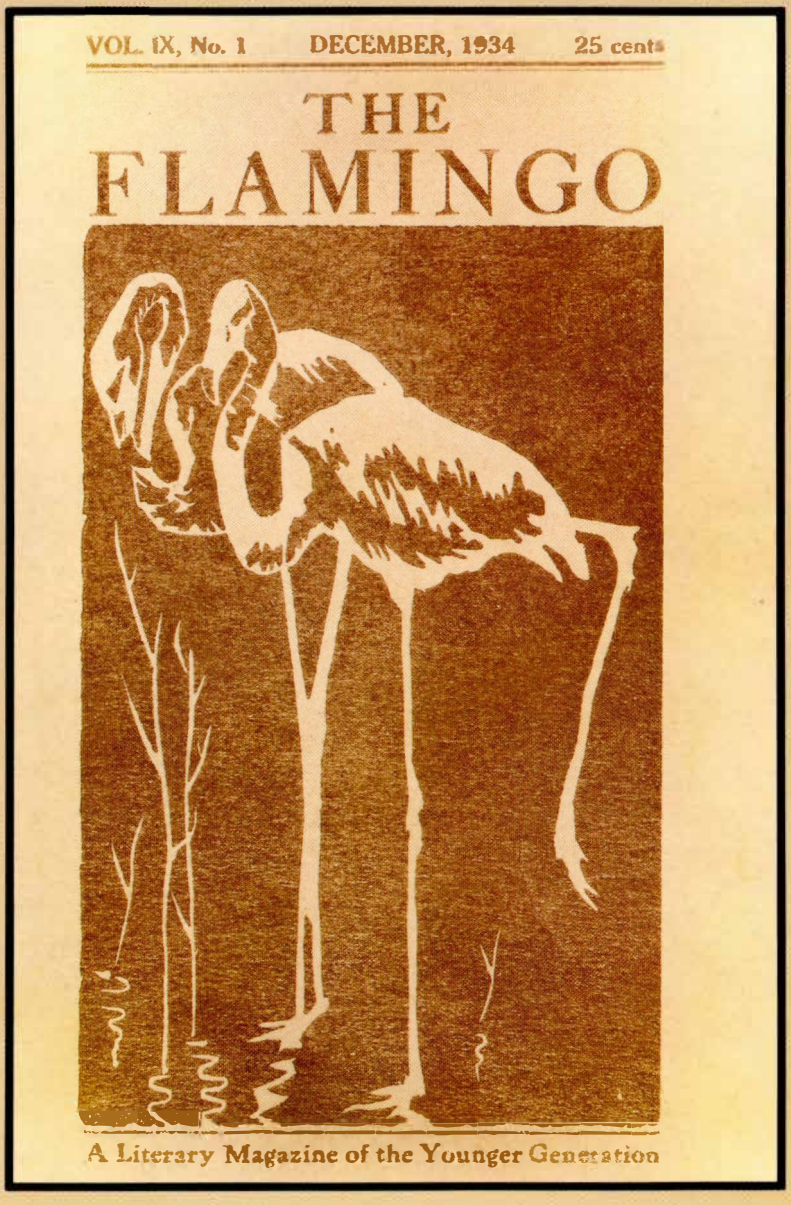
Spring 1985

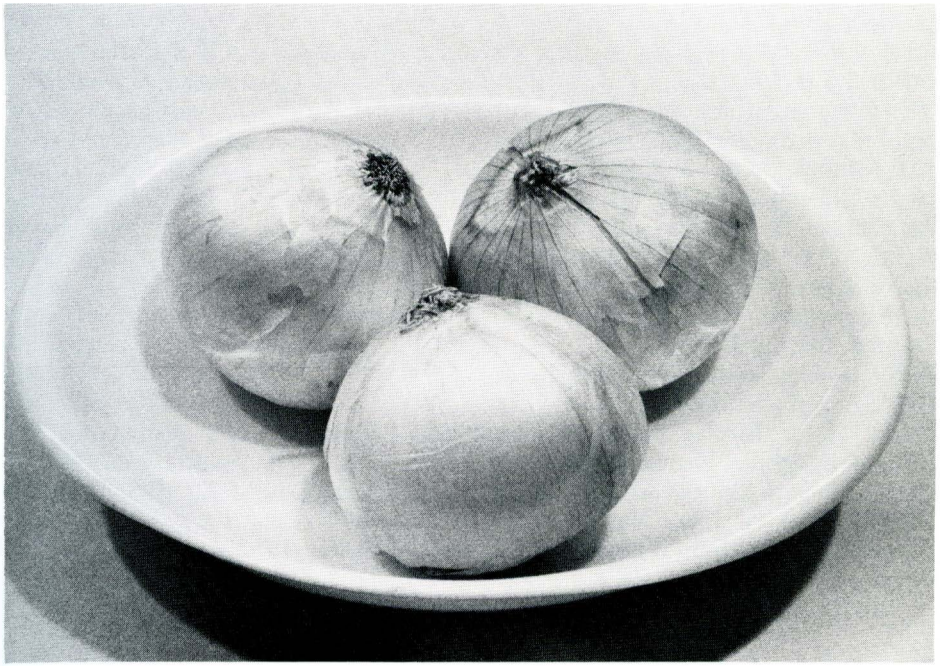
Brushing, Spring, 1985, Vol. 14, No. 2

Rollins College Students

BRUSHING


VOL. IX, No. 1 DECEMBER, 1934 25 cents
THE
FLAMINGO
A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation

BRUSHING SPRING 1985



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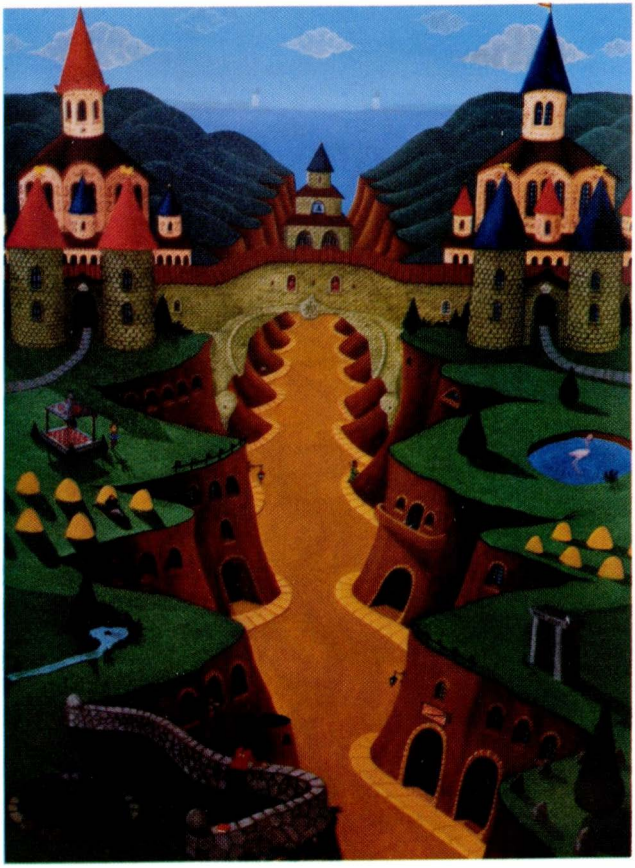
FOREWORD

The *Brushing* staff is happy to herald the Centennial of Rollins College with this historic issue. In addition to presenting art and literature which has newly come out of our community, we offer a review of creativity from our past as well. We believe that the poems here, lent by yellowing issues of *Brushing* and, before that, *The Flamingo*, not only illustrate the last six decades of our artistic legacy, but also speak for the tradition of excellence to which these pages are heir. It is our expectation that the rest of this collection will be a proud expansion of that tradition and a portal to a future of committed writers and artists at Rollins.

Noel Levin, editor



ALEXANDER BOGUSLAWSKI

She was singing scripture
through a choked-up voice
trying hard
to put god in his place
'bove, somewhere above
way high
where no one can reach him
and drag him down
(oh my so blue)

And she's saying god
yes sir,
he wants them bound
wrapped round the barbed wire of their marriage
and she's citing scripture

an I'm thinking all the time
silent
to myself
that it isn't scripture
that bleeds

an she's going home blue
lamenting her god strip-searched
made naked for all men to see

an I'm going home blue
because I can't spin my words into her head
she's shut up tight
mourning for her god

So blue

lmw

OUTWORN EYES

Miz Audrey, my first-grade teacher, had a big voice that broke all the time, broke all over everywhere. When she sang "Did you Ever See a Lassie?" her voice rolled and broke all down the hall, in and out of second and third grade, to fifth, and finally sixth, down through the principal's office at the end of the hall, escaping at last out the open double doors into the clean, quiet, north Florida air: "Go *this* way and *that* way!" Her body was long and crooked, and she had long fingers and long thumbs. Her eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, shot out in opposite directions, so that when you thought she was looking at Danny, she was actually looking at you. A mean woman, she wouldn't let us color our apples blue and she forced us to stay in the lines and sometimes she lost her temper and grabbed us by the arms and shook us. Her hands were cool and damp, and by the afternoon, her breath smelled like the whole day mixed together.

On the last day of school, she stood at the door of the classroom, and no one got out without a kiss. The girls didn't try to escape Miz Audrey's big, cluthching hands; they gladly received her kiss and they cried just as she cried. But the boys always tried to think of a way to get out of the room and into summer without Miz Audrey's touching them. Some tried to climb out the windows. Others tried to squeeze through the narrow door while she was kissing someone else. But no one escaped. Miz Audrey pulled us to her, got our neck sugar, tried to hold on to us forever in that moment, until we went out the door, squirming, kicking and shouting, and finally wiping her lipstick and her tears from our cheeks.

In thirty years, her heart would not callous. Students kept finding new soft places to embed themselves there for the nine months of the school year before they ripped themselves free again. Time and custom and habit and routine could not lessen Miz Audrey's joy, and it could not cushion her sorrow.

She was a farmer's wife, and there was much for her to do in the summer. Hungry men and animals had to be fed. Gardens had to be tended. Gates had to be opened and shut. Cakes had to be made for funerals and weddings.

But I must believe that true time always began for her, every year, all over again, on a nervous Monday morning, when she stood at her classroom door and watched, smiling, as those little people filed into her life: fresh little faces, being born into something completely new; little bodies in first-day clothes, entrusting themselves to this new mother, long and crooked, with crazy eyes and a cracking voice. Miz Audrey.

ROY STARLING

OLGA VISO

ODE TO A LIFESTYLE

Oh, Suburbia!
Bright, elegant
    white
Suburbia.
Clean big boxes
with off-white walls,
prints, cocktails,
optional
children.
And everyday,
a tie
a suit
a soft radio ride
to flourescence
and inter-office
memoranda.
Oh, to be floating upward
above the Poletown shanties
above the tiny factories
and their wind-up jobs,
to retire to crosswords
and caddies —
a rotting slowly
instead of a sharp, young death.

KARA PROVOST

LUCY

I met many Romantic heroines
in Miss Way's 8th grade:
Jane Eyre — Lorna Doone — Eleanor Comstock
and Lucy Ballard.

Lucy was the only friend I had
with a 'family' middle name
(Most of us had the short
Southern ones like
Sue, Ann, and Jo,
which fit traditionally with
Betty, Mary, and Nancy.)

Most of us "played school"
after school
and became the teachers we
admired or feared.
Only at Lucy's house did we
tape movie stars' pictures
from Photoplay on the wall
and conduct class
to a front row of teachers' pets.

We all rode and fell off bikes,
scraped knees, and
broke limbs;
But Lucy had a talent for
intriguing accidents
(and making the most of them)
"Oh, I wish I had ordinary hair like you, Nanci
(she spelled it that way)
instead of this awful streak that makes me
look like a freak!"
Freak, indeed!!!
What wonderful luck to be thrown
from a horse against an
oak tree
damaging a nerve and
leaving a silver
shock of hair
that sprayed her auburn hairline
like an unexpected frost.
Such envy —
one dopey friend banged
her senseless head against a tree

to effect the premature wonder.
(It didn't work)

Before I knew her
she fell from a wild jump
over a barbed wire fence.
(In a wood, of course)
We were all fascinated
by the wide purple scar
on her inner thigh
and whispered in
adolescent wonder at
Lucy's conviction that
she could probably never
have a baby.

She romanticized her father
and elevated his position from
sign painter
to artist.
A nude picture of her mother
hung in the attic
that he painted BEFORE
they were married!

The margins of her notebooks
were filled with long-legged,
green-eyed girls
in low-cut gowns
and called them exotic names like
Moonyeen and Ariadne.

Near our high school graduation
— and the last time I saw Lucy —
She made a sticking remark:
"You're the only girl I know
who puts her lipstick on square;
but on you, it looks good."
(an afterthought)

I've thought of that remark
a thousand times —
and have used a lipstick brush
ever since.

NANCY HOFFMAN

BRIEF VISIT FROM AN OLD FRIEND

A summer storm ladled a poolful of rain
where, held in a hollow of rock,
its still water mirrors the nomadic sky
reflecting its own cloistered lot.

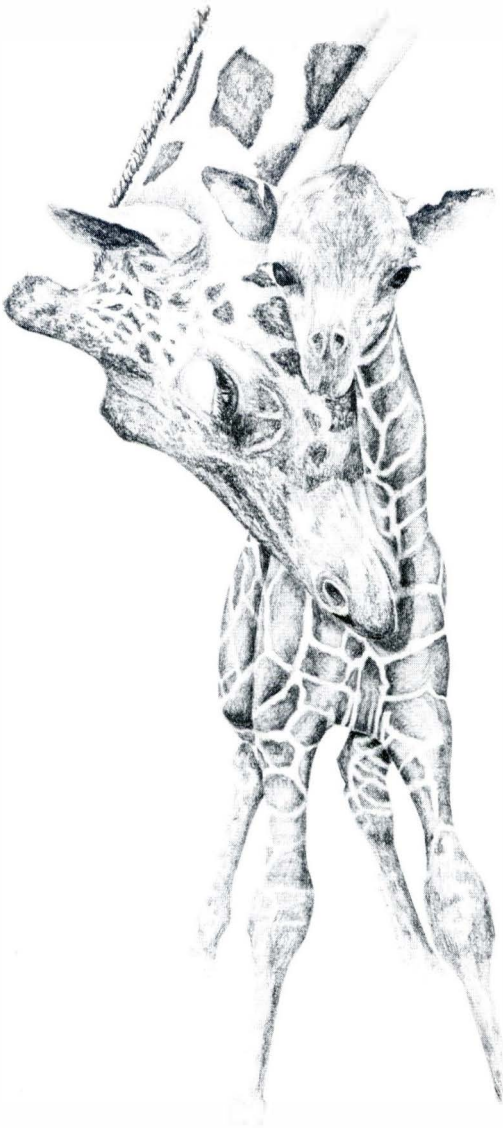
A dragonfly darts on a ricochet course
while tasting the shower's sweet wares.
It flicks the still water and shatters a cloud
reposing there briefly in flight.

The dragonfly soars as it catches the sun
on wings spun of rainbows and gauze.
With never a glance at its vagabond wake
it blends with the mist and is gone.

Reflective pool watches with covetous eye
which changes from azure to gray
as widening ripples of disquietude
slap,
slap
at its granite enclave.

ELINOR CLEVELAND SULLIVAN

WILLIAM LOVING



VIRGINIA FREDERICKS

CABDRIVER

Cold beer on
a cool night —
Cabdriver's late again.
Don't know why I
always get the
same one —
crazy mustache smiles
  a little too nice,
eyes trying to be
soft brown —
always in a hurry
  counting his money
well read — has the time,
  is on my mind
lurks behind me everywhere
  I go.
Cabdriver black
  sunglasses on
where do you go when you go home?

BEVERLY HORANIC

KAREN MURPHY

BUCOLIC

In the broad shade of an oak
View the spread of white linen
Set with jugs and bread and fruit.

The noon is laden with heat,
Pollen drifts faint from tall grass,
Incursions of nettles wilt.

On an upturned pail she sits;
Splayed legs, cotton dress, straw hat;
Epitome of summer.

At the river two children
Chase crane-flies with muslin nets;
Their thin, bare chests rib-shadowed.

When a stone breaks still waters
Its splash silvers in the sun,
Returns a wealth of ripples,

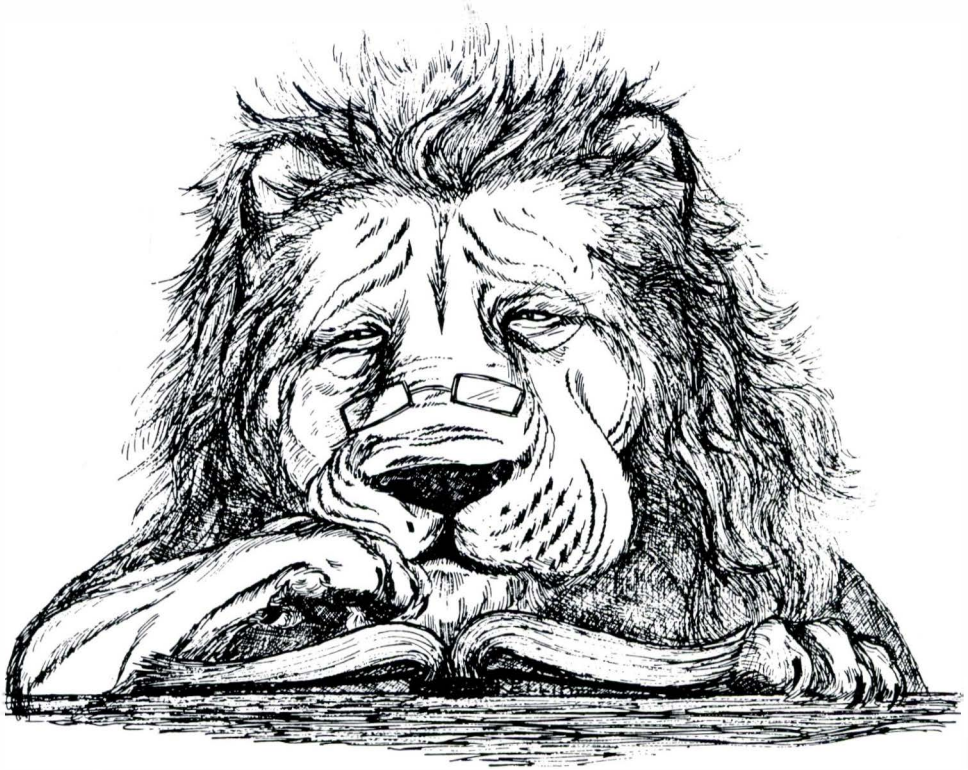
And by the briary hedge where
Cows browse and mooch, a young man
Muses on his season's lay.

Above the handkerchiefed head
Swallows flit. The air's blue blur
Matches veins beneath his skin.

Teeming insects fuss. The fields
Are asway with ripeness as
August perfects her weather.

View this 'ever and always'
When a century stood dazzled
And no cloud ruined the set sky.

WES MAGEE



LEE ELLIOTT

THE HEIRLOOM

I can still see him
with paper-thin wrinkles,
powdery gray hair,
and dark, loving eyes.

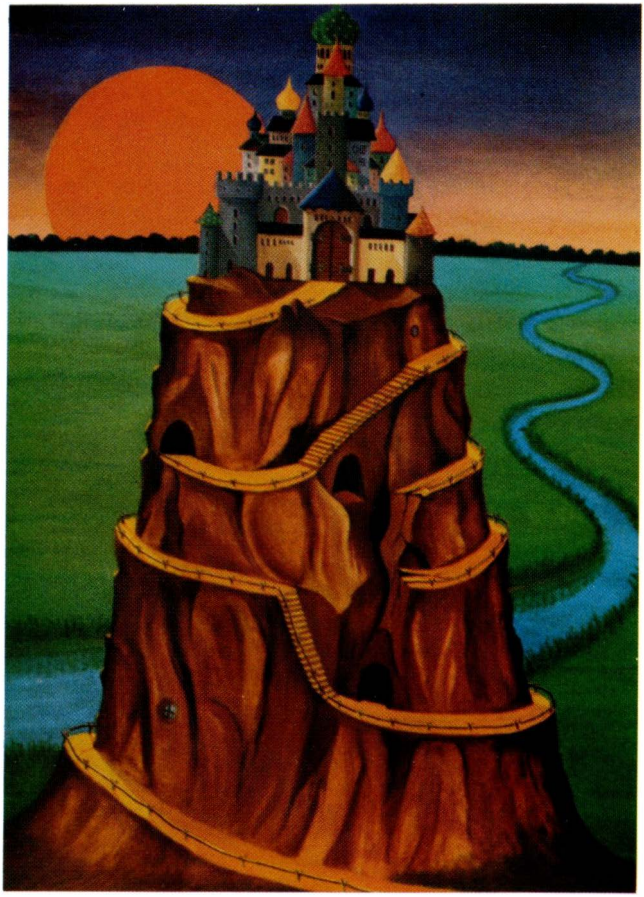
His hands (four of mine)
lift me up to him.
I sit on his lap,
'His' chair guarding me.

The well-manicured
fingers nimbly pluck
the timepiece from his
inside coat pocket.

In my tiny hands
the gold globe is placed
and is sprung open.
The chain connects us.

I hold my head down
to hear the ticking.
How often I said,
"Let me listen Gramps?"

KIMBERLY YOUNG



ALEXANDER BOGUSLAWSKI

A.D. MIMMS

The shadows are on your side.
You belong to the hands of the night.

You have told too many lies:
Lies, my dear boy, are found out immediately,
Because they are of two sorts.
There are lies that have short legs
And lies that have long noses.
Your lie,
As it happens,
Is one of those that have a long nose.

Everynight I fear you see the shadow of your nose.
It protrudes beyond belief!
Have you been chasing after rainbows?
Or are you still chasing shadows?

You used to tell me short-legged lies:
"I was at the office."
"I went out for a drink with the guys."
"I got a flat tire."
Well, I called the office, I called the bar, I called the garage
Funny that they see you about as much as I do.
So much for short legs.
Too bad the length in her nose couldn't be put to use on my legs.
It seems she's the reason you're resembling Pinocchio.

Those first two initials of your name should stand for
"Adultry Denied."
If Disney were here, he'd turn you into a donkey.
Still, Collodi's doing a fine job with your nose.

AMY FIEDLING

AT THE GALLERY

In a nest of wooden niches
the marble busts of five young women
rest.
All but one are classical, serene,
intent on immortality:
one with pensive, downcast eyes
one gazing empty-eyed and innocent
one visionary, glancing heavenward
one stern as Justice, staring hard-eyed out.

Beside their bone-cold poise, the other one
is dusty rose and windblown,
a snapshot of vivacity
in disarray.
Her broad straw bonnet would kite off
but for the binding veil
blown sheer across her teeth
and dented chin.
Beneath the diaphanous marble silk
her deep eyes almost blink,
and had she hands they'd be about
the tempest in her petticoats.

Let others, blank-eyed, frozen-posed
peer into chill posterity.
Her eyes are on the instant
rapture of the wind.

ALAN NORDSTROM

KARYN HANSON

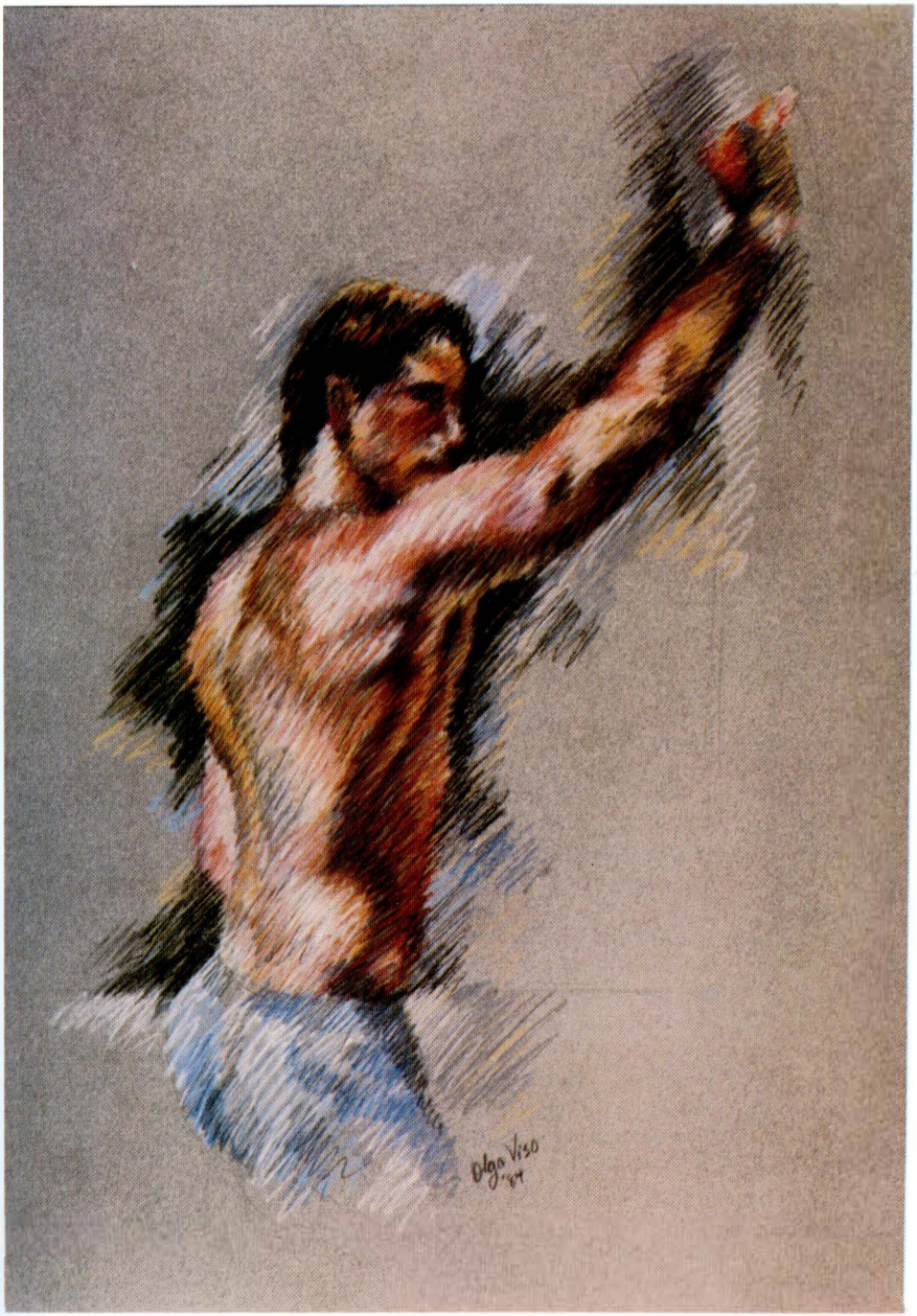
CUTTING (OF THE ICE)

I made a picture of you in the snow with my finger, now numb. I could not find a stick. The wind caused the snow to drift. Now you are covered. But I see an outline, a silhouette, and I'm glad you were not blown away. There's too much left to say.

Now I'm writing your initials in the snow on the pond with my skates. The snow is deep and it makes me stumble. It's really your fault that I'm stumbling. I'm doing this for you, you know. If I were not so devoted to you, I wouldn't care to see your face in snow or examine your initials on a patch of covered ice.

I just hope I can skate long and hard enough so my blades turn dull and grey. Then there won't be anymore cutting (of the ice.)

AMY FIEDLING



OLGA VISO

THE BUZZARDS OF NARAYAMA

The evil that men do . . .

Lonely and bitter
stand the peaks of Narayama
coarsened by rain and wind
and the snows of seasons.

It is not buzzard, vulture, or coyote we blame
but the feeble act of strong men.

Merry are the buzzards of Narayama,
they do not rove or hover
but (the ugly beaked, soiled taloned
cowards) are here paid homage
with fresh, live minds and
discarded (able) bodies.

When the season comes,
Kazuas and Yamamotos
deposit fathers, mothers, aunts
in the forest peaks of Narayama.
A son cries, a nephew shuns.
Some linger, pondering,
others hurry, to forget
and escape.

It does not matter
what all do or think,
for they commit that which
no man should condone.

Some, of old, used to bury
the living.
Some, now, kill for no cause.
But what of those
who carry mother, father

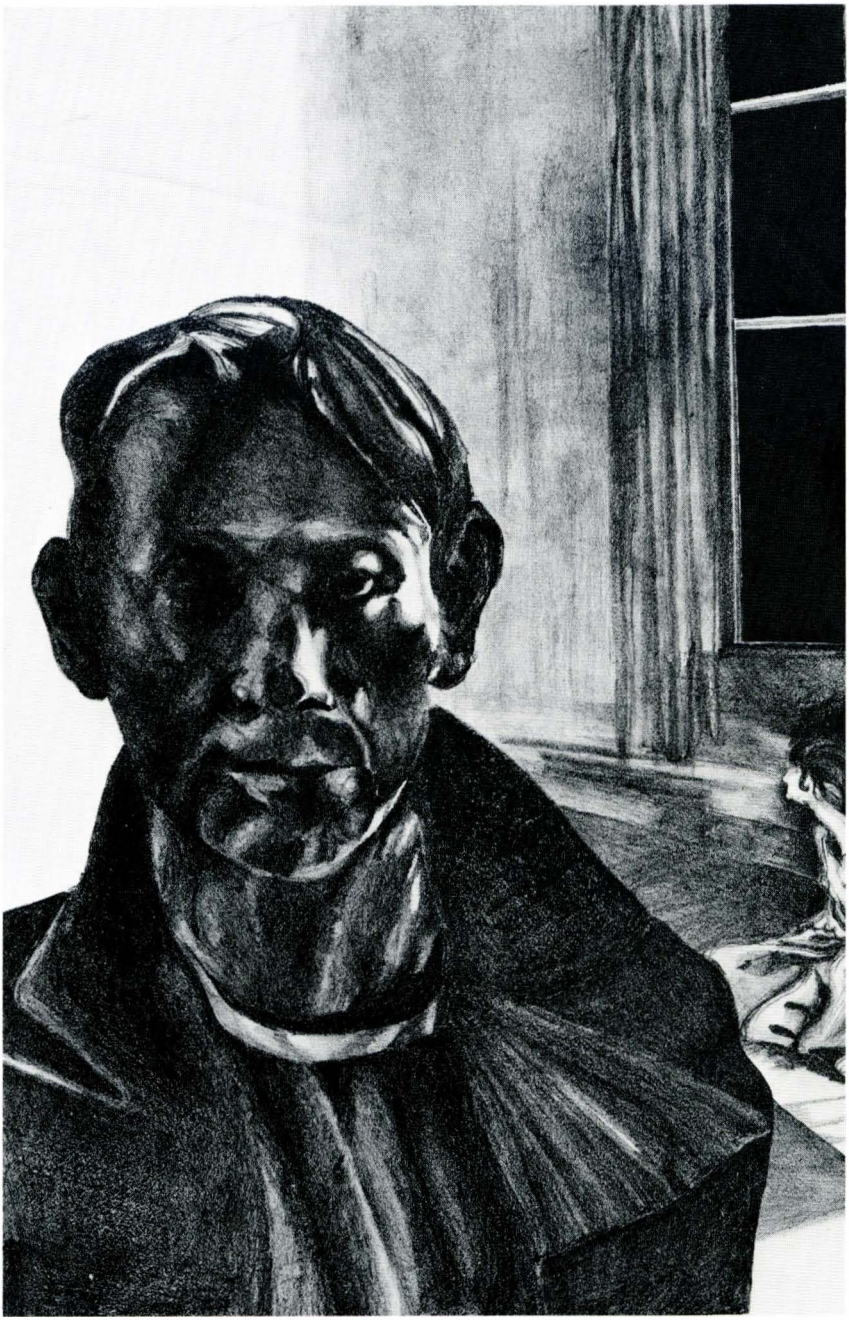
alive, active intelligent
mile after mile
to the buzzard peaks of Narayama
to be abondoned
poked
and picked at?
Gruesome is the thought, sight, and telling,
for they could cook, sew, tutor,
but were concerned
with coming season and food scarce.

No cheer for the "wise"
that have to and do approve of such,
for beak and claw await
to pick clean the bones
of abandoned mankind.

For the lucky, snow comes soon,
and cold death.
For the rest
the buzzards cry, strike, and feast on.
The mind shrieks in revolt
but the body lies still, submissive,
the wisdom and intellect
of many a year and experience.

We do not speak in disdain
but that others may know.

MOHAMED RAWAHY



JEFFREY LOCKETT

MARRY YOUNG

Marry me.
Take me
while my skin is soft
and the moon is full
There's a warm spot in my heart
and a rose in my teeth.
Let's marry.
We can be alone.
I will take care of you forever.
I will be like your mother,
cooking,
sewing,
cleaning our home.
A glorified maid,
for you.
We will have blue sheets with tiny flowers
on the bed.
We'll name our first little girl, Precious.
We're in love.
I know.

And years later,
you will get an itch
I will not be able to reach.
To scratch, to please,
you will take a tall girl.
Her skin will be tan.
There will be a crescent moon in the sky
and a star twinkling in your eye.
I will still be a wife,
working,
sweating,
leaning out a window
waving good-bye every morning,
rounding up three children for breakfast.
You will have a Jaguar,
you will have overtime,
you will have a lovely affair.
You will leave.
Leaving behind a glorified dog
with skinny, starving puppies
to lick up the sour milk
of years.

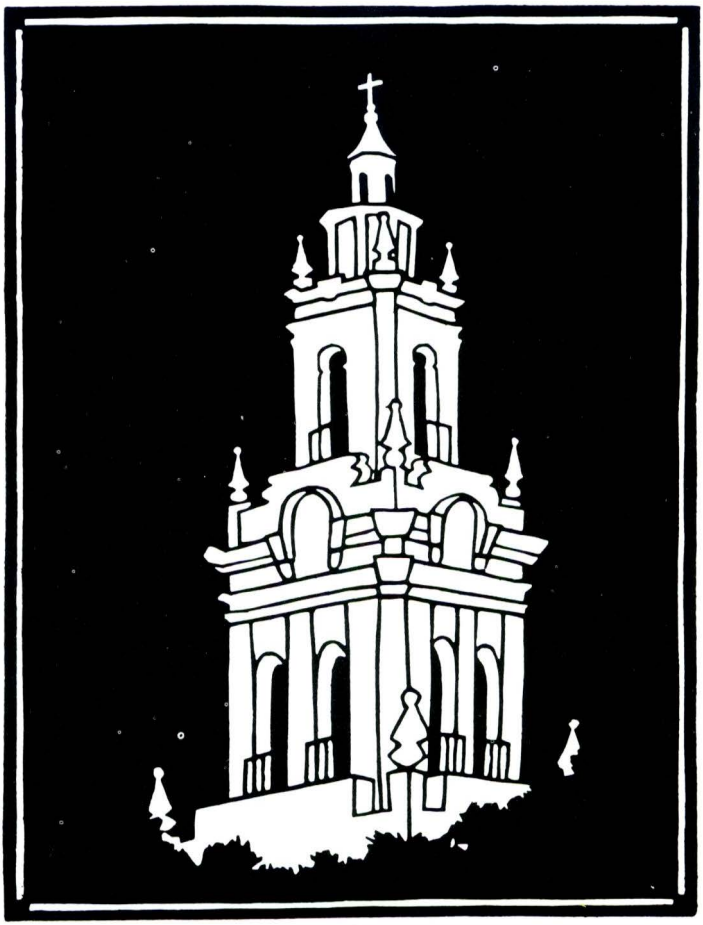
DIANE GOODMAN

RETRO

Past —
nose buried in your shoulder
blocking out the real,
I relive as much as
I can remember.
Seems a shame
every instance is not
precisely reconstructed,
its all so important,
should be
documented — the
critically pertinent
pieces of history
that create our
collective sanity.

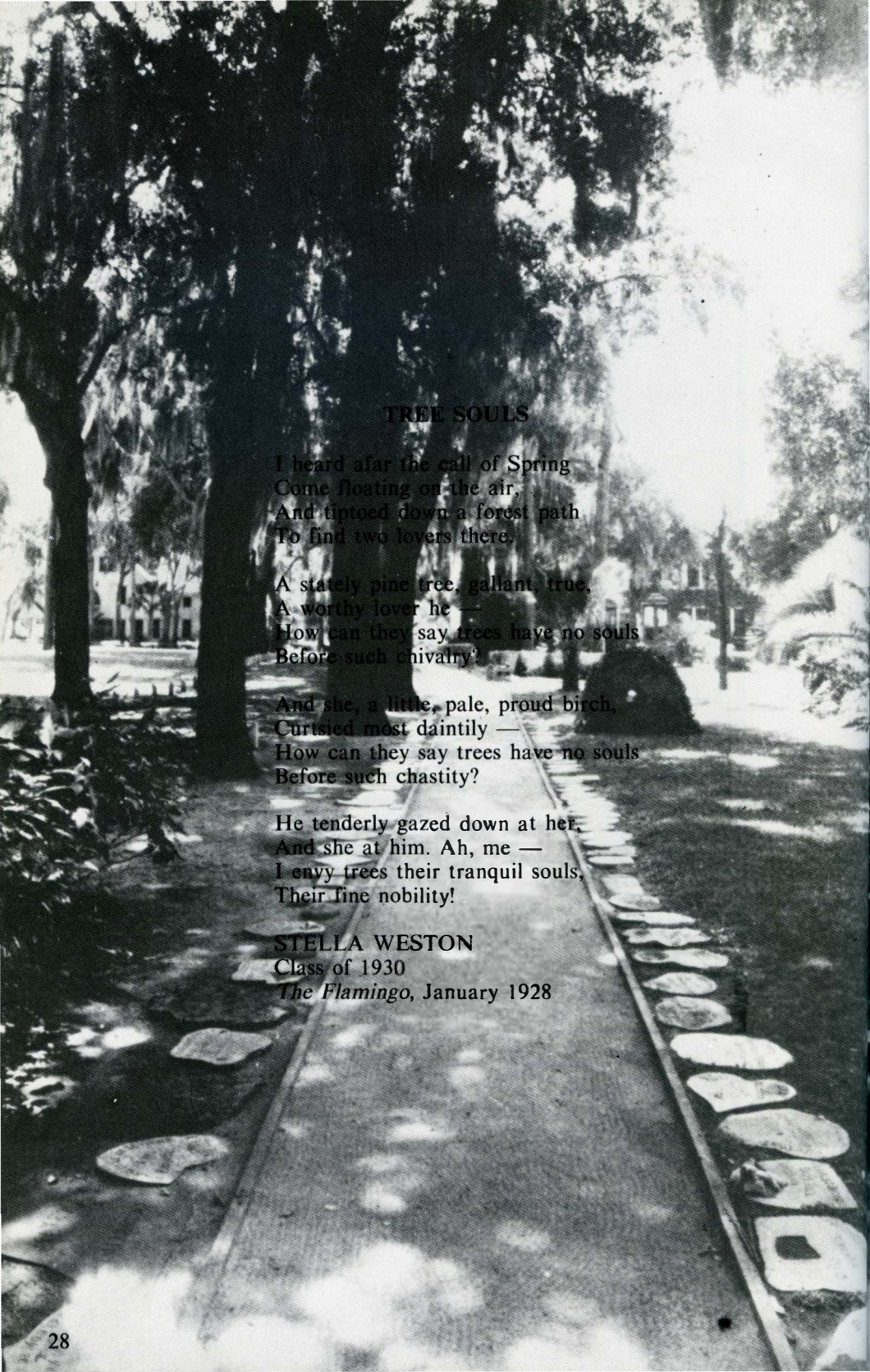
BEVERLY HORANIC

In celebration of Rollins College's approaching Centennial



ELISABET RICHARDS
Class of 1936
The Flamingo, December 1934

the following pages are a selection of poetry from its creative past.



TREE SOULS

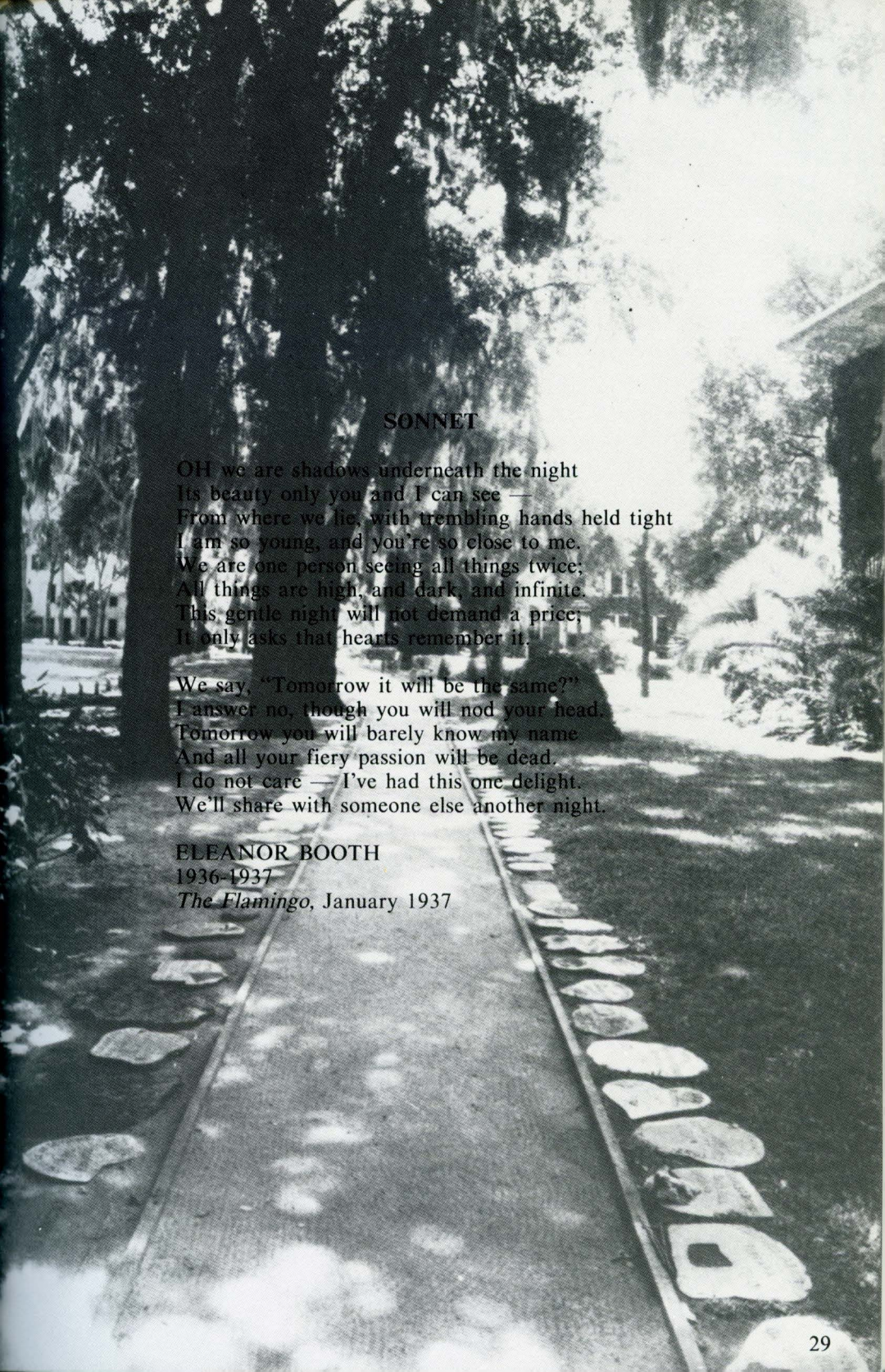
I heard afar the call of Spring
Come floating on the air,
And tiptoed down a forest path
To find two lovers there.

A stately pine tree, gallant, true,
A worthy lover he —
How can they say trees have no souls
Before such chivalry?

And she, a little, pale, proud birch,
Curtsied most daintily —
How can they say trees have no souls
Before such chastity?

He tenderly gazed down at her,
And she at him. Ah, me —
I envy trees their tranquil souls,
Their fine nobility!

STELLA WESTON
Class of 1930
The Flamingo, January 1928

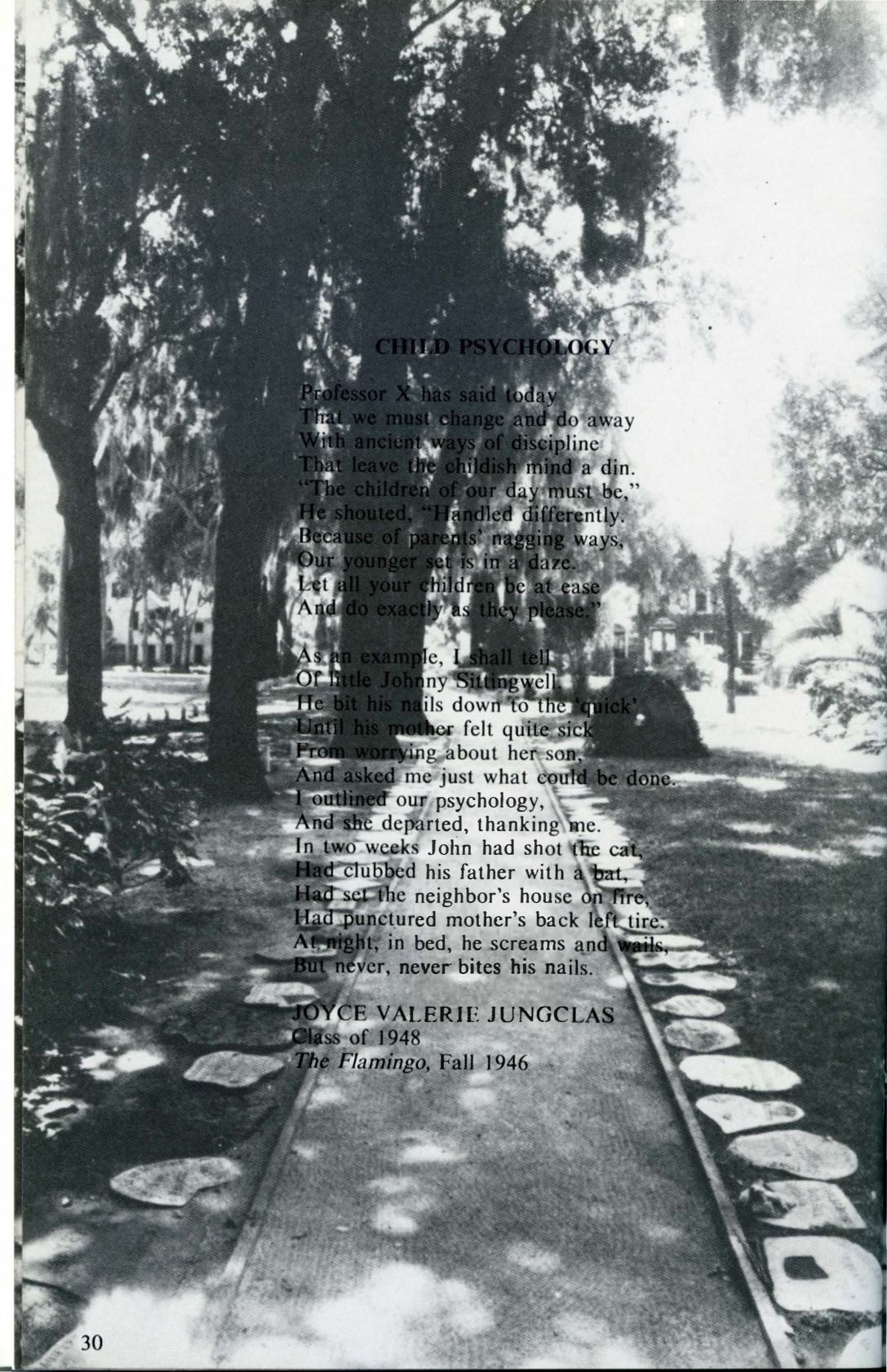


SONNET

OH we are shadows underneath the night
Its beauty only you and I can see —
From where we lie, with trembling hands held tight
I am so young, and you're so close to me.
We are one person seeing all things twice;
All things are high, and dark, and infinite.
This gentle night will not demand a price;
It only asks that hearts remember it.

We say, "Tomorrow it will be the same?"
I answer no, though you will nod your head.
Tomorrow you will barely know my name
And all your fiery passion will be dead.
I do not care — I've had this one delight.
We'll share with someone else another night.

ELEANOR BOOTH
1936-1937
The Flamingo, January 1937

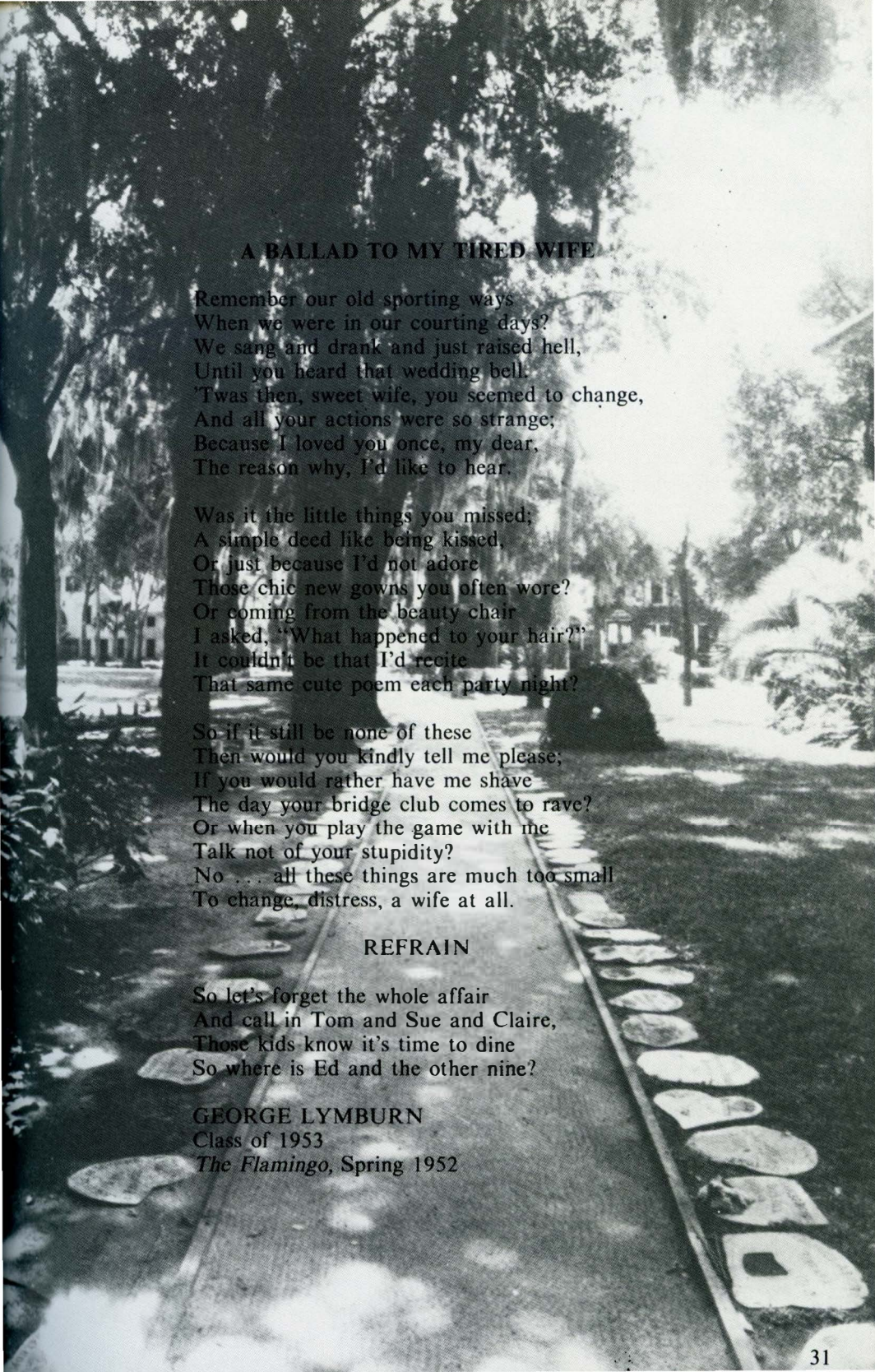


CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Professor X has said today
That we must change and do away
With ancient ways of discipline
That leave the childish mind a din.
"The children of our day must be,"
He shouted, "Handled differently.
Because of parents' nagging ways,
Our younger set is in a daze.
Let all your children be at ease
And do exactly as they please."

As an example, I shall tell
Of little Johnny Sittingwell.
He bit his nails down to the 'quick',
Until his mother felt quite sick
From worrying about her son,
And asked me just what could be done.
I outlined our psychology,
And she departed, thanking me.
In two weeks John had shot the cat,
Had clubbed his father with a bat,
Had set the neighbor's house on fire,
Had punctured mother's back left tire.
At night, in bed, he screams and wails,
But never, never bites his nails.

JOYCE VALERIE JUNGCLAS
Class of 1948
The Flamingo, Fall 1946



A BALLAD TO MY TIRED WIFE

Remember our old sporting ways
When we were in our courting days?
We sang and drank and just raised hell,
Until you heard that wedding bell.
'Twas then, sweet wife, you seemed to change,
And all your actions were so strange;
Because I loved you once, my dear,
The reason why, I'd like to hear.

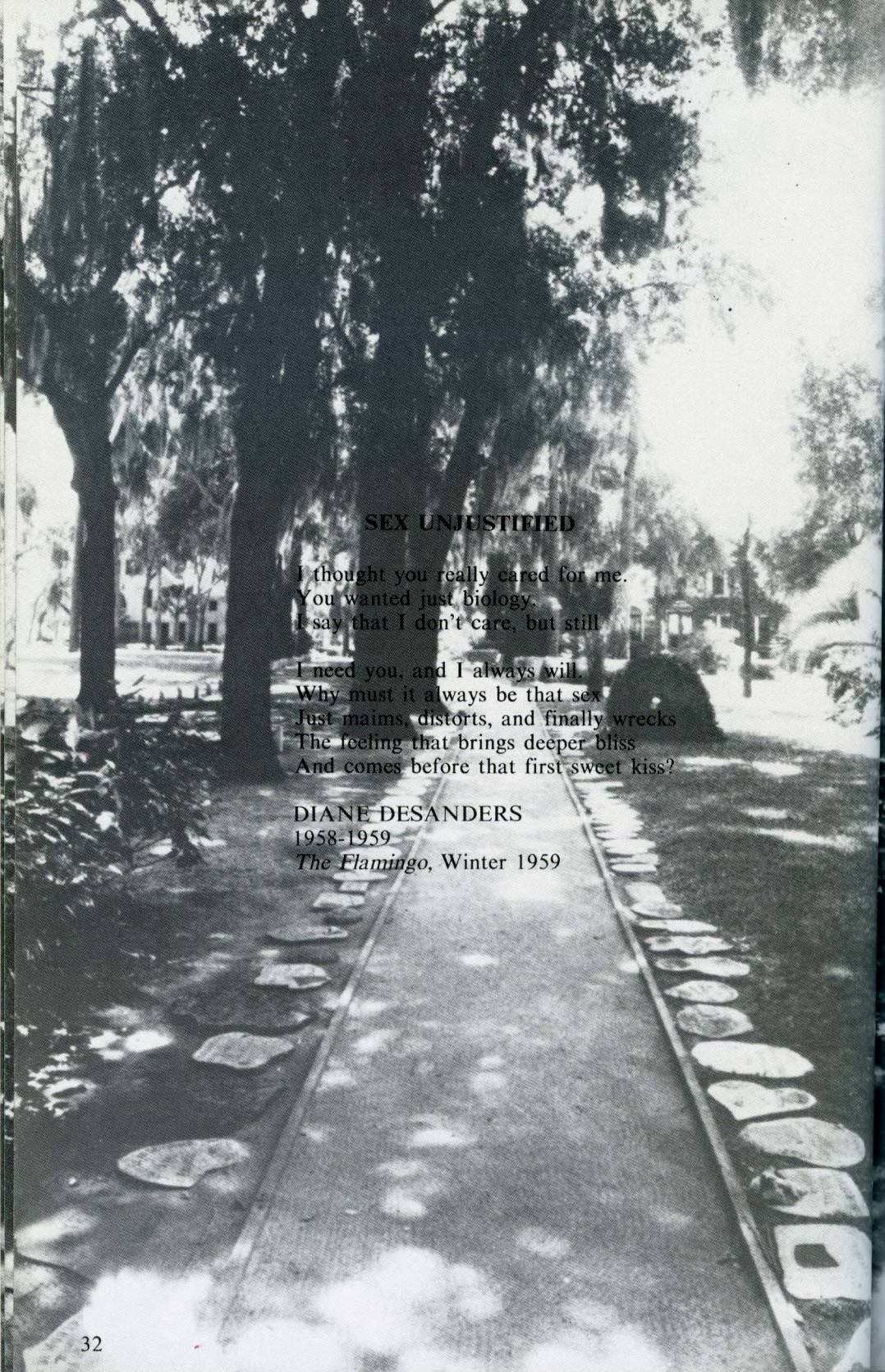
Was it the little things you missed;
A simple deed like being kissed,
Or just because I'd not adore
Those chic new gowns you often wore?
Or coming from the beauty chair
I asked, "What happened to your hair?"
It couldn't be that I'd recite
That same cute poem each party night?

So if it still be none of these
Then would you kindly tell me please;
If you would rather have me shave
The day your bridge club comes to rave?
Or when you play the game with me
Talk not of your stupidity?
No . . . all these things are much too small
To change, distress, a wife at all.

REFRAIN

So let's forget the whole affair
And call in Tom and Sue and Claire,
Those kids know it's time to dine
So where is Ed and the other nine?

GEORGE LYMBURN
Class of 1953
The Flamingo, Spring 1952

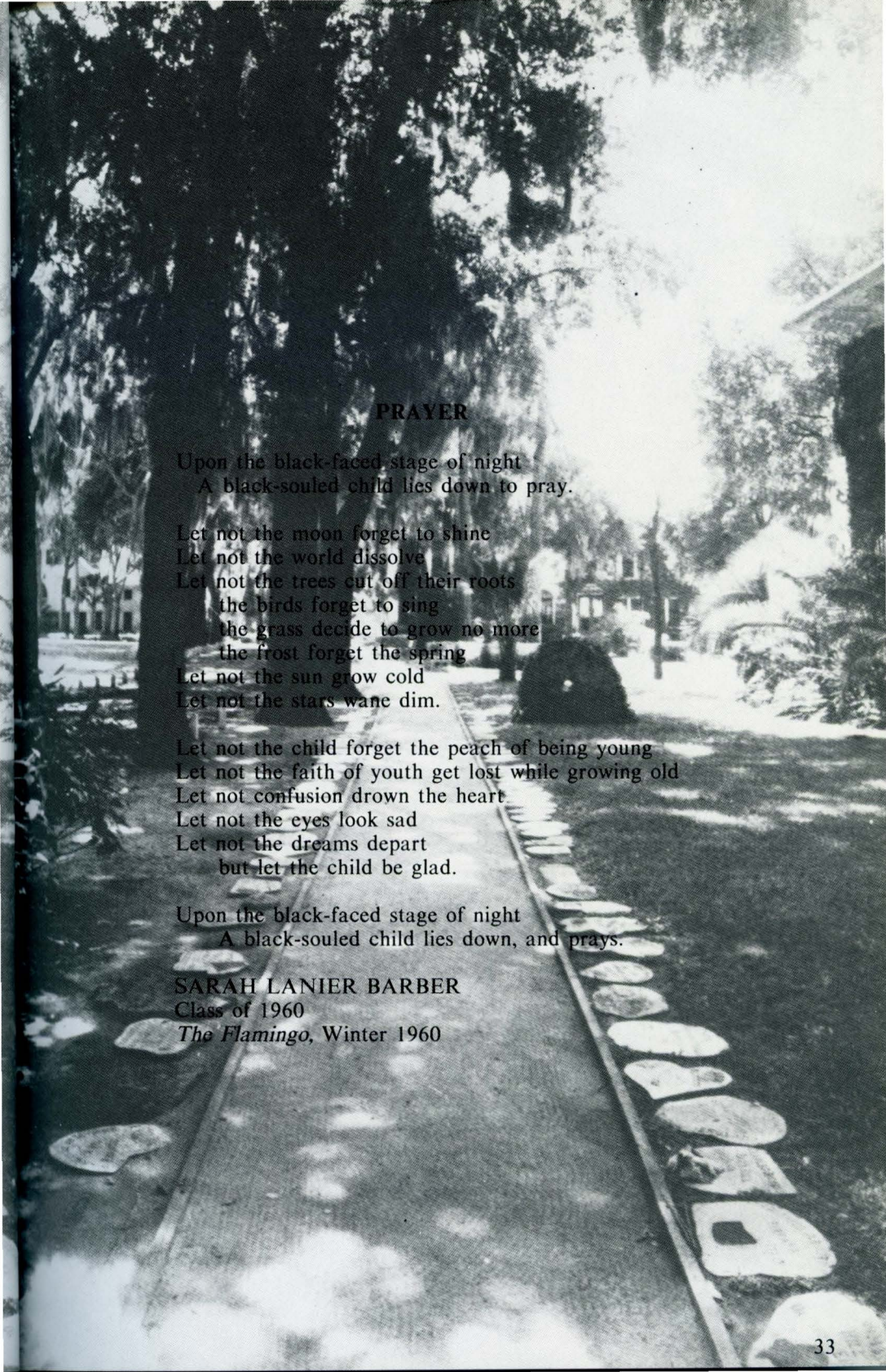


SEX UNJUSTIFIED

I thought you really cared for me.
You wanted just biology.
I say that I don't care, but still

I need you, and I always will.
Why must it always be that sex
Just maims, distorts, and finally wrecks
The feeling that brings deeper bliss
And comes before that first sweet kiss?

DIANE DESANDERS
1958-1959
The Flamingo, Winter 1959



PRAYER

Upon the black-faced stage of night
A black-souled child lies down to pray.

Let not the moon forget to shine
Let not the world dissolve
Let not the trees cut off their roots
the birds forget to sing
the grass decide to grow no more
the frost forget the spring
Let not the sun grow cold
Let not the stars wane dim.

Let not the child forget the peach of being young
Let not the faith of youth get lost while growing old
Let not confusion drown the heart
Let not the eyes look sad
Let not the dreams depart
but let the child be glad.

Upon the black-faced stage of night
A black-souled child lies down, and prays.

SARAH LANIER BARBER
Class of 1960
The Flamingo, Winter 1960

FAR AWAY HERE

Far away
were voices cryin
mumble where
I cannot

see

for I am young
no old
not old
no young
no I am
I am

free

Snicker baby
no can tell
what is it
where the matter

be

yeah I will
look and fairly
listen but why
the hell shall
tickle

me

Far away
were voices cryin
throatly pain
and nightly

plea

far away
not here
but there
no where the voices
cry is

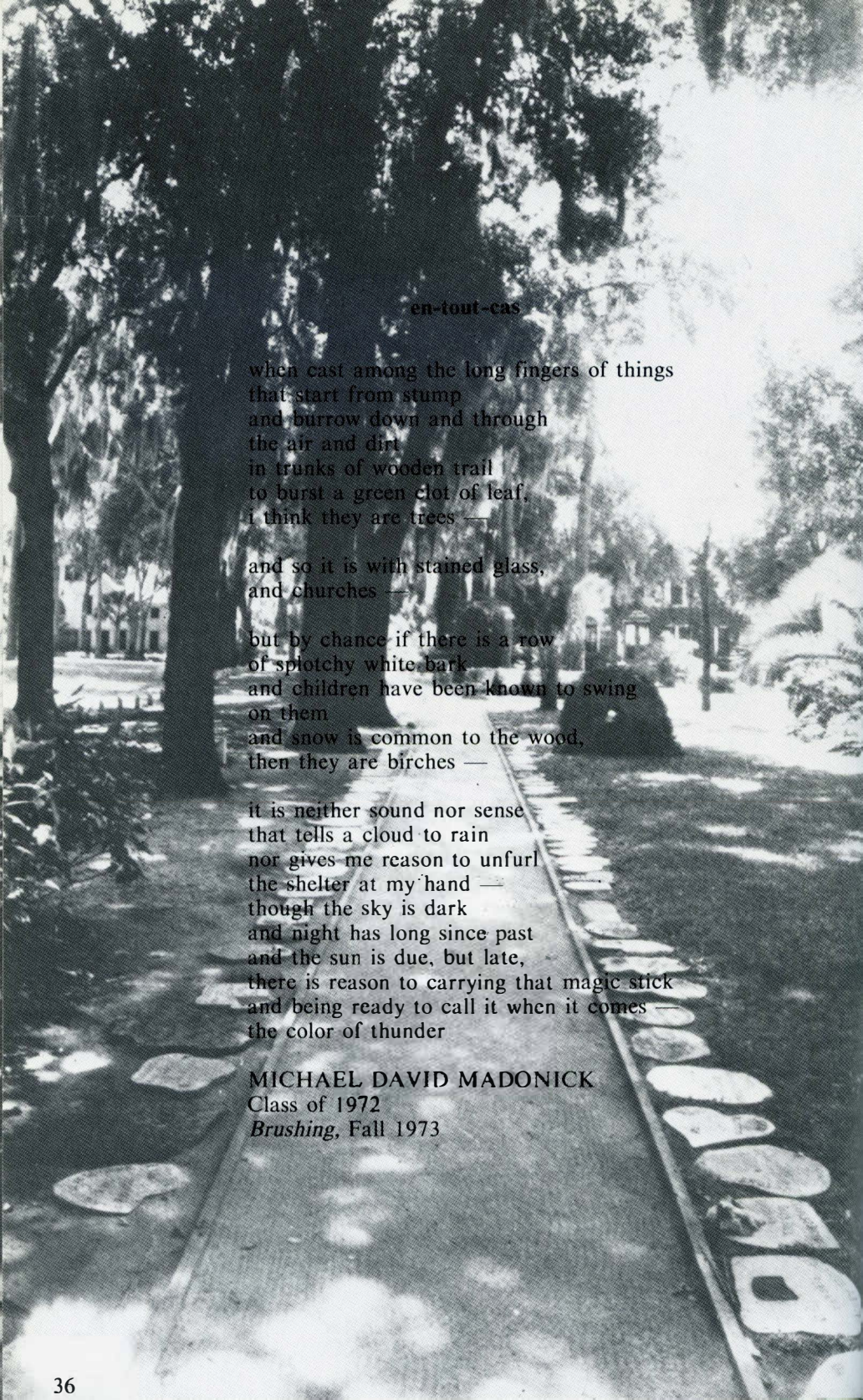
me

NONA GANDELMAN
Class of 1968
The Flamingo, Spring 1965

MY SOUL IS A CONTORTIONIST

my soul is a contortionist.
my soul is a secret laboratory where a mad scientist is at work creating weird life forms out of old dead flesh from a million lost creatures.
my soul is attics and basements where strange vermin scurry up and down stairs and behind walls groaning and gnawing.
my soul is a high-tension electric wire complete with transformers, insulation, 'danger keep out' signs, and a little lame man sitting by the 'on-off' switch.
my soul is god playing cowboys and indians with himself.
my soul is the linkin' tunnel, the gorge washington bridge, the static island ferry, and other connectors of shores over and under.
my soul is a gordian knot.
my soul is a three-ring circus without spectators.
my soul is a fabulous lost diamond mine deep in the jungle for which there is only half a map, and thirty-three safaris spent half of last year stumbling around swamps with sextants and compasses and natives and bundles and tents and rifles just trying to find it, while one poor s.o.b. traveling all by himself stumbled onto it entirely by accident, but was cut off by a landslide and died just inside the shaft clutching fistfuls of jewels.
my soul is a continual orgasm between day and night.
my soul is the millenium of sunsets perfectly realized on bad-grained film in a penny arcade.
my soul is a psychiatrist's paradise lost.
my soul is a galaxy the astronomer computed the position of and is still looking for.
my soul is a waterfall off the world's highest mountain which most emphatically ain't everest.
my soul is a butterfly collector with baggy pants chasing an F-100.
my soul is a lightweight high flying aircraft with rubber-band motor stretched to the breaking point.
my soul is a typewriter with half the keys missing.
my soul is a mouthful of feathers.
my soul is a very deceptive and scalding ice cube.
my soul is a grandfather time bomb running two hours slow.
my soul is a fly-propelled garage truck gathering the refuse of heaven and hell.
o my soul, get thee hence, thou art a constant torment,
my soul, yet i love thee, you're all i really got.

— C . . .
The Flamingo, Fall 1966



en-tout-cas

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

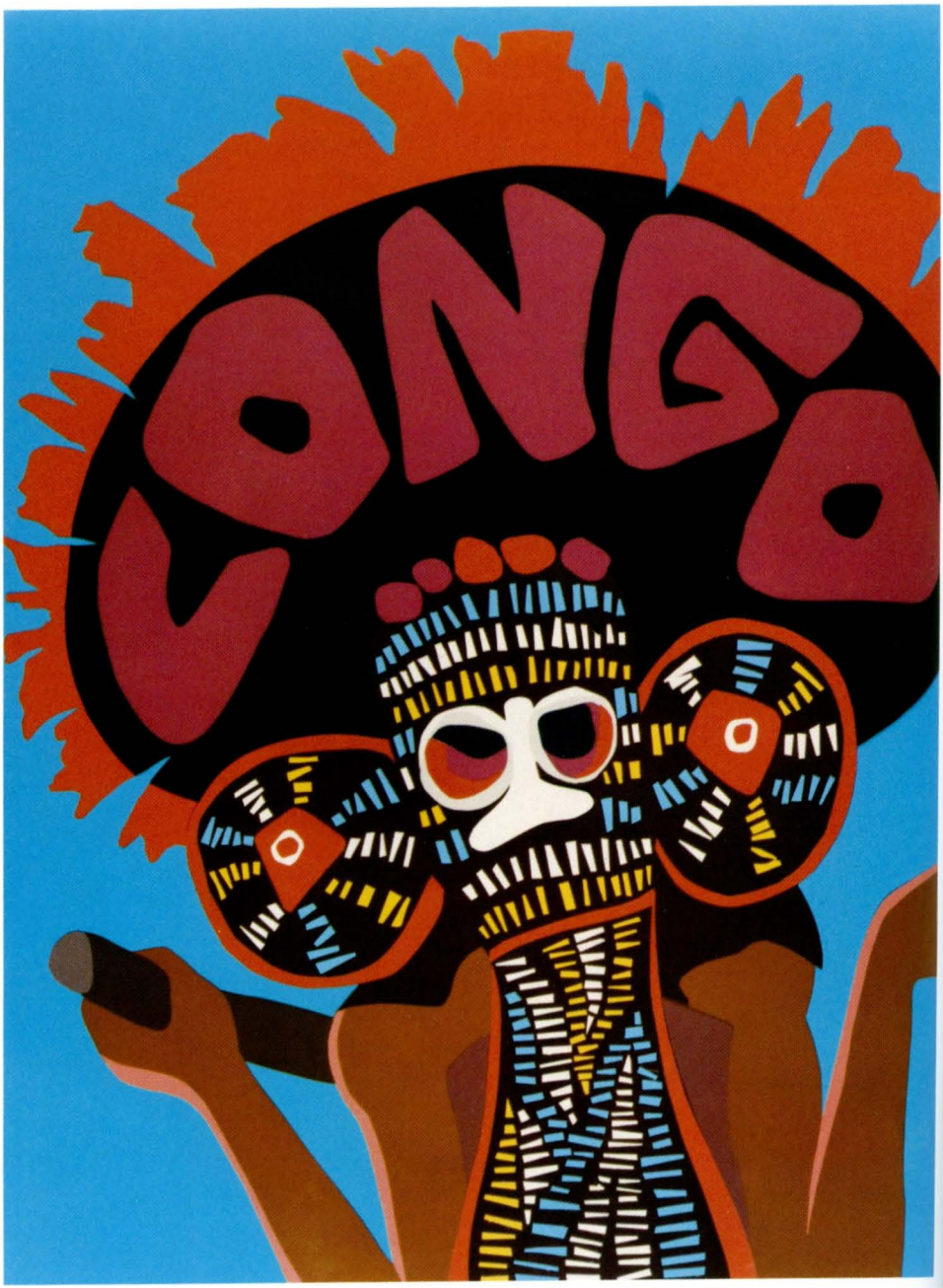
and so it is with stained glass,
and churches —

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

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

MICHAEL DAVID MADONICK
Class of 1972
Brushing, Fall 1973

DENIS BOURGUIGNON



PIPPA BOYD

BIRTH/DEATH

santuary silence
sheltered from the outer world
full
of the carnal destruction that
created me
I am immune.
no future no past
suspended in the warm inner womb
I am immune.

Why fight
for the thick-skulled savages that live
in cave cities?
They
who screw the sacraments
would let an unlived life go
Unnoticed

Through the umbilical cord of death
into my only home on earth
I am sucked in to the vacuum
world of the unborn

I have a smile on my unformed face.

LAUREN B. NAGEL

I bought a ticket to this place
(what an expensive ticket)
it was a ticket to see people age

Got a good seat with a straight hard back
and I can watch the machines go
clickety clack clackety click
office animation

Nobody said your dollar's worth
was going to be doled out in excitement
or even pleasure
It is, instead, doled out in pieces
of the American dream
A small manilla envelope
with your name and number
stamped in the upper right hand corner

For a week each year I get away
buy another ticket to another fleeting event
I pretend that I am not the holder
of the other stub

but I am you know

It never says what event this is for
Long distance monotony
or the fifteen minute coffee break
fifty meters away

Funny thing about these tickets, though
there's no resale value

lmw

PIPPA BOYD

TRUTH UNDER THE SOFA CUSHIONS

BUMP! SSSHHHZZZ . . . CLINK! OUCH! and my father, distracted by these sounds, lowered the newspaper from in front of his face and eyed me disapprovingly over the reading glasses perched at the end of his nose. BUMP! and my shin collided with the coffee table. SSSHHHZZZ and the ceramic ashtray, set into motion as the table absorbed the shock of my shin, slid almost frictionless across the polished surface and . . . CLINK! collided in turn with the imitation antique Chinese vase, in which limped an ill-arranged bouquet of faded silk flowers (rustling and querying softly, but only Tashi, our cocker spaniel, had keen enough hearing to understand their question, and she lifted her shaggy head from her front paws and whined an appropriate answer). OUCH! I yelped, unable to contain my exclamation of pain.

My father watched silently as I limped through the darkened living room to the couch, sat down and pulled up my pant leg to examine the damage. I knew that my father had managed to establish a still pool of contemplation in the quiet room, and that my noisy entrance had interrupted him with the suddenness and impoliteness of children stomping through puddles. "I'm sorry that I disturbed you, Dad," I apologized, adding, "I was looking for something."

Square mouth open, the old black and white television soundlessly sang wet blueish light, splashing us both with a symphony of melodious dims and harmonious brights. I sighed in frustration: I was looking for my glasses, but I couldn't see well enough without them to be able to find them. I sighed, and my father asked, "What are you looking for?"

Rubbing my shin and thinking how unfair it was that I could see only a soft and fuzzy reality yet still had to experience all the pointy corners and sharp edges, I didn't

even try to contain my smart-ass reply. "Truth," I said, qualifying this answer with, "the capital T kind."

"Look under the sofa cushions," my father advised.

I quickly glanced over at him, expecting to find drops of sarcasm collecting at the corners of his mouth, ready to overflow in a smirk, but he stared calmly back at me, his expression serious. So I stood up and lifted all three cushions and looked underneath.

"Nothing here, Dad."

"Truth was there just the other day," he assured me, and then explained, "I lifted one of the cushions looking for my car keys, and I found three nickles and two pennies, a cellophane-wrapped peppermint candy, a crushed pretzel, and Truth — the capital T kind."

I sat back down and asked, "Whatdya think happened to the Truth, Dad?"

"Maybe your mother vacuumed underneath the cushions this weekend," he offered, then suggested, "Sift through the contents of the vacuum cleaner bag."

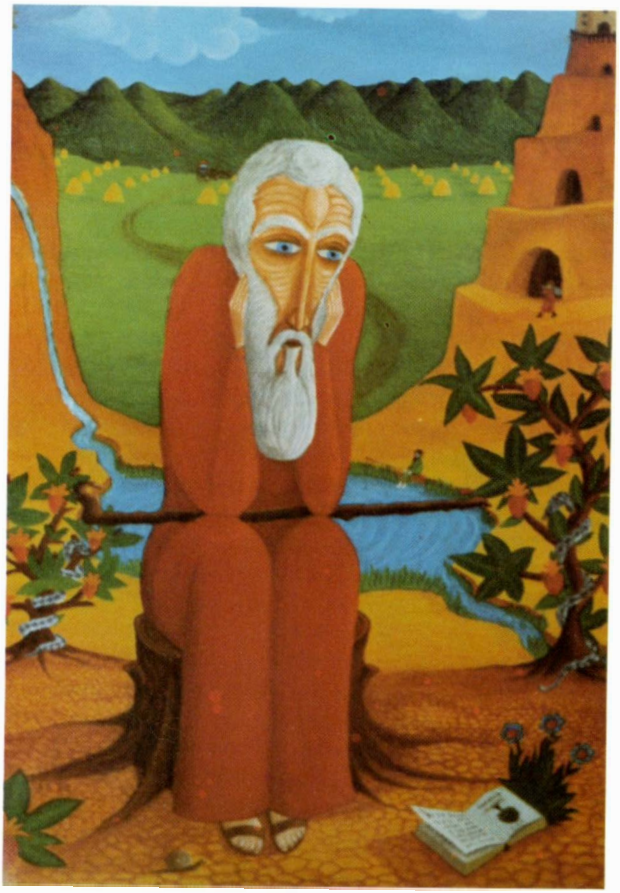
But I couldn't poke through the lint and dog hairs and dead bugs, not even for Truth. I'd start sneezing, certainly. "I don't suppose you've seen my glasses, have you?"

"They're in the refrigerator, next to the cream cheese. Your mother thought that you'd find them there the easiest, since you drink so much orange juice."

My parents' logic! I asked, "Would Mom also have put Truth in there? To keep it fresh?"

"Of course not," my father replied. "Truth doesn't spoil."

ROBIN SIMMONS



ALEXANDER BOGUSLAWSKI

BEFORE THE BENCH, 1864

The day
after Gala
and Fanny Hanson, wobbly grogged,
is up before the Bench
charged with burglariously breaking into
the Station Master's
house.

Nosegays,
phials of salts
dispel her fish-gutting-shed stench.
Blained and carbuncular
she hugs her wrap of rags then blabs, yammers
incoherently:
hawks.

She is
declared insane;
on Monday conveyed to Lincoln.
the asylum whose inmates blench
when oak doors slam out light. Her life is doused,
a tallow candle,
snuffed.

WES MAGEE

SOME VISUAL DISPLAYS CONCERNING PEOPLE AND FINCHES

It was a tease, this tag end
the mind threw up much later

that on the other side of town
another summer had waited;

All that was built up from the one,
well-made as a nest of vines and grasses, rushed

off in gulps of snow and water along
the Creek to Beebee Lake and crashed

over the Falls, in front of people;
All winter the goldfinch quietly reminisced

over the summer's voluptuous chichory,
All winter the swallows flew in and out

of the ragged eyes of the old barn
on Graham Road: sometimes

they hunched in a line of v's along wires
or shook up a bunch of dried teasel;

even she, wary of display
leaned into a handful of images

and trailed her summer skirts like gold feathers
over winter;

If it could be told from birds
what was promised after spring plumage and

that *deep-loop-flight* that dizzies watchers,
why not expect at least a fragment

of a former order: the mind would
sing summer in terms of summer if birds

flew naked, not hear the *sweet-call*
given softly to signal danger; only

see the carmine-colored finches, more sedate
than gold, tip the thistle

or, almost black, streak past a window

JEAN WEST

sleep spot
  plush
and beckoning
my chair
never does
homework

solitary yellow
in your well of water
preparing for
a painless death
of curled green

well hello
aren't you and I
a lonely thing
sprig-snapped
tender saplings
bleeding at the touch
aren't you and I
a lonely thing

lmw

PIPPA BOYD

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

You arrived,
struggling and crying
already fighting —
though you knew not
what or who.

But the world
will teach you,
tempt away your
newborn innocence,
show you

Like those before you
that each inspiration
brings you
one breath closer
to expiration.

DAWN PICOTTE

PIPPA BOYD

In a local high school, a teacher pulled a trigonometry book out of a waste basket. Opening it, a slip of paper fluttered out, and he read:

Fear of Loving
by
Sonny Jackson

Don't shine your teeth at me, Honky,
Your don't-care, hate-hiding smile.
If we were all born blind man,
Or without skin, man,
Then who'd you be better than?

When you fly to outer space
And find still another race,
Will you have enough hate, man,
To fill the universe?

Your hate is only fear, man,
To turn your loving loose.
That A-bomb in your heart, man,
Just blows your Godly use.

So, don't look up at the sky, man.
Look your brother in the eye, man.
That's high enough.

* * * * *

Sonny Jackson is a teenage character in a novel waiting to be published. He lived in Harlem in the sixties.

WILLIAM HOFFINGER

JEFFREY LOCKETT

FALSE VILLANELLE

Less than what I say is true
I keep always in my left fist
some of the truth to hold onto

I butter it up to chew
knowing full well spoken kissed
less than what I say is true

Intent on flying I flew
not telling a soul until I was missed
The years months seconds are so few

Yet I proceed to excessively review
the moment Alas lost in the mist
less than what I say is true

Oh if only I knew
whether telling only the gist
would evoke a palatable hue

or provoke night to ensue
Night is the wrist
of morning and morning a clue
Less than what I say is true.

JOHN CURLEY

PIPPA BOYD

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER VENUS

Even with the driver's seat pushed all the way back, his legs jacknife under the steering wheel. He adjusts the rearview mirror inspecting his face at the same time. His tongue flicks across his teeth, he smiles a toothy grimace then twists his upper lip right and left for a quick nose check while he backs the car out of the garage.

"Have we got everything?" he asks.

"Yup." I have to laugh.

"What's so funny?"

" 'Have we got everything' now means a towel, a book and a bottle of sun-tan lotion. It used to mean a play-pen and bottles for you, an umbrella, chairs, a football for your big brothers and an ice-chest full of food."

"The good old days, huh?"

"Not necessarily, I like it this way."

We drive under the palm trees on our street heading for the Interstate. The azaleas on the lawns bloom all shades of pink and red and purple and the smell of orange blossoms is so strong it tickles the back of my throat. We slow down almost to a stop.

"Did you forget something?" I ask.

"I forgot how beautiful it is here. It's hard to believe that yesterday morning the trees outside my dorm groaned so loud under the ice the noise woke me up. I haven't seen grass for months . . ." He sweeps a panorama with his hand ". . . and all this is too much too fast." He holds his arm next to mine, "Gees, am I pale." The stems of his gold rimmed glasses hide under his brown hair which blinks red in the sunshine.

A semi roars past us as we speed onto the Interstate. I brake with my hand on the dashboard, my intake of breath is acknowledged by a menacing glare. 'Sorry," I say. "I forget you're no longer a child."

That was true. Since most of his maturing was accomplished away from home, it's still a novelty for us to be together as adults. We nudge each other, not too gently sometimes, into our new situation.

He wants me to like his music, which I try to do and do in time. I'm finally appreciating the Beatles. In deference to my tastes he lifts weights to the 1812 Overture. He calls me "Buffie" when I combine blazer and oxford-weave shirt with loafers. I remind him some of us dressed that way in the forties before the look was called Preppie. I try to hold back on the dumb-mother-remarks and he refrains from commenting when I can't remember his name.

That's where we are together, mother and son, as we drive to the beach. We like each other.

"If any of the guys were available," he says, "I wouldn't be going to the beach with you."

"If you weren't home," I reply, "I'd be going with my friends." We both get the message. We're honest with each other too. At the beach, he sets his towel apart from mine. I understand. Who wants to "ogle chicks" sitting next to Mother? Molding the sand to my proportions, I stretch out and begin reading. At the angle I'm lying I can watch his face over my sunglasses. The skin beneath his eyes is transparent with dark circles showing through. He looks so tired. How much is from studying all night and how much from late-night parties? I wonder if he isn't carrying too big a load going for a double major. An ocean breeze flips the pages of my book. While I'm hunting for my place, I catch him looking at me and I know he is searching my face for a sign of loneliness in my new life-style. He should know by now I'm doing okay and moving on.

"Your legs aren't bad for an old lady," he says and waits for my reaction. When none is forthcoming he picks up his volume of Nietzsche, hoping to get a little ahead for next semester.

With the waves detonating and tourists attracting flocks of gulls with bread and the traffic on the beach, I don't know how he can tell when a girl walks by. Some kind of viseral bell must sound, for he looks up at every covey that passes. The way he looks at them is so degrading I could kick sand in his face. His eyes betray his fantasies. I stare at my book, not wanting to intrude upon his crassness or admit to myself I see it in him. Besides, as a mother, I'm not supposed to know about sexuality. Then I look at the girls and realize he's reacting very normally. What kind of vitamins did my generation take to produce such pulchritude? String bikinis bob, bounce, wobble and flaunt. Most of the girls are adorable; casual, tanned, hair blowing free. Others are so conscious of themselves their beauty has lost its softness. Their awareness hardens it into vulgarity. The response they elicit is the only one to which they are appealing. No wonder the boys play football on the beach.

My son stands up and adjusts his swimming trunks the way men do. " 'you want a coke or a chili-dog or anything?" he asks.

"Naw, I'll get something later, thanks." The last threads of the umbilical cord zing taut as he walks to the hot-dog stand. I wish I could let go. He must be measuring the bore of my stare on his back.

We've stayed at the beach a long time. The sun has lost its bite. The few remaining families shake their towels low to the sand from experience. The gulls strut impatiently at the ocean's rim. Several retired couples walk the ebbing tide in rolled-up street clothes.

"Come on, Ma," my son says, toeing me out of my somnolence. "Let's move it."

The dried salt stings our burnt skin. We're edgy with each other. We both feel the strain of the generation gap. That's where we are together when we first see her.

What is *this?* our shared glance questions as we follow her family toward the beach ramp. From a distance she appears to be an adult clad only in white briefs. Her carriage and demeanor belie youth. We almost catch up to them at the steps where she waits, letting her parents go first. We aren't close enough to distinguish their accent. They are speaking softly in a European tongue.

Our cars are side-by-side on the parking lot. Theirs is in the way of my son's opening our car door, so he waits near the trunk. I linger at the passenger's side. She stands between the cars, still dripping, having just emerged from the sea.

She steps out of her wet shorts. Her stance is that of a young gymnast awaiting her cue; head high, shoulders back, arms hanging loosely away from her body, feet apart. Wet ringlets frame her face. Eyelashes, all tangled together, brush alternately her cheeks and eyelids as she patiently watches her mother's search for dry clothes. Her development hasn't reached the full-breasted stage, but more tantilizing are the pink buds promising future bloom. An even tan extends along her torso, stopping just above a white mound lightly feathered with golden hair.

She is femininity at its best, neither submissive nor brash. The sensuousness of her innocence is awesome and my son is hit by the full impact of it. His eyes, drained of all pretense, watch her as unashamedly as she stands before him. The tiny images of her in the irises of his eyes slip one foot and then another into dry pants, little girl pants, white batiste with eyelet trim, pulling them over her rounding hips. The sun highlights a swirling pattern of hair on her satin back.

She evokes in him all that is fine and majestic in a male. He is, at that moment, man the protector. For what she represents he could launch a thousand ships.

He sits behind the wheel of our car, his thoughts far, far away. I hesitate to interrupt but the scorching seat is burning my legs where the sun-tan oil wore thin. "Lovely, wasn't she?" I ask.

He clears his throat and swallows. "Yes, she was lovely," he answers, speaking barely above a whisper.

We smile at each other in a way we've never done before. He pops selector buttons on the dashboard in rapid succession.

"There isn't a decent rock station down here," he says.

"This isn't Chicago, you know."

"Tell me about it."

ELINOR CLEVELAND SULLIVAN

KARYN HANSON

ALEXANDER BOGUSLAWSKI

FLOWERS

Now, the movement is imperceptible —
  billowed into night-light lit sheets
legs covering flowers.
  Oh, not that it wasn't
  both of them trying
in desparation to
  disassemble the vast array
  of flowers on
  blood-colored
  rose-covered
  sheets —

Wasn't her losing herself in the
  night-time oblivion
  brought on by mechanical melody
  or the infinite finality of
  "tonight —"
Wasn't him hanging his pants
  on the bedpost
feeling what he knew he would feel
that brought them through the flowers
to this stillness. No

Only moments ago movement
simply began.

BEVERLY HORANIC

KAREN MURPHY

KAREN MURPHY

SONNET FOR DR. SER

When passing by your office at midday,
I see the vacant stillness of that place,
Observe your papers, books in disarray.
They crowd their shelves; you've not the smallest space
For one book more. They tumble down, they fall.
Arranged in rows, these ends of dreams and tears,
Collected brief experiences all.
These books of yours define, refine your years.
Unfinished lines, the fragments of a joke
Are echoes of your exit just before
I stood within your ring of exhaled smoke,
Then turned to peer around your half-closed door.
You're gone; I hear the phone's insistent ring.
Your absence is a solid, present thing.

CAROL KANAR

WILLIAM LOVING

CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

ALEXANDER BOGUSLAWSKI — As you can see, there is life after teaching Russian. For me, painting is the most wonderful way to relax and to enter imaginary worlds. By the way, please, do not try to interpret my works according to the theories of the witch doctor from Vienna!

DENIS BOURGUIGNON — How can we expect to have peace between nations when we can't even have peace between religions?

PIPPA BOYD agrees with Browning . . .

God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

AMY FIEDLING, *Brushing's* token Greek, buys her friends.

VIRGINIA FREDERICKS — "Knowledge makes arrogant, but love edifies" — I Corinthian 8:1

KAREN HANSON — How can you judge you're not good enough until you've done the next one?

WILLIAM HOFFINGER — Just stompin' around on my bit of eternity.

NANCY HOFFMAN — After nine years with the English Department, Nancy has switched from academia to administration to become Assistant to Warren Johnson, Vice President for Development.

BEVERLY HORANIC — "spirits are using me."

WES MAGEE — Visiting Cole Scholar from England, U.K. Most recent volume of poems — "A Dark Age" — was published by Blackstaff, in 1982.

ALAN NORDSTROM, who teaches English at Rollins, is currently translating from Seminole into Latin the ancient epic tale *The Rollinsiad,* in time for the Centennial.

DAWN PICOTTE — "Today I don't want to live for, I want to live." — Hugh Prathar in *Notes to Myself*

MOHAMED RAWAHY — I am not worried about the answers, because I'm still trying to understand the questions.

ROBIN SIMMONS — I would like to thank Dr. Ser for teaching me the value of hugs — not the most intellectual thing I've learned these past four years, but certainly the most rewarding.

ROY STARLING is convinced that his "Outworn Eyes," a sweet portrait, was written to cover up some evil, as usual.

ELINOR CLEVELAND SULLIVAN — *Brushing* is a beautiful publication and I consider it an honor to be represented here.

OLGA VISO — "Stay creatively uncomplicated." — D.M.D.

lmw — "It is ridiculous/what airs we put on/to seem profound/while our hearts/gasp dying/for want of love." — William Carlos Williams

JEAN WEST — Professor of English, bird-watcher.

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