

"A Dream Within a Dream"



The Southern Quill

1986-1987

"A Dream Within a Dream"

"Man had escaped out of the eternal present of the animal world into a knowledge of past and future. He was becoming something the world had never seen before--a dream animal."

... Loren Eiseley

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Table of Contents

Cover photograph (Ace G. Pilkington)

Page

I. Imposed Dreams	5
One-Way Window (Sarah Montes & Ace G. Pilkington)	6
One-Way Window (lyric)	7
Illustration (Sarah Montes)	8
Day after day (Melinda Durrant)	9
Communication (Karen Hansen)	10
Tinkerbelle's Story (Kris Shipp)	11
Whose hand will trap the rare bird (Fred Friese)	12
Illustration (Fred Friese)	13
Oceanside Cafe (Kris Shipp)	14
Sand Castles (Bonnie McCowan)	15
Illustration (Beverly Marshall)	15
Winter (Rich Cronshey)	16
Geology and Man (Bonnie McCowan)	17
Illustration (Bonnie McCowan)	17
Photograph (Rick Roberts)	18
For the Moment (Bonnie McCowan)	19
The night is a greedy creature (Melinda Durrant)	19
The Dance of Divorce (Kris Shipp)	20
Welcome Home Daddy (Michelle Brinkerhoff)	21
Photograph (Ben Higbee)	24
II. Abandoned Dreams	25
How It Used to Be (Sarah Montes)	26
How it Used to Be (lyric)	27
Illustration (Beverly Marshall)	28
I never found the time (Melinda Durrant)	29
Her face (Kay Jack)	30
Ratios (Maxine Davie)	30
Jason's Answer (Ace G. Pilkington)	31
Loving to Fear (Kris Shipp)	32
Illustration (Fred Friese)	33
The Larva (Natalie Condie)	34
Drama in Life (Bonnie McCowan)	35
I've lost something (Kay Jack)	36
Pieces of Yesterday (Celeste Bain)	37
Lexical Necromancy (Fred Friese)	38
Illustration (Fred Friese)	38
Departure (Kris Shipp)	39
Illustration (Cherilyn Robinson)	40
The house breathed (Kris Shipp)	41
Windowed Shadow (Karen Hansen)	42
Photograph (Brian Tingey)	43
Sunday (Kris Shipp)	44
Tao of Rain (Rich Cronshey)	45

Richard III (Ace G. Pilkington)	46
Illustration (Peggy Knox)	47
A Dream of Burial (Kandie Graff)	48
Other Worlds (Bonnie McCowan)	48
Fly White for Life (Bonnie McCowan)	49
Photograph (Ace G. Pilkington)	49
Coloring Book (Sarah Montes)	50
Dancing Crayolas (Kris Shipp)	51
Illustration (Beverly Marshall)	51
Hourglass (Sarah Montes)	52
Photograph (Ben Higbee)	52
Stolen Heart (Natalie Condie)	53
Canyon Cove (Kris Shipp)	54
Photograph (Ben Higbee)	55
Images of Baltic Sea (Rich Cronshey)	56
III. Achieved Dreams	57
Reality Dream (Sarah Montes and Ace G. Pilkington)	58
Reality Dream (lyric)	59
The Child Behind The Poet (Kris Shipp)	60
Pearls and Jade (Sarah Montes)	61
I Dream in Winsor Newton Colors (Maxine Davie)	62
Illustration (Beverly Marshall)	62
Ballerina (Lynnae Burton)	63
The Play (Maxine Davie)	64
Fire (Wendy Harris)	65
Leaves melt to moist grass (Kris Shipp)	65
The Masterpiece (Joni Kerr)	66
Illustration (Fred Friese)	66
It rained today, an English rain (Melinda Durrant)	67
Pruning (Maxine Davie)	68
Lost Season (James McCowan)	69
Illustration (Bonnie McCowan)	69
Illustration (Doug Sweet)	70
The Way from Hell (Sarah Montes)	71
Photographs to Feed the Media Furnace (Ben Higbee)	72
Illustration (Joni Kerr)	73
Illustration (Fred Friese)	74
After devouring all my recollections (Fred Friese)	75
The Year I Owned a Horse (Maxine Davie)	76
Geometrics (Maxine Davie)	79
Hands (Robin Tsosi)	80
Illustration (Beverly Marshall)	81
The Almost Witch (Andie Nielsen)	82
Illustration (Peggy Knox)	82
Porch (Ben Higbee)	83
History of the <u>Southern Quill</u>	84

1. Imposed Dreams

"This emergent creature was not whole, was not made truly human until, in infancy, the dreams of the group . . . had been implanted in the waiting substance of his brain."

. . . Loren Eiseley

Lyrics: Ace G. Pilkington

Music: Sarah Montes

One-Way Window

Handwritten musical score for the song "One-Way Window". The score is written on ten staves in treble clef. It begins with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Chord symbols are written above the staff: Bbm, Eb, Bb, Eb, Bbm, Eb, Bbm, Eb, C#, F#m, C#, F#m, C#, F#m, C#. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The lyrics are: "You say you're just wait- ing to prove to me I'm wrong; your life is made of hol- i- days, and that's where I be- long. But I can hear the ech- oes in the way you say my name; you call it love, not los- ing but it all works out the same. You're a one- way win- dow where the dreams the show, and the fools are sha- dows who re- fuse to know, a one-way win- dow on the black- est night, with no hope in your sha- dows-- no chance of light." The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Ace G. Pilkington

One-Way Window

You say you're just waiting to prove to me I'm wrong;
Your life is made of holidays, and that's where I belong.
But I can hear the echoes in the way you say my name;
You call it love, not losing, but it all works out the same.

Chorus:

You're a one-way window where the dream's the show,
And the fools are shadows who refuse to know.
A one-way window on the blackest night,
With no hope in your shadows--no chance of light.

You want to redraw my dreams and make me something new,
But the creature I'd become would look too much like you.
Yes, I can feel the power in the way you say my name;
Still, your spells will never reach me, they're ashes in my flame.

Chorus:

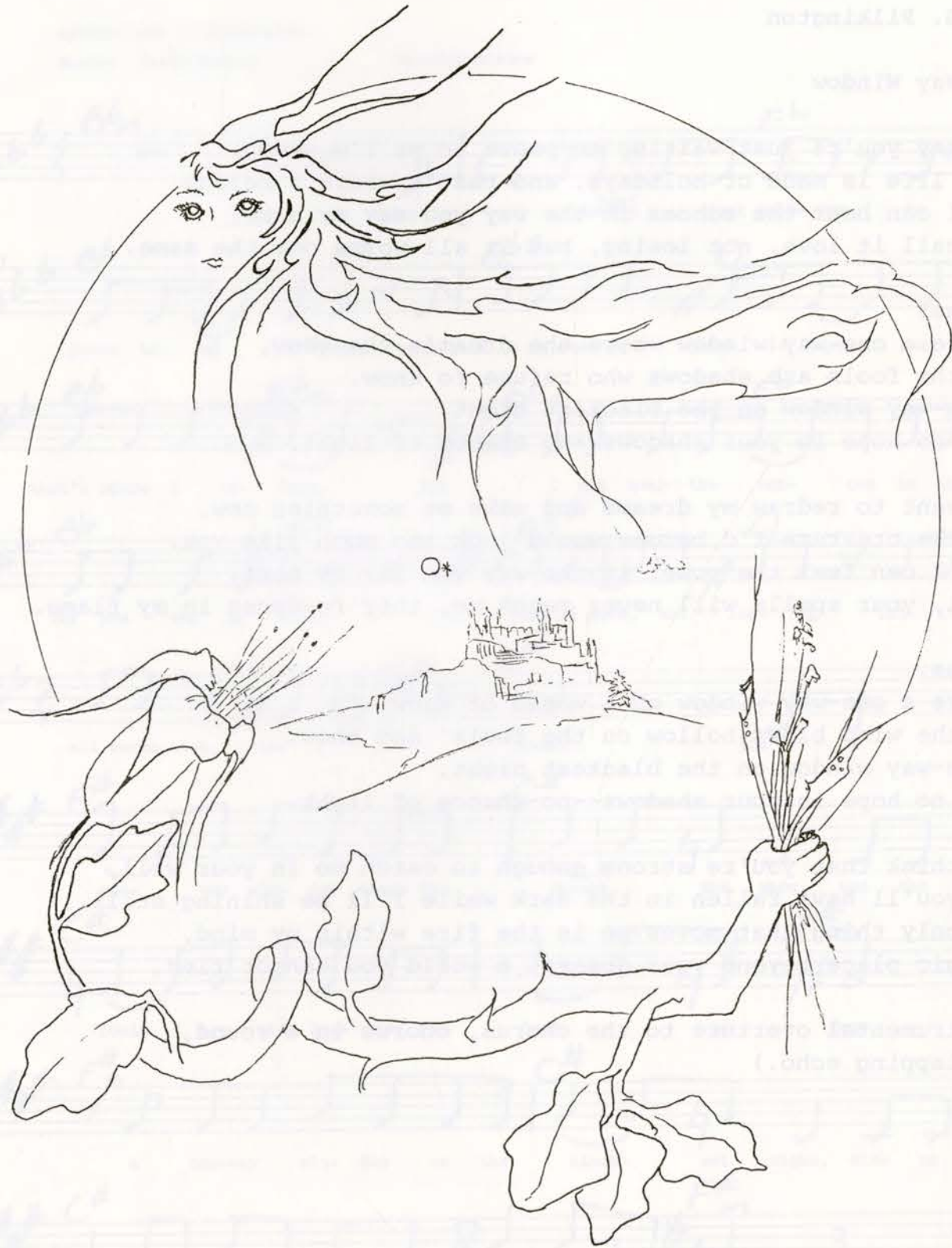
You're a one-way window on a world of snow,
And the wind blows hollow on the fools' sad show.
A one-way window on the blackest night,
With no hope in your shadows--no chance of light.

You think that you're strong enough to catch me in your will,
But you'll have fallen in the dark while I'll be shining still.
The only thing that moves me is the fire within my mind,
A magic place beyond your dreams, a world you cannot find.

(Instrumental overture to the chorus, chorus in a round,
overlapping echo.)

Melinda Durrant

Day after day
 In my foolish reverie,
 I pick up your pieces
 In the flow of passing strangers.
 Trying to forget
 That you are no longer here,
 I find familiar eyes
 On nameless faces.
 I hear your laugh
 In the midst of crowded streets,
 And an occasional smile
 Will leave your mark,
 Anonymously.
 Yet the pieces never seem
 To come together for me.
 How long do you suppose
 I can escape reality?
 I'm becoming lost
 In my foolish reverie.



Karen Hansen

Communication

I toss and turn
At the shrillness
In my ear
That calls me from the
Peaceful realms of slumber.
I reach into the darkness
And once again,
Like longing times before,
I wake to find
Another wrong number.

Kris Shipp

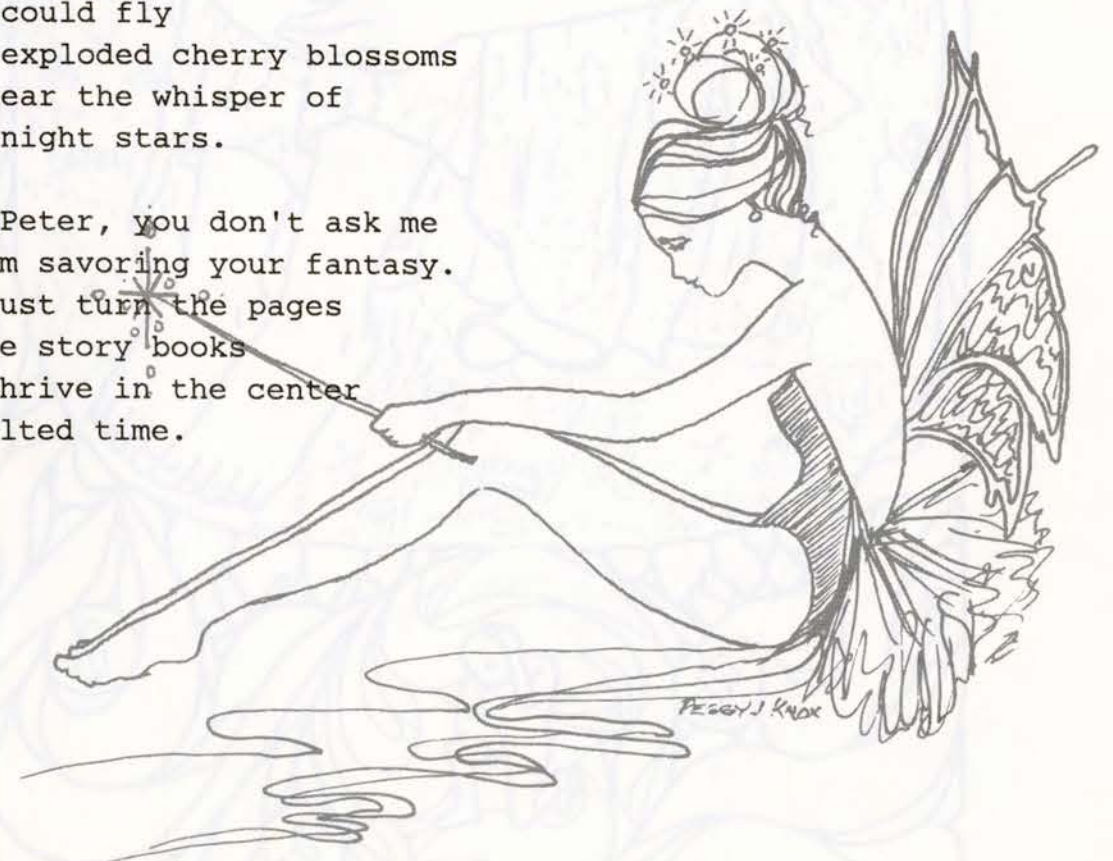
Tinkerbell's Story

Above Captain Hook's head
We flew in the dusty mist
Of Never-Never Land
And vowed to never
Grow up, never
Grow old.

But, Peter, did you ask me
If I wanted
To live in this hula-hoop,
Story-time rut
Day after day? No.
Now all my senses have melted
Into bells and bedtime stories.

At night I wish
My wings would grow strong
So I could fly
Into exploded cherry blossoms
And hear the whisper of
Late night stars.

But, Peter, you don't ask me
If I'm savoring your fantasy.
You just turn the pages
Of the story books
And thrive in the center
Of halted time.



Fred Friese

Whose hand will trap the rare bird?
Whose words will be the sweetest lure?
And which of us
Can clip her wings
With illusions of gentility?

Roses and libraries,
Sinew and dreams--
Charming baits that wait
Upon a pillow
In a cold steel cage.



Kris Shipp

Oceanside Cafe

The sunshine outside
Had melted into rain
As we sat among
Oceanside diners,
Eating to ourselves.

You looked past my face
To drink your reflection
Forming on the glass.
You dreamt yourself a king
While I could find only the storm
Blowing sand against the sea.

Bonnie McCowan

Sand Castles

Everyone must die, I cried
That half-lit summer night
While fairies danced in rainbows
On his dark velvet hide.
Then he reached down and touched me
With his mystical, magical horn;
Instantly, I became young again--and beautiful.
"Let's pretend," I said,
"We are castaways,
Live on this island forever,
Build a castle in the sand,
Sleep on the land."
But the waves became wrought-up,
White topped as unicorns in sunshine,
Swelling, moving like a stampede
Over the surface of the water,
Trampling me.
The black one turned silently
And swam back out to sea.

Rich Cronshey

Winter

saint of waiting
house of frosted hours
and slow flames of listening

an immortal tone of sense
oscillates the frozen fields

a vibrant sense of patience
whispering through the acres
of ivory.

Winter heals by tender revelation
brilliant arctic hands
speak scriptures
of quiet ice

rites of silence
and delicate logics of snow.

Bonnie McCowan

Geology and Man

Man's future is always in motion,
Like the earth's surface.
Erosion banishes our dreams of stability;
We are often stressed beyond endurance
And must change.
We flex, crack, shift, buckle, and wrinkle constantly,
Shuffling our elements into different combinations
That can exist under new conditions,
Sometimes with great trembling and thundering
Like slate slabs flung up by earthquakes
Then pushed down again
Row after domino row.





Bonnie McCowan

For the Moment

Caught in a storm,
Pressed between alternatives.
Behind is the past,
Covered by black clouds
Unclear as the future ahead.
In contrast is this closeness,
The movement into moment;
The vivid sharpness
Of rain drenched desert tapestry.
It was then that I knew,
The present is our sole promise.

Melinda Durrant

The night is a greedy creature.
He sucks my happiness
Through tiny pinhole stars,
And swallows my joy,
Licking his lips
On the lighter side.

Kris Shipp

The Dance of Divorce

As I closed my eyes,
I remembered my parents
Dancing side-by-side
Like seagulls floating
Through a summer breeze,
Their bodies melting
Like chocolate
Against that heat.
Love perfumed the air,
And I watched
As they swayed into
The corners of the night.

I awoke to find my Dad
Only a chilled whisper
Within a winter wind,
Reminding her
Of the dance.

Michelle Brinkerhoff

Welcome Home, Daddy

This scene takes place in the home of the Laubs. The set consists of a table upstage center in the kitchen. The family room is stage right. The kitchen door is stage left. It is early afternoon. Jenny, the daughter, is just returning home from school.

(Jenny enters stage left)

Jenny: Colton, I'm home.

Colton: Jenny! (Colton enters room stage right.) Jenny!

Look what I got!

Jenny: Hey, those are great. Where did you get them from?

Colton: From dad.

Jenny: Dad? (questioning)

Colton: Yeah, dad. He's here, DAD! (screaming at top of lungs) Come in here, Jenny's home!

(Father enters room stage right)

Jenny: Dad, what are you doing here? I thought mom told you (Glancing at Colton, she stops.) Colton . . .

Colton: Yeah?

Jenny: Why don't you go show Tommy your new stuff and let dad and me talk for a while.

Colton: O.K. (walking stage left, turns around) Dad, you won't leave while I'm gone, will you?

Dad: I'll be here when you get back. (smiling) Now go on. (Colton, smiling, exits stage left.)

Jenny: So why'd you come back?

Dad: I wanted to see my kids.

Jenny: Kids? Who are your kids?

Dad: Jenny, come on, I know it's been a long time, but that's all going to change now.

Jenny: Change, huh. Well, I've done my changing, thank you, without any help from you. Oh, by the way, did you notice I'm out of diapers? I thought I'd point that out since last time I saw you I was still in them.

Dad: Come on, Jenny.

Jenny: No, we don't need you now; we needed you when we last saw you. Remember, I was three, Colton was just born. You want to see your kids, huh; well, you're fifteen years too late!

Dad: You're right, I'm sorry, but that was a long time ago. It's a whole new me. A new beginning, a whole new life. Colton understood; I wish you'd try to understand.

Jenny: Colton understood. Colton understood a new bat, a new ball, a new dad. What more could an eleven year old boy want? I'll tell you what Colton understood, bribery from his own dad!

Dad: Jenny!

Jenny: No, don't Jenny me with your new beginnings, your new life. What makes you think it's so easy to come back into our lives after all this time? Where were you when we needed you?

Dad: It was just as painful for me being away from you. (pausing) I wish you'd realize that.

Jenny: Painful! I don't feel pain anymore. I lost it somewhere. I'm not really sure where or when. Oh, maybe it was when Father's Day rolled around and all the kids gave speeches on what great fathers they had. No, that wasn't it. Maybe it's when I used to wake to hear mom crying for the stupid reason of no money. Oh, I know when it was, when BASTARD became my nickname. Let's see, that would make you MASTER OF THE BASTARDS, wouldn't it?

Dad: Jen (Jenny interrupts)

Jenny: No, dearest daddy, I don't feel pain anymore. (Jenny looking at her father for a response) Why are you just sitting there? Why don't you defend your freedom . . . Speechless, eh? Maybe you're a little stunned that your daughter's not running to you with open arms. And that I turned out quite bitter. Tell me is it hard to look at reality's unsmiling face? (putting her face to his) Is it?

Dad: I want to tell you what happened if you will just give me the chance.

Jenny: Fine, (sarcastically) speak away.

Dad: I was very young when I married your mother. I felt like I was too wild to be caged in. I felt like I was missing so much of life. Every chance I got I ran, leaving your mother alone. (He struggles with his words.) It wasn't right what I was doing to her.

Jenny: Then why did you marry her?

Dad: I loved her. (Jenny interrupts again.)

Jenny: (smiling bitterly) Love, oh God, what a great word. Why every time I think about that kind of love I just get chills all over.

Dad: Damn it, Jenny, we can play this game all day if you like, but you're the one that wanted to know where I was and why I came back. So if you want to know, then shut up and listen to me. (Jenny sits with arms crossed, waiting for a response.) Fine, the truth is I couldn't live with myself anymore. I had a battle, a fighting in my head. Every time I saw a child, I began to imagine you and Colton. What you used to look like. I even made up images of what I thought you'd look like now. I couldn't stand it any longer; I needed to see you and Colton. I always knew my children could bring me that warmth and security. The things which my life desperately lacks.

Jenny: Pretty selfish, don't you think?

Dad: (standing up) Leave it to my daughter to say that to me. (suppressing anger) You think it was easy coming back here. Coming to see my children that hate me.

(Yelling at the top of his lungs) I'm not perfect, Jenny. I'm just trying to make up for something I lost out on. I came back to a place where I'll never be accepted. What do you want from me?

Jenny: (quietly) Nothing.

Dad: (Yelling) Come on, Jenny. I got what I came here for, a chance to see my kids again. What do you want from me? (Looking at her, he breathes rapidly.)

Jenny: You really want to know? I want you to leave.

Dad: (putting his face to hers) Oh no, dear daughter, I'm not leaving you, not yet. You hate me, don't you? Because I left? Well, now I'm here to stay. Until we love each other as we should. Look at me! (He screams; Jenny looks at the floor.) Look at me! Why can't you understand that I came back for you too?

Jenny: Bull! You're a selfish ass! Your whole entire life has been dedicated to the pleasure of your self. You make me sick!

(The father smacks the daughter across the face; Jenny screams, grabbing her face.)

Leave! Just get the hell out!

Dad: Jenny, I'm sorry; I didn't mean to hit you. I was just so angry; I just wanted this to turn out so perfect. Jenny, why can't I explain everything to you? I had everything planned--what I was going to say to you, what was going to happen. Jenny, I'm sorry but, Jenny, please don't make me leave.

Jenny: You got what you came for. A chance to see us again. Your time's run out; we don't want you here.

Dad: What about Colton? I promised I'd stay till he came home.

Jenny: Sorry to disappoint you, dad, but Colton has lived without you his whole life, and I know your charming personality couldn't have won his love in an afternoon.

Dad: What will you tell him?

Jenny: You left. No biggie, it's not going to crush him.

Dad: Why do you want me to leave? I don't understand.

Jenny: I don't remember you, and I most certainly don't want to get to know you. (Standing up, she walks stage left to the door and grabs the handle.) Now please leave. (Reaching into his pocket, he pulls out a wad of money and hands it to her.)

Dad: Here, take this.

Jenny: (grabbing the money) I'll take this but only because you owe us. And I consider this a down payment. (The father stares at Jenny.)

Jenny: (rudely) What are you looking at.

Dad: My beautiful daughter, more pretty than I ever imagined. Goodbye, Jennifer Marie. (He moves to kiss her; she pulls away. He steps out; she slams the door behind him. She leans against it, her eyes filled with tears.)

Jenny: Jennifer Marie, huh . . . I hate you. (She screams) Your beautiful daughter, huh . . . Damn you.

(She falls to the ground, sitting with her knees close to her chin. She sways back and forth in the hypnotized state of a child. In a quiet voice she speaks.) I needed you, daddy . . . Oh God . . . how I needed you.

(Scene ends with stage darkening.)



11. *Abandoned Dreams*

"I had begun it solely on account of her, only to please her. She had died while I was in the midst of this work. So it is with all our dreams."

. . . Gustave Flaubert

Lyrics & Music: Sarah Montes

How It Used to Be

Some- times when I'm all a- lone, I
 think of how it used to be. And
 now when we make love, it doesn't feel the same, and I'm
 wond'ring if it's on- ly me. But the
 love's gone, there's no more to gain, and I'm
 miss- ing how it used to be. Now our
 love's gone-- tell me who's to blame-- and I'm
 miss- ing how it used to be. Late at ... be.

Sarah Montes

How It Used to Be

Sometimes when I'm all alone,
 I think of how it used to be.
 And now when we make love,
 It doesn't feel the same,
 And I'm wondering if it's only me.

Chorus:

But the love's gone,
 There's no more to gain,
 And I'm missing how it used to be.
 Now our love's gone--
 Tell me who's to blame--
 And I'm missing how it used to be.

Late at night I'd dream about
 The plans we made,
 Together so long ago,
 But now they're only dreams
 From young lovers' souls;
 Just like our love, we let them go.

Chorus

Sometimes when I'm holding you,
 I know it's not long till we're through.
 How I wish to God
 We could change it all
 And love the way we used to do.

Chorus



Melinda Durrant

I never found the time
To paint a picture in September
When the autumn leaves
Began to rage on the mountains
And blaze against the turquoise sky.
Now the snow is falling,
And it is cold outside.

I never found the time
To color your heart with my love
When desire flamed inside
Or to sketch my face into your blue eyes.
Now you are gone,
And I am cold inside.

Kay Jack

Her face
Painfully beautiful,
Her eyes
Gaze at nothing.
Ahead of her
Visions of grandeur
Double-exposed
Over the reality
She chooses to bypass
For the forgotten
And lonely pinnacles
Of immortality.

Maxine Davie

Ratios

To desire is common,
To cohabit acceptable.
To endure is honorable,
And to sacrific exalting.

But to love is painful.

Ace G. Pilkington

Jason's Answer*

Medea's eyes accuse me of her crimes:
Even when her mouth is silent, it is sullen,
With unspoken words that taste of secret blood
And old lost love.

I am no hero to call the sun to heel--
Paradise is not a place I know--
But I kept my passion and my promise
Until her guilt ate everything I owned.

The sea that swept the Argo past our dreams
And left us in a world of wretched coasts
Where thrones cost more than I could boast to pay
Was kinder than my witch-wife is today.

Still, I will not let her weigh me with her wishes;
I hold my share of shadows and of grief,
And since no soul can suffer for another,
She won't fly free by blaming life on me.

*From Amazing, July 1987

Kris Shipp

Loving To Fear

Your words drip
Against my heart
Like sizzling acid
Melting it into
Bleeding steel.
The liquid burning
Eats at my chest,
Carving hollow traces
Of desire.

You are a man
Afraid of the word love,
A man
Afraid of me.



Natalie Condie

The Larva

I know the man upstairs is cussing his wife again.
 What did she do this time?
 Clean the clothes in the dishwasher?
 Make pizza with peanut butter on it?
 She is a larva
 Who has not yet grown wings.
 Her mind is as an infant's,
 Daring, innocent,
 As wondering as a kitten
 Freezing its paws in its first lifetime's snow.
 A few tomorrows and she'll learn
 The rigid, unflexible ways of the "right,"
 And then she'll be molded in
 Like flour in homemade bread.
 Maybe he'd have more patience
 If only he understood too.

Bonnie McCowan

Drama in Life

Papier-mache puppets
 Acting as a foil for the comedian
 On stage in a world seeking approval;
 We portray the characters,
 Molded by peer pressure,
 Manipulated by popular obedience.
 When pleased with our performance,
 The audience applauds;
 Feeling the pressure of their imposing facade,
 We dance a fools' dance.

Kay Jack

I've lost something,
Somewhere between now
And then.
It was something elusive,
Surreal, sublime.
I believe it slipped out
Of my grasp, unnoticed
Until now.
As I take inventory
Of who I am, and what I have,
And what I've thrown away,
I realize that it's missing,
But I don't quite remember
What it was
That I lost.

Celeste Bain

Pieces of Yesterday

She looked at him once more, hoping to memorize his face. The moment had once again come: the performance of two lovers saying goodbye was one she knew well. This time her heart ached with uncertainty. Each step closer to him brought another memory to her mind's view. The days seemed so distant right now, but she could remember every word. She searched his words, looking for an answer to her question.

There she was, same situation as a thousand times before, but this time she played a different role. For it was always she who was in control of the uncomfortable silence, waiting for the words, I love you, only to meet them with a polite but frozen answer. Terrified at how he would respond, she waited. He spoke, said the things she expected him to say but left out those she longed to hear. She smiled and looked at him again. He took a step closer to her; he held her. Then automatically he kissed her.

She felt comfort in his kiss. The world of touch was easier for both; it always took care of those quiet moments when words were hard to say. They tightened their embrace. Then, with one last kiss, they let go. She knew she had to say it now. But her search for words turned up tears. Her lips trembled as she said, "Goodbye, take care." In that moment their tear-filled eyes met. They laughed, then he said, "We look like a bad movie." She walked, still holding his hand as the distance tore them apart.

Fred Friese

Lexical necromancy--
 The poor dead words (resting in peace)
 Agitated to life
 By implicit pen pricks
 From inscrutable hands.
 Don't question the intent of these
 Self-conscious zombies.
 Just let them return to their
 Shelf sepulchers.
 If they refuse to leave,
 Slang cherubim will soon arrive
 To drive them away.



Kris Shipp

Departure

I see your lips
 Against hers, and
 A black-thorned rose
 Sprouts inside of me.

The shark-fin knives
 Strangle my blood vessels
 And twist my bones
 Into steel.

You watch scratches
 Blooming into my skin,
 But you turn
 And walk the other way.



Kris Shipp

The house breathed
An eerie quietness
As I wandered
Through each room,
Searching out the past.

When I came upon
Your closet, it was
As lifeless as
Pressed flowers
Frozen in glass,
The white walls
Blank beside your memory.

It was then
That I realized
You were really gone.
But I still didn't
Understand why.

Karen Hansen

Windowed Shadow

I don't expect you
To look inside me
And understand,
But if you turn
And tell me things
I can't hear,
The rooms where I disappear
Will seem more silent
And secure,
As the tears I do not shed
Water the seed planted
Inside,
And the thunder
And the lightning
And the darkness
Give birth to shadows
Where at last I can hide.



Kris Shipp

Sunday

Sunday is a razor
 Penetrating a blue vein.
 Sunday is a dandelion
 Deflating from the heat of the moon.
 Sunday is the scream
 Of a tear as it hits the pavement.
 It chokes me,
 Swelling purple in
 My lungs, leaving
 Only cobwebs.

Rich Cronshey

Tao of Rain

I shared some rain with the mountains;
 Several poems pressed through my skin
 And rested, breathing for a while inside me.

Many poems rained down around me,
 Lingering frozen on the end of my nose
 Before trickling down my face and neck.

I was in a close canyon between two
 Cathedrals of uncorrupted stone
 Imagined by the graceful architect
 Who works within the frame of years.

This huge and secret place seemed
 To me to be the place where poems
 Come to die--to die and echo deafeningly
 Then to hum in the sandstone's boundless memory.

Ace G. Pilkington

Richard III*

A villain says, "I am not what I seem."
 For me (a question mark in form)
 Not to claim outer shape as inner aim
 Is virtue. Or vice played twice.
 But what made the thing I am?
 Love will not light on me--
 That flicker in the flesh betrayed by weariness
 Is just a shadow when I cannot sleep,
 As beauty is a swimming in my eyes:
 The moon's handful of silver
 Scattered through the water
 Becomes a sudden quickening of fish,
 A flicker of the flesh in beckoning emptiness,
 Like a drowned crown,
 A king's dear mirror.
 O do not let me stumble from this stage
 Until I fit that part about my head,
 Even if it is a flicker on my flesh,
 An echoing senselessness.
 At least I seem to dream.

*From Shakespeare Edition, Spring 1987



Kandie Graff

A Dream of Burial

I knew that somewhere outside, the horse
 Stood saddled, browsing in grass, waiting for me.
 Titled and stained by wind in a field of snow,
 Toward a dark building. Inside the dream,
 I dreamed on. Faint mosquitos near still water lay
 White as the skein of a spider floating.
 I listened for the sea to call me.
 A parade of old women sang softly above me;
 Nothing was left but my right foot
 And left shoulder, so I waited in my corridor.

Bonnie McCowan

Other Worlds

I was near sleep
 When I first saw them,
 All in a line,
 Marching beside her through the grass.

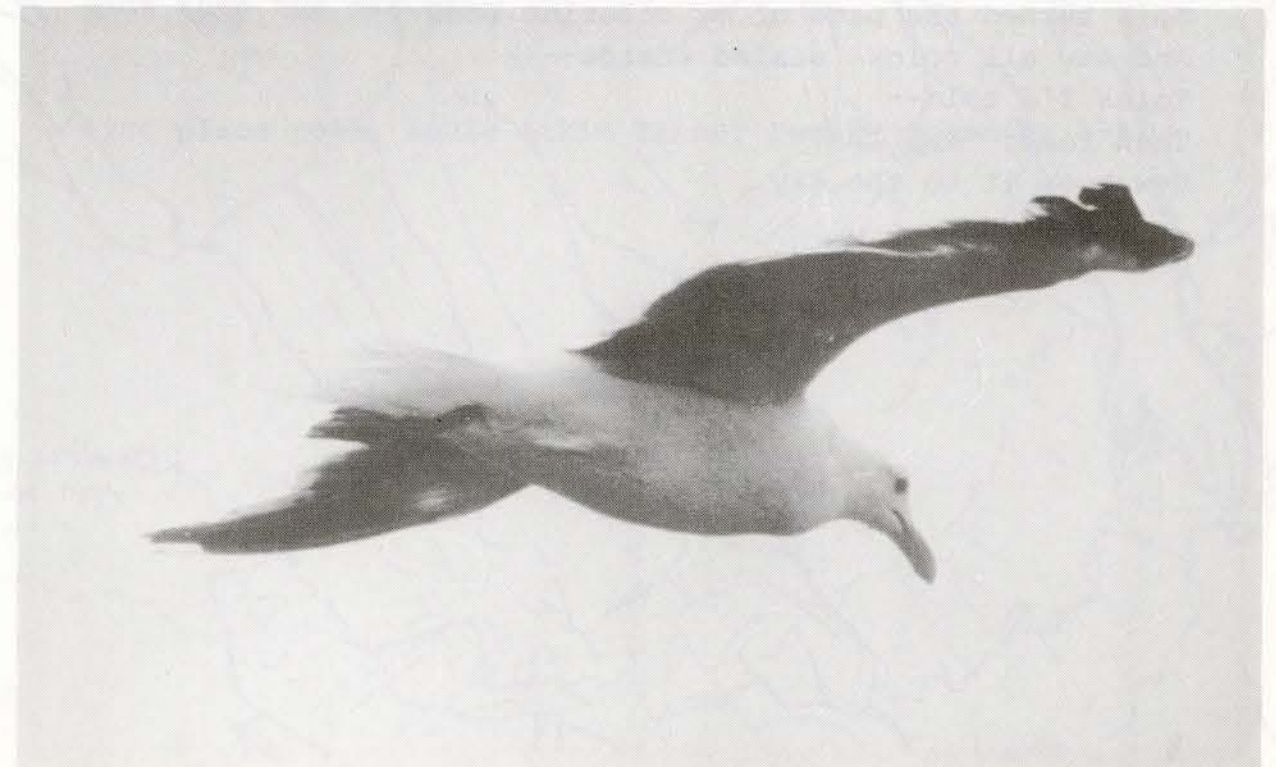
When shade from the giant willow
 Cast a shadow across their path,
 And a deep burgundy sunset
 Painted the landscape, a fiery blaze.

Now, remembering her beauty,
 With sad faces, their heavy hearts stung,
 They carried the princess aloft to the burial ground,
 Moving cautiously among the flames.

Bonnie McCowan

Fly White for Life

All were slumbering
 On the island of Naxos,
 Ariadne content in her dreams.
 When, barren, she woke to death's sign,
 Flying a furlong away in half-light,
 Her love became an illusion on the sea mist
 And her life like the labyrinth
 With no clue of escape.
 She would have cried a warning,
 But, forbidden by the gods, she
 Reposed among empty deeds
 In endless chambers
 While black sails, driven by the winds,
 Ushered Theseus into a new generation.



Sarah Montes

Coloring Book

Turn the pages of my coloring book;
 Changing pictures,
 Funny lines
 Upside down
 Turned around in my eyes.
 Connect the dots,
 Jigsaw puzzle,
 Prisms in my mind
 Cleverly placed
 In a maze--
 One piece at a time.
 Sometimes I'd make burnt flames
 That kindled beyond the page
 Or a sweet, dewy whisper,
 Chiming through the day.
 Feelings I would make appear--with a funny pattern--

The picture is clear.
 So I turned the page of my coloring book
 And saw all colors sealed inside--
 Tales I'd told--
 Then read, "The End."
 Now toss it to the sky.

Kris Shipp

Dancing Crayolas*

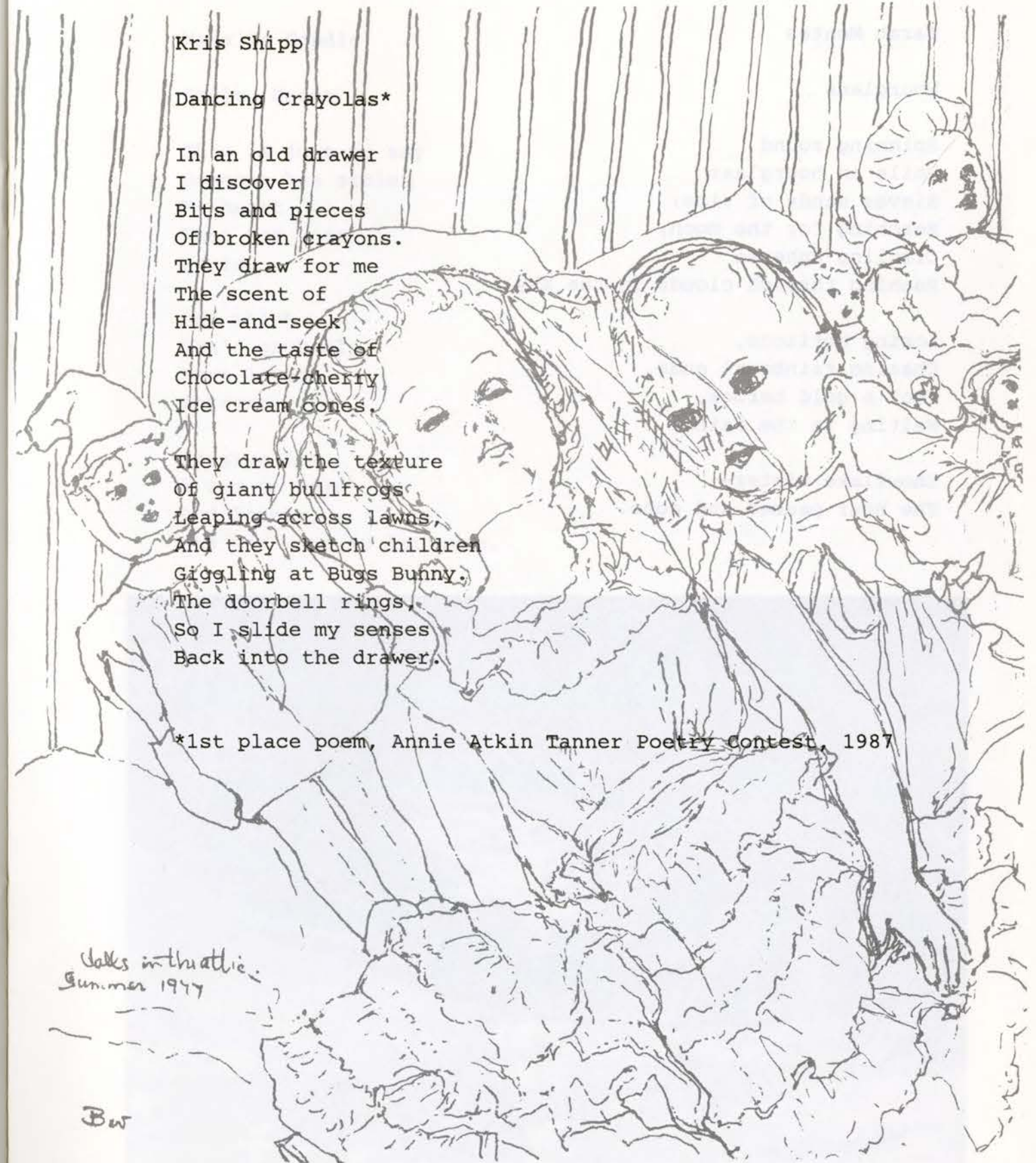
In an old drawer
 I discover
 Bits and pieces
 Of broken crayons.
 They draw for me
 The scent of
 Hide-and-seek
 And the taste of
 Chocolate-cherry
 Ice cream cones.

They draw the texture
 Of giant bullfrogs
 Leaping across lawns,
 And they sketch children
 Giggling at Bugs Bunny.
 The doorbell rings,
 So I slide my senses
 Back into the drawer.

*1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1987

*Chalk in the attic
 Summer 1977*

Bw



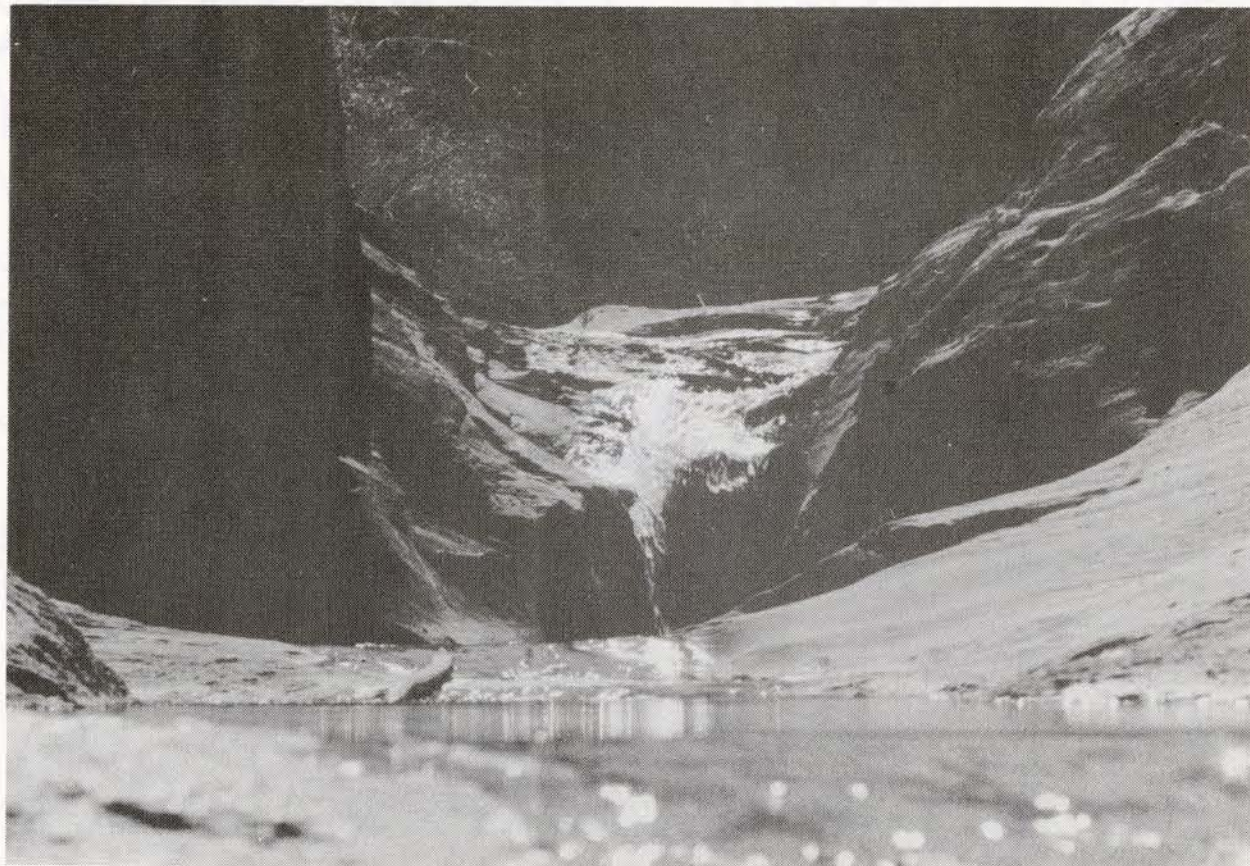
Sarah Montes

Hourglass

Spinning round
While an hourglass
Sieves sands of time;
Reaching for the moon,
Circling spheres
Running through clouds in the sky.

Losing horizons,
Chasing rainbows' ends,
Fool's gold heroes,
Melting in the rain.

Snowflake winter--
The hour passed and gone.



Natalie Condie

Stolen Heart

This is just to say
Someone has stolen
My heart
That was once
Yours.

And which
You'd probably
Have loved
Forever.

Forgive him.
I was so near
And lonely,
And you were so far away.

Kris Shipp

Canyon Cove

Remember the night
We sat on a hillside boulder?
We seemed suspended
Above candled city lights
Reflecting in the irises
Of our eyes.

Our dream was
To have the lights
Shine upon our house
Windows, to display
The fingerprints
Of our children.

Now when the
Rays shine, you
Pass through the shadows
Out of my view.



Rich Cronshey

Images of Baltic Sea

on days of pause with twilight tides
the sun hesitates leaking pale
that yawns over an idle sea
windless, ringing like hands endlessly
reaching

slow sea arches like backs of whales
worn and old, dissolved in old men's dreams

and reptile fogs
fattened by that pulse of sleep
ooze indolent onto ancient stones
and feed moss
on trees

where ferns grow old.

111. *Achieved Dreams.*

*"Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep."*

... William Shakespeare

Reality Dream

My dreams are made of
words that sing, a castle ruled by a
golden king, a white horse sailing on
silver wings, seasons changed to
summer's spring. As I
peer in the mirror and hope to see my il-
lusions turn to re-al-i-ty,
look in my eyes and we both see our il-
lusions be-come re-al-i-ty.

Ace G. Pilkington

Reality Dream

My dreams are made of words that sing,
A castle ruled by a golden king,
A white horse sailing on silver wings,
Seasons changed to summer's spring.

Chorus:

As I peer in a mirror and hope to see
My illusions turn to reality,
Look in my eyes and we both see
Our illusions become reality.

All the dangers that haunt the dark
On a moonless night with no star's spark--
Fire dragons and witches who catch the heart
Surround me while my dreams go free.

Chorus.

My love is made from words that reach
Beyond magic castles and shining kings
On a wind of wishes whispering,
But every dream is a fantasy.

Chorus.

Kris Shipp

The Child Behind the Poet

Charles Simic crawls inside
His poems
And commands them
To dance life
Through a child's eyes,

Skiping through the stanzas,
Magnifying what he
Sees with such clarity
That only the small ones
Truly understand.



Sarah Montes

Pearls and Jade

A child's game was a riddle;
Depending on the angle,
It revealed hidden truths.
With childish eyes,
The game was played,
Though blindly misunderstood.

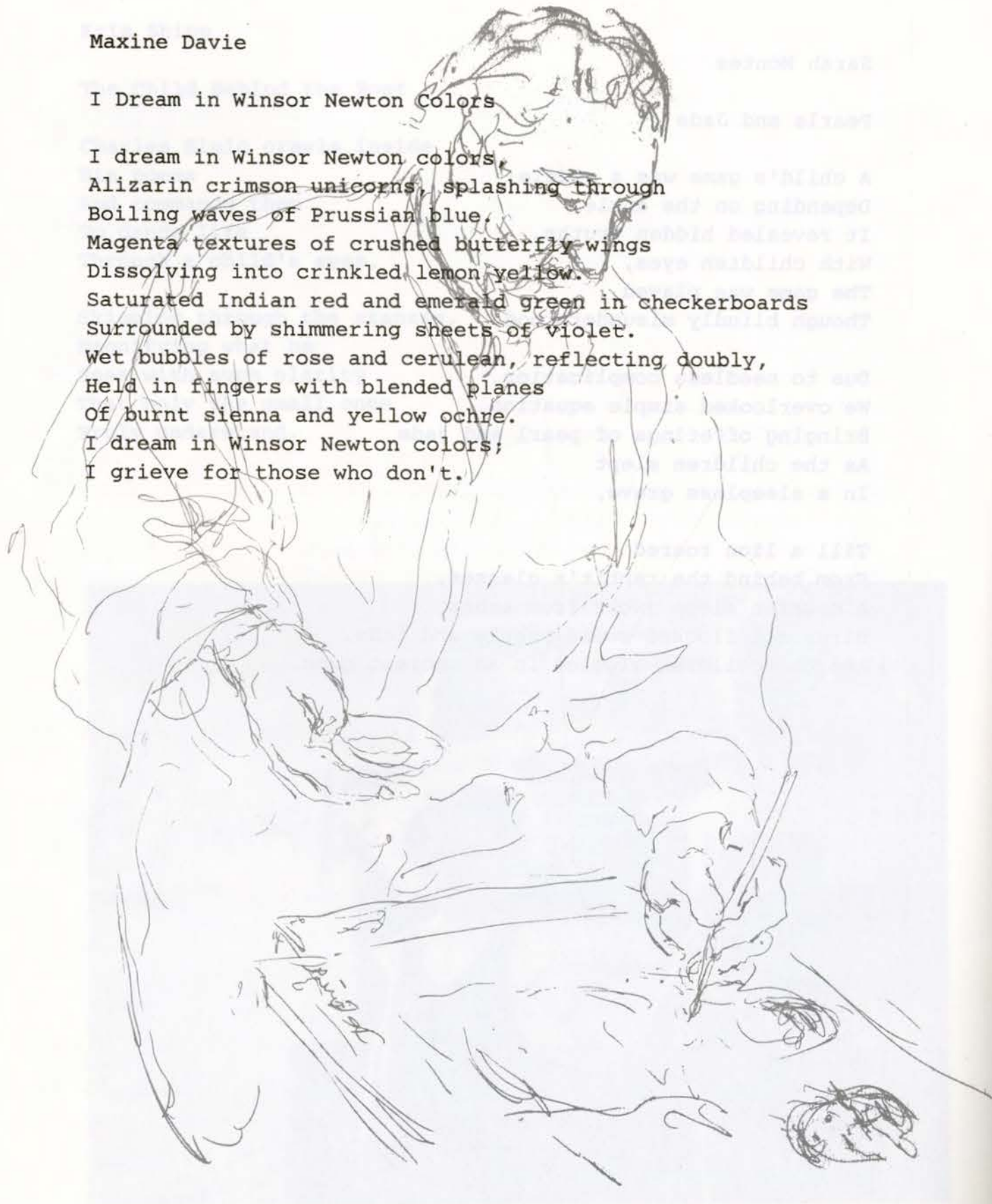
Due to needless complication,
We overlooked simple equation,
Bringing offerings of pearl and jade
As the children slept
In a sleepless grave,

Till a lion roared
From behind the rabbit's glasses,
A drunken sleep awoke from ashes,
Birds all flocked round pearls and jade,
And the children giggled in an ancient game.

Maxine Davie

I Dream in Winsor Newton Colors

I dream in Winsor Newton colors,
 Alizarin crimson unicorns, splashing through
 Boiling waves of Prussian blue,
 Magenta textures of crushed butterfly wings
 Dissolving into crinkled lemon yellow.
 Saturated Indian red and emerald green in checkerboards
 Surrounded by shimmering sheets of violet.
 Wet bubbles of rose and cerulean, reflecting doubly,
 Held in fingers with blended planes
 Of burnt sienna and yellow ochre.
 I dream in Winsor Newton colors;
 I grieve for those who don't.



Lynnae Burton

Ballerina

Slowly,
 She whirls in my mind.
 I reach for my pen
 To capture her.
 She cannot be confined,
 Like thinning fog.
 One moment she is real,
 The next, a dream.
 Like a fragile note,
 She twirls through the light
 As if it were a stage,
 And when she meets the edge,
 Her silver magic fades.

Maxine Davie

The Play

I borrowed the images
Of some people I know
For a three-act play
That I was producing in my mind.
Their projection was excellent,
Their expressions and actions superb,
And I, also the protagonist,
Applauded in awe of their performance.
But then, while I was trying to work out
The movements for the final scene,
They all slipped from the theatre
To speak with their agents
And left me directing, with great enthusiasm,
A deserted stage.

Wendy Harris

Fire

Together as one
In the yellow and orange waltz.
The dance changes tempo,
Heated fingers snap,
And tempers burn,
As the pitch quickens.
Passion flares
And all that is left
Are smoldering embers.

Kris Shipp

Leaves melt to moist grass,
Huddling in neon piles:
A labyrinth for mice.

Joni Kerr

The Masterpiece

Fragrant petals trace my nose, as a sable black caress,
 Veiled blue tickle, tresses brush my waist,
 A lover's lively thought, played in thick ribbon red,
 Vibrant emerald shivers, breezes soothe torrid sweat,
 Adrenalin yellow flashes, blasting down the highway,
 Deep violet charges, wind over December seas,
 Flannel gray glow, found secure in mother's bed,
 Soft white quivers, a fetal flutter made.

Feelings are tinted with seasons,
 Senses in shades, like evenings,
 The mind's eye sharpened with tones.
 My soul is all colors, showing me home,
 Experience and artwork,
 A masterpiece by Monet.



Melinda Durrant

It rained today, an English rain.
 As I sat drying and dreaming
 By the fire,
 Purple, prancing ghosts of you
 Circled my head
 And beckoned me home.

I was warm and drowsy,
 Content to be alone,
 So I stirred the fire to blazing,
 Chased your ghosts away,
 Then settled back and closed my eyes
 While I listened to the patter
 Of an English rain.

Maxine Davie

Pruning

I have pruned my trees each autumn
By the chart in the gardeners' guide,
Amputating overzealous branches,
Cropping sprigs to measured size.

Summer foliage hides them mercifully
With a precisely perfect growth,
But winter gales expose them
As gnarled and crippled ghosts.

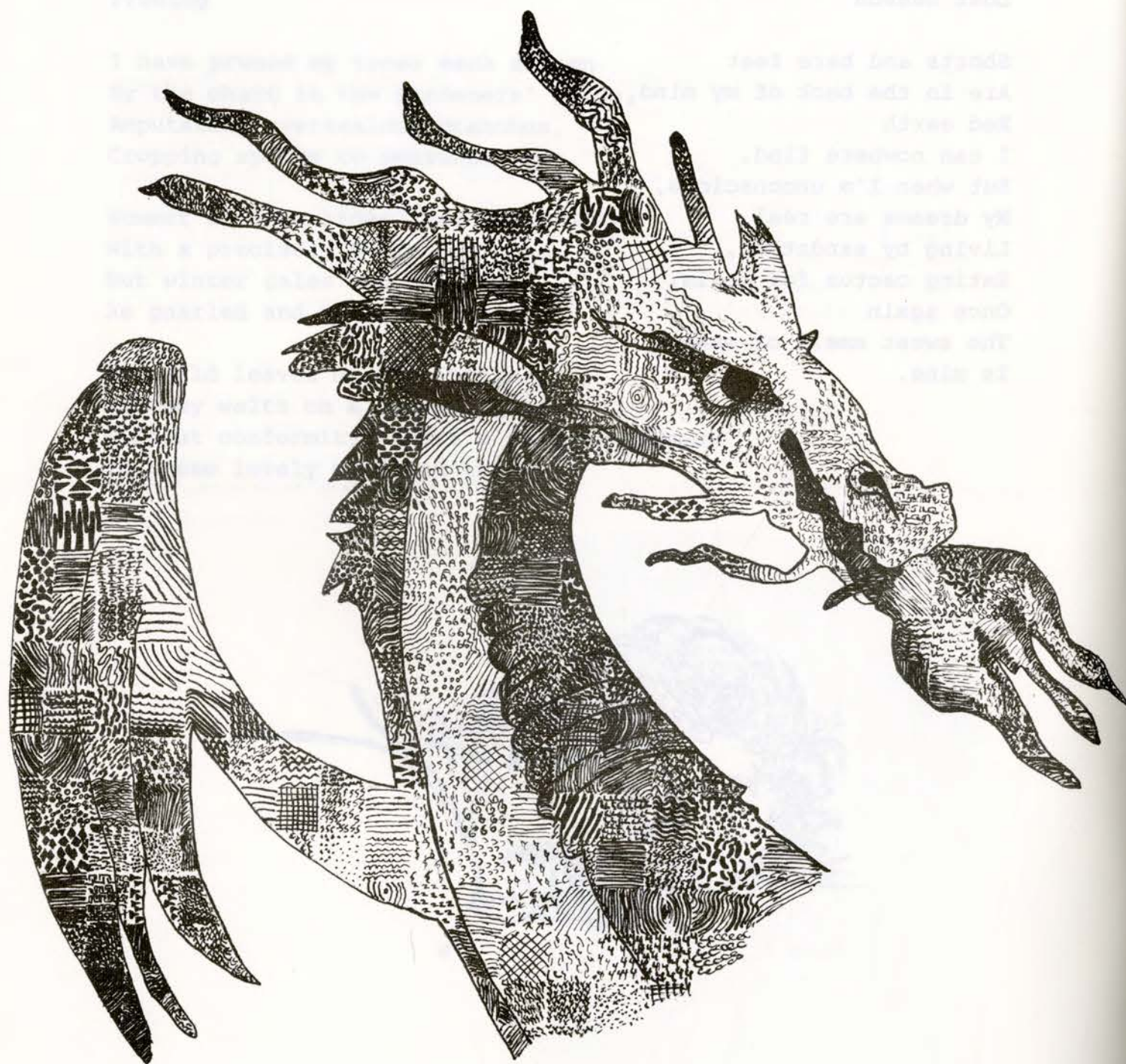
Now wild leaves make me notice,
As they waltz on a lilting breeze,
Without conformity, there's perfect harmony
In these lovely woodland trees.

James McCowan

Lost Season

Shorts and bare feet
Are in the back of my mind,
Red earth
I can nowhere find.
But when I'm unconscious,
My dreams are real,
Living by sandstone,
Eating cactus for meals.
Once again
The sweet smell of sage
Is mine.





Sarah Montes

The Way from Hell*

I want to kick a hole in the sun
And watch space fall in.
It would melt to the earth
Like rain on the sea,
A bow of burning wax.

Stop--a motion of my hand--and they would freeze.
Spear crystals from the sky,
Icicle heaven dripping on hell.

Up frosted spirals
To the hole I'd kicked,
I walked to a star.

*2nd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest, 1987

Ben Higbee

Photographs To Feed the Media Furnace

Wrinkled infrared prints cry,
As bloodbath violence forms in my eyes.
Nerve aching fleshtones move to the sound
Of a deep feeling--animal nature.

I watch from the alizaron window,
Its heavy color of crimson
Building the scene from a death-soul.
I close my eyes
To close the box . . .
It traps the hate
And eats the wailing.
Front page material this will be,
An award around an icicle neck,
Holding up the clockwork head.
Life beats; the drum's destroyed
All for (and in) a precise rhythm,
Chaotic screams inside a void of calm,
The crying prints a mirror of the life song.



Ben Hogue

Photographs to find the media partners

Wrinkles in your face are

As if you had been crying

Since you were a child

Of a deep red heart

I watch from the side

Its heavy color of

Building the

I close my

The close

It says

And now

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Fred Friese

After devouring all my recollections of flavor,
I dreamt stones to be velvet cushions
And sank in amazing comfort,
Gazing off at your city's great horizon,
The luminous towers, the steeples glowing from within,
Wheels of glorious festival and small colored lights.
There is the roof of an empty hospital
And there the homes of all my friends
Who will welcome my return.

Maxine Davie

The Year I Owned a Horse

My face felt hot and angry again as I plodded home from school. I looked for something vulnerable to destroy, but all I found was a rusty bolt lying in the gravel. I kicked it, and it skittered off into the dead leaves alongside the road. Lunging fiercely, I sent the leaves flying in slimy clumps. I detested going to school. I hated having to learn empty information that I didn't care about and being around kids who talked incessantly about football games and movies and drivers' licenses. At fifteen, I didn't care about any of those things; I only cared about horses. I dreamed about them and daydreamed about them. I read everything about them from the library and got into trouble almost every day for drawing them instead of doing history or algebra. "In this whole stupid world," I seethed, "with thousands and millions of horses, why can't I have just one?"

But I knew why. My mother was a widow, scraping doggedly to raise four kids on what she made waitressing at a cheap coffee shop. We had no pasture, no barn, no money for hay, no money for anything. All of that wouldn't have mattered, I felt, if my mother had at least wished with me that I could have a horse. I think she hated horses as much as I loved them, and the more I loved them and talked about them, the more she hated them and talked against them. Along with her dislike for horses came a dislike for me because I just couldn't be "practical" and stop all of "this horse-crazy stuff."

My grandpa, who was my mother's father, had a barn and pasture not far from us where once he had kept his prized logging team, a pair of huge matched Percherons with glistening dark coats and streaming white fetlocks and manes. I had often stared at the old photographs of grandpa standing tall beside them, hat cocked to one side and eyes shining with pride. He was too old to drive a team anymore or to ride, but he still looked almost the same, tall and brown and muscular. He worked long hours taking care of his little ten acre farm, hauling hay and milking a couple of cows as he had for almost seventy years. My mother sometimes lost her temper with him, saying he had no need to keep up that pace, but he never listened. He just did what he pleased, and I was glad. I liked to tag along behind him as he worked, never talking much because grandpa wasn't a talker. I just handed him things sometimes and mostly watched him. He knew how much I loved horses. "Just like your grandma," he said once, but that was all.

Sometimes he would talk to me when I was drawing horses at his house, giving me suggestions if the withers were too high or the legs a bit too long or the hooves too flared--things that only a horseman would know. One day he watched me staring sad-eyed at a drawing and bargained with me that

if I would earn enough money to pay half, we would buy a horse. Half the price of a horse "worth his salt," as grandpa said, was to me like half enough to buy New York City, but it was at least a dream to pretend, so I began saving every quarter or dollar I earned babysitting or picking raspberries or cleaning for Mr. Woodward. Almost half a year passed, and the money in grandpa's cupboard totaled only thirty-seven dollars. My mother stormed angrily about thirty-seven dollars being more than enough to buy a warm winter coat, but my old coat was still good enough. I was just resentful that it was so hard for me to earn money--not like Linda Clayton who earned a dollar an hour from her parents for practicing piano. Thoughts of how unequal life is joined my discontent with school and produced a violent kick that made the rusty bolt disappear into the stubble of the winter-grayed wheat field.

That winter passed with its cutting blizzards, typical of such hard farm country. When finally the first crop of alfalfa began to push through the icy mud in grandpa's field, the little jar still held only forty-six dollars. "I'll be grandpa's age," I wailed internally, "before I earn enough to pay half the cost of a horse." Fate, assisted by my grandpa, however, changed my life one day as I came scowling home from school. A curiously jumbled silhouette appeared far down the road and grew larger and larger until I could make out the shape of a man walking a horse. This was in no way an unusual sight, except that this man walked like my grandpa. I ran wildly, afraid that I was wrong, sure that I was, but still hoping my grandfather was leading the most beautiful horse that I had ever seen. Not that this one was in reality as beautiful as many other horses I had seen, but he was to be mine, so his unremarkable configuration, with a slightly roman nose and an ordinary white splotch between his eyes, made this tall, blood-bay gelding as beautiful as the most enchanted of medieval chargers.

We named him Jake, a respectable horse name grandpa said, and so began the most wonderful year that I had ever known. Grandpa helped me set up a trough from a sawed oil drum, showed me how many "leaves" of hay a horse should be fed and how to clean out a barn properly and lay fresh straw. All of these things that should have been work were unspeakable pleasure to me, and though my grandpa never said it, I think he enjoyed having a horse around again too.

My summer that year was lived on horseback. I would get up very early and do my work so that I could be gone before anyone else was awake. I followed all of the trails into the mountains that I had heard others talk about and sometimes raced around the old track at the fairgrounds. I liked to ride him bareback, knees high and squeezing, moving exactly with the animal, imagining myself to be part of him, like the Indians did. I loved him as much as I always knew I would love a horse of my own, and each magical morning as I tromped through the dewy pasture, he would

nicker softly and come to rest his nose on my shoulder--he loved me too.

The more time I spent with the horse, the more my mother found reasons why I shouldn't have him. Sometimes in a rage, she would threaten to sell him so that I would "get myself back down to earth." In any other situation, I would have believed her; she was a person who carried out her threats, but I knew that Jake was legally my grandpa's horse, and he would never let my mother sell him.

The thunderstorms began early that fall, dark and foreboding. I used to go sit hunched in the pasture and watch Jake race around the field, snorting and jumping stiff-legged, pretending fright at the storm. Winter seemed to remain suspended in ice. I kept Jake in the barn except for a few hours a day, and I stayed in the house with towels stuffed under the doors to keep out the howling wind. I drew picture after picture of Jake, and my mother glared. I thought spring would never come, but finally it did, with an unexpected oozing thaw and tender blades pushing up through the soggy fields.

One yellow-green day, I flew home from school, too excited to be unhappy. I hurriedly changed into old clothes and came crashing out of the front door, almost knocking a solemn-looking old farmer off the front steps. He was a friend of my grandfather but had never come to our house before. Instinctively, I became as solemn as he was.

"Is your mother home?" he asked, looking down at his cracked boots.

"No, she's not home from work yet." I felt my throat tighten with apprehension. I didn't want to ask why. I wanted him to go away.

"Well," he began, looking up briefly with red rimmed sagging eyes, "I wanted to tell her myself, but she's not here, huh? You better tell her then. Her dad was helping me irrigate. We've been helping each other irrigate for over thirty years now." He halted abruptly and painfully tried to pull strength from his tired, shrunken body.

My breath stopped, my eyes closed. Silently, I begged, "No, please don't say it, don't say . . ."

"He, he had a heart attack. He's gone; I think he died before he even hit the ground. I'm sorry; they already come and took 'im away to the mortuary. You tell your mother, will you. Tell her I'm sorry about her dad."

"Her dad?" I wanted to scream. "That's my grandfather you're talking about, the only person in this world who knows me, the only person who cares." But instead, I felt my mouth forming words, making a ridiculous response, "Yes, I'll tell her. Thank you."

I sat rigidly, silently, in my mother's green chair by the window. My face burned, and my eyes felt as though they would burst from pressure, but the ragged hollowness inside was not compatible with tears. Something good and strong was gone; life would change now. I wished I didn't have to be a part of it, but my mother would need me.

I forced my body to stand up and turn a door handle in a room that it seemed I had never seen before. "Mother will be home in an hour," I said out loud to no one. "I'll tell her then, but right now, I have to go say goodbye to someone."

Maxine Davie

Geometrics

Narrow delineation of powdered red sand
Betrays the secret of unwilted sod,
Etches a precise rectangle around
A few square feet of living blades,
Undeniably pronouncing another life's cessation.

Robin Tsosie

Hands

Grandmother's hands,
Hands of the past,
Old, wrinkled,
Yet still alive
With the movement
Of soft blowing wind,
As they rush
From one side of the rug
To the other
In the round hogan
Which she built
To protect us,
Her family.
My mother's hands,
Hands of the present,
Dark and strong,
Going round and round
In a basket
Of blue corn meal
Or across the keys
Of the typewriter.
My hands,
Hands of the future
That write across a paper
In a public school
In a home
Not a hogan,
And yet
My hands
Belong to the Navajos.



Andie Nielsen

The Almost Witch

When I was small,
I wanted to be a witch.
I wanted to fly into the moon-lit sky
And turn the pearly stars a purple hue
Because purple was my favorite color.
I wanted to be able to cackle and screech and sneer
Without a mother to say,
"Your baby sister is sleeping."
But mostly, I wanted to be a witch
So that I could concoct a potion that would
Turn my brother into a toad.
But once,
My brother mistook an experimental potion
For a glass of punch
And got a horrible tummy-ache
Which was almost as good.



Ben Higbee

A porch for wasting time on, wood
So worn by endless rock-a-bye,
This boredom bliss; its comfort baby.
My wrinkles sag and form into the grain
Of fine wood in antique table tops.
In time I put my holy trust
To keep my life (in other minds).
This play of mine--the trees I climb,
Rivers I cross with laughing ghosts
Of the past ho-hum, a dull day lost.
I sit and watch big cars go by
And wish I'd lived another life
In past or present, future day;
Soldier, hero, if time permits,
I'll dream I'd done (and lived) it all.
My child soul's alive . . . in time
It still exists in vibrant mind.

HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

1950-51	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Lorraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Rose Esplin
1953-57	No magazine published	
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin	Juanita Brooks
1960-61	Titine Spillsbury	Reed Blake, Jr.
1961-62	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1962-63	Joan Esplin	Robert O. Dalton
1963-64	Ilene Harmon	Pansy L. Hardy
1964-65	Emily Cottam	Pansy L. Hardy
1965-66	Kay Lichtenwalter	Pansy L. Hardy
1966-67	James Force	Robert O. Dalton
	(second volume published)	
1967-68	James Force	Pansy L. Hardy
1968-69	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1969-70	Linda Sue Hunt	Pansy L. Hardy
1970-71	Roxanne Schmidt	Pansy L. Hardy
1971-72	Michelle Thomas	Pansy L. Hardy
1972-73	Gordon J. Peterson	Pansy L. Hardy
1973-74	Connie Gifford	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1974-75	Cathy Pam Heaton	Pansy L. Hardy & John G. Hacking
1976-77	Michael Perry	Janice F. DeMille
1977-78	Marilee Camp	James Force
1978-79	Bill Batzlie	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graff	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick, and Aderianna Smith	Ace G. Pilkington
1981-82	Melanie Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton	Ace G. Pilkington
1984-85	Julianna Burton	Ace G. Pilkington
1985-86	Janae Daley	Ace G. Plikington
1986-87	Bonnie McCowan & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington

