

Mirinda Casey

**“Imagination is not a talent of some men but
is the health of every man.”**

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

EDITORIAL NOTE

Students, staff, and close friends:

Being it is my last semester at Delaware County Community College, I want look back on the memories and the people who quickly became friends.

Upon enrolling at the college, I was a scared high school graduate, and with the help of new friends and PEGASUS I quickly "fit in."

Upon joining the staff of PEGASUS I was faced with many responsibilities. Suddenly becoming Editor and working with a small staff great burdens were facing me. But I fought my way through and was ready to face a second year with great dreams and ambitions.

At the start of the 1982 Fall Semester I again was faced with a small, but enthusiastic staff. Along with close friends, helped me produce this magazine.

In closing, I thank David Taylor, Al deProspero, Jennifer Rogers, Kimberly Wynne, and everyone connected with Student Life for putting up with me through the good times and the bad.

Your friendship is priceless.

Thank You

Maureen Elizabeth Walsh

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Editor-in-Chief

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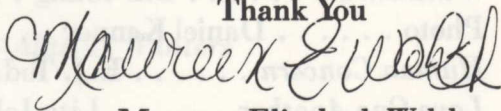
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Thank You

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Maureen Elizabeth Walsh". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large initial 'M' and 'E'.

Maureen Elizabeth Walsh
Editor-in-Chief

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Vigil

Listening to the words of an old song,
stirring a cup of coffee turned cold,
watching the rain sketch on the windows,
waiting for the morning.

—Stephen J. Meglio

The Poet

A poet spends a great deal of time
On thinking of words that just have to rhyme.
And countless hours that are countless stars
Thinking of ways to use metaphors.
Seldom sparing a single sentence
Of senseless alliteration.
—Oh dear! A rhyming word?
How about “incantation”?—
Now the moral here is plain to see.
A poem by any other name
Would be a simile.

—Alan L. Winters

Imagination

Little Fairies and friendly Gnomes.
 Kings and Queens in palaces with silver domes.
 Brave Knights in quest of damsels in distress.
 And Dwarf miners who only wish to rest.
 Dragons in caverns far below.
 From whose nostrils flame and smoke bellow.
 Wizards and Mages with their books of spells.
 Conjuring up demons from the depth of Hell.
 All these things and many more.
 Can be found if one enters imagination's door.

—Thomas Collins

Avian Love

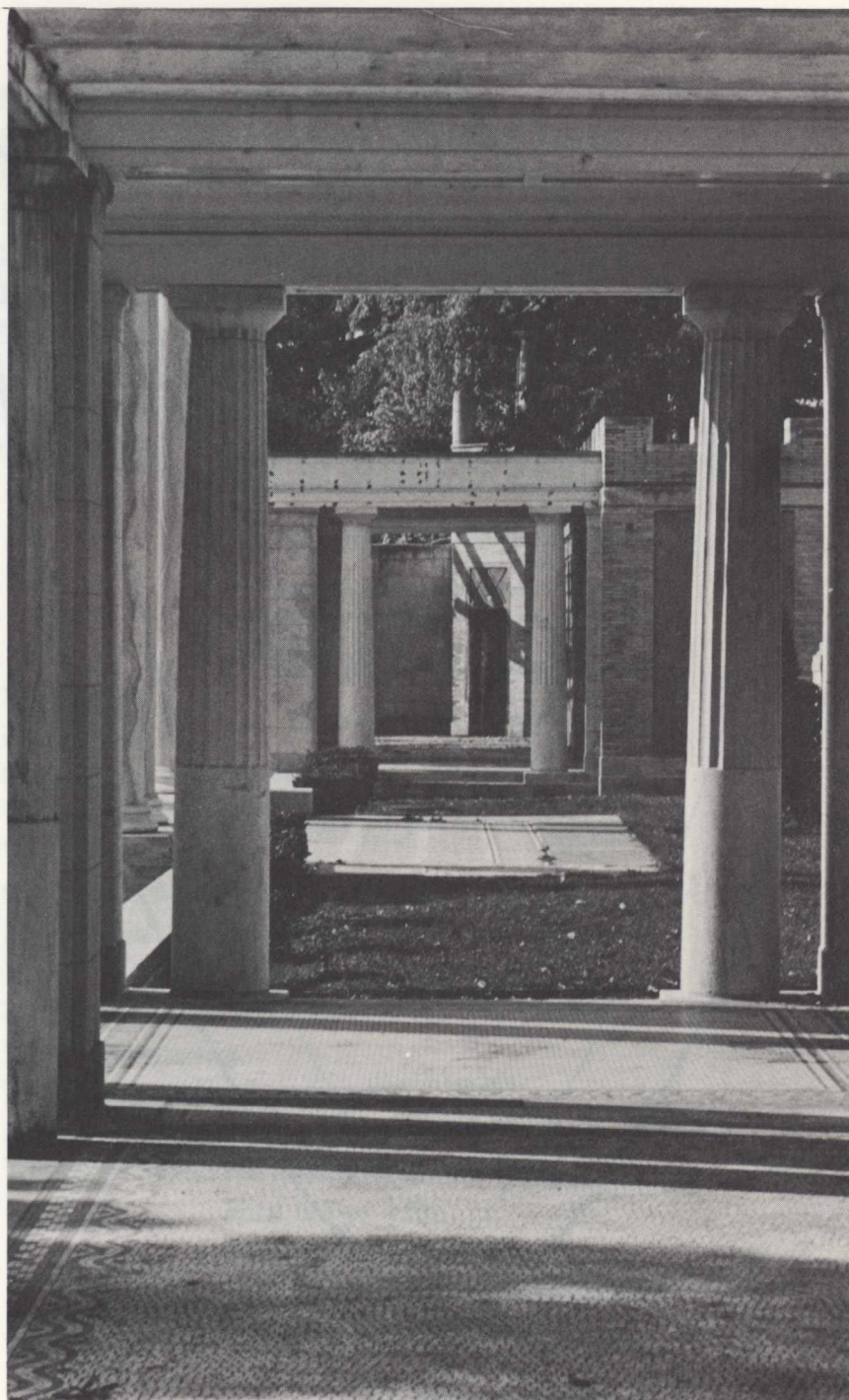
Bird happy
 I fly to you!
 Over country green, dusty
 With cornfields and
 White clapboard houses.
 Over crazy scarred earth and rivers and
 Miles upon miles of asphalt
 I fly,
 Bird happy!
 Every cell singing
 The soft warmth of your nest
 And the treasure of your morning bird song.
 You wake me on the swiftness of owl wings.
 Bird happy I fly,
 To roost in your sleep
 And sing all the melodies I know
 And many I know nothing about at all.

—Peter Semanchuk

A Soldier Without Honor

Morning breaks. Another dawn, a bit of reminiscing
Little left of days long past, something warm now
missing
I left my friends, I left my home, in times of troubled
hearts
It was that day, years ago, this horrid tale first starts
I roamed the world, I lent a hand, and borrowed with the
other
I stole the world and sold my heart, tears I brought
my mother
When I left, I thought I left a cold dark past behind
But now at once my life I'd trade for that past of peace
to find
My heart remains in my home town. There I left it,
frozen
This choice I made out of fear. It is my fear I've
chosen
Afraid of dying without a life, I chose to run away
Living a death that's not my own, I must go on this way
For morning breaks, another day, enemies approach
us fast
I've joined the war to pass the day, hoping my days
might pass
I count the lives I take with mine that I might rest
upon her
Dead men, they all were just like me, A soldier without
honor.

-Vincent Grover



Kirk Lis

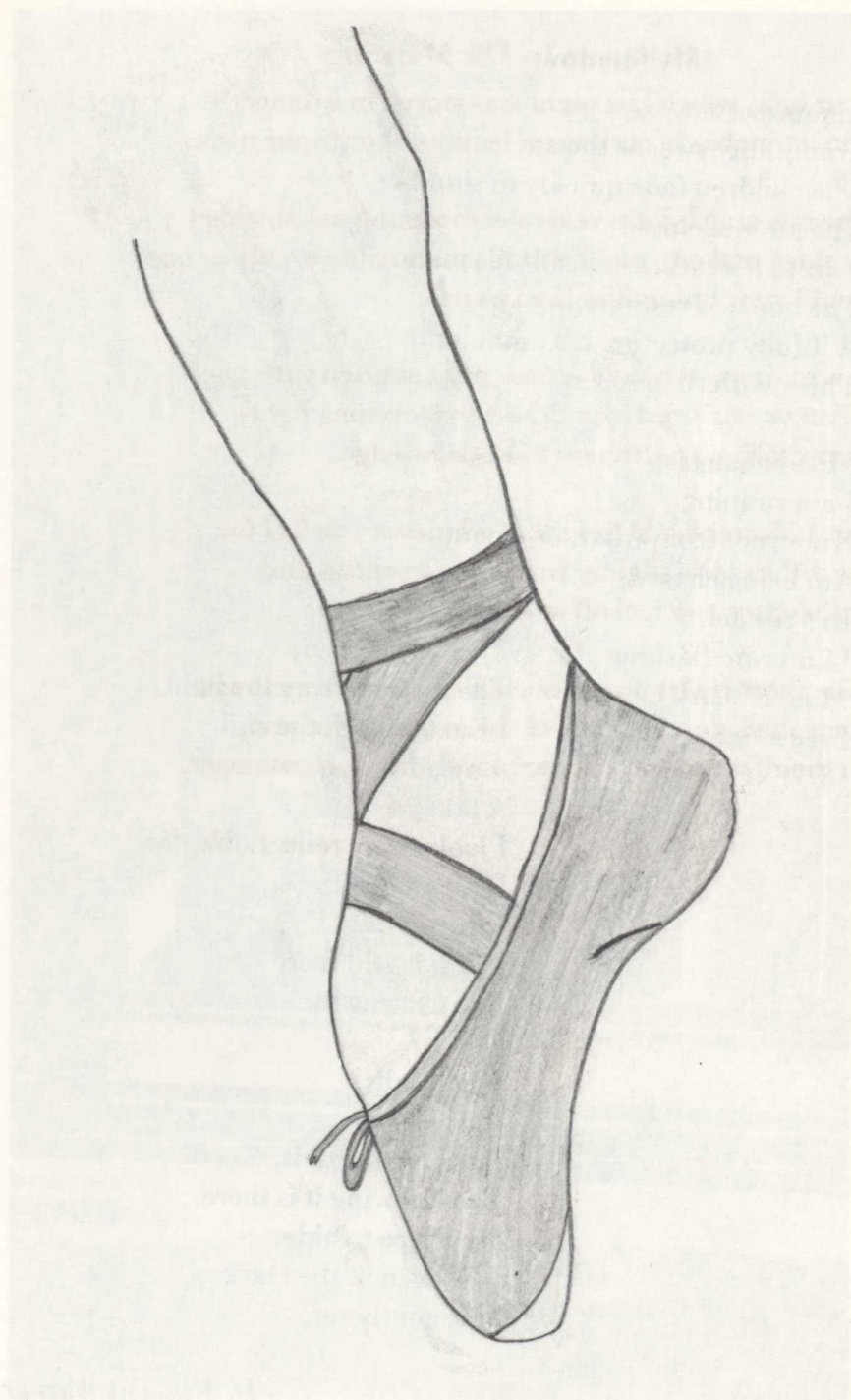
My Shadow

Lights are out.
 Tranquility sweeps the air.
 The children fade quickly to slumber.
 The air is silent
 Except a lone cricket calls his mate.
 The house is resting;
 Willfully protecting it's inhabitants,
 Thick with silence.

Mood changes.
 I am running,
 Know not from what, or whom.
 Am being chased,
 In a tunnel,
 Lights are flashing.
 Must ESCAPE!
 I see a light.
 I RUN.

The faster I run,
 The further away the light.
 I finally reach the end.
 A meadow,
 A lake,
 I look at my reflection.
 It is not ME!
 I turn away,
 But it is still there
 Is it chasing me.
 Or I it?
 Night falls.
 Alone I sit,
 Not able to see it,
 But knowing it is there.
 No Place to hide.
 Not even in the Dark.
 It is not there.

—D. Vincent Warner



Changes **Ballerina In The Morning**

Your hair, which last night was stored in a dancer's bun, stretches in corkscrew lengths about your neck.

Just like the wind
The morning light reveals a complexion not shielded by stage makeup and I watch you breathe evenly as one would view unfamiliar landscapes.

It is morning when I become most smitten with you:
all masks stripped away, the harsh evening lights
turned off, no patronage to acknowledge.

But I sometimes believe that whatever you feel for
me differs only slightly from the pirouettes and
arabesques you reel off so effortlessly.

Like those ballet postures your emotions are always
controlled, precise, part of the overall piece and,
on their own merit, they are lovely but for a moment.

—*Stephen J. Meglio*

Excerpt: Ballerina in The Morning
Your hair which last night was stored in a dancer's
bun, stretches in corkscrew lengths about your neck.
The morning light reveals a complexion not shielded
by stage makeup and I watch you breathe evenly as one
would view unfamiliar landscapes.



Changes . . . Unending

Can it be so simple?

Just like the wind
sweeps through the trees
Changes occur
Which people can feed.

Changes . . .
Oh, so swift
Like sun melting snow
or wind-created drifts.

Time is unending
when changes take place
From Winter to Spring
It's all a person can take.

Will it all end
these changes with time?
Creating monsters
which people won't find.

Is it all worth
the person destroyed
by changes of reason
and a life—soiled.

—MEW

Stress, Pain And Pressure

Ooh, it hurts so much just to keep
it inside

Sometimes this feeling is too much
to hide

Everyone has it, and it won't go
away

It makes you feel couped up and it
is a hard price to pay

Stress, pain and pressure is upon us
all

If we don't rise above it

It will let us fall

How long will it take before we
realize

There is hope if we only open our
eyes . . .

—'Stevie'

SHORT STORY

by

Peter Semanchuk

I stepped out of the tavern into the freezing night air. The heavy wooden door thudded closed behind me, muting the frenzied music. I inhaled the cold air deeply, gently, to clear my lungs and head. My eyes still complained of the liquid cigarette haze poured into them.

I stood a minute, pulling on my gloves and adjusting my knit cap. The apartment was a scant eight blocks away and I looked forward eagerly to the prospect of nine hours' sleep.

My led the way across the street and my inebriated body obediently followed. Turning to the left, I trudged down the avenue behind a row of shops and business offices. Tiny mountains and peaks of frozen slush crunched noisily under my feet — scaling them wholly preoccupied me. The numerous boilermakers I had swallowed affected my equilibrium more than expected, and I took notice of the few people wandering this backstreet.

I don't know where she came from. I never heard any footsteps. But she clutched my arm from behind and startled me so I almost fell. Regaining my poise, I turned to face her.

I beheld an old woman, her frame bent so she came only up to my chin. The tattered and patched garments she wore gave her the appearance of some amorphous pile of rags. A frayed kerchief shadowed her face but her eyes perforated the dark, piercing the black velvet of night.

She mumbled something.

A belch brought my hand to my mouth. "Please excuse me," I mumbled back. "What did you say?"

She leaned closer, an overwhelming stench of rancid fish rose from her clothing. "I've captured time!" she hissed. "I've got it here in my hands." Her grin revealed two incomplete rows of chipped, yellow teeth.

"Oh Lord," I thought, leaning back and massaging my eyes with one hand. "This poor beggar's had more to drink than I've had."

I opened my eyes and struggled to focus them on the old woman's hands held before my face. She opened those hands slowly, as if a bird might suddenly free itself from their darkness. Curiosity got the best of me and I peered in. I discovered to my dismay only a pocketwatch. But what a time worn piece it was! The crystal, spider webbed with cracks, barely held the mechanism in the battered silver case.

I've captured time!" repeated a hiss.

"Nonsense," I hiccuped. "What you've got there, is an old pocketwatch that even a pawnshop wouldn't consider buying."

"No! No!" she cried. "Listen! It's ticking!"

"Pocketwatches have a habit of doing that," I replied.

"I can make a fortune selling time!" The eyes glistened like a pair of beached jellyfish.

I turned to walk away but she grabbed my arm and compelled me to look at her. "Just imagine! Turn the hands on this watch and you forward the time, to say . . . say your birthday! You could collect all your presents, give the hands a whirl, and poof! It could be your birthday again, just a year later."

"I think a body would grow old rather quickly doing that," I reflected.

"Well then," she retorted, "when you got too old you could turn it back — turn it back to your younger birthdays."

"But then you would be opening presents you opened before," I said. "It's no fun opening a present when you already know what's inside."

The old woman fidgetted. I suspected the cold was getting to her as it was to me. "Pooh," she spat suddenly. "Forget this flummery. Do you want to buy this timepiece or not?"

"I never had any intention of buying that piece of scrap," I said indignantly.

"Fifty cents and your ballpoint pen," she snapped.

I laughed.

O.K. Forty cents and the pen."

I turned and continued homeward.

"Forty cents," she called after me, "and you can keep the pen."

My mind was back climbing the Munchkin peaks of crunchy slush.

"Twenty-five and your shoelaces."

Maudie's Story

Traveling Light

On a deserted, wind-swept street,
a tin can danced along the gutter.
End over end, it rolled, keeping perfect
cadence until it came to rest on the
grate of a storm drain.

Tentatively, the can resumed its course
and moved to the edge of the grate.

Again, it remained motionless, for a moment,
as if pondering whether or not to jump
into the damp chasm.

Impulsively, the can spun forward
and was gone.

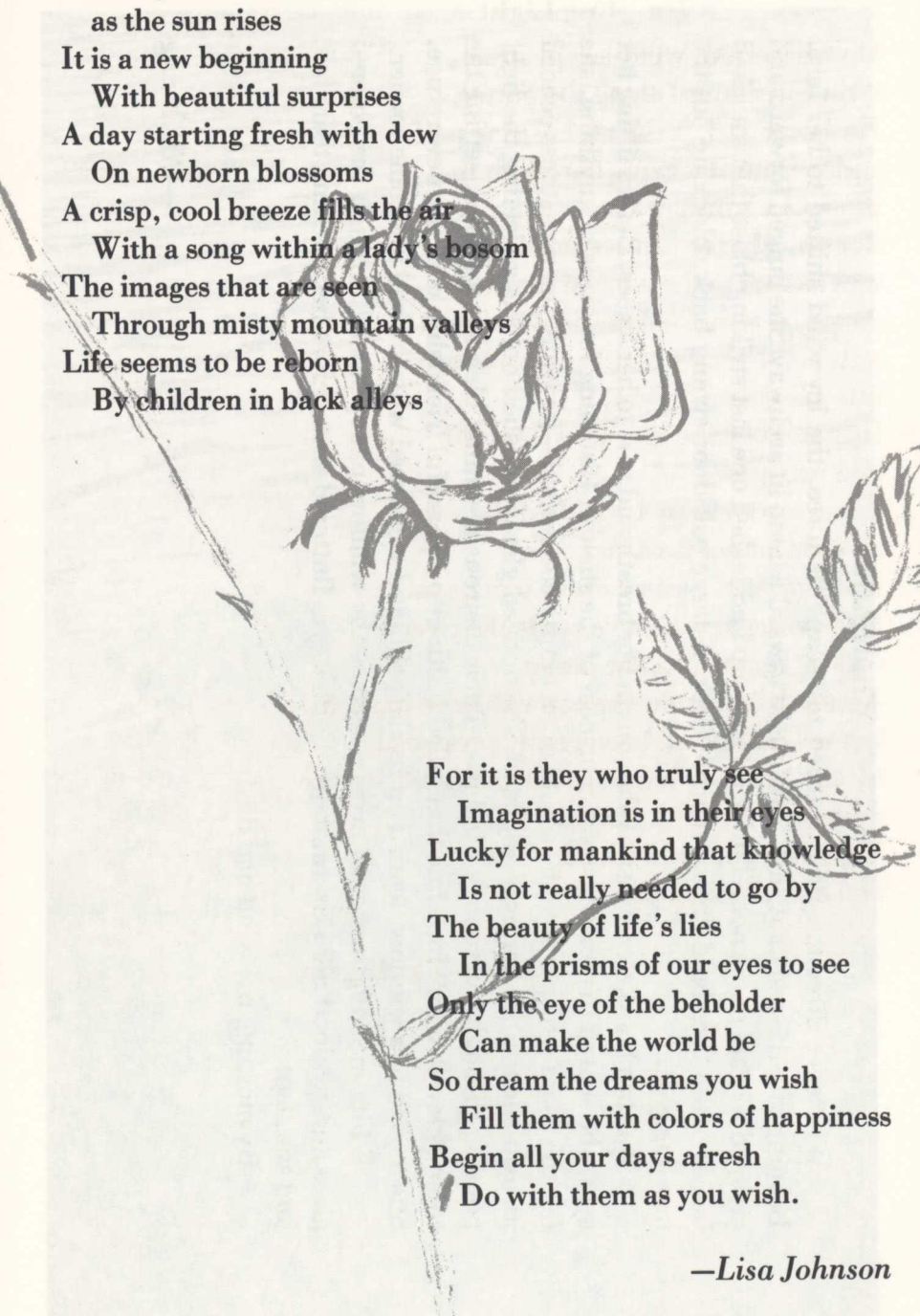
From my window I watched the wind
pick up bits of dust and debris,
and I uttered a silent cheer for the tin can.

By evening it will have made the river
and by tomorrow, the ocean.

A month from now the can will have basked
in the Caribbean, been gently propelled
by an Adriatic breeze, and punished by the
relentless North Atlantic.

Enjoy the ride, old friend,
and don't look back.

—Stephen J. Meglio



Looking over the horizon
as the sun rises
It is a new beginning
With beautiful surprises
A day starting fresh with dew
On newborn blossoms
A crisp, cool breeze fills the air
With a song within a lady's bosom
The images that are seen
Through misty mountain valleys
Life seems to be reborn
By children in back alleys

For it is they who truly see
Imagination is in their eyes
Lucky for mankind that knowledge
Is not really needed to go by
The beauty of life's lies
In the prisms of our eyes to see
Only the eye of the beholder
Can make the world be
So dream the dreams you wish
Fill them with colors of happiness
Begin all your days afresh
Do with them as you wish.

—Lisa Johnson

Mandana Casey

Wind Shrine

Whatever direction Faith turned to escape its force, the icy wind shifted to her face. Leaning into the resistant rush, she fought toward a lamp lit archway. She lunged forward and grasped a brass doorknob. The wind gave up and lashed one last striking blast that knocked her over the threshold onto a marble floor. A large oak door swung back, blocking out the howling gale.

Warmth blanketed Faith as she caught her breath and rose to her knees. Before lifting her eyes, she sensed the immense spaciousness of the shelter. Listening for signs of anything, she felt the room whisper like the sound of an empty conchshell—its wide, open vastness echoed its own silence. As her eyes adjusted, she noticed glossy polished objects reflecting the light pouring through the room's windows. Their lustrous gleaming blended together, setting the room aglow in a dull blue hue that lulled Faith into a peaceful friendship with her new refuge. She moved to a window, leaned on its slate sill, and wondered why she had not come sooner.

White moonlight spread evenly across the window pane, passed through the colored glass and strained her skin rainbow. Faith's eyes fluttered shut before her swelling tears fell, and she slept.

By morning the wind had died.

—Bill Young

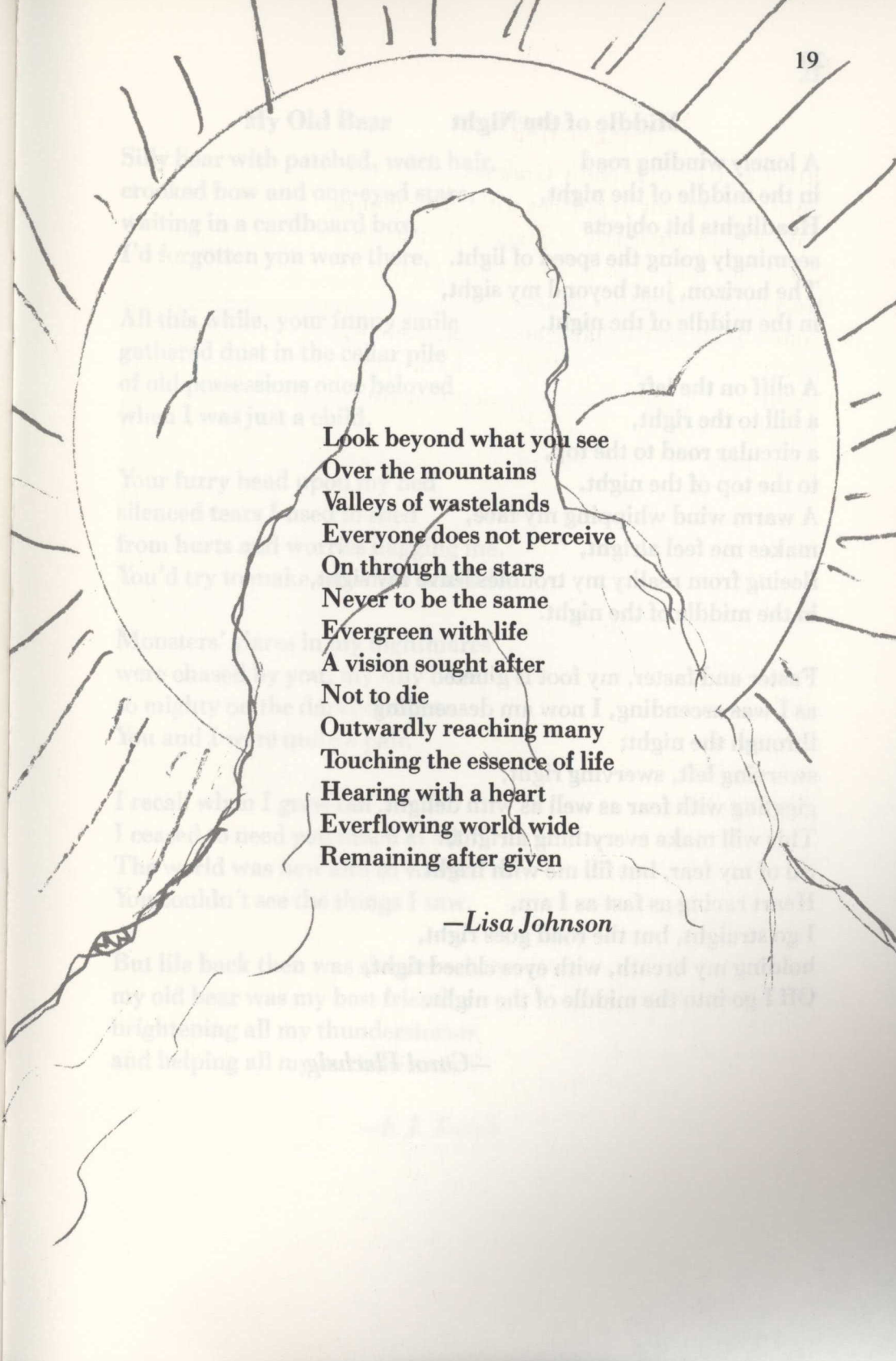


Daniel Kenney

Human Concern

I told my good friend Eleanor
she could confide in me.
I knew something was troubling her;
What could it possibly be?
At first she simply turned away,
she hurt too much to tell.
I shrugged and said, "Why be alone
in a corner of your hell?
Let me and I'll come with you
on journeys through the bad.
And then we'll try to laugh a while
at good times that you've had.
If you can't share your pain with me,
it really is your choice.
But when your good times come again,
how will I rejoice?"
I thought that I was giving her
the best of my advice.
I thought that I was only trying
to be helpful—to be nice.
After listening to Eleanor
I felt better than I had before.
I had no problems compared to her.
It made me feel superior.
Suddenly my life was good,
better than it ought to be—
I do feel bad for Eleanor,
but I'm glad it's her instead of me.

—E.J. Todak

A large, hand-drawn sun with rays and a central sunspot-like shape. The sun is drawn with a thick black outline and has several long, thin rays extending outwards. In the center of the sun is a large, irregular, black-filled shape that resembles a sunspot or a mountain range. The background of the page is white, and the sun is the central focus of the illustration.

Look beyond what you see
Over the mountains
Valleys of wastelands
Everyone does not perceive
On through the stars
Never to be the same
Evergreen with life
A vision sought after
Not to die
Outwardly reaching many
Touching the essence of life
Hearing with a heart
Everflowing world wide
Remaining after given

—Lisa Johnson

Middle of the Night

A lonely winding road
in the middle of the night.
Headlights hit objects
seemingly going the speed of light.
The horizon, just beyond my sight,
in the middle of the night.

A cliff on the left
a hill to the right,
a circular road to the top,
to the top of the night.
A warm wind whipping my face,
makes me feel alright,
fleeing from reality my troubles leave my sight,
in the middle of the night.

Faster and faster, my foot is glued
as I was ascending, I now am descending
through the night;
swerving left, swerving right,
giggling with fear as well as with delight.
This will make everything alright;
rid of my fear, but fill me with fright.
Heart racing as fast as I am,
I go straight, but the road goes right,
holding my breath, with eyes closed tight,
Off I go into the middle of the night.

—Carol Flechsig

My Old Bear

Silly bear with patched, worn hair,
crooked bow and one-eyed stare,
waiting in a cardboard box.
I'd forgotten you were there.

All this while, your funny smile
gathered dust in the cellar pile
of old possessions once beloved
when I was just a child.

Your furry head upon my bed
silenced tears I used to shed
from hurts and worries nagging me.
You'd try to make me smile instead.

Monsters' glares in my nightmares
were chased by you, my silly bear,
so mighty on the darkest nights.
You and I were quite a pair.

I recall when I grew tall
I ceased to need you much at all.
The world was new and so was I.
You couldn't see the things I saw.

But life back then was simpler when
my old bear was my best friend,
brightening all my thunderstorms
and helping all my hurts to mend.

—*E.J. Todak*

My Old Bear
Silly bear with patched, worn hair,
crooked bow and one-eyed stare,
waiting in a cardboard box,
I'd forgotten you were there.
I'd forgotten you were there.



Daniel Kenney
The world was new and so was I, but you were old and I was new.
You couldn't see the things I saw, I saw, I saw, I saw.
I go straight, but the road goes right.
But life back then was simple and sweet, with you and me.
My old bear was my best friend, and I was his.
Brightening all my darkest days,
and helping all my darkest days.

—E.J. Toback

EDITORIAL STAFF—1983

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