



Dominican College 2015

Bang & Whimper

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Bang and Whimper Editorial Staff: Natalie Arias, Kayla Dexter, and Zoe Cruz

Layout Design:
Shannon Rodenberg

Faculty Advisor:
Dr. James Rietter

Cover Photo by Melody Scrudato
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2016 Submissions: bangwhimper@dc.edu

The Quaint House: A Vision
By Daniel Roncace

I.
O' curious night,
how oft you move me!
I feel the sensations
from your great-eternal
gape proclaim the
withering melodies of yore-
And from which,
the quaint house was born.

II.
It was a quaint and dainty hut,
of dreamy ties and entry shut.
Twas Psyche brought me to
this place,
for she could not resist its
taste.
I sang the charm, said, open
up:
"Hram duha', hram duha'"
There was a rumble in the
night!
A quiet quarrel in the sky-

III.
We entered hence,
and what we saw:
a blackened tide and
one great fall.
There were no sounds;
nor words profound-
Only the lonely ins-and-outs
of our breath-

IV.
We were the essence
of the mark,
Till that curious chord
was struck-
Of some cimbalom
far away,
breaking our sacred
ministries-V.
Our breath no longer than
a sigh,
broke away, writhing
into time.
The connection,
though it faltered now,
lulled the laments
of my mind.

VI.
We bathed in curiosities
that night.
Let arcane droplets
spell out our rite.
In the quaint house
of the night-

One of the Many
By Mobeen Ahmad

I chase
After the blinking celestial stars.
I climb
On top of the greatest skylines.
I drive
Through the portals in my mind.
Only because No-man's land never flourishes, but always spreads.
They say I can't
cross the fence.
So, I wait,
For patience is divine!
They say promises
Are valued but,
How so?
Promises can't be jewels
For they've been broken and sold
On the black market
By the corner where they struck my mother.
In the house of the rising sun. Where
So called gems have yet to prove their worth.
Colors of patriotism fly above the village and another "firework" hits the earth.
Its beauty is shrapnel hitting my heart.
I have a virus
Gunpowder infected my youth
Only 5 years and I have 5 minutes left
So I close my eyes
I drive
Through the portals in my mind.
I am
Nothing more than a jaded celestial light.
And one of the many
Unlit lights of the greatest skylights
And one of the many
Lit candles at the small town vigil.

The Jersey Shore

By Rebecca Moschetti

The Jersey shore, a land like no other. Through oral tradition, enchanting tales have marked this land an essential place to visit on a traveler's map. This land of shore has much to offer the lonesome traveler seeking adventure and escape from the confines of a provincial life. If legends and myths from times of yore, containing unruly witches under Jersey's roaring sea are not enough to make the most skeptical traveler curious, the true mystical creatures that inhabit the land and sea will most certainly be enough. These creatures take many forms, dependent upon the region of the shore.

One of the most prominent creatures to inhabit this enchanted land is the Bather of Sun. Bathers of Sun are worshipers of Helios and primarily consist of the female sex. The Bather of Sun thrives on the belief that as reward for her loyalty to Helios, he will grant her the gift of weathered skin and complete extrapolation of moisture. Their worship requires long hours spent in the heat of his rays. Water is a despised element in the eyes of the Bather of Sun; though she resides on the outskirts of the sea, she must maintain her loyalty to the sun god by resisting the temptation to indulge in Poseidon's refreshing waters.

As the Bathers of Sun are worshippers of Helios, the Bathers of Sea live under the rule of Poseidon. The Bathers of Sea are shriveled and pruned, as their days are spent in the current of Poseidon's waves. Unlike the Bathers of Sun, their population is primarily male dominated. Helios and Poseidon are sworn enemies, and therefore, so are their worshippers. These creatures thrive on dragging Bathers of Sun into the water with their shriveled, yet feasible hands. The act of a Bather of Sun being submerged in water is viewed as heresy in the eyes of Helios. The Bather of Sun who is tainted by the waters of Poseidon is banished from the Jersey Shore, and must walk in exile to the land of York.

The land inhabitants are much different than the creatures that occupy the shore itself. Guidellos and Guidellets are the most prominent figures on this eccentric land of shore. Their worship mainly stems from Dionysus, the god of wine, ecstasy and madness. Guidellos and Guidellets are orange in color, and have a rather mountainous appearance. They hold great pride in their hair, as the primary belief within their worship is that the higher their hair is, the closer they are to their god, Dionysus. To the eye of the ignorant traveler, the Guidellos and

Guidellets may appear comparable to that of a jester. Despite this notion, one must not stare too long or laugh in their presence, for their incessant merry making with wine and ecstasy can often turn to rage and chaos. In the general sense, these are simple minded, yet pleasant creatures, but they do not take well to foreigners invading their land.

Whether the curious traveler is seeking a diverse adventure, religious conversion, convincing proof of these existent creatures or even meaningless lovemaking, the Jersey Shore is calling out to them. There is no other shore as the one of Jersey; no place as tasteless, filth ridden, or inhabited by fools. Some creatures of this land manage to travel onward, seeking to escape and discover a place of more substance and class. To their surprise, these creatures are sporadically planted all over the world, and can be found in even the most remote of places. Once one is tainted by this land of shore, there is no salvation for their soul.

Death of a Virgin
By Ikea Poole

The loveless presence of virtue stolen,
Forced kisses, the taste of blood
Restrained hands and hard slaps
The heavy weight of hate on her chest
Blood stained sheets, bruised wrist
Sad tale encrypted through cries,
Muffled screams,
Walls that hide both truth and lies.
Distinguishing the martyrs,
Covering the devastation,
Deep pools of sorrow,
Drown the memories.

History

By Thomas McCarthy

History has its dates

Doomed to repeat if ignored

I will not forget

Insomnia

By Zoe Cruz

I can not sleep.

I can not sleep knowing.

There is someone out there like you

tired eyes have been dedicated to your existence

I have always been the dramatic type

But I do not apologize for wondering

about you

They say writers love the night

& the stories that unfold in the dark

But I hate being locked into the idea

That you only come to my mind at this time

Because.

You're my 2am poem

You're my 2pm memory

Tonight I am sleepless but I wish you...

Sweet dreams

Dreaming in a Sleepless World

By Ikea Poole

What happens at night while the wise dreamer dreams?
Of pessimistic thoughts removing all masks,
Insomnia has filled my mind and flows like a stream,
Escaping from all of life's numerous tasks.
A faction of fracture that shakes the foundation of thought,
The grasp of hope stuck to the imagination.
When doubt becomes present leaving things distraught,
A glim of light peeks out, the cracks of limitations.
But the dreamer manages to find the way,
By holding on to joy found within slumbering,
Forcing his nightmares to remain at bay.
In his sleep he can see all of the wondering,
With his eyes closed he saw the significance of life,
With his eyes closed he saw the importance of death.

What Faith Can Do
By Thomas McCarthy

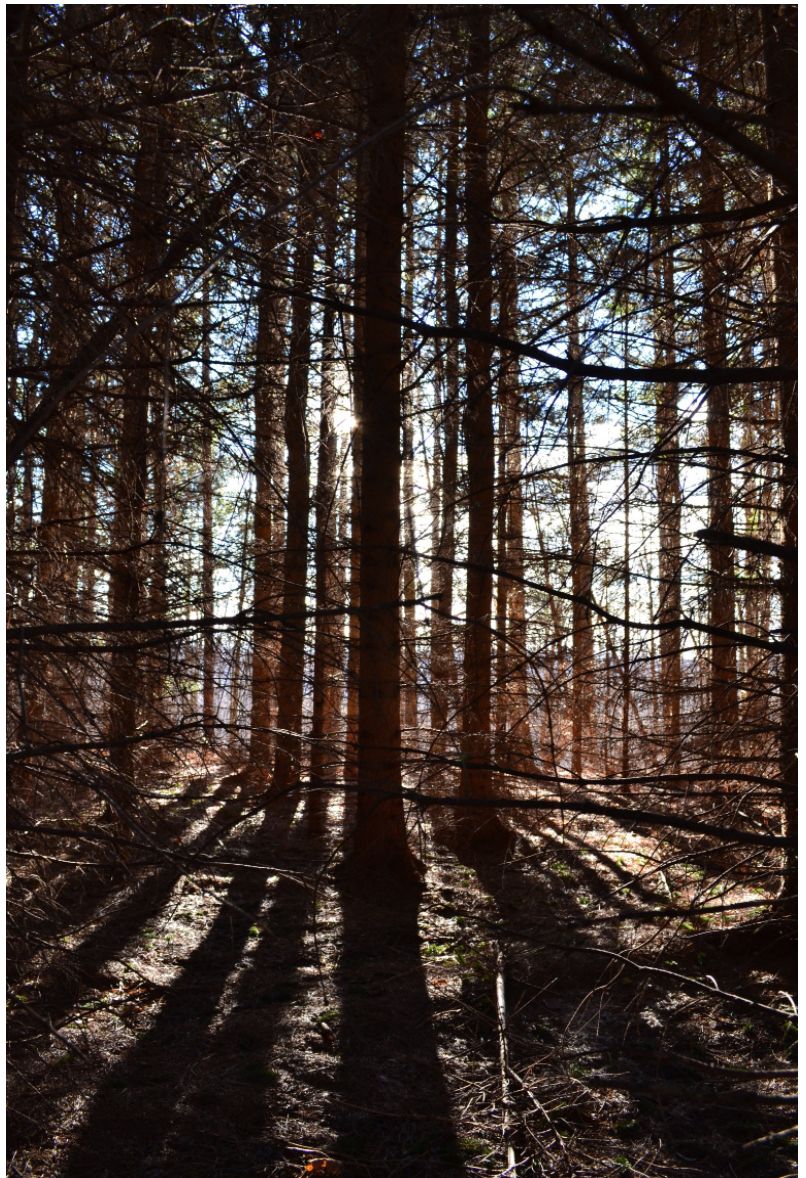
Old Abe once took a knife
To offer up a son for sacrifice
In obedience to a loving God
That's what faith can do

There was a man who built an ark
And led beasts two by two
Because his God had told him to
It's only what faith can do

An angel told a young girl
She would bear the Christ
Do as the Lord wills she said
I know what faith can do

I don't need no Visitation
Revelation, Materialization
Belief isn't just any gift
It's what makes me believe in You

So if you are unsure of a God
Don't know what to do
Say a prayer, just ask for it
Faith will be given to you



Photography by Melody Scrudato



Photography by Eena Livica

Forever 7:15

By Edward Leary

The day time stopped was the day you stopped loving me

With each passing hour moving more slowly,

it's as if time never cared how I felt.

The day my watch stopped ticking, is the day your heart stop beating,

You never seemed to be phased while I was stuck; left weeping.

Why did you forget so easily, why am I remembering for eternity.

All those memories we once shared are frozen in time like my despair

and every time I check the watch, I am reminded of all my thoughts.

What went wrong, what I couldn't be and how that very hand stopped at 7:15.

Maybe if I had a 25th hour, I could bring you back, tell you that we haven't cracked.

The ocean deep love we have develop isn't meant to be enveloped by ambiguity.

The day you gave me that watch with such certainty saying,

"Time will never stop when I'm with you," do you say that to all lovers who are new?

While I go on through my days, hour by hour, at the same pace it takes to blossom a spring

flower, I grow- patiently.

I have learned that it wasn't you who left me, but time kept me going, consistently.

I'll remember all the loving, so you can forget all the suffering,

So you can move on with your peaceful dream, but my heart will always look back at 7:15.

Worth

By Shannon Rodenberg

A cosmic seed that's planted on this Earth
deep inside this widespread world extension
of the galaxy, my time will be of worth
just a moment. This changing secretive dimension
my patience captures vast and strange pulsations,
where I meet components of my vibrant savior.
In my hands, I hold these huge fixations.
Let history unfold to its creator
that's been discovered within my stream of thought
consumes what's become knowingly unknown.
Lacking guidance, anger grasps what's taught;
wisdom portrays that I have authentically grown.
An infinite seed of youth I must protect
that this widespread galaxy will ultimately deflect.

Spring

By Ebony Vonwolfolk

The sun had awakened
It stretched out its rays
It crawled up the side of the buildings
Walked along the sidewalks
It pierced every object seen to eye.
Every ray burned the earth and placed upon it's beauty
Putting forth all of gods magnificent works.

Our Darkness
By Krystina Gonzalez

We all shared that same darkness within us
Some just made it more obvious
The jealousy the lies
The sweet lure of our seduction
We were unstoppable
Moths to a flame we obscured the light
And you loved it
The sins dripping from your lips
Chasing mine like water on a window
It was dirty
God couldn't have liked it
But they all followed us
The dark shepherd with their flock
Of Idiots
Incessant idiots
Who wanted love
But got so much more
They received the knowledge of what death was
Not a purified, unadulterated, clean story
One filled with the monstrosities of what we were
Manipulators
Seducers
Evil in its purest and simple form
In God's garden we had become monsters
Learning too quickly to question everything
Never knowing ignorance was our best option
You cried and I laughed
For you still possessed the sanity of which I had lost
So I killed them all
My dreams
My aspirations
The last soft glimmers of light that followed us,
They all shared in our darkness
They all became what I had feared most
They became my truth
Your lie
Our darkness.

Belladonna
By Rebecca Moschetti

You planted
tiny seeds
in my
stomach
that only
seem to
bother me
when
I cry
because that's
when
they start
to sprout
into
deadly nightshade.
Belladonna rips
through my insides
as
vines entwine
through the
intercostal spaces
of my ribcage;
piercing my lungs
to deflation
and I am
left
breathless.



Photograph by Melody Scrudato

Reservation

By Zoe Cruz

I'll be waiting for you always
But the truth is I have to move on
I have to let you go
I have to let us go
Because the truth is
I'm the only one holding on to something that
No longer exists
At Least to you
I have to let go of this shattered love
Because I'm only hurting myself
But I will always wait for you
Like a single parent child hopes that
every empty seat saved at a school play
Will finally be filled with the person who they think can make it
all better
But maybe a part of heart will always be reserved for you
Your name on card neatly placed on chair in the front of row of
my life
And occasionally while I act out happiness
I'll turn and hope you're there clapping
For me.

20/20

By Krystina Gonzalez

I read blind colors to the blind

Effervescent details reminiscent of a time encircled by beauty

I surround myself with beautiful girls and beautiful boys to justify my ugliness

Enough ugliness that it won't show on the outside but just rot my inside

I create my own harem living dangerously and luxuriously touching and not feeling

Equating feeling to love, now even that is one danger I dare not encroach upon

I tire of being the angel, a vision of perfection

Even though it's all I can hold onto

I become a demon in the night, a harlot with no avail, even if it's only through my words
scribbled on dirty napkin from an overpriced eatery

The colors I read are all delicious shades of delicacy overwrought with currency

Hazy descriptions create on the basis that nothing will ever compare to the mind

The mind I possess is tortured by fantastical images of beauty, sex, and luxury

Having jewels drip from my lips as I indulge in a menage a trois

The hands touching never notice the lack of feeling therein the body they lust for

Hating the monster that possesses me, not wanting it to leave

The truth is, a monster is better company than nothing

Harlot indeed, yet she is all that's left from a heart squished dry

The blood ran out onto the floor while harlot took over the night and began discovering that
truth and lies are the same without someone to share it with

All the colors being read mean nothing because they cannot be seen

Devilishly smart is it not, to read the thing the blind can't see

Ah yes call me selfish, call me evil, call me what you wish

Dare not however, call me emotionally inept for emotion hides locked away

Always burning for the next speech corrupted by words of meaningless hate

Delightfully enjoying every minute even though it hurts

And now I'm not masochistic I just relish the fight because I know not of the length of silence
following

Doing all I can to relish this dirty hazy game

Allowing nothing to be resolved because God only knows you can't fix what is beyond repair,
you can only stare and hope someone has the glue for all of the damn pieces

Lovely colors that cannot be seen but are read

Many a evil that has been inbred

Lucky number thirteen they say

More so since you went away

Let's resolve to say that what once was can never be

My world is now changed full of demons, no harmony

Luxury haunts my every movement

Money that isn't there cannot buy distractions from abstinence

Love, a term coined by a romantic heart, haunts my soul leaving me torn apart and allowing
my imagination to run rampant amongst the sea of insolvency

I read blind colors to the blind

Yet they see what I fail to find

Leviticus 18:22

By Mardochee Julien

Mom. . .

I'm in love

It may not be conventional but she makes me emotional

I love her.

It's kind of like this reckless, I'm mad let's break shit kind of love

You have the audacity to kiss me, why don't you miss me, you make me crazy
kind of love

We're destined, let's do this kind of love

I know.

How could I?

I wasn't raised this way

God created Adam and Eve, he never planned for her to be gay

Mom

She's so beautiful, I want her but I'm not shallow

I'll give her the best of me, she'll never give up on me, the world could have the
rest of me as long as she's next to me.

I'll admit

I wasn't much of a love poet

But if I ever publish this poem I want you to know its about her

She's the perfect metaphor

Vivid details my imagination can't seem to shake

Her face is in every cloud

Our love is so strong, we give atheists something to believe in

I wish your God would allow you to believe in my happiness

I'm not religious but I was created from her rib

I'd part seas to see the arch in her smile

Mommy

I'm telling you, I'm not much of a love poet

I'm really not good at this

But she gives butterflies

And I'm not trying to hurt you

I just can't keep lying

I'm tired of pretending

My fairy tale ending is princess charming

This is not a confession
This is who I am
Mom
I am so hopelessly in love
It's like we're bound to one another
I can't make it without her
She's my lifeline
Her heart is my home and if I ever did anything to sabotage what we built,
it'd be like killing myself
I don't need help
Mommy
Please
If you can just look at me
My sexual orientation doesn't change the little girl you fell in love with
Pay attention to my pigments may be you'll see I'm still your favorite image
I LOVE YOU
I wish you'd say it back
I'd carry it on my shoulders as if it were a backpack and whenever I felt useless
I'd pull it out and repeat
"someone loves me"
You think I'm crazy
But mom, humans have insane tendencies when we want someone to love us
I need you to love me
How could you hate me for loving a woman when you're the first woman
I ever fell in love with
Mom, being gay isn't voluntary, hate is
I have poems inside of me that papers can't handle but she understands me
You call me a monster
Let me roar
Contrary to belief, if there weren't any consequences, we would all be savages
But I am not broken
My cracks are just opportunities to fill with light
One day Nikkie will be my wife
You call God's creations abominations but have you ever thought about who
God really is?
Jesus had two dads
Mother Mary is just like me

She never had sex with a man but still managed to have a family. the fact
I grew up with a daddy and I still feel empty
Why can't you accept me?
I love Nikkie
It may not be conventional but she makes me emotional
Mom. . . please.
In the name of the father, the son and the holy spirit
Amen



Watercolor by Rebecca Moschetti

The Sea
By Kayla Dexter

The sea had always been our place to be...



I loved the sea, mama
loved the sea, sister loved the sea.

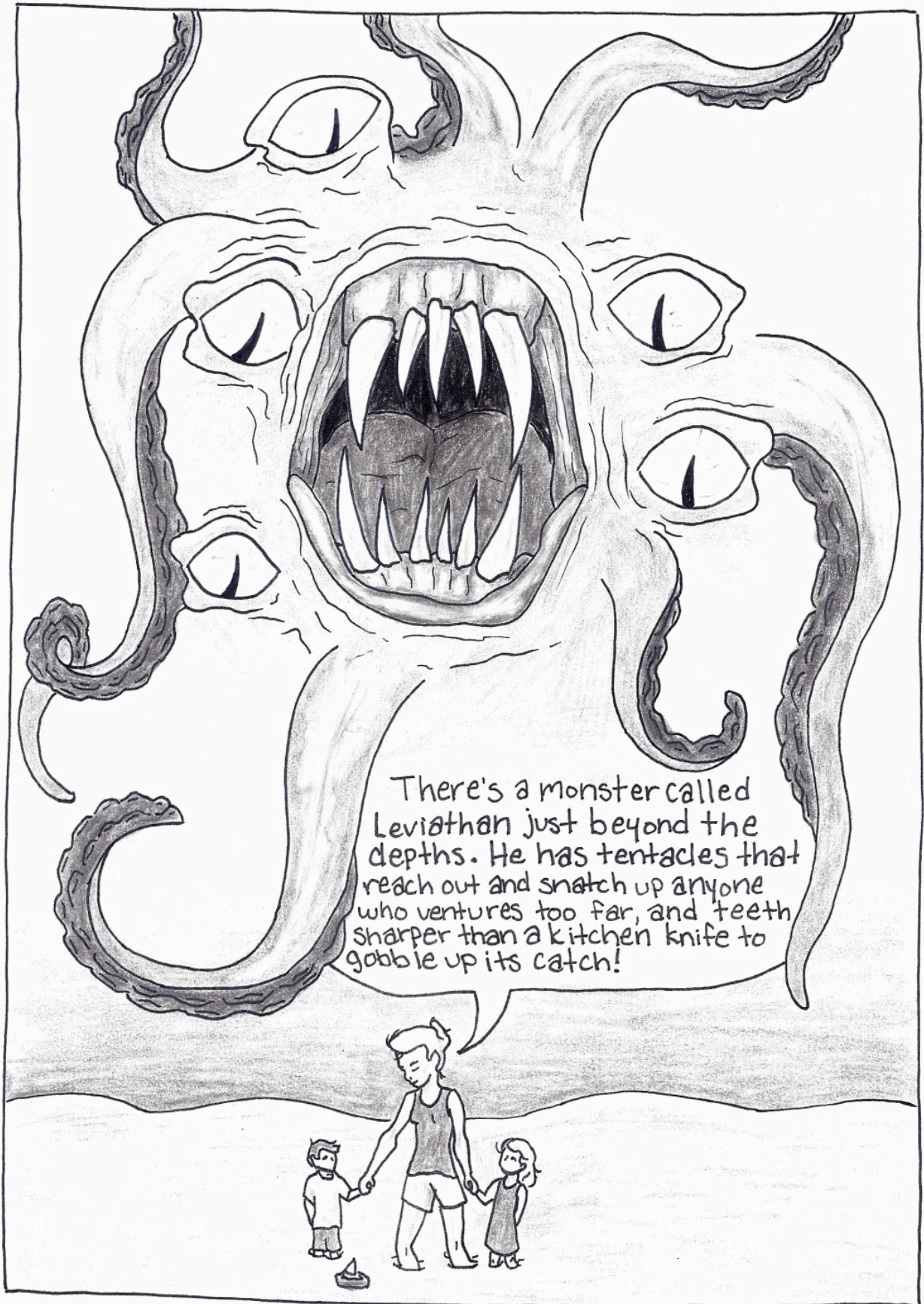


Even papa loved the sea
when he was still around.



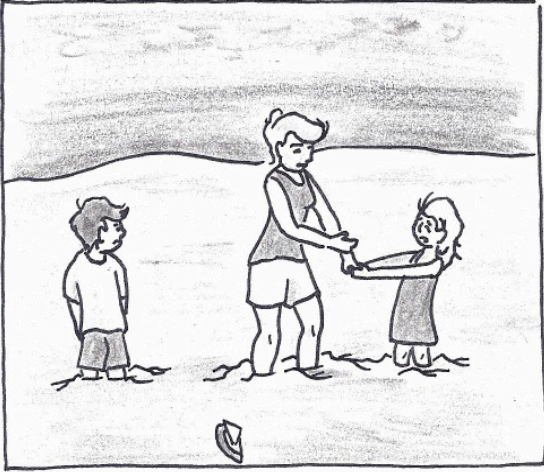
Mama gave sister and I one rule when we were at the sea,



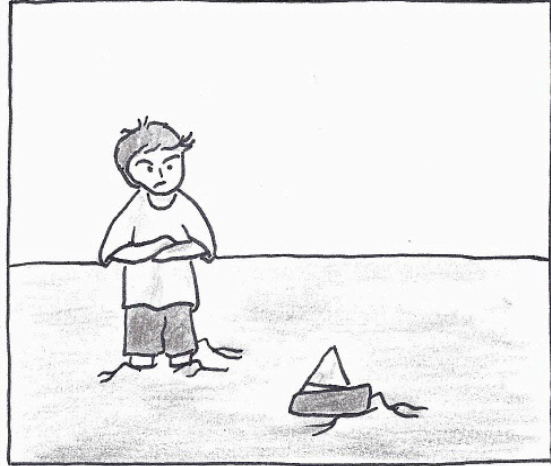


There's a monster called Leviathan just beyond the depths. He has tentacles that reach out and snatch up anyone who ventures too far, and teeth sharper than a kitchen knife to gobble up its catch!

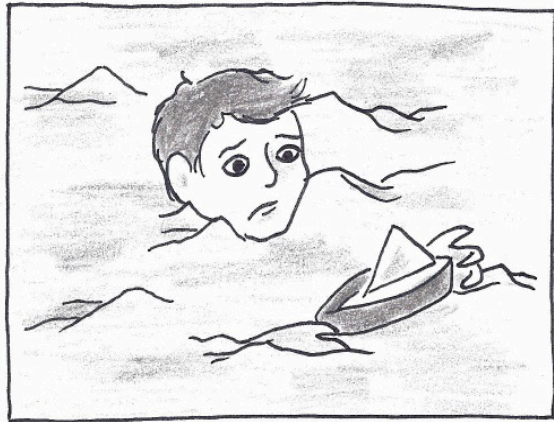
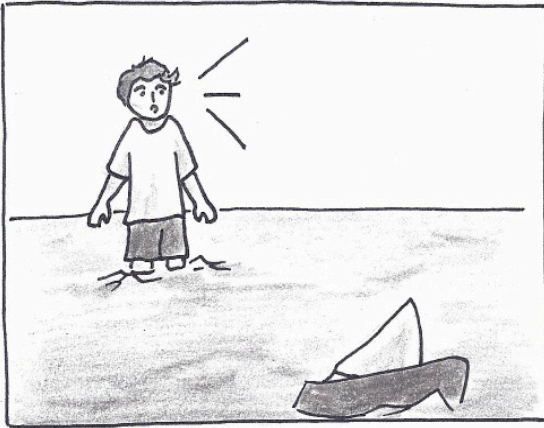
I wasn't scared,



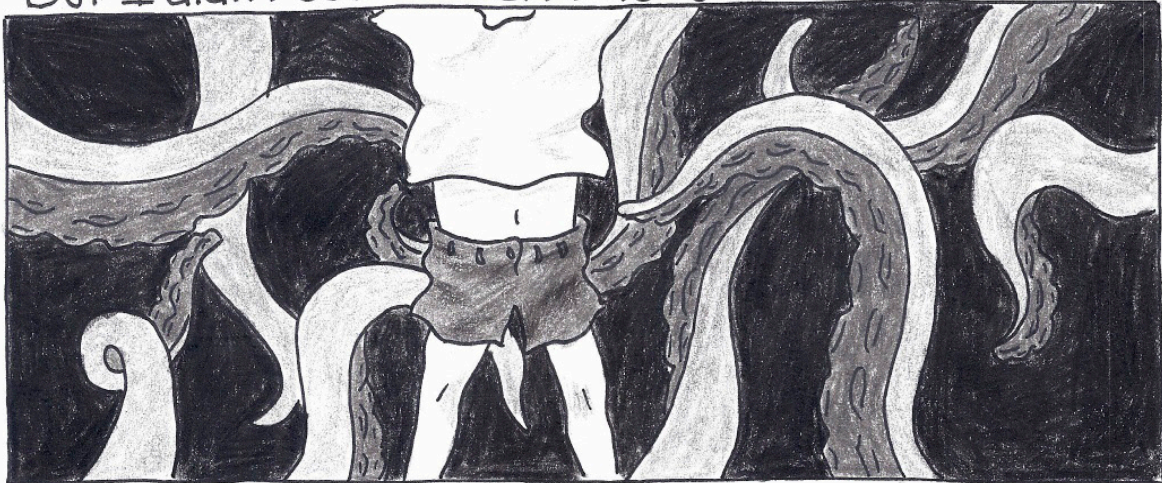
mama had to be fibbing.



I wasn't scared of the Leviathan!



But I didn't see the Leviathan's tentacles grab me—





And with a quick RIP! I dissappeared just like Papa.