

THE
LAUREL

Spring
2010

Published by the Students



St. Bonaventure University
ALLEGANY, N. Y.



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Letter from the Editor

Dear Readership,

I would like to extend my many thanks to Dr. Simpson, Dr. Chris Hill, the Laurelites, all of the contributors and readers for being a part of an 111 year legacy. You may notice the vintage cover of this issue. The design is from the March 1900 edition of the magazine.

While we are rooted in tradition, *The Laurel* has gone through a few changes in the past year, including a new website. Please look for us at www.sbu.edu/laurel. Full issues will be available online soon.

I am grateful for my three semesters as editor with this publication, but I am also happy to announce my successors. Congratulations to Christopher Radey and Patrick Hosken, next year's co-editors. Best of luck to you and the rest of the staff next year!

In the words of our fearless faculty advisor, Dr. Simpson, "Keep reading. Keep Writing."

Sincerely,

Brianne Rehac

conneaut, ohio

wearing jeans on beds up and down the interstate
my my my
you came to me
fleeting and fitting, so far from my bare feet
stretched out towards screens and complimentary coffee
over lines and plans of the same name
entering each ear evenly
you came to me
a certain ending, menacing proximity
a collar wrinkled upon framework built
or deconstructed with restless wear
you fell asleep on me

Zack Witzel

abdominable?

“goodbye” tricks its vocalist
introduces or implies what may not exist
they intend not to care
the scare a word will wear:
a suitcoat waltzing into
skyscrapers of sentences
hiding heat in its breast pocket

Zack Witzel

A Globetrot Waltz

Upon a sticky summer’s day, you perched
Atop the overlook, your legs outstretched
Against Prague’s rusty coral roofs. You lurched
Round Paris’ twenty numbers, then you sketched
Your moniker into the blue with blades
Of perfect ingenuity, your coos.
And kangaroos, you loped in their parades
Across the scatterfields in amber view.
Oh, traveler, how can I hope to match
Your worldly sauntering, a globetrot waltz,
With mine, a lowly tread, merely a scratch?
Through your excursions, I can find no faults;
The choicest of the lot, best for we two:
A vantage where we both can share the view.

Patrick Hosken

Self

I am Rock, the rock said,
not a boulder nor a pebble,
not a tree nor flower nor vine.
I envied his certainty.

Brianne Rehac

My Quiet Rose

Upon first glance, she was a folded rose;
Red, sweetest scent within, of cherries, or
Perhaps sensations still yet to be found.
Behind the feathered, supple morning skin,
This rose hid—covered, sobbed—in blackest spots
Where light is none and corners cut like blades.

Bit deeper now, the rose's petals waned;
A lack of sun or dew or care had made
Red petals droop like weeping willows in
The blackest summer nights. I saw her smile,
This rose, upon hearing my words, and light
Shone through the both of us that humble eve.

And then it came: my rose fell suddenly.
Without a gardener, she withered up;
I plucked her, avoiding thorns, to kiss her lips.
From coldest, blackest dirt, my rose did spawn
And warmed the world with petals red as fire,
So I returned her to an earthy bed,
Interred my quiet rose without a fuss.

Patrick Hosken

Economy of luck

“Do not chase silver
linings,” she said. “They’re made of
lead, and shrink when washed.”

Samantha House



Magenta - Kaitlin Lindahl

For historical purposes

I keep you in an
archive: to remember, then
file to forget.

Samantha House

Atmosphere's Quinceañera

confetti leaves fall
from the cracked piñata sky,
dropping candy wind.

Samantha House

There Couldn't

There couldn't be a better life than this, I thought to myself as I sank into bliss because of the clear spring day. Breeze flitted past and around me and tried to get me to dance, which I gladly did. As I swung lazily back and forth, I raised my head and basked in the sun that spilled over me.

A couple slowly walked past and I watched in envy. They had their arms wrapped around each other, holding each other close. They gazed at each other, obviously in love. It emanated out of them as if they had their own sun inside of them, which brightened the world around them as they walked down the garden path. Day after day they ambled down the path wrapped up inside themselves. Envy eventually turned to wonder. I thought every day about what their world was like. It seemed to me to be some magical place, where happiness thrived and nothing bad could ever happen.

I would dream of living with them only to realize that I was still where I started. After they'd walk past my world seemed to grow darker. My roots hugged the earth to me, but it offered no comfort. Bees came now and again, but they had no time to stay, and so I was often alone. I was the only flower of my kind in this part of the garden. I'm a result of a failed attempt at escape. I had always wondered why my ancestors wanted to leave this amazing place but now I know. Through all of its beauty this garden is like a prison. To the people who walk by there is magic and love, but to those who reside here there is only quiet solitude. There is no such thing as love here among us.

The next day was dreary. Clouds blanketed the sky in their thick embrace. A light mist hung over everything, but still the couple came walking down the path. I hung my head low and wept to myself because I would never be able to join them in their world. I would forever be grounded here. Suddenly, I felt a hand wrap around my stem and gently pull me out of the ground. I looked into the eyes of the man who had a delighted twinkle in his eye as he looked at me. Before I realized what was happening, I was in the arms of the woman, being held close. They entwined their arms again and began to walk with me in between them. Finally, I could bask in their sun instead of my old one that kept its distance. I felt their love wrap around me like their hands had. I felt the warmth and the brightness inch its way inside of me. I felt it make my petals brighter as I watched in enchantment as the girl turned to the man and said, with a smile, "It is the most beautiful flower I have ever seen. I love you so much."

Jessica Richardson

Fifteen Minutes in the Downfall

7:11 a.m.

Feeling heat against me, you against me, my mind makes the shift from sleep to semi-consciousness. I lick my lips; they taste like yours—salty—and I smile, remembering. My arms wrap around your torso and squeeze.

7:16 a.m.

Eyelids float open and morning comes into focus. I watch your chest rise and fall and lay my head against the arms that drew me in and kept me.

What was it you said when we were standing in the middle of your dark room swaying together? “I love you.” No, couldn’t be. I wish you hadn’t said it, and I dreamed you meant it.

7:19 a.m.

I slip from your bed, hoping not to wake you but wanting you to pull me back into the safety of our sleep.

Where are my clothes?

Haha, everywhere.

I stretch skinny dark-blue jeans over my thighs admiring how easily your hands had slid them off only hours before, and my breath catches in my throat thinking about your rough fingers and smooth palms.

I gather my cami and sweater and pull your grey sweatshirt over my head—a sweet smell, like a cigar, envelopes me. I’ll return it to you later, but I know I’ll be cold once I walk outside your door.

7:25 a.m.

I can’t find my favorite earrings, the silver wings.

I hear you shift, and I look up—you’ve pulled the blanket up under your chin.

7:26 a.m.

I kiss your forehead, thinking maybe, and whisper that I love you, too.

Pausing at your bedroom door—breathe, I tiptoe across your apartment and walk out. A snowflake bites my nose. I make footprints through the quiet lawn walking to my own bed, knowing it will find me wanting.

Brianne Rehac

St. John’s River

I hear
whisky amps echo ‘Sweet Home’
while sea cows, still sleeping, tinker past
gators yawning in the humid fog
of morning.

Mike Murray

your fingernails

they’re longer than ever

covered and colored.

a bare finger calls

begging for change.

in time.

you’ll see.

Peter Cauvel

My Homage to Hip-Hop

Hip-hop emerged in the streets of the Bronx
with the six train that displayed damaged art
symbols, shapes, childhood tag names that left marks
summertime dance battles took place at parks
men who spin their heads against the concrete
without the rapping only beat-boxing
more free styling over a game of dice
knock offs and dark oval shades for blocking
possessing Harleys, Bentleys and large jeeps
scratching on vinyl and mastering beats
and we would all live like Miami vice

jazz clubs playing vibrant acoustic sounds
two stepping and wine till the night is young
there were couples dancing, every two rounds
the smell of grey street rats that filled my lungs
was a memory that escaped my heart
beating on drums with bottles for money
and gambling away your rhymes for freedom
words from a caged heart could tell mothers part
fast talking, head bobbing, you feel funny
no audience, money is motivation
until on stage, no worries just freedom

the Poetic Justice of Tupac named
KRS-ONE the blast master of all
people like Lauryn Hill who paved the way
for others like Rakim to drop the ball
to 3 Feet High and rising De La Soul
in Brooklyn's apartment where Biggie lived
and recorded Ready to Die, sadly
the bullet pierced his mouth and left a hole
in 50 Cent's speaker box and relived
tension to start a new life and outlive
hip-hop's sound of rhythm and beats madly

Ariam Frezghi



Anita Sambamurty

Dear Girls,

We spent our summer days on swings trying to make our own breeze and under thick trees soaking in the heat, sipping on life and green-tea. We raced time-stealing nights on roller-blades and lost -- didn't know it then. I wished on resemblances of stars as they faded into the dawn of city lights. The sun greeted us on your porch roof and I kissed my pinky and vowed forever. We laced fingers when the china shattered, our mistakes always fixable and irreplaceable, Back then, life was a red balloon, the string tied to our wrists. That's the ironic thing.

Brianne Rehac

Dear Lorelei,

Stretch your love along a clothesline, letting it breathe. Catch memories in a glass jar, but then set them free; never regretting. Search the puff-clouds for answers. Smoke cigars with the boys and wear skirts that twirl. Find light in the corners where pain hides. Radiate from your center, but center yourself. Fight if you must, and win when you can. Create. Wish on the bubbles that fly to the moon like dancing moths; close your eyes tight. You are a new branch, old limbs hold you to the sun. You are the tree, the wish and the first star. I could count my hopes for you to the end of numbers, my love until the sky bends.

Brianne Rehac

(Part Two of a sequence printed in the Fall 2009 issue)



How Long Will It Be - Emily Tronetti

Ode to a Door

Out of death,
 manmade,
blistering machines
remove Her children,
 cold and heartless.
Of calloused, broken hands
Emerge the russet,
 determined form
from her bosom.

The jagged, predominant,
beautiful wrinkles
of age and experience
tell magnificent tales
 of hardship and ruin.

I twist the golden knob,
 as if it needed more pain,
to find acknowledging giggles,
inviting me in as it turns
like a ballerina,
graceful and innocent.

As a mother's umbilical cord,
the hinges control the flow,
policing its movement
as the neck
manipulates the head's fun,
 twisting and turning.
Tell as a majestic king
 mocking its subjects,

I bow.
 Bowling,
as weathered indents had
from fist of the unwanted,
 blocked out,
like the rind of a lemon
block impurities.

I look through
the opening,
 as though invisible to humankind.
With this all-seeing eye
I am able to observe,
 Anonymously,
the world
 the door shuts out.

Catriona McDougall

Shakedown '67

Sticky crimson stuff seeps deep
fusing with pharoahs interred in me
 Blown to bloody glass
 their cries echo in the vases
 My sister sweeps
Nourishing those left behind

Bryan Jackson

The Race
~An homage to J.D. Salinger~

Greece! Could you even believe it? There I was with my family, looking around at the most ancient-looking statues you'd ever seen. See, my family loves taking trips. Hell, our ancestors must have done a whole lot of walking or something. The trips we took...we went all over the U.S., hit Canada, Mexico, England, Switzerland, you name it. And here we were now, standing in Greece, looking at some of the most ancient-looking statues you'd ever seen. Man, were they something. Really something.

We were in Olympia, to be exact. By this point, we had seen our fair share of buildings, temples, statues, all that stuff. After a while, they all start to look the same. It's tough to imagine, I know it. But it's true. A guy can only stand so much talk about 'columns' and 'friezes' and 'frescoes' and all that stuff. I like art, too. Don't get me wrong. But people only have so much tolerance for such a thing. At least, I think that's the case. Maybe it's just me. Anyways, this was completely different. This was no boring column structure, no rendition of Zeus chucking lightning bolts all over the place. This was it. The first ever Olympic stadium. In all honesty, it wasn't much of a stadium at all. In fact, it was a rectangle made out of dirt. A dirt-rectangle right in the middle of a grass field. Big deal, right? That tour guide of ours had really talked this place up...and here it was. A dirt-rectangle in the middle of a grass field. Wild.

I won't lie to you. I was a little disappointed. That damn tour guide of ours was still going on and on about ancient games and whatever else. Who knew really? She could talk for days, a regular gas-box if you ask me. Did I mention how hot it was? Man, was it hot. Must have been over a hundred degrees out there, Fahrenheit that is. I was never too good with those conversions. Anyways, it ain't easy to listen to someone speak for that long, especially in heat like that. I was really starting to wish she'd just shut the hell up. Sometimes things are a lot easier to understand if people would just take the time to shut the hell up.

And then it happened. She did! She did shut the hell up! That really got me. It was like she read my mind or something. I looked around. The place was a lot nicer without the drone of her voice crawling over every square inch. I squinted my eyelids until they were practically shut. I wasn't really sure why I did it; it just seemed like the right thing to do at the time. Now, I haven't had too many moments in my life where I can say that I've seen things that weren't there. To be perfectly honest, I don't normally believe in junk like that. But this was one of those moments, I swear to you. All of the sudden, I started seeing people gathered around that field—not just the tourists, though. These were the kind of people you'd want to see in a place like this. All dressed in white, like some kind of weird Baptism was going on or something. Who knew? They were cheering, too. Cheering for the people on the field. Crazy! It was like a movie. I know I imagined 'em, I know it. But I'm telling you, I saw 'em! Of course they weren't really there, but I sure as hell saw 'em.

"Jeremy!" I yelled. Jeremy is my brother. He's three years older than I am and he's a real history buff. Teaches the stuff now; he can never get his hands on enough of it. He didn't look. "Jeremy!" I belted out again. Got him this time. He shuffled over slowly. I could tell he was tired, what with that heat and all.

"Ya know what we should do right now?" I asked.

"What?"

"We should race."

"Race?"

"Yea. From here to there."

I pointed to the end of the dirt-rectangle. "I mean, think about it. Here we are, standing at the first ever Olympic stadium, the birthplace of sports as we know it. Wouldn't it be silly not to race or something?" I said this for two reasons. Partly because I really meant it, I really did. But partly because I knew I was faster than he was. Man, could I run. Not for distance, he probably had me beat there. But ask me to sprint from point A to point B...I'll do it in a heartbeat.

"Yea, OK. I'll race."

It was wild. There we were, standing in a grass field in Greece, practically swimming in our own sweat, and we wanted to have a race. Too much. Problem was, we both had sandals on. I never understand these people walking around in thick, high socks and clunky shoes in the middle of the summer. My dad was like that. Those socks really got me. I couldn't stand it sometimes, but not in a bad way. What's the point, anyways? I guess those people are always ready to run a race if they need to. That must be the only advantage. Who knows.

Anyways, we kicked our sandals off right then and there. You can't very well run a race in sandals. The grass was hot. Get that! It had to be over a hundred degrees out there, I swear it. We inched up to the point where the grass ended and the dirt began. I could tell that people were watching, what with us being all solemn and stuff. It seemed like kind of a big deal. Hell, we were in Greece after all. I shot a glance over at Jeremy. He was poised and ready immediately to my right. Man, could that kid get serious when he wanted to. I guess that's why he's a teacher. That made it all the more fun, though, the seriousness. I got down on one knee. A drop of sweat dripped off of the tip of my nose and hit the ground. I heard it sizzle when it landed. It was so damn hot out there.

“3...2...1...GO!”

My mother had volunteered to count down. She wasn't too great at math, but man could she count down. I'm telling you, if anybody could ever count down, it was her.

We took off. I mean it, we really took off. I ran like I'd never ran before in my life. It must have been something about being in Greece. I swear to you, they must have been choking on the dust we kicked up behind us. There was no sound. Nothing. Only the brown and green tunnel ahead of me. That and Jeremy. We were neck and neck. Imagine that! Here I am running like some sort of demigod in over one hundred degree heat and we're neck and neck. Wild. My feet were on fire. I could really feel it; they had to be on fire. But who cared? This was the race of a lifetime. I was racing on the goddamn, first ever Olympic field. I wasn't really too worried about the fire, to say the least. The race was probably about two hundred yards. I couldn't convert that into meters if I tried. Neither could my mom. But man, could I run.

We zoomed onto the grass. I looked over in the last second of the race and saw that I had him by a couple steps. I know I did. Victory! I was an Olympic champion, in Greece for God's sake. I imagined someone walking over and putting some olive leaves around my head. They didn't have gold medals back then, just olive leaves. That didn't matter, though. Olive leaves are much classier, anyways. The race had been over for a couple minutes. We just stood there, catching our breath. Man, we really ran. Flew almost. Jeremy fell to the grass at some point; I could still feel the fire going under my feet. I knew they weren't really on fire, but hell, why not take a look. I peered down. No fire, but there was something. A little trickle of red was making its way from my heel and soaking itself into the dry grass underneath.

I lifted my feet up off the ground to check the damage. I had really done a number on myself. I looked over at the footprints we left in the dirt. Rocks. Little, tiny rocks everywhere. Of course there were. This dirt-field was over two-thousand years old, why wouldn't there be rocks everywhere? And to think, we ran it barefoot. Too much. I was bleeding pretty bad, no lies. I won't describe it; it wasn't a pretty sight. Like the kind of stuff you wouldn't dare describe to your grandmother. Really pretty bad. But what difference did it make now? I was a goddamn champion in my own personal Olympics. A smile spread across my face from ear to ear. I tried to walk over to where Jeremy was lying. No luck. I decided to yell instead.

“Tough break, sport. Maybe next time!”

He didn't even bother to look over at me. I caught a glimpse of the bottom of his feet. A real train-wreck. He turned over on his side a little further. He was throwing up all over the ground. Dehydration. Man, was it hot as hell out there.

END

Christopher James Radey

Even Though My Grass Is Greener...

Now I hardly remember ever feeling the sun
Being stuck here in this weather is no fun
While waiting and praying for this storm to pass
In grave danger, is my green, green grass
So green, it makes the world cry
Because it deserves to be nice and dry
But the rain keeps falling, taking me under
Wet and miserable, yet I still wonder...
Is that a sunny day just around the corner
Or just a sunny outlook, should I really be a scorner?
My umbrella broke during the last break in the storm,
I thought it was over, not just yet another form
Got rid of my raingear when it started snowing in November
Little did I know that there'd be rain in December
So nothing is left to shield the bad weather
And since I am my own tether
It's clear I must leave
I've been too naïve
And even if no grass is greener
At least no storm will ever be meaner

Neha Sanyal



Colorful - Emily Tronetti

you say you love how this shirt feels
but i think you just want to be held
when Revolutionary Road falls from my hand
losing my page
you'll be clinging to me
shirt or no shirt

Peter Cauvel

The Poet

Chin in the palm of my left hand,
Lips curled into a pleasant smile.
Eyes wide over my coffee cup,
In love with this beautiful world.
Inspiration caught on Main,
Found through windows in front of me.
The dash of rain, the sound it makes,
Pooled in puddles and sonnets,
That lay in curves and words in head.
The dance of popping umbrellas,
The flicker of lights reflected,
Send streams of fresh lyrics and lines,
Filtered through my looking glasses,
Down to the pen in my right hand.
I give one last capturing look,
Before emptying my senses,
As sentences in my notebook.

The Brothers & the Giant

Kaitlin Lindahl

Tragedy breeds fear in the hearts of many,
and rage in the minds of more.
Two brothers, once proud, struck down
in the most violent of fashions.

'Awaken the Giant!' people demand,
but hesitation arises
from a man who has seen and done
the Giant's work first-hand.

Over eight years have past,
the Giant looms still, however, wearily.
Never forget, always remember the brothers
and their stance ever clear.

Kellan Terry

Straight, No Chaser

December's driving snow and ice and graupel
coat the road ahead. It's Monday night
and Monk's playing Rochester. The white
stuff's sticking now, and my wheels begin to wobble.

Sustained by Miles and Mister Coltrane. So what?
My favorite things don't come tied up in strings.
Electric solos, live sessions - uncut.
Yes, these are some of my favorite things.

The club's air heavy with anticipation.
The bar is empty, spare Lulu. Back in
town and drunk with ivory salvation.
I smile and catch her gaze through the booth's thin,

opaque glass. Monk is gaining; I step to her.
I sit and take Monk's cue: Straight. No Chaser.

Bryan Jackson

6-26-08: Crooked Creek, South Dakota

A storm rolled in and challenged the strength of our tent while we helplessly watched from inside the van. Not long after, the clouds parted and the yawning sun tiptoed its way to bed. Barefoot, we took the tarp off the fire pit and cooked meat over an open flame – cavemen. As the charcoal cooled and our stomach's settled, I laid across the picnic table focusing on the stars. The boundless Dakota night is just more evidence of the unruffled peace that comes like a gift when we just accept the world with all of its fascinating complexities. Are we a marvelous experiment or just some fruitful accident? Don't let anybody tell you the answer. You just keep moving with your eyes wide and mouth open, licking your chops for whatever the chef cooks up. The ones who try and sell you the answers? They're just pushing daisies.

Mike Murray

Awakening

Your story spills in fat drops
from eaves nearly full;
motion in the forgotten garden
where colors conceal the blackness below.
Twist of vine, like a crusader's stake,
braids each bead of wetness that bleeds
down
past the green, the gold and light's long reach,
like a star traveler
falling
deep into soil where dreams are buried.

Susan Anderson

Campfire Cabin

It's ten degrees cooler in the shade.
Long laser beams of sunlight sparkle on my skin.
Deep breaths. Taking in that pine-needle smell of gin.
There is my grandmother, working hard with an antique hand
spade.

Life is easy here, with technology obsolete.
Crick adventures with crawfish nipping at my fingers, begging
to be set free.
Me and you both, as I hear a deer bleat,
off in the wilderness, at the disturbing presence of me.

Spencer Santilli

Pinesfield

Blanketed with dusty sand
trod upon; cracked
passage greets my Reefs.
Time swirls as those swings
squeak my name,
a little voice
tugging at me
unquiet whispering to my adult ear
without moving her lips.
One two three
up, high in the sky I rise
then come back down.

I find my ground, get
taken away
by salt and breeze
rustling the scrub oaks and reeds
protecting the gateway
to the unknown.
Bare feet carry me on
weathered planks
sun dried, warm.
Over and through, out on the blue
I seem to stand
as whitecaps
pass beneath me
anesthetizing nerves.

Kristin Marsicovetere

Pushing up Daisies

A voice uttering those all too familiar
Antique Critiques.
Receiving halfhearted applause, those awkward
golf-claps.
Not the face to match the voice,
Whispering about rain
and talking to the Earth.
Lost, wandering with no real home while
Watching and waiting for the emergence
of honesty and intellect,
unbiased judgements and regret.
Waiting. Always waiting.
Is the mind occupied
with peonies and jasmine.

Spencer Santilli



Lisa Aeschbacher

some voucher

laced white shoes
clean, pristine
you were a dream
mirage of heat and haw
tracing my waist
or facing my faith
with pride, fine eyes
awakened, pray, then wait
untie the binds
blind by design
or wide bribe undermined

Zack Witzel

Piano Cloud

-after Chekhov's "The Seagull"

Here we are, stranded
in our own conceited minds
deserted like an over told joke,
abandoned like an itchy sweater
on the top shelf of
the temporal lobe.

The cerebellum
has been tampered with,
detached from the source,
floats away, spirals like soap
suds down the drain, like
vodka down the throat.

Seeking a life ring
wading through the murky
waters stretching to the horizon
searching the sky
for a moon of our own
right past the piano-shaped cloud
harmonizing our answers.

Kristin Marsicovetere

Trickery

It's Saturday again.
The door clicks relentlessly--it's always
harder to coagulate things when you're drunk.

I caught his eye. Wild...
Tigers and lions linger for blood, for fresh flesh.
But not him.

It's an insatiability that cannot be put to rest.
A tireless, unqualified search.

Playful.
Attractive.
Tactful.

There was no mistaking it. He had his prey on lock-down.

That night, the King came to sing, longing for the sting--the sting
that he knew she would bring.

A dream became a scheme; a scheme became a theme.
But how long will the theme live on?

Long enough for him to become a jungle cat of
some sort.

Christopher James Radey

Long Ago

The deep sins of my past haunt me today.
My sweet lost love of late come back to me.
For I must have your face lie on my bed.

Its been a while since we last spoke nicely.
Forget all I said that cold dreary day.
For I was not myself. I was someone else.

Spencer Santilli

Green Eyes

Deviant – but not in nature –
and beautiful,
which is the most difficult element to endure.
The definition of deception
they are,
because they proclaim no devil.
Slowly silencing every song with them
in the title,
and there were many that made sweet music.
Perfect, mirror images of each other.
Like stained-glass
that's far more appealing shattered than it could be
whole.
Not unlike emeralds in brilliance, but
more valuable
to those who love and have loved them most.
Delightful and devastating.
A deadly duo
that have claimed more than their fair share.

Kellan Terry

Sweeter Days

Monday's monotony grips tight
causing the mind to wander
to its least favorite – and most frequented – thoughts.

Memories range from extreme joys
to desperate lows in a constant
sequence of bipolarity.

Wheeling through recollections of messages
sent and received signed, L.U.L.U.
is enough to come to the resolution,

that the fact of the matter is,
the ice outside the second story window
isn't the only thing that's cold.

Even clowns can sustain smiles
when they're managed with brush and paint.
Mark these words: marvel in sweeter days and rejoice in there coming.

Kellan Terry



Glazed Branches - Kaitlin Lindahl

Still Must I On

“Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean’s foam, to sail
Where’er the surge may sweep, or tempest’s breath prevail.”
-Lord Byron, Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage [Canto III, Stanza 2]

Still

Water sweeping gently o’er hot sand;
With golden lure, she stood atop the sea;
She came to me, reached out, and wrenched my hand—
With windswept, blessed goldenrod debris—
Away from frozen creatures on ice shelves.
With such delusions gladly entertained
By one as weak of spirit as myself,
I cannot try to flee from nymphs arcane,
Nor brave the carefully lain paths of dark woods.
Though I have tried to find her in the mist
Of morning’s cloudy shine, she withstood
The searchlights of eyes that can’t coexist
With evidence suggesting she’s been vanquished
By gravity, and feeble, soft spirits languished.

Must

You imprison me here in your web,
My dear? I’ve never been one for escapes,
And I fear you: your fury and my ebb
Approaching. Hiss and caw and bray, you scraped
My reason with your fabricated swan song
And led me here to rot amongst your prey,
Rancid they’re lain, until you creep along
To peck and claw and tear and shred and slay.
With pitted eyes, I see you limping forth;
So I declare: “Come now to me and thrash!”
For living here, we always look due north
To dream we can outrun our fated crash;
And though we can’t, I’m satisfied to dream—
The human spirit, powerful and free.

I

Wish I was a butterfly or some
Enchanted, winged creature of the trees
So I could tumble upwards in a hum
Of gentle admiration. See, you, these
Spotted black-red ladybugs a-flutter,
Alive and drinking life; feel, now, the breath
Of sensory clamor, dimmed to shutter
Our window panes. Fear not unruly death;
Despite his creeping angles and his aims,
He does benevolently eye us home,
Where'er our beds are fixed after we tame
The shrouded beast Oblivion. We comb
The streets morose, but never do we stir:
Alive is all the world, and we with her!

On

Eyes of golden morrows, we ride high
Upon the backs of nimbus clouds and fold
Our sprinkling eyes, and dewy morns decry
Our ecstasy. Forgive the delayed unfold,
Old boy, for we were stumbling to sleep
Above the sheets of joy and smiling mirth,
While resting heads upon the beds of steep
And feathered comfort. We will pound the earth
Triumphantly with fists of energy
And carol tunes across the canyons, plains,
Oceans, savannahs, and belt out from trees
Our vict'ry songs; a champion o'er the banes
Of our existence: fear of decay and bones;
Though death may be the best of things— 'tis unknown!

Patrick Hosken

Life Inside a Mason Jar

People
dot the street
below my long, looming porch.
They don't
know that I'm here,
and I see everything they do.
Each flick of my cigarette creates
a new and lovely
face among
the crowd. Quickly, my ashes
find the
wind.

Andrew Duke Mayer



*My heart belongs in Tennessee
- Emily Tronetti*

Racing Hearts

Night blotted out the sides and stars,
As two raced to find themselves in the other's arms.
Miles ticked as feet crushed petals down into the pavement,
I want to say I love you, he thought, I crave to say it.
The words I need you, etched into the back of her mind,
Making her forget and lose track of speed and time.
Faster and faster, doused in a pitch black sky,
Their separate, speeding bullets, fought to try,
To satiate their hunger and eliminate the lapse,
Of touch and sound, of love's binding trap.
Each coming now to the brink of a slick, one way street,
With no exit signs and no way out, but marked as where both should meet.
Caught in slow motion, seconds slipping and blurred,
Gazing over both dashboards, his eyes found hers.
Brakes failed against the force, and headlights blinded,
The fate of the two twisted and collided.
Desperately loud, then hauntingly quiet.
As love inhaled sharply, and promptly fell silent.

Kaitlin Lindahl

secret monastery

Don't let it cloud
your thoughts
or seal the squeaky
swinging gate of
your imagination

It can strike in
an instant,
rumbles like the engine
in a '93 Roadmaster,
flutters the pages
not spined or encased
alongside the columns
of distant memories

Lemon-sweet, sharp
as any angle, sturdy as
an oak.
Retreat?
Seize it.

Kristin Marsicovetere

April

Dabbling ducks
and bugs
return
from gulf coast
holiday
fresh buds
explode from
west bank branches
the last
leaves of last season
play tag
like dust devil children
each loaded
on thoughts of pending recess
and the looming
unplugged
tv summer.

Mike Murray

Skylight

Sweet
melodies create a
lullaby from the nightingale perched

outside the
skylight. His canticle tickles
the senses of the captive ear

that lies tranquilly upon the pillow
and permeates the delicate
sleep. A

quiver ripples the soft strands
of hair. Exhale.
Goodbye.

Kristin Marsicovetere

Laurelites

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The Laurel

...is a student-run publication funded through the student government at St. Bonaventure University. This magazine is printed by Falconer Printing, Inc. Falconer, NY.

This publication accepts submissions from all students, faculty, staff, and alumnae/i.

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