

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

Brushing - Historical

Brushing

1-1973

Brushing, January, 1973

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarship.rollins.edu/historical_brushing



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Rollins College Students, "Brushing, January, 1973" (1973). *Brushing - Historical*. 4.
https://scholarship.rollins.edu/historical_brushing/4

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Brushing at Rollins Scholarship Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in Brushing - Historical by an authorized administrator of Rollins Scholarship Online. For more information, please contact rwalton@rollins.edu.

Fall, 1972
(COPY 8)



BRUSHING



BRUSHING January, 1973

Staff

Joan Brewer
Cindy Cotton
Steven J. Ganthner
Ellen Gerardis
Tobin Hinkle
Carol Lightbourn, editor
Scott Sindelar
Donna Stein

Submissions of poetry are welcome from anyone, anywhere.

Continuing exchange with other magazines is invited.

Brushing Editor
Rollins College
Winter Park
Florida 32789

cover by Pablo Renaldo Sanchez

CONTENTS

GLENN COX	1, 3, 29
STEVE PHELAN	4
SUSAN MEADE	5
RICH WHITLEY	8
PABLO SANCHEZ	9, 27, 50
MICHAEL MADONICK	10
GREG LING	14
JOAN BREWER	18
SUSAN WHEALLER	20
JULIE BATTAGLIA	21, 43
STEVEN J. GANTHER	22
JEAN WEST MACKENZIE	26
CHRISTY LESCHEN	28
EILEEN CRADDOCK	30
CAROL LIGHTBOURN	31
RACHEL MARGARONIS	35
TOBIN HINKLE	36
LEISEL BELL	38
DONNA STEIN	44
CHRISTIE HELMER	46
GERRY WOLFSON	48
CATHE ENSIGN	49
R. D. RAY	51



Glenn Cox

Family

Jackpurple snapdragon

Seanrose hibiscus

Superstars in morningglory

Evenshadows talking-for-me

Katie-Maggie venusflytrap

Grips my soul

And loves my lap

Loislily wishto fillme

Briantim dandebrianlion

Yellowstreak climbing

From sunbeams diving

Into my daddyarms

you sit there smiling
 in your free-lance world of dreams
wandering cat of gold
 gazing at the sky rich with
 shapeless ideals
unwary of the broken glass beneath your feet
 half-closed eyes in the lulling
 mid-day sun

Ah, i see you
 basking in your mockery
the throbbing heat
 undisturbed
save by the stretching of limbs
 — stiffening perhaps?
alleyways are cold and sullen by dark
 no light no warmth

What? Look up while treading paths
 of unforeseen night?
 foolish cat.

it's getting late—
 i see some fault in your golden cast
 perhaps just plated—
plaintive cries cannot keep out
 the rain
 or sweep aside the broken glass
has life deprived you
 so suddenly?

Come in, come in—
 the cat is back
—welcome home.
 warm milk to soothe chilled spirits
Lie back, battered wanderer,
 put up your
 weary,
 bleeding feet.

We were children together
 you and I
 beneath the leaves of red and gold
 upon the hillsides
 caught between the blessings of spring
 and summer's threat
 Strains of a near-forgotten lullabye
 gave us pause
 and caught in a child's embrace
 we were silent
 and listened—
 the warmth of our breath intermingled
 with the aria of notes
 filtering through the trees
 And beneath the leafy arches
 I saw you write a single word upon the earth
 with some twigs you found
 and speaking of future generations
 you covered the message carefully
 with dust
 the preservative of time—
 And yet it was not perfect—
 for lying with our backs to the earth
 and our eyes to the sky
 pierced by the jagged mountaintops
 daydreams were interrupted
 by the impatience of tiny wings
 those vultures in the afternoon heat
 reminding us
 it was time to leave
 “What did you find?”—“Some peace of mind.”

Perhaps some two thousand years from then
 they will uncover your single word of friendship
 a word forgotten by their complicated minds
 and they will rediscover the brief simplicity
 of life, of love, of pensive thoughts
 and daydreams warmed beneath the sun—
 perhaps they never will

But the wind beheld your message
 written in stiffly shapen letters
 and it will not forget—
 the lullabye will always sway the branches
 and red and gold reflections of the sun
 catching the notes as they drift to earth
 and the daydreams will still be there
 though the dreamers
 are long since gone—
 and the hills will remember
 that place beneath the arches
 where eternal youth was spent

we crouch in apprehension
 of unforeseen moments
and in mute fear
 of dissipating illusions
we wallow in the anxiety
 of recognition
and in the tears
 of discontent
yet we rise up in response
 to the broken silence
and stand in readiness
 awaiting the exuberance of the dawn

SONG TO JONES' CORNERS

I stopped
'cause that's what the sign said
looked both ways before proceeding
and saw they had stop signs too!
All of a sudden under a clear blue sky
on this twenty-third day in September
Where was I?
Sure, I was goin' from the East to the West
so this other must be the North-South line
That's fine. I'm in no hurry, so I sat
lookin' at my three choices.
They all looked the same from where I was
Lumped on the seat of my '59 Volkswagen
with a rebuilt engine and an STP sign.
That makes it go fast.
Thought I might turn, just for a change of scenery
But which way?
How 'bout North - that's what I said
Might find a home up in the mountains
With the green forest and the nice fresh air
a sweet little stream and snow in the winter
Did I say snow? I didn't go.
Not only did my heater not work
but my lighter was busted too!
Well, that was out so my choices narrowed.
I spoke for the South, the land called "Dixie."
With their cute southern belles, coy and pretty
and Grandpappy, sittin' on the front porch
sippin' on a Mint Julep thinkin' of the 'old times'
Now it come to me that there is a creature
particular to these here parts . . . called a REDNECK.
Well that did that 'cause my 'ecology' bumper sticker
might tip him off to what I am
an' Cadillac snow tires on the back of my '59 VW
might convince him for sure.
He might get violent all over my body!
Ugh!
My pathway westward opened up wide
that was the way for me
Tranquility
I slipped her into gear an' eased on out
only to see in my rear view mirror a sign
Said "Jones' Corners"
"Center of the World"



Pablo Renaldo Sanchez

lucerne

sure, if i said charleston's fine, we could go
and forget the chestnuts and pretzels
the short change and the alleys
greased with sot-
i wouldn't miss it much
running over manhole steam
on wet nights
or sundays without the real estate section-
we might even forget who we are
somewhere
between here
and newport news
(that island we wanted
might be)
or then again we could stay here
and dream
of dogwoods and willows
separate but equal
lazy nights and the local gazette
correct change and a smile
that stink of alfalfa farms
stretched across the toes of an old brass bed

for ana and the evening

where is the greening in your life
that you will not let happen what means to-
though the sun dares with moments
they curl and wither in the shade-
i am not evening for your eyes
nor am i that smell of love
that lingers till the morning's done-
i am nothing more than "wants to be"
and a little less since you

there is a certain strangeness,
the way you stifle me perhaps,
that pushes like the evening's lack of light
to cut a hole in darkness
and wonder if the sun is dying there-
in orange and yellows

here, i am safe
in the full color of day
i cannot taste your words
or even wish to-
but how constant is the night
and the tinge of your eyes-
blue

juniper grunion

the world is busy
making timber-towns
and little people
tearing summer at the whiskers
of sun-cloud diffusion-
tossing heads and tails
for the updrafts of a season-
running
like a tongue-lagged fawn
losing blood on an autumn green-
the world is always
busy
crushing juniper to gin
that mixes quietly with anything
but the night
is the eyes of jungle-strays
that bouy darkness
like fireflies mating a vertical passion-
a cat musing,
daring the sun to rise
beyond the bounds of yesterday-
teasing small hands to pet
its silken curve that snakes the air
with grunion on her breath-
the world is
a throbbing fever
that passes in the stutter
of reflection
wondering how she makes it to the top
hearing the paws push across the roof
and settle in the curl where the rain is funneled through-
there is a name
for everything and the cat
is juniper grunion-
while beds are busy
counting toes, more than ten
charging off the edge of twilight
to snag its claws in something
dying for rhythm
the veldt is tired
climbing rivers for the sky-
finding its way to signal like the wind
across the top of morning-
the world is busy
killing mice
and matting its fur with the stain of inevitable vectors
surely, there is more to rhyme than word
and the twist of hand
that stirs a dish of milk
clockwise and counter
to keep substance from curd
and fantasy
that makes this page a tongue
lapping for form-
the cat's eye, where headlights hit and forget
there is sound too, listening for what it cannot see

i have a monster to feed,
so there is no need to fondle breasts
nor harbor passion in a fleshly pier-
quickly, give me your eyes and hands to keep him down
and a distance from the endings of my nerve-

i know he is a fiend, but knowing does not save me
from that bodiless pulse that gnaws the marrow
like an army of very red ants-

it is nothing, though much comes of it,
it is nothing but eyes and hands
this monster called poet
who buries my body's pleasures in thought-

yes, i want your lips- but what of hunger
for he has no taste for things i touch
nor gives me chance to know the feel

i am not him
but the thing is me
and nothing he wants more
than another pair of eyes and hands
to kill each moment with

quickly, i have a monster to feed

Bicycling

Just like
 An old man
Knobby kneed
 Peddling
Up down streets
 Catching curbs
Damn near throwing me.
 If you coast slow
Down hill past crest
 Brakes are helpless help.
Oft over the hill
 Few fear they will crash
There
 As I crash here.

THE PEDDLER

The peddler goes from door to door
With weary wares that nobody wants anymore.
They're bent out of shape from years of mistakes
And yet he expects some one to mold them back to shape.
Like clay into a vase, and like flesh into a face.

AUTUMN

Leaves curl and crack from trees
Crispy brown now
Crunching beneath my feet
Whirling in wind
Down to another neighbor's street
Ready to rake and burn
Autumn's incense returns
The air a mixture of
Cold moist heat
Ground chilly to barefeet
As dusk descends over terrain
I visit a forgotten stream
Only my footsteps following me
Everything else still
Waiting and preparing
For a winter
Sure to be bleak.

OWL EYES

Owls eyes
 Rolling wide
stone cold here
 Stretching and bulging
With some all encompassing fear.

GREAT DIVIDE

This great divide
Between heart and mind
Has capsized into pools
Pooling together
Perpetually perturbing
The way that I know
In currents reoccurring
To and Fro
Flowing from trial to
Testimony
And back again
Never reaching an end.

INSURANCE

Do trains not scream
In your brain
Like a lost child
Crying in a crowd
With darkness coming on
Deep and long
Looking for mother
Or even a cousin
Neither nowhere to be found
But farther on . . .
But farther on down . . .
Where you need to know to go
In any way strong.



Glenn Cox

A New Year

The vine crawls on its leaves
Slithering over mountains
To reach out and grab hold!
Choking my body dry.

Crawling breathless to my bed
The snake tries following behind
Limply, begging favors from
She whom the Devil dared.

Oh man! Open your eyes to
Change. But oh woman,
Let yourself rest now
From your distant travels.

Damn you snake! Take my soul,
Your metamorphosis entices me
To beg you to destroy
The madness of living.

Surrounded

How foolish of me to think
that I
could live in the desert
swim the ocean

Run with you to the edge
And jump.

When there is no desert
but the barren brain
nor seas than can seize
our confusion.

How foolish of me to think
that we
could breath in a box
move in a maze

To find ourselves free
From others.

When the box is so small
the maze too intricate
and we, only a dream
of transfusion.

Yet we will imagine the moments
past now
when the chill was warmed
the fear forgotten

To the wind on the lake
Blown by.

For the comfort was caused
the fear only fogged
By the lie that there is
A solution.

When Phoebe in the nighttime sky doth fade,
She holds no more attraction for Poseidon;
But when her splendor is again displayed
He forward swells, her pow'r o'er him begun.
So during day, removed from her attraction,
He rages inwardly till she return
To stir once more the passion and devotion
Which she alone can make within him churn.
So I, when you are distant, inward burn
And struggle to contain my boiling tide
Until the precious moment when we turn,
The currents of our love, released, collide.
Thus as she rules his tides, both high and low,
You, as my moon, rule love, its ebb and flow.



Julianne Battaglia

MAINE FOG

Out by the ocean its foggy
Down by the sea we sat
From the black it called us
Shouted in search of a friend.
Hard was the rock that bore me.
Hard was the soul of my foot,
As quiet as hell in the darkness
If you didn't dare to listen.
You stood and said it was crying
Trying to find its home.
I nibbled your nipple and giggled
You gave me a look . . .

and explained its hardened past

"When I was a child, I heard
The sad stories and glorious loves
Of the people who settled these inlets
Of all the misfortune they didn't deserve,
But it came just the same so numbered
That if not for the beautiful country
Fenced by the wide open sea
No one would have lived here very long.
The winters were hard on the hardest
And left the weak so sick
That the summer's winds weren't noticed
In houses unlit by the sun.
Too many fair maidens were widowed
And many captains came back
To find that no candle was burning
On the mantle of his home.
Sickness, murder and witches,
And always the threat of the sea
Left no one who was above fearing
Too long from bended knee.
In these beautiful homes
By this beautiful sea
Lived beautiful maidens like me!"

“Yes my dear, you have beauty
And legs that are longing to me;
But I'll tell you the rest of your tale
And the threat of this beautiful sea:

“Long distance and love that was true
Written in poems while in port
Was part of the hell you told me
And the worsen one of sorts.
For many a captain and maiden
Who prayed by the clouded night
Were cast by their love of the other
To worship the devil's light
Which let them be together
In the fog of the starless dark
At the entrance of hell's promise
Of never being apart.
So sad are the stories you've told me
But sadder the truth I tell
So kiss me my darling, be near,
Hold my hand and protect,
For lonely is hell-like enough
And my proof that which befell
The captains and maidens of Freeport
As in your eyes it reflects!”

“We've promised each other tonight
But already you've left me to roam
Surely the sea is your mother
And the daughter must make it home
And the daughter must make it home!”

I left on the pretext I'd later return

I went to my ego and asked what to do
With that kind of slander and my kind of view

If enduring the insults and blocking the blows
Could gain my desire then that's how it goes

But maybe it's different like counting in rows
If only one error then somebody knows

And if this somebody is one of those few
You can never replace then what do you do

I left on the pretext I'd later return

*When I was King of France
I ruled with an iron fist
Of soft white silk.
And fed the deer I slew in the morning,
And I executed traitors,
And took first rights,
And spoke with Henry on the merits of the many nobleman's wives
Who held court.
And I fought for the glory of Frenchmen,
and called on the very poor, who were also the very brave
and were all too willing to give me their lives, and legs and arms.
And I played with the great Pope's power
And taxed every church that I could
And I shouted for game to be rounded and driven to my room
I insulted the greatest of brethren
And ran my horse til it died
And treated my wife no better.
And I bathed in the wine of the dying
And grew angered at the sun.
And laughed like a bloody red fool at those who said my time would come
And I wish I had listened to poets
And I wish I had heard the musicians
And I wish I could rule for a moment
And learn when I had had the chance.
For scientists breed like a virus
and ink isn't scarce anymore
And I can't find the reins to my horses
And I must avoid this war
When I was King of France I ruled with an iron fist of soft red silk.
And fed the deer I slew, in the morning, And I executed traitors
And took last rights.*

PLANTPOEMPLANTPOEMPOEMPOEMPOEM

Plant

imparted/hued toward

knowing/ though

nameless but

hearted, see.

Leave-throbbled

and

sighted: muscle gazed;

Beautiful object

to become abstracted

this way: human flung, !

right water clear sprung/ crucial

as poetry and, so

called, resemble/less

possibility. Incredible survivor,

colorflexed.



Pablo Renaldo Sanchez

I'll die alone
because I've lived alone,
set apart by a tendency
to look at a sunrise
not as the beginning of a
new day
but as the end of a long
night,
of being alone with myself.
During the day I seek a
crowd
and in their midst I look
a part
to those outside.
I form a companion
out of shapes and shadows
but get only a part of
myself
and thus a foe.
And right now, if these
waves
should pull me to my
death
it would be right
for I am alone.



Glenn Cox

WEDNESDAY'S CHILDREN

Imagine darkened windows
Their reflecting surface
cold, sterile, empty.
The mirror image
an illusion of substance,
form without essence.

Imagine then, children
behind the darkened windows
living mock lives
a reality of horror
cruelty most bizarre
indifference and neglect.

Imagine you are a child
defenseless to defend
victim of circumstance.
a world in reverse
where childhood-a crime
where dreams-all nightmares.

Throughout all time
it is the innocents
the guiltless
infants and children
who suffer most
the inhumanity of man.

Blinded by conceptions
we turn quickly
even from the few
brought to light.

These are Wednesday's children
children full of woe;
mark the tiny coffins
Sitting in a row.

You are a Poor Magician

Ah - crystal spheroid curl
beneath my floating stare—

who wants to look at you
in your financial green greed?

You see less
than I and I am
a crippled dream stealer-
a hunger's weary fingers for yesterday
a greed's inborn lust for tomorrow—

I am you
yet more than you
my blurred toy
I have the power
to watch you
smash in bloodless
mirrors on the floor.

Always
I know
the tree must grow to the height
of its own roots
and channel its indifference
to the other herbs,
and suck its food
from the dirt it lives in.

Sometimes I don't have the infinite . . .
only the grey morose reality
of the monster earth . . .
and though the transcendence is mine
I pound her walls
and scream within myself
to allow myself mercy.

To allow myself
the diversity of summer colors.

Yet I am bound
and cannot be merciful
even to myself.

AFTER THE PUSH INTO THE PIT

I wish I had a finger long enough to point you
the way to the red door at the end of the hall:
And Jeremy finding the pickles in the candy jar.
He said: I am bitter
and drove his yellow fist through the door
which I had closed.

You explained it that I was scared
and pushed me into the lightning storm
and the lightning scared me.
You and the clown laugh for sport
and dig holes in me.
Strip my solidity of leaves
sit me in the compost heap

then tell me to carry on.

See what you have done.
My dirty fingers are losing their slim grip
of the leaves.

An ancient grey lattice,
in terms of the dust in its pores,
determines the lacework
of my solemn solitude.
The rustic vine that clings parasitically
in shadows of olive and swampgreen
occasionally attempts to flower.
Then the birds light and taste;
otherwise the leaves are devoured by
giant ants.

spring

of blue translucent

golden

greenish

white,

whiff of lazy hours

in the grass,

unclouded expanse

of honesty,

guilty mischief of an

innocent kitten,

treelike,

winds of doubt,

peaceful calm,

the humor of a

grasshopper

is,

a growing has patience

as a mountain,

gaze deeply

this sunshine

of it.

LINES FROM SONS OF PRUFROCK

to some blue-eyed muse

Sleeping Lady

Napping near my heart, the nip of night
Wakes nodding thoughts of you asleep
In calm repose, a pastoral sight
Composed not from some dream of sheep
But born of mythical shepherd's tunes,
With barely pursed lips and quiet face.
I'd like to put sweet pressure to that place
And lift the lids of those new moons.

The day you dropped away to dreams
While lines from Prufrock I had read -
A better poem, to me it seems
Could not be made, than what you did,
Curling cross the bed, a curving form
For feathered elfin thoughts to warm.

Repetitious Enchantment

While lingering upstairs in the library
with my constant companion,
SILENTLY
discussing the condition of his re-soled shoes,
an angel glided across the room:
light-footed
dark-skinned
dark-eyed
light-haired;
she asked if someone here
could direct her to the ladies room.

My companion,
smooth-tongued silverfish,
bespoke forthwith directions
while I
gazed (glazed, goo-goo eyed) at the lamplight
and saw
the bright white of her deep, dark, brown eyes.

And as she turned to
descend
down
the now-
forgotten
stairway,
I absent-mindedly followed
and reached her asking:
"Excuse me, but could you
direct me to your doorstep?"

Lyric Earrings

Someone unbeknown to you
Gave you earrings, you say.
I could not take the credit
For such a lovely act of giving,
But am instead beginning
To fashion with trepidations pen
A poem to you, for I must say something
Of my feelings.
And if, from fear of failure,
Self-contempt, non-confidence,
I cannot speak these words directly to you,
I shall utter them unto this page
Rather than chase the secret chance of love in silence.
For I have found you in myriad images:
Faces and eyes and ideals; all followed with faith
In dreams that ended dead before they had been born.
And now I feel the lack of faith to find
The merging point of dreams in deeds,
And choose instead some neutral space, perhaps a poem,
Where I see you standing in my days and nights.
But still, why do I write this lyric
To say what I feel to your image
Instead of to your face?
For a poem is but a pack of words,
A poet, he who walks on some thin line between
The subtle and foolish, the profound and absurd.
And I am just such a suspended, stringed puppet,
Treading with uncertain, slipping steps on that tightrope;
Who can feel, even as these words come out,
A sudden slap on the back of his head and
An admonishing voice, heard often before, saying:
"Pathetic clown and puppet!
You no longer heed the pull of these strings,
So I shall cut you loose from them
To dance your foolish jig alone and die on your own."
And the weight falls on me like wounded lead wings.
But meanwhile, behind and beyond my gaze, the world's
surroundings,
(Unseen now, since your smile faces all that I see,)
And felt to fold in on themselves and blossom back as something
new,
And I - dissolving slowly, crumbling, ending -
Begin anew,
Reborn to the dancing new tune
I now hear in your sparkling blue eyes -
A melody uncertain, unknown, unrehearsed,
And beautiful, as the shy, rising sun,
Peeking out from the lids of a new dawn.

The day you dropped away to dreams
While lines from Prufrock I had read -
A better poem, to me it seems
Could not be made, than what you did,
Curling cross the bed, a curving form
For feathered elfin thoughts to warm.

MY NAME IS WRIT ON WATER

Leisel Bell

Lisa walked slowly but steadily forward. The rain was coming down hard and she could barely keep her eyes open from the drops hitting her lashes. She had wanted the day to be beautiful, even if only with bright sunny shines pervading the raindrops. But, it was raining and dark. She decided that it wasn't worth the effort to hurry--she was already soaking wet. She clutched the bag of do-nut holes closer to her body and continued splashing through the puddles. She was glad she was going to her own room and not to her home (although the dormitory didn't really stimulate her). But, she remembered her mother's typical parental remarks, ("you'll catch pneumonia, get out of those wet clothes"!) Lisa had never caught pneumonia before and she had considered herself a professional rain-walker by age fourteen. She never worried about getting sick. Actually, she was enjoying the barren park. It wasn't often that she could find it so alone. Although even when filled with people it was a special place. The caretakers didn't bother to pick up the leaves that fell or clean the paths. Lisa realized that nothing was disturbed in the order of nature here, except that which was changed by individuals: running feet, ecstatic hands, laughing voices, sad tears--but, she rationalized that all that was natural. The leaves that fell became a part of the ground. The paths showed only marks of human feet, feet that loved to walk in beautiful places. There were no fences or limits to this park.

She let her bare feet sink into the dark mulch, and she turned to watch her footprints fade, as she walked on. Her straight-legged blue-jeans had now let the rain sink to her skin. The tops of her legs itched as the stiff, wet fabric rubbed against the hair that she didn't shave (she shaved her legs only to mid-thigh). Her dark hair was hanging long and dripping down her back and over her shoulders covering her breasts. It was clumped in long strands. Lisa thought for sure that by now the do-nut holes she had ventured out of her cozy room for were soaked through. She hated the thought that she had splurged 45¢ on the soggy glazed do-nut holes which she wouldn't even be able to enjoy after her long jaunt through the wet park. Lisa sat and leaning back against the coarse wood of the bench, realized the condition of her blouse. It stuck to her back and sent a cold Fall shiver down her spine when she hit the wooden slats. She lifted her blouse and ran her palm across the slithery stomach. Putting her hands to her hair, she pulled it back and up. She squeezed the strands (not really to let the water out, since it was still raining) just to feel how really wet she was.

John walked through the door. He wondered for a minute if the shop was open. The glass pane, which made up most of the door, was painted black and gave the shop an unwelcoming look. But the small, white letters read, "Open 9 A.M.-6 P.M., Mon. thru Fri." He supposed he should at least give the handle a try. He pushed the button down, heard the click and shoved the door in. Upon entering he thought how silly it was that he should have hesitated at all. Those few extra seconds of thought caused the rain to penetrate even deeper into his coat. He had to laugh as he instinctively shook his head just a little to get some of the water out--he suddenly imagined himself looking like a hairy little dog--the way they shake from head to tail when they first come in out of the rain.

The only salesgirl in the shop was on the phone so he proceeded to look around. The place was small and filled with pants of all kinds. Every color was represented, and it seemed to John, every fabric. The salesgirl hung up the phone and walked toward John. He told her he was just looking. She smiled and started to walk past him but knocked into him because of the narrowness of the aisles. He felt her touch his arm and lean apologetically over saying how sorry she was in a tone that left an echo in John's ear. He thought "How warm she is".

Finally he found the pants he had been looking for, got his size and walked toward the dressing room. As he approached the small cubby hole, he again stopped and cringed. The curtains were made of the thinnest burlap he had ever seen. He thought that of course anyone could look through those transparent hanging things. Not that he was so terribly modest that he would care if the attractive salesgirl saw him in his multi-colored undershorts but the laundry left such deep iron-creases in them. He remembered seeing the tight folds that morning and thinking how glad he was that no one was there then to see them. Now there were those thin burlap curtains. He boldly walked behind them and quickly changed from his old pants to the new ones. John stepped out from behind the burlap and suddenly saw his reflected figure. His longish curly hair was in even more defined ringlets around his face...The rain had had a strange effect on the blonde locks. The shoulders of his blue shirt were sticking to his own and the color of flesh could be seen through. The stale smell of starch stung in his nostrils. He hated the smell and cursed the laundry again (to himself). But the pants fit well and seemed to accent his thin hips. The belt loops fell right at the tops of his hip bones and the legs fit just snugly enough; tapering his thin hips--an unusually perfect fit. He was happy to be able to make at least a half-way good impression on the pretty blonde girl now standing in the reflection at his side.

The girl said she liked them and John bought them. He pulled two ten-dollar bills out of the wallet in his pocket and headed back toward the dressing room. Half-way there he turned and told the girl that he would wear the new pants out. His others were wet he explained, and he couldn't bear the thought of getting back into the cold, wet corduroys. He got his change

and had the girl put his old pants in a bag, then left. He remembered her smile as he closed the door behind him.

John ran quickly from awning to awning which covered the doorways of most of the shops. But, soon he came to the end of the line of stores and was out in the open, with no protection. He saw that he was headed for a park which spread very widely, almost as far as he could see.

It was spring now. The school year was coming to a rapid close. Lisa cried at night thinking how quickly time was passing. She turned to see John's freckled back and his wavy hair scattered across the pillow. She wondered again why he always turned his back to her just before going to sleep and slept that way, most often, through the entire night. She remembered his loving kisses and tender touches. She remembered his smile and his half-opened blue eyes just before he slept. Now she could see only his back. Lisa wanted to touch him--just to feel his warmth, to possibly catch a beat of his heart. She even had her slender hand almost to the bare flesh, but drew it back. She couldn't wake him, he was so calm and peaceful and she didn't mind his back so terribly much. She had grown accustomed to it.

Lisa woke early to the shifting of John's body. She reached up and pulled her hair out from under her back, then stretched her arm across John's chest. She knew he was awake now and didn't worry about disturbing him. He took her hand in his and she felt how warm it was. She loved his hands because they exhibited, to her, the tenderness that was part of his whole being.

It was raining that morning, not hard, just a slight spring drizzle. They both had a ten o'clock class but drove to school separately because Lisa's schedule ended earlier than John's and she had to pick up the laundry and do a few other things.

John waited for Lisa to drive into the lot and park. Since she caught a red light at the last intersection, she was a few minutes behind him. It aggravated him since he hated red lights and he felt guilty to make Lisa walk to her class in the rain without an umbrella. He had the umbrella.

John clicked his newly cleaned nails (he cleaned his nails every morning--he said it was a sign of good taste and breeding) on the rim of the steering wheel, then noticed Lisa turn hesitantly into the parking lot. John laughed and wondered how anyone could manage to hit three out of three of the holes in the cement. Her hesitance proved that she was being careful too, or at least trying to be careful. John took the umbrella from the seat, and opened his door, lightly hitting the side of the car next to him. "God-damn it," he thought, then opened the umbrella and walked toward Lisa's car. They stopped by Lisa's class first. Before she walked through the door they made plans to meet in the library at the end of the day. Finals were coming up which also meant writing the papers that were due and typing up all kinds of odds and ends. John watched her as long as she walked into the art building. He loved to see her long, thin legs move and to watch her eyes glitter. He remembered the slim waist and the indentation in her back and was glad that she belonged to him.

He turned and saw that it wasn't raining at all and closed the umbrella. The sun was just beginning to push through the clouds. It beat down on John's back and he felt the tingles of heat from his neck to the small of his back. As he walked he put the closed umbrella like a cane before each step he took. An old man, he thought, with all kinds of responsibilities.

Lisa walked through the clear glass doors and stepped up to the counter. There was no one behind it. She looked at the clock on the wall and began clicking her nails on the counter (John's same habit). She had to get to the library to meet John. Finally, a heavy-set, gray-haired woman flounced out looking questioningly at Lisa. For a short time Lisa forgot why she was there--then handed a ticket to the woman. She left, then returned with a pile of cleaned and ironed clothes. Lisa opened the package and looked through it casually. She smiled when she came to John's undershorts, remembering the first time she had noticed the heavy creases and had commented about it. John had smiled like a blushing little boy. (She remembered every look about him, every movement she ever saw him make. Her memory was full of only John.) Lisa paid, dropping the change into a cystic-fibrosis donation cup, picked up the package and thanking the woman walked out toward her car. She pulled her sunglasses over her face from the top of her head as she walked outside. It wasn't really sunny, dark clouds blocked most of the rays of light that usually sprayed through the sky on a late afternoon. The action was mainly habit, but she still left the glasses over her eyes.

John seemed to be diligently working at one of the smaller tables in the library. They usually went to the table if no one else was using it. Books and papers were spread across to every edge. Lisa looked to see if she could find even a small square of wood through the pile. She didn't. John finally noticed her and spread his hand through the air, palm up. She took it, smiling, and sat down. He was looking at her then suddenly glanced down at the piled-up table. He cleared a space for Lisa--large enough for her to do some of her work. She opened her books and began ruffling the pages through her long thumbnail. She knew she wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything but she didn't know why. John leaned across the table and grabbed her hand to still it. She looked at him, then began to read.

It was beginning to get late. Lisa's eyes were burning and the black letters on the page were blurring. She decided to rest and leaned back in her chair. John got up, handed a small folded piece of paper to Lisa and walked back in the stacks. She carefully unfolded the white paper and read John's distinctive handwriting. She reread it. Lisa jumped up from the table. The chair behind her almost tipped on its back. She didn't notice. Her heart was beating so hard she put her hand across her chest; maybe subconsciously to hold it inside her. John saw her leave the library. Her books were still lying open in the small space that John had cleared. John's face showed lines of puzzlement. He went back to the table, closed the books and sat down, thinking.

Lisa raced back to the apartment. She ran through two orange lights and prided herself on the fact that she didn't catch one red light. John would be so proud, she thought. Her eyes switched hastily back and forth from the road in front of her to the rear view mirror. She didn't have the time to stop if a red light happened to flash behind her, and prayed the whole way that no one would stop her.

John drove up to the door of the apartment. He was glad that it was on the first floor; no climbing stairs or walking down long halls. He noticed Lisa's car there also but still had the same puzzled look on his face. He had decided in the library not to worry about Lisa's reaction. It was her female prerogative to respond in such a way. John walked up to the door, turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open. He stepped back immediately to keep from running into a long, thin sheet of paper hanging from the middle of the ceiling in the hall. Flipping the light on, he began to read:

"...and then I asked him with
my eyes to ask again yes
and then he asked me would I yes...
and first I put my arms around him yes
and drew him to me so
he could feel my breasts all perfume yes
and his heart was going like mad

AND YES I SAID YES I WILL YES."

John's heart was going like mad. He stood frozen in the hallway, arms full of books. He dropped the books and began to race toward the stairs of the apartment up to the bedroom, gripping the edge of the wall to give himself the pull to swing around the corner toward the stairs. He reached the bedroom door and read:

"Yes."

He thought how he liked the way Lisa exercised her female prerogative. Then, John turned the knob and carefully opened the door. Lisa was lying on the bed in the corner, her arms behind her head. She turned to him and smiled. She hated to sound so cliché-ish but said, "I thought you'd never get here."

Lisa was going practically insane waiting for John. He took so much longer than she had expected. She formed knots in her hair from winding it around her finger so often. But now she was looking at his no-longer puzzled face. His look was, what she thought, ecstatic, excited, and loving.

John went to Lisa and together they returned to the park. They ran in the beating rain. Lisa turned her face to the sky, and opening her mouth, let the raindrops fall down her throat. They held each other close and felt their flesh meet between layers of wet clothes. They rolled in the wet grass and Lisa stroked his hair to keep the water from rolling in his eyes.

"Yes," Lisa said and rose from their bed to fix dinner.



Julianne Battaglia

COMMERICAL

Do your
scientists' melt
into clarified butter?

Do your
elephants' shudder
under the weight of
an antelope's eye?

Are your
parakeets' strangled
by ticker tape
while crude pipes rape
your screaming sky?

Then:
Drink Tannis Tonic
it's a panacea
(it cures diarrhea
in the
human fly)

In Tannis Tonic
we find salvation
It's the cure
for the ills
of the population

(caution: harmful or fatal if
swallowed. Do not induce vomiting.
Call physician immediately)

Is it the grackles'
 bright wings beating
behind your eyes
 that fan out any flames?
Ashes are falling
 from your ears-

I'd like
 to sweep them out
I'd like
 to shine your hearth
to rekindle you.

Your days of searing heat
 smothered by quilted comforters,
Your vision
 smogged by smoke,
You only see the
 the stuttering sky
smell the
 the belching earth
Your fire sputters, chokes
 your ashes rumble
I am too late
you shut your vents
you sleep in your
coffin.

On a Raft In Memorium

As we waded into the cool waters of the sea, it seemed as if all our past selves were being washed away. The shore fell back, and the tide pulled all thoughts of yesterday out with the white surf. Memories of long ago bleached pleasantly out with the sun and became small and forgotten when blended with the fresh, salty air. There seemed to be no yesterday and no promises that time would ever again leave its mark by darkening the sky for another day. There was only us, drifting on our rafts.

As the minutes gathered into hours, I wondered at the sight of you. There seemed to be something in the air that caused a change in you, for as the sea embraced you, you floated weightlessly in your trust and all walls came tumbling down. You trusted me as you trusted the sea, and you opened your mind of troubles as stored up against a dam, which had burst. As they flowed out, a feeling of ease rushed in - a feeling that had been denied too long. You laughed, and sang, and smiled; and I realized there was a carefree spirit flying with the seagulls, happy once again to be free. My heart sang, and I rose to meet you in the sky.

Then the sun made its fiery descent and exploded into color on the infinite sea before us. Silently we turned and walked back to reality. With each step, the thoughts forced themselves in and invaded your head, overtaking your soul. When finally we reached the shore, the candle of the day flickered and died, leaving only darkness to surround us. I watched you, realizing that, along with that light, your freeness also had died, never to return. We sat down, and after a while deflated the rafts. Slowly we walked back - you returning to your self, and I returning to mine.

Words - so easily said,
so willingly believed.
Easily seen, but so
hard to see through.
Promises made in
a hasty moment.
Feelings expressed -
meant for the moment
but taken for a lifetime.
What is said, sometimes
is not what is meant.
But how am I to know
how to sort out what is for real,
and what is for show?
How can I feel
what is behind all the words?

"Come here; I want to talk you."

Travis was only beginning to awaken when a vague sense of something being wrong filtered through the fog in his mind. A shudder ran involuntarily through his body, and, without quite knowing why, he tried to let himself drift back to sleep. The effort was useless, however; his body refused to continue to lie inert. He sat up slowly, rubbing his eyes, opened them, then immediately shut them again. Somehow, while he was asleep, the room had — no, Travis thought, that's ridiculous. You are still half asleep, you fool: open your eyes, come on, and see for yourself. There's nothing abnormal happening, everything is perfectly — he reopened his eyes. At that moment, the room, which previously had merely been changing colors every second, abruptly turned three cartwheels and became a bright orange.

As Travis desperately tried to remember what he had drunk the night before, two metallic voices giggled, "That's rich! He thinks he's got a hangover!"

He turned toward the speakers and found himself staring at a wall that was bare but for two small lamps. At first he thought they were hiding behind him; he whirled around like a gyroscope until the voices interrupted.

"You're the only one here, can't you see that?"

Travis found himself staring at the lamps. No, he thought, that's ridiculous — how can you be so stupid? There must be someone else in the room. He began to search the room thoroughly.

Again the voices interrupted. "You're only wasting your time. Don't you realize what has happened? — Here. Look at the walls. What do you see?"

Travis answered slowly, "On two walls, nothing. On the third a window. On the fourth, just two wall lamps — no, that's impossible!"

Nettled, one of the lamps answered, "impossible or not, they're talking to you. And look there. See that armchair?"

As Travis watched in horror, the chair stretched out an arm and most definitely beckoned to him. "Please come here, I want to talk to you." Another chair added its pleas to those of the first; soon, there was a chorus of voices begging for his attention. The lamps snickered derisively to themselves.

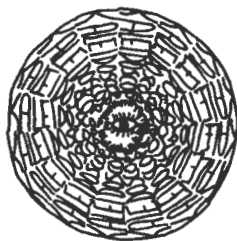
Thoroughly apprehensive, Travis bolted for the door and stopped short as the doorknob seemed to melt into a leering mouth. He glanced around wildly, saw a window, rushed to it, and yelped in fright as it suddenly turned into a rubbery substance, making his hand bounce off of it with a particularly nauseating noise. Still not believing his eyes, Travis started to run back to the door, and fell headlong as the floor tilted under him.

He began to shriek in earnest, hoping that somehow it would stop as suddenly as it had started, but it became increasingly obvious that he was trapped. The last sound he heard over his hysterical screams, as the carpet rolled him toward the gathering furniture, was that of inhuman voices whispering, "Come here; I want to talk to you."

FOLLOW THE LINE WITH YOUR EYES SUDDENLY
AND



LIKE A



BRIGHTLY THEN

N^H N^S
T I G N^E S^S



IT FADES INTO THE

A SMALL DOT OF LIGHT

EXPANDS

AND



ALL OVER YOUR FACE.

RED LIGHT



NOW; THEN

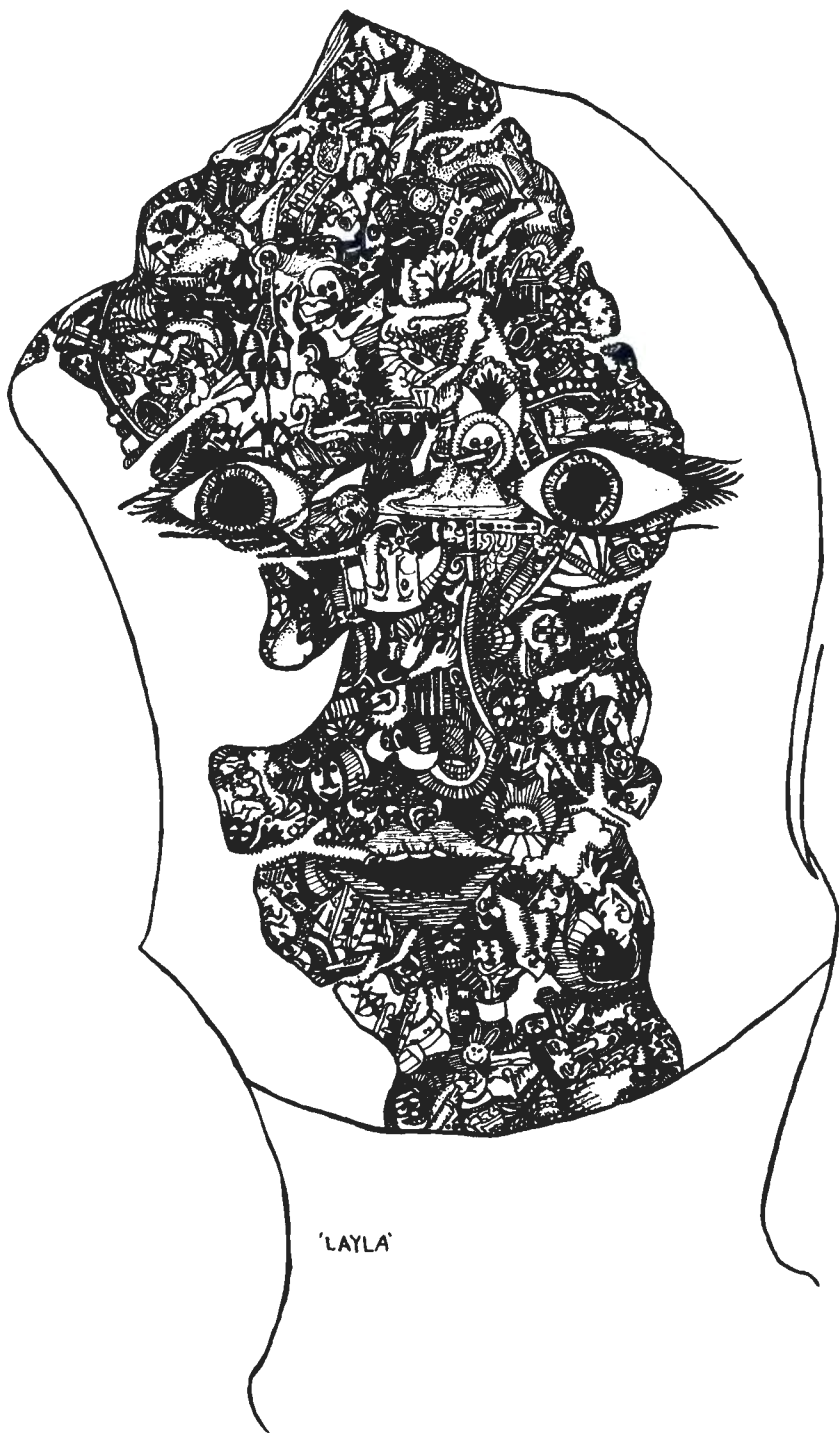


AND SLOWLY

FALLING DOWNWARD

FORMING A SMALL

POOL ON THE FLOOR



Pablo Renaldo Sanchez

If I say I love you, don't repeat it. Walk me through the garden and there we'll see the birds and bees and trees and things I shouldn't say. I'll take your hand if you'll take mine to hold lest each should fall upon the truth without a grasp. To sink at such an early age would not become you. Besides you'd wet your hair. I'll start by saying you should walk along the way to where I'm going. Running feet remind me of my own and I'm always out of breath to catch a glimpse of time but it has just gone by. You'll see it soon yourself when you have much to do, but for now you start by walking; for now is more than not when time is worn about your head and not your heart. The garden is still and not many pass this way. Breath in. See, already you have half the nerve to look for something else. The other half will never come. Now you polish your buttons and remove your shoes and watch the shine come through the dew. The stinch is just your feet, not the poison in the air. Twenty seconds to and here we sit. Honestly, if you didn't know better I'd swear the world was calling chicken little just to watch the sky rise. You asked me twice and I still don't know, but then J. Alfred didn't either and he was the one that said it. Even with a bald head like his, what do you do with a handful of used up hair?

So empty pockets fill my trousers and they walk from here to there just to get me started. You always were a bit weird. You are really a walking talking beauty of a being if you'd but carry a handy dandy mirror mirror on the just to tell you your daily bread.

You need that you know. But here we sit on the other side before we began. Once upon a long aback a star rose in the east and angels harkened. That was the world's first mistake. You insist on making hash of great pretenders who say that yesterday was well enough. You had to ask why didn't you.

Holes get deep in sand and you go and kick it in my eyes to see if they water like the rest refuse. I think I should resent that but I can't decide. So here we trod down paths already trodden just to stir the dirt so it doesn't get turned twice. And Robert thought it needed wear.

Why do people wear those silly buttons anyway? If apple pie will make you sterile quit having kids. And wry mistakes clutter the solitude by kickin' dirt in holes it don't belong. Just like black dirt on white sand beaches growing weeds. Those are stupid slogans anyway. If we are to play the ball game you can start by getting rid of that damned ball. Drop ten etc., for it only causes grisly giants down upon you before you knew. So junk it and we'll start with why and make it how.

How is first just true and after that it turns to where. After the where you find the which but never ask me why . . . I cry.



OUTSIDE CONTRIBUTORS

Glenn Cox, besides having the largest leaf collection in town, is an artist now residing in the Winter Park area. **Jean West MacKenzie**, presently a member of the Rollins College English Department, has published widely in literary journals and has recently become editor of EPOS, at Winter Park, Florida. **Michael David Madonick**, now living in Winter Park, is a graduate of Rollins College. He was a winner of the Academy of American Poets Prize and is now studying at the Crummer School. **Steve Phelan** is currently in his second teaching year in the Rollins College English Department. **R. D. Ray** is an associate professor of psychology at Rollins College. He is an artist and poet in his spare time. **Pablo Renaldo Sanchez** is an artist in Orlando. He was a contributor to last year's edition and displays his work in the Winter Park sidewalk art festival.

