

INSTRESS

Journal of the Arts

2016



Special Edition

Celebrating 50 Years of Instress

INSTRESS

Journal of the Arts

SPECIAL ISSUE CELEBRATING 50 YEARS OF *INSTRESS*

Welcome to *Instress*, Misericordia University's Journal of the Arts. We are pleased to share with the Misericordia community this special issue celebrating 50 Years of *Instress*. In addition to new works from students, faculty, and staff, we invite you to journey with us through the past fifty years of *Instress* history. Our Archival Researchers have handpicked selections from 1966 to 2015, which can be found starting on page 35. We hope you enjoy this issue as we honor the last fifty years of the arts at Misericordia.

Instress has been published by the students of Misericordia since December 1966. The word *instress* was coined by Jesuit priest and poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. Bernadette Waterman Ward describes *instress* thus: "Instress is an action of the will—a moral action, for good or evil. Instress is assent, to use Newman's term, to an inscape. To call out an inscape is a pleasure, though not one necessarily leading to God; . . . But the ability to see and instress inscapes is the imaginative faculty that makes love possible." *Instress* at Misericordia is therefore an opportunity of the artistic and literary imagination to make possible something—call it *love* or even *grandeur*—like the following, from Gerard Manley Hopkins' "God's Grandeur":

. . .
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

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We would like to acknowledge all those who contributed to the creation of this year's issue. We extend a special thanks to Sr. Jean Messaros, Sr. Anne Paye, and the Religious Sisters of Mercy, President Thomas Botzman, Vice President Charles Brody, our Guest Poet Vivian Shipley, Dean Russ Pottle and the College of Arts and Sciences, Jim Sabulski and the Misericordia Print Shop, the English Department, Rita Molino, Jessica Garner and her staff, and the editorial board.

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AWARD WINNERS

The following are the *Instress* Outstanding Achievement Award Winners:

POETRY

Award Winner: “The Scientific Method of Loss” by Rhiannon Judge

Runner-Up: “Death of the Bookworm” by Kristen Capitano

PHOTOGRAPHY

Award Winner: “Stories Never Known” by Kristin Kuntzman

Runner-Up: “Hillside Farms - Greenhouse in Winter” by Erin Dougherty

FICTION

Award Winner: “God Made You” by Sierra Krohnemann

Runner-Up: “Sailing” by Angelina Morris

ARTWORK

Award Winner: “Abandoned House” by Catherine Silveri

Runner-Up: “Tree Nymphs” by Lefty

HIGH SCHOOL WRITERS PRIZE

Award Winner: “Twinned” by Dominic Wright

Runner-Up: “CNN News Stories and Burning Bodies” by Mason Crawford

AWARD WINNER

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF LOSS

A tribute to “The Birthmark” by Nathaniel Hawthorne

Rhiannon Judge

Make an observation
Of how foolish you’ve been
Ask yourself a question
How do you live without her?
Construct a hypothesis
If I had not been so blind
Then she would still be here
Test a procedure to see if it works
But carrying on with life didn’t work
And drinking didn’t work
Alcohol can permeate the blood brain barrier
But it cannot burn the guilt out of your limbic system
Analyze your actions
Regret every single one
Draw the conclusion
That the universe has punished you
For ruining a beautiful organism
Before you even attempted to fix her
Physics tells us that nothing is created or destroyed
Only changed or moved other places
But her carbon and hydrogen and oxygen in the dirt
Is not a comfort
Even the weight of the elements
Is an estimation, not a perfect whole number
Why did you think you deserved perfection now?
When everything and everyone you’ve ever touched
Is made up of unwholeness, approximates, and almos
Every good experiment needs repetition
So repeat how much you miss her
Repeat
Repeat
Repeat how much you miss her

AWARD WINNER

Runner-Up

DEATH OF THE BOOKWORM

Kristen Capitano

His hand was old and wrinkled,
But did not shake from age.
His eyes no longer twinkled
In a face of endless rage.

The day of defeat had finally come,
No more excuses could be made.
There simply was no income,
Nor hope of any aid.

The remnants of his livelihood
Lay meekly at his feet.
It seemed as if they understood
Their need was obsolete.

A hundred thousand pages
Eager fingers would never flip.
No covers slammed in outrages,
Or held in suspenseful grip.

Now simply press a button
And right before your eyes,
Devour books just like a glutton,
Regardless of their size.

The world of instant gratification
Has no place for small bookshops.
After the eBook invasion,
Hard copy sales all dropped.

The old man quietly locked the door,
Blocking from his sight,
The empty shelves that would hold no more
His life's one true delight.

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Alone at home he withered away
Surrounded by his books.
Dust had long come to stay
Before anyone thought to look.

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AWARD WINNER

Runner-Up

HILLSIDE FARMS - GREENHOUSE IN WINTER



Erin Dougherty

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NO END IN THOUGHT

Jacob Schweiger

Alone I ever sit upon this eternal rock,
Fist pressed firmly into forehead,
Nails leaving deep grooves in my palm,
Waiting to unlock just one door,
Come to one conclusion,
I do not want to think anymore

My days are spent both reading and feeling the world,
Nothing new written in worn out notebooks,
The ink has smeared but it is no matter,
These thoughts have been thought before,
Like church bells they will ring in my ears again,
In my head on blessedly restless Sunday mornings

But once in my life I was told by someone whom I loved,
“I like you more when you do not think,”
I laughed and swallowed the pain of being misunderstood,
Like a child swallows cough syrup,
And like cough syrup her words did nothing,
My cough persists still, a wretched beast to kill

Hands over ears and I am rocking back and forth,
My mind's been locked for years in a wood way up north,
Anytime of day when I stare off into space,
Just know I've gone away to the one place I feel safe
Is it possible to stop my thinking without a thought itself?
My thought is the only part of me that I value,
That is why I never took up drinking,
Preferring rather to sit starry eyed under a starless sky,
My answers are the stars behind the clouds,
Knowing they are there is not the same as seeing them

Do not think me insane because you do not understand,
If you have never sat motionless on a stump,
Watching a slug wriggle its way across a branch,
And asked yourself, “Why?”
Then perhaps it is you who is missing out,
You think you understand what you do not

Please follow me into the trees,
Climb a tree and sit with me in the woods I call a home,
Whistle to the birds and they will come,
Answering only in song,
And when they give you enough to think about,
Come down and join me with head in hands,
Finally lost in a way that someone else understands

TRANSITIONS



Christine Zopf

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REMEMBRANCE DAY

Dedicated to my grandfather, the strongest man I ever knew

Matthew Gromala

The Old Man shuffles along.
He has walked this route most of his ninety years.
At every turn, memories lie in ambush.
There is his childhood home, so many years spent under that roof.
Suddenly he is seven again, and the mine foreman is at the door, explaining that Father was
not coming home.
Down the road a ways was once the woods he and his friends played, now expensive
condominiums.
They staged mock battles among those trees, never imagining they would one day grow up
and see the true horrors of war.
But the one tree that truly matters lay just ahead.
The one he and his wife had carved their names upon, when they were just young lovers.
His wife,
His heart.
His Everything.
Lillian.
It will be five years in June that she has been gone.
Now he walks this route alone.
The Old Man shuffles along.

DEAL GONE WRONG



Matthew Hinton

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CELEBRATING *INSTRESS*: 50 YEARS AND COUNTING

Matthew Nickel, PhD

When we think of Misericordia, we don't often say the words *artistic, creative, poetic*. Instead, our university has been branded something entirely different in recent years. Yet, the arts have endured—as the human heart has endured—through the endless economic and social turmoils of the world. Thus, it is with great pleasure that we are able to reflect through *Instress* the creative achievements of our students. It is our job as professors to bring out and encourage those talents, especially when they seem to have no utilitarian value. For this is the mark of the liberal arts, since antiquity, to create the opportunity for individual freedom through artistic endeavors, a freedom not necessarily from a particular iron cage, but a general intellectual freedom from the confines of ignorance, from the isolation of self. It is then, through creativity and the freedom of expression, that our students can achieve a more full education of the person, or—shall we say—of the soul. We hope you enjoy our celebration of 50 Years of *Instress*, 50 years of creativity that marks the enduring strength of Misericordia's liberal arts.

A “GREAT SOURCE OF STRENGTH”: A CONVERSATION IN FIFTY YEARS

Leah Santucci

In August of 2015, I had the pleasure of meeting someone I never expected to meet during my time at Misericordia University. Her name might not strike the current community of Misericordia as familiar, but she means a lot to the history of our journal of the arts. With the intention of celebrating fifty years, *Instress* staff went on a journey to discover its past. We would like to share our findings with all of those who are still reading and contributing to *Instress*.

As I sat down in the Game Room of the Mercy Center, Sister Anne Paye, RSM, welcomed all my questions about the founding of *Instress* nearly fifty years ago. Sister Anne had been a professor at College Misericordia when she started the literary journal for the students. Cozied up in a pink sweater with a cardigan thrown across her lap, she immediately wanted to get down to business: she emphasized that “*Instress* became a vehicle for students.”

Having received her PhD in Mass Communications from Syracuse University, Sister Anne mainly taught Journalism and was in charge of Publicity for the college. She came up with the idea for a magazine during one of her journalism classes, and she asked her students to contribute as part of an assignment. Thus, *Instress* was born in December of 1966. I listened to Sister Anne as she described the original size of the publication. The 7”x9.5” size of the 2015 edition, which had stationed itself between Sister Anne's fingertips during this visit, seemed incredibly miniscule compared to the original 11”x14” measurements.

In the 1960's, College Misericordia did not have the convenience of a print shop down the road on Lake Street as it does today. Instead, Sister Anne spoke of the makeshift rooms she referred to as “The Press Room” and “The Dark Room,” where she developed photographs. The Press Room was not only where *Instress* came alive, but it was also where *Miss Recordia*, the original student newspaper, was published. Unlike our current annual edition, *Instress* was initially printed twice annually. Because there were numerous contributions, Sister Anne had no choice but to publish multiple times. Thus, notice that in our proceeding pages, we have indicated publication year instead of numbered edition.

When Dr. Matthew Nickel and I first went to The Sister Mary Carmel McGarigle Archives, located on the third floor of the Mary Kintz Bevevino Library, our visit set in motion a quest to read through all of the editions in order to capture the essence of *Instress*. The original publications consisted of several genres including poetry, essays, and book reviews. As we traveled through the decades, we noticed how things changed. Submissions became more introspective and dark; art throughout the 1970's adopted a distinctive groovy look; and sketchings were the predominant art form of the 1980's. Above all else, the expressive simplicity of the publication was apparent.

A persistent theme throughout the history of *Instress* has been the curiosity about the name itself. The term “instress” comes from the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. Sister Anne Paye had studied Hopkins' work during her time at Catholic University, where she received her MA. She saw his poetry crafted with words of beauty that were unlike pieces we would see in today's poetry. Sister Anne claimed his poems presented argumentative verses which required

her to study logic. A longer piece on Gerard Manley Hopkins can be read from the original publication of *Instress* on page 42.

When asked if she found it surprising that *Instress* has been an annual part of Misericordia's history for so long, Sister Anne's answer was one word: *no*. She believes that the journal was meant to become a "great source of strength" through its "recognition of talents and skills" of the students. It was meant to be an inspiration, and that is exactly what it has become.

The university has changed a lot in fifty years, with new programs, new professors, different buildings and colleges, but what has remained is a unique creative talent among the students and faculty at Misericordia. While reading through this current edition celebrating 50 years, we hope that the poems and stories and photos and artwork spark the reader's intellect, causing a great deal of reflection. We embarked on a fifty-year-old journey in order to focus the Misericordia community on the creative force in our university, and we hope you all enjoy our heritage.

We would like to extend special thanks to Jessica Garner and her staff, Sister Anne Paye, RSM, and Sister Jean Messaros, RSM, for the knowledge and assistance they shared with us in order to make this 50 Years of *Instress* section possible.

The materials reprinted in the 50 Years of Instress section are credited to The Sister Mary Carmel McGarigle Archives at The Mary Kintz Bevevino Library, Misericordia University, Dallas, PA.

EDITORIAL

Instress Editors (1966)

The name *Instress* has been regarded as a curiosity by many who have come into contact with this magazine since its inception some two months ago. Instantly recognizable to any serious student of English poetry, the word has been construed by those unaware or forgetful of Gerard Manley Hopkins as everything from acid indigestion to mental fatigue. The term "instress" is neither.

Hopkins coined the word in his search for terms to identify the distinctive reality of things in the universe in their relation to the observer, and he used it in several of his poems and throughout his notes and correspondence. Unfortunately he never defined it, but critics have ferreted out somewhat vague definitions for us to study.

According to W.A.M. Peters, "instress" is the actualization or realization of the essential energy of an object, and the manner in which it effects the human observer. Alan Heuser, another critic, defines "instress" as the experience or presence of a depth of feeling, emotion or influence brought on by the distinctive reality of a thing—including its essence, accidents and all its connotations.

For the purpose of a magazine title, however, it may be defined as a term expressing a brief, deep *experience* by which the observer (in this case, reader) shares in the reality and essence of a creation and by doing so, realizes an aesthetic union with the creator.

Thus the title: a magazine through which the reader can share the enjoyment of a creation with the author or originator of the creation. More important, the reader may be moved by the experience to create still another work through which others may share with him, and so on—*ad infinitum*.

Since the meaning of the name of the magazine *Instress* has been explained, the next question might be "Why the dedication to Hopkins?" Granted, the magazine has not been so dedicated merely because it borrowed Hopkins' word as its title. Both title and dedication converged at once to the originators of the idea for this publication, and seemed to make a great deal of "sense." A standard was needed for the content of *Instress*, and what more excellent standard than that of Gerard Manley Hopkins?

In his poetry, Hopkins was daringly creative for his time. His rhythms, compound words and knife-sharp images avalanche the thoughts and senses of his readers. What better model for creative efforts? His poetry is bold, fresh, strong, deep and essentially religious. What better standard for expression in this age of renewal?

The most important factor in this consideration of Hopkins as the model for creativity is the strict, conscious adherence to discipline that is evidenced in his poetry and his life. His daring words were tempered by tight metrical patterns. His life of genius was tempered by taut control and voluntary discipline. It is for this reason that *Instress* is dedicated to Gerard Manley Hopkins, and to the idea of creativity which it hopes to foster—his standard of *daring* within *discipline*.

Within these pages, there is the hope to present new and daring thoughts, ideas and

approaches to the world at large, always polished by the service of discipline—of mind and of medium. May the readers of this magazine not only experience the “instress” of what it presents, but go on to unprecedented creative heights within their discipline and find their way to enlighten and enrich each other through the pages of *Instress*.

In this, our first issue, we announce our policy. *Instress* is open to contributions from students in the field and medium of their choice. All material will be presented in the general categories of literature, art, criticism and comment. The staff and editors of *Instress* plan to publish twice this scholastic year, increasing publication to quarterly issues during the 1967-68 year if contributions warrant this.

The purpose of *Instress* is to inspire and provoke constructive original thinking among its reading public. A reader may not always agree with an article, but at least he may take the time to wonder *why* he disagrees. Debate is expected and hoped for; letters to the editor are eagerly awaited.

A NOTE ON HOPKINS

Elizabeth Durland (1966)

Gerard Manley Hopkins was a traditionalist turned innovator, a Victorian turned almost modern. His works are like a transitional sentence—necessary to the completion of a whole, awkward in isolation.

The picture of Hopkins’ life is one of ecstatic agony—a paradox. A lover of diversity, sensitive to the physical world about him almost to the point of sensuousness, he nevertheless subjected himself to the ascetic regimen of the religious life and its disciplines. The result was a constant struggle between the physical and the spiritual. Outwardly, he reveled in the physical beauty of nature; inwardly, he battled scrupulosity, melancholia, and a certain self-dissatisfaction.

The decision to convert from Anglicanism to Catholicism was a major factor in the formation of the poet, and the decision to become a Jesuit priest broadened and heightened his scope of experience. But with this experience came a self-imposed renunciation of poetry: Hopkins burned his early poems, written while a student at Oxford, and vowed to write no more unless commanded by his community. A superior’s request that he write something to mark the occasion of the drowning of the five Franciscan nuns resulted in, “The Wreck of the Deutschland,” and the rebirth of Hopkins, the poet.

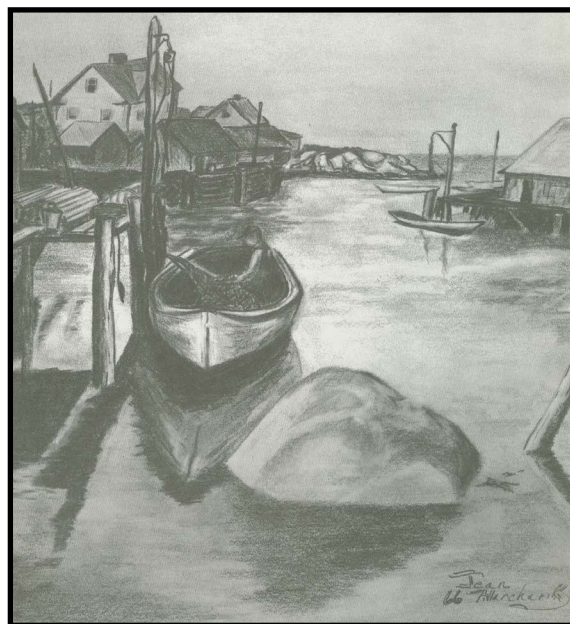
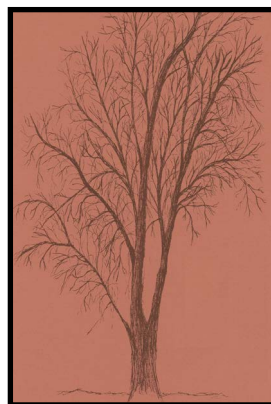
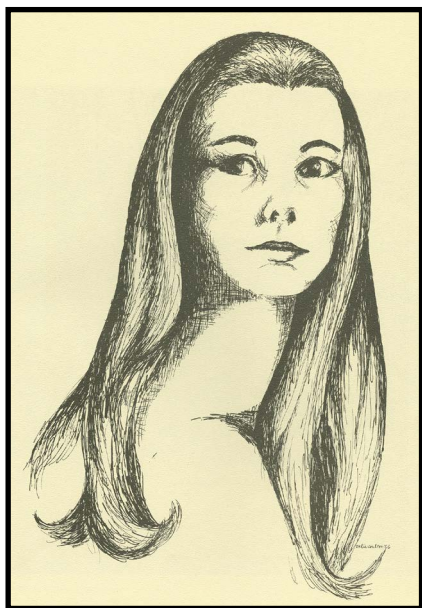
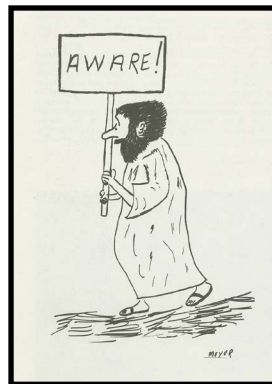
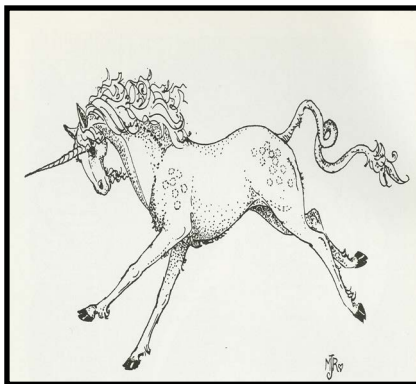
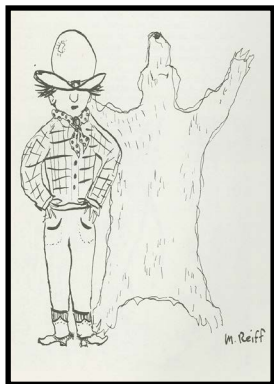
Hopkins was many things: priest, teacher, poet, scholar, artist, student of music. His poetry, aside from its innovational qualities, is an amalgamation of the spiritual, intellectual, and artistic. The descriptive minutiae contained in his letters and journals evidence his power and ability to give intellectual form to sense perception.

Although his discoveries in the techniques of poetics were not in themselves new to the English language, they did have an evolutionary effect on later poetry. Few understood the value of Hopkins’ work until after his death in 1889. During his lifetime he remained a misunderstood, and misunderstanding, poet. As Harold Whitehall has stated, Hopkins was a victim of “artistic loneliness—loneliness no measure of good will could ever dissipate . . .”

It was many years after his death that his poems were published by a lifetime friend and correspondent, Robert Bridges. A poet himself, Bridges dismissed most of Hopkins’ theories, but, fortunately, not his poetry. Hopkins explained his theories of “running” and “sprung rhythm” in his journals and letters, and practiced them in his poetry. Coventry Patmore, unknown to himself and to Hopkins, had presented the same basic metrical thesis in his “Essay on English Metrical Law.”

Although Hopkins’ poetry may appear difficult and unusual at times, it is as disciplined as was the poet, and adheres basically to traditional poetic and metrical forms. His genius manifests itself in the richness of language, the variety and use of poetic and rhetorical devices, and in his renovation of fourstress Anglo-Saxon and medieval metrical patterns.

To the contemporary reader, the most important facet of Hopkins’ life is that of poet. Doubtless, his poetry would not be what it is had he not been what he was. He fused his artistic and intellectual genius into a force directed always toward the glorification and adoration of God. According to Whitehall, it was “his ordination of himself to God and his ability to see Christ in all things, that enabled him to attain the depth of insight and the height of poetic expression which are the hallmarks of his genius.”



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:
Marilyn Reiff (1996)
Mary Jane Rienhart '76 (1975)
Norma Meyer (1966)
Katie Coulton (1967) **GIRL**
Anna Fabian (1971)
Mary Bedrin (1968)
Jean Harcharik (1966) **FISHING VILLAGE**

BLACK

Karen Carter (1967)

“Black is bone with muscle of grey.
 Black-blue blood from primitive prey.”
 Sing your sorrows, outcast soul,
 Relinquish hold on wise white goals.

Bold, bolder, boldest be
 With tight clenched fists—
 To be free!—To be free!

Hate is not *your* implement;
 Hate is wise white’s fear for self.
 Strive, struggle, strain, believe
 Strength and patience will win the siege.
 Believe! Be strong. Believe!

ONE THIRTY-FIVE A.M.

Agnes Toloczko (1968)

In anger you aim your silence
 or your logic—
 as deadly both.
 And I, in a stupor,
 stand soundless
 as you strike.

Somehow your weakness becomes
 my sin, and I feel the need
 to beg forgiveness of your
 impeccable, rational
 constancy . . .
 A blight on your damned constancy!

JOURNEY TO

Elizabeth Durland (1967)

When Spring came green and flowers blew
Among the moss-downed rocks beneath
The willows' dripping, dropping arms,
The water of the stream was blue
And bright as children's eyes. The new
Sun struck with forgers' strength against
The hammered-silver surface of
The water's body. But I knew
Spring's tricks and stepped warily.
Lovely it was, young and free,
And for a moment my heart tripped.
The season would vanish soon
In a Phoenix flight into time
And I could only wish it mine,
Await its fleeting, fire-touched return,
That naiad Spring that made me yearn
To embrace the silken ice of fire—
Drenched form, and drown in careless
Ecstasy.

So I am wise
To Spring's ways, quickly turn my eyes
Away from trembling invitation
And walk my path in lone formation,
Into Autumn—perhaps beyond.

FOLLOW THE CLASSICAL ROADS

Mavourneen Connelly (1966)

My lines seem far from Byronesque,
My Shakespeare likeness nil;
My compound words are Hopkins-less
No matter how I drill.

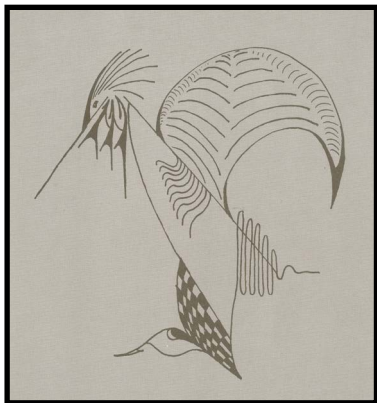
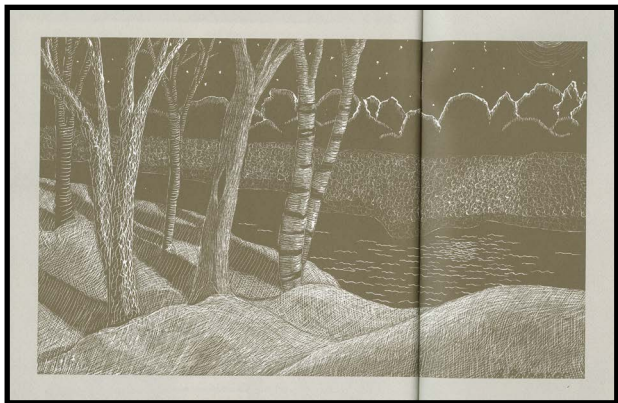
And Frost would be appalled at how
I smote his lovely wood.
With much thought on their labors long,
I came, I saw, THEY stood.

TWO MINUTES

Maureen O'Brien (1967)

this is absolutely the last time i let myself
oversleep it's 7:25 and i have to be at work at
7:30 all the way over to cheney street how do i
make it in 5 minutes god it's cold i forgot my
gloves if i cut across maple street i can get to
the road faster two minutes left good grief starting
tomorrow never again that reminds me i've got
to get my winter coat out tomorrow good grief
there's ice on the side of the road but i've only
got a minute this is ridiculous if i slip on this
ice i'll look like a fool it's 7:29 hey where'd that
car come from my god he really hit me but i'm
alright somebody give me a hand i'm late i
can't get up isn't someone gonna help me up
i've gotta get to work where's my mother that's
stupid she's home here comes someone listen
would you just help me up it's awfully slippery
here and i . . . here come some more people
why are they just standing here honestly can't
you hear me ok i'll get up myself honestly but
it's too slippery boy am i gonna be late today if
just one of them would simply give me a hand
all these people what's the matter with them here
comes someone thank god it's my father hey
dad what's the matter with these people can't
they see i've gotta go to work gee dad would
you just . . .

but my father's dead he's helping me up and
and leading me on to the grass gee dad he's
smiling behind us there's a group of people
standing around someone on the ground they're
covering her with a blanket but my father's
dead he's asking me to come with him dad where
have you been i'll come it's 7:30



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:

Andrea Palencar (1979)

Dr. Stevan Davies (1983)

TENNESSE WILLIAMS

REINCARNATED AS THE

SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH

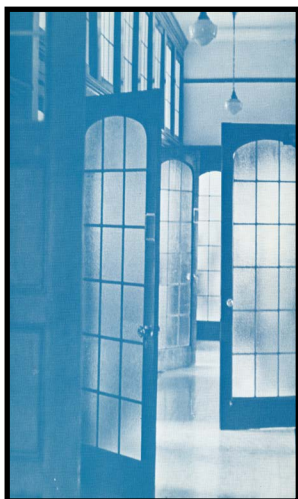
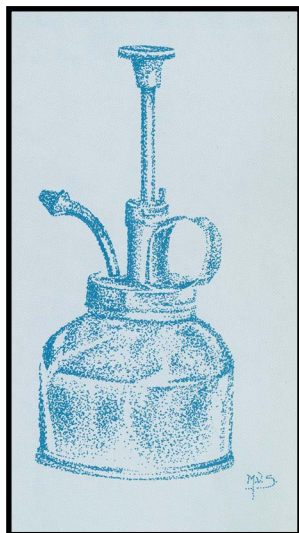
Mary V. Sweeney '79 (1976)

Lee Herschberger (1981)

Karen Lukowski '76 (1976)

Chris Nulton '79 (1977)

Richard James Howe (1976)



Mary Beth Olsavsky '78 (1978)

The youthful writer
criticized, admired.
Radical thoughts, ideas, desired.

Crusader of truth
In search of the finite ways of life,
When will you ever learn
your thoughts are too ideal.

You are a dreamer in flight,
A harbor with light,
Searching endlessly for answers untold.

As they look with disdain,
Your thoughts still remain,
woven within.
dreamer . . . Dream.
searcher . . . Search.

Susan Gedritis '82 (1979)

Why can't I pour my
feelings onto the paper
and let the words splash
themselves into the right places?

ONCE LOVE

Rosanne Griffin (1985)

Like the scarf you gave me,
That I once wore loosely about my neck,
I've folded up our love,
Put it in my keepsake drawer—
Behind dried carnations.
In the back.

Arnie Garinger (1977)

Ain't it a shame that I'm afraid to try and write a poem
for fear you'll laugh or smirk at me and the void that's my dome?
Why shouldn't I be free to share the feelings I possess
with those who care and those who love and cheers to all the rest?
You can see it daily in the masks called faces with eyes so politic,
"If I let them know how I really feel, they'll cut me to the quick."
A smile to your face, a sneer at your back—a commonplace event;
who is friend and who is foe? Our humanity seems spent.
Most folks write and put it in a drawer where no one else can see;
the further I go, the more I'm sure that that's where this should be;
still I see so many who want to share themselves with us—
but they've been shot down so much, their fears are ponderous.
"What can I do," some say to me, "I'd love to help my neighbor,"
But "I'm not bright," or "I'm not deep," or "I'll get hurt for
all my labor."
Do you really believe that you have to be "something special" to help?
Can't you see that the smallest soul can make his presence felt?
I know the solution, I try it myself, despite a frequent rebuff,
for you can't just stop when you turn some off—you must be a
trifle tough.
I'll give you the answer here and now; try it if you dare:
For each little person in this big world, Care, for God's
sake, Care!

Veronica Keirans (1979)

a poem
is a blurry photograph
of something that ran through the mind
a glimpse of a dream or a fear
a light pencil sketch
of a second of life
of a moment in time

COLLEGE LIFE ON THIRD FLOOR ALUMNAE

Marilyn Albert '79 (1976)

Turn down the music, it's too loud!
I have to study. (I'm not proud)
I'm half asleep, my eyes are red.
There's not a brain left in my head.

Led foot Leonard, alias Pat,
There to help us and ask "How's that?"
"Miss Timinski," our little Beth
Looks at our tongues and smells our breaths.

The phone rings, "Hey is that for me?"
You've a new dress—do let me see.
Can I borrow your History notes?
Do you remember all those quotes?

Going to supper? Or is it too late?
Nope. I'm trying to lose some weight.
Have to cram for an exam this week
Oh! Darn these shoes, they're bound to squeak.

Bedlam from somewhere on the floor
So you go pounding on their door.
A mini party greets you there
"Have some popcorn—don't despair."

The saying is "Let's be cool, man,"
Number thirty—she surely can.
Some yodel, some snore, some cry, some sing,
Some will giggle over anything.

Bathrobes are gone with much mischief,
And you're left clothed with no fig leaf.
Come, let's throw her in the shower
And clothe her next in lots of powder.

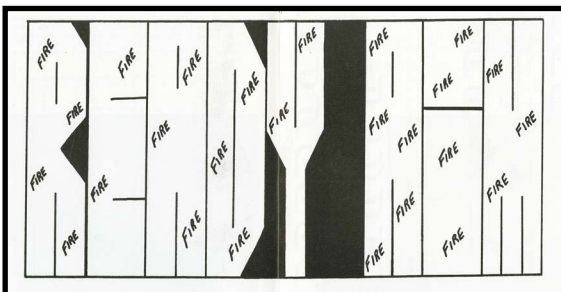
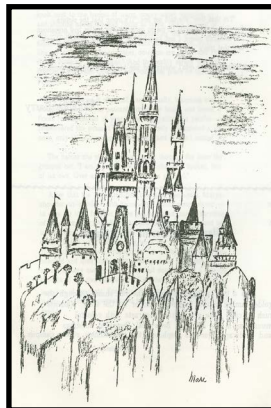
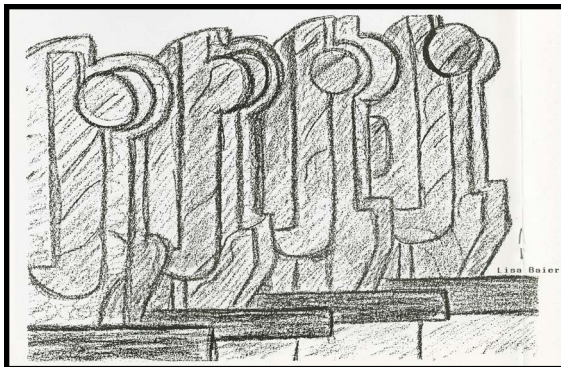
How the snow falls down upon us!
(Causes some to get bronchitis),

Going to classes with sopping feet
Ending with coldness in our seat.

Uniforms comes with much glee
For the nurses who hope to be.
Pictures were taken with no fuss.
Our big sisters are proud of us.

Up comes the Inaugural Ball.
Oh my date! He's so tall.
Beautiful girls and handsome guys
Watching each other with starry eyes.

The friendships that shall surely last
Back in the memories of our past.
Some friendships dissolve and new
ones form.
Life passes swiftly in the dorm.



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:

Lisa Baier (1989)

Jonathan Sakowski (1992)

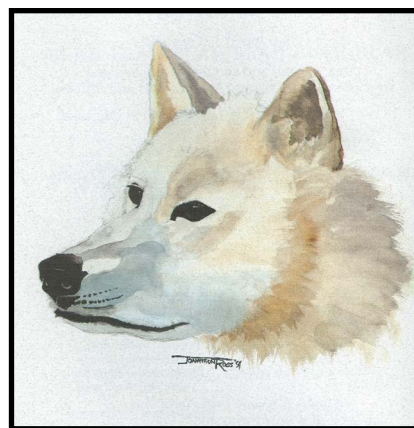
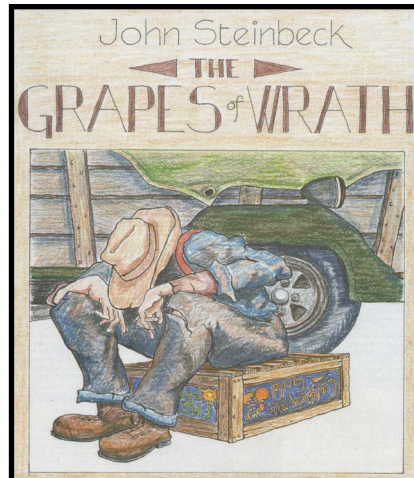
Anne P. Richards (1988)

Mary Mackin (1986)

Lena Nahlous (1989)

Lisa Blaum (1988) **HOLOCAUST: DACHAU**

Jonathon Ross (1995)



A REACTION TO CRITIQUE

Rebecca Ardoline (1993)

I just read a bunch of bad poems
And now I am going to write one.
Oh, it will have rhythm and rhyme
And meter, but when all is said and done
It won't say anything you've not
Heard before and it won't make you cry
And it won't make you laugh, and it
Probably won't even make you ask why
(As any good poetry should).
So why did I write it? The answer's so clear.
I wrote it because it was all
That I had, and nothing you wanted to hear.

A WORD ABOUT WORDS (IN A LIBRARY)

Michael Fiato (1991)

Silence. Occasional noise. Silence.
Words.
Receptive chairs sit with the sacred thoughts of others
Lost forever.
Words.
There's that noise again!
Offensive words!
Idle chatter not fit for a place of
Words.

THE GAME

Jim Sabulski (1995)

Sometimes I call you and hang up
Before you answer, just wanting to
Touch the space where you are.
Pawn to King four.

Sometimes we'll move horizontally past one another,
In a hallway or on a sidewalk
And smile or wave . . . or not.
Queen's rook to King's knight three.

Other times we'll talk
Diagonal in our movements
Fearful of revealing too much . . . or not enough.
King's bishop to Queen three.

Always we display hints and clues
As to our strategies and agendas.
But nothing is ever black . . . or white.
Castle.

Sometimes I just sit
Staring out the window
Looking at the board
Wondering who will make the next move.

Jenn Garceau (1991)

Many things in life
get broken
Many things in life
get fixed
It is the things
that get half-fixed
And thrown aside that call me
from my sleep at night.

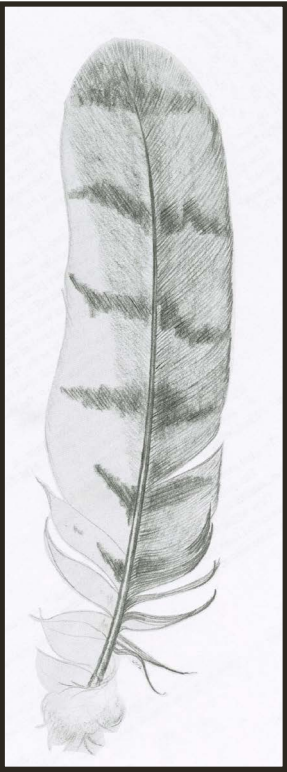
POLARITY

Mary Bevevino (1986)

Two sons, Satellites of Mother Sun,
A genetic mystery from within my solar system.

Mars, the elder son by just three years,
Stumbled through his childhood days,
Always aching, questing, questioning.
Sensitive and introspective and alone.
His moon, his room, reflects dark collections.
A solar-eclipse of books and ancient coins
And schoolroom scraps of moody poems.

Light years away, my Jupiter.
Spirited gods ran rampant through his days.
Self-assured, with devilish ways, a joie-de-vivre.
A natural gravitation for his vast orbits of friends.
His room, his moon, just one of many,
Radiates a randomness of bright light,
Devoid of worldly souvenirs.



Jonathan Sakowski
(1993)

IN MEMORIAM

Mary Kintz Bevevino,
a Liberal Studies major
who graduated May 1987
passed away 8 October 1993

“A poem,” critics tell us, “makes nothing happen.” However, *when a poem happens*, everything is re-visioned, remembered, re-named. Those of us who worked with Mary in the Literary Club, in the pages of *Instress*, watched her re-name the memory and the vision of her life as poem after poem began to happen. The act of re-mem-bering, the act of re-naming are acts that belong to the limited life and language we know. Re-visioning is an act that frees us to learn the language of eternity.

REQUIESCAT IN AETERNUM

Written by: Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM (1993)

EXCERPT FROM A LETTER TO FATHER JOHN

“Earth’s the right place for love.”
-Robert Frost

Dr. Regina Kelly, RSM (1990)

. . . And the last time I saw you, you said
“It’s so hard to let go.”
This spinning sphere of earth
With its rising/setting sun
and its fair-flung silver black stars
and its moody changing moon
and its shining spectacle of bright and brooding sky—
You knew you could turn from at the end.
For earth is not ours to hold;
But Love is.
Earth holds for us only our beginnings
Boxed deep.
Love holds together
All of us who share the piece of earth
We think is ours.
It’s so hard to let go of love:
The radiant smile, the lilting voice,
The quiet stepping into one another’s prayer,
The sacrament of each moment’s
Hope and hurt and panic and pain.
It’s so hard to let go;
Love holds for us
All we have ever been,
Open to all we will forever be:
No boxed remains,
No odds or ends,
Only the unknown,
Only the dimly-shrewdly guessed,
Only the infinite “to be.”

CRITICS’ COMMENTS ON INSTRESS

Margaret Dershimer (1989)

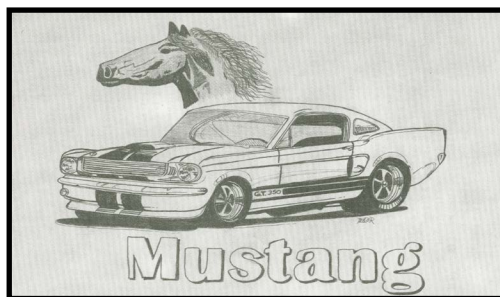
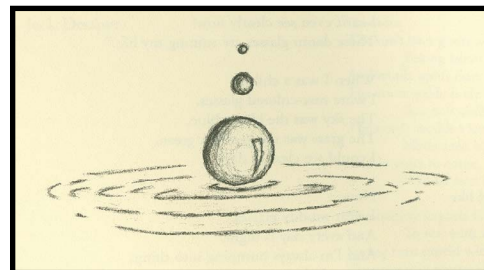
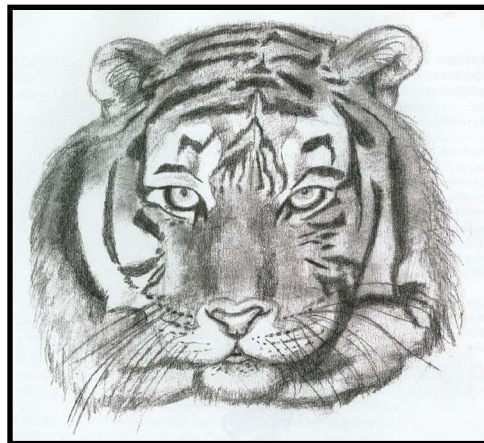
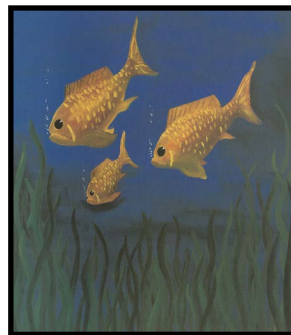
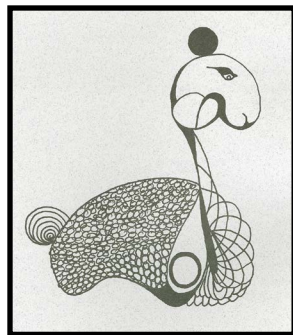
Hopkins delighted in the observation and grasping nature. His was a world of impression founded on a keen eye and a delicate ear. Hopkins wanted everything in nature and art to be clear and spiritually pure.

Hopkins felt so strongly about this lucidity, he coined the word “instress.” Because *instress* is a personal experience, it affects everyone differently. Hopkins determined that the word *stress* originates from Old French, Greek, and Medieval Latin. Further, he understood it to mean force, pressure, strain, emphasis, affliction, and straits. *Stress*, therefore, exerts pressure, leaps into lines, strains into life, and informs the shapes of creatures.

Stress becomes *instress* when it reaches deep into the origin and gathers a response. In *instress* the feeling is drawn to an interior oneness, energy is collected in a single moment of emotion.

Instress, therefore, is the shaping force or stemmed feeling within nature and art. It is the feeling stored in the unconscious, in the “well of memory,” drawn to a moment of release.

Hopkins’ life consisted of excelling, renunciation, and revival. He was an original thinker ahead of his time.



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:
Dr. Stevan Davies (1998) **SHEEP**
Carla Cognigni (2001) **KALIKA**
Dana Pienta (2004) **THE FAMILY**
Amber Hyder (2002) **TIGER (IN PENCIL)**
Ellen Rita Heidrick (2001) **FATHER'S**
DAY: JIM
Meghan Dwyer (2001) **REBOUND**
Michael Blasick (1996)
Traci Badami (2002) **ELEPHANT**

EASY

David Michael Engelhardt (1999)

Sitting in the big easy chair
Worn like old blue jeans

With stereo speakers like sentinels
Behind each receptive ear
Listening to a loaded tray of CDs
Not cassettes or vinyl
Though there is an abundance of neglected
tape
And even still the aging vinyl collection
With the old turntable wired
Like a blue liped terminal patient
To the nineties amplifier
Tonight CDs are cranking like time
On the new multi disc player

While having just read
From the tattered book of poetry
Lying gently in the cradle like lap
Meditating on metaphors
Twists of lyric language
And rhythmic rhymes
Open form spaces as small as a sea oat
Or vast like the azure ocean

Dozing off somewhere in tune
Between Celtic harmonies
Dreaming on her while napping

Sitting in the big easy chair
Worn like a path to the beach

She appears ethereal
Weaving in and out of visions
Like a swooping sea gull
Barefoot in the turquoise surf
Dressed in navy blue
As the night sky on the horizon

With the gleam in her hair
The color of the sunset

Suddenly waking hazily
To British rock and roll crying
Like the blues
And the urgent chirping of the sleek phone
Fumbling quickly to answer her call
But it is only
A WRONG NUMBER

Settling back again lazily
Listening to the bluesy rock and roll
Meditating on metaphors
And navy blue

Sitting in the big easy chair
Worn like skin

SEPTEMBER 6, 2000

Lindsay Kravits (2001)

The flowers you
gave me get cold
at night. The wind
freezes them and
their beauty is hidden
in the dark. The
night is long and the
color cannot show
through. But wait,
my daisies—the sun
will come up soon &
your purple & yellow &
white will be brilliant
in the sun. The cold
water will drip off the
window and your
beauty will make the
long, cold night disappear.

DON'TS

Amber Hyder (2003)

Don't talk with your mouth full; Don't interrupt; Don't talk back;
Don't hurt anyone's feelings; Don't say anything you might regret;
If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all; Don't disobey;
Do what's expected of you; Don't disappoint; Don't talk about sex;
Don't go anywhere without telling someone first; Don't complain;
Always think first; Don't fight unless it's for protection; Don't eat fatty foods;
Don't get fat; Don't bite off more than you can chew; Don't take chances;
Don't be selfish; Don't be ungrateful; Don't think with your heart;
Don't live dangerously; Keep your feet planted firmly on the ground;
Don't choose dreams over practical; Don't be impolite; Don't be discourteous;
Don't be jealous; Look the person you're talking to in the eye;
Don't love more than one person; Don't wear your heart on your sleeve;
Don't kiss him first; Don't think of yourself before others;
And most importantly: Don't live.

DRIED RAISINS (OR PLUMS?)

Instress staff (2004)

Primary colors,
every one used.
The Christmas edition
was here.

Like typing on AIM
the number 2 appeared
like a Monster face,
snakes coming out.

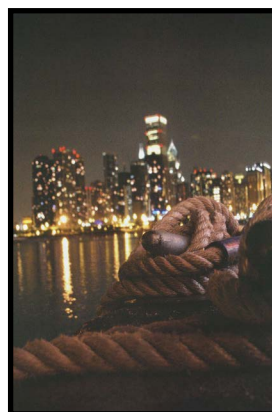
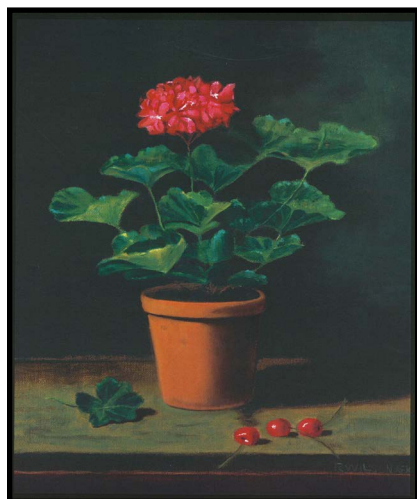
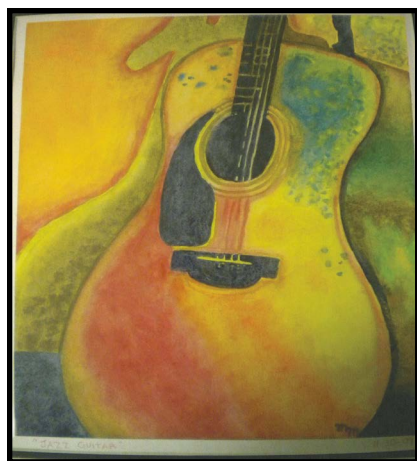
And all we could think,
“Oooo, barracuda.”

DROP

Meghan Dwyer (2003)

the
water
dripped
from the
faucet

Just waiting to be turned off.
Another draining day.



Reads left to right, starting with upper left:
Megan McClary (2010)
Mitchell Finch (2009)
Bob Wilson (2009)
Sarah Bonn (2008) **A PLAIN BOARDWALK**
Caitlin Bryson (2009)
Kelly Cresci (2011) **GRASS GIRL**
Mason Moher (2015)

LEARN TO LIVE AND LIVE TO LEARN

Mary Scarpa (2010)

I am twenty years young, and completely unattached
 I'm not anyone's baby, so don't call me yours
 Limited time, special edition, a girl on her feet
 Not interested in what's best for anyone but me
 Careful not to run into anything else that will hold me back from happiness
 The world is mine, and all these words I write are mine
 Once was a page and nothing more in the chapters of my hardest lessons
 I learn slowly to appreciate the things that faced me at my worst
 Surviving, it will never become the end of my world again
 An unordinary girl with promises and vigor
 If you can't handle me, then learn to or leave
 Take a seat and watch me succeed, or grab my hand and come with me
 I intend to love and to learn and to live
 To make hundreds of mistakes and hundreds of friends
 And learn from both
 So if by some chance I forget these words
 They'll be there to remind me and pick me back up
 A girl on her feet, with only the unknown ahead
 And if you do want to call me baby
 I hope you mean it, because I don't deserve
 To be anything but happy.

COCKTAIL PARTY

A. L-B (2006)

Snow falling fast,
Oh, Frost, falling fast
I've empty spaces, too,
Vast caverns of marble,
Conference rooms,
Cocktail parties.

Not fingernails and slate,
But the sound of elbows rubbing
Like coin scratching gray dust
From a lottery card.

Hello, sir, yes, sir, all day sir, my life, sir.
Snow falling fast, I lean against
The walls, absorbing warmth from the wires beneath
An electric answer to my cold demeanor.

So good to meet you.

I drink coffee and wonder about Prufrock,
My brother under the flesh.
I wear the soft down he eyeballs and
Mimic mermaids to seduce him.

In the room the women smile and flit
Talking of Derrida and lit crit.

I have seen the eternal footman snicker,
And I asked him for his number.

A STORY

Auraleah Grega (2011)

I.
your heart empties into the skies
and tells stories that exist among the constellations
they weave into the crystal air
they shimmer like your fingertips

II.
You are a creator.
Where you walk, you leave prints.
They remain for all the centuries of the earth.

Your toes are pressed firm into the soil,
lengthening and deepening into the moisture.
They speak the words, not your mouth.
They lead me, not your eyes.

I crave your crown.
I crave your windows.
I crave your cavern.
I seek your branches.

STRESS

Lauren Verret (2009)

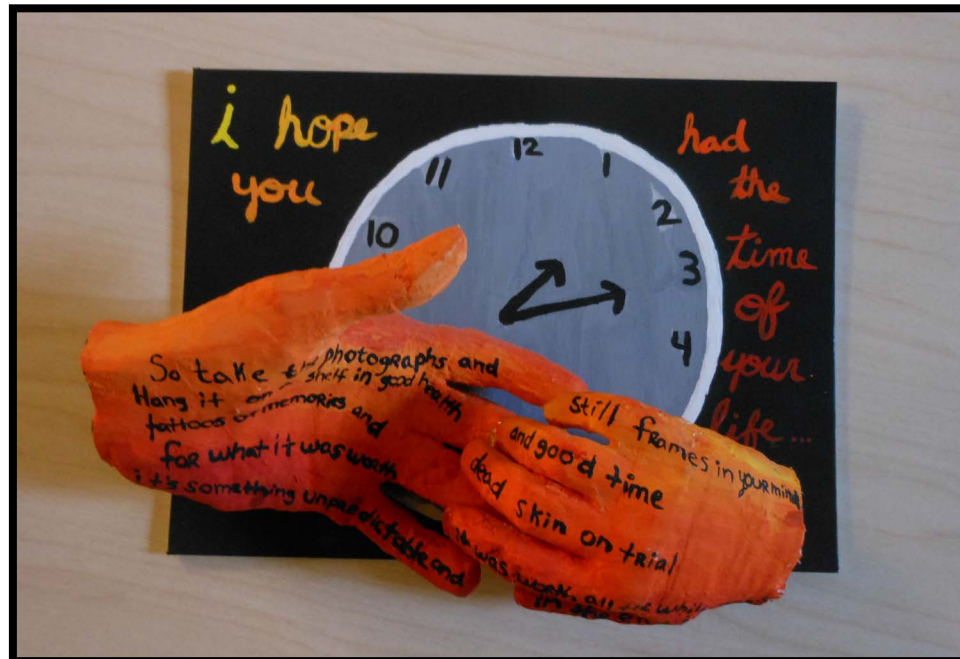
It's always around
sometimes in the background
maybe right in front of you
others might feel it too
you can't escape it
you might just want to quit
but you have to fight
even if it lasts all night
you'll make it through
because you have to
it may be a mess
but we all have stress

LOSS OF VIABLE EXPLANATION

Annette Ritzko

Everything is still the same,
I don't hear soft music during the day or see fireworks at night.
I only see the world differently,
because I have poor eyesight.
I'm not glowing, and cold nights are still cold
And I wasn't lonely before I met you,
I had family and friends, albeit some were old.
To the moon and back isn't a measure of my feelings, but a distance.
If my heart skipped a beat, I would probably get that checked out,
And the sun isn't brighter due to your existence.
Why sugar coat or exaggerate something I'll never be able to explain?
Are there any adjectives that would do it justice?
Perhaps putting it into words will only do it shame.
So let's not even waste time trying
because if I said I found the right words, I'd be lying.
I hope this poem wasn't misread,
Because I think we should give that time to each other instead.

TIME OF YOUR LIFE



Chantal Whiteduck

WHY POETRY

Taylor N. Rupp

I. Why I Gave Up Poetry

It felt much too silly.
It required emotions I didn't want to display.
It needed to rhyme and have meter.
It had to follow a form.
It had to have no mistakes.
Every word must be the best choice.
It could not be sloppy.
That is what I thought I needed,
That is what I thought I wanted

Plus, Poetry, I thought, was only
About Love

I was wrong and
I was right

I was right to write despite my distaste for my work.
Because all Poetry shows Love

A Love for the past: the basics, the divine, the industrial.
A Love of the present: a Red Wheelbarrow, a metro, human perseverance
A Love for the future: for giving, for compassion, for self-control.

And a complex
Love of humanity as a whole

II. Why I Write Poetry

It feels relieving, cathartic,
It allows me to see myself,
It can be molded however I please,
It is able to belong completely to me,
It can be flawed,
Every sound can resonate,
It can be scrawled anywhere,
This is what I want.

This is what I need.

Plus, Poetry, it turns out,
Can be anything.

I was right and
I was wrong

I was wrong to think that the world would just come along
Because all Poetry deserves to do your Love Justice.

Do Justice in the dirges of the plight of poverty, of Godlessness, of arrogance.
Do Justice in the odes to nature, to lovers, to Death
Do Justice to the poems of indulgence, of utopias, of misplaced wealth

And most importantly
Justice to one's self.

SAVING GRACE

Sierra Krohnemann

Sometimes I look at the world in the same way my mama
Watches the news: mouth opened, eyes wide, terrified.
I never understood people,
But why should I?
They never bothered to understand me.

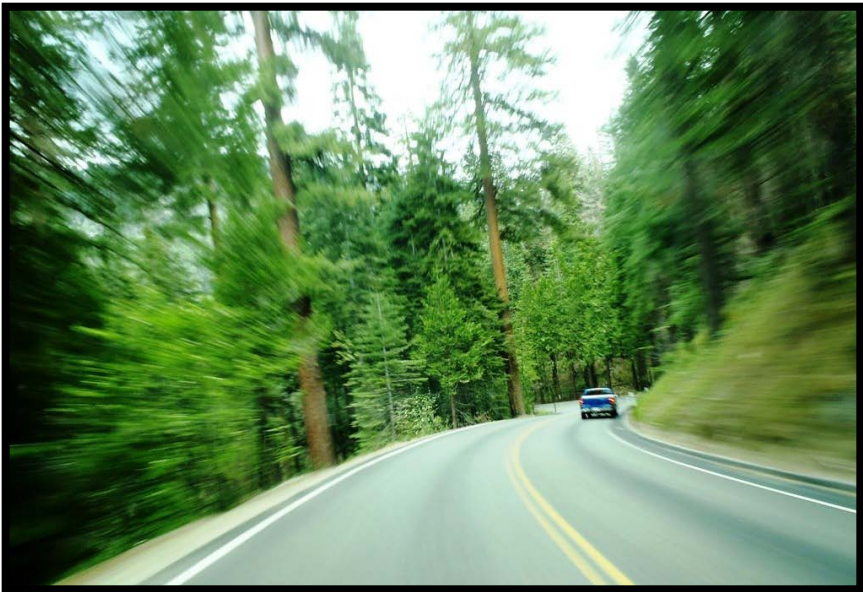
I like to think my dog gets me,
But let's be honest,
She just likes her breakfast at seven and her walks at eight.
But don't worry,
At least I can understand her.

The other day I heard a man talk about gun control.
I couldn't understand how guns meant more than children.
Are we selfish?
Or just lost?
I think children's lives are important.

The world has turned into Eve's destiny;
Filled stomachs with forbidden fruit.
Can we ever get past the temptation?
Our own selfish desires?
This universe makes me tired.

I fear my past, and sure as hell my future
But today's humanity isn't appealing either.
I am not a bitter soul
I have just been knocked down.
At least I've got my dog.

SUMMER IN YOSEMITE



Naejana Carredo

FOR: A BUSY WOMAN

Connor Swagler

It's not that I'm tired of being alone,
It's just that with me you have a home,
I know you've never had a place to call your own,
And I know that you've gotten comfortable with the rhythm that you now roam.
Why secure a future just to be by yourself?
Sure you haven't found anybody else,
But you're twenty; there are plenty of things you haven't done as well,
Plenty of time left to do it all in case you couldn't tell,
To be honest I don't know all that much,
But there is something about you that really makes me blush,
From how you're always in a rush,
To that face you make when I drive you nuts,
Never giving up because you don't fall for easy stuff,
Last to raise your fist but not afraid to hit,
Never say the word maybe,
Only yes or no that's it.
I love how when you speak it's always consistent,
Like with letting the word shit slip,
You always reach out to catch it as if it's in view.
I'm not exactly sure if I'm getting through to you,
About how cool I think it would be to carry your books around school,
So could we spend a little time together just us two?



Melanie Quintanilla