



PEGASUS

1978

PEGASUS

"We lift our pens as soldiers and battle in the fields of the  
simple white of pulp."

Vol. XI

Delaware County Community College  
Media, Pennsylvania

2010. 64.16

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Robert Flood . . . .	The End . . . . .	1
Lorraine DeLuca . . .	As I lay me down to Sleep . . .	4
. . . .	Amid Cracks . . . . .	4
. . . .	Someday . . . . .	5
. . . .	Fancy Colours . . . . .	5
. . . .	Peach Fuzz . . . . .	6
Felicia A. Rivers . . .	Single . . . . .	7
Robert Walz . . . .	Like Suicide to be a Titan . . .	10
. . . .	Ineffable Rose . . . . .	11
Arlene O'Brien . . .	The Courtship of Danny O'Day .	12
John Graham . . . .	Illusive Front Page News . . .	13
Darlene C. Taliaferro .	I Wish . . . . .	14
Joanne Lyle . . . .	Freedom . . . . .	15
Joan Barone . . . .	Time is to Blame . . . . .	16
Anna Marie Guglielmo .	The Borrowed Slippers. . . . .	17
Mary Tatasciore . . .	Marty's Poem . . . . .	21
Lexie Johnson . . . .	Untitled . . . . .	22
. . . .	Advice . . . . .	23
Cynthia Markow . . .	Self-Portrait . . . . .	24
. . . .	In Between . . . . .	25
Ham Bone . . . .	Photo . . . . .	26
G.T. Spillane . . . .	Come, Let's Walk. . . . .	27
Sandy Calvin . . . .	The Punishment . . . . .	28
James E. Williams . .	Lifesblood . . . . .	32
. . . .	Starshine . . . . .	33
. . . .	Seashore Melody . . . . .	34
Michael Duff . . . .	Rose . . . . .	36
. . . .	Passage . . . . .	37
. . . .	tao . . . . .	38
. . . .	Relative Acceptance . . . . .	39
. . . .	Eternity . . . . .	39
Richard Gow . . . .	Untitled . . . . .	40
Michael McHugh . . .	Brainiac Amour . . . . .	41
Kristin Geyer . . . .	The Artist. . . . .	42
Owen Powell . . . .	No Man On Earth. . . . .	44

Felicia A. Rivers . . .	Prima Vera . . . . .	45
D. J. Ammon . . . .	Crystal Town . . . . .	51
. . . .	Tapestry of Words . . . . .	52
. . . .	Red Gold . . . . .	53
Sheila A. Kok . . . .	Untitled . . . . .	54
Dawn Ball . . . . .	The Lovers . . . . .	55
Gail Elaine Tinker . .	Sensations . . . . .	56
. .	Lone Wolf . . . . .	57
Robert Walz . . . . .	The Hero . . . . .	58
Maria T. Benham . . .	Master of Conflict . . . . .	61
Sue Kline . . . . .	Persuasion . . . . .	62
Sharon Winters . . . .	Moonlight . . . . .	63
. . . .	Ralph, The Wonder Dog . . . .	64
. . . .	Arrow of Misfortune . . . . .	65
Michael McHugh . . . .	Jeffery . . . . .	66
Kristin Geyer . . . .	Artwork . . . . .	cover
	. . . . .	IV
	. . . . .	31
	. . . . .	43
Michael McHugh . . . .	Title Page Quote	



"THE END"

scene one: bedroom  
the night  
calm  
look out my window  
see people walking  
hand in hand  
feel a strange presence  
about my thoughts  
something's wrong  
- or is it?  
circuits burn low  
w/in my head  
crush out  
- the last cigarette  
cold fire fading  
a real "kool" death.  
i lay in bed  
surrounded by thought  
the people  
- they seem to know  
something - nah!  
- must be my imagination  
drift off - hypnotic state  
drift off into darkness - sleep.

dream - scene two: cinema  
i sit and watch  
a blank screen  
a science fiction classic  
in 3-D  
w/ sensurround  
the lights darken  
i soon realize

this theatre is empty  
w/ the exception  
of myself  
i feel abandon  
until i realize  
i am surrounded  
by pitch-black darkness  
a few seconds pass  
until the intrusion  
of one beam of light  
shot upon  
the silver-surfaced screen  
the movie in action  
no titles, no credits  
the plot;  
people walking  
- hand in hand  
a familiar ring  
w/ a twist - not so new  
- suddenly w/out warning  
a flash of light  
falls from the sky  
nuclear touchdown  
people shot down  
in their tracks  
building erect  
no danger. just genocide  
social suicide  
the end of society  
the end of everyone  
social outcasts  
the niggers, freaks  
everyone imaginable  
the camera sways  
to the side  
showing contents  
of a room w/ in a window.  
my window.

i see my own body  
sprawled out  
on the floor  
below my window  
i must be. . . i must be  
. . . i'm dead - "NO!"  
- i wake up screaming  
cold sweat  
hot w/feverish feel  
feel nervous -  
get up from bed  
go to window  
thanking some  
superior being  
- that dreams  
don't come true  
it was only a dream  
ha-just a dream. . .  
look out my window  
see people walking  
hand in hand  
feel a strange presence  
deja vue  
suddenly i look upwards  
a flash of light  
falls from the sky  
quickly w/out thinking  
i turn around  
horrified  
i try to scream  
nothing comes out  
i've broken through  
to the other side  
. . . . of the camera - the end.



AS I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

My eyes are drooping slowly,  
I've stayed awake  
long enough, in thought.  
So, slowly,  
I gather, my sleeping material.  
Quilt, pillow and rosary beads.  
And now, a duck named Felix,  
who is desperately  
trying to  
replace  
you.

AMID CRACKS

in the sidewalk.  
Shooting from  
the concrete  
panorama.  
A mimosa  
grows.

## SOMEDAY

Someday, I'd like to dance the last dance - the night after I dance the first. Someday, I'd like to find Mr. Perfect, growing vegetables in Central Park and Someday I'd like to travel and meet the sheik and his harem (and maybe never come home.) Someday, I'm going to have my fling without flying and be mysterious and seductive and carry a negligee in my purse instead of a dime for a phone call. Someday, I'll meet an oil tycoon who will cleave me to his heart. (And his million dollar home.) Someday, I'll leave Spanish 203 and dance the last dance.

## FANCY COLOURS

I learned about a dream last night. A recurring dream, that started at birth; exposed itself under last night's quarter moon. Hazy and unified, it marched in my front door and sat. On the old, green hassock from grandmother's house. It was white in August, I remember and grew darker with the season's change. And last night, it sat black on grandmother's olive green hassock.

## PEACH FUZZ

Innocent beauty at ten,  
the curse at eleven. Then  
pimples and boobs and  
hairy underarms.  
You are a woman.  
Blond, thick ringlets at  
twelve, a bleach blond  
at thirteen. Then necking  
and hickies and back seats.  
Skipping school and partying,  
forgetting mama's moral  
rules. A visit to the  
clinic, to fix yourself.  
Little Lady.  
While he sits and smiles  
and feels and steals.  
And talks and talks.  
Laughing, at some magazine,  
coming down real hard -  
exploding in exhilaration

while she lies still below.  
He spends one hour resting  
she, an hour fussing.  
He screams, she whispers.  
He hits, she shields.  
But she knows no more  
than this "American" way.  
So she buys Clearasil and  
is fitted for a diaphragm and  
buys a Tampax box of forty,  
a Cross-Your-Heart bra and  
a woman's disposable razor,  
that cost fifty cents more  
than his.  
He buys a case of Miller,  
and settles for the Vikings.

I was born  
for more than this.

SINGLE

For Cheryl, Saturday night had always started with hopeful expectation and had ended with frustration and disappointment. But this night she had told herself it would be different. This Saturday night would be special. For the first time in many months she felt as confident as any of those chic women she saw striding down the streets of center city everyday, always hurrying to one of their many important appointments. Confidence--that was the key to a successful social life. Tonight was the night when all of her dreams would come true.

She left her apartment at seven and took a taxi downtown to Alfredo's. It wasn't the best disco in town, but she wanted to start out the night slowly. As she walked toward the club her old insecurities began to creep back into her mind. Firmly she pushed them away, steeled herself, and walked through the door. Alfredo had a full house, as always. She had to squeeze through the crowd to check her coat. The music blared loudly in her ears and the floor vibrated with the beat of the drums. Red, blue and yellow lights flashed, trying to cut through the smokey air. As always, her first destination was the bar.

"What'll you have?" yelled the bartender over the noise.

"Give her a lime daiquiri. She looks like a daiquiri type woman!" cut in a young man leaning over her shoulder. "Am I right? Course I'm right. Am I right?"

"Tell him he's right," bellowed the bartender, "makes him happy to think he's psychic."

"Not psychic, I just know women."

"You're right," she answered, smiling slightly. She paid for the drink and slipped away quickly into the crowd. There was no hurry. Tonight was her night.

She walked up and down the rows of people, lining the bar searching for a companion. The minute a man spoke to her, reciting carefully rehearsed lines, she would smile, clutching the drink to her chest, and respond with perfected lines of her own.

"Hey, I'm Randy. I'm into astrology."

"Hi, I'm Cheryl. I'm an artist."

"What's your sign?"

"Uh. . . Tarus. But I don't believe. . .

"You're a Taurus?" A frown. "I'm an aquarian. we don't mix." She was left to wander again, until the next encounter.

It was nine o'clock when she left Alfredo's alone, slightly disheartened, but still very hopeful.

Hopping into another cab, she decided not to wait any longer and directed the driver to the Golcondo, the most exclusive club in town. She held onto her wavering confidence, knowing that she'd need it. The Golcondo wasn't easy to get into, but when they saw how self-assured she was. . .

At least fifty people were waiting outside and her heart sank when she saw that couples made up the majority of the crowd. Silently she waited for the doors to open. A cheer rose from the small crowd on the sidewalk as the owner stepped outside. He moved from person to person asking why they'd come. Some gave acceptable answers and were admitted, others were turned away. Cheryl watched nervously, since few were admitted and many were turned away. Finally he came to her.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

"I'm here to dance," she lied.

He looked at her skeptically and said "Are you alone?"

"Why yes. . ."

"Sorry." he said with a wave of his hand, and moved away.

She walked away dejectedly and searched for another taxi. It was now after ten o'clock and dangerous to be on the streets. Not a cab was in sight. Swiftly she passed the bars looking behind her for followers. She walked for several blocks and still could not find a cab. Suddenly a car pulled up beside her.

"Need a ride?" the driver asked poking his head out of the window. Shaking her head she walked on, but he called to her again.

"You shouldn't be out alone around here. Get in; you can trust me." She climbed into the car with resignation. As they moved away, she looked at him out of the corner of her eye. He was in his early thirties, attractive in a rugged sort of way. So they drove through the streets of the city he talked rapidly and she gave non-committal replies.

"I'm gonna take you to the best bar in town; it's right over there. You're gonna love it." He took her silence for assent, and parked the car. It was a small neighborhood ale house. Once inside, they were surrounded by the patrons of the bar.

"Who's the chickie?"

"Bringin' in fresh blood, eh?"

Cheryl received further off color compliments gracefully, and the

driver seemed proud to be with her, until a small man with horn-rimmed glasses shuffled up and tugged on his sleeve.

"Mike what are you doing? Myra's here. She's been waiting for you!"

"Oh yeah?" he said trying to mask his excitement. He turned to Cheryl, shrugged and said "Sorry babe," and hurried away.

The interest of the other patrons tapered off and they drifted away until she was left alone with the small man. He was nervous and tried to speak to her but repeatedly broke off in mid-sentence, completely flustered.

"Uh. . . would you like to . . ."

"What?" she prompted.

"Uh. . . nothing. . ." he mumbled, shuffling his feet. Then "Did you hear about . . ." She looked at him waiting for him to finish. "I guess you did . . ." he murmured and rubbed his hands together nervously.

Suddenly the disappointments of the evening weighed her down and she felt very tired. She wanted to go home, immediately. Turning from the little man, she headed for the phone to call a cab, but the man followed her, offering her a ride.

"No thank you" she replied wearily.

"Really, I, I, . . . I insist he managed to stammer out.

"No thank you!" she repeated more sharply than she had intended, and saw his face fall. "All right. . . all right" she gave in reluctantly and walked out into the night air.

It was one o'clock when she finally stood by her door with the man she had learned was called Artie. She thanked him several times, but he lingered, expectantly. The events of the night ran through her mind: her expectation, the fruitless encounters at the discoteque, the rejection at Alfredo's yet another rejection at the bar, and now this poor little man at her door. He was as lonely as she was, rejected as she was, but he still clung to hope for contact with someone, if only for a night.

Did she, suffering with her shattered dreams, have the right to crush his? She pondered this question for a moment, then looking down at him, and laying a hand on his shoulder she quietly said: "Artie, there are worse things in this world than being alone." She walked inside, shutting the door behind her.

LIKE SUICIDE TO BE A TITAN

Like suicide to be a titan;  
Head in the clouds  
You must always be careful  
That, from your altitude  
You do not step  
On people  
Nor smother them  
In your long cast down shadow;  
For then at night  
They may rebel  
Haunting you  
As they call you down;  
For, although all the grand mountains  
And visions from the heights of sun and stars  
Are yours  
You will weep -  
That though you lord over  
All the people  
Never can you even sit down  
At their tables,  
Be comfortable  
Without crushing,  
Dine, and without roaring  
Speak

## INEFFABLE ROSE

Take the ineffable  
Shape of this rose  
That attacks heaven  
In its form and pose --  
Take this pricking thorn  
That may touch  
The ever unexpressed  
Rooting in the depth  
Of unfathomable dread;  
The hard singular seed of death --  
Take this flower for what it lends  
Image of soft warm winds  
Stirring and making dance  
With blissful music ears cannot sense --  
Take my hope  
Take the rose,  
For though the soul  
Never overflows,  
For though the heart  
Pumps and never blows,  
And lover though we love  
And shall never know each other  
Here, we may share  
Take this that's like my love  
Take this, the ineffable rose



THE COURTSHIP OF DANNY O'DAY

Bridie McBrearty was ever so cheery when Danny O'Day came by with his pay.

A rose in his hand for his fair lass so grand  
As tonight they would dine of pheasant and wine  
And dance to the tune of the Irish bassoon  
Their silhouettes shadowed by the light of the moon.

(The leprechauns spied for they saw in Dan's eye  
a twinklin' and shinin' twould light up the sky.)

And then as they walked near the ocean so deep.  
They laughed and they talked with the sand neath their feet  
Said Dan to his girl "My wife you will be, you're the grandest  
colleen this world has for me."

"Why Dan, Bridie blushed, tis yes I will say and I'll love you  
forever as Mrs. O'Day."

ILLUSIVE FRONT PAGE NEWS

there's a pothole in the street  
about ninety feet deep.  
down, down Paul would climb  
this would be his feat.

no hero was this man  
whose fate was soon to come;  
just an average fool  
who wanted to be known.

and on that gloomy day  
that was to take his life  
someone took a picture of him  
waving to his wife.

he kissed his kids  
and pet his dog  
then bade them all farewell.

with rope secured to hitch above  
he started slowly down.  
with every foot he slid  
he looked above to see who remained

at ten feet, there were fifty;  
at twenty, there were forty;  
at thirty, there were twenty;  
at forty, there were ten;

at fifty only five  
at sixty when the rope gave out  
there was but just one.

so he called out to that one  
to go and find the rest;  
but all that he returned  
were slippers and a pipe.

I WISH

I wish I could ease your mind  
And tell you everything's going to be alright  
By my telling him your a special kind  
The type of girl any man with sense  
Would always want, but not always find  
You give with all your heart and soul  
And hope only for him to be yours  
The material things that he can't afford  
You don't want, because he is worth more  
I wish there was someway I could do this  
That way your heart and mind wouldn't worry  
anymore.

FREEDOM

Freedom is being unchained  
From iron hands  
That hold you fast and  
Beckon commands.  
Ideas that are lost in a  
Wilderness of silver and gold;  
Keep reminding the heart  
that it is also controlled.  
Nobody else could possibly  
conceive  
The crying of my soul,  
Just begging to breathe.

TIME IS TO BLAME

Time  
unaccountable time  
impatiently has turned  
one more page  
to my autobiography  
without even consulting me  
or waiting for my fingers  
as they raced the seconds  
through each line  
striving to convey  
That sunrise  
That day

That fragment  
will not tarnish my name  
for the binding  
of those unfinished pages  
that time  
hastens to rot  
as it proceeds to tick on

## THE BORROWED SLIPPERS

As a young girl I had always loved music, dancing and fantasy with a great passion. I couldn't wait until my mother would leave the house to visit or shop. When finally alone, I would move all the furniture back from the living room floor, roll up her rug and turn on her radio. The room would fill with an orchestra, or so I believed. I could hear violins, a french horn, a harp, (always accompanied by a piano). I would begin to dance and leap across the floor in time to the music trying to imitate the dancers I had watched on television, always ending in a very deep curtsy. Mother had always called me flightly and foolish. I had vowed to myself never to let my mother catch me in my fantasies, knowing how upset she would get over tiny things like this. She would never have allowed me to be silly and dreamy. I never wished to add to her confusion or sorrow, noting how easily she was brought to tears, sometimes followed by fits of strange laughter. I learned very early to avoid her anger, and made great efforts to please her by being very quiet and ever so polite. I would try to cheer her by telling her how pretty she was, I would always bring her tea, make her lunch, anything as long as she wouldn't be upset. Even though I was only eight at the time, I could sense my mother's pained existence and knew when the crying spells came closer together she was going to leave me again. I only wished it wasn't in the night, for it made going to sleep something frightful for me, until I grew to understand exactly what was wrong with her. The ambulance would come and they would take her away, leaving me, my baby brother and sister alone with a neighbor. I always knew what would follow the ambulance, a parade of nosey neighbors whispering their feigned concern for that "poor woman".

Over the years I had grown accustomed to foster homes; this would be our fourth, and I was resigned to the fact that we would all be separated. This is how I came to meet Miss Young, who was to be my new "keeper".

She was so different from the rest of the women who had taken care of me. Her mouth wasn't drawn in that tight little bow and she smiled so easily that I almost wanted to trust her. Partly it was due to her beauty, she was like the fancy women I had seen in magazines, only prettier; tall and elegantly slender with beautiful sharp features. Her hair was a rich brown and hung below her waist when she didn't have it braided and pulled tightly back to the nape of her neck. Her voice was warm and her words smooth. When she spoke, it was always in a soft whisper, drawing me near. She was so different from the other women I had known as a child. I couldn't believe I was to stay with her. She couldn't take my brother or sister, but I was just as pleased to be able to be with her, to watch her.

Her home was warm and inviting, and oh, so filled with colorful

things; photos, paintings, and sketches were everywhere, flowers from her garden adorned her tables. Her entire home was an array of color and textures. My only heartache was having to share Miss Young with her daughter, Alicia. Oh, she looked nothing like her mother, no, not at all. For as tall and slender and delicate as Miss Young was, her daughter was as short, thick and clumsy, yet she was pleasantly enough mannered to suit me. I had no desire to make any trouble and would be content to just watch them from a distance. Alicia avoided me whenever she could. I would follow her to school, which she hated, because she never knew how to explain me away to her friends. Sometimes she would let me walk with her and I knew she was really lonely too. One afternoon we had just returned from school to find her mother waiting anxiously for us.

"Ladies, quickly follow me, I have something to show you." We followed close to her heels making our way through the attic clutter, pushing and shoving each other.

Her mother had disappeared behind some little enclosure where we found her sitting and bent over on the cold floor, hurriedly pulling apart some old boxes she had found. Deep inside the boxes were costumes, old but still lovely. There were many costumes elegantly stitched together with satin and ruffled neeting, trimmed in the tiniest of brightly colored sequins. Alicia grabbed at them and went off to try them on, leaving me alone with her mother. Making her way through crumpled tissue paper, she reached even deeper, lifting out small boxes. Finally, she held in her hand a satin bag. As Miss Young pulled open its draw strings a pair of slippers fell out. They were heavenly; I had never seen slippers like that before! They were made of the softest pink leather, with thick laces, made from ribbon. I watched as she slowly unraveled the laces, holding the slippers in the air for me to see.

"Want to try them on," she whispered to me. "They are ballet slippers, Anna. I danced when I was young, a long time ago when I was your age. See if they fit you; go ahead, see."

"Oh no, I just couldn't; they aren't mine."

By then she was sitting next to me, showing me how they tied around and then crossed over my ankles. Curiously enough they just fit, and my heart skipped.

"But they aren't mine," I cried.

"It doesn't matter, you may borrow them," she sighed.

I guiltily turned away, working my foot into the other slipper trying not to let her see my joy. I didn't want her to know how I loved them. She had no right to be here giving these to me. I didn't have any right to be here. I felt both joy and sorrow. Here I was with this woman, someone else's mother, sharing my secret fantasy and, for a moment, I was homesick.

But it didn't really matter; the slippers were only the beginning of many joyous pleasures Miss Young would share with me.

Along with the slippers came dance lessons for Alicia and myself. Every Friday night we would rush home from school, where her mother

would be waiting for us with something light to eat. She would escort us out the door and downtown to where our classes were to be held. The studio was atop an old building and we would slowly climb the steps that seemed endless for me and my tiny legs. The steps led to a dark corridor. We would walk following the music. The same music I would play on my mother's radio flowed down the hall echoing and growing louder as we followed it to the door that was always shut. Behind that door, there were little girls everywhere, giggling, pushing happy little girls. We would all crowd together in a tiny curtained closet. I was given the tightest pink stockings I had ever seen. They clung to my legs like a second skin. They felt so nice. Atop these I wore a funny stretchy black suit and Miss Young would pull my hair tightly back at the nape of my neck. I was the last to finish dressing and shyly followed behind Alica, feeling embarrassed, so scantily clad. We all were directed into a large room.

The room was large and airy, and filled with music. Mirrors were everywhere. At first they startled me and I felt faint. I couldn't believe my own reflection. I saw my whole self for the first time. I stood there silent and still. I wanted to see if there were any traces of my mother in me. I lost myself for just a moment, trying to piece me together. What would my mother have said? She hated mirrors and wouldn't have them about saying that they were for vain and evil women. I couldn't ever remember having seen myself in one until now, at least not all of me. When we would shop and my mother wasn't looking I would canvas the store for a mirror, a piece of glass, for a reflection or just a peek at me to see if I had grown, to see if I was pretty. I didn't look at all like her; no I prided myself in the fact that my father's people would say I favored him.

In that studio week after week we worked our bodies until they were limp and damp from dancing, stretching, leaping. With great effort and practice we would follow the teacher. The warmth from our bodies would rise and the air would become close after the class. Dancing came easily to me, for I was limber, agile, and had a delicate frame that I could make work (for me) in time to the music. The music would move through me, and under the intense direction of our teacher we would make our way one by one across the room. She would use the most poetic word to describe what I thought were just spins and leaps; "pirouettes" "frappes" "degages." New combinations to test and push our skills. The weeks turned to months and I felt edgy, knowing I was on borrowed time. My mother had been gone longer this time and I knew she would be released soon and I would have to return home again with her. I knew it would be different leaving this time. Always before I would want to go home, sensing my presence was disturbing my keepers balance interrupting their time, their lives. It would be hard to leave Miss Young, but even harder to leave my fantasy behind. The phone call finally came one afternoon when I was still at school. I knew as soon as I ran into the kitchen that something was different. Miss Young who was always so full of joy and who had



always greeted me with a big "Hi", did not even look at me when she began to speak: "Anna, someone has called for you. You are to return home. Your mother will be picked up tomorrow and they feel she is ready for you".

She went on and on. I couldn't listen, her words were dry and muddled to my ears. I felt the rush of blood go to my head, my eyes burned and swelled as I held back the tears. I just followed her upstairs walking numbly behind.

She began to pack my things, never once looking at me. I panicked when she placed the ballet slippers and garb in my bags, saying I was to keep them.

"Oh you must take these with you, you've done so well you could always practice at home to music. What you have learned you won't forget, ever."

I knew differently and humored her. No, I could never take those, they weren't really mine. As soon as she left me alone I carefully took the slippers and tights and shoved them deeply inside Alica's closet as far back as I could reach. Alica could keep them. I felt a sweeping sense of nausea. Alica was right. She was always reminding me, taunting me, how this was her room, her home, her mother. They weren't really mine. I knew they were borrowed, just like my life here for a year had been. I must let my fantasy end here with the slippers that must remain here. I have never forgotten Miss Young, how beautifully alive she was. Her home, the joy and love I had felt. The sensations, sights and sounds of that year will always be with me. Years later with my own daughters I have recreated the same fantasies for them. I cry every time they are about to perform, watching them bend over to tie their slippers; their very own slippers.



MARTY'S POEM

Candles glowing in the distance  
Make you think you're looking through a mist  
You are the head of the procession,  
Center of attention for the moment.

You squeeze the life from your bouquet,  
Trying to hold back the tears.  
Later it is no longer an effort  
Because he won't let you cry.

The reception line is filled with tears and smiles.  
Kisses, hugs, and congratulations fly by.  
The photographer makes a pest of himself,  
Catching you in awkward shots.

You see relatives that you don't remember;  
Friends have meaningful chats with you,  
And you finally dance with the guy you've been after;  
He kisses you and the world is blocked out.

Near the end, the groom takes you aside  
And gives the famous speech of love.  
He says he'll take care of you  
And if you have a problem, give him a call.

Goodbyes are full of drunken remarks.  
You sleep it off and wake up fresh.  
But you still feel the loss  
Of a brother who has just left home.

UNTITLED

You threaten me with your defiant pose,  
You toss your head and in your eyes I see,  
The youthful insolence that I once chose,  
When I was struggling with maturity.  
Sensations spiral then embrace your mind,  
I feel your fragile, desperate need to be,  
I thought I left that other world behind,  
Yet, images still haunt my memory.  
Our love is tested as you reach the brink,  
Half woman-child, a strange dichotomy,  
I cannot tell you how to break that link,  
For you alone control your destiny.  
Emotions surge as words are left unsaid,  
Time mocks us both now as it moves ahead.

## ADVICE

Not so long ago, my friend, you were sitting there,  
Your many words of wisdom floating in the air.  
I listened to you patiently inject your own impressions.  
You made your stand so logically, despite my intercessions.  
With smug determination you persisted dissertating  
With secret aggravation I felt you irritating.  
A zealous orator you were, dispatching confirmations  
And I the silent sceptic, felt little inspiration.  
So now with tables turned, my friend, I'll show my clemency.  
I'll take the vow of silence, and sit here quietly.

SELF - PORTRAIT

When I am old  
I will not tell  
my grandchildren  
of the sweetness  
of my youth  
Nor dwell  
on the bitterness

Or my first time  
I do not remember  
his name  
I was sanctioned  
painfully  
and left on a  
bus stop to bleed  
I will not brag

Of how my father  
drifted out  
and my mother sailed in  
with boyfriends  
and finally married  
the poorest one

How the sidewalk swelled  
with red brick  
and I moved  
into phase two  
of growing up.

A house of cold stone  
and a neighborhood of parking  
lots  
until we bought  
our own home  
and his mother  
moved in at eighty-six  
and I tried to find  
the right one  
and try still

I will not speak,  
but only smile.

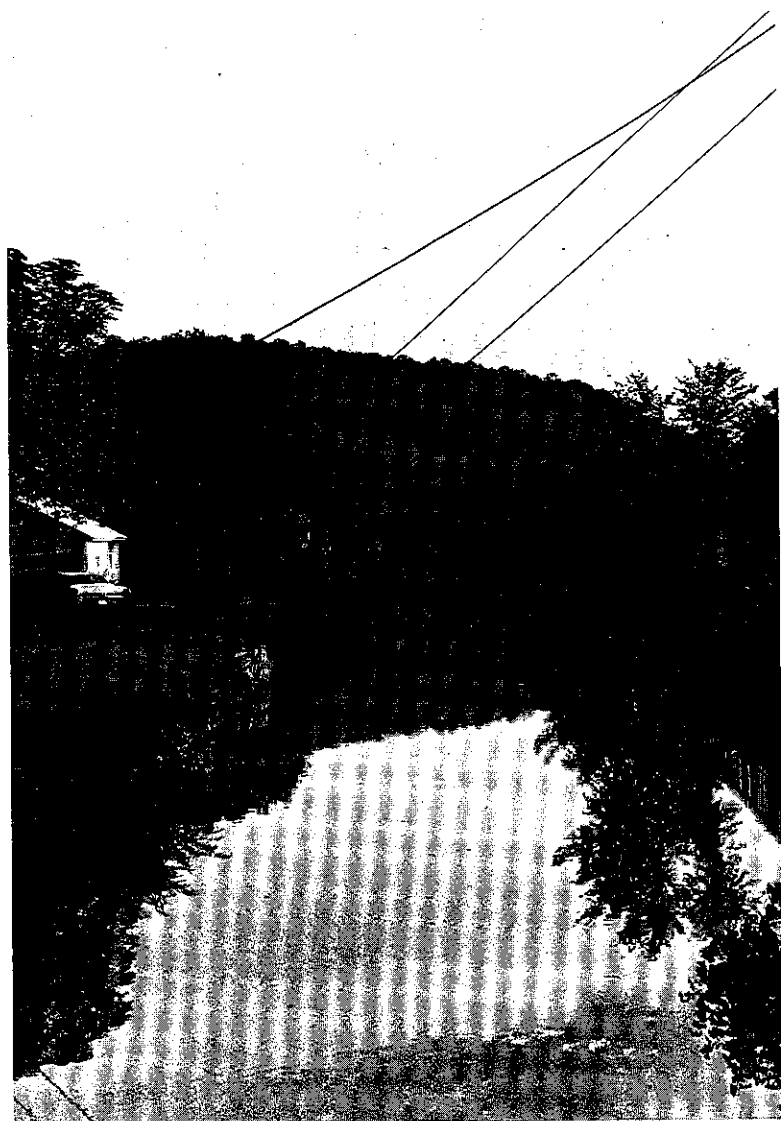


## IN BETWEEN

I am in between  
Sitting in the shade -  
The sun imprisoned  
in the school walls  
Thinking of you -  
Should I call?  
Come to me  
I will not take you for  
granted  
Those words I speak.

And yet  
The things most dear  
The beauty in a single tree  
The warmth of your voice  
The love you give  
Is beauty diminished  
by a forest of trees?  
Is there a realm  
of too much?

I could have called -  
unsure and grasping  
But I know it will mean more  
the next time we meet.



COME, LET'S WALK

This is a new walk we take this May day.  
The light is strange, dimensions different:  
Sunlight's sharp edges cut crystal shafts  
Of color in the dark, damp, wooden bridge;  
Warmed violets yawn in the morning breeze  
And cozy mud dribbles into drowsy  
Yellow streams which whisper tales of Lenapes  
To dappled toads dreaming in the rusted grass.

The robin, tip-toeing up to a worm,  
And a sparrow, small, brown and timid who  
Drops a single feather in festive flight,  
Welcome us to share this world -- until the  
First northern wind warns of the coming frost.

And though they will fly when September comes  
We will stay and survive the cold together.



## THE PUNISHMENT

There was a long silence on the other side. For a moment, the priest guessed she was having second thoughts and would leave like so many did.

But she started talking and was obviously determined to make her life's confession. Her voice was shaky and he guessed she was in her eighties, but the words were spoken clearly and sounded as though they had been rehearsed or were being read from a book.

She began by telling him the way she treated her first husband. He had had a very serious disease and was in constant pain. She was always going to bars and picking up men, some of which were friends of her husband's.

The whole neighborhood knew about it, she said, but her husband never mentioned a word about it to her.

"After he died, I lived in those bars. Can you blame me? I wasn't about to sit around that house all day feeling guilty about something that wasn't my fault."

She went on to say that after a few months of this kind of life, the man who eventually became her second husband found her. He was a religious fanatic and was sure he could change her life.

"We were married in the Baptist Church he belonged to, but I still wasn't about to convert."

"After we were married for two years, I had Jason. The day he was born I swore up and down I would never go back to my old ways, but I got tired of being a housewife."

"I guess Jason was about four or five when I started seeing other men again. My husband gradually cut off from his Church and started going on his famous "drinking rampages."

The priest was silent. He had difficulty grasping what she was revealing to him. Could this woman possibly be his mother? Everything began making sense. The arguments, his father's drinking, it all came together.

The woman was crying as she began explaining how she was responsible for her son's running away and how desperately she needed his forgiveness.

*The cell was damp and chilly. There was hardly enough space for*

the small bed that was provided, and Jason noted with sorrow that there was no window. He could always think more clearly when he was close to nature, even if only by sight. The room was musty and reminded him of the crawl space beneath the house in which he lived.

He sat down and leaned against the hard bed frame, drawing his knees up to his chest and surrounding them with his arms, where he proceeded to relive the dramatic scene of the previous day.

The first event in the chain was always an argument, after which his mother would storm out of the house, not to return until the next day.

On this particular day, however, his mother had decided to stay.

As he sat leaning against the gray wall of his small bedroom, carefully avoiding the mirror on the wall opposite him, Jason could hear the familiar sounds of shattering glass and crashing furniture rumbling beneath him signaling another one of what his mother referred to as "drinking rampages."

The moment he saw his father with a drink in his hand and the familiar brooding look that always accompanied it, he would slip quietly up to his room where he would sit until everything quieted down.

Now he could hear his mother's voice rising above the racket and hoped it would end soon.

All at once there was a loud slapping noise that brought him out of his reverie with a jolt. He raced out of the room and down the stairs to find his father hovering over his mother and slapping her hard in the face. She was lying on the floor, eyes closed, obviously unconscious.

As Jason rushed toward his father, he could feel the adrenaline flowing throughout his body. He grabbed the back of his father's collar, thrusting him back with all his strength. Before he had a chance to move, Jason hit him hard across the face.

As he was covering his mother's bruised face with cold compresses, Jason could hear his father on the phone with the police in the next room. When they got there, his father told them to take Jason away. . . that it was what had to be done.

As he was going over the episode for the fiftieth time, he heard a clicking noise and turned to see a guard fidgeting with the lock.

"Jason McArthur?" His voice echoed through the cell.

Jason nodded.

"Come along with me, son."

As they walked through the halls, Jason glanced into the other cells. Each one was like the one next to it. Even the men inside them looked the same. He pictured his father in one of the cells. He couldn't

seem to hate his father, but felt only pity. He wondered if his mother felt the same.

As they approached the door to the visiting room, the guard turned and said;

"You are free to go now. Your mother is waiting for you in here." He gestured toward the door next to him.

Seeing his mother standing there, face swollen, eyes bloodshot, Jason forgot about the other men in the cells.

He could see the tears welling up in her eyes as she explained what had happened.

"When I woke up, you were gone and those cops were asking a bunch of questions. That father of yours is something. He actually tried to convince me that you were the one who did this to me!" She pointed limply at the bruises covering her tearstained face.

Jason could feel the anger building up inside again.

When he didn't answer, she went on.

"I made a statement a little while ago and told them the real story, so we might as well get out of this place."

They went to a little restaurant down the street and each ordered a cup of black coffee.

"I'm still figuring out if I should press charges against him." As she said it, her hands went up to her face as though she was being hit at that moment.

Jason wasn't really listening. He knew what would happen, anyway. She would never press charges. Sometimes he thought she wanted to be punished. But for what?

True, she was very moody and nasty at times, but it was understandable considering the way his father treated her.

"Jason, are you listening to me?" The old irritation came through.

"Yes. You and Dad had a long discussion this afternoon. . ." His voice tapered off.

"Well, we're getting a divorce."

The words stung Jason's ears. He couldn't have blamed her if she ignored his father for a few days, or even weeks, but the word "divorce" never entered his mind.

Suddenly he felt alone and far away. He could vaguely hear his mother saying something about the way things would be once they were away from his father.

He woke up in a strange room only to find himself more confused.

When he turned and saw his mother in the bed next to him it all came back to him.

*They had left the restaurant and checked into a hotel a couple of blocks away.*

*He lay there for hours going over the past few years, thinking what a waste they had been.*

*He got dressed and before he left, wrote a note:*

*"Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."*

Father McArthur knew in his heart that she really had changed and truly needed to be forgiven. He sat praying for her for several minutes. She had stopped talking and he could hear her praying also.

When he had finished, he turned to her and said in a soft whisper, "The Lord has forgiven you. I can assure you that your son forgives you, also."



LIFESBLOOD

Tornado grains of amber gray  
freely falling then  
getting tangled  
in the weeds of man's existence  
The Choice  
The Choice  
The Choice  
I pray, be made clear.

Nowhere to Run  
Falling  
Falling  
Falling  
to the beginnings  
deeper, deeper  
Cut me, yet don't rip me.  
Grip me.

Hold me in your hands  
tender yet firm  
Separate confusion  
from learning  
give me fire  
burning  
burning  
burning  
cool, clean  
lifesblood.

## STARSHINE

She's like morning broken  
unused to her surroundings  
Everything is new and unknown. . .

She's like the light in the distant  
darkness, reflecting  
off of all . . .  
I care enough to let her be,  
free to make her own decisions. . .

Keep on learning, keep on being  
shining star  
Find your way through the darkness. . .  
be free baby  
fly, live, learn, and love  
listen to the wind  
feel it within  
yourself. . .

## SEASHORE MELODY

Play me a seashore melody  
    waves slapping, clapping  
        folding  
Wind and time upholding  
    boundaries set by man  
        to nature. . .

For the sea belongs to me.

Shadows that I see  
    silhouettes against diamonds  
        sparkling  
Reaching forward  
    away from darkness  
Slapped back hard  
    by the waves  
        they're crossing. . .

Determined warriors  
    inch out  
        still fighting  
The power of truth  
    is frightening  
Each wave becomes  
    still higher. . .

Yet easier to see.

I reach out  
    toward the ocean  
        this sea of truth  
And dare each wave

to slap me hard  
Hard against  
my chest  
my thighs  
Hit me hard  
I'll keep coming  
on. . .

You can't take  
this smile away  
from my face  
Or the distant  
diamond light  
from my eyes  
Everytime you hit me  
I'll come back  
harder, stronger  
longer. . .

For the sea belongs to me.

Teach me, I am unafraid.





ROSE

This rose by any name would be as sweet,  
But beauty has a way of being whole;  
Thus name with form and being seem to roll  
Until at near perfection where they meet.  
My passion generates a goodly heat.  
It's fueled, I think, by some most soulful coal;  
Which is, no doubt, emotion's highest goal  
(At least it seems to be its greatest feat).  
I trust in love and no more can I search  
For answers that I feel won't now be found.  
Impart your revelations to the stars -  
Without true love you're still left in the lurch;  
The silence of the world will know no sound;  
And who can say what order this may mar?

## PASSAGE

Do you find it rather strange  
That the walls rearrange themselves?  
Have you lost your sense of time,  
And are you waiting for a universal sign?  
Who was the one who sold you on a meaning?  
You knew they never held up;  
But you really thought you'd filled your cup.  
And on what astral level did you make your home?  
Ah, and then you found you couldn't roam;  
And you couldn't understand how it could be -  
How you could feel this way and still be far from free.  
So do you think you've really learned,  
Do you know why you were burned?  
Emanation, aspiration, poor mutation, hold your station  
you will learn.

tao

from glorious days and passionate nights  
you form your conceptions  
and weave crimson tapestries-  
always too tawdry and never enough.

the ships still sail out from their bays  
the mediums have changed  
and still you will go  
into the setting sun  
or out to the stars  
WHERE DO YOU RUN?  
for you are the sun and the stars (and the moon)  
the Weaver's perfection.

## RELATIVE ACCEPTANCE

"Time is the key", said the mariner.  
Reality, you see, is a word;  
It swirls all about and you catch it here.  
But what you have caught seems absurd.

Conceptual continuity is what you seek;  
Contextual totality is that which is.  
So every time you feel too weak: simply let go.

## ETERNITY

time:  
sifting down  
old paths of new faces -  
bound as one  
by the force  
which binds us  
ALL

UNTITLED

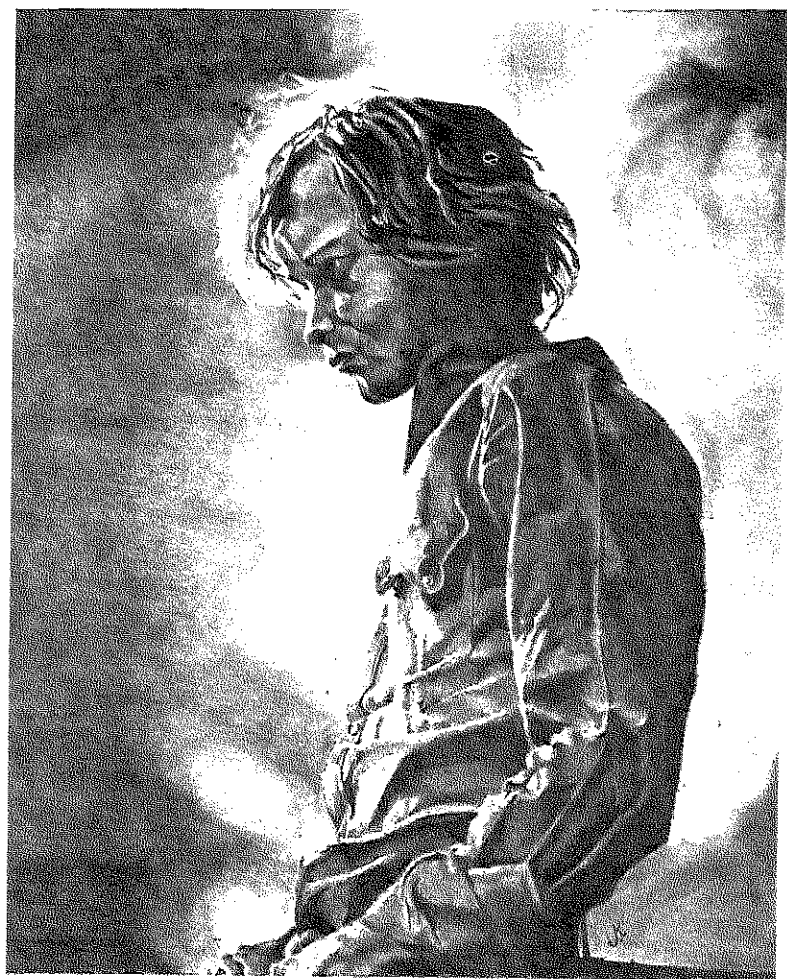
I dance in the insecurities of my mind  
The desolate dead end streets marked by fears  
The avenues pot-holed year after year  
with heavy traffic  
Emotion vehicles collide head on  
while rushing madly, going  
nowhere  
The silence of thought is pierced  
by screaming sirens of desperation  
The rain of tears washes the  
streets in relief  
As life goes on in my cerebral  
city of pain  
Life goes on . . .

BRAINLAC AMOUR

like the spiritual bond between two dope-smokers.  
like the cerebral communications between two musicians,  
    kicking through an improv.  
like the sensuality experienced by mother and child at birth.  
like the intimacy between the killer and the one he is killing.  
like the black wino and the white wino who shared the jug of  
    muscatel last easter morning on Bowery street.  
like sheba, and solomon, and haile sellassie  
like arthur rimbaud and paul verlaine, but even more like  
    arthur and the earth of ethiopia.  
like the rivalry between the artist and his creator.  
like the times people spoke before Babel's tower fell.  
like wilhelm reich hiding from the plague in an orgone cabinet  
    spewing christ and filling up again.  
like the dog who bore a son, sam. or shouted "free money"  
    from his eyes with a glance to transmit, to reform,  
    and transform.  
like the man who told me he was michaelangelo's david, even  
    though he was fatter and circumcised.  
like the first time i heard live music, or the night "birdland"  
    hit me on the radio.  
like the first time i looked at rasputin.  
like the night i flew and had trouble landing even after i woke.  
like the time i ate some mushrooms and everything in the  
    kitchen cabinets knew.  
like the day at the S.P.C.A. when i understood the look on  
    the face of the neutered tom cat from having seen  
    it too many times in the bathroom mirror.  
like the time i read a poem that only rambled on,  
    then stopped.

THE ARTIST

Guided by a passion that fills the body  
to bursting,  
Existing within the incomprehensible breath  
of insanity,  
Wildly rushing towards the beauty  
of the mind,  
he is condemned.  
Release him, you fools. . .  
The man is a genius.





NO MAN ON EARTH

“for those who hide what they don’t know to begin with”

When you’ve felt the gun in your guts  
Or the knife at your throat;  
When you’ve caught the glimpse  
Of the nightstick above your head  
(And have the scars to prove it),  
You can talk to me  
About the law and your revenge.

When you know the eternity of the moment  
The judge’s hammer falls,  
When you’ve felt your own face fall,  
You can talk to me  
About the rights of man and the fear of god.

When you’ve smoked that last cigarette  
Seen the executioner’s average face;  
When you’ve heard the wind call your name,

Then, only then, will I allow you  
Freely -  
To carry out my sentence

And have the last laugh on me.

PRIMA VERA

Scintia awoke with a start at the noise and sat up on the pallet. She looked around her in the cave, but saw nothing unusual. The chamber was empty, cold and dark except where torches cast their flickering lights on the grey walls. She heard the sound of murmuring voices coming from the large outer cavern, but this was not what had awakened her; something strange had disturbed her sleep. But all was quiet now.

Carmo, the eldest son of her mother, stirred next to her and she quickly laid down. It would not do for Carmo to find her awake. He was always looking for a reason to laugh at her. He would say that she hadn't heard a noise and that she was just being childish. But she had heard a noise, a noise she had never heard before.

Lying still she listened but all was silent, except for the voices that came from outside in the meeting place. All was quiet. . . there it was again, that sound. Plop. Plop. It came from the corner of the chamber. Wrapping herself in her thick, furry robe she moved across the chilly cave to the corner. There she found a pool of icy water. Most of the ice on the wall had melted, and dripped down to the floor. Scintia's eyes widened with amazement. She had never in all her seven years seen water coming from the earth in liquid form. It had always been frozen like the entire world outside. Men went out into the ice-covered world everyday for food and water. They would bring back large blocks of ice, painstakingly break them up, and melt them over the precious fire. That was the cave-dweller's water supply. The men occasionally brought back a yachtan, a monstrous and furry beast that frightened Scintia as much when dead as it would have had it been alive. She always cried when the hunters brought in the yachtan, freshly killed, but frozen stiff, their eyes bulging, crusty red. The yachtan were important, since food was scarce -- as precious as the fires that never gave enough warmth, as precious as the caves that barely kept the people from freezing, as precious as the frozen water. . . but here was liquid water dripping into the cave, something she had never seen before.

She ran out of the chamber, her breath like puffs of smoke in front of her mouth, and into the meeting hall. The people stopped talking and stared at her.

"There's water in my chamber!" she cried. Solemnly they nodded

toward the center of the cavern; there lay a larger pool, fed by a tiny stream of water falling from the roof of the cavern. "What does it mean?" she asked, going to her mother and squirming under her mother's robe. Her mother smiled sadly. The meager fire in the hall flickered on the woman's face and reflected off a tear running down her cheek. "It means, my child," her mother said, "that the long winter is ending. Spring is coming!"

Wide-eyed Scintia whispered, "Spring?" and looked around at the faces of people who sat in the dark hall. Her gaze finally rested on Emer, the oldest and wisest of the cave dwellers. He smiled, a tear in his eye also, and said "Yes, child, spring."

"Tell me of spring!" she demanded, struggling on her mother's lap. But her mother held her firmly and lifting her up carried her back to the bed chamber, saying "Tomorrow, you will hear."

Scintia snuggled down into the furs on her pallet. The pallet had turned cold in her absence and she shivered. The fire had long since burnt down to glowing embers but there was nothing to rekindle it. Wood was precious. She would have to suffer until she fell asleep. She tried to think of spring, but she had never known it and there were no memories to help her.

Finally she drifted off and dreamed of what she did know -- winter. She shivered again as glimpses of the outer world paraded through her dreams. Ice and snow stretched out before her; a wall of cold. She saw crystal patterns in the snow, pretty to look at, but sharp to the touch and always cold. In the hour before she awoke she dreamed of her father. She saw the scene clearly just as it had happened that day two years ago. She had been five years old then. She saw herself sitting in the hall at her mother's side learning to build a fire. Her father was out hunting with the men. He was the best hunter in the caverns and she had been sure he would bring the people meat -- so sure, that when the men had come home bearing a fur wrapped pallet she had jumped up with joy and forgetting her fear of yachans, pulled on the frozen bundle without looking at what lay beneath the skins. She heard her mother scream. The bundle was the frozen body of her father. She stared into the frozen eyes. As if from a great distance she heard the men tell of how her father had fallen down a slope and had frozen before help could come. In her dream Scintia saw herself vividly as she pulled away the bundle of furs and awoke with a muffled scream, and remembered. Daddy was gone, but Spring was coming! She jumped up from the pallet and left the chamber, her toes curling in protest against the icy floor of the cave. This morning she did not heed the frigid temper-

atures, she was going to hear about Spring! She entered the meeting hall. All the cave dwellers sat around Emer, impatiently waiting for him to begin speaking. He was the only cave dweller alive who had experienced the warm season.

"Hurry, sleepy head," he called to her. "We've been waiting for you. We couldn't start without you!" He was laughing, enjoying the power he yielded over the people. Scintia climbed onto her mother's lap and gave her full attention to Emer as he began his account of Spring.

All here, but I, were born during the long winter. None but I have seen the white wastelands outside. Snow covers everything. None, but I have felt anything but the bitter cold as the frigid winds blow outside. And none, but I, have seen any creatures other than those with heavy coats, lumbering through the snow." He paused and left the people to their memories.

Through everyone's mind ran thoughts of the coldness they had lived in all of their lives. Even now, through the walls of the cave they could hear the wind, shifting the snow from one drift formation to another. The sensation of cold was ever-present in each cave dweller's mind. Each lived with the fear of freezing to death. The cold was always a formidable foe, never fully conquered; always seeping in to steal the life of a child in the middle of the night or grip a finger or toe until all life had vanished from the frost bitten member. The ice had kept the people prisoners in the caves. To venture outside alone, was suicide. To venture outside for longer than one hour, even in a group, was more frequently than not, deadly.

"It is true," Emer went on, "That I was but a lad when the darkness came and wiped out the sun, but I still remember the warmth of Spring."

"Tell us," a woman cried impatiently. Emer paused to spite the woman who had hurried him, then slowly resumed the story.

"Before the black, ice-filled clouds came and snow whipped the world, the sun warmed the world like a thousand torches. . ."

"The sun?" Carmo asked, always eager for new knowledge.

"The sun is the lord of Spring. It is a bright light in the sky that is painful to the eyes, but warm -- yes warm to the skin and the land. With the sun in the sky, the world is not gray and black as we now know it, but filled with bright colors, like the fire! You cannot imagine a world without snow, without ice, but it does exist. For as long as you've lived the sun has been too far away to give light and warmth, but today it will come!"

An excited murmur spread through the cave dwellers as they echoed

his last words, "Today the sun will come! Today Spring will come! Today! Today!"

One skeptical voice rose above the rest, "But how do you know the sun will come today? The wind still blows. Our caverns are still cold. Our women and children still suffer in proud silence. Nothing has changed!" The speaker, a man, held out a hand; it was stiff with cold, bent in a grotesque angle. Sounds of agreement spread through the crowd.

Undaunted, Emer replied, "I have read the ancient chronicles, the records. The sun shines upon the land for one hundred years, then it disappears. For one hundred years winter reigns. It turns the world into a wasteland of ice. All the living sleep, hide or die. Then one day, a small portion of the ice melts. Hours later it happens-- the ice cracks and the snow falls into the fissure. The darkness lightens, the sun warms the earth. Then comes the time that is called the Exodus. All must leave the caves."

A cry went up from the cave dwellers. The caves had always been their protection from the elements. They could not conceive of leaving them.

"I assure you," Emer placated, "we have no need for them. The world will be our home. We must leave them. They will not protect you but give you death. The world is frozen but when the ice cracks and the temperature rises, the snow will melt and flood the caves."

"What then?" spoke out Scintia's mother.

"Then the sun will come to warm and light the world for a hundred years! Water from the melted ice will revive the world. The land will be as green as the fire burning off the juices of Yachtan meat. The hunters will bring tasty meats, such as you have never tasted. In the Spring we will not have to count the hours to tell the day from the night. Day will be light and the night will be dark, but not as dark as the dark is now. Many, many tiny lights will fill the midnight sky, and two glowing globes called moons will guide us through the evening. Ah, life will be sweet. The air will be sweet, filled with the scents of life, so very different from the ever moving air of cold death we have had to live with." Emer fell silent. The people were silent, not quite daring to believe his words, but hoping. . . hoping.

Slowly, Emer rose from his seat with the slowness of a cold and aged man. He clutched his robes around him saying, "We must prepare to move from darkness to light, hurry, hurry. Bring everything you need, everything that can be easily carried. Hurry, before the flood!"

The people moved as if in a trance and prepared for an exodus to what they did not know. Soon they had all gathered in the corridor

which led to the outer world. Emer ordered the door to be opened so that he could read the signs of the coming flood. A cold blast of wind blew down the hallway and the people huddled together in despair. Several times they closed the door when the sheets of driving ice became too much for them, but they would soon reopen it, their hope fed by Emer's enthusiasm.

Suddenly a loud crack sounded from above and snow drifted in through the door.

"Dig!" cried Emer, "Dig! The time is coming!" Furiously, all who were able-bodied pushed and pulled the snow away, Scintia helped too, heedless of her bleeding hands, cut on the ice, they paused only to look out into the darkness, looking for a sign of light.

"We must leave now," commanded Emer. "See the water is coming." He pointed to a stream of water that ran down the corridor and slowly moved through the entrance, into the chilly wind. Reluctantly the people followed. The snow had turned to slush, and walking was slow in the darkness, but the darkness was lightening as the temperature rose.

After a long while the people reached a bare space at the top of a steep rise. Scintia settled between her mother and Carmo to rest at last. She sat with her head tilted back, looking for the sun, but the sky, though lighter was still amurky grey. Sadly, she scanned the sky because the beautiful world Emer had promised seemed now only a dream. A tear rolled down her cheek and another rested on her eyelashes. She closed her eyes, but quickly opened them again. Out of the darkness, she had seen a light, not a torch; but much, much brighter. It had been caught in the tear on her lash. A cry of hope burst through her lips and she pointed towards the sky. Silently, the people watched as the light slowly spread, chasing away the familiar darkness.

Suddenly a dazzling light assaulted them, making them cover their eyes. The sun! Tears of joy streamed down every face as they slowly took their hands away from their eyes. A transformation slowly took place before their eyes. As Emer had predicted, the waters from the melting snow rushed over the lowlands, filling the cave. Quickly the clouds fled away and the sun beat down on the world in its full glory.

The light brought out colors of the world that had long been forgotten; the blue of the sky; the rich brown of the soil. Scintia's gaze followed the flood to the caves. The water had wiped out the only world she had ever known. Never again would she roam the caves, but never again would she be cold.

Spring had come bringing light where there had been darkness;

warmth, where there had been icy cold. For the first time in their lives, the people shed their robes of fur and welcomed the new era with a prayer to the sun. Scintia knelt on the cool earth with the rest of the people. A bit of color caught her eye. She saw a tiny thing pushing through the ground. The soil was still hard but the thing pushed on until it broke through and stood straight and tall. The top was colored brightly, the bottom was long and thin. Putting out her hand, she reached to pick it up, but Emer reached out to stay her hand.

"It's a flower" he said. "It's alive, the first growing thing in the world for over a century!"

"Flower" she repeated to herself. She looked at the sun, at the clear sky, at the sea below, and back to the flower. She looked at Emer. "Spring" she said softly, and smiled.



CRYSTAL TOWN

Borne by gentle breezes earthward  
tender flakes commence their flight:  
touching softly on the landscape --  
throwing kisses to the night.

Warning's posted! (Barometric)  
Wind is rising to a squall --  
snowfall thickens as it quickens,  
drifting wildly over all!

Driven down like cotton candy  
-tearing loose around the sticks  
frosty shreds of frozen vapor  
cling together when they mix!

Dawn reveals a radiant vista;  
sun rays beam upon the sight:  
myriad crystals, smoothly clustered,  
echo with reflected light!

Roofs all glisten with their toppings  
(hats of frozen custard wear)!  
and windows peep beneath the brims to  
catch the magic in the square.

Here are sculptures by the dozens!  
Several dancers can be seen  
in their white and ruffled tutus  
spangled-bright and lined with green!

Autos cased in lustrous wrappings  
(some resembling polar bears)!  
rest immobile in the sunlight  
sung against the frigid air!



There are castles made of crystal --  
fragile bridges on the right;  
mountains topped by slender ridges,  
carved by gale force overnight!

### TAPESTRY OF WORDS

With life as pattern  
pencil follows thoughts  
kaleidoscopic  
striving to record  
before  
wayward threads u

n  
r  
a  
v  
e  
l!

## RED GOLD

They were there all the time --  
beneath green foliage  
in the sun-dappled woodland.  
Sheltered --  
yet peeking through!

What a treat to the palate --  
no king had better!

Tiny wild strawberries --  
worth all the time gathering!

The tiny fruit was red and ripe,  
sheltered, yet peeking through  
On private ground with none around  
except for a bird or two.

They belonged to me and as I could see  
there were many to be had;  
So I stooped and picked and ate and  
licked from fingers that were red.

The sun was warm and the grass smelled sweet;  
what more could anyone ask,  
Than to settle down on the fragrant ground  
for delicious noon repast!

I can see them now in their grassy nook,  
their plumpness wet with dew,  
On private ground with none around --  
except for a bird or two.

UNTITLED

In you I see the beginnings of love  
And yet the end,  
Even as your smile grows,  
For there can be no beginning  
Without an end sometime.

Eternity creeps onward  
Engulfing these precious moments  
Yielding only memories,  
Keepsakes of sweetness past.

Days pass in joy, in closeness,  
In freedom from worry's task:  
And ever love increases  
Yet ever love's tenure wanes,  
Till separation's brink is reached.

And you, whose smile held love's beginning,  
Smile only for its end.

"THE LOVERS"

There was no smell  
Of perfume or cologne  
No kisses or caresses  
Last night or tonight  
No. . . nothing at all.

Just one person  
Trying desperately  
To get some sleep  
Which seems hard  
To come by.

One lonely person  
Lying all alone  
In a great big bed  
Thinking of her love  
Lying all alone.

In some strange bed  
Far away from home  
Alone are they  
But both thinking  
Of the other.

Thinking how they  
Should be alone  
. . . Together. . .

SENSATIONS

The touch, taste, smell of you  
Is beyond my outstretched hand  
And my yearning overpowers  
All the natural forces on earth  
Save love, lust, sadness  
You're very far, but never too far  
For me to forget the sensations.

## LONE WOLF

The lone wolf  
Dejectedly dragged his thin, weary body  
Down the main street of the old, deserted town.  
As he raised his bleak, lifeless eyes  
To scan the horizon for movement  
He imagined that he was again  
The strong, fierce leader of his pack  
Leading his frenzied brothers  
On long and bloody crusades  
Instead of the hideous pile of mangy fur and bones, .  
Alone and starving.

## THE HERO

The hero sat silent and rigid in the rear seat while around him adolescent boys squirmed and threw insults and empty beer cans out of the windows. He snickered out of obligation as an old woman driving a passing car screeched to a halt when a can flew within inches of her front window:

"We gave it to that old witch."

"I bet she lost her pants."

"Or wet them!"

They were on their way for an illegal swim in Ben's lake. The secluded lake was owned by an old farmer who was bitter about life and even more bitter about "young whipper-snappers" who dared to steal swims. He was rumoured to storm down the road from his house holding a shotgun loaded with rocksalt to aim at errant swimmers. Although nobody knew anybody who had actually been shot by the farmer the stories always lent a further sense of daring to the ritualistic adventure. Everyone, including the hero, felt a thrill of anxiety as they rode on. The boys though were sure the hero was at ease and no doubt even bored. They adored his assured manner and projected onto him the exact attitude of bravery they all wished to possess. He was indeed a boy's man; muscular, hard, virile and experienced. He was the very image that boys at their age worship for the mold of identity: the man they want to become when they are his age, and yet when at last they are, their priorities have changed to such a degree they may even look back upon him with disdain. Nobody can quite live up to the image burdened upon him by youth.

The car, controlled by the daring of youth, took a turn too fast and with tires squealing ran upon a curb and zig-zagged back into the street. Jim looked over at the hero to admire his stone face of courageous calm. The hero was aware that Jim was looking askance at him and held back a grimace of apprehension while taking out a pack of cigarettes and hanging the last one out his mouth. He sighed a bored sigh and then secretly held the empty pack in his hand and began to slowly crush the life out of the resistant cardboard. So, he was going to go blind. Resignation to his fate had let him to dreadful anticipation; a new life lay ahead of him, a life, though, in which he could never comfortably fit, a life of answering the phone in his father's hardware store. He would never again be able to lumberjack. He would never

again know the feel of felling a great tree by the sinew of his thick arms and ox strong back. He gazed down at his hand still clutching the empty pack: a mass of useless muscle that would never again guide an axe.

The car came to an abrupt screaming stop and the boys began piling out of it even before it was absolutely still. After them the hero lumbered out and the boys revolved around him like tots around a father giving out candy. Cursing the vastness of the lake with obscene adjectives they covertly looked at him for any signs of disapproval concerning pronunciation, context or strident accent. Moving closer to the lake they quickly stripped down to underpants and then in secret anticipation waited for the hero to unveil his formidable masculinity; the form of flesh that at times they felt they possessed and then, at other times like now, knew that they would not grow into for years. While some still marvelled others jumped down the side of a small mud hill and slipped onto a narrow, muddy beach. Here they pushed and shoved each other towards the water, squealing at times as children and asserting themselves at times as men. The boys most inhibited by cold water were somehow sensed out and by the helping hands of friends quickly found themselves fully emersed. The hero, excluded of course from any possibility of indignation, leaned against a rock and while watching them austerey surveyed the lake with faint and blotched eyesight.

When the initial excitement dulled to a slow playfulness the boys intermittently spoke of the shotgun wielding farmer and again contemplated the size and depth of the lake:

"Think you could swim all the way across this bitch," one asked enthusiastically.

"No way! Maybe if my life depended on it, but hell if it does," another answered spitting emphatically into the water. The boys and the hero mentally pitted their strength against the lake and almost all came up with negatives. Almost all. Concentration upon the lake was again broken by a water fight, - except the concentration of the hero: the lake could be the last great tree, the final test and exercise of his strength. And then, again the image of his father's office took possession of his thought. The free for all came to an abrupt peace as an irresistible idea came to one of the boys;

"Bet Lorne could swim this bastard with one arm tied: easily!"

"Of course he could but he don't want to. It'd be too damn simple," Jim replied, but even before his last words were out the hero was launching his lean hard body into the lake. The boys stared in stunned awe.

"He sure is a good swimmer. Wish like hell I could swim like him."



"Look at 'im, he's already a quarter of the damned way!"

The hero strided in the water almost effortlessly. He felt the unused muscles gripping back into shape around the bones in his limbs. Exhilaration thrilled his nervous system into sharpened perception. The ecstasy of physical power, - of the release of pent-up energy through the motion of his body consumed his awareness. Between long easy strokes the shore bobbed into view and he could judge himself closing in on it. But now something clamped shut. Now pain consumed him and he could not think. His body would not obey and he groped for air as he doubled over. His chest felt as though a steel cable had tightened about it. The little air he could inhale was not enough to even force out a word. On the shore, seeing it all, the boys were in a frenzy.

"There's no boat!"

"He's drownin'. . God! He's drownin."

"Get the farmer - he'll help."

Jim dived in without thought. The sheer exigency of the moment precluded any consideration of consequences. Before any degree of his consciousness had reasserted itself Jim found himself nearing the bobbing and groping hero. The hero saw his shape approaching and yet made very little motion towards him. Jim was now close enough to see the hero's purple face with a strange complacent expression replacing what had been a horror mask of pain. His face told Jim at some lower level than thought and words that he did not want rescue: that this was the last and greatest daring, - that the lake had not fallen but now he would use the lake to fell and surmount an even greater challenge. The hand that reached for Jim's was suddenly back in the hero's full control and the useless muscle was once again at his command as he pulled it down and away from Jim's grasp. The hero disappeared under the surface of the calm cool lake.

After the police dragged the lake the boys faced questions, tears, screams, the farmer's admonitions and terrible scoldings from parents. At long last the boys were able to leave and they walked away together with stunned and slumped minds.

"He was an okay guy but he couldn't swim. I thought he could. I thought he could do anything."

Hearing those words Jim turned from the other boys and walked alone. His mind raged with a knowledge he could not articulate: the knowledge that heroes must fail because of their mortality, - and that it is precisely the acceptance and overcoming of inherent failure by the choice of destiny that is the essence of bravery and immortality.

MASTER OF CONFLICT

a master of conflict  
mercenary merchant of love;  
and i your loyal pet sit  
tail a wag-wag-wagging  
awaiting your metamorphic love -  
which comes in physical spurts of  
energy and lapses of weariness  
in which the wide-eyed puppy that i am  
whines for affection,  
begging for your total attention  
at the edge of your bed,  
using tongue to titillate  
i will lap up the cream your body supplies  
in hope of recognition.

fantasy filled youth may finger fidelity  
for no other reason except  
maybe love could be found  
no matter how minute once there it is likely to grow  
into a manifestation -  
and until then this grey-eyed spaniel  
will lick the smell of love from your hand but may not ever  
lick your love from my own.

i don't like being underfoot and a nuisance  
so until the realization of a  
rambunctious refusal or  
the enlightenment brought upon by envy  
i shall follow my course  
(scratch my fleas so to speak)  
and go tail a-wagging along  
still licking the hand that feeds me  
while making distant those hands which have done me harm.

PERSUASION

As days go by frustration does unfold.  
Perhaps to counsel is to feel secure.  
Advice is not requested, but is told.  
But why must such persuasion we endure?  
The recommended course of action will  
Most likely be proclaimed with love of sorts.  
My conscience dictates it has had its fill  
And knows advice must be from its own ports.  
It would be well to overlook it all;  
Erase with care invasions of the mind.  
But doubts that pierce respect permit my fall  
And failure. Faith and trust I cannot find.  
Until my feelings I declare with force,  
They haunt like ghosts I view with deep remorse.

MOONLIGHT

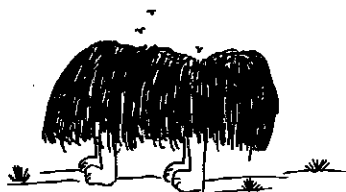
Pallid light, pale moonlight,  
Soft, obscure, and cool.  
Your shadows seek a quiet realm.

Twilight, netherlight,  
Excitement flows anew.  
Your fullness a void to fill.

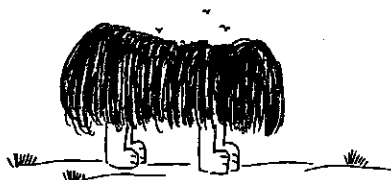
Small light, reflected light,  
Nurturing imagery.  
Your beauty is what you lack.

Chilled haze, mental maze,  
Unlike the Sun,  
Human minds create you.

RALPH, THE WONDER DOG



"I'VE ALWAYS FELT APATHY WAS A BIG PROBLEM, BUT LATELY I HAVEN'T LET IT BOTHER ME .....



".... I'VE ALREADY LOOKED AROUND AND THINGS ARE THE SAME EVERYWHERE."



"PEOPLE KEEP COMPLAINING ABOUT MY FLEAS BUT NO ONE HAS BOTHERED TO WASH ME YET. IF THAT'S NOT APATHY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IS."



Arrow of misfortune  
Arose to thee  
Hart of eye.  
Door of while  
Recedes again.

A row of misfortune,  
A rose to the  
Heart of I.  
Doer of wile  
Reseeds a gain.

## JEFFERY

It's tuesday and everyday is tuesday unless it's friday. And friday is a long time away. . .

Jeffery is thirteen.

On fridays Jeffery finishes school for the week. Two whole days to himself. alone. with mommie. Jeffery can't wait. These "pooh-poohs" who call him baby names will be out of his life for two days (and of course friday nite).

In school. after lunch. on friday. Jeffery can't wait. He keeps watching the clock. "A clock watcher," that's what Mr. Wambaugh calls him. But Jeffery's gonna beat time. Jeffery's even gonna beat them. He knows that Mr. Wambaugh can't go home and watch t.v. with his mommie. Mr. Wambaugh has a wife and little Wambaughs. "Yucky," thought Jeffery. Jeffery never liked Mr. Wambaugh. Actually, Jeffery didn't like any men. They were mean. Besides, mommie always said she had no use for men.

Men used to scare Jeffery when he was younger. He was always afraid that one might come and take mommie away from him, or worse, one might even take the t.v. Jeffery had once seen a man like that on a television program. But Jeffery knew now that he had nothing to fear.

EXCEPT — what if he were to grow up and become a man? No! He knew mommie wouldn't let that happen. Jeffery was sure he'd never have to be a man. He would just grow up and be like mommie. be with mommie. forever. Jeffery and mommie seldom went out.

When school had ended for the day Jeffery walked to his locker. There were two rows of compartments on either side of the hall (one row on top of the other). Jeffery's was the third one from the left on the bottom row next to Room 103. Billy Whitman had his locker directly above Jeffery's. Billy was a mean boy. Jeffery was sure Billy would grow up to be a man. When Jeffery reached his locker he noticed Billy already rummaging through his own. Usually Jeffery would wait until Billy was finished before he would go to his locker but today was friday and Jeffery was too anxious. He knelt before the metal door and began to work the lock. It was a lucky thing that mommie had embroidered the combination on the inside lining of his jacket. Jeffery was always forgetting things. Just as he turned the lock to number 37 (the very last number) a pile of books knocked him on the head.

"Sorry dough-boy," Billy laughed.

Jeffery knew it was an accident so he helped Billy to pick his books up from the floor. He reached for the "Grammar Usage" book which had slid two lockers down.

"Get your boggie picking fingers off of my english book, you dik-head," said Billy.

Jeffery dropped the book and went back to turning his lock.

"Don't you ever get mad, dough-boy?"

Jeffery didn't answer. Boy, mommie was right, men were just no good. She must know everything, thought Jeffery. He got the locker open and reached inside to pick up the plastic "glad-bag" which contained two dollars in small change and three dollars in bills. He placed the baggie in the right hand pocket of his jacket. closed the locker door. walked away. Billy stared.

When Jeffery got to the small food market around the corner, he headed straight for the last aisle. There it was, pudding. Rows and rows of it. Well actually, only four rows. But Jeffery knew it was more than he and mommie could ever eat in one weekend. Mommie had told him not to get the "Mite-T-Fine" pudding. Or was it the "Jello" pudding she had said not to get? He pulled the plastic bag out of his pocket and removed the piece of paper that mommie had thoughtfully included, holding the paper with the fingers of his right hand. With the index finger of his left hand he pushed his glasses up over the bridge of his nose. Then, he read the note,

Jeffy,

Don't get that "Mite-T-Fine" puddin.

Get that "Jello" instant stuff.

love,

mommie.

Jeffery picked out three chocolate fudges. one butterscotch, and one french vanilla. He wanted to try the new pistachio flavor but he was afraid mommie would yell at him for wasting money. Next Jeffery walked to the hugh refrigerator in the front of the store. He wanted to get a six-pack of "Gatorade" but mommie said to get diet "Pepsi" because they both could stand to lose a little weight. He rested the five puddings on his left arm then held them tight against his chest. He opened the refrigerator door with his right hand and lifted a six-pack of diet Pepsi. He walked to the counter and set the items down. The person behind the counter was a man.

"All this pudding for you, son?" the man chuckled.

Jeffery didn't answer. He just pushed his glasses up over the bridge



of his nose. If he had told the man some of it was for mommie, the man might want to come over to Jeffery's and eat some of the pudding with mommie and then he would rape her, because that's what all men try to do to women. Jeffery wasn't sure what it meant to rape somebody, but he knew that mommie thought it was terrible. And if mommie said it was terrible, it was terrible. After all, she never wanted to send Jeffery to school because she knew it would be terrible. Jeffery paid the man, picked up the bag containing the pudding and the diet Pepsi, then walked home. Jeffery's apartment was on the third floor and his building had no elevator (like the ones on t.v.) so he climbed the steps, reached the top, walked to his door. 3A. He had touched his fingers to the door handle when a voice snapped - "Who's there" It was mommie. Jeffery knew because mommie's questions always sounded more like answers. "It's only me mommie," said Jeffery. Jeffery stepped inside. He wiped his feet on the welcome mat. He placed the bag on the kitchen counter. He sat on the couch next to mommie.

"Where's my change," she answered.

"Here?" asked Jeffery handing mommie the plastic bag which still had a few quarters and dimes in it.

"Good boy, Jeffy. What flavor of pudding did you get? Did you get my note? Did you get the diet Pepsi?"

Mommie inhaled her cigarette smoke deeply. The lights were out and the butt seemed to glow yellow instead of orange.

"yes," said Jeffery.

"Good boy, Jeffy,"

Mommie stubbed her cigarette. She walked to the kitchen to fix the pudding. Jeffery took off his coat and hung it on the door knob of the closet. Then he picked up the T.V. Guide and a pen from the rickety coffee table and sat down. He began to underline the programs he wanted to watch that night, making little stars next to his favorite ones. Mommie smiled at him through the cut-out, from the kitchen. Jeffery smiled back.

LATER.

"Wasn't that a good program Jeffy? Mrs. Partridge didn't even have any men friends this week."

Jeffery knew mommie liked that. Mommie stubbed out another butt, then reached for the pack on the table. Jeffery spooned some more pudding into his mouth.

"I'm out of Pall-Malls Jeffy. What'll I do? Could you get me some, baby?"

Jeffery smiled, then shrugged. Mommie took her wallet from her purse, then handed Jeffery a one dollar bill.

"Remember Jeffy, get me two packs of Pall-Malls."

Jeffy set his pudding down. He took his jacket off the door knob and put it on. He left. He wanted to hurry so he wouldn't miss the beginning of the next program, which happened to be his second-most-favorite show. Jeffery decided to take a short-cut through the park. He didn't usually go that way because the older boys liked to hang out there in the baseball dug-out and drink beer, but this was an emergency. Jeffery was lucky. Only two boys were there tonight. Maybe they would be nice boys. Jeffery decided to run anyway.

"Where you runnin' to fat-boy?" asked the tallest fellow. (He had pimples, lots of them, they weren't nice.)

Jeffery stood still.

"Answer my man," said the nicer looking boy.

"I'm going to get mommie some cigarettes. One pack of Pall-Malls." (Or was it two packs? Jeffery could never seem to remember anything.)

"Did ya hear that, he's going to get mommie some smokes," said the nicer looking one.

The pimply-faced one laughed.

"Do you drink beer, fat-boy?" said the nicer looking one as he walked closer. (he asked questions like mommie did.)

"Only when Mommie lets me sip hers."

The pimply one laughed again.

They walked closer to Jeffery. He was afraid but he remembered what Mrs. Partridge had told her little boy just a few minutes before: "You can't be afraid of everything forever," she'd said.

They told Jeffery to come down onto the dugout with them. Jeffery started to run but the pimply faced boy kicked him. It hurt Jeffery to be kicked. He didn't want to be kicked again so he went with them. When they got into the concrete dugout the pimply faced boy sat down and took a swig of beer. Jeffery pushed his glasses up over the bridge of his nose. His second favorite t.v. program would be starting now.

"Did you ever see a big kid's dik before, fat-boy," said the nicer looking one.

Jeffery shook his head.

"You want to see one now?" he asked.

Jeffery shook his head. NO! The pimply faced boy laughed hardest this time.

The nicer-looking boy reached down to his belt-buckle, undid it and

let it clang a little. Then he unsnapped his denims and eased his zipper down. He tucked his thumbs into the waist-band of his pants and underwear, then pulled them down. His cock dangled halfway up, halfway down, almost uncertain.

"Okay, cut it out, Randy," said the pimply-faced one.

"Fuck you. Shut up," said Randy.

Jeffery wanted to cry.

"Get down on your fucking fat knees, faggot," Randy said to Jeffery. Jeffery started to cry.

"Baby cry, baby cry," said the pimply-faced one, who was squeezing and pinching the bulge that was growing in his pants.

Jeffery got on his knees. He wanted to go home. Randy stepped closer. He waved his cock back and forth in front of Jeffery's face each time knocking it against his nose.

"Ain't you gonna open up and let the airplane in, fat-boy?" asked Randy.

"That thing looks like a goddamn rocket," said the pimply one.

"Watch it shoot off," laughed Randy.

Jeffery opened his mouth. Randy put his cock into it, then began pumping forth and back. Jeffery could smell sweat. He could feel the hairs brushing his nose and balls clapping against his chin. The pimply-faced one now had his cock out. He spit into his right hand and began moving it up and down the shaft.

Both he and Randy were breathing hard. Every so often Jeffery would choke a little. Not very badly -- he was used to sticking things way down his throat. When he was bored he'd sometimes put his fingers down his throat to see how long he could stand it. Randy stopped pumping.

"Pull down your pants, fat-boy," he said.

"You're not gonna do him, are ya?" asked the pimply-faced boy.

"He's the faggot, dick-head. I'm just gonna fuck him," said Randy.

"Hey man! They'll get you for rape!"

"Rape!" thought Jeffery as he pulled his pants down. "This is rape. It is terrible."

Randy made Jeffery lie on his stomach on the cold concrete. He nudged Jeffery's ass with his foot-- sending a shot through the layers of cold pudding-like flab. Randy chuckled, Jeffery caught a glimpse of the other boy who started to stroke his cock again. Randy shoved his way into Jeffery's tight asshole.

"Loosen up, fat-boy, and it won't hurt," shouted Randy.

"At least he is trying to be helpful," thought Jeffery. Then he cried.

It did hurt. It was terrible. Maybe it would be over soon; then he could see the rest of his second-favorite show and finish his pudding and diet pepsi. Maybe he could just turn the channel and this would end! Randy was fucking Jeffery very fast now. Every so often Jeffery could feel his cock would jerk or jolt involuntarily.

The pimple-faced boy grabbed the beer bottle and held it to his penis. He spurted, coating the neck of the bottle.

Randy was shoving harder. The more Jeffery sobbed the harder Randy hurt him. He grabbed Jeffery's hair and yanked it just as Jeffery felt a thick hotness explode into his pudding lined intestines.

Randy sighed. He looked at the pimply-faced boy.

"Did you come?" he asked him.

"Yeah! Right in that beer bottle. Did you come?"

"Yeah! Right up fat-boy's ass."

Randy got up and adjusted his pants and belt. The pimply-faced boy put his cock back inside his pants -- it wasn't quite the same as Randy's -- but it seemed to work just as well.

Randy lifted the bottle and smashed it against the wall. The bottom half shattered. Jeffery still cried.

"Why did you do that?" asked the pimply-faced boy.

"You didn't want them to find your come floating around in the bottom of a beer bottle tomorrow, did you?"

Tomorrow? The pimply-faced boy seemed to have forgotten all about tomorrow.

Jeffery was almost in a faint.

Randy lowered the broken bottle to Jeffery's face and pressed its edge to his flesh.

"Fat boy, you open your mouth bout this to anyone and I'll slit your brains open. got it."

Jeffery shook his head, Yes. He was good at keeping secrets.

"Get dressed, you shit," said Randy.

The pimply-faced boy didn't laugh this time. Jeffery pulled his trousers up around his waist and fastened the small snap in the front. He slipped his left hand into his pants pocket to make sure he hadn't lost the dollar mommie had given him for cigarettes. With the index finger of his left hand, he pushed his glasses up over the bridge of his nose.

Randy leaned way back in his seat. in the dugout. So did the pimply-faced boy.

Jeffery started walking

One pack of Pall-Malls (or was it two, Jeffery could never seem to remember anything.)

Pegasus Staff - Fall Semester, 1978

Volume XI

EDITOR

*James E. Williams*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

*Ellisa R. Bartlett*

*Michael Duff*

*Michael McHugh*

*Robert Walz*

*Sharon Winters*

STAFF ARTIST

*Kristin Geyer*

STAFF

*Dawn Ball*

*Maria Benham*

*John Crawford*

*Mary Crawford*

*Lorraine DeLuca*

*Dr. Dessa Ewing*

*Genevieve Fox*

*Dolores Gallagher*

*David Gunlefinger*

*Joanne Lyle*

*Cynthia Markow*

*Peaches McCall*

*Judy Montague*

*John O'Conner*

*Dave Patterson*

*Jody Pompilli*

*James Roman*

*Sylvia Seegrist (Sly)*

*Sandra Soskin*

*Martha Temple*

*Sidney Vicious*

*Maybell Washburn*

FACULTY ADVISOR

*Al deProspero*