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CORRECTION

The poem "Hold On", which appeared in the Winter 1990 issue of Pegasus, is incorrectly attributed to the student who submitted it as his own work. "Hold On" is, in large part, a Peter Gabriel lyric entitled "Wallflower." Pegasus apologizes to the author and copyright holder, Geffen Records, for this error. Pegasus depends upon the honesty of contributors, who verify in writing that the material they submit is their original work, and cautions contributors that plagiarism is a violation of the College Policy regarding Academic Honesty.

- The Editors

Pegasus Magazine

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Table of Contents

Art

<i>Pegasus Cover Design</i> , Donna Mariani	
<i>Pegasus</i> , Thomas Viscuso	9
<i>Existence</i> , Erika A. Wolters	10
<i>Dominant Line</i> , Christine O'Malley	11
<i>Limbo</i> , Carol R. Buden	12
<i>The Time Has Come</i> , Carole A. Crispin	13
<i>Signals</i> , Bobbi Opdahl	14
<i>Solitude</i> , Susan Berkowitz	15
<i>Sunset Silhouette</i> , Christine O'Malley	16
<i>Untitled</i> , Chris Schenkle	22
<i>Faces or Vase</i> , Linda Hofle	23
<i>Gray Egyptian</i> , Ruthanne Porrecia	24
<i>Untitled</i> , Erica Flanders	25
<i>Modern Rock</i> , Al Crivelli	

Poetry

<i>Peace</i> , Margaret Humes Fiorelli	1
<i>And then walk away</i> , Andrea Duncan	1
<i>Fire</i> , Andrea Duncan	2
<i>Dancing in the Rain</i> , Yvonne Tomassetti	2
<i>Victorious</i> , Christine M. Pike	3
<i>Your Voice</i> , Betty Duff	3
<i>Moonbeams</i> , Jay Arnold	4
<i>Demented Thoughts Reasured</i> , George Hartas	4
<i>Trapped</i> , Andrea Duncan	5
<i>Counte Cullen Revisited</i> , Craig McFadden	5
<i>Verbal Strangulation</i> , George Hartas	6
<i>Yesterday People</i> , Carole A. Crispin	6
<i>Woman is the Essence</i> , Mary Green	7
<i>Nurture</i> , Emil J. Colosimo	8
<i>Sacred Heart</i> , Gabrielle Bartholomew	17
<i>Take Time</i> , Mick Bernardo	17
<i>Beggars Could Ride</i> , Margaret Conahan	18
<i>The Winter of My Heart</i> , Gerry Dierkes	19
<i>Piovere</i> , Yvonne Tomassetti	20
<i>Politics of Life</i> , George Hartas	20
<i>No Compromise</i> , Carole A. Crispin	21
<i>Shipwrecked</i> , Yvonne Tomassetti	21



Pegasus
by Thomas Viscuso

Margaret Humes Fiorelli

Peace

I walked along in peace
 caressed by the early morning sun
and followed by the light, cool breezes
 of the day.

I could hear the church bells
 and their song of freedom and love;
a sweet, light sound
 that blended with the surrounding
 Peace.

I wondered what the world would be like
 if confusion didn't take a rest
and let Peace
 have a chance to reign.

Andrea Duncan

And then walk away

A look
A smile
A tap on my arm
Do you know how you affect me?
You send my mind soaring
You set my heart ablaze
With a word you confuse me
And then walk away

Andrea Duncan

Fire

Delicate
Destructive
Colors united
Red, yellow and orange
Heat, burning
All from a spark

Yvonne Tomassetti

Dancing in the Rain

Dancing in the rain
All alone with your memory
Surrounded by blue eyes and sand
Held down upon the floor of history
Running away - you, not far behind
Took hold of my heart and never let go
I pulled and pushed away - yet still you remained
I hurt you in places I never gave the chance to know.
Slapped by Reality and blinded by Truth
I unlocked the door and welcomed you in
Now I dance in the rain of my own tears
For what was lost and what may never begin.

Christine Pike

Victorious

Their mangled bodies lie on the field,
Their honor exposed to the baking sun.
Their sightless eyes staring heavenward,
Victorious, for they did not run.

Young boys with rifles clutched in hand,
Old men who could barely walk,
Families torn asunder by hatred,
Now lying victorious with faces of chalk.

There's no more laughter, only tears,
For loved ones left at home.
They marched off in glory as fabled heros,
Returning in boxes from whence they roamed.

Victorious, for their side won.

Betty Duff

Your Voice

Your voice, like music, falls upon my ear.
I feel a peace come flowing through my soul
As memories of a gentler time appear,
When I first learned that love could take control.
I think of chilly nights beside the fire,
Long walks, and picnics on the soft, green grass,
The sweet remembrance of my first desire
When wakened by your kiss and first caress.
And as I sit and rock and gaze at snow
That piles in mounds outside my window pane,
Again I dance in waves that ebb and flow
And feel your strong arms holding me again,
For though these ears are old and past their prime
Your voice can always take me back in time.

George Hartas

Demented Thoughts Reassured

I love to see the other cheek.
It means more opportunities,
To blunt my scalpel.
Alive, I have what even a thousand corpses don't.
No number of tortured women and children, can eclipse
My RIGHT
To breath.
The cops handcuffed, the law as if I signed it.
Ah yes,
Life is oh so sweet, and yet
Not a lone forgotten soul can savor it;
Too bad.
Society doesn't seem to learn, that
My life, is my only master.
Oh how great the gift of life is,
Even if spent encapsulated.
I smirk when they struggle with their conscience,
And then grant me on a silver platter,
That which I've denied so many.
Thank you.
Suckers.

Jay Arnold

Moonbeams

Crossed again, tossed again,
My love is lost again,
Leaving me nothing but
Mem'ries and tears.

Looking for moonbeams,
Unable to tune dreams, she
Phantasmagoricly
Wasted our years.

Andrea Duncan

Trapped

Trapped inside a universe
Where I can never know all
Trapped inside a world
Where I will always feel small
Trapped inside a country
Where no one cares about me
Trapped inside a state
Where I'll never be what I want to be
Trapped inside a county
Where no one knows my name
Trapped inside a town
Where I can never have my fame
Trapped inside a body
Where I am suppressed by gravity
Trapped inside a mind
Where I am squelched by insecurity

Craig McFadden

Counte Cullen Revisited

Brown eyes, brown skin
dark future built within...
It's such a sin.

Eyes of blue, skin of white
everlasting eternal light.
It's just not right.

For if only the Zebra could speak
I think we'd understand

That color is color

and man is man.

George Hartas

Verbal Strangulation

Who amongst thine,
Hath seen thy ere?
O', whence didst ye findst thee?
Whilst ye ... ah the heck with it!
Who said poetry had to be a
Tongue-twisting engagement anyway?

Carole A. Crispin

Yesterday People

Colorful remains
of yesterday people
adorn my desk.

Scribbled soap operas summon me,
while another lecture goes on and on
about nothing important.

Slowly I slide my books aside
and let my eyes sweep
over the personals of yore.

Archaic humor,
bad grammar,
and the "who loves whom" column
draw out my silent chuckles.

I contemplate an addition,
but decide to still my pen
and try to find meaning
in audible words.

Where are the yesterday people now?

Mary A. Green

Woman is the Essence

Everything that's anything owes it to my presence.
Human, but I'm a Woman, and Woman is the essence.
Look at me. Believe in me. You can't deny I'm real.
No other living thing on earth can feel the way I feel.
Where would warmth and beauty be, the world without my presence?
Without me there is nothing, for Woman is the essence.

Yet some would take me lightly and cast my soul aside.
They don't know that what they're doing is committing suicide.
For if I turn away from Man, he'll be alone,
Without the special magic that makes his house a home.
He would have no purpose for anything he'd do.
There would be no one to say, "I'm glad that you are you."
So, Men, just be careful and hope that I survive,
Because I am the lifeline that keeps your world alive.

Everything that is owes it to my presence.
I'm glad that I'm a Woman...for Woman is the essence.

Emil J. Colosimo

Nurture

An owl silently whispered his bold name across the
thick darkness of eve.
He fluttered his wings, spilling a frail feather or two
on the metallic hardness of the ground below.

In the corner a mouse scurried,
gripping the floor with his razor-like claws,
racing for fear of extinction.

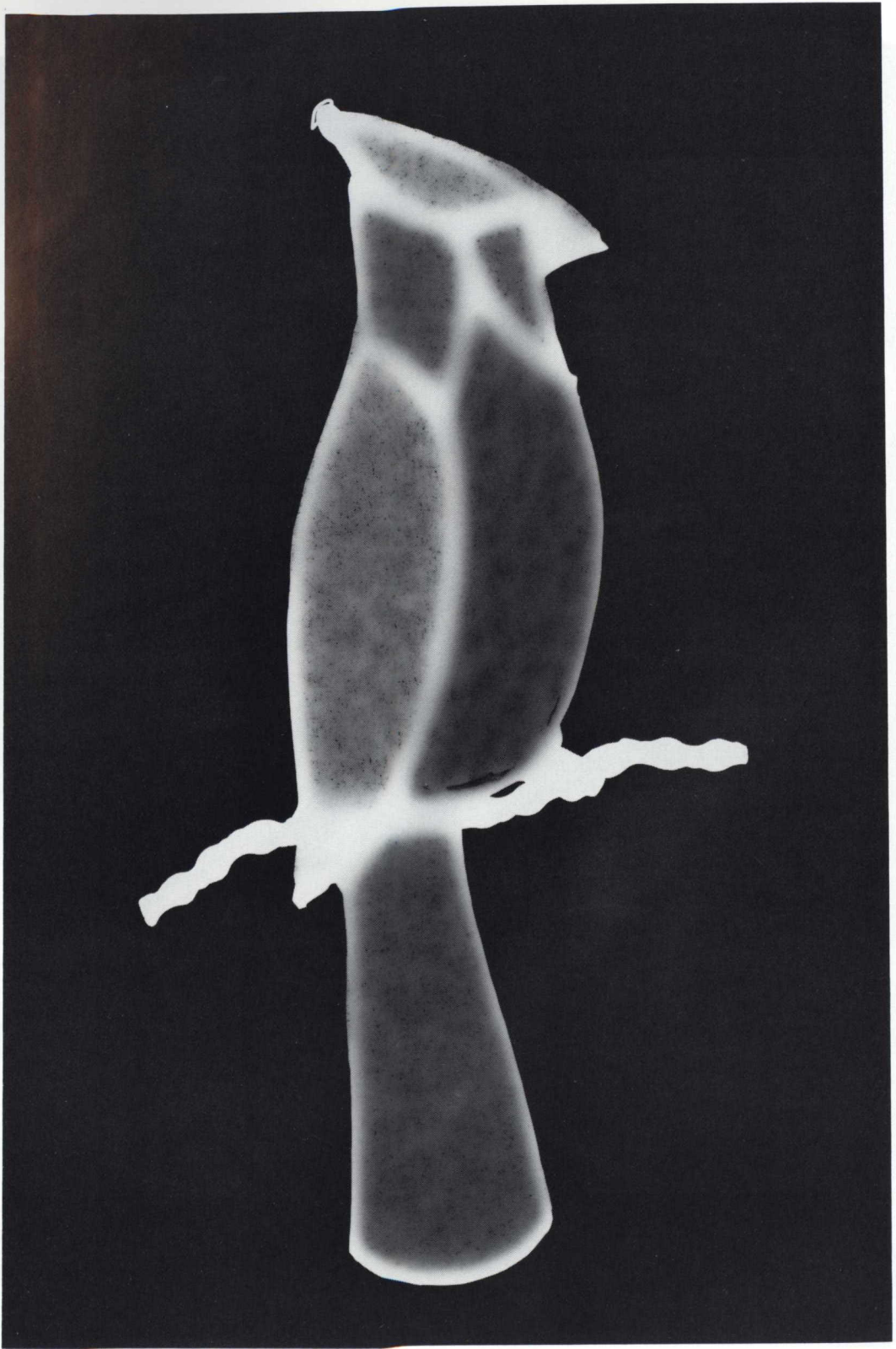
Beyond the clouds a moon is crying,
saddened by the black curtain being drawn upon the earth.

And I,
I sit upon my log,
as minute salty beads slide down my face,
while all along,
the owl sings his programmed chorus.

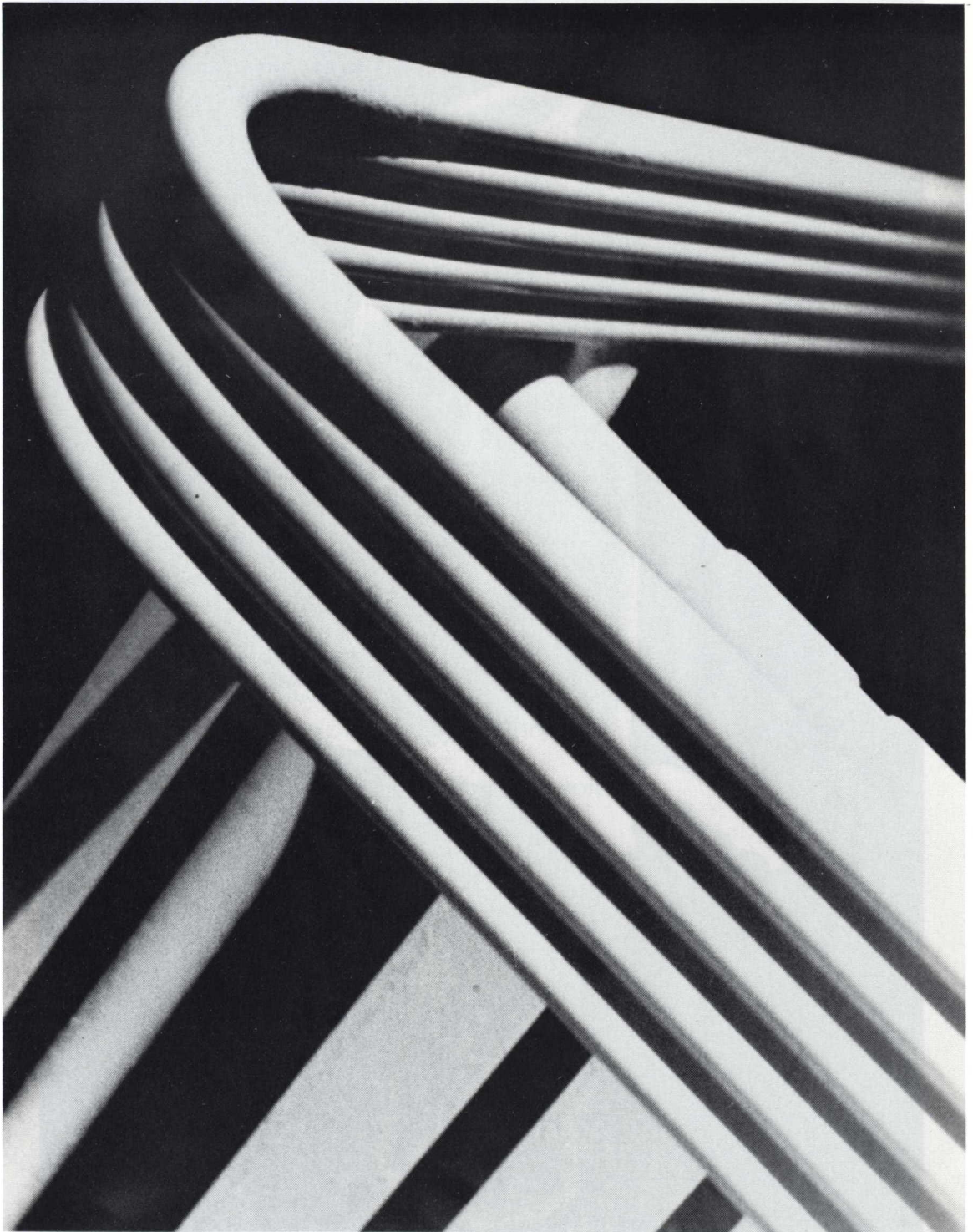
So I spoke to him in a low concerned voice,
"Old owl, do you not feel man's greed
tightly around your neck?"

"Do you not understand what we have done,
what we have stolen,
what we have raped,
exploited,
discarded and put aside as mere convenients?"

Thus,
he simply looked at me and continued his song,
while all along I knew through every breath,
every precise inhaling,
which he knew nothing of harm,
slowly eroded his gentle existence.



Existence
by Erika A. Wolters



Dominant Line
by Christine O'Malley



Limbo

by Carol R. Buden

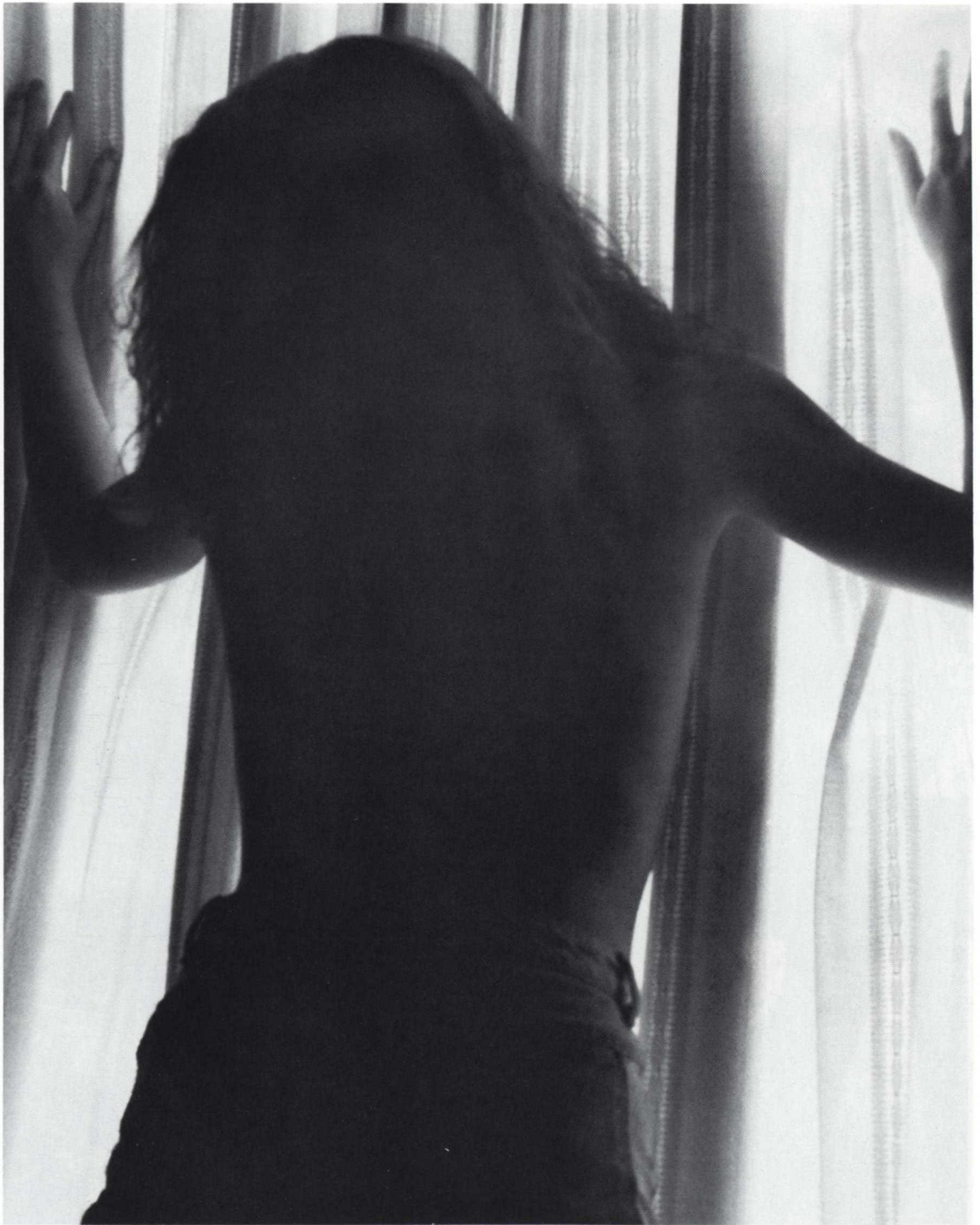


The Time Has Come
by Carole A. Crispin

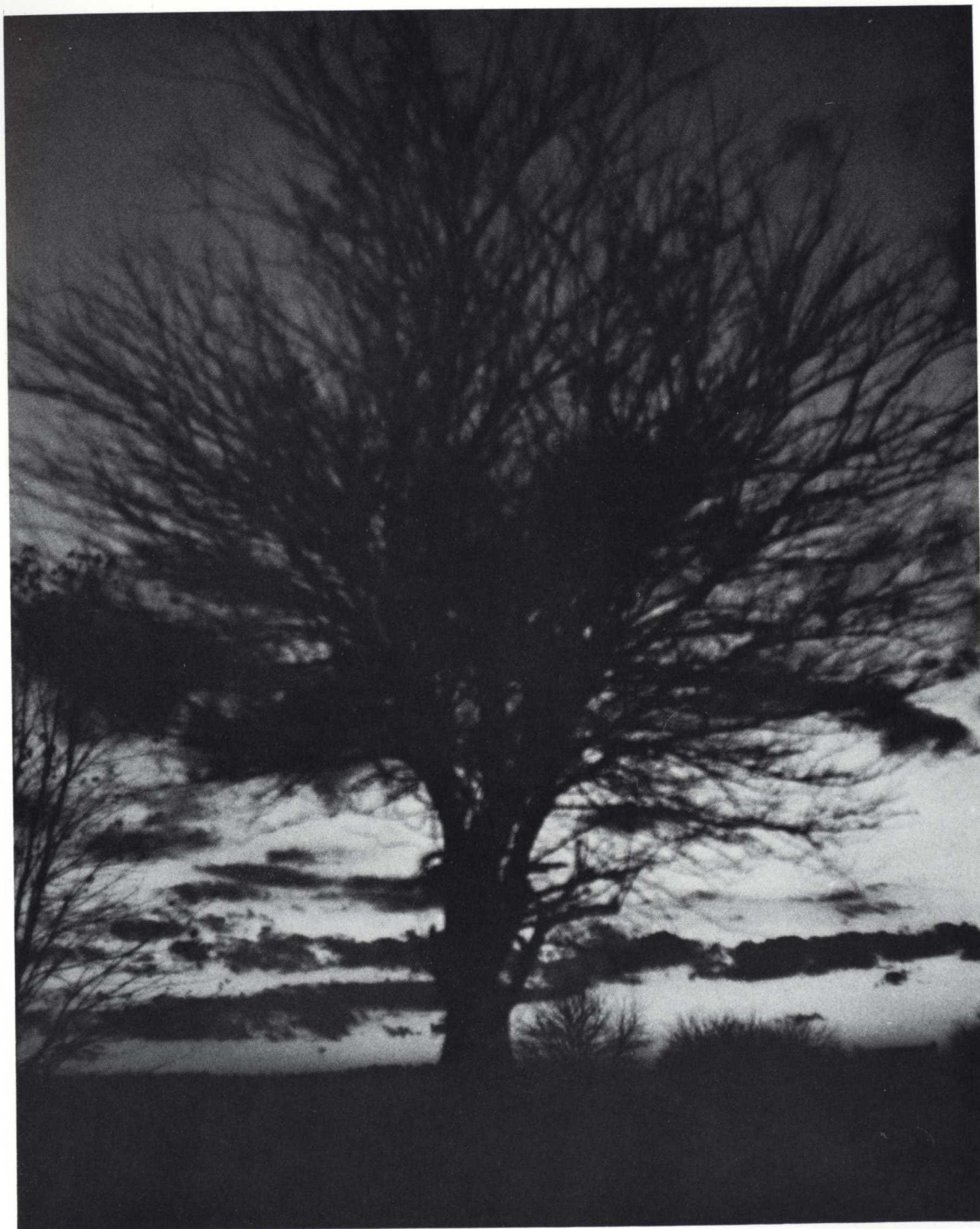


Signals

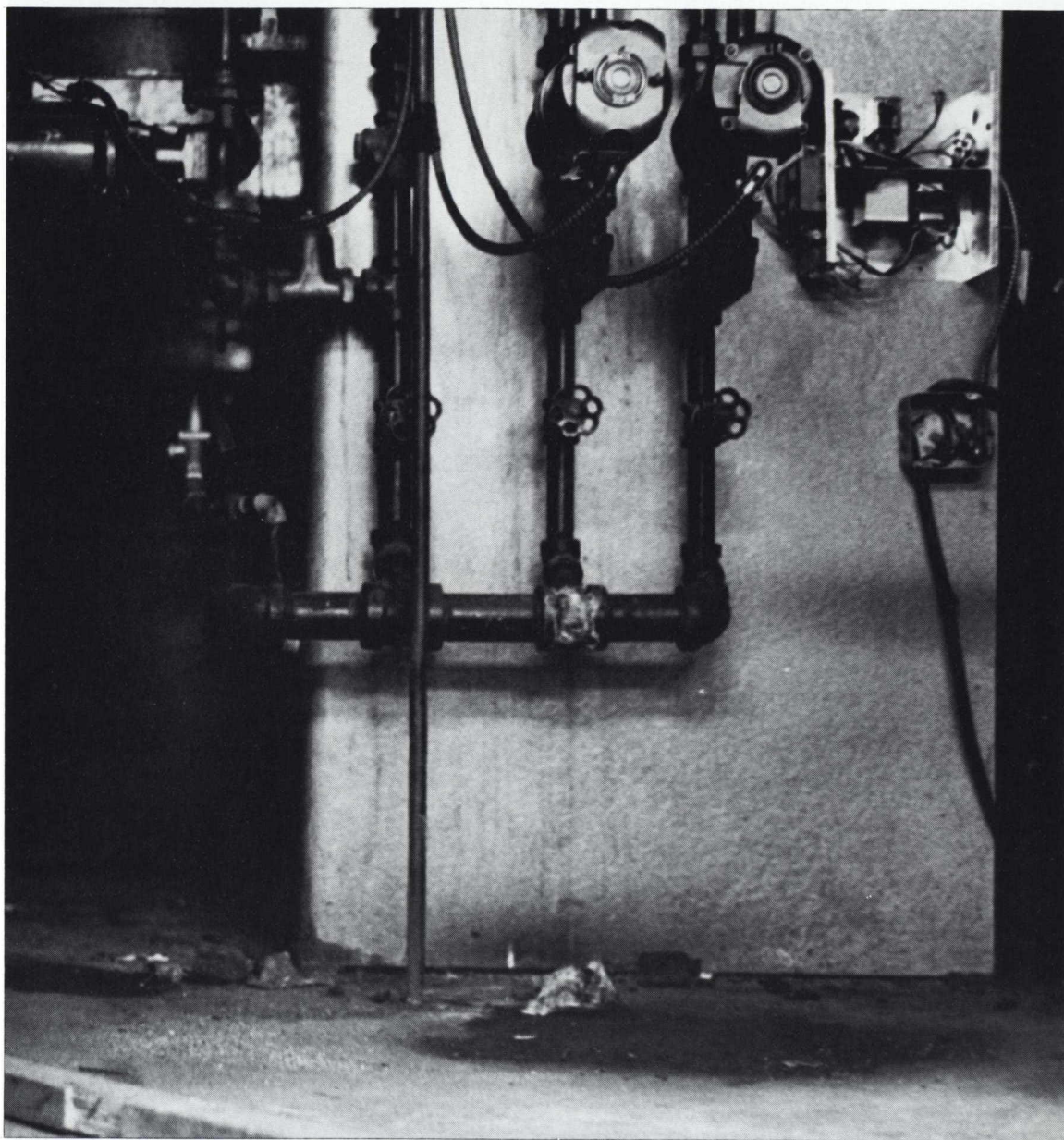
by Bobbi Opdahl



Solitude
by Susan Berkowitz



Sunset Silhouette
by Christine O'Malley



by Chris Schenkle

Gabrielle Bartholomew

Sacred Heart

The blood of the heart is ever so pure
To cleanse the soul of diseases impure
A noble person shall play the part
For it only takes one word to start
In the creation of a love so hot
That the passage of time can not
Dim the searing heat of passion
For love can never go out of fashion
When put to the test of life's strength
To create a Sacred Heart at length.

Mick Bernardo

Take Time

If I had a flower to throw to the wind,
It would be a rose of deepest red,
When caught by the wind its petals would quiver,
It would float for that instant suspended in time,
Like an aged photograph that you'll never forget.
The magic moment passes and gravity grabs hold of the stem,
But the wind blows my flower back to me,
And gently places it at my feet.

Margaret C. Conahan

Beggars Could Ride

Here beneath this worn facade
There dwells a child of God.
The mirror shows a wrinkled face
And spectacles to aid dim eyes;
It hints of lavender and lace-
The mirror lies.

I know it's said for everything
There is a season,
But is there any reason
Why can't I find some wind-swept hill
And fly a kite and watch its tail
Dip and flutter like a sail
On seas of clouds?

And is it to late to roller skate
Screaming down a hill
Drunk with motion?
Or for the notion
To walk barefoot, fully dressed,
Into the ocean and let the shifting sands
And water run between my toes
And lose my balance and
Fall down laughing?

Before the final clock strikes twelve
Can I let my hair grow
As long as Rapunzel's?
Then climb a tower and
At the appointed hour
Let down my shining braid
So that my prince could come
And with its aid
Climb the rafter.

Oh, will there be a time for
Living happily ever after?

Gerry Dierkes

The Winter of My Heart

Oh, How I miss you!
Think I need a tissue,
Won't make it an issue,
What is in the past.

Want to start again,
Didn't even part as friends,
Need you in my heart again,
We both can make it last.

Do you feel it too,
An emptiness inside of you,
A hunger that runs through and through,
A yearning in your soul?

You are quite a find,
You're the one that's on my mind,
Truly one of a kind,
With you I feel I'm whole.

Yvonne Tomassetti

Piovere

A waterfall in slow motion
The smell of wet earth
The grey hue of the sun-hidden sky

The cool breeze touching softly
Tears from above washing with gentle hands
The naked, raw feeling of rebirth
Cleansing of negative emotions

Reverberations in a pool of rain
Liquid crystals dropping off trees
Natural beauty reflecting untouched
Bathing peacefully and eternally.

George Hartas

Politics of Life

My mind is prejudiced toward the right
My heart is prejudiced toward the left
My soul is prejudiced toward the sky
Conflict pervades my being

Carole A. Crispin

No Compromise

To be diverse
is to be defective
and They
do not accept alterations.

To be content
is to be a conformist
and I
think with my own mind.

Yvonne Tomassetti

"Ship"- wrecked

I ran away from "there"
only to wind up "here"
An experience like none before
- fallen thru the backstage door
To the zone of free love.
Lying on the sand - gazing at the stars above.
Sounds of beauty and magic fill the air.
Playful laughter and craziness without care.
Time slips away to null
- while "there" becomes so completely dull.
Spinning away on some crazy trip
- careful enough not to slip
Going on after on is overdone
Obtaining no sleep - but still on the run.
Sessions of rhythm on sun drenched days
Coasting on a Spectrum atop the waves.



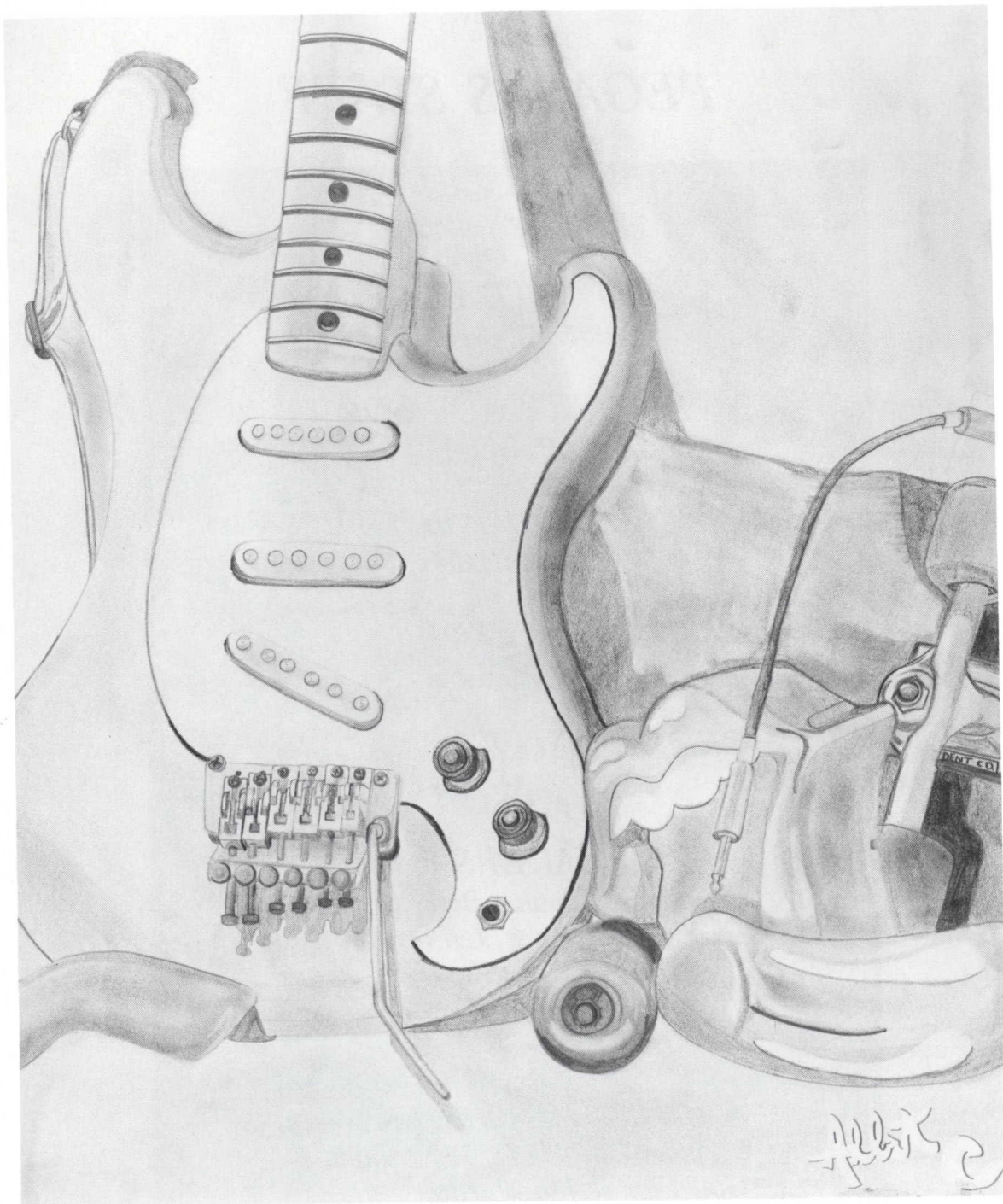
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Donna Amato, and Philly DiNardo.*



CONTEST WINNERS

Cover Contest

Donna Mariani
"Pegasus"

First Prize

Yvonne Tomassetti
"Dancing in the Rain"

Second Prize

Carole A. Crispin
"No Compromise"

Third Prize

George Hartas
"Politics of Life"