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PHENOMENA

Multiplicities; How Many Combinations? / Carole Williams	2
where are you... / Kevin Kane	3
A mood, thank you Cape May	4
In the evening... / Ellen Dugan	5
Eventually / Judy Weingartner	6
Life creeps now-- / Tess Eichenberger	7
Cripple / Sister David Mary osf	8
Inside Out / Sister David Mary osf	8
Laughing with the Madonna and the Dragon / Kevin Kane	9
Effect of the Library on my Life / Mrs. Elaine Wisdom	10
4 p.m. Confession / Carole Williams	11
On My Broken Big-Toe Nail / David White	12
Along the streets / Dan Holbrook	13
Editor Notes	14
About the silence... /Kevin Kane	16
Descending, Burning, Resisting, Shattering / James Asher	17
Some Are Whinin' My Love / Bill Divine	18
Separate Items Placed In Space / Dan Holbrook	19
Profile	20
Waves of Fire / Madeline Rizk	21
Contemplation / Betty Johnson	22
Linger Not, Least You Be Sad / Janet Lowe	24
Solitary / Tiz Sales	25
all alone / Dave Soots	26
Bus Stations... / Don Merrill	28

Multiplicities ; How Many Combinations ?

The end is near
by
the Almighty Who
can save
the saved
fear not
for there is Faith
where
Love is
necessary
to
all men
who
would be loved
if
no one knew
how
to love is to care
about
others may love
then be saved
because
The end is near
by
the Almighty Who
can. . . .

Carole Williams

where are you in the stucco-flakes of dawn
in the blending distortions of the sunrise ?
you wrapped in blankets of sleep
somehow must be related to the unwrapping of daily
christmas packages that is the sun.
are you like this when my dewy hands unfold your tuned
body which comes trickling to me flute like
with patience but also an awkwardness, a bud
of spring's vacillation.
yet as you sleep i wish dreams of the language of wrens
upon you, flashes of yellow bursting blossoms speaking to
each other by very slight movements of finger twigs.
still you sleep.
i compose stories about the grey mingling black smokes
and the pigeons tag games on our street but you're
not listening to me.
you coward,
when will you come out of your sea-shell urchin hiding ?
you leave me too much alone with the sound of your breathing
and i am left only with the cold knife of morning
stabbing my memory with chills and splatters of knowing
you have left me alone -- again.

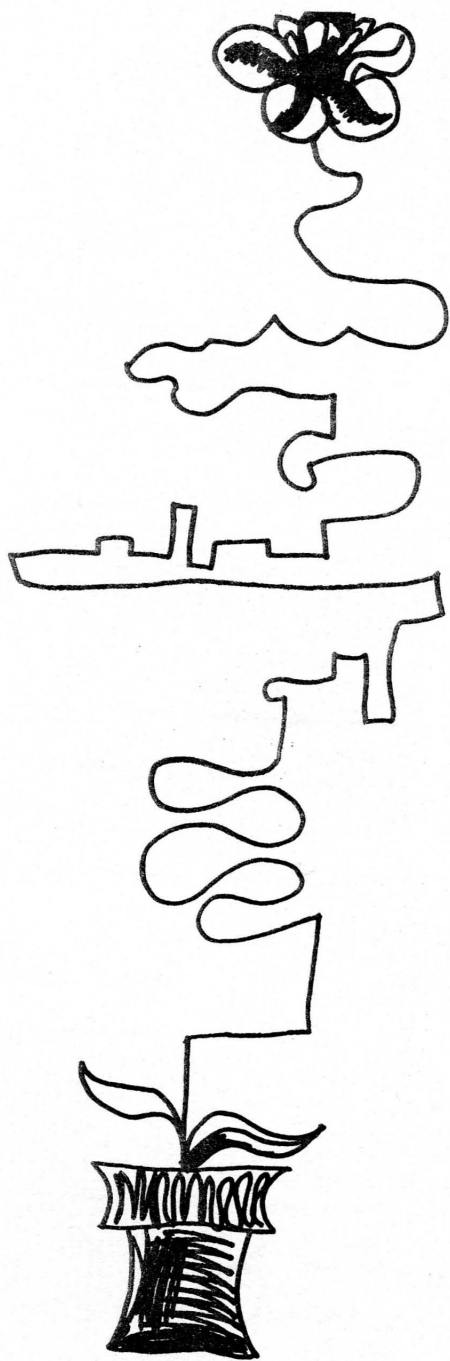
Kevin Kane



The bringing, taking tide
An outline, peace this evening
My soul, or the sea ?

In the evening of my life
I'll look through the
Windows of my age
To April days
Of fun and games
When youth was cheap
And freedom was a fact.

Ellen Dugan



eventually

Life creeps now --
Crowds, to shift or shuffle
Shoulders.
Couples, to find the others
Face.
A man, to consecrate a
Breath.
Time skips now
Over tangled paths
Trips where steadied feet
Once calculated perfectly
On
Ground and mind.
There's
A freer beat for
Acrobats, laughs, and
Uncertainties
For being sure that
Wintered needs were only
Ballet slippers
Not fitting lazied feet.

Tess Eichenberger

CRIPPLE

The left wing was in trouble.
Quite ruffled,
It was mud-slung
Wounded
And breaking in two.

And upon breaking,
A flying creature died.

For flight is impossible
With one wing

or none.

SDMost

INSIDE OUT

Michelangelo
Found David
Inside a block of stone.
And set forth
The young
The strong
The pure.
Daring any eye
To gaze in comprehension.

Michelangelo
Found life cradling death
Inside a block of stone.
And set forth
Anguish
Love
And Peace.
Daring any eye
To gaze in comprehension.

He's won the dare.

We have been about the successful business
Of building blocks of stone.
And
To gaze while inside
Is not to gaze in comprehension.

I. There's a madonna who's smiling for friends selected from the temple she visits often not filled with real people but full of trees and criminals that swim in a bay in the belfry. they tell each other pages of old books that have fallen from the branches and now flow biblelike in a frothing stream from her lips. i would kiss the lips.

II. There's a dragon who's breathing brimstone promises to any man who comes with slow ease. not a sailor not a knight not one with his phallic gun and impotent bullet shot from his mouth to his ears. but falling delicately shot in slow motion i saw the words drop fuming and smoky from her lips. I would kiss the lips.

III. The madonna's playing guitar strumming for munchkins and one molly bird seranading me to sleep restless on a hard floor crying for the twelve-stringed folk are dying, lying in a mouldy bale of hay. i can see them in the mountains in rocking chairs waiting for the notes of the creamy sun. the dead talk not, i would kiss the lips.

IV. The dragon's on a motorcycle blowing not exhaust from the pipes ringing in my ears like the roar of the ocean while travelling in her black hair. i imagine her as curator of a museum clicking the paintings off and on and only a few get to see them before their colors are covered in darkness. to splash this blend with pleasure i would kiss the lips.

V. Suddenly the madonna is squashed holding a light bulb broken into fragments of ideas. she rides on a poverty train to that golden eternity to insanity and death in life while smoking cocain, that flaming white fairy dust. now she's laughing all the time and not answering questions. she's fallen from rapunzel's pinnacle. i would bronze her lips.

VI. The dragon's blowing her horn in the tower while all the people dance below. watching eyes from the storm clouds dart pepper from the pupils. caw caw crow cries from the crowd perching on the pillars of hercules she notices and gives sanction. everyone is happy that finally freaking is the truth known. everyone laughs transcending the black hordes. i would bronze her lips.

VII. With the laughter echoing god is cleaning up from this parade. all the walls of the past have folded like cardboard concession stands and with his humorous broom we watch him picking up the stuck together candy wrappers of the void and existence. . . good and evil.

My first encounter with the Library was with the word. I was about seven or eight when I first heard the word. At this time, we lived in a small country town in the South. A new library was being built there by a Jewish philanthropist. I pestered everyone until I learned what library meant. As soon as I learned that it meant books, I became enthralled with the idea of a library. But, I was never able to attend that library. As soon as it was finished, a sign was put up that read, "No Negroes Allowed." There was no sadder child in all that town than I.

After my mother died, we moved to Indianapolis. Here I entered fourth grade at a public school. Since I was so fond of books, my teacher told a friend to take me to the library. When I entered the library I became breathless and my eyes filled with tears. A dream, that I had thought was forbidden to me, had come true. Timidly I approached the desk. Imagine my surprise when I was told that all I had to do was to sign for a card, and get my guardians signature. I was even allowed to borrow two books that day. Right then I was infected by a disease more deadly than typhus. When I returned the books I took my sister with me. As we gazed at the books in the children's section, we solemnly vowed to read every book there. An ambitious project, but we did try. We started at A and read everything to Z. We romped through the fiction and plowed through the non-fiction.

The library became my favorite haunt. I waited on the steps until it opened and remained until it closed. Here I traveled the world over. I froze on the steppes of Russia; sweltered in the tropics of Africa; climbed to the dizzy heights of the Alps and the Himalayas; and sank to the bottom of the seas with Jules Verne. Here, I met and made friends with people, past and present. Here, I could read the sticky, sentimental tales of the Victorians, Burnett and Correlli. Here, I met the heroines of Jame Austin's monotonous but entertaining novels. I fought the Revolutionary War with the rebellious colonists and crossed the plains with the pioneers. Here, I herded cows with the cowboys and scalped pioneers with the Indians. It was in the library that I outwitted the Indians of Kentucky with the Rangers and Daniel Boone. The library offered a rich feast and my only problem was to choose the dish I would enjoy next.

Mrs. E. Wisdom

4 p.m. Confession

Skytears r

a

i

n

d

o

w

n

cold brick faces

washing into puddles of daydreams
and rivulets of reflections,
pounding flowers into swamps
and mud into mountains.

Echoes of routine fade into silence
and solitude

as hot tea grows cool,
and I await and dread
the absence of your footsteps
while tears ra

i

n

down a cold face.

Carole Williams

On My Broken Big-ToeNail
(Incurred
While
Gamboling
Wheezingly
On
The
Hardwood)

A solitary crunch and I do shriek
(Inwardly, at least) -- I dare not peek !

O ! Feel the crimson runlets stain my socks ;
(The pain is like the crush of falling rocks.)

I gently peel the cloth from my poor digital --
Gadzooks, the damage to my right-foot pivotal !

The himisphere of nail, a heartsick cloud
Of pasty blotchy hues -- I moan aloud !

When touched it squishes round a pulpy mass,
As loons despairing in a stark morass ;

And, like a trap-door in a ten-cent thriller,
It lifts and creaks and squeaks -- O ! What a chiller !

When outdoors clad I feel the strife anew,
Like angry gremlins duelling in my shoe ;

I cry "O why to me such pain despised !"
(Because, quips Fate, 'tis worth the hoops so priz-ed.)

Thus musing on reflections so profound,
I weep for my Poor ToeNail -- moribund.

David White

Along the streets of
the cracked glass sparkling
where houses were built to stand forever

sits an old man

staring into a picture

that an old mans' rage

has ceased to control.

and his woman just told him so.

The old routine
begins to unfold
before the old mans'
yellowed eyes
but he doesn't participate.

He watches his neighbors

begin the evening ritual celebration

with bread that stinks of rat shit

and wine that smells of childrens' urine.

Now the bells that were silent
remind the old man
of ancient promises.

Dan Holbrook

Chrystal dreams
Shatter no-one
Except themselves
For
Gypsies travel
With carnivals
That
Never end,

Tess

A Crusade (circa 1550)

A luminous **dragon** shooting real fire
is helpless against the plopping
bullets of the Christian soldier.

Medieval man has yet to learn
to preserve his sanity in
conquest of fantasy.

bls.

About the silence, the wishing well without words,
lack of understanding the neonate changes,
why do you say no to my tongue telling myself
in the forms of letters written ?

Do you think i speak in flames of word-fire
lost with unrequited meaning or force of memory ?
I remember the chaste touch of your hair upon my chest,
the times when giggly love held us in clutches of joy,
and then the long hours of rapport in mind while
sleep clawed at our eyelids doomed never to enter
for fear and the villian time.

Now distance holds our hands tied with silence
wrapped up in little packages we call our friends,
sealed with cesspool tape and dropped into the
murky water of intellectuality.

Will we even cross paths again ? Perhaps some night
i'll duck inside to escape a downpour and glancing over
see you with a canopy draped over your head like an
archangel spreading a rainbow halo.

Maybe you'll come across me buried in the earthmother
in the womb of a roadside shrine my final ashes
spread at last to ride the wind.

Will you cry ? will you paint my tombstone and immortalize
my black horse with the epitaph of Poe and Baudelaire ?

No i think you must pass by hanging on to speculations
about what we could have done, the woods of green
procrastination we could have visited.

Void paranoia now overtakes me like a dust devil in
a wasteland of empathy and anger i and so driven i take
the withdrawal path of the hermit to seek solace in
that graveyard, thirsting for the waters -- drowning in love.

I will emerge again as a primate : to rape, kill, and drink
my own lusts as numerous as the molecules of the heart.

I will cover myself with the insects of acquaintances and
read my poetry, my suicide notes like withered bibles.

Will you forget my face image a kind of faded newspaper
put in a drawer to read and laugh about "the good old times" ?
Idyllic dreamer of self - pity !

When will i learn to pass by the features of a few in
the faceless sea ? when will i learn to levitate
in the pit of silence and know the pendulum is my own hand ?

When will i learn the self-communion between pain and pleasure ?
I welcome the night.

Kevin Kane

Descending from its fix among the
black void of the Universe, the
brightly burning star streaks
toward Death trailing its
resisting memory that fades
into nothingness. With
one last violent cry
of life, it bursts
against its tomb-
stone shatter-
ing into in-
distinguish-
able bits
of re-
mains

James Asher

Tell me something
To make me remember. . .

(And as we go
You leave with me a gift of memories
Wrapped and sealed with the most precious memory of all. . .)

Should I ever forget
We were once in love.

Bill Divine

SEPARATE ITEMS PLACED IN SPACE

with the times warping around it
objects placed in strategic positions for the purpose of
close scrutiny.

at a later time, in a much later place
the objects in space will all come back together again and be one
the pressure will be immense for the objects, once so strategically positioned
for the objects to explain themselves.
for the need of an explanation will be great.

Dan Hoibrook



the waves of fire are
engulfing my being
i run far
from shore
towards the trees
and shelter

it's grown dark
and
i can still hear the roar

i am scared

i have never been caught before
i am no longer hidden
i can be scathed

i look
to see the new day
and find
the monster has left

i am alone but safe

the roaming is mine

madeline rizk

Grey.

A perfect, fabulous, unbroken grey ;

The sky.

*The damp, cold, lingering greyness sifts into the air,
And creeps over the land to slowly filter through the brain
And settle on the mind.*

Thoughts.

Foggy, grey, cold.

Love. . .hate ;

War. . .peace ;

Life. . .death ;

Time. . .now gone by-never to return.

Love,

Years ago lost in the blink of an eye,

Vanished now, not again found ;

Hate,

Strong vicious, furious

Sensed, felt, and yet - undefined.

Searching. . .blindly searching,

Can it be found ?

Love. . .

Will it again be known ?

The laughing eyes, meaningful smiles -

Will they ever return ?

CONTEMPLATION

Betty Johnson

And hate -

Strong, rebellious-deep inside,

Rushing :

A restless current tugging at the soul

Trying to pull it down.

What is its reason, its purpose, its cause ?

War.

Cold, miserable, impersonal.

Bloody gruesomeness and anguish

Unnoticed or ignored

Broken homes pitied

Dead sons mourned.

Can peace never be found ?

Has it really gone forever ?

Or :

Could it be in some near corner,

Hidden by shadows, waiting to burst forth

And blind the world with dazzling glory !

Life,

Death,

One and the same.

A void, expressionless face appears ;

*A bored voice announces in strained monotones :
"It's a boy."*

*Miles away another void face appears,
News is related to anxious parents ;
"Your son died of serious wounds last week.
Of course he suffered terribly, but he did die for his country, sorry."*

*Sorry - Hah !
Sinful, hollow, meaningless word - Sorry !*

*Time
Now gone by, never to be recalled.
Memories,
Once bright, essential,
Now faded, unimportant -
Nearly gone.*

*Life is so terribly brief,
Such little time.
Old age soon pressing forth ;
Sight and hearing pass swiftly as the days ;
Alone now,
Alone.*

*Love, lost years ago ;
Hate, felt-undefined ;
War, ever present ;
Peace, hopefully nearby ;
Life - Death
One and the same.*

*And time ;
Oh
Most precious time ;
Gone by,
Lost forever
Never to return.*

*Standing, silently -
Now alone. . .
Alone in a grey, cold world ;
Grey sky,
Grey air,
Grey thoughts cluttering a greying mind.*

*Alone now. . .
So all alone.
Please, no !
So very much alone,
All
Alone.*

ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ ᐱᐢᐱᐢ, ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ ᐱᐢᐱᐢ

Still no word from home.

The ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ must come with their cleansing, Revitalizing, wet, the Yin and the Yang, to wash the earth and my somewhat tired soul,

The ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ must howl with their forces to steal my sadness and awake my failing spirits with their frightening yet beloved fierceness,

The good, forever ᐱᐢᐱᐢ must come again tomorrow and warm the dimming, ageing annals of my inner being.

Yes, ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ, or maybe today, will be a new day — the first day of the Rest of my life.....

ᐱᐢᐱᐢᐱᐢ Still the languid strangeness persists!
Sleep is absent. Rest elusive.



is the soft-after goal.

Jane E. Lowe.
ᐱᐢᐱᐢ

Solitary

The mind -

turbulent in a tranquil void
shutters and shrinks.

Memories -

of no consequence --
run in stereoptic 3D
far away yet so near.

A gutted toothpaste tube
executing a decay preventive dentifrice
on a scum infested sink
looms in thoughts.

The naked lightbulb
baring a couple
in love's prostituted embrace
crawls in the mind.

Escape turbulence,
escape.

Flood the thoughts,
and
let the void
seep into
the
mind.

Elizabeth Sales

all alone

All alone on a crowded bus
screaming silence.

A big black woman just pulled in
next to me---next to me.

She's a Witness, I knew;
I saw her WWWatchtower.

Believe in God, she sneaked.

I
knew
this
was
coming

Sure. I'm a catholic I told her.

And
the
questions
flew
questions
questions
questions

I had no answers for her. I tried,

But
there
were
no
answers
just
weren't

I'm just a catholic that's all. Here's my stop.

Buzzer
door
out
off
away
fast

It wasn't really my stop---but being a catholic,

I
needed
a
walk

All
alone
without
MY
watchtower

Must
stay
away
from

crowded

buses.

Bus Stations Are Not For Dreaming, You Know

“Hey you.” “Old man.” “Sir.”
The words wanted to come but are repressed
By the distance between us.

Bus stations are hostile, you know.
There he was, encamped in his private depot.
Bent over last weeks crumpled newspaper
While the quarter-grasping crowd crowded into the quarter-past.
You don't see whiskers like his anymore, you know.

I dream.
He reminded me of a man who whittled whistles of wood that worked.
And the resemblance to the picture of Moses on the mountain
Was striking.
I awake.
I had to talk to him
Or at least smile for him.

Old men are lonely, you know.
But before I could pay my respects
That creature of my muse
Stood and faced the wall
And the trinkling stream that followed
Washed my shattered dreams
Into the gutter.

Don Merrill



Time passes its wisdom in death