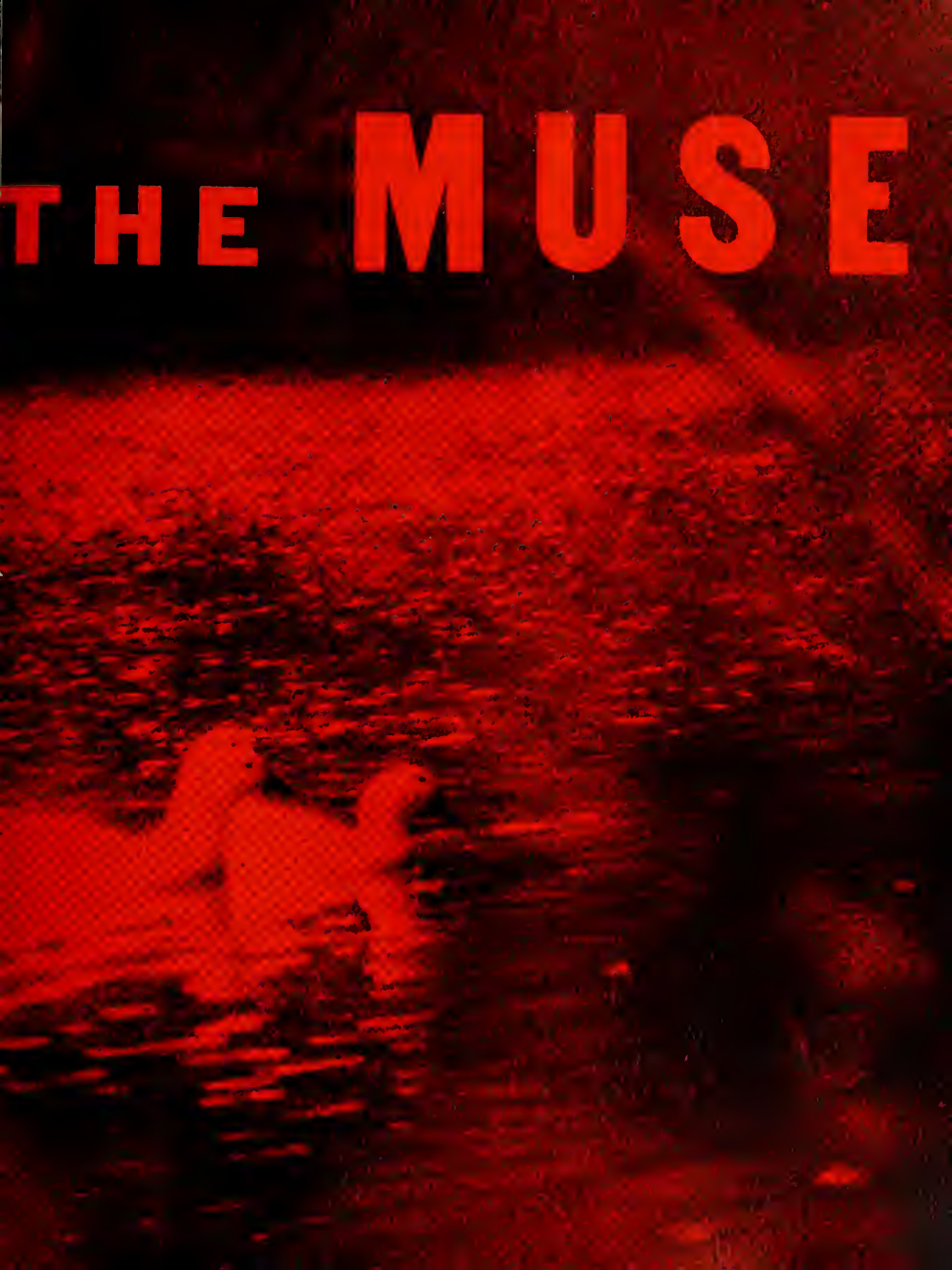
THE MUSE



THE

MUSE

DECEMBER 1970

ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME 69

MIRRORS

of time and life

page three

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page two

MIRRORS of time and life

UNMASKED

Look into my eyes.
You will see yourself.
Is the reflection appealing?
Or does the revelation throw
    light upon your image?
Do not be embarrassed,
    for you are seeing
What others have always known.

corinne birdsong

In the clearing, looking upward
Seeing dark clouds floating by;
Leaves drift darkly on the pond,
Reflected in the sky.

Gently flashing, tiny lanterns
Echoed in the night time stream,
Sleepy, blinking, happy eyes,
Reflected in my dream.

jeanne e. ellerbe

Dreams can come true.
But they need a lot of faith and love
to see them through.
I can wait if you can.

anne ingram

A fairy lantern gleaming bright
In the darkness of the night
And graceful figures just in sight
Dancing slow by lantern light

To music with an elfen beat
Elfen spirits move their feet
Images of peace complete
Graceful bowing when they meet

Dancing soft without a sound
By an unseen piper bound
Dancing in a circle 'round
Apart from stars and sky and ground.

jeanne e. ellerbe

They were, of course, best friends. Best friends play dolls, share secrets and candy bars, and sit together in the movies. But even the closest of friends have fights.

Kathy had been hurt when her very best friend, Mary would not come play dolls at her house.

Mary had said, "Let's play at my house."

"Why? We never play at mine."

"My mother says we shouldn't. It might bother your mother. She says that your mother has had a bad enough time."

So it was that Kathy refused to play at all and went home. By Saturday they were again the best of friends.

Kathy's parents were divorced. She had not, to her mother's knowledge, been upset when told simply and matter-of-factly, "Daddy won't be living with us anymore." To Kathy this meant the end of nightly bickering, harsh words, and blind accusations. Kathy still saw her father once a week, but her mother refused to answer the door when he came to pick up their daughter.

As Kathy said to Mary, "You and I are best friends. We share things. My mother and father aren't best friends, but they share me."

There was talk of war. At dinner the grownups discussed the draft, bomb shelters, and plans for attack. Children were not expected to understand war, so naturally, talk of death and disaster could not give them nightmares.

One day, after an exhausting afternoon of hopscotch, Mary walked Kathy home.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"Maybe . . . Mama says any time now the bomb might come."

"Do bombs come in the daytime?"

"No, just at night."

"Oh."

"I'll see you tomorrow . . . if the bomb doesn't come." The best friends hugged each other and parted.

kit tucker

FAITH

Please don't cry, little one
I know you're alone.
You're hurt and scared.
But there's a way.
Dry your eyes, little girl.
Wipe away the tears.
One day this hate will end,
And so will all your fears.
Courage, my child.
Mankind cannot exist
much longer in this state.

So have faith.
And cease your weeping;
In the meantime, pray . . .
Pray for yourself, pray for us.
Pray for mankind.
But have faith.
And little one . . .
Please, please don't cry.

corinne birdsong

RESULT OF A SMILE.

I feel the joy
The rising tide
The strange excitment
Deep inside.

I lift my eyes
To see the sky
I truly feel
That I can fly.

My heart is full
Of happy things
My mind has found
A pair of wings

The reason for
This ecstacy
Is simply that
You smiled at me.

kay house

The good thing about pain
is that it doesn't last.
Time erases the painful memories
and we are born again,
again to struggle upward
toward our glory.

anne ingram

Some folks say live for today,
Some that this makes your life afray.
But, we've only one life,
And whether you go from daughter to wife or not
My friend, by damn, it's all you've got.

carol frischman

THE BALLAD OF THE SEED

There was a seed.
'Twas in the ground.
Down in the earth
Under a mound.

One day the sun
With his hot rays
Looks at the seed
And then he says,

"O little seed
Inside the earth.
Poke up your head.
Make now your birth."

And then the seed,
Who heard the sun,
Decided to
Come have some fun.

But first he said
"Sun go away
And let me rest
For one more day."

So then it rained
For quite sometime
And wet the seed.
(Now what will rhyme?)

The sun came out.
The seed got warm.
And then the bees
Began to swarm.

And then that seed,
True to its fate,
It did begin
To germinate.

And later on,
A week or so,
The seed began
To start to grow.

It pushed up
Out of the ground.
And then **SURPRISE!**
What light it found!

The seed got green.
"And why?" you ask.
'Cause chlorophyl
Began its task.

And now the seed
Becomes a plant.
It learns how to
Attract an ant.

And my ballad
Here must end
As seed to plant
Does not extend.

kay house

Trees are cellulose people. Have you ever noticed how much that scraggly old pine resembles that dried up old biddy who lives in the third house on Miles Road? And didn't Jack Le Lane come to mind when the limbs of that big oak tree swushed and touched the ground the other day during that hail storm? Maybe it didn't bend quite as enthusiastically as Jack does, but then again, good stiff breezes don't come along often enough to keep in practice. And om' god . . . do you remember that tall thin birch in my back yard that we had to cut down last summer (pesty little bugs)? Well, I would have sworn it was Mr. Greenjeans laid out dead as a doornail (may he rest in peace). And I'll bet that greedy old Kite Eating Tree is more famous than Golda Meir will ever be.

Anyway, who said man is the most highly evolved living thing on earth? Take a good look at a tree the next time you bump into one. I'll bet you'll know who he is before he even tells you.

anonymous

ODYSSEUS

Scylla sups on sailors.
Circe's magic makes the men into swine.
Sirens' strains do so tempt
Wanderlust, the wine of the world.

kit tucker

My eyes shine and dance before you because you see through to the light of my being.

My lips drink the waters of your soul which shall ever be rushing forth.

My nose sniffs the air to find and please your secret wishings.

My ears rest upon your heart to know your needs.

My fingers comfortably dive toward your flame, for you are bright and your shadows are not.

And under the warmth of friendship our souls are kindled by the flame of oneness generated by the other.

muffin penn

LITTLE PEOPLE

We are used to little people
Who speak in petty words
And we've watched the little people
As they flock in droves and herds.

They talk of trivial things
And destroy the people who
Have found a serving life
A larger point of view.

They live above the tiny men
Who hate and kill and lie
And whimper in their tiny voice
"We are afraid to die."

We're used to little people
But still they hurt us so
Even though we realize
They can't begin to know.

The joy we find in living
The love we have for life
Or the reason that we love so well
The long continued strife.

The strife of goodness, love and hope
To rise above the din
But we don't mind being laughed at
God told us we would win.

kay house

"CLIMB HIGH," *they* say,
"ASCEND, STEP UPWARD" . . .
There's no time to stop
to assuage the pain of one's tired feet.

corinne birdsong

Life is so strange. It lasts for only a few years in an endless stretch of time. It is preposterous to think that one will live life, as he knows it, again.

The time after death is as infinite as the time before birth. If one does not fathom life, before birth, how can one remember life, after death?

carol frischman

I heard Michael
calling from his valley yesterday.
His voice rose from the stench
of war clouds —
So thick they are that he does not know
We people are waiting for Michael
he was heard and seen above those clouds.
So noxious they are that he does not know
that he is touching more of life than he himself felt.

We are waiting for Michael
to conquer his war with those clouds.
to realize that he has done it,
for in truth, does he not know the essence
of those clouds
to be blinded not
for his life.

Michael will live.
Michael will see.
Michael will know.
Because Michael has called through
the clouds
and he has not forgotten.

muffin penn

As time passes, people change.
Not by choice, but because something
or someone else has moved a little closer
or a little further away.
Only time knows the difference.

anne ingram

Smiles are for children.
Adults only pretend to know how to smile.
They have to teach each other.

anne ingram

Here by myself,
    I'm wondering what I'm looking for
        in the form of love.
It doesn't come too often;
    Maybe I'm driving it away
Fun isn't even the beginning of love,
    but I've forgotten how to begin.
I think it takes a special person (for me)
And they must have all run out (for me).
Why can't I give love?
    (Maybe it has to be offered first).

anne ingram

I hate her. I really do. She doesn't really care about me. Some kind of mother she makes. She lets me do what I want to keep me quiet. Before he comes home, she spends all afternoon fixing her hair. She says she keeps it long for him . . . She doesn't care about me. I hate her.

I'm hungry. Damn. Where did she hide the bread this time? And a knife. I need a knife. I hate her. I hate her hair. A knife . . . where the hell does she keep . . . a knife . . . a knife . . .

"Timmy! What are you doing with that knife? What are you . . ."

kit tucker

DIARY

Sunday

Oh God. They can't do this to me I didn't kill her. Please hear me, God. Tell them... tell them I didn't do it.

Monday

I must be mad. Only four more days of this hell. I can't stand it any longer. Why don't they go on and kill me before I lose my mind? Please...

What good does praying do? Who's going to hear me? That damn wall? Tell no. Please, God. Let the end be here. I didn't do it! You hear me up there, God? I swear I didn't! Those "astards only said I did, but I couldn't hurt her if I wanted to. You listening, God? I loved her!

Tuesday

Three more days. Why is everyone around here so nice all of a sudden? Those dirty...
One hell of a way to go.

Wednesday

Two days. I wonder if it hurts. Who cares? I sure as hell won't be around to remember it.

Thursday

I can't eat. I can't sleep. I can't do anything. The walls are coming in to get me. My mind is closing in....

Friday

Today. I'm going to die today. The end. God, why?... I wish... that I could see the ocean once more. I just want to see it one more time, God. Okay?

It's time. Don't strap me in the chair. It might hurt. God! Don't let it be like this! I swear I didn't . . . Lord have mercy upon me Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost praise ye the Lord the ocean is closing in on me I'm drowning o Lord show thy mercy the current is pulling under and grant thy salvation I can't breathe and take not thy Holy Spirit from me . . .

kit tucker

I don't know which is worse:
to die violently or to die delicately.
I think that it is best not to think about it at all
because life is so beautiful.
And who wishes to lose even the agonies?

anonymous

In that cold dark room the cruel white sheets drink your warm young life. Oh God, you are so small . . . only a little boy. Why should you be so near death when you are so close to life? The wonderful life that was yours will not be . . . I didn't know your name but I cried.

carol frischman

ILLUSIONS OF COLOR

Walking in a dream.

A cosmic dream of colors.
Light colors . . .
The ancient colors of hope,
freedom,
peace.

As quickly as these hazy hues
Merge into some definable structure,
They hurriedly disperse . . . fading . . .
Becoming once again unobtainable.

Walking in a colorful dream.
The colors are now dark.
Vaguely vivid . . .
Making everything obscurely uncertain.

Walk cautiously. You
May stumble.
It is an inevitable verity
For it is dark, and the colors
continue to
darken.

corinne birdsong

I'm not sure anymore.
I cannot tell the difference in the colors.
Nothing is and nothing is not . . .
It just stands.

But I'm scared.
It is going to fall.
Then I will see . . .
Too clearly.

christie bishop

THE GULLS

Walking alone on the shore of
overpopulated sojourners
Yet, these temporary inhabitants
Are not bothersome, nor inhibited
Like dwellers so often are . . .

They vociferate frequently
Quite openly they make love,
Caring little for the opinions
I as a spectator may form . . .
There is no veil of secrecy
among them, no falseness,
Only an understandable degree
of respect for each other.
For the time, they are the
Undisputable overseers of
Their society by the sea.

Somewhat awed by their
Confidence, I continue my
Solitary journey with an
Increasing admiration for
These gulls . . .
Regretting that I am not
more like them,
Wishing desperately to obtain
their Freedom,
Their obvious happiness.

Suddenly, I am aware of an
increasing melody of restlessness,
Something has disturbed the gulls . . .

I look up only in time to see them soar upwardly
and fly graciously into the
Silent horizon, laughing
Outrageously, making no effort to share the
source of their joke with anyone . . .

My eyes follow them until
they are no longer visible,
Sadly, I realize I am now
Genuinely alone . . .

corinne birdsong

Color plays with my mind.
Like rain falling into an open sea,
It alone does no man good
But when mixed with more of its own,
Can create a portrait of love, peace, and tranquility
    or compose floods of destruction
    which tear down all the inner cycles of my wisdom,
    that were built some time ago.

claire p. spinks

Once I saw the sea-gulls fly
To the light of dawn in the morning sky.
It was like I'd never seen before
Their plea for admittance at heaven's door.

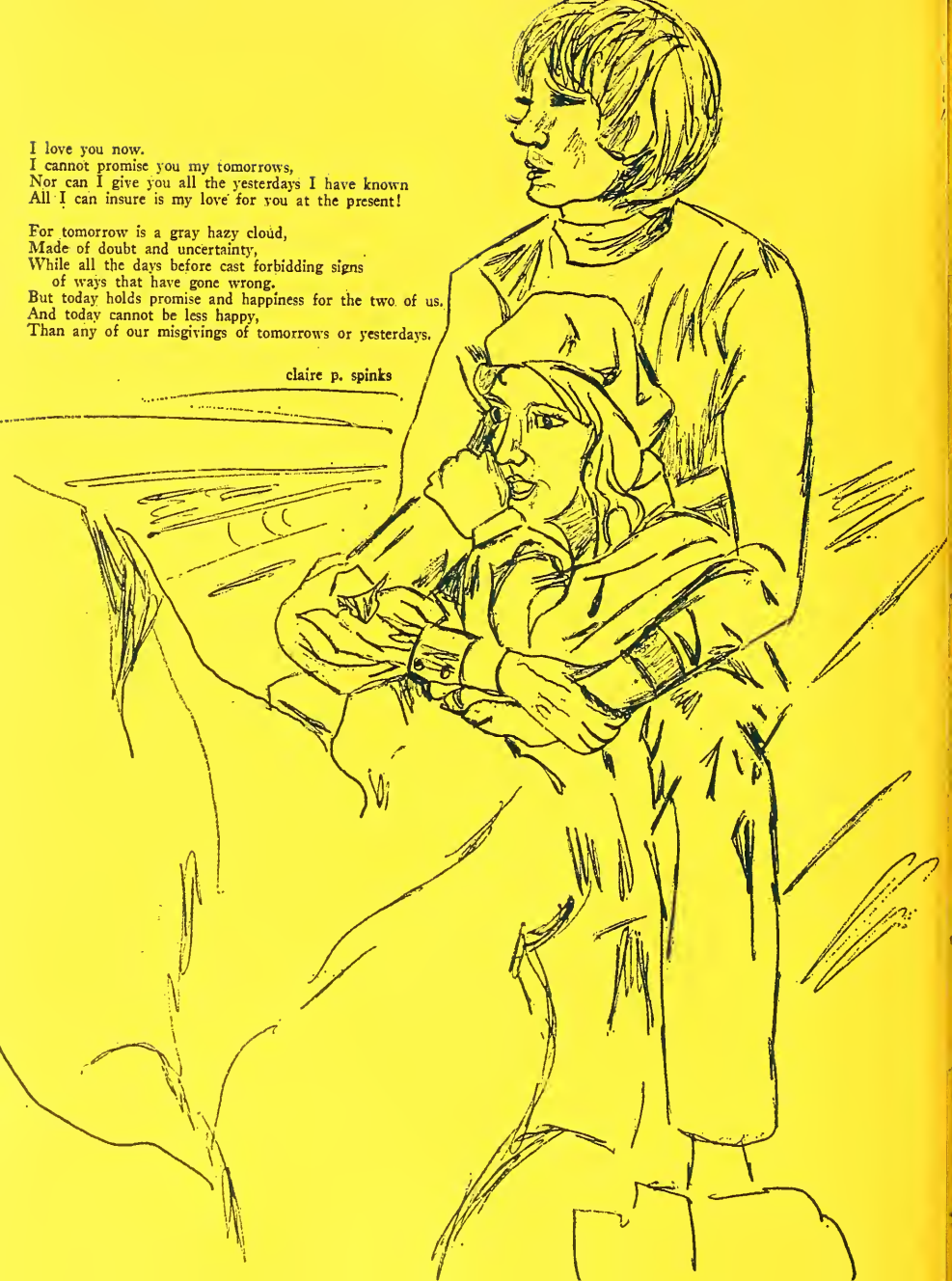
Then they flew to the ocean's wave
To call Poseidon from his cold, deep cave.
Oh, you beautiful, fickle ocean bird,
Did you really think God had not heard?

jeanne e. ellerbe

I love you now.
I cannot promise you my tomorrows,
Nor can I give you all the yesterdays I have known
All I can insure is my love for you at the present!

For tomorrow is a gray hazy cloud,
Made of doubt and uncertainty,
While all the days before cast forbidding signs
of ways that have gone wrong.
But today holds promise and happiness for the two of us.
And today cannot be less happy,
Than any of our misgivings of tomorrows or yesterdays.

claire p. spinks



I walk through new-sewn fields of love
And wade in smiling streams.
The sun blinks down through leaves above
And I lie lost in dreams.

I float adrift in a boat of cloud
On lakes of ageless blue.
The very trees, with summer bowed
And colors deep, subdued.

Endless amber flecks of light
On brown like aged lace.
Soft blue-gray like birds in flight,
And black like stars erased.

Gray of clouds and green of moss
And midnight blue of unknown skies;
All my problems scattered, lost,
I wander in your eyes.

jeanne e. ellerbe

So you are back again. I know I promised myself that it was over. I swore that I would have nothing to do with you. You see, I knew that you would be here . . . just as you are. I even knew exactly what you would say . . . and you have said it. And perhaps I've known all along that I would forget to tell you to go to hell.

Maybe I know even now that it won't work this time either. But I think it will be different. Something new to end things . . .

But there you sit, smiling. You know that it's working, don't you? You are making me laugh, and in laughing I am forgetting. And I won't remember until you leave me again.

So go ahead and stay until you are ready to leave. And as you go . . . this time, say good-bye.

christie bishop

Our end shall be found in blank paper . . .
for in words are too much an ending found.

muffin penn

One leaf, tenacious as regret,
Clings to the oak outside the window.
One soul, lonely as grief,
Sits watching it.
One regret tenacious as the leaf,
Dominates the scene.

jeanne e. ellerbe

My whole being grows with the thought
of being alone forever.
The worse could again and again,
making me build other lives little lives.
I haven't yet thought that the sun is my
yellow pencil.

anni kinkaan

The thing I have been seeking
to hold my mind and attention
Must be coming soon or else the future can wait
(and probably my weight).
I'm pressing again for a change
Maybe this time I'll be thinking when it comes
If it comes.

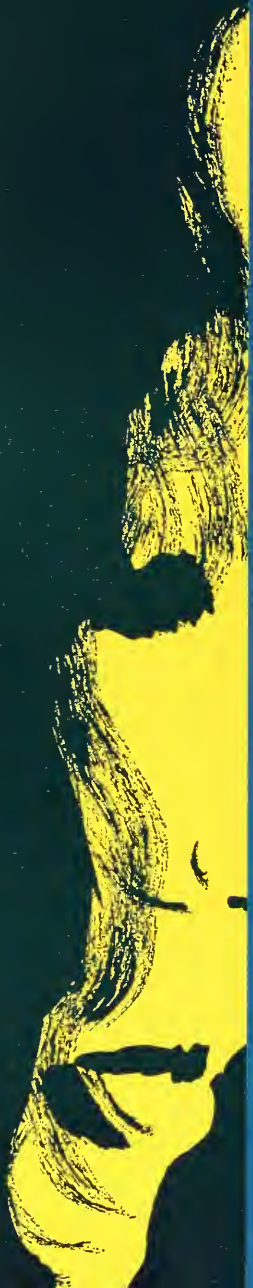
anne ingram

"It wasn't wisdom (what) Or it wasn't need
of wisdom the only truth there is?"
marilyn gunn

page seventy-three

There are still a few empty pages,
but the story is complete.

anne ingram



"Let us go to the mountains and capture the warmth of the sun, and give it to our mother."

– swift pony

There are still a few empty pages,
but the story is complete.

anne ingram


MUSE
HOT
ROASTI
THE
NUTS

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THE MUSE

SPRING 1971

ST. MARY'S JUNIOR COLLEGE
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME 70

The windows of the memory
Open and close like the shutters
of a camera —
Constantly in motion, moving
Like a butterfly that flutters
in a meadow.

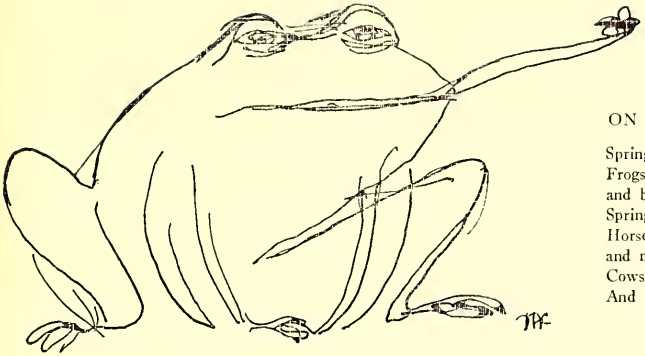
Sometimes to be struggled with,
To be opened — or closed and bolted
very suddenly —
But thoughts go in and out and
Cause the mind to be eased or jolted
unexpectedly.

The mind is like the spring
A time when everything is new
yet sometimes old —
And certain things are stored and seen
Through windows of another hue in winter.

EVERALL AIKEN

Spring
Called me out today
As she does all her children
And tried to tell me her secrets,
But it started to rain.

KIT TUCKER



ON THE WALL BY THE PHONE

Spring is here.
Frogs want to chirp
and birds want to croak.
Spring makes dogs meow and cats bark.
Horses peel bananas
and monkeys munch hay.
Cows try to lay eggs and chickens moo.
And people actually smile.

PENNY HARRISON

CASE FOR THE DEMONIAC

You really ought to be insane,
Insanity is fun —
You can't feel pain when you're insane
And work is never done.

You're happy playing bobjacks
Or double sol alone,
And you never care when people stare
Into your world of bone.

The shrinks and social workers
All sadly shake their heads:
"There is no hope for this poor dope."
They give you up for dead!

They cannot know how wrong they are —
Insanity is play!
You're not aware that you aren't all there —
You're more yourself than they.

PENNY HARRISON

WORLD AT PLAY

Izzybig and Wallydump teeter on the totter,
Rumpkin straddles in between
serving as a spotter;
When Izzybig falls to the ground,
Wally climbs the higher.
When Wallydump sinks down below,
Izzy is the flier.
Rumpkin tries to balance them,
to keep the two at bay.
But one will always triumph and
the other's rise delay.

PENNY HARRISON

As this bird carries me swiftly over the miles,
I gaze down at the indescribable beauty of this
night on earth.

God's earth is below me now.
Small glistening beads sparkle the surface.
Some appear in radiance of glory
while matted on black velvet.

The horizon seems to run into a veil.
There the stars, scattered more than the
stars of earth,
hang up above mankind,
As if to watch her children throughout the night.

God has put us all down there for some reason.
Does he gaze down and think that what we
have done for Him
is beautiful?

C. A. T.

Magic comes at night
Right
before the sun goes down.
It comes with the dew
on a new
spider's web in the grass
And it comes in the mist-
kissed
distance which trembles with waiting.

Magic comes at night
Right
Before the sun goes down . . .

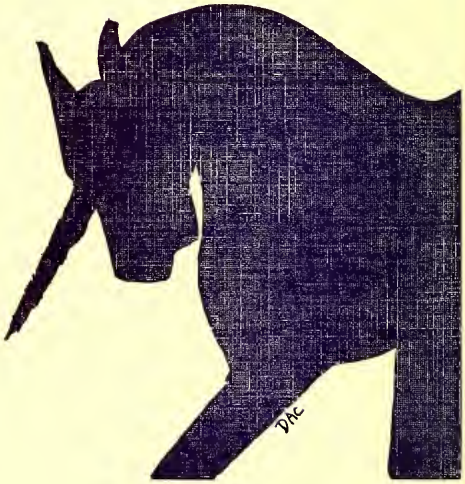
JEANNE E. ELLERBE

TWO UNICORNS

Two unicorns at eternal play
Alive at night, and stone by day.
The moon shines shadows on their feet
Then dancing on their stoney seat,
They prance the night away.

Prancing ageless at the gate
Solemnly they dance their fate.
Soberly they move about.
The moment that the moon goes out
They turn again to stone, and wait.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE



Miss Virginia F. Edwards
206 Penick Hall
St. Mary's Jr. College
Raleigh, N. C. 27611

CONSIDER THE LILIES

Bargains for sale! Bargains to take!
A blouse for 6 dollars! — (It took 3 to make)
Specials on shoes and wool coats as well —
Wear them to heaven or even to hell.

So much emphasis placed on clothes —
When we get money, that's where it goes.
What a great pity that it is thought rude
For all human beings to run around nude.
Consider the lilies.

PENNY HARRISON

Regretfully, my little brother's first experience with death came when he was about three years old. He glimpsed the remains of his short-lived pet cat after it had been flattened on the highway by a huge transfer truck.

We diverted his attention and hoped the traumatic scene had gone unnoticed. The subject was changed hurriedly and he was consoled with a popsicle to eat outside in the hot summer sun.

After a few licks, he must have put it down on the warm concrete steps to continue his play . . . and all that remained when he returned for another taste was a flat wet circle surrounding the stick.

"My popsicle died too," he sadly observed.

GINGER EDWARDS

It's too cold
to borrow
wood for a fire.

It's too dark
to light a
candle to see.

CORINNE BIRDSONG

the sun rises
a flower blooms
people start to work
for what?

acquaintances are made
hands are shook
love follows
for what?

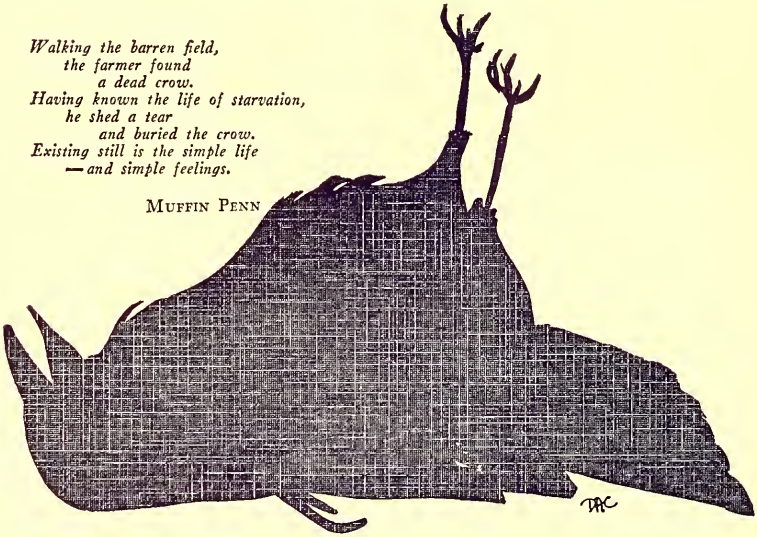
disagreements arise
enemies made
we are all brothers
for what?

the sun sets.

C. A. T.

Walking the barren field,
the farmer found
a dead crow.
Having known the life of starvation,
he shed a tear
and buried the crow.
Existing still is the simple life
—and simple feelings.

MUFFIN PENN



Time is winding his ageless watch and waiting for eternity to end.

EVERALL AIKEN

When going into games
and venturing into new territories,
it's all so important to follow
directions.

No one gets cheated,
Everybody plays the game in the same pattern —
or they follow the same road
until they meet the end of the line.

Who questions the "logical rules"
and the "soundest directions"?
Who drew the arrow you followed?

MARGARET SKINNER

"Behold the man!"
The spotless Lamb.
The screaming Passover
mob closes in —

Pontius Pilate washes his hands.
His frightened wife begs mercy for
the strange man on trial.

"He says he's the King of the Jews!"
mocking soldiers
scornful crowds
scheming priests

"HIS BLOOD BE ON US AND ON OUR CHILDREN!"

"Behold the man!" cried Pilate.
While the bruised and mangled form
just stood — looking ridiculous

In purple robe and a silly reed, the blood
oozing from his thorne-gouged brow . . .

Jerusalem is quiet now.

EVERALL AIKEN

Her tender skin, dry and chapping
from the freezing cold assault on her
naked body —
After the cruel teasing, she is finally
blanketed and brutally raped.
Leaving her marked body to receive in a
slush of tears of pain and shame —
Not from the act, but from
accepting such trash as old man winter.

GINGER EDWARDS

You'll never be ashamed of what you've found.
But you can be ashamed of stolen grounds.
You shouldn't be ashamed of what you possess.
But you will be ashamed when you're forced to confess.

You find a great deal of faults, losses and pride.
And you guard them well by your side.
Your imitations, "pseudo-sensations"
And opaque faces are stolen disgraces.

When you are naked and chilled
    Your shame will be your fate.

MARGARET SKINNER

Out in the swollen sea,
the wind catches your sail
and fills it with
the vibrant force of life
. . . tranquility.

Let the sea swish across your
legs and tickle
every fantasy you've ever
dreamed of.

As you glide along—
stretched out under
your billowing sail—
You'll know
—this sail is yours
and fortunately
no one elses.

MARGARET SKINNER

The warm winter nights
occupy my mind
as I shiver in the
spring sun.

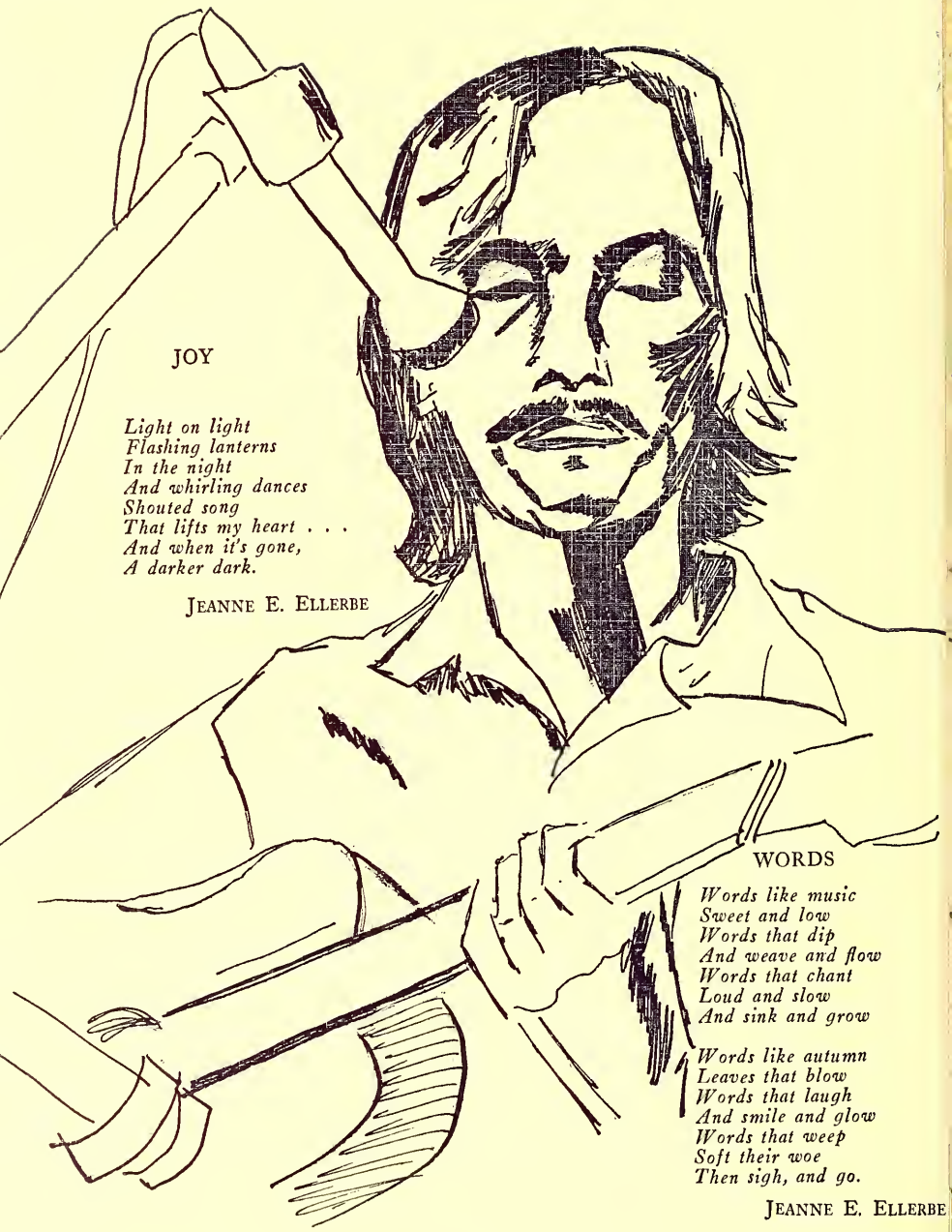
RUTH BROWN

Loneliness does not have
to be you—alone.
But you—alone
with other people.

You are no longer
happy with your thoughts
But cannot share them
with those around you.

You are not
content with yourself
But more at peace than
you are with others.

KAREN WHEELER



JOY

Light on light
Flashing lanterns
In the night
And whirling dances
Shouted song
That lifts my heart . . .
And when it's gone,
A darker dark.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

WORDS

Words like music
Sweet and low
Words that dip
And weave and flow
Words that chant
Loud and slow
And sink and grow

Words like autumn
Leaves that blow
Words that laugh
And smile and glow
Words that weep
Soft their woe
Then sigh, and go.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

KNIGHT

A fair lady, locked still in yon high tower
Through bars on her windows looked for hours —
For some brave knight to come to her aid
Before her father her ransome paid.

One morn a knight came riding by
He halted his horse when heard her cry
Of "Stay, fair sir, and help me, pray!"
The gray rocks mocked her, " . . . fair sir, stay!"

The brave young knight returned her hail
He dropped his visor and checked his mail.
Then, demanding entrance of the solid door,
Rode on as it dropped with a rusty roar.

The court inside was dusty and old
And the air rushing out was dank and cold.
As the knight rode up to fight his foe
The sky waxed dark and the clouds hung low.

And the wind blew strong and the darkness
grew
The world was still, and the heavens, too.
A beast in the castle did then rear
Its ugly head, and it was fear.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

The scenes of life will go on tomorrow even if I'm not sitting in this window watching them pass.

C. A. T.

We walked through weeds that day, stumbled over long-hidden vines and gaily caught ourselves sliding in the mud. We played catch with the stars that night and tossed our thoughts about to each other. We spent long days lost in the sun then, and I was lost in the meadow of his mind while breezes drifted down from higher ranges. We greeted old couples on the trail then, who had been there many years before and had returned to search for crumbs finding that we had kept them fresh for we cherished them as our own. We grazed on higher pastures then, and feasted on each other's harvest of grain sowed deep long years ago; a harvest foreseen by then young breezes that sensed what I saw in his wind-tossed hair. We joined in a feast of sky then, and lived on high thrown clouds of freedom. We joined in the celebration of each other then, and remained alone before the stars.

GINGER EDWARDS

You and flowers;
like the laughing
sunshine,

You and flowers;
like the ridiculously
frolicsome March breezes

You and flowers;
like the tempera-colored
skies of Spring

You and flowers
like the spiritually
refreshing April rains

You and flowers —
like the newly
produced freshets of May.

You and flowers
like the inexhaustible
beauty of Mother Nature herself,

You and flowers;
like the delicately
reborn

You, me, and flowers.

CORINNE BIRDSONG

I float adrift on a boat of cloud
On lakes of ageless blue.
The very trees, with summer bowed
And colors deep, subdued.

Endless amber flecks of light
On brown like aged lace,
Soft blue-gray like birds in flight,
And black like stars erased

Gray of clouds and green of moss
And midnight blue of unknown skies;
All my problems scattered, lost,
I wander in your eyes.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

Come to me.
I walk on life as if on an
ice covered lake.
I need your help to get to the other side.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

When we walked, the life of the sea
Shared its secrets, and we
walked away on separate paths.
We did not stoop to throw sand at one another
but continued walking
knowing the sand beneath us
and the sea.

MUFFIN PENN

FROM TODAY UNTIL . . . THEN

Throw away each care that you before knew
And come with me today.
I'll take you through rainbows to morning dew
We'll make a peaceful way —

If you come we can forget all before
Please come, say that you will
We'll say each thing in a different way
And our hearts won't say, "Be still!"

We'll be free to do things our own way
For none can make us cease
We can laugh and cry through each sunny day
Our souls will not be leased

But if you must go now I'll understand
If we will again start
As we were one time before holding hands,
That day I'll hold love in my heart

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

UPON READING A LETTER FROM HOME

Can't you understand what I'm trying to say?
This is my life, if it is blown, then it's just blown.
But I've got to do it my way to prove I've grown.
Grown from a child to what I think and feel today.

Take me for what I am, I am just not you.
I wasn't at birth, as a child, nor am I now.
Forgive me life's dear teachers, who taught me how.
It's up to me alone to see if this love's true.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

Death cannot part our love,
For our emotions extend far beyond
All the imaginary lines that
Men have drawn around our ideal.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS

Purple on black with blue highlights
And red

My darkness is never dark
It screams of blues and blacks
And reds
And hurts

Old hurts that should be gone
Hung by a thread around my neck
To pull me deeper
Down

My hell is a room of bright sounds
Mingled constantly with old voices
(Not moaning)
(Not screaming)

With voices of things that I have done
And wish I hadn't.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

Some say that love is knowing each other—
But me . . .
I say that love is a lifetime of finding.

KAREN WHEELER

Love is not like death
In that after love there is nothing
But after death there is . . .

CAROL FRISCHMAN

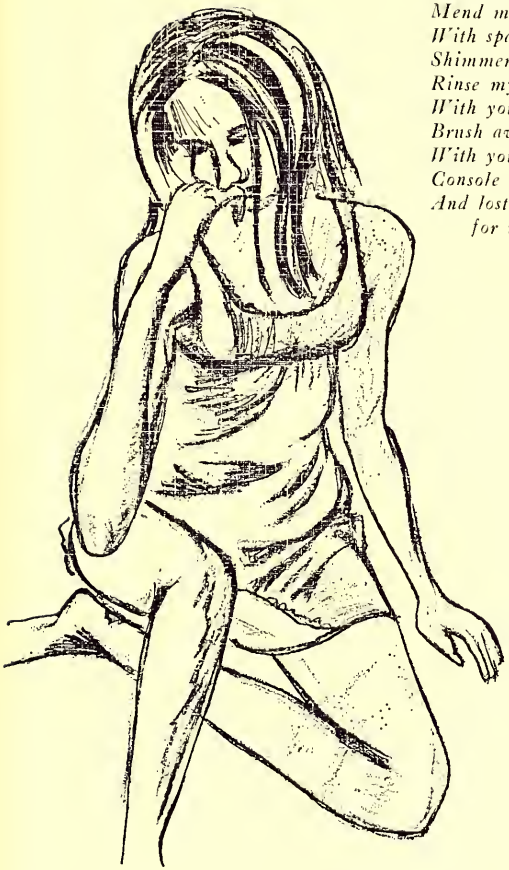
It's really funny, you know,
The way we act as we grow older,
We seem to harden
And think it's such a burden
    To help someone—
    Or get involved—

And it's sad when love becomes obligation
Simply a physical toleration
Devoid of emotion and thought—
Just another fight to be fought
    over nothing—
    with no end—

Why must we be such rational creatures?
Without a real smile to light our features?
We analyze every word, every action,
And seem to find no satisfaction
    In other people—
    In simple things—

I'm sorry—I really just don't get it
I guess I'm caught and trying not to sweat it.
But you're involved and your love's real—
I used to know that love you still feel—
    But not now—
    I'm sorry—

EVERALL AIKEN



Come beautiful mother.
Bring your children.
Mend my summer-love wounds
With sparkling spider-gauze and
Shimmery snail thread.
Rinse my sun and salt dried face
With your cooling tears
Brush away my own sour tears
With your autumn-spiced breath.
Console me for the sweet love I gave so earnestly—
And lost so completely—
for now I am lost.

EVERALL AIKEN

Ours had nothing to do with
the first wild passions of youth.
Ours was as calm and deep,
as old and eternal as the sea.
And nothing was ever mine
because it was ours.
You were that much a part of me.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

Now love is gone and I'm alone.
One more time I seek for another
To show me love as never before,
To take me past dreams that I've outgrown.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

Time and Memory turn their slow heads
To watch the small figure running
Through the ruins of a forgotten dream.

EVERALL AIKEN

STORM

The storm rages — lightning flashes, thunder pounds — my face flushes and tightens across my temples — my lip trembles in the knowledge of ultimate submission to the overpowering force — I hate it, yet I can't help it — it aches, pounds, rips my brain apart — my vision blurs as I recognize defeat — the dam breaks and a tear dives triumphantly from my eye and swims down my face.

PENNY HARRISON

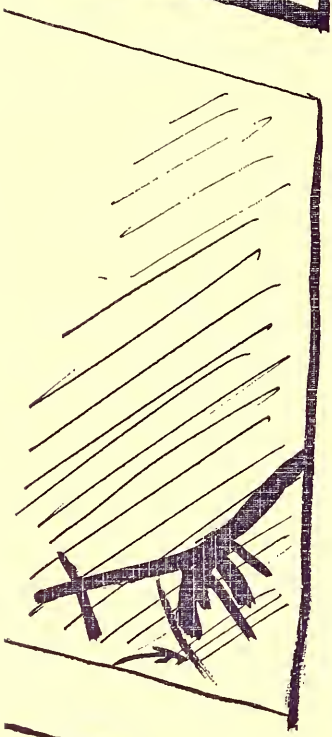
ODE TO THE CHAMPAGNE AND THE TOPHAT MAN

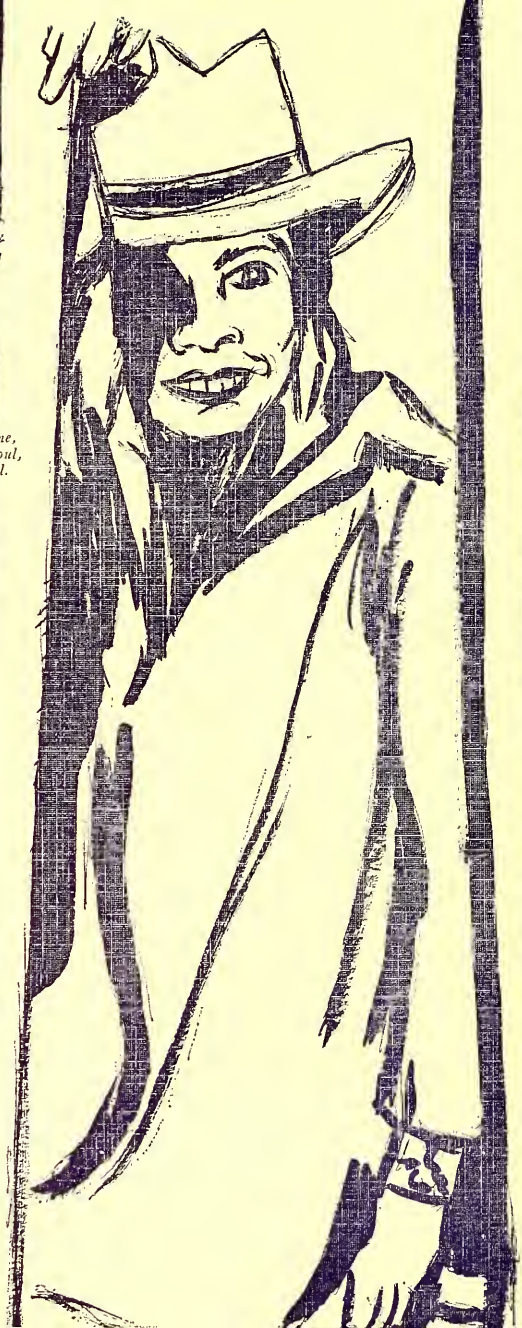
He wants so much to play the part.
The guise I observe as that of a fool.
The fool who sees and still feels his role,
But he is blind even to the heart.

In my heart I see his misery.
His hopes for life seen fading so fast
But yet his hopes must wane,
To make him see my one role as me.

Even if he felt that my role was small,
One day he will know that I was just the one,
Who saw through his facade straight to his soul,
And was thankful just to tear down that wall.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS-





I lunged into the "bay of no distinctioa"
and found myself quite amused
aever had I met
the most marvelous creatures
who had literally blowa their fuses.

All of these creatures, myself included
Thoroughly enjoyed just shooting the bull
But to a specialist
a zealot
a surgeon plus more
Our time was lost — for times'
stomach was full.

Each of us had with us our old tinae coanections
A dancer aad writer were two by profession
Yet the robber and I had questions galore
For the two of us had obsessions ao more.

The daacer flitted and flirted all eveaing
With her eye on the robber who thought not of leaving

The dancer full of silly giggles and sighs
laughed at the robber
and thought aot of leaving.
When I asked her what was hilariously funay
She looked at me quizzically aad said
"He's a juakie."

Now the writer was far too sensitive
to be sensible
So he fumed aad squawked at the
robber's big principles.

The writer had writtea the souadest of facts
For society to read whea of course —
it was laxed.

But the robber laughed hard aad said to
the quirk — "You are undoubtedly a
number one jerk!"
"Writers who write to please the people
should set atop an old town steeple
For society my friend, has never stood still
Waitiag for fools to give it some thrills.

A hubbub did rise as the four of us squabbled
For which of us fit in "society's marble"?

I truthfully questioned the aearest offender
which happened to be the lady pretender
The maa to my right was truly a goaer
for he the writer, could be no wronger.
The robber, alas has fled my attention
for he was the smart one who filled
his inteations.

We were the creatures aloag oa the cruise
Through the "bay of no distinctioa" —
the bottle of booze.

MARGARET SKINNER

SAGA OF OVID

Ovid was a thinker,
A college freshman, too —
He longed to aid his brothers
And knew just what to do —

But, waiting for the proper time
To activate his plan,
Ovid lost his hot desire
To help his fellow man.

Ovid was a sophomore
A wise man and a fool;
The flame of hope rekindled
For involvement in his school.

But Ovid wasn't ready
To put his plan in gear.
Ovid put aside his plans
To wait another year.

Ovid as a junior
Again did hesitate.
When he was a senior
He knew that he was late.

"Today I'll act — I've waited
Far too long for this," he said.
He smiled across the busy street . . .
A dumptruck struck him dead.

PENNY HARRISON

BANG

A One Act Play by Barbara Olschner

Setting: Lower East side, low-rent boarding house, one room, very cluttered, very unkept, clothes scattered, cheap room. A girl has been living there with a man. He has obviously left.

The curtain opens with her back to the audience. She walks up stage center. At the back of the stage there is a door. She appears to lean on the door, look out, turns around, closes the door, walks back into the room, walks around the room rather dejectedly, sits down on the bed.

Suddenly there's a loud knock on the door. The door is thrown open, The landlady enters. She is a very crude, overweight woman. Very, very low class. She has a habit of nodding her head before she speaks, sucking her teeth and pulling at her bra at certain times, making it very comical. She comes in nodding her head.

Characters: girl
landlady

Landlady: So he left you, huh?

Girl: Yes.

Landlady: I didn't think it would come to much. Things like that never do, you know. I was saying to Harry. You know Harry — Harry's my husband. I said, "Harry, things just don't work anyother way. People think they're clever, especially youngins, always trying to put that cart before the horse. Cart don't go there. Cart goes after the horse, everybody knows that." Yep, things just don't work any other way.

Girl: I guess not.

Landlady: Well, I guess you know what I came up here fer?

Girl: Like all vultures.

Landlady: Huh? I don't know much about birds, but what I came up here for was the rent.

Girl: Yes. Well, I'll get it to you. I don't have it now.

Landlady: (Surprised) You ain't got no money?

Girl: No.

Landlady: Bet you ain't got a job neither.

Girl: No.

Landlady: Can you get one?

Girl: I don't know.

Landlady: Didn't you go to some fancy college, Sweet something, Sweetwater?

Girl: (Laughing) Yea, Sweetwater. But it wasn't fancy.

Landlady: Well, did you graduate?

Girl: No, and that's why I'm not sure, whether I can get a job or not.

Landlady: You mean to tell me you went to some fancy school, spent all that money, and you can't even get a job cause you didn't graduate?

Girl: Well, I was expell —, I mean I left right before exams.

Landlady: You mean you got to write something down on paper before you can do anything nowadays?

Girl: It seems so.

Landlady: Well, (toothy grin, very suggestive), there are other things you can do. Why, I know girls never even graduated from high school pick up enough money for rent and more.

Girl: (Turning to her shocked, laughing) You suggest I prostitute my body? (Off) Others suggest I prostitute my mind.

Landlady: Well, I don't know nothing about that, but I know you can get some money if you want to, and I don't care how.

Girl: Listen, would you please just leave me alone, and I'll get you your money?

Landlady: Leave you alone, Hell! Listen, girlie, you and your playwriter friend are four months behind in the rent. Now I have waited those four months being just as kind and patient and gracious as I could be, but Harry needs a tooth pulled, and my sister Clara's sick and needs . . .

Girl: Listen, damn-it, I understand. But I don't have the money now and I can't pull it out of the sky this minute. So all your nagging isn't going to do any good. I just don't have any money now.

Landlady: All right, now you listen, damn it. I don't care whether you pull it out of the sky or whether you make it, as long as you come up with it. Why don't you hit your parents? They probably don't approve of all this cavorting around, that is if they know about it, but . . .

Girl: I don't have any parents. They're dead.

Landlady: Oh. Well ain't you got a rich uncle or aunt or friend or . . .

Girl: No. I don't have anybody.

Landlady: Well, I suppose your playwriter friend walked out on you without leaving you any money.

Girl: (Sudden anger) He didn't walk out. (Then restrained, controlled anger). That's none of your business.

Landlady: Oh no, none of my business? I rent to you, live under the roof with you, hear all your fights, screams and groans . . .

Girl: Well, maybe if you keep your damn ear out of the key hole you wouldn't hear it all.

Landlady: Oh, listen to her implying I'm a snoop. Well, I'll be damned.

Girl: Would you please just get out of here, just get out of here and leave me alone?

Landlady: Let's get one thing straight, girlie, you can't live here without paying and you can't leave here without paying.

Girl: (Off comment to audience) I think that's what my English teacher meant by a dilemma.

Landlady: I don't give a damn what you think, as long as you come up with the money.

Girl: Get out, just get out. (Screaming)

(Exit Landlady)

(From two to three minutes the girl walks around on stage.)

On this stage there is a chair, center stage. She walks around not knowing what to do. She picks up clothes, she puts them down. She has no direction. As she walks around stage, the lights dim slowly. She makes a large circle around the room. Then she sits down in the chair at the center stage, the lights have dimmed, and there's a spot on her. The rest of the stage is black. She sits there a few seconds, turns to the audience, looks at them straight and says:

"Well, what would you do? Bang?"
She points her forefinger to her temple and smiles. Then she extends her arm and points her forefinger as if it is a gun to the audience, and on three different levels to the audience says:

"Bang. Bang. Bang."

As she does this the house lights come up one-third each time she does it. The first bang, they come up one-third, the second bang, two-thirds and the third bang, the house lights are full. The stage is black. The spot dims on her as the house lights go up. Then she smiles and says:

"But you're dead anyway."

She laughs, gets up and walks up stage center.

THE INDIVIDUAL

A One Act Play by Barbara Olschner

The house lights dim, the curtain is not up. A tape recorder starts.

"The voice that you are now hearing is of someone who is dead. It is I. I am now what our society deems dead. I am no longer alive. What you are about to see is the last day of my life. I have always heard that it has been believed since time immemorial that the end of the world has been predestined for tomorrow. This is true. The end of the world comes every tomorrow for someone. For me the end of the world is tomorrow and today is the last day of my life. What you will see is a flashback in a mind.

(This section is done with street sounds in the back of honking horns and cars.)

"I wandered down a street, busy with people — people whose heads were buried so deeply in their newspapers that all they would ever see was the print. These busy people, who didn't have a thing to do were who I found myself in the midst of. I walked among them and wished and wanted to touch just one of them. I stopped in front of a building that went up to nowhere. I wanted to go in and try to find one person that I could reach.

(Street sounds fade out here.)

"I remembered that in this monumental edifice a person worked that I knew, not well, but not too slightly. We had at one time attended the same institution. So in I went to try and find her. I really didn't know why."

After a few seconds the curtain opens.

Setting: Office — typing pool — 3 desks — 2 on one side, one desk in the middle. Behind this desk is an overweight girl and on her desk is 2 hamburgers, french fries, coke. There is a typewriter on her desk but nothing else. On the other two desks they are cluttered with papers and typewriters. The hallway is stage left. The girl who has been talking on the tape walks down the hall. Her name is Genifer. The girl behind the desk is Michele. The stage is dim except for 2 spots, one on each girl. The spots are brought up, made brighter as the girl walks down the hall. She knocks on an imaginary door and opens it. Michele's mouth is full of food, so full that she cannot talk for awhile, but mumbles.

G.: (Knocks on the door and says,) Michele?

M.: (Not looking up mumbles,) hummm.

G.: (Entering, smiling) Michele.

M.: (Full of food, not looking up,) hummm.

G.: Hey, remember me, Genifer Jones?

M.: (Looks up, recognition, still full of food, gets up, hugs Genifer and the following conversation takes place with Michele's mouth full of food.) Mmmmm —

G.: (Smiling, hugs her back) Hey, how're you doing?

M.: Mmmmm, (to imply fine) and you?

G.: Okay (nodding) It's good to see you.

M.: Mmmmm (mumbling, affirms that, motioning to have some food).

G.: No thanks.

M.: (Michele motions Genifer to sit down and finally clears her mouth enough so she can talk). Well, this is really a surprise, just really a surprise. Pleasant though, but really a surprise. I guess I'm just surprised. (Laughs)
(Genifer sitting, Michele doesn't know quite what to do. She wants to seem more important than she is. There's a very awkwardness and uneasiness about the situation.)

M.: Sure you won't have something to eat, plenty of it — and too much plenty of me. (Laughs)

G.: No thanks.

M.: (Michele puts the food down, sits back, smiles, nodding) So what's new?

G.: Well, I guess alot since the last time I saw you. When was that, two years ago?

M.: Yeah, about.

G.: (Earnestly) Well, what did you do those two years?

M.: Alot.

G.: (Silence) Like?

M.: Oh you know, parties, and then I got this promotion, Head Typist, have to keep everyone in order, you know. (Laughs)

G.: Yes, but what have you been doing?

M.: I just told you, my job keeps me really very busy and then parties almost every night . . .

G.: Yes, but what do you do, for yourself?

M.: I don't have time to do anything for myself — I have this job and . . .

G.: And parties every night. But what else do you do? I mean you used to tell me that you were a poet. Have you written anything in two years?

M.: (Uneasy) Uh, well, no I haven't. I was going to and . . .

G.: A poet without a poem (Off)

M.: Well, I was planning to, but . . .

G.: But you never will, will you Michele? You'll go along here in your important joh, always planning to do more but never doing it.

M.: (Irritated) Why are you talking to me like this? We never were good friends. We never had anything in common. Infact, I never had any real reason to like you.

G.: You know, Michele, I often find that the people I like the best are those that I like for no reason at all.
(They both turn to each other after Genifer says this because they have both been looking in opposite directions. They turn slowly towards each other. There is a moment of being flustered — Michele picks up her food and starts to eat.

M.: Now, are you sure you won't have something — french fries, coke, hamburger . . .

G.: No thanks. (Waits a minute until Michele has picked up the hamburger and almost put it in her mouth.) It's not real you know.

M.: What? (Stops mid-bite)

G.: (In a teasing but pointful way) I don't want to ruin your lunch, go ahead.

M.: (Starting to eat, but eying Genifer as if she's being timed)

G.: Blah! Sure would hate to have all that in my stomach.

M.: (Beginning to be irritated) Have what?

G.: (As if she's telling her a top secret — looks around room — stands up)

M.: (Becoming more irritated) Have what?

G.: (looks around the room again, leans down to her) Well, you know it isn't real hamburger?

M.: What isn't?

G.: What you're eating — it is not real 100% off-the-cow meat.

M.: Well, I've got to eat. I have to keep my strength up. I have so much work to do around here and then —

M.: & G.: parties every night.

G.: There are other things that would be much better for you than oatmeal patties.

M.: Well, who the hell made you meat inspector general?

G.: No one, I just happen to be concerned with the authenticity of . . .

M.: Oh, I've got it. I know why you're so concerned about my hamburger. You're a health nut. You're one of those freaks that eats wheat germ and sunflower seeds.

G.: Well, I do eat . . .

M.: Uh huh, that's it. You're one of those freaks that goes around canvasing from door to door. That's why you came up here to hit a dear, close friend like me.

G.: I did not, Michele. I like different food, but I'm surely not going to try to sell you a ton of sunflower seeds.

M.: So you like different foods. and look at you. different clothes all right.
(As if she had discovered the atom bomb)
You always did try to be different like — like an individual, didn't you, Genifer?

G.: (Stands up, faces the audience, says this as if it's a soliloquy) There is no such thing as an individual that functions as an individual. We all succumb. It is not because we are all different that makes the world go round, but because we are different in the same way that makes life continue.

M.: Huh, I didn't hear you.

G.: Never mind, you never will.

M.: What do you mean 'never mind'? You stand up there like you're on some soap box to the world, give some speech which you mumbled half the way through by the way, then you won't even turn around and give that same speech to me.

G.: Because the only things worth any value are those things that are of no value unless given. And maybe I know that if I did give it to you, you wouldn't hear it anyway.

M.: What the hell are you talking about?

(Genifer walks to the door.)

M.: Why do you have to be so damn different? Why can't you be like everybody else?

(Genifer walks out the door and closes it. As she closes it the stage lights dim into the two spots again. The tape starts. Michele picks up her hamburger and holds it mid-bite in her mouth and freezes.)

G.: (On tape) I don't want to be like everybody else, but I am forced to be. I am born and die "like everybody else." And time, that is the measure of how we live our life while waiting to die, makes little difference if or how we try. Time wins out. I succumb to truth, I die. But I tried hard to live, truth. One day you'll try Michele, probably *your* last. You'll remember this. (Laugh) But you'll die too. It makes no difference, I'm sorry. I tried. But it makes it so much harder now to die.

(As the tape is playing, Genifer is in the hallway. She lights a cigarette and walks down the hall as the tape goes on. As the tape is ending, she pushes an imaginary button for the imaginary elevator. As the last line of the tape is coming across, she steps inside the elevator from which the light in the hallway has dimmed on her as she walked down the hallway, and she takes a deep drag on her cigarette which produces just a tiny red light which is all you see on stage. And as the last line of the play plays, she drags her cigarette and the stage blacks and on the last word of the tape, the curtain closes.)

Beginnings tend to be forgotten
Our endings tending to remain.
So I think that I'll be ceasing
And thusly ease beginning's pain.

GINGER EDWARDS

the MESSIE

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Jeanne E. Ellerbe, '72
Penny Harrison, '72
Kay B. House, '73
Anne Ingram, '74
Sherry Lassiter, '75
Gingy Philpott, '74
Lucienne H. Potterfield, '73
Margaret L. Skinner, '72
Claire P. Spinks, '72
Stewart Taylor, '72

Illustrations.....Lea Dunbar
Estelle Dyer

Cover Illustration.....Estelle Dyer

The Muse

St. Mary's Junior College
Raleigh, North Carolina

Volume 71

Laughter is like a yellow balloon
whizzing and somersaulting
pushed by the spastic force of pressured air
released
As it relaxes, it saunters a final flip,
And spits its last through silent lips
The balloon lays exhausted.

Wrinkles tell that it has stretched
to know what laughter is . . .

LUCIENNE H. POTTERFIELD

Running through leaves
Of brown, orange and red
Reminds me of last autumn
And the things that we said!

We didn't have much
Or maybe we had more
A word—a kiss
Good bye from an operator.

But he said he'll stay
He wouldn't ever go
Too bad winter came
To cover my head with ice—
The ground with snow.

STEWART TAYLOR

FELIX AND ME

Last night I slept with Felix
He doesn't ask questions
He doesn't want answers
He's hard and soft and lets me hold him.

He doesn't move or struggle
He knows I need him
He merely appreciates the tears that I
shed in his thick black fur
And he somehow comforts me
with his stuffed paws.

PENNY HARRISON

PRAYER

Dear God who reigns the heavens on high,
The earth and sea below
Remove from me each wicked lie
My sins are black I know.

Wash me through and make me clean
Relieve me of my load
And help me God again to walk
Upon thy holy road.

KAY B. HOUSE

The last day of summer
Came early this year.
August 18th, and the summer died
Along with part of me.

The warmth of the sun-filled
Days went and left me
Alone again. Not really alone,
But away from the people
I should have been close to.

The end of summer
brought a new beginning
and a second chance. But
being sensitive and easily
hurt doesn't help against
the conflicts of today —
You have to hold your head up
high and fight the tears
But sometimes they win the war.

ANNE INGRAM

"SDRAWKCAB"

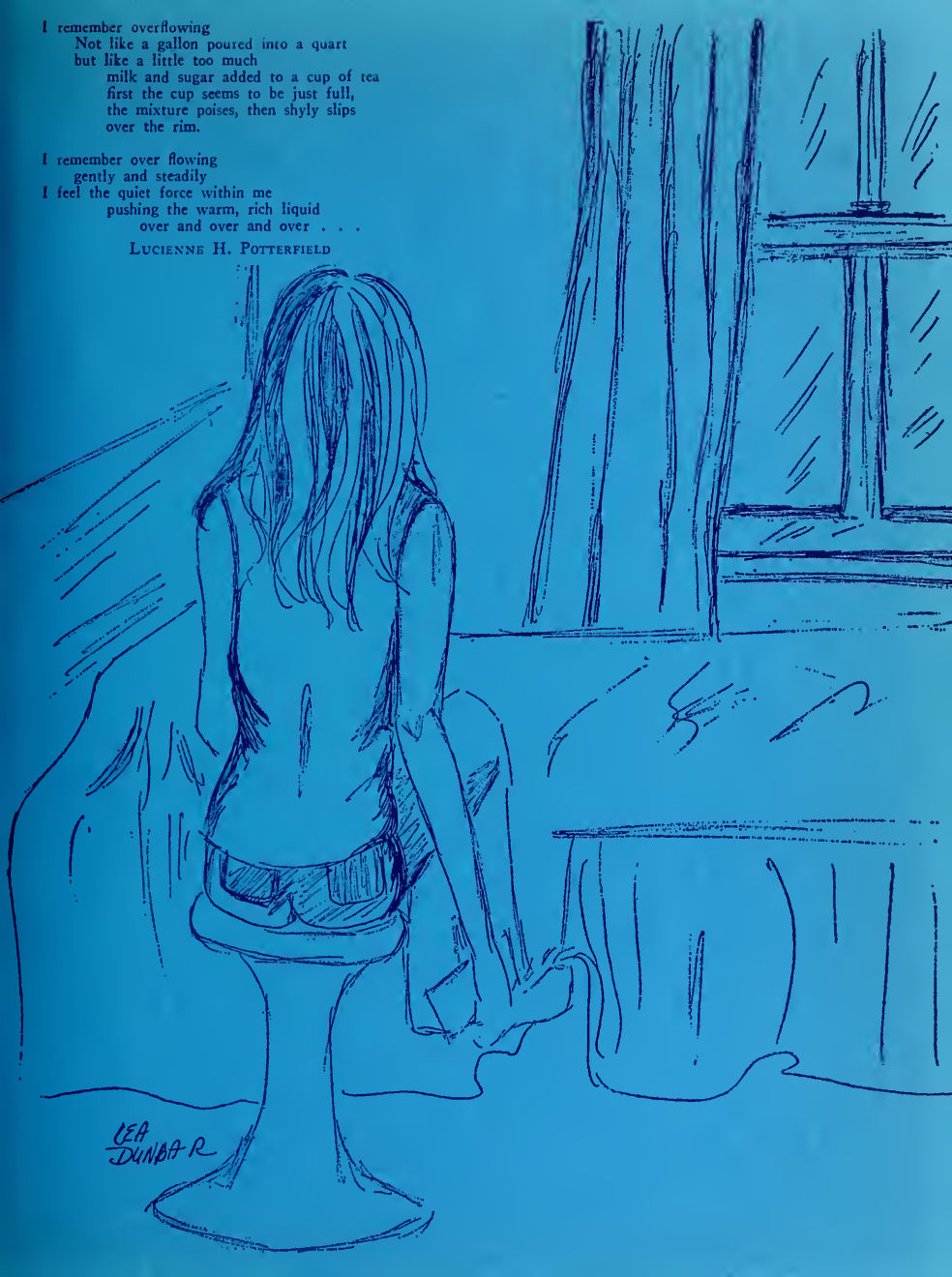
When locks start chasing keys,
And water dries the sink,
And wood devours the flame,
We ought to stop and think
Of where and who and how long,
Of why it got so bad.
Because when words control our minds
I fear we'll wish we had.

PENNY HARRISON

I remember overflowing
Not like a gallon poured into a quart
but like a little too much
milk and sugar added to a cup of tea
first the cup seems to be just full,
the mixture poises, then shyly slips
over the rim.

I remember over flowing
gently and steadily
I feel the quiet force within me
pushing the warm, rich liquid
over and over and over . . .

LUCIENNE H. POTTERFIELD



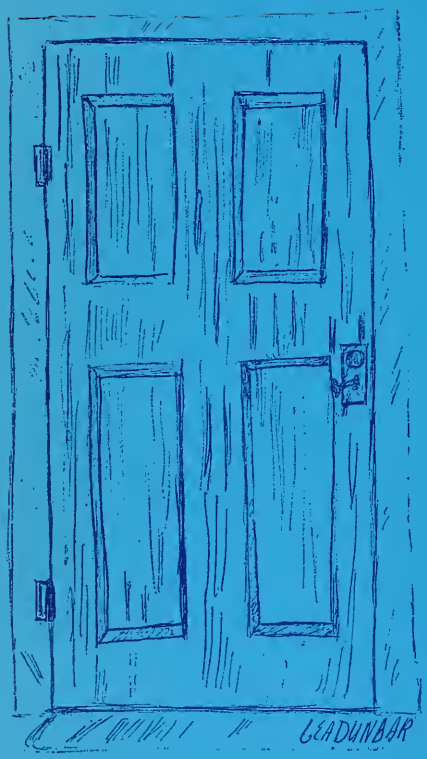
A DUPLICATION OF IMPOSSIBILITIES

There are no memories
Stored in the treasure
Chest of thinking.

There are no glorious
expectations to be
fulfilled.

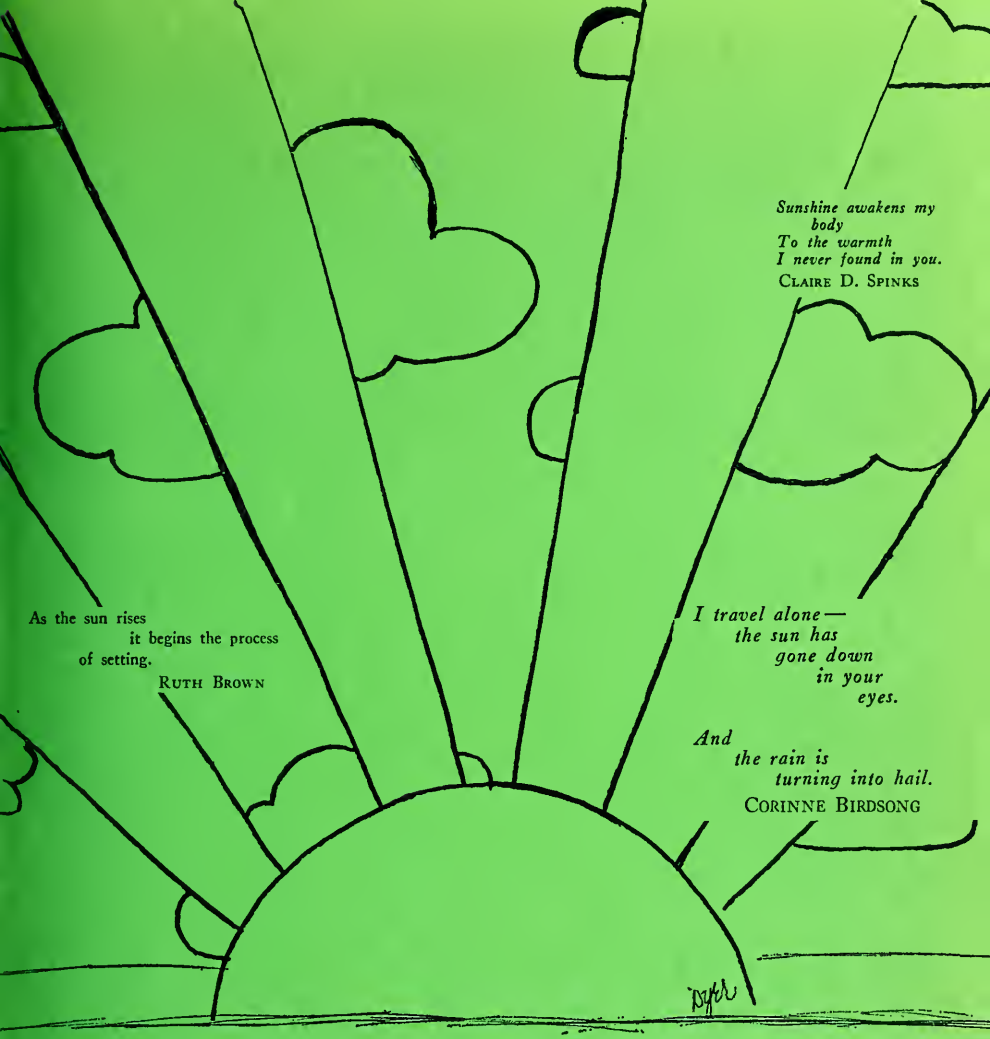
NOW is the only realistic
possibility.

CORINNE BIRDSONG



The time came at last
And the world stood before me
A mansion full of wonderful treasures
The thick oaken doors worn from use.
Millions had gone through those *doors*
And found ugly bare walls
Yet others had found
Some of God's beautiful gifts.
What I would find there was beyond my comprehension
I racked my brain
And prayed for the courage to unlock the doors.
Out of habit I reached into my pocket,
And found a key.
Then it struck me —
The key was *The Answer*.

GINGY PHILPOTT



Sunshine awakens my
body
To the warmth
I never found in you.
CLAIRE D. SPINKS

As the sun rises
it begins the process
of setting.
RUTH BROWN

I travel alone—
the sun has
gone down
in your
eyes.

And
the rain is
turning into hail.
CORINNE BIRDSONG

Goodbye House
I'm too old now to stay on
Hello Memories
Now it's your turn
Please stay on!
LUCIENNE H. POTTERFIELD

The whistles of autumn
are seducing the garments
of summer.
Slowly nature strips its wardrobe
and runs
naked
to the shrieks of winter.
MARGARET SKINNER

In the corners of my mind
There remains traces of you
Small things trapped there
That only I recall;
    Our words phrased together as one,
    Voices raised in unison for the same song,
    Footprints made in wet sand
    All leading on the same path,
    And problems faced together seeming
        Somehow smaller.

But now you and I are apart
Not by our own choice I perceive
And even memories can't warm
The chilling loneliness.
    Nor shorten the distance
    That stands between us.

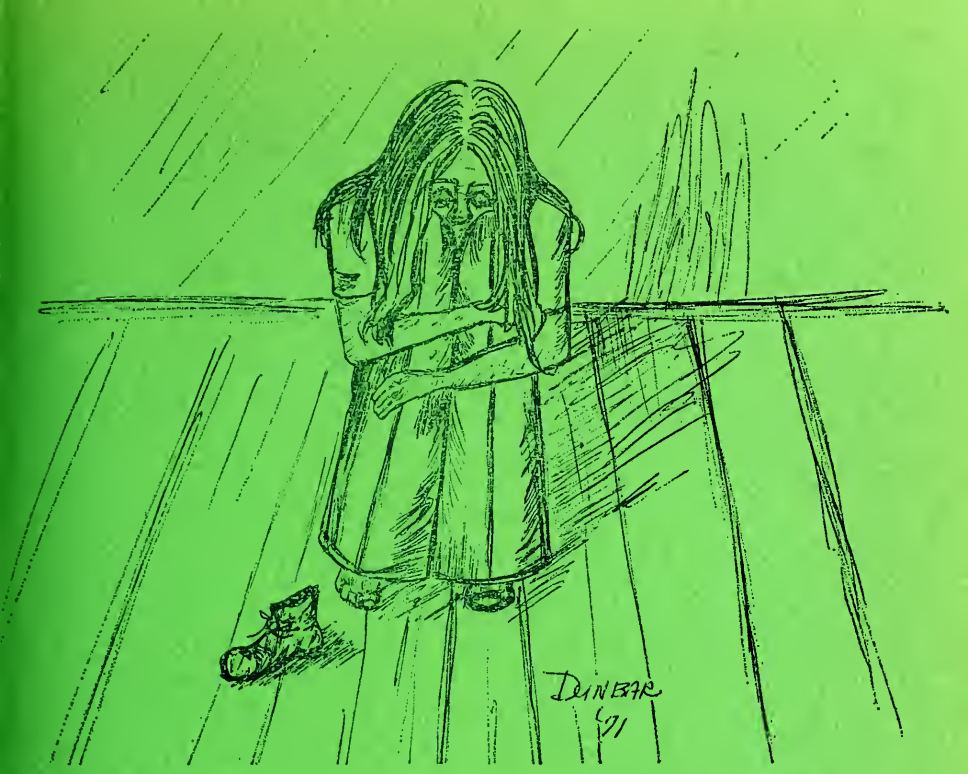
CLAIRE P. SPINKS

When you're alone
One
cloud
is a symbol
of your uniqueness—
When you're lonely
That
same
cloud
represents your isolation.

PENNY HARRISON

At his best, man
    can only begin to grasp
        the delicate mystery of Nature.
It is unfortunate because
    She offers him the surest means
        of Salvation.

CORINNE BIRDSONG



I am very tired now.
I fairly remember the sound of a voice
YOUR voice telling me not to cry.
I knew then you didn't care — not then, not ever
And it really didn't make a damn what I had of yours.

Not a damn bit of difference
Whether it was yours or mine
Or even if it was ours
It was only something holding us both back —
Back from the love we might have had
Back from life and living and future happiness.

I only feel an emptiness now inside — no sorrow
I feel somehow wiser from my experience with you.
Next time I won't be quite so trusting; it's too risky.
But now I'm free — free from you and all
that we could have shared
Thank God!
But . . . God bless the child I never saw.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

I stopped listening
to professors who purport
to being knowledgeable
as soon as I realized
that wisdom is not
communicable.

CORINNE BIRDSONG

I know who I am, how I was
contrived;
Where I emerged, and when I
arrived!
I know what I am, though it chills
me with fear
But I don't think I'll EVER know
Why I came here!

PENNY HARRISON

CARDINAL

Throw back your fiery head
And let the sweet elixir
Flow from your lips
To soar in the waiting silence.

KAY B. HOUSE

In the uncertain depths of your eyes
My mind becomes lost and frightened.
They seem to pierce through me.
Like splinters caught in my fingers.

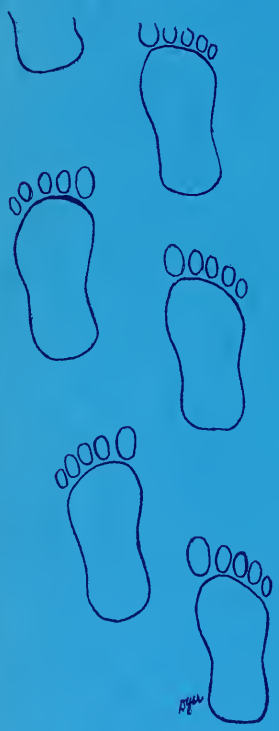
Yet though I fear their hypnotic spell
I push on past all the doubts I may have
To become the victor of the challenge
I see in your eyes.

Claire P. Spinks

Hot . . .
Heat . . .
My soles stick to my feet!
I'm wringing wet with sticky sweat—
My heart's too hot to beat!

Sun . . .
Why?
You're burning up the sky!
If you'd cool off we would not scoff—
In fact, we wish you'd try!

PENNY HARRISON



Looking fishily
through the glass
of his cage,
the enormous bass
sighs.
The water bubbles
with his sighs
and he looks up
with fishy eyes.

The why's
do not occur
to fishy minds.
Yet bubbles,
and rivers wind
for fishes' sake.

JEANNE E. ELLERBE

Understanding People
is like
Understanding Math.

Before loving the
complexity
We must know the
basics,
And we must love to learn.

LUCIENNE H. POTTERFIELD

There's no use talking of things in the past
Of feelings that will die, of loves that last.
There are chances to be taken and I'm taking mine
One day you'll forgive me but I can't wait for the time.

You can remember me by the way I called out your name
When I'm gone don't think I lost my love for you,
I only saw life as more than children playing foolish games
And I left you to discover the me I never knew.

So dry your eyes and forgive me for being cold
If a man must live with himself I must be this bold.
I won't return again to the town or to you
And in the end you'll see we're not one, but just two.

CLAIRE P. SPINKS

Take my smile.
It was intended for you.
But since you're leaving,
carry it with you.
I won't be using it anymore.

RUTH BROWN

The frantic snow stops.
Only time
and
warmth
can erase what's done.

If I could,
I would build
a life of sand,
snow,
and sky;
Taking time to
swim in each sea;
Finding pleasure in
every creation of God.
I would
live—
if I could—
But the existing dead
won't let me go.

RUTH BROWN

I look at you
and see
Only bitterness
and hate.
You are but a living corpse
A burden only upon
yourself.

CORINNE BIRDSONG

Despair sweeps her dark cloak around me;
Only your arms save me from her grasp.

KAY B. HOUSE

TRANSITIONITIS

She walked into the good doctor's office and sat down.
"What can I do for you?" he asked.
"I wish I were a blonde."
The good doctor nodded and promptly bleached her hair.
The blonde looked in the mirror and mused "I wish I had blue eyes."
The good doctor ably performed an iris transplant.
The blue-eyed blonde looked in the mirror and mused.
"I wish I had a bigger bustline."
The good doctor surgically enlarged her mammary glands.
The voluptuous blue-eyed blonde looked in the mirror and mused.
"I wish I were shorter."
The good doctor decapitated her.
The head smiled . . .

PENNY HARRISON


Lea Rister

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Dear People:
does God
love us?
are you
sure?
after all
the pain?
or is that
being selfish?

Sincerely yours,
The World

SUSAN LOWERY

To be a Wolf

To be a wolf and run all day with the packs
over the frozen Artic tundra
with a speed that never slacks . . .
To halt and pant with hanging tongue
gasping for the sharp bitter air
to fill the lungs . . .
To race on and on, side by side,
unchained and wild
with instinct to guide . . .
And then at night, to watch the moon rise, a golden dot.
To howl at heaven
for something God forgot . . .

JANET DAVIS


EXD


ST. MARY'S JR. COLLEGE
TURNER '73

I think I found some hope tonight.
Like you, it floated silently into my life
Leaving me happy.

SHUG DAWSON

Compassion is the climax to the soul's caring.

MARILYN THEIS

I don't apologize for my mistakes
for I can't take them back.

SHUG DAWSON

Why
do you
fail to
reach my
groping
hands?
Why do you make life so lonely?

Why
do you
peck at my wounded
heart with your
cheap
philosophy?
Why don't you leave me in silence?

Why
do you
make me flee
in fear from
your mocking
laughter?
Why do you hate me?

Why
do you
send me through
a hell of which
you know nothing?
Why don't you answer me?

JANET DAVIS

My state of mind is one of confusion — not sadness.
Perhaps my feelings for you never had time
To mold into something firmer,
For I find it hard to miss you.

Leaving you was always traumatic,
But as time has passed things have reversed
And I find you leaving me.

And how do I feel now that whatever it was
I saw in you slowly dimmed, then faded away?
DIFFERENT!

For how can I miss someone who was never around —
And how can I make myself miserable
When happiness is so much more appealing?

Thinking about it now, I question any love for you.
For is it right to feel so good,
When what you thought was your life
    is washed down the drain —
For a while within reach, then — slipping by?

So I wonder if what I thought was so real and perfect
Was nothing but one more of my neurotic childhood dreams
That ended like a fairy tale — no hurt at all —
And I find myself happily ever after.

SHUG DAWSON


EXP

Lingering smiles and warm felt kisses
come floating through my mind
Even if only to remind me that
you're really one of a kind.

Airmail letters and telephone calls
are now a thing of the past
It's sad to remember the things we had
now that our love didn't last.

SHUG DAWSON

Through rainy days and cloudy skies
I've pulled myself along.
With no brightness in my future
No rights to change my wrong.
I miss you.

Sadness creeps in with each new day
As time goes slowly by.
Old memories invade my thoughts
While I begin to cry.
I miss you.

Understanding where we went wrong
Is something I can't see
But I realize that forgetting you
Is just what's got to be
Still, I miss you—

SHUG DAWSON

It rained today
and everyone
who walked outside
got wet
But those who stayed
the longer time
the more rain
they did get

Rain falls evenly
upon the earth
as blessings do
the same.
If you don't wait
to be soaked in good
you have yourself
to blame.

LEA DUNBAR

You've been like training wheels on
a little girl's bike.
When you removed yourself, I found myself toppling
over and over.
Now I've reached the bottom, and as I begin
to pick my pieces up, and fit me back together,
I realize your removal was necessary
How could I grow up and balance
when you were always there to steady me?

SHUG DAWSON

Be still little friend
Let the earth spin around by itself for a while
People are waiting
For your word
And for you
But be still for a while

People want to change you
For you have "something" they have not
Don't let them hurt you
Don't let them change you
Only you—them.
It only takes one
You are 2 within one
Your spark has touched me

Be gentle but don't watch your feet
Look ahead with excitement
But be still for a while
No one said it had to be all at once
Trust me—I do love you
But be still little friend.

JULIE WALKER


UNC

Hush . . .

Hush your plaintive cry, my spirit.
There are those who will not listen—
only leave you standing in regret
for things never done, things never said.

Stifle your sobs of anguish, my soul.
There are those who will only mock
and fill with agony these holes
they have drilled into my heart.

Hide from the world what you really are.
Never let them see the torture you endure.
Cover the scar.
Live in loneliness.

JANET DAVIS

What can make a person happy?
Must he have friends,
or is that necessary?
Must he have a lover,
or is that some trouble?
Must he have a healthy body,
or is that just an extra?
Must he depend on God,
or is that too risky?

SUSAN LOWERY

Fur-ladened artists of the Lascaux caves,
Spartan warriors, Egyptian slaves,
Lovers of knowledge the Greeks
Mohawks, Apaches, black-eyed Creeks,
Romans that conquered a primitive world,
Where has Atlas their mighty globe hurled?
When their time had timed away,
Where wandered they?

MARILYN THEIS

HEY FRIEND!

Hey Friend,
how many faces have you?
I see one —
Oh, Best Friend,
comfort me in my grief —
talk with me,
pat my hand,
"Don't worry" —
You care.
You are so loyal,
My dear Friend.
Man, if only more friends
Could be like you.

What, Friend?
Where you going?
True face you have.
Oh, you want to show me
another one?

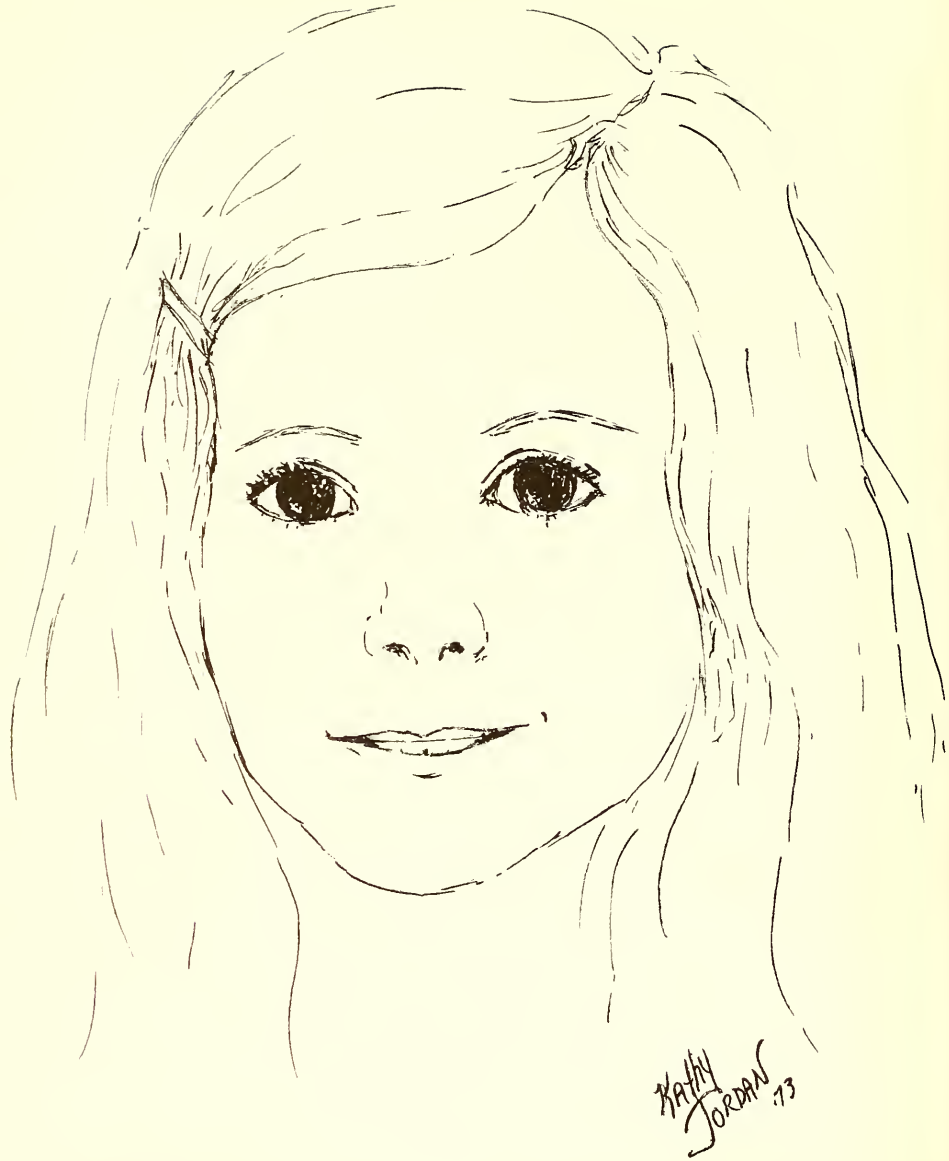
There, I see —
Tender Friend,
go silently, but quickly.
Take what I love,
What I want,
and mold it,
shape it,
feed it,
then toss it up for grabs.
(But keep smiling
while you do it.)
And, when it flies back down,
wrap it in velvet and lace,
place it on a silver platter,
and give it
to a friend.

Hey, Friend,
how many faces do you have?
Oh, yes, you are so noble,
Best Friend to all.

CAM YOUNG

The value of a friend is unfathomable
You can't measure crying together
or laughing together
or loving together.
With a ruler or a yardstick.
The unexplainable love from your fellow man
That comes from sharing
caring
and understanding
About people's feelings and ideas.
There's a deep seed of contentment within me
Because I know I have friends who
are concerned
are kind
are unselfish
Just as you were before you left.

LEA DUNBAR


KATHY JORDAN '73

With thoughts of you so jumbled
I begin to sort them out
I see a loving person
Who with her smile could warm
a cold, uncaring heart
Deep within your being
A love that knows no end
A smile that with no words
Reminds me you're my friend

God looked down upon me
Through you

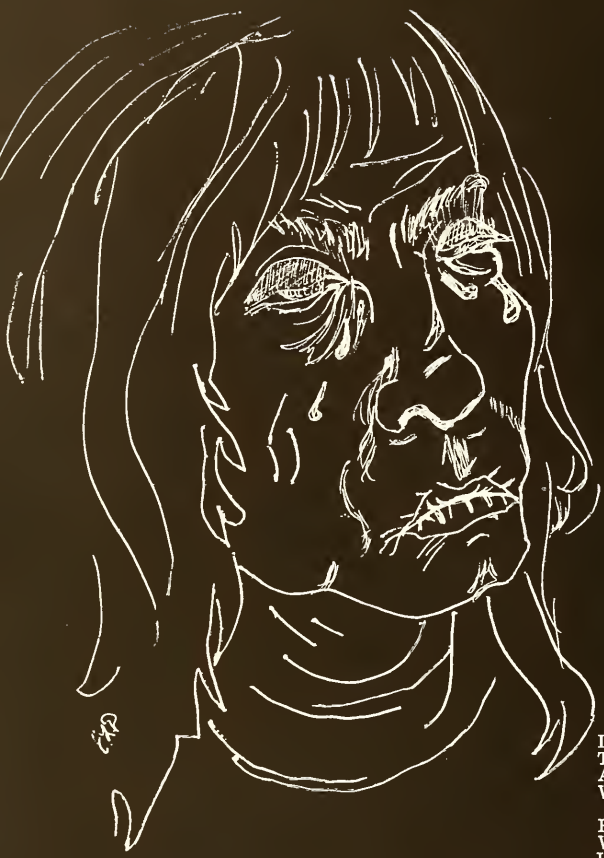
A graceful, wise young lady
With a long, long way to go
So full of joy and knowledge
Fulfilled my need to know
A gift of spreading happiness
Was bestowed upon this one
I can vouch for this because

God looked down upon me
Through you

A warmth of being human
With the possibility to fall
I read the words unspoken
From a gladly given smile
But words are only needed
When one cannot read a glance

But God looked down upon me
Through you.

JULIE WALKER



Death is so appalling
To realize it is close,
All in the past, wasted,
Why?

How does God decide
Whose turn it may be?
He will not tell us
Why?

He is to be a good God
Yet there is pain and sorrow
Never left out.
Why?

Our questions must be lost
In the infinite desires
For God will never answer
Why?

The reason should be here
Among all this knowledge,
One simple answer
Where?

SUSAN LOWERY

Time is bad,
Time is evil,
Time is sad Yet time is good.

Time is bad. It is wanting to crush me,
Waiting for my only mistake;
Laughing heartily at all it sees,
Purposely pushing us many fools.

Time is evil, It waits for no one,
Cares for nothing, being full of hate.
Strikes any of those who try to run.
Kills the cheators of the rules.

Time is sad, willing to catch in a web
An impossible thinking to outbreak
Mourning too soon over being dead
Forsaking over the Devil's duels.

Time is good, stops not once or twice
Crawls on, for memories to never awake
Learns more to lend out advice
For revenges are only to be cruel.

SUSAN LOWERY

MISMATCH

A mismatch you say.
Why, I quite agree.
But who is the odd one.
Is it him? Maybe me?

There's something in common
If you knew him at all.
The shell seems to crack
His heart isn't so small.

His nature is restless
But his footing is sure.
It's only his weakness
You must learn to endure.

I'm harder to live with
My moods fluctuate.
I'm concerned with the present
Too impatient to wait.

I'm pessimistic
And don't ask for much.
Yet hope rushes through me
With each gentle touch.

But when we're together
It's easy to find
That in so many ways
We're of the same mind.

We're two kinds of people
With so much to find out.
So we'll find out together.
That's what life is about?

LEA DUNBAR


CYD

Where have you gone?
The person I know.
Who or which is real?
Are you real today
Were you real yesterday?
Will you be real tomorrow?
How will I know?
So many sides to you,
I thought I knew you.
Do I?
All I know is I love you
Today
Yesterday
Tomorrow
Whoever you are I'll be there.
Wherever you go I'll be there.
You are my friend.
Your needs are many
But you're no different from me
Or anyone else.
We think we are
But we're not.
Look at the world
It's yours
The piece you'll take
Be happy
Today was made for you
I do love you
Whoever and whatever you are.

JULIE WALKER


KATHY JORDAN '73

The Lord made you.
Look at the world
There is no one exactly like you.
No one looks the same.
You are one
    Special
    Unique person.
God made you that way
Each person is a little bit different
And must follow their own star.

So in your walk with Him
Be at peace with your brother
He may be different but he's still unique
Be at peace with your sister
She has a purpose to fulfill
Be at peace with yourself
You are one of a kind
God don't make no trash

Follow your star
It was made only for you
If you follow someone elses
You will never know the joy
    that was planned for you.
You are a rare gem
Unfathomable in value
God gave his Son for you
And peace will fill your find
On the day you find . . .
    You are One . . . Special . . . Being

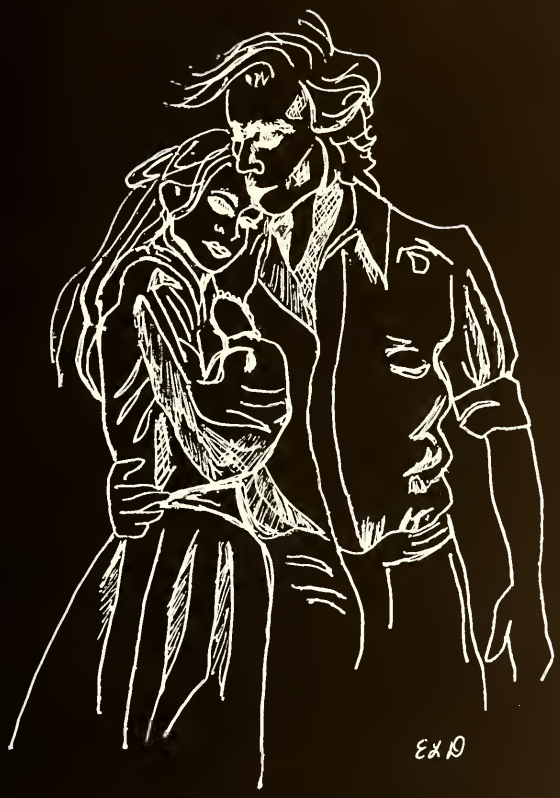
JULIE WALKER

I'm here and she's gone back to her home
She said California, "Isn't that in the west?"
I tell you a story of a girl I remember so well.
To forget her is probably best.
Where is she now? With the bread spending lads
Who take girl friends for a ride in their car?
I never had a tuppence to spare,
And we usually walked if it wasn't too far.
We used to count on starlit nights
'twas fine for a ramble in the park.
Or we'd go to the pictures at half-past six,
And laugh coming home in the dark.
It was easy to talk a whole day away,
And we'd go to the seaside on a holiday.
It was funny the day she and I met;
It was cold and windy, you know, very wet.
I was at the station, looking 'round,
For a train going my way, hopefully northbound.
I saw her reading, and looked at her face;
It's weary expression gave me a clue.
She'd been traveling hard and would really be glad
When this long ride was through.
I took the seat beside her then;
She didn't mind talking to me.
Her home was in Los Angeles
And her name was Lee.
She was attending college abroad for a year,
And she lived in a residence hall.
We ended up being much more than friends,
But the train ride started it all.

The days of that year were sweet and short,
As all good days are inclined to be.
Too soon she had to return to the states,
I knew she'd be leaving me.
We drove to the station where she'd meet the train,
It would take her to London where she'd catch a plane.
We mumbled a few last words, she and I,
Shared a kiss and then said goodbye.
Her face against the window seemed to say,
"Don't let me leave, I want to stay."
But the train was gone,
And I haven't seen her since that day.

A train brought us together and drove us apart,
Aren't they funny, the ways of the heart?

HENNI TOWLER


E&D

SECOND CHANCES

How lucky I am to be able,
to start again,
To write down my life on
a clean sheet of paper.
My life has been enriched
by the death of another.
I can see the good in life now
and strive for it.
Death is the end of someone else
but the beginning for me.
Ideals and goals of a loved one
are all incorporated anew,
Into another life, one that
can start over again,
And gain from what was lost.

LEA DUNBAR

MUSE

MUSE

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THE EVERYDAY MIRACLES

In this world of ours,
    In this modern day,
Take a moment to look
    At a stack of hay.

Take a while to listen
    To a tiny bird sing.
Take a moment to joy
    In the coming of spring.

Take an instant to look
    At a leaf as it falls.
Be silent and listen
    As a mother-hen calls.

Look at the raindrop
    On a smooth red rose,
And laugh at the mud
    On the tiny pup's nose.

Look at the mountains
    As they tower above.
Look at the ivy branch
    And the pretty white dove.

Think of the sun
    Giving us light.
Watch the stars in the sky
    Brighten the night.

Look at the fields
    Of golden grain.
Watch for the snow,
    The sleet, and the rain.

Think of the sea
    And the life it holds.
Watch the gray squirrel;
    Listen as she scolds.

Take a moment each day—
    Look, and you'll see
The everyday miracles
    That surround you and me!

Take a minute to laugh;
    Take time out to love;
Count all your blessings,
    And thank God above.

LAURA FANJOY

The great concrete structure rises overpoweringly from the midst of all, and from my window I see three stories of man's ingeniousness dominating over nature's one simple try—a tree.

LEE LYTTON

The moon was
A celestial sand dollar skimming along
in
a midnight blue ocean,
Scattering the white crests of clouds.
It caused them to ripple
and reveal themselves as
black thunderheads,
bringing rain.
The sand dollar sailed through the
gathering tempest unconcerned,
safe in its
purity and innocence.

SUSAN EVERETT

Streams of traffic,
A blur of unknown faces,
Rushing to the nucleus,
The Midway of the fair.
Noises seem to deafen,
But sights are sharply clear.
The days are warm, nights so chilled,
Fireworks light the sky.
For several days we celebrate
The record crowds each year.
Another day, another fair—
An experience to remember,
Yet so tempting to forget,
Rotting candy apples in the road.

McKay Munford

HEY FRIEND

D
Hey friend,
G D
It's a beautiful world!
D
Hey friend,
G Em A
It's a beautiful world!
D
Hey friend,
G D
All I want to do is
G
Hold out my hand
Em
To walk with you
A
And just be your friend.

D
Hey friend,
G D
Can't you realize
G
That people want to care
Em A
That people care for you?

D
Hey friend,
G D
Be at peace within.
D
Hey friend,
G Em A
Be at peace within.
D
Hey friend,
G D
All I want to do
G
Is hold out my hand
Em
To walk with you
A
And just be your friend.

D
Hey friend,
G D
It's a beautiful world!
D
Hey friend,
G Em A
It's a beautiful world!
D
Hey friend!

JULIE WALKER

Do roses grow in winter
Upon the icy ground?
They do,
so I am told,
Though I see them upside down.

SALLIE SHUPING

To create
With a single piece of string,
A minute thread of life,
A breath of identity.

SALLIE SHUPING

What are pressures
Except goals you set too high
For yourself?

JULIE WALKER

Many nights I lie awake
And try to remember today.

SALLIE SHUPING

FALSE

Insincere words
with sickening sound,
And a saccharine smile
full of lies,
Speak stronger than the truth.

JANE JOHNSON

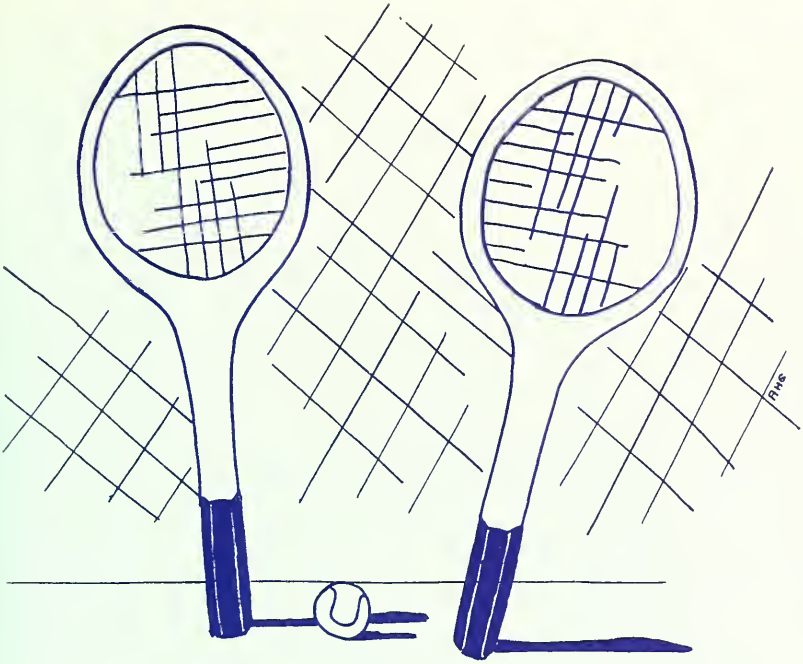
Life is
crying and wiping your eyes
and trying again.

JANET SMALLEY

COLLECTING PENNIES

Collecting pennies
trying to get a dollar
to add up to ten
only to be spent
in five minutes.

CORNEILLE LITTLE



AS RELATED TO (Tennis?)

Plan an approach,
Or run indecisive
Into the game.
The rackets we've raised
Playing our not so gained game
Have far surpassed the object
Of our battings
Back and forth.
That one was a let;
I get another try.
It seems I made a
Blind swing that
Last one attempt—
So I surrender my advantage
at
Love—Nothing.
I'm anticipating your first
Serve.

LEE LYTTON

EVOLUTION

A melancholy thought passed through my
head.
So many creatures born and died unknown
Through the corruptness of man's evil
whims.
Do they regret our not having known
them?
Or take consultation in the sure fact
That our strong pride in being just
has erred?

If this is so, how ashamed we should be;
To obtain greater progress and knowledge,
We constantly destroy Nature and her
works.
If man could think as fact, yet act
slower,
He might evade this senseless life
slaughter.

LYNN MILLER

At a time before — maybe a world away
I turned, and you were there.
We shared
a sun
a star
a wish
— and a dream—
now only fragments of a past we once knew
—or at least thought we knew . . .
But I now realize that our worlds
are too different to recapture
even a smile.
So, once again, I turn —
with one last look
and a tear for the memories—
Goodbye, my friend
I love you . . .

MIRIAM FLETCHER


EAD

The thin, fragile cup
That holds the quivering yoke of life—
Its round exterior conforms to the
Cupped hand that holds it,
Until it tilts ever so slightly,
And the yellow, throbbing wetness
Dribbles from its cracked top
Into the hand.
And as the yellow stream creeps
From the hand into the air,
The shell splits its white wall,
And the yoke finds itself
Covering the universe.

BECCA BITTLE

TOMORROW

People have made what yesterday was;
People have shared what today is;
People have to make what tomorrow will be.
And when tomorrow is shared like today,
And after tomorrow will have been made like yesterday,
People will be in the process of making plans for
another tomorrow.

MARSHA SUE HARDY

A SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Yesterday . . .
    Life was magnificent.
    I was free then as a horse is powerful.

Today . . .
    I long for life's warm embrace.
    Insidiously I sink into the depths of my soul.

Tomorrow . . .
    May never arrive.
    For to be a thinker is like a tree in the
    backdrop of a tragic play:
    It is significant only to those involved.

So shall I continue my search
For complete harmony,
Where one being may complement the other.

To some
Happiness is love,
But to me, it is simply understanding why.

NIXIE NUNNELEE

A meeting, simple and by mistake—
Words exchanged and not understood, or maybe
Not wanting to be understood at first—
Time changed that though.
It developed into a friendship,
A strong but quietly hidden friendship—
One to be explored.
But it does exist—
A very strong existence.

ANNE HARRIS


B. Newman
'73

Circles travel never-ending lines
of nothing repeating
only to follow paths set
previously downward and
push forever onward
traveling on never-ending
lines of nothing repeating
over and over and around
and around on never-ending
lines of nothing repeating only
to follow paths set
previously downward and push
forever onward traveling on
never-ending lines of nothing.

LEE LYTTON

A ROOMMATE IS

A roommate is the person with whom you have a fight on the very first day of school—

A roommate is that noisy person that gets up on your morning to sleep—

A roommate is someone who helps you stay awake all night while cramming for exams—

A roommate is a person with whom to pay the dining hall a visit three times a day—

A roommate is someone to help spend all the money between you in Cameron Village—

A roommate is a person to go with on double blind dates every so often—

A roommate helps you keep your room under at least three feet of glorious junk—

A roommate is someone with whom to watch the dates come into the parlor—

A roommate is someone who is always willing to share your depression and make it deeper—

A roommate is someone whom you fill in for at the page desk when you wanted to go to the ballgame—

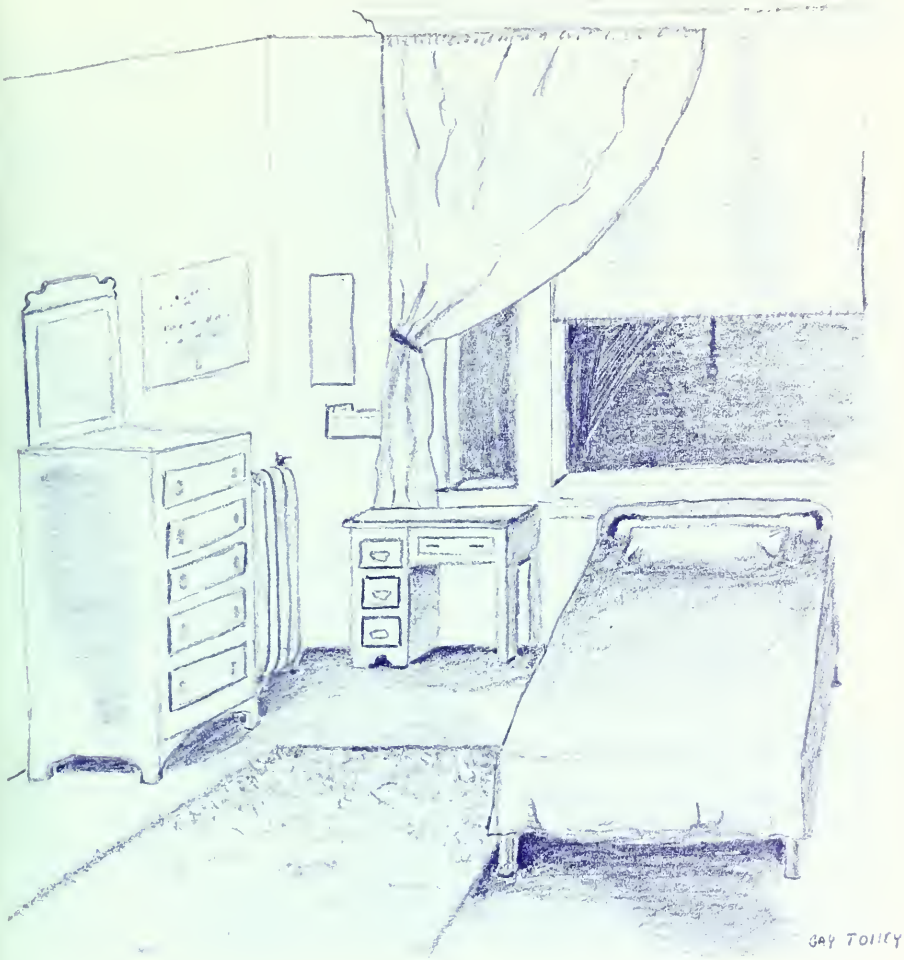
A roommate is the buddy who turns against you in a water fight because you aren't wet enough—

A roommate is a person with whom to share nine months of your life—

A roommate is someone to cry with when the year is over—

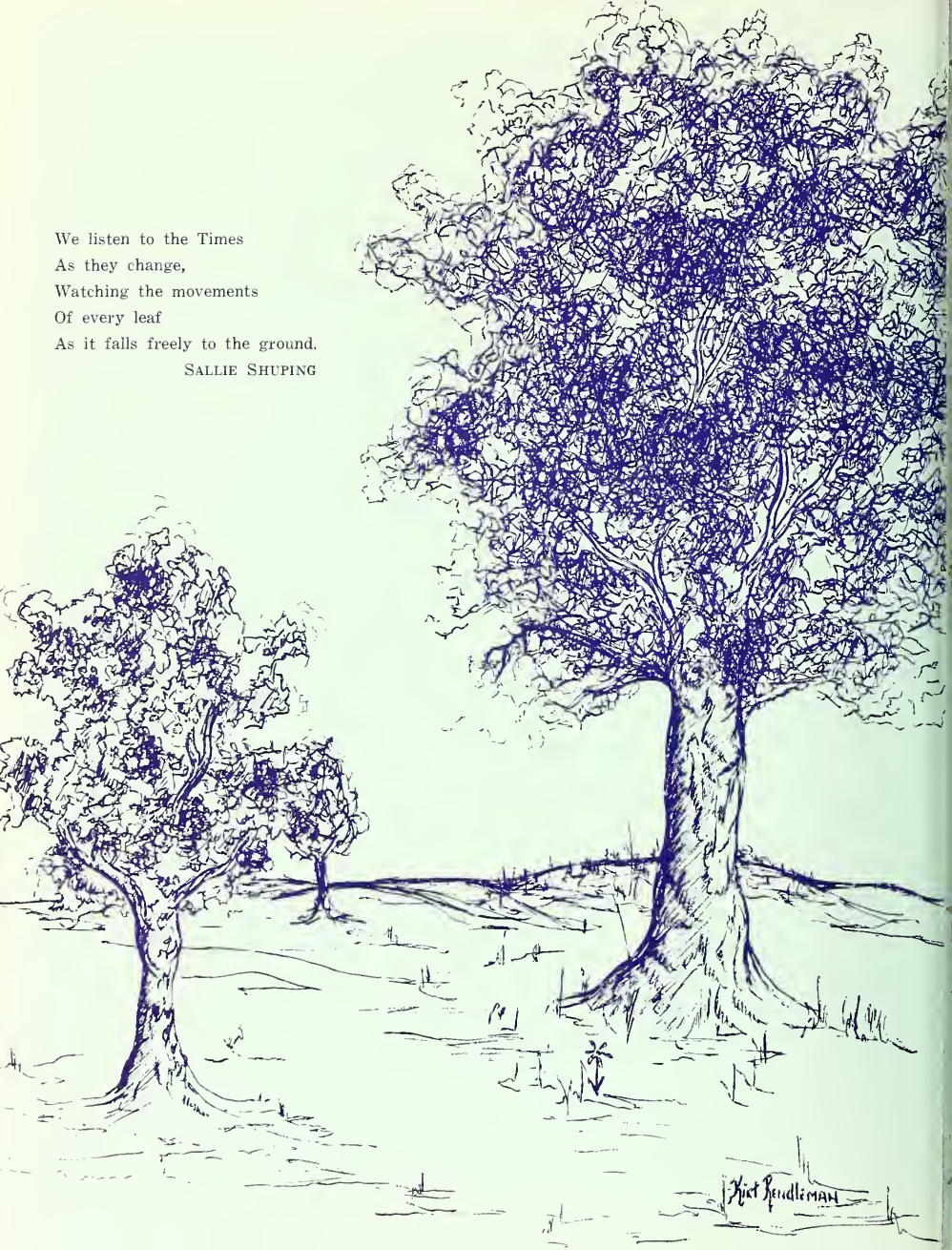
Yes, a roommate is someone "extra special" that will always be remembered—.

ELIZABETH ANN DIXON


GAY TOLLEY

We listen to the Times
As they change,
Watching the movements
Of every leaf
As it falls freely to the ground.

SALLIE SHUPING



ONE TO BE ADMIRED

Graceful and delicate,
Siren and divine,
A maiden with soft golden hair.
Helen, Venus, —a goddess—
No less,
A vision of loveliness outshining
Stars.

JANE JOHNSON

I'll BE THE SNOW

I'll be the snow
for a day or two
falling to the ground
and . . . die.

I'll be the bird
for a day or two
going where I please
and . . . fly.

I'll be the lion
for a day or two
being king of the jungle
and . . . free.

I'll be myself
for a day or two
walking in the rain
and . . . me.

CORNEILLE LITTLE


GAY TOLLEY

A THREAD OF LIFE

The sun was just rising above the eastern horizon as the man stirred painfully to consciousness. The coolness of the previous night had already begun to diminish, with the heat of the day replacing it rapidly. The dazed man sluggishly brought his hand up to his head, where it was apparent that a painful blow had been induced. As he came to his senses, he realized that blood oozed from the wound even then. He uttered a mournful groan as remembrance replaced shock. In his mind raced the horrible events of the day before: his journey westward in search of gold — the sudden appearance of the strangers — the sound of gunfire — then pain and darkness, complete and utter darkness. Now he was stranded out here in this vast desert.

The man was clad in ragged garb. On the ground there lay a canteen partly filled with water and a worn knife with a dulled point. These were his only possessions, for the strangers had stolen his wagon and horses.

It was a long way to the nearest town, and that was a frustrating fact to know. Perhaps this was why the strangers had spared his life. If they had felt reasonably certain that their victim would be unable to reach civilization, then that would present a likely reason for leaving him in the middle of the desert — to die a slow and tortuous death.

With these unpleasant thoughts circulating in his mind, the man gathered his belongings. Then, still in pain, he stood rather uncertainly, attempting to choose a favorable direction in which to travel. He took in his surroundings in a fleeting glance and was given the answer that he needed. Behind him, sand stretched as far as the eye could see. But ahead, far in the distance, loomed glowering bluish-gray mountains that cast long dismal shadows in the early morning light. The man made these distant mountains his goal. They seemed unobtainable, but he must reach them if he intended to survive. Possibly, a town would be tucked away somewhere in those mountains.

The man trudged westward, shuffling a cloud of sand up with his feet. Small, hard pebbles made walking difficult and uncomfortable. The heat of the day inflicted further discomfort upon him, and by midday, he had made little progress. The desert sun, now no longer to his back, beat down upon him unmercifully. His very life hung by a single thread, the slight chance of finding civilization again.

The man halted during midday and took refuge under a ledge that jutted out from a group of large rocks, offering shade to him. He finally slept through the noonday heat and much of the afternoon. When he awakened, he was far from refreshed, but he forced himself to begin walking again. He had no idea of how far he had walked, or even if he was still going in the right direction. This day's trek could not have been for nothing, could it? He seemed to be trudging on endlessly. He could

see the mountains far away in the distance. It was almost as if the mountains stood in mockery of the efforts of the fatigued man to reach them. But, distance could not be determined in the desert. He knew that the mountains were much farther away than they looked. The man continued to move, but he fell short in making much progress. As he stumbled awkwardly on, he became increasingly aware of the failing light and the shadows of the late afternoon.

At the moment, hunger was a topic on which most of the man's thoughts were centered. It had been gnawing at him for hours now, increasing in intensity as the day had worn on. He stopped and began to search for food in any size, shape, or form. As it happened, his supper found him, not vice versa. He had just stepped around a patch of low lying cactus when he surprised a snake, almost stumbling over it. The startled snake had little time to strike as the man jumped out of harm's way. The man then extracted his dull-bladed knife from his belt and promptly relieved the snake of its head. He had never liked snake as food, but he savored every mouthful of it that night.

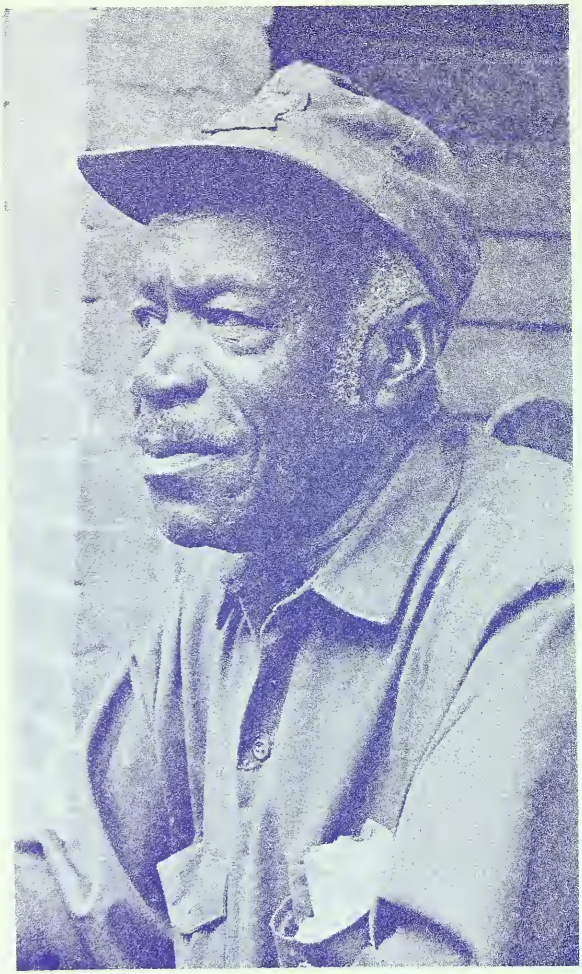
The man knew that traveling at night would be to his advantage. In this way, he could avoid the heat of the day and the continuous movement would stimulate his worn out body and keep it warm. However, he was too tired to move an inch. He must rest now and engage in travel later, tomorrow maybe, yes, tomorrow —.

It was evident by noon of the next day that the man could not continue much longer under these straining conditions. He had emptied his canteen of water long ago, and he yearned for water above everything else. Sweat streamed freely from his sunburned and peeling face. His disheveled hair and beard were drenched with sweat, and it was all that the man could do to force one foot ahead of the other.

Suddenly he saw something ahead — trees and low lying shrubs and vegetation. He had found water! Now, as he reached his new found destination, his expression changed. He had seen a mirage. It was there one minute and gone the next. Could those tall peaks in the distance also be a mirage? He thought of this question distastefully, but he set forward once again.

Finally, the man drove himself over a rise, struggling to get over it. Then, as if in answer to his silent prayers, he sighted buildings ahead in the distance. Renewed strength and energy came to him as he clamored desperately toward those buildings. In the man's heart, there was joy, for he had at last found civilization. The man wearily drew nearer to the buildings of the town. His expression changed quickly to wonder, then to puzzlement, as he looked around bewildered. It could not be. It just could not possibly be true. A ghost town, an abandoned town, at the end of his journey? The man slumped over on the sand is despair, the sun baking the earth and the birds circling apprehensively overhead.

ELIZABETH ANN DIXON



Photograph by Ellen Henson

THOUGHTS

The humming of a bee in flight,
The Golden Fleece of Jason,
The cooing of a dove from rafters high,
The logic of reason;

Forego the beam, ye sailors of the sky,
The anchor drops into the abyss,
Spectators listen for the cry,
A tiny baby's kiss;

Reflections of moments passed,
Precious moments too soon gone,
That which is good cannot last,
Ten million spots on one little fawn.

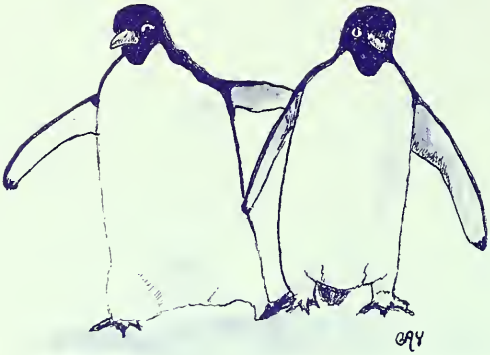
MARIJO STEEN

REACH YOUR GOAL

When things go wrong
And friends seem few;
When you've done the best
You know how to do;
When sadness and gloom
Just tear at your soul;
Keep fighting, keep climbing,
And you'll reach your goal!

Don't get discouraged
When your friends criticize;
Even Christ was mocked
And then crucified—
Let Faith, Hope, and Courage
Dwell deep in your soul;
Keep fighting, keep climbing,
And you'll reach your goal!

LENA JOHNSON


GAY


GAY

SHOW BIZ

Show biz ain't all it's cracked up
to be.

Sure, there's glamour, bright lights,
applause, dazzling gowns, smiling
faces.

It's great out there on the stage. I'm
another person.

But then the show's over.
Reality comes again; everyone hurries about
to get home or to go to dinner.

I just can't be one of them when
I'm off that stage because they're
different people too.

All too soon I'm left alone in a big room with a
man pushin' a broom.

God only knows how lonely I am,
so lonely . . .

But— that's show biz!

JANET SMALLEY

Life is a stream
Flowing to the sea of death—
It is inevitable.
Short lives are like the small
streams which return to the sea quickly.
And the winding streams
take a long time to get there.
But they all return from whence they came.

As I know, we must someday go
our separate ways.
I am also sure we shall meet again
in the large sea of eternal life.

No one knows if his life is a short or winding stream.
But, my friend, we are moving in the same direction—
To the same sea.

JULIE WALKER

Empty
As a broken pop bottle
Unable to be filled
Lying there
On the ground
Waiting.

SALLIE SHUPING

It was a cold and rainy night placed somewhere in the future that a very undeserving father took his small child out into the spellbounding world of a circus tent. The pop-eyed little boy sat anxiously in his seat, eating stale popcorn and awaiting the start of the show. And the show began, and as with all children, the small boy was held captive by the feats of the long practiced performers. He looked about enchanted; no stunt did he wish to let slip by. And as he searched about, he noticed one lone clown looking expectantly at his nonunderstanding expression. The turned-down look on the clown's grease-painted face, and the over-all sadness of the being confused this small boy, for the circus was to be full of bright colors, smiles, and laughs. As the clown approached the boy from across the tent, the boy noticed the human smile on the clown's sad-painted face, and he laughed to see such an ironical sight in the third and smallest ring.

The show ended, and all the people departed. But, as this one special child left, he carried in his mind the most valuable remembrance of his circus trip: the face of the sad clown. It would live in his mind forever, and little did the small boy know that, as he left the tent, the cold rain washed the paint from the being's face, and the clown died, a life's work and waiting accomplished.

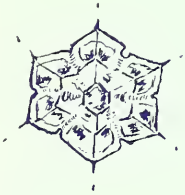
MAY THE MINDS OF UNKNOWING LITTLE BOYS LIVE FOREVER, AND BLESSED BE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE BEHIND THE GREASE-PAINTED FACE OF A CIRCUS CLOWN.

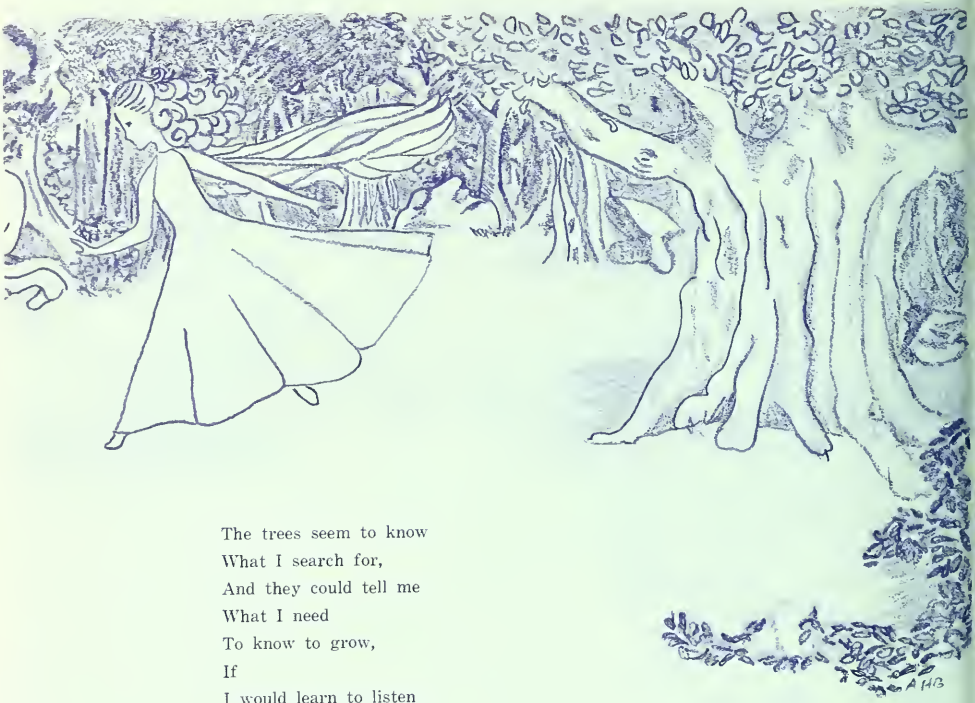
LEE LYTTON

SNOWFLAKES

As snowflakes,
We are all separate objects.
We shall fall into
different worlds, surrounded
by others.
However,
As snowflakes, we, even then, cohere
and form ONE GREATNESS.

KAY REYNOLDS





The trees seem to know
What I search for,
And they could tell me
What I need
To know to grow,
If
I would learn to listen
Well.

PAM SMITHSON

SPLIT SECONDS

My eye catches sunlight
Shining on a new spring leaf;
I recall running
Through a field of wildflowers
While singing a new song.

Water ripples as I toss a stone.
Once again I see
Corals, bright sponges, schools of fish:
The beauties of the ocean depths
Brought to life again.

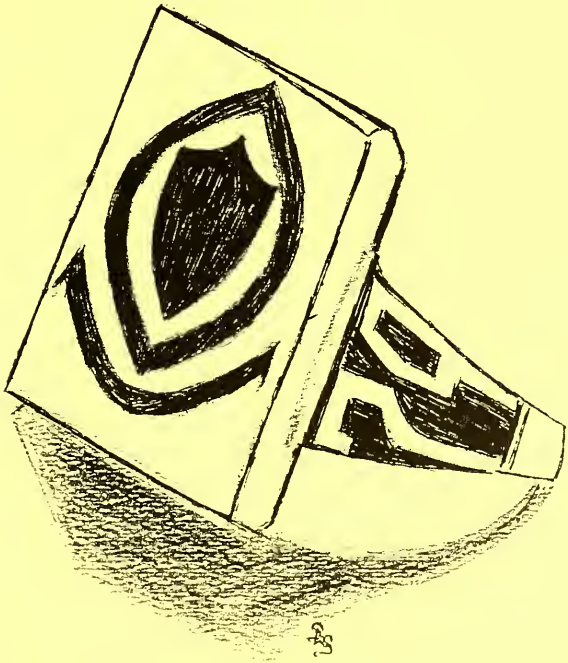
As I crunch an apple,
I can taste fall;
The multicolored leaves
Drifting to the ground
And whirling on the streets.

A cold breeze
Makes me shiver,
And brings me a memory
Of slowly falling back
And make angels in the snow.

Instantaneous flashbacks . . .
A wonderful way to lighten
The present with the past.

LAURENE MEIR

MUSE



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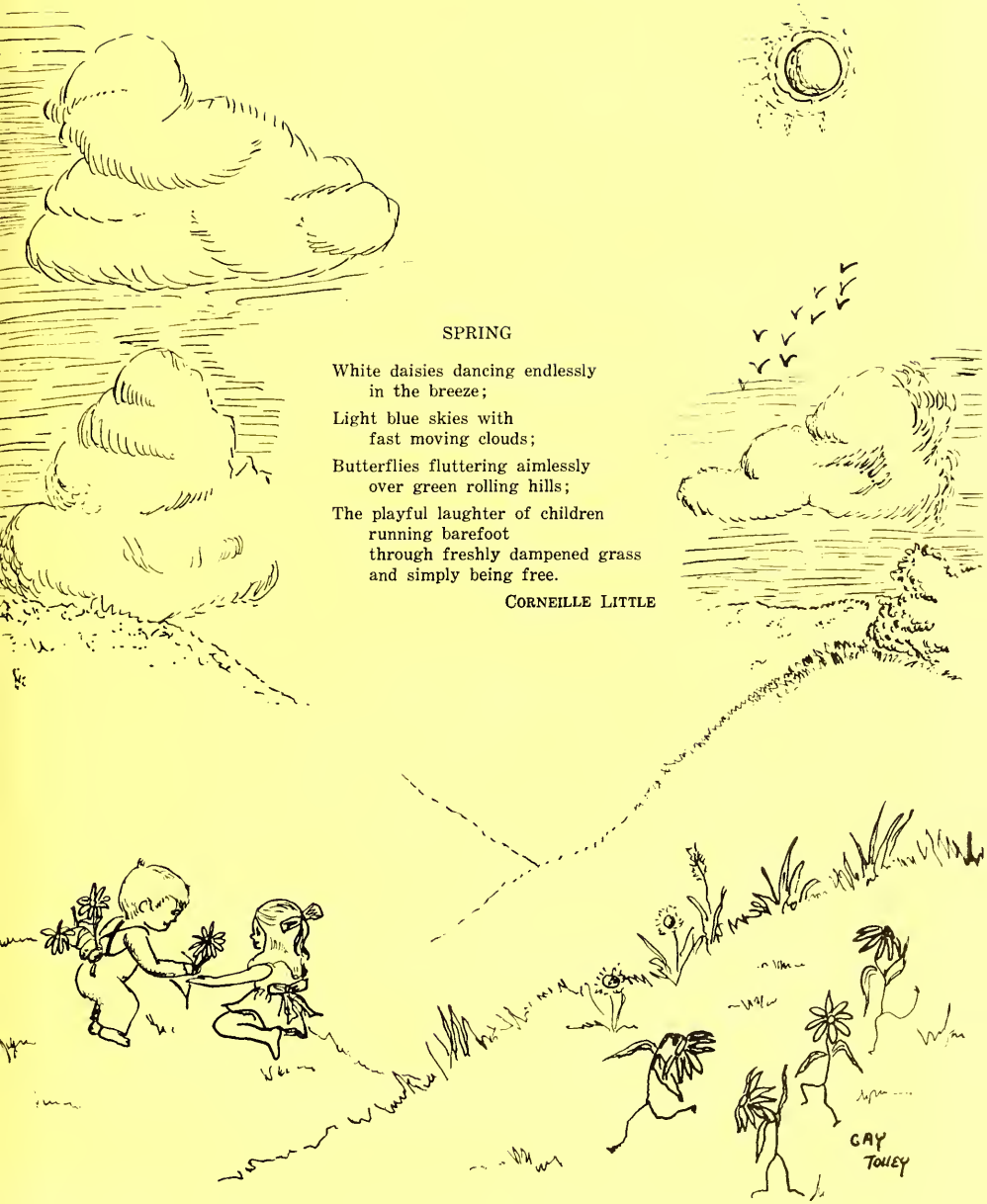
A DAY IN THE LIFE

Today I saw my friends running for next year's jobs,
And my exam schedule came in the mail.
My counselors and fellow hall members planned their summers,
And I got accepted at Carolina.
Streakers struck, almost making TV,
And I got my last set of pictures developed.
The class meeting was held, plans were made,
And I finally bought my address book.

Today several teachers announced their resignation,
And I tried to finish my term papers.
Everyone came back from spring break tanned,
And I finally got my grades for the quarter.
Stamps went up in price,
And Honor Society members were inducted.
The Circle and Beacon took their walks,
And I told my parents I'd be at the beach Easter.

Today old SGA officers bowed to their successors,
And I helped organize the Freshman-Sophomore party.
The Last Banquet was held,
And I left my "jock-strap" to a next year's sophomore.
Exams were over, bringing final results,
And I packed my things in a box.
Today I graduated, leaving St. Mary's behind,
And I cried.

BENNETT WELLONS



SPRING

White daisies dancing endlessly
in the breeze;

Light blue skies with
fast moving clouds;

Butterflies fluttering aimlessly
over green rolling hills;

The playful laughter of children
running barefoot
through freshly dampened grass
and simply being free.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

DAY OF RECKONING

One showed disgust;

One cried "UNJUST!"

One was elated;

One still debated.

One was ashamed;

One teacher blamed.

One was quite scared;

One merely glared.

One bragged;

One gagged.

One shreiked;

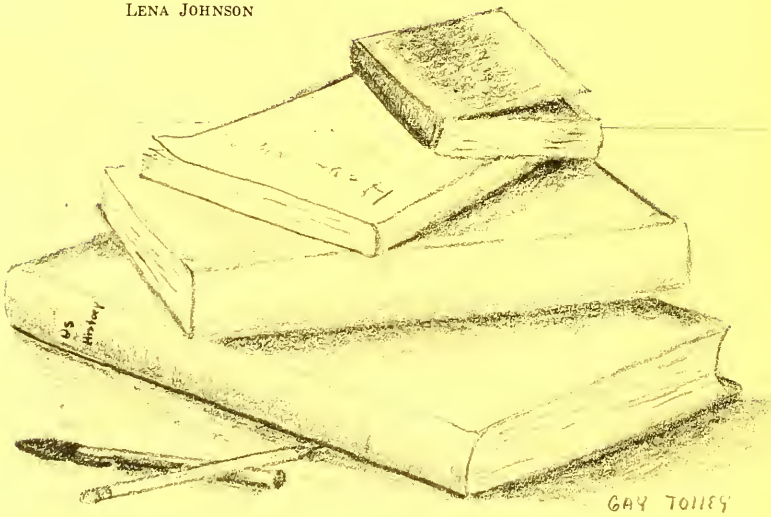
One squeaked.

One screamed;

One beamed.

EXAMS!

LENA JOHNSON



OH, GREAT COMFORTER

As I stand marveling at the vastness of the sighing ocean, I wonder — has it ever changed? Wave after wave rolls in on the millions of tiny sand grains. Over and over the waves toss inland and slide back out to sea again. I listen to the ocean; it talks to me. If I am happy, it talks in a jolly voice filled with chuckling laughter. If I am sad, it cries with moanful sighing, letting me know that it will not desert me in my time of need.

I walk nearer until my feet feel the rushing tide hurry past them, and the cool, salty water surrounds me. Breathing a deep breath, I smell the freshness of the air and feel the salt and coolness sting my flaired nostrils.

When I look out at the ocean, it has a virgin atmosphere about it. Although it has been explored by man numerous times, it seems to remain pure.

SHELIA McLAMB

REMINISCENCES

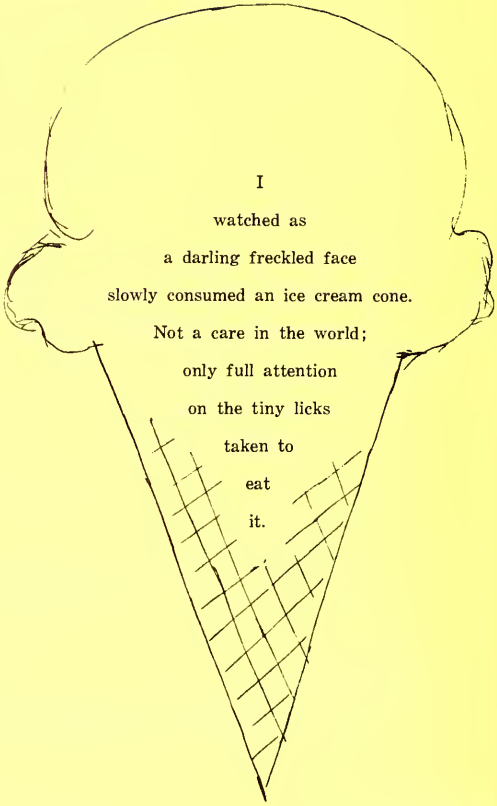
I sit here and think of the love and good times we had,
Cherishing only the good, overlooking the bad.
I wonder what went wrong between us — why the love we shared is gone.
Thinking of old memories, I wonder how I can go on.
I know that love kindles and burns, but often the love flame dies;
But somehow I never thought the day would come when we would break our ties.
The bond that held us was so firm, the trust so very strong,
We always thought the feeling could last and guide us for so long.
Where has it gone, the love that once we shared?
Where is the feeling that you gave me when you told me you cared?
We now are two, whereas we once were one, we have gone our separate ways;
But still I cannot help reminiscing once in awhile to remember the good old days.

MARY DOMBALIS

Children play their games
running to bat
and from bat,
Never realizing their growth
or the potential
or duties
that they'll inherit
in the days to come.

They watch their friends
running to bat
and from bat,
Never realizing their love
or the wants
or needs
that they craved
in the days they ran.

SALLIE SHUPING



N.C.S.U.

No. 1

MARK

Slowly the young man made his way down the long, empty highway. The late afternoon was hot and humid. Beads of perspiration quickly formed along his brow, and his body seemed to move in mechanical exhaustion. Brown hair hung limply to his shoulders, upon which he heaved a small backpack. This day, once filled with promise, seemed now only another meaningless venture.

Suddenly, he took a seat by the side of the road, hoping that some motorists would offer him a ride. Several cars sped past, never noticing or acknowledging the boy. Turning his head toward the sky, he observed that the clouds were growing darker, shutting out the little sunlight which remained. Laying his head back, he closed his eyes and breathed deeply of the dust-filled air. The mood was soon broken by a voice asking him if he needed help. Gratefully nodding his head, he hastened to the stranger's car.

They rode wordlessly along, both seemingly enjoying the peace and quiet that often accompanies nightfall. After a while, the driver turned to the boy and asked him if he was hungry. Hesitantly, he replied, "Yeah-that is if there's anything extra."

The driver made a gesture toward the glove compartment. "There's a bologna sandwich in there that you may have—a thermos full of coffee too. Eat 'til you are filled."

The boy opened it, and as he took out the food, he noticed some books stashed in the back of the glove compartment. Looking at them closely, he discovered that they were all of a religious context. The young man turned to the driver. "You a freak or something? No offense — but I mean, all these books."

"Oh, I'm not at all offended," he quickly assured the boy. Then he sighed, "Many have called me much more than that."

Nothing was said for a few moments while the boy ate the sandwich. Then the driver spoke, "Tell me, son, do you know where you are going?"

Pausing briefly, the boy answered, "Well, I'm not too sure — Um — Wherever you're headed is o.k. with me. I'm just along for the ride, you know."

But the driver shook his head, "No, son, where I am going you cannot follow. Not yet, anyway. You are both too young and too unprepared."

The boy was puzzled by this. "Hey, man, you're sort of weird."

"Perhaps, but is that really bad?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. You meet some really strange dudes living on the road like I do. You're really o.k., weird, but o.k. It's all par for the course." He leaned back, thought for a brief moment, then quoted from memory, " 'Life is just one damned thing after the other' — Um, that's Mark Twain, I believe."

"Yes," the driver agreed, then continued, " 'For whoever would save his life will lose it; and whoever would lose his life will save it;' and that, my son, is by another Mark."

Unsure of how to follow up on somethink like that, the boy remained silent. After a while, though, he cleared his throat and asked, "Hey, are you going anywhere in the direction of Phoenix?"

The driver nodded his head, "All roads lead to where I am going. Is Phoenix where you would like to be taken?"

"Yeah, that would be o.k. . . . Well, on second thought, why don't you drop me off in Glendale? That's about eight miles before you reach Phoenix, that is, if you're sure it's on your way."

"Yes, I'd be glad to do it, and it's no trouble."

"Good, there's some really nice camping areas there — some motels too, but, hell, who's got the money?"

Once again they rode in silence. Upon reaching their destination, the driver stopped the car, and the boy gathered his belongings, stashing them once again into his pack. Opening the car door to get out, the boy turned to the driver and thanked him for his kindness. He extended his hand for a final shake, and it was only then that the boy noticed the terribly scarred hands of the man. As he began to draw his hand away, the driver slipped a ten dollar bill into his palm. "Here, son, take this and buy a room for the night. I, too, know how it feels to be without shelter."

Overwhelmed by this man's generosity, the boy could only stare in amazement at the money. "Gee, thanks — thanks a lot." He opened the door and got out, then paused a moment before closing it. A strange feeling spread over his entire body, one that he remembered vaguely from very long ago. He mumbled something as he slowly closed the door.

As the man drove off down the road, the boy watched until the vehicle was almost out of sight. Suddenly, without warning, the car made a mysterious turn to the right — not at all in the direction of Phoenix.

McKAY MUNFORD

Photograph by ELLEN HENSON

When you leave a place,
A place that has shown you the true
meaning of friendship,
A place that has helped you to find
yourself and your God,
A place that has helped you to grow,
A place that has been your whole life,

Part of that place stays with you forever,

Because you can never really leave a place you love.

In the quiet solitude of the lonely night,
    Man is searching for the candle
That gives eternal light.

He walks through streets that gleam and glitter
    But soon their light
Will dim and dwindle and leave no shadow,
    Then fade into the night.

Yet up above, the stars shine down.
    Still these he cannot touch,
For they are merely faint reflections
    Of nothing he can clutch.

This candle that shines forever and ever
    Is seen by no man's eyes,
But ready for use in a place far away
    And lit on the day he dies.

ANNE GREGORY

Sometimes as the day grows very old

I often tend to wonder,

To think if night's black darkness feels pain as it dies,

For it will never know the warmth of the morning sun

As dawn gives birth to day.

And then I wonder if I won't feel the same way

When I am close to death,

And dawn is on the horizon.

LYNN JONES

Digging my toes in the wet
sand,

I look back at the footprints,
Recalling the times that we
Ran, laughed, and walked
Together

Upon this same shore.
But I look at my side
And see but a lonely trail
of feet

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me,

My own,
Knowing that the waters have
Forever washed yours

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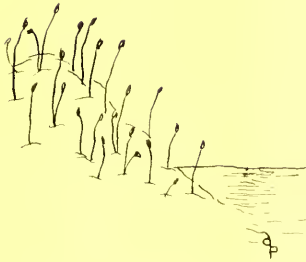
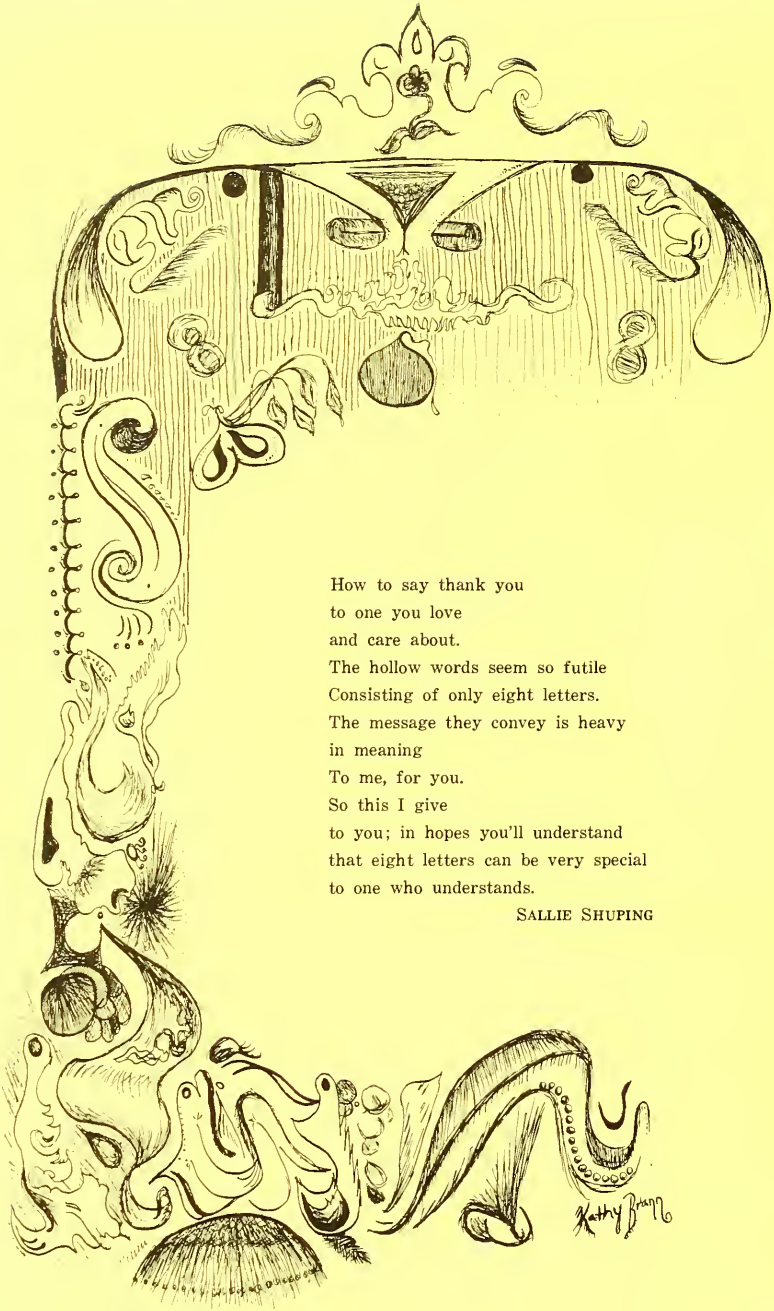
LOUISE OVERMAN





How to say thank you
to one you love
and care about.
The hollow words seem so futile
Consisting of only eight letters.
The message they convey is heavy
in meaning
To me, for you.
So this I give
to you; in hopes you'll understand
that eight letters can be very special
to one who understands.

SALLIE SHUPING

A SMILE

A smile . . . ——
Like the foam of a giant wave,
It ripples off your lips
And mounts into a peak,
Until suddenly you break;
Your emotions are absorbed by me.

Looking at your face,
I note that it is calm and peaceful,
But not for long, I pray,
For what is an ocean without waves?
And what is love without a smile?

McKay Munford

Haven't you noticed,
Or have you ignored?
The birds when they're singing.
Their voices implore
For your eyes to look
At the beauty around you—
In flowers, in trees,
And in things that surround you.
Haven't you noticed,
Or have you ignored?
The beauty of springtime
Bestowed by the Lord.

Gaither Moore

Let's walk by the lake
  and toss our coins
    to the water
  and our cares to the wind.
Love me now, and
  hold me close, for
    the moment itself is
      very rich.

BENNETT WELLONS

MARRY ME

Young tiller save your seed, for I am planted of early spring.
And though these early days have nearly passed me by,
I germinate so near to season's change,
And my late days of childhood are not yet over.
Do not plant me with your agrarianistic desires.
My life is yet too new,
And days to pass don't promise summer's growth.
Bide your time young tiller
Until my summer ripens
And you are young of thought no more.
Then reap me in my mellow autumn,
And store me in coexistence,
Where the cold and gray of winters pass into the everlasting seed.
And as we grow to one for immortality,
Young tiller, save your seed, for
I am planted of early spring.

LEE LYTTON

Not far away

Exists a small, quaint paradise

Where the unspoiled oceanfront

Still belongs to nature.

Friendly, real people with
never-ending smiles,

The sound of the surf,

Sea gulls soaring,

Sand pipers fiddling,

And the constant breeze

Welcome you.

Each moment brings a peace of mind,

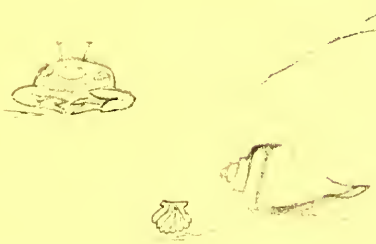
A feeling of security,

Friendship,

A special love,

And everlasting memories.

LOUISE OVERMAN



Peace should not be confined to doves.
McKay Munford

The temple was torn,
The sun faded away;
But God gave us life
On that darkest day

GAITHER MOORE

The restless sea of time
forever washes the shore
of our memory.

GAITHER MOORE

LOVE

Nothing is sweeter,
Nothing higher nor wider,
Not a thing better,
Either on heaven or earth
Than the love two can share.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

A responsibility is only fulfilled
when you give through your heart.

SALLIE SHUPING

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
What do you think you know?
It's all in years and not in tears
that meanings seem to grow.

LEE LYTTON

Night
dark, quiet
hushed, moving, flowing
Peace. Alone in the Dark
Night

JANET SMALLEY

The blues and greens are waiting — definitely daring.
The last jeep accepts. It begins
to lunge up the mammoth hill,
Conquering the first obstacle — now.
Wild with power from four cylinders and burning desire,
it whips to the left, back to the right.
For an instant, the power is unrestrained.
The wheels become wings and
make the front end fly.
Then, digging with all fours, it
sends up dust, obscuring the view.
Clearing now, the air is filled with
welcoming shouts.
Victory.
Man and machine have won.
The hill is conquered. It relinquishes the prize,
the beautiful panorama of
cleared land and thick forest, framed
by a broad stream.
Nature's reward to the bold.

SUSAN EVERETT

presidential power
to be admired
destroyed.

watch him
encountering goals;
encompassing gold.

The People decide
now,
find Truth.

Duty appears
harken all—
Time is passing

A nation is dying.

SALLIE SHUPING

with rainbows streaking across
the sky
i wonder how there can be
such sorrow

clouds breaking; sunlight protruding
forth
how can there be dismal days
and sadness

flowers blossom with quick madness
then die
leaving only the memory of
their birth

warm thoughts turn cold; i see
you shivering in pain
emptiness prevails and you
feel afraid

with rainbows streaking across
the sky
i wonder how there can be
such sorrow

BENNETT WELLONS

CASTLES

Build your castle
    Build it out of sand
    From the seashores of life.

There will come a time
When the tides will turn
And your castle will be washed away.
    Your heart will bleed with sadness
    And your mind will ask: why?

But a voice will command: Build!
    And you will build again
    As have the men before you
    As will the men after you
        For eternity.

LYNN MILLER

Am I too idealistic
Reaching for something that
    could never be?
Am I looking for something
That I'll never see?
Wake me up from this dream
Pull me off this impossible beam
Turn me on to REALITY!

LOUISE OVERMAN

those lonely souls
who watch their friends
leave once more,
who listen to James Taylor — the third time over.

look outside your window — the other world,
it rains; drizzle
the sun never appears in january,
Will it in June?

SALLIE SHUPING

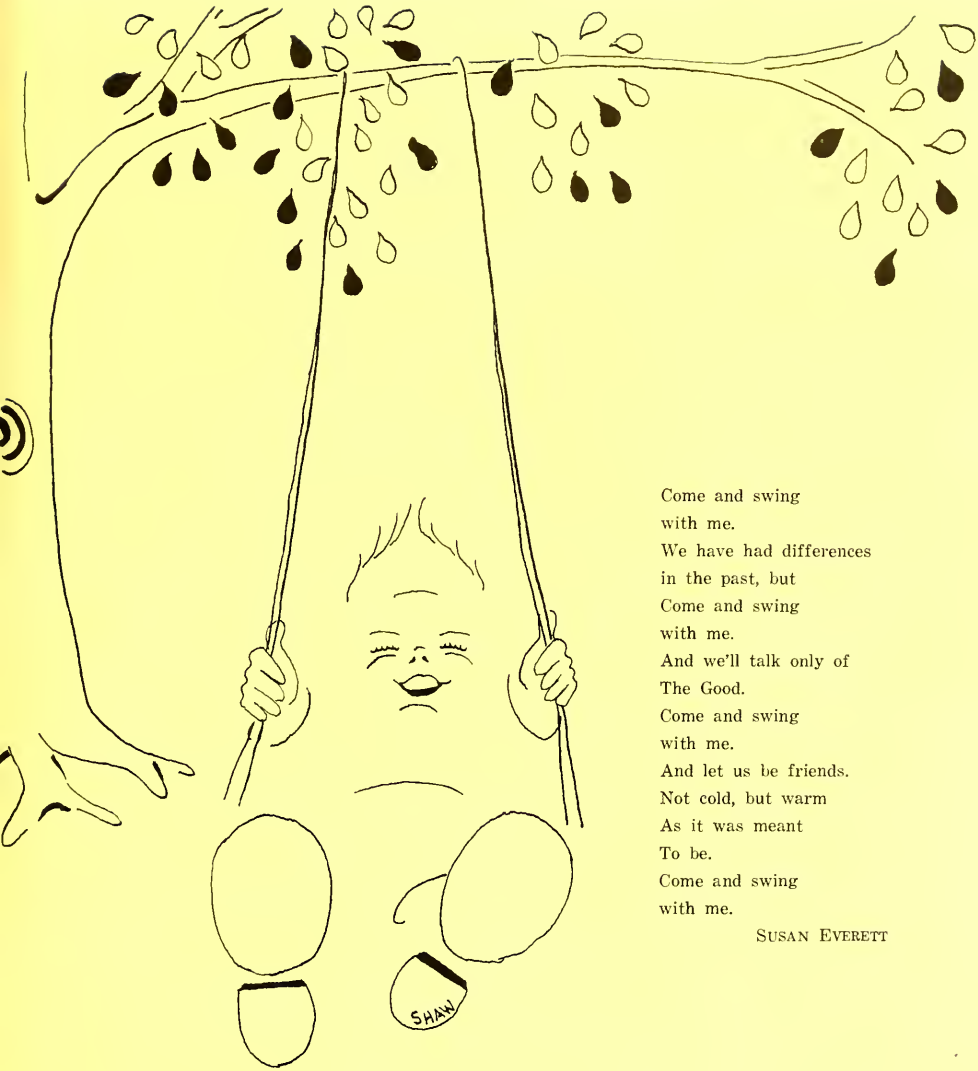
Sitting on the roof
    with the rain
        beating my back,

Looking out over
    the city
        at the trees and
        steeples of distant churches,

Flashes of lighting
    to the east
        in clouds of gray
        humming to the music
        in the background—

Precious moments
    of loneliness.

BENNETT WELLONS



Come and swing
with me.
We have had differences
in the past, but
Come and swing
with me.
And we'll talk only of
The Good.
Come and swing
with me.
And let us be friends.
Not cold, but warm
As it was meant
To be.
Come and swing
with me.

SUSAN EVERETT

Ordinarily, the MUSE contains only student contributions, but this time the staff discovered a special talent from a very unique department at St. Mary's!

THE SLIME OF THE RANCID MARINER

(A Parody)

It is a dotty Coleridge
Who stoppeth uth to thay,
"You read my 'Ancient Mariner'?
Quoth we, "And rue the day

"We ever felt the pluck and pick
Of those old fleshless hands,
Or heard the limping meter of those verses
That so delight your fans.

"For us, we like our poetry
To give us somethibg more
Than symbolical confusion
And bearded seaman's lore.
We'd rather hear the mighty
Waters rolling evermore.

"After all, dear Sammy,
Why did he kill the bird?
In lines six hundred, twenty-five
You never say a word

"Beyond the Mariner's unclear,
'I shot the Albatross.'
For heavens' sake, ole Sambo,
What brought about the loss?

"Did the thoughtless ancient Mariner
Mistake the bird for Joss[1]
Or was he, like his author,
Given to the sauce?

"We wish you'd tell us, once for all,
Why Loony shot the bird.
'Twould make his awful torment
A whole lot less absurd.

"And while you're here, old Sammy,
Still plucking at our sleeves,
There are some other answers
We're eager to receive:

"Why drag in Jew Josephus
And Michael Psellus, Turk?
How do they in any way
Clear the poetic Murk?

"And archaisms, Sammy T.,
Why jumble up the tongue?
'Eftsoons' and 'dropt' and 'Gramercy'
To modern us you've brung?[2]

"Allusions and old words aside,
There's still the ragged plot:
A sailor in a storm-driven ship sails around in the ice and heat, seeing snakes in the water, wearing a dead bird around his neck, and watching his mates die and come back to life. He is rescued. Thereafter, he travels around (on land), picking at peoples' sleeves, interrupting weddings, and preaching cross-bow control.
Is opium, Sam boy, anything like pot?

"The lesson that you teach us
(And we hate moral verse)
Is juvenile as pablum,
And 'cause it lisps, it's worse:

> 'He prayeth betht who loveth betht
> All thingth both great and thmall;
> For the dear God who loveth uth,
> He made and loveth all.'

"Now, really, Mr. Coleridge,
The other flaws aside,
With snakes and death and Hermits
Must we preaching, too, abide?

"You have to go? To leave us?
You're tired of being slurred?
Before you go, please tell us:
Why did he shoot that bird?"

[1]Minor Chinese god of spring who is ritually dragged around the town square of P'chien Nghai, Tsch Province, on the first day of each millenium.

[2]past tense of **brang**, from OE **brought**, meaning to "fetch and carry."

ANN CULLEY
Dept. of Foolishness
St. Mary's College

THE BUBBLE

Colors running together
in tributaries
to the main stream.

The light shining through
the bubble
captures it as a prism.

Higher and higher
it floats away
to join others of its kind.

Bumps into a friend here,
and another there,
detaining its skyward journey.

Turning and rotating, it begins
to fall slowly,
closer and closer.

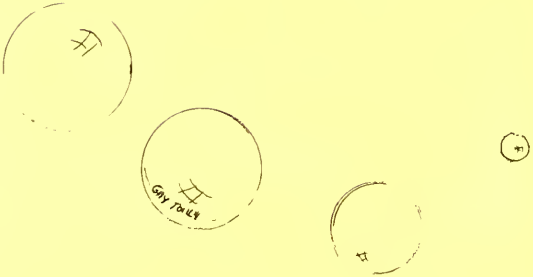
Reflections come and go,
closer and closer
till I can see my face.

Colors running down my face
from blinded eyes
enlarged by a bubble shape.

Closer it comes to me,
and so very much closer
I can almost touch it.

SUDDENLY—I'm gone.
No colors or reflections I see.
No bubble either, save the memory.

BENNETT WELLONS



FOR A FRIEND

The sense of knowing that there is one
who shares the experience of two.
The sense of knowing that there is one
who is there when the other is in need
of love, comfort, happiness—Friendship.
The sense of knowing that there is one
who says, feels, knows, and touches
the heart and soul of another.
The sense of knowing that there is one
that God created in the eye of true friendship.
The sense of knowing that there is one
who is one, unique, beautiful, kind and
a Friend to the other.

ANNE HARRIS

I tried to create something that would express you,
so I could keep it in my English book
and have you with me when school got me down.
But nothing would come.
I thought of your brown eyes that
hold the moon and wondered
how I could describe them.
I remember your often-broken nose
and the way it makes you look rough — but,
I couldn't think of a metaphor.
Your lips that mold around those
not perfectly spaced teeth refused
alliteration.
So I gave up and wrote this.

SUSAN EVERETT

Not far away lies a small quaint town on the Eastern shore of North Carolina, Nags Head. There is a certain unique beauty here along the unspoiled shores of the Outer Banks. The natives, having been born and reared by the sea, have an unusual feeling for nature.

Many times I have heard stories that have happened here. Some are legends, and some are true. As a child and still to this day, I listen to my father's tales of experiences as a boy in old Nags Head. There are many, but the one I will tell shows one how life was there around the year 1937.

One July morning Billy awoke along with the sun and the coos of the roosters. The smell of sausages and grits drifted through the air. He sprang out of bed and stumbled to the kitchen table. After saying "good morning" to his mother, grandfather and the black cook, Bessie, Billy ate his breakfast. Afterwards he discussed whittling with his "Papa Daddy," who offered the boy a good sharp knife for his project. Billy's mother was very much opposed to the latter, but age won the battle.

"Ain't right for that chil to have a knife. He's gonna hurt himself fo sure. And besides, there ain't no doctor around," Bessie fussed and fumed. She pretended to be talking to herself because she knew she shouldn't call down Mr. Overman.

Little Billy loved his Papa Daddy. He was a kind gentle man to children, but known for his rough language. It was said that Charlie Overman could cuss worse than anyone in Elizabeth City.

Papa Daddy handed Billy the knife and said, "You're going to show your mother just how grown-up you are. I'm sick of seeing her huddle over you the way she does."

Well, Billy got to work having a grand time, but soon he started thinking about other things besides where the knife was going. His mother and Papa Daddy were inside, speaking not a word to each other. Soon a blood curdling scream came from the porch.

"I told you so. Billy's hurt," exclaimed his mother. Sure enough, Billy had stabbed his leg. He tried to act like a man in front of his grandfather, but the tears were building up in the corners of his eyes.

"Bessie, run to the Wood cottage and see if Doctor Wood is there. Ask him to come. Mr. Overman, go to the Hill Cottage and get Mr. Hill and Shelton. I'll feel better if the minister and his wife are here, and besides we'll need help."

Papa Daddy went willingly, as he felt very guilty at this point and hated to see the boy suffer. — Why had he been so damned bullheaded, he thought as he briskly walked down the beach.

Billy's mother was a good nurse. She had had much practice in her life. There had been a sick mother, an ill husband, and two children to raise. She knew exactly what to do and stayed calm while the blood poured from the wound.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Papa Daddy, Bessie and Dr. Wood all appeared from opposite ends of the beach. It was real luck that the doctor happened to be at home. "It's a bad cut, Lou," Dr. Wood said. "It will have to have stitches, and I have nothing to deaden the pain."

With Mr. Hill and Mrs. Hill holding the legs, Bessie and Papa Daddy holding the arms and Lou standing by, the operation started.

Billy screamed and hollered and then decided to cuss. He used every word he had ever heard Papa Daddy use. All came pouring from his mouth in rapid, loud succession. Silence and disbelief fell on everyone in the room except the patient. Mr. Hill's prize Sunday school student, an acolyte in the choir, had turned sinner! Billy's mother was so embarrassed that she nearly fainted from the words, not the blood.

From the cottage next door came the sharp, critical voice of "Darling" Skinner. She was Billy's best friend's **old, old** grandmother. "Sounds just like Charlie Overman, teaching that child foul language — Shame, Shame."

When the stitches came out and Billy could scarcely hobble, his mother made him go and apologize to "Darling" and the Reverend and Mrs. Hill. All was forgiven but not forgotten about that memorable day in the life of Billy Overman in old Nags Head when he was eight years old.

Epilogue

Today life in Nags Head hasn't changed too much. There are a few more cottages, a highway and even a grocery store. However, the ocean, beach, and the special dialect still remains. A certain feeling surrounds one here; a feeling that exists only in the small quaint town at Nags Head.

LOUISE OVERMAN

The Streaker

A leaf
flittering from above
caught by the wind
swirling around
and around
up again
new direction
onward
downward
slowly
softly
and then it hits
journey's end,
until one day
it becomes one with the soil
and becomes eternal
in a tree's growth.

BENNETT WELLONS

Life—
laughing, crying,
living, dyeing,
loving, hating,
now, and waiting,
good, bad,
happy, sad,
war, peace,
man, and beast
life—
is it bad or good?
Something I've never understood.

LOUISE OVERMAN

The following is a Thank-You note from teenager to senile aunt with unique taste in choosing gifts.

Dear Aunt Clara,

Thank you so much for the lovely gift. It will really be useful, and it's just what I've always wanted. (It will be useful, all right to the first trashcan I see.) I especially like the color. (It's such a common color — grassy gray — I mean it'll match so many things.) By the way, what is it? Next Christmas try giving love; it doesn't cost a cent, you don't have to worry if it fits, is the right color, or if they already have one, and EVERYBODY needs it.

Love,

Your Niece Mary

ODE TO ST. MARY'S

In our grove of stately oak trees,
Stands a very special home,
Where many girls throughout the years
From far and near have come.

Hail to you St. Mary's,
So much a part of our lives.
You've taught us to care, to love, to share.
You've given us friendship that never dies.

Before we must leave you—the time is soon—
One final tribute we pay
To all that you are, that you've meant to us
Throughout each and every day.

A proud Smedes Hall stands straight and tall,
Majestic in the midst of your grounds.
Within her walls has been our home,
Where friendship and love were found.

The chapel too, marks a special place
Within your domain and inside our hearts—
A constancy in the changing world,
And to the campus, a vital part.

The dorms surround your campus.
There are classroom buildings too.
A teacher who cares, a letter, a call,
There's always something to do.

A special life in a special place
For a special time in our lives—
But what we've received in these few years
Is something that will never die.

So, Hail to you St. Mary's!
We'll think back on our days together.
You've been a milestone in our lives
And will remain in our hearts forever.

LAURENE MEIR and LAURA FANJOY

Photograph by Ellen Henson

MUSE

ILLUSIONS – LOOKING INWARD, LOOKING OUTWARD.
WHERE ARE YOU? LOOK TO THE CENTER AND DISCOVER.

METAMORPHOSIS

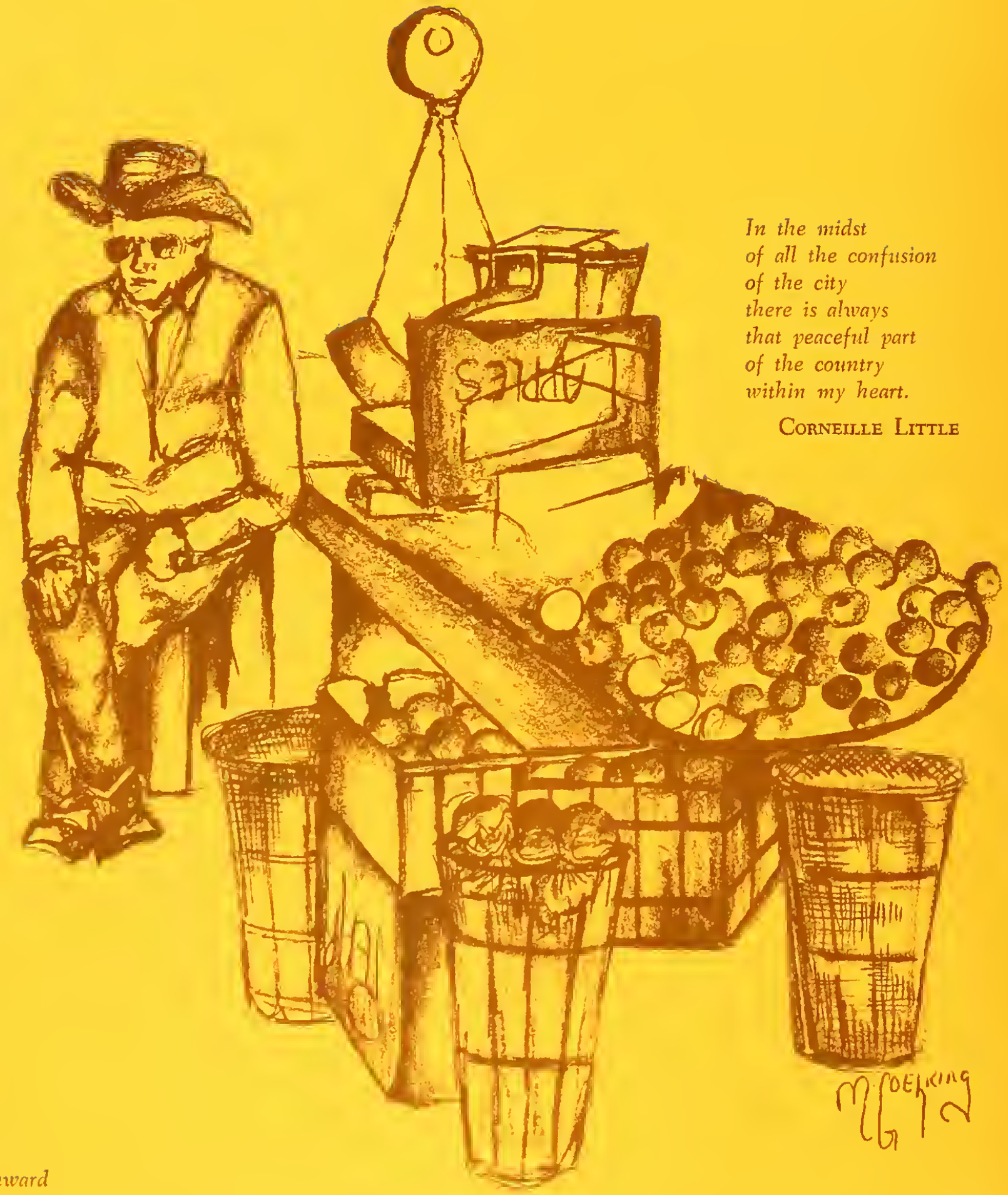
Not too long ago I was afraid.
And in fear I hated.
The world was evil
Cold and dark.
And I was alone.

I cowered in my corner
And wept at my passing thoughts of brightness
So tantalizing possible
And yet so unreal to me.
And I felt alone.

Then one day a pearl dropped into my lap
The air trembled with lively melody
As a ray of sunshine greeted my upturned face
I beheld a changed world—so beautiful, so kind
And I knew happiness
But why such a sudden difference
Which none but I had perceived?
Puzzled, I glanced around me
and found that I had drawn myself out of that lonely corner.

Then I understood.
It was not the world that had changed,
But I.

LYNN MILLER



In the midst
of all the confusion
of the city
there is always
that peaceful part
of the country
within my heart.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

I REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE MY OWN COMPASS

Today I left one home to search
For my own
But now night has come and I have not found it
Where have I to go?

I have no money and no one knows
where I am – I am alone
For this day I am a
Pilgrim and
This night I have nowhere to go

I tell myself I cannot be afraid
Oh, and I hope so that no one will find me
here – this dead end street
Isn't it queer? I roam around for my home
And come to this

Maybe tomorrow though – what of tomorrow?
Will I continue traveling from this highway to that
To lose myself in the maze of pavement?
What must I do to find myself,
To know where to go?

CHRISTINA M. CHASE

Ants have clever little minds –
To dine alone on human flesh
Guiltless by their ignorance,
They lose themselves among the crowd.

McKAY MUNFORD

Bitterness leads to defeat –
Sweetness thrives off nothingness –
So let's be neutral (with a dash of salt)
Then no one will eat us
And we can gather crumbs.

McKAY MUNFORD

Birds fill woods with song
Man walks down dusty pathways
Do not disturb them.

LYNN MILLER

I am not late
the world is merely early.
I and my being go in time
as we see fit.
As the world has no control over me
I cannot control what others choose to do.
In freedom, why doesn't the world realize
they are making their chains and
digging their graves.
When the world is merely concrete and steel
and masses are swarming like worms
Oh will they not cry or feel?
Perhaps their senses are damaged beyond repair.

ANN BOYLE

REMEMBER ME

The leaves have started to change
as I stare through these bars
outside my window.
My feet are starting to drag
and my heart beats a little slower
as the days become eternally long—
and when it comes to you—baby
everything simply fades out.

Yes, it's sure gonna be a cold, cold winter
With the winds blowing hard from the north
and it blows against my pane
I'll be wishing it could be MY coat
that will be draped around you.

So when the skies turn from blue to grey
and the ground is covered in glistening snow—
remember me
with the heart of a saint, the mind of a child
and the face of everlasting pain
Locked forever behind these bars of iron
and I'll be with you in meadows of green
running from reality, into a dream
as it seemed only yesterday
it will be tomorrow.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

Walking the streets

Into the endless night.

A light flickers

Is seen no more.

The alleys seem to cry

Knowing the evil lurking
but unable to move.

Metal clashes

The heavy sound of footsteps

A p p r o a c h i n g

Faster they come

Trying to escape

Looking for a victim.

SALLIE SHUPING

MIGRATION

Black specks in the evening sky,
Swirling and swarming
Rising and falling,
Pushing towards more
Pleasurable horizons of existence—
Throngs of noisy feathers
Moving towards sun and warmth,
Continually flying from
The cold sterility of winter's bosom.

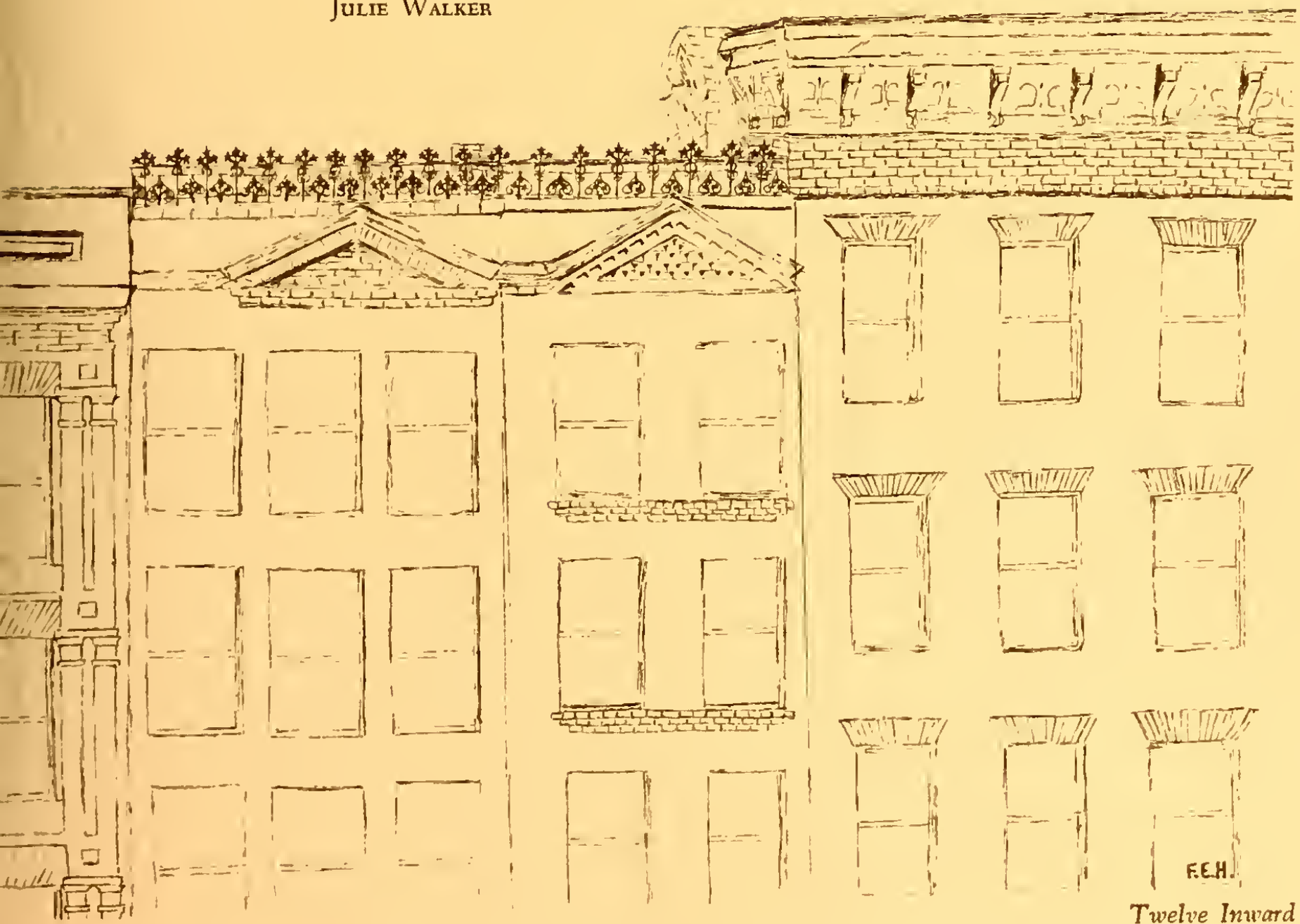
BECCA BITTLE

Staring at a blank wall
Focusing on the visions I cannot see
Life is as such
What then is reality
The bits of sand and water intermingled
to make the wall?

ANN BOYLE

You reached out and touched the empty walls
which surrounds my non-reality.
I want to make you happy
You know me
I find myself so open!

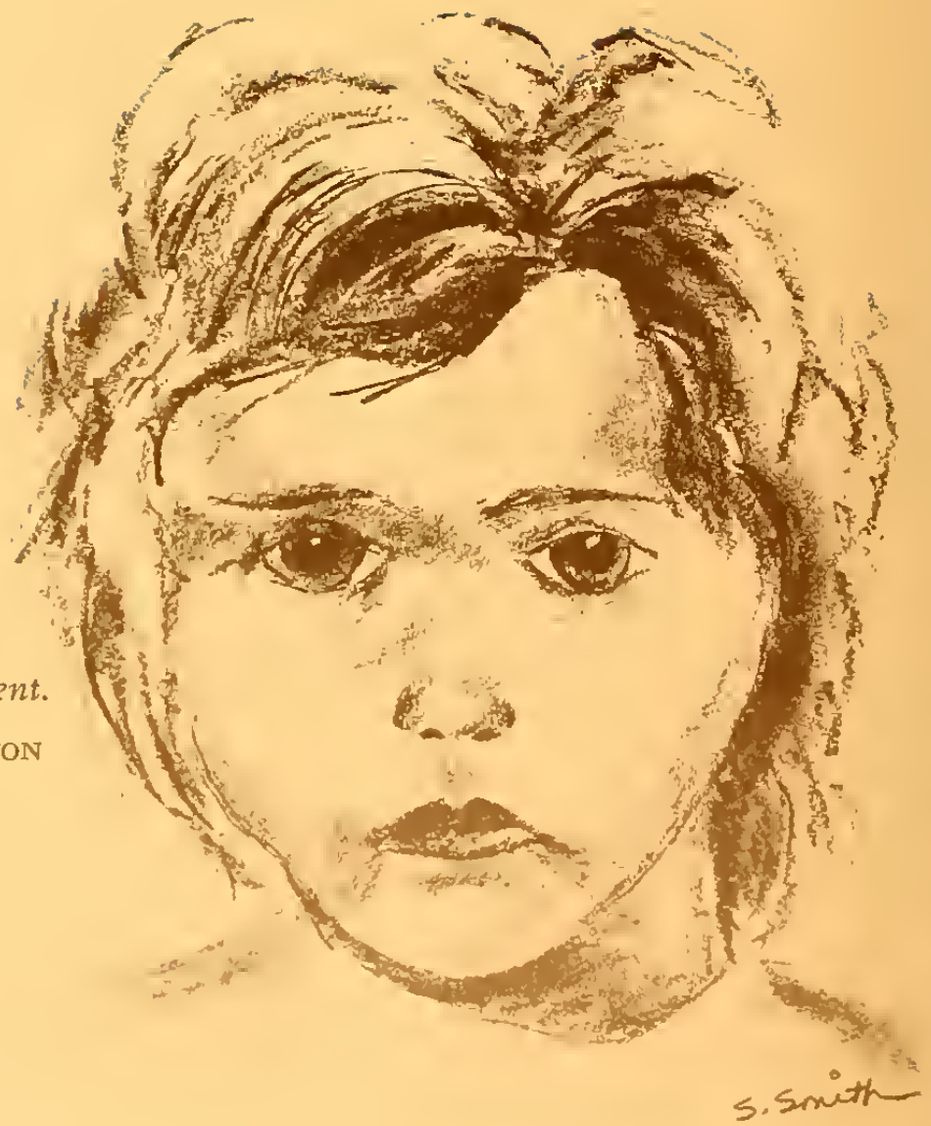
JULIE WALKER



Twelve Inward

I laugh
at the uncertainty,
of people around me.
I cry
at the bewilderment
of a small child.
For I know
that uncertainty
comes from bewilderment.

MARY MINOR CLIFTON



There was a time
When solitude was her
Chosen existence—
When the heavens poured
Their words and solace into her soul;
And the oceans, her lovers, swirled about her body
And clung to her skin
Caressing her hungry form as she rolled
With the surf, always emerging
Breathless and dripping with ecstacy—
The plants, her friends, she spoke to,
As they nodded their forms
In the breeze, or
Brushed the last solitary drop of moisture
On her arm as she passed—
The wind was her comforter,
Weaving its soft fingers through her hair, surrounding her
With an intangible presence—
The sun, her mother, filled her
With warm familiarity and a
Constant existence which she learned
From—
The moon, her silver-haired father,
Thoughtfully gazed upon her sleeping
Form, and appeared in her dreams
As the god of All knowledge—
Her pleasures, the possessions she knew,
Were not gifts given or rewards received—
Nor were her passions pushed into the very
Darkest interior of her soul and left there to simmer and fume
As ours are—
Her solitude was her freedom
And her life—no one's . . .

BECCA BITTLE

ALONE

I walk alone
Whose eyes do gaze
Are always down
Upon me now
And evermore
Are filled with hate
I know not why
They treat me thus
For my burden
I share alone.

LYNN MILLER

When he said, "I love you"
I knew he couldn't.
And now,
By being hurt
I found out
That I was right.

MARY MINOR CLIFTON

THE RAINBOW

We've had many days of storms
and cloudy haze;
but now we see clearly.

Every storm will end in the
warmth of sunshine;
If we'll only have faith.

Even though our vision is blocked
from the pelting raindrops falling
on our faces.
We will see the sun begin to shine,
and endure the lonely moments

We have to realize that everything
cannot be perfect always
And learn from the mistakes
we will make.

AUDREY HARRIS

Dreams toss and turn
In the unmade bed
of my mind.
They struggle to awaken,
And to speak
But the sheets get tangled
And they cannot escape to
Reality.

MARY EDMUNDS

There is a field [illegible] that is dotted with yellow and purple flowers. Yesterday this field meant a lot to me for yesterday I wandered down the road and into this field. The sun was shining down on my back, and a [illegible] sky lay over my head. Solitude overcame me when I realized I was alone. It was a beautiful feeling to own. It felt as if the field belonged to me and I was the only one aware of its existence. Taking advantage of my presence I sat down and let my thoughts wander. For quite some time I was alone — just existing in my field of flowers. — I began to think about the future . . . And how much a place all my own could mean — when suddenly I heard a voice from across the road . . . Someone had discovered my field of serenity, and destroyed the solitude I once had. — Now, today I am remembering and realizing that I no longer have a place to call my own. — I'll never return to my field of delicate flowers.

Someone else has found my home!

MOLLY JORDAN

TRASH

I read some trash today.
Trash? — where's the trash?
Under the kitchen sink.
No -- the trash — you read —
Today — that is —
It's underneath the sink.
I threw it in the trash —
Oh, what trash!
Just what was in the trash?
Tomatoes, napkins, coffee grounds . . .
No! the trash — you read —
Today — that is —
Just where'd you put the trash?
Below the: stationary basin.
Oh —, hm . . . . m. THAT Trash —
I read that too — yesterday
Disgusting piece, no?
No, I ate it up, then took another piece.
Yes me too — devoured it.
Well, I guess we're trash.
And we can throw ourselves away?
And I can fill your basket?

McKay Munford

Man destroys to live
Yet in destruction he dies
Knowing no outcome.

Catherine Rupp

The silvery shimmer
on a shallow pool
causes frustration, anxieties,
truth forms a reflection; and in
turn all will shy away.

M T K

Times are hushed above;
green-speckled world holds its breath
while shy footsteps pass.

GINA GILL

In crystal clarity,
I can see my days of roving
and wandering,
looking and searching.
What was it someone once told
me? "Seek & ye shall find?"
Am I to be left here considering
what I have not yet found?
It seems such an endless task.
It is all clear to me — the search.
But there is a definite, dark haze
around the answer.

ANNE HARRIS

The days of my life
Will someday come to an end
May I be prepared.

CATHERINE RUPP

Into a little flower,
I placed my treasured hope.
Yet,
It too was destroyed
By unaccountable forces.

MARY MINOR CLIFTON

as the season changes
from fall to winter –
as the leaves turn
from a beautiful rainbow
of radiant colors
into a brown – dead – lifeless –
So do I.

I slowly die,
along with the leaves
I turn MY shades
I live
I love – I learn
and slowly
I become unentwined
from – MY tree of life
and drift away
through the brisk, chilling atmosphere
and into eternity.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

Nights shadows creep slowly in
through my dusty, dark curtains.
The pattern there on the wall – see
a maze
Questions of today, tomorrow, & yesterday
Yesterday's questions are useless – time
has faded them.
Tomorrow's questions are and can be endless
like the caverns one's mind only knows.
Worry & question today – the sun, the rain,
Why? When? How?
Talk of today only. The rest is forgotten.

ANNE HARRIS

THE WOLF SONG

Listen to the song of the wolves
They seem to have something to say,
Even though they are sly and cunning
They are gentle in their own unique way

Day by day they follow each other
And live by their struggle against fate,
They do not know the pleasures of life
Nor do they seem to love or hate.

In a way, they are very lucky
because they are wild, and yet tame;
Never being singled out as individuals
And never called by a name.

AUDREY HARRIS

i want — Peace
from haunting faces,
déja vu,
but unplaceable
grant me — Release
from situations of which
the outcomes
are already known.
give me — Unawareness
of major happenings that change
the world
and the knowledge
of the changes that they make.
please — Take
my ESP and give it to someone else.
let them know
Torture.

SUSAN EVERETT

SLEEP

The creeping fingers of the
night come slowly under the
door as
one by one the houselights
are flicked out like
so many fireflies enclosed by
wispy, oblique hands
hands that follow closely up the
stairs . . . reaching for your
last light so they may
at last encircle you soundlessly.
A night is spent between the
palms of darkness:
airless to the soul, and warm.

GINA GILL

Four Inward

AMERICAN CRISIS

The people stand hazy eyed, staring up into the sky. They see a large bald eagle flying over a huge mass of land, emitting its cry of freedom and opportunity. At home his people sit under his warm wings of security. Deep down they know this land is best but they ask for more strength. They are not grateful yet they are afraid to crawl out for another force might take them and they would be gone forever. So they keep on crying.

The eagle keeps giving them more till they have drained him of his strength. But they are weak without him.

Fly, eagle fly, and keep flying. Why are you slowing down? OH, I see you've been hit and you're falling.

Ann Boyle

Do-goods cease their naughty games
Impressed by pleasures pure of strife –
Interacting with the world
By selfish forfeit of the mind.

McKay Munford

The human being stalks
quietly, cunning – Approaching
Into the silent dreams
and strikes with no warning
People.
Unlike other animals
he hunts his own kind,
And seeks out his contemporaries
To kill.
With a bite unlike any lion
he gnaws into his friends
and rips them to pieces
Leaving them for the birds to pick and claw
While he boastfully walks away
Victorious in his kill.

Sallie Shuping

A lone light flickers
that's all I see
Even though I'm surrounded
by many – none of them
speak as if to be friends.
My thoughts run freely and
uninterrupted even though a
bell rings or a person speaks.
I am alone.

Marcia Nahikian

Table of Contents—Inward

Alone with my thoughts,
They creep and grow
Into manifestations
Of lives beyond
And days ahead.

Table of Contents—Outward

The moment one moves
All things fade away
Returning to my window
The mornings' new light.

SALLIE SHUPING

GAY TOLLEY

I was standing on a world of mine own,
And the wind started blowing.
What makes the wind blow?

MARY MINOR CLIFTON

SUMMER NIGHTS

Summer nights—
Starry, firefly twilights
Crickets chirping
And a sweet peacefulness
Enveloping the universe.
The scent of honeysuckle
Drifts lazily from the woods—
Encircling my haven
Under the sapphire sky.
Now is the time
Of warmth and security
The moon—
The silver goddess—
Extends its shimmering light
On all below.
Remember these nights—
These nights of enchantment—
These summer nights.

SUSAN SMITH

Inside of me is a yearning. I must again look into the unknown and ask the age old question – why? Oh God, can't you answer? Why does a soul have to yearn? Why does a person have to give up the blessed, priceless items of childhood? Why must you grow up? Why God? Why can't it be delayed? My soul searches for content, yet it doesn't find rest. The breaths continue, yet the mind is stagnating. The road of life is before me, barren and well worn by the travels of others. They know – and yet they, too, are silent.

MARY MINOR CLIFTON

I sailed out of the harbor of Innocence
into
the inviting, dark waters of Rebellion
The mainland of Parental Guidance
sunk into an outline as
the music of Dreams powered my vessel.
Moving further away from
the islands of Social Reputation,
I glided secretly into the cove of Escape.
There the waters of Responsibilities and Decisions
carried away the broken pieces of
my ship wrecked on the rocks of Immaturity.
I swam to the volcanic island of Bitterness
and there I exist
on the fruits of Memories and
the stale water of Regrets.

SUSAN EVERETT

EVENING TIDE

The evening tide
falls back
from wandering lovers
Its waves push on –
The moon a spotlight
On their mirth –
We run, we glide
We touch, we hide –
white light from above
colors our myth
in shining white . . .

BECCA BITTLE

I am only me
I like people
And they like me —
sometimes.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

Life is a collaboration of good and bad.
Would you like a piece of mud cake?

ANN BOYLE

How many times does someone
have to tell you you're blind
in order to make you see?

ANN BOYLE

LOOK AHEAD YESTERDAY

This search for truth
The need for honesty, will it be found
To begin with us
The challenge it must begin
With us

Going backways
Looking for something new with special
Meaning
Blind to the profound distinction of all things
Always known

Forget the histories
Truth is future tense
This future, we can stretch for it
Together you and I
We just might find it friend

CHRISTINA M. CHASE

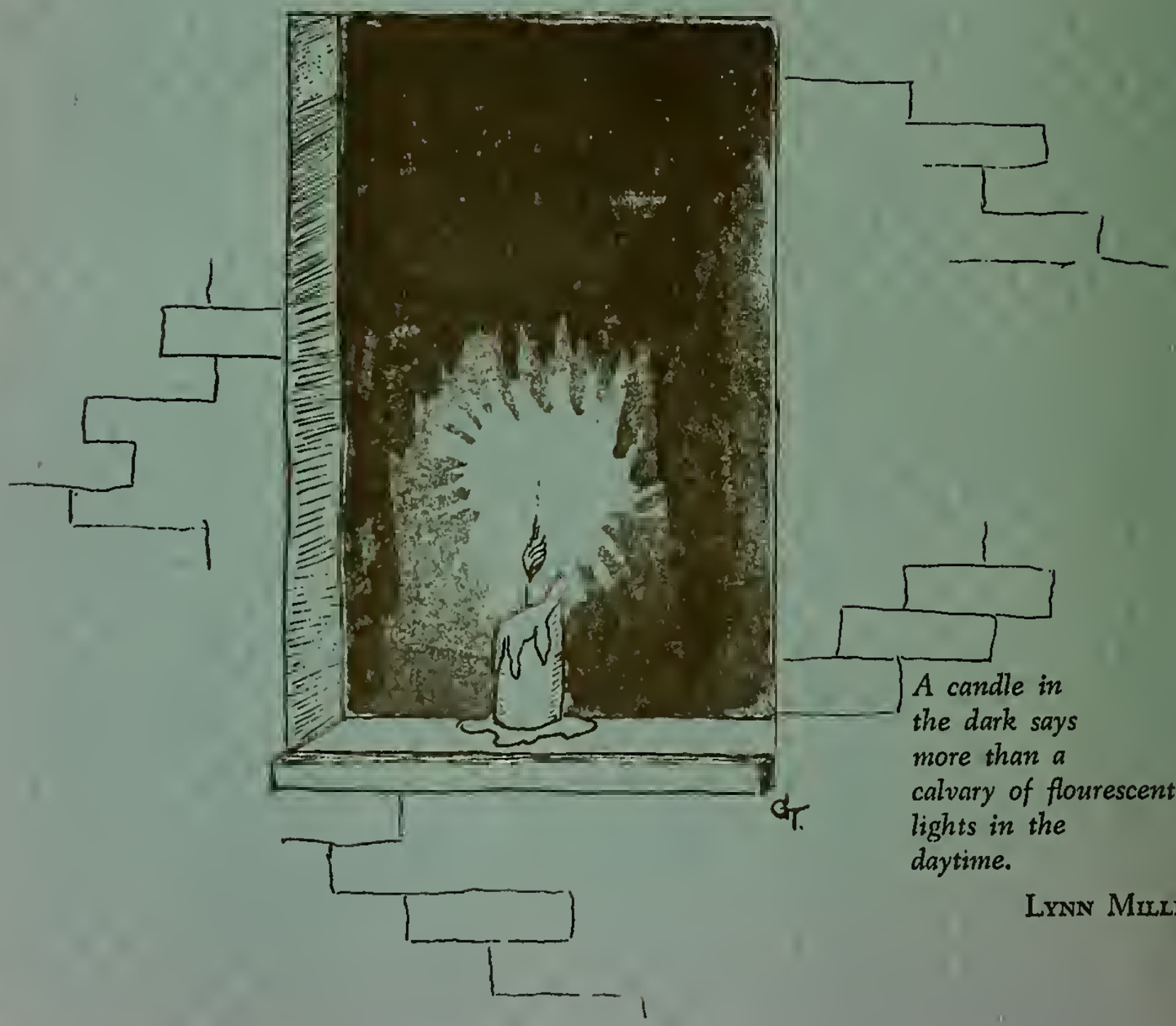
FINDING GOD'S LOVE

If you look closely,
You can find God's love
in everyone.
If you look closer,
You'll find His love
in everything.
If you look even closer,
You'll find His love
in yourself.

CONNIE HARRELL

This afternoon I went out to play in the snow
and had the best time — I wish it wouldn't go!
We had snow-ball fights and sled races
and afterwards we would all have such red faces.
Our fingers were frozen and our toes were numb —
but we didn't care; we all acted so dumb!
And as the long afternoon came to an end,
I suddenly realized that today, I'd been a child again . . .

BRENDA WATSON



A candle in the dark says more than a calvary of flourescent lights in the daytime.

LYNN MILLER

NATURE

He tapped, quite softly
On my door
One day,
And told me
That over, was
My; stay
Nay, said I
I could not go,
Not now
For I had left behind
My soul,
With man
I loved life,
Man loved me.
So it was, that
Death let me be;
To serve humanity,
Eternally.

LYNN MILLER

My words on this paper
May seem shallow, vague. Look
deeper, search; a little of all lies
here to be found.

M T K

LOOK AT YOU

Come fly with me
We'll take the everlasting wings of peace
Be pleased with satisfaction
And have the fortitude ot strive onward

Break away from the bars of introspection
Conceal only that which is known
Strike out at the meek to make them see
There is nothing named shame

Throw away the thoughts of self doubt
Look to find the judges
Those that weigh the merits of others
Find themselves lowest of all

Take the words of conscious self
Lift thoughts high above immaturity
Throw your soul to the earth around
Let God remould your mind.

Come fly with me
We'll take the everlasting wings of peace
Be pleased with satisfaction
And have the fortitude to strive onward.

JULIE WALKER

Find an empty shell
put it to your ear
Emptiness is making noise!

Ann Boyle

THE DESERT

In the middle of the day when the sun is at its highest, shines a light across the desert scorched land. It awaits the time of day when the rain will gently fall like the feathers of a dove; to moisten the steaming breath of the ground underneath.

When this glorious and beautiful day comes when the rain will scatter its love across the hated heat, will be the day of new born life which before could not exist.

Marsha Hardy

THE EYES

And once again, I'll call you friend.
We'll bond the bonds
And share our lives
Which briefly joined
In a union of love.

At times you seem so distant
And interference would be a malady
I feel unsure of true feelings
And question puzzling looks
I strive to understand the independence
Which is so much a part of you

At other moments I feel warmth
and friendship flowing from
beneath your eyes.
I feel nothing could break
the bonds which seem SO tight
A harmony of peace engulfs me
And a security of being.

For a brief second our souls touched
And my life was enlightened
And my day beautified
Don't forget this brief time
It means all of everything to me.
When the time comes to go:
Once again, I'll call you friend
We'll bond the bonds
And share our lives
Which briefly joined
In a union of love.

JULIE WALKER

You're leaving my love
To find a new world of contentment

And if you turn around
All you'll see
Is a friend
Standing behind you.

JULIE WALKER

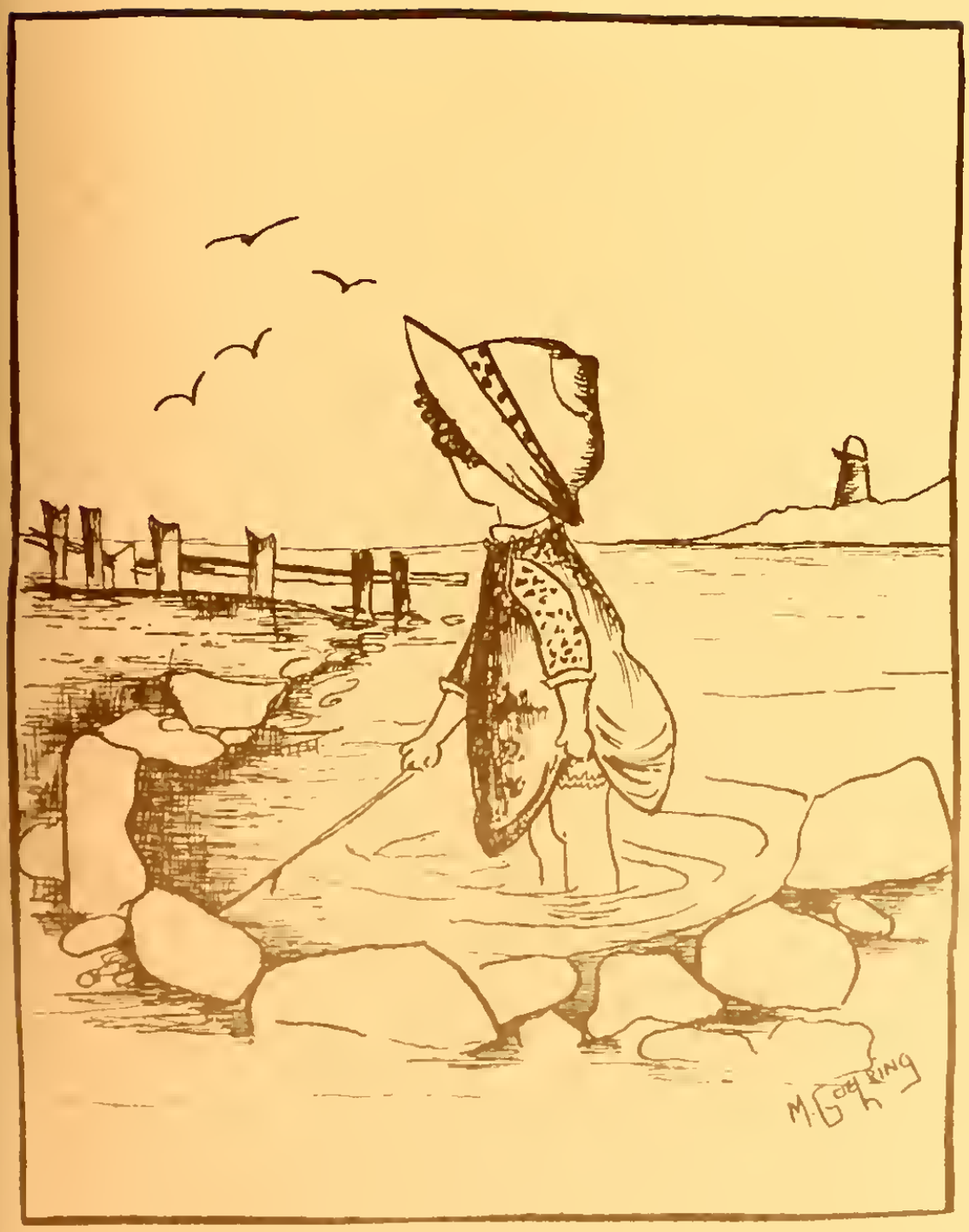
Sometimes I need someone,
Not a lover—a friend—
That I can listen to and
talk to about all things.
Someone who cares, but
not too much
Someone who's there,
but not too much
Someone I can count on to be
my friend.

TERRYN DOUGLAS

I HAVE A FRIEND

I cried and nobody
asked why
I screamed and
nobody listened
I laughed and
nobody heard me
I talked to the sky
and Someone
listened
and Someone
heard me
and Someone
Knew why
And I have
a friend.

CONNIE HARRELL



An extra person
in us all
yet in you—
a unique being,
Whose eyes
display such warmth
they challenge the mid-day sun
and enable others
to join
to share in the light
and frolic in the sunshine.
So to you
I give the world
—or rather
give you to it,
For each is blesséd
Whenever he knows
the dazzle in your sunlite eyes.

SALLIE SHUPING

Pink stars
fill my head
with visions
of marshmallows.

LYNN MILLER

THE COMING OF AGE

Who goes there?
—romping in the misty leaves
that smell of death's delight
of skeletons and insect shells
mushrooms mold and blight.
From them rise the trunks so bare
with branches (dead and dying)
of silent twigs, perennial scars,
through which no breeze goes sighing.
It is but the children
in sacrilegious play
By them go unnoticed
the signs of death's decay.
In every eye mischievious light
in every cheek a glow
The present holds brief interest;
they hold their breaths
and wait, for snow.

GINA GILL

GAMES

Come join our game, and put on
your mask;
We don't know who you are
and we'll never ask.

The rules of this game are simple
as can be;
Just be yourself, be alive and free.

No one here can tell you what
to do;
But just remember, "To thine
own self be true."

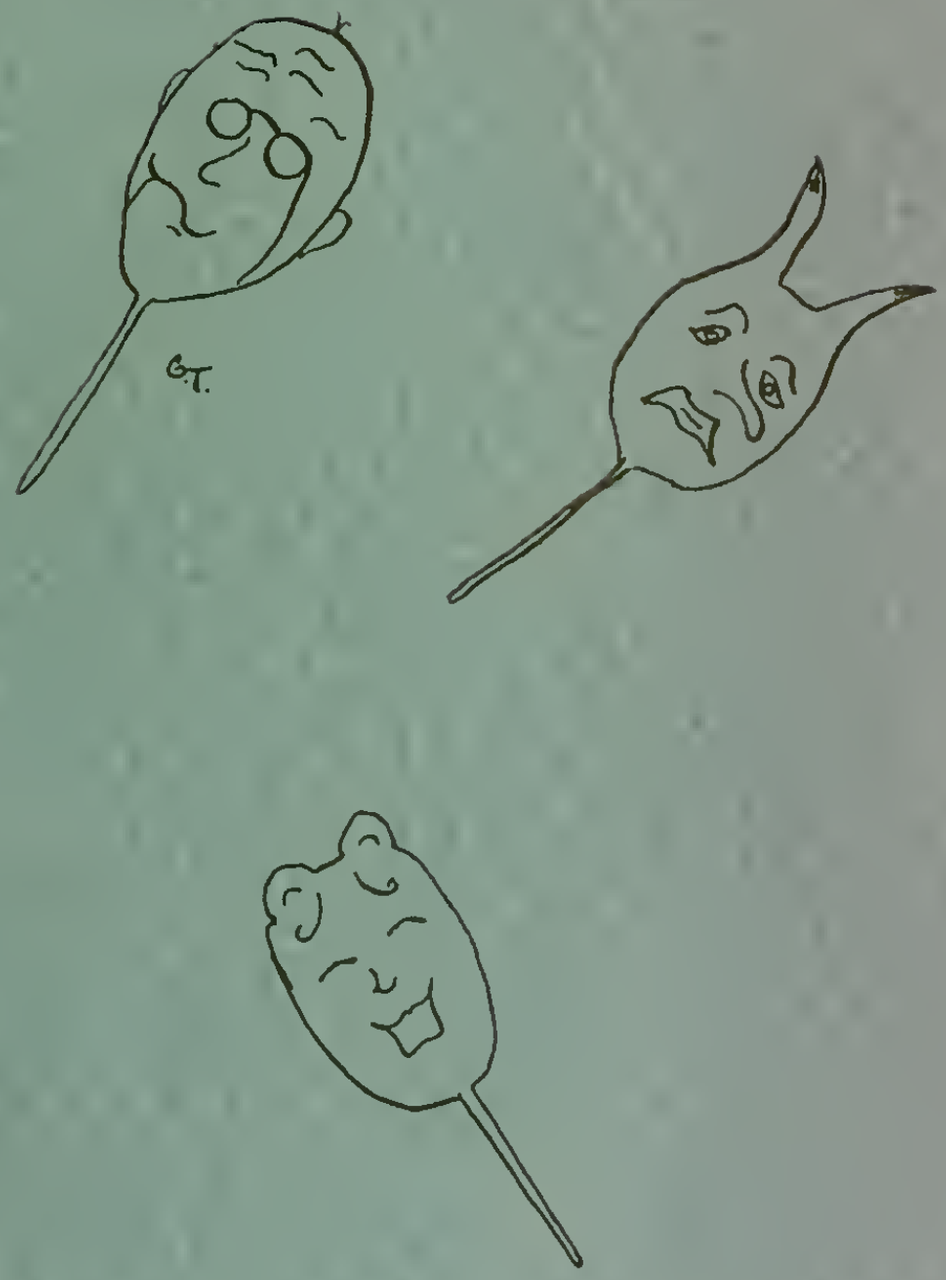
You can come and join us in
this game;
But no one is individual and
we're all the same.

If you can act just like you
are told;
Then you're a "good" person,
and good as gold.

But when you bring your own
ideas into the scheme;
Someone will tell you you're
having a bad dream.

Just act like us and you'll
be all right;
You're really "in there baby",
you're out of sight.

AUDREY HARRIS



I asked a professeur
of the art of life
"What is freedom?"
I asked a wise man
content upon his mountain top
who simply smiled
as though I – a fool
had no intention
of learning an answer.

Today I drove to the countryside
and eyed two youngsters
running barefoot
through an open field
of wild daisies
with a puppy following
close behind

the answer was clear.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

Birds of day and
crickets of night mingle in
twilight melody.

GINA GILL

WHY I LOVE AUTUMN

The season of autumn always makes me feel good
With its refreshing, crisp air and bright blue skies.
I adore wearing sweaters, jackets, and hoods,
But even more than that, I love pumpkin pies.

It's fun cutting out pumpkins and roasting the corn,
Building giant bonfires and cheering at big games.
I love the loud pep rallies, blowing megaphone horns
Ane hearing the turkey hunters when they make false claims.

We wonder: ". . . who will be Homecoming Queen?.
. . . Rats, Thanksgiving vacation is not long enough!
Do you think its Ruth, Becky, . . . or . . . Jeanne?
Ooh! . . . my hands – they're so chapped and rough."

Can't wait to eat turkey and cranberry sauce,
Jump in leaf piles and watch trick-or-treaters.
We'll have to avoid Halloween eggs that are tossed.
Goodbye for now . . . I have to cut on my heater.

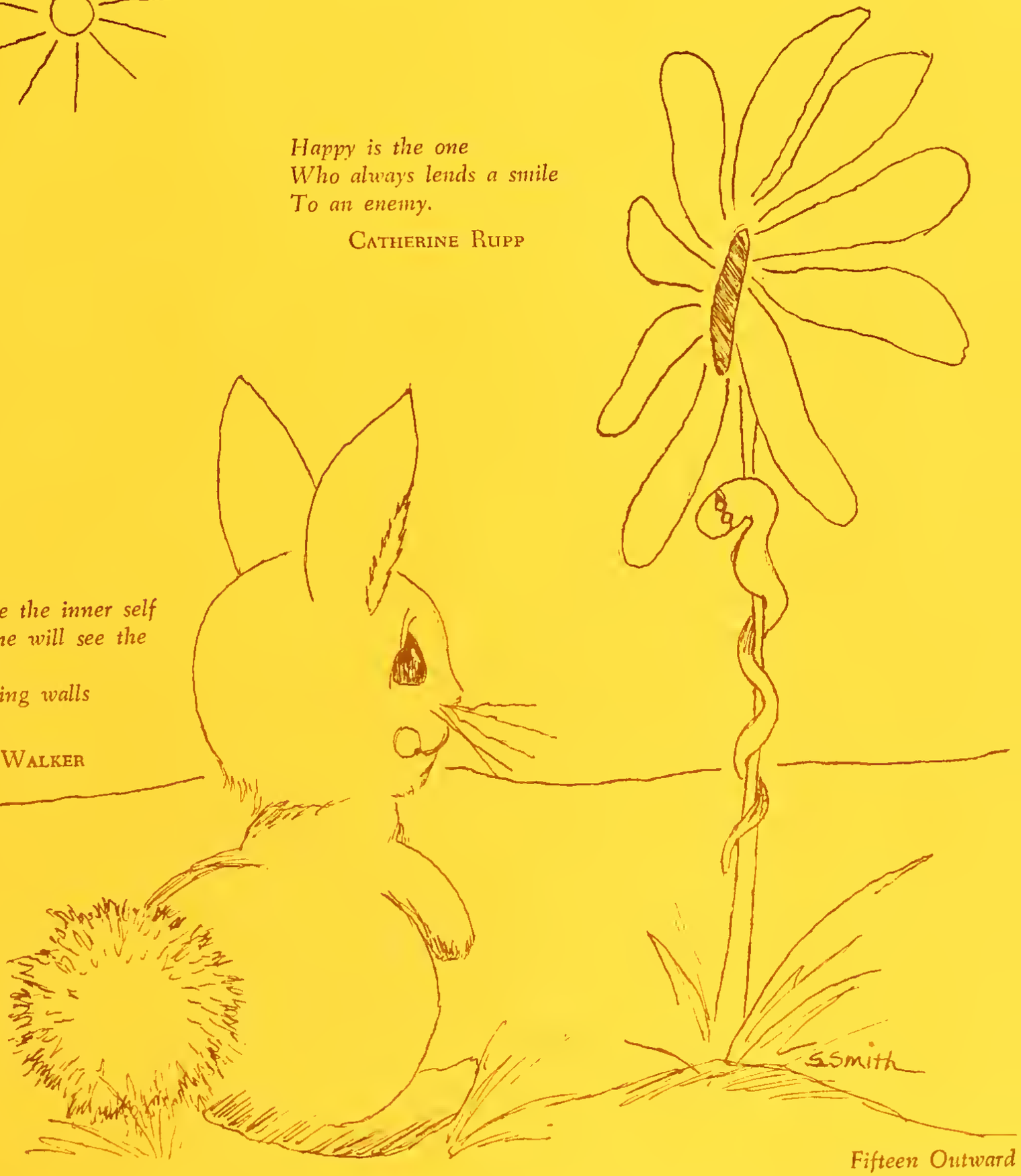
SALLY MCALISTER

Happy is the one
Who always lends a smile
To an enemy.

CATHERINE RUPP

nimals are free
hey have no walls to hide the inner self
hey are not afraid someone will see the
real and inner being
hy must we have deceiving walls
re we not also animals?

JULIE WALKER



SAID THE STUDENT TO THE LEARNED WOMAN

"And what think you of Cummings?"
"I think not of him at all. Shakespeare
is my savior, born before The Fall."

"And Whitman, what of Whitman?"
"His poetry is crass! I'll celebrate Chris
Marlowe. From him I'll fetch my grass."

"But what of Solzhenitzyn"
"His prose, rest sure, is grand. But
sonnets are my life-lines. The "Shepherd"
is my lamb."

"No more questions, young one. My
books and studies call. For I was born
a scholar: I need not think at all!"

McKay Munford

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

The Virgin Queen
sits on top of her ice cream cone
Melting with the cream,
crumbling with the cone . . .
All the while saying:
"Let them eat cake" . . .

Becca Bittle

OUR SONG

For every cup of love;
there was sacrifice.

And for all the pain a mother goes through to have a child;
the child shall bring her twice the happiness

And for every tear shed;
there shall be a moment of laughter.

So my friends we know of our love
And we shall sing our song to the mountains
And they shall echo them all over the land
As we walk hand in hand.

Ann Boyle

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MOGGE

A lifetime continues, from its beginnings until it incorporates itself into the eternal universe. And within this time our lives are molded – by heredity and environment – and we wonder what will become of what we are. However, we cannot (or dare not) place ourselves above ourselves to watch our movements; but rather, we must gradually evolve, and grow, and in time create the individual essence which thrives within us all.

5/75

Our love is like a day.
When we met, the sun rose
For both of us.
We found in each other
What we wanted of the world
And what it wanted of us.
When you look at me,
Your eyes warm me.
When we're together,
Our love, as bright as the sun,
As never-ending,
Warms us.
I know I could not face you
If our love died;
So, know:
If our sun goes down,
I will chase its shadow,
And leave,
Alone,
In the night—
And our day will end.

CATHERINE BLANKENSHIP

a friend
i watch your moods
your blues, your whites
i see you grow
in mind and heart
and most of all, in love.
the times they change,
a day goes fast,
but on we'll roam
among the fields
and into the horizon,
through many seasons, attitudes, and comrades
we'll pass on our way,
but in the time that's given us
we must continue to live,
to grow, and to love
so that we may take all of these times
and wisdoms
with Us.

SALLIE SHUPING

DAWNINGS

Dullness spreads
across the skin of my mind.
Creeping like a tick, it's minute
and disease-carrying.
Growing fat and swelled from
torturous memories.
Sapping strength from the soul,
the tick sinks his head into my sanity.
The tick grows as the sucking continues,
Killing inspiration.

SUSAN EVERETT

My god
of silent
Turning Forcefull
Touching into
Reaching for
Integrating into
Filtering through
me
mine
own
very own
Soul —

I am of
The One
Who Is
For All.

Inside,
My god
Emanates out
of me —
I cannot crumble
or fall
I cannot cease
Until I am left
alone — by
My god
of silent
Turning force . . .

BECCA BITTLE

Worthlessness is a horribly lonely thing.
It is confusing and empty and void
You turn and look and search
But the mind strangles reality.

Fear engulfs the soul
Nothingness surrounds
A small spark in the very distant future
Flickers and wavers

Where is the hope
It HAS to be there
And yet there's nothing
Which can seep through the wall of depression.

Are you there my friend.
Do you linger in my present
Will you stand and care and give
As you watch me wallow in self pity
Or will you run?

I need –
I'm not sure what . . .
Love, security, understanding, sympathy
Or is there something else?

I need to be free
To be me again
I'm not my self you know
Will you wait on my return?

JULIE WALKER

KISSIN'

Some say kissin' is an awful sin
You get the germs from another's skin
But I say kissin's no harm at all
Kissin' was done 'fore Adam's fall.

Before sin entered the Garden of Eden
Adam kissed Eve both morning and evening
Long before we were boys and girls
People were kissin' all over the world.

If kissin' were a thing against the law
Your Pa would never be a kissin' your Ma
There'd be no kissin' at the bankers ball
Lawyers would allow no kissin' at all.

If kissin' were a most unholy thing
There'd be no kissin' with the wedding ring
The preacher himself would do no kissin'
Against all kissin', he'd do a lot of hissin'.

If kissin' were not both modest and good
Madams wouldn't be a kissin' when they could
Madams everywhere sweet, pure, and chaste,
Let none of their kissin' go to waste.

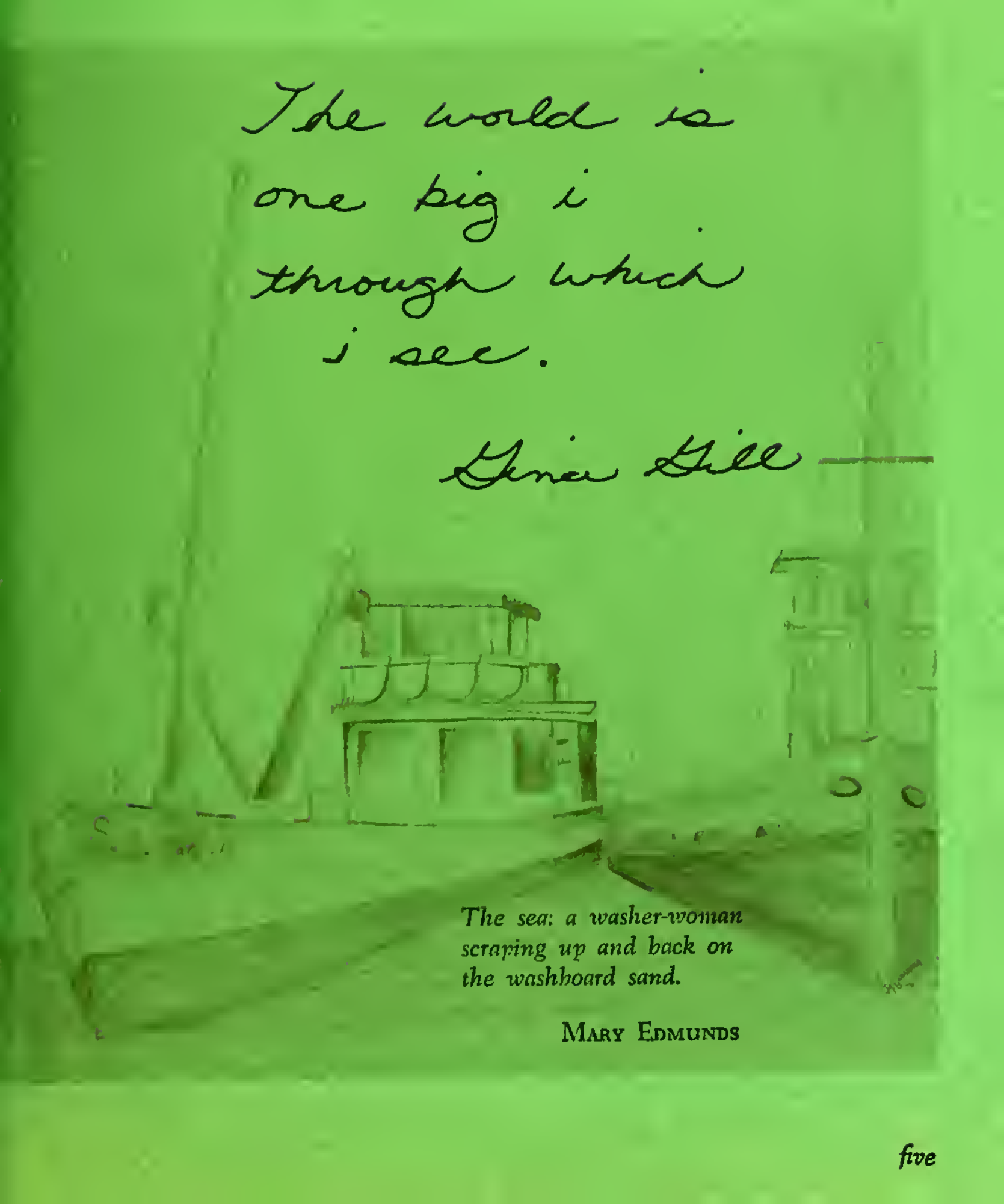
If kissin' were scarce and hard to find
Some people for kissin' would fall behind
The rich would soon on kissin' get a corner
The poor do kissin' to make hearts warmer.

In the many years kissin' has goin' on
There's been many reasons why kissin' is wrong
But whether kissin' is wrong or right
There's nothing like kissin' for pure delight.

BETSY BURTON

The world is
one big i
through which
i see.

Gina Gill



The sea: a washer-woman scraping up and back on the washboard sand.

MARY EDMUNDS

Flowers in the Rain

Taking a walk on a rainy day
to a park where flowers
are growing wild as can be.
They seem to say
that Spring is here
and we are free.
As you go on your way
you have a sudden impulse
to pick the first one you see,
and free, no more, that flower will be.

Connie Darrel

THE CELL

I walked as if in sleep, full unaware of the where,
unaware and yet aware of the place
The damp-coldness of the black, dusk-lit walls
folds me up in its arms,
arms which I don't want to be held by,
alienated arms which hold me in
what that my soul now wants to flee
The damp -- black-coldness of the adamantine walls envelops
my thoughts,

summons me to lie down
surrendering to the night chill —
A chill which touches to the quick,
to lie down in the puddle of my emotions
The damp, blackening coldness of stone -- walled madness
melts away,
it no longer matters
My God,
i have
killed
a man.

F. E. Henry

Pop, pop
the bottle
stops
(our) heads
are carried
in a glass
bubbling and fizzing
— slick as glass
Do you think
they're going to
overflow?
No, No, good sir
oh no —
you mustn't be so tritel
We Will, I say
we Will
— Yes Sirl —
go on
All Nightl
All right
all right
all right

Gina Gill

SILHOUETTES IN NATURE

The silhouettes of nature against the sun
In the morning at dawn or when the day is done
Always fill me with wonder and enhance me too
Because dawn and dusk beautify; they really do.

Each sunrise and sunset is different and new.
When you all watch them . . . do they affect you?

At the beach I lov[illegible]hing the gulls and other bir[illegible]
That fly during th[illegible] . . . too pretty for words.

I see the cross on [illegible] most every night,
Set neatly against [illegible]et light.

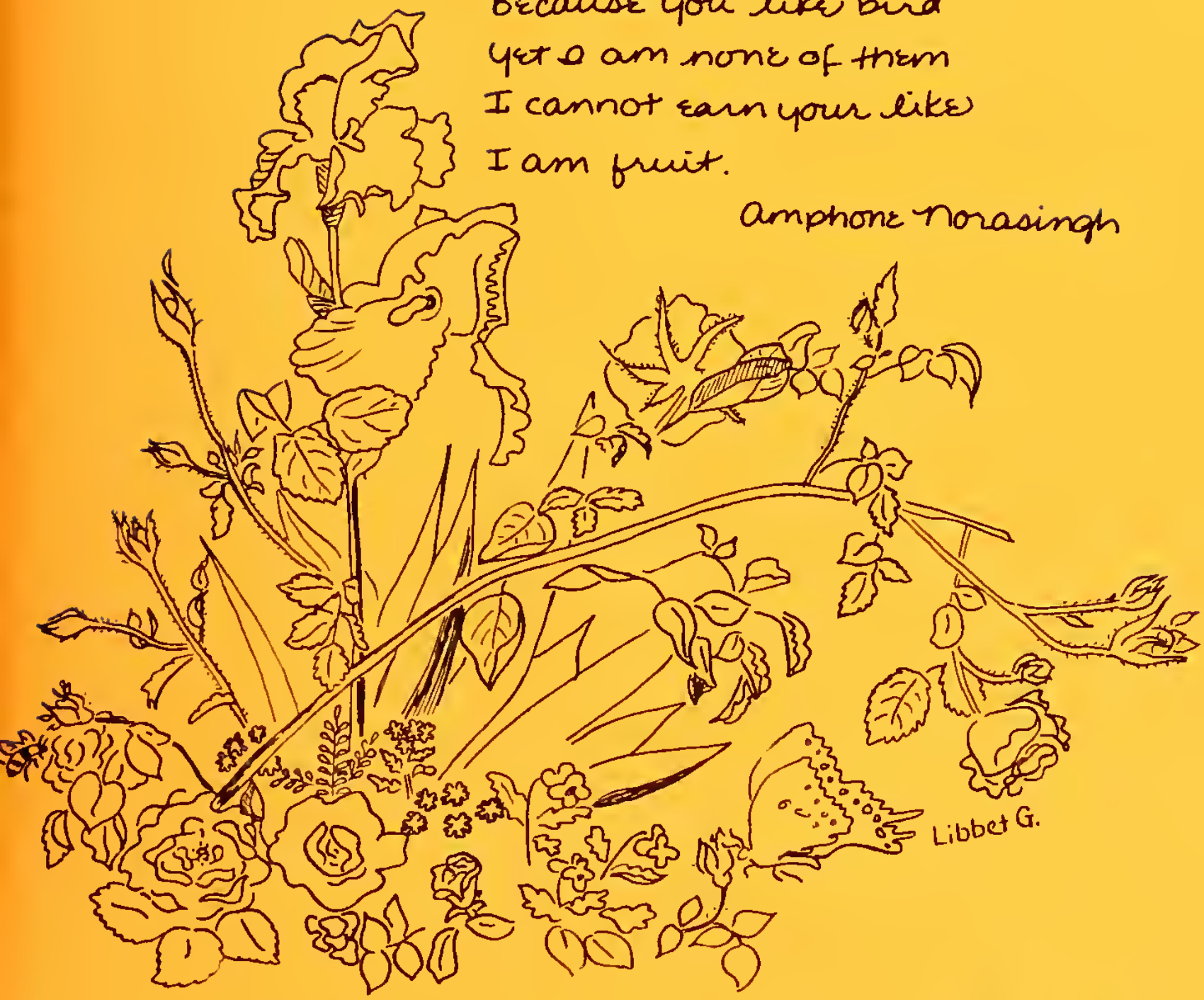
Most of all silhoue[illegible]o see trees,
Their bare branche[illegible] the evening breeze.

Maybe I'm alone i[illegible]tty silhouettes,
Watching birds, s[illegible]eat sunsets.
But these unique [illegible] gifts from above
And they are creat[illegible] always love.

SALLY MCALISTER

I want to be flower
Because you like flower
I want to be bird
Because you like bird
Yet I am none of them
I cannot earn your like
I am fruit.

Amphone Norasingh



METAMORPHOSIS

THE CRACK IN THE WALL

Though you have painted your room
In the brightest shades of sun
you could buy for money,
And tho' you still laugh
As your friends walk out the doorway,
The crack in the wall has grown deeper.
And baby you know it.

When you stopped all your clocks
You thought you had saved yourself;
but while you sang a hymn to eternity
The threads of Time entangled you,
And now you cannot stop the
crack in the wall.

yet you were the one that began
it all
when you nailed Truth upon the wall
And stabbed her with your cutting intellect
Then smiled and left her to die
alone.
Her corpse has withered; the nails remained
To deepen the crack in the wall.

Now what can you do but wait and watch
The destruction of your supposed
immortality?
Listen to the crumbling of your mind
within you.
And cry to realize it all began and
ended
With the crack in the wall.

LYNN MILLER

Contemplating time in dark colors and
slow movements,
With traces of soulful hautbois
Renders all useless from carelessness,
And all cool from hot, fervid thoughts.

CATHERINE BLANKENSHIP

The pale moon rose
Through the gray March clouds
My mind sunk into the dark corners
of my brain
The clouds moved aside
for the moon
to smile down at the dark earth . . .
My mind remains within the dark corners—
waiting until May
to rise above the clouds . . .

BRENDA WATSON

Looking off into the
distant sunset
Or a great valley below
my mind starts
to wander and
suddenly,
I am
remembering days
of long ago
Of how we
climbed the
hillside trail
everyday—
without fail
I can still see you
standing in the
morning rain
as sunbeams fill the
sky for the very
first time
We'd sit upon that
hillside trail
till supper time
at least . . .
Then climb on down again . . .
those days are all over
now
and you have
gone away
To where I must go some day . . .
Will you relive those days
with me again
then? . . .

MOLLY JORDAN

I am my life, containing
within me life.
I must live so as to plea
to my world.
'Cause the blistering days of time
destroy the truth,
For if given time to think, I
no longer do believe I love:
Because my sun and warmth
have tried to become.
Yet the rain and thunder
seem to massacre the meaning.
The thunder and rain, I speak
of, is made by the one
who seeks to destroy me.
This person, shadows upon my
mind, of the torture
he plans to bring.

ANNA SAVAGE

Who will save us?

– the world sags
like a sleepless eye;
it bores me quite to desperation
and all my blue frustration
curls up into a ball
and smashes thru
the wall of God,
and good, and doing
all it could...
it hurtles into space
out to a timeless place
where devils dance
and good men die
while all the rest
do multiply
and fatten on conceits;
We live quite happy lives
here, sustained by puffery,
catchy airs, and lies...

(we die like flies)

Who will save us?

Gena Gill

you ARE, perhaps,
Sitting in a room
Listening to music
Melancholy strains
of blues and blacks,
Feeling, perhaps,
That you will wither
Away into
Nothingness
with no one
To wither along with,
And thinking that
you would
Love
To cry
or pout
And then be comforted
And told happy stories
of all
goodness and Light —
Like icing on the cake,
which is better ...
I ask you
which is better:
The icing
The cake
or
Neither ...

BECCA BIHLE =

Pessimism

Monuments falling
Governments failing
Pollution appalling
And people wailing
Angry words spoken
Rifle shots fired
Promises broken
And cheating admired
Forgiveness impossible
Revenge to be had
Failing inevitable
In a world gone mad.

Lynn Miller

The beach, a beautiful place,
With so much to offer
Evidence of life and its environment
The ocean, gulls, and perhaps the
most outstanding — the shells.
The shells — protecting and hiding
the true animal inside
You are the animal with words
and actions as your shell.
You are fearful to come out and
face the real world with problems.
Yet not so much the physical ones
but the intangible and emotional ones
So why be the shell when
you can be the beach for me?

MARGARET SMITH

ADAPTIONS

MY SENSE OF YOU

Words are symbols simply
Graphic representations arranging
A want-for better means to communicate
The churning of mind
And vibrating of heart

Every now and then one of these pictures
Drawn will truthfully reflect
The mirror of its core
But this is a rare thing
Rare thing

I have been humbled by
Your motives
For trying
To paint for me
Something of your being

But I do not believe I can attribute the
Words you have given me this life
With my sense of you —
Those churnings and vibrations
Experienced within the shell

Rather my perception grows from awareness
Of the catalyst
Of your words given me
That grain of motivation behind an
Oyster's rich harvest

Your intentions define
The essence inside the shell
For me
And I believe
That if I can

Learn to listen
For those things
You cannot express
Then I will hear voiced silent
The truth of one creation to another

CHRISTINA M. CHASE

I've got many roads to travel
But I can't seem to find
My way over the hills.
Wandering, I am lost
blind in a world unknown.

I've got many roads to travel
Its only my heart
that keeps me going down this path
and the loneliness won't let me find peace.

Yes, there are many roads to travel
It's such a drag to be all alone
with only my dreams
to help me along
as the sun beats hard
against my back,
and as I lie in the fields of gold
I dream of you
and the many roads I must travel.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

I have too many wishes and dreams
Now I *wish* to have *no wish.*
And *dream* of *no dream.*

AMPHONE NORASINGH

Melancholy thoughts
And nostalgia trips
That halt the present
And eliminate the future.
Wallowing in good memories
Discarding the bad,
Creating a sense of unbalance
Within voids not yet satisfied
And love soon to be encountered.
Vivid retrospection and analysis
Of how and why may cause one
To read more into a situation
Than is actually there - so
Maybe we depend to much upon the past
To guide future endeavors
And uncovered memories
Justify our efforts in the present.
Please, my friend, don't fall into the abyss
But carefully peak in and be glad.

Casey
Smithson

I am the fool
You — the puppet,
and together in love
We are nothing.
For separate selves
can never merge
into One
Or can they?
Or must they?
To be alone in love
or together in pain,
there is no disparity.
For we are one
in feeling
And two reflections
in pride
But bagatelles
in Hope.

SALLIE SHUPING

My mind's gone, a resourceless me;
I'm like an autumn leaf
With the chilly wind blowing,
I descend from where I am, to where
I was,
Closely I kiss the earth.

AMPHONE NORASINGH

First, we were friends and
then, hope crept near.
When love finally blinded us,
Faith joined us into one.

CONNIE HARRELL

Starving people
The threat of the bomb
Air pollution
From where does it come?
Hedonism
Money consciousness
The dying underground
Apathy
Go back to nature some have said
Contemplate life, remember the dead.
Introspection of outer views
What's really happening?
Listen to the news
Avoid the pain by playing the game
Hi! I'm Joe Smults and what is your name
Think before doing and learn all you can
My dad went to college and he's a helluva man
Beating my brains out while jobs get so scarce
What does it lead to, my God what a farce!
Exist and be happy
No matter the cost
There's no longer a cause
So nothing is lost.

PAM SMITHSON

Life confuses me.
All the people
All the legalities and the principalities
Get in my way.
Everything is too hectic.
I'd rather relax and enjoy life
Loving you.

GAYE ISENHOUR

The world all around
I, in my shell all alone
To cry by myself.

LYNN MILLER

I see myself act sometimes as a reflection of what I feel. Other times we cover that because we are tired of people reaching out then drawing back.

Perhaps it would have been better if we did as others and pass them away; never given thought.
Who gains more in life?

Surely we, although we cry so often.
Yes, it hurts to try and be beautiful and ME.

ANN BOYLE

Hypocracy 5/5 S. Owens

Sometimes I wonder what you feel when you
smile at me from a distance.

BRENDA WATSON

it humbles me to think
how little the i in me
can be
since the time when i
met you.
it hurts to learn
that i'm so unimportant
in comparison
oh, how little the i in me
can be.
the pride in me is gone—
torn into tiny little, little pieces
of the i that its only right to love.

L. E. Henry

QUILTING

I am tired—
My head, a heavy object
Crammed with every word
That has ever been spoken,
With every sadness ever endured,
With every joy,
Ecstasy, despair,
Frustration, hatred—
It is all here,
Inside my head
Weaving, constantly, through
Each nook and cranny,
Each corner and tiny
Space . . .
Like a needle with thread
attached, every emotion
Pierces the centre
of my body,
Becoming, finally, a
Neat patchwork.
I would only like to
unfold it and
Spread it out before
Me—To view its pattern if,
by chance,
There is one—

BECCA BITTLE

MONOLOGUE IN F MINOR

Strawberry sundrops
Falling in white summer,
Heat waves wilting my thoughts
Of you.
Just one small patch of color
In a sea of human eyes,
Waiting for the motions
That show me you care.
My mind dances alone
Like wheat rippling in a field
Each thought tendering a spark of life.
A newfound love and unusual assurance
About the crossties of feeling
And innocence of emotion.
Spontaneity seeking to prove wrong
The seeming certainty that we
Won't see each other again.
I'll remember your smile
As well as your music
Though distance will always
be between
My wants and your needs
I am a more complete person
Because I saw a small part of you.

PAM SMITHSON

Sometimes
Recalling the times of a friendship
Can bring a happiness that is needed.
But then
A solitary tear appears.
It brings no more
But in itself
It tells of love
And explains
The pain of memory.

MIRIAM FLETCHER

We loved each other's bodies.
I tried to also grasp your mind but you refused to permit it.
I have sacrificed many relationships due to my logic. But
My logic never enters into brain with you.
You conquered me and I once almost conquered you.

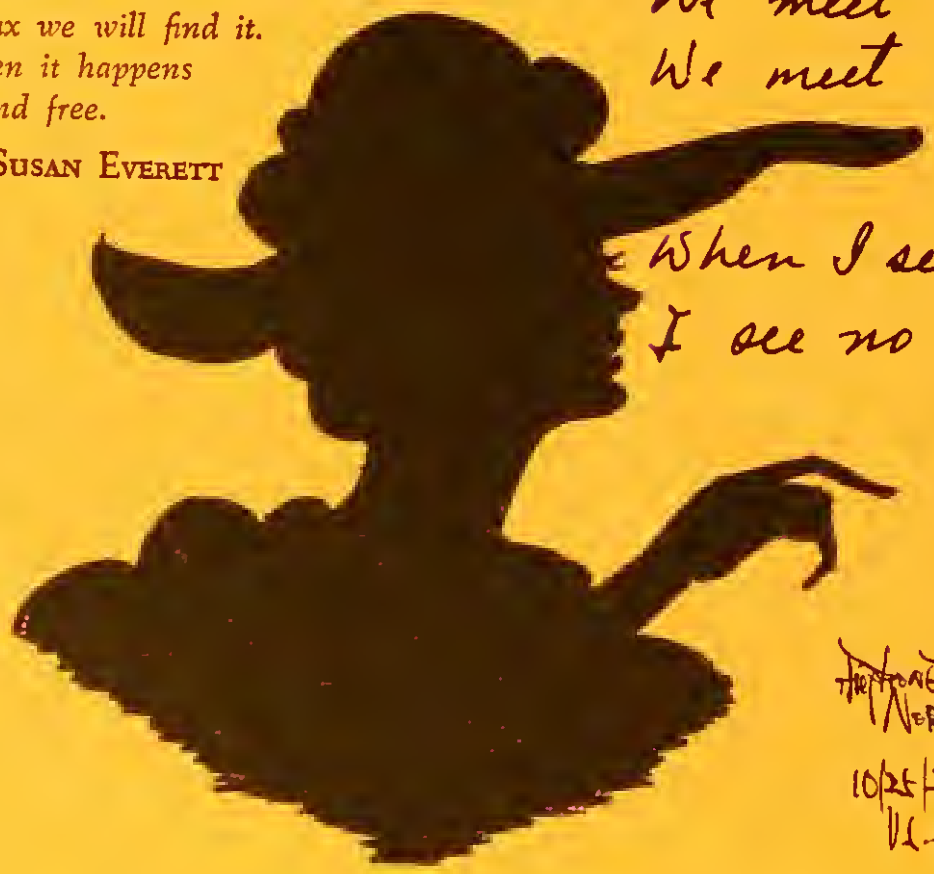
I watch you strut now like a bantam rooster with
Your hens clucking obediently behind you.
I watch you ignore me when I make an effort to be nice.
I watch you laugh when I squirm.
But I feel your desire for me to remain when I leave.
I see your discomfort when I appear upset.
I've seen your concern when I was cruelly hurt.

I see and feel your contradictions. I look for the
mean between these two extremes.
I believe there is that mean and
I believe if we ever once relax we will find it.
Heaven help us then for when it happens
We will be both venerable and free.

SUSAN EVERETT

A shadow,
A shadow of mine
My true follower,
My holy lover.
We meet in the sun,
We meet under the moon
We meet silently.

When I see you no more,
I see no more of myself.



How Much Time

How much time are
you willing to dedicate
to the broken lines
of a highway?

Lynn Miller

As the season changes
From Fall to Winter –
as the leaves turn
From a beautiful rainbow
of radiant colors
into brown – dead – lifeless –
So do I.

I slowly die,
along with the leaves
I turn my shades
I live
I love – I learn
and slowly
I become unentwined
from – my tree of life
and drift away
thru the brisk, chilling, atmosphere
and into eternity.

CORNEILLE LITTLE

Some feelings are deeper
than thoughts can touch

Christina Mehan

A person's most potent advice comes through their example

Christina McCrae

THE BIG RIVER

I like to sit on the banks of the big river
And listen to its steady chant;
Nothing is disturbed on the banks of
the big river,
And I see Life's masterpiece in the
tiny flowers and plants.

The river is a symbol of peace and
tranquility,
Which makes me feel proud, and free;
It has a unique beauty surrounding
it,
That reminds me of the mighty sea.

As long as time goes on, there will
always be rivers to listen to;
And when people pause to hear them,
Life's meaning will be magnificent and new.

AUDREY HARRIS

FOOTSTEPS

Wooden floors splinter 'neath
The feet of sated children.
Steps fall below to raise
Their spirits to forgotten
Fields of yellow shastas—
They battle with the wind,
Golden strands untarnished,
Knowing not of silver's way.

Footsteps jingle noiseless like
A coin in cotton britches might.

McKay Munford

CARE FOR WHAT?

Worry not for the dead,
for they are gone.
But be happy for the living,
for they are here.
Care not for the wrong,
for it can be evil.
But rejoice when right wins out,
for it is of truth.
Seek not destruction,
for it will put you down
But help that of building up,
for it will heighten your soul.
Accompany not the haters,
for what will it accomplish?
But follow the lovers,
for they will help you love.
Because they will help you
Seek out the truth in Reality—
For their truth is of love.

ANNA SAVAGE

Happiness
revolves around
the past
the present
and the future.
Mary Minor Clifton

Love was never meant to be
isolated. When it is violated
and confined, love has lost all purpose.
Love needs to be shared, enjoyed by all.
When you have confined love, you have
isolated your own as well
as loosing a part of you that only time
can find and repair.

MTK

I got the feelin'
you got the feelin' too?
that the world is right
and there's no sense bein' blue
'cause all earth's children
got wings to fly
and once you can, my oh my,
there's no good reason
for comin' down.
there ain't no ropes
to keep you bound;
Don't know why they do
and don't know why but
look at the sky just
sittin' there all big
and wide an' blue
— don't cha just know . . .
you got the feelin' too?

GINA GILL

Be yourself — if only for yourself.
Others will see the importance
and — in turn — see you
and all you have to offer.
Most of all — take care and be good
— smile — if only for the memory
It was beautiful and worth remembering
It was a time unlike any before —
unlike any to come
Unique in itself
and unto itself
— it was good.

MIRIAM FLETCHER

One rainbow
S T R E T C H I N G
across the sky
gives us hope
once again.

CONNIE HARRELL

OPEN BOOKS

The hall opens into a commodious room of vending machines and tabletops. It is a beige-walled carpetless commons where ignored posters hang in prominent spots. In such bareness of decor, one begins invisioning coke cans and cheese crackers' plastic wrappers as possible facsimiles for flowers. There are no arrangements. Students gather here between shifts to moan or study or moan of studying or share a laugh or two (one cannot count the laughs). Today, I stood outside its doors and listened to the low-key rumbling chatter. Emotions both vital and exhausted sounded the same. And isn't it always the way with emotions which must be sifted through a door?

Upon entering the room, I immediately spied Bert seated alone at a table near the back. With legs crossed and curled in perhaps a more feminine position than most men dare, his frail body tremored slightly with laughter. He held an open book in his hands and as he laughed his lips pursed and he tightly drew the book to his chest.

I walked to his table and sat down. Still clutching the book, he looked up dolefully with a face meant to erase all humor from the moment. I leaned in his direction.

"What are you reading?" I asked coolly. During the inevitable pause which followed, his eyes made quick observations of my dress, hair and nail polish, then settled once again upon the book before him.

"*Howl*," he answered expressionlessly. "Allan Ginsberg, you know?"

"Yes, I know." And he knew by the lowering of my voice and the way my hand made a sweeping motion across my face, that I did not approve of Ginsberg.

"I don't like Ginsberg," I said. "In fact, I don't respect the Beat poets much at all. Strictly historical, don't you think?"

"No, not historical, very *relevant*." He added sarcastically, "I suppose that I should apologize for the use of the word 'relevant' since they say it is no more such. But why obliterate an expressive word like 'relevant' or a creative mind like Ginsberg's because some fumbling oaf exploited it once too many times in poster pictures? Why make an aversion to any expression because it speaks so illustratively that every American man can *relate* to it?"

"Relate . . . relevant," I canted. "I take it you've heard Abbot's lecture on the Decadence of the English Language in Literature?"

"Yes, and I thought that it was not."

"Not what?"

"Why *relevant*, of course."

"Hmm. I might have known. Why do you detest the old man so?"

"I don't. But more to the point—"

"Why, Bert," I smiled wryly, "I didn't know that you believed that there was a point to it at all."

"My beliefs are indeed ir*relevant* at the moment." He carelessly tossed the book on the table. "Anyway, false attempts can often prove interesting." He paused, "Why do you detest Ginsberg?"

"Because, Bert, he was part of a cheap literary movement which hardly survived at its height and died completely at the ripe young age of 1968. It's a dead movement . . . anyone can tell you that."

"Anybody, perhaps, but in my mind Ginsberg is one of the greatest poets who ever lived."

"You're not only being subjective and stubborn, Bert, you're not being truthful."

"Ah-ha!" he exclaimed, lifting his arms to the sky in mock prayer. "So, it's truth that we want. Well, my truth happens to dictate to me that there are none greater than Ginsberg."

"Ginsberg is not the man in question."

"Oh . . .". His voice faded and his mind looked to be dancing upon the table and between us. "Who then?"

I bit my lip and wished that I had bitten my tongue before my last statement. For I did not wish to threaten him nor to subdue his pedantic arrogance as so many did. To leave

him hanging now, however, would be an even greater debasement to his spirit.

I lowered my voice and continued, "Frankly, Bert, I don't believe you respect Ginsberg much more than I. I think that you only want an argument, because . . . because, you're frightened of letting anyone think that you are not impossible to understand. That you are not a cold machine of intellectual anti-intellect."

Bert lowered his brow, "Attempting to understand people can be a dangerously agressive act."

"I don't believe that and I feel that you say it only to throw me off track, only to fluster me before I can speak. Yo do that, Bert, you present your ideas to people in the form of what you determine to be their opposing view and with your stubborn resistance either infatuate or alienate."

Bert interjected, "Abbot harshly criticizes the use of the word 'alienate' in contemporary writing."

"More words!—To hell with Abbot!"

He laughed again, "That's what I've been saving all along."

"Oh, Bert, I'm being ever so serious. Alienation will never make it in Harcourt, but neither does it read well in life."

"I ardently approve of the expression in both."

"Don't be abstruse, Bert, it's not very appealing."

But it was. It was what made him the intriguing character who unceasingly compelled me to try to understand him. I noted his physical imperfections now; the too prominent nose and jutting chin, beset by a half-circle of angry curls. His eyes turned toward me. They were sad shining brown, buried 'neath thick arched eyebrows which peeked over his lids and seemed to have a vision of their own.

I sighed, "We always end in an argument, Bert, we take things to the extremes."

"Yes, and we should covet the chance," he snapped, and his body made a sudden jerking motion toward me. I felt his eyes stroking my face; scrutinizing it in determination of my affections. He seemed to sense by its crimson warmth that my desire to understand him could not be satisfied by more of his cynical banter.

"Christine," he said. "You know that I care for you?"

The gentleness of his voice startled me. Never in our relationship had we used emotions to communicate. He, it had always seemed, believed them to be a sign of weakness and I, never quite believing in our relationship at all, now silently sank back in my chair in distrust of his exposed tenderness.

"No, Bert, I really know nothing of what you feel except . . ." I hesitated a moment, "Except that you are consumed and driven by some sourceless sense of pain. You never speak of your unhappiness just as you never speak of joy, but I feel it when we are together. I often wonder about your feelings, yet, something holds me back from probing."

"Fear, perhaps?" He added, "Fear of losing yourself in me?"

"But I want to be a part of you."

"And the pain that you speak of, you would wish that upon yourself?"

I could not answer. He looked at me and I saw the strain and frustration in every part of his body. His chin trembled in all its strength. The intensity of the moment was frightening and my eyes scanned the room in search of words to break the dull throbbing ache of the seconds.

"Bert, I don't think that either of us is in the right frame of mind to continue this." I was surprised at my cold tone of voice. "We should discuss this sometime when we are not so emotional."

Suddenly, his chest and shoulders stationed themselves in rigid position. He shook his head and nervously laughed, "I suppose I did sound a bit out of character."

"I really don't understand our relationship."

He opened his mouth to say something more, then suddenly shrugged his shoulders and crossed his legs again. Reaching for the discarded book, he flipped to a middle page and began reading.

"Anyway," he spoke factually without looking up, "You must agree that Abbot is wrong. Alienation is still a relevant term."

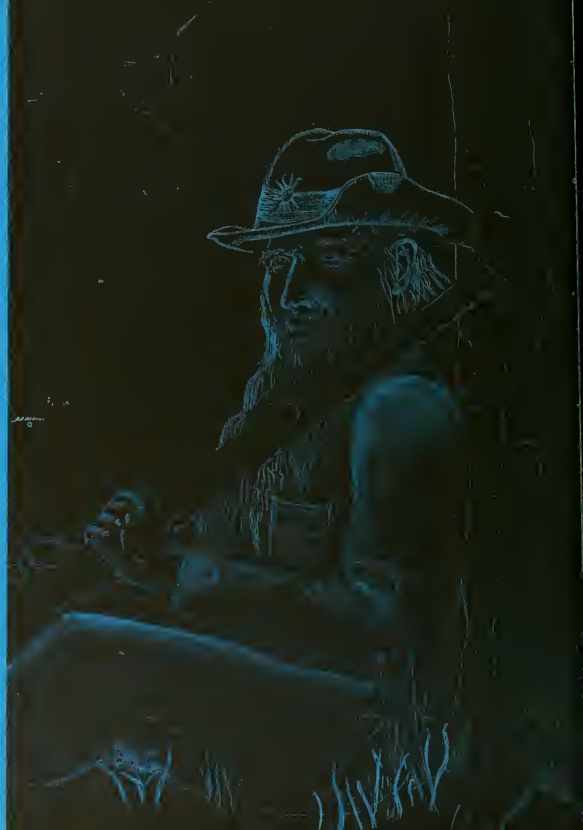
McKay Munford

A LIFETIME

A special hall
uniting in care
and love.
Like concentric circles
we join together
to form a pattern,
So that all who behold it will know
the puzzles of life
can be conquered
if only we work together,
In hopes
And dreams
In building our new tomorrow.

But what of this day
with all its sunshine
its laughter?
We've laughed a lot
—and cried a lot,
Our thoughts have become one
yet they are separate.
Funny, how simple white walls can change us
and mold our thoughts,
not into their rectangular pattern
but rather into a shape found nowhere else on earth,
For we are ourselves, yet we are each other,
And what we've gained in these experiences
will travel with us through all time
and into eternity,
. . . we'll be together again.

SALLIE SHUPING



The contentment of peace surrounds. Inward warmth from the sunshine. Life – how blessed, how short. Time never seems to lend enough enchantment to stop and give. Beautiful people whom words cannot thank. Trivia of "I love you's" spout like the wind through the weeping willow. Yes, weeping for the emptiness leaving with treasured moments spent together. Can you realize you've changed me. Made me over from a weeping willow – bending with a feather breath – to a stately oak who only rolls with disappointments. A love that transcends *most* human understanding is shared in our eyes. Lack of sincerity hurts worse than the pains of death. Love is needed to explain the feelings I can't.

JULIE WALKER

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