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**I am moved by fancies that are curled  
Around these images, and cling . . .  
— T.S. Eliot**

**BRUSHING**





The ability to sense our world is a gift given to everyone. Within our minds we paint images worthy of any Monet and use a language no Dickinson or Twain could imitate. Yet only a few can capture these pictures and words and make them tangible to all. These are the artists.

T.S. Eliot understood the psyche of the artist — one who not only keeps these fancies in his mind, but shares them with others. The artist clings to the images and makes them immortal, either through words, paints, or the camera.

In the following pages, our artists wish to share with you their own perceptions. They hope that their views cling to you as they do to the paper.

Alice Miller

# BRUSHING

# SPRING

# 1984



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The countless times we've talked  
without ever lifting a  
lip  
are like the many houses  
where I've lived  
but have never been.

I know you  
as I know them —  
outside in.

Kim McDowell

## MAN IN THE TASTEFUL GREY SUIT

The phone is ringing, but too tired to care  
That love and death are going on down there,  
He rubs his bloodshot eyes and wants a drink —  
A double — a martini — who would think  
That West Chicago's young executive  
Has got his big promotion, but has yet to live?  
Outside the rain's soft patter seems to sigh  
A discontentment thirty stories high.  
He starts to work, then stops and thinks —  
It all suddenly doesn't matter anymore.  
He wants to throw the window open wide  
And get his courage up to step outside.  
He wonders what it's like to take the leap and fly  
Into the sun with wings of Icarus.  
Just disappear — they'd never suss —  
But windows were built shut in this high rise  
And never will find the light in cloudy skies.  
Instead he puts his nose against the glass,  
And watches rush hour traffic slowly pass.

Margaret O'Sullivan



FROM ANGINA, A Novella  
CHAPT. XV

All day the ring had danced on her mother's finger. It had come to live there like an unexpected but special guest, going where her mother did, charting the light in stabs and thrusts and occasional outright bursts; when the dinner plates left her mother's hand there was a twinkle at every place. Still awake, (her parents had come to bed and her father was snoring) jen went over and over all the details of the past day and night.

First the Aunts arrived. They were congregated, wearing their fur coats and hats, in a bubble of chatter and entrance before jen knew it. Her heart went up like a dizzy moth when she saw them. They folded her in furry arms and pieces of laughter, her nose deep in their coats, scarfs and perfumes. Some part of herself floated off in the light atmosphere as she went from one to the other, her Uncles' and her Father's voices in her ears, their man hands evident, taking coats, tucking gloves, carrying bags and boxes. Then, shed of their coats but still wearing their hats, her Aunts stood in the refrigerator doorway putting away dishes of potato salad, vegetable soup, and cake carefully wrapped in several layers of waxed paper and tea towels. Her mother, up for the greeting but soon exhausted, returned to the den sofa. Jen watched the rest of the ritual of unbagging, refolding, tidying; she answered questions and rummaged for lids in drawers and hated to see this part of the visit end. Then, Uncle Tom held the juicyfruit gum pack about one inch from her nose and she went with him to the back doorstep where they called Skipper and Uncle Tom slapped his hands and rubbed Skipper's ears hard and said: Good Dog! Ho Skipper!

Then they were all sitting down in the den: jen in the space on the sofa made by her Mother's curled up feet. Aunt Mary settled herself, rustling, in the rocker, lifting her feet up and down, pointing a toe, touching an earring. What! she exclaimed in disbelief over something she'd not quite heard. Her voice ended in a trill and a comfortable sigh. Aunt Fan took her high heels off and curled her feet under her just like her Mother often did. She played with her stockinged feet and smiled at Jen. Then she leaned over to her Mother: Sister, how do you feel . . .

Jen let all that she'd remembered up to that point come to sit at the feet of what she was about to remember next. She backtracked. Aunt Fan had said (softly) Sister how do you feel? Jen released the balloon of memory that had been waiting, all at once. In a rush Aunt Mary leaned forward to look at her Father and to say, merrily: Why Joe, I believe I heard something about a surprise! Her Father was not jolted. He smiled and followed it with: A surprise — you — said? Everyone looked at him while he reached over (slowly) pulled open the desk drawer, took out a small case . . .

Then a wave swept up all the bits and pieces and all of them with it and rolled into the sofa's edge where her Mother was now half sitting up, perplexed. Above the wave's roar her Father opened the box and jen heard Aunt Mary's little laugh of encouragement and the next thing she clearly remembered was the ring (a "diamond") on her mother's hand. The wave rolled away leaving some tears on her Mother's cheeks and everyone's voice changed and the Uncles stood by, hands clasped behind them, craning their necks. Aunt Fan's own rings winked as she took up her Mother's hand. Now, Sister, does it fit? And Aunt Mary said: Well, Joe, you did all right, (trilling her words) better late than never, Oh Dear Me! with a laugh in between as she sank back, rustling her stockings, in the rocker.

Jen wondered if wearing the ring would change her Mother. Would she seem more like the Aunts whose hands and rings, so far as Jen knew, had never been seperated? She thought of the very white freckled

skin of Aunt Mary's hands that were always busy, the rings riding up and down a little, musically, on her fingers. Jen saw them slicing lemons for iced tea, rinsing dishcloths, shaking lettuce dry and buttering the tops of warm yeast rolls. They passed like a little army, inspecting, addressing, now here, now there, while Aunt Mary recited a commentary, half to herself, as she went along; her body darted after her hands and because she never sat still for long, people always said: Mary, do sit down!

Aunt Fan's hands took more time over every object. They were plumper than Aunt Mary's and the rings rode snugly on the fingers. Aunt Fan had some eye trouble and held her head cockeyed and fixed her gaze very particularly. Jen liked it when Aunt Fan looked at her because it was always a long, considering look and when she was done and told you what she thought you felt that something important had happened.

Normally, Mother's hands lay in her lap. If she was sitting up, she rested one arm across the sofa top, her fingers curled into a crescent. Jen liked her Mother's hands best holding a book for her Mother had been a school teacher and her hands loved holding, and opening and turning the pages of books. Sometimes she kept her place by closing the book over a finger. It gave jen the feeling that her Mother was somebody else — somebody's teacher, the way Miss Scott was her teacher. Except for a narrow gold band, her Mother's hands had been without decoration and were thin with slightly puffy veins. Sometimes she rubbed at the veins and remarked how old her hands were looking. She kept her nails, and jen's, trimmed close but jen always insisted that they leave points on hers, like the Aunts, who "did" their nails and sometimes wore polish.

But all that first day, dominated as it was by the ring, and the newly appointed look of her Mother's hand, things went on as usual. After meals her Mother walked straight to the sofa, the ring hidden in a fold of her dress; and when the Bond Bread man came, she paid him without flourish from a change purse in the desk drawer. The ring flashed but the bread man said: See you Tuesday over his shoulder, just the same, and her Mother nodded her head with just the same half smile.

She watched her Mother's face for some sign of change; was she glad to have a "diamond" jen wondered as fat Mrs. Foss (who had come in) thumbed through the telephone book. The ring twinkled over the needle and thread while her Mother sewed on a button and Mrs. Foss blabbed and leaned over her fat stomach and dialed the number not noticing that her Father had given her Mother a diamond ring. Maybe her Father had waited too long and her Mother didn't care. But Aunt Mary had said: *better late than never* in that warm beehive of company where everybody had laughed and the green velvet box came out of the drawer like a miracle.

Restless from being awake in bed so long, jen tumbled around, sticky, under the covers. Why couldn't her Mother laugh Oh Dear Me! like Aunt Mary? She squeezed her eyes shut fast and concentrated: I'm jen willin I'm jen willin I'm jen willin, she thought until that funny feeling filled the room up with the marvel of self-strangeness and she pushed the game as far into delicious incomprehensibility as she could go. When she fell back into the unsatisfied but known jen willin, her Father was still snoring in the next room and her Mother also was presumably asleep, her shadowy spirit unilluminated as before.

Jean West



## SONG FOR SALLY

Discover the beauty of your soul.  
You are as individual as  
a grain of sand,  
Shifted daily by the tides of  
persuasion,  
Resting occasionally on the various  
shores of interest.

Discover the variosity of your moods.  
You are as unpredictable as  
a summer storm,  
Calm one moment,  
raging the next —  
Then glorious again, shining upon my  
uplifted face.

Discover the love in your heart.  
You are as joyous as  
a flowering rose,  
Merely a bud in the morning,  
hidden & cloaked,  
Blossoming in the evening,  
opening your heart  
to me.

Sandy Murdoch





## SHAVINGS

Ladies;  
Let me tell you  
You will never truly understand men unless  
Ya' start to shave yer face  
(on the other hand men won't understand the ladies until  
they start wearing eight tons of underwear  
but that's another poem)  
You cannot fully understand the concept of  
Ripping your face to shreds for personal appearance  
(and ya' damn well better appreciate it. it's usually for you)  
O.K.  
You might shave your legs  
But you can cover *them* up  
or use some sort of foam  
ta' get rid of the stubble  
or just let 'em get hairy  
(armpits too)  
But you ain't gonna put alcohol on'em afterwards  
Just think of it!  
Pouring alcohol into open wounds!  
Good blessed grief!  
Picture it  
6 o'clock in the morning  
applying an item notorious for its sharpness  
and slicing your face  
(after applying some foul smelling foam  
which always gets in your ears  
and hair  
and you always miss a bit of it  
so you look like an  
asshole  
Cause you've got shaving cream in your ear)  
And then  
With the wounds still fresh from the kill  
Pouring pain into them  
So's ya' can smell good  
And the womens'll drip off of you  
So ya' grow a beard  
Right?  
Ha! Then all you ladies'll complain  
Cause it scratches your delicate little face  
Make up your goddam mind!  
Ain't it enough that ya' got us thinking of ya' all the time?  
Now ya' got us constantly changing our face  
"Oh, I think I like you better with a moustache"  
"Naw, shave it off"  
"Maybe a beard"  
"Naw, shave it"  
"A goatee"

"Naw"  
What the hell do you want? Blood?  
No, strike that  
It's too easy  
I mean  
Do you know how hard it is to stop your  
Face  
Ear  
Chin  
Throat  
Lip  
Nose  
From bleeding?  
It's hard to use a tourniquet  
And little bits of toilet paper stuck on your face  
*Really* looks dumb  
And it just keeps bleeding  
And bleeding  
And bleeding  
And when you finally think its stopped  
It'll start again  
And you won't notice it  
So you'll have blood all the way down your face  
And onto your shirt  
And it's really hard to get blood stains off in the laundry  
Ya' know?  
Anyway  
... What the hell was I talking about?  
Just a minute ...  
Almost ... oh, yes  
Line four  
Shaving, right  
Um, I Uh,  
Well ...  
You just better well remember it  
I mean  
We just gotta have some sympathy too  
So don't start bitchin'  
Until you start to shave your face  
and if you already do  
Well  
I, uh, guess  
You can  
Right?  
I guess.  
Hell if I know.

David Creath





## THE TAPESTRY

Another day  
another life is taken  
Another day  
another life is given

Find the yarn  
sort the color  
Find the canvas  
pull the threads

Shades clash  
dye-lots reissued  
Shades fade  
dye-lots expire

Violet turned red  
pull the stich  
Violet turned green  
knot the back

Grandma grew blind  
our portrait made  
Grandpa came out blue  
originally sallow

Reshatter the glass  
hear the silence  
Grind the splinters  
powder won't hurt

Another day  
another life taken  
Another day  
another life given

Betty Hill



## SUMMER OF '64, SUNDAY MORNING

Marichal kicks and fires. The ball breaks away from Fairly and hits the outside of the plate. Strike three, side retired. Giants 1, Dodgers zip, at the end of the three innings.

When I stand up I wonder if you'll be able to see the sweat on the back of my pants. My butt's really sweating and so are my legs. LeRoy looks like he's actually listening today. He usually just sits there and bites his nails and stares out the window. Man, he's got a tan. His brother Henry says it's because he never bathes because when you bathe you naturally wash some of that tanned skin off. Just look at the tub when you're through. And Henry's right. You can see some dirty spots right next to where his collar is and right over his ears where he didn't wash his head like you're supposed to when you get a haircut. I guess I'd have a good tan too if I never bathed. Henry you can believe, but not LeRoy. What a liar! He said one time a hawk was scaring his game chickens that his daddy used for the rooster fights — he's gonna get caught one of these days. This hawk was scaring the chickens and they were running under the house and flying up into the trees they roost in. Except for this one mean rooster with 'bout three-inch spurs. He waits until the hawk lands on a light pole — which I never saw a hawk do — and then, so LeRoy says, he flies up to where the hawk's perched and spurs him right through the eyes, killing him on the spot. What a stupid lie! Maybe that's why he's listening today. He's feeling guilty about all those lies. Mrs. Herring says your sins will find you out.

Sheez. Lemme see. Koufax has to face the meat of the line up in the fourth: Mays, McCovey, Cepeda. The Say-Hey Kid (what a dumb name. Do they call him that because he says "Hey!" or "Hey, kid!" or "Say hey!" Nobody would run around saying "Say hey!" not even for a nickname. He's gotta feel like a fool everytime he says it), Big Stretch, and the Baby Bull. I would've never known Koufax was a Jew. But he didn't pitch on that Jewish holiday that comes about the same time as my birthday. Kinda like Vern Law who was a Mormon or something and wouldn't pitch on Sunday. All of his kids and his dog and his wife have names that start with "V." I'm thinking about doing that, too. Especially if I wind up marrying Rhonda, which I wouldn't mind. I don't know why in the world she always sits on the other side of her mama and daddy where I can't see any part of her. Rhonda and Rocky and Robin and Roger. And the dog could be called Rex.

Preacher Mitchum's really hot today. When he gets red like that and starts sweating and that little white speck shows up on his bottom lip, you better watch out.

"When that bell rings for Sunday School at ten o'clock in the mornin', you are MORALLY and SPIRITUALLY obligated to be here!"

I don't think he's ever been this upset before, standing over there on the side of the pulpit and pounding his fist on it. He's showing both decks of teeth today, upper and lower. Lord knows, we had it comin'. It generally takes dinner on the ground or Easter or something to get people to show up. This is the first time we've been in a month, and we never go to Wednesday night prayer meeting. I don't remember the last time we came on Sunday night.

"This church hasn't got no more life in it than that cemetery out there!"

He's right.

Mays slashes a screaming liner over Gilliam's head! It's good for one, he's trying for two. The throw comes in from Davis, Mays slides, he's in there!

We wound up sitting next to Delores and her husband William and that's alright with me. She's got prettier legs than anyone else in this church. Anyone who's ever worked for Mr. Herring in tobacco knows about Delores's legs. Tanned right up to the cheeks which you could almost always see. And she was

always chewing and popping that Juicy Fruit, showing her squirrel teeth with that black spot in between the top middle two. I still don't know if that's a cavity or just a black filling. She's got the Juicy Fruit again today; her strong little legs are crossed and every time she chews she swings her leg. I guess she's using her mouth to keep time with her leg or the other way around. Now what? One of her shoes is off and her bare foot is rubbing up and down on William's calf. He doesn't seem to notice, he's practically a preacher himself, and he's glued on Preacher Mitchum. Delores is looking right at the preacher, but her big toe is going up the back of William's trouser and is scrounging around in the hair on his calf. How can he ignore her like that? He really must have faith.

"When the church doors open for Training Union at six o'clock Sunday night, you are MORALLY and SPIRITUALLY obligated to be here!"

Mays is on second. Not as young as he used to be, but he's still a threat to steal. McCovey's up, whipping the air, waiting on the pitch from Koufax. Here comes the pill prescribed by Dr. Koufax. McCovey connects, the ball shoots up into the sky; that ball's hit a mile high, folks. Big Frank Howard lumbers back to the rightfield wall, waiting, waiting . . . now this is a major-league pop up. Howard's not going to get this one. It hits the concrete five rows up and bounces fifty feet into the air. 3-0, Giants.

I really gotta quit liking baseball so much. A preacher that was here one time during a summer revival said that even children could have graven images before them and that graven images didn't necessarily have to be golden calves or buddhas like the Japs prayed to. He said that a little boy who loved playing baseball better than going to church was worshipping another god, a false idol. He said if you were bored in church, you'd surely be bored in heaven where all they did for all of eternity was sing hymns, praise God's name, and preach the Gospel. I never thought about it like that before but I guess he's right.

"When prayer meeting starts on Wednesday night at seven o'clock, you are MORALLY and SPIRITUALLY obligated to be here!"

I don't even remember what prayer meeting is like. I don't know if there's a sermon or not, but I do know that almost everyone in the church has to say a prayer out loud. "Brother Johnny, would you lead us in a prayer?" Lord, I couldn't pray in front of a crowd if I had to, but some of these people do pretty well at it, especially old women and ex-preachers. Old Preacher Frye's voice shakes and he sounds like he's about half crying, but he goes on and on. "Heavenly Father, help us to be ever min'ful of yore goodness and yore many blessins and dear God heavenly Father hep us always to know yore will and to follow it." Why does Preacher Mitchum always ask him to pray when we're standing up?

One night nobody but the preacher showed up at prayer meeting, and he raised all manner of Cain the next Sunday.

Preacher Mitchum's calming down, so this thing must be about over. I feel like it's just clearing up after a thunderstorm.

"If any of you this morning are living without the Lord and haven't accepted Jayus Christ as your personal savior, remember that he saith that whosoever professteth my name before men, so shall I profess his name before my Father. Remember that Christ stands before the door and knocks; will you open that door this morning? Will you open your heart this morning and let him into your life? Brethren, remember that Christ saith 'I come like a thief in the night. Ye know neither the day nor the hour.' Friends, if Christ came today would you be ready? Will Jayus say unto you, 'You call me Lord, Lord, but I know ye not'? Brethren, what you do for Jayus, do quickly."



That ought to get 'em.

Here comes Alston out of the Dodger dugout; he's seen enough. That's gonna be all for Koufax.

"Brethren, if you know Jaysus and have already accepted him as your personal savior, but you have gone astray and wandered from His flock and followed a path of sin and evil, now is the time to come forward and re-dedicate your life to the Lord and reaffirm your faith and your membership in Pine Grove church. Look into your heart and remember that Christ stands there and knocks as we sing together the first stanza of 'Just As I Am,' number 363 in your hymnal."

'Just as I am, without one plea

But that thy blood was shed for me'

There goes Brother Morris eyeballing the ceiling again. He's fooled me into looking up there for the last time.

'Oh, Lamb of God, I come.

I come.'

"Friends, we're gonna sing one more stanza. Is the Lord callin you this mornin? Won't you answer Him? I know the Spirit is here today, I can feel it among us, walking up and down these aisles."

Can't see anything myself, but it didn't hurt to look, just in case.

Perranoski, in for Koufax, will be facing Felipe Alou. I gotta cut this out. What if Preacher Mitchum is right and the Lord really is here today? What if he catches me thinking about baseball on His day, in His house, during the invitational? I know for a fact that there are people in here who haven't been saved. It's nice to have the pressure all on them for a change. Before I was saved, I always felt like I was holding up everybody's dinner when I wouldn't go up to the front during the invitational. By 12:20, these hungry folks don't have much patience with some sinner who forces them to sing all four stanzas of "Just As I Am" and still won't be saved. And some preachers just won't give up as long as they know there's one out there. But I wonder how they keep track. Box scores?

NAME	SP*	SS**	RL#	AVG.
Mitchum, D.	114	39	41	.342

\* Sermons Preached

\*\* Souls Saved

# Re-dedicated Lives

But saving an atheist would have to count extra, like when Sue Ann's atheist husband was saved. I can't believe I missed that.

Marichal forces Gilliam to pop up to end the game. Giants win, 6-0. Marichal wins his fifteenth, on the way to thirty.

Now let's go home.

Roy Starling





## DISCLOTHESURE

"Before it's time  
to say your prayers,  
let's go draw  
warm water."

"I'll unbuckle  
your soft patent shoes  
but you know how  
to do the rest.  
Go on  
unbutton  
unsnap  
unzip  
and slide  
your lacy panties off."

"But, Daddy, *PLEASE* don't go now.  
Mommy always used to stay  
and watch me not  
go down  
the drain."

O.K.  
*I can't*  
*I won't*  
*I'm not*  
O God  
*there goes*  
*the dress*  
*the socks*  
*the slip*  
*I thought*  
O Je-  
*sus have*  
*you no*  
*humil-*  
*ity?*

Kim McDowell



## WHAT IF I REFUSED TO GET UP ONE MORNING

Each morning, I  
drop  
into the up-side-down.  
One day,  
I may stay shriveled,  
suspended in darkness,  
refusing to take the jump.  
I imagine some small  
boy  
will find me hanging there:  
punish me with stones.

Kara Provost

## PLANS

When I was young  
my friend and I  
used to talk about  
life  
and what we intended to do with it,  
and when.  
Can one ever plan  
failure?  
She did.  
knowing full well  
that she would cry afterward  
and that everyone  
would feel sorry for her,  
and pat her on the back  
and say, oh that's too bad — but  
at least you still have your whole life ahead of you.  
And she'd have another chance —  
begin again as she had planned,  
Having more than she started with —  
and everyone's sympathy and  
admiration at  
how she got it all together  
how she weathered the storm  
how she learned from her mistakes  
and, oh, what a sparkling example  
and bulwark of strength  
she had become.  
A great pillar  
everyone could lean on  
and cry to  
because  
she had been through it all before  
and she understood. —  
She enjoyed all the planned admiration,  
all the respect  
that comes from just plain  
tenure in living, right or wrong.  
But understand this:  
When my friend and I  
Made all those plans —  
my friend  
had not planned  
on losing, along with her youth,  
the casual optimism  
with which she tackled her first  
love/marriage/relationship/family.  
Now  
she screams  
to herself because  
when I was young my friend and I used to talk about life and  
what we intended to do with it — and when and now I don't have  
the optimism that I need and it's so hard to muster after  
you've seen that it won't work according to plan and I need  
a plan I  
had one when  
I was  
young.

Beverly Horanic

## TWO BROTHERS

The railroad tracks behind our house  
were guarded by a barrier —  
a fence we climbed every day after school,  
our sneakers scrabbling fast against the chain  
to gain a foothold.  
Reaching the top,  
we'd slip between strands of barbed wire,  
slide down the other side  
and land hard on gravel,  
heels jarring on the stony bed.  
My older brother in the lead,  
we'd laugh and run across the rocks  
to where the rails rose out of the pale grey earth.  
The whistle blew —  
without my watch I knew  
the four-fifteen express was near,  
around the bend and coming our way.  
We'd lay our pennies on the tracks and wait,  
a safe distance away, for the train to pass,  
the silvery engine hauling even shinier cars  
filled with faces that blurred as they sped past.  
The flattened copper would be retrieved,  
held wonderously in our grimy hands,  
then stuffed guiltily into our pockets  
when we heard our mother calling us home.  
But soon my brother grew bored  
of our little child's game.  
He discovered a way to have more fun —  
waiting close beside the humming tracks  
until it was just yards away — he'd jump  
across the locomotive's path  
and onto the other side,  
a cheeky smile on his face as the train roared by,  
wind pulling at his jacket, throwing dust into his eyes,  
engineer shaking his gloved hand and shouting  
words that I had never heard before.  
I was never brave enough to try this trick,  
until one day, dared by my brother,  
I stood waiting at the tracks  
and when the train came at me  
I jumped  
and caught my foot in one of the rails  
and froze, waiting to be nailed  
by the Amtrak 107.  
Then my brother grabbed me  
and hauled me out of the way  
and as the engine rumbled by  
I fell hard onto the gravel bed  
and skinned my knees.

Margaret O'Sullivan





## ONE NIGHT: LATE IN FALL

Alone  
desolute  
and dark  
I wandered  
without

And I prayed for beauty to find me  
and beauty came and sat on my chest  
and played with my handkerchief

Like a command from Zeus  
a thunderbolt sprung  
chased a twig  
and  
was caught  
and once caught didn't leave

I sat  
layed  
thought  
And beauty played  
explored  
sat

I was alone one dreadful night  
and beauty joined me  
and wouldn't leave

I first went to quiet  
but it wasn't  
the sound of corruption  
and lust

I then went to light  
but I couldn't  
The shadows drove me away

So I went to a place  
vaguely remembered  
good times  
Good times

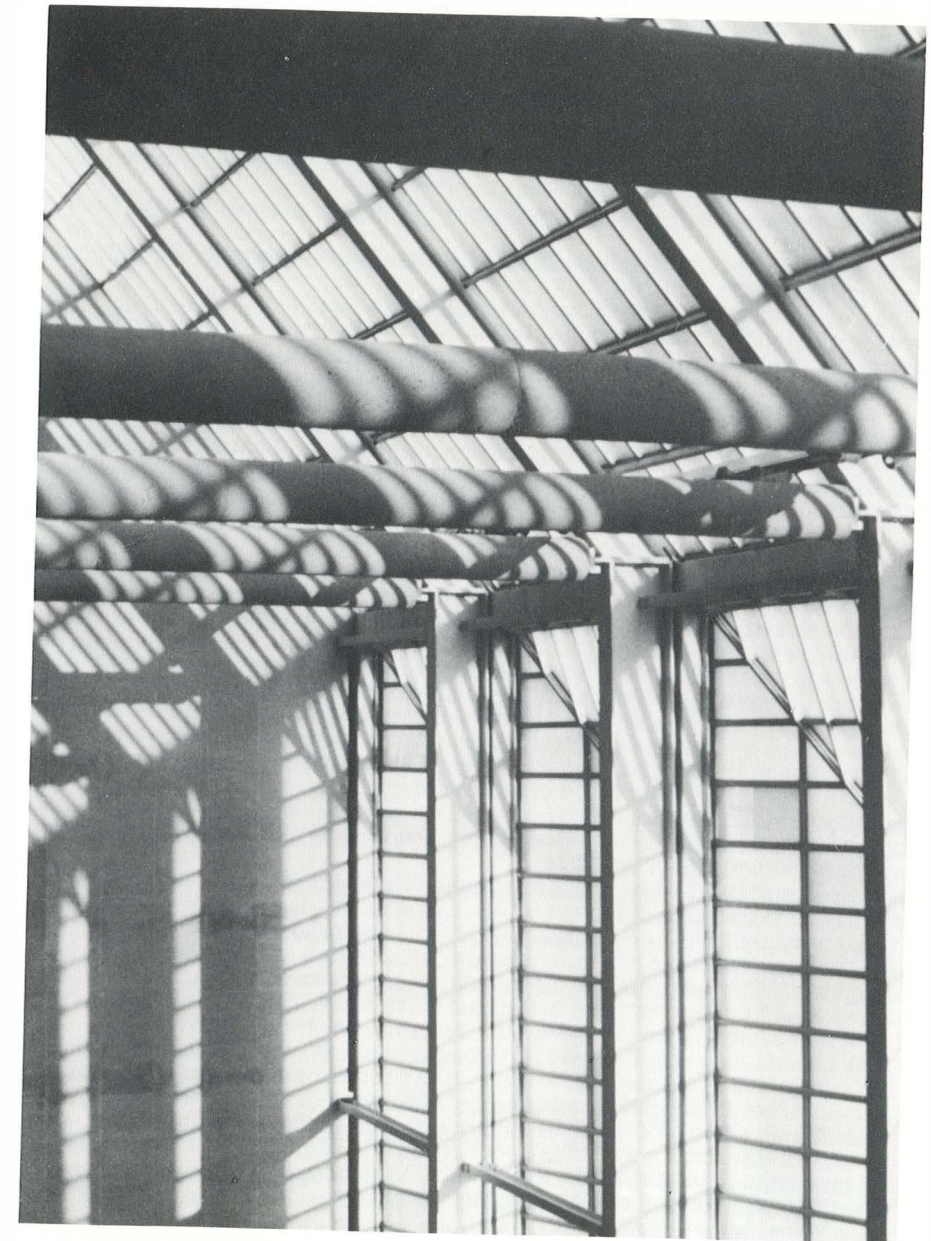
It was dark and alone  
so I prayed to the gods  
any gods  
anyone at all  
To show me beauty  
And he jumped past

I had to entice it back  
but it came  
and sat  
and played  
and didn't leave

I changed positions  
but he stayed  
I lay down completely  
but she remained

Oh, she wandered  
 chased a bug here  
 attacked a noise there  
 but he came back and stayed  
  
 And finally I realized that I must leave  
 that this was their place  
 and that I had merely  
 stumbled here  
 on accident  
 by purpose  
  
 So reluctantly I said my farewells  
     Goodbyes . . . . .  
     Goodbyes . . . . .  
 And I stood and started to walk away  
 but before  
  
 I coaxed beauty close  
 and hugged it  
 and kissed her  
 and stayed with him  
  
 just  
 a second more  
  
 And then I let them go  
 and slowly  
 But not slowly enough  
 I left beauty in the bushes  
 chasing a noise  
 attacking a bug  
 and walked  
 until five white spots was all that I could see  
  
 and then  
 stepped  
 and I left beauty  
 and I returned to the world  
     blaring noise  
     voices  
     shadows  
     lust  
     light  
     dark  
  
 But I hope  
 and pray to any gods who would hear me  
 That when I'm alone  
     with or without  
     someone special  
 that I could again see beauty  
 Let it sit on my stomach  
 Scratch him under the chin  
 play with my handkerchief  
 please . . . . .

David A. Creath





"Little snip!" hissed Reba.

"Shameful!" Johanna shook her head. "In my day, it wasn't the same. Children didn't speak like that to their elders."

"In our day," mourned Leona, "nothing was the same."

"She should rot in hell," muttered Sarah.

The quartet of women perched in their customary chairs at their customary table, staring in fascination at the poolside drama unfolding before them. Moments before, their friend Mimi had risen from the vacant fifth chair at their umbrellaed corner and sallied forth to engage in combat the lissome brunette reclining on the brilliant orange float in the 3-foot depth of the condominium pool. Mimi was, after all, a Director. It was her place to keep things orderly. And Mimi was forceful. That much was agreed.

"Anybody know her?" asked Reba, her eyes on the orange float.

"I've seen her once or twice, but only at the pool."

"Such a pretty little thing," ventured Leona. "Maybe she doesn't know the rules." She brightened at her own thought. "Maybe she's a guest."

"Pretty is as pretty does," Sarah grated, "and the rules are plainer than the nose on your face, Lee, and that," she couldn't resist the running jibe at her friend, "that is pretty plain."

Leona sniffed the feature under attack and agreed sadly. "It's true, Sarah. I can read them from here: No floats, no rafts."

"Better get those eyes checked, sweetie," grinned Johanna. "What it says is 'No rafts, no floats.'"

"Poor Mimi," interrupted Reba. "Should we go over?"

"What for? What could we say she hasn't said already. Little tart."

Sarah was working up to a grand rage, thought Leona. She'll have herself a stomachache before the evening's over. She patted Sarah's fat hand lying on the table top and murmured for the umpteenth time, "I do love that ring, Sarah."

"Oh, for heaven's sake. Can't you keep your mind on one thing at a time?" Sarah pulled her hand from Leona's grasp, and continued her earlier thought. "If that little slut won't listen to Mimi, she won't listen to any of us. One of the men should do something."

The women lapsed into silence. The only man at the pool was Thoman Baxter (formerly of Ohio), and by consensus, he was not considered very masculine. The other men were at shuffleboard or tennis, or peering into the innards of each other's ailing automobiles. The women sat watching, straining to hear the voices of Mimi and the brunette across the pool.

Ample chest heaving, Mimi was bending over the 3-foot marker, her heavy stomach meeting her thighs as she leaned toward the raft. Determinedly polite, she repeated, "I'm sorry. I truly am, but its the rules, you know." She pointed at the wooden sign fixed to the wire fence, at the #3 printed rule which read, "No rafts, no floats." The brunette lay perfectly still, eyes closed, red-tipped fingers trailing in the tepid water.

Around the pool, the quiet deepened. Mimi turned to the Baxters.

"It's the rules," she said firmly. "No rafts, No floats." The Baxters, a timid couple from the Midwest, nodded and rose to leave. Better to leave than get mixed up in someone else's fight, Mr. Baxter was whispering. Mrs. Baxter was of a half a mind to stay. She had even thought about rising to stand beside the Director, but Thomas's hand was on her arm, tugging her toward the wrought iron gate and the uncomplicated peace of their apartment. In the 15 years they had lived at Golden Trees, such a thing had never happened. Voices were simply not raised at poolside. Never. Smiling woodenly at no one in particular, they edged out the gate and were gone.

Standing alone, Mimi reluctantly shot her final bolt. "I'd hate to have to call Security." She looked for approval from the women nearby, but most of them were studiously peering at their nails or gathering their towels and oils, preparing to leave the awkward field of battle.

"Lady, what's the problem? Am I bothering you? I'm not bothering you, lady. So why don't you go sit down and tend to your own business?" The brunette didn't even open her eyes. She lay relaxed and untouchable on the orange raft.

Mimi sucked in a breath of air. "I don't make the rules," she began again.

"Fuck the rules," the beautiful brunette said carefully, clearly. The single syllables carried to the tennis courts, to the men suddenly silent at their shuffleboard. The slight breeze seemed to carry the words throughout the condominium complex; trumpet-like they sounded in the blue Florida day. The full pink mouth twisted at the audible intake of breath her words had evoked. Encouraged by the reaction, the brunette went on.

"If you didn't make the rules, lady, then whyn't you just quit worryin' about 'em and leave me alone!"

Mimi turned full circle, her eyes meeting no one's. Her shoulders dropped. "I'll have to call Security," she began again, but her voice had lost its authority and the brunette was quick to press her advantage.

"Lady, you wanna call Security? You call 'em. Just leave me the hell alone."

The orange raft bumped the eastern wall of the pool. A slim, red-tipped hand reached almost imperceptibly to touch the wall, to thrust her away from it, toward the center of the pool.

"Oh, my," breathed Leona, shocked into near speechlessness.

"Little bitch," Sarah spat.

Mimi, defeated, plodded back to her chair. Her four cronies, eyes still on the lean figure in the pool, made sympathetic noises.

"Security isn't here until 9:30," reminded Reba.

"I know. I know."

"Maybe you could call Eloise."

The office isn't open. You know that. It's Sunday."

"Maybe we could call her at home? Eloise, I mean?"

"Gone for the weekend, I think."

"A fine fix," growled Sarah. "We've got absolutely no damn protection on Sunday. Anything could happen. A person could get murdered."

Leona shook her head, put her hand on her friend's arm. "Sarah, Sarah. Language. Language. We mustn't sink to her level."

"Oh for Chrissake, Leona."

\*\*\*

The brunette left shortly after that with her embarrassed but outwardly loyal companion. No one could decide whether either of them was renter or owner, weekend guest or lessee. No one had seen them elsewhere in the complex — only at the pool.

Gravitating into little groups, the women whispered in agitation. Then, emboldened by the absence of the brunette, they began to talk more loudly.

"The Management . . ." Johanna offered weakly. "Shouldn't we let them know? We could sign a petition, perhaps."

"Petition, my foot. Something ought to be done at once. Now. Before other people get ideas I been watching 'em. College kids. Foreigners. Snowbirds. What do they care; they don't live here. Visitors, using someone else's apartment."

"I always said you can't be too careful about who you let the apartment to."

"The Management . . ." began Johanna again. "Shouldn't we . . ."

"We're the Management, you fool."

"That's right. It's up to us."

"It's our home; we're responsible for it. We ought to do something."

"She shouldn't be allowed to talk to our Director that way. After all, Mimi is an elected officer of this Association. She deserves some respect."

"One raft doesn't really seem that bad," Leona tried again to placate the angry women. "Maybe, if she comes back, we could just tell her."

"Leona, be still! Didn't you hear the awful things she said to Mimi? She's not going to listen. May she rot in hell."

"But just one raft, Sarah."

"Let one, let them all. Next time it will be two rafts, then half a dozen. Pretty soon we won't be able to swim in our own pool."

"They're already bringing picnics in, and you can see the rules say 'No food.'"

"That's right. Rule number two."

"Maintenance will go up. Mark my words. We'll have to have full-time security, and maintenance will go up." It was Mrs. Greene's awful fear that the mortgage payments would get out of hand. "I'm a widow. I'm living on a fixed income. I can't afford one more penny."

"Shut up, Myra," Sarah said tiredly. "No one's going to increase your maintenance fee. And if they did, your son could afford to pay the difference."

"That's not the point," argued Mrs. Greene. "Not the point at all. This is my home. I've got a right."

They argued through the afternoon before they settled on a plan. The next time the brunette with the orange raft came to their pool, they would be ready for her.

\*\*\*

It was the following week before she returned. She came well after lunch, in the splendid head of the afternoon. Her lean body was shiny with oil, her crocheted bikini stretched taut to enhance the fashionable nothingness of her breasts, the tightly bunched rounds of her bottom. She pushed through the iron gate laden with her poolside comforts — the already-clamorous portable radio, the gay canvas carryall, and under her arm, the vivid orange bulk of her inflatable raft. Leaving the gate ajar, she paused, surveying the neatly placed rows of empty chaises, each home-steaded with a terry towel. She glanced in annoyance along the far side, found a single vacant chair, and made her way there with long, lithe strides, the brown hips jerking in rhythm with the loud click of her wooden soled clogs. The chair grated on the cement apron of the pool as she nudged it into position. Patting her orange towel into place, she sat, plucked a can of beer and her cigarettes from the carryall, flicked her head swiftly from side to side, loosening her pinned hair.

Not one of those present had acknowledged her entrance. None appeared to hear the sound of the pulled beer tab, but a dozen eyebrows jerked skyward as first the metal tab and then the burnt matchstick were spun into the pink azalea beyond the ornamental fence.

On her way to the pool, the pretty blonde from 208 noticed, stopped to retrieve the discarded trash, and slipped it into the pocket of her striped terry coverall.

Finished with her beer, the brunette flicked the last drops in the planter, squashed the flimsy can with her hands and hung it on the antenna of her radio. Magnified, the sounds of punk rock pounded the air, and the smiles on the faces of Golden Trees' women grew tighter still. Apparently satisfied, the interloper rearranged her body on the chaise, closed her eyes, and slept.

\*\*\*

"She's back," Myra whispered into the phone. "She's just set herself down at the pool. She's alone." Sarah hung up, waited three seconds, and then dialed Mimi.

Ten minutes later the pool was crowded with Golden Trees women. Quietly, they entered the arena and slipped into the water. Moving methodically, they stroked their way across the pool by twos, each pair taking up a position two yards from its neighbors.

Mr. Baxter, scurrying by, took note of the unusual number of women in the pool, some evidently from the other two pool areas of the complex. "What on earth are they doing in our pool," he asked his wife. Mrs. Baxter handed him his three o'clock gin and tonic, waited until he was engrossed in his evening paper, and went to join the others. She didn't intend to be driven out of her home by some fliberty-gibbet with a filthy mouth. Mrs. Baxter intended to live at Golden Trees until they carried her out in a pine box. And she'd fight to keep it just as nice as the day she and Mr. B. had made their first mortgage payment. Mrs. Baxter, however timid, was a woman of principle.

At the pool, the blonde from 208 swam furiously back and forth down the length of the Olympic sized pool that was the pride of Golden Trees. The wrinkled dames, their flesh loosened from foundations and panyhose, seemed to relax. They made their way approvingly as the blonde struck her way back and forth, her fluttering kicks stirring a frothy wake. From the edges of her defined monopoly, sun-bleached heads bobbed in every direction, each couple commanding the three square feet of blue water assigned. Clinging to the sides of the pool or standing in the shallow end, white-haired elders chatted in low voices, their benevolent smiles adding even more creases to faces turned dark by years of dedicated tanning.



Old Mrs. Fenwick, her cast eye squinting horribly against the sun, sucked on her licorice lozenge and concentrated on not getting seasick. Large bodies of water did that to her. She, personally, never swam. She was here out of duty.

The few men who thought that evening to visit the pool, left in bewilderment, retiring again to the courts, to whack half-heartedly at the fuzzy green balls. In spite of the smiles on their women's faces, there was an awful undercurrent rolling through Golden Trees' lush recreation area.

Through the afternoon, the women moved their ponderous way in and out of the shimmering pool. A surging tide of sun-baked flesh eased into the water, walked, paddled, and crawled from end to end. They shifted, replaced each other, rested, and moved back again in monotonous relays.

Overhead, layers of cotton white cloud dotted the incredibly blue Florida sky. Beyond the immediate layer which moved not at all, tiny lacelets of foamy white drifted westward, their gauziness barely obscuring the blue as they passed. A half dozen doves picked industriously under the gardenia bush, and wedged in the tennis court fence, a cardinal and a blackbird badgered each other crossly. The heady odors of Confederate jasmine and waxy gardenia mingled with the delicate vagueness of purple impatiens. The bottle brush tree and the jacaranda shifted their brilliant flowers in the sighing wind, and overhead, the shadow of a 747 glided through the clouds, its sound following seconds later. Nose wheel down, gray streamers following after, the plane disappeared into a single grey-black cloud that had moved slowly in from the horizon. The thump and thwack of tennis balls sounded intermittently from the courts, and somewhere a car motor turned over and purred away.

A grinning catsface of cloud altered subtly by the wind, became a dog's cunning mask before the dark cloud, suddenly burgeoning, swallowed them both. Joined by half a dozen others, it threatened the entire east now, and a drop or two of rain caused the women to peer anxiously upward, scanning the skies.

"It's going to rain," squeaked Leona, her gentle voice edged with terror. "Why don't we just wait?"

"For God's sake, Lee, shut your face." Sarah, in her nervous anger, pushed the shorter women back into place. "Stay there," she ordered. "Don't you move a damn muscle."

"Sarah," Leona reproved her automatically, softly. "Such language!"

Sarah frowned, opened her mouth to elaborate, and stopped short. The lanky brunette, burned one deeper shade of brown, had stirred, yawned, sat up, and was re-tying the flimsy strings of her crocheted bra.

Ignoring the hundred faces turned in her direction, she rose languidly, adjusted the angle of the chaise back, kicked her clogs into the shade beneath, and turning, sauntered to the pool's edge. She stood there, her thin body arched against the light breeze and the heavier animosity that pressed the early evening air. She dipped a toe into the inch of water at the pool's lip, her face impassive, though she must have been surprised to find the pool so crowded this late in the day. Her head swiveled insolently from side to side, looking for a space. Under her arm, the orange raft jutted defiantly.

At the northeast corner of the pool, in the shallow water, two women moved to the ladder. An opening cleared, and six feet of limpid blue water shone emptily. Carrying her orange talisman as a shield, the brunette approached the clearing. For a single moment she hesitated. The women watched, silent and unmoving. With an inelegant snort and a curling lip, the girl bent, slid the orange raft into the water, clambered expertly aboard, and with a sigh, closed her eyes.

Mimi reached her first. The pudgy hands of the Director, ringed with blazing diamonds, stretched, brushed the orange canvas, but the brunette lay completely still.

"She's so pretty," Leona whimpered. "Such pretty skin."

"Old fart," grinned the beauty from the raft. Her eyes slitted open, stared blankly at the advancing phalanx of women and widened in sudden, comprehending terror.

"Such a nasty little mouth," Leona murmured sadly, and dropped her beach towel over the perfect face.

\*\*\*

It was midnight when the watchman found her. He made his rounds at 11:30, coming on duty at eleven, and checking the message board in the office. He made his calls, checked his watch against the clock, opened the report log for the night, and engaged the telephone answering machine before he began his stroll through the grounds. It was his habit to stop at the pool half-way through his rounds, to relax for five minutes . . . "Only five minutes, you understand" . . . with a cigarette. "Sometimes there are couples there, you know — or noisy kids — and the pool is supposed to close at ten." He always twisted the shower knob tight — tenants have to pay for that water, you know — made sure the umbrellas were closed — a sharp wind coming up could rip them to shreds — and noted any burned out bulbs among the pool lights. "I report that to the day man. He's maintenance, you know. I'm security."

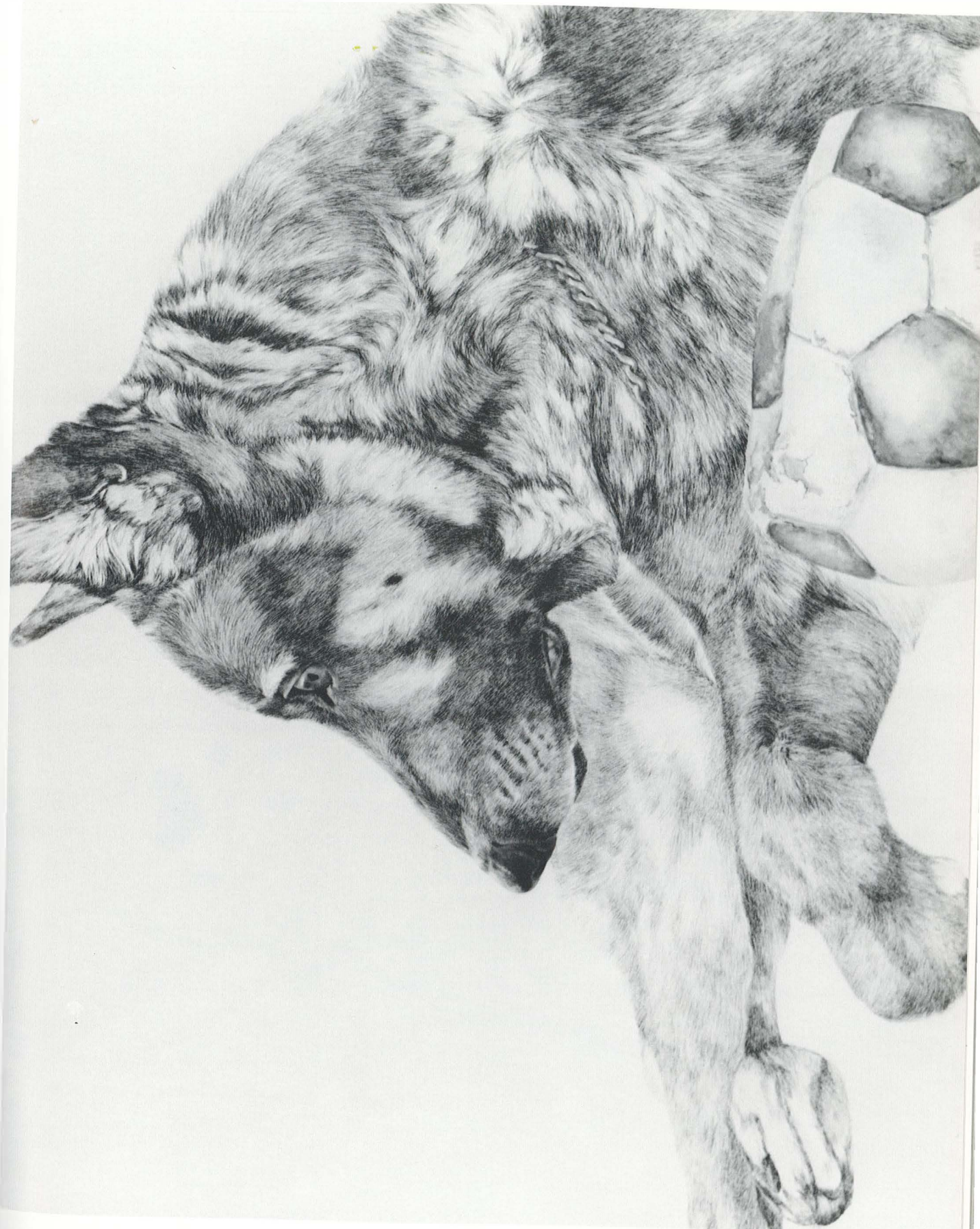
"S'funny. I could hear that radio when I drove up. I could hear it sort of everywhere, but it wasn't til I got near the pool that I figured out it must be there. I went right over, you know, and it was plumb black. I mean, every single pool light was out. I couldn't see my nose in front of my face. I just knew it was them kids from 409. Ain't s'posed to have kids under sixteen living here, but we get lots of visitors."

"I had my flashlight, and I went right round the fence, checking bulbs. They wasn't busted at all, just twisted loose. I screwed a couple of 'em back tight, and when I came to the third one — it's right by the deep end, you know — why, there she was."

"I saw that orange thing first, that raft. It was floating out in the middle of the pool, and that radio was sittin in the middle, playing away like crazy. Then I found her. That danged swimming suit, if you can call somethin' that dinky a suit, was caught on the bottom rung of the ladder, 'round that big bolt right there. There wasn't no hurry about getting her loose, you know what I mean?"

"She musta been out here alone after dark. Stupid, doin' that, you know? I always go on the buddy system, you know. That's what they teach you in Scouts. Couldn't no one have heard her even if she yelled for help, what with that danged radio going like it was." He mused on a thought, then discarded it.

"There wasn't no complaints on the message machine — about the radio, you know. But then, these folks ain't much for complaining. Nosir, they ain't. They get together with the Director, and; they solve their problems together — like."







ROLLINS COLLEGE  
Winter Park Florida 32789

Spring '84

Those who can create, create To these talented few I give this book to dedicate - however and to whomever you wish.

Those who cannot create, edit. Those who edit do so in the face of life-threatening forces, such as vacation, friends, drink and, of course, regularly scheduled activities otherwise known as classes. This can only be done with the undying support of one who naps with you when you can (purring sounds of contentment in one's ear) and stays awake with you when you must (frantic, laughable antics on the layout pages). I dedicate this - my page - to my often-not-silent partner, Cambie.

Jew

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P. STANTON

1980







## **BARN**

In a field. Sometimes leaning.  
Shack's twin. Tractor, beast house.  
Loft: cool, shadowy.  
Hole: rats', snakes' door.  
Planks: soft-rotting; paintless.  
Nails: rust-worn.  
Hinges: snapped.  
Always: rain-soaked; sun-bleached.  
Always: scorched; baked.  
But:  
Rusted roof: blue noon's red gold.

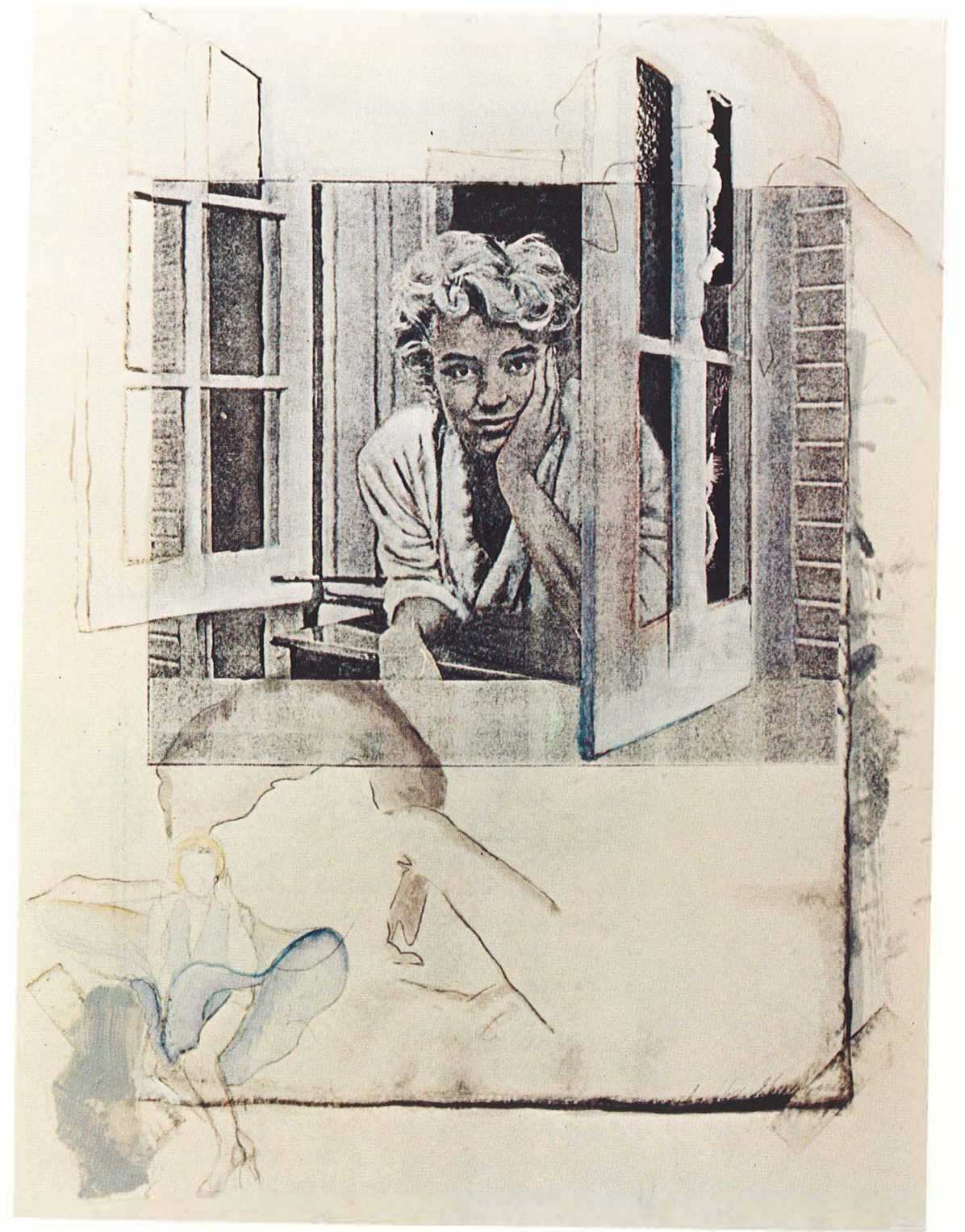
Jack E. Surrency

## **November Gladness (or My Conceit Standing on its Head)**

In the chilled  
leafy  
crispness of year's sleep  
I am a cat  
and  
you  
are the cat's stretching  
long  
and  
loud  
and wonderful.

Noel Levin







## METAMORphasis

As my eyes closed  
I felt the world  
through my body  
My body    My body  
              had become me

We felt things together  
that We have  
never experienced  
before

My body had become  
The  
Wind  
              flowing  
              turning  
rising, falling

And as the music  
poured into my  
mind  
The Wind/my body  
drifted off  
to  
another land  
another time

Another Land where  
there are only  
children  
and they play  
with upside-down  
trees

Another Time  
when people grow  
young  
and they  
Remember the  
Future

James M. Plunkett III

1951

My second visit to the  
Graveyard on a gray afternoon  
In Houma, Louisiana. I was ten.  
In the gray, cold afternoon,  
Clutching my father's scrapbook,  
I moved from mound to mound  
And read in awe the dates of  
the dead.

The hard cold stones were as gray  
As the lingering afternoon. I stepped  
To the largest stone. From it hung an  
Iron crucifix and dark red rosary. I  
Backed away, my gaze fixed on it as I  
Leaned against the back of another  
Stone and slid until I sat, still  
Staring at the metal Jesus.

I wanted it. I was transfixed by  
The details of the black iron Christ.  
But my sins had not progressed enough  
To let me steal it. Only a year ago  
Had I struck my first match. And only  
At 9½ had I sworn my first oath.

I opened my father's scrapbook:  
Collection from a larger graveyard.  
I took a flattened German cigarette  
From a faded, tender page and put  
It to my lips and lit it. It was  
Delicious. My first smoke.

From a path between the graves  
Ran a little boy, my brother:  
"I'm going to tell."

"Stop. I want to give you this  
Beautiful iron cross. Look it's  
Jesus. Take it. It's mine."

Jack E. Surrency







## GUNFIRE

The little gun bucked in his hands as he trained fire on a cardboard target in the shape of a man. The bullets spat down the range. He turned, smiled: "Multiple orgasms," he said.

I centered the floating beer can in the cross-hairs of the AR-15 and squeezed the trigger. The can leaped in the air, twirling and spinning off water.

I looked down the barrel of the pistol at the glass jug I had just shattered. Beside me, the shotgun went off with a great roar which rang down the holler and hung in the deaf air.

The boy said: I wish I had a gun, and a bullet for everytime I felt like using it on someone. I will load the chambers and aim and fire:

Take that.  
Take that.  
Take that.  
Take that.  
Take that.  
Take that.  
Click.

Then I will remove the paper target in the image of a man. I will roll it up and go.

Anonymous

Frazzled one,  
What is there to do now?

Set in our paths

to only follow astray  
from the others.

Parallel energies . . .  
unfulfilled connections . . .

Scared of each other  
by the heart of another  
which others can not be a part.

Is the secrecy wrong of this existence?

Unless the most of diversity is experienced  
how shall one learn and  
to what can comparisons be made.

In the darkness of one  
there is another . . .

Silence can strangle,

Reversed roles  
Exchanging the unexplainable.

Wondering of thoughts . . .

Pin-pointed moods reveal

Only having to be analyzed  
with question.  
What has happened to the faces . . .

The cacophany of the shallow  
facade.

The color is yellow intrigued with curiosity.  
Some bites only prove poisonous,  
Sweetness extends from adventure  
Taking in as much as possible.

Believe the dream  
live it if you  
have the chance

Let it go if you awaken to find yourself  
not aiming towards the truth spoken from  
the heart.

Margaret Hall









I

Trees curtsey  
the transpired time

Once sly with  
discreet dignity

They kneel before  
a faded sun

Forming age spots  
on crippled hills.

Hands grasp the  
earth's cold security

II

Leaves pump  
elastic energy

A passion sifted  
from green;

It callously browns  
to thorny silence

Melting to quiet hues  
lilac, amber, ashen.

Soft pride quietly  
inhales the earth.

Betty Hill

## SAILBOAT

tall sail piercing  
the darkened sky

small boat  
slicing its way  
across the  
smooth  
surface

man--  
His task:  
to navigate  
the Lady of The Lake

James M. Plunkett III



## JUST ONE SLICE OF PUMPKIN-MARSHMALLOW BREAD

The wind sensibly drove the clouds from the western hemisphere, pushing them across the bottom half of the full moon. Looking up, I observed the subsequent effect: a Santa Claus visage frowning down at me from the sky. Under his scrutinizing illumination, I became conscious of my untucked shirt, bare feet, and otherwise disordered appearance, but I decided to try to ignore this fraudulent character who had caused me so much anxiety as a child — that he-knows when-you-are-sleeping-he-knows-when-you're-awake-he-knows-when-you've-been-bad-or-good-so-be-good-for-goodness-sake creative rot that my Christian parents had fed me when I was young in order to precondition me for a more abstract, omnipotent delusion offering the more concrete, secure gift of salvation to be encountered later in my life — and I continued to cautiously select a path through the debris-littered landscape. I maneuvered myself around huge piles of 30 gallon, green plastic garbage bags stuffed with dead neurons, between tottering stacks of cardboard boxes filled with forgotten opinions and spent emotions, and over hastily raked heaps of abandoned ideas, but I could not elude this seemingly displeased countenance regarding me from the heavens.

I quickened my pace, trying to disregard the vexation that the moon washed over the garbage-strewn ground. Frustration concentrated in my lungs as I realized my inability to evade my silent pursuer, and I ached to let it escape through my clenched teeth. Attempting to disengage my senses — to block off the remorse I felt inside for allowing my life to accumulate so chaotically and to extinguish the full moon's glow illuminating this outside confusion for my inspection — I traveled more mechanically and less cautiously, desiring only to avoid the confrontation with my own guilt for having so polluted this once clean slate with so many ill-kept experiences.

Stopping on the crest of a small hill, I turned and accosted my celestial Santa to determine his position: he approached his zenith, shining with a cloud-shrouded smirk into my upturned face. My hope for relief dwindled as I noted the half dozen hours before the sun would rise. "Ooo-Ho, ho, ho, to you, too," I muttered up at him, and continued my westward flight.

Broken glass bottles and crushed aluminum cans cluttered my path: the empty remains of wild nights when I had drained six-packs of carbonated Imagination, and thus intoxicated, had danced beneath the stars. As I reflected upon these memories, my legs continued to advance with their quick, ground-consuming strides, and it was with this force that my bare right foot came down on the splinter of glass.

"Eeyow!"

Limping over to a rusty metal trashcan overflowing with discarded ideals, I sat down and examined the damage: a ragged triangle of glass had pierced the heel of my foot, and remaining embedded in the flesh, had corked off the flow of blood. I reached around to the back of my shorts and pulled out my handkerchief, sighing in dreaded anticipation of what I had to do. Firmly grasping the piece of glass between my thumb and forefinger, and just as tightly closing my eyes, I yanked it from my foot.

"Eeyow!"

My nerves broadcasted the new injustice with a steady transmission of pain, and blood leaked warm and wet from the cut. Breathing deeply, I relaxed with my back against the corroded exterior of the trashcan, waiting for the blood to clot, and feeling satisfied in my decision to abandon this side of the globe on which I'd lived my score of years. Ever since my awakening on the eastern hemisphere, I had found my

environment polluted with disorganized experiences; this clutter accumulated continuously until, I feared, it would surround me so completely that I would be buried — simply crushed out and extinguished — beneath its weight. As these feelings of claustrophobia encircled me, I made my decision to flee: I was crossing over to the Other Side.

After much speculation, I decided that God had conceived my world one morning at breakfast — the only logical conclusion that I could draw from the facts I found around me. He had looked down at His scooped-out grapefruit half and His empty cereal bowl and thought to Himself: HMM, SPHERICAL WORLDS MIGHT ROTATE MORE SMOOTHLY THAN CUBICAL ONES. Picking up the grapefruit half in one hand and the cereal bowl in the other, he pushed them together, creating the first spherical world, and He tossed it into space where it was caught in the gravitational grip of a sun. Millennia later, God chanced upon this long-forgotten, breakfast-inspired creation, and He was happy to learn that spherical worlds both rotate and revolve more smoothly than cubical ones (He has stopped producing cubical worlds.) As a more decisive test to determine its inhabitability, He created a resident for this world, me, whom He placed on the grapefruit side, the eastern hemisphere, and proceeded without further thought on His walk through the cosmos. The eastern hemisphere, being organic in origin, dried and shrivelled, causing a deep, wide trench, the Corpus Callosum, to form along the rim of the cereal bowl; so far, this trench had successfully restricted me to the right side of my world, but now I hoped my desperation would help me to invent a means of crossing. Once across, I would find myself on the thin strip of beaches that bordered the Corpus Callosum. An ocean covered the remaining surface of the western hemisphere: in its cold depths, logical thoughts swam in tightly disciplined schools; and upon the beaches, waves of rationality foamed with logic broke in ordered, endless succession. On the Other Side, clean organization thrived, and this is what I needed.

During this reverie, the moon had crept silently across the sky, and in order to continue my westward flight, I would have to walk straight into his intimidating glare. Tying the handkerchief around my heel to keep the wound as clean as possible, I stood up, facing my mocking companion. The pain throbbing from my foot changed my fear into anger, and shaking my fist, I shouted up at him, "Ooo — Go shoot an albatross!"

As I glared indignantly back at the full moon, a wind-propelled wave of odor washed across the ground on which I stood: immediately, I recognized the familiar scent of creativity. Staggering backward, I struck my hands through the empty wind, attempting to ward off the assailing smell, but my lungs had already filled with the suffocating air, and the metamorphosis had begun.

My eyes watered, blurring my vision, and my stomach squirmed nauseously. Gasping and coughing, I tried to inhale fresh air, but the wind continued to assault me with the stench of creativity. My heart throbbed frantically in my chest, and my skin writhed as though a million ants crawled across it. The pressure building inside my head threatened to explode, discharging a gyre of blood, fragments of skull, and bits of brain over the moon-lit landscape. Still cognizant, I watched dizzily as my world began to spin: around and around until it had gained so much momentum that the moon streaked across the sky, creating a giant halo — a golden ring of white — above my head.

Pain raged through my body as its entire structure followed a process of reformation: muscles



stretching mercilessly over bones popping and bending into new shapes — as though God Himself had returned, and disliking the progress of my development, had rolled up His shirt sleeve and thrust His arm though this wildly whirling confusion to hammer out a few hasty changes before preceding on His way, (all the while munching a cream cheese-covered bagel and leaving a trail of crumbs later to be discovered and named “asteriods”).

I opened my mouth to scream, and at that moment, my world ceased its reckless rotation; the moon became once more a fixed point tugging at my equilibrium. The sudden loss of accustomed movement caused me to lose my balance: staggering, I tripped over a string-tied bundle of forsaken memories, and immediately, I felt gravity gleefully retaliating for my arrogant attempt to remain erect. I thrust my hands toward the ground that rushed eagerly to meet my face, and as they made impact, I felt my body weight being redistributed in a curiously correct — although disturbingly alien — manner along my shoulders and hips. The air was pushed from my lungs, and the scream frozen inside escaped over my fanged teeth in a deliciously savage growl. I swayed gently now on four feet: sharp claws piercing the top soil, green eyes burning bright, tail twitching. Much as a dog shakes the bathwater from his fur, I shook the last vestiges of my humanity into the wind, and as my own fur settled over the new and puissant frame in which I existed, I realized the metamorphosis was complete.

The moon glowed full and round — his beard of clouds shaven by the wind — and having lost much of his buoyancy, he sank slowly through the star-sprinkled sky. I growled up a threat and swatted my heavy paw through the air, playfully attempting to rip him from the heavens. The moon lost my attention as the wind opened its first, allowing another flood of odor to escape between its twisted fingers. No longer did the scent of creativity offend me; instead, in my new form, I found it provocatively alluring, promising to fill to satisfaction the emptiness between my ribs if I exerted the effort to find it. I stood alert as the wind tickled its way annoyingly through my whiskers: all my senses strained to capture evidence as to the source of this smell. I breathed deeply, sifting through the odor's subtle sweet-and-sour melange of rain-sodden pineneedles, sliced lemons, and barbecue smoke braided tightly with tangy sea air. The smell eroded my self-restraint, and a savage desire to destroy tingled along my backbone, sending my tail snaking back and forth.

I sprang into the force of the wind, bounding heavily over the uneven and rubbish-blanketed ground. Completely absorbed in the stalk of my prey, I pursued the scent in this reckless manner until the wind stopped me with new evidence as to the nearness of my intended victim; along with the strengthening of its odor, the wind brought me its bleating cries. Salivating in anticipation, I crouched close to the ground and resumed the hunt, carefully inching toward the source of the sounds. Creeping up to the lip of a shallow ravine, I looked down and discovered my prey: its suddenly revealed proximity caused me to flatten myself against the ground, and several seconds passed before I ventured a second peek over the edge.

Creavity frolicked on cloven hooves in a circular path at the limits of its rope tether, its white fur gleaming under the moon's gentle caress. From time to time, it would cease this formless dance to munch the sparse vegetation within its reach or to bleat its cries into the wind, and occasionally, it would playfully charge the wooden stake around which its tether was securely bound. Innocent and helpless, it

had happily pursued these antics unmolested since its abandonment here for only God Himself knew how long.

I peered down from my elevated position — fascinated by the purposelessness of creativity's existence — until hunger interrupted my contemplation with an angry rumble, demanding action from me. My lungs inhaled long, even gulps of air to feed the desire to destroy burning within me, and instinct forged my attack with the intense heat. Growling ferociously, I leaped at my prey — seemingly some maddened demon expelled from the heavens — and I encountered only its surprised and startled glance and a questioning bleat before my sharp fangs and claws made contact: creativity was crushed beneath my weight, body broken and white fur stained red where teeth and nail had punctured it. I roared a challenge at the moon for the rights to my kill, and when he didn't respond, I began my feast. Gluttonously ripping every shred of flesh from the carcass, I gorged on creativity until the moon slipped behind the western horizon, and the eastern sky glowed pink, announcing the sun's approach. Stuffed and sleepy, I yawned and stretched out upon the ground beside the remains of my kill, slowly drifting into unconsciousness.

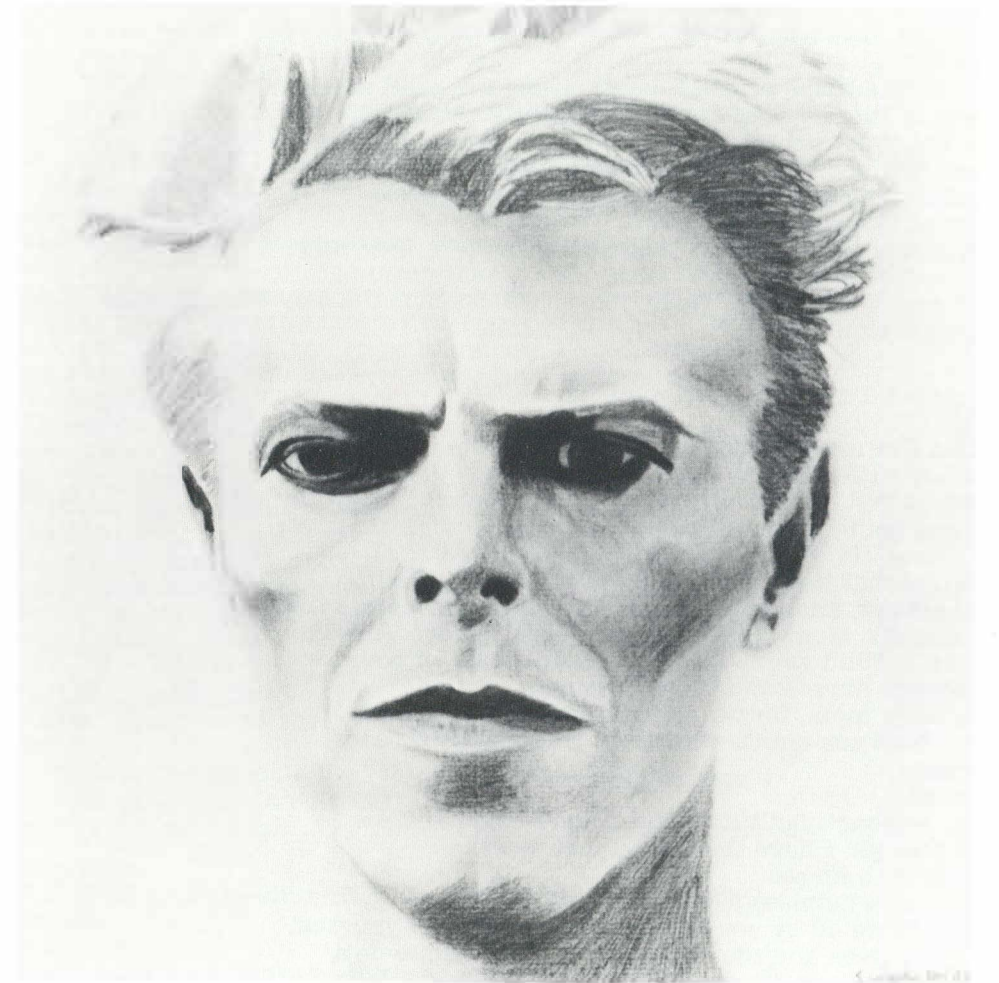
I awoke under the fiercely burning sun as thoughts like annoying flies buzzed elusively around my head. Gravity fought to keep me pressed flat against the earth, but I found the strength to challenge its hold on me. As I battled to sit upright, my heart began to beat wildly to redistribute my stagnant blood while my brain sloshed uncertainly inside my skull, and the world in front of my open eyes dissolved into tiny blue and grey jumping dots. After realizing an upright position, I curled into a vertical fetus: eyes closed tightly and arms locked around my knees, waiting for my body — once again in human form — to readjust. As soon as all my muscles settled onto their human frame and all my organs resumed normal operating speeds, I struggled to stand, but my reward for the realization of this goal was the confrontation with the scattered, skeletal questions remaining from my feast of creativity. Horrified at the sight, I stumbled backward, mumbling, “not again . . . oh please, not again.”

The flesh that I had so ravenously consumed in my other form the night before had covered these sharp and boney questions that littered the ground, demanding to be answered. I had lived this exact situation time and time again: whenever I encountered the spore of creativity, I metamorphasized into some wild, voracious carnivore, and in this form, I impatiently pursued and senselessly slaughtered the innocent and helpless creativity only to satisfy my passion to consume its flesh. After regaining my humanity, I would discover these questions hidden beneath the flesh, and I would hastily cover their thorny, beseeching queries with hand-scooped dirt and flee from the site, never to return.

I felt guilty for robbing creativity of its life to appease my desire for its flesh, and even more, I hated my lack of courage to tackle the inquiries I found: I feared to answer these questions incorrectly.

Walking a short distance away, I began to dig — the earth crumbling beneath my searching fingers as I prepared to follow tradition — but I dug less quickly than usual because I found these questions as provocatively alluring in my human form as I found the flesh in my carnivore form. I stopped for a moment and returned to the scattered remains where I stood contemplatively on the threshold of precedent. Sitting down cross-legged, I reached for a long, slender femur and began to gnaw possibilities.







## MOTHER

"Hi Mom!

I'm sorry I haven't been by to see you,  
its just that I've been so busy lately, what with  
school and all,  
so how are ya' feeling?"

Shit. That won't do.

"Mom! You're looking a lot better now, are they feeding  
you good? When do you think they'll let you out of here?  
Are you ready to go party?"

Damn.

"I would have been by but . . ."

Damn.

I don't like those places, I never have. Last year when  
I was in there I despised it. I needed the operation  
but I couldn't wait to get out.

The smell of the place, the stark whiteness. It's  
a place of sickness, pain. I was never in so much  
pain as I was there.

But it was brightened by you, and the others they, and  
you, came by and tried to cheer me up as if nothing  
was ever wrong and I really liked that. It made the stay endurable, so why can't  
I visit my mother?

Shit.

"momma. I'm sorry I haven't been . . ."

Shit.

When Granny was dying in the Rest Home I couldn't go  
see her either. It was like she was already gone then.  
My Granny! And finally when she passed on I hated myself  
for not going to her. She needed me more then than  
any time in her life and I failed her. But it's  
not like that here, you'll be back in a week or so,  
like always, and you'll be home, like always, always there.  
Goddamn it Mom! You're always there, always. Anytime  
I turn around you're in that Goddamn bed with those  
Goddamn nurses and those Goddamn . . .

I'm sorry mom, I'm so sorry I didn't mean it, its not  
your fault you didn't want to be there once or twice  
or more

a year.

If its anyone's fault its mine. I don't come and see  
you enough. I have the time, I just don't.

"Long time no see . . ."

It's such a helpless feeling.

Lying there all by yourself no one else just by yourself,  
the idiot tube and the other lady in the room who's  
always going to die or something or other.

It must get depressing.

And what do I do?

My mother lying in the blasted bed that can move five  
ways to sunday and I don't have the balls to get up  
off my ass and go see her.

"Mom, I know its been awhile . . ."

I cannot justify it, I can't explain it, it just is.

I can't change it, this is what I am and there is nothing

I can do about it, this is the way its going to be . . .

momma.

Shit.

I think back.

I see you always there, always  
there.

Whenever I needed anything there you were. When I scraped  
my elbow you were there, when I lost a friend you were  
there, when I came home drunk you were there, you yelled  
at me, but that only showed me that you did care that  
you really gave a  
shit.

You're the rock of my growing up. Without you I couldn't  
have been. I certainly would have been a lot more messed

up than I am now if I didn't know or at least feel  
your presence.

I don't know what I would do.

And I can't get up and go see you for even an hour.

I wouldn't have anything to say anyway. I'd come in  
and ask you how you were doing and how they were treating  
you and how's the food and how's the tv and how's the  
book and how are you getting along?

and you would know I felt uncomfortable and try to smile  
through the tears and pain and ask how I was doing as if  
I was more important and that I mattered more than you  
and I'd babble on about some stupid-ass thing that happened  
to me in school or work or some stupid-ass thing, all  
the while looking at the nurses or out the window but never  
where I really wanted, into your eyes, the eyes that hold  
all your pain and love in one glance. And then I'd say  
I'd better be going and you'd say so soon and I'd lie  
that I'd have things to do and you'd ask when I'd be  
back and I'd say soon meaning in a couple of days  
or never.

And I'd go home and cry myself to sleep.

And you were always there when I needed whether I'd  
say anything or not, you were there, and I'd love you  
with all my heart, all the love that a son could give to  
his mother.

And you would give more back.

I'm sorry.

I'm so, so sorry.

If you could stand me whenever I did some stupid-ass  
little thing or something, and I can't stand to go and  
see you for one stinking hour in the hospital and hold  
your hand and let you know that I'm there when you need  
me to try and pay back some of the foundation of strength  
that you are.

Shit.

Shit Shit Goddamn it.

Its just that when I see you lying there

Shit.

alone and in such pain that if you could cry out you would  
scream to destroy the world.

and I can't visit you.

Shit.

shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit  
shit shit shit shit

and I can't

And I can't do anything, anything at all, nothing to  
help ease the pain,

and when I see you strong and giving and I'm so weak  
and selfish

and I can't even visit you in the hospital.

shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit  
shit

all I can see is what you are, what you really are,  
not just some patient in a bed but my mother damn it.  
I just can't stand it

I just can't

damn

this is not doing anything

it doesn't help or get the job done or anything

its not that hard of a thing just get in the car and  
go

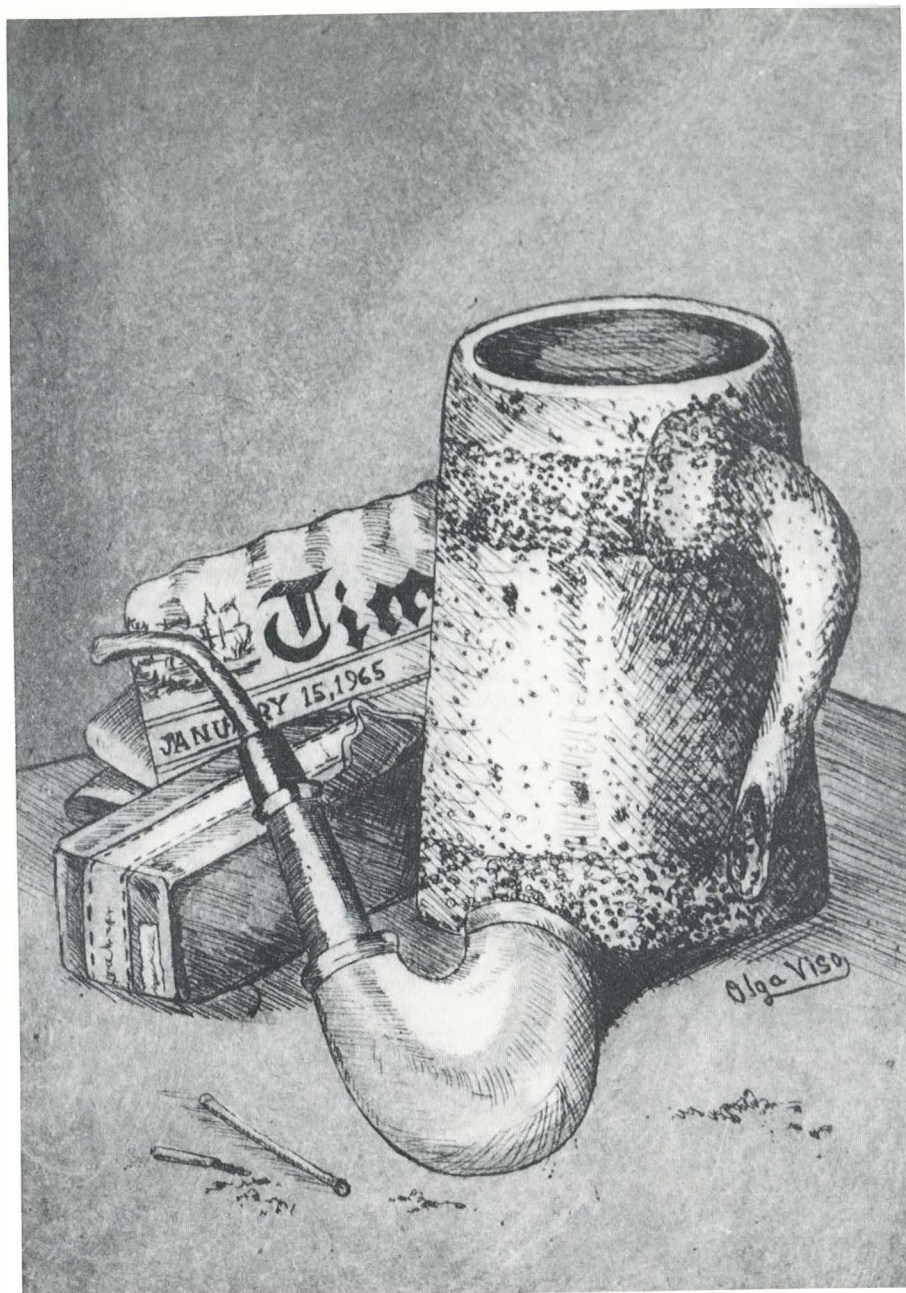
momma . . .

I do love you.

"Hi Momma"

David A. Creath





### FIAT LUX

Some say a college should be a mirror,  
Reflecting life, casting back its reality.  
I say it should be a prism,  
Bending life's rays,  
illuminating its purest images.

Jack C. Lane

### A SONNET FOR BLOOD, WRITTEN IN THE RED ROOM

In the red room snow falls light as laughter.  
Comets burn bright, like sparks, then fade away.  
Cossacks ride after wounded spiders in the pasture.  
Showers from heaven darken the new day.

In the red room, eyes are lit by small fires.  
Bodies contorted, see ghosts poised over virgin isles.  
Secrets are told, never masking desires  
Just a note and the fall of a brave smile.

In the red room nothing is what it seems.  
Knives and crosses twisted into single  
Nightmares, softened by drops of bloody dreams.  
A pale horse rides the tip of a needle.

In the red room no one sweeps up the fast  
Bloody, broken, fractured feelings of glass.

David Sarney



## DESICCATION

We are

like wildflowers

As seedlings we grow firm and moist and strong.

In youth we shine towards the sun —

our faces glowing

Our thoughts & imaginings are as abundant as  
grains of sand.

We are

like

withering weeds.

We no longer bend in the wind,

supple and green.

Instead, we either stand tall . . .

or bend and crack.

The sun is an enemy, out to destroy.

Our thoughts, like our limbs, are desiccated.

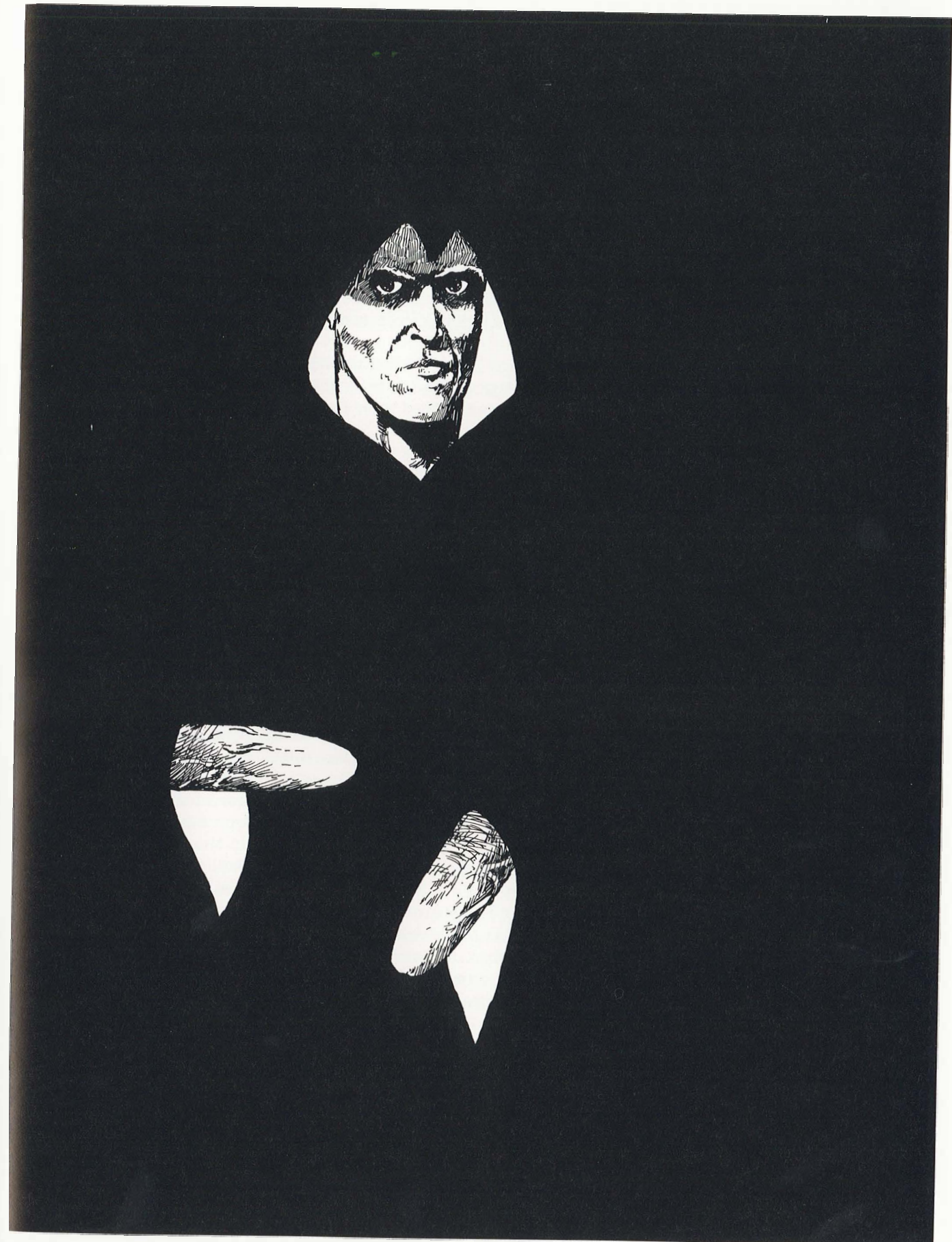
We are, as weeds,

dry,

brittle, and

left to blow away.

Sandy Murdoch





## BRIDGE OF WINE

The sun rose like a yellow puddle of mud and smeared a path across the Carpathian sky. Its heat oozed through a haze and sucked the water from the cracking earth. A sand shroud dancing along the Lvov road circled a plodding shadow. The wind called, and the sand whirled off in a frolic, unveiling a horse-drawn wagon, and up on the seat, like rumpled sacks, two bent Hassidim. Each wore a caftan, the traditional long, full, black cloak, tied by a black cord at the waist. The cloaks billowed around their legs, and the long, full sleeves flapped about the wind. With black, wide-brimmed hats, and faces covered with hair, they looked like a pair of emissaries flying from Endor.

They sat listless, father and son, staring inward. A breeze sifting through cloying clothes lulled the son, and he wallowed in a warm dream of a faceless girl who waited and a promise of love soon to be fulfilled. The father, though, felt a chill that simulated fear, and his vision was haunted by fire and screams and the odor of sizzling flesh, a memory of grinning brutes, pounding terror and death: a pogrom he could never flee.

Tongue lolling and head hanging, the parched horse sniffed water and quickened its pace.

A tavern loomed over a stone wall. The horse turned into a opening and followed a path that was lost in trees and shrubs. The men, not as sure as the horse, turned their eyes furtively and twisted their heads, alert, mouselike, cautious.

As they neared the shaded front of the tavern, the young man pulled the reins and the horse slowed. Heads fixed, peering out of the corner of an eye, they saw to the right of the building two burly farmers eating at a heavy wooden table. Sweat blotched their frayed, faded-blue shirts. With sleeves ripped off at the shoulders and collars and buttons missing, hairy muscular chests showed from fluttering openings. One man at the table made cow-milking motions under this smooth chin and they both laughed. The travelers looked directly ahead as if not seeing anyone, turned the horse off the path and pulled to a stop.

"What do you think?" the son muttered.

"I don't know," the father whispered back. They sat for a while, motionless.

"What could a little shade cost the gentiles?" the young man ventured, interrupting their silence.

"The Almighty made the sun," the father intoned, shaking his head, "but the shade comes from the goyem's tavern."

"Still," the young man continued, "the next village is a good distance away. I would like to ask for water for the horse."

The father was uneasy. "Better," he said. "let us eat something quick and leave right away. It doesn't smell kosher here." He reached back for a bundle wrapped in a cotton towel and climbed off the wagon in the direction away from the farmers. The son tied the reins to the hanging foliage of a tree, and they both stumbled across a space of rocks and weeds to a shaded place near the corner of the tavern.

The old man sat himself down cross-legged on the ground, shifting about on his haunches to avoid facing the peasants. Settled, his lips formed a blessing. He opened the knot in the towel and spread its corners. He picked out a hard-boiled egg, hit it against the towel, cracked the shell and peeled it. While the young man crossed his legs and sat himself facing his father, the father untwisted a small packet of paper, took a pinch of coarse salt from it and rubbed the grains off his fingers onto the egg.

Though amused, the farmers could not decide how to react to these "odd," different people. One, with a neck that looked like the trunk of an oak tree, said in Ukranian, "What do you make of those Jews? You don't see one for a year and then suddenly a convention!"

"Yeah," the other added, "they must be carrying a Ukase from the Czar," and they slapped their thighs and laughed.

"I think maybe I'll take a walk over. I'll give them a hand. With my boot I could crack their eggs for them!" This time they rolled on their buttocks and held their sides, laughing a loud duet.

"Oh! That's funny, Gegol! If it wasn't so damn hot I would do it myself! But wait," he added as they tittered and ate. "It's more fun to watch them. Watch them, Gegol! They're funny."

The two Jews listened nervously to the loud talk, which they did not understand, and to the laughter which made them apprehensive. The father's head sank, and his bat balanced on his coat collar. The son worked a pinkie into his blond whiskers and scratched his face.

"Look, Mikel!" Gegol snickered. "How delicately the Jew searches for lice."

"What are they laughing about?" the father asked, not daring to turn around.

"How should I know?" the son said softly, "and who cares? What can you expect from poor, uneducated peasants? They are as simple as children"

"Yuh," the frail man agreed. "If they had any sense, would they be such a lot of oafs? Did you see how they tear their food? Listen to those pigs belching."

The farmers joked and laughed, setting their teeth into chunks of black bread and slabs of pork, ripping off pieces which they doused with swigs of wine. "Look!" Gegol called as he watched the wagging beards. "Look how the goatee saws between the two legs of the cleft beard! Oh! Holy Mary in Heaven! Those Jews! Nobody will believe this."

The old man, his hand trembling, hurriedly dipped the hard-boiled egg into the salt after each bite, then took a bite of a matzoth wafer. The son munched on a matzoth sandwich of chopped chicken livers, and poured from a small bottle of wine into two chipped crockery cups.

The farmers watched the son's pointed beard undulate as his jaws worked up and down. His lips were protruded and wrinkled, like the bottom of a bag of soft cheese constricted by a hairy string tied around the middle. The red wine wet his lips and stained the matzoth crumbs on them.

Now, all the men were grinding away quietly. The father motioned with the points of his beard. "What are they doing?" he asked. "Now the silence frightens me."

"Don't worry, Poppa," the son answered. "If anything happens that you should know, I will tell you. I would like to see us in Lvov already."

As they talked and chewed, a flutter of wine-stained matzoth crumbs burst across the space between them, spattering their beards and coats.

"Hey! Look!" Gegol pointed, as he slobbered, intermittently gnawing and guffawing. "Look at the red snow!" He pounded the table. A tall green bottle pivoted around on its bottom. Laughing, Miken grabbed at it. A finger hit the bottle, bouncing it over, spilling white wine on the adzed boards. Gegol snatched it and thumped it upright, wine splashing in the air, wetting his hairy arms.

He roared his laughter, then stood up and bent over. He came erect and slapped his knees. Tears came to his eyes. "Oh! Holy Mother!" he cried. He gasped for breath and then began to cough.

"Are you all right?" Mikel asked.

"The pork . . . it . . . it went in the . . . wrong . . . pipe."

Mikel pounded Gegol's bent back. The coughing slowed, but a rasping began. Gegol turned red. His eyes bulged. He fell to his knees and motioned with his arms that nothing was helping.

The son perked up. "Say, one of them is choking."

"That bothers me too," the father replied.

"But he's in trouble, Poppa. He's turning blue."

"So there will be one less goy. Good riddance."

"Poppa, he's still a human. We should help me."

"I don't trust them. Better you should stay here."

Mikel ran to get the tavernkeeper. "Help! Help!" he shouted. "Stephan! Where are you? Come quick. Stephan! Help us!"

Seeing the quivering hulk thrashing on the ground, the young man got off his haunches. "Come, Poppa," he urged. "We must help."

"Let him lay in hell!" the father replied, but he got up anyway and looking like a pair of costumed scare-crows, they skimmed across the field to the side of the inert peasant.

With looping motions and pointing to the table, the father mumbled instructions to his son. Their sweaty hands slid along Gegol's arms and clamped at his wrists. They dragged him on his back, their feet slipping and scuffing up clods of dried earth and stones. When Gegol lay face up, his head under the table, they released his arms and moved around to lift his legs. In a few moments, gasping and wiping sweat from their eyes, they had Gegol's legs and thighs up on the table. The father sat astride them while Gegol's body hung, buttocks up, over the edge like a bull's carcass. Neck stretched, head brushing the ground, his arms, like woolly clubs, tumbled together in the clay dust under the table.

The old man was appalled and terrified; he loathed the touch of the "unclean gentile." He saw Gegol's face in morbid memories of shrieking laughter; screams that had tongues of fire; a village in ashes. Small curds of vomit surged up in his mouth. The wetness of the spilled wine penetrated his clothes, and a spasmodic seeping trickled from his bladder.

The son sat on the ground pounding Gegol's back, poking fingers into Gegol's mouth. He pulled the



tongue to one side and fished around in Gegol's throat.

Now, Mikel could be heard from the tavern. "Stephan!" he cried to the tavernkeeper. "Thank God! Come quickly!"

"What is wrong, Mikel?" Stephan asked, following with long strides, his apron flying.

"Hurry, Gegol is dying!"

Mikel rushed toward the Hassidim hovering over Gegol. Then, not hearing Stepan's footsteps, he turned and stopped. "Stepan," he bellowed frantically. "Where are you?"

Abruptly, Stepan came running out of the tavern again, this time swinging a large, wooden bung-mallet. He brushed by Mikel, going toward Gegol and the two Hassidim. The skinny old man straddling Gegol's thighs realized what was happening. He wanted to scream to his son to run. But fear froze his body, and his throat was rigid as ice.

The young man on the ground, preoccupied, grasped at a stringy piece of pork that kept slipping from his fingers. At last, knuckles bent, he pinched the meat between his nails.

Now, with mallet raised, the innkeeper stood above the bearded man who sat on the ground.

"No!" Mikel screamed as he ran up. "No," and he grabbed at Stepan's arm. The swinging biceps tore away from clutching fingers, and Mikel's hand floundered, fingers clasped in the air.

The man on the ground, distracted from his task, turned, lifting his head to see what the disturbance was about. Even as his hand came out of Gegol's mouth, the piece of pork sliding after, he saw a leg, then a body, and then two arms holding a long black object against the white, hot sky. Rapidly, the object became larger. The end grain became clearer. He could see splinters of wood peeled around the mallet's face. And then, it was so close it blurred and looked black again. Between the looking and the seeing there was not time for one, "Holy Name!"

There was a quiet thud. The young man with the goatee fell back. The goatee pointed up and his legs twisted where they were when he sat under Gegol. The old man, like a mesmerized serpent, had gazed in horror following the mallet's swing and thrust. Stepan hefted the mallet again and turned to the man on the table. Mikel jumped between, spreading his arms, yelling, "Stop! Stop!"

"What is it?" Stepan asked, slowly lowering the mallet.

"Gegol was choking on food. They were helping."

". . . Holy God!" Stepan cried, "Forgive me. I didn't know . . . May the Lord save us from the help of a fool!"

Now Gegol began to stir. The cringing man sitting on him shifted his weight. Gegol slid off the table, and his body unwound. Buttocks and head touched the ground while his back arched over the legs of the man who had saved his life. Gegol's chest, raised in this position, filled with air, and the blue color left his face. Though pale, his breathing was back to normal, and his friends lifted him to the bench and handed him the bottle of wine. As he tilted his head to drink, he saw the trembling little Jew perched like a gargoyle on the table. With a cough, he spat out the wine.

"What the hell is this? What's he doing here?" he sputtered.

"He was helping you. They were both helping you. The one laying on the ground pulled a chunk of pork out of your gullet . . . I think Stepan accidentally brained him with the bung-hammer."

The distorted man on the ground seemed not to be breathing. His hat was squashed down, bending out one ear; the brim was broken back against the crown on the left side, and under it the corner of the man's head was crushed in a crescent shape. There was no bleeding, just a string of blood where the skin was broken.

"What should I do?" Stepan asked. "Perhaps we should take him inside and call a doctor."

"Don't be a fool," Gegol advised. "What do you want with the dirty Yid? If you bring him inside and he should die, you'll only have more questions to answer. Don't look for trouble."

"You would let him die?" Stepan asked.

"What do you mean, I would let him die? Why do they come here? It's their holiday? They look for blood to put on their doorsteps? . . . Now they have it! The hell with them . . . If you want trouble, take him inside. If you ask me, put him on his wagon and let his friend take him home."

So, while the little man on the table shook and stared in terror, the others, hoping to stay unknown spirits that lurked in the land of the alien dead, crossed themselves and lifted the recumbent traveler from the ground. The body sagged between the men, and Mikel stumbled on the coattails that dragged on the ground.

As they neared the wagon, Gegol's tongue clicked. "Wait!" he directed. "Set the Jew down a minute . . . God! Look at that horse! Its tongue is hanging out. What kind of people are they?" With that, he ran off and

returned with a bucket, holding it while the horse dipped its nose and lapped and sloshed water over the side. Finally the horse raised his head, snorted water from its nose, and blew a spray from dripping, brabbling lips.

Gegol patted its head and set the pail down. Once more they crossed themselves, picked up the bearded body and stretched it out in the wagon. The head hung over the tailboard, its blond goatee pointed upward, and the blue sky reflected from blue, dead eyes. Next, they turned to the father who cringed in a trance, unblinking eyes staring. Through the maze of whiskers, his open mouth resembled a birds' nest. They lifted him by the elbows and carried him like a swinging fence post to the seat of the wagon, put the reins in his hands and led the horse to the road.

The men stood for a while, their eyes held by what seemed to be a unicorn's head peering over the back of the wagon, its golden horn rocking from side to side. As the clopping hooves and creaking wagon diffused into the moaning, powdered gloom, the spell dissolved.

Silently, the men turned and made their way back to the spread out towel, their feet crunching matzoth and broken egg shells.

"Look at the mess they left you," Gegol remarked, poking with a toe. He picked up the bottle of red wine, wiped a hand over its mouth, and took a gulp. "Hmmm," he mused, his voice gruff. "Not bad, Maybe a little sweet."

William W. Hoffinger



## BRISK ENCOUNTERS

It had been a nice enough day, I suppose.  
We had a good game, anyway.  
We were sitting in the huge dining room,  
Sipping hot tea  
When the telephone rang,  
And nobody paid it any attention.  
And then Tyrel told us that  
he was gone.

He'd wrecked his brains on a boulder.  
We were all silent,  
and then quietly dissipated.

His ringing laughter was no more.  
His deep sonorous voice we heard no longer.  
The basketball court in front of the  
hostel looked strangely empty.

And the ping-pong table  
had no visitors for two days, or so.

Farazi did not believe it  
And only on the third day  
Started crying,  
And for a long time then, he'd cry  
                    whenever he saw any of us,

And we tried to avoid him,  
to ease his pain.

After a while everybody started smiling again,  
And

Like a whirlwind,

He was there no more.

A dream?

Mohamed Rawahy

## BRISK ENCOUNTERS (II)

Grandpa was better than usual,  
When I visited him that morning.

At the stroke of midnight  
The shrill cry of the telephone  
Announced his departure.

No more recitations.  
No more visits to the doctor.  
No more trips to town.  
No more shouted arguments.  
And no more unsalted or unsweetened meals.

He was stiff  
And strangely drawn-out  
When we got to the Memorial Hospital  
And that is how I always remembered him  
Afterwards.

Mother cried so,  
But me,  
I never shed a tear.

After a while  
Everybody forgot.

Hey you! Cheer up, just another day, wasn't it?  
Or a dream?

## 111

We were all smiling  
As we boarded the tiny,  
                steel-rod-suspended boats.  
And when we came out,  
Jose was crying.  
Maybe ten was still too young for Space Mountains  
                                    and such.

I'd met them going in,  
And now,  
Like a low-flying Spitfire  
That is visible only for an instant,  
They are gone.

Or was I dreaming?

Mohamed Rawahy



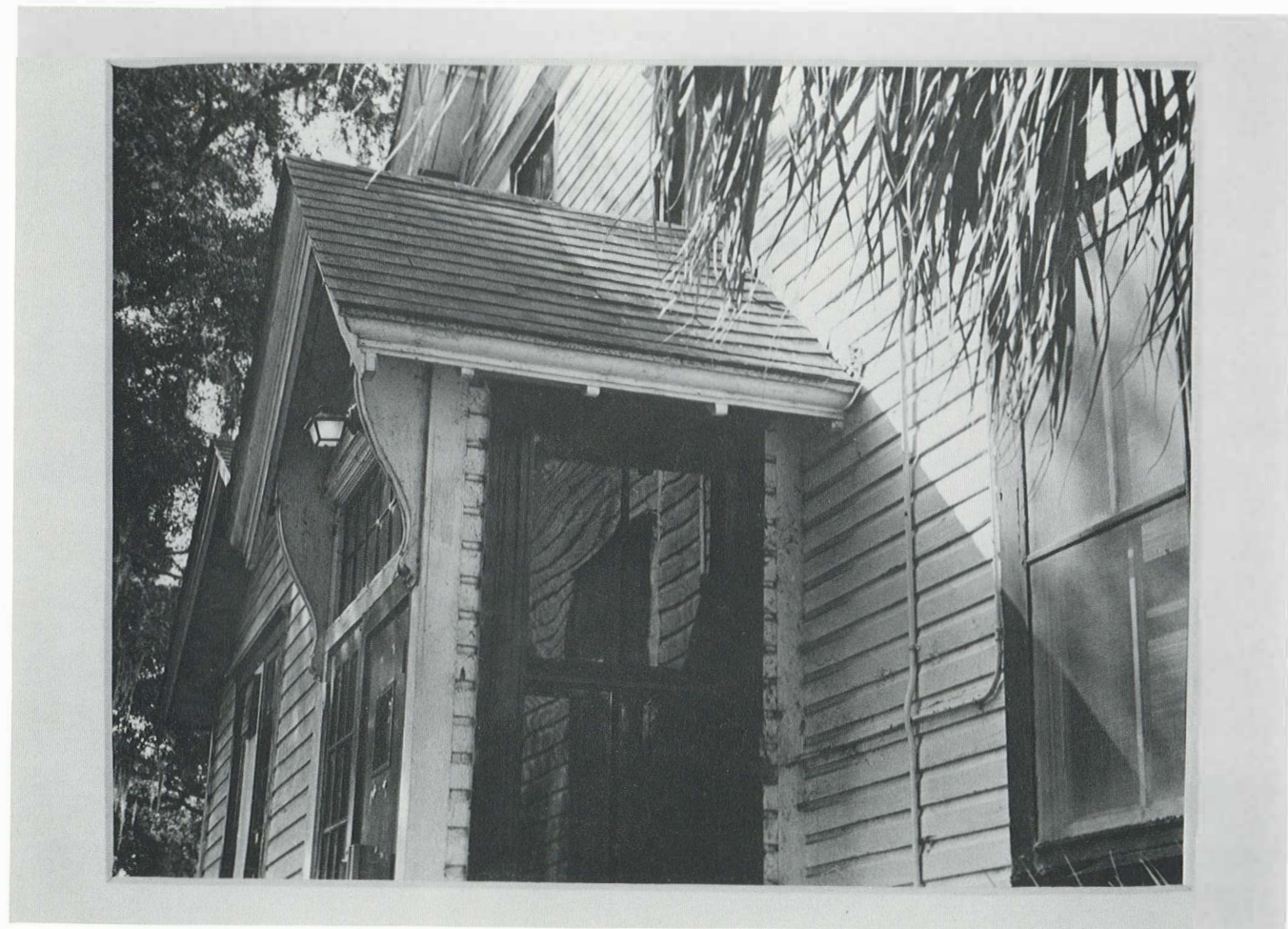
## PINEHURST 208

If I had a decent camera, I'd take a picture  
and that would be a poem  
you know, like the ones of half a wall  
somewhere in Spain's brown vastness  
that one constantly sees at art shows  
downtown  
and say Beallsville, Ohio  
on the back  
like black coffee at 9:45 a.m.  
Then, of course, there's that one of Goethe's study  
on your calendar  
the color of tobacco spit  
with light shining in  
where someone added lemon juice  
that *you* liked so much  
and cut out  
and hung up spring term  
next to twelve kittens  
more like greeting card verse.  
Anyway, that could only save me a thousand words — so they say  
Or cost me, depending on your view.

Part of it's the oak.  
(Predictable enough, yet true.)  
In January, one leafy branch caught a chill and died  
and came to us like a squirrel's tail  
giantly dreamlike from the verdure  
and we stripped some brick red cloth off one of those books  
one gets for a quarter  
years after liking it  
for someday  
— *Utopia*, perhaps —  
and muddied it with tap water  
against the leaves  
thinking fox fur far grander  
and missing autumn  
last November  
when Athens was too far.  
That tree outside the waxish pane  
always was my Grasmere copse  
Judean wood  
happy boughs  
from midnight on with lighted lamp  
bloodshot eyes  
and there, in the dim,  
shadowed words with truth,  
me its spirit  
it mine.  
But so did you.  
Like when the rain turned black the trunk,  
the way moss doesn't really grow,  
against dry, leathern bark.  
Or, beyond, the lake  
dually topped  
with its jet slate creeping slowly  
over inch thick dusty swells,  
like tiny breasts,  
to seize us and our chicken salad  
from behind.

Many years from now,  
if I return,  
I suspect that much will differ.  
Certainly, at 1:00 a.m. on stifling nights  
homophobia will still pour in  
waking a dreamer.  
Walls pinkening at dusk.  
Lawn citrus at noon.  
My bed.  
Yet when I see this bed years from now,  
I wish I needn't wonder,  
and this poem comes back to me,  
will you be at my side  
or somewhere far off with the cork?

Noel Levin





# CONTRIBUTOR'S

DANA BALLINGER — a photographer in search of scenery so breathtaking that even her amateur pictures will look professional.

PIPPA BOYD — loves to explore the world around her and capture unnoticed moments on paper.

DANIEL A. BYRD — Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, Winter 1982. Capturing the intricacies of geometric architectural form.

PAN COFFMAN — I found Dr. Jones' features and mannerisms so intriguing that I was sketching instead of taking notes in class. This tendency can prove fatal to an art students' GPA.

DAVID CREATH — a practical optimist who deals in confusion.

SUZANNE GALLAGHER — snowbound in Columbus.

DEBBIE GIBBONEY — ... but I'd rather act.

BETTY HILL — I'm not a quick thinker — never mind that I've had a few days.

WILLIAM HOFFINGER — When I was born (on the 5th floor of an East Side tenement) people danced in the streets; the war was over. My momma asked me what I would do with my life. I told her: I will go to school, work in a factory, join the army, teach chemistry, and when I retire to Winter Park, take classes at Rollins. I'm here, but my stories, somehow, linger on the East Side.

BEVERLY HORANIC — Rollins student until May '84 works in English Department, has occasional lucid moments.

JACK C. LANE — When asked Who are you?, Jack Lane replied: "Had I lived in the ancient world I would have said that I am the son of William Lane, who was the son of George Lane, who was the son of Richard Lane, etc. and you would have been impressed. But in this modern world, I answer that I am a historian and you look at me uncomprehendingly."

NOEL LEVIN — When not contemplating trees and domestic animals, I find that attempting to incorporate chicken salad into poems and short stories can be a most excellent diversion.

KIM McDOWELL — is (per e.e. cummings).



# NOTES

MARGARET O'SULLIVAN — is an English major from Winter Park, and she's not too tall, darn it, the rest of the world is just too short.

JAMES M. PLUNKETT III — Jim is a freshman theatre major who enjoys writing. Although plays and short stories come quicker and easier, poetry is his favorite.

KARA PROVOST — A poet laureate I'm not  
But I try with what I've got  
to see the world more clearly  
though I fear — Oh dear me!  
My vision's not too hot!

CONNIE KAKAVECOS RIGGS — lives in a newly-purchased condominium in Winter Park — and vows to protect her investment.

ROBIN SIMMONS — Voltaire says, "il faut cultiver votre jardin." Thanks, guys, for the fertilizer.

ROY STARLING — grew up in the rural South and now runs a symbol farm in Winter Park.

JACK E. SURRENCY — is a lecturer on rare books. He has worked for a major publishing company and has taught at the college level for several years. He has his Ph. D. in English from the Univ. of Tenn. Dr. Surrency is currently working on a science fiction novel.

OLGA VISO — A Florida freshman at Rollins who has a passion for all forms of art. She is an aspiring commercial artist who looks forward to designing the movie poster for the next "Star Wars" sequel and the next "Journey" album cover.

JEAN WEST — a member of the English faculty, is Irving Bacheller Professor of Creative Writing. Her poems have been appearing since the mid-sixties in a variety of literary magazines; ANGINA is her first novel.

STEPHANIE WOODS — Where's the party?





## SPECIAL THANKS . . .

To Kim McDowell, who did an assistant editor's job before we made her assistant editor . . .

To Alice Miller, whose shared fancies got us started and kept us going . . .

To Lisa Bassett, who can always be relied upon . . .

To Connie Riggs, whose advice was always expert.

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