Editor’s Note:

Sing with me... Now it’s time to say goodbye! To all my... who am I fooling? Can you ever really say goodbye? The old adage is to say “See you later” instead of goodbye. Pshaw! Is it time yet? Archarios has been my Survivor TV series for the past three years. Picture it, instead of the beautiful South Pacific island (Coastal’s campus), the “always looking hungry” competitors (the Archarios staff), and the omnipotent announcer (Paul Olsen) in the background coaching everyone to victory. Fortunately, our staff was not in competition for a million bucks or a new car; the experience was much more of a challenge and reward. Regals, you are my sunshine, my only sunshine.

Thanks to my dedicated duo: E. J. and Andrea.

See you later! K -
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I was born,
And I grew
Cold, grey, calloused,
Like my thick hands,
From orange days of toil.

I drive by
The little fake-white churches.
Proselytizers praying to God;
Few of them know him.

I hear high-hats
And brushed snare drums,
Walking bass lines
And gently chorded pianos.

Bird blows,
Smiles,
Smiles,
Wide.

He held an
Instantaneous answer
In that one note.

Cool blue jazz
Eats my brain.

It spits me out, crying,
Warm, pink and
New again.
There were two white
Sprinkler heads
Nestled in the grass.
Marshmallows,
Side by side,
Waiting to be pressed
Together
Inside of a s'more.
And I wonder if
Somebody turns them on
Will they dispense water....?
Or chocolate?
At the dawn of existence, when the total function of man equaled two, mentality was free of all superstition. Our thoughts were his, leaving little to choose the world grew, shedding innocence with time. New freedoms promoted a sweet flavor while giving disregard to our first mind. The pace of the secular race quickened, leaving the original leader in a position certain to lose. Premeditation became our new savior, leaving even less to choose.

The next turn is impatiently nearing, with the following generation asking why ancestral remnants look on sadly jeering; reminiscent of when the truths weren't lies. Sterility is the only solution. To deny the mathematical destruction of inner man numbers began stacking up against us. As the sweet nectar bridged Adam's mouth to his hand, Destiny shall recall the initial mind set; realization forces a major move. Our children's decisions will be made by the second mind, leaving nothing to choose.
It snowed for the first time,
And you were not here.
I had a blanket for your arms
With a cup of hot chocolate
For your kiss,
And a snowy memory for your love.
I hope the snow falls where you are,
Bringing a memory of me-
A memory of snow one night
And the angel who fell with it.
They never teach us to learn about ourselves,  
To dissect the human soul  
And classify what is seen.  
We are never taught to appreciate Time.

"Sunrise and sunset are a day,"  
But they are much more.  
Life exists between the sun  
And peace comes by the moon.  
Time should be given Her praises,  
For with Her passing comes love,  
Sorrow, happiness, and discovery—  
All which keeps life breathing.  
We are a universe,  
Crying stars and playing catch with Jupiter  
Upon Constellations as children.  
And now we glance back  
Squinting, trying to see who we were,  
Who we are.  
But we never opened the book,  
Examined the changing pictures.

So now we look ahead  
And begin to run with eyes closed,  
Crashing into others  
On the same blind rampage,  
Missing the beauty of the sun.  
We don't know any better—  
To look inward instead of out.  
They never taught us.
It's peaceful here...
Snow falling
Like a blanket of silence
Upon the newly frozen ground.
The ice is trapping dreams,
Hearts and memories,
But wishes do come true.
Like the warming rays on the first day of spring,
Melting the snow, releasing untold dreams,
Sometimes, that can be hard;
Often nearly impossible.
Yet still we hope, dreaming more.
Dying men dreaming of another chance.
Hope as real as the dream of the smallest child.
Life's meaning washed away
like the melting snows.
One kiss, one gesture,
Can make someone feel loved so deeply.
The inner demons, wishing turmoils,
Endless torment self inflicted,
Sacrifices made for naught, and
Victories snatched from the jaws of defeat.
Painful love, ecstasy of pain
Living, learning, loving, hating, hurting
Helping and giving.
All of it, the good, the bad,
Shaping us to who we are,
Our taste of immortality,
Our legacies, our love for each other
Those few eternal things
That man can truly create.
Perhaps the only things
That matter in this adventure
That we so plainly label life.
Long live those lonely nights
The ones with a sad song
Lingering near-
Plays on,—another verse
With every fallen tear.
Long live my long lost love
God, pray you be near.
For I am the goddess
Of a lonely night
Whose emptiness I fear.
Everlasting are the words
You say—
Fierce little daggers,
Grounds on which you play.
Lone sun over the horizon—
Oh, look—yet another
Sunny day.
I saw the most beautiful dusk sky
From a Supermarket parking lot...
But I could not fathom it;
Trying to bring the scene justice
With words I failed miserably.
This delicious sunset, now lost to history,
Is preserved in my memory.
I alone shall spend the rest of my days in awe,
Basking in the glory of God’s gift to me
Searching for words to describe
the fullness, the sensuality, the splendor;
Trying in vain to relate to anyone
the way I felt;
Looking for the choicest words
To reveal the magnitude
Of this event’s effect on me;
Only the most beautiful, romantic,
and colorful words
Could echo my innermost.....
See! I am reduced to pretentious babble
When I try to match the infinite power of
Nature’s grace with my crude tools
When words alone will not fairly describe
Her perfection.
Yet somehow it seems that solving the mystery
is much simpler....
That the secret of understanding
A miracle is to look at it
With all the wonder a newborn possesses
when counting its toes,
Expressing joy and pain
with laughter and tears—with no words.
My skin
has trapped me
like an unborn turtle.
This shell will always be my greatest hurdle.
I will hatch, single among the batch.
And I will soon discover with no avail
that I'm still bound
by a shell.
O, these men will be my horrific death: Large beer bellies, hairy arms, smoky breath, Scarred and ugly hands reaching out for me; Slurred speech, asking if his next drink is free.

I struggle from his perverted embrace And recoil at the sight of his florid face. I rush to the bar to get him a drink. He and his friends are so clever, they think. He thinks he should be my priority Just because he has some seniority. He looks away to check on the pool game. I rush away before he can call my name.

As soon as this episode is over, A new one begins with a man even older! I do not respond when he asks me out-- This man is repulsive, without a doubt. He slips me two dollars, as if I should be impressed And my patience, once again, is put to the test. But I am a better woman than that, Even though I'm not a golfing aristocrat. Your money is not what gets you a drink-- Common courtesy is better, I think.

Miller Light, Bud Light, Jack Daniels and Coke,
Drink until you are completely broke.
More grins, more laughs, more pretending to care,
More old men that just sit there and stare!
I’ve reached my limit, I’ve had it, I’m done.
This mindless chatter has ceased to be fun.
The next man to touch me gets smacked in the face--
I’ll probably start some big legal case.
But I’m tired of the hugs and kisses.
Why can’t they just go home to the missus?
The owner tells me I make him money “Honey”!
If only I did not have bills to pay,
I wouldn’t have to watch the games these men play.
Unfortunately, though, this is my fate.
One more night, four more offers for a date.
Thank God I’m in college and it won’t be long
Until I get a real job, I have to stay strong.
And so I say to you, dear gentlemen,
The way you treat me is truly a sin.
But no matter, I’ll soon leave you behind.
Another sex object you’ll have to find.
I’ll graduate soon and then I can quit.
Another girl can watch you throw your fits.
You’ll get what you want, just wait your turn.
You are nothing to me; someday you’ll learn.
In camp,
in the brilliant sunshine,
in the warm January air,
in the new Millennium,
in the Everglades,
in a cow field,
in-toxicated,
in laughter,
in friendship,
in jest,
in childhood,
in goodwill,
in amusement,
in satisfaction,
in a "pie man" mustache,
in socks,
in-subordinate to all but his feelings,
in-hibitionless,
in euphoria,
in all his nakedness

................................. blowing bubbles.
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD,
HAVE NO REGRETS,
FORGET THE PAST,
ALL FAILURES FORGOTTEN
IN A HAZE OF TIME AND HOPE.
THE RIVER OF TIME
MOVES FORWARD, INEXORABLY
TOWARD A FINAL DESTINATION
WHILE I AM CARRIED ALONG,
DRIFTWOOD FLOATING IN A DAZE.
YET NO LONGER CAN I DWELL
UPON THE PAST,
OF THINGS BEHIND ME ON THE RIVER,
FOR RIVERS MOVE ONWARD,
SLOW AND STEADY, NEVER STopping,
THE BENDS AND TWISTS
CREATING EDDIES THAT
TRY TO TRAP YOU,
YET STILL YOU CANNOT LINGER,
ELSE TIME WILL PASS YOU BY,
AND THERE YOU’LL STAY,
TRAPPED BY INNOCENCE, AND
DWELLING ON DEFEAT.
A night of fire and heat,
We loved it together.
She was an angel;
Lively dark hair and beautiful grace.
We danced and we drank.
We danced like two crazy roses
Lost in a hurricane.
And we drank.
We drank like dying sunbeams
Begging for a hangover.
We laughed and we kissed,
We drank and we danced,
And I never saw her again.
We are just children born into this wild dream
With our writing utensil,
Ordinary thoughts
And a hopelessly empty Understanding of language.
We are cast into this nightmare,
Sedated
So we will not scream,
Blindfolded and gagged
So our words become Soft mumbles.
We are helpless,
All fumbling in the face
Of this Great Enemy;
Empty-handed and all

Alone.

PROPERTY
OF
COASTAL CAROLINA UNIV.
LIBRARY
Rampant thought
displaced.....misplaced

Back again,
then gone so fast

Its offspring lingers,
sometimes hours

Long after parent
has been replaced

Pressure builds
confusion mounts

Words are spoken
but they don’t count

A picture tells
A thousand words

We’re moving pictures...
...That can be heard!

So tell me then
how much we show

When thoughts run rampant
and pictures flow.
Where thoughts are unblemished;
A resting point where evil dares to seduce.
Holy ground where the self is sacrificed,
Just a foot stool
Preparations for eternal life.

As cool as the wind blows,
Whispers echoing as the current slows,
Smiles that floss like a shiny black pearl,
Winning the admiration of the world.

A name beautiful to the ear.
Curing Inflections as the antidote,
Mindless, free and stable
Imagine outside your self.
Writer's block.

My mind is bored.

Lyin' insane, and time is long.

At night clocks tick.

Loudly I dream,

Of a world that is peace,

And free,
But reality makes me hate.

Wish I never wake,

Because I feel fear,

Of morning's illumination.
There are long hairs on my pillows.
But my hair is short.
Imposter!

My bed sheets smell good.
I have not washed them lately, so
It must be the scent of a girl.

There has been a girl in my bed.
The blankets were swirled around.
They were neat this morning.
Who would do such a thing?
Could it be?
There has been a girl in my bed.
Seduce me with intelligence and dark looks
Or with elementary loyalty,
Your eyes, oldest of metaphors,
Open to sad and kind horizons.

If I could write tonight
Upon "the midnight's starred face,"
Many summer verses soon to be,
I would no longer long for this coincidence.

Where kitsch and glamour find a path,
Radically and savagely tender...
Will you leave some of your dark
Lipstick on my screen?
WINNERS

1st Place
Everette Flowers/Catch With Jupiter

2nd Place
Denise James/In The Library, 8:00pm

3rd Place
Khalil Chapman/Second Mind

10 sheets
college ruled
5 x 7in/12.7 x 17.78cm

10 pages
réglage étroit

10 hojas
raya angosta

COMPOSITION BOOK
CAHIER DE RÉDACTION
LIBRETA

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ARCHARIOS STAFF 2K2
L-R: Andrea, E.J., Kayatta, Regis Seated: Paul

STAFF:
Editor: Kayatta Scott
Asst: Andrea Beckerman
Art Director: Regis Minard
Asst: E.J. Kerr
Advisor: Paul Olsen

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UNTITLED

Brandi Green

Water Color/Prismacolor

22x29 3/4
HEAD

Robert Mills

Soapstone/Wood
THE NEW ARTIST

Tina Cavalieri

Pastel

19 5/8 x 25 5/8
ENCHANTED INNOCENCE

Judey Galligan

Charcoal Pencil

15 x 22 3/8
APPLEDORSE ISLAND

Brian Ebaugh

Photography

22×16

09
N O B B O D Y ' S  P E R F E C T

T I N A  C A V A L I E R I

O i l / P a s t e l

2 0 × 1 7
FISHING

Steven Lawrence

Wood Print

13 x 10 1/2
SINGING IN THE RAIN

JENNY GREER

COLLAGE

22x16
FROM WITHIN

Amanda McClimans

Ceramics
CLOSURE

JOHNATHAN NEUBAUER

BLACK MARKER

22x14
BOWL & VASE

Wendy Kovac

Glazed Stoneware
GALVEZ TOWN CD COVER

Andrew Wilson/David Bankston

David Bankston
Galvez Town

Mixed Media/Xerox/23k Gold

20x29
ALUMNUS

Creative Arts Ministry Logo

Leah Miller

Graphic Design 3x5