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carroll quarterly

fall 1975



Between extremeties
Man runs his course;
A brand, or flaming breath,
Comes to destroy
All those antimonies
Of day and night;
The body calls it death,
The heart remorse.
But if these be right
What is Joy?

-- W.B. Yeats

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Park Bench, Jerry Kosicki

Thread of Being
To Dave

spider threaded chimney bricks
blushing pink-grey seams holding
towers of beings together, as
azure clouded skies reflect
clear minds gazing at a day's fall
nights conception.
we work ever on, heedless to
how light-dark cements us
together, whatever, however,
wherever we be.

J.K. Rindell

In The Slants Of Night

(In Memory of a dear friend's Father)

He comes in the slants of night
as that bright inscrutable angel
that breaches dream with morn
and in the face of the shivering dwarf
beneath the bridge
that pleads the water of your glance
and in the simple and innominate
silence of your heart
that speaks your destiny
and in that Corregidor of man
whose fingers hold your dark and streaming head
as more jewel than first light's infant
and your buttocks as the heave of God.
So, beloved woman, be patient and be watchful
in enclosure of your shower
or in gala fields of light
for he signals
in song from some high window
of some unknown tongue
and ministers the changes of your days.
No longer is he shaped in figure of his flesh
that you may reminisce
in night's phantasmal gallery
but has now become simple
in all who touch you with their light.
Love looms, as he, immobile and unsavage
against the ocean's beating sea,
thwarting night
with its cyclic eye of light,
defying the tides of dark,
saluting day.

James Magner

Shore

Take me down,
down to your bed of soft sand and gull feathers.
Make me forget fish tissue lies rotting
and bottlecaps glisten nearby.

Let us enter gingerly
a toe at a time,
wading until wastes submerge.

The droplets dance upon our backs.

Shore calls us. We heed her envoy
the wave. Now sinking,
we clutch fast, rising
compelled to its completion we ride
self-surrendered.

Turgidly rolling, tumbling,
tumbling with the tide we crash
cleansed
and ravished atop wet pebbles.

Sheila Haney

The Woman in the Window

1

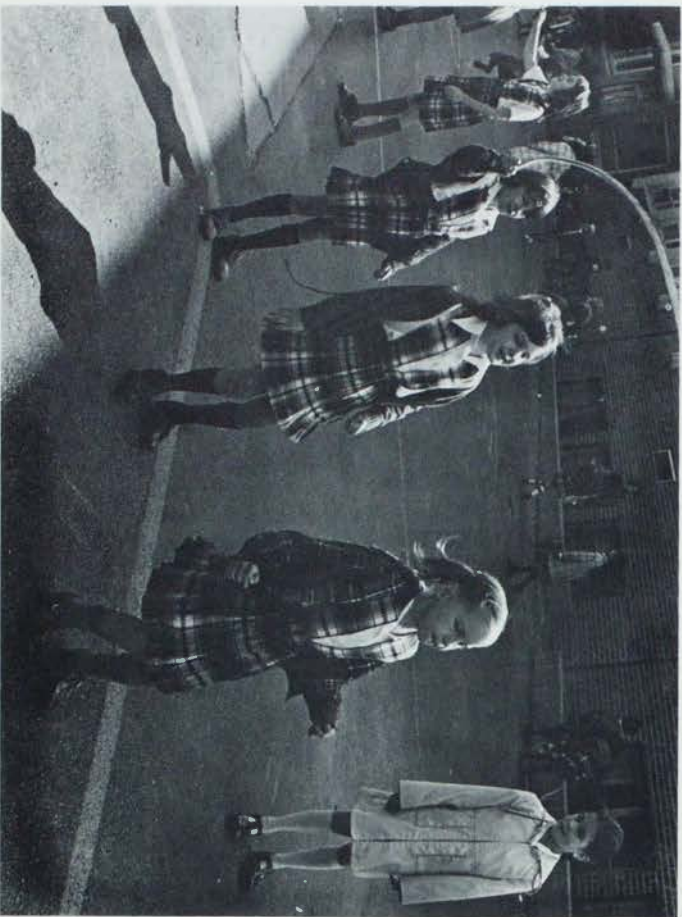
Seven years tonight are up:
all of them passed
like mad, escaping gas
from a lunatic balloon.

First loves leave us to expect our lovers.
She left for the holy hills of India
months after a midnight, three-hour kiss.

2

Love-dry and crapulous,
I stood in the turning light of a room.
"Were you the woman in the window at dusk,
fingercurling me to follow?
Or was it just some ruby, fading energy,
a detail of all the salmon-dying sky?"

Gregory Sine



Matty Pat Fancel

Playground

poem of woman

the night is a woman in her bed of darkness,
lying coiled within the comfort of a dream;
at times, her brow may touch your shoulder
with a gentle child's grace,
yet you shall see her rage and storm
to extinguish rivaled light;
you will feel her arms around you,
know the passion of her darkest urge,
and captured in her coil of darkness,
you shall feel your spirit called
to inhabit all the vast expanse of night;
but she gives birth again to souls
and yields them back renewed;
for night is a woman,
coiled in her bed of darkness,
and she is with you in the shadow of a dream.

Vincent Casaregola

THE SENTINEL

BY PAT ANSON

An old red dog, Ponto, climbs up the steps on stiff and arthritic legs. He finds a sunny place on the far side of the porch, meanders on over to it, and eases himself down into a lying position, moaning half in pain, half in relief for this chance to rest his aching bones. He curls his feet up under his body to warm them, lowers his head down onto the redwood boards, and closes his eyes. He remains there all day, half asleep. Occasionally, when a car comes down the street, his ears perk up at the sound, he raises his head, studies the intruding auto, and then returns to his dreams.

At about three in the afternoon, he is roused again, this time by the sounds of children shouting in high-pitched voices to each other, as they come down the street, book bags swinging from the rhythm of their walk. Ponto arises to a sitting position, waits patiently until the children are in front of the house, and then lets out a friendly bark. The children gleefully respond with "Hiya Ponto!" and "How are ya old boy?", and the old dog's tail thumps on the porch. His visitors continue on down the street after this exchange of greetings, for none of them lives at this house. Ponto eases himself back down.

It is obvious that his time is just about up. Once a husky, playful, and energetic puppy, now he was a beaten, crippled, and scarred old dog. His coat, formerly a shiny, thick, red-brown mass of hair, is now dulled and much browner, falling out in patches around his neck and rear legs. The joints in his legs are swollen, he bears scars on his paws and snout, and his back, when viewed at the right angle, is crooked. The mind is just as quick as

ever, but the body no longer responds as well to its commands. The once remarkably alert face saddened long ago.

He came to this porch and house fourteen years earlier. A boy, named Bill, had spent the summer at his uncle's farm, where a bitch had given birth to twelve pups in a woodshed. As in all litters, there was one odd offspring that was smaller and weaker than the others, always the last to get to his mother's milk. Bill had sympathy for this pup, and when he returned to the neighborhood in August, he brought the dog with him, instead of leaving him on the farm to fight for life with the competitiveness of his brothers and sisters. Such was the creation of the bond between Bill and Ponto.

The dog thrived under the attentiveness and affection of the boy, and his health and size improved remarkably during the fall and winter of that year.

The relationship that developed in the following years is almost indescribable. Besides the traditional man to dog vocabulary of sit, stay, and heel, they developed a way of communicating which went beyond words. If Ponto wanted to go outside or upstairs, or just sit at his master's side, he would approach the boy, tail wagging, put on an inquisitive face which Bill immediately understood, and get his answer with just a nod of the head or motion of an arm.

Before the time swept away the dog's vigor, he was the boy's constant companion, rarely allowing him out of his sight. Ponto would faithfully accompany Bill to the bus stop in the morning, and in the afternoon, always knew at what time to return to greet his master as he got off the school bus.

Whenever Bill played football, Ponto would sit patiently along the sidelines, unless the boy would manage to get the ball, at which point the dog would dash out onto the field to trip up or jump on any would-be tacklers. If he ran out of tacklers to harass, Ponto would run after Bill, and invariably tackle him before the boy crossed the goal line.

As Bill got older and developed a taste for hunting, his father bought him a small rifle, and he tried to teach his dog how to find rabbits in the woods and fields surrounding the neighborhood. The dog could never quite get the knack of it, for to him there was very little differ-

ence between rabbits, opossums, mice, or any other four-legged animal smaller than himself. Often, while hunting in the woods, Bill would hear the frantic and furious barking of his dog, hundreds of yards away, and then run haphazardly through the underbrush towards the sounds, scratching and cutting himself in the hope that Ponto had somehow cornered a rabbit. He's arrive on the scene, sweating and bleeding, only to be met by an excited and barking Ponto, wagging his tail in self-satisfaction over having treed a squirrel.

Once, Ponto managed to corner a skunk inside a hollow log, began his barking fit to attract the attention of Bill, and then waited patiently for the boy to arrive on the scene. After a few minutes, Bill found him, but being somewhat sceptical by now over the dog's ability to distinguish between animals, he got down on his hands and knees to look into the log and see just what Ponto had "captured" this time.

The boy's mother made him sleep out in the garage for a week.

Bill was a freshman in high school when Ponto was hit by a car. The dog's rib cage had been smashed, and a succession of veterinarians had all declared that the animal was to die a slow death, unless he was put out of his misery. Despite the pleadings of his parents, who wanted to see their son's and the dog's anguish ended, Bill spent weeks nursing Ponto back to life.

When Bill became a teenager, the amount of time he spent with Ponto decreased, for dating and going to high school football games gave him more pleasure than playing and romping in the backyard with his dog. Ponto took this in stride, recognized the coming change over his lifetime companion, and determined that what time they did spend together was to be as enjoyable and satisfying as ever before.

When Bill got his driving license, he and a friend, along with Ponto, drove to Pennsylvania to spend a weekend hunting deer. While prowling alone in the woods, Ponto came across another hunting dog, much larger and better trained than himself, and got into a fight with it. While their owners ran towards the area where their dogs' barking and growling was coming from, the two canines engaged in a fierce struggle that lasted for several minutes, until the breathless humans arrived. Ponto had been bloodied

about the face and his right rear leg had been chewed up. The other dog lay on its side, breathing spasmodically, bleeding to death after its neck had been ripped open.

The owner of the other dog went into a rage, cursing and crying over the destruction of his prized animal. Demanding a life for a life, he raised his rifle and aimed at Ponto, but Bill stopped him short by thrusting the butt of his rifle into the man's ribs. He fell to the ground in agony, as Bill, his friend, and Ponto raced back towards their car, not knowing what was to happen next. While running the two miles back to the car, they could hear the other man, recovered from the blow to his side, crashing through the bushes and trees in pursuit of them, cursing and yelling. Once, a shot had rung out while they were in retreat, but no one knew if it was their pursuer or another hunter. They didn't bother to ask.

When Bill graduated from high school, he found himself a job at a gas station, so that amount of time Ponto could spend with him was further lessened. The dog was puzzled by the silence he was given when he greeted his master in the mornings, and even more confused by the stranger that came home at night, tired and angry. Still, the dog remained loyal, learned to recognize these moods of his friend, and avoided him during these times of depression, not wishing to draw the anger of his master, even though that could never happen.

This way of life continued for about a year. Ponto spent more and more of his time sitting or lying on the front porch waiting for his friend to return from work, and when the car finally turned into the driveway, he'd study the expression on Bill's face before determining whether or not to run and greet him.

One week, Bill no longer got up in the morning to go to work. In fact, he spent practically all his time at home. Ponto noticed that his friend was much more relaxed and friendlier than usual, but was a bit confused over the amount of time Bill spent on the phone, the number of friends and relatives who seemed to keep visiting, and the new haircut Bill was sporting. Despite this changed atmosphere, the dog was happier, now that he could see more of his lifetime companion.

On the seventh morning of this new life, Bill came downstairs from his bedroom with two suitcases. Ponto wondered why the breakfast table was more solemn and quieter than usual, and why Bill's mother seemed to be crying. He concluded that his friend was merely going back to work,

but when Bill sat down next to him on the floor and began stroking and petting him, the dog realized that this was a different kind of goodbye, something a little more final than usual.

The dog was baffled by this new behavior. He had learned that humans sometimes revert into a world of their own, one in which he could never participate, as he had done all his life. No, this was something he could never understand, comprehend, or be a part of. Bill was leaving, he knew that, but why and for how long was beyond his own intelligence. Ponto had no idea that his companion of a lifetime was preparing to pay for the collective sins of governments.

The dog spent the entire day on the front porch, waiting. The feeling of a final goodbye which he had gotten from Bill in the morning had passed, so when he saw that the sun had reached a certain angle, low in the sky, when he could smell dinner being prepared in the kitchen next door, he perked up and looked down the street, expecting to see Bill's car coming towards the house. He waited a long time.

At about nine o'clock that night, Bill's father came out onto the porch, knelt down next to the dog, and hugged him. The man sat with him on the porch for a few minutes, and then took hold of his collar and brought him inside.

Ponto spent a great deal of time on the porch in the forthcoming year, waiting for his friend to return. He knew that Bill had been gone a long time, much more than ever before, but he was determined to be the first to greet him when that car finally pulled up into the driveway.

One day, there was a great deal of activity inside the house. Ponto had seen Bill's parents crying, the phone kept ringing, and all those friends and relatives that had stopped over a year ago were now coming back. He noted that the mood of these people was quite strange. Some were angry, some wept, others just stood around in a daze. And they kept mentioning Bill's name, and something called Tay Ninh.

That day passed five years ago. Ponto lies on the front porch, watching the children continue on down the street. His days are numbered, and he knows it. The winters have gotten colder with each successive year. Last year, he almost froze to death out there.

He no longer knows exactly why he should sit out on

the porch, after all, there are better and warmer places where he could pass the time of day. But he knows that it's important. Something about crisp fall days, the smell of the woods, and the joy of running after things. Those children that pass by help him to recall something else, but precisely what or who he can't remember. When they giggle and call out his name, it gives him great pleasure, so he spends his time sitting alone out there on the porch, waiting for them to come by. Besides, Ponto knows he's too old to do much else.

Stupid dog, you'll continue to wait out there.

You'll probably die there.

* * * * *



Jerry Kosicki

THAW

This January afternoon
the valley is in the deepest
twilight we can have without night.
Above the hills, clouds whip and shred.
Epiphanies of light flicker up
the sky like fires dying.
The wind is restless, warm, and moist.
The slush has not frozen yet--will
not on this balmy winter night.
Now even on the highest ridge
water gathers, sweats down the crust.
The trees drip, roofs drip, ledges drip
drip drip like fingers thrumming in
impatient crescendo--so the valley
is full of the sound of brooks
the cold will again contort
to a rigid silver silence.

Floyd C. Stuart

Sunny Afternoon in Banjul

A dry sunny afternoon in May it was
Yea, I felt him
I felt his strength
Blazing above the ground
As if his coach vulcan was angry.

He charged with such velocity and confidence,
That none would accept his challenge.
Looking down Hagan St., Nothing.
But since there was no opponent,
He declared: the whole city his arena.

Suddenly,
I spied a young man
Humbly dressed in jeans and t-shirt
Ready to save the dignity of a reluctant city.
I, thinking: can he stand against him whose coach is a god.

There, the sun dealt him rapid blows,
Over cuts, upper cuts, hooks,
And straight punches all over his body,
Even below the belt.
Causing tiny, silvery drops of sweat
To appear above his brows.
And his wet t-shirt
Clinged on to his skin like glue.
I, thinking: what a dirty fighter.

The sun smiled victoriously after the first round,
And the challenger retreated,
Under the shade of an old baobab tree,
As if saying: Time out,
Boy, this guy is strong,
Coach give me some cold water
Before I venture back into the ring.

Unfortunately his coach
Couldn't afford any water,
But the refreshing breeze that accompanied the shade.

Thirsty but otherwise refreshed,
He decided to high tail it home.
Thinking, like he's got some sense.
He knew - knew he couldn't fight such a notorious foe.

Run, run, run,
He did.
The lengthy arms of the sun,
Still battering him all over.
And as he disappeared across the horizon,
With the heat of the sun chasing him,
I knew the end to a sad story,
And history always repeats itself.

Pa Joh

The House
(a dedication)

So you have bought a house,
and say that it is too sad
the way it holds the dreams
of its first owners, a couple whose hopes
have burst on the rocks of age,
who have gone where others can care
for them, leaving their house to you.
And with that you take me through
the old man's raspberry patch,
you show me her tame cardinals
perched in a persimmon tree,
the garden their times have made.
And I see that every corner,
every closet in the place shows signs
of care. It is so much more
than dollars could have brought.
It is a kind of gift. But back
in my own rooms I find that something
makes me want to wish you luck.
For no house is safe enough
or rich enough to see us through.
And you too must live across empty
spaces, among those who would see you
empty handed, with the common weight
of time. There will be the emptiness
between the last black-eyed susan
and the first crocus, when no garden
holds back the wind, the birds buried
and dumb, the creek frozen. And I think
good luck should come with your good
fortune. For there is a difference
between what we are given and what
we get. There is a house as something
we must fill, a life as something
to pick up and carry. Yet all that
said, I think this too: the stage,
the props, they help so much.

Kip Zegers

RIDER

You ride as if the wheelchair were a ripple-muscled horse.
Hunched forward, you lope across
the clock's white plain, intent on gaiety.
The enemy does not strain behind,
arms raised amid dust and thunder.
It is no race, your crisp riding.
They gallop easily around you, leering--
blindness, dumbness, mindlessness.
The world dissolves at the eye's edge.
Time hangs, drifts like a desert powder.

Hasn't fear, flaring, struck you with palpable hoof?
Walls flicker to a TV fire.
You glide through a chill flame,
and I must celebrate your riding,
swept by your calm agony
finer than any poem it could force me to.

Floyd C. Stuart



Maty Pat Franceel

Old Man

Old Man

Doctors tell me
I can never die of heart attack.
My heart is strong
like an elephant's.

Sometimes when the crows call at dusk
my chest fibrillates --
 a sort of limping dance,
 too anxious at the pirouette --
and I must rush my memories
and all my songs to intensive care
to electrocute the beast.

They tame him in a maze of wire.

This irregularity is not like death
as much as I can tell.

By morning, the waltz in my fingers slows,
I taste copper in my gums,
and there is just the faint smell
of burning tusks.

David M. La Guardia

Mamcumba Lambae*
(Spirit of Banjul)

A day of sumbi-june**;
Bleaching the landscape with jewel tears
That flood the eye of blue heavens,
And splinter across the horizon.
Upon the threshold of dawn
Mamcumba Lambae spreads herself,
Her lips moistured with the last breath of spring
And her face pillowed on the calm sea
Still she sleeps. . .
Arms tentacle the breeze
Swaying gran-nut leaves - dancing;
Eyelids flickering lacksadaisically,
Avoiding the cotton images
Imprison in the grizzle clouds.
Twin mounts, soft and pregnant
Dancing in the west wind,
And reaching into the skies from her chest -
She's naked
She's in the nude!
But she always has been. . .
There for us to gaze upon and marvel,
The essence of eternal beauty (a revelation).
Like Calipso,***
She was, she is with us
To the last sumbi-june;
The land, the spirit of the land.

Pa Joh

**Mamcumba Lambae is a mythical figure in Africa (Gambia) who supposedly during World War II, destroyed enemy planes flying over the country by changing herself into two coconut palmtrees and clipping the planes.*

***Sumbi-june, in the broken English language (in Gambia) means an exceptional sunny morning in June.*

Calipso in Greek mythology is a nymph who was lover to Odysseus, spirit and woman blended together.

Master, Silent in Granada

(For Federic Garcia Lorca)

Master, silent in Granada
in obscure arroyo of your night,
Master, silent in Granada
pray for me
that she will come
on steed of febrile song
and lave me
in the river
of your blood.

Granada,
hide me in your breasts of night,
your fields of wheat,
folds of vine
--lyric heat
of your olive groves
and the moon hung silver
asleep with wine--
that I may come to sing again
the songs of sensual silence.

Master, silent in Granada
beyond obscure arroyo of your night,
Master singing in Granada
sing for me
that she will come
on steed of rising song
and rinse me
in the river
of your blood.

James Magnier

A NEWLY-DISCOVERED DISPUTED QUESTION ON THE TEXT: "HE WHO HEARS YOU, HEARS ME"

A disrespectful mediaeval parable on a very contemporary
problem respectfully submitted to my peers,

by

Thomas M. Tomasic
Department of Philosophy
John Carroll University.

Seldom does a scholar encounter the unique privilege of finding an historical document which so explicitly marks a radical divergence in the direction of Western thought that it threatens to upset an entire tradition of interpretation. Such a text was discovered recently, quite by accident, in a beautiful late fourteenth or early fifteenth century manuscript while this scholar had been searching dedicatedly and tirelessly through hundreds of dusty old tomes for mediaeval marginal glosses on classical erotica. It presents a radically new concept, hitherto completely unsuspected, in the intricate and sophisticated art of later mediaeval scholastic argumentation. A passage, cited below, is taken from the *Disputatae quaestiones quaedam imperfectae de molestis rebus* [Some unfinished disputed questions on heavy matters], question 1, article 2, by Gotschalk of Shaftesbury (1349?-1391), and is found in the only extant manuscript containing his work: Aberystwyth, National Library, ms. 9166, fol. 67v.

Precious little is known about Gotschalk's life, except that he held the chair of theology for a total period of almost one entire month at St. Prudhilda's College, Chippenham, a country extension of mediaeval Oxford, and that he was vehemently hated by the local chancery officials, especially by the cunning and spiteful archpriest Archibald of Cornberry, but was beloved by his students and the local innkeeper. His lectures in theology were considered most upsetting and controversial fare for the day, typical of one who would eventually be recognized by historians as having spearheaded the important long line of

reformationists and even as a forerunner of some contemporary theologians. He was accused of visiting a "crisis of faith" upon the simple, unruly and untutored element by his restless questioning, whereby he incurred the fateful and fiery wrath of the local chancery, especially that of the detestable Archibald. According to what little records the scholar of today still finds at his disposal, it seems that the chancery officials, incited by that insatiable and venomous Archibald, charged Gotschalk with "disloyalty" and "disobedience" to "authority", and, what is even worse, they used the term "theologian" in a very derogatory and unsavory fashion. They suggested that Gotschalk should cease his priestly functions and withdraw from the academic list; they suggested to Beowulf IV, then chancellor of St. Prudhilda's College, to remove Gotschalk from the faculty rostrum and to make him an example. But Beowulf IV resisted their wily intrigues, and appealed, on Gotschalk's behalf, to the papal bull *Parens scientiarum*, given by Gregory II, of happy memory, on April 23, 1231, and to the earlier statements of Honorius III, of happy memory, in 1219 and 1222, which nullified any sanctions that might be imposed on a scholar by local bishops and clergy. To this day the scholarly exemption of faculty and scholars from outside encroachment has never been rescinded and remains law. Unable, by their bold overtures, to woe Beowulf IV to their nefarious designs, even at the offer of ecclesiastical prebends and the bishopric of Isbister on the Isle of Shetland, they undertook to move against the ill-fated theologian directly with concerted action. Gotschalk was instantly and savagely dispatched with relish to a much better and saner world by the unbridled frenzy of the chancery officials, led on by the perfectly horrid and insufferable Archibald. Like another great luminary in the history of thought several centuries earlier, namely John Scotus Erigena, Gotschalk too was *perfoßus graphiis* [thoroughly ditched-in with pencils]. The excessive barbarity with which some of the wounds were inflicted, plus the fact that Gotschalk's body was clearly and neatly stamped with the chancery seal, leaves little doubt but that the wretched and hateful Archibald had a personal hand in the assault. As a matter of historical curiosity, in 1417, according to the cathedral *chartularium*, Archibald was living rather handsomely on the offerings obtained from pious and single-minded Christians who came in droves for the perpetual novena in honor of blessed Gotschalk at the church, and adjoining castle, which Archibald himself had built. Remorse of conscience and the need for restitution for his evil deed had prompted Archibald to build, in addition to the church and his castle, several high-rise inns and ho-

tels for the comfort of vast numbers of pilgrims. In the spirit of holy humility, Archibald demonstrated the sincerity of his conversion from his evil ways by traveling the whole length and breadth of merry England to attract the simple minded poor, who are always most in need of salvation, to his church.

Immediately after Gotschalk's swift and premature retirement from the academic scene, almost all his works were promptly burned publicly by church authorities in the courtyard of the cathedral school. The only work to have survived that temporary siege of pyromania are the few questions which appear under the rubris *Disputatae quaestiones*, etc., for which history can bless Gotschalk's honor students at St. Prudhilda's who saved the text from everlasting perdition by carefully concealing it in their lunchbuckets. Scholars may well weep for the fact that his heavy teaching load at St. Prudhilda's, coupled with his earlier demise, prevented Gotschalk from adding his *respondeo dicendum* to the *questiones*. Perhaps it was precisely to prevent Gotschalk from resolving the question that occasioned the torpid action of church officials.

In order to protect the faith of the simple and unlettered lot, and, more importantly, to preserve the delectably cutting bite of Gotschalk's late scholastic logical acumen into the essential meat of matters, the text is here presented in the original Latin.

Si vere ad litteram accipiendum sit illam Christi sententiam, nempe, "Qui vos audit, me audit," quaestionem disputatam mihi occurrit dupliciter proponere. Primo, cum horribilem flatum bestialiter exprimat atque abominabilem sonum percutientem violenter adversus aerem immediate circumstantem emittat episcopus, superius et inferius,¹ quem quidem audimus nos Christiani, Christum aut episcopum? Hoc est, cum fragat ventum fortiter et viriliter, qui bene et ver auditus est auctor et cujus auctoritate? Et secundo, quomodo possumus distinguere Christiani?

1

Cf. Lotharii Cardinalis (Innocentii III), *De miseria humane conditionis* ed. Michele Maccarrone (Lucani: In Aedibus Societatis Thesauri Mundi, 1955), Liber II, caput xviii: "Exempla contra gulam", p. 52.

A Fire in the Vitals

I took you to me,
or perhaps let you take me,
when you were more boy than man;
you were rough and crude
to hide uncertainty,
but I knew, and I said nothing,
letting you take me for pleasure,
I found more joy in giving...

Soon I was accustomed
to have you settle on me like the night,
gladly bearing the weight of your darkness,
becoming unafraid
I mellowed to your touch;
you were the storm that raged before me
and I embraced you with the urgency
of trees embracing darkened wind;
I held you till your rage was spent,
then held you still and watched you sleep
a deep indifferent sleep...

When you left,
I spent nights with no sleep,
long waiting in the vacant dark;
in the morning now
I find the bed too large, half slept-in;
the light oppresses me
and I can no longer hide,
no longer pretend;
loneliness coils itself around me,
a specter of your form,
an unseen demon lover
who embraces me with emptiness,
forcing knowledge to my mind;
deep within my body,
it is palpable pain:
daylight echoes immortality,
but I ache and long for mortal night.

Vincent Casaregola

Death

Our lives are certain...
But follow the treads of uncertainty.

Lying beneath the rumbling roots of Asgard

Eyes searching (scanting) among the veils of heaven;
The turbulence of scared lightening
Dashed across the sky into a corner...trembling.
One split into two...broken galaxy
Like a giant wound in the spheres
Through, they rode
The horsemen of the apocalypse:

Death! Oh death alien lord
Viking kings crystalball gaze
The day of Ragnarok...reddish
Coated, redolent of disaster.

Fate! master of destinies
Why such suddenity to our end?
We prefer you a mere torment to faith
Alas, traitor, you blind us with chance.

Scarcely any pocket
To hide my face against inevitability;
Oh, Hand of fate, hand of death
Peeling colour out of our skins
To the marrow of innocence.
My God! I'm transparent...we're
Feeling no pain but the journey,
Through Hades...Valhalla and where--
Where do we go from here?

Pa Joh



*The gyres! the gyres! Old Rocky Face, look forth;
Things thought too long can be no longer thought,
For beauty dies of beauty, worth of worth,
And ancient lineaments are blotted out.*

--W.B. Yeats

* * * * * credit

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