



the **Tau**

*the literary and
visual art journal
of Lourdes University*

2013

Cover Art:
Generosity ~ *by Katie Goliver*

A large, stylized orange tau symbol (τ) is positioned behind the text. The symbol is composed of a thick, curved top bar and a vertical stem that curves slightly to the right at the bottom.

the **Tau**
2013

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

“Books and works of art exercise a powerful suggestion to the masses. It is from these productions that an age derives its ideals of morality and beauty.”
-From Max Nordau, *Degeneration* (1895)

Art is meant to inspire the senses, to cause the mind to think beyond its capabilities, and to make the viewer look at the world through a new and fresh perspective. It is meant to enliven emotions and excite inner desires. The above passage only has truth when a work of art is done right! Art comes in many forms, and the potential power one holds when exercising this splendid gift of expression is endless. The pen of the writer and the pencil of the artist become a magic wand where a world of beauty and elegance, of danger and intrigue, of sadness and happiness, of rights and wrongs explodes from its tip while the creator chooses his or her medium of abstraction that echoes the world seen through his or her eyes. But, art is nothing until it is viewed, and then felt, and finally acted upon by the viewer who has laid eyes upon the eloquent creation and walks away truly affected.

Allow the works within this volume to inspire you, move you, make you laugh, make you cry, but most of all allow your mind to be influenced in the most positive and enjoyable way. When you close this book, reflect for a moment and feel the inspiration generated by those who have engaged the beautiful world around you.

Marcee Lichtenwald
President, Literati

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The Open Window

By Olivia dePalma

I watch the terrain pass me by
and people walk through the aisles.
They try to talk to me,
but I am focused on the images
outside my window.
I am going to a place that is far away,
and so I wait.
I watch as the ushers go by,
they want the passenger's tickets,
and I hand mine to a young man.
I wish for this ride to be over,
but there is still a ways to go.
I begin to draw, and as I draw
I also wait.
I draw myself waiting,
and I draw my seat, and my window.
I encase my boredom in my art.
As I draw I notice something amazing;
I am no longer waiting.



Time and Space - *by Ashley Buchanan*

Grimacing Man

By Jillian Gosser

People take me too seriously
I see myself as a cartoon
Tousled hair, the mark of a genius
Bulging eyes pop from the faded background of my head
And suddenly, I am a cartoon
I am art myself
Art come to life and then replicated on paper
People may not look back on my drawings
With the fondness of a Picasso
Or the skill of a Degas
People may not marvel at every piece of furniture I've ever touched
But they will remember that I made the "duck face"
Way before it was cool.

Season Cycle: Haiku

By Emily Cardwell

Rain quickly dampens
Sod, the start
Of spring rebirth

Gentle waves carry
Sand from
Rocky shores

Leaves fall gracefully
Tracing patterns while
Leaving memories

Snow falls like
Leaves, crunching
When walked upon

Bare branches peck
Windows and promise
Spring's return

Snow falls without
The fanfare of rain
It glides to earth



Sylvania Autumn - by Denise Keeran

Flute

By Emily Cardwell

The night sky is expectant
That evening
I feel the anticipation,
The sweat on his palms
He is anxious to see Her,
And express his feelings
Through the songs I create
He moves quickly, and
I imagine his heart is
Thunder in his chest
He arrives at her tent,
Smooths down his
Inky hair
And it's my turn
I play a song of longing and
Purpose, I play
Just for Her.
The sounds emerging
From my depths are clear,
Piercing the cold air
And suddenly,
She is before me
My music swells in
A song of thanksgiving
As he takes Her hand
And She smiles

The Black Swan

By Jillian Gosser

The hot glue leaves a trail through her skirts
As the Black Swan bonds 50 sparkling black and silver stones to her dress.
She paints her crown with coats of black
Ignores her headache as she pulls her bun tighter
Tattoos her innocent eyes with stripes of darkness
Paints her lips the bitten red of a seductress.
The Black Swan walks the halls, pale face glowing under
the industrial lights.
She is frightening,
Yet beautiful
Quiet,
Yet someone to be feared.
She leaves a trail of black dust along every path she takes.
Every glance she throws looks psychotic.
Of course, they think it's all a mask
A silly game
A simple costume, cleverly made
But the black swan enjoys being frightening
She pirouettes through the lunch room
Not caring if she's a spectacle
Not caring if she's someone else for today
At least today she can have wings.



Jess and Jake - by Denise Keeran

Uncle Sam

By Sean Welch

I want you!
To go to the battlefields
To fight
To die for a fight I started
I want you!
To head off to war
Leave your family behind
To die
I want you!
To see your friends die
For you to fall yourself
I want you!
To die



Lady Liberty ~ *by Amy Hackett*

Pat

By Christopher Moylan

1. Telling Stories

The coast was late in arriving
For that sudden sunset,
so we invented a new far away,
beautiful, well preserved,
like a BHible newly translated
from a long winter's sleep.

2. Last Breaths

What did we expect? a paper
airplane gliding like a gloved
finger over dust...a conclusion
comforting, almost inaudible
amidst the date palms
And ghosts in the varnish...

3. Anticipation

Sadness so evening kitchen,
so dirty dishes and ice chips,
so twist-off bottle of Ginger Ale...
clouds gathering kindling
from what's left of the treeline
to burn what's left of sleep...

Regrets and disappointments...
Everything addled, a bit
Off kilter, too bright and
too dark at the same time...
All the windows thrown open,
Flocks of heron, egrets come through.

Pills and crumpled napkins,
breakfast crumbs, newspapers
Baking in the oven... Pat telling
stories that don't fit together;
words come first, then the puzzle,
then the empty spaces.

4. Last Day

And on television an old man
Talking to an empty chair, other
Old men bobbing like cut bait
For Leviathan to clear the air...
This is Florida. I can't wait
To get out of here...

A few families on Bonita Beach
Paralyzed by the sun. Stillness
Everywhere. Within the stillness,
A slight rise and fall on the bay
That pulls freighters into the haze.
Does God read my mind?

Maybe, maybe not.
Pat has only a few days.
and I am content to sit here,
mind empty, more or less,
no memories, no lists, no tasks,
just stillness and sand.

God reads my mind.

Translating

By Silas Tsang

1.

In the black night,
in the leaves,
where tunnels
begin, there is a dead
bluebird I call
sweetheart.
As if a child unlocked
its cage, (awoken,
fly, go) it loves
a bird feeder and the wife
singing.
I'd like to dig
a grave for the bluebird
with my hands.
The voice of a woman
all its life, her thrilling
song to a piano.

2.

Bluebirds forage beside
our cabin, they sound
a swish in the river.
They are old,
old birds; grey crowns,
grey breasts.

Beige

By Natalie M. Dorfeld

At one point in my life,
I would have rebelled against
this neighborhood.

Cookie cutter homes.
Perfectly manicured lawns.
Sprinkler systems dousing the paperboy on cue.

I would insist on a purple house
with something gaudy in the front yard,
like a manatee wearing a grass skirt.
I would plant wild flowers, too,
and wear them in my hair
while sunbathing naked
under the shady pines.

Call it maturity,
perhaps even settling,
but I have come to embrace
suburbia.

The neighbors are predictable.
It is always quiet, eerily so, in fact.
I never have to sidestep pools of vomit on the sidewalk.

The freak flag is still there,
waving tall and proud,
it is just more
beige.



Afternoon Nap ~ *Laura Ott*

Smith, Too

By Charity Anderson

Strings impressed calluses
As Smith, too, spun a silken kingdom
In the corner of my childhood room.

Naively, I believed, his hands were his life.

Those same safe calluses depressed
While he gripped the blade
That bled him to death.



The Forgotten Battle - *Cody Winter*

The Woods of Lakeport, MI

By Peter Faziani

Two miles out in a straight line
as the american robin flies above trees, abundant trees;
balsam poplar, eastern cottonwood, and northern white cedar.
Lake Huron waits crashing and swelling.
One couldn't know water was there if the deep blues topped with
silver flecks of light weren't visible on the way in.
The breeze is heavy with songs from gray catbirds, northern cardinals,
blue jays, and loons. An ever-present reminder of what's been missing
in the city.

Two young boys in their Polo swim trunks one striped green and the
other orange
swing from a tan rope tied to the old black willow sprouted some
forty years ago
over the creek and drop, splash, into the shallow, muddy water
creeping by.
Some claim "willow's not a tree, it's a weed."
But branches still make good switches.

Meanwhile a sixteen inch bright yellow handled sledge fell
onto a hatchet wedged in a paper birch trunk, dead only six months.
Mockingly defying the axe that fell decades of trees that now rests in
the shed covered in cobwebs, like a pre-pubescent boy who knows
more than his father.
The axe handle - dark with stain but worn and discolored light where
hands gripped
the aged bitternut hickory - still does a full day's work without
breaking.

Rain's not far off, smell it, taste it
brewing like morning coffee or bitter tea with
medicinal properties long revered and recently forsaken for OTC's.
Light the fire that burns without fear of water when lightning warns
and thunder confirms.
But sweat's still drying as the days work remains unfinished and
undone.

I've Never Been a Strong Swimmer

By Peter Faziani

The calm glassy water deceives everyone
at one time or another. For me it was two miles out
maybe more like two point five. The bright red bow
of my Potomac One Hundred peeked above the water
as I scrambled to hold onto the stern while pulling
the cockpit above the water's surface
in one of many attempts to get back to that solid sandy shore

I've never been a strong swimmer.

How far can the human voice travel
when the wind is at your back?

In the middle of the bay, there were no lighthouses, no rocks or sand
to distract me with their intricate abstract beauty. There were no birds
chirping melodies in trees or chipmunks darting
through beach grass relaxing my mind into a lull. Only the water
lapping against red and white ram-x plastic and my voice going hoarse
piercing the silence of the middle of the bay.

Only when I nearly gave up hope, a Mercury 50 came whining
out to my rescue, pulling me aboard,
where the seven-year old savior of a little boy
stared piteously at me as my kayak bobbed in the wake
the whole way back.



Sleeping Turtle ~ *Laura Ott*

After My Father's Visit to China

By Silas Tsang

After My Father's Visit to China
I wake to the mothballs infusing his trousers.
In the cupboards, the ant spray
and aquamarine candles
give a homely scent that heals
like a warm bath will loosen our hearts.
The old ayi in Hong Kong had dry lips,
saliva tracing across her cheeks,
and her knees were like stones--
the cartilage didn't grow back.



We Sure Are Fun Gi's~ *by Mickey Ross*

Liberty in Burgundy

by Peter Faziani

setting sun in a rearview mirror
on night mode through the tinted glass
leaving a sun-kissed beach behind you
driving away from the memories
away from the white capped moments
with the hum of Firestone rubber
slapping against the pavement and two thousand revolutions
sounding the alarm

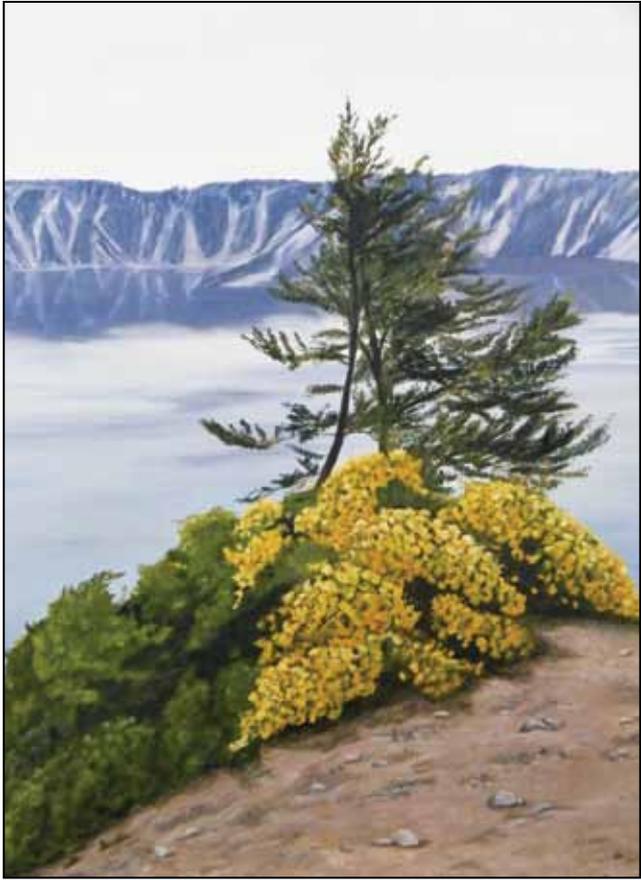


Sunset~ *by Dan Fraser*

Geneva is a Sobering Noun Meaning Dutch Gin

by Peter Faziani

Row out with me in your dad's
old aluminum Raddison canoe on
the imitation lakes fraudulently blue
waters, carved out and dyed
by mid-land's greedy hands
hours from Erie or Michigan
in either direction. Weigh the anchor
found in the garage and
close your eyes, listen
to nothing. The arid lake has no
movement other than a duck's arrogant
wake. Geneva is a sober tease;
a reminder of the Grove we
left. A reminder
of the other lake, the western
lake we imagine daily and
only visit yearly. A reminder of
the glacial leftovers we learned so much about
in grade school lessons.
When we inhale and exhale repeatedly
the sun beats down
from above taunting us with an
unrealistic chance to go home.



Crater Lake ~ *Laura Ott*

The Liberation

by *Charity Anderson*

Henry Ford
Was never loved more
Than by the common people's
Horses
Who longed to be rid
Of their creepy, cow-skin wearing fleas.

The liberation fell short, alas,
Since bridles are married to slavery
And fleas will not leave a warm body
For a complex concept like freedom.



Held Together - *Lynsey Bishop*

What the Rock Pile Hides

by Chuck Von Nordheim

I use the back door at night. I avoid Dad and his talk. But my plan fails. Dad waits by my room. He stares at a box on the floor.

“Your sister’s cat is in the box.”

“It likes boxes.”

Dad shakes his head. “Don’t like nothing now . It’s dead.”

Dad drives. I hold the box. We pass stucco houses.

We stop at an unfenced lot. We walk into yucca.

Howls sound in the dark.

“Had to do it before Amy woke up,” he says. “Can’t let her see Tut this way.”

“You made her peak in Grandpa’s coffin.”

“Yeah,” he says. “But she loved the cat.”

We need a pickaxe. We brought a shovel. Dad slams it down. The sun-baked earth resists. Again, howls echo. The hardpan remains unwounded.

“Let’s get rocks,” I say. “Build a cairn.”

“A what?”

“A kind of pyramid,” I say, “for a kind of pharaoh.”

archetypal shapes

protect cat kings and sisters

from the teeth of loss

A Constant Struggle

by Jordyn Steele

You can feel it boiling within,
As words spew forth that cannot be retracted.
It encourages clever come backs
And entices like a young rebellious spirit wild with reckless abandon.

The truth of the matter gets buried deeper and deeper,
Marred by the putrid pleasantries
That promise to satisfy your raging “injustice”
And pictures you as the last standing champion.

Pride.

It shadows judgment and shows no mercy,
no limits.
The only fuel it requires is the mere possibility of what’s due not being done
Or something done that certainly was not due, *to you*.

Like a most accommodating guest,
It makes no requests of you.
Functioning off of your personal experience,
It is ultimately individualized.

Once it has negotiated for full surrender,
It accelerates in astonishing fashion
Taking its host by surprise,
...but nothing so influential as to put it to an end.
No, not so easy at all.

It’s already feeding on itself
and infesting with its instant gratification for a job well done.
Numbing you to the very abominations that wreak havoc on the one
Who pride has named your enemy.

It breaks down any contemplations of remorse or better judgment
By brainwashing with the crafty propaganda

As a convincing dictator leads its people to ruin
Under evil intentions and destructive motives
Guised by the ploy of justified actions for a higher cause.

“Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before the fall”;
It “brings a person low” and threatens anyone in its path.
It is human kind’s most constant adversary;
A killer of consideration

When pride is at war against another manifestation of itself,
What was once a reasonable exchange of ideas
Becomes an all-out brawl
With dirty tricks that break all the rules of civilized communication.
You may try to hide it, but soon enough –
Shouting, red-in-the-face, forgoing even logic
It reduces you to a self-indulged carnal fool.

What can stand against such a beguiling trait of all who are human?
Is there any use in exerting resistance?
Humility in the face of pride is a powerful expression of love.
It dissolves that opaque emotion
And offers reconciliation of judgment and clarity of mind.

Impression

by Silas Tsang

If we had been at church,
where white men and women
raise their hands
and scream aloud for Jesus
as my parents sing
in broken English,
you might see someone
wishing he were white.
If I could dance to Mantronix,
in any way at all,
I would dance like this:
legs spread a foot apart,
my right hand bobbing
above my head,
and instead of khaki shorts
or gelling my hair, I wear
blue jeans to my ass
and a long black du rag.
That these hats are made
for blacks, that I look like
an old man dresses down
to play horseshoes,
and black men
do not mind a Chinaman
appearing rugged.



Seals on the Moon - *Laura Ott*

Dogwood

by William Conyer

Struck by a springtime lightning bolt

Split and seared through the heart

Irretrievably injured

Dying

The dogwood's pale purple flowers blossom

One last time



Ethereal - *Denise Keeran*

Submerged in Swollen Waters

by Arthur Mauser & Samuel Thomas

The journey cut short,
and I as mother must go forth.
I lost my son... my son.
My only one.
Considered successful,
I continue north.
America, where dreams come alive,
submerged in swollen waters,
my little boy will lie.
My heart a veil... a veil,
draped memories.
I lost my only son... only son,
we must depart.
I stand here cold, weakened, weary,
with uncooled thirst.
Absent beads of frozen water,
balancing overhead in glory,
unwanted.
Remembering as I cry,
his face was so pale.
I wipe my tears away,
like wind to a sail.
Going to keep on living,
he would want me to prevail.
Submerged in swollen waters,
sorrow and success.
He knows I tried my best.

Encomium to Wine

by Marcee Lichtenwald

From the pop of the cork comes an aromatic gust of paradise consisting of supple berries, rich spice and endless passion. A delicate cloud of fragrance elegantly glides under my nose as I close my eyes and slowly inhale the vibrant aromas; thus sending my mind into a picturesque world of endless valleys consisting of dark green vines full of ripe, velvety grapes warmed by the glowing sun at day and cooled by a blanket of brilliant stars at night. I can see the cool, crisp air surrounding the vines at dawn, creating a moist dew that hugs each grape individually as the leaves of the vine drink it in and nourish its flavorful fruit. Full and plump from this tender care, the succulent grape is ready to be picked and squeezed of its abundant sugary juices and magically transformed into a velvety smooth liquid. I open my eyes and begin to pour this soft, smooth liquid into the waiting glass that has been silently calling me to fill its' empty space. The texture is smooth and supple as it hits the bottom of the glass and splashes back up into the air. The elegance of this splash inspires in my mind the tune of harps playing and I suddenly begin to imagine the delicate glide of a ballet dancer as she swirls her gentle frame around the stage and then leaps through the air like a feather that is softly floating to the ground—the wine gently settling in the glass with the same grace and elegance. I reach for my glass with finesse equal to that of the harpist's fingers caressing the chords, and indulge in this velvety liquid with the same melodious feel as the harpist and her accompanying dancer.

The magical elixir flows down my throat, instantly warming my senses, *heart and soul*. My mind becomes wonderfully foggy as the world around me fades into oblivion. The cares of the world are a distant memory as my body and mind transgress into a harmonious kingdom of bliss and tranquility. This sweet slumber again inspires my imaginative senses with images of crimson rivers forever flowing with the gentle, enchanting elixir—creating a fragrant air of heaven on earth with an endless supply of God's natural substance. A potion this exquisite could only be created from such a supernatural power and sent down from the stars to elicit pure joy when joy seems to fade. I imagine this blissful, joyful kingdom as one of glorious meadows trimming the edges of the flourishing vineyards tended by its always blissful inhabitants. The greatest love and care is put into such a magical fruit, for the reward it offers is well received and always obliged. In this perfect kingdom its citizens often dance and carouse dressed in

costumes made of silk and velvet, wrapping their bodies in the same smooth texture as their elegant elixir, experiencing its essence both inside and out. With full goblets and dazzled minds they celebrate Dionysus's greatest contribution, and this God of wine returns their jubilation with promises of much sunshine and the perfect amount of rain to keep their vineyards full and bountiful. The dancing subjects tip their goblets to their lips, indulging through the late hours of twilight celebrating their glorious realm of abundant bliss. Several revelers jump into the flowing river and bathe in the endless supply of crimson gold with baptismal adulation. As evening turns to morning, the previous day's festivities rest wearily on their foggy minds, but smiles remain forever engraved on their glowing faces; for who could live in a land of free flowing wine and eternal bountiful vines and feel anything but warmth and delight?

I slowly come back to my own surroundings feeling as jubilant as those merry revelers; the effects of the wine having rendered me joyous beyond return. I look to my glass with its last drop lying peacefully at the bottom resembling a silky rose petal having prematurely fallen from its half bloomed bud. I reach for the bottle to remedy this empty glass to find that it too has already relinquished its last drop. My dizzy mind feels a moment of sadness, wishing the kingdom of endless wine was a reality. However, I find comfort in the heavenly slumber this extraordinary substance has brought to my soul and warmed my heart, and consider for a moment that my vivid imagination may be the result of a little too much of this soothing elixir. But I digress; as always I am wholly gratified with the effects of this marvelous potion and feel fully consumed with its joy. I close my eyes for the night and fall into the deep slumbers only it can provide. Somewhere along the coasts of the Pacific and the edges of the Mediterranean exists such a magical place, creating from its luscious grapes this substance of harmonious bliss.

The Muse

by Marcee Lichtenwald

They walk the streets of Paris
Golden hair and dazzling smiles
Gin flows in streams
As jazz bands follow
Her beauty, his greatest desire
Their glamour, her reward
This heroine of southern charm
Flowing ink to his faded pen
Roaring through the decade
A paradise, beautiful; paradise damned.

Fame and fortune, a luxury spent
Her beauty was his inspiration
His shadow was her home
Solace she sought in melody
Reaching out on toe, she soared
Gliding in beautiful cadence
Twirling in arabesque; dancing, dancing-
A life entranced; a flapper gone mad
Her soul became his, lost forever
Trapped in his pages, a life immortal.



K-Lynn ~ *Denise Keeran*

I Hear Your Voice in the Breeze Silently:

A Villanelle

by Marcee Lichtenwald

As the howling wind whispers to me peacefully,
My world once bright now gray with gloom
I hear your voice in the breeze, silently

Our laughter is now replaced with my misery
Though selfish pity I have no room
As the howling wind whispers to me peacefully,

Your soul lives on forever inside of me
A life that should not have ended so soon
I hear your voice in the breeze, silently

Our Mother's heart cries out in agony
"Just a small child!" wails her sorrowed tune
As the howling wind whispers to me peacefully,

The years now gone yet memories continue to be
Through my child your life breathes anew
I hear your voice in the breeze, silently

"Carry on my dear sister" you say to me
"Kiss our Mother's cheek and our Father's too"
As the howling wind whispers to me peacefully,
I hear your voice in the breeze, silently.



Fire Starter ~ *Daniel Borer*

Ghost Dance

by Nathan James Rawlins

Dancing at the time of the Harvest
and the wolves are among us. Our
own law now coming to kill us. In
few words, the bride of God was
stolen from the common and given
to the elite. Is left to the hands of
the elite and in a sanitary white-out,
forms are stamped and the modern
day sacrifice complete. The law has
been written and the vote has passed,
breaking our reserve, forcing our hand
in a holocaust. But, all smoke rises to
heaven for God's inspection. So, we
await an army of newly born angels
who will strike the law that gave them
to death. They shall proclaim the good
news that Christians are by nature
criminals in the eyes of the state, and
this was always their fate. Visions of
prophecy and weather as a symbol and
portent of the coming weeks. Word comes
from Heaven to dwell once again among
men. Together they exhale smoke upon
the enemy of the bride and dance upon
them with the silence of the victims cry.
It is a Ghost Dance that resurrects the living,
it is a Ghost Dance that remembers the killing.

Those who are comfortable shall be afflicted...

It is a war on the bride, sponsored by many
politics and agendas that run disguised.

... those who are afflicted shall be comforted.

Dancing in the time of snow, and the fortunate walk among us. The law of God is now coming to save us. In few words, the common fell upon the elite and the religion of the barefoot reigned. (You wouldn't understand it was folk or unsophisticated in nature). The ground was left to the foot in a house that needed to be swept, and often the labor of the republic was burnt for warmth in bed. And God's sacrifice had come instead. Now, the instruction for the soul is found always in the heart, and the fire does not consume the sacrifice but baptizes the art. And the smoke rises to heaven to find God's approval; we join the choir of angels and saints to proclaim the Gospel of the Infant that has slayed the State. And the Word lives among us and has no end, we exhale smoke upon the earth, dance and pronounce God's bride. This was the Ghost Dance that resurrects the living and the dead, this was the Ghost Dance that gave us the Word as flesh, and the Wedding Feast and the Bread.

The Quandary

by Sharie Clausen

Dear Professor,

FIRST DAY

Do you wonder up there
As you lecture and look out-

Upon students staring back at you

Upon students bent over notebooks
Near silent pens rolling quickly
Filling page after page
In near illegible scrawls

Upon students looking away
Looking up, looking down
Anywhere but at you-

Are they listening? Are they interested?
Do they get it? Am I getting through?

Do you think their nervous silence,
This seemingly long one way conversation
Is as glaring as the sun's rays
Glancing off of tin foil
As you stand in the glare and wince in hurt?

MID-TERM

As a General has been preparing
A troop of lackluster new recruits
Into fighting soldiers
Ready for the front
Ready for their moments of glory
To be held out as a gift
In reverent thanks to their General
Their army, their nation

and their maker;
so too is your resolve
in the face of adversity
you do not founder,
you break out your own learned arsenal
in the name of Education
and you vow
no one is getting left behind.

You quip, you cajole, you question,
then you break open candor
and light it like a candle
in the middle of class.

As those who've been left out in the cold
too long
and hold themselves
close to the fire,
your students begin
a heart bolstering thaw.

FINAL

Throughout the semester
you salt and pepper your lectures
with charisma
otherwise known as,
pure love of subject.

Now you walk in to your classroom
and it is crackling with conversational energy.
there is a glow that emanates fellowship.
you no longer feel alone
in a room full of students,
and you wonder how did you get here?
How did they get here? How did we get here?

As you wonder and look out

upon students staring back at you
upon students bent over notebooks
near silent pens rolling quickly
filling page after page
in near illegible scrolls

upon students looking away
looking up, looking down,
anywhere but at you.

They see you pause in wonder,

they quip, they cajole, they question,
then they break open candor
and light it like a candle
in the middle of class.

They hold out their final exam to you
and their smile is genuine
as they walk out in confidence
ready for their moments of glory
to be held out as a gift
in reverent thanks to their professor,
their university, their nation, and their maker.

On your next FIRST DAY,
will you wonder up there
as you lecture and look out-

Are they listening? Are they interested?
Do they get it? Am I getting through?

Sincerely,

Your Student

Voices from a Cattle Car

by Ruthi Mitchell

The shriek of the whistle cuts through the blackness
As the clackity-clack of wheels against track
sets my teeth chattering to the same rhythm.

We are cargo bound for nowhere,
lost in the abyss of hate.

My name was Samuel
Back when I had a name.
A mathematics instructor
until I became
A number, inked to bring shame.

The taste of fear,
The smell of filth
Makes me want to vomit,
But I hold back, not wanting
To add to the aroma
of death.

I was Yosef.
My music, sweet perfume,
My life was a symphony
until I became
an instrument
of doom.

We are the ghosts
of our former selves.
Leftover images,
invisible threads
of existence
on a train bound for
blackness.

My name was Sarah –
A student, until I became
something to exterminate.
I wonder
where they learned to hate.

We roar through the night
in a train bound for hell.
Stripped of humanity;
a past with no present.
With one swipe,
erased from the chalkboard
of life.

Yet in our captivity, we are free.
Free to choose our
inner destiny.
Free to choose effect
and ignore cause.

Free to choose dignity
over humiliation,
courage over fear,
triumph over tragedy.

They will soon learn
our secret.

Some things
cannot be taken –
Even in a cattle car
Bound for hell.

Rust Belt to Space Coast

by Natalie Dorfeld

People know I'm not from
the South.

I want things done quickly,
yesterday if possible.
Yankee? They ponder,
full well knowing the answer.

And my skin, it's too damn fair.
Oh, child. They caution,
encouraging overpriced lotions
that cannot be found at Walgreens.

My accent, also a source of amusement.
You live near Pittsburgh? They ask,
questioning the origins
of dippy eggs, spicket, and gutchies.

But I am acclimating.
Trying to, anyway.

I have traded my flannel tops
for board shorts, and with enough
salt water baptisms,
I hope to be born again,
washing away this steel mill grit
that has plagued me all my life,
replacing it with the intoxicating aroma
of hope.



Mailboxes - Mickey Ross



The Forgotten Battle II ~ *Cody Winter*

Play Me the Moon

by Denise Keeran

knock-na-knock-na-knock-na-knock, Angelo made the sound of horses' hooves running up the door.

"Are you iiiiiiin there, Mrs Deyarmann?"

A smile stretched across her lips . . . from her perfect, old, worn-in rocking chair, Mrs. Deyarmann snapped back to the present, reached for her cane, and made her way to the door to greet her beloved guest. These visits from Angelo pleased her heart and spirit more than anything else these days.

Seven year old Angelo was her bright spot and kindred spirit. He'd been visiting her for over a year now, and despite the great difference in their years, they shared the kind of special friendship that eludes most.

Angelo's family lived in her building -- but how had he happened to come to her door that first time? she wondered. No matter -- he did, and that's what was important. He was instantly intrigued by the beautiful black piano in the middle of the room. He'd never seen anything like it. No one in his adoptive family showed much interest in music, and he'd never seen or touched a real instrument before. He approached with wonder and reverence, *eeeeever* so delicately petting a key, as though it were a fragile baby bird he could hurt if he was not very gentle. Mrs. Deyarmann couldn't see him, but sensed his awe, and smiled to herself. Her husband was a great pianist who left her alone on this earth 12 years ago. She missed him tremendously, and while her usually practical nature said it was silly to keep the old baby grand, she couldn't part with it -- it was all she had left of him. His soul was in that piano. Cataracts had claimed her eyesight in recent years, intensifying her love of music all the more. But the piano -- ahhh, the piano had always touched her and spoken to her as though it were alive.

"Would you like to hear how it sounds? Go ahead -- sit down and give it a try." And with those words, she handed Angelo the moon. Or maybe he handed it to her.

He began tentatively, trying out each key separately, savoring its sound and drawing it out. And soon enough the miracle was made manifest. Angelo had a rare and beautiful gift -- not only did he innately seem to know

how to play, but his whole person was caught up in it. He would lean in and listen closely, eyes closed, brow knit together, feeeeeeeling the notes emanating from it. After trying each one alone, he'd memorized the sound of each key so he could call on them effortlessly, combining notes, creating chords, painting pictures with sounds. Angelo and that piano were like twins that shared a mind – he would subliminally express what he wanted, and the piano would give back the sound. It was astounding. A mutual respect. He didn't want or try to play what he heard elsewhere. He wanted to create. And he especially wanted to give Mrs Deyarmann her sight back. Looking out her window, where she sat in her rocking chair, he would recreate what he saw outside.

"I'm gonna play the sunshine for you today!" And with a flurry of happy, higher-register tones, in her mind's eye she saw the rays of sun reaching through the clear sky, and glinting off of the playground swings.

At the start of summer Angelo could barely contain himself as he peered out the window. Mrs. Deyarmann tried to guess the reason for his excitement, but waited for him to reveal it with music. Ahhhh, yes, there it was. She understood right away. Little lilting tones, quickly plinking on and off and floating around. The dance of fireflies . . . one of her very favorite things. A tear slid down her cheek. How thankful she was for this dear child, his sensitivity to her, and his exquisite talent.

Several times a week she was delighted by his visits, as they talked and laughed and she looked through his eyes. He showed her the squirrels running down the street and up the tree and across the telephone wire. Star-filled skies and an occasional shooting star. Autumn leaves falling to the ground and being raked into piles to play in. Melancholy raindrops sliding down the windowpane. The first frost.

At the end of one tired day in early winter, Angelo instructed, *"Go get into bed, and I'll play you the sunset before I go. Goodnight, Mrs. Deyarmann."* As she lay, ready for sleep, she listened to his song, comprised of tones soft and peaceful, which melded one into another. Beautiful and flowing, nothing sharp or surprising, and then the grand finale, as the last of the sun's vibrance dipped below the horizon, the fermata faded away and all went quiet. She heard his light footsteps retreating, and the door click closed behind him. *"Goodnight, my angel,"* she whispered.

She didn't answer the next time he knocked. When emergency workers broke through the door, Angelo followed them in. She was yet in her bed, where he had last left her. Her face was the picture of serenity, and clutched in her hand was a note. He struggled for a moment to read her handwriting, but then understood. *"Play heaven for me."* Without a word, he walked to the piano . . .



Sculpture With Charcoal - *Amy Hackett*

Car-nation

by Lucas Wilson

Oh, say can you see all the parking lots
with their cars in full bloom:
with all their reds;
with their white lines
on the asphalt;
and with all their blues?
These flower-beds are spreading
and each, individually, colours:
rendering the spicy attar of
exhaust
throughout all the land.
But what I have found is that these flowers
leave more of a legacy in their death:
pressed,
between two hydraulic arms,
they stack nicely, for all to see.
When watered, they burgeon
a harvest,
a bouquet of rust.
O say, do those car-spangled yards lay high
o'er the land of the scrap and the home of the shards?



Stargazer - *Laura Ott*

Scarred Angel

by Kristina Gilson

Scarred angel
Face to the sky
He writes
His flight
His fall
His return

Hand to mine
He loves
Their breath
Their flames
Their soul

I wonder
What scars tattoo an angel?
I trace the colored mark and ask,
“Angel? What is this one?”
He smiles
Because he knows
This one is my favorite
And his eyes say
“I hope to kiss you
In the poetry section
On the farthest cloud.”

Makeup

by Sarah Anne Bryski

I paint on a mask
of purple and black
until I am beyond recognition
even to myself,
hiding tear stains from some,
emphasizing bruises for others -
I don't recognize you without a smile;
Your eyes are so blue when you cry.
Eyes can deceive.
Everyone sees what they want to see,
but you're not everyone.
You see the brushstrokes,
and you know how exhausting
it is to maintain the colors
under stage lights.
Beckon me into the dim glow
of your world.
Lay me down.
Let me rest and release
what they expect of me
on your sheets and pillowcase.



Don't Tell a Soul ~ *Amy Hackett*

Lourdes University in Late Afternoon

by Sharie Clausen

flurries
of activity surround her
students
in the guise of worker bees
rush
in myriad directions with single-minded purpose
vehicles
amass in as orderly a manner as a honeycomb's
honey
proud she stands
unbowed
by the years
with bright
and clear vision
stalwart Franciscan fortress of
reverence service and learning
through the tides
of changing times
light glows soft
on her diadem's
colors, a mirage
of fire shimmers
on. The Maker's
study in warmth
sets the tone, as
St. Francis stands
aloft in vigil and
awash in the sun.

Author's Bio's

Charity Anderson is a high school language arts teacher from northwest Ohio and the holder of four undergraduate degrees with honors. She has other published writings and artwork and enjoys public appearances; the presentation she honors most is her college graduation commencement speech for Lourdes University in 2012 at the Toledo Seagate Center which was delivered to an audience of over 5,000 people. Her writings are a result of her inward digestion of life events and eternal desire to evoke the imagination of almost everyone she meets.

Sarah Bryski (Ashley, Pennsylvania) is a graduate of Susquehanna University. She holds a B.A. in English and a minor in Psychology. She is pursuing a career as a high school literature teacher.

Emily Cardwell is a senior at St. Paul High School in Norwalk, Ohio.

Sharie Clausen has a Bachelor's Degree in English from the University of Toledo and is currently attending Lourdes University, majoring in Middle Childhood Education. She was formerly a small town reporter and freelance marketing writer of content for web sites. Her supportive family is what makes attendance at Lourdes University and *Tau* submissions possible.

William Conyer has worked for 32 years as a primary care physician in Paducah, Kentucky, where he lives with his wife, Barbara. This is his first published poem.

Natalie M. Dorfeld is currently an Assistant Professor of English in the Humanities and Communication Department at the Florida Institute of Technology. She has taught American literature, creative writing, business writing, public speaking, and ESL classes at Thiel College. Additionally, she works as a freelance writer for Salem Press and serves as an advisory board member for Wadsworth Publishing and Pearson / Allyn & Bacon Publishing.

Peter Faziani is a poet and purveyor of nature. When he isn't out of doors, he is teaching composition and literature part-time. He is supported by his wife, two lovely daughters, and two boisterous Corgis.

Jillian Gosser is a student at Sandusky Central Catholic High School.

Denise Keeran is a student of philosophy and psychology, passionate about learning, curious about nearly everything. She is a photographer and writer, addicted to travel and exploring nooks and crannies, valleys and mountaintops, with all of their peoples and flora and amazing views (current number of countries visited is 20). She's a bit of an adrenaline junkie mixed with a whole lot of heart.

Marcee Lichtenwald is an English major at Lourdes University and president of Literati.

Arthur Mauser is majoring in Social Work. He started at Lourdes in Spring 2012 as a Sophomore. Arthur came to Lourdes after taking a 41 year break to complete a Bachelor's Degree. He has 2 adult and 4 grandchildren, in addition to family. **Samuel Thomas** collaborated with Arthur on this poem.

Ruthi Mitchell works as Prospect Researcher and Project Coordinator in Institutional Development at Lourdes. She graduated in May, 2013 with a B.A. in English.

Chris Moylan is an associate professor of English at NYIT in Old Westbury, New York. His poems have appeared widely in literary journals. His book *Border Taxi* appeared in 2008. He and his wife founded Centerfood Co-op in 2010, and he is active in various social causes.

Chuck Von Nordheim lives in Dayton, Ohio, beside a green river with oaks. But, he grew up in Lancaster, California, with a backyard filled with yellow sand and Joshua Trees. Even after two tours in Iraq, he still finds the most fearsome thing to face in the world is his father.

Olivia de Palma is a senior at Lima Central Catholic High School.

Nathan James Rawlins is proud father of two daughters and a devout Catholic, who is currently studying Theology at Lourdes University. Nathan formerly attended Owens Community College where he received an Associate's Degree in the Liberal Arts. Upon graduating in the Spring of 2014, Nathan intends on attending Graduate School at Lourdes University.

Jordyn Steele is pursuing English and Education degrees at Lourdes University. This piece is the culmination of an English assignment and self-reflection. It is written in hopes of encouraging reflection in the reader and motivating means for proactive awareness against an inconspicuous yet incorrigible symptom of being human.

Silas Tsang received his MFA from the University of Nebraska. In addition to teaching, he currently writes restaurant reviews for his blog "Picky Purple Eaters." He is a self-proclaimed beef and bottled-water addict.

Lucas Wilson is a Toronto native and is working on his M.A. in English at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario focusing on Jewish and Holocaust Literature. He is matriculating to Vanderbilt University in Nashville, TN in August to work on a Master's in Theological Studies, with a thesis on evangelicalism. He hopes to earn his M.F.A. in poetry after he graduates from Vanderbilt and then become a professor of English and Creative Writing.



**Call for Submissions
For
2013-2014 Tau**

Deadline: November 30, 2013

Please email submissions to Tau@lourdes.edu

You may submit up to five, double spaced entries in a Word file format.

When naming the Word document, please do not use your name, simply the title of your work.



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