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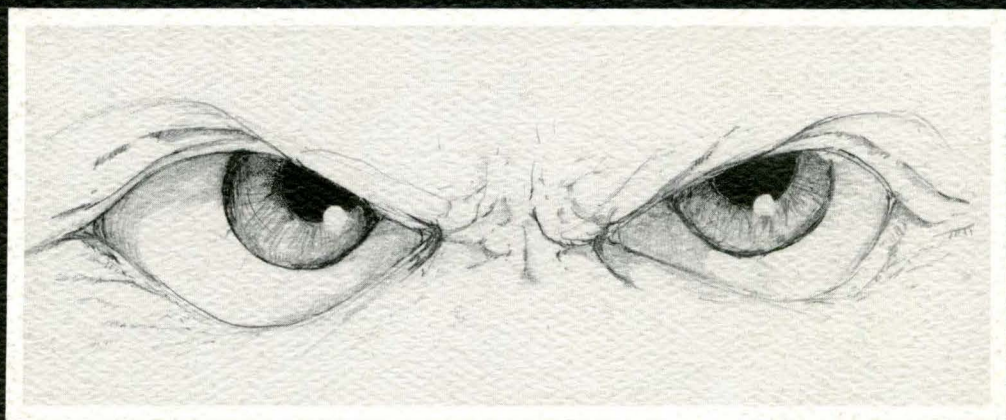
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BRUSHING



*ROLLINS
COLLEGE
1990*

Brushing **1990**



Jennifer Mazo

Rollins College
Winter Park, Florida

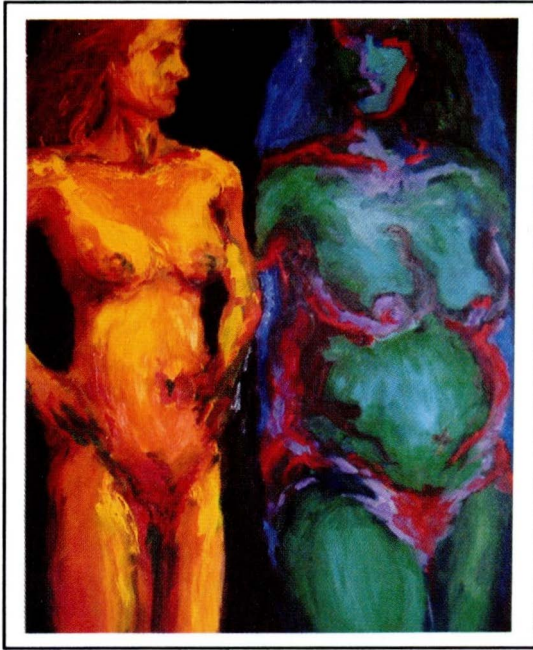
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Laurel Zepp

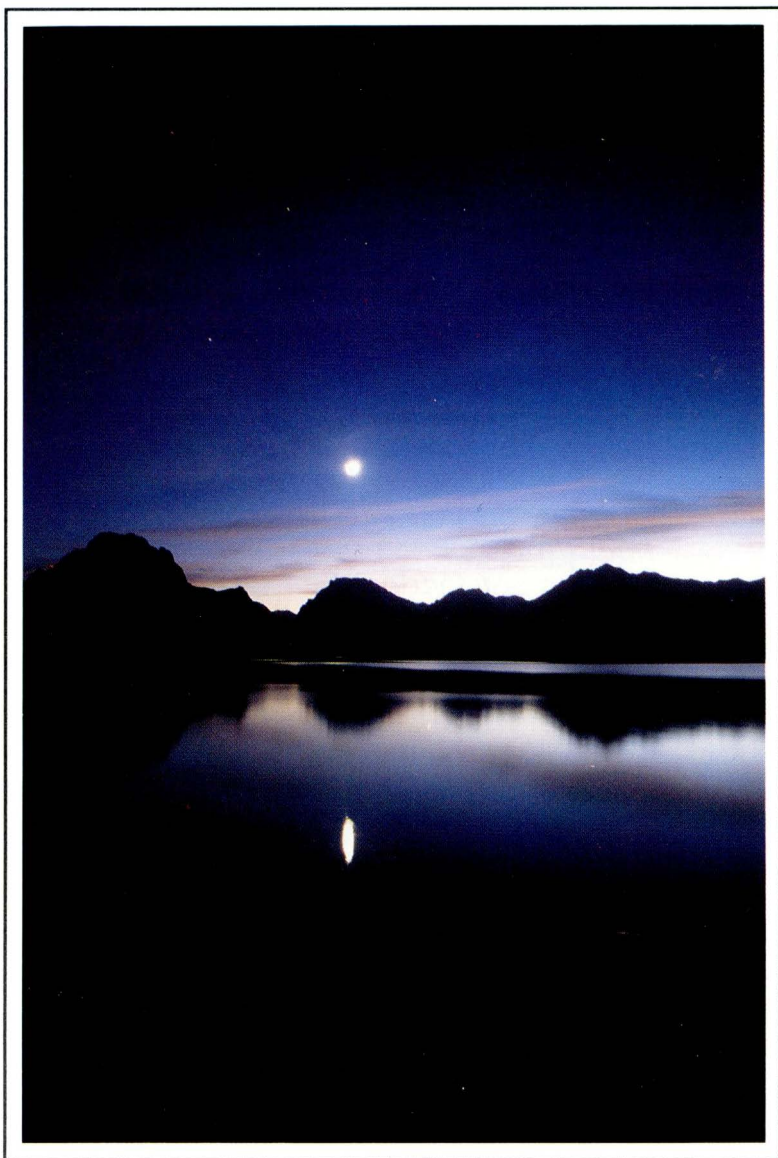


Christine Peloquin
contest winner

“To My Divine Love”

*If I am beautiful, It is beauty given to me by you.
 ——Your love enhances my grace——
 If I shine, I shine from the light which you place in me.
 ——Your sweet words give me radiance——
 If I scream, I release only pain from within your soul.
 ——Your anger fills me with rage——
 If I cry, I cry for sorrow that floods your heart.
 ——Your torment drowns in my tears——
 If I die, I die only from neglect.
 ——Your breath causes my body to live——.*

Becky Wilson



Andres Abril

BLUEBERRIES

he and i on a grassy hill
a bowl of blueberries between us
dark blue is their color
and above us just out of reach
the sky is a lighter shade of blue.
many years ago it was
when we stood on that hill
eating those blueberries
and imparting upon each other
beautiful spoken tapestries,
revealing our fondest fantasies.
i remember throwing blueberries
down the hill and laughing
as he tumbled down after them
in the care free splendour of youth
heedless of the greater world
our universe consisted of blueberries
and a grassy hill.

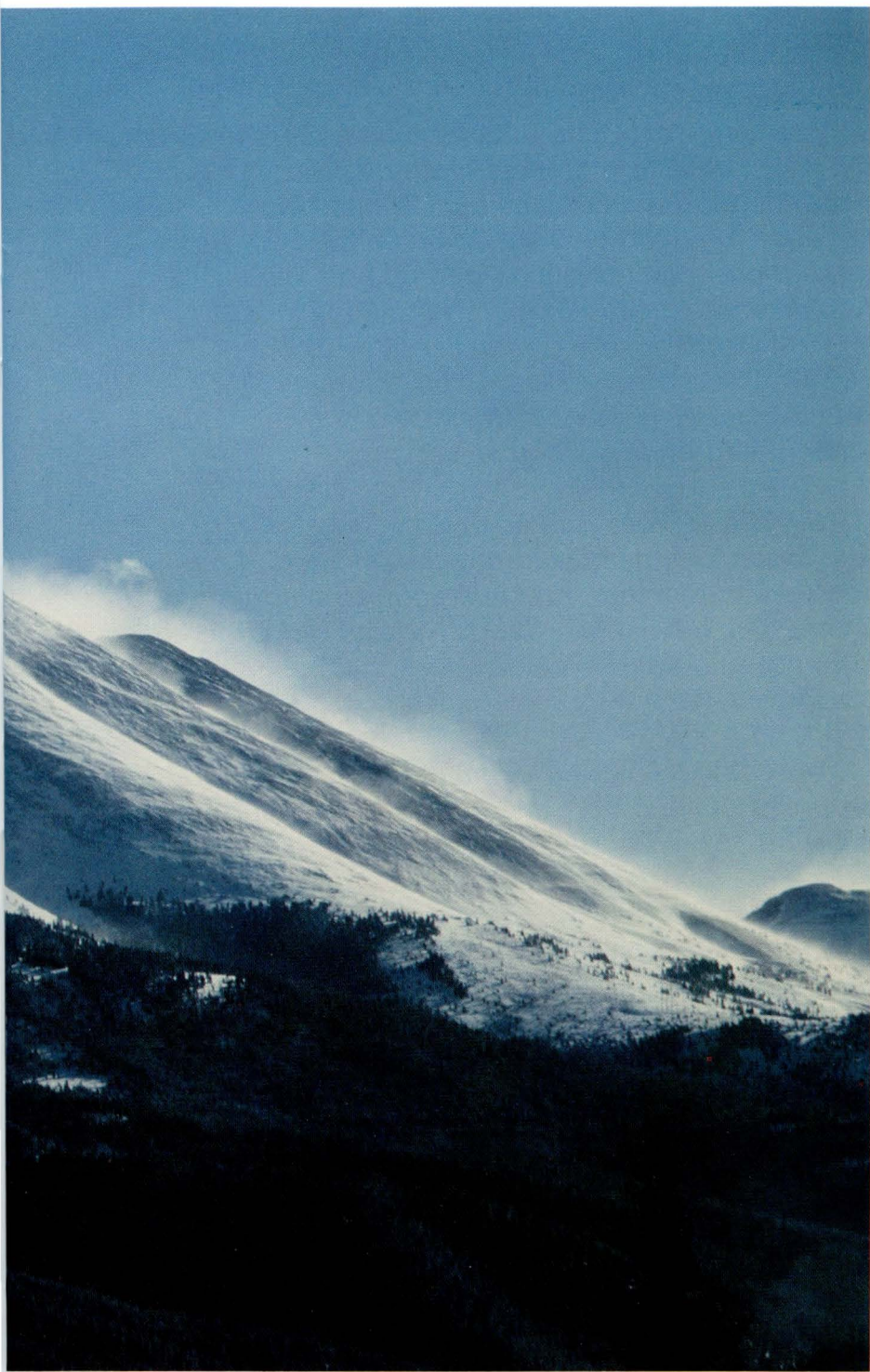
Stephen Ferruci

Tripping Over Significance

If we're the babyboomer's offspring
 Does that mean we're the final explosion?
We venture into the nights turning bloody,
A little green in the brain but always ready for a
big Bang.
Or maybe a little fizzle will have to do.
Gyrating liquids make for some meaning in a meet-
ing.
Strike up a match - then a conversation.
We smooth over the signs to match the situation
Then retrieve into our circus kaleidoscope.
The colors may mingle but the shades won't match.
Yet the fixation is supple to suggestion
And the pointing hands nudge us to twine around
another detonation.
A sudden loss of language tears at my affectation,
and yours.
Breath now recovered, blows out the fuse.
Stripped bare in comfort we watch with compassion
As the chattering magpies gather for the night's
countdown.

Deborah H. Ralton





Chris Port

UNCLE STEVE

I remember exactly where I was when I first heard about my Uncle Steve. I had just come home from camp, and I was unpacking. My mother knocked on my door, and sat down on my bed. Right away, I knew something was wrong. She told me, without looking directly at me, that my uncle had died while I was gone. I couldn't believe it. Uncle Steve? My Uncle Steve? He was gone forever? I didn't believe her at first; then I saw a tear roll down her cheek, and I knew she was serious.

My Uncle Steve had been an integral part of my life for as long as I could remember. He and my father worked together, and everyone who saw them said that they looked like twins. He was my father's best friend, and so when I was born, he was made my godfather.

I became interested in ballet when I was three, and I joined a dance studio. For my first recital, I danced on a bare stage with nine other girls, and we were all dressed in black leotards and white tights. My parents and my uncle came to see me, and they were so bored by the whole show, the three of them decided to do something about it. So, my mother wrote out a script, taken from a famous fairy tale, and adapted it to fit the amount of kids at the dance studio. My father and my uncle took to the lumberyard, and the hardware store, and in the backyard of my house constructed the very first set of the Barrington Dance Studio. Needless to say, that show was the biggest hit that the Studio had ever produced; people began coming to our annual shows who were not proud parents; they came to see what kind of magic had been created with the fantasy-like

scenery. Every year was a different fairytale, and the scenery more beautiful than the year before.

Not only was my uncle a genius with a paintbrush, he was also an artist with a make-up brush. After the first successful performance, he decided that the cast needed dramatic make-up. One year, in "Hansel, Gretel, And Company", I played the wicked witch, and I don't think that if we had hired a make-up man from Hollywood the make-up for that show could have been surpassed. That show was the last show he did in good health; after that year, he was constantly in and out of hospitals for an illness that was never revealed to me until last year, when I was sixteen years old.

Whenever I used to go and visit my dad at the office, I remember that Uncle Steve was rarely there. But, no matter if he was, or if he wasn't, I would always go sit in his room that had the corner windows overlooking Michigan Avenue, and either talk to him, or just draw with his favorite markers, wondering why he was so seldom there. I would sit at his drawing table, trying to draw the silk Calla lilies that always hung on his wall, and eat the Smarties that were always in a jar on his desk.

When I went to Uncle Steve's funeral, my mother dressed me in black, the first time I had worn black since my very first recital. I was only ten when he died. I remember walking in with my parents, and having people talk about me to my parents, saying things like, "Is this Amanda? Steve talked about you so much; his favorite little goddaughter." I didn't like how they talked about Steve; they almost sounded disrespectful because they had accepted his death so fast, and I wasn't sure if I accepted the fact that he wasn't coming back.

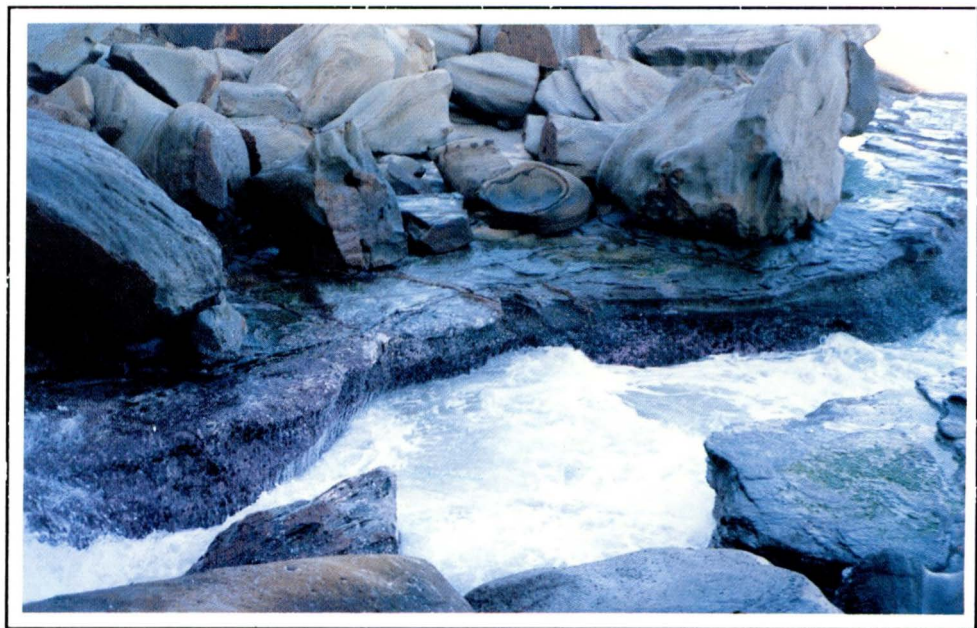
Later that afternoon, I was walking by the dessert table, and sitting right in the middle was a huge vase, filled with real Calla lilies, and a bowl in front of it that was filled with Smarties. I was given a Calla lily, a package of Smarties, and told to keep them forever. Then, a lady pulled me aside, and asked me if I knew who she was. I said that I didn't. She told me that she was Steve's mother, and he had said before he died that he wanted me to have his artist's markers, because I was the only person he had known who loved his markers as much as he did. That's when I started to cry again, because I missed him already, and I was going to have to live the rest of my life without my twenty-eight year old uncle to be there to see me grow. And this woman, who was Uncle Steve's mother, held me as I cried, and whispered, "It's okay. He's gone, but in time we will accept that. Don't worry. You are lucky to have had such a wonderful man in your life at such a young age. We all will miss him." And, as all mothers are, she was right.

I came across the things from his funeral the other day. The Calla lily was dead, but very well preserved. The Smarties were unopened, and the markers could still draw. In that moment, I had an inspiration, and I tried to draw the Calla lily. I came to the conclusion that I could draw them forever, but they would never compare to the Calla lilies I drew when I was ten years old, and my Uncle Steve was sitting next to me.

Amanda F. Horne



Linda Deputy



Jeannie Infante

"The Beachcomber"

*Beside
the pothole
on Rt. 72 east
slouches
a disheveled
old man-
half-asleep,
slumped,
in a
broken beach chair.*

*His nose
is stained
sunburnt red,
his belly
harbors
a huge mound
of jello-
or jellyfish.
His calloused
feet
protected by
dime store
flip flops.*

*With eyes
closed
behind scratched
sunglasses,
the old
beachcomber
dreams of
faraway beaches
unlittered
by needles
or trash.*

*He remembers
carefree days,
real sandcastles,
unbroken
sea shells.*

*Startled
back to today,
he leans
back-
the beach chair
collapses,
the old man
tumbles
head first
into the
engulfing
pothole of
Rt. 72.*

Tamara Lilienthal



Scarlett Rooney

*letting her hair down
luna shrouds all in her warmth
under winter skies*

Sandy Bitman

Hearth Poem

*A man and a woman
Stretch by the fire
Warmed by its crackling
Pine murmur*

*Liquid in this light
Their faces flicker and bend,
Eyes hollowing, filling,
Like pools of that dying flame*

*The smoke harvests memories
Like her body's dark perfume*

*His knotted features smooth
And settle like ash.
Their bodies,
Like these lapping flames
Boil and steep,
Heavy with an incense all their own.*

*Embers whisper prayers and darkness,
Gently closing.
As smoky thoughts thin and wind sleepily away
A shrouded spark of life
Burns in her belly.*

*Steve Smith
contest winner*

Twisting/Turning

twisting
 turning
 in every direction
 darting here
 running there
 after phantoms
 imaginary figures
 and other world things.
 being first
 this and that
 and whatever is fashionable today
 never being one thing
 long enough to be
 any thing substantial.
 being all
 being nothing -
 particularly being
 him
 her
 them or
 they
 too busy
 to find
 to be - ME.
 whoever
 he is; was
 should or might be
 twisting
 turning
 darting
 running
 seeking
 everything
 but
 ME.

Melinda Crowley

THESE TREES OF MINE

*Twin trees in common parallel
green and going for the sky
seem strong and faithful to the ground
pure to nature's eye*

*the quick or cunning know the fall
to build the killer's silent rage
this soul to play the maker's lyre
and act upon His stage*

*heart strings persuade grass blades to rise
the trees two paths do samely make
with virtue in a sinful world
brought out for bringing's sake*

*can love mask trees from discontent?
should humans trail behind
double double for every parallel
the battle is in the mind*

*these trees mirror me for what it's worth
a strange or odd reflection seems
but we are true and we are false
as choices end the means*

*for hearts are born and won eternal
then trees grow side by side
one mind will decompose to earth
one tree will wither and die*

Franklin Hollingsworth



Laurel Zepp

*A little crack between the eye's that's all it
 takes to drain the substance of his life, thick
 blood trickling out of the Bullet hole, drip, drop,
 drip, drop. Thump a cold white corpse
 tick, tock, ti...his clock has stopped.... Tick, tock,
 Tick, tock, yet mine goes on.*

*A little grin tickles my lips as I walk away
 humming a yellow tune that disturbs my
 green world.*

*The cold steel in my pocket teases my thigh,
 nothing to do but give into my lust
 open my legs and feel the wonders of my little
 hell hole pushing up that steel as far as
 it goes. In and out, in and out the
 slurping sound of my juices
 Holding the trigger so close
 tick, tock, tick, tock the annoying sound
 of my clock*

*Should I impregnate myself with death?
 One explosive orgasm!
 That's all it takes to make it
 STOP.*

Jennie Espada

REFLECTION IN THE WATER

time and space mean nothing
 as i fade back to a period
 of financial beauty and pleasure.
 violently soft colors leap out at me
 building a serene realm of quiet
 and peace. i find myself
 standing on a broken bridge
 that once spanned the mighty gulf
 which lies below me, like the maw
 of some colossal creature long since vanished.
 i can see only paradise.
 the sun is rising, or
 setting, i cannot tell.
 in the distance i see
 on a hill some ruins
 old and decrepit; many years have
 passed since they were last used. below
 these crumbling ruins is a lake.
 reflections on the water, slightly distort
 the original, making it seem whole again,
 a vision of past glory.
 across the bridge from me, buildings
 of white stone propped up by majestic pillars,
 like a God resting his head in his hands.
 an aura of alien peace drifts over
 these ruins and i am glad that
 the broken bridge protects me
 from the seclusion and power of this place.
 i remember a time
 when immortals played freely here
 but, it is not my memory.
 i feel this place is sentient
 and i am frightened. this valley
 untouched, unblemished by human presence
 for thousands of years, belongs
 no longer to man. in his infinite

*wisdom, he left such things behind, long ago.
the landscape around me melts away
transporting me back to man's reality.
i catch a final glimpse of the ruins
reflected in the water
and i am filled with sorrow.*

Stephen Ferruci



Ken Rhea

A feminist type poem

*When moons fall slipping
off a dark gray sky
you rise on a wing of your time*

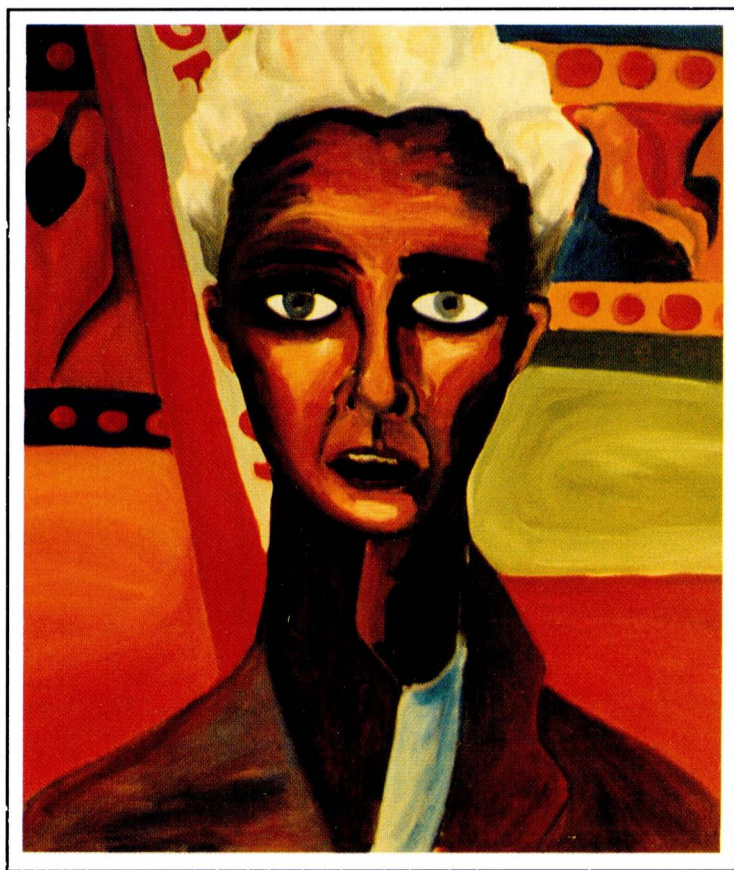
*briefly balanced on pointe
and promise
can you tremble, like I can, to die?*

*You, woman I know
who touches her hair,
fall blown back in the wind,
that brevity could cease
and mysteries decrease*

with words of centuries shared

*would I feel one step closer
to who I am in sex
by growing one closer to you?*

Laura Hope-Gill



Ceci Cappel

PROSPERO'S SONNET

With this rough magic of imagination
 I cast my future and I spell my fate,
 As by this elevated contemplation
 I shadow forth the life Time will create.
 I plant the seeds that Time will fructify,
 Rough out in mental diagrams and schemes
 What architectural Time will reify,
 Constructing history from flimsy dreams.
 So little do we know the power of thought
 That shapes our every act, that rounds our ends,
 We rather think that destiny is wrought
 By stars or chance or from some god descends.
 But Time is ours to master and command,
 When with this magic we seize Fate's pale hand.

Alan Nordstrom

Water

As water upswept from clear skipping brook
 splashed carelessly into my waiting lips,
 quenching this temporal thirst;
 coldslidedown my long parched tongue,
 So I hold you, loved one, on riverbank bed,
 running lovefilled through my eager fingers;
 chin cast up towards eternity.

Ricardo Rodriguez

The New Beginning

I sit here with a pencil and an inspiration

*Not too long ago there seemed to be no way out of
my maze*

*The process of freedom was so simple but easily
complicated*

I write this with my back to the maze

And face an unknown beginning

Although I have reached the end of my maze

I'm at the beginning of my journey

I suppose my journey will be just as simple

*But I fear my future and use the weapon of self-
destruction*

*The inspiration that I mentioned may initiate a new
tide*

For once could I feel secure with the ride

Could it be a malady with a disguise

Or just another hope I will jeopardise

Billy Marshall

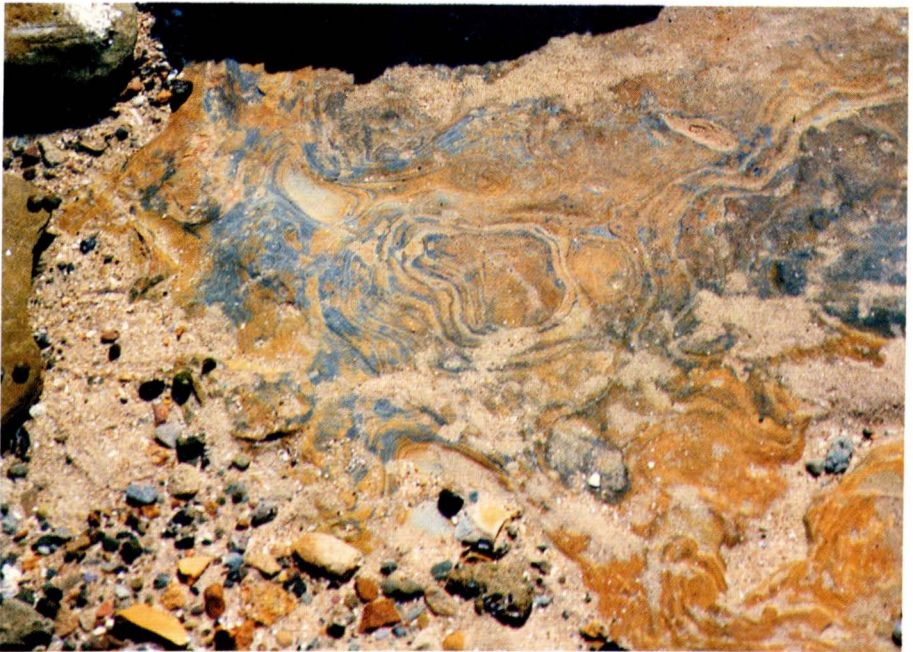


Scarlett Rooney

"Day Breaks and Night Falls"

*I close my eyes and there you are,
As sudden as the day breaks and night falls.
I reach out to touch you,
You are not there, but only in my mind.
I can't have you here every minute,
To tell you how much I care.
Or to put my arms around you and hold you tight.
At times I only wish for you,
To be there by my side.
I want to be close to you,
And always have you,
But since I can't, I'll continue
Closing my eyes, finding you there,
As sudden as day breaks and night falls,
But not to touch.*

Pam Orthwein.



Jeannie Infante

Do You Love Me?

Tell me you love me
 I need to know
 Because by the light of day
 my worries return
 The love you show at night
 has no substance to light
 and I need to hear the 3 words
 I Love You
 You leave me in the morning
 without a backwards glance
 To suffer with the knowledge
 this love just might not last.
 Then you return
 and my worries fade
 or they seem so childish
 that I don't have the courage to say;
 Do you love me in day
 as you do at night
 or is your love an illusion
 I chase in the night.
 So as the light returns
 so do my fears
 and I must suffer the agony
 all over again.

Denise Anaskevich

Numb

*Mama held me barely in her arms.
I could feel every bone and vein in her body.*

She use to have dreams.

You could tell this from her eyes.

She use to smell sweet.

*But much sickness took its toll.
Her mouth has dried and
breathing has stopped.
Once, I remember her.*

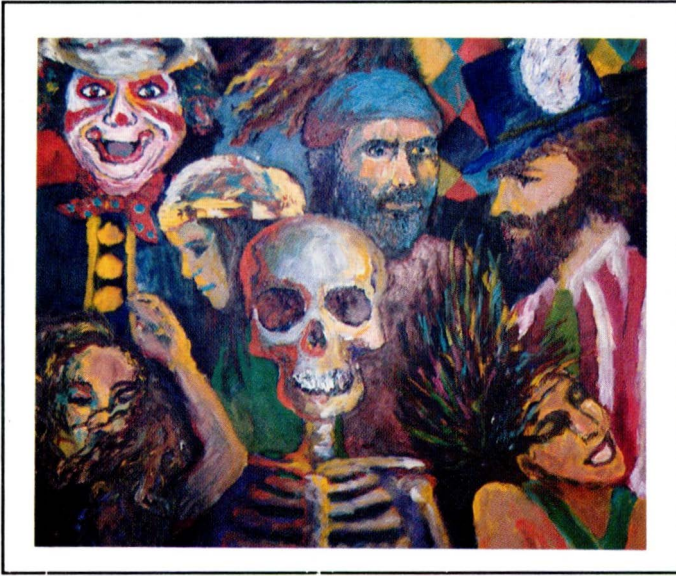
She loved me.

But I've lost her .

Numb.

My poor Mama
Earth—

Tracy Wilson



Christine Peloquin

Living in Paradise

*I've walked down these roads before
 I don't want to walk down them anymore
 I want to find a place to stay
 Any price they ask, I'll gladly pay.
 Wouldn't it be nice?
 Living in paradise.*

*I'm sick and tired of walking
 Meeting stupid people all day
 I don't listen when they start talking
 I wouldn't care if they passed away.*

*Annoying people
 People with problems
 People with hangups
 Expect me to solve them.*

*Get out of my face
 Do I look like your saviour?
 Leave me alone
 Would you do me this favor?*

*I don't like your type
 You ask too many questions
 Does my hair look good blond?
 Should I get extensions?
 Do my glasses look cool?
 Do I look any slimmer?
 Do my shoes fit alright?
 Would you join me for dinner?*

*No, you look like a fool
 And you dress like a jerk
 Everything that you do
 Makes everyone smirk.
 What did you want me to say?
 Did you want me to lie?
 Did you want me to place you
 On a pedestal high?
 Nobody's perfect
 And your no expectation
 God's biggest mistake
 Was your very conception.*

*These tired roads just make me ill
 My legs are weary and ready to fail
 The road I travel is long and hard
 I need to change my trail.
 Wouldn't it be nice?
 Living in paradise.*

L. Joseph Zoumas

Silent Study

hello to anyone who isn't listening to me
it is for us that we write this
you must be hard but not headstrong
you must be proud and not cry out loud
you may be punched or get a free lunch
but for us all will remain the same
look at your face and give it a name
be it too real or be it insane
we all have a place in this game
and for our shape should feel no shame

out there you a heart have been giveth
use it all, there isn't a minute
turn round your head
bring back the night
of a cold tired time
you forgot in the fright
bring back the light
of an age when the beauty liveth

this whole thing started trying to be nice
with foresight of warthogs
and emotions of ice
hello to my english teacher
I too paid the price

Joe Jurek

On Then

*i dropped my brother off
on fall afternoons like today
when cooler forces brown the leaves*

*these boys.....together
for a last game of neighborhood eternity
and bonds harder to the growing split*

*i widen my heart spaces
soaking in the visual calm of it all
caught the glint in the twilight eye of my brother
my innocent
my shadow...*

*myself as times like this
spun memory for future regret*

*he's running to it by trees
and other brothers when
all i can do is keep glancing back at the patterns*

*i'm leaving now, as older rules require,
this place
this time
and i will never know again.....*

Franklin Hollingsworth



Ken Rhea

Time

*Time skipped a beat today
I felt it in my heart;
It changed directions of my mood
And gave me quite a start.
Like broken branches on a path
That make you change your stride:
Time made me jump today
And step from side to side.*

*Time cut a thread in me
And made me lose my place—
It made me wonder who I am
And why I take up space.
The feeling wasn't painful, though
It left a gaping hole....
And now I need to find the time
To fill my empty soul.*

Happy Aziz

The American Reality

"Oh say can you see . . . " the bald eagle soaring above the sky with the authority of the winds behind him, the two golden arches symbolizing the billions of hamburgers sold , the American flag in flames.

"By the dawn's early light . . ." I see the Arizona sunrise sending splashes of orange, blue, green, and dusty rose across the sky. The farmer's feet in Iowa crunch the golden stalks of wheat as he checks his crop.

"What so proudly we hail'd. . ." millions of fans reverently standing just moments before hysteria sets in when they kick off the start of the Superbowl. The President when he promises no new taxes.

"At the twilight's last gleaming , . . ." a U-haul and a big , brown station wagon carrying a family of four and all their personal belongings , leaves Des Moines and heads towards Dallas, the start of a new job and a long adjustment period.

"Whose broad stripes and bright stars . . ." of Roy Lichtenstein's brush stroke paintings and of the movie stars set in Hollywood Boulevard.

"Through the perilous flight . . ." against AIDS which has already taken hundreds of thousands of lives, many innocent . That whether we join in the bloodshed or not, the Middle East still has the oil and we must depend on them.

"O'er the ramparts we watch'd , . . ." a boy of five wearing bright yellow galoshes and holding a half-opened matching umbrella , jump into a rain-filled pothole.

"We're so gallantly streaming . . ." like the sparkled confetti that follows an explosion of fireworks under the St. Louis arch every 4th of July.

"And the rocket's red glare , . . . " of the Challenger leaving the launch pad , only to blow up into a million bits of red flame, the last remains of the four astronauts and one teacher.

"The bombs bursting in air . . . " over the skies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the dawn of the nuclear arms race between Russia and America.

"Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there , . . . " beside the tombstones of the soldiers who died fighting in the Vietnam War.

"O say does this star-spangled banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?" This land , our heritage , for me and you and every other American.

Becky Kovac

Fall and winter

*Green leaves to gold,
Red rose and brown;
Brown ground with snow
and sunshine shines on.*

*Still wind now howls;
Dead live fire;
Warm hearth that glows,
Cold swirls, round
Cold spires.*

Jude Alexander

Meaning and Being

*Looking out into the sky one day,
 The sky so blue and the sun so gay;
 The clouds looking humble and the birds
 going their way;
 Exploring new meanings of Gray, I found
 myself going astray through the
 pathways, byways, and highways of
 my mind.*

*Lost in my thoughts and seeking to be sought
 I meandered through the waterways of
 mankind
 What does it all mean ???
 Am I going blind? Losing the perception
 of time?*

*Relentlessly, physically, and mentally, I
 was drained with this “keen insight”
 of meaning, which was not constrained
 by time.*

*Life flows through me.
 I feel “it.” Happily, steadily & readily,
 I accept my role in the Kingdom of—
 Great and small.
 For, if I fall, I revert to my
 faith and it answers the call.
 All in all, I love the Life I live.
 For, it allows me to give.*

Is this the meaning of.....Life??

FEELINGS, FEELINGS, FEELINGS

*Whatever am I supposed to do?
Is reflection a "state of mind" or an
"Extension of Being"?
Is my purpose Rhetorical or Exploratory?*

*Meanings fade and a new shade of gray
comes into play.*

*Reflections, pictures, and thoughts race
through my mind. I couldn't help but think of
you.
The meaning of the MINDS - COMMUNITY
with others. What does it all mean?
Soon I shall see.
Further down the pathway, the Tunnel of Light
is not far from me.*

*Gently, the winds blow and whistle.
Another day is gone. Here, Sensitivity and
Receptivity reign. The soft whisper puts me
to sleep.*

*I listen attentively and the "hush" crawls
over me. I am overwhelmed by this
wonderful peacefulness.
Deeply and serenely, into my innermost reality,
I fall into a sleep and again I am bounced
in the currents of my being.
Taking and making - forming a new being....
.....LIFE....What does it mean?*

Fran Dayao

INDIAN SUMMER

*Death is a steel bird with ancient breath
But here,*

*The sun's as thick as honey
Laced with breezes like cool mint kisses
My heart pumps golden blood like
Sunsets flowing through my veins
So I smash grapes on my face
 They are so tart, I wince
And stuff another handful into my mouth
Our sweat mingles
Like waves licking white sand to glass
Breathing salty mist like cool whispers
I wrap my fists into her hair
Shuddering through orgasms
Like a wine-drenched bow and a wailing violin*

*I stride into the cold sea,
Shivering in the many-colored
bonfire of my youth*

Overhead, grey birds circle with cruel patience

Steve Smith

