



The Piper



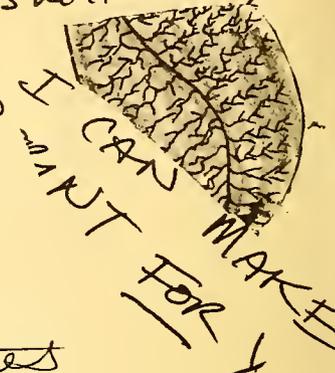
Piper



Spring '87

Guilford College Literary Magazine
Box 17470
Greensboro, NC 27410

that the Piper is in serious need of ^{STORIES} try, short stories,
or ^{PHOTOS} photos Editor: Philip Michael Polo



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- Staff
- Art editors
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- Advisor
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- Prize art
- Best poem
- Best poem

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Best poem:

Anne Sekelsky
Mary Gunz: "Goldilocks"
Wendy Kramer: Untitled

Cover: "Civil Contract"
Liz Humes

The Piper
April Fools
People

Phil: long-time - no-see!
where have you been
hiding baby?

PIPER

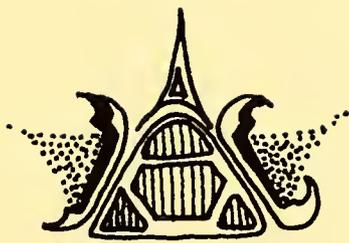
why or how?

HERE IS SOME STUFF. I CAN'T
MAKE THE MEETING TONIGHT,
BUT I HAVE A SHORT STORY
I WOULD LIKE TO SUBMIT

but to
midnight
to for
If you can't
I want's

Dear Mr. Polo:

I am quite unaccustomed to submitting
publications that do not pay for material,
Guilford College, I feel that publication
magazine can be somewhat beneficial. I am an, as of yet,
unpublished short contemporary fiction writer with aspirations of a
promising literary career.





On the Sahara

Beneath us walk
the desert women
their kitchens lashed to their
backs
their blue lips
shrouded in black cloth
their brown eyes
staring open
into the sand

Demetra E. Gates

Morning Pizza

the cheese seeped up my nostrils
& lay upon my tongue
evoking floods from glands to
throat & back like a
reverberating sound wave
so i took my tuning fork
stuck it through the middle of
an oozing piece of pepperoni through
the softly layered cheese
inhaled & let the flavor sing
sweet parmesan & mozzarella
luxuriousness & lounged &
savored into my first sound
of stringy
melt & felt
hot oil
stain my cheeks
red
as
sunrise

Philip Michael Polo



Kitty Hubbard

Tender
 Young
 Trees
 lithe
 like
 lemon
 poundcake
 is
Tender
 Young
 Boys,
 sweet-
 mouthed
 and
 chunky

Wendy Kramer

Goldilocks and the Three Bears

"So, how long have you had this problem?"

"I don't have a problem."

"You obviously do."

"You go into people's houses, eat their food,
and sleep in their beds.

You could get hurt.

What if the bears hadn't been so understanding?

A breaking and entering charge isn't so good."

"I was hungry and tired."

"Are you angry at your parents?"

Are you in some way trying to embarrass them?"

"No!"

"Do you secretly hate your mother and that is why
you stole the porridge?"

"No!"

"Do you love your father romantically and that is
why you slept in a strange man's bed?"

"No!"

One fine day Goldilocks,
that was her name because of the color of her hair—
in spite of the fact that she had to get her roots done
monthly—

took a walk through the woods

and as usual

because she refused to use maps—because it wasn't
cool—

got lost.

It was getting late,

and the dark woods weren't safe for girls,

so when she came upon a house

she knocked on the door

even though she didn't know them,
hoping to use the phone.

No one answered so she pushed ever so slightly on
the door.

"Hello! Hello! Is anyone here?"

The smell of Van Camps Chili Weenies hit
her nose and she remembered she hadn't
eaten all day.

There were three bowls on the table
and she decided

being the presumptuous female she was
that they wouldn't mind if she had some.

"Ow!" she screamed,

landing in the first chair

"What a hard ass."

The second was so squishy she almost couldn't
see over the top.

The third was perfect so she sat in that chair,
eating the chili weenies she had reheated in the
microwave.

She was very tired

and since she couldn't find a couch

she slept in the child's room.

When the bears came home

and the house was open

they called the police.

The B and E charges were dropped.

Goldilocks was found three years later
stabbed to death on the side of the road.

Witnesses saw her getting into

a strange car without any coaxing.

Mary Gunz

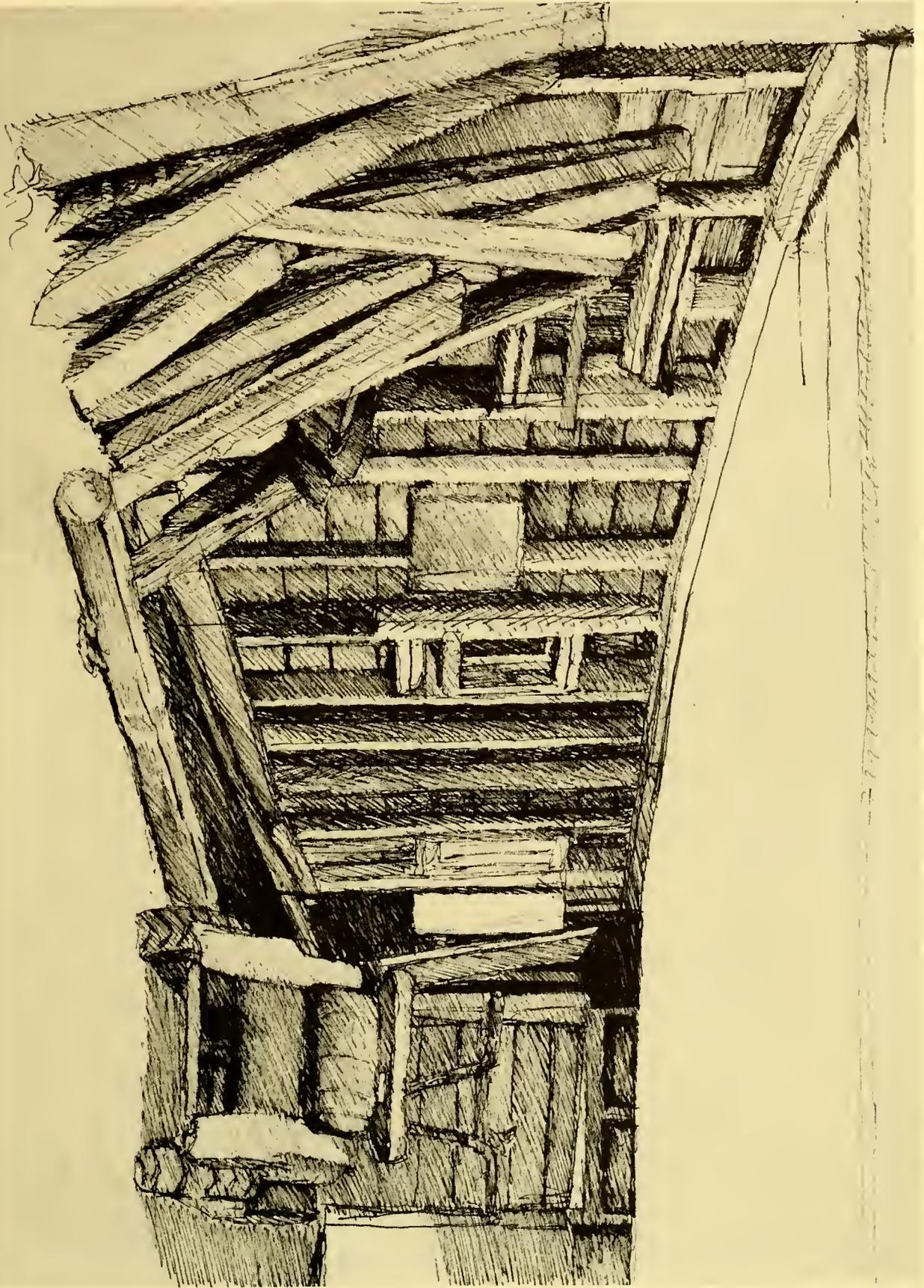
The house
is filled with
cobwebs.
Perhaps
the spiders
already know
what is
deep denied
in us.
It is no
longer
a home.

Kelly Clark

3

The Cost
Our love, like some
twisted economic
theory
Supply and demand
fluctuating with the
influences of outside
power. Wavering ideologies
far too abstract
to touch
This is not a feeling
democracy. It is
totalitarian. You
do not regulate me. I yield
what I will in response
to my own
current debts.

Kelly Clark



Catrina Lankford

"Armies Kissing"

title from "Kaddish" by Allen Ginsberg

Platoons trudging across the earth from opposite horizons,
meeting there for battle somewhere in the Breadbasket,
the Tundra, the World Series field.

There are no (spectators in the absent) bleachers,
but a T.V. camera positions itself behind the plate,
waiting for the meal,
and another in far-right field, ready to catch the
ball in its lens (in for a zoom shot—you are lucky to be
just shooting the breeze).

The sides, having reached the field, disperse. The men are
empty-handed. The cameras poise. The gray fuzz
under the caps, the ears red because of the bite.
Someone snorts back phlegm—it bawls over the field—
no one speaks.

One man strokes another man's elbow: another licks another's
nose: the two sides converge and melt.

Caps swiped to the ground, twisted, crushed, forgotten.
Buttons pop.

West and East are indistinguishable—the traveler has reached his goal.
The cameras make a movie. The Greatest Peace Film ever made!
They hailed into the microphone to rainstorm clapping.
A smile is heard from the field.

Wendy Kramer



Try it.

Hell in down there. Yep if you feel like. If you were mad and made mad or maybe just like that. Anyway yes give it. Give, give to me to you. Give away any away a gift of love or hell. They want one or another. And they go down which way to find it. Down, down deep down down low of cattle. Down more. and down away over there. In the country madness is.

Hell.

country which country. Of sheep is that right? Of grass or hills is that right? But not that place in you or him. Her. The other angry.

. . .could be maybe not

Try it. Pleasantly. pleasant or not not but pleasantly. Give 'em hell boy. Down or up either. Doesn't matter which or where except inside. Down or up and also country.

Say it.

again.

and again.

Down in the down done said. Give em down in the country. country

Try it boy

or man. Only that nothing else. Without the virgin.

Who becomes in of down moving. Soft but also strong all if let. With outside in the country.

It happens.
sometimes

Feel it?

Give of love or hell or could be neither if you think. Would a man do that. Would she no not a nor a but no. Madness down there. Look.

It was. Later much later I sat and heard mostly. A one to give or keep. If keep madness. Perhaps giving could almost more.

But give without witness.

Not yourself shall shudder there
in something else hell or thing else what.

Down

down again again

for eve runs falls runs softly falls and over other.

Give 'em down in the country

boy

Not man but big. Or not perhaps another. Give 'em down in and under pleasantly.

Jocularity jocularity jocularity.

Taimi Olsen



"Cathedral in Taxco"

Amy Mast



Jenni McInnes

Burn About Out

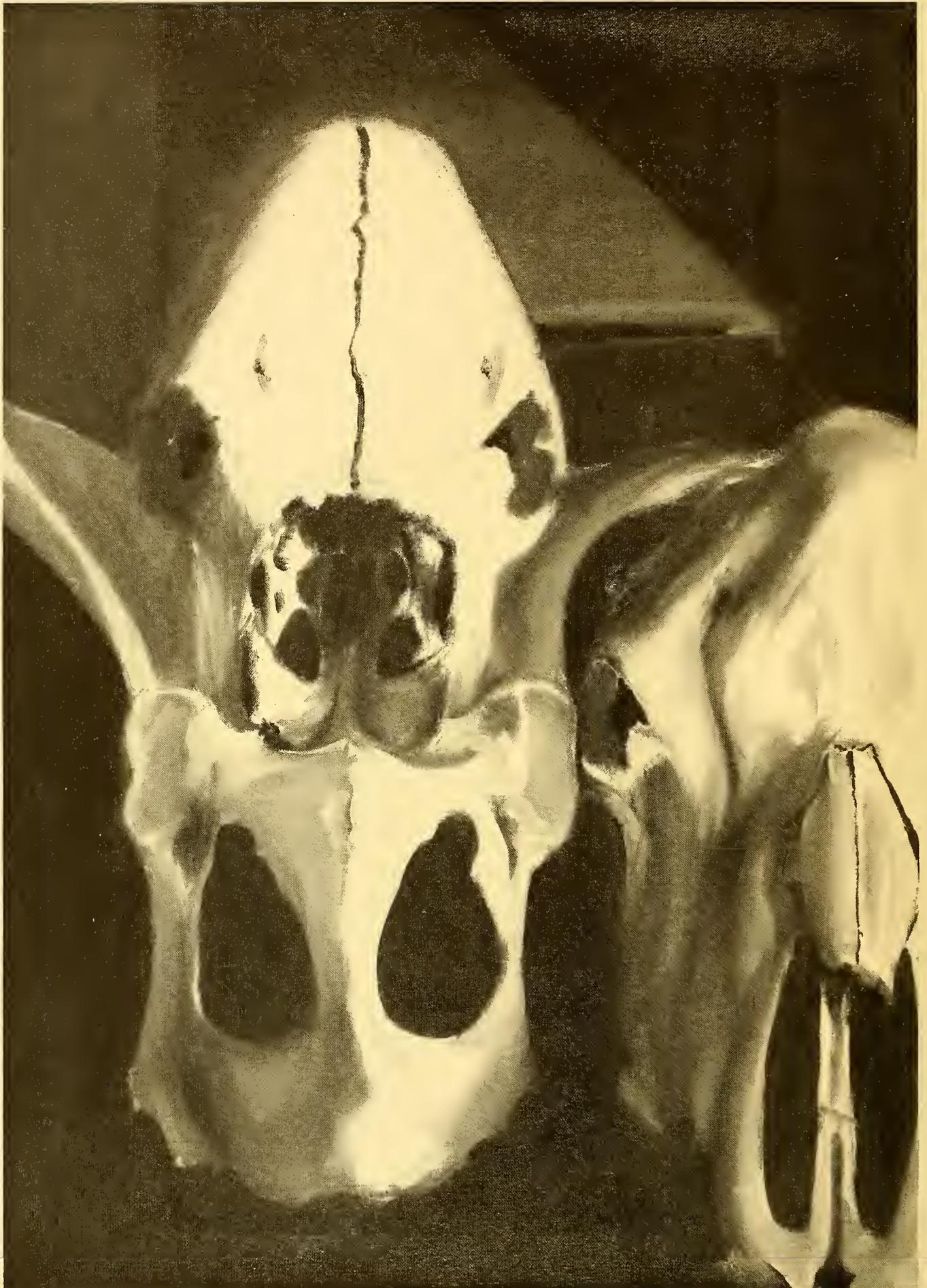
Burning out, burning out,
blazing it rages on
fires of fires
on earth and sea

Twig upon, twig upon,
stick upon, tree within
furnace of wealth within
oven of glee.

Tossed upon, tossed upon,
thrown upon, fueling on,
fire with fire leaves
only debris.

Twig upon, Twig upon,
stick upon tree upon
home of the brave upon
land of the free.

John Grainger



"Cow Bones"

Catrina Lankford

To P.J. From Russia With Love

Behind distorted smiles
lay the wretched tongues
excreting breath of vodka
as another sigh is released
cutting the silence
and the stares—
Your number is up
my friend,
one more venomous swig of life
to siphon the feeling
of numbness
and rigor
pressed to your head.

So sorry
daddy
My jeep goes to Erik
My dog to Collin
but maybe I'll

The silence is broken
once more,
the stares remain.
Blank faces cannot escape
one lone
fragment
dislodging
two dry tears.

Krista Swaim

Safe Me

Father's child and mother
are in the garage
building bombs
singing safe songs
about safe things
which show us how
to behave in safe
ways
In a safe world
where we take no risks
Nothing is lost
and Nothing is gained
for better or for worse
No one ever gets
hurt
Safely driving on a safe road
In a safe car
In a safe seat
with a safety belt
and mother's head going
through the safety
glass-
smash-
Security just don't last

Michael Bryan Simmons



the

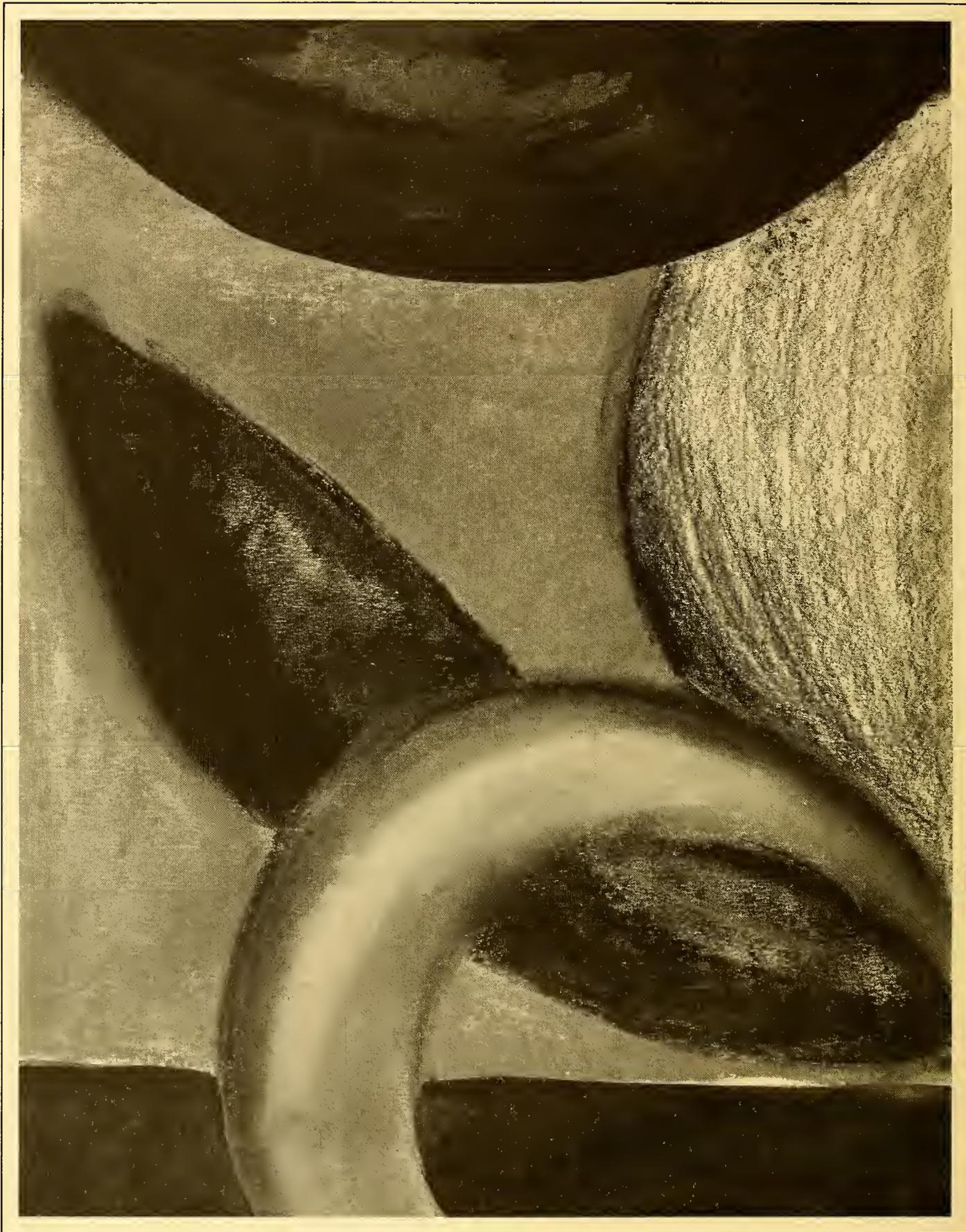


Anne Sekelsky

Abstract Poem

The world is so big
Love is too young to know the meaning of conscience
Thank God my wrists are safe

Tom Riddle



Adrian Watts

Conflict

These tangled moods that nest
Convulsively, and twist
Themselves within my breast
Are like a monkey's fist;
A Gordian knot of hate
And love, so intertwined
I cannot separate
The two, and ease my mind

Ruth Weybright Cole

Lest We Forget *(End of Vietnam War)* 1975

Far, far is the country,
Cold, cold is the grave
Deep, deep is the river
where my true love is laid.

No church bell was tolled there.
No bugle, no drum,
His knell's my soul keening
On my true love's tomb.

No flag ripples over,
No sheet is wound around,
My breast is his headstone
Where my true love's laid down.

Ruth Weybright Cole

I Dream

At one time I looked out, in a dream,
and all I saw was the earth.
Yet the earth was leaving, fleeing,
rising up to meet a setting sun.
The foundation of perspective
fading, thinning.

Now the vision, of a bronze sun,
downward floating, catches
my eye,
With burnished hues of gold
appearing, solidifying in the sky.
The sun drops below the horizon,
but still burns;
I can see the sun still.
The earth is the one that has gone.

This vision changes, my gaze rises
to see the varying blues of day,
becoming a steadfast night.
Stars twinkling in, scattered as
fish in a sea, catch my
earthly sight,
And the quickly rising night,
splashes up high.
Then as with a silent thunder, the
dark changes,
Becoming an ocean in the sky.

Capsized waves roll across
the heavens,
Startling dark blue, moving,
rushing, flowing.
Flecks of foam wave, dancing, floating.
A dizzying sight above, a sea
growing.
Overhead an ocean sings suspended,
as the sky slowly spins,
Sticking in my mind as the dream
quickly ends.

Jeff "Snickersnack" Bentley



"Hanging Fool"

Liz Humes

The Wind Sings

The wind sings
to me across the rocks
of ostia
humming me
into the sky
above the sea
shaking the pines
I look below
to see me standing
on the shore
the almond eyes
burn fear into
the golden skin
and I see my mouth
circle to a caverned call
for help
but the humming
is all I hear
I always return
before my death

Demetra E. Gates

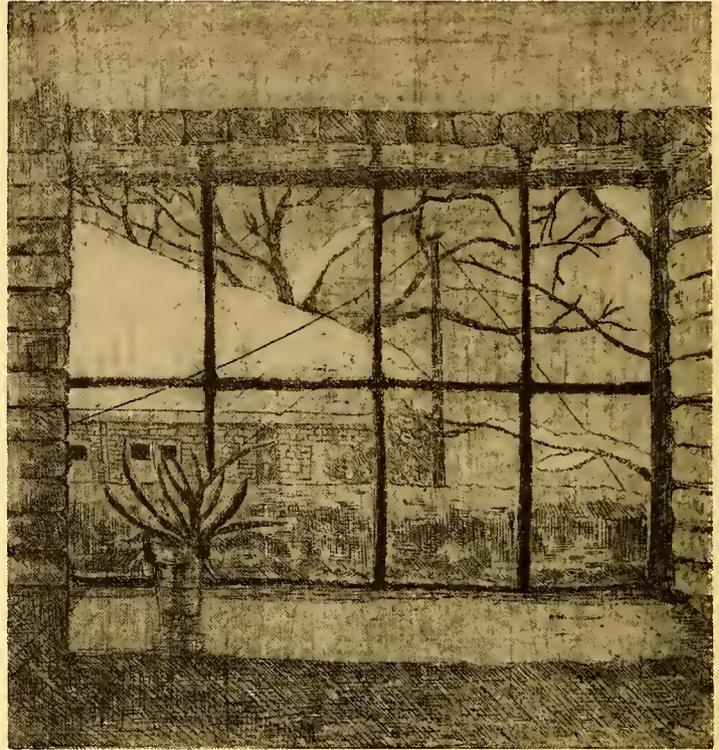


Steven Charles Reichert

Mexico

Mitla, you are bold
geometric designs that
carve beauty into stone.
Those intricate designs
dominate your power.
Simplicity softens the
lines of bondage.

Amy Mast



Nobuko Ohashi

late at night
darkness is sharp
it bruises my dreams
and scrapes my sleep

late at night
how silently my mind shrieks your name;
how easily i acquiesce to the futility of finding you

late at night
i awake
and rail against reeking revelations
that fell from the mouths of men poised on couches

late at night
sleep is elusive
but there's anger
that wants a direction
but falls, instead, heavily to the floor
to be tripped over in the morning

late at night
there's death

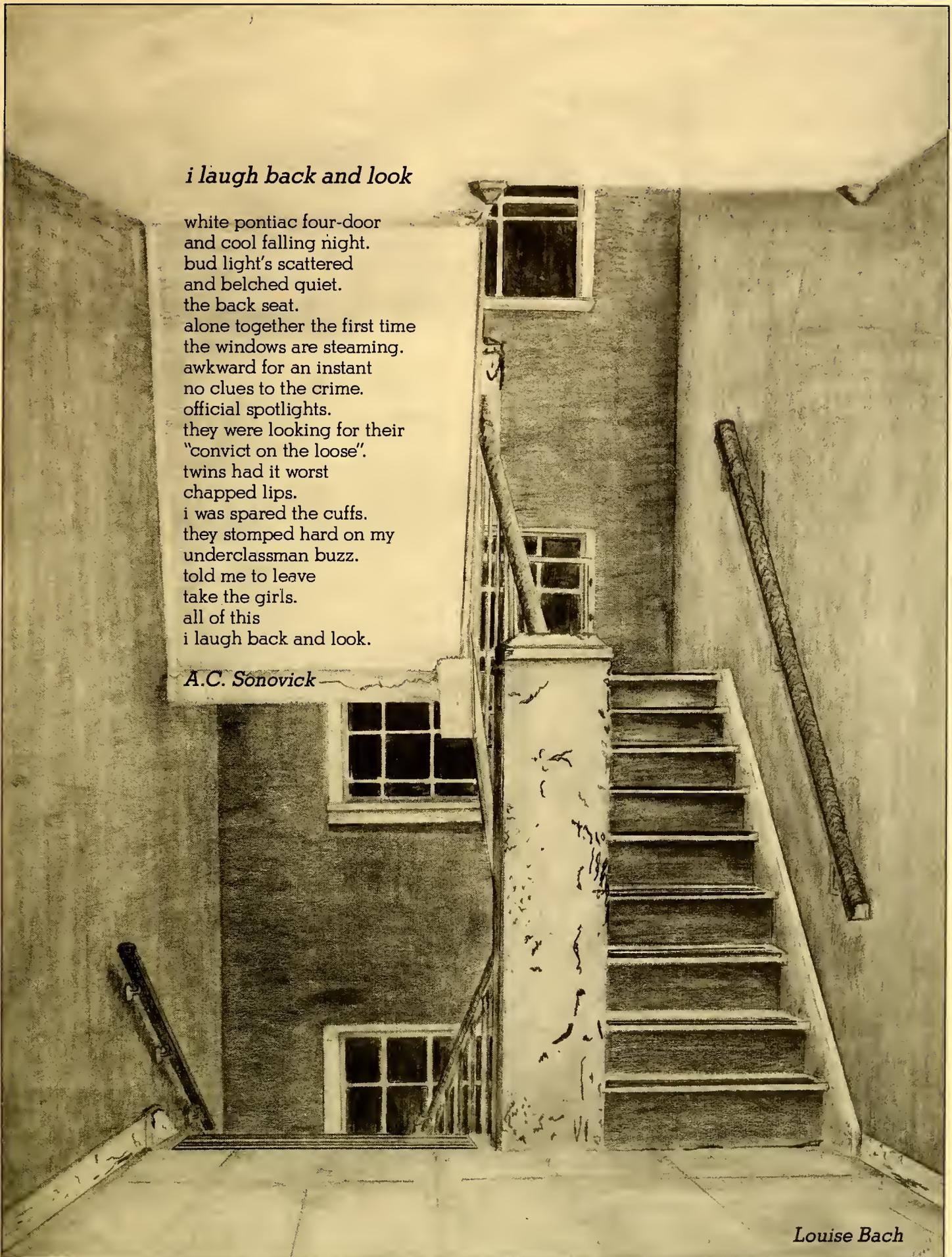
and in the morning
there's stillness in blue eyes
that won't sleep again

Lois Haas

i laugh back and look

white pontiac four-door
and cool falling night.
bud light's scattered
and belched quiet.
the back seat.
alone together the first time
the windows are steaming.
awkward for an instant
no clues to the crime.
official spotlights.
they were looking for their
"convict on the loose".
twins had it worst
chapped lips.
i was spared the cuffs.
they stomped hard on my
underclassman buzz.
told me to leave
take the girls.
all of this
i laugh back and look.

A.C. Sonovick



Louise Bach

The Man the Earth Reclaimed

It wasn't that I didn't want to go on the call, but the only reason I had gone to the crew hall was to get away from home for a few hours. And it's not that I don't like home, but it just doesn't seem to be mine with all the other shit going on there; Tobie and her little friends scampering about, full of giggles and fun, unaware of the insignificance they would feel shortly after puberty—and brother Dave blasting his stereo, drowning his fear of lost time and any hope of reading that I had had. And it wasn't even that I really wanted to read, but that fellow at the party who told me I had a "very low self"—and should read a trilogy of autobiographies written by a man that went to Mexico, did lots of drugs, wrote about it, and now is worth millions—just got to me. After prolonged thought about that my self climbed lower because I knew that I would never be able to conceive even such a simple, brilliant idea like that. So, I thought I would read the books, just to see if I and my self could be saved from the abyss of ignorance: to see if I could grasp the power to leave this civilized place of overdoses, stabbings, and various intoxicated accidents towards a better world full of money and good drugs. But I wasn't going to get my reading done at home, so, to continue my education on the art of escaping my world, I drove to the place I see it from.

The Rescue Squad is a lonely place. It echoes quietly of things said past. No matter how many people are there the dull green walls grab the worlds and lightly toss them back as if to say, "Thanks, but we've had enough." The ambulances neatly in rows of two—three in front, two in back—form an unfinished pyramid as they settle in wait to be ridden into the next hunt for life. When a call comes in it is as if human season is open. Our sophisticated devices tell us exactly where our prey is and how to search the life out in him. Although we are directed by thousands of dollars worth of advanced life support machinery, we are at a constant battle against time. We have only so much time to hunt down the sly fox—an hour at most. After that we know that we will arrive back at the crew hall with lowered heads and quiet thoughts. However, the void in the building makes it an ideal

place to read. The only earthly distraction is the book in your hands, open pages begging for company.

And there I was in my book, learning ways of getting to a high level of consciousness, and learning the step by step process of rating drug efficiency on a scale of 1-1000. LSD only rates a five hundred. . . BEEP BEEP BEEP

"Shit, and I was just getting to the good part."

"Attention Rescue 3; respond; hanglider down in the area of green hole curve on route 221."

As the dispatcher repeated the call I pulled myself out of the chair and made my way to the bay doors.

The bay doors always bother me. Sometimes opening those damned manual bay doors is more work than the call it leads to. Pulling on a frayed rope to raise something three times your weight is not easy, and I've often thought that it would be a terrible shame to herniate myself trying to get those massive doors open so I could go help someone else.

Finally, after a few hearty tugs and a grunt, the door yielded to my effort, allowing me to pull the unit out and wait for two more members to arrive at the launching site of our journey. I jumped into the back of the unit and slammed the door to display to myself my anger about having to go on this call. After all — I was getting paid minimum, minimum wage, (that's how we on the crew explain our compensation for our volunteer efforts).

And then I heard the woman riding shotgun announce, "Control, Rescue 356 responding."

Being in the back of an ambulance is an experience in itself. Speeding down the road, surrounded by life support systems and labelled compartments that contain remedies for every illness, burn, fracture, and mutilation, I have two small windows to view the outside world. From these peepholes I watch the people in the cars we pass, their expressions ranging from thoughts of, "Wow, I wonder if they're going to save somebody," to "God damned ambulance drivers, they're going to kill somebody someday...self-righteous assholes."

And we were on our way.

"LSD is only a five hundred?...What could

possibly alter your system more than LSD to give you a better high?"

And then we were there, control confirming our arrival: "Rescue 356 in the area, 14:21 KWX 456."

Green Hole curve is a beautiful, mysterious place. State route 221 is, for the most part, straight until this bend flings you into steep hills lined with trees. The curve remains lodged within dark shade except for one or two hours a day when the sun manages to wrap weary beams around and over the trees and hills. The road bends sharply around the first and steepest incline, hugging to the side so as not to be sucked down into the two hundred yard deep crevice below. Passing cars are sometimes not able to hold to the road and are flung over the edge, hurtling into the abyss. From this hole our radio waves become confused and disoriented, and we are not able to make it out. Once we venture off of the road down into the valley we are cut off from the ambulance, control—everything—and must climb out to communicate with the world again.

And then I was trudging through the woods with my two comrades, looking for a wrecked hanglider with a victim attached. The ground was able to suck a little sunlight through the pine trees; spots of light remained motionless on the ground. After about fifteen minutes we came to a man sitting Indian-style in the forest. The man stared through the used pine needles, into the earth as if he owned it but did not want it. The sunlight did not break through the trees here as it did before, and the wind was not right at all. It seemed to be blowing in all directions at once, converging on me, pushing me into myself. The man didn't appear to be in any life-threatening danger so I began to glance around for his crashed glider. After a few seconds of silence I noticed that the other two attendants were staring fixedly into the trees; we weren't there for him. My shoulders dropped as I raised my eyes skyward and saw it.

The fallen bird's broken wings hung among the limbs without hope of escape. Attached to these wings was a body immersed in a tree, skewered by a branch, pierced through, from stomach to back. The man's body dangled, shivering in the breeze. Blood was running down his legs and dripping from his feet puddling on the ground, making a soup of

the lifeless needles. The form gasped with a backwards moan, unable to catch some of the free air that tried to lend itself to him.

The attendant that rode shotgun lowered herself to the earth, beside the statue figure planted on the ground. Instead of words of comfort she only could seem to ask in a tone of awe:

"Why would you people try to fly anyway?"

In the long silence that followed I wanted very much to smash that lady's head with a large metal object—something I did not possess at the time. I also wanted very much to know the answer to that question. In the wake of her query the wind was lost; there was no sound; there was no movement except for the slow drip of blood that paced itself with the timeless seconds. The man slowly raised his bearded face towards the one that the earth had reclaimed. The words spilled from his mouth as though he had been holding them there forever and wanted to savor their exit:

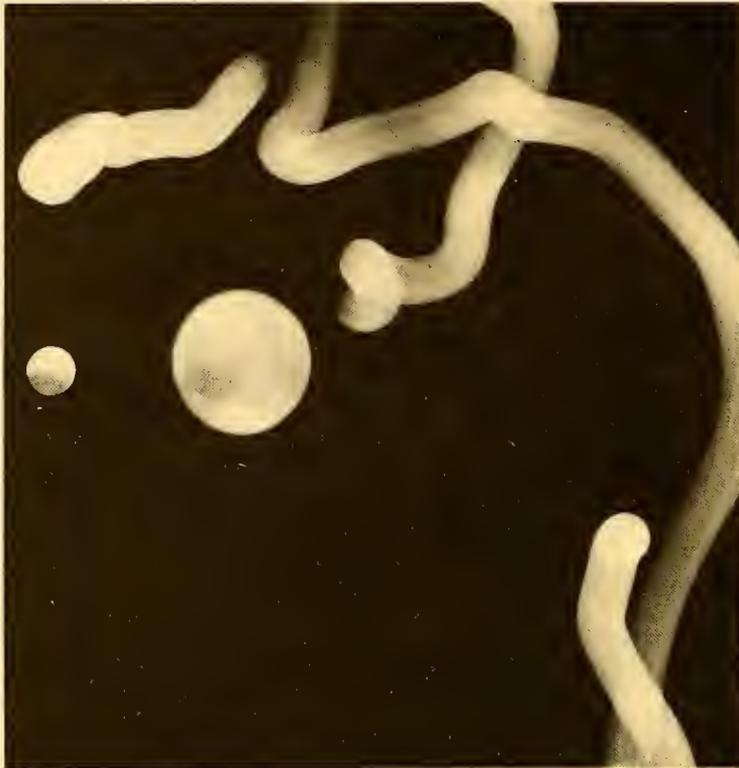
"To get away."

As the wind found its course and carried off his words, the previously supportive branches gave way to the earth's calling. Man and kite clattered to the ground, settling in a heap of torn cloth, fractured metal, and drained, greying flesh—ending this final leg of descent with a nauseous thud. I turned and began my ascent back to the unit, back to my world, my eyes glued to the ground.

My climb seemed to take up the rest of the day. The light was beginning to fade among the branches and I quickened my pace as if racing it, trying to get back to my connection before dark shadows crossed my unmarked path. I felt myself running, scared of this disguised place. Although I was out of breath when the ambulance finally came into view, I began to sprint as though I had to get back to base in a game of life or death tag. The handle on the door was chilled from the lack of sun and the automatic throttle had kicked on as if the unit was trying to keep itself company by varying the tempo of the idling engine. The radio mike, the final link, felt warm and comfortable in my hand as I announced a "code grey" and asked for assistance to help bring the body out of the woods.

And I knew why LSD was only a five hundred.

Marc Becker



"Moondance #1"

Kitty Hubbard

Ripe Night Writing

Freshness

appears.

The Earth is seen through one perfect doily.

Waves and stitches coyly

hide the old

the stale,

the world bein' behind said veil.

A Hammock moon

hangs

silently crooning its reflection.

Pale. Low in the night. Orange rind glow.

Life, once spotlighted,

gets loose and extends

frayed edge.

Each patch,

slipping swiftly into the mixture of moon and black,

blends into silhouette.

At times,

words perch upon sills and,

with patience positioned under foot,

search for the perfect;

catch an apple in rosy exhibition.

Tom Beason

The Other Side

I am rotting.
My jaw caves in under my chin my gums are soft.
My teeth are a child's clinging to the pink.
My cheeks sit in triangles—
the starving fox, and too, the vulture crouching.
I tighten my legs for strength.

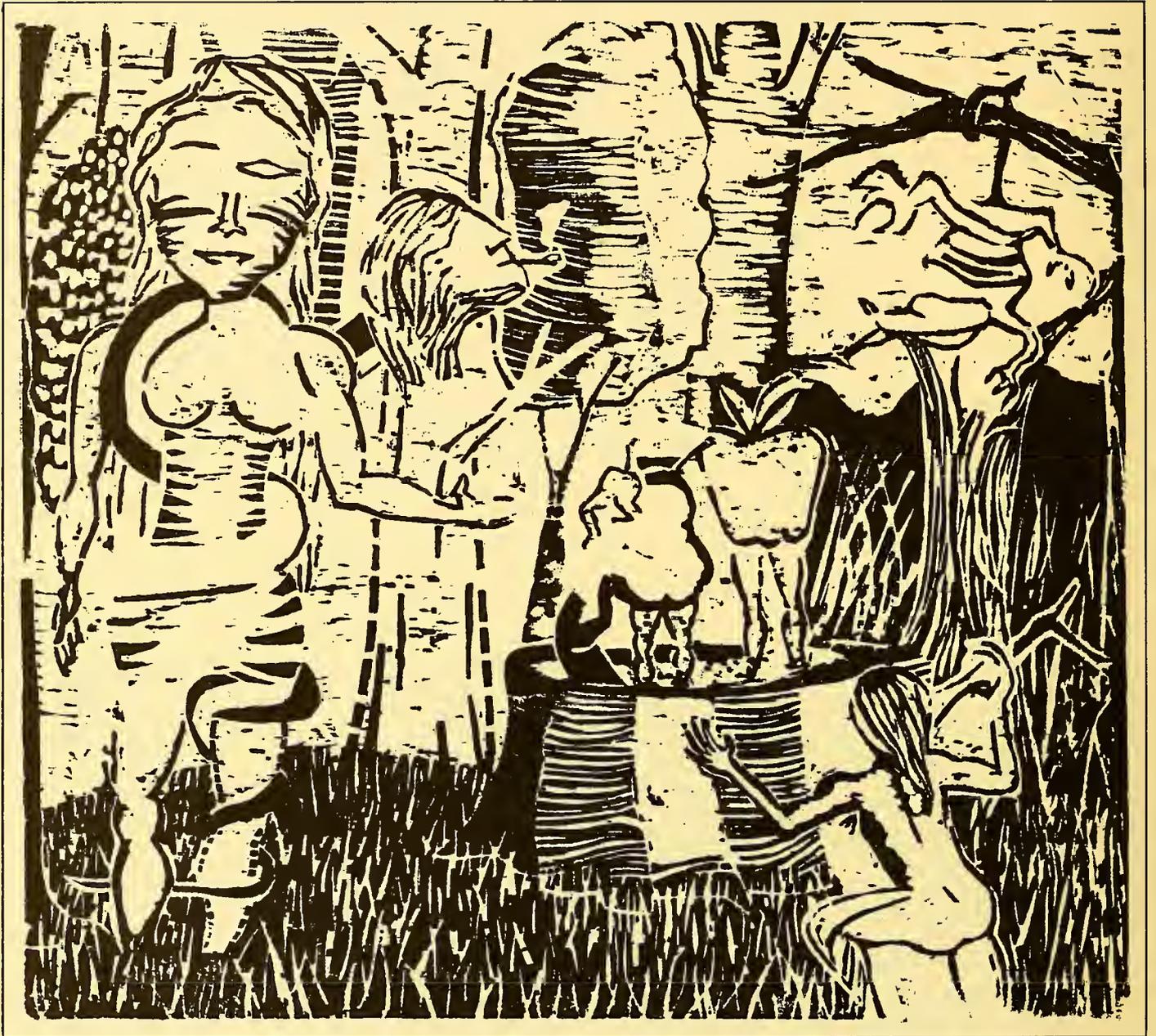
How am I to be with you
Human to Human
with this decay at Center? worms glowing unnoticed.
How am I to fit the white in your pupil
with the blackest hair nearing my cheek
to stroke. . .

I have raped myself
and now I squat in shame in the toilet Reserved For Human.
I can hear each sickening thud of the leaf to the ground.

Wendy Kramer



Jon Strohl



"Adam, Eve, Father, and the Unconscious"

*Brad Chance
Visiting Artist*

The Forsaken Struggle

*"You look up when you feel a need for
elevation, and I look down for I am elevated."*

Nietzsche

The poor hippie cast his lot
in the metaphysics of a different sort
A belief in the enormous present
of his soul.

The immediate consciousness
of ever present unity
A world of godly virtues
realized without contradiction.

But his chemical infested soul
was a contradiction
That to him went along
unrealized.

He condemned the mighty athlete
A western icon
A great symbol of overcoming, power, conquest
As nothing more than an imperialist statue.

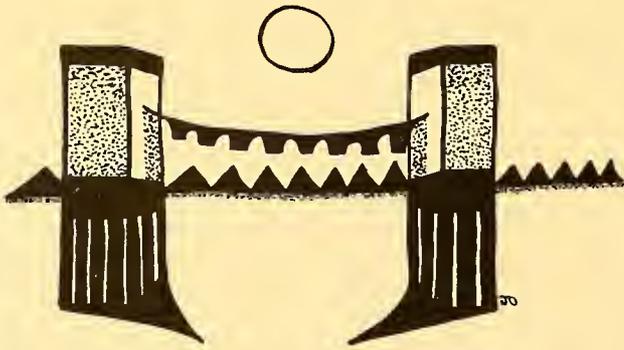
But the poor hippie was immersed in nothing
His was a slow road to nada
An eternal wallowing in the mire.

The hippie struggled against two thousand years
of western grandiosity: overcoming
Yet he could not even realize struggle
only profound happiness, and contentment.

Sharing his women as an act of love
brought laughter on Market street
They burned their money on Wall street
But now they render unto Caesar
and scurry to pick up the pieces
of their lost world.

They've started a new life
left their flowers in vases
cut their hair
straightened their ties
Their eternal contentment is now but a single step

John W.L. Toivonen



Laundry Line

Newborn is
the smell of clean laundry
being dried by the wind on a metal clothesline
by wooden clothespins
and a small,
black and white puppy
jumping at a pair of faded denims
flapping beside a clean,
slightly frayed white shirt.

Mary Gunz

Taking Perspective

In this instant
the wind has ceased
its near relentless blow—
the leaves no longer tremble
the grass, too, stands on end
like cat's hair in fear
or an army on "Halt"
straining to listen
to the song's direction;

in this silence of movement
i have no way of deciphering
air's existence
except for the stolid shining
of the sun where particles
drifting downward
transmute into stars

Philip Michael Polo





"Bath: The River Avon"

Kitty Hubbard

Widow

For children who think they spread it thick forgetting
Axioms concerning spilled milk. When Garden
Viper fangs concealed forked tongues. Remember:
Their poison only works on the inside
(so don't be surprised if the bandaids didn't work.)

Yet there you stand, dead before your mirrors
Hypnotized by the wish that the reptilian eye
Would flinch at your paralyzed
And wimpering agony. You realize
Your vanity and watch the shovel blade
Squash and define the degree of destruction
Dealt to the cephalan god
By your own artless hand.

When the twin rapier intrusion punctured the shell's egg consider
Reflexive bromides to their toxicity will always return
The blood drawn for your salvation and
Their constriction in the shadows of impotence,
For now your nightmare pillowed suffocation leaves you
Choking like a maggot and dying like a fly. Ah, delicious, delicious!

Eric Johnson

In spring

I met the girl who paints the birds
her fingers red with robin breast

In summer

I met the lady who paints the meadow
her palate green with grass blades

In fall

I met the crone who paints the leaves
her brush brown with tree death

In winter

I met the babe who paints the snow

jon hatch



Steven Charles Reichert

