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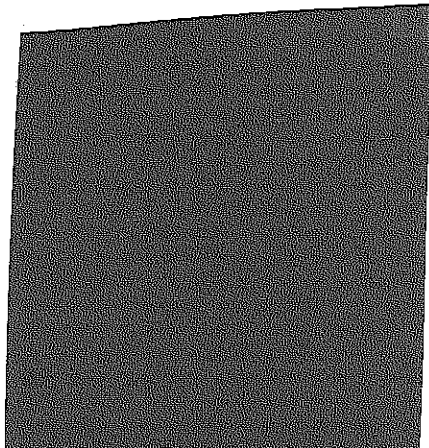
published bi-annually

by the

students of the

community college of delaware county

Vol. 2, No. 2 Spring, '70



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SHE BRINGS JOY

In the early morning meadows

In the slumbers of the night,

She brings joy

In the cool of winter's day

In the falling raindrops of
the spring;

sides

On the wild rolling hill-

sands,

On the tropic isle

She brings joy

On the

grass sweetly green

On the day before tomorrow;

By the wide and flowing rivers

By the forests and the rainbows,

She brings joy

By the desire in her eyes

By the way she does the
things she does;

loves only

To the one that she

loves her truly,

To the one that

She brings joy.

Williams and Raleigh

A BROKEN DRAM LIKENED TO A WOMAN

*Mary Ann — she was a wispy child
crying for lazy puppies that somehow died in a cruel vet's arms.*

*Somehow Mary Ann knew of the idioms in her circus tent
though she never found them intact and they
loved her shallowness more than somewhat.*

*And Mary Ann said Calvinistic prayers that merited a salt
shakers approval though it never said her name
she loved the white sand dripping from his mouth,*

*Yes, Mary Ann was a dulset piece of chicanery; lovelier than
dawn over a teeming railyard pad more daring than all
icons of a strange universe that promoted fear.*

*I loved Mary Ann and drank her love from a broken dram
so much like the lost youth of a man's mind
and the sad, almost sweet tears of an aging maid.*

— Dana Imperato





AUTUMN AND OTHER THINGS

*Sunlight molds her image with the skyline
as Autumn prepares itself again*

*Standing erect she looks downward and
touches the soul of all*

*Wind blows calmly through her branches
as she sheds her seasonal clothing
her colors drift to the rhythm of nature
and fall to the not yet hardened earth*

*She is the rainbow of the universe
she inspires*

*The little people come
to laugh
to play among the surroundings
collect her colors
to paint the pathways*

*Rose like bouquets are carried by the little ones
as their friends build piles of leaves
pretending they are high mountains*

*But then pretending is the secret
the children dance and sing*

*The grownups rake and burn their dreams
her leaves will fade and die
only to return again*

*The little people will grow
the magic will be gone.*

Louise M. Zuccarello

THE CORNER BAR

Turned the corner and the bar came into sight. Quite a few cars parked out in front. . .more than usual. But this was Friday night. . .always a lot more people there on Friday night.

Hope some of my friends are there. Should be some there by now. . .been going there almost every night since they were first able to get served. Some have been going there since they were in high school. . .seems like they graduated from high school to the corner bar.

The place always depresses me. Guess because it's so boring in there. But. . .it's the only place in town. . .no place else to go to meet someone and have a few beers before going someplace.

Always felt a little apprehensive before opening the door. Never knew who'd be in there. Remember the time I pushed open the door and banged it into some drunk trying to find his way out. . .nearly knocked him over. . .he started yelling at me like it was all my fault. . .Christ, he can hardly stand up and it's all my fault that he's drunk. . .had to push him out the door to shut him up. Ever since then I open the door slowly.

No one I know is here yet. . .wonder where the hell they all are? Usually here by now. . .thought A would at least be here. . .said he'd meet me here at ten. Better hurry and get here. . .can't stand to stay in here all night.

Damn, have to sit on one of these stools with no backrest. . .back will be sore after awhile. Can't see why they don't get rid of these things. . .bad enough I have to come in here. . .but to have to sit on these damn things, Christ!

Here comes the bartender now. It's about time. . .he's slower than hell. Hi Joe, what'll it be, beer? Yea. . .here ya go. . .thanks. Wish he'd get my name right. . .know he isn't dumb. Real nice guy though. . .friendly and all. . .but really slow. Could make your own beer by the time he brings you one.

Nothing much to look at in here. TV going in the corner. . .some cowboy flick on now. Bet A's home watching it. . .probably why he's not here yet. . .he better have a good excuse for being late.

Can't see much else in here. . .lights are so dim. Only lights around are the ones in the ceiling and over the cash register. . .can't make any mistakes with the money. Christ I can't even see who's at the other end of the bar. . .think they'd turn the lights up some. . .hell, it can't be all that bad in here.

Lots of mirrors in here though. Everywhere you look you see yourself. . .get to see yourself get drunk. Owner must be a narcissist or something. . .hell, if I wanted to look at myself all night I could have sat home in front of the mirror.

Smells like sauerkraut somewhere. . .must be something new. Oh I see, they got a little hot dog and sauerkraut steamer in here now. Getting a little hungry. . .maybe I'll try one. Hey! how much are the hot dogs. . .25¢. . .okay, give me one and another beer. . .thanks. Say, haven't seen A in here earlier have you? No. . .Christ, a half-hour and he hasn't shown yet. . .he really pisses me off.

Guess I'll go to the men's room. . .give me a chance to see who's at the other end of the bar. . .maybe catch a little of their conversation. Christ, it's those old guys and their wives. . .must live in here. . .always here every time I come in. . .usually drunk and arguing about something.

Saw me coming and shut up. Wonder what they were bitching about this time? Probably the blacks or the youth. . .usually someone else. . .think they are gods or something. . .always judging other people. Wonder if they ever judge their own lives? Seems like they draw a little circle around themselves and are afraid to venture outside of its boundaries. . .they remind me of a needle stuck in a groove on a record, revolving in the same slot. . .seems like they just sleep, go to work, then come up here to get drunk.

Records! hmmm, wonder if they got any new ones for the juke box since I was in here last? Christ, ya only get two for a quarter now. . .with the selections they have ya should get twenty for free. Probably haven't changed the records since Bing Crosby sang White Christmas. . .oh well. Got to do something to liven the place up. . .can't take much more of this waiting. . .an hour in here is like being sent to death row.

Well at least the cowboy movie is over. . .maybe A will come up now. Gimme another beer will ya. . .thanks. Nothing to do now but read the labels on the bottles of whiskey behind the bar. . .sure got enough different kinds on the shelf. . .wonder how many bottles they go through in a year?

Sounds like A's car pulling up. . .needs a new muffler. . .really noisy. Hope it's him. . .Yea. Christ A, where the hell ya been? Going out of my mind sitting here. . .let's get out of here.

Go! I just got here. . .let me get a couple of beers first. Christ, you get a couple of beers. . . I'm getting the hell out of here!!! Wait a minute. . .

That son of a bitch. . .tells me to meet him here at ten. . .shows up an hour late and expects me to sit here for a few hours more. . .thought we were going to this new place. . .what a let-down. What the hell does he think I am, a vegetable or something. . .plant me on the bar stool and water me with beer?

He's probably back there laughing at me. . .knows I can't go very far with no car. Only place to go to is home. . .nothing here though. . .don't feel like watching the stupid TV or reading. Really was up for going somewhere tonight too.

Guess I'll take a walk uptown. Uptown, that's a laugh. . .only thing uptown is a couple of gas stations and grocery stores. . .nothing to do in this town whatsoever. . .sit around and watch the cop direct traffic at the corner.

Man it's really cold out here. . .must be about ten degrees now. . .better find someplace warm to go before I freeze to death. Let's see. . .can't get a bus anywhere. . .they stop running when it gets dark. Can't hitchhike anywhere, it's too cold. . .besides no one ever picks ya up around here. Guess the only thing to do is go back to the bar and try and talk A into going someplace.

Hate to even think about going back in there. . .A's probably settled down for the night with his beer. . .never get him out now. Oh well, what do I have to lose.

Hey man I see you're back. . .have a nice walk? Yea you son of a bitch it's really nice outside. . .get me a beer will ya, I gotta go piss.

Thanks. . .look A, are we going to stay in here or go anywhere? I don't know, where do you feel like going? You know the only place I like to go A. . .but you never feel like driving all the way up there, right? Yea! So A, I guess we'll sit here till you decide where you feel like driving to. Okay!

Christ A, look who just walked in. . .you remember him. . .the guy with the big mouth who was in here last time we were here. . .the one that started the arguments with us. Christ he's really drunk now. . .probably be over here bugging us in ten minutes. Let's get out of here A. . .I don't think I can take this place anymore. . .and if that drunk comes over here I know I won't be able to take it. . .I'm not in the mood to argue with a drunk.

Christ here he comes. . .look at him. . .he can't even walk straight. Come on let's get out. . .drink that stuff and let's go. . .he's almost over here Okay, let's go.

— LAWRENCE HOELZLE

WINTER
WATER
FALL

Snowy white water fall
step down into your
murky home for now
and patiently wait your turn
for tomorrow the sun
and you'll gleam again.

— Thom





Frog!

leap upon the rocks and leaves,
don't worry about where they came
from

swim in the water, purified by rocks

shower in the falls

look about you at the trees

and hills,

here lies your

kingdom!

Robert Colameco

frog,

your beauty domain

of endless creeks

and aged trees,

of water lilies that form

rainbows through sun rays at dawn

leap upon the rocks and leaves,

don't worry about where

they'll go



He couldn't have been more than eighteen. He was a thin, denimed figure of a boy outlined against the concrete starkness of the highway by the pale moonlight.

It was three or a little after and the road was quiet. About all he could count on was that some truck driver, drowsy from staring down the guard rails and white lines, might pick him up for some conversation.

It was three A.M. and it was cold and windy. The cold crept up from the frozen dirt and scrubweed of the road's shoulder and sliced into the boy's bones. The wind, lacking even the decency to be constant, swirled and lulled and stunk of diesel fuel and burnt tire tread.

The boy walked north on the highway, a cloth bag slung over his shoulder. He walked at a steady pace, huddled and hunched up, trying to bury as much of himself as he could under his coat.

For a long while there was nothing but the monotonous clump of his footfalls on the concrete and frozen ground, the night, and the gusting wind.

Then he sensed the brightness and whirled around to see the headlights coming over the rise a few hundred yards down the road. It was a truck and he called himself a damn fool for all his rising hope.

The truck drew closer and the faint hum grew to an angry roar and the boy was engulfed in the glare of the headlights. He stood as confidently as

he could, his weight resting on one leg, and held out his thumb. He was answered by a hostile blare of the truck's air horns. It rushed by him in tones of road gray, rust red, and soot black, with such force that he instinctively jumped back from the road another couple of feet.

Watching the tail-lights fade into the darkness down the road, he cursed the truck under his breath. He cursed the truck driver, the cold, and finally himself for being such an unfortunate jackass, hitchhiking on a night like this, on a road like this, where even St. Christopher himself would probably laugh and drive on.

Then he noticed the bottle. It was an ordinary green soda bottle lying off the edge of the road. He bent over, picked up the bottle and hefted it in his hand. There was a road sign saying "Speed Limit — 65 Miles" about thirty feet ahead of him. He walked closer and with an arc of his arm threw the bottle at the sign. The bottle smashed into the sign directly under the "5" and pieces of green glass showered to the ground.

The boy grinned to himself, kicked a pebble on the ground, and continued to walk north on the highway. For some reason, he thought he might get a ride yet and it would be daylight in a few more hours anyhow.

— William C. Case, Jr.

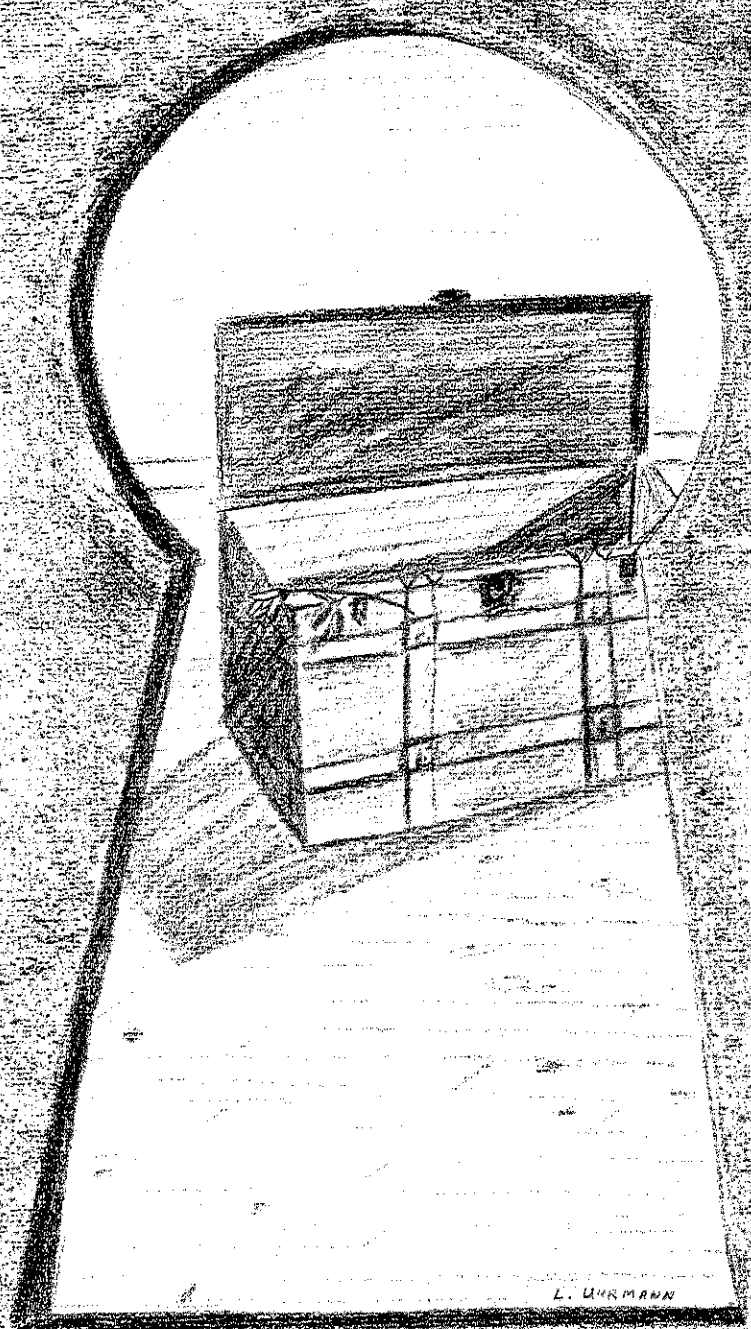
*I'm trying to think of something
more beautiful than your hair.
Your soft hair, hanging down
sweeping my face, laying
like velvet on my chest.*

*I'm breathing heavier,
and I see you smiling,
I've never seen you smile
that way before.*

*You look like you are glowing
a human glow inside of you.
And it's glowing inside of me too.*

*Why?
Probably because you put it there.*

Anonymous



FLOWER DREAM

*You spoke to me
but your words
were silent
and their meanings were
a sad array of
freshly picked flowers*

*I sat and listened
yes listened to you
speak the same to me
but indifferent to yourself
 The seeds of time
 blossomed in my mind
 but were unborn in yours*

*I sat and listened
listened to the fragrance
of your unchanged pattern
of thoughts or words
 Listening to your eyes
 as they wandered carefully
 through me*

*But I must change
for winter is coming and
the fragrance of you
is still lingering within my berth of collections
and everyone knows
that flowers die
when they're locked up forever.*

Thom

NEWPORT (A CITY AND A MAN)

A face that beguiles even heavens.
Earthy wisdom and such youthful motion.
'Tis Newport's oceanic lights
That my heart returns to this night.

A gull, herald of the hunt, calls my name.
In its pure flight it calls, "He's come home to live
The life he always knew
Would be his own, he's come home."

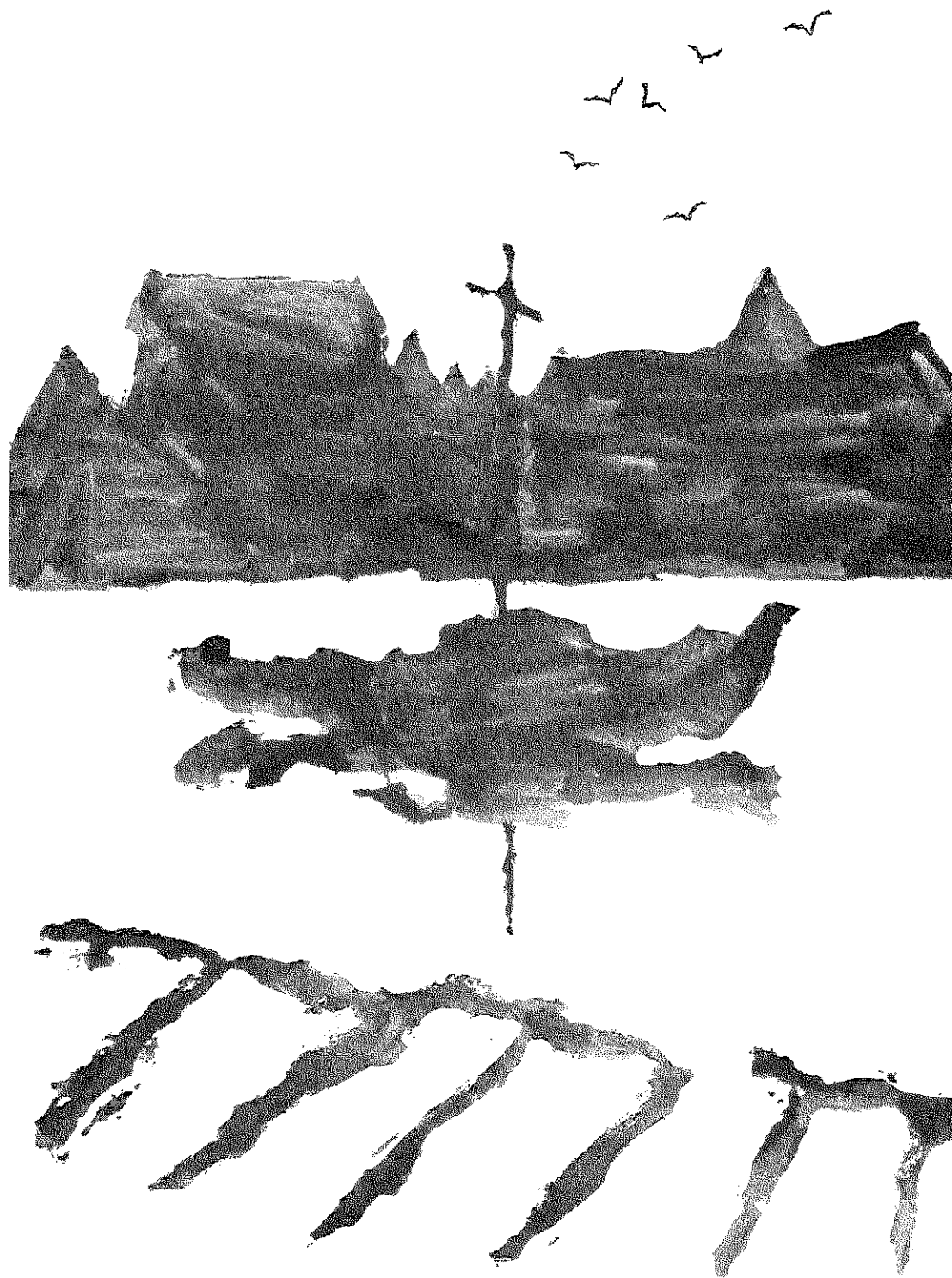
Newport;
Rhode Island's fairest child
Born and raised in liturgy,
Much like sorrow in Greek tragedy.

Newport;
A slow movement grinding in the wind.
Clapboard and sea water eyes
Meeting my lips with tears on a ship's aged, rotting deck.

Newport;
Banned by those who seek parading,
But sought by those who wallow in lonely beauty
And the presence of silence in every tired hallway.

A dream that envelops even the saintly.
A cold, dark shadow falling where lovers
Will one day meet.
My form it is; a city and a man.

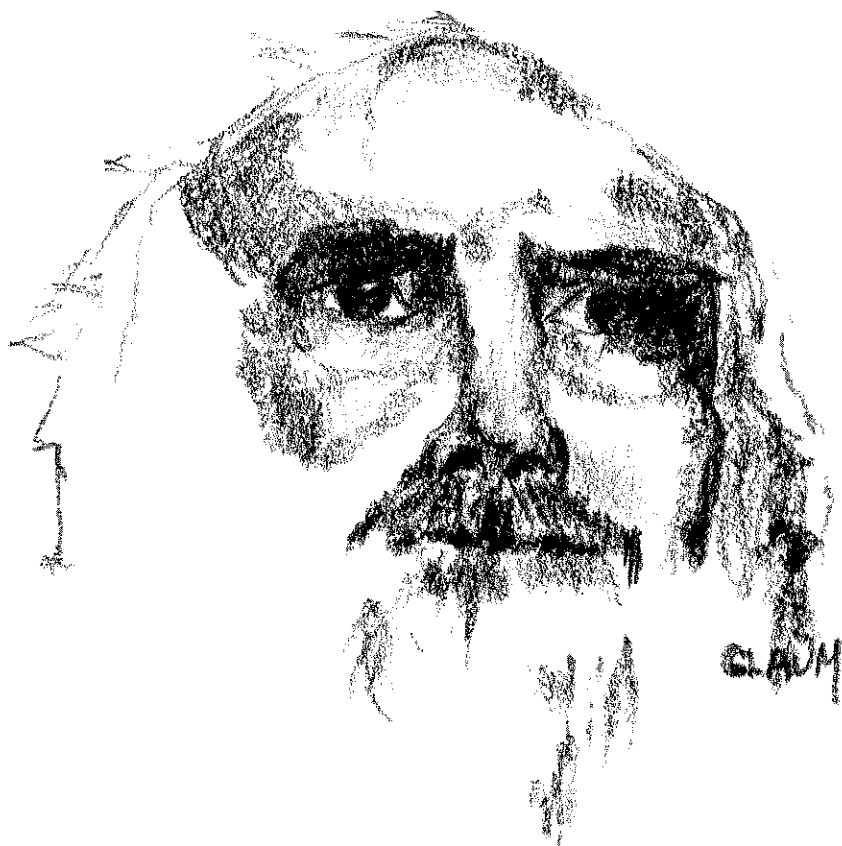
— Dana Imperato



THE ARTIST

He struggles through his empty day
painting things that barely pay
his life is full of visions and tears
and thoughts of perfect art
but every new one is like the last
thoughts of the next one becomes a task
he knows some day he'll be a god
but until that day he's not a man
his hand becomes a desperate tool
enslaved by a man they call a fool
but every day he tries again
he know his time will come
in vain he watches his fingers grow old
but his search remains just as bold
ah, but an artist never dies
and so he tries once again
he counts his strokes in endless fashion
his love becomes a fateless passion
to win over time and death
his mind becomes obsessed with fear
the artist kneels while he cries
no one knows, while the artist dies.

— Robert A. Colameco





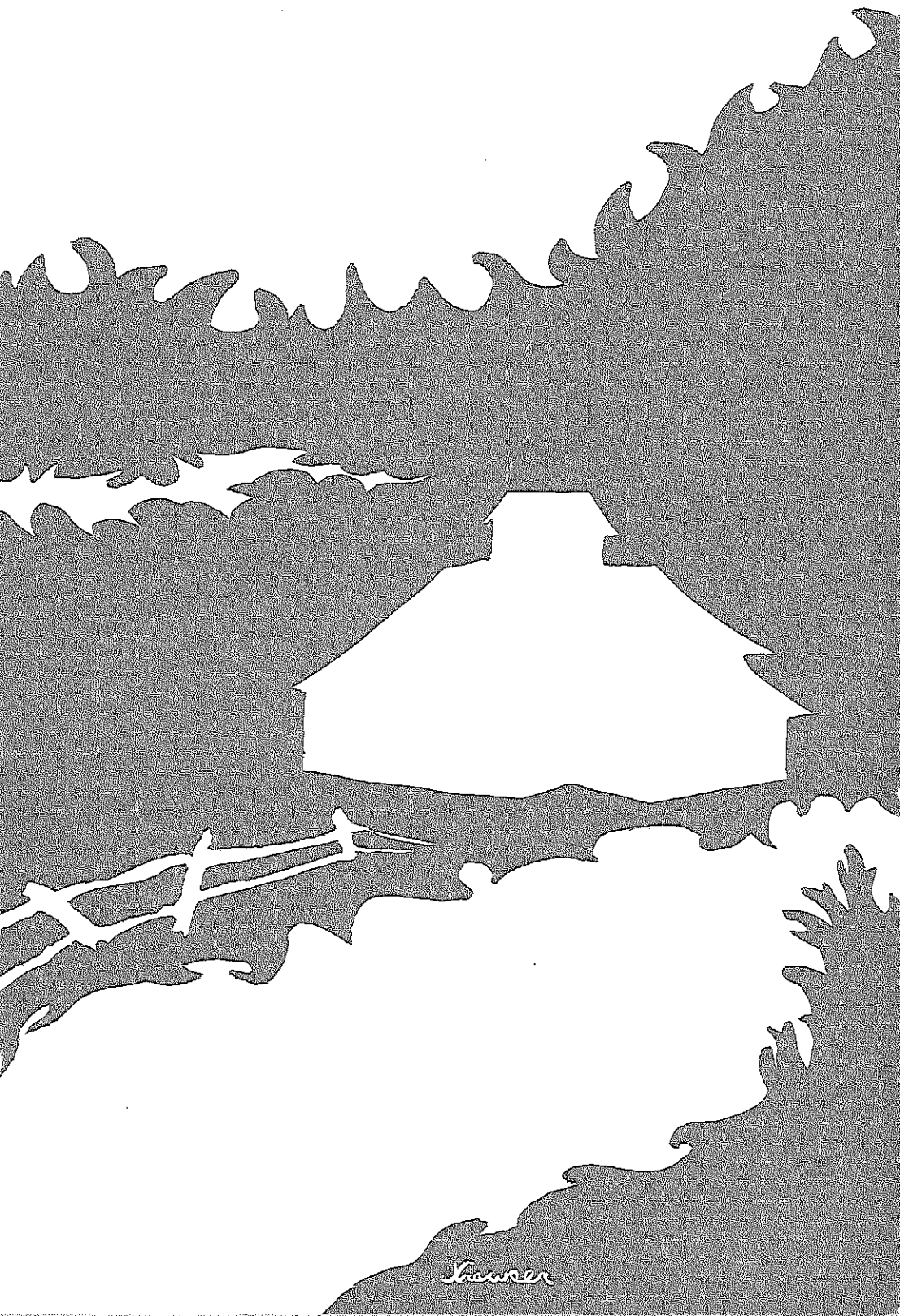
LEFT BEHIND

She sits back in her tan-colored straw chair
Patiently waiting,
Grasping with bony hands which reach out
Fiercely for something.

A kindly face stately and regal
But yet sometimes sadden
As if justice had flown away like birds
When leaving their young.

Pale, thin and drawn
Her face is a pattern of wrinkles
With creases of yesterday's mistakes
She is a guinea pig to a timeless process.

Her eyes dissipated, pathetic and a clue to her true identity
Her hair white as a snowflake in mid air before it is murdered
Her body withered and old existing on hope
She wonders where has it gone — she waits.



Lauer