



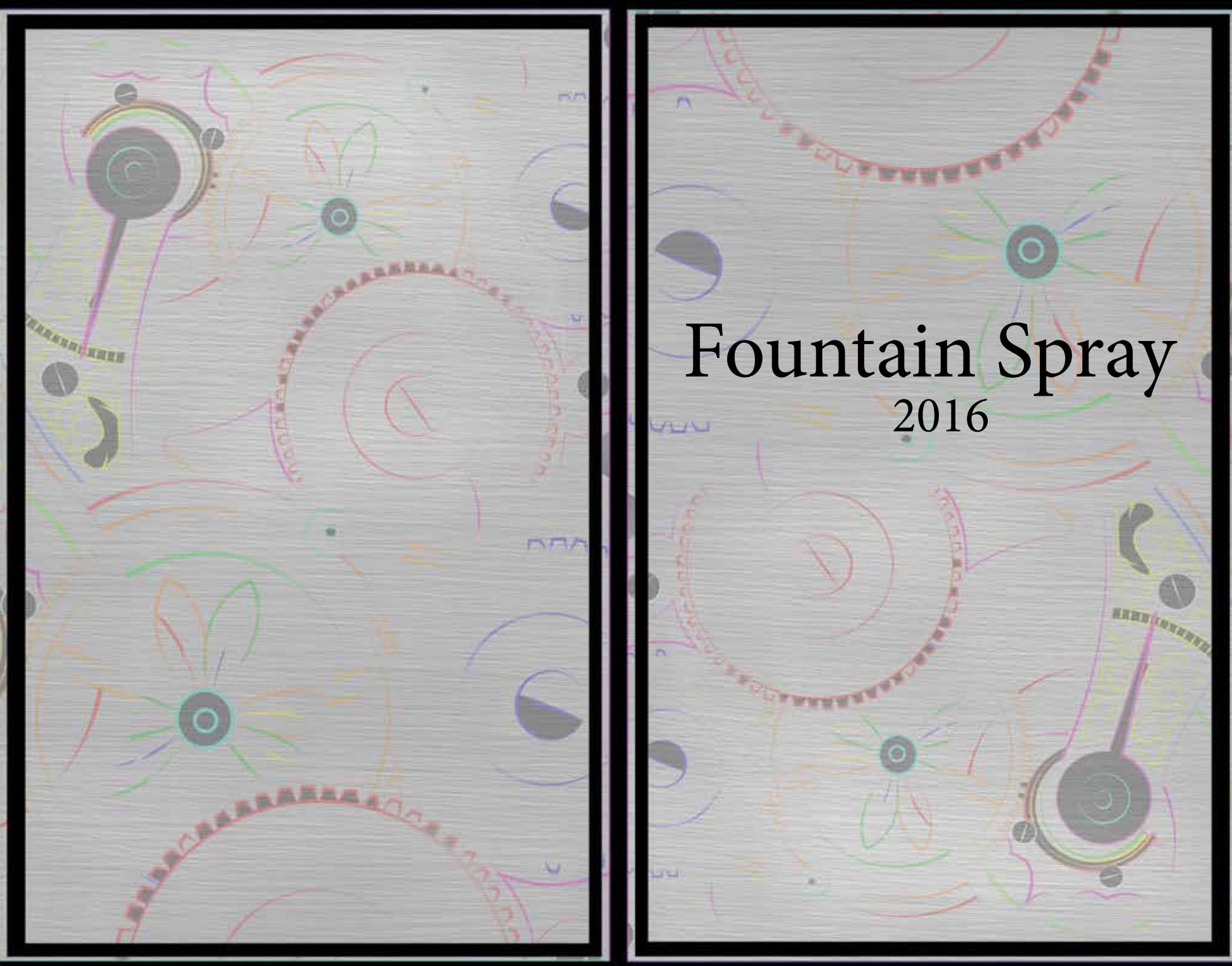
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
 THE MERCY UNIVERSITY OF NEW JERSEY



GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Spring 2016

Fountain of Spirit



Fountain Spray
2016

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Elegance



By Stephanie Nagy

Cheating By Connor Surmonte

When my girlfriend caught me reading Emily Dickinson
I knew she would be angry.
“It’s not what you think,”
I told her,
“We’re only studying!”
But she knew I was lying.

A week before this she caught me reading Edna St. Vincent
Millay,
And she told me then,
That if it happened again,
It was over.

As she walked out on me
I smiled because I knew she did not see
Edith Wharton underneath my covers,
Or Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Hiding behind my bookcase.

Driftwood



By Joseph Duchak

A Being Apart By Luana Fahr

Educate with self esteem,
Initiate a future dream.
Emancipate a mind that's closed
Facilitate a budding rose.

Oppression manifests in sin.
Depression traps a spirit in.
Confession is a separate peace.
Profession is a thought release.

Surging is a woman's strength.
Purging fear on her ascent.
Converging mind with open heart,
Emerging now a being apart.

Complexity
By Julie Temple

I strive to fathom struggle.
Why must it be so complex?
I'm not prepared to tumble,
nor do I yearn to experience its effects.

Strolling through my grandmother's garden, I spot a slouching
flower.
It taunts me—
shining forth an iridescent power.
It too must suffer to some degree.

Shooting my hand forward, I sever one of its limbs.
Its silent shrieks of agony cannot seep into my ear.
A flimsy, curved-shaped petal lies limp.
Stunned, I notice a truth that I'm unsure I can bear.

Plagued with a tinge of death,
the once-thriving, scarlet rose is suffering from life's effects.
I have lessened one of its final breaths,
since another petal is bound to detach next.

I ponder how many more layers of life does this rose contain?
"Infinitely many," scientists explain.
Then are numbers truly to blame?
In reality, roses, like one's years of life, all eventually wane.

One cannot simply witness the deterioration of outer
appearance.
Suffering stems and emits from the core too.
Our protective, pretty petal shields will make their
disappearance,
signifying that death always creeps into our view.

Miraculously, a promise of survival lurks in every species.
Small sacks store molecule-sized life forms,
compacted so tightly, so uneasy.
Though, if pollinated precisely, they transform.

The delicate, lovely being can live on!
Vicariously, it sprouts anew.
A fresh, glistening generation of captivating spawn
is ready to suck in the morning dew.

The competing, complex struggle between life and death
is a reality I'm not ready to encounter yet.
Although, I'm told that I'm far from my last breath,
my grandmother's and the rose's fates have already been set.

Dragon



By Carissa Ali

Contemplation By Christine Attardo

I wanted to tell you
I've climbed mountains before
I've felt the rough edges
Under my fingernails
The wind challenging my strength
I've been cut open
Torn inside and out
But continued to climb

Mountains are different
From hills and valleys
Though I've been known
To take charge of those
I've stepped in rivers
And danced down tree-lined roads

I'll tell you
I don't know how I survived the last fall
Perhaps I just picked myself up to prove
something

I have deep-rooted scars
But still crave the climb
The need to be higher
Even the view from the top
Breathes new life into my lungs

It's the fall I fear
After all I've learned
How could I possibly ever jump?

The Little-Known History of Pencils
By Dr. Pamela Rader

There are some that must be from three score, or more, years ago. My companion scribes. Worn by the grandfather's plumber's hands. Some shoulder no eraser.

The favorite spring green keeps its high gloss for *Supply Corp.* in *Brooklyn, N.Y.* Any hint of the kinds of supplies are worn by thumb and

forefinger. Five digits harken back to Ma Bell and the days of party lines. We are in the age of Eleven. I rub it as one might a found-river stone.

A checker-cab yellow bears teeth marks. A smooth pate tells of inertia decades long. Plumbers' wrenches from *Plymouth, Mich.* Between fingers and between teeth.

In pockets and hair knots. Left in notebooks. Folded newsprint. My inheritances are those graphite twigs traveling through time to me and the next writers.

A final stick reads in faded red *La Mansión Hotels.* Who do I know who would have visited *San Antonio* or *Austin*? Maybe no one. Maybe a pencil left behind.

I imagine the grandparents' Brooklyn office filled with organized stacks of catalogues for wrenches and pipes. Gleaming copper, elbows. Patient valves.

A neat desktop and phone. But the pencils, like us, are nomads. They wander between generations, states, and desks—absent-mindedly pilfered behind an ear

or a car seat to be retrieved owners later. The tool of the tentative poet glides over parchment—evidence of erasure in the paper's dints permits

edits. Another kind of language not braille but there in the touch as the embossed traces of earlier words belie *these.*

Untitled



By Kimberly Sloan

Far From Young
By Luana Fahr

Sagging jowls live on my face
And lead me to that other place,
Far from home and far from youth,
Yet far from stress and man-made truths.

Lagging pounds that hug my waist
Have now become a warm embrace.
Wiser now, and even witty,
Makes me pleasant, even pretty.

Nagging people in my space
Who pull me into their rat race
Are just the mice, who running blind,
Have long left those like me behind.

Sunset

By Julie Temple

Searching the rippling sea,
my eyes catch the glinting aqua shimmers,
hoping my memory of you won't flee.
Each wave is like life encapsulating mirrors.

Now nothing but my own reflection gazes at me.
Even the waves retract.
My whole essence is reduced as if I am nothing more than washed-up
debris.
My life is now a shell that's cracked.

Soaking reality up,
I know the sunset is falling on me.
A stirred-up
sea of opaqueness is all I soon shall see.

Shadows slowly seep onto the sand.
A sand crab shuffles sluggishly by...
Envious that I'm confined to live on land.
Why can't I inevitably join him in the water or you in the sky?

A wave of relief will wash upon me, so they say...
Yet, my willingness to move on has been swept away.
My purpose in life is now astray—
Unsure if I can endure the beaming, striking sunlight another day.

Grief comes in waves.
Depression is like a tsunami eager to consume you.
However, not everyone caves,
But I remember that ultimately a few do.

Swearing I can trace your fleeting image in the puffy clouds,
I sink forward into the churned-up shore.
The darkening waves shall be my shroud.
Liquid pours into my lungs, but I know in a few more moments, pain
can't touch me anymore—

The Environmental Eye



By Casey Tumblety

Spring Renewal



By Kathryn Glorioso

The Stillness By Joseph Duchak

The stillness I miss
Of the mountain air
That brings me cedar scents
From across the shimmering lake
Flames that dance with
The speckles of the moon
Glisten amongst the call
Of a lone owl in the night
Answering the call of the unseen
With beautiful music heard
By those who wait in silence
Knowing they are not alone.

Oranges but No Bananas



By Stephanie Nagy

The Oak Tree By Kyle Homer

The Oak Tree was the only natural thing left breathing in the park. What once was an open pasture of green grass as far as the eye could see has now succumbed to an island of nature in an ocean of apartments and duplexes. The sky which once was so clear and still, almost breakable, has turned musty and industrial. However, the Oak Tree still lives and breathes in this attempt to keep Mother Nature alive. Surrounded by its fallen amber leaves untouched by landscapers, the Oak Tree stands graceful and beautiful. The dead autumn leaves are enchantingly dislodged from the tree by the cold, shivering breeze. "They land so soft," Mike said to himself as another leaf was pulled effortlessly to the ground.

The sight of happy children walking home from school broke his admiring stare at the tree. Bundled in their cozy hats and oversized coats they ran to the tree, dropping their backpacks and worries at the still, iron bench. Mike watched these marshmallow-shaped children run back and forth through the fallen leaf piles. One after another they would run, or jump, through the mountain and emerge with grins painted on their wind-blown faces. Mike smiled in disbelief; how could something so simple as dead, decomposing leaves bring such joy to young, optimistic children? The cold wind blew on his neck and down his overcoat, as if to tell him it was time to go.

Mike pulled down his overcoat sleeve, revealing a gleaming Rolex watch that shone like platinum in the afternoon sun. "I have plenty of time," Mike said to himself as he reached for his camera bag. The camera, cold and metallic to the touch, was Mike's most precious possession. Other than his wedding ring, Mike always carried his camera. It was an old Nikon, needing the film to be developed instead of printed. Mike knelt down, and focused on the Oak Tree. He moved the viewfinder to capture the rickety wooden bench, where he proposed to Sarah. He snapped the photo creating a loud, satisfying crunch against the quiet October atmosphere. "Sarah will love it," he said aloud and smirked as he sat down on the bench. As he got up to leave, he traced his fingers over the carved heart with their initials. He snapped another photo.

After leaving the printing press, Mike got both photos framed for Sarah's anniversary present. He stopped at the liquor store to get a bottle of sparkling Prosecco, Sarah's favorite. He ran to the market, where he obtained a picnic basket, two champagne glasses, and a single rose. He placed it all in the basket, and made his way to the cemetery. The air was cold this evening, and nipped at Mike's nose. He walked past gravestones and monuments, the eerie silence sticking to him like dew. He finally reached Sarah's grave and placed the basket down on the perfectly manicured grass. "Happy five-year anniversary, Beautiful."

He grabbed the Prosecco and two glasses to make a toast to his bride. "Forever and always, baby girl. Forever and always," he mumbled through his chattering teeth. He drank the toast, and placed the other glass next to her grave. He leaned over and grabbed the basket to pull out the two pictures. He held both up to the moonlight, glancing back and forth from frame to frame. He positioned one down among the other pictures, placing it in the back. He held their initials in his hands, and set it down slow next to the picture of the Oak Tree. He quickly rose to his feet, sniffing his emotions back down and wiping off his knee in one swift motion. He grabbed the basket, and reaching in one last time pulled out the rose. It balanced perfectly on the top of the concrete slab, as he zipped his coat up to his chin. As he walked back to the gates, he ripped his left glove off, and stared at the plain, stainless steel band that stretched across his finger. The moon allowed just enough of the inscription of their initials to be seen by Mike. He heaved, holding a hard cry down and slowly brought his ring to his lips and kissed it. He placed his glove back on, took one final look through the gates, and made his way back to life. His life.

Dragonfly



By Anne Zayat

Untitled



By Kimberly Sloan

They Tell Me God Is Dead
By Connor Surmonte

When they told me God is dead
I knew that it was nothing,
A Truth is still a Truth
Even if forgotten.

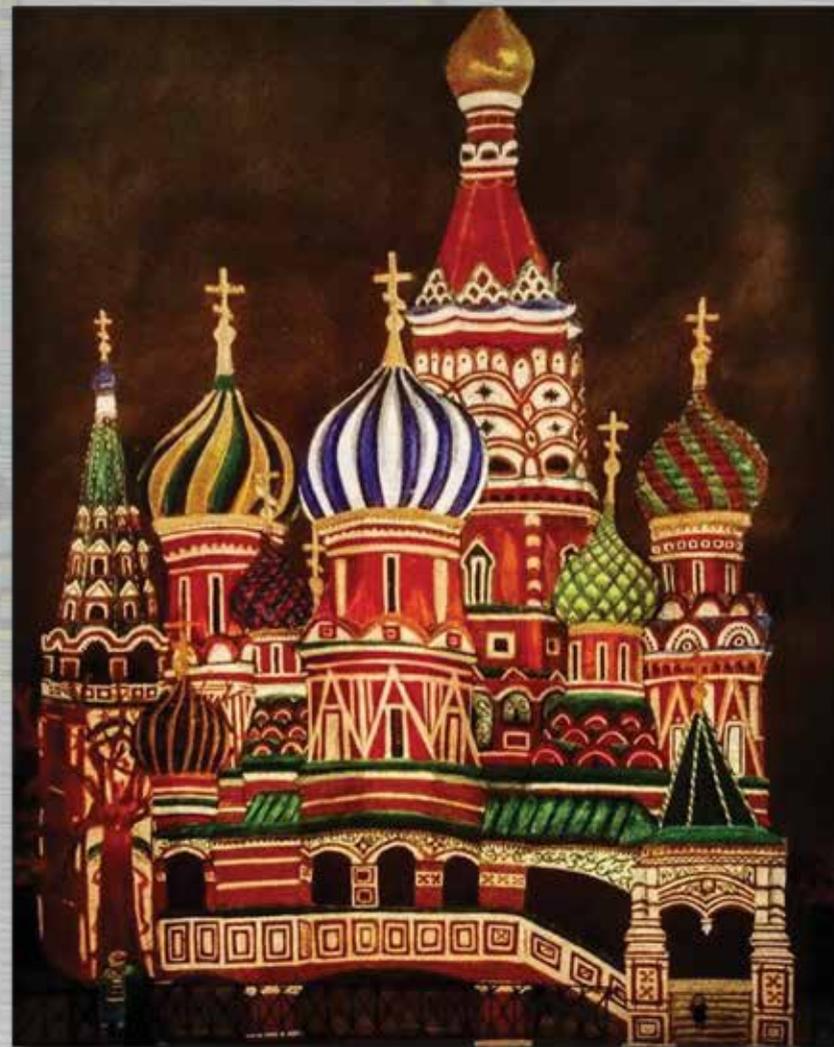
When they told me God is dead
I knew it was a lie,
Men have always tried to prove it
But all they've ever done was try.

When they told me God is dead
I thought: "Oh how naïve,"
When did anyone, in the first place,
Ever prove he was alive?

Winter's Past
By Joseph Duchak

Step into a moment
Of winter's past
Out my window I see
Moments of future yet to be
In moving frames that
Correct life's blur
The unwritten song of youth
Echoes to me now
Even though I chose to pen
Lyrics of a different tune
The endless loop of words
That scratch the surface
Of my life's record
Continuing to still spin
Even if I stumble
The song plays on
Until the silence and skips
And I reach the other side
When one song ends
And a new one begins.

One Day I'll Journey Home



By Stephanie Nagy

Credits

Editors

Marisa Bonamassa-Cimino

Kyle Homer

Steven Mulero

Kimberly Sloan

Julie Temple

Layout

Kathryn Glorioso

Cover Design

Ryan Prevosti

Moderator

Dr. Russell McDonald

Special Thanks

President Joseph R. Marbach

Provost William Behre

Dr. Rita Smith Kipp, Dean of Arts & Sciences

Dr. Edmond Salsali

Professor Leo Morrissey

Department of Art

Department of English

Department of Graphic Design & Multimedia