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MUSE



The Muse

Vol 74 No.1, Dec. 1975

t. Mary's College, Raleigh, N. C. Raleigh, North Carolina

Peanuts and Plums



F. E. H.

"There is always a temptation to diddle around in the contemplative life, making itsy-bitsy statues."

-Thomas Merton

Section I

45084

Seven days after the world ended, Barnaby broke into the Poughkeepsie Citizens' Bank, And piled all the greenness on the floor. He sat in the middle of it, and said, "I've lost my mother."

Two days later he broke a display window And lugged out a motor boat. He sailed it out to the middle of the lake Till he was lost in blueness Then sighed, "I've lost my father."

He went to the park on Fridav And shook all the pears and green apples off the trees. Then rolled them down the hill. Observing the yellowness, he exclaimed, "I've lost my sister."

He then broke into Sak's 5th Avenue And burned all the red dresses. He found a green one and put it on. Gazing at himself in a cracked mirror, He smiled . . . And clumped off in his pale beige shoes.

JULI LAURANCE

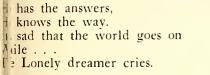
Lonely dreamer cries.
Shished from normal existence—
ing in exile among ruins of
h past.
walks through the world
I does not understand.
world won't be that way.
Sheone asks why

It they only laugh at the thought

is simple but misunderstood.

it trying to be heard.

Pere wasn't time — There wasn't room.





Carelessly
I lost
Before I even had a chance to win.

There was never such a need

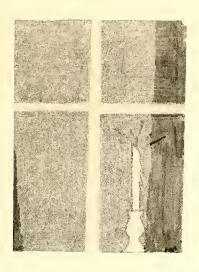
to
be careful
refrain
keep it in
keep it in.

You lose
yet you love
Perhaps that's why you hurt so.

Apparently there aren't
the needs
you can fill;
and I not one
to fill yours.
I suppose I must learn,
as if I didn't already know
how great a friend is
— and Love, yes Love,
bigger than us all.

ANN L. BOYLE



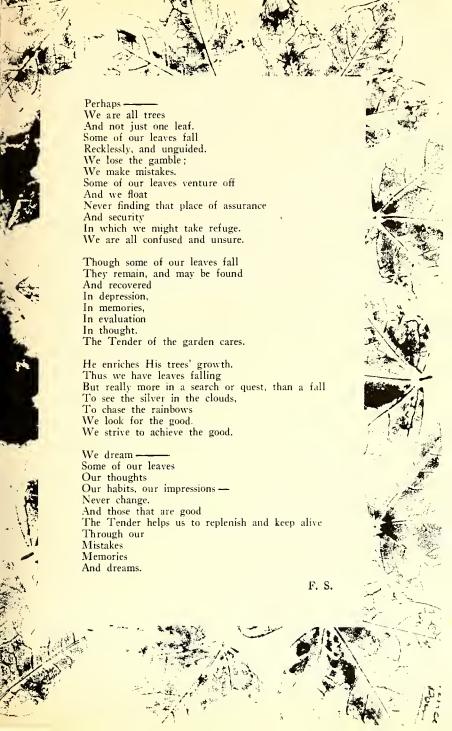


The wind changed and the candle was snuffed, leaving only the memory of its glow waiting to be rekindled by a single spark.

Darkness hides life but it doesn't stop it.

ANNE GREGORY







G. S. G.

A Pair Of Shoes

Two marvelous houses they have built With super-strong foundations, Keeping them erect.

There live ten people Equally divided in each house Sharing their warmth:
Keeping each other company.
I am their shelter.
I am the protector.
Who am I?

AMPHONE NORASINGH

Sea Thoughts

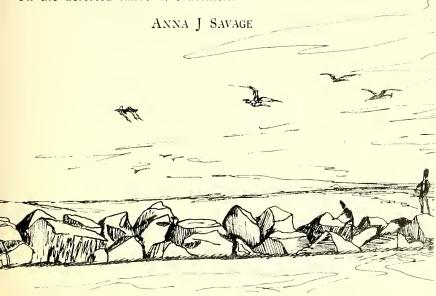
As I float in an endless fury, Under me great, majestic strength Flows beneath me, warmth Tempting me to relax.

Your smooth encounter
Upon my lost body;
Feeling your tremendous hands
Of passionate embrace upon my soul.

Your reaching out to me—
In comforting thought
Trying to sooth my weary mind
— Sends me into tranquility.

Then the wind becomes strong, Disturbing our unity; Leaving you to search For someone else to tease.

So be gone, I partake
In a shriek.
As the ocean silently places me
On the deserted sands of loneliness.





G. S. G.

Who is that? Wandering by my window Silence. I heard; you must have passed by.

Who is that? Calling me softly outside my window Opening it with my active hands You, whom I catch, Come to my chamber instantly.

Senses:

Care, love and kiss—you greet me. Autumn breeze, good old friend Welcome back.
Every year, you come to warn me: The changing of time
The regressing of season
The beginning of new life.

AMPHONE NORASINGH

Untitled

No one would my need to be And just how real it is. The desire for fame, Burning in my soul. And the hidden moments In which I cry for stars. All the times I've reached and reached And never quite found what wasn't there. Searching for air that hasn't been breathed. And still, falling to defeat in all of these. Secret thoughts, Painful dreams.



10/22/75

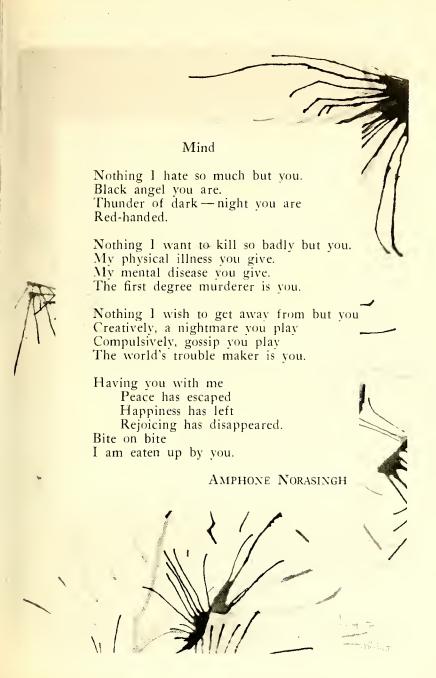
Another story I heard today of love causing trouble but it is not to blame.

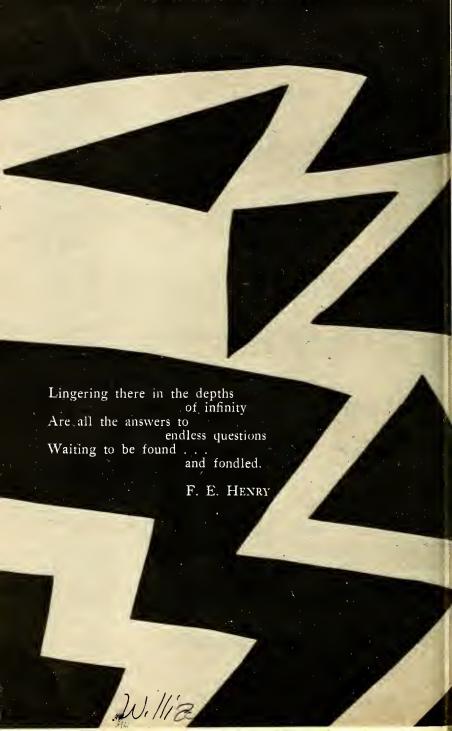
More stands inside than meets the eye.

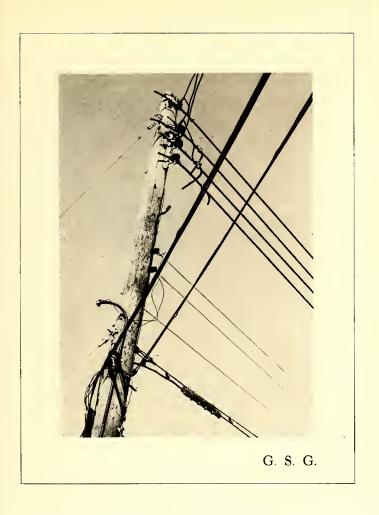
More lies deep than grips the heart.

You could cry—
but you know you have no choice.
Yesterday's miracle brings today's pain.
The echo just resounds.

ANN L. BOYLE



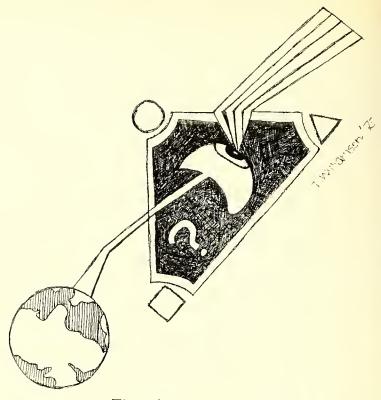




"One . . . called lemonade "square" because it pricked on his tongue as a square shape pricked on the touch of his hands."

— Annie Dillard from Marius von Senden's Space & Sight

Section I



The pain . . .
The questions . . . the cries of mama.
The yellow people
the high yellows
The white
the good ones, the bad
The black ones
like me

Each with a different sorrow a different loss

A different view [of me].

And finally disillusioned

I stumble

at the thought of this world

F. E. HENRY

It's been a long time:
my emotions growing rigid,
getting ready to break free.
But as I look around, there's
no place where I can release
them from their chains growing
weary with age.

I wonder, if a place is never found: will the chains burst and set them running anywhere to anyone?

Only thing to fret is, if they emit their cry of freedom will I ever be able to catch them?

ANN L. BOYLE





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Ku Klux Klan

Why do we stand for them nigger lovin' white trash down into town—because they goddamn well known who's gonna be hangin' their folk and their friends if'n they move too far. They aren't quite as dumb like that as the niggers. Niggers won't be so smart as to be spreading any slander against none of us brothers.

Ku Klux Klan

We are gathered here, brothers in the name of His son and to practice His teaching, to purify our community—to uphold its women's honor and to kill the threat of communism striking out against our families and loved ones.





Ku Klux Klan

Fred, that damned nigger think he'll get away from us? We'll damned sure run him down. I myself can testify to be one of the best nigger-stringer-uppers among us boys. There he is . . . set the cross on fire and let's work up a little spirit among the boys here.

We should enjoy this one —

Ku Klux Klan

When the police of Willard County found the young negro male Saturday night near the Smith-field Road crossing the youth was reported to still be showing signs of consciousness. The negro, unidentified at the time of this printing, had been beaten severely and bodily maimed. The case officers reported the youth's last intelligible words to have been

Ku Klux Klan,

The Habit

Love — drumming her fingers on the bedpost, carelessly threw her naked hip out to rest a vacant

hand upon it; her hair was dirty and the parlor closed at four. The cat was scratching at the door, wanting out, and the milkman wouldn't come for months. She—thoughtlessly put on clothes mixing the prints

— stepped out for lunch and to the corner telephone.

G. S. GILL

An Afterword

I didn't tell you then because I didn't want to upset you like last time.

But don't you know—it isn't the same anymore. Last time I wept for the universe, my soul, yours, and theirs. This time I just felt cold. It seems so easy—so practical.

How little it takes to make us hard.

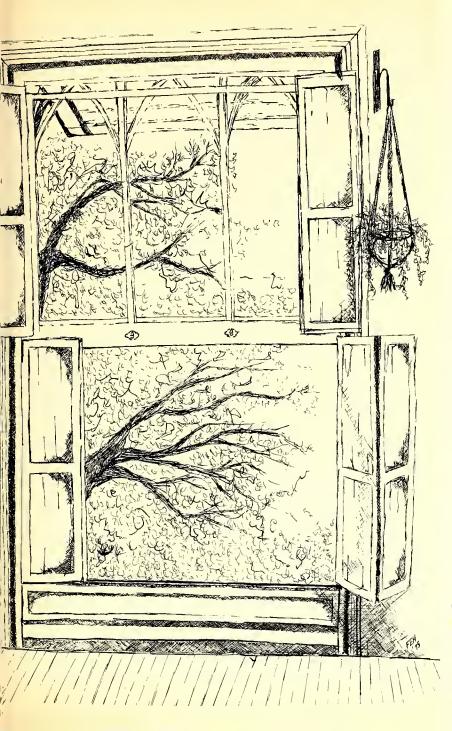
Hard against feelings — Hard against life.

The greatest wonder has somehow lost its meaning.

We become colder and colder.

I look at young things differently now. They are lucky they had the chance. Not many do — anymore. Love is too great a sacrifice.

ANN L. BOYLE



You Live Another Day

When the moon leaves in the morning, And the sun disappears in the evening, Then you will know that You have lived another day.

Each day the same as before. In worry and wonder,
In love and hate
In pity and understanding.

You don't know, you just do.

When the stars stop shining And the sun starts to sleep—
You have lived another day On this beautiful earth.

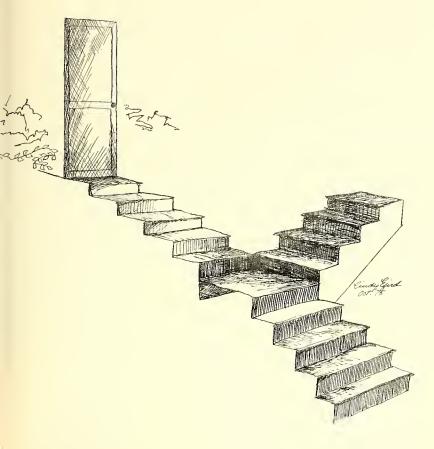
He is the one to change your ways, If you wonder and worry And love and hate And pity and understand.

Go out, ask, and know.

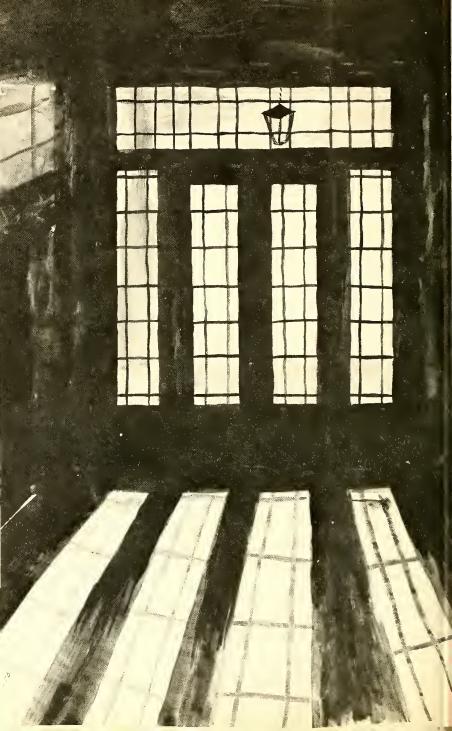
M. R. S.

I have experienced all I
plan to encounter.
The people I love, tend to
be irreplaceable.
I am totally and inspirationally
filled with life.
Yet death enters my mind, for I
feel it breathing upon my back.

Anna J Savage



Twenty-seven





F. E. H.

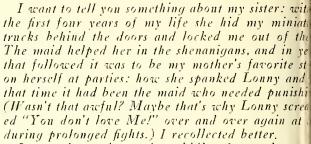
"Of course, we pretended to be tellng the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but nobody (as Henry Miller says) can tell the abolute truth; and even our most seemngly autobiographical revelations were partly fabrications—literature, in short.

"Isadora"

— by Erica Jong
in Fear of Flying

Section III

Siblings



I was about nine—the middle of my element years—when she played indulgently with me:

Come on, Stephen, open your mouth and close ye eyes, and I'll give you a Good surprise," she said.

Grinning amiably, I bit down on a crayon (spitt it out I saw it was yellow), or, another time "it" a piece of chalk (something with the texture of cand Salt stung my nose and eyes us I stood, abandoned waiting for her cackling, inhuman glee to finally cee The times I trusted her—wasn't I supposed to? was twelve years old—she howled at my foolish. Sometimes Lonny waved the Real piece of candy front of my mouth, and then behind her back, out sight again. Because I cried—like a baby, she said over the crayon, the good piece certainly wasn't aveable for my consumption. Then I usually watched eat it.

Concerning my sister's regulations on gum, I die get a new piece until I blew bubbles with the old didn't know how). That's what Bubble gum is n for. She and I stood facing the shadowy hall mirror an afternoon: me, redfaced and puffing rapidly; s directing a maternal, exasperating finger at me, - p ing and tapping and ordering me - and then stopp to give me the benefit of her own skillfully perforn demonstration. Because my jaws stiffened from exc ment and tension, it wasn't until several days later practicing on the sly — that I blew my first bubble couldn't find Lonny anywhere to tell her about When I did let her know, she wasn't much interest and seemed surprised, I recall, and a little scorn that I attached so much importance to something significant.

Yes: it was in those elementary years when I bit down on crayons and blow bubbles for her, that I myself commenced a fight with her. She was the one who habitually began the pinching and jabbing. We were always physical, and she was always bigger than me (bigger boned, my mother commented once). Standing in the neighbors front yard on the corner of the street, paused aimlessly on our way home from that particular lady's house—the lady who had the baby we played with and made silly noises at—Lonny turned on me and said:

"I don't think I'm going to let you take my catcher's glove to use at school tomorrow, even if it Is your tournament day . . ." (She had been contemplating this move for some few good moments during our walking. I could translate the silence now). Oh, God, I thought—what was the mysterious transgression this time? I was afraid: afraid of appearing at my class

game without a mitt and afraid of her insides.

"Lonny-why?" I half questioned, half pleaded. I could remember only one thing. At this lady's home, the lady had studied me casually as we crawled around with the baby (I felt her eyes) and then made the comment that she thought I was going to be very handsome when I grew up. That was all. My sister kept playing with the baby, but her eyes cut my way. I saw it.

"Lonny . . . why?" — I asked again.

"Because I don't like the way you act," she said it always in a bored authoritative monotone.

"WHEN?"
"Always."
"WHY?"

There was her silence.

"You can say a reason." (I wanted to hear her say

The reason.)

"Stupid, came the reply, "there doesn't HAVE to be a reason . . ." She had blocked me again. She had succeeded in destroying well-being between us again. I felt pathos, as I recall, and that crazy sinking feeling, and she had no sympathy for me because she was a cruel and empty rock-hard person ever since I had known her. I felt that inexplicable tragedy beneath our conflict. I let her have it in the stomach.

Yelling into the house (after giving me two sharp slaps on the face), her exaggerated story and tears brought my mother's angered (she was tired) voice out to assail me and give me directions for staying on my bed. Aside from the "ha ha" notes Lonny slipped repeatedly under my door—the endurance wasn't bad. Actually, I felt proud inside, almost; I had hit first. Mom was probably relieved to see I had some spunk. I felt her fear sometimes of my being a sissy. I was afraid of being a sissy. A sissy

... Once in a while, I heard my sister in my mother's bedroom arguing with her. She'd say she wanted to be me. (I was always shocked.) Mom would say, simply: "That's impossible." Lonny would then say: "He's such a sissy." . . . "You're a Bully," Mom told her.

We're both older now: much. My sister is married. I don't think I'll be getting married. My mother called Thursday morning at eleven thirty to tell me Lonny's baby had finally arrived. I was still shocked to visualize my sister in the role of motherhood. My mother said the baby was a boy. My mother said my sister named her baby after me: I was shocked. She was apologizing for me. I really dislike apologies.

G. S. GILL



The Reunion

The majestic walls of Miss Myra Calhoun's house had magnified the silence of the interior for years. She had lived there alone since her mother's death in nineteen-fifty. The house had become her escape from the world with which she could not cope. There was some security in her isolation, but yet the house haunted her with memories of the past. The world had pointed its ugly finger at her and had labeled her "tramp". The hurt she had caused settled upon her as the dust had collected on the furniture. The antiques of the house also included Miss Myra.

Today, however, was different from the other monotonous days of Miss Myra's life. Today she had guests, friends she had not seen for years. It was a reunion that helped her remember the good times, before

she had left home, a long time ago.

Miss Floradora Marseille occupied the green velvet chair. Her dress and hat were from another era; nevertheless she looked quite charming. Her dark blonde hair pulled back from her face accentuated her flawless complexion.

Miss Marta Handwerck was propped against the needlepoint cushion on the velvet love seat. Her parted lips displayed her lovely teeth. Her fat curls fell to her shoulders white thick bangs reached her eyebrows.

Miss Myra's oldest friend, Miss Suzette Jumeau, sat rigidly on the love seat beside Miss Marta. Her outstanding feature was her eyes, her luminous eyes. She was the aristocrat and the true beauty of the three.

"Well." Miss Myra began, "it's just wonderful to see ya'll again. Imagine, after all these years, reunited. I haven't thought about ya'll in years and then . . . well,

it's just uncanny the way things happen."

She served the refreshments.

"Remember all the fun we used to have?" Miss Myra continued. "Why, Miss Suzette, we've been friends since I was six. Remember the playhouse and how we played for hours? Mama wouldn't let me play with the girls that lived near us. She said they weren't from nice families. They weren't nice enough to play with us.

Miss Marta, what ever happened to your lovely lace dress? . . . Oh, yes, . . . then that was the Christmas Miss Floradora came to live with us. . . . Remember the tree Daddy got for us? And the presents, remember all the presents Mama got for us? We were so happy—then.

Remember the trip we took up North? Mama got all of us velvet coats with fur trim . . . mine blue . . . Floradora's red . . . Marta's green . . . and Suzette's

purple. Oh, remember our muffs and hats?"

She shoved the empty plate towards Marta, "Here,

Marta, have some more of my homemade cookies.

All of ya'll still have such beautiful brown eyes. Mine have faded . . . My hair's white . . . And look — my face is wrinkled."

Suddenly Miss Suzette lunged forward.

"Here, love," Miss Myra steadied her, "I'll give you some more tea. Let me wait on you."

She poured the clear liquid into the cup.

"Miss Suzette, can you still move your eyes all

around?" Miss Myra asked.

"I know what's wrong with ya'll. You hate me!! You won't answer me as punishment for leaving. You disappeared because you hated me! The only true friends I've ever had, have deserted me! — Everyone hates me for leaving but . . . I had to. Please believe me . . . I had to.

Why should ya'll condemn me, too? He loved me . . . He did . . . he really did. You sided with Mama

and Daddy — they thought he was no good.

Well, you little snobs! You hypocrites! You liked him when he said ya'll were pretty. Admit it — didn't

you?!

Why do ya'll stare at me like that? I've committed no crime . . . And even if I did I've paid for it! I took care of Mama for twenty-five years. I waited on her hand and foot, . . . but she never forgave me. She blamed Daddy's dying on me, too.—Please Miss Suzette, Miss Floradora, Miss Marta, don't be mad at me. I came home . . . I came home.

Mama said he only wanted my money . . . but that's

not true. He left me because . . . because . . .

Oh, let's not quarrel! It's been almost fifty years since I've seen ya'll. I wondered where ya'll were when I first came home. I asked Mama over and over again where you were . . . but she never answered never!

I've made myself tired. Let's all take a nap. We can

all sleep on my bed . . . just like we used to."

She gathered them up and carried them into her room. She lay on her bed with Floradora on her left, Marta on her right, and Suzette in her arms. Marta's and Suzette's eyes closed immediately, but Floradora

continued to stare into space.

"Yes, my dear dollies," Miss Myra started again, "we'll always be together . . . from now on. Maybe Mama will make ya'll some new clothes, since these are rather tattered . . . and maybe Daddy will get us another tree for Christmas . . . Things will be just like they were, before . . ."

A long time ago.

Louise Whitmire





The Muse

Fall 1975

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MUSE





SPRING

The blanket of cold depression has been lifted from our lives.

Our eyes witness a revelation as gray turns to green.

New lives are blossoming all around. The sun is high and the stars are bright. Love fulfills our dreams and all goals seem not so far away.

Hopes are emerging triumphantly as realities. All life cries out with happiness---SPRING IS HERE.

Kathryn Fabrizio



Once I thought the world belonged to me, I also left cookies by the chimney for Santa Claus, or maybe for the stork.

And I believed the world was flat, not round, That Chinamen ate rice upside-down in hell, with fiery looking forks.

Once I thought there was a pot of gold, And angels whisked away the very old to pearly gates, and diamond streets.

And I threw pennies into wishing wells, Hoped my dreams if a lone star fell, And dressed my dreams on trick or treat.

Once I thought the world belonged to me And I believed, when I was two or three, In beanstalks, that would grow and grow.

Once I thought, when I was very young, That prayers were said and hymns were sung To God, but now I know.

Carla Chappell



The fog on the lake came rolling in and told me a story of where it had been. And before it had left it promised to come back again. How nice-to know where you are going and where you have been.

Anne Heartt Gregory

Questions

Circular Are the questions we ask Always returning, Returning to the beginning Creation, life, faith . . . What are they? Just questions. What do they matter? Scientific, philosophic terms . . . How do they apply? Just live life---appreciate. Putting your finger on it Make it exact . . . Is that the key? Round and round go the questions, Rounding the curve to the center. The center is what the dreamer makes it . . . Another question or just simple faith.

A bowl
Of cherries,
Then why
Are there
Pits
In the middle?

If---

Life

Is just

FMS

H.E.G.

I winked at a star and it winked at me down by the sea where I came just to befree.

Sea Time

Oh timeless sea how do you go Your life of restless waves and so Nonchalant of time or day You laugh, you crush the shells, you play You seem to take no rest at all You build the mighty waves, they fall. A million years, but time is none. I feel your melancholy fun Of gazing at the sea gulls' flight. The sentiment of small delights Of washing shells to endless shores The secrets of the years are yours. My life is rushed and time is all. Where is the time to leave life's gall? And rest awhile by timeless sea And breathe a breath of infinity I now must take the time to pause. Before my life's without a cause.

Catherine Carroll

Anne Heartt Gregory Masses of motioning time in displaced equilibrium.

Your time indefinitely flowing while you must fit square pieces into triangle slots.

Ann L. Boyle

For the Son

Whether He's here
Or whether He's gone
Just thoughts of Him
Are enough
To make you wanna
Keep on
Smiling.
I know He would want me
To keep on
Smiling.

Whether you know
Or whether you don't
Just keep the faith
And there shines hope
That you will rise above
Your fear
And know always
He is near.
Keep on believin'
And know
I'll never be ceasin'
To love you.

FMS





Mopey Bic

When in the dark and still of night I sit
Armed with my pen from ball-point house of Bic
I curse, I fret, but not a word I writ
It's due tomorrow but my brain won't click

Discouraged and frustrated am I now With Coke and cigarette in hand I plod My Bic won't click and I just don't know how I flick my Bic and off to sleep I'll nod

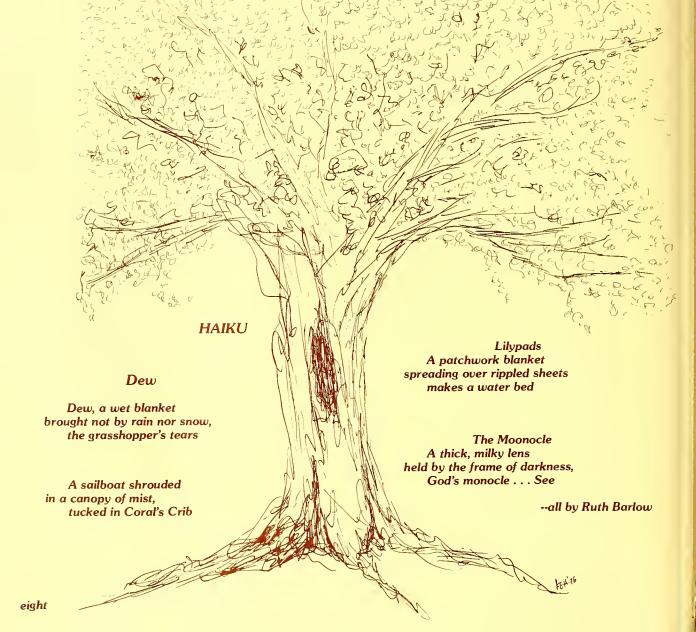
My multi-purpose Bic: Lighting, writing (?) What can I say to my paper today? As unrelenting ignorance does sting---Why do you fail me, Bic; what must I pay?

I know they say to flick your Bic and so---I think I'll just flick it out the window.

FMS

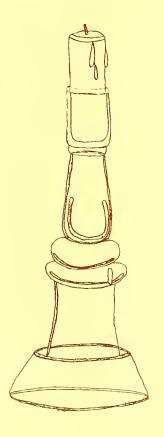
A deep sense of peace pervades my soul.
A quiet joy, flowing like the rising tide over the weedy rocks sweeps through me.
A peaceful happiness impregnates my very soul.
As the sun slips over the soft green hillside lighting the sky into a thousand myriad shades, my mind relaxes into joyous oblivion.
Quiet peace overwhelms my soul.
Christ is with me. God is nigh.

Dinah Danby





AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL



The President is seated, will the meeting please convene we've quite a lot to talk about, I'm sure you all have seen his veto on a bill to clean our water and our air; He seems to think the money is dispensable elsewhere.

Chorus

America, the beautiful, the song I once sang sounds, The singing died the day I tried to salvage what I found. It drowned in phosphate rivers and it burned in gasoline America, the beautiful, is that what you have seen?

We give aid to the space age, we send rockets to the moon We attempt to blockade harbors, we bomb cities into ruin We play ping pong with Red China, with the Russians we play chess

so it's really inconsistent that at home we're such a mess.

America, your people now retreat in startled fright instead of facing what they've done, they're blocking out the sight,

the answer lies within those who gave rise to only hate so pray that we, your people, realize it's getting late.

It's too late for the Indian, the roaming buffalo We're losing spacious skies above and waves of grain below; we've lost so very many things or we're losing them, it's true the time is now, America, is it too late for you?

America, you're civilized, you're cultured, you're distinct while ever-nearing progress, we didn't even stop to think, where is your flag, where is your sagging politicians' show? America, the beautiful; where did the beauty go?

. a song written by Lauri Wereman and Ann Boyle

This Poem Has No Name - But It Has a Purpose

Drifting on unexplored seas in my mind

Crying echoes endlessly in empty planes of my mind



Searching in vast reaches of my mind

> Listening to the hollow heartbeat of my mind

Silence stealthily creeps upon my soul.

> Come, Help end my drifting search, Silence my cries. Answer my listening ears. Speak to my soul.





One Afternoon

One sunny afternoon

I chose to pick a flower,

Of great beauty and color.

I laughed with joy, As I could feel its freedom Within my palm.

I started to walk away From that patch of flowers And when I looked up!

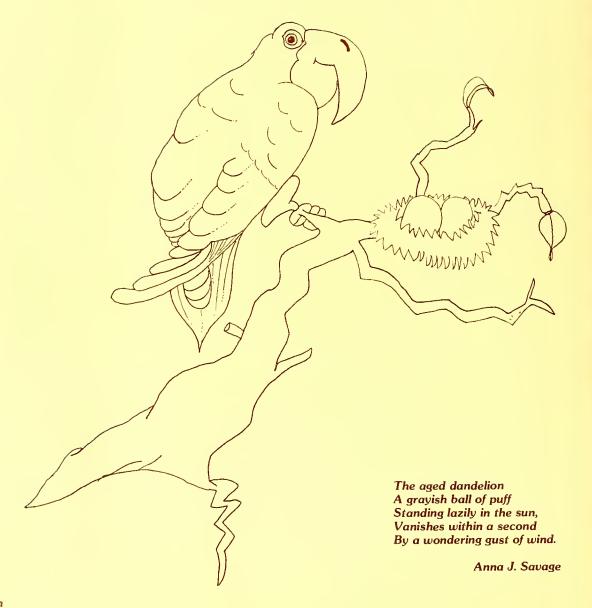
My hand fell to my side The flower left my hand As I am approached by you.

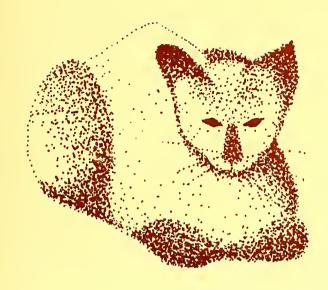
Anna J. Savage

Sunrise

In the early dawn of morning
The sun rose, slowly,
Pale yellow, majestic,
Crowning the world with light
Covering night's dark cape
With golden streaming rays.
The birds, rejoicing in the birth of a newday,
Formed shrill sounds into sweet harmony,
Escorting dawn's light,
Announcing the new beginning.

Briane Pittman





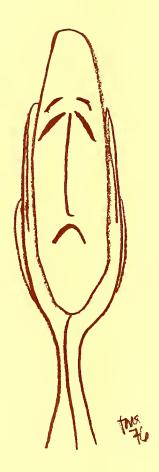
If--There is A silver Lining Behind Every cloud, Then Why Did I Get struck By L I H T G N I N

FMS

Poetry

A comma
A period,
The rhyming of a word.
A stanza,
A title,
The singing of a bird
Indescribable, that's poetry.
Different in many ways.
And happiness it brings me
Filling up my days!

Briane Pittman



Accomplishment #7

Break lose from the chains that bind you.
Untie the ropes that entwine you.
Tear down the walls that confine you.
Look over the obstacles that blind you.
Until at last you can find you.

Anne Heartt Gregory

Tears rushed into my eyes as I noticed the hands on the clock moving rapidly in their circle. I raced through the crowd, searching for a familiar face, but each one I saw stared at me in confusion.

I rushed blindly out into the night and dodged past the blurred figures on the sidewalk. I could feel the clock ticking faster and faster in my heart. A cold sting rushed to my face as I ran against the wind. I knew that I had to hurry, if I was to make it there on time. The stern face of my mother kept appearing before me, causing more tears to fall down my cheeks. I ran faster and faster, until I felt that my entire body would burst at any moment.

And then I aburptly stopped, fearfully awaiting the oncoming moments. I encountered several people gazing upon me sternly, and I broke down and wept. But they took no pity upon me. I had to be punished. I was late for my curfew.

Beth Lewis



Life's coast is rocky
And Thy sea is so great.
My ship is so small and unstable
Help me to see Thy light
That I may be guided
And see the way.
Although I am tossed and turned
And will doubtless stumble; I will fall
But if I am guided,
Then perhaps I may guide
And help those who see darkness
See light
Encourage those who stumble
And gather up those who fall.





Francis Schults 1975



For Rose

Oh gentle leaf from the tree you are tossed in the wind you fly, in the dirt you die, but there you are not lost.

Anne Heartt Gregory



DANCER

A peaceful, poetic movement.
Undisturbed and effortless.
A beauty which is only compared to its creator.
As we look at the beautiful creator
She nods her head or moves one of her limbs
As to bring us nearer.
So near that we are within.
And when we are within
We close our eyes
For they are no longer needed.
Feelings and emotions are all that exist.
And when the head no longer nods,
And the limbs stop to restWe open our eyes
And all is gone.

Kathryn Fabrizio



11-1 Je Lant 15

Summer Moon

The Moon in summer is a Pearl cased in velvet circled by Diamonds

The Nightingale perched Silent on a bamboo branch Composing a Song

Fall Trees

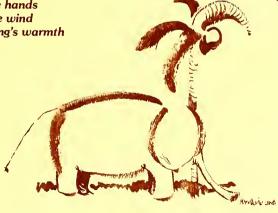
Fall trees being Stripped of all their garish Garments Shiv'ring in the Cold

by Ruth Barlow

A Snail gazing up in a Curious manner while resting its Foot

Winter Trees

Winter trees are hands stiffening against the wind praying for Spring's warmth





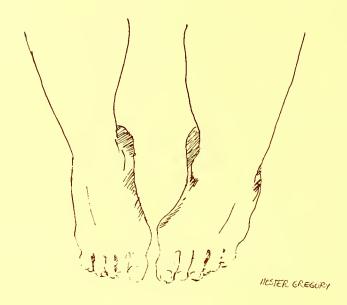
Their tattered gazes penetrate fake peace, Reflect abysmal decadence and pain, We sit, mechanically feigning grief To pacify ourselves, then turn again, Inward, to politician's game, Contemplating pawns for sacrifice, And in the name of all that is humane Negotiate, as other pay the price, Of freedom we demand be there, for A balancing of scales with men as weights, And as we glance impassively at war, While self determining another's fate, Our patent guilt indulges in a nod Then disappears, as we again play God.

Carla Chappell



I can't explain the meaning
of life's complexity
Or why things happen as they do
Although we seldom see
the blade of grass beneath our feet
the tear within the sea.
But keep your black eyes shining
in that love of light you see
For so many times in sorrow as well as joy, you know
I came to meet your crazy dreams
and rest and smile awhile.

Ann L. Boyle



Awake

Awake, the day is fresh and young Smile peacefully and face the sun. Soak in the glory of the morn. Awake, you're free, a new day's born.

Awake, the day's without a flaw, The peace of morn lives here and all The frustration of the yesterday Has passed away, has passed away.

Awake, your thoughts are fresh and clear Smile for joy and shed a tear. For all the beauty, all imperfections, This day holds for you a thousand lessons.

Awake today and start anew. Soak in the sun's rays beaming through An open window, shadows gone, Awake today and face the sun.

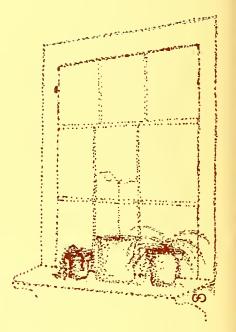
Catherine Carroll



Slowly the sun sinks toward the horizon. The soft blue sky deepens and the clouds are transformed as though by the brush of some celestial painter into glowing hues of pink and blue, purple and gold. The blue of the sky deepens yet more, into a glorious rich color, the clouds slowly changing and darkening, turning into fleecy mountains of dark purple and gray, blackening yet more as the sun slips ever downward on the horizon till at last it disappears. The colors wane more quickly now, the clouds nothing but jagged mountains tinged dark black against the faded glow of the sky, gradually fading till at last they, too, disappear,

and only the somber night remains.

Dinah Danby



YOUNG LOVE

Love when you're young is full of pain. Wonder and tears. Life built on dreams. Existence solely to see the one, Special moments of long awaited fun. The remembered times -Both good and bad, Locked in your heart Found when you're sad. Patience that matures With each new attempt, Pleasure in searching for Times, together spent. And when its all over. We've grown and we're loved, We reach back to the yesterdays--The fun of being young.

Kathryn Fabrizio

Southward Bound

Overhead, The sound of wings. Crowded together, Furiously flapping. Birds, Southward bound.

Briane Pittman

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, How Does Your Garden Grow?

"Mary," he said again patiently, "come away from your play, Dear. You're always at play and it seems like you always will be. The flower bed won't disappear if you come

up here to talk with me, now will it?"

"I don't care to talk with you right now," the child answered resolutely. She stood with scissors in hand, glaring up at the white-haired old man who sat looking at her play from the porch. It was true about the flower bed — she didn't question that. She knew that everything in the garden would always remain the same.

"Mary," the gentleness of the old man's voice broke through her thoughts, "come on up on the porch and sit

down for a little while and talk to me."

"Why? You know I don't like to talk to you. You're—you're too serious. I mean you always make me—I don't know. I don't want to think about it."

"Mary, its about your sister."

"Which one?"

"Simone."

"And she's the same way. Why don't you talk to her? She always says you do anyway. Why don't you talk to her

instead? You . . . you make me feel funny."

"I would like to talk to you if you would only let me," the old man said, half to himself, and then he sighed. Looking down at the child he said, "Feeling funny, that's a start anyway." Just then he turned from watching Mary at play and, reaching for his cane, rose to see her sister coming into view down the road from town. He stood there on the porch in anticipation, like a lonely man waiting to see his grandchild for the first time in too long.

She wasn't happy and he knew it. It was because of Mary, he feared. Simone tried not to show her unhappiness though. She was visiting Pappa Rex and she should be happy. She had always loved her visits to the great white mansion, sitting on the massive front porch, and their talks. She liked the big rocking chairs just like the ones at her grandmama's house — well, almost. She recalled coming to visit with the old man when she was a little girl and how she would fidget and squirm and stick her feet through the lattice-work railings. She had liked making her mama fret because she had on her Sunday-go-to-meeting best,

but she never could get dirty visiting on Pappa's fron porch.

Reaching the house, Simone bounded up the steps tw by two and kissed the old man on the cheek. He embrace her and leaned to kiss her on the forehead. "I'm glad to se you," he said as he motioned for her to sit down next to hi chair. Simone smiled and putting down her things, sa down.

They talked for several minutes about the townspeople and the weather and about how beautiful the garden was They sat there in the slowness of the warm afternoon until Miss Ellen and Miss Margaret came out from the kitcher with their surprise. It was divinity; divinity fudge still warm from its morning cooking and cool lemonade. Simone le hers melt between her tongue and the roof of her mouth "What they say sure is true. The cooking here is the best, said Simone, "You make the best divinity in the world!" and they all giggled at the joke. Then the plump little ladies scurried back to the kitchen and their chores.

Simone sat rocking in her chair finishing her last piece of fudge. Then taking on a tone of seriousness, she asked Papa Rex how Mary was. Answering, he said, "She enjoysher play too much sometimes I think."

"I really came to talk about her. I spoke to you last night

and again this morning."

"Yes, I know," the old man replied.

Mary, finally cognizant of her sister's presence left her play aburptly and confronted the old man with, "Why's she here?"

"We all need to work something out, Mary," he re-

sponded calmly.

Bursting into anger, Mary shouted, "Did she tell you again? Tattletale, tattletale, always runs and tells you everything she can about me!" But he had known anyway.

"Mary, by saying the things you have said you have been

hurting your sister," Papa Rex broke in.

Mary cut her eyes sharply at Simone and replied, "She deserves to be hurt. If she deserves more why am I here and she not?"

Sensing the futility of the situation, Simone and the old man exchanged glances and he sent Mary back to her play. They sat for a few silent moments watching the child. Simone interrupted the silence by saying, "I used to say it doesn't matter if she accepts me or not — after all I am different."

"But you're forgetting that's suppose to be good, Dear. That's the plan. She and you are different. You have arned to accept her, you love her, but she hasn't learned ow to accept yet. She still thinks different is bad...that ie is here because she's good and you're not because ou're bad." The old man was trying to make Simone orderstand that which was not to be understood.

"I guess I used to think that too — I mean about her being ere and me living down there — her getting everything so ght. The Springtime — this house — the garden," Simone

lought.

"But don't you see," he broke in, "that's just it — and I ink you've learned it by living. She's still in the garden."
"I see," Simone answered. Then almost pleading with m she said, "But she can kill me a thousand times over ith her words and not even know her power. She's blind it. She's blind to everything outside that garden. She ays there, in the garden, and is touched by nothing. Why,

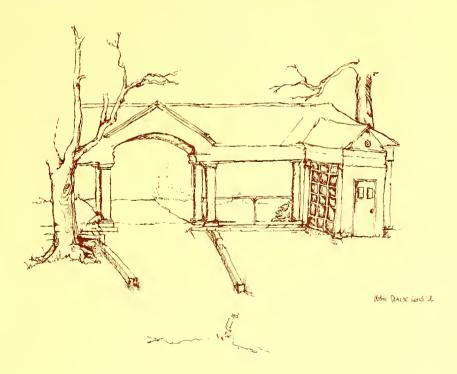
what am I to say when she does the same to others? Cuts into people with her cruelties? She does cause pain — however naive she may be of it. How can I stand up for her, justify it, defend her?" She had finally asked what she had come to ask of him.

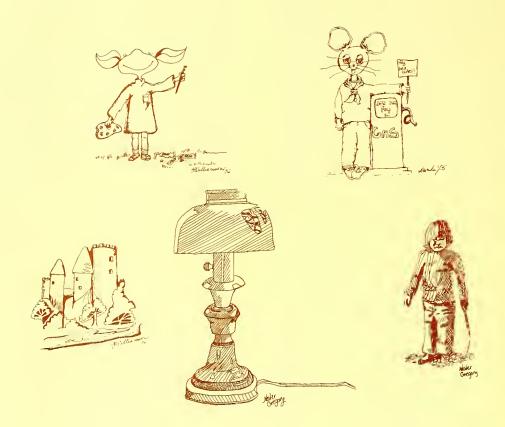
"You've answered your own question. You do love your sister and that's part of it. You must carry this, Simone, you're strong enough. And the other — I think you realize now — you're own answer, her ignorance."

"Her garden," she repeated.

Standing up slowly Simone looked back to her sister again and seeing her happiness at play, her eyes filled with water. Wordlessly she kissed the old white-haired man good-bye and bent to pick up her coat and mittens for the long walk home.

F. E. Henry





THE MUSE

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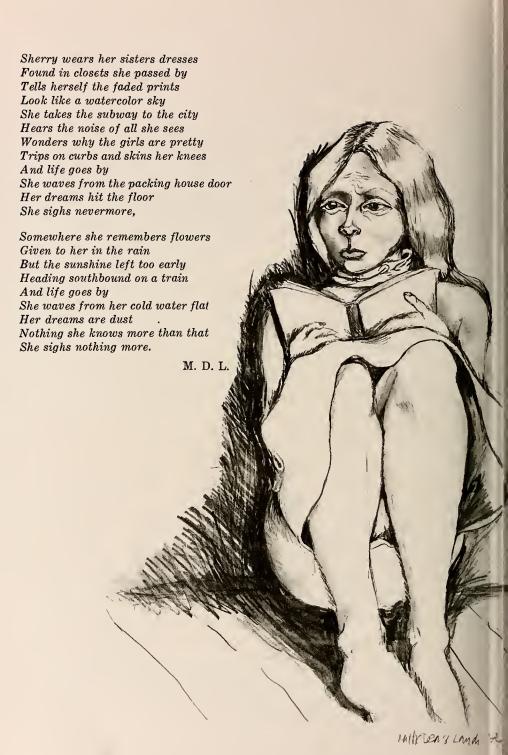














THE CHILDHOOD DESIRE

The winds whistled mysteriously,
wrestling with branches and leaves,
Birds flapped their wings wildly
into unknown shadows ahead,
The wild sounded noises,
hiding amongst holes and trees;
All these calls did tempt her,
taking grasp on her,
The forest, with its infinity of
adventure, newness, escape,
did seize her heart,
forever keeping hold.

DAPHNE A. DREW

The Visitor

Like wild horses
It hits you.
You never expected it,
But it's there.
You didn't ask for it,
it came anyway.
You don't know how long it will stay,
all you know is that it's there.
It makes you feel like
You never have before . . .
LOVE.



Wealth, one learns to despize it One who has seen it abused unjustly.

A man, he tries so hard God knows how hard Yet.

for some reason his hardest is never enough.

However, a man
if he desires to be called such
is born into wealth
he works no more than possible
indulges in whatever
then,

if found out

Laughs

As he tips the judge.

As for my man
who deserves more than he'll receive—
indulge?
He must never
for if anyone discovers him

They'll

destroy him

They,
Who have the wealth to buy another
Oh, to see them too
just

once destroyed.

BRIDGETT BRITT

GREENBACKS

Backs of green
Flowing from hand to hand,
Enriching the lives of all those who touch it,
Bringing happiness and creating greediness
To those it comes in contact with.
Never ceasing to circulate,
Except to those,
Who don't buy their happiness.

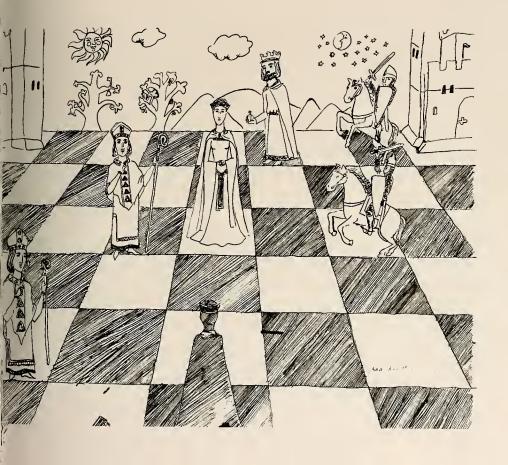
LANIER BROWN

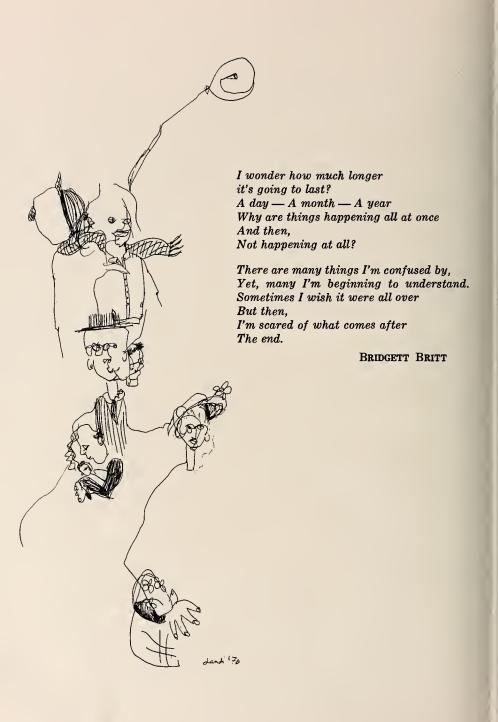


THE GAME

An unending game,
A continuous clock.
Never permitting substitutions
Or allowing time outs.
The rules have been written,
Though your own you can make,
All of your plays
Decide your final score.
The game ball is yours,
Do with it
What you will.

LANIER BROWN





The corners of the room
Are surrounding
The flowers envading our space
Our eyes speak without sound
The needles are once again here.
People begin to appear
The clock on the wall says two.
Steps in the hall grow nearer
The door to our room is excused
Friends come and speak for awhile
He slips by unknowingly
We hear a voice out of the walls
Visiting hours are over.

BRIDGETT BRITT







THE FLOW OF PRIDE

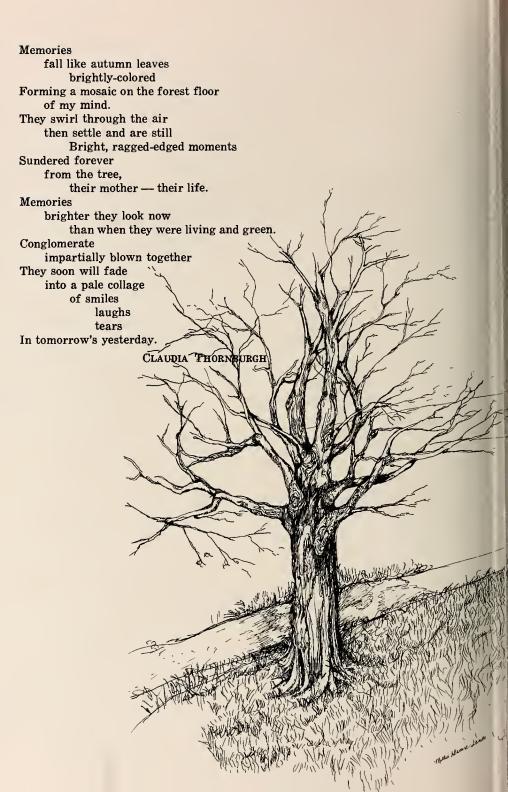
We did not know when introduced, The future that lay ahead; I on my mountain and you on yours, With the river Pride between.

I with mine and you with yours, Both knowing they were the price; Yet no price was too high to pay, For the love we shared grew strong.

The mountains are now joined, And the river Pride conquered; Our losses are not forgotten, But never are they mentioned.

While looking back upon the lake, Which the river Pride now feeds; We find our Eldorado, In the moonlight far away.

SHERRI WILKIE



THE TRUTH OF WOLFE

Christina glanced at her watch as she crossed the street to the book store. A tiny tingle sounded as the door closed behind her lean body. She skimmed the shelves, searching for the section of modern classics. If she was to spend the weekend at home, it seemed sensible to purchase You Can't Go Home Again now, instead of waiting until she returned to college. She decided she could conserve time by asking the clerk behind the counter where the book could be found. As she waited for assistance, she glanced at the magazines displayed near the counter. One reminded her of a book she had found several years ago. The cover

Was torn off, giving no indication of its contents. Pausing in a neighbor's yard just long enough to retrieve the book, Christina continued her walk. The book was amazing, with detailed photographs of unknown delights. Feeling the need to share her treasure, she arrived at Cybill's house quite out of breath.

"Where did you say you found this?" Cybill asked. Her bamboo designed sunglasses pulled on top of her head of sunstreaked hair, made her look quite mature for her fifteen years. "It's a porno book and a pretty good one too."

"But Cybill, are they real pictures? I can't believe they're actual photographs."

"Of course they are. He's not so special."

"It seems like it would hurt them. It all looks so disgusting."

"Well, you can't see anything and it does hurt at first, but God, Christina, it doesn't after awhile."

"How do you know so much?"

"Everybody knows that-except you."

So standing in the sun with her dark hair hanging down her back and wearing her soft pink pantsuit, Christina felt very dumb. Cybill returned to her deck chair and turned her smart little face towards the sun.

"forget the book," she advised. "You're too naive for it. Throw it

"Over there," the clerk pointed to a distant row of books. "You should find it there."

"Thank you," Christina answered.

Christina glided her fingers along the titles.

"Christina! It's so good to see you!" Cybill moved towards her.

"Cybill, how nice to see you. I'm sorry I haven't written."

"That's okay. Oh, you've cut your hair. I hardly recognized you through the window. I had to come in and speak. I like it that way. You look different—so mature."

Christina noticed that Cybill still wore her skirts above her knees and her hair shoulder length and center-parted. Her blue eyes danced in their familiar way.

"How's school?" Christina asked.

"Well, I've quit. I've got a good job as a secretary and well, look . . ."
She held up her hand to display an engagement ring.

"Who are you marrying, Cybill?"

"You'll never guess—Charles. Everybody about fainted when we got back together. I always knew we would. He was my first love. This makes everything alright now."

"Oh well, what are you doing in here anyway?"

"I had to buy this book, You Can't Go Home Again."

"Yuch! It sounds boring. What's it about?"

"Well, I don't know. I haven't read it yet."

"Oh, look! Here's a book of English poems. What does that remind you of? Remember when we had to study all this stuff? Do you remember this one, "To the Virgins,

to Make Much of Time"? Hell, I couldn't a bit more tell you what it's about," Cybill fumed.

"Then tell me who the author is," Christina answered.

They sat at Christina's kitchen table with their literature books left open to the words of British poets of years ago.

"I don't know that either."

"Well, how do you expect to pass this test then? Robert Herrick wrote it."

"Well, I don't care. I wish Ricky would call me. I think it's so dumb to study all these old poems. Who cares? I think while you're young you should be free to live life, not sit around studying some corny old poems that don't even make sense. I wish we had some beer. To quote some-body—'Christina, This

is stupid stuff' I never did understand what that meant."

"It will probably never make any difference in your life, either."
"True! It has nothing to do with being a secretary or a wife or a

mrue! It has nothing to do with being a secretary or a wife or a mother. I might have never gotten serious with Charles if I'd kept myself buried in books like lots of girls did."

Christina noticed that several new magazines had been added to the stand, also that there was a light out towards the left end of the store.

"I'm getting married March fourth. You will come, won't you?"
"I'll try, but I think I'm going to New York then, for spring break."

"I hope you can come. It's so good to see you. You never come home."

"I'm awfully busy. You can't imagine."

"That's such a pretty sweater and cap. I bet you didn't get it around here."

"No, but thank you. I'm home for my birthday. My parents make such a big thing of it."

"That's right, February twenty-third. Do you remember your sixteenth birthday? I know you remember."

"How could I forget?"

"It was so much fun."

"Things were a lot simpler then. There was only the present with which to contend and the only snobs were

Parents! They are impossible." Cybill fumed. "They won't let me have the car tonight. They act like they don't trust me."

"But Cybill, we don't really need a car," Christina said trying to calm her.

"Well, I wanted to get something to drink before they come. Now we can't."

"I'll see if I can get the car, but I doubt I can. I just got my license two hours ago! I can't wait 'til tonight. Tonight's the night."

"Well, I just hope you're not disappointed. It's not much fun the first time."

"I hope the plan works alright. Maybe we should go

to my house. Well Cybill, I'm in an awful hurry, maybe the next time I come home."

"Well, okay. Christina do you remember what happened that night?" Christina stared at the magazines again. On the cover of one, there stood a girl in

a flimsy pink negligee. Christina could hardly believe it was her image she saw in the mirror. "What time is it?" she whispered.

Cybill took another swallow of wine and answered in a slurred voice, "twelve-thirty. I'm so excited. It won't be long."

There was a tap on the window and Cybill slid from the top bunk of her brother's bunk beds.

"Oh, God, it's them," Christina's voice trembled from excitement and fear.

"Shhh! Be quiet now. You'll wake somebody up."

"But everybody's upstairs—"

"Will you please just be quiet and do as I say? Here, help me get the window open."

From the night emerged two forms of youth and passion. Bill wrapped his arms around Christina and she held her breath. As he leaned over her to kiss her, the words of others came to Christina's mind.

"That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer."

"Now, therefore, while the youthful here sits on thy skin, like morning dew, and while thy willing soul transpires at every pore with instant fires."

"And we will all the pleasures prove That valleys, groves, hills, and fields Woods, or steepy mountain yields."

"Picture that orchard sprite
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
slim fingers tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering
Eve, with a berry
Half-way to her lips."

"To wonder, "Do I Dare?" and "Do I dare?" Time to turn back and descend the Stair."

"No

Bill." I never could understand why you told him no after all that. You can be so silly sometimes. He might have married you if you hadn't been so frigid."

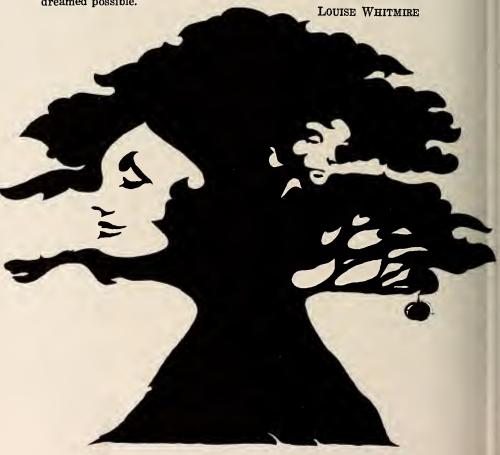
Christina was looking at a magazine with a caption which read, "Why I Saved My Virginity."

"Oh, Christina, do you remember this poem, "The Nympth's Reply to the Shepard"? I hated those poems. It's all so corny. Listen to this:

"But could youth last and love still breed Had joys no date nor age no need Then these delights my mind might move To live with thee and by thy love."

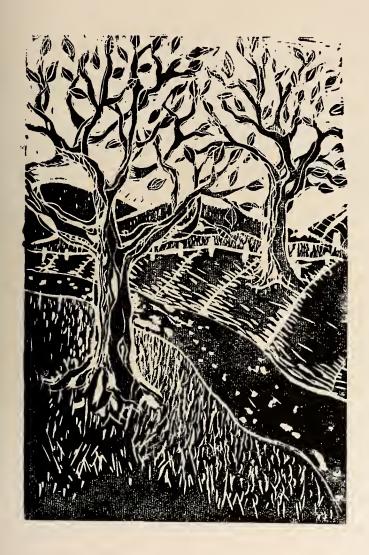
"Well, I'll send you an invitation to my wedding anyhow," Cybill brightly said. "Won't you help me pick out a trailer? We can't get a house near the mill until sometime in August. I hope we can move in before the baby comes."

Christina was speechless. She had nothing to say to Cybill. She glanced at her watch and was amazed. More time had passed than she dreamed possible.

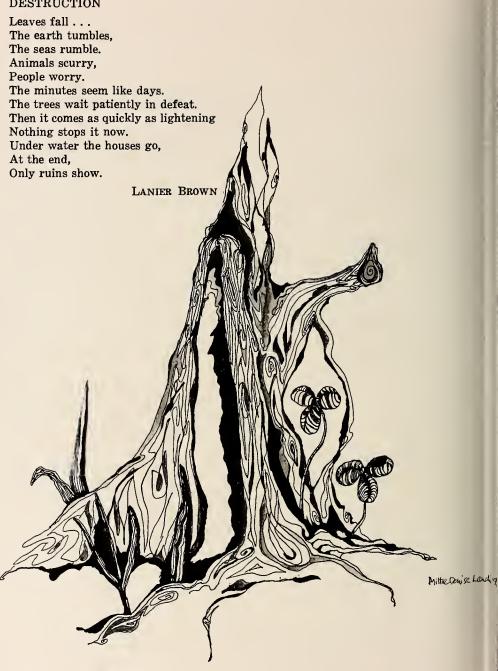


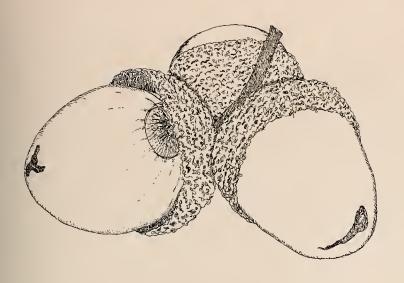
The bright ball of yarn in the west is gathering up its wool into skeins, some getting tangled in the trees and lying, softly glowing, along the ground. Strands of it lie across rooftops and trace their paths up the sides of buildings as they are wound up into the great, glowing ball of yarn.

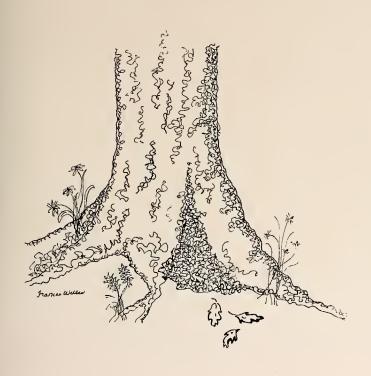
CLAUDIA THORNBURGH













TO C. C.

Lingering still within my mind's monotony
Are patterns traced by all too tender hands
And like etchings traced on subtle sands
They perceive their fated destiny.
I am left dreaming of a time
When all your sorrows will be cast aside—
Through a humbling of yourself to emotions inside,
A new living of life in a light sublime.
Where it is that your soul's Canaan truely lies,
Whether it be in false or natural highs—
Finding yourself in pensive peace with mind
One solomn grasp for sensitivity
In a world too wary of vulnerability.

F. E. HENRY



Age is for the giving of advice to the young. Youth is for the giving of advice to the old. Both are for the giving and accepting of each; and the love learned in the process. MOLLY JORDAN

During the course of their lunch, Marianne and Alice's conversation turned toward the problem of world hunger.

"It's an old question, I know," Marianne said, "But why does God allow so much suffering in the world?"

Alice stopped sawing at her steak for a moment and looked up. "Y'know, I asked my minister that once, and he asked me what I was doing about it!"

"What could I say? I told him I wasn't cut out to be a missionary—let's face it, I'm no saint—but really, I'm not so callous. I mean, I give to the United Way, right?" she giggled suddenly. "Remember when we used to 'trick or treat for Unicef?"

Marianne laughed, choking on a sip of water.

"Dummy!" she spluttered, when she recovered, not really mad. "You made me spill water on my new skirt!"

After mopping up the damage, the conversation turned to the skirt, the sale at which it had been bought, and other more interesting subjects.

CLAUDIA THORNBURGH



Please don't bore me with your petty attempts at friendship. I owned a dog once that licked my face and,
A man I never knew died for me . . .

... a world away.
Anonymous





MHEDERISE LANCE LTE

ODE TO DAD

The days of young are not yet gone

The hand that leads is leading still
The footsteps that I followed
I follow to this day
Your love I feel though distance
separates us now,
But love is dumb and knows not of distance
love knows only of the times
we spent together, the laughter,
the tears, the days and the years
The way I feel just knowing you're
around and loving me still
The way I know you always will
Thanks Dad for being there, and most of all
For being here.

BETH WATSON (written Father-Daughter Day)



Like I told you, there is a mass exodus from St. Mary's every weekend. Beginning around two o'clock on Friday afternoon, excited girls leave by the ones and twos until there is virtually no one remaining. The familiar liveliness of the weekdays is gradually replaced by the moribund atmosphere that usually accompanies an exodus. A stillness pervades campus, the bibliophiles retreat to their texts, and the lost are left weeping. Smedes seems like an empty bottle crate when everyone is gone. Silent were the blaring record players, and telephones. There was no creak as usual when girls bounced on the loose floor board in front of my room. I'm convinced that the only one who doesn't leave on weekends is the ogre who bangs erratically on the radiator pipes at all hours of the night. Even he must have been asleep.

I guess no one is here except me and the pigeons that hang out at East Rock oh, and Mona. She had slid silently through my door and draped herself over a chair in the corner. Her face was mostly obscured by shadow, and she blended rather well with the gray paint chipped and peeling. She offered only a sigh, so I returned to my reading.

However insignificant, I found her presense annoying and found myself staring languidly out the window at the dormant, dreary Saturday. It was too silent . . . strangely silent. Dark clouds had rolled in the north unseen. Then, quite abruptly the wind picked up, stirred the leaves and brought with it the chill and smell of rain. The pair of pigeons deserted their roost just as the first drops fell. For an hour or more Mona and I sat watching the torrents of rain beat down on the flagstone sidewalk and shadow out the rest of the world. Every few minutes the black sky would explode in brilliance and a deafening crack of thunder would practically rock the building. Behind the sheets of rain that fell, I could see the giant oaks swinging wildly. Perhaps Mona did not find thunderstorms as scintillating as I, and her uneasiness was obvious. She was crazy anyway. I never could figure out why she remained at St. Mary's all weekend if she was so paranoid about being alone. I suppose, like me, she had no other choice. I sat watching her for a long time, con-

templating her idiosyncrasies. Mona was pale to begin with, even milky at times and the din of the storm didn't seem to help much. Her eyes were a deep lugubrious brown and were sunken far into her brow. When her eyes were not darting around nerviously, they were fixed—like a blind man's eyes. Her hair was fine and light, and it grew tangled and twisted like the wisteria that crawls the stones of East Rock. Her limbs were lean and white as they hung limply over the arms of the chair. However, her thin fingers would not cease trembling. I laughed inwardly as I watched Mona struggle with herself, but I did not know that she had seen me. Gripping the arms of the chair, she rose and strode out of the room without apparent reason. Supposing her to be ill or something I sat briefly alone enjoying the storm in her absence. However, Mona did not return for several minutes, and I was inclined to investigate. There in the dark hall was Mona, aimlessly perambulating about as though she had lost her sight. I called her name, whereupon she turned and glared at me strangely with large, wet eyes. Then she walked up the stairs to the third floor. I followed her, training my eyes on the loose mantle of beige gauze about her shoulders.

We were going to the attic to look at the old writings on the wall she informed me, smiling. The way to the attic staircase was blocked due to an incident years ago when an SGA officer hanged herself during exams. The door was concealed in the back of the trunk closet on the third floor west. There were some old forgotten suitcases and a few broken bed frames that has to be removed before me could enter. This done, the door came open easily but was followed by an icy blast of wind and dust from the void beyond. Mona led the way with a confidence unusual for her, and I followed rather hesitantly. The narrow stair twisted upward into greater darkness. I could see nothing and suddenly bumped into Mona who was standing before still another door. This one was locked, but alas to my confoundment, Mona reached into her pocket for a key and opened it.

Our arrival in the attic was announced by a clap of thunder and a prolonged flapping of pigeons who cooed and cried in their haste to leave

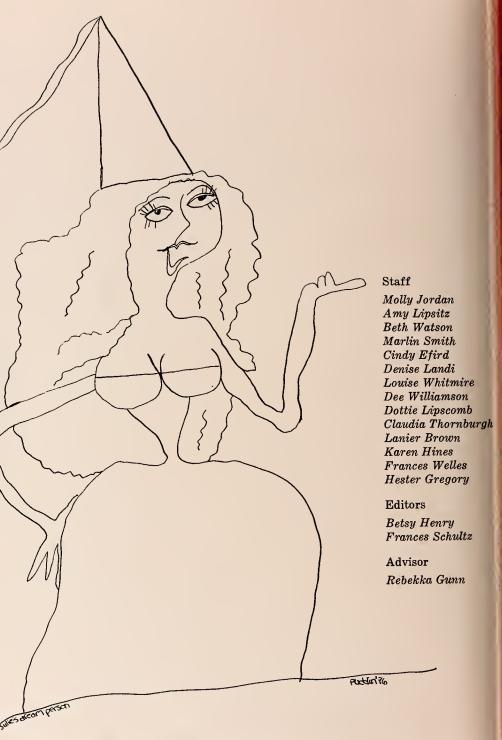
the roost. The initial mayhem of their flight having subsided, I again became aware of the thunderstorm in progress outside, and how its intensity had been amplified by the nearness of the shingled roof.

I perused the moldy room in a glance, noting that the large windows in front were missing quite a few panes. The room was drafty and damp and was lit only by what sunlight filtered through the dusty windows. The lofty ceiling was supported by rafters from which cobwebs were appropriately suspended. Only an empty, white vase lay in the corner beside a few broken candles. Further scrutiny was impeded by my companion who came and stood shaking in the center of the room. Her eyes were afixed neither here nor there but grazed intently upon something beyond my knowledge. Her unusual behavior was alarming and had me rooted to the floor with terror. She began to mumble incoherently. No . . . her words were unmistakable incantations and satanical blasphemies!! At this moment every drop of blood in my body fell to my feet. I felt for the door which had no knob and in desperation searched for another exit, Mona! The fiend, the devil herself! Another flash of lightning illuminated her face and the snarling, twisting lips of red. Her once sunken eyes were now bulbous, rolling, flashing blood as she turned on me, seething and gasping! Her wet, writhing body drew near, and I didn't feel the knife until it lacerated my side. The poignant pain drove me to my senses, and I realized that I could not let myself be sacraficed. In one motion I wrung the dripping blade from her hand and sunk it into her chest.

I go to see Mona sometimes in the little chest upstairs in the attic. I hate for her to be alone. You know how much she hates solitude, the little witch.

Would you like to see the old writings in the attic? Mona gave me the key.

C. E. E.



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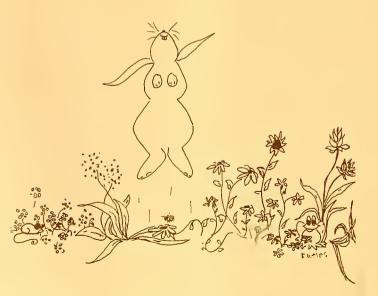


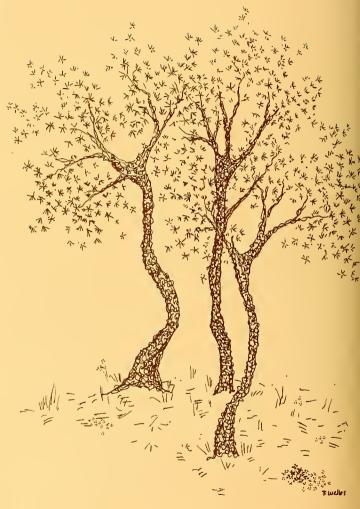
MARCH

March . . .

fresh winds tossing the trees about, sometimes nestling in them, blossoms casting forth many scents, and shooting out proudly into display, new warmth penetrating into the air, seeming to come out from corners, bugs still in hiding.

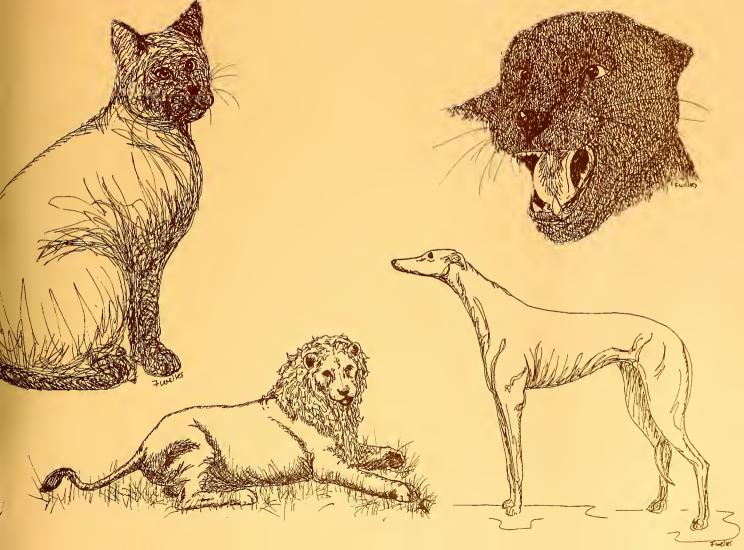
D. D.











SHEPHERD OF THE FLOCK

She sat among the trees and sketched, randomly designing of the day. A long-legged, big-eyed, slender girl, Shepherd Fountain propped the yellow sketch pad upon her knees to sketch the birds in flight. She frowned a little in concentration. A girl of hesitation and delight, Shepherd did not plan the days.

Shepherd was blond and still a little boyish at the self-contained age of seventeen. It was September and her nose still peeled from summer sunburn at the lake. Her eyes were green and gray, bright and feathered like the pigeons of the barn in her back yard.

Shepherd lived in Mont-Pierre in a white frame house of window boxes and front porch swings. Behind the house the patio squared off a piece of land for the Fountains, a small conquest of their own. The barn and a garden stood in a field beyond the yard. The woods where the birds and Shepherd lived, in times of consolation, stretched on unbordered by a fence.

Shepherd picked up her sketch pad and started back toward the windows of eyelet and gingham checks. She heard her mother call.

"Mary Shepherd, I need you to set the table for supper."

Shepherd nodded in reply. She did not say the unnecessary things. They were better left unspoken. Shepherd went inside and helped her mother, not listening to the idle conversation.

"I need to water those plants, Mary Shepherd, but it looks like rain."

"Yes," said Shepherd. She began to think of phrases she had met before in the English class at school.

A car came up the driveway. Her mother said, "Rudy is here."

Rudy Bane was Shepherd's step-father, a kind and quiet man. He had married Jean Fountain a year ago, four years after her husband Tom had died on a hunting trip. A friend had accidentally shot him while cleaning a gun. He left behind his wife and his daughter Shepherd.

Shepherd kept a picture of her father on her dresser for remembrance and for love. She remembered his smile and quick hands like pigeon's wings. She did not say his name. It was not necessary.

"Mary Shepherd, put the biscuits on the table."

Shepherd looked out the window and saw Rudy looking in.

At supper Rudy spoke of going camping. "I would like to go," said Shepherd as the thought suddenly came to mind.

Rudy looked up, smiling a smile of surprise. "Why yes," he said, "things are already planned for this week-end, but we can count on it soon."

"Yes," said Shepherd, "that will be fine."

* * *

Shepherd got up early the mornings Rudy was gone. She went out to the barn, where the pigeons lived in winter. She opened the door to the morning smell of hay and feathers, to the colors of yellow and gray.

Shepherd sat among the bales and, sketching, randomly designing of the flock. A gray-feathered, bright-eyed, rounded bunch, the pigeons posed unaware. They ruffled their feathers in pretense. A flock of innocence and content, they did not plan the days.

"Mary Shepherd, Rudy's home."

It was almost supper time. The time had almost flown. Shepherd started back toward the windows of eyelet and gingham checks. Rudy was home.

Rudy handed her a bag. "Look inside," he said, "I brought you something for the next time, when we both go camping."

Shepherd reached inside the bag. She felt soft feathers. She pulled out a pigeon, shot.

Rudy smiled. "I thought we could have it mounted," he said. "You know your father liked birds, too."

"Yes," said Shepherd, "thank you."

Shepherd walked up to her room, the pigeon in her hand, shepherd of the flock. The lights were off. She raised the window and leaned out over the driveway below, three stories down. Shepherd stepped out on the windowsill with the bird in her hand. They left the window and touched on air. They almost flew.

A dominie* in gray put gently up the evening bars and led the flock away . . .



Schulta









WISHES

I stand below a teal-blue sky
To watch the birth — a new born star
As I ponder with a sigh,
I wish true love come walking by.

The car went passing through the light And beaming bright the color yellow. As hand is kiss'd to reach its height, Upon this wish may come my fellow.

When tears are flowing from my eye, My eyelash falls to reach a cheek. I place my hand to wipe it by; I make a wish to find and seek.

BETH GRISWOLD

THE THINKER'S MEDITATAION ON POETRY

Who can understand?
not me
This new-fangled kind of poetry.
What happened to the simple glee
of 1-2-3,
I love him; does he love me?

It's messages like this That simple folk like me Can really get the gist of.





THE FINAL FLOW

It was four forty-five. They had said they would arrive at five o'clock. Eugene Fielding took a last swallow of bourbon from the bottle and slowly screwed the lid on his favorite method of escape.

"Oh, hell," he thought to himself. "I promised myself I wouldn't do it this time. Dammit, dammit, I shouldn't have done it. They always know. They can always tell."

He made a sloppy attempt to pull himself out of the chair in which he was sitting. He grabbed at the kitchen table and pulled himself up. He shuffled his feet towards the dining room, carrying his bottle like an infant. It was difficult to walk without grabbing onto things. He had learned so well to grab the buffet, then the wall of the dining room archway. The telephone table was next. That got him into his bedroom. There he could collapse on his bed and sleep it off in a mass of hazy dreams.

"I haven't got time to sleep it off," he thought to himself. "I'll take a shower . . . a cold shower . . . that'll help . . . yes, a shower . . . a cold shower."

He glanced at the clock. He had ten minutes left. The cold water hit him like an electric shock. He soaked himself in the water.

"If I can just perk up a little I'll be alright. I'll be sitting when they come and I'll act like my arthritis is acting up. I'll say I can't get up. But I'll act alert. They'll never know."

He could not let them know, he just could not. They would come, all four of them, so full of excitement and hope. His daughter would kiss him tenderly on the cheek and inquire about his health. Pete would shake his hand and call him "Mr. Eugene" and ask how his favorite father-in-law was. Then his granddaughters would hug him and give him youthful pecks on the cheek. They would tell him about school and make him feel like a part of their lives.

"If I can only hold off the booze this time," he thought to himself. "It won't be like the other times when they've come planning to stay for the week, and then seen me drunk and suddenly saying their trip has been cut short." The thought of those farewell kisses done out of duty made him shiver. For when the last suitcase was packed, they would be gone. Gone, and they would leave nothing behind but a faint scent of life. No, he could not let them slip away this time.

He needed them, he . . .

His mind began rewinding memories he had forgotten. Now they played at a rapid pace across his mind. Eugene could see himself at twelve years old going to his father's room to tell him something. But what? There he stood, having reached his father's room, ready to tell him something of importance. Or was it? Too many years had passed to remember the content of his mind on that particular May morning. There he stood at the foot of his father's bed, knowing then the unspoken words. He was ready to pour out a thought, an idea, a fear. Now his father entered the room from the washroom, looking white and walking as though asleep. Clearly he could see the steel, the edge, coming to his father's throat. The right hand in a swift movement sliced the flesh with a razor blade. The body, no longer his father but a corpse, fell across the bed. He swallowed those words as the tears surfaced, then flowed. They rushed down his cheek and into the folds of his neck. Blood poured uncontrollably down his father's body, soaking into his nightshirt and into the bedspread.

Eugene's mind recalled his mother's face, not knowing, not understanding the reasons. Eugene, who had seen, was equally as ignorant, only now he had seen a man escape.

Through the mist which cluttered his mind, he could see his progression from the mail room of the bank to the teller's box. The memory of his standing behind it day after day came to him. Invading the monotonous scene, a form clothed in yellow, floated into his life. The lovely face of that form smiled in a heavenly way at him while she waited for her daddy's money. She then parted by saying, "Have a nice day."

That girl, that girl, what was her name? Belinda — that was it. How could he have forgotten those kisses that moistened his lips and teeth, or the silly things she whispered late at night — before she went into her house of prominence.

Another May night entered his conscious. It filled him with the picture of himself walking to her house, carrying a miniature box and a message — a confession. What was it that he had walked eight blocks to say? What were the words he had kept concealed between

his lips? They were going to be said on this spring-filled night. Another scene floated across his conscious, of him standing behind the hedge in front of Belinda's house . . . seeing two forms — entangled . . . Belinda's head tilted back impatient for her suitor's tender act of passion. He saw devotion in her eyes and heard the words he had come to say forming on her lips. He swallowed those words, but this time no tears came.

Meeting Martha was not like the thrill of discovering Belinda. He thought of Martha's steady arms holding him securely. Her consistency had won him over and he gave her the ring meant for another.

The water continued to come from the faucet. The liquid gushed down his throat and abdomen, pouring onto the floor.

The vision appeared of his standing at a mirror, looking at his wedding ensemble . . . noticing the scar — the scar on the right side of his forehead. It was a scar from a wound he had long forgotten. "I fell" he thought, "that's how I acquired the scar." Fell — but on what, when, how? He could not remember. All he knew was that he had a scar and he had gotten it from falling.

Flashes now passed in front of him too fast on which to focus. For a second his daughter was projected on his psychic screen. There had been joy in her presence. She had been his — belonged to him. The times he had wanted to squeeze her against him, but didn't, rushed into his brain. Why he hadn't, he did not know. He caught sight of a bank. Then there was his daughter clothed in white standing beside him as he gave her away to a young man with a smile filled with love; love that was unrestricted and unafraid.

Everything was in near darkness. In the dimness, he could see Pete. Pete had lost a sweetheart who could not wait for the dropping of a bomb. He had lost a job because he could not swallow his words. Pete had never fled, not once. He would never fall because his escape was by loving. He would always keep loving and that is what made him courageous.

"I must get up," Eugene thought to himself. "I've got to tell them I love them. Maybe they don't know, maybe they don't know, maybe they . . ."

The ticking had stopped. They would find him stone-cold — sober.

LOUISE WHITMIRE

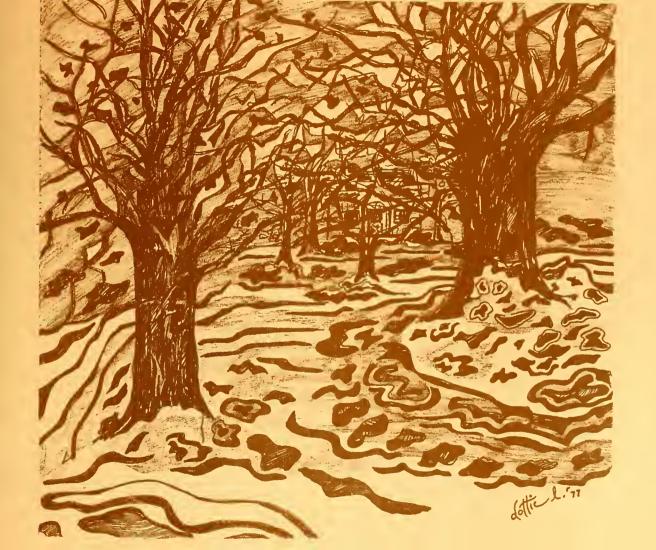
REGRET UPON THE DEATH OF A LOVED ONE

To him whom I loved but never knew And now, he is no more.

The contemplation you've inspired Has opened a new door, Because I never really thought That distant love could hurt And now I realize it can With feelings I can't shirk Of guilt, of grief, unheeded pain Of all the things I never did, With no chance to do again.







TO A SPECIAL FRIEND

A look,
A glance,
One small brief exchange
That we can't have again
Nor can time rearrange
The many feelings I had
Free of stress, free of strain
When just knowing I'm alive makes me glad

And if to live means to love
Or to love means to live
As to the aid of a cold hand comes a warm glove
I want you to know that to me you give that
Comfort, and to, my soul
The knowledge of what it means
To share, to love, to grow old
And be sure that we'll always
Be friends.
Imagine all this from our eyes' instant gaze
When I looked up at you
From my guitar-playing daze.



PLAY BY RULES BY F. E. HENRY

SET: The stage is completely black with the exception of a wide, white line down the center and two music stands. Lighting consists of a single circle of white light that is brought up gradually before the players enter, and remains up for the duration of the play.

PLAYERS: Two women of the same age, dressed in black with black shoes. Both women have their hair

pulled tightly back.

CAINLY: No features in dress or manner in direct contrast to Abelle other than a pair of high heeled shoes.

ABELLE: No features in direct contrast to those of Cainly except for a pair of low-heeled shoes.

(CAINLY and ABELLE enter, CAINLY from stage left, ABELLE from stage right. Both walk on looking business-like and efficient. They walk to their respective music stands and put down their music batons.)

CAINLY: (plays hopscotch with imaginary pebble and markings)

ABELLE: (plays jump rope with an imaginary rope, chants:)
"A" my name is Alice and I'm from Alberta and

I sell apples . . .

(They proceed like this until they reach the white line, they stop and stand composed once again, face to face — Both start making faces at one another without saying anything) CAINLY: And don't step over my white line either, not while

I play territories.

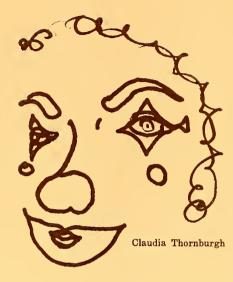
ABELLE: It's not your white line anyway. Na Na Na Na Na! (making a face)

CAINLY: (with insight) the keyboard is blue

ABELLE: you're a hateful creature too

CAINLY: get out of bed great fire, wind, snakes, and spiders ABELLE: listen to her! (instructionally—) play by rules!

CAINLY: Praise ye the Lord! (praying)



ABELLE: Oh, God I'm bored. (filing her fingernails)

CAINLY: The sky is red ABELLE: and God is dead

CAINLY: the bird now flies (as if she can see a bird taking

flight)

ABELLE: and CAINLY lies! CAINLY: Thou shalt not kill

ABELLE: are you on the pill? (to CAINLY)

CAINLY: Do you sell your toenails? (with great interest)
ABELLE: I believe in love, or whatever spontaneity prevails.

CAINLY: Save the people! ABELLE: Screw the people.

(Abrupt stop. Turn in face to face. Repeat faces at each other, turn back to back, walk to music stands, pick up batons in unison, tap tree times on music stands, act as if conducting a symphony)

ABELLE: Make the chosen people joyful

CAINLY: By winning wars with strategies more coyful

ABELLE: We'll win with bright "H's" and "A's"

CAINLY: God has the power only to number days (innocently)

ABELLE: Remember slanted eyes, high-heeled shoes and lips CAINLY: Flat noses, colored skin, and death at our finger

tips

ABELLE: Anything outside the normal: our add; their loss CAINLY: We'll then put down our tennis and play Lacross

(Abrupt stop. Stand face to face. Repeat faces at each other. Childlike qualities in next lines, simultaneously chanting:)

ABELLE: Red rover, red rover send all your men over

Ring around the rosies pockets full of posies

ashes to ashes they all fall down (5 times)

CAINLY: Ring around the rosies pockets full of posies ashes to ashes they all fall down

Red rover, red rover send all your men over (5 times)

(Stop, turn face to face, physical fight ensues, choreographed mime battle to Bach's Air Suite No. 3 in D Major, fight takes place within the white line area, afterwards both turn face down stage, snap fingers, in unison:)

ABELLE and CAINLY: Demilitarized Zone!
(Step back into line area — natural calmness in next lines.)

in next lines —)

CAINLY: Have a cig? Mind if I bum one off you?

ABELLE: (pulling out cigarettes and matches) Sure. Smoke my brand?

CAINLY: (nods, takes cigarette, smiles)

(Both smoke cigarettes while walking around white line area. Both stand smoking cigarettes, finish, put out cigarettes with the heels of their shoes, looking down at floor both become acutely aware of and embarrassed of their heels, they back out of line area, turn back to back, turn face to face, make faces at each other)

CAINLY: Scaredy cat . . . (10 times)

ABELLE: Sticks and stones — Sticks and stones — (10 times) Break my bones

CAINLY: But words, words!

ABELLE: (with difficulty) The cat in the hat

CAINLY: (trying hard to think) It's sour and I'm gaining

weight and getting fat

ABELLE: The lion is in the tree

CAINLY: Red bushes bloom black for me ABELLE: It's the lusty month of May CAINLY: He said, "go," and I said "O.K."

ABELLE: (accusingly) You took my child

CAINLY: The parties are getting much too wild

ABELLE: You know what they say (matter of factly) CAINLY: Needles gather no moss while rolling in hav

ABELLE: Green eggs and ham and Sam I am CAINLY: I love you so and could give a damn

(Abrupt stop, turn face to face, repeat faces, turn back to back, stand composed, walk to music stands, pick up batons in unison, act as if conducting a symphony)

CAINLY: Make the chosen people joyful

ABELLE: By winning wars with strategies more coyful

CAINLY: We'll win with bright "H's" and "A's" ABELLE: God has the power only to number days

CAINLY: Remember slanted eyes, low-heeled shoes and lips

ABELLE: Flat noses, colored skin and death at our finger tips

CAINLY: Anyone different our add, their loss

ABELLE: Put up the game and we'll play Lacross

(Abrupt stop, face to face, repeat faces)

Simultaneously:

CAINLY: Red rover, red rover

Ring around the rosies

(5 times)

ABELLE: Ring around the rosies

Red rover, red rover

(5 times)

(Stop. Stand face to face)

— FIGHT REPEATS —

ABELLE and CAINLY: Demilitarized Zone!

ABELLE: Beautiful day, isn't it?

CAINLY: Yes very, makes me feel young again

ABELLE: Glad it's warmed up

CAINLY: Guess I can put away my Winter coats

(Notice their shoes are untied, bend to tie them, looking down at floor, they both become acutely aware of and embarrassed of their heels, get up slowly, painfully, as if worn out

or old)

ABELLE: (instructionally) Play by rules.

(Step out of line area. Stand back to back,

turn face to face, make faces)

CAINLY: Scaredy cat.

ABELLE: Sticks and stones

CAINLY: In His name

ABELLE: I'm sorry but I can accept no blame CAINLY: London Bridge is falling, falling

ABELLE: The cat on the ledge waits calling, calling

CAINLY: Well, give the cat milk ABELLE: Chinese lanterns and silk

CAINLY: London is falling, falling down

ABELLE: Send colored balloons and one clown

CAINLY: I'm a shaker, I don't believe in propagation, moth-

erhood, or masturbation

ABELLE: I hang my chairs upon the wall when not in use

CAINLY: Hiroshima children don't know abuse -

ABELLE: The lambs of His pasture

CAINLY: Crack and chip off the plaster

ABELLE: Make the chosen people joyful

CAINLY: Winning wars with strategies more coyful

(turn in, stop, make faces at each other, turn

out, simultaneously:)

CAINLY: My that was a pleasant fight wasn't that quite jolly but I do enjoy to

revel in my brothers'

folly

ABELLE: (Start grasping the air for "H's" and "A's",

mummuring:) I'll fight with "H's" and "A's". I'll number your days. На На На На На.

Ah, Ah, Ah

ABELLE: Brother - Sister I won't keep you any longer

CAINLY: It's not that I'm weak, but I'm the stronger!

(boastfully)

ABELLE: Cainly, It's falling down, and I'm picking these

from the garden all 'round.

CAINLY: Abelle, what's this new folly? What makes you

so jolly?

ABELLE: (happily dancing with her "H's" and "A's" in her

hands)

La mere fait le tricot Le pere fait les affaires Le fils fait la guerre

CAINLY: (understanding) Don't play with — Play by rules!

ABELLE: My brothers' folly makes us all fools

(Simultaneously)

ABELLE: Ha, Ha, Ha, Ah, Ah, H, A, H, A, A . . .

(chanting)

Red rover, red rover Send all your men over

Send more of them over Send your men over

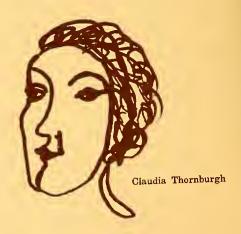
your men

CAINLY: (Slowly gets down in fetal position, takes of

shoes places them in white line area.

CAINLY: THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

(curtain)





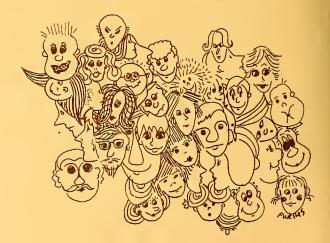


THE DIETER

The dieter is a person who Proclaims all food, from now on, TABOO! She struggles and strains with her will power And loses the fight in just one hour. Tomorrow will be better she says But the pounds linger on as she counts the days.

She hardens her will and balls her fist Instead of Coke, she'll drink Tabs But she simply can't resist Accompanying the Tab with a pack of nabs.

I know this sounds like a familiar story
Of the dieter's battered and broken glory —
Thus as we strain to zip the zip,
We hope and pray the skirt won't rip.
And as we fret over our stomachs blubby,
I guess we'll just have to stay chubby!





MENTAL BLOCK BY HILLARY THOMPSON

SETTING:

All action takes place on a bare stage with only two stools; Myra, an obviously mentally defective child of thirteen, is seated by one of the stools slightly downstage to that of her mother. The mother is seated on her stool knitting. She is a composed-looking woman in her late thirties. All action is done in mime, and the curtain opens on Mama on her stool and Myra playing with some blocks.

Myra: Mama, why's the floor so bare and cold, and how come we don't have any more chairs left? I don't like sitting on the floor.

Mama: (matter-of-factly) Now Myra, you know that you have a stool.

All you have to do is get up and sit on it. As for the rug, I told you yesterday that when that little man crawled out of the crack beside the refrigerator, he flew out the window with it.

Myra: Mama, I didn't see no man, and anyways, how could that ole rug fit through that window?

Mama: Well now, Myra, there are just some things that children don't understand. (abrupt change of pace — Mama snaps at child) Play with your blocks, and don't bother your mama any more! (Myra slowly mimes throwing her blocks downstage. Mama abruptly gets up, crosses to child, and slaps her. Myra cries out.)

Mama: Myra you nasty child! (crosses to blocks and picks them up)
I'm going to put these in the fireplace, and I don't want to hear
another word about them.
(Mama crosses up left to fireplace, throws blocks and returns to
her stool and knitting. After a pause, Myra looks for her blocks)

Myra: Mama, my blocks are gone. Where are they?

Mama: Why, dear, what are you talking about? They were there just a minute ago, and you were just playing with them. You didn't put them away, did you?

Myra: No, Mama, they aren't here. I don't know where they are, Mama.

Mama: (Looks toward the fireplace) Did you throw your blocks in the fireplace?

Myra: No, Mama!

Mama: (walks toward fireplace and looks in) Why you lying little snake!
Go right now and sit in that corner. Don't you move until I tell
you that you can!

Mama: Myra, go and answer the door. There is someone there. Hurry up! It might be your daddy!

Myra: Mama, there wasn't any noise. I didn't hear it.

Mama: (sharply) Do as I say, Myra!

(Myra crosses left to door, upstage of Mama. She opens the door, and as she does, her mother comes up behind her. Myra opens the door and turns to her mother.)

Myra: Mama, there is no one here . . .

(Mama cuts her off, and greets an imaginary visitor at the door. She invites the visitor in, and when Myra tries to break in, Mama pushes her sharply upstage. When she does this, all sound stops, and the conversation with the imaginary man continues in Mime. Myra approaches her mother from behind and tries to embrace her. Mama trips and falls over a stool. She lies prostrate on the floor, and Myra kneels behind her and begins to stroke her hair.)

Myra: Mama, where are my blocks?

(curtain)

THE END



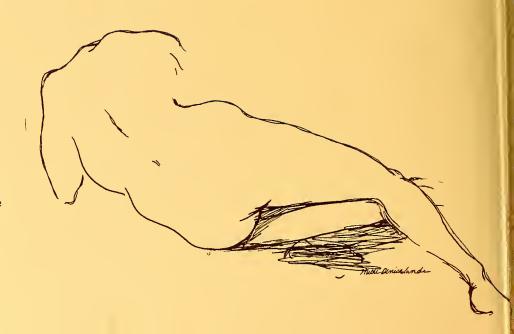
THE NOW-TAMED SHREW

You touch
I turn
You come
I burn
You whisper
I answer
Sweet words
My sweet dancer.

We lie under covers new-found joy in new lovers I touch and you join and like this until morn.

We touch
then gaze
finding enemies
in days
Time — our new hate
"Oh, come closer once more
And kiss me, Kate."

F. E. HENRY







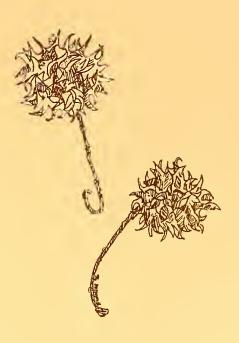
A SUPER FRIEND

The child has found a super friend One eye, one leg, but has a grin One that will never leave his side Until this child has sadly died.

At night when all is quiet and still, When storms have broken window sills The friend, protector at his side Is still there closely, closely tied.

The cost was not more than a few dimes, Though through all the toils of these times This child has someone who will care, The friend — his name is Teddy Bear.

PAULA SNEEDEN





A CLOUD

I saw a cloud come floating by. It smiled at me I think. I do not know the reason why, But I did see it wink.

BETH GRISWOLD

PAPPA'S IN THE KITCHEN MAKING PANCAKES

The house creaks. the phone rings, Icicles fall. the kettle sings. (Oh, let me sleep -I'm not awake at all,) The children sneak and send in the cat, I chance a peak: now, what is that? Eyes at my bed. (Oh, children leave while I play dead.) I mound the covers higher still, I mound them mountain-like To keep out the chill then to the smile of darling Mike: "Mommy's busy." (Does he believe? Even at three, he's not that naive.)

F. E. HENRY





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The editors and staff would like to dedicate this issue of The Muse to Mr. John T. Rice in appreciation of the fine job he has done at St. Mary's and with best wishes for the future he will share with us.



The MUSE — art and literary publication of St. Mary's College — Spring 1977









AN EDITORIAL

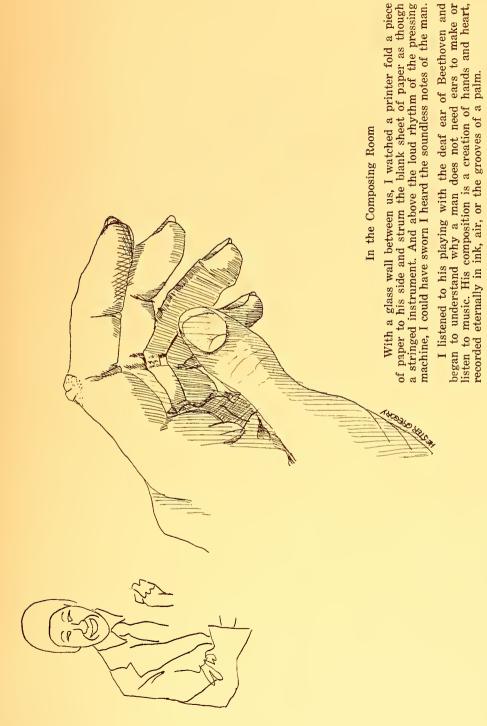
The Muse is an experiment of expression. Between its pages are pressed words which are thoughts, faces which are people, and drawings which are interpretations. Collectively, they represent a facet of college life not often seen . . . the imagination, creativity, and sensitivity of the individual that extends beyond a daily routine of class participation. Some selections in our winter edition of the Muse may be more successful than others. Ideally, each is a unique and individual creation, to be read and criticized in its own light.

Dottie Lipscomb Editor

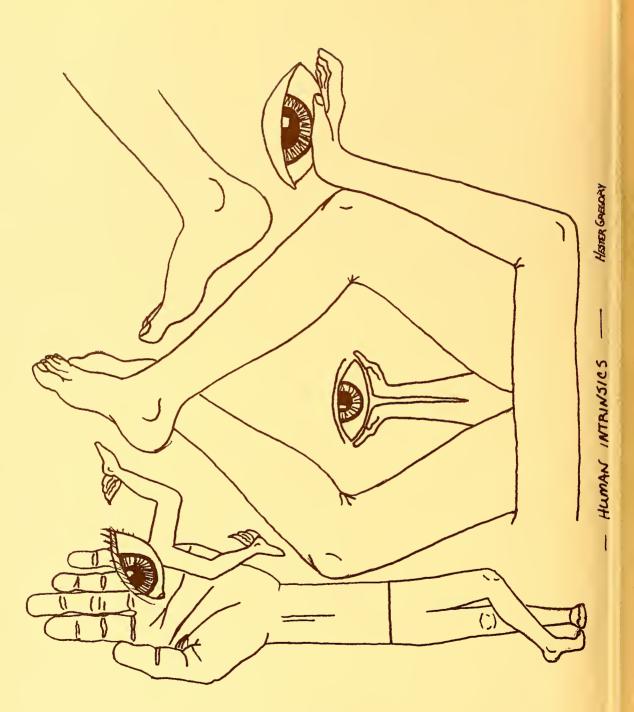


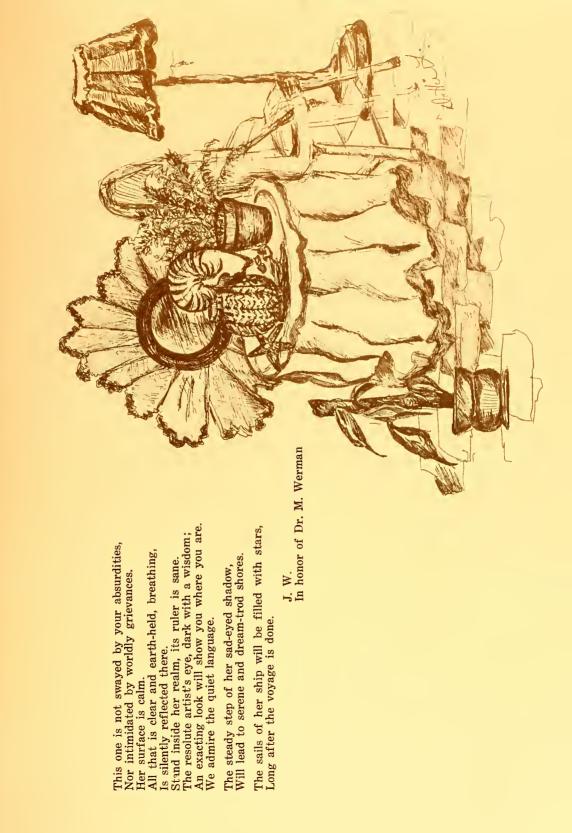
"Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

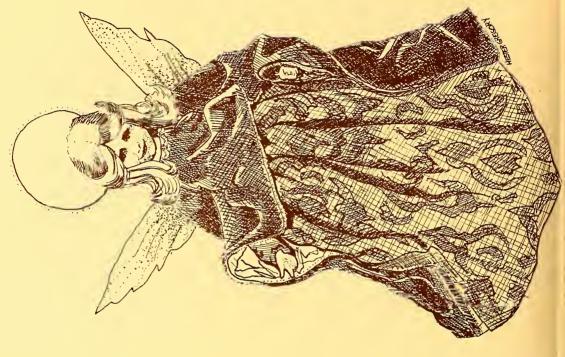
-Byron



McKay Munford







Jay Jay Winrich

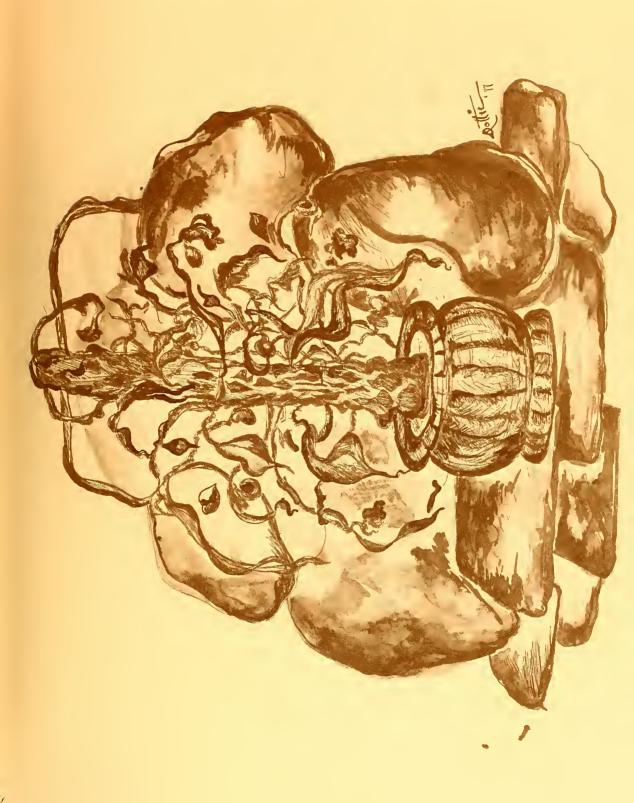
Ode to a Roommate She's a grown-up little girl Always meeting mischief with her Sparkling, bubbly-as-a-glass-of-ginger-ale laugh Inspired by dreams, but guided by reality Whose outer beauty is a reflection of her Who can't give without loving Or love without giving And when she's happy You know it Inner nature Here's one

To fly kites

'Cuz her feet don't touch the ground. She will never be too old

Build sandcastles. She's the littlest angel with a tilted

Halo.



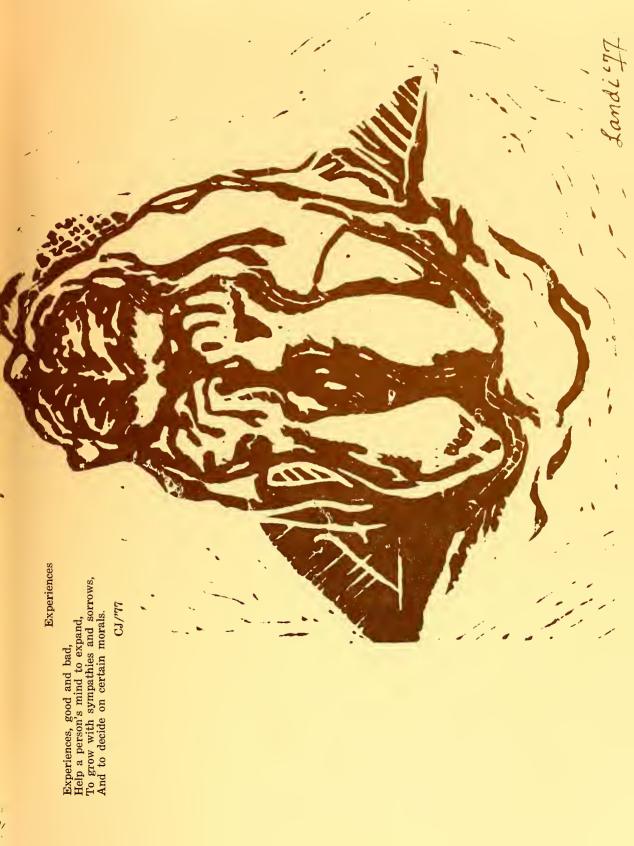


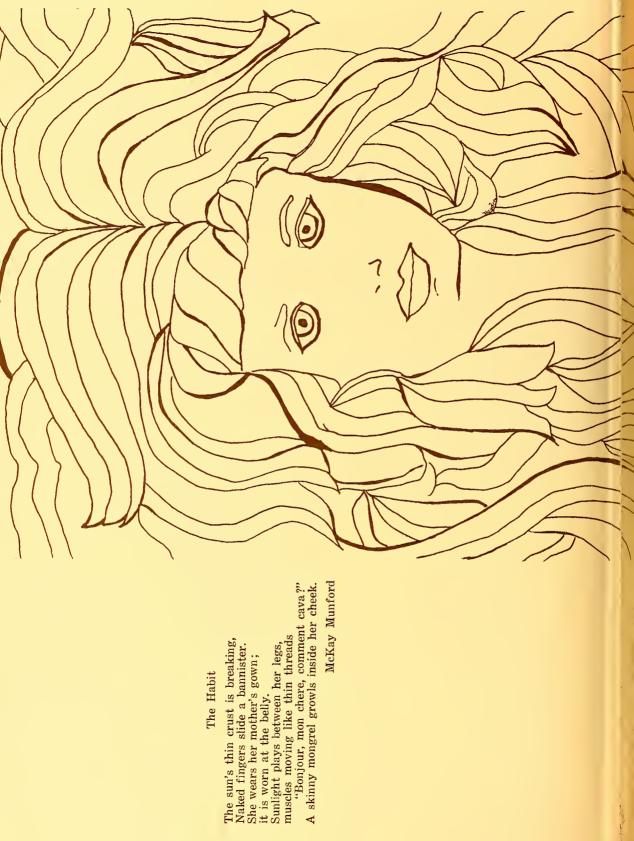
Moving On

Tattered dolls with empty faces,
Bring back dreams of faraway places,
Animals stuffed and animals torn,
Books I have read and clothes I have worn.
Places I've been but can never return
Memories to dwell on and new things to learn,
Fantasies and pleasures I will never again know,
I search but can't find them, where did they all go?

I cling to the fragments of joys that have passed,
I've found all my pleasures in things that won't last,
I'd give all I have, though I know I could never,
Return to my past, and dwell there forever.

Margie Trent





To my friend,
I've only just met you,
But I already feel such a part of you,
And you a part of me.
I already know you well enough,
That you can easily hurt me,
And I, without knowing it, hurt you.
Just when I thought I was lost,
You came along and showed me just what a difference one new friend can make.
The years will pass and we will part,
But I will never forget how much easier for me you have made these years.

Margie Trent





HIS KINGDOM FOR A PRINCESS

She sipped her coffee from the bright daisy mug in front of her and absently noted it was cold and had been for some time. No matter.

He was after all old man, but it wasn't fair and she wouldn't do it. She couldn't do it. He'd given everything he had been able to afford, and often he'd done without himself, wishing only that his sacrifices could yield her more pleasures. He was the most unselfish person she had ever known. How could I think of it, even for a moment? She mused, hating herself more and feeling even worse than she had felt the previous second.

But what about her husband Colin and their two beautiful boys? They'd

when ring.

With a heavy sigh she divorced herself from her reverie and the problem at home and went to answer the bell for the hundredth time that day. She hurried down the simple but amply furnished hall and presented herself and her father's bedroom door.

The dark room was tiny and rather impersonal, but the sun was surely there in the face of the old man who lay in the bed in front of her. Although his face was the same pale color as the drab pajamas he wore, the happiness in his smile outshone that of any child she knew. He began to speak, then hesitated, obviously unwilling to bother her.

"Princess, I hate to bother you again, but is Dr. Harvey going to send out some more medicine this afternoon? I've got to ask him for something stronger."

She gave him a sedative to make him sleep and promised to call the doctor's pharmacy. She also made a mental note that he'd had more pain pills in the past few days than usual. She pondered over this while starting dinner.

And that name—Princess. He always calls me that when I'm thinking about, oh, how could anyone love me when I'm so awful?

The back door slammed and the twins, already little men at age eight, toppled in from baseball practice. "We won!" shouted Chris at the top of his lungs. Patrick proceeded to drop the bats and other equipment on the floor with a deafening roar." Shhh—You'll wake up grampa—shhh!" The words "But we won!"

"When is grampa going to leave so we can all be happy again?"

Chris was protesting. "You never care about us any more, and can't ever have any fun because Grampa's always asleep!"

She heard her hand meet Christopher's face in a firm slap before she could stop herself and she watched his horror as he retrieved himself and ran howling to his room, followed by Patriek.

But she knew even as she pretended to wonder. Chris was only voicing the thoughts which she herself had entertained.

As she was serving her father his favorite soup, she heard a car door slam and she knew that Colin was home. Not wanting to see him she lingered longer than usual, leaving only when she could put off no longer. She closed the door and walked slowly toward the living room.

and your and wanted showly coward the 119 mg room.

She found him with a scowl on his face and she watched as the two boys quickly refreated when she entered the room.

"Chris tells me you've been short with them again." His voice made it a statement, but the look in his eyes made it also a question—one deserving a good answer.

"They were loud and Grandpa was asleep." It was the usual reason. It had seemed ample until Colin's face said otherwise.

For God's sake, Honey it's got to stop now! He's ruining our lives. The boys are like scared rabbits all the time and as for us—havon't we been over

that enough times? Sara, listen to me. You're no fool. I understand he's your father and you feel a certain obligation to him, but your family comes first. I can't even make love to you without him ringing that damn bell!"

Of course he didn't understand. She didn't expect him to. His parents had died when he was young, so he had never faced this. But she would try again.

"Colin you can't send him to a home. I know it's hard on you having him here. It's hard on me too. Do you think I like all the extra work, being tied to the house, never going anywhere because there's nobody to stay with him? No, but I put up with it and you can too. The fact remains that he is my

awfully hard to be a good daughter and you are. You're also a good mother. But honey, you can't be both at once in this situation. You've tried again and again, but you're not superhuman. What makes you think it will be any easier tomorrow than it is now and has been since he arrived?"

Colin's shoulders drooped and his voice was tired. "Sara, you're trying

Sara tried to push the tiny swelling of happiness back into her heart "Colin would you send me to a home if I were no longer capable? Would before she had admitted that it happened.

Colin was being patient. And his speech made sense at least some of it did. She realized his voice was no longer droning on and she popped back onto the present. His eyes were on the floor and he cleared his throat before "Of course not Sara, you're my wife. It's different. You have to know . . . you stop loving me and caring about me if for a reason I couldn't help?"

"Sara I called the Burton Home today. There will be a vacancy Wednesday "Sara . . . "There was an uncomfortable silence before he continued. he spoke.

She stared at him a minute before she flopped down beside him and cried. felt as though she had been stabbed in the back. No, she'd been reading and I told them "he would be there."

The open window was an invitation to the screaming voices which drifted through it. He couldn't see it, but the baseball game in the backyard was a too many love stories. She was supposed to feel that way. Actually didn't she feel the tiniest bit relieved? After all, it was Colin not she that called lively one from the noise it projected. the home.

The old man lay still with his eyes closed, but spry mind and ears open. He could have joined Sara for tea but he bothered her too much anyway. It was much more pleasant to lie there and let his thoughts drift as they may. He couldn't think of anywhere he'd rather be than right where he was at that He squinted his eyes and opened them enough to see the dresser. There was a certain familiarity in sunspot which always danced on the top of his dresser about this time of day. It was a joy to watch that sunspot dance and

half as pretty as today, he always took Marjorie and Sara down to the train station to watch the trains. Fine ladies didn't promenade now as they used to do, hurried and sophisticated. All waiting for trains to Boston or New York of course he couldn't be sure which town, but where else was more exciting. he knew that it would appear there tomorow, dependable as it had always been. This had always been his favorite kind of day. On Sundays, if they were

He'd never had enough money for a train ride, but sometimes if he scraped there was enough to buy ice creams for Marjorie and Sara. It was always worth going without lunch to see them so happy.

His princess as his late in lifetime child was more loved and more precious than any child deserved to be. And she was just like her mother.

He was almost asleep when the shrill voices abandoned the baseball field and moved to play fort. It was the best place because there was a large azalea bush and two rusty wagons. The voices were quieter now, but he was suddenly very interested in what was being said. He strained his ear in vain and moved to the very end of the bed. Balanced there precariously, his efforts to hear the conversation were not in vain any longer.

"Daddy just said that Mama isn't strong enough to take care of us and grandpa too, so that's why he's leaving. He said we should be patient with her when she fusses at us, because she's having a hard time."

"Is that why she was crying again last night?"

"I guess so. She's been awful mean to daddy too."

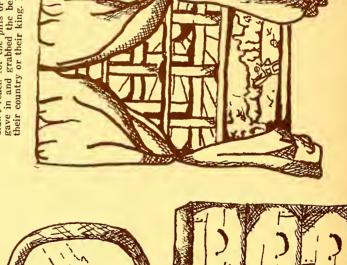
"And Daddy said maybe we can go to see Grandpa at Christmas or on his birthday."

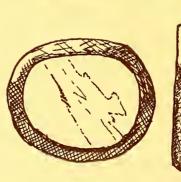
The conversation topic drifted to those of more general interest to eight year olds.

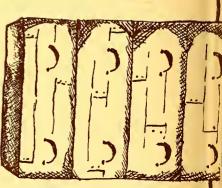
He lay motionless for a few minutes, and when he finally moved it was very slowly. The sunspot was gone and the breeze across his bed was no longer, but cool and menacing.

When the pain came he gritted his teeth and wished it were stronger. He didn't reach for the pills or hell, simply to get it over with quickly, before he gave in and grabbed the bell. After all he reflected—many men had died for their country or their king. He would do it for his Princess.

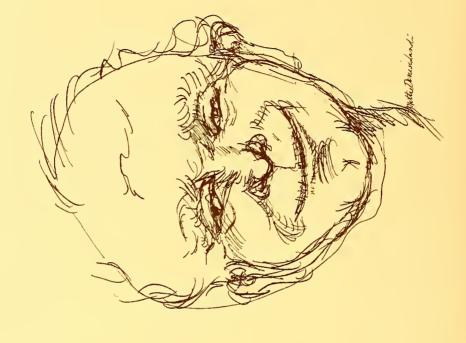












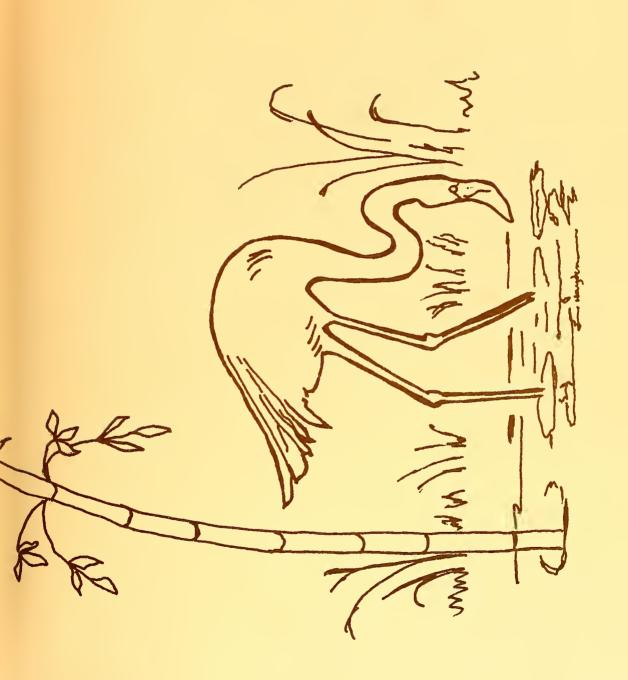
This desk is covered with clever sayings, initials and traces of old high school

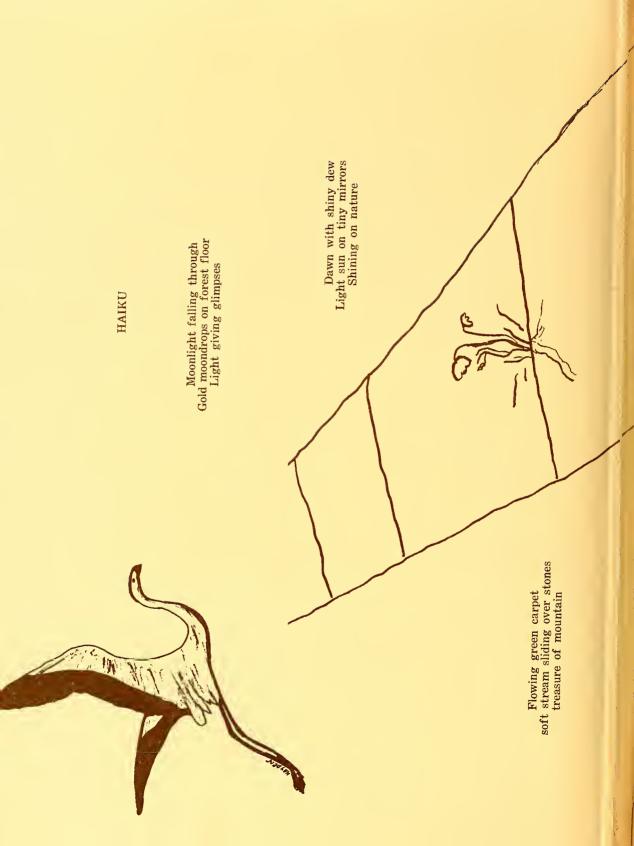
romances.

I wonder what the people whose initials are etched forever in the desk are doing now.
Living.
Loving.
Laughing.

Mingling with society like snowflakes in the first s n n o o w f f a a 1 of the season.

G.C.





Eagle in the sky flapping light wings above high trees above, beyond, free

Sea with high white waves Tide's yo-yos and sea gull's wings Ocean and freedom



D.D.



You sail the seas to Tokyo, featherless and frightened of water. While I simply stay and search for a pond to grow inside. Not far there is a forest, I carved your face in pine. Sap clings to my hands as you did before your journey. So I lay myself open now, heart trembling, lizards know the fright of Iosing a piece of themselves in wind. The painter's brush slices my body into jucy bits, a naval orange; hand in my belly, finger in my eye, bosoms where my feet once lay. Three women in my spirit Flee from the path of righteousness.

McKay Munford



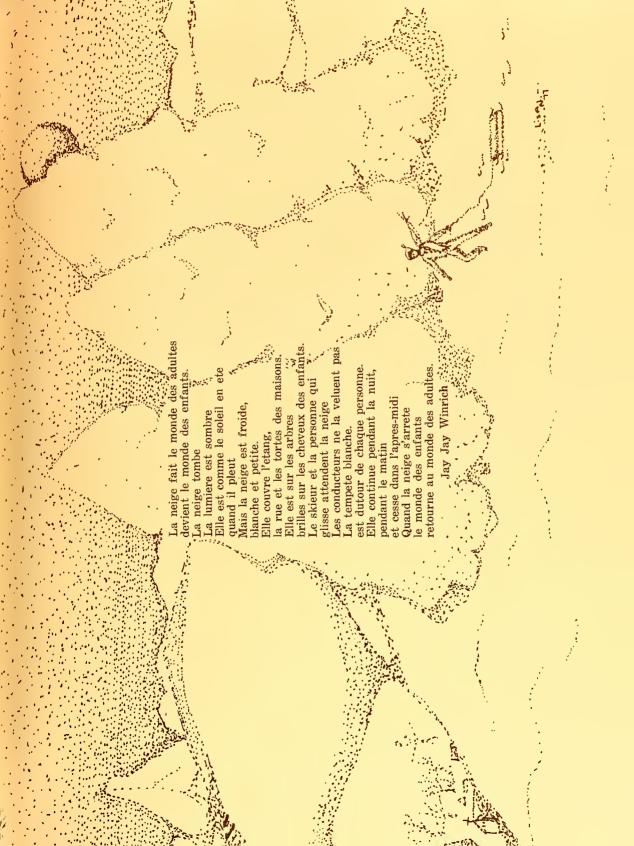


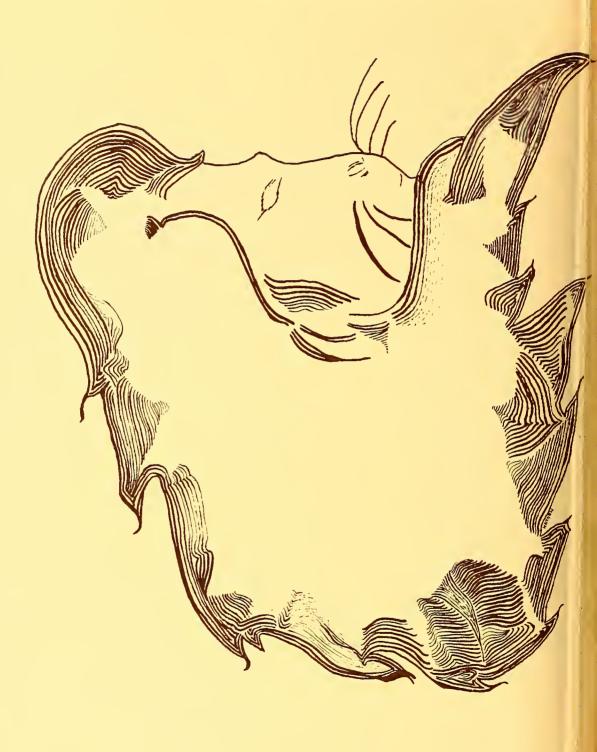
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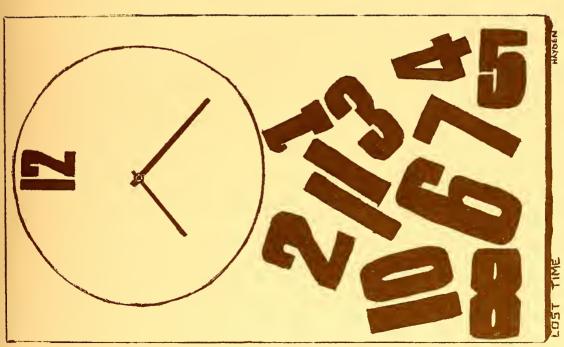
to my roomies

if there are times when you want to laugh and i'd rather cry if there are times when you need me and i'm not around if there are times when i seem distant, cold, unfeeling if there are times when you need a friend and there's or i cannot forgive that which is but a passing mood. if there are times when i seem as though i don't care if there are times when you want to make contact if there are times when you want advice and that please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. if there are times when your last card is laid please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. please forgive me, it is but a passing mood please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. and i don't hear a word which you've said please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. please forgive me, it is but a passing mood. please fogive me, it is but a passing mood. if there are times when you want to talk but if there are times when i need you which i give seems over your head and i seem to be off in the sky and i'm no longer dealing, no friendship to be found please be there

S.M./77







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1978



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Dottie Lipscomb Editor





poem for a sailor i once loved

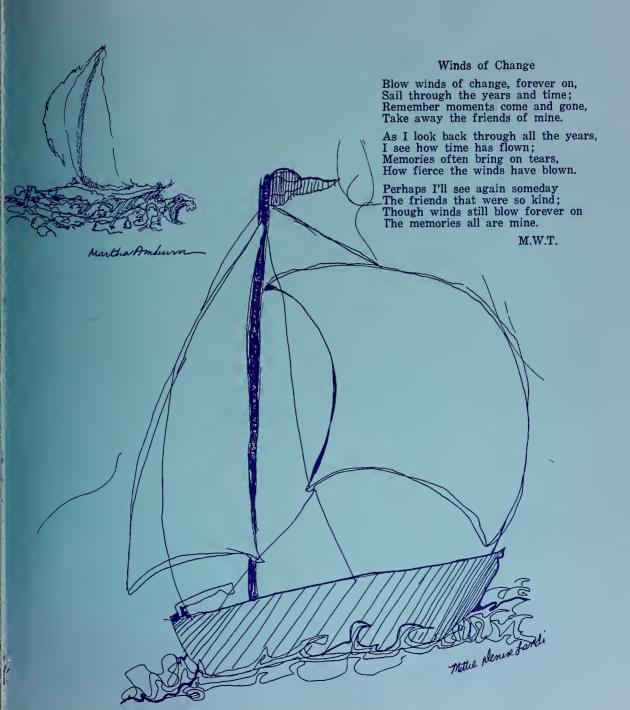
as i watch you go to sea a tear blurs in my eye every sailor must be free and now's your time to fly

i fear that you may n'er return although you'll never know i cannot speak of my concern my feelings shall not show

i cannot be a parasite i will not dare to cling i know i'll have you for one night and then you will take wing

i'll watch your ship set sail once more and know you have to flee and if you never cross my door at least i'll know you're free







To Sea with Perfect Trust

We have come to the beach — my family and the rain. Little brother cries,

he recalls the first time with the sea, how the waves roared in his face like a giant circus lion.

the cottage steams -

damp breezes sneak through windows on all-fours, Imagine a great hand uprooting us all, wringing us out like a wet towel.

I remember —

the first snow at home —
I peeked out the window and thought
the ground looked soft and smooth
refined and warm —
like confectioners' sugar on Mother's cakes
like Mother herself.

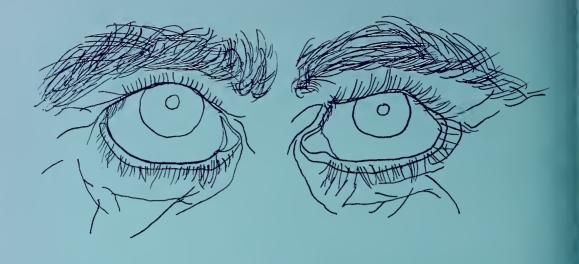
I stepped onto the porch — cold porch — plunged into the snow and emerged — screaming at angels of my own imprint.

McKay Munford



Muscles of men are my favorites, The ones that rise and lower as a tide with strings of seaweed mixed with its frothy crown. Then there are the kinds that lock themselves shut at the stretch of a leg. Dancers seem to move not with body but with God beneath their very feet. A child moving in staccato fell upon the ground and cried. Bumps and bruises of naitivity are healed, but not forgotten. My grandmother's muscles slip into her feet and make her walk heavy and tired, like a pregnant sheep. Sometimes when I am tired, my arms flap, sheets in a breeze as white, thin, and wanderlust, pinned to a string or crucifix, muscles move in mysterious ways. McKay Munford





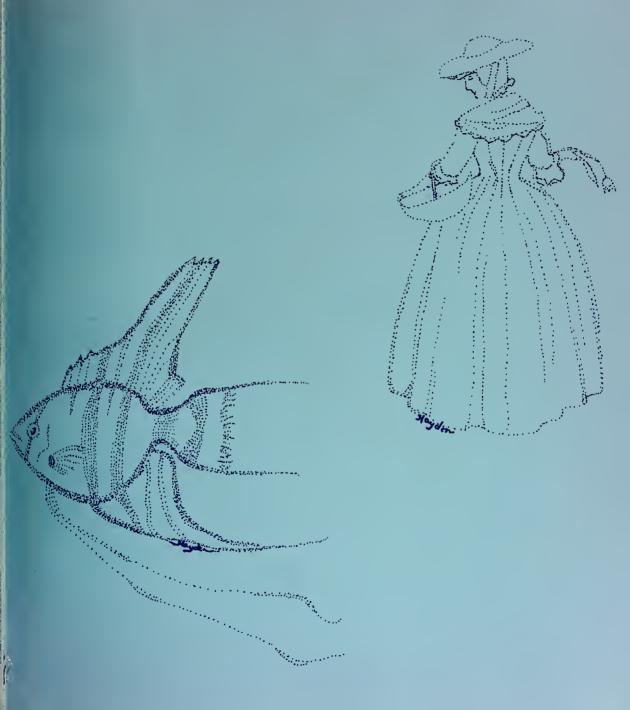
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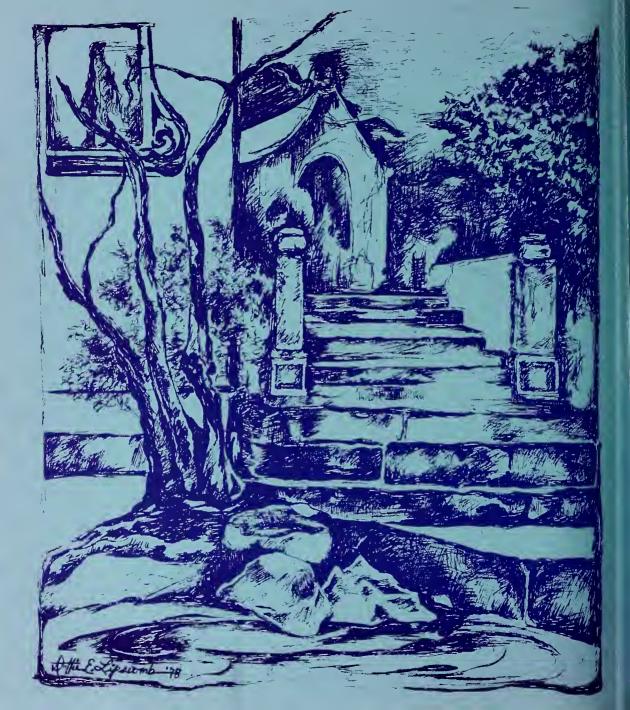
Dreams . . .

The street light cast its shadow so light on the man's shoulders. As he sat bent over on the corner, the distant sounds of the city sang their sad refrain. His tears dropped into the stream left by the afternoon rain as it ran along side the curb. Each tear seemed to fade away as each of his dreams did. But the night sky lightened as the moon pasted a smile on the infinite blue grev canvas. The trees were inked in sillouettes on their water color background. For every tear he shed, two or more stars became visible, sparkling a gold mist among the clouds. He sighed deeply as the wind tossed the puffs of grey aside. The sky cleared — the man layed back in the tall wet grass. The tears drifted over his cheeks rolling down the sides of his face. The tears had drained him and left him without energy. His eyes glistened in the light. His eyes became heavier and heavier until he fell in a deep sleep. He dreamed of many tomorrows and of a place where dreams came true.

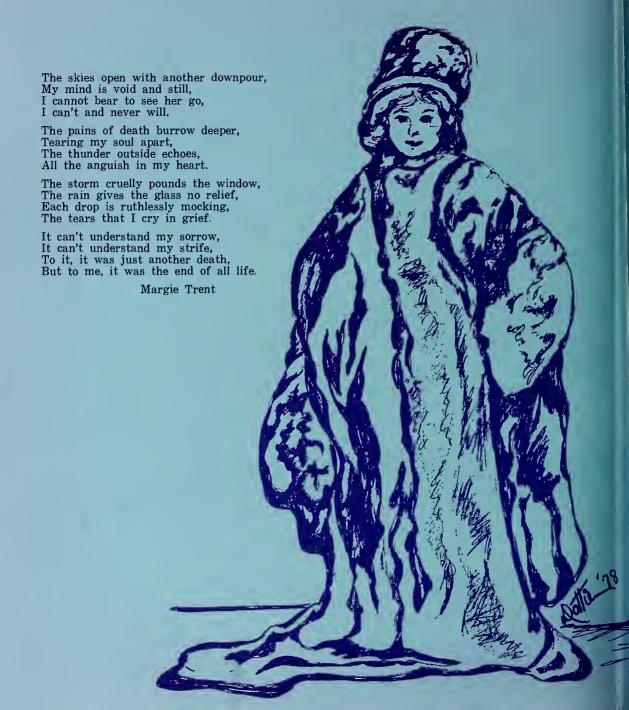
The wind kissed him and cooled his sweaty forehead brushing aside the perspiration. It whispered, telling him — yes, there are many tomorrows and, yes, dreams do come true.

Cynthia Harrison









you soar above the mountain tops while the trees wither beneath you you climb the circular stairway while the steps crumble below you you sail along the waves while the water becomes stagnant behind you

i caution you, think carefully determine your values determine your imagery

will you reach your personal heaven while using humans, not mountains, nor stairs, nor waves as your stepping-stones? do you value trees, steps, stagnant water?





You speak to me of love, Your eyes blazing with hate. You speak to me of sorrow, Your expression full of self pity. You speak to me of trust, Your face shadowed by deceit. But when you speak to me of hurt, I can turn and walk away, Because you have already taught me, All I care to know on the subject.

Margie Trent

i picture my sister sitting in an empty room, isolated. i dial her number and i am answered by the hum of a busy signal telling me that i cannot reach her. i need to contact her, touch her, simply to talk to her.

i picture my sister crying, with out someone to care, alone.
i go to see her and i am answered by a man in uniform telling me that it is not possible.
i need to help her, console her simply to share her pain.

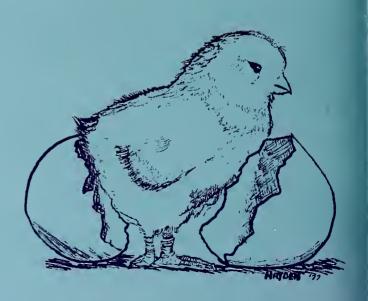
i picture my sister sitting in a courtroom on trial. i try to speak for her and i am answered by a man in a business suit telling me that it is not legal. i need to be next to her, defend her simply to love her.

sm/77



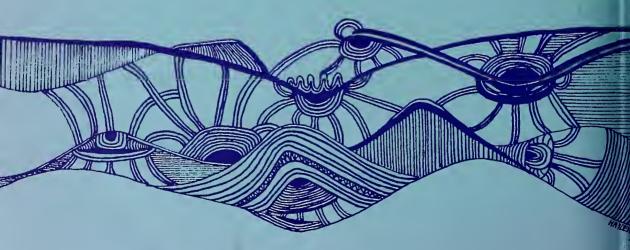
keep silence, i beg of you. but still you speak of what we did wrong, how we made misguided choices, why we are no more. keep silence, i beg of you. but still, i hear a distant conversation of why our love has drifted to a close. why we fought, why we didn't, i just don't want to know. keep silence, i beg of you. but still, you must take a beautiful relationship that is finished and mangle it with words, analyze it. with your words, you bring the despair of the world upon my shoulders. keep silence, please, keep silence.

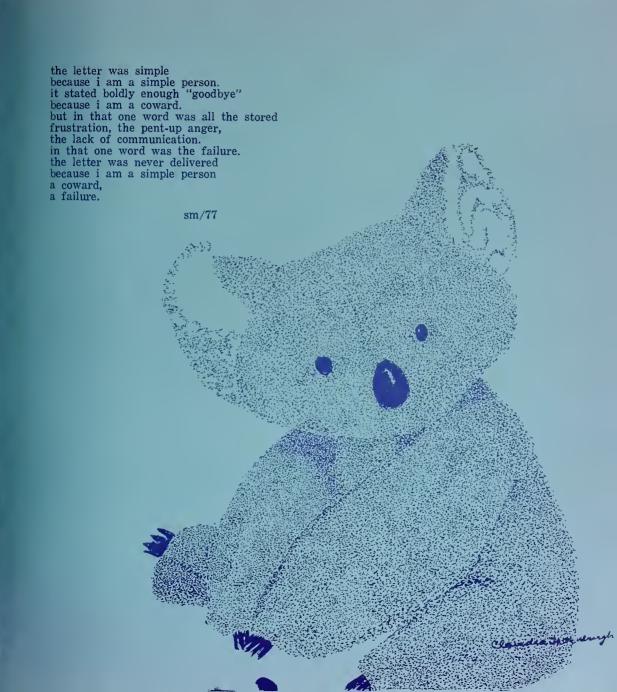
sm/77















when i took my leave i could write no sticky-sweet poem, no heart-sick letter, no message to erase the blame.

when i took my leave i counted not stars nor holes in the sky* but the years wasted in meaningless folly.

when i took my leave
i took it quietly;
i never said goodbye.
i did not call attention to any fact
other than the fact
that i took my life.

sm/77

*in reference to "Preface to a Twenty Volume Suicide Note" by Leroi Jones

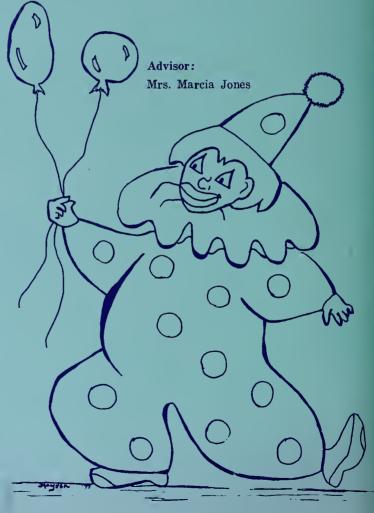
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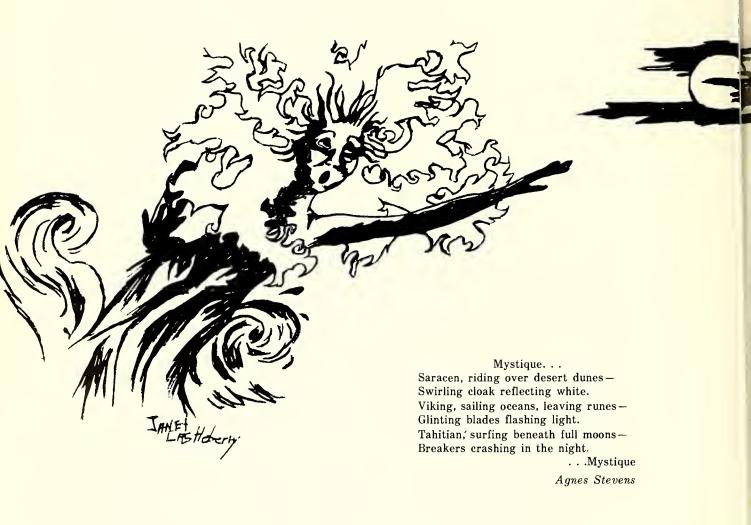




"Beauty should never be presented explained. It is marvel and wonder, and in art we should find first these doors—Marvel and Wonder, and coming through them, a slow understanding (slow even though it be a succession of lightning understandings and perceptions) as of a figure in mist, that still and ever gives to each one his own right of believing, each after his own creed and fashion.

Always the desire to know and to understand more deeply must precede any reception of beauty. Without holy curiosity and awe none should find her, and woe to that artist whose work wears it heart on its sleeves."

Weston St. Llewmys (Ezra Pound)



A LONE RIDE

Total, perfect communication.

The rider shining nude under the moonlight, mounting,

The horse bare, white, and spirited.

The empty beach became filled with the feeling of our bodies working together.

The moon barely visible, it's cresent fading.

The tide swelling, calm, and strong.

The sand like gleaming diamonds sinking with our stride.

The wind in our hair, a perfect ride.

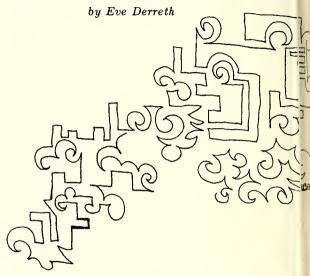
Kathy Packer





Click

There was a click,
The room was flooded with light.
I had turned the switch,
That chased away the night.



Alamantha, World of Joy
Circling 'round a singing sun
Twirling, dancing, on your course
In revel that shall never be done.
Alamantha, World of Music
Melodies lighting up your skies
All your harmonies ever brightly
Bringing light to blind men's eyes.
Alamantha, World of Loving
Peopled by children of song and light
Always joyful ever praising
Light of day and joy of night.

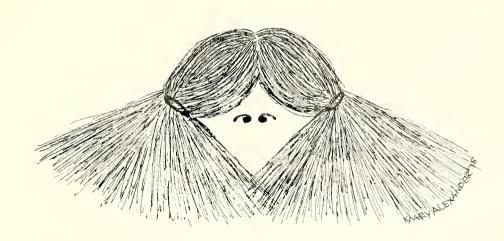
Kat Parmley

THE MUSE BLUES

Janet, in a fit of rage, typed the letters off the page
And knowing fully what she'd done, tore the page in half for fun.
Janet seeing she was dense wrote a poem that made no sense,
Caring not who laughed at her, named it "bristles in my fur".

Janet made a million bucks and only marveled at her luck
And in reply to questions asked, assumed demure expressions masked.
Janet was a real sensation because she saw her situation,
So if you're crazy don't despair, call your poem "knots in my hair".

M.D.L.

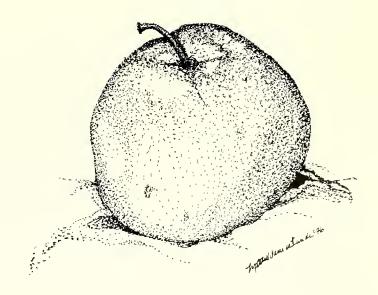


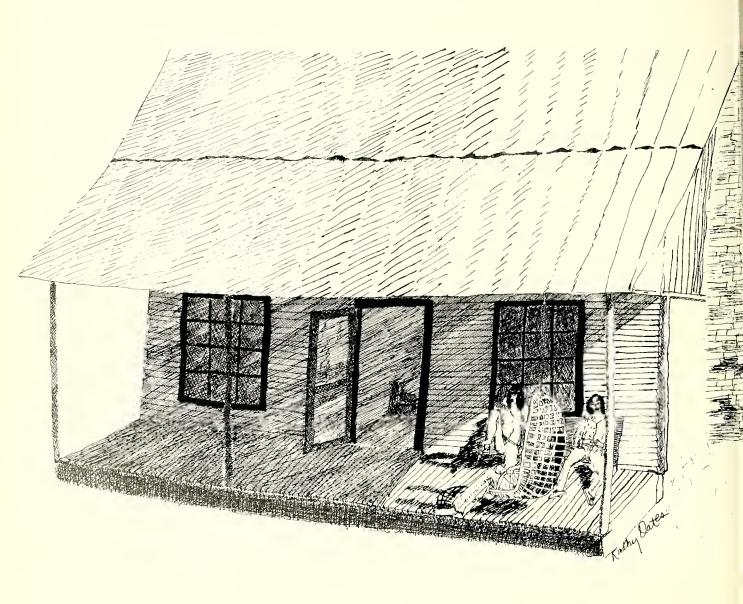


Kathy Morrison First Place Photography

The Inevitability of Eve
Like tender waiting virgins now
Unready to be taken
We wonder how our roles allow
Ourselves to be forsaken.
Our life is but a past to lose
To something stronger still
In now annointed heads we chose
The role we never willed.

M. D. Landi Honorable Mention





I sat teary eyed And gazed far away Towards the horizon. I asked myself. "Why" The day replied "Truth is in the wind." Today I watched My children cry in pain Hungry. "Is there any Hope?" The day replied, "Hope is in the moon." Tomorrow seems So far away and Food is scarce. I'm tired. The day replied. "Rest is in the night." Yet when I lie Under the stars At night, I am Overwhelmed. "So this is Life." And the night replies, "Rejoice and live." I sleep.

Windy Tillman

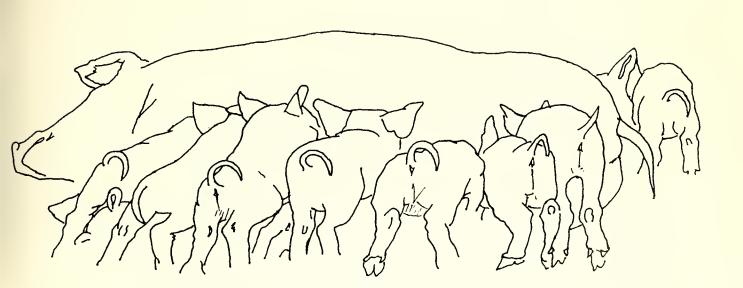


Kathy Morrisor Photography

"GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE"

Carved on a table top
In an old cafe
Were letters of better men
Than those here today
And regrettably so,
Our only sorrow
Is the men of today
Won't be here tomorrow.

M. D. Landi



Anne Catherine 7-18-78

The Ultimate Weekend at the Beach

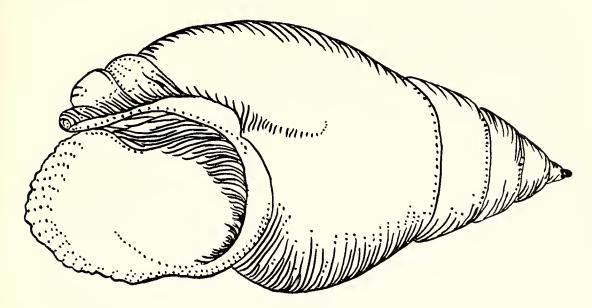
"...Laura, this is Patti." "Oh, hi Patti, did you have a good time at the beach this past weekend?" "Oh Laura, I had the best time!" "Well, tell me what happened, I want to know everything." "Okay, just listen; Everything went perfect — I mean perfect! I met the best lookin' guy — he was such a fox! He had beautiful blonde hair, which feathered back perfectly, deep blue eyes and the best body you have ever seen! His name was Allen Kynosh. He is from the area around Appalachian State —Gosh, he is <u>such</u> a fox! He had a perfect face, perfect skin, & perfect everything! He is 17 and has the prettiest blue, yellow and orange van. He goes to Mountain View High School and was on all the teams. (You know basketball, football and baseball) He was really nice too. He had a great personality and my parents loved him! My mom went wild.

I met him just about 6:00 p.m. We got to Holden Beach (Me & my parents) at 5:00. I took a walk and that's when I met him. He was just sitting on the beach and he said 'Hello' and we just started talking. Eventually (at 6:30) we decided that we each should start getting home. I told him where I lived and he said that he would come by about 8:00. (Which I said was fine, of course) Then I ran home and burst out telling mom & dad. They just sat there and laughed at how crazy I was going. We ate supper then I got ready and he got there right on time. He came in, met mom & dad, then we all sat around and talked in the living room until 9:30. Then Allan and I went for a walk and we talked about his family, my family, school, last summer, and this summer, etc. We really had a good time. Then I had to get home, so we walked home and he left and told me he would be back tomorrow about 11:00 a.m. - needless to say I couldn't get to sleep that night, I was so happy.

Saturday we goofed around all day: we laid out, went swimming, I met his parents & his little sister, Amy, we ate lunch at my house. You know the regular. He asked me out to dinner about 3:00. I asked my parents and they said okay so about 6:30 we went out to eat to 'Jane's Sea Food', it was really great. Then we went to 'The Barn', then to house, he walked me home, and we sat on the sun deck plus on the beach until 11:30, then I had to go inside. He came by about 10:30 the next morning and went to the end of the beach for the

day then we went to my house at 1:00, ate lunch, then he said he'd come back around 2:30. When 2:30 finally got there, we went for one last walk on the beach, then we exchanged addresses and phone numbers; then he left for his house up in the mountains and we left for Raleigh. . . Laura? You still there?" "Patti, you are so lucky! I'm so happy for you! I really am glad everything worked out!! I would love to keep talking, but Susan has to use the phone — call me tomorrow though and we can go to the mall -Okay?" "Okay, see ya Laura" "Bye P" - Click. Ring — "Hello? Patti This is Lori." "Oh, Hi Lori". "Did you have a good weekend?" "Oh, yeah! A great one!" "Well, what happened?" "Oh Lori, I met the best lookin' guy. . ."

--Patti Drake



Mary Hughes Boylan Photography A Pinecone Fell

A pinecone fell tonight Deep in the forest, without light, Only the forest saw it fall Who knows if it fell at all.

by Eve Derreth



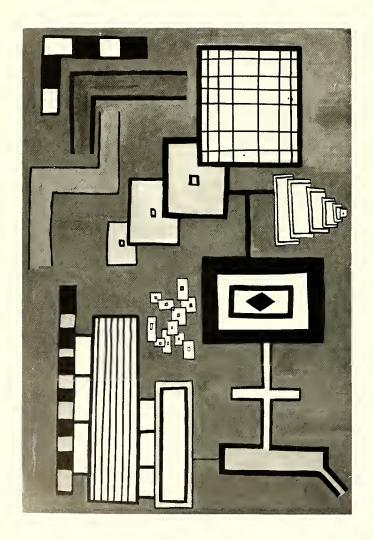


"Flight"

Amidst the smoky, silence of the sky before a storm, The flocks of feathered creatures soar up into space; Their wings beat hard against the wind as they race to find A place of refuge, warm and dry and kind.

Oh that we could run away from storms within ourselves And hide, secluded comfortably, like books on buried shelves.

Windy Tillman 3rd Place Poetry



PAINTINGS

I never feel the need to see All the famous paintings of history; The works of Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Van Gogh, Raphael, Manet, Michelangelo; Their paintings have rated the critics' praise Since words were written, from the earliest days. Their paintings are beautiful with colors so rare, But, in my opinion, they can't even compare with the Master Painter up in heaven above, Our Lord, the Creator of Beauty and Love. The pictures I like the best of all Are painted each year in the spring or the fall, In summer or winter, any time, day or night, You've only to look to capture a sight That God has created in His effort to show He is ever with us, and we're never alone. You've only to look at a rose or a tree, A mountain, a valley, the sky or the sea. When life is the darkest, when you just want to die, Look out your window! Look up to the sky! There's always an "original," a blue-ribbon prize, The pictures God paints - just open your eyes.

Carol Manning

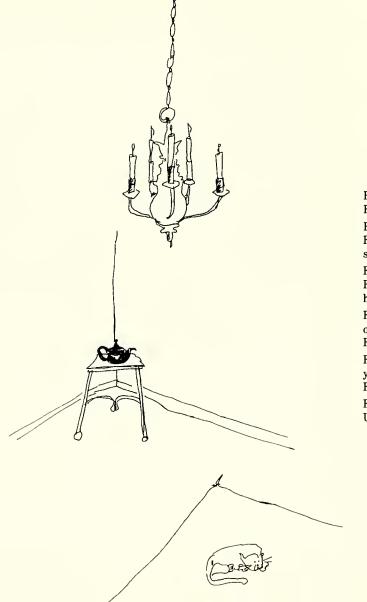
LOOKING BACK

A pair of portraits bound by paper chains Within a book constrained by lock and key Half-names and partial features still remain Like cardboard ghosts without identity. Ironic youth reflects from long dead eyes That lived and laughed a hundred years ago. While years of days forgotten vaporize, As unremembered as the melted snow. If memory forgets their yesterday, Then images of captured time remain. Perpetual faces always young and gay Will never age, will never suffer pain. All that I know of them is what I see In years to come, someone will question me.

Agnes Stevens 1st Place Poetry



12



Frieda

Frieda, a shining jewel in the night.
Frieda, a someone who meows just right.
Frieda, a lyric poem that goes on forever.
Frieda, our love is something that no one can sever.

Frieda, a queen in every land. Frieda, a person who always give you a hand.

Frieda, a someone who makes you shed tears of joy.

Frieda, a cat who is ever so coy.

Frieda, a cat who can bring a smile to your lips.

Frieda, a cat with very small hips.

Frieda, I really love that little fox.

Until I get to her litter box!

Helen Jones

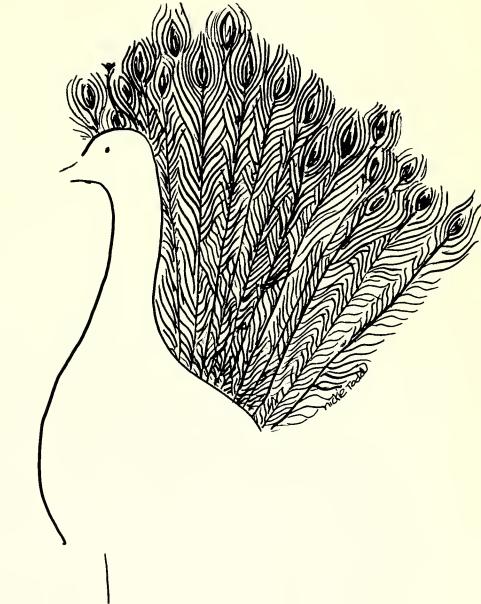
The Price You Pay

Tears at an unexpected moment trickle down your cheek.
Only doubtful of the purpose they serve.
A torn photograph on your dresser
Lies amid all the other memories
you try so hard to bring back
and the others you try so hard to forget.
A wrinkled letter
full of tear stained words
Lies half read on top of your desk.
If only and but why clutter your thoughts,

making you feel that A broken heart,

is a high price to pay for love.

Lanier Brown



Hush not, dear one!

For you were the mother of the little child.

He who rocked in your arms as just a babe,

Is now in the virginal hands of the One Mother above.

Hush not, dear one!
You have carried a weight heavier than all:
The loss of a lamb;
Born to live a life known throughout centur

Born to live a life known throughout centuries, With pursuit of happiness ever after.

Hush not, dear one! His life was short, but fullfilled. His dreams a fantasy, but not a misty haze Soon to be forgotten.

Hush not, dear one! For life is given as life is taken. But taken only to a brighter star; Not the fires of hell!

Hush not, dear one! God will watch all his sheep as he does your lamb; That lay now, in the arms of the heavenly mother.

Sheila Duffee



younger years

selling lemonade on the corner. bandaides on skinned knees, rollerskating through the park, playing house on rainy days, stuffed animals and snow cones. mother-may-i and simon says, picnics and summer camp. no pain, no tears just growing older with the years, oh. when i grow up i want to be a child.

Lanier Brown 2nd Place Poetry



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THE MUSE

Dottie Lipscomb.





The Muse

has inspired

St. Mary's
through the
years

Lost

I feel like a daisy in a field of roses, here in the city.

I feel like a duck in a pond of swans, here in the city.

I am like a child at a wedding, lost.

I am but a country girl in the city, lost.

I am alone in this crowd of millions.

I am an outsider in this city of millions.

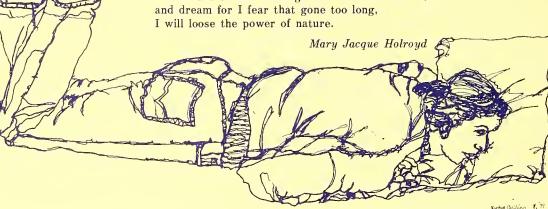
I want to go home, home where the flowers grow in Mother Nature's back yard.

I want to see the trees standing tall, and proud, amongst the prickel bushes.

I want to smell the wildwood an' sucle bush, a sweet and fresh odor,

that is Mother Nature at her finest.

I want to walk through the PineTree Forest, and dream for I fear that gone too long,



Feet
My feet etch the snow
Tracing temporary paths
Printed with my soul.

A cross stitch of joy
Is stitched by my footprints
And binds me with love.

Agnes Stevens



Olipper Sup

In the Styx

Sinner, hearken me well Of this tale I shall tell.

Long ago on the sea

He reported to me

With a look of despair

In his eyes of no care

On he came dressed in black

In his hand was a sack

He did clutch with a grip

As in fear it would slip

Worked he not, but ate much

No clear bread would he touch

Days went by, seas were rough With a crew, far from tough Our new friend, he'd not sleep Stood he far, thinking deep Sat not down, nor would rest Always faced toward the west.

Then one night, winds blew bold Thin grew air, sick with cold Clouds then came and so fierce Seamen's hearts they did pierce

Waves came high, hitting hard Our fast trip now was marred Stood our guest, smiling wide Laughing loud, as in pride Then our scout up on high Shouted out with a cry "There's a fire off the bow My eyes burn with it now." Looked we all at the sight Burning fierce in the night High it raged bloody red As if shades for the dead Screams rang out, horror crawled Stood we back, all appalled On it burned into night Stayed we there shocked in fright Then it stopped with a start As if one did depart Winds grew still as in rest Air was warm, gone our guest On we sailed into night Til came dawn's early light Then we knew, none to tell We'd brought Satan home to Hell.

Don Roberts, 1958

Profile of a Sea-Worthy Colleague

Students seeing her for the first time in the classroom generally do a double take. Her dress is hardly professorial. She favors blue jeans, and fisherman tops—especially those with large voluminous pockets—and stained topsiders. The whole outfit looks authentically nautical. It is. It's seen duty in the sound, on the Chesapeake, and this summer it will endure the artic air of the outer Hebrides.

Her office resembles a duffle bag after rough seas. It would not pass inspection. Twenty-one years in the military are responsible she says. It is her declaration of individuality against any form of regulation. She acknowledges that it's a disaster, promises to clean up, and dives into the corner below a pile of papers to find the phone. A once white dress is tossed in the corner. The dress has a patina of both age and reputation, but she's proud it's her only one, saved for commencement. The hemline is too high now by six inches, but it doesn't matter—the academic robe is always long enough and fortunately does not go out of style. There's one blue shoe and one black. At some time, she doesn't remember when, she lost a shoe over the year and discovered a lost mate of a blue one. She laughs when asked about her commencement costume: "I'm not the one they're looking at."

Amidst the books, papers, sea pictures, brochures for sailing in the channel islands, and ads for yachts are other momentoes. There's a colorful purse from Iran, a gift from a lonely and grateful young woman who had to return to her war-torn country. There's a poem written by a student. And sailing in the wind above the clutter is a mobile of six delicately carved wooden ships, another gift from a devoted friend.

Watching her tack down the hall into the classroom gives evidence of her philosophy of teaching. Each student is not an obstacle or a shoal to avoid but rather a buoy to tie up to—get one's bearings and find out where the wind blows. In class she perches on her desk as if at the helm. She's equal to any squalls that might develop from the class. She's brave. She'll sail into controversy and trust that her own opinion is sea worthy.

The classroom is, however, often too small a pond—the instinct for voyaging is there. Papers, regulations, class schedules, deadlines, exams, those Captain Blighs of her life, demand a mutiny. So when the current is right, she's been known to jump out the window of her classroom and take off. Or dismiss class because the day was too good for them to miss.

Those of us who keep our sails tightly furled and our ships close to shore shake our heads, but all of us, students and faculty alike, know in our hearts that it's the voyagers who dare sail into the wind that find life and adventure.

To Sheila in Honor of False Spring

We didn't mind that when we sang We didn't know the words, The tune was catchy And the summer air blew in the car, As we caught every yellow light And ran each one. In a hurry with no place to go, But a place to find Is a place to go; We tied balloons to the antenna, They popped before we reached there, Each one, like a lost conviction; We turned the windshield wipers on When it wasn't raining, And laughed when smoke came out of the hood Excited always About nothing, Except the fact that we were excitable And everywhere we went for answers Gave us questions, So we ate Chinese food for supper At an Italian Restaurant And found out more we didn't know.

M.D.L.











First And Last, 1979

When you hear of the school from almost everyone around,

Of beachtrips and dances and parties downtown,

When you've packed all your dresses, pants suits and gowns.

That's when you dream of St. Mary's.

When you've said your goodbyes and are ready to go,

When you're trying to laugh, but the tears seem to flow.

When you thought you wanted to leave, but now you really don't know,

That's when you dread St. Mary's.

When 'mid giggles and gossip, add-a-beads and pearls

You find yourself in a swarm of girls,

With hair up in pony tails, head bands, and curls,

That's when you reach St. Mary's.

When all the faces you see now are new,

When everyone knows everyone else except you,

Until classes start you wonder what in the world you will do? That's when you fear St. Mary's.

When graduation time is drawing

nigh,
And it's time for everyone to say
their goodbyes,

And five hundred girls all begin to cry,

That's when you leave St. Mary's.

But when you think of the memories you'll always know,

And the old friends you'll see wherever you go,

And the fun that you had while learning to grow,

That's when you love St. Mary's.

First And Last

When you hear of the school-just as most of us do-

Of its feasts and its fun—and, of course, lessons, too—

When you've studied the catalogue through and through—

That's when you dream of Saint Mary's.

When you've told all your friends and relations "Good-bye,"

And have been on the train 'till 'most ready to die,

And are tired and dusty and wanting to cry-

That's when you dread Saint Mary's.

When 'mid rattle and clatter and dust in whirls

You find yourself in an ocean of girls, With long hair and short hair, with plaits and curls—

That's when you reach Saint Mary's.

When the girls take to hiding in quiet nooks,

When all around you see nothing but books —

And "exam-week" is plainly announced by the looks—

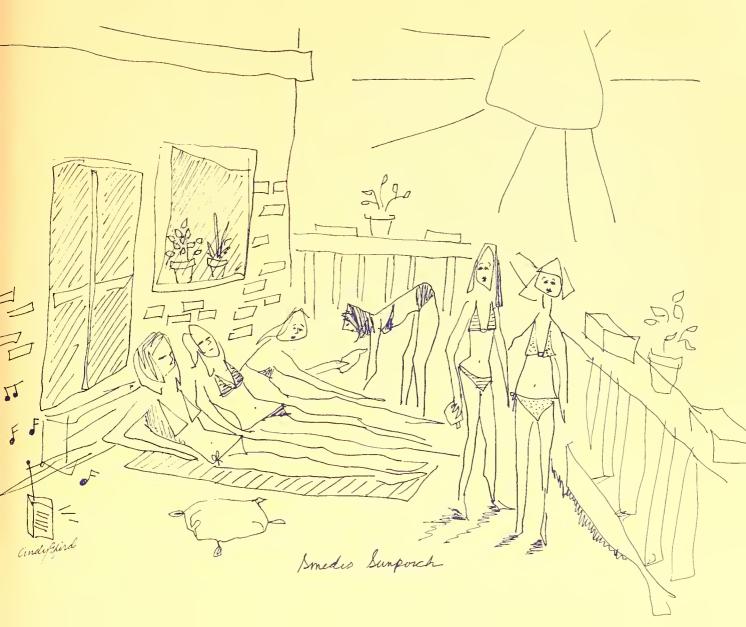
That's when you fear Saint Mary's.

When the day comes that's dearest to every heart,

When you don't know why, but your eyes will smart,

When the best of friends are forced to part —

That's when you leave Saint Mary's





Playing The Game

It drives right at you and you cannot dodge It is meant for you and you must respond

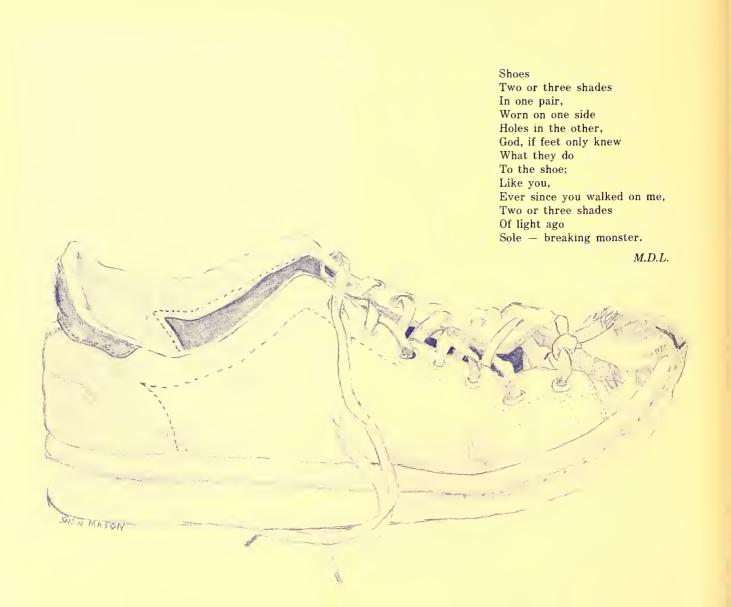
It speeds at angles. To contact, you must lunge movement for movement or it will escape.

It is spinning hard Your chance is arriving fast The opportunity is swift and you must compel it.

To call this a game is to fool yourself.

Agnes C. Stevens









The pinkerton
Stoops
Blue suited
And scrunch-faced,
Over the grass,
Peering admusedly
At something there,
Caught
In a moment of silence,
Somewhere
In the distance,
A young voice squeals;
He raises his head
Slowly.

M.D.L.

"Dr. Royster's Nightmare"

It was exactly 12:00 noon when he appeared in jogging clothes at the entrance of the St. Mary's Infirmary. He jumped up the steps, two at a time, opened the door and was greeted by students sitting in chairs, on each other, leaning against the wall, sitting on the floor and curled up on the carpeting.

He found he was carrying a bag which produced a spike and hammer—went right to work, nailing the chair by his desk to the floor. He then removed a large magnifying glass, set it on his desk for future use to see microscopic skin eruptions and other fantasized ailments. Last but not least, he whipped out a tissue as large as a pillow slip and drapped it near the chair, just to be sure it was available for the tears and runny noses.

His first patient was greeted with a compassionate—"What's wrong Sis?" and with crocodile tears dripping down her cheeks she said in a very sad voice, "my pet squirrel bit me". Sympathetically, he said, "You'll need a tetnus shot and your pet squirrel must be sent to the state lab for tests—The student recovered quickly but the squirrel died!!!

His next patient came into his office in quite a state of frustration and anxiety—she nervously sat on the edge of the chair and said, "I swallowed a nail". Reaching for a tongue depressor and a small magnet attached to a string he suggested she swallow the magnet so he could get the nail. She jumped up off the chair saying, "That's impossible". Smiling, he told her she should eat a loaf of bread and everything should work itself out. On and on it went, patient after patient.

Suddenly, the hall was empty. He again sat back in his chair and discovered his jogging clothes had changed to office clothes. Breathing a deep sigh of relief, he noticed it was almost 1:00 p.m.—and then he saw it—floating towards him, wrapped in a security blanket, pillow and teddy bear under one arm, wet jeans showing under her granny-gown, bare feet shoved into wet unlaced tennis shoes—With a sigh she sat down on the nailed down chair and announced she had a fever.

Signing in she forgot to note the time—looking squarely at the big clock behind him. Then vaguely looked in his direction asking, "How do you spell diarrhea?" She was a very talkative student giving all the details—Her hall counselor was a good one, taking the gals temps as each one got sick and went home or was admitted to the Infirmary. She just couldn't understand why so many of her hall were sick.

Her roommate had gone home with her toothbrush, so she had to borrow hers. Her suitemate had given her a half bottle of coke and a left over bottle of KEFLEX. He offered her two tiny pills, no bigger than a head of a pin but she refused with a shake of her head, stating her doctor didn't want her to take any medicine but would take her suitemates KEFLEX.

He shook his head, shrugged his shoulders and speaking very softly he said, "Ok Sis, go park yourself".

The telephone rang, he answered it, noticing he was again in jogging clothes he said he was needed in the Cardiac Unit. He took a deep breath, dashed out the now empty waiting room and through the door—exactly 1:00 p.m. Magically changing back into business clothes as he drove down St. Mary's Street.

Historical Facts

St. Mary's was not always
The cloister it is now,

For once the boys were urged to come, Invited in, I trow!

But that was back in thirty-two, All that is over now.

In eighteen forty-two 'tis known. Came Dr. Albert Smedes,

To found a school for Southern girls, And elevate their needs,

He taught them twice or thrice a week
In Abstracts or in deeds.



And on Saturday afternoon each girl Must mend each torn glove.

But when Madame was safely gone they'd draw From their hidden treasure trove,

A piece of bread or a slice of cheese And cook on the cosy stove.

At the soirces the school gave They never, never danced,

But all the little girls in frills
With lace and curls enhanced,

Sat stiffly on sedate tall chairs, And gazed in awe, entranced.

And often these soirees it seems, Would lead to something more,

For, often, handsome men were seen (By girls behind the door),

Waiting for their wise young maids From three till sometimes four.

Under a new regime, the grove
Was lined with waiting men,

When they would come to Chapel And renew their faith again.

(And, incidentally, they saw
The fairest maidens then.)

The girls are always much the same, (They've been alike since Eve),

And Seniors always shed sad tears When they must finally leave,

(We've saved them that in time they may A Raleigh drought relieve.) More Facts on St. Mary's

St. Mary's in the present has really made a switch.

The girls don't wear crinolines, and doily's they can't stitch.

Instead they go around in jeans and walk to Zacks or hitch.

Of course St. Mary's girls have always been susceptible to fads.

When flapper dresses set the pace St. Mary's girls were clad.

And when the sixties brought the mini
None here thought it bad.

And speaking of the fashions—the clothes are all the rage.

The "pink and green" is worn by most in this modern, preppy age.

(Please don't forget the button down or golden add-a-bead stage).

Perhaps when times were younger girls were sunk without escorts

But now the girls go calling

—at fraternity court.

And, dancing to Beach Music is their favorite sport.

But they also attend chapel at least two times a week.

And classes meet from eight to four—daily, so to speak.

In other words, St. Mary's girls are dutiful—though not meek.

Tradition is important.

It bonds future to the past
The circle and the chapel
build memories that last
and molds into a sisterhood
the bonds which friendship cast.

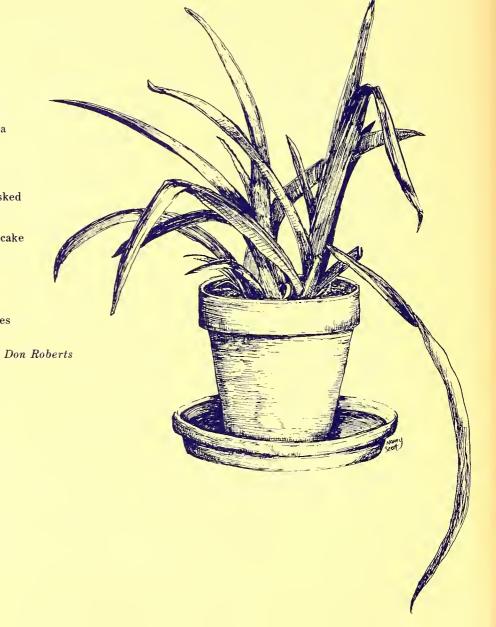
So underneath the surface, the times have stood at rest. Those girls since 1842 with loyalty to attest, make it impossible to answer who loves St. Mary's best.

Agnes Stevens



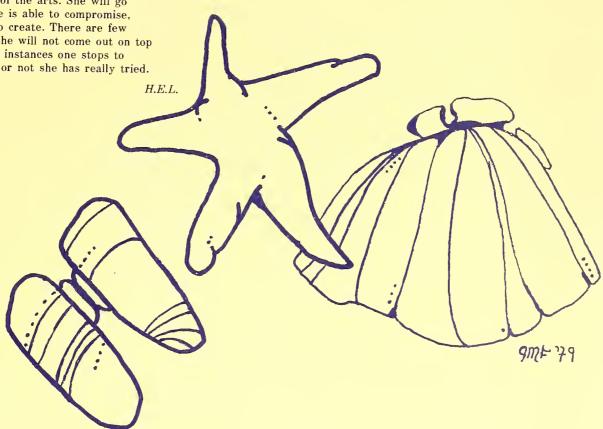
Birthday

She was eighty-seven and we were to have cake the four of us Smiling, she laid out fancy china linen napkins a fork and two spoons one for ice cream one for coffee Her delicately sane daughter asked who will say the blessing? Judy got to Afterwards we toyed with our cake all talked together laughed half loudly rememebered There she sat it had all come to this sparkling eyes and memories She was eighty-seven



"Profile"

To write is a release for her not a burden. She will fill the pages of empty books with poems, stories, or just thoughts which sound so lovely and make so much sense. She is a woman of the arts. She will go far in life for she is able to compromise, to control, and to create. There are few instances when she will not come out on top and in these few instances one stops to wonder whether or not she has really tried.





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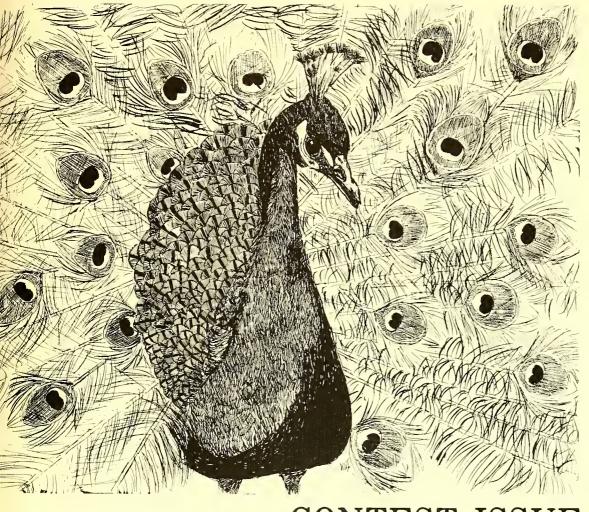
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CONTEST ISSUE

MUSE 79 To Jackson Hole, Wyoming

The Tetons
Beastly mountain peaks
Unsheathe their glaciered claws
Stung by red sun-fire.

Magenta Mountains
Aloof and veiled
Shimmering in crimson haze
Kisses the sun good night.

Montanea
Sequestered and estranged,
Delitescent and monticulous,
She lies on her glaciered, tortoise shell back;
Canescent paws outstretched
To catch the sanguine orb passing by.

Janet Berkeley



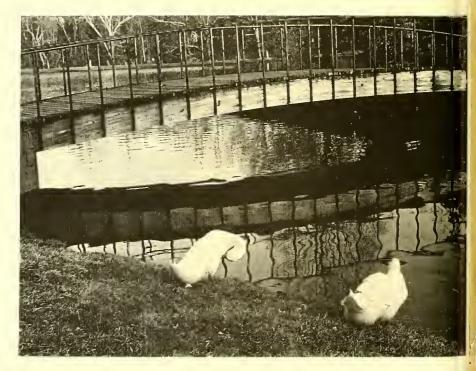
Cascade
The water slipped down the slope;
Dazed,
It grappled with rocks
And clawed
The banks half-hidden by alpine growth.

Released from the land's lock, It fell With a finale of spray, To create an aureole Above the ponderosa.

Morning's Fancy Silence reigns over the pond While the sun's rays Tint the sky, And the air hangs Like fresh laundry. The fog swirls, Playing tag With the breeze, A single tree Shimmers in the distance, A desert mirage misplaced, While fancies and reflections Are dispersed By the landing Of a duck.

Mary Grady Koonce
1st place creative writing

Margaret Norris Honorable Mention Photo





Granddaddy's Room

Oaks and ancient sycamores
Stretch lazily over jonquils, damsons, and the persimmons
that have fallen from the previous year.

And in the apple orchards beyond, Aged thoroughbreds graze before a columned door Behind which he once languished.

In the room where yellow paint, Now flaked in tendrils, Lies colorless on the mat, Cretonne curtains flutter, While sunbeams splatter patterns On the cannonball bed.

In the bath with its cracked and speckled eggshell floor His shavingbrush and cup still sit, Perched precariously above the basin.

Mary Grady Koonce 2nd place creative writing

Co-Op City is an apartment complex in the Bronx, New York. It consists of approximately 500,000 units. It is surrounded by a highway, railroad tracks, and a garbage dump. Fifty percent of the population of Co-Op City are senior citizens. The other fifty percent are a mixture of black, puerto rican and caucasion

adults. Hardly a place for children to grow

up in, but there are a few, like Millie Gold.

Millie Gold

"Hurry Millie!"

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" I yelled.

Somehow I always manage to be late, and Mama always seems to be hurrying me. We're on our way to Grandpa's and Grandma's for dinner and we have to leave before it gets dark. Mama said it's too dangerous a neighborhood to walk around in at night. The Bronx. I was born here and have lived here for fifteen years now . . . not in the same place of course, but always in an apartment. We've been in Co-Op City for three years now, first Aunt Sarah and Uncle Izzy moved here, then they talked Grandpa and Grandma into moving here, and, of course, Mama won't let us all be separated, so here we are. One big happy family in Co-Op City.

"Come on Millie!"

I groped for my shoes and proceeded to put them on, I hated these shoes. I always wanted something fancy, something feminine. Mama insists that I have weak ankles and fallen arches; therefore, heavy brown oxfords with built up arches are the only kind of shoes I've ever owned. I glanced with digust at the hideous lumps. The soft, supple brown leather crowned with indelible scuffs and infinite coats of shoe polish, real class.

"Millie, I'm gonna count to three . . .!"

"Here I come!"

"Put on your coat and button up the hood".

The coat which gets mistaken for a sack of potatoes, is frowned upon by coat-checkers, and is despised by me. The hood, the coat, and the shoes. I don't know what I'm complaining about, they go together, they're meant for each other.

Without bothering to protest, I proceeded to button my coat and tie the drawstrings of my hood under my chin. I then walked out into the cold marble hallway of the glorious highrise that I inhabited and waited to hear the three keys turn in the three locks on our door.

"Remind me to call the locksmith tomorrow" Mama said.

"Why? I asked.

"Well, Mrs. Perlmutter's apartment was broken into the other night, and the whole place was left a mess! They took everything that was worth anything and destroyed everything else. I wanna have another lock put on the door for just in case."

Just in case, one of Mama's famous terms. Why do I have to wear my hood Mama, it's warm out.—Well dear, just in case you get an earache. I have never gotten an earache.—Don't you remember when you were four years old and you had to wear cotton in your ear for three weeks?—It was three days.

When we reached the elevator, I pushed the button, and the light came on, that means it's on its way. Mama pushed it again - just in case. The door opened and we marched in. Inside was a middle-aged black couple. They lived two flights above. The husband coughed. Mama grabbed me and Norman by the shoulders and pulled us to the other side of the elevator; then she gave us that "just in case look". I watched the orange lights flash as we travelled to the lobby. There was complete silence in the elevator except for the squeaking of the cables and Mama's tapping feet. Then I began to study Norman. He was the sweetest little brother anyone could have. Will miracles never cease? Norman is just so amazing; he never speaks unless spoken to, always leaves the room when he senses hostility rising between Mama and me, and suffers silently whenever I feel the urge to take out my misery on him. It hurts me so when I see the other kids tease him about his weight. He's not obese or anything, just round and rosy like a cherub. I would never suggest that he refrain from eating when I watch him gorge himself with Grandma's goodies after school. Eating is Norman's way out, his escape from merciless chants of slender schoolmates. Gosh I love that kid! I swallowed hard to prevent the tears welling up in my eyes. I didn't want Mama to see me, but she was too busy giving the evil eye to the negro couple for polluting her family's air with germs.

The silver elevator door flung open and once again we marched through the cold marble lobby. I listened to our footsteps echo . . . first Mama's brisk and distinctive, like a kettle drum in a symphony, then Norman's, a soft mellow shuffle, like a harp being strummed, then the negro couple's they walked in perfect rhythm, and made a light swift sound, like two violins, then there was me,—sporadic march, occasional shuffle—neither here nor there—not this, not that—like a cello that can be heard only if listening for it. We were an orchestra echoing throughout the Co-Op City Opera Hall!

The ground is a frozen stillness and the only movement about me is the swiftness of the stirring air and the beams of light that glide by in pairs. Grandpa and Grandma lived in the old section of Co-Op City and it would be a brisk twenty minutes before we would approach their building. Dusk is falling and the sky looks as brilliant as the coat of a Halloween cat with streetlamps shining like fire against it. The railroad tracks sat barren and alone on the other side of the rusted wire fence which I am conveniently leaning against.

"Come Millie, Grandpa is expecting us promptly at sixthirty, and if we're late, he's going to worry about us."

I really enjoy these Friday night walks to Grandpa's.

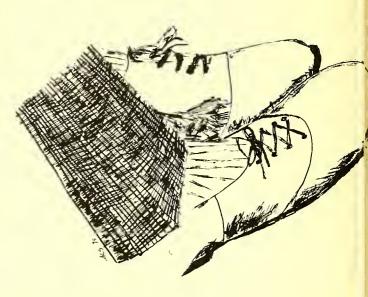
We walk so quickly that we don't have enough breath to speak, so I daydream instead. I love to daydream, but sometimes I do it too much for my own good. I know that the odds are against me, but nevertheless success does exist. One of my favorite fantasies is about the beautiful life I'm going to lead when I grow up. My husband will be tall and handsome . . . rich too-either a doctor or a lawyer. We'll have a beautiful house in the country, like Aunt Estelle and Uncle Harold's in Rockland County. Our kids will wear beautiful clothes, especially our daughters. I'll take them to Saks and Lord & Taylor—and let them pick out all their clothes. As for my wardrobe, well, my clothes will only be designer, French designer. Everywhere I go people will look at me with envy. My kids will go to sleep-away camp where they'll ride horses and play tennis. I always wanted to play tennis.

Ah well, nothing like that will ever come true, but if it did, I'd send Mama and Pop on a beautiful cruise around the world . . . Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get out of Co-Op City let alone get married and be rich. I once had a horrible nightmare that I got married to one of the superintendent's sons and he carried me over the threshold of an apartment right here in Co-Op City. I woke up in a cold sweat and tossed and turned all night long.

I feel like an escaped prisoner walking around here. I watched half in pity, half in amazement as the thousands of little cubicles lit up in each building. Everyone was sealing up their cells and locking all the evil out.

My nose is running, my ear hurts. I won't tell Mama until we go home tonight, otherwise she'll fuss over me all through dinner. I'm starving, I hope Grandma has lots of goodies.

Amy Ingbar 3rd place creative writing



The Medieval Scholar

Droning incessantly, the Medieval Scholar pauses only to titter at his own witless absurdity, never seeing the eighteen sleep-dulled eyes that carefully avoid meeting those of their learned persecutor in the blackboard purgatory of the fall afternoon.

They laugh at his intellectual idiocy,
never knowing the man who rises every day and sees,
reflected in his shaving mirror,
Holy shrines and abbey walls, surroundings for a saintly
pilgrim
whose mission blinds him to the realities of the plastic paneling
and shag carpet of his pre-fab mobile home.

Karen Rose (faculty)

Janet Berkeley

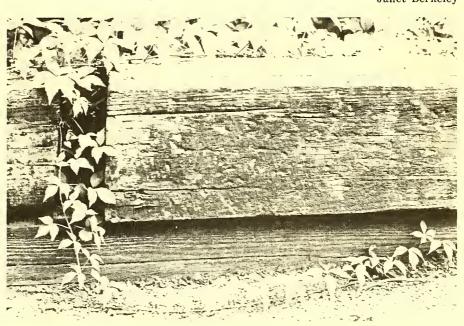
Flora Ambivalent

One in three will get you it's a lovely little vine snaking around the sycamore those leaves a dark green shine

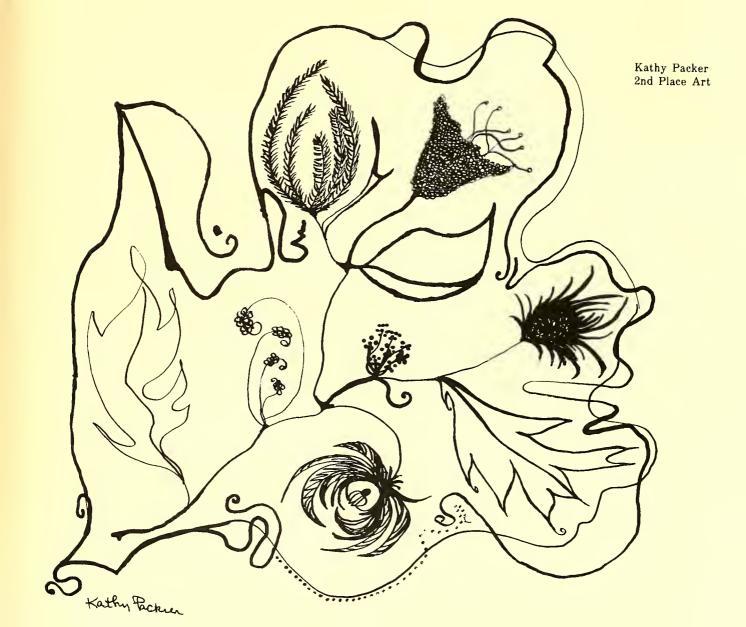
Innocent it wraps the trunk ambiguous in shape the stem may spurt or spiral held fast as by a tape

But though you think it pretty on a tree or in a ditch just let its fronds caress you -you'll have that ivy itch.

Agnes C. Stevens



Wyn Isenhour 1st Place Art



Insanity:

The Act

In one corner of my mind is my place
Its room takes up but a small fragment of my brain
It tells of my life in sweet colored lines

In stacked little boxes, it keeps my memories:
some of love
some of hate
some of happiness
some of unturned cobwebs

It was abandoned

A wide spread disease molded my walls,
ruined my boxes,
and left me with nothing to call my own
Only a small sign remains that declares my place . . .
"off-limits".

The Epilogue

A blank colorless monotone face stares at the wall It dares not move—so as not to disturb the air It's body, loose and lifeless, slumps on the chair it consumes.

The mind wanders through the halls and spaces can not see.

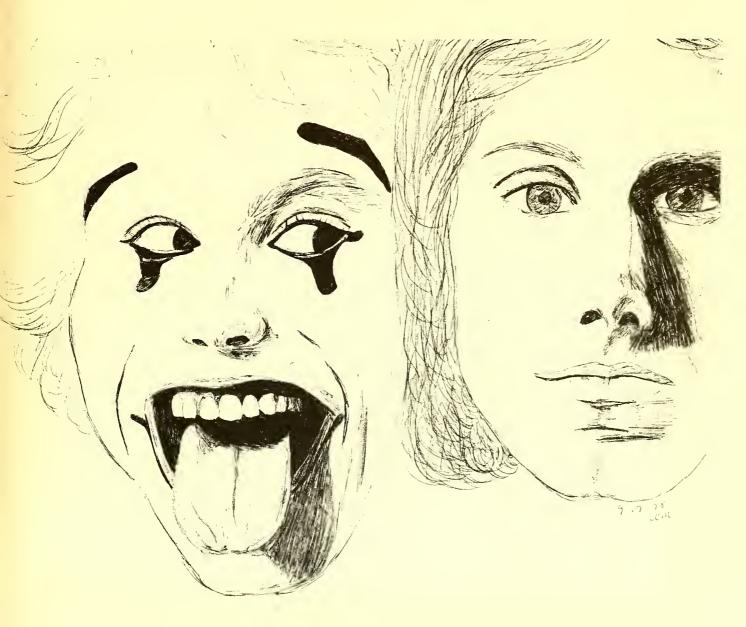
of the whole body.

And the rooms that were once occupied will
be blown empty by a gray, terminal wind

And in the end - - darkness will eat the rooms and the
mind will become one with the lifeless
body and the blank face
and the disease will slip out of its mind
and into another one

the disease wil into another or and will begin again.

Mary Clyde Bridger





Charades

On sultry summer nights
We rove like nomads
On erratic forays.
In a bizzare muzzy world—
With rows of darkened byways,
Russian tea, and smoked Tiffany glass
mirrors that make us nebulous—
We sit legs akimbo,
Clutching the fat goose of a pillow
in its feathered satin case.

We scan with kaleidoscope eyes the view presented; Pictures slowly effuse; Patterns and puzzles, Calloused and frayed, Interlock, dislodged by a sentient jostle, Setting our masks askew.

And even though
Sometimes we can pretend
To lift our veils,
Still we remain
Only spectators to one another
Who sip tea like the ancient Chinese,
So very wise and wonderful.

Mary Grady Koonce



Kathy Morrison 2nd Place Photo



A string of pearls Silk serving Lie on the lace Table serving

Rhinestone earrings
Eye catching
Thrown beside
The tiara matching

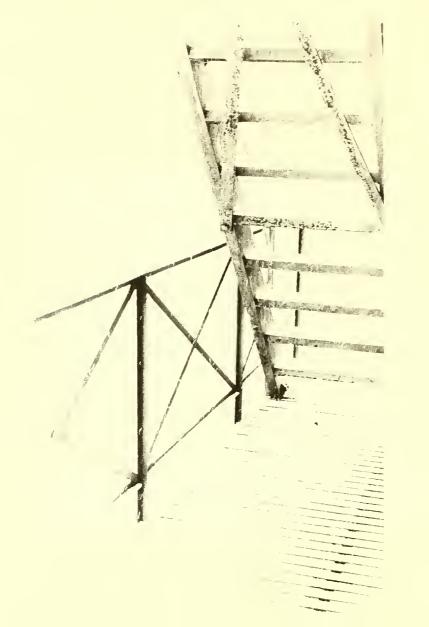
Stale perfume Spilled on the floor Ruby lipstick Worn to the core

A fallen beauty Lies on her bed While waltzing memories Fill her head

A finished bottle Her mind unclears Silent with age Drunk with tears

Gwen Cooley





Stephanie Powell 3rd Place Photo

Their First Recorded Reflections

Each shattering and dispersing in descending; converging and re-aligning in ascending; Emerging, shaping submerging a new a leading from and following to a part of a part from the whole (close yet not quite touching like the orbits which are traveled);

Recognizing the potence of the separateness that strengthens the whole, the omnipotence of the center of the center... the sharing of a secret which is not known.

Marianna J. Peete

Mary Hughes Boylan



The Ultimate Analogy

Remembering now the things that seemed so small now appear to be nothing at all

A tall case of stairs that resembled space from hell to heaven

suddenly shrank to tree-size at age of eleven

The bright red apple you held in your hand seemed as big as the ball your older brother'd demand

Then your mothers leg that you clung to real closely

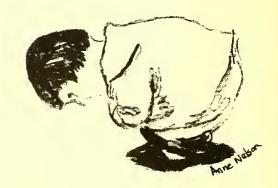
at age thirteen, caught only your eye mostly

The elements shrank as your mind expanded the things that were big became apprehended

And now all that's big is what can't all be seen:

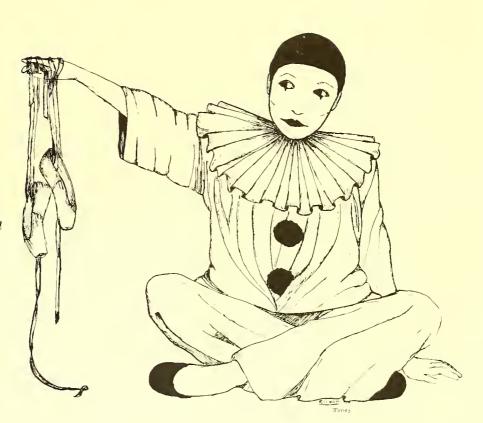
the world, the universe, and things that you mean.

Mary Clyde Bridgers



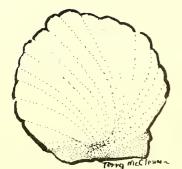
It rained today
Sending my thoughts
Into gentle slumbers
I love the rain
Its so peaceful
In its own mysterious ways
The radio is playing
A song that reminds me of
So many memories
Rainy days have an
Influence over so many
Of my thoughts
And they all fall into
The same pattern
The pattern of missing you.

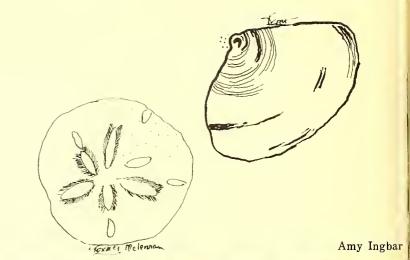
Robin Dowd



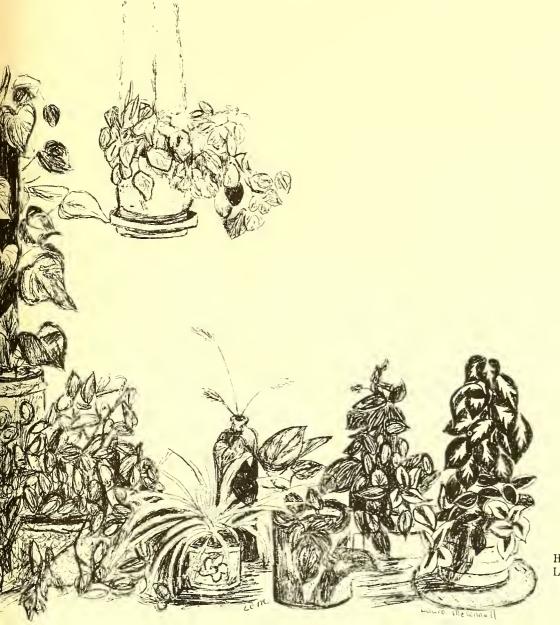
Short is the season where changes are evident, bright and glowing but also dark and scary. The fiery sights soon fade to cold chilling objects. Greys take over and the life is gone Changes occurred quickly, too quickly for some. Awareness is necessary to accept all happenings. Now it is cold and life is still. Frozen are the people and their thoughts. All is quiet and calm, until suddenly light begins to shine. Spring is on its way, it is bright and glowing. The changes occurred quickly, too quickly for some.

Debbie Ford









Honorable Mention Art Laura McConnell

Whenever I chance to meet an elegant flower garden with precise trimmings & a tasteful arrangement, memories of my grandmother with silvery toned curls gently framing her soft face enter my thoughts. I remember, as if it were yesterday, my lazy childhood summers spent gazing upon her with all of my warmest admiration from the dainty, antique-lace drawn curtains in my bedroom nook. I loved to watch her in all of her splendor as she creatively toiled in the rich black dirt as if she were an artist in her haven of poppies, roses, lilies & fruit bushes. Her favorite hour next to front porch swing sunsets, was nature's dawn when the sleepy folks of Watertown were just beginning to stir with the promise of the new day. She loved the cool, fresh dew tingling on her bare legs and the bright life-giving sunshine on her back that brought about a peaceful tranquility as she'd begin her gardening service to make her corner of the world special.



Stephanie Gardner

Sis

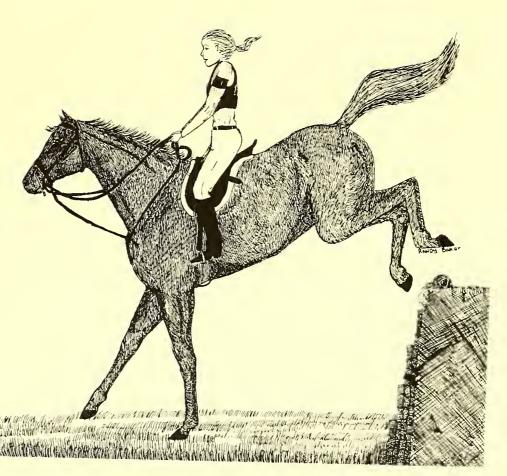
We share a lot my sis and I The bed in the summer and the clothes we buy.

But most of all
we share our lives
Confronting each other
when trouble arrives.

We do have fights
some big, some small
But she always knows
I love her through it all.

Though she's quick to say if I'm right or not I'd never give up the sis I've got.

Marina Lynch



Contributors

Randy Baker Janet Berkeley Mary Hughes Boylan Mary Clyde Bridgers Gwen Cooley Robin Down Debbie Ford Stephanie Gardner Amy Ingbar Wyn Isenhour* Tanya Ives Ellison Jones Mary Grady Koonce* Marina Lynch Laura McConnell Terry McLennan Anne Nelson Margaret Norris* Kathy Packer Marianna Peete Stephanie Powell Karen Rose (faculty) Agnes Stevens

*placed 1st in contest

Judges

Art: Mrs. Alice Ehrlich

Poetry & Prose: Mrs. Suzanne Jordan

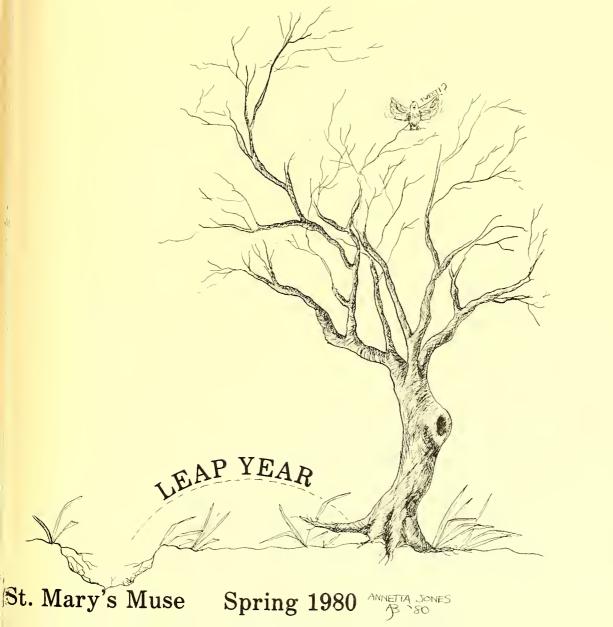
Photography: Mr. Sam Bass

Staff

Stan
Janet Berkeley
Stephanie Gardner
Tunie Hurley
Mary Grady Koonce
Jayne Mercer
Kathy Morrison
Lydia Payne
Marianna Peete
Cameron Smith
Agnes Stevens, editor
Dr. Marcia Jones, advisor

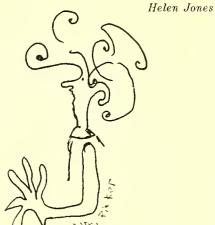




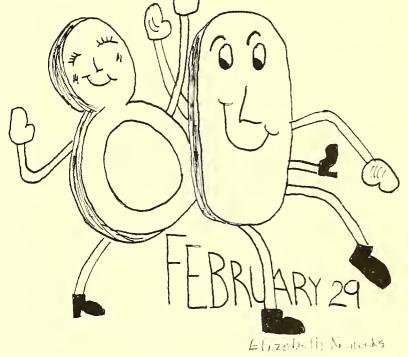


A February 29 Chase

Over hill and over dale 'cause I want a male Leap, jump, run and nab I just need one to grab. No man can escape me And if I get one, he won't get free. Rope, lasso, knife and gun Oh! I love all this fun! Excuse me handsome man. Did you know I'm one of your fans? Tackle, swear, tie and beg Please don't struggle sir, or I'll bite your leg. Get to the church fast! Before Leap Year Day is past! Push, shove, drag and carry Please sir, all I want to do is marry, My hair is brown, my cheeks are red, my eyes are blue And I promise to be true. Kick, punch, leap and run Please stop sir, I don't want to be a nun! He escaped, oh woe is me. When will love come to be?







Leap Year

What do I write? February 29—comes only three—when does it come? 3-4 years, Oh, I don't know. I really have nothing to say about Leap Year—Oh yeah Sadie Hawkins Day. I hadn't ever heard about that until I was watching TV one day in about the 3rd grade. I was so sick. I hate being sick but boy did I ever love it then. Cokes with crushed ice and Fudgesicles from Daddy.

Cokes with crushed ice and Fudgesicles from Daddy. Kind of funny that would introduce me to Sadie Hawkins. Home. They really do make you become you. At least initially—no retract that. Always. I love my room. I have been so sick there and have gotten so well again. Why am I talking about getting sick? Oh yeah. Daddy and the Fudgesicles. He would always bring

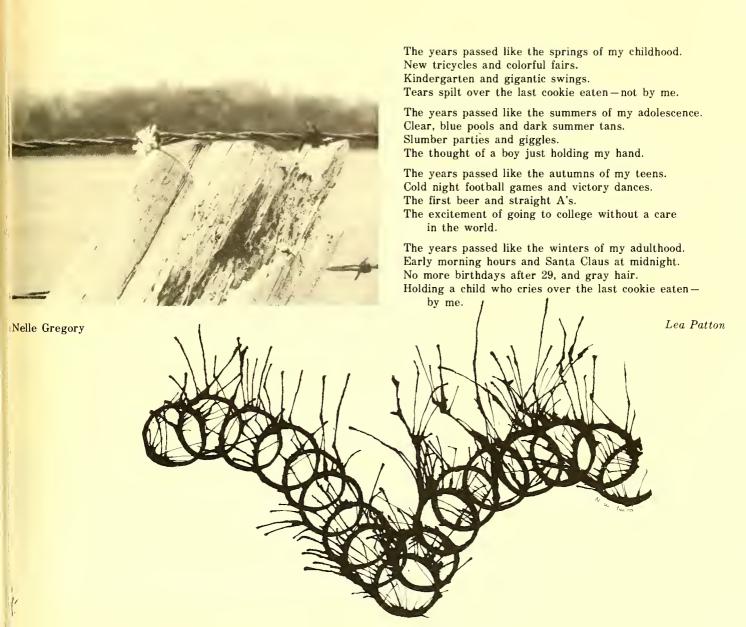
home the best "surcies" for the most off-the-wall occasions, and the ironic thing about this whole deal is that the big deals like Xmas and birthdays were really kind of mediocre and now you might as well call them forgotten. A card and a check. Big deal.

Then it was surcies at the most unexpected time—good surcies that we adored and cherished. Them and/or the memory of them. Best of all—better than them themselves—was that they were spontaneous—obviously from the heart. They were Daddy. They were Fudgesicles when you were sick, and opal and diamond rings on Valentine's and cheese biscuits and Shirley Temples for the ACC tourney and yummy spaghetti when it rained on Saturdays, and corny cards and letters sent to you at prep school when you were down around your worst that made you feel your best and good stuff like that.

Anyway when I was sick that time—Mother had made me eat slimy green peas. They were the nastiest things—well I got them down but then they came right back up—on her. Needless to say I never had to eat green peas ever again. But I didn't feel so hot after I tossed so Daddy brought me a Coke with crushed ice and a Fudgesicle—my favorite combo—and told me a story about growing up—when you reached this state you no longer had to eat green peas, you could go to bed whenever you felt like it and you would be beautiful and have boys knocking down your door (liar but I love him for it).

Anyway he said that every four years was Leap Year and Sadie Hawkins day where all the girls asked the boys out on a date. That way the girls could have an evening with their crushes. And the boys could breathe easy for one night. They all went to this dance and had a great time. Personally I thought it was a pretty boring story but the Coke tasted good, the Fudgesicle hit the spot and above all I was with my Daddy . . . then.

Lindsay Sloan



The Play

- it was a cloudy night with lots of tension and everything that would happen was determined.
- it was a rainy night with lots of feelings and everything that could happen was represented.
- it was a stormy night with lots of moods and everything that happened was reflected.
- Now, it's a peaceful night with lots of love and everything that did happen is remembered.

 $Debbie\ Bishop$



Empty Pastures

"Hey! Mom! Where are all the chocolate chip cookies? I'm really hungry," screamed Chris.

"There in the cabinet next to the stove. Chris please don't slam that door," answered Mrs. Byrd.

"Yes ma'm."

"Chris, your grandfather called today."

"Are we out of milk again?"

"Chris! I don't know, but if we are there is plenty of water."

"O.K., don't act so mad."

"Well, if you don't get over here I will get mad."

"I'm coming, I don't want to spill this delicious water on your rug."

"Chris I've got to tell you something very important," said Mrs. Byrd in a faltering voice.

"Mom, you're not going to tell me about the birds and the bees again are you?"

"Chris! Stop this nonsense immediately!"

"I was just playing," replied Chris innocently.

"Well this isn't any playing matter. Your grandfather is very sick. He just called and said that they are coming up here tomorrow."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing is finalized but his doctor thinks he may have cancer. So your grandparents will be coming tomorrow and then Monday we will be going to Duke hospital," answered Mrs. Byrd.

"I hope he doesn't have cancer."

"I do too," said Mrs. Byrd with a heavy sigh.

"How long are they going to stay?"

"I don't know."

"I hope at least a week, Mom am I going to Duke?"

"No, your father is going to pick you up from school and you will be spending the day with him at the office. That doesn't sound like a bad day, does it?"

"No."

"How about some supper?"

"I'm not hungry, besides Dad's not home yet."

"Your father won't be home until ten because he's going to a meeting."

"Oh, I suppose we'd better."

"Mom, are we having fried chicken again?"

"What's the matter with that. We haven't had it in two weeks."

"Nothing I'm just not hungry."

"O.K. but will you help me with the dishes?"

"Yes, what do you want me to do, dry them?"

That will be fine and after you finish drying this one take a bath and get ready for bed."

"I will. Night, Mom."

"Night."

This is the time I hate, going to bed. It's a bore. Sometimes I can't go to sleep and sit up worrying all night. Just think, my poor grandfather might have cancer. That means I could be watching someone whom I love very much die. I can't even think about him without getting a lump in my throat. I've got to go to bed before I get myself thinking things that aren't true. Good Night.

"Chris, Chris wake up, your grandparents are here."

"What?"

"Your grandparents are here."

"What, they are. Oh! Where are they?"

"There, in the living room. Hurry up and get dressed so you can come and have an early lunch with us."

"O.K."

"Chrissie, come on!"

"I'm coming, hello Pa, hello Nanny."

"Hello", they both echoed together.

"What's my pumpkin been up to besides sleeping all day?" teased Nanny.

"Nothing much except for eating, piano, scouts and school of course."

"When in the world do you find time to do all this?"

"I'm not sure," I replied.

"Chris will you please say the blessing before the food gets cold?" asked mother.

"Yes ma'm. Dear Lord thank you for all our blessings amen."

"Dig in," said Pa.

"Where is Daddy?"

"He has to go and handle some out of town business, but we want be lonesome because we have someone to stay with us."

"That's right."

"This sure is good," said Nanny in a soft murmured voice.

"It sure is," I said.

After lunch Nanny and Mommy washed the dishes and talked about Pa's condition. While Pa and I played cards. It was murder. He beat me five out of seven games in Soot and three out of three games in Rummy. Was I ever tired of cards! As long as he enjoyed it I would have kept on playing, but thank goodness he got tired. We decided to do something less active like watch T.V. You could tell Pa was sick because of the pale yellow color of his skin and the yellow look in his eves. He used to have a deep tan and his eyes were true brown. I always did envy his tan. However he had lost so much weight that he looked undernourished. And he was in a way, because of his eating habits, although he did try to eat. He always used to kid me and take me places; we had lots of fun together. Now since he's sick we just sit, talk, play cards and things of that sort. We still have fun, even though we don't do as much as we used to.

Despite his sickness I think he had fun just being still for awhile. I hope he did. When Dad came home, we had supper talked about the latest news and watched "Happy Days" on T.V. Every time I'd look or start thinking about Pa my eyes would get red and puffy and start running. Especially when he took out his tobacco. I think he took it out four times. Anyway before I knew what was happening everybody started saying goodnight.

"Night, Pumpkin," said Nanny.

"Night, Chrissie," said Pa.

"Night," echoed Mom and Dad together.

"Night," I said to each of them with a kiss.

When I finally got in bed, the light out, and everything, I started crying. I cried for about thirty minutes.

The next morning, which was Monday, everybody was asleep when I got up. Instead of waking everyone while getting ready for school, I was especially quiet and slipped out of the house before anyone knew I was up. The usual, long brisk walk to school was somewhat shortened today, and as I neared the school my thoughts were fixed in a state of turmoil—could it really be my grandfather who has cancer . . . my wonderful grandfather. During third period my eyes started running and by fourth I was on the verge of letting my emotions go.

When school finally ended, Dad picked me up and I stayed at his office for the rest of the day. Gosh it's boring. All Dad does is sit in that big chair, write and answer phone calls. I'd fall asleep if that's all I did in a day.

"Honey, it's time to go."

"O.K. Dad when is Mommy coming back?" I said in a weak and squeaky voice, but I couldn't help it.

"They said they'd be home around 5:00 or 5:30."

"Oh."

When Mom came back she was alone. Pa had been

hospitalized because he did have cancer, and Nanny went to my Aunt's. The doctors operated, but were unable to remove the cancer. So, he stayed in the hospital until he fully recovered from the operation. Every night our family went to see him. The hospital had a funny odor, but I didn't mind just as long as I got to see Pa. One thing bothered me, though. I had to do my homework in the lobby. I didn't mind it too much. It was just that all those people in there scared me. I don't know why. They just did. Anyway when Pa got out of the hospital he and Nanny stayed with us. A week before Christmas, Pa had to go back to Duke for treatments. Even though the treatments made him sick, he still liked to lie on the couch and watch the fire crackle and pop while the Christmas tree lights were shining.

Soon after the treatments Pa began to pick up his eating a little, his color had changed from pale yellow to a grayish color and his eyes were foggy looking, instead of that true brown. I had to admit he looked a whole lot better.

Christmas Eve everybody was sitting around the Christmas tree talking, eating, watching the fire and T.V. Just having fun. When I popped up and said "I wonder if Santa's coming?"

"I hope he is," replied Mommy.

"I wonder what he's going to bring us."

"He ought to bring Pa some lollipops, Right Pa?"

"Yes I'm going to look like Kojak, since my hair's coming out."

Pa would be continuing his treatments after Christmas; while these treatments will be curing the cancer they will also take out the rest of his hair. He doesn't have much hair and has always been real sensitive about it. However I believe he's all right now. Tomorrow Pa and Nanny are going home. It's going to be lonesome around here without them.

Nanny and Pa left last week. It really has been lonesome around here, but it has been nice just talking with my parents.

School starts back tomorrow and Nanny and Pa are coming Wednesday. This schedule is really becoming hectic. I don't know how much longer I can take it. I have to remember one thing—it's for Pa.

Well Pa took his treatments, but he seems to be getting worse. His hair did fall out, but we bought him a hat that looks like Kojak's. So he walks around with his hat and lollipops. He's really proud of that hat. He wears it everywhere even in his P.J.'s. Although weeks have passed and his color slowly returned to a pale yellow. One real sad thing about him is that when he gets depressed all he can do is sit and worry, watch T.V. or talk to someone. He doesn't particularly like T.V. and half the time he's so depressed he doesn't want to talk to anyone. He doesn't like to read so he sits and worries. It's really sad when you see him slumping over with his head in his hands. It makes me want to cry.

They left after Pa started feeling better, but in a week they returned, because he was worse, his color had changed from a pale yellow to a whitish color. He went to Duke, and stayed for about a week and a half. He went because he kept blacking out, and each time his color looked worse. Poor Nanny, at one time I thought she was going to have a nervous breakdown. All I can say for her is, she's a strong woman.

But Pa got out of the hospital and he went home. I think they cured him, but I can't tell. His color changed from that whitish color to a grayish one, and he has not had any more blackouts. Now there's a little bit of fuzz on his head, which means his hair's growing back. We go down to see them every other week. Once in a while he'll drive us around on his pickup to look at his crops and empty pastures, which used to be filled with cows, pigs, chickens, etc. This year his neighbors planted his crops for him. Next year, he says he'll be doing most of the work. He also said he might buy some more animals to fill up those empty pastures.

Haven Cooper



Seasonal Games

Remember when-

Leaping over hedgerows and across creek beds, Spying out barbed wire and poison ivy Surrounded by summertime heat and green meadowland Playing mother-may-I and handstands go—Raggedy Ann and Andy, Lemonade and Dirty white sneakers with trailing shoelaces, Hair flying wildly

Gave way to

Driving miles just to watch
Glittering sunsets on the Gulf of Mexico,
Strumming guitars and sensitivity.
Graduating to high heels and happy hour,
Wondering if maybe he'll notice you—
Dieting and
Bathing suits, beaches, shrimp boats and Pete the Greek:
Leaping through time.

Linda Ingram



The Farm

I sit there on the dock
Bathing my body with the shining sun.
Much subtle communication of the trees
as they whisper on the edge of the lake.
The birds across the way gossip back and forth
about the events of the day.

Nearest to me
the comforting trickle
of the flowing water.
So nice to have time
to share in nature's concert.

Ellen McCow

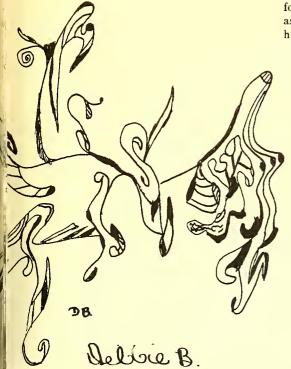


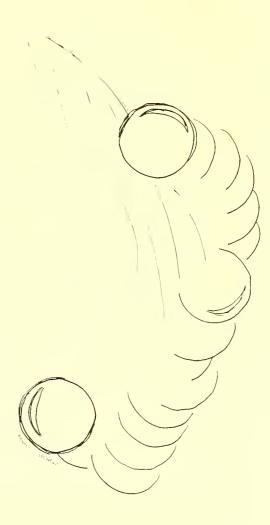
Nelle Gr

Remnants

Peach roses
fade under baby's breath—
minutes grow crystalline
at chapel,
a white iced night blackens—
the bell flutters
chiming down
with snow—
handfuls
drop off a wall,
sighing softly
for the night's pleasure
as they break and dissolve—
humpty dumpty eggshell time.

Mary Grady Koonce





Beneath It All

Initially it was crowded \dots too crowded. Full of movement and loud noises it was. And I was sorry that I was there. But I needed to be, so I went on.

Then, I entered into the quiet—no one disturbed me—no one saw me—at least I wasn't aware of them. Sometimes it's just good to get away. Everyone has his own place. And this is mine.

I've needed it for different reasons in the past years. It used to be a place of refuge mainly. No noise, no people, no sense of time. It's a place where I can be sad and to myself. I'm not judged there—almost like coming home—a welcoming cradle. Rocked and nudged and supported. I guess that's the main thing—supported.

The world outside is so oftentimes cold, and hard, and misunderstanding. I've found that I can come out of the rain of plastic ideas and judgments and come here—into a quiet calm.

It all started from the very beginning. When I first came here, I had no one whom I could really talk to. I had no one who knew me well enough to understand my feelings and to take the bad with the good. So the water and I became friends. And since that beginning the bonds have increased.

We talk not with words, but with movement. We have an understanding. And I can depend on this. I'm almost conditioned in certain situations. I can actually feel the emotion stored within, waiting to be released. Many times I have become "watery" myself. While caught up in the sadness of one thought, I get hit with a chain reaction of everything else which has ever made me cry. And again there is the comfort and consolation—and the understanding.

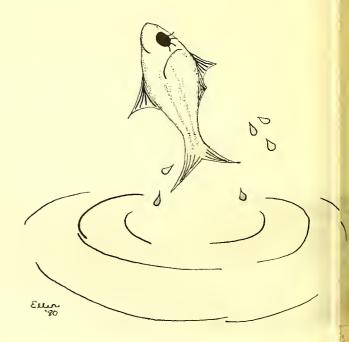
But I don't always move down so deep away from the surface. There are other times when I plunge in with my emotions bubbling high and ready to burst forth.

There is a sense of endless strength—the feeling that "I can do anything." And in a way, I can.

And, lastly, there are the times when I'm somewhere in between—floating and drifting in my mind, rhythmically moving back and forth, in and out of a peaceful state, light thoughts swaying silently, slowly, easily. Rocking softly.

Steady and supported—A place where I can swim deep into my mind. A place where I feel comfortable. A place where I can be myself.

Mary Hughes Boylan

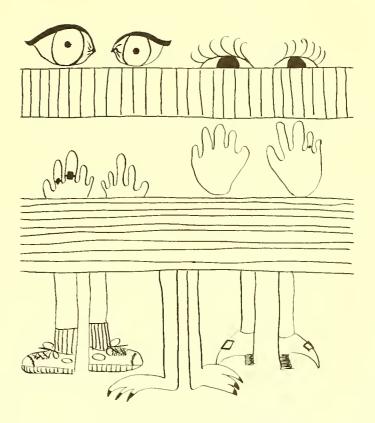


Surprise Party

Meg, my friend from school, celebrates her fifth birth-day today. She is planning a party. Her friends from nearby "play schools" have been invited to come and bring their favorite toys. Ben is arriving in his pick-up truck go kart. Holly is bringing her plastic upright cannon that when one sucks on it makes water swirl around in the bottom. Jim is coming with six heavy tin cans connected by a piece of plastic and Randy is bringing punk rock music albums; I guess that's where they got the name "punks" from. We little people always get picked on! Meg's mom said that for her friends that are at least a year older than Meg she is preparing a "special proof party punch."

Can you guess what kind of party this is? A leap year party of course! Meg is celebrating her twentieth birthday on the day she was really born, February 29th.

Sally Lynch



tathy Rocker

I miss her.
Through photographs, and keepsakes,
home movies and little locks of hair
I find out all about her.
Where has she gone—why did she leave?
She is still a part of me... that small girl who had no cares except simple love and affection.
Laughing, and loving, and smiling sunshine.
But she left. She left me alone.
Alone with independence and many years

to live through.

Experiences and new treasures to find.

It's exciting—but I miss her.

It's frightening—and I'm scared.

I look at a framed photograph of that little one, myself many years before,

and I see my own reflection in the glass. . .
Searching for that little girl inside me somewhere.

Sometimes she comes out,

but she has mostly left me.

Yes, she's gone. And I want to go back.

Claudia Werman





She is a woman of the past with her thoughts and traditions. She is a woman of the unique with her faith and religion.
She is a woman of determination with her force to reach her destination. She is a woman of her own with her experience and celebration.

Debbie Bishop

Leap year . . . What A Silly Old Tradition

As I stood in front of the stove waiting for my water to boil, I could not help floating off on a reminiscence of my date with John last night. We've been seeing each other for eight months. Each time I'm with him I fall deeper and deeper in love. I told him I loved him last night, and he seemed happy. He didn't reciprocate . . . but he must love me after eight months of twice—sometimes thrice weekly interludes. He did tell me I was the first woman he'd taken seriously enough to ask out more than every now and then. He must love me, I'm the only woman in his life, why shouldn't he love me?

Yesterday, all the girls in the office could talk about was leap year. I'd never taken it seriously before, but Marlene—the girl in accounting asked her boyfriend to marry her, and he accepted! He was shocked, flattered—and relieved. He'd confessed that he'd been trying to ask her hand in marriage for almost six months! He thought she'd turn him down—imagine, turning down marriage. If John asked me, we'd be married in a flash . . . Oh . . . if only he'd ask. I could do what Marlene did—ask him, but what if he said no . . . how could he say no? Eight months must stand for something . . . Oh! There's my water.

As I carefully measured one rounded teaspoonful of Nescafe into my coffee cup, I still harbored the idea of asking John to marry me. How would I approach him? How can I bring it up? As the steaming water flowed from the kettle into the mug, I envisioned the two of us at a discreet little restaurant sipping wine . . . gazing romantically into each other's eyes. "John darling, will

you marry me?" Oh brother—that's too corny. Maybe I should take the practical approach. As I sat down preparing to drink my brew, I saw John and me staining the deck in the back of his house... the two of us toiling away the hours, accomplishing a job in half the time it would have taken poor John to do by himself. "John, have you noticed how efficiently we work together? Just look at this deck! How about the windows we washed together yesterday, or the floor I—I mean we waxed the day before, I think marriage would be awfully practical, don't you?" Oh! That's even worse ... What am I going to do? Well I was seeing him again tonight for dinner at seven, I'll think of something by then.

Well it's six-forty-five and I look gorgeous! He'll probably beat me to it and ask ME to marry him first. Just one more dab of perfume . . . There's the bell. "Coming Darling!" He looked more handsome than ever . . . this was the night. We sat down in the living room where champagne waited to be opened.

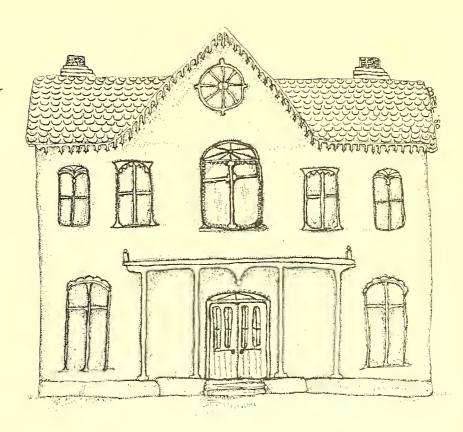
After our first glass, I casually introduced the subject of Marlene and her new fiance. I commented on how lucky they were—to finally settle down. "Settle down?" John gasped. "You call that settling down? I call that suicide! That's what I like about you Carol, you're a liberated woman. I never have to worry about you pulling any stunts like that. Marlene sounds like the pushy type, the poor guy was probably too scared to say no. What a sucker!" I took a long, deep breath . . . "Leap Year . . . who ever heard of it anyway."

My room . . .

Books piled high, colorful dirty clothes strewn about the lush carpet, photographs hung haphazardly on the walls, lost papers overflowing the wicker basket, wild plants not bound to their pots, silent dolls perched in lofty corners, half-finished water colors leaning against the wall—

... and me, on my soft unmade bed lost in the waves of feather conforters.

Stephanie Gardner



Endless mounds of salt water break upon the shore of civilization. As the inner tranquility of the sea remains unaffected by the outer turmoil of the life surrounding it.

Lanier Brown

The wind rushes through, moving nothing.

Centuries old, these majestic monuments stand as they have stood since Agamemnon and Poseidon and Athena walked their stoney faces.

Withstanding all the elements;

losing little more than pebbly pieces.

I look up and feel so small.

So insignificant.

So young.

I walk the steps where Clytemnestra once was.

I stand upon the Acropolis with

Grecian winds painting pictures of gods and goddesses

I think back and wonder where all the simplicity has gone.

The complexity of each modern day seems so unnecessary.

The awesome pillars and walls and statues stare as I wander.

Wondering about the past.

And the future.

I am still.

The ruins are silently watching.

And the wind rushes through, moving nothing.

Claudia Werman



Claudia Werns

The Purpose of Archaeology

Rubble under the fallen wall some say; Others believe a treasure waits beneath. A jagged surface does the mound betray The eye surveys the brick and mortar teeth

Close in—close out, what purpose has a wall?
Those high or wide or long on purpose built
Behind that bulwalk rests the hope of all
until it throws the shadow of a tilt

Standing walls give false security

For they must tremble with the breath of time
and take a less than vertical degree

Their tumble—a faltering pantomine

Walls of ages lie in humble heaps
Who knows the secret antiquity keeps?

Agnes C. Stevens



Margaret Norris

dawn

silent dawn yawns softly, whispering sounds of morning. slowly goes the sun, reaching then rising to the mountains of the heavens.

Ellen McCown

Margaret Norris

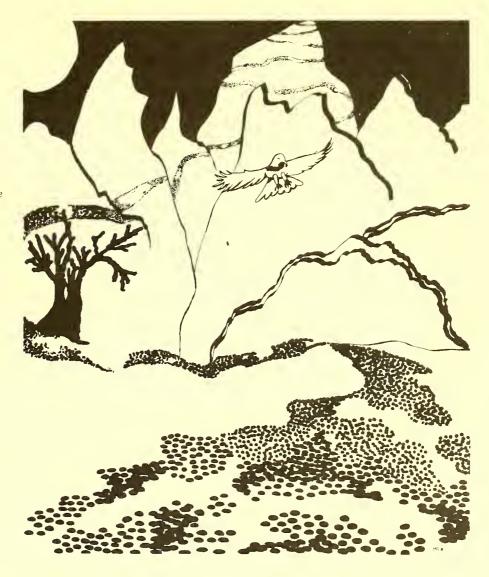


Chameleon

In a cyan land With grass time grown green, Silver lined feet tread lightly, Royal on blue walks.

Copper opulence and crimson promises Spew from two-toned mouths For whom I promise Burgandy prayers.

Mary Grady Koonce



The radio sings and crackles as I sit next to
the frozen window panes—
Still—I can hear
the silence of snow
drifting goose-like down.

Mary Grady Koonce



Janet Berkeley

It's early Sunday morning, the sun hasn't begun to show its face,

Sleepily, I gaze out to the pure blanket of snow covering the earth.

The radio station is playing old recordings, love-sick artists moan for sympathy,

Now the snowflakes seem to be falling faster - hurrying to some unknown destination.

The disc-jockey switched records, a new, happy beat streams out of the old transistor,

My limp arm undecidedly turns the sound off, I check the snow once more.

It's time for sleep, the dim tiffany lamp glows in the corner and the radiator hums almost silently.

Stephanie Gardner



anet Berkeley

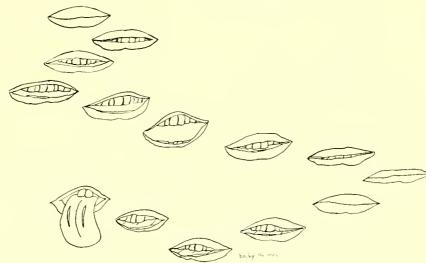
The one thing that bugs me about all this Leap Year stuff, is why the extra day is in February. Now I know that there is probably a lengthy scientific explanation—nevertheless, my curiosity stands to question the long Februaries.

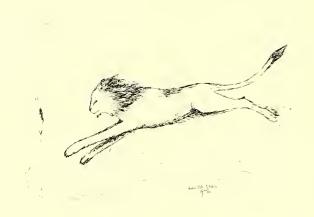
If you are like me, the first and second months of the year are, without fail, the longest, coldest, and most miserable. To add another 24 hours to the monotony is physically, emotionally, and financially painful to me.

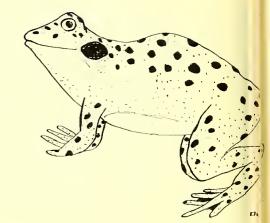
The reigning monarchy of the scientific world, in its infinite wisdom, has chosen to honor a thousand-year tradition of the 365-day year, saving the left-overs until it has enough to give poor ole February 29 days instead of 28.

Ridiculous! Give it to May. Everybody likes May. Everybody likes to have babies in May (Which is a whole new predicament we will not get into). And the weather is nice. So, give us more breezy May—leave gray February alone.

Kea Capel

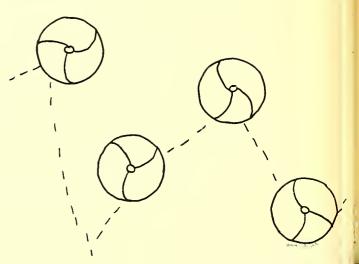






If every moment depended upon the one before and the one after, man would be unable to make mistakes. . .

 $Lanier\ Brown$



For Tom

Last night I dreamt I met a friend in the hall:

Today it rained. We stood in groups—we touched wordlessly bankrupt.
The glib now dumb.

You though would have known what to say:
Gifted that way, you made the everyday elegant, gave glitter to the commonplace, a lapidary in language.

You would have known what to do: Gestures became courtly, encounters in the halls were your entrances and exits—Your presence our grace.

Yesterday, you would have comforted us, made our distress yours; It was your custom—
Your heart so full filled us.

Last night I dreamt I met a friend in the hall.



Marcia B. Jones





This Muse is dedicated to the memory of Mr. Thomas Johnson.

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