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# BRUSHING

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Cover by Adrian Valls

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*Tree of Life*



*I slid beneath the sand  
And watched the ocean, dark with night  
As it comforted the yellowfish  
And spread security over all  
Who slept beneath it.  
How envious was I of those who played beneath the coral  
So joyous, so fulfilled . . .  
How tempted I was to join them.  
But I stayed in hiding as I was yet afraid  
To leave the only world I knew.  
All was quiet as the ocean drifted off to sleep.*

A

*booming*

*hushhhh . . .*

*But as I gazed up through this enigmatic wonderland  
I began to sense an uneasy stillness  
Chilling my soul, alerting my senses.  
Suddenly my world was shattered by a noise  
So powerful that I questioned my mere existence.  
With one giant heave the ocean floor opened  
And I saw myself being hurled into a glorious  
Stream of bluegreen waters.  
I stood, astounded, as a throng of babyfish  
And fairy squid enveloped me; fondling my hair  
And marveling at my eyes.  
Dumbfoundly I gazed up through the depths  
Shivering from the unexpected content I felt.  
But once again I was shaken from my dream world.  
A great light appeared, and for a second I was blinded  
Amidst the confusion, I stared, awestruck  
At the sight of a majestic squid, seated in a conchshell,  
Pulled by a dozen frolicking seahorses and followed  
By a stream of parrot fish making music as they danced.  
The crowd parted and allowed the party to come to me.  
I was lifted gently and carried to a soft bed of seaweed,  
Surrounded by butterfly shells and colorful anemones.  
I was floating with the current,  
Soaring through my elated inner being . . .*

*I was a seacreature even then.  
I was one of those mystic elusive creatures  
Who spin the Fantasy Web, and drop it  
Over the heads of those who have courage  
Only to wade in the shallow and build sandcastles  
Upon the shore.  
But content I was; I thought no more of the world  
From whence I had come.  
No more of the meaningless sandcastles  
Built to be destroyed.  
Like a child, I curled into my pink seashell  
And was lulled to sleep contemplating the words  
It whispered to me in its soothing monotone.  
I am the ocean . . .  
    I am me . . .  
        I am . . .*

## Even Now

—for M.L.H.

Those who would dare  
imprison the future  
within concrete walls  
and lay ghosts of lives  
that might have been,  
    walk alone-  
a silent path  
to dust covered bones.  
I will not haunt your  
    impatient footsteps  
beyond the things  
we might have done.  
They'll never leave behind  
the end I am sure you know.  
No. I'll not be that restless ghost.  
You are always free to go.



## No Need for Necessities

i do not fear you  
    only what i created you to be  
in the time lapse past  
    memories no longer color in lined spaces  
    leaving white, and i have lost my crayons.

you do not know me  
    only what you created me to be  
in the hours spent last  
    words were spoken to fill in the spaces  
    of time growing short, and my clock stopped ticking.

we did not know living  
    only what we limited it to be  
in the hours unnumbered  
    we hid in the most secluded places  
    of space so vast without a guiding compass.

i have me, and life  
    as i was and as it was meant to be  
in the days without number  
    love fills in the spaces and places  
    with no need of compass, clock or crayons.



Glenn Cox

## Odin's Lament

Long ago I sat:  
Solitude/void/apart  
    Oneness  
From me came all:  
Brother/sister/children  
    Immortal

But still lonely, I/WE exerted thought  
Out of space came mass  
Woods and fields, rivers and seas  
All that was living  
And I/WE became revered by men our children

But dissatisfied, they shrank away  
Seeking eternal peace  
Gone, the age of battle and glory  
To supplanting light  
Of HE/THEY Trinity, Father/Son/Spirit victors

Long ago that was:  
Past/time/over  
    Infinity  
Though I/WE still remain:  
Slighted/buried/voided  
    Forgotten

## *Preface to a Ballet*

*when the noon  
sunlight filtered through  
to steal napping  
spaces of ephemerres*

*voids whispered  
from beneath the carpeted floor that supports  
my chamber  
a place*

*to you a passion  
discover a key and tone  
to stay beyond  
our icy grip*

*when the afternoon  
sunlight strayed reluctantly through  
i rose to sing and dance  
upon the cushioned floor that covered  
a place*

## A Distance Before the Dawn (But the Locomotive Wrath Eyes Its End)

Massive iron charges down the track  
As the swaying light ravages  
The panic stricken darkness.  
Volcanic rumbling shaking the wilderness  
Blends in with rhythmic clangings of  
Metal against metal.  
Blasting through the tunnel  
The long and invincible warrior  
Cries out its warning —  
Only to be echoed by old trees in a forlorn forest.  
Car after car, the lonely hero thunders  
Through the emptiness,  
Brandishing its power to the wilds.

The rush  
The cars  
The musical clangings  
The thunderous roar  
And the light,  
Searching the misty horizon —  
All, will gently fade.  
The forest will yawn and return to bed,  
With a howl here and there,  
As if defying the armored god in its absence.

## My Body

It is cold  
as a shiver fish  
which dives  
into  
what one knows  
is water  
hickeyed darker  
by the suck  
of chill.

It is cold  
like virus  
swimming through blood of the sweat  
of the body  
of the illusionary freeze.

It is like viscous mud  
whose eye the bitter wind slowly turns  
to full-face Medusa.

It is like  
a bubble of night exosphere  
mistakenly settled over the  
city lake, condensing lights  
to vague shimmer, and my thoughts  
to icy similes.

## *Meditation on a Stage*

between palls of rusty velvet, dust-hung,  
flanked by the vague blankness of the wings,  
light-shafts interplay and clash  
bringing you startlingly to the fore - -  
backlit, illumined. i reflect you,  
my own light lost.

there is a rift admitting glare between us.  
interference of bright unseeing obfuscation.  
too much light to see beyond  
one's own sensations and movement.  
making us like stage-figures, animate props;  
motions seen out of context  
of their proper choreography.

something beyond these images  
is a reality more natural  
when seen in its own light.  
it is then apparent that you move away  
because i have approached;  
abrupt glissade  
toward the wings' obscurity.  
yet we neither leave the stage.

there is something in our need to be  
that draws us together in separateness.  
do we meet only so each can withdraw?  
patterns grow through reinforcement,  
unperceived in the netherworld  
of brightness and distractions.

dazzle and motion: arabesques  
project to dreaminess.  
puppets dance so cleverly  
one forgets to watch the strings.  
in the dimness of the wings  
our fears and motives sit,  
holding the wooden crossframes,  
waiting for a chance to twitch  
first one, then another  
unseen line.



## Spring Seen

*two chameleons on weather-grey tree  
slender abstractions of purest color/line  
(so lush a green it seems beyond the tropics' reach)  
basking bright, the neon lizards scarcely move  
and then- - an electric pulse, the red flash  
a sign, a signal... while the eyes glitter  
glassier and sharper than living things  
fixed, unmoving, while nothing breathes*

*a fly, lazy, seems to float on thicknesses  
of sunhot air, close to the neon two  
closer...closer to the motionless stare;  
a flick- -and nothing hovers in the still air  
and no sign to show which quick white tongue  
had taken it. and the lizards stare,  
unmoving, glare, in the hot light  
untouched by breezes, till the red sign  
flashes again; one line of brightest green  
converges on the other, grapples,  
achieving, conceiving, and the figures  
form a motif of curves and contrapunto  
in a delicate abstraction of green on green*

*while not a breath away, a fly floats, unseen.*



## Thoughts on a newborn infant abandoned at the hospital where it was born

sloughed luckless from unmother womb,  
expelled from a foresworn confinement - -  
by now, no traces remain extant.  
who was she? assumed name, probably;  
no friends or family attended for her  
the chainsmoking absurdist theatre  
of the waiting room.  
and who would recognize a face  
last seen warped and sweating, issuing sobs,  
now composed in coolness,  
schooled in steel?  
not forgotten, simply pushed from mind  
as once from body.  
lives separated from their natural twoship:  
a mistake, an accident, thrust out  
as a warning that reminders are not wanted.  
there was no fault, is no fault.  
only a wrong.  
unrighted, disremembered,  
unresolved.

## en-tout-cas

when cast among the long fingers of things  
that start from stump  
and burrow down and through  
the air and dirt  
in trunks of wooden trail  
to burst a green clot of leaf,  
i think they are trees-

and so it is with stained glass,  
and churches-

but by chance if there is a row  
of splotchy white bark  
and children have been known to swing  
on them  
and snow is common to the woods,  
then they are birches-

it is neither sound nor sense  
that tells a cloud to rain  
nor gives me reason to unfurl  
the shelter at my hand-  
though the sky is dark  
and night has long since past  
and the sun is due, but late,  
there is reason to carrying that magic stick  
and being ready to call it when it comes-  
the color of thunder

## 13 Ways a Blackbird Swims

### I

In the one green sea,  
All was frenzy,  
But the elliptical eye of the hammerhead.

### II

We are a wealth of violent minds,  
Like the sea  
In which the fingers of a man-of-war may spread.

### III

The sea horse reared in the cool shadow of coral.  
It was a large part of the ritual.

### IV

A man and a fish  
Are one.  
A man and a woman and a fish  
Are three.

### V

There is no preference in  
The simplicity of death  
Or the simplicity of decay,  
The fish feeding  
Or just before.

### VI

Gulls filled the stout buoy  
With stoic glare.  
The shadow of the fish  
Crossed it, in and out.  
The static  
Etched in the air  
An inevitable depth.

### VII

O wise men of Atlantis,  
Why do you have dreams of land?  
Do you not see how the fish  
Struggles for its pulse  
At the ebb of a wave?

### VIII

I know the art of the people  
And subtle, divergent metaphors;  
But I question,  
If the fish is all  
Or part of what I know.

### IX

When the mullet fell out of sight,  
It marked the end  
Of many frantic jumps.

### X

In the path of tarpons  
Breaking the green sea,  
Even the sky itself  
Hangs . . .

### XI

We ride over the Sea  
In a fiberglass hull.  
Always, consumed by a fear  
That our eyes may mistake  
The shadow of sharks  
For a cloud.

### XII

The sky is flying.  
The fish are not moved.

### XIII

There is darkness all day.  
It is storming  
And it will storm.  
The fish bobs  
In the under-growth.

the sense of you  
fades  
in the immediacy  
of my different situations  
only to be found again  
in their dwindling wakes  
dominating my thoughts  
leaving me like the phoenix  
who  
with subtle assurance  
shakes off the ashes  
of repression  
to fill the sky  
with the never-ending  
song of wings

Eileen Craddock

## Antithesis

you live with dreams  
to fill the emptiness  
things and people  
emotions that aren't there  
very soon the dreams  
are your reality  
reality a nightmare  
dreams and illusion  
less real, more true  
to you  
waking up is painful.



1.

Each day, a struggle to the hammering beat.  
To assay the morning's sudden fear.  
Shed sleep's entangling skin, move one's feet,  
ring the mind's alarm and chip the meter,  
find a role, a part, for our mundane theatre—  
feel the throat pain, but swallow thy sin  
but break! screaming numb, so silent! but sullen loud;  
then like verse forgotten, lines lost—  
tear away the day for hiding night.  
Quiver in the alone, the mind's dry tears.  
Recede shaking, to the land of warm blood  
and then at last! dreams rythymless foot  
dropping, dropping, to confusion's mirth  
death dreaming light, past restricted birth.

# Barren Lust

Once you told me that you would name your first child  
Florida if it was a girl  
and Florid if it was a boy if it was conceived  
there and I reminded you that Florid sounded like  
torrid and that reminded us both of being in heat  
and heat was when we were in Florida  
and you said you were always torrid there.  
I think, no I know, it had to do with the oranges  
and their cycles of smells always being fertile  
especially when the sharp sweetness crossed the lake  
and mingled with the delicacy of moss  
and when the oranges rotted on the ground  
and the factories spewed forth a canning stink  
they were fertile even then.  
Somehow Florida wasn't the place I imagined you conceiving  
babies - or orange blossoms - in because of the smell.  
I imagined you preferring the scent of acorns—  
maybe you could have called the first child  
Chestnut even though your hair is white.  
I imagined that if you called the first one Florida,  
or Florid, whichever the case, the child might be humid  
or sultry and lacking the passion of its northern parent  
and it might have freckles or fins  
but I remember now that you liked Florida  
in orange blossom time when you could steal  
the scented branches to put in the porch in the evening  
in a wicker basket next to your rocking chair which squeaked  
by way of so much rocking in it when it was hot.  
You liked the branches too no matter how I told you  
that the gulls had been drowned out by the crowds  
and the palm trees stricken with blight.  
You liked them you said because of the sadness  
of the shore when all you could find were dead things  
washed up in a line among the weeds and oil,  
you liked to know that you were living even if they were dead.  
Maybe that's why you wanted the first one to be Florida,  
or Florid, and I can't help feeling deprived by knowing  
that you cannot ever conceive orange blossoms or children  
because you have spent too many hundreds of years  
walking along the shore searching for olive branches.

## For Two or More Players

It wasn't excavated  
like old gold dust sprinkled  
in a corner  
ignored  
in the splendor of larger stones  
looking like the glint of a diminutive  
eye:  
unnoticed  
in the rush of fuller streams.

Unconjured  
with no particular bidding  
arrival unannounced  
unattended  
void of the usual boxes.

It was sitting eye-level on the shelf  
tottering  
upset by the opening of the door  
and wanting to display its pieces  
wobbling invitation.

Jigsaw masterpiece  
no rules,  
a board  
with a route  
a beginning  
no end  
a streetcar to fall off  
stop anywhere  
to one way only  
out.

Put the poet and the poet  
and the socialist  
and the economist  
(the fisherman, the gardener,  
the maker, the golfer)  
in the car  
creating imbalances  
disproportionate tensions.

The poet and the poet  
sever the cable  
to make the streetcar fall off the board  
completely  
tumbling the dice  
catching the numerous  
sparse visions spinning by.

Back on the track the maker  
sews the cable  
mends the wanton journeyman's lust  
smoothes the board for the economist  
who in all agility  
notwithstanding his dignity  
moves convincingly forward  
to the trap.

Ready again to benefit by conflict  
the poet and the poet  
sever the cable  
to tumble the dice  
to match the numbers  
to spill the load  
and build rules for the boards  
for two or more players.

## One Autumn Day

The girl is a thorn.  
Roses hide a knife in her basket.  
Against her white lace dress,  
she clutches a picture of him.

Mary Koral

## Death Wish

Please give me a little time in which to die.  
Do not turn from the death of me  
draining old blood, painting me up to look natural.  
Neither do I want a furnace, hasty burning  
at a professional pace.  
Rather I would have your care a little longer.  
If you could, lay me where I may breathe  
someplace with a bit of light.  
And as pain would be something to pass the time,  
it will not matter if birds should bite my bones.

Waves crashing through walls  
Truth as free as the water  
Your rocks as solid as my feelings.  
Always you amaze me.  
At nite, a mystery of fog and muted lights,  
By day, a ceaseless wonder of snails and sea life.  
You show me the power of God in your surf,  
Kinship with nature in your formation,  
Freedom in your rolling hills.  
I can soar in the sky with your seagulls.  
Yet I can never be sure of what you are.  
Each time I see you, you are different.  
Always changing; forever the same.  
The tide captures a part of you,  
gently returning it to the dry earth  
only after she has caressed each stone  
with her thin cool fingers.  
You are a refuge from today  
with only the drone of a motor to remind me  
of how my life is slipping away.  
Your unspeakable beauty will always be with me,  
yet I must leave you  
as it has always been with things I love.



*view from my livingroom window*      Julianne Battaglia



Up beside the rock that bulged so large  
i sat amazed that it should fall  
and fill the hollow of the villiage full.  
But neither breeze nor might of time  
arose to work the monolithic stone  
and separate the base from stronger perch.  
Alas i estimated with my eye  
the line along which it would crack  
if some enormous hand should come  
and mean to break the huge face off.  
No line was checked a third  
as deeper through the density of stone  
i pushed my thought until  
that which was the base  
of yonder steep and timeless face  
was but a portion light exposed  
of earth's intent and center core . . .  
Had that spring sun caressed me more,  
my purpose to explore,  
to touch and hold  
that yonder mass unto my breast,  
would ne'r have been;  
but i implored that i should feel the earth-borne heat  
and know such comfort of a stone.  
For i had fancied in my mind  
that vernal winds, felt warm then cold,  
were chaosed by the night and day  
and less the source  
upon whose course  
i set my heart.  
'Twas then that i prepared a path  
from whence i stood to where  
the nearest trees gave paramount  
upon the cleft of first bare rock.

*Elizabeth, i'm hearing your name.  
Hearing the whispers i whistled  
out to the yard from the gate.  
There, there where we dwelled in our sin  
Back oh back to begin.  
Here by this pine tree  
that danced in the breeze  
holding the hands as we pondered  
wondering whom we should please;  
crying inside - i had motion -  
starting the gentle first kiss  
the leaning unsure momentum  
and the face of my strange new lover  
enclosed in a harrowing mist.  
Our days growing days  
with most of the words  
and all the great thanksgiving  
of being unveiled to the world.*

*Oh think of the time that has lingered  
and of sunsets we have squandered.  
Remember the stars that i gave you  
Recalling their names this night.*

*These years now passed have brought to me  
those sweetest aches named memories  
that torture here within my heart and mind  
the thoughts that guide these last and endless days.  
Look Back, look back again to see  
though it be faint, the memory  
now fells your humour . . . deep despair  
as poison maims amid the lair  
the creature left from nature's fare  
in trust of knowing corner warmth.*

*Twilight was there to us swiftly  
captured in dark silhouettes,  
startled and taken captive  
by hands that took beauty as love.  
There was no thought of mountains  
but mountains we did climb  
to wade in rain blessed fountains  
forgetting life starved times.  
We could not reach tomorrow  
to form the wanted day  
and how the path grew narrow  
just making twilight stay.*

*darkness shuddered, troubled winds  
hurried voices, uncertain limbs*

*Down the mountain we scrambled  
from peaks still left unseen;  
for light was the moonglow given  
and life the dark received.  
Though nightfalls have fallen - timber blacked,  
there's been none the worse i swear  
than when i felt my heart cast love away  
in fear of danger undeclared  
when faceless mountains slowly marched  
till my secrets all were told  
internal power fully dared  
making blood run cold.*

*Return! Return! young heartless mind  
So unconcerned with lovers lost.  
Give birth to me who now reclines  
among the briars brought by grief.  
So surely i, who once had roamed  
the visions of this mount alone  
have come to know this hill as hell  
and yonder steep and timeless face  
through different moods and loves misplaced  
as yet has not denied me clear  
but brushed me off in tainted air.*

being ninety-five  
and having seen  
the courtyards filled  
with the wine of last year's harvest  
having heard  
the meadow-larks  
and the churchbells at my leisure  
having felt  
the coolness of each April stream  
and the breeze that blows winter  
a little bit further from the sun  
upon my face,  
i am no longer spent on  
the funerals of friends  
or the labors  
i once worked to have.  
though my children are old  
and three of them have died:  
my first to the war,  
the youngest to the plague,  
and Maria to her sleep;  
there is the joy of weddings  
and the prayers of birth.  
there are the summer stalks of grain  
and the young in the church.  
there are the hours  
and hills to Cessana.  
there is the coast road to Rome  
and the merchant's trail to Milan.  
there are the footpaths about my estate  
and the sons of peasants who have never sought my aid.  
and there is the count who comes to visit  
and we watch the planting of the fields  
and discuss the land and our people.



Old Man

↑ Boston ↑

Windsor Locks ↗

I have trouble  
deciding whether the locks  
are part of the river  
or that the paper mill  
was built on an island.

canal - Panama Roosevelt, Suez  
the Erie  
drastic undertakings  
explored with historic hindsight  
and while stopping for gas

brick topped  
with bulgings  
and frequent dips.  
Small houses, warm and musty,  
alive to sell sugar  
and revolt against the tea tax  
as a conscientious coffee drinker,  
going to war for *The Globe* and  
mr. lincoln.  
factory help  
and the officers of the home front

And the conn. river is low;  
which makes the locks full  
and the valley brown.  
hours of green  
tobacco and dusty days  
blowing a thin layer of dirt  
on my car

steep streets  
picturesque? perhaps  
with the nestled church  
bursting with piety  
and Paul Revere

under bare trees  
the shortening winter day  
means a pond, silent and solid  
and skating first  
on crystal patterns.  
It's the strangeness of the skates  
and how you notice  
(after falling)  
that your breath melts the ice  
when peering close,

and slowly moving  
moving  
on.  
Nature somewhat disturbed  
by your presence,  
as you settle  
into the rhythm of winter sun and wind  
and the pace of sharpened skates.  
the hills seem closer  
and the trees are content  
in their whisper movement  
as the sun asks-  
how are you come here?

late in the afternoon you leave

returning

to a sofa  
and T. V. sports  
with hot  
chocolate  
and time for  
a nap

by car  
mingling sweat  
with ice -  
damp  
but warm for  
the whiskey  
taken

## Two Outmoded Sonnets in the Metaphysical Manner

### I. A SALUTATION FORBIDDING EVENING

With every minute I draw nearer you  
I'm further then away; for every mile  
I move means that much more we must renew  
By having been apart the longer while.  
Would we could meet upon the global pole  
And end this paradox of time and space,  
Since there, where longitudes converge, the shoal  
Of space and bank of time present one face.  
To stand atop the world is to top time:  
For, spin and stop, then step in any way,  
You stand in any hour from prime to prime —  
You're lord of place and master of the day.  
    There at the peak of rule we could renew  
    Our love and ever love in dawn's still hue.

### II.

But since we'll closer to th'Equator meet  
And may not make time stand, let us rejoice  
That at the middle latitude the heat  
Is great because the racing sun's least poised.  
The sun must run the farthest there each hour  
And work the hardest then to pass our time;  
Most agitated, most within our power,  
He brings new heat to reuned lovers' clime.  
So let our meeting be a blazing dash —  
We'll emulate the fiery-footed steeds  
Of Phoebus, and though we'll be less madly rash  
Than Phaeton, his pace shall heat our deeds.  
    And if he falls and all time stands aghast,  
    Then hold your breath while we two kiss at last.



## Laundromat

A small child  
works at the laundromat.  
Her face is  
white and frail  
like an oyster shell.  
She is very thin  
and like a sick angel.  
She collects the washing machine  
coins from their secret boxes  
like eggs from  
huge robot hens.  
She peels lint from  
the dryer screens;  
she fingers it  
softly, like angel fluff.  
And she shuts the doors  
on the dryers;  
healing the  
wounds of their  
gaping mouths.  
Then she takes her treasures -  
the glittering quarters  
and delicate lint -  
and sets them  
before her mother  
who is counting  
figures in  
the back room.

## To a Smashed Vase

Broken glass

dead water reaching slowly out  
in all directions

The harsh, jagged edges

pierce and ravage  
the innocent virgin softness of the flower petals  
and they quietly die;  
their shame reflected  
in the fleeing water.

Pam Mitchell

## The Season of Change

for once

Mother Earth has drunk enough  
her cup already overflows  
with too much nectar

she's drunk  
and can take no more  
but her melting mountains still pour  
more  
and more  
to her soggy plains  
and rivers sicken and vomit up floods  
flowers resurrect  
Phoenix-like  
after each blow of the snow hammer  
pounding each blossom  
into the cross of earth.

## Ventriloquist for Jack Casady

*O body swayed to music, O brightening glance,  
How can we know the dancer from the dance?*

Yeats

Not like the thick, black jazzman straddling  
giant fiddle between pouted lips,  
throwing a low, throbbing voice into f-holes  
with each quick, deep-throated kiss;  
this thundering dummy of a younger idiom  
rests shoulder-strapped across one hip,  
the stringpuller's left hand half  
hidden behind a wooden neck,  
sleightfingering life into four silver veins.  
But there is no sign of progenition  
in this player's silent lips.  
One foot metes out the steady pulse,  
eight fingers syncopate his double's substance  
in a frantic, dueling dance of twin half-spiders  
birling for dominion of a skinny web.  
Only a wild eye, seldom seen  
through long, woman's hair  
and slipping, dark spectacles,  
reflects the fragile brink of uncontrol  
his mimic instrument has mocked him to.  
But a spastic eyebrow  
gives the puppeteer away: like  
light weight on those taut strings  
it twitches to each plucked note;  
a furrowed, bucking brow  
reigning four silver stallions  
as he drives them ever onward.

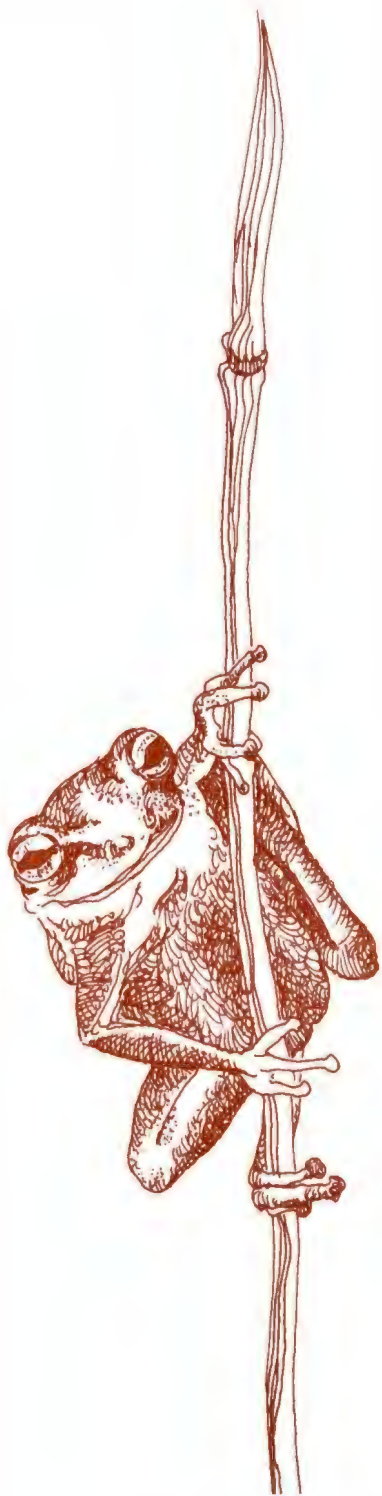
## Thomas Jefferson and The Tensor Lamp

How would  
Old Tom Jefferson  
Like to read his Montaigne  
In high intensity light?

Or on Friday morning be the subject of a ticker tape parade  
That ends with Wall Street and step out of the Lincoln convertible  
Dignified (no display of emotion) to enter the sandwich shop  
To play the All Star game on a pinball machine  
With a clang and a light and a click, click, click.  
In a dove-gray vest the mayor of New York pleads,  
“Tom, let me play off just one free game.”

Away to Monticello on his Lear jet,  
Tom himself at the controls (isn't he).  
He lands in his own back yard  
And tells his Black to feed and water the plane.  
Inside he fixes a frozen dinner  
And reads his Montaigne and Dagwood  
By the high intensity lamp.

“In 200 years no one will know my everyday concerns.  
The historians will give me my dignity,” said Tom,  
As he chewed on a french fry.



## Outside Contributors

ALAN NORDSTROM teaches English Literature at Rollins.

MARY KORAL sent in poetry from Michigan, where she is studying at the University.

GLENN COX, a former Rollins student, is an artist currently in residence in Winter Park.

CAROL LIGHTBOURN, a past Brushing Editor, is now enjoying the life in Nassau.

The winner of an Academy of American Poets prize, MIKE MADONICK is a student at Crummer Business School.

AMES McDANIEL, a night student, is stationed at Orlando Naval Training Center.

The whimsical MR. LEMON teaches Art History at Rollins in his more serious moments.

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