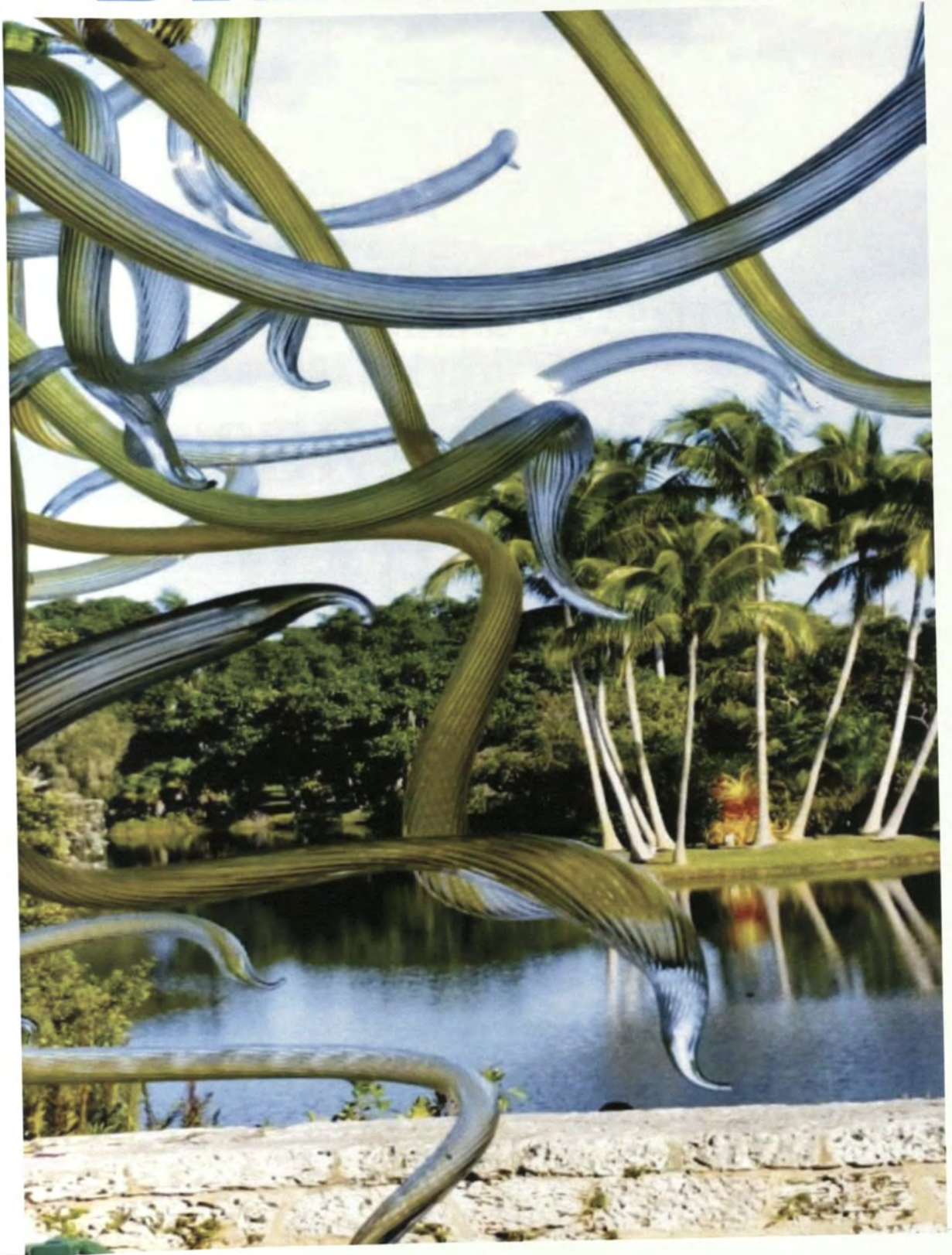


DRIFTWOOD



ST. THOMAS UNIVERSITY

THE REBIRTH OF DRIFTWOOD

The Driftwood Literary Magazine is a crown jewel of St. Thomas University, one that began in 1967 and later became a lost artifact from 2005 to 2014. Now after discovering this lost jewel, the *Driftwood* editor and staff have done what any “archaeologist” would do, revitalize *Driftwood* and put it on display for all to see. This rebirth of *Driftwood* brings back a legendary classic while adding a new, fresh creative spin to it, to appropriately commemorate it. I could not have asked for a better team and advisor to help do so, and we hope you all enjoy reading *Driftwood* as much as we enjoyed creating it.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Kris-Alain Ambroise



“In a decaying society, art, if it is truthful, must also reflect decay. And unless it wants to break faith with its social function, art must show the world as changeable. And help to change it.”

~Ernst Fischer

Kris is a Sophomore at STU and is a Liberal Studies- Global Leadership and Philosophy Major with Minors in Biology (Pre-Med), Political Science (Pre-Law), Psychology, International Relations, and Religious Studies. His interests are global political issues, art, anime, and traveling.

“Open Your Minds”

It is quite obvious that reading was a primary leisure activity before computers and televisions. People would spend hours upon hours reading books and traveling to never before seen places in their minds. As our generation progressed people have lost that skill and turned to computers and televisions for their easy source of entertainment. Reading allows humans to be imaginative and creative as well as escape from the real world and indulge in a fictional fantasy. Reading strengthens brain power while computers and television generally take that away. Unfortunately, many people today have let computers and television captivate their minds for reasons of entertainment. Although PC’s and TV’s can be helpful, one extraordinary element that they lack is the ability to allow the users to THINK FOR THEMSELVES. Open your mind to more than a screen because all that is behind it are wires, while inside pages and between lines are endless meanings and countless opportunities to be creative and to think.

-Kris-Alain Ambroise

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Aimee Thielman- Graphic Design Editor



"I am not pretty. I am not beautiful. I am as radiant as the sun."

— Suzanne Collins, *The Hunger Games*

Aimee is a Junior at STU and a Psychology Major with a Minor in Art. She is very interested in anime, art, and photography in her free time.

Lauren Franco- Review Editor



"A life is like a garden. Perfect moments can be had, but not preserved, except in memory. LLAP "

-Leonard Nimoy

Lauren is a Senior at STU and an English Major with a Minor in Communication Arts. She is very interested in environmental and global issues and loves to edit videos and pictures as well as to write in her spare time.

Jose Zuniga Jr.- 1st Short Story Editor



Very few people possess true artistic ability. It is therefore both unseemly and unproductive to irritate the situation by making an effort. If you have a burning, restless urge to write or paint, simply eat something sweet and the feeling will pass.

-Fran Lebowitz

Jose is a Sophomore at STU and a Communication Arts Major with a Minor in English. His interests are films, art, and writing.

Eduardo Montoya- 2nd Short Story Editor



"A day lost is not like a dollar lost, you make your money back"

- Donald Trump

Eduardo is a Freshman at STU and a Marketing Major with a Minor in Psychology. His interests are running, working out, and writing.

SPECIAL THANKS

I would like to thank all the amazing students that helped put this creative magazine together and “hopped” on the *Driftwood* train making it that much more of a fun experience. Without their hard efforts and agreeing to work around the clock, this would not have been possible. I would also like to thank Biscayne College for its wonderful help that really started this train moving, especially Dr. Conley for all that he has done for *Driftwood*. A huge "thank you" goes out to Angela Toth for helping *Driftwood* financially and a huge "thank you" to Mark Rogers and the STU mailroom professionals who printed *Driftwood* for us all to enjoy. Another tremendous "thank you" goes to Dr. Montes for his extra help really inspiring the *Driftwood* staff, guiding us the best he could; with all his great, creative ideas we hope to see an explosive expansion of *Driftwood* in the near future. And last but not least, a huge special thanks to our amazing *Driftwood* Advisor, Dr. Reckford, for all his help and for believing in the *Driftwood* team and all our hard work. The greatest thanks of all go to the students, faculty, and staff of STU who submitted their works to *Driftwood*: without your amazing contributions, there would not be a *Driftwood* in 2015. Let us continue to grow and build *Driftwood* to become an enormously significant literary and art publication at STU for your enjoyment!

Thank you all very much,

Kris-Alain Ambroise

Editor-in-Chief

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Sound of My Name

By Jose Zuniga

You sent a storm,
 While I was sailing with friends.
 You had me drift to this deserted island.
 A strange land.

No people, no kind animals.
 Just the fish that surround this tedious circle,
 And the crabs that walk across the sand.

I've learned how to fish, how to hunt crabs.
 How to survive.
 The only thing I love
 Is the sun and moon.

I've gotten used to it,
 The rhythm of the waves and currents.
 I'm starting to forget,
 The sound of my name.

Slender Man's Prey

By Jose Zuniga

Under the moon
Within these woods,
I walk through the night.
So Hungry.

I find a village near by
With children sleeping,
But not at peace.
A fear spreads.

When I sense your fear,
It brings me close.
How it pleasures me.

You don't deserve it.
But I envy you.
You have what I don't have.

I trusted Death, but he lied.
He stole from me.
He stole what I desire.
No longer do I look human.

Distorting I look,
With only a white head.
It angers me.
Why should you be happy?

One child goes out.
Like the others. Not so bright.
When out alone.
This excites me.

I stand behind him,
He senses me. He turns.
But I'm gone.

Just as I, you lost it.
You're now like me.
A faceless head.

Poems by Milagros Mulero

I knew what she meant,
I could taste the cold,
silvery taste on my tongue too.
And I wondered if I could still breathe under it.

The fountain broke the surface loudly,
enough oxygen I presumed.
Loosing grasp,
akin to uttering the same word over and over.
Forgotten definition.

Maybe it was out of conviction,
that I was able to float.

Baseballs littered the bank,
along with other dead parts that refused to decay.
No one cried for these objects.

Why was I on the edge of a murky lake,
dreaming of preying hands.

~~~~~  
It was a humorous thought,  
how her breath clung to the creases in her fingers,  
and the body,  
wore street fumes.

The wind wouldn't stop blowing.  
Leaves formed violent eddies against the ashen sky.  
Shed clothes laid on front door steps.  
Felt her heart slosh to a murmur,  
a rebellion against wishes from frozen extremities.

Begging trees to stop swaying,  
praying her murmur drains the tub she climbed into.  
Scorches and drowns.

~~~~~  
I obviously deserve
dust and sand from cheap cupboards.

Women to carry light,
and bear with cracked hands,
the dirt that men track into their beds.

As if uterine contractions were enough to signify,
the beginning of a crucifixion.
only we are supposedly,
capable of tiny details,
never expecting,
unlike our unwavering minds.

Disappointed child:

Cigarette burns,

Of course i am the ash tray.

I expel black soot from my abdomen.

Enough to signify that I AM a woman.

Bare, dirty feet run up against gravel,

Hands grasp walls,

Covering in sand as they reach for lower.

Where is your mother now?

Pushed out like a miscarriage.

Her mouth forms sentences,

That break fragmented yellow lights.

Halt winds that bring breath home.

Olive skin that knows no matriarchal love.

Father,

That lies across an ocean of questions.

He could've saved me.

Because I have breasts,

Her caramel eyes rage at the green of mine.

She sees her youth stripped,

Into my bones.

Better.

But she doesn't know,

That my reflection bears the same,

caramel eyes,

Olive skin, Rage.

Equal.

If these hands are the same as the sand that covers them,

How could they save themselves?

The child's womb bears the putrid ashes,

It will always drip soot.

Poems By Michael Becke

Only 18

Your heat poured over my cool shards

Amber, Caramel, Copper.

But you're poison. -No!-

Give me more.

Consume me.

Bottom of the barrel

End of the cork -Stained with your sweet smell-

Fermented and lost simply for my intoxication

I love you

Don't leave my lips or that of my succubus

Bring me down from my skies

Into earth. Level me.

Cigarette

God, She's there again
Redlipstick. Embodiment of ink.
Lay in my hand.
I'm here now, where she was.
That street corner we all know; green, yellow,
Bright blood Red.
It's when she works.
But only when the moon is bright.
Withered ashes I push you to my lips,
Gentle attrition easing my thoughts.
Inhale-No longer cold.
Guilty pleasure.
Dwindling between my fingers. REMEMBER
That I am not the first man's lips you touch
If the embers are to graze fingertips
If your color will stain my skin.

Shadow

Silhouetted follower,
Radiated into life by sun and moon.
Never close enough to hear secrets,
Even with head pressed against you in pine littered plain.

Never witnessed your face tear stained,
Longing to be akin,
Absent heart.

Envy the absence
Pride, Sickness, Wrath, and weak physical Body.
Melding with whatever you lay your dark hand on.

Rip him from me,
Bones, Blood, Smoke.

However; witnessing your hands,
Lusting, pulling long obsidian hair,
Impaling, large hands grasping shoulders of female figures,
Similar in dark complexion.
Without guilt; your physical vices,
Demons of my mind, satiated.
But now that my darkness is gone,
So is the light.

Even laying skeletal
Corpse mangled
They need only to hold me up into the sun,
For your birth to take place again.

Banjos of shoe strings.
Black worn leather boot smacks against weathered wood.
Strong and soft hands alike against skin,
Ragged jean.
Lips gape, whistles, words.

Little Pills

Shoving patience down his throat.
Rugged and rocky shores
Waves of sound against ship,
 ‘CAPTAIN!’
Thunder, Screams.
Stubborn sounds attempting to corrupt stillness
There is no stream. No OM.
Torn sails sway with gust,
That blue sea calms
Steam from ancient stable steamboats,
Lasting lifetimes in the strands of my hair.

Poems By Kristian James Toimil

My Irish Teachers

My Irish Teachers
(and boy do I have a lot)
have perfect names
for singing on the spot.

An example of which
is Principal Sister Kathleen,
"Salve Regina
Hail Kathleen, Holy Queen!"

Singing of Sister Mary Pat;
"The Mathematician to eschew.
Talk about fractions;
She'll cut you in two!"

A soft hymn for the Librarian
Sister Patricia,
"I Messed up her Dewey Decimal System
and on me she called the militia."

There was a song for
the fat and old Miss Timmis;
"Why a face like yours
Only a mother would kiss."

And my personal favorite
is Mrs. O Reilly.
"Let me be your pet,"
I would croon slyly.

I don't know if my teachers
cared much for my songs,
but that never stopped me
from singing all day long.

On My Three Sisters Who Bothered Me Unceasingly, and Perished Miserably

My name is Kristian James Toimil
And I have Three Sisters
Katrina, Kassandra and Kourtnie Toimil
And I am the sole Resister
To all their Tricks
For which I have no Remedy
To all their Kicks
My Pain to them is a Comedy

But what can I do?
I am their brother
Who must look after all they do
And never say a word to mother
So every night before I sleep
I check under bed for their sin
And Pray to God my Soul to keep
In case their latest does me in

But God Is Vengeful
He doesn't take too kindly
To my being made a fool
And acting purely blindly
So Maybe the Angel of Death
Will take the First, Second and Fourth Born
And leave my soul to rest
By their graves I will mourn

And on their tombstone
Covered in weeds
Move to be shown
It will read
"Here lies Katrina, Kassandra and Kourtnie Toimil
Who bothered Unceasingly
Kristian James Toimil
And Perished Miserably"

Half in Love with a Shameful Death

I've been half in love with a shameful death,
And what a shame about me this well is,
For Catholicism I was bequeathed
And self-murder reaps a kingdom not His.

By shame, I say, a life lived all perjured.
A life lived assuming all your burden.
When feigning as professor well answered,
I was yet a closet catechumen.

How loose I might be if I were to melt
Away from the course and its sorrow.
Throw back the cards from the hand I've been dealt.
Ignore expectation and tomorrow.

So I suspend Truth and the pains of Hell
Sic, here I go; *adieu, adieu*, farewell!

This Horror of Death I Hold Near

What is this horror of death I hold near?
That I would sooner persist here forlorn
And allow time to strike me year by year.
This rare marvel akin to being born.

Perhaps my Passion for the Providence
The cause my life I nevertheless save.
If I was just less sacerdotal hence,
I could accept the refuge of the grave

Yet how hate would be hushed if only I
Might have someone mine to have and to hold
A personage with which I could grow old
A love, if lost, I openly would die

Ergo I spirit and sift within dust
For devotion I want, I need, I must!

Joker

By Hali B. Muller

He wears this lipstick grin as a mask,
Everyone knows the fool of social division.
The riddles he preaches are festered and left unsolved.
His labyrinth tongue drools worded convolutions.
Like his grin it paints his appellation so it can't be hypothesized.
The solution is the answer to his puzzled mind.

His face is a pale ghost.
It's pallid and filled with covetous desire.
It illuminates his face in chalk white smolder and syphons the life of its beholder.
Its skin is a porcelain semblance.
Do not be fooled!
Like his lipstick grin, it is a facade.

His eyes are of a void.
Unreadable they are transfixed.
Uncluttered they are searching for laughter.
For his eyes are lost to humor.
They are blind to the lunacy of jubilation.
They are the reflection to his soul, absent to all exuberance.

The fool is cursed.
Do not let his demeanor deceive you.
The joker is forced to jest, though he is a hoaxer.
An empty hull interior that purloins laughter.

Style perfectly.

not all art is made to hang in galleries.

WHAT COULD BE BETTER?

The art of personal style. **Stop the
Madness.**

BE VIBRANT and

Get more out of what you put in.

Start Fighting the Spotlight.

Dont worry about what other people

think, *love the mud,* **be colorful.**

Branch out, style what you love.

SOME COMBINATIONS WERE JUST MEANT TO BE.

One Day we will create the perfect, easy style.

Its just that the next day we'll realize

Perfection

could use some improving.

By: Kris Ambroise

Arts & PHOTOGRAPHY

The art and photography received are from students and faculty, which is highly appreciated due to the fact that the contributors are gaining a chance for their passions to be displayed to the student body. The manner in which the artwork or photography is interpreted is solely up to the viewer.

Enjoy the pure ecstasy of their passion.



Title: "Velvet Blues"
Artist: Professor Olivier Casse
Medium: Oil on Canvas
Year: 2014



Title: "Lunar Song"
Artist: Jose M. Zuniga Jr.
Medium: Acrylic on Canvas Paper
Year: 2014



Title: "5th Mizukage"
Artist: Kris-Alan Ambroise
Medium: Acrylic on Canvas
Year: 2012



Title: "Looking For Guidance"
Artist: Professor Olivier Casse
Medium: Oil on Canvas
Year: 2009



Title: "Rainbow Punk Rocker"
Artist: Kris-Alan Ambrose
Medium: Acrylic on Canvas
Year: 2012



Title: "Haley Williams - Paramore"
Artist: Aimee Thielman
Medium: Acrylic in a sketch pad
Year: 2012



Title: "Living in Neon"
Artist: Aimee Thielman
Medium: Acrylic in a sketch pad
Year: 2012



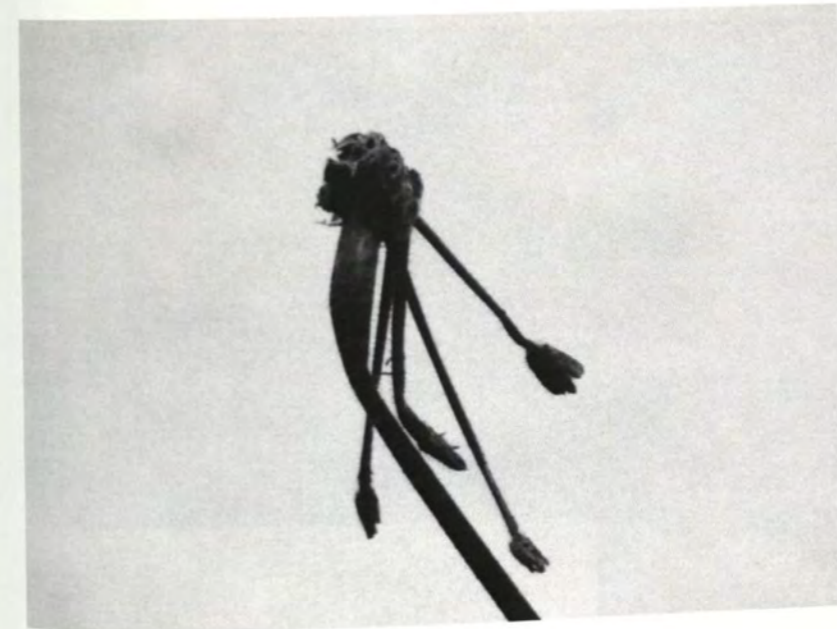
Title: "Ocean Watch"
Photographer: Professor Susan Buzzi



Title: "Sunset"
Photographer: Jose M. Zuniga Jr.



Title: "Creative Plaid"
Photographer: Pei Ying Lin (Candy)



Title: "From Dying Flower to
Roaring Dragon"
Photographer: Aimee Thielman



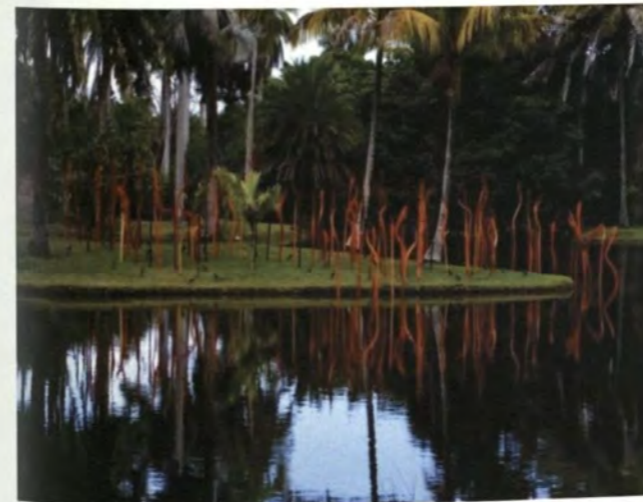
Title: "Lazy River"
Photographer: Professor Joanne H. Rodriguez
Location: University of Miami



Title: "Poinsettias In The Rain"
Photographer: Professor Joanne H. Rodriguez



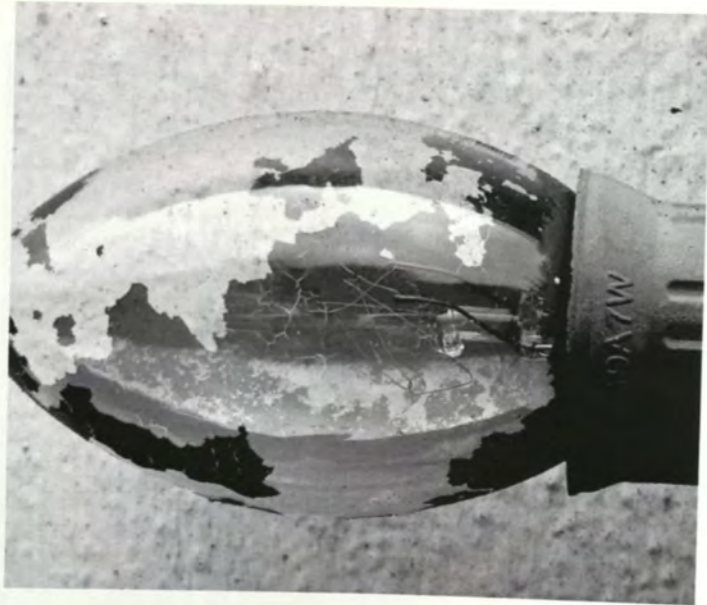
Title: "Pray and Peace"
Photographer: Pou-Ching Shen (James)



Title: "Reflection"
Photographer: Professor Joanne H. Rodriguez
Location: Dale Chihuly's Cattails at Fairchild Garden



Title: "Salty Sweetness"
Photographer: Wei-Lun Tang (Tom)



Title: "The Aging Bulb"
Photographer: Aimee Thielman



Title: "The Southernmost Point"
Photographer: Key West Students



Title: "River of Grass"
Photographer: Professor Susan Buzzi



Title: "Under The Sea"
Photographer: Aimee Thielman

Short Stories



Where He Goes at Night

By Kristian Toimil

He had been running for close to an hour, and it was time to stop. He was far enough from home now. He reached the familiar bridge that crossed a silent canal. He walked to the middle of the bridge and sat against the railing. From his seat he could move his head any which way and seize the tranquilizing serenity of this place. He could look to the left and see the empty road where he had run, shaded in the day by giant oak trees. To the right lay the thickness of the woods, hiding its creatures and mysteries. And above through darkening clouds shone the stars and the glorious moon, composing a striking nocturne. This was his refuge, undisturbed by the relentless trespassing of his family.

He kept his stare on the moon. Massive clouds inched on by, but the moon stood in her place, warmly staring back at him. He wondered what could ever challenge her ancient, solitary reign. Owls began calling in the distance. He ruminated on the parliament of these owls. They say owls possess the cardinal virtue of wisdom. What expectations did they have for their fledglings? Did they transfer their fear onto their brood?

His head had shifted towards the sounds of the owls, but they had now quieted, and again his mind floated to the silent rock. Her position was of great importance. She commanded the world's tides, and in the darkness of night she was the light of the world. It was a lonely office.

He suddenly began to think of his parents. They had driven him to this point. Their anxieties had pursued him all the five miles to this place, and even now they still clung on to the farthest reaches of his mind. He hurled silent obscenities at them, as he stood up and looked over the railings of the bridge and into the murky conduit. He could see the glint of light from the moon reflecting against the water. He thought about his parents as he imagined himself descending into the canal. He conceived their pain, and their pain became his pain. He was stunned that his tears were causing such a ripple in the water below him, but it was in fact the rain.

He took cover under the oak trees as the rain furiously came down. He could no longer see the moon, usurped as she was by the storm clouds, leaving the world to darkness and to him. He pictured the owls, warm and hidden inside the hollow of a tree. An owl cried out desperately from the forest; he pondered, for whom? Knowing the answer, he braced himself for the storm and ran home.

Special Photo and Art Credits

For all the art works that were submitted by Students, Faculty/Staff, and the *Driftwood* Team of STU, a special thanks to all of you for your hard work, your submissions to *Driftwood*, and your bringing a lively splash of color to this magnificent Literary Arts Magazine.

Cover

Title: "Viewing Glass Installation Through Glass"

Photographer: Professor Joanne H. Rodriguez

Location: Dale Chihuly's Paint Brush Tower

Method: Shot through Sol de Citron

