



# PEGASUS MAGAZINE 1991

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# **Pegasus Magazine**

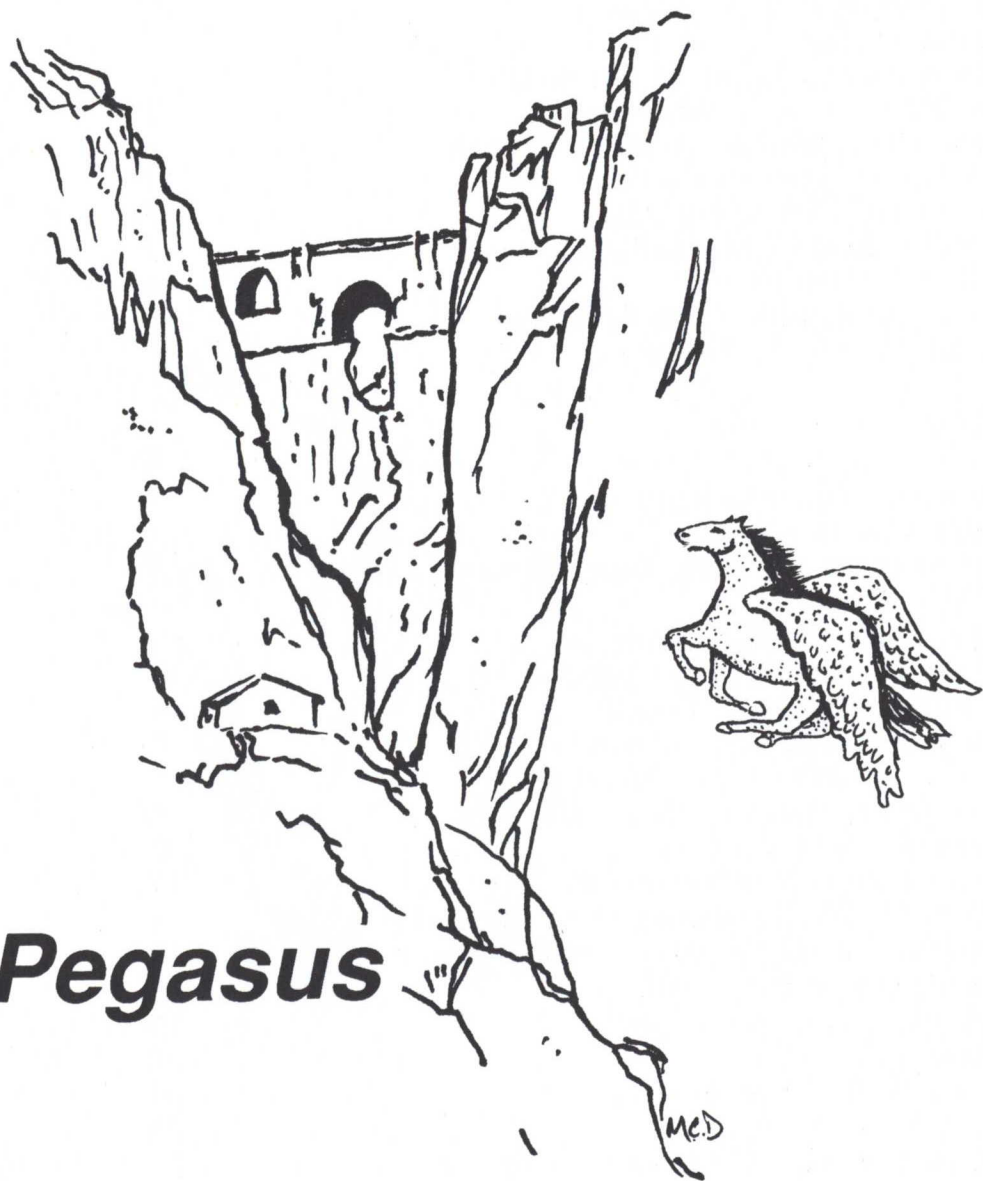
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Address all correspondence to The Editor, Pegasus Magazine,  
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***Pegasus***



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## **DARKHEART**

Your stormy eyes and  
Your brooding smile  
Stirred in me  
Things I had never known  
I never soared so high  
Or fell so hard  
Until I met you,  
Darkheart

*Andrea Duncan*

## **FRIENDS**

A pat on the back  
A quick little smile  
A fast wave "Hi!"  
Hey, we all need one.  
It makes our day  
much more bearable  
to know that someone  
actually likes our style.

Where would we be  
without our friends?

Someone to talk to  
Someone to share dreams with  
Someone to share hopes and fears.  
This world wouldn't be  
without people like you and me  
Together  
As friends.

*Lisa Dutka*

## GHOST RIDER IN THE RAIN

The MS150 bicycle ride,  
Down to the shore with its sand and its tide.  
It's cold, it's raining, and to make things worse,  
The wind is against us. Oh, what a curse!

I bow my head down, to wipe off my eyes,  
And now as they open, to my surprise,  
I see another cyclist 'neath my feet,  
He's riding below me, under the street.

The tips of our tires touch each other,  
I wave and he waves, my ghostly brother.  
I look at him with fond affection,  
This preternatural reflection.

My close companion is a good friend,  
He stayed right with me, up to the end.  
Tomorrow when the skies are clear,  
The sun will make my friend disappear.

No cause for alarm, not to despair,  
see him or not I know that he's there.  
All it will take is a little rain,  
And I will see my friend once again.

*Gerry Dierkes*



## WHO?

Who is it that I should wed,  
to share my life, to share my bed?

Who will be my closest friend,  
to talk and laugh until days end?

Who will love and teach our child,  
of life intense, but manner mild?

Who will let me reach my goals,  
by trying out life's many roles?

Who will travel far and wide.  
as we explore life's farther side?

Who will know so very much,  
but offer it with gentle touch?

Who will have a soul so dear,  
that little creatures show no fear?

Who will stop and smell the flowers;  
whose absence makes me count the hours?

Whose strengths and flaws merge well with mine;  
To whom shall I say -- "I'll be thine" ?

*Jay Arnold*

## **SIMPLE**

How wonderfully simple to choose one's forever  
Selection are obvious, choices so clear

Listening to all the reasons you give  
So infallibly logical, no reason for tears

You have it all planned, all your desires and dreams--  
From our beginning to end

"We're perfect together," you say over and over  
Like Scarlett and Rhett, like While and Wend

The zillions of hours that we share together  
In person and on the phone

Go by in a blink and we're left with the feeling  
Of suddenly being alone

We laughed at the Islams with irreverence galore  
We talk about cooking and guns

No subject is beneath our in-depth exploration  
No thesis immune to your puns

I inspire your poems; you inspire my spirit  
Not a bad trade off indeed

You build up my courage and as I grow closer  
I pull back when I feel the need

You scare me to death and yet you excite me  
That's a dangerous mixture at best

A large part of me wants to be part of your life  
I really can't speak for the rest

Getting back to the reason for writing this poem--  
So easy my choice seems to be

Unfortunately life is not quite so simple,  
Or maybe, quite simply, it's me.

***Elizabeth Ann McConchie***

## AN INSIDE VIEW

Where am I?  
What is this place?  
It is very quiet and dark. Diffused  
light drifts through cracks in the  
wall. The edges of these cracks are  
blunt, as if worn by time. I reach out  
to touch the wall. It feels as smooth  
and fragile as newborn hope. I peer  
through one large crack. There is  
another wall out there. A solid, mute  
stone wall surrounds this place.  
Someone's coming.  
Who's there?  
Oh, It's you.  
Why are you inside this place?  
What's that?  
You live here?  
I know this place; this must be my heart.

*Kellie O'Connor*

## THE SPRING

Oh,  
How I Do Love the Spring!

Daffodils, Hyacinths and Tulips,  
Pansies, Lilies and Snowdrops,  
Daisies, Primrose, Violets too,  
Dawn hand in hand with morning dew.

New green leaves on  
once barren treezes;  
The buzzing of  
furry little beezes;

Goldenrod, Ragweed,  
Warm scented breezes;

Aaachoo!  
And Sneezes.

*Carole A. Crispin*

## IX SONG To Celia

DRinke to me, onely, with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,  
And Ile not looke for wine.  
The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,  
Doth aske a drinke divine:  
But might I of Jove's Nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.  
I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered bee.  
But thou thereon did'st onely breath,  
And sent'st it backe to mee:  
Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,  
Not of it selfe, but thee.

*Ben Jonson*

## DEAR BEN

To my dear beloved Ben,  
You want me to be all yours.  
You don't want me to see other men,  
But you want me to do your chores.

The roses, they made me sneeze.  
My eyes were swollen too,  
I ask you to understand, please,  
Dear Ben, I just don't love you.

Your poem to me was neat,  
Except kissing a cup makes me ill,  
And about the roses my sweet,  
Next time you pay the bill!

*Heather Dawn Wenrich*



## ROMANTIC ERA

Outside how the wind doth blow.  
Yet, still you hear the knights cry, "Tally Ho!"  
Whilest crossing the village street, I spy,  
A flickering candle in the window,  
out of the corner of my eye.  
But Lo! Couldst that be the house of my lord?  
The one whom I most secretly adored!  
Ay, by heaven 'tis true, 'tis true!  
Oh, but he is a sovereign lord, and I a simple shrew.  
My Lord! You are so beautiful and I, so plain.  
Your spirit so wild, mine so tame.  
I have nothing...no gifts to bear.  
I only have my love to share.  
(Sigh) You are noble and I...poor.

Slowly I creep toward his door.

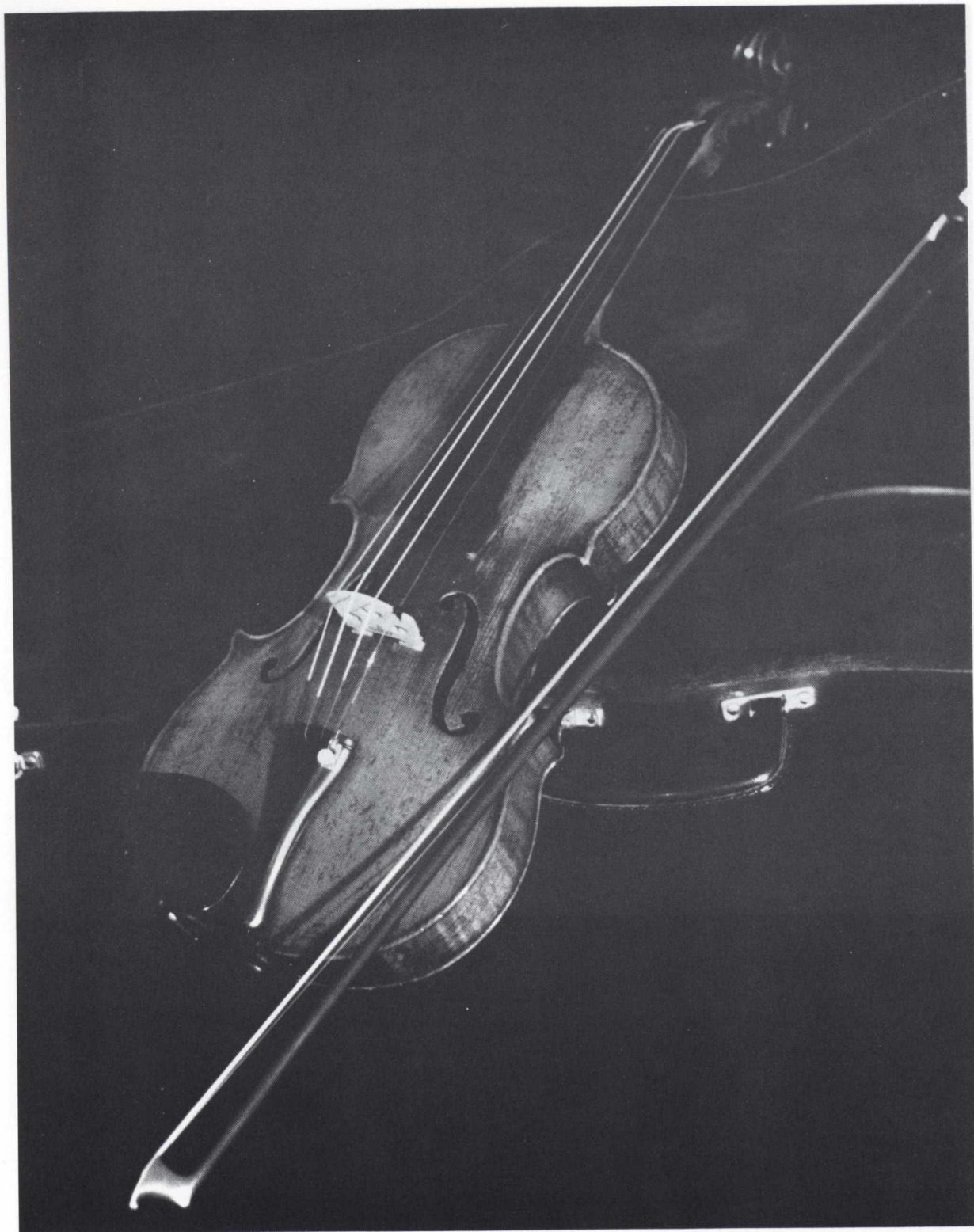
Carefully I pluck the flower from my hair,  
And in front of his door, I place it there.  
Lo, I wish I were that flower, reason be,  
Whether crushed by his foot or held, it touches thee.  
As I leave him, the rain pours about.  
I turn for one last glance and see  
the flame flicker out.  
A coldness cometh over me.

*Heather Dawn Wenrich*

## SAD AGAIN

Living lament  
    lingers lavishly  
Caressing it closely  
    selfishly basking in pain  
Joy passes swiftly  
    look on...she's gone  
Sorrow is savorable  
    succulent, substantial  
Surges slowly  
    swelling, abstrusely  
Profoundly lost in its grasp

*Jane Palouian*



***Violin Rest***

by Erika A. Wolters





***Maternal Reflections***  
by Carole A. Crispin



***Swan Lake***  
by Ellen Rosenkrantz





***Joe's Boots***  
by Ellen Rosenkrantz



**Mountain House**  
by Chris O'Malley





***Stairway to Apples***  
by Chris O'Malley



Learning closely to the fall's they fell

I read my eyes upon your words  
I can almost see them falling from your lips  
Like a sword reaching deep into my soul  
All the way down to my fingertips

And I pray  
names  
fall  
ing

Jennifer Perotti

**Chi**  
by Joann Colameco





by Michele L. Ahwash

## HEROES FALLING

I see the heroes hanging on your wall  
I see the floor plan in your head  
What do you do when your plan fails  
And your heroes, they all wind up dead?

I cast my eyes upon your words  
I can almost see them falling from your lips  
Like a sword reaching deep into my soul  
All the way down to my fingertips

And I pray  
(heroes falling)  
And I pray  
(they all fall down)  
And I pray  
(heroes falling)  
And I pray  
(they hit the ground)  
That you will make it there  
That you will make it there  
To the place you want to be  
Heroes falling

I see you throw caution to the wind  
Like you're conjuring up a spell  
Standing on the bones of the ones before you  
Listening closely to the tales they tell

I cast my eyes upon your words  
I can almost see them falling from your lips  
Like a sword reaching deep into my soul  
All the way down to my fingertips

And I pray  
    heroes  
        fall  
          ing...

*Jennifer Pezzotti*

## **SADDAM, THAT'S DAMN SAD**

### **To the tune of "The Beverly Hill Billies"**

Let me tell ya'll a story 'bout a man named Saddam  
Rich desert man, tried to build an atomic bomb,  
Then one day he started dumpin' Kuwaiti gas,  
And we moved in and kicked his freakin' ass  
Rambo style...First blood.

Well the next thing you know, Hussein ran home and hid  
Allied forces said "Saddam, look what you did,"  
They said "You know that hell is the place you oughta be,"  
So they blew his whole palace to the bottom of the sea.  
The Persian Gulf....He choked on stolen crude.

And now it's time to say goodbye to Saddam and all his scudds  
We see he's like those missiles, a bunch of freakin' duds,  
He's still invited back next week to this locality,  
To get his ass kicked once again by high technology.  
Cruise missiles...Stealth bombers  
This one's for all the allied troops....  
Y'all come back now, ya hear.

*Mick Bernardo, AKA Mo Lenrd*

## **SOMETIMES I FEEL**

Frustration  
Desperation  
Now I'm frantic  
Don't want to panic  
But sometimes I feel so alone  
Manic depression  
Self expression  
Falling back  
Into the black  
Sometimes I feel so alone  
Humanity  
Insanity  
Hand in hand  
Buried in sand  
Sometimes I feel so alone  
Don't want your book  
Take another look  
At who I am  
And where I stand  
Because sometimes I feel so alone

*Andrea Duncan*

## SCARY VOICES

Scary voices echo still  
Breaking the silence, my brain they fill  
Deafening waves; my sanity killed  
Painful messages from they that willed  
And as time passes, inside me they drill  
deeper still  
Oh, so icy my soul they chill

*Robyn Callahan*

## THE BITCH BETWEEN US

She's a skyhawk  
She's a raven coming down on me  
She's a scavenger  
She'll be a killer looking over me  
She's a pillow  
She'll let me rest my head  
She's a bitch  
She'll bark at other bitches instead  
She's a 25th century senator  
She'll lock up a dreg and throw away the key  
She's my lover  
Though love has no place between her and me  
    Raise a glass to the new groom and bride  
    And hope the bitch lets her fire subside.

*David Jon Mayer*



## I DREAM

I m a dream  
in there  
I exist  
to hold  
the sky  
for  
ward ev  
en though  
this  
is traveling  
too fast  
to re  
cog nise  
No  
Not to  
understand  
for the reasons  
of  
today  
I relinquish  
even the  
mastery  
of a  
senseless  
timeless  
effort ful  
complacency  
through  
this dream  
we existed  
once  
again

To Dream  
of the  
day in  
the past  
I had  
a dream  
last night  
Dre a m  
for you  
in the past  
with you  
I Dream  
we were  
together  
-gain ;a  
in the  
past  
My Dream  
I wish  
it was  
true  
And her name  
was MARY  
to even them  
then that that  
statement  
is heard  
We could have  
b e n  
e

*Don Kahler*

## NANCY'S EYES

your eyes  
like matches from Ohio  
blue  
with a spark  
fire

I like the glisten  
low grade film effects  
perfectly warm  
Nancy, it's you and Patty Duke  
and I who lay watching years later  
alone  
admiring your wardrobe  
so dated but fashionable  
desirable

the silent film star (whatever her name is)  
has she an attractive voice  
or is it a cat-stroked violin  
Nancy, yours is  
inherited from Frank  
Yours is not like Kate Hepburn's  
and your eyes like diamonds  
iced water and coral sea  
not mine  
my sea dark sand  
my ice ash; the closest I come to your fire  
Your life isn't mine  
far, so far and long apart we are  
but in my eyes  
your walking boots sing to me more than you  
Nancy, your eyes  
I see through them  
the hole of pins  
in them  
blood burning deep  
on them  
my tongue tasting your allurements; drawing me in  
never completely  
too dimensional  
too distant in time and space  
for your eyes to see mine

*Chris Shenkel*

## FINAL SECONDS

---

*Robyn Callahan*

He screams out in agony, an agony beyond his wildest comprehension of pain. It is excruciating; deranging every joint of his body, every muscle, mercilessly, as if with a secret vengeance. Still he fights and struggles, feverishly sucking in pain riddled breaths, writhing, coughing up his own blood. He knows that death will soon find him and engulf him in its dark shadows, and he welcomes it as an escape from his painful captivity. He finds himself wishing for death as the seconds, seeming like hours, slowly tick by.

As he lays there, what is left of his mangled arm is bleeding profusely. His face is an almost fleshless mess of blood, features unrecognizable. The blood trickles down the sides of his face into his hair, consuming its once golden-blond luster with a death-like, red glow. And strewn all about him are the huge sheets of crumpled scrap-metal that were, only moments before, his beautiful, red Corvette racing down the highway. The car, is as destroyed as he, yet immune to the gut-wrenching call of death.

Breathing becomes more and more difficult and labored, as razor blades of pain slice through his lungs with every gasp. His sight grows dimmer, and death is so close that he can smell its sickening aroma and feel its coarse, jagged edges slowly creeping about him. He begs God not to prolong his suffering, ("let me die, God. let me die") to let him finally be at peace.

Then suddenly, as he is slipping away, a hazy grayness floats into his mind. It is cold, yet mesmerizing; like a T.V. screen turning into an open station. And then there are pictures, converging onto the empty, gray void from every direction. Pictures of yesterday, and everyday that had ever been before. People and places, vivid and bold, as if being plucked out of the farthest reaches of his mind, and against his will.

He does not want to remember the beauty these pictures are showing him, the beauty of his past, for it only makes him think of the beauty, things never seen, forever unseen, of his future—a future that is now a blur of nothingness. And then there are the feelings of the past sweeping over him in waves. Again he thinks of his future, and all that is forever undone, left to experience. It is all slipping away now, into the irretrievable black hole of death.

His visions, like burning embers in his mind, sear through to his very soul. Suddenly, his physical pain fades in comparison to his mental anguish over all that he will soon lose forever. And out of loss and longing still for life, he weeps. (Tears can't help me now.)

The futility of it all makes the tears stream down heavy and hard from his half-closed eyes, their salt burning his terribly wounded face. He sucks in a long and quivering breath, hoping....hoping for what? He doesn't know anymore. He spends his final seconds of existence pondering ancient questions of the past and vainly wishing for a future.

There is a sudden rush of coldness as the last lingering drop of life drains out of him. His body relaxes, and his eyes drift aimlessly off into the unknown. Finally he is at peace.





## **Somebody Else's Mother**

---

*Sue Hunt*

I never really knew my mother's mother. Although she died only a few years back at the ripe age of 98 (she was trying for 100 to get that letter from the President), I never really knew her.

She didn't speak very much English. Having immigrated to this country from her village in Italy at the age of 20, she left her family behind never to see them again. Upon arriving in America, she lived with a brother and his wife. Being so fair skinned and blue eyed she could have had her pick of suitors, but because her sister-in-law demanded much of the dowry she had brought with her, she realized that marriage, for her, must come soon. She met my grandfather while she was being courted by another man. Pop, on their second meeting warned the other gentlemen that he would marry her and he did.

She conceived ten times, but delivered only seven healthy babies. The others were a stillborn and two miscarriages. One summer she and Pop went without shoes in order to save and buy a house in South Philly. They spent summers in South Jersey picking vegetables with their six surviving children. This is what many Italians did for work back then. Finally Pop bought 20 acres or so of a farm he had been working. Winters were spent in the city, summers in the country, until they spent all year on the farm. As the children married, each were given an acre on which to build a home and farm. Three did, three didn't.

Whenever we went to Grandmom and Pop, it was always a great time- so much family in one area. On every occasion, Grandmom would greet me the same way: She would say, "Oh, Suzanna, don't cry for me," then go off on a story about the old country, and I would discreetly call for an interpreter. I never got to know her.

She underwent major surgery for cancer while in her late seventies. The doctor gave her a few years to live; she lived twenty plus. But, in those last years, she started to show signs of needing care, full time care. Yet in this day and age of retirement communities and nursing homes, the care would be provided for her by her family in her home. Rotating shifts, and juggling schedules, we did whatever it took to keep Mom at home- no fanfare, no pats on the back, just love and loyalty. Seems a bit old fashioned, but that is how the family worked, and survived all those years.

Grandmom died on New Year's Eve. That last drive to her house had me reliving all of my childhood Sundays and holidays. This woman, who had created so much life, was a stranger to me.

"Oh, Suzanna, don't cry for me."

I did cry, Grandmom, when I placed the rose on your coffin. I cried. I cried because I was saying goodbye to a woman I never took the time to get to know, the woman I was named after.

"Oh, Suzanna, don't you cry for me.  
I've come from Alabama  
with a banjo on my knee."  
(Did she know that my husband plays the banjo?)

Five days after Grandmom passed away, I gave birth to my second child, a daughter. She was named after her grandmother just as I was named after mine.

"Oh, Suzanna, don't cry for me."

"OK, Grandmom, I won't!"



## DREAMS

Dreams come from being tired;  
Tired of thinking,  
Tired of listening.  
Go to another world,  
a world full of dreams,  
A world you create  
for your own self-sanity.

Dreams keep us going.  
They help us reach our goals.  
Without dreams,  
Where would we be?  
In a world full of zombies,  
Listening only to facts,  
No laughter, no fun,  
Just plain boredom.

Dreams are another life,  
a life within us all.  
Some that we wish would happen,  
Others that just fade.

Dreams tell us stories  
That we can't always understand.  
They're just a way of relieving  
All of our aggressions  
And fears.

In a life of fantasy  
We are all free.  
Free to live, free to love,  
Free to be free.

*Lisa Dutka*

## CRIMSON SUNSET

Flaming clouds  
Eerie lights  
That sear across  
The late day's sky  
As colors swirl  
Like heat waves  
Shimmering in the air  
The sun is a blazing disk  
Shining fire here and there  
Crimson, orange and  
Streaks of fuchsia  
Shading to lavender  
Glowing yellows and royal blue  
Every hue  
Shifting and colliding  
Spinning in a vortex  
Of awe and grace  
Each one different  
From one day  
To the next  
As close to perfection  
as nature ever gets  
the intense beauty  
Of a crimson sunset

*Gabrielle Bartholomew*



# ***Pegasus Staff***

***Editor in Chief***.....Carole A. Crispin

***Faculty Advisor***.....Al deProspero

***Production Manager***.....Carole A. Crispin

***Art Editor***.....Lisa Dutka

***Office Manager***.....Andrea Duncan

***Production Staff***.....Andrea Duncan  
Lisa Dutka

***Pegasus Readers***.....Gabrielle Bartholemew  
Andrea Duncan  
Lisa Dutka  
Ed Harrison  
Jane Palouian  
Erika A. Wolters

***Faculty Readers***.....Sandra M. Bennett  
Al deProspero  
Harry LeFever  
George Spillane



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**From The Pegasus Staff  
Of 1991**