FECUNTAIN SPRAY

SPAING 2013

FOUNTAINS SPALL SPAINS 2013

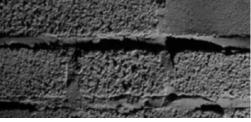
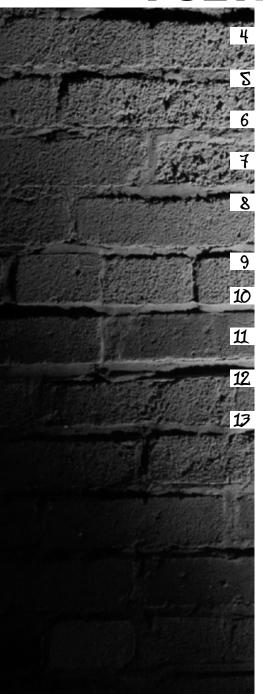


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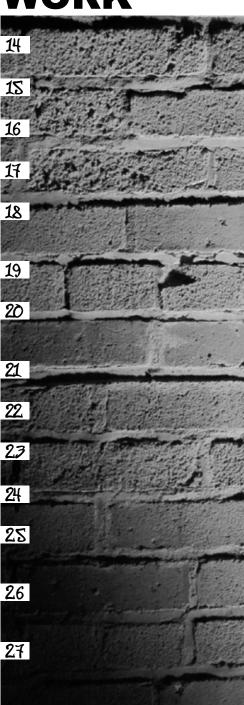
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Apollo's Lyre

by Lia R. Fiorano

I am human, I say built of the same brick and mortar of the same blood, sweat and tears of the same spirit and soul....

But I-

am alone;

am conscious of the deafening silence

and the white noise about...

it dances feverishly

and without aim...

without true cause.

To the dark night sky, blackest at the peak;

and you're shooting stars, quick and without warning—

I don't believe that your magic could consume me anymore.

Your beauty releases the tears in my eyes-

and the cold reminder of your heart beat

pulsating inside me.

It brings back the painful memories—

it brings back the vibrations

that made me feel triumphant over my demons.

You... without aim or thought... tried to break me.

The rushing of thick red warmth,

the escape of the phlegmatic;

the swelling of the melancholic...

My body abandoned and thought to be lifeless in the moonlight.

My breath never fully left me;

rather, the torture remained, remains...

Mortality plucking at the lyre carried by Apollo, himself.

Life, still to this day,

flows through me and tugs at my own heart strings;

begging me to find a way

to believe in the readings of the tarot cards and mystics sightings.

I do not know if I can bear the sight

of hope once more.

My furious humanity will never know of innocence

or her sweet, suckling whispered secrets.

Drunken foolishness casts me to the shadows,

and entraps me, with powerful cause.

'Til Mortality finally finishes having his way with me,

bored and distempered,

I will, one day soon, be cheated of my brick and mortar...

Storm

by Catherine Plescia

The young man stepped over the mud, and tangled web of wires carefully as warned.

Walking around he tried to keep the toxic dirt off of his shoes,

now soaked and cold.

He ducked under and through the thicket of timbers and found a photo that he tucked inside his salvation coat.

The storm's surge took so many things, now shattered and scattered for all to see.

Nothing is left here for him.

What else but pray and bid farewell to this cottage by the sea.

He held his head high as if to say that this sadness too would pass away

just like the river that flowed into his life and left him without shelter from the storm.

Be, or Not

by Catherine Plescia

Will be, or not.

Open your eyes wide and see inside yourself, No, don't look there. Look over here...see? You are capable of searching your soul to free yourself You just have to find the right place, and the right time. Don't wait too long. You will appear to be lazy, a procrastinator. **Negative traits.** No wait. Not finished yet. There is something you need to see, to feel, to hear, to speak. Let yourself go deep into that corner over there by the light. You've been in darkness way too long. Come inside-out and see what

Mercy IsOur Name

by Sister Maria Cordis Richey, R.S.M.

As spring stirred woman-dawn within our being The silent voice of Mercy called us: "Come, Be hands of healing, hearts of caring, freeing The winter-captive world. Be fragrant bloom To waft a breath of promise to my children. Be summer-rain of grace; be warmth; be peace. My poor and ill and untaught will be filled when Your Mercy-flower possibilities Round unto fruit of truth. An autumn-harvest Awaits those hands of yours, those willing hearts. As promise rounds to truth, so faithful service To kingdom come on earth. Let Mercy start." We heard and answered; called upon, we came; Chosen, we chose. And Mercy is our name.

Autumn's Passage

by Lia R. Fiorano

When I came to the path, and saw the scattered leaves of fall's disheveled beauty I pondered the moment and contemplated its momentous arrival. If in life, we could ever get this chance to take in all of God's creations. the trees, the sunlight, the chill... what would you do? Do you keep on moving, or do you pause? When the yellows clashed with the oranges, and became framed by such gorgeous shades of reds— I became awe-stricken... As life had grown more brilliant in detail. as this journey had become a summer haze and had changed into a chilled autumn grey I became hesitant... When the peaks and valleys of distance revealed itself to me and traveled beyond horizons I saw my chance... And in this stopping, a moment taken out of my time on Earth, I saw His work and I found myself. So I pass this on to you, Do not mark this moment as weakness, but rather. remember its wisdom, its beauty and its resilience.

Recollection

by Allison Nazzaro

With the metal mesh that is far apart The past can be seen so effortlessly. It slinks out of form as not to thwart Its recollection so conspicuously. To keep this favored contingency It must be held at a distance. A lie it forms with its consistency But one with my assistance. How clearly the spaces between the wires are Filled with possible fantasy. Though like the brightness of a star, The exaggeration cannot be hid so easily. As the metal slinks back into true form The new lie has proved unyielding. For who but I will know the unfortunate harm Of tampering with fate, then disappearing.

Glorious Sunset

by Lia R. Fiorano

I found
that when looking at the sunset, tonight,
I was no longer sad that this beautiful day
had set sail in the lake and beyond.
The blue clouds stretching across the sky,
exhausted.

A faded orange rippling in the water below; the shadows of the shrubbery resting comfortably.

I was –

Speechless.

Breathless.

Formless.

Out there in the sleepy sun, in the rising hope of evening, I saw God's vision; Saw His Glory and felt His warmth of security and beauty

embrace me.

Tomorrow will be just as beautiful as today. It is written in the stars, we promise you.

The Coffee House

by Kirsten Miles

Would you like to accompany me to the Coffee house? We can dine like the New Yorkers do and sip Java Chip Frappuccinos in our comfy brown suede chairs. We can sit cross-legged, busy, and very sophisticated while we talk about intellectual projects as the 20's jazz will samba over our heads and our imagination will get the better of us. We'll dream of journeys long overdue And desires of what the world *can* be. We'll envision rich African tribes, dread-locked and kind, coming to entertain us and we'll laugh at the songs of the tropical parrots, finding shade under the palms of a big bamboo tree. Deep in conversation, we still have time to imagine – Bob Marley dreaming in the sunlight with his guitar, while the coffee beans intoxicate us with their rich, warm, addictive scent. We can see in our mind's eve Orange tigers on leashes of black leather traveling alongside of us, the smell of cocoa in the air. Like Rudyard Kipling, we can explore the wild And write our discoveries in un-lined notebooks while sipping smoothies and eating madeleines. The world is ours and we are the world, fresh and rain-watered, ready to climb mountains and gain nourishment from exotic paradises, listening to the rhythm of the green-breasted birds and inventing new ways to navigate the Congo rainforest. We'll start a business, be entrepreneurs, together—you and me. And we'll run this quirky globe as we see fit, starting all in this little café, sipping coffee like it is the last chance we'll ever get, Returning to our normal world With a sigh of deep regret.

StorytellingHands

by Michal Cruz

She looked down at her hands and saw what she dared not see for ten years. Ten fingers, each flawed and imperfect—the only gateway into a hidden truth that has been long forgotten. She saw the chipped nail polish of varying colors that formed amorphous shapes and she saw the scars around her finger tips from the endless biting as a child. She saw the past and present blend together into a future that knows limits and boundaries. Her thumbs, by far the worst of the ten, stared back at her and judged, screaming belligerent sentences that all ended with the phrase, "It's your fault." Yeah, maybe it was. Then again, maybe it wasn't. Did it matter? Fingers lie just like people do.

Timeless

by Megan Kelly

Waves reflecting the sparkling moon, Sand between my toes. It will all be over too soon.

But time is always gone too soon, I think, staring at my toes. Waves reflecting the sparkling moon.

I listen to his humble tune, Which tells me that he knows, It will all be over too soon.

That fateful day, the end of June. Our doorway is about to close, Waves reflecting the sparkling moon.

Whether it's by midnight or noon It's still the same in how it goes, It will all be over too soon.

As I'm thinking, I try not to swoon.
And as the gentle wind blows,
Waves reflecting the sparkling moon,
It will all be over too soon.



Elephant by Emily Donovan

The Veil by Maria Francis Yuen





Seahorse

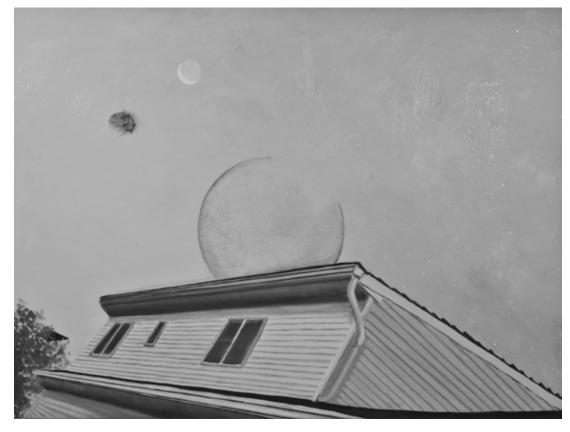
by Emily Donovan

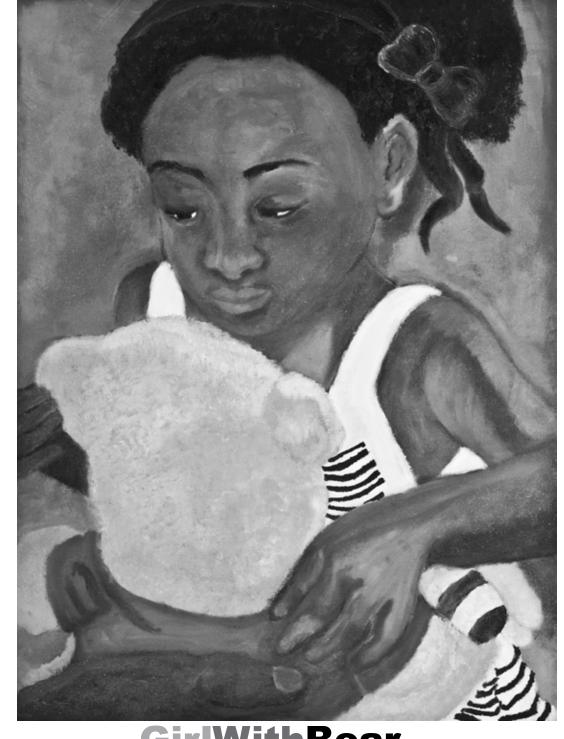


Mare by Ryan Mitchell

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AnOrdinaryHouse by Taryn Stevens





GirlWithBear by Jackie Black

ArtClass by Emily Donovan





The Cloister
by Maria Francis Yuen

Seascape by Tiana Sollecito





TheSage
by Ryan Mitchell

Pleides by Taryn Stevens





PortraitWithEyesClosed by Gillian Foley



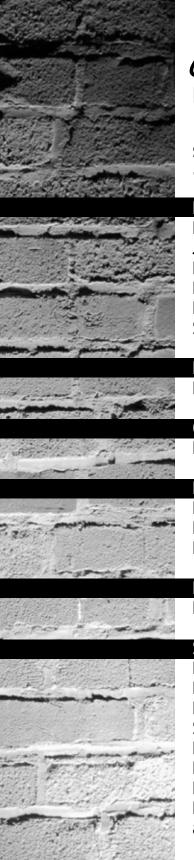
TheSwanPrincess

by Amanda MacPhee





TheRoseofFadingLove by Melissa Petraglia



AFDITS

In loving memory of Eric Grodberg

"There was nowhere to go but everywhere, so just keep on rolling under the stars" -- Jack Kerouac

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