



MANUSCRIPT

Copyright © 1987 by the Manuscript Society.
All Rights Reserved. Printed in the United States
of America. No part of this publication may be
reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or
transmitted in any form or by any means, elec-
tronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or
otherwise without the prior written permission
of the publisher: Wilkes College, Wilkes-Barre,
PA 18766. The Manuscript Society accepts sub-
missions from Wilkes College students and
limited submissions from faculty, alumni, and
students of King's College.

Vol. XL
MCMLXXXVII

CONTENTS

<i>Susquehanna</i>	William Barber	1
<i>When My Sister Speaks</i>	Hilda McMullins	2
<i>Is there a room</i>	Andrew Morrell	2
<i>In Honor of</i>	Michelle Broton	3
<i>Shattered</i>	Murnal Abaté	4
<i>Unsexed</i>	Kim Marie Supper	4
<i>The Deer</i>	Ann F. Calkins	5
<i>Black Magic</i>	Angela Specht	6
<i>Dandelion</i>	Eddie Lupico	7
<i>I am a radio</i>	Michele Broton	7
<i>Thoughts Of An Afternoon Long Ago</i> ..	Andrew Morrell	8
<i>Bella Donna</i>	Kim Marie Supper	9
<i>I never noticed or</i>	Andrew Morrell	10
<i>Leonardo</i>	Murnal Abaté	11
<i>Togetherness</i>	Hilda McMullins	11
<i>genesis</i>	Elizabeth Mazzullo	12
<i>Untitled</i>	Murnal Abaté	13
<i>Eggplant</i>	Eddie Lupico	14
<i>If you would be so kind</i>	Andrew Morrell	15
<i>Penguins</i>	Joan Chisarick	16
<i>Ruin</i>	Kim Marie Supper	17
<i>Alexandra</i>	Murnal Abaté	18
<i>There was one jigsaw puzzle</i>	Andrew Morrell	18
<i>Untitled</i>	Thomas J. Zuback	19
<i>In a quiet room</i>	Andrew Morrell	20
<i>Scholarly Thinking</i>	Kim Marie Supper	20
<i>Mother</i>	Eddie Lupico	21
<i>Before The Wall</i>	John P. Sedor	22
<i>Did I turn around</i>	Andrew Morrell	23
<i>Sonnet</i>	William Barber	24
<i>The River</i>	Elizabeth Mazzullo	24
<i>Donut</i>	Hilda McMullins	25
<i>What world am I in?</i>	Andrew Morrell	25
<i>Second-Hand</i>	Kim Marie Supper	26
<i>Math Problems</i>	William Barber	27
<i>If you must rain</i>	Andrew Morrell	27
<i>I closed my eyes and</i>	Kim Marie Supper	28
<i>I don't know why</i>	Korrie Everett	28
<i>The Friend</i>	Michele Broton	29
<i>Untitled</i>	Thomas J. Zuback	30
<i>A Tree for SP</i>	Eddie Lupico	31
<i>Words have a way</i>	Elizabeth Mazzullo	32
<i>take these words</i>	Kim Marie Supper	32
<i>I'm in touch with you</i>	Andrew Morrell	33
<i>All that Jazz</i>	Marie Madden	34
<i>Somewhere In A Dark Alley</i>	Hilda McMullins	35
<i>hurt animals</i>	Elizabeth Mazzullo	35

Susquehanna

The river flows
through Wyoming Valley
like an anaconda
on a wide, sunny
piece of shale, taking its time.

Once, the Shawnee brought
their stolen horses
to the river's edge for water
near Plymouth, where the river
bends, turning south.

The river owes no allegiance
to man's laws; swells its banks
when necessary, crushes
over the men and women
who fight to hold it back.

The city had grown to meet
the river halfway. It spans
the river with bridges,
hugs the river with dikes
in sheer respect.

Once, my grandfather's grandfather
walked into this river in drunken sadness.
The river bore him away without opinion,
keeping his secrets forever.

Still the Susquehanna flows,
having its way with the river bank,
lending a value to human time,
asleep, with one eye partly open.

— William Barber

When My Sister Speaks

My sister speaks of life
And I feel her many deaths
Her body is so worn
Leather — so
The streets are so impolite

My sister speaks of death
Of how many times
It refused to take her
She cracks a sad smile

My sister speaks of her children
How she'd hurt anyone
Who'd put a hand on them
A tear of defiance comes to her eye

My sister speaks of God
Like he's an earring —
The one that never gets lost
...my sister laughs.

— Hilda McMullins

Is there a room
where all the snow
goes when it melts?

I know there's a man
who runs about town,
(there's one in every town),
at 4:30 in the morning
when it's cold and who
replaces all the
water with
ice.

— Andrew Morrell

In Honor Of...

I can see the man
Holding his new baby
Keeping her from harm
Watching as she sleeps
Smiling with pride
That baby is me

I can see the man
Holding that child close
Trying to protect her from the world
She pushes away; she wants down
He releases her sadly
That child is me

I can see the man
Trying to hold the hand of a teen
Hoping to fit into her busy world
She has no time; she has to go
He watches her leave with reluctance
That girl is me

I can see the man
Reaching out to a young woman
Will she call to say hello?
Calls take time; she has none to spare
He patiently waits by the phone
That woman is me

I can see my father
Wiping my tears when I fell
Teaching me about life
Sitting up when I was ill
Holding the world at bay.

— Michele Broton

Shattered

Wails of woe in songs of screams,
The singer sings for his sheep,
While tears streak down rosy cheeks,
Welling up in puddles deep,
Like waving, warped and flaking mirrors.
Crouching cautiously to gain a peek,
The vision reflected back from you
I am shattered...

— Murnal Abaté

Unsexed

Love unsexes us
equal.
Passion cancels out
the power of
persuasion tonight...

Lend to the Rose, thorn.
Lend to the Oyster, sand.

Love unsexes best,
takes the cape of
identity and slips
it off the shoulder,
as egos undress...

Love unsexes us
in arms, forgetfulness,
Androgeny is key.

Come undone.
unsex two,
one...

Love has unsexed
best.

— Kim Marie Supper

The Deer

Sunlight filtering through the trees
Highlights the tan of her coat.
Grazing in the shadows, she nuzzles
Her baby, his dappled coat shining
As he moves into the sunshine.
Suddenly alert, the doe lifts her
Head and tests the wind. Her
Muscles tense for flight. Her fawn
Moves closer to her, and suddenly
They are gone, disappearing into
The brush. My horse's hooves
Thud along the mossy path,
Galloping! The air, fresh and clean,
Blows in my face, Freedom!
We move as one in the still quiet
Of the forest, then I see her again.
Slowing to a walk — stopping, I
Watch her. What beauty! The fawn nuzzles.
Milk droplets on his chin, he nurses.
His tail twitches wildly in delight,
His legs, splayed, are like delicately
Carved ivory. We are part of the
Approaching twilight, unseen!
Then, once again, they are gone.

— Ann F. Calkins



Black Magic

linoleum relief by Angela Specht

Dandelion

They're back
armed and solidified
I killed 11 in the garden
yesterday
How early we forget to
love them
they yellow our fingertips
and fall apart.

Dandelion —
vicious love child of the seasons
there are too many
to worry me
they get grey haired
through summer
feathered by the wind

an acre of sequined
friends
all moving green
and each a separate sun.

— Eddie Lupico

I am a radio
you turn me on
when you want to be
noble and charitable

and when you are through
you shut me off

— Michele Broton

Thoughts Of An Afternoon Long Ago

The afternoon light poured
through the stained glass
making a colorful mess
on the neat rows of the temple;
It was Yom Kippur,
A day to forgive,
And God forgave
and sent the millions
of smiling children through
the yellow autumn hallways
and into the temple
with flowers for their mothers.

The rabbi smiled
as a tear slipped
down his cheek and fell
onto the scripture,
joyfully staining its parchment
forever...

And the afternoon light
gave way to darkness,
But it was lit by
the smiles of the children.
And the light that shone through the
teardrop made the flowers
spread their petals,
for God forgave.

— Andrew Morrell

Bella Donna

fair and yet wicked
that's what you said
women and witches
make roses their beds

deeper than night
your eyes dark wells
unfathomable mysteria
be it heaven or hell.

enchantress i whispered
when chanted your breath
fanned on in August
oh to dive in the Lethe.

one summer i fell
'neath pearls of dreams
tangled in the lace
of all your schemes.

fair and wicked still
the two lips close
you woman, you witch
thorn to the rose!

— Kim Marie Supper

I never noticed or
thought till right now
that
sunsets are miracles,
as a day is one, too.
But night doesn't
count 'cause
it's dark and
unless a manmade bulb
catches your face just right,
it doesn't count.

I once saw a hot air
balloon fly towards the
sun just in time to
cover it as it set.
The balloon covered the
whole horizon and was the
sunset for a long moment,
like Monet blur, smear
colors
I can see your face in the
sunset.... a miracle.

— Andrew Morrell

Leonardo

Oh, Leonardo
Today I bore you as
I bore your brother before you,
Arrayed in ebony fashion,
Adorned in velvet splendor.

Yet, I might have carried you in my arms,
You were but a child.
Your dappled face, radiant in the light,
Gleamed with love and hope.
Your sun shines no more.

Yet, deep inside of me, it burns brightly
And warms the meadow where you and I
Will someday run together, laughing,
Then stop to break bread beneath a tree.

Until that time, rest, sweet seraph,
Rest.
The night has fallen now
For Leonardo.

— Murnal Abaté

Togetherness

When we get together,
We walk and sit
At the river common,
Watch the ripples in the dirty water.
We sit there
Until the sun goes down;
If we speak
I never remember.

— Hilda McMullins

genesis

(this is what it is to be blind)

in primordial aloneness i am void without form,
i feel warmdarkness pressing in,
i hear only acrid waters dripping into
unseen
unseeing
softblackness.

(in creation you reveal original *Sinn*)*

i am cradled,
enclosed by warmstrength,
drowning in dampdarkness.
softvoicesspeaktome
caressing my mind.

(womb i am unto womb i have returned)

— Elizabeth Mazzullo

**Sinn* is a German word meaning "sense" or "mind".



Untitled
photograph by Murnal Abaté

Eggplant

Why am I left here
orange and unbreathing?
Eyeless and flightless
I grow like an egg
I am fluid and warm
my world is off-white
and surrounds me all over
I lay awful in a million
molecules.

this is the garden of the white
child
babysmile like an orchid
five finger stems
with pink and albino buds
miniature,
untouched,
sunken and dried like
tulip bulbs
how mysterious in the spring.

the baby is black and wonderful
he has two eyes like his father
trying to laugh we look at the
blue sky
new sky
the air is old and calm.

— Eddie Lupico

If you would be so kind,
pass me my life,
please.
I need a second
helping.
It seems as if my glass is empty. . . .
Is there anyone here
giving thanks?
I thought I would,
only for today and for
a short time. . . .
still my glass is empty.
Nobody hears me when
all the seats are
gone. . . .
My room is snowy to
a degree, and I've lost
patience. . . .
Dull people of the table
who've deserted me
watch old movies
and eat crackers. . . .
I've discovered my own
table in the back
near six windows and
the sun, where my friends
are piano and
oboe. . . .
So, if it's not too difficult,
would someone please pass
me my life; I'm happy
again.

— Andrew Morrell



Penguins
paper lithography by Joan Chisarick

Ruin

wrecked of ship on
consequence.
i have snagged on
the intricate lace
of coral you
strung around you.
a beautiful defense,
very subtle, very
dangerous, almost
like loving, eh?
you said you wanted
death, but you'd
settle for solitude.
i came with my
Red Cross expecting
to save you from
yourself. your
supercilious laugh
augmented the truth.
it was i who needed
the salvation, i was
off course in my
presumptions.
you stood lonely as
a lighthouse —
stone, but shining.
And I, I needed
your direction.

— Kim Marie Supper

Alexandra

You are the orange fireball, rising, that dries
the dewy veil from my shoulders,
When I have spent the night in this garden,
In meditation of silvery spheres.

You are the joy I feel upon seeing two old men
in vigorous discourse, as they pass the jug betwixt them
While wandering down the dirt road
That brings you into and out of my life.

When you leave, I seek the solitude of this garden
And count the stars in the sky,
Seconds gone by, until you return.
The sunrise in this garden is beautiful.

— Murnal Abaté

There was one jigsaw puzzle
stretched out along the floor
like a newly broken glass.
The man sat across from the woman,
the coffee table a wall letting
no light in.
Once, in a dream, he saw
the final picture only for
a split second;
he claimed she was with him
on the horse in the field
that day, but they can't talk now.
The pieces yellow with neglect,
and the dust falls freely from the table.
But still they sit,
eyes glued open
to the untouched puzzle
that held the answer.

— Andrew Morrell



Untitled
photograph by Thomas J. Zuback

In a quiet room,
even the lights are loud,
making the walls scream
and the windows shut their
eyes to the blinding noise;
alone among thoughts
that make a man cry,
one life is being renewed
to fit an old body,
sick of loss, but
accepting this one-way road.
The walls are white again
and the light casts a black
shadow of a moving hand
in a quiet room.

— Andrew Morrell

Scholarly Thinking

And if you keep me guessing
i'm afraid i'll look to
another source for my
answers.
i'll go through the index
of texts available to
me and thumb up a reference,
by author.
titles can be misleading,
so i try to stick to
personalities.
if you fail to support
me, if you bolster any
other thesis, i'll
have to abandon you.
please, let me take
some notes, let them
fit with my theme.
i'd love to check you
out and take you home
with me.

— Kim Marie Supper

Mother

You stay the same
the virgin
we share bodies and
blankets
carry me again
I cannot speak
I try to speak
Don't go
Don't leave me out here
I try not to grow
saying first words
I am you, mother
Don't give me a name!

You count my toes,
I hold my breath and
shut my eyes.

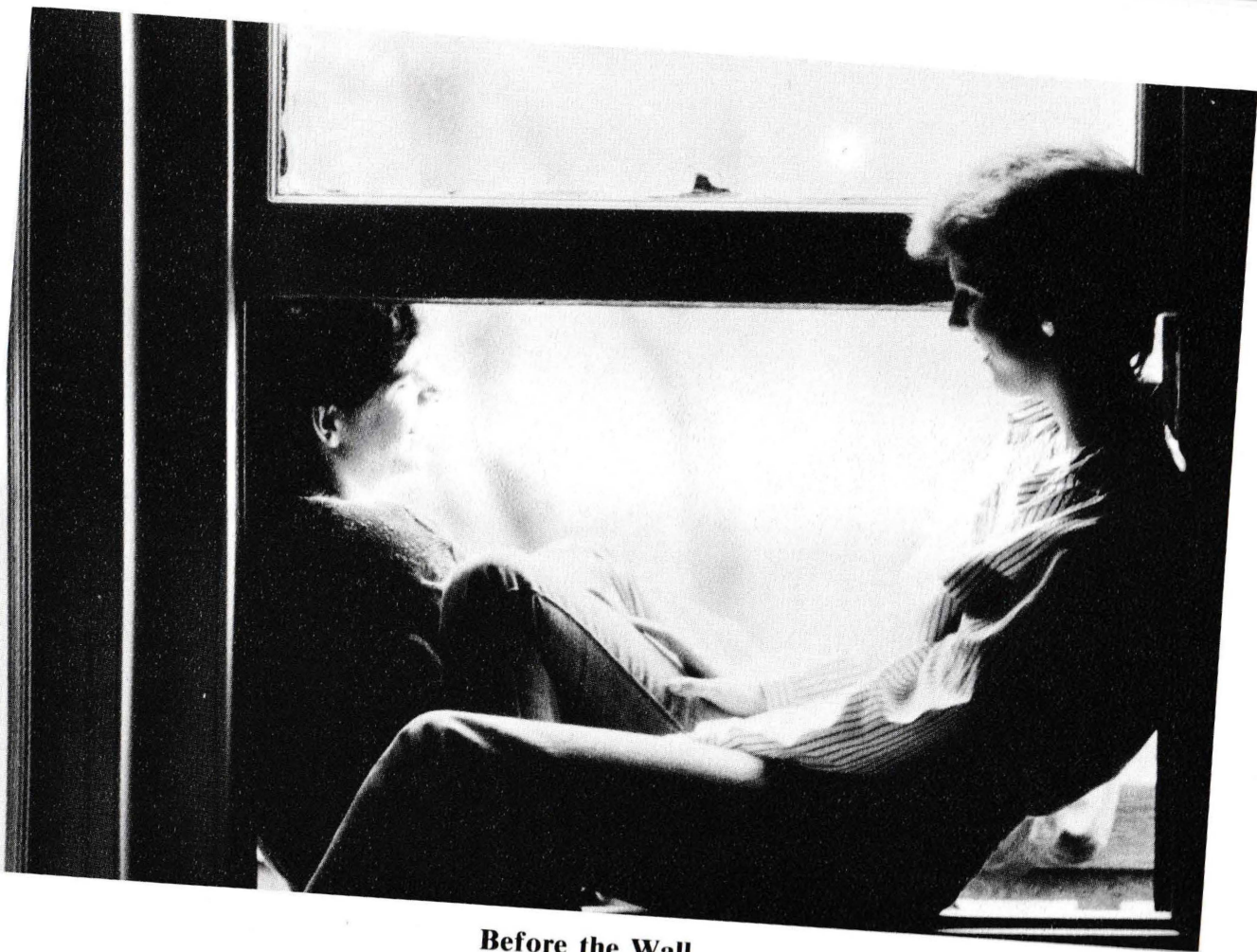
I inherit the love
the only child
a single cure
and a pink room
my sisters cry twins
to hear them, who is older.

This is why I am
the crack of a whip or wrist
she holds me down,
undresses me,
feeds me,
bathes me.

It is our day
my mother's day
we swim
like fish hooks

dig a hole in the
water and bury me
there
I want to be
little and blind.

— Eddie Lupico



Before the Wall
photograph by John P. Sedor

Did I turn around
too quickly, or
are you my friend
again?
I was dizzy for a
moment from your
kindness so I shut
my eyes and saw
the same view of our
walks to breakfast,
my shoes and your hands
in your pockets. . . .
you walk too fast for me
to catch up and now I'm
spinning again. . . .
my eyes fly open to an ebb
and flow of stomach tide;
I slip not in time to
catch myself, and ask,
"Why are you here?"
He knows that I know,
and it goes around and around and
around;
I'm outside looking up and
there are no more stars,
just lines,
merry go round sky on full speed and
I'm being used again.

— Andrew Morrell

Sonnet

You stepped so softly when you left me there
asleep, I never heard you pack your clothes
or tiptoe through my room, though I suppose
I heard your sneakers on the wooden stairs

as you crept out. I woke to chilly air
and called your name as usual. You were
not there. The things you'd scattered on my chair
were missing. All the vacant signs were there:

no backpack, nor that extra pair of shoes
you kept under my bed. I rose to find
your toothbrush, work shirt, razor, and the kind
of aftershave you liked were missing too.

All day I searched each corner in despair,
hoping I'd find you smiling, hiding there.

— William Barber

The River

Liquid silver flows past us,
Tinged amber at its edges by skyfire.
Greyblack shadows float on its surface
Like breadcrumbs tossed by strolling gods.

Pastpresentfuture melt into one.
I see this place through your eyes,
Try to imagine what you and it were like
Before the waters rose and washed away what was.

A hush rises from the river,
Descends from sunset moonrise sky,
Enfolds us in lulling embrace
Until there is only you, and I, and water.

— Elizabeth Mazzullo

Donut

Look at it
A hole surrounded
By tasty sweet
Eat it all up and
Whatcha got left?

— Hilda McMullins

What world am I in?
When I think I know,
it changes color;
I see it through
dark glasses that
hurt my nose on top.
It is a pendulum on
a frayed string and
I watch carefully,
keeping one eye
on the world,
the other on the string.
I worry, sweat, shake, shrink,
but the string never breaks.
It never will;
it only changes colors.
What world am I in?

— Andrew Morrell

Second-Hand

Your assuasive voice always
chimed in when my prayers
had fallen artless.

I wanted to be the
band-aid for the
world,
but you said i
wouldn't stretch
that far.

Your timely smile
neutralized many a
mood of mine.

I cramped myself
into ideals; perfection
was a second-hand
jacket i thought
Jesus wanted me
to fill.
You laughed, and offered
to tailor it to
me, if i pleased.

— Kim Marie Supper

Math Problem

Eighteen times I called,
and eighteen times
your phone kept ringing.
I let the phone ring
eighteen times each call.

Eighteen times I cursed
my frustrations, wishing
you'd answer on the second ring.

The nineteenth time I called
you answered on the thirteenth ring.
You told me never to call you again.
Ever.

What does "why" equal;
and how many times
can eighteen calls at eighteen rings apiece,
plus one call answered in thirteen rings

be divided by "I'm sorry"?

— William Barber

If you must rain,
you can, but
check first, 'cause
someone's day is
counting on sun.

— Andrew Morrell

i closed my eyes and
said if a kiss
could be a machete,
go where you'd like.

when you hacked
your way through me,
did you expect that
river, did you hear
it somewhere before
it appeared?

you know, with
jungles that is,
once you cut in
you are tangled.
the paths grow
back so quickly.

— Kim Marie Supper

I don't know why it is, but at times I find myself missing the old side door of our house. It only occurs on mild, sunny, spring-like days. The sun shines brightly; the sky has a faint dusting of clouds — it's blue, but not a bright spring blue.

I can see the door off our kitchen. It's open. There's a stool in front of it. Two of our cats are sitting on the stool and watching the little birds outside. In the distance, more birds are singing.

I don't know if this is a memory or just a feeling I conjured up. Maybe it's a little of both.

I was three or four — just a tiny child with white-blond hair.

Well, the door off our kitchen has long since been taken out and closed up. Dad put shelves on that wall. The cats are gone, too; Mom and Dad gave them away. And I am a grown woman now, no longer that tiny white-blond-haired child.

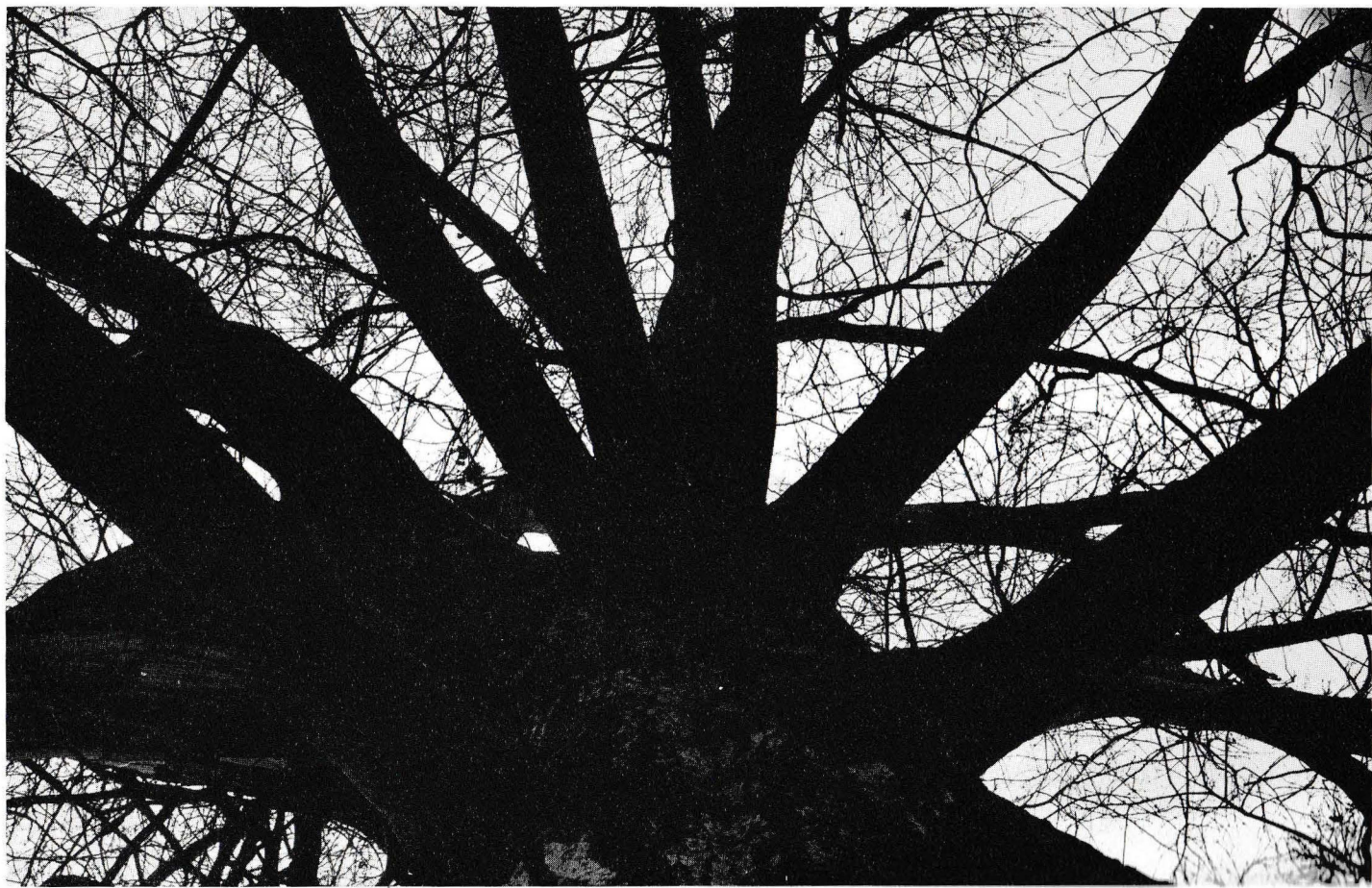
I don't know why, but at times I find myself desperately missing that door.

— Korrie Everett

The Friend

If friendship is measured
by deeds and not words,
you were the best friend I ever had
In fact,
You never said anything
but you were always there to listen
God knows the hours we spent
in my room, talking,
or rather,
me talking and you listening
And you never judged
or criticized,
you just heard and gave comfort.
You were the only one
who never expected me
to be anything but what I was
But if friendship is measured
by deeds and not words
I am the worst friend
there could possibly be
for in your hour of need
when your spirit fled its shell,
I failed you and was not there
And yet, I know, that even now
You judge me not and listen still.

— Michele Broton



Untitled

photograph by Thomas J. Zuback

A Tree for SP

I found Sylvia with her
head in the oven
through a poem in the library
amazed, shocked
I appealed to myself
reading over and over
while eating
I'd brood like the family cat
for minutes
and breathe in fumes

She is my bronze idol
no less than a golden calf
or my own commandments
shining, made of gas
Her limbs are broken
like a storm-swept maple
unfit to be chopped
unsafe to burn
Green leaves will come
the stump seems to greet them
smiling with circles
round and round

— Eddie Lupico

Words have a way of running away from my pen-point,
Sliding back into the corners of my brain and
Hiding behind the dusty boxes of memories and dreams stored there
When I'm trying hardest to skewer them
With the tip of my Bic
And drag them out into the harsh light
Of a GE 25-watt bulb
And pin them down, black-on-white,
Indelible 'til crumpled up and tossed away.

Immortality thru Bic medium-point.
(I'll bet Shakespeare never had one.)

— Elizabeth Mazzullo

take these words
do something with them
today is the day
that could bruise me.
i am
that sensitive.
it was a forgotten day
grey
with vacillations.
at four
the parking meter shadows
are mickey mouse heads
along Northampton.
at four
when you give up
hope
for the sun the sky tears back
like a flesh flap
meat red animal wound.
i felt
the tear
that deep.

— Kim Marie Supper

I'm in touch with you;
your mind,
your body,
your gift;
sometimes you forget
and ask or say
"I'm sorry," and that's
alright...

I feel a cool breeze
when the heat
is on, to reconcile.
My eyes burn.
My head hurts and you
might
feel bad (about that).

—Guilt has a way of
rocking your soul—

But when the last leaf
has fallen from the
branch, it is already
pushing up new ones,
keeping circles circles
without guilt or worry...
I shudder and tremble
with you.
I squeeze you,
I hear you, and
I want you...
Write to me again,
I need your gift.

— Andrew Morrell



All That Jazz
paper lithography by Marie Madden

Somewhere In A Dark Alley

Lookit, lady,
You're too bright to be in my dark
I'm starvin'
Wouldn't happen to have some —
Ripple on ya? would ya?... could ya?
Well,
what good r ya?

Scarecrow?
Everybody knows the scarecrow, lady
Those who don't, 'ventually do
Ya know, lady?
You don't.

Please, lady, don't sing
You're scaring the rats
Look here, lady —
Whatcha wanna fly over some rainbow for —
When you can just as easily jump off the bridge?

— Hilda McMullins

hurt animals
go off and find a
hole
somewhere
(where no one can see their hurt)
and curl up
and
die
(or so I've been told)
today I asked my cat
if she'd find a spot for me
— I wouldn't take up very much room —

— Elizabeth Mazzullo

Editor

Andrea T. Gaiteri

Art Editor

MarKay Nocera

Associate Editor

James Evelock

Staff

William Barber
Amy Braun
Michele Broton
Elizabeth Mazzullo
Hilda McMullins
Maureen O'Hara
Leslie Sinkiewicz
Lorri Steinbacher
Kim Supper

Advisor

Patricia B. Heaman

Cover Design

“Eve”

Pastel drawing by Michelle Herstek

