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THE 1980 ARCHARIOS HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO COASTAL CAROLINA'S 25th SILVER ANNIVERSARY. I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY THANKS TO THOSE FEW WHO HAVE WORKED TOGETHER ON THIS BOOK FOR THE PAST YEARS. I HOPE THIS BOOK WILL CONTINUE TO GROW IN STRENGTH, SO THAT MORE TALENT CAN BE SHARED AND ENJOYED BY OTHERS. A SPECIAL THANKS FOR SUZIE, FOR CARING ENOUGH TO NOT LET ME STOP.

JAMES BINDNER
EDITOR

COVER PHOTO: JAMES BINDNER

EVALUATION COMMITTEE

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ARCHARIOS VOL. VIII SPRING 1980
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA
COASTAL CAROLINA COLLEGE
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"THE CAPTAIN DAN" (ETCHING)  1/10  (IMP) MARK MERCER 80
Coming in off the Atlantic is a great ocean storm, coming with all its raging fury to lash out at the coast and the ships at sea. Nature has birthed her most powerful woman child, Hurricane Randi Lee.

She is young, beautiful and wild in a savage sort of way blowing the tops off the rising waves, forming white caps and a salty seaspray. In her roaring glory, thunderous and loud, she has unleashed a driving rain and an ominous cloud, rolled along by howling winds.

But it's not really the wind that's howling, it's Randi's wicked laughter as she moves inland with her destructive prowling. Angry breakers crash upon the shore, each with the wrath of its own separate storm, rolling high, roaring above Randi's laugh, they pound the dunes, Hurl Rocks, inland too.

Dark night comes but the tempest does not slacken or go away. Shutters on the beach house beat back and forth and then fall to the ground in violent disarray. The world has been pitched into blackness, when a brilliant flash of lightning explodes in the cool darkness, and a wind battered palm tree is splintered into fiery oblivion.

Randi's final act as she turns and heads out to sea.

Red light is peeping in from the horizon, dawn is breaking and so is the stormy lady. The beach no longer seems so grightning, no more giant waves and rushing wind. Gone forever is the treacherous Randi Lee, back to where she had begun...

Tony M. Edwards

"STRING-ICE ART"

Ice hanging on a string:
Like crystal lace, or,
Ice-Fairy ballerinas
Enchanted and Frozen
In a series of pirouettes
Till Spring....

La Fin
A WALKING DREAM

Some things
Better unsaid
Come to me at sunrise...
My love
In gold and red
Against blue and orange skies...
Your face as you dream
Dreams...
Beauty
Ages untold,
Much more than what it seems
More than silver
And gold...
Seeing you in this way
Snuggled beside me here
Thoughts, happy
As they play
Within their atmosphere...
Absorbed in heady thoughts
Watching your face
In sleep
Drinking in your sweet draughts...
Seconds fly
As they creep
And I,
I who love you
Pause to reflect...
Of you.

David Johnson

STAY

Left alone I'm nothing,
because of you I'm someone.
I don't know when it started
it was in the middle before it began,
But it is lasting
going on forever and ever.
The games are played by hated rules
by those who wish to give.
I only want to say to you
what I feel inside,
But I don't want you to go away
I'd feel so alone
Grow with me, let us be,
what I'm saying is please stay.

Cindi Hockman

KNEEOLOGY

In the stillness of the night when all is quite calm
I go down on my knees and spread both my palms
Then I talk to my helper about the problems at hand
He will settle all the turmoil with a solution, with a plan.
Philosophy, Theology, Kneeeology!

Fred Davis
A FREE LOVE

Let love be free enough
so we can be ourselves
For if we can't be who we are
with each other
we shall never have the chance
Let our hearts speak
without restriction
For the minds we have
often confuse the message
we wish to convey
Let no man look down
on us
For we have something
That few people ever find
A free love
A love bought not with
money
For that would not be free
but it is a love
we give and share
it only grows and grows

Have you ever seen a falling star
And wondered where it's been
Have you ever asked a river
Just where it will end
Have you looked out over the ocean
wondering what lies beneath it
Or stared into the clouds
As if to see what's hid within them
what about the flowers
How did they get their colors
Have you ever asked the sun
How it rises and falls in 24 hours
Try to be a bird
How do they fly
Why do tears fall
when any of us cry
So many questions
With answers so nearby
But why search for answers
when it's so fun
to wonder why.

L.K.W.

Cindi Hockman

LOVE IN THE WAVES

Lying under the stars in the beach sand
With the one you love holding your hand.
Then a wave breaks and carries you away
Leaving the one you love behind to stay.

But the current changes and the tide gets low
Then the love you lost begins to grow and grow.
It grows into a wave and breaks onto the beach sand
And you reach for his tender hand.

As he takes it, the wave rolls away
And he is there to stay.
And the waters start to rave
And it starts love in the waves.
MARINER

The ship sails on,
No reason or path or course.
With rudders gone
She moves with grace.
No plan or goal ----
Alone

I am a ship
Without captain,
Without purpose.

Will you, with me,
Sail
Or drift?
You the mariner,
I the vessel ----
Together we can find
The port against all storms.

Kaille Beckman
AN OCEAN MUSC

Speaking of jello, the ocean this morning resembled a giant bowlful, rocking slightly but not producing a noticeable ripple. Lake Atlantic lies still, perhaps feeling its age, perhaps playing the role of sleeping giant; waiting only for the right stimulation. How can this quiet lapping edge absorb such destructive power? One day an angry wall of foam pounds and tears at the beaches, but not the next. The waters reflect the blues of the sky and the tiny diamonds caused by the touch of the wind on the surface. Each sparkle captures a tiny piece of the sun and presents it for reflection. The beds of underwater grasses offshore form light and dark patterns; with the blues of the ocean mix greens and browns and other more subtle shades. Sky color is penetrating and sharp; so blue it hurts the eye. The feel of the grass and warm sand recalls memories of earlier springs and for a moment my senses are heightened. From deep inside wells a poignant feeling of lost youth. My faded innocence calls to me, weathered by the passing of seasons, till the shine of the new is replaced by the sheen or lustre produced by repeated wear and polishing. At this feeling my soul floods with warmth and love and a sense of well being. I laugh and decide innocence is rarely lost, just misplaced. The key to finding it lies within the grasp of those who refuse to harden the heart to the whisperings that come riding on the wind or stealing along with the warmth of a life giving sun on a day very much like today.

A. Telford
FRIEND

I owe to you an extended dimension,
Whose existence I cared not to find.
A reformation of phobic tendencies
A refinement of thinking
to understand friend as love
and love as right.
An empty glass, a still floor, a calming quiet
Served me as projections of your being
"Purely platonic," I think it's called.
But when I remember you
I will recall your actions
as something beyond indifference
short of romance,
and worthy of that indistinct designations
"emotional involvement."

kaille beckman

L'EGLISE d'ECOSSE

Kirk
You were my Teacher,
For you've taught me many things,
Of love for life and other times,
And that to which our souls should cling.

Kirk
You were my Father,
For my future you have hailed.
My life is now made better,
For your love was never veiled.

Kirk
You were my Friend,
For you lingered by my side,
And even after I betrayed you,
Your love you could not hide.

Kirk
You were my Lover,
And oh the moments we did share.
Our love could only triumph
Where even Death would not dare!

Joe Keegan

SEEDLIN'!

A leaf has fallen to the ground
But where am I bound?
Like a seedlin' caught in the wind
I must search the earth--my only friend,

To find a place to sink my roots,
To find a heart to help me grow my shoots.
The earth is bright, beautiful, and gay,
But to a flowing seedlin' it seems miles away.

Timothy E. Nesbitt
BIRCH TREE

I call this birch tree mine.
She is me and I am her.
For when it is early morning and
I wander across the field feeling
Newborn and radiant
I look upon my birch tree
And she feels the same
Stretching her limbs
Long and slender into the crisp morning air.

And she is so meaningful
Oh so full of meaning.

Yet at times when I am weary
And have nowhere to go,
I look upon my birch tree.
And she is the same ---- standing there in her naked sadness
And looking so lonely
That I want to cry

And she sings out her sorrow
And our song is the same.

kaille beckman

SOMETIMES

When I am alone
I think of things I wanted to say to you
feelings I wanted to share
and did not know how to let them out in their own time.

Then time is gone
I can not bring it back
To break the silence as I lay beside you
To let go the fear inside
So I could reach out and hold you
When holding you was something
I needed to do
And needing was something
I was afraid to do.

M. L. Lee

"A GREEN-LIGHT LIFE"

His
Was a Green-Light Life:
Thus, when he got to the
Final Stop Sign
And did not yield his Soul
He shot out onto the Cloverleaf
And took a by-pass
Into Hell...

La Fin

A Sunday Morning
And its sunshine like laughter
From the Risen Tomb

La Fin
THE POWER OF AFRICAN CARVING

Among the abstract forms of African Carvings one can divine several powerful suggestions. One is created by the geometry inherent in each piece; the planes that lead the eye are bold and expansive. The complete negation of the notion of progress is another strong feeling absorbed from studying primitive carving. One can feel the origin of history and tradition in an art form that reflects eons without change, where progress has no place. The most stirring and powerful aspect of primitive carving is the enimistic attitude of the carver who divines the spirit of the wood and stone and expresses it in the grains, textures and shapes of the material. This animism pushes civilized imagination to its limits; the strength of the spirit it represents is the focal point of the carving and it's most difficult aspect to understand.

A. Telford
TWINKLE, TWINKLE LITTLE...HEY WHERE THE HELL ARE YA?


"Come on, Bob. Let's go. It's such a clear night and so pretty!" said a young, bedecked woman gazing out the kitchen window. She moved the curtain back with her hand and turned to gaze expectantly at the "object" of her address. "Let me finish my beer," he replied tactfully. He was a moody aggregate of a young man. With beer-drinking ways and a wine-sopped heart once gold which, before he learned to think of goodness as cliche', leapt above the "bushels" of modern mediocrity only to land, after first youth, in the sterility of naked mind and society. Taking a transistor radio, the young couple locked their apartment door behind them and motorbiked to a ridge just outside town.

Silence cracked his whip most of the trip and they arrived at the ridge approaching ten. They lay on their backs in the cool, night-scented grass. The radio played faintly between them. Above, the silver shapes jostled buoyantly and with a kind of chaotic, pressed harmony. Like irregular pieces of a Earth-sky-big and shaped mobile in the sky, they hung—rather clung—melted. There were definite chinks and gaps and during the day the sun showed through the spider-web rents of these man-made metal clouds, and during the night the moon bludgeoned them and the starlight soft-shivered their computerized ranks. But from an earth-angle they appeared one huge shiny blob; an angel's junkyard. The radio hummed a moment, crackled excitedly, and then blared: FLASH BULLETIN: "Star-sighting anticipated in the Kentwood neighborhood of Long Green, New Penn. The shift of the Satellite Graveyard should occur at approximately 10:43, World Standard Time." The radio noise receded into a commercial jingle. "Wow," said the taciturn young man, "we should be able to see it! Keep your eyes peeled." Eyes already sky-glued, his wife nodded back.

Suddenly, like real sunlight in a subterranean cavern or in a mercury-lighted office-building, the homogenous belt of satellites shifted and unclamped to reveal a star. It hung there, quivering bright; a bit self-conscious was its light, like a young understudy never before staged before the public-eye. Then, a final glaring curtsey, and the curtain shifted back. The Heavens were as ever. "Damn," muttered the taciturn young man. "Thank-you," whispered his young wife softly to herself, "Thank-you."

Teri Barry
We

Chuck Batson
"ILLUSION"

If I could stand outside myself
would I see me or someone else.
The answer is there, but I'll never know.
I'm one of the actors, I can't watch the show.
I'm not sure at all what is really me.
I take every one's opinions of what they see.
In my mind this poem is a novel thought
although the meaning is not often caught.
Forward I've heard is the direction to go.
I used to think that, but how should I know.
Well whether I'm good or whether I'm bad,
Either way the situation is not so sad.
So what I guess I'll do is forget all this
and just sit back and make a wish,
That I become as happy as I can be
and everyone else is as happy as they see me.

Jay Pritchard

Once more
look at me
through love's eyes
Viewing not
the frail beauty
of outer design
But rather
I beg you
to gaze upon
deeper hidden spaces
my very heart
my very soul
has a hidden rhyme -
But for you

I open these spaces
they're yours
no longer mine
my treasures I give
and all I ask
in return
After all to you I give
Is that you
let me view also
the depths of your soul
through the eyes of love.

Mike Edge
SILENCE

I hear you
you utter faint sounds
which play
upon my ears
like a song
Quiet -
very still now
you've lacked away
the music -
Stolen the key
to the faint wind of love
which stirred inside me
No longer to play
Still Silence
I hear you -
You've deafening!
Like a sudden
peal of thunder
your voice resounds
like a mighty chorus
which overpowers
every other sound
Though unheard -
I hear you -
For silence
you've a medley
all your own.

Mike Edge

The wind blows so forcefully;
The waves roll in and seem
To beckon "Come ye comfortable,
Smug living things."

Come into my harlot's lair
With arms fancifully opened.
Come into my harlot's lair
My love's a wanton token.

The wind blows unmercifully.
The scattered waves fly.
"Come in Come in." they seem to say
As their frothed fingers reach for the sky.

0'rq head the birds soar.
Oh! it's such a magic thing
To see them bobbin' on the waves
As dandelions in spring.

Below the turbulent waters,
Below the magic fowl,
The fishes swim ebb and flow
Free from human scowl.

"Yes, come into my waters."
The furious waves sing.
Protection she offers to the beast,
But to man she is a horrendous thing.

Thomas David Wilkie

MY PARENTS

The old man lay asleep in his chair
His withered face of memories
Feeling life was more than fair
Sadness and happiness mixed in the stories
Boys playing ball in the yard
And two little girls playing house
He was content by working hard
And by his side was an equal spouse
A mother of six growing kids
Whom loved them with her whole life
Together their love could not be rid
My parents my dreams my life

Jim Bindner
BLOW OUT THE CANDLES

Blow out the candles, make a big bright wish
No one should ever miss a moment like this.
Lay back your head, and close your tired eyes
Think of the past and how it's flown by.
Remember the love and the knowledge you've shared
For it was this, that showed you cared.
When you look back at long past years
I'm sure you'll see happiness mixed with tears.
If they were tears of joy or tears of fear
I'm sure you've learned through the years.
For life, you can handle, and all it may bring
For your not the first flower of Spring.
For you've been in love, and someone hurt you
I've been in love and I was hurt too.
We've things in common
We've things the same.
But most of all
We've both played life's silly game.

247-35-3573

HAiku SPRING

Cobwebs of Winter
are swept away from my mind
by warm winds of Spring.

The lovely perfumed
frangrance of flowers and trees
waltzing in a breeze
to sweet songs of birds
and playing children's laughter
arouses a smile
deep within my heart
that is so thankful to God
for Rebirth in Spring.

SPRING FLOWERS

Spring flowers die so soon,
But in our hearts they still bloom.
Lovers love - passions red
In eternity - unwed.
A fire burns across the sky
But the only fire lovers see is in the
others eye.
Night fines the lovers asleep in bed
Dreaming not of Summer, but Spring
instead.

John Keegan

Barbara Anne Chatham
Planting A Garden of Love

Directions

First of all you need the rich bottom soil of trust
Covered with the top soil of understanding
Use a strong plow of desire
To bust the sod of dishonesty
Take the rake of determination
To clear away the weeds of unfaithfulness.
Sprinkle the ground of perseverance
with the fertilizer of devotion
Then take the hoe of togetherness
and form nice straight rows of honesty
Add the seeds of loyalty
Then saturate with the water of compassion
Plant in an unshaded area
So that the sunshine of happiness can shine on it.
These directions apply to any climate

Results:
Given the proper amount of time to grow
this garden will sprout with the rare vegetable,
LOVE.

Fred Davis

"AT THE END OF TIME"

At the End of Time
All the stars will be swept into one heap neatly
Dry as sin and stripped of shining
And, There,
Will be piled the dragon-souls
On the cruel-edged stars
To be pierced by their
Non-twinkling....

"...ROSES..."

Do dead roses have scents?
Only in Memory
I
think
Blooming and Unbent...

La Fin


**AUTUMN IN PARIS**

See the colors fade away
As the artist takes the day off
Skies are gray now
I am blue...
The leaves are turning brown
The wind whips them all around me
Waiting for Spring
And the artist's return.
You were the artist in my life
Oh you painted it so brightly
Coloring my world
With the hues of summer.
See the leaves begin to fall
As summer sheds her clothes in silence
There is nothing left at all
Since you've gone.
And the river looks so bare
With no one there to paint her
Skies are gray now
I am blue.
Such a melancholy hue...

kaille beckman

---

The wind blows around my body
As I walk along the beach
I stare at the horizon
While piling sand upon my feet
The coolness of the water
Sends chills up my spine
But everywhere I look
Waters all that I can find
I feel so lonely here
No one near or far away
It's here a search my mind
To find peace for one more day

L.K.W.

---

**ONE WISH**

If I could have one wish,
What would it be
I think it would be to heal
To stop all the pain in the world
But wishes don't really come true
Do they
In reality we must make our own wishes come true by:
Caring
Do You?

Mary Hardwick

---

**LOVE**

Love is Living
Openly and wide
Very Kind in Mind
Expressing yourself in time.

Delphine L. Johnson
"Panda Ball" (woodcut) 4/8
Nancy S. Gilbert
Thoughts explode within her mind
reverberating with unmerciful clarity
as again, the protection of sleep fades away

the man next to her is a stranger and

she is alone
she is unreal

forced to accept an isolation she has never understood
(or accepted)

a face without a name
a name without a face

nobody
yet she manages to occupy space

in the hearts of men

she paces in the hazy span of light
awaiting the appearance of some lonely stranger

selling her very essence
until nothing but the scrapings
are left . . .

a futile effort to fill the void in heart

with synthetic emotions
that cruelly fade away
when morning comes . . .

kaille beckman

"a poem for e.e. cummings"
(AND THE CHRIST CHILD)

i'm a firm believer in happy endings
but then what other endings are beginnings?

La Fin
ODE TO CHERYL

And yes, I see her in her loveliest mood
shining as a star I once knew.
And yet she is alone or at least alone from me
for all the dreaming I do.
And I think of her most everyday
for the light she brings to me.
And through it all I wonder
will my eyes she ever see.

And yes, I see her in her loveliest mood
free as the wild west wind.
And yet she does not know me
or know if I've ever been.
And I think of her most everyday,
is her love possible to find.
And through it all I wonder
will she ever or never be mine.

Thomas David Wilkie

THE RACE

Running thru the streets of memory
wondering if I had taken the right lanes
often coming upon a stop sign with the same stories
or a dead end with familiar pains
then I came upon a small dirt road
and I followed it with a slow pace
Life became blooming with the sun of gold
and I knew that I won the race
Often, we all get lost in the wealth
but you will find your desired goal
If you truly believe in yourself
and life will become a triumphant toll

Jim Bindner

Spring, haiku-season
When syllables are green-gold
And words shine reborn...

La Fin
CONNOTATIONS OF SMOKING

Somewhere near the equator, perhaps in the Hawaiian chain of islands, a lone grower wends his way up a steep mountain trail. He is armed he is alone. Perhaps it is on the windward side of Molokai; this place where the grower treks. His climb is long and hard, the trail treacherous with sharp volcanic outcroppings. A fall could be fatal. Mud clings to his boots making every step a study in labor and concentration. Perhaps he is in the valley of the Rainbow Bridge, where time loses meaning and the rainbows form a bridge to destinations unknown. Nestled high up the side of a giant volcanic crater matted with dense tropical rain is the place this grower seeks. He moves toward the fruit of his efforts, as one moves towards a lover, as one desires communion. And finally to touch this fruit, this labor of love, brings the grower to his knees to touch the kind, patient earth. The plants he has worked so hard to bring to fruition stand glistening in the morning dew, their swollen buds releasing an aroma powerful enough to choke on. Clusters of Colas as large as a man’s fist excite the passions of the grower; the feel of the potent resin sticking to his fingers brings visions of traveling the far reaches of space.

But enough time has been wasted. With deft moves that indicate years of practice and study, the grower begins his harvest. Because his location is undiscovered, the grower will remove the buds from these female plants and leave the plant stock to produce next year’s harvest. Hauling his knapsack down the mountain the grower contemplates short lived ecstacy. The climb down is treacherous enough by itself; now comes the dangers of others who would seek his prize; others who do not possess the skill the grower has and do not want to pay the growers’ price. At the thought of price the grower smiles. At more than $2,000.00 a pound, the fifty pounds of killer bud on his back will help to cover up the mental scars left from exposure to constant danger.

Safe at last, the grower carefully dismantles his largest primo bud on a glass coffee table. The red hairs emerging from each flower seems to sparkle and vibrate. He reaches for his favorite bamboo pipe and places a small piece of bud in the bowl. Running a small flame over the bowl he inhales slowly, deeply, savoring the crackling mint taste of this powerful marijuana. Exhaling, the grower has cause to indulge in a smile of success. "*Da Kine," he utters as he begins once again his trip to the fabled valley of the Rainbow Bridge.

* Hawaiian slang for "the best-no better,”
-a top degree of excellence.

A. Telford
A GEOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHICAL, WHY?

I listened spellbound to the Doctor expound on origins of the universe. He did not hesitate in his efforts to state, with a voice which was so well rehearsed.

"Now the age of it all as you'll need to recall, is 10 to 20 billion years or so. Remember it well, you will be asked to tell me just how much you have come to know."

Tossing chalk in the air, sitting back in his chair, with a look of nonchalance, yet poise. He began to explain the theory of "Big Bang" to the delight of the girls and boys.

He talked from convection to shell-fish protection From barrier reef to the Abyssal plains From the nucleus of life And minute atoms size, To the elements in Saturns rings.

His genius was profound His brilliance would astound us at some of the things he would say. But deep down in my mind was a question; the kind that keeps haunting and won't go away.

Then he contrasted Uniformitarianism with an awesome catastrophism!

There was nary a stone left unturned. So for months I listened, I studied and researched While that question within my heart burned.

As he talked and he taught I don't think there was aught He didn't cover in full array. Still I had to ask him, It was more than a whim, Or I would never rest till that day.

"Sir, you are a wise man, Tell me please, if you can," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "So many times you told us the when, where and how, But neglected to ever say, why?"

He looked a bit troubled, As a line crossed his brow. "Sir, could it have lent divine purpose To the when, where and how?" Said he, sad, with regret, "We Scientist can't answer that one yet."

Dedicated to Dr. Nelson Pat Graham Philosophy
LOW TIDE IN TANGIER

Near the ocean where the tide runs
There is a green mirage of seaweed,
Strangling rocks and shells
On its way down to meet the waves.

A ray of sunlight strikes a drop of water,
Creating only for a moment,
An unearthly image of the Mediterranean.

Not at all like a mirrow.

kaille beckman

MEIN KAMPF

To reach you
is to stretch my arms
beyond their length
for slowly, you have grown distant
and foreign.

To touch you
is to scrape my nails
across a sandpaper surface
for all the bronze velvet softness of you
has turned coarse
--- cold and unyielding as a marble statue.

To love you
is to surrender
to your absent emotion
to the synthetic kisses you plant
upon my face
(hard to break are aging habits).

To exist
with the knowledge
that your flame has flickered and died
is more than my capabilities can withstand
while allowing my sanity to co-exist.

Yet to escape
is impossible
for the fire still flickers
within me.

kaille beckman
"A CHILD'S FANTASY"

L'ENTREPRISE
(Dedicated to Caroline Gleaton Cox)

Starship Enterprise,
You were my first love.
My Love for you's not wrong,
Your memories are strong.

I dreamed of you
While time passed on,
Leaving me behind
After you were gone.

Starship Enterprise,
Save my dying world.
My world is almost done.
My time will never come!

You gave me strength,
And I depended on you.
Our lives were joined,
But our times were two.

Starship Enterprise,
Save me from this world.
This world's no longer mine,
I'm ready for your time!

So long Captain Kirk.
Good-bye Enterprise.
Someday you'll be back.
Together we'll search the skies.

Timothy E. Nesbitt
As time changed with us all
It was unbelievable to stop life
For our dreams and morals could not fall
Now the surgeon holds his steel knife
and cuts from my babys wall
The love and embrace of prelife
The cold steel also enters my mind
And slowly takes my pride of a man
Thus leaving me with life so unkind
A penalty of Gods everlasting plan

Jim Bindner
thoughts stark naked
run amidst love
embattled
beaten ground
the color stripped from my eyes
seeps deep down
deep
into the barren earth
where many a fool soldier trod before i
no crosses left to mark their plight
only tombstones that i carry in my clouded eyes
like every lover
of disillusion

kaille beckman
Little sparrow on my windowsill
What news have you to bring
About the sights you witnessed
On your journey into spring
Did you see any flowers
Pushing up through the snow
Or perhaps now bare tree
With new leaves soon to grow
Did you notice any warm weather
That might be heading my way
Can you tell me little sparrow
When I'll see the first spring day
Thank you for the time and help
But it's now time for you to fly
Please stop by when you can
Good bye dear friend Good bye.

L.K.W.

LA CHANSON DE LA NUIT - AVEC LA CHATTE
(une dedicace a Mme. Carolyn Cox)

The night astounds me
With a world all her own.
The night surrounds me
For I walk alone.
The night protects me
From my thoughts of the day.
The night, she's my friend,
And always she'll stay.

The sounds of her sighings
Tear deep into my soul.
The tears of her cryings
Bear stories untold.
But still she cares for me
And through her hurt

She'll say,
I'm night, I'm your friend,
And always I'll stay.

Timothy R. Nesbitt

ODE TO A LOST APPENDIX

O Appendix most highly cherished,
Thou who hath foully perished,
Thou who didst faithfully serve me
(Though at last didst most unnerve me)
And grew now thick and again thin
O'er chewing gum and safety pin
Mistakenly swallowed
(Constitution followed!),
O most mourned and now lost vestige,
Swiftly slashed from highest prestige
By evil and unfelling sterilized tin,
Abducted, surreptitiously, from warm abdomen,
Thou pierced and newly widowed worm
Art gone forever from endoderm,
Futile and helpless deposed Czar,
And didst leave me naught
But with a scar!

haille beckman

Martha Thomas
TRIBUTE:

JAMES BINDNER
(THANKS BILL EDMUND MEDIA)