



the **Tau**

*the literary and
visual art journal
of Lourdes University*

2012

Inaugural University edition

Cover Art:
Peacock ~ *by Alexis Lyman*

A large, stylized orange tau symbol (τ) is positioned behind the text. The symbol is composed of a thick, curved line that starts at the top left, curves down and then up to the right, and then curves down and left to the bottom left. The text "theTau" is written in a black, sans-serif font, with "the" in lowercase and "Tau" in uppercase. The "the" is positioned to the left of the "T" and is partially overlaid by the tau symbol. The year "2012" is written in a black, sans-serif font below the "Tau".

*the***Tau**
2012

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Acknowledgements

Our sincere thanks to the following people and organizations whose generous support made publishing this journal possible:

Department of English
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Geoffrey Grubb, Ph.D., Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences
The College of Arts and Sciences
Literati
Orbis Ars
University Relations for Layout and Design

Thank you to the judges who generously gave of their time and made the difficult decisions on the more than 200 submissions.

Kate Beutel, Ph.D.
Noah Roderick, Ph.D.
Susan Shelangoskie, Ph. D.
Jackie Koch, writer, poet, and open mic host

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Lourdes is a Franciscan University that values community as a mainstay of its Mission and Ministry.

Humankind, it seems, has always been on a quest for meaning. Human beings have never been satisfied to simply experience an event. We want to know what an event means for the individual, for one's neighbors, and even for the whole cosmos. We wonder and think systematically about the event (philosophy). We try to find what our experience of God means and how that relates to various happenings in our lives (theology). We record incidents in an attempt to relate them to other events, some past and some contemporary, and offer a suggestion of what our past might mean (history).

From our experience and what we have learned, we create and study language; we express ourselves in stories, poetry (literature), music, dance, sculpture, drawings and paintings (the fine arts). These deeply human products give us access to the experiences and cultures of people we have never met. In the encounter, we find ways to reflect upon our own lives in new ways.

Philosophy, theology, history, language, literature, the fine arts and more, together are called the Humanities. Sometimes their study rewards one with the answer to a question. But, even with questions that seem to have no adequate answer, they help us to understand the questions more deeply along with the mystery of what it means to be human.

This inaugural University edition of the Tau represents a link in the chain of Christian and Franciscan humanism that is anchored in the Bible and expressed in the images and stories Francis of Assisi employed to announce God's peace. May this volume be a source of challenge, inspiration, reflection, amusement, and delight for you, just as it has been for those who created it.

Geoffrey J. Grubb
Dean
The College of Arts & Sciences

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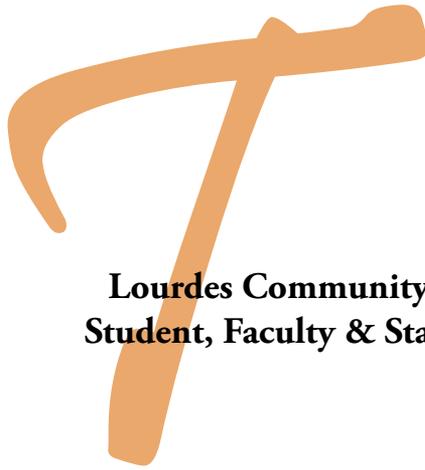
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**Lourdes Community
Student, Faculty & Staff**

**Best Literary Piece in
Lourdes Community awarded to**

Afterlife Ally

by

Andrea Szymkowiak

*Andrea is a Psychology major in her senior year and will be graduating this coming spring. Her plans are to get a graduate degree in law or public administration. She has been writing poetry and lyrics since she was eight years old and finds it a great form of personal expression. She has had several works published including a piece her first year of college at Siena Heights University and works in *The Tau* since then. She hopes to publish a book of her writings in the future.*

Afterlife Ally

By *Andrea Szymkowiak*

“Best in Lourdes Community”

No man present will ever forget
the day the crows eclipsed the sun.
The manifest murder calls to the earth
what’s the bloodshed between brothers worth?

Father, husband, friend all embrace their fatal hour.
The divided unite their fears of the sinister omen,
heavy breathing, pounding hearts, beating wings
The war, the death, the warning crows bring.

On the battlefield fighting for one’s life
luck is often hard to find.
Surviving is the greatest gift
if death must come make it sure and swift.

The lifeless stain the long green grass,
their souls cry to the crows above.
Carry their spirits home rouge raven,
Godspeed jackdaw, Godspeed old friend.

Symbol of superstition,
trickster of trades,
arouse a chant of exhortation,
clever rook, man and maker liaison.
Bearer of black,
harbinger of rain,
Take flight to the cloudless skies,
be the slain man’s afterlife ally.

Grisly nightmares start to come alive,
with menacing weapons and war connoisseurs.
Sweet corvid, sing of how heroes turn the tide.
War is where the brute and gentle collide.

No man present will ever forget
the day the crows eclipsed the sun.
the manifest murder throughout the land,
the grotesque, the glory, the paradox of man.

Mountains and Sea

By Zachery Craig

The vibrant sun baked mountain from which he stands
Offers the comprehension of nature from a panoramic view.
Earth forming the mountain's bosom
Births vivacious cascades and fertile forests
And plunges into the sea, from what he could see.
Rolling tide races into the snarling rocks of the mountain base
Clashing and retreating, only to do it again.
The towering mountain directs the flow of battle for now,
But he knows this will not last forever.
The sea will claim its victory in time,
Just as time has claimed everything else.
Another wave rocks a jaunty warship below.
Its massive sail offers no sense of security.
Though gold conveys ideals of luxury
The eternal ocean yields no sympathy
Nor will the enemy he shall soon face.



A River Runs Through - by *Laura Ott*

Ode to my Feet

By Ruthi Mitchell

For sixty years
they've traipsed through time,
From barefooted grime
to pristine white pumps.
They marched me down
three aisles, kicked out
two husbands and
supported me when I took a stand –
they take no crap from any man.

My feet have –
Hopscotched saddled on the sidewalk
almost hitchhiked to Woodstock
Zipped into boots made for walkin'
they patrolled the streets
in fish-net stockings.
Went to Detroit in '64
Marched in protest against the war
with neither massage nor manicure.

Once these feet
wore four-inch heels
and danced the night away
from Elvis to Beyonce.
But now these dogs bark
at the end of the day.
Big, wide D feet now
Slide into crocs so the
bunions can grow.
Where will they next go?

Only they know.

The Color Wheel Spins Round-and-Round

By Richelle Burkey

Red, like fire

Yellow, like the sun

Blue, like water

Green, like nature

Your color wheel spun round in harmony with mine.

Red was the love you gave without question,
the fire where we greedily warmed ourselves,
over and over.

Yellow, the color of your hair,
the sun that provided cherished warmth on a bone-chilling
winter day.

Blue, the color of your eyes,
the water that caressed all of us in the Caribbean.

Green, the color of envy,
the nature of what sucked you into his web of deceit.

Clear, the transparency of one's soul.

White, the wedding day dress.

Pink, the newborn baby's skin.

Black, the death.

Though it seemed sudden, it was actually over time your colors melted.

Clear, your soul at one time,
the transparency before deceit, you could not ignore.

White, the wedding dress color you wore,
while making the vows,
you broke.

Pink, your baby boy, now a man,
who loves you beyond measure,
through your religious beliefs you unselfishly,
gave him life.

Black, the color you have chosen.
Your walls are coal black,
you think, you are covering the holes.

Physically, you are alive,
Soulfully, spiritually, and metaphorically,
you have died.

I treasured and sought your rainbow while seeking the elusive pot of gold,
well beyond these hateful words,
that leave me feeling cold.

You see, I have now chosen black for you too,
falling like endless drips from your rainbow-paintbrush
that is no longer.

I remember last November, when you made it clear,
face-to-face,
don't come near.

With this wall, I thee tread.
Black, like death.
A piece of me died along with the entirety of you.

We Hope

By Jeremy Albrecht

We hope.

We hope
That tomorrow will dawn.

We hope
That tomorrow will dawn
Brighter than today.

We hope
That tomorrow will dawn
Brighter than today,
Which hardly dawned at all.

We live.

We live
In the dark.

We live
In the dark
Roaming like animals.

We live
In the dark
Roaming. Like animals
We wander, lost in darkness.

The Smell of Flowers

By Marcee Lichtenwald

They smell of powder, of lady's perfume, of the month of May after April's rain. They bring joy to the girl who has just received a bouquet from the boy who makes her heart skip a beat. They adorn the lapel of the man adding that "splash" of color to his otherwise vague suit. They offer ornament to a room so plain and ordinary.

As I walk through the dimly lit room full of stale smoke and grim conversation, I smell the aroma of the flowers and wonder why they have a place here. I make my way through the array of people as inflorescence continues to amass in the already crowded space. I consider all of the moments when flowers bring joy as the whispers of lament touch my ears. I look up at the sorrowed faces; grief trickling from their eyes like dew gliding down a rose petal on a cool summer morning. I continue through this room of sorrow and flowers, feeling as though the thorns of roses are penetrating my heart. In the near distance is a life that once was, surrounded by fresh flowers so full of life and aromatic exuberance. I make my way to this corner of the room and reach for the hand now void of being. I close my eyes and inhale the fragrance of these flowers around me. I pause to consider their significance once again and, then, exhale the aroma of grief.



Foggy Morning - *by Michele Ross*

Werewolves

By Ruthi Mitchell

The moon shines down
through the inky night;
its full round face laughs,
poking fun at my fear.
I feel the first tug at dusk.

The pain starts slow
but will soon consume me.

It burns like hellfire,
searing through me,
boiling my blood
and baking my bones.

I wretch in the darkness
and pray for deliverance,
or even death,
but there is no God
of what I am.

The moon controls me,
teases me,
betrays me.

I long for black nights
when the moon is silent.

Crouching low I bite down hard
on my tongue to keep my senses.
The animal force churns in my gut,
battling fiercely with my human soul.
Howling rips my throat and tastes like copper
as the musky scent of wild reaches my nose,
and I know the fight is useless.
The victor is neither human nor animal
but some strange supernatural cocktail.
Just before it claims me, the tiny
sliver that's still human
screams at the laughing moon,

as the cage my body has become
opens up and releases
what is writhing inside.
Then it is over,
and I am
It.

Each time, I think I'd rather die than change.
But I keep on living.
And keep on changing.

“Que sera, sera,” says the moon,
and keeps on laughing,



Brush Fire ~ *by Michele Ross*

Sunshine: A Reflection

By Kaleigh McMackin

“I’m too sexy for my shirt,” I bellowed at the top of my lungs. Cranking up the volume and jumping onto my bed, I began throwing my hands into the air and shaking my rump to the beat. Dizzy from the spinning, it took me a minute to realize my mom was watching me with an amused grin. Catapulting from my bed, I turned off the radio and stood mortified. “If you don’t leave now, you will be late,” she said with a laugh. Walking into Sunshine Children’s Home, I was both anxious and nervous. I had never before worked with mentally disabled people. The second I stepped through the door, I realized the class I had taken in Leaders Training School (LTS) had done me no good. Darby ran down the hall yelling, “Bridget, I got my Coke, I got my Coke!” Bridget, who is in charge of volunteer services, responded enthusiastically, “That’s awesome, Darby!” During this time I had managed to wedge myself between Bridget and the wall. Realizing I was hiding from a person excited over a Coke, I crept forward ashamed. “Hon, mentally disabled people don’t bite. Well, there are a few...” Bridget teased.

Stepping into the gymnasium, I was assigned to be Andrew’s caretaker for the day. Not being able to work with anyone bigger than I, I questioned Bridget when she told me Andrew was fourteen. “Well, isn’t it possible he could overpower me if he felt compelled?” I asked. “Sweetie, you have nothing to worry about. Andrew is confined to a wheelchair and weighs fifty pounds,” Bridget said softly. She also informed me that he was not able to speak or interact with people. Now how was I going to entertain a boy for hours that I couldn’t even communicate with? Receding to another corner, I nervously awaited Andrew’s arrival. Seeing Andrew for the first time brought tears to my eyes. His fragile body sat lifeless in his customized wheelchair. Protruding from his midsection was a feeding tube, which was coiled at the side of his wheelchair. “Bridget, I can’t entertain Andrew. I don’t even know how to communicate with him.” I whispered timidly. “Where this is a will, there is a way,” she responded. With this I retired to my seat next to Andrew. Gazing into Andrew’s eyes, I was struck with an idea.

Jumping up, I remembered the course I had taken at LTS the previous summer. I realized now, it had done me no good. I began reminiscing about what we had been taught on how to interact with the mentally disabled. Although I couldn’t converse with Andrew, I could still

communicate with him using body movements, the tone of my voice, and eye popping visuals. With this newfound knowledge, I excused myself and Andrew from the gymnasium. Upon entering the dream room (a room meant for children who could not verbally communicate), I could see his face illuminate. Here we sat and watched the projector spin large colorful animals around the room. After a few short moments, Andrew began crying. For the second time that day, I felt ashamed. I was more focused on my embarrassment than tending to Andrew. I was preparing to take Andrew back to Bridget when an older lady came in with her son, who appeared to be in his mid-thirties. The man began to scream relentlessly. The lady sat patiently waiting for him to calm down. When he wouldn't stop screaming, she rose to her feet and sang softly into his hear, "I'll love you forever, I'll like you for always, as long as I'm living my baby you'll be." The man stopped screaming as quickly as he had started. She smiled at me politely and wheeled her son out of the room. I sat in dismay trying to choke back tears. As the woman and her son disappeared behind the dream doors, it hit me: I had no reason to be embarrassed by or afraid of this innocent boy. And with that, I sprang to my feet. Wheeling him over to the playhouse, I picked up the octopus. I began dancing, the colorful tentacles of the octopus swaying back and forth. For the first time all day, Andrew vibrated with life. Laughing and cooing, his eyes shot from me to the octopus. Making this seemingly lifeless body come to life changed my own life. Through Andrew, I learned to go beyond my self-conscious self. Seeing his eyes light up, I realized I did not care what people thought about me. Who knew a fifty pound boy who couldn't speak could say so much?

Pantoum of Peace

By Ruthi Mitchell

A pantoum is a form of poetry written in quatrains where the last line is the same as the first and the second and fourth lines repeat in each ensuing quatrain.

If I could travel back in time
I'd change the world
From chaos to tranquility
Even for a moment

Of the holocaust
We'd have no knowledge
For six million Jews
Lived normal lives

I'd change the world
If the power were mine
Even for a moment
I'd make a difference

We'd have no knowledge
Of thousands of people who
Lived normal lives
During countless wars

If the power were mine
To change the past
I'd make a difference
In history

Of thousands of people who
Instead of dying
During countless wars
Lived in peace

To change the past
I'd re-write the worst pages
In history
With happy endings

Instead of dying
Thousands more
Lived in peace
On a morning in September

I'd re-write the worst pages
Of the holocaust
With happy endings
For six million Jews

Thousands more
Never grieved
On a morning in September
If I could travel back in time

Regifting

By Kimberly Bell

I pushed the baby. Now the baby pushes me.
Education, occupation, anticipated graduation.
Pain, blame, shame, the struggle. And the gain.
Teaching them while life teaches me.
Learning from the way they perceive me,
Living a life that they can learn from,
Having to know, but knowing nothing.
Knowing everything. Because they know nothing.
Forgiveness is a swing that needs a gentle push,
You push, I swing. I push, you swing. No strength needed.
Endurance is the weight that can't seem to wait.
Much strength needed.
Don't settle. Never. Settle for less. Our family slogan.
Struggle... I know your name. You're related to addiction. I call you
cocaine. In no respect a person, you're an act, a continuous rehearsal.
Oh..... Here we go again, choices. Dictated by voices. That cry, that scream,
that believe in me.
I can. Rather than not. Becomes my choice...because I pushed them...now
they push me.

The Changeling

By Katie LaPlant

It eats what it wants,
It breathes what it wants,
It bleeds what it wants,
For there is nothing real about a changeling.
It steals personalities,
It copies personalities,
It kills personalities,
For there is nothing unique about a changeling.
It lives all alone,
It fights all alone,
It dies all alone,
For no one ever loved a changeling.



Italian Man ~ *by Kerry Kirkpatrick*

Your Hands: Never Forgotten

by Anthony Behan

I can see your life and vitality escaping you with every visit. Your hands and skin signal to me day by day: once filled with life and color, now seeming to be tired. Your hands have lost all their vibrant color. Pale, presenting its presence to everyone, your cancer has slowly beaten down the lively spirit your hands once shared. Coldness and separation have now replaced your warmth and comfort. Your nails appear white like snow. Your veins are so painfully visible. Your hands have no strength to grasp mine any longer. Your hands yearn to hold on forever. They cry out for help, but there is none. Your hands tremble at the thought of what is to come. They grasp painfully onto this life, pleading for a miracle. Gently running her fingers through his hair, and he calmly holding her hands, they hope it will not end. Hands constantly upholding everyone else, ignoring themselves, their strength is now leaving them. Your hands were my comfort, my support, and my strength. Without your loving hands, I am left weak. You pause, looking to me, and ask, "Is it time?" With tears in our eyes, we quietly agree. Your hands can suffer no more. Your hands told all; they rest in His now.

Leaves

by Elizabeth N. Coley

Comforted by sunrises

The warmth of the sun on my face

Swept away by the invigorating breeze

of renewed hope at the sight of a rainbow

trees dressed in their array of colors

gold, green, orange, and red

Watching the dance of the falling leaves

The sun is playing hide and seek with them

Peeping in and out of billowing clouds

Spectacular colors represent the people of the

world with their different cultures and opinions

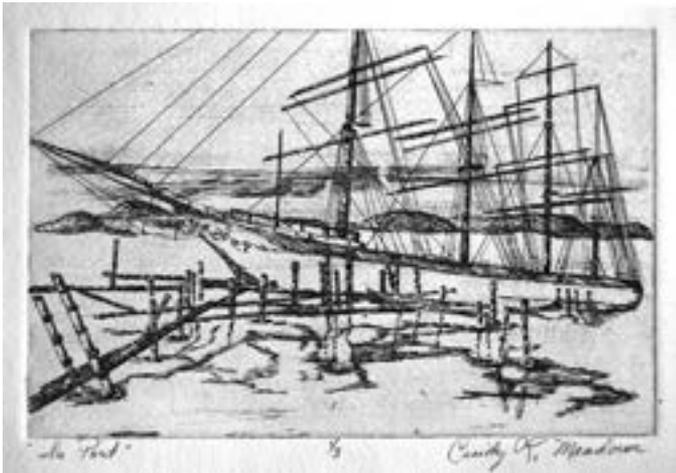
we all come from the same root of humanity

the trunk of the tree of life

Neptune's Fury

by Marcee Lichtenwald

Its waves crash the shore
Brutal strength
Fits of horror
At calm it speaks peacefully
Its utter silence,
Wonderment; solemn despondency.
Its expanse so blue and brine
Beholds emotion
Adam's ale or evil's wine.
Bursts of rage, furious
Swells and swallows
A beast, ferocious.
Bending, coiling,
Surging, foaming,
Rippling, rocking,
Panic,
Despair,
Dread.
In its abyss,
Forever lie...
Souls of men.



In Port - by *Cindy Meadows*



Global Community

**Best Literary Piece in
Global Community awarded to**

Lunch Break

*by
Henry Wise*

Currently living and teaching English in Hualien, Taiwan, Henry Wise is a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, where he was the editor of the student-run literary magazine. His work has been published in Shenandoah and Studies in American Culture. In the fall of 2012, Henry will return to the United States to enroll in an MFA program in creative writing.

Lunch Break

by Henry Wise

“Best in Global Community”

It was pouring when
they took her up, her casket
a homemade plywood box
he thought of as a litter
shouldered by servants
she never had.
Folks said she was in
a better place,
but she was still here
in their suffering hands.
In suits and sinking
boots they trekked
toward the peak, beyond
the last dirt and gravel
cutback, slogged through
mud and runoff, against
rain and gravity
to the family plot,
closer to heaven. Poor as hell,
they bent their wet necks
like simple birds waiting
for the axe and the pastor
said some words.

His mustache is the color of old
bone and hides his entire
mouth. Can't tell whether he's
joking or leveling. Beerbellied
Terry, my manager, perches there
on his swiveling chair, hat-headed
from his sweat-mapped
camouflaged cap,

churning the warehouse air
of oaths and lifting smoke
for the Aquafina bottle. He's
been telling me about his mama
deep in the Appalachians, proud
I don't recognize his hometown
by name. A Swimsuit Edition
calendar dangles temptation
from the wall next to the bass
gasping for enough
weather to bring him breath
again. Yep. It's been falling
all day. Sopping, cold.
The ground outside is
pig-slop. His plywood office
holds the work day still,
and here we rest, with the familiar
smells of cigarettes, stale
coffee, cardboard and fart-stone.
Fiberglass splinters pinch my knuckles.
As lunch break ends,
he passes it back around
the way it's long been done
among his kin: the hidden
miracle of moonshine
in a water bottle, a poor man's
try turning water to wine.

Something I've Been Holding Back

by Henry Wise

When I was no
taller than your waist,
you brought me up so
I wouldn't flinch at eye contact or handshake.

I often looked away, though, knowing
you were looking down at
my skittish way of growing.
But I wasn't shy, just knew that

you were watching. Once
you visited me in school,
and when you said you were going, stuck
around and watched me shoot hoops. I saw you

but played blind; in fact, it's safe to say I missed almost
all my shots whenever you were
around. What would have happened if I had shown
I knew? Would you have looked away? Rather

than risk success, I made excuses;
my mind was loud but unvoiceable.
Our role play was real enough to keep me confused, and
I stayed trap-mouthed, until

now. I am looking you in your
eye to say
what I could never say before:
I do better when you look away.



Resting at the Met- *Erin Palmer Szavuly*

Impact

by Henry Wise

At the funeral, I stood mute
and imagined the details
of the accident: the speed he
reached; the tree Fate planted
in his path; snow like a curtain of cold
tears; his daughter, my schoolmate,
watching as the world slipped
like her father, fast and unbalanced,
as if also on skis.

We were gathered in his memory, but
I could only remember a different point
of impact, when his open palm had
answered a comment of mine,
turning my face away.
Filled with a shame
I could not understand,
I was conscious only of the screen
door slapping the house as I bolted
home, tears beginning to blur
my vision. I returned
by feel and memory,
as I do now.

I was silently asking myself if it is a blow
or what follows that creates impact
when his children, veiled
by tears and filled with emptiness,
lowered him into ground that had been
hollowed out and waited
to receive him like an open palm.

By Motorbike to Baxiandong

by Henry Wise

Even in the Tropics of Cancer, four in
the morning was unforgiving and black as coffee
you wished you had time
to make. Your bones felt like melted ice
till you stirred and rose, rust-jointed and shivering, considering
the unpardonable: a return to dreams.
Hunger stuck like a boulder in your stomach,
and when you were out at last, having lashed on
that roughly mended six-eleven made for bigger waves,
the as-of-yet undestroyed air went through you like youth
and you met us raw-eyed and old
just past night's bedtime. We rode for the break
beneath the caves—your first time—and
you were the last in our triumvirate
along the purpling wound of highway. White lines were
stitches failing to hold the world in place and
passed in strobe as you wore your helmet of fear, dizzying
like inhaled helium or too much caffeine, and held tight
to your motorbike, a frail cicada to a tree on the verge of
falling. You rattled behind us as gasping waves
attacked the coast like kamikazes. The world was unsure and
you were certain it was breaking. Truth
was three motorbikes barking
down a raveling road.

*

When we reached the skull-colored beach
we stood like wise men on a desert sand,

watching, out of the gnashing chaos,
an order rising. Caverns formed beneath

the weather-whipped caves. A sea hushed us
from above. Waves tore dependably

from the point. You heard the timpani
of submerged and grumbling stones,

the typhoon booming, early for its season. You were
first to leave the shore for the promises

of storm, scared but reckless and believing here
any boulder could be lifted from the mouth of any cave.

You are in the echo we hear above the shoals
when the waves break big at Baxiandong.

Checking Jobs

by Laura S. Keller

Sawdust smell
makes me think of Sundays
when I was five.
I would go with my dad to
check jobs
until dark.

Construction sites --
saw-horses and ladders.
He'd wrap his tool belt
across my chest
like a bandolier,
from shoulder to hip,
and fill the pouch with nails.

No risers on the stairs,
I'd bravely make my way up.
Look out windows
with no glass.

He'd yell
How's it look?
I'd tell him
Framing's not square
(unsure what that meant).
But happy...
for his serious nod.

Laura S. Keller is a Lecturer in the Department of English at the University of Toledo. She is interested in Popular Culture, film, Modernist Literature, and produce. She lives in Michigan with her husband, Ted, and their three kids, Emily, Jack, and Henry.

15

by Laura S. Keller

I climb to the backseat –
nervous...
and a little high,
six-pack of
Bud Lite
cradling me.
I love this feeling:
warm,
and close to a trembling boy.
The only things that matter
to him at this late hour:
the buttons on my blouse,
how he'll loosen my belt.
Breath painting the windows.
And I'm wondering how far I'll let this go.

Right now
I know everything about him.
Stripped of his bravado
(and daylight façade),
he's fascinated by my
absolute
surrender.
I want to realize everything
in the minute I have left,
before becoming
just another girl.

Kansas on the radio,
singing "Dust in the Wind."
I say "Turn it,
it's too sad."
He leaves it.
Drives me home –
throwing empties out the window
along the way.

Labor

by Laura S. Keller

Hard push
and then...
nothing.
The hospital won't let me stay
more than 3 days.
But I want the comfort of motherly nurses
to go on forever,
and bagels brought to me
whenever I ask.

The night-nurse brings
the baby –
says it's time for him to feed.
It's useless.
She notes in the chart –
Mother doesn't seem to bond.
I laugh (inside).

When I'm wheeled to the lobby
it's raining –
just like 4 days ago.
Smiling, Ted brings the car around.
I wish something would explode –
burst into flames.
Let him take the baby
and leave me here –
where I'm safe.
I'll read those
careful charts,
figure out what I'm supposed to do.
Ask for a warm blanket –
to be tucked under my chin.



Orb III ~ *by Melissa Hansen*

Trap

by Conyer Clayton

We came home
late, caught

a spider in a cocktail glass
and watched him;
free, fearless
among giants, at home
on a stranger's walls.

Conyer Clayton is a poet and competitive gymnastics coach from Louisville, KY. She is currently receiving her MA at the University of Louisville. Her previous publications include The White Squirrel, Goodwill Zine, and anderbo.com.

Fixity
by Joe Mills

When we reread a book, the characters act the way they did before, the same choices, the same results. Romeo still kills himself too soon, and Roxanne still realizes too late. No wonder we want to yell at some of them for making the same dumb ass decisions over and over. After a while, we're bored, then contemptuous of these lives looping like trains on a set schedule, and maybe this is how God feels watching us run along our story-lines. But no matter how often we open the book, when Romeo sees Juliet or Ishmael sees the whale, for them, it is always the first time, always exciting, always fresh. So, maybe we should feel, not frustration or even pity, but envy of their blissful ignorance. They live their lives anew each page, feeling a sense of possibility, while we are stuck, fixed, wriggling on the pin of what we know.

Joe Mills is a faculty member at the University of North Carolina School of the Arts, where he holds the Susan Burress Wall Distinguished Professorship in the Humanities. He has published three volumes of poetry, and in the spring, Press 53 will be releasing his fourth collection, Sending Christmas Cards to Huck and Hamlet.

Role Models

by Joe Mills

While the girls are asleep
or locked in their rooms,
the boys have been cast out.
A few may be charming,
but the stories make clear
most will be monsters:
giants, jailers, and trolls.
If they rule, it will be badly,
or as tyrants. At best,
they will be inept,
unable to protect their family.
They will end up broken,
alone. Sometimes
they will simply disappear
from the story,
and no one will notice.
These tales tell boys
their possible futures
with the blunt indifference
of a burnt-out guidance counselor.
No wonder some decide
they might as well
get an early start
on acting big and bad
becoming at least characters
people talk about.

**The Sea Below:
Daedalus and Icarus**
by Joe Mills

The story's skin changes
chameleon-like
so it appears to be
a parable of art
or invention, ambition
or awakening,
but the bones
stay fixed:

how even in times of danger,
we get distracted by joy
and forget where we are,
chasing the ball
into the road,
playing with the gun
found in the closet,
driving at a 100 mph,
or dancing on a roof,
the landscape below
unrolled like butcher paper,

and how we fly together,
such a brief time,
until the inevitable turn
when one of us falls
and one must watch,
below the sea
of grief, the ending
that has been there
since the beginning.



Torso - *by Melissa Hansen*

Have You Seen My Scars?

by Elizabeth Switaj

Have you seen my scars?
Have they run away?
Mirrors can't touch my skin today.

Have you seen my scars?
the pale & straight
the red, the teeth
the guillotine wreath

Have you seen my scars?
I miss them when my arms
forget how to bend
forget how to end
 in silvery charms

Have you seen my scars?
they're my bracelets & rings--
what love has given me
& what I'm giving:

Have you seen my scars?
I offer them to you
words

Have you seen--
 only your teeth can touch

Have you

Elizabeth Kate Switaj's first book, Magdalene & the Mermaids, was published in 2009 by Paper Kite Press. She has also published a chapbook, The Broken Sanctuary: Nature Poems, with Ypolita Press. She is currently the Assistant Managing Editor of Irish Pages: A Journal of Contemporary Writing and a doctoral candidate at Queen's University Belfast.

Hierophany

by Aaron Graham

Here, the end of the natural world—
Here, auroras' scarlet ringlet signatures--
Ionized particles trace our circumference
Suggest a diadem.

Suspended axis mundi

Here, men connect with gods
Infinity touches you.
Everything has changed—
Now the train is gone.
Were you at school?

Our train is gone now--

And my brother writes beautiful poetry.
Our train is gone—
But since his fire burnt out
The train is gone—
And Mary has torn her red dress
The train—Our train—
Ember months blaze all the same
Our Train is gone now—

But they sold us tickets to watch sailors tell sea stories.
We bought them cause our village lies at the bottom of a
mountain,
Where we still pray before and after meals.
It is an album full of old-fashioned pictures:
Here, she still speaks very indistinctly.
There, you can see ribbons he earned in the war.
Look! See, they glitter when he laughs
Like when he came back,

But he never—
He didn't really come back,
They're all gone now.
This frozen lifeless place
They that held infinity in a gaze—
and blinked.
Cosmogony.
The wind never blows as cold again.

Your train has gone.
Were you at school?

Aaron Graham is a graduate student at the University of Wyoming pursuing an MA in English literature with emphasis on T.S. Eliot and Philosophy in Literature. Aaron is a veteran of OIF and OEF where he served as an Arabic Linguist in the US Marine Corps. Aaron currently resides with his wife, Thea, and 1 1/2 year old daughter, Alexi Katherine.



It's a Circus Out There ~ by Alexis Lyman

In Vino Veritas

by Amanda May

truth is a superior brew
aged for forty years in an oak barrel,
poured into a glistening glass bottle,
and set on a shelf until
 someone who can afford it,
 or someone who knows they can't and pays a high price anyway

comes along and buys it,
lets it chill on a dark basement rack until
forgetting—then, Remembering...
finally

disguising it with some
 shiny paper and a
 bow
before bequeathing it to an unsuspecting recipient.

And as the ribbon is untied,
the foilesque paper ripped away,
the bottle emerges, no longer
glistening but faded
and full of a draught that,
as it emerges into a
cracked crystalline glass
 with
 a
 long
 stem
sounds vaguely like a siren.

One Long Incarnadine Thread
falls fluidly from the open mouth,
almost unpalatable
and almost revolting when uncontained...

Having aged for decades has done nothing for the flavor
except made it all the more
dry

and we can do

Naught

but Drink

Amanda M. May is a Lourdes alumni who is currently finishing her M.A. in English Language and Literature at Central Michigan University and working as the Assistant Online Coordinator at the CMU Writing Center. After four years of Writing Center work between Lourdes and CMU, she has decided to explore the world, beginning in Japan.



Candles ~ by Kerry Kirkpatrick

My Telemachus

by John Heckathorne

Shuts his eyes against the pillow.
His fingers clutch a phantom baseball
Or the fishing rod with its price tag
Still grinning under clear plastic.

They do not pause at my intrusion
Near the isthmus of his bed.
My baggage of books papers meetings
Billows my briefcase.

I want to fill my rattling husk
With the glimmer of his lotus gaze
Hide in his beeswax skin
From the siren song of morning

My thoughts swell and break
As I drive into the rising sun

John Heckathorne is an English teacher in the Valley Grove School District and Butler County Community College. His poems have appeared in various anthologies as well as in NCTE's English Journal, freefall, PKA's Advocate, Blue Collar Review, and others.

Hephaestus's Son

by John Heckathorne

You forged me in heat
Of double shifts,
Your bone stare at supper,
The quiet as you slept off
The grinder's gag and whine
Against hot ingots.
You knew iron
You embraced the ungiving
Weight, all skin
Something to mold,
Something that wouldn't break,
Something to make you forget
The weakness of ligaments,
The way your dreams died
When I struck out or fumbled,
When I stumbled to the car
After a game.



Me and Jim Dine ~ *by Erin Palmer Szavuly*

Watching Richard Tuttle Read

by Toni M. Holland

(for Steve Keister)

from behind his shoulder, New
Mexico sunlight sweeps the page
from a trimmed corner to the base
of a wordless landscape. Could
the pebble he cast in a paper's edge
ripple through sunset sand shifting
underfoot and stark roadrunner
claws advance as he turns a page,
fingers would pull down from a
cloudless sky a feather, pressing
a daydream between pages of his art
book: even without words we read
light and shadows spilling each
other away, the way a pebble
in the hand brings us to touch
our own small brim of sacredness.

--Richard Tuttle: *Never Not an Artist*

Toni M. Holland recently earned her Ph.D. at the University of Texas at Arlington. Her literary work has previously been published in, or is forthcoming, in New Letters, Riprap, and Jelly Bucket. Her poet's residencies include Millay Colony for the Arts, Vermont Studio Center, and Shakespeare and Company in Paris, France. Awards she has won include Fulbright Fellow at the University of Alberta, University Scholar at the University of Texas at Arlington, and Academy of American Poets University Award at the University of Texas.



Can You Imagine Your Own Wonderland? ~ *by Patricia Arnold*

Art is Fragile

by Toni M. Holland

(for Steve Keister)

Breath becomes technique,
the measure calming the hand
brushing away partial
snowflakes with a feather.
Surveying crystal architecture,
Snowflake Bentley moved one
from a blackboard by splint
to the lens, learning to balance
nature and breath. What he never
captured piled at his feet,
his form outlined in window light.
Protected against heat, flecks of art
swept past his elbows,
holding form moments
longer as the chosen piece
melts by the light struck snow
portrait now curated in Jericho.

A Twist of Time

by Joyce Gregor

A quaint establishment had housed their union.
Now,
candle light and wine
to set time
in slow motion,
like the drizzle of rain
zigzagging
down the window glass,
holding the future at bay.
Both knew it would not last
this moment,
or the rain.
Time too, trickles
into the dust.
In the ladies room,
she freshened her lipstick,
blood red,
and blotted it on the napkin
still clutched in her hand,
Then shoved it in her pocket
as she joined him again.
They drove in silence
to the airport, following
a twisted road through mist.
At the security check she kissed
him so hard the Green Beret tumbled
to the floor and they laughed,
attempting to make
light of the moment.
Still laughing,
from her pocket
she yanked the napkin,
“See, an imprint
of our last kiss. I plan
to frame it till we kiss
Again.”

When he returned
she spoke with the funeral attendant,
*“Please before you close the casket would you lay this in his
hand.”*

*Joyce Gregor is a Lourdes alumni and wrote the words for the
Lourdes Alma Mater. She lives in Colorado and continues to
write and publish.*



The Carriage House ~ by Erin Palmer Szavuly

For Darlene

by Charity Anderson

We must give

Says the mother of 4
Who casts seeds to the wind
As gently as possible
Knowing centrifugal motion
Depreciates the human body

We must give

Says the teacher of 30
Who knows the word selfless
Physically, philosophically
Showing that Rand's selfishness
Has much to share

We must give

Says the woman of 60
Who cares to express herself
With her choice of eye-glasses
But more importantly
With the book they help her read

We must give

Says the child of 1950
Who remembers an age of innocence
The trials of turbulence
The peace from perseverance
And the choice of compassion

We must give

Agrees the consensus of the enlightened
For who are we
And what will we become
If we are too selfless to truly offer
Or too selfish to truly receive

Once When I Was Twenty

by Charity Anderson

Once when I was twenty

I knew a man

With curly blond hair

And a carefree tongue.

Both tempted me, once,

Between the back of a cemetery

And the rising arch of a night sky.

Beneath us the graves sat quietly

And as he tried to consume my young flesh

Worms devoured the people below

Flames digested the souls below

The tongues of those beneath

Which held their lively languages

Which remembered their first kisses

Which salivated for favorite foods

Were gone, forever.

And here I was, young and alive,

With the blond,

And the thankful realization

That my tongue was still

On this side of the grass.

Charity is a native of the northwest Ohio region and is the proud holder of four college degrees with honors. Her passion for writing at the age of seven took the form of attempted novellas, plays, poems, and short stories. Her inspirations as an adult writer include nature, mythology, theology, human nature, emotional ties, romantic endeavors, and the miracle of life.



Who Are You? - *by Patricia Arnold*

Loophole

by J. D. Isip

No promise of lasting like the fading
rainbow or divine clarity we know
for the length of a line, a musical bar—
just the moment, the dissolving moment
of a hundred fast seconds, seconds, seconds, choices...

Do what you can in a moment: kiss, strip, slip
in a moment, just a moment—forgetting?—just a
promise to repent, to recall... next time
when merciful God (have mercy) does not
trace the condemning words of a moment

O child of moments, unwanted, fading
in the depths and the debts and seconds, where
is the covenant rainbow, the promise
to hold you in the trembling, cold, final moment
of waking, of breaking, of making up

the excuse of moments: that God gives
heat, sweat, hands, lips, seconds and choice—
divine choice!—the loophole of grace—
wherein the storms are formed, the rain, the rain
the rain before the rainbow.

J. D. Isip is a doctoral student in English at Texas A&M University-Commerçe. His academic writings, poetry, plays, and short stories have appeared (or will appear) in a number of publications including American Periodicals, Changing English, Revista Aetenea, St. John's Humanities Review, Teaching American Literature: A Journal of Theory and Practice, Poetry Quarterly, DASH Literary Journal, Loch Raven Review, Scholars & Rogues, Mused, and The Copperfield Review.



High School Community

**Best Literary Piece in High School Community
awarded to**

Falling Down: A Ghazal

by

Ashley Szatala

Sandusky Central Catholic High School

*Ashley Szatala will be attending the University of Missouri -
Columbia in the fall. She will be majoring in journalism.
Ashley enjoys playing volleyball and swimming.*

Falling Down: A Ghazal

by Ashley Szatala

Sandusky Central Catholic High School

Water pouring from the spout is falling down
All around me. The cricket peeks its head out
To watch the monster from the sky falling down.
My toes wiggle in the cool water and wade in its relief,
And feel the mud squish underneath the soles of my feet;
The water revives the earthworms in the mud mountain falling down.
A breath of life, a blast of air tweaks the flow of water.
It no longer prostrates itself at my feet, but aims to
End at the pink can from my hand falling down.
Clang, clunk, goes the watering can as it slips from my fingers;
The cricket hides and the earthworms bury themselves in the ground.
It's ok, I tell them. Into the can goes the water falling down.
The can is heavy, and for that I hold it firmly, heaving it
To the pink, white, and red ladies behind me. They open
Their petals and flush bright green from the love falling down



Blossoming Marsh ~ *Cindy Meadows*

Self-Portrait with Cropped Hair

by Josie Schave

Mansfield St. Peter's High School

Ah me, my Diego.
Here I sit in one of your suits,
my beautiful hair lies strewn across the floor.
No longer may you run your fingers through my locks,
but that's your fault,
not mine.
Do you miss me, my Diego?
All the times that I flew into
arms of other men and other women
all along I missed you, my first love.
I missed how you towered above me in height and
the way *mi manita* fit in *su gran mano*.
And that's not your fault, but ours.
So I sit here, my Diego,
in a big yellow chair with
the smuggest of smiles
on my mouth and my eyes.
But the truth is I'm frightened for as you can see
I sit here alone with no one to love.
Who's fault is that?
Ahora no sé.

1. My little hand 2. Your big hand 3. Now I don't know

A Journey

by Holly Latteman

St. Paul High School

Knock knock
Red crest flying against a green sky
White wings lay in a brown box
A tag and date
A love that captured

Echo

by Samantha Pelham
St. Paul High School

An echo in your ear is a pebble in water
Ring-Ring-Ring; over and over again
The same distant voices singing in harmony
Doe Rey Me; the ultimate melody
Ring-Ring-Ring; over and over again
The eardrum buzzing and vibrating with joy.
The Echo making a smile last till the sounds fade away
into the abyss.

Seasons

by Bridget Murphy
Sandusky Central Catholic High School

Winter: the dry bones on Earth
reaching high into the sky
no leaves to be found

Spring: noise like a city
the air is very noisy
birds chirping loudly

Summer: sun rays streaming down
soft grass trampled underfoot
all the world is glad

Fall: leaves are falling down
leaving trees empty and bare
birds are flying south

Winter (1): sharp and cutting winds
passers-by cover their face
the cold penetrates

Winter (2): no one is watching
snow blankets the Earth so white
loneliness is safe

Gemini

by *Bridget Murphy*

Sandusky Central Catholic High School

When I turned ten, and was finally 48 inches tall, my mom and sister took me to ride the Gemini at Cedar Point. It was a warm summer day and the amusement park was lively with tourists and locals alike looking for high flying thrills on the many roller coasters. My family and I were regulars and always made sure to go a few times a year. My mother's rule about these high flying thrills was as follows: 48 inches tall and ten years old. Both requirements were necessary to join the ranks of ride warriors that filled the park year after year. Luckily, my birthday is in July, which gave me ample time to ride a roller coaster that summer.

My father, being the sage frequent customer he was, parked in the rear of the park near the back entrance. This happens to be the parking lot stationed near the Gemini. As I emerged from the car, the behemoth coaster towered over me. My eyes lost themselves in the hills and twists and turns that formed an inconceivable labyrinth. My heart quailed as the cars sped past with their screaming passengers. Walking into the park I reminded myself that I was ten. I couldn't be afraid of the wooden beast. Fear was for children, and now that I had entered the double digit years, I was no longer a child. The dread welling in my heart and stomach would have to wait. I would be brave and conquer this ride.

Starting small, I went on all my favorites. Junior Gemini, the Frog Hopper, Tilt-a-Whirl and the Lollipop swings prepared me for the big show: the real Gemini. A little before noon, the sun high in the sky. My mom, my older sister and I entered the gate for Gemini. The wait was posted at about fifteen minutes, which didn't give me much time to prepare. The same butterflies started flapping and the ominous feeling in the pit of my stomach returned. As we inched closer and closer to the platform, the sweats started. My palms felt like clouds producing torrents of rain, and beads of perspiration appeared on my forehead. My breathing was staggered and my face became very red very fast. As I loaded myself into the car, I knew there was no turning back.

After being strapped in, I expected my body to come to terms with the fact that I was going to ride the Gemini. This, however, was not the case. The feeling of dread did not subside. My fright was palpable to all around, for passengers seated in front of me asked if I was going to be alright. My hands were glued to the handle in front of me and every muscle in my body was clenched to the point of bursting. I didn't want to go through with it, but it was a necessary stepping stone in becoming an adult. I had to hurdle this fear.

The ascension up the hill felt like weeks. The horror was never-ending to the point where I could feel my hair turning gray from the apprehension. As our train reached the peak, I opened my mouth to shriek, but my lungs produced no sound. The train plummeted extinguishing every feeling except a wild pumping adrenaline that permeated every inch of my 48 inch tall body. The rest of the ride was a blur, my mind caught up in the wild ride that was the Gemini. The anticipation was stressful, but I had done it. I had conquered my fear and dread. I was ten years old and invincible.

Winter

by Nathan Somers

Calvert Catholic School

Weeping sky,
trees stand against the wind,
a painting of grey and white

Meditation

by Alessandro Brunetti

Mansfield St. Peter's High School

I am not a man

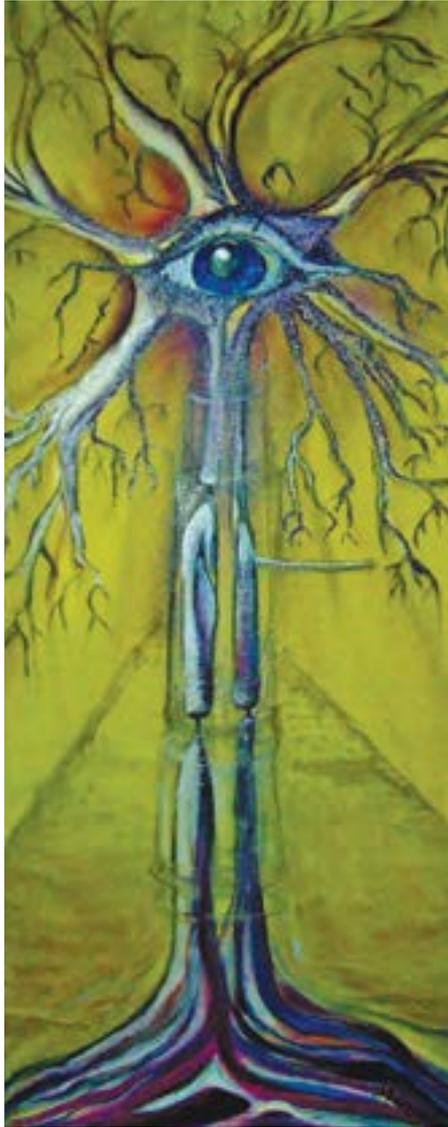
I am not a man
of God

I am not a man
of God.
I am greedy

I am not a man
of God.
I am greedy
for knowledge

I am not a man
of God. I am greedy
for knowledge
of weapons and destruction

I am not a man
of God. I am greedy
for knowledge of weapons and destruction
in an effort to stop them.



Motor Neuron Tree - by *Melissa Hansen*

Omniscient Eyes

by Mary Carrigan

Toledo Central Catholic High School

(in response to *London Visitors*.)

By James Jacques Joseph Tissot. 1874)

Like the vigilant eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckelberg,
The countenance in the tower scrutinizes
The souls of those who reconnoiter in its presence.
Do they subsist in the darkness?
Or are they seeking the light?
They are oblivious to his omniscient gaze,
Espying their conduct,
Exposing the gauche souls.
Consuming London on their own terms.
Some embrace the spirit of the surround,
Drinking as if from a goblet
The copious civic bounty.
Others cast aspersions
Farther from the warming glow
Of the spirit's rising sun.

On the Mat

by Ben Jenkins

St. Paul High School

Between two men,
brutal like a war
that only lasts six minutes,
sweat, blood and tears,
shed before give strength,
strength for the battle,
between two men.

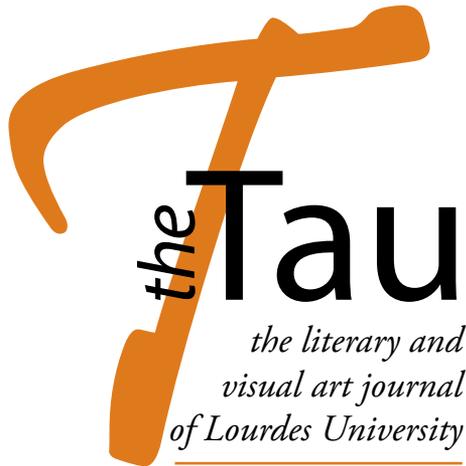
No re-enforcements or timeouts,
that lasts only six minutes,
but seems like forever,
forever in hell.
What am I...
Wrestling

The Paper

by Spencer Byrd

St. Paul High School

Write me something
Write me something
On this piece of paper
But don't write
The End



**Call for Submissions
For
2012-2013 Tau**

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Please email submissions to Tau@lourdes.edu

You may submit up to five entries; entries may be up to five, double-spaced pp.

Please submit each entry separately in Word file format. Name files with the title of the entry only.



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Published by Lourdes University ~ 2012