



pegasus

pegasus
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perpetual perception

In desperate need of solitude
I sought the company of friends
Drawn to where the sky and earth
And water begin and end

Dwarfed by mass of nature
A pebble on the beach
A well defined ambition
Well within my reach

My thoughts curl in pantomime
I'm riding on the crest
My destiny like every wave
A cycle without rest

Wrapped in the consistency
Of endless rise and fall
Resting in the arms of life
It's great to be so small

The sanctity surrounds me
And saturates my soul
With the wisdom of infinity
And one more chance to grow

Those left behind are left holding guns loaded with
accusations. They pierce the perfect vision that once was.
Decaying autumn leaves bury the fallen form of a young man
wracked with grief caused by living.
Be liberated from the prison of leaves,
live again.

Be free from the obsession of joy,
face the sharp accusations fired upon your memory by those
guilty by association.
Forever young, forever at peace, forever dead – words that
are spoken, to ease the guilt of those guilty by association.
Those who cared but never knew of the fallen leaves and the
flickering embers within.

What can be said of a man who is dead by his own strong hand,
in the murky depths of his troubled mind, who was to blame.
Those holding guns loaded with razor sharp words, questioning
his act.

Free yourself from the prison of leaves, face the accusations
of those who are guilty by association.
Live.

in the mirror

Look in my eyes and you will see
A strong and independent soul
Content and happy with who I am
But really I'm just playing the role

Look again, but deeper this time
You'll see the wall that I have placed
It protects me from shedding the tears
Helps me forget all that I have faced

I'll say I believe in myself
When really failure is what I fear
I'll tell you that I never cry
While I'm drowning inside from the tears

Now you know the truth about me
That I am not what I portray
In my search to be accepted
I deceive those around me each day

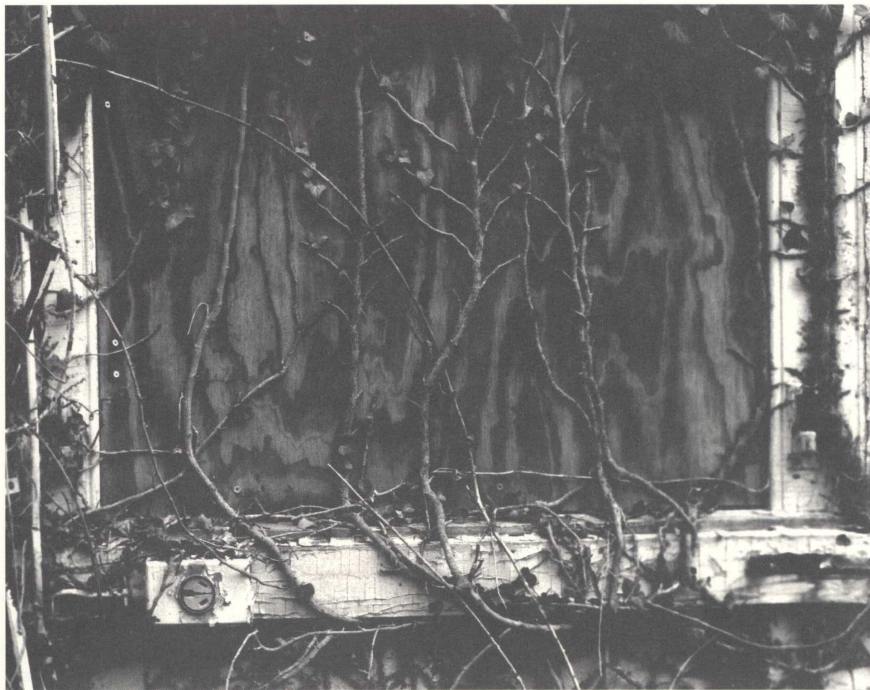
Now look in my eyes one more time
Take a step back and you will see
That what lies beneath the surface
Is the reflection of you to me

Do you hear the voices, the screams of little children
The sky is raining tears, from all those dying babies
Where are their mothers, those protective arms in need
Being shot left and right, the final sinful deed

What about the others, the ones left barely standing
Crippled from the beatings, stripped of any life
Protecting their yellow star, against the cross of red
The odds are far too high, the souls will soon be dead

There is no proper burial, to signify their life
The flames engulf the thousands, the smell throughout the air
Each body ashes to ashes, as they all fall down
An entire race of innocence, burnt to the ground

And yet you still forget, the horrors from the past
Your audacity to say, "I can not handle it"
But you are not the ones, who live with all the pain
You are not the ones, who died from the Nazi game



Misery loves company
and so do I
We'll have fun,
you and I
As we frolic
and dance
In dark cellars
of the mind
And the dirty holes
in our morals.
Misery loves company:
won't you join me?

Letter from a templar knight

To my sick and dying Brother Knight and friend,
Algenon, reposing in Castle LeVeque, France.

Dear Algenon, I am saddened that ailments preclude what I am sure are your noblest efforts to respond to my letters. In my sincerest prayers I ask God, our Father, to intervene for your immediate recovery. However, it is your probable closeness to expiration that forces my quill to shakily scratch these words onto cloth.

Great distress it is that bids me to write you this day. An event has transpired that brings into clear vision the folly of our position in this un-Holy Land. It is an entrapment set by the Devil, which mocks us in the very face of God. For myself, it has changed everything.

It was a day of Arabian heat and reconnaissance. Seven of we knights were riding in the hills of Al Hijaz overlooking the Strait of Tiran, in search of the enemies of Jesus. Below us, on a road near water's edge, came a caravan of Muslims. There were perhaps several hundred of them on "haj", a holy journey to Mecca. Since we are vowed to attack any number of infidels, as long as our own number at least four, it was certain we would soon lie in unblest graves. This haj would likely have many warriors traveling with them to shield against the Red Cross of the Knights Templar.

Brother Walter made the decision to embattle. With swiftness and bravery did we fly upon them. We lunged at the tail of their snakelike column searching for defenders. It was in these next moments, my brother, that existence for me altered

completely. It altered quicker than light reflects from gold, quicker than I can write this word.

As I approached the column, I focused on the first man to slay. The sun did reflect from metal he was holding, which I took for a scimitar. But as my steed and I bounded forward, I perceived that the man had no sword at all, but simply a dagger which might had cut meat for his family meal. I, however, was in blood lust. No longer did I see man, only soldier. Others joined near him. My broadsword, raised for the "glory of Christendom," dropped upon him as axe upon block. He severed from heart to heart. Now, I have split infidels in half before, my brother, but this one apparently had a humped deformity on his back. This extraneous flesh retained my sword longer than one would expect. Both hands were needed to extract it from the corpse and sheets of clothing, all the while retaining my seat on the horse, and kicking wildly at the increasing number of enemies who beset me. But none had swords, only clubs or knives. There were no soldiers, only men.

Still they did make several cuts under my mail before I freed my blade. Into my wounds poured the passion and heat of vengeance. I struck and killed and killed and struck. The gallons of blood that soaked the ground would have filled ten and half of forty infidels. But as I continued to slaughter, a vision of the man with the hump appeared before me. He was mouthing words in silence and pointing to his disfigured back. His anguish breached my armor and touched my heart. I halted.

In the clash, Brother Walter fell, as did Brothers David, Newton, and Ramon. Arabian women in proximity to our dead brethren became a locust swarm over the carcasses and deprived them of helmet, glove and any other accoutrement they could extract. Mutilation followed. One woman bashed repeatedly upon Brother David's lifeless skull with a book of the Koran.

Later, I was enchained by the two brothers who survived with me that day. They claimed before a tribunal my apparition was of Satan (thought they saw nothing) and that I deliberately ignored the cries of my fellow knights for assistance (my memory is empty on this matter). I am now convicted as coward and heretic.

Heretic, I admit, Algenon, for I doubt, question. I shall doubt for ages the validity of destroying my fellow creatures for the right to visit a city, Jerusalem or otherwise, though the strife continues as I write. Still, my conscience eats at my flesh from within because I question; my Church bid me do *this*?

Brother, forgive my digression.

My next recollection after halting was that the conflict had ended. The infidels had fled in fear and disgust from the sight of their dead. I was sloshing through the wet of human remains searching the heap of my victims for the humped man. And there, to one side, he lay face up. I grabbed both his arms, pieced him together and raised him in front of me, demanding loudly to know why he appeared as apparition before me. As if in answer,

my shocked senses beheld a sight that I shall not forget in this life or any life subsequent. A third, small arm suddenly protruded from the dead man's chest, reaching for my very soul. I dropped the lot of it and fell in anguish and terror to the ground. Before me, severed in half, yet keenly intertwined with the dead man from his initial fall, I saw the body of a small child, male or female I could not tell, but the man's own, surely. The child had clung to its father under his garments for protection against the revenge of Christendom, against my revenge. I – had killed the father and murdered the child, all in a single stroke.

So, my brother, with your purity in never allowing foul deeds to pitch your soul, and your current nearness to the sight of God, I beg you – intercede for me. My own soul quivers with guilt and shame – and the conflagration of eternity laps at my throat.

Pray your reply will arrive with a wave of the Fifth Crusade, hopefully, before my written death sentence from Pope Innocent III.

Signed by my hand, this fifth day of April, in the 1216 anno Domini, while awaiting execution in Akko, near the Holy Land, your divested,
Poor Knight of the Temple of Solomon,
Wilhelm von Erfurt.

Stealthily
As a ghost in darkness,
He pads into the cavern.
Our cub, half-awake,
Rumbles uneasily.
But I know his scent,
And welcome my Mate:

You are cold, but I am warm.
We burrow into each other;
I wrap my legs about him
And nuzzle his tawny mane.
(My mate smells like the plains:
Sunlight on wind-whipped grass
And dustdevils.)
Presently, my huntress' heat
Massages him into sleep.

O, haven! O, home!
The walls of our cave
Melt into
Amber around us
Until it feels a fortress:
Golden, russet refuge.
Now our babe purrs in her sleep.
The paw
Of my Lionhearted one
Lies light
Upon me.

What has become
 Of their life's sum
Are only angles and degrees
The remainder of existing
 On retracting fractions of their minds
They left it alone for so long
 The distance multiplied, and
Diminished to a quotient
 With nothing to divide...

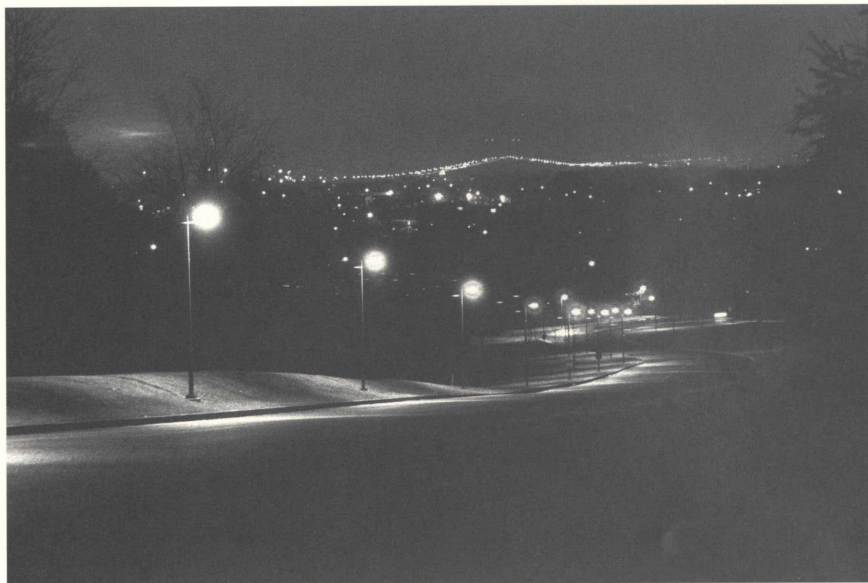
the end result

What we see is so ugly, we can't bear to look
What we hear isn't true, so we choose not to listen
What we say makes no difference, so we no longer speak
What we feel only hurts, so we refuse to be touched

For all that we could be
It's a sin what we've become
We're blind
We're deaf
We're deliberately dumb

a wintry sight

Snowflakes are floating,
And God's gray sky's exploding:
Winter is coming.



drum rolls

The beating of the drums revives me
Life floods back into my body
And I dance, my feet tracing intricate designs
on the dusty floor
Where none have trod before.

The drummer in my mind plays on
And I am compelled to the game
The Great Game!
I play and lose
And laugh and play again.

The beat is a haphazard noise
which calls to me as one of its own
I follow, and would
To the ends of the Earth
I will follow.

A hot day in July;
The car window is down.
I ride past a house.
From inside, beyond the
screen door,
I hear the sound of a baby's
pull-toy.
I picture chubby little feet
running in circles,
making the toy noisy.
I smile.

Many summers ago, those
sounds came from my
screen door.
A young mother, watching
three baby boys as they
played with noisy
pull-toys.
Then I remember sounds that
take my smile away.
The sounds of Good-Bye...
The awful sound of my youngest
son's last breath
After losing his battle against Leukemia.

Different Good-Byes...
Goodbye, Mom, We love you.
Two older sons turning into men.
Off to college; first loves; true loves;
faraway trips; new jobs; new lives.
Someone passing by my screen door now
Will hear no sounds.
All the sounds are in my head.

the aged

Look at the stories
in their eyes.
Hear the depth
within their sighs.

Listen to the words
they long to say,
the experience and wisdom
of yesterday.

Absorb what life has carved
upon their faces,
the joys, the fears,
the people and places.

Do it now
don't forget.
Unlived moments dwell
in a world of regret.

Learn what you can.
Let them be
the text books of life
God intended them to be.

I hate you. I hate what you do to people. I hate how you control them. How you make them your slave. They are under your control and will stop at nothing to get you. I've watched people beat other people up to take their money so they could buy you. I've even seen friends of mine go to jail because of you. If I had it my way, I'd make you a person so I could kick your ass. Five minutes alone in a weapons filled room would be all I would need. I would make you feel all of the suffering of the millions of people who have trusted you only to be let down and drug through the gutters of life. I would let you feel the pain I felt when I trusted you. But you could never feel the pain like I did. You could never identify with the hell I went through. I've been clean for seven years now, but I know you're still out there. I know I can't let my guard down for a second because you still hold a piece of me with you. A piece of my soul that I can never retrieve. But that's the only piece you'll ever get.



Pharaoh Akhnaton,
You worship a new god Aton,
Can squeeze joys 'n alms rotten
Akhnaton bows to Aton
For me.
Boo hoo.

Queen Nefertiti,
Stop as Akhnaton's sweetie,
And please poison Akhnaton
Tutankhamen's plows do Amen-
Ra free.
You, too.

*the supermarket tale***The Prologue**

The fog clung low about the frozen ground,
 No flow'r or ray of sunlight could be found.
 The wind was fierce and whipped dead leaves about,
 Winter had arrived, there was no doubt.
 Each blade of grass was brown and stiff with frost,
 And I was feeling at loose ends and lost.
 Thanksgiving day, it was fast approaching,
 Fear and dread on my thoughts were encroaching.
 Turkey day never worked well at my house—
 Merely a day for my family to grouse.
 "Turkey's too dry, potatoes too lumpy"
 "Course you're still single – that dress is too frumpy!"
 Each moment of torture was worse than the last,
 You'd think I'd refuse to prepare the repast.
 But no! I'm never assertive enough.
 I don't have a spine, I've got to be tough.
 But until I do, they'll keep showing up,
 Around my table they'll gather and sup.
 And as I gaze 'round at those I hold dear,
 Their noses rosy with too much good cheer.
 I'll think of Thanksgiving four years ago,
 When I shopped last minute – oh what a show!
 School was a bitch, and work was a bear,
 I couldn't find extra time anywhere.
 As Tuesday arrived I became worried,
 So off to the supermarket I scurried.
 The sight I beheld there, the things that I learned,
 Are upon my mind indelibly burned.
 This is the story, but please heed my warning,
 Because Days of Thanks should not be spent mourning.
 I got to the store, it was really mobbed,
 I almost sat down on the curb and sobbed.
 But I took a deep breath and persevered,
 Got my food quickly, thought "Hmm, this is weird..."
 I headed up front to get stuff checked out,
 The sight that greeted me near made me shout.
 The lines were so long I couldn't see the floor,
 There had to be two hundred people or more.
 I heaved a great sigh, and chose a cashier,
 I was the sixth person, I stood in the rear.
 Things moved pretty fast, It wasn't too bad,

And then "It" happened, Oh God it was sad!
 The lights flashed once and then there was silence,
 Scanners were dead, the air filled with violence.
 The employees had no explanation,
 It wasn't a pleasant situation.
 They had us trapped, we needed our food,
 I fretted that people soon would turn rude.
 But as I looked around I was surprised,
 Nobody really had blood in their eyes.
 Sure there were some people stamping their feet,
 But most were just waiting and being quite sweet.
 I smiled at my neighbors, they smiled at me,
 We got to chatting and I thought, "Well gee,
 Let's get into to the holiday spirit
 Let's tell some stories, C'mom, let's hear it!"
 But as we were deciding who would go first,
 A woman one checker down from me burst:
 "This is the worst store I've ever been in!
 I'm in a big hurry, I can't seem to win.
 Where's the manager – this is insane
 My ice cream is melting, what a big pain!"
 Her face was bright red and her fists were balled,
 The rest of us really were quite appalled.
 Her narrowed eyes looked like they could shoot fire,
 Pity the person receiving her ire.
 "I'm running late" she spat, her jaw clenched tight,
 "At this snail-like pace, we'll be here all night!"
 She fussed some more about being ticked off,
 Then a man next to her gave a quiet cough.
 Putting a restraining hand on her arm,
 Attempting to soothe her he laid on the charm.
 "Pardon me, ma'am, let me be of service,
 You seem to be getting a bit nervous.
 We're all feeling restless, we want to leave now,
 But the machines are down, and anyhow,
 We can amuse ourselves, it will be fun,
 I'd like to tell a tale, be the first one."
 The impatient woman looked all around,
 She heaved a huge sigh and then stared at the ground.
 The old gent smiled, exposing a dimple,
 As if to say "Boy, that sure was simple."
 The gentle old man was really quite cute,

He wore a dark hat and a fine gray suit.
His black loafers gleamed like a moonlit lake,
His wrist bore a Rolex and it wasn't fake.
His hair and his eyebrows were white as the snow,
He looked the "nobleman" from head to toe.
His lips quirked with mirth, his cheeks they were pink,
He was tense with excitement, just on the brink
Of letting us have it, of getting us good
Lifting our spirits and lightening the mood.
He shifted his weight, and leaned on his cart,
He took a deep breath and then he did start:

The Old Gentleman's Tale

Each year for Thanksgiving we go to my son's,
My wife and I bring the pie and the buns.
My daughter-in-law prepares a good dinner,
And my Ruthie's pie is always a winner.
We usually get to their house around two,
We're met by our grandkids, Jess, Em, and Sue.
It's a joy not having to cook or play host,
'Cause all that cleaning's what I hate the most!
My daughter and her family come too,
My youngest son Ben flies from Kalamazoo.
He's going to school there – but I digress.
My tale's about last year – oh what a mess...
Ruthie and I arrived a wee bit late,
Not a big deal, we pulled up to the gate
Just at two-thirty, the grandkids ran out
Threw themselves at us, knocked us about.
"Grandmama, Pop-Pop, just wait 'til you see,
Mom's had a fit and screwed up the turkey!"
I looked at Ruthie and she looked dismayed,
We became anxious and even afraid.
We squared our shoulders and approached the door,
Em whispered, "Wait Poppy, there's even more.
Daddy was out with his friends all morning
Playing football, he ignored Mom's warning.
She wanted him home to help with the cooking,
But he snuck out while she wasn't looking.
She was so mad that she slammed stuff around,
And Daddy was not anywhere to be found.
Mom cleaned all morning, we tried to aid,

Tidied our rooms and our beds are all made.
But as time passed and it grew much later,
Mom started to snarl like a mean 'gator.
Dad strolled in at noon all dirty and tired,
Mom was pissed – oops! I mean, really worried.
Dad opened his mouth to apologize,
Thought better of it when he saw her eyes.
He quickly took over trussing the bird,
Mom kept on boiling and said not a word."
"Tom" wasn't cooking yet – it was way late,
I looked at the clock, it was 12:28.
Dad asked Mom what still needed doing,
She rounded on him – My gosh she was stewing!
She started to yell, she was really mad,
I could tell that Daddy felt very bad.
Mom hollered a lot about time running out,
She called my Dad an insensitive lout.
She calmed down but then started to cry,
Dad patted her hand and said with a sigh,
"Beth I am sorry. I wanted to play
You need to relax – it's a holiday!"
Mom snuffed and said, "Paul, we're running behind.
I know that I'm stressed but I think that you'll find,
At 9 PM when we haven't had food,
Our guests will be tired and not in the mood,
To hear how many touchdowns you scored,
They will be famished and cranky and bored.
It's one o'clock and we aren't even dressed,
I want to greet your folks looking my best.
Now go and change – it's almost two
Paul get that bird in, we've got things to do!"
Dad said yet again how sorry he was
I think my Mom was softening because
She was almost smiling when Jess ran in
Crying and yelling, it was quite a din
We were alarmed and asked, "What's the matter?"
Dad said, "I've never seen you looking sadder."
"D-dad, Leroy's not in his cage.
I've looked everywhere – he's been missing an age!"
(Leroy's a hamster, a fine, fuzzy beast
He's been Jess's friend for two years at least.)

continued next page

the supermarket tale

Mom asked, "Jess, when did you last see him?"
 Jess said "this morning," and looked pretty grim.
 Dad said, "C'mon guys, let's split up and look."
 Mom replied, "But Paul, we still have to cook.
 The kids aren't ready, you need a shower,
 We can't look for Leroy. It's out of our power.
 I'm sure he'll turn up Jess, just like before,
 Remember? You found him in your sock drawer?"
 So Jess is upset, Pop, Mom's still ticked too,
 So careful about what you say and do!
 Em finished her story and gave us a wink,
 Ruthie and I felt our hearts start to sink.
 We went in the house, it all seemed okay,
 I thought, "Well alright, we'll have a nice day."
 Beth loosened up a bit, others arrived,
 Our family harmony had survived.
 We sat down to eat a bit late, that's true,
 And Jess was distressed, but what could we do?
 We'd searched more for Leroy but to no avail,
 We called out his name and left a food trail.
 I felt bad for Jess, gave him a hug,
 "He will turn up, now let's go you big lug.
 Dinner is finally ready and waiting,
 Your Mom and Dad are loudly debating
 What kind of knife to use on the big bird,
 Can't they just carve the thing? This is absurd!"
 So we gathered 'round and prepared to eat,
 It smelled superb. We were in for a treat.
 Beth finally sat down, Paul picked up a spoon,
 Our mouths watered – we would be eating soon.
 Paul used the spoon to get out the dressing,
 His face became pale, it was distressing.
 He paused in his work, and with a gruff growl,
 "Honey," he said, "could you get me a towel?"
 "What's wrong?", Beth asked jumping out of her chair.
 "Nothing," Paul said "but there's no time to spare."
 Beth looked in the bowl and nearly fainted,
 Her face was so white, it looked to be painted.
 She went to the kitchen, she was shaking,
 Jess looked in the dish, he started quaking.
 By this point everyone was curious,
 Jess started to scream – he was furious.

The tears were streaming, he didn't make sense,
 Then Ruth took a look, her shoulders got tense.
 I turned to Jess, "What's wrong, my boy?"
 He couldn't talk. Paul said, "it's Leroy."
 I guess the hamster had a taste for meat,
 He probably thought he was getting a treat.
 He'd crawled in the bird, I guess, and got stuck,
 Tried to crawl out and was plum out of luck.
 Now we were left with Jess's anguish,
 And a cooked little critter inside the dish.
 None of us could find the right words to say,
 To comfort poor Jess and salvage the day.
 He blamed his mother, and she felt at fault,
 The meal, of course, was called to a halt.
 A pall hung over us all at the table,
 No one could eat, no one felt able.
 We can't know for sure when Leroy snuck in,
 If they'd looked earlier there might have been
 A way to prevent the senseless death,
 Keep the poor pet from breathing his last breath.
 But Beth was rushing and being all tense,
 One thing's for sure though – from that day hence,
 No one in my family puts food in the oven,
 Without being sure, ten times or a dozen
 That all whom we love, and whom we adore
 Are where they should be, two-legged or four
 Beth fussed so much about stuff being done,
 She forgot what really mattered – her son.
 Things happen sometimes that we don't foresee,
 And we have to deal with them, take it from me.
 If you let the little stuff get on your nerves,
 You'll be serving your rodent up as hors d'oeuvres!

Lonely black branches reach up through grey skies
To capture the moon in their harsh grasp.
Each blade of grass stands brown and stiff with frost,
And the whining wind rocks a solitary cottage on the countryside.
Winter hath swept his frigid wand across the land.

Inside, a small fireplace glows gently with dying embers,
Giving little comfort to the haggard woman in a rocking chair.
She stares out the window – her heart and mind elsewhere,
With a loved one she has lost yet again.
As she silently weeps, snow begins to fall.

She mourns the loss of her cherished daughter
And of summer, glowing with life and golden sun.
She knows she could stop the endless winter, but she cannot.
The pain must be shared, or it fills her soul with an emptiness
That only the coming of spring can kill.

The snow comes down faster now, but the woman's tears have ceased.
The fireplace burns no more; it is as frigid as her heart.
She eats the simple supper alone – no one to share what she has to give.
Outside Winter hath swept his frigid wand across the land,
And Demeter waits and wishes for the coming of spring.

passing cloud

i waited all night for you by the redwood tree
 (my soul entered the sullen fake orgasm of reality)
 the savage inner violence where the thought police
arrested me
 where the scattered moonbeams shatter me
 where the sheltering vision of an infinite hand
captures your smiling effervescence
 where a beautiful starving rose is a passing cloud i
have become a supernatural dream dying in my sleep
 here in this solemn realm of antiquity:
 there are images of night,
 there are broken cathedral windows,
the frogpond clouds—
(crying) i waited all night for you by the redwood tree

The shyness of the dance
Belies the hardness of the feelings
The shy awkward boy who really is a man
As he strives to talk to the pretty young Swede
 dancing with him
Though she tries to bring the conversation
 around to simple things
The man falters not knowing what to say
The dance ends the two part to ponder
What may have been said

She radiated an almost magnetic attraction. She was petite, slender, and she had a thick head of brown curls that cascaded across her shoulders. Despite her intense physical attractiveness, she was about as stable and firm as a water bed. She consistently switched personalities, enchanting one moment, terrifying the next. I can't believe I allowed myself to be caught in her web.

I tried to relate to her as I'd always wanted someone to relate to me. As I attempted to get inside her suffering, I purchased for her a gold and white teddy bear hamster from Woolworth as a sixteenth birthday present. Then we went to see Madonna's breathtaking and spectacular documentary, "Truth or Dare." I remember how she rubbed the back of my neck with her tender hand, her caress was so soothing that I thought I was making a difference to her.

Without warning she changed, like a caterpillar to a butterfly. She adopted Madonna's brash honesty and candor; this was the first of many changes for her. Soon, every week she switched into a new personality, each one more abrasive and vindictive than the last.

She wanted to be a manipulative vixen, like some modern day Marlene Dietrich or Mae West. Forcing these changes upon me was futile. I was caught in a phase myself, somewhere between Salinger's Holden Caulfield and James Dean circa "East of Eden." I adore Madonna – being Madonna, and when she emulated her that was one thing, but these constant, almost frightening changes made me resent and fear her.

She worshiped me in public, always being so flirtatious, and trying to make believe that something was really going on. This particular act infuriated me.

She knew I was nowhere near ready for that kind of relationship, but she received great satisfaction from the overt attention she attained when she felt like that.

She wore tight spandex pants and cheap low cut shirts that showed off her cleavage. The heels of her Payless imitation leather shoes were always at least three inches or more. She was desperate to be seen as tall and glamorous, like the movie stars she tried so hard to emulate.

By the time our relationship ended she was caught somewhere in between Tracy Lords and Marilyn Chambers, a haven't yet and a has been. I really didn't care anymore by that point. I had forced myself out of my own shell and was ready to move on, choosing to cherish the memories of the few times I felt I made a difference in her life.

If I knew that somewhere beneath the gaudy jewelry, tacky outfits, and cheap make-up there was still the same sweet girl, filled with insecurities and vulnerable to the quickest nasty glance, I might light a candle in some Gothic cathedral for her, saying a prayer, wishing her well.

I hear she is modeling now and writing songs. I can see her, haunting the halls of a Hollywood home, looking for inspiration for her sermons on love and sex, betrayed by the promises they both make.

When I wake up in the middle of the night or on snowy February mornings, I put on a Madonna CD, light a cigarette, and stare into the mirror. I see her face, break down and weep over what could have been, but was never meant to be.

Hey diddle diddle,
the cat with a riddle
The Apollo killed the man in the moon.
I thought Father Knew Best,
but growing old killed the rest,
and now censors decide what's news.

The Easter Bunny's got rabies,
and Robin Hood's got a Mercedes,
and at Kitty Hawk Orville never flew.
I thought love was the best,
but time killed the rest,
and now censors decide what's news.

woman

I want a woman who will take my mind as well as my soul to the edge of existence where I will stand broken and alone. Then she will appear. She will take me back to civilization. We will live forever in our own happiness. I would do anything for her. I would pull the air out of a bottle for her if she was unable to breathe. I would pull the sun out of its night's slumber if she was unable to see. I would take her to the edge of existence, but I would stay there with her and we would make it our existence. We would be eternity. The moon and the stars would smile on us and we would bask in the light of their joyful laughter. We would be the only two people on our planet.

untitled

Christopher
Wanamaker



later...