

# **pegasus**

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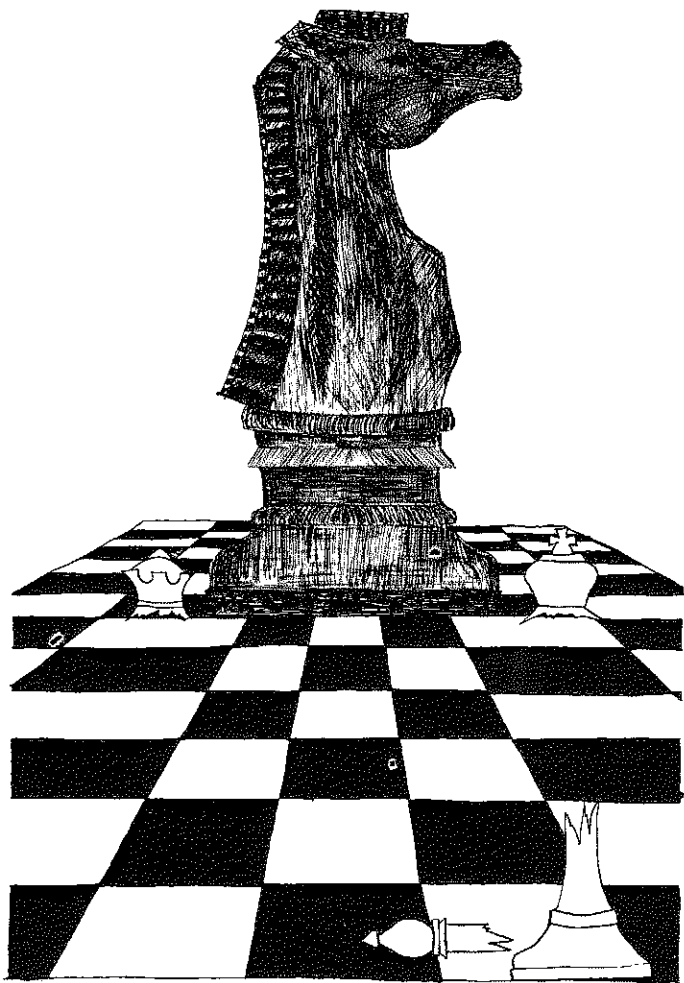
# THE CHESS MAN

R. A. Colameco

He carved his men from wood and gold  
some he kept and some he sold  
and every piece with careful hand, he made  
some would stay and some would fade  
some would move by themselves  
some remained upon the shelves  
others would run and fall to break  
others would walk and try to make  
Then one day there came but one  
he became the brightest son  
and to him he gave the power to reign  
and from him he took the reason of sane  
and he was big and strong and new  
and the others fell, what could they do  
and then the chess man knew his fate

all his love had turned to hate  
he ran for miles from his shop  
until he came here to stop  
and now he tells them of his tale  
and they will look and try, but fail  
now the chess man leaves, depressed  
to no one will he try to confess  
that what he had is done and through  
for now he'll try to start anew  
until that day when he is found  
nothing will remain but a sound  
from that chess man sighing, sighing  
from that chess man dying, dying  
and with him there will go his kings  
and with him there will go the things  
that have made him rich in fame  
that have made him die in shame  
and then there will go forward all his pawns  
marching and running into the dawns  
the places they have seen and known  
the places they now try to condone  
from that chess man sighing, sighing  
from that chess man dying, dying  
all his castles falling down  
upon the cracked cement ground  
who will rebuild them is what they ask  
who will go forth and take the task  
his queens will run for the sea  
and they will drown and never be  
what he had made from crimson stone  
where there were eyes, tears now shown  
from that chess man sighing, sighing  
from that chess man dying, dying  
all his knights will run forever

all his bishops who were once clever  
now there remains but a shadow's sight  
nothing left but man's own flight  
from the chess man sighing, sighing  
FROM THE CHESS MAN DYING, DYING



## WERE I THE KEEPER OF TIME

Jim Bove

Were I the keeper of the time  
All things within my grasp  
A knowledge of the future mine,  
In touch with present and past—

I think I'd turn this man around  
And make him look down deep;  
Then back at what his fathers' found  
Then bend his knees—and weep.

Farthest down he'd find the trust  
Next, strength and loyalty  
I'd sweep 'way the recent dust—  
To make my rebel free!



when ivory roses turn to black

with aging eyes I watch the horizon  
as the sun's descent prematures  
for the clouds reign king of the cursed-upon sky

darkness now prevails,  
as mothers call their children  
who cast to the winds  
their thoughts of dissension  
a daughter looks from her window  
at her empty garden,  
as the newly-planted seeds await their food

violet raindrops fall for reasons known  
only to the clouds;  
as they hit the embracing earth,  
they kiss the ground  
and proceed to penetrate,  
rejoicing at the sight of their destination

a perpetual wind passes  
and a perfumed-cloth lifetime ages,  
yet a daughter still watches her garden  
destroying the wandering insects  
that come to play

then one morning she sees reality  
there in front of her innocent eyes,  
a rose appears . . .  
her love for her product  
artificiates as her  
vision is blurred by unreal tears,  
she remembers the day it all began  
and like the sky, the rose, too, is black

cursed by society and laughed-upon by fate  
she looks at the rose,  
raises her head and  
searches for a cloud

R. A. Colameco



## To Be So Loved

Craig Loughery

The flowers of the ridge grew,  
And the warm sun sweetened their blossoms,  
And they do appeal;  
But they didn't have to smell so sweet,  
They'd be so loved for their beauty.

The stallion of the prairie was tamed,  
And taught to trot and parade with grace,  
And this does appeal;  
But he didn't have to act to please,  
He'd be so loved for his majesty.

My love comes closer; and closer, still;  
And her eyes glow the brighter and nicer,  
And they so appeal;  
But she didn't have to be so nice,  
I shall love her to infinity.

## Cloudy Skies, Broken Waves, And A Beach

the memories of my past  
transforms into the obstacles of my future  
a future as dark as last night

the waves rolled into the  
images we left in the sand  
and tomorrow we will have to  
search the beach for our dreams

until then i must go  
and i leave you with nothing,  
nothing but the sea

R. A. Colameco

## THE ME AND THE I

Late afternoon, Grey-Blue and Smokey Clear,  
Time for metamorphosis has come,  
Cold steel, hard, taunt aluminum—inanimate;  
Breezy cool wind lightly blows my hair  
To push me to my change of flesh to air.  
Gently rolling the steel and mind become one,  
Lift-off and total change come at once—I am alive,  
I am flesh and blood, I am metal and rivet;  
I am Mind and Machine——  
I am Pilot and Plane in one.  
Droning, purring, softly thundering towards some goal,  
Microcosm moving towards the macrocosm;  
A Black-Grey-Blue-Green-Crimson splendor,  
The Man and Machine, Mind with Body,  
Trespassing as in sacrilege.  
I pilot my extension, my plane—my new body,  
Towards the Unreachable,  
The Beauty of Colossal Sunset—my goal,  
Flying higher, farther from the solid world below,  
Trying, ever trying, to touch infinity.  
The Blues so Cooling,  
The Reds and Oranges inwardly Warming,  
The HOT, Piercing Ball of Retreating Brightness,  
The Cold intrusion Black Cape—Stealing away  
The Universal Show of Wonders.  
The Day has now reached and passed in Finally,  
Treacherous Night has stolen over this Earthward-Bound Man,  
I must soon depart my Intra-External Being,  
Back to finite grey life to End;  
Maybe Tomorrow—Dear Friend.

J. Paul Smith



# A Night In The Life

S. FIORE

## SCENE ONE

*enters from door from arch,  
enter, kisses him,  
put books on coffee table.*

Jim: I'm home Mom!

Mom: Where's your sister?

Jim: She stayed to watch the football game with some friends. She'll be home soon.

*drying her hands with a towel.*

Mom: Oh! I thought she'd be able to go to do some shopping for me.

*takes off coat, throws it on couch.*

Jim: I'd go, but I have a football game this afternoon. We're playing the kids from the next block.

Mom: They're awfully big. You might get hurt.

*exit through arch, sitting down on couch and taking off shoes.*

Jim: Mom, if I can play with Dan and Tom, I can play with these guys.

*voice off stage.*

Mom: Oh, all right, but be careful and put something warm on.

Mom: That's why I want Theresa to go to the store. I was thinking of having spaghetti because I have some sauce left over from Sunday, but I need the spaghetti and some other things.

*looking for sneakers under couch.*

Jim: Have you seen my sneakers?

*voice off stage.*

Mom: They're beside the desk.



*Jim gets up, gets his sneakers, goes back to couch and puts them on.*

*enters from door, put books on coffee table and musses Jim's hair.  
Jim pushes him away.*

Tom: Mom, I'm home!

*enters from arch, Tom kisses her.*

Mom: You're awfully late. Did something happen to the car?

Tom: No, nothing happened to the car! I got tied up at school with that damn play again.

Mom: Are you sure that play isn't too much for you?

*lights cigarette.*

Tom: Yea, I'm sure! Listen, I have to be at work by 5:30, so tell me what you need at the store before I start to get changed and take a shower.

*Jim gets up and goes towards closet looking for football.*

Mom: Well, I need some spaghetti and cheese... Oh! And some coffee, sugar, and milk. Do you need any money?

Tom: No, I have enough! I'll be right back. *(exit)*

*Jim takes coat and football from the closet.*

Jim: Mom, have you seen the football? Never mind, I found it.

Mom: Hurry up, and maybe your brother will give you a ride to the field. Don't forget, be home by 5:00.

*leaving through door.*

Jim: Okay!

*shakes head.*

Mom: *(exit)*

*enters through door. enters through arch.*

Theresa: I'm home Mom!

Mom: Did you have a nice time at the game?

*put books on table.*

Theresa: How did you know I was at the game?

*puts coat on couch.*

Mom: Your brother told me.

Theresa: Jimmy? I just saw him and Tom going towards the field!

*picks up both coats and puts them in closet.  
sits on couch.*

Mom: Yea, Jimmy's going to play some football. I hope he hits some homeruns.

Theresa: (*Laughs.*)

Mom: Whats so funny?

Theresa: Nothing, I'm just happy you're around.

Mom: Okay, now go upstairs and get changed before supper is ready.

Theresa: Okay. (*Exits up stairs.*)  
(*Mom exits*)

*seconds elapse.  
enter through door.  
re-enters from arch.*

Tom: Mother dear, I'm back!

Mom: That didn't take long. What happened, didn't you meet any of your girl friends by accident?

*puts groceries on chair.*

Tom: That was cute, but you can do better than that. (*sarcastically*)

Mom: I may kid you about it now and then, but really now, when are you going to find one nice girl like your brother did and just go with her instead of being a gigolo?

*takes off jacket and throws it on couch.*

Tom: Yea, end up engaged like him! Not me! ...beside, I haven't found anyone who deserves me yet.

*looking up to ceiling*

Mom: All I wanted was a son, but you have to send me a comedian.

*taking off tie.  
heads for stairs.*

Tom: (*Little laugh*)—Look, let me take my shower, before it gets too late.

*head to arch and holler.  
head for stairs.  
blackout on stage.*

Mom: All right, but hurry, dinner will be ready soon.  
and try not to let the ceiling leak. (*exit*)

*End of Scene 1.*

## SCENE TWO

*Mom enters with bowl of spaghetti in hand—table is set—places it on table.*

Mom: Time to eat! Jimmy, call Tom and tell him dinner is ready.

*Mom goes off and re-enters with water pitcher—sits down.*

Jim: (*offstage*) Tom ...

Tom: (*offstage*) What?

Jim: (*offstage*) Time to eat!

*Theresa enters and sits down.*

Tom: All right, I'll be down in a minute.

Mom: Why is he always upstairs when it's time to eat?

Jim: He's on the toilet reading the paper. It's the only quiet place in the house.

*Tom enters and sits down.*

Theresa: He calls it his library.  
They were talking about you.

Tom: What about!?

Jim: You, the newspaper, and the toilet! (*laugh*)

*all laugh, gestures to hit him, then sits down and serves himself.*

Tom: (*with food in mouth*) Mmmm ...  
Dan's home.

Dan: Hi Mom! (*kisses her*)

*through arch.*

Tom: Hi big brother. Tell us about the hard day Mr. Executive had at the office.

*sits down.*

Dan: You wish you were so lucky!

Tom: Lucky about what! To break my back five days a week, eight hours a day, then go to school at night, just so I could get married and raise kids just like you! You've gotta be outa your mind.

Dan: (*Little angry*) You know Dad was right. You are a lazy bastard.

Mom: Shut-up! Both of you eat your dinner. You better hurry, Tom, or you'll be late for work.

Dan: Work! You call trimming lettuce and husking corn work?

Tom: Yea! And I think of you every time I chop the leaves off the lettuce with the clever!...Get the general idea.

Mom: Finish up, it's almost 5:30.

Tom: Mmmm... You're right. I gotta run. Bye, Mom. (*kisses her*) Be home about ten. Bye Fran. (*musses his hair*) laugh.

*Fran gestures to hit him.  
Tom exits.*

Jim: (*slides back in chair*) Oh! I'm full.

Theresa: (*same*) Me too!

Mom: Okay, now upstairs and start your homework.

*Theresa and Jim exit  
through arch.  
Dan and Mom drink coffee.*

Jim: Yes Ma'am!

Mom: Why do you and your brother hate each other?

Dan: He's a wise little bastard and you know it!

Mom: Yea, ... But it's kind of cute how he goes about it.

Dan: Cute my ass. He means every word of it.

Mom: Wait 'till he gets to be your age. Then he'll start to calm down.

Dan: If I don't kill him before he reaches twenty, it'll be a miracle.

Mom: He helps as much as he can around the house. And besides, he helps me in a different way than you do.

Dan: Would you mind explaining that to your bewildered audience!

Mom: Well, you see, he makes me feel happy when he's around, because he's always doing some crazy thing which you have to laugh at and he always has something funny to say, or maybe it's just the way he says it. You know, little things, like Daddy used to do when he was alive.

Dan: You mean I don't make you happy.

Mom: You do, but in another way.

Dan: Explain...

Mom: You're always concerned with the...what's it called, oh...materialistic things in life, the house, bills, money and the car, which is good, because your father was the same way, and this makes me happy too...to know someone is taking care of me like your father did.

You see, your father had both of these things in him. And both you and Tom have different personalities than each other, but they're still part of your father's personality. And everytime you portray these qualities, you always remind me of what a good husband I had and what a great father you had.

Dan: I never knew you thought that way, but it was beautiful what you said.

Mom: I didn't know I could say that either!

Dan: More Coffee?

*(Blackout on stage)*  
*End of Scene 2*

### SCENE THREE

Theresa: Mom, where did Dan go?

Mom: He went over to Barbara's.

Jim: When are they gonna get married?

Mom: November, but I hope they make it sooner.

Jim: Why? So he can move out sooner? (*laugh*)

Mom: Very funny! No, it's too cold in November.

Theresa: When did you and Daddy get married?

Mom: It was a nice warm day in June. June 13, 1948. Daddy and I would have been married for twenty years last June if he hadn't died in April.

Remember how we were talking about the six of us going to New York on our twentieth anniversary?

Theresa: Well, maybe the five of us can go sometime this summer.

Mom: Maybe...

Jim: Hey Mom, the 76ers won.

Mom: That's nice. Who are they?

Jim: They're the basketball team in Philly... You know, like the Phillies play baseball and the Eagles try to play football. Well, the 76-

(*pause*)

(*pause*)

Hey Mom?

Mom: What?

Jim: You don't know too much about sports, do you?

Mom: No Jimmy, I only understood one game when I was your age.

Jim: What's that?

Mom: "Spin the Bottle" (*little chuckle*)

Theresa: And you always told me you were so sweet and innocent!

Jim: Yeah, like a fox!  
(*all laugh*)

Mom: What time is it?

Theresa: 1:30

Mom: Time for bed!

Jim: (*to Theresa*) Big mouth!

*both get up and kiss Mom.*

*halfway up the steps, she stops.*

*gets up to look out door.  
sits down again and begins  
to read. moments pass.  
enter through door.*

Jim: Goodnight.

Theresa: Goodnight...  
Are you coming up soon?

Mom: Yes, as soon as Tom gets home.

Theresa: All right. (*exits*)

Mom: Where the hell can that kid be?

Tom: Sorry I'm late.

Mom: Where the hell have you been?  
Did something happen to the car?

Tom: No, nothing happened to the car.  
I stopped over Kathy's after  
work and we went over some  
music for the play.

Mom: Well, next time call!

Tom: I thought you might be sleeping  
and I didn't want to wake you  
from your beauty rest, because  
you need all you can get!  
(*both laugh*)

*Tom grabs her and starts  
to dance while humming a  
song.  
Mom gives him a little  
shove.*

*Mom throws pillow at him,  
then sits down.*

Mom: Stop that. My legs hurt.

Tom: That's from sitting on your ass  
all day.

Mom: (*yawn*) I'm so tired.

Tom: Why don't you go to bed. I'll wait  
for Dan.

Mom: But he might be late and you  
have an early class tomorrow,  
don't you?

Tom: No, I don't have to be there 'till  
ten. So wake me up about 8:30  
okay?

Mom: All right.

Tom: (*kisses her*) Goodnight, Mother  
dear.

Mom: Goodnight.

*she gets up.*

*Mom exits up stairs.  
Tom sits down to watch  
T.V., then Dan enters from  
door.*

Tom: You're early! Whatsa matter? You  
sick?

Dan: No, just thought I'd get home  
early for a change.

Tom: I thought you forget what the  
word "early" meant.

Dan: Had a talk with your mother to-  
day. I found out that you're not  
all bad, just half.

Tom: You know, I was thinking about  
that today too, and came up with  
the same conclusion.

Dan: About me?

Tom: No, me! I'm a pretty nice guy.

Dan: Well, two of us know it, now to  
convince the rest of the world.

Tom: Want some coffee?

Dan: If we can drink it in peace and  
quiet, and not with our usual  
hollering.

Tom: Promise-In peace and quiet and  
no hollering!

Dan: It's a deal!

*taking off coat.  
Tom lights cigarette.*

*(both laugh)*

*Both shake hands and exit  
through arch.  
Blackout.*

*The End.*



*sometimes when i stop to think*

*i recall*

*the times we walked arm-in-arm  
across the fields*

*and the time*

*we found that silent merry-go-round  
in the park*

*we went around, smiling and laughing  
at nothing but ourselves*

*you were young and free of care*

*like the wind that messed your hair  
how beautiful you looked when the sun reflected  
in your eyes*

*and the ribbon fell as my fingers tried  
to replace your hair*

*how you got mad*

*when i teased you about your nose  
but how you'd turn gay when  
the merry-go-round began to move*

*all this i recall and even more*

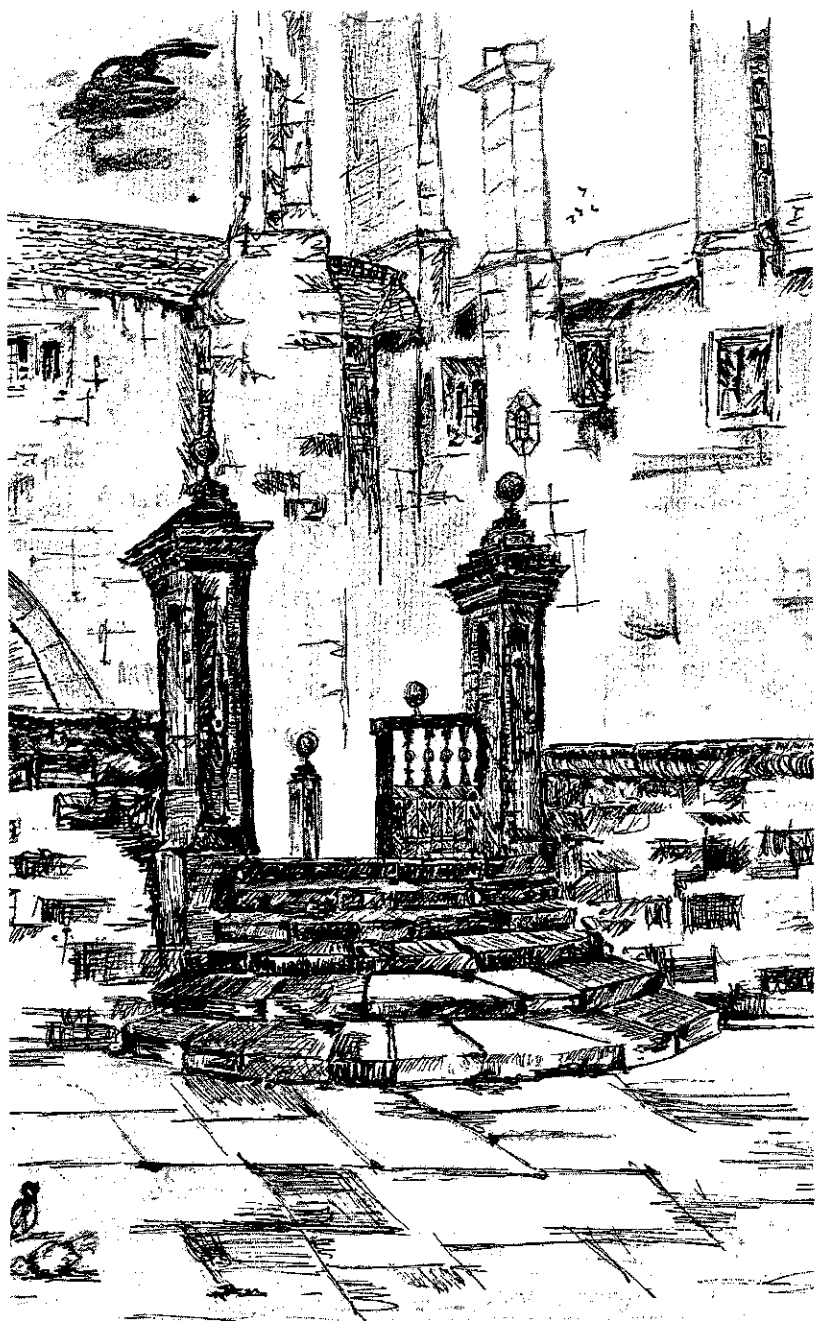
*but this is gone and so are you*

*i passed the carousel awhile ago*

*but now it's old*

*and beneath it lie the weeds that penetrate its floor  
and so are the memories that penetrate my mind  
sometimes when i stop to think*

*R. A. Colameco*



## and I cried Juliet

you stood atop the steps of stone  
and I called you Juliet  
but you never knew why  
and you seemed not to care  
    you wore lace  
    and I wore blue  
we'd smile and stare  
and walk by the creek  
which flows endless like your hair  
but we always went back  
to the steps of stone  
where you would stand  
to look down at me  
and I would call you Juliet  
    now I pass the creek  
    and some how find my way  
    back to those steps  
    to cry Juliet

R. A. Colameco

## AUGUST EVENING

glittered glass strewn in streets narrow and buckling;  
crumbled brick flats where children play;  
heavy women leaning out second-story windows,  
eying the stranger that walks below;  
storefront Pentecostal churches flanked  
by bail bondsmen's offices and grocery stores;  
tiny apartments that swell with summer heat  
and sweaty people jammed seven to a room.  
The humid deep of night settles,  
but the slum does not sleep.

Jim Bove



## OTHER PEOPLES DESIRES

We run down dark streets  
Where shadows bend, and bounce, and fill us with hope.  
We know we are alone,  
Yet we still seek the shadow-maker.

Silhouettes, still, silent,  
Make impressions then  
Deny their existence, saying:  
    "I never was,  
    Were you?"

Then we wonder if our shadows  
Were anything but other peoples desires.  
And then we turn our back to the light  
And when we see our figure cast on broken cement,  
And when we say:  
    "I never was,  
    I will"  
Only then shall we be  
Other peoples desires.

Monz

## CONSTRUCTION

*The sky is a hazy gray*

*Crying*

*The wind runs wild against the leaves*

*Free*

*My eyes catch shaded scenes from long forgotten memories*

*Lost*

*A lonely poet screams tangled verse into a corner*

*Confused*

*A book is read, and closed, forever*

*Forgotten*

*Joe Christiano*