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PULSE

The Literary Magazine of
Lamar University
Beaumont

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Department of English
and Modern Languages

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AWARDS

Eleanor Poetry Award
Garry Richards "An Address to My Father"

Barnes Poetry Award
Garry Richards "On Shelley's 'Ozymandias'"

de Schweinitz Poetry Award
John B. Hillin "Leftover Laughter"

Rowe Poetry Award
Amber Placette "Currahee"

Pulse Fiction Award
Amber Placette "The Loss"

Rowe Analytical Essay Award
Rachel Klauss "Elizabeth Bishop's Art of Mastery
in 'One Art'"

Lamar-Longman Awards
Jamie Heymans "Happily Never After"
Nitya Kumar "The Detrimental Sacrifice of Priests"
Monet Motiee "The Literary Mysteries
in the Book of Job"

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GARRY RICHARDS

An Address to My Father

The first time I saw you cry was the day your father died.
I was outside playing when you drove up.
You hugged me then said my grandfather had died,
and that we wouldn't see him again.
At first I couldn't understand, but seeing you fall apart,
sad that you had forever lost that piece of your life,
told me that this was death,
and I wept with you.

The second time I saw you cry was the day that our love
faltered.
I explained that I always felt different,
standing in front of you with a boy's hand in mine.
You turned away and didn't talk to me for weeks.
A month later you drove me out to the cemetery,
where your father lies, and held me close
while tears ran down your face,
sad that you had forever lost some piece of love for your
son.
And I wept with you.

On Shelley's "Ozymandias"

A traveler from an ancient land once said
that kings and kingdoms all to rubble fall.
But common people suffer too. They dread
the graveside mourning and the ghostly pall.
For when the peasant piece is gone and dead,
a whispered letter in the poem of man,
no soul remembers all that came before;
no soul believes the lightness of the span.
So on my stone--it's owner, friend of sod:
"My name is Garry, son of workers poor.
Look on my grave and feel despair, ye gods.
All men and kings live only for decay."
And so amount to nothing but foul clods,
until their time when they are washed away.

Visions of a Mother Who Didn't Work

Like the aftermath of a small explosion,
the mess of the day lies scattered on the soft greens
of the carpet in my room.

GI Joes missing legs have arms forever frozen
in a plea to the god of the toys.

I step from open space to open space
careful not to trigger another catastrophe,
when, by some chance misstep, my foot contacts
the lone bayonet of a rebel Army Man.

A sudden fall and cry of pain and Momma
rushes in, reading glasses caught in her peppered hair.
She sweeps me up and asks me where it hurts.
My stubby finger points to the growing spot
of ruby at the bottom of my sock.

Salty trails of tears begin to mark my face
as Momma carries me to the kitchen and
scoops out a bowl of vanilla ice cream,
--the most appropriate cure--
and with all the seriousness of a war medic,
cleans and bandages my bloody foot.
She hugs me and I bury my sticky, tear-stained face
in the berry scents of her soft brown hair.

JOHN B. HILLIN

Leftover Laughter

Wouldn't it be nice if you could can them
on the stove in the late morning,
in afternoon, or early evening--
when in your mind you've carried them
nights by the armful, dropping them, fumbling
to keep them from falling. Yet, laughing
yourself, you add weight to an already heavy load
of firewood--the firewood that friends stack
in your arms. "Here, hold this, and as long
as you can." They are not burdens, yet a piece
still falls. I smile looking down.

Wouldn't it be nice if you could can them?
I still feel the rough of splinters from the night
before in my arms. Outside, on the patio,
they dissolve. "I can't hold anything forever,"
I say, stepping barefoot onto the cool of the concrete,
a cup of steaming coffee precariously perched,
resting atop the acorn caps. I lie down.

Can we at least roll in leftover laughs
as a child will in grass? Or overcome
the guilt as we rise with only gravel and grit
on our cheeks? The cell phone rings.
I sink into a chair, and attempt to prepare
for another night
when the sun might linger a bit longer
on the other side of the earth.

And can laughter unfold upon the call
of a favorite song? Or is it possible that
it's floating in air, unseen? Or does it fall

from there, like sugar into the pot
I stir, hovering above the stove? Steam rises.
I walk away, wishing I could find the recipe
to preserve what I too often forget.
I walk away. "If only I were a better cook,"
I say, falling slow to sleep in morning--
my coffee too cold to drink when I awake.

AMBER PLACETTE

Currahee

The man I knew was ancient and fragile,
his skin translucent as tissue,
revealing purple spider webs
I traced down his lanky arms
like an explorer fingers a map
to remember where he has been,
to be reminded of where he is going.
I thought he had always been that way—
always those visible rivers of veins,
wisps of white hair, thin as violin notes
and a voice that with every end mark crackled
like warm tea poured over cubes of ice.

Always, he solved his intricate puzzles
on a mahogany desk: Kilimanjaro,
collections of overlapping buttons,
and Norman Rockwell's entire collection
all restored by his shaky hands,
returned to their boxes
and scattered on the jade carpet.
After making skyscrapers out of his litter,
I stood in his torn leather chair's twin
wondered about the other man.

The other man stared at me from the wall
in a pair of black and white photos.
During hazy afternoons, they reflected
in their dusty and cracking glass partitions
my own freckles and ginger eyebrows.

On the right the man was young, in a group
of other men who all looked like brothers

in their matching dark running trunks
and white undershirts with a falling figure and clouds;
he grinned slightly as he crouched in the grass
like someone who knows the punch line
but politely waits for the end of the joke to laugh.

On the left he reigned over the cobblestone
street of a flattened Dutch town
with muddy boots, a helmet in one hand,
and torn silk in the other.
His face was older and painted
with slanted and smudged black streaks,
but I still saw the canyons at the corners
of his mouth—evidence of his once
deep, enduring smile.

The only time I asked the one man about the other,
the one who could answer did so in fractured phrases—
Huh? Who? Oh, that kid—and quietly returned
to his splintered vision of a perfect cornfield.

The Loss

Damian always feared he would lose his son. He often dreamed of the release of Charlie's hand from his in a crowd, of losing sight of the top of the little boy's black head of hair, of watching the tiny red jacket and navy shoes disappear among dozens of others. Damian imagined some sweaty, swarthy individual with a windowless white van throwing the limp body of his son through an opened sliding door. He pictured an aisle in Super Wal-Mart, his cart full of hot dogs, pencils and Christmas ornaments, as he spun in circles and yelled for his son.

It was all really ridiculous. Charlie didn't even wear a red jacket, and Damian had never thought to look at the color of his shoes. Furthermore, he had never seen an actual person driving a windowless van, at least not one that didn't have "Jack's Plumbing: Don't Take Your Crap to Anyone Else" painted on the side. And to lose a child in the vortex that is a Super Wal-Mart would be incomprehensible; some vested employee stocking water balloons would find the child before he or she could travel very far.

Damian knew that he must be suffering from some type of psychological problem. He had diagnosed himself via an episode of *Oprah* that showed how chronic fear is a manifestation of an underlying issue. Damian had even made a list.

Item one: a broken marriage. When he had met Kimberly in college, he did not love her instantly nor did he ever grow to love her. Damian merely grew accustomed to her. He liked that he had a person who ate with him, slept with him and called him daily. Whenever he grew accustomed to something, he was resistant to any change. For ten years, he had eaten at the same diner with coffee-stained counters and single functioning urinal out of habit.

It was that same lethargy that forced Damian to stay with Kimberly all through college, with her boring clothes and scheduled bowel movements. He was too comfortable

to seek out a more suitable person. Having to *meet* someone and *build* a relationship and *share* details of his life--frankly, it all consisted of too many action verbs and implied a great load of work. Kimberly was his very own sun; she was there regardless of whether or not he wanted her to be, and although at times it did hurt to gaze directly at her, Damian appreciated her warmth, her consistency and her predictability.

Marriage was the next logical step. It was all very uneventful, and Charlie was the result of their honeymoon. After years of unprotected and preventable sex, the one time the couple was expected and protected in their union, a son was the result. Kimberly didn't want a child.

"I want an abortion," she had casually mentioned over breakfast one morning.

"I don't believe in abortion," Damian had responded.

"Since when?"

"Since that guy at the store passed out fake fetuses to every person in the parking lot. That really freaked me out."

"I don't want a fetus, even a plastic one."

"That's not your decision."

"If I have the baby, I'll leave it screaming in your arms and walk away."

"I dare you to do that. I dare you to have a baby and then abandon us both."

Apparently, that was the wrong thing to say. Kimberly plowed through her pregnancy, gave birth to a son, named him and left three weeks after the birth. Damian felt like she was an Easy-bake oven that had been broken after her first use. The divorce had been painless; Kimberly wanted nothing at all except some hideous hand-knitted afghan she had forgotten during her departure. That was five years ago, and Damian was positive he suffered from some form of post-traumatic, panic stricken, abandonment disorder.

Item two: a crappy job. At the beginning of his career as a high school science teacher, Damian had set

realistic goals for himself. Get a Ph.D. Publish until someone noticed him. Teach college. Climb any ladder with decent rungs. But when Kimberly left, he abandoned his master's degree. The thing that irritated him was that it was all disgustingly typical. He was a young father with an infant who needed child care during the day and attention in the evening. He was every stupid person he saw at the grocery store with a calculator and coupons looking for Kool-Aid and Hamburger Helper.

Therefore, he was stuck at his job. It wasn't even the miserable pay that corroded his mind like rust on a neglected car. It was the women. He was only one of two male teachers in his department, one of only a dozen or so in the entire school. There were no prospects among the women. They were all married, and they were all horrible. Each one of them had a face caked with Mary Kay products and apparently bathed daily in Elizabeth Taylor's newest scent. They were overly cynical, challenged in almost every area except fundraising and obsessed with fab diets.

The conversations were what really got to Damian. Day after day of endless chatter about their idiotic children who were all named after flowers or football players: Lily, Daisy, Peyton, Troy. Relentless information circulated about whose turn it was to restock the spoons or who was in charge of crustless sandwiches for the next party. Five years of it and Damian understood why students shot their teachers.

And the final item of his underlying problem: Charlie. Charlie was the source of every stomach ache Damian had experienced in the past five years. He knew it wasn't Charlie's fault. Charlie hadn't begged him to date and then marry an unattractive person. Charlie hadn't asked to be conceived in a dingy hotel near a polluted beach. And yet, Damian felt a hybrid of love and regret when he looked at his son.

When his wife had first left, Damian had purchased a book entitled *A First-Time Father's Fears Fixed: A Guide to Raising Children Alone*. It was only \$5.99 at the store. It

cataloged what the nameless child was supposed to be doing at every month, how to respond to defiant behavior, how to grieve the loss of a spouse and still celebrate the joy of a child. Damian studied it harder than any other text he had ever read. He wanted to follow rules so no one at any point could blame him if his child became a dysfunctional adult.

The only problem was that the book stopped when the child turned five. Damian had been free-handing everything for about four months, and it scared the hell out of him. He classified himself as a decent father. He cleaned and fed and spoke to his son, but it all had the very distinct feeling of a tongue passing over the hollow space of a tooth that a filling once occupied. Whenever he thought of himself as a father, it was like a reminder to get that filling fixed, that the awkwardness and discomfort could be easily remedied in a matter of time. He even programmed Charlie's eighteenth birthday on his phone.

Damian often wondered how anyone could love a child. He didn't mean the aggressive affection that causes people to have dozens of pictures of their kids positioned at every possible location they frequented but rather the quiet enjoyment of being with a person, the affinity of equal fondness. Damian knew no one could ever get that from a child. With every hug Charlie gave him, a line of snot was left on his shirt. Every time he patted Charlie on the head, Damian remembered the monstrous bouts of fever and vomiting he had endured and healed since the boy's birth. Once, he had even vocalized his thoughts to his son in the car.

"You know what, Charlie? You're like some piece-of-shit first car. You love that car, you know? But, damn, you'd love to just leave it by the side of the road too," Damian had said very carefully. His satisfaction lasted only the few seconds it took to look in the rearview mirror and realize that Charlie had fallen asleep.

* * *

Damian liked to wait until midnight to do the grocery shopping. The aisles were empty, the shelves were stocked,

and he could easily convince Charlie to ride in the cart and sleep. However, on that night, Charlie seemed to have tapped into his inner spring of energy and insisted on walking beside the cart.

"You'll get tired and end up in the cart anyway," Damian warned.

"No. I won't," the little boy mumbled.

"Okay, but no whining. God, you know I hate it when you whine."

"I won't whine as long as I get Chiclets at the end."

They maneuvered around the store. Damian marked off his mental list effortlessly until he reached the special Stock-Up-and-Save section. He always became confused about what he had to buy in order to get something else free. This week it was a carton of eggs for a tub of cream cheese. He cursed as he shifted through the small freezer that held the containers of cream cheese; every one had that overly sweet strawberry flavoring swirled through it. Damian wanted just regular cream cheese and was determined to sift until he found it.

When he removed his head and shoulders from the crevices of the filthy freezer, Damian triumphantly threw the silver and white container into his cart and remarked how he must have been lucky to find the last one at the bottom.

Charlie naturally didn't respond; he was no longer anywhere in sight. The special section Damian occupied was at the center of the store surrounded by half a dozen different aisle openings. It was obvious Charlie had wandered down one of those, and Damian began to call out to him.

Five minutes later, Damian was losing his voice and growing increasingly angry. His son knew the store well enough to be able to find his way back to the cart. And if nothing else, Damian was screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Sir, what's the problem?" asked an older man in a red vest. His nametag read, "My name is Steven. It's my pleasure to help you!"

"Well, my son seems to have wandered to another

universe," Damian confided.

"Uh-huh. No problem," Steven answered. Out of the great beyond of his belt, the vested individual retrieved a walkie-talkie.

"Alan, we've got a 212 in section eight. Make the announcement. What's your son's name, sir?"

"Charlie."

"His name's Charlie. Ten-four," Steven said as he lowered the device. "Absolutely no problem. Happens all the time. Once a day usually."

"Yeah," Damian responded. "I mean, you even have a code and everything. And sections..." Damian made the mental notes that this man probably watched *Law and Order* religiously and volunteered for the neighborhood watch. His thoughts were interrupted by the overhead speaker announcing that they had a small boy unattended whose name was Charlie. If anyone found Charlie, they were instructed to bring him to a front register.

"Okay, sir, let's just head that direction. I'm sure your son is already there waiting," Steven concluded.

But Charlie wasn't there. Twenty minutes later, Damian called the police.

The police officer scribbled notes while Damian fiddled with his jacket zipper and answered questions.

"His name is Charlie...He's five years old...He's got dark hair, and it's short..."

"How about a picture? You got a picture?" the officer asked.

"Yes, I have a school picture, I think," Damian responded as he pulled out his wallet. He handed the small photograph to the officer who apparently was practicing free association through his writing as Damian had not said anything in the past minute. Damian finally had to ask a question to break the continuous note taking.

"What happens now?"

"Well, if we can't find him here, we gotta mark out

the area. Uh, you know, send out an Amber alert. Light up the map..."

"What map?"

The man in the black uniform now exhaled loudly and finally stopped writing.

"The map of local predators."

"Oh." Damian nodded. The language was a babble of euphemisms. He wanted to ask the more obvious questions now like wasn't the area already "marked out" in maps and shouldn't that list of predators always be lit up like a Christmas tree? But instead, Damian sat on a bench at the front of the store and tried to look distraught and nervous.

Normally, the situation would have angered him, the waiting and the interruption of a routine. But since he didn't have to really do anything, Damian felt surprisingly indifferent to the entirety of everything that was happening. The fear he had always fostered about losing Charlie was diminishing. Damian even felt somewhat childish for ever dwelling on it at all. Damian slowly reached a strange realization: he liked the attention and the movement that this incident had caused. He liked the hubbub of activity around him, the continual fetching of coffee by insignificant people and the reassuring sense that people were concerned about his feelings and yet unaware of them at the same time. The minutes passed quickly as the store went into a prison-like lock down and the doors were closed. There was talk of dogs being brought in to search the store, but Damian was more focused on the next move.

The disappearance of his son would certainly be an addition to his list of issues. It was this realization that began to fuel the insatiable thoughts in Damian's mind. If Charlie wasn't found in the store or in the time span of a few hours, a search would be organized. That search would continue for months. There would be a flurry of posters, press conferences and ribbons. Volunteers would come out of the woodwork like cockroaches to try and find a shoe in a field. There would be those ridiculous candlelight prayer circles

where someone's jacket or hair always caught on fire, forcing the whole thing to end in a speech from the fire chief about the importance of candle safety. The next months seemed filled with nothing but tissues and torture if Charlie wasn't found because people would expect certain things out of a lost boy's father, and Damian wondered if he would be able to summon the anticipated emotions on cue. The only comfort was that eventually it would all have to end, even if Charlie was not found.

People gave up and forgot things, like what's her face who disappeared six months ago in Alabama. Damian couldn't remember her name, but she was never found. Suddenly, one singular thought made Damian's stomach heave to where he almost made a move for the trashcan by the door: he was somewhat relieved Charlie might be gone and forgotten. He didn't like the idea that his son might have been abducted by a local, now lighted, predator, but what if Charlie was just taken by a nice, partially insane, grieving mother. He was not enthusiastic about Charlie being in any pain, so Damian tried not to dwell on the particulars of his sudden absence. Damian entertained the thoughts of a certain pleasure in the role of father of a lost child. This could change his whole life.

He wouldn't have to go back to work. He would be busy appearing on television and running the foundation named after his son; he would be lobbying for harsher laws for kidnappers and writing a memoir. He was intoxicated with joy at not having to go to that place anymore. He might return to collect a few things and to watch the women whimper over him. He could probably even get out of buying girl scout cookies this year.

"Excuse me, sir," the policeman interrupted Damian's thoughts. "What about the boy's mother? Could Charlie's mother have taken him?"

"No," Damian answered quickly. "Not in a million years would she ever have taken him. She's always in bed by eleven. I mean, she knows she's heinous unless she gets

her eight hours."

"Okay, then," the policeman accepted.

The thought of Kimberly made Damian realize something else: he could have sex again and not the stifled, towel-taped-to-the-door-crack sex either. Damian wouldn't have to worry about Charlie discovering some half-naked, surgically enhanced woman in his bed. He also didn't have to silence any type of exclamation as if he was still sixteen and doing it in the back of the auditorium during study hall. Damian could have full force, violent sex if he wanted. He hadn't had that kind of sex in years or ever if he was honest, but he knew that kind of thing existed. The point was that he could have it if he wanted now.

Damian wondered what kind of women he would attract in his condition. He hoped all the sad-faced women would eventually scatter when he revealed that Charlie's disappearance had left him wounded, unable to ever desire children again or even a meaningful relationship. This allowed him to be fully available for women who had tattoos and suggestive names like Candy or Essence. Damian would certainly not allow himself to become lazy as he did when it came to Kimberly. Damian understood that what he was thinking could be considered heartless, but it wasn't as if he had tried to lose his son in a supermarket. He couldn't help it if he was an emotionally bankrupt individual, and Charlie did not need to be raised by someone like that anyway. A child would be better off raised by someone who wanted him, someone who would risk time in a maximum security prison to have him. Damian was glad he had the mental dexterity to realize all this without the cloudiness of emotion that often turned logical people into full blown shit-for-brains.

Damian's train of thought was completely derailed by a disturbance on aisle four. He rose from his bench and moved in that direction where a swarm of people seemed to have gathered. There was a sudden command for the crowd to part, and when it did, Damian recognized Steven, the

supermarket security wonder, carrying his son. Charlie appeared to be half-asleep and content to be at the center of the gathering of searchers.

"Sir, we found him," Steven called through the crowd as if Charlie was the Christ child who went missing from the manager. As Steven maneuvered through the aisle and towards the register, Damian allowed something inside him to break. All the thoughts and plans of the past hour evaporated, and his face must have shown extreme disappointment, which thankfully is often mistaken for its cousin emotion of relief.

Steven managed to get to Damian and handed the little boy to his father. Charlie rested his head on Damian's shoulder as Steven continued to prattle.

"He was hiding on the diaper aisle. He must have crawled back behind the big containers of diapers and fallen asleep. Thank God I thought to check there. I mean, I know tons of kids who do that kind of thing..."

Steven's babbling, the chuckling of the small collection of police officers and the other random individuals who stood around smiling like a sitcom family from the eighties all made Damian feel incredibly sad. Moisture began to form around the corners of his eyes, and he allowed himself to silently weep as the crowd watched. He cried because now he had to probably pay for his groceries, he would have to go back to work the next day, and his life was not changed. Damian cried for Charlie who was asleep in his arms, for Kimberly who had left him alone, but mostly for himself and what he now had lost.

April

I always remember April
when the rain's sleek touch
mingled with the wind's breath.
Yet I struggle to place the pieces:
did we remove our shoes and tip toe
across the bayou's grassy shore first
or sprint through sun-warmed puddles,
muddy ankles smacking our backsides?
How long did I nap on your stomach
in the sycamore's slowly dying shade?
Was it sunrise or dusk when we nudged
roly-polies in the palms of our hands?
I do recall April's end followed
quickly by the scorch of summer
and winter's sharp sleet and piercing cold.
We abandoned the bayou, the puddles, the tree,
forced to retreat to separate homes.
The silent cold concealed the paths to our doors,
the smell of spring still stuck to our skin.

Avalon Street

Father, you are the baby, awkward in your father's arms,
wearing a crocheted sweater and hat that covers your ears,
seeing no one, staring out past that small neighborhood
and into what you'll become—shift worker
at the same refinery that took your father's lung.
But you are not looking at the house behind you
that you later will drive us by in the car and say,
Damn house it was white but now it's fucking red

Uncle Deuce, you are seven years old, standing in front,
your mouth open as if you are going to say something
but the camera's shutter interrupts you forever.
You're holding a football and wearing a shamrock sweater
from your Catholic school where you try to become an altar
boy
but fail and then a priest but fail again
and instead become little more than a slanted signature
in an empty birthday card at the bottom of the stack.

Aunt Denise, you are the toddler rooted
several feet apart from the rest of the family
with your tongue escaping out of your mouth
and wearing a jacket that's open and sliding off your
shoulders.

Your dark eyes and a darker look in them seem to know
you will grow beyond that coat and into five husbands
and eventually become a mass of fat and shame
who always comes late or never comes at all.

Nonna, you pose in the middle
between your distant daughter and the man you will marry
believing as you did your whole life that you are Sophia
Loren.

You are the only one smiling, the one who wants this,
the one who understands her greatest joy

will be a blind poodle named Francoise
who will drag himself across the wall to your bed.

And, Papi, you stand in your open flannel shirt
having just come off another graveyard shift.
You hold my father in one hand and a beer can in the other.
You wait to sip and smoke and end up in a hospital,
red cells still raging and kicking up your gown
for every nurse that comes into the room,
waiting for your youngest son to go buy a coke
before you light a cigarette and finally fall asleep.

Final Poem

I have absolutely nothing to say,
nothing to write that hasn't already been written
by more skillful men with pens or typewriters.
I hold in my useless hand only one card—
a spiced-up version of my genealogy—
abusive Catholic father,
war-torn dying grandfather,
barefoot ugly mother—
all my own creations and still stale.
Because the world is an acorn
that has been called umber, caramel, russet
when really it's just brown.
I've stripped off my clothes,
showed my freckles and scars,
practiced word economics,
counted out my life in lines,
and proven I can write in rhyme.
None of it made for good poetry.

Smoking Lesson

My dad smoked his cigarettes
sitting in his barricaded bathtub.
He concentrated on his chain of smoke,
concerned with the click of his cheap lighter.
After the first he hummed *Hotel California*;
my mother's fist abused the door.
Soon she started screaming for me.
My dad raised his singed finger,
tapped his curled lips and winked.
He passed me every last puff
to test and toss into the toilet.
He helped me out of the tub.
I helped him wash the stain of sin
away with the ashes down the drain.

RACHEL KLAUSS

Elizabeth Bishop's Art of Mastery in "One Art"

As a poet, Elizabeth Bishop demands respect. Pulitzer Prize winner in 1956, National Book Award recipient, poetry consultant for the Library of Congress from 1949 until 1950—these honors leave one in no doubt of her poetic ability. However, it is the poetry of this accomplished poet that truly reflects the diffident, fastidious person and her life. Bishop's life was somehow, as inscribed on her tombstone, "awful but cheerful." Orphaned by the age of five, wandering from one relative's house to another, her childhood was bereft of a stable family environment. As an adult, she suffered from asthma, depression, and alcoholism and endured numerous losses of things familiar. She traveled often, probably in response to an unconscious desire to find a home, and told herself "to be good, to work harder, not to worry about what other people thought, never to try to publish anything until I thought I'd done my best with it" (qtd. in Millier, "Elizabeth Bishop" par. 7). However, in the many ways her life was wanting, her poetry is rich with detail, images, and emotion. It is the one thing over which she could exercise complete control and demand absolute perfection. It is this same commitment to exactness that endears her to many readers.

With this foremost attribute of Bishop in mind, it comes as no surprise that a publication of her imperfect and fragmentary poetry would spark controversy. This controversy revolves around Bishop's "newest" book of poetry, Edgar Allan Poe and the Juke-Box: Uncollected Poems, Drafts, and Fragments, with two titans of America's poetic community butting heads. In defense of the book's publication is its editor, Alice Quinn, arguably the country's most prominent editor of poetry. She claims that the book serves as an opportunity to gain "pleasure and understanding...in

knowing what was on her mind during those years and in discovering new phrasing of hers, new avenues into her vision" (Quinn par. 17). In opposition to Quinn stands Helen Vendler, arguably the country's most prominent critic of poetry, and in her caustic review, she describes the book as a "betrayal of Elizabeth Bishop as a poet" with its imperfect and fragmentary poetry (34). Both sides make creditable arguments, and judgment is left for the reader to cast. However, in this tome of incomplete, fragmentary poems are the numbered drafts of Bishop's "One Art." This poem, as Brett Millier notes in her article, is intrinsically an elegy and possibly the best modern example of a villanelle ("Elusive" 122). Its drafting required only three months and is composed of nine typed drafts and seven holographs. In the sixteen drafts, numbered according to the Vassar College Library, Bishop carefully perfects the poem to illustrate specific images of her imperfect past. In its genesis and final publication, Elizabeth Bishop's "One Art" reveals her mastery of both poetic perfection and lamentable loss.

In Bishop's first draft of "One Art," it is apparent that the poem has no likeness to its final villanelle structure but, instead, reads as rhythmic notes and ideas. The typed draft has various, tentative names: "How to Lose Things," "The Gift of Losing Things," and finally, "The Art of Losing Things." To introduce the poem, Bishop begins, not with losing, but with mislaying. This mislaying is slightly incongruous with the tentative titles. When an object is lost, there is the complete deprivation of the object with little hope of its retrieval. Mislaying objects, such as keys, reading glasses, or pens, implies the erroneous placement and possible recovery of these objects. However, Bishop notes in the first draft that "this is by way of introduction." She considers herself "fantastic lly [*sic*] good at losing things" and thinks that "everyone shd. profit from my experiences." In order to validate her claim, she must demonstrate her ability:

You may find it hard to believe, but I have actually
lost, I meant lost, and forever, two whole houses,

one a very big one. A third house, also big, is maybe it's lost, too. I won't know for sure for some time.

Her losses continue to expand on a geographical scale; she loses a "peninsula and one island... / a small-sized town... / a splendid beach, and a good-sized bay.... / Two whole cities... / A piece of one continent - / and one entire continent." In the end, she loses "the whole damned thing!" She makes a Biblical allusion in a quote from Matthew, "He who loseth his life," but she cannot truly pursue this as an example of loss as it concludes with "shall save it" (Holy Bible: King James Version, Matt. 10:39). Instead, she shifts from losing life to losing love and addresses the loss of an "exceptionally / beautiful or dazzlingly intelligent person" with fine hands and blue eyes. This is the final loss that can "neever [*sic*], no never never never again" be recovered. This draft is certainly unrecognizable as a villanelle in both structure and rhyme scheme, but Millier notes that "in the margins of this typed draft are notations about possible rhymes for the villanelle," and the catalog serves "to set the terms for working into the form" which is more apparent in the following drafts ("Elusive" 124).

In the ensuing handwritten drafts, Bishop is more attentive to working her ideas from the first draft into the rhyme scheme and structure of a villanelle, though her messy scroll is almost illegible. In the second draft, she opens with those iconic words, "The art of losing isn't hard to master," and discards the introduction by mislaying. She seems to have finalized the use of "master" and "disaster" as the rhyming "refrains" and rarely departs from them in the subsequent drafts, though there still can be seen the alternate rhyme schemes jotted in the margins. In these initial drafts, Bishop focuses mainly on the three-line stanzas. She develops and edits the five tercets more closely than the final stanza, for which she only scribbles vague notes. She fervently works their rhyme schemes and whittles "the catalog of losses into a discreet and resonant form" (Millier,

"Elusive" 125). In the fifth draft, which mainly appears as end rhymes, Bishop returns more attentively to the final stanza. Here, she dutifully repeats the refrain, but the quatrain still remains underdeveloped: "The art of losing's not so hard to master / But won't help in think of that disaster / No—I am lying—." The "lying" is, according to Millier, Bishop's "first major change aimed at solving to her... satisfaction the problem of how the experience of losing... could apply in handling this... disastrous loss" ("Elusive" 125). In the following sixth, seventh, and eighth drafts, the final stanza is completely excluded or still remains undeveloped, only occasionally repeating the refrain. These drafts reflect the beginnings of "One Art," but as some time passed between the eighth and ninth drafts, the latter drafts are more complete and approaching the perfection for which Bishop strives.

The remaining drafts nine through sixteen are, to the great relief of the reader, typed. The stanzas are more than mere rhyme schemes, but Bishop cannot find just the exact words to create a perfect finale. This difficulty is understandable for Bishop as, in the final stanza, it is apparent that the greatest loss occurs; here she "fears to lose her most precious possession, her lover" (Vendler 36). In draft nine, she incorporates her love of spontaneity with "(Say it: disaster)." Millier draws on this spontaneity in her article "Elusive Mastery: The Drafts of Elizabeth Bishop's 'One Art.'" Bishop's spontaneity shows her fondness for self-interruption or self-revision. It also accommodates the overwhelming emotion in the poem (125). By commanding herself to say "disaster," Bishop allows for an emotional purging, and this catharsis creates a more real, more poignant sense of loss. The tenth draft vacillates between the imperative "Say it" and "Write it," and Bishop justly decides to use "Write it" in the eleventh draft. She decides whether or not to italicize the command, which, in the final publication, becomes "*Write it*" (19). The remaining drafts reveal the minor corrections Bishop makes to the tercets and her continued struggle with

the quatrain. The quatrain, with its deeply personal and emotional weight, must perfectly align with Bishop's poetic standards and with its final, disastrous loss of "you." Bishop adds the loss of the "gesture" in the twelfth draft and the "funny voice" in the thirteenth draft, which becomes the "joking voice" in the fourteenth draft. These qualities remain in the poem's final publication and heighten the loss of this loved one over the loss of a continent and cities. In these revisions of the final stanza is "the idea that this apparent disaster does not mean that losing can't after all be mastered, even though when Bishop sat down to write the poem the first time, it must have seemed that it did" (Millier, "Elusive" 126). In the final draft, Bishop's polished style is just as evident as the fact that "the art of losing's not too hard to master" (18).

The final, published "One Art" is not a perfect villanelle, but more importantly, it is a perfect poem. Bishop conceived the poem in this form from its beginning and "the play of 'twos' within it...suggests that the two-rhyme villanelle is a form appropriate to the content" (Millier, *Elizabeth Bishop: Life and Memory of It* 508). In addition, the villanelle is a repetitive form. With this repetition, Bishop exercises her poetic abilities and demonstrates control, a control which she was not completely capable of exercising over her life. In its constant refrain, "One Art" stresses the recurrent losses of Bishop. She proves her qualification to write of loss by cataloging them. She begins with small, ordinary things: door keys and an hour. The reader can empathize with losing these two common things as most people have lost them at some point in their lives. However, for Bishop, they hold great personal meaning, especially the door keys. As mentioned before, Bishop's life lacked a stable, constant home, with the one exception of her sixteen-year relationship with Lota de Macedo Soares in Brazil. After her mother's institutionalization, Bishop moved from one relative's house to another; she constantly "lost door keys" and was forced to "accept the fluster" at their loss (5). These lost keys also

reflect the loss of her past. Her father, William Thomas Bishop, died when she was only eight months old. His death deeply affected Gertrude, her mother, who was in and out of hospitals until she was permanently committed into a mental institution in 1916. Bishop was just five years old. In "One Art," relics of this empty past of unopened doors echo poignantly. However, Bishop is just beginning. After losing places and names, she loses her mother's watch, which is a compound example of loss. It is a definite echo of her lack of maternal love, but also reflects the repeated losses of her mother. Each of her mother's lapses into insanity must have marked a loss for Bishop. She writes of these repeated losses of her mother in her prose memoir "In the Village": "First, she had come home, with her child. Then she had gone away again, alone, and left the child. Then she had come home. Then she had gone away again" (252). Each "gone away again" marks a loss; her mother's final diagnosis marks a loss; and finally, her actual death marks a loss. The heirloom, a watch, also reflects Bishop's loss of time, especially with her previous mention of "the hour badly spent" (5), and with it, Bishop can easily recall memories of her peripatetic childhood and the badly spent hours traveling from house to house. These examples—the keys, the hour, the watch—all reflect the losses experienced in Bishop's childhood. Unfortunately, the tremendous losses continue to grow in Bishop's life and in "One Art."

As the poem progresses, the losses become larger and more personal. She tells of how the "last, or / next-to-last, of three loved houses went" (10-11). According to Millier, the lost houses Bishop is referring to are her houses in Key West, Petrópolis, and Ouro Preto ("Elusive" 128). Expanding from houses she says, "I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster, / some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent. / I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster" (13-15). Bishop demonstrates how she continually loses on an ever-enlarging scale. It is evident that she unwillingly practices "losing farther, losing faster," encompassing both space and time (7).

The losses in these lines refer to the time in her life when she quickly lost a great deal. In 1951, Bishop visited with Lota in Brazil. After Bishop's recovery from an allergic reaction to a cashew fruit, Lota invited Bishop to stay with her, an invitation which she accepted. Over the years, the two friends grew very affectionate of one another, and their relationship lasted for sixteen years until Lota's suicide in 1967, which had a disastrous effect on Bishop. She injured herself after a drinking binge, was rejected by Lota's friends and family, and eventually ostracized herself from Brazil. Here is the loss of one of the "two cities" and "a continent" (13-14) when Bishop lost the "city of Rio de Janeiro and the whole South American continent" after Lota's suicide (Millier, "Elusive" 127). The final stanza holds the loss of a mysterious "you." It refers to a general "joking voice" and a "gesture," which could have applied to many of Bishop's loved ones (16). However, in the previous perusal of the drafts, Bishop mentions a person with fine hands, blue eyes, exceptionally intelligent, and dazzlingly beautiful. At the time when Bishop was writing "One Art" in 1975, she had feared that she had "lost her dearest friend and lover, she of blue eyes and fine hands" (Millier, "Elusive" 127). These specific details accurately reveal the person to be Alice Methfessel, Bishop's companion and lover of the last eight years. In the final stanza, Bishop demonstrates control of tone and loss. For her, "the art of losing's not too hard to master" in two ways (18). First, her numerous losses have made her a master at losing. Second, because she does not allow these losses to make a disaster of her life, she is a master over losing. In her italicized command "*Write it*," Bishop does just that—writes her life as though it looks like a disaster but, instead, she masters it (19).

In "One Art," Bishop displays her miraculous abilities as a poet and as a person. She constructs "One Art" out of her life experiences, choosing the rhythmic villanelle to communicate the recurring losses of her life. The poem's tone is controlled, but the emotion threatens to overwhelm

until the release from a simple command to write, which purges this expanding emotion. Furthermore, it is a poem that embodies all of the qualities she admired in poetry—spontaneity, accuracy, and mystery. It contains the spontaneity of her mind in action with the command of "*Write it*" and is a painfully accurate catalog of the many losses in her life (19). Finally, the mysterious "you" with a joking voice and a special gesture can be one of many loved ones Bishop is reluctant to lose. Only in an examination of the drafts of "One Art" is one of the possible identities of this person revealed to be Alice, but other possibilities remain. In its villanelle form, it repeats not only the terrible losses Bishop endured, but her ability to master them as well. It is in "One Art" that Bishop is capable of complete control and hopes that "By writing the disaster she may right it" (Furlani 157).

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Happily Never After

Hearing the words, "once upon a time," brings back a flood of childhood memories and fantasies. Like many other young girls, I once dreamed of the day my Prince Charming would ride up on his white charger and take me away from the drudgery of everyday life. My favorite fairy tales were *The Little Mermaid*, *Sleeping Beauty* and of course *Cinderella*. Looking back at these stories, I realize that they are more than simple entertainment. By looking at the tales of *Cinderella* and *Sleeping Beauty*, one can find that there more to the stories than simply "happily ever after."

Author Jack Zipes in his book *Breaking the Magic Spell: Radical Theories of Folk & Fairy Tales* suggests that good children's literature should trigger children to think critically and seriously for themselves and should provide hope that they can find the moral to not simply survive, but to live happily with provisions that they invent themselves and enjoy whole-heartedly (231). While these two stories provide many ideas for children to think about and morals for them to discover, they have both been disapproved of by many feminist critics. In the book *Twice Upon a Time* by Elizabeth Wanning Harries, the author points this out by saying,

As the second wave of feminist thinking got under way in the 1970s, many critics fixed on fairy tales as condensed expressions of social expectations for women and as dangerous myths that determined their lives and hopes. The "sleep" of *Sleeping Beauty* or of *Snow White* in her glass coffin, the uncomplaining self-abnegation of *Cinderella*... all these provide the patterns for feminine passivity and martyrdom. The wicked stepmother, witches, and fairies have come to represent the dangers older, powerful women seem to pose in

our culture. (13)

Anne Sexton's version of *Cinderella* gives an interesting perspective on the fairy tale that so many know and love. It has all the classic elements of the story: the evil stepmother and stepsisters, the ball and prince and the famous slipper. However, Sexton chooses a different ending for her version,

Cinderella and the prince lived, they say, happily ever after, like two dolls in a museum case never bothered by diapers of dust, never arguing over the timing of an egg, never telling the same story twice, never getting a middle-aged spread, their darling smiles pasted on for eternity. Regular Bobbsey Twins. That story. (993)

According to Harries, Sexton takes the idea of never-ending bliss and the fantasy of an ever-lasting and unchanging relationship and makes it appear sterile and static (129). Maxine Kumin wrote a poem about Sleeping Beauty comparable to Sexton's *Cinderella*. In Kumin's poem, *The Archaeology of a Marriage*, Sleeping Beauty and the Prince are an aging suburban couple, and Sleeping Beauty makes jam every evening. Harries explains,

"Like her friend Anne Sexton, Kumin focuses on the inability of adult women to break out of earlier patterns, their thralldom to what Sexton calls 'that story.'...Her (Kumin's) sequel is a sad commentary on the persistence of classic fairy tales beyond their classic, misleading 'happily ever after.' (101)

Sexton and Kumin make clear the great deception of the idea of happily ever after; that it doesn't exist. I don't mean to sound pessimistic, merely realistic. Neither of these fairy tales prepares a child for a real-life relationship. They give children, especially young girls, the idea that everything will become perfect when Prince Charming arrives. Many feminist critics argue,

...most popular fairy tales, like "Cinderella" and

"Snow White" and "Sleeping Beauty," had heroines who were passive, apparently dead or sleepwalking, dependant on the arrival of the prince for any animation and for entry into a real life — though a real life that never was given any contours after the obligatory royal wedding. (137)

Cinderella and *Sleeping Beauty* teach children to depend on others to rescue them, whether it is a prince or a fairy godmother.

A major theme of *Cinderella* is sibling rivalry. This theme is easily understood by children with siblings. After the death of her mother, Cinderella's father remarries a woman with two daughters of her own. The relationship between Cinderella and her new step-family is pivotal to the story. As Bruno Bettelheim says, "This is what makes the most immediate impact on the hearer and arouses his empathy. It leads him to identify with the heroine, and sets the stage for all that follows" (253). Therefore, the wickedness of the stepmother and stepsisters helps establish the innocence of and the sympathy for Cinderella. Bettelheim explains, "...what these stepsisters do to Cinderella justifies whatever nasty thoughts one may have about one's siblings: they are so vile that anything one may wish would happen to them is more than justified" (240). Bettelheim further explains that after a child hears *Cinderella*, they no longer need to feel guilty about his or her own angry thoughts. In fact, it helps children realize that as badly as they believe they are being treated by their parents or siblings, it is nothing compared to Cinderella (240).

Sleeping Beauty does not deal with sibling rivalry but, like *Cinderella*, places great emphasis on the evils of jealousy and spite. In this tale, the princess is put under a curse by a spiteful fairy who was not invited to her christening. When Sleeping Beauty is older, she pricks her finger on a spinning wheel, fulfilling the fairy's curse, and falls into an enchanted sleep. She, like Cinderella, has to be rescued from her troubled state by a handsome prince.

It is interesting that in every version of the tale Cinderella does not reveal her identity to the Prince but chooses to flee from him. Iona and Peter Opie point out,

There-after it appears that however much kings or princes are enamoured of Cinderella while she is in her beauteous enchanted state, she cannot be won until - as in many another fairy tale - she has been recognized by her suitor in her mundane, degraded state... She seems to be innately aware... that if she is recognized in her beauteous state she will never escape from her servitude. (158-9)

Perhaps the reasoning for this is to teach the moral that true beauty lies within. Not all versions of Cinderella have ugly stepsisters. Sexton's version has stepsisters that were "pretty enough but with hearts of blackjacks" (991). If the Prince did not accept Cinderella in her everyday state, then the story would not achieve this moral. The Opies make another interesting point by saying:

In the most-loved fairy tales, it will be noticed, noble personages may be brought low by fairy enchantment or by human beastliness, but the lowly are seldom made noble. The established order is not stood on its head. Snow White and Sleeping Beauty are girls of royal birth. Cinderella was tested, and found worthy of her prince. The magic in the tales (if magic is what it is) lies in people and creatures being shown to be what they really are. (14)

The act of the stepsisters cutting off parts of their feet in order to make the slipper fit goes along with this idea. The line from Sexton's *Cinderella* "the blood told as blood will" shows again this concept of inner beauty (992). The blood, or life-force, of the stepsisters reveals what they truly are - deceitful and cruel.

According to Vladimir Propp's *Morphology of the Folktale*, fairy tales follow a similar structure. By comparing

these two stories, one can see the similarities and differences in the structure using Propp's functions of folktales. According to Propp, the first function that the characters undergo is that one of the members of a family absents himself from home (26). In *Cinderella*, this is accomplished with the death of Cinderella's mother. However, in *Sleeping Beauty* this does not occur right away. Instead, another function is fulfilled first - an interdiction is addressed to the hero (26). In *Sleeping Beauty*, this interdiction is that she must not touch a spinning wheel. In *Cinderella*, she is told to be home before midnight. In both stories the interdiction is violated which fulfills Propp's third function (27). The characters complete these functions until finally they reach the last one - the wedding and happily ever after (63).

I used to believe that *Cinderella* and *Sleeping Beauty* were merely entertaining children's fairy tales. I now realize just how deep the undercurrents of these stories delve. By looking closer at these two stories I realize that is more to them than I initially believed. I am sure someday I will read these two tales to my children just as my mother read them to me. However, I will teach them that "happily ever after" isn't always what one expects and the story shouldn't come to an end when Prince Charming arrives.

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NITYA KUMAR

The Detrimental Sacrifice of Priests

Ever since her founding, the Catholic Church has ignored the human frailty of her own leaders. According to Peter Katel, in 1139 the Second Lateran Council made celibacy a mandatory requirement for all priests in the Western Church (57). Many priests voiced their dissatisfaction and anger at this pronouncement, which suddenly voided their marriages. Jane Anderson proclaims that on several occasions this blatant demand was fiercely refused, and at times resulted in the abuse of papal messengers (5). The church persisted in her aims, forcing priests to renounce their marriages and removing those who took part in illicit sexual behavior. However, many rebellious priests remained who maintained their wives and families. Since this occurred during a period of rebirth, known as the Renaissance, new ideas disseminated among Europeans. As a result, Europeans began to question their relationships with the Holy Father and with their fellow human beings. The findings of the New World and those made by scientists, such as Nicolas Copernicus, threatened the superiority of the papacy. Further instability surrounded the church due to financial circumstances, which added pressure on both the priests and the lay people (Anderson 5). In addition, controversy has aroused because the condition that priests be celibate is church law-- not church doctrine-- and consequently can be modified (Katel 57). Generally people believe that priests should be allowed to marry because of the shortage of priests. In general, people believe that priests should not be permitted to partake in marriage because of the commitment imposed by matrimony and the weaknesses which result. Jocelyn Gregoire and Chrissy Jungers declare that in 1990, Eugene A. Marino, the first black archbishop in

America, left his position after the exposure of his affair with a single mother (171). This man marked history by becoming the first colored archbishop. His failure to sustain a celibate lifestyle shows that refusing to allow the clergy to marry is unreasonable, and to make celibacy a mandatory requirement imposes a trying commitment on even the most dedicated priests. Priests should be allowed to marry because they would be better able to counsel families, they would be less likely to leave the priesthood, and they would be less tempted to abuse others.

First of all, if priests were allowed to marry, they would be better able to counsel families. Grenier, a former priest who left the church to marry, proclaims that through marriage, one is able to empathize with those seeking advice for their own relationships (Kates 57). Because Grenier has experienced celibacy, he serves as a reliable source of how marriage can alter one's perspective of family life and commitments with others. Michael W. Johnston and Susan J. Eklund impart that studies show that more unmarried males are ill-balanced emotionally and are more likely to suffer from depression than married males (231). If the priests themselves, being celibate, will experience depression and other types of mental illnesses, they are not in any condition to counsel others. Also, no studies exist which declare single men having an advantage with regard to psychological and societal adaptation (Johnston and Eklund 231). If married men are better equipped to relate psychologically to fellow human beings, and they are better able to relate to society's values, then the married are also better apt to counsel others than single, celibate, priests. The opposition would assert that humans have an innate ability to identify with others. But similar to how only a mother can understand her own child, only a priest who has personally faced the trials of marriage can truly comprehend the hardships involved in relationships.

Moreover, the lack of clergy is another result of priestly celibacy. For example, according to John L. Allen, Jr.,

several bishops reaffirmed the value of celibacy but admitted that the shortage of priests concerned them (8). The bishops also said that the main concern for the church needs to be locating additional pastors (Allen 8). Though these bishops support the church's stand on celibacy, their agreement on the present lack of priests proves that the shortage remains a real crisis for the church. Furthermore, Cathy Lynn Grossman contends that a single priest exists for every 1,493 Catholics (02a). As the number of Catholic believers increases, the demand for priests grows. Because the amount of Catholics today looms larger than ever, a dire need for Catholic priests continues to serve as a problem for the church. Some have offered redistribution as a solution. However, Linda Pieczynski denounces this option because priests, already fatigued with work, would have to move to various churches several times during the month (Grossman 02a). In addition, Paul Stanosz points out that of the few priests entering seminaries, only ten percent meet the high qualification, forcing a few institutions to create pre-theology curriculums to remedy the applicants' limitations (8). Data proves that the academic talent of those wanting to enter the priesthood is waning, with only ten percent of contemporary priests being well-trained, half of mediocre potential, and the other forty percent being unable to complete educational work (Stanosz 8). Many priests, living solitary lives, become lonesome and yearn for company. G. Power and B.J. Fallon contest that nearly twenty percent of priests have left the priesthood due to this need for close friends (230). John Cooney discloses that the short supply of priests has caused many parishes to simply move priests who have committed crimes from one church to another instead of removing them from their leadership positions in the church (5). Also, the formerly mentioned priest by the name of Grenier, who left the Catholic Church, now works as a bishop at a Celtic Christian church that welcomes married priests (Katel 57). As this example pointedly illustrates, many priests leave the Catholic Church due to the celibacy regulation and join other parishes

with less confining requirements, even at the cost of converting from their faith. The opposition would assert that a considerable decrease in the ratio of priests to parishioners is not as severe as opponents would argue. Nonetheless, when the Catholic Church allows priests who have committed abuse to continue in their ministry and also accepts those married ministers who have converted, obviously there exists a genuine need for clergy.

In addition, priests should be allowed to marry because of the numerous scandals of molestation. Philip Jenkins decrees that reports indicate that beginning in 1980, an average of five to six percent of Catholic priests were pedophiles, entailing an estimate of 2,500 to 3,000 sexually abusive clergy (77-78). Sarah McCarthy acknowledges declarations made by Dr. Jay Feierman, a psychiatrist working with priests who have committed sexual abuse (94). Dr. Feierman observes that celibacy contradicts the typical condition of human beings and therefore can result in pedophilia and other crimes (McCarthy 94). As explained by Chuck Colbert, the victims of the sexual abuse, no matter their gender, have had their moral dignity stripped from them (9). These naïve children justifiably felt that they could trust their pastoral leaders, men who above all should be trustworthy. Yet these priests took advantage of these innocent children, vulnerable beings who had no form of defense against the power of the adults. A survey of present lay rectors in the Catholic Church divulges that these rectors view celibacy as the reason for sexual misbehavior by priests, and they also hold that celibacy should be made optional (Gregoire and Jungers 169). Also, many of the statistics regarding the number of boys versus girls who have undergone abuse fail to be accurate. Since American culture has a reputation for using girls as scapegoats, many have refused to testify, thus causing discrepancies (Colbert 9). An even greater catastrophe lies in the church's policies. According to Cathy Lynn Grossman, several Catholic priests condemned for sexual abuse continued their services (7d). Father Sean Fortune partook in

abuse scandals and was not removed from the ministry (Cooney 5). Priests who participated in pedophilia escaped the church's sanction by taking part in a private counsel with a bishop (Cooney 5). When a priest commits a heinous crime like that of molestation, he ceases to serve as God's messenger and becomes a criminal. The church's inability to bring these priests to justice means leaving these child predators in an environment where they may engage in even more immoral activity. Consequently, this results in dilemmas for the church. As Al Neuharth contested, the attempts by the Catholic Church to conceal these scandals threaten the Church itself (15a). The church has sheltered many of the perpetrators of these molestation crimes, and if she continues, it will only result in her disgrace. The opposition would assert that reports exaggerate the number of scandals concerning sexual abuse in the church. However, this cannot be valid because the dioceses have covered-up several of the crimes, and many victims refuse to come forward due to humiliation, thus creating an inconsistency in the number of molestations which have actually occurred; contrary to the opposition, many more in addition to those recorded have suffered as victims of sexual abuse by priests.

Matrimony, a sacrament so exceptional for the laity, should also be enjoyed by priests. The life beyond the sacrosanct ceremony, the sharing of one's commitment with another, forms a necessary element of life for all to enjoy, especially the holy fathers. By denying them this wonderful way of living, the church robs its leaders of the sacred union God has destined for mankind to share with one another. Bishop Dowling of South Africa attests that he is acquainted with several married men who would serve as superb priests, but the celibacy requisite forbids him from ordaining them (Katel 57). The bishop also claims that the number of people supporting marriage for priests continues to grow stronger around the globe (Katel 57). Considering the fact that many priests desert the Catholic Church due to loneliness illustrates man's desire for companionship. Priests should be allowed to marry

because the pressure of celibacy has resulted in too many repercussions for the church, including the lack of understanding of family issues by celibate priests, the sexual abuse scandals, and the decrease in ministers. Cathy Lynn Grossman declares that Pope Paul VI wrote in his 1967 encyclical that the New Testament did not explicitly request celibacy of its ministers (7d). Furthermore, Pope Paul VI avowed that Jesus did not ask celibacy of his disciples, and the pope wondered if contemporary society called for an end to celibacy in the church (Grossman 7d). Popes, successors to the original apostles, waver in their certainty of the need for celibacy. If these models of purity hesitate in requiring celibacy as pivotal to the church's needs, then the time has come for celibacy's end in the Roman Catholic Church.

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MONET MOTIEE

The Literary Mysteries in the Book of Job

Not only seen solely as a biblical book, but also as a carefully crafted narrative, the Book of Job utilizes various literary devices to incite arguments concerning the battle between good and evil within the characters of Job. Although structured simply with a prologue that introduces multiple poetic speeches that are concluded with an epilogue, the composition and style of writing stand out from the other books of the Bible. The origins and author of Job remain a mystery, and thus many different interpretations and variations on meaning have been raised over the years. Without taking many literal understandings from Job, major religions, such as Catholicism and Judaism, view the account with different versions of Job's piety, Satan's wickedness, and God's justice. This tale recounts the story of Job, a virtuous man who "fears God and shuns evil" and who is unknowingly thrown in the middle of a bet between Yahweh and Satan to prove that faith in God is not driven by materialistic incentives (452). Yet the indistinct lines between morality and immorality combined with a vague rationalization behind this wager force the reader to reevaluate who actually abuses Job—God or Satan. Although Satan directly neglects Job by taking away his material possessions and his children, God allows this to happen to the one man whom he considers righteous. The analysis of such rhetorical elements as dramatic irony, conflict, character, dialogue, and unanswered questions in the Book of Job create an ambiguous reading in which the lines of good and evil within the characters are called to question.

First, the Book of Job contains an ideal example of the use of dramatic irony in which Job's righteousness and commitment to God are affirmed. The Book of Job introduces its main character as a moral and guiltless man, yet one wonders whether his loyalty to God is based on the

material wealth he has received or his genuine love for the Father. Chapters one and two establish the wager in which Satan tests God's servant, Job, to see if he will continue to dedicate his life to God if he does not receive the same material wealth. Job, unlike the reader, remains unaware of this, and at various instances throughout the book, his morality and righteousness are questioned by his friends. Robert S. Fyall suggests that since Job is unaware of the guidelines of the wager, he thinks that God is reluctant to reach out to him and help him even though God did set rules for Satan to follow (37). The use of dramatic irony allows the reader to view Job in a different light because Job's reaction to the bet reveals much more about God and man's relationship than would have been revealed if Job knew about the bet. As Gerald Wilson indicates, Job preserves his integrity despite the hardships he suffers from Satan's tests (254). Job does not rebuke God completely but he does begin to believe that God, in a way, has damaged the bond between them by allowing such misfortunes to occur while Job has remained virtuous. The fact that Job is unaware of the bet proves important at the end of the account because once his relationship with God is reaffirmed, Job realizes that God is supreme and compassionate and would never wish hardship on any man, no matter how many sins he has committed.

Furthermore, the conflict between God and Satan not only introduces the dissension between God and Job and between Job and himself but also confirms God's role as the judge and protector of human life. David Daiches contests that Satan questions Job's genuineness by highlighting the fact that since he lives such a fortunate life, virtuous living comes easy to him because he has no reason to turn away from God (40). By asking the question, "Does Job fear God for nought?" Satan confronts God by challenging a man whom He considers pious. The proposition affirms God's omnipotence because He sets guidelines for Satan to follow, yet it also demonstrates a clash of powers in which God represents good and Satan, evil. This conflict between good

and evil plays out vicariously through Job and has many consequences on his emotional and mental state. Job continues in an internal struggle with himself over his previous beliefs of right and wrong because everything he had once believed was right now causes him pain and suffering. Distraught by much affliction, Job remains true to God and does not direct his animosity towards God's integrity, but rather he looks death as an outlet to his discontent life (Daiches 41). Susannah Ticciati affirms that although the heavenly bond between God and Job may have been strained, God never abandons this bond as he never deserts his followers (356). The conflict within Job establishes God's supremacy over Satan; thus it establishes the supremacy of good over evil because, even in the most dismal conditions, Job does not renounce God and turn to Satan.

Additionally, the character of Satan aids in the development of God as a character in Job by conveying Him as commanding rather than reckless. Frieda Clark Hyman states that Satan actually appears in Job not as the embodiment of evil, but rather as one of the Sons of God (221). Because Satan is introduced as the Son of God, and thus a subordinate figure of God, God seems more in control of the situation occurring within Job. In the wager, Satan also asks God to change or conform into a god different from whom Job knows and embraces (Ticciati 355). This request proves the inferiority of Satan because the only way evil can overcome good is by changing or disguising its form. Thus, the gamble made between God and Satan looks less like a gamble of an innocent life and more like means of proving a point that good will always reign over evil.

Also, the dialogue and speeches of Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar contribute to the indefinite nature of the Book of Job by questioning the uprightness of Job's character and, in doing so, revealing the traditional views of God as a strict and judgmental overseer. Cynthia Ozick asserts that the beliefs of Job's friends originate from the conservative orthodox convictions in which one is compensated for each of his

good acts and rebuked for his wrongdoings (19-20). They remain unaware of the heavenly wager made between God and Satan, and they believe that if Job truthfully lives in obedience to God, he cannot possibly be punished because the suffering of the blameless does not exist. Job's friends faultily accuse him of many sins including putting himself before God; rather than console Job, they infuriate him by their passive suggestions that he has done something to anger God. In His second speech to Job, God chastises Job's friends for not speaking the truth about him but rather their distorted visions of the truth. Although Job's friends wrongfully act as judges and mediators of God, Andrew H. Wright suggests that in their well-intentioned advice, they actually help Job identify the blasphemy that he has, in fact, been practicing (27). Wing-Chi Ki divulges that, ultimately, Job repents for his ignorance of God's immeasurable and mystical power (726). As stated multiple times throughout the account, Job lives an honorable life without much hardship, and up until this point, he truly thinks he is untouchable and no wrong can happen to him. He loses sight of God as an omnipotent ruler, and, thus cannot comprehend God's ability to allow anguish to afflict him.

In addition, the speeches of Elihu provide different ideas on the reason behind Job's suffering and the justice of God. Elihu begins his speeches by reprimanding Job's three friends because rather than offer any solution or plan of action in response to job's suffering, they simply tell Job that he has done something wrong. Unlike Job's friends, Elihu does not accept the doctrine that sin must be balanced out by God with punishment and good deeds should be rewarded (Ki 744). Elihu reasons that God, in fact, treats man objectively and not based upon how many credits or faults he has accrued throughout his lifetime. James E. Patrick points out that Elihu is never identified as a friend of Job, but rather he is only referred to as a man (201). Thus, Elihu speaks separated from the orthodox beliefs of Job's friends. His speeches can also be said to symbolize different religious sects which

steer away from traditional convictions but still maintain a skewed vision of God. Although Elihu provides a new understanding on God's ruling, he, too, fails to offer a legitimate explanation to Job's circumstance.

Moreover, within God's divine discourses, a string of unanswered questions prove vital in explaining God's true involvement in the Book of Job. Alan Cooper contests that the main purpose of God's speeches is to excavate and challenge the ignorant beliefs that the characters in Job have demonstrated (240). God lays out these inquiries in response to Job's questions even though He knows that Job is incapable of answering them; yet God continues firing them out at him. God actually does not want Job to answer his questions, but rather He wants to emphasize the lack of understanding that His people have of Him through these rhetorical devices. God's reply to Job's questioning highlights the fact that God's creation is filled with mysteries incomprehensible to man, and Job is commended for being able to recognize these obscurities (Daiches 60). Like many of God's followers, Job's friends believe they understand everything about God and his creations, and it can also be said that before his misfortunes, Job also has believed he knew how God worked. But these series of unanswered questions from both Job and God convey that Job has been humbled and has accepted God as supreme. Samuel A. Meier testifies that even though God responds with even more questions, Job and his friends appear content not being able to respond to God's questions (266). Thus, these unanswered questions also symbolize the lack of full understanding that mankind has, and will ever have, of God and his power. Job conveys pride by questioning God to begin with, but Job ultimately regains acceptance into God's kingdom.

The Book of Job remains a mystery to many people mainly because of the advanced prose and literary techniques utilized. Although many critics may believe they have found the true meaning behind Job, the truth remains that the author wrote it with the intention of being ambiguous because

this vagueness allows for numerous understanding. As relevant through the Book of Job, the Bible is not a book to be taken apart and analyzed piece by piece; it contains many different interpretations, for every individual who reads it brings with him his own personal experiences. Yet this elasticity keeps the Bible, especially the Book of Job, alive and transforming even today.

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DANIELLE HUSBAND

Forget the Smoke

Forget the smoke, each puff's a liar,
distracting billows shade the fire
disguising flickers from the flame.
Tomorrow rises just the same;

each morning passes, you retire
to bed no nearer your desire
than yesterday. Still, nights expire
stealing the chance to win acclaim.

Forget the smoke.

Remember pillars hide desire
before such efforts reach the wire
and sleep slides over. Make a name
while flames still burn and shuck the blame
for empty promise, life for hire.

Forget the smoke.

Haiku on Tuesday Morning

I. "Photosynthesis"

yellow daffodil
stealing sunlight for super
leaning towards gold

II. "Morning"

tiny window sliver
pictures the flourishing oaks
and sprightly squirrels

III. "Red Leaves in a Field"

fallen autumn leaf
flushed from season's nipping breeze
crunching underfoot

IV. "Descent"

leaning blade of grass
ant crawling toward pointed peak
bends back down to earth

V. "Longing for Sunshine"

early morning my
political science class
yawns on forever

Inter-Office Memos

RE: You've Got Male

romance
can be so
overrated. you
need
rough spontaneity
lights on
in the office chair
during your coffee
break.

RE: Sticky

caramel
tastes better
on the skin
sliding down slippery
sweat dappled
legs and stomach
making a salty sweet
lollipop
you can't stop
Licking

Party Dress

she lay
on the carpet
stained fibers
scraping clammy skin
cheeks splotchy and flushed
her purple
printed party dress
ripped open
like someone else's
birthday present
a discarded Barbie
without a Ken
swimming green eyes
fixed like a telescope
on a single crack
in the once
white ceiling
of her heartless bedroom

Train Crossing an Overpass

I watch your graffiti scarred grey boxes chug
Above me, obscure letters printed in red
Along the side, and count the cars you tug

Toward some station. Sitting here, my head
Begins to drift and think about the things
Each laden car might hold inside its bed –

Perhaps some needless item that somehow brings
Us pleasure, fleeting joy, or maybe stuff
We need but can't afford. The stop light swings

And turns to green, but half your cars still puff
Across the bridge. I drive away and strain
My neck to watch you shrink, but soon enough

You're gone. My brain replays your secret chain
Of cargo inside my head – and endless train.

Waffle House

She sits at the counter in a bathrobe and curlers
While half-sober night owls
Stumble through smoke
To order coffee and eggs.

Her eyes avoid me,
Hiding behind plastic frames
Oversized from the eighties
That shrink her red-rimmed eyes.

Scattered quarters
Surrounding her soiled cigarette case
Tell why the juke box blasts
Reba singing about a mother

Searching for a "life out there,
So much she hasn't done,"
Seeming to forget
Everything she has.

I stand frozen like a movie still
As the shell of my mother picks
Ice cubes from her glass of iced tea
And sentences them to die by coffee.

She grinds her last cigarette into ashes,
Picks up her overstuffed weekender,
Then with silent resignation
Follows me to the car.

CHRIS JARMON

Almost There

I was almost there.
So close was I.
I stood on the edge
Of the universe,
And extended a hand to eternity.
I climbed the stairway
To Heaven,
But the stars
Would not let me pass.
I swam in the rivers
Of the human psyche,
But no great puzzle
Did I solve.

But!

I was almost there,
So close was I.
I flirted with greatness,
So jovial was she.
I spoke to wisdom,
He was widely known.
I shook hands with history,
Close was I to
Walking into his home.
I glanced at grace,
Eloquent was her walk.
I saw fame and prestige,
Though they chose not to speak.

But!

I was almost there,
So close was I.
So close was I that
I could feel it

Reverberate through my soul,
Corrupt my mind,
Darken my heart,
Strengthen my ambition,
Harden my conviction
And light a road that has
Too long been dark.
Alas! I only felt it!
I never actually had it!

But!

I was almost there,
So close was I.
So close was I that
I could see it,
I could hear it,
I could smell it,
I could taste it
On the tip of my tongue.
I could feel it and knew it was real.
Yet, through all of this
I could not do
That which I so desired,
I could not OWN it!

But!

I was almost there
So close was I.
I loved it,
I hated it.
It made me weak,
It made me strong.
For too long has it harassed me,
Tormented me, teased me.
My miniscule mind
Would not let me grasp it,
Yet I knew I wanted it.
I am not there now,
That I know for sure.

But!
Soon I will be there
And there will be no turning back
Once I get there. . . .

Elegy Written For A College Campus

Love.

My heart goes out to those
Who lost their lives. Our pain is the same.
You and me, he and she.
We will never forget this day.

Tragic.

What is it that drives man
To such deeds? What needs of
His can we fulfill? How can we reach him?
Why did he not ask for help?

Sorrow.

I feel it each second passing, lasting
For an eternity. It never leaves,
It exudes from me. I remember
What happened, I cannot forget

Fear.

Dear me, can we stop the same act twice?
At any second, any moment, anytime
I could be in the same situation.
Lost time is never found again.

Anger.

Could not this have been prevented?
Over their deaths I lamented,
I do still,
I always will.

Tears.

I cannot stop them,
They flow like rivers
From my eyes. They are born
From my cries. They are all that I have.

Sadness.

Bears down on my heart.
Thirty-two lives have been
Cut short. Should I
Count the one?

Tomorrow.

It will come, that I cannot stop.
But I give up the quest to
Understand, was this ever a part
Of God's plan?

The Silent Snake

As I sit and look out through the window
And think about all the troubles of me
I think of those that have been sent so low
Those who are at a place that I will be.

I feel the chill of winter that I know
And think of new born babies that will be
The night starts to sink in the house and grow
Yet I know that the house has only me.

"I know that you have come to make me go
And you choose to pass your judgment on me
You get me when you know I'm gray and low
The troubles of me, you choose to set free."

So Long

Long have I wished
As I've walked through the streets
That my name would be high
Among those on two feet.

High above the clouds
For all to see
And everywhere I go
People would know me.

Know about my art
Know about what I see
Know about my skill
Know about me.

Be that as it may
I could not say
That my name would float
Among people today.

Long have I wrote
Constantly do I try
But I don't think my name
Will rise till I die.

Talking to the Dead

Talking to the dead,
Such an absurd thing.
Who from the dead
Back can you bring?

What is gone, is gone
Gone forevermore.
Yet it is that some
Constantly implore.

To speak to the dead
And learn the unknown
Seeing persons who
Have so long been gone.

Are these men deranged?
Or are they sane,
Many normal men
Do it in vain.

But when they do it
Insane we do not say
Because their séance
We call it pray.

A Thief in the Night

Swift, silent, and cold as ice
Dooming anyone who had its mark
Willing to strike at the role of the dice
Undaunting and unchanged by any price
Lover of the day, master of the dark.

Choosing its target with the utmost care
Sometimes those of a ripe young age
It has no distinction of when or where
And entangles its victims in a vicious snare
Wise as a grand old sage.

Vicious, cryptic, and shrouded in mystery
Defeated by none and aided by time
Not one understands its history
It quickly fades into our memory
And we forget it's eternally in its prime.

To Death

To death, to death
Bring forth your sons,
We shall not stop
Until victory is won.

Off to battle they go
I'll watch while you weep.
I'll send them to war
In the night while you sleep.

More money, more land
Shall all come to me
And if your sons die
Its for their country.

Across the vast seas
Your sons must go,
Sorry they must die
For one they hardly know.

So will you send them
To death, to death.
Bring forth your sons.
I'll handle the rest.

The Undefeatable

An eon since
The unofficial king
Silently waiting
For someone to ring.

It sits and waits
And watches all pass
Knowing every action
From the first to the last.

In all its long years
It has yet to lose a battle
And no weapon of man
Can cause it to rattle.

I dare say,
More complex than the mind
The benevolent enemy
What we call time.

KELLY LEGER

Dead Beat Dad

Another monotonous walk,
To the end of the driveway,
Twelve more steps.
I greet my metal friend,
Who just gives me the same jaw gaping stare.
Only this day he has little more to say . . .
From the fifteen years until this morning,
We met each other with few words spoken.
But today is different,
You surprise me my friend,
With steadfast fingers I reach inside
To find a single letter,
With words that once bled through.
My heart flips a beat.
Instead of words of love,
A child support check, long overdue,
And eighty thousand left in IOU's.

Victoria's Secret Magazine

Faithfully you've come today,
Hidden in between the sales
Of steaks and frozen dinners.
Looking for him again,
Always hoping to get around me,
Sneaking into my home.

You address him personally
Victoria. Pages full
Of bare breasts and naked thighs.
What secrets do you hide?
He's hardly old enough
To drive, too young to vote.

I know your kind, always
Tempting the little boys.
There will be others like you,
Your mailing list friends.
Tomorrow you might find him,
But today he's still mine.

AMANDA POOLER

In Response to Snide Remarks

I tip my hat to Mister C.
for making such a fateful twist
with periods and their effects
on womankind. Snicker if you must
over our predicament, but sir
I have to know what price you pay
for betraying Eden's innocence?
What punishment outranks
being sucker-punched by God some
seven days from every month?
What is worse than the ups and downs
we ride and cravings that we suffer?
We endure this indignity
for forty years or more so
mankind survives. And what, good sir,
do you provide but little swimmers
that number in the millions since
most fail to pass the starting gate
or die along the way.
And if by chance they hit their mark
who houses this new life at risk
to her own? Though some men sport those
rounded bellies none cradle other life—
just their own. Perhaps one day
not so far ahead, as evolution tinkers on
parthenogenesis will move
from myth to fact and mankind
will turn to womankind.

Major-Minor Key

Fingers drum the box and run along the strings,
"You're mine now, friend," I whisper, "sing to me."
Strumming chords to see what memories they bring.

In the corner nestled among other things,
you gather dust until I pull you free.
Fingers drum the box and run along the strings

hoping for a sound of music—anything,
I bring your rosewood down across my knee,
strumming chords to see what memories they bring.

Old friend to her that's gone away, nothing
will be the same again. I won't see
fingers drum the box and run along the strings

and you won't feel that soft caress running
down your slender neck. Instead, it'll be me
strumming chords to see what memories they bring.

In time I know I'll finish mourning
and you, my friend, will bring happy memories.
Fingers drum the box and run along the strings,
Strumming chords to see what memories they bring.

The Pantoum of Doom

The air is thick, hot and heavy—
deafening silence reigns supreme.
Memories rush through the broken levee—
Dashing any hopes that this is a dream.

Deafening silence reigns supreme,
as the hum of civilization dies.
Dashing any hopes that this is a dream,
one by one I lose the ties—

as the hum of civilization dies.
Compounded by my inability to sleep—
one by one I lose the ties
on sanity as darkness begins to creep—

compounded by my inability to sleep.
Little can be done as I tighten my grasp
on sanity as darkness begins to creep
like a loving and insidious asp.

Little can be done and I tighten my grasp
on what is real—or so I believe.
Like a loving and insidious asp
my mind—traitor!—conspires to deceive

on what is real—or so I believe.
Am I here or am I there?
My mind—traitor—conspires to deceive
my sense of self, hoping for despair.

Am I here or am I there?
Memories rush through the broken levee,
my sense of self, hoping for despair—
and the air is thick, hot and heavy.

What Are You to Me?

What are you to me—
is what I've put on trial.
Can you make me see?

Romeo come on bended knee
with roses and a poison vial?
What are you to me—

a prince without his charm
an off-white steed, artful guile.
Can you make me see

the man within the beast? What harm
will you bring? Slippery and vile—
what are you to me?

Slayer, rescuer, courting knight
are roles you keep on file.
Can you make me see

beyond your shadowed light—
or are you in denial
of what are you to me;
can you make me see?

RANDY VALCIN

For the Shield of Your Souls, Think I am Edgar Poe

Closet be wise and stay closed,
for I just found myself,
or I just lost myself!

For the Shield of your souls,
Think I am Edgar Poe,
Captor of the haggard raven!

Scatter Gun be wise and unload,
For I just found myself,
Or I just lost myself!

For the Shield of your souls,
Think I am Edgar Poe,
Teller of the tale of the heart!

Dog of death be wise and stay chained,
For I just found myself,
Or I just lost myself!

For the Shield of your souls,
Think I am Edgar Poe,
Gong for the bellow of the bells!

Gemini twin of dark, be wise and go pale,
For I just found myself,
Or I just lost myself!

Indifferent Universe

We all have the notion to think our struggles matter,
But the universe known by me is indifferent.
It is indifferent to the our struggle,
Any struggle for that matter.

The heroes in our books are all dead,
Their skin, if not rotted off and torn,
If not eaten raw by the masses of worms,
Can be dug, all to resemble the bog men.

This life is the trough and the crest,
The tragedy and the pleasure.
And we are all trapped and floating,
Like an unborn fetus in a jar.

Judge Johns

All rise for the thwarted Judge Johns,
with his balding head, peppered with hairs.
"Do not lean on the bench, you pawns."
It is his choice, who receives the iron pairs.

Approach the bench to see a body
in disgust and abilities of age.
Judge Johns practices his hobby,
for the sake, and the Book's page.

His respectful throne bogged down by the day,
along with his Faith to justly discern.
He sees the same destitute faces a certain way,
to forget them when the court is adjourned.

Will you drudge back to your office,
and get the oxygen tank you left behind.
Was it all worth your mind as a sacrifice,
to make some laws more refined?

Men with Words

It is quite funny to hear my father on the phone with his
father,

Grandpa.

He talks to him with that familiar
Vol-un-tary Sub-mis-sion

His voice trembles out questions he already answered,
In his mind.

All to appear needy of the needed.
Has my father still not become a man?

Assertive

an assertive man.

Or is it that even men fall back
for words?

CHRIS VILLAFANO

The Battles of Glutton

She promised herself it was the last time.
That reckless lie became routine to her.
But archives of lust turned into a crime.
The price of this indulgence was too high.

She never could stop the hunger within.
Instead of slumber, she began her binge.
Seeing the mirror, she couldn't pretend,
Groping every ounce on her body made her cringe.

She vowed to divorce herself from this beast.
Being no longer consumed by her desire.
She scorned by temptation to have a feast,
Her craving burned inside like a fanned fire.

Tender Soles

At a younger age I rode my scooter,
traveling up and down the narrow road.
Only life's lessons could be my tutor,
a harsh lesson with which I was bestowed.

My tender foot felt a sudden surprise;
unseen to myself were shattered fragments.
Clear as a transparent lens placed in the eyes.
Shards of glass pierced my flesh, leaving their print.

My mom was a caring soul, this I know.
She examined my bare foot, blood and all.
Her needle, which she also used to sew,
inched its way inside causing me to bawl.

She held my legs down while I twitched and turned.
When all was done, what remained was a hole,
wiping away tears, a lesson I had learned.
To this day, that hole is still on my sole.

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PULSE Guidelines

Pulse is a student publication intended to exhibit the work of student writers. It is distributed after each spring semester. Entries are judged by a panel of faculty members, and cash prizes are awarded for work in each category. All submissions are subject to editorial discretion.

Rules for submissions:

1. Entries should be typed in **Times Roman 12** point font. Short fiction and essays should be double spaced and should not exceed 3,000 words. The judging is anonymous, so the author's name should not appear on any entry.
2. Contributors should include four copies of each item, a disk or cd that contains all items in MS Word or PC-compatible format, not Mac, and a completed submission form. Clear photo copies are acceptable. **ENTRIES WILL NOT BE RETURNED**, so keep a copy of all work.
3. Each author may submit as many as ten pieces of work, and they may be any combination of items. One submission form should be used for all entries by a single author. Forms are available in the Maes Liberal Arts Building in offices 04 and 08.
4. Entries can be submitted to Maes 04 or the *Pulse* mailbox, both located in the Maes Liberal Arts Building.

POETRY SHORT FICTION ESSAYS

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TRANSLATIONS

PULSE Submission Form

Use only one form for all entries by a single author. Four copies of each item and a disk with all items in MS Word or PC-compatible format must accompany this form.

Name _____
Mailing Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone Number _____
Major _____ Classification _____
SID _____ Email Address _____

Titles and Categories (if submissions are poetry, label each item as form or nonform; fiction; essay; foreign language translation)

Title	Category
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Submit form and entries together to English office 04 or the *Pulse* mailbox, both located in the Maes Liberal Arts Building. No work will be returned.



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