

The Bayleaf



Spring 2003



The Bayleaf Staff

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Bayleaf Art Award

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Katherine Patchett
"it will fade"

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Clutching Dreams

His tight blue jeans cling to his legs,
They are faded from wear.
His graceful movements
Make her shutter with excitement.
She wished for just one touch,
One moment,
Where her entire world can be turned upside down,
With his body against hers
In a moment of passion.
If only her words would escape,
He would know.
And his tight blue jeans there
Lying on her floor,
Faded from wear,
Would not be faded
From lost love never encountered.

My Future

One day I will be my father,
the man who could do anything he chose.
He built a business from nothing,
built a house for himself,
plays a multitude of instruments,
and can fix the plumbing when needed.

One day I will be my father
when I raise a family of my own
and leave them every morning
for their own good.

One day I will be my father
when I watch him die,
as he watched his father die before him.
I just hope I have a little son to hold
to share my pain with me,
and tell me in his little voice that it'll be OK.
And even though he would be young
and couldn't understand,
I would feel better anyway.

When I am my father
I will look at my son
and know the pain he will feel
when I die.

One day my son will be me,
when he watches me die,
as I watched my father die before him.

“it will fade”

experience left a scratch on my hand
and a dull pain in my abdomen
silence spilled over speaking the truth
your cowardice would not allow

the tightness in my chest is all for you
an ache swells up with fleeting
images of your face flashing
and soon you say “it will fade”



Meet Me There

Hurry fast and meet me at that place
Where time carries no meaning.
Where the berries grow wild and plenty.
Run with me
Where the grass is tall and unruly.

Where the water flows fast down the slippery rocks,
With no consideration for anything in its way.
Just be with me at that place
Where we naturally become lost and liberated in the surroundings.
Where there is no one but ourselves.

How long until we meet again
at that place?

Away With the World

“The world is too much with us,”
and bound to kill us
for what we do to it and ourselves.

It comes down on my head (the burden),
and I prefer to avoid the pressure
of tears falling on my soul,
cried by the sky and the world.

Away with it, I'm through with it all,
I'll embrace gravity.

I see freedom from distress in emptiness.
The world is too much with me
and my failing knees will not support
the belief that they can hold me.
I am chained to the world and marked as its sport,
forced to admit I'm unfree.

Intoxication Hips

Broken down. Worn out.
I climbed each black stair.
I knock on her door.

Invite me into your serenity, Christina.

Afternoons of smoky thought clear to conversation.
Avalanches of curls fall to frame her eyes forever dancing.
She smiles summer sunshine, and she smiles at me.

Again I breathe, Christina.

My life's progression imitates the endless curving of her body
While I remain perpetually drunk on her memory.





“Pure (Natural) Sugar”

A unique dark grain glistens with individuality,
Performing its life to please the masses.
Contaminated by a sense of personality,
It must be altered.
Bleached for the eye's content.
Lost and consumed.
Crystallized particles “purified” by all those who judge
Without knowing.

Bloody Mary

Bloody Mary you're so divine
For you we've built a concrete shrine
Where we find solace day and night
We worship under neon lights

Bloody Mary accept our praise
We stand before you, glasses raised
A toast to our holy mother
For you we forsake all others

Bloody Mary, I must confess
Without you I am just a mess
I fall on my knees and into hell
Without you I'm an empty shell

Bloody Mary, just one last taste
Before your glory goes to waste
I watch your blood spill down the drain
You're gone and all that's left is pain

The Ride

A vision from the past
Brings warm memories alive,
The smooth, shiny exterior of the vehicle
Sends shivers down my spine.
I mounted the tan leathery seat
Getting ready for the ride,
The ride of my life.
Sticking the key into the ignition
Starts the engine to rev,
Faster and faster, about to explode.
The rough and bumpy ride
Thrills me in ways unknown,
Unknown to those who never had it so great.
The groaning of the engine
Revvng more rapid with each stroke of the gear.
All at once, the destination has been reached.
The engine begins to slow.
I am now exactly where I want to be,
Spent and tired from exertion.

Playing When I Was Nine

I try to look at the eyes
Closed on his bed of forever.

My Uncle looked at me,
Put his hands on his brother's
And told me I could too if I wanted.
 He would have Alzheimer's in six years,
 Forgetting even my name,
 When I loved him for being so like my grandfather.

I watched my grandmother smile
With a strength I couldn't comprehend.
She refused to shed a tear,
Handling the people as though it were a dance.
 In nine years she would have a stroke.

My mother wasn't there.
She was watching my little brothers.
They didn't understand.
 I didn't either.
It was my father who took me.
He couldn't handle it.
 I remember when it happened.
 My cousin was babysitting me.
 Dad came home and paid her.
 He couldn't make it up the stairs.
 He hugged me and wouldn't let go.
 When I asked what was wrong
 He cried for I don't know long.
 I cried too, even though I didn't know yet.

Now he cried so hard that it was too much for me.
I asked him to take me to the empty house
Where my cousins, who came from far away,
Were waiting for me.

I got there and we played.

Tattle

For years I have known you
to bathe after love.

And now I return from a long day at work
my muscles limp like seaweed,
my eyelids drooping like morning glory petals at 2 hours past noon.
But my nose is keen,
and the house reeks of sin,
a dripping towel has given you away.

Bayleaf Submission Guidelines

The Bayleaf, a journal of literature and art, spotlights the work of the student writers and artists of Marywood University. This publication is released every fall and spring semester and is a co-curricular activity of the English Department.

The Bayleaf accepts only original student work and strongly discourages resubmissions.

Artwork – All submissions should come in a format that will be easy to work with (slides, digital images of a larger work [8 x 12 +], black and white photography, etc.) The artist's name should not appear on the work. All works should come in protective casing. The Bayleaf is not responsible for any damage incurred to artwork. Properly submitted work will be returned to the artist.

Literary Works – Poems, short stories, plays, or essays will be considered for publication. All works must be typed in a legible font. Handwritten entries will NOT be considered. List the title and page number in the upper right hand corner of each submission. The author's name must not appear anywhere on the work.

Include with each submission, on a separate page clipped to your work:

Name

Title of work(s) submitted

Local or campus mailing address and phone number

Works should be submitted to the Bayleaf mailbox at the Marywood Mailing Center. Please, no more than 5 submissions per writer/artist.

The editorial staff reviews all work democratically and anonymously. Submission due dates for each issue will be announced via flyers on campus. Cash prizes will be awarded for the best literature and art submissions.

The Bayleaf staff members are Marywood undergraduate students. The Bayleaf is a co-curricular activity of the English Department of Marywood University.

Any question, comments, or suggestions can be sent via e-mail at MU_Bayleaf@hotmail.com.



