

the thing itself

α U. C. S. A. publication

editors

kevin dennis, st. mary's university
karen kramer, our lady of the lake college
leo rubalcaba, incarnate word college



Gillis P. Radeau

Miles

Long way
A mile
Yeah
I've seen miles
Run up in different ways
On lots of people

Some people, y'know
You can't see
The miles they've been
Except on their shoe soles

Other people
They can't walk but
Man, they've put in
Their miles

Singers, sometimes
Or poets
Give you a glimpse
Of their souls

Spiritual odometers which
Measure the miles you've been
In your head
"Soul miles"

And then, sometimes
You see somebody you just know
Has racked up miles
In both places

He's creased and seamed
But he's mellow
He's sunburned
But his eyes are cool
and deep
Roadside springs

What hurts is to see
Miles on someone
Who doesn't care
Doesn't understand

Looks at miles
Like barbs
Swats his neck for
mosquitoes
And curses his sunburn

For him
Miles are nothing
But distance
Point A to B
No living- no life-
No tears, or laughter
or love
In between

A mile's a long way
Yeah
But there's so many ways
To walk it

Children have been
Farther than you think
Sometimes
And old men
Sometimes
Nowhere at all

So I cherish miles
Miles make friends
With my shoes
And my soul

I like miles
For miles' sake
Not because
I really expect
To wind up...somewhere

Long way
A mile
Yeah
Want to walk one
With me?

Wimberley A.D.

you almost missed the show today.
it would've been my final appearance,
and if you don't mind my saying so,
one of my best.
i'd planned to begin with a spectacular
pirouette (when the crowd was ready, of
course); then to follow with the absolutely-
most-gorgeous swan dive ever, ever.
what a sight it would've been, more graceful than
the divers at Acapulco.
another performance postponed because of rain.

karen kramer

MATT. 13:45-46

I make no apology that I'm a nun:
Though men too often think that I've fled life,
They lack the peace I've found, and I their strife,
For only in quiet is this battle won;
Not a dark quiet, but quietness filled with sun,
With tending gardens, bees, and flower patches,
Or speaking with passers-by in quick-held snatches,
While inwardly listening to the Silent One.

Although perfection's still a distant goal,
I need no raging activity to bolster
My life. Full open-eyed I chose this role,
Knowing in patient strength I'd gain my soul,
Without apologies that I'm in a cloister,
For pearls are often found within an oyster.

Peter i' Turth

Peace, solitude, bliss
Darkness of a room unlit
A door left open.

Suzy Ward

rivulets sashay
reflecting silver veins
slices of banded sun

josephineanngallegos

In the coldness of the rain, two
friends were warmed by tears of happiness.

Leo Rubalcaba

My life is like the
candle flickering
on my desk,
most of the time,
glowing brightly.
But sometimes
getting caught
in the wind
and sputtering
for a moment...
then gathering strength
from you to
continue
somehow.

Joy Bobkoski

Heart in the Earth

I am not drawn to the sea
And my sails are not earthworthy either
I am not anxious to fly;
And though the pounding of my heart
is stronger than waters, rougher than earth
My mind is so dizzy I try
to find sanctuary:
A darkened cave's womb; dunking my head in a pool
Curling my body, forehead to knees
I realize that I think life is cruel,
Yet down in the darkness, thundering waves are
in stereo, the winds whistle wildly
My name
My Mind's in the darkness! I realize that
I Think
The poundings are one and the same.

Eduardo Garza

Satisfied Mind

It's a fairy-tale world.
All pleasure, no pain.
All is beautiful.
Nothing is ugly.
Love is eternal and true.

It's a hard world.
No one cares or listens.
They don't give a damn
about anyone or anything.
They are the best there is.

It's a crazy world.
Full of joy,
mixed with pain.
Full of fulfillment,
mixed with disappointments.
No one is perfect,
but they're happy with what they've got.
They know things might be better over the
hill, but so what?
They have all they want and put to good use
what they have.
They're the richest.
They have it all.
They have a satisfied mind.

George

NO. 101

THERE ARE MOUNTAINS RUNNING THROUGH
HIS MIND-WITH JAGGED PEAKS THAT TEAR
AND MEND.

AVALANCHES OF ICE AND STONES FROLIC
MALICIOUSLY THROUGH TEPID DREAMS,
BOULDERS (GRINNING EVILLY) RENDER
ILLUSIONS USELESS...

AND THERE ARE THOSE I'M TOLD
WHO HAVE SEEN PEBBLES FALLING
FROM HIS EYES.

SARAH

I want to see you again
to have your laughter
ringing in my ears
to see you smiling with your eyes,
feel your arms around me.
But I guess you're too busy
to be with me right now
So I'll wait
a little longer.

Joy Bobkoski

remember rose,
girl or flower?
the rain, her passion,
and sun, her lover.
she sang her beauty
and laughed in color.
remember rose?
yes, she loved in fear
and died in tears.
(people, like flowers
bloom with
the touch of love,
but wither
when they
are held too long).

raul silva jr.

gemini

Quis sum mihi, es tibi?
Mens et corpus, cor et anima
In corpore, mens, no sumus unus.

Nihil est sempiternus
Modo noster amor
Nihil manet
Solum, nostrae memoriae
Tantu, quae sunt?

Kevin Dennis

CACTUS ROSE (for R.T., June '73)

You were born from briars
 in the desert sun,
knowing the brutal degradation
of a parching bitterness
inside a smaller hell.

But oh
if I could take
one treasure from your dying soul,
I'd have you teach me
how to cherish
each glancing drop of rain
that gropes its way
from blue sky over sand
and send my joyous thanks
resounding out across the earth
in brilliant, hopeful blossoms
as reflections
of your own.

G.N. Taylor

LOVE IS TRUE, LOVE IS ART

Love is true like a tool,
Love is trued like a tool
Can be trued;
Love is art like weaving
Love is an art like weaving--
Careful touch in warp and weft
Produce a fabric body
Of firm consistency, and strong...
Love bends with its strength
Love bends within its strength
Love bends. Its strength is within.
Love is fair;
Love is fair, not foul,
Love is not foul,
It is full of grace.
Love is not consistent
With its images...
Where you perceive love
Is where love is...
No image is love; love is no image.
Images can reflect or be a false impression.
Love is no image.
Love is art: love is
Found art and love is made art.

Could love be
"What you make out of
What you find?..."

JCSR

THIRTY-SECOND MONDAY

Through the tree-bordered windows
I see them moving--
only shadows
hung against the brown of September
blown across the yard
and packed against the gate
in crumbling drifts
of early snow.

The morning is full of rain
held back yet
inside the doubled fists of clouds
rolling over to the east
bounced along in miles by the hundreds
just up from the coast at dawn
bringing to this confused and idle morning
the adrenaline of gull cries,
the taste of salt in the wind,
and the distant music of the drumming waves
ravenous for sand.

And somewhere in the shadows
sinking through the soft veneer
of this silent morning,
I see myself
in the faces of the old women,
singing as I cup a seashell to my ear
and let myself be swallowed
in the hungry tide of memory again...

G.N. Taylor

My Dad Died on Saturday

My Dad died on Saturday.
I saw him lying there
 on Saturday night
 and I was afraid to touch
him; he would be cold.
I wanted to kiss him
good-bye, because I knew
I wouldn't see him again,
 but he wasn't
there, only his body remained.

On Sunday we sat in Room B
and we talked about how
peaceful he looked, no wrinkles.
good, but why did I have
to look?
 Why couldn't I just remember?
Remember his gruffness, but
 buried in that gruffness,
 his love for me.
his sometime smile,
 his excited talk about
who won the ball game,
 his delicious pizzas,
but, I had to see his dead
 shell lying there.

on Monday, we buried
 him under a pecan tree,
on a slope so the rain
 would drain off.

on Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
 Mom cried.
"What am I going to do, now
 that he's not here?"
"Just live, Mom."
Live on, Mom, with the goodness
 that was Dad,
 his jokes,
 his dedication,
 his knowledge,
 and
 his love.

Dad, I loved you.

Joy Bobkoski

el grito de mi alma es
el grito de mi amor,
mi pasion.....

te quiero, te quiero, te quiero

y la onda chicana se me va
y el mundo de politica se me va,
y no mas oigo,
el grito de mi alma.....
te quiero

y mi sangre corre
llena de la pasion que siento para ti,
y mi corazon llora,
del sentimiento que no sabes que traigo.....

te quiero

y el grito y, el llanto de mi alma,
lloran las unicas palabras que te puedo decir,
y que niegas comprender...

te quiero, te quiero, te quiero,
solamente a ti te quiero.

Gloria Guerrero

SLOWLY I TURN

Stealthily into myself I creep
Quietly so as not to disturb the dreamer there
I steal away as stealthily after having rested there awhile,
Leaving behind my yestermorrows
I clamber up to presentlynow.

Gloria Guerrero

The Snow Everywhere Carefully Descending

If I should never see you smile again
It may (for both, perhaps) be just as well;
For though my foolish hopes have locked me in,
It may be better if I do not tell
You all that burns so softly in my mind
It may be better if you do not know
How deep my feelings run; you leave behind
A time of child-like splendor when you go.

And if I never touch your face, or kiss
Your eyes, then so it is, and so must be;
But as you leave me, let me tell you this:
Though you must do this thing that closes me,
We still live on inside me as we were,
Still sweet and shining, gentle, soft, and pure.

John Bartlett Haradon

Capitalist Psyched

No capital gain is ingrained,
 You use your brain
Finding out that living is in,
 But not in your skin,
Or above the din
 in your inner head
You'll then remember what I said is right, at night,
Or whenever you give it some thought
It's already been fought for and died for
 And cheated and lied for
 And what a bore, for
There are too many things to be done.
It makes you want to run, but you can't.

Kevin Dennis

Lament for Icarus (1966)

i weep for you, icarus, and
I mourn you, poor dead boy:

we would have been friends,
you and i, spent many a day
stealing apples and young girls' hearts,
talking oh! so knowledgeably
hour and hour again on earth and sky
and all that falls between.

i, a ragged orphan-child, and ignorant,
would have stood in awe of your father,
whose wisdom was legend and infallible;
and secretly,
oh! how I would have envied you!

(and then your father,
seeking escape from
the cruel king he served,
made wings;
you could not say "good-bye",
and so said nothing:
you flew away, saying nothing;
i forgive you.)

"frail wings these are, my son;"
your father said, "at best
it will be a labor better suited to gods.
the king commands the earth and sea: if
we are to escape, it must be
upon these frail and fragile wings.

take heed of my words:
follow me and don't look down;
don't exert yourself, my son--
let the air push you;"
you listened dutifully, as a son should,
and took flight.

and so, upon the wings forbidden
to mortals, you flew, icarus, you flew!
to the end of land, out across the sea,
beautiful, proud, and free;

and then you saw the sun, and
forgetting all your father said,
you flew too high, and the wings--
the beautiful, fragile, impudent wings--
they broke,
and you fell down, with broken wings,
and the sea claimed you;
weeping, your father flew on.

that is all:
you coveted the sun, and it slew you.

i weep for you, icarus, and
i mourn you, poor dead boy;
and oh! how i envy you,
for a moment flying impudently,
oh! how i envy you, icarus:
you flew! you flew! you flew!

John Bartlett Haradon

In the new day
The sun shone
A baby opened
His eyes
And saw
A madness
A world of hate
Fear was spawned
Indecision was present
To die would
Spare suffering
But life would
Give opportunity
For love to enter
So he closed
His eyes
To awake tomorrow

Maria Leonor Rubalcaba (Leo)

A Vietnamese Song

A different sound
A strange language
Very special
Very personal
Smooth
Gentle
Calming to the spirit
Refreshing to the soul
Silence
Peace

Leo Rubalcaba

THE JUDGMENT

The rain came one day.

 It washed the sun away,
Leaving the responsibility of life
 To the warmth of human kindness.

The earth froze next week.

 Many died for the lack of heat.
Only those who were witty
 Lived for their loving faithfulness.

As for my role,

 The day found me cold.
Though I froze not of incongruity,
 I was too cold for happiness.

Gary Amstutz

THE SYMPHONY

I took a front row seat
After I had entered the meadow
And listened for the songs
Which had been played so very mellow.

The crickets played the oboes
The birds whistled the flutes
The wind strung the harp
And the lake played the lute.

While the violins were
Bowed by the bees,
I watched the trees
As they conducted with ease.

By the way,
When did you last hear Beethoven
Without paying a fee?

Gary Amstutz

my words fall like plastic pieces,
cracked and brittle onto the dusty floor of
....your insensibilities.

all totaled they will be as unremembered as the
object they formed---when whole.

Gloria Guerrero

Maison Elegante

Dans le miroir qui me reflète,
Avec les murs qui m'entendent souvent,
Je remue, je remue.
Ils sont ma maison; tres bons.
Je ne suis jamais tout seul dedans.
La, ou la cuisine m'a nourri
Pendant toute me vie
Et me chambre qui sourit
Lorsque je rentre dans la nuit...trop tard!
Quelle amie! Qu'elle est confortable, bien chaufée,
Entre toutes le autres,
Je t'ai toujours preferee.

Kevin Dennis

Poolside

sexy scent of melted butter
soaking indeterminably on
a
rather unprepossessing form of
some chick over the hill
who don't know it yet surrounded
by
a cacaphony of properly variegated
studs sipping on beer gone warm and
commenting astutely on genetics, politics
and the National Football League
me
somewhat out of it teaching (?) a kid
how to swim who don't belong at
this place 'cause it's "Singles Only"
and
of course the somewhat undistinguished dude
in the water paddling around, looking at
the filter system and wondering how the
Pool
Got as uncool
As the people

Wimberley, A.D.

Brain Power

Suppose there was a brainstorm...
No, I mean with real brains,
And they'd go splurk! when they hit
the sidewalk,
Or because they'd have fallen through
the atmosphere
They'd shrivel up.

There'd be pieces of the cerebellum
all over this land;
Not more knowledge--just a lot more brain.
It'd be kind of a wastage of intelligence,
But there seems so much going
to the dogs, anyway.

Virginia Carreon

THE OLD MAN

An elderly man walks alone;
His thoughts reflect his past.
But time has no meaning anymore;
To live is solely to exist.

The crowd passes him on the street.
They stare, they scorn,
They even spit;
To them his life is nothing.

The old man is crying,
For his life was no different from theirs;
But because of his age
He thinks he can't change...

A crowd walks alone;
Their thoughts reflect their past
But time has no meaning any more;
To live is solely to exist...

Gary Amstutz



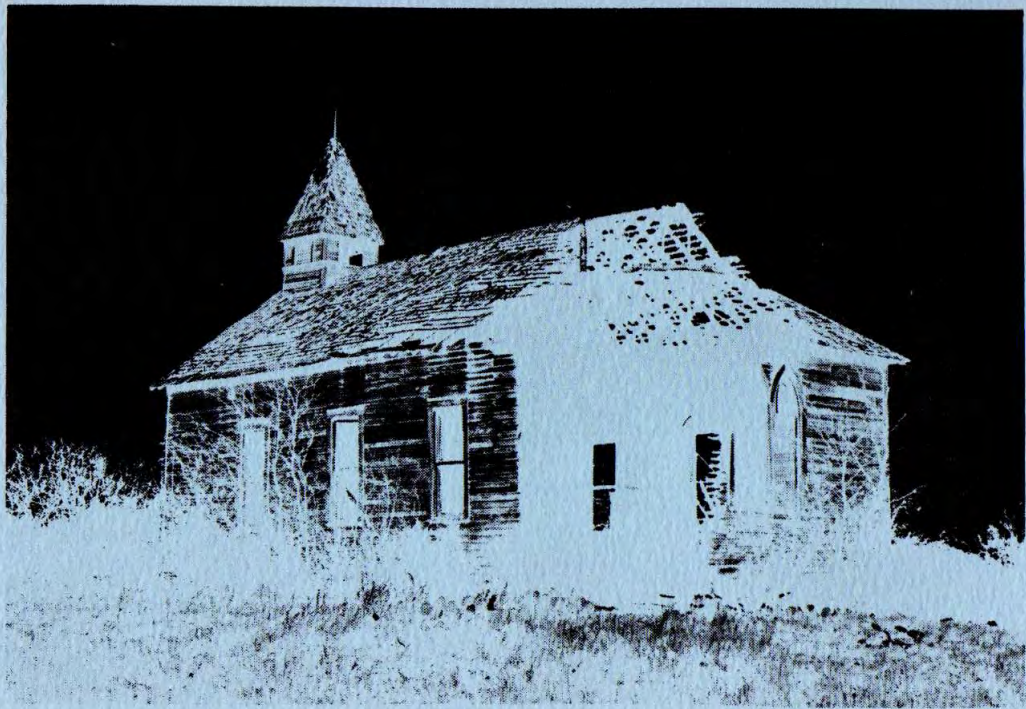
LLAMA OF THE ANDES
Raquel Hill



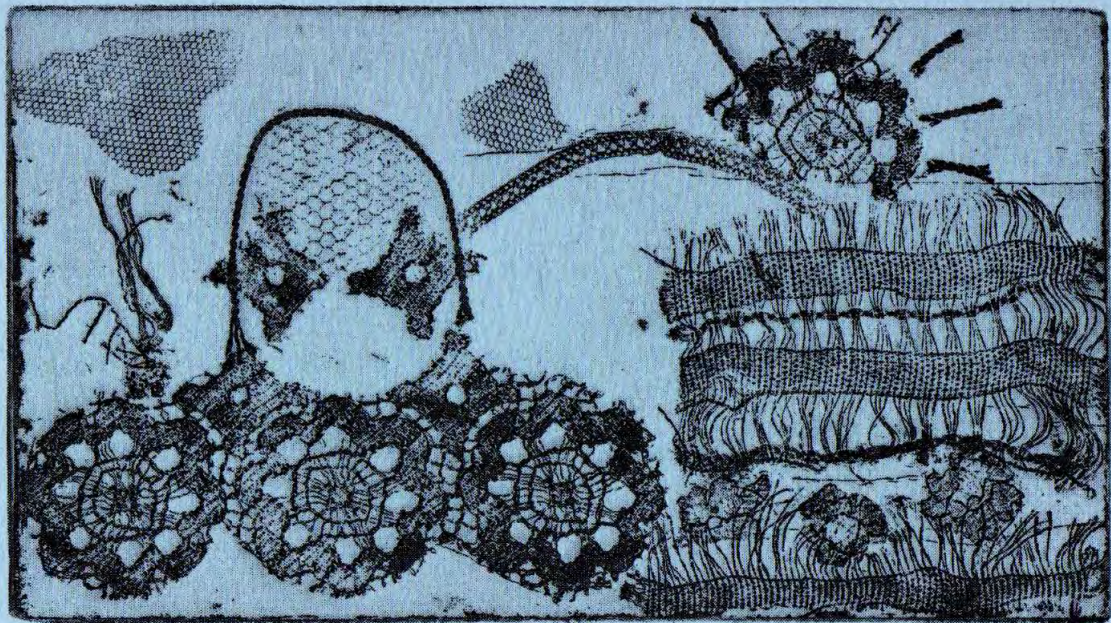
PAMPLONA, SPAIN '72
Dean V. Ferguson



GENIE
S. Garcia



Scott S. Marlow



MORNING GLORY
Rachel Velasquez



ORIENTAL DOLL
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EDNA, THE WITCH, AND THE GERMS
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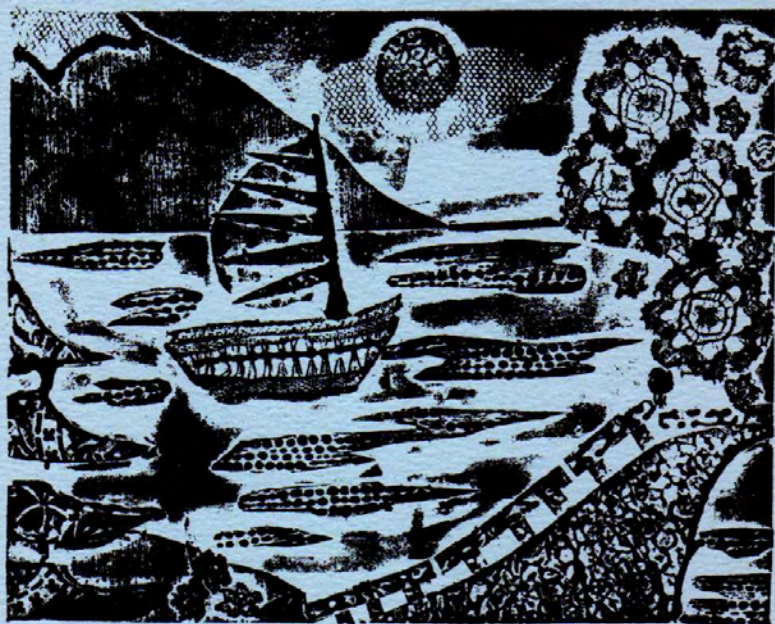
SWAMP BIRDS
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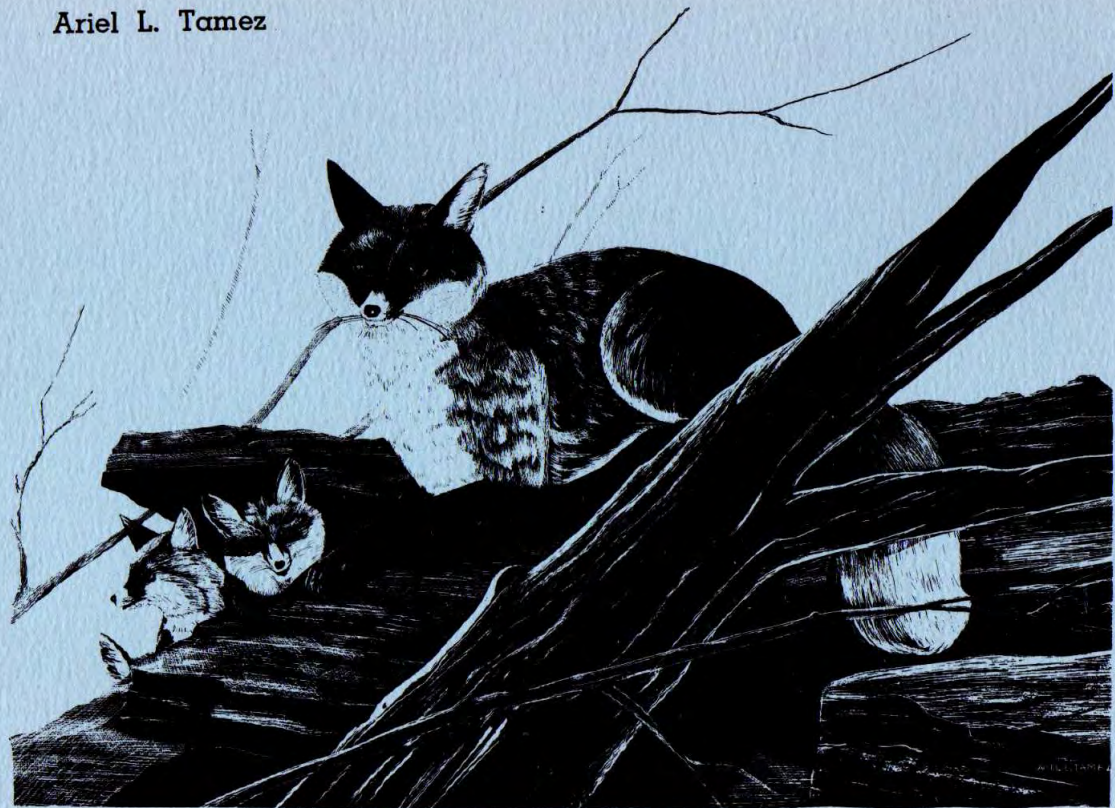


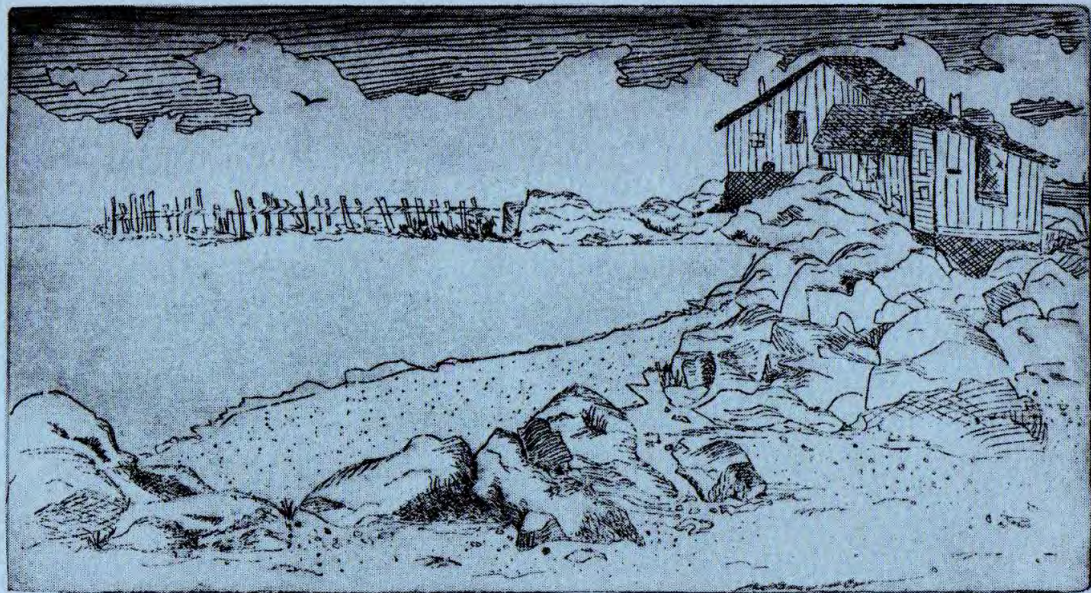
SAILING AT DUSK
Rachel Velasquez



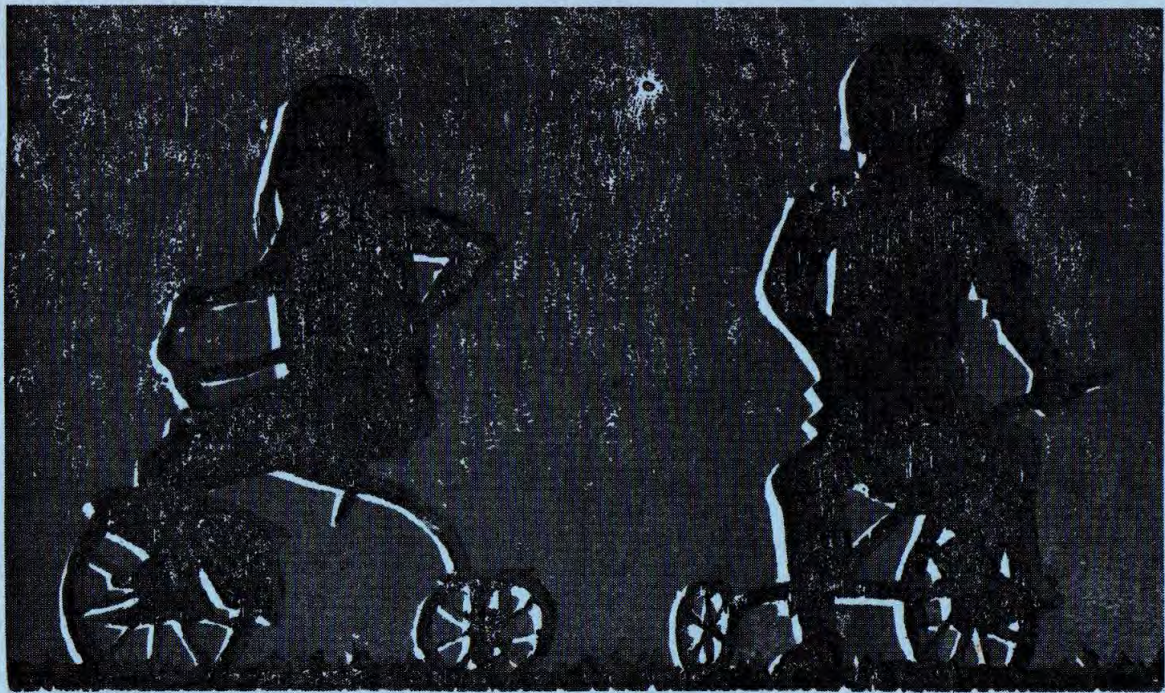
EVE
Rachel Velasquez

Ariel L. Tamez





SEASHORE LIFE
L. Aguirre



TRICYCLES
r. w. suter



Mary Kaznowski



CHECHOUON, MOROCCO '72
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POWER GRASPED
I. W. SUTER



ARCHIBALD COX
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