

Pegasus



25th Anniversary

Fall 1991

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH AND LOGO

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PEGASUS LITERARY MAGAZINE

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Literary winners are chosen by a staff of faculty and student readers. The authors' names are withheld from the readers. The votes of the readers are tallied and the top three submissions are given the prizes. The cover design contest winners are chosen by the Art Editor and the Co-Editors in conjunction with the faculty advisor.



Gabrielle
Bartholomew

First prize winner

The American Club Scene

O.K., here's the deal:

smoke, hair spray, cologne,
perspiration, heat, dehydration,
pulsing lights, loud music,
mass marketing, compromising of ideals,
Pressure...

Fighting for acceptance to the beat of the latest single.
Dancing with desire, tempting rejection,
mingling with social deviates,
Seeking...

It's all a game, people toying with one another's
fragile emotions for the sake of a possible moment's pleasure.
Egomania...

Hey, life's a gamble! Place your bets.
Two drink minimum and a low cover charge.

Joanne Dougherty

Second prize winner

Poison Dream (For Jim part II)

As the Lizard King
Swallows his poison dream
And moves his reptilian body
He disregards
My look of fear
"This is only a passing hobby"
The Hobby that Changes and
Destroys his brain
and Murders Creativity
He smiles at me
As I cry real Tears
For the man he Used to Be

Andrea Duncan

Third Prize Winner

Unspoken Word

It hangs between us
Like an invisible wall,
Protecting our fragile hearts
From life's hardest fall.

It presses upon our shoulders
Yet we pretend not to feel
Its constant aching weight
From the presence so very real.

Our eyes are blind
To the shapes it can hold,
And minds are already numb
From its chill so cold.

Our senses don't want to perceive
Its unavoidable presence,
So, why do we stop and stare,
Becoming silent in mid-sentence?

Our souls know its name
And they fight to make it concrete,
Yet it eludes our grasping minds,
Leaving this puzzle still incomplete.

What is this hidden thing?
Is it an emotion, word, or deed?
It escapes our diligent search
And perpetuates this aching need.

Searching each other's souls
Yields not a single clue
We might as well be crazy
For there's nothing we can do.

It's something we both feel
Yet its sound has yet been heard
for us it remains out of reach
Because "Love" is the unspoken word.

Gabrielle Bartholomew

Two Clocks

Two clocks are now at different times
although the same to start
One speeds our time together
one drags while we're apart

Jay Arnold

Look Away And Meditate

A thought, a crystal,
A candle to light my mind.
A crystal i grasp,
And hold so tight, it Burns.
i try to draw a blank on paper.
But something is always there
Railroad track seem to never end
My mind seems so small
it's so cluttered
what am i thinking.
It's so gray today
when will the clouds be going away
A bus cuts a path
i want to see you
But if i call will you
hang up?
My feelings confuse my emotions
I don't know how i feel,
it's too foggy
the thought i see won't leave
my mind
Distant sounds echo near by
I MUST LOOK AWAY AND MEDITATE.....

Sal Cerceo

An Echo Of Thought

The moon showers down upon the house
dripping in through the windows
Spilling pale light onto the floor and features
Clouds in a soft and comfortable glow.

Alone I sit here and ponder
Along memories' pathways I do wander

Your smile a black and white memory
Your touch, ghost of a soft night breeze
Thoughts of us like a book long ago read
I can't recall the whole picture, only significant pieces.

Yvonne Tomasetti

Dream, A Dream Come True

Tomorrow is another day
Come what may - Come what may
The storybook has another page
It can change...It can change...
Never let the present get you down
Something good will come around
Hopes and dreams from the past
May soon come... At last!
"Dream, A Dream Come True"
There's so much you can do
Wait no longer...
Be a little stronger...
Take a chance and see...

Roxanne M. D'Ambro

Lazy Afternoon

The smell of honeysuckle fills the air,
and drowns me with it's scent.
The garden is filled with rosemary, thyme,
and sweet smelling mint.
An old elegant oak table,
is set out for tea.
a dragonfly darts back and forth,
among the leaves of a willow tree.
I sit among the flowers,
with my favorite book.
And listen to the lazy sound of the nearby brook

LaVonda Henderson

Believe In Yourself

It's so easy to get caught up
 in the fury and the frenzy
that this world gives us today.
The mayhem, the gossip
 the lovers, the haters.
Those who say they believe
 in what you so and say,
But what they're really doing
 is driving your life
 down their road full
 of lies and deceit.
They say, "We believe,"
 and laugh in your face.
Just remain calm,
 just keep your cool;
And remember to believe only
 in you.

Lisa Dutka

Suicide

It takes your feelings away
 feelings of love, friendship, kindness, and hope
Soon it is never known that you had them
It starts to make you feel inept
 incapable of doing everyday things
Soon, the only feelings are of hate and destruction
 but even these are almost completely taken away
left with only the hate in your life
Your truest friends cannot even help anymore
 to combat this enemy
You are left alone
 Day by day
 your "life" drags on
Still alone till the very end
Alone until destruction returns
 and you are no more.

P. Nightmare

Best of Friends

The little shoe box buckles at each side
embracing two hearts of the truest friends,
collecting tokens, memories too. Hidden,
closely kept, treasured over flirty trends.
As surely as the tides change, so need we.
Life beckons in her old familiar way,
until our love is stretched across the sea,
and just two hearts no longer fill our day.
But no one can replace my friend so dear,
although she's found new life through wedded vow.
Time may be rationed, but I do adhere,
to remain by her side both then and now.
Best of friends, how beautiful the strength.
Best of friends, how beautiful the length.

Chrissy Wisnewski

A Leaf

Floating lightly down a deep woods stream,
Winding, twisting, floating past a picturesque
world. Caught for a second on an outstretched
branch, only to be pushed out again by the strong
current. Gliding, dipping, wisping past a meadow
by a lake. Crashing, rushing, falling towards the
life of the journey. White clouds of water dance around
in their mad rush to get there first. Twisting together
in a blind fury of blue and foam. Raging together over the
edge to plunge into the deep blue misty waters
below. Once again...floating lightly down a deep
woods stream.

LaVonda Henderson

What is Normal

The time has come.
The time is now to conform
to their ideals
of what is norm.
Your hair's too long,
cut it.
Your mouth's too big,
shut it.
Do not think for yourselves;
you might have
an original idea.
Will you hear my thoughts,
my words?
Or do they just take up spaces?
Is the space they take
as a raindrop engulfed in the sea,
too vast for it's presence?
Freedom of speech,
speech of freedom.
But who is free,
and who are we;
why am I,
who I am?
Decades pass
we all die.
Speak no more,
silent waters,
memories,
crash against the shore
and awaken my mind.

Rick Kline

Walk Proudly My Love

Kiss me gently, turn and go
As tears stream down my face
Walk proudly my dear loved one
And tightly keep embraced
The love that I hold for you
Will never ever die
As you go to fight for freedom
Listen to their cries
Of people saddened and oppressed
Unable to live free
We are such fortunate people
Cradled in arms of liberty
Walk proudly my love
You slowly wave good-bye
Your kiss lingers on my cheek
And now I begin to cry
It's so hard to be strong
When a loved one goes away
Walk proudly my love
America bows and prays

Elizabeth L. Hanna

Untitled

A crystal pond with silver fish,
Glass biscuits on a wooden dish.
Purple rain falls from the sky,
The arctic north grows wheat and rye.
Platonic passion for all to feel,
A kitten plays with an electric eel.
South africa is a land that is free,
That is if a cow could sting like a bee.

LaVonda Henderson

Decisions

All of our lives we must decide.

The choices may be short;

The choices may be wide.

But is it really ours to decide?

To rise early in the morning

Or to let the morning slide.

To say yes

To say no

Or to let it all go.

To take a stand

To take a seat

Or to take a retreat.

To break the rules

Or to abide.

Oh, how do we decide?

Even when we choose not to decide:

We have decided.

Oh, how we wish we could decide

Just to put it all aside.

Renee McNeil

Untitled

I wail out from the pit of your being,

"No more!"

I am the anger you suppress and delude away into
the black hole

I am your very essence crying out for justice
in my agony

I am your child writhing in pain, gnashing her teeth
against the cold hard floor of delusion

I am your spirit screaming out in all its naked form
wanted to be touched, wanting to be set free

I am all your powerlessness, I am your fear

I beg to be heard, yet do not listen

You encase the trenches of the hole as if to
silence the agony forever

But the lid doesn't stay on, it blows away
with the wind

The wind of truth washes it back and away from the hole

The pain and agony begin to gush from beyond

I am your wails as a young child, wanting to be held,
wanting to be touched, wanting to be caressed

I am your frustration at being one of many
of having to share and share alike, of
wondering "where am I."

I am your horror and impotency over being molested
of having your sacredness violated, defiled.

I am your cries for help from within, the cries that
go unheard by you, the cries that call you home again.

I am your shame at being told how dirty you were, at witnessing
the violent acts being perpetrated upon your siblings

I am your disrepute at being told how wrong you were
at believing that your very essence was wrong

I am your justification for having been born; I am the vessel
of the excruciating pain that comes with that justification

I am your very essence, yearning to come home
I endure burdens that don't belong to me, yet why do I bear them?
I am your tribulation, your "ball and chain," your anguish and agony
I am your Feminine who weeps to be heard
 whose beauty you haven't yet encountered
I am your truth who bellows from beyond the darkness
I am your healer if you reach towards me and experience me
I am who you are. Come through the wall, I'll be waiting.

Pat McDonald

What We Are

Art is:

 beauty
 imagery

Art is inside all of us.

Music is:

 creativity
 illusion

Music is what we see.

Drama is:

 emotion
 purpose

Drama is what we feel.

Extraordinary is what we are.

Diane Hickey

The Castle

It stands in silent triumph, high on a seaside cliff
Every stone, every beam
An example of the craftsman's dream
I love this castle
It is my refuge, My home
I built it stone by stone
Cut each block from the quarry
Each beam from the forest
I know its halls as I know myself best
I furnished it piece by piece
With tapestries color-bright
The chambers are filled with dark and light
I am Lord and Lady here,
Peasant, Vassal, and Knight are my names
Prisoner, Captive, Fool are also mine to claim
This castle, my prison, refuge, home
Is secretive, it hides
Inside.

Jessica A. Atchison

Distant Gaze

I see the clean disoriented
shadowed ends of light.
Eyes scraping at reality
To make the vision right.
Her hope furred deep in the dirty rag
Of too many empty days.
Someone I know is lurking 'round
Her lonely desperate gaze.
Wanting to reach out and feel
What he cannot really touch.
And show this child a better way
Without offering a crutch.

But I've got no passport to return
To the face that I once shared
And I wonder out of all my loves
If I ever really cared.

The face is like one I used to know
And the features change in turn.
Love that flew on wings of doves
And planes that crashed and burned.
The feelings all rush back to me
Oh, Why did I write this song?
Am I trying to bless the things that were right
Or bury things that were wrong?

Mick Bernardo

Hour of Sadness

I rest my thoughts every night
It's late, everyone is out of my world
I open my beer, smoke my cigarettes
Think of all the loves I have lost
All the friends I still attain
The fun I have had
Say my prayers for what I believe
In a state of unknown certainty
Ponder on the riddles of life
Without this sadness every night
Would I still be happy under the sun of day
I look forward to this moment
of unconscious peace
I live the day happy
For the hour of sadness

Chip Bowers

If

If I could fly to painted leaves
My wings, they'd never rest.
I'd soar all day and swoop all night
And be a moonbeam's guest.

The dew, I'd taste above the ground
The rain, its drops I'd hinder;
And when the crystal snowflakes fall
Their taste, my tongue would linger.

Where does it end that sky of ours
And how can one decide?
Perhaps I'll land that drifting cloud
And take it for a ride.

Laurie A. Massimiano

Why Do They Laugh?

Why do they laugh?
I'm just a normal girl.
I laugh, I cry;
I have feelings,
Just like they do.

So why do they laugh?

I have arms and legs,
OK, so maybe my skin is a bit lighter.
But so what?
Nobody's perfect.
You see, I'm just like them.
Physically.

Mentally, I'm not.
I'm different.
I'm special.
I'm me.

I'm nowhere near perfect.
Nobody is.
So maybe I can't fight
like they can.
Maybe they have more guts
than I do.
But how can I grow
If they don't teach me?

Why do they laugh?

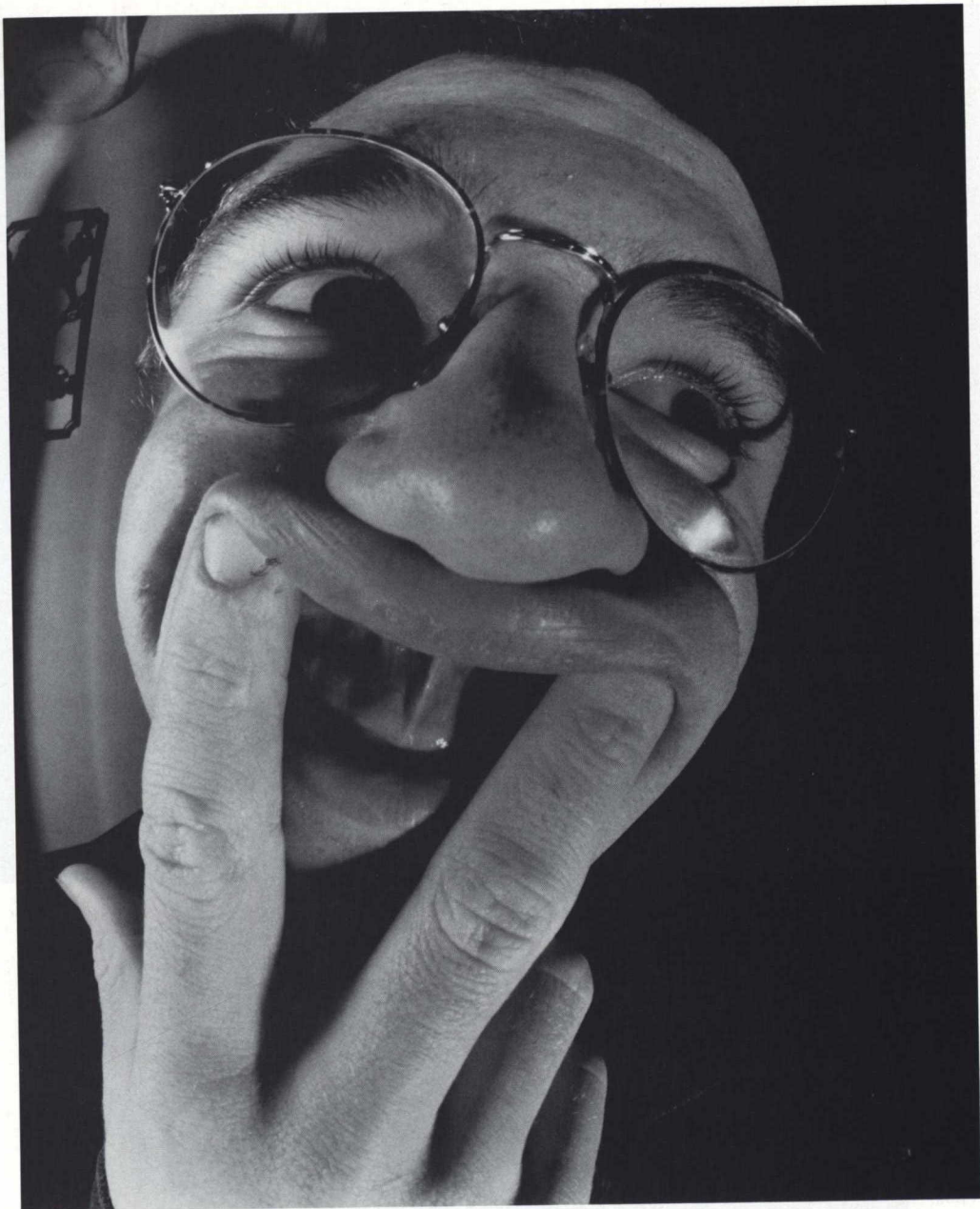
Lisa Dutka

Adam Whitman

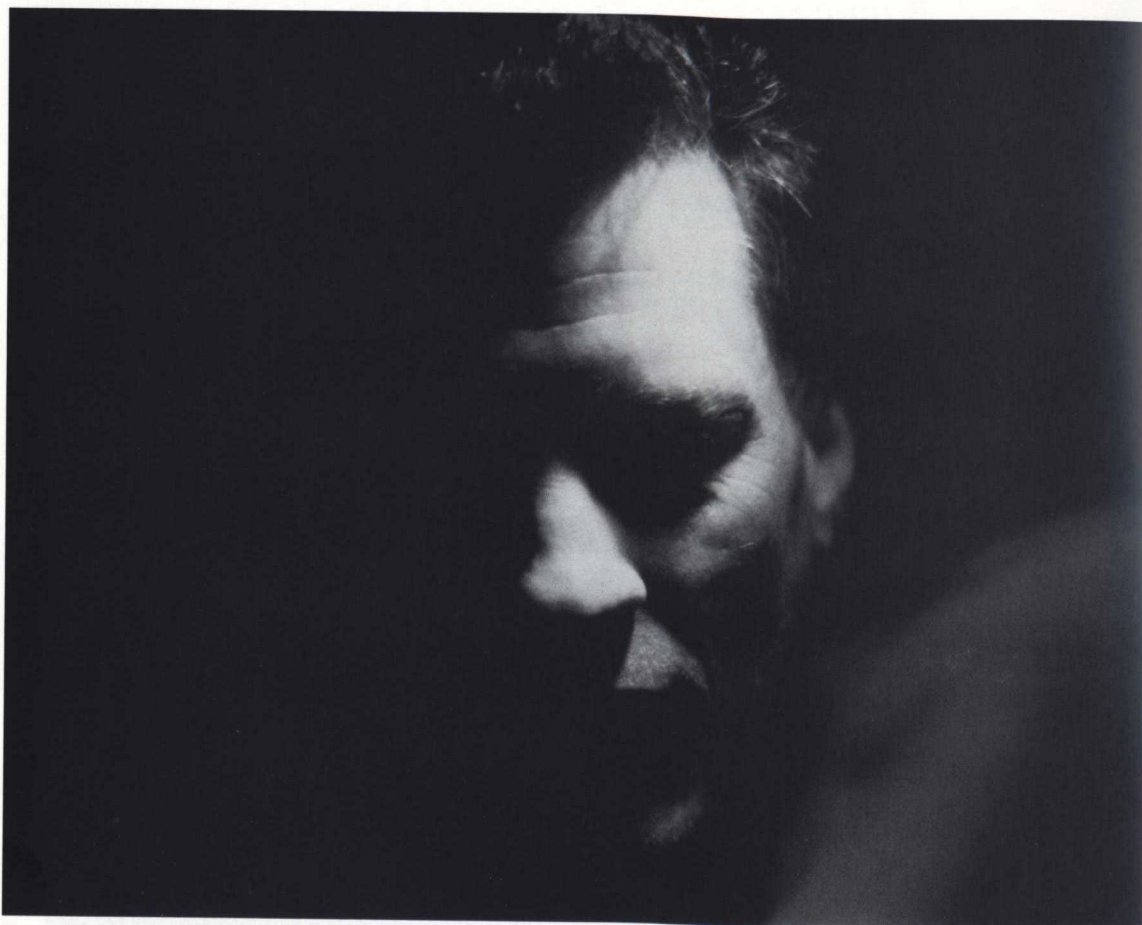
Mother's Christmases

Myra J. Beale

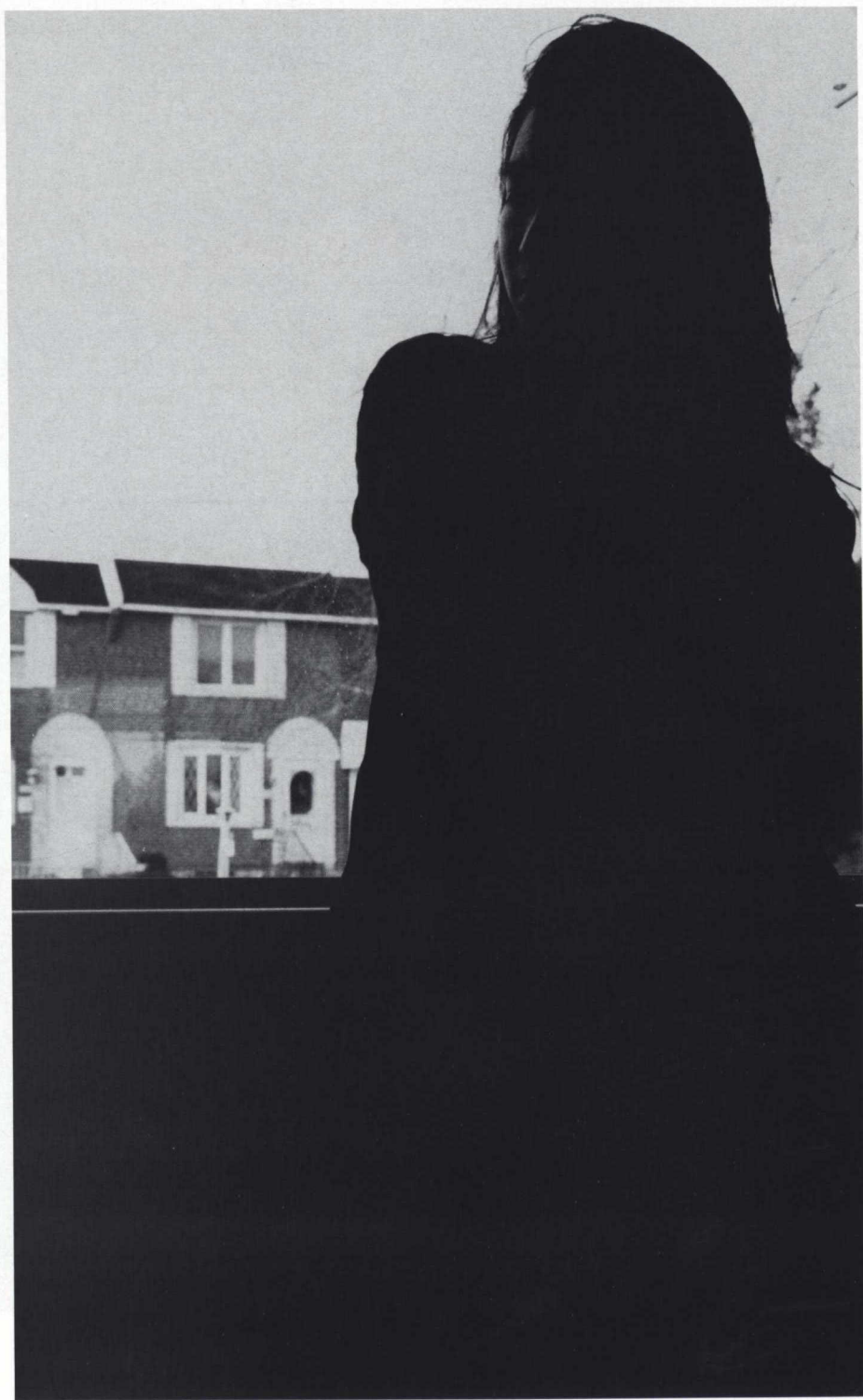
As I carefully unpack all the Christmas ornaments each year, I think back to when they hung on other trees, in other places, long ago. Some remind me of people, some of places, some of times. Someday, when we are gone and the old Christmas stuff is divided among you, you'll experience what I'm talking about. You'll remember back as I do now. You'll find an old glass ball, its shiny color flaking off. You'll not want to hang it anymore, it won't be attractive. But you'll hold it in your hand -- and remember. Then you'll pack it carefully away -- something no one else could want -- and you wonder yourself why you do. As you decorate your tree you'll hear again so plainly the laughter -- and feel again the warmth -- of the Christmases long gone -- with people long gone. Oh, Christmas is a time to bring out memories and hang them up!



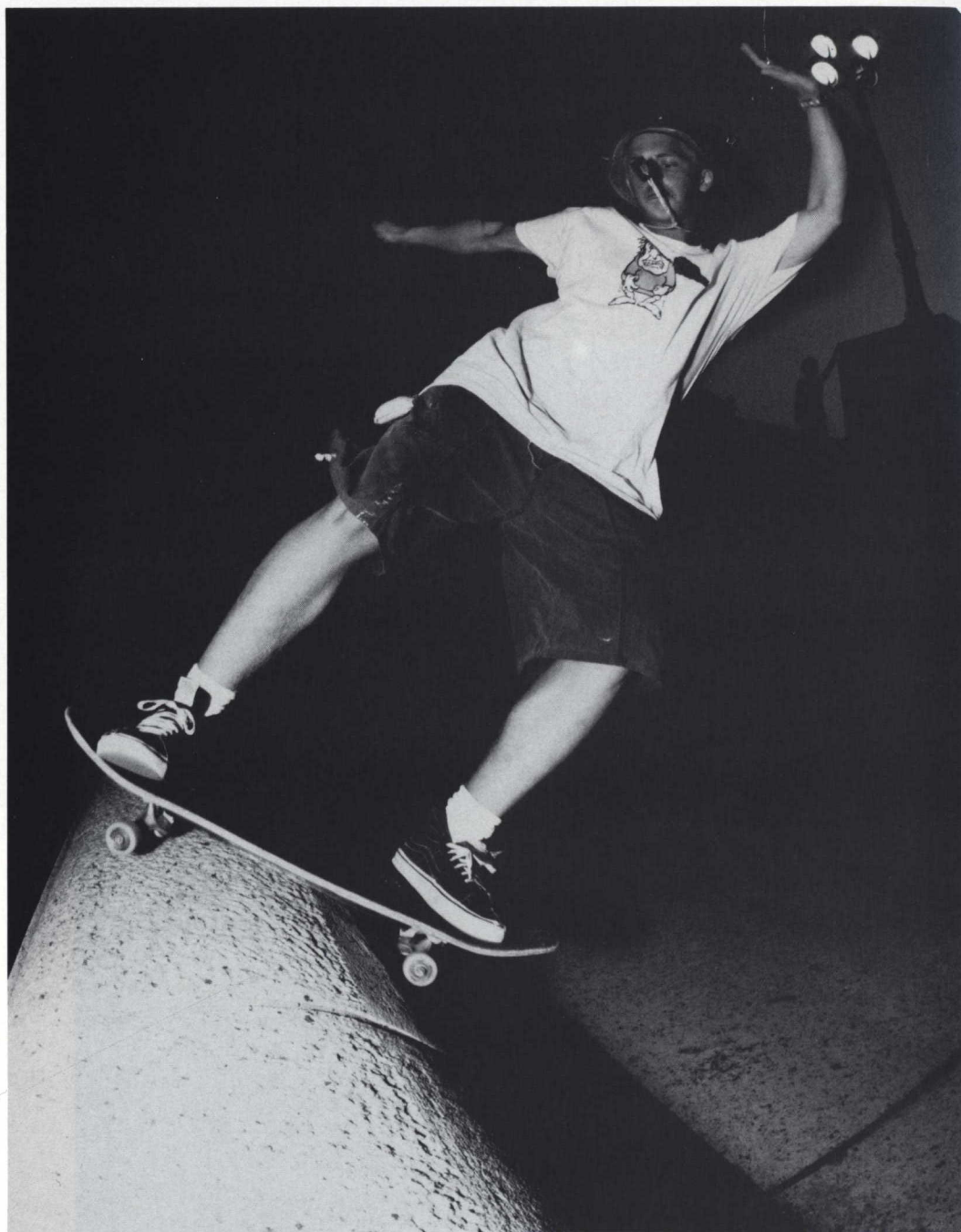
Adam Wallacavage



Gary Goodyear



Haruko Hashimoto



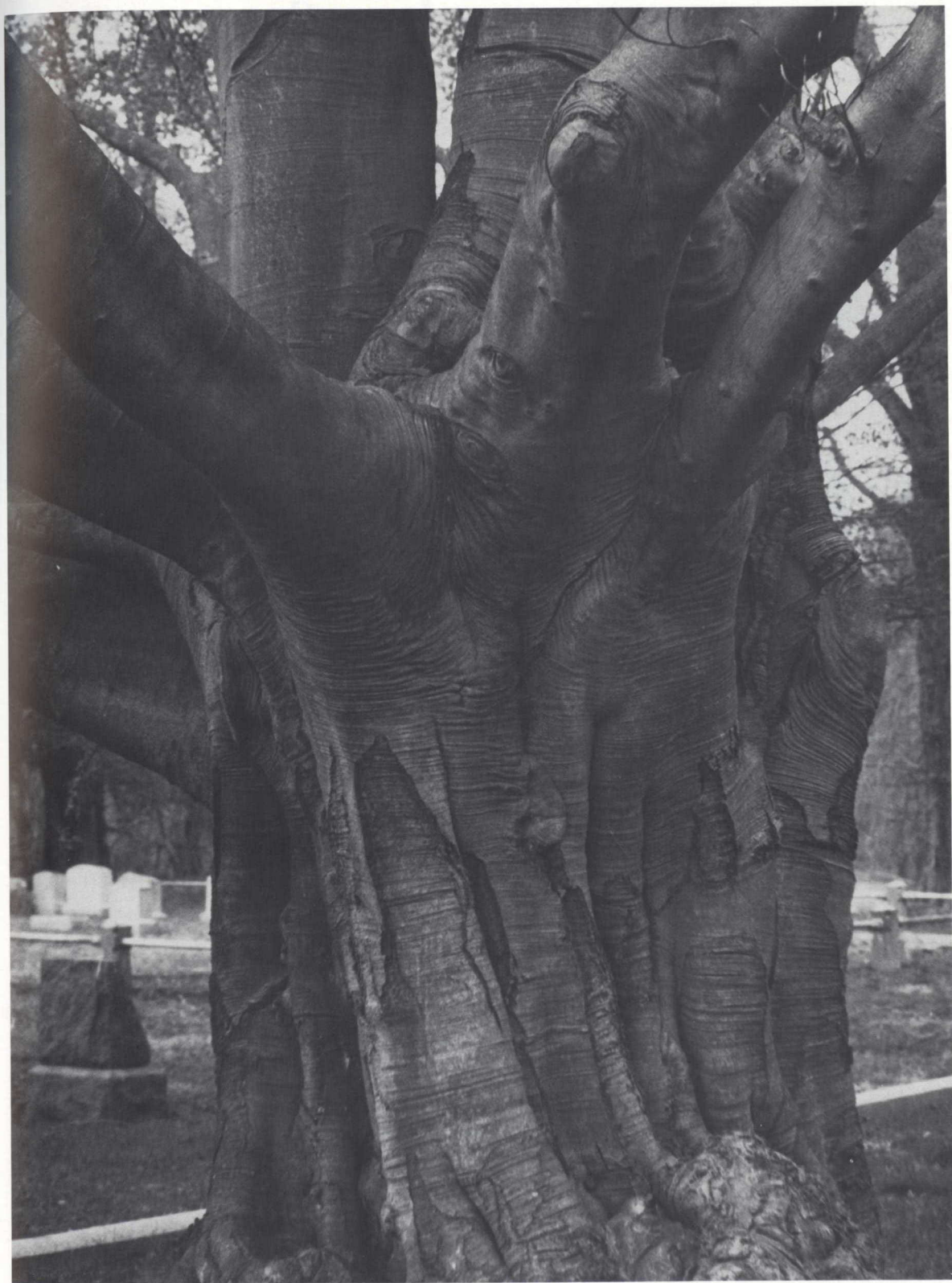
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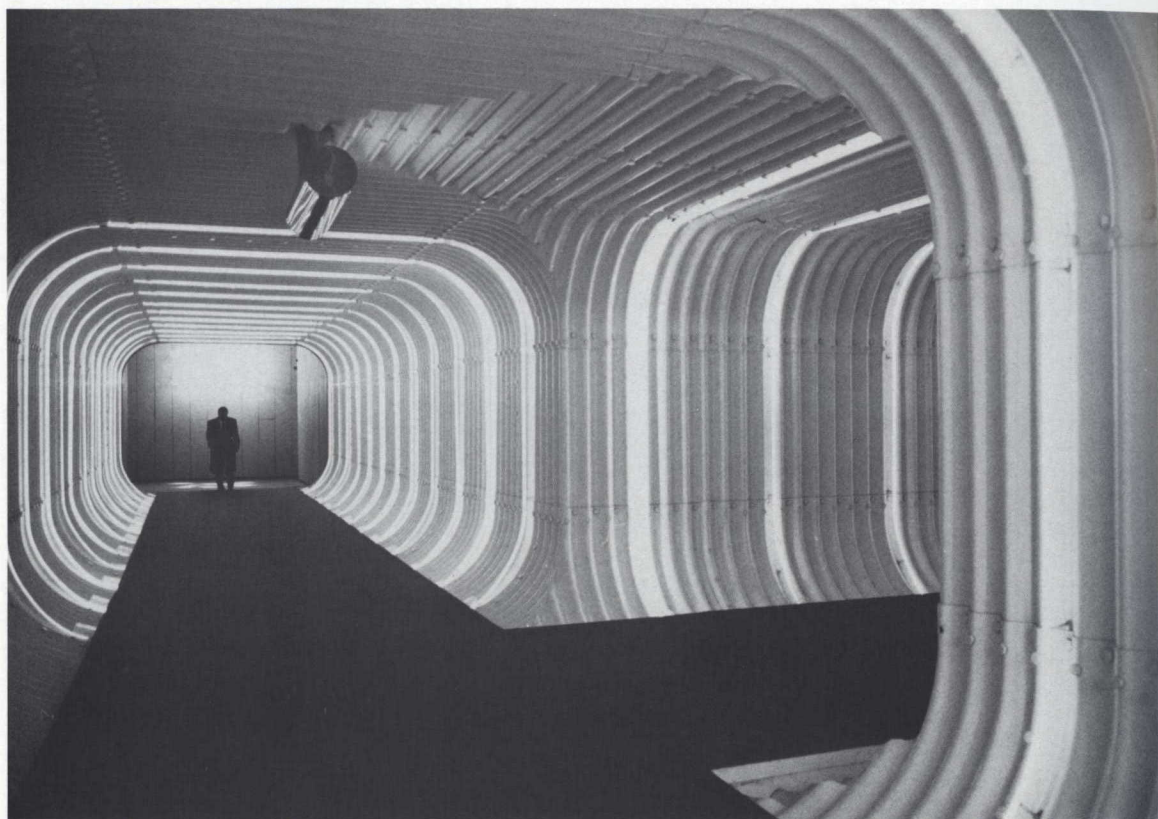
Adam Wallacavage



Adam Wallacavage



Haruko Hashimoto



Nancy McCloskey

Dreamplace

There is a tree
 outside my window
 that seems to touch
 the clouds
 at the top.

It is there
 that I see myself
 dancing
 no, floating
 with the man

Of my dreams
 caught
 in an
 eternal
 aura of love.

Margie Humes

Untitled #57

eyes of sky beneath the blue
shine deep as if the sun were closer
His sharp emerald outlets melting
as if the angry sun had gone
Pools of green parch
in this blue abyss
(And everything under the sun is in tune
But the sun is eclipsed by the moon)
Soft Steely Sheild
may stop the rain or
-perhaps-
force a man into hiding

Dallas Winston

Sacraments Of Surrender

I stumbled
tripped over in fact
the
soft and downy
duckfeather
lyricism
of
fatigue and relief
replumbing precision
weaving
on a loom
the
criss-crossed
and
decisive
midnight
by
the window sill
the pawn stars
illuminating
sacraments
of surrender
that
echo forever
the
void of night

John Wm. McCormick

Melting Snow

Looking at a picture
Staring out the glass
My "undying" love for you
Is now a thing of the past.

Feeling so broken
Torn and shattered
My heart feels so warn
and tattered.

I hate you
For making me let you in
The thought of climbing that
defensive wall
Just makes you grin.

I felt I needed you
Never wanting to let you go
But now I realize you're gone
Like the melting snow.

Dawn Shatouhy

That Wonderful Sense Of...

Two bright sapphires twinkle
Above their semicircular prisms.
A warm, resonant voice fills the room
And the corners of my consciousness.

He doesn't teach; he shares.
In giving that which he loves,
His passion, his enthusiasm, his joy,
Entice my mind.

As I yield to that energy
I am transformed.
No longer constrained by four cinder-block walls,
I travel through time and space
To visit Europe, Africa, Asia, and early America,
And am awed by the beauty
of human creativity.

Soon,
Much too soon,
It's time to return.
To here and now.

I step out of the classroom
and see a world changed,
A world that will never be the same
To me again.

Gerry Dierkes

Caged in Love

Carelessly walking toward the open field
With the walls at ease

He sees me

Alone

I turn Turn to see him

He is moving fast

Very fast

A net

Trailing behind him

Frightened

I run

Faster than I could breathe

Jumping up

To the early sky

Trying to get away

Trying to fly

Then something came over me

Something to make me stop

His net hurled onto me

Its weight

Caused me to drop

Whispering a few words

I refuse to hear him

Attempting to turn my head

I refuse to see him

Now all I see is a cage

He Called it

Love....

Dawn Shatoohy

She Made Other Plans

Under stress
a great hawk
circles
the absolute
condition
between
inhabiting and admiring
over fields
where we once
made love
in a dream
and
we
lay there
uniformly god-like
in repose
between
the spirit
and the world
where
your
soft locks tumble
without interval
and
my
tears are shed
undying
then
golden glints
of mourning
struck
between the eyes
and
lead feathers
dropping

John McCormick

Shadows

Deep in the heart
after dark,
as the moon
climbs the sky.
Shadows fall
like music to the ground
as softly,
as quiet,
as the dead,
they make no sound.
Every image
to its likeness
in exaggerated form,
void of color,
and dimension,
Here for a moment
to draw attention,
to that which shall endure.

Rick Kline



Of Peace (A tribute to Ethiopia)

It is hot
To reach for a glass of water is virtually impossible
Children's laughter has ceased,
for all their internal functions have been paralyzed.
Pity. Sympathy.
A family traveled for two hours to reach a truck of grain but it was
empty
by the time of their arrival.
I painted pictures of these helpless lives
but I used water color, the next time I'll use oil.
Continuity of pain.
Some would call it the devil's creation.
Perhaps this region is God's reach, But is there such an excuse?
Inevitable death.
Each cry is different, But they all derive from the same destitution.
Diminished bodies of brothers and sisters juxtaposed along the
desert land.
Hands could hardly meet in prayer.
If they bow their heads, they risk never lifting them up again.
Yet their spirits are as high as their strength allows.
Dignity.
They do not reveal bitterness, a smile alone veils their
disconcertment.
They have each other, if they can survive,
But where they come from, death is the state-
Of Peace

Laural Pinder

The Knight

Fear rules the Spirit
Wherein feelings of love abide
A mask hides these feelings
From the world
And a shield prevents their
Exchange with
Another kind soul.
Alas, what a terrible waste to
Keep passion and love locked
Tightly away
Where the sun does not shine
Nor do their
Flowers erupt in bloom.
Without sunlight and warmth, only
Cold and darkness survive

Margie Humes

Untitled

If I close my eyes, will I see blue skies?

Will it change the grey?
And make the tears go away?

Will I live forever?
Will I die never?

Will the rain go away?
And make me feel okay?

Will the clouds move?
And the sun soothe?

Will away go the grey skies...
If I just close my eyes?

Dorothea Laczó

Alone

Once again, it is night.

Alone,

I lay on my bed,

The dark, empty stillness

of the night surrounds me in my chambers;

I wish to sleep, but I can not.

My thoughts betray me, and keep me from slumber.

Memories of her echo about my mind.

I try to forget; but alas, my heart still calls for her.

Several seasons have passed since our departure;

yet my skin still recalls her touch.

My eyes envision her beauty,

and my heart remembers her love.

A tear escapes my eye.

Exhaustion finally takes hold; the lids of my eyes grow heavy.

Asleep I fall;

The tournament has passed for now,

But sleep is only a short term answer.

Another day will turn to night;

And once more my soul will weep,

For I am alone.

William J Ewing

My Heart's Content

My heart is heavy
My fear is strong
Our time apart
Is much too long

I sit alone
And wonder how
And why I feel so numb
Right now

I am alone
I'm not complete
This loneliness
I must defeat

The thoughts of you
They fill my mind
My soul - it swells
My love - it's blind

I finally meet
The moment when
With you I find
The time to spend

We loose ourselves
In one another
My heart's content
I found my lover

Laurie A. Massimiano

Anticipation...?

Geri Fox

She took one last look in the mirror. Each gleaming strand of hair was in its proper place. Just the right amount of blush accented the high cheekbones, and the almost cherry gloss made her lips shimmer. This was it - the moment was here - turn the lights out, walk down the steps, and hope he was enthused with his date for the evening. From the smile on his face, she could tell that her efforts were appreciated!

She looked back in her mind to when she had first met him. From across the room she had almost felt the warmth in his smile as he walked with a group of friends. They had seemed to be absorbed in what he was saying, which gave rise to her first impression - "he must be interesting to talk with." At one point, he put his hand on another fellow's shoulder and gave him a friendly pat. The closeness and friendship he generated seemed to envelop the crowd. "I'll be sincere," she thought.

As often happens in a situation like this, she casually began to move, inch by inch, toward the corner of the room where his group was standing. "If I could only catch his attention," she thought. Standing a few feet away from them, she heard laughter coming from the group; a deep, masculine laugh resonated above the others, and she knew it was his. In a few moments, the crowd seemed to be ending its discussion. It was, she thought, her chance to have him notice her. Trying to remember everything she had learned from other girls, she put a smile into her eyes and looked directly at him. She had read somewhere that the right eye contact could project your thoughts. Just then, the group began to disperse, and he moved in her direction. Sure enough, his eyes roamed the room and almost had no choice but to stop when they met her welcoming gaze. He moved closer, and she noticed his scent - a rich, deep, manly smell that reminded her of expensive leather. "Hi," he said, as a broad smile spread across his tanned face. "Are you with someone?" he asked. He got right to the point, she thought. She liked that in other people. Here was a man who didn't waste his time playing games. Following his cue, she answered "I am now."

"I'm Jack," he responded. He seemed to like her

forwardness as well. "Can I get you a drink?"

She appreciated the gesture; some guys might talk to you for an hour and still not offer you a drink. Another plus in his favor! Again, taking his lead, she said "I'd like that very much; some white wine would be nice." Her eyes followed his muscular, trim body as he walked to the bar. She noticed he was drinking Scotch and was grateful he wasn't holding a beer bottle in his hand as he returned.

As they talked, a slow number began to play and he asked her for a dance. She immediately responded, "Yes," as enthusiasm for an excuse to touch his body overcame her. As he led her to the dance floor, she became aware of his firm, but gentle hands. She knew at once that he was strong yet sensitive. Dancing, they carefully held each other, each getting used to the feel of the other's body movements. Quickly they fell into step together, and she relaxed in his arms. "Yes!" she thought, "I want to get to know him better."

All too quickly, the music ended and the dance was over. Suddenly a loud voice called out to him from the crowd. "Jack, are you coming with us?" Intense fear engulfed her; she didn't want him to leave. Although she had just met him, she felt like she had known him for years. Now he would leave with his friends and she would be without him. She would probably never see him again. Another "almost" relationship. Something she had read long ago fluttered through her mind - "Of all the sad words of tongue or pen...the saddest of these are 'It might have been.'"

Things started to happen much too rapidly to recall clearly. She vaguely remembered him saying something to his friends. Somewhere in her blurred memory was that he had gotten her phone number and said he would call. Then he walked away. She awakened from her semi-trance only to realize that she, again, was alone in the crowd. As quickly as it had happened, it was over. Would she ever see him again?

Now here he was - she stood in front of his charming smile - and the magic was about to happen all over again. Wasn't it?

Sisters

Noel Bingham

She was by far much prettier than I. Her almond shaped blue eyes were fringed with long black lashes; she had chestnut colored hair and sculptured cheekbones. Everywhere we went, people were captivated by her Irish beauty. I would stand off to the sidelines and jealously smolder as friends and strangers alike would exclaim, "Where did you get all those freckles?" Her good grades came easily to her. Her bedroom was never a mess. As a youngster, she was always compliant with our parents' wishes. In short, she was the good one. And I hated her with a passion.

In retrospect, I know I never truly hated her. I believe my childhood relationship with my sister was fairly normal. We were the best of friends and the worst of enemies. We had our fair share of physical violence: hitting, punching, kicking, hair pulling and spitting was not beneath us. Verbal abuse had its place, too. On the other hand, in our good moments, we could spend the entire day engrossed in our make-believe world of play, with nary a word of dissent.

When my sister entered her teenage years, I felt the loneliness of being left behind. Overnight it seemed her interests changed from baby-dolls and fairy-tales to make up and the opposite sex. She was my steady supplier of candy and gum, not due to a generous nature on her part, but my wily methods of extortion. I knew of her smoking and drinking habits and made it clear to her that other family members of importance would know, too, if she didn't pay up.

In August of 1969, my sister was fresh out of high school, three months shy of her eighteenth birthday and pregnant. When she and the baby's father opted to marry, I was too immature to comprehend the step she was undertaking. But the scene that transpired between my father and my sister on the way to the church left an indelible impression on me. In a gentle tone, my father told my sister he loved her and if she wanted to call the wedding off, it was O.K. with him. In her quiet, resolute way, my

sister softly replied she loved Jerry and wanted to marry him. Yet I couldn't help but notice there was a whisper of sadness in her blue eyes.

It was about this time our relationship took a turn for the better. I suppose our growing up had much to do with it but our physical separation probably helped to speed things along. The time we spent together was no longer hindered by bickering and wrangling. We even started to do nice things for one another. I babysat (free of charge) for my nephew, whom I adored. She, in turn, never begrudged me any clothes I wanted to borrow. Our conversations were minus the gibes and jeers, but rarely went beyond a good-natured superficial level. We were not yet at the point where we could confide in one another.

Early on the morning of December 1, 1976, my sister phoned me to say she had taken a vacation day at work. She suggested I do the same so we could spend the day Christmas shopping at the mall. By ten a.m., we were on our way. Sidetracked by the pungent aroma of the mall's food court, we decided to break for an early lunch. Seated at our table, we delved into one another's secret thoughts and feelings. She shared with me her pain about her marriage break-up and venomous divorce. She also divulged her feelings of pride for returning to school to earn her degree. Engrossed in our conversation, we lost all track of the hours that passed. Late in the afternoon we dashed from the mall to collect Michael from school.

That evening, I stayed for dinner. Once again, we engaged in a serious conversation. This time, however, we discussed God, our faith, and how we fit into this complex puzzle. When dinner was over, it was time for me to take Michael to his grandmother's, where he was to spend the night. My sister deftly scooped her laughing six-year-old son into her arms and covered him with kisses. As I looked on, I had felt that our relationship was to continue in this direction. That day we had broken through barriers which had existed for years. I felt our bond as sisters could only grow stronger.

Ironically, I never had the chance to see my premonition come to fruition. Later that evening, Michelle was killed in an automobile accident.

That night, I learned a poignant lesson about the evanescence of life. I learned that youth holds no safeguard against death. Not once in those twenty-two years, do I recall ever telling Michelle that I loved her. Fifteen years after her death, that reality continues to haunt me. I will always treasure the memories of my sister, but a part of me will forever grieve that death so ruthlessly cheated us out of our future together.

Disappear

Run, Run to the end
And Find there is no end
To The Mind, to the eyes
to the end to start again

An end has come and mommy
told you not to go,
in a wonder you went
and now i'll take you away
Murder and Blood and Tears of a
world to Disappear to Die

Dead and now you're gone

Mommy cries, screams her pain
She knows nothing, Society
knows all
i've come to take you away
kill For Nothing, many lives
and i'm still alive
Put to sleep all that cries
Put to sleep all that Dies
Put to sleep Myself inside.

Sal Cerceo

Sixty-Five Dollar Divorce

The menacing
raven
left her calling card
in
polyvinyl relics
of
33 1/3
And
I thought
I had forgotten
he sound
of
slime-cup
tentacles

constricting

the half-dime
returnable bottle
of
wedded hell

I've returned
to that place
where
it solely occupies
my
mind.

John Wm. McCormick

The Fragile Flower

You planted the seed,
I did not want it to grow...
You watered it,
...in spite of me.
I warned you...
I told you I was afraid...
I did not know how to care for it...
...All My Flowers have Died!!
You did not listen to me--
"Thank God!"
And it started to flourish--
in spite of my fears!
... And it was *Beautiful* ...
... but **VERY FRAGILE!!**
In the end... it died ...
And I'm so afraid ...
it might bloom again ...
In *Spite of Me!!*

Geri Fox

The Nature Of Man

Shallow hallways of nothingness
is all one can see.

White floors and walls; no carpeting,
only the echoing footsteps
make it all clear.

A roaring train rushes by a crowd of marauders on the hunt
for a force that pulls them without giving an inch of room.

While children cry

for no reason known to man,

and all is made worse

by a scream in the distance.

Everyone looks but will not help the poor soul in distress.

For it is the nature of man to ignore

all that is not right or

UNFORGIVEN!

Mary E. Rivera

Soft Winds

I am the wind
gently kissing your cheek.
Making branches sway -
like our passion.

I am powerful, gentle,
unsettling, subtle.

Whispering through the pines;
Stirring memories in your mind
Of
Our love song.

Sarah Mercer Greis

Hand In Hand

My left hand,
small,
Not exactly fragile
but gentle
Freckles
extend from my
arm
and dot the Milk-pale skin
on my
hand
Two small scars
adorn my fingers
My small, freckled,
scarred left hand
is enclosed, enveloped in
your right.
It feels right.
Large tanned hand,
Strong
Guitar string-calloused
fingers lightly
touching my knuckles

Caressing the back
of my hand
I have
Never before known
that such a
hard working,
rough,
brave
hand
Could be so
Smooth,
Tender.
I
started with only
my own
Hand
But I shall end
with it in
yours.

Andrea Duncan

Incomplete Love

Many questions are left unanswered
Soft, sweet words are left unspoken
For when haunted eyes swim with deep emotion
They seek a loving soul as affection's token.

Gabrielle Bartholomew

Your Hands

Your hands
so strong yet gentle
Touch me
soft but sure
And I feel
your caring embrace

Your fingers
limberly stoke the chords of my desire
Caressing
my darkened soul
Intimately
your hands play me
Releasing
the music within

Erika Wolters

Sybarite

Seduced by Dalliance-
Genuine or fallacy?
Sirenical, epicurean, you are intensely desirous
You devour me, my aphrodisiac.

Love-making that is so beautifully capricious yet symphonic
Our bodies in harmonious frenzy
You become ever more graphic with my adored malleability.

You are wanton, my innocent debaucherer.
My flesh illuminates with the sweat of your body.
You provoke me with your animated and insatiable appetite.

I am saturated with eroticism exuded from your own anatomy.
You own my thoughts, my sensuous, sensitive lover.

Yvonne Tomasetti

Good-bye

Chip Bowers

The mirror polished, aluminum rims of my Camaro have ceased movement a foot from the curb of a dark, wet street on which they have rolled many times. Everything in the environment around me is peaceful. I feel the soft, lopey vibration in the cockpit of my car as the neon-green lights on my tachometer flutter rapidly from six to eight. A soft, slow, instrumental whistle from my speakers stirs a sharp pain in my chest. Walking slowly down the dark, wet sidewalk, she approaches me gracefully. I am experiencing the elements at the height of sadness. The moonlit sky casts a golden light on the side of her face and on her long blonde hair. Blue eyes and innocence hide a deep sadness in her heart.

As I open the door on her side of the car, the sweet smell of her perfume sends me in a daze. I see her as a great reward for years of loneliness. Her beauty adds a warm glow to my car's dull tan interior as she leans over to sit in the low reclined seat. I have a carefree look on my face as I light a cigarette from my chrome dash board. I waste time adjusting the switches on my stereo, trying to avoid the awkward first words of an uncomfortable conversation. She whispers a soft greeting that liquifies my body. It is implied that we are just meeting to exchange a few reminders to keep a warm feeling within us. She has a sweatshirt I have always envied in her arm with a letter softly tucked within its thick folds. Tightly, I grip a copy of our favorite cassette tape as it hides a letter I have earlier composed. The car has become silent as we both struggle to fight off the emotions breathing heavily within us. I give her an blank stare as though I do not want to be sitting next to her.

My discplayer crackles like static electricity as the disc revolves endlessly on pause. My car's idle drops to an even lower five to seven as the eight light dies in the silent darkness. She slowly passes me the shirt she is holding and I start to think of all the routine activities that are ending. I have become dependent on the high levels of satisfaction I experience from holding her soft

hands. She is sheer beauty at its finest; her skin as soft as rose petals. To me she represents the moral concept of every lonely man's wife. Her memory burns a gemlike flame throughout my body. I suddenly see the answer to all my problems leaving me to fend for myself. I feel tense as the wordless conversation continues.

I carelessly toss the neatly folded sweatshirt in the empty back seat and stuff the letter in with my rough-smelling cigarettes. I gently lay the cassette tape and letter on her tightly wrapped, black denim legs, feeling the plushness of her light yellow sweater. She offers me her hand as though she is waiting for me to escort her to the prom. I gently hold her hand, and for a brief moment, I feel the surge of energy I had gotten from our first kiss. Her eyes reflect a crystallized image of love. Her appearance gives the impression of a delicate baby chick; but, she is as emotionally strong as a mother hawk. I set her hand down showing no signs of sorrow. Looking at me from the corner of her eye with a look of disgust she quickly gets out of the car and slams the door shut.

I watch her flee down the icy sidewalk and enter her house. Suddenly I take a deep breath. Smelling her perfume I feel as though I am falling at the speed of light into a bottomless pit. I extinguish my cigarette against the bottom of my ash tray and light up the tachometer with a quick tap of the accelerator. I unpauses my discplayer and slowly drive off down the dark and lonely street.

PEGASUS

The Literary Magazine

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THANX A MILLION!!

LUV ALWAYS,

PEGASUS STAFF '91

