

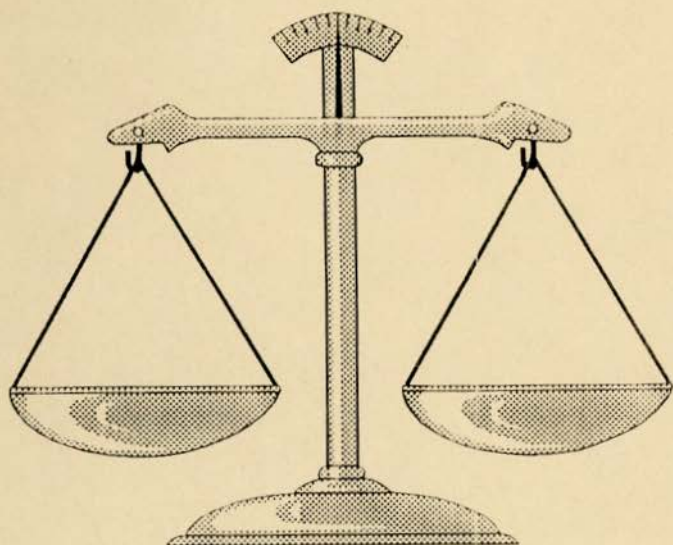
Lagrange Point

Flash Point

Point CounterPoint

Point of Honor

Point of No Return



SOUTHERN QUILL:

1990-1991

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HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN QUILL

Year	Editor(s)	Advisor(s)
1950-51	Loraine Taylor	Juanita Brooks
1951-52	Loraine 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
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	
1981-82	Melanie Madsen	Ace G. Pilkington
1982-83	Dianna K. Kearney	Ace G. Pilkington
1983-84	Dawn Houghton	Ace G. Pilkington
1984-85	Julianne Burton	Ace G. Pilkington
1985-86	Janae Daley	Ace G. Pilkington
1986-87	Bonnie McCowan & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1987-88	Karen Hansen & Kris Shipp	Ace G. Pilkington
1988-89	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	
1989-90	Stephanie Chidester & Chris Metcalfe	Ace G. Pilkington
1990-91	Tiffany Durrant & Joni Jones	Ace G. Pilkington

I. LAGRANGE POINT

Christian Arial

To: the Sun

Have you been touched by that gentle night,
She who slips through the sighing cracks
Of staunch fortresses?
That diffusing gas,
Permeating porous skins
And sturdy barriers,
To lower her lithe frame upon your festival
Of gay ribboning
And poles,
Fair costuming
And seedlings?

I can scarcely believe
(After marking your rise
To the bold climax of being,
Palpitating in belching boils
Of sturdy diction
And constant devotions
To solemn solutions
So Universally applied)
You could visit the impotence of evening.

Is it possible
(YOU, the Sun)
Could fall for that bittersweet visitor?
You, whose pedestal is brighter than the stars?
You, who begot process?
You, SUN,
Who constantly beats her into yielding?
You could grace her fall?

A. C. Call

Aqueous Humor

Rapidly I move
Slowly traversing
A right aqueous humor
Rolling, stretch...ed
I snap back and swim again
In strong, painful lines
Where is the eye?
How can't I see?

Upon request
Fall back upon my principles
Mindtobody obedience
Mindtomind resistance

Physique of deep...
A blue dome,
Hides the storm
Opening to show
The pointed emeralds
To the tawny tiger
Watercolor to the bleeding
Deeply.
My humor is thick
Vivid verdant wastes
Glazed over green
I cry it it it
It cries callously back
It it it

I scratch but
Itch is gone
My aqueous humor
Washing down the
Pointed ovals
Windowed
You Taste Blonde

Mine's...
Mind's...
Resistance...

Dora Wymer

Ultra-Sound

Miniscule shadow of a shadow,
Personification of POEM,
Rhyme scheme perfect in the poet's mind--
You are as unreal--indefinable as LOVE;
You are as real as light from that non-existent star.
Seeing you is to
Look into the soul of a flower
And see the essence of the bud--
A presence,
More than spirit, not quite being..
Creation of CREATION.

Elizabeth Gardner

Scarring

Reaching for a grasp
Upon the sharp technique,
He slipped and tumbled,
Falling prey to cuts
Of those more learned.
When once he landed,
Suddenly he spied,
From bleeding scratches,
The healing of
His own deep style.

Michelle Case

Star Wars

In 1977, the movie *Star Wars* opened in theaters and was an instant success. It was a new type of fantasy film with science fictional roots in the old Flash Gordon series, the special effects in *2001*, and the classic plot of an adventure story. "The movie relies on the strength of pure narrative, in the most basic storytelling form known to man, the Journey. All of the best tales we remember from our childhood had to do with heroes setting out to travel down roads filled with danger, and hoping to find treasure or heroism at the journey's end" (Ebert 604). Because George Lucas takes this simple plot line and puts it in a new setting of outer space, the audience can watch and easily become enthralled as Luke Skywalker closely follows the Journey of the Hero.

The first step in the Journey is that the hero must be born of royal or divine parents. As far as Luke knows, his father was a navigator for the rebellion, but when he meets Obi Wan Kenobi, he learns differently. Ben tells Luke that his father, Anakin Skywalker, was a "Jedi Knight ... [and the] best star pilot in the galaxy." Luke learns of his father's greatness and is told that he has the potential to be just as great.

Throughout most of his life, Luke lived with his Uncle Owen and Aunt Beru, but his short time with Ben can be considered the second criterion for the hero. This step consists of the hero being hidden away, usually in the care of a wise, elderly teacher with magical or divine powers. Since Obi Wan is the last of the great Jedi Knights, he certainly fits the mold of an

elderly teacher from whom Luke learns about the Force and how to use it. Ben is not the "crazy old man" that Luke's uncle says he is, but he is a wise mentor who has learned much in his life and uses this knowledge to teach Luke his destiny.

When Luke takes his father's light saber from Ben, it signifies the third step, where the hero passes a test that signals the end of his childhood. Oftentimes, a sword is used to show this development, but in the movie, Lucas uses a 'space weapon' to show the same thing. When Luke takes the light saber and begins learning to use it, he is making a transformation from a young farmer to a fighter for the rebellion. Ben recognizes this important step in Luke's life and even says, "Your father wanted you to have this when you were old enough." He realizes that Luke must leave his childhood behind, and he is determined to help him do just that.

The next step for the hero is that he accept his quest, even if it is done with reluctance. When Ben tries to talk Luke into following him into Alderaan, Luke tells him that he must get home and do his chores. "I can't get involved; I've got work to do. It's not that I like the rebellion; I hate it, but there's nothing I can do about it now; it's such a long way from here." It's not until Luke returns to his destroyed home that he decides he must try to do something to fight the evil empire. When Ben explains that it was stormtroopers who destroyed his home and killed his family while looking for the droids, Luke realizes that he may be important to the rebellion and he must do all he can to fight for them.

The fifth step of the hero's journey is that he must confront death and become more powerful as a result of it. The main part of the movie is exactly this--Luke

working toward destroying the threat of death. During the time he spends with Obi Wan, he is constantly learning about the Force and the power involved in it so that when he confronts this evil, he can overpower it and become the victor.

By following Ben to Alderaan, Luke gets his first glimpse of death. Trying to return the stolen plans to the now demolished planet, Luke is pulled in by the tractor beam of the Death Star and is faced with the powerful dark side of the Force for the first time. This Death Star is the ultimate form of death that any space hero could face. It has the capacity to destroy thousands of ships and people as well as an entire planet. At first, the imposing dark side seemed too strong to fight against, but in each mini-adventure (like getting thrown into the garbage pit, rescuing the princess, and escaping the tractor beam) Luke learns something about himself, grows stronger, and comes closer and closer to overcoming the adversary.

As the Death Star approaches the Rebel Command Center, the time for Luke's test arrives. The rebels set off on an attack run to the Death Star, but it soon looks like too big a task for the fighters. Many fighters are shot down or incapacitated until finally Luke is the only one left to complete the quest. He doesn't feel ready for the burden, but with Ben's guidance and help from his new friend Han Solo, Luke shoots into the porthole, blows the Death Star into tiny pieces, and saves his companions from the threat of the power of the evil Empire.

The final scene of the movie shows Luke (as well as his friends Han Solo and Chewbacca) receiving medals of honor from the princess. Because he destroyed the Death Star and the threat of the evil Empire, the people love him and honor

him with a ceremony, completing the sixth and final step of the Journey that George Lucas followed while writing the script.

The powerful ending makes most audiences want to shout and cheer for the rebel victory, while feeling no sorrow for the evil Darth Vader as he disappears into space. But, what most people don't realize is that their affection for Luke is a result of their familiarity with the classic, "Journey of a hero" plot. Because many of their other favorite heroes passed through similar tests and trials, they can relate to Luke Skywalker in his. This concept makes it a movie that all can understand and enjoy, which is what George Lucas must have had in mind when he wrote the script for *Star Wars*.

Suzanne Goeser

Spring

Spring arrives
In shades of chartreuse,
Slowly
Moving across
A bare landscape
Devoid of color,
Changing winter's
Solemn cloak,
Clothing naked limbs
In a canopy
Of green.

Dora Wymer

The Sound of Your Smile*

I love to hear the sound of your smile--
Melodious silence,
Ripple-smooth as breeze-blown petals;
I love to feel the kiss of your smile--
Gossamer mist from a spring waterfall...
And sometimes when a pleasant thought
Begins to play across your face,
I love to listen to its still music
And watch the fine ballets
Of dancing little echoes repeating their plies.

*First place winner 1990-91 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Tina Rucker

Lights in the Sky

Like seafoam on the ocean,
 The night breeze laces through black midnight.
 Caressing over my face
 And through my hair, like cool silk it glides
 Over my slumbering body.
 Pulsing through the darkness, a green
 Light flickers its cold beam through
 The distance, slapping my face with its
 Intensity. Soft blue rays filter through
 The blackness of the blanket
 Of the night, casting faint shadows.
 Glittering on the sapphire sands,
 Sun-made moonbeams play and dance;
 All will fade with dawn's first streaking.

Sarah Montes

Response from a Modern

You inquired about a broom--
 Oh no, not these days;
 You see a car is much more convenient.
 Don't get me wrong, I still fancy the ride--
 But only in certain seasons.
 Now there are those who believe we're abandoning
 Old traditional ways,
 That we might somehow lose our familiar image--
 Or so they say. But frankly, may I be so bold as to cast,
 Ah, but a small curse with good intention.
 Just a gentle whisper, for those attempting to learn--
 Widdershins, is the opposite direction.

P.S.

In special cases, a parachute might very well
 Be in order.
 No umbrella please.
 There are some methods specifically left (not right)
 To one Miss Poppins herself.

Dora Wymer

Sky-Lark and Nightingale

Perhaps there has never been a more universal and inborn fantasy than the desired ability to escape worldly cares and to take flight, like a blithe spirited bird, freed from the bonds of earth to soar beyond the reach of all the physical senses except hearing. Two poets have written interestingly of this feeling. Percy Bysshe Shelley, in his lyrical poem "To a Sky-Lark" and John Keats, in his sensuously beautiful "Ode to a Nightingale," seem to express in common such feelings as freedom, tranquility and pure joy when observing these birds in flight. Each author refers to the bird in his poem as being a spirit, invisible and immortal.

Moreover, both poets have set the time of their poems in summer evenings. In the third and fourth stanzas of Shelley's poem, the Sky-lark floats in the "golden lightening of the sunken sun" and "the pale purple even melts around its flight;" while Keats writes of evening in his poem, (stanza four) "tender is the night and haply the queen moon is on her throne, clustered around by all her starry Fays." Summer is suggested in Shelley's poem by his mentioning flowers, grass, a rose, green leaves and showers. Likewise, Keats in "Ode to a Nightingale," paints an almost overwhelmingly vivid mental picture that makes one thirst for the dewy, cool, fruited vintages of summer, and fancy the fresh scents of wild, flowering fruit trees, hawthorn, honeysuckle, violets and musk-roses.

Similarly, in each selection, the skill of fitting the rhyme scheme and the arrangements of vowel and consonant sounds to the particular poem creates an overall tone that complements its theme. For in-

stance, the rhyme scheme of "To a Sky-Lark" is a b a b b, a lilting, song-like rhythm--which coincides with the theme: the flight and song of a bird. It symbolizes invisible freedom, joy and gladness. "Ode To a Nightingale" has a unique and lyric rhythm that floats as lightly and melodiously upon the sense as does the song the nightingale sings. Both poems seem to live and move with flowing cadences of assonance, and generous sprinklings of alliteration such as, "The breezes blown through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways," (from "Ode to a Nightingale") or "like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew" ("To a Sky-Lark").

Besides these techniques, other similarities lie in the suggestions of certain ideas. One of these is the feeling that to soar easefully and effortlessly through the air and have no pain, worry or fear might be comparable to death. Shelley alludes to such a thought in this stanza of "To a Sky-Lark."

"Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a
crystal stream?"

In "Ode to a Nightingale," Keats writes of the same idea:

"Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful
Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused
rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no
pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul
abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears
in vain--

To thy high requiem become a sod."

Another suggested idea is in the authors' expressions of their feelings of fancy and imagination in both poems. Shelley writes of his fantasy that the Sky-Lark is a symbol of personified joy--"Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun" - or that the bird is like a star in the sky which by the light of day cannot be seen. Only through imagination does one know it is there. Keats expresses the feeling of being in a state of trance--not seeing, but sensing what is around him, "I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs."

Imagination, then, seems for the most part to be the key to the similarity between these two poems. Both compositions convey the feeling that there is a dimension in the realm of the mind, somewhere between fantasy and reality, between consciousness and unconsciousness--an emotional state, free from mortal bondage, into which one can escape only upon the wings of imagination. But like a bird, too soon this vision flies away, and its music fades over the hills and into the next valley-glade. These poems leave the reader with a heart full of the light, free spirit of a sky-lark and the joyful music of a nightingale's song.

Elizabeth Gardner

Letter to Sun

In the rain,
Trickling,
Falling,
Splattering,
Dripping rain,
I'll sit beneath
The apple tree
And watch
Puddles form
In grandpa's dirt
Driveway,
And wait for you
To come and play.

II. FLASH POINT

Julie Miller

War

An innocent child with a plastic gun
Through the twisted trees he runs;
Invisible enemy, shoot him dead,
Put a bullet through his head.

Family honor, golden grace,
A painted smile upon his face,
Star-spangled splendor tried and true
Transparent shades of red, of white, of blue.

Sent to war on foreign sands,
An innocent child blindly stands,
Fighting for his capitalist land,
American glory turned greenly grand

Heroic dreams fade away;
A thousand toy soldiers, slaughtered, lay.
The sky is broken, the earth is dead,
A burning flag waves overhead.

Running through the twisted trees,
An innocent child falls to his knees.
An invisible enemy shot him dead,
A silver bullet through his head.

Ace Pilkington / Pat Navarre / Sarah Montes

In the Lamplight

And then she fell so blindly in love,
Though not allowed to see his face,
And her heart flew like wings to the heavens;
It was there he kept her safe
In the lamplight.

By night they shared their love,
And everything was as it is,
But her sisters' whispers are shaking
The door of her heart
In the lamplight.

And they echo like an ocean
To persuade and dampen her dreams;
They say she blindly loves a monster
In the lamplight.

So she vows to see the secrets
Beneath her husband's face,
But the wax burns the sleeping angel--
She falls from heaven's grace
In the lamplight.

She lives in summer's morning haze
With the image of his face,
And her wishes they tumble like snowfall,
Longing to be safe
In the lamplight.

Dora Wymer

Purgatory

This season of retribution, like cold guilt,
Holds us captive between winter and spring.
Summer sends just enough gold and green
To keep us clinging to resurrection's promise.
True,
I deserve the pelting of this hail,
The wind's sharp, scolding slap--
I cursed January,
Harbored a grudging hatred for the snow...
What scarlet transgressions
Could these innocent cherry blossoms hide,
Warranting the consequential blight of ravaging frost?
Repentant
We wait with hope, for the covenant sun--
I, with bare-shouldered, beach sand dreams;
Earth, holding the fragile lilac close--safe,
Until those faithful daffodils' reverent, bowed heads
Receive their baptismal sprinkling.

Joni Jones

Arrival of Spring

My twisted soul
Arises,
Resurrected flower,
Wetly kissed awake;
I rejoice in light,
Warmth seeps into every pore.
The land bursts to bloom,
And I explode with life,
Smiling,
Dizzy with bliss,
Held breath expelled
In victorious shout,
As knowingly
I face the onslaught
Of Spring--
The winner.

Christian Arial

Leaves (autumn suicide)

The leaves are dying,
Dying into the spiraling vortex of grass
That knew nothing could live.
And their carcasses chase cars for a time,
But decadence calls and souls rot
Until the skeleton leaves address the soles of heavy feet
And cleanse themselves in cycle.

Standing on this precipice, the ground
Beckons even the highest limbs to bask
In the enveloping womb of the circle.

"Dive dive spiral dive into the living death."

From the highest stone sever
The savoring end, melding handfootstone.

Lemmings without the cords of fear
That old age calls death.

Karen Lowe

On Top of the World

Chelsea smiled as she carefully closed the heavy, emergency exit door and stepped outside. A wild feeling of exhilaration overwhelmed her as she looked around at the beautiful view. It was still quite dark, but the sun was just beginning to venture above the horizon, staining the sky red and pink. Chelsea felt an immense sense of freedom this morning, because it had been three whole months since she had been able to leave the house. Those weeks of confinement had been utter torture to someone who loved to be outside as much as Chelsea did. Even now, she couldn't believe how much she had missed the fresh air and the soft sounds of the wind as it caressed her face.

The house was located near a heavily wooded area, and large fir trees dominated the scene, but when Chelsea looked closely, she could see a small stream tumbling along one side of the forest, and grassy meadows complete with vivid wild flowers. Birds sang happily from the safety of the trees, and away in the distance purple mountains, their peaks covered with snow, flung themselves against the sky.

Chelsea wished for the courage to explore the woods, but she was afraid of being caught. So, as usual, she contented herself with walking a few hundred feet from the door to where a patch of yellow dandelions grew. She lay on the grass luxuriating in the feel and smell of the damp earth beneath her. As she lay looking up at the sky, the haphazard arrangement of the clouds reminded her of a rabbit, and she wondered if anyone else ever saw shapes in the clouds. She

laughed at the absurdity of the thought, and the sound seemed to echo in the still morning air. Immediately, Chelsea became anxious again.

She couldn't be caught outside: it would make Robert so angry. He had caught her sneaking into the house three months ago, and her red cheeks and wind-swept hair had confirmed his accusations. He had immediately called the doctors so that she could be thoroughly examined. She vividly remembered his anxious looks and worried questions. Seven doctors had seen her by vid-screen, and one had even taken the trouble of seeing her in person. She knew what that meant. She had endured three months of physical and psychological tests, and she had been watched constantly. Everywhere she went, a vid-screen had followed her until she thought that she would go crazy. She understood that it was her husband's love for her that caused her to be treated this way, but she hated the suffocating feeling of being under constant surveillance. She had finally convinced everyone that she was well, and so she was finally free. She glanced at her watch and realized that she needed to hurry if she wanted to be inside before her husband awoke.

As she stepped down into the hallway, she realized that her husband and Dr. Stevens were waiting for her. She smiled as she tried to think of a plausible explanation for her actions. She realized now that they hadn't believed she was well. It had been a trick, and she had been a fool. The med-techs grabbed her and instantly paralyzed her with a grav-gun. Her husband cried silent tears as they lowered her to the transport bed.

"How long will she be gone, doctor?" he asked.

"That's impossible to predict, Mr. Smith; these things are very complicated.

Silently, locked inside her paralyzed body, Chelsea began to scream.

I'm afraid that it will probably take some time. This is one of the worst cases I have seen in all my years as a doctor."

They both looked down at Chelsea lying helpless and unable to speak. They both seemed lost in thought.

"I just don't understand it; she's always been so normal--and now this. I still love her, but it's hard to accept what she's become."

"That's the trouble; they always seem normal until they crack, and then we just can't seem to reach them." The doctor paused as he pushed his graphlite into Chelsea's mouth and down her throat.

"Don't worry, we'll take good care of her, and, who knows, maybe we'll find a cure sooner than you think."

"Thanks, doctor. I tried to handle this myself, but I just can't go on any longer. The thought of her going outside--wanting to go outside--makes my skin crawl. All the dirt and germs, not to mention the bugs. I can't imagine what she does out there. I'm a good provider; we have all the latest techs, including a vid-room and constantly changing holographic windows. Why on earth does she need to go outside?" The last word was said with a disgust so deep that the speaker choked for a moment. "I mean the thought of her crawling around, on top of the world, with all that emptiness above her, like some kind of giant insect ... exposed ..." he couldn't go on.

The doctor patted his back paternally and smiled condescendingly. "Please don't upset yourself. These diseases of the mind are hard for the layman to understand. That's why I need to keep her at the med-place for tests and observation. We may even get lucky--she could be home in just a few years."

Tom Backman

Firewatch

Ridges and rivulets of fire
Spraying their wanton spark,
Tracing each flight of doom.

Embers swift to resound,
A resonant crinkling memory
Of flickering, dimming hopes.

A still breeze stirs the waves of hue
Dancing their colors of desire,
Making their ashes of tomorrow.

By scattered flames
And splintered dreams
Are gilded visions vanquished.

Julie Miller

Puddles of Clouds and Misty Grey Storms

Raindrops
Come crashing down in an array
Of echoes
Illuminated images
Lightning in jagged lines
Hypnotic horizontal
Reflections
Repeating reels of rhythmic thunder
Trembling
Colors of the prism
The sky is black

Elizabeth Gardner

Summer Storm

One day,
Turning
Dreams around,
Arrows fell
Around the trees
Of sparkling green,
Shimmering,
And through the sun,
Chaos lurched.

Joni Jones

Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet*

A special magic must exist in a film director to enable him to convert an unrealistic stage script into an action-packed, true-to-life film production, especially when Shakespeare wrote the script. However, Franco Zeffirelli has that special magic, for he turned Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* into a production that emphasizes realism and incorporates in his setting a mixture of imagery, foreshadowing and heartache.

Zeffirelli filmed *Romeo and Juliet* in natural locations and in color, which at once makes the film more realistic than if he had used stage sets. The viewer actually sees Verona, from the dust rising off the cobblestones to the beautifully adorned and dressed people and their stone houses, abbeys and alley ways. He also cuts the text to fit natural speech and action, and he directs the actors to speak the verse in the play like prose so as to emphasize the plot, not the written word. Zeffirelli's magic camera is everywhere. He also successfully cast two teenagers for *Romeo and Juliet*, a decision which brings to the production a realistic version of youth, energy, freshness and vitality. *Time* magazine says of the production that "Juliet is a tremulous 16-year-old, Olivia Hussey; Romeo is Leonard Whiting, 17. Both look their parts and read their lines with a sensitivity far beyond the limitations of their age" (104).

Rich, exotic and vivid imagery abounds throughout the film; Zeffirelli's camera shows the heat of the summer rising from the streets, and the lush greenery of the

Capulets' garden during the balcony scene as Romeo runs wildly and exuberantly through the shrubbery and foliage. The camera shows the delicate intricacies of the costumes, from the servants' dull garb to Juliet's vivid scarlet gown and pearl-plaited braid during the ballroom scene, to the Nurse's "sail" costume in Act 2, scene 4. The ballroom scene is especially magnificent, showing off the splendor of the Renaissance in the props, costumes and music. Philip T. Hartung, writing for *Commonweal*, says that viewers will "See some of the most beautiful scenes ever filmed--particularly the Capulet ball with its grand sweep, gorgeous costumes and close-ups of renaissance faces that are art worthy of museums" (123).

Shakespeare's use of foreshadowing is successfully shown with Zeffirelli's camera. In Act 1, scene 4, towards the end, the energetic and merry torchbearers run ahead of Romeo in their eagerness to go to the Capulets' ball, and Romeo hangs back with a thoughtful look on his face and says, "I fear, too early: for my mind misgives some consequence..." He somehow knows he will find something that will bring some grave result to himself, that something being Juliet. In Act 1, scene 5, during the ball, Romeo and Juliet are looking for each other in the circle that surrounds a performing singer. Music is played in the background, and the singer sings the words "A rose will bloom, then fade, so does the youth, so does the fairest maid." The "youth" refers to Romeo and the "maid" refers to Juliet, thus telling us outright that they will die. This is, of course, the director's version, but it elaborates on Romeo's premonition. The heartache is also apparent throughout the film. The two lovers have everything against them: parents, family, a long-time feud, rash youth, and, most especially,

time. Just when the viewer thinks that *Romeo and Juliet* are safely married and everything will end happily, disaster hits. Through a series of accidental happenings, from Mercutio's to Tybalt's death, Romeo is forced to leave Verona, and Juliet is told she is to marry Paris. Their parting after their wedding night is so touching that it makes the hardest heart grow soft with sympathy. *Newsweek* critic Thomas Gordon Plate says about the tragic couple and Zeffirelli's directing:

By adding teen power to the immortal Shakespearean tragedy, each successive scene becomes maddeningly heartbreaking. When Leonard Whiting poisons himself in order to join Juliet in heaven, you wish Zeffirelli had rewritten the ending. When Olivia Hussey stabs herself passionately in the chest, you can only despair that such a tragic fate could befall those two nice kids. You want to cry. (102)

Throughout the film, Zeffirelli has tried to cut lines in order to minimize the poetry and emphasize the plot. By cutting words and phrases, sometimes even whole paragraphs of poetry, such as Romeo's famous lines in Act 2, scene 2, "Arise fair sun and kill the envious moon...", Zeffirelli has de-emphasized the verse by cutting it out or by turning it into prose, thereby making it sound more natural, prose being a more realistic and natural way of speaking than verse.

Zeffirelli has successfully used film to turn the script of *Romeo and Juliet* into a realistic production that uses screen imagery, foreshadowing and heartache to give the viewer his perspective of the play. In order to emphasize the realism of the play, he cut the text and turned much of the verse into prose, and used a real setting to emphasize plot and not verse.

Tana Bentley

The Garden Outside My Window

The window of my room looks down upon a garden.
 Such a glen of green I have never seen,
 And probably never will again.
 The misty rain floats down and tenderly
 Caresses the emerald grass.
 And I, in my room, am protected from the touch of silken
 Water on the carpet of the earth.
 I imagine that I am a flower of incredible hue.
 The rain is my lover, holding me tight,
 Keeping away the frightening thoughts and doubts.
 The sun is our enemy, wanting to destroy the beauty of our
 Love so that he can take me away,
 Away from my lover's caress,
 And dry me up in his hot passion.
 I fight the sun's assault, because the cool mist is more
 A delight, than any desert show.

III. POINT COUNTERPOINT

Tom Backman

The Pull-Toy

My stringed pull-toy is a Jester,
 Passing judgment at a glance.
 With palms outstretched, he mimes my folly,
 With painted smirk, he mocks my chance.

When I tease with tales of lust,
 He listens with a silent stare:
 Jealous in his wooden heart,
 Wanton in his woeful glare.

Forgiving freely any fault,
 Stoic when I need him be,
 Wincing at the pain I've felt,
 Changing not, he mimics me.

A chameleon, hour by hour,
 He mirrors what I feign to see;
 With gentle pull and tender nod,
 He acts the sport of charming me.

With symmetric grace, he leaps;
 Limbs and soul reach out to live.
 With subtle charm, he beckons aid,
 His silent wish not mine to give.

"Is this the end for which I'm made?"
 (With resignation, he questions me.)
 "Bound by fate, with string and wood,
 On display for all to see?"

"My painted friend, please hear this well:
 You'll likely do the greater part;
 Though you live not, your life lives on
 To soothe a traveler in his heart."

Dora Wymer

Horizons

Today
I can't see where the mountains end
And clouds begin,
Or feel the sun behind the shroud of wind.
Is this dismal cold from winter leaving,
Or stormy springtime coming in?
Should I find a carousel far from this grieving,
Grasp the magic ring, ride away,
Or cling with hope, to parallels--keep believing,
And stay?

Tiffany Taylor Durrant

My Life as an Inmate

Trapped
In a cage of insecurity
Hindered
By the chains my fears create
Doubt
Is my jailor--
Dark and formidable
Boldness
My one escape.

Christian Arial

Films

The credits fall and disappear into
Black floor, house lights, and green exit signs.

The movie is over,

The light is cloven
Into the fine dust of reality
Which gathers
Heavily upon the house
Of plastic,
Filled with mansions, heroes,
Loves, and passions,
And slips into the flaws
And cracks,
Melting in black bubbles
Against the heat of
The artificial light of 9 to 5
And 8 o'clock alarms.

"The movie is over!"

The projector claps and slaps the finale
Of the film,
Whipping its thin, black images
Against the fallacy of truth.

Climb out of euphoria
Off the Coke-corn
Floors and humane chairs
Through the enlightened exits
Into the sunless night.

Julie Miller

Kiss the Sky

Love as real as the stars
It's shining in the night;
I don't believe in love,
I'm blinded by the light.

The moon gazes in my eyes,
The sky is turning pale,
I'm taken for a midnight ride,
A ship with satin sails.

Silver waves, white lacelets
Crawl across the sea,
Swimming through the sands of time,
Longing to be free.

Sleeping on the distant shores,
An island lost in lies,
Kissing broken shells of blue,
While crying with the sky.

I hold my hand to the sun,
Tears fall in my glass;
Drinking wine and daylight,
My love is gone at last.

Sarah Montes / Pat Navarre

Hear Them Sing

Where are all the little ones
That hide beneath our feet?
I recollect they went away.
I hear they've found another place
Hidden in the forests green,
Singing a forgotten, simple phrase.
Somewhere in the memory of the human race,
We can bring them back again.

Hear them sing:
Hear them singing, hear them laughing,
See them dancing all around;
Echoed laughter feels like raindrops,
Whispering voices, just believe--just believe.

We were told when we were young,
The Sandman's gift is sleep,
And all his magic hides the pain.
A nursery rhyme of Mother Goose
Is never what it seems;
The fairytale begins to fade.
Somewhere safe in slumber in their hiding place,
We can bring them back again.

Hear them sing:
Hear them singing, hear them laughing,
See them dancing all around.
Echoed laughter feels like raindrops,
Whispering voices, just believe--just believe.

Stacy Blood

Too Young

Why did the chaos suddenly stop? Knowing, avoiding, I numbly bore the haunting silence of the cold, dead hospital. The waiting room smelled of sterile things: ammonia, bandages, medicine. It had that kind of familiar smell that your mind automatically relates to uncomfortable experiences. The fake plant on the stand next to my mustard yellow, vinyl chair seemed to blend perfectly with the atmosphere. Dingy, grey walls kept the cold feeling about the room; the tile floor had traces of orange and brown leaves that had been tracked in by the many other emergency patients of the day.

"I am terribly sorry Miss Rush, but we did all we could for him." The doctor walked away rather callously.

I guess it was the *Miss* that really got to me. It was the stinging reminder that I was essentially alone. Why couldn't it have been Mrs. or even Ms.? It should have been that way. That is how we originally planned for it to be.

I thought I could be tough that midsummer afternoon when Daddy and I had our desperately needed discussion. I'd had two solid weeks to strengthen my position. Two solid weeks of being ignored, disregarded by my father. I was ready to stand my ground. However, as I peered into my dad's eyes, full of deep concern for his only daughter, my bravery melted, dissolved into nineteen years of depending on him.

"Why can't you just wait for a year? You need time to save money. You need to get another year of schooling under your belt. Let us get to know him better, take him on a few family trips, spend

Christmas together." Sincere tears peeked out from beneath my father's thick glasses, destroying the manly image he had always maintained in the past.

We changed the date. Certainly Chris and I could have survived the struggles of poor college students. We could not, however, have survived the disapproval of my father. I was his little girl; I could not let him down.

Now, sitting in the cold, lonely waiting room, vinyl sticking to the backs of my bare, goose-bumped legs, all I could hear was the everlasting echo: "I am sorry, Miss...I am sorry, Miss...I am sorry, Miss..." I did not even notice the contented look on my daddy's face. Despite what it took, he had his precious daughter back. She was, after all, far too young to be getting married.

Tina Rucker

Summer Showers

Green daggers push
Soft against my back.
Spring breath teases
My hair and face.
The billowing grey
Sky, laughing,
Cries sweet, cool,
Dropping on my skin.

Stephanie Chidester

An Epic Sonnet

The form and subject matter of Keats's "To Homer" create a paradox. Keats has chosen one of the shortest formal poetic types--a sonnet--to write about Homer, who used the longest poetic form--the epic. Almost all the images in the poem are enormous and seem to strain within the smallness of the sonnet. Another choice Keats made was to use an English sonnet (unlike "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," where he selected the Italian sonnet as a medium). This could be an assertion of his nationality and/or a further isolation of himself from Homer's achievement. In some ways, the Italian sonnet may have been more appropriate for the poem; Keats's grouping of images in threes would, perhaps, be better suited for and more effective in the concluding sestet of the Italian sonnet than in the final couplet of the English one. The English sonnet does, however, have its advantages. The three quatrains enable Keats to create another triplet, each quatrain presenting a different though parallel idea.

Keats calls attention to his own small knowledge, or "great ignorance" in the first quatrain. These first four lines are replete with a sense of insignificance, especially in the image of Keats sitting on the shore of an island, longing to dive in the sea and explore the "dolphin coral" (line 4). This is a reference to Keats's inability to read Greek and his consequent inability to read Homer in the original; he *hears* of Homer (line 2), but he cannot discover the epic poet himself.

In the second quatrain Keats discusses Homer's stupendous achievement--his

poetic vision and his physical blindness--a pointed contrast with the self-portrait of powerlessness in the first quatrain. It is here that Keats unleashes his first triplet of images: "For Jove uncurtain'd heaven to let thee live,/ And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,/ And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive" (lines 6-8). Each of these images seems too large for the sonnet: Jove's heaven cannot be captured in fourteen short lines, Neptune's spumes splash beyond the circumference of the poem, and Pan's lively, chaotic forest escapes and grows beyond "the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

The third quatrain may (and, considering the conventions of the English sonnet, *should*) apply to Keats as well as to Homer. Lines 9-11 contain three paradoxical images: "Aye on the shores of darkness there is light,/ And precipices show untrodden green,/ There is a budding morrow in midnight." Keats then sums up these statements, associating blindness with sight in line 12 (and, just in case the reader has missed the tripling of the images, Keats calls it a "triple sight"). Presumably, Keats's ignorance should provide unique possibilities, should make him somehow superior to learned men, just as Homer's blindness opens up a better and broader range of vision.

The concluding couplet, with one last image triplet ("Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven and Hell" [line 14]), makes a statement about the author as well as his subject. In these two lines Keats associates both himself and Homer with Diana, who, as a woman and a goddess, is beyond the experience of both male mortals; Keats makes the point, however, that they are both able to understand her essence and even perhaps share her vision.

While the poem concerns Homer on the surface, it is also, paradoxically, about

the power of the sonnet and of the sonnet's poet--Keats. The sonnet compresses Homer and Homer's achievement into fourteen lines, suggesting that Keats is to some extent capable of appreciating, of controlling, that achievement. In spite of his ignorance, Keats displays an enviable knowledge; in spite of its smallness, the sonnet spans an enormous subject. In his short story "The Celestial Omnibus," E.M. Forster presents a young boy with no knowledge of literature who travels by omnibus to a Homeric, Dickensian, Shakespearean, Wagnerian heaven and intuitively understands more than the learned Mr. Bons (Snob) who later accompanies him. Returning from his first journey to this magic land, the boy is forced by his Philistine parents to learn a sonnet by heart as a punishment for running away. The sonnet Forster has chosen and which the boy declares to be, "Words that only rhymed before, [but] now that I've come back they're me," is, of course, Keats's "To Homer." Perhaps Forster's interpretation is not far removed from Keats's intention.

Christian Arial

Of Autumn and Wondering

Wondering?
 As wind-sent bouquets
 Of tangible gold and red fingers
 Of trees are stored upon the damp blades
 Of frosted ground, why the fallen amber hair
 Of such a delicate leaf as she can ignore the hum
 Of the tumbling sweet grove

And remain embalmed in the consciousness of nothing,
 Glance by,
 Nod politely,
 And decline to dine on such a wind-fallen feast
 As I and the shivering pile of vagabonds
 I represent?
 Why?

Joy Simmons

Complex Excuse

I wish that I could study, but I can't
 Because I have a restlessness in me.
 It is a longing, driving, drumming chant
 Sung by my needful multiplicity.
 No, I'm not schizophrenic, but I have
 A crowd inside that late at night I hear,
 Each wounded mouth there yelling for its salve,
 Each face demanding that I bend my ear.
 Tonight I can't be still, because they say,
 "We must GET UP, DO SOMETHING, GET AWAY!"

It's 2 A.M.: I wish that I could sleep.
 The crowd demands I take us on a run.
 Aside from dark and danger, when I keep
 Such early hours, my life becomes no fun.
 In 6 short hours, I need to be in class.
 I cannot get my crowd to let me be.
 I'll sleep in school: I may not even pass,
 Because I have a restlessness in me.
 I need to still the protests of the crowd:
 I'm getting nothing done; it's much too loud.

Tiffany Taylor Durrant

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

When a play or novel is adapted to film, it is interesting to note the changes made. Once finished, some films leave the original works they are based on scarcely recognizable. Often, the original author finds his message is altered or lost in the course of the film. The film *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, based on a play by Tennessee Williams, stays quite close to the original work but strays just enough to cloak controversial or potentially offensive issues, soften many of the characters, and create a happier Hollywood ending.

The play, makes it quite clear that Brick's deceased best friend, Skipper, was homosexual. In the film, this issue is downplayed to near extinction. In 1958, homosexuality was a taboo issue, and the film avoids it. Brick's rejection of his wife, Margaret, is based on what turns out to be a false belief that she had an affair with Skipper in the film version. Margaret eventually confronts him with her innocence and convinces him that nothing happened. In the play, she admits that Skipper made love to her in an attempt to prove himself after she had confronted him with his homosexuality.

The character of Margaret is edited and softened in the film version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Margaret's vulgarities and crude insinuations are cut from the film, and what is left is softened into oblivion. Because of this, the audience is inclined to view Margaret's lies and hypocrisies as much less serious. The closer she comes to "Snow White," the harder it is to place her where she belongs, which is with the rest of the hypocrites. The film Margaret is true to her husband

and undeservingly denied his love, while the play Margaret is not quite so sympathy-provoking.

By far the most overwhelming difference between the play and the film version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is the happy ending in which everything is somehow put to rights, complete with a romantic kiss. Gooper, possibly the worst of the conniving relatives, suddenly sees the error of his ways, quits mistreating little brother, and tells his equally conniving, thoroughly repulsive wife to "Shut up!" While this is much appreciated, it makes the nasty pill of Gooper a little more tolerable, and Gooper doesn't necessarily deserve such treatment. In the play, Gooper connives to the very end, which is much more satisfactory, not to mention realistic. Furthermore, Big Daddy, who has admittedly hated Big Mama for forty years and withheld his love from his sons, decides to right all his wrongs at death's door, and rid his house of the "smell of mendacity." Finally, Brick forgives Maggie, and the film ends with a welcome-back kiss between the two. In the play, all problems do not suddenly work themselves out at the end. Most likely the play's ending was much too realistic for Hollywood.

Most of Tennessee Williams' original script was left intact through the film version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*; however, the changes that have been made influence the audience's response to the characters and their actions. The film version of the play is softer and much easier to swallow. Hollywood added "a spoonful of sugar" here and there to help a difficult story go down. Unfortunately, part of the author's message was lost in the process.

Heather Metcalfe

Sandcastle

Come and see, come and see
The sandcastle that I built.
With its deep moat, sturdy walls
And towers that touch the sky.

Can you see it, can you see it?
Yes, I say, but I really can't.
All I see is a lump of sand
With a ring around it.

Christian Arial

Grey

Winter's ash scars the earth.

The green wound that thrived weeks ago,
Alive in the lute and mandolin,
Melting pavement and lovers,
Nursing on warm grasses.

Grey meets grey.

Peaks, weary travelers, have lost their sight and strength
To the stripping teeth of the littered wind.
Unsheathed bones.

Fields and flowers lie raped and shivering,
Blue lipped, on their sides
Empty...

Empty dreams whistle past huddles,...
Huddles of holsteins, heifers and solid ditches.

Yet, the evergreen, dusted in dandruff,
The evergreen bites the soil,
Thrusts its arms to the bleak sky and burns.

Seen through this steaming glass,
I constantly wipe,
Broth boiling in my hands.
In the shelter of my fire,

(The optimist calls Fall
Autumn)

I rob the evergreen.

IV. POINT OF HONOR

Suzanne Goeser

The Sentinel

It stands there
At the bottom of the hill
Where the road bends,
Gnarled arms
Stark
Against the winter sky
Silently greeting
Each passer by
As it has done
For a hundred years.

A pioneer
Funeral cortege
Would have wended its way
Past a young tree
To enjoy the cool shade,
Before toiling to climb
The long hill
To the burial place.

Scarce a glance
Is cast today
As we hurriedly
Pass by,
Yet this spreading giant
Still stands
Patiently
Awaiting the season
To clothe its arms in green,
Keeping its place
As a sentinel.

Ken Gourdin

Mirror

I stand before the mirror,
As stroke by stroke,
The mask I wear is shed,
And I am revealed.
It's interesting the mask is white.
This process I go through daily,
Pulling weeds which seem
To have sprung nocturnally.

I dress in haste,
For I'm late, as usual,
But I pause to note that
My closet's grown rather bare.
There isn't much selection
To my wardrobe.
It's time for ritual laundering.
I'm hoping that the washer can withstand
More than just another load or two
Before its usual breaking point.
I hate doing dirty laundry in public.

As I hitch up the knot on my tie,
I note with considerable improvement
From just an hour ago.
But is it really improvement?
No matter how it might try,
No mask can hide me from myself.
My closet might be bare,
Or I might just not see
The skeletons that lurk there.
Clothes don't really make the man.
Some stains even Extra-Strength Tide
Could never remove.

Julie Miller

In the Eyes of the Beholder

Plastic princess,
Crown of tin,
Her charming smile
A capped-tooth grin;

Her face a picture
Painted in place,
Tinted tones
Of impeccable taste;

Stiff sticky strands
Flowing and long,
Golden hair locks,
A bleached beauty blonde;

A silhouette statue
In patterns of lace,
Sewn and stuffed
In the fake form of grace;

Plastic princess,
Crown of tin,
Wink at the judges--
Maybe you'll win.

Ace G. Pilkington

Primate Primer*

Even chimpanzees eliminate the stranger,
Three on another beat the alien to death.
Male gorillas slaughter females who grow older,
Pounding the bodies long after life has left.
So Cro-Magnon killed Neanderthal,
Primate to primate as we might expect.
The difference was Cro-Magnon won with syllables,
The larger, stronger species caught in a word-spun web.
(Forty thousand years ago when our minds changed,
Making it henceforth possible for us to hurt more with less.)
Precision bone weapons and shining art in caves--
Culture and murder are the shapes of tongues and breath,
Power and nuclear war, the language of success.

*Originally published in *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*,
November 1990

Tom Backman

Amid the Rush

Amid the rush, I spied the wretch,
Begging, blind. Two cups outstretched:
One for alms and one from which
A giver might a pencil fetch.

Lacking change, I took the time,
Amid the rush, to stand in line.
From ten, I got enough to spare,
And gave him one...perhaps a pair.

I started on my way in haste,
Amid the rush, no time to waste.
He grabbed my shoulder, as to say,
"Fancy that you crossed my way."

I slowed my step, and leaning near,
Expecting praise, I bent my ear.
Amid the rush--barely alive--
He simply asked: "You got a five?"

Tina Rucker

Sculpture*

From the artist's imagination
Comes the invention--
Intricate lines
And three dimensions,
A flowing painting
Captured in stone--
Something fluidly elegant,
Harder than bone.
Sunlight caressing
Silky marbled surface,
Reaching skyward with dignity,
Defending its purpose.

*Second place winner 1990-'91 Annie Atkin Tanner
Poetry Competition

Christian Arial

Museum Bookstore

They drift through the mute window-doors
With proper chilling lips
And smirk-frowns
Shaded in gold trimmed spectacles.
Specters speculating on Chagall, Cezanne, Gauguin,
Van Gogh and the other brand-names they
Love to stitch upon the denim
Of their walls.
Brushing shoulders, grabbing post-cards,
The poster rack flips--an automaton
Full of paintings, large volumes, hard bound.

She spends long thoughts
On the poster of "The Sunflowers."
Should she buy it?
\$65 framed. The colors match;
The curtains in the living room are yellow.

The street:
A soft saxophone hidden in the shade
Against a concrete slab
Behind glasses (black) a man feeds, nurses to
Flight,
Christmas medley.
Silent night, so mournful it breathes the thick night air,
So soulful it speaks the birth of the death.

She tosses a quarter into his hat
And slips into the black leather
Seat of her BMW.

Chris Metcalfe

Broken

He was a tow-headed boy. His hair was stringy and it flopped in front of his forehead like a curtain. His face was the type found in religious paintings. It had a cherublike quality which drew me to him almost immediately. His eyes grew wide as he saw the clutter of toys being systematically played with and discarded by the other children in the room. But there was something about his stare which struck me as odd. The deep blue coloring in his irises was accented by the white now showing, yet they held no excitement. His gaze had the look of surprised disinterest.

While his mother signed him in, paid the entrance fee, and began running through a list of her child's idiosyncrasies, my attention was pulled away by the rumblings of a potential fight over a toy truck. After efficiently solving the minor crisis, I studied the new boy. His mother had finished her list of do's and don'ts and was kissing her son on the cheek. The boy responded mechanically, pecking her without feeling, to end the formality. His mother paused for a moment, not sure how to react. Muttering something apologetically, she walked slowly out the door. When the oak barrier finally closed on his mother, the boy turned and wandered into the solitary confinement of a corner of the spacious playroom.

I wanted to approach him. I felt he might be better off mingling with the other children, but something stopped me. Maybe it was the way he stared vacantly at the toy box as he picked out a miniature motorcycle. Perhaps it was the hunch in his shoulders as he sat on the floor and began to roll the toy back and forth. His

shoulder blades warded off potential playmates like spikes in a castle wall. I decided to watch him carefully and talk to him when he looked ready to do so.

Two hours later, my moment came. The number of children had thinned as parents had arrived to take them home. Some of the more coveted toys had become available to those who remained. The boy had rustled a large group of building blocks into his corner and was methodically constructing an imposing high rise. Seeing he was running out of blocks, I gathered together a few more and brought them to the boy. He acknowledged them with a nod; my presence was not recognized.

"What is your name?" I stammered. I was beginning to question my decision to talk to him, but my mouth formed the words before I could walk away.

"David," he replied matter-of-factly. His eyes did not waver from his construction.

"That's a nice building, David," I groped, feeling apprehensive. "Do you want to be a builder when you grow up?"

"My daddy's a builder," David said, ignoring my question. "He builds houses and stuff. He took me to his work one day. He let me hammer rusty nails in a broken piece of wood."

"That sounds like fun," I said hopefully. David shrugged his shoulders.

"My mommy builds things too," David continued. "She baked a cake for my aunt Linda. It was tall and it had two happy people on top."

"Was it a wedding cake?" I asked. David shrugged his shoulders again before adding, "It's gone now."

I felt flustered. My intention had been to extract trivial information. I knew basic things about all the children. But David was in control of the conversation and I

was unnerved by this fact for some reason. With nothing left to say, I began to turn away when David mumbled, "They break things."

"What did you say?" I asked. My attention was now focused on the blond mop growing on David's head. From the moment I had approached him, his gaze had not wavered from his creation. He had continued carefully placing blocks on top of each other. There was a subtle intensity in his muscles now. He did not look at me, but he wanted me to listen.

"My mommy and daddy break things," David repeated.

"You're daddy breaks houses too?" I asked, uncomprehending.

"No," David spat, "he breaks *things*!"

"Things?" I muttered before realization struck. I had been so engrossed in watching David when his mother first brought him in that I had not completely noticed the cast on her left arm. Before I could ask if David's father had broken his mother's arm, David spoke again, "My mommy breaks things too."

"What do you mean?" I questioned with horrified fascination.

"She took me to a big building," David intoned. "There was a big man in a black dress inside. My mommy made the big man break my daddy."

I couldn't respond. My vocal cords had constricted and were useless and tears blurred my vision. "David, I..." I began, but choked.

"They build things," he said angrily, glaring at the high rise. With a quick movement, David chopped his hand through the center of the building. Blocks scattered in all directions. Children and adults stopped their play and talk to glance in my direction. I made no attempt to respond to their stares.

David's shoulders were shaking. His

sobs were audible now. As I reached down and gently touched him, he finally turned his tear soaked face in my direction. "They break things better," he cried.

I cried with him and for him as he stood and hugged my legs tightly. David's father had broken his mother's arm. David's mother had broken the marriage. David had been broken twice, and no one had picked up the pieces. Heaven, for this angel, was broken.

Stacy Blood

Realization

The air is haunting, black clouds creeping.
Harmless sprinkles innocently spray the earth.
Slowly, steadily, spray turns to drops.
Harder, faster the water tumbles down,
Tormenting the ground,
Washing away debris from the past.

And she stands, welcoming the stinging drops
That silently disappear into her tears,
Rinsing out the pain of such malignant years.
Peering into puddles, she views her ugly past.
Her wedding veil becomes a cloud, cold and black.
And she waits,
Hoping the pain will subside,
Praying the sun will soon shine.

Christian Arial

Man's Best Friend

Do not let us amuse you
Either Eros or Orpheus.

Why do you grace the faulty trap?
To embrace the modeling clay
He can never be sculpted to?

How your eyes blind upon a grace
So shallow as a dinner, a movie.

In painting, on paper
Piles of binding work, of you,
Why do you not fulfill.
ANIMA,
So near to the L we beg you to adhere to.
How vulgar it is,
The owning of your muzzle.
Does the leash grow tiresome?

Star studded collar,
White flashing snarl, light pink gums
Are so easily disarmed.
You are safe within your kennel.

Warrior:
Walking through this spiked labyrinth
Did you forget your shinguards?
Your helmet and shoulders?
Your codpiece?
Protect it!
Bold brute, protect it!
If it's all you have.

Tiffany Taylor Durrant

The Mentor

Etchings of wisdom
Paint the passage of time
On flesh
Warm with life;
Her gnarled hand
Closes on mine,
The offering
A cloak of experience,
But the heavy garment
Overwhelms;
I struggle
With knowledge
In vain.

V. POINT OF NO RETURN

Dora Wymer

A Rose

Because it was a wild rose,
I thought it would be stronger,
Perhaps live longer...
This was not the cultured kind, displayed on a holiday,
Worn close to the heart,
Or held in a bride's bouquet;
Not the rose a child holds in small, soft hands
To touch nature's art.
It was the rose that freely grows in sands,
Unnurtured and apart,
Along a country fence
Where life asks no one's pardon--
Spitefully, without apologizing,
It sprang up in my garden,
Crowding the hybrids, hypnotizing
With sweet, exotic scents,
Teasing--promising romance and sun-filled hours.
So, I kept my rose and hoped to always
Gather armfuls of its flowers--
I needed those bright blossoms and bouquets
To fill my home, to make life bloom,
But, the bud is always born to doom...
Why don't the thorns die,
Instead of the petals and perfume?

Tina Rucker

Grandfather's Memories

Weighty clouds numb and full of pain shower
Tears upon the roof of the small, inscrutable house.
Inside, gazing past the flickering light of a candle, is a child
Watching the pelleting drops bend delicate flowers.
The grandfather looks past the tiny fire
And sees what used to be his father's land.

Long, soon-to-be-fruitful furrows cross the land
Which thirstily drinks the moisture from the falling tears.
The door blows open, and a curl of air puffs out the fire.
A small stream of grey wanders through the house.
The grandfather bangs the door shut;
The youngster's eyes do not leave the flowers.
He remembers when he was young and the games he used to play as a child.

The grandfather looks down at the boy
And sees himself as a child,
Running behind his father's planter,
Covering each seed with land.
In the springtime as a boy,
He would lick from the flowers
The sweet morning dew glistening like tears.
From around the corner of the house
The boy's mother would call him. Bubbling over the fire

Would be breakfast pancakes ready to be turned
In the skillet above the fire.
Eyes still fixed on the dainty flowers, the child
Sits inside the cozy little house.
Glancing up from the flower bed,
He watches his grandfather's eyes scan across the land.
And a silky drop of rain like tears
Traces the crease of laugh lines.
The boy's eyes return to the flowers.

The boy again looks at his grandfather,
And his face blooms love like spring flowers,
And he gives his grandfather a hug. Soft lightning like fire
Glimmers on the horizon. Clouds depart,
And golden rays fall like tears.
The crop needed the rain to grow, and the child

Hopefully looks out at the furrows in the land,
Waiting to see new life spring up as they sit inside the house.

The greedy sun, eager to drink the fallen moisture,
Licks the house and ground.
Now refreshed from the rain, the flowers stand tall.
Tiny succulent seedlings in green rows fill the land.
The hot sun burns like fire.
The door clicks shut.
The grandfather sees the child playing outside on the moist sand.
On rain-streaked windows glisten the drying tears.

Inside the house on a long wax stick burns a small fire.
A flower's tender petals reach towards the child.
And a land so bountiful thirstily drinks the clouds' tears.

Tom Backman

The Ancient Lie*

Dismayed, a soldier rambles, shaken, awed,
Disgraced by doubts, as life lay round him, stilled.
A silence screams. The turmoil of blood spilled
Ascends, up-reached to some strange, unknown God.
The warrior staggers home, as few applaud
His valor spent in vain on foreign field.

Forgotten, grey....His heir now heeds a cry.
To sands, afar, unclothed of justice, are
New warriors summoned; zealous youth, bereft
Of bloom, they wanly grasp the ancient lie
That battlefields rebuff, but late and mar
The win. They'll weep...and leave with nothing left.

*Third place winner 1990-91 Annie Atkin Tanner Poetry Competition

Christian Arial

Clammy Palmsss

Her Summerday smile
Melted every sweating bone in my frame,
Reducing me to a mumbling
Infant,
Avoiding her glances,
Ducking under eyebrows (wishing they were longer),
Hating insecurity,
Hating moist hands (stuffed in pockets
Threatening to punch a change hole through).

A week's sleep
Lost
To dreaming, playing, acting out detailed
Lines to
Conversation that ended
In still winds,
Brief moments of
Awkwardness
Lapsing further into deafening stillness
Without calm
Until I said good-bye
And she hinted and played
At me, batting eyes and floating placid smiles
That would have brought comfort to anyone, except,
But misplaced my thoughts, parched
My tongue and throat, made me grossly aware of--
I left.

I found a plump, shy girl, sat next to her on a clammy Bench,
Bought her an ice cream cone, and kissed her freckled cheek.

Tom Backman

The Freshman

Green scantrons and a #2, no less,
My library card, and a the-sau-rus.

An ID card with a homely picture;
I would never park without my sticker.

A floppy disk with mega-bytes,
Some used text books with pink hi-lites.

Subject dividers with little labels,
College ruled paper and chemistry tables.

For English, I need this dictionary,
And a film critique, with themes that vary.

A Venda Card to make some copies,
One hard disk to hold five floppies.

Three essay papers I need to edit,
Some ragged notes for extra credit.

Four laser copies, freshly printed,
An Add/Drop card for the Prof who hinted.

You'd like to eat? I'll have to pass,
I just remembered, I have a class.

"I'm a little late, as you can tell.
Will you sign this...so I can get my Pell?"

Ace G. Pilkington

Coldfall*

All things metal have settled to hibernation,
Stinging beneath a sheen of frost, lost to hands
And breath. The sun, a smoking torch slimmed
To dimness in mist, spasms and sputters out
On a gout of cold cloud sea, perishing under
Umber deeps. The past year's leaves grow
Old together, cracking and brittle like skin's
Written over parchments. Trees have become
Motile monuments; slow movements in the wind's
Symphonic whipstrokes, they rest for hunched
Months of measures. Snow is the last pressure
Of a field's closure, the frozen folds of erasure.

*Originally published in *America*, 2 February 1991

Julie Miller

Lost

Through the black horizon
An electric sun shines coldly,
Casting pale blue shadows
On my trembling soul.

Spinning in slow circles,
My thoughts become distorted.
I watch myself wander endlessly
Through fiery fields of darkness.

Screaming silent whispers,
I fall to my knees in terror,
The glass sky up above
Reflects the image of the presence.

Forever running backward,
I grow dizzy with madness,
As it reaches for me,
I slowly take Its hand.

Marlene Donnelly

Damaged Dream's Delusions

Her dreams danced through her head--
Desires that royalty dares to dream--
Robes of rags and crowns of sweat,
Masked the undiscovered queen.

Nothing dimmed her charming smile,
Nor changed her gentle words.
Splashing water across the floor,
Her dreams flowed un-disturbed.

Dances twirled her through her day,
Serving sisters on demand.
Yet dreams remained of castles
And a prince's wedding band.

Why don't the maidens of today
Allow these dreams to linger?
Robes of sadness wrap their fate,
Of broken hearts they bring her.

Gowned in trust and veiled in hope,
King's treasures could be hers.
But father took that right away:
White satin turned to tears.

Instead of rags, their robes are rage,
With crowns of sad confusion,
Castles full of broken hearts,
Damaged Dream's illusions--
Hot cinders melted dim delusions.

Christian Arial

The Playground

The swirling pebble mind of the
Youngest child
Smiles and whispers
Runs and jumps
Over endless playgrounds,
Never thinking twice
Of past skidded elbows
Grass stained shirts,
Patched, faded, Farah's.
Kickball never grows old for the minute
It took to play and
Girls beat boys
At boys games.
Until it's gone
And life passes
The playgrounds of youth
And death eats
The freedom and
Belief found in the
Communion of the
Playfield.

Tina Rucker

Ride

Another spring day, beautiful as usual; many of the people are excited for the warm weather. The air humming with bees, the sun warming my worn face and tired arms as I sit here in my old, gray, brittle rocker. How silly it is that we have seasons. I would be perfectly happy to sit inside all day, looking out into a grey winter world. I wish it would rain. Nothing good or exciting ever happens here. Sometimes I find myself wishing for a tornado or a flood, just to see what would happen. I would just sit here and watch it all, unphased, until it was also my turn to die. Everyone dies, you know.

Everyone I ever cared about is dead, even my baby died. Crib death they said, no good reason.

People walk by; I don't know these people. They never stop to visit --that's good, though. They very rarely even glance over to acknowledge my existence. I never go out anyway. My world is my house, my porch, and what I observe from my porch. Not a very pretty world at all. Everything is so old and falling apart. It's all wearing out, just like me. The only person I ever talk to is the grocery boy; he comes once a week. He always tries to visit. He tells me he thinks his mother and I could become good friends. Once in a while he will bring some bread or cookies she has made. I always refuse; I don't need anyone. I suppose the boy will die soon too; I always try to keep a distance between us. People that come into my life always die. Everyone dies, you know.

I turn my radio up; it's the news. A man has escaped from prison. He was in for murder: he has robbed a bank, killed three

more people, and wounded two others. They say he escaped on a Harley Davidson motorcycle. I wonder if he is going to stop here. This is such a small place, nine or ten houses, he'd probably blink and drive right past. I've seen several new cars pass by on that freeway road that's just outside of town. I've never seen cars like those new ones before. They don't stop, though, they never do. I wonder if the towns they are from are like this one, small, silent, and scared. They just zoom past all day long. I wonder how far that freeway road goes. I can't ever remember traveling anywhere too much. There is a big picture out by that road, a girl with blonde hair drinking out of a tall bottle; there are some swirly red letters under the picture. I always wondered what it said. I look at the picture some more through my binoculars. She is smiling; I don't remember the last time I smiled.

There is a rumbling noise in the distance; my heart leaps--a flood? No, it hasn't rained in a long time. I see something turn off that freeway and come down the little dirt road to our town. I can't tell what it is, so I look through my binoculars. A big man with tangled dark hair blowing in the dust his big loud bike is churning up.

Everyone is safe inside behind locked doors. No one likes strangers. They peek out windows as he roars by. He stops at our gas station, which is also our grocery and hardware. He is cursing because the pump won't work. We have two pumps, but only one works. He switches to the working one and fills his beast. Then he feels my stare; I am the only one out. He turns to face me. I don't move, I just keep staring. It feels strange to have someone challenge my stare. A half crooked smile is on his face; his eyebrows are pushed together. I can't tell if he is angry or

happy. He is walking toward me, and I know it's my turn. For the first time in a long time, I smile: everyone dies, you know.

Joni Jones

Winter

Ash grey marsh,
March of death,
Saturates
The earth.

I feel sodden;
Desolate wind
Chills bleak landscape
With his searching touch.

Delaying spring,
Withholds her hypothetical
Fresh green,
Dangling in time.

Distant,
Never reached.

Elizabeth Gardner

Film Case

The angle disturbed,
The picture blurred,
The essence of the film
Destroyed.

A view distorted
When film is frayed,
Scenes lost
To wind and rain.

Will men,
Like fragile film,
Decay without
Plastic to protect them?

Christian Arial

Time and Crawlads

Ideas came so much quicker then
 And days were everlasting wicks
 In short fuse crackers.
 We'd stand hours hunched as
 The tree fronds leaned over our
 Shoulders and quietly approved again
 The occupation of crawlads,
 And ham on string was it,
 Was all.
 They took the bait in their greed.

Days held weeks,
 Never long enough to quiet the moon's
 Ascending chords, so quiet
 We never heard them until black
 Was upon our eyes and pounding
 Rhythm into the echoes of howling
 Dogs and frantic scattered calls
 Home; up and down the street
 We ran, rubbing sunburn into denim
 And brushing sniffles from our noses,
 Deep into hands.
 A scolding!

Corn, peas, carrots, squash,
 And potatoes with gravy
 Crumbling wet roast and warm noses.
 Steam from pans,
 And cousins.

It was years 'till Christmas, a
 Watch was in my stocking.
 I flaunted the jewel,
 But never knew time.

Joy Simmons

Grass Paths

When I exited the sidewalk
 And I let a car pass by,
 I gave up a thing that mattered.
 Did I fight it? Did I try?

I was angry and unhappy,
 But I did not have the time
 To immediately protest,
 So instead, I wrote a rhyme.

Writing not at once but later,
 After thought had crystallized,
 I was able to determine
 What was wrong. I theorized
 That the kind administration
 Of the institution where
 I was walking when it happened
 Does not know or does not care
 That the sidewalk, broad for people,
 Is in fact a bit too wide,
 And convenient as a roadway
 To the campus' other side!

People do not use the sidewalks
 When a path across the grass
 Is much shorter and far quicker,
 And more safe (no cars will pass).

So the very best solution
 For all folks and cars concerned
 Is to let cars have the pavement.
 So my thoughts went, and I learned,
 Through this logical thought process,
 That, to stand up for one's rights,
 One must carefully consider
 Every issue in all lights.

Do I want to use the sidewalks?
 Would I rather use the grass?
 Only, please, administration--
 Post the sidewalk, "Cars will pass."

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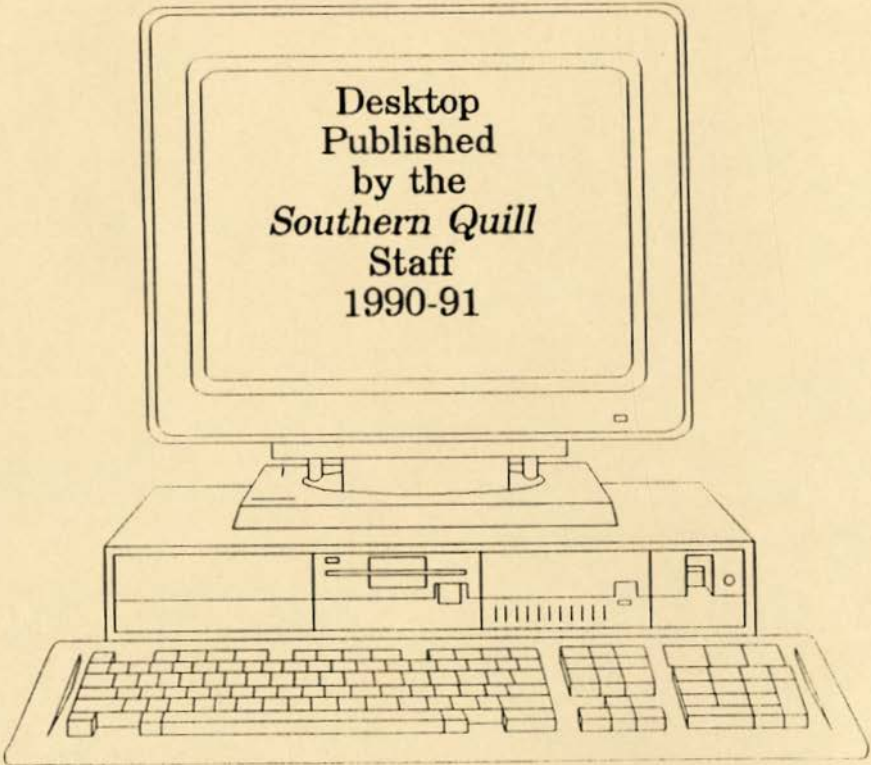
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