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RIDE A SUMMER SKY

We climb our way towards a night summer sky
Upon your back, hold fast we'll fly.
Toward fervent hearts beating in tune
With the pulsing warmth of the cool summer moon.

Dark velvet drape behind you falls.
The sprinkled diamonds' luster calls
You to grasp their light,
Beating wings that engulf the wind
Take flight, our path thru night begins,

A gamut of colors garb your wings
Your form enrobed in the color of first snow
I grasp onto your long mane of soft, downy hair
Together the night is for us to share

Intoxicating summer air flows thru my senses
Great heaps I swallow letting down all my defenses.
I let you carry me into the vast black
We split the air; the soft curls roll off your back

In unsurpassed glory the night finally sings
Its glory diminished by morning embers emblazing the sky,
You must follow the echoes and say good-bye
Leaving me to stir and shake the sleep from my eyes.

Night is chased off and the day takes her place
I smile into the dawns bright shiny face
Recalling my journey to night summer skies.

janet hipkins

THE UNKNOWN

Opening an unknown door
Only leads me to discover
That it is not the infinite
That makes me scared,
But the reality of it makes me fear
The thoughts that make me dread
My mind's uncertainties.

The feeling, the mood
Is thanatotic in nature
Paradoxical temporarily—
The union is always deceiving me

So . . . Where am I, Where will I be
If I find the infinite
Instead of reality?

tanya long



REFLECTIONS

I sit here and I question the meaning of life. I see the sun shine with it's rays beaming through the clouds, and I wonder what is the essence of eternity? I wonder what is the purpose of life, and the seemingly finiteness of Death? And then I wonder where I stand in relation to the world? I wonder why things happen the way they do, and I just wonder about why I'm wondering?

tanya long

A LATE NIGHT SNACK

It has been a very exhausting day for Mr. Robert Mills. After being chewed out by his boss for arriving late, he missed his bus ride home in the evening. Being an accountant can have its drawbacks, such as every job does, and for Bob Mills mental fatigue is one of those drawbacks.

Bob is a kind man and is liked by those who work with him, but he has some habits which he cannot break, just like everyone does. One of these habits is his weakness for late night snacks. Bob's told himself many times before that he had regretted these late night repasts, but he still goes against himself, and indulges in his favorite pastime.

Bob knows that he's going to be sorry for eating the peanut butter, sardine and pickle sandwich, but it's a weakness that he still can't overcome. As he makes the sandwich, he can't help but wonder about what kind of nightmare he's going to have tonight. In days past, Bob has suffered some terrible nightmares, and he has sworn after each one that he was going to cut out these little midnight treats, but still he persists. Why goes beyond normal understanding.

Once, a few months ago, Bob had some cold pizza, bananas and ice cream. The nightmare which consisted of Bob, a castle, a nun, two monks, Julius Caesar and Century 21 sign, would have made any normal person swear off crazy combinations, but not Bob. God only knows what the dream was about, even Bob doesn't remember what happened. He does know that something terrible must have happened to make him wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, screaming at the top of his lungs.

Tonight, Bob seems as though he's ready for whatever might come his way. After finishing the sandwich, he decides against the late show, which was an old Bela Lugosi picture, and goes to bed for the night. Hearing that it is going to be a nice day tomorrow, he plans on doing some fishing. He doesn't know it, but he may never get to see the next day unfold before him.

During the course of the night all hell breaks loose! Rain like it hasn't rained in months . . . thunder roaring and rumbling across the heavens, and lightning sending bright flashes of light across the bedroom ceiling. Bob tosses and turns the entire night. The midnight snack isn't exactly sitting very well with him at three in the morning when the dream world of Robert Mills begins to turn to the darker side of its subconscious nature. Bob goes from a peaceful dream about retirement into a nightmare which he experienced often as a child.

Bob Mills is being chased by a hideous monster. Bob is running from a hairy beast through a foggy forest where he cannot find his way out . . . running and running and running, no end in sight, he feels as though the dream is never going to end. But, on this night the dream is . . . going to end.

As he is running through the thick mass of trees in front of him and on each side of him, Bob starts to think that this is only a bad dream, a figment of his own imagination, so why run?

But he runs with striding leaps dodging the quicksand traps in between trees, and the monstrous plants, until he comes upon such botanic creations as the Venus Fly Trap.

Bob thinks to himself that ever since he was a child he has been running from the hairy beast. Why? Why run from something which is going to do you no harm? He trips on a branch that has suddenly appeared in front of him. As he lies there on the mossy ground, he starts to think to himself that he shouldn't keep on running. It's his own dream, so he can do anything he wants. The monster will stop running after him and the dream will end. He will wake up and the nightmare will have ended. Bob gets up off the ground and stands there watching the monster come even closer to him than he ever has before in his entire lifetime.

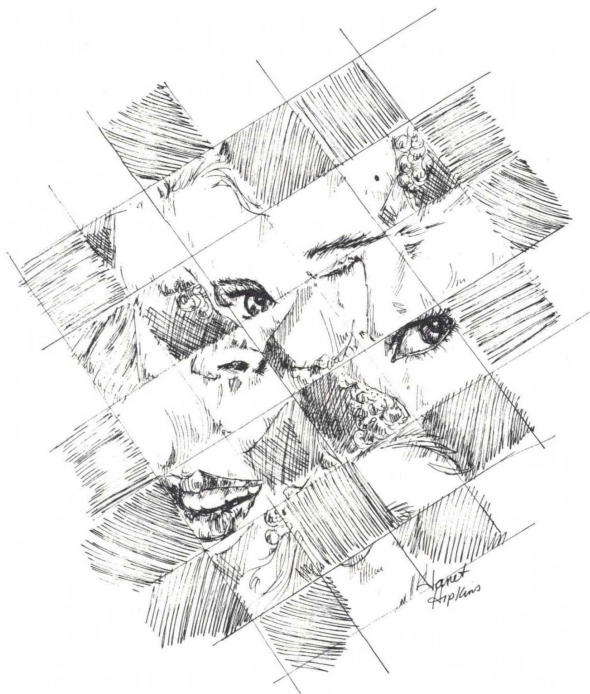
Seconds pass.

The monster keeps coming closer and closer.

Bob starts thinking to himself that the monster is not going to stop running after him and the dream is not going to end. Something is going to happen and he doesn't know what's going to become of him, for the dream has never progressed this far before. In the past, he has always kept running out of fear that the monster was going to catch him, but now all he is doing is standing there waiting for the creature to come closer.

In seconds the monster is standing in front of him . . . Robert Mills is standing face to face with the creature he has feared his entire life. He thinks back to the snack he had before he went to sleep and he starts to feel deathly ill. The beast is standing not even two inches in front of him, staring him straight in the face. Bob feels his hair tingling as the creature snorts hot air into his face. At this point, Bob feels that the nightmare is definitely going to end and he will come out of this with nothing but a cold sweat drenching his wrinkled body and his night clothes having been stuck to his already trembling body. But the creature looks him in the eyes and says "I feel like a late night snack!"

edward f. sheekey



Harriet
Hippkins

GRANDPARENTS

From the time I was a little boy
I remember four faces that brought me joy,
All four I'm told gave me my first toy...

As time passed on, there were only three,
but it didn't matter to a carefree me.

How lucky I was to have those three,
for a few years later, they wouldn't be

When I think back to when it was clear,
I soon knew what I began to fear,
the three who were left just couldn't be.

In my twenties I soon realized
the two who were left were all I had.

I made it my business to try real hard
to keep those two as long as I could
if only in memory, but that's all I would.

The next one to go was merely fate
and yes, you guessed it, I was a little late.

I saw him in my dreams, but that was it,
because my schedule and his just didn't fit,
Oh, if only time didn't wait.

The last one to leave has just gone now
and as my age I really can see
how simple it was to be carefree.

robert w. kraiza

TO MY LOVE;

To my Love;

You think I take you for granted,
that I couldn't care less,

You would have me fret and worry,
You would want me to cry when you're gone.

But my dearest darling why?
To fret when you leave would mean I didn't have
faith or trust!

No trust in you that our love
is strong and forever. No trust that you're as faithful
to our bond as me.

I would have no faith.
Faith that the Lord is wise enough to know that when
He takes you, He leaves me alone.

Alone in a shroud of despair
and a darkness of loss.

He would take my soul along
with yours, leaving me in a
cocoon of loneliness, constricting
my heart, freezing my breath so that
soon I would be with you again!

My dearest should I fear for you because I know
you hold all the strings to my survival?

No, never!

Because my love, you are

My Love! My one and only forever Love
With faith and trust, your lifetime love says

I Care.

karen carpenter



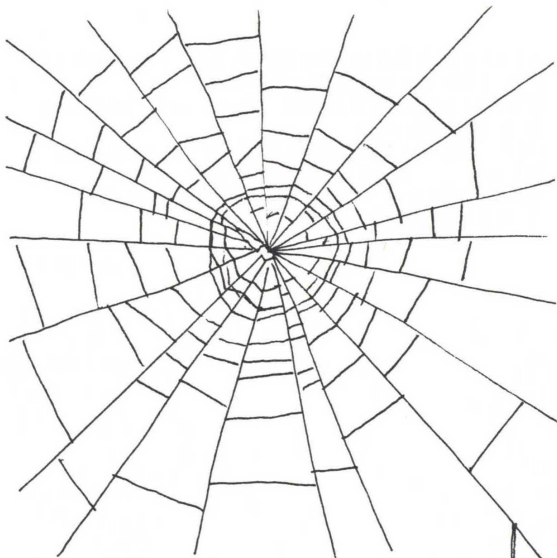
MY ANILE BELDAME

I went to see a dear old friend today—
Old in number; old severely in mind.
She always paints a picture dull and grey
Her manner's sad, but surprisingly kind.
I wonder if she's peaceful where she stays?
She sleeps most of the time; the rest she dines.
When awake, she trips into her childhood
She makes no sense, is rarely understood. . . .

Even though her manners cause frustration
That's no reason to ignore her being
Just because she offers no production
Does not mean her value cannot be seen.
Her charm can be one of captivation—
Have to watch, listen—not to miss a thing.
She rarely expresses feelings or thoughts
But sometimes I can tell she gets distraught.

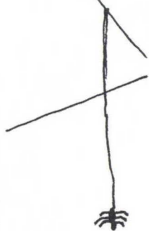
And if I am to take her place one day
I hope I have a more pleasurable plight,
That type of innocence—too high to pay.
It offers her nor me no sheer delight
But offers an abyss for us to stay
Where rainbows never glow in bright sunlight.
In spite of this, and in spite of the rest,
I often think of my friend as the best.

tanya long



THE WEB

how delicate is the danger
 that awaits you, how patient
is my hunger,
 as I sit amid my beautiful trap
how fine and perfect are the patterns
 of your doing;
will you admire my handwork
 as you struggle vainly,
while I advance to sign my masterpiece
 with your death?

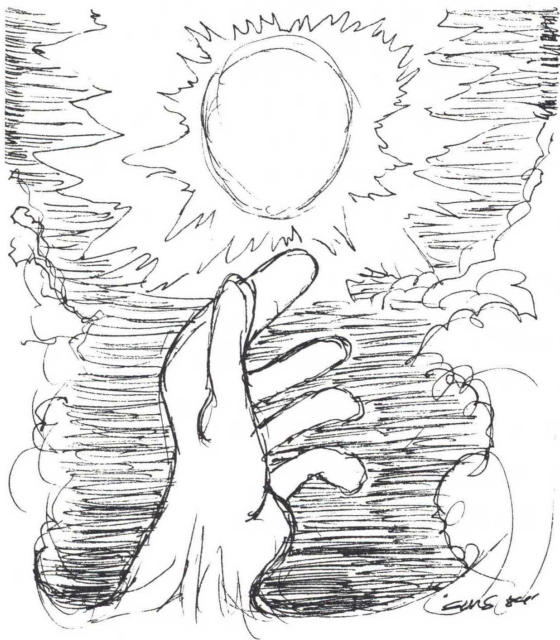


can't 84'

cliff siple

A man who is full of great knowledge but has no heart,
Lives a life of deep loneliness, but
When a man is alone he loses himself in his knowledge
To forget he is alone.
He develops discipline from his knowledge but finds that
In his knowledge he is also alone, but
The man finds he is not looking for knowledge.
He is looking for love.

anonymous



HEARTBEAT

The heartbeat is a special sign,
It is a sign of life.
The heartbeat tells a doctor that a person is alive.
Sometimes the heart is kept beating by a
machine.
While the person might be better off left in peace.
But people feel the money is worth it to keep
one alive.
What about an unborn baby?
He has no chance to fight
Fight for his life
What about his rights to life?
He has a heartbeat.
Isn't he then alive?
What do you consider the heartbeat to be
a sign of?
Life?
Or does it have to do with the age of the person
Can you explain your answer?
Some unborn baby is awaiting an answer:
Some . . .

Heartbeat.

mary lisa cappelli

THE DISSECTION

It's been a year since my friend, Steve Rayner, committed suicide. I was just about to finish my pre-med program at Scranton University, where I planned to switch over to physical therapy, when I heard the news.

The year itself was demanding enough, but I knew that if I successfully completed my last anatomy lab and got an "A", that it would be all downhill after that.

For some reason I had thought more about Steve's death before the lab than I had ever thought about it the entire year.

Steve once told me that he was going to donate his body to science when he died, but he always said it in a joking manner. Steve wasn't the type of person you could take seriously; he was always the class clown when we were younger. If I had known then that he was thinking about killing himself, I could have probably talked him out of it, but he was never one to share himself with anyone, not even to me.

Thoughts started to run wildly through my mind as to what the funeral was like. At the time that I learned of Steve's death, he had already been dead for over a month. Steve's parents didn't contact any of his friends about their son's death; they must have simply buried him and left it at that. It had always puzzled me as to why they never got in touch with me, especially since I was Steve's closest and dearest friend.

Several months passed and I was coming to the end of the final semester. My final exam in anatomy was coming up and it was the second and latter part of the test. The last part of the anatomy exam was in the lab. The experiment was to dissect and label the parts of the human anatomy. Everyone was told what his or her specific job was going to be in the procedure of the experiment. My job during the lab was to take the electric saw and cut into the back portion of the skull, in order to get to the brain. Naturally, my task had to be the most difficult in the lab.

The day had finally come to start the last part of the lab. The first part was a written test which I aced easily. Now, a group of us were waiting in the classroom for the instructor to arrive. He was ten minutes late, and by the time he took roll and led the class down the hallway to the labroom, we were fifteen minutes behind schedule.

By the time we arrived at our destination, which was five rooms down from the classroom where we normally had anatomy class, the smell of formaldehyde was beginning to reach my nostrils. Thoughts about my friend's suicide started to creep back into my mind again. I was trying to figure out the reasons for why Steve had killed himself, when just a week before his death he got his acceptance to a very prestigious law school. It had always been the life-long goal of my friend to be accepted by a law school. I had known it to be his main goal during his high school years.

When we finally got to the room, our instructor opened the door to the lab where the cadaver for our final dissection was waiting. As the door opened everyone hesitated because of the stench of formaldehyde, which seemed to pour itself over our bodies.

All of us were assigned to specific seats for our given job during the procedure. The body in front of us, at the center of the room, was covered in what appeared to me as tinfoil, which our instructor told us that he would undo himself. As he approached the table, thoughts of my friend's death once again crept back into my state of consciousness. Before beginning the lab, our instructor told us that if we wanted to back out of the experiment we should do it now, because once he undid the wrappings on the body, the experiment was to begin without question or hesitation by anyone. Everyone stood there poised, ready to begin. The professor then unraveled the wrapping which covered the body, and began to undo the wrapping which covered the head of the corpse. At this moment, I wished that I had never decided to take anatomy or anything having to do with medicine or physical therapy. This was the body of my friend — Steve Rayner! The instructor came over to me and told me that the electric saw wasn't working and that I would have to use the manual one instead. As we started the lab, the instructor said to us, "Is everyone ready?"

edward f. sheekey



Let the spirits rise and the coffins fall; for it is the
fear of the unknown which lurks within us all . . .

edward f. sheekey

THE UNIVERSE

As I look up and wonder why
It's not my choice to stay or die

Things in life are always scary
As are the persons' lives so close and hairy

The universe is above and all is well
but down below is supposedly Hell

People think and tell a thought
And others seek to be sought

Life goes on in a synchronistic way
Billions of people communicate each day

Organizations and groups doing their part
People dealing with monopolies which have no heart

And the world shall turn.....

thomas a. reichner

PATIENT MATURATION

Clouds often fill their brims excessively
Hovering through a countenance of grey
Purging their souls together in discord
Bursting forth their uncontained emotion
Streams of pity; flow columns of dismay,
Tears of relief; Unbound, released
Passions overflow.

Smallest tear shed not unnoticed
Matters not density amassed
Matters not breadth nor height of span
Most outstanding—content of emotions
Tears of such pulse from Omnipotent source
Purging, changing all that's touched
Permeated cleansing.

Descended on a budding rose
Solitary tears—rolling with discernment;
Integrated passions weave with fibered form
Ceased resistance, brings forth constant motion
Once secluded bud evolves a blooming rose
Embodied elements created completion
Beauty illuminates.

If we can find blessings from lingering clouds above
Stately blooming would behold us
Beyond the thistles and the thorns—
Thus revealed our Grace lay there
Amid the images cast; Grace in radiant form
Hindered not by speed of light, nor shadows cast there of
Patient Maturation.

tanya long





HARMONY

With every gentle Zephyr that Nature breathes
Each tree, small weed, and beautiful flower
Brings forth such rhythm, grace, and dignity
The brook too, possesses the harmony
Winding, turning, bubbling, journeying
Toward eternity
Pebbles and large rocks never interfere
With the ongoing journey
Because each has a reason from within
That only God controls through Nature's realm.

tanya long

A CHILD'S ILLUSION

“The child is the Father of Man”

Was there a time when the world was free
From envy of nature's Utopia
Free from man's passions which breed enmity
Due to moral corruption and anxiety?

Is this dream a child's illusion
Or a vague influence from his environment?
Or is it an enraptured realm of emotions
Which capture ecstasy and enjoyment?

Can we make reality this child's dream
The goal of every philosophic mind
And still remember the Eternal Being who
Created the Universe and Mankind?

tanya long

I SAID I'D NEVER

I said I'd never let this happen—
Never let my heart break into two again,
But I never knew I'd meet you. .

I didn't even see you that night
You came out of nowhere.

I tried to stay aloof,
But after a while,
my heart began to care.

My mind tried to stop it—
Arguments inside of me.
3 a.m., 4 a.m.,
sleepless nights.

I went away for a while
and I realized I missed you. . .
another sleepless night—

My heart won.
I guess, someday, if I had to,
I could once again pick up the pieces,
But for now I'm happy just being with you,

I do care—
I know it's not easy
To trust—
But try.
Share your dreams and feelings
And open up.
I'll listen

Yeah, I guess my heart won.
Even though I said I'd never.

mary lisa cappelli

Long ago and far
away we met, fell
in love; I don't want
to fight anymore. I might
lose you. Then
there would be nothing.

jill meyer

HAIKU

A kiss is nothing
More than a gift of one's love
To appreciate.

Alone in the night,
Lying there in the darkness,
List'ning to the wind.

The winds are blowing
Butterflies are in the air,
Everything is free.

tanya long

“GOODBYES”

Our hearts are beating restlessly tonight,
At first together, then they're out of sync.
Hearts, dreams, are shattered; we've no will to fight.
Love's madness, and we hover on the brink.

We know that love's a battlefield, and we
Are only little children playing war.
We're wounded time and time again, but we
Get up; we dare to hope, and try once more.

Since feeling's first, we must love while we live.
Sometimes we laugh, but other times we cry.
Although we can't forget, we must forgive.
We only live today; tomorrow, die.

Time marches on relentlessly, and on.
Tomorrow's all we've got; the past is gone.

alicia glatfelter

