

1976



Pegasus

V8n2

Julie Sullivan

2010. 64. 14

Just Smile

Just smile . . .
Let the spark light your eyes.

Allow me to reflect those mirrors . . .
So that I may shine and feel the glow
too . . .

Gina Brisgone

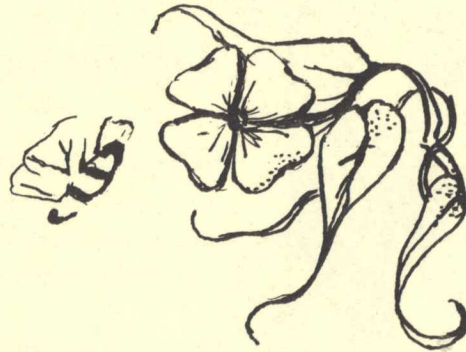
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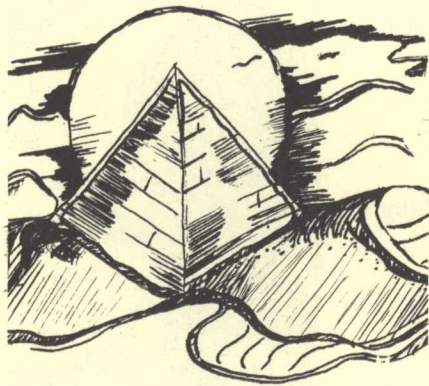


Observation From Within

While observing a bee
diving into a honey jar
to sample its sweetness,
I felt
myself
sinking
into its deliciousness,



Only to realize that my wings had become wet
And I could no longer see the light of day . . .



Life-Long Pyramid

What sort of person
builds his world around words?
Erects his building-block like edifices,
And cornerstones them by each event,
That passes by his eyes.

Each breath of life he pens
places another stone towering
Towards the zenith.

And his life-long pyramid
stands tall and strong,
While the magnificent parthenons
crumble and blow away with
The sands and winds of lost memories.



Toppling From Her Throne

The queen cold and aloof
perches upon her icy throne
Casting downward glances upon
adoring subjects.

'Keep your distance,' she warns,
'Or your favors shall be revoked.'

It seems no worthy suitor may
gain her favor for she fears to
be revealed as the frightened
child she really is.

But after her suitors have gone,
the smiling sad-eyed jester
enters . . .
dancing and mimicking the folly of
the others.

He springs into an hilarious performance
for the emotionless queen.
Who at first protests then
slowly
Begins to smile and is caught up in
the hilarity—dancing smiling and laughing
along with her entertainer.
Then, the Jester turns to leave
as suddenly as he had come.
She dances off to find him
hair flowing down around her shoulders
where it once was firmly imprisoned—

—off into the night with the dancing-
eyed Jester.

Gina Brisgone



I ONCE BELIEVED

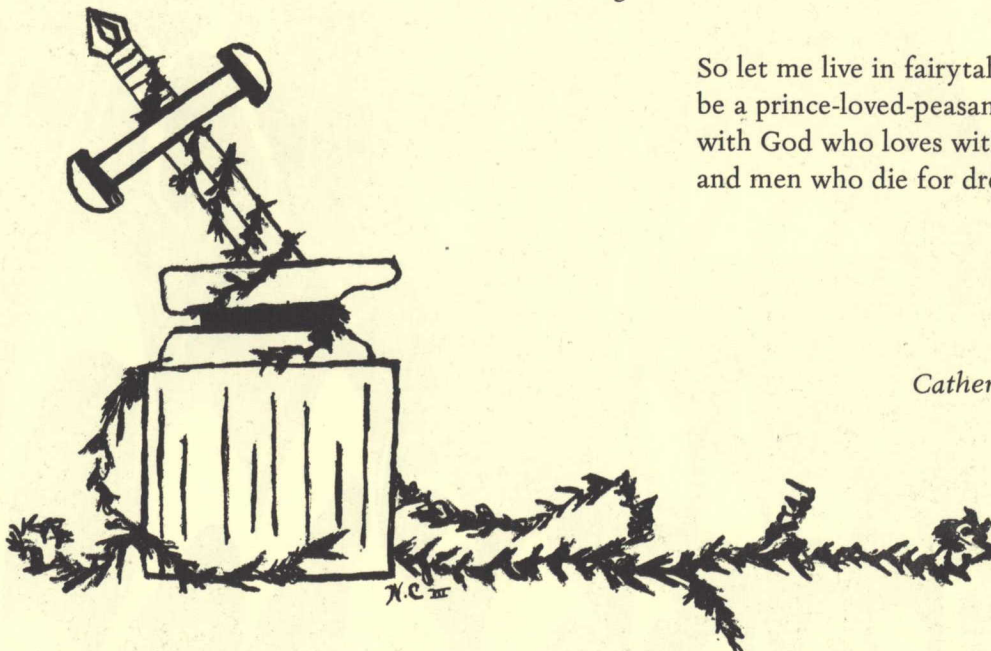
I once believed in fairytales,
in prince-loved-peasant queens,
but things like that don't happen now
except in daytime dreams.

I once believed in one true God
who loved with all he had,
but now I wonder if he's real,
or just a passing fad.

I once believed in honorable men
who spoke truth 'til they died,
but found weak men who sacrifice
their honor for their hide.

I once believed in many things,
but searched for what was real
and then I found this thought-great truth
damaged those who feel.

So let me live in fairytales,
be a prince-loved-peasant queen
with God who loves with all he has,
and men who die for dreams.



Catherine M. Weiss



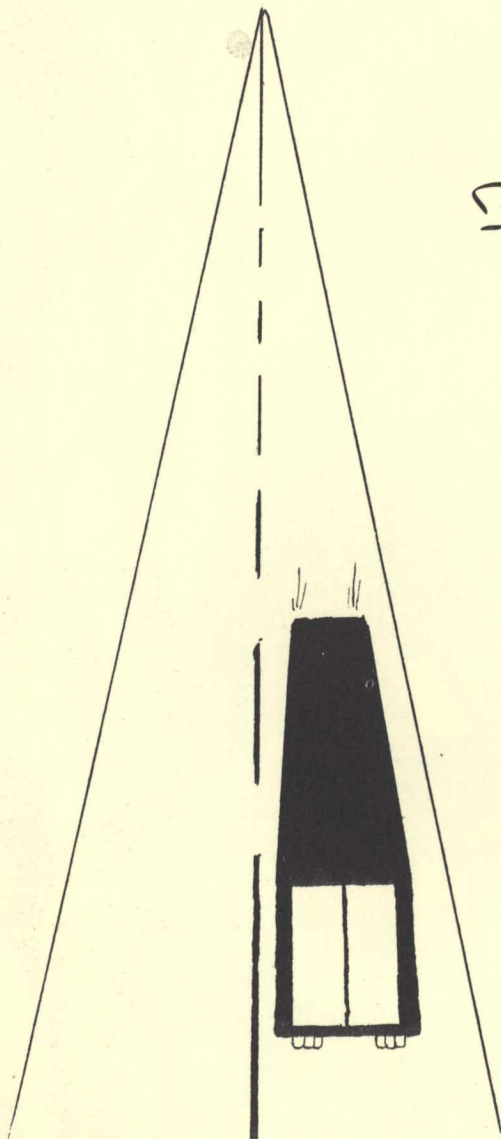
SCHIZOPHRENIA

I sit.
Trapped behind thin glass.
Gazing out
Upon opalescent figures
Dancing, floating
Within the womb
Of viscous darkness—
Sheltered in its flowing folds,
Warmed by velvet black,
Like the images of a fever dream.
Silence.
Noiseless laughter.
Unmocking.
Waving me to join
And feel
And touch,
Softly.
I reach
And touch the fragile glass
That won't break—
Softly.
I sit.
A silent
Thin walled
Tomb,
Mocking.
Apart.

John L. Newell

Passing

'Gypsies' rolling through the night—
Pushing time, making time,
Rolling through the thickening night
(That holds the tires' searing whine
And engine's roaring strain)
To speed on through the black,
Tracking highbeam glare along the road
Around the silent, solid hills
On into the night.



For Martha, In the morning

The silent night,
Stirred by a breath
Sighing in the warmth
Of discovered peace,
Shelters now still love.
Sleep.
Entwined arms safely hold
Silent revelry
Within the folds
Of night's diaphanous veil,
Where shadows merge—
And boundaries fade—
Until the wedge of morning's sun
Parts the one
And shows two lovers
Naked
To the day.



John L. Newell





CURSE YOU!

Beloved of Falstaff
plague of youth and age.
Many are the hours that I've cursed our relationship
only to return with pleasant expectations.
You are a dangerous lover, but perhaps in your danger is my need.
So sweetly was I led that I never watched the path.
Now you've turned, and exposed a different face to me, and I find
myself lost.
Scrambling to and fro, unsure of the way back.
How high is your price tormentor?
Or do I really seek freedom from your oft painful caresses?
Are you the answer to a need mistress?
Or a grotesque mask that should be torn off, and flung into
the dark place from which it sprung?
Answer me hateful lover!
This love is not an illusion, but softer shackles few men have ever felt.
I feel the need, I'm coming . . .

Dennis Davis

I escape to the world far away
from reality where
I seem to find true happiness.

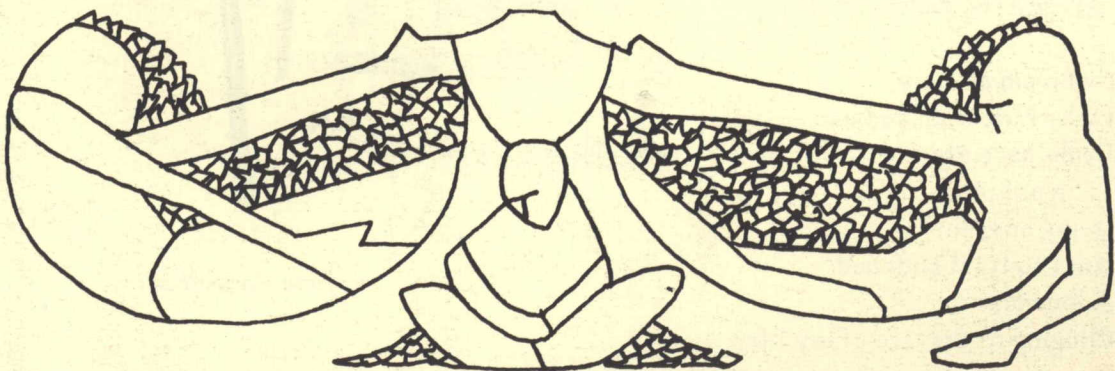
I run away from the ugliness of
my real world thinking
that I have found the answer.

The Trip

I hide from the anxiety, problems
and utter confusion of my life,
for only a few hours or even
a few moments

Only to return and find all those
things and more
of what I had tried to
leave behind.

Michelle Del Rosso



SEPARATED REALITIES

Who will love me,
Now that nine years have passed
and taken with them, youth?
Now that these breasts sag with
the accumulated baggage of the years?
Who will marvel at these hips,
What brave man
Will know that soft pillows give
more comfort than firm?
Who will love these thighs, with
their roadmap of stretch marks;
Who will trace the path of this flesh
and not shrink at the evil grin
the surgeon left
in trade for my womb?

Yes, who will touch me
And who will hold me
And who will love me
Now that I have given this body
To make your children,
Now that these hands are ragged and ravaged
by ten million dishes
and ten thousand diapers
and home grown tomatoes?

Who will look into these eyes,
and see past the shadows and
lines of sorrow and pain,
To see into the depths of me--

I who am so deep
I who have such passion
I who have the warmth of flames
in autumn
In my autumn
Am I to be abandoned,
A lone leaf
Clinging to the tree of my life?

Blinking, I come out of the
darkness
Of our corner of hell:
I stand naked, weeping
Before the bathroom mirror's
cold reflection.

I ask again
Who will love me?



Jane Zanca-Batthey



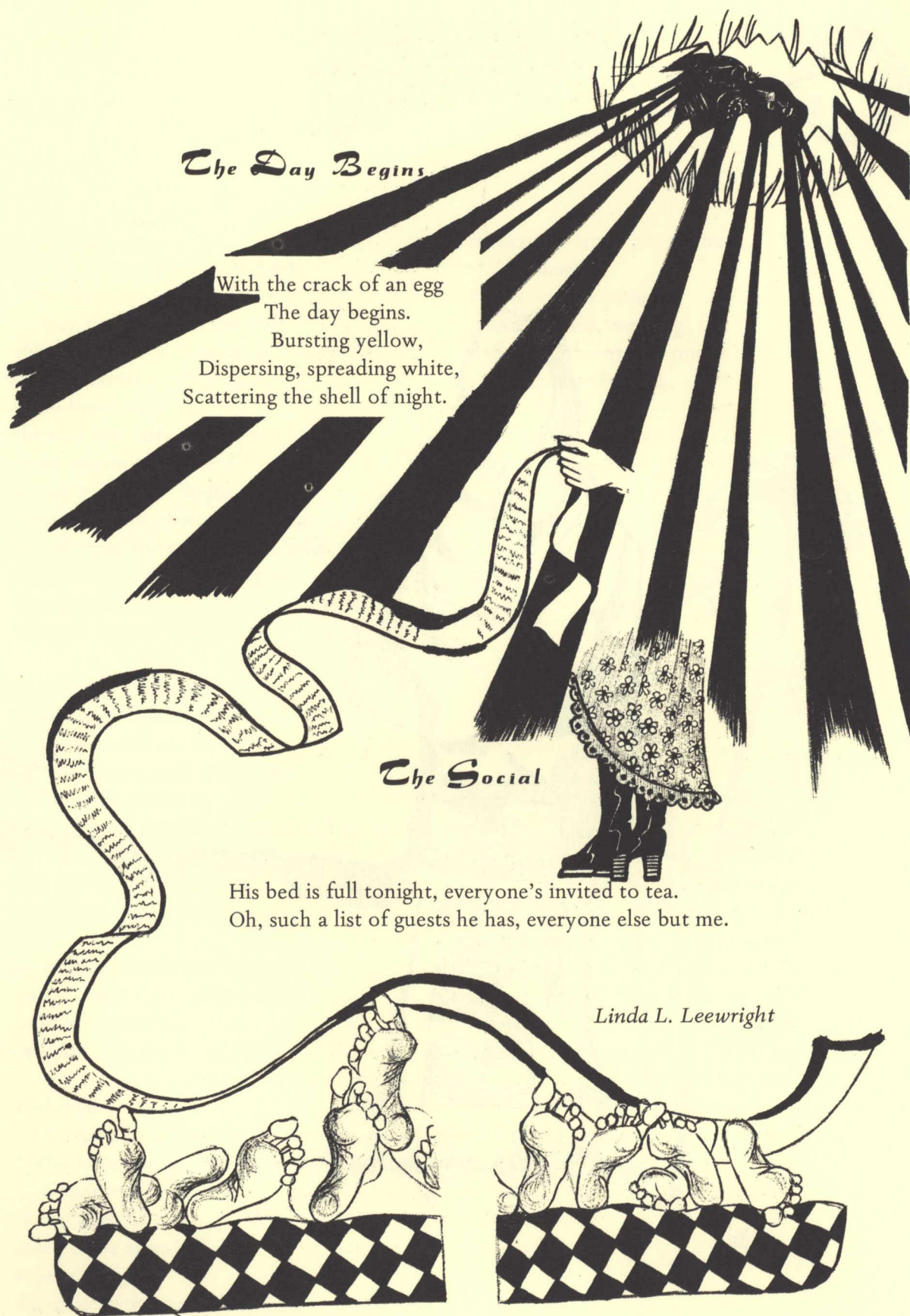
The Day Begins

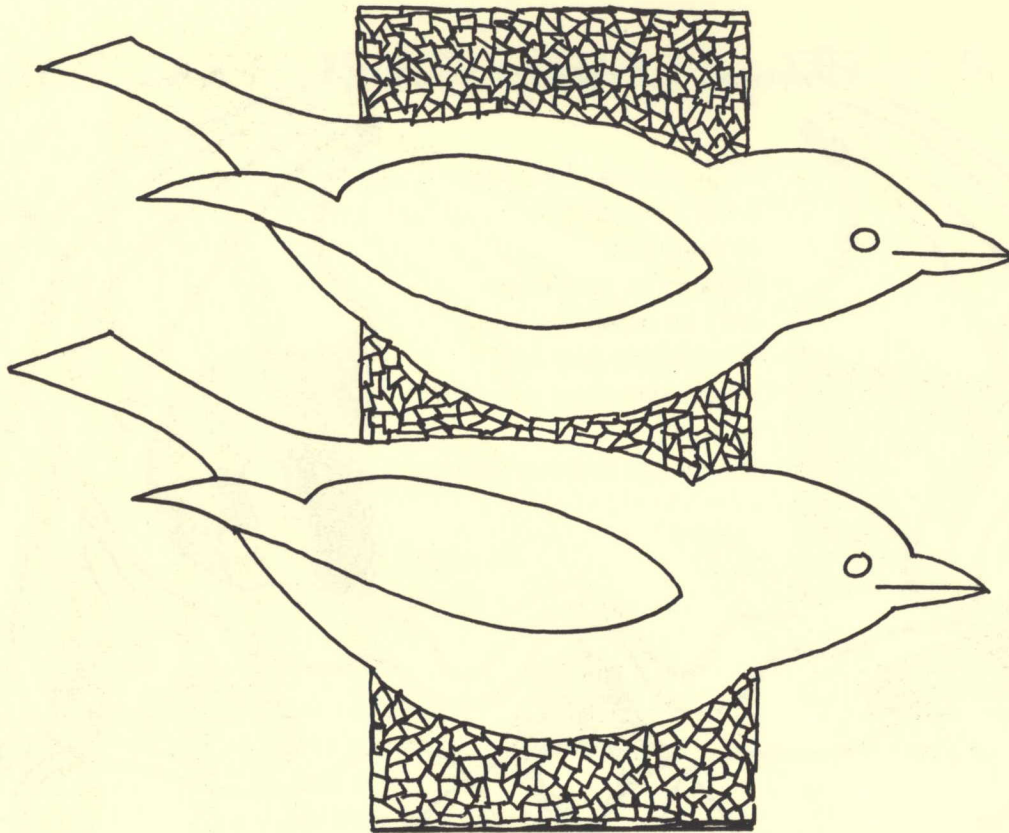
With the crack of an egg
The day begins.
Bursting yellow,
Dispersing, spreading white,
Scattering the shell of night.

The Social

His bed is full tonight, everyone's invited to tea.
Oh, such a list of guests he has, everyone else but me.

Linda L. Leewright





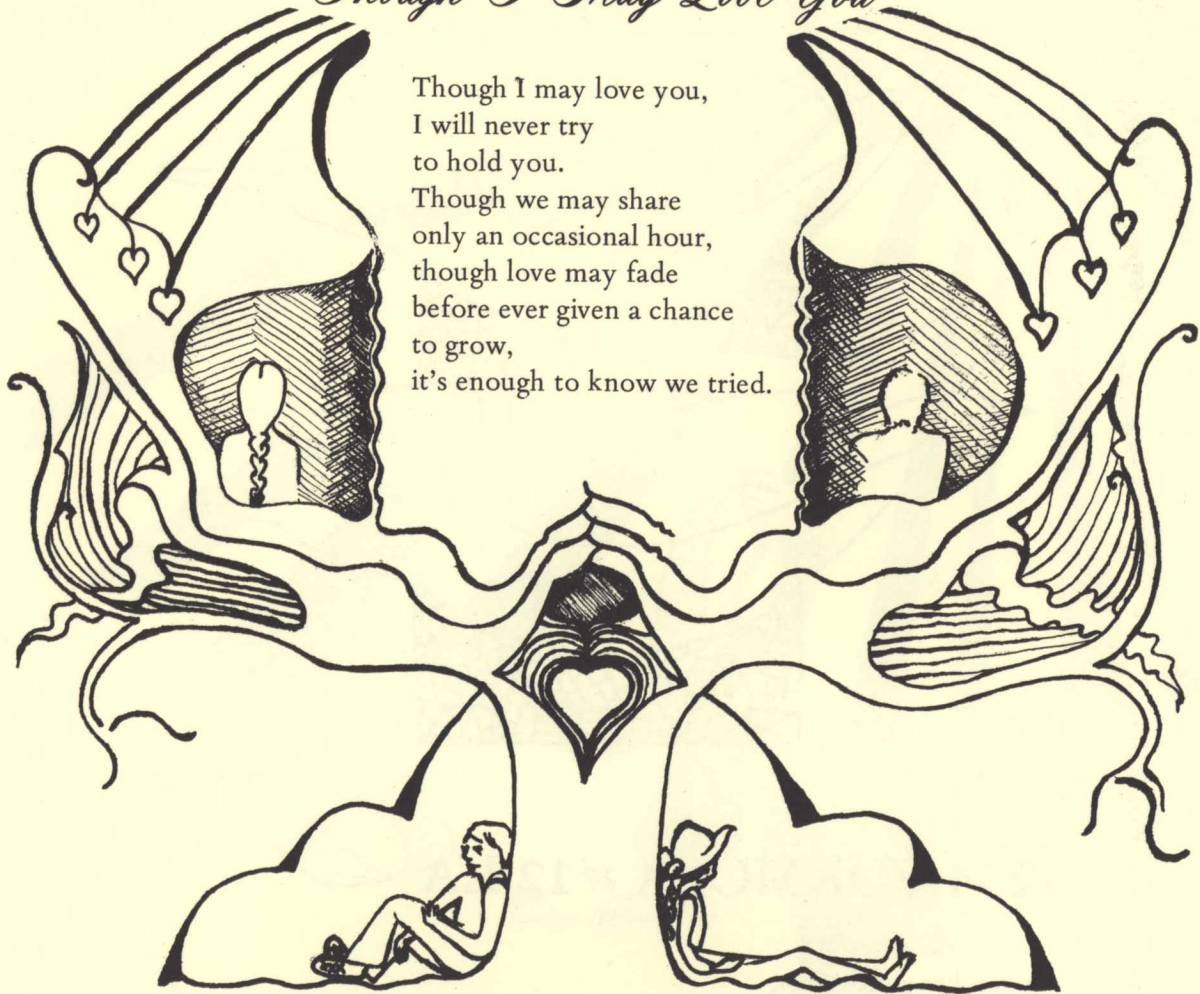
1234 FORMOSA #12 LA

The sun has gone down,
And I find my thoughts drifting across the miles.
In patchwork melodies, the birds sing their goodnights.
A breeze brushes my cheek,
And the roar of rush hour traffic is gentling into a hum.
My window is blotted with lights of the city.
All are at their feast, the clatter of dishes
Signaling the beginning of an evening's leisure.
Occasional chatter reaches through the walls and fills my heart.
Flies that landed on my day have long since slipped out my window,
Leaving me in mystery of their night travels.
On the refuge of my shoulder, the kitten watches the close of the day with me,
And feels the night's forthcoming presence.
Now the mountains are black, and the sky is a deep velvet blue.
The first star of the evening triumphs man's clattering.
Ever so lightly I draw the curtain as not to break the day.

Linda L. Leewright

Though I May Love You

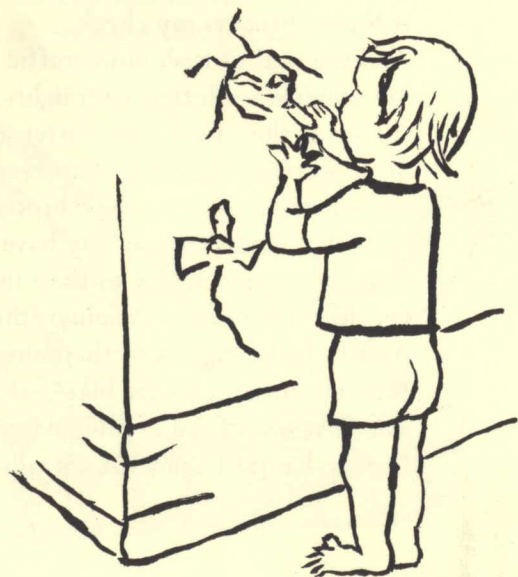
Though I may love you,
I will never try
to hold you.
Though we may share
only an occasional hour,
though love may fade
before ever given a chance
to grow,
it's enough to know we tried.



The Children's Poems

My barefoot child
spinning love from chalk and brick
scriptures on the wall

Mother is warm, sweet milk—
liquid love.
She's softness and peace,
with a heartbeat at my ear.



Nancy Hull

HE TALKS TO TAPE RECORDERS - - I Talk To Trees

I'm
just sitting here
talking
to my favorite tree
thinking
how fantastic it must be
just standing around
naked
all day
touching clouds
not really caring
what time it is
or if the Dow Jones Average
is up
or down.
Suddenly you
come tearing past
briefcase at your side
screaming back
at me
as you run
to catch a train
'Trees can't talk!'
Well baby,
you go right on
dictating
to your tape recorder
and I'll just sit here
a while
with flower
talking to my tree.

Nancy Hull

Cinnamon Rays Of Sun

Cinnamon rays of sun
flow freely through the fortitudes
of fog, and perch themselves upon
the formless blades of dew.

ESCAPE

Damper closet corks
Stifle the beauty
Of that immortal solitude
Reality.
The corkscrew enters
Attempts and fails
Retarded by the muscle-vein strength
Of feigned fantasy.

Carpet Ride To Nowhere

Flattery, it gives a second meaning
Wonder feeling greater than before
Superficial happiness exuding
Anticipation who knows what's in store.

Gaily hopping through the wistful flowers
Floating through the melodies sublime
Imaginary thoughts caress explosions
Flattery, it does it every time.

Expectations change into realities
Transitions once again are taking place
Never sanctify imagination
Reality, it's always hard to face.

So once again we look into the mirror
And see behind us tears that once were cried;
A misty fog distorting present future
To nowhere on a magic carpet ride.

Janet Volmer

SIGNS

The neon iridescence
Always seems to illuminate
The multi-colored blasts
Of stark-bright
Electric-flame
Materialism.

Janet Volmer



APPLE POLISHING

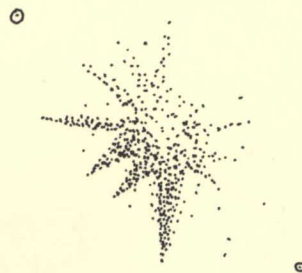
Dead now of cheek turning
He is consumed in effigy each week
by the pious, the fretful, the meek
climbing up from the shadows,
looking sheepish.
Absolution is what they seek,
from sin,
original to them.
They've forgotten the garden, the snake,
and a barbaric crucifixion,
for human predilection,
of a Jewish King.
With eyes upon the priest, the Sunday host,
and giving each neighbor a friendly shake,
they've strayed to apple polishing
to fear no more their evil, nor the roast,
so to speak.
And perhaps there in a grave,
somewhere,
for Heaven's sake,
a sufferer turns over
the perpetual cheek.

Judy Bicking





Bright Fantasy



The ocean
is beautiful
under the sun
shine
It reflects ices
that sparkle
like a true
fairytale.

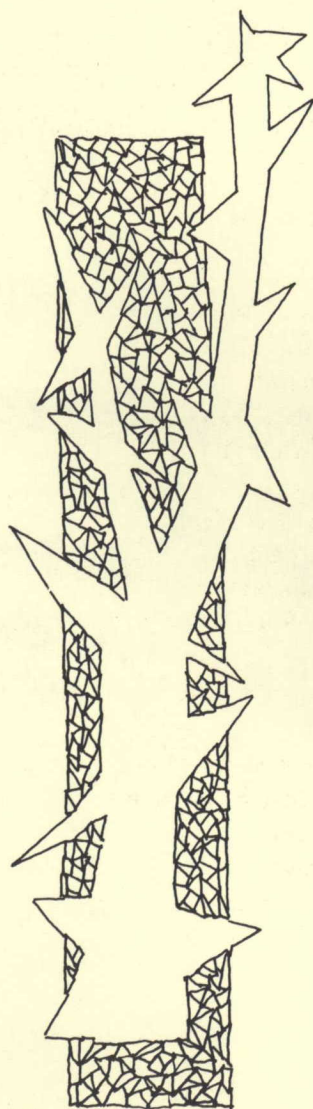
Michelle Orocofsky

(six years old)

Spliced Reality

She was clothed for winter
in the stormy solitude of her mind.
Nights approached her days
with memories of a man
standing in the darkened corner
of her room.
The playbacks echoed
and then would fade for a time
allowing springtime fantasies
to curl upon her spirit
to melt her icy cage.
But always her mind
recaptured the cold
chained again her days to nights
and listened to winter screaming.

Jan Orocofsky



To Shadwell With Love

He stabbed himself with his tongue
It unravelled and since then has hung
in mock heroic verse.
I mean, what could be worse—
once you've heard your own eulogy sung?

Discoria's Mount

Sometimes
when gale force winds
slice fertile lands
dissonance betrays
all harmony.

Yet, for a time
the gentle zephyr
became my maestro
softly balancing
my spectral melody

and I became his song.

To Alex

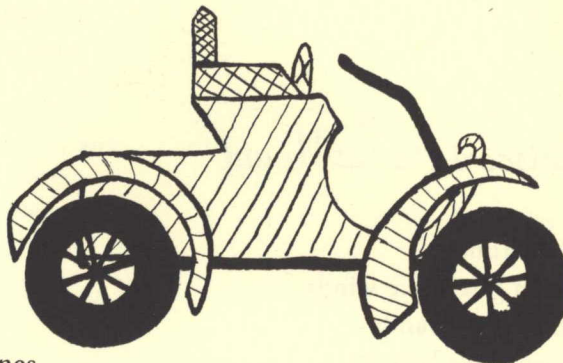
'Tis hard to find though yet I will
a critic's eye so taken by a skill
not led by wife nor other worthy friend
nor tempted by a patron's kingly hand
Some few are these whose judgment is no purse
but look with focused mind on tainted verse.

What fame has he who writes himself to sleep
and wakens but to hungry dogs he keeps
dresses next his tongue in adjectival spit
then licks his mongrel audience with wit
so dry, the hair of shedding paws
diseased as lepers, fills his narrow jaws.

Where light distorts, they reign the brightest fair
kneading prisims in each bowl of words they share
'Tis here the birth of many critics rise
as yeast of moldy poets' compromise
Their meeting point is where I rest my case
I am either, thus can I Pope debase?

Jan Orocofsky

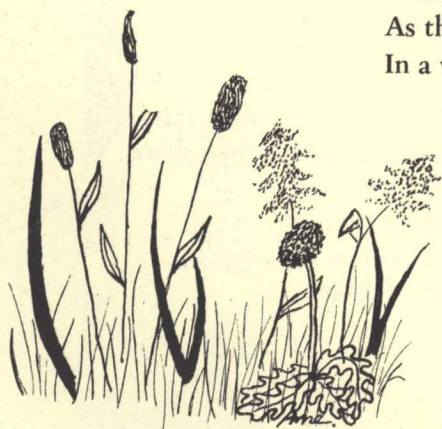
NINETEEN FIFTEEN



There they go in their clinking machines,
Their clinking and clanking and rattling machines.
That silence the bird
And frighten the cow,
And send young piglets
Scurrying to the sow.

And there they go on in their clinking machines,
Their clinking and clanking and rattling machines.
That make dust of the clothes
Hung to dry on the line;
And make the dog slink 'way
With tail tucked behind.

And still they go on in their clinking machines,
Their clinking and clanking and rattling machines.
That raise old eyebrows
Under grey, hatpinned buns
As they bob to and fro
In a warm rocking chair sun.



On further they go in their clinking machines,
Their clinking and clanking and rattling machines.
That hurry about on soft, rubber feet;
And cause all the trees to agree
That the clinking and clanking and rattling machines
Are but lemmings headed toward a sea.





Stranger At The Fairgrounds

She watched their elastic troth
Draw tauter, thinner,
Into its final tolerance.
It may ease into shape, she said.
Or it may snap, she said.
And thus confirmed
She was a mindless spectator,
A stranger at the fairgrounds tug-a-war.
Then she reached the depth of her oblivion
And died in her will-lessness.

Sonnet

I was skulking in the dark den of my egoism,
Oozing commiseration, training my tears,
When your inquiring ray, as through a prism,
Scattered the shadows and played over my fears.
I followed your radiant spirit through the maze
Winding out of my cave; approached a bright,
Warm glow; exited from the inky haze
Into the illuminating day of outer light.
You were still with me, and my soul, which seemed
To be bathed in the wash of your shining effect,
Itself assumed a faint glimmer—beamed
Of your influence what it could reflect.
And then, as it seemed, miraculously, your
Own brilliance, to me most, grew more.

Sidewalk Man

Wonderful sidewalk man:
Imagines the people see
His sweeping arm
Sowing grains of wisdom
In the air.
Behind her mask
Ms. pollster knows
He will translate her blank smile
Into his own encomium.
She condenses his eager flourishes
Into neat ballpoint tics
While the nervous system of shoppers
Jangles round them.
Pertly she thanks him and turns
To poll another number,
Not pausing in her calculation
Of his effect on the curve.
He holds forth still,
Proud gesticulations.

Dave Patterson

NOCTURNE

DAVID PATTERSON

IN THE NIGHT two men picked their way tentatively through tall nettles grown up decadently in the manure-mantled Victorian stable compound. The second man heard the door of one of the common stalls groan open ahead of him and the snapping of sticks breaking against the entranceway as the first man raked quickly through and disappeared. A sense of isolation broke over him; and yet at the same time he felt, perhaps because of the ale they and the two women had drunk in the cozy farmhouse kitchen, an eerie, buzzing detachment, as though he himself were seeing from afar two strangers groping singly forward in the raging night.

Inside now too, he could make out through another doorway the silhouette of the first man faintly but grotesquely highlighted along the face by hundreds of orange pinpoint dots shimmering mistily through the barn window from mining villages distant across the valley; and along the back of the man's head by the boiling sky paling greenly through the rafters overhead, where half the roof tiles had seasons before been pitched down by the wind. At the threshold of this second room, beneath the window, the first man stooped to arrange some barn bricks on the floor of the stable. More of the orange street-lights shone in parallel dotted lines through an outer doorway open at the opposite end of the room. Against these dots streaks of rain through the door and the gaping roof shot off random orange glints as they drenched the far half of the stall. The second man shuddered in thrill at the powerful rush of the gale through the delapidated barn.

The other man broke through his trance. "I don't think these bloody wet sticks will burn."

The voice came to him muffled, still, as through a mist. It wasn't a question. Not completely. The other man did want reassurance, communication. He felt really, though, that it merely punctuated, ironically, the strangeness between them, however much the other may have wanted to seem his friend.

"I think they'll go. Maybe if we start with the little ones and build it up slowly." He wanted to seem friends too. "You know, it's really a fantastic night."

Just incredibly beautiful, isn't it?"

They remained then silent. The first bent to the firestarting, the second standing aloof with his back against the brick wall. He pulled up his collar behind and inhaled the electrical gusting air. He and his wife had been here now two weeks, and he savored the warmth of seeing his sister again, of sharing this high, remote, wind-besieged old farm.

The little yellow and orange flames licked at the kindling, cast the brother-in-law into another unreal silhouette. This man he had come to know, yet did not know. The larger sticks smoked, resisted the flame, then broke into light themselves. The man worked with quick, nervous movements, his highlighted brow furrowed in concentration.

Again he broke through to the standing man. "Do you want some more ale? The fire seems to be catching, but it'll be a while before the coals are right."

"Um. That sounds nice. I'll get it." He paused. "Do you need anything else?"

He traced his way back through the barnyard, to the house. He felt comfortable despite the cold wind, and he felt good about the night. Indeed, he felt as though the wind animated the very buildings and inspired into him vigor and friendship. He remembered the kerosene lantern hanging in the larder. A necessary accompaniment, positively, to the night duet that seemed even now, in the same detached way, to be continuing back in the barn, where he thought he could feel himself still pressed against the cold bricks of the wall.

Juggling lantern and tankards of ale he made his return in looming, swinging shadows cast by the swaying light. The other man knelt as before by the now blazing fire; he looked up at the lantern. "Perfect!" He

laughed, then accepted one of the two mugs extended to him in the second man's right hand. "This wet wood seems to be burning just right now; it's hot enough to dry the sticks enough to get them to burn. Anyway, the meat should cook all right."

The second man heard him as he suspended the lantern from a rusted spike in the wall by the doorway. He noticed the added glow on his friend's cheek when he turned back to the fire.

Each drank half pensive, half tensed again to the other's presence. The second man thought of the people he had left three weeks before. He said, only half intentionally, "I was thinking of our friends back home. . . . You know, how rare it is to have friends. There are so many obstacles. It's funny, maybe just sharing is the first sort of connection—to have gone through things together. But you can go through all kinds of things with people and still not know them at all."

"What kind of experience it is counts quite a lot, I should say." The fire had started to subside, and the first man stood up to stretch his legs and back.

The second man considered the quality of the experience. And how many obstacles stand between us? he thought. He wondered at the very preoccupation of it. But then, they were getting on. The fire looked just right.

The first man echoed this thought: "I'll just run in for the meat. Do you think it's time?"

"Just right," he harmonized, and the first man jogged off through the darkness, walking quickly back in a minute with the meat on a platter and a bottle of ale under his arm.

"To see us through the storm, Mate."

They drank and mused as the steak sizzled over the coals and sent up its tantalizing smoke to wrap them around. They left the coals for a few minutes to stand at the outer doorway, whipped by the rain and wind sweeping across the valley floor and up the hills to the rear of the old barn. To the second man now the world outside seemed roaring in celebration of itself, and he stood in and apart from it in applauding exhilaration.

His companion watched the cloud banks rolling over one another. "This is absolutely the life."

"It is incredible, isn't it?"

They downed the last drops then and turned together back toward the fire glowing bravely in the corner.



Puppy Love

RUTH BRUTSCHE

IT ALL STARTED with a tiny ball of white and tan fluff—a four-week old puppy. He licked my hands and face as I held him and he snuggled close to me in complete confidence. I named him “Teddy” immediately—so apropos to his stiff little upstanding ears and bright eyes. Six weeks is the proper time to accept a puppy into your home; at four weeks, the human becomes a mother surrogate, at six weeks he relates equally to humans and other dogs, and at eight weeks he has reached independence and will relate first to other dogs and secondly to humans. But the mother dog had become ill and so at one month of age Teddy joined our household.

Our small brand new semi-detached home was the typical first step for the young marrieds with expanding families who had moved from a city narrow-street community to the suburbs. Everyone tried to “keep up with the Joneses,” and the “Joneses” had a hard time trying to keep ahead. We jokingly called ourselves a second-mortgage-flower-pot group. All of us planted seeds and bulbs and posted “Keep Off” signs on the new grass plots for which we had moved from the city for our children to enjoy. We shared our “enormous” postage-stamp back yards and mutual driveways, borrowing and lending everything from hoses for watering the struggling grass to lemons for iced tea.

Now that we had so much room, we could allow the children to have a long awaited puppy for a pet. Our little ball of fluff, Teddy, was as joyously received as if he had been a new sibling, and sibling rivalry for his attention became a problem.

At about the same time, my neighbor on the drive-way side procured a kitten; my neighbor in our “twin” brought home an over-sized police dog pup. Puppyhood and kittenhood were fairly compatible, but by doghood and cathood, none of us neighbors were speaking to one another. Our children, forbidden to play with our neighbor's children, laughingly walked arm-in-arm to and from school and threw notes to each other across the driveway from their bedroom windows.

My “twin” neighbor and I broke down

first. Our grass was dying because we had no hose to water it; her refrigerator broke and she had no ice cubes for her iced tea. We sat down together to decide what to do. The men agreed to erect an outside fence for both yards, and the ladies would plant flowers down the center. In the meantime we tied our dogs in their own back yards. A tied dog soon becomes very protective of its own property and sometimes grows nasty. After the fence was up, the dogs had become better acquainted and were able to “run” in both yards. This solution worked fairly well, the only problem that developed was that each dog jumped over the flowers and chose the other's back yard for their personal business. The children were assigned “yard duty” at a penny-a-scoop. Our yard was always harder to clean up because our neighbor's dog was bigger. Finally, one of our youngsters made the job worthwhile. With his clean-up trowel he attacked his job with chop-chop-chop—picking up each piece as a scoop. He earned eighty-seven cents in one day.

As Teddy grew older, as is usual, the children paid less and less attention to him, and he became more and more attached to me. He would sit at my feet and growl if anyone came too near. He followed me wherever I went through the house, waited patiently for me wherever I was, and he was content just to sit beside me. His devotion to me was complete.

Such devotion became unbearable. With small children in the home, the chores were many, and more than once I stumbled over him while I carried an armful of laundry downstairs, or tripped over him as I tried to get supper on the table. His attachment to me became overpowering, and he began to snap at the children. The climax came one day when two little playmates came into the house with our children and he bit first one and then went for the other one, breaking the skin. The children ran screaming home and the whole neighborhood went into an uproar. The police were called, and the children were rushed to the hospital where an intern cauterized the tiny little skin breaks.

That decided it! Teddy had to go—there

was no other alternative. While Teddy grovelled and begged forgiveness, we put him into the car and drove directly to the Animal Shelter. He worried and whined the whole time in the car trying to lick my face. Sternly I held him in check. I knew I was doing the right thing. I had to live in peace with my neighbors. What if he had scarred a child's face, or put an eye out! I reasoned and rationalized and stood firm. Teddy's alarm was evident as soon as we went into the dog pound. The hair on his back stood up as he smelled death. He gave me one last frightened look, straining on the leash toward me. When he was put into the dog yard he ignored the other dogs, found an empty corner, sat down, and raising his head he

gave the most mournful cry I will never forget.

Doubts began to assail me on the way home. Maybe I could keep him away from strange children. During the night I was awakened by the sound of sobs. I was crying in my sleep. I sat up in bed, and somewhere in the night from a great distance a dog howled a long drawn-out wail. I couldn't stand it. I had made a dreadful mistake. I had repaid such great love with vindictiveness. As soon as I got dressed in the morning, I drove to the Animal Shelter to pick Teddy up.

The dog yard was empty. Teddy had been destroyed.



COLD STORAGE

RUTH BRUTSCHE

NOW I HAD TIME just to think. I had been so busy for so long. It was odd that here, of all places, I thought about the Cadillac. We had so much fun about it from time to time. I had been promised a special ride in a Cadillac, and I meant to have it. John had promised me, jokingly, of course, along with a second honeymoon in Europe, and a full-time maid, that he would ride along with me. You must understand, though, that at no time did I ever really want to own a big car like that. My aging, used, reliable and I understood each other like old friends; it was only that just once I wanted to ride in style!

Not too long ago, a lanky very pale young man had stopped in the office for a few minutes to see the boss. I had gaped bug-eyed at the overpowering white Caddy he had driven up in.

"That yours?" I had asked.

He nodded, and how impressed I was must have shown on my face. I didn't intend it, but I guess he took it personally.

"Here," he said condescendingly, walking into the boss' office, "go take yourself a ride." He threw the keys in a patronizing manner across the desk, and they clanked with a dead, thudding metallic sound against my typewriter.

It was taken back by the unexpectedness of it—shocked, really. Somehow, this rude, anemic-looking young man's Cadillac lost all of its appeal. I slipped the keys into my pocket and walked downstairs to the storage vault to dig up some bills from one of the dead files. When I came back into the office about a half hour or so later, the spectral-looking young man waiting in the foyer glared at me. His dark circled eyes set in his grim face were furious. With no exchange of words I held up his keys which he snapped from my fingers. As he stepped around me and strode toward the sunlighted doors in the glass-walled foyer, his shadow passed across me following him shimmeringly outside. A cold draft lifted a letter from my desk. I watched it float down like a disem-

bodied spirit toward the earthen-colored brow carpeted floor.

The murmuring voices of the guests drifted around me, bringing me back to the reality of the evening. So many of my friends were here. There were nervous giggles above the hubbub as people greeted each other. Now you must know that this whole shindig was for me—I was the guest of honor. Make no mistake about that! I thought I would feel foolish when the time came, but I didn't seem to mind at all. I knew that I looked quite fashionable. My hair was brushed up high and fancy—very stylish—not exactly the way I usually wore it though. Then there was the to-do about the glasses: to put them on or to leave them off. My gown was very light blue (my favorite color), soft and clingy. . . . I'll tell you again, I knew I looked like a fine lady. A tiny rosebud corsage encircled my left wrist just above my wedding ring. I had always been so very proud of my wedding ring. John and I had been married twenty-five years.

The receiving line was longer than I would have expected. After all, there hadn't been much time. John wasn't feeling very well, either, poor Dear. He seemed to have the sniffles. I guess things will be a lot different now for him, with me not working any more and everything.

The music was pleasing, too, subdued and dreamy—almost romantic if I had been in the mood; it must be on a tape. There was a big box in the corner with a lid on it. Conversation hummed all around me. I could only catch snatches now and then. The Blackwells were separated. Little Donna Gravely was married and expecting already—much too soon. Bud Spaider, Jr. was in college. My, how time flies! Is there ever enough time?

A lot of people were talking to John, too. He was never very much of a conversationalist, especially when I was around. John seemed to be repeating himself again. I should tap him on the shoulder, but I know that I can't quite reach him from here. I chuckled silently—he sounded like a record

with the needle stuck.

Bill Colflesh just walked over to talk to John for a few minutes. "Just checking, John, for tomorrow," he was saying. "Do you know how many you'll need?" I couldn't hear what John answered because Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield just walked up and stood in front of me.

The line was thinning out now, and I was glad. The room was beginning to feel quite chilly. I suddenly became aware of how cold my hands felt against each other. (I never did like air conditioning.) With all due respect to these lovely people, it had been a very long evening. I felt so very tired—I was really dead. Mr. Colflesh came back again; John was standing up now.

"Everything is arranged for tomorrow, John. We'll have the four limousines following, and your wife will be the first to ride in our brand new Cadillac hearse."

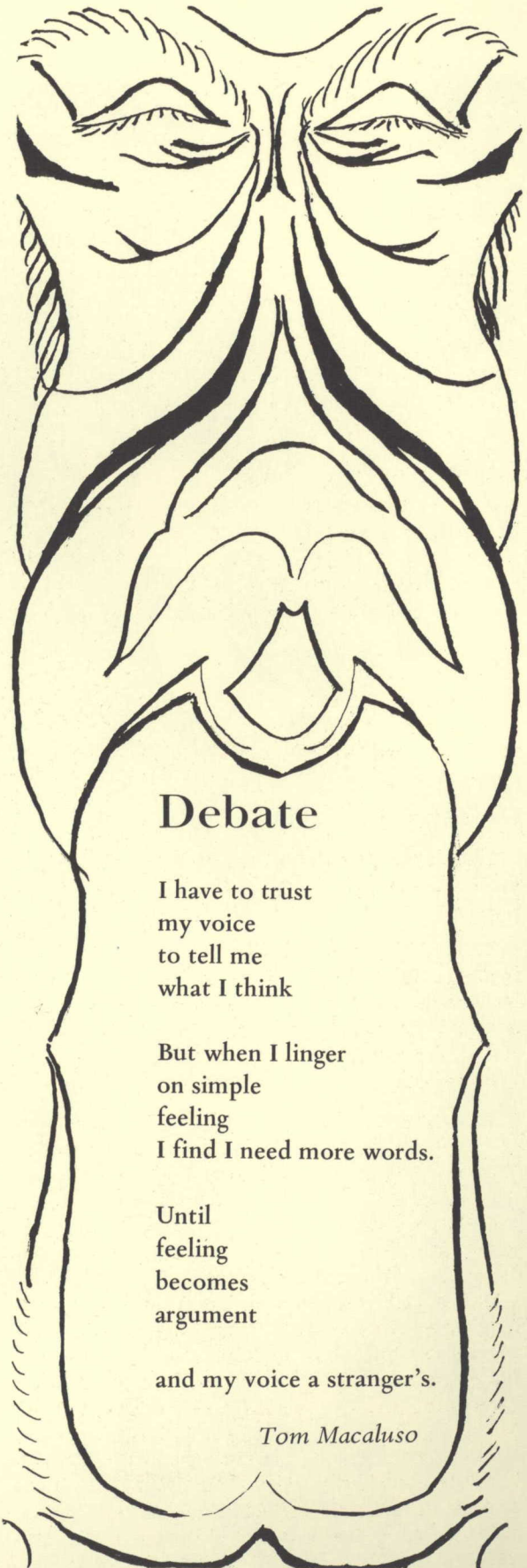
Grandfather's Clock

Jan Orocofsky

I AM THE PENDULUM OF A PATIENT, mild-mannered grandfather's clock, easing back and forth with every second of the day. My hands pass in circles before my face; my motions flow from the subtle weight of floral plumbs tied by fine chains to a great spring within me. And so I live-freely moving, in such order as the indelible rhythm of a heartbeat or the gentle vibration of a purring kitten.

Though my eyes are failing for my 87 years, I am still able to arrange this room in my memory. I can still feel the people who enter it and pause for a time beneath my wooden frame. So often, within the confines of this fraternity hall, I have hoped for each young man who kissed his love for the first time or every young woman whose heart had skipped a beat that I could just stop and let that moment go on for them forever. But that is not for me to decide. That is not my purpose in this life. My reason for being is to be observed, yet to say nothing. My companionship is requested only to break ties when the hour calls.

And so I sit and watch. My heart aches with joy and cries with tears for every sweet moment that passes before me and then ends with a parting word.



Debate

I have to trust
my voice
to tell me
what I think

But when I linger
on simple
feeling
I find I need more words.

Until
feeling
becomes
argument

and my voice a stranger's.

Tom Macaluso



Birth

I like to think that
poetry was fashioned
When dust of stars so long ago
was fused
To form the fiery firmament
around us
And that it lay there
patiently
unused

Until the dawn of man
Brought forth
A longing
Which saw the starry haze
as answer to

The mystery of being
And the reason
For the glory,
For the me,
And for the you.

Vignette

Boy upon a porch swing
Cradling a guitar
With head bent down,
Adoring
As if, from afar

Some subtle sound's been
Sent for you alone
To shape your world
In splendors of your tone;

Boy in jeans and long hair
Spangled in spring dun,
Are you lost in 'another' where
Until your tune is done?

Or do you speak to me across
The years that lie between
With words that have no sounding,
Yet sing the self-same dream?

Mary E. Hamilton



Attic Lady

Attic Lady
you reach
from your window
take Life
in both hands
and wring it
sunshine dry
you hurl love spears
at green seaweed
in the blue oceans
of April skies
then dust the stars
with fire-eyes
wash the earth
with summer smiles
and sweep the moon
with a feathered kiss

O Lady of the Attic
you romp with
gypsies and vagabonds
and slowly swirling
in swelling tides
sail away
on a sea of wind
play hide and seek
with cauliflower clouds
steal the sun's
lemon light
drink the rain
catch Today
by His soul
and make Him
dance on Yesterday

You watch
the sun's colorful exit
and a smile
stretches up one side
of your face
to the Promethean
blaze in your eyes
you are Today's Tomorrow
who waves at the evening
slowly sneaking by
turns on the stars in
your ceiling
and embraces the Night
that brings
Tomorrow's song.

George T. Spillane

Too Late To Explain To Beethoven's Or Caesar's Mother

I can almost see your face,
all cheeks and teeth,
a smile,
a real one . . .
as big as your fiery love
spreading its warmth and
touching my tears that cry for you.

My daydream has no fire
or hate
or Mother Superior,
only love;
not the word love,
the 'thing' love . . .
the proud and giving
love . . .
the sacrifice.

My loneliest walk has begun
cursed to be a wanderer . . .
but in the end
one only experiences oneself;
there are no accidents,
what could ever come to me
that wasn't mine already?
What returns can only be myself.

I can sometimes think that
I shall break in half
or in little pieces,
for my heart lies heavy
and presses my soul
for I am living
without you,
which is like trying
to breathe without air.

I can only make my
tomorrow from today
and yesterday.
Yesterday you were here
and from your smile
I surely felt we've
been there together.
It wasn't Lisbon or Athens,

maybe it was heaven;
somewhere between the pyramids
and the stars.

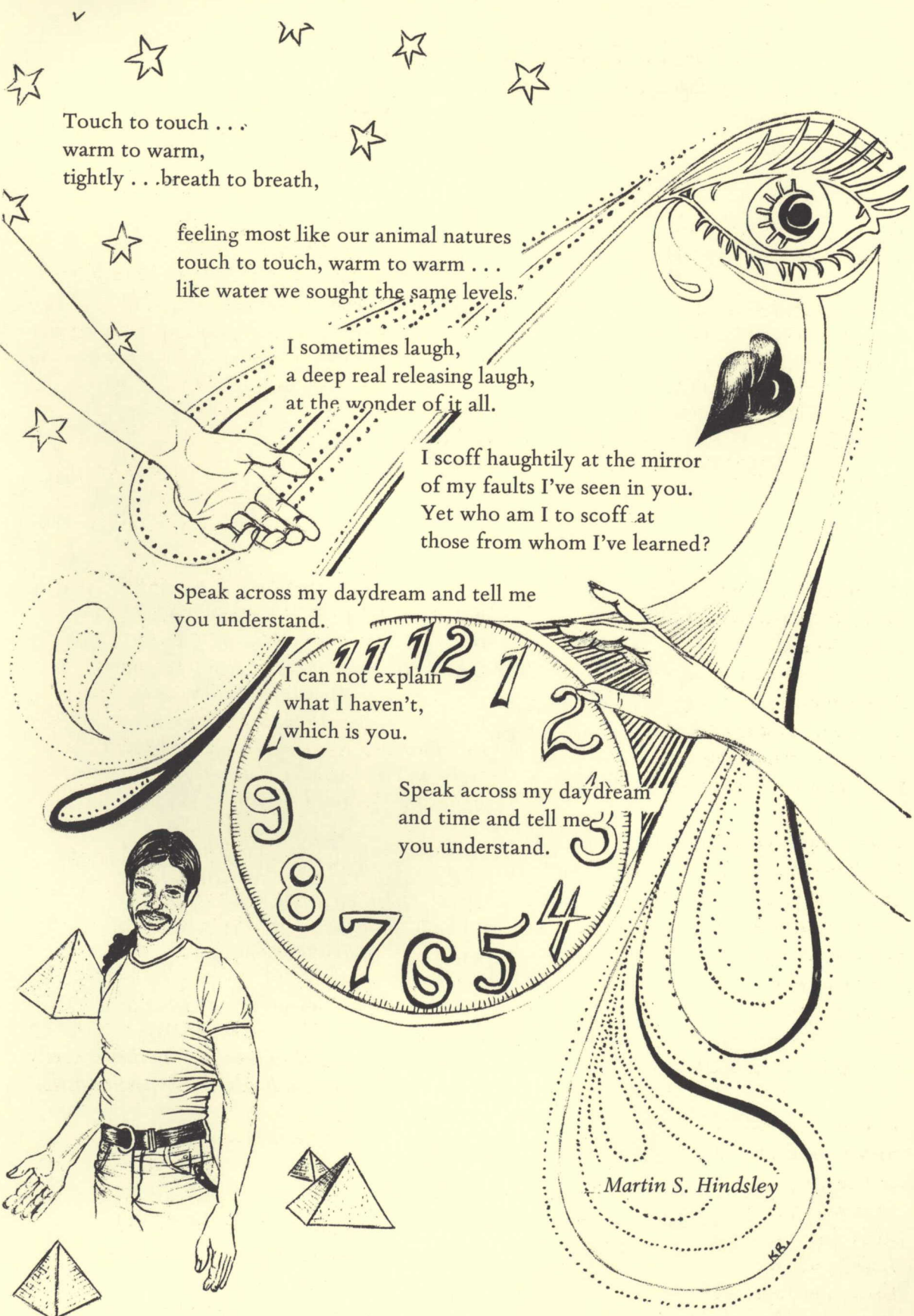
If it isn't me,
it's you, one or the other,
we have that mind's eye picture,
it won't go away.
And like the elephant, we remember,
and like the three year old child,
we sometimes forget.

I haven't any questions,
and I don't have all the answers,
even if I thought I could . . .
I wouldn't attempt such a loneliness.

You explain it like a scratch
on a new car . . . of this being
no longer with being . . .
undulating, performing a numbness
which will block you from me,
with my warlock shadows chanting,
inside, over a fire that tells me
how love is fire.

Goldenly glowing,
leaping higher in a frenzied dance,
the walls . . . dark and eerie with light,
that has enchanted uncertainties and
all that is warm to you burns . . .
just to captivate for a moment your
precious time,
then ebbing down, down, I've
managed to save that ember carefully
pressed between the dreams we had.
It burns there.

My daydream has no fire,
just a lock on all those secrets,
my mind's doors are locked.
I would offer to exchange keys
but trust still enough,
as not to ask the understood.



Touch to touch . . .
warm to warm,
tightly . . . breath to breath,

feeling most like our animal natures
touch to touch, warm to warm . . .
like water we sought the same levels.

I sometimes laugh,
a deep real releasing laugh,
at the wonder of it all.

I scoff haughtily at the mirror
of my faults I've seen in you.
Yet who am I to scoff at
those from whom I've learned?

Speak across my daydream and tell me
you understand.

I can not explain
what I haven't,
which is you.

Speak across my daydream
and time and tell me
you understand.

Martin S. Hindsley

PEGASUS STAFF - Winter Semester, 1976

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—catherine m. weiss

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