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BRUSZNING

Archives

160

I

Fall, 1971

[V.1, no.2]

BRUSHING

fall '71

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Joan Brewer

Carol Hayden

Frank Jenkins

Carol Lightbourn

Ailsa McKee

Michael Madonick

Marguerite Monroe

Hugo Rizzoli

Cindy Shelton

Donna Stein

Rollins College
Winter Park, Florida



cover and photo by Stephanie Kass

SEPTEMBER TIDE TABLES

I. Sandy Hook-
The fisherman

3AM/1.

Somewhere
Deep in the toes of this jetty
Something
Is making its home.
The warm flood
Of its porch light is rising,
Curling
Its gut dividing, a diamond
Sizing
From the sand.

4AM/2.

Once gutted
The fisherman stops
His cast. He sits landed
On his rock. He watches
Himself fall off
The hook; the remains
Of a fisherman
In the backwash, moving
About on the blades
Of shellfish;
Sharing the same log,
Splitting the same creek, confronting
The mouths
Of the same ocean.

5AM/3.

Controversy is
However long
Standing, concerning rivers:
If you live
In the West you are told rivers
Are locked;
That they do not drain
Ever
And that they are fresh.
If you live in the East
You are alone,
Or you fish.

6.

These are the facts of tide(add
Thirty minutes
For the in-
Let) Something
Comes in,
And goes out.

II. Monmouth Beach-
Two sunwatchers

6AM/1.

The sun draws out of the ocean
A pedestal.
The front porch
Is flooded, the lobsters
Of a hurricane
Draining,
Crust by crust
Between the floorboards of this old house,
Not curling, not lighting
In the curl.

7AM/2.

Still
You lean and gently
Draw past yourself, light
Breathing over you
From the yardarm
To the rowboat
And back,
Like the gentle keel of water
Always dividing
Under you.

3.

The only fact is the fact
Of tide.
Something comes in
And something
Goes out (add thirty minutes
For the inlet).

-Hugo Rizzoli

REFLECTIONS ON UNCERTAIN SEASONS

When whiteness brings
 an end to autumn
And leaves the sky grey
 more often than blue.
It relaxes me
 to sit by the fire
 and think
 of
The summer wind in your hair.
And yet I know I was never there
 when the flowering meadows
Opened their arms to you,
 and you accepted.
And now as the wind softly
 sweeps the newly
 fallen
 snow
From the street, with only
 the street lamp to watch
I watch the embers and wait for
 another spring.



Stalge Prince

Treedom

The rhythm of its growing
exploded through the psyche
your/my hand
and the rough cold barkedges
hewn to medium
medium to the psyche
and green to the growing of it
between
it expected less than the infusing
around the rooted
who whispered I love you two.

who whispered I love you two
too
to

It almost craves its raping
your psyche stripping its wet
and warm leaves
and the frost in your savage
bloodroots
tender
burning holes in my soul.

I'll love you more in winter.

Carol Lightbourn

Sibilant
the sigh of a whisper
the hush under the bedclothes
she snuck
into the circle with the strategy of her words
a clawed skitzo's claw
answering only to what he had
long forgotten.

Billiously mending
torn nets in the anchorage
mid the driedfish
and overworked harbor
she wept over small dark faces
streaked
and wept
on her way to know
the sigh
the sighing
of the endless hush
under the bedclothes
sibilant

Carol Lightbourn

Bootlegger 1

Follow my harps
 man
it's a long way home via Japan
where you can be lost in transcendence
where Saturn rules and
 I and the fields
 are long
grass
high
 over your heads
and singing
it's part of it
when there's three of you
only one's ephemeral/anti-physical
 when you're home
and it's a long way
 back.
So follow my harps
it strikes low
like so many
friends.

Carol Lightbourn

I / God 2

Here
beyond shadows
behind the reflection of the light
being
the reflected shadows
of the seeds of the core
choking on the muffled sighs
outside the door way
to the right way
of myself
an ample net embracing
made of your fibers
that I walk through
only pointing you
away.

Carol Lightbourn



Geof Milner

Lepak Laughed

Peter Derby

Father Halloran was a first class moron. It was bad enough that he had to be our professor, but to make matters worse he was a whiskey priest. Now a whiskey priest is a sad type of human being but, sweet Jesus save us, he was a sadist to boot. There was not a soul at Saint Thomas' Seminary who wasn't afraid of Halloran except Lepak. Lepak had no first name. Actually he did but no one ever used it. The only reason why Halloran didn't scare Lepak was because Lepak never was a bad kid. He never smoked in the johns nor did he steal food or make fun of the janitors, or spit out the tower windows or any such base practices. His grades were good too. In fact some people thought he was a saint. He never lost his temper or swore. One thing else, he never laughed. His face was set in a frozen pose of piety. He always had complete control of everything, that is, everything except his tongue. When he was about thirteen he contracted scarlet fever and after the fever broke he was as well as ever, save the fact that from that day forward he stuttered like a madman. Father Doyle says that stutterers don't make good parish priests because their sermons come out funny but this made no difference to Lepak because he was a saint. In short, Lepak was a stuttering saintly kid who bored everyone.

Father Halloran was not a saint. He taught sophomore English. This is a dreary course that started with Great Expectations, and then wound its way through some very impressive but foolish pieces by Cardinal Newman and ended up with two weeks of creative writing. Naturally Lepak did very nicely while the rest of us fell by the wayside. In fact, one day Halloran beat Deasy until blood appeared in the corner of his mouth because Deasy said that a centaur is the head of a

horse and the ass of a man. Deasy was a wise mouth and good kid. Finally the end of the term approached and the class turned its attention to creative writing. Our first writing assignment was a short account of what it must have been like to watch Christ being led to Calvary and his crucifixion. On the day that our pieces were to be read Halloran was in a very bad mood. He was hung over. His white hair, which was usually impeccably neat, was a mess and his eyes recorded the extent of the damage done the night before. On days like this he would be very mean so that no one dropped a pencil, passed notes, or let himself fall asleep. Deasy was the first to read. His was a ridiculous piece entitled The Way of the Cross. Halloran's only comment was a sarcastic "very original, Deasy. Your grade is F." Lepak was next and all were prepared to be bored to tears. His title was Christ died for me. He no sooner got half way through the first sentence when he came to the word "he." The "he" in question was referring to Christ. Halloran was perched on the window sill with a pointer in his hand. A look of violent glee crept into his face. Lepak couldn't help it but he got stuck on that word "he."

"Christ died for me, h-, h-h...he he he he hee he."

He started over.

"Christ died for me, he he he he he."

The "he he's" came out in such a gushing profusion that Lepak appeared to be laughing. Halloran stood up and slowly crossed to Lepak.

"Lepak, the fact that Christ was crucified is not a laughing matter."

"I'm not laughing, Father. I can't help it. I stutter."

Halloran had Lepak cornered and he wouldn't let go until he had conquered him.

"Lepak, it sounds to me that you're laughing, and if I say that you're laughing, then you must be laughing, or do you think that I'm a fool and can't tell if you're laughing or not?"

Tears were beginning to well up into Lepak's eyes. Usually if Halloran made a student cry or if he broke the student visibly then he would back off--but not this time.

"Lepak, answer my question. Are you laughing at Christ, or am I a fool?"

"No, f-f-f-ather, you're no f-f-f-ool, I wa-wa-was l-l-laughing."

"That's right, Lepak, you were laughing at Christ or am I a fool and just imagined it?"

Lepak wiped away the tears and stood up perfectly straight. He almost looked like a man. His eyes were perfectly clear and had a light in them that was never there before. His hands didn't shake and when he answered he looked as if he were quite relieved.

"You are right f-f-f-ather."

Halloran just said something about how he was always right but he didn't appear to be the conqueror anymore. He looked as though he was the vanquished, as if it were he who had just been placed through the ordeal.

Two weeks later school was out for the summer. Father Halloran died quietly in his sleep on August 15th of that year. Lepak left the seminary the following year and has yet to be canonized.

INNOCENCE

How can I hate you,
Standing before me, blood on your hands,
Smiling wide-eyed

How can I hate you,
Bashing the brain beneath your waddle,
Jiggling buttocks

How can I hate you,
Scorching the soul,
With your Mickey Mouse light

How can I tell you
Who killed me without
Killing you

How can I kill you for
Killing me without
Killing myself

How can I hate you
And yet
I would love to hate you

Margaret Small

WALL

The wall
In twilight glimmering
Like shadow-sunlight water,
Becomes—
A part of space
And thought.

To the fourth dimension,
Past a darkened room;
Through the corridors of mind,
Down endless staircase—
In time.

Lost—
Travelling paths
You knew, somehow
Now are myriad.

The colors
Strange and foreign
Have no names;
But remain to be-
Perceived,
To fathom,
Like memory.

eileen craddock

It's About the Way. . .

It's about the way you play up to me
and how you pretend to love,
thrill me with bright eyes
and turn away to turn me off.

It's about the way I saw you today
and the smile that said hello,
the squeeze of your hand
that told me I'd better go.

It's about the way you come to me
telling me all your sorrows
in need of comforting words
then running out on me tomorrow.

It's about the way you fail to comply
to the desires of my weary mind,
the inviting stare in my eyes,
and to our short and fleeting time.

It's about the way you close your doors
turn out the light
pull the shades down tight
then treat me like a man condemned.

I've had it; I'm through.
I've been your route before
And I know the first clue
Of a love that has no core.

Romp round with all the men you know;
Run wild as you do all day;
I've better things to do right now
Than tell you that it's about the way . . .

REVENGE

I am standing beside my rotted pew
About to end the preacher with a knife.
If only there were passages to you
Through the seconds of time and minutes of life.

I am here outside the bewildered church
Lost for words but relieved so much
That the preacher is dead and I'm finally rich
With the inspiration to kill his wife, the bitch.

Dylan Thomas

THE MORNING FOG

Three lines can meet in a corner
And can cast shadows on the floor.
Get out of bed into your shoes
And walk them out the door.

There goes the alarm at 7 o'clock
But you left at six forty-five.

Wake up Mom, Dad and Grandma too
The blaring bell beckons you
Turn off the noise and lock the door
He's gone away for ever more.

Dylan Thomas



Marguerite Monroe

LONDON - OUT OF THE SLUMS

Stop me from falling
into the cracked plaster . . .
the pain of crushed bones,
the hurt of walking up the stairs again
into the stench of moldy darkness.
I must leave the street's cry
and seek the city's jeweled trash cans.
Maybe there the hurt of falling
will not be so bad.

Ailsa McKee

Northern New Jersey has pastel skies and golden floors. You can see it all on the Turnpike from New Brunswick through Elizabeth, the Amboys, Paterson and Jersey City to New York, Hello, hello, Hello.

It's to the city we're spinning, up and off concrete ramps sunward, then around and down through the rattling roaring IRT and off onto 4th Street and Washington Square. And here we're spinning and rattling and roaring with four zillion other long-haired, hip swinging, foot-tapping, teeny boppers, and we bop and buy everything down to a high-sign, one dollar ring in the basement emporiums of Greenwich Village.

But we notice the thin man sits next to us at lunch has beautiful grey eyes that dream, a soft voice, and toughened hands and workmen's clothes. And we dream in Sarozan sad of things we don't know which are long forgotten, and become hot-pastrami soulmates with the man before we run away.

"?" I explain as we step into Macy's and ride gigglingly delightfully on the escalators. So we try on silver dresses--ten at a time. And look for Santa Claus.

We must be hungry, so we ride down, down, down, to the snack bar, where we sit next to a couple speaking Italian. Unobtrusively humming "Voi Che Sapete" breaks no ice. (Perhaps they are resentful about Mozart.) We emerge taking deep breaths of air after the greasy cigars, smoky french fried, and drooling fat ladies whose patterned stockings are falling down...

Reeling vaguely as if we had smoked six packs of Home Runs in two minutes, we realize that the air is filled with millions of tiny black globs. Yet we stumble upon an oasis of good hope...

Gawd, gawd, gawd, gawD--Yehs, the Statlah Hilton has gone downhill. The Ferari parked in the lobby is just too-too. I much prefer my silver cloud. One of the nuns we just passed was beautiful--she went to hear Copo Pozzo and his tin boys in the Coffee lounge. We pass up the experience and breeze affluently into the carpeted ladies' room...Wriggle under the door of the ten-cent john. General distaste as we are labelled as Communists. So we flounce out contemptuously and ask the doah-man to whistle us a cab. Thank-you dahling, tip...slam, pap, and we're off.

Red lights, yellow slick lights, red--the cabby is either mentally retarded or he has adenoids. Stop. Go...we're at 190 3rd Avenue...Thanx, Mac, Tip, giggle.

And there's a big canopy over the sidewalk, a happy hat check girl inside, but no friends. So we buy a big red flower and try again.

Here we are! Agape and hugging, then sitting and memorizing the face of he who everybody forgets. There's the man--two dark beers and two vodka collins. We sing away, "I was strolling down Moonlight Bay." And with his teeth lit up like a pumpkin face, he does his match trick. We laugh and tip our chairs back and sing "East Side West Side." Here we go, with a fat blonde lady giving us a big grin. We hail a taxi with shouts and waves and it's pouring--goodbye, goodbye, we love you!

Click, collapse, hahaha and here we are at Port Authority. And who in the eight million lovely people has not died at sixteen, and will not be buried at sixty?

We waltz and sing along, and most of the people are being kept on ice.

Bus to Raritan Grdns, Brunswick Knolls, Van Dykes Ave., Tallahassee, London, Paris, Rome..."YESSIR, THATS MY BABY" we sing and wave our ridiculous paper flower. He smiled, he loves and is alive, or was alive once and understands. We buy the wonderfully horrible "Esquire"...fifteen year-old bride kept a rabbit hutch for six months, "And by the way..." Here we go.

New Brunswick, Kendall Park, Kingston, we're tired and it's dark flowing past outside. The little room isn't moving, and everyone is sleeping with the lights on and the windows open.

Eugenie LaBranche



Julianne Battaglia



Stephanie Kass

SPECTATOR

The dome of my head contains a world,
Agony, AGONY — quakes compel the brain to fold and crack.
The air *convulses* with pain when it feels the jagged
knife *dig in*.

The pulsating brain *gushes* forth spasms of uncontrollable
confusion.

From all this another thought is born,
Another *trouble* to caress,
Another haunting *shadow* that will not regress,
Another life in *continual* strife,
Another *death* within this recess.

Jerome W. Hall



Julianne Battaglia

RHAPSODY OF LOVE

Or, The Return Of The Son Of Squak Man

How do I love you, let me count my change
And your greenstamp gaze and your Greyhound eyes
And my one-armed bandit that chokes in your thighs
for I can't find the slot and I haven't learned the game

And the laughter of shadows that eclipses my brain
Can't hide the cyclops' bored bloodshot eyes
can't keep me from choking on your cream cherry pie
For I started too thin and you starved me insane

Rage, rage to exhaustion of the light
Flail, flail then yawn and say goodnight
I love you for the foul nausea morning mouth of dirt
For the moaning grunts of gravity that hold me to the earth
I love you for the grace of your carrion ills
I love you and cherish you, I'll die for you still

Frank Jenkins



Geof Milner

Painting of Insanity

Wondering why it happens is impossible. She only knew that all of a sudden, the world was moving too fast, or maybe it was she who was moving too fast. All she really knew was that her mind never fastened on anything anymore. She was running, running all the time, never with any peace, never with any rest. The worst thing was that she couldn't remember why, or when, or how, or who; only that there was no time left.

She didn't know how she got there or why, but she stood in a large art studio. She thought it was the most tranquil place in the world, with vacant white walls, and a glass-paned roof overhead. It made her feel she was in a vacuum, void of all time and space, watching the world go by overhead. Sun streamed in, the light reflected off the walls. In the center of the room, stood a white canvas. Light never touched the canvas, but formed an ethereal transparent crystal encasing it. The canvas mesmerized her. Never in her life had she seen anything so white, so clean, so naked, so perfect, so still.

She came again not knowing why. The canvas was still in the middle of the room, poised with perfect expectation. The canvas hadn't been touched. But the room / she turned / the room was different. Painted on the walls was the rough beginning of a forest. She knew it was a forest / knew in the same way she knew about the room. She stood transfixed in the slow silence, watching the myriads of greens melting and blending with the sky overhead.

The next time she came, the first thing she noticed was the floor. Instead of cold white marble, moss covered with pine needles. Her feet in stillness sank into the spongy material. The trees seemed finished. They were tall and strong and alive. She sat under one and watched the clouds form and unform overhead. In the vacuum she was secure and peaceful. She wanted to take the whole room and embrace it. And in the center, the canvas stood blank and staring.

She didn't know how long it had been since she had last been there, but she knew it had been a long time. The room seemed to welcome her. The white canvas, god of light, drew her near. She touched the burning white. In the corner of the room stood a painted waterfall, cascading downwards, forming a stream. It seemed to call her. She walked over and knelt beside. She put her hand in the icy water. There was no movement in the room; only sound, the water rushing downwards, pounding, the wind whispering to the trees, and birds echoing their secrets, but there was no movement, only immobile sounds.

She knew she had come here on purpose this time. She had been looking for the room for days. The room was the only thing she remembered now. There was something there waiting for her. She could not remember anything that was there or why, only that she had to get to the room. Somehow she managed to find the door and walk in. The room was real, alive. A gentle wind blew the trees and the grass causing a rhythmic ebbing. Within its shrine stood the white canvas. She bowed to the god of perfection and light. Was that why she came? For a moment she was scared. She turned for the door, only to find it no longer there. She was not afraid. She sat down by her god, and in final peacefulness, watched the world go by overhead.

As softly as
 rose petals blow
 from the earth

I will arise . . .
 and make ready
 to leave

I will not turn to see your eyes
 boring into my head
 like a wounded deer.

My hand will no longer bear
 my heart to you

You
 severed the red strings
 that feed my heart . . . blood

Such eyes
 Cruel One?

Susy Wolf



Marguerite Monroe



Stephanie Kass

Gentle is the sun
Which towers awesomely above
Lighting our dark world.

Sun washed sky mourns the death of a cloud
Its life ended with the first breath
Of summer.

Carol Hayden

They Invited Me to Salem

They invited me to Salem
and ambushed my soul.

The coral efflorescence of the fires glow was dim
but I could smell the maze of dead cells in the coals.

I was a stalk stripped to nothing and tied
to a stake that was blue-black from burning.
My throat's stream ran dry
while the stake became a blazing tree yearning

for my body to shimmer with its lighted flame
and die.

But the sucking roar of my heart was not tamed
and my debris of limbs were no longer tied.

I came back, laughing loudly
and my last sparks of life
gathered at the pit of my stomach, aroused
and struggling to be revived.

One more exhausting breath
flared up my heart with the downdraft of air.
I was burned and there was nothing left
but the smell of frizzled-out hair

and the stench of my decrepit limbs
edged into an unwanted blackness,
while the dull iridescence of blazed skin
pulsated as the wind fanned the low fire's ashes.

Marguerite Monroe

A Queen of Tarot

In the relentless turn of the cards I see
The Queen of Cups before me.

I stare at her with the gaze she

casts at her goblet, intricate and curious.

Sitting stately on your throne, the insights you must
see. How deeply I wish you saw us

in your goblet, or that you would offer me wine
from it. Symbol of vision, divinatory sign
of love and happiness, so secretly you shine

of inner light; but surrounded by water
your throne lies apart from me. Dreamer,
painter, deciever; why not a giver?

I cast the cards to know
my future, and Hope that they show
the Knight of Swords with the Queen below.

Sam Crosby

three poems for lorraine

how butterflies love
 i wonder
if i'd still be loving you
 like a statue in the grey people's park
 gaping at myself apart from me
wishing i were the dove
 that could nestle
 anywhere-
i loved you like i would love myself,
 softly
protecting the vestal dreams you shared
 only with tomorrow-
i loved and learned
 learned and lost
the saturdays that were for fucking
 and not loving you like a child

with their wings apart
 you know
the way you loved me
always, from a distance
 implying in a smile
 quite coy and gentle
the mysteries of your
 eyes-
tossing breeze to caution
 bursting yet
 still
living in yesterday-
to tear me from myself
 you escaped
 in tears-
 that i am

how butterflies love / with their wings apart
i wonder / you know
if i'd still be loving you / the way you loved me
like a statue in the grey people's park / always, from a distance
gaping at myself apart from me / implying in a smile
wishing i were the dove / quite coy and gentle
that could nestle / the mysteries of your
anywhere- / eyes-
i loved you like i would love myself, / tossing breeze to caution
softly / bursting yet
protecting the vestal dreams you shared / still
only with tomorrow- / living in yesterday-
i loved and learned / to tear me from myself
learned and lost / you escaped
the saturdays that were for fucking / in tears-
and not loving you like a child / that i am

michael david madonick

mending

i've prayed for inspiration
to say the world and life
are boundless in my fears-
that snow has its certain pitch of blackness
captured by the frost-
but there are only half-words for my thoughts
crippling simplicities
that often take the fractured bird for dead-
the struggle of mending wings-
tell me how
to free arrested flight-
tell me how
to break the dizzy patterns of the crowd
and fly beyond the bounded darkness-
tell me how
the winter turns
and leaves a grey strangeness-
tell me how
there is a mending of my eyes
that see the fearless bounds
-my world, my life-
the inspiration i've prayed for

words by jenny mcnut
poem by mike madonick

