



THE DRIFTWOOD

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St. Thomas University
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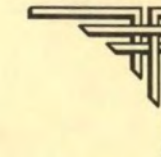
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SQUALL

Time-Love-A new revelation.
Coming together in celebration
of a grandeur great and small
To a place in squalid squall.

Dark patches of night never ending.
Soft glow of the dawn pretending.
Set ablaze this bustling bromage.
It's a world of grubbling garbage.

Malignant disease of humanity turning.
In my stomach forever churning.
Gladness, sorrow, strange candescence.
Take it back-give me omniscience.

Flanders, fury, fleeing, flapping
Where's the part where you are clapping.
For me, my moment's glory,
Sunken, shriveled - a never story.

Save only for me
In my mind's eye.
Dream a dream of open sky.

Wishes, wants along the broken shell.
Has my life gone straight to hell?
Help me make my one life true.

Greg Craft

CURSED MOON

Where does the sun go
When it dips beneath the waves?
And why is my night time
Longer than my days?
Is it because the moon's too bright,
Or is it your silent ways?

They say the moon has a power
Far greater than the sun
While one's fire burns
The other's waters run!


While one nurtures
And bears forth fruit to grow
The other controls the beasted
And tells one where to go.

So where are you?
And why aren't you here?
And why is it the day
That only brings you near?

How I curse the moon
And his dreaded, evil grin!
It should be the night,
my night!
Where my days should begin!

Kelle George





"Why?"

"Why did he do it?" they all asked.

Nobody ever thought that I may not have had a choice; besides, my life was in ruins anyway. That's why I did it.

It wasn't hard. In fact, it happened very quickly, I hardly felt a thing.

OK, I admit it was kind of hard at first, and my nerves were really killing me, but that didn't stop me.

People say I was wrong, people say I shouldn't have done it.

I'm better for it!

Oh sure, they say it hurt others, and it caused a lot of trouble for everybody, but that's behind me now. I'm free of that, I'm free of a lot of things now.

No more bothers for me, what a deal!?

You know, I still hear that ringing. People aren't right about that one, you do get to hear it, or maybe I imagined it. Nevertheless, it's still there.

The sound, that's the one thing I can't get rid of; that and the chill of the metal barrel against my temple.

Anonymously Written...Post Mortem

A NEW RITUAL


Father...soft, warm, nourished energy drains,
As each stuck, suffering, pleading person
Holds up printed cardboard, advertising food contracts,
Offering alone, desperate, frightened eyes and hands.

Constrained interior screams protest and his pained shame,
Crippling families, children, hope and all respect!
Your presence seems so distant and confusing,
From these empty homeless, life-strained, aged children.

Yet, still to you I send my angered wanderings.
Dare I look indignantly at clouds, demanding "well"?
Is spiritual repression, and Divine Providence
An invitation to hold chronic pain and Godness?

My soul shuts its eyes with searching prayer.
Creativity without limit cannot be owned and held.
But I no longer scan the roads and corners,
Where ritualized suffering is as common as traffic lights!

Frank McGarry



UNTITLED

Lying here, wrapped within a single sheet
with nothing more to protect my flesh
I shiver.

Tempted by the soft warm quilt
that sits to the other side of the room
I envision a sensual feeling it could give
my shivering body.

The vibrating heat it would penetrate
through my innermost soul
and the sense of security my body longs for.
Yet, I force such thoughts from my wicked mind
and ban them from ever being conceived again
for I know what has tempted my seeking eyes
will not last.

The warmth and sensuality is no more
than a mere image

Like that of a candle flame.

So I look away and sigh to myself
waiting, wondering.

For what? My mind searches but cannot answer
So I let the pain of sorrow seep into my body.

The feeling enwraps my heart
squeezing so tightly it gasps for air.

The pain climbs to my throat
overwhelming my weakening body
such that I cannot mutter the slightest word
or sound.

For one word, one sound, would bring tears
to my already glazed eyes.

Terrifying, yet so ethereal.

Jenn Staley

SOMEONE

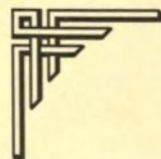
a clean page
a clean new page
to begin with with an
all familiar tale
of unreciprocated love
of missed opportunities,
confusions and all
ill fortunes fate
showers us with

what can I do?
I'm battered with scars
that won't heal from the
past; I'll just sit
on the side benches,
too old for this cat and
mouse game,
don't want to die of a
heart attack

But out in the distance
I hear my sweet Robert,
my sun-god
singing the blues of Love
It's then that I want someone
to purify the loathe
into love
I want someone
who'll show me the light
by showing me the palms of his hands
I want someone
to clean my past

I want someone
not just anybody
but you.

Bernadette Roman



THE WIND

The wind blows in every direction.
 It has a mind of its own.
 I want to speak to the wind, but it hurries along.
 I cannot touch the wind.
 It is like a spirit within.
 I can feel the sensation touching my skin.

This imperceptible force has authority over me.
 I do not know if it is a friend or enemy.

It is like a careless driver.
 My hair to my clothes are its victims.
 The wind has no respect for perfection.

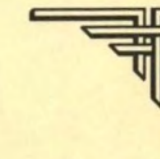
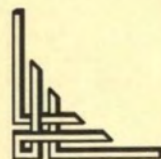
It is a global attraction,
 without visualization.

Keva Corinne Wilchcombe

E.P.H.

His eyes looked so honest when we were talking
 at the dance, feeling like I was loved-paid
 attention to me and we would kiss for
 hours. Not to be anti-social but just
 because we wanted something from each other.
 I used you-you used me, for two very
 different things of course.
 Now what?
 The air, so thick you can't breath
 And the words, there but can't get released.
 The kissing, still remembered and wanted
 But you, so hard to be pleased with one.
 You have to go gallavanting to find
 yourself another fish to jump on the
 hook and get destroyed-
 All for your pleasure.

Renee Anne Celebre



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

She stood alone like a
 Statue in the night
 A breath of passion
 Filled the air
 Her white garments
 Fluttering in the wind
 Her bronze skin glowing
 In the moonlight
 Eyes of blue and long blond hair
 Waving at the stars
 Her tender lips softer
 Than the finest silk
 A body so pure
 Embraced with beauty and elegance
 Unable to be conquered
 By man

Andy Hudson

UNTITLED

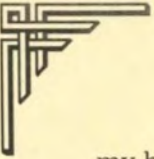
I am the immigrants' child.
 I learned my shame early
 from other immigrants' children
 who fit in.

I am the immigrants' child.
 I shaped success from pain
 and a wish to deny who I was
 but I lost.

I am the immigrants' child.
 Their truth has brought me back
 and I need to give them thanks
 but they're gone.

Eileen Engel





IN AND OUT

my head is spinning
i can't see
inner pain has blinded me
Brewed and Bitter
Strong and Sweet
tears trickling down my feet

Something eating at my Soul
clutching tight
taking hold

keep out the world
Go Away
i'm not here to stay
Stay and Fight this Hellish night
Oh i want to Fly a kite.

Lorrie-Ann Evanson

"THINK"

Imagine a Rose...
beautiful,
elegant,
soft,
very still.

It is Red,
yellow,
white,
pink,
sometimes blue.

Thorns to prick your finger,
Let the blood run free.
Petals to perfume,
or poison with glee.

I love you.
You love me not.
Answers... Questions
Questions... Answers
So what?

Lorrie-Ann Evanson

BLOWING SMOKE (for Mark Prince)

We sat together on your porch beneath
a bald, yellow light, the smoke
from your cigarette unfurling into the night
like silvery-grey crepe paper, then
sinking to fill your blackening lungs


And I thought that you were like
those lungs — dark and dense,
charred bits of the past still clinging —
I did not know yet
that you were hollow inside;

I saw only your brilliance
and your long, long hair, like my own
dream of beauty realized, as if
I had created you, while you talked
on and on about Pound and the Cantos.

I sat there, wanting
to take my lips to every
inch of you, slowly,
like rainwater creeping by degrees
over the tops of feet during a flood

Even as I mocked your opinions
as pedantic and trite, and,
casual, drew on my own cigarette,
watching the smoke roll undulantly
into dark wet trees.

Gwen Cooper



BATTER UP

The ball is hurled
it comes in with a hiss,
There is a mighty motion
it's a swing and a miss

I stand with a friend
we gaze at the batter,
Her muscled legs make us wonder
what is the matter

Here comes the pitch
the batter likes its look,
she rips it to third
like a clean left hook

The third baseman scoops it
makes a real easy grab,
She sizzles it to first
one down on the tab

The shortstop is crouched
the second baseman leers,
The pitcher is gleaming
the batter just sneers

The outfielders are perched
like feline for prey,
Hoping and praying
a long ball comes their way

The silence is broken
with a loud swoosh and a whack,
The batter is smiling
'twas the crack of her bat

She looks like a man
whose wife just had twins,
She gives a light chuckle
the running begins

She trots to first
touches second and third,
As she rounds it to home plate
the other team is not heard

A girl hit a homer
I stand there dumbfounded,
I shut my mouth
I am really astounded

Girls can play baseball
I never knew it,
What else can they do?
Have I misconstrued it?

A devout Catholic
I must confess,
You had to be Bob or Charlie
not Cindy or Bess

After years of chauvinism
I'm doing some rethinkin',
I'm not trying to pretend
my name is Abe Lincoln


I think it is time
let'em run with the ball,
With God's strength women
can do it
come on ladies gives us your
all.

Gary Peters

UNTITLED

I am finally ready
to jump off the cliff
into the Unknown
and I shall do it
It's the only way out
There is no other choice
if I wish for and want what I do
My courage dims often
just as my mind does
And I often lose sight of the only way
to experience the Ultimate.
Now I am no longer afraid
of missing the old life and the old ways
I must leap,
and the time is now...

Magdalen O'Meara



UNTITLED

Long hair
Blond and silky..
A man...A mustache
A little tan..
A lot of softness..
He looked just like his picture (for a change)
He didn't smile a lot,
but I did.
The truths he spoke
were astounding!
Wow! FINALLY...
and it feels GREAT!
and it feels right..
I could feel the energy inside me.
I was deeply happy,
and experiencing a new quickening
inside
as I move along swiftly
on my special secret journey
Oh! I am so grateful!

Magdalen O'Meara

RUNNING WITH KNIVES

Reckless, Unleashed... Ran I, with knives
Sharp Shards of Shattered Rules
Deaf ears turned on the wise
Never caught my tail, But found myself - with fools

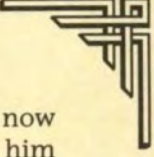
Brazed, Bold... Touched I, the skies
working like the Great Walendas
gave my salt for buildings to rise
dreaded the lightning - or the slip that would end us

Battered, Broken... Awoke I, one day
vanquished by Newton's First Law
independence and autonomy stripped away
cringing at all that they saw

Watched over, Lucky... was all they would say
I learned pity takes away pride
twisted in steel, glass, I gave birth that day
Shut-down after overload - my Id remodified

Humbled, content... is where I will be
together Jane and I sharing our lives
you see, foolish craziness left me at that tree
and now I don't run with knives.

Terry McGarry



Back In Iberia

He had made the announcement earlier to his classmates and now the whole experience began to come back. The feeling came upon him first and suddenly the memories bombarded his thoughts. The feelings always helped to bring back the memories more clearly.

He could feel himself walking into the bar and searching for the bartender's eyes. A drink, a good hard drink. One that was golden in its glassy home and helped to shake the cold. And of course there were the locals. Not Spaniards but Madrilenos, Castellanos, Andalusians, Basques... but for God's sake not just Spaniards. They would all talk of young, scared bullfighters and if things were really better now than before. Sometimes he could not understand what they were speaking of, but as long as they spoke, it made it a good bar.

What made a Spanish bar better was the cold. Not the cold inside but the real cold outside and the refuge of warmth that lay beyond the heavy wooden doors. He liked the cold, it would give him something in common with the locals. And if you didn't feel like a local when in a Spanish bar, then you just had to give up and accept the reality and deal with it.

If you did have the good fortune to feel common with the locals then you were one of the lucky ones. And when you went home, and were lying in bed, the feeling might come back to you so as to bring back the memories more clearly.

Carlos A. Moore

Land of the Free

Emerging from the disco
in the little Spanish town
three lustily-singing boys
shoulder a rigor-mortised buddy
in the manner that red-faced youths
carry the yule log in old Christmas cards.

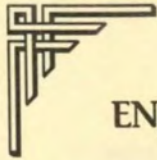
The inside is awash with revelers
in their mid-teens
many of them deliriously drunk.
Girls dance with girls and boys with boys
as often as they do with each other
boys with boys more amusing to watch
because they throw their partners
against the nearest wall
to crumple lifelessly to the floor
only in a moment or so
to get up and laugh
and tuck in their shirts
and start dancing again.
Chairs fly joyfully through the air

and there is broken glass everywhere
it being their custom
to drop their glasses on the floor
when the drink is finished.

What fun American cops
would have in this place
rounding them up for having
so much fun so young
handcuffing them with disposable plastic
and throwing them
like sacks of fertilizer
into their squawking flashing cars.

But this is not the Land of the Free
this is the land of the Black Legend
of the Inquisition
of the Rack
so the kids laugh
and dance
and rough-house
in their alcoholic ecstasy.

Richard Raleigh



ENJOYING A PERFECT MOMENT

As the people eat in the cities, as they walk,
talk, write, type, and who knows what else,
the birds are singing and sunning themselves
as they sit.

Alligators are mostly sleeping it seems, though
some are swimming around. None of them look
like they need to eat.

But I do, and the bananas are in the
car 7 and a half miles away.

A cute, tiny bird just flew by as did three
crows overhead. The wind blows pretty
strong today, as a butterfly goes by
and I enjoy a perfect moment.

Joe Castellanos, A Day at the Everglades

HOMELESS ENVELOPE

The fat yellow manila envelope
on the window ledge of the Bank of America
branch at Stockton and Columbus
said, Darryl Woodson, homeless
the poor state of his life attested to
by a dental clinic sheet with a bus token taped on
that would get his teeth fixed
or at least the front right incisor he complained about
There was a voucher from a homeless shelter
saying he was a volunteer in their food program
and according to another form
he was supposed to have a welfare interview at Ten
to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt
that Darryl Woodson lived at the Holland Hotel

I called his case worker
a Filipino man who walked too fast
and got ground up on the phone with the buses going by
and when I rang the Hotel Holland bell
I was greeted on the stairs by a woman named Patel
who was suspicious of me and I guess the world in general
At any rate, he'd checked out
and I had the envelope

A documentation of hunger
one night stands and rotting teeth
suspicion, alienation and missed appointments
A fragmented life trying a piece at a time
to make sense, to get it right, to get to the bus stop
with what little ammunition he had left
(yes he was a vet) to take the token
before losing it to a stranger or a crowd
before madness took over or the tooth hurt too much
or the bus went by
and the bus went by
and all that was left was the envelope
I put back on the ledge

David Plumb

