

# INSCAPE



Inscape

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Cover Art: Dan Kirkland '97

Editors: pj '95

Chris Davidson '95

Smurphy '95

Faculty Advisor: Mr. Hill

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## Sound

Music, like a dancing ghost  
Comes to sounds that twist and converge  
Like the incarnation of a newborn child.

It transcends the tangible  
And burns the endless gas of life.

Sounds fade away like forgotten flesh  
And the soul remains  
It remains.

Joe Guernsey '95

## Ballad No. 1

As she slipped away I tried to reach her  
She was falling fast, so fast I couldn't catch her  
She was running away from me, there was no answer  
as I called to her in the dark  
Now there's nothing I can do to save her

I heard her footsteps linger as I wept without her  
In the darkness I could hear her faint cold laughter  
If she'd let me I could show her how much  
she had meant to me  
Now there's nothing I can do to save her

The street-lamps took me home before I could really miss her  
The shadows spoke of emptiness and love that would grow  
hollow  
The moon could not be seen behind the clouds of desperation  
And I'm cold without her by my side  
I would run; from fears you cannot hide  
If this what's meant by emptiness I want my inspiration back  
And I'm lonely again  
I'm so lonely again

I heard from friends the other day who said they'd seen her  
She was with no one they knew; god I miss her  
But I'm not empty anymore . . .

SMurphy '95

# The Long Portage

Up; up, up  
Goes the canoe — watch that rope!  
Slipping, stumbling over sharp gray giants on the path  
Soft, green, fuzzy moss torn to bits  
Beneath the grinding of shredded splotchy All-Stars  
Tall brown shoots looming, thick arms spread  
To black out the dazzling yellow sun

Bight light streaming down,  
Glancing of the silver boats, smiling  
Crisp, cool, lush, bright green, dark green,  
Dripping and winking with dewdrops  
Fresh from last night's rain  
The air a mix of fish, pine needles

Down, down, down  
Canoe's getting heavier, back cracking, shoulders crunching,  
Whoops!  
Steady,  
Steady,  
Muck, splut, through a sea of brown  
Mud-gurgling, gushing  
Reaching . . . grabbing . . . sinking . . .  
Heave!

Up on dry earth  
Squish, squash, chrich, crunch  
Muddy footprints in dry leaves

Almost there  
Feet to yards to miles  
Hot, sticky sweat pouring down  
Face red and cracking, muscles strained,  
Lungs caving in, gasping for air, praying to end . . . end . . .

Light!  
Pure blue sky  
White puffs rolling gently in a sea of blue  
Gentle waves, lapping up, caressing swollen feet  
Mending torn legs, curing aching limbs  
Thank!  
Swish, swish, swish, swirl  
SPLASH

Pat Scallen '97

# Confusion

Life and love,  
Two things  
hand in hand?

Why aren't they made,  
So one like I  
can understand?

My stomach  
In knots  
I need a plan.

Am I the fool who can't take a stand?

Chris Miller '95

Aaron Marbury '97





# Captain Galaxy

## Nonconformist-Anarchist-Paranoid

by Arun Rodrigues '97

Captain Galaxy was the leader and sole member of the United Paranoid Anarchists. Captain Galaxy's original name was Universe Boy, though, at the age 22, he had it changed "for obvious reasons."

Captain Galaxy's descent (or ascent as he would say) into paranoid anarchy began when in 2044 at the age of 23, Captain Galaxy was alarmed to be drafted into the Pan Galactic Forces to fight against the Zipnord aliens in what was to become known as the Fourth Galactic war. Captain Galaxy's primary complaint with this turn of events was that he would be defending humanity. By his own admission Captain Galaxy was a sexist, racist, speciest. His specific grudge was that the entire human race was inferior to itself and should be destroyed.

Captain Galaxy's military career was centered around driving a floating ambulance to a battlefield, picking up wounded, and depositing them at a field hospital three kilometers away. Captain Galaxy, hating all humankind, acquired the habit of driving very slowly. Agonizingly slowly. So slowly that if any wounded didn't die of injuries, they would starve to death. Captain Galaxy's reputation became so odious that he acquired the name "Floating Angel of Death with a Third Eye." The "Third Eye" section of this nickname came from the fact that Captain Galaxy constantly wore half a ping-pong ball with a dot in its center tied to his head. The purpose of this device is unclear though Captain Galaxy did say that it was related to ancient mystic visions.

Captain Galaxy's reputation as an ambulance driver was so bad that no self-respecting injured soldier would ride with him. Hence, he was decorated several times for never losing a single passenger. This unusual reward led to Captain Galaxy's anarchistic feelings. He pointed out that only an infinitely corruptible and stupid organization could do something as stupid as rewarding a "Floating Angel of Death with a Third Eye." Eventually, Captain Galaxy was arrested for attempting to assassinate his commander and incite a revolt against the cooking staff. This revolt was later called "The Hopeless Anarchy." Captain Galaxy himself called it "The Great Uprising of the Individuals of the Casteless Society."

Captain Galaxy's great paranoia was based upon an incident which occurred in 2066 slightly after his discharge from the Pan Galactic Forces. Specifically, he moved to a small farming town in Southern Lojo. After sev-

eral weeks of sporadically firebombing his neighbors, shooting cats, and burning moose droppings, he lost the respect of his neighbors. He later said that he received a postcard from each and every member of the town asking him to leave. Thus, he gained the irrational belief that everyone was out to get him. In reality, only 78% of the town had actually sent him letters and only 50% of those were actually out to get him.

Captain Galaxy is still at large in the world. He was last seen 20 miles off the coast of Florida. He was wearing lime green boxer shorts, three pairs of fuchsia knee-high socks, a "Yaks uber alles" T-Shirt, a trench coat, a wide-brimmed hat, mirrored sunglasses, and an inflatable anklet bracelet inscribed with the words "Tweedle-dum."

If you see Captain Galaxy please inform your local branch of the Collective.

~ ~ ~

## Guilt

Forgive me, Father, for I have grinned, and it's been  
four years since my last digression.

I've been hanging . . .

. . . on the edge . . .

by the nails

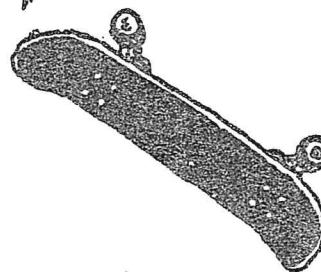
in the Would of his cross.

He shouldn't have lost: He had the home-court advantage.

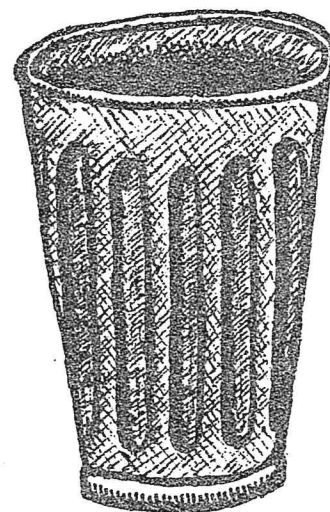
Your benediction reeks of fiction-fact.

I stole a glance but gave it back when asked.

Joe Kirkland '95



WESLEY  
SMITH ©95



## The Dream

The world rushes by me,  
never stopping never ceasing.  
My dream of dreams will fly right by,  
with all that I am seeking  
I close my eyes and step into  
my sullen desert place.  
My dream of dreams has left me here  
a man with out a face.  
The grains of sand sift through my hands,  
the future slips away.  
My dream of dreams is out of reach  
until another day.

James Honce '95

## Life is a Trip to Kinko's

I stand between countless workers:  
Copiers, printers, computers.

Each fulfilling their own mission,  
Some by chance doing addition.

I approach the mediators,  
In their solemn demeanors,

They say that they are there to help me,  
But I believe they exist only to charge me.

I drink their coffee and eat their food,  
But they stand there in no apparent mood.

I do nothing,  
But they give me many things.

I stand around and watch the patrons,  
And attempt to be clean so as not to disturb the matron.

They are getting angry for they think I'm imposing,  
But I tell them I'm not that I'm just posing.

I have to pushed them to their limit,  
So they come after me in a tivit.

They throw me out,  
Upon my shout,  
For they say that I am a lout.

Matt LaForest '97



## Bill

Flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder,  
The storm is coming sounding louder  
Breaks through my ears to my soul  
And suddenly truth rings clear.

There is some great force of power  
At work upon our world this very hour  
It creates the future, embraces the past  
It makes sure the little guy is not always last.

It blows wind through the trees, across  
The water, and into your ear.  
It is the one that tells us when we've found  
Our one True Love

Call it what you will.  
You can even call it bill,  
But you must remember that there  
Will always be something greater.

Feel free, question what you will,  
But never forget the life you fulfill  
Will effect others in ways  
Incomprehensible to you.

Don't question this, let it flow for who you will meet is already  
decided in the mind  
of a great big guy named Bill.

Chris Miller '95

## in the 3rd century God sighed

HER LIPS BREAK IN SILENT GRIN  
SHE STOPS, LOOKS UP, AND CALLS.  
NOTHING.  
NO VOICE.  
NO ANSWER.  
NO GOLDEN CHRIST ON A CHARIOT OF CLOUDY FIRE.  
NOTHING.

IT REALLY STUMPED HER.  
IT SHOULDN'T OF.

IT WASN'T GREAT  
OR TERRIBLE.

IT WASN'T NEW  
OR EVEN DIFFERENT FOR THAT MATTER.  
IT WAS JUST AN INCREDIBLY EMPTY NOTHING.

SIGH.  
WIPE YOUR MOUTH,  
DRY YOUR EYES,  
AND TAKE THAT DAMNED SILLY GRIN OFF YOUR FACE.  
SETTLE DOWN,  
TAKE YOUR TIME,  
AND WALK AHEAD ALONE.

AN ANSWER.  
A VOICE.  
STILL NOTHING.

SIGH.

pj jacokes '95

## (Untitled)

jump.  
the careless grackel's  
guttural words  
pipped.  
harsh.  
deafening.  
bright yellow eyes.  
tearing its way  
in the night.  
dead night.  
echoed  
through the silence.  
timeless.

chilling.  
sitting motionless.  
the echo throws me.  
gripping.  
tighter.  
clenching.  
constant darting vision  
tearing myself from  
ss.  
Dead night.  
into the silence.  
timeless.

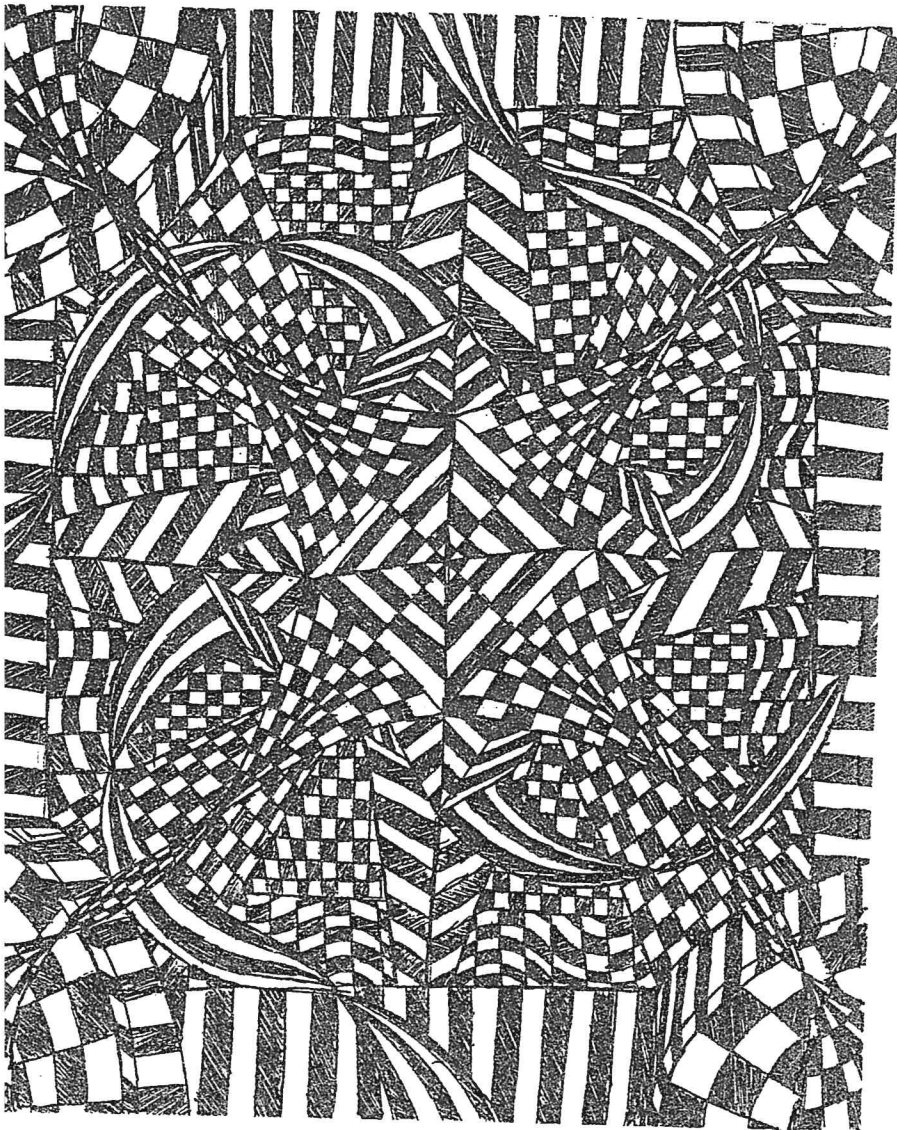
the grackel hopped along toward me.  
it was a beam of life in a dead night.  
a simple image that was overpowering.  
so much so that I was thrust to my knees.  
and fell back against the wall.  
once again motionless.

the black purple form's yellow eyes hopped  
soundlessly toward me still.  
crawling up my body  
it let its claws dig into my chest and neck.  
and stopped motionless.

the grackel whispered in a charged voice.  
nothing is dead. nothing is silent.  
silence is a living voice in itself.  
its claws dug deeper.  
don't be buried in dead silence.  
and it removed its motionless state.

outstretched  
wind drove through feathers.  
whistling  
away.  
left to remember  
timeless.

Chris Davidson



Nate Luzod '97

## Ciclo

Vivo.  
 Al vivir, Al Morir,  
 Quiero; muerto;  
 Al querer, Al salir,  
 Necesito; Salgo;  
 Al necesitar, Al llorar,  
 Encuentro; Lloro;  
 Al encontrar, Al herir,  
 Amo; Hiero;  
 Al amar,

Jake Miller '95

## Shining Souls Unite! On Saturday night!

On Saturday on the week of creation  
God sat down to contemplate  
why Saturday Night Live was lacking  
For the people who stayed up late

What beautiful muse would suffice  
to the people who really need her?  
and at that moment it became clear  
God created Kung-Fu Theatre

I don't know who these masters are  
that fill my screen with karate chops  
overdubs and flying kicks  
Afroed ninjas spinning like tops

"Crack Shadow Boxers" was a classical gas  
praised for its beauty and comic sensibility  
lessons of life can be drawn  
each Saturday on channel 50

I've tried in the past to record the truths  
these quick cut 70' epics hold  
but I'm usually out, and my VCR doesn't work  
so my Kung-fu hunger is cold

If you yearn for the Halcyon days of yore  
and ju-jitsu action full of glory  
let the kung-fu cupid use its quills  
so you can follow from my story

Praise your God and thank your lucky stars  
This ritual will perpetually continue  
Kung-fu theatre, I praise your vigilance  
shine on in darkness, bright and true

Joe Casey '95

## Joseph Bell

*"So far as man thinks, he is free."*

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Locked behind steel bars, in his own cell,  
All alone, all alone, sat young Joseph Bell.  
There he sat looking, neither forward nor outside,  
But staring, always staring, at the walls he sat behind.

He never moved an inch, didn't put up a fight,  
For his limited point of view showed him no hope in sight.  
There he sat dejectedly, for what reason? For what crime?  
To him it did not matter, he was simply doing time.

But outside were his friends, calling to him to come out,  
For they saw the truth of it all and on and on they'd shout.  
"Walk through the walls that hold you in, they're only an  
illusion!"  
But Joseph Bell would not come out, the voices were simply  
an intrusion.

Locked behind steel bars, in his own cell,  
All alone, all alone, sat young Joseph Bell.  
In front of him was the key which he wouldn't let himself  
find,  
For the cell was built by his own beliefs, it was the jail  
cell of his mind.

Philip M. Tchou '96

# The People of the World

As I sit here in this place  
I wonder to myself if  
This poem is going to be about  
— myself?  
Then it would be about a  
confused admirer of life.  
Or is this poem going to be about  
— someone else?  
Then it could be about a  
person angry with someone  
— or  
a person scared of going on with life  
— maybe  
a soldier missing his children.

There are so many people  
in this world.  
There are builders and bakers  
and candlestick makers.  
There are quiet people and loud people  
And people without shoes.  
There are nerdy people and cool people  
And people without some friends.

There are the kind of  
people that are kind and caring or  
cruel and repelling.  
Then there is the kind of people like  
me.  
They go and write poems and  
live until they die.  
They try and fail and try again —  
and fail again.  
They hope against hope that  
the sun will come up.  
And go to bed  
Happy that they are warm.

This poem is about everyone  
whether they be  
a baker, a maker, a writer,  
a singer,  
or even someone like  
me.

Phil Waligora '97

## A Piece o' the Truth

I can't believe it, really.  
It shocked me quite a bit.  
I felt a little guilty about it.

It was kind of a joke.  
No, more of a self promotion.  
It didn't take much effort.

People did accost me, though.  
I don't know why, but they liked it.  
It had no rhythm, no rhyme to it.

It had some things going for it:  
A few cool phrases were thrown in.  
Moreover, it looked like a poem.

Was it valuable, tough?  
It provided, perhaps, some confidence.  
Maybe next time it will be real.

Heck, maybe it's real this time.  
It is raw and not deceptive.  
This time no explanation is necessary (I hope).

Trevor Boyer '96