

4-1-1987

Archarios, 1987 Spring

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Archarios 1987

\$5.00

The Literary Magazine of the Coastal Carolina College Community



**Bull Island: South
Carolina's Modern
Day Treasure
Chest** page 24

**Journey into the
depths of Phillip
Eby** page 6

**Introducing:
Aspiring Novelists**

**Robert Sullivan
and
Ron Jones**

**Featuring the
Artistic Talents of**

**Shawn Watts
and
Marie Nichols**

**And Much, Much
More!!!**



Archarios 1987

\$5.00

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Barry Owens

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Andre DeCosta

Official Mascot

Joe Dog

This edition of the Archarios is dedicated to the memory of CMSGT Samuel F. Moore (1931-1985), USAF (Retired), who helped build my self-confidence when I needed it most. Rest easy Sammy.

Paul B. Orr

ARCHARIOS VOL. XV SPRING 1987

THE ARCHARIOS IS PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENT MEDIA BOARD OF COASTAL CAROLINA COLLEGE, CONWAY, S.C. THIS EDITION WAS PRINTED BY HIMMELSBACH COMMUNICATIONS, INC., NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. COPYRIGHT 1987 BY COASTAL CAROLINA COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA. MATERIALS HEREIN MAY NOT BE REPRODUCED IN ANY FORM WHATSOEVER WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE AUTHORS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED BY THE AUTHORS.

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Letter From The Editor

I have really enjoyed the experience of being Editor of this year's *Archarios*. I started this year out with the intention of producing a literary magazine that our college would be proud of. The end result is before your very eyes.

I cannot take all the credit for this fine publication, however. There are several people who have helped me behind the scenes in the many different phases of bringing this year's edition off the drawing board and into reality. I would like to take this opportunity to thank them:

the Media Committee, for having faith in me;
James Polly, for without his expert advice in layout and design I would still be staring at blank paper;
Ethel Polly, for contributing her talents as an artist, yet most of all, for allowing me to kidnap her husband for two solid weeks;
Lisa Graham, for being so understanding in dropping her other photo work to do work for me at very short notice;
Bill Edmonds, for letting her;
The Stone-Skippers, who provided many of the abstract ideas;
Dick Gibson, whose professionalism helped mold this issue; and
my wife, who has put up with me and my sometimes cranky perfectionism.
But most of all, my younger brother, Matt, who unknowingly motivated this "old man" to further his education before he rotted away in a Pennsylvania factory a wasted, sightless soul.

Paul B. Orr

CATEGORIES AND AWARD WINNERS

Essay:	1st Place	"Owed To A Semicolon"	Harry J. Elder, III	page 4
	Hon. Mention	"Garden-Grown Wishes"	Ron Jones	page 8
	Hon. Mention	"Beerboozlement"	James E. Polly, Jr.	page 10
Poetry:	1st Place	Untitled	Krystal Overstreet	page 5
	Hon. Mention	"The Consequence of Youth and Immortality"	Robert B. Sullivan	page 37
Artwork:	1st Place	"Stilt Sandpiper"	Marie A. Nichols	page 17
	Hon. Mention	"Salt Marsh"	Connie King	page 18
	Hon. Mention	"Saturn"	Shawn Watts	back inside
Photography:	1st Place	"Tidal Pool"	Margi Austin	page 18
	Hon. Mention	"Sunrise"	Tom Weimken	front inside

"Owed To A Semicolon"

by Harry J. Elder, III

Many a good night's sleep's been stolen
By nightmares of the semicolon
If I should use it, with some flaw
I will be in violation of Millus's law
My heart for eternity shall have to burn
Or else some prose I'll have to learn
I think I'd rather hang heavy, yet free
From something as lovely as a tree!

This is no time to rejoice. The scourge of the semicolon is upon me. Could I have used it then, or am I now gun-shy, unable to muster the courage to try? Rhetorical questions, who needs them? It seems that I am now doomed to foresake the semi-colon, destined to become mired forever in a sea of familiar punctuation. I will be commatose, afraid that next period I'll receive a questionable mark. And what if I have to learn some poem to recite, will it be of my choosing, or my learned professor's? (Apostrophes are so like women, possessive and all that). Perhaps I shall choose a favorite composition, written by Muhammad Ali (nee Casius Clay) who so beautifully uttered upon defeating Sonny Liston (who kneed Lloyd Patterson), "Me, whee!" But what does "semi-colon" really mean? "Semi," could be an acceptable substitute for "half," and "colon," if we've studied our Reagan-atomomics, is actually the lower part of the bowel. "Half-assed," that's it! No wonder I resent its intrusion into the English language. My God, next I'll be engaging in some stream of consciousness writing and I'll know that I've lost it. Did you ever notice Andy Rooney? I know I have.

102 Quiz for the day

Does Mikhail Gorbachev cut his own hair, or does he go, instead, to a Red Barber?

102 "Little known quote"

It was the great Mormon stand up comic, Brigham Youngman, who first quipped, "Take my wives, please!"

102 Definition of the day

Subordinate Claus - an elf that works at the North Pole.

Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that reading this paper in your den at home could be hazardous to your health. Maybe you should throw it in the can, sir.

Light but Short

Mother is crying
When she finds I am dead.
Sister is sighing
As Dad bows his head.

The war is over,
And the fighting is done.
Generals now sober
Playing RISK just for fun.

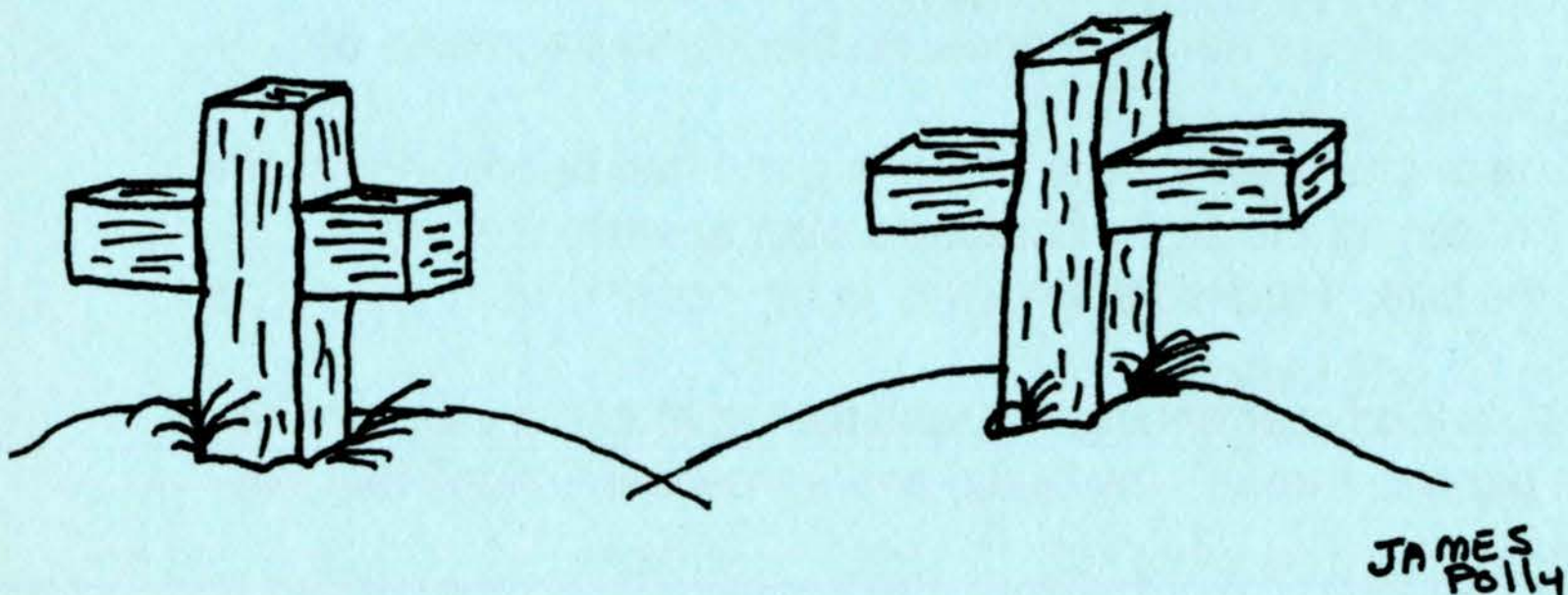
No more weapons are real,
Just toy cannons and bombs.
Nobody's dying;
Still crying's my mom.

Sense now found,
Not there at the start
I'm lying in the ground
With my purple heart.

From above I see
All the lonely crowds
So happy to be
Up among the clouds.

My light but short,
My happiness few.
Family, what love I had
Was always for you.

Mick Coleman



I go to college
To get an education
I take advice
To learn dedication
I hold a job
To earn a vocation
I think about life
It's called meditation
If I need help
I get rehabilitation
When I get mad
It's called frustration
When my face turns red
It's humiliation
Sometimes things are bad
It's not a good situation
People like to talk
In simple conversation
I live my life
In mental complication
Life is hard to breathe
It's called suffocation
Machines make it worse -
Simple modification
Alcohol is a drug
It causes intoxication
Sinners go to Hell
To a place called Damnation
Some go to church
To try and gain salvation
Some just ignore it
In cold alienation,
While the prejudiced resent
Religious toleration.
People get confused
Between love and infatuation
No one really practices
Moral limitations
Whores in the street
It's called solicitation
Countries clash in anger
In deadly confrontation
I just sit and think
Feeling degradation
And don't subject myself
To personal interrogation
So you can pretend to ignore
My moral interpretation
Really its nothing more
Than a wild imagination

Krystal Overstreet

Picking Up The Pieces

by Phillip J. Eby

It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon, at least as far as the weather was concerned. I was riding my bike on 3rd Avenue North, heading toward Ocean Boulevard. On the left side of the road, a girl was chasing a black-and-white cat across the front porch of a small, quaint, white house. I speculated idly on what life might be like in a house like that, then turned my attention to the road ahead. It was then that I noticed -- too late -- the STOP sign at the corner that I was already passing, and the car coming up fast on the left.

She **must** see me, I thought, hoping against hope. But the car was not stopping, and I was moving into its path. Less than three feet away, it seemed to halt abruptly as time became one endless instant. I saw, flashing before my eyes, not my past life, but my slim chances of continuing in that life.

A voice that was my own screamed inside my head. Turn turn turn we're going to be hit this is real! got to get on the hood Roger said if you get hit to jump on the hood or you'll be crushed under the wheels through the frame of the bike like mashed potatoes through a sieve got to get on the hood not enough time to jump we'll never make it car coming closer now jump dammit **i can't do it** we're going to die! -- wham--

Pain called me back to consciousness. I was lying face down on the road, nose to the asphalt. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone bending over me. She said, "Are you okay?" This struck me as an absolutely hilarious thing to say under the circumstances and I began laughing weakly. "No," I replied, still laughing.

My arms and legs were in pain, and I wondered if they were broken. They must have been, I thought, because there was no way I could have gotten up on the car; the last thing I remembered was impact. I wiggled my arms and legs slowly, and to my great surprise, they worked. My torso felt okay, didn't seem to be any internal damage. I had one hell of a headache, though.

People kept interrupting my attempts at diagnosis by asking silly questions like "Are you okay?" and saying "Don't try to move." After being knocked flat by 2000 pounds of steel and glass travelling at 25 miles an hour I was definitely not okay and had no intention of moving. Every time they said something silly like that, I began giggling again, which only made my head hurt worse.

The ambulance came rather quickly, I thought. Perhaps I was out longer than I'd thought. After a couple of quick tests, they turned me on my back and loaded me up to take me to the hospital. I felt strong; I felt that if I could only stop shivering and stand up I could flip the ambulance over with my bare hands. Every so often along the way to the hospital, I began laughing again, though I wasn't sure why.

At the hospital they stitched up the "contusion" in the back of my head, took some exceedingly uncomfortable x-rays, and to my great surprise, sent me home. A policeman dropped in to tell me that I would probably have to pay for the woman's windshield, as the accident had been my fault.

"Windshield?" My head reeled. "Yes," he said. "Windshield."

Those few moments between impact and return to consciousness are still a mystery to me. I spoke to the driver of the car and she said she didn't know what happened; she did not see me, she claims, until she got out of the car and saw me lying on the road. I don't know how I hit the windshield, but I guess I jumped off the bike at the very last instant.

Since then, I have picked up my bike from the police station. The front wheel and tire are undamaged, except that the front fork and fender have been bent and torn as if they were cardboard. The left pedal, where I had first felt the impact, is crushed flat. No doubt my left foot would have been crushed flat too, had I been on the bike.

I am writing this in a motel room less than two blocks from the scene of the accident. It is Tuesday afternoon during spring break, and the crash that took place only two days ago seems like something from a bad dream, except that I still feel the pain. A couple of hours ago, I walked down to 3rd and Chester to see the crash site one more time. I saw there no chalk lines, no blood, no fragments of glass, or metal, or plastic. There was nothing at all.

By the side of the road I found a little piece of blue plastic: the cap of a pen I had been trying to find since Sunday. The top inch of the pen was broken off inside it. Scattered over several feet were ink-covered shards of plastic from the rest of the pen. I tucked them away in my pocket, waiting for a car to go by before stepping out into the street.

Halfway to the other side, I was startled by a loud roar behind me, and turned to see a van coming up fast. I shivered from the sudden chill that passed through my body, and somehow, I didn't feel like laughing just then.

Written In Sand

Down on the starlit beach
Saw writing in the sand
Lines from a final speech
Scratched by a dying hand

"Now the time has come," it said,
"for time to pass away."
It seems I am already dead
though in truth I cannot say.

"Who am I?" I'd ask,
when silence ruled the night.
And when I looked behind my mask
I'd know this answer's right:

"From Nothing did I come,
And to Nothing will I go.
Thoughts grow dim and feelings numb;
Even Nothing will soon go.

"I never lived, nor ever died,
Nor ever was at all.
When I said, 'I am,' I lied,
for nothing is this small."

Glance up from the verse
Looked out at the sea
Spat a silent curse
Deep inside of me

Don't ask me why I write
Though I think I understand
I ask myself that, late at night
For I know I write in the sand.

The Storm

Storm clouds gather quickly, oh I need a place to land...
I'd be back home by now but you won't let me hold your hand
And you slip right through my fingers like a million grains
of sand.
And you slip right through my fingers like a million grains
of sand.

Thunder rumbles distant, oh I need a place to hide...
I knew I'd find your doors but you had locked them from inside
And I'm sinking like a pebble in the rising evening tide.
And I'm sinking like a pebble in the rising evening tide.

Lightning striking nearer, oh I need to just let go...
I'd talk with you forever but the storm's about to blow
And I try to call, "I love you," through the thunder's afterglow
And I wonder if you heard me, and I guess I'll never know.

Nightmare Express

(written on a bus at 3:18 a.m.)

nightmarish bus, midnight express: forever moving
rolling, shaking; darkness, quaking;
lightning flashing thunder passing,
rumbling shivering tumbling quivering
sleeping waking body aching driver braking
endless rocking madmen talking shadows walking demons stalking
night is dying; day is dawning:
night is crying
sunrise yawning.

Missed It By A Second

13 minutes to midnight, looking around, nothing to do.
4 minutes to midnight, thinking "let's watch the new day roll in"
forgot about it awhile

a sudden reverberation of thought...
looked at my watch just in time to see it go from 12:00:00 to
12:00:01
only missed it by a second.

Philip J. Eby

self-quoted as: "...part-time student, full-time genius..."

Garden-Grown Wishes

by Ron Jones

Hal knew he was neglecting his job, but what harm would it do? It was an unusually slow day in the supermarket; especially in Hal's Home-Grown Produce department. So when the strange little man had wandered into Hal's department and, with no provocation whatsoever, began spouting tales about his many adventures with Aladdin, Hal decided to humor the little tramp for a while and at least pay attention.

"I'm a genie," the little man said. He wrinkled his forehead as if thinking, "Your birthday is February the...third, right?"

"Wrong," Hal laughed, "That's January the third. Whoever told you undoubtedly got the months mixed up."

"Well," the little tramp said with a sigh, "I am getting a little on in years. Once in a while, I may make a teeny tiny mistake, but not too often. I'll show you...go on...make a wish...I'm better at wishes than I am at birthdays!"

"I'll bet," smiled Hal. He took two red apples from a mirrored produce display bin, shined them with his apron, and handed one to the little tramp.

"But you see, I really don't need anything," Hal continued.

"Well," sighed the little man, "wish for something nice for your wife and kids."

"I'm not married and..."

"Aha!" barked the tramp, "there you have it! Wish for a wife!!"

"You're drunk!" Hal said, moving over to the green beans.

The little tramp followed..."Go on," he goaded, "give me a description of your perfect mate. What have you got to lose?...Besides, I need to stay in practice...you saw what happened with the birthday guess didn't you?"

Hal looked over the pile of lettuce heads toward the front of the supermarket to make sure the manager wasn't watching. There was no sign of him.

"Go on...your perfect mate," the little man said once more.

"OK..OK.." Hal started. He decided to make it as quick as possible in case the manager happened to show up unexpectedly, which he usually did.

"Hmmm...," a picture had already formed in Hal's mind--a tanned beach goddess lying on her beach towel, and as Hal watched she raised her head and bathed him with her sultry...

"Eyes....," Hal continued, still somewhat caught up in his fantasy, "...yes...she must have the most beautiful eyes...brown eyes I think...yes, definitely brown eyes..."

Hal peeked toward the store front. Still no manager.

"...and...and her skin...it must be smooth...and fine...and tan...it must be tanned a rich deep brown..." Hal looked up just in time to see the manager walking from the frozen foods to the breads and cereals aisle.

"...Uh...Oh!...and we'll live happily together in our Garden of Eden without a care in the world. That's my perfect mate. Now, PLEASE LEAVE!?"

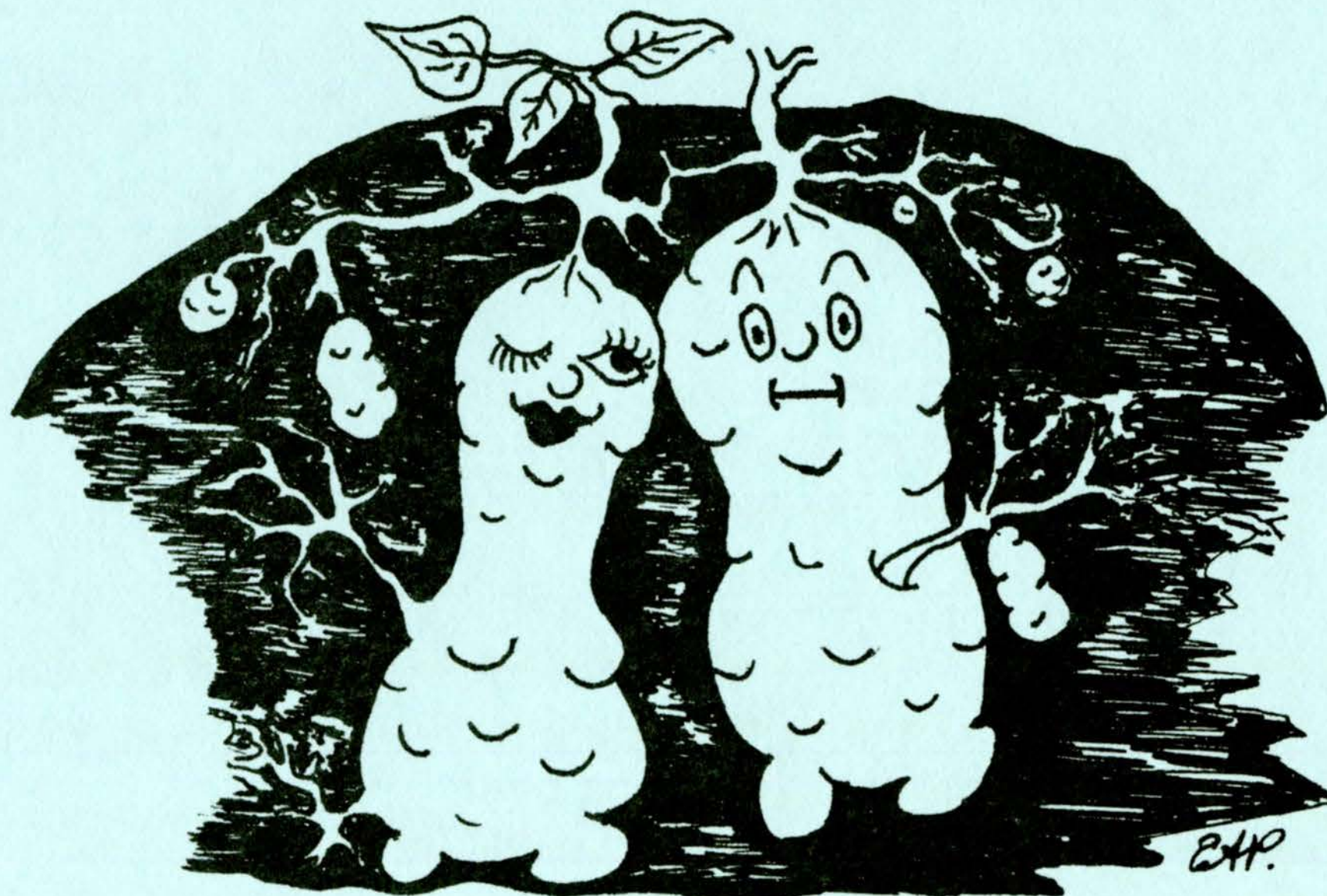
"That sounds easy enough. I'll get this right for sure!" said the little tramp. He immediately turned into a little cloud of smoke. Hal watched, open-mouthed, as it drifted down the aisle and disappeared into a salad bowl near the rear of the produce department. It was the last thing that Hal saw before he blacked out.

Hal awoke surrounded by darkness. A thick, moist, grainy darkness that felt warm against his skin. Then he noticed an umbilical-like projection from his body. It twisted its way upward and disappeared into the darkness overhead.

"Oh No!" Hal thought, "he really was a genie! Is this part of my wish? Do I have to begin my life over in the womb in order to meet my perfect mate? I always thought it was 'POOF' and you're magically transported to her!"

When Hal's eyes had adjusted to the darkness, he found that he had indeed been transported...and TRANSFORMED!! SHE was there with him...just as he had described her.

Eyes,...yes she had the most beautiful brown eyes...just like his...and her skin was a rich brown...as was his...he knew that they would live happily without a care in the world in their Garden of Eden. Yes, she now was his perfect mate...she was the most beautiful potato he had ever seen.



BEERBOOZLEMENT

by James Polly

I am an American consumer and past the minimum drinking age--many years hence. Since I have met the minimum requirements, as stated, I feel I am quite qualified to adjudge (a word I knew I would find a place to use someday) beer commercials and their effects on the American consumer. Consequently, since this article will be about beer and there seems to be much bamboozlement involved in advertising this product, I shall henceforth refer to this as beerboozlement.

Here is an example of beerboozlement: The camera zooms in on the famous night club, the Silver Bullet, and as I get a peek inside at the great party going on, I am beerboozled at once. Here is Little Red Ridinghood, the Three Little Pigs, the Big Bad Wolf and many more famous story book characters in a bar ordering Coors and Coors Light beer. Wow! This really flips me because, after all these years, I never knew these guys even drank beer.

"Head to the mountains, head to Busch beer," the voice blurts out with much authority as the camera zeroes in on a wild stallion. Total confusion has set in at this point because I don't know whether I am supposed to ride this horse to the mountains or not. Besides, why would I want to go there to drink beer?

This brings me to the point about beer advertisement that has puzzled me for several years. How can a Lite beer from Miller be less filling than a regular beer from Budweiser? Does Miller pump their Lite beer full of helium? I have always thought that twelve ounces of one liquid is as filling as twelve ounces of another. Will Miller always keep their secret of how they do it?

If this isn't enough beerboozlement, try this on for size. The camera zooms in on a bunch of young people drinking and having a good time. This continues as they get into a car and comes to a shocking end when the driver turns the ignition on. There is a sudden explosion and as the smoke clears, revealing four skeletons sitting in the car, a voice says, "Drinking and driving can kill a friendship." Since I cannot afford to hire a taxi to take me all around town hunting the Silver Bullet or some of the other great bars where my favorite sports and other heroes are having a great time, how am I supposed to get there? Maybe the question is not how I am going to get there, but how am I going to get back home? I sure don't want to ride with someone who has one of those exploding cars.

Last, but not least, I have to say a few words about my favorite sportsmen who have just caught a nice mess of fish and after slowly cooking them, have just settled back to enjoy the fish and an Old Milwaukee beer. "You know, guys," one of them says, "it doesn't get any better than this." This is the one that brings me to the point of total beerboozlement because I heard my pastor say, "You know guys, it doesn't get any better than this," at a recent fish fry we had at church, but he was drinking tea.

Being of a special breed known as an American consumer makes me feel good and being the first American to use the word beerboozlement somehow makes me feel extra special. Perhaps I am now as smart as the Miller beer scientist who invented less filling beer.



Pencil drawing by Frederick P. Spillman, II

At the Beach...Again

Wave by Wave
 across the human body they hit
My Beach memories...

As the water rolls down my blushing
 cheeks
and still they rise
smiling -

Splash by Splash
 Onward -
from sunrise, to sundown
My friends and I are out.

My summer job and shopping days -
 washed away forever
 by the beach's salty water...

And here are the waves,
 At the beach,
 again.

Van Gause



Touch

There are so many people who pass
through our lives too fleetingly, who
touch our lives only for an instant, then
are gone. Each instant is filled with
great potential for life, yet we rarely take
the chance and soon forget.

Pegi Perez

THEORUM IN EQUATION VARIANCE

I think we must ponder the greater decision,
than go to places we cannot envision,

 We live in the now, and dream about then,
but it all falls under the heading of when.

 Just one more word before I depart,
perhaps to improve your current condition,
think about this, and turn the page,
we're all the same book

 just different editions.

James H. Brown

Deception

At high
tide, the waves
hug the rocks
reassuringly
with each coming.
...and going,
at low
tide; the breakers
kiss the shore
tauntingly,
leaving the rocks
feeling more worn
and smaller
for the experience.

"It's not practical,"
said his mother
quite punctually.
"I know..."
frowned the boy.
And he vowed
never to deprive
his children
the necessity
of stopping by
the side of
a lonely
highway roadside
en route
to Aunt Minnie's
to explore the
curious little
shack
bearing a sign;
"The Two-Headed Snake
and Other Wonders."

Carlton R. Bridges

AMONGST THE THORNS 'TIS BORN A ROSE

Callow feelings rape the mind of perfect thought,
for the heart becomes spoiled and drifts astray.
Although a mass of weed and thorns,
each flower is more pretty than the next.

Could I ever imagine holding you? Have I awakened
from a dream or been cast into a nightmare? Could
it be that yes I seek, or a brilliant plan to trap
unwed fools and tear down the walls of loneliness?

The thorn of impatience shall pierce thine heart alone.
Don't give in young hearts, gentle hearts be firm.
Let this pain ache a little longer; Heaven has heard
your prayer, love is on its way.

Tico Donayre



*Each petal of this rose
multiplied a million times
Can only begin to expose
the love in this little rhyme
So examine it closely, and you may discover
Those three little words that bind us together.*

- TyRone Henderson

WEALTH

Little children, in the street, playing with stones
Dirty-faced and tattered, they grin up at HER, grasping
and clutching at HER fur,
A shudder passes through HER, as she shakes them off,
Slowly continuing down the garbage-choked street.

The Ledge

He stands alone,
Silently wavering,
Between Right and Wrong, Now or Never, Life and Death,
Swaying, he
Jumps.

The Dancer

You Danced and pranced whenever I needed to talk,
Always joking,
Never caring about anyone but yourself,
Life was one big party to you,
Like a fool you pushed everything to the limit,
I tried to warn you that your luck will run out,
But did you listen?
NO and like all fools you tempted Death one too many
times as you danced right into his arms,

Alone and empty,
I dance to your funeral dirge.

ANGER

In the heat of the moment,
The words like stilletos
Slice and Slash me into ribbons.
Shredded and bleeding, I Spit in
Your eyes,
Defiant, I try to laugh,
Indifferent to your words,
All the while, dying a slow death,
Internally bleeding.

- Margi Austin

A Blood Red Rose

He sat alone in his car, a rose at his side, listening to the gentle drip of the rain as it fell mocking the similar fate of his heart.

He sat and wondered how his relationship with the woman he loved had been pushed so near death over such a trivial thing.

He sat waiting for her to come home, knowing that if only he could be with her all trivial things would be forgiven.

He sat for hours, dreaming of the past, remembering how happy he had been, only to be horrified by the thought of being without her.

He sat thinking about the first night they had spent together. He remembered thinking then that his life had been worth all of the effort and he could die then and not regret a thing.

He sat, reflecting upon the way he had then almost welcomed the thought of death. If God were to reach down and pluck him from the earth he would go with a smile on his lips for he knew that never again would he reach a pinnacle so great even if he lived a thousand years.

He sat remembering these things until alas he realized the futility in it all. On her doorstep he placed the rose, hoping that under her feet it would receive a kinder fate than his heart. Beside the rose he placed a card that read: Goodbye my love, for it is the death of love that evokes the love of death.

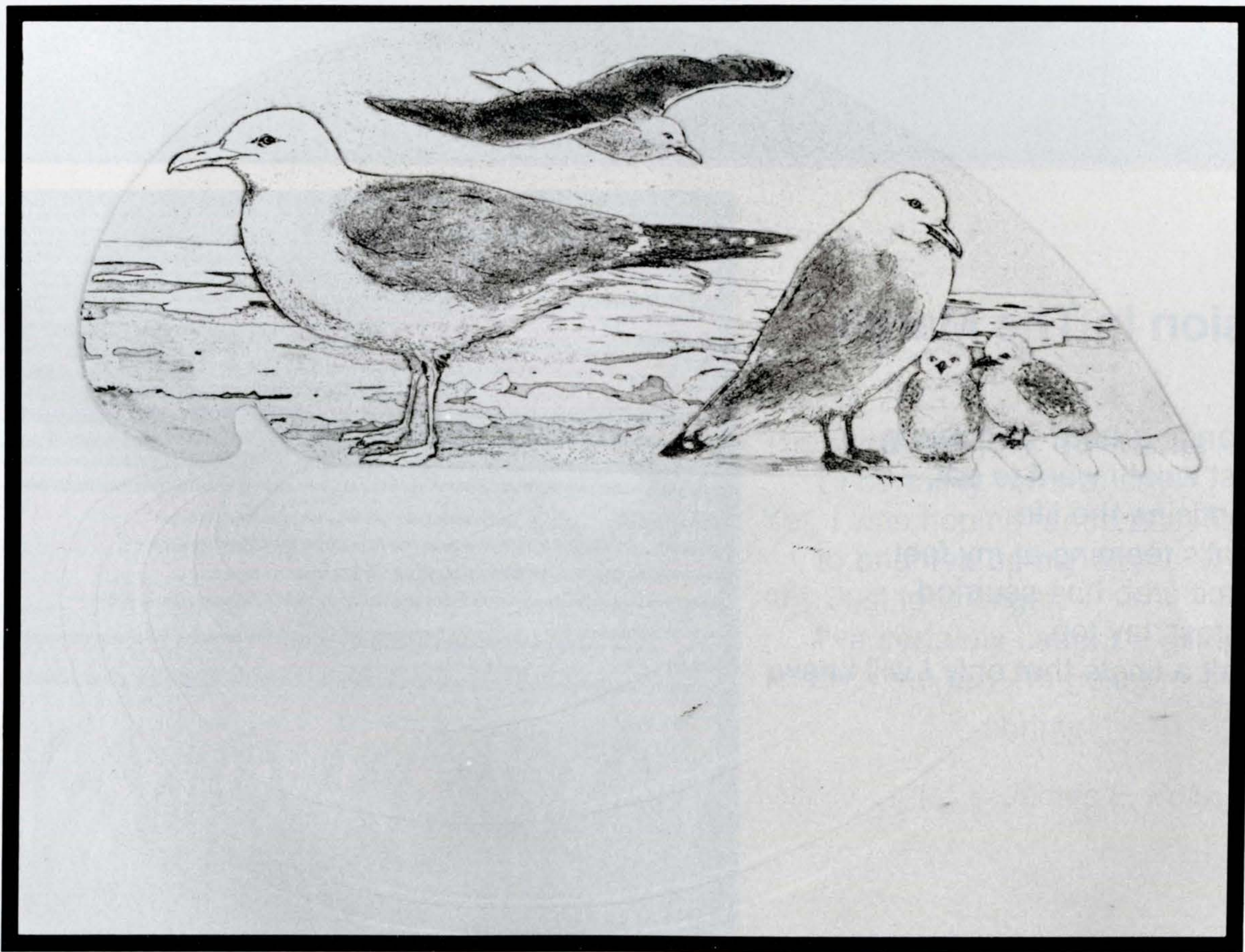
He sat in his car, a razor at his side, listening to the gentle drip of his blood as it fell mocking the similar fate of his heart.

Alan Eoff

The Ocean

Jellyfish, shrimp, shark and shell, these are things the sea knows well.
The crisp cool breeze, the silky sand- the beautiful scenes on everyhand.
Sea gulls---soaring, diving and fishing.
Lovers----walking, holding and wishing.
Children playing and screaming with delight,
While powerful waves crash downward at various height.
The sea is such a wonderful place to be.
The Lord God made it for you and me.

Glenda Laws



Etching by Marie Nichols

Art by Corrie King

Photo by Margi Austin



Decision In The Marsh

I'm standing here wondering
just what I want to eat,
And noticing the life
that's teeming at my feet.
A hermit crab has scurried
across my toe,
And left a tingle that only I will know.

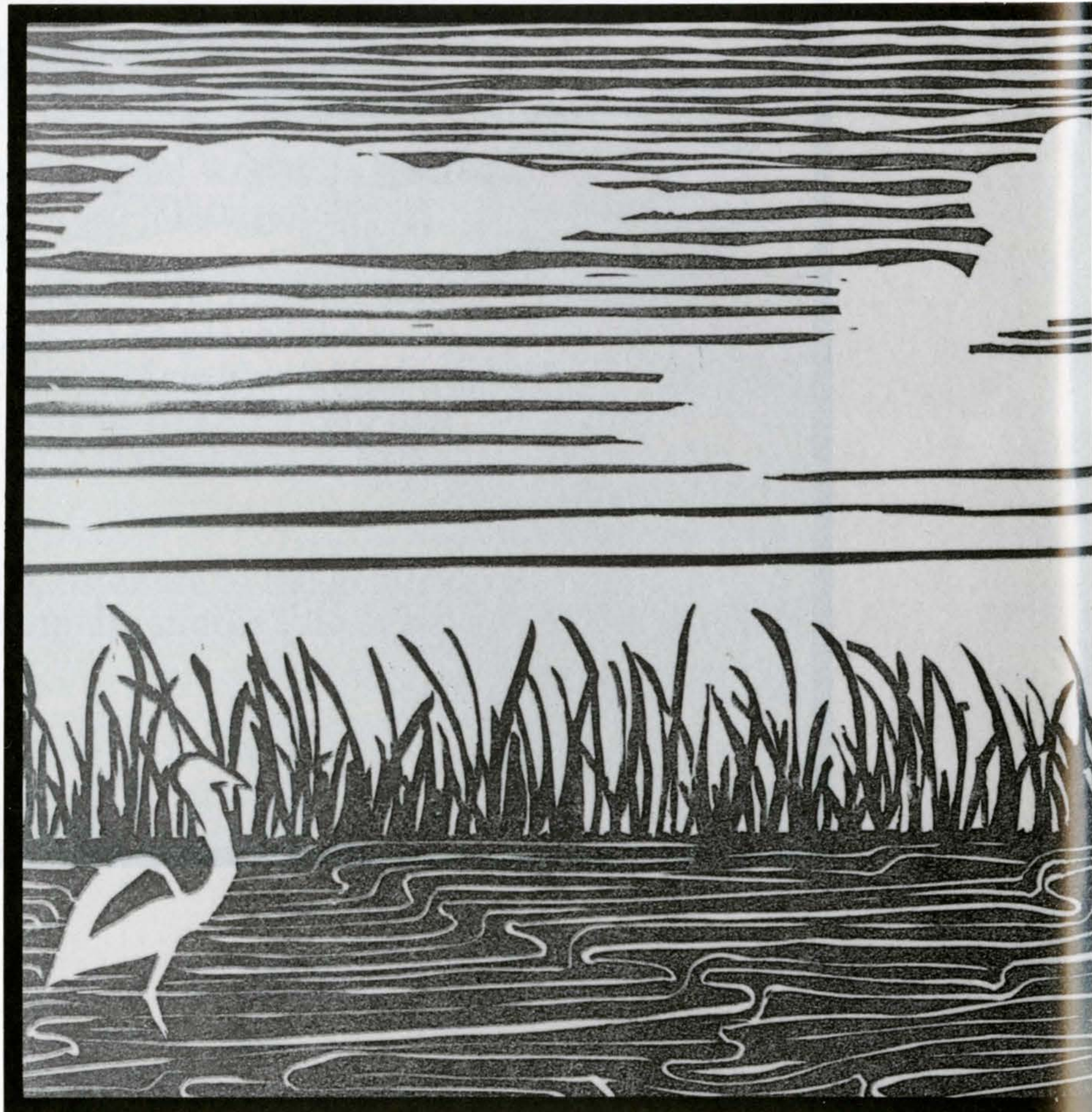
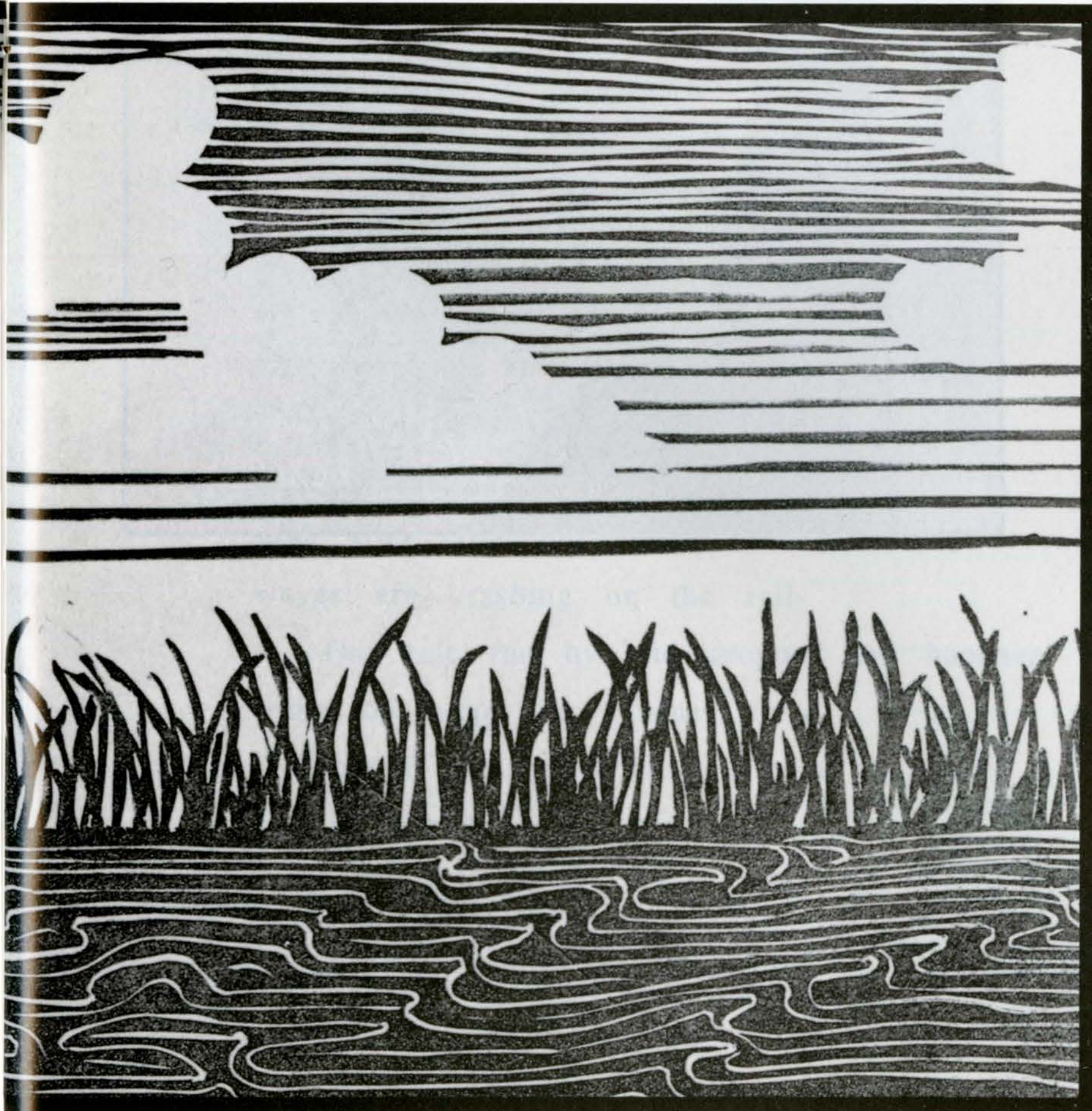


Photo by Margi Austin



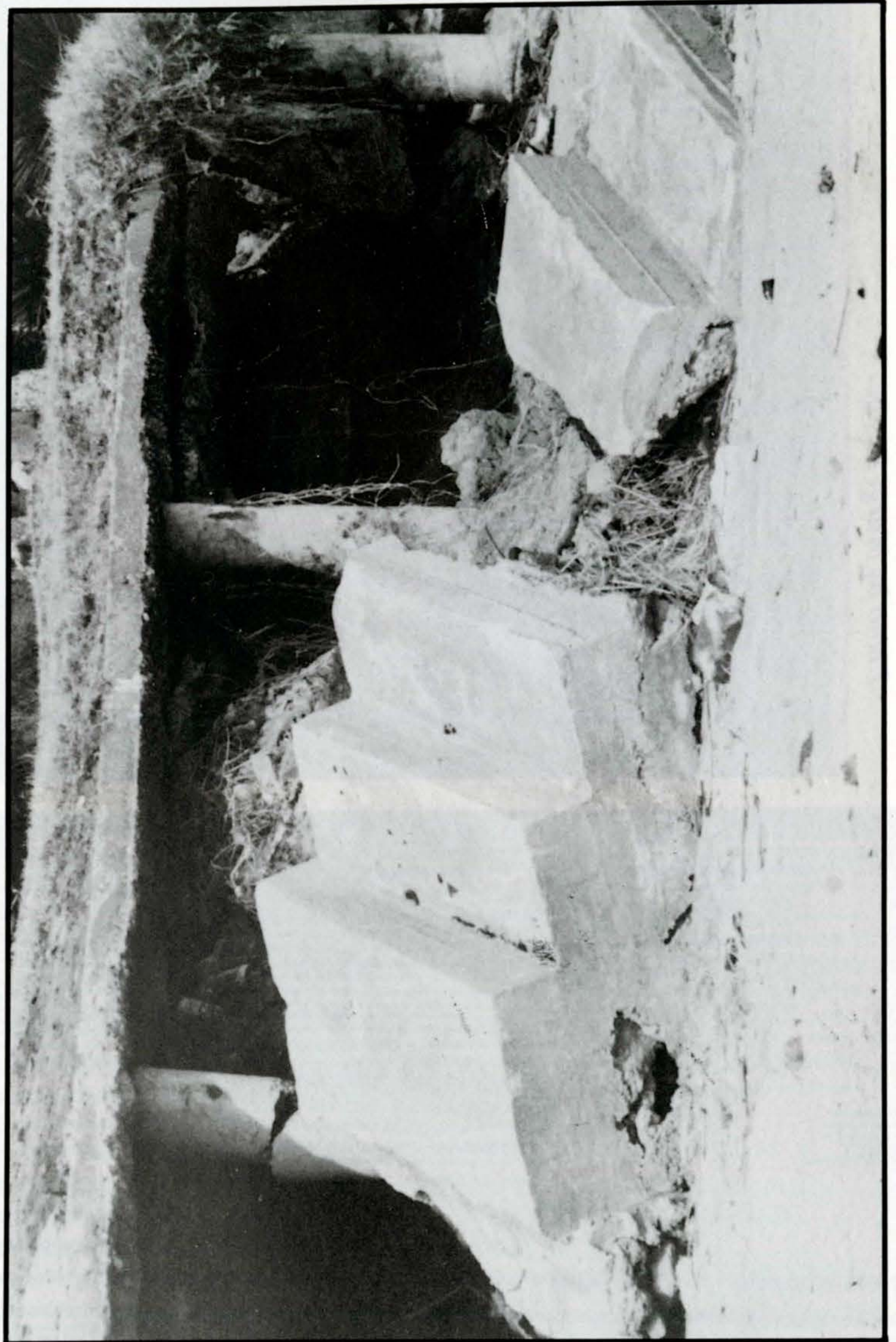
The minnows look delectable
I'll certainly have to say.
Yet, I was hoping for something different
to brighten up my day.
Ah! Just to my right,
I've certainly caught a glimpse.
Today's the day I'm going to dine on
shrimp!

James E. Polly, Jr.

Art by Connie King

ODE TO A NEW YEAR'S TIDE

Foolish mortal
I pull
I tug
No matter what you do
I am supreme
Build all you want
For I will tear it down
Pay to me the homage due
Or pay the consequence
Denial of my existence
I laugh in your face
I laugh at your attempts
Foolish as they are
To prove your superiority
It only shows your inferiority
Your stupidity
Pay me homage
Or surely die
For I'm Poseidon
And I rule all waters
From which your life began
I am in complete control
Learn respect for the supreme
Or pay the price
For I am eternal
You are but a blink in time
You will come and go
But I will continue
To rule
the New Year's Tides.



James Keith Kirkpatrick

THE HURRICANE SONG

Looking out a shattered window
shutters dancing, lights are out
overhead, the thunder calling
make the fearful twist and shout-

Mad duet of screams and lightning
wrapped within a thrashing wind
hapless souls abandon hope
dying time is here again-

Bags are packed, the house is empty
punch the ticket, take a ride
sign aboard a ship to nowhere
catch a wave on crimson tide-

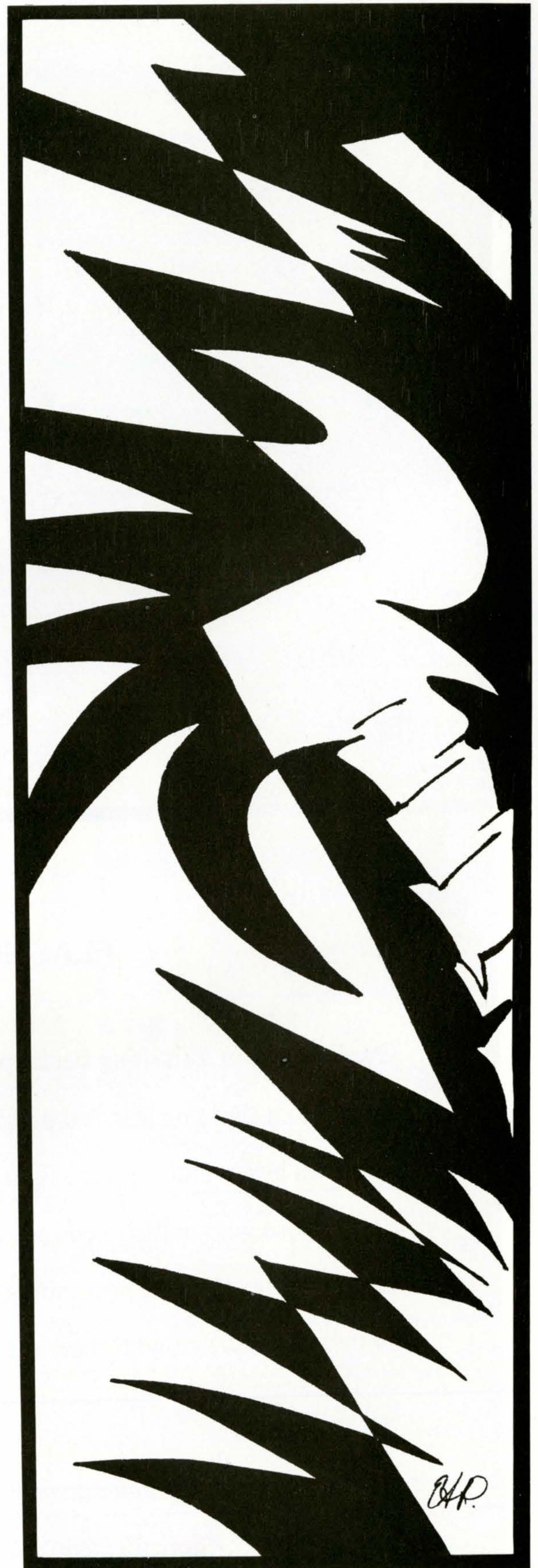
Listen to the children crying
their tears perform a crystal fall
tailor-made for complication
with their backs against the wall-

For years I heeded holy rollers
now I know they did me wrong
with verse-and-chapter fingertips
singing loud and singing strong-

Years have come and years have gone
dusty volumes tell the tale
grab your coat and batten down
waves are crashing on the rail-

The gale ran by and dropped the hammer
while out upon its summer drive
the tour is over, the fans go home
at least the ones that are left alive.

James H. Brown





Art by Shawn Watts

FLASHING FLECKS

Our lives are as a flashing fleck upon the star spangled sky of life.
Like unto a shooting star that passes through in sight.
It flashes bright and captures sight of only those who watch.
For to those who in their beds are snuggled fast and tight,
The shooting stars that pass through at night are but a mere impression,
Of those who watch with sheer delight the lives that pass within their sight.

James Polly

*Dedicated to: Linda Hollandsworth
and
Kathy Weidert*



Bulls Island: Treasure Isle Revisited

by P. Bradford Orr

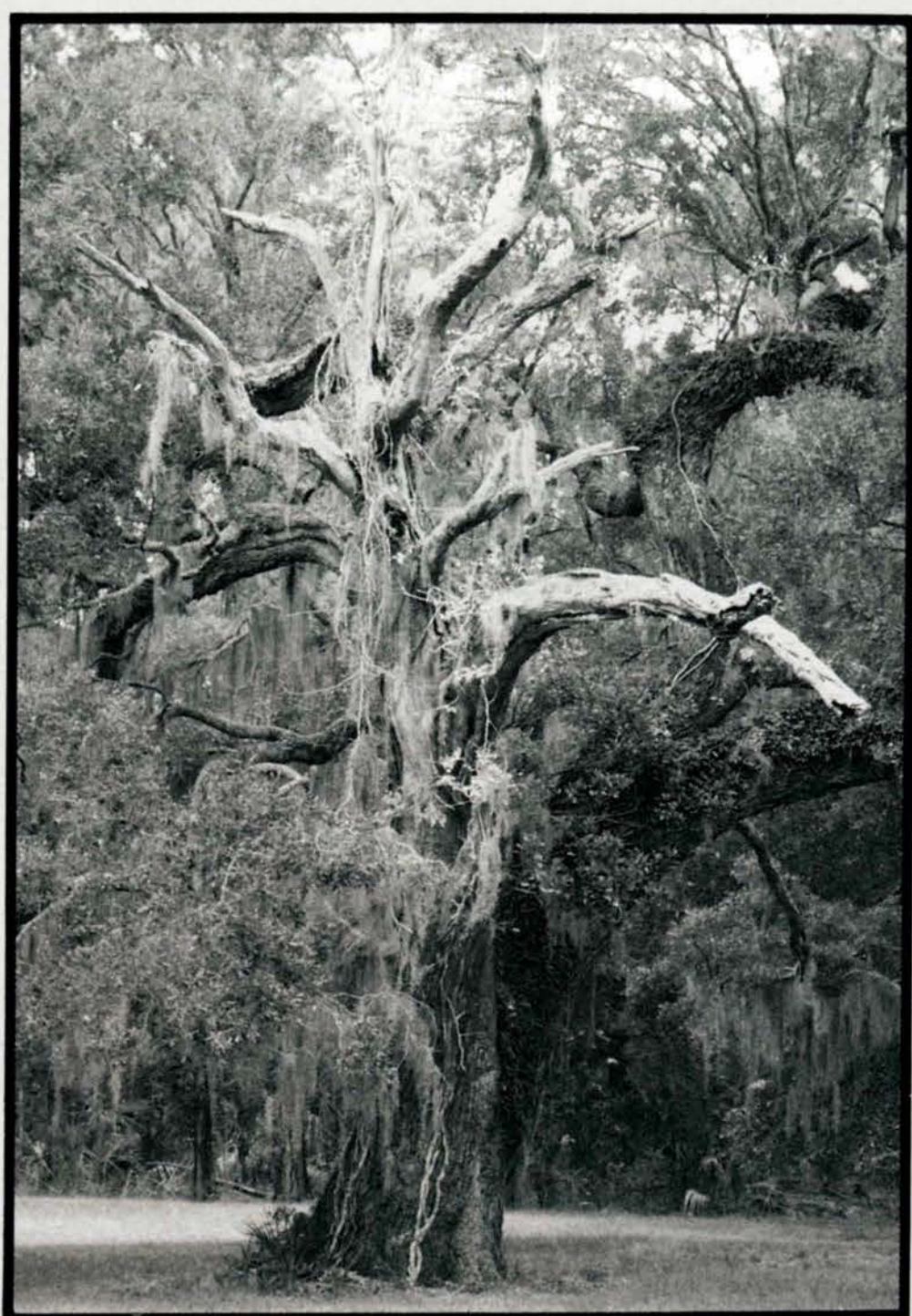


Photo by Paul B. Orr

Readers! Have you ever thought about taking a trip to Paradise? Come with us and we will prepare you to go to one of South Carolina's beautiful coastal wonders: Bulls Island.

Before we start our trip, let me give a little advice to all. There are a few basic provisions you will need to bring to make this journey into our coastal wilderness truly enjoyable. You will want to dress in "layers." By that I mean start off with some lighter clothing and add to it a sweater or sweatshirt; possibly a poncho as the sky dictates; and top off with a medium jacket, depending on the time of year. The launch leaves early and glides across three miles of Atlantic marshes before landing at the Summerhouse Creek dock. It can get quite windy and the outer layers of your gear will be a welcome addition. You can always "abandon" some of your garments once you reach the island.

Food will be another primary need on our trip. Bulls Island is a natural habitat without commercialization. This is its main attractiveness. Adding to this beauty, comes the enjoyment of no vendors; no golden arches; no souvenir stands! You must pack a picnic lunch and other snackable goodies to keep your energy level high! Small coolers are fine, but don't get carried away. There is a lot of hiking involved in our journey to "Paradise Isle," and 48 to 60 quart coolers can get heavy mighty fast!

A few other small provisions are advisable. You will definitely want to have lots of storage space for the treasures you will find on the uninhabited shoreline. Bulls Island is known for its abundance of picture-perfect sand dollars, and its captivating conch shells. Wear a knapsack. Bring a small to medium size shoe box and line it with lots of tissue paper. This small, lightweight article will ensure that your

sand dollars have a safe trip back to civilization. Please don't forget insect repellent if you plan your trip during the "bug season." The mosquitos will not bother you if you are properly doused with spray. Forget this one article, however, and the other-wise enjoyable walk from the dock to the open sea breezes of the ocean could leave you itching for days afterward!

Now that everyone has the right equipment to tackle this untouched wilderness, lets get seated in the boat and await Captain John Pryor's call to his wife Shirley that will release us from Moore's Landing and send us on our voyage.

The engines start rumbling, the water starts bubbling and the smell of diesel fuel invades our nostrils. We are now free from the pier and heading for Bull Bay, weaving through ocean marshes that contain over 260 species of birds. Shorebirds, ducks, pelicans, swans and woodstorks can be spotted throughout the year in the surrounding areas and on the island. The ride to the backside of Bulls Island takes about twenty-five minutes, and you will feel the excitement building as the isle comes closer and closer. Listen up as Captain John spouts out a few facts on the beginnings of this wildlife refuge: "Back in the early 1940s, the island was sold to the government for twenty-five cents an acre, under the condition that it would remain in its natural state," he paused a second, as all eyes were upon him, "this here island is 60,000 acres of wilderness. When I let ya'll off you will be pretty much alone with no contact to the civilized world. Don't lose your map! Stay on the trails that are marked, and meet me and Shirley back at the Summerhouse Creek dock at 5 o'clock." This is sound advice, as our expert guide points out that alligators are another one of the residents of Bulls Island.

Our passage from the mainland is coming to an end, and we start to envision what we will encounter. Around the next marshy bend, two floating docks, and an old Coast Guard Cutter tied to a third dock, become visible. We're here! Captain John expertly guides our launch into one of them, as his faithful First Mate Shirley, temporarily ties us off.

We quickly realize that we are alone on the island as Captain Pryor reverses his engines and heads back to the mainland. Excitement is buzzing through our veins! Everyone starts hiking down the trail that will lead us to the beach, simply called Beach Road.

Within a half mile, the trail widens onto a clearing, dotted with picnic tables and temporary shelters. A large, white brick house is seen in the distance. Our heavier coolers are left behind, along with our outermost "layer" of dress. Eating isn't of any concern to us yet, and with colorful backpacks snugly in place, we trek off in search of the sandy shoreline.

Following Beach Road about three-quarters of a mile gives us the impression of a deserted tropical island just waiting to be discovered. Palm trees are everywhere, and they are arranged in many different

patterns! Finally, the trail opens up, and directly ahead are dunes. Our small group quickens the pace, as we bounce over the dunes and out on to the beach!

Here are the cool ocean breezes we have been eagerly awaiting! The sun, peeking out at us through a haze of cloudiness, seems to wink and congratulate our find. As far as we can see, there is deserted beach front. No radios blaring; no surfers surfing; no frisbees flying; no empty cans littering, only the tranquility of nature showing all of her splendor.

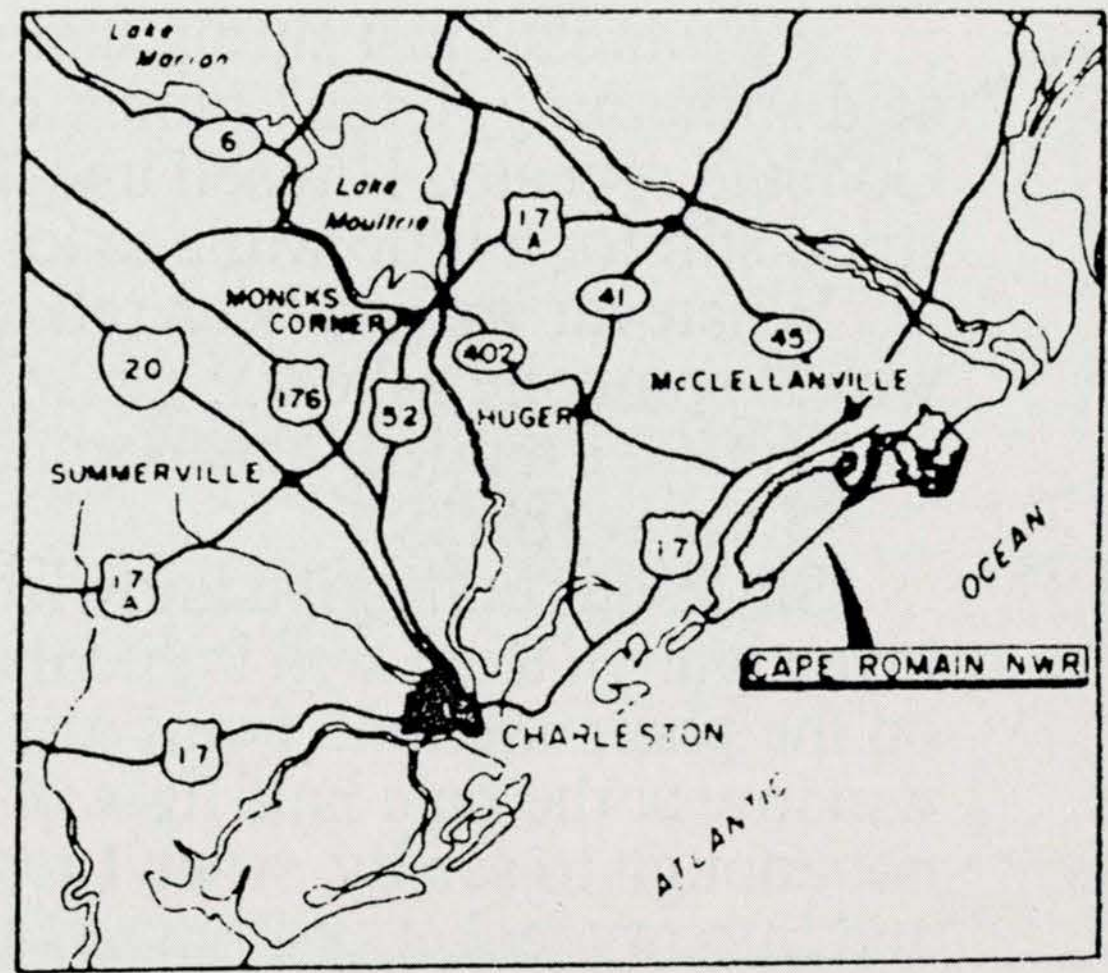
We quickly beach another layer of clothing, and the heartier, more adventurous even bare their toes for the hike to the north end of this tropical island paradise. Who will find the first perfect sand dollar? By checking the tide tables earlier, we time our trip so to be on the shoreline at low tide. This is proving quite fruitful, as sand dollars--alive and dead--are abundant in the tidal pools left behind by the receding surf. An expert guide suggests leaving the living dollars behind. "They will eventually die in your knapsacks, leaving you with a peculiar aroma! Enjoy harvesting the dead circular echinoderms (sand dollars), but leave the live ones so they can complete their life cycle." This seems like sound advice, as my sandwich will be occupying a similar space along side the sand dollars in my pack...

One hundred forty-seven sand dollars later (guestimate), our group gets a glimpse of "The Boneyard" as we enter the north end of the beach. What an awesome display of nature's power! The Boneyard is about a mile and a half of beach covered with old trees that have been bleached white by the sun; the soil is stripped from their bases, leaving some uprooted, void of all dignity. Others, still standing, leave us with the eerie feeling that they are protecting the island against impossible odds.

Walking the full stretch of the beach has our bellies churning, so we break among the fallen timbers. Sandwiches and chips, tasting salty and sandy, are intermingled with our newfound treasures. With our hunger satisfied, we map the different alternatives for the return trip. With time pieces showing 5 o'clock only one hour away, we agree to return the way we came, to be assured of a ride back to our comfortable neighborhoods, and all of the conveniences that we take too often for granted.

It is fitting that as we approach Summerhouse Creek dock, a light mist is falling. We stand around, worn out, yet satisfied and content. A few ponchos are pulled from bulging knapsacks, and all ears perk up at the sound of Captain Pryor's returning boat. This has been a day that all of us will remember, as the wild and untamed beauty of Bulls Island is locked in our hearts.

(P.S. Of course I left out a few interesting sights; go find your own treasures of the sea! You didn't expect me to reveal all of them to you, did you?)



VICINITY MAP

SCALE 5 0 5 10 15 20 25 MILES

For reservations and/or information on boat passage to Bulls Island, contact:

**Captain John Pryor
1222 Calais Drive
Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464
803/884-0448**

This is the only passage to Bulls Island authorized by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the U.S. Coast Guard. Departure is from Refuge Headquarters, which is located at Moores Landing.

Visitor Information

Headquarters for the Cape Romain National Wildlife Refuge is located at Moores Landing, which is the only area on the refuge that can be reached by automobile. To reach headquarters, turn east off U.S. Highway 17 about 20 miles north of Charleston, S.C., onto See Wee Road for about five miles to Moores Landing. Travel from this point on will have to be by boat. Due to its accessibility and large concentration of wildlife, Bulls Island is the most popular area for visitors on the refuge.

The Sun Also Rises

by Phillip J. Eby

We were all just sitting there when it began to happen. Someone just said something, I don't remember what, when all of a sudden it seemed as if God had repeated Himself and There Was Light. Everyone was silent; time stood still for a little while to let the earth catch its breath.

Whatever we had been talking about was instantly forgotten. "Which way?" someone asked.

"East," I replied, absentmindedly.

"I know that!"

Since our collective knowledge was inadequate to the question, an investigative team was immediately dispatched to locate, observe, and report on the phenomenon. I was just sitting there, rocking slowly, looking out the window at the pale half-light of the false dawn, bright enough to be seen but not enough to see by, when I realized I was going to miss it and I jumped up and into my jacket and ran as fast as my cramped legs could carry me down and out into the morning.

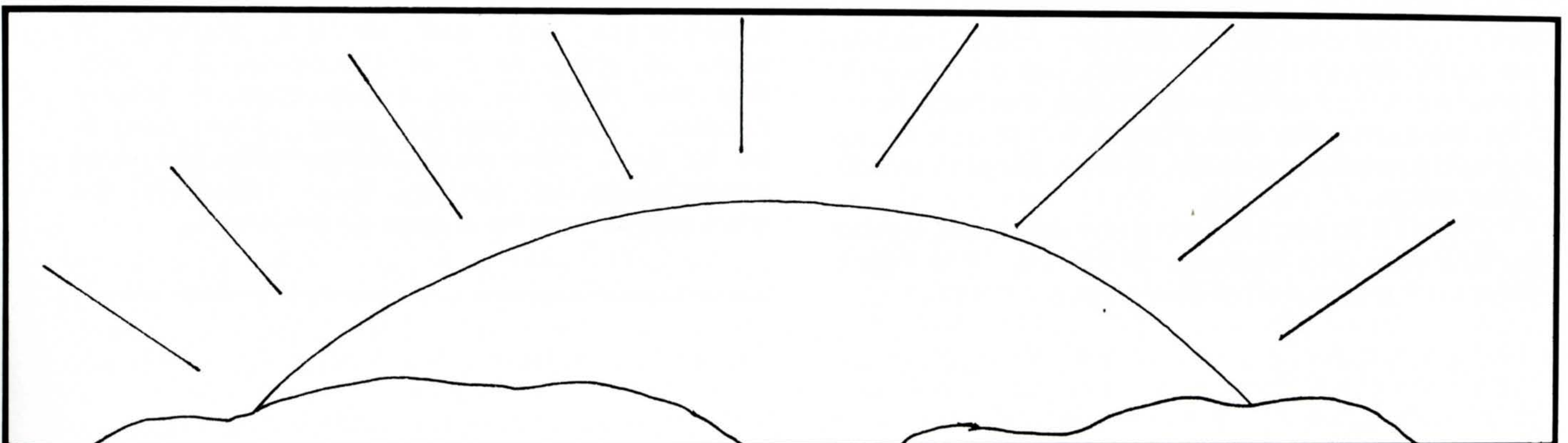
The cold air--sharp as a knife on my tropics-raised skin--instantly awakened me. In the pink-orange light the grass was an eerie color, shining with fresh dew. The birds began tuning up for the first performance of the day, and the crickets chirped a glorious finale to their concert of the night. And I searched the sky for a sign, but found none.

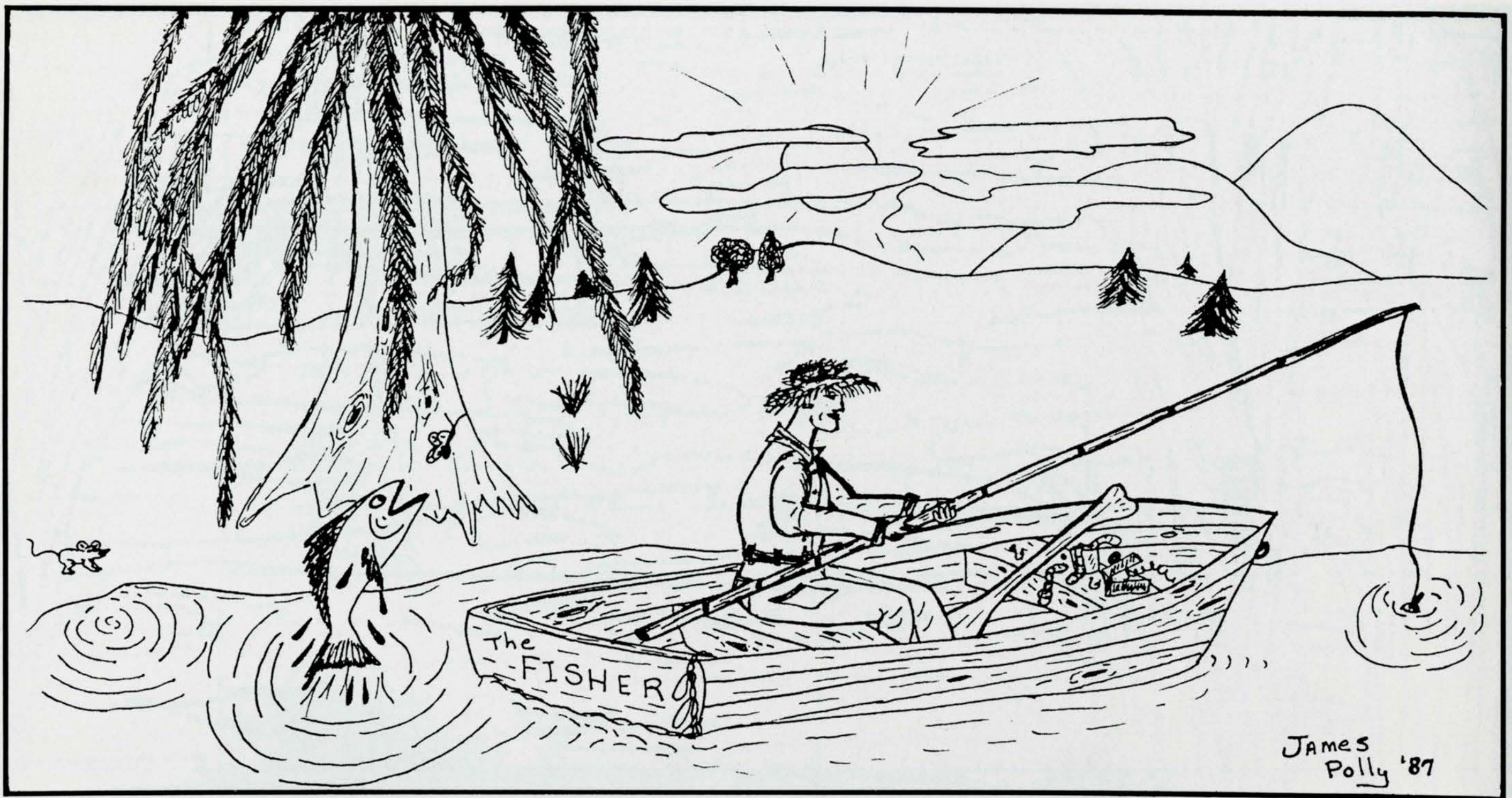
I wandered about for a minute, trying to grasp the wonder of it all. I saw the others gathered in Spadoni Park, in front of the student center, looking to what must have been the east.

Hands in pockets, moving quickly to warm myself, I moved toward them, silently joining my souls with theirs and the world. Someone said they couldn't see. The trees--they were immense silhouettes, like sentries at the edge of the world, guarding their lord and master from our lowly eyes.

And I stood there waiting for it to come bursting out above them, shining like a dream or a memory of all the sunsets and the one sunrise I'd ever seen--I don't know how long it was, but I couldn't wait any longer--and I left, defeated. I was much too cold. Too cold to stay and watch the sun come up.

*Dedicated to the students of Coastal's first Honors classes, 1985-86.
Thanks for sharing the sunrises with me.*





Fishless Days

by Donald Millus

Not catching fish is bad if you fish for a living or to feed your family. It also hurts, to a much lesser degree, if you have wagered heavily on your fish-catching prowess--the entry fee to a big king mackerel tournament or buying yourself in the Calcutta or betting pool of a billfish tournament. The true sport fisherman, however--the angler who never sells his catch but fishes for the sheer enjoyment of the sport, not excluding the delights of fresh seafood on his table--knows that fishless days can be quite profitable.

Bad weather aside, those days when the fish just won't bite are a reminder that no matter how fine our tackle, long our experience, and persistent our efforts, if the fish don't want to bite they won't. We can use our skill to present seductive baits, try another technique, even slap the water with a rod to fool some fish into a feeding frenzy, or put out a slick or ground bunker chum to encourage them. But some days they just won't bite. Period.

Just being out on the water is one justification for these days. The fog rolled in yesterday--or I should say--rolled off the beach and left me in a circle of flat ocean: no birds, no other boats, and nothing going after my drifting live mullet. A small shark hit a piece of cut mullet I was fishing on bottom in hopes of catching a small blue for live bait. Only the set of the sea, the direction of the breeze which had come off the land (of course, it could have changed), a glimmer of sunshine, and the sound of the surf served as directional guides as

I made my way back to shore.

Even with big fresh mullet that I had just caught in my throw net, I could not get a king to strike. A school of jack crevalle smashed into baitfish around the mouth of the inlet, but my heart was set on a king and none was forthcoming. A flock of pelicans cruised slowly along the ocean just off the beach. I cruised after them and headed back into the inlet. Was the day a loss? Of course not.

Fresh air, warming sunshine after the fog rolled away, the memory of the solitude of the fog-enshrouded ocean and the jacks leaping in the morning air, the mobile geometry of the flight of those pelicans, all made the morning superior to any but the best of churchly sermons.

But any avid fisherman knows and the novice will soon discover that there is another benefit of a fishless day: It cures you of the habit, at least for a while. "The inshore king mackerel (or trout or bluefish or shad or flounder) are through for the year," you can now tell yourself, but you have experienced it as well. It is easier to clean boat and tackle and get back to spend some more time with your family, building up those credits that can be cashed in as the next phase of our Southeast coast fishing begins.

Editor's Note: This is an excerpt from Fishing the Southeast Coast which is being published by Sandlapper Press, Orangeburg, South Carolina. Copyright, 1987 Sandlapper Press, Inc.





Fade To Black

Etching by Marie Nichols

(written during my summer travels)

by "Julian"

old man green-gray coat with the stuffing hanging out taped at the sleeves he carried the big box like it held great treasures (an old lighter an empty box of tide detergent and a screwdriver) and held the lighter at his side as if to set himself afire and when i got on the bus tonight someone at the back said "ain't no seats left here; the man's got himself a box!" and everyone laughed but the old man.

but earlier today there were seats though not many and i asked the woman sitting there if the seat next to her was taken; no response, silent hours spent occasionally reading over her shoulder and whistling softly to myself the Sound of Silence (later she told me that it was that that made her speak) and then she spoke and i spoke and we spoke.

she didn't want to learn to juggle--not in the terminal with all those people around--i threatened to tickle her and she asked how i knew she was ticklish and i said there's lots of ways and she said "just one" so i reached out and she blocked me saying "okay, two" i asked her if her feet were and she nodded i asked if anywhere else was and she said "all over" i touched her gently behind the ear and asked "even here?" "yes but not as much as other places" my hand shot to her side and she laughed and laughed and laughed, pushing my hand away "you enjoyed that didn't you" said i yes "but not that much!" when my hand tried to go back.

held hands awhile (i promised to write) and as my bus left the city i could see her face out there somewhere in the dark; like the cheshire cat the memory of her smile was the last thing to fade from my mind.

The Good Life

by Sherri Ann Clemens

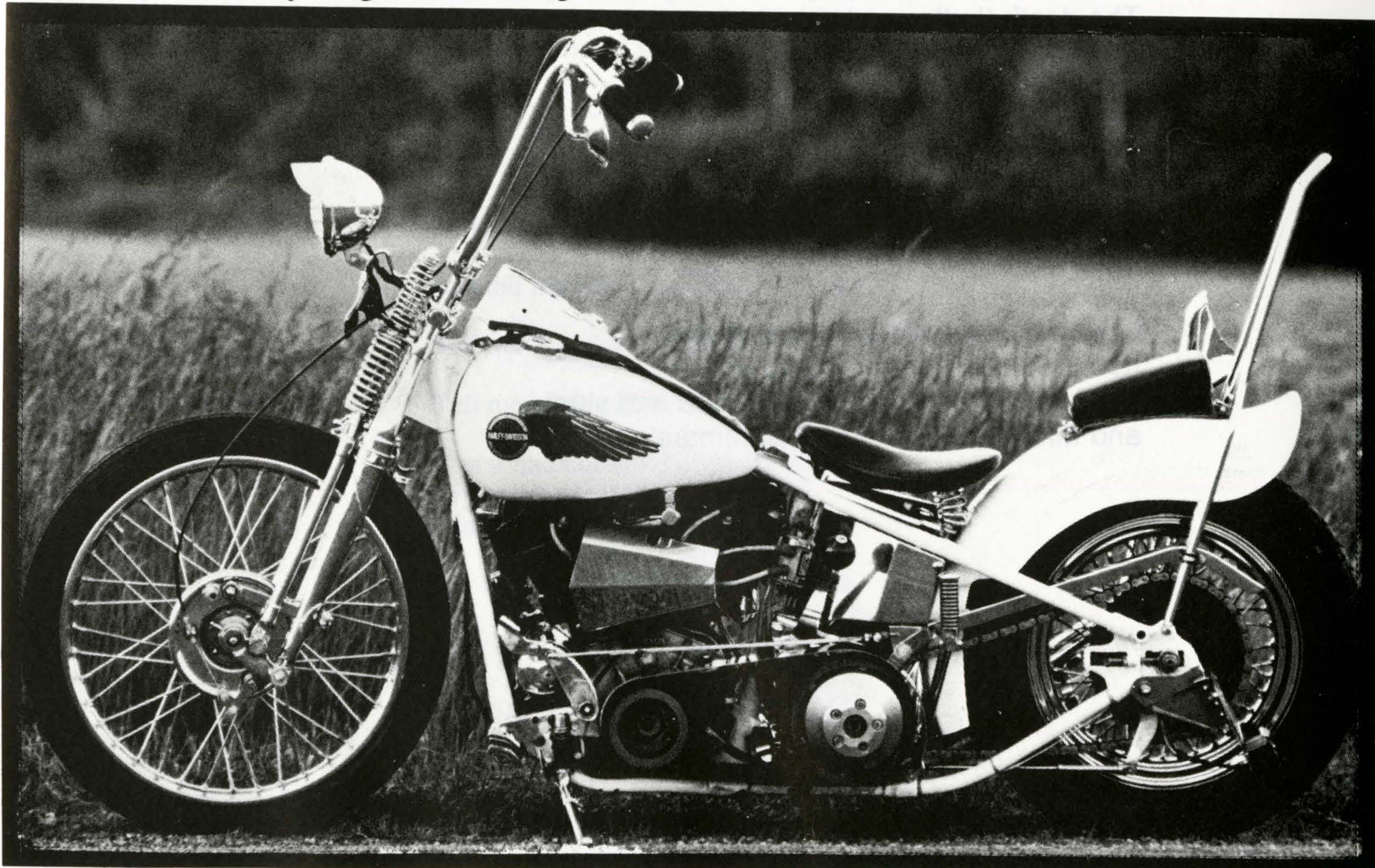
When most people hear the word biker, they usually think of a large man wearing a leather jacket, dirty jeans, and long hair. You know, your basic unsavory character. What most people don't give much thought to is the object that makes them bikers--the bike. Well, I'm here today to give you some insight on the life of a motorcycle.

Let me start by telling you a little about myself. I'm a 1982 Harley Davidson FXR with a 1340 cubic inch motor and a five speed transmission. My frame and tank are black with custom airbrushed painting, and much of my motor and accessories are chromed. I'm definitely a nice looking, smooth running machine. The most important fact of all, though, is that I am an American! Some of you are probably thinking so what, so are baseball and apple pie. Well, it may be easier to understand if you know that I am the only kind of motorcycle still made in this great country of ours.

Being a Harley I belong to a special group: a brotherhood is what our owners call it. Harleys are in a class all by themselves! We get a lot of different reactions. The majority of humans tend to get rather nervous when a group of Harleys roar into town. The majority of other bikes tend to get envious. Compared to other bikes we're bigger, louder, more powerful, and prouder! Simply, we're the best bike made! As you can probably tell, we're also very opinionated. Especially on how good we are and how bad Japanese motorcycles are. Our greatest prejudice is against these Japanese bikes. they're just cheap imitations. I personally feel sorry for them. Most of them probably have an identity crisis. I know I would if there were a million other bikes that looked just like me!

On a typical day I'm rolled out of the shed, I'm washed, I'm waxed, and I'm shined. My engine then roars to life, and we're off. It feels good to get out on the highway and stretch. It gives me a great feeling of freedom to have the wind blowing all around me. My favorite place to go is the strand. I like to strut down the boulevard and watch the people's heads turn as I go by. Of course it is always comforting to get home and be tucked safely and securely in my shed. I can then cool down and relax.

When it comes right down to it, what makes life the most enjoyable for me is knowing that I'm loved and valued. I am one of my owner's most prized possessions. I am never driven dirty. I'm always kept in the best of health with tune-ups and fresh oil. I have my own shed to keep me dry and safe. Life's worthwhile when you're cared for. I wouldn't trade places with anyone or anything! This is the good life!



The Last Voyage of the Nightmare

The Angry, blackened clouds above,
In night's cold, weary blanket lay,
They tossed and turned forever yearned,
by Nightmare's end, the Nightmare slay.

The crew, they lay on restless cots,
and hammocks tossed by fury's waves,
and prayed to gods unknown to them,
Their lives of sin those gods would save.

The nightmare shivered in icy winds,
That cut the darkness of the night,
The captain plucked his feathered pen,
and in his log began to write.

"To those who find this log, I tell,
The story of a storm from Hell,
Brought upon us by our lives
of sin and waste, of greed and lies..."

The men have hope, yet I can sense,
The death that's surely imminent,
In nightmare's fury-driven path,
Torn sails and souls cannot prevent...

I know the fate that waits for us,
That's why I hold the Nightmare's pen,
Yet all, save I, wait with the hope,
That this Nightmare will never end."

Then twisting, jutting, jagged rocks,
honed razor-sharp by greed and sin,
cut through the sea, through wood and steel,
and through the hopes of nightmare's men.

Ron Jones

2, Route 33

The winds of time blow things into perspective,
and for what I thought we might have had I may have been too protective.
Allison, what I had in mind was so good at heart,
I wanted us to grow together, to feel a love.

but our love could never start.

Allison, the way I felt for you, I can never feel the same again.
You were my first love, but to you I was just a friend.
I gave you my yearbook to remember me by, but you scratched
out my name, and wrote in a lie.

And now the season has ended that I come to your door,
along with the place where you live no more, and for every
dead leaf which falls to that ground, I'll remember my first love,
which there I once found.

Barry Owens

SILENT CRY

How many more days must I expound upon my misery?

How long must I remain a corpse?

Just tell me how long I may expect.

Tell me how long I have to die.

Tell me how long it will be.

Just tell me when sunshine I will see.

Tell me how fun it is to be.

Tell me what a life I could have had,

If you had not thought of me so bad.

I cannot forgive you for your sin,

For by your choice I've never been.

I cry to you beyond the grave,

For you see I am your unborn babe.

James E. Polly, Jr.

Music of Myself

I sat down at a piano yesterday
In the respectful silence of alone
And my head rang with lyrics
And the tunes of my life.
Silvery notes pealed against the waiting walls
And my unlearned fingers
Played the ivory keys
With nothing more than the ability of movement.
But my songs were - beautiful -
The simple notes were in harmony with my mind
And the music I made that day
Was unreal
For I had never played before.
And just as I was beginning to feel
Truly amazed at my composition,
A stranger opened my tomb.
And kindly asked would I please stop--
The noise
For he was trying to sleep below...

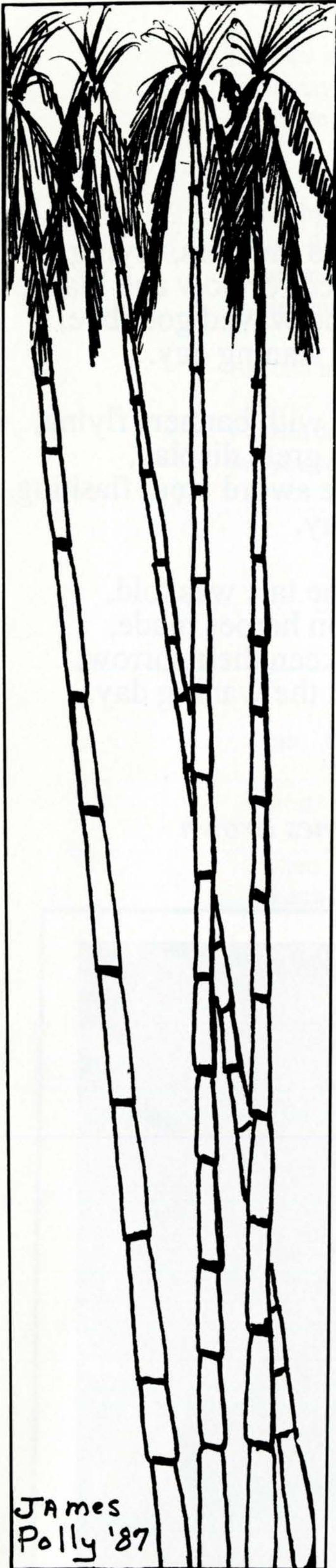
Krystal Overstreet



The Quest

Searching, as man does,
Grasping what is within reach,
feeling, toying, finding;
Birds in flight, feathers floating down.
As everyone seeks a lifelong thing,
they find love, and alas hate,
the burnt embers behind the flames.
Cruelty abounds, vultures on
their own flight.
Man suddenly feels the elusive
one within himself
struggling to be free.
The vultures keep flying by,
unable to grasp a brilliant flame.

Scott Clark



Bamboo 'n Sugarcane

(or Second-semester-senior Blues)

I'm chasing the clock on her long lurching journey
T'ward Christmas, and freedom from time's heavy spell,
To where time's only markers are wind shifts and tide shifts,
And occasional thunder to proclaim, "All is well."

'Cause bamboo 'n sugarcane call me from somewhere
Beyond the horizon's most southerly edge,
Where round brown-skinned children still play in the shadows,
And my tiny ship's still playing tag with her kedge.

There's a chill on the morning, and leaves start to whisper
Of their last burst of color, and flight to the ground.
The small clump of feathers that sang by my window
Went south for a lesson in sweet island sound.

'Cause bamboo 'n sugarcane called him from somewhere
Beyond the horizon's most southerly edge,
Where round brown-skinned children still play in the shadows,
And my tiny ship's still playing tag with her kedge.

Time still calls herself by the cardinal numbers,
But lurches and plunges and halts, just the same.
But when she and I cast off our lines for the islands
She'll find the sea's rhythm, or I'll just change her name.

'Cause bamboo and sugarcane call us from somewhere
Beyond the horizon's most southerly edge,
Where round brown-skinned children still play in the shadows,
And my tiny ship's through playing tag with her kedge.

Donna N. Cassagnol

THE WANING DAYS

The women danced in laughing circles,
while children ran and played,
the herds, in fields of clover, grazing
on into the waning day.

The young men played on pipes and drums,
in gentle breeze, the rushes swayed,
the old men talked, their stories drifting,
on into the waning day.

Through all of this, a horseman came,
the horse all lathered, the man dismayed,
he came with words of warfare pending,
out beyond the waning day.

The children ran to mothers, crying,
the young men reached for bow and blade,
they formed in file and waved goodbye,
and marched into the waning day.

The foe was met, with banners flying,
the soldiers fought in great display,
the arrow pierced, the sword went flashing,
on into the waning day.

For many years the tale was told,
how fortune smiled on heroes made,
but still the mothers keen their sorrow,
whose sons have met the waning day.

James Brown



The Boy before The Soldier

So what if war is hell,
and I may die in some far away land?
For some bloody foreign rebel,
 who holds my fate in hand.

And why should I carry on?
What's the use of education?
Young men with goals and hopes and dreams,
wasted in some foreign confrontation.

But call me not a coward,
I am not afraid.
I would die to defend our freedom,
but you see, there were these plans that I had made.

The consequence of youth and immortality

The consequence of youth and immortality can become
an early grave.

When you've reached the age of twenty one,
and your body is sorry for the drugs you've done.

The drinking that used to be surrounded by laughter
when the high school girls had parties,
because Mom and Dad weren't home.

Everyone was doing it then,
but now you drink alone.

You've become an old coughing fool,
for the cigarettes that used to make you look cool.

You sit high these days up on your bar stool,
the world has passed you by, you get a job in construction,
and work to drink until you die.

Attempting description

Riding a horse along the beach.
Standing in a summer's night rain,
or to ski a trail, you've never before.

How do I describe this girl I adore?

Standing in the sand on the edge of this world looking out,
on to the vast sea, three thousand miles of land behind me.

Enough blue skies for everyone to share,
all these things I compare,
to a girl I've only recently known,
but not in haste, her beauty is easily shown,
not for the likes of her attempt,
a beauty which is simply Lisa's.

Robert B. Sullivan

EVERCHANGING BEAUTY

by Pamela Wade

To me, the everchanging beach is very beautiful. There is nothing like walking on the beach in the dark early morning hours. A soft breeze carries a mist beneath a starry, moonlit sky. As the moon shines high in the sky, the placid waves, reflecting white jewels, fall lazily and quietly over the sand in slumber.

At sunrise, with a lone fisherman and a gull or two, the waves slowly awaken with the rising breeze. The air is crisp with a chill. The sand crabs complete their burrows, moving swiftly, ever watchful.

The peace is broken with a cry from a gull trying to protect its prize: the carcass of a mullet. As the sun becomes brighter and the chill leaves, I sit with my toes and fingers in the sand. I lie back on a bed of shells and listen to the waves.

The sun is warm and many people are upon the beach now. Whitecaps form as the waves beat heavily. Colorful catamarans dot the ocean, taking advantage of the wind.

People are splashing, walking, and laying everywhere on the beach. It's as if the beach with its intangible beauty is being invaded. Everything common to the beach disappears. The fisherman vanishes, the gulls fly away, and the sand crabs hide.

A menacing cloud with loud thunder appears quickly. The wind rises more still and the waves become brown and crash angrily upon the sand, sending showers into the air.

All of a sudden, the wind has a chill so that everyone shudders. It begins to rain and the thunder is loud. With it comes blinding lightning in the now dark atmosphere. Everyone leaves except a few curious onlookers who have never seen an angry ocean before.

The tide becomes extreme and begins to wash away everything in the way of its waves. Blankets of sand are pulled back baring shells and pebbles underneath, while the beach steepens and tide pools are carved in certain places. Jumbling sounds fill the air as shells are strewn about. The silent foam from toiling waves tumbles across the water's edge.

As the rain beats down, the wind rises still even more with a howl through old beachfront windows. The storm continues till night fall, then the wind begins to subside and the air becomes warm. In the early morning mist, the last of the rains end. The full moon attempts to break through the clouds, while the waves calm.

By sunrise, the sea is languid as though it was tired from the night before. The air is still and the flies and gnats are sitting on the sand. The beach is colorful with shells, seaweed and other refuse. The dunes are now precipices ready to tumble over into tide pools.

All is very quiet except for the sound of the fisherman's tackle in an old plastic bucket, as he ambles out to the water's edge to try his luck again with the beautiful but moody sea.

Pathetic Clown

Say it again pathetic clown,
come to me, and I'll cut you down.
Look at yourself, pavlovian fool,
create a god so, you, he can rule.
Is there nothing for which you will fight?
Will you never support what you believe right?
Oh, yes, much easier to allow the government to shepherd you,
a lamb, a clown, they'll reduce you to.
No right to bear arms to protect your own,
leave you helpless and raped, they'll invade your home.
So say it again, pathetic clown,
stand up for your beliefs, and cut the government down.

Robert B. Sullivan

A FADED RED BALLOON

Stretching high
looking above,
I saw a faded red balloon
floating separately from the clouds,
It wasn't beyond reach
but an effort had to be made.
There were brighter balloons
closer to the ground easier to reach
yet harder to obtain.
The pale red balloon
captured my attention,
it was a faded color a different hue,
I could have grabbed a balloon
closer to me,
but if I had not stretched high above,
I would never have
found you.

Michelle Plutto

Dr. Malov Retires

by Barry Owens

11-22-80, 10:15 AM: *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whelan entered the office of Dr. Emil Malov, the local obstetrician. A biting autumn wind swept a few dead leaves into the waiting room before they could push the door closed behind them. A pleasant receptionist acknowledged their presence and told them that the doctor had been expecting them. Mrs. Whelan was pregnant and, to the amazement of her neighbors, she was going to keep the baby. She had often said that she never wanted children. Dr. Malov was seated behind an oversized oak desk in front of a large window. He greeted them with a smile as the dismal November sky loomed gray behind him.*

6-29-81, 6:45 AM: *Mr. Whelan rushed around the car to open the door for his very tan wife. As he opened the door he was enveloped with the odor of coconut butter. Mrs. Whelan had used it throughout the pregnancy so that she wouldn't scar her beautiful body with stretch marks. He waited for her labor contraction to end before helping her out of the car and into the hospital. Again Dr. Malov greeted them with a smile.*

6-29-81, 8:30 AM: *Dr. Malov administered a pain medication to Mrs. Whelan through her intravenous line.*

6-29-81, 9:45 AM: *Mrs. Whelan again requested pain medication and Dr. Malov complied. Mrs. Gibbs, the head nurse in the delivery room, remarked that it was a little soon to give the patient another dose.*

6-29-81, 10:30 AM: *A nervous Mr. Whelan discussed something with Dr. Malov in the hall. Dr. Malov nodded his head in agreement and filled another syringe of pain medication for Mrs. Whelan.*

6-29-81, 12:05 PM: *Mrs. Gibbs returned from lunch and found three empty medicine vials by the phone. She paled and called the doctors' lounge. Dr. Malov answered and rushed immediately to the delivery room to see if what Mrs. Gibbs had said was true. Tears came to his eyes as he read the labels on the vials and realized that he had given Mrs. Whelan a drug that was known to cause brain damage in the unborn child.*

6-29-81, 3:30 PM: *A limp baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whelan. Dr. Malov struggled with the child to keep it alive. With the help of oxygen the baby lived.*

6-31-81, 2:00 PM: *Dr. Powell, the hospital pediatrician, walked into Mrs. Whelan's room and played with his stethoscope nervously. He started talking directly to her but he shifted his gaze out the window when she started to cry. He informed her that the child had been severely brain damaged by Dr. Malov's mistake.*

8-2-81, 9:30 AM: *Dr. Emil Malov fingered his mail until he noticed a letter from a local law firm. He opened it quickly and read the message that he had been expecting. He was being sued for twelve million dollars.*

11-31-81, 10:30 AM: *Dr. Malov blanched as the judge announced the decision. The Whelans were to be awarded twelve million dollars for the care of the child and the psychological trauma of the event. Dr. Malov knew that his malpractice settlement represented the end of his medical career. He returned to his office and started packing his most treasured possessions. He left his medical school diploma on the wall.*

1-11-82, 9:15 AM: *Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whelan and child checked into "Le Chalet," an exclusive Swiss hotel in the heart of Zurich. The bell boy tried to catch the attention of the baby in Mrs. Whelan's arms but his dull blue eyes just stared blankly into space. After the bell boy left them alone in their room the Whelans embraced. Their son had been placed on the floor by the luggage.*

1-15-82, 1:00 PM: *Mr. and Mrs. Whelan crossed the street and entered the small restaurant. A gust of winter wind tossed a cloud of snow in behind them. The maitre d' escorted them to a private dining room in the rear of the building. Dr. Malov was seated at the head of the table, alone. He greeted them with a smile.*

1-17-82, 12:30 AM: *The body of an unidentified blue eyed baby was found floating in Zurich Lake. Its small lifeless face was still blank.*



PRESIDENTIAL NEWS CONFERENCE

by James E. Polly, Jr.

"Hello folks. Sam Sniver here with CBA News. Sorry to interrupt your regularly scheduled programming, but we are here with the President at Command Headquarters. He is about to make an important announcement."

"Ah, Here comes the Presidential Press Secretary to introduce him now. Let's tune in."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the press, fellow citizens, it is my privilege to introduce to you the President of the United States, Theodore McGiver."

"Thank you Mr. Press Secretary, thank you ladies and gentlemen of the press, you may all be seated."

"Ladies and gentlemen of the press, fellow citizens, I want to take the next few minutes to give you the latest update on our fight against our most feared enemy."

"First of all, I want to commemorate all of you for your patience and understanding. I know it has not been easy living for the past two weeks in your specially prepared underground shelters. However, your patience and the many prayers that you have been sending up to the Almighty God have been rewarded."

"Even though the destruction by the enemy is quite widespread and no immediate estimate is available at this moment, we are no longer under attack! One word of caution, though. Do not, and I repeat, do not leave your shelters just yet! You will be given further instructions directly after this conference."

"I will now open the floor for questions."

"Mr. Jason, you first, since you are the senior news reporter here."

"The President has just recognized Mr. Saul Jason of WXYZ Radio. Let's see what his question is."

"Mr. President, just how was the attack stopped?"

"Mr. Jason, with much regret and only after a full two hour conference with the Chiefs of Staff of our Armed Forces, and only after full approval of the Senate, we deployed our Total Destruction Devices."

"You mean that we totally destroyed the Enemy's aircraft and other weapons!"

"Regretfully so, Mr. Jason!"

"Mr. President, what will keep the Enemy from regrouping themselves and making more destructive weapons to use on us?"

"Mr. Jason, that is one subject I was hoping that I would not have to address at this time but, since you brought it up I will."

"For the past four days I have been conferring with our Historians, who have been keeping up with our Enemy and studying their war habits for many years. Consequently, through much prayer and seeking of Divine guidance, I approached the Staff and Senate with this major question."

"Mr. President! Did you have to go to that extreme!"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Jason. I want you and all of my fellow citizens here in the United States of Glodelia on this peaceful planet of Zoron to know that we will never again have to be under the fear of this enemy at all! As of 9:03 am standard time the planet Earth was completely destroyed!"

"There you have it folks! This is Sam Sniver with CBA News saying, thank you for your time but don't turn off your set because we are tuning you into the Government Broadcast System for further instructions!"

i see you
aged and unyielding
as the church pew
heavy with old men, little girls
and bibles

i hear you
fumbling and cursing the night
that hides the bottle
from the hands
whose lost fingers
sift the earth and
crush leaves
making chairs, birdhouses
and pain

i see the sweat
as you struggle to wash
away the blood
but death is perched
among the pecans
and your tears
don't heal you

so now you lie there
under your green roof
of perpetual care
and i visit to add rocks
to the stone.

sherri boyd

High Tech Roses

It seems that our numbers are
dwindling as they said
How many more flowers must
die in the rosebed?
Do you think maybe the sun
is shining too bright
Could it be our water
does not suffice
I find it highly unlikely
Among such notoreity
Where roses are hybrid
And science is kindred
But some of those rosebuds were
simply too greedy
A chemical shortcut! The
answer so easy
But they just withered away
and now they're all dead
How many more flowers must
die in the rosebed?

Pegi Perez

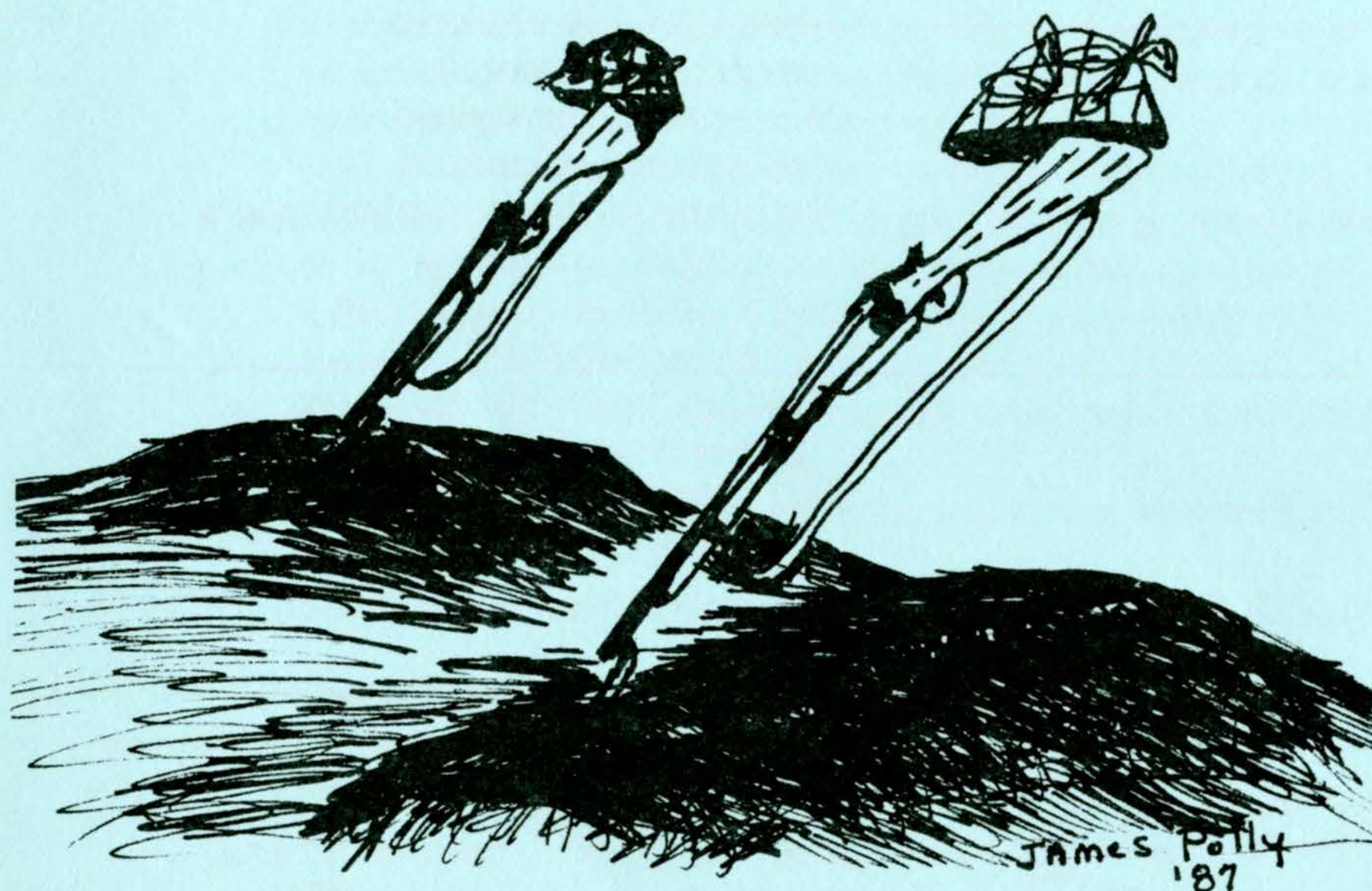


THE RIDE

The wind tears at my clothes,
whipping my hair into a chaotic
Halo, as I gun the engine, the RPM's climbing
Higher and higher, the lights become ribbons as
I drive faster and faster, fighting torque, the Car
Shrieks and shudders, a primeval beast, straining and
Striving to break

FREE!

Margi Austin



Art by James Polly

Dead Soldiers

Glasses standing
like soldiers on the table
cigarettes looking
like casualties
amidst their ashen blood
popcorn scattered
like mortar fragments
the kernels like undetonated shells
beer fallen to the table
like puddles of tears
the war rages on
more soldiers come
more casualties crumble
more bombs fall
more tears spill
but we never notice
as we slip into
Oblivion

Mick Coleman

Whispers

tickle your ear
telling you things you like to hear.

Whispers

are as soft as skin
letting little words curl in.

Whispers

come so they can blow
secrets others never know.

Michelle M. Barnhill

NUCLEAR CONFUSION

You know I can't even conceive
How you can be so naive
You want to disarm this great nation
But this just adds to the great frustration

I hope you "NO NUKES" people will soon see
We need these things to keep us free
And that unilateral disarming would be a flop
'Cause we would do it and they would not

To think you can trust the other power
Or even the madmen of the hour
Simply reveals your ignorance of the matter
Or shows you're as mad as the latter

Let's look at this one more time
You hold your tongue I'll hold mine
I'm sure you will clearly see
Then you will begin to agree

There is no need for all these fears
Because we've fought no war in forty years
You'll see they are as their name suggests
Deterrents that control us just like all the rest

Guillaume Cothonneau

Editor's Note: Here is the staff's reply to the above submission.



The Egg and I

No place to begin but the beginning...
Picking up the pieces; Humpty was pushed.
And all the king's horses
And all the king's men
were like, it really bummed them out, you know?

But it was his fault, anyways.
Soft-boiled eggs get broken and the hard ones lose their shells.
A better view, the further to fall...
Such a simple way to die.

He was asking for it, being up there and all.
No business at all.
Not a lot to do up there anyway, kinda lonely at the top.

Leaning over the edge, take a look at the ants.
Run for your life, you'll never keep it up...
And Icarus pays for Daedalus' airfare, a goodwill gift.
But Humpty was sittin' for a fall.

Kinda mean for me to push him, though; just meant it as a joke.
Bummer.

The End Is Near

The End Is Near, sings the caterpillar prophet, climbing up her neck, and I envy him her admiration and tender embrace; she doesn't love people any more though he is as unaware of her as she is of me and I am of who?

Only 23 More Days and Your World Will Be Destroyed, sings the dream of yesteryear, and I take no notice of warning but rejoice for so much time to enjoy my friends' company but two is a crowd for some so what can I do but say goodbye to these who have been more my friend than those who hail me at every corner?

In the face of The End, the small things take their rightful places and the large are cast aside with idle things from the devil's workshop; time to put your toys away for The End Is Near, and it can only change for the best 'cause you can't take it with you, you've only got now, the time for all men to thank their Creator for the miracles they work in Its Name: all the same in the face of The End.

Philip J. Eby

AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

He made mute

The voice of peace.

He ceased

The voice of brotherhood.

He silenced

The tune of viril leadership.

He closed

The mouth of opposition.

He even cut the throats

Of those who could not yet sing.

He gets out Thursday.

Jeffrey Allen

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