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## Martha Barnett

*That I could be a dancer  
I have ever often dreamed,  
but I must dance with ere a pen  
and arabesque with dreams.  
Like dancers words move on a page  
and speak with fleeting steps,  
but dancers never glories knew  
like those which words possess.*



## Thoughts / Amy Ardison

*Everybody calls me "Dreamer,"  
As if I'm committing a crime;  
Who cares if I have my head in the clouds?  
I can see the sun better that way.*

## *Emeralds And Silver / Martha J. Barnett*

*Nature weeps:  
precious silver raindrops  
soften the crackling earth,  
which opens up its lips to drink,  
and laugh with joy  
in emerald life.*

Martha Barnett

*I have no God.  
I seek no God.  
I am a worshipper of  
nature and mankind,  
And see fit to subordinate myself  
to these alone.  
I see no reason to explain  
the origins of nature and man  
unless to satisfy my intellect.  
I search not to find a holy means  
through which to damn and justify myself,  
but rely upon myself and others  
for judgment.  
I would rather reach out to the sky  
and come back with empty hands  
realizing that I cannot  
capture or understand what it possesses,  
than breed a fear within myself  
for that which lies beyond  
my reach and understanding.  
My religion is life.  
I cherish it,  
revere it,  
and respect it.  
I need no more.*

## *Before Too Long / Nancy Taylor*

*Before too long,  
The old kitchen shall be  
Deprived of its  
Delicious smells.  
Before too long,  
The boards in the hall  
Will not creak beneath  
The plump, short, simple form.  
Before too long,  
The house will be  
Silent and cold.*

*Her eyes are sometimes glazed  
As she looks toward the distant shore,  
The last sea's waves  
Lapping at her feet;  
In those times  
She is beyond my voice,  
Beyond my touch she holds so dear,  
Beyond the call of all who stand  
Far inland.*

*But before too long,  
The cage will be broken -  
In strength and perfection  
She will burst forth from her  
Corporeal prison;  
Free from pain  
Free from sickness  
Free from loneliness.  
In a flash she will  
Soar upwards to  
Celestial heights;  
And my tears,  
For a moment,  
Will tremble and glimmer  
From the glorious Light.*



*Laura Street*

# Berlin To Munich / Howard Holden

I sat back in my seat and finished the last bite of my sandwich. It tasted good -- strong taste of salami, cheese and fresh crunchy cucumbers on a day-old roll. I wasn't sorry I had finished it, but I wasn't quite satisfied either. I could have eaten another, maybe a dozen more, but I didn't really want sandwiches. I didn't want steaks either. I was really pretty happy with nothing more; I didn't want anything at all to eat or otherwise, but I still wasn't quite satisfied. Nonetheless, as I sat there on my train speeding through West Germany on my way from Berlin back to Munich, I was comfortable-physically, mentally, and emotionally; I felt happy.

I hadn't felt that way the night before as I had stood in the train station of West Berlin. I had just crossed over from East Berlin too late to catch my train to Munich, and I was wondering what I was going to do for the next eight or so hours between then and when the next train left early in the morning. I was late because I had dilly-dallied too long in East Berlin with my friend Elizabeth and had underestimated the time it took to get through the East German security system at the check-points. The line of visitors waiting to get out before twelve o'clock, when their visas expired, was longer than I had anticipated while Elizabeth and I lay half naked for three or four hours, her loving me, and I not knowing what I thought, feeling the burden of a promise I had made earlier in the day, realizing that it would be nearly impossible to fulfill that promise, and wondering if I had been honest in making it.

I had offered to marry her -- not asked her to marry me. No, it had been an offer, to get her out of the DDR (East Germany) and if she ever decided that she wanted out, all she need do was write me and I would come back in a plane of shining armour and rescue her, save her from the oppression, the horrible bleakness. I would bring her back to the United States and there help her to establish a new life -- then divorce her. I told her that; I told her that the condition under which we would be married was that we were divorced when we were back in the western world. She would write me and tell me if she wanted to accept my offer. Of course there were things she would have to consider: she had never lived in another country or culture: she had the rest of her family to consider, even if she no longer lived with them: and she could be as easily unhappy in the United States as she could in East Germany;

But as I walked the streets of West Berlin that night, wondering where I might go to escape the cold and wait for that morning train, I wondered whether what I had done was good or bad, was it genuine or fake? I remember leaving her to catch my subway back to the western half of the city and saying to her, "I love you -- in some way." She caught my phoniness before I did and said not to say that, it sounded fake. And now could I keep that promise if she asked me to? And where the hell was I going to sleep?

I couldn't afford a hotel. No way. It was too far out of my budget. I had spent the night in a train station before and sworn to myself on the drunkards who spent the night with me that I would never take the comfort of a bed and roof for granted again. I did not want to spend the night in the waiting room, beside the Berlin station does not have one, and I would not spend it walking the streets for more than eight hours -- it was December and very cold. I went first to a pension where I had stayed on a previous visit. Too expensive. Then I sat in a restaurant where I had sat on the same visit with some friends, the visit when I had first met Elizabeth, six weeks before. But this time I was alone, so I sat trying to spend as much time as possible writing in my journal. I asked myself if I understood the gravity of what I had just done. I wrote crazy rhymes. Now as I look back, I can almost feel the distracted and confused intensity with which I wrote about remaining independent, breaking ties and binds, salt babies and pepper heads, whatever they are, and stepping on slugs. Distracted and confused, I got a hotel anyway.

I finished my sandwich and looked out the window. The speed at which the train travelled made the snow outside look as if it was falling horizontally instead of vertically, as if it was being blown out of an air gun or by some fierce but silent

wind. The snow, the hills, the huge fir trees with branches bent under the weight of the snow, all looked peaceful; yet, the snow falling at a slant had some kind of energy.

I was in the hills of West Germany now (I had slept all morning on the train), but as I looked, I could have been in New England. I remembered travelling up highways past small New England villages that looked so peaceful, so self-sufficient to the travellers like me who came down off the highway to buy gas. You see the quaintness, the slow pace matched by the slow accent of the old gas station owner, then you're back in your car and off, not really knowing any more about the town than before. These towns I was passing now looked that way to me -- peaceful, self-contained, alive.

I continued looking out the window and noticed the train slowing down to make one of those stops that trains always make in the middle of nowhere, and nobody knows why, except the conductor. The slant of the falling snow slowly straightened until it fell straight down when the train stopped. It fell silently now, like all snow falls, but snow had never looked so peaceful. It was smooth, unbroken by stomping feet. I looked at it and wanted to get off the train there with my backpack, walk up that hill and establish life. I wanted to live there, to walk around, fish the streams and hunt the forest. I was sure from inside my warm compartment that I could do it. It wouldn't even be hard. I figured that a real life would be there in the hills, or somewhere in some snowy hills, by myself. Then, as I rubbed my stockinged feet, I realized that the snow was probably pretty damn cold, that I couldn't hunt without a weapon, be it a gun or a bow made from a branch, that I would feel pretty lonely when the train pulled off and I could never run fast enough to catch up to it. Still I was getting excited. Something was happening.

I wanted to experience that snow first hand. I wanted to touch it, be in it, live with it, eat it, use it. I was in Europe. I was alone, and I had sole control over my life for the next two weeks. It occurred to me that it was the first time I had been totally on my own, no one else's schedule was imposed on me, and I felt strong, independent.

I thought for a minute about getting off at the next stop, wherever it might be, whatever town or city. I would see what was there. Maybe I'd see people working--grocers selling, shoppers buying, mechanics fixing, artists creating. Maybe I'd see someone celebrating; maybe find out what those people wanted, what they loved, hated. Yes, that's what I'd do! I'd get out at the next stop, or maybe the next one after, get off the train and look for life. Wasn't that what I was looking for? I wasn't in Europe to see art or churches. Hell no! I was looking for life, life that grew in these trees, that fell and piled up in that snow, that lived underneath the dirt on that mountain, or in the streets of that town, in the beer at that bar! I was excited! I wanted to scream out. I tapped my feet, cracked my knuckles. I was filling up with the life I was going to go looking for, the life travelling just as fast as that train. I stood up. I wanted to scream out the window, "Come out of your houses, live life!" I didn't.

I didn't get out at the next stop either, nor the next. After a night in Munich, I would head for Rome. I had been living in Munich for the four previous months with the group from my school back in the states. There were things I wanted to see in Rome, and in Paris -- the Vatican, Notre Dame, the Pieta, the Mona Lisa, and a hundred other churches and artworks. I sat back in my chair and thought. The excitement slowly, almost imperceptibly wore off and I thought of other things - food, Elizabeth, who I was almost sure now would not want to be married (she told me in a letter months later that she could be unhappy anywhere), home. I probably dozed, maybe read, and as I pulled nearer and nearer to Munich, I greeted new passengers who got on at new stops like Regensburg and Nuremburg, nodded goodbyes at other passengers that got off until I finally got off myself in Munich, and made my way by commuter train to the house where I had been living to pick up some things and say hello. Just as I had hoped, they asked me if I wanted to sleep there, in my old bed. Of course I did. I could leave for Rome tomorrow.

## *Blindness / Amy Ardison*

*Black universe,  
No crack of light  
Seeps through the darkness.  
You live by fingertips,  
By hearing sharpened to perfection.  
Through the eye lacks  
Red balloons, orange apricots,  
And yellow buttercups,  
The mind makes rainbows.*

## *Confusion / Amy Ardison*

*I've watched weeping clouds for so long.  
When the sun shines, will I embrace  
It or will I wander on, oblivious to warmth?  
I am a mouse in a room of mirrors;  
So many others, look-alikes.  
But I know which one I am;  
Inside, I can see my soul.*



*Laura Street*

Clarissa South stood in front of the bureau mirror, fastening the silver brooch to the high collar of her silk blouse. It was an ordinary day in late spring, not the time or the occasion for silk blouses, but Clarissa dressed every day, feeling it was "only proper to show respect for visitors." She tucked her wrinkled fingers into the loose strands of silver hair which gathered around the nape of her neck, and pushed them into place. Turning her head sideways she glanced at the still-defined line of her jaw, ran two fingers across the length of it, and gave her chin a quick pat. She delicately sprayed her neck with perfume, and smacked her lips together, pressing the rose-red lipstick deep into their crevices.

Slowly she walked to the wardrobe, pushed her many dresses, (most of them blue), to the side, and reached down to her silver tea set. It was old and lovely, handed down to her by her mother on her wedding day. Clarissa thought of that day often, of Bernard standing stiffly in his stark black suit and polished shoes. She had been frightened by the thought of walking past the dozens of peering eyes, of perhaps tripping and losing her hat, but none of this kept her from noticing a stray lock of hair on Bernard's head when she reached the altar. It perplexed her and she wondered how Bernard could have missed it, knowing he'd be in full-view of all the guests. She could not concentrate until she reached up in the middle of the ceremony and pushed it into place. It was a quick and subtle movement; not many noticed, and those who did passed it off as a touch of unbridled affection. Bernard stared straight ahead and one could not be certain whether he was embarrassed or simply unaware.

Mary Kay was the first visitor to come for tea. Clarissa embraced her warmly, remarking on how well she looked, and asked her where she bought her dress. "Why it's perfectly lovely, Mary, and I've never seen another like it." Clarissa said, "And such a lovely shade of blue."

Mary told Clarissa about the shop on the outskirts of town, and about the lady there who had been bitten by an attack dog the week before.

"Personally," said Mary, "I think they should prohibit such dogs from being owned."

"I agree wholeheartedly," said Clarissa, and looked inside her teacup and swallowed.

They talked for awhile on the subject of attack dogs, and dogs in general, and were in the midst of an argument over the necessity of dog sweaters on French poodles, when Mr. Martin knocked at Clarissa's door. Upon hearing the knock, Clarissa looked at her watch and remarked, "It must be Mr. Martin." Mr. Martin was always prompt, and came at exactly eleven o'clock each visit.

"Good-day, Clarissa. Why Mary, how pleasant to see you again," he remarked with enthusiasm.

"Why he just saw her yesterday," Clarissa thought, and shrugged it off, attributing it to fondness or senility.

They all returned to the veranda, and took their seats. Mary proceeded to fill Mr. Martin in on the details of the attack dog and the shop owner. Mr. Martin listened quietly, and nodded his head, raising his right eyebrow at the interesting parts. Clarissa sat comfortably and thought about the tea set, and how pretty it looked in the sunlight. The sugar bowl needed polishing around the bottom, but aside from that, the set was in perfect condition. Her mother had lost a piece once - one of the cups had fallen into the trash, but Clarissa's father noticed it and pulled it from the bag. It was dirty, and dried green beans hung from it, but at least it had been found. Clarissa wondered which one of them was drinking from the green bean cup now. Perhaps one of them were. Perhaps it was the cup still resting on the serving tray.

"Clarissa, do you know which one it was?", asked Mary.

"They've all been cleaned." Clarissa answered.

Mr. Martin sat silent for a moment and then broke out into an uproarious laugh.

"Clarissa, I was talking about the Borne girls. Do you know which one married the postman." said Mary.

"Oh, the girls," said Clarissa. "I thought you were talking about the tea cups."

"Why Clarissa dear, of course they've all been cleaned," said Mary, smiling reassuredly at Clarissa. "Anyway", said Mary.... They were interrupted by another

knock at Clarissa's door. Evelyn Cass was there with her dog Finch. Evelyn and Finch were never separated and Clarissa was not the least surprised to see the little black poodle standing there. Evelyn had tied little red ribbons around Finch's ears to match her own red dress. Clarissa thought it looked absurd, and besides, they were constantly falling off causing Evelyn to crawl around on her hands and knees looking for them, and she wasn't exactly thin.

Evelyn was not four steps into the room when Mary asked, "Evelyn, do you dress Finch in a sweater if it's cold outside?"

"Oh no", thought Clarissa. She assumed they were quite through with that argument but Mary wished to pursue it further.

"Yes," said Evelyn, looking curiously at Mary for asking such a question without even greeting her beforehand.

"See?," said Mary to Clarissa.

"Well", said Clarissa, "if the good Lord wanted animals to wear sweaters, He would have taught them how to knit."

"Amen," said Mr. Martin, and Mary giggled.

Evelyn took a seat in the sun and turned her head to let the rays shine directly on her face. She breathed deeply, causing her breasts to rise and fall. Clarissa thought she caught Mr. Martin glancing at Evelyn's chest, but he looked away too quickly for her to really be sure. Mr. Martin began to shift in his chair, and Clarissa thought she had best get the sandwiches. Perhaps he was hungry.

Clarissa brought out a platter of tiny club sandwiches cut up into cubes with fancy toothpicks stuck through the centers. Mr. Martin had eaten two before Clarissa even sat down, and she prided herself for reading people so well. Evelyn ate slowly, twirling the sandwich around in circles, occasionally feeding tiny bits to Finch under the table. Mary ate quickly, having no regard for the cubes and being heavily engrossed in telling the story of Janie Borne and the postman. Apparently Janie had some man overseas, and they kept in touch by airmail, which eventually led Janie into an intimate relationship with the postman, (against Janie's mother's wishes). Janie and the postman had a wonderful marriage which caused Mrs. Borne to reconsider her position. Not six weeks after Mrs. Borne's death, Janie and the postman filed for divorce. Janie had been in the dress shop with Mary, and that's how Mary came into such knowledge.

"So, she should have listened to her mother," said Mary.

"We all should have listened to our mothers," said Evelyn. She picked Finch up and sat him on her lap. "Isn't that right, Poochie?"

"Did you know that in India, they allow cats to roam on the dinner table, picking at whatever they please? They're sacred or something," Mary said.

"I thought cows were sacred in India," Mr. Martin said to Mary.

Clarissa thought of a cat roaming across the table, pawing and sniffing at the tea set. She shuddered at the thought of sharp claws scratching at the silver.

"I'm certainly glad we don't have cats on the tables in this country," she said.

The remainder of the conversation centered around customs, countries, and travel. Mary did most of the talking, though Clarissa and Evelyn were the only travelers in the group, but Clarissa was too tired to add much to the conversation. Instead, she sat back and wondered about cats in India, and if they walked on the tables only at mealtimes or all of the time. For some reason, this made a difference to Clarissa.

They all left at about three, after finally locating Finch's ribbon. The sandwiches were all eaten and the tea was almost gone. Clarissa saw her guests to the door, then went to her bureau, removed the silver brooch, and went to nap on her bed.

Lill Johnson walked up the stairs to her mother's room and tapped lightly at the door. There was no answer. She pushed the door open quietly, and tiptoed across the room with her vase of fresh flowers, being careful not to wake Clarissa. Walking out onto the veranda, she placed the flowers in the center of the tea setting. She stacked the cups and saucers carefully, wondering why Clarissa insisted on setting four places each day for only one person. She picked up the tarnished sugar bowl and walked inside, closing the doors behind her.

## By Three Friends

*"ImmoshootBeckyritenthedick!*

*Said William,*

*"But Becky is a girl!"*

*I replied.*

*"IdoncareimmoshootBeckyritenthedamdick!"*

*"William, don't cuss,you're only a small boy."*

*"Oh, sorry."*

## *My Feet Are Big Now / Daniel Carpenter*

*I walked along - with care -  
and didn't step  
on anyone's toes  
but ended up  
crushing my own.*



*Laura Street*

A lone, uninhabited island  
Lies beautiful in the South Pacific.  
The warm sun floods her with bloom,  
Stimulating growth in the young trees  
Swaying in the wind stirring  
Swelling round the rich luscious fruits,  
Flushed in gold and scarlet,  
Waxing to full maturity,  
Untouched.  
Fresh, virgin waters  
Spring forth from  
Sumptuous, verdant rushes.  
Delicate wild flowers  
Turn their eyes upward  
To a clear, glassy sky.  
Calm waters lap against the  
White sand shores.  
She looks out to sea;  
Smells an unfamiliar rain upon the breeze,  
Hears a distant melodic strain,  
Feels the resistless wind moving through her,  
Tastes a sweet, cloyed yearning within,  
Trembling.

The sun sinks behind  
Towering gray swirls  
    high move across the waters  
With unexpected  
Sureness and power.  
Dusk deepens into darkness.  
She stirs uneasily,  
Instinctively drawing back from the  
Imminent strength,  
The sense of helplessness  
Yet still there is a longing  
She does not fully understand -  
A reaching out,  
Needing the rain,  
Wanting to be stormed.

The maelstrom closes in,  
She opens to its embrace.  
The rains fall  
Showering the uplifted trees;  
Refreshing droplets  
Melt across the fertile fruits  
With loving caresses,  
Trickle down the expanse  
Of the trees,  
Sink deep, deep into the earth,  
Enriching the soil,  
Giving new vitality.  
The fresh waters sing  
The rushes and delicate flowers  
Sound soft utterances of delight,  
Scarcely able to bear  
The fullness of the rain upon them.  
She responds, murmuring  
Sensuous sighs.

*But then the wind comes,  
Blind, cruel blasts  
Rip into the heart of the island;  
Defenseless, hurt,  
She withdraws into herself  
Too late;  
She had opened  
To pleasure and pain.  
The tender young leaves  
Are slashed,  
Mercilessly torn from life.  
The crystal waters  
Turn muddy and corrupt.  
The trees groan,  
Twisted and tortured  
Beneath the heartless fury.  
The rushes toss wildly,  
Heaving helpless hurt.*

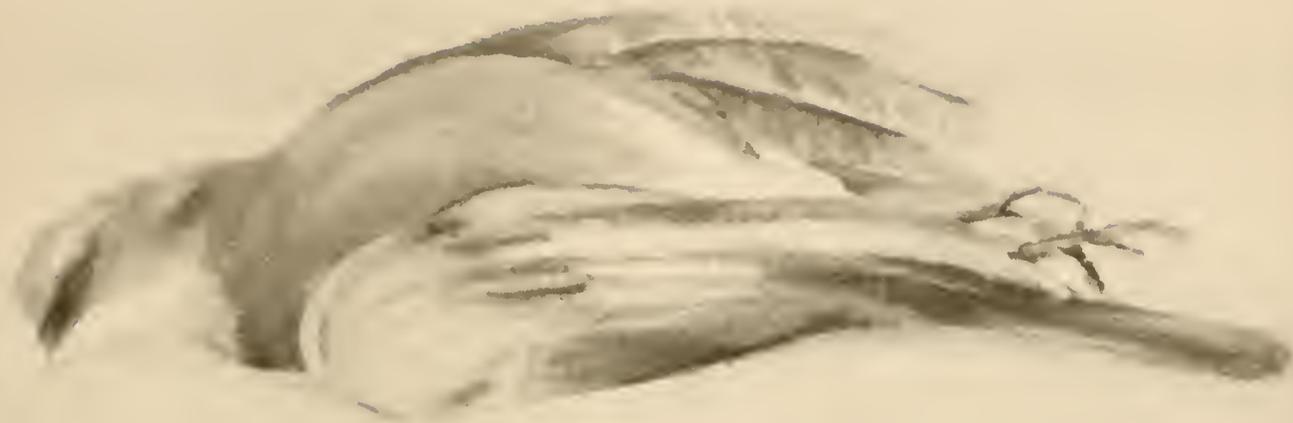
*She trembles from the agony,  
Despairing over his ruthless force  
And her powerlessness  
To arrest his malicious destruction.  
The flowers bow their heads,  
But there is no salvation now.*

*Finally, the plunderer  
Leaves laughing;  
The sound makes her wince,  
Sending still another shiver  
Through the aching earth.  
She beholds the desolation,  
How she has been laid to waste;  
A lost, comfortless sorrow rises  
Into the cold night.  
The thought of further touch  
Makes her flinch.*

*She dives deep into the darkness,  
Seeking a refuge;  
And the impervious sea  
Swells swollen from her  
Silent tears.*







*Laura Street*

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