

PEGASUS Vol. XIII



Winter Semester 1980

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Winter 1980

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POETRY IS

Poetry features fleeting words flowing free-form from the frenetic fearless mind.

Larry Moulder

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Cover by Dolores Gallagher



REFLECTIONS

She sat quilting, intent upon the squares, Likening the patchwork to her life. Pieced in a hodgepodge pattern, her life's cares Took on the broken pattern of strife.

Though seamed into the love role, dove-like, And stitched in wifely guise, Cut full in mild maternal strike, And edged in womanly rise.

Yet not all facets or seams show, A chintz-bright appearance can hide deceit. Do borders reveal the true size we sew? Her life, quilt, lay before her incomplete.

Life's decisions neatly blending, Decide the finished product pending.

Murielle L. Parker

SUNRISE

And when the sun goes down
So does my false smile
As I lay down all alone
My mind wanders for awhile
There's no protection from my thoughts
Or the way I feel inside
How often with myself I've fought
Lost in fears . . . and cried
So I pray each night, "GOD, end my pain."
For we all have to die
And then it comes again
Sunrise

PADDED CELL

Four billion contained Within one padded cell Far removed from others In the universe Unable to exist With higher intellects We are left to coexist With each other The neurotics, psychotics Manic depressives and paranoid schizophrenics Affecting and being affected By each other The pain and misery persists With aggressive psychotics Destroying passive neurotics Powerful megalomaniacs Manipulating fearful phobics A few borderline cases Try to restore some sanity All to no avail The ones in control are far removed From this chaotic place Infrequently sending attendants To checkup on the inmates Still, for millions of years We have been here Within this one padded cell . . . Earth

John Breida

TERMINAL PATIENT

Cells of cancerous growth Exploding, Like energies expelled from a white hole in space Mutating, The organs of the body Changing, The features into a hideous montage So, the surgeons confer "Something must be done," says one "Yes, now is the time," says another Their decision Cut it Remove it Bombard it with cobalt Arrest it with chemo All with no results They delude the patient "Give it time," they say Hoping for a reversal A miracle of sorts Pulled from someone's bag of tricks But the cancer continued, unchecked Enveloping all healthy cells Pulling them inward Like energies drawn into a black hole in space The transformation was then complete What was once a vibrant body Is now a dried-out shell Lying on a stone-cold slab In a silent, secluded morgue The coroner's report read: Name of patient: America Cause of death: Inflation

John Breida

THE MAD ROOM

INSANITY PREVAILS

prolonging
cessation of time
Hands unconsciously clutch
clock crows horrendous chimes

Room rhythmically sways

pulsating walls breathe

Cowering body trembles,

trapped between dead sheets

Fantasy / dream / reality
split asunder
CONFUSION REIGNS

I'm

111

u

n

d e

r

Larry Moulder



GRAMMAR LOVER

I love grammar
with a passion
that few people can understand

I've fallen under her spelling her predicates excite me while her dependent clauses entice me her conjunctions and connectives lead me and join with me

to face her infinitives is to want to scream

fondling dangling modifiers

THEN

when my subjects agree with her verbs and my pronouns are in their proper cases when my commas and her period are write and there are no question marks

THEN

I indent her paragraph she takes my exclamation point and I can feel her contractions from her asterisks down to her footnotes.

K. R. Mullin

THIS TIME?

Fantasies of loving you, of being loved how will you feel, I wonder? to caress your lips with mine to learn the moist warmth of your mouth to let your tongue learn the moist warmth of mine how smooth is the texture of your palm? will your body feel as silken when pressed against my skin? ah, the longing to lie naked with you nestled in your arms with my body riding the waves of your rising chest! So often I want to reach out and touch you to caress your cheek to proffer my emotions through my fingertips why do I hold back? why do I deny us? am I so afraid of offending you? am I so afraid to pay the price, to be denied once more? is this, then, any reason for us to remain a fantasy?

"Sam"

soft gentle breezes blow over the sea carrying the sound of seagull cries and waves pounding on the shore as I walk I hear them and my mind is filled with joy

remembering

Maureen Welde



THOUGHTS BORN WHEN I WAS DRAFTED

If the cities or the counties have some jobs that must be done, Why can't they draft some citizens to serve two years or one?

Why can't they let us stay and use the skills that we have learned Instead of sending us away to pillage, rape, and burn?

Why can't we serve our country in a way that leads to good Instead of acting other than our conscience says we should?

Why can't we learn to teach and build and spread a little joy Instead of learning who to kill and what we should destroy?

Will war destroy inflation and replace our dwindling oil? Or will it only fertilize some cemetery's soil?

Why don't we send a hand-picked crew who truly loves to fight? And train them and equip them and then really pay them right?

I dearly love this country, and I want it to succeed Unless it says my killing is the only thing it needs.

K. R. Mullin

SPRING

It is late it is unusually light
The sky first vermilion then empty
Shakes free the last winter nests
Wrens scatter the field in wild V's
The sweet drone of insects sings Now
The white birch murmur Closer closer
New leaves sprout from their branches
Returning to spring like an open hand
We lie awake in the empty room silent
I brush the pale hair from your eyes
Above the trees the darkness the light
The wind breathes the curtains sigh
Who knows how soon we can come back
From a place north of desire to here

R. M. Weisman

ROBOT MANNERS

Mother who has breathed life into me,
I am like a robot, clinking,
clanking,
programmed all wrong.

I shiver to your touch. My knobs and dials react when you turn me on and off.

I eat when you sleep.
What a bother
when I mutter
in my strange robot manner
and only squeak
when I try to speak.

Your perfect performance has only messed up my inner organs.
How differently from yours they operate.

No matter how hard
I try to do well
my hands are clumsy,
made of steel.
They do not bend
your way.

With all the messages fed into me, typewritten and clear the answers come out confetti.

Your bright hopes have tarnished my gold and I have failed to be the perfect robot me.

THE BLESSED DRONE OF LITTLE KINGDOMS

Barefoot and sleepy, princess serves herself coffee and cold cereal lights a cigarette then checks the mail careful not to wake her prince fast asleep wrapped in sheets still damp with last-night's love dreaming angrily of acceleration, he wants to walk along the edge of a knife. She loves him for his conversation wild and anxious crisp and romantic turning off his tongue like poetry and suicide she calls him Shakespeare she thinks he's Christ. He wears her serenity like a laurel crown, his only anchor to sanity.

Tom Beaman

MR. SANITATION MAN

Hear him rumble
In the alley
Hear him fumble
Watch him dally
He's up at sunrise
And on his way
Bright and early
Monday morning
Around six thirty
With little warning

He's taking the time to tow your trash away

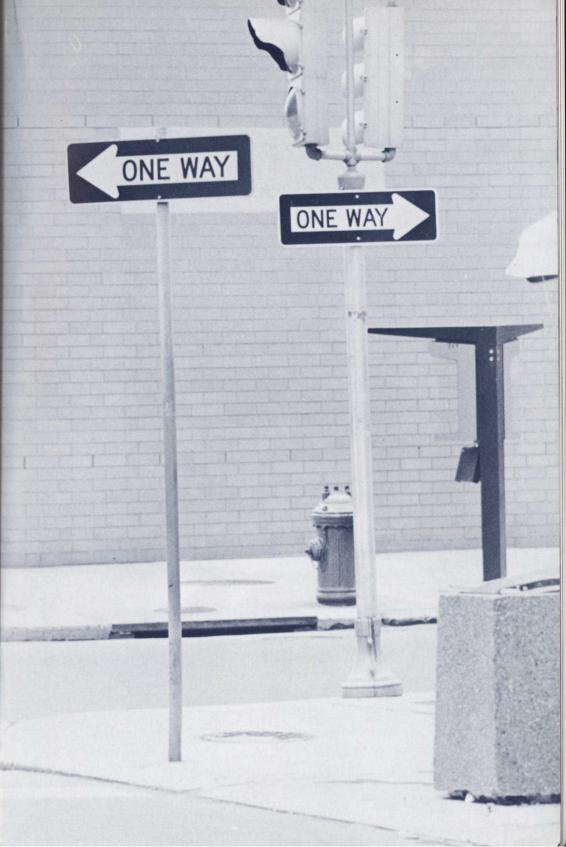
Oh, Mr. Sanitation Man You must collect tons of it a day Oh, Mr. Sanitation Man Can you tell me what people have to throw away?

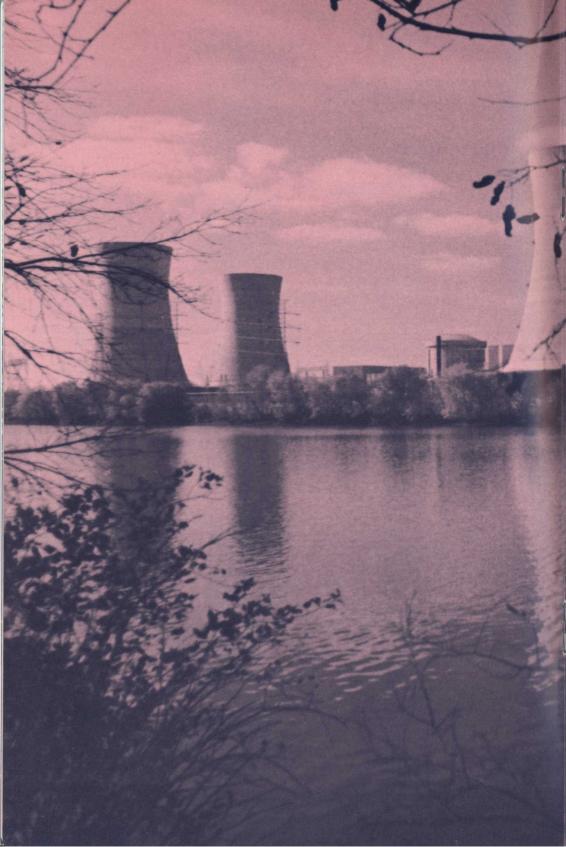
Hear the cans
Hit the ground
From where he stands
He throws them down
He's up at sunrise
And on his way

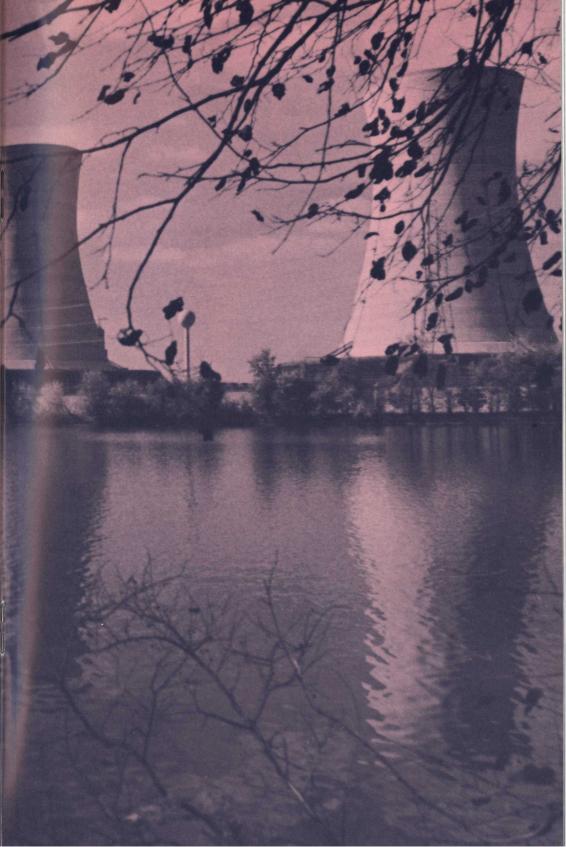
Even in
The worst of weather
He's out there in
His scarf and sweater

Taking the time to tow your trash away

Charles Flagiello









Merlin, your hollow hills are dark and lonely now, and so silent. When will you return? Your harp still sings as the wind plucks its strings. Your books are collapsing into dust. No longer do the townfolk pay tribute to the god of the hill -- the statue of Myrddin has been toppled and the earth-clay cup that time out of mind, sat by your stream for weary travelers passing by, is gone. Your crystal cave glows more dull as the days pass but its ice-fire cycles, in darkness, bring back visions of a time when your power reigned.

Pati Magee

IF I HAD A ROCKET SHIP

If I had a rocket ship I'd blast right out of here Set a straight course for the stars And split the atmosphere

> Stop on the moon to whistle a tune And groove on the gravity Jump all around come tumbling down In a lunar cavity

If I had a rocket ship
It would surely raise a smile
I'd say "hello" to the galaxy
And "goodbye" to earth for awhile

Stop on Mars to check out the bars And ask a pretty Martian to dance Strike up the band and sing in the sand Mars has two moons for romance

If I had a rocket ship What fun it would be I'd pretend to be John Glenn And sip *Tang* at zero "G"

I'd track down Haley's Comet
To see if Haley's hanging around
Proceed to the local planet
And commence to paint the town

If I had a rocket ship.

Charles Flagiello



They buried Rousseau today and all the free men of science came to spit on the corpse (as it lay in its natural state) the congregation surrendered all their tears while the scientists scuffed the casket with their shoes and whispered across the flowers "enlightened, but not illuminated"

Tom Beaman

I came into a half-filled room Where none were Right and none were Wrong I took a chair off to the Left To get a better View

One by one they came inside
To sit in Silence
by my side, and Others
they knew not Why
they were there at All

Then he entered confidently educator, apostle, Missionary Are you the Teacher of the Soul? Master, teach me Well

Dolores Gallagher

READY

When the sun comes upon the Parade ground, And the Pipes begin to squeal;

When the snare drums beat their martial tatoo, And the heavy bass drum booms its cadence;

When the bugles call the troops to the colors, And the trumpets and tubas sound their melodies;

Then my blood moves as in youth, And my pace quickens to the Fast-step;

Then my eyes water and tears spill down my cheeks, With thoughts of dreams unfulfilled;

My comrades greet me. They come to me in Rank and File, The ghosts of brave soldiery.

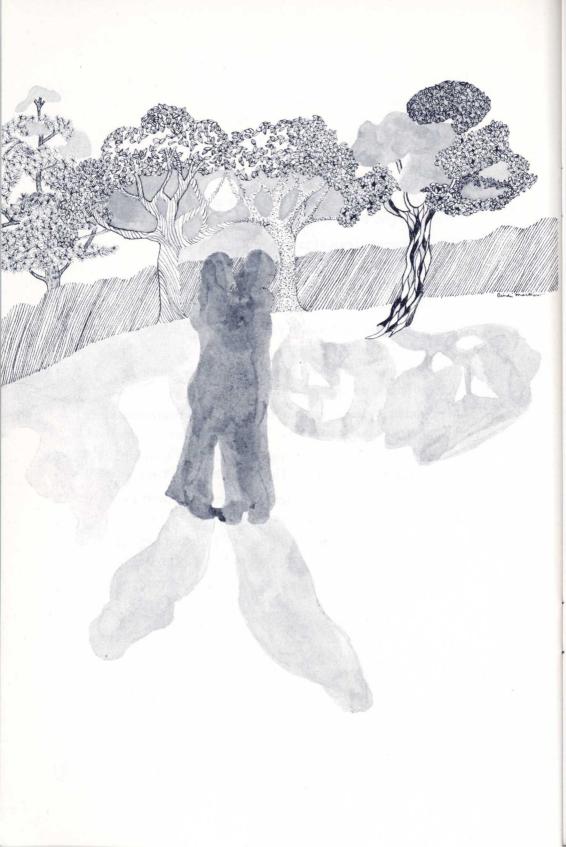
I know them well - - The Long Red Line, The Kilted Black Watch, The Marine in Battle Garb, The Cadet in Dress Grey.

They comfort me in my longing to join their company, But my recall has not yet been played;

Someday I will hear the final notes of Taps and Retreat, Blend into the Reveille of my call to my waiting Regiment.

Until then I stand At-The-Ready, with these Spirits about me.

A. S. Rozploch



THE LOVERS

On another planet In a different time Two lovers sip elastic dreams from a magic glass of wine. Outside the warm wind swirls Across the bright red sand, Tiny red tornados drift about the land. Two green suns are sinking Behind the mountain range, And the green light fades to darkness in the world of constant change. The lovers pour another drink, over cubes of ice, Happy in their plastic dream, Cosmic paradise. The stars come out to light the sky, A thousand candles in the night. And the lovers heave a mighty sigh As they hold each other tight.

Mark Van Tassel

I HAD A GIRL

I had a girl when I was young
Her name . . . (have I forgotten?)
Her hair, it was a waterfall
Her lips were candy cotton
And once she wore a dress of silk
And once she dressed in flowers
And once she wore no dress at all
To dance with summer showers
She once asked me to go with her
On some unclear endeavor
But I had other things to do
And now she's gone forever.

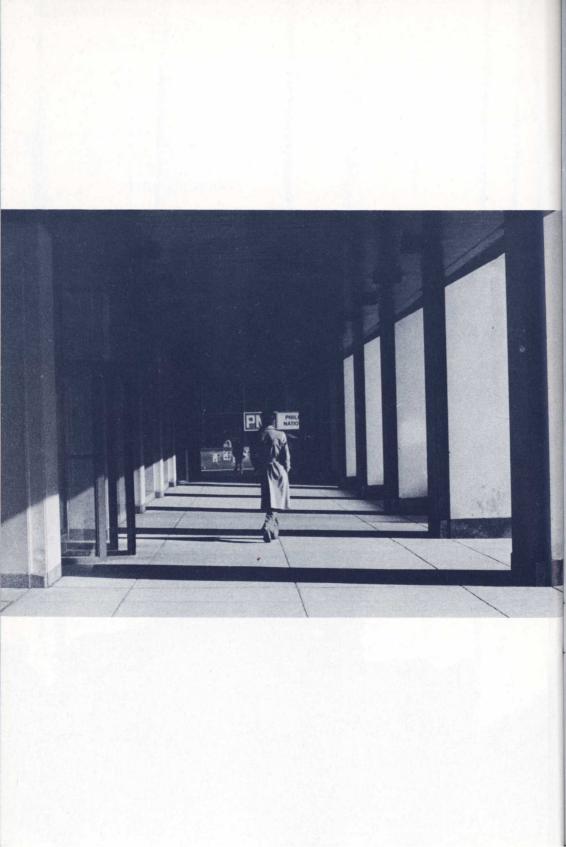
K. R. Mullin

THE SORCERESS

A yellow moon Lights the sky And the path where she walks at night. Scarlet cloak and jade green eyes, she sets the night on fire - light. She drifts with the gray mist and watches the raven as he flies from the witch's hollow. The crystal glass vial She holds in her hand contains a purple potion And all that is familiar disappears, is interwoven. A spell has been cast and throughout the darkness the time seems short, fading, quick to the night. She leaves the altar shrouded by a blue frost and enters into the forest, claiming it all for her own.

Lesley Wood





MENTAL ILLNESS

It develops silently slowly at first an internal saboteur disrupting normal processes attacking the networks of communication of rationalization its purposes are clear to debilitate to completely annihilate the feeble defenses thrown up to meet its advance but what of the causes? unclear, unknown deep-rooted in experiences past must break the code the secret code to unlock the past in order to face the future

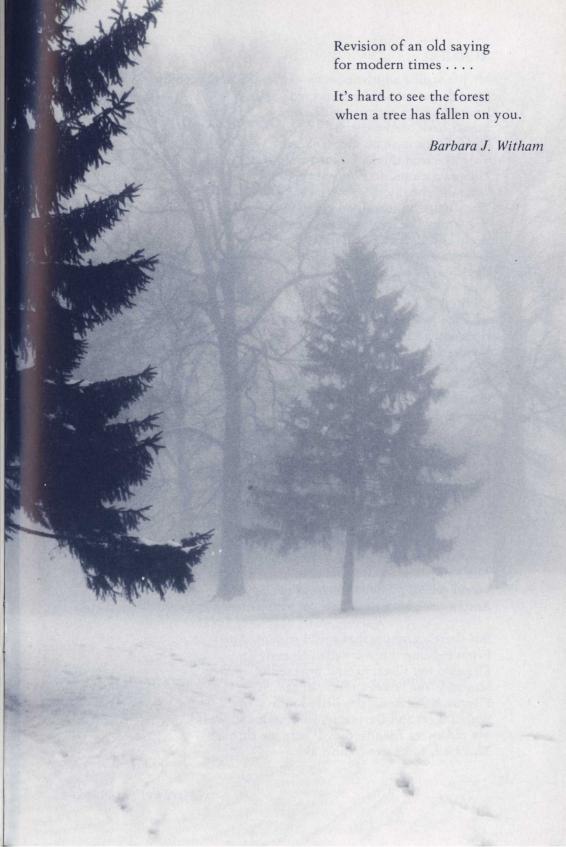
John Breida

HEAVEN'S WAKE

Woven in the teal blue terrain Strung taut, Against the magenta sky, Dusk slowly settles

down
Amidst the chill and frost
Of the Wintry night.
Sparkling sequined stardust
Is pressed against the glass window.
The white bird makes her
Silent flight,
Weaving amongst heaven's light
And striking an open chord,
She hits a silver string
Within the echoing harp,
Impressing the master player himself.

Lesley Wood



NURSING

My life is all a whirlwind now - - I'm at a new beginning I heard that nurses are respected and money worth the singing I signed up for the course one day I must have been sedated My children have no mother now My boyfriend thinks I joined a cloister The practicums, do they ever end? What did she say the drop factor was? That figure on the blood gases, now You know the book is always wrong And clinical, let me understate To get everything done you need a pocket computer The chart - - oh, where is it? That resident took it, but doesn't he know? I'll flunk if I don't look in it! And the patient studies, where's the time! How much can one endure? My need for rest is so profound I'd rather give up oxygen PTT and SGOT, are they related to CPK? I think I need an I. V. push of Fentanyl or Pavulon A sweet long sleep is what I need I'd dream of skiing down a mountain With warmth and speed within me I'd dream of long days with nothing to do But read a novel on ancient Chinese history I'd get to know my little boys again My Lord I thought their hair was blond! And what have they been eating all this time? The cupboards are all naked! And look at the calendar, seven months have gone by And I'm still back in September I went out to rake the leaves from the yard And my neighbor said we'd passed through winter

But there's nothing that could stop me now
From fighting this war called Nursing
I'll pawn the silver, extend my credit
Mortgage the house and live at the "Y"
I'll stay holed up in this little room
With Tabers and Germaine, Robinson and Wolf
My old sweet friends, they'll help me through
This Hell, this Love I know as

Nursing.

THINGS YOU CAN DO IN YOUR ROOM

- ... dance around clothes, miss a step, and not have to laugh at yourself.
- ... look at stupid pictures of yourself and like them.
- ... daydream yourself to sleep.
- ... scratch anywhere you want.
- ... imitate your posters and then go straight into a "concert."
- ... lay halfway on your bed and slowly slide off.
- ... yawn out loud.

Jennifer A. Lincoln

Two soft, brown, spongy plateaus of baked, yeast-raised starches, one plane blanketed with off-white sheets of soft-ripened coagulated protein caseins, the other painted deliberately with smooth, glossy, ochre-yellow herb paste, hitting the taste buds, after consumation, with a tangy, tart, creamy, spongy, salty, spicy and delightfully tasty sensation. A cheese sandwich?

Gary Walker

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

When I was nine, I lived up the street from a place that the kids called "the haunted house." I never heard a grownup say it was haunted, but even they said it was strange that the house had been empty for so many years. No one had seen anyone go in or out in the five years that I had lived in the neighborhood. Except for the drawn shades and peeling paint, nothing distinguished this house from the ones on either side of it. It was a small, drab rowhouse about fifty years old in a section of town where all the houses were much the same.

One still, summer afternoon when it was too hot for the other kids to be outside playing, I was walking by the front of the house when I stopped to remove a stone from one of my sandals. Kneeling on one knee, low to the ground, I noticed something interesting. I got up from the hot sidewalk and slowly walked across the street. I could just make out a dirt-caked window behind the latticework under the front porch. I stood for a while in the empty lot across from the house and stared at it. The old coal chutes used to run into those openings under the porches. All the other houses had the same openings, but they had been boarded up long ago. Someone had put a window where the chute

had been. Why put a window in an old coal bin?

I crossed the street toward the house. I squatted down and pressed on the old lattice. It gave way at one corner. On hands and knees, I slowly worked my way up under the porch. Spider webs pulled at my arms and neck. They clung to my sweaty fingers. A cold chill came over me. I started to back out, but then I saw that the window was not closed completely. Curiosity overcame fear, and I crawled right up to that dark window. I was covered with spider webs, and I shivered when I thought of wiping them away with my bare hand. Fortunately, there was a gnarled piece of wood nearby, and I dragged it through the ancient webbing. Moving my body to allow the sunlight from the street to reach the window, I peered down into the small, dark basement and could just make out rows of old shelves filled with bottles of all sizes and shapes. On the right side of the darkened room was an old, chipped porcelain table - - crowded with flasks, beakers, and strange laboratory equipment.

I knelt in the warm, musty air under the porch for some time, wrestling with fear and curiosity. I remembered all the scary things that the kids had said about the house. It seemed that even the adults spoke about the house in a whisper. As far as I knew, no one had ever tried to get into the haunted house. Curiosity, however, finally got the best of

me again.

The hinges on the window were stiff and creaked ominously when I pulled. It was quiet and cool inside. I lowered myself through the narrow opening and dropped to the damp, dirty floor. I stood up slowly - - afraid - - expecting someone to jump out at me from the shadows at any second. Gradually, my eyes adjusted to the dim light from the street.

All around me were homemade bookshelves, poorly constructed of old, gray, splintery wood. The shelves were cluttered with a fascinating assortment of dusty bottles, old leather notebooks, and stacks of notes that had turned brown with age. My fears were forgotten as I examined the array of strange wonders around me. I started opening the various bottles, some with glass stoppers, many with peeling labels. The labels were written in faded ink, and the handwriting was like my grandmother's. Some of the bottles had strange odors; many had dry

powder at the bottom where liquid had once been.

Forgetting about time and the world outside, I moved to the white table. I fancied myself a scientist as I played with the collection of tools and vials about me. After a while, I returned to the shelves to look through the stacks of papers covered with years of dust. I cleared a place on the table and gathered up a tall stack of papers neatly written in that same old-fashioned style. I pulled up a wobbly, wooden stool and sat down to sort through the mysterious notes. They were laboratory records. Some pages were dated, and they all seemed to have been written before 1927 - - the oldest one, near the bottom, was dated December 11, 1903. Finishing the first pile, I gathered up another and continued to search for an older paper. Some of the symbols caught my eye, and I began to recognize them when they reappeared on later sheets.

I don't know how long I sat there; I was so completely entranced by the aging treasures around me that I gave no thought to time. I had moved into another world, another age. When the light from the street became too dim, I moved my stool nearer the window. My back ached from the stooped position, but I continued like one possessed. It seemed as if the familiar symbols were beginning to make sense, as if I were on the verge of understanding something ancient and important. I stared into the darkness at the far end of the basement and wondered if the answer to all these mysteries might be awaiting me upstairs.

The basement was completely still, except for my own breathing and my squeaky stool. Traffic from the street had all but ceased as the last people made their way home for the evening. Suddenly from the near-dark silence came a sound that made my heart stop. I heard a thump from the floor over the far end of the basement. A horrible, cold feeling jolted me back to the present. I was no longer a scientist in another world. I was just a little girl in the damp basement of an old

haunted house, and it was almost dark outside.

33

I sat frozen with fear. Hardly breathing, I waited and listened. It was quiet for a long time. Maybe I had imagined the sound. Then from overhead came a sound that renewed my terror. Heavy footsteps slowly and deliberately moved across the floor at the back of the house. I did not dare breathe, nor could I move for fear the stool would squeak. Painfully, slowly, I raised my head and looked up at the open window far above me. How could I get out? I tried to think. What was it like upstairs? The houses in the neighborhood were all alike - - all like my house. The footsteps had come from the area where the dining room must be, but where were the basement stairs? In some houses they were on the right, and in others they were on the left. Were the footsteps heading toward the stairs or away from them? My heart was so loud that it sounded like a booming drum. Why hadn't I checked out the back of the basement when it was still light? I stared into the darkness. Whoever was upstairs would have to cross the dining room, go through the kitchen into the tiny pantry, and then come down the stairs to get me. If the stairs ended in the far corner, I would have a few extra seconds to try to escape.

I looked up at the window again. How could I get up and out? If I moved, the squeaky stool would give me away. I sat petrified. If I weren't sitting on the stool, I could ... I could stand on the stool, and

that would get me up far enough to reach the window.

The pantry door banged open. I bolted up, grabbed the stool, shoved it against the wall under the window, jumped onto the seat, and tried to pull myself onto the window sill. The basement door crashed open as I scrambled upward, my feet scraping desperately against the crumbling wall until my knees scraped across the ledge. I heard my own voice cry out in pain as something tore into my foot. My sandal buckle was caught on a nail in the window sill. With the pounding of footsteps on the basement stairs loud in my ears, I ripped my sandal free, threw myself at the rotten lattice, and rolled out onto the sidewalk.

I don't remember running home.

I moved away when I was eleven, and until then no one was ever seen going into or coming out of that house. But I know that one quiet summer night that house was not empty. Someone was in there besides me ... some one or some thing.

Julia Murray