

HORIZONS



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Professor John Rycenga

Sacred Heart University

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In Memory of

Professor John Rycenga

Sacred Heart University

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On First Hearing Hayden
Surprise Symphony No. 84 in G Major



On First Hearing Haydn
Surprise Symphony No. 94 in G Major

Silent murmurs in the growth.
Markless prints upon the snow.
Angry winds and gentle breeze.
SPIRITS OF THE TREES.

Spirits living in the trees.
Vigorous fecundity.
Plaintive creaking to the winds.
Hear the spirits now?

"Let's go out and make some mischief.
Let's go out and have some fun."

In this world they're not alive.
Hear the plaintive diatribe?

"Let's go out and just be clever!
Let's go out and just be sweet!"

Sarah Gauthier

Terri's Manic-cure

These hands are not concerned with being hands.
Your standards may not call them hands at all.

These fingers are not rounded and polished into beauty.
They *are* beautiful and alive.
Picking at guitar strings,
Sanding the bookshelf in the back room.

The broad thumb has gently wiped away tears.
The square, uneven nib of a finger nail is
An instrument.
Capable of removing splinters painlessly.

These hands may seem awkward holding perfume bottles and
Pearls.
They aren't much use for pictures in magazines.

These hands may not entice you spread around the girth
Of a brandy sifter.

They are instruments, and they create beauty more resonant
Than the beauty
That they think
They lack.

Sarah Gauthier

On First Hearing Haydn

Surprise Symphony No. 94 in G Major

John's Manticure

and the way he was using the brush



Querida Nuria

César Muñoz Acebes

Bridgeport 28 Noviembre 93

Querida amiga:

Sí, ya sé que te acabo de enviar una carta, pero, ¿no me permitirás mostrarte cuán frecuentemente me acuerdo de ti? Escucho un excelente programa de radio, de esa música extraña, casi del espacio exterior, que a mí me gusta. La noche está fría y oscura y fascinante al mismo tiempo, como el sexo de una gaviota. Desde mi ventana contemplo otras ventanas encendidas y adivino que también hay gente tras ellas. Personas tumbadas en sus camas. Quizás escribiendo historias. Quizás añorando un poco.

Los carros pasan rodando a mis pies. Ladran perros en las esquinas del miedo.

¿Nunca te he contado cómo esta ventana está terriblemente sucia? El marco encanecido. Las puntas que se retuercen eternamente por escapar de su hoyo como un remolino negro. Y el cristal. Un cristal anciano y humilde. Se puede rastrear el humo del mundo en sus manchas. Las palabras apesadas en la suciedad. Las luces de farolas distantes y cercanas. Los suspiros de amor y también los gritos de agonía. Porque esta ventana es un mapa de historias. Es una mano transparente que desea agarrar el tiempo, asesinar el tiempo. Con poca quiromancia que uno sepa se pueden rastrear las líneas en el cristal, los grumos como gotas de sangre. O simplemente el polvo. El mero polvo que cae, lentísimo, eternamente derramándose, puramente inasible.

Fíjate ahí, en el extremo superior izquierdo. Parecen letras, ¿verdad? Sí, son letras escritas y olvidadas por alguien. Palabras cargadas de sentimiento, marcadas en el vacío. En una simple ventana, tierra de nadie. ¿Ya las ves?

¿Qué palabras forman? ¿Qué ideas contienen? ¿Cuál es su idioma, su pasión, su sexo, su canción favorita? ¿Dónde está su punto y final? Y si hablan de amor, ¿cuáles son los nombres que

representan estos signos?, ¿cuáles las personas que representan estos nombres? Si hablan de angustia, ¿dónde cayeron las lágrimas, ¿qué oscuros rincones ahogaron las lágrimas? O es que fueron unos labios, quizá, los que besaron las lágrimas.

Bajo el polvo las palabras impregnan la ventana. Pero, ¿no hay también suspiros en ella?, ¿no podemos descubrir, si estrechamos los ojos para agudizar la mirada, incluso las ideas sin sonido, los pensamientos que no se osaron expresar?

Profundas marcas soporta esta ventana. Estigmas de condenación y también voces de esperanza. Como regueros de bilis, como trincheras, palpitantes como las venas de una hoja, rendidas cruces de melancolía.

Acaba de apagarse una ventana. Repentinamente, como nace y muere un grito. Enmudecida como una garganta sajada. Oscuro e invisible, ya ni siquiera distingo el espacio de su cuerpo. Ya casi ni recuerdo que alguna vez hubiera más de dos ventanas en la casa de enfrente.

En el techo he descubierto una claridad. Pero, no, no pertenece a la casa de enfrente, es pintura en mi ventana. Ahora me doy cuenta de que esta ventana es un cedazo que me selecciona y me muestra pedazos del mundo. Esta ventana es una voluntad translúcida que determina mi percepción. Es un poema abierto que me hace leer desde sus versos las calles y las noches oscuras como sexos de gaviota, las casas de enfrente, los carros, los perros agonizantes. Incluso el amor me lo dicta la ventana. Incluso esta carta que ahora yo escribo me la ha ido susurrando el alma sucia de una ventana tendida al vacío.

Incluso a ti te veo desde mi ventana. Incluso tú estás en mi ventana.

César.

My Dear Friend

Bridgeport November 28, 1993

My Dear Friend:

Yes, I know I have just sent you a letter, but, would you not allow me to show you how often I remember you?

I am listening to an excellent radio program broadcasting that

weird music, almost from outer space, which I like. This night is dark, cold and fascinating at the same time, like a seagull's trachea. From my window I can observe other lit windows, and I guess that there are also people behind them, people lying in their beds, maybe writing stories, maybe missing something.

Cars pass rolling at my feet. Dogs bark at the corners of fear.

Have I never told you how terribly dirty this window is? A gray-haired frame, nails eternally bending to escape from their holes, like black whirlpools. And the glass, a humble and ancient glass. One can trace the world's smoke in its stains, the words trapped in its filthiness, the light of remote and close street lamps, love sighs and also cries of agony.

This window is a map of stories. It is a transparent hand that wishes to grasp time, to murder time. With only a small knowledge of palmistry one can track the lines on the glass, the clots like blood drops, or just the dust, the mere dust which falls, extremely slowly, eternally pouring, slipping out of grasp.

Look over there, at the left corner. It looks like letters, doesn't it? Yes, those are letters written and forgotten by someone, words loaded with sentiments and marked in the void, in a simple window, no man's land. Can you see them now?

What words do they form? What ideas do they contain? What is their language, their passion, their sex, their favorite song? Where is their final period? If they talk about love, what are the names which these symbols represent? Who are the people who represent those names? If they talk about anguish, where did the tears fall? In what obscure corners did the tears stop? Or was it, perhaps, that some lips kissed the tears away?

Under the dust words impregnate the window. But, are there not sighs on it, as well? Can we not discover, if we narrow our eyes to sharpen or vision, even the ideas without sound, the thoughts which dared not express themselves?

This window supports deep marks, stigmas of condemnation, and also voices of hope, like trickles of bile, like trenches, beating like a leaf's veins, surrendered crosses of melancholy.

A window has just been turned off. Suddenly, as a cry is born and dies, a window muted like a slashed throat. Dark and invisible, I cannot even distinguish the space of its body. I hardly remember that there were ever more than two windows in the house in the front.

I have discovered something clear on the roof. But, no, it does

not belong to the house in front; it is paint on my window. Now I realize that this window is a sieve that selects and shows me pieces of the world. This window is a translucent will which determines my perception. It is an open poem which, from its verses, makes me read the streets and the nights, dark like seagulls' tracheas, the houses in the front, the cars, the dying dogs. This window even dictates love to me. Even this letter which I am now writing has been whispered to me by the dirty soul of the window hanging into the void.

I can even see you from my window. Even you are in my window.

Bridgeport-Tambor

Hoy hay una paloma muerta
y una raja de naranja ajada
en la acera.

Mañana moriremos.

La nieve se eriza en las orillas.

En la calle quiere jugar un niño.

Bridgeport es un pálido, horrísono
tambor que retumba en los oídos de los blancos.

En la calle no hay más que un niño.

No pudieron ser niños los otros.

¿Qué vais a hacer,
paloma muerta, naranja ajada,
cuando la nieve caiga?

¡Moveos! ¿No sentís el frío,
el hambre, la histeria?

¡Niño! ¡Vete de aquí!

¡Busca una mascota, un amigo invisible!

¡Moveos! ¿No sentís un pie único
golpeando la piel estirada de las calles?

¿No lo sentís levantando
nieve, quebrando los espejos?

¡Mañana moriremos! ¡Mañana moriremos!

¡Vete, paloma muerta!

¡Vete, naranja ajada!

¡Vete, niño!

¡Antes de que nieve!

¡Antes de que venga la nieve!

La nieve que todo lo cubre
y todo lo ahoga.

(2/12/94)

César Muñoz Acebes

Bridgeport-Drum

Today there are a dead dove
and a section of a dried-up orange
on the sidewalk.

Tomorrow we shall die.

Snow bristles
at the sides.

A child wants to play in the street.

Bridgeport is a pale, horror-sounding
drum which resounds in the ears of the whites.

There is only a child in the street.

The others could not be children.

What will you do,
dead dove, dried-up orange,
when snow falls?

Move! Don't you feel the cold,
the hunger, the hysteria?

Boy! Get out of here!

Look for a pet, an invisible friend!

Move! Don't you feel a single foot
hitting the stretched skin of the streets?

Don't you feel it stirring up
snow, smashing the mirrors?

We shall die tomorrow! We shall die tomorrow!

Get out, dead dove!

Get out, dried-up orange!

Get out, boy!

Before it snows!

Before snow comes!

Snow which covers everything
and drowns everything.

(2/12/94)

Sé que hoy te amo

Sé que hoy te amo,
no ayer
ni mañana:
hoy.
Tan sólo ahora mismo.
Porque no fui ni seré valiente
de amarte más allá de este punto inmóvil.
Porque me asusto como las lámparas digeridas en la noche
[insaciable.

Quedémonos así,
arropados de inmanencia,
cobijados en esta intuición trascendental.
Deja que mis muslos sean los muelles
donde atraque tu pecho,
que mi vientre un puerto de telúrico suave olor.
Reposa tu tiempo.
Anula el espacio.
Contemplemos sigilosos a la noche desnudándose.
Amémosnos hoy,
sorprendidos,
maravillados,
pues, como delicuescentes gotitas de escarcha,
con la luz llegará también nuestro otoño.
(7/13/94)

César Muñoz Acebes

I know today I love you,
not yesterday,
not tomorrow:
today.
Only right now.
Since I was not and will never be brave enough
to love you further away from this immovable point.
Since I get frightened like the lamps digested in an insatiable
night.

Let's remain like this,
wrapped up in our immanence,
sheltered in this transcendental intuition.
Let my thighs become the wharves
where your chest docks,
my belly a port of soft, earthy odor.

Rest your Time.
Nullify Space.

Let's silently contemplate the night undressing.
Let's love each other today,
surprised,
awed,
since, like delicate, small drops of frost,
our Fall will also come with the light.

(7/13/94)

Tarde en Seaside Park

Me detengo a escuchar el ruido de las mareas,
el aturdidor destello de las bocas blancas.

La arena,
cuero desmigado de tambor,
retumba los pasos cortos
de las gaviotas,
el aire
silba su vuelo amplio.

A mi espalda las radios chillan desde los carros.
La gente se embriaga de ritmos aturdidores.
La gente cree que debe ser feliz.

Un muchacho corre buscando caracolas
o chalupas;
oigo su corazón danzando,
su respiración como un soplido de sal.

Planea una gaviota.
Muerde el aire.
Oscurece.

Se anuncia el ruido de la noche,
el olor de la noche.

El agua lame
la carne frágil
de un par de parejas.
Sonoridad discontinua de besos,
heterosexuales, homosexuales,
uno no distingue en la distancia.

Caen los párpados del día.

Long Island es una lengua callada
allá donde el mar es cielo.

Se oye un gritar agudo de pulsera.
Sigue el clamor desorbitado de las radios.

Planea el mar.
Vuelan sus caricias como olas.
Suena cada gota como una cascada.
Enguanta la playa
la marea.

Por un instante se atemorizan las radios.
Duda su batir impúdico.

Una tarde acarminada está hablando de ida.
Continúa el mar
su soliloquio incesante.
Los últimos carros se escabullen con el tubo de escape
entre las piernas.
Ni suenan ya sus motores.
El mar
es una orquesta de viento,
la marea
un aria en gasas siseantes.
Se levanta el aire
y se eriza el susurro.
El mar muerde
la atmósfera
marcando bocas en la nada.
Tras la cortina del cielo
se revelan
las primeras
azuzenas;
al principio aisladas,
luego en ramilletes
como puñados de notas,
como bocas de trompetas colgantes.
Arrecia el viento.
Ya no hay radios que valgan.
Se ha hecho la noche.
En la playa estamos solos
el viento,
una docena de gaviotas,
mi negrura sin rumor,
e innumerables gotas resonantes.

(Estío 94)

César Muñoz Acebes

Evening at Seaside Park

I stop to hear the noise of the tides,
the stunning flash of the white mouths.
The sand,
crumbled leather of a drum,
resounds to the short steps
of the seagulls;
the air
whistles their broad flight.

At my back radios shriek from the cars.
People get drunk with stunning rhythms.
People think they must be happy.

A boy runs looking for shells
or lifeboats;
I hear his heart dancing,
his breath like a gust of salt.

A seagull glides.
The air bites.
It darkens.

The noise of night announces itself,
the odor of night.

The water licks
the fragile flesh
of a pair of couples.
A discontinuous sonority of kisses,
heterosexual, homosexual,
one cannot distinguish in the distance.

The day's lids fall.

Long Island is a silent tongue
where the sea meets the sky.

One can hear a high-pitched cry from a wrist-watch.
The disproportionate clamor of the radios continue.

The sea glides.
Her caresses fly like waves.
Every drop sounds like a waterfall.
The tide gloves
the beach.

The radios get frightened for a moment.
Their indecent beats hesitate.

A red-lipsticked evening is talking of leaving.
The sea continues
her unceasing soliloquy.
The last cars slip away with their gas-pipes between their
legs.
Not even their motors sound now.
The sea
is a wind orchestra,
the tide
an aria in hissing chiffon.
The air rises,
and the whisper bristles.
The sea
bites the atmosphere
marking mouths in the void.
Behind the curtain of the sky
the first lilies
are revealed;
isolated at the beginning,
then in small bunches,
like handfuls of notes,
like mouths of hanging trumpets.
The wind grows stronger.
There are no radios now.
Night has come.
On the beach we are alone:
the wind,
a dozen seagulls,
my darkness without a rumor,
and innumerable resounding drops.

(Summer 94)

"Nights Like These"

Jason Dalrymple

It is nights like these that I wonder what lies ahead for the world, these nights that the rain flows from dark clouds and falls upon the earth in a rhythmic thrum, like the hum of my car as it runs idle in the garage. The garage door slides open slowly, as if hesitant to allow me out into the dreary night. But into the night I must go, and soon I ease the car from the garage, down the driveway, and on to the dark road, darkened by the evening's deluge. The headlights spray across the plateau of black and yellow that stretches before me as I follow a path beaten by many before me, but known best to myself. At the flashing yellow light, I turn on to yet another trail that fades away into the grey darkness and sheets of rain.

I watch the rain fall upon the hood and the steam rise as the water evaporates; in the mist there appears a face, sad yet endearing, shadowed but bright. The drum of the drops resounds with the rumble of the engine, creates a cacophony of inharmonic chords, like an out-of-tune guitar. The sound echoes in my ears, the same way the words echo in my mind and fade away into the past from whence they came. It happens every night like this, every night since the night she left me alone in the world, and every time I follow my footsteps to the only place the voices cannot fester and bubble against the open wound in my mind that time will never heal.

I stop as the headlights play across the flowing sands of the beach, the waves lapping against the yielding shore. As the engine settles into silence, the steady rain becomes a heavy downpour which beats on the hood like an angry symphony drummer. The anger startles me; I wonder why it suddenly needs to holler at me, scold me, like an angry mother, stern and unyielding. I know I belong here, where the houses stand dark, far away, silent sentinels of a long abandoned castle.

A light in a nearby house distracts my thoughts; it is a rare event that someone is awake at this hour of the night, especially a

night like this. Soon, however, my vision shifts to the open sea, rippled by the falling rain, illuminated by the falling moon as it drops to the horizon. Her face appears again, in the midst of the waves, and rolls away to the shore. I wonder, as the sky darkens further, whether the moon is actually dropping below the horizon, or if the deepening darkness and visions of her face are due to my tired eyes as they fall slowly, like the rain as it falls steadily from the clouds of grey.

The knock on the car window startles me awake from a dreamless sleep. I look through the haze of sleep to see, through the clouded glass, a dark-haired woman peering in. She knocks once more before I reach the handle and roll the window down; the rain still falls, but now instead of falling to the ground, it falls upon my seat, my face, my visitor. As I blink away the burning raindrops from my eyes, she speaks with a voice soft and musical, heavenly, like a full symphony.

"You looked lonely," she says. "So I came down from my house to see if you wanted some company." I don't answer, so in awe of her beauty and her presence, just reach over and unlock the passenger's door. She disappears from the window only to reappear a moment later, after opening the door, in the seat beside me. I roll up my window and look over at my visitor turned companion; without the rain, the limited vision of the window, she is just another person intruding on my world. With sudden clarity, I realize I have been tricked, duped into allowing another person into my life, my world.

"I've been watching you for a while," she says as she shakes the water from her long dark hair. "But only when it rains. Only on nights like these, when the rain falls softly on the roof, the 'pit-pat' of soft steps along the ceiling." She looks at me expectantly with her sad, endearing eyes, as if she waits for an answer. She receives none, so she continues.

"It's nights like these I wonder what lies next for you," she says, "these nights that the light of the moon and the misty rain give everything an immortal glow, like that of your headlights as they play across the ocean as it talks with the shore." She pauses, her eyes closed, and shrugs her shoulders softly. Her head turns to face mine, her eyes open and in them I see an emotion I have not seen before. My mind reels, the shock trembles silently in my blood, my bones, hidden beneath my skin.

"Yes, I understand," she says, as if she reads my mind. Her tone is soft, sympathetic, hypnotic. "I know how you feel, how she feels. She, too, is sad, friend; she feels as you do. See her tears?" Her hand gestures to the falling rain outside the car. "They are all for you. She does not weep from pity or self-pity, she weeps bitter tears because she cannot fill the emptiness in your heart she filled for twenty years. She weeps in frustration because she can no longer guide you as she did for twenty years. She weeps, most of all, from failure because you cannot guide yourself. She feels she has failed you, friend, and she weeps for you."

She stops and stares at me for long moments, looks deep into my eyes and waits. I stare back at her shadowed face, and try to understand. Instead, I see the moonlight through the misty rain outside cast a bright glow around my friend, almost heavenly in sight. My eyes widen and a gasp escapes my tongue. "Who are you?"

"A messenger," she whispers. "Speak it, friend, speak it. Journey back to the day she left. Go back and speak it, friend, and go on."

"What do I say?!" I ask, uncertain and afraid. "What do I say?!"

She opens the door and steps out into the rain; as the door closes, she looks back at me and says, "Goodbye, my friend, goodbye."

My heart sinks as I watch her walk back up the beach to the house with the light on. The house light and the moonlight illuminate her angelic form. The tears form in my eyes, then fall, synchronized with her tears. I close my eyes and ask again, "What do I say?!" as the blustering wind slams shut the soaking door.

My eyes burst open as the slam of the door echoes through my mind. After a moment of blariness, I realize a tree branch above the car has been knocking on the window, and the wind occasionally hurls the branch against the door with a resounding thud. Puzzled, I notice the locked door and wonder what has happened. I look up to the house along the shoreline and see in the light of one window a silhouette, steady and unwavering. The light fades again as I drift to sleep and wonder about what has or has not happened. As my eyes seal shut, I hear the voice again; "Goodbye, my friend, goodbye," echo across the waves.

I stand in the room, silent but for the soft footsteps outside the closed door. She lies there in the bed, unmoving under the white sheets. The tears well in my eyes as I stare at her, and the sheets and walls become a blur. I blink the tears away to focus on her closed eyes and open mouth. Her yellowing skin plays sharp contrast to the stark whiteness of the room. Tears unbidden spring back to my eyes and slither away down past cheeks. My sorrow overwhelms me, and I sob uncontrolled. I close my eyes, lean over her, kiss softly her cold forehead and silently ask, "What do I say?!"

The blinding light of the morning sun crashes into my open eyes and I writhe my face away. Dazed, I wonder again what has really happened and what really has not. I look again over at the house she came from, now illuminated by the early morning sun; nothing can be seen but for a silhouette in the window, which slowly slips away as the sun consumes the sky. As the shadow disappears, I remember what she said; my hand moves to the ignition and the car starts with a rumble.

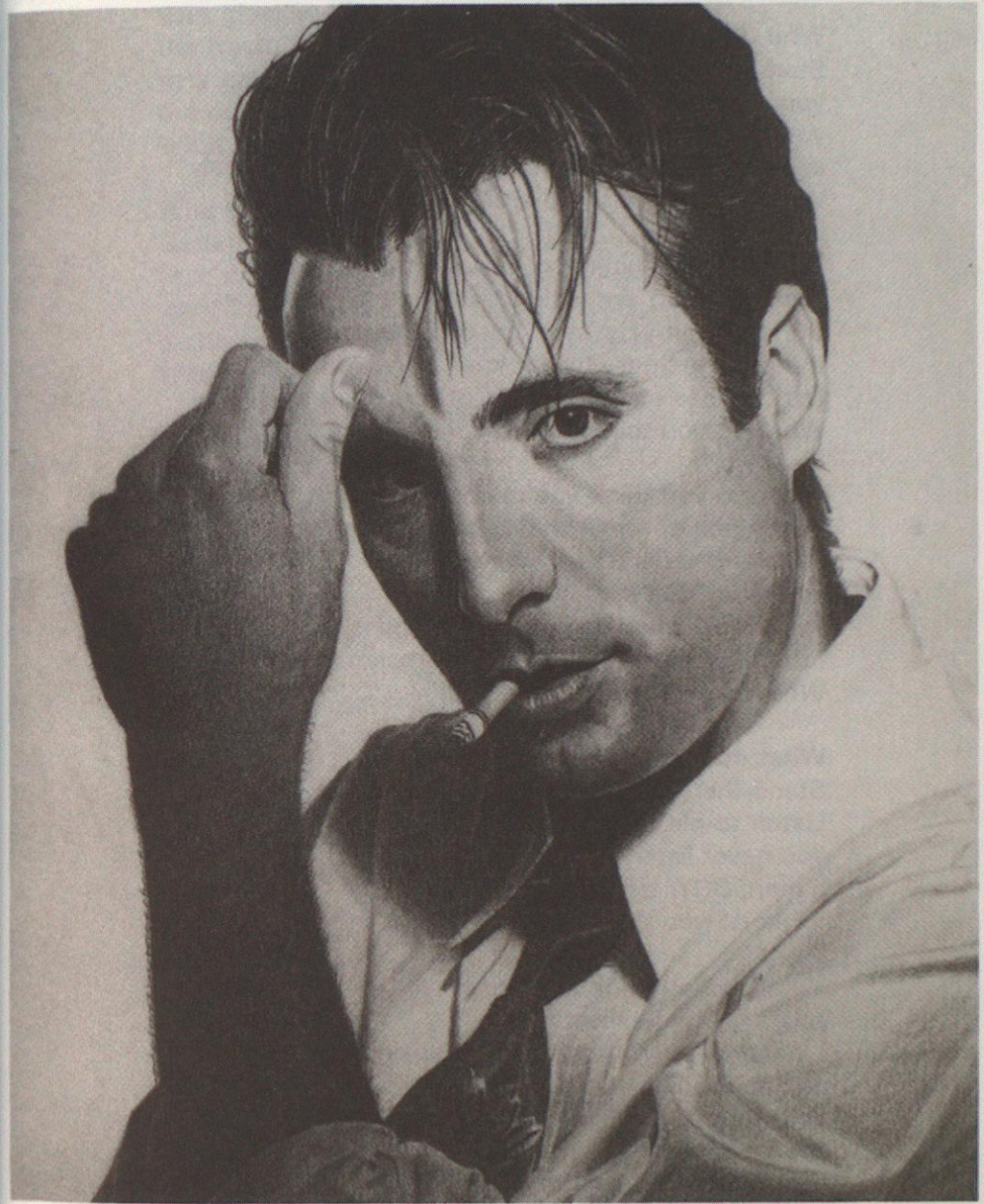
I retrace my steps to the end of the road, but now I follow a different path. After I drive a few minutes, I come to the wrought-iron gate which marks the entrance to the garden of stones, where the flowers never die. I pull slowly up to one particular stone, ignoring the others along the way; I stop the car but do not bother to turn it off. As I step from the car, I notice absence of water around the stone, as if by magic it was protected. I walk to the stone and bow my head silently, staring at the grave.

Before the stone, her picture stares back, her shadowed face brightened by the morning sun and glistening dew around; her sad eyes hold an endearment for me, and me alone: I was her only child. I wander back from the stone a pace and turn to face her eyes; I raise my head and purse my lips, but do not start to cry.

"What do I say?!" I had asked last night and thought I received no reply. But in her parting, the woman did answer, but blinded was I at the time. Now, standing before her grave, her face in front of me, I see the words form in my mind and slowly move to my lips. Before I turn to leave the garden of stones, I speak to her and all that lie around her.

"Goodbye, my friend. Goodbye."

Looking Glass Ball, 1965. Oil on canvas. 100 x 100 cm. The artist's signature is visible in the lower right corner.



Looking-Glass Self

Who do you think you are?
Staring with your stained-glass eyes,
your whiskered face and derisive sneer,
your slicked-back hair and pony tail,
acne scarred arms protecting your scrawny chest.
Who do you think you are?

What do you think you've done?
Looking smart and smug through your eyepieces,
the smirk on your face, nose in the air,
the glow in your cheeks, their bones so high,
the crevices at the corners of your mouth.
What do you think you've done?

What do you think you're doing?
Don't look at me in that tone of voice!
I know what you're thinking,
You're so bad, eh,
with your curled lip and pointed nose,
fire flaring from your eyes, the chasm in your forehead.
What do you think you're doing?

What do you think you're gonna do?
Stand there, defiant, ignoring me.
Listen to me, damn you!
You never listened to anyone else,
c'mon, BOY, tell me.
What do you think you're gonna do?

What do you think I'm doing?
Looking at you silently,
I want to know what you're thinking,
you're so lost,
your drooping lip and rounded nose,
the fire's gone from your eyes, your brow is creased.
What do you think I'm doing?

What do you think I've done?
Looking sad and lamenting,
your glasses slipping down your nose,
the frown on your face, staring at your feet,
your pale face, devoid and empty,
the downturned corners of your mouth.
What do you think I've done?

Who do you think I am?
Gazing with your deep brown eyes,
your unshaven face and confused sneer,
your unkempt hair and wild pony tail,
battle scarred arms across your heaving chest.
Who do you think I am?

Who do I think I am?
What have I done?
What am I doing?
What can I do?

I am you, and you are me,
I have done it all, yet nothing is done,
I am staring at myself,
my looking-glass self,
and wondering what I am going to do.

Jason Dalrymple

Celebration

I try and play at all your games
and do the things you say are normal.
I say all the things,
and show all the patterns
that should make me
just like you.
And I try
and I try
but fail
and cry
alone.

I act out the scripts you have written,
portraying a part I'm not meant to play.
All of the words are meaningless,
my actions are like a machine.
I'm a failed player
in all your scripts.
But I try
and I try
and fail
and cry
alone.

I am simply tired of trying to be
the person all others think I should be.
I can not do the things
or say all of the things
to make me similar,
to make me common.
I won't try,
I won't cry
or fail
or be
alone.

I'll never do what you want me to,
I won't be who you think I should.
It's just totally and irrevocably impossible.
I can not keep acting falsely.
I won't do it.
I CAN'T do it.
No more trying,
no more crying,
no more
being totally
alone.

I know I act and feel somewhat different
and according to your religious edicts and beliefs
my way of life is sinful,
a mockery of your ideal itself.
But it's my life
and my thoughts here,
not all yours
or your religion's.
They're mine
and mine
alone.

I'm going to exercise my human right now
to be who I am, not someone else
created and bred by a society
fed by hate, fear and prejudice,
perpetuated by powerful men
who haven't a clue
how it feels
to always try
and fail
and cry
alone.

No longer will I submit to your lies,
no more shall I let you oppress me.
I think and feel like you;

I love and hate as you.
When I am cut,
do I not bleed?
I'm giving up
playing the part.
I'll never
again cry
alone.

Jason Dalrymple

Lines composed while overlooking
the site of West Hall

Fie! but how the mustard beast
Doth slink across the silvered earth,
And screams a lothesome cry
And clamors through the plaintive bed
Of our favored Mother's peaceful rest.

That virgin blanket,
Now torn and broken from that monster's claw
And its silence pierced by a toothed maw
Hath spun my head in frightened awe
Of the fast approaching hand of fate.

Now high upon the sky
The mammoth doth approach,
And, pining like a primal lover
For a lover, seeks arousal
From its like, the grave of Nature.

The trenches formed in war-like fashion
Yawn, gaping horrors from the earth;
Cries, agonizing for their salvation
From the created wonts of a race
Of the gatherers of leeches on the moors.

Fie! but how their minions flock
In a fashion ape-like and careless
To hear the pleas of our raped Mother,
Uncontrolled and without Her own will
Lying barren, wasted, and exposed to the wicked.

And as Her Sun doth retreat to His home,
Relieved grunts escape the torrid beast,
The lover, and from Her bed
Flees nothing but a darkness unbound
But for the cage that forms the bedroom walls.

Now the fog Her only comfort
And rain, the cleanser, falling
Upon our raped Mother doth mix with
And fill the gaping rivers
Of Her body and Her soul.

And as her cratered Daughter doth hang above
And whilst the beast lies dormant beside,
Reprive, reprive, so soft and numb
Falls like a blanket upon Her flesh
Until the morrow, when Her Sun doth wake the beast.

Jason Dalrymple

America 1992

A child sleeps peacefully,
separated from the world
by four walls
of cardboard.

A Man stands calmly
waiting with his world
in line
for a stale piece of bread.

A Woman lies soundlessly
in her bed
left by the man
who put her to rest.

A President swears by The Book
displayed for a moment on TV
before the picture explodes
with a bullet.

A city rests in darkness
unaware of the world
stealing from us all,
killing us slowly.

A world spins aimlessly
doomed to its own destruction
by its own people and culture
and civilization.

Jason Dalrymple



Here Where the Grasses Grow Life is Death

Here, where many are lowly born, this muffled heart,
A tangled labyrinth of earthened stones,
Hunger feeds upon the vines of withered weeds;
Home is this land weathered by drought,
A city of crumpled bricks amidst which lies
The refuse of buried fields;
Life is a thousand days of infancy,
Suckled at withered breasts of scarred
And dead veins; as gazelles in search of dew,
Lions are they in search of life anew;

Night's lifeline. The stars on distant arms
Shroud the day of the infants of this dawn:
Light beckons the heaven to stop the metal pride
Of men that on these barren pavements cleanse
Their bodies with death;

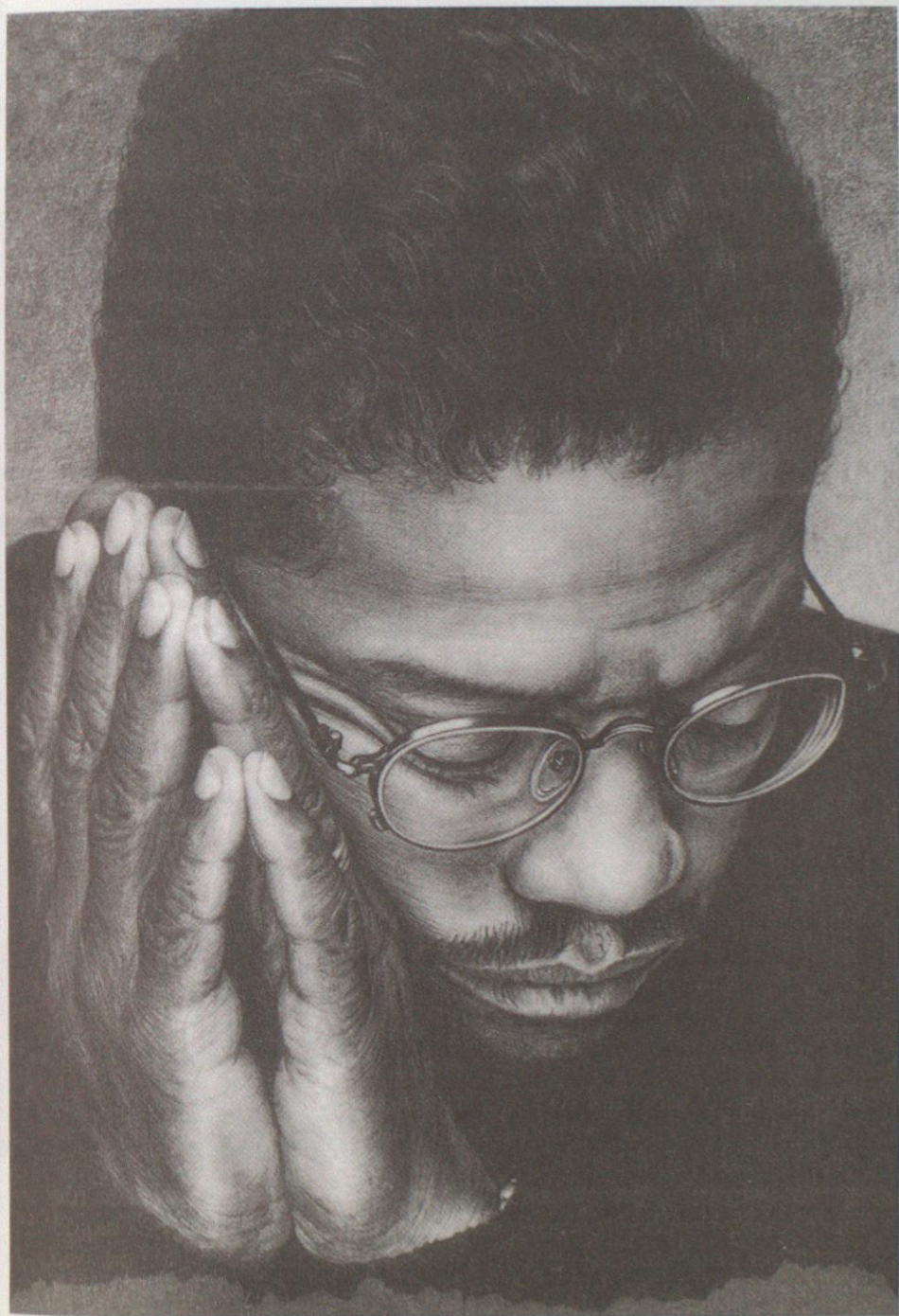
Hear, they sing anthems of hopelessness
Where the blood of stolen innocence mars the forest's earth;
Lifeless is the rhythm
To which their frail bodies dance
Where the grasses grew
Death as ever as life teems.

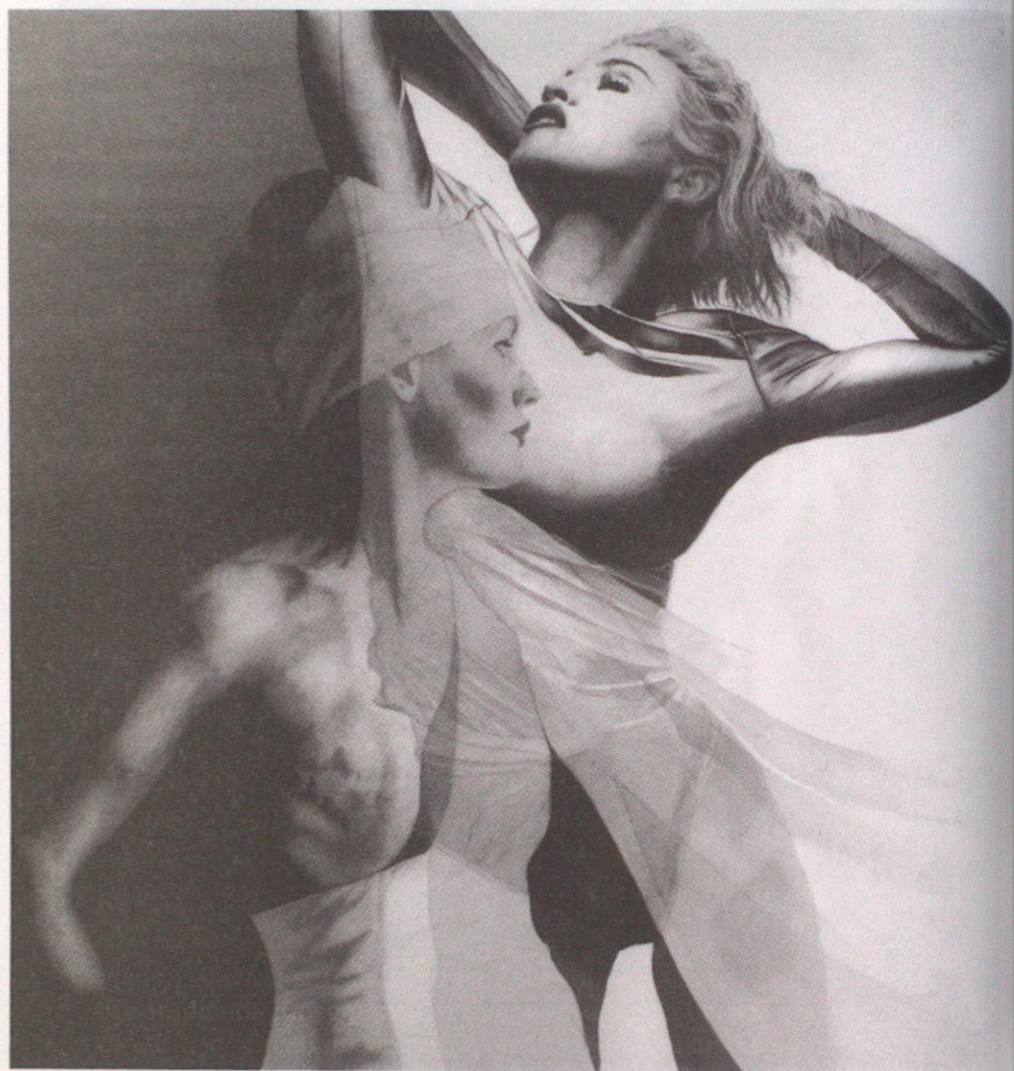
Lindsworth S. Garvey

eversxking's soul n fate

silence . . . the LEGEND's dead,
a sniper's bullet pierced, fluttered
the heart: dead's the godhead.
rustle the leaves, the wind blows,
the children see, justice there cannot be;
must men fight for peace and liberty,
whose cheeks are carved by tears life has bled
on silken, satin sheets, that veil death's bed:
now he lies at rest, on her bosom,
his head distanced between earth and sea,
the waves wash his face and hold his head
she wept, his eyes closed, his body still,
and said "he's dead!!"
cried he, from the depths of his sleep,
toss and turn: "be free:
I only fought for what was due me"
life's tear witnessed this day
would wash but not erode
the shores of his heart's abode.

Lindsworth S. Garvey





...and the fact that it is now time to return to the ...
...the fact that it is now time to return to the ...
...the fact that it is now time to return to the ...
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Two Poems on Fathers

Janet Raschella

In subject matter, or "content," Robert Hayden's, "Those Winter Sundays" and Theodore Roethke's, "My Papa's Waltz," are both testaments expounding upon two types of fathers and two types of sons. Further, both poems are about the different types of men each father embodies and their respective impact upon their households. In addition, both works are about the relationships between father and son as well as illustrating the impact each father possesses in terms of the example he sets and in connection with his role generally within the family unit.

Another similarity in content can also be drawn between the two poems in the treatment of women and their roles within the family. It is of import to the interpretation of both poems to note that women are not focal to either piece. This is most evident in Hayden's work in that he reveals the smallest of clues as to the female in the household. To understand the importance of this feature of Hayden's poem and that of Roethke's as well, one must concede that in poetry, that which is excluded is as important as that which is included, if not tantamount. Therefore, because the women are relegated to being ancillary players, the conclusion that these poems are definitively about "men and their boys" is immutably fostered. Nonetheless, a comparative study would not be complete without noting that although treated with brevity, the females are provocative in that neither poet portrays them favorably. For example, in Hayden's treatment, the woman of the house does not merit identification, however, the poet notes the "fear of chronic angers of that house" which, given the specific representations of the other characters as being non-aggressive, can only be attributed to her. By only alluding to her existence, Hayden reveals the female's minor importance to the poem and its meaning. In Roethke's poem, the "mother's" countenance could not "unfrown itself" alludes to a woman of judgmental nature. Further,

although the mention of each woman is brief and her inclusion, slight, another similarity which may be derived between the two poems is in how each father/son reacts to these women. Although such reaction is not explicitly expressed in any one circumstance by either poet, the fathers and sons have "adapted" in both cases and have reconciled "living" with these women. In Hayden's, the males conform and go about their daily duties seven days a week in "fear of the chronic angers." They live their lives reflexively, and behave in non-provocative manners, day in and day out including most significantly, Sundays, the traditional day of rest, so as to avoid provoking the womanly wrath. In the other poem, the drinking father and idolizing little son, although aware of the female's displeasure, behave imperviously to it. Nonetheless, the "unfrowned countenance" also alludes to an intangible marital conflict which Hayden's father's drinking and the resulting raucous behavior presents. Further, his behavior is disharmonious, tangibly, to the domestic tranquility of the household symbolized by the "pans" which slide from their shelf, disrupted by the father and son romp.

Yet another similarity which may be construed between the two poems is in the generality embodied by the titles of each work; titles also being key nuances to a poem's intent. Hayden in his title writes in the collective plural of "[t]hose [S]undays" thereby including *all* Sundays imparting the impression of banality. Roethke described the waltz in terms of general possession in his title rather than attributing an "incidental quality," e.g., the title as written is, "My Papa's Waltz" and not, "My Papa's Waltz One Saturday Night." In his title therefore, the reader senses a continuous condition rather than a mere aberration.

Lastly, and perhaps most poignantly, the two poems are similar in that both works are delivered from the point of view of the son as the writer of the poem or "voice" within the work. Whether writing *about* his father, as in the instance of Hayden, or more personally, *to* his father as Roethke selected, both poets recall specific memories of childhoods in which their respective fathers figure most prominently. In speaking in their own voices, both poets achieve a level of intimacy with the reader which lends credibility to the memories expressed and in the revelations about the characters of the fathers as men. Further, the more personal approach also provides credence to the impact that the senior role models have upon the shaping of their sons' personae; Hayden as reflective, furtive, non-confrontational and regretful who writes *about* his

father and Roethke, direct, "fearless" and solicitous, writing to his father.

It is in the characterizations, relations, themes, tones and contexts of the poems where the differences between the two pieces can be best identified.

The Hayden "father" is portrayed as a responsible provider. He gets up early, even on Sundays, despite the "blueblack cold." His hands are "cracked" and "ache from labor in the weekday weather." He dispels the cold from the house in the early mornings by stoking the fires and polishes his son's good shoes. Further the poet imparts to the reader that the father embarks upon these duties reflexively, ("even on Sundays"), performing the socially advocated role of father. In contrast, Roethke describes a father who is a more vibrant fellow than that of Hayden's. In the context of the drinking habit of the second dad, it is possible that this habit physiologically and psychologically made him more carefree and gregarious in nature. The second father "dances" with his son which is a more frivolous activity than "stoking the fires to dispel the cold." Further, this father is a drinker, a more selfish activity than working each day and he is a brawler, ("the battered knuckle" and "palm caked with dirt"), a more impassioned, if not irresponsible behavior. This behavior is diametrically opposite to Hayden's father who works hard with hands "cracked" from labor outdoors during the week, banks fires, polishes shoes and wakes his son, etc. thereby being a responsible provider and fulfilling the expectations implied by the fatherly role.

Also in connection with the characterization of the two adult males in each poem, the differences can be attributed to each in terms of motivation. Hayden's father is shaped in deference to his circumstance. He performs his duties so as not to provoke the "chronic angers." Roethke's father in contrast, initiates the waltz and continues the "romp" despite the "frowning countenance" of his wife. Similarly, in each reaction to the respective females, the adult males set examples which the sons consciously or unconsciously follow. Since fear seems to be the prime motivator in the Hayden adult male, it pervades the household and influences the development of the son's nature. Further, it appears to be the defining force of the roles each character is bound to portray and the duties they must perform as well as serving to drive them apart into their own separate "austerities." Whereas the Hayden males appear to live independently of each other, (the father arises and

dresses and later the son arises and dresses), the father and son in Roethke's poem are interactive. This idea is conveyed by deliberately placing his characters in the context of dancing and not just any form of dance, which could impart the idea of separateness, e.g. tap dancing, but "waltzing" which unequivocally is indicative of togetherness. Further, whereas in Hayden's piece the males are driven into their own separate existences in combatting the "chronic angers," the Roethke males are united against the "unfrowning countenance." They experience a bond between them by acting in a manner to *provoke* confrontation which the father and son in Hayden's piece do not experience.

The poems similarly are about warmth, love and incongruency. In refining these themes, however, the contrasts between the works are the most striking.

First, in Hayden's poem, the poet is writing retrospectively about his father recollecting that the warmth within the household is generated artificially by the father who stokes the fires to dispel the winter cold. It is in the poet's reflection about his father and what the man did in this role that the son experiences affectionate sentiments for him. He recalls the temporal "indifference" which he initially experienced towards his father during "those winter Sundays" resulting from what his father did for him in terms of providing not only the basics but also, the non-essentials, e.g. "shining his good shoes." In Roethke's poem, the warmth between father and son is more primal and more naturally elicited. The poet in this instance is writing to his father about an activity, "waltzing," which drew father and son together creating closeness whereas "closeness" between parent and child is experienced in the Hayden poem only after the fact, once the child has grown and once a man, can relate as a man to the man his father was.

Love is conditional in Hayden's piece. It is conveyed as a form of latent appreciation for the father's performance as provider which initially evoked indifference. Whereas in Roethke's poem, the love the son feels for his father is immediate and unconditional. The son immediately responds to his father and "waltzes" with the drunken man, though it makes him "dizzy" and he has to "hang on like death." This father is not a good provider, nor is he responsible, yet the son "clings" to him though it "was not easy" partially because of his father's unsteady gait due to the drinking but more significantly because of the absence of typical reasons to appreciate if not love him as his father for the role a father traditionally fulfills.

Further, this child loves him beyond his own physical comfort and in risk of his mother's approval. His father's whiskey breath makes him dizzy, his father's unsteadiness causes his ear to be scraped repeatedly as well as evoking disdain from his mother.

A final theme characteristic to both poems is the concept of incongruency. In "Those Winter Sundays," the adult male is portrayed as a responsible provider yet his dedication is met with "anger" from his wife and indifference from his son. In "My Papa's Waltz," the adult male is an irresponsible drunk who does not provide for his family, is disruptive to the domestic harmony of the household and serves as a poor example for the young, impressionable son. His manner and its consequences, in contrast, evokes only a "frown" from his wife and adoration from this son who doesn't want the "waltz" to end and who doesn't simply "hold" onto his father's shirt, but "clings" to it.

Intrinsic to poetry is the "tone" of a poem which is achieved by the poet in how the poem is structured and by the words selected. In both pieces, the composition or physical arrangement of the sentiments expressed significantly contribute to the tonal quality of the works. Hayden's piece is composed of stanzas with "laborious," non-rhyming sentences alluding to the laborious existences of the characters depicted within. The poet's description of the pervading cold as "blueblack" and metaphorically as "splintering" and "breaking" is indicative of the degree of coldness of life and the effects that such coldness has upon the father and son individually and in their relationship. Further, the poet's word choice in describing the "anger" as "chronic" serves to impress upon the reader the idea of the unrelenting discord within this family as contributed by the mother. However, in Roethke's poem, the poet utilizes the literary device of assonance to create a euphonic result. There is a recognizable tempo to the work in which the stanzas possess a melodious quality whose verses seem to waltz in their succession one into the other. This contributes to the creation of a mood of gaiety, at least between father and son sobered only by the poet's description of the "mother's countenance [which] could not unfrown itself." In this description the word selection was deliberate to associate within an imperial, judgmental and unyielding demeanor within the character of "mother" in stark contrast to the carefree and jovial behavior of the father.

Hayden's poem is about guilt, regret and self-castigation as evidenced in the first and last stanzas of the piece in which the

author/son reveals his own indifference and regret for never having thanked his father and for not knowing enough about love during his childhood to appreciate his father's fatherhood which he only now realizes as an adult. From an adult perspective, he now understands and can appreciate how love and responsibility can set one apart and in that separateness he knows of the loneliness which is endemic. The speaker in the concluding lines of the last stanzas asks himself repeatedly, "[w]hat did I know, what did I know," in search of a reason to forgive himself for not being more appreciative of his father or affectionate towards him during childhood. In Roethke's poem the message is about the simplicity of a child's love. The son, though very young, does not blame his father for not being the ideal as he has no conception of anything beyond what he can sense because of his age and can therefore only react to that which is presented to him on its face value. Nonetheless, in that the poet is writing as an adult when he would have been exposed to other types of fathers and men, although he acknowledges his father's shortcomings, he loves him in spite of them as conveyed by the affectionate tone of the poem. In contrast to this, the poem depicts how maturity can also embitter and jaundice feelings and relationships. This is evidenced again by the mother's countenance which is unrelenting in its negative judgment which is perhaps the result of her measuring her husband against a yardstick of other men, husbands and fathers.



The Perils of Women in the Working Class

Bethany Treffs

Throughout history, women in American society have made great progress toward the improvement of their added social status. Once denied the right to be recognized by males as productive, intelligent, and valuable, women of contemporary American society prove to possess these traits. With determination and vigor, women seek new opportunities to improve their minds and contribute to their society, and a popular means of achieving these two goals is to enter into the ranks of the working class American. Comprised of people (traditionally men) with employment ranging from short order cook to neurosurgeon, America's working class holds promises of the challenge and the fulfillment that career minded women—now more than ever—are eager to explore.

While many dedicated women have channelled their energies toward demonstrating commendable work skills and obtaining equality among the traditionally male members of the working class, the latter established workers have not been as enthusiastic about accepting business minded women. Often, these modern women, once again, become the victims of the archaic attitudes they so vehemently worked to abolish. Pregnancy related prejudice, sexual harassment, and gender-based discrimination are among the employment barriers that are virtually exclusively aimed at the women who are aspiring to realize equality within the ranks of the working class.

Generic depictions of women tend largely to center upon the image of the female as being the life giver and the more nurturing of the sexes. One cannot dispute the medical fact that, though human reproduction requires the efforts of both the male and female, it is the female alone who must endure pregnancy. A natural and generally unoffensive female biological function, pregnancy has one rather obvious objective: to produce a new life. The hierarchy of the working class, however, assigns another meaning to

pregnancy: pregnancy nullifies the expectant mother's ability to produce quality work.

Women of the working class are constantly faced with the possibility of losing their employment should they make the natural—and ultimately personal—decision to have children. Over the past three years more than 20,000 calls concerning such pregnancy discrimination have been fielded by 9 to 5, a Cleveland-based national working women's association (Harris 48). Though federal statutes such as the Pregnancy Discrimination Act of 1978 have been created in order to protect the rights of working women, the limited jurisdiction of such acts is inadequate. Only large and medium-sized firms are accountable under these acts, which leaves an entire realm of small businesses devoid of protection for women (50). This discrepancy limits the number of potentially non-discriminatory businesses, thus limiting the extent to which women can safely enter the ranks of the working class.

The unsympathetic attitudes of many males in positions of authority over pregnant females can stem from several viewpoints, some of which may be ignorance to the physical and emotional needs of the pregnant woman, misunderstanding of the desire to bond with a newborn child in its early stages of infancy, and differences of opinion concerning the amount of recovery time that a new mother requires.

Not only do such attitudes pose serious problems for females' job advancements, but they also reveal disturbing opinions regarding pregnancy. Jane Kenny, 32, is a doctor whose complicated pregnancy forced her to take time away from her medical fellowship to preserve both her and her baby's health. Seemingly indifferent to Kenny's plight, her male mentor denied her request for extra leave to care for herself, citing: "You've already missed too much time in the fellowship. Pregnancy, after all, is elective" (Geilker 30).

The message that males like Dr. Kenny's mentor seem to project to women is that, if a woman desires entrance into the working class, she must renounce her natural right to bear children, as a pregnant woman is useless in a work environment. Says Janice Goodman, New York lawyer who prosecutes discrimination cases: "Businesses make a false assumption. They think, 'Women won't care, so we'll push them off to the side' " ("Women, Children and Work" 20). Such blatant injustices imposed upon devoted working women prevent the female population of American society from becoming as thoroughly entrenched into the working class as the male population has become.

Not only are the women of the working class penalized for the reproductive opportunities of their gender, they are also demoralized due to the physical attributes their gender possesses. The threat of sexual harassment, however fictitious it may be construed, can cause fear in women who are, or plan to be, affiliated with the working class of America. Exaggerated fears of "Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill" conflicts can be intimidating to women who are entering a work environment for the first time. Such widely publicized confrontations as the one between Thomas and Hill showcase the battle between haughty egoism and career dedication that may surface when men do not display proper conduct in mixed-gender work situations. The potentially damaging aftermath of serious confrontations can prove to be embarrassing or damning for one or all of the parties involved.

Charges of sexual harassment not only bring shame upon the accused, but they also often brand the accuser a questionable figure as well. In the case of New York State Assembly woman Earlene Hill, her claims of falling victim to sexual harassment resulted in suggestions that she herself should simply "lighten up" (Reich 21). While delivering a speech, one of Ms. Hill's fellow male Assemblymen stumbled over his words and uttered "sex" instead of "six." In an effort to justify his mispronunciation, the Assemblyman offered: "When I see Earlene, I think of sex" (21). Is it fair that, aside from the responsibilities of work as an Assembly woman, Ms. Hill must be forced to endure unprofessional remarks? Is it probable that the Assemblyman would have thought of sex if he had glanced at "Earl?" Should not established members of the Assembly have more pressing issues than sexual innuendos on their minds? Everyone mispronounces a word from time to time, but saying "sex" instead of "six" does not mandate a reference to the former; "excuse me" would have been equally as effective (21).

When women consider the issue of sexual harassment while contemplating their entrance into the working class, they find that such an issue encompasses far more than a crude remark or a not-so-unintentional touch. Women will undoubtedly discover that the smooth functioning of a work environment is so critical that cries of harassment may tend to evoke pity for the business rather than concern for the allegedly harassed female employee. By speaking out, she risks earning the label of a selfish and undedicated woman when in all likelihood she has done nothing more than defend her rights.

New York's Kings County Hospital was one of many settings for a sexual harassment charge. The Hospital Center's executive director, 36 year old Bernard Rose, was temporarily removed from his position in response to the accusations of a female hospital employee (Faison 25). Because of the hospital's desperate need of a full-time executive director, the female employee's potentially incriminating claims caused chaos in an environment that requires a great deal of stability. Though she was absolutely within her rights to press charges, her choice to do so undermines both her loyalty to the hospital and her future credibility. The atmosphere of uncertainty that results from sexual harassment cases leads businesses to become skeptical of women who are in positions which require constant interaction with men; it is this uncertainty that makes a woman's acceptance in the working class a complicated matter.

As if dealing with the presence of sexual harassment were not difficult enough, women who fight for equal recognition in the working class must also contend with discrimination. Many women have cringed to the sound of the proverbial "The woman's place is in the home," when, in fact, women are perfectly capable of both mentally and physically performing so-called "man's jobs." Considering that women have the ability to amass achievements above and beyond chocolate chip cookies and clean laundry, what possible justification can be offered to explain the imbalance of men and women in the working class?

There is a stark male bias found in many areas of employment in contemporary American society, and the Table 1 exhibits the manner in which this bias, for example, has affected the teaching profession. Such findings are striking. While American universities are often the most consistent advocates of the belief that a superior education will enable a person to realize his or her career aspirations, the statistics in this table do not seem to coincide with this belief. For a woman desirous of entering into the teaching profession, the massively lopsided data seems to indicate a weakness in the professed power of a good education's ability to provide equality of opportunity.

Entrance into the Economic field appears to be a highly unlikely reality for a woman—but why? President Bill Clinton has assigned a woman, Laura D'Andrea Tyson, as head of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, and this woman's credibility has been firmly attested to by Representative David R. Obey. The Wisconsin

Table 1
"The Gender Gap"
School by School Full Tenured Professors (Economics)

	Men	Women
California at Los Angeles	20	0
Cornell	20	0
Duke	22	2
Harvard	31	1
M.I.T.	21	0
Michigan	36	1
Princeton	27	0
Stanford	25	0
Yale	30	0

Source: Professor Ivy Broder, American University

Democrat and chairman of Congress's Joint Economic Committee praised Tyson, saying the "People like her know how to translate policy into effective action" (Uchitelle 1).

While President Clinton apparently feels comfortable with the acceptance of a woman's economic advice, men in universities seem to adopt a quite contrary viewpoint. Often skeptical of the thought of women as their peers (or potentially superiors), men have acted upon their prejudices in an attempt to maintain the tradition of exclusively male careers.

"I actually see young women being discouraged by men from trying to become top-ranked theorists," said Elizabeth Hoffman, an economics professor at the University of Arizona's business school and the chairman of the Committee on the Status of Women in the Economics Profession. "Their work is never considered by the men to be quite good enough." (1)

Potentially, women are inhibited by the reluctance of their obstinate male peers to recognize them as capable workers. Sex-based bias in professions where males are the dominant gender prevents women from fully realizing their goals and perpetuates little more than male egoism.

As men have traditionally dominated the working class, it stands to reason that, at this point in time, the majority of the top level executive decision-making positions have been filled by men. Take, for example, the content of the decision-making bodies in the teaching profession. The recruitment and assessment of new teaching talent is a task assigned to committees, portions of which are composed of established, predominantly male, tenured professors. A survey of 30 prestigious American universities conducted by the Committee on the Status of Women discovered that, of the total 572 tenured economics professors, only 19 of them were women (1). Such dramatically unbalanced numbers raise an interesting question; could their apparent monopoly on tenured positions entice the male members of the teaching field to unfairly wield their promotive powers? Should women be concerned that perhaps their competence in their chosen field of study is not the primary criterion considered by the committees—and their gender is?

It is the belief of many women who belong to the American Economic Association that "until there are more tenured women professors, the men will not move women into the top ranks in great numbers" (1). Asserts Ms. Beth Allen, University of Minnesota theorist, mathematician and one of the few female professors to become tenured; "We must work to protect our junior colleagues from death by committee" (1). Though concern for the rights of other women who desire opportunities to become working citizens is commendable, the more time that women must spend "protecting" fellow colleagues, the more time is diverted from their quest to acquire and perfect the practical and academic skills that are crucial for entrance into the working class of America.

It is not inconceivable that any person with the ambition to become involved in the working class may experience difficulties in attaining their goals. Inadequate preparation, unimpressive motivation, and poor references are problems that must be avoided when a prospective worker begins the search for his or her desired career. Women, however, face obstacles above and beyond what have been readily encountered by the traditionally male members of America's workforce.

American women in 1990s society are faced with three very real obstacles which hinder their full recognition and participation in the working class: prejudice related to pregnancy, harassment at the workplace, and gender-based discrimination. These injustices not

only adversely affect efforts to increase the presence of women in the workforce, they act as hindrances to a woman's opportunity to gain prestige for herself and earn credibility for her gender. As stated by Cleveland commercial building manager Vikki Soreo-Yasher, who has filed a private lawsuit concerning pregnancy discrimination: "Until that point I had lived my life believing that if you work hard, are loyal and honest, things will come out well for you. The company pulled the rug out from under my beliefs" (Harris 76). Women have the desire and ability to become productive and innovative members of the workforce, but they cannot achieve greatness until companies and specialty fields can promise true equality of opportunity. Inequality too often precedes disunity, and the working class of America may suffer an incalculable loss should it continue to boast rewarding employment opportunities that are silently intended only for men.

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My Life

Eva Karsza

I was born on the 23rd of March in 1970 in Budapest, Hungary. My father and mother were just starting their careers as doctors—my father as a urologist, my mother as a dentist—when I arrived in their world. I was their first child, and the three of us lived in a small apartment near the Danube, in a beautiful district of the city. This was the place where I spent the first ten years of my life: a paradise for children, a “green spot” in the middle of the concrete world of a metropolis, a world of trees, water, flowers and freedom. I was four years old when my sister was born, and very soon we became each other’s best friend, worst enemy, playmate and protector.

In 1980, when my parents announced happily that they had found a new apartment for us, and that we were moving very soon, I felt that my world had collapsed around me. I spent several sleepless nights weeping over my lost friends and—although I didn’t know it yet—my lost childhood. Even today, if I close my eyes and think about the first ten years of my life, I feel as though it had been one endless sweet-smelling summer night, filled with laughter, tears of joy, chirping of crickets and barking of dogs.

The new apartment was big and beautiful in a marvelous environment on one of the hills of Buda. I was enrolled in a new school and started to make new friends again. I joined an athletic club and started competing with great success. I also proved to be a talent in reciting poetry and won several contests at school, reciting some of the most beautiful poems of our nation. I became a central figure in school activities; I liked to participate in everything, so I knew everyone and everyone knew me. Unfortunately, this happy period of my life didn’t last too long.

I was thirteen years old when I lost my mother, and this tragic event turned my life upside down. I became introverted, withdrew from school activities, from sports and competitions, and I turned

into a "problem teenager." My father had serious difficulties dealing with me, although I know he was trying very hard. Looking back, I'm really ashamed of myself: I see now how selfish and stubborn I was, refusing to understand—even to try to understand—how difficult those days were for him. The only thing I could see was myself, my pain, my problems. I was trying to find myself, to adapt myself to the new situation, but these efforts resulted rather in losing myself for a while. I had problems at school with my behavior, my clothing, my hairstyle, etc. I felt that everyone and everything was against me. The only thing I didn't have problems with—fortunately—was studying. Thus, it was not very difficult to get into an excellent high school—called Toldy Ferenc High School—where I began my studies in 1984. I started learning foreign languages—English and French—and I became extremely interested in different cultures.

I had a couple of very good friends, with whom I set out every summer to discover first the neighboring countries, later the famous—or rather infamous—European metropolises. We were usually traveling by train or hitchhiking, with big rucksacks on our backs and very little money in our pockets. Naturally, we were having the time of our lives. I have always thought that travel gives you the best possible education, whatever it is you want to study: history, literature, architecture, arts, languages or people. Travel educates you by opening your eyes and your mind to the whole world that surrounds you; travel teaches you to understand and accept other people and different cultures; travel helps you to place yourself in their world and makes you see how truly free you can be if you want to be. At the age of 16, however, travel meant even more than that: it taught us to be independent, it gave us strength and self-confidence, and, of course, it was full of adventures and a lot of fun!

I graduated from high school in 1988 and was accepted at Attila Jozsef University in a town called Szeged. I left my beloved Budapest behind and moved to this small town in search of new friends and new experiences. I especially wanted to see if I could stand on my own, far away from my ever-supportive family, thrown into the unknown all by myself. Indeed, college life proved to be a totally different from the way I had lived before. I lived in a rented apartment with a couple of new friends, and our place soon became a "castle of knowledge" and a "castle of fun." We enjoyed studying as much as partying, so one day our apartment looked like

a library, where coughing or sneezing were considered to be serious crimes, the next day our place turned into a "madhouse," weird-looking strangers giving speeches about upcoming revolutions or dancing on our dictionaries. Meanwhile, history was being made in Hungary, and I'm proud to say that we helped to make it happen. The communist regime had collapsed under its own weight, and a new democratic system was emerging with a lot of help and support from the nation's young people.

I spent two happy and exciting years in Szeged, but after finishing my second year at college, I started to feel the urgent need for a change. I wanted to move on, to do something different, so I decided to interrupt my studies for one year and visit my relatives in the United States.

I wanted to practice my English and see America for myself. Very soon, though, something happened to me that I hadn't expected: I fell in love. I met my boyfriend while taking evening classes, studying English as a second language at Fairfield High School. He is from another part of the world, Sao Paulo, Brazil. He is a living model of the beautiful Brazilian culture; an excellent singer, dancer, musician, and an exceptional personality. He gave me a reason to stay in the United States, and although I miss my country very much, I will never regret my decision.

I'm here now, presently a student at Sacred Heart University, not having any idea what tomorrow might bring, but open to everything new, always in search of new experiences, new friends and new lessons.

Individual vs. Societal Rights

Kimberley S. Luczynski

We have individual rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution and its amendments. These rights were derived from John Locke's essay, *Of Civil Government*, written in the seventeenth century, which explains how people should act in a state of nature. He believed that all people are in "a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions as they think fit, within the bounds of the law of nature, without asking leave, or depending upon the will of any other man" (4). He also asserts that even though we have these rights, we do not have the liberty to destroy ourselves or any other creature in our possession and that we must follow the law of nature which governs the state of nature (5). This law "teaches all mankind . . . that, being all equal and independent, no one ought to harm another in his life, health, liberty or possessions" (5-6). On the matter of individual rights, he states "that all men may be restrained from invading other's rights, and from doing hurt to one another, and [if] the law of nature . . . [is] observed . . . , [there will be] peace and preservation of all mankind" (6).

There is a connection between Locke's theory on the state of nature and both the U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, "we hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness: (945). Likewise, in the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, individual rights are established because "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances: (952). In fact, Locke's thoughts can be seen in both documents as well as in many laws we have governing

our society today. Therefore, we can see that individual rights, as we know them today, were established long ago.

The field of individual rights encompasses many things. Among these are the right to the freedom of speech, the freedom to practice a religion, the freedom against unnecessary or unwarranted search and seizure, the right to a fair and speedy trial, and the list continues. As Americans, we have many rights that citizens of other countries can only dream of. We also have rights as liberal and controversial as the freedom to choose whether or not to have an abortion, and even the right to burn our own national flag. These rights have been guarded by the court system in our country. That is, the court system, as established by the Constitution, ensures that we have the freedom to practice these rights. What's more, these rights can never be taken away if we act within the bounds of the law.

This country was established as a result of individuals straining to assert their rights. Our ancestors decided to break away from a sovereign country to assert these individual rights. But with individual rights also come societal rights. As John Locke further points out, when people come together to create a civil society, they give up a portion of their individual rights for the protection of the community (78-79). Societal rights deal mainly with the right for a community as a whole to be protected; that is, to ensure public safety. As Elizabeth Ehrlich points out, these societal rights can include laws governing town curfews to aid in anti-loitering efforts as well as to curb the rise in hate crimes, sobriety checkpoints for drivers, AIDS testing, and metal detectors at airports. She claims that societal rights are "acceptable intrusions" on individual rights (56). These intrusions are at the heart of the debate over individual rights versus societal rights.

Concerning this debate, Ehrlich further argues that "the tension between individual rights and the common good is built into the U.S. Constitution, with a preamble that gives the government power to promote the general welfare and the bill of rights affirming basic freedoms" (56). This debate has become one of the most involved issues in America today because it involves the concepts of basic freedoms.

In the past, individual rights were protected and enforced over the rights of society. Robert Maplethorpe's semi-recent art exhibit is an example of this. Many who viewed his exhibit expressed the opinion that it was pornographic and socially unacceptable and

should be banned or censored. Performers and bands such as 2 Live Crew and Andrew Dice Clay have received similar reviews. Yet, the American Judicial System protects their rights as individuals under the First Amendment and allows them to continue their performances or displays. It appears, in this case and others like it, that the Judicial Systems' views are in the minority and many Americans argue that, because we live in a democratic society, the majority should rule. However, as libertarians say "the First Amendment is a tool for protecting minority views against the tyranny of the majority. Minority views even when they are offensive — or more accurately, *especially* when they are offensive — deserve to be protected. Our commitment to protect minority views is one of our most distinctive and praiseworthy values as a society" (*National Issues Forum* 32).

James M. Wall contends that the Supreme Court's 1973 decision in *Roe vs. Wade* was also a result of the protection of individualism where society's sensitivity towards the act of abortion was overruled in favor of the individual's right to have one (707). Another apparent court case that establishes this is *Miranda vs. Arizona*. In this case, *Miranda*, an accused criminal, was let free because his individual rights were violated, even though many argue that he was a clear and present danger to society's public safety. According to Irene Lurkis Clark, many Americans feel that "individual freedom is of primary importance and . . . the state should have only limited power to restrict our liberty . . . The main purpose of the State is to regulate, mediate, and maintain our rights in terms of those of other individual citizens" (267).

Because the court has issued controversial decisions that seem to overly protect individual rights, the term "excessive individualism" has been coined by the public. (Wall 707). Wall suggests that "excessive individualism" has its roots in the 1960s, "a time when institutions and authority were discredited in the wake of racial segregation and the war in Vietnam . . . [and] members of an entire generation stood on their individual legs and demanded changes in public laws and attitudes" (707). In this debate over Individualism vs. the Common Good, many Americans simply feel that individualism has become bigger than it should. Clark states that "not everyone believes that individual liberty and the possession and exercise of rights should be the primary focus of the political philosophy and system" (267). She, as well as many Americans believes that the good of society has been far

outweighed by the individual's assertion of their rights (267). Ramona Younger states that "the cause of the individual has gotten out of hand, jeopardizing community needs and public safety . . . ; the problem is overemphasis on individual rights" (Ehrlich 56). In his essay "Individualism Has Been Allowed to Run Rampant," Robert Bellah argues that the competitive systems of capitalism and politics have seduced people into becoming selfish for their own gratification and this makes them think more of individual fulfillment than of the good of society (262). Clark agrees with him by saying "such people ['that claim we have become overly competitive'] stress that what is important is not our individual ability to sustain liberty, but our obligation to the common good" (267). As Ehrlich explains, many Americans who believe in this ideology feel that all that is needed to regain a productive society is a re-balancing between the two values of individual and societal rights; they are often called "communitarians." They believe that there is a middle ground between societal and individual rights and that the obvious thing to do, seeing that we're not already there, is to find it (56).

Communitarianism is a popular ideal to many Americans today. There are a number of reasons why it has become so attractive. Many of these reasons deal with the rise in crime rate in the past few years. In fact, according to the U.S. Department of Justice, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Uniform Crime Report, crimes such as murder, rape, robbery and aggravated assault have risen sharply since 1985 (National Issues Forum 5). Former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh states that, "unless violent crime is checked and checked soon . . . , we may well jeopardize the first civil right of every American: the right to be free from fear in our homes, on our streets, and in our communities" (5). Communities that have imposed or that wish to impose curfews or anti-loitering laws are doing so because of this rising crime. With such laws in place, they feel that it will be a deterrent to crimes such as drug-dealing and alcohol violations, as well as hate crimes. Sobriety checkpoints for drivers and metal detectors in airports have also been enacted in an effort to ensure public safety. Wall contends that even the Supreme Court has felt this new shift in thinking. He states that the 1989 decision of Webster vs. Reproductive Health Services showed how society spoke on behalf of the unborn and acted in "greater concern for the opinion of the 'group'" (707).

It is clear that many Americans feel there is an uneven line between societal and individual rights. Both are important, both are

guaranteed to us. And because they often overlap, it is difficult to choose between them. It's important to note that a shift in thought is occurring between these rights. Clearly, the rise in crime is a direct cause of this shift in thinking. It makes sense to introduce laws that deal with public safety, laws that govern curfews, laws that test for drugs, or laws that grant police the ability to randomly check drivers for sobriety. It is an individual's right to feel safe in their community; but it is an individual's right to act in whatever way they choose, within the bounds of the law. On paper, in black and white, these laws seem right. They seem like the only solution to the growing problem of crime in America today. As former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh states, "the American people demand action to stop criminal violence, whatever it causes: (National Issues Forums 5).

But, does it make sense to take away one person's individual rights so that another may feel safe? Or does it make sense to take away one person's individual rights because other people are sensitive to what they are doing? I used to think so. But one person's safety does not overrule another's individual rights. We should not have to give up something so important and so valuable to us as individual rights. The American Judicial System affirms that a person is innocent until proven guilty. Consequently, a person would be allowed to remain unrepressed from laws such as curfews or random drug-testing, if they are not guilty of a crime. Laws that take away individual rights because something *may* happen, are wrong. Accordingly, police may not arrest a person because they *might* commit a crime, only if they do. We already have laws in place that govern the area of people who commit crimes. These laws have penalties that are supposed to act as deterrents to those who *may* commit them. Former Attorney General Dick Thornburgh is right in stating that something should be done about the rising crime in America. But if you take away my right to walk down the street, then you assume that I am a criminal and should be treated like one. You assume that I am going to commit a crime. You assume that I will contribute to one of the fastest growing problems that faces America today. It is not my obligation to disprove your assumptions. It is my right, as an individual to be free from them.

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Mass Confusion

"A Change in Color"
Or "Different Hues"
How am I
Supposed to choose
When two names sound
So much alike?
Is it "bicycle"
Or is it "bike"?
And just what is
A "ginko"?
How am I
Supposed to know?
Will I call my mom
An "ology"?
Would she be glad
Or mad at me?
"Aspidistra," "libretto,"
And a "seckel"
Which of these
Opposes heckle?
And in a sentence
Missing words
Is "pigeons" better
Or just plain "birds"?
Is this a test
Or some foul game?
How many times
Must I sign my name?
These questions really
Are confusing me.
Oh, how I hate
The S.A.T.

John Simon



1941. Arctic. Inuit. A man in a heavy winter jacket crouching in a snowy, desolate landscape.

In Perspective

A heart-felt tear, an honest sweat, a baby's drool,
A blue-green lake, a lily pond, the wading pool,

The surging stream, a wending brook, a waterfall,
A summer's rain, a pillow cloud, the dew drop's crawl,

A mountain spring, the fountain's arc, a wishing well,
A sailing sea, a rolling fog, an ocean swell,

The frosty pane, an icicle, the crystal snow,
An iceberg's float, the polar caps, a glacier's flow.

From tender tear to majesty, it's water's way
Of changing form and character to suit the play.

Ernie Hodson

Morning Madness

Not quite awake in the morning's twilight,
My mind in a whirlwind wanders,
Dancing down paths long abandoned.
It pirouettes and steps me to ponder.

There's a veil of illusion before me.
Phantom forms of wisdom converse.
Bold concepts practice their meanings,
In some theater where great thoughts rehearse.

A plethora of new found invention
Perceptions too broad to embrace,
Genius abounds and engulfs me,
In this spectacular, mind boggling place.

Unlike daydreams of quiet enjoyment,
Where tranquil emotions pervade,
This mind performance provokes me,
To remember the brilliance displayed.

Morning dawns and I slowly awaken.
The scene fades as night meets the day.
I quickly reach out to take it,
It is mine . . . then it slithers away.

Ernie Hodson

The Shadow Painter

His shadow shapes beguile the mind,
Painted in shades this artist finds,
Upon his palette, black to gray,
With special tones for children's play.

Pretending not for style or grace,
He mocks his subjects in their space,
By changing length and breadth of line,
Portraying them in pantomime.

He fells tall trees, trails the swallows.
Swings the doors to deadwood hollows.
Casts silhouettes on lakes of glass,
And rides the waves of prairie grass.

He's masterful in all the modes.
From pyramids to tiny toads,
Creating art of curves or block,
Of motion quick, or still as rock.

The world's his canvas, there to test,
No mountain range or valley rests.
With sun or moonlight at his call,
The shadow painter paints them all.

Ernie Hodson

Porches

Where are the porches?
Those floor boards bare
With weathered wear?
Stages to act on,
Banisters to lean on,
Steps to sit upon,
Eyes to the night
Gazing, that we might see
A shooting star,
Or bursting Northern Lights?

Where are our havens
Where life was complete,
And days were forever
Till called "Come to eat"?
Where growing was
Hop-scotch,
Chalk squares on the floor.
Double Dutch, Dominos
Or perhaps, pitching pennies
The closest takes all.

Where is our refuge
From rain,
The sun's rays and the snow?
Milk bottles,
Cream popping from cold?
The old restless rocker
Irking to in the wind,
And the love seat,
Chains squeaking,
Sweethearts whispering?

Where is our "Home"
To play Hide and Seek,
To sprawl upon,
Panting . . .
Hearts pounding each beat?

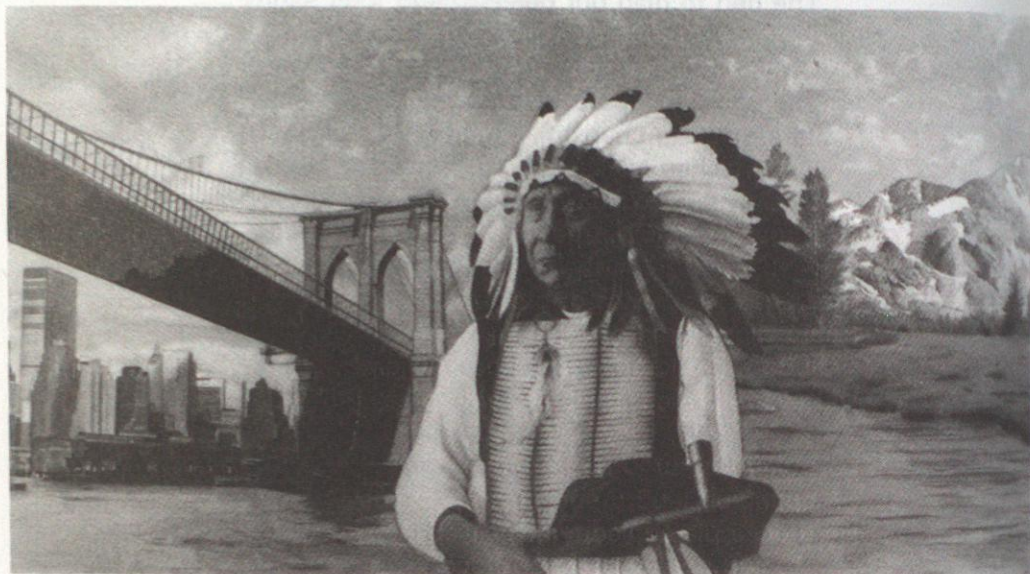
here is our secret place
Down underneath,
Cool and foreboding,
The Black Widow's lair,
The den to plan our deeds?

Oh, so much was ours . . .
The spontaneous pleasures,
To savour, to cherish.
Our porches of innocence,
Flowered with honeysuckles,
White, red and pink roses,
They were the beggar's
Invitation,
The toddler's play pen,
The elder's peering place.

Please tell me,
Where have all the porches gone?

Ernie Hodson

here is our secret place
Gov't understands
Cool and forbidding
The Black Widow's laboratory and the world
The day of the



Or perhaps, without purpose
The closest takes off

Where is our refuge
From pain,
The day's rest and the snow?
Milk bottles,
Green poppies from color
The old world order
And the day's rest
Chains of the
Surrender to the

Which one is the
To the day's rest
To the day's rest
To the day's rest
To the day's rest

Perilous Journey

*Dedicated to my inspiring parents and
beloved grandfather who passed away in
March. Their loves are embraced with
gardens in my heart.*

1975, corruption sided with destruction
Atrocious leaders empowered the militia
Civilians dispersed for their lives
The small world turned into hell and fire
The helplessness of existing
Despicable and diabolic men inflicted political cries

The unforgettable cries

Invasion brings isolation
Family, friends, and relatives
Were caged in a horrifying fear
The bewailing faces dripped with salted tears

Husbands, fathers, brothers
Captured in an inhuman camp
Tortured by the hands of dictatorial men

Imprisonment coined punishment
Impurifying water and malignant meal
Devastating memories and tyrannies
Couldn't let the heart heal

Men's hearts
Wanted to retaliate
But dreams composed with hopes had been manipulated

A child woke up and cried for her father
I couldn't believe it was my father
He was not there
Tears drop with despair
They took him away
A child left with dismay

Mother and grandfather embraced us
With an unconditioned love
As a dove never leaves her young

Four years had gone by
Father still captive in the enemy's line
The Buddhist monks meditated with spirituality
Everyday unheard shotguns escalated the mortalities

Day by day, night by night, the nightmares
Of the starry night looked menacing
The hooting of an owl was a lament
Distant away on the surface of the Thailand sky
Praying for a white eagle to fluctuate its wings

To sustain a courage
We had to mobilize
The enemies disparaged our lives
The small world footprinted with an interment
The dire warning trailed our skin
The men in red brandishing their victorious win
Mother mapped out a plan
To escape from the homeland
Where we could hear our crying voice

The perilous journey marked by ferocious anger
The enchanted jungle had no place to shelter
Crippled in the unknown forest
Our mind crawled with a spirit
Struggling to survive in hopes to gain a merit
Hunger for democracy made my sister paralyzed
By a scorpion's stingray
Mother carried her to the bay
Paddling the canoe
Across the Mekong River
Silence drifted away from our foes
The sacrifices were on our hands
The agonies in our heart and soul
Wouldn't let us walk on the freedom sand
We shivered from the cold air
Stranded in the boat

Afloat in nowhere
The journey almost finished
The seashore of the other side seemed clear
The smell of freedom destined with happy tears

Father released from a treachery
Reunited with his family
The misery still effaced his dignity'
Impoverished by a punishment

Dreams in this country had been distorted
Human rights were aborted
Laos, a small world
Laos, enveloped in chaos
Laos, many innocent lives lost
Laos, the unforgettable world sparked with fire
How can we forget the perilous journey
Our memories will never die.

Susan Ratanavong

Seasonal Rhythms

*For my father taken away from me for four
years into a concentration camp*

Breeze, breeze, breeze
Wind, wind, wind
Whispers from the sky
Where the birds fly
Echoes beauty cannot resist
Filled with mystical mist

The sweet serenity flourishes to its destiny
Sweet melody, sweet melody
Synchronizes with peaceful harmony

In the morning time, flowers bloom,
When the night comes, the stars dance with the moon
Lift up my moods
My heart sings
Beneath breezy wind
The reminiscence of seasonal kindness
Reflects happiness
A white swan flows gracefully
The soprano voice of an angel sprinkles in my soul
Everything encompassed with magic

The seasonal rhythms do not compare
To a beating drum
A canary hums
Nature vibrates in my lungs

The rain shampoos
And shines into an embellishing rainbow
The garden whistles with a beautiful tune
The next morning will come soon
The rushes of a river fall symbolize a purity
Just as a man redeemed from his own tyrannies.

Susan Ratanavong

