



KOL

Kol

Yeshiva College Literary Journal

Fall 1992 Spring 1993

Editorial Board:

Joel Haber
Editor-in-Chief

Ari Blech
Executive Editor

David Flatto
Senior Editor

Avigdor Butler
*English Honor Society
President*

Dr. Joanne Jacobson
Dr. William Lee
Faculty Advisors

Yeshiva University
500 West 185 Street
New York, NY 10033

This marks the first time in three years that *Kol*, The Literary Journal of Yeshiva College, has been published. It is our sincerest hope and desire that it will re-inaugurate a long-standing tradition on the Yeshiva College Campus.

The Editorial Board of *Kol* would like to thank our Faculty Advisors, Dr. Joanne Jacobson and Dr. William Lee, for their help and guidance throughout the past year.

Kol is sponsored by the Yeshiva College Student Council. We must also thank them for their generous support.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| POETRY | 3 |
| *The Spear Warrior, <i>Darryl Jay Victor</i> | 4 |
| Through the Window, <i>Joel Haber</i> | 6 |
| Nadia, <i>Ari Blech</i> | 7 |
| Deliberations, <i>Michael Kellman</i> | 8 |
| Blessed Be My Children, <i>Avigdor Butler</i> | 9 |
| S.O.S., <i>Josh Mayesh</i> | 10 |
| Nightmare, <i>Mordechai Torczyner</i> | 11 |
| The Depressing Search for Reality, <i>Judah Libin</i> | 12 |
| That Perfect Night, <i>Daryl Jay Victor</i> | 13 |
| Memorial Park, <i>Joel Haber</i> | 14 |
| PROSE | 15 |
| *Smiling John, <i>Howard Katz</i> | 16 |
| A Rather Fishy Story--Kosher Style, <i>Ari Blech</i> | 25 |
| Lessons from the Ashes, <i>David E. Rozenson</i> | 26 |
| Waiting for the Big One, <i>Ari Rosenstein</i> | 29 |
| Ruminations of an Ex-Boyfriend or: The Night God Called, <i>Anonymous</i> | 30 |
| How do you Relinquish a Dream?, <i>Dov Chelst</i> | 32 |

* Winner -- English Department Writing Contest

Some pieces may contain language or subject matter which some readers may find objectionable. The Editorial Board felt that since such material appears in the voices of personae and does not necessarily represent the views of the authors or the Board, the preservation of artistic intent and integrity warranted printing such material as originally written.

Coverphoto
Joel Haber

P

O

F

T

R

U

The Albatross

Often, to pass the time on board, the crew
will catch an albatross, one of those big birds
which nonchalantly chaperone a ship
across the bitter fathoms of the sea.

Tied to the deck, this sovereign of space,
as if embarrassed by its clumsiness,
pitiable lets its great white wings
drag at its sides like a pair of unshipped oars.

How weak and awkward, even comical
this traveller but lately so adroit --
one deckhand sticks a pipestem in its beak,
another mocks the cripple that once flew!

The Poet is like this monarch of the clouds
riding the storm above the marksman's range;
exiled on the ground, hooted and jeered,
he cannot walk because of his great wings.

-- Charles Baudelaire
(1821-1867)

THE SPEAR WARRIOR

Daryl Jay Victor

And Retu swore,
Swore on his idol of the Spear god
That he had seen the great white beast
Flying overhead,
With feathers of silver metal
And a voice of an elephant.

They had laughed at his dream,
Saying he was no seer,
Until Matummake the Blind
Said his vision was true.

Matummake said he knew it was a true vision
Because he had once spoken to
Ornakka, the high preistess,
Now long dead,
Who had said she was told of the white devils
Which controlled the great bird,
From her grandmother.

Retu now raised his spear
And spoke endlessly about the great rewards
The white beast would bring
To those in the village who believed.

He spoke of the great gifts
He had seen in his vision,
And he imagined the great lands
The white bird could bear them to.

And he prayed to the gods
That his vision would be real in his lifetime
So he could partake in its bounty.

And he was answered, swiftly.
But the rewards for belief were death
And enslavement.

Ashamed of his vision,
He chucked his spear at the ghost bird,
But it did not bleed nor cry in pain.
It merely loomed above Retu
Like a cliff of smoothest stone.

Then with a scream, the bird flew,
Carrying Retu's children along
To a place beyond his vision,
Beyond his help.

Retu cried for three hundred days
And three hundred nights
Until his eyes were as useless
As his vision, and the spear at his side.
Then, he retired with Matummake the Seer
To the cave of the Old and Blind,
Where no man lives.



Illustration: Daryl Jay Victor