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## Archarios, 2001 Spring

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literary art magazine

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Archarios

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literary art magazine

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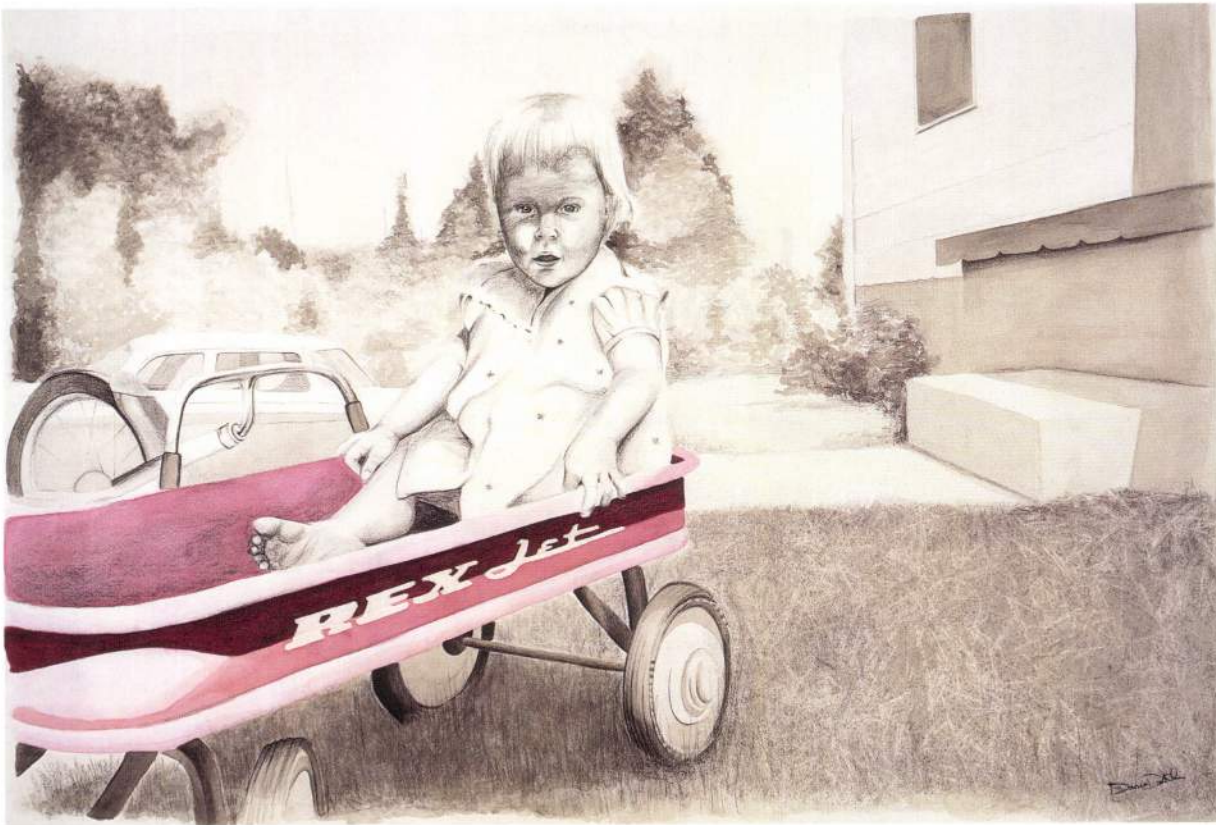
COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

# Self-Portrait

I see the circles under your eyes,  
they show your age.  
I see the stains on your cheeks,  
they show your pain.  
I see your hair,  
with its color stains and split ends.  
Your ears,  
full with words.  
Your lips,  
ready with love.  
Your body,  
tired and confused.  
I see the figure of a girl who once knew love,  
felt passion.  
She saw the future and  
understood true beauty.  
I see a girl trapped in her twenties,  
struggling to smile and fighting to survive.  
I see a woman,  
lost in a world she doesn't understand,  
filling a standard she can't seem to meet.  
I see a woman who someday will find the beauty in her  
circles,  
the passion in her hips,  
the wonder of her words,  
the grace of her voice,  
and the magnificence of being a woman.

Sarah Kangarloo  
Junior, English Major

Danica Dunkle  
Senior, Art Studio Major



Medium: Charcoal and Watercolor

My Red Wagon



# Help

How I wish I can sleep the pain away,  
but I'm too tired to close my eyes.  
And before I know it, time flies by,  
and I watch the sun rise  
across the purple sky.  
I wonder,  
why I just can't die  
and leave this pain inside  
behind.  
While walking towards a better day  
and I must say  
that I'm just too tired to die today.  
Because I've never ever felt this way  
before,  
I opened that door  
and the light of day  
caused me to look away.  
So, I went back into the cave  
so that the cool dark shade  
can save me from the light.  
Give me the power to do this right,  
in the eyes of you,  
for I'm just too tired to.

Rebecca Jessica Wright  
Senior, English Major

Amy Adams  
Senior, Art Studio Major



Medium: Brownstone ceramics

For Joe

# Untitled

Lend me your mind  
    To lean on, brother  
I need some support  
    For these desires  
Lend me your soul  
    To talk to, sister  
I need some faith  
    For humanity

Jayne Rex  
Senior, English Major

Erin Ramsey

Junior, Art Studio/  
Secondary Education Major

Medium: Wood Block Print



Lady Chopin

# Human Back



Medium: Pen and Ink

Steven Lawrence  
Sophomore, Art Studio Major

Katherine Johnson  
Senior, Art Studio Major



Medium: Black Soapstone

Woman in the Moon

# Valentine's Day

You told me you would sing me a song and dance me a novel,  
you lied.  
You said we shared the same dream,  
we didn't.  
You said we were "made for each other,"  
we weren't.  
You said that you'd love me forever,  
funny, where are you now?

Let me tell you something about love and about forever.  
Love is a promise, a sacred truth.  
Love is something that doesn't come easy  
and never leaves on a goodbye.  
Love is something I searched for and mistakenly threw on you.  
Love is something I thought I knew,  
but quickly learned I was still searching.  
So let me sing you a song and dance you novel.

The song has been sung before,  
"love stinks,"  
and the novel has been danced a thousand times,  
"love stinks,"  
but the catch is,  
love only stunk with you.

Sarah Kangarloo  
Junior, English Major

Morgan Evans  
Sophomore, Art Studio Major



Medium: Oil Painting

He Thinks Himself King  
(Portrait of Jean-Mitchell Basquet)



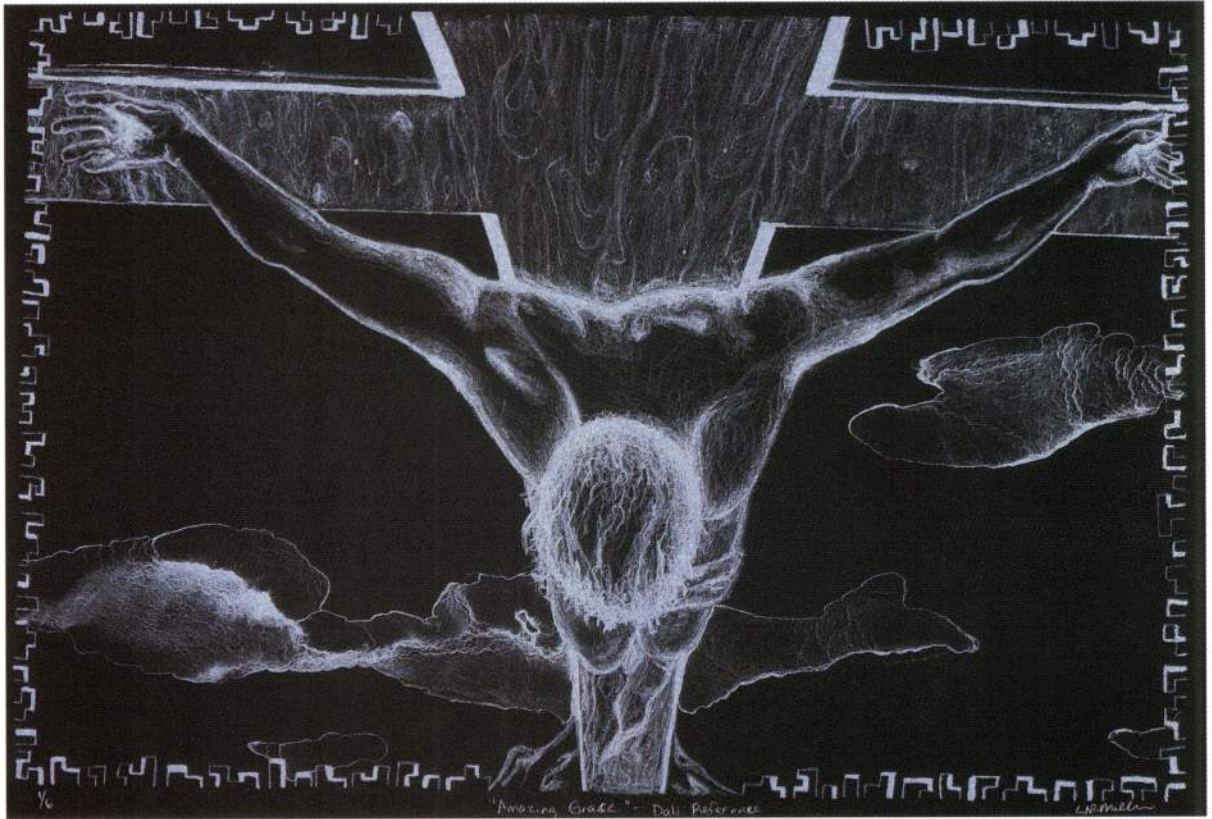
# Untitled

A man blurs by,  
Holding up the universal finger.  
Another lays his heavy hand on his horn,  
Adding to the noise pollution  
That already fills this frowning world.  
While shaking his fist,  
The next guy rushes by,  
With disgust on his face,  
But the old lady still smiles on,  
Driving to the melody,  
Singing in her own world.

Nathan Rood  
Junior, English Major

Leah Rhodes Miller  
Senior, Art Studio Major

Medium: Lithograph

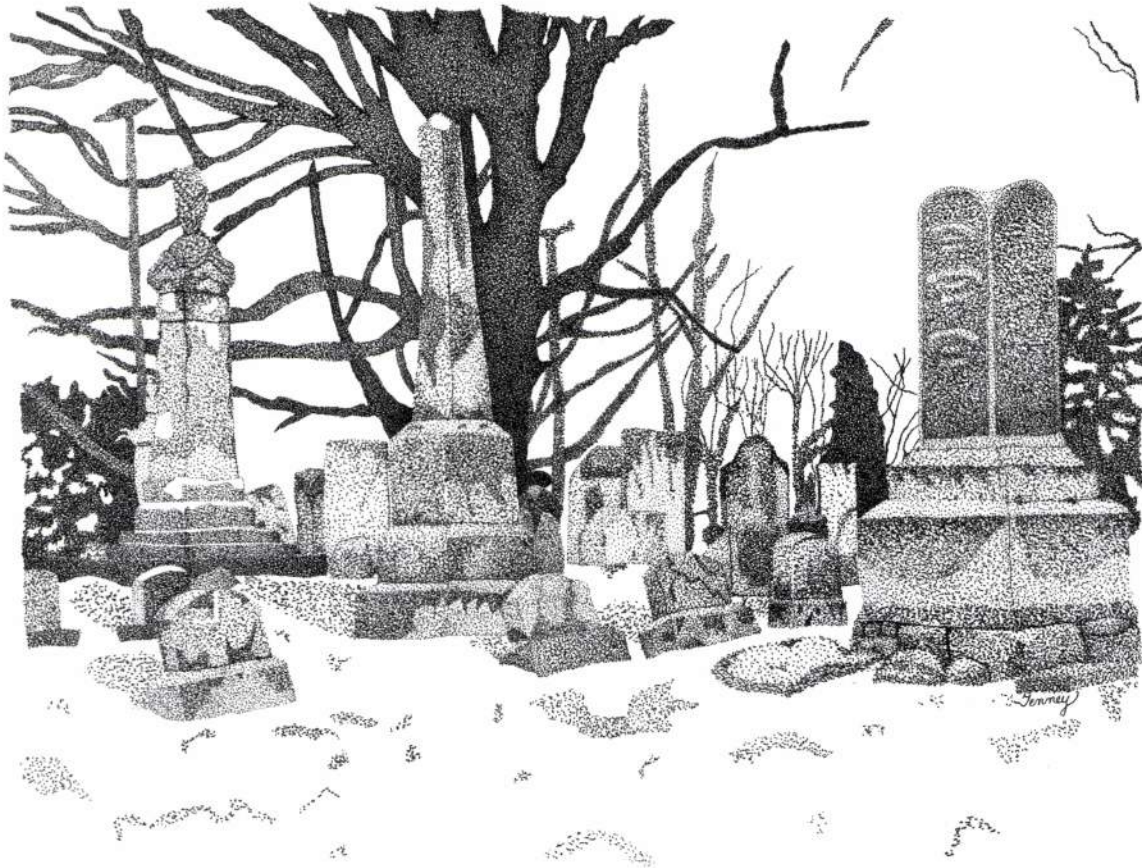


Amazing Grace (Dali Reference)

# Good Bye

You don't deserve this,  
for me to think about you.  
You have no idea what you have put me through.  
If it was going to be a single stand,  
You shouldn't have come back again.  
You really shouldn't have come back again.  
You shouldn't have messed with my emotions and pretended you cared,  
If you knew all along that you wouldn't be there.  
This is all I can do to block this pain.  
Nothing will make it permanently go away.  
The thing that hurts most is that I don't know,  
and the intensity of that makes me cry.  
I gave you a call but you didn't reply,  
I guess you didn't feel like telling me good bye.

Michaela Rogers  
Sophomore, Art Studio Major



Medium: Pen and Ink

# A Soldier's Friendship

Bonded for life by one day's meeting,  
The thought of him gone makes my  
heart stop beating.  
Enlisted by the great Uncle Sam,  
Now to be butchered like fallen lambs.  
My musket held high,  
I was ready to die.

The country boy I always knew,  
Stood beside me brave and true.  
Lost were the thoughts of girls and  
our pranks,  
As we march, ghostly, in our ranks.  
Long ago, we made the vow;  
Always and forever we were best pals.

The fog powdered us like fallen snow.  
We had to be there; We were forced  
to go.  
The gray coats flashed by,  
Guns fired with the battle cry,  
Forceful shoves and blood stained  
clothes,  
Men lay around me, death in rows.

Crying out I marched ahead,  
For the Union and the dead.  
Side by side with my friend,  
We would fight until the end.  
Victory felt so near,  
As the forest started to clear.

The ranks went forward with a cheer;  
Unforgiven rebels fled like deer.  
Glory was ours that very hour;  
We felt the rush and the power.  
In all our emotion and our joy,  
We didn't realize their spiteful ploy.

Our eyes were turned and we were  
blind;  
That's when they came from behind.  
I saw him sitting behind the tree.  
The Confederate's rifle aimed straight  
at me.  
Hurriedly, I spun around;  
That's when my friend hit the ground.

His face was pale, and his arm was

*continued on page 17*

maimed.  
The bullet in him boasted my name.  
The cry for a medic came with no  
reply.  
Blood poured out and forced him to  
die.  
Friends for life we had said;  
Now he lay beside me dead.

He gave his life to save my own,  
A fact that spirals down my bones.  
To have him back is my plea,  
He shouldn't have died just to save  
me.  
The memories echo from long ago.  
Who will remember and who will  
know?

This war has ripped what friendship  
gave.  
A life gone for a life saved.  
I had to retreat. I had to go on,  
So I could fight with tomorrow's  
dawn.

Not for states or for my pride,  
But for the friend who has now died.

I left my comrade on the field,  
Knowing full well, I had lost my shield.  
The shield of adventure, trust, and  
heart.  
That's something you can't tear apart.  
He was willing and gave it all.  
That is friendship true and raw.

This bloody war! My friend it took,  
North and South how we must look.  
Unite or part the war will end,  
But never to have my best friend.  
If man must fight to feed his honor,  
Then surely I am but a goner.

I scream ahead and cry a sound,  
To wake the dead on this ground.  
Wake up and tell these angry men,  
We're all the same when we ascend.  
Let's stop the prejudice now today,  
Give back my friend I cry and pray.

Brandi Wyatt

Junior, Marine Science Major



Medium: Black and White Photography

Mandy Nicolav  
Junior, Theater Major

## Adelia Ellis

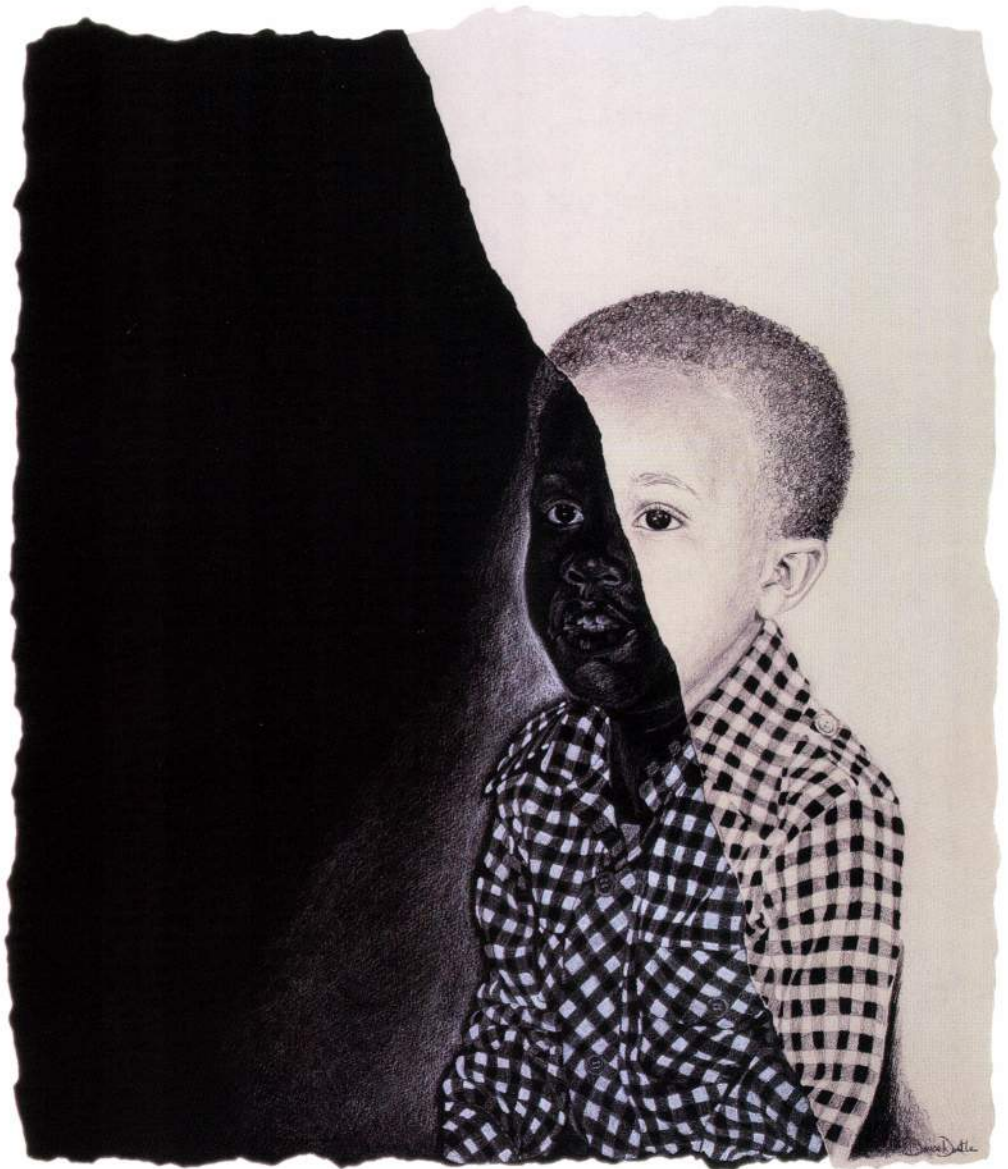
History/Theater Alumnus

I remember the day I learned to tie my shoes.  
My four-year-old fingers fumbling,  
Mimicking the movements of an adult hand...  
(One hand-One hook,  
sometimes he can still feel the place below his  
elbow where a forearm and hand once were.)  
Over and under,  
then pull tight,  
make a loop and hold it with this hand...  
(Hand and hook deftly moving)  
four-year-old fingers fumbled following.  
Sitting on the bottom stair,  
the only place where my feet touched the ground,  
I beheld magic.  
I made a bow and the world and all its secrets were made known to me.  
With untold joy,  
looking up,  
face beaming in shocked elation,  
I ran out to tell the world of my triumph.  
I tied and retied and double tied my laces.  
I could understand that the movements of the universe,  
the reason why the sun glowed so brightly,  
was for the moment I learned to tie my shoes.



# Our Worlds Merge

Medium: Charcoal



Danica Dunkle  
Senior, Art Studio Major

He left us standing helplessly,  
coldly-sheltered by the thin wooden  
planks of the train station-  
the sharp pelting rain beating noisily  
against a tin lunch box left behind by a  
little girl,  
dragged quickly away at the first drops  
of a storm.

Reaching for her mother's hand,  
the child sucks her tiny thumb.  
Her innocent eyes big and round  
in expectation of her father's return.

How strange the water looked that day  
So thin and sharp aiming and targeting  
for the people that ran helplessly from  
its touch.

Maybe it was the rain that had the job  
to do,  
Trying to water the earth and make it  
beautiful.  
And maybe it's the people that get in  
the way,  
getting soaked by the water that  
should land on the ground.

People who can't appreciate the water  
and its worth

That man had felt the domination of  
the rain  
He had felt powerless and confused  
and he ran away

If the rain had never come and gotten  
in his way,  
to soak him in her efforts to make him  
proud,  
Would he still be here?  
Unappreciating and condemning the  
water  
the rain gave so selflessly?

Yes, he'd still be here with that woman  
standing under the old wooden  
shelter-making her own tears,  
soaking her beautiful face.

And he'd still love that rain  
that he so selfishly took for granted.  
That rain that still weeps silently  
for her red tin lunch box  
that she had left so carelessly behind.

## Janus

Medium: Brownstone Ceramics



Amy Adams  
Senior, Art Studio Major

Fear inside  
so confused  
once again  
lost myself

Times not shared  
memories lost  
wishing I was  
there for you

Never felt  
quite so lost  
stayed alone  
found myself

Passions in souls  
flowed so free  
dreams of you  
born anew

Stars in eye  
kisses felt  
shed a tear  
from my heart

# Silent Trees



Medium: Photography

Erin Gawera  
Senior, Biology/  
Marine Science Major

Adelia Ellis

History/Theater Alumnus

I wanted more than you could give,  
I felt your resistance.

I wanted a love that you couldn't handle,  
I heard the silence.

I wanted a deeper intimacy born of spirit.  
Where you were not ready to go,  
I saw your fear.

I wanted a friendship that you could not envision with me,  
I felt your confusion.

I wanted so much more.  
You wanted so much less.  
The hurt was more than I could handle.  
The silence was more than I could bear.  
The resistance was something I could not accept.  
The confusion I could not dissipate.  
The love...  
the love I could not settle for anything less,  
it had to be unconditional.

Different Pages

## In Beauty



Medium: Mixed Media

Morgan Evans  
Sophomore, Art Studio Major

Ronald Geris

Senior, Business Marketing Major



Medium: Graphite

Again



## Trauma in the ER

Stabs of pain. They came and went quickly, but they seemed to last forever. Tears dropped slowly as I moved to the edge of my bed that was once a source of comfort. My hand slowly moved towards my face to wipe the tears that dropped and started forming a small pond on my pink cotton sheets. I placed one hand on my swelling belly, then the other hand. I hugged myself to say it was going to be all right, but in my mind, I believed the pain would never end. My knees drew closer towards my chest, and my eyes squeezed tighter together as though that were going to stop the pain. I attempted to cry out to God to help, but the pain choked me to keep silent.

Slowly I crawled towards the edge of my bed, which seemed to be a prison holding me captive. I inched and squiggled and squirmed until I finally escaped my "cell" and became free to get help. I lay limp and paralyzed on the floor, praying my mother would come through my bedroom door. My prayers were answered. My mother walked

through my bedroom door, looked down at me and sat beside me as I lay on my navy blue plush carpet. I finally felt free as though she were there to help me escape from the pain and fear I was feeling. She knew by the pain-drawn tears in my eyes what was wrong.

My mother helped to lift me up and wiped my tears as only a mother can. Until then, she had never really understood what kind of pain I was really feeling, but my tears finally spoke to her and made her understand. I was already fully dressed, but my mom put my jacket on for me as if I were a helpless young infant. The pain still stabbed and teased me as if it were saying, "I'm not done with you yet."

We traveled slowly, and it seemed to take an eternity just to get to the front door. Now, we had the task of getting into the car. My mother opened the passenger side and helped me in leg by leg until I finally had my head in. What used to be so easy to me was now extremely difficult. We drove for what seemed

hours, when in reality it was a mere ten minutes. We finally arrived at the hospital, and then it seemed once again that we waited another eternity.

Doctors were rushing to get me admitted. They believed I had a tubal pregnancy, but I kept telling them there was no possibility of that. I was stuck with so many needles my arm was bruised. I took test after test after test. I had an ultrasound and two x-rays done. All this for one area of the body. I was imagining what it would be like if I actually were pregnant. Would they have tried to kill me? I felt as though they were torturing me because of the pain I was in. Just the process of those tests was strenuous because of the pain I was in. I asked for relief for my pain so that I could feel strong enough to go on and take more tests.

I was finally admitted after six hours that will be stamped into my memory for the rest of my life. I sat up in my hospital bed, looking around and trying to memorize sights, sounds, and smells. All I remember is that

brick hard bed I felt chained to. I didn't want to enjoy the television or any of the desserts the doctors constantly sent up for me.

Doctors and nurses came in one by one to treat and care for me. I was awakened at early hours of the morning just to take pain killers that I no longer needed. On my last day in Beaufort Memorial Hospital, my doctor came in doing her daily rounds on her patients. She sat at the edge of my bed, held my hand and looked me in my eyes. I was afraid of what she would tell me. She rubbed my head, asked me how I was doing and then gave me my diagnosis. I was told there was a possibility that I could never have children. At the age of sixteen, I thought this was okay and I accepted it. After all, I was not ready to be a mother. Four years later, at the age of twenty, I feel a pain and emptiness in my heart that an illness has caused. Maybe in my mind I know that I will be ready in a few years to be a mother. Now the only prison I'm in is the prison of my mind.

## Keanta Shaquanne Speaks

Freshman, Elementary Education Major

# Down with the Beat of Mr. Green



Medium: Wood Block Print

Erin Ramsey  
Junior, Art Studio/  
Secondary Education Major

## Randall Wells

Professor of English & Speech

Brandishing icicles with thick gloves,  
Winter bids rivers to cease,  
to mirror graycloud,  
to entomb fish in mid-thrash.  
Sap brittles,  
wind embalms buds,  
Snap! goes the robin's leg.

Was that a crinkle of ice-easing?  
Then a fin-spasm, a tentative chirp unpunished,  
a risk of green,  
a golden suffusion:  
a smile.

And all this weather in a windowless room.

Late to Class Annoyed-  
to Julie Ragsdale

# Awards

literary art

- 1st **For Joe** Amy Adams
- 2nd **Our Worlds Merge** Danica Dunkle
- 3rd **Solitude** Carrie Tenney

- 1st **Self-Portrait** Sarah Kangarloo
- 2nd **Shelter from the Train Station** Leigh Anne Little
- 3rd **Help** Rebecca Jessica Wright

*Archarios* is a publication produced by students, funded by the Student Media Committee of Coastal Carolina University and printed by Sheriar Press. *Archarios* is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press. All entries are selected and judged using the blind selection policy. All rights are reserved by the individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, faculty and staff throughout the academic school year. Only students are eligible for awards. Benefactories, patronages and subscriptions are available annually. Please direct all entries to *Archarios*, Coastal Carolina University, P.O. Box 261954, Conway, South Carolina 29528-6054, call 843.349.2328, or visit the *Archarios* office in Student Center 209.

## Editor's Note

When I first enlisted in *Archarios*, I never really knew the extent of what I was getting myself into. Over the past two & 1/2 years, I have put together a definition of what *Archarios* means to me. *Archarios* is heart+hours+heritage. The heart represents our love for the accomplishment of another great magazine. The hours are spent creating the work over a period of two semesters and Spring Break. Last but not least, the heritage is what we try to pass on to the Coastal Carolina University community and the world. Our advisor, Paul Olsen, has been a part of this heritage for over ten years and with his guidance and expertise.....*Archarios* is great once again.

First, I would like to give thanks to someone who is more than a friend, right hand, and artist--Leah Miller, the Creative Director of *Archarios*. This magazine is definitely a depiction of her hard work and service throughout the past two years. Thank you for the hours and the heart.

I would like to thank the single person who put me on to *Archarios*: Jennifer Karvetsky. A classmate turned to friendship and a friendship turned to love. *Archarios* was blessed for three years with your prowess.

Thanks to a dedicated staff: E.J., Candice, Regis, Jayne, Sandi, Casey, and Michaela..

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Coastal Carolina Alumni Association



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# Archarios

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Not pictured: Regis Minerd,  
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Michaela Rogers, Designer

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Jayne Rex



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