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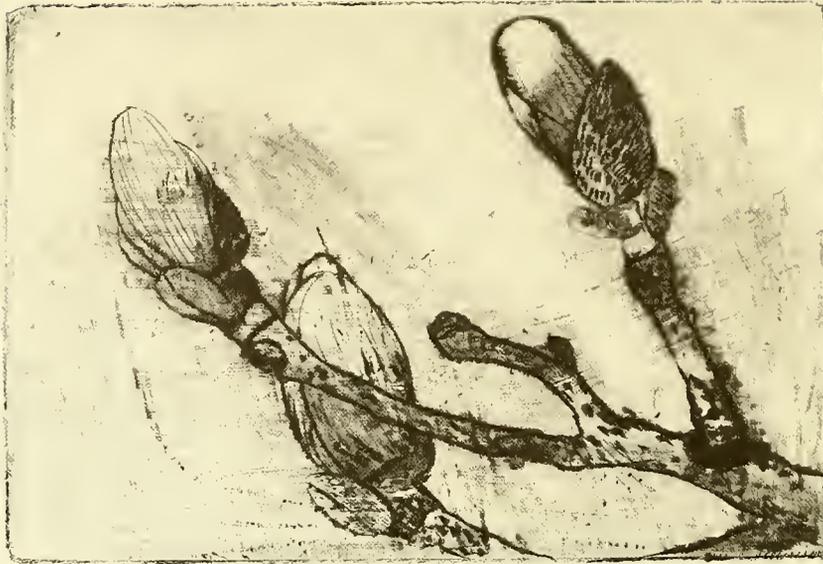




PIPER

Winter 1987-88

Guilford College • Greensboro, North Carolina



2/2

Mokerun

N. Ohashi 87

Mokerun

Nobuko Ohashi

Indian Summer

Today the earth quickened to a red dawn
And a cool wind came down from the north,
But the sun warmed the pine needles underfoot
And the fall flowed through the day like a river.
The blueberry bushes have already turned crimson,
But the burden of winter does not yet threaten.
This day is still rich with ripe scents of autumn,
So linger a little — do not leave us so soon.

Ruth Weybright Cole

Orange

Orange day glow.
An orange day glow elephant.
An orange day glow elephant's stomach.
Inside the orange day glow elephant's stomach
is an aquarium.
In the aquarium
(in the stomach of the orange day glow elephant)
lives Phred the Iguana.
Under the heated rock in Phred the Iguana's aquarium
(in the stomach of the orange day glow elephant)
is the Bong Motel.
(With air conditioning and free morning coffee)
In room 112 of the Bong Motel
(with air conditioning and free morning coffee)
is a fat man with a beard
playing "Franklin's Tower" on the guitar.
It was here, with the bearded fat man
playing "Franklin's Tower" on the guitar,
in room 112 of the Bong Motel
(under the heated rock in Phred the Iguana's
aquarium
in the stomach of the orange day glow elephant)
that I saw it.
The Bucking Baby from Hell.
TO BE CONTINUED . . .

John DuRocher

Chuck's Bad Blood

Volatile vocabulary
and your sentence began with
correction
always.
Judged you hang
out-
side burning, neck aching.
Black.
Her magic darkly
performing
on your absent reasoning.
Symbiotic relationship:
Twin amoebas
and it was you with the
bloody hands.
Beside the burning pit
you were the murdered
she pulled the trigger.
Oh— roasting
rattling
resentful
bones.
Tampered temper
yours was
as willful wish
you granted.
Dark cells, you are
taken
her: the given.
You condemned but
she is
haunted
and haunting
your dreams
revel in her
nightmare.
White washed,
cow-towed
hen-pecked
and you lusted
innocently.
Creamy, dreamy
thighs they
ruled the revolver (Lady Stardust).
Hypnotized it wasn't you
though they saw a
cracked up,
coked up
slave
speedin' down the highway.
Your low
was her but
fly you would
she crashed the trip
was wonderful.

Some-
time later her rings on toes of
strangers
Stardust queen.
And you shuddered.
First glimpse:
oh man! she floated
like a pill from bottom
topped in black.
You said
eternal
it will be
and yours is.
Murderous memory: you loved a witch.
Julie Coffin



Object

D. Adam Robinson



Snee Plaut

Sun Worship

Paralyzing heat blankets
Droplets of sweat on brow tease like chinese torture
Eyes sealed with the residue of evaporated sweat
Blurred magenta and dulled mustard sparks of
 sunlight
So penetrating the eyelid becomes only a formality
Gritty sand dances on the throat
 no stopping the maddening itch
The sun had parched even the deepest tunnels of the
 mouth
 no memories of normality remain
Constant aromas of baking sand, salt, and heat
Each hair ablaze
 ripened by the sun

Marianne Matthews



Snee Plaut

Women

Red strips of cloth wave in ocean blow
Summer dresses are soon on the sand below
A seaside sojourner kneels before anothers hips
Stroked lipstick spills from hurried lips
Sweat runs then drips
Working for a sip
Teasing the tits
Thighs tense then grip
Standing Siren clenches her fists
Low Lover pauses, and spits.

Jeff Bentley

Rock A Bye Baby

“... and they were upon her.” Just as little Davie was about to cast his first stone, Tessie looked around at the townspeople and shrieked with desperation in her voice, “No, No, Davie! I’m your mommie!” suddenly the stone fell from his hand. And then Tessie saw Mrs. Dunbar picking up the largest stone she could find. The stone was so huge that she had to hold it with both hands. Mrs. Dunbar, about to throw her boulder, was pushed forward by Davie as he bent down to pick up more stones, causing her to drop the massive rock on her foot.

Relief flooded Tessie’s face as she saw Mr. Summers drop his rock and she whirled in amazement as she realized that all of the townspeople were dropping their rocks, and were struggling to pick them up as they fell from their hands. As the people frantically groped for more rocks so that they could continue with their killing, they watched in disbelief as the rocks moved away from them toward Tessie who stood frozen at the center of the circle they had formed. By themselves, the rocks had hurtled forth, in a circle around Tessie. Unable to move, she stood there helplessly, feeling in her desperation that she had been right all along; the lottery had been drawn unfairly and now the rocks that had been killing innocent townspeople for so many years were going to help her start killing the murderers. The crowd, frozen with terror, could not believe their eyes. They stood in horror watching, waiting, as some unknown force took over their bodies.

Tessie knelt down, reaching for the largest stone she could find. It was the stone that Mrs. Dunbar had needed both hands to pick up. Tessie, to her amazement, found that, to her, the stone was a mere featherweight. She got a good grasp on it, and the next thing she knew, she had hurled it into the crowd with as fine a precision as a javelin thrower. The stone struck Mrs. Dunbar on the forehead, sending her to the ground instantly, a pool of blood streaming from her head. Laughing violently like a hyena, Tessie looked at the crowd with venom in her eyes. “You wanted fair, I’ll give you fair! Fiends, devils, masochists — that is what you all are!” she screamed.

Tessie began picking up the stones by the armful, realizing suddenly that she had incredible strength, strength like she had never had before. She began hurling them at the crowd, sending fatal blows to their heads, even with the smallest of stones. Tessie was killing everyone — her closest friends, her husband, her daughter, people with whom she had congregated at church on Sundays. At last, when she thought that she had killed everyone, there stood a small child alone, amid hundreds of dead bodies. To her astonishment, she saw Davie — his mouth hanging open, but no sound coming out. Tears streamed down his face, but he did not move. Tessie stood still, clenching the one stone left in her hand, her adrenalin flowing wildly. Then, in the most evil voice ever to ring in that village, she shrieked, “Davie, you weren’t really going to throw those stones at mommie, were you?”

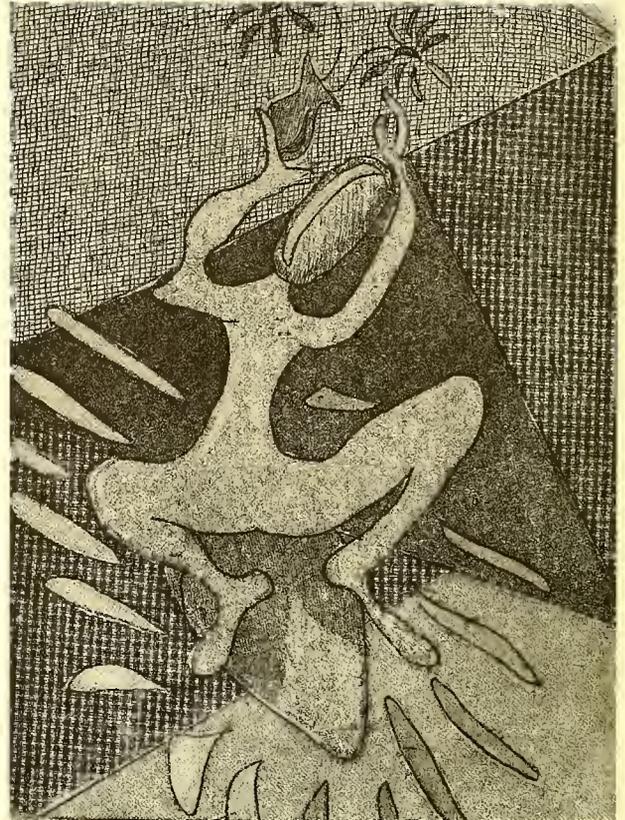
Patricia McCarthy



Eric Johnson

bored Sunday afternoon
 lead to flipping yellow pages
 fiberglass, Fish
 I said
 and we all looked up
 smoked fish smoked fish
 bagels
 fish
 bagels
 jump in station wagon
 rub stale makeup
 from our eyes
 key in key ignition
 short hungry drive to nearby store
 bagels bagels smoked fish bagels

Leap from car
 to opening pad
 which does not open.
 Closes Sunday at 9.
 smoked fish
 bagels
 cream cheese
 leap from nonopening pad
 to car
 quick trip to another which might be open
 Cream cheese bagels
 Lights off.
 Brakes on.
 Dash to door
 opening opening pad
 works
 sprint to bagel box
 only stale
 Frozen still left
 Cream cheese check
 smoked fish only fish left
 "I'm sorry ma'am,
 we're still stripping the
 floor
 on that side of
 the store."
 no fish?
 "Sorry ma'am."
 no fish
 Bagels Bagels
 Cream Cheese
 Bagels
 Cream Cheese
 Brief starving trip home no fish
 Bagels Cream Cheese Bagels no fish



Robin Crowe

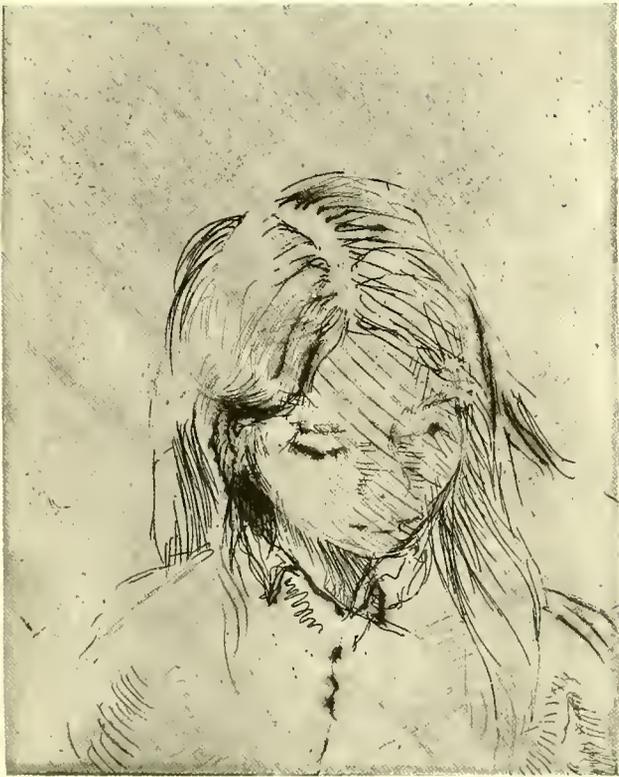
Key out.
 Locks down.
 Good night.
 stair Bagel
 stair Bagel
 stair stair Bagel
 stair stair stair Bagel
 Open
 close door
 sigh
 Open bag
 – Frozen bagels no fish
 Cream cheese.

Greta Billinger

Haiku

Sad weeping willow
Withered yellow leaves dimpling
The chilled autumn pond.

Ruth Weybright Cole



Nobuko

D. Adam Robinson

Tides of Change

The owner of the diamond heart that drives slow
pains,
through granite veins, moving without reins:
I have walked my ways since the beginning of time,
silent.
Seeing the minds and wiles of men, all violent.
Past them all I roam, over their bloody land, their
home,
casting my long shadow beside hearth and bone.
Robed, robbing, and despising, my feet swirled in
dust.
searching, walking in the ash of waste, red as rust.
Then, with the scaling of a ridge, the land, man and
all, ending,
Before me lay the blue sea, shifting beneath clouds of
white, horizon-blending.
Slowly, to me she spoke, "What now, how have you
fared?"
and with my unspoken answer I deeply despaired,
Because I never cared.
For deep in my thick clothing, I knew I was a
spectator, caught in self-loathing.
In shame my heart was rent, my blood spilt upon the
waves, rolling
Hot, crimson fluid mixing with warm brine, soiling.
Myself emptying, splashing on the sea regardless of
her raves,
Lifeblood mingling with the frothy, white crest of
waves.
Pulsing, my essence cascaded on the foam,
swirling it pink, all over, wide,
Yet still I remain, floating free, rolling with the tide.

Jeff Bentley

Libby's Song

The old dog lay beneath the piano
beside her mistress's feet
and felt the pedals move.

Every now and then a stray chord
would seep into her consciousness
through her almost deaf ears,
and the senile dog would wag her tail
weakly
as she recognized a sound
she had heard all her life.

Just for a few moments
the pain in her legs would subside
the fogginess in her brain would clear
and she would be comforted.

M. G.



Jonathan Strohl

Overland: A Midwestern Postcard

that sells for 2 cents,
It's sitting over there
a piece of good country on my desk.

It sports a scene to breathe
yellow-freckled gals
and hard-eyed mining men,
living in farms, condecorated with barns,
all harbored by a wattle fence.

All below,
under a sky loiterous and hung
that to the glance ripples away,
then settles to a blue steppe
dappled by nimbused clouds
like goblins in cumulus crowds,
smiling for a Rockwellian sun.

And a dusty road
long and leaving;
an old Chevy on it,
honking and rattling over a brawny hill,
lying with legs spread
sunbathing its rusted grass.

This is the postcard of a fabled town
with its farmers swimming in the fields
plowing at scarified dreams.
Here, in the home of the world's tallest wheat,
It's surprising to see all this;
in a 2 cent postcard
that I know,
is more than light captured on a piece of sheet.
I can hear one Overlander
struggling amongst the tall sunburned wheat,
hidden near the parting chevy, to its right,
playing with thought puzzles and
picking the last thorns
from his bare knuckled feet.

* * *

Over the hill
and lost in their own stillness,
stoic folks, just breathing,
in their large shingled homes;
are seated with the whispered air on the veranda,
dandling their feathered hair
like air dandles a scarf,
like air to their noses, mellered;
by the smell of wistarias
coiled and smiling
from white, soiled portico columns.

* * *

So to the good country a town
so to Overland
a down-town named Ur-ban;
blue and puddled,
painfully buzzing with the sound
of dying neon signs
and the young cackle
of blanche gals in summer dresses,
Waiting like hens in long cinema lines.

And every night the grand Chevys close in
exhibiting their fins,
converging at a diner
in a restless cloud of soporous dust,
honking like red-nosed clowns
in supercilious lust.

* * *

In a monotone chain of time, link by noisy link,
the days that move in Overland,
like an old turtle's trot
in heavy steps that drop
a low hum from the heart.

Back just one more time, here
And pure, in the Overland church-like homes
are the local little boys and girls,
wearing knee-patched trousers
and wool knitted socks.
School is out,
and their young mothers, already sagging,
no longer have to wait
outside the back school doors.
Where they would stand
playing with their weight,
sometimes right or maybe left, saying:
"Where is that kid of mine?",
Then puzzled and bored
hating all motherly chores, wishing:
"Please!"
For the school to purchase a bus.

* * *

Good-bye,
Perhaps this postcard
will be a stamp to collect.
A classic trace of the real midwest.
Perhaps next century,
looking at it and not finding that same piece
of good country.
Only an american tundra
dressed with scattered cold stricken barks,
and ravens hovering, circling,
imitating the methods
of hungry sharks.

Here where,
Beetles used to cling to the reeds of wheat
and sway viciously with the kick of all winds.
But that was long ago,
when there was a will
in the soul of living things.

Now a fly stands over this postcard
and then it dashes away in disgust.
"Sometimes the flight of the fly is welcome,
because it reflects our laziness.
The laziness of mind
that we don't possess."
But all in all,
I show you this postcard,
that sells for 2 cents,
The going price to pay
for a glance at emptiness.

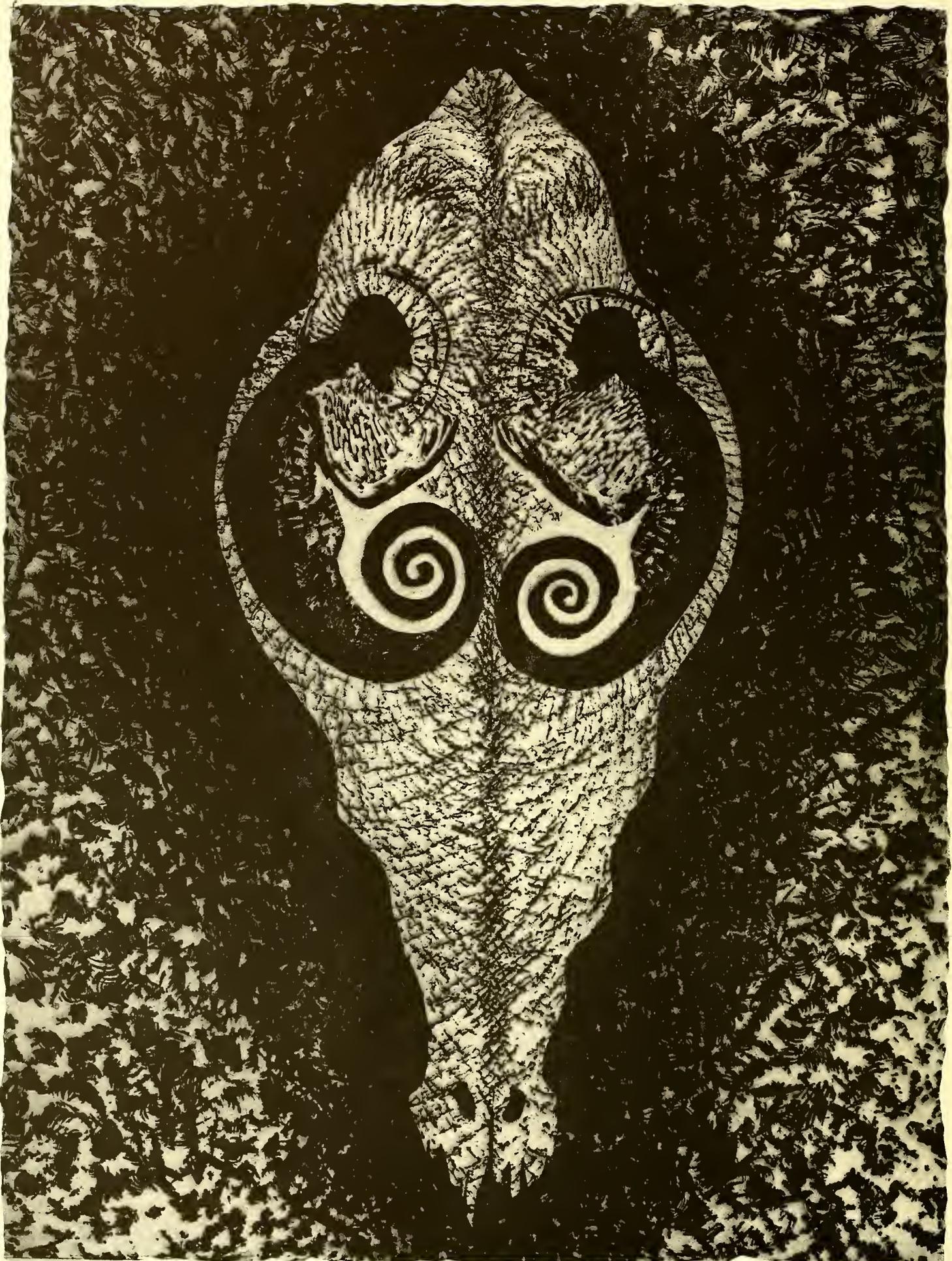
* * *

Over a basket of fruit
kneel the Overland youth,
over them lingers their saddening souls,
over them, dies their mirth.

Like an old turtle's trot
in heavy steps that drop
a low hum from the heart.

The drowning ant in silence
and Overland in greater silence dies.
Like the old turtle's trot
in heavy steps that drop
a low hum from the heart.

Carlos Mijares



Todd Owens

The Garden of Eden

You want to know the neatest thing
about touching in the dark
I could lie here with you,
and never say a word . . .
and you would never know
that I am a woman.
I could caress your cheek
run my fingers to your throat,
and over your chest.
I could kiss you, your face –
kiss you all over . . .
My tongue would set you on fire,
and wrench moans from your hungry lips.
And when I was through
I could leave you here under this tree
enraptured, consumed.
And still you would never know . . .
that I am a woman.

M. G.

Seaside

Lips dip to lips,
as a tongue slowly
searches the hips.
A slow strain inward
(successful).
A heated wet push
meets
A heated wet reply;
And a flower duly opens
To a protein-coated sigh.

Jeff Bentley

Writer's Block Part One

I can't think of what I should write in this space
abandoned by my favorite muse
I guess I'll just go out and smoke a few cloves
and make some new scars, cuts and bruises

Writer's Block Part Two

he threw his blue wax arms round her
form like ivy on cold grey stone
he clung and demanded
stifling her until he died

Jonathan Lawson



Todd Owens

Autumn wine, spring high

leafy metamorph
drinking red wine from the sun
autumn drunkenness

light headed eye show
dancing dreams of sweet leaf death
veins emptied feeding

giving tree life
exhausted into leaf shells
empty now their green

drinking their green life
fermented into spring drug
lovely spring birth high

intoxicate me
tree high bring me opiate
take root in my soul

"Toxic" Trent

American Dreamers

The carpenter next door hammering Beethoven, Chopin into the skeletal structure, his paper cut-out assistant stands in the "doorway" nodding his moustached head to the beat on the boom box while whistling at chicks who cross the street; you groan in your semi-conscious dream state enraged by the injustice: Sominex II quarters a tablet; somewhere in the world night has fallen and the envied millions plump pillows and swallow water pull back covers and adjust nightclothes while the young lovers seek to reconcile those lonely hours maybe months apart and children doze fitfully as parents shush the dog and even later as nightmare mania dampens the brow with sweat and those agonized thrash loudly silent in their entrapping beds someone is still calling love into the accepting ear of another; a preoccupied waitress spills iced tea on the shoulder of a religious business man and he scowls at incompetence while she apologizes profusely thinking his briefcase tripped her and the cleaning bill will come out of tips and she solemnly believes that if the test hadn't been negative she would be recuperating from the scraping in a sterile hospital bed; the rookie newscaster mistakenly grins at a mass murder and the sexy weather woman snickers to herself because Southern Ca. will again experience the delights of snow and hopefully her wealthy stoic aunt will finally freeze to death; a premature baby dies in the fingertips of her recovering mother who realizes too late she didn't kick the habit too soon and the divorce papers will probably arrive by messenger; an ancient secretary grieves her loss of 65 wpm to arthritis and admits defeat while deliberating between Sunny Valley and the Resting Grounds; your boyfriend calls late in the afternoon to inform you that this second night of sleeplessness must be love and you're quietly rolling your eyes as your favorite song is interrupted by a special report when you realize he must be right because he's been in love so much in the past and anyway he's the one who introduced you to this song . . . and cheap sleeping pills.

Julie Coffin



Snee Plaut

Blackness

Full skirt of an amish woman in the field at sunrise
The one-dimensional pond on a moonless night
Solitary tire swing fighting the driving wind
Hill of charcoaled wood rotting in the fog
Smoke stained facade of the intimidating home
Creaking shutter on the corner window
Sides of the original fireplace
Angry eyes of a primeval rat
A scalding unglazed kettle
Ashes resting in an urn

Marianne Matthews

I love my pretty hands. They
are so
feminine;
pretty, pure white nails and
pink flesh.
My knuckles are joints and creases
made to let my dainty hands explore,
I love my hands — oh and my rings
make such pretty ornaments.
They sparkle and draw attention
to my beauties.
They play piano, run through my hair,
brush your lips . . .
Damn every one of the ten.
They wipe away the tears.
Carefully, I'll sever each one
at my palm.
My fingers, that is, my pretty ones.
Maybe you'll help me cut the last two.
I'll place them neatly in a box under the bed.
I'll save these tools of my essence.
Reason being, I don't ever want
a band of marriage upon my
dainty pretty tool.
I never want another to feel
and caress his taut soul.

Leslie Burnside

Pistol

Silver Toy
Shooting Joy
Little Boy

behind it

Brad Chance

Games the madman used to play
As he giggled his way to insanity.
He teaches me the rules
And pulls me along
In his dance of indecision.

Betsy Merten

Tomorrow's Child

Because the moment spoke crisp golden
tendrils you wanted to melt for profit
and my body grew anew within tearing
at my already fading emotion I hear
alarms distantly.

You are me young and un-shy; beautiful
brownd wheatfields bending swaying
unknowing. Growth is that blade
severing your stalks and dripping juices
into the blind earth.

Something burns the touch of a mind-
less whirlwind catching the bird in
mid-flight and downward it soars sucked
into careening air pockets. Innocence
meaningless in the aftermath of life.

Illegal transference box-car locomotion
toward furied freedom. I never
wanted her only you and tomorrow
tells we shudder in shadows you will
never want me.

Julie Coffin



Todd Owens



Jonathan Strohl

Late Night Visions

I watched a man surf on the sand
as my hat danced through the summer wind
across the ridges of tiny rocks
floating in and away with the tides
The sunlight was nearly bursting with emotion
at the collection of brightly printed people below
(Just how did the man do that)
I wondered to no one that couldn't hear
Salt and sand covered his skin as he approached
the sand-surfer was walking
backwards
as his image faded into the dusty air.

Taylor Moore



Nobuko Ohashi

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