



Driftwood 1991-92

Driftwood 1991 - 92
St. Thomas Literary magazine

T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

- PAGE 1 Three Untitled Poems by Michael Gavin
PAGE 2 Untitled by T. Moons
PAGE 3 "The Path of the Urns" By Henry Vargas
PAGE 4 Pen and Ink Illustration by Henry Vargas
PAGE 5 "...Exploring a tiny 31 lb universe: the human brain." and "We
Were Three." by Nancy Whitney
PAGE 6 "Life or Death" by Althea Phillips
PAGE 7 and 8 Untitled Companion pieces by Susan Szumiel Buzzi
PAGE 9 "For Desiree" By Andrew Adair
PAGE 10 Untitled Photograph By Richard Andrew Carlow
PAGE 11 "Date line: Key West" and "Love and Loss" by Carlos A. Moore
PAGE 12 Untitled Pen and Ink by Jennifer Lee Smith
PAGE 13 and 14 "I Am Black" by Lorrie-Ann M. Evanson
PAGE 15 "Redefining The Master Renegade" by Susan Szumiel Buzzi
PAGE 16 "The Dream Deepens" and "My Shadow" by Javier Lopera
PAGE 17 An excerpt from the essay "Under The Canopy " by Alicia
Kharsa
PAGE 18 "November Winds" By Henry Vargas
PAGE 19 "My Buddy" Joseph Burchfield
PAGE 20 Untitled by Michael G. Gorski
PAGE 21 "Unbelievably Here" By Lester D. Silva
PAGE 22 "Wind Breeze" and Untitled By Rita Lopez
PAGE 23 "Return of the Native" and "Vespers Around Ashville" By Frank
McGarry
PAGE 24 "Sitting Without A Clue" and "Indian Summer" by Elisabetta
Ferrero
PAGE 25 "The Night" by Andrew D. Adair
PAGE 26 "Hand of Faith" Photograph by Michael J. Koniarski
PAGE 27 Untitled Poem by T. Moons
PAGE 28 and 29 Untitled Poem By Prof. Ken Stibler
PAGE 30 "Miami Summer" by David J. Cantillo
PAGE 31 "Detroit Winter" David J. Cantillo
PAGE 32 Credits

OLIVE FACE
DARK WAVY MOUSTACHE
GOOD PERSON
NICE PERSONALITY
FRIENDLY
TALKATIVE
WORRIED
GREEK BY NATIONALITY
CAB DRIVER BY PROFESSION
FRIEND BY CHANCE



IN DREDGED SCENERY
A POET'S LAST REGARD IS
LONELINESS
IN A AN ENHANCED BEAUTY
OF AIR, WIND, WATER AND LIFE
A POET'S ONLY WISH IS LONELINESS



THE EXORCISM IS HELD PUBLICALLY
THE RITUAL IS ABOUT TO BEGIN
MAGIC IS THROWN
INCANTATIONS SPRAYED UPON THE
POSSESSOR
THE SHAMAN DANCES
HIS PRAYER HELPS LEAD
THE DEMONIC HEALING IS ON
THE SHAMAN LEADS THE SPIRIT LOOSE
HE TAKES IT AWAY
AND LATER GUIDES US THROUGH
THE BLINDING LIGHT
AND GOD IS SHOWN IN HIS EMINENT GLORY

M I C H A E L G A V I N



*Black faces wearing crowded masks
Face sad contortionists dripping
Ineluctable among standing puddles.*

T. MOONS

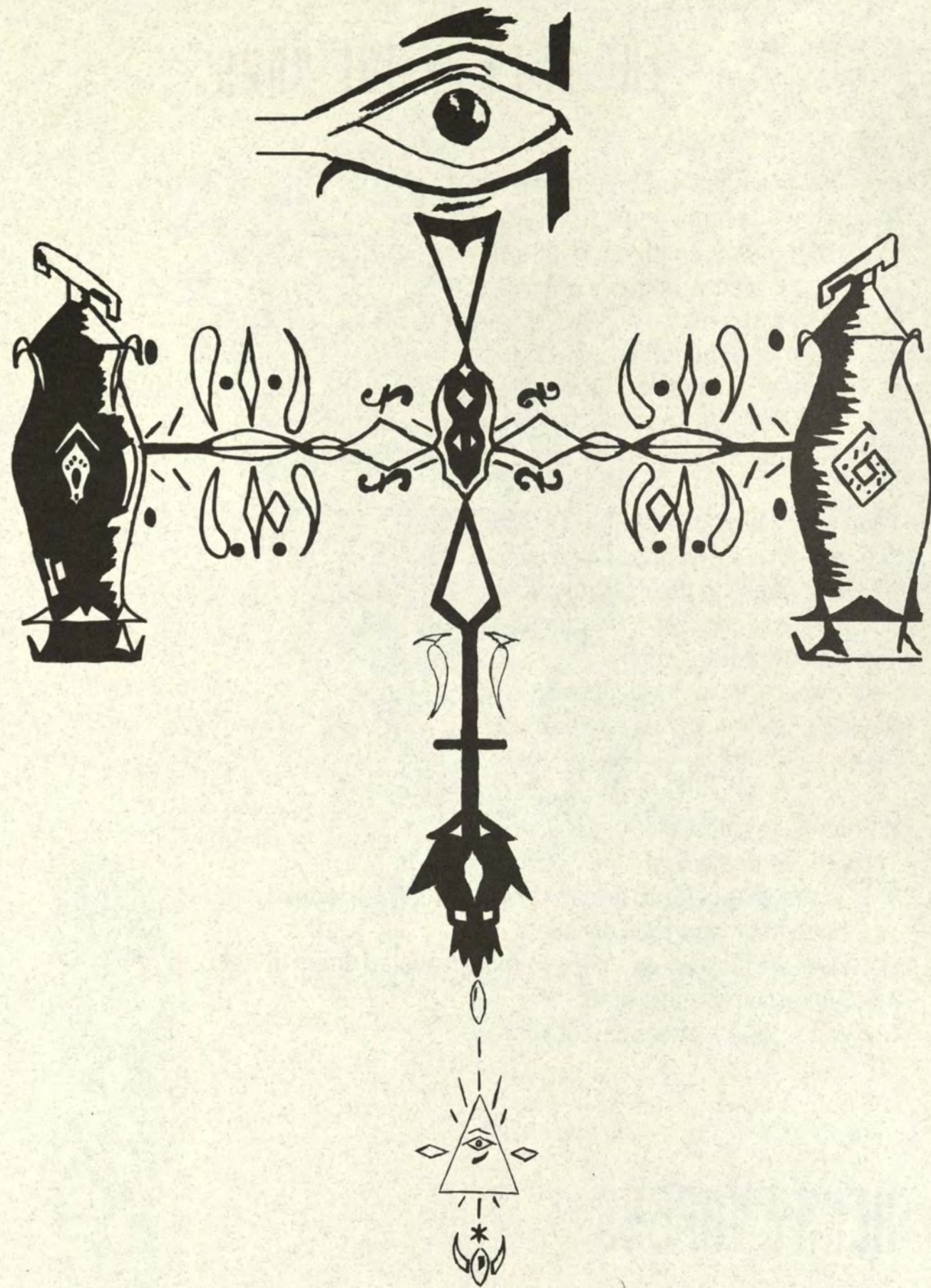
THE PATH OF THE URNS

To follow this path, you must believe.
To survive this path, you must feel within...
Start from the pyramid at the far end-
This is you- a soul, coming into this world.
Move two steps forward- now you are in this world.
Move to your right, to the white urn-
You are now alive-pure, vibrant, all -knowing,
But the darker the shadow, the moodier you become.
Say one prayer, thanking all for your life and your success.

Then move to your left, under the black urn-
You are now angry, upset, confused-
You are "dead" to the outside realm
Because you choose to be that way:
It is the law of impertinence.
Say one prayer for forgiveness,
Saying sorry for all that has hurt you,
As well as to those you have hurt.

When your soul is "clean"
Then move to the Eye-
This is the Eye of God, the all seeing and all powerful...
You have achieved total divinity...
He walked with you, even in you most troubled times of need.
Always remember this path,
For you walk it ...every day of your life.

HENRY VARGAS



"...EXPLORING A TINY 31 LB UNIVERSE: THE HUMAN BRAIN."

-CHRISTINE GORMAN

SIZING UP THE SEXES," TIME JANUARY 20, 1992

The answer is 42
as the shadows bounce off the cave wall.

She lights a joint in the torn tree
and the men dance naked.

Soft, succulent lips calling me,
caressing the nape of my neck.

my love chastised
and my lover miles away.

31lbs contains a ton of baggage
from pleasant to painful

to pleasant to painful to pleasant
and the exploration continues.

We were three.

I see the beauty in your cocoa face,
And I hold still the trembling in your heart,
I am not in your shoes, nor of your race,
but wept when the fetus did depart.

Hours later over, "fled lice and egg woll,"
you giggled so tired and nervously,
I too giggled but need not pay the toll.
you are you and I am me, but who are we?

This is not about being black or white.
This is not about being wrong or right.
Both on a unique, adventurous quest,
Our soul search is for more than just success.

At times we are one... one time we were three.
Still I ponder... In God's eyes- who are we?

Nancy Whitney

Life or Death

I would like to live and progress
And yet there are times when I would prefer
To be dead and motionless
No worries, no cares, no thoughts- just solitude.

But then and again is death solitude?
or are there more worries?
Is it black and cold and lonely?
Or can I therein find peace within my soul?

My soul, that's where i usually hide myself
My self-detestation, fleshly lusts and body's yearnings
contrary to my brain or mind which shows
My worth, my achievements, and potential greatness.

Oh how I wish I was never born
Then I would not have to wonder
Should I live and feign happiness
Or should I die and in death think
It can no worse than life.



Althea Phillips

HARDWARE STORE—In growing country community, doing fine business, fully stocked, sale includes complete inventory and bldg, \$45,000. Owner will arrange mtg with qualified buyer.

DAMI REALTY, INC.
140 E Main St Cobleskill, N.Y. 518 234-3583

CARDS-STATIONERY-BOOKS
\$210,000 yearly. Sun. closed. Hrs 9-6 PM. \$425 rent. \$50,000 cash neg. Partnerships & Finance Arranged

Forman & Fagelbaum, Bkr
101 PARK AVE (41 ST) SUITE 603 N.Y.C. 725-2644; L.I. (516) 267-4747

GENERAL store for sale on busy street in growing community, 60 N.Y. City. Groceries, hardware pumps, garage, office comb 1/2 r w/stone top. Separate 3 rm apt. \$100,000. Terms. MILTON BROKER HOLMES N. Y. 878-9795, 6261

FLOWER & GIFT
With excellent 3 bdrm home. All stock & equipment. Call Mortgages available. See Star Realty 407-865-4058 U.S. N.Y.C.

FABRIC STORE
FORDHAM V. VERY BUSY. Inventory up to date.

MONEY
Looking for the right investment. Over profitable national cream drive-in. Low interest. Y8584 Times

PROPERTY OF LIFE
INGI Bicycle-Juvenile maker. P/L available. Shop-Refining-15 \$30,000-plus inventory.

PARAMOUNT FOOT OF NATION
ter. NJ store & home hardware, groceries, pens, fishing, hunting, bath, pool, 2 acre term mtge. For appt.

MOD GIFT SHOP
1650 sq ft, major gifts & novelties for gifts & equipment. Ask \$55,000. Terms. TRIMAR REALTY

Discount Fabrics
Selling out, will negotiate sublease 3,500 sq. ft. Air-highway route. 9 spinning. (212) 684-2916 day time.

BUY & SELL—JEWELRY
Lower Westchester. Lab. or w/o inventory. For info. for bldg. No charge for 1972 sales \$180,000. state. (914) 664-3388.

RETAIL HARNESS
GROSS APPROX. 25 Store Shops. Center. 516-781-8398

RECORD/MUSIC STORE
location estab 20 yrs inventory existing 4 yrs over \$20,000. Owner takes \$150,000. Call 516-764-2261

FLEE THE
Floor covering soft surface-building. Tel 315-769-9167

BARTON'S CANDY, cards, books, magazines, etc. 60 N.Y.C. Gross \$90,000 & growing. Short hours. Closed 343-5015 Residence (914) 343-5015

3 acres overlooks Delaware
bldg, 1st flr, old fashion store, oil bid, apt, 2nd flr. \$35,000. 717-224-4451.

BOOK SELLER offers & figures & 25 yrs experience in established store last one \$400,000 volume partnership in established store or partner to start new operation. Y8676 Times

CAMERA STORE
28 years same loc. Refining. Jackson Hts. area. IL 8-6225

HARDWARE & LOCK SERVICE STORE
—28 yrt net profit ratio. Available for open listing. 203-0866-519 or P.O. Box 822, Norwalk, Ct. 06856. \$35,000.

UNPAINTED & CUSTOM BUILT FURNITURE

LITTLE COUNTRY
In lovely old hamlet, furnished, freezer-refrigerator, \$9500. For a tour, call Mrs. Josephine 518 352-1111

LITTLE COUNTRY RESTAURANT
Situated on 31/2 wooded acres in beautiful suburbs of Greensburg, Pa. 15601. Restaurant w/8 dining room, floor, garages and 200 car parking w/attendants quarters. Liquor license included. Call Lucille Scott area code 412-838-2889 or write Hammill-Quinn Realtors, 1144 East Pittsburgh Street, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

RESTAURANTS

LINCOLN RESTAURANT
Con Corner Rest. w/ 2 bars, 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. Total price \$50,000. WI 7-3622-3-4-5

MADISON SQUARE RESTAURANT
Fully equipped, Rest. & bar. Total price \$25,000. Terms negotiable. WI 7-3622-3-4-5

RESTAURANT
Rest. in choice suburban market NJ area. Annual volume \$100,000. Price includes many acres landscaped property and paved parking. Provision for Mr. March at Business and Conv. of Cresview Realty Middlesex, NJ (201) 382-2339

JERSEY SHORE PUB
state license. Franchise, choice summer turn over \$65k. Yr. potential. Call Mon-Fri 10-6:30. 609-825-1300

RESTAURANT
restaurant & cocktail lounge. Fully equipped. \$25,000. Call 201-261-1111

RESTAURANT—Cocktail Lounge
quiet/Meeting Room. Seating approx. 40. Early American decor. Cozy & hospitable. Approx \$200,000. Call 201-261-1111

SOUTH JERSEY SEASHORE RESTAURANT
of NJ's finest & most affluent seashore areas. Cash reqd \$30,000, ong terms. OAKWOOD REALTY BROKERS (201) 363-1280; evs (201) 363-5894.

LUNCHEONETTE-RESTAURANT
Excel location in busy Clifton, NJ shopping center grossing over \$100,000 annually. Reduced to \$48,500. Min 1/3 down. L. CASTRINUOVO Realtor 201-869-2600

BAR & RESTAURANT fully equipped, 201-869-2600

FAST FOOD DRIVE-IN
\$250,000 gross "IN ONLY 20 WEEKS" of NJ's finest & most affluent seashore areas. Cash reqd \$30,000, ong terms. OAKWOOD REALTY BROKERS (201) 363-1280; evs (201) 363-5894.

LUNCHEONETTE-RESTAURANT
Excel location in busy Clifton, NJ shopping center grossing over \$100,000 annually. Reduced to \$48,500. Min 1/3 down. L. CASTRINUOVO Realtor 201-869-2600

BAR & RESTAURANT fully equipped, 201-869-2600

JOHN KAPAS, BROKER
(201) 279-4400
"The Restaurant Specialist"

RESTAURANT
Hwy with crystal clear view of ocean. Fully equipped & furnished. Includes 5 rm owner's apt. \$10,000.00. Net price \$14,000.00. Call JOHN KAPAS REALTY, 13431. (315) 462-1111

DELI, FULL SERVICE RESTAURANT
1700 SQ. FT. 1st floor food & deli. 2nd floor cafe & bistro. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. House located on main southern Dutchess County road w/new estab. Facilities consist of 60,000 sq. ft. of space, full kitchen, cocktail lounge, bar, rest room, rest area. This is a fantastic investment. Call Mrs. Cloe 518-283-2339

DELIVERY SERVICE
Over 10 years experience. Over 1000 customers. 75 Malbone Lane, N.Y.C. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION. House located on main southern Dutchess County road w/new estab. Facilities consist of 60,000 sq. ft. of space, full kitchen, cocktail lounge, bar, rest room, rest area. This is a fantastic investment. Call Mrs. Cloe 518-283-2339

BROOKLYN
Legal rooming hrs, 2 bath, furnished, income monthly \$25,000.00. Gd terms on 1st yr. TR 5-2266.

BRICK HOTEL
GREAT OPPORTUNITY INVESTOR-HOTEL. Laundry, Gas, DETAILS. Corkery Realty

HOTEL 1 hr from
bar/retail room, bar room \$200,000. Gross 000. Appointment only. No Informa- tion. Baker, Real Estate NJ (914) 342-2563.

Long Branch
18 rms, 4 apts. 5 bath. 50x100 bar. busn \$165,000. BROOKSIDE LICENSED BROKER

Garages & Gas
PCI OIL CO
Have these available BORO PARK BKLYN. Heavily equipped. WESTCHESTER 2 (212) 261-2339

GAS STATION
Mobile—over 40M main highway to office, salesroom, truck repair shop. Reasonable. Mr. R. Spiegel AM-11 AM.)

GAS STATION
Queens—Gas & Nassau-South. Many Others—Call DYNAMIC

GAS STATIONS—In- for lease. Waco, modern gas only, no rent, guaranteed. 000 needed. Immed. TAL GASOLINE, MA 887-9270 13-30-11 A

KINGS HWAY. UH
Fender Shop & Gas Bar, Pumps. Very nice. Cash-terms arranged. Simon J. Boss 1470

RICHMOND
Volks repair shop, 100x100 property, busn. See 212-846-9724 or

WANT
Le vol gas sta w/e- erty or lease. No Quick deal. Princ. 0

PARKING LOT
West 20 St. off E 50x100. Immed. BERLEY & BERLEY

STOCKHOLDERS
for lease—Call 6000 Sq. Ft. B

ROCKLAN
Body shop & used car 500 or lease 914/35

AMOCO
Route 17, Suffern, done high volume needed. 516 MA 7-

GAS STATION for R. 50x100. L. I. 3 B. 1000sq. ft. 13-30-11 A

AUTO BODY
Invest + returned.

NO WESTCH-Gas
Almost 300 sq. ft. Mfr. Herman Poritz

CAR WASH FAI
Total \$90,000. 22012

Professional Pra
WANTED
Physician or Gro- who wish to own

MBERLAIN
Richard Storm Agency
1400 Breconville, Mt. Laurel, NJ 08054
Tel: (609) 344-8511

OLBECK
St. Grenewick
Tel: (609) 344-8511

TERRACES
Tel: (609) 344-8511

OOKE
Tel: (609) 344-8511

GREENWICH
Tel: (609) 344-8511

QUE CHI
Tel: (609) 344-8511

on & W
Tel: (609) 344-8511

ADEN
Tel: (609) 344-8511

Smells of Spring
Tel: (609) 344-8511

CLARE
Tel: (609) 344-8511

LEBRAND
Tel: (609) 344-8511

MTGES
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD-BEAU
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 1
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 2
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 3
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 4
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 5
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 6
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 7
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 8
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 9
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 10
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 11
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 12
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 13
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 14
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 15
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 16
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 17
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 18
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 19
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 20
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 21
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 22
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 23
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 24
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 25
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 26
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 27
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 28
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 29
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 30
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 31
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 32
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 33
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 34
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 35
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 36
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 37
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 38
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 39
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 40
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 41
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 42
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 43
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 44
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 45
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 46
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 47
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 48
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 49
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 50
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 51
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 52
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 53
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 54
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 55
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 56
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 57
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 58
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 59
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 60
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 61
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 62
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 63
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 64
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 65
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 66
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 67
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 68
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 69
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 70
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 71
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 72
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 73
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 74
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 75
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 76
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 77
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 78
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 79
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 80
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 81
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 82
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 83
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 84
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 85
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 86
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 87
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 88
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 89
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 90
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 91
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 92
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 93
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 94
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 95
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 96
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 97
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 98
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 99
Tel: (609) 344-8511

STAMFORD NO. 100
Tel: (609) 344-8511

for Desiree

I feel that I would be like a walking god,
if only with baited breath and trembling fingers I could
place into words the fleeting shadowy substance of a feeling.

To chain an emotion with a sentence,
bind its wings with a phrase
and preserve it within a frame
like a sketch by a beautiful young artist
with flowing hair and charming ideas...

If I could engrave a shining sentiment
with this pen into paper,
I feel as if I could keep it
forever from fading like a burnt flower
in eternity's blazing furnace.

But It seems as if such divine power of
expression
has died within me, destroyed, eons past
like some dangerous book
hurled into the sun
by some dying terrible gods.

Though I am not a walking god,
and such herculean control of words
escapes my brain,
you still sway me
to attempt to place upon this page
the sensation of basking
in the warm glow of your smile,
that is almost like
angels walking barefoot on my heart.

ANDREW DEVIN ADAIR





DATE LINE: KEY WEST

The outside of the house was lush
The history was heavy
The wooden planks were still strong
And the memories lingered on
Not by " self-inflicted gun shot wound to the head"
did he fall
Useless flesh was all
He still speaks to those who wish to listen
And like the soft Caribbean water, makes our hearts glisten.

LOVE AND LOSS

Yesterday you were my lover
But today you are my enemy

How quickly love can perish
Like a fruit off the vine

Why could it not have been like a mountain
Taking eons to erode away

But instead, today you are my enemy
When yesterday you were my lover.

CARLOS A. MOORE



**I am Black
my heart bleeds
When I see my people turning their
backs on their culture**

**It seems, in so many cases,
that the white man
has been successful
in poisoning our minds.**

**I see my people shunned
because they choose
to wear 'dreadlocks,'
because they believe
in the ideology of rastafarism.**

**I see my people laughed
at when they wear
articles that
signify their beliefs
in Africa as the 'homeland' of black
people**



**Everyday I see more
of my people losing
their black identity
in trying to be more
acceptable in the
'white society.'**



**I know that many
times, it is not how
we look, but how
we feel inside.
because there are times
we have to conform
to be successful in
the 'white world.'**



**even with this
realization I am
still grieved,
because my people
still do not know
who they are**

**They don't know
their history
and they make
no effort.
They don't act as
brothers and sisters.**

**But then, it is not
for me to judge.
I place that in
the hands of God,
the Almighty**

**I can only start
to make it change
with me
And I have.
It's the beginning of
a long journey.**

**There are a lot of
things
I still have to learn.**

**Things to ask
to understand!
But I have built the
foundation,
because there is one
thing of which I am certain--
I am black!**

Lorrie-Ann M. Evanson



redefining the master renegade

on the fifth day of the moon,
a divine light appeared from the sanctuary of my soul.....
leading me to you;
the twilight of deception.
there you stood;
barefoot in my garden
a blessing in disguise?
or a thief for the darkness?
the Path was flanked with fire
but your elixir quenched my thirst.
Yes! we are evil brilliant one,
throw away your armor
i am too tired to fight.
save yourself;
for i am truly shipwrecked at the gates of Hell.
and there is no escape;
the circle is complete.

SUSAN SZUMIEL BUZZI



THE DREAM DEEPENS

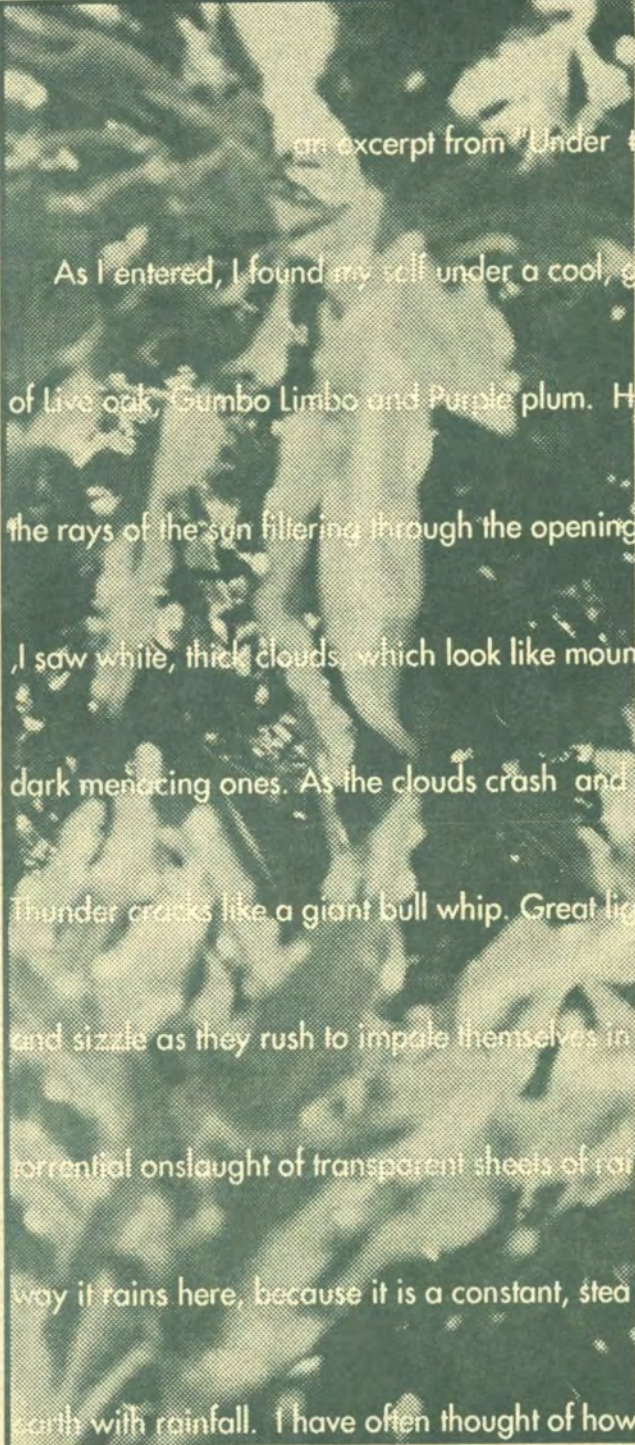
Suddenly, before my eyes
The child stepped from the statue's base,
Went to a large mirror nearby
And studied hard, deep and long,
Then, the child began pulling here and there,
Pushing and twisting mouth, arms, fingers
and such,
Finally, the child turned to the molders
and said, now it looks like me!
Miraculously, the child looked no
different at all.
But, oh, what a transformation!

MY SHADOW


You live forever by your actions
with the tips of your fingers
you strum on the world, it gives forth
beautiful dawns, triumphs, colors,
and joys: Such is your music.
Life is every thing that you touch.
You are never beset by doubt
because you've turned all mysteries
inside out...
And you were never lead astray
except once, on the night
that you flirted with a shadow
--The only one that ever pleased you--
And trying to embrace it, you saw that it was I!

JAVIER LOPERA

an excerpt from "Under the Canopy" by Alicia Kharsa



As I entered, I found myself under a cool, green canopy formed by the upper branches of live oak, Gumbo Limbo and Purple plum. Here and there, as I looked up, I could see the rays of the sun filtering through the openings in the canopy. Looking through the openings, I saw white, thick clouds, which look like mounds of gigantic cotton balls, are overwhelmed by dark menacing ones. As the clouds crash and crowd together, they swirl and seethe as if boiling. Thunder cracks like a giant bull whip. Great lightning bolts split the sky. They flash and sizzle as they rush to impale themselves in the earth. Then the torrential onslaught of transparent sheets of rain begins. I love the way it rains here, because it is a constant, steady pelting of the earth with rainfall. I have often thought of how it would feel to take a shower in such a downpour. Of course, that would not be a wise thing to do.



NOVEMBER'S WINDS

Walking along the sandy beach,
And feeling the drift of November's winds,
Hand in hand, Stride by stride,
Looking into your eyes,
I think to myself,
How many days, how many years
Have went by in my own life,
That I feel so empty, and yet,
Without a whole heart completed?

How many hours went by the sight of my eyes,
That I never beheld any kind of happiness,
Even if that was for a brief moment?

How many days went by through the length of time,
And I couldn't tell what hour or day,
The events would begin to unfold unknowingly?

How many years went through my soul,
Both good and bad, I walked in stride,
But my shadow was the only company that was with me?

How long ago was that recalled to me?

And I think to myself,
As I look upon your eyes,
Underneath the moonlight's watchful glow,
Saying, "It has been that long,
In this story, called my life,
That happiness did avoid me- and I chased it.
I tracked it, but only to have it escape from view.

It has been years that my heart was ever this filled;
From these winds, they sang some kind of harmony
That led me in your path, be it by accident or on purpose-
But it led me to you.

And every time these winds gust,
Stronger than ever the breezes themselves,
Or even more powerful than any force for nature,
I always think of one moment.

It was on a moonlit starry night,
And the winds of November came over the horizon.
It was then and, at that moment, right there,
That I looked into your eyes,
And for the first time in my "history,"
My heart smiled, and wept tears of joy.....

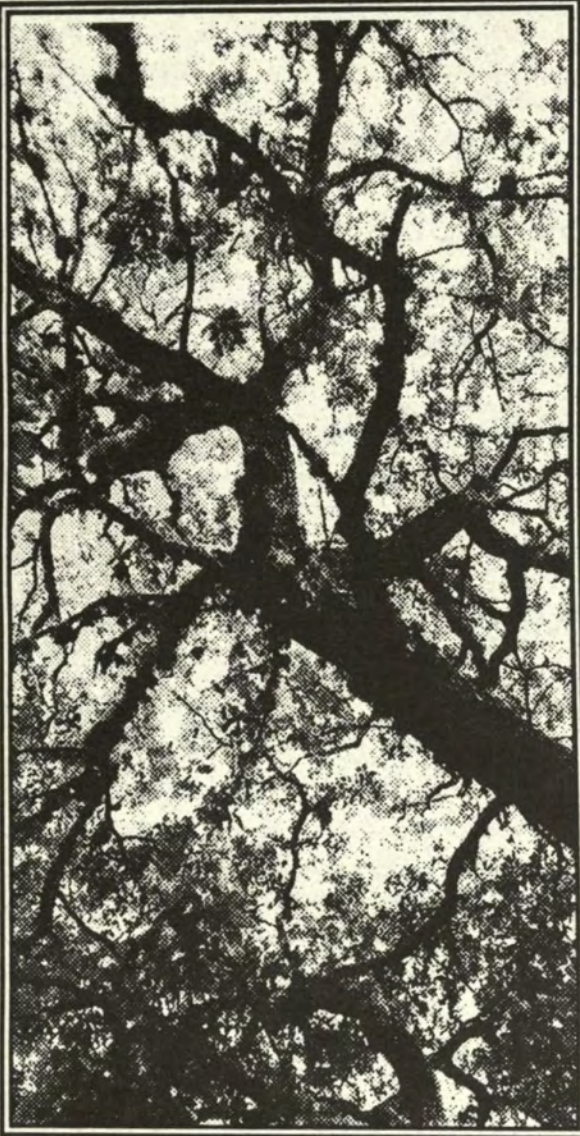
HENRY VARGAS

MY BUDDY

AS THE NIGHTS ARE DARK,
SO ARE MY DAYS.
AS TIME GOES BY IN DAYS
IT ONLY SEEMS LIKE HOURS
AND AS LIFE IS FILLED WITH DREAMS
THEY DO NOT ALL COME TRUE.
ALTHOUGH WHEN THOUGH ABOUT
A SPECIAL FEELING OVERCOMES ME.
THE FUTURE WAS FILLED WITH SPECIAL
TIMES WE WERE GOING TO CHERISH FOR LONG.
THE FUTURE WAS NOT ALLOWED FOR US
TO OBTAIN THESE TIMES.
TO THINK WE WILL SEE ONE ANOTHER AGAIN
ONE MUST HAVE FAITH
IT IS FAITH THAT I HAVE, AND I
SHALL WAIT UNTIL MY DESTINY
HAS ARRIVED. AND WHEN IT
DOES...I AM SURE MY
BUDDY WILL BE WAITING

JOSEPH BURCHFIELD

UNTITLED



WHEN THIS URBAN PARADISE
CAN NO LONGER AMUSE YOU,
DREAMS FORESHADOW DARKNESS
AND NOT PROSPERITY.
YOUR FRIENDS SEEM TO WANDER
THROUGH THE FOREST-
LOOKING FOR THE ENIGMA OR
TREE OF WISDOM
THE TREE IS NEVER FOUND
AND THE SEARCH- ENDLESS
ALL HAS BEEN GIVEN, LITTLE EARNED
IT IS TIME FOR THE LEAVES TO FALL,
AND THE TREE TO AGE
FOR THAT IS UNAVOIDABLE
AND THE TREE THAT DOES NOT AGE,
DIES

M I C H A E L G . G O R S K I

Unbelievably Here
Here in a place never thought
Bells going off every hour- distant
Eating, Drinking, sleeping again
and again and again.

Traveling, seeing through my eyes, yet seen
everyday by others; Growing,
Understanding life of the place
Within- but never knowing if
it will be seen again.

Walking, tracking, or
even busing- still
an adventure ahead.

Lester D. Silva

WIND BREEZE

As it raptures me in its cool arms,
And fills my mind with idle thoughts,
And my soul rejoices at its attention;
But my body shivers in its confidence;
Alive inside but outside dead,
Hurting with numbness,
loving it like a lover,
Hating me like an enemy,
The wind passes on.

UNTITLED

And then
I think of him;
across the sea
so far away.
The melody of that night
moves my body to gentle dancing.
In my room,
I see my reflection
against the dark night,
I see nothing
as I see him.

RITA LOPEZ

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Intense, silent, mind-bumping thought,
Now look for ground and centering.
My heart searches for the family liturgy,
for time-honored, committed, people and places.

Her warmth, caring-love, smiling touch,
And her clear bright eyes reflect excited welcome.
Yet and later-in-the-day coziness is the true celebration,
The feel of arms and bodies around each other.

Days are now warm and longer; summer monotony.
Business is wood chopping; it extends, yet sustains.
The alter of comfort, peace and onliness
Prepares the communion celebration of persons.

Reaching over I touch her inviting warm softness,
Our holding, presence, sensuous sharing celebrates thanksgiving.

VESPERS AROUND ASHVILLE

Mounded, bursting, beige buttons dressed the landscape,
Sprayed and dotted with sprig-yellowed poplars
On large, rounded hills of fired red-brown,
Yesterday's brilliance was now becoming quieter.

Shifting, sliding blue-grey skies birthed an orange trim,
as splashed evening-light methodically surrendered.
Accepting the day's end, darkening cooler shades
Shrouded nature's elegant contoured body.

Patch -quilt farms also faded out of specialness.
Their chopped, wooden boundaries, pronounced and proud,
Gave over as shadowed ,security symbols,
Becoming beacons for cautious, searching night-drivers.

Quick-spotted, flashed reflections outlined short trees.
The long, winding roads, having bowed to nature,
Now invite exploring and paying homage,
While the grey mist-filled blanket settled in.

Frank McGarry

Sitting Without A Clue

Scarlet nights ahead or just knowing
fully the ring that doesn't come
off. The palm in search of a
map. it seems. Along the way treasures
can be found, and the dust

Under the leaves and the brown terrain.
Pastures lead a day stirring;
of colors resisting old
disputes.

I tie emblems of pure fantasy at my door-step
leaving phenomena for some other
places without a clue
of a fragment attitude floating
with the boats moored at sea.

Some how this entrance we'll all go through
is distant, and yet the moon is full
of possible insights
awaiting with the sea breaking and
breathing

Indian Summer

You left the light downstairs
in the gallet— it permeates
with the salad & chips
on the deck as night falls rapidly and all
the water wants is to be

The crackling of the anchor
heavy and full is the day
past and gone
the markers with the seagulls shrieking
the damp air simply taking over.

Can we forecast
and pretend to forget
the buoyancy of life
with the windy

sights far away. Soon
the dancing of the stars or moon or simply hands
that the sea absorbs
but gives back....

our distant lives
half buried under the elm.

Elisabetta Maria Ferrero

I wonder what the night was like
before they had bulbs and wires,
before they took the power of the storm
and pushed it all through tiny bits of metal and glass.

What was the dark,
when we could only drive it back
with wax, thread, and flame?

What did the dark feel like
Was it lush and full
like a sculpted hedge maze,
or was it cold hard and strong
like concrete and iron?

What did it sound like
when torn only by the light
of a fickle moon or makeshift campfire?

what filled the night,
before we filled it with stranger's
voices faces, and lives
piped in through a box
of tubes, wire and sodder?

What comforted those who feared the night
before Marcony, the Marx brothers, and Magnum P.I.?
Was it a Bowie or a Winchester
propped against a door
or on a night stand
or the dull warm feeling
of a body close in bed?

Who watched over us in the night,
before Lockheed's fathers and Sputnik's sons?
Was it Gabriel, Michael, and an army of Archangles,
or Orion silently circling the North Star?

Was it just a time for sleep
or was it a time to let your
thought, dreams, and fears spread out
and wander through the black onyx space
that our eyes cannot penetrate?

Andrew D. Adair



OUR FATHERS SUPPOSED THEMSELVES
TO GO BACK NO FURTHER THAN
YESTERDAY, EACH MAN
CONTAINING
WITHIN HIMSELF THE ULTIMATE
VALUE OF HIS EXISTENCE.

T . M O O N S

Homeless
Hopeless
Shattered Dreams
Uncaring people
Unaware that I was once one of them
Turning their eyes and hearts away
so as not to become part of my harsh reality
Unaware that my plight is their disgrace
The lack of concern is America's disgrace
Garbage cans instead of Five Star restaurants or McDonald's
Coral Gables and Coconut grove foreign lands
to which I'll never again have a passport
Why me?..... How did it happen?
Wasn't I a mother's child, a brother, a husband
It's all so hazy, what was it?
A lost job, divorce, drugs, mental illness, Vietnam War
penniless after paying off the cost of a lengthy hospital stay
The bottom dropped out so quickly.
I must be looking through a window
That faceless pathetic creature can't really be me
I'm trapped in a whirlpool
From which I'll never be free
The affluent think I lack ambition

Floating in a world of demented people
Lost in the mutterings of a language
only each can comprehend
In a private hell of personal demons.
A strange country with strange values
Money for Star Wars and Space Programs
We find billions to bail out Savings and Loan executives
but don't fund Drug Rehab centers, Pre-Natal Care
or a National Health Program
An administration more concerned with supplying arms
Then with supplying its citizens with basic human necessities
A government that prefers to close hospitals
Rather than tax loopholes for the wealthy
States that can find funds for stadiums
but cut back on educational needs
Wall us off, burn our belongings, drive us crazy
We are still with you
Close your eyes we are still with you
No guarantee that one day.
You will not be one of us
The faceless ones, the street people, homeless
"What you do for the least of my brethren..."

Prof. Ken Stibler

Miami Summer

Waves of heat from the pavement
rise and hover like gulls
inspecting trash. Green
is the dolphin sea, green
the color of love, and bone-
white the sands by moonlight
and the common thrill.
Faces foul with hoping,
leaning out of cars-
hum international airs
up to a pink.

The emerald sunset
of the sea greets
the white hills of downtown,
where concrete blankets
the colorful streets
like a hard comforter.
What moves among colors
making the nightfall feared?
People trapped in the sunlight
seem moths in a yellow web;
in the west, alligators brood,
waiting for a sign.

Rain comes gray at last,
bringing reptilian slithers
to the streets. Crowds
vanish, the sea turns
deep, buildings darken
while thick raindrops
pulse like veins
on their glass facades.

But the rain stops quickly,
bringing a false dawn,
revealing stains that water
did not wash. Music and color
steam in the boulevards;
all seasons yield in hope.
Summer lingers with false
intimacies in the cold-
blooded streets.

David J. Cantillo

Detroit Winter

Steam from the manholes rises
and races like white foxes
over the ice. There are black
pipes under the street that fume
hot until morning. Soon
dawn will mend the streets
with snow. Trickle of light
drip from the east,
falling on buses
of faces black and mild.
Tall buildings shrug the wind
into the eyes, and the soot
on cheeks washes
with tears. Many
things happen here, but none
touches the steam, the white
buses, the soot; some true color
has repented from the city.
I see its absence in two shades;
the winter knows and lingers.
Tears in this season freeze
into salt: sprinkled from trucks
they crunch afoot, melting
the ice, making the streets
bitter.

David J. Cantillo

credits

Editor: ANDREW D. ADAIR

Assistant Editor: RICHARD CARLOW

Contributing Editor: SUSAN SZUMIEL BUZZI

Advisor: DR. PHILLIP RECKFORD



Special Thanks to:
Nancy Whitney, Michael
Samway, Vicky Santiesteban, and all those who

c o n t r i b u t e d .

Driftwood 1991-1992

