

Pegasus

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DELAWARE COUNTY
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Palestinian Struggles Through The Years

— Imad Salhab

I was born in Palestine, otherwise known as Israel. My country has a tumultuous and intriguing history. Over the last seventy-five years, the Arabic people who are native to this land have faced oppression, persecution, and grave injustice. Presently, there are two major groups of people residing in Palestine. One group is Jewish Israelis, and the other group is Palestinians. These Arabic people are predominately Muslims. There is also a small minority of Christian Arabs. Palestinians have faced many challenges and struggles for centuries, and in fact, despite recent advances, little has changed for the better.

In the 1920's, Palestine was conquered by the British Empire. The British ruled relentlessly for several years. They imprisoned Arabs, deported them, and killed them ruthlessly. Britain controlled the military and all government installations. British rule in Palestine was anything but democratic. If anyone spoke against the British regime, they were thrown into prison.

Presently Israelis run all the government agencies in Palestine. It has been this way since 1967. Unfortunately, Israelis rule just as violently as the British did. For example, Palestinians are not allowed to own weapons of any kind. But thousands of Israelis walk around the streets with machine guns slung over their shoulders. One of these people that frequently carried machine guns was Dr. Baruch, the man who murdered more than forty Palestinians in February 1994. It was dawn in the Arab Mosque in Hebron when Dr. Baruch opened fire on praying Palestinians. It was a senseless act of violence committed for no other reason than hate.

However, many Palestinians are still striving for peace. The peace conference between Israeli and Palestinian delegates began in Madrid, Spain, in 1991. Everyone is aware of the Peace Accord signed by Palestinian Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat and Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in Washington, DC, on September 13, 1993. This accord gave Palestinians a chance to govern themselves in Gaza and in Jerico, which is the oldest town in the world. Still, to this day only Arabs who are Israeli citizens (just 11% of Palestinians) can vote. The majority of Palestinians have no real rights whatsoever in their own country. Most Arabic people believe that so far the Peace Accord has done very little to improve their lives. Israel frequently cuts off Gaza from the rest of Palestine, so do the Palestinians really govern themselves? The answer is no. The fact that Yasser Arafat won the Nobel Prize means nothing to hungry Palestinian children. The children will tell you that in the year that has passed since the Peace Accord was signed, they have seen little change in their lives.

In conclusion, Palestinians have been given no assistance over the years. They deserve to live in their own land. Israelis have often sent soldiers to forcibly remove Arabs from their home so that Jewish people could move in. Israel claims to be a democracy, but its behavior does not indicate this. Hopefully, Palestine will see a more peaceful future.

"Tears"



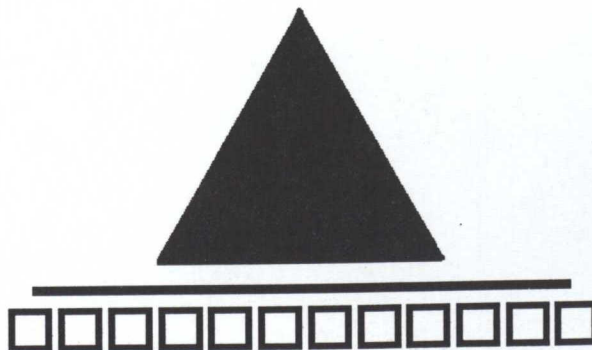
— Matt Lewis

Catholic Guilt

— *Andrea McCann*

world of sadness
world of anger
world of obsession
and addiction
children are malicious
mother nature is vicious
i want to spare this one
unstable
 ruthless
 insensitive
this is how you describe me
i am not a sinner
i am not a murderer
i am not selfish
i am facing god with tears in my eyes
how unfair
to give less than
how unfair
to be just enough
how unfair to work too much
ambition in the face of a child
i can't save you
i love you, i love you
pray for me

"Greatness"



— *John LaBar*

Exile

— *Jeanine Campbell*

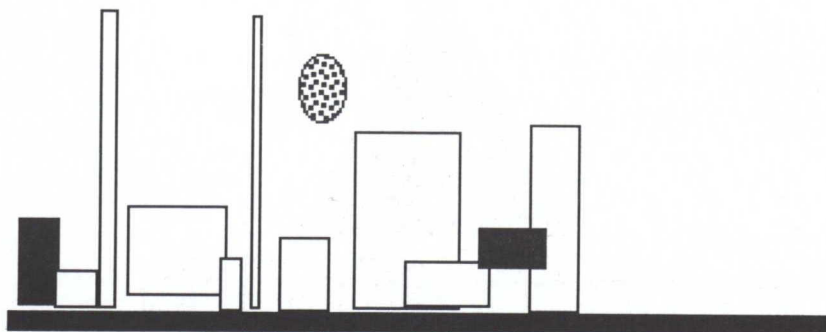
At mostly any place I go
I find myself in corners
dreaming aloud under the sleek of night.

Stuffing myself in between walls
sitting squat, sitting low
I pour honey into a silent jar.
(sometimes I lie when I'm scared)

Winds of April conversation
breeding talk like sweet decay
gasping wicked noises.

With a lurch of the soul
I gag; a pause of thought
then I flood with muddy water.
(words spilling in dumb release)

The tide has turned, growing my corner
pressing my walls, making me speak
As purity screams from far behind.

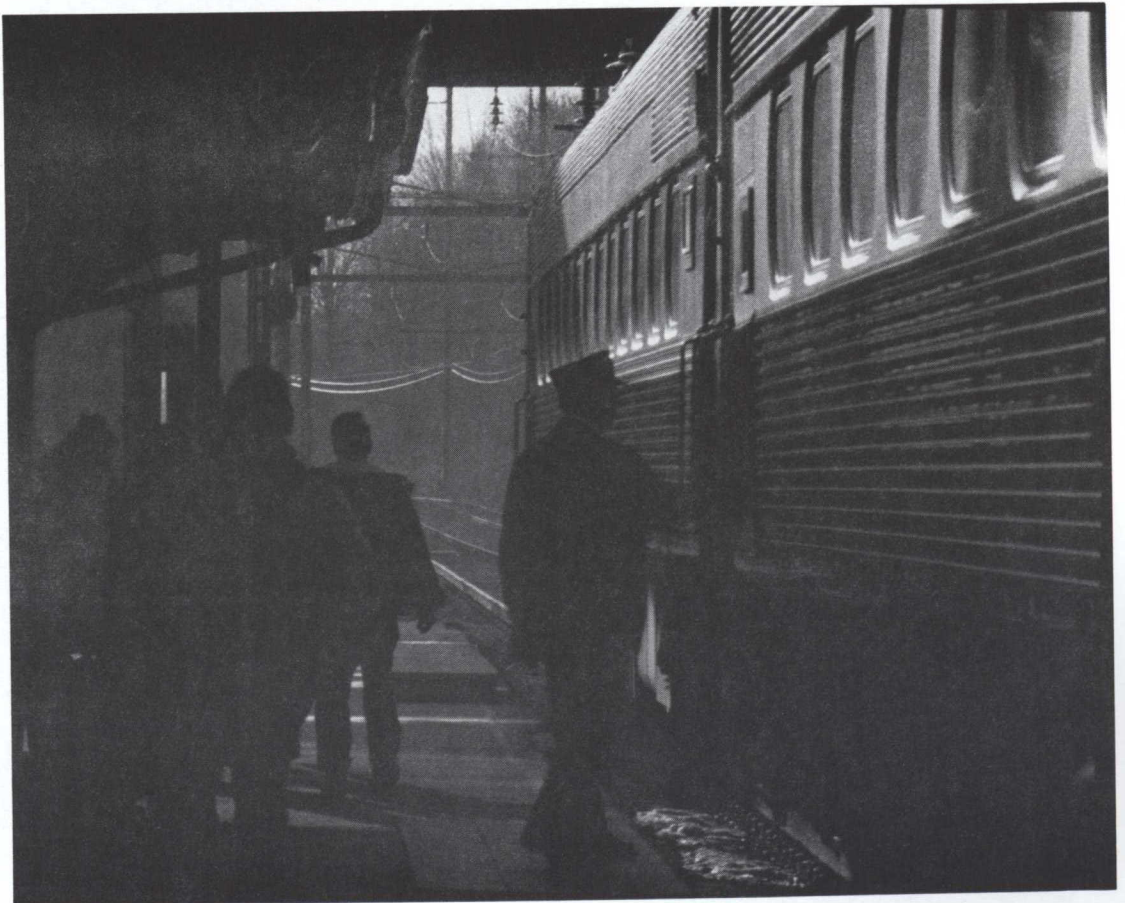


— *Carol Stabinski*

Leaving

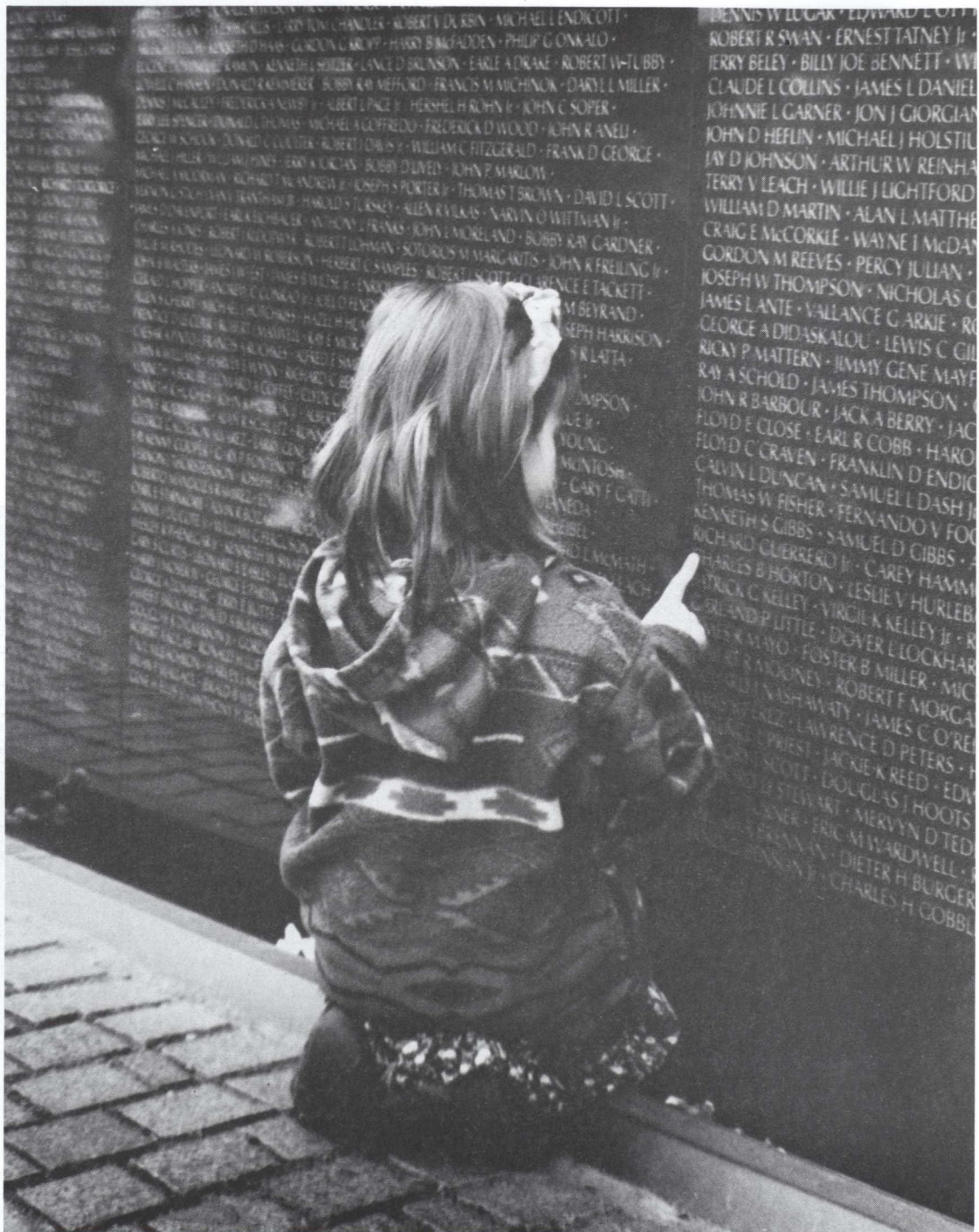
— G.A. Lackey

Go on! Go on! if that is the way it must be.
But not for long, thy face I shall see.
So let us depart, although it is not my desire
Though absent in body, my love burns like a fire.
Away go ye, I cannot see, but I am always present
in heart forever with thee.

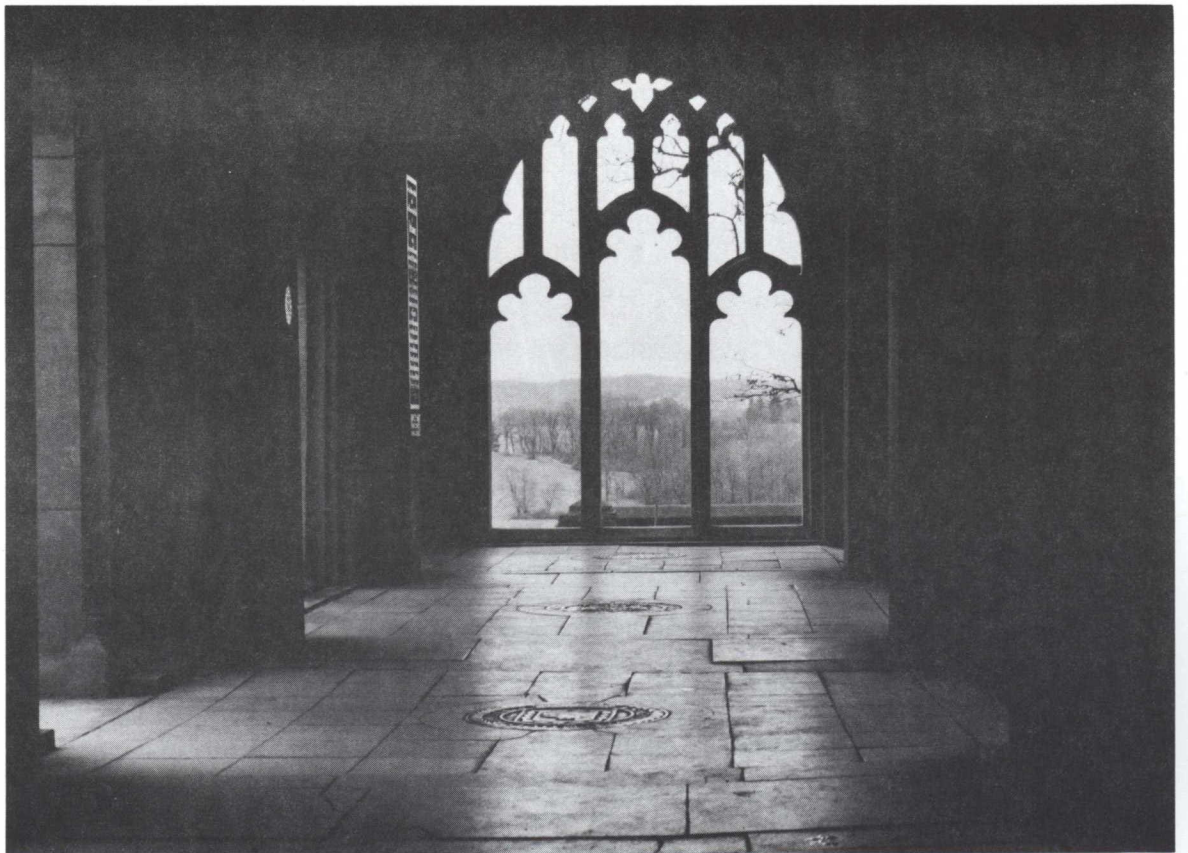


— Harry Grace

"We Will Remember"



- Anne Marie Esposito



— David Branson

Knowing Rachel

—Anna Dyfed Schwab

Whatever one might say about Rachel she could not possibly be ignored or forgotten; she was quixotic and never boring and so she endeared herself to me.

I first met Rachel while working as a Registered Nurse at a private psychiatric hospital in Philadelphia and she was one of my elderly patients. I came, indeed, to know her very well for she would be admitted repeatedly - seemingly every few months - when the nursing home staff where she lived could no longer handle her behavior. We would evaluate and stabilize her behavior and adjust her medications as needed (for she was both psychotic and senile and required medication) and then return her to the nursing home. Unfortunately, before too long, a crisis would occur and she would return to us again. Thus, she shuttled back and forth between her two "homes" and, for all I know, still does so.

Everyday that I spent with Rachel began in a similar fashion. Each afternoon as I walked through the inner door of the locked Geriatric Unit Rachel would be there, standing just inside the door, as if she were waiting for me. Sometimes I wondered whether, with the click of my key in the door each time, she heard me coming and then raised her huge bulk from her soft chair and came toward the door - with a view to pushing past me and fleeing into the sunlight. Whatever may have dissuaded her from trying to leave I will never know, but I think she at least thought of it - for more than once she spoke of her "friends outside" and wanting to be with them.

On this particular afternoon as she stood in her shoddy, filthy, cake-stained slippers with the rabbit ears attached, and swaying back and forth like an inebriated soul with poor sense of direction - I noticed that she was unkempt and disheveled. Her thick, gray, matted hair was clumped together unevenly as if it had never seen a comb, and to her cheeks adhered numerous brown, sticky flecks of food.

When she saw me she smiled expansively, revealing chipped and yellowed teeth and more than a mild case of halitosis. Spinach pieces remained from lunch and were threatening to invade her chin. I made a mental note to escort her to the bathroom for a wash, as soon as I was able. This day she was making her usual bold fashion statement in wearing a black and white striped shirt with large front pockets and a checkered, flowing skirt of orange and blue; around her neck was her precious cheap, shiny red Woolworth's pocketbook which she was never without and

which could not, under any circumstances, be pried from her - even at bedtime.

I do not know why this disproportionately ugly, imitation plastic pocketbook should mean the world to Rachel, but it did. She filled it with old tissues and crushed pieces of purple lipstick that were smashed together in a pulp, and stale shreds of breakfast, lunch or dinner. At shower time, Rachel bathed naked, aside from her pocketbook, which was still around her neck. At bedtime she could not sleep peacefully without this beloved item under her pillow and close to her. When I tucked her in at night I made sure that it was there. I sometimes think that, had I looked more carefully, I might have found shreds of her past in it - for Rachel was enigmatic and difficult to fathom.

Of course her mental illness may have masked many aspects of her personality that I would never come to know, and which brought me to a larger question: What had Rachel been like before she became ill? I often wondered and would never know, for she rarely had a visitor, and when her son came to see her he never spoke - in his shame and guilt he simply slunk in and out wordlessly. Apparently, though, in her prior days of clarity she had been a high school teacher. Now her life, sadly, was reduced to a school of hard knocks where confusion and distortion reigned.

Arriving on the unit on this particular afternoon I smiled back at Rachel and asked her how her day had been. She only grinned and moved down the hallway, diaper loose and suddenly around her knees. Uninterrupted, she would probably have shuffled toward the kitchen area, in hopes of surreptitiously raiding the refrigerator - again. Food for Rachel was always a prime motivator. I escorted her, however, to the bathroom and she began to hum and roll her large, blue eyes. As we entered this, her most hated room, her demeanor changed: she was now the "...little girl with the little curl...and when she was bad she was horrid." Rachel began to scream, "You're trying to kill me. Leave me alone!" and no reassurance would do.

This child-woman was having a tantrum. She always did. She was adamantly non-cooperative and I called for reinforcements to assist me; for the musty, sour odor emanating from her skin folds, and the acrid smell of urine from her diaper required immediate intervention. Rachel was going to be transformed from a wailing, dirty "bambino" to the epitome of a sweet smelling good child.

Some while later Rachel was calm and standing near the nurse's station; swaying in her usual manner, back and forth, as if in response to a light breeze. She possessed -at that moment- a beatific smile which lit up

her whole face and her eyes reflected gaiety. Her ears would have lit up too, had they known how.

In this moment she was content and I was appreciative of her. Despite her feistiness and unpredictability which made her, at times, difficult to manage - she was a patient whom I enjoyed being with. She had strength of character in plenty and a quirkiness that I found most engaging. She could be like day and night, sweet or nasty, heaven or hell, but she was never, ever boring.

"Commitment"



— Matt Lewis



— David Branson

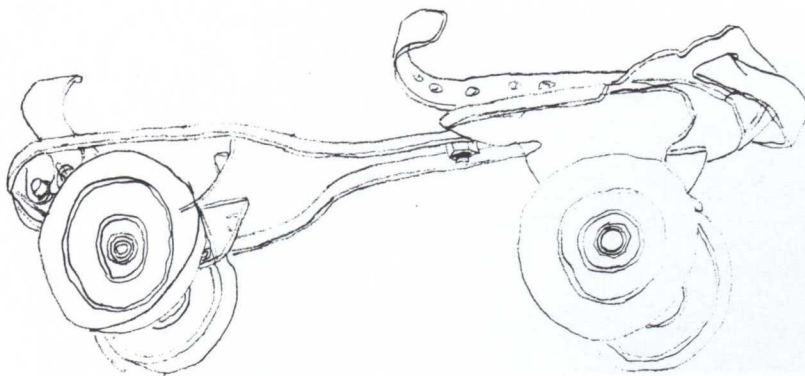
The Gift

— *Terry*

Many years I have existed at the foot of the tree.
He my jailer; I his captive.
The world is dark and shadowy.
Clouds of ebony and dusky gray block the sun's rays.
Hopelessly I despair of his tyranny.
My garden hangs its head for want of warmth and nourishment.
There is no escape.
From the North came a distant rumbling that promised sweet refreshment;
the spring rain.
But not for me.
Beneath his gnarled branches is only gloom and dank wetness.
Overhead, the stillness is broken by leaves whispering of lost love and lost hope.
The sky can no longer hold its piece.
Flashing light reveals a world I have forgotten.
The whispering begins to vibrate and wail.
His branches whip and twist ever menacing.
Torrents of rain assault the bows of my nemeses.
He screams his defiance.
Groaning, he lashes out as the lightning cracks his very heart.
I shudder as the world shatters and melts.
Dare I look?
As the storm subsides, I tremble with fear.
What will become of me now?

Silence surrounds me.
I feel the fresh earth.
Tiny flowers give off a sweet scent of relief.
Golden warmth caresses my soul.
Faded memories flicker and revive.
Timidly I peer out at a panorama refreshed and cleansed of sorrow.
I see anew the lavish greens of the meadow,
the florid tans and browns of the lane.
The garden will grow now.
The shadows are gone.
From violence springs peace; from despair sprouts bright hope.
It is Mother Nature's sudden gift of Freedom,
Father Time's eternal Change.
Endless horizons are beckoning.
I have survived.
I will go on.

"Skates"



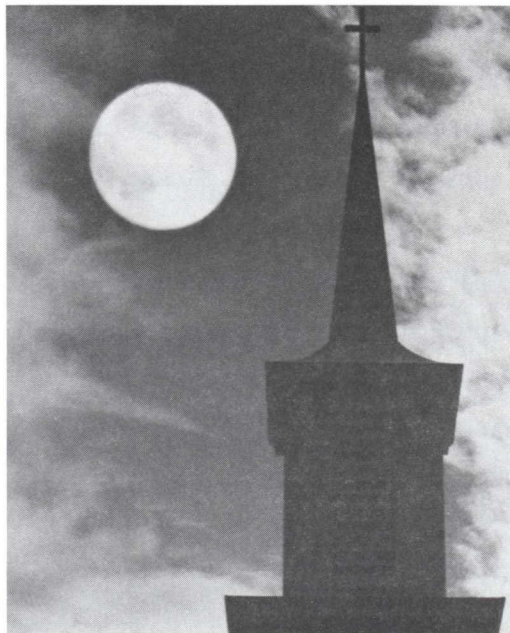
– Scot Wallace

The First Night (Revisited)

— *Andrea McCann*

there is a light that burns for those who seek it
deep inside the longing weakens
for in silence, there is pain
wrapped around a broken dream
with tears (so sad) in a waterless stream
like golden skies melting into the night
..... burning light
waves like wishes
water with waves
and graves and graves and graves
life with laughter
sorrow with pain
i want to feel it again and again
but in the hardened, solemn sky
as clouds so thunderously pass you by
i whisper words that are soft, but true
there is a light
i swear this much to you
- but you are not a seeker.

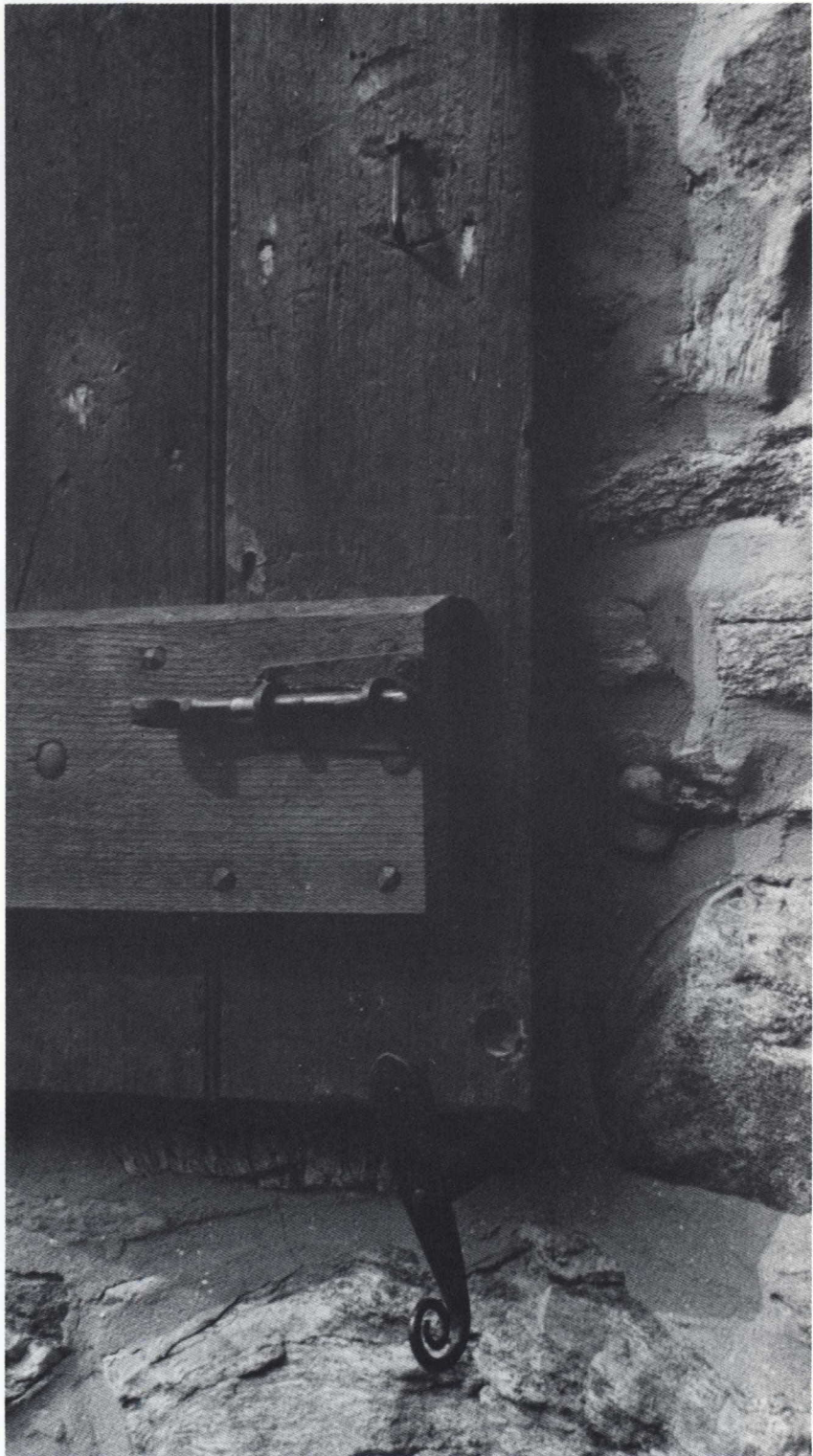
"Gothic Moon"



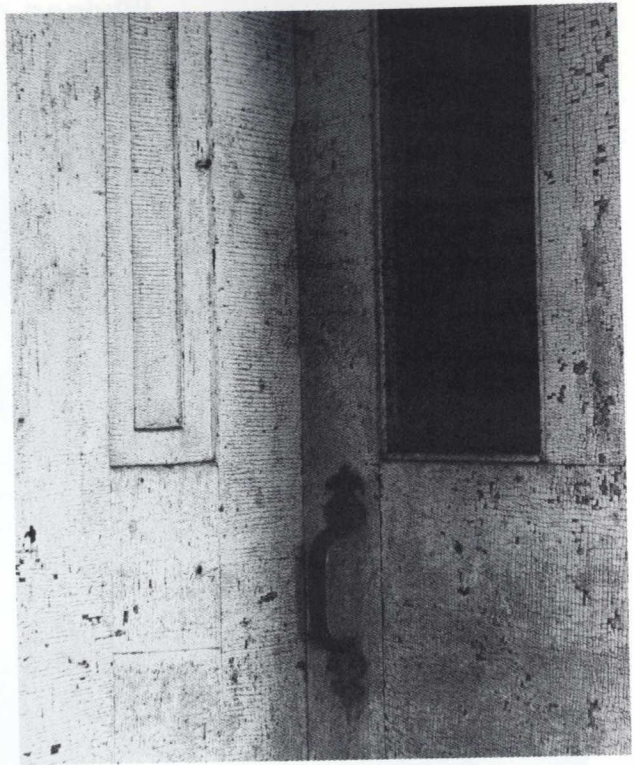
— *James Panvullo*



— Margaret Green



— Margaret R. Green



— Margaret R. Green



— David Branson

"Ruined Pier"



— Valerie Blake

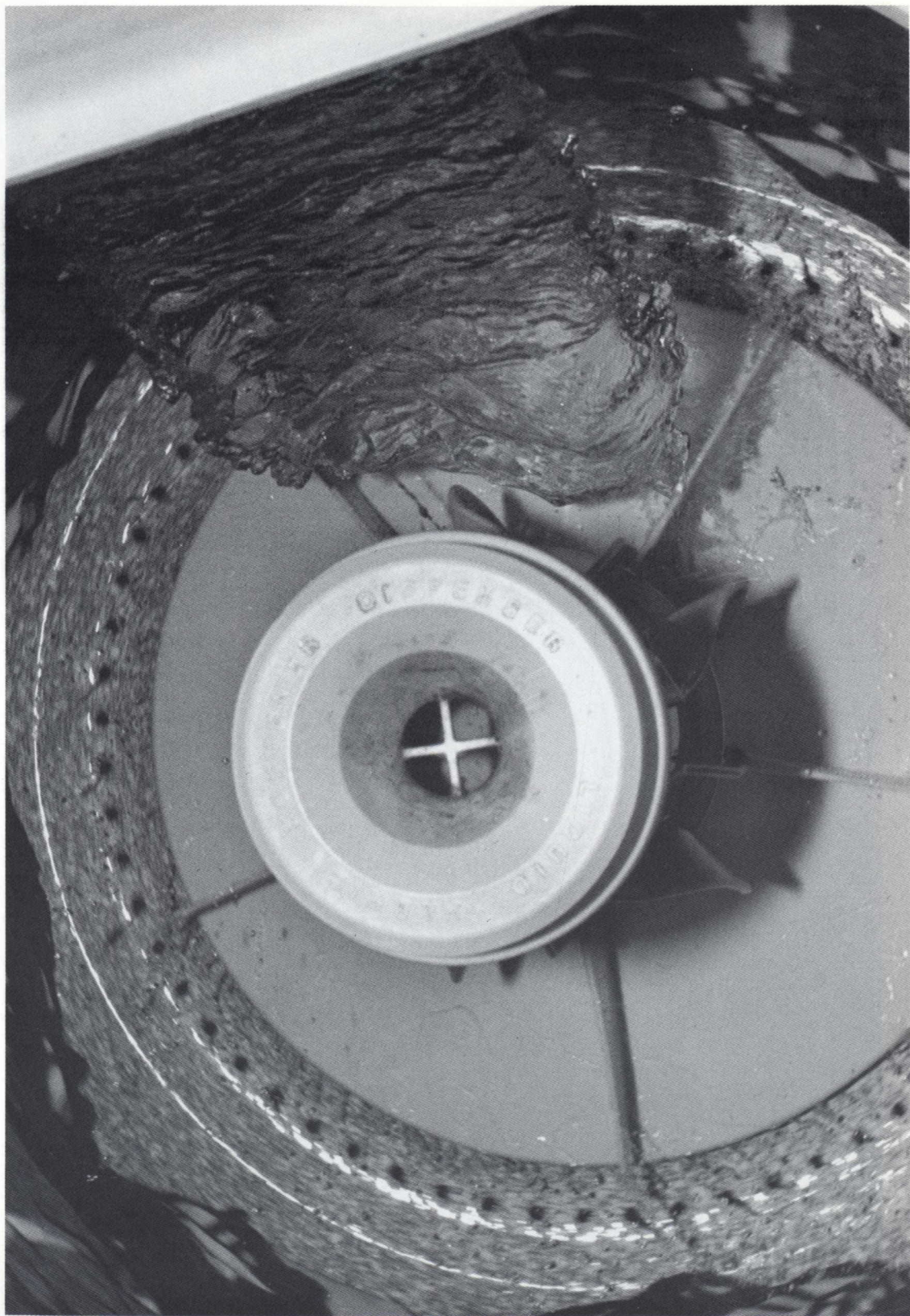


— David Branson

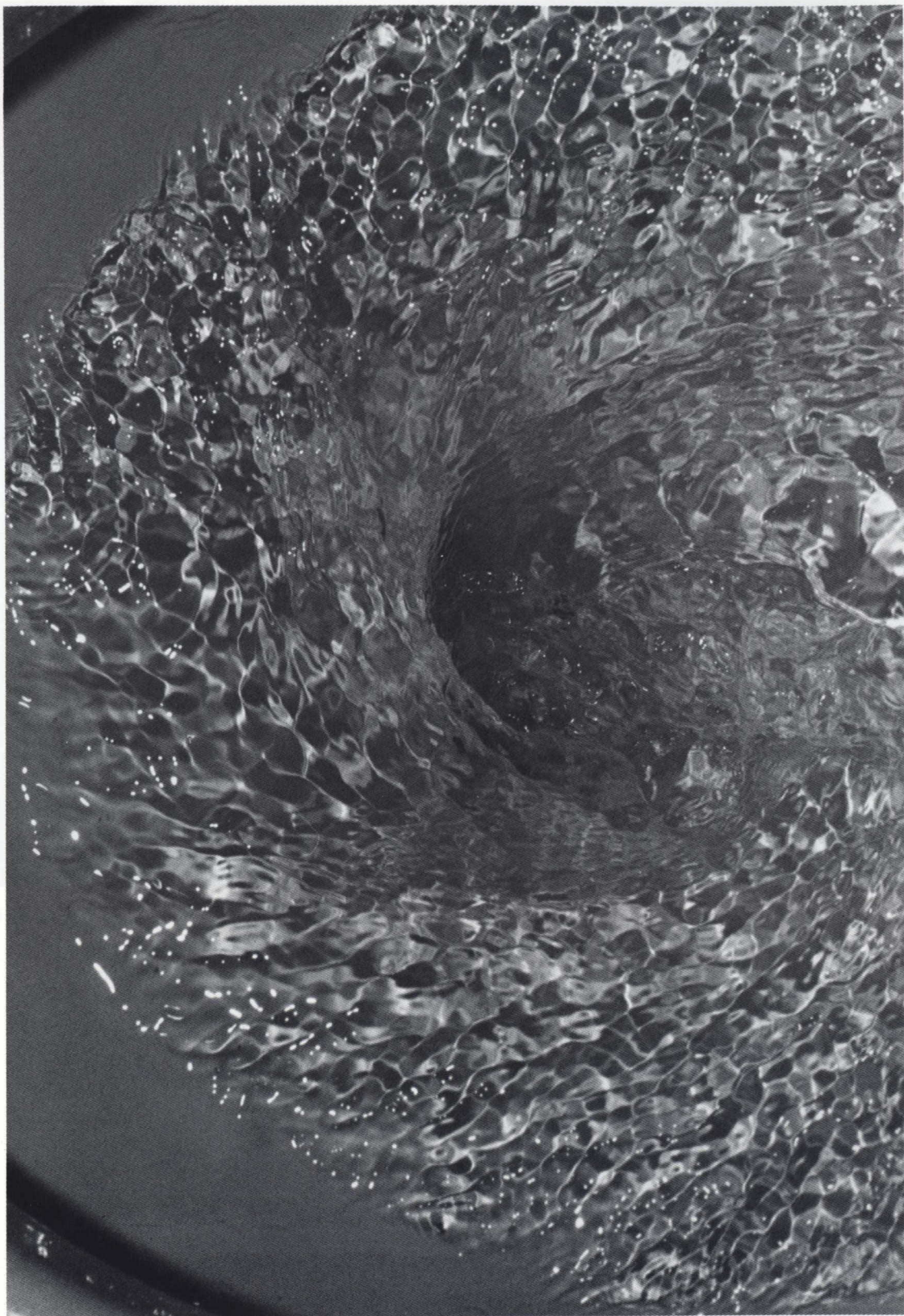
"Silent Battlefield"



— Chuck Weber



— Tracie Brown



— Tracie Brown



— Margaret R. Green

— Mary Heimbecker

Damn you, Momma! Why didn't I listen when you told me the way? Rosandra had been driving for hours to get to a God-forsaken hick town and now that she was near she wished she could just turn her little red sports car around and drive home, call her Mother and say, "Okay, so I went there. Satisfied?"

But she knew she couldn't leave the rural wasteland until she'd made the required visit to her Mama's Aunt Min, had a cup of tea with the ancient relative, subjected herself to unwanted and irrelevant reminiscence.

"Left," she spoke out loud to herself. "I should definitely go left. No, right. I should make a hard right here." Rosandra drove on a swath of interstate asphalt, stalked on both sides by leafless fruit trees. "Guess I'll just keep going straight a little while more."

Well, at least the rain has subsided she thought gratefully, switching wipers to the "off" position; I'll be able to get out of the car without ruining my suit. Driving slowly, she looked for street signs to guide her; finding none she continued along the interstate.

"Civilization!"

A one pump gas station adjoined a small, wooden building. A faded hand-painted sign proclaimed "Gerry's General Supply." Well, Gerry, you're my only hope."

She checked her appearance in the rearview mirror before disembarking from the car. The face she assessed, piecemeal, was the color of cinnamon, undiluted by sugar. Dark brown eyes, set under brows as thin and arched as wings in flight, glanced briefly at the custard smooth cheeks, then concentrated on the glossing of perfect lips.

Goosebumps traveled domino fashion, down the length of her arms, up the back of her neck, to the points of her breasts, as she stepped from the climate-controlled warmth of her car into the damp, chill air. The calendar says spring, she mused, but mother nature doesn't seem to know it.

Haughtiness, subtle as spritzed on fragrance, intimidating as mace repellent, misted around her like invisible, cumulus barrier as she entered Gerry's General, seeking directions. Her lips, thick and full and beautifully shaped, pouted disdain at the cluster of men who had stopped talking at the sight of her. She could feel their eyes on her back, running the length of her body, stripping away her linen suit, silk slip and panties. She knew the effect she had on men and tightened her thighs as the familiar rush of sensation rippled through her pelvis, filling her with orgasmic warmth.

The girl behind the counter, no more than fifteen years old, probably younger, had fashioned her hair in childish cornrows and clothed her body in a

cheap maternity smock. Rosandra found it difficult to concentrate on the directions, even more difficult to keep her gaze away from the mammoth swelling of the child's belly as it twitched and danced under the thin cotton frock. For the thousandth time, Rosandra congratulated herself on her wisdom, her foresight: come tomorrow, she'd never have to worry about such a swelling of her own body. She'd be protected, permanently.

"You're really going through with this," Wade had mourned yesterday morning as she gathered her bags for her business trip.

"Not again, Wade. We've been over it too many times already. I'm going to my meeting with Adrienne today, tomorrow I'm stopping at Aunt Min's and I'll be back tomorrow night. Then first thing Wednesday morning, I'm going to the clinic."

"Why, Roe? Why?"

"I'm all talked out. If you don't understand by now, you never will"

"You can't do this thing, Roe. I won't let you!"

"You're my husband, not my owner. Don't dare tell me what I can and can't do with my body."

"Roe, don't you see? Your saying 'NO!' to life. Permanently."

"Wade, Don't you see? I'm saying 'YES!' to life. permanently. mine period."

"Yeah, well, what are you saying to our life? Are you saying no to that, too? One month you're late and you're ready to end your fertility forever."

"You don't like it, Then find yourself someone to bread with. Sounds like that's all you want"

"You're just gonna keep trying and trying to find a way to get me to leave, then you can say. . . 'see, they're all alike, they all leave.' I'm not your father, Rosandra. I'm not leaving."

"Keep the change," she told the pregnant teen behind the counter of Gerry's General, the girl who would never know the feeling of a linen suit, never hold the keys to an expensive vehicle. The girl had taken the foolish route, the route so many young black girls went, the route Rosandra's mother had chosen all those years ago.

Rosandra had felt her father's absence, keenly. He hadn't been much fun for a while before he went away. He had stopped playing hide and seek, had lost interest in throwing her in the air and covering her belly with kisses, he didn't even come in to say good night and to tuck the covers around her all nice and snuggly the way he always had before. Mama said Daddy was sad because he had lost his job at the plant and couldn't find another. Then one day he was gone.

Mamma had waited for him to come home for a while, then she found a new man to be a daddy. That's when little Tyrone was born and everybody got new shoes even if the old ones weren't pinching at the toes and Mamma went grocery shopping every week. Then Daddy Tyrone left and there wasn't such

great food in the house and the shoes started to pinch. Then a new daddy, Daddy Will, came along. It seemed to Rosandra that Mamma didn't even like Daddy Will all that much, but she did like going to the grocery store regular and she liked the two new babies, Jeffrey and Julie, who came along while Daddy Will was there. After Daddy Will left and they ate oatmeal for breakfast, lunch and dinner, Momma got old. It wasn't just working nights at the factory that made her old, it was like the life just went out of her. Rosandra had to help with the little ones while Mamma was working and that made it hard to do her schoolwork, but she managed to stay at the top of her class and get a full college scholarship. She vowed she would never let the biology of her female body determine her destiny.

Rosandra pulled up to her destination. Aunt Min's house, a three storied, weathered gray clapboard, blended with the day. Sporting a lopsided lightning rod atop and a wraparound porch, the structure looked like a fully grown pumpkin in a sodden field. Missing banister spindles lent a jack-o-lantern appearance to the facade, as though the house itself wore a gap-toothed, dumb country grin.

She approached the house carefully, gingerly stepping over saturated grass, landing her expensive pumps on smooth flagstone. A sudden breeze swayed overhead branches and Rosandra found her self spattered with dislocated raindrops.

"Damn!" She swore under breath, scurrying to the porch for cover, searching her handbag for monogrammed handkerchief. "This is dry-clean only." Aunt Min found her there, blotting spots from her tailored outfit.

The kitchen was warm, filled with the scent of cinnamon and apples, a fresh baked pie Aunt Min said, for the special occasion. The older women's effusiveness made Rosandra uncomfortable.

"Oh, Rosie, when your mother told me you would be nearby on business, I just couldn't believe the luck!" Aunt Min gushed.

"Rosie! Aunt Min, no one has called me that in years."

"Oh, your Daddy used to call you Rosie for the roses in your cheeks."

"Well, like I said, that was years ago."

"Oh, but you're here now. Surely you can spend the night, can't you dear?"

"No, I have an important appointment first thing in the morning." Rosandra had thought long and hard about her future and nothing was going to keep her from tomorrow's fallopian tube ligation.

What a pathetic woman, Rosandra thought, watching her great Aunt shuffle around the outdated kitchen. My God, she must not have contact with the outside world, to be so excited about a simple visit. Wiry gray hair pulled into a bun accentuated her aunt's age as did the nondescript house dress, Rosandra decided. When Aunt Min disappeared into the pantry, looking for the "good" teacups, Rosandra checked her watch, calculating how long it would take

to drink her tea, participate in small talk, and drive home. She wanted to be well rested for tomorrow's procedure.

A muffled, shuffling noise sounded from the direction of the dining room, startling Rosandra to the present. Aunt Min had definitely gone into the pantry, who could be in the dining room? It must be a pet. Turning in her chair, Rosandra waited expectantly, wondering if she would be greeted by an overfed tabby or a thick-coated spaniel. The sight of what entered the kitchen dumbfounded her completely. Why, it was a child! An unkempt, stiff-climbed little thing, not much higher than the seat of Aunt Min's ancient kitchen chairs. The toddler seemed as surprised at Rosandra's presence as Rosandra was at the child's existence. They stopped and stiffened simultaneously, doe and fawn caught in the headlights, all eyes, no movement.

Rosandra appraised the child's appearance as automatically as if it were a job applicant. Nappy hair stood up asymmetrically, a matted mass of unflattering, dark fluff. Face flushed, its right cheek was temporally pocked, imprinted with the design of whatever nubby thing on which it had lain. The tiny nostrils look like miniature, salt rimmed margarita glasses, encrusted as they were with crystallized mucous. Reeking of pungent ammonia and the earthy, manure smell of warm feces, the child's stench permeated the room. Rosandra's stomach tightened involuntarily as a wave of queasiness gripped her. Nose crinkled in revulsion, lips pursed against nausea, Rosandra broke the gaze, averted her face from the loathsome child.

As if on cue, the toddler shrieked in a hoarse, nasally scream, "Gummy!" It began to cry then, a wailing sort of sound, accentuated by a proliferation of tumbling tears and thick, yellow snot that percolated with every exhalation.

Aunt Min hurried in from the pantry, arthritic limbs shuffling, upper arm flesh jiggling. Cooing, "There, there, Keesha. Gummy's here, baby. Gummy's here." The old woman led the baby to an old mahogany rocking chair which had, till now, stood still and unnoticed in the corner by the stove. Aunt Min held onto the arms of the antique rocker, lowered herself slowly, then opened her arms to the girl-child. Climbing nimbly onto the amorphous lap, the child nestled into ample folds of soft flesh, her huge eyes staring suspiciously at Rosandra.

Rosandra watched the scene in disbelief. What on earth was Aunt Min doing with a child? Especially such a robotic, dullard of a child. This little was nothing like the babies on the diaper commercials! And how could Aunt Min stand to hug the odious creature? Had she lost her sense of smell? Looking at the toddler, Rosandra thought Aunt Min must have lost all her senses.

Aunt Min concentrated totally on her little charge for the next few minutes, crooning and rocking, stroking and humming.

"Keesha, this is Rosandra," came the ridiculous introduction. "Let's go get you cleaned up and pretty for our company," she said to the baby. With that said, the two of them waddled into the dining room, leaving Rosandra in stunned silence.

By the time they returned a few minutes later, Keesha's hair topped with a pike satin bow, her face cleared of snot, smelling of baby powder, Rosandra was sure she had assessed the situation. Poor Aunt Min must really be strapped for money.

"Oh, good heavens, no dear!" Aunt Min exclaimed in response to Rosandra's tactful question about baby-sitting rates. "I don't get paid. Keesha is my joy. I'm blessed that her mother entrusts her to me. Besides which, Keesha's mother doesn't make very much money. You know, it's hard on single parents."

"Don't you get tired?" Rosandra queried, watching Aunt Min lower herself into the rocking chair.

"Well, my arthritis acts up a bit. I can't lift her like I used to. But other than that, we make a pretty good team. Don't we pumpkin?"

Climbing onto "Gummy's" lap, Keesha smiled her response and cuddled her caretaker till she finished her bottle of juice.

Once the toddler's needs were satisfied, Aunt Min turned her attention back to Rosandra and a proper tea.

Keesha toddled in and out of the kitchen periodically, working her way closer to Rosandra with each venture. When the baby held a saliva-sodden cookie to Gummy's guest, trying to "share", Rosandra drew back, anxious to keep the sticky fingers at a distance.

Keesha offered a limp rag doll next, in much the same way a cat offers a dead bird to its master. Rosandra accepted the doll, it seemed safer, cleaner than the cookie.

"Is this your baby?" Rosandra asked, mimicking Aunt Min's playful voice.

"Baby," Keesha responded, her face glowing like a proud mother.

She really is kind of cute, Rosandra thought, the way her face is so contoured with dimples, her complexion with roses.

"She wants to play 'shady'," Aunt Min explained, when Keesha came towards Rosandra, framing her little face with even littler fingers.

"Shady?"

"Yes, just put your hands to the sides of your face and place your faces together in the shade of your hands. Say. 'Shady!' when you pull away and let the light come in," Aunt Min directed.

Rosandra leaned toward the waiting child, feeling somewhat silly. Her fingers touched the sides of the child's face, felt the soft flesh of pudgy cheeks, the hint of skullbones underneath, the snowflake mold that would determine Keesha's beauty as a woman.

"Shady!" Rosandra whispered in the dark. Away she pulled, exclaiming "Sunshine!"

Keesha bubbled with giggles, body-shaking laughter that started deep in her little belly, surfaced in gurgling chimes. They played together for the better part of an hour, Rosandra neglecting to check her watch, forgetting about her self-imposed schedule.

"There are all kinds of wonderful things happening at the Church these days," Aunt Min told Rosandra over their third cup of tea. "They're even putting in a pre-school. Keesha will be able to go there," Aunt Min was explaining when Rosandra heard the sound.

"What's that?" Rosandra asked, jumping to her feet, already knowing the answer.

Eyes tearing, Keesha stood in the center of the dining room, making awful, strangling sounds. The toddler's face had turned from rosy caramel to an unhealthy red.

Aunt Min tried to lift the baby while Rosandra stood, transfixed.

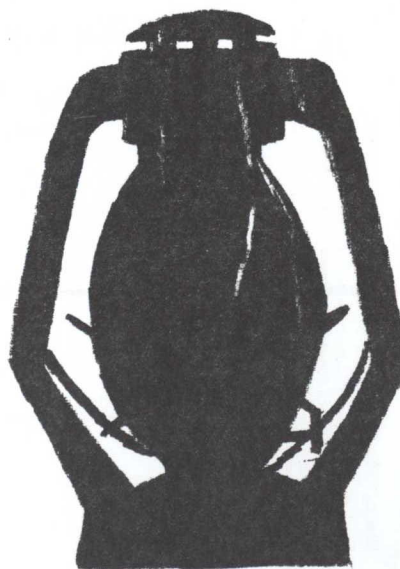
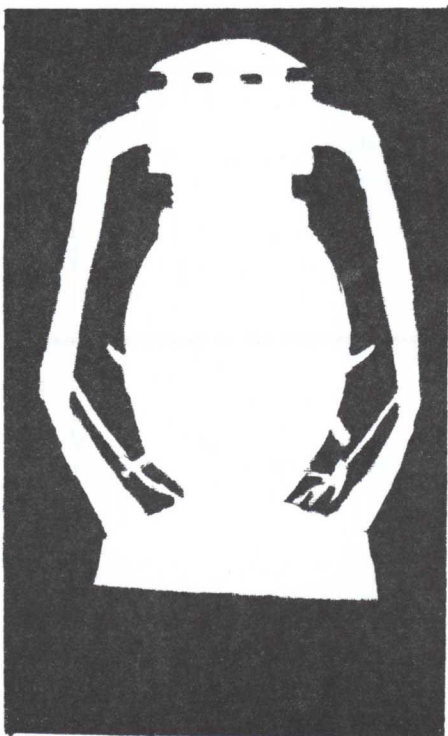
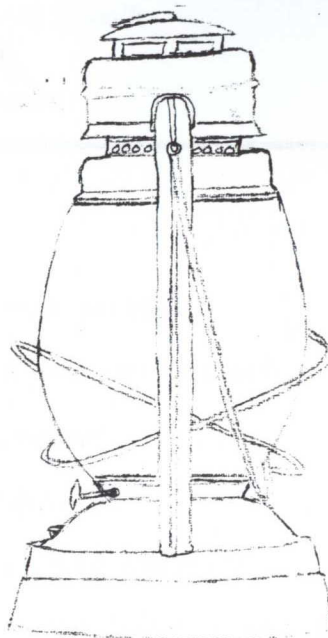
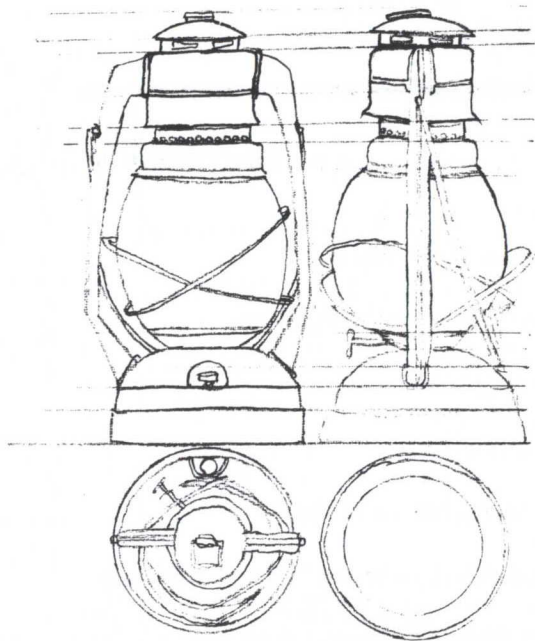
"Sweet Jesus, help me!" the old woman prayed frantically, struggling with the dead weight of the gagging child. Saliva dripped from Keesha's mouth, Her head learning forward, her little body rigid.

"I'll call the ambulance!" Rosandra screamed, running for the phone.

"No! It's sixty miles away! There's no time! Keesha! Keesha!" the old woman sobbed, patting at the baby's back, probing in her mouth.

Her heart contracting in her chest, Rosandra grabbed the blue-tinged baby from Aunt Min and explored her mouth for something foreign. Turning the child across her knee, she thumped with the heel of her hand, gently at first, instinctively increasing force till a soggy mass of cookie dislodged, followed by a rush of apple juice vomit. Rosandra didn't notice the vomit soaking into her pristine outfit. Her labor done, she gathered the whimpering baby into her arms crooning, "there, there, Keesha. Rosie's here, Sunshine, Rosie's here." As the woman quieted the baby, her own tears began to fall. You're fine now. You'll always be fine, Sunshine. We'll find a way. We'll find a way."

Roe cradled the baby close and safe and knew, with certainty, where she would be sleeping tonight.



— Scot Wallace

Listen!

— *Paul Guinan Jr.*

Listen my friend; you know how to do it.

You have been doing it since the moment of conception,

but mankind has forgotten.

Even a deaf person can listen.

If you have forgotten how, watch a baby and listen.

Listening starts in your mind and goes on from there to the ear, mouth, and body.

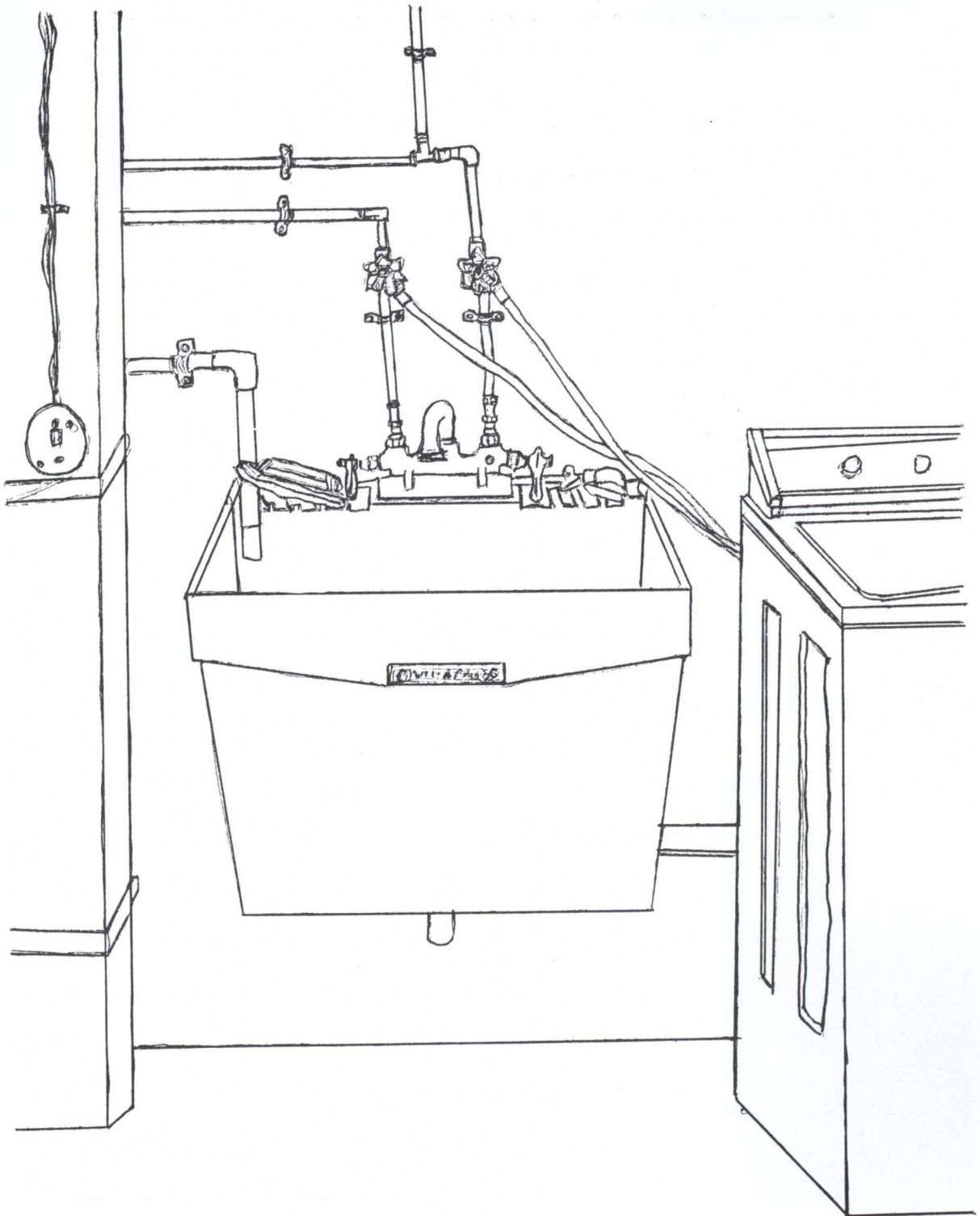
If one takes the time to listen one might hear the peace in all life.

Listen to what your body tells you.

Listen to the power of listening.

You know how to; just listen.

"Where Monsters Live"



— Scott Wallace

My Humble Request

— *Simon Kamau*

To my friends and foes, with the
hope that it will change your hearts:

When I am dead - your
tears may flow

When I am dead - you
will send flowers

But I will not see - send
them now instead

When I am dead - you will
say words of praise

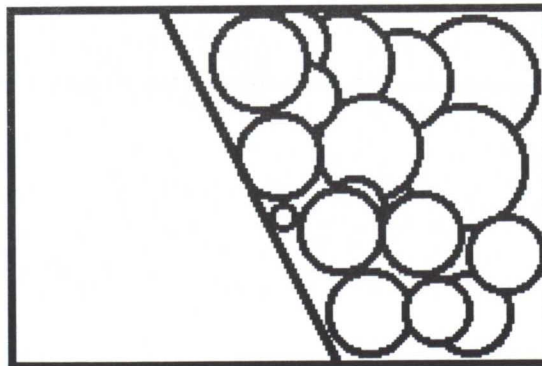
But I will not hear - praise
me now instead

When I am dead - you will
forget my faults

But I will not know - forget
them now instead

Give to the living what
you will offer to the dead.

"Claustrophobia"



— *Despina*



— *David Branson*

End of Semester DCCC Blues

— *Off The Wall*

Listen my colleagues and you shall here,
what it is like teaching at DCCC
from year to year.
Skipped classes, failed tests,
excuses galore...
Overslept, missed the bus,
wait, there's still more.
Mother died twice, I'm working at night...
I'm taking this class over,
I've got to get it right!
No time for homework, papers are a drag...
Why do you count absents (?)
and why do you nag (?)
So I've forgotten my book,
don't remember your name...
What do you call this class (?)
They all seem the same.
This course is a waste,
I'm transferring you know...
Schedule for September (?)
I'm not sure I'll go.
In school by ten & out by one,
only Tuesdays & Wednesdays,
why can't this be done?
You're making this hard,
you're making this rough.
They never told me that college
would be this tough!
But faculty please,
don't whine & and don't drool...
May will come soon,
and the end of school...
will bring sunshine, flowers
and Spring will be here...
then just three more months
to a whole new year!

A Prayer

— *Andrea McCann*

sometime in the darkest hour
 where shadows lay still at your feet
 where shadows grow long
 and white and thin
 begin
i hold a face from long ago
in front of mine
while shapes around me change
and become liquid
i am drunk and rigid
the sensation of rusted metal
on my tongue
my eyes get wide
my teeth are numb
hold me, love me
this is the worst part
forgive me
i cannot forgive myself

I Just Want To Dream Now

— *Shannon Bradford*

Rain falling gently caressing me
Earth in its embrace
I lie awake deep in thought ...
Tired and cold is my weary body.
This box is my home.
Passersby on their way to nowhere
Run through puddles and splash my feet.
I lie here afraid of the dark,
Wondering if I should sleep;
Will I see the cold gray New York sky again?
I lie awake shivering, alone,
In my box that is now my home.
Sleep comes slowly, ever so silently,
Leaving my eyes closed
And my mind racing to be free,
My body is gone.
So is the rain.
I feel no pain. I just want to dream now.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

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