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Driftwood

1993-1994

St. Thomas University

Editors:

Vanessa Mayson

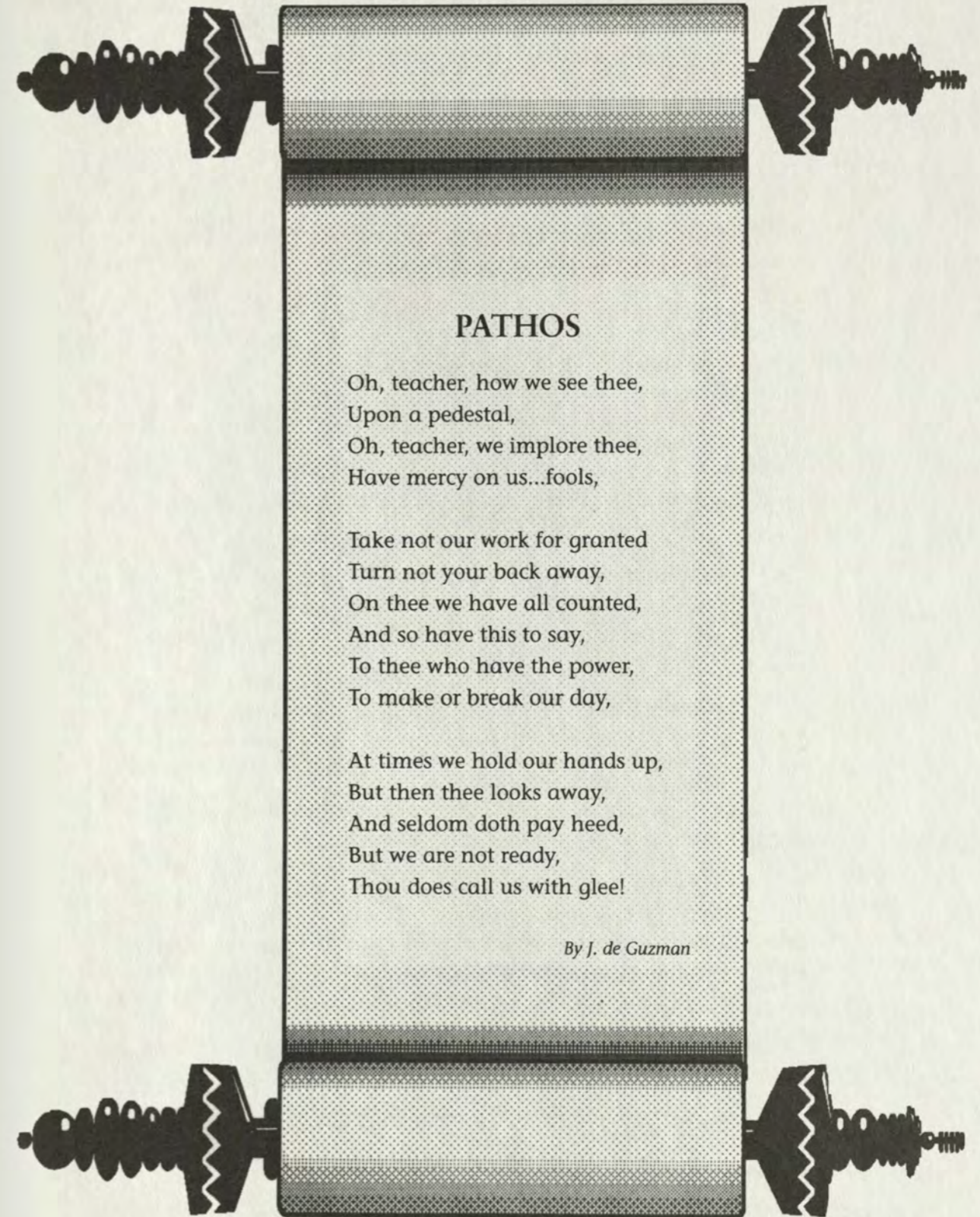
Larry Giuffrida

Advisor:

Dr. Philip Reckford

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PATHOS

Oh, teacher, how we see thee,
Upon a pedestal,
Oh, teacher, we implore thee,
Have mercy on us...fools,

Take not our work for granted
Turn not your back away,
On thee we have all counted,
And so have this to say,
To thee who have the power,
To make or break our day,

At times we hold our hands up,
But then thee looks away,
And seldom doth pay heed,
But we are not ready,
Thou does call us with glee!

By J. de Guzman

A bird forgot how to fly one day
Lost in a canyon with the ground up above;
Walking in circles, he tried to remember
While looking up at the other white doves.

He tried to make a life on the ground way below
But it just wasn't ever the same;
What a burden it is to be carrying wings
When the wings that you carry are lame.

The poor little dove got very depressed
He'd never been so very lonely,
There were no other birds who forgot how to fly
He was the one and the only.

One day he saw a raven settle in the canyon
So he quickly ran to say "Hello;"
But when the raven learned that the dove couldn't fly
He flew away cackling at the poor bird below.

The dove began crying, head under his wing
He felt like he wanted to die;
He thought there no reason for a bird to be alive
When he had forgotten to fly.

So he decided to hide down below in the canyon
Very deep inside of a hole;
As he was crawling inside he then heard a great "squeak"
As he noticed he bumped into a mole.

The mole was so scared, he jumped out of the hole
And ran straight into a stone;
When the dove went to help him the mole squeaked again
Beginning to leave him alone.

The dove reassured him he never would hurt him
As he helped the poor mole off the ground;
Then the mole began sobbing as he started to talk
And how very sad he did sound.

"Moles such as I cannot see with their eyes.
We use our whiskers to see where we're going;
And when I was small I had very small whiskers
But when I grew up my whiskers stopped growing."

"So, you see, my friend Dove, not only am I blind,
But I also have nowhere to go;
So if you would help me please back into my hole
Where I may rest in the in the ground deep below."

"Friend Mole, please stay here, I am so very lonely
You see, I forgot how to fly;
I have been in this canyon living all by myself
Thinking no one was down here but I."
"But now I found you and you have found I
Together we are never alone;
I can help you to see and you can show me the way
To make this canyon my home."

The mole began smiling and then hugged his friend, Dove
He didn't care if his whiskers didn't grow;
And for once the white dove didn't miss flying high
For he was with his friend Mole, in the canyon below.

By Mike Mason

Confusion fills up my mind
A swirl of thoughts almost take me into the abyss
A desire to be a fortune teller for a minute
A desire to figure out your mind
Will destiny betray me one more time?
Paranoia overtakes me when I think of the times I was
let down
How to control my fears?
My heart is giving in one more time
Will it be my last try?
Your words flow in my head
Trying hard to believe in them
You put so much trust in me
I now have a guilty conscious for doubting sometimes
I find myself thinking about you all the time
Every time I need you more; every time I become more
afraid.

By Samar Hammoud

BEYOND THE PHYSICAL

I'm sitting here asking myself, "Why am I wasting my time writing this if it's over." But I've realized this feeling is eternal. He was forbidden to spread his wings, exploit my territory. The law of mankind did not allow him to cross the boundary of this unknown land. But like in the Book of revelations, the metaphor of Adam & Eve is encountered once again. Good & evil is looted in all of us from the time we're conceived. However, the word "evil" is misused. Something so beautiful could never be "evil" I slowly die as his soul returns to his mother land, to the one that gave him to me. I would never die more at peace, more at peace, yet more in sin than now. To have known that a person can have a soul united in one body is a gift from above. Even though our destinations will never cross another, I'll take the impression of his face on my heart, and I'll always feel the warmth of his fingertips on my flesh.

By Leslie Cimadevilla

DRIVE-BY SHOOTING

Highway bright in the
artificial light
that pretends to be
a fortress against
the incurring mid-night
descent of darkness.

Red car traveling
beneath the veil,
that fragile penetrable
veil of life that billows
away the threat of death

Blue car on the highway,
but as it passed
all looked silver
All sounded like a
screaming whisper as
bullet escaped gun

Sometimes I can almost
feel the steel bullet
that burned through
the driver's skin.
Sometimes I can almost feel
body severing from soul.

It was mid-night on the highway
when the night pierced through
the artificial light and took
a soul with a passing bullet
then laughed above that fragile,
empty veil we call life.

By Johanna J.M.

ANXIETY

I wonder if the storm has gone
as the myth of time passes on
as the blue sky turns to gray
my love for life slowly fades

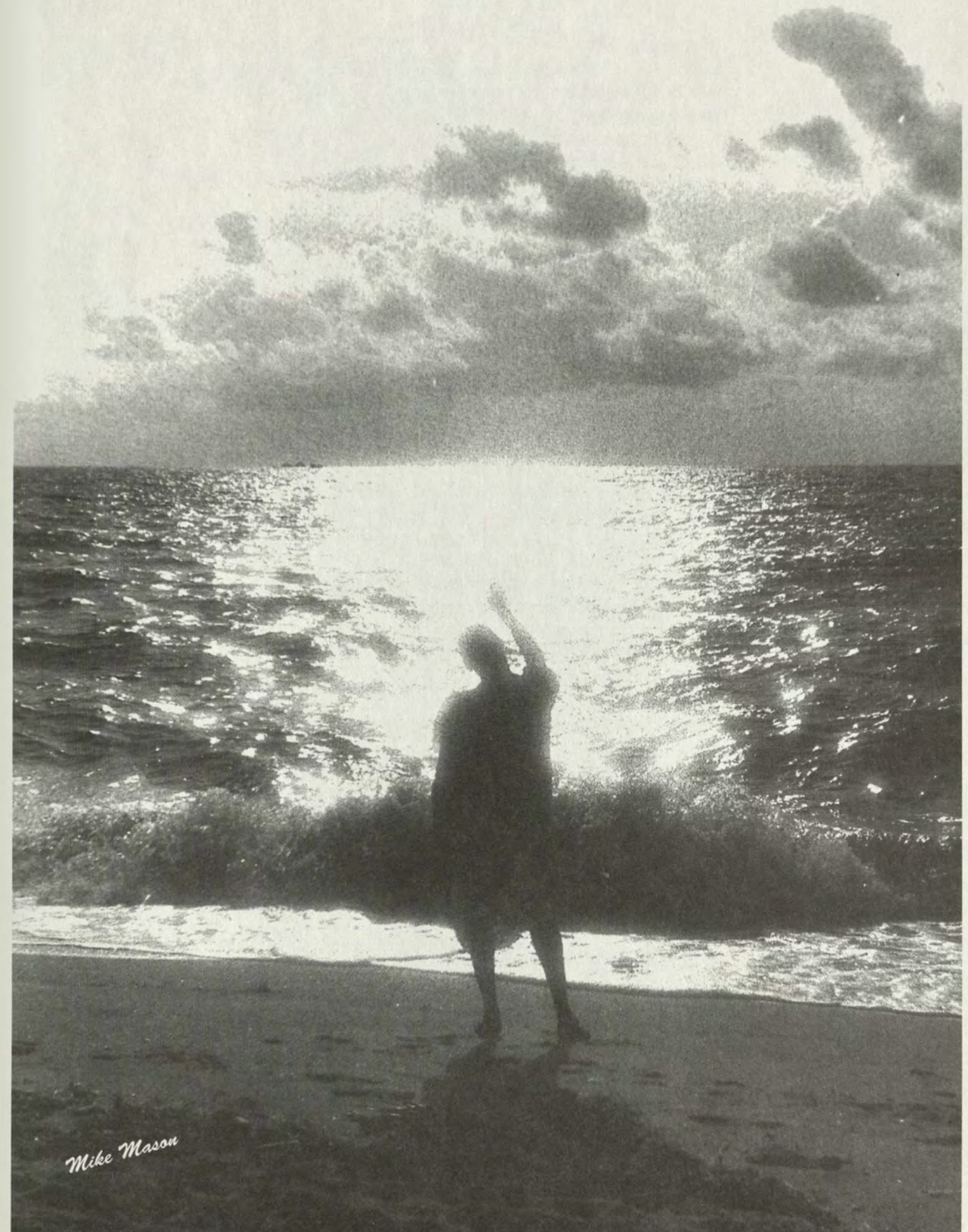
"Tomorrow" I say
"Tomorrow will be"
I wonder and wish
to see the dream
but blinded by dust
and fear to go on
I wonder, and wonder
As life passes on
The places I've gone
are the only things I see
I've been born
and I stand
where my death
is to be.

By Cynthia Orsatelliz

THE STORM

Rain
Acid Rain
Melting slowly, everything in sight
Striking someone dead
Thunder
Piercing the ears of an animal
Making it deaf
Faster, it's all coming faster
Until
The calm
Serenity
Just the sounds of passing cars
And the ocean breaking on the shore

By Renee Celebre



Mike Mason

UNTITLED

I Centaur gallop
bare
with only my hair
covering my body
in teasing moments
lips of sand grains
kiss my hooves in welcome
and farewell
while waves play the caracole drums beckoning
for lost spirits
indulged in their arousal

I Centaur am called
to the world in the sea
though my body does not
belong in thee
Restless, through the sands
and rocks
I gallop
to reach valleys and peaks
but at the water's edge
the crystal world
with dancing fins
and swaying plants
holds longer paths
of hidden treasures to climb
It's frequent touch
upon my gaskin
cool and coy
knowing all subtlety
hurts my desire
with its own and I Centaur
adventurer of all foreign soils
with blind hunger
carry no danger
for the mind is lost
and the body has started
its march upon the shores

As the blue seas
opens itself to me
I persist
In a frenzy of force and will
while the waves congratulate
my courage
the mermaid's flute
hypnotizes my body
and releases my spirit forever.

By Cynthia Orsatelliz

BIANCA

She appeared so suddenly
Her bright eyes were captivating
I summoned her
She came
Her name, Bianca
She wanted to stay with me
So we talked
She was curious about the mascot
But was afraid to go see it
I escorted her
We listened to tales and songs
We clapped hands
Talked some more
She reminded me of a time past
My own child
A woman now
I smiled
I was a mother again
My comfort was needed
We returned to our meeting place
Traced hands
Talked some more
She took her prints to her mom
Whom I had not seen
I watched her walk away
As with any mother
I smiled proudly
And watched my beautiful little girl
Do something on her own
She disappeared in the crowd
She did not return
And I wondered
Then I forgot
3:00 am, couldn't sleep
The bright eyed little girl
Crossed my mind
Where did she go?
Who did she belong to?
She was a mystery
Like any mother
I missed her
Will I see her again?
Will she remember me?
It doesn't matter
I shall always remember
My Cinderella
With the bright eyes
Called Bianca

By Mary Mitchell

METAPHYSICS

I believe the soul to be a reflection of one's most inner beliefs, thoughts, emotions, troubles and triumphs. My soul is the force behind my equilibrium, my intellectual drive, my pillar of support. My soul is one with my earthly body, but not bound by it, as it, my life giver, was, is and forever will be. I believe that we have all been placed here to learn, understand and experience everything. I need to be all before my soul may leave this plain and further develop on the higher level of my universal existence, to grow through experience.

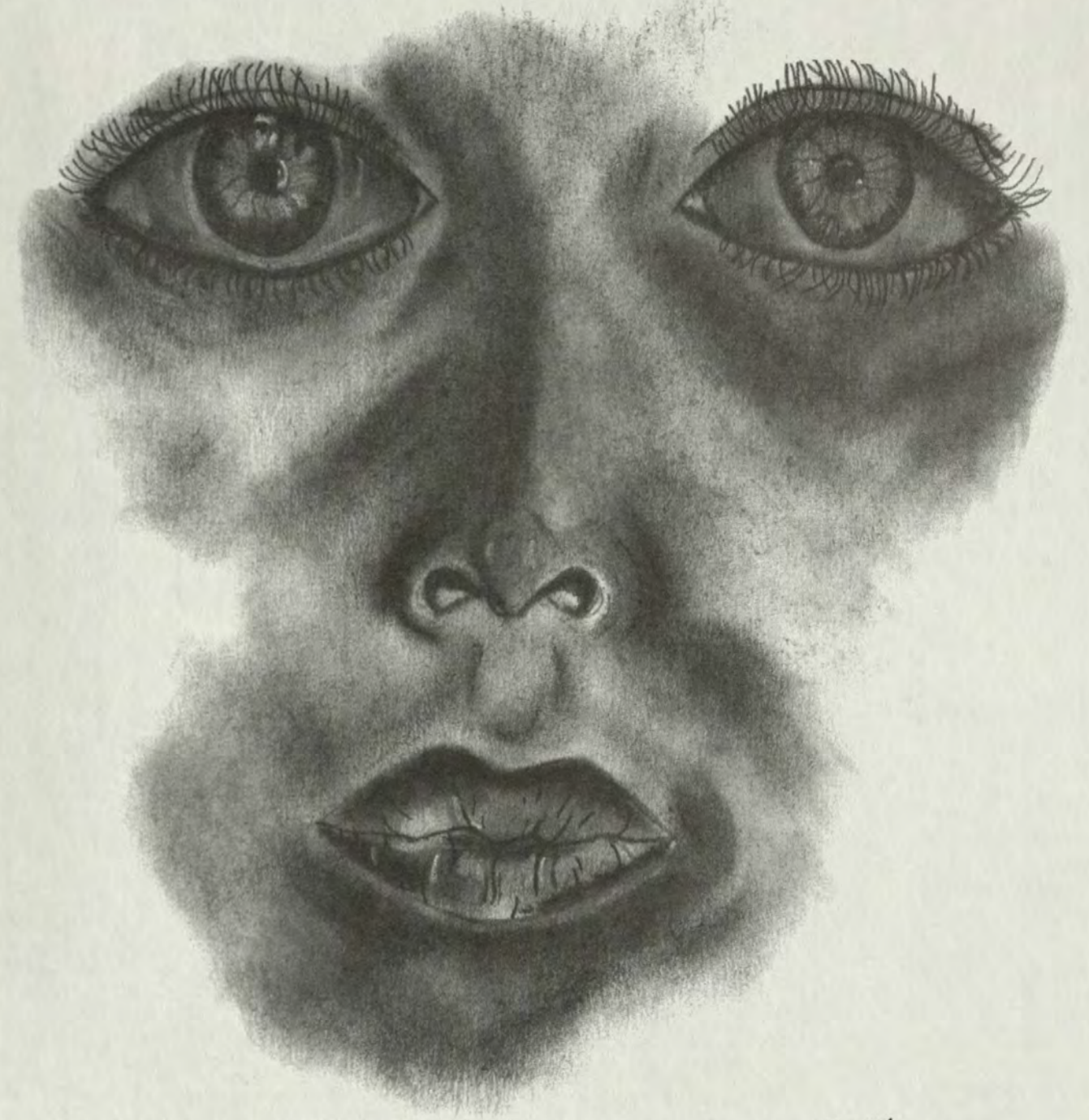
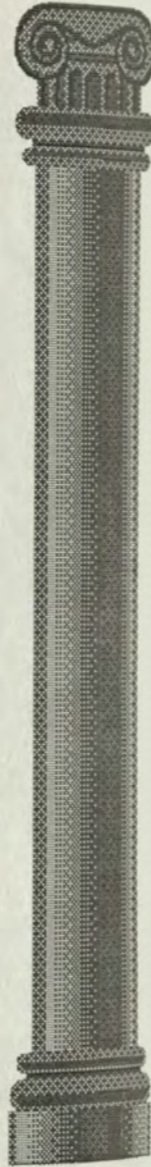
Perhaps, this higher level is what is known as Heaven, but I do not believe that Heaven is the last stage of growth. We are in a perpetual cycle of change, development, growth, evolution, which is guided by our souls. So who or what guides our souls? Who or what gave our souls the power to guide us? Who or what gave the souls the ability to have the power? Who or what was given the power to give the power?...and so on. I am still in search, and I believe I will only understand, or possible apprehend it more fully when my soul, my spirit, has reached a higher level.

To regress further, how did this universe come into existence as it is perceived of today. The Universal Wisdom, (although capitalized, I do not name this entity, and would not limit this omniscient, omnipotent, omnifarious essence to a man-made verbalism) or as Aristotle would say, "the Eternal Mover," exists where there is no time, or at least, no time as we know it. Therefore, it would be impossible and incorrect to say that the Universal Wisdom has always existed in time - like Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, and many other Ancient writers have professed. I do believe, without contradicting myself, that we are Divinely inspired through evolution. For example, scientists have empirically found how a world comes into being. They have grasped the knowledge of the evolutionary path that the atoms take, and have glimpsed at the adaptation of species. What the scientist does not account for is the causality behind their first Supernova.

I confess that our souls are vernacular in nature, but only through the need to experience everything, including experiencing souls that have not experienced as much, or those more that our lives, our souls? Even though it may seem that we are retributive in nature, as can be seen through human violence throughout this world, I strongly feel that our causality was not one of nemesis. Quite the contrary. I feel that, because this known existence is merely a plain, a stage, that we have to experience, our souls must experience everything. That does not limit our souls to what we know. In fact, everything that we hold absurd, everything unknown and unknowable, everything that would seem impossible, needs to be experienced. Our souls are just an expression, an avenue for this experiencing to occur.

In drawing a conclusion, I do not expect the reader to appreciate my metaphysical and psychological outlook as verity, but unknowingly, should the reader not believe in this philosophy, then he or she is proving my beliefs in the secrets of causality — we need to experience everything, known, unknown, absurd and reasonable, possible and impossible.

By Reece Darham



Vanessa Mayson

STAINED GLASS

The old worn wood of the pew
Creaked and shuddered
As it received my weight.
My eyes cast themselves amongst
The delicate movement within
The graceful interior of the church.

Beyond the alter
In stained glass
was Christ nailed
to the cross.

His arms outstretched
Tapering into wounded hands
Those that tear at one's heart
And build liquid salt
In the rims of one's eyes

Christ's face revealed passion
And pain and forgiveness all the same
Mary Magdalene knelt clutching her heart
Her robes falling like heavy tears
I bowed my head whispering
As a soldier once did
"Truly this was the son of God."

By Johanna J.M.



IN TRIBUTE TO GANDHI AND KING

Let us applaud Gandhi and his disciple
In their courageous nonviolent pursuit
Both men are legends, they both carved a pathway,
And for their ardent work we pay tribute.

They walked with God through dangerous assignments
And followed Him with dignity and pride;
He gave them strength to love in spite of torments
Which they encountered in their freedom stride.

They led a campaign of passive resistance
To both the British and American rule;
They sought reform, and it was through persistence
That they both won in spite of ridicule.

They sought political and social reform,
And economic reform peacefully.
They led with love, for love can truly transform;
They knew with love we'd overcome some day.

What did we learn from these dynamic leaders
Who fought for freedom the nonviolent way?
Did we learn wisdom? Did their wisdom teach us
So that we, too, can be leaders some day?

Let us now live the dream which they envisioned
And build a loving world of nonviolence;
Let's walk with God in this united nation
And let His love be our true defense.

We thank our great Creator for these legends
Who, through examples, showed he strength to love.
Let's live the dreamers dream of love's nonviolence
And build a glorious world of brotherly love.

By Alice W. Johnson, Ed.D.

THE INNOCENCE OF LOVE

Did you feel the rocking of my soul
The falter of my distant heart
The longing of my dread filled mind
The silent waves that passed through,
The flood gates of my trembling being

Did you see the fall and tumble at your feet
The dew drops and the rain form puddles in my eyes
The green leaves fall to fan my heated heart?

Did you hear the falter of my breath
The humming of the universe
The soft and gentle moment when our bodies met.

By Vanessa Mayson



UNTITLED

A red rose all twirled inward and out,
Letting its sweet fragrance travel in
the wind. Glance upon its beauty and
Let your heart fly. Look at this symbol
of Love and know the reason why. Know
why we give a rose to the ones we Love
and the ones we miss. Know that a rose
is a symbol of a kiss.

Lost in my thoughts of the days to come,
Lost in my thoughts of who I'll become
trying to stay planted within the soil,
trying to grow in a garden of red roses.
Resisting the food that has been placed
in front of me, Looking for the food
that won't change me. Changing is ok but
it can be drastically wrong. How do you
stay planted when so much is wrong?

By Yvette Phillips Shepardson

DAY

A day passed,
catch the sun falling,
its golden blaze,
kissing the blue,
what splendor,
I then knew
bathe,
drench me,
in its honey

Its powerful rays
exudes warmth,
warmth,
surrounds me,
whispers to me,
catch me,
hold me,
Molding me,
drawing me near,

Stop...
quick,
this warmth,
is it fire,
will it scorch?
footsteps ... hesitation,
the glow intoxicates,
back and forth,
limbo

By Aida Bassiouni

THE PUZZLE

Puzzle,
a mosaic,
continuity,
natural blend,
endless bliss,
an illusion?
What remains,
What remains,
for others,
to what length,
to what extend,
dropping to the ground
pieces scattered.
back to the beginning.

By Aida Bassiouni



UNTITLED

To find the one I Love is not a search
for he is with me when I'm hurt. He is
with me when I 'm down. He is with me
when my friends let me down. He is with
me when people say he's not. He is with
me when it feels like he's not. He is
with me where ever I go because he is
with me because his love is true and pure
as gold.

By Yvette Phillips Shepardson

UNTITLED

My life is like an open book with nothing
to hide. People hear the words I say but
don't see my feelings inside.

By Yvette Phillips Shepardson

UNTITLED

Distant and far is what I like to be,
because at that distance I am who I want
to be.

By Yvette Phillips Shepardson

ART AND THE HUMAN SPIRIT

An intelligent love of God is the highest good man can attain;
Let art bespeak this good in all its forms to yet explain
The thoughts and feelings of the human spirit at its best
Through love's artistic geniuses whose minds endure the test.

An artist feels the depth of love that flows from humankind
And uses art to share deep feelings of the human mind.
He paints the human spirit at its best and at its worse;
For life's experiences can be both a blessing and a curse.

Art forms bespeak the good in men like Gandhi and like King
Revealing their true love of God was the highest good attained.
Art forms bespeak the feelings of a suffering humanity.
Though art we see love's highest good in followers of Gandhi.

Art teaches us that love, not thought, is the greatest creation
of life; And that the human spirit can endure both calm and
strife.

Art forms reveal we've all been given a blessing and a cross.
Divine love is our blessing; without its art, we suffer loss.

Art teaches us that life itself is a mystery to be lived.
Let us like Gandhi and like King embrace life as we give
Our varying talents to the cause of universal peace,
With social justice, brotherly love we'll paint a masterpiece.

Life's a series of multi-problem-solving situations
Let's paint our multi-cultural world with love through race
relations. And let our human spirits, thus, artistically unfold;
It is through art we learn that love "paints beauty in the soul"

By Alice W. Johnson, Ed.D.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING

Is it a Nightmare or a Dream
Is it reality, so it seems
Do you feel nobody listens
In one ear and out the other
They're always Dissin
While they neglect the poor
and spend millions on unnecessary
Space shuttle missions.

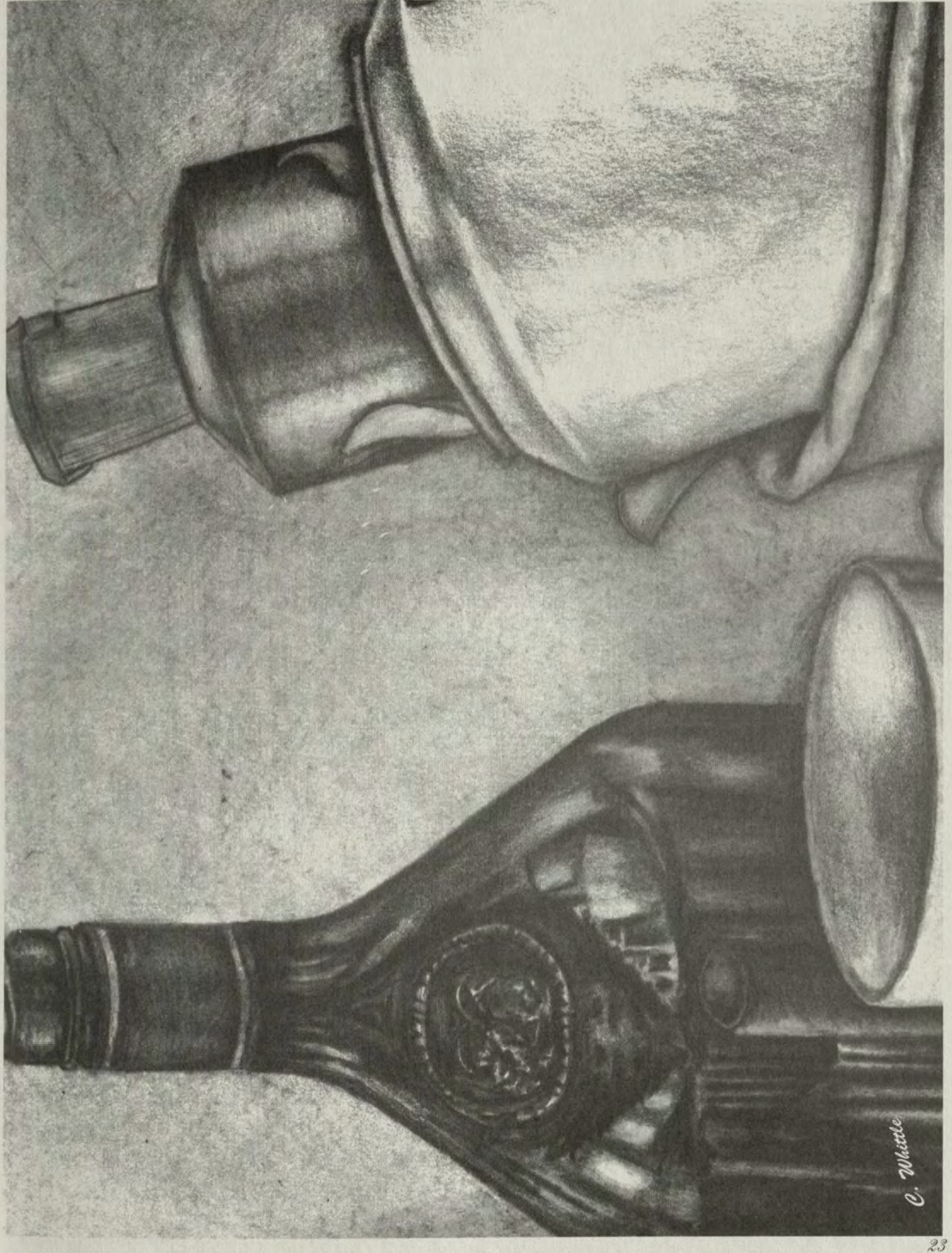
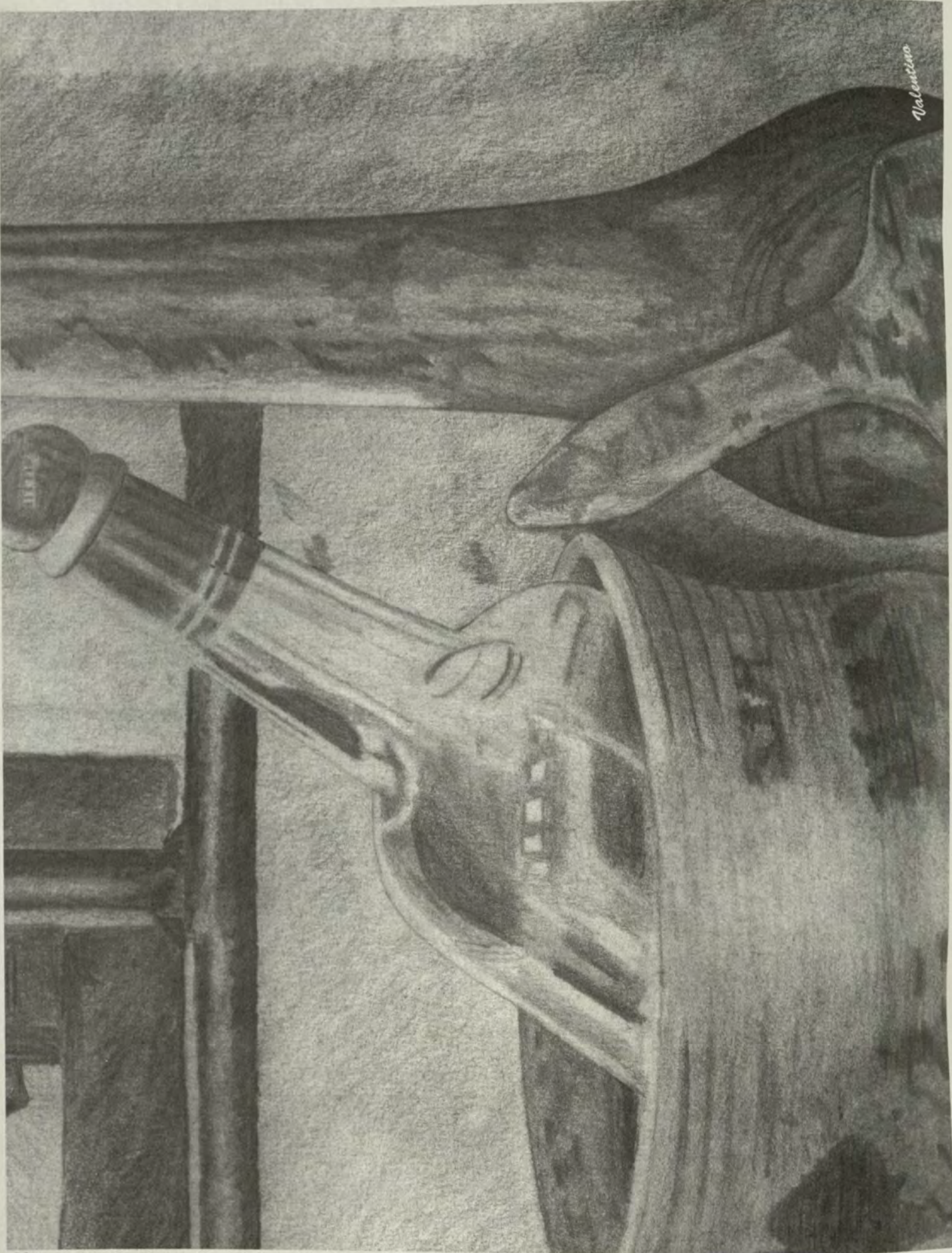
The hungry are starving
The petty thieves are robbing
Even prostitutes begin to loot
It's the worst
Yet, getting worse
NO longer does it satisfy
Just to curse
Suicide, Homicide
I cried
We'd be better off
If we all just died

It's the month of history
Black people still living in misery
They gave us a whole 28 days
Stripped us of our names
Locked us up in shackles and chains
Now, they claim they're gonna
make a change.

What changes could possibly be made
We blackened in the Sun
and Begged for the shade
While they laid back
Sipping on lemonade.

They say "Affirmative Action" O.K.

By Luther M. Wright II



THE LOST SOUL

My soul cries out for help
I can't live like this anymore.
Things are just out of my reach
It is impossible to continue.
My soul will move on to a different world
One where there is peace and quiet.
A castle full of wonders in the sky,
Where life is everlasting and infinite
as the sea.
How can I help not going?
I need to know if there is something better.
Something that will enrich my
life with joy and happiness.
It is unknown to me or anyone else.

On this side, the walls come crashing in.
The burden is too hard to handle.
I search for the light that can rescue
me, but I find myself restlessly running
through this darkened, endless tunnel.
It's scary, it really is. I must move
on through.
Silence is all I hear and it's frustrating.
The only sound I often hear is my
breathing and my soul occasionally
screaming from the pain it encounters.

Now all I feel is tiredness
I am about to give up when I hear
a sudden voice. "Don't give up my child,
and don't be scared, I am with you."
In a matter of seconds all my fears
are completely shattered. I feel
safe and my soul is finally at peace

**Dedicated to the unknown force that motivated me to write this!*

By Illy Fernandez

PLENTY

In the world of plenty
There are diet plans
In the world of little
There are food demand

By Johanna J.M.

THE NIGHT

The night is but a fetus
In the womb of life
Limb of darkness growing
To touch the lips of light

By Johanna J.M.

FEAR AND THE FLY

Fear creeps over me like a fly
Its tiny feet on the white of my eye
Proboscis probing an unhealed sty
and then the simple sitting as I cry

By Johanna J.M.

TONIGHT

There is peace between my ribs
The loose air beneath pillows my heart
wind tunnels sown my hollow throat

Funnels from my mind to throat
The world is in my capillary
Tonight my soul is a temple
On the precipice of light

By Johanna J.M.

BUTTERFLY

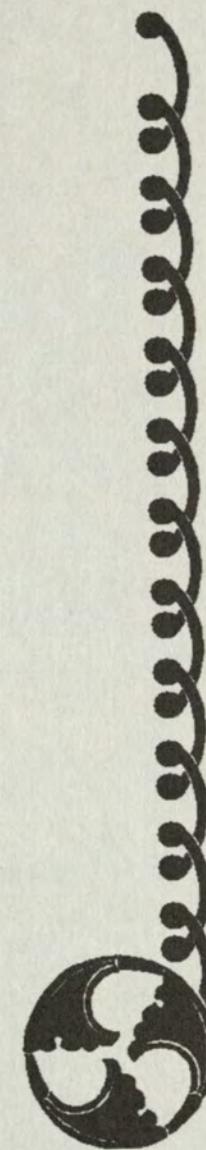
Like a cocoon
You too were wrapped
Just a peek to the world
Was all you were allowed
Until I came to you
Your sheath out your arms
And allowed your hands to
meet my body.
The embrace was one that
you never knew of
Suddenly your body rose with
the wind that was under your feet
You were off on a journey
A journey in which you could
love
And be able to show others
that love.
You return one day with a
part of you damaged
and still I take you in
And love you as if you never
left.
Twice I healed you and you
still continued on your journey
Possibly to be hurt again
But remember
My creation,
My butterfly,
My love,
I am always here for you
Fly
Fly away
I'll see you again someday

By Renee Celebre

BLASÉ

Change
Change is good — badly
It is like the seasons
Different, but needed
It is like new skin
Missed, but remembered
Sometimes it is even like a wound
Hurtful, but able to be healed
Often it is wondered why things change
The answers in my shallow walls are
still unable to be spoken
In each tear that falls I feel the
answers to my need for change
But, the actual process devastates me
beyond imagination
Maybe that's it
Imagination
If I dream and hope that one day it
will come true then I will hold
trust in change
Until then I will be forced to stay
behind these cold walls of change
Only then will my dream die
And the picturesque reality become
Alive.

By Renee Celebre



THE SCREAM

It comes from a pocket
in the cradle of my primal mind
From the base of my neck
it reaches its fingers upward
into the soft mush of my brain.
It sours under my skin
racing to burst from my lips,
to fly out of blood red sockets
taking my eyes with it.

It has taken over my lungs
and enters the tunnel of my throat
Mind and body and soul unite
and surge in the wave of fury.

It rises O God it rises into the cavity
of my mouth it waits no longer
to be born on my lips.
It waits no longer for each tooth
to quiver down to their roots.

Elastic lips stretch to their width
Tonsils exposed through gaping mouth
Porcelain eyes just a shadowy slit
between tight rims of lash and skin
Eyebrow aching to meet eyebrow.
It has arrived
THE SCREAM.

By Vanessa Mayson

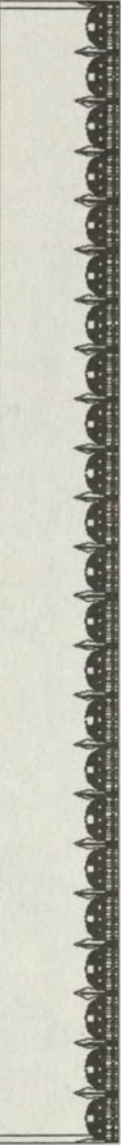


WORDS OF AN AIDS VICTIM

I ponder life
questioning my existence
Convinced of a freedom
but controlled by my instinct
I see not far but feel the
end is near
bliss after death
is what I wish to hear
for I've sinned
giving in to my addictive
desires
Now the end may not be
heaven but fire
the solace I seek
no one does bare
for alone I am
and only grief I share

From fear, to tears, to a paralyzed
state I shall close my eyes
and just face my fate

By Cynthia Orsatelliz



THE DANCE

The birds glide and sing
as the Sun sets its place
in the clouds. The wind
invites the leaves to
dance, yearning for
the enjoyment of their
graceful movements.
A spiritual glow dominates
the sky as clouds touch
giving birth to others.
My body is lost in oblivion
as it flows with nature in
bliss, my tears are carried
away by the wind joining
nature's dance.

By Cynthia Orsatelliz

RHETORIC

Rhetoric, rhetoric what could it be?
Could it be useful for you and me?
Did it serve Aristotle?
Did his fever burn?
Did the hare and the turtle ever learn?
From the scenes which transpired,
in fabulous lives,
That poets, inspired, have screamed into lines!
Of lyric stanzas that dance like mimes,
For all the plebeians to divine,
The magic meaning of rhetoric rhymes!
Don't join the knaves,
Please, don't ignore,
The value of rhetoric,
The jewel of lore...

By J. de Guzman



Mike Mason



MY PRECIOUS TREASURE

My most precious treasure, that's what your friendship is.
Like a valuable gift that you wished for and received.
Like a candle that will always give light to your life and
never melts away.
Your faithful friendship has given me the meaning of
trust and sincerity.
You have taught me how to give without expecting
anything in return.
You have taught me how to put my pride to one side and
express my feelings.
You have been my diary; my best times as a kid; my
confident.
We have shared tears and laughters, dreams and wishes.
Even the smallest details are buried in my heart forever.
You have taught me to value myself and find in me many
qualities I ignored.
Thank you for always being there when I need you and or
giving me hope to keep on when I see no way out.
Words are not enough to express how much I love you.

By Samar Hammoud



IMPERFECTIONS

If we were all perfect the world would be a dull place to live.

The days would be boring because I would always do the right things
and you would always have the right answers.

Variety would not be the spice of life, because there would be no
differences.

We would wear perfect clothes, we would have perfect manners, we
would live in perfect neighborhoods, drive perfect cars, eat perfect
meals and raise perfect children.

There would be no need for social agencies, nor for policemen, nor for
firemen, nor for mechanics or doctors or teachers.

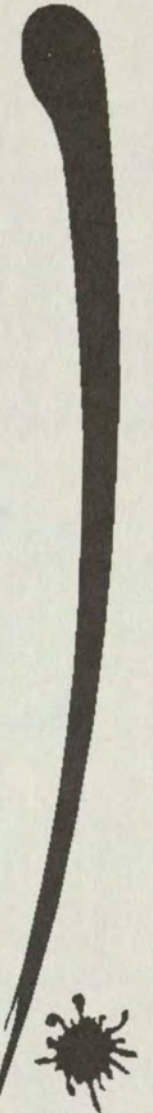
I would not need to send you candy or flowers or a greeting card or
write a letter to say, "I'm sorry" or "Please forgive me", because I would
never say or do anything in anger to hurt you or disappoint you.

And I would never know how good it would feel to be your friend
again, to sit and talk with you and to see your smiling face, because
we would never break up.

But in the real world with its imperfections, we would wear imperfect
clothes, have imperfect manners, live in imperfect neighborhoods,
drive imperfect cars, eat imperfect meals and raise imperfect children.

And during my imperfect existence I will get angry, I will make
mistakes, and I will say the wrong things and there will be a need for
me to send you candy or flowers or a greeting card or write a letter to
say, "I'm sorry" or "Please forgive me", because I'm an imperfect
person living in an imperfect world.

By Mary Mitchell



CONTENT IN LOVE

When I first saw him I could hardly contain myself
for there was something about him that touched my soul
And his aura, it shone so brightly that it blinded me,
Yet he did not know I was there.

I would listen to his every word with interest and wanting
Because I craved to know the man.
He was majestic, regal in every way.
He had spiritual strength and I could feel his energy
As it emitted from his being.

I watched him with interest, learning his moods, his ways
And I loved him from afar, for I knew it could not be
And I found contentment in allowing him to be who he was
And not who I wanted him to be.

By Mary Mitchell

Jin Lee

TRAILS

A rose petal trail,
lingering aroma,
sweet fragrance,
unfinished,
behind the bushes,
around the tree,
along the path,
homebound,
whirl wind,
wheels turning,
petals,
on the steps,
indoors,
he loves me,
he loves me not,
white, pink, yellow, red,
where the trail leads....
determined by ones fate.
gentle, sensitive, fragile,
Caution!



By Aida Bassiouni



PLEASURE AND PAIN

See the escape
Feel the fright
Taste the passion
Smell the attraction
Pull him closer
Watch me love it
Set him free
Don't be caught up
Leave it alone now
Dream about him
Smell the betrayal
Feel the neglect
Taste the enemy
Smell the evidence
Stay until dawn
Leave with dignity
Never see again
Walk away slow
Wave for respect
Lesson by Lesson
We all learn

Anonymous

IT WILL BE FINE

CAST:

SETH
MARTHA
MRS. SMITH
CLARENCE

Seth: Martha, I know what you are thinking. Please don't give into her. Everything will work out, we've made it this far.

Martha: I know, Seth, but, our mortgage payment is three months late. We can't afford to go on like this.

(Phone rings)

Martha: Hello? Mother, how are you? Ma and Seth were just talking...

Seth: (Angrily turning around). Keep your business at home!

Martha: (Looking at him tenderly) Honey, please, not now. (With a cheerful voice). Mother I've talked to Seth about your offer. We'll give you an answer soon.

Seth: (Angrily) My answer is no!

Martha: (Staring at Seth with wide eyes) I'll talk to you later mother bye - bye.

Martha: (Hangs up the phone and takes a deep breath). Seth why won't you consider mother's offer?

Seth: I don't want us in debt to that woman.

Martha: That woman is my mother, Seth.

Seth: (Smartly) Better you than me.

Seth: (Seth walks up to Martha and places his hand on her shoulder). We'll be okay.

(Clarence walks to front door and knocks).

Martha: Who is it?

Clarence: It's me, Clarence.

Seth: (Under his breath). Here comes the Employment Weekly.

Martha: Be nice dear.

Seth: Let him in. Martha: (Opens the front door). Come in Clarence, how are you.

Clarence: Fine, I've got great news Seth.

Seth: And what could that be Clarence?

Clarence: A job, Dunmores Print shop is looking for a store manager you are just the...

Seth: (Angrily). I told you before, Clarence, I am a creator not someone who oversees others.

Clarence: It's a job Seth one that pays.

Seth: Well you give information like a job and nobody's paying you. Have a good night Clarence.

Clarence: Good night Martha...Seth.

Martha: Good night Clarence.

(Seth walks Clarence to the door and speaks in a low tone).

Seth: Remember to stop by again this evening.

Martha: (Turning towards Seth). You didn't have to act like that.

Seth: No I didn't have to but I did.

Martha: Clarence is on your side he's doing the best he can.

Seth: Well right now my side is the money side, and his best had better improve.

Martha: Mother is coming over tonight she wants to talk with you.

Seth: Let her come over we'll end this dispute. (Mrs. Smith knocks on the front door).

Martha: Just a moment ... (walks over to Seth and whispers). Now be nice and try to get along.

Seth: (Sarcastically). That's just it, I'll try. (Martha walks over and opens the door).

Mrs Smith: Hello, sweetie.

Martha: Come in Mother (Martha hugs Mrs. Smith).

Mrs Smith: Good evening Seth.

Seth: Good evening Mrs. Smith.

Martha: Would you like something?

Mrs. Smith: No I won't be long.

Seth: (Under his breath). Good.

Mrs Smith: Did you say something, Seth?

Seth: Oh I said wood smell hickory wood.

Mrs Smith: (Bluntly). You know why I'm here Seth?

Seth: Yes and you know what I'm going to say, we don't want your money.

Mrs Smith: It's not a question of want, you need help.

Seth: That's true but not from you.

Mrs Smith: Why Seth why won't you let me help?

Seth: Since the very day I fell in love, and married Martha you had nothing to say.

Mrs Smith: Positive to say?

Seth: Yes wanting to see me fail, wanting to see our marriage fail breaking peace.

Mrs Smith: I'm only here to help you...

Seth: Your here to hurt, the answer is no and that's the end of it.

Mrs Smith: My daughter needs a solid future, not grief.

Seth: If you want solidity join a union.

Mrs Smith: That's it! Now I'm going to tell...

Martha: That's enough mother he's made his decision.

Mrs Smith: But is it your decision?

Martha: His decision is also mine. (Seth grins).

Mrs Smith: (Looking at Seth angrily). Well, good night.

Seth: (Sarcastically). Don't let the bed bugs bite. (Mrs. Smith walks out fast).

Seth: (Yells out her). But if they do hit em with a shoe. (Closes the door and turns to Martha).

Seth: I'm sorry Martha.

Martha: (Sadly). Me too...me too.

Martha: (Exhausted). I'm going to have a cup of tea and lie down awhile.

Seth: I'm going to stay up a while longer, I'll join you soon. (Martha leaves the room).

Seth: Where is Clarence? He's never on time, and always late. (Clarence knocks on the front door).

Seth: It's about time. (Seth opens the door).

Seth: Come in, what took you so long.

Clarence: Heavy traffic plus the fact that I ate dinner.

Seth: Man have a seat.

Seth: Clarence we've known each other for twelve years, and you have been more than just a friend to me.

Clarence: You sound like an epitaph.

Seth: I just want to say I'm sorry and that I didn't mean any of it.

Clarence: You been through the fire anyone would have gotten crazy.

Seth: But you didn't deserve it, you're a true friend.

Clarence: It's okay man. (They grip hands).

Clarence: I got that varnish thinner you had asked me for last week. What are you going to create in the wood shop?

Seth: A way out.

Clarence: What do you mean?

Seth: It's a new project I've just started.

Clarence: Do you need any help?

Seth: Help? Me? It will be fine. Good night.

Clarence: Okay Goodnight. (Clarence leaves the house).

Seth: (Calls out to Martha). I'm going to have a cup of tea myself.

(Seth pours himself a cup of hot tea, then looks around the room for any unseen witnesses. He pours the thinner into the cup of tea, stirs it, then stares out at the audience. He drinks the tea.

Seth: (Closes his eyes and laughs). Please, God, help me, I just know if you help me it will be fine.

Seth sits down on the floor and leans against the wall He dies quietly.

Mrs. Smith: (Addresses the audience). The next morning, my Martha found Seth ... dead. She had fallen asleep expecting him to join her like any and every evening. That same morning she received a phone call, Seth had gotten his job back.

By Curtis Mason

IN MEMORIA

Kurt, you left us as you came,
tormentous, quick and stunning

I'm lost without you
I walk
Aimlessly
Hoping to see a
Glimmer

But my path is not lucid
Like no one else's now

Why Kurt
Why
The pain is unbearable
The hopelessness is stinging
I'm losing my friends
Defending your honor
Loving your every step

Now who can I turn to?
Where can I go?

I'm no one anymore.
I just want to be with you.

By Dixie Quintanilla

UNTITLED

Tap, tap, tapping way,
I have no creativity left in me
It's all been milked away
Milked away,
By my parents
By school
And by stupid people
Who want control
And
Live in a perfect world
Of which they have no control.

By Dixie Quintanilla

