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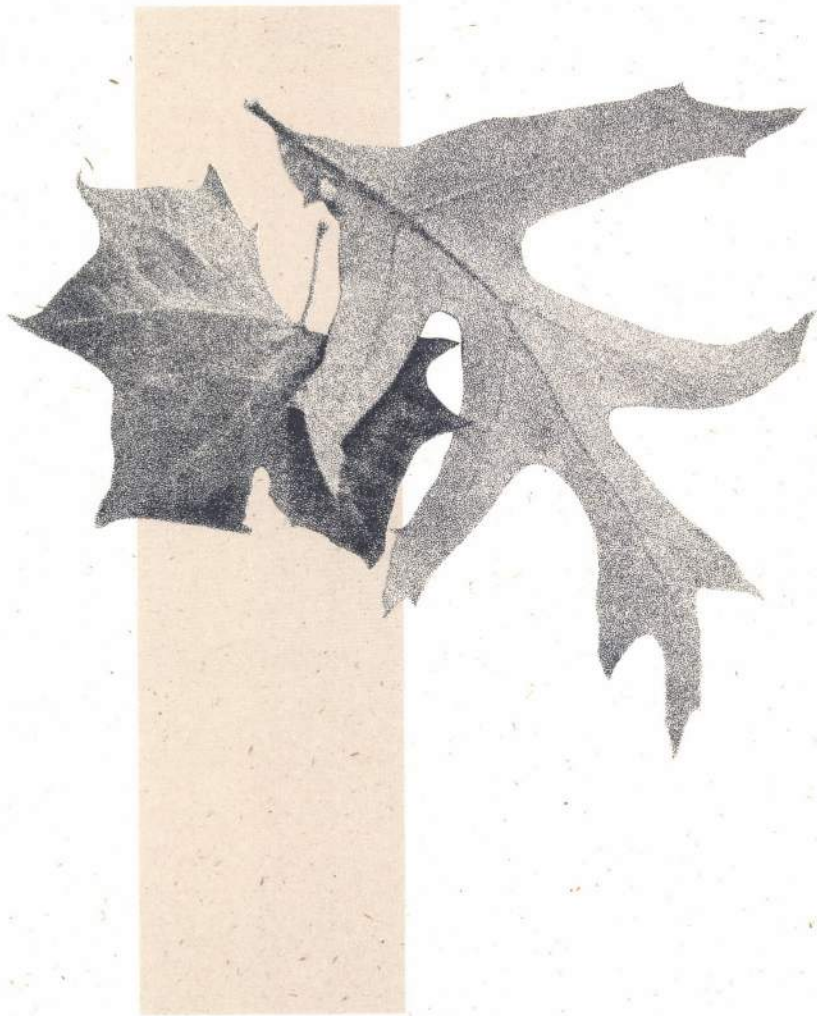
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ARCHARIOS



FALL 1993



ARCHARIOS

Literary / Art Magazine
Coastal Carolina University

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Eric Rogers, Sandi Shackelford

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Paul Olsen

EDITOR'S NOTE

Since first arriving at Coastal, I have been impressed by *Archarios* and those who struggled to revive it. Now I have the opportunity to provide the campus with another year of poetry and art. I would like to thank Paul Olsen, John Switter, and the rest of my staff for supporting me throughout my effort. I would also like to thank my father who inspired me to become editor, and Paul Rice who instilled in me my love of poetry.

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Unless Hollow, Mountain is an Adjective That Will Not Fit My Mouth

Eric Rogers

The cave lies naked,
Yawns up
From a caseweed mattress.
Rocks sleep overhead,
Familiar lovers nestled
Atop dry passages
Cleft in live granite.
In spiritless corridors
I disrupt fossil cyclones of leaves,
The multicolored memories
Of past green seasons
Lay spiraled about the floor.

Farther in.
I grope blind for a truth
Written on small rocks
Like a man tears at a corpse
In search of answers inside.
To bend and snap,

break

Pound the mountain to sand
And expect my truth there.
There must be others,
These stones
Are too big.

... Mountains
Hold their answers
In stony virgin thighs,
And a broken rock
Is no more soft.



Brandy Hamilton

Worry
Brandy Hamilton
photograph
6 1/2" x 4 1/4"

Baptism

Melissa Burney

After red and gold disappear
from the trees, losing the sins
of hot summer days and chilly
September nights that burned
the skins of passionate lovers
with log fires, it floats
down from the sky, a blanket
putting a baby to rest,
covering everything in innocent white,
a baptism of Earth
washing away original sin,
leaving the sky
grey with afterthought.

Kneeling in the Aisles

Corey Merchant



Sylvia can't go home today
she stoops, kneels in the aisles
of a bookstore she used to play
swims with Moby Dick
in the face of the Great Unknown
and walks on

lights flash on the buildings
the brownstone bars and undergrounds
flicker on a life sedated
and a childhood left undone
moonlight moves like breathing
beneath her feet on the roadside rain

she takes her eyes off the horizon
where the fringes meet the lines
lines like the grated metal
where the waters off the street converge
lured to slick, stoned stagnation
needful of the earth and motion
like her once simple life,
man and wife
the fixed-up flat
and apparent security

but in the dark of a party
a costume ball for New Year's Eve
a stranger dressed as a jester
tipped his hat and spoke in tongues
spinning words about Nature
and a violent overflow



Cats

Rita Deegan

relief print

6 1/4" x 4 1/4"



Madonna*
Bjarne Werner
pencil

11 1/2" x 13 1/2"

*study of a photograph



Mr. Muscles
Shannon Thomas
photograph
6 1/2" x 9 1/2"

On the Wall

Sandy Watson

"I am miserable
in the nineties,"
said the woman
to her eye
in the mirror
where her monsters live
(They roar, they scream and die)
Sometimes, she jumps in
with them
where she crawls
on all three knees
until her kneecaps
are so swollen
that she doesn't feel
the heat
of the blood
that drip-drip-drips
from a mouth
that's opened
horror-wide
because her other eye
has figured out
there's nowhere
left to hide

To the Rich, Waiting to Die

Eric Rogers

Gridlock, Waccamaw bridge.
Cars inch along nose to tail
Like whipped dogs.
Ahead, an air-conditioned matron
In a thirty-thousand dollar coffin
Sits with cracked window
Venting smoke
From a thin lipped cigarette.

I, behind, sweat and curse,
Windows down in no breeze.

Her lap is alive with a mean-eyed
Toy something,
Needle teeth and lip curl.
I grimace the best smile I can
Thinking of the old maxim that
Pets resemble their owners.

The dog is a singular
Furry black thought,
Bathed in fear inspired meanness.
It sits, blinks in the blue smoke
And bristles at the other cars.
Pets resemble their owners,
A window to the soul.

The woman now alert, territorial,
Gives a sudden glance into her mirror
As if she smells my sweaty presence
Behind her.
A disdainful look at a dirty man,
She dismisses me, hugs the dog tight.
Around me, the air cools.

Heat stops,
And I see we are all indeed alike.
The same, alone, after all.

Nairobi, Kenya

Shannon Templin

The shy face
of another back-slung babe
hides his smile
between mother's shoulder blades
as she begs for a shilling note.

The rest of the city
passes her by unnoticed
For they too
wear the thin suits
and worn scarves
of perpetual poverty.

Here lives truth
in these innocent minds
and simply satisfied bodies
made useful and sun-brown
long ago
when they first sprang
from the red clay womb
of their mother-
Africa.



Untitled
Kumiko Yoshihara
pen and ink
16 1/2" x 10 3/4"

Definition

Gregory Keith Cole

Curved line
every point equally distant
from a point within
the center;
cymbal
hooped parchment
areola
beer bottle lips
braille's base
pores
salt shaker's freckles
vanilla wafers.

Gregory K. Cole

Silly Kids

Shannon Templin

He is a butterfly

I am a turtle

What were we thinking



Atalaya
Shannon Thomas
photograph
6" x 4"



*Kimberley
Boros*

Sea Friend
Kimberley Boros
relief print
20" x 14"

Grannie's Backyard

Melissa Burney

I stood in the backyard of Grannie's house
where the slave quarters used to be,
the ground still packed dirt, the grass refusing to grow.
A fence retreats from the old oak
and its sidekick shed.
My brother has climbed that tree many times,
its roots grow upward, like a stairway, inviting
children to climb up and see the mythical Southern Sky.

I climb only at night,
the sky most peaceful then.
Every star can be identified,
the shooting ones wished upon,
and dreams become realities,
like Jiminy Crickett promises.

I wonder if long ago, children
dreamed the same dreams,
on this roof, that turns into
a comfortable seat,
once limbs surrender to sky.

It is almost dark, I climb up
in the last shades of twilight.
At the top night falls like a blanket
off a child's body.
I climb onto the splintery rooftop
and my dreams lift me into the stars.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Melissa Burney". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the poem's text.

NIGHTPAINTING

Paul Rice

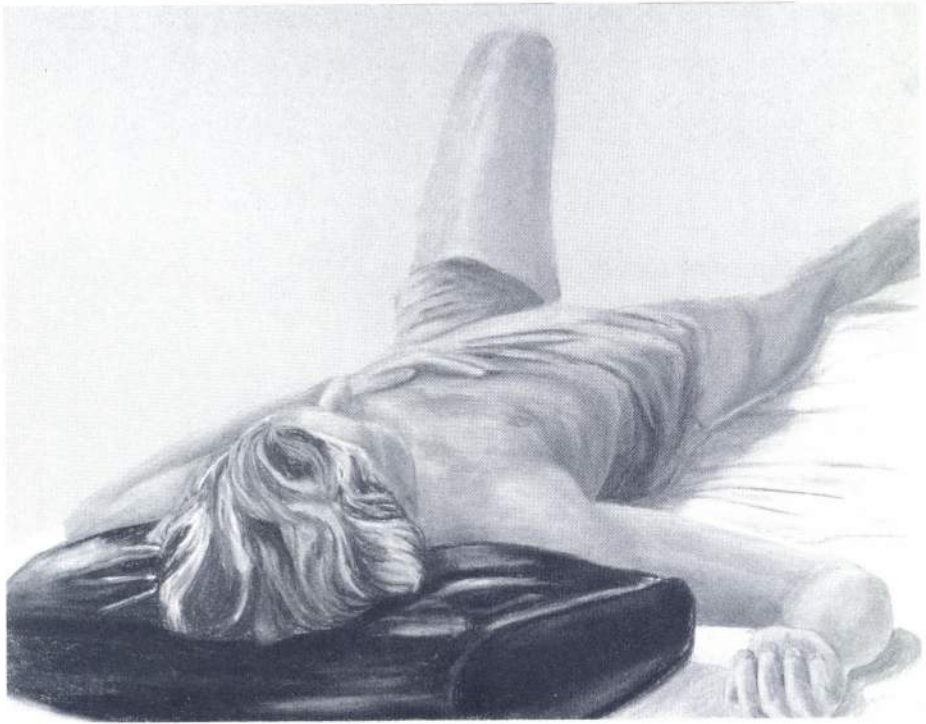
tonight my platter is the very picture
of Platonic seafood—
the shrimp perfectly pink,
potatoes white as Carrara marble,
romaine shading
from topaz to fine emerald tip.

I am in the mood for the ocean's art.
the frame—a beach-front window.
floodlights back of the restaurant
paint the sea a shrill green,
then fade to black void,
the way the world must have been
before the light was said.

in the foreground water,
gulls gather in hundreds
to feed on fish
that feed on the light.
I want to love this picture,

but once I loved a woman—
the seventies, Atlanta.
for good money
she hauled black velvet art,
vans of it, from Mexico City, Matamoros,
then sold it on hot southern roadsides
to gypsy soul of plumber and waitress
hungry for bright matadors,
and the impossible dripping red's
of a Jesus crowned with thorns.

though her face has faded
to a gauzy oval,
and I can't remember
the color of her eyes,
she is not gone
as long as I look at gulls on green water
and can only see brushstrokes
on a background of dark velvet sea.



Steve
Anthony Sawyer
pastels
25 1/2" x 19 3/4"

Memorial Day

Sarah Loudin

Old women come
wearing hardship
painstakingly applied
with palsied hands.
Guided grandchildren
carry cardboard boxes
laden with nature's
wild bloom.

Flowers grace graves
by the mason-jar full,
delay wilting
for another second
of eternity.

Blossoms bow their heads
as thoughts are washed
whiter than snow, Lord,
and ladies return
to the church lawn.
Wooden chairs
set out in formation
serve as impromptu
jury box from which
old women might
pass judgement
on the quick
and the dead.

*Sarah
Loudin*

Grandchildren chase
across the yard,
watching, waiting,
for an old one
to fall into Grace.



*Kimberley
Boros*

Untitled
Kimberley Boros
colored pencil
25 1/2" x 19 3/4"



Untitled
Bjarne Werner
pencil
13 1/2" x 14"

Salience

Gregory Keith Cole

vernal sun
in blue yawn

fainting wind
knights new breeze

gaze sees
what palms earth

into timely braids
of universe

Gregory K. Cole

Sunrise to Sunset

"A Day in the Life of a Slave"

Megan McDonough

Cramped
Split and cracked
from hours of picking
like droning work bees
we bellow in the scorching
sun
Hiding, he waits
till I finally stop
to catch
my breath
Slashing the blood drenched
cowskin he whips me
back into reality
Split and cracked
from years of beating
My flesh so rifted it no longer
scars
Exhaustion pulls my feet
from under me
and Pleasure thrusts your
foot in my face

Cramped
split and cracked
I fumble with the
thorns
clench the root of your
pride
as I walked away
singing another day
to death.



Nude #1
Elizabeth Knight
charcoal
18" x 23 1/2"

Propagation

Sarah Loudin

In twenty years
of unconscious body ease,
I had never allowed
the growth-gagged river
to know me.

Pretense naked,
I worship the uneasy
flow powerful enough
to trace its roots
to a mountain heart.

If you stand still,
oh so very still,
fish will kneel
between your toes.

A moment's Fancy
has left me towelless.
River, mingled of me,
bleeds deeper color
on a sun bleached rock.

Frogs lay their eggs
in puddles after rain.
That molten life giver
also takes away.

Naked, sun-warm, empty,
I lie on river-edge moss.
Water talks to the trees,
ignores me supine
where butterflies gather
to gloat over pollen.

Even while mating,
double decker dragonflies
take to the sky.



Cain and Abel
Patrick Mitrione
pen and ink
14" x 18"

Patrick
Mitrione



Stay Off Crack
Brandy Hamilton

photograph
6 1/4" x 4 1/4"

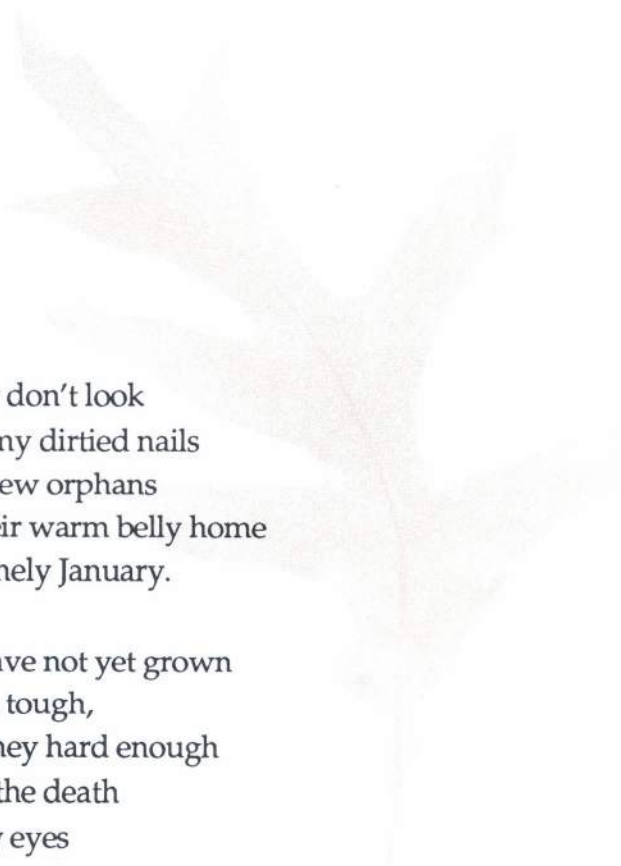
The Money People Next Door

Shannon Templin

Because tired ewes rest
thick greased heads on the ground
and each sunned spot
is draped with a cat
until our flap eared dog
comes foaming by
They call us small and quaint.

And smile as they turn their retriever loose
to run in the country
and chase our hound
under her bush in the back.

"We love to watch what you do"
She raised her martini toward me
(losing a battle with "lady")
from the gazebo in her backyard,
as the rope tore and itched
at my numb hand
and the heated mare escaped
to search for completion
in a gelded herd.



But they don't look
as I cut my dirtied nails
to pull new orphans
from their warm belly home
into a lonely January.

And I have not yet grown
stomach tough,
and money hard enough
to wipe the death
from my eyes
and off my shoes.

NOTES

Junior **Kimberley Boros** is an art major from Myrtle Beach. Freshman **Melissa Burney** is an English major from Myrtle Beach. **Gregory Keith Cole** is an assistant professor of Spanish from Toledo, Ohio. **Richard Oliver Collin** received a doctorate from Oxford University. **Dr. Collin** writes novels and teaches politics at Coastal. Junior **Rita Deegan** is an art education major from Surfside Beach. **Shannon Goff**, from Conway, is a junior majoring in English.

Brandy Hamilton, from Akron, Ohio, is a senior majoring in English. Senior **Sarah Loudin** is an English major from French Creek, West Virginia. **Elizabeth Montague Knight** is an art major from Columbia, Tennessee. Junior **Megan McDonough** currently lives in Myrtle Beach and is an English major. **Lynne Mason** is a sophomore from Myrtle Beach majoring in interdisciplinary studies. **Corey Merchant** is a senior majoring in English. **Patrick Mitrione** is a senior from Hastings, New York, majoring in art studio.

Anne Trainer-Monk is the Director of Public Information at Coastal. **Paul Olsen** received an M.F.A. from the University of Miami in 1975 and currently lives in Conway. **Nelljean Rice** is a professor of English and currently resides in Conway. **Paul Rice** received his Ph.D. in English from Catholic University in 1985 and currently lives in Conway. From Piedmont, South Carolina, senior **Eric Rogers** is a marine science major. Junior **Anthony Sawyer** is an art major from Aynor, South Carolina.

Sandi Shackelford is an assistant professor of theater at Coastal. **Shannon Templin** is a sophomore from Philadelphia majoring in English. **Shannon Thomas** is a junior from Loris, South Carolina, with a double major in art and biology. **Sandy Watson** is an English major. Junior **Bjarne Werner** is an art major from Malmo, Sweden. From Tokyo, **Kumiko Yoshihara** is a freshman majoring in art.

CONTRIBUTORS

Benefactors

The Atheneum
The Chanticleer

Patrons

Susan Meyers

AWARDS

Art

First: *Steve* by Anthony Sawyer
Second: *Untitled* by Kumiko Yoshihara

Literature

First: *Sunrise to Sunset* by Megan McDonough
Second: *On the Wall* by Sandy Watson

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Don't Cry Out Loud
Donna Barruchi

relief print

16" x 18"

