CABBAGES AND KINGS
SPRING 1984
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                Kimberly Batz  9
                Michael Bonanno  26, 27, 34
                Beverly Bush  9, 10
                Sheree L. Ciao  6
                Mildred Cinalli  37
                Kathy Chidsey  32
                Mike DeSalvo  14
                Maria Pina Gregorek  16
                B. Hallenbeck  21
                Lore A. Hodge  31
                Bill Hrynczyszyn  17, 33
                Kurt Keber  19, 35
                Jody Kolesar  10, 12
                Scott Matyjaszek  5, 25
                Katey Mertins  11
                Richard Moore  3, 30
                D. Enrique Pearson  13, 28
                Raymond Manginell  22
                Annemarie Recco  36
                Charles S. Russell  15, 18
                Virginia Sloper  7
                Chris Stefano  31
                K.S.  20
                Randy Webb  8
Editorial Message

Cabbages and Kings is the work of the artist, photographer, and the writer. We, the staff, hope that we have pleased the diverse audience by representing many moods of artistic talents. Hopefully, you will find a favorite piece that you can turn to again and again.

Cynthia L. Campbell
Editor
Wings

Keep not from me
those who fly
those within whom
freedom lies

Hide not from me
those with wings
those about whom
freedom sings

Take not from me
dreams of flight
dreams without which
all is night

Matthew Anderson
Peaceful Solitude

Working day ends as I beat the clock
Through the doors to where I parked
Trying to hurry to beat the rush...
   Only to find I never do.

Waiting in traffic for endless minutes
Scanning this city with such madness in it
People so hurried ... so rushed ... so worried ...
   Where are they all going?

And the horns sound loud as the light turns green
Buses lined up in smoky gray steam
While people run to cross the street...
Never caring who they meet.
   Why?

Their surface eyes glance without a word
And city noises are never heard...
   Until we listen.

Wiping a tear from my eye,
I caught a glimpse up in the sky—
One lone seagull soaring so high.
   Above he breasted ... so light... so free ...
Circled around and blazed his wings
Over the city, over the crowds
Under and over and through the clouds;
Without a care ... without a need ...
He soared in solitude ... yet in peace.

— Sheree L. Ciao
Kites
(A Poem)
by
Randy Webb

Kites slash and whip through the air
Two kites flying: a freedom-loving pair
Bound to earth by the thinnest piece of string
They soar and dip and move about; paper birds on wing
Kites want to fly to the top of the sky
and yet they are restrained
They pull and struggle but still are tethered;
a soul can feel their pain
Kites and souls are kindred spirits;
to the greatest heights they wish to fly
And though they be denied,
for eternity they still will try
Lost Soul

I feel I'm a ship
Lost out in the sea
I'm drifting along,
Searching for me.

I'm up with the stars,
High in the sky
Why is my life,
Passing me by?

I feel so lost,
So scared and hurt.
Mostly I'm down,
Not joyful or pert.

I sit in that ship,
Out on the sea.
Won't someone please help,
I'm losing me . . .

"I Am Your Ship"

We glide into each other,
like a sailboat gliding
into the clear blue water.
The waves of desire engulfing us
as we devour each other
and drown in each other's bodies.
Rising and cresting
on the waves of passion,
sailing into a sunset of beauty
beyond human expression.
I am your ship,
Sail on, Sail on, Sail on.

Beverly A. Bush

Kimberly Batz
Prisoner Inside

I am a young child
unable to walk
unable to see or
to hear or
to talk.

I am a young child
Held prisoner inside
unable to reach out
unable to hide.

I am a young child
with crippled bones
slightly misfigured
And always alone.

I am a young child
thankful to live
with a real heart
inside me
still able to give.

Jody Kolesar

"Tell Me"

Tell me, do I ask too much,
a smile, a gentle touch.
Someone to build me up,
not tear me down.
Someone full of laughter,
not a gloomy frown.
Someone to tell my inner thoughts
and feelings to
and have them so in turn to me.
Someone who can give
and not just take from me.

Beverly A. Bush
Blue Eyes

I chose a crayon.
It had no paint,
    no wrapper,
It had no name
But
The color reminded me . . .
It was the color
    of your eyes.
Dark blue—Midnite.
Yes,
It now had a name.
It was wrapped
    in my heart.
It now had a “point”
It had a reason to be
It was the color
    of your eyes
It was important to me.

My crayon
it stood out
From all the rest.
It was beautiful . . .
And everyone wanted it.
As they began to draw,
The brilliant color
    began to fade.
The wrapper was gone,
And so was the name.

They all went away
And I chose a crayon.
It had no point,
    no wrapper,
It had no name
But
The color reminded me . . .

Jody Kolesar
“Only You”

Lyrics: D. Enrique Pearson

First Verse:
When I had you, I was glad too
Smiling, laughing, playing all the day (hey yeah)
Had to see you, hold you, be you.
Now my tender love has gone away (ohhh no)
Having you around, we'd playfully clown,
Hoping we would never ever end.
Hate to leave you, (no, no) I won't deceive you, girl,
Loving you would make my life flow free again. 'Cause

Chorus:
(Only you, you) I never would imagine this to be
All in time (only you, you) we rode the wings of rhythm
Catch the rhyme, always on time (only you).
Rivers not so wide (you), mountains not so high, I'm climbing
High with you right by my side, oh my baby.
You're classy, sexy, sassy to the tee
You're my spark, my life's desire only you, only you.

Second Verse:
Realistic love, I thank the stars above.
The day you shined your love light down on me (oh wee)
Castles in the sky, you're the reason why I,
Strive to make our future dreams come true (it's you)
Baby can't you see, I hunger for the need.
This feeling burns down deep within my soul.
Girl you hold the key, unlock this melody
In which I'll play for you, God I'll be true too.

Chorus:
(Only you, you) side by side you know we're standing strong,
I belong to (only you, you). Afraid to touch
I'm dreaming now you're gone astray.
Love's a melody, our hearts in harmony
Eye to eye we love devoted and true
            Only You!

Chorus:
(Only you, you) I never would imagine this to be
All in time.
(Only you, you) We rode the wings of rhythm
Catch the rhyme in my mind (only you).
Rivers no so wide (you), Mountains not so high.
I'm climbing high with you right by my side
(Only you, you) (only you, you) (only you)
Girl you hold the key, unlock my fantasy
One more kiss, oh girl, you drive me wild
                Only you.
For Ange (Better or Worse)

So where do you fit in with all of this?
Where have you been?
Eighteen—so fucking young
... i'd better leave that one alone

What've you been up to?
Seems we never see or hear from each other at all
Only once in a while—and for what reason?
Have to invent one, i guess
Can't get you out of my head...
No
You, my dear Ange, are the object of an infatuation
Most rare
One of the ever-enveloping mind
A fondness of the soul
Love? Ha!
Never knew the meaning of the word
But dammit Ange
This room is made for company
And it's so cold when it's empty
... the bed sleeps two

Charles S. Russell
The Shadow

Lying here alone in the soft comfort of my room,
    I am surrounded by all that is dear.
Yet silent and fearful of the unknown shape,
    I am chilled by the darkness from the corner.
Each night a shadow creeps steadily across my path,
    but I close my eyes, and deny it substance.
Terror paralyses me—
    "Go away," will not come sounding forth.
The thing has taken form at my feet now so stiff,
    which will no longer rescue me.
I stare up into a face of dark abyss,
    and see mirrored within a shining glint of hope.
Stronger than time,
    a hand no longer cold extends in peace.
For the shadow has come for me,
    it takes me to paradise.

Maria Pina Gregorek
LAOS

My uncle was killed and tied to a tree
While the soldiers stood there watching me
Another example for the refugees
What'll happen to you if you want to be free

They came and took our children away
They’re government property now, they say
Even the strong may not survive
Might be burned or shot or skinned alive

We’re gonna run, we’re gonna run tonight
Keep yourself in the bushes and out of sight

Daddy was shot in the river at ten
Don’t ever expect to be here again
Running away for fear of our lives
Had to leave behind our children and wives

The bullets fly, we hit the ground
The air is full of deadly sounds
Don’t know if i can really go on
But i know for sure i can’t go back home

We’re gonna run, we’re gonna run tonight
Keep yourself in the bushes and out of sight

America, we’re here at last
We’re gonna lay back and forget the past
And put on a pair of American jeans
Tomorrow i go and join the Marines

Charles S. Russell
MY SON - MARINE
LANCE CORP.
RICHARD LONDON
(BEIRUT)
MADE IT
LET US NOT FORGET
THE 226
WHO HAVEN'T
PLUS THE 75 WOUNDED
Eighteen . . .

Mothers looking for signs in bed tale sheets,
You're eighteen years old and can't escape the heat,
Your friends all mind-gamblers ready to strike,
You don't know your place in college life,
Nothing seems right . . .

You pray it won't happen again and again,
Vulnerable moments occur mostly when,
Your mouth opens wide, your expressions run deep,
Oh how can you make it without any sleep.

Escaped-run images fly through your mind,
When you think you're so good you're in trouble all the time
You're afraid what may happen if you care too much.
And life ain't worth living without it as such.

Before I retire may I let you know
That the water runs deep, don't mind the overflow,

Being so . . .

K.S.
Just One More Chance

Two more days, holiday vacation!

Only being in college could I get all this homework the week before vacation. It was nothing like being in high school. I suppose being my first year it is harder, and being away from home doesn't make things any easier. I can remember back to the first three months here—they were the toughest. Out of all these people I didn't know more than six or seven other students. I felt like the other kids were staring at me in class, and I was even afraid to ask questions in fear of saying something wrong. I had begun to think that I had made a big mistake, that is, going to a college out of state. Like I told Dad, there wasn't a choice. That darn tuition at my hometown college was too expensive for so little education.

The sixth month is when the ice started to break. Other students were introducing themselves and were now starting to invite me along. Finally I felt accepted! I didn't want to lose my standing with them, so whatever they were into—so was I. John, my roommate, helped me a lot in getting to know the other kids. He made friends easily and other kids always seemed to follow his lead. In a way, I wanted to be like him.

I finally realized I had a problem. Between all the parties and other bad habits I had developed, I had done very little studying. My grades had started to fall drastically. Suddenly I realized that being like John and being accepted by the “in” crowd wasn't really all that important. I definitely needed to make a change, get back to what I had come here for—an education. I decided right then and there that after Christmas vacation I would be a better student. After all, who was I kidding by becoming lazy?

With my new resolution in mind, I sat down at my desk to do some studying when a yell came from down the hall, “Ray, telephone in the lounge.” It was my mother. She wanted to know how things were going and if my plans for coming home had changed. I told her that everything was just fine and that I would be home on Friday night. After hanging up the phone I went back to my room for some heavy studying before I got ready for the big dorm party that was going on that night. I figured, what the hell, this was the last big party, and everybody was going to be there.

I could just feel that three weeks at home already. Christmas vacation! How I have been looking forward to this break from school. It has been
over a year now since I had been home. I can't wait to see my family and most of all my steady girl, Julie. This year at Christmas will be our three-year anniversary. I can't wait to see the expression on her face when she opens her gift from me. I just know this is going to be a special holiday. I never thought I would get this homesick! The only reason I hadn't gone home before this is because I was afraid of what my folks would think of "the new me."

Well the time had come—my last class for the day was finally over and I was free for three whole weeks! All I had to do now was get my suitcase and gifts from the dorm and load them into the car and I was on my way. I met my roommate, John, at the door to our place. He was all ready to leave, so we said our final goodbyes and wished each other a happy holiday. As he was walking out the door he said, "You should get some rest before you take that trip home. You were up quite late at the party last night. You look beat." Maybe he was right, I did only get two hours sleep last night. The weather really wasn't all that great today, I could just be asking for trouble. I decided that I would just take a short nap.

The next thing I knew it was three hours later—I had forgotten to set the alarm! I hopped out of bed, grabbed my suitcase and coat, and ran out to the car. Home was only five hours away, not that far really, but driving long distances wasn't one of my favorite things to do. After a couple of hours of driving I spotted a small diner. A cup of coffee and some rest for my eyes was just what I needed, so I decided to take a half hour break. Well, that sure did the trick. I felt a lot better now. It was really hard to keep my mind off of seeing my family and Julie again. In fact, I could visualize them. Suddenly I realized that my eyes were not on the road, but were actually closed—only for a second. How lucky I am that the road was clear, because I had gone completely into the other lane. I have got to be more careful. I turned on the radio, hoping that would help. Singing along to keep awake. Fighting to keep my eyes open. Now I was feeling a little stupid for not waiting until tomorrow, but I had come too far to turn back. Soon I would be home, then I could rest. The sign read "Caledonia, two miles," finally! I was almost there, and I was now glad I had left when I wanted to. One extra day of vacation. I could see the lights on the Christmas tree, all that good food, my family, and most of all Julie's face when I gave her that ring I had saved for so long. I hope she likes it.
The next thing I knew there was a loud crash. My whole body hurt, and I could feel something warm running down my arm, my mind was in a haze—what was happening? Oh no, I must have fallen asleep again. I can’t move. I can hear voices, but where are the people? Good, here comes an ambulance—I can hear the siren. Now my body was being lifted. Something terrible was wrong. I could see people looking down at me and saying that it was too late. What did they mean! Now my family was there and Julie too. They were all crying. And they keep repeating over and over “he is not dead,” “he is not dead!” I wanted to tell them that it was alright, but I couldn’t speak. Someone started to shake me, then everything disappeared. The ambulance, my family, and my girl—they were all gone. Was I really dead?! Oh God, give me just one more chance, just one more chance! Why me?! Why me . . . this couldn’t be, I’m so young. Someone was shaking me again, harder this time. What now? Who was calling my name, was I really dead, were those voices from the “beyond?” My eyes were open now. Where am I? How could this be, I am still in the dorm? My roommate—he was shaking me. I was so happy I could have kissed him! As it turned out, the weather was so bad he had decided to turn around and come back. We both decided tomorrow would be a better day.

Thank God for a second chance!

Raymond Manginell
Scott Matyjaszek
Care For Your Life

Cover your mistakes quick run and hide
No one ever says what they feel inside
The burden of living is cast on your head
Rewards of your giving you'll get when you're dead

Negative attitudes the world has today
Give of yourself, don't take away

Care for your life, receive it with pain
Care for your life, it's truth you'll gain

Things will get better, things will get worse
Things will move forward, then in reverse

If you have insight, and the will to survive
If you care for people, and you hear their cries

Then you will know just what's going on
And then you'll know just where you belong

Map out a course, follow the lines
Don't reach out for what's behind
When you're alone be honest with yourself
When you're alone

Michael Bonanno
Rhymes

From nursery rhymes to apologies saying you’re sorry for growing up.
For rewards of responsibilities we work to ask for them isn’t enough.
The trust and love of our childhood are gone, the cover that always protected.
Disease of the world, for which I know no cure, leaves you to become so infected.
High school is a fading memory now of hallways, lockers and friends.
The minds and hands that have molded your life can never be brought back again.

Onward we go knowing only what’s past us,
Energy flows how long will it last us
Those mythical stories have all gone away,
Those wonderful tales that helped pave our way
Well we’re on our way from nursery rhymes to
Apologies saying you’re sorry for growing up

Best friends will argue and marriages will split and strangers will soon be your rivals.
Acceptance of things that you’re gonna get will be your only survival.

You may take on a wife and pay the strife,
Then children you’ll put under your wing.
They’ll learn to fly and you to cry
For your songs they’ll learn to sing.
Things will change, yes you’ll see it strange,
You can’t communicate anymore.
You have paid and your hair has greyed
And you’re tired right to the core.

Onward we go knowing only what’s past us,
Energy flows how long will it last us
Those mythical stories have all gone away,
Those wonderful tales that helped pave our way
Well we’re on our way from nursery rhymes to
Apologies saying you’re sorry for growing up.

Michael Bonanno
Superman is Dead

It was this thing called Cancer that murdered my father back in sixty nine! Everyone said I was too young to understand, but I knew what was going down. It was lights out, death, the point of no return. It happens to us all . . . but Dad?

He was born Charles Allen Elliot, the pride of Raleigh, North Carolina. All the white folks called him Chuck or Charlie, I just called him Dad.

Dad wasn't a tall man, five foot nine and one half inches to be exact. I still remember the Old Spice scent on his multi colored flannel shirts, never wrinkled and always buttoned to the top.

He was as chocolate as a Hershey bar, and his heart was twice as sweet. His eyes were crystal brown and wide. Sometimes, they seemed too big for his sockets! My brother called him bugged, but what the hell did he know?

Dad, though being liberal, looked very conservative. His hair was short, black and wooly: you know, that sheep kind of stuff. His personality was meek. Dad was never afraid to show his pain. His meekness was the gift I loved about him the most . . . that and his bushy eyebrows. All in all, he was a real family man. He was never too tired and always too patient. That was my Dad, willing and able.

She used that gift in her favor. She had ways of gnawing at one's nerves, and a very odd way of stopping the juice. She was round and greasy black . . . like licorice. She was rotten to the core. Her smile was jagged and her hair was matted, as if it hadn't been touched in months. You could tell where she'd been by the foul, puke-like stench in the air! Her skin was raw and hard. She had filth in her eyes and disgust in her heart. She was born to maim!

So much fear, so much pain, she had the power to make him submit. She tortured my father, as she swore she would. The more Dad begged and screamed the more she'd laugh her hideous laugh and continue to rip and devour the meat from his inner body!
Months passed, and Dad, now in total submission, had changed. He was no longer the man of steel, and he seldom spoke. That Old Spice scent was gone forever. He was nasty and had very little patience, if any! His smooth chocolate Hershey bar skin was now pale and spotted. He kept his pain within, never asking us for a hand.

It seemed like overnight the family began to fall apart. No more unity, no more time. Still, everything was kept hush hush. I was too young to understand.

That night back in sixty-nine, I heard Dad downstairs crying. I snuck downstairs and saw him rocking back and forth, begging as he messed all over himself and the floor. Dad spotted me, then looked at this mess as he held his head down in shame and disgust. To my surprise, he wasn’t angry. Dad called me over. He motioned me to help him to his knees. As I did this, Dad embraced me stronger than he ever did before! Tears filled his kind swollen eyes as I touched his forehead, absent of the bushy eyebrows I once loved. I helped him to his feet, and in his old reassuring way, he told me everything was going to be alright.

As we walked together up the stairs, I couldn’t help but notice the confidence he began to show. It frightened me!

I kissed Dad in the ear and said good-night. He giggled, rubbed his ear and said “Oh Princess, that tickled.” Then, as all Super Heros do, my Dad walked slowly back to his bedroom, opened up his window, and flew away . . .

It was this thing called Cancer that murdered my father back in sixty-nine. Everyone said I was too young to understand, but I knew what was going down.

Everybody called her Cancer.
I just called her . . . Mom.

D. Enrique Pearson
It's Such A Mixed Up World

Full of waits and wonders
Lots of mistakes and blunders
Always good things to come
but never here
If it's not misconceptions
then it's miscalculations
It's such a mixed up world

All those allegations
just some misrepresentations
Striving for perfections
leads to misdirections
It's all so hectic
People are so eclectic
It's such a mixed up world

Chris Stefano

The Hands
for Grandmother

Softly withered
The finest leather
Its soothing touch
A gentle feather

They may be stiff
Or slightly curled
But these hands
Have ruled a world

Lore A. Hodge
My Best Friend

When I needed someone you were there
We’re the best friends, a team, a pair,
In times when I was hurt you were right by my side
You were always there to help and always there to guide,
You made me smile instead of frown
When I was depressed and feeling down,
You trusted in me and I trust in you
A friendship like ours is honestly true,
We shared good times and that’s for sure
Our friendship is different, unique and pure,
When I was down you knew something was wrong
That’s why you’ve been my friend for so long,
In time things will happen and we’ll go our own ways
But I’ll always remember you and all our shared days,
So thanks for the support when I needed it
I will never regret our friendship one bit
In my heart, you’ll always be near
You’re my best friend! Do I make it clear?!

Kathy Chidsey
Music Man

Just a message to show my thoughts
And worth all I am inside
You brought alive that part of me
I thought forever died

Today is here and so are we
This magic I can't deny
You touched something I never knew
Or never questioned why

Bridge . . .
Oh lady I'm a music man
Have patience please be true
'Cause in my soul my music's
Getting mixed with thoughts of you
You are worth more to me
Than all I've made with my hands
And you have taken all my thoughts
The ones that were just for the band

Maybe you're all I need
Maybe you're all it will take
I pray you feel the same for me
There's just so much at stake

I protected myself for so long
There's no defense against you (no)
I put on all I had inside
You gently walked right through

Bridge . . .
Oh lady I'm a music man
Have patience please be true
'Cause in my soul my music's
Getting mixed with thoughts of you
I protected myself for so long
But there's no defense against you
I put on all I had inside
And you gently walked right through

Michael Bonanno
Washing

The icy, cold water poured out of the faucet. The girl watched it make a complete circle around the bottom of the sink before it disappeared down the drain. Preparing herself for the shock, she thrust her hands under the water and splashed her face. Blinded momentarily, she groped for the soap dish and started to wash her face. Images and people flashed across her mind behind her tightly closed eyes. Karen, her best friend. Karen’s old country house with the big, red barn behind it. The barn where she had spent much of her childhood. In fact, most of her childhood. All the games they used to play in that barn. Building forts with the bundles of hay, pretending to ride on the rusty farm machines, feeding the horses sugar cubes that had been stolen by the handfuls from the big sack that hung in the farthest corner of the barn. A thought came into her mind and she tried to push it back. For a fraction of a second she battled with her mind but she lost the battle.

She remembered how cold and hard the barn floor felt when the man had pushed her down. His ugly, sneering face rose above hers at the same time his hand came down and slapped her face with a force that slammed her head harder into the dirt floor. The smell of whiskey filled her lungs so that she could hardly breathe.

She remembered how afterwards she had stayed in the shower for hours trying to wash away the filthiness she felt. The dirt wouldn’t come off.

She shook herself and saw her reflection in the mirror above the sink. Her tears mingled with the soapy water and ran down her face. Her cheeks were bright red spots of raw flesh where she had been scrubbing.

No, she realized, she could never wash the dirt off.

Annemarie Recco