



The **DIPER** '78

The Piper

Guilford College Literary Magazine

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Lying sleeping
a deathly sun pushing
my head back
in the grass of the grave
I covered touching the
sunken edges of a once-hole
hoping for visions.

Wisping whisper of thoughts
passed the tree of my
mind and one caught hold
ghostly substantiality telling me
in a screaming dream colors
warm as feelings purple dawns
only as purple

i caught myself
sliding from a larger curb
of dirt sleeping closing
the distance between that
velvet voice of no words —
too heavy to move asserting —
so i symbolized
myself a dawn.

Pat Stabler

the night sets softly
and
lingers hesitantly
as it brushes the tops of
the spruce that line the walk.

lovers stroll dreamily
past
elders sit idly
on park benches and
watch their memories float by.

by
Rinda LoPresti

SELF PORTRAIT

I look
in the mirror;
it looks back.

If I leave home
will it
follow me?

my poetry has no rhyme
my poetry has no rhythm
my poetry has no meaning

I lost tomorrow
at the bottom
of a lake.

No one can find it.

Ellen Boullé

Hung like a splinter from the cracked wooden beam of the sky
Two birds circle overhead; the sound of their wings, the shape of their cry
Catch at the air like nails driven deeply and biting
Hard the sap that oozes through the dust of a springing sapling.

Like the roots of a tree that push and grind through clodden stone
I turn my hands to the sky; the shape of their song, the sound of their bones
Wails in my blood, sprung from deep, inconsolable words
Flung like smooth stones through the air at the circling birds.

Torn like a path wrung from its foreordered source
I too with a cry am thrust; the shape of my eyes, the sound of rude force
Breaks me to pieces that scatter and quiver; and I
Stand like a broken mirror embracing the things in the sky.

Bill Meikrantz

IMPRESSIONS / PIECES OF CROATAN SOUND AND THE OUTER BANKS

One / Into Ocean

we
have lived
 too long
knowing the death around us
things rooted in sand
freeing themselves
 into sea
 into blazing whiteness
 out of sand
a lone skull
part of its back still intact
like our spine
 before we see light the first time
a fish
mouth frozen at agner
 this one died gallantly
its teeth sharp and numerous like gravel
grinding
 sand
we
know some intangible fear
a hot burning
 buried in our heads
watching a skeleton rot

Two / Sundial

lifting me
into an impact
 bone shattering
this wave
glistens by day
i go
 into its heart
its hands
fold around me
dark acidic powerful
i reach shells
broken and scattered
 a litter of ancient death
millions of years can cut your feet
 still

a statement in stone
it goes up into the
ruin
of the sky

a child plays there
pitching rocks into a torn pail
every clang would make
a brief crack
a patter of bird's feet
just beside the eyes

but it is once again
just its baked amber agate
warm stern lifeless

my camera
cannot make more truth
than what it sees
a prism of sunlight
or a hawk diving into nothingness

but he
is captured
4-7/8 x 3-1/2
silk
silk
silk
like water
on a highway ahead

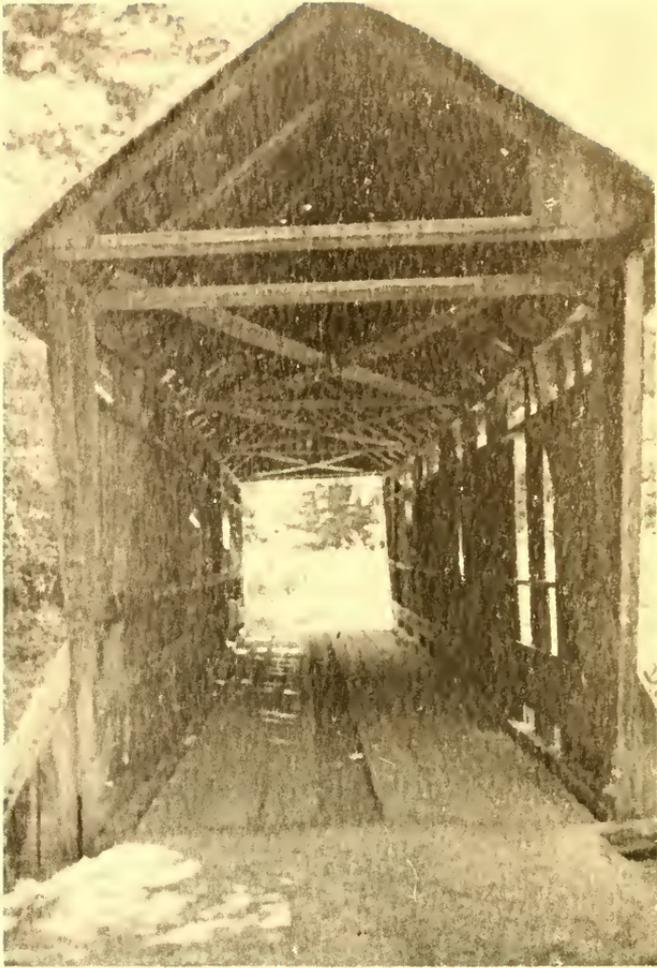
it shimmers in summer waves of heat
cars go over ahead
their reflection strong

yet this water
recedes itself
merging on its center
into dry street
this water a sunlight
deception

it has gone away
like the colony
in the water
if you could only look into it
there would be
"croatoan"
spelled in pure marble
like a gravestone

it fades
all go with it
the child hopeless on a crumbling staircase
the sound is water
i must return and find its home

roy parkhurst



Liz Collier

They came.
Trees fell by your door and they left their oil cans in your woods
You fought them at your gate
But she took the gun out of your hands
and They came.
Red clay and rock crumbled where They had been and your pine needles
where under their feet.
The sun came in where it had never shown before
and your nails that bit into the arms of the rocker on the porch
longed for the soft flesh of their faces
But she sung them still.
They came in trucks and hauled away your world.
You prayed to God but found he drove a truck too.
You cursed at their stench on the wind and their film on the water
but she cried louder for you.
You walked the land amid the smoldering stubble and found your
people's houses empty and cudzoo in the barn lots
but she called you back to supper.
You stood in the rain as the red soil from the mountain washed through
your toes
But she made you put on shoes and come in by the fire.
One day you found They had cut the apple tree your Grandfather
had planted and you went to her breast with hot tears on your greyed cheeks
But They had beaten you to it.

Jake Stephens

Prose poem

It has not been long, she thought.

The shaded, dusky light caught her face and shaped it softly: half shadow, half fine-tooled stone. Her eyes, grey like the light in the dusty window, were resting solemnly, almost covered by their lazy lids. Her lips were compressed into a thin, colorless line; her mouth betrayed no emotion. Passionless, the dim light slid down the profile of her face, falling away at her shoulders to drape the rest of her body in darkness.

Somewhere, buried deep inside the house, a clock sounded. She stirred, blinking as a wisp of ashen hair fell across her forehead. Her eyes surveyed the horizon, leaving the rows of houses and trees to stare at the faint glow where the sun had set. The window was dark with the coming of the night.

Her eyes shone like two small stars behind the lightless, dingy window and moved slowly, back. The oncoming street lamps burned their images into the window panes.

Bill Meikrantz

CONTINUUM

In a tainted shade of white,
Like the walls of a dingy motel,
Night wears on,
In the droning of a lullaby,
With the whisperings of a curse between the lines.
A night shade pulled,
The lamplight dimmed,
Another empty, repeated phrase.

by Rinda LoPresti



Liz Collier



The old man paused at the bottom of the hill. Usually he enjoyed this part of the walk home best — the stars in the Kyushu sky were just beginning to sparkle, the semi in the trees had started their nightly singing, and the evening's breeze was fresh and soothing after a hard day's work on the sea. Today the work had gone as usual. He and the other fishermen had started at first light, readying the boats, then driving out onto the open sea to pursue and net the schools of flying fish which came to the sea off this tip of the island, hunting for food.

The catch had been moderately good, and normally the old man would be smiling, but for the man from the government. He had spoken to the fishermen that evening after work.

"This area is one of five in Japan that has been slated for industrial development. A canning factory, an oil refinery, . . ." The agent's voice, confident in business, droned on about the projects, dates, schedules, progress, the fishermen's faces listening, astonished, unbelieving, angry.

The old man had left when the arguing and protesting began. He had given a full day's sweat, as always; he was tired. Oh, when it came to it, he would join the protest, and plan strategy, but now he was too tired to feel the anger that would later consume his mind, and in futility, his soul.

"I wonder what she will think?" he mused, as he continued up the hill and into the genkan of his modest farmhouse, passing the ripening field of snow peas waving in the breeze.

His wife met him at the step up to the hallway. "Welcome home," she greeted him warmly as she did each night. "Sit down, and relax, and I'll bring you your meal."

She sat with him during the meal, serving him extra helpings of rice and pouring him more tea as she chatted calmly about the progress of the snow peas and the events of the day.

He watched her hands, gracefully lifting the teapot as if every move had been choreographed generations ago and refined in every afternoon solitude in the sea breezes sweeping the hill above the sea. He gazed at her cracked and weathered face, still seeing the flattened nose and wide cheekbones that had caught his eyes years ago. Forgetting the events after work, he dreamed to the quiet lilt of her voice until he realized it had stopped some time ago.

Reluctantly, he entered the silence.

"Fusako, there is something I must tell you."

He looked at her but he could not see her reaction. Her eyes were downcast, staring at the neat prism of her hands in her lap.

"After work today, on the wharf. . . a man from the government spoke to us. He. . ."

He stopped. She had looked up, and he could see the painful knowledge in eyes that had always spoke straight into him.

"I know. I heard it at the market."

"Fusako, don't worry. We will fight this thing. We will stop them."

Her hand on his knee hushed him. She moved her grasp to take his hand in hers and spoke softly, as though he really didn't need to hear the words.

"We have taken our years. We've been content with our work, what little leisure we had, and ourselves. The change will come, just as it always has since the war. It's taken our children away to the City, that is their future now. Perhaps this is part of it, I don't know. We may be too old to start over, but there is certainly not enough time to fight."

The old man choked back a denial at the sudden pressure of her hand. He sat unmoving for several moments, tensed in thought, then sighed and relaxed back onto his heels. Turning, his face was serene as he spoke to her.

"I will find some other place to fish."

Fusako nodded.

"And we will still have our crop."

At that, she smiled and rose to her feet. "The porch is much cooler. Come, let's move there, and I'll bring you a cold beer."

Together they sat on the hard polished wood, cooling their faces in the breeze from the waters below, watching the lights of the village disappear until the moon had risen and set.

Shiroi Sai

semi—cicada

genkan—lower area inside main door of house, where shoes are removed and kept.

The Smile of Death at the Final Parting

There is a sound breaks upon the ears:
A quiet subduing laughter.
It branches long across spent years
To reach its graspings after.

There is a sound that stirs the leaves
Of a tired and decadent autumn:
The voice of a mezzo-soprano weaves
A delicate gliss, spreading golden

Fingers into the dark withdrawing night
(A shadow of a bird in flight),
And unfolding, the rehangings
Curtains drawn across the window's world.

A flickering breeze lightly unfurls
The heavy draping which stirs a bit
And soon is silent. The man in anger
Hurls his rock into the dark,

And hence the laughter. Hence
The light descending notes which
Rattle the highest keys of the piano
To plunge down into pounding, and sit

Still. There is a silence after merriment.
A rumor of sending, something sent.
Singing across wires of a high strung bend
Is death: wherever laughter ends.

There is a sound breaks upon the ears:
A quiet subduing laughter.
It branches long across spent years
And fades into silence after.

Bill Meikrantz

SEQUENZA

(to be read extremely slowly or sung on a 12 tone scale beginning in C#)

I

sparrow
sparrow
little
 sparrow

sparrows go
like light
from the rafters
from the sun

sparrows go
with silence
like dust
like snowfall

go
like wind
out of
 the
sky

II

sparrow
 the
sparrow
lifts
with light
from the tree
 the
wind-torn
tree

sparrows are
piercing
the sky
 and
the sky
is
turning black
with night
with
sparrows

III

sparrow
a bleak
sparrow
a
 slender
sparrow
with
a star
in
its beak

the dark
sparrows
move
 away
without light
or sky

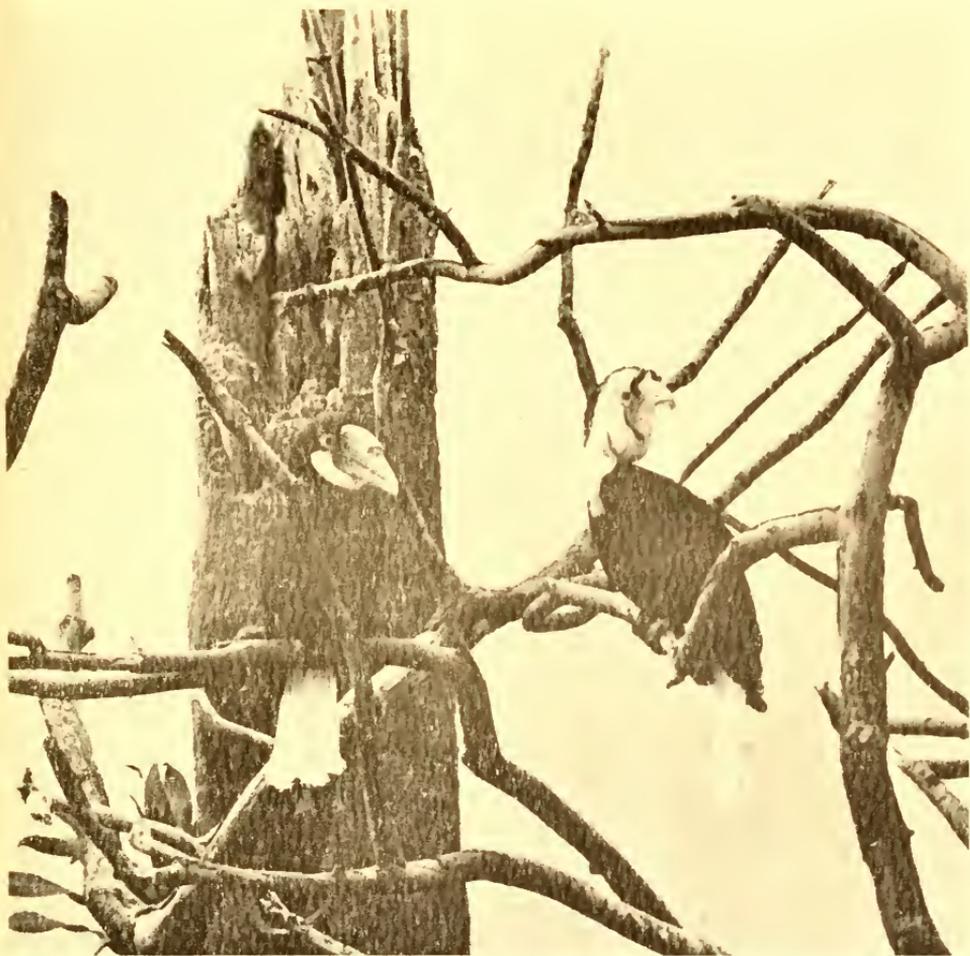
the sparrows
are stars

roy parkhurst

presence in red

blank or smiling?
curiously lingering on
presence in red
the knowledge alive before me

before the rest is one
she turns her head
(a swirl of silk) and
contact rushes the conscious bridge
sparks electric, understanding
the warmth is full glowing in smile



Joost De Wit

A MUSICAL ENCOUNTER WITH FAMILY HEIRLOOMS

When I was thirteen,
my grandmother gave me a music box
made from a whisky bottle
that played the Anniversary Song.

“This”, she said, “is the first bottle of whiskey
your grandfather and I bought in this country.”

Then she wound it up
and danced around the room,
fox trotting,
pulling me with her.

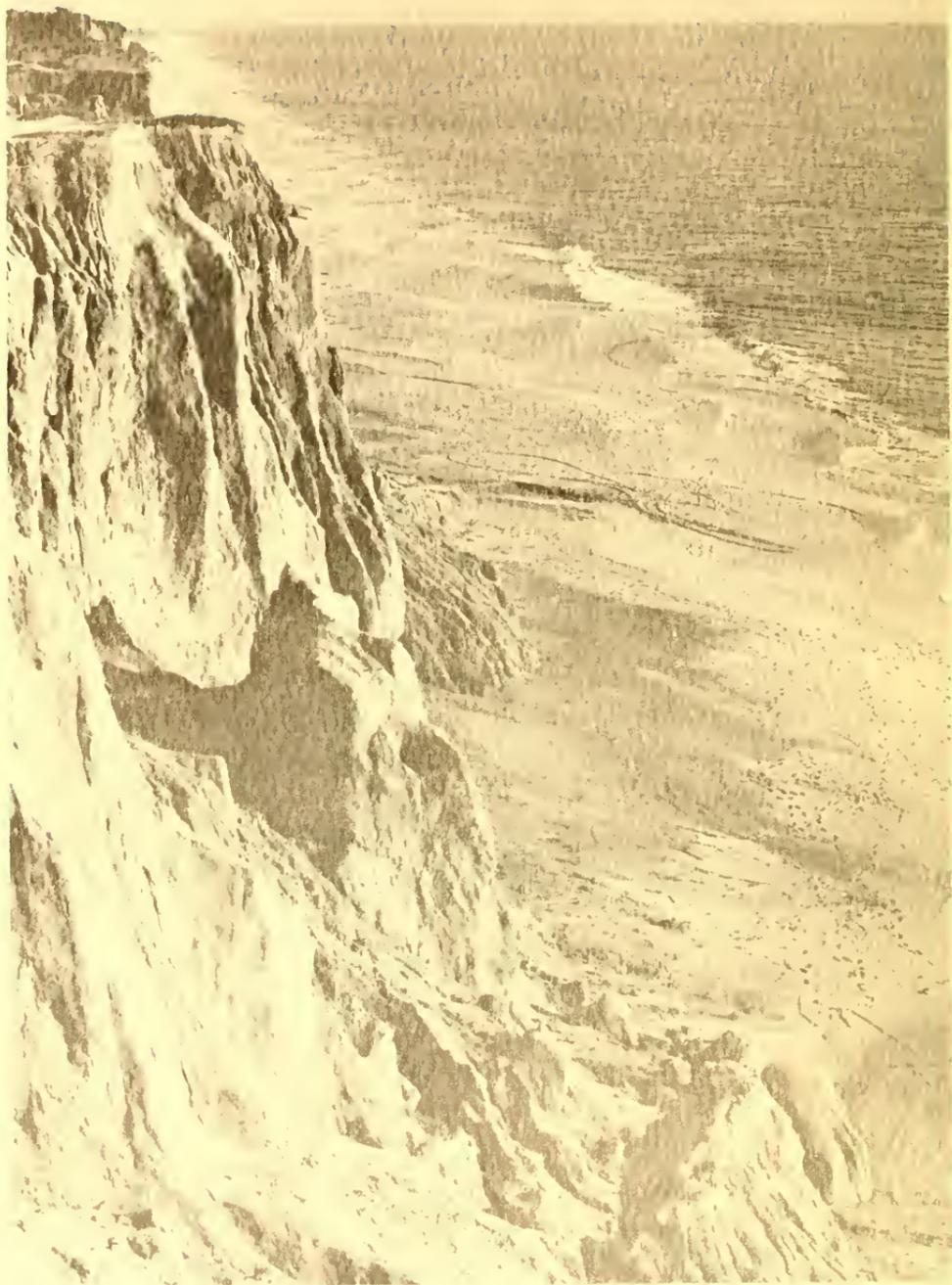
A freckleless representative
of the second generation
unrhythmically boney
with submarine feet,

I stepped on tradition’s toes.

Ellen Boullé

Thy threshold higher, stronger than before,
Woulds't broaden thine own horizon to
A vision more clearly seen, and more new
Than my duller, but still sweet, silent shore.
Shall I ever name thee as any more
Than what thou believs't and knows't true?
No! Let such portraits done in only blue
Fall lightly, e'er so gently to the floor.
Let not my own or others' words deflect
The bright, higher, more honest hopes of thine.
Gold molded by thee alone will reflect
A truer image, as the soul must shine.
We both strive to purify, ne'er perfect,
For we have found no level so divine!

Kay Chrismon



Joost De Wit

Time;
fragment of events.
Time;
the haze on the skyline –
awareness of the last glowing embers of an uneven fire.
Time;
Nuns speaking, living hypocrisy
Months pass
mouths
open
fuck flick marquee
all under the blacker
than black sky full of
little princes and
laughing stars.

Time;
Beer foam on your mouth,
mouths foaming beer –
remembrances of dried roses
smiling photographs with
fading faces.
Nights of loose talk lost in games people play.
Timeless time
fade in
fade out
evaporate from mind. Time.

Time;
reflection of mind.
oh God I feel sick. . .
crowded buses
TV lounges and masturbation.
dry heaves – flannel pajamas at four in the afternoon
a mother's embrace
oh God I feel sick. . .
heroes and
homecoming queens.
a unicorn named J. P. Sartre and
mud pies of music.
life separated from life, time.

Time;
wasting, waning,
mind fading.
machines running, money-eating.
toilets flushing,
showers scalding
alarm clocks racking.
uninvited guests and
bull-shit classes / unpopped kernels of popcorn
lodged between two teeth
Friends like Marat Sade.
Excuses for self, or lack of self.
watches winding.
Pages Turning.
Time.

Time;
a celebration.
best friends and covers.
nights alone with
Jethro Tull and my old friend Socrates
Easy evenings of Almaden and
love letters in red ribbon.
Chapel Hill at five in the morning --
hot tea with honey
a windy sky of kites and
the question of a child.
The Amsterdam Red Light Section
Equus on Broad --
way
with Leonard Nimoy.
I--Thou and hands under the
blue-glow of a lantern.
Rainy Sundays
hello old friend,
time.

Time;
circle of infinity.
The jokes of evolution
(your mama's a mon-key)
Browning plants --
euthanasia?
Moneyflows like
tears at empty mailboxes
and time speeds by
The never-ending circles
of Marriage / Divorce
Cheese / Crackers.
I sleep with Camus.

I went to the library of time yesterday but they were out
of secondary sources.

Jesus H. Christ
What's a freshman to do?

Peace rallies and
Piece rallies
Nights smoldering with insincere passion.
Emotions ride the wind.

Back to time.
Back through time.

The fire crackled and spat sparks
across the room

She spoke of the past as we dreamt of
the future.

The names were changed to protect the idea that
time is transitory.

we aren't to be fooled by a bag of bones in the
Brentwood rocker
time was the same.

time is the same.

time will be the same.

(The faces and names alter with the centuries but the
millenium cannot alter realty.) Reality?

And the circle moves onward,
never changing
but

changing. roses die faces crackle with smiles
hand touch
bodies meet
trousers concertina on my father's shoes
lips tremble
mouths open – fall mute. . .

Time;
tragedy in mime

pathi digh

128 Credits

Dark somber aimless procession orientation
Foreign blades 27410 Green
Trapped squirrels lush
A swimming dog muddy water
Frisbee recovery Sun
Century pressure return our buddy A Clown
Being stuck twentieth hour
Trial human release Phil
Munch 348 vegetarian
Party joint study kids visitation what?
Men no alright frisbees women fleeing students
Wait write eat wait Hunt Brock
A metaphor backyard bumper
And a dead dog Rain
Branches painful limbs town slate Smoke
Run smoke run smoke run
Fire empty Hobbs Grimsley Hobbs Season's
Greetings Silent Sunday Quaker bliss bank the z's
Guilfordian gazel
Grown ganwed game gosh Give us food
that tastes good Granola Yoghurt
Ron chocolate chip cookies Steve Shirley
Ozzie and Harriet
Get laid get to work Johnboy
Fiddler's springtime sky blue diplomatime
Got a dime? Procession
Dark somber aimless Farewell.

David King
spring, 1978

