



Pegasus

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Pegasus Literary Magazine

**Vol. XXVI, No. 1
Spring 1993**

Pegasus Literary Magazine is published biannually by the students of Delaware County Community College, Media, PA 19063. The magazine is sponsored and funded by the College's student activities program.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Poetry N' Prose

I Remember It Well	James Morett	1
A Valentine Story	Phyllis A. Edwards	7
Institution	Yvonne Tomassetti	8
Courtroom Gloom	Timothy McCarthy	9
Thinking of You	John Fitting	10
More Than Friendship	Andrea Duncan	11
Time Stands Still	Mary E. Rivera	12
Future Questions	Lisa Dutka	13
Graffiti on This Desk	Andrea Duncan	14
Baby Pictures	John Wm. McCormick	14
On the Nature of Friendship	Keith Flippin	15
Love	Nicole Kaminsky	16
Silent Screams	Heather Walsh	25
Out of the Blue	Yvonne Tomassetti	25
The Awakening	Carole M. Joyce	26
Fifteen	Raeleah Caffrey	27
Clicks	Steve Kressler	28
My Pen	Wayne Kueler	28
Admission	Tina Makriyianis	29
Not Quite Spring	Susan McCabe	29
A Hopeless Romantic's Reasoning	Glenn E. Williams	30
Tearstorm	Sharon McLaughlin	31
Darkness of Man	Jessica A. Atchison	31
Forgotten Dreams	Gabrielle Bartholomew	32
Have You Ever Stopped and Looked Around	Cindy Sue Durbana	33
OH Coffee	Michael Harrison	34
Untitled	Heather Walsh	35
Anal Retentive Lover	Michael Harrison	36
Whispering Touch	John Wm. McCormick	37
Classroom Limbo	James Morett	38
Bad Mood Guy	Keith Flippin	39
The Best Job You Never Had	John Heron	40
A Stitch In Our Relationship	Kat DeGroat	42

Aviary	Carole M. Joyce	43
Swords	Jessica A. Atchison	44
What Now?	Steve Kressler	44

Photos N' Artwork

"Pegasus Under Fire"	Kat DeGroat	iv
"Creature Within"	Linda Shaffer	17
"Contemplation"	Amy Mutchler	18
"Simplistic Realities"	Amy Mutchler	19
"Ephemoral Moments of Youth"	Amy Mutchler	19
"Mary"	Sue Farrell	20
"Curiosity"	Amy Mutchler	20
"Passageway"	Nancy McCloskey	21
"Untitled"	Lisbeth Storandt	22
"Untitled"	Andrew P. Hamilton	23
"Angel of Death"	Lisa Hutchinson	24

Cover Design

"My Soul"	Dawn Shatouhy
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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 winner is chosen by the editor and the managers in conjunction with the faculty advisor.



First Prize Winner

I REMEMBER IT WELL

I stood out in the rain, the bus finally came. I got on, and that old Harry Chapin tune, Taxi, came to my mind. I really did not like the song too much, but it was just one of those things, when a particular song comes to you and you cannot get it out of your head.

So I got to the 69th Street Terminal, and waited for the last exit to Brooklyn -- I mean -- the last exit to Media; and still, I kept singing Taxi. I tried purposely to sing other songs out loud, but my efforts were futile, it kept continuously ringing through my thoughts.

I was still out in the rain when the trolley finally came. I got on, and still Harry Chapin haunted me from beyond his grave. We rolled on down the line, and outside the weather was getting worse. It looked as though I would have a long walk from the trolley stop to my girlfriend's apartment. I was dreading every step of the way, but it was nice to know that I had a beautiful girl and a warm apartment waiting for me. Outside the weather was still getting worse.

You see, "it was raining hard," but yet, not "in 'Frisco." I had not "needed one more fare to make my night." In fact, one more fare on the Media trolley would have been an extra forty cents. I did not have any change, so it looked like I would be giving a dollar to the indifferent-looking Septa slug running the trolley car. They would rape me of the extra sixty cents--apart from raping me of the extra forty. But the worst was to be expected nowadays, and that continual expectation of the worst was something that really pissed me off.

Besides my blossoming love life, the past two months had been a nightmare. Bad luck had set its evil fingers upon me, and now it clawed its way into my conscience. It left me wondering, questioning: Was there such a thing as luck? Or was it just me? Was the tone being set for the rest of my adult life? or was it just a temporary back-breaker that would help me appreciate the finer things in life? These answers were up to me.

These thoughts brushed across my hopeless contemplations as if in the form of a waterless tear -- saying: "Aaa boooo- hoooo- hoooo- hoo." I felt kind of ashamed, kind of sorry I was feeling sorry for myself actually. Afterall, it was not really that terrible. For example, none of my family or

friends had died or anything. This was not any kind of tragic accident, or sadness, or murder mystery-- like the movies. This was just real life, just a real pain in my ass.

Just then my stop came up; and at Bowling Green and Providence Road, I hopped up in my big, tan Timberland boots, grabbed my bag and marched forth to the front of the trolley. The trolley slid to a stop, I slid my dinero into the slot, and hopped off the trolley into a 1:30 A.M., December chill. All the while Harry Chapin played on.

Did I mention "it was raining hard," but yet, not "in 'Frisco." Also, I had not "needed one more fare to make my night," but interestingly enough, Lady Blue up ahead waved to flag me down, and I stopped dead at the light.

It appeared that as I started to race down Providence Road in a heavy downpour, trying to get the song Taxi out of my head, singing, "We've got Mother Nature on the run in the 1970's," from Neil Young's Live Rust, I was stopped by a cop. Lady Blue in the nice, dry warm police car, pulled me over and said, "Where you goin' to?"

I began to answer, but his police radio drained out the volume in the air-- funny how it sounded like Pat Conlan on the radio. The radio cut off, and Lady Blue tongue-lashed the receiver, "Yeah, I got him down here on Providence Road."

It startled me for a second, I almost believed I was in trouble. Certainly I was the only one on the road in the pouring rain as 1:30 in the morning, and he was one of less than a handful of cars I had seen on the road. I was actually on trial for a second, until I came to my senses and realized that I had the trolley as my alibi and the Septa slug as my witness. Luck had nothing to do with this, so I was alright for the time being.

"I just got off the trolley," I barked at Lady Blue, as I handed him my I.D.

"It's okay," he reassured me, "but I'm just going to check things out to make sure."

I added that I was just going down the road a mile or so to my girlfriend's address, but trying to get through Lady Blue's possibilities for suspicion was like pulling teeth. I was very polite though. I just wanted to hear him tell me to be on my way. Apparently, there had been some sort of burglary in the neighborhood, and he said he just needed to check things out, so I obliged. What choice did I have.

After a few minutes I got my license back, and jammed it into the inside pocket of my wallet, slung my lightweight travel bag up underneath my arm, and began to run down the wet, uneven sidewalk in the rain. I felt as if I were carrying a deflated rugby ball.

It was strange. I had a sudden surge of adrenaline from the whole incident. Perhaps my interrogation had served a purpose afterall. Perhaps my it would allow me enough energy to turn the half mile walk to my beloved lover's apartment into an all-out, healthy jog.

I figured that if I could build strength for endurance from the energy I felt, I could step all the way there. I would not even get sick from slowing down-- letting my body heat build in the chill of the cold, cold rain. That was the plan: do not stop or let up.

I was determined to get to that apartment-- that was all I thought about as I ran down the road. I was making quick cuts, thinking I was Heath Sherman on a 23 Heather dive through the middle of some invisible Redskin defense. I was beginning to feel good about myself as I danced through the rain. I had not even seriously considered my utter stupidity at this point of the night, but it arrived much to my chagrin, when Lady Blue's patrol car slowly crept by me on the road.

He passed by me slowly enough that I could make out the curious expression on his face. He knew where I was going, but a ride just a half a mile down the road, was certainly out of the question. I think he was just checking out the freak show on the side of the road. He drove by me in the dark, rainy night in his proper, bloody do-good'n seat of morality, and raised a limp, friendly hand in my direction. I almost thought he was going to chute the horn at me a few times.

I came to a stop-- letting up on my promise to keep on moving. Droplets of water ran from my nose, my body was drenched to the bone, and in that moment of displaced animosity, I hated that copper. I mean I hated that son of a bitch and his friendly little wave.

I think this was where I found an inner strength that helped me run like the wind in an all-out sprint nearly a half mile to my girlfriend's apartment. I ran past the intersection at Five Points Road, passing the Schwinn Bike Shop. I ran past the Little Inn. I ran past the old Providence Court apartments-- a little slow now, I remember well.

Another silent rage rose inside me. I would not even be running down the road right now, if it were not for a certain fat, brainless loser, sleeping in those apartments. I would not have had to take the 104 Septa to 69th Street, or the Media Trolley. I would have been alright if I had not trusted this bastard to work on my truck. He had bent the valves in my engine - ruined it - and then tried to blame it on someone else. Can you believe the nerve of some people?

This was not a case of bad luck either, this was just really poor judgement on my part. I knew this guy to be a lying, rat bastard in my childhood, and I knew then that I should have known better than to trust him

with my truck-- let alone my friendship. I could not get any money from the border-line mental patient, because he was out of a job and mooching off his parents. I considered crashing through his apartment window, dragging him out of bed and beating him senseless, but that would not do any good, that would just add to the rest of my problems. I figured, if I never saw him again, it would be too soon; and if I did see him, maybe I would punch his lights out.

I was pretty angry, but I had to stop replaying the situation in my head. I had to worry about myself. I had to keep on keeping on-- forever forward.

Afterall, I was in love with a beautiful girl, and my attitude felt oh so righteous. It was a great feeling. I always knew it would be great. I had been chasing this girl for who knows how long-- imagination shrouds my recollection of time. But I loved her, and we were both really into each other.

She had called me earlier that night and asked me to come over. I had accepted the invitation most graciously, and here I was, without transportation. I was in the midst of love and I could picture her burning desire, so transportation was of no consequence. I had decided to make the bus-to-the-trolley run.

I hung up the phone, I packed up some clothes and headed out to catch the 104-- bound for 69th Street. It had started off as a fairly nice night, a little cold but it was clear. I waited on the corner, and I waited and I waited, and after some time, I ran to the Seven-Eleven and called her. I told I would be a little late, because of the public transportation distraction, but she reassured me that she would wait up. Her voice was pleasant to hear. I hung up the phone and revelled in the greatness of my "soul" achievement.

The rain began to drizzle out, but that did not matter, I knew that the night would turn into something of a mission. The more odds there were against me getting there, the better it would make me feel in the long run. Just then, I saw a bus go by, and I realized, that at the moment I had gone to call her, I had missed this bus and would have to wait for the last bus to come. This was rough, but it did not even phase me. I spent the time imagining our past encounters.

I wondered how much time lovers actually spend just imagining future details between themselves. I did it quite a bit, I will tell you.

I always loved the idea of sharing a bed and a T.V. in an apartment with my particular girl. I also loved the idea of having a girlfriend who would invite me over, cook dinner, and share all the potential pleasures of the body with me. I mean, what more could a guy ask for. Well, I also loved the Philadelphia Eagles. especially, those Eagles-Redskins, or Eagles-Giants

games, the battle of the Titans match-ups-- loved it.

Well, one Monday night, a couple weeks back, it had all come together, and it was purely genuine. It all happened one time one night, oh so right. Dinner was cooked and consumed, and I lay on the bed-- paging through an English book. When the dishes were done, she came running in and jumped on the bed and bit me. I mean she bit hard, right on my ass through my blue, blue jeans. I jumped up suddenly, and then I laughed a little bit.

It was the perfume in the air and the emotion in her smile that could drive me wild. Her red lips called out my name, and her long legs and soft caress became one with my most intimate desires. It was an ecstasy that far surpassed any first quarter exhilaration in any heated NFC Eastern Division rivalry I could ever imagine. Our passion filled the better part of the first half, and afterward, I laid back and enjoyed watching the most thorough ass-kicking of a powerful team, which I think I have ever witnessed. It was the night of the famed body-bag game, when the Eagles slaughtered the Redskins. And I remember it well.

Memories like these come easy when you are trudging down Old State Road in the pouring rain. I had no more recollections of Lady Blue and the worn out Harry Chapin tune; I had been through enough to realize that the only substantial memory in my head, was the memory of my girl.

Now I was right around the corner from her. I ran up the outdoor steps, swung open the door, and ran up some more steps. My breath was heavy and my muscles were aching from exhaustion. I was trying to think of something funny to say when she opened the door, but I guess it was probably funny enough that I was soaking wet and the Media cops had flagged me down.

I knocked on the door, and waited. Nothing. I knocked on the door a little louder. Still nothing. I could probably have knocked on the door all night, but I did not want to wake up half the building. She slept like a log.

So, with all my exhausted body heat, and heavy breath, and bottled-up animosity, I stepped back out into the pouring rain. I felt like a ghost, hauling around my twenty-ton bag and my exhausted, miserable, soaking-wet frame down Sate Road at 1:45 A.M. on a weekday night in mid-December. I was the only one out, and I was one miserable bastard.

I called collect from a dripping-wet pay phone, and a weary, slumbering voice accepted the charges. I took a deep breathe, and said: "Get the hell up and open the goddamn door."

"Alright, I don't need to be talked to like that," she answered, and hung up the phone.

Lost in a total state of disarray, I did not know whether to rip the phone out of the wall, or to call back and apologize so I can be let in out of the rain. Well I instead mustered up every ounce of dignity I had and walked back to the apartment. If she fell back to sleep, or refused to let me in, I was going to break the door down.

So I got there, knocked once, and she opened the door and quickly walked back down the dark hallway to the bedroom, half awake. My bag hit the floor as I stepped into the apartment. I ran a wet hand over the cat's arching back. I nestled into a broken recliner, and did not even turn on a light. I just sat there in the dark.

I thought about us living together in years to come. Perhaps we would be happier. We were happier with each other's company now, it was just that there were so many obstacles and so many burdens that drove us apart. Besides, we were young lovers, so the odds were against us from that standpoint. I thought of a few ways it would never happen-- and I felt awkward. I began to question: Is this what I really wanted? Is this what she really wanted? Would things change in years to come?

There were so many things I wanted to do, but I felt like I was being held back. I thought about my closest friends, who I had not seen lately-- between school and the fact that I had no transportation. I thought, if those guys could see me now; if they could back the cameras up on my life, or look through a crystal ball, they would have a good, hardy laugh.

I was feeling better now. I was drying off in the warm apartment. I was totally relaxed, contemplating my completed journey. Yeah, I had made it alright, but nobody saw or felt what I went through to get here. I was just a big boob for making the journey to begin with.

I took off my soaking wet clothes, dried off with a towel, and got into bed. I laid down in the double bed and went to sleep. This was the extent of my existence, but I very much enjoyed it, with all its subtle enthusiasm and ever-elusive excitement. And I remember it well.

James Morett

Second Prize Winner

A VALENTINE STORY

It's Valentine's Day and I stop at the florist's for one white rose. It's been three years now. Three years and three roses and this year I'll need a red one, too.

So I pick up the roses and I pick up the kids and I go to the cemetery. And we stand there with our separate memories and our common wish.

We all have our roles here. Jen brushes the headstone clean and Joe looks for a rock to weigh our flower down. Fran pats my arm and says "I hope you're not going to cry." And I don't.

They say time heals all wounds. I guess that's true. I know I don't cry the way I used to.

After a moment we move away. A little further down the row we stop at a place where the grass is sparse. It's been disturbed recently and hasn't grown back yet. Here we place the red rose. White is for remembrance and red is for life and Pop's loss is so recent it's still a part of our life. So Jen brushes the dirt from the headstone and we pick up some fallen leaves and we say a prayer.

We pray for both these men...father and grandfather...parted from us now. I look at the sky and the wind is moving along, carrying the clouds with it now and for just a moment I sense a spirit and a force exulting in the freedom. And there's a whisper on the wind "I know peace". And for those two at least I know all torment and pain has ceased.

Phyllis A. Edwards

Third Prize Winner (Tie)

Institution

Thru the halls of ancient and shining tile
The sound of single footsteps reverberate
Symphonic voices exuding from the wooden barriers
Religiously depicting their tattered egos
Glass passages to brick and plant courtyards
break the monotony

An echo of conversation rattles down the stairwells
Questions abound with a multitude of options
Descending this worn path
Into a motley occupancy of graced fixtures
Cool moisture breathes colour thru the facets of nature
Psychological daydreams boil deep within secret desires

Letters upon letters forming words upon words-
A gathering of the senses from generation and idea
I am far too lazy for life to be this complex

Yvonne Tomassetti

Third Prize Winner (Tie)

Courtroom Gloom

Walking down the aisle; approaching the bench
Reconciliation of your crime
And the judge starts to smile she's a chauvinist wench
Incarceration you're doin time
Prosecuting counsel makes an incriminating statement
In a three piece suit he's doin his job
Well this clown's got a lab for making dope in his basement
It's white rock toot he makes for the mob

Justice justice that's what we call justice

The attorney on your case won't look you in the face
He says your situation's kinda tender
Well he just wants a private parking space
That's why they call a public defender
The bailiff's a junkie and molester on the side
This kangaroo court is pathetic
The district attorney had a stroke and almost died
His assistant wouldn't call in a medic

Justice justice that's what we call justice

Twenty-five parking tickets I'm in jail
My rap sheet just keeps gettin' bigger
And the senator's son is a rapist out on bail
Now tell me how does that figure?

If this is the system we chose to live by
I am very sure soon we're all gonna die
If this is the sacred hammer of justice
How much longer is God gonna trust us?

Justice justice that's what we call justice !!

Timothy McCarthy

Thinking of You

I haven't been this happy
 In such a long while
The way you stare into my eyes or
 The way you make me smile
But I'm thinking of you,
 And I can't begin to say
How you're meaning more and more
To me with every passing day.

I had a dream I was walking alone
 Just a dream, but just the same,
I turned around and saw you there
 I heard you call my name.

You're a very special person and
 you can never understand
how good it makes me feel
 when we're walking
 holding hands
Still I'm thinking of you,
 And these feelings that we share
 I just can't find the words
To tell you how much I care.

So I'm thinking of you,
 And the way you touched my heart
I can feel you too, hon
 When we're close,
 or far apart.

I'm thinking of you.

John Fitting

More Than Friendship

Last night
It all became clear.
When you got in the car
And you were leaning toward me
I thought there was
More than friendship in your eyes.
When you took my hand
To help me along the dark,
Muddy, rocky trail,
My suspicions were proven true.
I could tell by the gentle way
You touched the back of my hand
With your guitar-string calloused fingers
That you felt more than friendship.
I don't know if you remembered "Hand in Hand"
But it felt as if you did.
When we sat down
And you put your arm around me
I felt so warm, so protected
Nothing could hurt
me as long as you were there.
We are still friends,
That much is obvious to all,
We still sit together and laugh
but there is something else there too.
There is something much
more than friendship between us.

Andrea Duncan

Time Stands Still

Passing the time in an open field,
Long days of dreaming
That make everything go by so fast.

An everlasting light surrounds all creation,
Until the day all is lost in the aftermath.

Places seem empty,
Strange faces pass by --
No familiar face,
No friends,
No family.

Gray clouds form over a barren land
Where life once was,
Trees no longer bear the fruit they did
At one time.

The end has finally come to those
Who left everyone's lives
in despair.

The clouds again grow thicker
and thicker, covering everything
once again.

It shouldn't last much longer,
For time is about to Stand still
for the last time.

Mary E. Rivera

Future Questions

Will we ever see the days
that our child eyes have seen?

Will we see the trees
in the park;
The swings wildly swaying and
singing with the laughter
of children?

Will we ever see fields of green,
green grass growing dandelions and
wishing sticks that tickle noses
when set free?

Will we ever be able to send our children
to a school without bullet proof vests
and karate lessons for protection
from - - other children?

Will we be able to walk to the corner store
and come home in one piece
with all of our belongings?

Will we be able to moon-light walk
around the neighborhood
or swim under the stars
and live to tell about it?

Will we be able to breathe clean air,
or sit in the sun
and not burn to a crisp?
(Unless you're pale as a ghost.)

Will we ever again be able to laugh
like a child laughs
and play like a child plays?

Lisa Dutka

Graffiti on This Desk

The graffiti on
this desk is,
sort of,
like the graffiti
in my mind.
Words cluttered together
opposing, contradicting
each other.
So much like my
feelings
and thoughts,
my wants and
my needs,
my dreams and
my reality.
I'm not sure
if they
make sense,
and I'm not
so sure that
I care.

Andrea Duncan

Baby Pictures

Memory
peels back
my eye's comforter,
amiss
with this
floorless shaft
of cognition's
dark core

of battling giants
on innocent ground
and
toy soldiers stripped
of hero's rank,
turning deaf
plastic ears
to silent pleas
from
the black corner
of time,

where
play thunder
sleeps
in a sling
just beyond
my grasp

John Wm. McCormick

On The Nature of Friendship

Adrift
Alone in the universe.

Occasionally a meteor comes near:
I befriend it only to find it
Rip through my being.

Planets I pass
Good and solid but
Soon gone.

Stars also I find
But they are too turbulent
Too busy.
They ignore me.
Except the dense ones
Which draw me inexorably in
And tear at my substance.
I know true pain
As they rend me.

The Cosmos is my playground,
But who is there to play with?

Keith Flippin

Love

Love is...
unusual!
People look,
they say,
"those two
don't belong together."

Love makes you feel. . .
cared for,
important,
Crazy about life.

Love is...
unusual!
Thoughts are
deceiving.

Love makes . . .
the unusual
happen.

Nicole Kaminsky



The Creature Within
Linda Shaffer



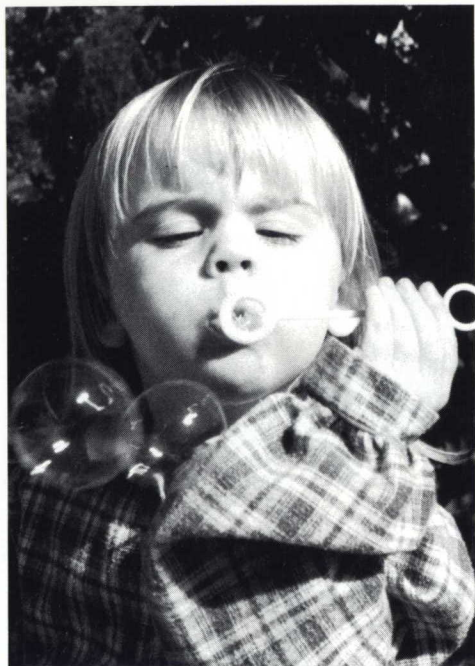
Contemplation
Amy Mutchler
Black and White Silver Print



Simplistic Realities
Amy Mutchler
Black and White Silver Print



Ephemeral Moments of Youth
Amy Mutchler
Black and White Silver Print



Mary
Sue Farrell
Black and White Silver Print

Curiosity
Amy Mutchler
Black and White Silver Print





Passageway
Nancy McCloskey
Black and White Silver Print



Untitled
Lisbeth Storandt
Black and White Silver Print



Untitled
Andrew P. Hamilton
Black and White Silver Print



Angel of Death
Lisa Hutchinson
Black and White Silver Print

Silent Screams

I scream but not one head turns,
as if no one hears,
and those that do, ignore the pain.

The people choose to go on,
and pretend it does not exist.
They say the problems are not theirs.

The world is calling,
but only those who care take notice.
The silent screams of a dying earth.

Heather Walsh

Out Of The Blue

And as a life dies it takes with it part of another
The child that could have been
As I to be his mother

This child unborn to me
What was given, was then torn away
An unexpected turn, this dream to be

Fate was called into play
If it was meant it would have been
Cliche advice was all they had to say

Yvonne Tomassetti

The Awakening

My hairline's receding,
My gumline's receding,
I think I'm growing old.
Of course I'm not quite sure, My
Memory's gone and it
Hasn't come back.

My words come out slowly,
My ears don't hear and,
So people laugh.

I think I'm going senile but,
My kids tell me
I'm fine. They bring
Magazines on Sundays:
I can barely see
my hands.

I take walks but I
Feel like a humped inchworm.

But that's how I take life --
An inch at a time.
It's really not so bad --
I don't suppose I could be...
Young again.

Carole M. Joyce

Fifteen

Three years ago (November fifth was the date)
You insisted on walking me home
(for it was getting rather late)
And when we got there I would not
let you come inside.

So you leaned against mom's old spruce tree,
Grabbed my hand (quite awkwardly)
And flashed your crooked smile
That you always tried to hide.

And we stood there silent in November's weather
But soon found warmth with our lips together,
I was young and in love and I thought we would
last longer than a while.

Once again it is November
And you're not with me, you are with her
But in passing I sometimes catch
Your crooked smile.

I guess we're both to blame, but maybe we could
talk it out? I'm sure it would be
interesting to see each other, even
for a while.
You know I want to see your smile.
God, I've got to have your smile.

Raeleah Caffrey

CLIQUE

Jocks, Punks, Hippies, Headbangers, Nerds,
Preps
You hang with your CLIQUE
And it makes me sick
Why can't you mingle
Instead of being so single
Friends are out there
Everywhere
Find them, trust them
Instead of busting on them
After all, they are you
You are they
Just a message
Maybe a lesson

Steve Kressler

My Pen

Pen flow smoothly,
quill write neatly.
Mind think clearly,
hand be steady.
Are you me?
Am I you?
We are one!
In our thoughts,
and in our works.

Wayne Kueler

Admission

The moon beckoned and the sea rose,
The wind began and foam formed
On each pyramidal wave.
Wind swirled and smothered the land
While sea forced its way across the plains,
Down valleys, into crevasses,
Roaring, drowning, burying...
The moon saw,
"I", she said, half question, half answer.

Tina Makriyianis

Not Quite Spring

Red sky, night sky, cold and still
Gazing out my windowsill.
I yearn for Spring to shed new light,
Blue skies, birds' songs, a baby's life.
The life inside me begs his freedom,
New hopes, new dreams, his own season.
I am weakened and eager as he is too
For flowers to grow and skies to turn blue.
Together we pray to Him until
He shines new light, new life through our windowsill.

Susan McCabe

A Hopeless Romantic's Reasoning

Burning oceans
drifting sands
holding on to water
In the palms of my hands

Enchanting forests
emerald lakes
so many goals
Trying so hard to avoid mistakes

If ever there were a dream,
a dream come true
could I halt time
To spend it with you

So many premonitions
suffuse my mind
never to grasp
"If always you are mine"

Haste not, to reason
what I might have thought
but perchance, could it be
What all my life I have sought

Not of tomorrow
not of today
possibly the past
That leads me to sway

Celebrate not what is
or what may be
embrace the hour
That clocks eternity.

Glenn E. Williams

Tearstorm

I'm crying, and I'm lonely...
The stars are falling
 with no one to catch them.
So I stare with misty eyes
 And focus on the skies
 And hope for something... anything

Skies can be gray
 And storms rage at night...

Tears are falling like raindrops...
 They won't stop.
So I watch
 As they splatter...
 I'm alone.

Sharon McLaughlin

Darkness of Man

Silky smile
 cold, cold eyes
A face so fair
 a soul so black
He comes and goes in darkness

His smile lights the way
A sickly light, one made of decay
We all know him, or at least of him

But where do we know him from?

Jessica A. Atchison

Forgotten Dreams

Memories die,
And faces fade,
But certain emotions,
You wish had never stayed.
At night in your sleep,
Dreams come unbidden,
To torment your slumber,
For they'll not remain hidden.
People you've loved,
People you've hated,
Friends and relatives,
Not to mention those you've dated.
They all swim in your head,
And imprint on your mind,
Days of happiness,
And days best left behind.
What is the cure,
For this common disease,
That plagues us all,
And brings us to our knees?
Crying out in frustration,
You seek to banish the mist,
The mist of dreams and memories,
Best killed with a clenched fist.
The night is over,
And now the nightmares are gone,
Leaving you in relative peace,
Until the night once more comes on.
Trapped in the past,
Eyes blind to what lies ahead,
You search for an answer,
To memories that won't stay dead.
Tossing and turning,
No one hears your screams,
Except for the ever present ghosts,
Of supposedly forgotten dreams.

Have You Ever Stopped And Looked Around

Have you ever stopped and looked around
at the things that pass you by?
Like a bird singing his sweet melody
as he soars across the sky.

Have you ever stopped and looked around
to see all that you can see?
Like a wonderful flower giving its
pollen to a hungry honey bee.

Have you ever stopped to wonder
about the web we weave today?
While we rape and ravish nature,
what's the price we'll have to pay?

Have you ever stopped and asked yourself
as you hurry along your way,
Why did God create these things if
no one stopped today?

Cindy Sue Durbana

Oh, Coffee

OH, Coffee

my heart is pumping
coffee through my veins
creating horse-carriage cogi-tations
I'm grabbing for the reins
my mind is a mesh of melding-molten moments
a liquid head-ache
poured with all its density
into a cup
with each exhale

mental coffee
the second time around
my latest idea was once the offspring of trees

third-generation coffee
assisted by a pen
a conspiracy of molecules therein

I'm in the midst of starting a religion
my fortieth one
sow these seeds and call it Advent
partake of this freshly brewed communion
for the universe is in a constant flux
to and from the state of coffee

how quickly a state becomes a nation
importing and exporting
goods for the soul
flooding the marketplace
companion of a jellyroll

Imperialist-Coffee could have taken over the world had it not
been for the appearance of the two great sects who drew arms to
settle this most heated conflict between the Blackkeys and the

Creamers and rendering-each-other-impotent-destroyed the possibilities of our most holy sacrament being anything but a legal stimulant.

Michael Harrison

Untitled

What goes on as the sun shines bright
in the world as we know it?

Babies crawl, toddlers walk, children run,
people laugh, infants gurgle,
birds chirp, flowers grow, trees sway,
happiness prevails.

Sometimes.

Forests are destroyed and cities built;
pollution increases, poverty grows,
people starve, disease strikes,
children are beaten, drugs are abused,
people are killed,

All too often.

Heather Walsh

Anal Retentive Lover

I want to engrave my name
 in your shadow;
collect your brain waves;
record your thoughts on index cards.
I want to postulate your enchantment
 and teach college courses
 on its proper use
 handing out pamphlets
 regarding your splendor
 on busy street corners.

Only when these things have come to pass
 Will I be a happy man.
Only when I've filed each aspect of your being
 into manila envelopes
 and labeled them
 and stored them in vaults
 will I rest.

Only when I've swam
 the length of your luster
 and
 traversed
 the transcendencies
 of your tranquility
 will I enjoy a moment's sleep.

Only when I've rehearsed
 each curve of your figure
 and memorized
 each distinct texture and timbre
 of your skin
 will my life be complete.

I want to hold your beauty
in my hand
and dribble it like a basketball
against my senses.
I want to engrave my name
in your shadow
for ever.

Michael Harrison

Whispering Touch

Nirvana, this full-moon
spotlight
your caress
hammering away at the wall,
picking the rust-frozen lock
that contains me
Unfurling
the time-warped drapery
of comfort entombed
Tapping at the source,
draining,
claiming for itself
my naked soul

Alone with you,
myself
in the mirror
--- free!

John Wm. McCormick

Classroom Limbo

It was dead silent in the threatening atmosphere of the classroom. The lectures had passed and the test was staring me down. My palms moistened. Two rows in front of me, a cough rose and fell in the silence. People around me began to write with confidence and grace as I began to stir into an uncomfortable squirm.

A stout, white-haired professor patrolled the rows. He wore a three-piece suit and a mocking stare as he approached my section. He slowed down-- coins gently clicking to the rhythm of his step. He looked over me, and I nervously began to scribble in some wrong answers. I covered part of my paper with my forearm and elbow. It seemed like he stood over my desk for a good half hour. So I got up.

I guess it was the stress-- all the stress-- I just could not take it anymore. There was a mocking stare behind his big nose and wrinkly eyes that made me lunge out and sock him one in the jaw. He went down, got back up, and I sat back down. He stormed out-- threats behind an eager index finger; and so I slipped into a daydream.

I dreamed I had been born a guppy in a gigantic fishtank. I had been born with my brothers and sisters into a world where I darted through the water weightlessly. I had unbelievable amounts of energy, my vision was clear, and I had a sense to explore my environment.

My timeless daydream went on, and I began to feel bigger and stronger among my brothers and sisters; until a net came and scooped me up. I struggled and fought, but it was too late.

All of us had been scooped, and for a moment, I thought death was for certain. First, I could not breathe, then I tumbled, twisted and fell back into the water. The water was different though. Fish of my kind were considered small in these waters. An instinct drove me down to the bottom among the rocks. I was just hoping to go unnoticed.

The bigger fish in the tank were known as gar fish. They are long, gray-looking fish with protruding jaws-- similar to an alligator. They are nasty fish. They cut through the water like a sea dragon, with their menacing eyes and with their dominating intimidation of

other fish. Gar fish are merciless, and usually pursue their prey-- opening their jaws wide before they strike, They also make a cry before they kill.

I can hear the cry. Is it coming for me?

Yes, it is. A hand hits my shoulder and a short, mustached security guard gives me a cold smile.

James Morett

Bad Mood Guy

I am sober and hating it;
Yet despise drunkenness, and it's stupidity.
I am celibate and hating it;
Yet despise women and their fickle frivolity.
I am intelligent and hating it;
Yet despise ignorance in all it's forms,
I am damned and knowing it;
Yet believe in no hereafter.
I am alive and blowing it;
Yet somehow not dangling from the rafters.

Keith Flippin

The Best Job You Never Had

I was kind of "between adventures" at the time, and in the late fall of 1990 after roaming west through the deserts and north up the Pacific Coast, I found myself low on cash and looking for work in the town of Eugene(Oregon). In the "Help Wanted" section of the local paper I found an add that said something like, "Alaskan Jobs-Great Pay." I've always been happiest when I'm furthest from "civilization," and I sure wasn't going to pass up a chance to roam around in the state that calls itself "The Last Frontier." The following experiences are excerpts from my beat-up old journal that has somehow managed to survive river crossings, arctic frost, and the dangerous of all, the infamous "Airline Baggage Handler."

1/6/91-Seattle, WA.-Signed for month contract to work in cannery. Bus ran out of gas on highway, 15 hours to get here. Fly for Alaska tomorrow morning. Bad feeling about flying.

1/7/91-Commercial jet to Anchorage, then small twin engine plane to town of "Dillingham." COLD!!-boarded another small plane (17 passengers)-2/3 way down runway, moving very fast, front wheel locked-up at 45 degree angle. We slid back and forth across runway. Wings barely missed snow banks on right side. Terror. ...did a few 360's and finally stopped. Changed planes, flew down west side of Aleutina Peninsula at 700 ft. saw caribou, moose. Cut through mountain pass, ridges 300 ft. off wingtips. Ground drops away and we're over harbor, drop in for rough landing on gravel strip. Home sweet home for four months.

1/16/91-Still no fish in plant-no fish-no work-no money. Wind howling through here for two days now, sea-lions in harbor. Temp. 10 degrees. Took walk on beach, part of the beach is made up of small to medium stones that are black. As each wave crashes and recedes, they all start making a strange "clacking" sound as they re-arrange themselves for the next wave. Year after year, century after century. The harbor is surrounded by thousand foot cliffs on the south and high ridge to the north. Blue mountains lie shrouded in mist far across the icy waters of the bay. Bald Eagles drift on icy thermals and the sheer vastness of the land seems hard to grasp.

1/30/91-Still no fish-took long hike over peninsula to the north, down to the next bay over. Ridges covered with tracks of Brown Bear, Wolverine, Fox, and Caribou. Thoughts drifted back to those beautiful, quiet, star-filled nights out on the tidal flats of Florida, gigging flounder and scooping up blue crabs. I was following a set of bear tracks-not paying attention and suddenly I got a chill and my hair stood on end when I realized I was in steep, brush choked draw. No way out but up. I climbed out to there fast, leaving Mr. Bear to find someone else to use as a chew-toy.

2/5/91-Small boatload of Cod came in. The fish in the hold gaze out of their aluminum grave with round sightless eyes, a few twitch or rise among their dead companions gulping icy air. The body wanting to live-the spirit already flown. They are raised to the dock and dumped into large white plastic tubs. Plastic, the Whiz kid of chemists, a testimony to mans search for immortality. A thousand centuries from now, archaeologists will have little trouble following mankind's non-biodegradable progress. No doubt, in their excavations, they will come across old hoola-hoops, duncan yo-yo's, tires by the billions and an old condom or two; true immortality intercepted.

3/1/91-Fish!!! 500,000 lbs. to be exact. 16 hour shifts really kick the crap out of you. Torn muscle in left wrist, torn muscle in right shoulder, Bruised everywhere, wet and cold most of the time. Everything smells like dead fish and old blood. During a sixteen hour shift, I think most of us experience every emotion possible from hate to elation.

3/15/91-Eighty-one hours in so far this week-Pain and swelling in fingers and muscles about half gone now. I'm turning into an aspirin junkie.

3/28/91-Time off...There is a god...three weeks and three days to go.

3/29/91-More fish...The captains are paid their bounty and head out again..."Codis Fishus"-Wanted:Dead or Alive. A.K.A. food, A.K.A. grub, A.K.A. McFish-fillet sandwich.

4/8/91-It's over...Company meeting tonight, early termination of some of our contracts since the fishing is slowing down and the seasons almost over. Just sitting here in my room munching on a chunk of Monterey Jack cheese, drinking a Coke and huffing down another Winston, yes, all at the same time as usual. We fly out tomorrow and I can't help but wonder what the hell I'll get myself into this time.

The time I spent out hiking the surrounding area while I was there, made the experience worthwhile. The scenery was unbelievable. On the sown side, the work load when the fish were in, was almost unbearable. Sixteen hours a day handling heavy fish under cold, wet conditions is not a fun or glamorous job. The amount of non-target fish species (By-Catch) entrapped and killed in the giant trawling nets that commercial fishing boats use, is unbelievable. Many Halibut (a fish protected by special seasons and regulation) were brought into the plant and disposed of as garbage since they were not in season at the time. Most of these were under a foot long. For a fish that has been known to attain weights of 700 lbs., it is a crime to kill them when they are so small. The huge nets make no distinctions though and day after day I watched as many beautiful species of fish were brought in and simply thrown away. I doubt that I would ever take a job in a cannery again, but it did enable me to get my first look at Alaska, "The Last Frontier."

John Heron

A Stitch in Our Relationship

I missed a stitch
 and then the line
all that care and time
 had to be undone
all that time and care
 to start over again

Kathryn DeGroat

Aviary

As I entered the commons
I barely noticed the creatures
Perched in the dark.

I slowly made my way through the
Textured forest while
Elevator music breathed into
My ears.

Motioning shadows started falling over
Me,
And I felt eyes burning my scalp
Like the sun in a desert sky. One creature
Descended, "May I help you?" she called with
A voracious gleam in her eyes.
Like a crazy cotton harvest, I was
Ripe for the picking.

"This is your color" she stated as she hovered over
Me and directed me into a cove.
Like the delicate wings of a drunken bird,
My limbs weaved clumsily into the linens she gave me.
The creatures' whispers fell asleep on their
Bills as I cascaded out of the room in my flowing garment.

"You never looked better" one ominously announced as
She gnawed open my cowhide and
Emptied the guts.

As I was retreating I could only think,
"Why did I buy this strange green dress?
'Never more! Never more'" I screeched,
As I observed the next pigeon
Waddling through the door.

Carole M. Joyce

Swords

Swords are not so sharp as words,
they cannot cut the soul,

they make wounds that can heal;

they can be guarded against
(being visible)
and they can be broken.

A sword thrust can be checked
before it injures.

Swords can be sheathed;

Swords are not so sharp as words.

Jessica A. Atchison

What Now?

War, Disease, Famine, Crime
Nukes,

A

I

D

S

As our population goes down
Unemployment goes up
What now, Lord.

Steve Kressler

SPECIAL THANK U'S

Al DeProspero - For your patience and guidance -- and for attempting to get your schedule organized!!

Betty Brown - For helping to keep peace between the organizations with a smile.

Michal Curry - For your computer knowledge and encouragement.
P.S. -- Congrats, Mommy!!!!

Donna Amato - For your quiet encouragement and knowledge. Keep smiling!!

Mary O'Malley - Did you enjoy your peace and quiet??

Faculty and Student Readers - For your time and votes.

Security Dudes - R U gonna miss our posters??

AND FINALLY -

The Information Desk Gang - For all of the good times!!! Heh! Heh!

WDCR, SGA, DCCC Productions, and the Communitarian -
For keeping us entertained w/Rock N' Rolland the latest gossip!!

THANK U!! THANK U!! THANK U!!

ROCK N' ROLL!!!