



A Midsummer Night's Dream

Southern Quill

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Dear Reader,

Will Shakespeare was a true Renaissance gentleman who considered himself a poet first of all. He is also a gentleman of our modern Renaissance or rebirth. He continues to be universal. For these reasons, the Southern Quill has chosen one of Shakespeare's comedies, A Midsummer Night's Dream, to unfold and direct the literature that we, as students, consider our best.

There are similarities in our natural world and the magical wood near Athens. The young lovers who live to be loved and foolishly follow changeable dreams are not unlike ourselves.

The roles that we cast ourselves in are those that mask our true personalities. We seem unrefined, comical, and uneducated to our many audiences.

Then, as we learn the realities, our minds turn inward to examine what's there. We find expanding dreams, creative characters, and unspeakable fantasies. Through our secret thoughts, we can identify with Puck, Oberon, and Titania. Their world is natural magic and ours is natural wonder.

The refinement of ourselves may never be complete, but yet we seek to have culture, gentle power, strength, and complete understanding just as Theseus does. When he speaks, we find an authority that all the people of Athens recognize. We too recognize perfection.

. . . Dianna Kearney

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Young Lovers



*"The course of true love
never did run smooth."*

-Lysander

Hermia and Lysander are in love and want to get married, but Hermia's father insists that she marry the man of his choice--Demetrius. In fact, Hermia's father is so sure that he is right and his daughter is wrong that he rushes off to the ruler of Athens, Duke Theseus, and demands that Hermia be compelled to follow his wishes. Theseus gives Hermia three choices: she can marry Demetrius, she can enter a nunnery, or she can die the death--three alternatives which she finds about equally attractive. So Hermia and Lysander decide to run away together, which should have solved all of their problems. But the two of them get lost in a forest. And Hermia has told her best friend, Helena, about the elopement. And Helena, who is in love with Demetrius despite the fact that he jilted her when he fell in love with Hermia, tells him. So Demetrius follows Hermia into the forest, and Helena follows Demetrius, and they all get lost together. And if this weren't trouble enough, the forest is no ordinary forest but an enchanted wood, filled to bursting with elves, love charms, and mischievous hobgoblins, a place where the young lovers may not only lose or find their way but also themselves.

Young Lovers

Have you forgotten how it feels to find a friend?

I remember.

There's a newness of sharing secrets

With silent words.

This is how it was once--

When we were young.

Remember the day we sat in the car,

Laughing and lounging in the spring sun?

We were unnoticed by the girl across the street,

And untouched by the late, lingering winter chill.

We just sat there soaking and counting our dreams--

They were so similar.

But I think you've forgotten the butterflies

That we stole from the sunshine that day.

Remember how we put them in a glass jar

To keep forever?

Well, I think they are just like snowballs

In the summer.

They melt.

Our butterflies melted back into the sunshine--

I guess just where they belong.

But each time I feel the sun

On a cool, lazy day,

I'm warm with "glass jar thoughts" of you.

. . . Dianna Kearney

I was awakened this morning by the sound of rain;
Warm dreams were shocked into reality
As lonely, liquid drops fell to the ground outside.
A dark singleness had filled my room.

A glowing knock warmed my life,
While bunched rain kissed the window glass;
The door was opened as microscopic worlds
Danced on the streets;
A face, a friend, another world dawned.

. . . Jill Berger

Beginnings

With tawny tint

The sun descends,

Chill pierces like a fife.

To feel the fervent flame take rise

Makes more the warmth of life.

Tinder always crackling,

Wind swaying idle trees,

Streams singing quiet love songs,

Pine scent pouring through the breeze.

And with the night comes wonder

As the embers glimmer on.

These mountains proud with splendor

All begin with just the dawn.

. . . Dawn Houghton

Daisies

The daisies in the springtime dew,
Meant to measure
He loves me,
He loves me not.
Woven instead by your gentle hands
Into a daisy wreath,
Placed upon my wind-whispered hair.
There was no need
To measure our love.

. . . Melinda Durrant



It is all easy--
The touch, the kiss, the words
Flowing into each other as if
They had never in their long linguistic lives
Had edges to keep them apart.

How hard it is then
To suffer separation of any size,
To be pushed back by a soft silence,
A flurried hesitation;
To find that for a splinter of time
Misunderstandings move in our world.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

Touching your tears
Makes them seem real,
So just let me sit
And watch. . .
While I enjoy
The trust you've
Left on your cheeks.

. . . Dianna Kearney

I saw you,
And wondered.
And as I wondered
You turned,
looked,
And walked away.
And I was left,
Alone.

. . . Karen Lloyd

How bright confusion shines,
How swift it flies--
The sound of its wings
Is sudden as a sigh,
A phoenix burning
As it sweeps across the sky.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

Void

All alone tonight I ache
So softly; I close my eyes,
Trying to remember your touch, your love,
Still it seems long and far away.
Then I sense the shaping of my soul
Into a cool, soft wind,
And I drift across the lands.

To you, my love, I appear in a mist,
A ghost of myself before.
You hear a faint, eerie melody,
Sense the breath of lavender and lace.
Close your eyes and I am there,
A spirit in your dreams.

Hauntingly, bells begin to chime,
The winds must change
And mists must rise;
I too must flow away.
But now, with me, memories flutter back
And, whole again,
My love takes shape.

. . . Melinda Durrant

I'm Afraid I've Forgotten

You poured me a drink,
But I didn't dare thank you;
Afraid what you'd think,
I forgot what to call you.
I remembered last night,
Last night--when I met you--
Why can't I remember now?

Your clock ticks so loudly;
I usually don't mind
When things are played loudly,
But why are you playing
So much on my feelings?
You know I don't like
Competing--competing--
In games I'm not sure that I'm winning.

Can you see that I'm sorry?
I've got to be going;
At least those on the sidewalk
Don't know what I'm doing,
Who I am, where I'm heading,
And I can forget them
Like names in a phone book,
In a booth, on a road, in a town
I'm forgetting.

. . . Kendra Williams

Loss

I left you
Far away and alone
For the cause of us both,
And the freedom of you and me.
I felt assured
The teary goodbye
Would become a satisfied smile
As time and miles grew.
Instead the emptiness soared
While the memories
Became shadows, unforgotten.
I ache the loss.

And in every corner,
Every place,
Within each day's crowd,
I see your face.
Your burning eyes reflect smoky moments--
Past days and lacy nights,
Stolen kisses,
Under a veil of intricate stars.

I can behold--
In your vision--
The clearness would echo and gleam.
If we met
Once again,
I would feel you were mine,
And I shiver;
It's driving me mad.

. . . Melinda Durrant

I watch the gentle summer rain
Fall down upon
The sizzling, dusty-dry streets
In the noisy city.
It purifies the formerly
Heat-drenched days.

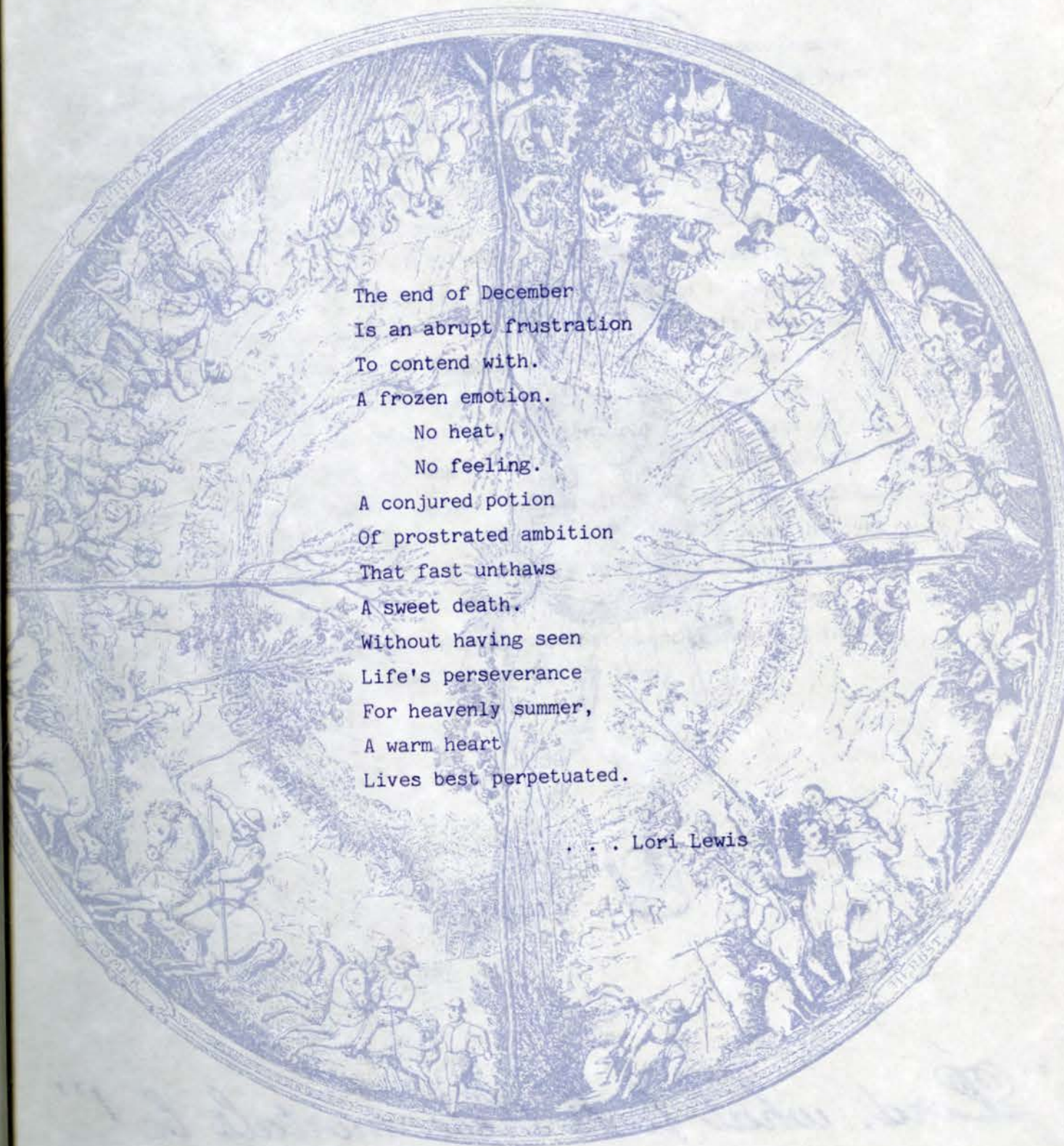
At last the billowy, laden clouds
Of pain, found deep within my eyes,
Are pouring forth.
Cool tears cleanse my soul
Of the reminiscent sorrow,
Of you.

. . . Melinda Durrant

One Day

Soft bright dawn
Awakening to promise,
A new day
Full of if's and and's--
Patterns to make--
Seconds slipping quietly by,
Impatient to do.
Now it is midday,
Inexorably slow
Tempo increases--
Must catch each moment,
Precious as quicksilver,
Gone as fast--
Where is it--I've only begun.
What? It's over
So fast--no recalling--
Spent, over, done,
But I'm not finished.

. . . Montrue G. Larkin



The end of December
Is an abrupt frustration
To contend with.
A frozen emotion.
No heat,
No feeling.
A conjured potion
Of prostrated ambition
That fast unthaws
A sweet death.
Without having seen
Life's perseverance
For heavenly summer,
A warm heart
Lives best perpetuated.

. . . Lori Lewis

Players



"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Duke Theseus is planning to marry Hippolyta, the Amazon Queen, in four days' time, and as part of the celebration, he has asked for entertainments from all parts of Athenian society. As a result, a group of working men put together what may be the worst play in the history of the theatre and go off to the forest (Yes, the forest that is already crowded with elves and young lovers.) to rehearse it. Their ostensible reason for going is to prevent anyone from stealing their ideas, but a more likely explanation is that it's hard to rehearse with casual passersby throwing fruit and bricks. So, their problems should have been solved. But a passing hobgoblin (Puck or, as he's sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) indulges in a little dramatic criticism of his own, and transforms the star of the play, Nick Bottom, into an ass from the neck up. The other members of the cast run off in fright, leaving Bottom to scratch his woolly head and look puzzled. But not for long. Puck has been busy dropping love juice into the eyes of all and sundry, and this charm now works on Titania, the Queen of the Fairies, causing her to fall in love with Nick Bottom. And so begins Bottom's dream, an inexpressible radiance that pierces even his thick skull with the light of understanding that is love.

Irony

Laugh,

Laugh again.

The world watches,

Silent,

Waiting.

You look back

Amused,

Laughing.

Irony.

The puppets

Performing.

The players,

Masked,

Hiding.

No one caring,

Only watching.

Reacting.

And you laugh

Again

In sorrow.

. . . Karen Lloyd

The Day Before Yesterday

Popsicles

All-day suckers

Catching dragonflies.

Freckles

Watching cartoons

Sunshine in our eyes.

Swingsets

Watercolors

Always playing jacks.

Watermelon

Rollerskating

Past fondness life now lacks.

. . . Dawn Houghton

To wear high-heels

Or fingerpaint,

To push a swing

Or meditate,

Laugh or cry,

I cannot say--

Puberty hit me today.

. . . Lollie Lyman

Let's Pretend

Each day began with the wonderful world of "Let's Pretend." Carole, who said, "I am five and will go to school next year," was a Fairy Princess before breakfast, her mother's robe making a long train behind her as she came down the hall.

"Come to breakfast, Carole," her mother urged, "Here is some hot cereal." But the Princess was far, far away in her pretend world.

As the sun rose higher into the sky, Carole changed from a princess to Mrs. Jones. As she knocked on the door, her mother called, "Come in, Carole." Carole replied, "I am not Carole; I'm Mrs. Jones." "Oh," exclaimed mother, "Where are you going, Mrs. Jones?"

Carole laughed and went skipping down the sidewalk. Her friend Kathy called, "Hello, Carole." But Carole said, "I'm not Carole, I'm Mrs. Jones and I'm going shopping."

Kathy watched Carole as she walked past the school and turned the corner to the store.

In a few minutes Carole came up the street from the store with a pretend package in her arms. She marched right past Kathy and Kevin and Darrin and knocked at her door. Her mother opened the door and said, "Hello, Mrs. Jones, how are you today? Won't you come in?"

Carole came in and set her pretend package on the chair and said, "I can only stay a minute or maybe five because I have to go home and feed the baby and get dinner for the children when they get home from school."

Carole ran out the door and went to play with Kathy. Now she was Carole, but it had been such fun to pretend and it was fun to be Carole again--Carole with a Fairy-Princess smile and the soft, assured walk of Mrs. Jones.

. . . Montrue Larkin

Boredom

Boredom makes things disappear

Like fingernail polish in flecks
And shiny specks

And useless food in cold containers
I too soon regret,

And black and blue ink
That I bruise on a paper

That should have been Monday's
But was left until Wednesday

And slow, small-town traffic,
Deserting the street

That I stare at and yawn at
In tired defeat,

And mail that stops coming

And a phone that's not there
Because of a bill that I'm running.

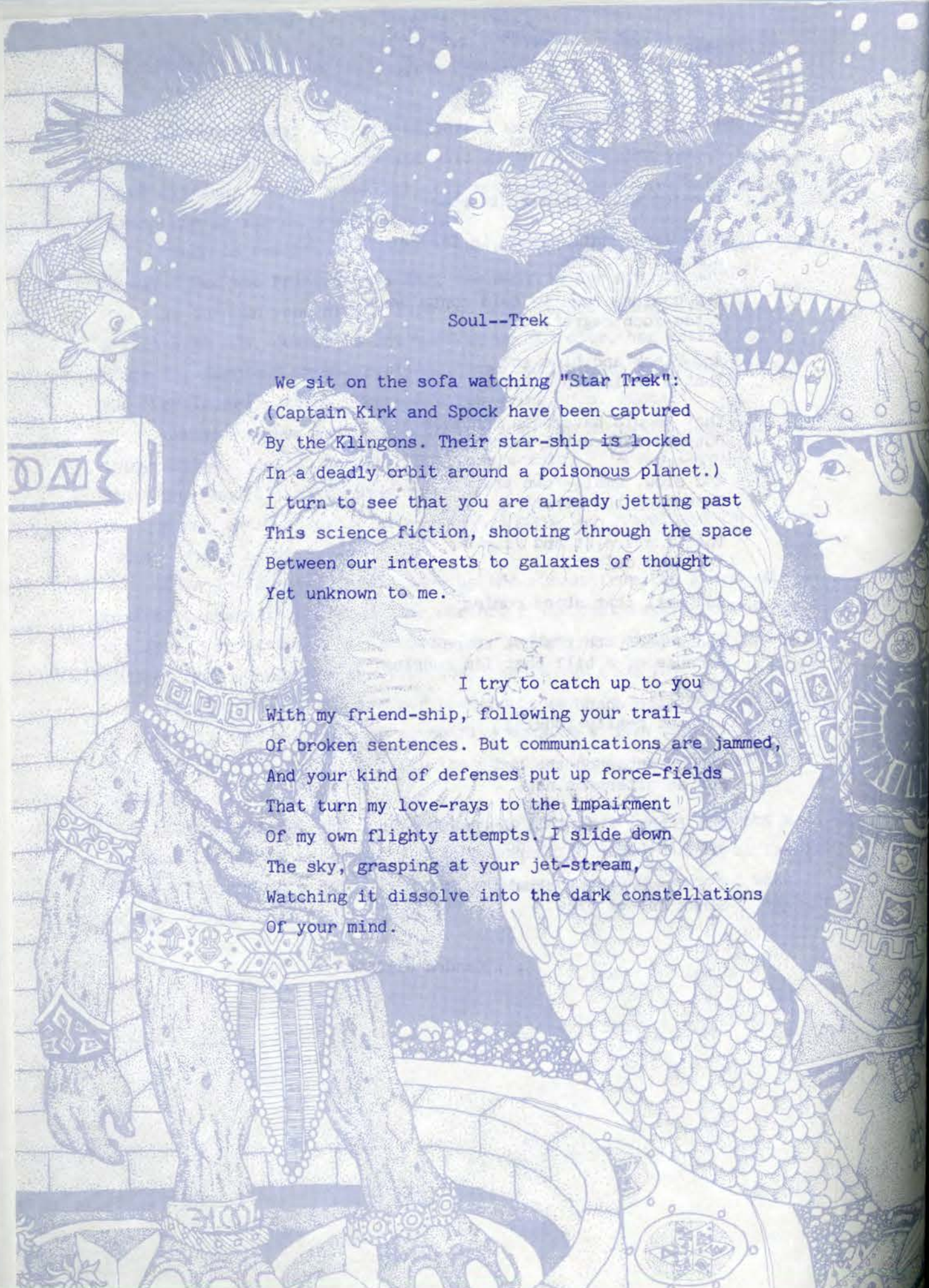
So I flip channels again
Without really looking

And collapse on the bed
For an afternoon nap,

And I hope that I'll dream of
Some things I could do

While everything slowly
Sinks out of view.

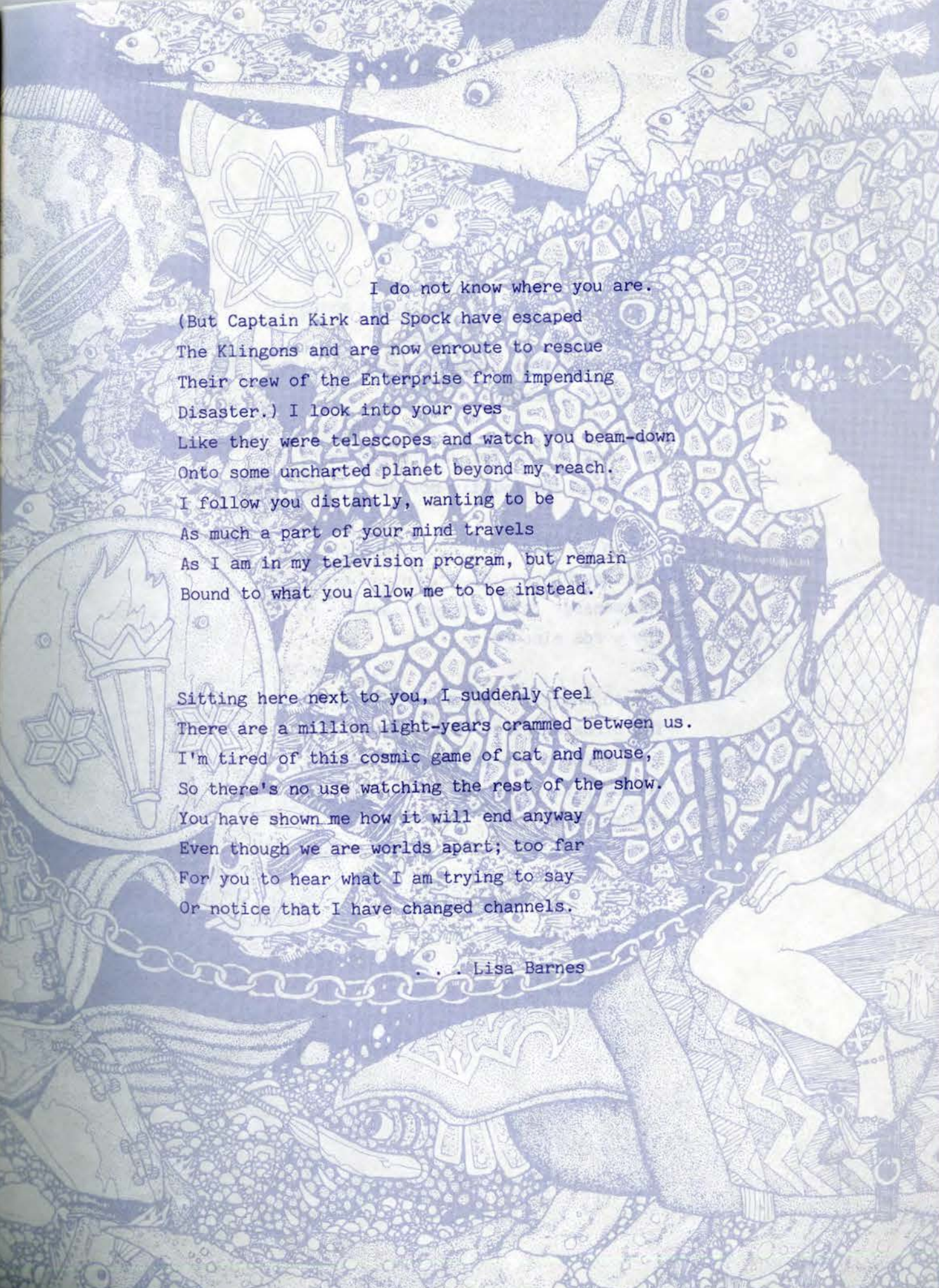
. . . Kendra Williams



Soul--Trek

We sit on the sofa watching "Star Trek":
(Captain Kirk and Spock have been captured
By the Klingons. Their star-ship is locked
In a deadly orbit around a poisonous planet.)
I turn to see that you are already jetting past
This science fiction, shooting through the space
Between our interests to galaxies of thought
Yet unknown to me.

I try to catch up to you
With my friend-ship, following your trail
Of broken sentences. But communications are jammed,
And your kind of defenses put up force-fields
That turn my love-rays to the impairment
Of my own flighty attempts. I slide down
The sky, grasping at your jet-stream,
Watching it dissolve into the dark constellations
Of your mind.



I do not know where you are.

(But Captain Kirk and Spock have escaped
The Klingons and are now enroute to rescue
Their crew of the Enterprise from impending
Disaster.) I look into your eyes
Like they were telescopes and watch you beam-down
Onto some uncharted planet beyond my reach.
I follow you distantly, wanting to be
As much a part of your mind travels
As I am in my television program, but remain
Bound to what you allow me to be instead.

Sitting here next to you, I suddenly feel
There are a million light-years crammed between us.
I'm tired of this cosmic game of cat and mouse,
So there's no use watching the rest of the show.
You have shown me how it will end anyway
Even though we are worlds apart; too far
For you to hear what I am trying to say
Or notice that I have changed channels.

... Lisa Barnes

My thoughts
Flash fleeting through my mind
As if with wings

And mock my pen for vain attempts
To change the swiftly moving birds to words.

For in my mind
The thoughts are clear,
The message bold,
The words sincere,

But on the page the meaning slips,
The birds disperse--away they flit--
I fear the birds have won again,
For they've outwitted tongue and pen.

. . . Jean Nielson

Ballerina's Lament

I dance alone,
I twirl and leap,
Shimmering below the lights.

In satin shoes
I pirouette
Pink, ribbon-tied on pointe.

My arabesque is
Endless reach;
I sense unending space.

If with you
I pas de deux,
Would I lose
Or gain much more?

. . . Melinda Durrant

Chances Are...

Youth--

Clear vision focused
On endless miracles
And energy
Eager beneath the surface,
Needing only
A path.

"Chances are..."

Subtle darkness blurs,
Distorts.
Miracles? Not now.
I'm tired. All this homework...
But
I'll get there.

"Statistics indicate..."

Daily.
A cycle, a circle
Of deadly repetition.
Opaque fog limits
Visibility.
If I can only get through
This day.
Miracles? I thought
I could, but
Somehow...

"Chances are..."
Not.

. . . Tovia Tracy

The home
The old home
Where the aged spend their time.

The smell
No fresh scents
Like two stenchs untidily combined.

A body
A small limp body
With a frail and fragile frame.

Their fingers
Long, lean fingers,
From whence delicate handiwork came.

An eye
A small dark eye
Whose past and present show.

A smile
A light, toothy smile
Where a half-fearful foolishness grows.

. . . Dawn Houghton

Beginning again . . . All over.
Tiring, striving, surviving
Wasting energy that wasn't stored very long;
Smiling until false wrinkles set in,
Aching with every sentence--
The soap opera goes on--
Fake people with fake dreams,
Fake their way through this life.
Wondering why unhappiness is so common,
Using cliches over and under,
Finding that credit cards can control
And game shows are interesting?
But they're different;
Things don't upset them,
So they keep buying name brands.

. . . Dianna Kearney



In Secure Insecurity

Tears burn through
Half-awakeness,
And the dulling of sleep is
Pierced by cruel,
Unbidden
Shafts of memory.
Released by the relaxing
Of sleep,
Dark mind hurls
Forgotten emotions. They
Splatter against my
Lachrymal glands.

Oh the ache
Of security
Lost.
"I want my
Mommy."

Sleep again claims
And shoots hurting
Back to my
Unconscious.
And I shut the door
And lock it.
Can't have that.
I'm an
Adult.

And with the morning
I stretch on a smile, forced
Like the others,
And walk out,
Briskly and decisively,
To join the other
Pretenders.

. . . Tovia Tracy

Utopias

No place is where I want to be,
Suspended in endless agony,
Peaceful and passionless,
Using my usefulness,
Only moderately.

. . . Dianna Kearney

Textbook
(Sung to the tune of "Broadsword")

I see a final on the horizon
Set under a midterm that hides the sun.
Bring me my textbook and clear understanding.
Bring me my Izod shirt as a talisman.
Get up to the dorm rooms on the cliff-top standing.
Take roommates and coeds and bed them down.

Bring me my textbook and clear understanding.
Bring me my Izod shirt as a talisman.
Bless with a shut mouth those who surround me.
Bless the roomies and coeds who firm our stands.
Put our seats in the cold chairs. Hold fast by the bleachers.
Sweet memories to drive us on for the four-point "O."

. . . Eric Wright

(With profound apologies to JETHRO TULL)

"Experts"

They are all professors of the ego,
Showing their personal histories
To the "students"
And making mountains out
Of valleys.

They are all professors of life,
Showing us how to prepare and
Pass the tests--
But not even framing
Their degrees.

They are all professors of success,
Doing responsible things
Beyond responsibility
But not letting the "students"
Have the experiences to feel capable,
"The success of self-knowledge."

These are the experts,
The idols,
The examples,
And the judges among us.
They love the awe of attention, the
Mask of false knowledge,
And the feeling of foolish achievement.

. . . . Dianna Kearney



Flawless Dreams

Men are interesting:
From a distance they are
Strong, solid, flawless dreams,
Hard to figure.
Up close
Solid dissolves,
Strong quivers,
And flawless dreams become
Painful realities.
They are human
Or less.

. . . Angela Pitts

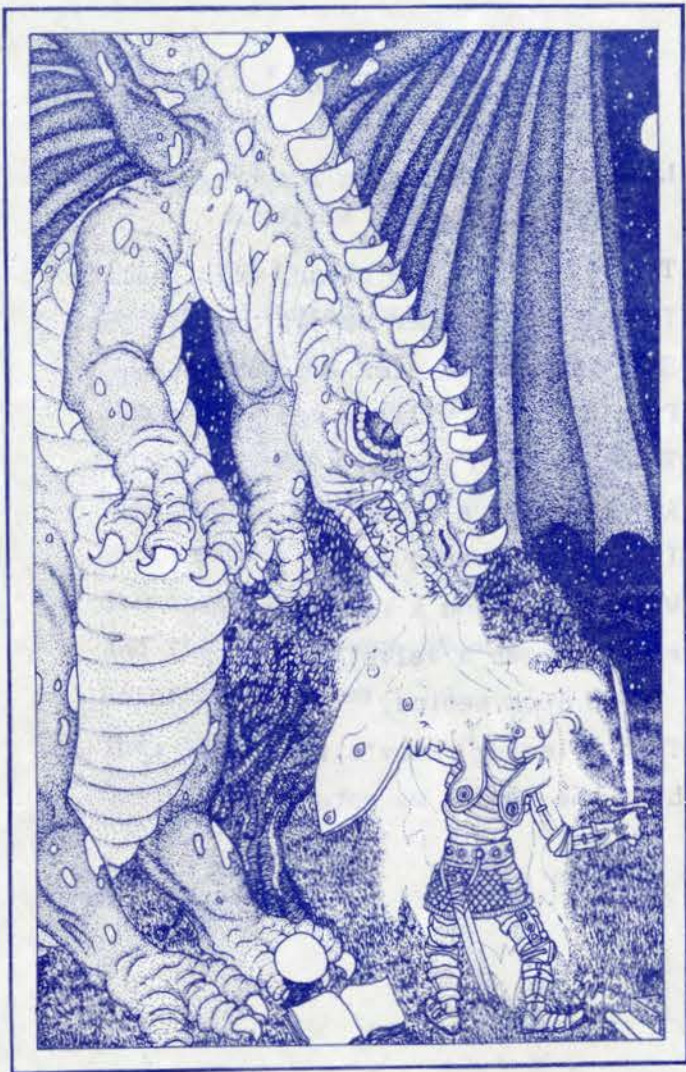
The Flight *

Like birds leaving an ice bright home,
We too depart.
Traveling from the clear, cold reality
To the warm summer safety of illusion,
Swiftly gliding over a cobalt ocean,
Passing water willows and lime fern
To stray with instinct
And live for a moment
In a lace-covered land
With jewels and a rising sun.
Peering over a velvety valley,
We look behind,
Then, fleeing fancy's foolishness,
Like the birds, we return.

. . . Dawn Houghton

* 2nd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest,
1983

Elves



*"For night's swift dragons cut the
clouds full fast."*

- Puck

Even the elves in Midsummer have their troubles. Oberon, the King of the Fairies, and Titania, his Queen, are fighting over which of them shall have possession of a little changeling boy. Titania defies Oberon, and he takes his revenge with love juice that causes her to fall in love with the transformed (and possibly improved) Nick Bottom. And since these fairies are spirits of power, elementals made from the dark forces of the earth, with, like thunderstorms, flashes of light about them, their discords shake the mortal world and turn the seasons inside out. Puck's mischief and Oberon's malice combine with chance to send the many lost and stumbling wanderers rushing through the wood until they fall exhausted to await the return of sun, sanity, and amity in the morning. But the ending of the night's long dream does not set anyone completely free of fantasy. The young lovers and Nick Bottom carry visions back with them to Athens which are hard to put into words and even harder to get out of their heads.

These are the silences that shape the world:

The silence of a starburned night
Poised between dark and almost dark,
When some thoughts writhe to life and others die.

The silence of the hunter on soft feet
Who catlike creeps from shadow into shadow
And at the last puts forth an ink-stained paw
To bring down slashing death with a single blow.

And the silence of the hidden heart
That would break out in words or white star's rays,
That would in desperation drive a hunt
To harry up its prey through half the world;
But no words come, no light burns,
The hurt becomes night thoughts that hunt themselves,
And like a hawk the passion perches still--
Eyes closed, head low, wings furled.

These are the silences that break the world.

. . . Ace Pilkington

Conclusions

Plath and Poe and I

All share the same world
Of daring to dream, forgetting that dreams
Are not reality,

And living with the consequences...

Striving for that impossible goal of critical perfection--

Every passing moment--

A life or death situation;

Even the mysterious Katherine who still haunts the misty moors,
Knows my place.

. . . Faith Schroeder

Unseen but sensed
They know I'm here,
Wandering in these
Woods of fear.
Eyes are staring--
Now they dance,
Following my shadows;
I dare not glance--
I'm stiff--
It hurts
To turn around.
I'm drawn
Down deeper,
Underground?
But there are stars above me
And I feel the air
 Only now I realize
 It's always been there.
Distant-but-close
Waiting, wanting
For me to look
And for me to ask
For a star
To fall toward my earth.

. . . Dianna Kearney



White
Foam-flecked waves
Toss
And roll
Ever inland,
Then,
Slowly retreat,
Leaving behind
A thought-filled
Emptiness.

. . . Karen Lloyd

A sandpiper pecks,
And picks
At debris left lying among the sands,
Then cocks his head,
Listens,
And flees,
As the piercing cry of a gull
Blends
With the youthful call of a child.
Footprints chase across a tide-swept beach,
Marring the perfection,
And the laughter of voices
Swells,
Then slowly fades,
Abandoning the signs of a lifetime,
For the waters,
Once more,
To erase.

. . . Karen Lloyd

Cascading Waterfall

Out in the forest, leaves
Cracking and smashing.
Birds' wings flutter, crows
Chirp and chatter.

Close by, gushing down, a
Splashing, sprinkling, sparkling
Waterfall.

Petite fish bubbling and swimming.
A squirmy squirrel sipping slowly
But savoring the water.

Rain, twinkling, tinkling, adding to
The roaring of the water
Gushing down.

Night softly quiets the sprinkling
Rain, but the smashing water
Keeps on crashing.

. . . Shaunae Call

Who Is Speaking to me Now?

In a dream last night, I learned Portuguese
And was startled this morning
At having read the simple word
"Portuguese" in a book!
Who is speaking to me now?
It's twilight,
And the wind pulls air from the fireplace,
Uttering foreign sounds to me,
An eerie spirit prancing to its speech,
The wind's native tongue,
Sounding to me in a fireplace dream
Like Portuguese.

. . . Eric Wright

The Line

Between the heavens and the earth
A line stretches endlessly
Dividing light and dark,

Or day and night...

Or war and peace...

Or even life and death.

One line,
Too long to underestimate,
Pushes the beholder
To this line of demarcation
And makes him clearly see differences;

Two sides.

So my mind's made up
To view this black-white world,
But look!
Here comes a man,
Here comes the know-it-all man
With a look of mild satisfaction,
And philosophy books under both arms.

He comes to say to me, today,
The day I made the world black and white,
(at age seven)

"Look,
Young man,
The COLOR GREY,
A confusing sheet of uncertainty..."

The color grey
Reforms the line of demarcation,
And the world becomes
Confused
Again

At age nineteen.

. . . Eric Wright

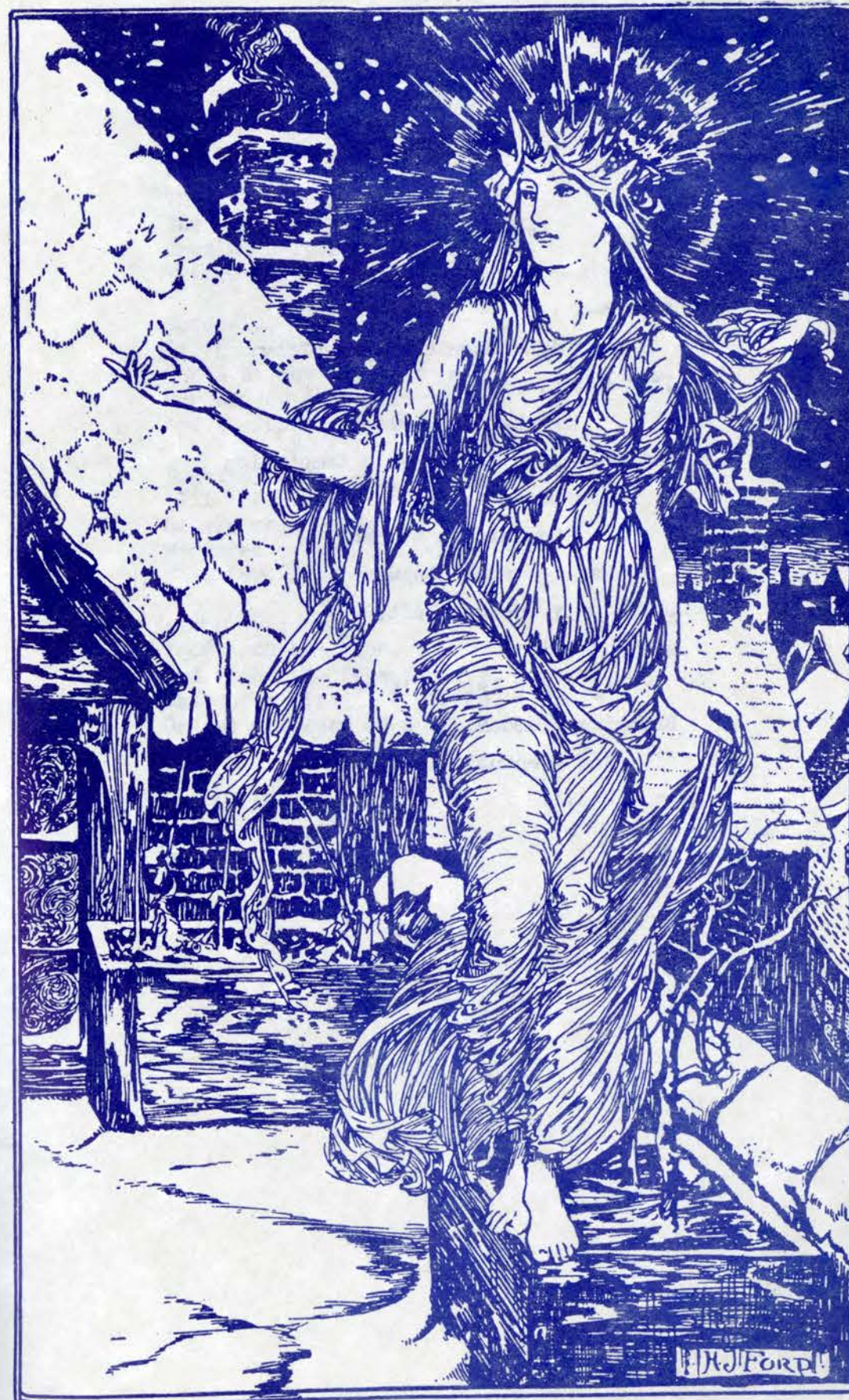
L'Hiver

She comes,
A tall and stunning woman
Cloaked in blinding fur,
Shining silver from every glistening pore.

She casts
Freezing glances upon the earth,
Causing a chill to run
Carving through its soily spine.

She leaves
Soft, luminous dust
Lying upon each frigid footprint.
White hounds speed beside their lady
Biting all of nature's naive,
Leaving them brittle
As splintering glass.

... Melinda Durrant



"Helen"

Suppose,

When Agamemnon conquered Troy,
That Helen,

In her dark glory,
Had possessed Galadriel's temptation.

And men,

Despairing of her,
Had continued in war
Until only she was left,

To wait

For Isildur's heir
Bringing freedom,
And eventual light.

. . . Karen Lloyd

Black Magic

All alone,
The winds roar, the rains pour,
The shadow of solitude falls.
Candles drip steamy wax,
Flickering loneliness upon the walls.

Suddenly,
A lightning flash, a thunder clash--
She's at the window pane.
Her beauty echoes magic
And the passion your heart craves.

Togetherness,
'Til candlelight which once was bright
Slowly melts away.
Mirrored dreams of you and her
Splinter, shattering into decay.

Alone again,
Your thoughts race, you envision her face,
And fight the feverish need to know.
Was she a mirage, a vision, a dream,
Or the trickery of a witch, unknown?

. . . Melinda Durrant

Reincarnated Wedding

White lovely rice,
Spills from everywhere;
Everyone throwing--
At us.
Cascading bliss,
And we are together
But apart,
Even though we hold hands,
And laugh at the rice.
Throwing flowers back,
At smiling statues,
We drive away
Over the horizon
Of solar spheres,
And exploding nebulae--
Both intangible now--
Laughing at the
White lovely rice
That fills the sky.

. . . Lori Lewis



Long, suffering reflection
Wasted in the mirror,
Clouded by memories
Of a long-forgotten year.
Friendly eyes staring,
Laughing at my tears,
Mocking, useless language,
Mumbled in my fears.

. . . Dianna Kearney

Burgundy
(The Easter Poem)

A garnet given by a relative
Long since passed away; the dull edges
Of a winter berry, wrinkled with age,
Or the antique vase that tosses reflections of ruby light
Onto the underside of lilies.

The last withered petal
Of crimson rose at the end
Of a dying day; the blood Christ shed for us
As wine trickles down a silk blouse
And stains.

. . . Faith Schroeder

Time's Escape

The park benches glisten
As the soft rain hits the wood,
While the blue-gray sky looks on.
The people running,
Dragging their children out of the rain,
Hurriedly saying,
"Look,"
"No,"
"Let's hurry home."
All from my steamed, third story window
The picture is painted--
Watching faces move up and down the street,
Like they had little time to spare.
It is me,
Through my own eyes,
That it slows down.

. . . Debra Kleinman

Sea Change

Something has changed.
Am I but a misty image
Of my former self?

But listen,
Something's in the wind.
A grain of what I used to be,
A loss of what I am,
And a longing
For what I may soon become.

I breathe deep the change
Whispered in the wind
And rejoice in the knowledge...
I, too, am everchanging.

. . . Melinda Durrant



Unicorn

You are angel-bright,
A messenger of light,
Realms of glory
Burning in your eyes.
My breath,
My song.
I feel your silver, moonshine skies,
And in you,
Star child,
I am uplifted.

. . . Melinda Durrant

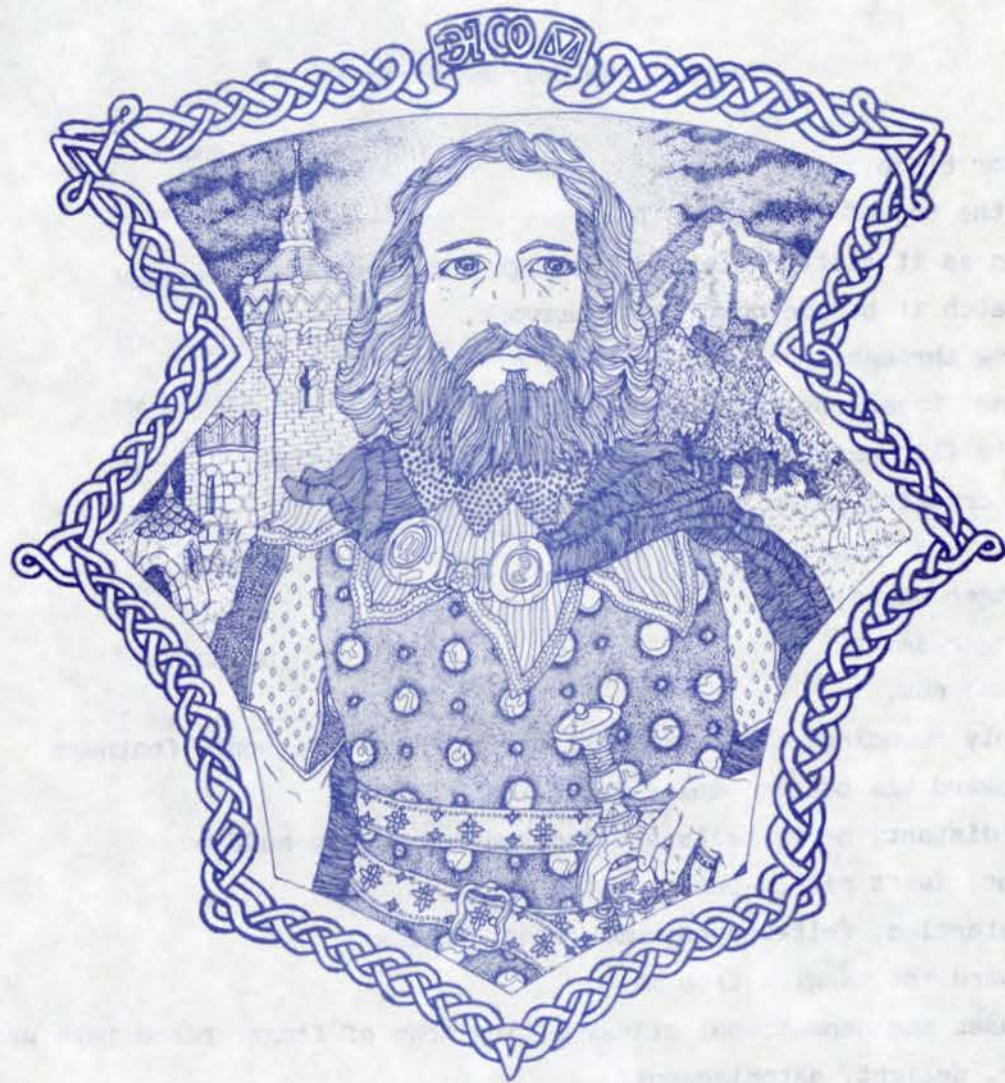
Shaving the Bearded Paris Sky *

A razor blade slips
From the top of the Eiffel Tower:
Listen as it clitter-clatters through the iron girders,
And watch it bounce down the framework,
Slicing through, yet tumble-blown, by wind;
Dancing, tossed by its imbalance,
Quickly flickering mid-morning sunlight now and then,
Still cracking sharp steel sounds, razor-edged,
Fainter and fainter,
No longer heard,
No longer seen,
Imagined now,
Possibly bouncing, interrupted by a plump, dumb pigeon's feathers,
Or, toward the bottom, solid Paris fog,
Where distant, heavy bells steal sound and rudely muffle
A light, swift pitter-pat
On a startled, felt-capped human head turning
Up toward the tangled iron mass;
It causes the sensational sting, a tiny drop of finger blood felt with
Wonder, delight, astonishment!

. . . Eric Wright

* 1st place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest,
1983

Theseus



*"The best in this kind are but shadows,
and the worst are no worse,
if imagination amend them."*

-Theseus

The visions at last come clear and we see that that wood near Athens is really the labyrinthine forest of the mind, bright and dark, fortunate and unchancy, as simple as dreams but as complex as the imagination. The wanderers in that wood are young lovers who change partners with the motion of a flower, unlettered tradesmen who stumble halfway between fear's shadow and laughter's illumination, and the unfettered, unacknowledged powers of the earth--of the mind--in the shifting shapes of elven courtiers, who can circle the world in minutes but are held captive by their own flaring passions. As different as they seem, these wanderers are all bound together, and they can all be called by the single, reasonable voice of Duke Theseus to celebrate that feast which honors marriage, civilization, and continuity. And, of course, in the end, Helena marries Demetrius, Hermia marries Lysander, and Theseus and Hippolyta are united, with the blessing of the now-reconciled Oberon and Titania and a final mischievous smile from Puck.

Do You Remember Wading Through Ditches

Do you remember when we waded through irrigation ditches,
Of our neighbouring back yards, nibbling on watercress?
It grew green in dark patches along the banks
And tickled our knees as we paused and passed.
We picked pansies and weighed our love on its petals,
Then watched the slow currents swirl them away.
We didn't care about love then or how many kisses we stole
In an hour's time, more than we thought of butterflies
Or the noisy Saturday matinees we preserved our pennies for;
We blew love away from us like the tiny parachutes of white
Dandelions.

As we grew older, our summer minds gathered new tastes,
Like the wild strawberries growing tight to the earth.
We learned where they could be found by searching tall grass.
But even then there were only a handful that were ripe.
And we left the others to lose their green in the roots of time.

We laughed ourselves to sleep under the stars
Whose constellations crawled over us so lightly
With the darkness of their soft slippers.
They never swirled our dreams once, and yet I wonder
If the wishes we whispered to them ever touched the ground.
I know so many before me, lying in evening meadows,
Had done the same with greater faith and force than I.
Do you suppose stars can handle that many wishes?

I doubt that I will ever wade in irrigation ditches again,
Though I still have a habit of nibbling on watercress.
My ways have changed from ditches to expressways,
My tastes from bitter-sweet strawberries to bread rolls.
But the waters of my love for you flow through
Daily ditches to irrigate the lawn of my heart,
Seeping silently into the soil of my soul.
That's how love should be, deep past ever reaching out
And everlasting like the night that is overshadowed
Only by the brilliance and the passing of the day,
But whose constellations hold facets uncountable in a lifetime.

... Lisa Barnes

Mock Prairie

The fog has made a prairie
Of our little mountain valley,

Erasing all traces of the hills.

Mating with the fog,
The cold paints hoar frost on it all,

Casting a magic spell to hold it still.

The bleak and barren farm house,
The aged tree
Remind us of a time that used to be.

The old rail gate
Half-fallen down
Will frame the scene.

There!

It is finished.

"Mock Prairie"

(Mother Nature has done it again.)

... LouAnn Milne

There I sat just waiting for the brand new, crisp, bright green dollar that I had worked hard for all week. To earn this dollar, I had to make my bed every single day for the whole entire week, plus, do the dishes after dinner, and not just my dishes, but also my mom's and dad's. Then, I had to feed our animals, which included Alexis, our silky gray cat, and Rufus, our golden-brown collie. Everyone called Rufus my shadow, since he guarded me every minute of the day. Not a moment passed when he wasn't right beside me. Feeding Rufus was the easiest of all my chores.

Well, on Friday afternoons the time would come, and since it was now Friday afternoon, I would soon receive my reward. All of a sudden, I heard the steps of my mom's high heeled shoes come around the corner. I sat there in my canary yellow, squishy, bean bag chair, faking that I was engrossed in "Leave It to Beaver" on the television. Then I heard the clinking of her coin purse, and then came the noise I had been anticipating all day, the rustling of the bills. At that moment, Mom slowly came to me, careful not to alarm me since I was so involved in watching my show. One time, she came up to me when I was watching the television and she scared me so bad that I jumped up and screamed at her.

In her very feminine, kind voice she said, "Here, Korie, this is the allowance that you have earned for the week."

I very anxiously said, "Thanks, Mom! Can I ride my bike to the store and get some candy?"

Of course, she said, "Yes."

By this time, I knew that I could only spend fifty cents of the dollar, and the other fifty cents I would have to put into my Holly Hobbie bank. This was so I could someday buy the Barbie doll that I had been wanting for so long.

So, I hopped on my purple two-wheeler and pedaled as fast as my legs would take me. Rufus was following close behind me. I ran from my bike into the drug store, huffing and puffing. I grabbed as much candy as my hands would hold. Then, standing very proud, I handed the

sales clerk my hard-earned fifty cents.

At that moment someone caught my eye. A grandpa had walked in the store, but he didn't look like my grandpa. This man had somber eyes and yellow, half rotten teeth. He walked with an old, crooked, whittled stick. He wore two shirts, one was a gray t-shirt which had cigarette holes in it, and the other was a dull, dingy, flannel shirt, with rips under the arms. His pants were way too big for him, and I honestly think that they would have fallen right off of him if it weren't for that old rope that was holding them up. I noticed that he also had a very peculiar odor to him. Maybe it had to do with his shoes, if you could call them that. He wore old tennis shoes, without socks; you could see more of his feet than his shoes.

I became fascinated by him. He crept over to the candy section, which I had just left, and very slowly and cautiously looked amongst the candy. Then, suddenly, his eyes twinkled as he reached for the last Hershey Almond Bar. He carried it to the counter, and just as proud as I was, he placed a quarter on the counter. However, his quarter had obviously been found somewhere on the road, because it was filthy, like him, and had grooves all over it. As I watched him, I thought to myself, I wonder if he would like to come to my house and do chores with me so he could have a shiny new quarter like me?

He then took his candy bar off the counter and gazed at it.

I very politely, with Rufus at my side, went to him and asked him to come with me so he could have that shiny new quarter. The man just shook his head and very delicately opened the candy bar and began to eat it. As he walked off, Rufus slowly began to follow him. I called him to come back to me, so he did. Although, as he was on his way back to me, he kept hesitating, and turning back to see how the man was. The man continued on his way, carefully watching the ground with a smile on his face.

. . . Debby Diltz

Through a fragile slice of windowpane
Transparencies of time slide by:
Glass-encased imagery reflected
From my past.

For the second time I
Really see me
As I was
When I was

A boy walking by the grass
Unaware of passing time,
Unaware of the glass,
Of the window pane yet unseen.

. . . . Eric Wright

Theseus

On into the labyrinth, the trailing cord
Twisting through twitching fingers
Until it unravels and flees five ways at once.
The passages dim as memories,
The prophecies darker still:
Ariadne waits behind me,
Willing the interminable betrayal
When the quest is dead and there are too few faiths to keep.
The monster in the center prays for release--
His head bounds breathless into a cobwebbed corner,
While I stumble sullenly back to the suddenly too bright light
And a world held bound by the cord that ends in my hand.

. . . Ace G. Pilkington

The Artist *

Take out your pencils and paper
And draw me.
Use your imagination
To forget my flaws--
Find the future and place me there,
Where things are more perfect.
Put me on paper as you see me--
Unadorned but beautiful.
Shade my eyes the color of yours
So you can look at them longer,
Forgetting they're mine.
Straighten out my teeth as you
Sketch my mouth,
Smoothing the words I've spoken.
Your skill can make me a "picture."
You are my artist;
Make me something
Cultured and refined--
Art . . .

. . . Dianna Kearney

* 3rd place poem, Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Contest,
1983



So
 You discovered your second dimension,
 Found far within
 The inner self, waiting
 So
 Patiently to be set free,
 And
 Part of you you set loose
 On yourself.
 Only to find yourself
 So
 Fearful and afraid,
 Having discovered
 The inner realm is
 So
 Much bigger than the one outside!

. . . . Eric Wright



By the way, where do they keep that thing called
 Humility?
 Even though we may have it, is it hidden?
 If we look on it, does it leave?
 To say he is void of it is a cover for a
 Self-righteous man looking for those who
 Tell him he is honorably humble.
 It is a strange thing.
 Maybe better to be left alone.
 Better to pursue the path of those we deem
 Humble.
 Not to hunt as the hunter
 But as one searching out his duties who
 Stumbles secretly upon it.

. . . Brett Kearney

Making things simple--
 Is difficult,
 And so we get lost
 Defining decisions.

. . . . Dianna Kearney

Identity

Trouble is the name,

A gunslinger drifting

From town to town, scattering

Pain like bullets and collecting

Pain until it clings dust-thick

To his clothes.

How strangely it grows,

Black root to white flame flower.

Wily, Zeus-sprung, lying Odysseus,

"Old knife," Achilles calls him

In the long dark of death

Where even the echoes tremble

Before black silence,

And love twitters on the edge of blood.

Old knife--he cut the ocean

In slashing ships and sailed

Into a name.

Sailed out of the bleak cave, black world, bright sea,

Sailed into a name--

Trouble.

. . . . Ace Pilkington



Sunlit rays of autumn splendor,
As with fire, the leaves ablaze,
Dewy haze, the distant purple,
Shorter now, the frosty days--

How painful, then, each budding springtime
As all the earth relives anew
The blossoming, shining celebration
Of the crystal day I first saw you.

The earth in trackless pathway sailing
Mirthful stars in silent black,
Circling round from whence I found you,
Always, ever, drifting back--

. . . Chris Wyatt

THE TEMPLE

ANCIENT AIR

THE TEMPLE

November

I am November,
My leaves changing,
By day.
The wind howls
Through my numb bones,
With haunting
Icicle breath,
Hissing frozenness.
Where are the roses,
That now are wrinkles?
I used to kiss the moist rain
As it wet my lips;
But they are parched and bleeding
From tears and growing pains.
As I remember so much,
All I can feel behind is
Young and hurt...
Ahead peace and November.

... Lori Lewis

Eat Your Vegetables

You should be happy.
What of the children in Africa?
You are very lucky,
They say.

But the people in Africa have never had it and then lost it.
It's different.
Just be thankful,
Mothers always say.

But sometimes
When you wish,
You dream of more.
More than Africa,
More than others,
More than you have now.
Then you think,
Maybe mom was right.

. . . Dawn Houghton

There's unanswered silence within me
Wanting to express
Its perfectness--
Living safely within my unfinished,
Unprepared person.
But as I feel the breathless
Growing,
Hungry to be born,
I am motionless with
The strange wonder
Of this secure, small self
That resembles us.

. . . Dianna Kearney

History of the Southern Quill

ACADEMIC YEAR	STUDENT EDITOR(S)	FACULTY ADVISOR(S)
1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1952-53	Rose Workman	Ross Esplin
1953-54	(Note: No literary magazine publication	
1954-55	due to lack of funds.)	
1956-57		
1957-58	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks & Betty J. Allen
1958-59	Karen Vawdrey	Juanita Brooks
1959-60	Barbara Larkin (Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	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 (Note: A second volume was published during 1966-67.)	Robert O. Dalton
1967-68	James Force (Note: Although materials were gathered, no literary magazine was published due to lack of funds.)	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
1975-76	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 Batzli	Pansy L. Hardy
1979-80	Laura Lee Graf	Pansy L. Hardy
1980-81	Kurtis Crist, Linda Hedrick and Aderianna Smith	Ace G. Pilkington
1981-82	Melanie Madsen and Kerri Anderson	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington

