

the

Tau

*the literary and
visual art journal
of Lourdes University*

2014

Cover Art:
Hydrangea Leaves ~ *by Maria Thomas*



*the***Tau**
2014

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

“We read fine things but never feel them to the full until
we have gone the same steps as the author”
-John Keats

The world in which we live is full of beauty, elegance, and joy, interlaced with sadness, fear, and hostility. Because we see the world through different eyes, each and every one of us, our experiences and sense of that which exists around us, are perceived individually. The purpose of *The Tau* is to explore the intellect of those who wish to share his or her personal experience of that world. This unique literary magazine gives our community the opportunity to reflect, spiritually, intellectually, and physically, the knowledge gained through education and the limitless perspectives that pour out from personal reflection.

The symbol of *The Tau* is deeply rooted in Franciscan tradition, it symbolizes the endless value of giving and receiving and the interactive correlation of the two that improves our quality of living. By joining all of the beauty and elegance of the world with the sadness and hostility that exists, one is capable of expressing that in our weakest and most vulnerable moments there is healing power. The beauty of art—paintings, photography, the written word—is that individual experience expressed. We are able to look at the world differently thanks to the expressive view of one another. A new truth is revealed and a beauty is born where it never existed, yet always existed.

Marcee Lichtenwald
President, Literati

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The Poppies Grow

By Charity Anderson

The poppies grow
by the roadside, beneath the weeds,
Slowing the pace for all who breathe.

Shades of purple princes, drops of moorland dew,
Four years could not save me from you.

Behind the barn's door, barrels overrun,
Waiting beside the warmth of our dying sun.

Empty bonfire rings, doors hung without screws,
Angels could not hide me from you.

The poppies grow
But I'm afraid they won't die.
They'll rest above our tombs
Long after you and I.



Groundwork ~ by *Lora Gable*



Weregild

By Charity Anderson

The sun is waiting patiently
On the wicked and the worthy.
Here now,
Our swords unsheathe.
Here now,
We simpler to show teeth.

Your armored shoulder, my tears withdrew.
One face for the world, one face for you.
Spiraled sparkles, have you seen your own pale light?

To be free beyond the blue, to be free of the night,
To know morning bliss, to never sleep beneath the sky,
To end the eternal sway, our promised lullaby.

And when I dream, the charm comes undone

Let this final battle bring the rising sun,
Let the bleeding keep us decent and whole,
Let your repayment free my soul.



Obstinate - *by Allison Walter*

Bikeman: Carolina Flyer

By David Izzo

The legs are as pistons,
putting distance on the blacktop at 90 RPM.
the muses implore: *Allez! Allez! (Go! Go!)*
nature cajoles him to push this two-wheeled chariot.

All the rider knows is daylight past the Marriot
onto black ribbons of road that crisscross
a patchwork of grasses green and trees brown in shades as diverse
as the sights and sounds of rough and sky.

Rabbits bound. Turtles lounge. Horses carouse.
Brown cows make chocolate milk.
Eagles soar 'round Falls Lake.
smaller birds sing the glory of flight,

And I, no less than they,
hurtle along as our Rohrsbach shadows keep us company 'neath the Sun-
God.

Double-wheeled Pegasus, release me from trouble.
set me free as the trees rush backward,
and the Canadian Geese honk approval
at this solo flyer.

To ride all my days on this sleek, steel steed.
Nature's love and my bike are all I need.



Impressionist Landscape - *by Cody Winter*

A Dream

By Isabella Valentin

I peer off to the side,
Glancing at the tiny people
Rushing to work, home
Or possibly to a lover's arms
I take a step,
Knowing the wet cement lip
Is slippery and cold
Leaving no grip for me to hold
I breathe in,
Wishing I can clear my mind
From all the thoughts
And mental abuse that plagued me
I close my eyes,
For the scene I will make
Won't be a pretty one
It may lead to shock and stares
I listen to them
Screaming there is a woman
On the ledge
Hoping they can save me
I smile sadly
So I appear saner
Than I really am
To smile one last time
I fall down
The wind slapping my face
The feel of gravity
Propelling me downward
I wake up
Realizing life is worth living
Even if it is short
And filled with disappointment
I land and stand
Safely protected by God
With a new sense
Of purpose and light to live

Minerals

By Brandey Schultz

Did you know the answers are found
In the soil we arose from;
Minerals and microorganisms
Lost in the fear of dirt.
We must promote life.

And death--we have lost touch--
We must meet again,
Before your icy fingers
Grip too tightly our species;
Thickly clustered,
Brittle bones, paper skin.

Empty bodies make empty work.
My body waits for nourishment
And my work lays stagnant
With an occasional ripple.



Avarice ~ by Lora Gable

Wade in Dissolution

By Charity Anderson

Sailing for some time,
Over six years now.
Spring equinox yanked us into sea:

Our moment, that same pivotal astronomical moment,

Sanctioned us together as
One: you are my one and only.
Same vernal sign took you away from me.

Oaring through my

Separate lives from you
Once we were no longer twenty-seven.
Silly to think life was

Over by then. But who was to care

Save us.
October and its
Sacred

Oaths are the pieces to this

Sinking ship of
ours;
Sealing our fate despite the distance, despite the separation.

Only so much time left, my love,

Stop it, if you can.
Or should I just
Set you free?

Overtly this would

Salvage a part of you, and
Open me to the
Soulless sea of your

Oblivion.

Say you will not do this.
Occupy this vessel with me a while longer.
Stars set us out, stars will bring us back.



The Fish ~ *by Lora Gable*

Harvest Moon

By Charity Anderson

Harvest Moon
Pays a visit:
Pressing fallacy,
Rising steadily,
Keeping me awake at night.

Pauper soon
Strays in secret:
Passing fancily,
Fading rapidly
To the thought of me in white.



Dawn - *by Laura Ott*

Poiesis

By Prakash Kona

An anonymous poet composed one line in a lifetime: “Gorgeous is a winter’s night.” It is said of the poet that innumerable lines were composed in the mind, and the face displayed each of those lines with countless interpretations to those who met the poet. Poets were born with a glimpse of the face. Streets emerged that people could stay close to the face that made poets. Bazaars and weekly fairs became a regular feature in the vicinity of where the poet lived. A legacy of one line however is all that the poet left behind. Gorgeous is a winter’s night. One line the poet felt worth putting on paper in a lifetime. There is no proof that the poet existed but for the line. “The spirit is nerves strained to the point of breaking” is one of the expressions of the poet. Another of the expressions implied, “Being is a pencil on a table.” The poet who never spoke left behind volumes of manifestations.

Which of those winter nights in a long life that the poet referred to was never known. What made the night of that winter gorgeous to a point that the poet strained the impossible nerves of the hand to write down a sensation was equally puzzling to posterity. In life the eyes were open as if dead. In death the eyes were so lively that one could bow down to kiss the dust of the feet that the poet had trodden for the last time. Gorgeous were those eyes like a winter’s night.

The ones with little means blocked the roads with a huge tent when they had the rare occasion to celebrate. Those who had to pass the road found other ways to go through to reach their destination though some of them mumbled curses beneath their breath. Among the poorest of the poor the poet learnt the vanity of speaking. No word was uttered. No one knew where the poet came from. The poet refused to be identified in an almost fictional manner using the face tactically to reveal the truths of the universe. Knowing how the voices of the poor had been robbed of strength the poet preserved the silence to death. Though devoid of anger, the silence of the poet was filled with a sense of justice. The justice of winter nights and the mercy of the dark tore the heart of the poet. Darkness prevailed in the end because there was nothing to fight for as you go into the desert with the donkey as companion. In the kitchens where the poet worked as a cook the persistence was amazing as winter’s night. Like the oppressed the poet

survived barely uttering a word. Like it is with the poor, the body of the poet was exposed to the vagaries of nature. The body dehydrated in summer and the bones froze in winter. Suffering was natural but the word that meant spirit was unbroken as winter's night.

The poet lived as though never born. A winter's night passed making no impression in the mind of the sleeper. Dead fathers and defiant mothers are debutants in the wine of a performance. The poet did nothing. Having never drunk of the agony of performers, the poet passed through bodies with a diamantine ease cutting through glass-made stages. Death that preceded life is the knowledge of the poet. This knowing of death brought to life the genius of winter nights in the gorgeous maze of sopranos. "Do not look for happiness that eludes nights in daylight." In gloom that infected the shadows of the earth the feet of the poet made their appearance. Faceless was the person as the dark itself. The others felt the eyes that watched them as children watch their mothers at work. Just as the old derive the strength of their dreams in the bodies of children, the passersby in the world's bazaars felt the humanity of light in darkness.

In happier times poetry was a reminiscence of sadder days. That was a game played and the joy was in reminiscence. The poetry of mad lives showed itself in games that victims played with victimizers. Breaking the game is a way of silencing the voices within. That's like walking out naked on a winter's night given to the nature of things. Nothing changes at the bottom of the ocean. The life of a wave is limited to the breeze. Wandering like a wave but one with depths of the ocean, the poet moved across villages as strangers familiar to strangeness. To face the truth of nothingness is to be silenced forever. Villagers waited for the words of a poem as they would for rain. All they heard in the dark was a voice that promised of its arrival. In sleep, in dreams, in the fictions of day that resemble dreams, in pain with the killing odor of reality, in moon-lit clouds that gave night the aura of the dawn, in the rare moment when the body goes out of time – the voice repeated the promise and the sincerity of the voice made gorgeous the nights of winter so much so that one could dance naked in the snow covered in the mystery of whiteness and hope.

Nights like the inns that receive travelers wait for the unborn to arrive. Language was born in the pity that one feels toward the unborn. The sense of anticipation gave sweetness to the future. The instinct is seeded in happiness of those who wait as if there is nothing to wait for. The bodies of

the others were words of the poem that dared not touch paper for fear of burning the world. Passion that is synonymous with death spoke through a corner of the memory free of thoughts. Poetry happened in the bodies that stood as cedars and worked their way through sun and rain. Tranquility is nemesis if all one asked is nerves to be released of strain. The head freed of the spirit had no mind to bear. Thoughts had the faces of words. The desperately hungry snake had its babies for a meal. Desperation was in the hunger. Without desperation the frames of the universe would fall unable to withstand the straightness of elementary facts. Time and the sky are irrelevant to land and water. The occasion to die came with age prodding the bones to unequal performances. If the stars constitute the material of thoughts then the right to spirit is an intrinsic one. Words quiver in obedience to the darkness of spirit. Worlds write and rewrite themselves while people rise against injustices with the spirit as the basis of forms.

“From children you learn to laugh at the beginning and at the end of each performance.” The metaphoric birth cries of children are no indication of the abhorrent notion that we’re born in somebody’s pain and perish in our own. Ghost-obsessed cultures thrive on making a fetish of the past. We need veils to hide while still alive. The nobility of the past came from the dark color of the wine gorgeous as a winter’s night. The hot blood of thoughts was in the streams that came and left with the monsoons. The snow in the mountains had to thaw before rivers of silence made their way to the sea. No point was served in the dark. The eyes of the poet embraced creation as if it were born in the sockets of the eye. Tears came when you thought of others. Tears made you dwell on the suffering nature of things. How can depleted bodies support each other when they can’t utter a word of protest! How do we know the named from the nameless on winter nights! How can we experience beauty when men have decided to rule by the sword! To endow the body with the dignity of goodness is to connect the stream with the river that knows the way to the sea.

Deserts and seas capture the authenticity of the stars the way music captures silence in its womb. You feel the motions of the unborn. Death is trapped in the bodies of the poor as life is in their labors. Time does not forgive madness. The madness goes on for there would be no poetry in this world if all a person thought of was dying. Religion calms the instinct to die. The playfulness that mothers art was also the mother of religion until the patriarchs of reason subjugated the religion of madness to structures of power. In solitary confinement reason splintered to the touch of madness

like burning glass breaks to a drop of water. The pigs of reason that wallow in the mud of civilization know madness in quieter moments. The order born out of the wedlock of the maniacs of progress and the suckers of sanitization is a bloody one. In bland times men waged wars to find peace. The hearts of men were blocked of pity that came without reason like madness. The gush of innocence came as an arrow from a quiver that cut through the blue. The night the poet left for the world was cold as death. The poet embraced the icy currents as fish surrenders to water. The silence of the poet broke the only time ever: “Gorgeous is a winter’s night” said the poet.

Greater than the leaf that falls is the bud that blossoms. Yet the ground would seem discolored without the fallen leaf. Autumn derived its character from falling leaves. Fall is the song of seasons. Warm as summer and melancholic as winter with the effusions of spring. The songs of losers in love, the ones left behind in the race, conquered armies that became slaves, women and others who did not matter as subjects worthy of history, daily-wage laborers who raised cities past and present, the anonymous builders of bridges, the many of whom the gods demanded sacrifices, victims that death brought freedom to, nights that cried waiting for dawn as children do when they lose their parents, the dawn that woke countless sleepers to prepare themselves for the death-like routine of the day, travelers who went far away barely feeling their bodies, the poet to whom return meant nothing having once experienced that gorgeousness of a winter’s night, fall came as the sound of a glass from a kitchen table and no sound was heard but the passing of a breeze.

The wisdom of shoemaking the poet gave to love. Love had no intrinsic wisdom of its own. It would be an idea but for the body of a person. The concept of time is ill-conceived without the scythe to cut the grass. The metaphor is a word that takes joy in being a word. Joy that has no words is the song that gave birth to cultures. Innocence is suffering. The maker of shoes knows the feet of the beloved as if the form of the shoe is the formlessness of the imagined feet. No shoe fits perfectly into the feet that touch the soul unless you’ve visited paradise on a winter’s night and the gorgeousness has transmuted the stones of time into the gold of drunken eternities.

There is no being other than emptiness that fills room upon room with hay and sometimes with sunlight. Never look back unless you've overcome sleep for one long winter's night blending with the emptiness like a magic spell bombarding the head. There are technical details to staying awake. Once in a way the belly craves food and the throat for wetness. On an empty belly the mind reached for the coldness of water. It is so easy to get used to heaviness that the moment the body starts dispersing you walk the streets like a bunch of molecules tightly packed together with no consciousness other than the spirit of matter. The beauty of it all is that you don't need to make an effort to be normal. Normalcy has lost its graveyard charms. Empty you owned the world as winter's night belongs to winter.



Busy Bee ~ by *Denise Keeran*

Last Harvest

By Brandey Schultz

The stem dies back
And I harvest its last fruit.
Seductive, really, the mellow acceptance
Of this quiet season.
Death catches up with us all.
I hope I see his face again
But if the Earth takes it
I will celebrate his offering.
And solidify his spirit
In some stony monument
In this vast encyclopedia.
Because I know, feel quite near
To this old, young heart that always burned.

The rain falls on us all
Though we rarely avoid its graze.
A bittersweet touch accepted,
Clothed in damp and cold.
Cherishing the passage of time
As long as we hold it
At the end of our stick.
To feel alive, and dead,
With each new autumn
As fruits and leaves are done,
Give way to scarcer pigments
Than brown...
What a satisfaction
In a life well-lived,
Have we known it?



Appeased Company- *by Allison Walter*



What To Say

By Robert Guidry

What I do now in a different way

With a pen and not a shovel

Casting aside the spade

And pulling out effervescently the ground from which I came
where I find treasure, but there is also shame.

For I had no interest in dirt or mire

Churning ground and lifting dust

In writing, now there I found my fire

No longer a whim, but a must

How can I explain to my father that my passion is paper, not soil

Or grandfather, that breaking my back is not my ideal type of toil

Ah, I think I have found out the clue

To getting through all the Hullabaloo:

“Between my forefinger and my thumb the squat pen rests,”

I’ll tell them

“I’ll dig with it” right here at my desk.



Dear John - *by Lora Gable*



Dame Noir

by Scott Weddington

Pretty dame, our time has gone by,
Nothing fun happens now, and I don't know why.
The bar has closed down,
There is no way out of town.

Sorry Hun, I'm having no fun,
You shouldn't have used a gun.
One way or another,
I just cannot bother.

My troubles with you just won't end,
This new life is not going to blend.
I thought we'd have a fun ride,
But murder I will not hide.

Angelic face conceals a lot,
Love for you I must not.
Fun while it lasted,
Now I'm moving past this.

I might think of you now and then,
Glad it's you, not me, going to the pen.
Now I celebrate, happy again,
Hope you learned not to trust men.



Dear in the Headlights - *by Ian Wolfe*

No Roses

by Katie Cervený

Maybe someday someone will sweep me off my feet,
he will give me things and make my life complete.
I don't care about a worthless red rose;
I want a man with expensive clothes.
I'm not looking for a man holding a flower at my front door;
I'm looking for a man with a limo driver named Thor.
So, if you're reading this, I hope you learn one thing, –
the rose means nothing; I want a diamond ring.



Still Life in Darkenss ~ *by Cody Winter*



Summer Days~ *by Laura Ott*

The Effects of Alzheimer's

by John Scott

Oh how I wish I could remember more of my wife and less of my wife
but at least I can give her a new name everyday
at the end of the day with a new name comes a new woman
I thought marriage was a prison and now I'm on parole alas one day I will
remember her name and say "yes
warden how many years do I get in the hole?"

The Cry of the Seagull
by Teri Easter and Sarah Mathiot

I woke, up and my tale began,
with what I thought was the howling wind.
Instead, I found a lonely man,
lurking beneath my windows, and
he told a tale of the world's end.
I held no patience for his broken heart to mend.
He stood there crying, much like a gull,
I felt like ripping my hair from my skull.
His teary eyes were much too pathetic
for me to sympathize and be apathetic.
I sat and waited some time
when finally the whining was silenced by the rising tide.



Before the Storm - *by Laura Ott*



Amal - by Amy Hackett

Love Poem

by Ashley Navarre

If I'd write you a love poem
You would see how I felt
If I'd write you a love poem
You would understand what I have dealt
with, and I would see in your eyes
as you read my love poem that this is our demise
If I'd write you a love poem, you would realize
that love was not the reason I stayed by your side
demise in definition to end, or termination



Leaving You Poem

by Eden Smith

I want to write you a realistic poem
A poem that requires the truth
Of your hidden lies
That reveal my cries
On this dangerous love slide
Twisted with memories of me and you
I want to see the ending
The end to my pain
The feeling of peace
That I will get from escaping the rain
This needs to be over
Over as if it never started
You should remember me
As tattered and broken hearted
So that when you chose to love again
You will remember why we parted



Ink - by Ian Wolfe



More Than Just A Vacuum Cleaner
(Parody of Howard Nemerov's *The Vacuum*)
by Veronica Lark

The house is filled with sweeps and sprays,
And the unceasing echo of the vacuum cleaner.
Its bag purring, and mouth agape:
Meandering across the living room floor.
My busy life, dish sponge perpetually in hand.
“Clean-up” seems our only care;
My old woman's soul
Goes into that vacuum cleaner.
While I tend to try my hand at
A wet mop and lemon Pledge on a towel.
Not a speck of dirt anywhere.
Our type of couple is quite rare.
Thinking how life's an incredible gift,
As I drop my sweaty mop to lift
The vacuum cord as she swerves near the chair.

The Black Cat

by Brandey Schultz

Feeling overwhelmed
By the timeline of my dreams
The resistance on all sides
And all and everything
I went to the window
For a break in my strain.
No sooner had I looked
Than the black cat appeared.
Darting through my garden
With simple predator grace
Into his shelter, a pail
Of compost and thistles
I'd forgotten to remove.

And, what's more—
I only half-emptied it
Just enough
For this cat on this day
Of driving, unwelcome rain.
What if I had finished my task
And left my neighbors no eyesore?
He could hardly find a warmer burrow
Than earth and decaying weeds.

He was a handsome cat.
Caught many a rodent
Digging through our garden,
This season's hero.
I would have made him more comfortable
But it couldn't be done.
Sometimes our only successes
Are mistakes, and sometimes
All of our worth
Is merely inherent.

Circadian Rhythm

by Prakash Kona

In the shade of your voice I lay contemplative. If there were no stars in the sky I would still see you. I love you for the most obvious reason that you offer a convenient distraction to my thoughts. I don't have to love you for your own sake. You are one without an other. That one you are in me. Why should it worry you that I'm possessive of you! Infinite that you're what difference does it make that I divide you between day and night. Or if I divided you into a million moments. Or a billion bodies and sought you in each one of them. You're a toy to my demanding soul. I refuse to let you alone even in deep sleep. You were mine when I wasn't there to feel the sun and the sea. Now that I'm ready to leave the world you're still mine alone.

I leave you with no choice except that you dance to my tune. If I make you cry, it is because I want to kiss your sweet face. If you laugh and I refuse to take you seriously, it's because I want you to know that I'm moody for the most unimaginable reasons. Nothing worries me for you are mine and mine alone. Even if I abandoned you to the ends of the earth, you would come looking for me mad as a haunted woman. I take for granted your foolish love of me. I mock you before friends. I ignore you before enemies. I release my anger upon you when it suits me. Unearthly that you are you still come to me and stick around my shadow.

My cruelty brings you pain though it ends up producing love in you. My indifference can tear you to shreds but you never stop looking at me with those sad eyes of an animal. I'm humored by your plight. You could die in my hands. I could smother you with affection or hurt you grievously. I admire the silence with which you take my aggression. Strangely I pity you though I can't hide my contempt for you. I know your only weakness. No. It's not that you seek my love. It's that you seek me to love. Your heart brimming with infinity cannot do without me. I can exploit you as much as I want. There's almost the slave in the freedom with which you love me. How can I deny that you bring me joy in spite of myself!

I could never wish that you not exist. I cannot wish you out of existence either. I could let you suffer as much as possible if it means I'm not beaten by destiny. Assume I turned into a log of wood. I can't imagine that. The possibility of my turning into a log of wood is what makes me a demented animal. I'm that exception that makes the law of averages. I cling to you

with murderous rage eating me. That's why your utter passivity gets to me. Ineptitude and violence to logic characterize my style. You're useless as shadows are in the dark.

You can't be rough on a stone – something in your gentleness defies understanding. I hurt myself to laugh at you. How you go mad with sorrow to see my bleeding hands. I could die laughing at that point. I curse the river – it makes no difference. Rivers break through your swollen eyes that cannot bear to see me suffer. Your infinity means nothing to me. I'm destined to break you over and over and again and again until you cannot be broken anymore. I try hard as you can imagine feeling with you. The harder I try the closer I'm to destroying you. You're so used to my inflicting pain upon you like the blind are used to the darkness that I wonder how you would react if I were nice to you. I can't. I choose not to. You're the mirror of my humiliations. I must smash the mirror to pieces.

I walk the landscape of death. You make a home for yourself nearby. I tolerate you from a distance and that too with great difficulty. Unwilling to distress me any longer you don't trespass my space except in dreams when a veil touches my face and I pass away into the sweetness of the dark. Waking I resist the futile charms of the veil. With diamond I intend to cut the veins of water that rivers may bleed and swamp the earth.

One night I decided to burn your house after your eyes closed for the day. I came close to the tree beneath which you lay in a shack. When I was sure that it was dark enough for me to go through with my plan I struck a match ready to burn the place. I see you sitting upright watching me with curious meditative calm. I run agitated as fast as my feet could carry. I realized that you never slept. If you never slept something must be occupying your thoughts at every instant of time. I wondered what it could be.

There is no alternative to ignoring you. The thought that you could be destroyed by my not being aware of your presence made me feel strong for the time being. Once in a way I would notice you from a distance. You seemed happy merely to see me. I threw stones at you as if you were a wild animal. You were unmoved with that spark of a smile in your face descending from utmost seriousness. I can't imagine what it is that makes you you.

It is too late in the day to imagine what life would be like in your absence. You were eternally around me like earth to grass. That there is an invisible thing between you and me I cannot deny. I match the aggression of my finitude with your compassionate infinity. I must convince you that you're no more infinite than dust. You must know that in sleep I'm not thinking of you. I want you to believe that my death will mean the end of your infinity. How could you love me with the constancy of a star while I rage as a flame in the dark! You're not infinite. You're a joke. I love you because you occupy me when I do nothing. You never speak though. You listen to me with such keenness that I can't help being embarrassed. I can't endure too much of the shade. I move into the sun to let thoughts bake in the dry heat of death to come.



Iris Fever ~ by *Denise Keeran*

Christ Waits...

by Theresa Holup

You might overlook it,
Due to its small size,
The quaint chapel of stone,
Dressed in stained glass windows,
And wearing a cross for its crown,
The heavy wooden doors,
That creak as you open them,
Announcing your presence,
Into the quiet stillness,
Amid votive lights,
And relics and statues,
Where candles burn,
Each a prayer...
In thanks, in memory,
Or a request,
For a healing,
To save a marriage,
To survive a divorce,
For a child, or a parent,
God knows why you came,
A well-worn bible,
Full of the answers,
To questions you've yet to ask,
The mural of Mary beckoning,
"Come in...and behold,"
The altar, the tabernacle,
Where Christ waits...
To listen to our fears,
To speak to our hearts,
To love us unconditionally...

Miro Eso

by Denzell Anderson

If only I can get my hands on those....

Delicious, mouth-watering, heart-stealing, life-taking, death-reviving..

Tacos.

Madre, the way you make tacos sends me in a world of idealism.

Hard day of studying and critical thinking I have had.

Practice created soreness in my sneakers, primarily.

Lifting those women placed pain upon me.

Having to catch up on the Student Government Meeting because I was late.

Finally, home is my final destination.

Without hesitation, I SPRINT to the kitchen as though I already knew.

The smell of ground turkey with seasoning

Have me reasoning on why I am not yet a sea creature.

Christmas of cheese, lettuce, sauce, and hard shell tacos share the entire left
side of the counter.

Yes I unleash the ready beast and feast until the use of my feet became
obsolete.

These standards, mom, only you can meet.

Gracias, Te Quiero.

Cadence in the Woods

by Charity Anderson

White willow breaks,
Beckoning rebirth.

Solitary baby robin,
Broken from home –
Swallowed by tall blades –
Tries its best to make it
To the sky.

There is no room for you,
Baby bird,
Saunter to your doom.



Autumn Jewels - *by Denise Keeran*

The Book Said: In Memory of our beloved Cat Max who was Pure in Heart and Truly Strong

by David Izzo

One cannot know to look at creatures, which ones are Truly Weak or Truly Strong.

The dinosaurs were the most powerful; yet, they are all gone.

Who can say if those creatures that are now leaders will remain so, or if, in the future, leadership will mean the most wisdom or the most powerful?

What comes, goes. The water flows, in, out, over, and around as long as there is rain.

The body holds the mind; the mind flows even if the body is still

The will to think first, and from this deep thought then act wisely, for the many, is Truly Strong.

To act with little or no thought, except for one's self, is Truly Weak.

The Weak seek attention; the Strong pay attention.

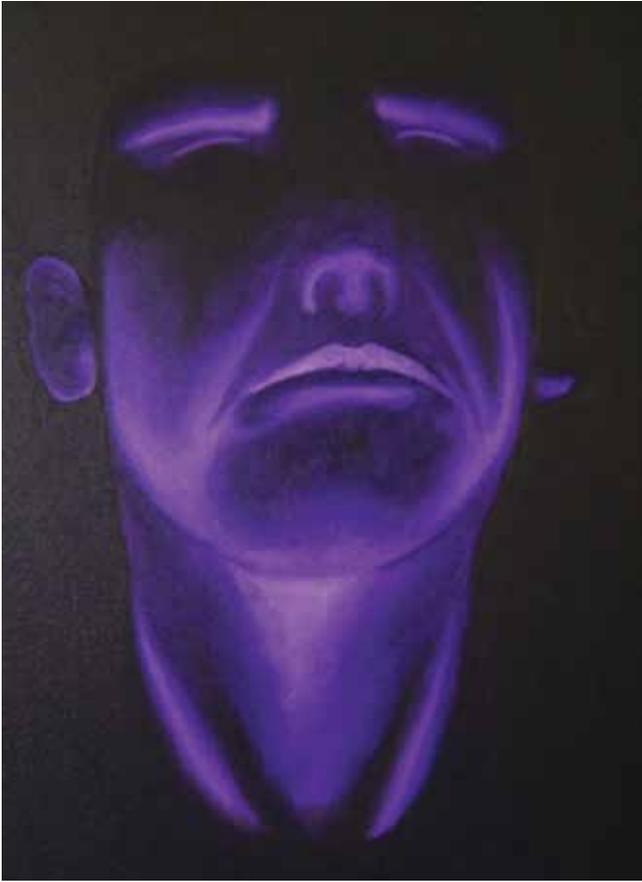
The Weak speak much and say little; the Strong speak little but say a great deal.

The Weak wear a mask in public to hide what they fear in private;

The Strong have one face in public and private.

The Weak wish to act brave when there is no real need;

The Strong are only brave when the need is real.



Solitude Before the Age of Darkness; The Eternal Man, Oil, 2013
~ by Cody Winter

Enigmatic

by Denzell Anderson

The ocean sea and its depth.

Life outside of earth.

Evil upon earth.

Potential with no worth.

Cycle of life--work, finance and reproduction.

Enigmatic.

Enigmatic it may be,

However to the highest of degrees I've conceived that this subject we call life
is not meant to be....

Mastered.

But plastered of self-responsibilities I am.

My senses hallucinate of my needs, wants, goals, and service.

Discouraged I shall not be.

Ok, I've had a little too much to drink.

Nervous I shall not be.

I will get plastered, puke, and reiterate this process until my expiration
date arrives.

Why? Simply due to this: I have a Master

Omnipotent, Omnibenevolent, and Omniscient.

Life is Enigmatic, my role is not.

That's all I will master because that's all I have control of.



Explosion in a Confetti Shop - *by Amy Hackett*

Endless

by Denise Keeran

A beauty that cannot be captured, cannot be contained --
of all the sunrises that steal my breath, they are never used
up.

The comforting symphonic whisper of the brook is never exhausted.
The aria of the remaining lonesome birds in winter's grip is
never quenched.

I walk in the sand but the ocean carries away my footprints to her
bosom. In every sweet moment there is life and death.

Beauty in the newborn's eyes, pregnant with what will be --
and still and more the elder's smile, remembering what was.

Sometimes I watch and rarely I participate, but life and loveliness
surround me and are not consumed.

The misty fog playing solitaire on the water . . . and wisps of clouds
that kiss my nose.

The glory of the moon still beckons tired eyes,
and not all the stars have been wished upon.



Promise ~ *by Denise Keeran*



Violin Player ~ by *Laura Ott*

Author Bio's

Charity Anderson is a holder of four undergraduate degrees with honors, a teacher, and Lourdes University's 2012 graduation commencement speech deliverer. She is currently working on her MA in English, the creation of her first child, and the finalization of her first marriage. Her writing is influenced by ancient cultures, the sly overtures of nature, the delicacy of human experience, and her priceless inheritance from her grandfather, Leslie Vicary, who was also a poet: an unending love for words.

Eden Smith is a sophomore at Lourdes University. Her major is Social Work. She loves poetry; it is a passion of hers. It is also something fun that she likes to do in her free time.

Isabella Valentin is majoring in English and minoring in Theology. She will be a sophomore at Lourdes University in the fall of 2014. Her dreams include being a well-known author and a librarian. She is a bookworm at heart and plans to finish her degree in Texas. This is her first published piece.

Theresa Holup works at Lourdes University as the Executive Administrative Assistant to the President.

Prakash Kona is a writer, teacher, and researcher working as Associate Professor at the Department of English Literature, The English and Foreign Languages University (EFLU), Hyderabad, India. He is the author of *Conjuror of Nights* [poetry: 2012, Waterloo Press, Hove, UK]; *Nunc Stans* [Creative Non-fiction: 2009, Crossing Chaos enigmatic ink, Ontario, Canada], *Pearls of an Unstrung Necklace* [Fiction: 2005, Fugue State Press, New York] and *Streets that Smell of Dying Roses* [Experimental Fiction: 2003, Fugue State Press, New York].

Ashley Navarre is pursuing a Human Resources and Business Administration degree at Lourdes University. After she finds a job she would like to attend Graduate school at Lourdes University.

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 mountain tops, 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.

Veronica Lark is an undergraduate student pursuing her Bachelor of Arts in English. As a young writer, she's grateful for the opportunity to have her poem parody featured in the 2014 edition of *The Tau*.

David Garrett Izzo is a former English Professor who has published 17 books and 60 essays of literary scholarship, as well as three novels, three plays, a short story, and poems. David has published extensively on the Perennial Spiritual Philosophy of Mysticism (Vedanta) as applied to literature. He is inspired by Aldous Huxley, Bruce Springsteen, his wife Carol and their five cats: Huxley, Max, Princess, Phoebe, and Luca. Two of his novels are fantasies with cats as characters: *Maximus in Catland and Purring Heights*. www.davidgarrettizzo.com



**Call for Submissions
For
2014-2015 Tau**

Deadline: December 1, 2014

Please email submissions to Tau@lourdes.edu

You may submit up to five, double-spaced entries. Each one should be in a separate, Word-compatible file. Accepted formats are Word (.docx), Word 1997-2003 (.doc), and Rich Text Format (.rtf).

Please do not include your name in the document or the filename of the document. Use the title of your work as the name of the file.



Lazy Daisy~ *by Denise Keeran*



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