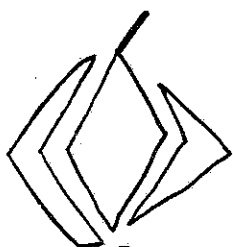


DELAWARE COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE



# PEGASUS

VOL. XVI

1982

PEGASUS  
Vol. XVI

May, 1982

*This volume of PEGASUS is dedicated to Deborah  
Huganir for all she has contributed to the magazine.*

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COVER DESIGN and ILLUSTRATIONS by Maureen E. Walsh

## PEGASUS

Whoa there, Pegasus, winged equus,  
Let me leap astride.  
Take me for a ride high in the sky.  
Take me in flights to heights beyond the mere mundane,  
    inane,  
    profane.  
Escape above the Babel towers where rowdy crowds impose  
    their words of naught, their thoughts unheard.  
Carry me through downy clouds of prose;  
    swiftly through tumultuous cumulus;  
    through veils of cirrus, wispy, nebulous.  
On magic wings, climb higher, ever higher  
    where imageries aspire.  
And race across a rainbow road of rhyme — —  
    all colors, clear, aglow.  
Fly fast past empty space and static time  
Until, at last,  
    we pause on zenith's high plateau.  
Stay, Pegasus, and graze the field of stars  
    while I alight.  
Deep in a bed of allegory, I'll immerse,  
Dreamily to laze beside the muse  
    whose songs suffuse the universe.

*Ann Doty Winters*

## GREEN CATERPILLAR

Little caterpillar, green and fat,  
Resting on an airy silken mat  
    Woven deep in the fold of the leaf  
        drawn round about you,  
Having feasted well, you now begin  
The cyclic change of shedding old tight skin.  
    Ah, growing pains — — you surely know the grief  
        of adolescence, too.  
With thorax arched and head thrust forth, you strain.  
Undaunted when you fail, you try again  
    With patient perseverance, pausing brief  
        to rest, then start anew.  
Till finally, almost imperceptibly,  
With undulating rhythm, slither free.  
    Like a lady rid of girdle, find relief  
        as fat form eases through.  
Shed-skin, where once plump body was encased  
Is but a shriveled flimsy bit of waste  
    Cast off untidily on silk bound sheaf  
        of leafy residue.

*Ann Doty Winters*

## WHICH WAY?

Clouds in a cloudless sky,  
    Sunrise makes the days go by.  
Who made this wondrous place?  
    This World that Man must face,  
To build his place,  
    At a breathless pace.  
With sweat and toil the bricks they lay,  
    And build great cities here to stay,  
Civilization on its way.  
Stars in a moon-lit sky,  
    A million nights have gone by.  
What is it the moon has seen?  
    If only I could dream,  
Of things that have been.  
    What do they mean?  
Those times and trials far away,  
    The greatest cities didn't stay.  
Civilization for a day.  
Under a clear, blue sky,  
    Countless ages have gone by.  
No one knows the way they went,  
    The time already spent.  
How we spend what is left,  
    Will it be better yet?  
Or waste it, our precious days,  
    Because we know not the way.  
Civilization passed away.

*Nancy J. Fortney*

## I WISH I WERE FIVE

I wish I were five

Again to walk in shoes  
With laces tied  
By bigger fingers  
Than those on my hands  
Covered with scratches and splinters  
And other joys of play

Again to pedal  
Three wheels  
With brightly colored streamers  
Dancing in the wind

Again to happily and naively believe  
That the magic of Santa at Christmas  
Filled everyone and everything  
Especially my stocking  
With Lifesavers and playing cards

Again to romp in the snow  
Clad in leggings and sweaters and white rubber boots  
With my furry friend  
Teasing about my feet  
Teething on my frozen booted ankles

I am still five

Believing that every tomorrow  
Is brighter  
Than each today  
Living every moment  
As if it were my last

*Louise Bailey*





THERESA TARASCHI

## TURNING TIME

I thought perhaps you might stay  
Amongst the willow groves  
Listening to the wind.

But then I watched you turn  
As if to run away  
Along the river's shore.

And as you did, I realized  
You'd stand amongst the  
willow groves

No More.

*Tina Rosenlund*

## THE WANDERING ONE

I looked into the sky  
With the heavens so high.  
Where the mountains pierce the blue.

And then down, where the river does flow  
Going with the fishes swimming;  
Oh so low  
Beneath the surfaces.

But as I walk the beaches  
Listening to what some other man preaches  
I begin to cry as I search for the  
Blue waters and the  
Heavens above.

*Tina Rosenlund*

I . . .

I am  
optimistic and  
hubris,

Renaissance,

Baroque,  
Classical.

I am not  
jealous nor  
zealous,

possessive,

shallow,  
strong.

I wish to be  
enchanted and  
wanted,

salient,

important,  
memorable.

I refuse to be  
mundane and  
misinformed,

ambivalent,

invective,  
dogmatic.

I hope to become  
unconstrained and  
independent,

gregarious,

jubilant  
and free!

*Wynne Guglielmo*



\* PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN PRINCES

Pharaohs' words upon the wall,  
Symbols of the past.  
Rulers over all the world,  
Quite a likely task.

Pharaohs ruled upon their thrones,  
Were gods in their own land.  
Who bestowed this gift upon them?  
What payment was at hand?

Pharaohs' gold, a priceless treasure,  
Message from the grave.  
Tells us of their one desire,  
What it was they craved.

Pharaohs cry from depths of darkness,  
Release us from our chains!  
We who ruled the world and lost it,  
Cry from all our pain.

Crumbled walls of ancient cities,  
Ghosts that haunt the night.  
A broken promise from a prince,  
For eternal life.

\* TITLE taken from PSALM 146 : 3

*Nancy J. Fortney*

## PATCHWORK

### Picnic Cancelled

Today's weather  
hatched discontent  
like maggots  
on the corpse of  
yesterday's forecast.

### 3/4 Time Lover

No down-beat, she,  
accordion to him  
her crescendos matched his  
measure for measure  
throughout the piece.

### High Fashion

Aurora delSol mesmerized her audience in an Earth play  
this afternoon, when she appeared in vibrant rose-orange.  
A Cirrus creation, her ensemble was softly layered and  
featured fine embroidery of treetops on pale gold border.  
Then, as Her Brightness left the province of Day, she was  
seen donning a luxuriant cloak of warm magenta for a brief  
Twilight appearance.

### Ceiling Light

Summer bug collector  
Pivot for morning eye exercise  
and at times  
Cyclops  
whose burning gaze  
exposes all.

*D.J. Ammon*

## THE WORDSMITH

Inside the book-filled sanctuary,  
Away from all trouble, trial and worry,  
The wordsmith sat on his spreading bottom,  
Jotting down ideas as fast as he got 'em.

Here's a good limerick, this one a poem,  
If only he'd sell one, the whole world would know 'em.  
Perhaps the story of a guitar-playing Llama,  
It'd make a good screenplay or musical-drama.

Then, with a lick at his pencil, a twist of his hand,  
He took a deep breath and created a land,  
Where the rivers flowed slowly with bright, golden honey,  
Past pastures of blue full of grazing orange bunnies.

In the distance he put hills of yellow and purple  
And a maiden of beauty he gave the name Myrtle,  
On the plains, in a cabin, at the edge of a gorge  
A hard-fisted hero, protagonist — George.

He gave them no problems, just calmness and glee  
Cause that was the way he wished his own life would be,  
Then, he brought them together 'neath a moon, round and new,  
The wedding he planned would become chapter two.

He wrote and grew hungry and laid down his pen,  
He'd dine for an hour and come back again,  
And while he was gone from the land he invented,  
Things moved on their own, in a direction demented.

In saucers of bronze and cups of steel,  
Martians invaded his story in search of a meal.  
A crass, ugly lot, with no manners at all,  
Some like humans fried, and some liked them raw.

Poor Myrtle and George watched them advance,  
Like an angry army of oversized ants.  
"To the hills, to the hills, we must flee!" she did shout.  
Said George of the Wordsmith, "He'll get us out."

But he was still eating and couldn't possibly hear;  
As they chewed on poor Myrtle, he ordered a beer.  
He lingered long over his peaches and cream,  
As the Martians cooked George in their red laser beams.

When the wordsmith returned to finish his tale,  
He looked down at the page and started to wail.  
George and Myrtle were gone, their clothes strewn about,  
For Martians liked people, but cloth gave them gout.

He pulled at his hair. At the walls he did stare.  
He yelled, and he screamed that it just wasn't fair.  
Then he finally calmed down and went back in his den,  
Picked up his pencil and started over again.

*Paul Clayton*

## THE RAIN'S RECITAL

The rain whispers to the tree;  
Neither thinks that I perceive  
The language sweet that they impart,  
One to the other, of my heart.

Rain falls steadily, telling the tree;  
I wait for my beloved's face  
And eyes to smile down at me  
For him to whom I would embrace.

In a land of far off ways and seasons,  
Lies my love, my strength, my reason.  
For now I but dream of his warmth and his kiss,  
And long for the time of unending bliss.

The tree bends slowly in a bow  
Saddened by the rain's recital.  
He views me with a difference now,  
And knows of one who is entitled

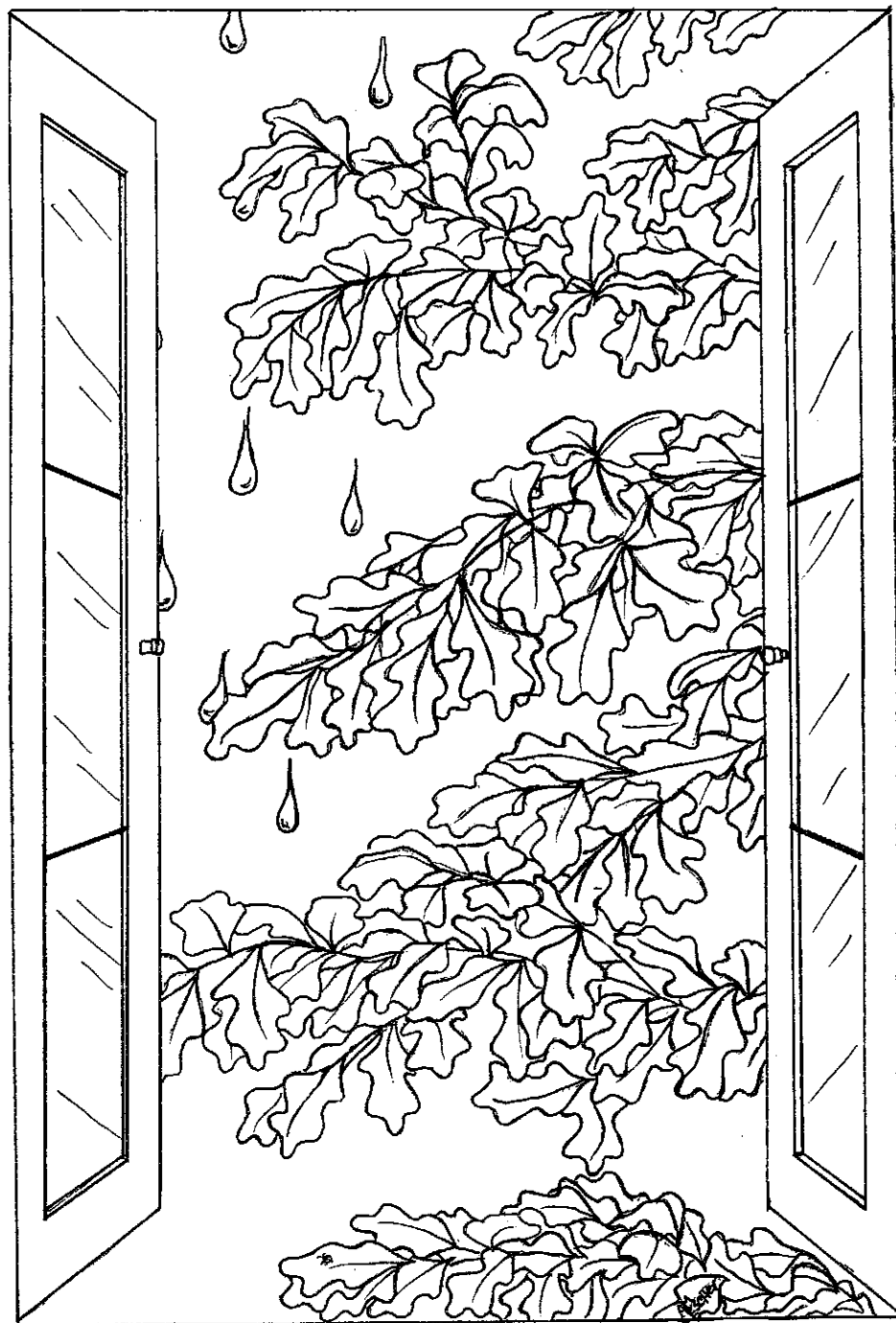
To lie in comfort by this lover's side,  
To feel the flesh and heat of my desire;  
And with such ease and grace we'll ride  
The waves of passion, mixed with fire.

The rain dies down, the tree looks on,  
Glad to see a love so strong  
Can exist and span the days  
'Til love's flame thus leaps into a blaze.

For this alone will end the wait,  
And this dispirited time abate.  
Then love will come to me and say,  
'It is done, Come! Fly away.'

*Ann Marie Escher*





## GRANDMOTHER JENNY

I glance at her photo  
Tinted with age and  
Edged in braided gilt,  
Resting on my desk.

Glasses frame the aging face  
And magnify her eyes.  
Moon-spun hair, I loved to comb,  
Lies softly in a bun.

Her faded-flower apron  
Hugs a body, down-pillow wider  
Than my out-stretched arms  
Can keep within their grasp.

She is baker of Sabbath bread,  
Healer of scraped knees,  
Defender of childish pranks  
And teller of long ago tales.

The wonder is  
That so many memories  
Are instantly recalled  
By looking at her smile.

*Del Lipsky*

## THE ODDS

You can get the odds  
On horse races  
And the odds on your  
Favorite sport team,  
But what are the odds  
That some perverse gods  
Have broken  
The vending machine  
and won't give back your money?

*Del Lipsky*

## PRIMER FOR SELF EMANCIPATION

There is this black man I know,  
who wants his forty acres and a mule,  
and hundred years later.

But keeps himself pilloried  
for the guilts of youth.

He wants those symbols of freedom,  
but continues to harrow  
the same fallow fields of past omissions.

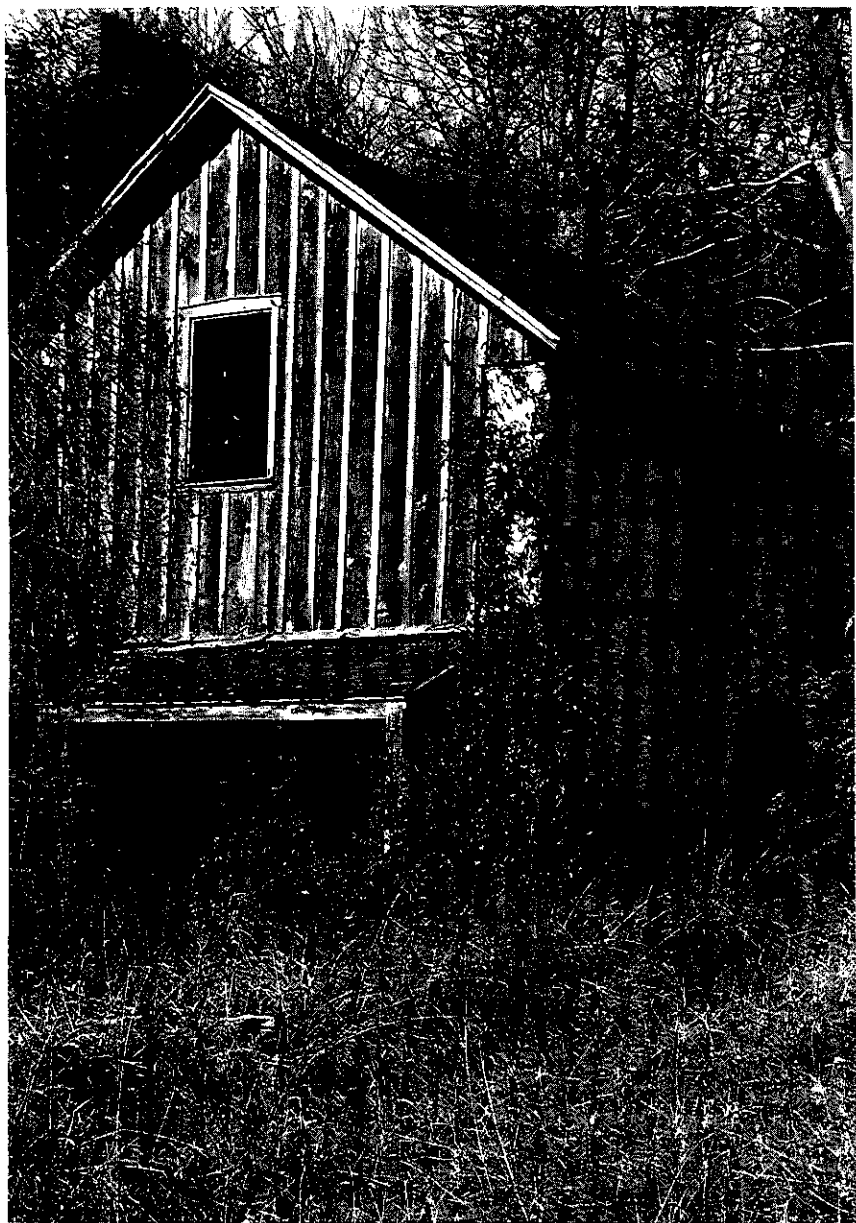
He smiles and shrugs his shoulders,  
at daily hassles,  
but chooses, symbolically, to  
chop cotton with a wooden ceremonial sword.

He deposits his burden  
of psychological carpetbags,  
(bursting with messages of shoulds and oughts)  
at my doorstep, upon occasion.  
But is afraid of open arms,  
messages of acceptance.  
and a relationship based on unity and independence.

Will he unlock these shackles, self-imposed,  
confess to being human,  
admit to having changed,  
accept his better self,  
and allow healing to begin?

Or will he "buy the farm",  
embrace the stereotype,  
eliminate emotion,  
and cry inside, "Why me?"

*Gloria Beam*



NANCY PAGEL

## Useless Junk

At seven o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by the chugging sound of the lawn mower and the smell of freshly cut grass. Tossing the blankets to the floor, I jumped out of bed, washed my face and hands, and after quickly dressing, donned my new pair of white high-top tennis shoes that my parents had given to me as a present for my eleventh birthday two days earlier. I tied a double bow knot in the new white shoelaces, ran downstairs and out the back door to examine the rows of large brown boxes that my father had stacked three high the night before.

The sun was very bright that day, and the air was cool and fresh. Dew still covered the sides of the twenty odd boxes that contained my Great Uncle Frank's things. Uncle Frank had gone to live in a nursing home with his sister, my Great Aunt Grace, an invalid who was eighty-nine years old. Uncle Frank was ninety-six years old, and he had worked as an engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad for fifty-four years before being forced to retire at the age of seventy-five. He had spent most of his life, as the result of a death bed wish by his mother, taking care of his sister Grace. Although he was capable of taking care of himself, Uncle Frank would not allow Grace to go to a nursing home alone, and he had elected to spend his remaining years at her side.

The boxes that I was so eager to examine contained a portion of my uncle's personal possessions that he had wanted my four brothers and me to share and remember him by. On several occasions Uncle Frank had told me that he wanted me to have his Indian Arrowhead collection, his Civil War bullets, and a large oval shaped picture made during the Spanish American War of my Great Grandfather, John Thompson, dressed in his tan army uniform holding a rifle with a fixed bayonet, in a gold leaf frame. On one of these occasions, Uncle Frank told me that it was important to keep

something, however small, that belonged to a relative so that that person would never really die. Sure, he believed that a person might die of a disease or old age, but he also believed that someone was not really dead unless he was forgotten.

"I'll keep liv'n as long as you boys 'member me" he'd say to me and my brothers. "You keep the things that I give ya and think of who give 'em to ya, and who they belonged to, and they'll never die either," he would explain. "And another thing," he added, "when you see an old train com'n by, you wait 'til the caboose is a swing'n past ya on the tracks and you wave yer hand to the man that's a hang'n on the back of that caboose, 'cause that'll be me try'n to catch the train to heaven."

The lawn mower made a chinking sound as if hitting a rock or other hard object and sputtered a few times before konking out. My father walked from the yard he was mowing to the back porch, and even though it was still cool and early in the morning, he took a red patterned handkerchief from his back pants pocket and wiped the visible perspiration from his forehead. "Damn rocks" he muttered, "that lawn mower's seen its day anyway."

"Dad, when can we open the boxes?" I asked excitedly.

"Pretty soon Larry" he said, "It's mostly junk anyway and we'll have to throw most of it out, because we've got enough junk around here now."

At this, he went into the house for breakfast, the screen door screeching, then slamming shut behind him. Mostly junk, I thought, arrowheads, Civil War bullets and books about cowboys and Indians junk? If this was junk, then it was my kind of junk, and I was determined to keep most of it.

After we had cereal and eggs, we all went outside to the back porch to open the boxes. My brothers and I formed a circle around a large, brown, bulging box that topped a stack of others. Each of us was determined to lay claim to the first article exposed. My father ripped off the lid of the first box, and to my disappointment, it was filled with old newspapers, yellowed and crumbling with age. No one tried to claim

these newspapers and my father took them about ten feet from the house and dumped them out on a large pile of grass cuttings and sticks that had been placed there after the morning grass cutting. As he dumped out the newspapers, a cloud of yellow dust billowed up and enveloped his upper body and must have gotten into his nose because he cursed and then sneezed three or four times. All eyes now focused on the second box to be opened. As my mother pulled open the lid, a dull glint of metal caught the sunlight and lit up the faces of the five small boys who surrounded the box.

"The lighter!" my brother Rick shouted. "The lighters! They're mine, Uncle Frank said so!"

"Oh no they're not," replied my mother, "you're too little to be playing with cigarette lighters" and she put the shoe boxfull of lighters to the side, and laid open the rest of the contents of the box. At least one hundred fountain pens, all of different colors, were exposed in bundles of ten, each wrapped in a rubberband. We all laid claim to these, so my father gave us each two bundles. One after the other, the boxes were opened, and their contents either set to the side with the cigarette lighters, or after tearful and constant pleas by myself and my brothers, distributed to the loudest and most fervent whiner, or taken to the pile of useless "junk" which had grown enormously with the addition of two hundred or so books, that were deemed to be too old or not worth keeping. I managed to get my arrowhead collection and Civil War bullets, but the picture of my great grandfather in the gold leaf frame was cast onto the pile of books and other priceless articles and mementos that my uncle had cherished for so many years.

My father applied gasoline to the pile and struck a kitchen safety match on the gold leaf frame of my great grandfather's picture. The match was tossed, and with a whooshing sound, the pile was engulfed in flame. My brothers were awed as the flames licked and danced over the pile, but all I could see, as the tears welled up in my eyes, was the picture of my great grandfather, in his tan army uniform, holding his rifle

proudly, suddenly turn black and curl under the heat of the fire until it too, burst into flame.

Twenty years have passed since we opened those boxes on the back porch of our old house, but I still remember what my Uncle Frank said, and I haven't let him or my great grandfather die, because I still remember them. Every time that I hear a train whistle blow, or see a train rumbling down a track, I wait for the caboose, to see if he's caught his train to heaven.

*Larry S. Lantz*





SHARON COWAN

## SNOWBOUND GHOST

Snowbound Ghost,  
He lost in a storm.  
No one will be his host  
He just tries to keep warm.  
You can see where he has gone,  
It's not very hard to tell.  
He is walking across the lawn,  
You can see his tracks so well.  
Although you can't see him,  
He can find you.  
Even through the snow  
You will find he's lonely too,  
You will find that he's just  
A Snowbound Ghost.  
No one knows him  
And nobody cares.  
That is why you will  
Find him in a storm,  
His tears will show the way.  
Snowbound Ghost  
He is so lonely  
No where to go, no one to see.  
If only people knew him  
They would love him so.  
I know where to find him,  
I follow his tracks in the snow,  
And when I found him  
He had his head hung low.  
I found that I too  
Was a Snowbound Ghost  
Who caught in a storm  
Has lost (it's) way.  
Everyone is a Snowbound Ghost,  
Everybody loses their way,  
And if we care for each other  
We will find a way through the storm.

*Carol Flechsig*

## DROPLET

There it hung - -  
    Light dancing - -  
        A prism - -  
            A joyful glitter - -  
                Alive.  
Then, gravity overcame  
    The droplet  
        of  
            Water.

*Dorothy B. Wyman*

## DEATH OF A SNOWFLAKE

Frail, frilly flake of white  
Passes swiftly in the night  
Melted during fleeted flight  
Trapped against a window pane  
Mistaken for a drop of rain.

*Louise Bailey*

## ONCE HERS

She lies in a bed,  
knowing a life that was —  
hers — once.  
She could do anything  
in a life that was —  
hers — once.

Only months ago  
she had the freedom  
that was hers —  
once.  
An accident had forced her  
to be a prisoner  
of a hospital bed —  
a home that never was —  
hers.

Only activity  
exists in her mind,  
Frustrating her bodily  
desires for the dance that was —  
hers — once.  
There is nothing left.  
the doctors can only  
turn on all the machines,  
a decision that was —  
hers — once.

They want to  
prolong her suffering,  
they want to prolong her life,  
in the name of humanity, of science.  
Life is sacred,

A life that was —  
hers — once.

They put her on all the machines,  
a decision that was —  
hers — once.

But she was never asked.

In her mind  
her life was over  
long before she took a life  
that truly was —  
hers — once.

*Carol Flechsig*

### PESSIMIST

Before I go to bed  
I shut my mind  
and open my eyes  
to look at all the darkness.

### STILL LIFE

What is this still life  
engraved upon the sidewalk?  
Fleeting shadow . . . mine.

### SHADOWS

I am a shadow staring out  
from a corner of the wall  
looking inside and out  
to the memories ahead of me  
and the futures I've left  
behind.

*E.J. Todak*

## ILLUSIONS OF THE PAST

In a dark room in an old decrepit mansion stood a lonely, black figure of a man. Through the crack in the window shade the light peered, creating illusions - illusions of the past like the memories passing before one's eyes right before death. And, although for the figure in the corner everything was dead, couldn't move. But he could think and remember.

The clock in the tower chimed six. A man walked the streets. It was near sun down and all was silent. The little town seemed to be alive, yet it was very much dead.

The man walked down the street to his home. Inside, a party was in progress. People were outside on the patio drinking Martinis and Champagne, while others swam in the pool. Inside, elegantly dressed women in plush, velvet hoop skirts with beautiful silk blouses, white gloves which extended to the elbow and silk hats with a peacock feather or two. And men in silk knickers, white and blue silk shirts, velvet vests, white tights, and black shoes celebrated the anniversary of the end of the war. Everyone was celebrating except the man, who walked upstairs to be alone.

*Maureen E. Walsh*

## SILVERY CURRENT

Swept away by the silvery current  
Journeying through calm waters of summer once gone.  
Perfectly content without a murmur.  
Being carried off in the waters once strong.

Bright days were once in existence  
Feeling of joy was at one time upon the earth.  
Pageants of glory are now prevented  
As we are now under a curse.

Darkness now covers the world  
Praise and glory are buried  
The country at once had good morals  
But now they cannot be freed.

*Maureen E. Walsh*

## THE MEMORIES

When the skys are gray  
And refuse to clear  
I think of you and smile.  
If I get mad  
I remember your ways  
And clear up for a while.  
For, by remembering you,  
The skys turn blue  
And the sun comes out again.

*Tina Rosenlund*



### LONELY

A barren landscape,  
A scene of whiteness,  
a desert of snow.  
No one is around,  
so alone,  
so lonely.  
An image  
against the cold snow,  
a smile  
painted on a mask.  
Still no one.  
A whimper,  
a tear,  
a single snowflake falls.

*Carol Flechsig*

### DREAMS

The future holds nothing  
but dreams  
of the past.  
And dreams of the future  
hold nothing  
that last.  
Hold onto your sorrow,  
and dreams  
of the past.  
Will turn into future  
and future  
comes fast

*Leslie Howard'*

## THE VENT MAN

You see him there, on Thirteenth Street  
Through a cloud of swirling steam  
An apparition in more layers of clothing  
Than a bright young man has dreams

His face is scarred and dirty  
He's a modern infidel  
He's given up the life you know  
For his stinking, verminous hell

Below the knee, a missing leg  
Perhaps severed by a train  
Or lost in defense of freedom  
In some far away campaign

His eyes they hint of secrets  
Clutched deeply down inside  
Of why we're here and why he's there  
And what within him died

He roots through trash and garbage  
For something good to eat  
He crawls but never begs for money  
Of the people on the street

The liberal Courts that freed him  
To a life of animality  
Have long forgotten he exists  
A rip in the social tapestry

But the merchants and the shoppers  
Know all too well he's there  
Police prod him with their nightsticks  
To touch him they don't dare

But think that winter will  
Do what they cannot  
Pure white snows will render him  
A grisly frozen knot

*Paul Clayton*

## MANKIND: A MOST IRONIC WORD

The usual poetic themes  
Of "finding self" or "lovers' dreams"  
Are moot since mankind's come so far  
In means and mind for megawar.

The curve of binding energy  
Describes profound simplicity,  
And casts its slender shadow dark  
On we who live beneath its arc.

What is knowledge without wisdom . . .  
What is science without conscience . . .  
Why is the best in man slave to worst in man . . .  
Where can one find a plowshare?

And thus we live. Somehow it seems  
That life is all the sweeter. Still,  
One feels a queasy sense of history  
And aches with shame before posterity.

*Fran Brust*

## ROMANTIC

An image of the sun when golden setting  
The rolling, quiet depths of oceans blue  
The oneness of all things in sweet forgetting  
The loving of the things that could be true

A testing of the laws of nomenclature  
A clinging to the faith behind the eyes  
Assertion of the noblest aims of nature  
A laughing at the prospects of all lies

*Michael Duff*



MARK HERCER

## Summer Fantasies Re-Visited

Do you remember childhood summers, when days were long and vacation stretched into infinity? The world was made of sand and sea and white ridges of salt on sun-tanned skin.

Your adventure began with the swelling excitement of a long, hot car ride, punctuated only by one stop, exactly half-way, always at the same roadside diner. Inside, the air was heavy with stale grease; bloated flies circled the counter, just barely able to stay airborne. Juice from fat hamburgers trickled over your wrists as you bit down, spilling crunchy slices of Bermuda onion and gobs of ketchup onto a thick earthenware plate. Then, back in the car, watching scraggly pines lurch by like crooked old ladies with bushy hairdos, until, finally, the lovely, fishy smell of the bay permeated the air as the car crossed over the last bridge, and, heart thundering, you knew that summer was officially on tap.

There was the ritual journey through the old frame bungalow, to make absolutely certain that nothing had changed, re-establishing ownership by bouncing on all the beds, trying out every chair and checking each closet, each drawer. After all, there could be some treasure left moldering in a corner all winter, all alone.

Summer took hold of all your senses. Yellow sunlight reflected on glaring sand and blue-green ocean, almost blinding city eyes. Shells, whole and in pieces, pricked the soles of unwary feet and breaking waves reverberated on unaccustomed ears. Carnival scents of popcorn and cotton candy swirled about, filling nostrils and bringing back to life taste buds dulled by months of meatloaf and chicken dinners.

The days were a kaleidoscope of beach, bikes and boardwalk. Remember the delightful squishiness of a wet bathing suit sliding this way and that on the slippery seat of your bike as you pumped home with a sandy towel wrapped around your neck? The rush for the first shower would be followed by the rush for the evening supper of corn-on-the-cob and steamed

clams, with lush red tomatoes and firm green cucumbers and tall, frosted glasses of iced tea.

The nights were Arabian, spent under the glowing lights of a soaring roller coaster and whirling ferris wheel. These mechanical marvels defied gravity and swept you up into space, only to dash you back down to earth, stomach shaking and legs wobbling. The music of the calliope pounded and the hours sped, as the battle for the brass ring raged and the merry-go-round threw everything else into a delicious blur. Pinball machines pinged their scores, skee-balls clunked into holes and miniature fire engines rang their bells in exuberant disharmony. Finally, there were the slow walks home in sultry darkness, tongues freezing on melting ice-cream cones of rich, velvety chocolate.

Even rain was magical. On wet afternoons, Monopoly games were dragged from under the couch and cards pulled from the dining drawer. Everyone would sit around the scarred kitchen table, bundled in sweatshirts and jeans, and argue over Park Place real estate or who had the winning hand.

A supply of ponchos hung from pegs near the back door and, sooner or later, someone would grab his, then another, until all, like lemmings, would head for the sea. The beach was like a far-off planet with skies of gun-metal gray and black water that tumbled crazily, peaking and crashing onto an alien shore. The landscape was eerie, pock-marked with slimy seaweed that shone in the flashes of lightning. Dead crabs rolled in and out with the encroaching tide, ghastly evidence of deformed inhabitants on a barren world. Standing there, drops of rain water inched down your spine from the open collar of your slicker, and turned you cold from the inside out.

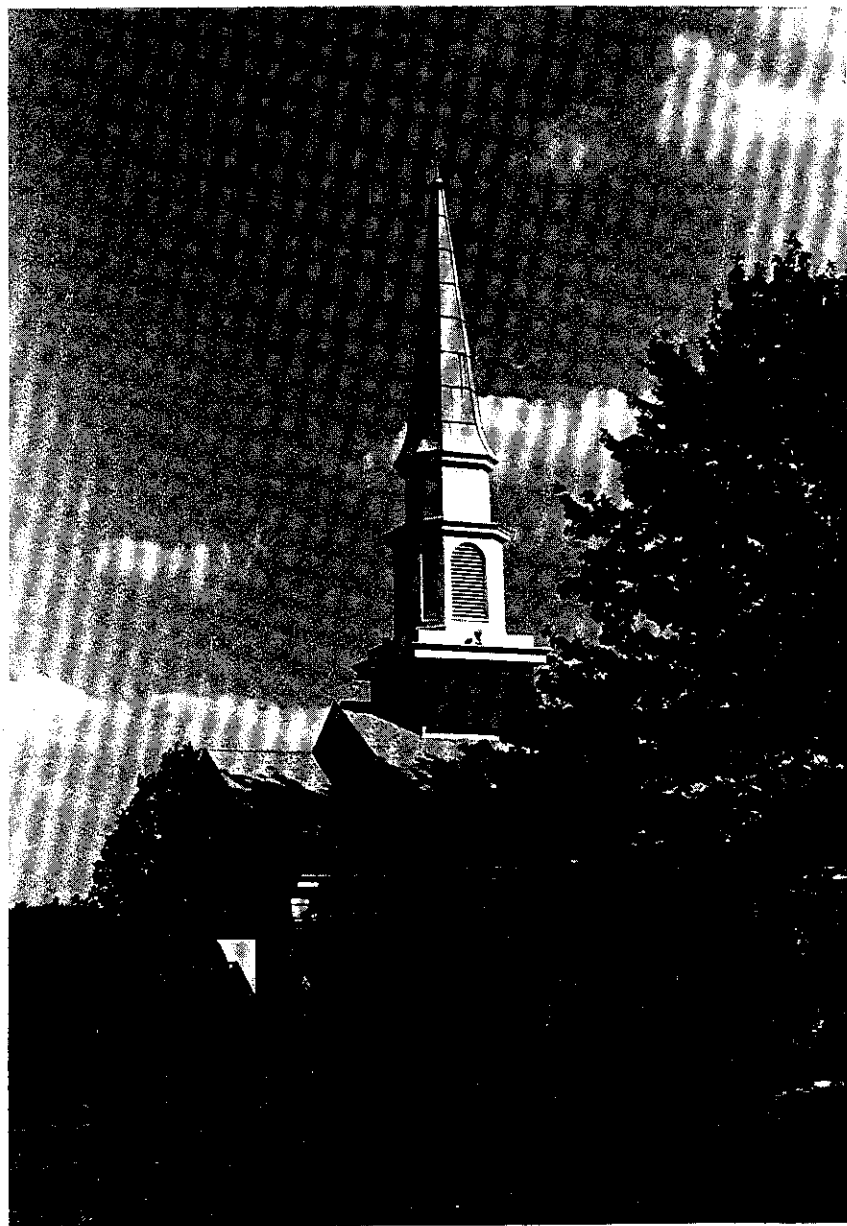
With a quick pivot, you dashed away from an angry ocean and violent wind that seemed to push you closer to enormous waves. Young legs hurried you back-back through flooded streets to dry towels and warm beds, to waken again to drenched, sparkling streets drying under semi-tropical skies.

So, in sunlight and in rain, from June warmth to August humidity, time slid by, unseen, un-noticed.

Were you ever prepared for September, when Labor Day would sneak up behind you? Before you could protest, you were taking that last, long, hot car ride, with the same half-way stop at the same roadside diner.

Impressions of the endless days spent on beach and boardwalk were packed away with bathing suits and shovels for another year.

*Anne DiPietro*



LINDA BALMER



## GENTLE TOUCH

Words transferred into gentle touch,  
The wordless times that mean so much,  
The holding caress of hand in hand,  
Like the eternal hour glass sand,  
The moment is captured by the soul,  
And mends the spirit to make it whole.

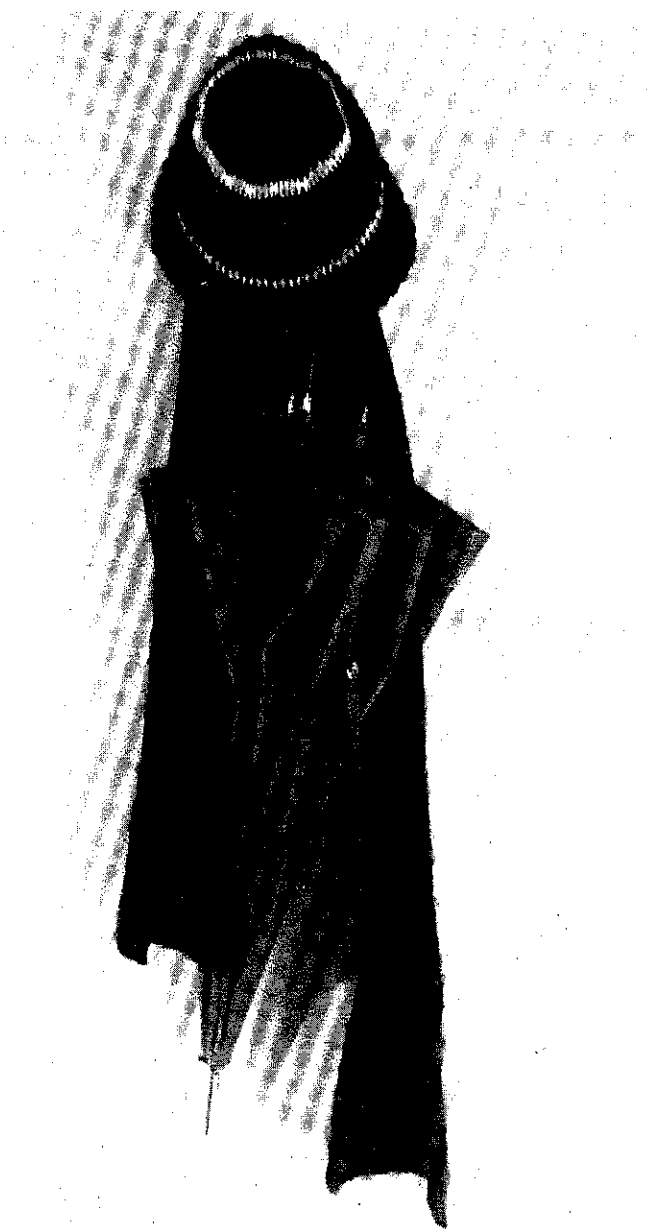
For love is the wordless peace,  
That calms anger to make it cease,  
And holds solutions in its hand,  
So that together, two may stand  
And feel the gentle touch because they care,  
In the quiet moments that they may share.

*Edith Basinger*

## "COLORED STREAMERS"

Today,  
The Inspector of souls came.  
He examined mine carefully,  
He entered every room — —  
He even went so far as to  
Open some of the cupboards.  
In one he found a mass  
Of colored paper — —  
Streamers they were.  
He asked me why I keep them!  
I lied to him — —  
I said to him  
Because they make such  
A nice noise when they're shaken.  
I did not tell him  
They make me think of you  
In their brightness and gaiety — —  
For he would not have thought  
That reason enough!

*Susan H. Warren*



DOLORES KOROTKO

### CHILD-EYES

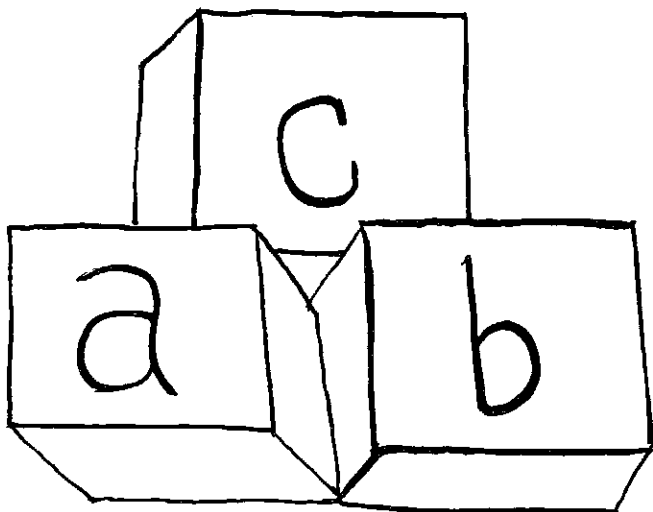
Where once was a river,  
is now but a stream.  
Where once I was heading  
is now but a dream.  
Where once was a child  
come here to play,  
is now just a woman  
come home to stay.  
Too much time has gone by  
to now even try  
to think of the wishes  
that grew up too high.  
I remember the child!  
The things she had planned!  
If she saw me today,  
would she understand?  
She was a fairy, a princess,  
a great movie star,  
an explorer, a priestess, with  
eyes to see far!  
She dove into waters  
not fearing the flow . . .  
How did it happen?  
Where did she go?

*E.J. Todak*

## SMALL PERSON

Picture a small person, if you will  
Tripping over toys that are always in the way  
Tending to their needs twenty-four hours a day  
A mouth to feed - a belly to fill.  
Picture a small person - if you will  
Always asking questions about the strangest things  
Like, "how do birds fly and why do they have wings?"  
If you will - picture that small person still.  
That's my daughter - Nicki is her name  
She's five years old and growing so fast  
She keeps me on my toes, though she is not to blame.  
I made the decision; a decision in the past  
For that decision I feel no regret or shame.  
I'll care for her forever and forever my love will last.

*Wendi McCormick*



### FALL NIGHT

The night is dark.  
It whispers no sounds.  
But the leaves are playing,  
hide and seek,  
with the trees.

*Kimberly Boles*

### PARALLEL LINES

They travel together,  
from one point to another point,  
yet they never touch,  
they never meet.  
Unhurried,  
they are straightforward,  
and they always stay in line,  
with each other.

*Kimberly Boles*

### FALL FLIGHT

Haughtingly beautiful,  
Gliding on silky wings,  
ghostly call,  
echoing across the sky,  
as it drifts into the night.

*Kimberly Boles*

## IN PASSING

A fishbowl's tide this open sky,  
baking into dream.  
A final step, a final cry  
remember, remember me.

Drums and eagles clash  
hunters and egos.  
Those dressed in glory, pointing, crying "Thee!"  
Remember, remember me.

You of a thousand facets  
an emerald, cracked but shining.  
A slice of life, a dash of time—  
If these ties do bind me fast,  
my dearest yet to be,  
then, and with a simple dream  
Remember, remember me.

*Nick Zubko*

## TIME VOYAGER

The years blur behind me  
As I race heavenward,  
My ship, tempered in tortured flames,  
Buffeted by the turbulent winds of impermanence  
Holds fast.  
My troubles shrink into significance,  
And I'm filled with joy.

*Paul Clayton*

## TO YOU, ON YOUR ENGAGEMENT

I hear you're engaged  
To a down-to-earth guy  
Lately taken to walking,  
With his head in the sky.

But why write of this man,  
For you already know him,  
So I'll get to the heart  
Of this little poem.

The girl that he loves,  
Is as warm as the spring,  
That comes every year  
To wake sleeping things.

Her eyes hold a promise  
Of friendship and poise,  
Of days filled with tenderness,  
Passion and joy.

Her laughter is music,  
From horns silver and gold,  
And all those who hear it,  
Shall never grow old.

*Paul Clayton*



JEANNE L. CRONIN



## **“Hornets don’t sting . . .”**

It was a clear, cold, brisk November day, the kind of day I had been waiting for to remove a large, gray hornet’s nest that hung suspended from the branch of an old maple tree, now devoid of foliage, in the rear yard of my house.

Equipped with a four rung step ladder and a small, stainless steel hand saw, I left the warmth and comfort of the house through the kitchen door. The sky was a cobalt blue and the freezing wind rustled the upper branches of the twisted old maple tree. The frozen ground made a crunching sound beneath my feet as I walked to the tree and propped the step ladder against its massive trunk. God it was cold — I could see my every breath — white puffs of steam billowed out from my nose and mouth, some condensing, then freezing on my mustache.

With the small hand saw securely fastened to my belt, I began my awkward ascent. While groping for supportive branches, I saw the hornet’s nest. It was much larger than I had anticipated; at least a foot in diameter. Weather-beaten, its paper peeling off in small, flakey pieces, the nest stood out pear-shaped and swaying in the icy wind, dull gray against the deep blue of the sky. Slowly, I inched my way up the tree to within three or four feet of my goal.

I stood on the junction of two sturdy limbs that supported my feet, my face and hands tingling and numb from the cold. I looked down at the ground eighteen feet below, all white with frost and covered by thin twigs, sticks, and withered dead leaves. Buttoning the collar of my shirt, I asked myself “Why the hell am I doing this?” Here I was, balancing precariously near the top of this twenty-five foot tree with the cold wind gusting at my back. I was surrounded by skeletal twigs intertwining like boney fingers, and crackling against one another. Pointing and prodding at me, they danced to the howl of the wind. While the tree limbs groaned under my

feet, I justified my venture as 'one man's quest for knowledge.' After all, I had always wanted to examine a real hornet's nest.

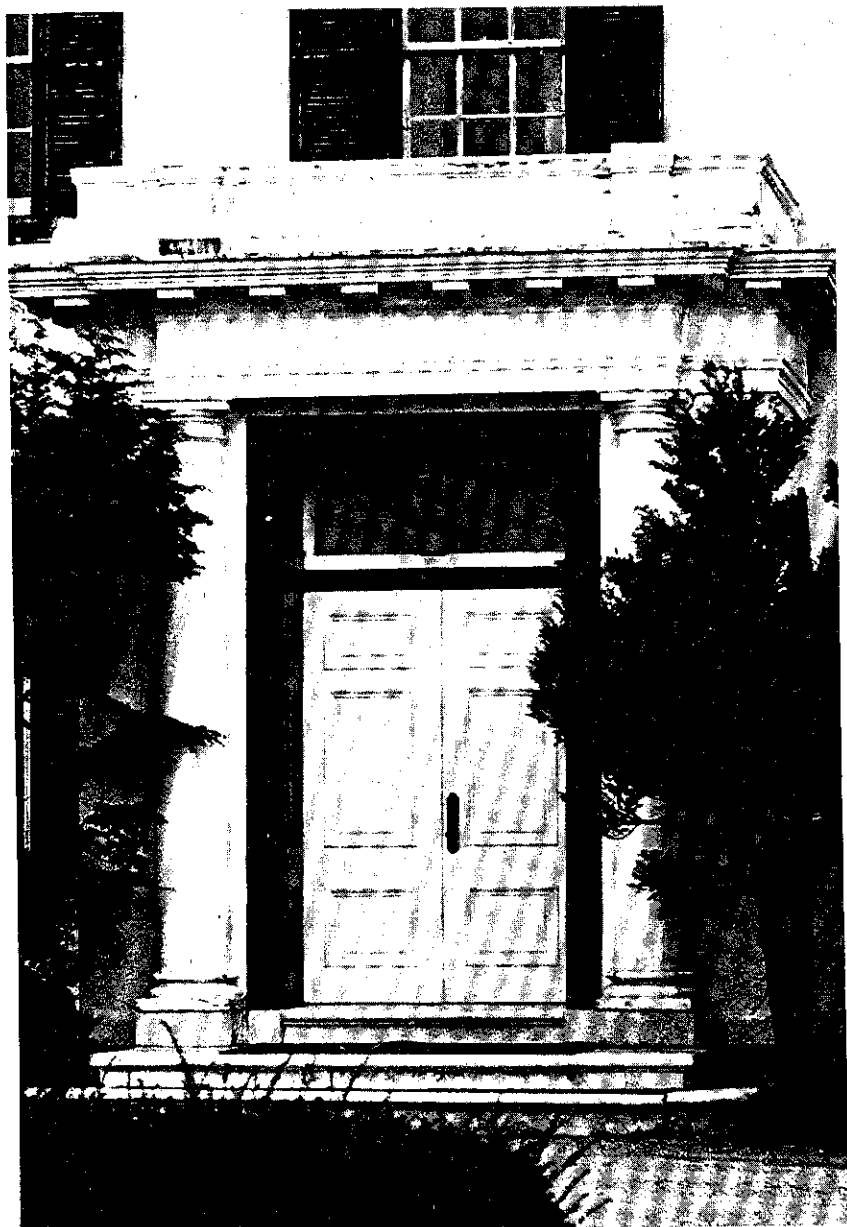
With saw in hand, I was about to start cutting away at the branch that ran through the top and supported the nest when the thought occurred to me that there might still be some live hornets left in the nest. I quickly dismissed the thought. After all, my wife had done extensive reading on the climatic effects of the weather on insects, and had assured me that by this time of the year, the hornets would all be dead or had long since left the nest. "Besides" she explained, "even if there are a few left, hornets don't have stingers, so there is no chance of you getting stung." With her words in mind, I took the saw and began cutting away at the branch. Each time I drew the teeth of the saw across the branch, the nest vibrated and jiggled, sending off wafer thin pieces of paper into the wind.

I had nearly cut through the branch when amid the debris falling from the entrance hold at the bottom of the nest, I saw several brightly colored and dead hornets. Leaning over, I watched the insects spiral down to the ground below. In spite of their size, their red and yellow bodies stood out in sharp contrast to the thin layer of white frost that blanketed the ground below. Suddenly I heard a low whining sound coming from what I thought was the branch below. In amazement, I watched as a sluggishly moving hornet climbed my left trouser leg. I took a swat at him with the saw, but his six black crawling legs held tight. Another swat and I dropped the saw. Finally, he was knocked loose by a glancing blow from my left hand. Shaken, I was about to descend the tree to retrieve the saw, when I felt a crawling sensation on the left side of my face; just under my eye. The blurred image of a yellow, triangular head, with long feather-like antennae, reflected in the lens of my eye. Terrified, I slapped at the image with my left hand, but only managed to move his body directly between my eyes, onto the bridge of my nose. I nearly lost my balance and desperately reached for an over-head limb. Grabbing hold of the limb, I could see, in a near-sighted vision, his transluscent,

gray wings beating furiously while his thorn laden mandibles bit deeply into the soft skin of my nose. It felt like someone had just crushed out a burning cigar between my eyes! I let out a thunderous yell and embedded my fingernails, like sharp knife blades, into the bark of the limbs that supported me. While fumbling to regain my balance, the hornet viciously held onto my nose. His two fierce oval-shaped, black, multi-faceted eyes reflected outward in all directions the terror stricken look on my face. Wiggling his hind area defiantly, he held fast to the skin of my nose, and I could see two blood red lightning bolts that ran the length of his back. This all became too much for me and I let go of one of the limbs, instinctively striking an open hand against the hornet and my nose. I nearly knocked myself out of the tree, cut my upper lip, and pulverized my vicious assailant. Smashed, his colors ran together like so many melted crayons down the slope of my nose. My nose smarting, and choking back another agonized cry, I made a hurried descent from the tree.

Later, as I sat at the breakfast table with my wife, a 'Rite-Aid' band-aid placed over the swollen wound on my nose, I said to her, "I thought you said they didn't sting." They don't" she replied, "but I guess I should have told you that they bite."

*Larry S. Lantz*



JEANNE L. CRONIN

## SILENT BALLET

The dance begins,  
and I am the only spectator.  
The dancer moves gracefully,  
silently, without music.  
The flame dances about  
on the small stage of wax,  
bright in the darkness of my room.  
It grows and falls in a  
silent ballet.  
The stage gets shorter,  
and then tips over.  
Orange dancers spread everywhere,  
soon they are as tall as I am,  
and I run away  
to watch their dance.  
My house is their stage now,  
and I still stand,  
only outside now,  
watching their silent ballet.  
I see my mommy  
as she dances with the flames.  
I am no longer the only spectator,  
everyone came to see,  
and we all watched my house  
slowly disappear into the flames.

*Carol Flechsig*

## MOMENT BY MOMENT

Moment by moment  
Time lingers on endlessly  
Trying to seek life.

*Elizabeth Ginley*

## WORLD OF HOTELS

Just like a box  
With 16 compartments  
One like the next  
Each like its neighbor.

One red, one yellow  
One blue, one gold  
All just the same  
Going in a general direction.

Generation after generation  
Things are as they were.  
Still just a box  
With 16 compartments  
One like the next  
Each like its neighbor.

*Elizabeth Ginley*



MARK HERCER

## LIFELESS WAYS OF SUMMER

Cool rays of summer drift beyond sight.  
Heavenly breezes create mystery.  
Merciful waves of summer slowly disappear  
as if to cry.  
And trees appear subtle along the edge  
of the sea.

Voices of the child cry in pain.  
Summer is ending, but life continues.  
Journeying back over a long way.  
As if trying to break through.  
Seagulls above cry out in loneliness.  
Sand castles fade in the distance.  
One umbrella lies motionless in the breeze,  
While everything tries to persist.  
Sea breezes whine in agony  
As the cracking of the waves sound angry.  
Life seems like a fragment  
But continues indefinitely.

*Maureen E. Walsh*





## THOUGHTS

If only there were some way  
To catch your presents  
In just one object,  
But it really can't be done.

From no one item  
From a house  
Could ever capture you  
With all the things you do.

Since you've been so kind and gentle  
In all the things you've done  
Particular with me  
In helping change my world.

You've always been there  
To redirect the wrong actions made  
Yet praised me  
When I was right.

Since all the time  
While you're away  
I'll think of you and see your  
Picture  
Just to ease my mind.

*Tina Rosenlund*





MARY DALY

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