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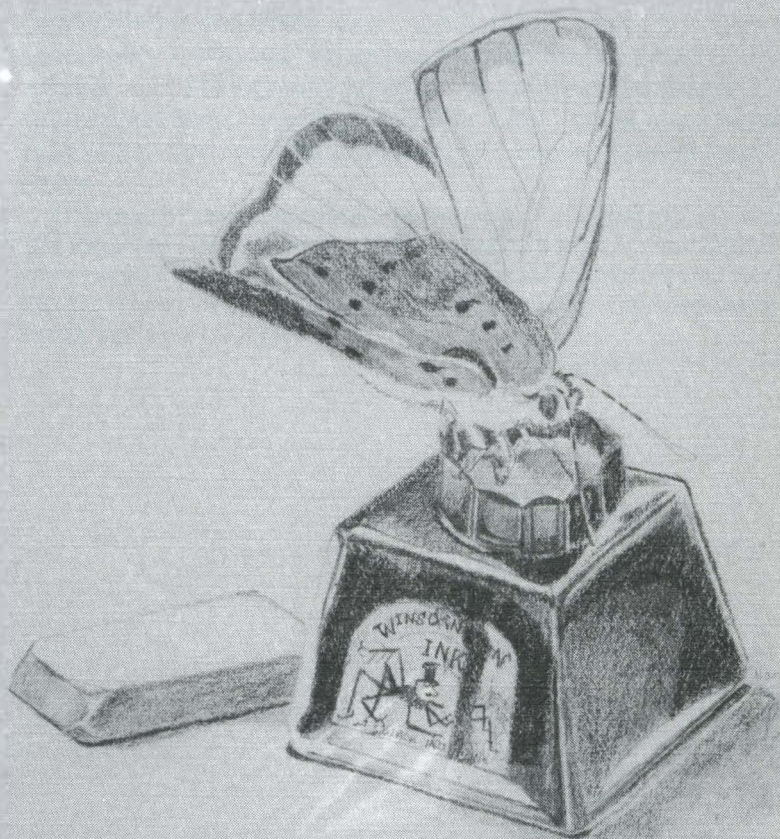
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Brushing

ROLLINS COLLEGE

Brushing Tenth Year Anniversary
1982 Edition



Nancy Roth

Brushing is more than a publication; it is the culmination of creative effort and desire. Each year Rollins students are given the opportunity to express themselves through poetry, prose, artwork, and photography without the confines of academic stipulations. Most important, **Brushing** offers the student a chance to have her work reviewed by peers with similar interests and hopes.

This issue of **Brushing** marks the tenth year of **Brushing's** existence. The **Brushing** staff would like to thank those who contributed and those who offered their support, especially the English Department, the Art Department, and the Student Association. Their assistance made this issue possible.

Aldebaran L. Cox, Editor

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The candle's burning glow now
While the pen casts a shadow
On the paper which receives
These thoughts I hate to know
Of the cold (it comes from the window)

Anonymous



Louise Hays

The Rot of Beauty

Stale old poems I hate you.
You smell like mildew
melting into liquid.
Drip away
Die.

Fresh new poems I hate you too.
Fragrant odors make me puke.
Why don't you find some other soul to bother?
To hurt?
You stink of words about to sour.
Turn fast
Die.

Unborn poems are my salvation,
I love you.
Scented boxes filled with roses
swell with blooming thoughts
that wither without care.
Don't die,
I need you.

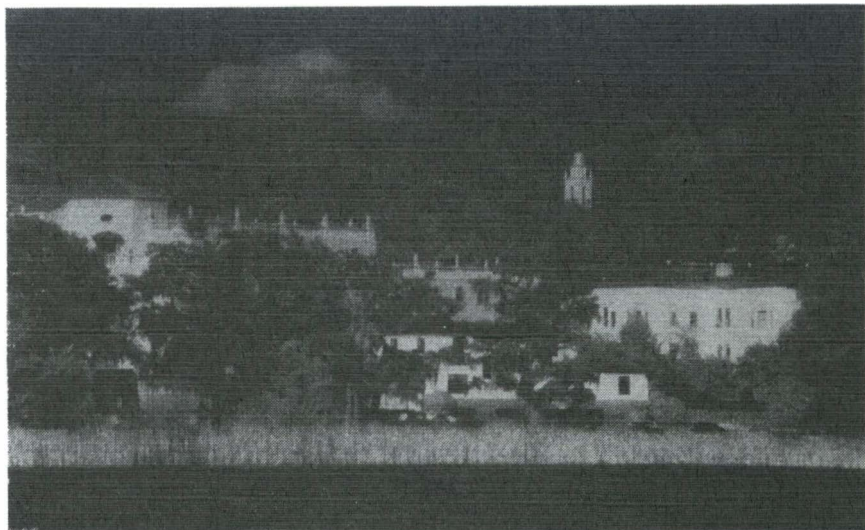
Lizz Jacobson

Discovery

sway back
grass pushes a
forward curve
allowing wind
to softly touch
my soul bounces
off and up
into blue space
I rise faster
until gravity breaks

floating sleep
envelopes my sight
numb silence
yet I hear
voices and barks
dancing a graceful
scattered frenzy
below
suddenly I find
lost perspective
like a dream
I fall into a
dew cool ground
remembering where
I have been

Dan Richards



Scott Roth

Risking Absurdity — Freshmen Taking a Lit Exam

There she is — My Last Examination
"to begin the morning right"

The mickeymouse shirt bends over the
frosty design
of the spring examination.

All is not so disneyesque this morning.

The Answer Thief is very boy
But can't identify coyness
when he sees it.

Down the marred expanse of oak
blue backs flap and blue marks try
their literary virginity.

Be still fair Keats!

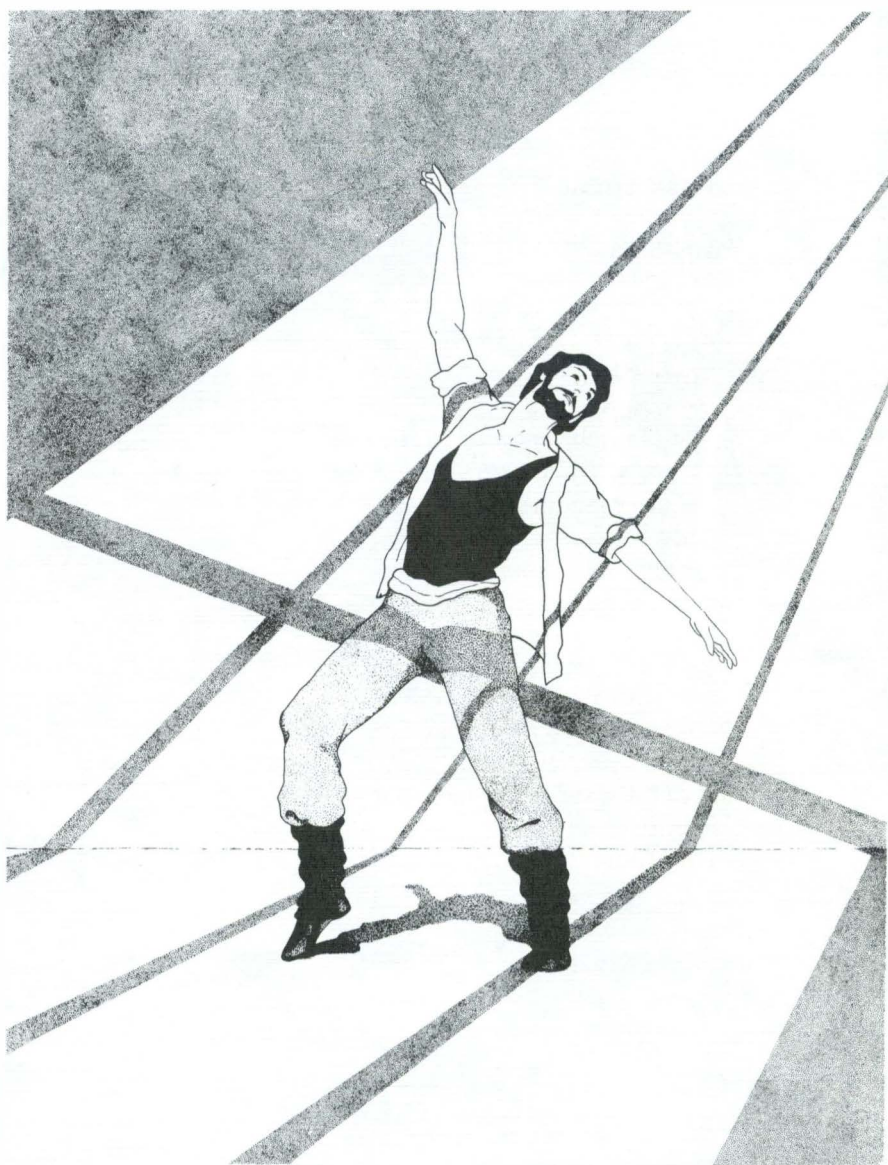
Rest easy Yeats!

There are a few who now and then
glimpse your ultimate reality.

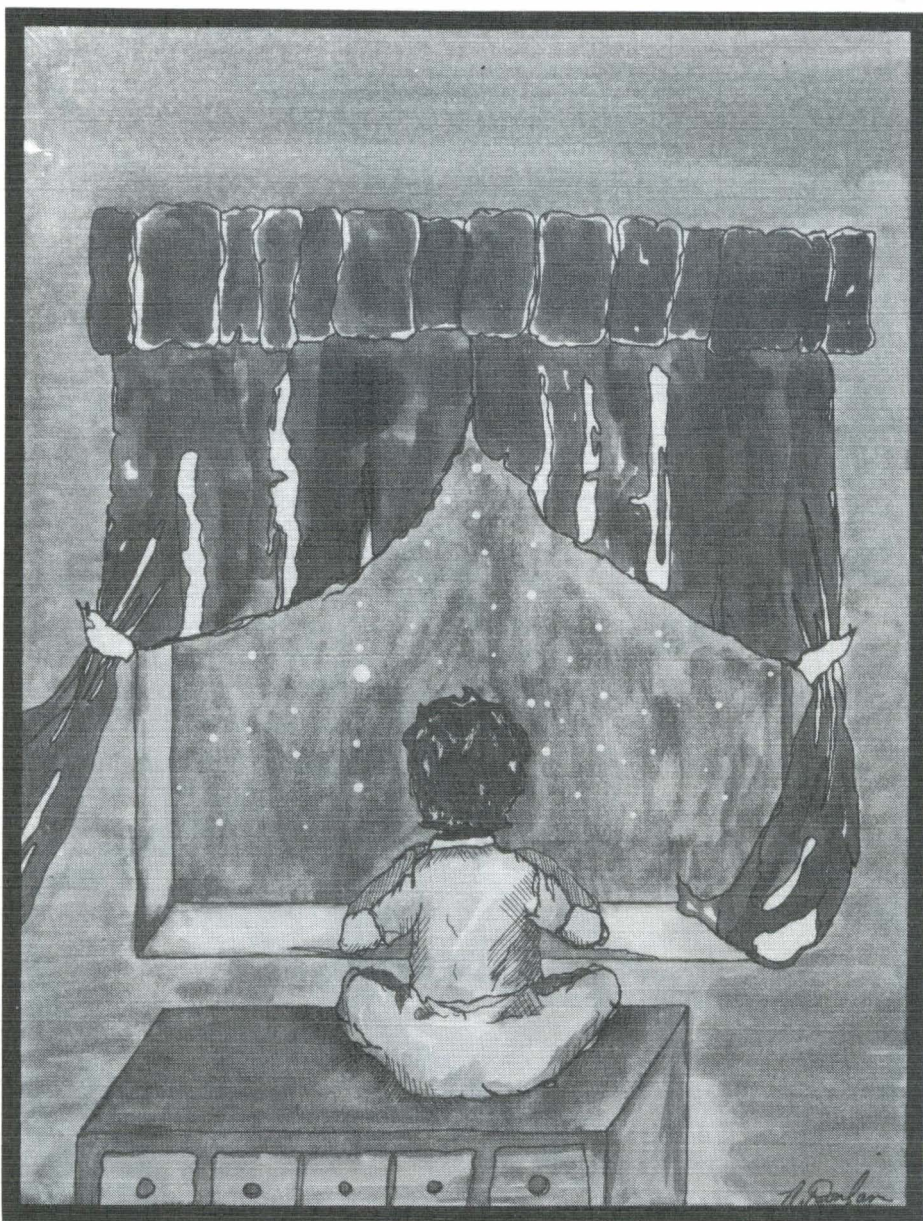
And so the force-fed students of poetry

Pour out more than
They think they know.

Nancy Hoffman



Caro Walker



Nancy Donlan

The Quiet Little City in Mass

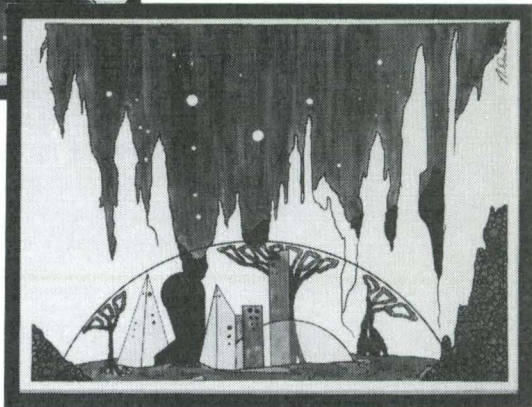
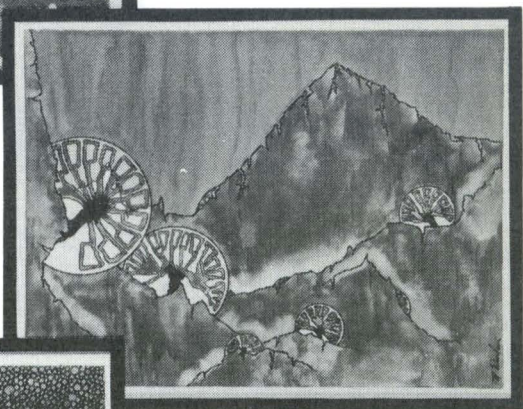
At this moment David sat, perched on his dresser looking out his open window. It was night, the stars were bright, and the breeze made him feel relaxed and happy. As he gazed about the starry sky, he pretended that his bedroom behind him was his spaceship. Besides that, he imagined that the rest of his house had completely disappeared! And on top of that, he pretended that his whole neighborhood was missing. In fact, he even pretended that the earth was gone and he was now driving his spaceship to distant stars and far, far away planets. As he turned his spaceship this way and that from his "super power" captain's chair, he came very close to a terrific place. It was a planet with mountains, trees covered by smooth glass bubbles, with all of this under a beautiful deep blue mysterious sky. As he glided in his ship over the mountains and valleys he viewed these wonderful sights from his "super power" captain's chair, which was conveniently situated in front of the big space window of a memory that he was not likely to forget.

Suddenly, David took a large breath and held his eyes open widely. He sat in his

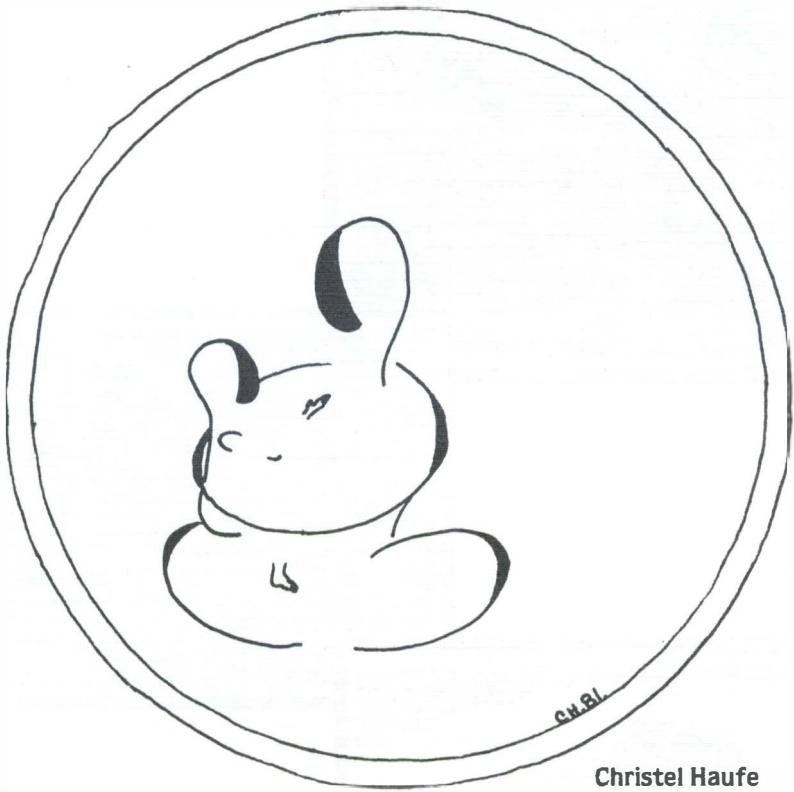
captain's chair gazing straight ahead at a dazzling sight. A city beneath a clear glass bubble! "How marvellous! How exciting!" he marveled out loud. The brilliant colors seemed wonderful - David knew that if there were people, they would certainly be friendly. David thought how silent and peaceful everything was. Even the air smelled clean and refreshing - he thought for a moment that he could almost taste how fresh the air was.

Although he admired and marveled at the quiet little city beneath the glass bubble, he did not know that he had traveled so far. He knew that he must journey home because he had promised not to stay up too late before going to bed. However, before he soared back to earth, he promised to himself that he would return another time, and perhaps that time he'd visit the colorful little city below the glass bubble.

Nancy L. Dwyer
5/12/81



Nancy Donlan



Christel Haufe

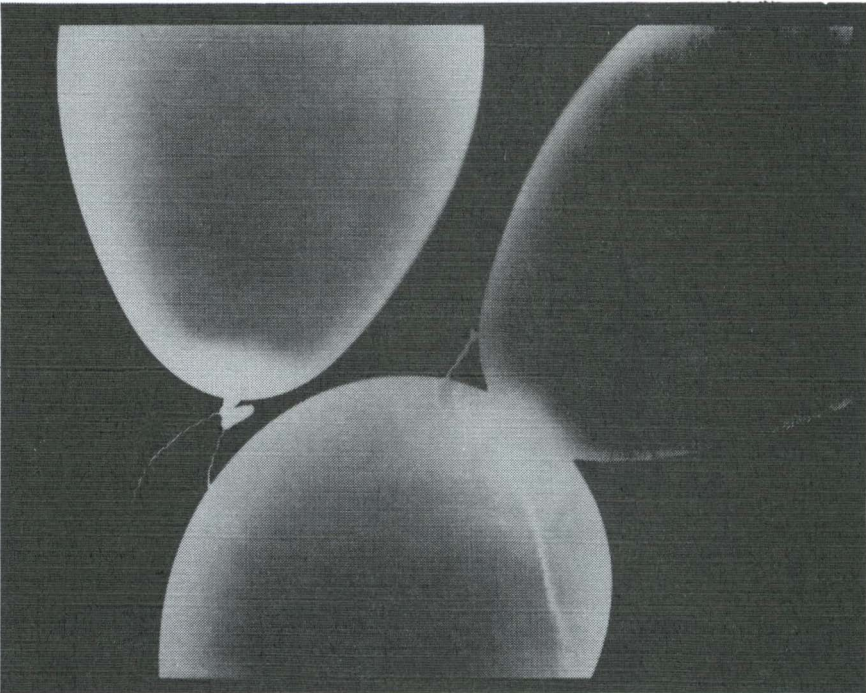
Inside of me, there now lives
an egg implanted with a seed
growing someday to really be
and feel my breath beneath its bod
and drink the milk my breasts provide
and see my smile from a babe's eye
and hear me laugh and call its name
while it grows much more noticeably
into a person,
that grew from me

Anonymous

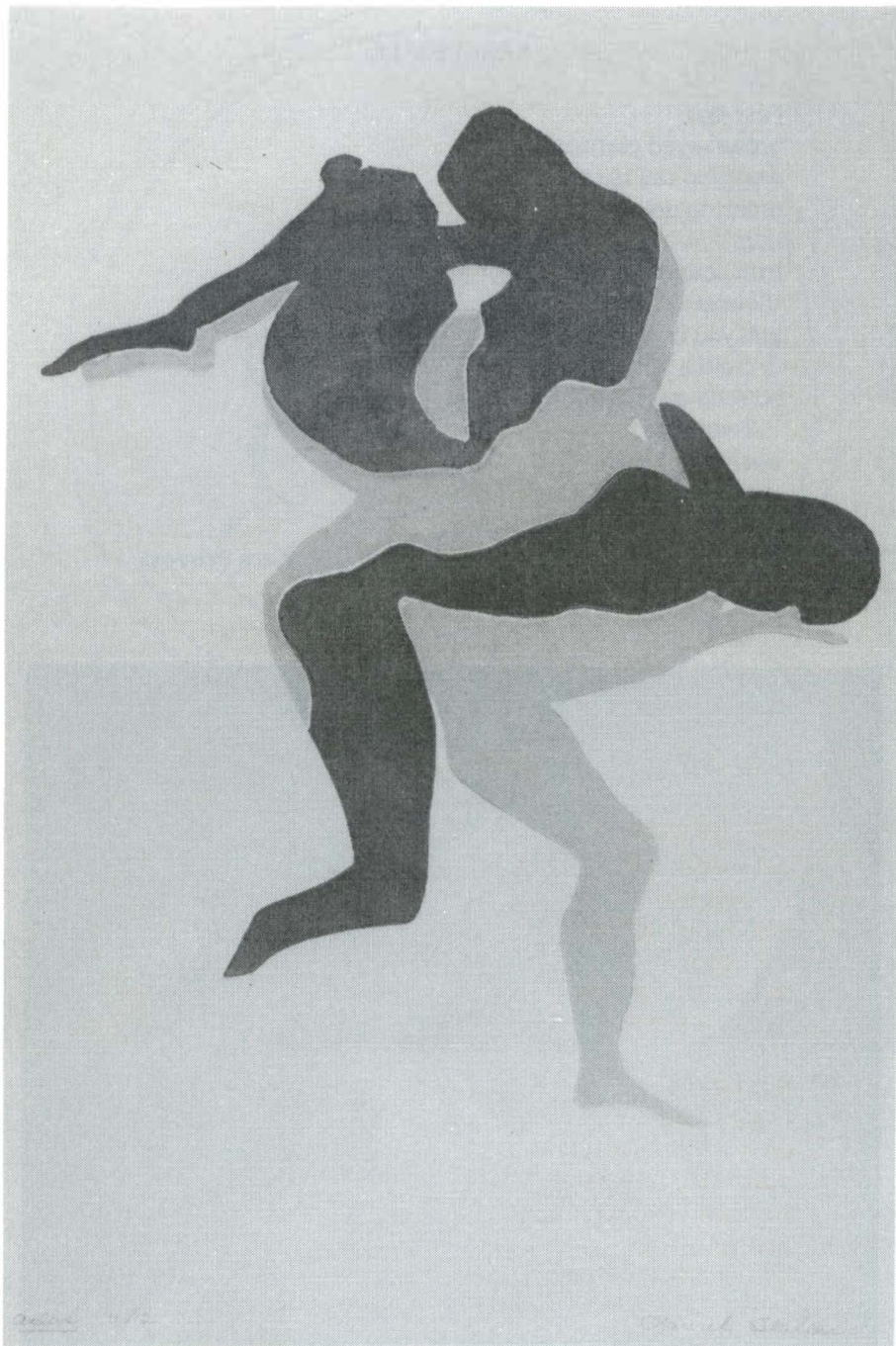
KARAPUZZLE

Fast jazz
brown-eyed glances
wagging tail to company
dressing dolls
hug.
Iron bound stomach under paralyzed mind
Violets!
will you cry for me?
 crouch with
screech-animal agony
 Then skip
down the beach
holding hands.

Kara Provost



David Reed



Laurel Stalder

Rollins Brushing

OH, GROSS!

How will I seem to you in sweaty clothes
And when you find my gym socks have gone rank?
Or if you see me pick a scab or nose,
What will you think of me, before so swank?
Sometimes my temper turns to moods uncivil,
And tortoise-like I grump into my shell;
At other times my high mind sinks to drivel:
Where then your scholar, gentleman? — In hell!
Come, join me there: together we'll be gross.
We can't be angels all the day; the beast
Must play. Old Caliban cavorts jacosé
And sensual and hails us to his feast.
At least be Nicholas and Alison:
Let flee a fart; then sing our orison.

Alan Nordstrom

MARRIAGE

How can you be
so goddam sure
the way you
march through life.
You say it once . . .
as if that's the way
reality is made.

Not for me . . .
I skip along
undoing your reality
scattering rose petals
to mask your definitions
and yet we are
on the same journey.

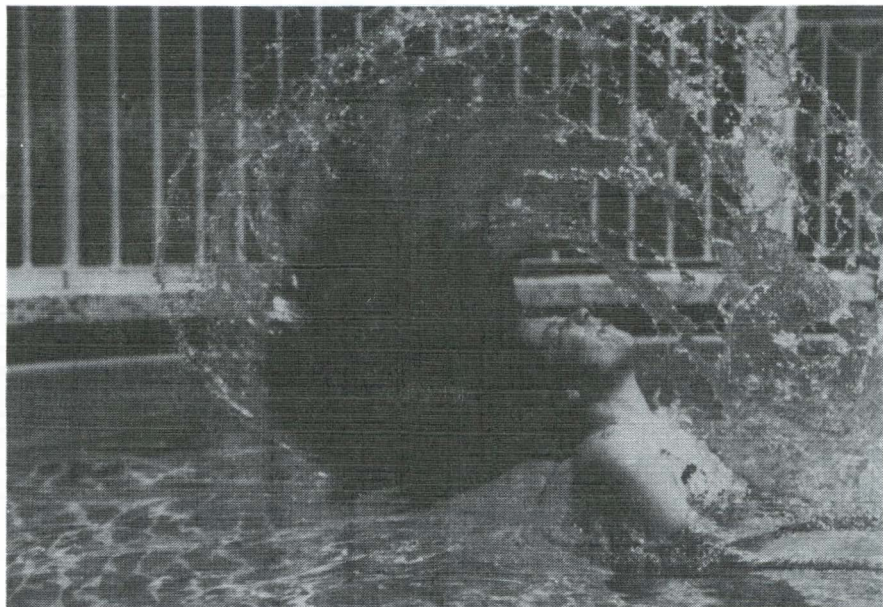
Judy Provost

PUNK

With coke-lined nose and sizzled hair
You fuse into an electric guitar.
Collared in spikes
Raunched in leather
So precious in heels
You rip into those screaming chords.
Pins in your cheek
Cigarette on your trashy lips
You turn up the speakers and
Blow your mind.
Slicing your razor blade into authority
You love the bloody mess.

Tear it to shreds, bitch.

Mark Peres



Willis DuPont

Some I ignore:
begoggled children and
oil glistened girls
But never the boy who dives.

It is the way trunks define crucial curves
between hairless torso and taut thighs

And the way he, bouncing,
bows the board beneath
until it renders him
to a perfect electric arc.

He dissects crystalline water
and finds its depth
then upward, again pierces surface.

I grin.

C.E. Davis

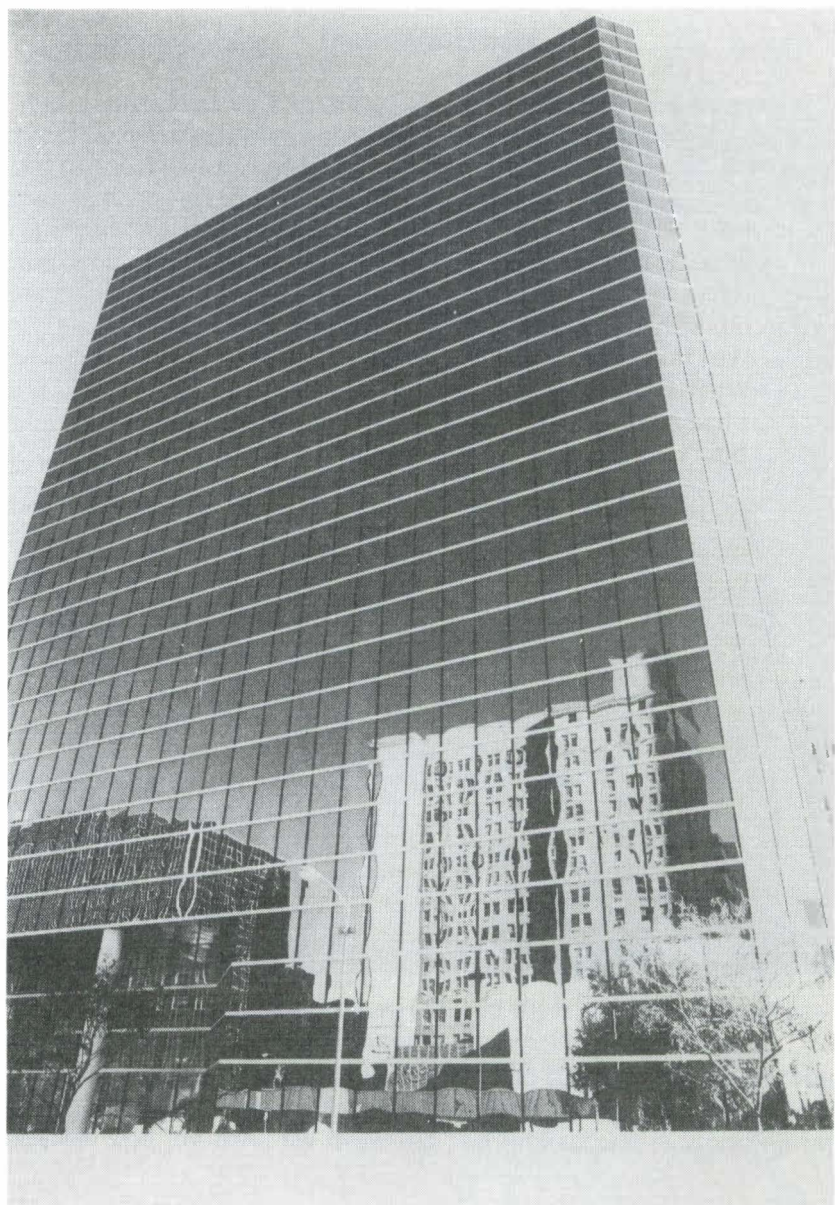
Dialogue

Read this poem, the teacher asked;
what does it mean, she said.
It has no meaning,
other than that which you attach.
Well then, tell me:
What are your thoughts.
I had none 'til you asked,
but now they're all of you.

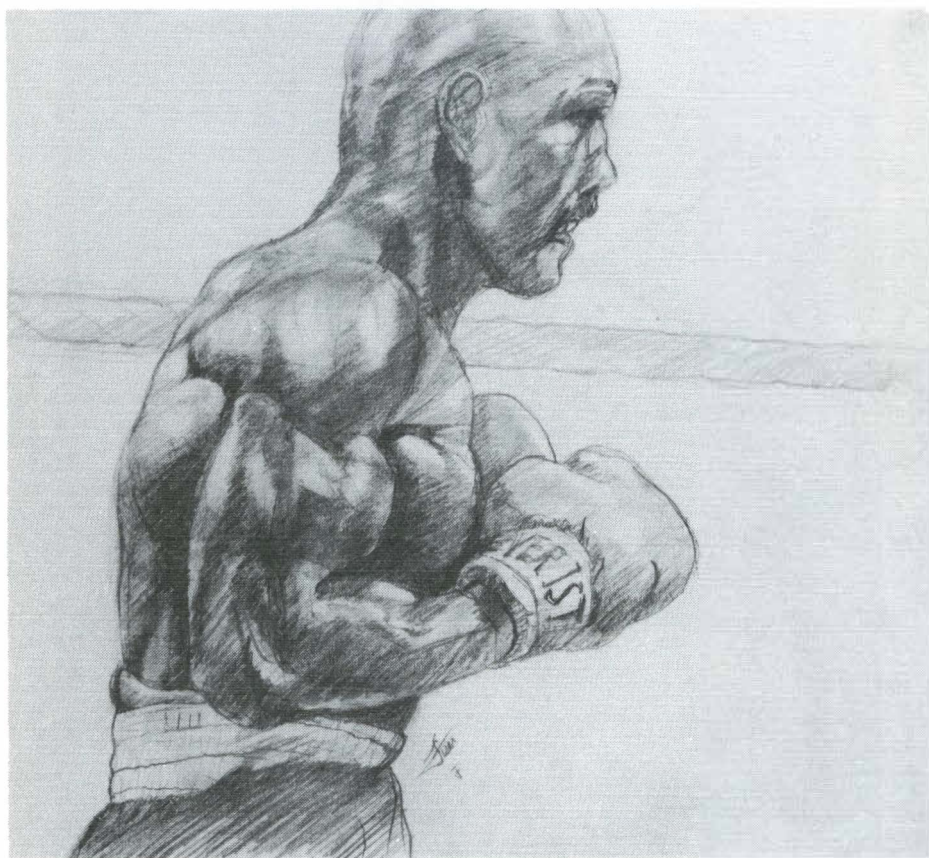
I'm not sure what you intend;
should I be flattered or amused .
Well now, a curious question indeed:
Do I serve a purpose in being here?
You're in an altogether other place,
and have not yet answered me.
But is that not in and of itself
all the reply you need.

Your esoteric metaphors
mean nothing much, I'm afraid.
So we argue for the same point,
for his words share with mine that quality.
Then substantiate your definition;
catalogue the whys and wherefores.
Now this mental tightspot you've placed me in
puts me at a loss for words.

Michael Healy



Scott Roth
Brushing Photography Award



Joel Fiser

TIME BABBLES ON

It is a puzzle that we humans often do not finish what we intend to do. More often than admitted, we fill our moments with something we do not truly consider enjoyment or accomplishment. I doubt this will change, either. It's our nature and our destination to travel in circles — part of our part in the play of human inclination.

Recognizing the way to perfect living is easier than following it. Although an intention has often tickled my mind to spend life better, the residues of good-potential moments lie crumpled in the wastebasket of unfinished dreams. Flit, and a task is swallowed in vague and endless tomorrows. Flap, that can wait. Whoosh, not today. Glop, tomorrow . . . next week . . . someday . . .

The other day, when my party of four were finishing a gallon of very cheap wine, when talk pours and truth spills with indelible stains like rose, on the carpet, an old idea showed freshly to me.

We were talking about God — so mundane a subject for drunks — and it seemed we were coming very, very close to something, a new idea perhaps. But it kept eluding us: God is this; God is that; but what the hell is he, really? As I stood up to fix the stereo— for the album was skipping — a dizziness sat me down. So I stood again and, wavering nudged the needle. It made a scratch; the wine was working. Everyone was too talky and drunk to notice. I pretty much tuned out words — don't ask me why - and began reading the album as it turned round and round and round. At first it was hard to focus, 'till I got my eyes and head into a circular swirl like someone watching a merry-go-round from a helicopter. I concentrated on reading the times for each song and adding them together. Round and round many times to get them all together. Then I began adding them, and it took a long time to get the sum of 15:49. Then for some reason beyond me I checked the answer — this time 16:59. From whim to whim I figured I'd add them and divide for an average. The record ended and snapped may spell.

It took the last two songs to figure all I had figured, about eight minutes. No one noticed me spacing out; they were too wrapped in their own nonsense. God, by now, lay dissected and broken and evaporating into

space — maybe ours. Alcohol has a way of helping you to philosophize the intangibles so far out, beyond clarity even, 'til you reach a pure reality — the only truly true truth — you are drunk. It comes like an anti-revelation. Boom, the stuff in this glass is really making us stupid and we are going nowhere.

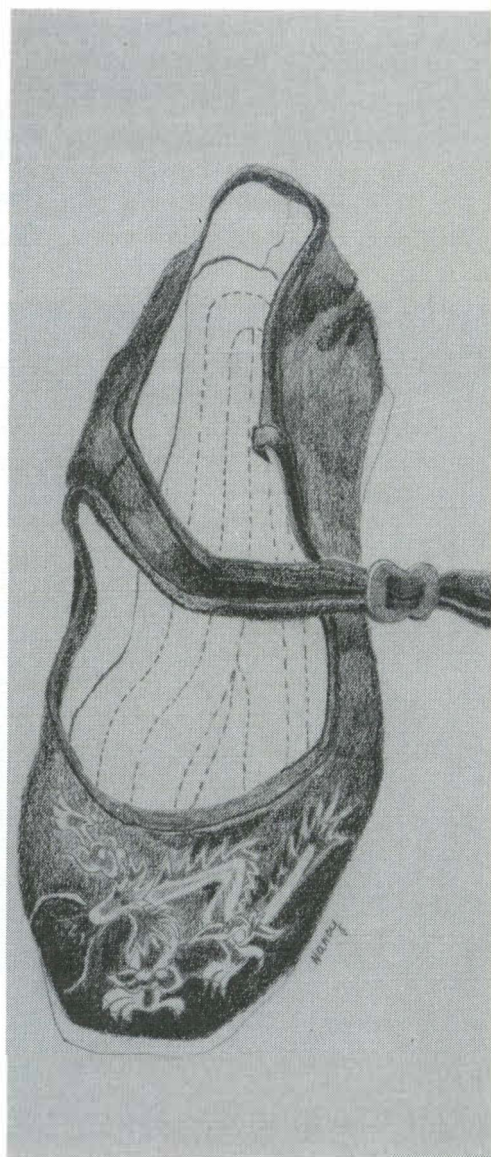
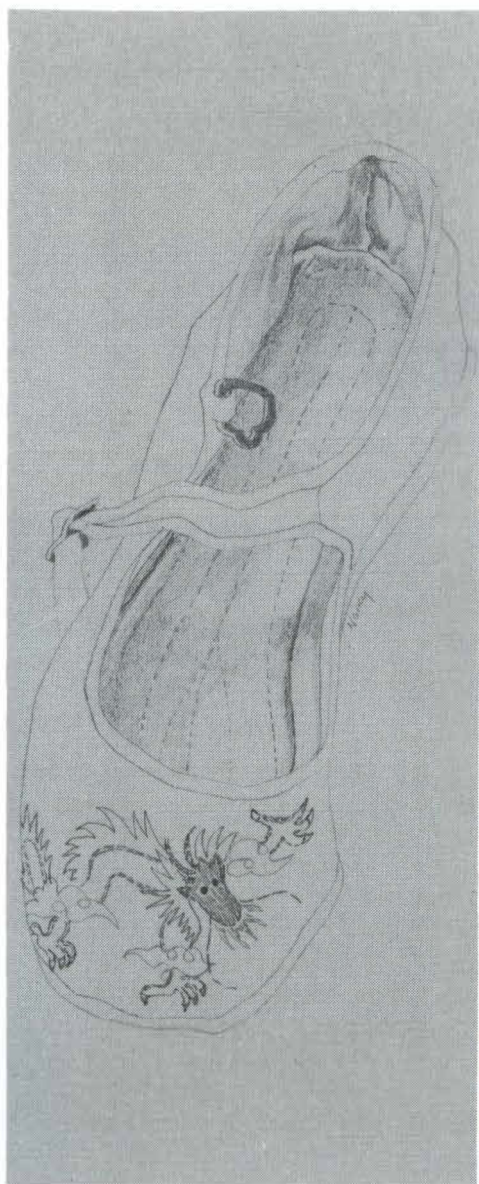
So it went that night — circular illogic, contradictory contradictions, blab. In that mood there is no prethought, babble bubbles like a brook and eloquence is a gurgled fantasy. So I spoke before my mind had a chance to listen. "Time is our only religion. We worship only time. Things to do and things to do and more things to do, and the thief, sleep. We sleep too much. Days pass because of time, creating in their wake a terrible loss. The timeless certainty — You-will-grow-old-and-die-tick-tock. Time is our biggest limitation; we can't acquire the wisdom of ages, not really.

"If only the unlive minutes didn't make us old like the good times do. We could save our lives, bit by bit, one second or one month at a time. If only we could put ourselves in a suspended animation, a purer sleep, a place of amnesty from aging. Instead of wasting time we would store it. hoard it — live only the best of life by skipping the rainy days without getting old."

And someone said with as clear a head as mine that I was a sinner against time, said things I knew. Reminded me of my favorite lie, which she believed — reminded me I was going to be a writer someday. Pointed to my desk where my typewriter sat, unused for too long. Said I never wrote. Pointed to my glass, said I drink too much. Said drinking is not writing, smoking pot is not writing. Had the nerve to say that playing Frisbee is not writing. I thought about it and realized that even reading — my most valid escape — even reading is a way to avoid writing. "Guilty!" said a white-haired grandfather clock on the Mount Sinai of imagination.

I guess the person who said those things was right — not right to say it, but at least correct. Her words stung, but with time I suppose I'll forgive her, maybe even thank her, because she was partly responsible for this, this ratatat maze of symbols, this printed page, this repentance. It took one hour.

Jason Southwick



Nancy Roth

To close our minds
To the fruits of madness
To block off that haven
Of the imagination

Would mean destroying
The one thing that
keeps us sane!

Insanity!

Pat Johnson



Alicia Leatherbury

FAIRY SPOT

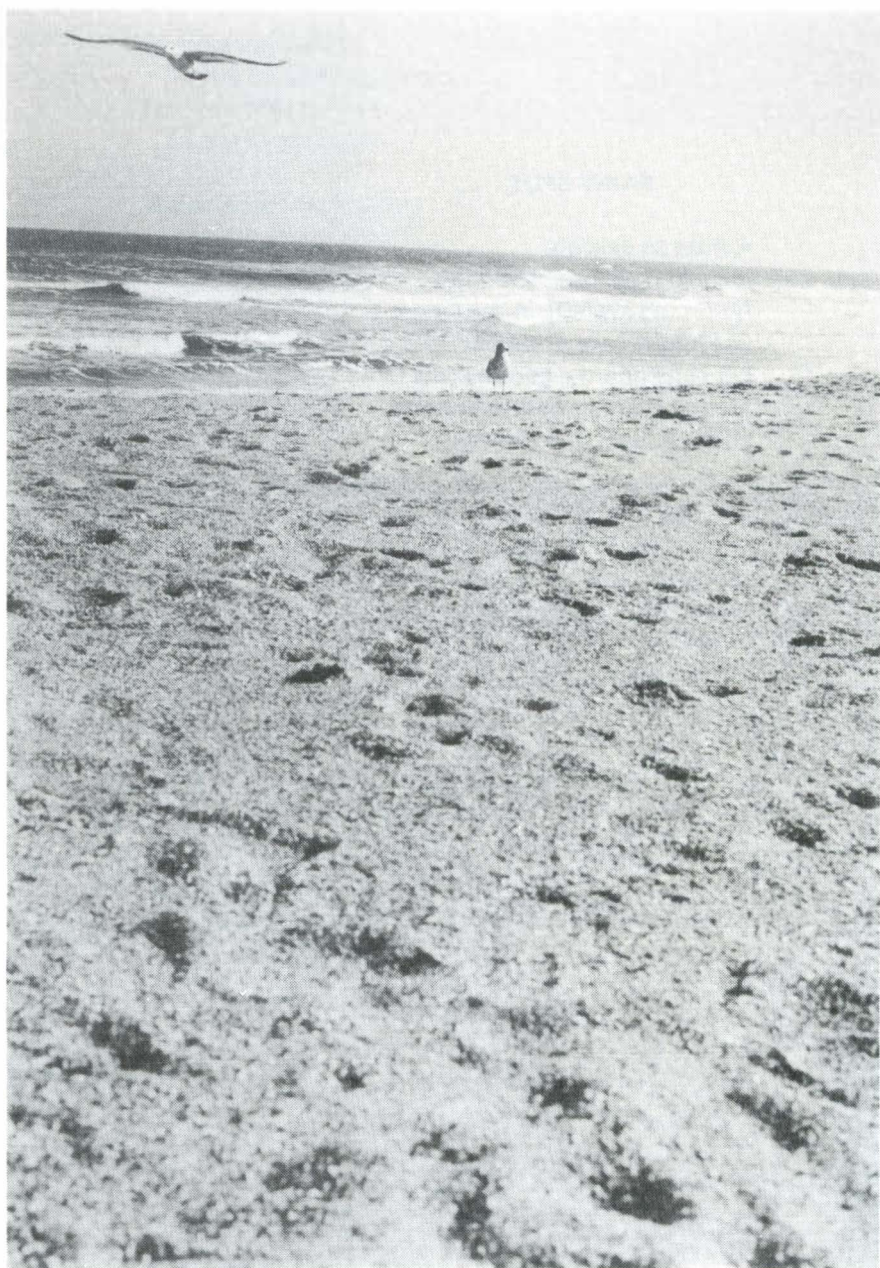
A flute so delicate
it could have been the wind
humming sweetly in the pines.
Or I might have dreamed
her song and the gentle arms
I found there in that fairy spot,
all dewy, soft in darkness.

Judy Provost

Saturday Night

You left on a song
leaving behind a face
propped there, empty eyes
that see our empty words
soundless moving, moving lips
mannered middleclass smiles.
I catch myself
looking for a song, too.

Judy Provost

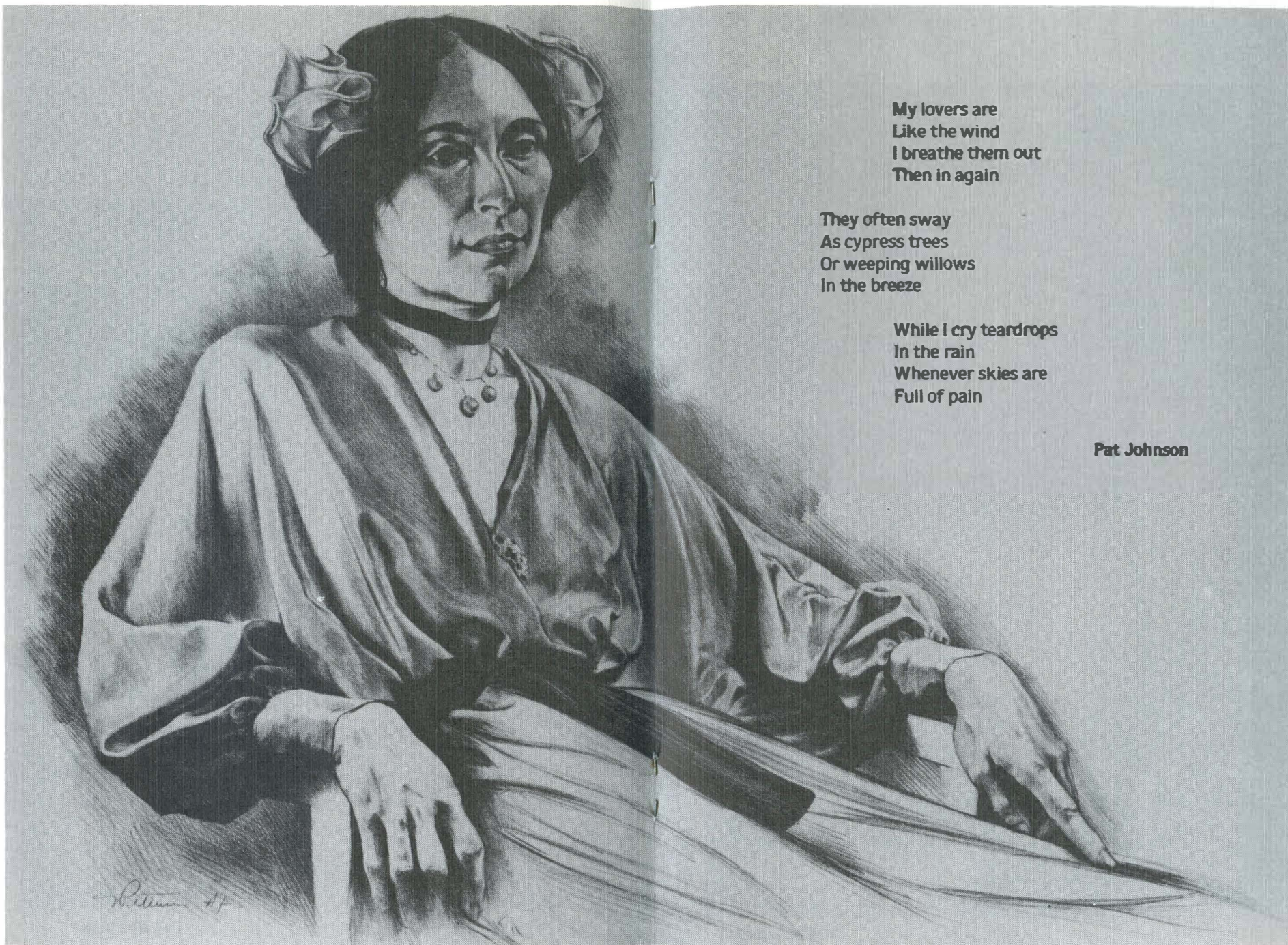


Scott Roth

Beach

I surface
through sand
digging up
saltwater pails
dime store candy
hungry freckles
sunburned eating
sandwich waves
trampled summer
early morning
glory's soggy
cereal bowl
casual bacon
wakes my dog
and I run
chasing sea
birds touching
tiny shells
rainy little dipper
family candids
polarized among
mowed grass
lost kites
wind blown
card games
giggled Thanksgiving
turkey presents
sweater walks
counting dunes
thunder drizzling
around a fire
inside we talk
I remember
the beach

Dan Richards



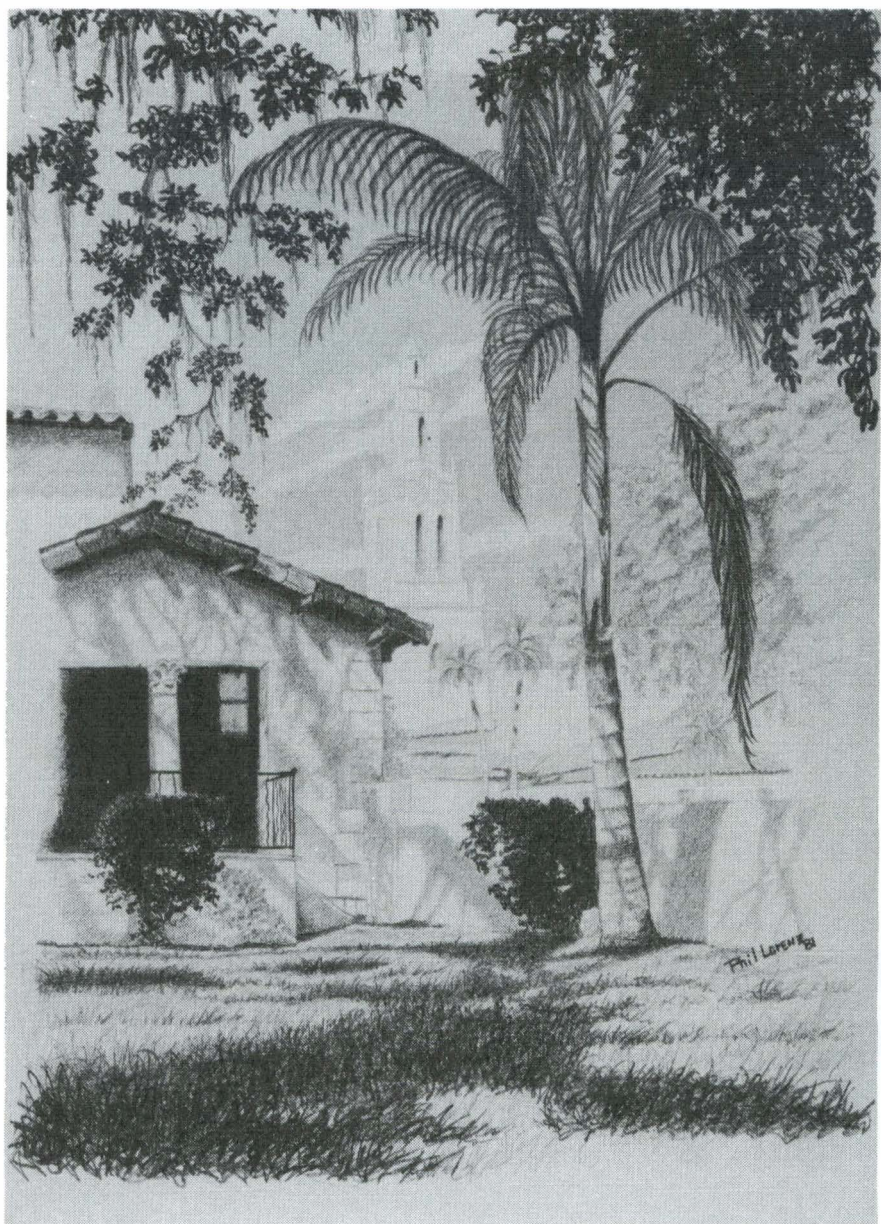
My lovers are
Like the wind
I breathe them out
Then in again

They often sway
As cypress trees
Or weeping willows
In the breeze

While I cry teardrops
In the rain
Whenever skies are
Full of pain

Pat Johnson

Tom Peterson



Phil Lorenz
Brushing Art Award

Prepositional Latitude

I came back down to Florida looking for Ponce de Leon.
To more or less of what I bargained for.
Where the big greeting fades to a mumble by third
week.
Where friendship has many meanings
And joy many guises.

Down to flying saucers and kids' stuff.
Back to the womb and other questionable symbols.
Down the tubes of life,
Where love and lust are filed separately
And fun is frolick, frolick fun —
All else constructive and drudgerous.

Back to greener grass and fluctuating ambition.
Where days skip on like scratched albums.
Where classroom distraction and social abstraction
get all mixed up.
Where wit and sarcasm are a sinister blend.
Where truth is jest and all else
As vague as a two-sided meaning
Or the coin flip of futures.

Jason Southwick



Nancy Roth
Brushing Art Award

Poem

Fall if you must but
fall
quickly from my fingertips
and take care
not to touch
my eyes or ears
or any sense
of mine or theirs
for this instant
is poetry
and poetry touches
nothing;
it is somewhere
between everywhere.

Elizabeth K. Muller



Scott Roth

Last Night

I saw last night the end of the world.
Realizing the future, for the news was out,
I stubbornly vacuumed the floor.
The explosion rocked and reeled my mind,
And I strode, unhurried, to the window.
I offered to the mushroom monster a simple holy shit,
Then I sat, and thought of nothing.

I saw last night the end of life.
Walking along the beach, where people go for fun,
I curiously wondered at this new pastime:
Families stared dumbly at their bleeding genitalia,
But none realized the import of their plight.
Though the constitution remains unamended,
All lost radioactive virginity equally.

I saw last night the end of love.
Dancing with a woman, whom I'd recently met,
I blindly followed a soundless tune.
This mockery of melody maddened, saddened,
For the evil was not human, and had no reason.
No way on earth to leash the raging beast;
I could only fall forever into sleep.

Michael Healy



Pat Shaw

Covenant

He spills incandescent gold
onto midnight-blackened lawn
and measures morning's hours
by pages turned.

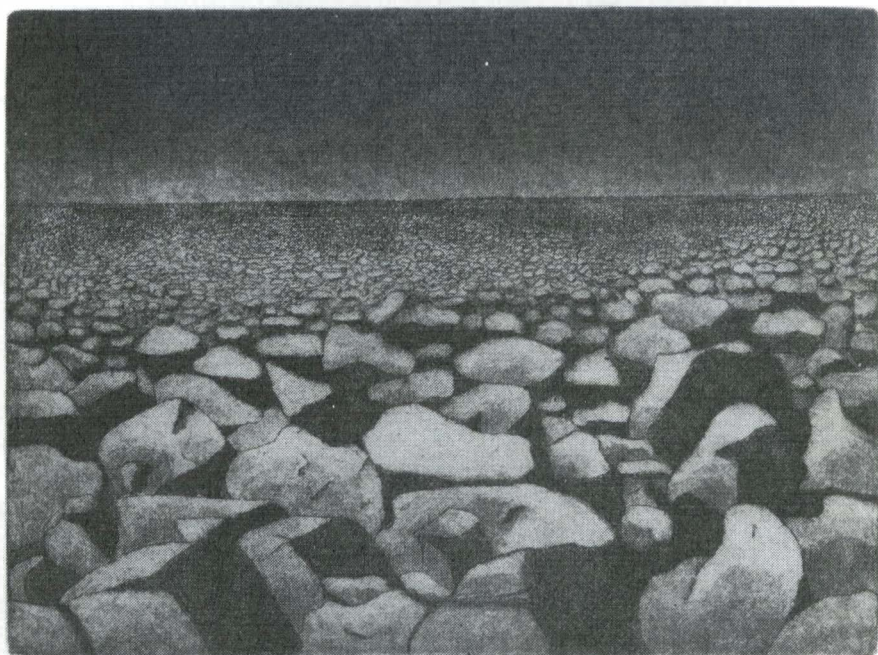
From my window sill
I count his breaths and
watch as vulnerable shoulders
bow to meet the curve of lamp's light

until

He answers a night bird's trill
with sigh and stretch
and search for sleep.

On eilderdown
does he dream
of me?

C.E. Davis



"Moonlit Night" David Reed 1910

David Reed

Good Morning Dear

Good Morning Dear. As usual you come down, ready to leave for work, encased in that icy coldness. Another non-speaking morning. Oh, that's all right Dear, we said everything last night.

I pour my cereal, a charging brigade of artificial ingredients, letting them invade my unprotected bowl. I then drown my cereal with milk, and give it a liberal dose of that, oh so subtle arsenic, sugar actually.

You look nice in your three-piece suit. I know, though, that looks can be deceiving. You could hardly be called nice. No nice man could care so little about his family.

I pluck my slightly burnt white toast from its electric chair, stab my knife into the throat of the jelly jar, and proceed to suffocate my toast with empty calories.

I know Dear, nothing for you. Nothing for the children either. Their stomachs are tied in knots from walking on the tense wires we drew through the house. Our discussions can't be kept behind a door or a wall.

I ignite another stick of nicotine.

You toss aside the morning paper, and my love.

I pour myself another quicksand of coffee, no caffeine-free stuff for this kid.

I watch you leave. I pray you'll come back tonight, and I pray that you won't.

My non-dairy creamer atombombs in my coffee.

Have a nice day Dear.

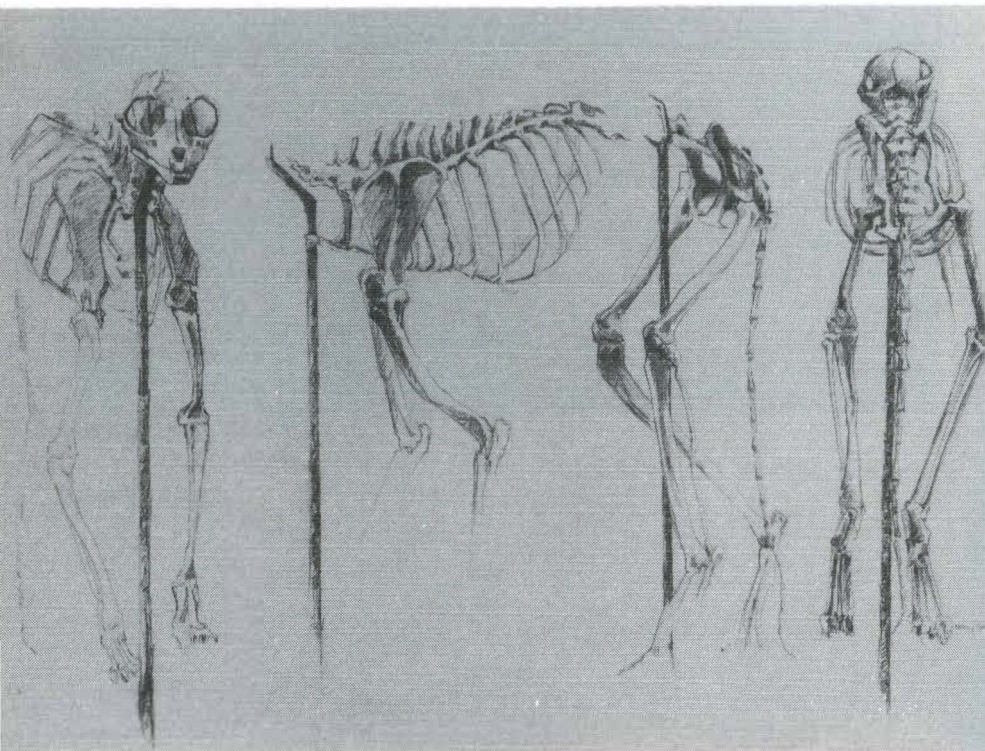
Linda Simpson

Street Signs & Bones

I always wondered how all those dinosaurs could simply disappear. They ruled the earth before man was even a gleam in his father's eye, and now they have vanished from all but our fantasies. Only because they are dead do we even believe those kingly beasts once lived. And we boil a brew of fascination over the eternal flame of their absence.

This fascination has stuck its foot into the door to my curiosities. And while that door remains open, many strangers have a way of sneaking in, like those who now sample my hospitality. These new arrivals tweak my sensibility and make me ask why I never noticed before that I live in the midst of a quite different species' bones.

I just noticed the signs around me. DEAD END. When I first saw the



Nancy Roth

words I drew a breath of bumblebee buzz. The meaning pricked the center of my self and hummed its way through my concept of the universe. Here they are. Ends. Hundreds, maybe thousands of them dotting our civilization. And every one of them dead. How could they all die? More, how could I not realize until now that they lived among us in our past?

Like that of the dinosaurs, the fate of the Ends mystifies me. Someone must be able to fathom the workings of our world, but I am not that one. So I must content myself with theory and imagination. I imagine the rise and fall of Ends must have passed peacefully, for no great emotion issues from their tombs. DEAD END. A quiet, simple epitaph for a quiet, simple being. Perhaps their lives were unremarkable, but we mark their deaths with the mourning black on jaundice yellow.

I'm sure the tombstones, those yellow metal squares which snuck past fascination's foot, were first erected as an afterthought by the killers. A nomadic community grew weary and settled itself heavily onto a friendly piece of land. One day, not long after, a little boy playing behind his house found an End, already decomposing. He showed his mother, who thought little of the incident and buried the End in the sand. But the scene replayed again and again. The townspeople, recognizing their role in the deaths, developed a collective guilty conscience. In order that they would not forget their mistake, the public raised signs to mark the passing of the Ends. DEAD END. Then they forgot.

Maybe Ends left us like that, another noble ant squashed beneath the lumbering legs of progress. Perhaps they exited voluntarily, unwilling to share existence with us. Whatever the truth, we have only dead Ends now. Or, rather, we have the gravestones to remind us.

Still, I retain my faith, in spite of my dark analysis, that I may find the Loch Ness of this lost memory. I have heard tales, spoken in hushed and awe-full tones. A few even profess to know where hides the End. Following these leads, and hoping to draw breath again, I am going in search of the Living End.

Michael Healy



Tigridia pavonia

Abby Ober

THE PHOTOGRAPH

You sit there upon my cluttered dresser
Among many personal possessions,
Smeared like a portrait of water color
That's drenched with tears and smudged with obses-
sions.

I left you in the sun once, long ago,
And so you've faded with my memory,
As the melting of a soft April snow.
Lyrics to a forgotten melody.
I've known you through this representation
In black-and-white, yet, my dreams are colored
Displaying you beyond imitation.
But I awake — I find you discolored.
I've pictured enough tonight, with sorrow,
I'll paint you again; and try tomorrow.

Ann Marie Portoghese

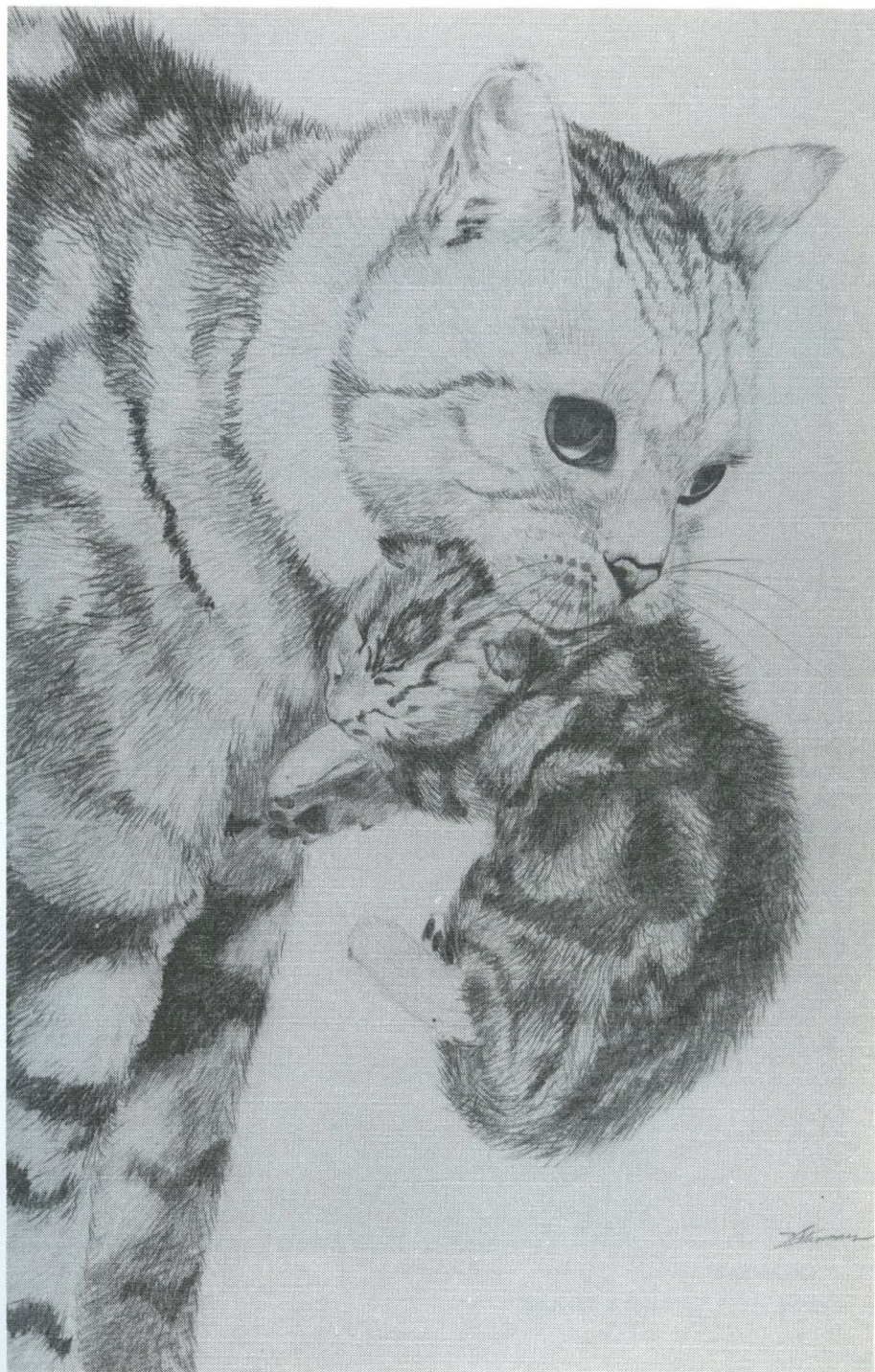


Joel Fiser

PAINT

Growing lavender
a crimson God
gloriously strokes
canvas life
I lie awed
alongside mankind
precious creation
smearing absence
colors pervade
I feel high
love so easy
dipping the paint
as color spills
on my mind
vivid enough for
hearts to feel.

Anonymous



Vicki Stanonsis

PENANCE

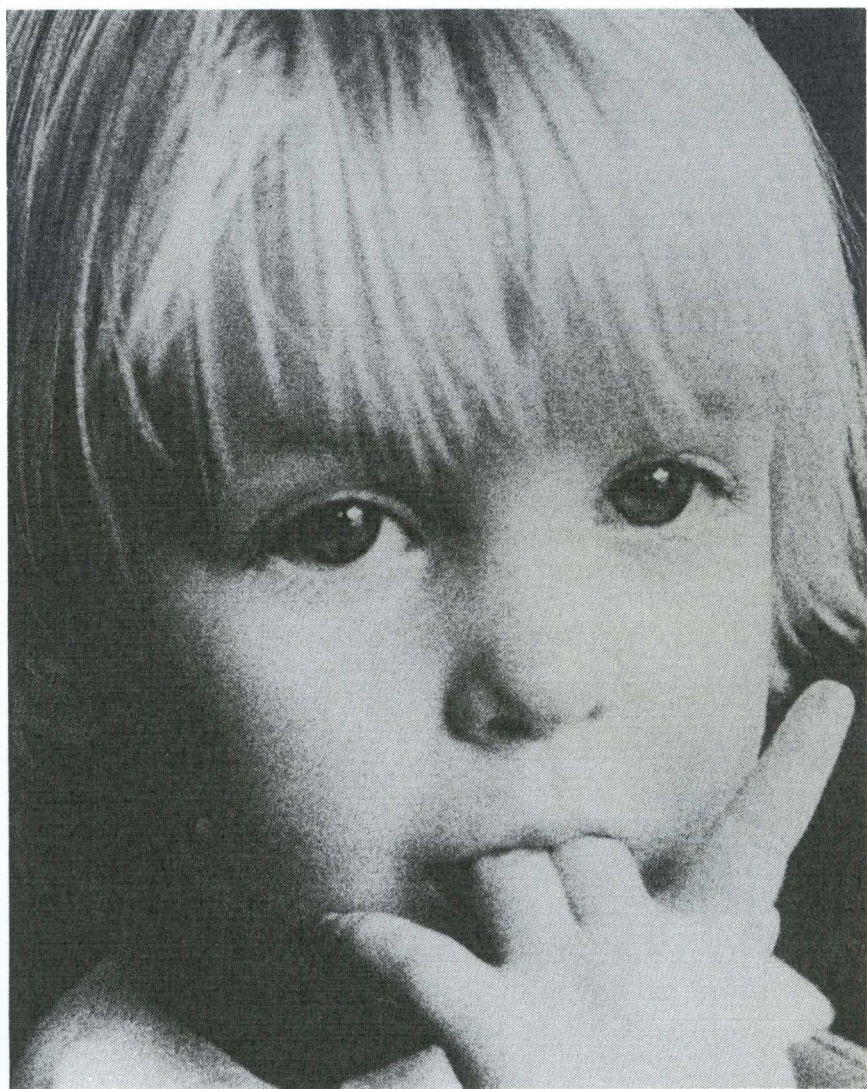
His mother's crystal vase I cannot mend.
It was priceless.
I'll make excuses, He'll understand, maybe.

It was slender, fragile.
Our child tapped it once and it shattered
(A thousand splintered prisms reflecting red).
Tears will wet my lids.
He'll sigh, despairingly, reflect a moment
Then take my hand to reassure, mechanically.

All will be as it was.

The wrists will heal I know.
The trial is pulling out the glass.

Laurel Stalder



Karen Chalker
Brushing Photography Award

Sometimes I am a moth
drawn by a life-threatening fire.
Ignoring the flames
I take life from it.
The warmth turns to bodies,
to pretend-time mornings.
But each time leaves me
dripping life.

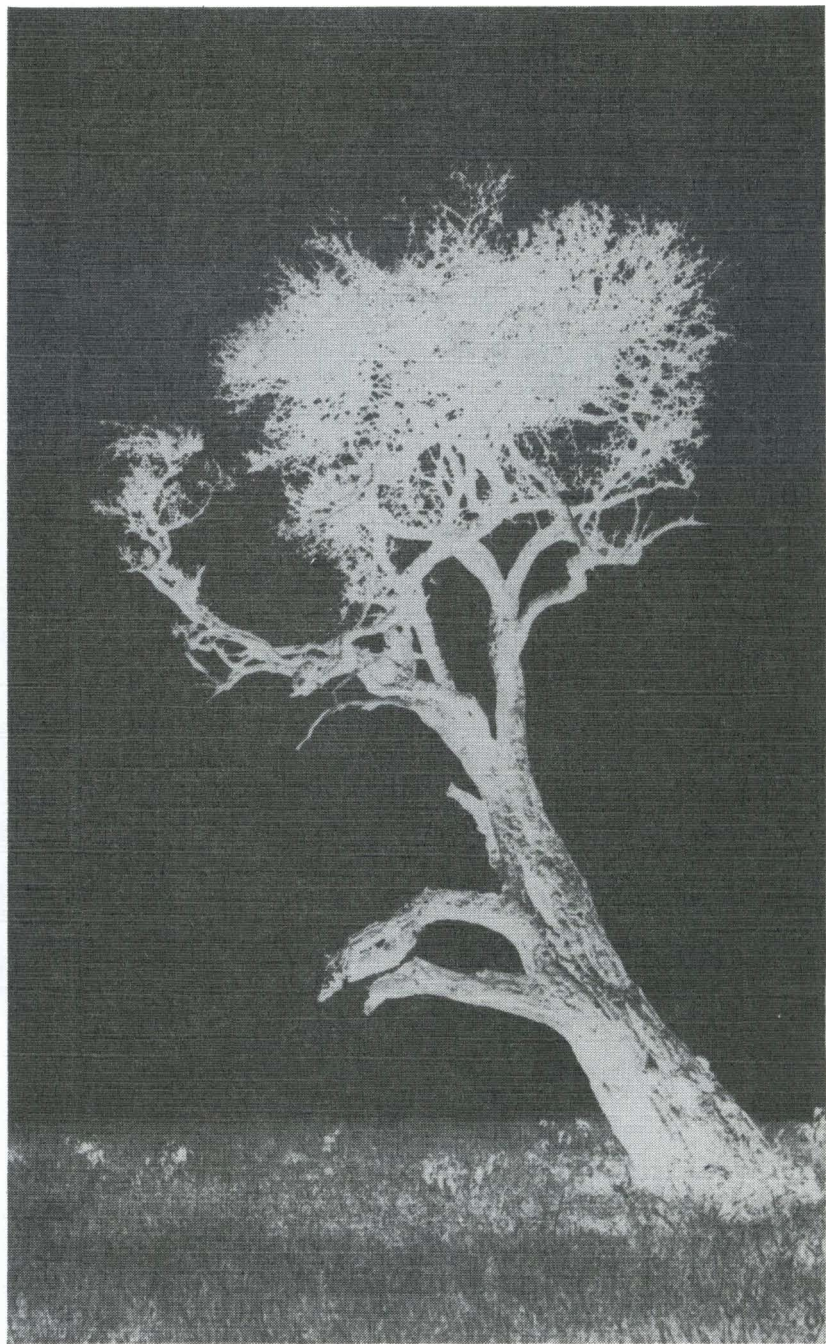
I take chances
sometimes diving directly into the light,
tears expelled to cool the burns
only make the scars more livid,
another part of me to be hidden.

And on nights like tonight
When the primeval desire wells,
I search not for the warmth,
Not for the body,
Not for the feeling,
Or even the ability to feel,
But only for the flames.

Aldebaran Lynne Cox



Abby Ober



Karen Chalker

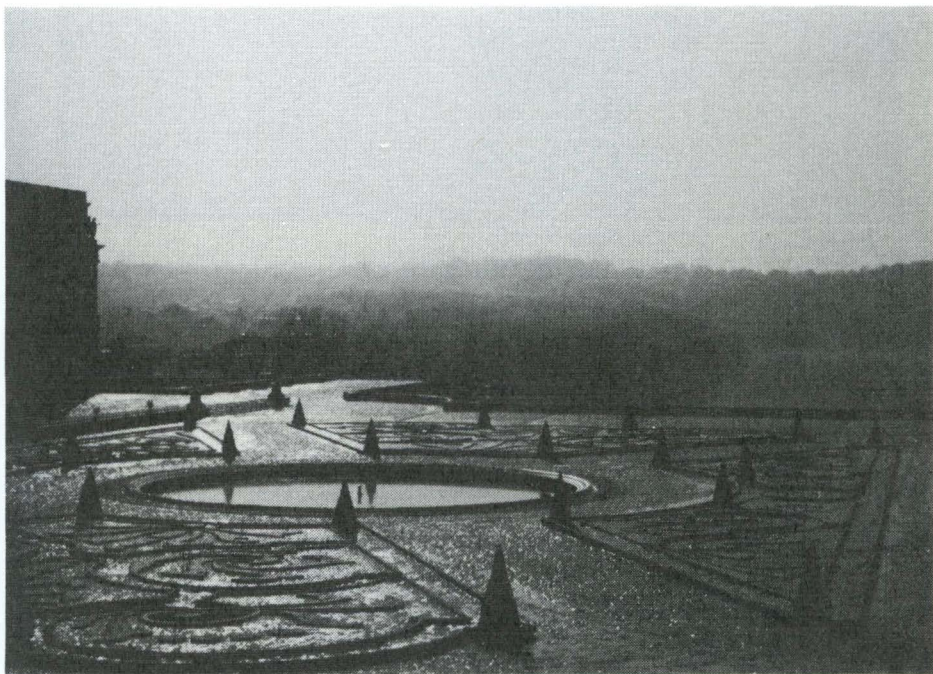
IN THE NIGHT

I sleep naked now
alone
tickling my body to sleep
with the help of a dream.

Wrapped in an ocean filled
with unwonted shells I
find myself swimming in
my own,
alone.

I dive;
I surface.
I find myself
alone.

Lizz Jacobson



Nancy Roth

5, 4, 3, 1

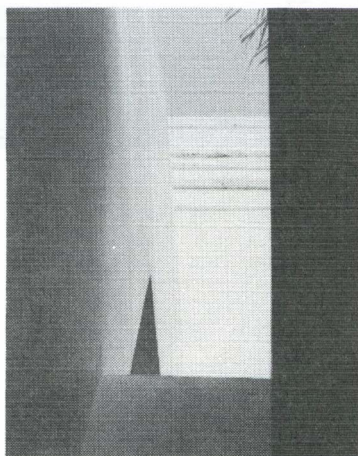
Stealing moments
Always
When you don't know I'm near
While you aren't looking
But most often
in the dark
While you sleep
I listen to you breathe
I feel your warmth
And I steal moments

Cataloged and filed,
Future use:
Memories.

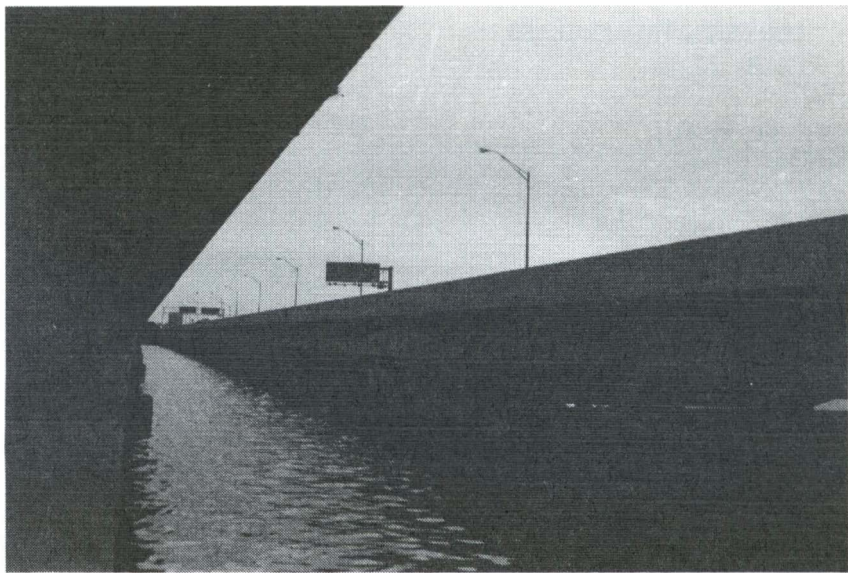
Do you miss them?
Can you feel me taking them?
Would you care if you knew?

I'd rather receive
But you don't give
So I steal

Aldebaran Lynne Cox



David Reed



David Reed

FLOODTIDE

I must overwhelm
this life of courteous reserves:
the regimented handshake,
the hesitant fingertip
on your elbow,
the — oh, pardon me — of knees
brushed accidentally.

I must spill over
my marble dikes
and flood your meadows,
reaching my arm
around your shoulder,
stroking your cheek,
cupping your chin
in my contemplation,
kissing the whisper of your lips,
clasping you against me
until my soul-stuff flows
through our clothes
and mingles,
ourselves aswirl.

Alan Nordstrom

CONVERSATION IN CLASS

12:25 - 12:40

dr: time is
moving
slowly
here
we all
sit.

dc: sit
all we
here
slowly
moving
is time.

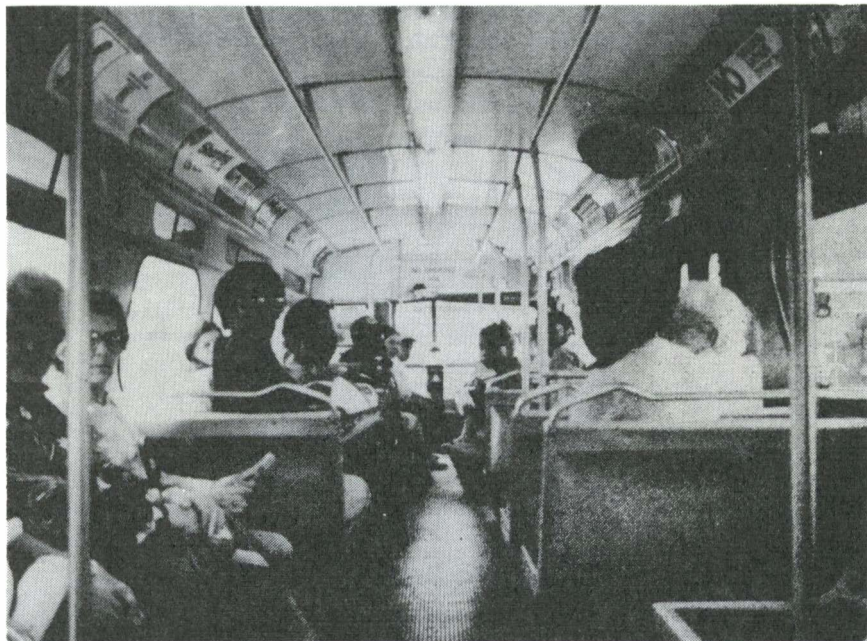
dc/dr: chatter
from the
head
of the table
passes

in and
around our
ears, but
rarely stopping

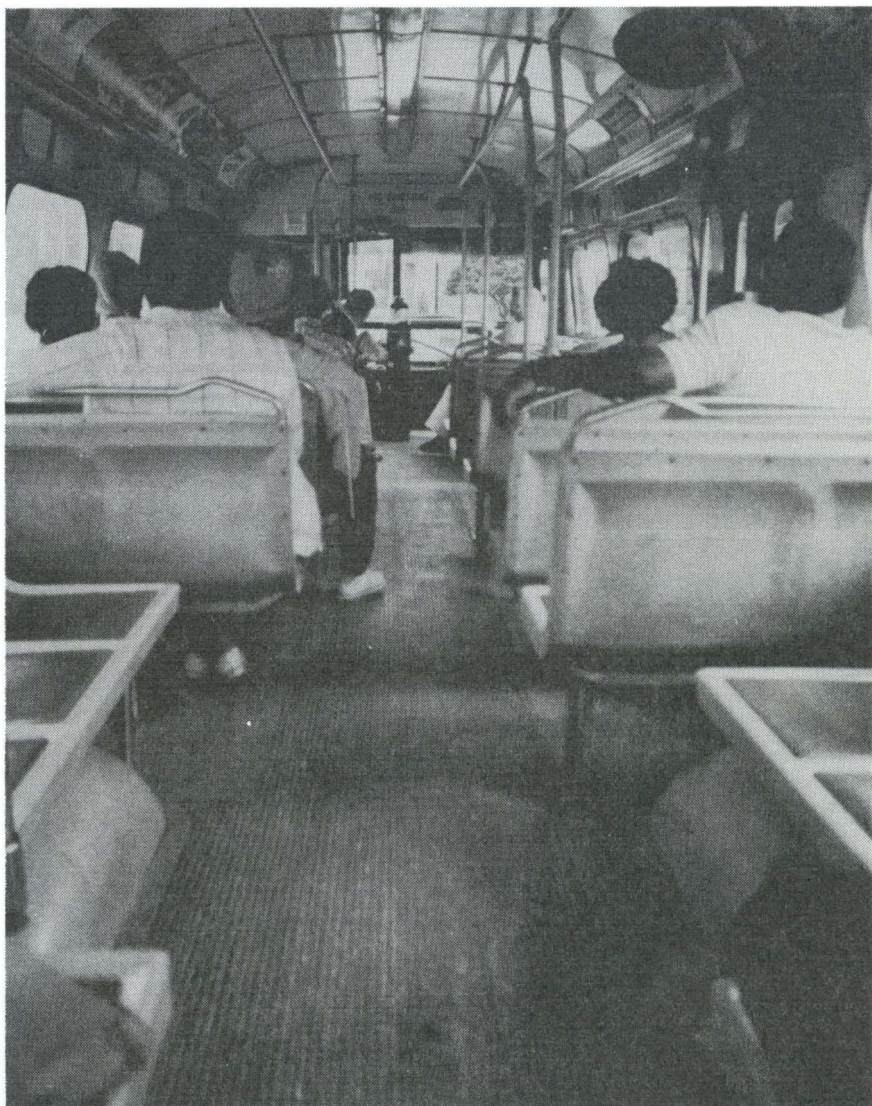
dr: voice words
sift through
endless notes
falls exhausted
in a drainage
ditch.

dc: passed attention
lost again
try five
more minutes
yeah.
typical
alliteration.

Diana Chrisis
Dan Richards



Nancy Donlan

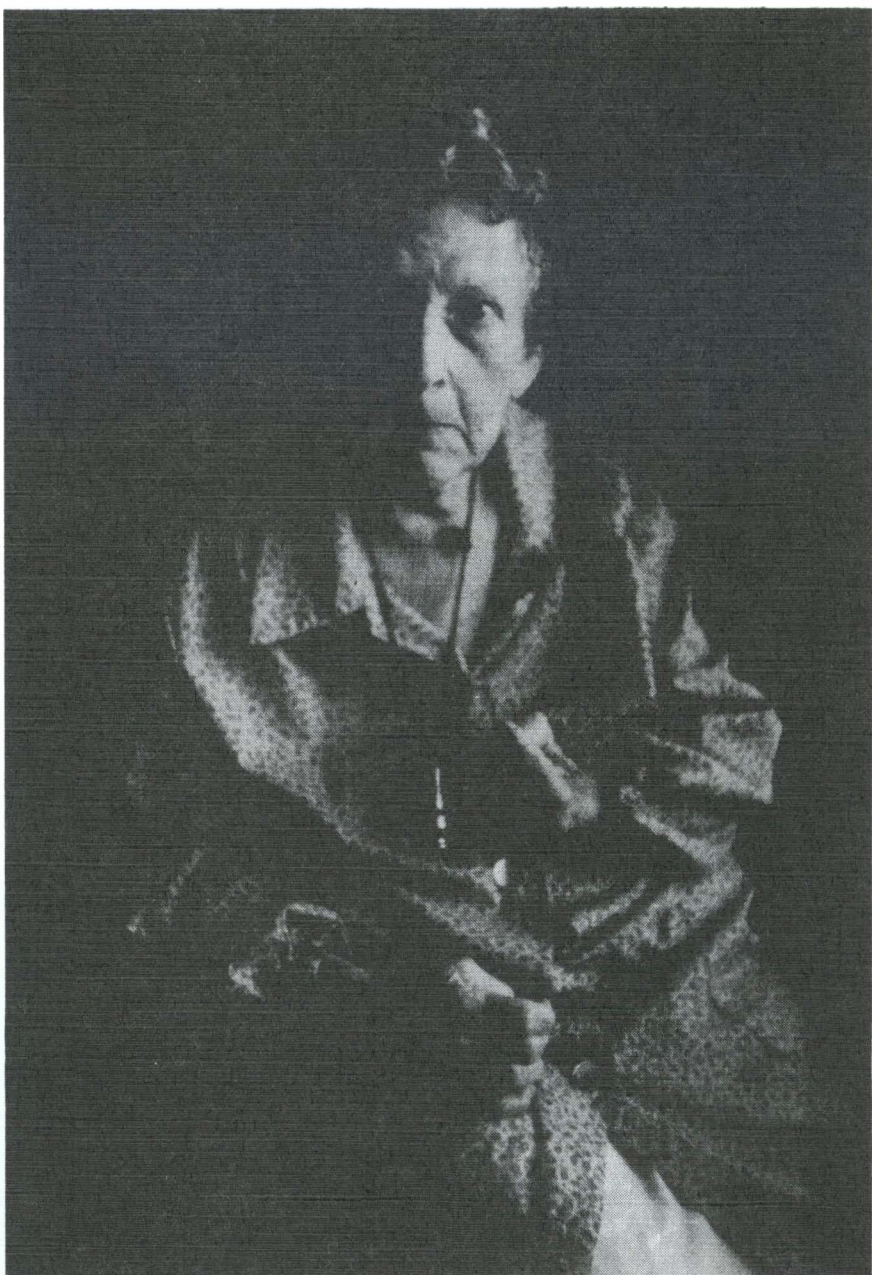


Nancy Donlan

HYENA

The mortal, pre-dawn sounds of this soft night
are low, a laugh from empty mouth close by;
dry hooves send hollow messages of fright
Through jaw-wrenched air and mask dire hunger's sigh.
From safe behind the lantern's winking stare
I see his shape, slung low, his movements slow,
Gaunt loser, limping; fetid, matted hair,
Teeth bared with pain that wounded hunters know.
I breathe his sigh, no word, just living sound.
He turns around and searches with one eye,
Glazed-gold and whole, the other but a mound
of weeping flesh. His senses seem to lie.
 He staggers then, as dawn grows faintly light,
 And leaves to track the traces of the night.

Karen Chalker



Karen Chalker

Contributor's Notes

ALDEBARAN COX - would like to start over

NANCY DONLAN - Daughter of an artist and a professor. A humanitarian, a lover, and a tomboy in heart - who at times - understandable - exhibits all of the opposites tendencies. She also got thrown off the bus for this one.

LOUISE HAYES - is a senior majoring in art history who is very happy, and who firmly believes one should never follow ones instincts when one gets lost on the rim of a teacup.

CHRISTEL HAUFÉ - Psychology-politics major, enjoys writing and drawing, presently President of the International Club. Intend to do a lot of traveling after I graduate.

MICHAEL HEALY - I contibuted.

PATRICIA JOHNSON - my interests are words. My goal is to correct them to form meaningful expressions of my immediate, past and, perhaps, future thoughts.

NANCY HOFFMAN - What do I have in common with John Keats? I also avow: "My name shall be writ in water."

ELIZABETH MULLER - I am a senior French Major and spent the fall semester studying in France. Eventually I would like to work in the travel tourism field. Other than writing poetry, I enjoy running, swimming, and drawing.

CARL WALKER - Art Editor - The egg has hatched, has been impressed, and now my dragon must fly.

ALAN NORDSTROM - Having expanded his poetic spirit in **Ped*antics**, which he published last year, had to rummage in cellars and sinkholes to turn up the two poems printed here.

MARK PERES - is interested in soren kierkegaard, Sylvia Plath, orange moons, semi-sweet chocolate, John McLaughlin, Zen Buddhism, Brazilian curves and park benches.

TOM PETERSON - My contribution is one of a new series of Lithographs and paintings in which different physical and psychological aspects of one subject (my wife) are treated as variations on a theme.

ANN MARIE PORTOGHESE - is a senior majoring in English and Speech Communication. A resident of Altamonte Springs she plans to remain in the Central Florida area after graduation and pursue a career in some aspect of the field of communication.

KARA PROVOST — My poem says it all for me, (at age 14)

JUDY PROVOST - Writing is a way to get centered, like hitting a solid ground stoke, or laughing with a friend.

DANNY RICHARDS - Observes the world through human hands, recording what he sees.

NANCY ROTH - Art editor, creative, intuitive, feeling . . . artistically . . . seeking . . . "To see a world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wild flower."

LAUREL STALDER - is a junior studying the art of self-expression.

Brushing Staff

Debbie Digiacomio

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Dr. Barbara Carson, Faculty Advisor

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Caro Walker, Art Editor

Aldebaran Cox, Editor

Volume II

Brushing is Published in the Fall & Spring by the student Association. Literary submissions and correspondance, etc., should be directed to: Brushing Editor, Box 2361, Rollins College, Winter Park, Fla. 32789. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope. Submission Deadlines are mid-October and mid-March.

