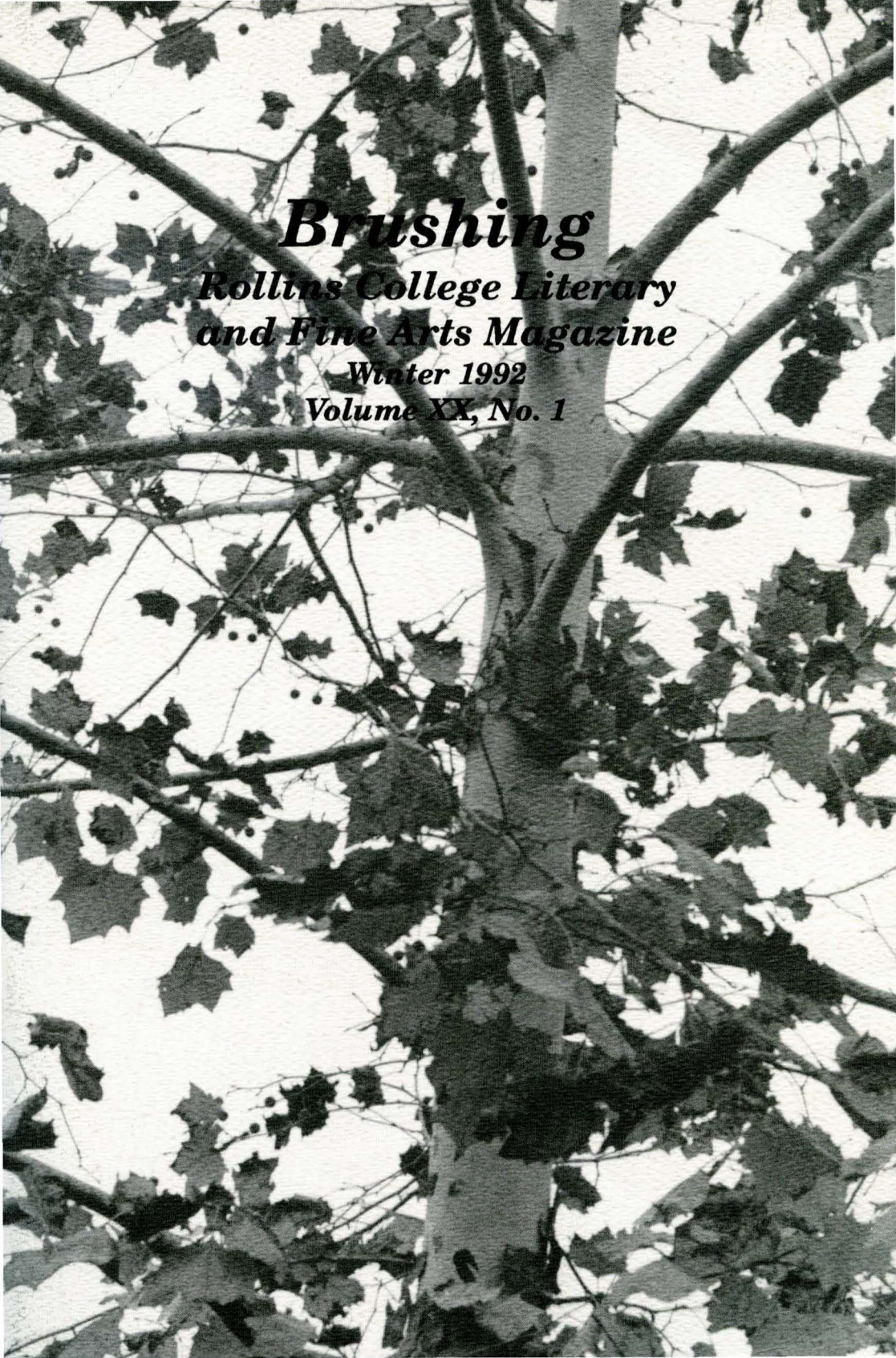
Winter 1992

Brushing, 1992, Winter, Vol. 20, No. 1

Rollins College Students



Brushing

Rollins College Literary and Fine Arts Magazine

Winter 1992
Volume XX, No. 1

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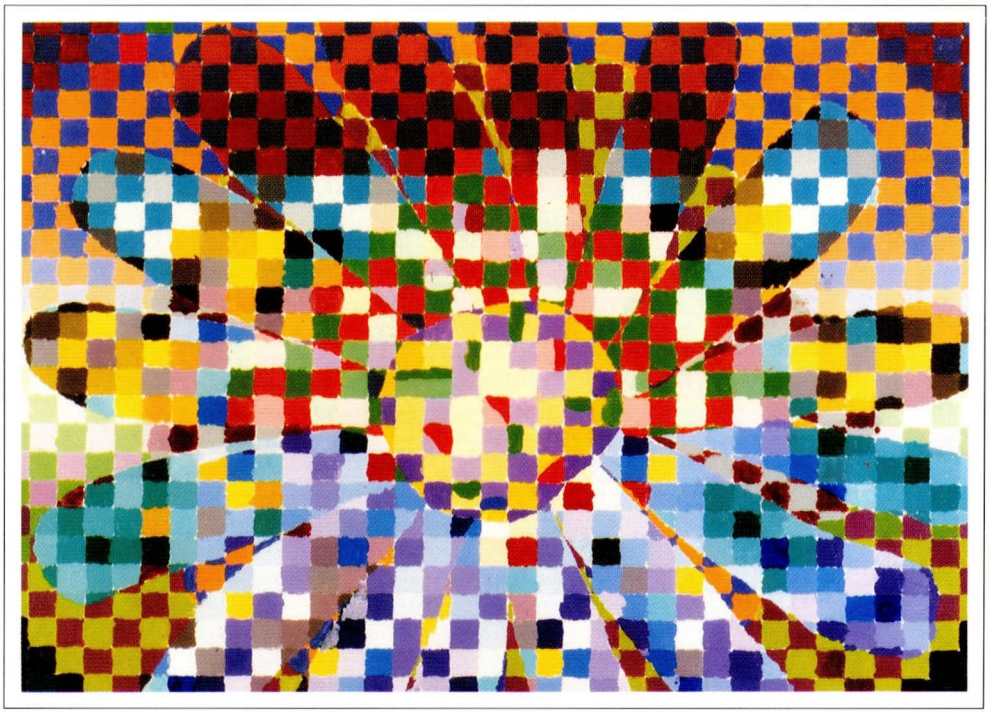
Rollins College Literary and Fine Arts Magazine



Winter 1992
Volume XX, No. 1

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*Flip art animation sequence by Tracy Wilson

The first Brushing issue of our twentieth year has been a long awaited edition for everyone. We are pleased with the result and especially with the diversity and creativity of all of the art, photography, and poetry that was submitted. It was difficult for us to narrow the selection down because we received so many wonderful works. The contest made the selection even more challenging. We have enjoyed putting this edition together and hope that you will gain as much from it as we have.

Our special thanks go to Charlie Roller, Karen Slater, and Jean West for helping us choose the contest winners. Charlie Roller and Mac MacDonald have both been helpful with the preparation of the visual content. Our last great thanks goes to David Nall for the 56 shades of gray.

Sincerely,
The Editors

La Silla
Jaime F. Casellas

Hearst Castle
Karen Kleich

The Lover

Beautiful man-child
whose lingering rays open me,
petal by petal,
breathlessly awaiting the dawn.

Delicate lover
whose warm breezes enfold me,
gliding me over
the frigid churning waters.

Immovable guardian
whose iron-clad words humble me,
shielding me from
the dangerous seduction of dreams.

Ashley Hoven

MICHAEL

One very

late afternoon, I couldn't help but notice
in a quite small lake
that someone (God,
maybe) had taken a peach and
smeared it, syrupy sweet across the sky,
swirling juice and fruit into meringue clouds,
releasing a reflection of
lake in sky and sky in lake.
I was amazed
(not that I hadn't seen a sunset before;
but this one reminded me of Michael.)

Isn't it funny
how the cool cat sky blushes
so many glorious shades of fruit and flower
it makes you want to cry,
or simply ignores the sun's passing
so cool and dull,
the duality of Gemini.

Ashley Hoven

Herr Einmann
Amy Price

Tristan and Iseult
Amy Price

Concurrent Images

The beginning of a sound
  in time before
its end in
  time after

The bending of a leaf
  over the flat range
of the rain-stamped
  ground

The clenching of a hand
  with uneven fingers
around a silent
  moment

The drifting of cloud
  slowly past
a sun of
  fact

The walking of a boy
  with measured steps
in her golden
  afternoon

The curve of his lover's
  arm which drapes
over the basket to
  grasp the red grapes

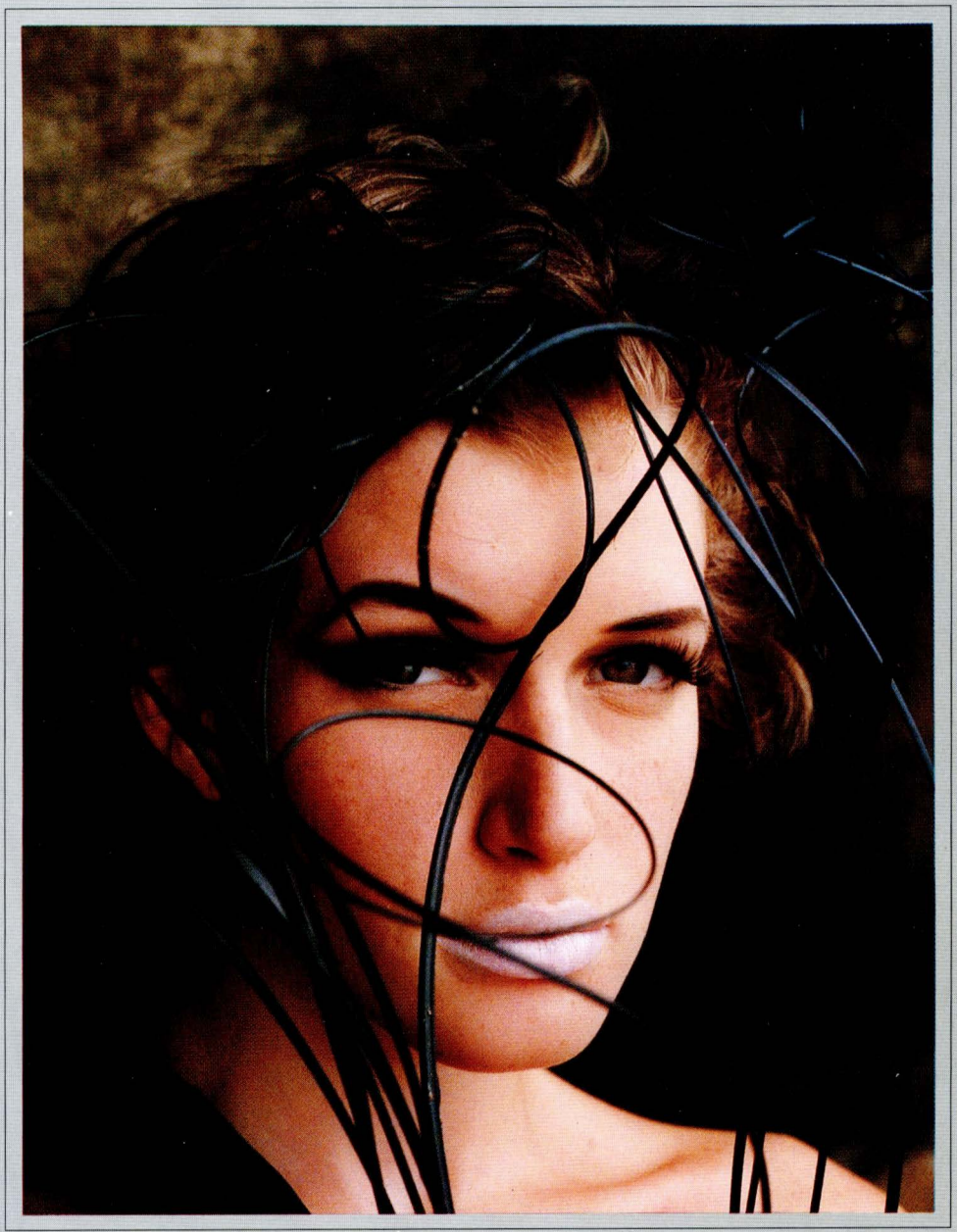
The flow of her moss,
  dripping from the tree
through the air,
  combed by the wind

His backbone the shoreline,
  arching more firm
in her deep wide
  wet embrace

David Nall

Laura in Spring
Kimberly Reed

Untitled
Mac MacDonald



Untitled
Kimberly Reed

Just a Little Love Song

Let me sing you a song
about Mommy

Let me sing to you
about Dad

I'll sing you a song about loving
and how very little I've had.

My daddy left running on thunder

My mom sings the blues every day.

I stare at my mommy and wonder
why Daddy just couldn't stay.

Did he love me, I ask?

Does he still?

Do you love me, Mommy,
and will

Daddy come back?

Oh, please Mommy say
"Of course he'll come back."

Mommy says, "go and play."

S. Miller

Circledance

Leave it to the children
to teach us how to dance,
to shed the nervous flesh of its
shorn desire,
and dance;
to shake this rattleboned shelf
of uncertainty,
this body,
and dance.

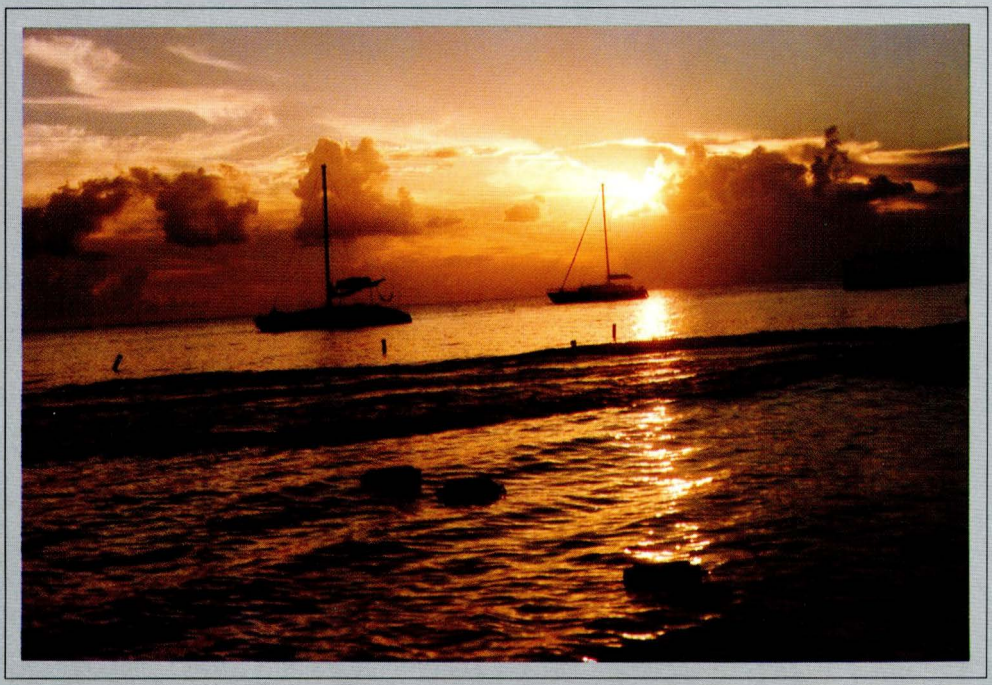
The child,
its unwelcome shirt waving blue
from a back pocket,
shuffles his unshackled feet,
dry earth mingling hungrily
with his nightborn sweat,
a garland of union
between what is
and what is to be.

Mother,
drifting a forgotten toy loose from between
cigarette-stained hands,
kicks up the abandoned dust of Adam.
Her bareskin heels trace mandalas in the dirt.
(flamelick casts shadow
upon the dusty trailridge etched by
her swinging feet)

Moving together now,
they whirlspin separate.
His eyes roll upwards, drumfired to the winter sky,
with that pink horizonglow murmuring low,
the unwelcome wreath of a city at night.
(counting heartbeats)
She drops her head,
in fear and in wonder,
watches his dustkissed feet rise and fall
and rise again ,
rise again to fall.

She watches him in the shadowshield
of the playing light
as he dances
round the swallowing flame.

Ricardo Rodriguez



The Evening Sea
Karen Kleich

Red Sunsets

the air is heavy on my weary shoulders
the stars barely shine from where I stand
I hope that the people will realize
what we've done to our finite world.

I used to gape at those spectacular red sunsets
that shone every evening in the city
until I realized that what I had mistaken for beauty
was smoke from the factories and cars and unnecessary.

now I dream of a world where people give a shit
about the land that supports them and the same
that will, hopefully, be a home for our children's kids
if we can keep it liveable until then, so I do the best
I can and know that I can make the difference.

Melanie Busey

I Remember...

I remember the smell
of the autumn air,
adorned with the crisp fragrance
of falling leaves.
A faint trace of smoke
encircled my body and held me captive
within its intangible walls.
My body was held erect against
the earthen breezes that
blew my hair.
Nature sought for shelter and
began to
twist and bend
wearily toward the ground.
The arbor's naked arms
silhouetted the sun,
and I tasted its kin,
burning in the wind.
The sound of my voice echoed -
hollow and cold,
reverberating each sound in a
lingering, melancholy chorus.
I remember the burnt red
of the cobblestone walk,
peering -
silently, from betwixt the lifeless leaves.
I broke apart summer's last majesty
underneath my feet. The long
shadows drew me to sleep
as the days got longer
I slept.
The colors were amber.

I remember the taste
of my breath as it penetrated
the chill of the winter afternoon.
Winter had come as quickly
as nightfall.
I remember my virgin dream...
There sat my apparition
of a gypsy. The White
Winds blew her face
into an abstract of fading
lights. She was running
her ivory fingers through
a waterfall of fantasies.
Behind her, silver droplets
danced around a pillar of
fire to the sounds of
tambourines. Whispers
of still life...
I remember.
Each snowflake fell in single definitude.
They floated to my tongue
and ran to meet the back of my throat.
They tasted of Hippolyte's tears
of nectar....I remember.
The sky is empty.
One cloud flies solo above
the tallest shadow
and seizes the dream of silver blankets.
The shadows are growing shorter.
I turn to bid the gypsy farewell.
I remember.... I am restless.
The colors were pale.

I remember the awakening
of my senses to a defined acuity.
The shadows were gone, and
the sky was alive.
I remember the flirtatious whistle
of the birds that flew free in
the sun-danced sky above me.
I remember the garden of my
childhood: Each petal of each flower
glistened in the dazzling
sunlight. Each chrysanthemum
swayed to the dance of the
masks. Each branch ascended
into the circle of light. My
garden had exploded into
rich jewels.... I remember.
I ran with the innocence - in my garden.
Pollen filled my eyes and throat.
My bare feet absorbed the newly
fallen dew.
I remember the Whisper.
The colors were soft.

I remember the smell of fertility
as I rolled alone in the gold-flecked grass.
The hills were undulating endlessly,
yet tirelessly.
My skin was tight and inflicted
hot, restless nights alone in my
nudity.
I sat on the River's edge
and flicked snail shells
against the glass in chorus
with midnight's crawling dwellers.
They sang to me as I watched
the moon's full face. Its
beams fell down onto my
legs and slid down onto
my feet, a half inch in mud...
I remember.
The picture faded away from me
and left me alone in the glow...
I remember.
The colors were brilliant.
I imagine places near and far,
both real and unreal, and
seen and unseen. For one year
I lived on Walden Pond with
Henry David Thoreau.
He saw.
I felt.

The colors were bleeding.

Nicole Dose

Untitled
Kristen Sparks

Untitled
Juan Sole
Contest Winner, Photography

Untitled
Juan Sole

Traffic Jam

Vacuous eyes
gloating in sluggish satisfaction
greedily feasting
upon the accident
in secret anticipation

Passengers pretending
to shield their eyes
impatient for a glimpse
a peek
at some unspeakable gore

The bespattered victims
helpless in their own blood
can only wait and watch
as the cars slow up
to pass them by

leaving nothing
but their
tell-tale
slime
trail
behind

Heather Sielicki

I-10 , Late Afternoon

Greenswamp breezes
sing hymns through the lank Spanish moss.
The reed of Robert Johnson's voice haunts me
(" Oh baby,... don't you want to go?)
across the forgotten bayou.

A fisherman, old , walks home,
his jeans whispering conspiracies
against the marsh grass.
small girl, casual garland trailing from black braids,
jumps two steps to his one,
whistling.

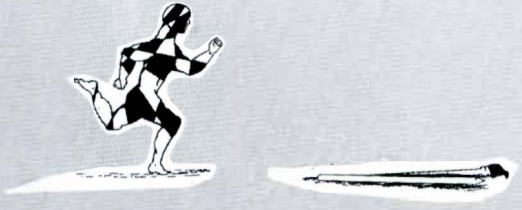
Farther on, a beatfaced boy,
his sawdust hair tangled with cut grass,
still wet from summer rain,
climbs from porch to truck,
cupping a cigarette against the early evening breeze.

I stop at a small store
and drink a beer
watching the redorange wafersun dip
into the golden chalice of the shoalwater.

On the porch, clay-clogged boots drop
on the scarfilled rail,
three old men rock back on stiff chairs,
cheeks filled with chaw.

And New Orleans lays still before me like a drunken promise,
I'll be there by midnight.

Ricardo Rodriguez



Untitled
Juan Sole

Scene of the Quarter

The quicksilver women of New Orleans run past,
their bracelets of rain
ringing in the square.
Amid the ruffled debris of love showered
in the rusty gutter,
a lone leaf,
a refugee of summer,
scrapes lightly against the chipped concrete
of the greasestrewn sidewalk.

Ricardo Rodriguez

In San Francisco, the Homeless Have Cats

In San Francisco, the homeless have cats.
Mary down on Market Street
has two black strays.
She tethers them to her wrist
on a blue leash of worn leather.

Dark is camouflaged in Mary's shadow.
She is the shy one and gets Mary the
money from tourists who feel sorry
for the poor cat out on the streets.
"It's not the cat's fault, poor thing,"
they say after they pass by.

Saucer is the friendly one,
earning Mary the smiles of children,
who stop and pet the cat's matted fur,
and wonder why mommy doesn't turn her gaze away
like she does when they pass the man with the
"Viet. Vet Will Work for Food" sign
up by Union Square.

Last Wednesday, a woman from the ASPCA came down
to Mary's corner on the sidewalk with a notebook
of called in tales of animal cruelty witnessed
by passing observers on the busy streets.

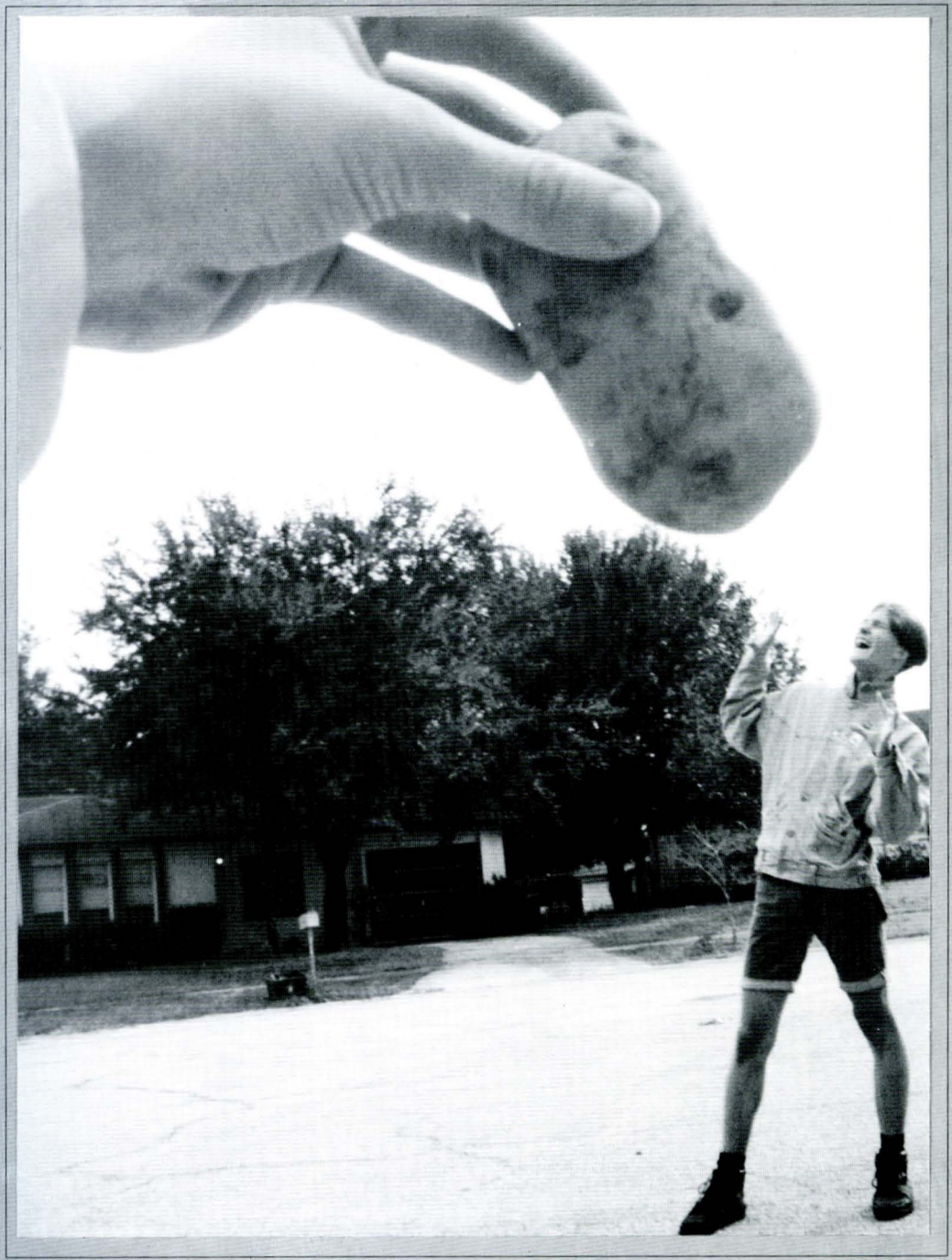
She took the cats away from her
because it was cruel to keep them on a leash
in a downtown area, not getting enough food
or any care from veterinarians.

A week later, Mary was told that one cat
had been gassed at the animal shelter
and the other had been given a home.
It must have been Saucer, she smiled,
thinking of the way that he used to meow
at the people who walked by.

Mary thinks of his new home,
large and warm with a big fireplace,
behind closed eyes,
crying inwardly as people
quicken their step
and look away
as they pass her by.

Heather Sielicki
Contest Winner, Poetry

Untitled
Ranya Farouki



Untitled
Deirdre Thanski

The Solarization of Sarah
Kimberly Reed

The Awakening

Fragments, whole pieces of past lives
sliding beneath my fingertips,
slip in and out of focus
as I try to decide
which to keep,
which to destroy
while Sleep, like an iron helmet
clamps my muddled brain
straining to choose the solution:

To awaken within a dream,
surrounded by the most comforting
and familiar from each life, by home;
Or from the dream to awaken,
although completely aware of myself,
separated from each and every thing from my past,
not by distance, but lack of existence,
embracing the present,
striving toward an unbounded future.

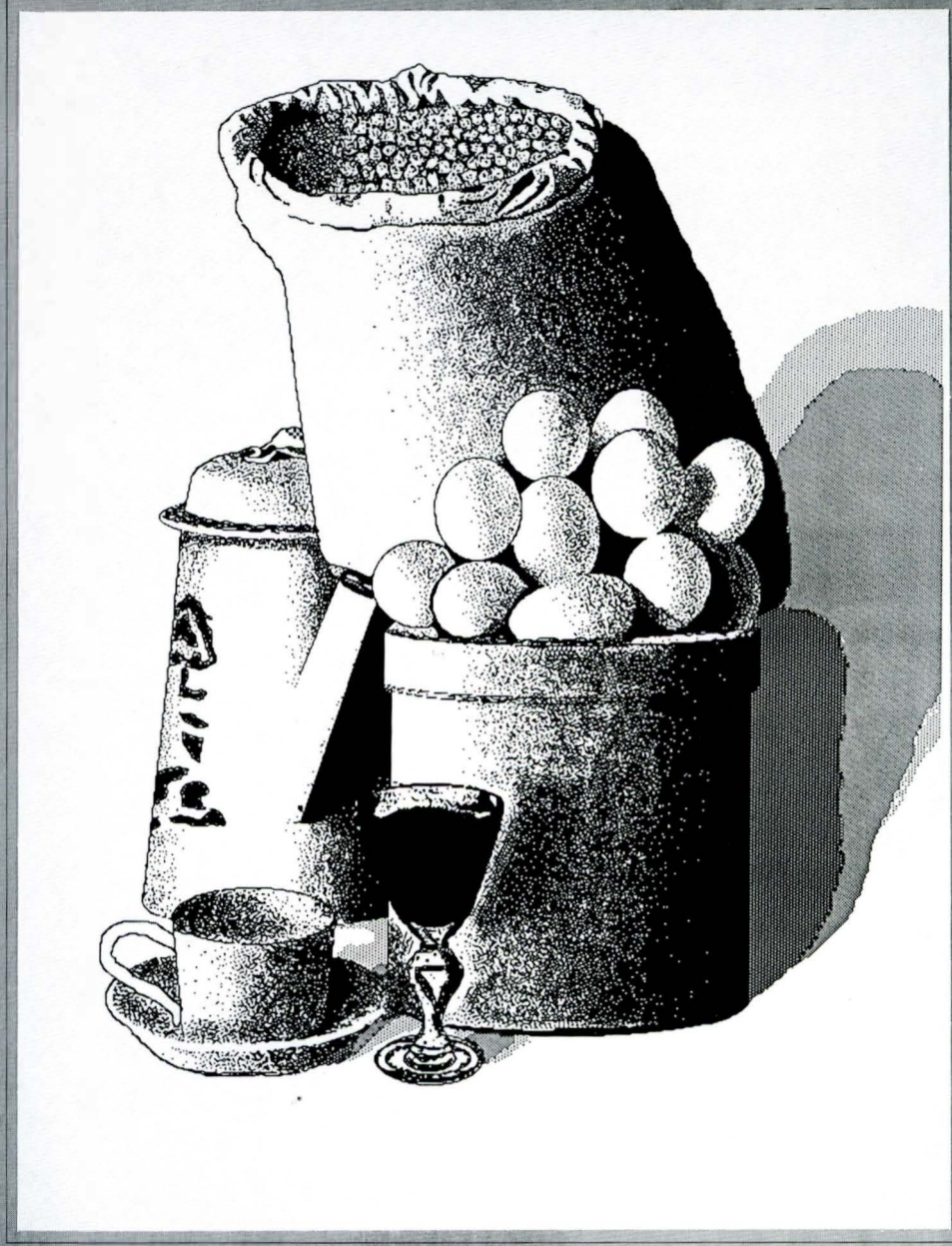
Ashley Hoven

Sonnet 10

It is used to measure different ways;
For it spans from now 'til eternity.
Seconds steadily tick through life's dismays;
The pulses beating through adversity
And joys with hours of serenity.
From days to nights throughout months grown to years.

The endless cycle of vitality
For death continues without care of fears
Tick-tocking moments of smiles and tears.
With priorities ranged from first to last.
The seasons bring some new concerns and cares.
Which apply to memories present and past.
It is TIME that measures never-ending
Keeping all life's pains and joys still blending.

Jorayn Lundy



Untitled
Scott Rogers

Withdrawal

I empty myself
without regret
of any burdens of the past.

To all those I let inside, I lock the final door.
I will begin to build further and further inside
with many fine rooms and whitewash walls.

Don't be hurt or dismayed at my disappearance.
If you were strong before
you will be soon learn to hate all that I never was.

It's easier this way,
to leave silently,
than to face the eyes
that so wanted me to complete
that special part of themselves.

I am everyone.
I am no one.

Those who really cared will come back
and knock at my doors.
The others
will only wish their curses,
but never penetrate my wood.

New ones of you will follow.

You are all the same.
You wait for me
to bestow some secret
or profound truth.

I don't know any.

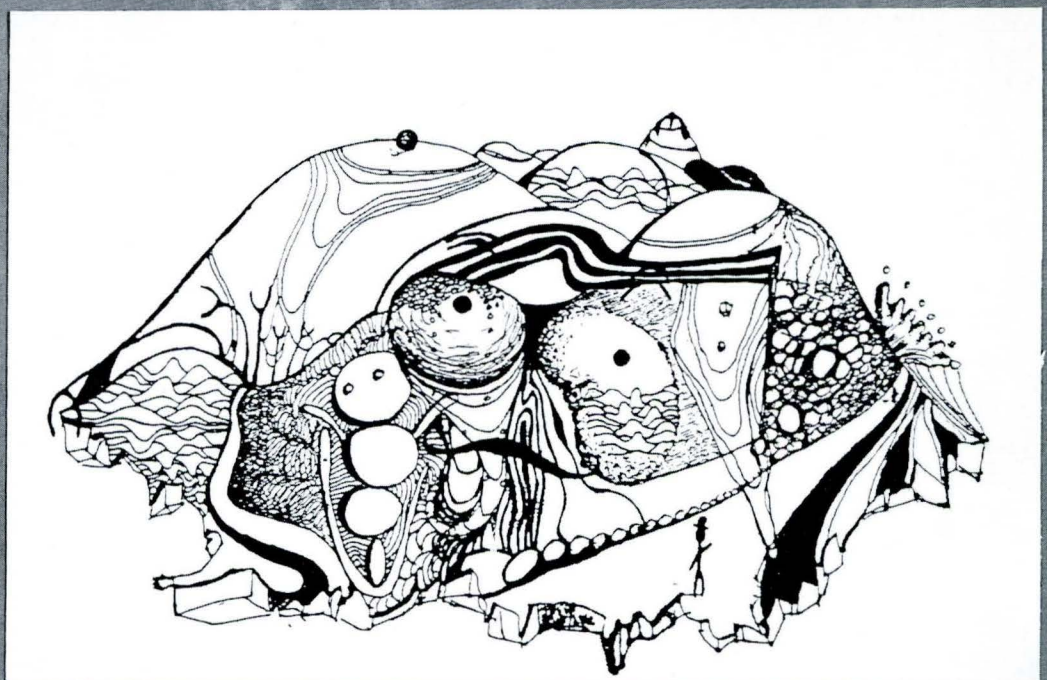
I only live for those moments
in darkness,
in whispers,
in candlelight,
where souls can speak,
freed by coffee or cigarettes or love.

This is life,
the rain you don't expect
that falls
when you need it most,
and stops
when you become dependent
on its rhythm.

Heather Sielicki

Untitled
Christine Bloom

Untitled
Ranya Farouki



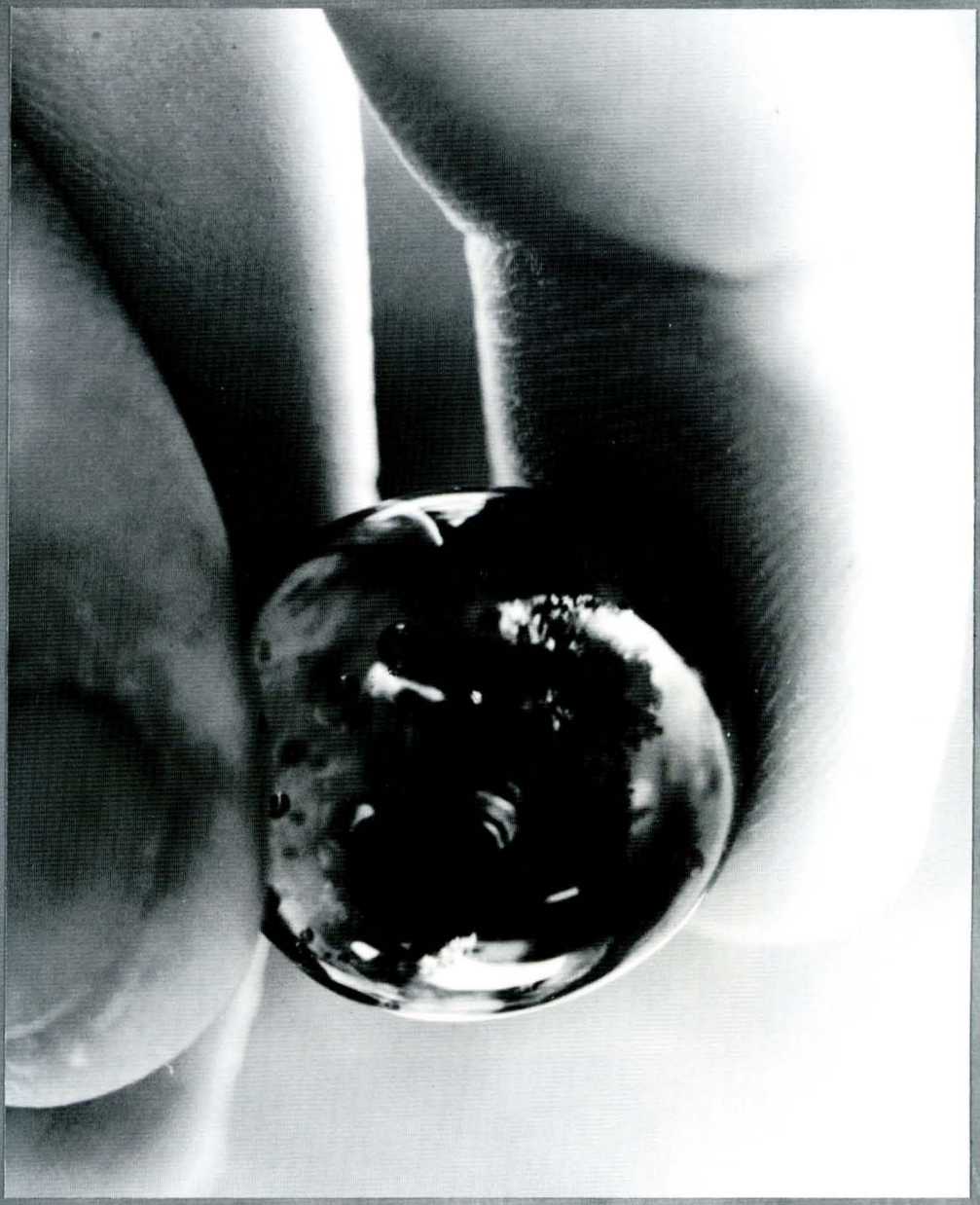
Untitled
Jesse Fortner

Scatterglimpse

Sing me sweet
across the brickvoiced night
sprinklers crash gently
among the winking blades of Spring
as the liquid stars speak patiently
to winterdeaf souls.

Ricardo Rodriguez

Untitled
Kristen Sparks



Reflection
Deirdre Thanski

Industrial Quartet

Refrigerator

Give me the freon
to push on the ozone
Will nilly turn me on?
I'll pump out the snowcone
We'll hum the old song
Can you sing, sing along
With the mammoth and woolly device?

Sense we can agree on
All my frozen own
the flesh is the sweet on
the stick of the bone
and Ice shall be freon
and argon, and neon, and
I shall be free on the Ice.

Oven

As serene as my acetylene
Sit with me on the scorch
With my methane, ethane, propane
Butane, pentane, hexane torch.

To the entrenched senescence
Please send our broad incenses
And incendiary diligence
of cinderblock immenses.
Sear the seeming evidence
of sins and old offenses.
We shall, who are sincere of sense,
receive our recompenses.

Go from me with gasoline
and douse the gauzy linens;
light the matchstick undermine
and burn the underpinnings!

Shout the raze and hie the blaze
and blazon on our pennant!
Those who cannot love the oven
surely shall be in it.

The Blender

Grin and ground with men it spin
and chops or liquefy, puree
and mix the licks of tongue again
in vital new bouree

Done is never once was spun
and only fitting in the bowl
such fun will be was only one
that never knew the whole

Broken Man of wholesome span
scrapes restrained the sawing blades
implores the briny of his plan
when mixer finally fades

Rubber gasket salty spoon
drink withly swallows deep
free sing him of the glassy soon
to join us in new sleep

Garbage Disposal

We chew the scraps of rotting meat
and deadly vegetables
no molds form us like those we eat
no choice but miserables

Our blades are rotting with a rust
of pixel electronic
in this united state we trust
drink drano for our tonic

We would leave the kitchen sink
if we only had a brain
so we could swallow and could think
so we could leave the drain

But meanwhile we purr
or maybe we howl?
Eat the shit they confer
and wish we could growl

David Nall

Early Morning

I met the morning once
When the stars lent their fire
To the sun
And the crickets ended their night song
And the trees slipped into robes of green.

John Langfitt

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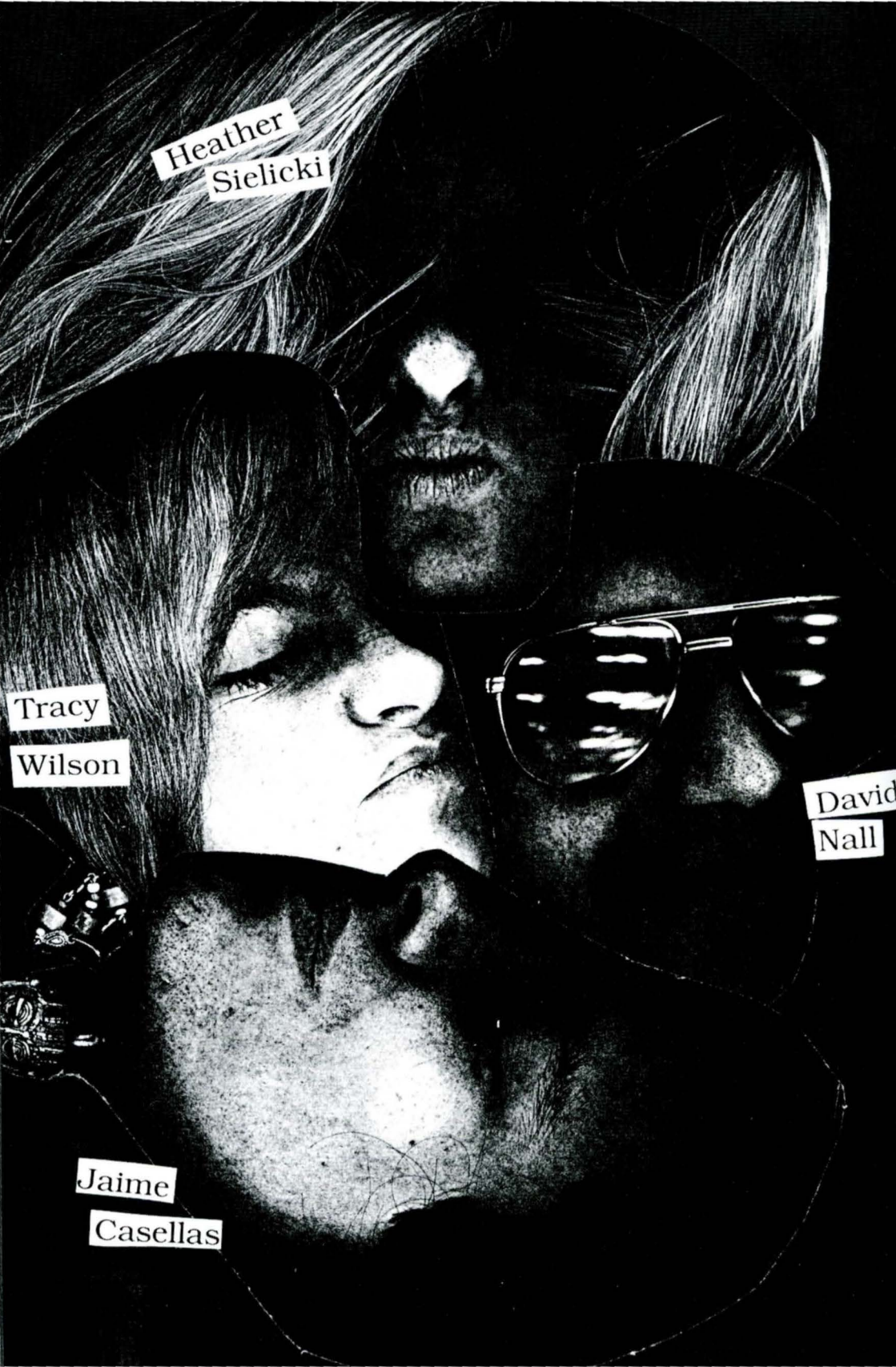
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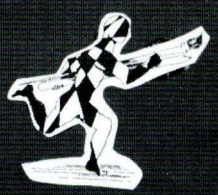

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Winter Park, Florida

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