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WE HAVE MADE EVERY ATTEMPT TO PRODUCE THE BEST ISSUE IN THE HISTORY OF THE ARCHARIOS. THE SUBMISSIONS WERE EXCELLENT. THIS MADE THE SELECTION PROCESS ALL THE MORE DIFFICULT. WE ARE PROUD TO HAVE BEEN A PART OF THIS YEAR'S MAGAZINE.

A GREAT BIG THANKS TO ALL THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY WHO CARED ENOUGH TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS MAGAZINE. WITHOUT YOUR SUPPORT, THERE WOULD BE NO ARCHARIOS.

A SPECIAL THANKS TO THOSE SPECIAL PEOPLE IN THE ART DEPT. AND THE HUMANITIES DEPT. FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE, AND TO OUR ADVISOR, DR. WELLS, WITHOUT WHOSE GUIDING LIGHT THIS PUBLICATION WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE. THANK YOU DR. WELLS. BLESS YOU DEAR EDITOR TOO! WE LOVE YOU, WE NEED YOU, WE'LL MISS YOU!

OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT YOU ENJOY ARCHARIOS AS MUCH AS WE HAVE.

THE 1983 ARCHARIOS STAFF AND EDITOR

P.S. Thank you, Mary Bull.

Front Cover Design: First Prize - Polly Childs

Back Cover Design: Lorna Effler
For those who wish to knock,
my door
will always open.

For those who fear to knock,
I wish to open
my door.

Aurora Olivieri

"Out to Sea"

Photograph by
Karyl Brown
Thought

Every Now and then, I let my mind wander on things that matter or things that matter only to me, but more often than not it is occupied with intense thought. Memories of yesteryears, dreams of tomorrow and hope for today. Absorbing every morsel of knowledge and lingering on every sip of experience, submerging my mind deeper yet deeper, into thought. Searching for the answer to the unasked question, my mind is bombarded with thought of everything, yet nothing mentionable.

Fred Davis

Honorable Mention: Poetry

Lorna Effler

Dreamer

Ponce de Leon, dreamer of dreams Your fountain of youth is not what it seems But you keep on searching, hoping to find The fountain of youth, it's more than real it's in your mind.

We all are explorers looking for gold Looking for truth to which we can hold We can't turn back, our goal is progression Ideals in our mind, our only possession

Live on youthful Ponce For you are your own fountain

Ron Henderson
Me As A Tree

My roots have been planted,
Since this is my home,
My branches are reaching,
For somewhere to roam;

Old leaves are beneath me,
And new ones appear,
The old leaves have guided,
The new ones will steer;

The wind brushes past me,
And carries my scent,
Letting on to the world,
My life's been well spent.

Sue Herman and Todd Macneir
Confused, poor heart
not knowing whether love
is spiritual or physical.
Worshipping you
as much as I do;
sinful that one such as I
dare defile with my touch.
Longing as much, or more
than worshipping
hoping, wanting
to make a holy union
skin to skin,
heart to heart
combined souls.
Modern Mary Magdalene,
such pain to love your god
somehow the same, yet
still overwhelming differences.
You're not the Christ
yet you're my awaited messiah,
the one to lead me
to a new and better life.
Lead this leader, for I will follow.
Condemned to hell, this love
yet still, with you
hell would be paradise.

Jack Murphy
My aloneness
  like a cloak
  I wear.
A cloak,
  woven with the threads
  of pieced pain
  and buttoned high
  to arrest the
  wanton winds of rejection.
It falls
  in heavy folds
  about my ankles
  and sometimes,
  I grow weary
  of the weight
  forever pressing
  upon my shoulders.
Yet,
  If I allow the cloak
  to come unbuttoned
  and slip away
  I will stand naked.
  Unprotected
  before mankind's
  piercing stare.
And,
  Should someone laugh—
  What would I do?
I could not bear
  scrutiny beneath
  probing fingers.
I could not bear
  the flash of false desire
  Again.
So,
  loneliness
  like a cloak
  I wear.

Kimberly Duncan

Why?
Why can't people just love each other?
Why can't they see that the past is over?
Why can't they support each other's needs?
Why can't one be a nurse when the other
  one bleeds?
Why is it always the other one's fault?
Why can't people just sit down and talk?
Why are the answers to problems solemnly
  sought?
What is the problem with people can't they
  see that they need each other?
Don't they know that God put two people
  on earth even in the beginning?
Don't they know there should be a cheer
  when the other is winning?
Why can't the world just love and share?
Why can't people just hug and care?
Everybody needs somebody to pick them
  up when they fall.
But nobody needs anybody that screams
  back when they just call.

Angela Kinard
The Ocean

Like dark rolling mountains
That crumble at His command,
The fury of the waters,
The sinking of the sand;
The danger this encounters
To fishermen in distress,
The swimmer's fear, the children's cheer.
It's beautiful none the less.

It's also very tranquil.
To many a troubled soul,
The refreshing of the cool salt air,
To make the body whole.
The sound of the waves against the shore
Is something to make you rest.
This ocean God created
Is nothing but the best.

Susan Long

I love the sunshine
And I love you
I love the smell of pine.
I love the company of good friends
With laughter, love and wine.

Yesterday I saw a red-tail hawk
While running my daily jog.
I love the feeling that I get
When sunlight mixes with fog.

I don't love sadness
And I don't love pain
But I do love the growth
The experience may for me gain.

Look for love it's all around
Though, the contrary may seem true
And better yet (And we all tend to forget)
Try looking inside of you.

John Pollock

Relationships

Two ties are severed as another is begun - so many loose ends to control
being so careful to pick up and drop
the right ones at the right time
never certain which is correct until
after the transition has been made -
it is usually for the better but it burns deep. In between.

Joy/H
Four Tubes of Paint

Polly Childs
Chapter I - "Memories"

Today is the tenth anniversary of the death of a friend of mine, Douglas. We were really close. Douglas would walk around me whenever I would play in the sand as a youth. Yep, he was my constant companion until that tragic day, September 20, 1972, when I accidentally stepped on his head and mashed him to an agonizing death. Douglas was an ant.

He was no ordinary ant, though. No way. He was highly intellectual and extremely secular--very much so. He would watch a Billy Graham crusade (on TV) with me sometimes--he'd get so mad at some generalizations Billy would make that he turned red in the face, pattered his little feet in rapid succession, and cussed like a sailor. My dad had to put him out of the house because of it--"he's a bad influence." Douglas would apologize to Mom and Dad, usually for many hours over the phone on the day following and Mom would invite him over for a meal on occasion after these conversations.

You see, Douglas' fiery temper came from his Italian ancestry. I personally think he was quite pleasant for an Italian. We shared a lot of secrets and had lots of fun when we talked. Well... I talked--Douglas sort of mumbled, but we could understand him.

Yes, I'll never forget that day--September 20, 1972. It seemed like the end of something special. We almost always had a good relationship. Almost always. I can recall when our association was put to a test--more than once. It was usually his fault, but I always took the blame because I wasn't as egotistical (and sensitive) as Douglas. He had an inferiority complex because he was slightly shorter than the average ant. He also had a terrible case of acne.

Chapter II - "Conflicts"

Besides the obvious conflict between my shoe and Douglas' head and Mother Earth, a few of the more notable conflicts between me and Douglas separated us from time to time. As Douglas had a bad case of acne, he constantly asked me for help. Once I went to the drug store and purchased a small tube of Clearasil and brought it home. "This should help you," I said. Douglas creeped in the tube's opening, saying, "How much should I get?" I couldn't resist shoving him inside and screwing on the cap--it was so funny to see little dents being made on the tube's exterior! Douglas beat and cussed and cussed and beat until I finally let him out. I rolled with laughter!!! He was covered from head to thorax in Clearasil! He left my house with fury, leaving two little bite marks on my arm. I didn't see him again for awhile.

Douglas once called me an ignorant slob for spilling cane syrup on his head and I reacted by cornering him in the basement with a can of Raid. He was so scared, he passed out and we took him to the vet for oxygen deficiency and shock. He was mad, but I took him a present in the hospital--we made up our differences shortly thereafter.

Probably the most upsetting experience I ever gave him (besides cracking his skull with a size eight sneaker) was the time he was sleeping on top of a speaker of an old radio. I couldn't resist. It was so funny to see him shaking across the paper cone and turning flips and bouncing high in the air, always falling on his head! It took him a year and a half to accept my apology. We made up on September 19, 1972. The next day, Douglas was an ex-ant.

Chapter III - "Motivation"

One of Douglas' finer points was his strong sense of motivation. He would never accept "no" for an answer.

When I lifted weights in my back yard, Douglas would dress up in sweat clothes he made from my old t-shirts. A minute whistle would hang from his neck as he pounced upon the bar. "More reps, more reps, more reps," he would say. "More effort, more power, more muscles."
Yep, Douglas was the best coach you could ask for! He would get me out of bed at six in the morning and yell at me until I finally conceded to go jogging with him. He ran pretty fast for an Italian ant, but he kept falling into the sidewalk cracks and injuring himself. I bet he hit every one in the city.

Yessir, he was a tough ant and he strived to accomplish what no other ant could have possibly done: He might have made a great professional wrestler if fate had not predetermined that a rubber sole would make cerebral cortex pancake out of his fragile head on that sad day in September of 1972.

A great wrestler! What a headlock for an ant.

Chapter IV - "Could This Possibly Be The End?"

Well, it sure was for poor Douglas. No ifs, buts, or whys. There wasn't any way I could have prevented the occurrence on September 20th, 1972, and I knew that I had indeed killed Douglas because of the gentle crack of his exoskeleton, I rubbed his head against the ground until it was powder. I jumped up and down on him until he was good an' dead.

I did this not in spite, but because Douglas trained me not to be a quitter, and I knew he would be proud of me.

Chapter V - "Funeral: What If No One Came?"

That was impossible. Douglas had millions of brothers and sisters, and a grandfather with a case of acne which surpassed all of my imagination's capacity. Everyone came!

In lieu of the fact that Douglas' body was unrecognizable to the public, the service was of a closed-casket nature.

Farewell, Douglas, my friend.

Chapter VI - "Guilt"

I was feeling guilty.

You see, I didn't miss him. It's not my fault. I didn't miss him at all and I was glad he was dead because he was Italian and he was short and he was an ant and he was brown and he was ugly and he had a bad case of acne.

But I wasn't really feeling guilty about this. Nor was I feeling guilty about killing him. I had no control over that and I refuse to accept any sort of personal blame from anyone.

I was feeling guilty because I couldn't remember his name during the entire funeral service. "This here ant, he lived a good life." "This here ant, he was devoted to our country." "This here insect was a noble citizen of the community—we'll miss whatchamacallit here."

end.

William N. Harper

First Prize - Short Story
Once in a while
you feel a little down
don't want to smile
your face is nothing but a frown

Everyday problems to the right
Problems to the left
now you're uptight
because the one you longed for left
dark, warm eyes
attracts like a venus-flytrap
Then you begin to see the lies
and finally you feel the slap

Desperate and sad
that you've lost your honey
the only one you had
to a friend that you lent some money
what are friends for?

Sleepless nights, so take a walk
to look and find
Somebody you can talk to
and give you a piece of mind

feeling like a loser
you turn to a boozer
but you don't care
that the people around stare

Sometimes nobody understands
what you're going through
So fight with both your hands
and you'll make it through.

Loneliness tastes bitter
More acrid than the flavor of death.

Kimberly Duncan

Once in a while
as your life seems stuck
and this can really cramp your style
Just live the best you can with your luck
which just ain't worth a damned buck.

And meanwhile you're still looking for affection.
for a long lasting relation
or even a sophisticated conversation
maybe on the side a little stimulation
but you're sure as hell ain't looking for rejection

Fernando Arce
The hot July sun beat down on the busy beach. Today was no different from any other summer day in the Southern tourist town. People from as far north as Canada and as far west as California flock each year to the Sun Fun Capital to enjoy the beaches, the clubs, the sports, and (perhaps most of all) the people.

A bell tinkled as the door of "Edna's Eclectic" opened. A young couple walked in and began to browse. The man looked about twenty-three or twenty-four. He was wearing designer tennis shorts, shirt, and shoes. His hair was dark, as were his skin and eyes. His blonde companion offered a pleasant contrast with her fair complexion. She was dressed exactly as he was.

As the couple shopped, Edna alternated between watching them and finishing up a "HOME SWEET HOME" sampler for her daughter. "Wunder wher ther frum? Bet ther Northerners," she thought. The couple brought their items to the counter. Edna smiled at them as she lay down her needlepoint.

"Hi! How're you folks today?"
"Fine, thanks," the girl answered.

Edna added the amount of the items on her 1964 model cash register.
"Fourteen ninety-three."

The girl handed Edna two ten-dollar bills. Edna gave her the change, and, wishing to break the monotony of tending the small store, tried to make conversation.

"Wher do ya'll come frum? Sumewher up North, I spose."
"Why, yeah," the man smiled. "We're from a small town in Vermont."
"Whew! Did ya drive all the way down here? Long haul, wasn't it?"
"Yes. It took us two days. Well, we stopped in Maryland to stay overnight."
"Are ya honeymooners?"

The couple beamed smiles at Edna. Their looks answered before they spoke.
"Yes. We've only been married five days. We chose a perfect spot for our vacation."
"Oh! So ya like Myrtle Beach?" Edna queried.
"Love it! The atmosphere, the weather, the people---everything is great. Do you know, people here are so friendly!"
"Well, we try to welcome ever body here. That's the way we make a livin'."
"Well, you do a good job," the couple smiled again.
"Thank ye. Are ya'll gonna be stayin' in town long?"
"About seven more days. We're really enjoying the beach."
"Glad ta hear it. You folks have a nice day, an' come back an' see me sometimes."

The bell tinkled again as the Vermont couple left. Edna sat on her stool and took up her needlecraft.

"Strange," she said to herself, "those Yankees act real strange. All their uppity ways. Bet they think ther better'n us. I'd like to send 'em all back to that iceberg they think is better and classier than here. Huh! Darn 'em all!"

When the Vermont couple pulled out of Edna's parking lot in their 1983 TransAm, they began to talk.
"What a stupid old lady!" The girl laughed.
"Yeah, you bet. I think the South is a laugh, don't you?"
"Oh, yeah! Maybe we should come here every year for a joke."
"Great idea!"

*********************************************************

The sun continued to shine on the town. The tourists continued to visit the sandy beaches. The northerners continued to make fun of the inhabitants south of the Mason-Dixon line, and the southerners continued to despise the damn Yankee carpetbaggers.

Jacqueline D. Howard
Highway

My tracks
Leave a crooked path
In the woods, doubled, retraced, ambiguous;
And now as I find myself at a
noisy highway,
My head aches while stagnating
Like a child crouching on a median,
With motors approaching on either side.

Clifford Smith
"Explanation"

When I decided to become a poet
Two or three years ago-
I thought that I should lead a poet's life.
I wanted to come from a broken home,
Have a mental disorder in my family,
Be struck by tragedy every year,
And be miserable most of the time,
But, God-
I was only kidding.

Carla Brown

Lynn Farmer

A Dream of Steel

I had a dream like steel in my soul,
Through toils and strife, I'm reaching my goal.
Sometimes the road seemed narrow and rough,
But I had to keep on, even though it was tough.
I nourished this dream deep down in my heart,
I prayed and I cried for just a li'l start.
I had plenty of hope, anger, and despair,
Why not the white brother! I feel it's unfair.
Oh little children, our heritage not a trace,
It seems like we've been wiped from the human race.
My dreams, my prayers, my hopes, and my cares,
Impel you little ones up the great stairs.
Don't let the white brother stand in your way,
Yesterday was taken, your future starts today.
Strive for a brighter, better tomorrow,
One filled with joy, no pain or sorrow.
Climbing the ladder of success is my goal,
This is my dream, a dream within my soul.

Linda J. Bellamy
Jus' Fishin'

Ebony balances upon the moist clay,
With bamboo staff- the echo of the past.
Line plumbing deep within the vaporous blue,
Quint, black and white, encompassing all.

Ivory shifts the earth with tedium,
Decapod, white and pink, sensing the pureness.
Creel crossed upon its smokey blueness,
Irides illuminated beneath the shadowed countenance.

Lily flashes dart across the ebony surface,
Raising up the gnarled and knotted.
Leaving an epigraph upon the moist ashes,
Yet, rising high above the tangled thorns.

Withered shapes clasping in solid harmony,
Of ebb and flow, deepness with breadth.
Bamboo staff sounds the tribal drums,
Rumpled blueness is etched in silvery hues.

Holding forth the tiffany host,
Encasing the segmented shades of blood.
Writhing forms twice pierced by fiery ore,
Raven and Argentine cast forth from ashen mud.

Sandra K. Jeffcott
The place is Georgia. Somewhere in a desolate farming area in the orange-clad hills of south Georgia we observe an old pack-house, working its way toward total decomposition amid the cool, moist clay earth on a quiet spring night. It is not quite there yet, the pack-house; it's barely half-way invisible, even with the tall grasses which surround the old wooden structure. It is not there yet, but a determined team effort will make that dream a reality in due time. The dream of bretheren bugs refuting the long labors of a now defunct laborer... the man who built it. The man was an old sweet potato farmer who built the structure during the Great Depression. During hard times, it was his house; in more prosperous years following the Depression, the shanty was transformed into a storage-bin for bumper-crops of yellowing sweet potatoes.

The farmer died of an unknown cause in 1948. His home, his land, and the pack-house were left to the farmer's only son, Aubey, who was highly compatible in sight and mind with a stolid bat. Aubey had never seen the pack-house, or even a sweet potato, for that matter.

Back to the quiet spring night. Back to the wood-frame potato-box which encompassed an array of dreamers. There was a Queen termite, and a clan of docile subjects who adored her, and fought among each other to be her playmate. This was a privilege of the highest order.

Among the many who have died in battle was a termite, yet unnamed, having a fervent wish to attend college. He didn't know why he wanted to go to college, or where a college was, or even what a college was. It all appeared to him in a dream one night... just one night. He envisioned a wooden platform with steps; mysteriously, he felt compelled to escape from a hungry group of bretheren on one side, and to journey across the long platform. He walked across the platform. At the end of it, someone shook his hairy hand for a few minutes. He was then handed a scroll, but he could not decide whether to taste it or to give it back with a polite gesture, which was a common thing for termite bretheren to practice at times.

So goeth one termite's dream. Onward through time, fate wrought death for this termite in the rituals of mating. The evening prior to his encounter with seeming eternity, he wished upon a falling star (Aubey did not see this) that he could go to college. He must go to college. A determined termite with a sense of purpose. The Omnipotent was pleased and also benevolent. Great works were brought about the next evening to create this most astonishing situation through embodiment in the "real" world of human society.

**************

A new baby boy was brought into the world via one Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, primarily through Mrs. Pratt. The Pratts were low on the socio-economic scale. Although the target of parental aggression and abuse, our boy, christened Vector Lenwood Pratt, grew up rather normally and was accepted at a nearby college. Vector was all set, and excited beyond reproach—the reproach of his father (drinking as usual) who knew that Vector's part-time job money would take a detour from the cashier at Blech's Red Dot Liquor Outlet. No more drinks for Master Pratt. Vector showed up for the first day of classes with welts and bruises, seemingly complementing the myriad holes in Vector's slacks.

As two years pass, so does Vector. He is now a junior at Interstate Fifty-One Community College.

**************
Vector grew to be quite an interest to a psychology professor, Dr. E. Jules Sigmund. Dr. Sigmund has followed the behavioral tract of Vector Pratt for some time now. Three semesters. Dr. Sigmund is writing a book about him (he's finished three chapters as of this writing). It will be called *A Student Confides In Me His Secrets.*

Vector does not know about this admission. Vector has never been interviewed by Dr. Sigmund. Vector has never been interviewed by anyone besides the admissions counselor at "I-51". Vector is a biology major, with an impressive 3.2 GPR. Dr. Sigmund did not find this out. . . .the school's Computer Room did.

What secret, then, did Dr. Sigmund find out about Vector? He discovered through careful analysis that Vector was an incarnate termite. Dr. Sigmund carefully observed Vector's behavior around the school's parking lot, learning of a strange habit of Vector's: he would walk around campus eating the paper flyers from underneath the windshield-wipers of Toyotas, Camaros, Datsuns, Pintos, etc. This presented the school's Activity Director with many problems concerning the lack of attendance at the dances. No one ever knew about them.

Dr. Sigmund queried the cafeteria personnel. Several employees had recently noticed "bites" taken out of the tables in the dining area. The head of the cafeteria, a Mrs. Clount, was frequent to complain about shortages on toothpicks.

Last semester, Vector innocently signed up for Dr. Sigmund's Psyche 208 course. Dr. Sigmund became increasingly certain of his diagnosis of Vector when test-time would roll around. Vector had always used pens, but Dr. Sigmund's tests required Number Two pencils. Vector developed a nervous habit.

The Omnipotent was proud of our termite and let fate take over for awhile. From deep within the mystical depths of Vector's termite id protruded the Devil of Vector. The Devil reminded Vector of his love of cellulose and pulp. The Omnipotent had prevented this in the earlier stages of Vector's being, but the Devil had his chance and took it.

Vector learned self-hypnosis from Dr. Sigmund's class, and sought to repress his innate desires in this fashion.

Two more years passed, along with Vector. Vector was an honors graduate candidate. He was prepared to march on that magic platform; finally ready after such a long time. This was the big moment. This was it for Vector Lenwood Pratt. He walked across the platform, grasped the rolled parchment, and exuberence flourished in Vector's soul.

The Devil of Vector emerged from the inner depths and quickly stood atop a nearby table where the rest of the diplomas were resting. He snapped his fingers: Snap. Snap. Snap. Vector tasted his prize.

The termite awoke from the nudging of a brother. "Lucky one, wake up. It is your glorious moment of battle. Today, our Queen or eternity is your prize." "Um. . . ," said the dreaming insect.

William N. Harper
Tomorrow I'll Try Mountains

I walked along the narrow road alone and cold and sore afraid, outlasting winter's cruel abode and ignoring the icy pact she made. I'm just moving clouds today tomorrow I'll try mountains, waiting for spring to come and play its symphony of flowers and fountains. The frost will leave the grassy plain and dew will take its place, the gentle sun and loving rain again will wash nature's face. The weathered emotion softly will sing once again the song of spring.

Kevin Ferguson

Time is but a hungry hole Crying for more death and more life. Alpha and Omega merge into one A hopeless unity called Eternity.

Kimberly Duncan
The Lion and the Viper

Upon passing a lake, a most gracious lion saw some forest creatures in council. As he drew nearer, all the creatures turned and scampered from the domineering foe. All except a wise and mysterious viper, who stood his ground as the lion loudly asked him, "What's going on?"

Suddenly the viper hissed the reply. "We are presently in search of a new home. Because the humans have driven us further into the forest and down to the lake, we cannot live here anymore; it is no longer safe. If we do not take action to find a new dwelling, soon we will die." At once the lion boasted with a loud roar, "I am lord of all the forest! I fear nothing, not even the aggression of the humans, so I shall stay.

The viper stood his ground to say, "It is good you have this superiority and strong courage, but the humans are considered our enemy. I only hope that you flee to another dwelling for the sake of your lion's hide." With this, the viper slithered off, leaving the "lordly lion" to himself and his thoughts.

Two days later, the lion walked through the forest towards the lake. No sooner had he begun his journey than he was struck by a hunter's stray bullet which pierced his heart, wounding him mortally. At once the mysterious viper appeared, saying these last reproaching words. "I warned you that time was of an essence and that you were given time to prevent your self-inflicted fate."

Moral: Obviously, procrastination is man's enemy, but pride can be much worse.

Janet Bromell
Female

she was sweating it out,
an angel cowboy
on a stainless steel pony.
he peeked around corners
and smoked cigarettes
he pushed and pulled for her
and would not be denied
his nervousness.
they almost saw her cry
as they laid warm red blood
on her stomach.
he kissed the doctor
and crushed out his cigarette.
she examined the small body
and said, "holy god, I have made
a man."

afterwards, she bore females.
the pregnancies mosquito-bitten,
sweating in the humid summertime.
there was always the relief
but the joy was casual;
he hung out like a home-run king
during a routine practice.
they knew it, those blind little
baby girls,
they felt it and they knew it.

he was athletic puberty,
they menstruated and got pimples.
he hung an eight-by-ten glossy on his arm
and went to the graduation dance.
the old man hit mid-life and death
nested in his testicles.
he subscribed to hustler magazine,
the old lady got fat.
the girls?
nobody noticed them snatched away by homeless
automobile mechanics.

Bill Jackson

Love is a Gamble

Love is a gamble, remember this rule
The joker is not the only fool,
for the hand that love deals ain't always aces
The joker's wild and has many faces.

Fred M. Davis
The Swingin' Forties

The Swingin' Forties were the days of big band sounds and long gold chains.

Glenn Miller got us in the mood, and Frank Sinatra made swoon. The Dorsey Brothers had their sound and Duke Ellington really knew how to get down.

In the movies we had Bogie, Cagney, and Edward G. to make crime pay for movie industry. The ladies also blessed the screen and gave us Davis and Hepburn as movie queens to start the trend of lady leads.

Time has passed and things have changed. Miller is dead and Goodman remains, but swing is not readily found among the youth of today's sound.

As for our movie greats memories stay but the faces change, a new breed is born a most talented brood, they not only act but produce too.

The malt shop days may be gone forever, but the Forties can still be remembered. Whenever Sing, Sing, Sing graces the Broadway stage, and when old movies are again replayed. Play it again Sam, play it again, for the past can sometimes be a wonderful friend.

Cindy Finley

Stories

Stories are always sad
   she said
But mine will make you glad
   he said
And so he told of Midnight blue
   of paradise and creation too
Yet she cried yes she shed a tear
Those were all the things she feared
These all found in some long gone youth
Her eyes had long ago seen the truth
For he with sight in his feelings
Never knew she saw not with her eyes
Stories are never glad
   she said
and mine made you sad
   he said

Cindilou Hockman
Wearing on my Sole

I took a walk today
on a Road known to all those Living
I saw a Rich man With his buckets
full of Gold; but I thought How Poor
is he.
I saw love too, with its arms outstretched
Yearning to Grasp, but I thought surely
that is not it either.
I saw a poor man crouched in pain
begging for food, but I thought
only of his struggles.
I saw beauty Gazing at herself in the mirror,
but I thought how shallow she must be.
I saw power Raising his Mighty Arm,
but I thought how weak is he.
and I? I kept on walking towards the Sun.

Stephen Purcell
Nero's Fire

Nero was told by his parents not to play with fire. Even though he was told not to play with fire. He did not listen and bought matches from the town's crier. When asked if he played with fire he said, "No!" but he was a liar. He liked to give his enemies the hot foot. When his mother found out about this, she really gave him a piece of her boot. His mother told him "You should never do that to people." But Nero turned around and applied some stridex on his pimple. Now Nero did not like to play with little fires. Now Nero played with great big pyres. And that's why the great city of Rome is no more anybody's home. Because Nero to get his kicks burnt it to the ground with a flick of his bic.

Fernando Arce

A Morphine Dream

The beach had become a savage land. My only surviving allies were foot-high Laosians. The terrorists' attack came all at once. Explosive fury from the surfers of the polluted sea of orange juice. Our only chance was to split up and go our separate ways, i.e., to confuse the surfers.

Lisa, the Laosian, and I ran and took refuge in her trailer home. Upon entering, I witnessed the most grotesquely deformed animal/human possible. She lay ripples and twisted in a curled hump on the coach watching "Days of Our Lives." Her body was covered in gray fur, her face ejected razor-sharp bristles, and her eyes were the size of a tea-cup's circumference. She asked us to clean out her bath tub. We did and washed out a load of clothes. Lisa was quite helpful in a short sort of way. The deformed creature dragged herself across the floor and announced she needed to go shopping. We, of course, offered our assistance and she told us she'd be ready in five minutes.

Five minutes had passed and from the bedroom walked Lisa's mother. The once deities had emerged into a beautiful Oriental lady. She'd shaved off her bristles, trimmed her fur and put on a back brace. We exited her trailer and took our places in the Lincoln Towncar. The road was two boards distanced apart to allow the wheels to travel on. The boards gradually separated until the car was no longer above ground but falling into a tunnel of yellows, pinks, and greens...

Wendy Wester
First Prize - Essay
The vultures circle the stage
waiting for the player to forget
his lines.

The stage is aglow with the fury
of the Earth
fiery bright before it burns
itself out.

The player swells in his power,
controlling his audience
through the channels of empathy but

the force is dying, and the player
becomes carrion for the vultures
on the stage. And in the end

The player has forgotten his lines:
the spell is undone
the play is unmade

and the audience leaves while the
vultures dive and the smell of
decay is destroying the stage.

Kevin Ferguson

Look at him! Blond-soft hair
Ending in a matador queue
He never killed the bull
Just nature growing first
From the understanding
Within the usual oversized
Crane balancing, teetering
Swiveling upon a junction
Set revolving by passing
Birds, falling leaves, a
Jump-start Corvette
He points to the red-yellow-
Green world wide-eyed with
Wonder declaiming in a tongue
Pure as Platonic ratios
All he creates heaving
His cage, filling up more
Life with unconscious breaths
He swings an arm mindless of
Its meagre power defting
The dark in the night
He clocks by the belly
And contours his legs
Towards a bowl of soup.

Prof. Gerald Groves
On The House

Charlie Shackleton
labor day

upon the windswept asphalt
summer dreams now with heavy eyelids
yawning, tired of chrome romance
and the solid sunday turnover
it all says sleep
deep and dreamless
before the weekend.

shade trees lean over
like night club awnings
coconut and pineapple ice around
in fragile glasses
that sweat like gentle love.
the weekend laughs
like a gang of bandits
who dare a look back
dusty and sweating
with a three day beard
to find their pursurers expired.

tired eyed grocery clerks
weary waitresses
collapsed seafood cooks
and agitated real estate sales men
prepare for a silent hurricane
and board their windows to a vacuum
of rain that will sweep emptiness
between the tight alleyways
of the motels and condominiums

the hoarse voice of summer
roars and tires to find a little action
while the sap recedes
slowing and thickening
into the deep dark roots
of the still warm earth.

Bill Jackson

Photograph by Karyl Brown
Is This The Future?

Cigarettes on the table
Matches on the floor
No sound except "lectric motor roar
A couple that loved embraced
Atomic cloud
End of the human race
Stark, Dark Reality
But they still play the game
Is this the future?
Will life be the same?

Ron Henderson

I walk the beach at dusk and dawn.
I hear the gulls sing on.
Their cry is music to my heart,
They comfort me.
The sand beneath my feet
So cold
I write your name.
It's washed away.
I stand—I look—you're gone.

The waves— they calm me, make me warm—for I know
They shall always come ashore, won't drift away
Like wood— or float to another's beach.

My heart it pounds like breakers on the shore
Yet I'm the wand
So helpless from the vibrance of the wave of your soul.
I write your name.
It's washed away, a cloud of blue and green.

I wish for once the waves would dwindle down.
Stop beating my heart.
I'm lost.
afraid I face the sea.
It's soul beckons me to write.
I'm lonely now.
I write your name.
It's washed away.

Carla Brown
"Who comes knocking at my door? Is it you again oh Dark horseman?"
"Yes it is," Quoth he, "and I ask you are you ready for me yet?"
"No!" Said I, "I've too much to do today. Come back when I'm not so busy."

Stephen Purcell

Sunday Morning

The noise was all around me,
I found it hard to meditate.
The talk and bustle confused me,
I had surely come in too late.

I will sit down by the ocean
And try to sort out my life.
Dispel idle thoughts and my worries
And let others attend the strife.

The shore was very peaceful,
The water and sky were limpid blue.
I had let God come and find me,
To myself I had been true.

Helen L. Anderson
Rexall Drugs has on display
Gifts for priests on Father's Day

Holy cards—not the Hallmark trash—
Inscribed with verses by Ogden Nash.

Make Holy Innocents' day a real sensation
with recordings of an infant's ululation,

Statues of martyrs, in violet or red,
And one of St. Denis, decapitated.

Guitars and drums for the hippy mass,
And a beaded vestment that's a gas.

A marble altar, at cost price
Absolutely a sacrifice!

Holy breads for little shavers,
In Jello's six delicious flavors.

A confessional box, a sure corrector,
With optional fool-proof lie detector.

Baptismal fonts, deep submergers,
Equipped with Coast Guard life preservers.

For prayer, our missals are apropos:
"Thoughts without words never to heaven go."

With each chalice of unique design,
A free case of Manischewitz wine.

Portraits of Christ whose look of doom
Follows you around the room.

A priest needs something he can squeeze,
Give him one of our rosaries.

Poems are favored by ecclesiastics
He'll love G. Graves's Hudibrastics.

Girls. Know a handsome cleric? Here's your chance:
Send him two tickets to St. Vitus' Dance.

We have chaplets, relics, medals, and plaques
Crosses, pendants, and other knickknacks
There's a ticket for you to the Pearly Gate
At Rexall Drugs, and we sell cut rate.

Prof. Gerald Groves
Sad and Lonely

Sad and lonely woman,
Watch the moon go by,
Thinks life's like a flower,
Buds, bloom then die.

Ol' age came a'creeping,
A' knocking at her door,
Sad and lonely woman
Won't sing of love no more.

Sad and lonely woman,
Use to stay out late
Dance with tall dark lovers,
And take her whiskey straight.

Yes Ol' age came a'creeping,
A' knocking at her door.
Sad and lonely woman,
Won't sing of love no more.

Janet M. Barwick

Oh, somewhere in the mighty sky
There is a far off place
Where there lives a lonely man
Whose tears bathe his face

He cries for in his solitude
He has no love to grasp
The meaning makes him cry once more
Each breath a choke, a gasp

He looks into the mighty sky
And to a far off place
Where there lives a lonely man
Whose tears run down his face

He dreams of me, as I of him
At once our souls unite
Two young men struggling to love
Convinced that it is right

Jack Murphy
In Memoriam
Prof. Reinhold Engelmayer

Reinhold had an Old World strut
Erect, a trifle haughty;
Yet could those lenses, accent-thick,
Conceal a boy so naughty?

Let others praise his digging skills
Let me preserve each tale
Of this enfant terrible who helped
Keep life from getting stale.

Though who can tell which story's true
Or stretched or merely rumor,
For us, the marveling well-behaved,
Legend increased humor.

From Alaska he returned,
His arm plunged in a cast.
"What happened?" "Charging moose."
I dared not laugh, and passed.

We all turned in our grades before
The dreaded deadline fell;
But where are Reinhold's--where is he?
Somewhere 'tween heaven and hell.

Administrators shook the switch
He thought they acted mean.
His Doberman (or Shepherd)
Was trained to kill on "Dean!"

Once he drank in more than truth:
It simply wasn't their way.
They tried to corner him but he
Ran down the other stairway.

The Union barred him and his bottle,
Rules weren't made to flout.
He started his own private club,
The members kicked him out.

En route to China, no time passed
Before he phoned to gripe:
"Damn these airplanes, they refuse
To let me smoke my pipe!"

The final story, colorless,
Made some among us weep
And some feel unconsolated by how:
On board a train, asleep.

Prof. Randall A. Wells
It began so blind yet full of light,  
As seedlings pushing through the warmed earth.  
Each daffodil bowed its yellow crown,  
Feeling the summer winds rush too fast.

Sounds that distorted the touching sun,  
And pushed the joy into carefully tied packages.  
Candles and rainbows held forth as promise,  
Touching the earth shrouded by clouds.

Whirring wings long since silenced,  
By the snares of oral bait.  
Thorns and bleeding hearts bend forth,  
In the empty field that fills the room.

Winter now abides with its ice,  
Lifeless forms adorn the castle walls.  
Empty branches scratch the lightless window,  
As the faint sounds of mourning are heard.

Sandra K. Jeffcott
I am Dying

I am dying
My body is an empty shell
There is no tomorrow
For it never comes
All is darkness
But there is a light that shines
A freedom near
From restraints long carried
A tired mind
Still I grieve for those behind
Yet I don't
For they will follow me
A journey long
Waited for by all on earth
And it's faced
Even in travels to the universe
I am dying
Just a bit at a time

Cindilou Hockman

Note Left Behind
You've gotten into a nasty habit lately
Of waking up on a black onyx plain.
When you're off like that I'm so frustrated
Trying to keep your house plants alive,
'Cause when you come back
there's less of your soul
for me to corrupt.
And you stare
at a vacant wall
Like it's a mirror or a map.
Staring, no more conversation
We're not much good at that anymore
Laughter and noise are easier,
Less awkward than something with meaning;
More comfortable than profundity.
Sappy and sleepy like a spring Sunday morning--
And just as nice:
That's what we've become.
Anytime at all
that you're away
but you feel alone
And you don't feel
yourself with it all
Just look back to the memories
you left back home.
Just memories that make you feel glad
or sometimes that make you feel sad.
Memories that make you wanna go
back to your home, that home that
is so dear in your heart.
These are moments in your life that
no one can take apart.
There are people you will always remember
like those who helped you from
falling in the hole.
The clear romantic evenings
that you shared with your loved one
and you felt warm and secure
sharing each other's feelings.
The laughs, the tears, the secrets, the romances,
the emotions, the parties, the music, the arguments,
the trip, the places, and the people that
remain, or are gone, or that you like and hate.
All play an important role
in your beloved memories.
So please remember that
there is a place in your mind
that you can go and forget
about your worldly problems.
Just relax and relate to your memories
these are moments in your life
that no one can take apart.
So please hold on to your memories.

Fernando Arce

Death
A point in time
where all you are
and ever will be
converge

Charles Price

Discovery
Let only the unafraid enter
and there shall be no one
Let only the unafraid do
there will be nothing
All that is to be done
must be done by frightened people
Even the bravest discoverer
is afraid of what he will find
Yet fear of the unknown
keeps us finding out
And fear of a final war
finds new ways to kill

CAH
Look Around You

Look around you as you hear the birds sing,
And thank God for the precious little things.
Listen as you hear the ocean speak,
For it has many wonderful things to teach.
Stop and watch the water trickle down the stream,
So carefree in the sunlight's gleam.
Be thankful for the sunrise that greets you everyday,
And then for the beautiful sunset
Before you kneel to pray.
The ocean, the stream, the sunrise and sunset,
These things of nature I shall never forget.
But the look of wonder on a little child's face,
Says, surely oh surely God made this place.
Thank you God for making man,
And making us part of your wonderful plan.
For guidance and love that we can share
With any people anywhere

Susan Long
Rabbit Dreams

Cold
Wet rabbit
Shivers and shakes
Death is punishment
For its mistake

Meals for the menace
Opened sheath
Red
Wet fur
Reveals the teeth

Blood
Red snow
Frozen eyes
Stiff stretched muscle
The predator cries

Tunnel vision
Icy walls
Dancing shadows
Darkness falls

Burt Brown
Struggle

Savage dark hard waves
relentlessly beat against the hull.
Now heaving, lifting, slapping,
Then cradling, holding, caressing.

From the crows-nest a cry is heard,
The desired land is sighted.
Once again their feet touch earth;
The immigrants will now Rest.

CSJ
A black hull smoking
Burnt and battered
The stench
of burnt flesh
The grotesque figure
Twisted and mangled
Touched by Death
Sent by Man
Man and Death
One entity

Charles Price
I know what you mean about going home, Joan; it is not always pleasant.  
My last visit to the prairie, "the heartland of the nation," as Charles Kuralt so patriotically puts it, was not.  The flatland of Kansas has been, traditionally, the threshing floor of pioneer spirit.  The survival instinct is especially strong out here.  
My father is of good, solid stock.  He has worked hard to get where he is, "the top of the hill," and I mean that quite literally.

When I was little, he would take me for a ride on hot, Sunday, Kansas afternoons - up from a rather nice neighborhood, to the summit of the hill.  "We're going to live here someday," he'd say and I would nod solemnly that it was true.  I was so entranced by that hill and the surrounding countryside and especially by the presence of a silver grain silo, shimmering in the distant furnace of an August day.  I firmly believed that when you died aarl went to heaven, you went inside its silver splendor, forever.  Don't ask me how I knew, I just knew.  Of course, my perception of this celestial silo was probably heightened by the fact that it overlooked the cemetery.

Hills have always been a part of my father's life.  He rode out of the Arkansas hills on an old army mule, right after World War I, to seek his fortune in the big city.  He made it up and down all the hills and valleys of a lifetime, weighed down by a third grade education and an order book from Armour and Company.  He would stubbornly reject any and all promotions because he never wanted to lose sight of that hill.  My mother and I never forgave him for depriving us of the joys of Country-Club living and Chicago - but, none of that is important now, for my father is dying.

We have to take him out of this beautiful white house that overlooks the city to the hospital.  It is so difficult, because his only wish was to die at home on his hill.  He had a natural hatred of hospitals, and he always said, "Hospitals are places where you go to die."  It appears he was right.

Lest you think him a little strange, I must tell you that Dad is an old Indian.  His mother was a tiny, saintly, squaw who could pull a plow, plant seed in fallow ground, and propel reluctant boys to tent meetings on Saturday nights.  Once there, fire and brimstone preachers put the fear of God in barefoot mountaineer boys whose toes were crammed into store-bought shoes for the first time since the weather turned cold.

Dad's grandmother, a survivor of the "Trail of Tears," visited them occasionally.  She taught them tribal language and signs as she sat by the fire, puffing on her little clay pipe.  His grandfather was a legend within the family.  He rode to town one day, on his great white horse and was never seen again.  Dad's great-grandfather, when he knew he was dying, bid everyone "farewell," and with a great deal of dignity, removed himself from their sight.  He went into the forest, prepared a litter for himself, and placed it high in a tree overlooking the valley, away from scavenging animals.  There, cradled in the arms of that tree, he gave up his spirit to his ancestors.

I am sitting in Dad's room and it is very late.  His mind has been wandering up and down old highway 40 and all the roads that are its concrete tributaries.  He is in Abilene now, and that worries me.  I didn't worry when he was in Tescott, or Wichita, or up the Lincoln Branch, but Abilene is just a little way from here and I'm frightened.  He always wanted to die at home.

Another shift of nurses arrives to check his vital signs and to monitor the machines which sustain the thread of life.  They're leaving now, and in the sickly glare of the bathroom light, I examine his profile, perhaps for the first time—and I notice he is strangely out of place here.

He lies in a metal monster of a bed that will go up or down at the touch of a finger.  On it rests an air mattress that makes a rhythmic hissing sound—a sort of bellows effect, as its synthetic system reacts to stimulation from a little metal box near the bed.  The oxygen is being pumped into his reluctant lungs at a prodigious rate.  Plastic tubes, extending from another machine, relieve his bladder of its burden.  Dad has been fighting all the mechanical efforts to save him, but he continues to fight on within himself.

I can hear him say from the top of the hill, "Honey, I've come a long way from a little cabin in the hills"—and I answer, "Yes, Dad, you certainly have."  The air mattress wheezes one more time and so does my Dad.

In the Ozarks, far away, a child's cradle swings from the limb of a stout, old tree.

Donna O'Brian
Sleep

Daylife has expelled me
and has caused my mind to drift,
on a one way ticket to slumberland,
on currents that never shift.
muscles ache, feet hurt, Mr. Sandman's filled my eyes,
stretching, yawning, rubbing eyes, in bed-time exercise.

At times I try to fight it,
but never do I win.
The constitutional right to remain asleep
I support and I defend,
floating, drifting, endlessly
like a bird in a summer's breeze,
on waves of rest,
riding every crest,
catching forty winks and Z's.

My means of escape from a troubled world
I wish would never cease.
When I can close my eyes,
dream my dreams,
asleep in heavenly peace.

Afterthoughts

I. The bugler bugled
    the gunners gunned
    the preacher preached
    the singers sung
    the comers came
    the sayers said
    and all's the same
    he's really dead

Fred Davis

II. The memories are the ones that still remain
    the feelings are the only ones still giving
    I boarded my brother's funeral train
    he's still dead and I'm still living

Jack Murphy

Madness is only a step away,
    one step.
Depression sets in
looking at naked walls
with no way out
but a locked door
and barred windows
Someone listen:
This is no way to be treated
Set me free, oh, life
    set me free.
Fate has executed
its ultimate scheme

Our love has ended
like a pendulum
you slipped in

Only allowing Time
to swing you away

Again

Kimberly Duncan
Cycle

Life ends, it begins
a cycle never ending
but oh the beauty
between the two
The promise of the
beauty after.

CAH

Sonya Laurimore