

4-1-2007

## Archarios, 2007 Spring

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Archives

Literary  
**ART**  
Magazine



# Literature

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Brandiann Gaston  
Jaded  
Sculpture 16"x8"x6"

Reply to Emily Brontë's "Remembrance"  
Sandra Broughton

Have you forgotten in your mourning, my smile;  
has time hardened your heart to my voice's echo?  
Have you freed yourself of my memory for awhile  
and let my grave become covered in that deep snow?

Now, when alone, you no longer come to me,  
and so alone I myself do have to stay.  
From those brown hills has your spirit been freed,  
for you no longer come to my graveside to pray.

The sweet wings of youth's tender thoughts  
no longer rest upon the words we once said,  
for it seems that now you have accepted our lots  
and no longer wish to grant company with the dead.

Sweet love of youth, please do not forget me!  
I know the world is driving you away,  
but it is so lonely lying here without thee—  
hour by hour and day by day.

So in distant memories, hold on to my face  
and let me not be consumed by lost memory;  
let me be livened by your living grace  
so that I may peacefully slip into eternity.

And if, in the future, you do find another  
Who loves you close to as much as me,  
then I want you two to be happy together  
while I'm awaiting you in eternity.

Although I want you with me,  
though I am longing for your company;  
I know that fate has rightly denied me  
and that I should willfully set you free.

So in those rapturous moments of pain  
when you indulge in the memories we shared,  
the most important remembrance is that I remain:  
that I am always with you, that I am always there.

## Smoked Out Matt Fowler

In the morning her hair smells densely of the cigarettes she burned away on her lips the night before. She doesn't like to answer questions in the morning. She wants my goodbyes to be silent, but I find the matter disquieting. She's pale, and the morning sun turns her to ash, showing all the fine lines that softly crumbled into sleep beside me during the night.

"Our relationship revolves around the bed," I tell her with a kiss on the cheek. "But there's never any sex."

She slaps me, and laughs. She tells me to go, but then growls to hold me close again into her skin, into her smoke filled hair. I hate the smoke. Hair shouldn't be a filter. She presses her lips tight, and she drifts off into some place that I can't render.

I rush away from her, taking the sheets with me, and she calls me street names, as she lies open in the sun. I can almost see the smoke rising from her body, and it nearly separates in the blinds. I don't want to leave. I never should have come. We'll fight tonight; we always fight in the night because our world is dying. I rush back to her because I want to dream of a better day.

"I wish you were a vampire," I say. "Then, this would all make sense." She slaps me again, this time hurt at my remark. My poetry could have gone either way, and I silently note to remember that.

I lick her to make sure she tastes salty. Vampires, I reason, wouldn't taste like sweat. Perhaps, they would be like wax, and her home seems like a wax museum. Everything is out of place, a museum for the way she lives, and it melts in the heat. She tastes like she smells, sweat and smoke.

She closes her legs around me, and she tries to squeeze everything from me. She wants to subdue me, like my heart hasn't been enough. She squeezes those small paper white legs around me, and I feel my hand up and down them in an attempt to find the margins.

"You're mean," she says while wrapped around me.

"So are you," I reply.

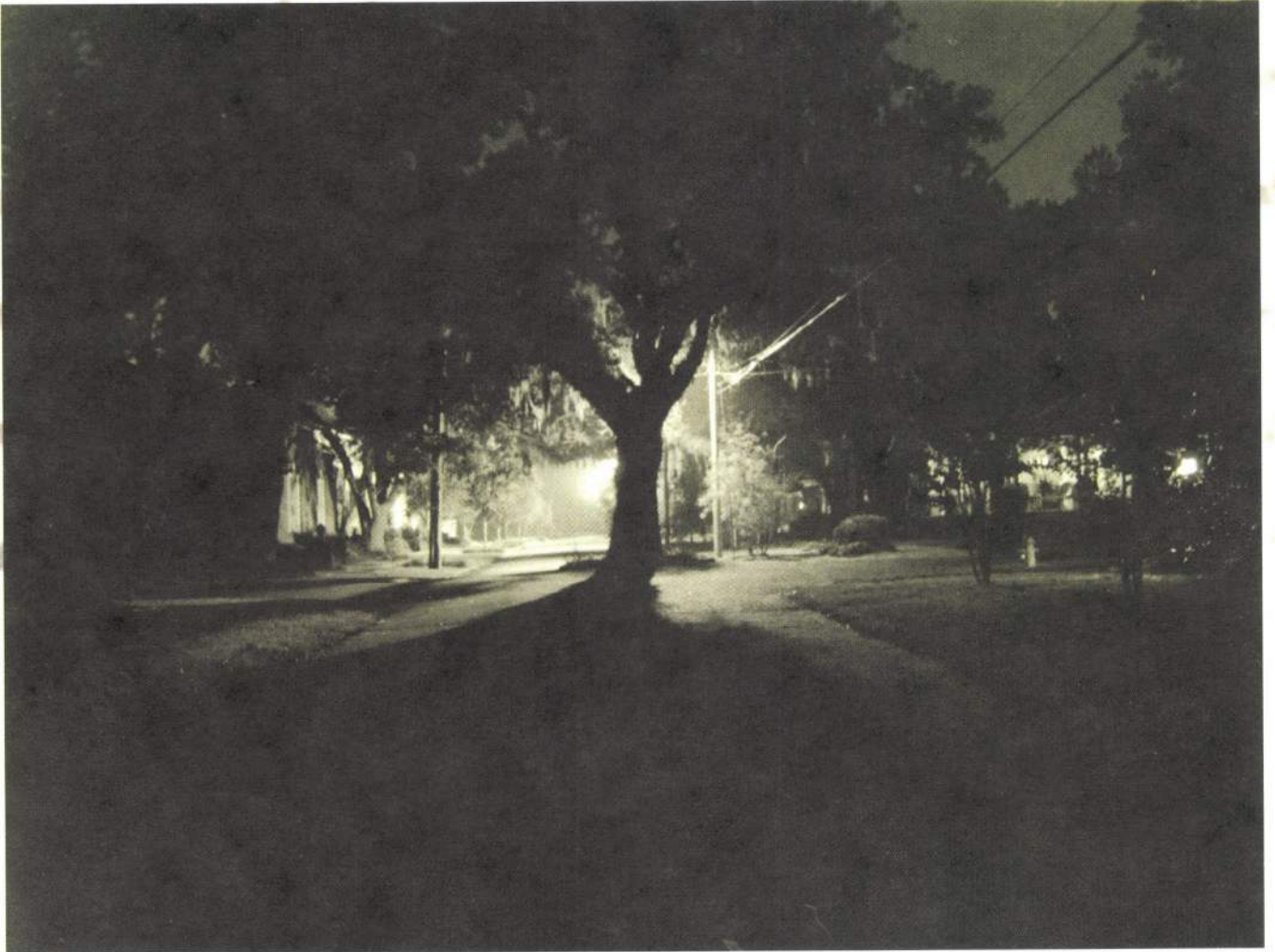
Now things have gone strange. I want to survive, so I look to the window. The sunshine is in the room, and she's on fire. Where's God, I wonder, as I sink back into her hair. I don't want to leave. She smells like smoke. She kisses me, and gets on top. Her hair dangles down on me, as I find myself in the world of her cave, looking inside for the eyes and the purity of everything that will come about.

"I need to smoke," she says as she jumps out of the bed to put on some clothes. I watch her walk away. She's paper with graphite highlights, and I can't breathe. Tonight, we will fight for something more than our lives.





Heather Remley  
Untitled  
Oil 36"x24"



Liz Pardue  
Midnight at 7th  
Photography 11"x14"

October. Transitions. Pumpkins. Red wine. Cancer. The end  
of it all.

Roman Sturgis

The hardest month, statistically speaking.

A big transition.

In high school, soccer to wrestling. Second helpings to toast and tea.

After college, student to cook. Trash duty. Potatoes and onions. Mop the cooler. Shell the shrimps.

"I want to cook on the line."

"You can't cook on the line."

"Why not?"

"Because we said so."

After that, cooking to teaching. Breaking up my first fist-fight. My first student in my face. My first sit-down with the principal, "You can't keep giving detentions to students who say 'nigga'. It's a cultural thing."

It is the darkest month. The month it starts to get dark.

The lonesome month. The acclimation to Seasonal Affective Disorder month.

The chapped hands and hangnails, stiff in the joints, cold toes month.

The bad times month.

It was the month we carved pumpkins, drunk on red wine and each other.

The month our cat, our child, got beat up by the tom next door.

Midnight on Halloween at the animal hospital, surgical steel sutures in the belly month.

October is the cracking-up month.

The we-can-never-go-back month.

The Hunter Moon, gleaning month.

The picking up broken pieces left-over month.

October is the cancer month.

The 6am with David, breakfast chemo month.

The skinnier-than-usual, coughing, jaundiced, the hair-is-all-gone-now month.

The end of it all month.

Her walls are framed with fields and pasture land  
That extends for miles into the horizon.  
She peacefully sits, a relic of days gone by,  
And silently remembers her past.  
Days that were filled with children's laughter,  
And the aroma of freshly baked bread taken from a tired oven.  
Chirping crickets welcomed the coolness of evening,  
While brilliant stars glittered against a deep blue sky.  
Opened windows invited the occasional breeze  
To stir the humid evening air.  
Her white washed walls that no longer gleam in the noonday sun  
Accept the gallant protection of aged paint.  
She proudly stands facing the threatening growth  
That evolves with change.  
It will come.  
Her threshold will be marked by something called progress.  
A new road intrudes her border and attempts to rob her of the past  
That is etched forever in her memory.



The Farm House  
Wanda B. Lewis



Yaw Odame  
Ahanian Village  
Oil 16"x20"

FIRST



Ginny Coates Millard  
In My Dreams  
Cyanotype with Prismacolor  
12"x16"

## The Sheep

Olivia D. Marlowe

The brunt of guilt rests on her small shoulders.  
She sits at the pale wooden desk, solitary,  
Thinking to herself.  
Whispers of death cloud her thoughts,  
Eclipsing her judgment—  
He won't leave her alone:  
"You should just kill yourself,  
Then you won't cause anymore problems;  
That's all that you've ever done in this family."

I am the "she,"  
And my family is broken,  
Over a song . . .  
But no, it was so much more than that;  
It's called "disrespect," and I refuse to accept it!

Disparaging comments loom  
And echo throughout eternity:  
She raised me as her own,  
And now, she's saying that I have problems.  
Doesn't she know that she's hurting me?  
. . . That I can hear her?  
She's only defending her children—  
But I used to be one of them.

The lies drift back again filling the wells . . .  
Celestial Ladle, come down and dip this hurt away—  
Resentment and anger and pride birthed from our mothers,  
Passed down a generation,  
Affixing themselves to US, the weak.  
Comfort is deceiving in my family;  
Our denial shines brilliantly neon.

Our happy childhoods have slipped from our fingertips.  
The stupid things that happened in the past  
Will never be forgotten.

I am  
The black, black shadow  
In the field,  
Mutilating the grass,  
All,  
All,  
Alone.

# America's Legacy

Victoria Livinski

The Chechen child was hungry, cold, and tired  
He was walking barefoot; he sold his shoes for bread  
He was all alone, desperate, and suicidal  
His left eye was half closed. It bled.

The Chechen child knew about America  
The land of freedom and of hope  
It was the thought of one day to be free and happy  
That helped him with all atrocities to cope.

The Afghan child is now an orphan.  
He lost his country, home, and now his kin.  
He is a refugee, who doesn't know from whom to run away and where to,  
Or if the world has any space for him.

He wears a tee that has a "Rolling Stones" print on it  
"It's from America," says he  
he never washes it with soap and never takes it off  
Because says he, "it gives me hope."

The Iraqi girl was cured from Spina Bifida;  
The Indonesian child has enough food to eat  
And The Cambodian toddler believes in miracles again  
While the Statue of Liberty stands proudly on its feet.

America's legacy is the spread of hope.  
To those who suffocate in so much grief and hate  
America's legacy is the construction of a brighter future  
For our tired world, beaten harshly by fate.



Alexandria Greenler  
Innocence  
Photography 5"x7"



# Open Eyes

Mola Lenghi

"There is an ambiguous energy surging through me. It's vague, yet powerful. It's caused me to fall in love many times in a single day, with many different things, in many ways. For, the spirit of love should not and is not reserved solely for man and woman, mother and child, friend and friend. Every act, every person, every word, every place and scene, every thought and idea, every glance and every movement, every smell, sound, step, smile, everything, everything, everything is lovable."  
-- Anonymous

No boundaries, no limits.  
Open fields, upon open fields of lawless emotion.  
Served slices of opportunity with each passing moment:

Her yellow summer dress,  
Screaming innocent, yet whispering sexy.  
Her hair, not a strand astray,  
Was the sun, lighting the day.  
For a moment I was in love.

Shaggy beard, a grey willow tree streaming to his chest.  
A wanderer; he has abandoned and been abandoned.  
Defeat are the holes in his pants, stains on his shirt.  
Yet, his eyes thankful for life; smile speaks spirit.  
For a moment I was in love.

Her tight brown curls linger between ears and shoulders.  
Free and reckless; a wild bush.  
Walking barefoot, no conscience steering her words.  
She was fearless.  
For a moment I was in love.

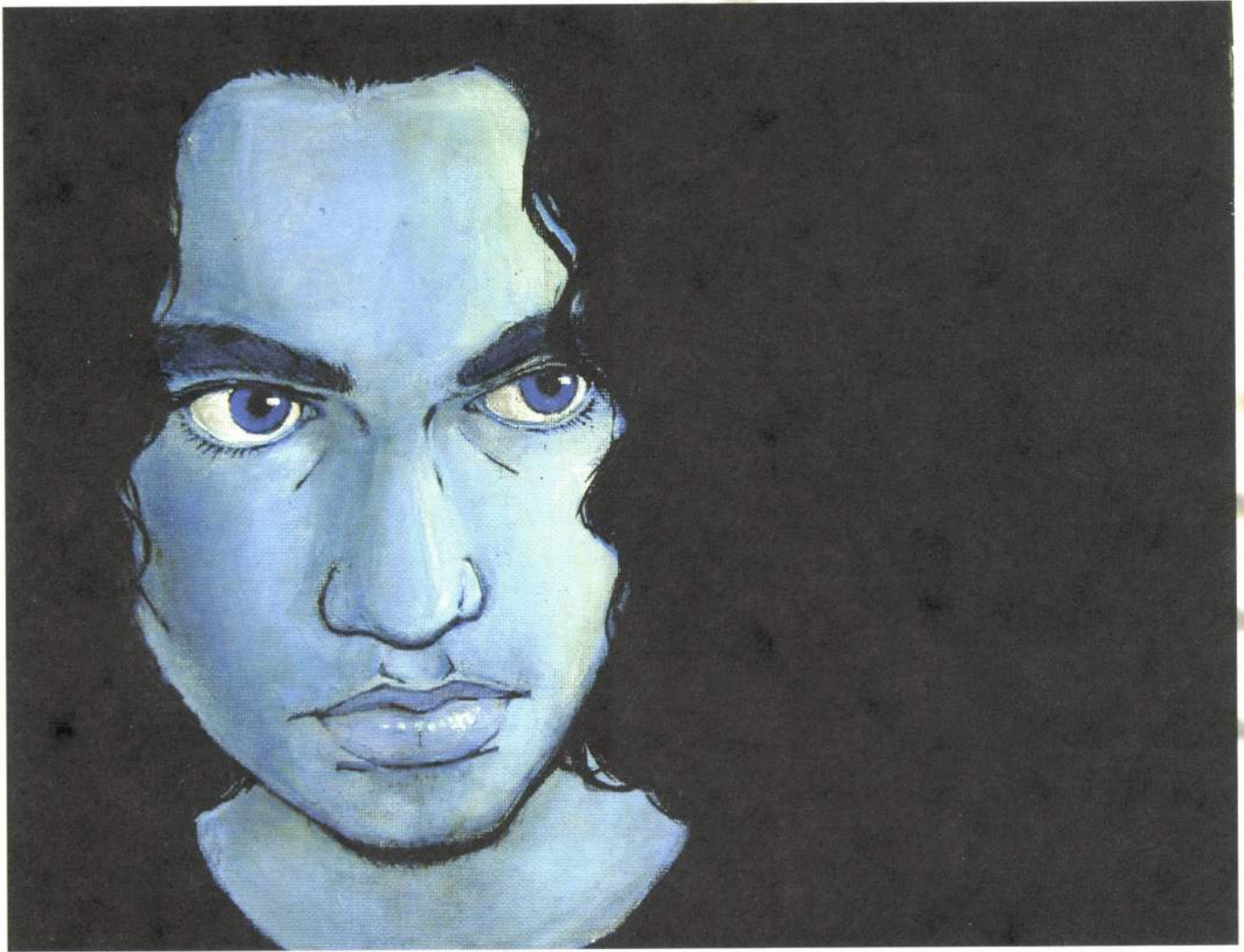
Expecting father rests ear on  
Mother's melon-belly.  
Joy is their vehicle.  
This new life is their bond.  
For a moment I was in love.

Emerald eyes,  
Hair as bright as night.  
She looked, not at me,  
But into me.  
For a moment I was in love.

Four generations frozen, framed.  
Wisdom and youth; accomplishment and hope; blood and friendship.  
Bound for an instant,  
For a lifetime.  
For a moment I was in love.

Hair of strawberries, cherries and red roses.  
She danced everywhere, no particular dance.  
Laughing requires her entire body.  
She was pure.  
For a moment I was in love.

With opportunity abound,  
For a moment  
I am constantly in love.



Palmer Todd  
Self Portrait  
Painting 11"x14"



He said to me  
"Your beauty is regal"  
Like that of a Queen  
Or majestic bald eagles?  
He proceeds to explain  
Sort of card gracing Queen  
Which beauty he means  
Like a deck full of hearts  
Funny, I think, I seem such a wreck  
A few crucial cards just short a full deck.  
Regal and proper, I turn on my heels  
You never can know what your person reveals.  
Best to think beauty a gigantic waste  
For who can predict each person's taste?

Regal Beauty  
Rachel Harris

The linoleum floor  
Sticks dirt to your bare feet,  
As pulp-free orange juice pours.

Sun shines through the screen  
door.  
Warmth and morning now meet  
The linoleum floor.

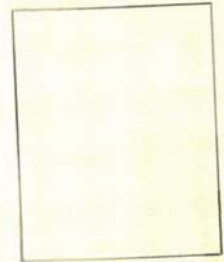
Birds sing on your lawn's shore.  
Tap your toe to the beat—  
As pulp-free orange juice pours.

Sunday morning's a bore,  
So you lazily sweep  
The linoleum floor.

You rest, then rest some more.  
Ponder afternoon sleep  
As pulp-free orange juice pours.

You move the bowl before  
Clumsy dog's water streaks  
The linoleum floor.

The lab dreams when he sleeps—  
Slightly twitching paws beat  
The linoleum floor,  
As pulp-free orange juice pours.



Sleepy Sundays  
Annie Silva





April Janette Brown  
Phenomenal Women  
Lithography Print  
15"x22.5"

Christian K. Galloway  
The Ghost of Greed  
Lithography on Rag Paper  
24"x18"





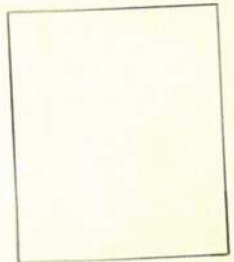
## The E Line Between Lexington and 8th

Krystin Mementowski

Downward  
Your head and body disappear  
Until finally you find  
The spot  
And stop  
And stay there—  
Hovering, anxious.  
And your mind is on something else, I know—  
But also on me.  
Humid heat envelops each inch  
Of you and me.  
Sweat drips down in spontaneous streams  
Sliding slowly between shoulder blades.  
Sticky coats of salt rest on outstretched necks  
Searching  
Penetrating the darkness, until

Suddenly—  
A rush of sound and motion and  
Blinding light bursts through the  
Air that turns into heaven as  
Arms and hands and legs entwine.  
A beautiful blur of bodies  
Crashing, chaotic and unrestrained  
Reaching  
Pushing  
Pulsing  
Touching.  
Fingers fumbling, finding,  
Holding on tightly  
As one becomes all.  
Waves connected, surging back and forth  
Stopping and starting all in due course  
Until  
It is your time  
To get off  
And so you do  
Without hesitation, without a word.  
You withdraw and walk away  
As someone else arrives  
To take your place  
Inside this incessant communal sea.

Another moment missed, a mouth unknissed  
Again we softly pass each other by;  
Fumbled embrace, a brush against my wrist  
Too swift – now gone – that no reproachful eye  
May see, or judge our most uncertain search  
For something bordering a true connection.  
A something to prepare us for the perch  
From which we dive into that wild affection  
So rare and pure, it mocks all our mistakes.  
We turn -- expecting, wanting, needing more --  
But fragile understanding slips, and breaks  
So severing our briefly ripe rapport.  
Another moment missed, a mouth unknissed  
Alone, adrift, we wander through the mist ...



Regret  
Amelia Hammond





Martha Di Pastena  
Moth Face Head  
Photography 8.5"x11"



Sam Hewitt  
"Breaking Point"  
Steel Sculpture  
20"x20"x20"

Confidence  
Melissa Comparato

My life as a child was far from "perfect."  
But I did the best I could to live with no regrets.

At age nine I had the first big fight with my mother that I can remember.  
I cried silently on the pink carpet and told myself, No regrets.

When I was fifteen I loved for the first time.  
It ended badly. That part of my life I refused to regret.

In eleventh grade I made a mistake I cannot forget.  
My heart broke. But I continued down my path with no regrets.

I graduated my high school six months early.  
Though I was a senior, I felt no regret.

The first guy who recognized my naiveté changed my life forever.  
I clenched my grandmother's hand during the surgery thinking, I want to regret.

In the Fall I fell in love with a man who couldn't be mine.  
Every time I felt the gold against my fingers I chose ignorance over regret.

On Christmas Eve I gave my heart completely to another.  
I didn't know if he deserved it, but I said I love you. To this day, I still have no regrets.

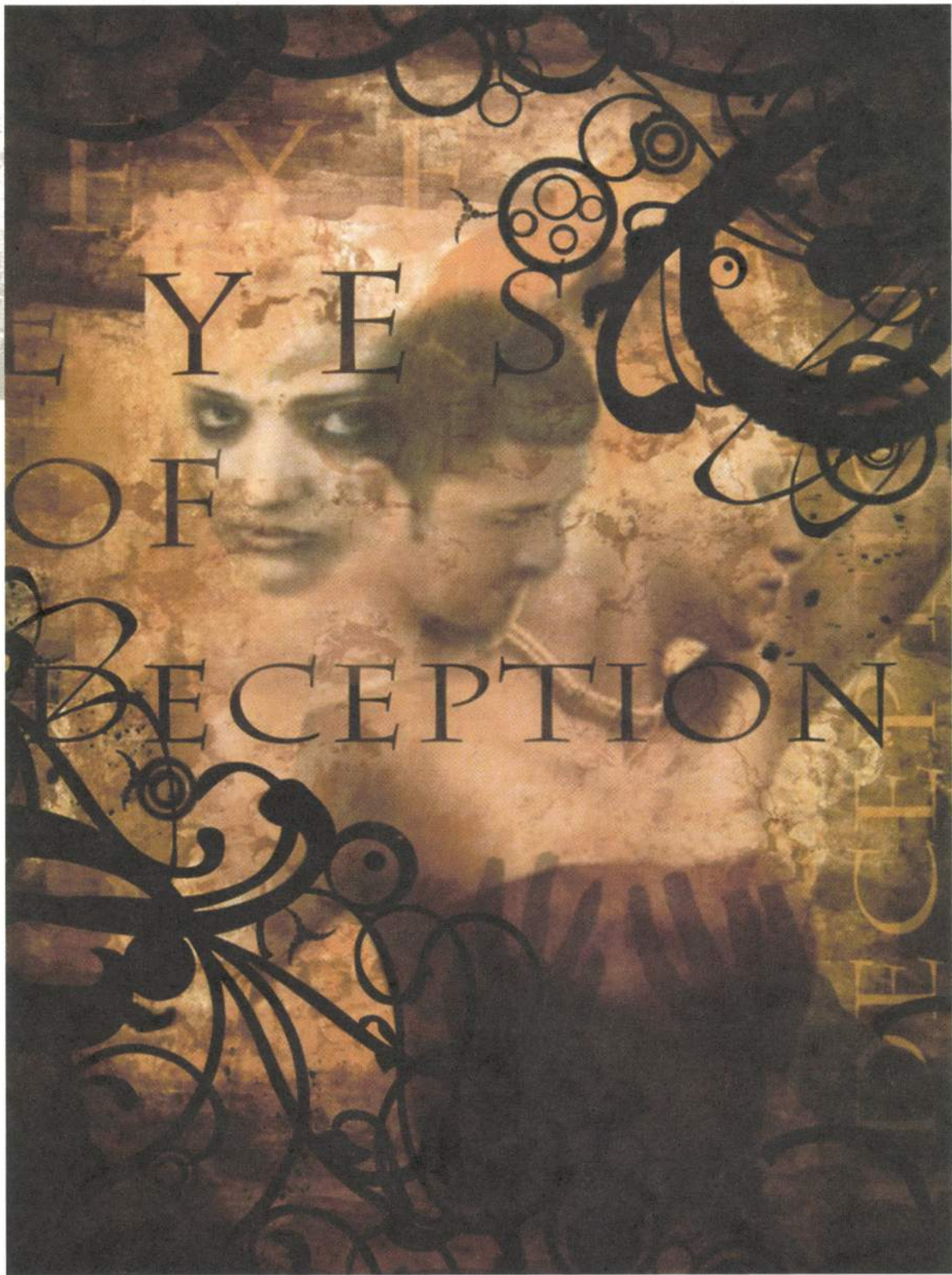
In the end I hope to be asked, "Melissa, how did you live your life?"  
To which I will simply respond, "I have no regrets."

Sarah Mae  
Brenda Stroud

Her face is brittle with age. Her lips fallow from smoking. She wanted to kick the habit. She's got a scar about half a finger long next to her left eyebrow just as it parts from the ball of her eye. Her bones frail and thin from two decades of plowing fields early in the morning with her father. She was the only child. Her fingers slightly bent from thirty years of sewing in a hot, steamy, ghastly of a place. Her hair parts further and further back as if it were headed to the grave before she was. She spoke with little words. Only had a second-grade education. Nothing left to say. All that represented her marriage was the ring on her finger. Now there is just a faint line of where it had been. Down below her back was the spot he liked. She fell down the stairs more than anyone. That is what she told us. We all knew the truth. She never mentioned a word. She'd just limp down the corners and walk always reassuring passers-by her health was well. It wasn't. Now she sits in a chair of metal behind a steel fence. She wished she could feel pain. Her body is numb. She never rocked her last born. Her eyes glisten in the moonlight from a small aperture in the block. She always gets teary-eyed on this day. The day all her problems ended or at least just one.



Blair Browning  
"Argyle AI"  
Mosaic  
34.5"x26.5"



Chelsea Engle  
Eyes of Deception  
Graphic Design  
18"x12"



# CONCERTO FOR TROUT AND $\lambda$

Jonathan P. Bernick

If six plus six should equal nine  
And four times five was red,  
If three from two was cobalt blue  
Or something Lincoln said,  
Would Paris be a cup of tea?  
Would marigolds complain?  
Would all the world be raving mad  
Or only raving sane?

If E should equal MC5  
Or Pi was Boston Cream,  
If sodium and chlorine might  
Combine to make Saltines,  
Would fish be caught in Internets?  
Would hackers swim the C?  
Would JenniCam and Jenny Jones  
Both Jenny-rated be?

If Revenuers taxed our minds  
And G-Men sang in G,  
If Occam used his razor to  
Chop down a logic tree,  
Would promises be threatening?  
Would words break sticks and stones?  
Would God play dice with men and mice  
And Frenchmen roll the bons?

If buildings were in stories told  
And lions marched for pride,  
If fish, when flushed down lavat'ries,  
Committed sewer-cide,  
Would China ring the Falun Gong?  
Would Bangladesh go bang?  
Is this strange song too overlong  
And should the singer hang?

## Eve's Parting Gift

Liz Pardue

*EVE is sitting on a stump, legs crossed, wearing a smart suit of leaves and twigs as though she's ready for business.*

EVE: Look, I'm not going to insult your intelligence by making excuses or lying to you, because you know what happened. Frankly, Adam bores the piss out of me and the serpent was a great confidante. He's fun! He's fresh! Plus, we have a lot to talk about. So when he said something about a light snack, I didn't think it would be such a big deal. You've got to understand, for someone's who's never experienced punishment, I couldn't have understood repercussion. Check out all these words I'm coming up with! You've got to admit, I'm really pretty brilliant. And frankly? I don't like feeling like your science project that you just watch over constantly. I know, I probably should have filed a complaint before now, but I figured you knew what you were doing. How was I supposed to know free will was a privilege? Hey, here's a new word for you! How about "forgiveness"?

GOD: I'm not that kind of God.

EVE: Forgiving? Oh, are you doing that whole "wrathful" thing? That's painfully cliché.

GOD: What?

EVE: You've got to keep up with your global affairs. Wrath is what everyone's doing. Zeus has had a handle on it for years...

GOD: Zeus!? Who have you been talking to?

EVE: I heard it from Lilith. And, wow, you really rubbed her the wrong way, but I'm more open to change. All I'm saying is, maybe you should work on your tactics a little bit.

GOD: Well, I think you're being a bit "blasphemous"! How's that for a new vocabulary word? And because of your "gall", I'm giving you the "burden" of giving live birth. No laying eggs for humans. And hey! Why don't you carry a growing infant in your "abdominal region" for a nine month "gestation period"? Look at all these new words I'm coming up with! How about "menstrual cycle"? Why don't we put you on one of those that lapses every 28 days, punctuated by a week of bleeding, and hormonal overdose. Anything else you'd like to manipulate?

EVE: Are you kidding me with this? That's going to put women in submissive maternal roles for centuries-!

GOD: ...if you're lucky...

EVE: Hey! I don't think this is funny. Evil doesn't really go with what you're wearing. Maybe you should try something in a compassionate.

GOD: I'm so glad your wit isn't wasted on me, yet I'm afraid the fun can't go on much longer; I'm sending you and Adam away from the Garden.

EVE: Where are we supposed to go?!

GOD: I don't know; you'll figure it out. Maybe you can call your good friend Lilith. See what she's up to.

EVE: Well maybe I will! She could do better than Adam's impressionable ass and so can I! We'll take the world by storm! We'll create our own government; one ruled by women that uses men as reproductive and construction tools and nothing else!

GOD: Oh, P.S.? You're with child.

EVE: What...?

GOD: "P.S." It's short for Post Script which is an afterthought at the end of a letter. I just made it up and really, nobody will use it for a while, but I thought it would-

EVE: No! What do you mean I'm "with child"? How could I be pregnant!? You just made up childbearing five seconds ago! I didn't even get laid!

GOD: That's a lie isn't it?

EVE: Well... yes... But I didn't enjoy it!

GOD: You're cute when you're frantic. Listen, Eve, you're a smart girl; the world you were given was blissful yet ridiculously elementary as it held a single condition. One. One which you failed to oblige. Why? Because you wanted knowledge. I'm a generous guy, so I'm giving you knowledge. You will suffer. You will have to put up with men's oppression - even though they're wrong about a great many things - because they want to be me. You will be the start of thousands of years of the same gender obligations and stereotypes. This being said, I know you'll be fine. I'm sending you, Adam, and your unborn child off into the world and I'll be watching, but you're on your own. As for this "forgiveness" bit, let me draw up a draft of some sort of implementation and I'll get back to you on it. It sounds alright, but it's going to be a lot of work.

*GOD stops, looks around, and leans in to whisper to EVE conspiratorially.*

GOD: As for now, because I like you, allow me to give you a small parting gift. No pun intended.

*EVE Begins to squirm in her seat, somewhat aroused.*

Huh? Oh whoa. What is that? That feels amazing.

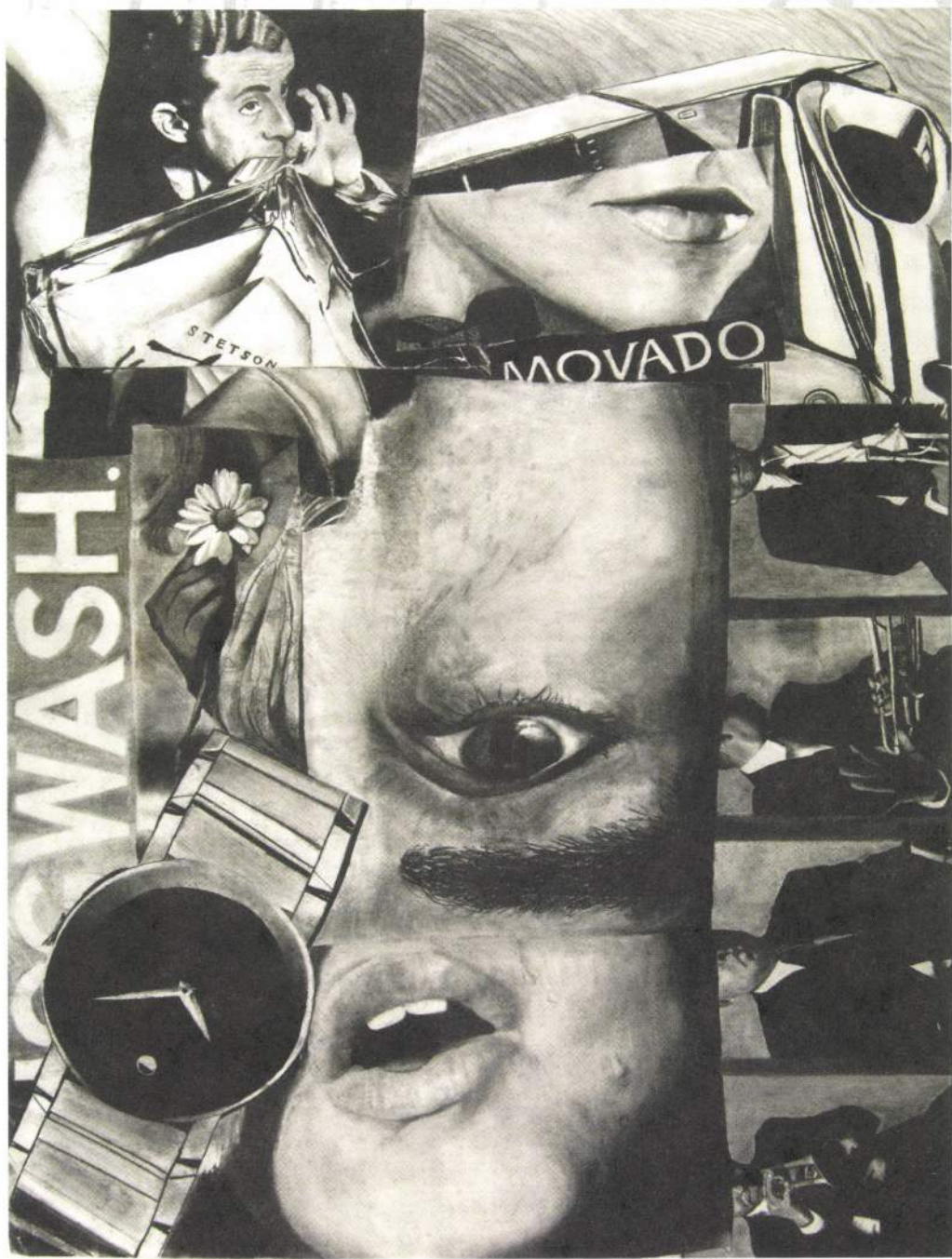
GOD: That's all yours. Do with it what you like, but it's pretty much a singular-purpose device. I'll give them to your daughters and granddaughters as a consolation prize of sorts for the whole childbirth thing.

EVE: Oh wow, thanks. So conveniently packaged, too. I may have underestimated you a little bit.

GOD: Ooookay, I'm taking it off automatic now, so it's purely manual from here on out. Try not to abuse it, and um, try to learn your way around it before you let Adam know about it. It'll probably send him into a tailspin. You know how he gets with anatomy. Men will be fascinated with their own accoutrements for... well... probably forever.

EVE: Good to know. Okay, well, then we're off. We're cool then?

GOD: Yeah, we're cool.



Felipe Rancier  
20th Century  
Charcoal 24"x18"

S

## Summertime Rain

Caroline P. Smith

Rain in the summer falls under a cloudless sky  
so quickly,  
it dries as soon as it hits the beach,  
making sand hard as a cracked desert plain,  
tattooing the soles of bare feet  
with millions of tiny needles.

Rain in the summer falls under a cloudless sky  
so suddenly,  
bodies scramble off the sandy shores,  
throwing towels, coolers, and children  
into cars as if they weren't already wet  
by the same water in the waves.

Rain in the summer falls under a cloudless sky  
so serenely,  
birds still sing of sunny summer pleasures  
as the optimistic voice of the world,  
and although their songs go unheeded,  
they know the magic of the rain.

Girls pee sitting down  
People cry when upset  
Dogs bark before storms hit  
and that's it...  
Life is simple.

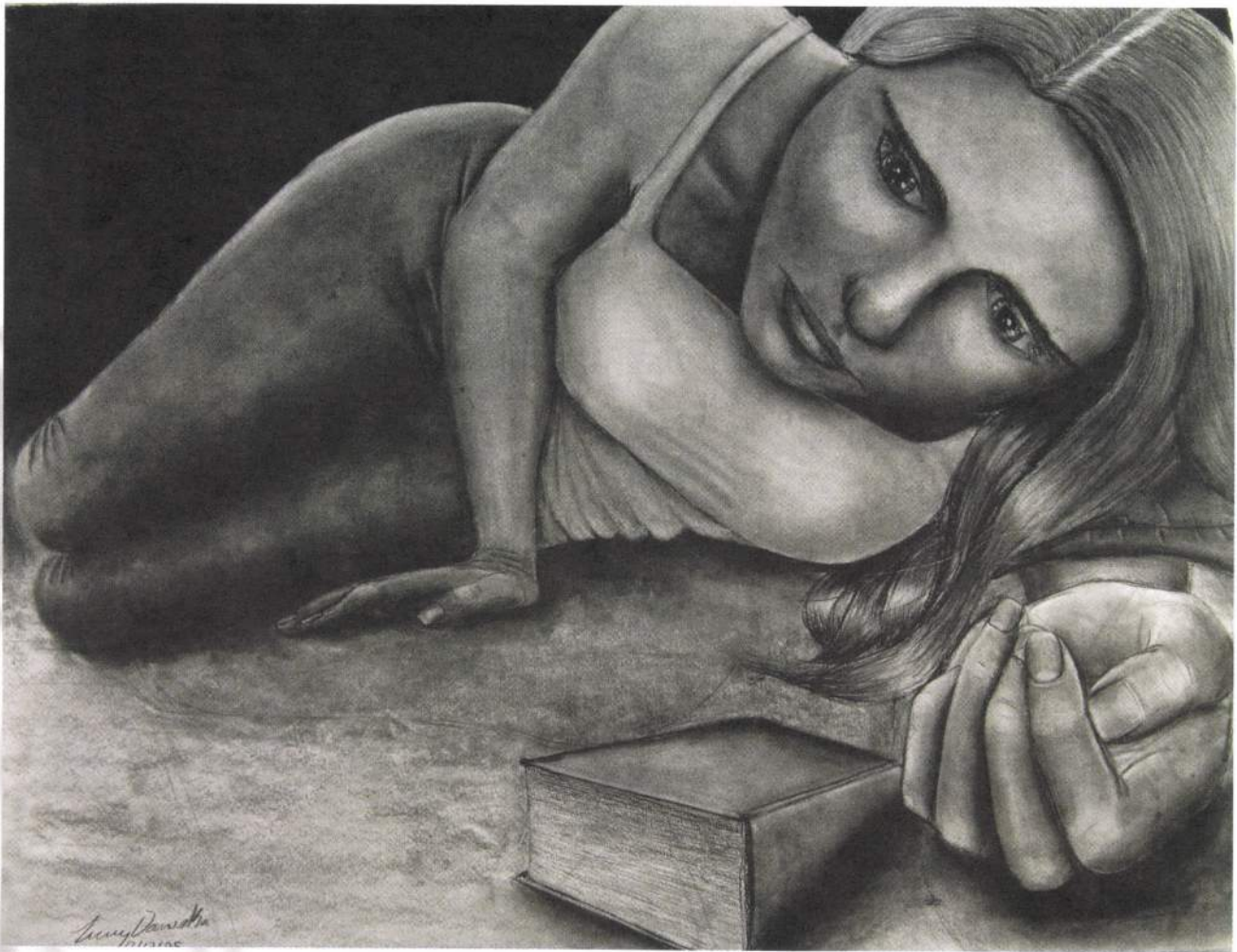
Jets pass every day  
Light bulbs burn out in time  
Bolts sometimes come loose  
and that's the truth...  
Life is simple.

I could go on  
but what for?  
There's no more to write,  
that's it...  
Life is so simple—  
Yeah right



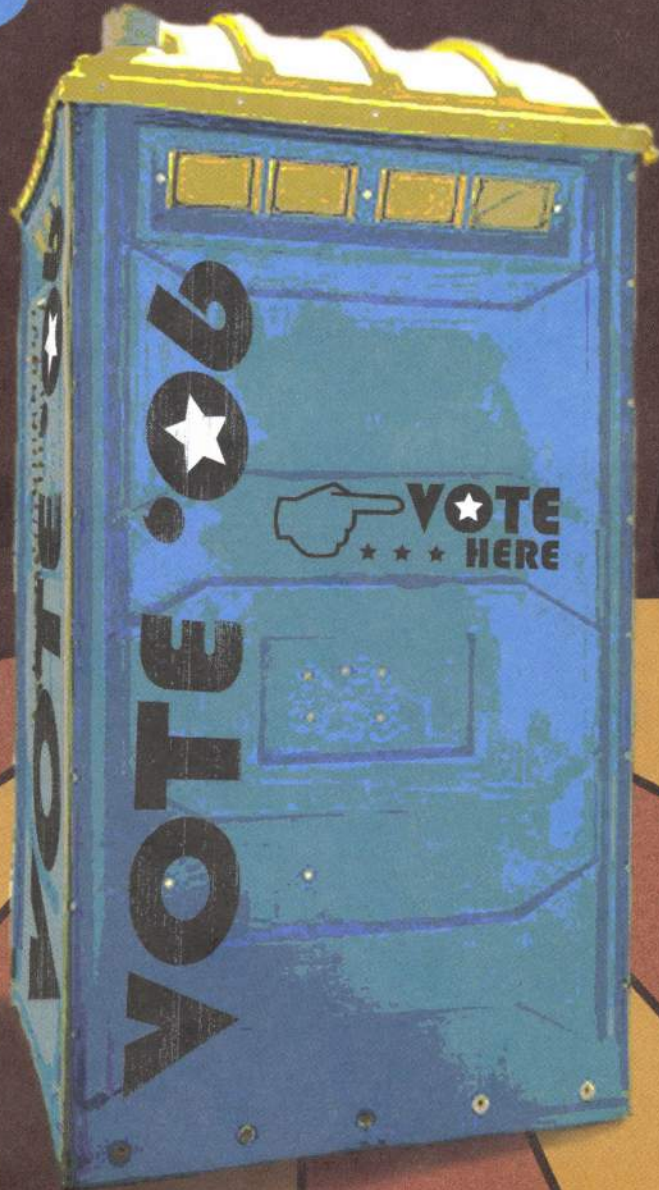
Life is so Simple  
B. Wolf

Tracey Daniska  
All Alone  
Charcoal 18"x24"



weekly  
**surge.**

**DOES**  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**Your Vote**  
\* \* \* \* \*  
**Matter?**



Jeremy Alford  
Surge Cover Portavote  
Graphic Design  
10"x11.5"



## What to do with an English Degree Erin Grauel

All I ever wanted  
was to languish on a beach,  
baking uselessly under a threatening sun,  
filling my days with booze and surf,  
not caring that more important things could be done,  
and that for some there is more meaning to life.

But those who gave me life  
could not give me every whim I wanted,  
and I have to work to get things done.  
I spend my days in classes only to get beached  
by night at a desk with 12 more websites to surf  
before I remember that today I have not seen the sun.

Learning is supposed to become my sun  
the light that will shed meaning on my life,  
and ring bells in my mind louder than the Atlantic surf  
but the more I learn, the more I want  
to live in a shack by any beach  
until my brain decides it's done

with my body and done  
with pretending something like the sun  
is a reason to get up and declare, "Life's a Beach."  
But this is just my view on life  
after a weekend feigning I want  
to work my minimum wage job at Jerry's Surf

N'Turf where the surf's  
always up and the employees are never done  
cleaning and serving and doing what ever a yuppie wants.  
I work all day well past the sun  
goes down and get excited at the thought of life  
in prison, where I wouldn't have to do much but wander the beaches

hidden in books, which in a pinch replace a real beach.  
Page after page of ideas I don't have to use, to surf  
upon all day, but then again captivity can't be the point of life  
either, maybe the answer lies within things that we've done  
in the past, or maybe its among the stars, hidden in the sun  
or maybe the man in the moon can tell us what we want

to hear. I'll go to the beach when every semester's done  
and hear shouting through the surf and feel in the warmth of the sun,  
that the meaning of life is doing what I want.



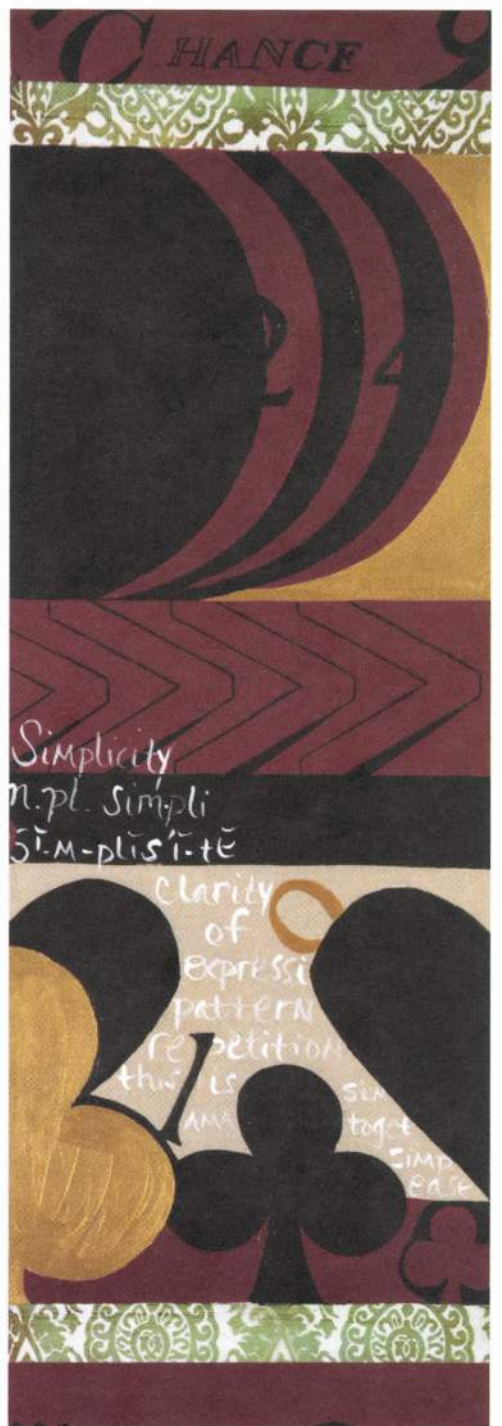
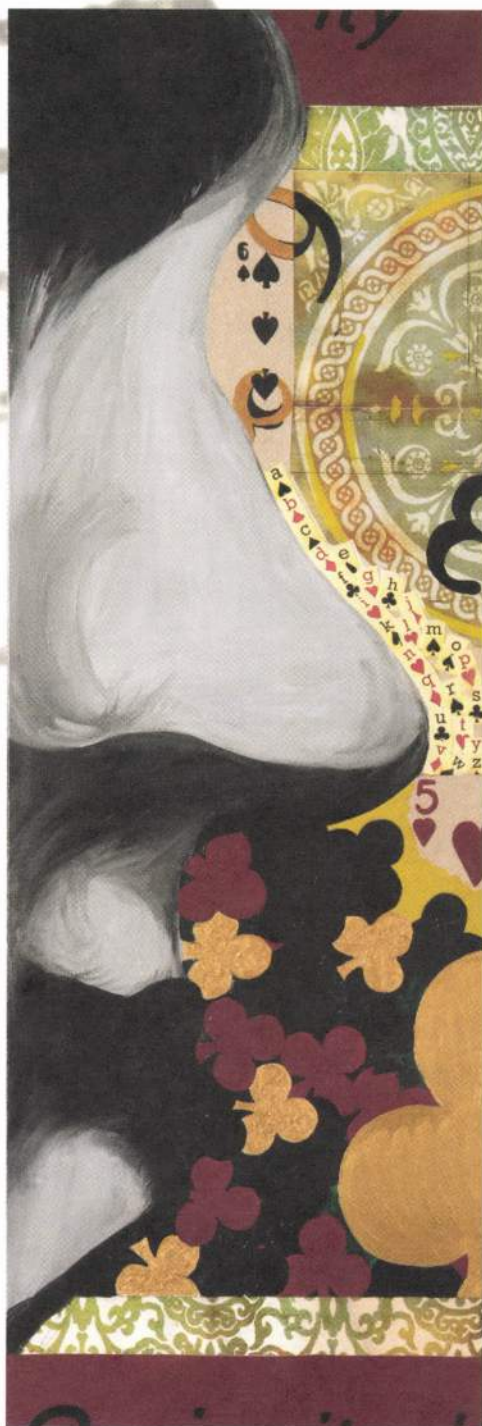
State of Distress  
Andrew Kruger

Oh please say you can see through the fear mongers' scheming.  
Jeb's Big Brother steals Civil Liberties, and listens through wires without warrant.  
Lies replace truth, and dissention is treason.  
But it is what makes us... US. We have made ourselves lemmings.  
Refrain from thought. Put extra American red sauce on your freedom fries.

Move with the rest of the school. One fish, two fish, red, white, and blue fish.  
He tries to convince us he acts with our best interest in mind.  
It's the new don't ask, don't tell: Don't bother to ask how, because he don't tell.

Monarchs belong in America only as butterflies, never as rulers.  
But we are to blame for forsaking the ideals of our forefathers.  
We sit idly by as our political system is reduced to images and sound bytes.  
Americans will vote for their Idols, but not for their leaders.  
Whose American dream is this, to live in the land of the free as ignorance's slave?





Jessica Petree  
 Untitled  
 Mixed Media Collage  
 3 Panels 36"x36"

PAUL RICE POETRY  
BROADSIDE SERIES  
WINNERS

Country Summers,  
Country Songs.

The rain's the only comfort that she finds.  
It's cool against her hot and heaving skin  
So pale against the slightly moonlit pines.  
The moisture builds with anger yet again;  
A southern summer night—a short escape.  
Her husband's beatings silently await,  
His fingerprints still linger at her nape;  
And soon he'll use her little girl as bait.  
Tonight her daughter's screams come just on time.  
She hears a thud and quickly turns around—  
And sees her child bloodied in the grime,  
She's forced to join her daughter on the ground.  
The scars, they last forever, though she's gone,  
My mother's story, just one more sad song.

Annie Silva

## Cheers

I know to drink to friends. I know to drink  
to states of mind at higher planes than mine.  
I know to stop my drink the times I think  
I've reached that higher place. I know in time  
I'll drink without excuse at all because  
a doctor said I might. I know a lie  
because a preacher claimed in God are laws  
of Truth, that life is better when you die.  
I don't believe in curses passed in genes  
because I can't afford a clinic fee.  
I do, in quiet times, when life can't lean  
and preach defeat in psalms and verse to me,  
recall that once I took up space in pews,  
and true or no, in God, I found a muse.

Erin Grauel

In the fall of 2006, Coastal Carolina's English department inaugurated the Paul Rice Poetry Broadside Series. In two contests (fall and spring) open to all current Coastal Carolina students, submissions of poems under 35 lines long were solicited and received. A panel of English professors narrowed each contest's total submissions to a group

of ten finalists, and those final poems were then sent to a final judge not affiliated with the university. In the fall, poet Jennifer Grotz served as the final judge and selected Erin Grauel's "Cheers" as the winner. In the spring of 2007, poet Natasha Trethewey served as the final judge and selected Annie Silva's "Country Summers, Country Songs." A broadside of each

winning poem was produced in a limited edition of numbered copies. As part of their prize, the winning poets each received 25 of those copies. The Paul Rice Poetry Broadside Series will continue next year with contests in the fall and spring semesters. The series is named in honor and memory of Paul Rice, professor of English at Coastal Carolina from 1987 to 2004.

# Best of Show artwork



Heather Remley  
Untitled  
Oil 36"x24"



Liz Pardue  
Midnight at 7th  
Photography 11"x14"



April Janette Brown  
Phenomenal Women  
Lithography Print  
15"x22.5"

# Best of Show Literature

Smoked Out  
Matthew Fowler



Open Eyes  
Mola Lenghi



What to do with an  
English Degree  
Erin Grauel



# Thanks...

This magazine is so reliant on the help of others. Without so many people's contributions, this magazine would not even be possible.

First, we would like to thank everyone who submitted their personal writing and artwork. You are the reason that we churn out this magazine year after year. And thank you to the Archarios Staff for all your help and dedication.

A major thank you goes to Paul Olsen. You are a great advisor and your dedication to the magazine makes us work even harder. Another thank you goes to everyone in the Office of Student Activities and Leadership for being so helpful.

We would also like to thank Dr. Dan Albergotti and Prof. Daryl Fazio for being our faculty judges. We appreciate the addition you brought to the judging process.

A huge thank you goes to Bill Edmonds for photographing the artwork. We appreciate the wonderful job you did.

Finally, we would like to thank Sam Kinon, Trish Sports, Cindy Ziegler, and everyone else at Sheriar Press. You are all so helpful and you have been amazing to work with.

I owe a great deal to Bess; she is the one who put together the magazine that you see before you here. I would like to thank my family for always believing in me. I also owe so much to Sandi. She has always supported me and has been there to help me with the many jobs and duties that come with being editor. Thanks for everything.

-Neal-

I would like to thank Neal for assisting me so much when I needed it. You are great to work with. Greg, you always are there for a good laugh, which was good because I needed them a lot! I also would like to thank my family for supporting me in everything I do. I love you all. I would also like to thank Jody for always being there for me and putting a smile on my face. I would also like to say thanks for putting up with me when I know it wasn't easy. I don't know what I would do without you! I love you!

-Bess-

Archarios Literary Art Magazine.  
It's kind of a mouthful to say at once, but it does sound nice. Archarios exists so that writers and artists at CCU have a medium for their work. Publication in this magazine means that all of Coastal, people in the surrounding community, and even journalists from other colleges around the country will see your work. Being published in Archarios is an honor and something that can serve as a building block to even greater things.

All of us love to travel. Few things are more exciting than getting out and seeing the world, but even as we travel we often miss our home and those we left behind. That's why we write letters, send postcards, or call home. I hope this magazine gives you the mindset of being in new places and experiencing new things.



Editor's Note  
Neal Causey



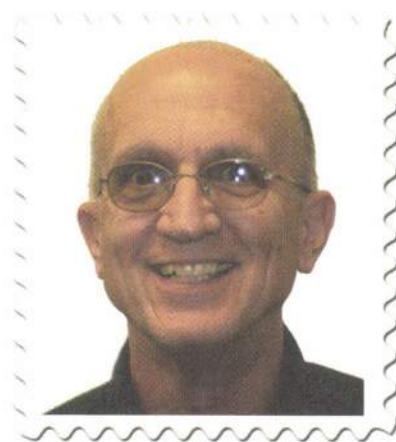
Archarios Staff



Front row: (L-R) B. Wolf, Tracey Daniska, Sandra Broughton - Special Asst. to the Editor, Neal Causey  
 Second row: (L-R) Kelly Marett, Bess Brown, Jeremy Alford Back: Caroline P. Smith



Neal Causey  
Editor



Paul Olsen  
Advisor



Bess Brown  
Art Director



Tracey Daniska  
Asst. Editor



Jeremy Alford  
Asst. Art Director



Archarios is a literary art magazine featuring the creative consciousness of Coastal Carolina University. 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 and the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. All entries are selected and judged using the blind selection policy. All rights are reserved by the individual contributors. Submissions are accepted from students, alumni, faculty, and staff twice per academic school year. Excluding staff members, only students are eligible for awards.

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Printed in U.S.A



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Asst. Art Director

Archarios Literary Art Magazine  
Coastal Carolina University  
2007