

FOUNTAIN SPRAY

WORDS
are
POWER

art is
LIFE IS
ART

Spring
2015



FOUNTAIN SPRAY

SPRING
2015

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Elven Queen

**Elven queen
On the mountain top
Singing softly the songs
That silence the sirens
That seduce the souls of man
Comforting the weary traveler
That has long lost his way
To show him the promise of tomorrow
Lies in the journey through the heart
A path unknown to the mind
But familiar to the soul.**

Joseph Duchak

Untitled



Kimberly Sloan

The Father

The Realization: The words we do not share, but know all the same.
Their implicit pleasures shine in the look of pride that glistens,
but never falls,
From the lens of a humble, yet kingly character,
Whose courage has framed in me my own structures for to lean.
So strong your heart, so steadfast your honor.
“Remember?”

The Moment: You, who took me on that winter night, to that
all-too-familiar highway,
Always filled to the brim with the horns and hollers of typical Jersey drivers
And showed me the majesty masked by the mayhem.
That eternal, empty stretch of highway, blanketed by the whitest snow

Reflecting the streetlight's glow, absent of even the faintest whisper,
spoke volumes to me.

“Who knows of such things but you and I?”

“Who could possibly open the door to nature's secrets?”

Answer: The Father.

This and so much more, you have given to me.

You have shown me, as your father did for you,

The best a man can be.

“How does one show gratitude for snow?”

I am trying with all my soul.

Thomas Vincent

Untitled



Kimberly Sloan

Under the Eucalyptus Tree

What fruits are these?

I know their shape from longing dreams,

Where needs and wants are a shameful same.

The fruits dangle in the twilight glow, the highest boughs hold their growth.

I till the soil, where the work is known, it strengthens my heart, but weakens my bones.

The roots, to me, appear the same. Yet when I reach

For the sweets above I find the shade—

Hands too dirtied for fruits to claim.

I can see their glory,

I have lost their grace.

Thomas Vincent

Untitled



Kimberly Sloan

Desert Pages

Hope falling and apathy coming fast, oh fast
In a paper I looked into letting pass,
And the page covered smooth in white
But a few consonants and vowels showing last.

The distractions around it have it—it is theirs.
Ambition only present in empty prayers.
For far too long ago I did check out,
The due dates catch me unawares.

And indifferent as I am that indifference
Will be more indifferent ere it will be less—
A blanker whiteness of benighted space
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars where no professor sits.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert pages.

Thomas Vincent

Compassion



Maria Yuen

"I think, therefore I am"

**"I think, therefore I am,"
Sounds fair enough to me,
After all, I am a man,
Not a flower or a tree.
But there are times I wish,
A rose or oak I was,
Because, like I said,
They don't think the way man does.**

Connor Surmonte

Complexity



Julie Temple

Dreamscape

I've made my home amongst the stars
where sight and touch are much too far
to frame the pains that seize the face
of all who bear earthly shames.

Say the stars are meant for dreams
the heap can never keep.

Say it is better to plant your feet
and weep the ways—to allow truth a stay.

I know it far more great to dream away
the fell clutch of fear and sorrows near.
The space between stars is not so short
that you may not meet me here.

If you choose to stay the heap I will not fold,
but keep the sweets and guide the bold.

Thomas Vincent

Elegy a Posteriori

*New eyes do forbear—
The past to stare
And instead start anew.
This, and this alone, I pray of you.*

We build our empires on the ashes of yesterday, the dust— when the
wind's howl blows,
Stirs the temple's tops and the split stone—whose faces hold the
names of those before.
Did we simply follow to fall? How long are we for?
Forgotten faiths fail us now. We are but a memoir—forged from a
decayed hand—
Written the heinous faults, not the fix. Given the gift of God-
Forsakenness.
Who will weep for us?

Not I.

**I will hold high these hearts of ours. I will call, I will dare us not
to look back,**

Or drown in the current.

But begin anew—to raze our temples in totality.

**We will assure those architects to come a finding of fresh ground for
to build their own.**

Our temples failed, for they were founded on the faiths of yesterday.

Leave our mistakes for us, and allow them a chance to grow.

I look forward to a new world, that I will never know.

Thomas Vincent

B.A.P Logo



Adriana Salvador

I Sit Here at Les Deux Magots

I sit here at Les Deux Magots,
Writing the world a poem,
And, still, I cannot help,
But drift away back home.
Hemingway and Sartre,
Rimbaud and Paul Verlaine,
All sat and wrote here long ago,
But did they feel the same?

Connor Surmonte

Untitled



Joseph Duchak

Though You Have Been Kept Waiting

Though you have been kept waiting many a day
through storms of stars and calms of partial cloud,
while candles lit have sparked their lives away
and all the minutes told themselves out loud,
the time will come. And in the meantime wait;
although no footstep pauses at the door
there's glory in the waiting. Set the plate,
set fork and glass. Having is waiting for.

(Reprinted with editorial permission from *Sisters Today*)

Sister Maria Cordis, R.S.M.

Candle Holder



Annie Zayatz

A Sunrise in Wintertime

A sunrise in wintertime
Warms our frozen hearts
Softening with a slow thaw
As souls start to grow
From fall's seedless sow
In a time when nothing sprouts
Some things always seem to grow.

Joseph Duchak

Greenhouse



Annie Zayatz

Vibrissae

I learned a word today

Vibrissae

It felt like a song from a well-tuned guitar,
vibrating in a voice so sweet
to a lover afar.

Vibrissae

Lamenting the distance from his heart to mine.
I spoke it, it tickled my thoughts and my tongue
But reality left me feeling quite numb.

He returned from his venture,
our years of passion he dismissed.
Imagine ...“best friends” fell from my lover’s lips.

The word so softly spoken so sultry and sweet.
I begged Roget and Webster my expectations to meet.

Instead in anatomy the meaning I found
Perhaps to my lover’s heart the definition bound?
No not his heart, but I am tickled instead
Vibrissae means nose hairs.

I feel so misled.

Laura Hartmann

A Peaceful World



Ella Mae Gading

Untitled



Joseph Duchak

Credits

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