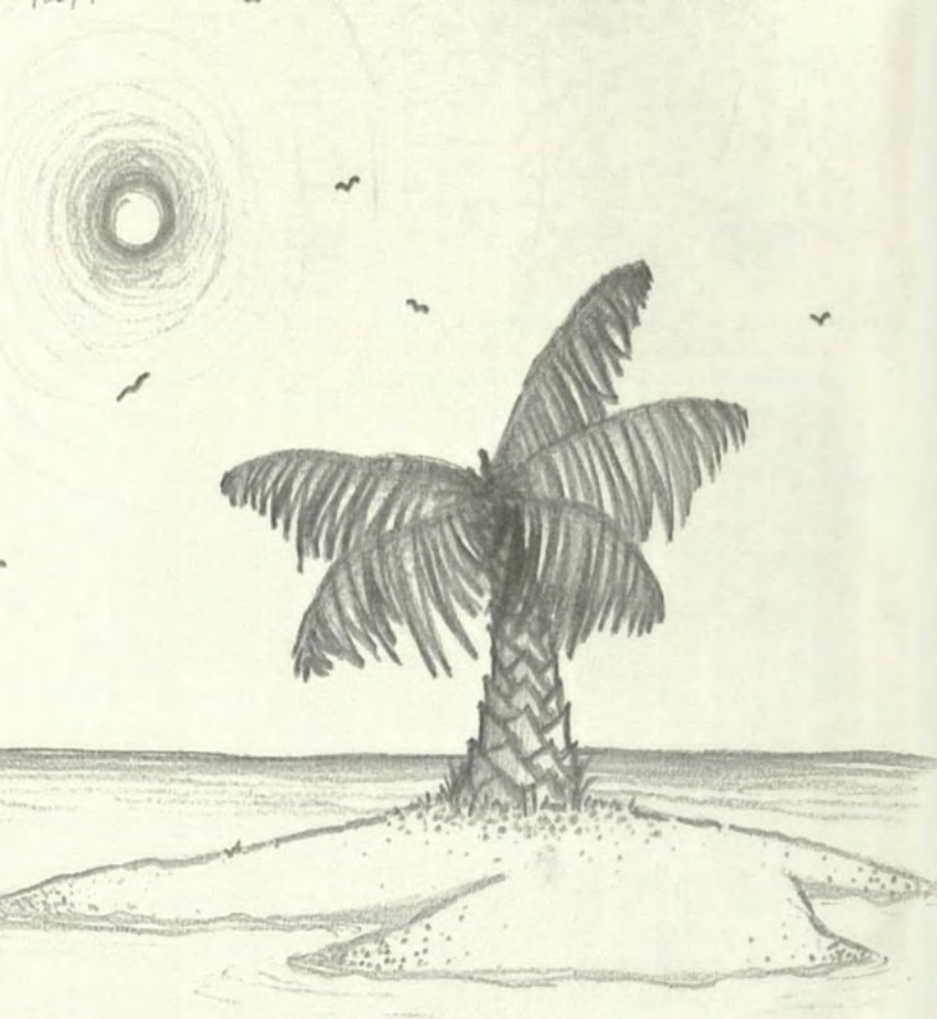


DRIFTWOOD

Spring 2001 Edition



EXPRESSION



Max Ricardo 2001

Driftwood

The Literary and Visual Arts Magazine of



St. Thomas University

This is the kind of place where,
I would cry if I had to leave,
I would die if I had to grieve.

Advisor:

Dr. Philip Reckford

Editor:

Dwight E. Thompson

Staff:

John Doyle

Carlos Orduna

Denise Ramos

Sarah Ramsingh

Cover Art: Angeliqe Reddick

Inside Cover & Page Number Art: Max Ricardo

St. Thomas University
16400 Northwest 32nd Avenue
Opalocka, Florida 33054

What is art?

*When a work is merely emotional,
it is sentimental
When it is only intellectual,
it is pedantic
But when it appeals to both the intellect
and the emotions,
it is art*

-Dr. Philip Shepardson

Introduction

For everything there is a season, a time for every matter under the sun.
- (Ecclesiastes 3:1)

Here we are again, old faces and new, entering a new chapter in the books of our lives, entering a new phase in our existence. For most of us, our only common ground is our diversity: It might sound strange, but think about it for a minute. I do not know you, and you don't have the slightest clue who I am or what I was. We are coming from different places, maybe different races, and each of us has our own unique personality.

Yet, in spite of all this, or maybe because of it, we are striving together to make the most of this circumstance. You have been given another chance, I would say, to make the most of your life and of your very existence. Some might say that unless it is material wealth, it is of no significance, but I beg to differ. Being spiritually blessed and gifted beyond all previous hopes is reward enough, wouldn't you say. Being mentally enriched and renewed beyond all prior expectations, tell me, is this not reward enough?

Life is not only what you make of it; it is also how you enjoy every minute of it. The very least thing that you can do to bring a smile on someone's face, could be, to that person at that time, the greatest thing you have done for the entire day. We are all in this together, for better or for worse, and the least we can endeavor to do is to bring out the best in this situation. The popular phrase, 'united we stand, divided we fall', is so very true in this regard. Live life and love the life that you love to live, and may you walk in the shadow of the Almighty.

Iselah.

Dwight E. Thompson, Son of Salt, Child of Cane



Lieve Hemel, wij bid uw,
Breng ons veilig naar huis,

Amen.

Dutch Prayer



Memoriam
Freddie Batista

If I could just touch the earth
And see your smile once more
I would gladly dig deep into the dirt
To hold your face once more....

Born: September 14th, 1978

Died: March 2nd, 2001

Table of Contents

What is Art?.....		ii
Introduction.....	Dr. Philip Shepardson	iii
Dutch Prayer.....	Dwight E. Thompson	iv
In Memory Of.....	Unknown	v
Afraid.....	Dwight E. Thompson	2
Being With Me.....	Djenepha Polynice	3
Betrayal.....	Lunie Alexandre	4
By Way of the Stars.....	Lunie Alexandre	5,6
Big Rolo.....	Sarah Ramsingh	7
Dead Soul.....	Sister Rosalyn James	8
Holocaust.....	Maria Sims	8
Dry Teardrops.....	Charisse Sanders	9
Freedom.....	Karl Steven-Dorelien	10
I Am.....	India	11
I Remember.....	Cynthia	12
Jesus Frees Us.....	Howard Chalikian	13
Let Me Love You.....	Rozalie Petit-Frere	14
Sneakers.....	Angelique Reddick	15,16
Opalocka (Ghetto Car Wash).....	Dwight E. Thompson	17
Pain.....	Feraree Screen	18
Time Hurries By.....	Pauline Shloss-Esbery	19
Stepping into the light.....	Denise Ramos	20
Why.....	Pauline Shloss-Esbery	21
When the Sun Doesn't Smile.....	Vladimir Guiselitov	22
Paintings & Photography.....	Pahola Duque and Dwight E. Thompson	23-26
Untitled.....	Sharanda Armbrister	27
Uncovering Love.....	Majorie Upson	28
Sumergido en el Amor.....	Marcela Moyano	29
Poem on a foggy night.....	Jennifer Sanders	30
Debo Decirte.....	Jessica Sanchez	31
Itserakas.....	Mira Muikku	32
My Life.....	Feraree Screen	33
Det Finns sa mycket jag.....	Charlotte Sandberg	34
I Miss.....	Denise Ramos	35
Dream Escape.....	Charlotte Sandberg	36
Why?????.....	Djenepha Polynice	37
Anguish.....	Dwight E. Thompson	38
Last Words.....	Dwight E. Thompson	39

Afraid

The other day I wept in silence
 Afraid to cry out loud
 Afraid to live out loud
 Silence is sound
 And can be heard miles away
 A cry of silence is a cry of pain
 Pain carried inside
 Pain carried in minds
 Of so many who are afraid to let it out
 Afraid to be heard
 Afraid to be different
 Afraid to make a difference
 Afraid to be the only one.
 Be the rose in a field of weeds.
 Change the way we are,
 Change the way it is.
 Be able to make a difference
 No longer be afraid
 Of what the others say,
 Be who you want,
 It all will come true
 For you and those who follow
 The change you make will make the morrow.

Djenepha Polynice



Being with Me

Do you really know me?
 Or do you think you have a picture
 Of how I could be
 We talk on the phone
 And seem to have a lot to say
 But when we're alone
 Words seem to have gone away
 Huggin' me and kissin' me
 Hoping I'll give in
 But I'm playin' hard to get
 Cause we're still friends
 Your hands down my shirt
 Sometimes down my pants
 I'm just teasing you boy
 So, you got to understand
 After letting you know what I'm about
 Do you still want to be with me?
 With-out a DOUBT !!!!

Lunie Alexandre



Betrayal

You kiss me yesterday
 Then kiss her today
 She wanted more
 But she's not the one you adore
 You worry I might leave
 Yet, you draw me further away from thee
 And you can't say it's not true
 Yes, I was wrong in the past
 But that doesn't say to follow my lead
 I look like I'm mad
 Its cause inside I'm just really hurting
 Searching for true love
 A word that's hard for me to say
 But let me tell you this
 I still got much love for ya'

Lunie Alexandre

By Way of the Stars

Baron Blaine gazed at Sarah for a while, noticing how she had changed. Her attitude was the same as though she was no more than the age of ten, with its carefree anxiety and stubborn ways. She was used to getting what she wanted. After the death of her parents, Michael and David DeMonte had spoiled her rotten. The baroness had every caring nature. She was a loving girl who was an exuberant giver. During Christmas, she would donate most of her dolls to the poor little girls in the village who would otherwise have received nothing. She usually did not wait for the holidays, and in times of need, would sneak food to the hungry families. Blaine VonStratsburg did not know about these acts of charity. Few did, since it was considered scandalous behavior for a baroness of France to associate with the common peasant. Her second brother, David, allowed her generosity, as did Michael, who only knew of some of her less adventurous wilds (he had no idea she had been inside a woodcutter's shack to bring bread to the children). Sarah's best friend, Lady Erina, helped in these merciful acts of kindness.

Yet, Sarah had grown into the figure of a divine young woman. It was her beauty that was glorified and had most of her popularity among nobility. On her face were two perfectly alluring dark chocolate colored eyes outlined by thick eyelashes that curled at the ends. Above them grew her black brows known to slant upwards in moments of wickedness. Men like Baron Blaine admired her heart shaped mouth and rich pink lips, for they were always inclined to steal a kiss. But never successful. Sarah's skin was beautiful cream colored that was rarely seen among women. She was not pale and powdered, as were most baronesses. As a child, she could be found playing in the warm summer air. From this exercise, she developed a magnificent figure, which was the envy of any young maiden in revealing dress.

By Way of the Stars, continued

She could not be described as skinny or fat, but perfect, for she had just enough weight where needed. Low necklines had become her favorite distinction in a ball gown since she had turned thirteen and discovered that her bosom was plump and full. However, her hair was her crowning glory. The mass abundance of ebony, wavy strands fell down to the beginning of her chest. The smooth luxurious texture only intrigued men to run their hands through it. Baron Timothy Vonheimer called it "silk spun from the gods," and with praise like that, Sarah would permit him to gently stroke her hair. If her brothers were busy in the study, Blaine would make profuse arrangements to sneak away and find the baroness, only to beg for a kiss or lay his lips in her hair.

Baroness Sarah could feel the baron's stare linger. Quickly, she tried to change the subject. "Why are you journeying so far Michael?" She asked not sure she would get an answer. "Is it about the war?"

"No," he replied holding his gaze. "He wants to see me about you."

"Me?" she whispered. For a moment, a strange thought ran through Sarah's mind.

What if my marriage to Blaine is settled? He is the only man outside my family that I have ever truly known. His love is present, I am sure, but is it pure? Are his feelings genuine? How can I be happy with Blaine as my husband if I have known no other? How can Michael be sure our match is well suited?

As the road began to bend, the strong wooden doors opened as the carriage entered the palace.

Sarah Ramsingh

Big Rolo

It came back with vengeance;
But Roland took it all in stride
That cool, understanding temperament
He possessed enabled him to do his best.

Never a whimper or a question why?
He handled his illness as if he were a fly
Busy as a Bee; continually taking time
To make his amends for others to see

I'm going to do my best and pass this test;
This last and final task
That will place me in my Master's hands.

I will hear the bands and my Master's Plans;
Once I cross over to that Glory land;
Where I'm bound there will be no weeping;

I'll be safely in my Master's keeping;
Waiting to see each of my loved ones in that
Band headed for Glory land.

Once you get there;
You will see; why I put my faith in the
Master's hands and waited for my turn to
Cross over to that Land!!

Sister Rosalyn James

Dead Soul

I don't have the tears to cry anymore
I don't have a heart for you to break
You've worn away what's left of my soul
So I don't have a soul you can take
All of what I felt for you is now dead and gone
I honestly, in the depth of my being, can't believe I held on
for so long
All my love I gave to you
Asking nothing in return
I can't imagine how you feel
It's no longer my concern

Holocaust

Reach out and touch it for it's still here
The evidence of hatred's glory years
Millions have died within these walls
Their tortured souls still wander these halls
Close your eyes
You'll see their pain
Yet those who did this show no shame
They don't care
They have no regret
Returning to their lives with each sunset
Reach out and touch it for it's still here
The evidence of hatreds glory years

Maria Sims

Dry Teardrops

Sometimes the cold air wraps around me
 Like the pressure a diver feels as he plunges toward the open
 sea
 Caught in the middle, it pulls me in closer
 And I gasp for air
 It surrounds me, causing me to feel vulnerable at times.
 Tears are suppressed and I slip into a costume
 Out of nowhere it comes at any given moment
 Feeling trapped in the middle, I long to escape
 Close my eyes, hide under the covers and become invisible
 When insecurity and ambivalence choke my soul
 With expectations and watchful eyes
 I forget what I want, what I need
 And so I reach for his hand that dries my tearstained cheeks
 Like the white sun within the darkness, his love is captivating
 And then I no longer gasp for air

Charisse Sanders

"Freedom"

I remember my country; big, proud and peaceful...
 Our people fought hard to acquire our precious freedom...
 Our parents shed blood, and blessed us with wisdom...
 So that our generation could never turn sinful...

When I look at my brothas, all I see are tarnished souls, filled with hate and
 greed...

When I look at my sistas, their eyes cry sadness and violation...
 As I think about Haiti, it reminds me so much of a prison...
 Small island, once so prosperous. Now all it does is bleed.

I dream of the day when all of us will end our differences and unite
 Where all are citizens will not be ruled anymore by what we call fright...
 I pray for the day when I might turn to my fellow Haitians for support
 And not have to witness any more "boat people" deportation or INS report

My hear cries to my beautiful Haitian Nubian queens,
 forgotten by their Men
 Beaten, raped, left single mothers by coward men,
 way too busy being Workmen
 Harmed by society and their own blood,
 Haitian women had no choice but to Adapt
 Adapt to the injustice and cruelty of life that left them mentally and
 physically inapt.

My soul weeps for my strong Haitian brothas,
 once kings of their own country
 Corrupted by new surrounding and vices,
 they lost their identity and followed blindly.
 As for our political figures,
 they gave the words "Justice" and "Power" a Bad name
 Way too caught up with money, and the feeling of superiority,
 to even feel Shame.

I long to see the day when Haitians all over the world can accept and
 Embrace their identity

Where they can proclaim, without shame,
 guilt or fear of prosecution, their Origin proudly
 I wait for the time when our men can fully appreciate
 our Haitian sistas true Inner beauty

And not have to tell them "I love you," only because they desire the bootie.

Karl Steven Dorelien



I Am

I'm the brightness in the light
 The stone of the night
 The wind of the earth
 The soul of worth

I'm everything around me
 The form of existence
 The being of importance
 I have coexistence

Not only do I reproduce and grow
 I'm the present and long ago.
 It's the inanimate in the ability to carry
 Amazing I'm the bibliography

It's the nature within me
 All the creations that allow me to be
 The spirited glow that I show
 The reverence on my shadow

I'm near and far
 I twinkle like the star
 I hold the wildlife and the nightlife
 In all, I am LIFE

India



I Remember

When I looked in your eyes,
 I knew it was ture.
 My heart never lies
 I was in love with you.

As you stood there just looking around
 My whole body melted into the ground.

I remember the day,
 I remember the time,
 I remember the place,
 It is always on my mind.

You looked so good in your white shirt
 And jeans, and I remember that night you
 Were in my dreams

I wish I could be with you day
 After day because I love you more
 Than words can ever say

Cynthia

Jesus Frees Us

...not surprising, would we not be self-blinding, focused on the dung beetle burden, quenched by past pain, or great gain, or faint gain, or griefs, remorse(s), sad omissions or commissions.

All's a lie! But we're built free to choose. Life's a praise of God is all.

Love your neighbor. Forgive yourself. Add your "me" to all that hangs on the nails of Calvary.

Be cleansed, forgiven! Of any good you do, -thank God, -where any good comes from.

Of any pain or grief, the "sacrifice" of merry-praise, for the vast goodness of God -is the only sure Healing. (He also helps you do that very hard thing. [Do you think "He" isn't better than "It".])

Walk, seeking how God may come closer to you, controlled strength, "meek."

Serve others from the depths of your own great need. (Jesus said).

Heart-full of love, rise beyond self, beyond culture, -beyond gender itself.

Relationship is more than the sum of its parts. That's why He pleased to "know you," before he made the world.

"You know not. Heaven won't be boring, and you don't really think you'll have any friends in Hell, do you?"

-Step out! Find out! God is good, it doesn't matter how long we live (it's forever) or how we see its quality (we never were equipped to discern good and evil ["don't eat the apple"]).

Just praise God as the treasure in your heart, for all to know, like perfume out of a leaky bottle.

Howard Chalikian

Let me Love you

Let me love you withal that I possess
Love that is impartial to those in distress
For my heart yearns to give you love
To love you like no other than the one above

No need to fear of heartache and pain
My love for you will never change
My vow of devotions will to you always be sincere
For I dare not to be unworthy of the one I hold dear

Most beautiful and precious are all that you are to me
No one in mind can ever come close to thee
So sweet are your lips and gentle your touch
No feeling of happiness can compare to such

Oh precious one, my love and all that I desire
No one can satisfy or quench these flames of loving desire
Don't hold back from me, what I claim is what to live for
For surely I will die of unhappiness unheard of before

These tears of pain are because my one and only refuses my offer
As a result of fear of love, hurt, and pain of another
How can I prove my Love that reaches to the depths of my soul
So immeasurable and incomprehensible to man that can ever be told

Let me Love you, with my breathe, my hands, and my soul
Let me, precious, Love you beyond those precious eyes will ever behold
Let me Love you. Incomparably to no other on earth
Let me Love, my Love, for such true Love is one in a lifetime at birth

Rozalie Petit-Frere



Opalocka (Ghetto Car Wash)

Hearing the sweet melody bouncing off the concrete
 Water on the cars evaporating in the heat
 Black men with afros the size of mount Rushmore
 Jet sprays streaming off the glass, down the car door

A cool Sunday afternoon, chairs sitting on the curb
 Short-haired, knappy haired men, looking for a herb
 Black and white babies, waiting to be washed and dried
 For five dollars more, they'll even vacuum the inside

Drop cords littering the ground all around
 A heavy system pumping out the latest in sound
 Stacks of tires, air hoses, and faded signs
 Paint peeling off the walls, on the roads, faint white lines

In the heart of a small commercial plaza
 Surrounded by the skyscrapers and businesses of Opalocka
 And look a white man in maroon van with snow cone
 Air in tires are for free but 50 cents to use the telephone

A family of five washing the family vehicle
 As one tastes the fine mist and another burst a soap bubble
 Just me and my girl, on this cool Sunday afternoon
 But I'm getting hungry, I hope they finish soon.

Dwight E. Thompson

Pain

When you love someone you just don't treat them bad.
 That's what I used to say when I got my heart broken.
 Now when I get with a boy my mind is stuck on pain.
 I don't know how to react to love because all love ever did
 was cause me pain.

I feel like falling down on my knees to cry cause whenever
 I think a boy loves me I get my feelings hurt real bad.
 I don't know if I should continue to hold in the sorrow or
 let it loose.

It hurts me to be lied to and stood up by a boy.
 I hurt people because I get hurt and it's not anyone's
 fault.

Feraree Screen

Times Hurries By

Time hurries by
 As you stand still
 waiting for tomorrow
 longing for the yesterday.
 But today is yours.
 Now is the time
 To laugh
 To cry
 To reach out to someone.
 To say I love
 To forgive and receive love.
 To understand and offer peace.
 Now is the time.
 Don't wait, today will soon
 Be yesterday.
 And tomorrow is promise to
 No one.
 Now is the time to share a cheerful word.
 Share thoughts of wisdom and
 Understanding.
 To share joy and peace that
 Come from special relationship
 With Jesus.
 But most of all, now is the
 Time to share God's word
 With someone anyone everyone
 Don't be selfish; share, tell, give.
 There is more than enough in God's
 Kingdom to go around.
 Do what you can today.
 Because, there might be no
 Tomorrow.

Pauline Shloss-Esbery

Stepping into the light

strong
 courageous
 confident
 beautiful
 independent
 intelligent
 open-minded
 strong-willed
 outspoken
 positive
 sure
 caring
 so willing to help

When I was a little girl a few years back, still not able to perceive or understand my surroundings, I looked up to you and saw only good. I saw a hero. Someone who had the answers to all my questions. I always knew what to do and never hesitated. Carried a constant smile and had not a simple trouble in the world. Taught me many things and some that became clear to me later.

but.....

Now that I have begun to become my own woman and see things for what they truly are, everything looks so different. Things I believed to be certain are no longer there or what they were. Suddenly all objects are three-dimensional. Each side telling it's own story. I can now see you as you. You are no longer that mystical character who could do no wrong. I see all your choices and why they were done. The side of you that was not visible is now screaming and shouting at me. It feels as though I'm getting to know someone new, yet I've know this person all my life.

weak
 coward
 unsure
 ugly
 naive
 shy
 negative
 doubtful
 numb
 dependent
 close-minded
 low self-esteem
 second guessing

I can only wonder if I am looked upon the same and if I haven't.....

will I ?

Denise Ramos

Why

Tiny fingers move across the pages
 But the pages are blank.
 Words of a hurting heart cannot
 Be expressed on paper.
 But three letters kept going,
 Around and around in the tiny head,
 Which belongs to the tiny fingers.
 Why?

Tiny lips move, forming the words of pain.
 "I was given to you."
 "You were supposed to be my loving caretaker."
 You were supposed to love me,
 You were to care for me, not hurt me.
 Was I not good enough for you?
 Why did you cast me away?
 God created me, I am human,
 I have feelings
 I scream, Why?
 As I ripped from your warm body,
 Do you know that pain of rejection
 Was worse than the burning of my skin
 And the dismembering of my body?
 I was given to you.
 God, my Father and Creator, made me in his own image.
 He chose you to carry me.
 Just as he chose Mary to carry Jesus, His Son.
 What if she had done the same thing?
 Where would you be today?
 Why did you reject me?
 Why did you kill me?

Did you ever wonder if I was the one sent to care for you in
 sickness?
 Or the one who would find the cure for AIDS or cancer.
 Did you ever wonder about the joy and happiness
 I would have brought into your life?
 Did you ever wonder?
 Tell me, I will try to understand why.

Pauline Shloss-Esbery

When the Sun Doesn't Smile

The sun doesn't smile and the moon doesn't shine
 And my eyes become blind while you are not mine.
 Two plus two does not equal to four anymore
 As my mind digresses imagining you by my door.
 The world spins round and thunder makes sound 5
 But that doesn't matter when you're not around.
 It's hot during winter, during summer it snows
 The north became south and crustal plates froze.
 Light became dark and the east became west 10
 And I with your beauty became much obsessed.
 The trees burn with fire in the season of ball
 And flowers fully blossom in the season of fall.
 O Juliet, Juliet! Wherefore art thou Juliet?
 But wait! Dear Juliet thou art not!
 Our families aren't feuding yet I am distraught. 15
 I cannot approach you as my feelings abound,
 My nerves start to weaken, and my heart starts to pound.
 Like an animal beaten, too shy to confront,
 Afraid to be wrong and afraid to upfront.
 By looking at you perfection's so lame 20
 I'd rather be sinful and perfection ashamed.
 Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 That'd be an insult if Shakespeare such thing dared say.
 What should I call you then my blooming flower?
 A queen, a princess, goddess, Mona Lisa, diva? 25
 No, no! You are much tender than this fleeting feva'.
 Perhaps in the unknown realm of this creation
 There's something that can be compared to your sensation.
 But until then you'll be what you have been
 It's something that my eyes have never seen. 30
 Without you my world is upside down
 Please be my Queen and share the golden crown.

Vladimir Guiselitov



paintings by: Pahola Duque



photography by: Dwight E. Thompson





paintings by: Pahola Duque



photography by: Dwight E. Thompson



Untitled

You arouse feelings in me
Too complex to ever fully explain
Make me so passionate
I heat up when I hear your Name
When we talk I feel like
I want to explode
My circuits go crazy
Emotional overload
The way you walk the way you sway
The way you never know what to say
The way you confuse me
The way you taunt me
The way you use me
Why would you want me
To do everything she couldn't do
But you want to be with me
And her too
I love no man more than my tears
You were never worth the time
We wasted all of these years.

Sharanda Armbrister

Uncovering Love

When we met in that short space of time
We must have had each other in mind
When I look at you I saw the other side of me
We blended together in such harmony

Through the years we've been together
We stood by each other looking back never
We've had tough times even good times too
But the love we shared always brought us through

Though we stand here today
Celebrating the vows we made yesterday
Knowing that God had put us together
Made our lives more special than ever
All the things we know about
The best to know is each day we are uncovering our love

Majorie Upson

Sumergido en el Amor (Submerged in Love)

En una noche sola, desperté un tu mirar.
 Tus ojos giraban, el iluminaban mi alma.
 Encantada estaba la mañana,
 En que desperté a tu lado cautivada por tus ojos fijos.
 Los pajaros sumergidos en el acantilado,
 Miraban el aire fresco que se llevaba las algas del mar,
 Formando un remolino que solo el sol y la luna
 Podrían imaginar.
 Mi alma sollozaba en el diluvio de la vida y la muerte,
 Hasta que surgieron de Nuevo
 Melodías mananeras y sonrisas pasajeras
 Que cazaban historias quebrantadas por tu ausencia.
 El amor se convirtió en un delirio
 Flotante que fluye desde el cansancio
 De las estrellas en la oscuridad,
 Hasta el sol apagado en el amanecer.

Words flow in the harmony of its original language. As the majority of poems, this one talks about love experienced in breezy sunrises, and dark nights, from stolen kisses to welcomed heights. However, no matter where it is, but it never stops being passionate love.

Marcela Moyano

Poem on a foggy night

Man can be easily hypnotizing
 Stunning
 A drug.
 Seduction is the silent sin that you embrace
 Cup it in your hand and pretend to be saved.
 Like a needle, you infect me.
 Addiction is hell on earth
 How dare I not resist the demon they call man
 How dare I not resist myself
 A drug.
 You are creating an illusion
 And I am hypnotized
 Dirty lies.
 You are a hallucinogen
 Addiction!
 I strike you!
 Knock you down!
 I cannot
 Will not
 Make you what I need.
 Loneliness is the lie
 You are the deceiver
 I am the believer in many ways
 But now it's time for you to die
 Be crushed!
 Die!
 Sin!
 Die!

Jennifer Sanders

Debo Decirte (I have to tell you)

Debo decirte que no soy poeta, ni soy escritora.
 Pero debo decirte de lo que me haces sentir,
 Debo contarte de esa precoisa alegría
 Que sobretoma todo mi ser aunque noestes qui

Debo decirte de la manera en que late mi corazon
 Con solo ver tu fotografia
 La electricidad que corre por todo mi cuerpo
 En solo el mero pesamiento tuyo
 Duando pienso en tus besos en tu linda vos
 Y en toda las bellas palabras
 De cual tu boca escapan

Debo decirte de tu piel...
 Tan sedosa como los petalos de rosa,
 Y su fragancia- aun major!
 Debo decirte que el estar contigo
 Me eleva a la sima de las Alturas...
 Cuando mis manos descansan en las tuyas
 Cuando mi piel rosa tu piel.

Debo decirte que me encanta corer mis manos por tu
 espalda
 Rosar mis labios con los tuyos,
 Sentirte tan cerca de mi.
 Debo decirte como me enloqueces
 Cuando recorres mi cuerpo con tus manos
 Como enciendes todo adentro de mi.
 Debo decirte que todo esto
 Y tantas indescribibles cosas mas
 Es lo que tu me haces sentir.

Nothing can explain the way you can feel when you're in
 love and have found your soul-mate. Sometimes you get
 visionary glimpses of different realities and timelines, but
 in the end you are perfectly contented with what you
 have now. Everything is emotional and real, and love
 knows no boundary except that of a limitless mind.

Jessica Sanchez

Itserakas (Selfish)

Saisin sinut kukoistamaan,
 Minua palvomaan
 Olisit niin onnellinen
 -sen nakee silmistasi,
 humaa puheesi savysta
 ja tahdista
 siita harkituasta tavasta
 mitten liikut kun
 kuljet ohitseni
 hiljaa rakastat
 katsella minua kaukaa
 Huomaamattomsati
 Seuraavassa kadunkulmassa
 Tapaamme sattumalta
 Ja sina ihmettelet
 Kuinka
 Minuun tormaa
 Kaikkialla
 Ehka kertoisin
 Kuinka rakastan
 Olla lahellasi
 Mitten sydameni hypahtaa
 Kun puhat minulle
 -eika laannu millaan
 voisn sen tehdaken
 vos sinut nakisisn
 joka paiva
 viikko
 edes kuukansi
 mutta pari kertaa
 vuodessa ei maksa vaivaa

This is a Finnish poem about not taking the chance to fall in
 love. Love is compared to a rose, but just like a rose, the thorns
 can hurt. To open oneself to love is as dangerous as walking
 into a mouth of a hot spring, naked and vulnerable.

Mira Muikku



My Life

A dark cove
A bottomless pit
Full of emotions
Mixing into one
A broken light
Misguided feelings
Through the waters
I swim
A lost soul
Set me free
Loose my shackles
Throw the key
Remove the weights
As I float to
My destiny
What do I see?
Hate, pain, mercy
Will it cease...

Feraree Screen



Det finns se mycket jag

Det finns se mycket jag
Vill och borde gora,

Jag ser ett annat satt att lea pa var jord
I andra banor
En tro pa ett annat liv

Med mitt liv
Jag vandrar
Genom tidens vagor och frusen sno,
Jag soker I djupa vatten
Finner svar I nasta kalla

Det kommer en tid
Till varje manniska

Nar ett steg ska tas
At nagot hall
Med ljus runt omkring

Soker orden for att ga igenom mina dalar,
Ska andas I dina tankar
Men for att finnas kraver tanken mina drommar.

A poem about life and the stuff it is made of, dreams

Charlotte Sandberg

I miss

I miss....the look in your eyes, when you looked at me
 I miss....the smell of your cologne
 I miss....the way you caressed my body and looked deeply into
 my eyes
 I miss....the feel of your body
 I miss....the walks along the beach at night
 I miss....the absence in my bed
 I miss....the way you'd annoy me when you tapped on the
 steering wheel
 I miss....the romantic gifts
 I miss....our times alone
 I miss....the way we'd look into each others eyes and know
 exactly what we were telling each other
 I miss....the way you'd coach me on
 I miss....the way we'd play with each other's hair
 I miss....the touch of your rough hands
 I miss....the way you'd say everything would be okay
 I miss....your smile
 I miss....laying my head on your chest
 I miss....watching you sleep
 I miss....the way you'd tell me how happy I made you
 I miss....your massages
 I miss....the way I'd play with the back of your neck while
 you were driving
 I miss....the way you'd tell me I'd taken over your mind and
 heart

But most of all....

I miss the sound in the your voice when you told me:

I Love You

Denise Ramos

Dream Escape

Langtan

Jag finns dar jag vill vara,
 Igen far hindra mig

Inte varlden som vantar utanfor
 Jag flyger I varens ljus
 Till solen av et lyckorus

Jag kanner doft av jord
 Regn som fallit dar framtiden bor.

Swedish poem by Charlotte Sandberg

Why?????

You should've told me I wasn't good enough!
 You should've told me you weren't in love!
 I gave as much as I could to you!
 My love was yours from the start beau.
 Only wanting to be yours and you to be mine.
 You should've told me I wasn't what you had in mind!
 You should've told me I wasn't what you needed!
 You should've told me *she* had you laced!
 You should've told *me* you needed space.
 How strange it is not talking to you,
 I had to let you know my love was true.
 Wanting to stay,
 But knowing it's time to go.
 You should've told me your heart wasn't mine to hold!
 You should've told me you and I weren't meant to be!
 You should've told me "Just Leave."

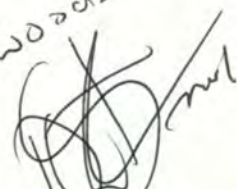
Djenepha Polynice

Anguish

I listen
 To things that glisten
 Yet in my heart
 I know
 Something is missing
 As in the beginning
 When I was
 Still dreaming
 Of being
 A better person
 Living
 A life of sinning
 Wrong-doing
 Was winning
 Twisting and tossing
 Pacing
 With no pausing
 'cause I listen
 To things that glisten
 And in my heart
 I know something is missing

Dwight E. Thompson

08/5/01
 To Wolfgang Riestler,
 for your invaluable
 contribution and support
 of Driftwood.



Last Words


First of all I would like to thank God for making me who I am, I would like to thank my school, St. Thomas University, for understanding the way I am, and I would like to thank my girlfriend, Gelette, for loving me the way I am.

Special Thanks to the Office of Campus Life and Steve Oliver and the R.A.'s; Mikey, Myrna, Keron, and Natalie (church is out baby!), the Office of Campus Ministry (Angela, Father Ed, Thierry), The Center for Loss and Healing (Linda Blair), The Department of Communication Arts, English and Humanities (Dr. Connelly, Maureen, Kareem, Jackie, Dr. Shepardson, Dr. Ruiz, Prof. Raleigh, Prof. Montez, and Dr. Ferrero), the Physical Plant (Carmen Taylor and staff), the Mail Room (Mark and staff), the Office of Admissions (Andre and Bayode), the Office of Student Services (Dr. Shumate, Tim, Toni, Christina, Letty, and all the rest), and all the advisors and friends I forgot to mention.

Mad Love for all the campus clubs, such as Melissa, Deion, and the CCS (Caribbean Culture Society) crew, Marcela, Isaac, and the tribe members of ALAS (Association of Latin-American Students), Pauline, Chin, and the BSU (Black Student Union) posse, Jennifer, Bruce, Lula, and the members of Voices of Praise, Karl, Judith, Roberta, and the Haitian Coalition, and last but not least Angelica, Dante, and the SGA (Student Government Association).

Iselah

Book layout and design by TargetMedia, Miami, Florida April 2001



DRIFTWOOD



St. Thomas University
The Archdiocesan Catholic University of Florida