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Archarios, 2004 Spring

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Archarios has been a work in progress since Fall 2003. Oddly enough, the bathroom theme originated when our adviser found one of last year’s magazines hanging in a bathroom stall around campus. He took a picture and showed it to our Art Director. That joke inspired the newest manifestation of Archarios as the bathroom theme. The magazine should create a light-hearted feeling for several reasons. Ideally, it complements some pieces while offsetting others, allowing for the various moods of the art and literature present in Archarios. Our goal was to create a magazine that was amusing, pleasant to look at, and entertaining while continuing to provide readers with quality art and literature.

Special thanks should be given to our primary adviser, Paul Olsen, and the newest addition to our advisory staff, Nelljean Rice. Without your suggestions and help this magazine would not be what it is today. Thanks is also deserved to our staff, Sheriar Press, and the people working below our office in Student Activities. You all do tremendous work, and deserve the utmost respect. Last but not least, thanks to all those who submitted their work to Archarios, for without you this magazine would not be possible. So sit back, have some coffee in your favorite chair, and take some time to read the writing on the bathroom walls.

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A Punk Rock High
Anne-Marie D’Onofrio

swing high, swing low
fill me up, get ready to go
rock, rock, sing that song
we’ll be rocking all night long
jam, jam, sound so loud
rockin’ crazy in the crowd
funky people everywhere
crazy punk do your hair
candy sweet sugar high
rock me, rock me to the sky
don’t give up, don’t let go
take me, take me to the show
move so fast it’s almost slow
hurry, hurry, come on let’s go.
Summer Fling

Emily Ashbury

oil on canvas

21 3/4" x 27 3/4"
Carolina on My Mind  Sybil Dukeheart

graphic design  8" x 10"

archarios literary art magazine 2004
Sister of Mine
for Felicia Williams
by William Miller

She was always there for me
Watching over her brother
Like a gull watches the sea
She gave me money when I wanted sweets
And kept an eye on me when I
Played in the streets
Many folks considered her fine
This is how I remember you
Oh sister of mine

There were times when we got
Into fights
But we put our differences
Aside later in the night
She was the type of person
That could make the world shine
This is how I remember you
Oh sister of mine

You went on a journey
That didn’t involve you
We had no idea what harm it would do
You rode along with laughter until the tires blew
I can’t believe a car accident
Is how I lost you
She was a gentle person, always sweet and kind
This is how I remember you
Oh sister of mine
Wind Through the Pines
by Jerad McNier

The wind through the pines
Breathes peace
And finally now
I can sleep.
Get to the Point

H 78"

Robert Brownlow

steel
In the Spirit of Linda Weatherspoon

oil on canvas  23.5" x 19.5"

archarios literary art magazine 2004
Swamp
by Mary Edwards

Nature’s gothic child
Of mystery, mossy murk
And divine beauty
Rug Burn from the Temple Floors

Mixed Media

H 48"
Abbey Road
Janelle Riolo

Graphite
16" x 13.25"

archarios literary art magazine 2004
War
by Candice Dunlap

The box screams at you its silent message
What no one wants to hear so everyone ignores
I want to punch a hole in it for its redundancy.
A moment later I want to embrace it for its insight.

Today oblivion is knocking on every door.
A time when the word “future” echoes off
One’s tongue and into the void of eternity.
Only one holds it,
Ties the chain and guards the key.

A thousand miles away
Reality seen through a smokescreen.
Irony of peace and violence
Engulfed in a trance...
For freedom?

The sirens sound in the dawning.
Echoes repel from cement,
As do the cries of the wind.

There are forces we cannot see.
Forces plain and raging.
There are powers here.
Working every hour
To form and shape this thing;
This future that has to be.

You it’s his hand,
Backing the empire,
Which God did you start serving
While my back was turned?
Everyone has a blind eye.
Everyone needs to open it.
Springtime in Southern Fields
by Randy Hughes

How ‘bout your mind tip-toeing through those fields and streams?
I have watched you tip-toeing through those fields and streams.
But it’s spring,
So dance your pretty bare feet on over here to me.
Lift your skirt just a little,
Duck under the willow,
Skirt the hem of the buttercups
And splash your way through the stream.
Skip past the lazy salamanders,
sunning on the swing
And dance your pretty bare feet on over here to me.

How ‘bout your blushing smile?
There’s no need for shyness when you smile.
(We are friends here.)
Our souls have met graciously in a time before our time.
We have parlayed, planned, stripped down to nothing,
frolicked in the folds of heaven and time,
known the other intimately, bared our souls and smiled wide.
So, my love, for what reason is your smile shy?
How 'bout your lovely laughter
Suppressed behind your hand?
Open your tiny hand, my love.
Present your palm to me.
(So I can see within your palm
exactly what you dream.)
From your lips, loose your laughter
Like your soul’s soft symphony.
Part your perfect lips, my love,
And send your song to me.

How 'bout time creeping before us?
How 'bout spring: It is time to sow.
Now is the time,
little angel,
little darling,
Now is the time
To lay ourselves low
Upon the fields
Laid out before us,
Under the trees
Spread out above,
So turn your current, your flow, your stream
(your soul, a stream, from you to me)
And by the lyric of your laughter,
(and by the truth in your dreams)
Dance your pretty bare feet
on over here to me.
Your Field
by Nikki Dodd

Your eyes remind me of a vibrant field,
Kaleidoscoped with green, blues
I walk through-
lost in the lush
Grass
Staring into the pool
Blue, so blue
Losing my footing
Stumbling onto a fresh pile of dirt
Cushioning my fall.
As I wander
Further-
Into the depths of your soul
Intertwining you
And I
Always lost
In your eyes.
Dockside

Jason Moore

relief print

17” x 17.5”
Waiting for Words
by Lyndsay Knowles

Rainbow on the wall
Of blinking lights. The shadow
Blends to a picture
Cold frost bites at the window
Silently the T.V. stares

The angel kneels down
Beneath the plant protected
I feel warm and soft
On the couch. Pillows around
Protect my fall into sleep

A door thrown open
The clinking of plastic
Disturbs my silence
Picture from her younger years
A mother so greatly loved

Scattered poinsettias
Soften the room by candles
Restlessly I sit
Waiting for thoughts in my mind
We giggle softly then laugh

A tune of carols
Floating from a tiny box
The night-light flickers
A shadow crosses the wall
Memories flash like slide shows

My eyes grow heavy
The tinsel glitters then shines
A baby’s whimper
Wakes new mother from her sleep
Morning will come much too soon
The Shadow Hunters
by Jerad McNier

Whoa to the idiots of knowledge,
Those great minds of fading things.
Those whose courage with pity rings
The sad declarations of silent thought.
The great ones, whose self-given power
To judge things they knew not, have brought
Shame to the world’s shining hour
Of triumph in relearning old truths.
Art/Music Easel

mixed media

Jill Olson

H 52"
Life at a Different Angle  Doug Greene

pencil  12" x 17.5"
Zombies

Robert Baker

Why y’all heathens rage?
How come you bustas
buy’n a vain thang?

Tickety tickety tock
a hustler workin’ da block
So fresh, so clean
dog think he mean
but he done run outta clock

Kiss the son
Take the gift that’s free
All the Benjamins in the world
can’t buy it
It took blood to pay the way

Looky looky
I see a cookie
She got it where it supposed to be
and nothing where it ain’t
Nothing left to imagine
in them hip hugger pants

Don’t be a sucker
she dead as fried chicken
She a hottie wit a body
one of them Pilates jihads
There’s honey on her lips
nothing’s any sweeter
with the tacky li’l Crypt Keeper
Wise are made foolish
weak are made strong
Everyone has a god
We all worship something

Alphabet
That’s what I see
Letters strung out after their names
they’re more enlightened than me
Legion are the eggheads
preaching the cosmic accident
I’m a sophisticated germ
they tell me
we’re accountable to no one
I wonder if Lot’s neighbors were so cosmopolitan

Six is the day we were made
six is incomplete but
six hours in a tree
saved me from the beast

Its religion is secular
Its doctrine is uniform diversity
Its end is a union of zombies
shaking their collective fist at the Lamb

Can you see Him now?
Good.
A Lesson in Dating
by Byron Philbrook

I saw a black
Bird
Fly through the theater
And I realized that you have a back seat now.
A place for us to go.

No one else saw that bird flying.

Where can we go
Where we can be like that bird,
And not be seen?
Where will you get your blonde locks caught in the window,
Half of them escaped cold and frozen.

I can see the black backs of the heads
Of all the people in the theater
And the white glow around them.
Halos maybe.
I will leave mine there in my seat,
Empty now,
Of course.
Frog Lover
Heather Remley

colored pencil 13.25" x 24"
Mama Don’t Want No War

Brandi Greene

H 33"

wood/ metal/ plexiglass
Cold Steel
Anthony Mayle

I feel the urge again
Flooding my body like heavy rain.
Needing something to stop the thoughts
Searching for a way to untie the knots.
Looking desperately from one thing to another
Hoping to find a way out of the smother.
Suddenly a glare catches my eye
The object is calling me, but why?
I take it into my hand with fright
Once its open, the “click” brings delight.
Rubbing the cool metal against my skin
Quivering with pleasure from deep within.
I slide the tip along my veins
Suddenly, I start to forget other pains.
I feel the edge so sharp and rigid
The surface is shiny yet so very frigid.
Guiding the blade into my skin
I feel nothing of the anguish within.
Feeling the separation of my cells
I suddenly have no fear of living this Hell.
The crimson blood slowly seeps out of the cuts
Trickling down my body the mounting tension erupts.
Although these wounds of flesh will heal
The anguish will return, like I do to my cold steel.

written 7-12-2003 (inspired by friend)
Point of Origin

Robert Brownlow

H 70”

steel
Back Home

Jenny Greer

photography 3.75" x 2.75" each
The Best Director
by Danielle Adams

The wall between my room
and my parent’s room
was thin enough for any sound to pass through.
The nights that my mother forced me to sleep,
I would much speculate
the latest twists in the ‘soap opera’ that my parents watched.
After my mom says, “goodnight.”
And in my darkened room, I endlessly chanted,
God Have Mercy.
While the woman next door cried
when a loud slap found it’s place upon her cheek-
Then it was quiet enough to hear the clock,
tick-toc-ing in their room.
I had a lot of trouble deciphering
whether the woman, and the slapping
was the soap opera,
Or my mom.

Until one day, when my mom came crying into my room.
She told me of her latest suicide plot—
while showing me her black and purple trophies.
She is a star,
I am her favorite audience.
And when she turned the lights off again,
and left me in my room
I would sit and wonder whether I gave her
my best countenance.

I am the best director of this drama.
It is easy for a child
to keep an innocent face.

For dad though, it’s always a melodrama.
He didn’t care to listen, he doesn’t care for the cry...
That rots like the siren of an angel who lost her voice.
An echo of a sin on the other side of the wall,
only he does not hear.
My dad wakes up,
with the stench of a summer’s sweat.
I smile at him, and say “good-morning,”
like the child he wanted me to be.

I am the best director of this drama.
It is easy for a child
to keep an innocent face.
Midnight Haze

Timothy Taylor

oil on canvas 30" x 24"

38 archarios literary art magazine 2004
photography

9.5" x 7.75"

Little Girl

Hollie Palombo

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Little Boy
by Danielle Adams

He can’t remember
the last time he cried.
“Men don’t cry,”
His dad told him
with his gruff voice;
Working in the garage
in a white undershirt
and greasy jeans.
He was six then,
and needing to live up-
up to expectations.
To be a man,
Not a boy.
A boy who got beat up at recess.

But, he cannot remember
the last time
he didn’t want to cry.
Among other memories
his little mind
could hardly contain.
No matter how he tries,
he cannot remember his sister
the way she was
Before the therapy and the tears.
He cannot remember his mother
Before the depression and tranquilizers.
His dad, before the beatings.

He remembers the bedtime stories, though.
A ragged remnant from those days.
And “Happily Ever After.”
He laughs at the hollowness of that line-
then he remembers,
He cannot really remember ever trusting his dad,
Only idolizing him.
So he lets himself
Cry.
Pavor Nocturnus
by Randy Hughes

each one of us knows, that mile-post half-way through the locale of night
when darkness has slapped his hands over God’s eyes,
and held them there without a smile—this is not a joke, this is not to be taken lightly—
when we have awakened from that nightmare too true to be dismissed as only a dream
when loneliness, death, and despair sit upon our chests too heavy not to be noticed
when we press our backs to hers so close that when she inhales
we push apart like the polarities of two magnets meeting

now death seems a little farther off; blown away by her breathing
Frosted Flower

Paul Robinson

photography

6.25” x 4.25”
I'm Being Me
by Gina Vernon

When I dress like a person who is homeless
I'm being me
When I am ambitious you perceive me as hopeless
I'm being me
When you see me feeling a song while driving
I'm being me
When you try to make me fall, I'm rising
I'm being me
When I don't throw no slang in the thang
I'm being me
When I don't holla at the brothaz who only wanna bang
I'm being me
When I enunciate my words correctly
I'm being me
When I am kicking someone's ass because they've upset me
I'm being me
You look strangely at me when we are meeting
When you stare at me, it is not me you are seeing
You see things that don't even belong to my personality
Where in reality, I am just being me
Napping
by Nikki Dodd

Pine needles
Prick my neck as I lie, bunched
I tried to taste through your mouth
Cigarettes.
I looked through your eyes-
Alluring gaze
I saw nothing.
My thoughts run through the field
We made
But the grass is gone,
Dead and withered.
The thunder clouds irrevocably scream
Their message.
“'I told you so’”
I perk my ears
But hear nothing
Through yours.
My sleep is rough
Napping on needles
In the bed that I made.
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