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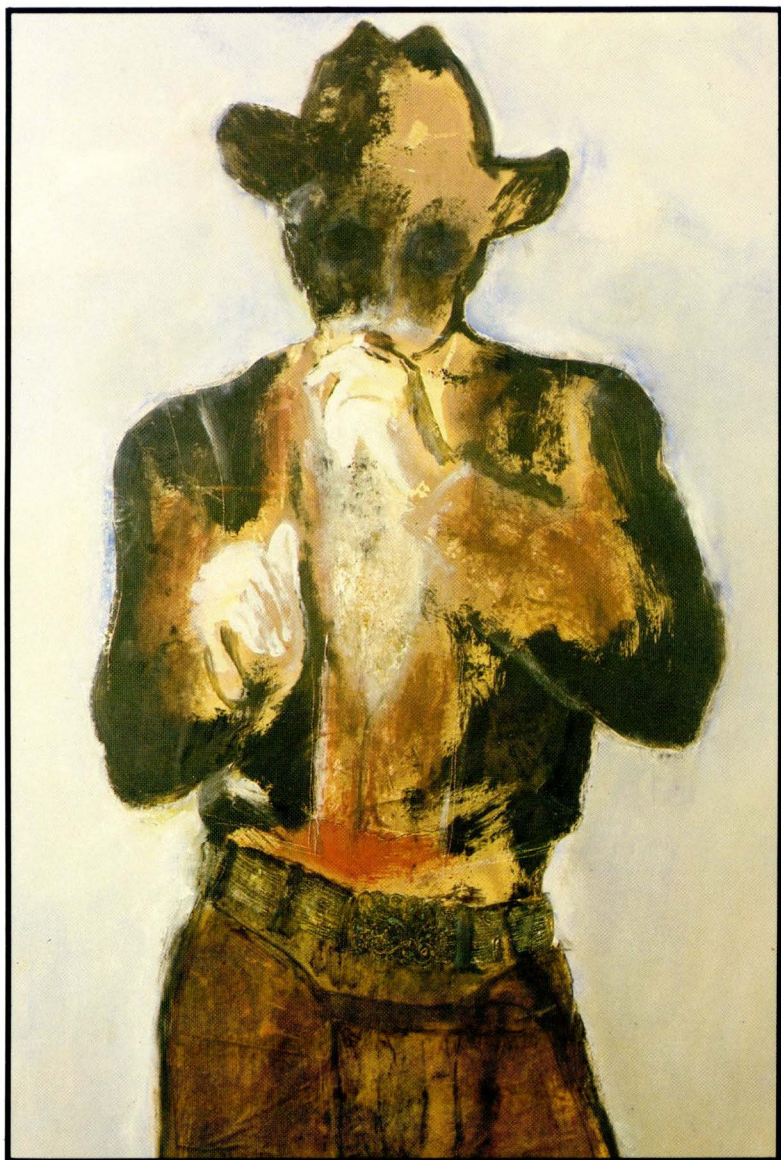
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BRUSHING



BRUSHING

SPRING 1986

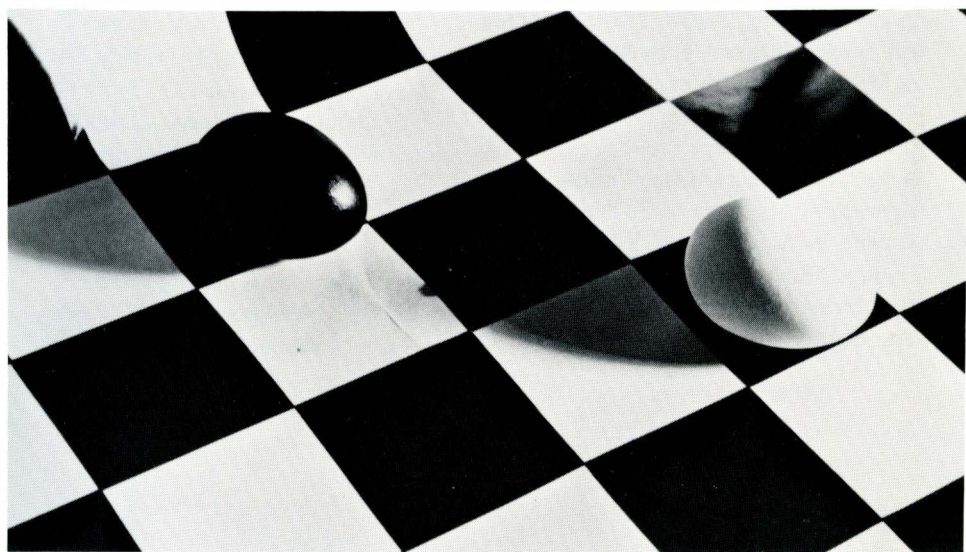


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**It is this, only this,
that matters. That
we should try.**

— Editors



OLGA VISO

MUNICH

In 1949, when I was five, we went to Munich.
They sent us on a freighter,
across the ocean to join my father;
who's plane had earlier
bombed the same city
it was now his duty to protect.
And I remember stormy seas
and a crying baby
and the sound of breaking glass
as baby bottles rolled and crashed against the wall
and broke as waves battered the ship.
And I think the journey foretold
what was ahead.

It's hard to tell exactly how you know
things are wrong;
but children always do.
It could have been the heavy
post war air that hung around
the house like stale Nazi breath.
Or a precise quietness broken by
the muffled sounds of tears and angry words.
Or the tightness on my father's face.

But first, there was a glass brittle haze in the air.
And then, my already soul-less mother
ebbed further away
And a dank grey color seeped into our house
as the bright sparkle went out of my
father's eyes.
And the fever that burned away my sisters mind;
took away my parents hearts.

And in a country ripped apart by war,
It seemed natural.
That a house absorbed with illness
would be filled with death instead of life.
So my mother took me to death camps
while other children went to the circus.
And as the smell of Nazi Germany
laid heavily in the air
My sister lay lifelessly in her crib.

But there, in Bavaria
I learned that out of the same earth
scarred by war;
a simple wildflower retained the will to grow;
and beyond the city rubble,
the Alps remained
And it was there in Munich that I learned
that it was easier to rebuild a city
than to repair a shattered life.

But children have a sense of these things,
And as I learned a lesson survival,
I learned that life goes on.
And it was here that a piece of my soul became Jewish.
And I learned that ashes precede resurrection.
And that some things can never
be replaced.
Like the endless longing
for one more glimpse
at the brightness of my father's blue, blue eyes.

D. SUZANNE GROTH



DENIS BOURGUIGNON

Down winding cobblestone streets
Venues masqued by crowds and noise
Mythological Alpine retreats
Smoke curls upward through the silence of the sky
 delightful cinematic images
 shattered by a cacophany of synchronous glitches
Do they hide ? Or do we look without seeing?
 Tucked inside a trenchcoat or Italian silk
If they talk, do we hear without listening?
 Some cryptographic puzzle or "See Spot Run"

Watch Them . . . Watch Us . . . Keep Watching . . .

Time rushes past and life is normal
Blind to the fourth dimension
The covert invasion continues
 Hammering out a path among secret patriots

Nameless . . .
Numberless . . .
They march on forever
 with a glimmer of hope
 squirreled away inside the trenchcoat lining

TERRY YOUNG

10/28/85

And I know I may be ridiculous,
but pain is often incongruous to reality:
and I'm watching without leave
from two tables away
your fallen grace
as you smoke remotely
like a sulky prince
negligently possessing the pushed-back chair
never looking around,
flicking ashes backhand.

CATHY COLLINS

NOSTALGIA

Times were

Every Monday was just to do the washin'.
Mom saved the ole ringer "just in case,"
But we sure were proud of the new automatic.
We bubbled up Argo Startch
And dripped in Little Boy Blue'n
While sheets were flipping in the breeze

Back when

We were growing' up.

Seems like

We had more fun than kids do now.
We didn't get away with much sassin'.
There were the Little Rascals and Howdy Doody
And oh, how the whole house smelled so good
When Mom's apple pies were bakin'.
Our family ate together at six o'clock

Back when

We were growing up.

KAREN SLATER

THE ROLLINS CENTENNIAL POEM

by Laurel J. Stalder '83

BECOMING LIGHT

*It doesn't seem a hundred years
these hallowed halls have uttered knowledge.*

*Fresh bound books crackle as lain open
by a commencing freshman class -
A hundred times.*

*Athletes jog along strong campus oaks.
Tars fans rally in support.
A ball is thrown, caught.
A game is won.
A hundred seasons pass.*

*The scientist, philosopher, musician exchange a thought.
Dancers lead Park Avenue parades.
The artist strokes a canvas with shades of Cornell.
A hundred shades.*

*Russell, Holt and Rex Beach have left
footprints in the theatre, behind a dorm,
down the walk of fame,
where once we walked.*

There is an echo of us all within this place.

*Among these buildings, we walk,
beside quiet Lake Virginia,
surrounded by resounding bells of Knowles.
Mingling with shades of Rollins
And a hundred years becoming light.*





OLGA VISO

Olga Viso
2005

SHINING STARS

I'll sing you a song
of shining stars
that light up the midnight sky,
of silver swans at the dawn
waving their feathers to fly.
of a butterfly with careless wings
obsessed in its flight,
of a rising sunset, flowing with colors
just before its light.

I'll tell you a story
of brown leaves
blowing from the trees,
of a whistling sound
coming from the afternoon breeze,
of jingle bells, in the background
while snowflakes fall from the sky,
of fluffy, white clouds forming pictures
of things
way up in the sky.

I'll read you a poem
of the sun
casting beams across the bay
of it shining in the water
giving off vibrant rays,
of a rainbow falling
and landing down along a stream
but the ending
never to be seen.

I could tell you about many things
to brighten up your day,
but just you being there
makes mine shine away.

ANGELA DeNICOLA

STORMS IN THE EVERGLADES

The rain drops beat upon the ponds
A storm approaches and invades.
The sawgrass wavers on and on
In the marshy everglades.
Quickly animals run for cover
Under trees and rocks and logs.
The snakes will slither like no other
Most are safe within the bog.
As the storm starts to abate
Life returns unto the grounds.
A few lie dead, that was their fate,
But most still stand safe and sound.
An action that happens again and again,
A continuing cycle with no end.

LEAH MASON



Sandpiper, small and

one-footed . . .

You stitch the waves

To the shore, feeding

Slow turn of starlight,

silent, cool . . .

Traces night with

Pale glow of sun-hope

Innocent sweetness

capturing hearts

toothlessly . . .

A baby smiling

PAT WRIGHT

“She’s just right ugly,” said Eddie Bradshaw. “That’s all there is to it. I know she’s liked, but it must be in spite of her looks, for she’s ugly.”

That was Fern, all right. Plain to a fault. Even in her youth, she was nothing special, but come middle age, she purely lost every saving grace she might have had. Not that I had anything against her. God knows, it wasn’t her wish to look thataway. But there you are, and there she was. Plain. To a fault.

I wish I could say it wasn’t always so, but I can’t think of a time in memory that she was any different. ‘Course, she said she didn’t care none. I don’t know if that was the God’s truth, but she said it. She never cared much for clothes. My Midge said she never wore no corsets. I believe it. Nor nothing else much under them awful shifts she made out’n feed sacks. Didn’t matter. Nobody looked much.

Now, that’s got to be a wonder, too. About the clothes, I mean. For she made clothes for them kids of hers that’d make Old Man Roebuck grit his teeth with jealousy. They was that pretty. Midge said Fern used to go into town on a Saturday night, sit through two showings of the Shirley Temple movies down at the Christian Church and then go home and make the very same clothes for them youngins of hers. Without a pattern or nothing. Just cut and sew. So, why she didn’t do better by herself is anybody’s guess. Could be, I suppose, after young Bobby died, she didn’t care. He was killed in the war, you know. Her oldest son. Killed on Okinawa. Didn’t even set foot on the island. Killed in the water. Wading in. Don’t seem fair, somehow.

Fern used to go down to the barn dances, down there in Bean Blossom, and even to Nashville, and she’d play that piano until the keys near dropped off. I mean, that woman could *play*! By ear, of course. Never took a lesson. But she could *play*. She’d clean up for that, Fern would. Frizz her hair ’til it looked like them little sausages all around her head. Put on that rouge and Tangee lipstick, and she did look different. Have to say that. Midge says you can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear, and I guess she’s right. Midge is always right. But Fern, somehow, down at the Jamboree was . . . I don’t know . . . *different*. She could spend all week slopping around the house and yard, but she . . . she *sparkled* down there. Don’t ask me how. I don’t know. All I know is, she did. She’d sit down at that there piano, hitch up her dress so’s her knees and feet were free, haul back, and I mean, let ’em *have* it! She could play them there keys right *off* that piano!

But about this now, I just don’t know. It don’t seem right on the face of it.

She’s my daughter, and I’m telling you she wouldn’t *do* such a thing. It’s true Fern has a temper, but she ain’t mean. Nosir. She’s a good mother and a fine wife. A good daughter, too. I don’t know how many times she’s come over and cleaned up when I was feeling poorly and Lacey was gone to Columbus to visit her folks. Well, you can’t expect the menfolks to do house cleaning, now can you?

She's the strongest of my girls, Fern is. Always was. I mind the time Ribbon, that's our horse — the black one, took sick. Fern helped me pull the plough. We had to get that truck patch ploughed before we loaned the horse to the Harmons. J.B. needed a team, and Carl said he could borrow old Ribbon. Fern's strong, she is. She yanked that plough around all day long. I've seen her wring a chicken's neck with one twist. Quick, she is.

Can do anything around the house, Fern can. In or out. Helped put up that fence there. Planted them hollyhocks and them strawberries. She can chop wood just as good as Les can. Always testing herself against him, Fern was, the whole time they grew up. She can milk and separate cream and pitch hay and make biscuits. Sew rings around anyone else, and she quilts, too.

She's a good girl, Fern is. A hard-working girl who ain't never had life easy. No use your talking to Carl. He's her daddy, ain't he? He agrees with everything I say.

I don't know, sheriff. Four, five hundred, mebbe. Come from as far as the Big Smoke, plumb up to Chi, mebbe. We don't know half of them anymore. Used to be just a nice barn dance. Friends. You know? Now it's gotten to be a regular hog wallow.

Oh, *Carl*. What do you *expect* him to say! Sure. Fern was there. I saw her. Matter of fact, I had a beer with her out back after she'd played a spell. She was sweating like a hog, Fern was. Poor thing. What d'ya expect? If you was that fat, you'd sweat, too. So don't go reading anything into a little perspiration. It didn't mean anything except it was hot out there that night.

Oh, my goodness. *My goodness!* There he was, laying there on the floor, his shirt all red like catsup had been throwed on him. I swear I didn't know he was dead. He just sort of bent over and ... you know, *collapsed*. And Fern Gerbig was standing there, sort of holding that gun and looking real surprised. I'm not saying she did it, mind you, but who would blame her? Maybe someone *did* hand her the gun. Wouldn't *you* take something that'd been handed you? I mean, she was playing the piano one minute. Next minute there's a bang with everybody looking around for a blowout or something, and then there's Big Bobby laying there on the dance floor, with his shirt all covered with catsup. And Fern, she jumped up — I swear she jumped up from the piano *after* the shot. I'm dead ... excuse me, *real* sure of it, because I was singing along with her, you know, and she'd just come to my favorite part when all hell broke loose. Excuse me. I mean when that loud noise went off, and everybody started carrying on and screaming. But I'd swear Fern didn't have nothing to do with it. I don't care about the gun, and I don't know where it came from. She didn't do it.

Well, Chief, I just don't know. She didn't run or anything like that. Just sat there at the piano and kind of watched everyone. Naw, she wasn't crying or anything like that. But she didn't run. She was right there, waiting, when I drove up. I just don't think she did it. I know she had the gun. It wasn't in her hand

when I came in, though. It was laying there on top of the piano. She was just sitting there with her hands on the keys. Not playing or anything. Just sitting. She's a big woman, Chief. I guess she could about have *stomped* that man to death, if she'd wanted to. What would she be carrying a gun around for? He wasn't much of a husband, at that — railroader. Gone most of the time. If he was out cATTin' around, how would she know? Brakeman or something. He generally left on the Sunday night down at the crossing and didn't get back until Thursday. Back and forth to Chicago, I think. He *could* have had girls up there, I guess. Don't know that any one would have blamed him. Fern Gerbig wasn't no Lillian Russell.

My mother wouldn't harm a flea. Not a flea. How could you even think such a thing? Look at the way she worked and slaved for all of us. Why, she was up at the crack of dawn — believe me, I know. She'd come peeping through the portieres not a second after 5 A.M., chirping like a canary. "Get up, get up, the little birds are singing sweet praises to the Lord." I don't know what time Mom did get up, but I bet there wasn't five times in my whole life that I woke up and she was asleep! She worked from the minute the sun rose until everyone else was in bed. How do you think us kids got through school? Not because of Dad, that's for sure. Dad was gone most of the time — railroading. The most I can remember of him was the smell of smoke and coal on his overalls. He used to put his railroader's cap on my head when he came home — we'd go down to the tracks to meet him at the crossing — that's where he got off. He'd swing off the steps and wave his arm up and down until the engineer took off, then we'd walk down stringtown Road to home. He always put that striped, dirty cap on my head. I stunk like coal smoke for a week afterward.

It was Mom that pulled us through. She took in washings. Did you know that? The Ketchums, the Coffins, the Sanderses — they paid her 75 cents a bushel to clean up their dirt. There was hardly a place to sit down in our house for the laundry stacked everywhere. Seventy-five cents! They'd cram everything they could into that bushel basket, dirty socks and overalls, filthy underclothes. She could get anything clean. Used to make a dozen trips a day up and down that hill to the spring, carrying water by the bucket. Heated it on the stove there in the kitchen. The whole house was so hot we all just sat outside when we were home. Don't know how she stood it.

She couldn't keep her hair curled in all that heat and damp. She never put on make up unless there was a reason. I know she looked sort of bad, but would you be wearing corsets if you were doing five and six washings a day?

Mom could sure iron. Better than anyone I ever knew. That ironing board was set up in the front room from morning to night. You had to scooch around her and that board to get to the kitchen. The only time she stopped was when it was time to fix dinner. She got \$1.00 for a basket of ironing. We'd have the whole county's shirts and pants hanging up on lines across the front room.

I tell you, she didn't do it, though God knows no one'd ever blame her if she did. Not for a minute. He came in with that . . . that *tart* from Chicago. Bold as brass they was. I seen 'em accidental once in the City at the Saratoga. Thought no one was around. But I seen 'em. I knew. *Everybody* knew. But that time at the Saratoga, that's when I knew for certain. Then tonight he brought that chippy in here. Right under my Fern's very nose. Ain't no self respecting daddy gonna put up with that, is he? *Is* he? He had it coming, didn't he? So, take me away, and let my Fernie be. She ain't never harmed no one. Never. She ain't had much of a life. She deserved better.

All this talk. What I say is, why *would* she? He wasn't no trouble to speak of. Gone most of the week, home long enough to soak up a couple of cases of beer and then gone again. He sat out in the yard smoking that pipe and listening to the radio. Sure didn't bother her none. If he went anywhere, it was fishing. Didn't even go into town with her on Saturday night. So, why would she kill him? No need to. He might as well not have been there.

Well, of course, I'm not the one you should be talking to. Fern and I never . . . you know . . . got *along* very well. We were sisters in law, but not . . . not really *friends*, if you know what I mean. She was always mad at me for something. She didn't like me, you know. Not right from the first. Didn't think I was good enough for her baby brother, but Lester, he straightened her right off.

I'm the first to say that Lester was a *catch*. When Mom and Dad go — God forbid it should be soon — Lester and me, we get everything. Every single acre. You surely don't think a city girl like me is gonna marry just any old body and live on a *farm* for the rest of her life! Not this girl. Fern knew that. He was always her favorite, Lester was, but truth to tell, they were never so close after I came to live in the big house. With Lester and Mom and Dad and me living together, we got real close. Just burned Fern up, it did. I guess, she was . . . you know . . . *jealous*.

She didn't like anything about me. Much I cared. Too skinny, she said. She *would*. Dresses too tight and heels too high, she said. Jealous, I say. Didn't like my hair, either. Well, I *do* like to look nice for Lester. I get it bobbed and waved over in Columbus. Lord knows there's no one around *here* to do an individual's hair right!

I wore too much make-up to suit her, and my lipstick was too red. Sure, she told me so. Do you think I'm making this all up? I know when someone hates me. And Fern Gerbig couldn't stand the sight of me.

But I don't think she killed her Bobby. Why would she? If she'd wanted to kill someone, I would imagine it might have been poor little old Lacey. That's me. Lacey. But here I am, all of a piece. And there's Fernie. And there's poor Big Bobby. Dead.

It's all right, Bid. Don't fret about it. Just take me on in. I know how you feel. You always been my friend, and I thank you for that. I'm just sorry you had to listen to all that stuff.

It's funny, ain't it? I looked up and there was that gun in my hand. Just like in the pictures. I wish I had more time to go to the picture shows. They say that up in Indy they show them on a great, big white screen — big as the side of a whole barn. All I've ever seen was down there at the church basement. You know, on a sheet. But I liked them real good. Anyway, I don't know where that gun came from no more than I know where he goes in Chicago. Or why Les brought that tramp home from Columbus. Or why they killed my Bobby Joe over there on some godforsaken island I never even heard of before that day.

They just walked down the path to the door and handed me that yellow piece of paper and said how sorry they was. Sorry. Everyone's always sorry. Always sorry. Why is that, Bid? Why is it, when people hurt you the most, they think 'sorry' is gonna make it all right? Why is it people are always hurting me and . . .

It don't matter. I don't want you to think it matter none at all. The kids are growed up. They got good educations and can take care of themselves. They don't come home much anymore, anyhow. Got good jobs in the City, they have. All of them. They're awful busy up there. I understand that. Big Bobby, he was gone most of the time. It's almost like I didn't have a husband. When he was home, it was baseball and beer and that radio. Or fishing. He did love to go fishing, but with the kids gone, there wasn't no one to drive him out to the creek. Too far to walk, it was.

We're getting on, too. Well, I guess now *I'm* getting on. Big Bobby, he ain't gonna get no older now, is he? Mom and Dad, Les'll take care of them. Les, he's been good to them all his growed up life. A good man. Did you ever see Les drive a team of horses, Bid? Migod, that man was a beautiful man standing up here in the spring wagon, that big old straw hat on his head, and the sun shining down on him. He could stand up forever in a spring wagon. Never lose his balance once. Not one. Me and Les, we was very close, you know. 'Til Lacy came along. Seems like my whole world changed when Lacey came along.

Wonder if you'd do me one thing, Bid. Wonder if you'd see that Miz Meyers and Miz Barber and Miz Bradshaw get their ironing back tomarrow. I promised them back on Sunday, and there won't be no one there to let them in when they come for it. I got their flat pieces all folded in their baskets, and they'll know what's theirs of the hanging things. Just let them get their own down. Hangers has to come back, of course . . . no, I guess they don't.

Now, Bid, don't take on so. It don't matter. It really don't. Don't trouble yourself none. Just let me get my pocketbook. I got my glasses in there. Might be I'll have time to read some down there.

I sure did love that piano, Bid. Just look at them pretty keys. The ivory's off all mine. I just love to play that piano, Bid. Saturday nights in Bean Blossom, playing piano for all them folks. *Hundreds* of folks, Bid. You seen them. Strangers mostly now. But I make friends real quick. It was the only good time I've had in forty years, Bid. People love me when I play the piano.

Don't ask me about Big Bobby anymore, Bid. It don't matter if I done it or not. It truly don't. I don't care no more. Just go on and take me in to town. I can use the rest, and that's the God's truth.

CONNIE KAKAVECOS RIGGS



IN THE RECOVERY ROOM

Anesthesia

Amputation

Here, take me
in your kind, sterile hands.
O, knead my body,
Knead my bones,
Need me surgeon.
I am exposed:
defenses undrawn.

Take my heart
in your fine, white hands.
Touch the wound.
You know it.

A sharp twist
of your blade
bled me.
I should have died then —
a quick death.
I survived it.
You respect that kind of strength.

DIANE GOODMAN

ALL SOULS

Rain falls and whirls in streams
down the sidewalk collecting
leaves and beer tabs
we adjourn to the porch to watch
one of us weaves a sturdy boat
leans over the edge of the railing to let it go
and we christen it
send it downstream
follow it
until it disappears in the dark
rain slants under the awning
and we go inside again
to lie on the floor
Halloween has passed with midnight
and we're in All Souls Day
heavier and heavier
each time we breathe
instead of the weightless spin of creation
time and gravity conspire
to pull us down

MARGARET O'SULLIVAN

A MOUNTAIN TOP

The top —
lightning exorcised,
gnarled, grotesque dead trees,
grappling hunks of granite.

Yet, also,
the peace
and the patience
the unbounded sunshine and vistas,
the quiet
and butterflies.

ALEXANDRA SKIDMORE

THE LATE LEMON TREE

All summer the lemon delayed.
Its four bold branches,
parted at knee-height, flourished
large yellowy leaves
just as when bought. Watering
hardly helped, or digging;
a few leaves blundered down,

then flowers, waxen and splayed
showed the flag, meaning nothing —
neither fruit nor forking
of twigs nor tiny bunches
of new leaf. And suddenly now
it's mad autumn, unpinning
everything. The world of green.

JUDITH RODRIGUEZ



TOM NARUT

A POLITICIAN'S WIFE

Read papers every day
— smiling politicians
drank coffee every day
— crime the same with no admissions.
Why does everything seem something else?
Our love,
me with a blind adherence
and you a politician
once a flame, now a fume
my heart replete, for you — no room.
You haunt my heart — the wounds still open
— enter hard-core loneliness
and pain that's so romantic
damn those broken dreams
and happy endings in fairy tales
Everything is something else — never what it seems.

I fear the mad, desolate looks
the mirror's sending me these days
accelerating age leaves all images in foggy haze.
my ever wandering mind
I once thought the "me" inside was insane
and so did I
and so did myself.
the drunk who realizes the bottle's dry
monstrous apparitions, they make me want to die
echos
roars
I'm bullet-proof.

LISA WOODIE

DEPARTURE

A rough night at sea this trip
a thief of sleep and care
across rounded green mountains
sleepy Sunday evening towns
houses scattered on the slopes
 their porch lights burning in the dark trees
 waiting for their children to come home
I see the chimneys and their casual smoke
but their fires don't burn to warm me
here it's too cold on both sides of the window
I can't trust what I see
but through the steamy glass
his nose is very, very big and you can
see the big red through his breath
he starggers by on a deserted street and doesn't
see me as I pass
and I'm sad as this long bus trip
away from you
the air is thick with you
and I breathe you in
and not
because your eyes have
their silence
because the taste of you
is still on my mind

MARGARET O'SULLIVAN

MOVING ITS SLOW THIGHS . . .

Sometimes it's motionless for so long
that I forget about it —
And we do take pains to keep it penned in
with calm faces and soft voices
and a few whispered nothings to fill in the chinks.

But all too increasingly,
I notice an orange eye glaring out of the space
where an apology was left unsaid,
and even the loudest protests of happiness
come mixed with the noise of its foul breathing.

Sometimes I dream that the barriers become too thin —
I see yellow teeth gleaming through the darkness —
And I wake, shivering,
And sweat runs like saliva down my back.

BETH RAPP



“Let us cross over the river and rest under the trees”

— Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson
May 10, 1863

photo by Richard O’Sullivan

AND MOUNTAINS TOO IN TIME DO CHANGE

A.D. 595

He stood by the pit
looking helplessly at the vacant
horizon
the shimmering waves
and the wide, blue bowl above
hands cold and shaky
mouth dry
and tongue parched, heavy,
his huge, strong frame suddenly
weak

What could he do
whose will was resigned to
the whims of custom?

Quickly
he took her tiny, light figure
under the arms and
placed her gently
gently
into the
pit.

Fervently, then, he scooped the dry
sand into the pit,
his perspiration wetting it,
till only her head remained,
her rich hair stark
against the pale sand,
her pleas unheard.

Now he was walking away
faster and faster
until he thought he would
choke,
her helpless cries haunting him

“Don’t leave me, papa!”
“Please don’t leave me!”

Her face was all around him
her voice a million haunting cries.

At the edge of the town he
stopped to gain composure,
for he
was a man of note
in The City.

A.D. 610-632

“When the sun becomes
Ball-like

And when the female
(Infant) buried alive
Is questioned —
For what reason
She was killed

The Quran, LXXXI (8-9)

A.D. 635

He was an old man now
still strong, yet stronger in other ways,
far seeing.
Now he could smile again
for in the desert
there were to be no more cries
except for those past,
unforgotten
unforgettable.

MOHAMED RAWAHY

THE SISTERS OF LORELEI

Inside the cover of a book is a tale of three young women growing, growing, not quite grown. They left their families these two siblings and their friend, to live together for one brilliant summer and one significant fall.

The first night they sang songs while wading in twilight-rain puddles, sipping burgundy from chipped glasses to sanctify their promising union. Secretly, The Sisters of Lorelei came to teach these maidens to sing songs of self-revealing reverie. Passing the summer evenings in a harmonious choir, the songs, blossoming from the dreams of virgins and the impressions of sirens, lovingly lingered, a scented pink powder on soft white skin.

Unexpectedly, the incipience of innocence no longer seemed as sweet, and the maidens turned from the seductive summer — singing of The Sisters of Lorelei, forgetting all the melodies they had taken to their hearts.

Anticipation, Apprehension, and Wonder, those watchful matronly Fates, called the three, one-by-one respectively, from the transitory idealism of the present to cross the Rubicon into future years

The blonde princess, a nurse, married her prince, a medical student, and the baby, like the first green sprout of spring, would come, most wanted and welcome.

The fragile saint would not marry, and unable to attend to the minute cry which escalated from within herself, spiritlessly let go of the child's hand after conception, seeing the moon slip behind the clouds forever.

The aimless poet, filled, filled, always unfulfilled, sat in the dry grass of winter under a barren willow watching the bride and groom in white and the saint and doctor in black passing her, the wedding flowers in her brown hair and the funeral flowers pressed in her diary with this story.

DIANE GOODMAN

ANOTHER TIME

Shadowed mirror
Reflects frightening visage
A beastly man
Knowing only contempt
And me
Alone and terror-stricken
Cut off from the world.

My tensed muscles
Gripped by his claw-like hands
And the echo of his nervous moans
Muffled by the back of his cruel fist
Thrown back at me
By the image.

Stripped cold of self-respect
Alone to rot in lifeless pain
I stare back at myself
Changed, cut down
By guilty insults stabbing my insides
Opening more than moist flesh wounds.

In a mind boiled over with rage
Ready to strike back
Another time
But for now,
My force shatters the image.

KIM MEYER



Silence, that gear roar of nothingness,
washing over all with a scream, drowning
out the simple but beautiful sounds of nature.
Even the mechanical man made irritations
would be welcome now, but there is the
Nothing that deafens those who perceive it.
The dust kicks up on the deserted road
as the wind whistles by.

Wait! Come back!

Whistle to me again so that I might drown
out this unbearable silence.

Silence so loud my head pounds, so loud
I welcome the frightened beating of my heart.
I call to the wind, hoping that it
will speak to me again. Nothing but silence.

Whistling, I walk the dusty road as I cling to
what sanity is left of me.

I look up and see the angry red sky.

My digital watch reads midnight. Am I
left alone to see what horrors have come from
ignorance? Civilization means we have
learned insult instead of kill; a
lesson someone never learned.

Now I am left with nothing save
the silence.

R. ESPANOZA



KATHI RHODES

JANUARY 28, 1986

When I was barely five
I used to climb to the every
top of the trees in my yard.
My brother and I would stretch
to make it to the "tippy top"
(a term coined by my brother.)
In my dreams I was the First
Woman in space, a true pioneer;
The President congratulated me.
Each branch my foot depressed
brought me one step closer to
the craters on the moon.

Today as I looked on
with disbelieving eyes
my heart grew numb.
Since that time of
my tree-climbing days,
I have changed.
I am not astronaut material,
I am no scientist or doctor
or teacher with space-age enthusiasm.
But as the wind made
the white smoke wispy
I thought:
Could I ever be so brave?

ALICE MILLER

A THANKSGIVING

Mary had the feeling Anne would not die until her turn came to spend the night at the hospital. Anne was taking forever to die. For 14 months the six women in her study group had wished for her not to die. Now they wanted her misery and their misery over with.

On that terrible July day when Anne, Mary, and Diedra sat listening to the doctor, he said, "You have the same cancer cells as last time. That is not a good sign."

Anne cried. "How bad a sign is it?"

"You have six months. Maybe more." Diedra put her hand on Anne's leg. Mary's heart pounded and tears burned down her cheeks.

"Is there anything I can try? I will try anything."

"Chemotherapy might give you a few months, but sometimes it does not work if there is a recurrence of the same cancer cells. These look like the same cells. It would be better if these were new cancer cells."

I never dreamed I would wish for one kind of cancer cell over another, thought Mary.

Dr. Samson left and Diedra said, "How are you feeling?"

"Bad. Very bad. Scared. I can't believe I have spent all these years teaching young children in school about 'win-win' situations, and here I am in one I cannot win. There is nothing but lose, lose, lose."

"I know," said Diedra.

Mary put her hand on Anne's other leg and hung her head as all three of them gave into the frowning face of tears they had been trying to suppress.

"I do not want it to be true. I am scared," said Anne.

"Me too," said Diedra. "Good to say so. If we do not shut down on the bad feelings, I think we can have some more good ones. Try to stay with and say out loud the bad ones."

Anne reached for the cup beside her bed. She took a sip and the ice fell in a clump in her face and down between her well-formed breasts. She said, "Shit."

Diedra and Mary both echoed, "Shit, Shit, Shit," and the three of them laughed.

Anne had on a blue chiffon gown with plunging V neckline. Her thick brown hair fell forward as she scampered to get the ice out.

"You sure are dressed sexy for the predicament you are in," Diedra said.

"I know," Anne sighed.

Mary was astounded that they could laugh. Grateful but astounded.

Chemotherapy started the next day. The six women who usually met twice a month to discuss books now huddled together nervously. They decided they would divide the day into two-hour shifts and stay with Anne. Her husband was in such shock that he just sat and stared. Mary quickly claimed an afternoon shift. She did not want to be first, and she did not want such a scary task after dark.

Before her committed two hours came she sat her doctor husband down and said, "Tell me all the ways she could die. If I have some idea what might happen. I might not run when it starts happening."

During Mary's shift Anne moaned and threw up. Mary did not heave as she often did when her children were sick. She felt useful and useless. She held the kidney-shaped pan, emptied it, wet a wash cloth with cold water, put it on Anne's head, patted her gently on the bottom, then prayed for the next 15 minutes before the process started over.

When her two hours were over, she was thrilled to leave the hospital, exhilarated by blue sky, white clouds, red begonias in the circular garden in front of the hospital. She felt some guilt at being so grateful that she was well and alive.

When she got home, she could not stay still, sleep, or read. In the night she draped over each of her children and cried while they slept. She sobbed, "I do not want her to die that way. I do not want to die that way. 'I don't want my children to die that way or any way.'"

When Mary went back to the hospital the next day, Anne was dressed and walking up and down the halls. "You look wonderful. I would never have guessed . . ."

"I know. I think I'm going to be fine," Anne interrupted.

"When did you get better?"

“About three this morning I had the third anti-nausea shot. I went to sleep and woke up feeling great. I’m going home tomorrow.”

Every three weeks the six women stayed two-hours each during the chemotherapy day. Anne did not continue to bounce out of bed the next day.

Now 14 months later she was never out of bed, her hair was gone, she talked crazy. She was too weak for chemotherapy. Mary wondered how she could be so sick and stay alive, but she had never been around someone who was dying so she had no idea how long the suffering could go on.

Anne had been in the hospital this time for two weeks. Diedra did not want her to be alone at night anymore. She suggested that they all take turns staying with her for as long as they were needed. It was Mary’s turn to spend the night. The other women in the group had each stayed one night and some had stayed two.

Mary fussed around and said out loud to the empty kitchen, “What ever worries me worries me more if the sky is black. I do not want to go. I do not want to go. I am going.”

Mary ate supper with her family and took a long hot bath. She took two pillows and a comforter off the king sized bed. She dressed in a green velour warm up suit, wore her glasses instead of contact lenses, and tucked one yellow valium pill into her pocket. She mumbled, “I don’t want her to die alone, but I don’t want her to die with me.”

She was strangely calm and determined as she walked through the back entrance to the hospital at 10 P.M., rode the elevator to the 6th floor, and walked down the hall with her huge bundle of sleeping gear.

Diedra was in the room. Thank God. She always knows what to do and say. “How is she?” Mary asked.

“Pretty restless. She just had a shot. I think she’ll sleep.”

“I hope so,” Mary said.

Diedra kissed Anne and told her good night. Mary and Diedra hugged longer than usual. They had worn themselves out asking the whys-and whens that accompany terminal diseases. They held each other in silence each getting strength from the other’s embrace. Then Diedra left.

Mary walked to the day-time chair converted to a cot. She put one pillow under her head, one between her knees, swallowed the valium without water, covered herself with the blanket, and listened to the soft moaning.

At 3 A.M. she bolted up to the sound of something louder. She slowly registered louder crying.

"A ship. I see a ship. Oh Jane, put down the ... the ... the ..."

"Anne are you hurting?" Mary realized what a dumb question it was.

"Hurting. Hurting. I don't want to talk about it. I don't want to talk about it any more. The sun. The sun is purple. I think candy, chocolate candy would be nice."

"I'll get you a shot." Mary went to the nurse's station. "Mrs. Griffin needs a shot." The nurse came with a needle, tried to find a spot with enough fatty tissue so she would not hit the bone.

The unconnected words slowed again, and Mary felt partly asleep and partly awake. At 5:00 the light flashed on. A tall thin nurse came bounding through the door and said, 'How are you doing Mrs. Griffin? We need to take our morning bath.'

Mary sat up, thought she would kill the intruder, and then realized it was morning. Thank God. It's Wednesday morning. The night is over. She didn't die. Oh she needs so badly to die.

Diedra had taught her to talk to Anne as if she understood no matter how disoriented she seemed. "Anne, its morning. I'm leaving for Atlanta today. We are going to Jim's parents for Thanksgiving. I'll see you when I get back."

No response.

Mary reached her hands under the thin neck, put her cheek against Anne's face for at least a minute. Then she turned away, leaned over the cot to gather up the pillows and blanket.

Anne's voice from behind, strong and clear, said "Mary ... know that I love you." Mary was stunned. Those were the first understandable words she had heard in ten days.

"Yes," Mary answered. She wiped the tears with the bundled bed clothes as she headed toward the elevator.

Thursday was Thanksgiving day. The call came at three o'clock.

BARBARA J. LINNEY
1985

LUXURIOUS BOREDOM

Always
It's easy to obtain
A crystal glass of fine champagne.
The music plays,
The people dance,
The alcohol invites romance.

Enjoy
The party — a success
Some people drunk but nevertheless,
A time of joy
All understand
A celebration is at hand.

But now,
The amber liquid flows
no more to us, and boredom grows.
The night's grown old
It's gone somehow
And we leave, goodbyes untold.

LISA WOODIE

REALITY — THINKING OF YOU

I turn inside
Recoiling into my dreams
Drifting above one reality
into another now as real
My arms stretch out to you
You come close and hold me
This reality I can cling to
Dance with and love
When I open my eyes
And the music fades
I fall back down
Tears try to come
But only slide down
my insides
Too much pride
cementing my eyes
So I close them once more
And the song changes
And there you are again
Lovingly caressing my hair
I'm flying so high, so far
Let's run away
Come with me
I'll show you what we really are
Here in my world
Here in this song
Let your feet move
Dance with my heart
Laughing we fall into
each others arms
Lips melting, image fading
I'm so happy here with you in Etherell
That I don't want this to end
But it's the last chorus
And the tape is over.

CHARLENE TURNER

AIR CONDITIONED

My clock has been stopped
for 3 days
I've not written in 8
only the air is regular
pulsating at
I don't know how many
intervals
My head is heavy
under easy plywood
in some sun
through a darting
bug
I stretch canvas
with weight
rocking
ever so
it's after 2
clouds block the sun
after 2
flourescent light twitches
lit all day
all night
these things
simply occur
about a man
who waits
adjusting the sprinkler
lugustrum need no more
Here, jasmine vine
I decide
it's your turn
Now it's mine
I turn up the spiket
let the rain begin

DAN RICHARDS



WE MEET IN MIAMI

Cynthia breathes and the world taking note
pauses for a moment
Sparkling, refreshing — never, never the same
Like a solo by Mongo building on the last
spontaneous rendition.
The blends of the people of East and West
Fascinating — in a titilating way
Mystery lady
Because who knows what lies inside
Only that it is valuable
If the key can be found to unlock the treasures
stored within
And where is that key?
Only Cynthia knows
Or does she?

Selima
the kind of women a man can depend on when times
are hard and nothing is going right.
There you are
Doing your thing
Taking care of our business
Seeing to it that what needs to be done is done
The children properly perspected
The day arranged the way it's supposed to be.
Selima
Sisters like you are the foundation of the Nation.
Stronger, Sincere, Dedicated
We owe you our very best.

Pat — Gentle, Warm, Sweet
No falseness here
No games
Just you as you are
Alive and enjoying each new day as it unfolds
Quietly seeking the balance and harmony you always
knew was there within you.
Hey, it means so much to know that you are you
Like spring water from an unpolluted well
You refresh and give life to all around you.

Sylvia

Miiisssiiisssiiipppiii Sister

I mean down home serious

Sho nuff

The Black man and the Black woman's Black woman

I mean don't be needing a lot of explanation

Cause its just there to be seen

And its mean

Like corn bread, grits and barbecued ribs from
the Hickory Pit.

Be yourself girl and do it

Like it should be done

With Soul.

And last but not least

Listening to Peabo

I think about your face

And that Mississippi smooth accent

Gentle, cultured, wisdom reserved

True beauty residing in the cheek lines

Do you know your beauty?

Do you appreciate the depths of your soul

or the Heights you are capable of inspiring in others?

I do

For you have touched me in a few days

Like others who have been there for years

Valerie

You are queen —

A very beautiful woman who is only beginning to know
what you are.

NORMAN JONES

SUMMER STORM

The wind rears up,
it howls,
it snarls,
it whistles and moans,
it races up the mountain
in front of itself.

The trees turn inside out,
back to front,
they struggle and whip.
Why don't they break?

Tons of thunder, lines of lightning,
smashing, slashing

And then it's gone.

ALEXANDRA SKIDMORE



NAGIB AL-RAWAHY



CHARLENE TURNER

TO MIKE: TIME

Picture Time
Flowing like a waterfall stream
Where
You and I unknowingly
Carefree and
Swaying to Neil Young
My eyes looked to yours
Blue as the summer sky
And a face of innocent happiness
Laughing aloud and singing.

And crashing to a rocky bed below
Where
I, frozen by currents of fear
Watch through the murk
Your face gone pale
As you plunge to deep hidden feelings
And take your own life.

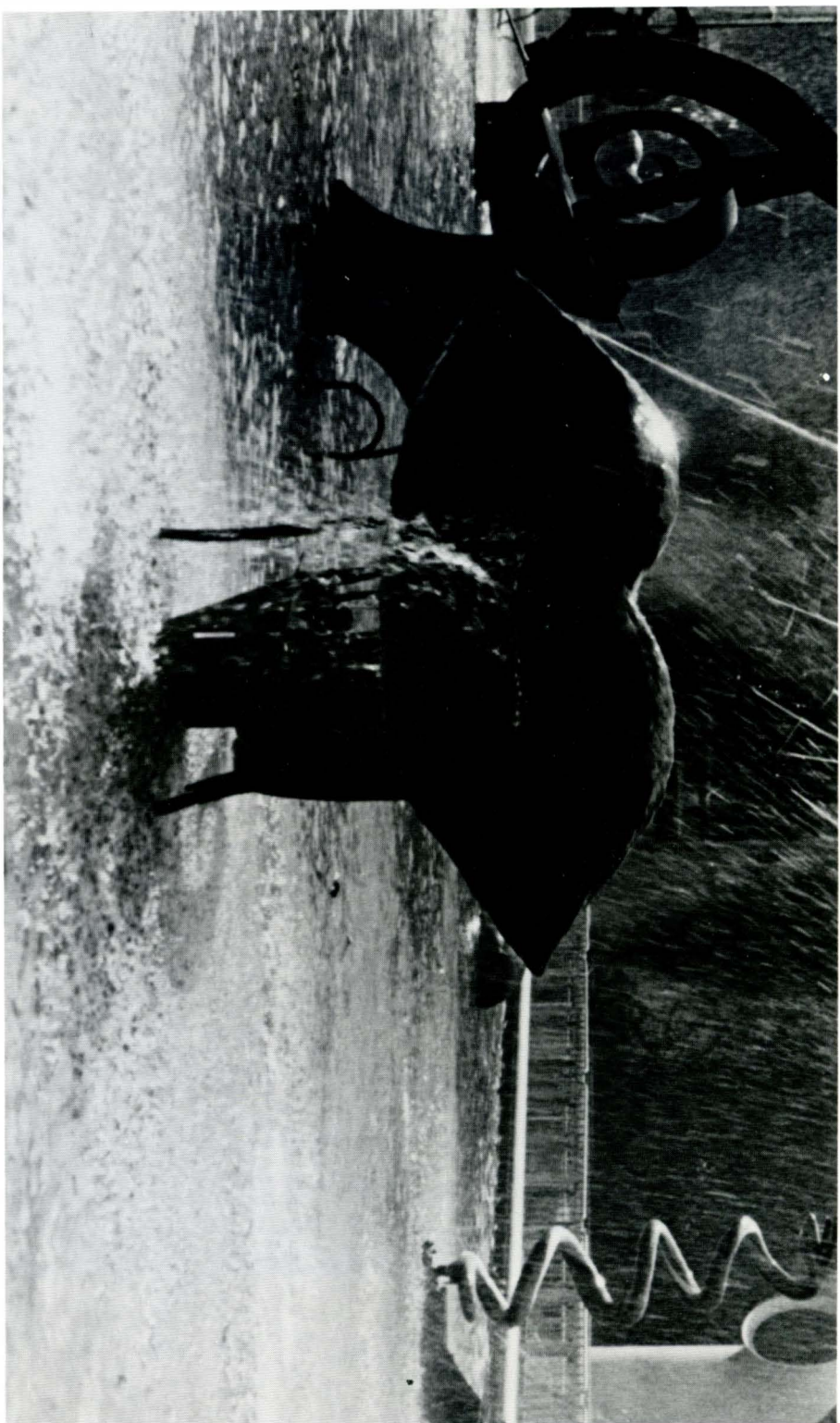
Wading to shore deep in blood
Where
I, drenched in scarlet salt
Pound with the blare of sirens
And wonder
Should I, too, have drowned with you?

KIM MEYER

PLEIADES

I'm thinking of waking gently
in a berth on Boston Harbor
the lighthouse horn a mile away
lowing its warning steady and calm
it's past midnight
and as I stare out of the hatch
the sky seems closer than on any other night
the Pleiades clear enough to taste
in the sharp night air
I'd like to capture that focus
nothing ever seems as clear as it did then.

MARGARET O'SULLIVAN



VICTORIA MUTCH

Why does time wash itself in the hollow room?
German words hover uncommitted to sentences
Above my head.
These swirl around with the swish of the
Door as it opened to release the pulsing
Feet that itch to move on.
But tap seconds away into Noman's land
And the day is gone and my head aches worse
Throbbing cruelly between my tired eyes
There is no reason for a bad clash

CHARLENE TURNER



DENIS BOURGUIGNON

RHODODENDRON

A thicket,
where all your childhood fears
are centered,
Dark and tangly.
injuns a ghosts a b c

A bear is there even now!
or was, just a moment ago.
They don't say much.

The dense thicket towers over your head,
its burly roots grab your feet —

Ah! But then you see it
in the morning sun,
Putting forth its blossoms,

Purple blossoms of springtime
to gather the air,
Strong roots to hug the mountain,
to keep it there.

ALEXANDRA SKIDMORE



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Suzanne Gallagher — Still, snowbound in Columbus, Ohio

Diane Goodman — “What does this mean?” she wondered, thinking the power to will events should be analyzed. “Everything, and nothing,” the voice assured, knowing she should not fear paradox but instead lovingly embrace its magic.

Suzanne Groth — “... the thing perhaps is to eat flowers and not to be afraid.”
— e.e. cummings

Norman Leigh Jones — “My favorite poems come through me; I just need to write them down before they get away.”

Barbara J. Linney — who likes teaching and sharing the journey at Rollins.

Leah C. Mason — “Life is like being in a gumball machine; if you don’t stay on top you’ll get eaten.”

Kim Meyer — “We’re just 2 lost souls swimming in a fish bowl year after year.”
— Pink Floyd

Alice Miller — “This is a first. Many thanks to Andy, Mohamed, and Seymour’s Fat Lady.”

Tom Narut — “After 4 years, I finally submitted something. Proud to be accepted in Rollins’ most polished literary publication!”

Margaret O’Sullivan — (A Member of the Underground) — “It’s got a good beat, you can dance to it. I’ll give it an 85.”

Richard O’Sullivan — who has crossed many rivers and rested under many trees.

Beth Rapp — “My centre is holding, thank you.”

Mohamed Rawahy — When you have to carry the gun, when you laugh like they do, then you know what it is like.

Kathi Rhodes — Well, darling, you know. “To Live and Die in Lyman.”

Dan Richards — “After I finish writing it, I don’t feel the need to read it over and over and over, I put it behind me and write some more.”

Constance Kakavecos Riggs — FERN is one of a series of short stories about women of the Indian hill country who, rising above place and circumstance, manage to have “The Last Word.”

Henry Sinn — an Orlando native, received his Bachelor of Arts degree in painting from Rollins College in 1979. The main thrust of his style is in the creative blending of both traditional and non-traditional materials in an innovative manner. Henry has shown extensively in museums and galleries throughout the Southeast including Galleries International, Winter Park, Fla.; Barbara Gillman, Miami; and Davis McClain Gallery in Houston.

Alexandra Skidmore — mathematics + mountains = poetry.

Karen Slater — In memory of Mother.

Charlene Turner — “I can resist everything — except temptation.” O. Wilde

Olga Viso — Still trying to understand as she looks at her “mirror.”

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