer to their wide smiles.

Others shuffled poker-faced, swinging with purpose;  
Still more were safe, studied and distant,  
No work, no energy release, no risking.

His dancing-work was still not accomodated.  
The pained fun was now an undulating schism.  
“If you can’t, then forget it”, she said.

He still couldn’t break the riddle;  
Concepts he loved; he had a house full of them.  
But this jumping, unrehearsed emotion...no chance.

In the soft shimmered haze of slow fans,  
His forked ideas were constantly jostled by,

“ Do the paradox, do the paradox”.

**Frank McGarry**

## I Used to Stare Down Dogs

All youths perceive the world acutely,  
paralleling the degree of experience.

Now I perceive obtusely,  
paralleling all my fears.

**L. G.**

## The Fiesta at Valdemurillo

In Spanish villages in spring  
amateur bullfights are the thing:  
The bull is run through the streets  
and taunted for an hour in the ring  
by all the able-bodied boys in the town.  
Then the barber or the appliance store owner  
or the butcher or the undertaker  
gives the bull the fatal jab.  
And so the fun really begins:  
Several young spectators approach the dying bull;  
some walk on him;  
some stick cap guns in his ear to blow his brains out;  
some shove popcorn in his mouth and laugh;  
some throw lighted matches in his eye;  
the unimaginative simply kick him unsatisfyingly.

Meanwhile the bull  
remembering Thomas Hardy’s remark  
tries his best to get out of this life  
with as little embarrassment as possible  
and finally  
after another moan or two  
he dies  
a wad of saliva  
some popcorn still attached to it  
rolling over the great tongue  
and falling onto the red clay.

And then to the dodgem cars  
and knocking down bottles to win furry prizes  
and the booths and the rides  
for despite the cap gun in the ear  
and the lighted matches in the dying eye  
today is fiesta.



## FOR COMMANDER

Spend a few years in a place and  
your life is there, its births and deaths.  
It files your certificates and epitaphs.  
A few of mine have come and gone, since  
we are here, life abobbing up and down  
like Noah's boat amidst its waves.  
It seems we've settled on our Ararat  
until the next flood. Once the dove came  
back. That almost four years since  
you took me aside and gave me the good  
words that I needed. And now I can't  
quite believe that you're not here.  
Your voice and hands were shaking and  
it seemed your pale, blue eyes.  
But your words were firm and warm when  
I was like to freeze. Invited to  
that barbecue you gave to students once  
a year, I didn't make it. Now I'll  
never get there. You hosted us and  
introduced Dick, myself and Father Mac  
when we read our poems at the Rat.  
And who else would have thought of giving  
both readers and their audience free beer?  
Afterwards, our feet on the brass rail,  
we talked of Jim O'Mailia. Noah's boat  
is lifted on the flood and settles back.  
Our Ararat is changing. And this time  
when we send him will the dove come back?  
And still I can't forget the needed words  
you spoke into mine ear. Some healing there.  
And we're the poorer for your going and  
the richer that you were, Commander. I  
can't believe that you're not really here.

**Henry Logan**

## What's In A Smile?

The first thing one notices in people  
is their smile.  
What beautiful ripples they create.  
Some people refer to these as wrinkles...  
well they are the most  
attractive wrinkles one could have.  
Just flashing a simple smile can  
brighten thousands of lives.  
A smile says 'Hi, how are you?  
Nice to see you.'  
What better way is there to greet someone?  
It's worth a million words.  
Different smiles say different things.  
A certain smile can tell that special  
someone 'I Love You'.  
But whatever smile you wear,  
whether you realize it or not,  
your making someones day a little brighter.  
It makes pain and sorrow disappear.  
It makes you feel welcome in a strange place.  
It's an ice-breaker when meeting a new face.  
It's an all-around cure and pick-me-up  
for all occassions.  
All-in-all, a smile is a symbol of love.

**MARGIE PINTO**



## Let Me Tell You About Howard K.

Howard K. was not a happy man. He was rather confused. In fact, in a recent scientific journal he was unanimously deemed by more than sixteen learned psychiatrists to be "nutsy-fagan."

One doctor, Efreem Kline, in particular pointed out that "while Howard K. may not be a menace to the society at large, it's probably best not to invite him over for cocktails."

He had an extraordinary childhood. His parents abandoned him at two months old, leaving him on the porch of an orphanage that two weeks later also abandoned him, leaving him in a taxi cab. The driver, answering a call to the airport, mistakenly put the baby with the luggage where he flew on a seventeen hour flight to Kenya where, the passenger not being able to find the baggage claim ticket, Howard was put outside, where a pack of hyenas found him and kept him for two weeks until they too abandoned him. The hyenas left him on the doorstep of a house with a note reading: "Take him and have pity on the child with the atrocious table manners." Ironically, the couple whose doorstep he was on were his real parents. This time, however, they kept him and cherished him as a gift from God.

When he was older he experienced the common adolescent malady of sibling rivalry (later diagnosed as "penis envy" and still later as "a bit of gas"). This was rather odd in light of the fact that he was an only child. Sadly the neurosis festered enormously, manifesting itself in incessant nailbiting, facial tics, and an inexplicable urge to pinch strangers faces and shout "Ha, got your nose!" It got so bad, in fact that despondency and confusion set in, forcing Howard to grab his bowl, his scissors and his sandals and go in search of work as a barber at a nearby monastery, and go in search of work as a barber at a nearby monastery.

On his way there, he stopped by a nearby park and spoke to a group of hippies dancing wildly and singing like something from the play "Hair." After a few hours of singing and dancing naked with the hippies, they convinced him that he should go see an army recruiter. He did.

It was only after eight months in the Army, when he was caught trying to fill a tank with cottage cheese, that he was considered "less than stable" by a staff of Army psychiatrists.

Lt. Colonel Blake Triplett, one of these psychiatrists, wrote in his report on Howard K. that "Corporal K. exhibits some definitely abnormal traits... maybe the Navy will take him."

So, after a brief stint in the Navy as a radio operator on a submarine, Howard left the military for a career in politics. And, despite a recent scandal in which the congressman claimed to have seen an apparition of Mark Twain in his bathroom who told him to invest in Polaroid, he seems to be doing a fine job.

S. C.

## HANGING BRANCHES

Arched backs were glistening and straining  
As bent over men and women with quick hands  
Cleaned and scraped the ground's brown crumbs,  
Sifting the plants and earth for success.

Each telescoping his own world with blinders,  
Slow rising sweat shined and dropped on  
Flaky surfaces to become rich, dark earth.  
Green infant buds spread their arms upward.

Tiredness later snuggled around hard muscles  
While sparser energy slinked away, hiding,  
Wanting to relax, stretch and recharge.  
Slowed movement changed breathing to pushing.

Several in the distance curiously straightened  
Their browned necks and sloped shoulders,  
Looking up for hanging branches, heavy  
With primed bursting fruit and safe shade.

Wading thru a swamp of foliage  
Across the full, furrowed, field,  
They reached, plucked and bit,  
Relishing rest, food and silence.

The trees orchestrated branches fanned each,  
Creating wind dances and soft sighs.  
Breath, more slowly, heaved a new life.  
The plants and furrows were now understood.



## **No Longer Beside Me**

It's so cold out, I'm so alone  
With you no longer beside me.  
The sky so gray, the sun has hardly shown  
Thinking of us the way we were, and know  
You're no longer beside me.

The ground is so damp and wet,  
and the hole so deep.  
Oh, what am I supposed to do with you  
No longer beside me.

All I can do now is think of you and weep  
Why are you far away, why does it hurt  
Why don't you wake from the god-forsaken  
eternal sleep  
God, why can't I understand that you are  
no longer beside me

You are no longer beside me,  
What am I to do  
You left me so suddenly,  
My dreams have fallen out of view.  
But now my heart aches, and I realize  
that you are no longer beside me.

**Vincent V.G.**

## **A La Mujer Hispana**

Ese amor que tengo por ti es una cosa,  
Pues tan linda como una rosa,  
Linda tambien es tu cara  
Que cuando la veo el corazon me para.  
Pero hasta que no estes conmigo  
El corazon lo tendre en pedazos,  
Por tu amor y tus rechazos.

**Por Abelardo J. Rodriguez -Pujol**

## **Time will Tell**

Signs of fears,  
Signs of dreams.  
When did it begin  
or for that matter end? Out of need  
or desperation, could this blossom  
have bloomed; could this seed have  
been sewn? Are we equal? Is it fair?  
Are we doomed?

Signs of fear,  
Signs of happy.  
Will we ever get that far?  
I have never been this good,  
Neither have all the temptations.  
Does it matter, for that matter?  
Good old time will surely tell.  
Being far, my love, so far, hell.

**L. G.**



**November 22, 1983**

I thought the tears were over,  
but in the Metro in Madrid  
somewhere between Chamartin  
and Nuevos Ministerios  
reading El Pais and seeing  
that face on the front page again,  
the black Lincoln,  
the woman kneeling backwards,  
thinking that if she can  
retrieve the flesh that is  
sliding along the polished trunk  
that maybe she can put  
The President together again,  
twenty years later  
in some far-off land  
in such a public place  
I cried again.

**Richard Raleigh**

## **The Loss**

Put your hand in mine child,  
Meadows green we shall see,  
And the calm rivers blue,  
That flow to the sea.

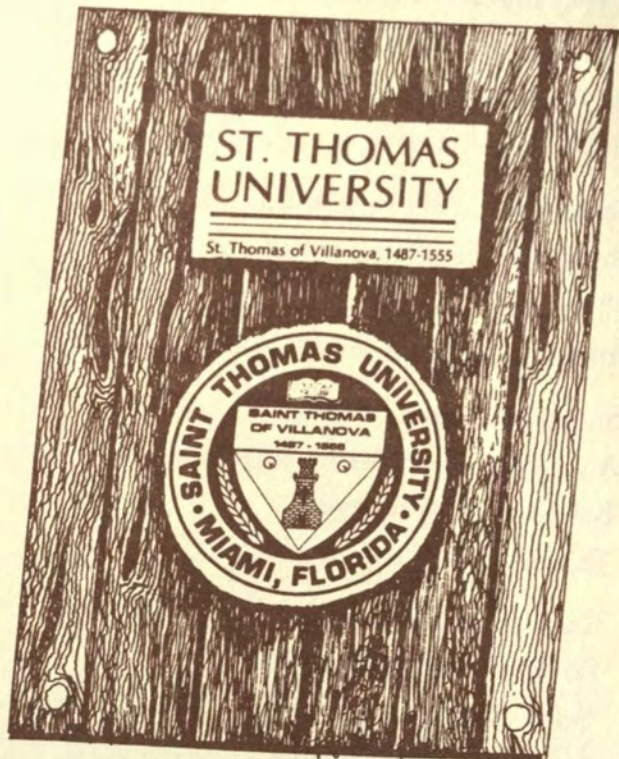
Please open your eyes child,  
To the grey mountains high,  
All nature's full beauty,  
Once sprang from God's sigh.

So play in the grass child,  
And sense all that abounds,  
But remember forever,  
This silence of sounds.

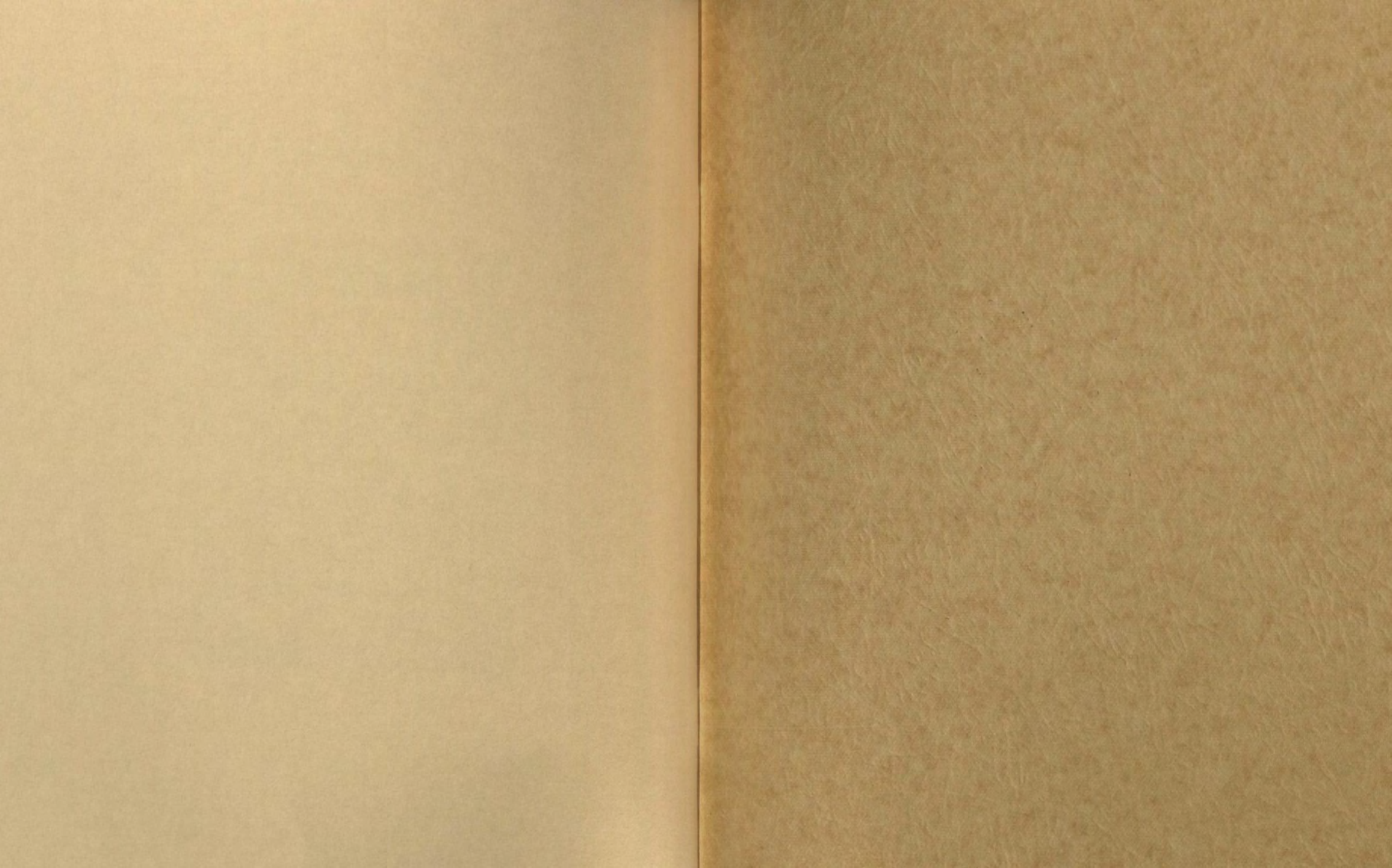
Know all that you can child,  
For the morrow's too late,  
Soon all this will vanish,  
Man has written its fate.

**Janette Giuffra**











ST. THOMAS  
UNIVERSITY

St. Thomas of Villanova, 1487-1555

