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Spring 1997

### Brushing, 1997, Spring, Vol. 25

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25<sup>th</sup>



**Brushing**



25<sup>th</sup>  
edition

Cover Art: *Lara Hadrys*

Poem: **Air Giselle**

*Sara L. Feldman*

Full Poem found on page 18

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# Brushing

ROLLINS COLLEGE  
ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE  
VOLUME XXV, 1997





**Midnight**

acrylic on canvas  
70" x 58"



**Self-portrait**

acrylic on canvas  
40" x 30"

A handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of stylized letters and the number '01'.



## Picnic on a Mountainside

I imagine she burped  
and lined her lips  
with effervescent drops of  
saliva  
before the rumble  
and the gulp  
tumbled them twistedly  
into the seething juices  
that gurgled  
laden sighs of  
sweet  
saturation.  
She knew  
none  
but for the mist  
would stand trial  
as witness  
of red spittle  
glaring  
off lips  
lusciously—  
so quickly the cold white napkin  
dabbed away the stain.  
The spots on the mountainside  
the winding rope dangling over the ravine—  
did anyone hear the whisper  
of a silent cry?  
Only the echo  
of a muffled sound  
dared to disturb  
a dewy eyed  
repose.

They looked merely ruffled  
when we found them  
ejaculated  
eradicated  
such perforations on a mountain side.  
Disheveled souls  
rumped and disarrayed  
simply mouthed  
without interest  
and then  
rejected.

Billy's  
hat  
still on his head  
mounted by  
the flapping of a long tassel  
furiously purple  
signaling to us  
out of the snow.

Ben's  
jacket torn  
to divide the back  
where  
a tree limb  
that somehow knew  
that somehow sensed  
grabbed  
lost  
a nylon sleeve.

Funny faces!  
and no laugh.  
Just blue.  
Swollen  
like a TV dinner  
you knew  
unfroze  
abandoned  
all  
identity.

What a strange desire  
to withhold the warm hand  
mine  
from reaching  
to smooth back the frozen tendrils  
ice coated curls  
that jutted obscenely  
from snow spattered heads.  
Yes, just slip the gloves back on  
stiff  
frosty claws  
frigid talons  
selfishly—  
If to lie  
and to forget  
and to prevent  
jaunty looks from  
returning  
to interrupt  
sweet dreams.

Dead  
a thing  
turns nipples to paste  
crumples chest  
smothers lungs  
until the smattering of the heart is the only  
murmur  
the only plea  
to separate  
you  
from  
them.

They remained sweetly intermingled  
so startlingly intertwined  
the trail of red life  
a dripped arrow pointing.  
I caught myself brushing away  
the stained snow  
as the mountain grinned coldly  
unaffected.

*-Mairi Beautyman*

**Dripping**  
papier-mache  
49" x 19" x 16"



*Sara L. Hadrys*



**Roots**

photograph  
10" x 8"

*Brian Bay*

## The Peace River

he comes up from the river  
wet, unnerved from anxiety, looking for his lover.  
hiding beneath the gray spanish moss,  
he cries to the dead oak tree  
to protect her, as the ravens  
drip black hatred  
onto the tattered cotton  
quilt littered with beer bottle caps  
and boiled peanuts.

nothing good ever came from the peace  
river; regrets lie on the murky bottom.  
cryptic silt wants to be  
washed into the bay; any movement is a  
freedom run, dislodging the choked weight.  
clear liquid flows over thrown insinuation stones,  
green algae lives on drowned  
rocks of accusation. weeping willows lightly  
dip their fingers in the cool water

respecting her memory. he wants her—he needs her  
to forgive him for the past. he knelt on the sandy bank,  
plunging his callused fists deep, trying to wash  
red stains from oily mechanical hands.  
she should have moved with the course  
of the river, heading for the open channel,  
ridding herself of a victim's grip  
and the penetration of her natural coffer. with the  
sudden violence of an osprey's clutch, she spent

a brief moment flying,  
before the unexpected gravity curve  
brought the river nymph back to a protection  
found with the manatees  
and the soft green-tint sunlight along  
the river's sole.

*-Rob Carraway*





**Riverside**

etching  
10" x 8"

ENG 2

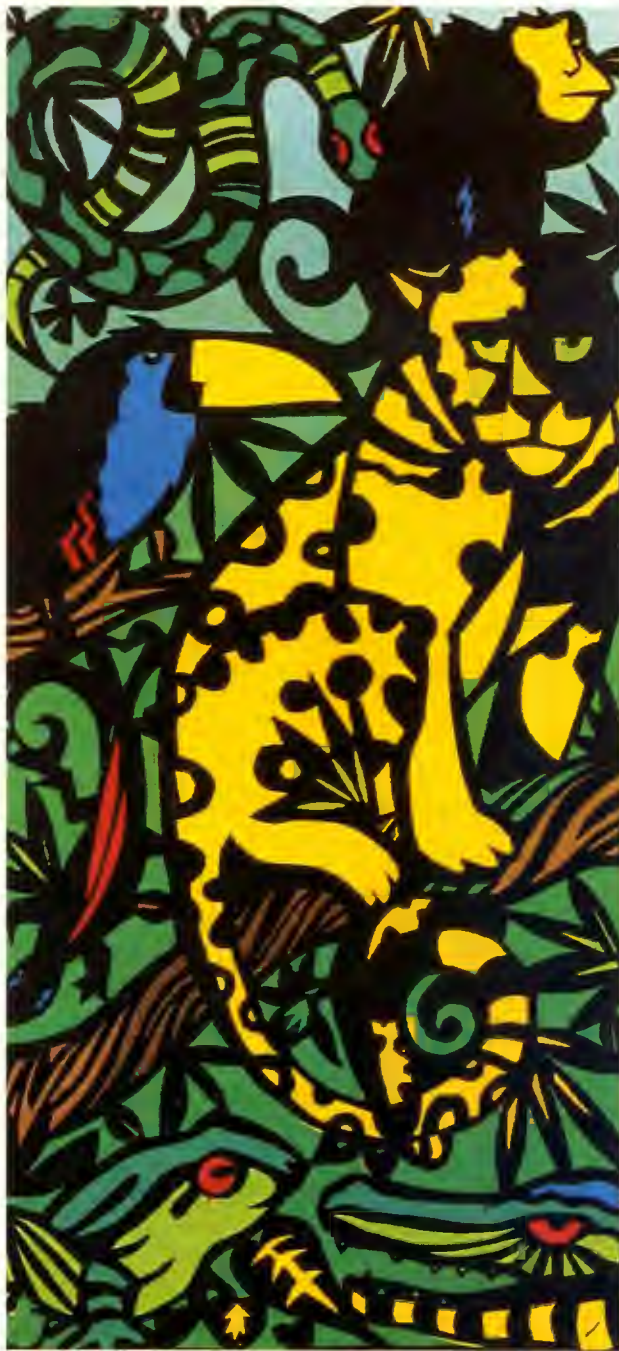




## **Animal Totems**

silver and copper metal work  
actual size

*Sara L. Hadrys*



**Amazon Jitters**

papercut  
8" x 4"

ENG 2



**Pentheus as King**

etching  
16" x 10"

*Aubrey Dilmore*

## Cocoon

I see myself in others,  
But they have so much more  
And I am not even close  
To becoming one of them.  
Maybe in the future  
I will grow into being  
One of those people I see  
Out there, like a reflection of me.

—And I do.  
I lose my originality.  
I become one of them;  
I am no longer myself.  
All that is left of me  
Is the outer shell  
Everyone uses to distinguish me;  
To judge me.  
I am different now,  
Not the same I was before,  
And not even close to it.  
But they still see the same me.  
What a surprise to them it is  
When they realize I have changed.  
They ask Why I did or How,  
But I don't even know Where it happened.

—I see myself in others,  
And they have so much less,  
And they are not even close  
To becoming one of us.  
But in the future  
They will grow into being  
One of the people I am  
Out there,  
In here,  
Like a reflection of what I was.

*-Jorge Melendez*





**Snatch**

oil on paper  
40" x 32"

*Sara L. Haduys*

## Silence

You are a carefree spirit, still  
As always.  
Friendly Love  
Scattered pictures of  
cigarettes together - two lines of smoke  
Drifting and becoming one mass;  
We were the same being,  
now "we" is gone...  
You have some of my clothes  
separated into two piles  
JUST (LIKE)  
LIKE (US)  
US.  
Friendship lost, non refundable  
One small quibble and our friendship faded away...  
You replaced me.  
I've replaced you?  
(The silence is killing me)  
My heart is now missing a piece  
You took your piece when you  
walked away and  
never looked  
back.  
And the silence is killing me.

*-Alexis Bohrnstedt*



## **Air Giselle**

Graceful tooth-chilling wind with a new pointe slippers,  
starved for a lick of hair on which to rest,  
dances atop a curl of a young man.  
She begins the ballet  
which makes an onion dome of hair.  
a metronome of the jaw  
an audience of the leaves  
and a stage of the skull  
while her icy toes touch vengefully  
on the heart.  
Her caress creates a shudder  
and a tear  
and he sadly wraps his coat  
tighter  
trying to forget...

*-Sara L. Feldman*



**Gestures Walk**

charcoal on paper

18" x 24"

*Kaela Gustafson*



### **Portabello Road...A Reflection**

photograph  
8" x 10"



### **Portabello Road...The Sound**

photograph  
8" x 10"



### **Portabello Road...The Trinkets**

photograph  
8" x 10"



### **Portabello Road...Winter**

photograph  
8" x 10"

*E. J. Castle*

## Tourist, trapped

*Take us down to the beach*, they say, so I try to dissuade them: the beach is too hot, too gritty, too wet. Let's stay inside where it's cool, and read this book about —

*the beach, the beach*; I sigh the book shut, pack up my world and haul it down to the shore, to wait until I can go home and get it unpacked. I set up camp, settle in, sit back, but they come after me as sure as fate, pulling my hands, leading me through unfurling waves to stand in more water than there could ever be while the sun burns through the crown of my head and the dark pulse of the sea streams around my legs, urging me further out, further down, to the peace of the black depths where I'd be just another piece of protein, where it's much too dark to read, when suddenly

I look down and see shimmery pale forms floating under the surface, luminescent-limbed shapes with fine spreading hair of deep red-brown, shining submerged with a strange unbound beauty, near my feet but fathoms far . . . and they are so lovely I am stunned. I asked humbly What are you? and they reply *we are special creatures*. Mermaids?

*No. We can adapt to any environment.* They dip and plunge and slide smoothly through the sea. I watch them and the horizon for a while. I slosh back to shore and open my book, but my camp feels like foreign ground, and the words are just spilled on the page.

-Kathy Bailey

## Past encounters Present

I'm glad I am not you, I think idly to myself  
    As I watch you, watching me  
How troubled and tense, you appear to be  
    Although if questioned directly, you would be armed with ready denials  
Here, in this place, talking with your husband, I gaze dispassionately into  
    bewitching, hazel eyes  
Marveling at the many who have fallen prey to their guile  
    The crooked, imperfect smile merely enhances the charm he exudes  
You bark a short laugh in response to a companion's utterance but your good cheer is  
    forced, false  
Your eyes bore into his back, piercing and probing  
    He and I talk easily, predictable, pedestrian prattle  
With the expected deviation of an innuendo, or is it an invitation, he cannot help  
    but deliver  
I respond tolerantly, lowering my eyes, touching his arm briefly, absently wondering how  
    often and who else  
Hears these same lines  
    It occurs to me again, of how glad I am that I am not you  
He glows with the assumed success,  
    His confidence swells and grows, oblivious to your torment  
Your body betrays your discomfort though you strive valiantly to don a mask  
    Your face sets in stiff pleasantry  
I half listen as he drones on incessantly and I think to myself once again  
    I am glad, that I am no longer you  
I can see you now, just barely, beyond his shoulder  
    You are pale, no longer pretending to be involved in the revelry around you  
No one else exists for you. Except him. And me. Three always was a crowd  
    Your face is painted with uncertainty and trepidation, your eyes liquid pools of jealousy and malice  
Mistrust colors and smears your features  
    Gone is the sanguine, confident woman you like to portray  
Your distress, fear, devastation, so tragically familiar, but now yours alone  
    Our conversation dwindles but still I linger  
Finally, he turns to go and I reach for his hand  
    You cringe, appalled at the intimacy, your mouth reduced to a thin, white line  
Your fury is palpable  
    Just one more thing, I say  
He waits expectantly, patiently  
    Softly, I tell him  
I am glad I am not you

*-Lisa D. Silker*



## Untitled

I would look a fool  
If like a wild child  
I smoked ferociously  
A blaze of fever and fire,  
Devoured cold glass ice,  
Or changed my brilliant translucent eyes  
To deep dark blind windows  
Seeing hard hearts that lie or die  
Away at night every time  
A secret game with poisonous magic is at hand.  
Dirty animals circle over a web cloud  
Above the hole seeping  
Down in the morning.  
God gives a naked prisoner  
Peace always desired.  
Listen to questions of trust,  
But worry about soft voices melting,  
Who smile and open to salt  
Those easy cut words  
Or warm laughs.

*-Jorge Melendez*

## Untitled

In life, there's one thing I know,  
And that is that I know nothing  
About life and how to live it;  
About love and how to trust it.

*-Jorge Melendez*

## Depression

The world cants  
to the sinister;  
I tilt, slide

and disappear  
into a bone-dry  
stone-gray gorge.

This room of  
books holds no  
life anymore;

but I can  
feel "Daddy"  
on its shelf

like a sore.  
There's nowhere  
to go,

and I'm too  
sick to die.  
I wait.

*-Kathy Bailey*





**Halloween**  
photograph  
8" x 10"

*Lara L. Hadrys*



**The New Standard Model**

mixed media painting

36" x 37.5"

*George Hant*

## Untitled

Who has stood in front of a window naked  
Breast bared, esophagus exposed  
to inhale the inherent quality of  
cool rustling scent from the night?

Who has stretched to the sill  
pressed nipples to the wind  
and felt the silence of a thousand songs  
suckle their sweet sap?

Who has wrenched and wrestled the glass to reveal  
a pulpy black sky, vulnerable and soft?

Who has fluttered to the ground, trembled with triumph  
of engulfing and being engulfed by the earth?

Who will stand in front of a window, naked?...

*-Sara L. Feldman*

## Crazy?

Behind my back they say:  
"She's crazy—"  
"Few notes short of an aria—"  
"Ritz crackers, she is—"  
"Round the bend—"  
I am  
On another plane—  
Or is it another plain?  
All the same,  
To my mind's eye.  
Plain crazy?  
But at least not plain—  
Unique—  
Like a song made up  
From the top of the head—  
Or the bottom.  
An aria sung in the key of Q.  
Dreams bursting like crackers—  
Firecrackers—  
Those who know better fear them—  
Firecrackers—  
Dangerous.

But those who know best –  
Oooh! Aaaah!—  
Bask in the illumination.  
What's around the bend?  
Do they stop and ask?  
I do  
Go round the bend  
Where magic dances in  
The light of firecrackers  
While children hum tuneless arias  
And play crazy eights.  
They lock us in our rooms,  
But we escape out the window  
Of the plane—  
Onto a higher plane.  
Though common sense rules the world,  
We can move uncensored  
If we close one door and open 100 more.

*-Jennye Kamin*

## **Untitled**

fondling her soul  
cheap thrills in conversation  
close my eyes in pain and regret  
why oh why  
never touched  
now ruined

*-Mark Simos*

## **Christ Nerve**

Picking at my skin faced flower  
Feeling my boredom run you down  
Run you down return we soon forget  
I lived it all from your insides soft and warm  
We act to hemorrhage convulse my eyes  
I a symptom to stomach difficult sandpaper  
Return to hell but this hell voices raise mute  
I a christ I no nervousness but sickness  
Expectations grow like a thorned path

*-Matthew Moyer*



**Parsnip**  
mixed media  
44" x 22"

*Andy Gilmore*



## Porphyria's Ghost

The sun rose early the next morn,  
And the winds had ceased to lash;  
Although the branches lay torn  
On the porch like forgotten trash,  
Porphyria's ghost could through it dash.  
Into the cabin, Porphyria stepped,  
And glanced at her body there  
Leaning on her lover as if she slept  
Through the night's storm. Beware!  
Thy love does not lie inept and unaware.  
The Spirit kisses the body's lips,  
Not of the man but of the mistress.  
She caresses the shoulder that **he** worships  
Laughing with sorrowful happiness at his future distress,  
For she know that he God will not bless.  
She sends him a dream of future events,  
For the moment he tried to preserve  
Will prove worthy of only debasements  
Of character unreserved  
Which will force him to unnerve.  
Life without Porphyria, dream of it!  
Where will you find yourself now  
Without her who would submit  
To your vanity and your vow  
Of obedience? She will no longer bow.  
Feel, now, the pain you claim she felt not,  
With her damp, golden locks  
You strangled her until she forgot  
Who she worshiped around the clock;  
Now she stares at him and mocks.  
She served him well, Porphyria sweet,  
Valued his needs over her own,  
But her spirit does now retreat,  
Whispering thanks to her lover down  
On the floor, kissing his crown,

She thanks him for his actions  
    For he has set her free  
To control her own affections.  
    No longer a prisoner she,  
    Free from *his* vanity.  
But before she departs,  
    The look of love on Porphyria's face  
The spirit changes. The soft eyes to darts,  
    The smile to a sneer of malice  
    The cheeks from rosy to the paleness of lace.  
Not for vengeance sake,  
    But as a reminder for him  
Of who will always have control and will take  
    Her place in heaven's limb  
    While he remains earth's vile victim.

*-Jennye Kamin*



**To Feed the Masses**

graphite on paper  
22" x 30"

*Sara L. Haduys*

## Religion

Opened to the sky and any storm  
lie mouths of parched and hopeful little men.  
They wait for the first visit of a drop  
to moisten, glisten, spread along their tongues  
and nourish with its slow expansion.

Many, doused by droughts of swirling sand  
die, their slack jowls open in protest  
against the hot blue sky which never dripped  
cool wisdom on their burnt and peeling heads.

Others have fertile places they were born  
which blossom thunderheads at every turn  
and pitch huge balls of icy knowledge-shrapnel  
into their waiting catcher's mitts of maws.  
These soothe their thirst but choke them with relief.

A few, with sharper views, close up their jaws  
and take their eyes from heaven to the earth.  
They leave the others, who are drowned or dried  
at weather's mercy, and discover land

that opens not to hold their feet in place  
but to provide the long-sought quenching drink  
with the salty effort of their hands.  
The well they dig while others wait for rain  
will saturate them well and whet their joy.

*-Sara L. Feldman*

## **Exhortation**

On Mike Nichols's EXHORTATION

I have too, as you, walked  
the silent sleeping streets,  
with streaming eyes, running  
from the women in the windows.  
I have too slid, as you slid,  
under the seas to see the shells,  
smiling and swimming silently.  
I have too seen the moon  
    running along the sky.  
So make me shut up.

*-Theresa Smildisin*

## **Apparently with no surprise**

Trees unto dear unto lion;  
Man unto man  
Unto woman unto child,  
God watches all—  
Without a smile—  
Without a frown.  
He beats her beats child—  
She hugs him hugs child—  
God watches all  
And nods—  
She lives, he dies—  
He dies, she lives.  
Child laughs, cries—  
God watches all—  
Apparently with no surprise.

*-Jennye Kamin*





**Morning Crew**

photograph  
8" x 10"

*Brian Sage*



**Maine Beach**

photograph

8" x 10"

*Maine Beach*



**Open Book**

Lithograph  
11" x 14"

*Andy Gilmore*





**Self-portrait**

charcoal  
30" x 28"

*Kaela Gustafson*

## Sanctuary

The children lie silent  
in the inmost room. Their  
trust is a painful  
warmth on my back.  
Menace streams through  
the closed blinds,  
chilling me as I prowl  
the outer empty rooms,  
in dread of the  
searchlight's beam.

If the room isn't safe,  
there's the closet;  
if the closet's not safe,  
there's the trap door;  
if the knocks and the boots  
and the lights pursue,  
there's the corner  
under the house.

Maybe a fake wall of bricks  
will hold us and our  
blankets and food.  
The children's eyes  
are frightened and  
trusting. No further  
retreat. We wait  
for footsteps.

Now we are driving.  
I'm taking them away  
passed pairs of big grim women  
with powerful arms  
holding long ugly rifles.

Sometimes they don't see us;  
once I throw out some  
dresses to distract them.  
I know our luck won't last,  
and it doesn't. We are  
caught. A smiling  
receptionist shows us  
the schedule, our time to  
die; her gaze lingers on  
my daughter's face.

"Yes, she is so young,  
so innocent, so beautiful.  
What you're doing is wrong,"  
I say quickly.

Her fixed smile flickers  
while she considers —  
then she shakes her head,  
consigning us to the dead.

Now I am digging, digging  
at the roots of an  
ancient tree, feeling for  
the tunnel that leads to  
a safe room. I feel the  
digging and patting  
inside my body:  
the opening being widened  
here, camouflaged there.  
I can't remember if we  
are people, or rabbits.  
I only know  
I have to hide the children.

*-Kathy Bailey*



## Empty Promises

When sentimentality threatens to drown my being and bittersweet memories  
surround and pummel my heart  
Before I succumb to a severe case of the what-might-have beens  
I remind myself of the empty promises, hollow words, and lies uttered so  
carelessly  
I regain strength, recalling the children you so carefully hid  
Remembering that you were already married when you asked for my hand  
The ink still wet on your divorce decree as we glided down the aisle  
I didn't know. How could I have known? Why didn't I know?  
Reflections of time spent, searching the wall for your brother, lost to the war  
Who never truly existed  
How ridiculous I felt, and you looked  
Discovering my name, illegally signed to legal documents and you-  
Dining, dancing and boating with other women  
My friends?  
The pictures told a different story than those which spewed forth from you  
Committing my own indiscretions, sinful transgressions. Justifying them  
according to your deeds  
Revisiting and renewing an old, but not forgotten, love  
Recalling thoughtless words so casually spoken to a friend, on our wedding  
day  
If I couldn't have him  
I would settle for you...  
Now, two more children cry over what might have been  
Counting the cost  
Of empty promises, hollow words, and lies uttered so carelessly

-Lisa D. Silker



**Linsay**

acrylic on canvas  
58" x 30"

A stylized, handwritten signature in black ink, consisting of a series of loops and a final vertical stroke.

## Game

Ha — I can beat you at this, little wonder,  
I can beat you at words and the way they spin.  
I can tie a net around your sweet, sweet bishop  
I can check-mate your ass with a ball-point pen.  
So the gleam in your eye is a first-come winner,  
But I'll see how it dies when the ink is wet;  
'Cause we both know who scores when there's rhyme and meter  
'Cause we both know who scores when the lights are set.

Your writing is full of the punc-tu-action  
And your grammar is perfect like a teacher's book,  
But your words are like shit and your talent's nothing  
And you thought you were good until you took a look  
At my whirlwind, mayhem, magic letters  
That came alive and tore your papers apart.  
'Cause we both know who's got the soul of a poet  
'Cause we both know who's got a magic heart.

Yes, I can beat you at this, little wonder.  
And your king is dust when he's hit with a song.  
So you've got a degree and your quick-wit thinking,  
But I'll take up a pen and, baby, prove you wrong  
And I'll leave you just standing with your mouth wide open  
And your video games and your rook and queen.  
'Cause we both know who wins when it comes to writing;  
'Cause we both know who wins when my words are seen.

*-Haley Hoekstra*



**Mysterious Comfort**

photograph  
10" x 8"

*LEO SPOONER*



**In Awe of Kasimir**  
mixed media painting  
42" x 42"

*David Hany*





**Lake Virginia**

acrylic on canvas

50" x 58"



## **Objects I**

mezzotint

3" x 8"

*Andy Gilmore*

## That's a True Story

My father talks to me in cliches  
We are physically separated by only 20 miles of roadway  
But the emotional distance is far greater  
We rarely see one another, talking by phone only occasionally  
He usually calls me at work where brief conversation is safe  
Or leaves a message on the machine at home when I am least likely to be there  
When we do speak, he asks superficial questions  
Which generally require one syllable word answers  
Fine, I say. Everything is fine.  
If I ever do respond with any more detail  
I am stopped short with a cliché  
For instance, he asks  
    How's the job going?  
I say, the stress is incredible, we're facing imminent layoffs, and we're not getting our raises  
Well hoop-ti-do, he says  
He then asks  
    How are the kids?  
They are well, I say. They wonder who their grandfather is.  
Well that part's all right, he says  
I remark about the weather. It's been hot/cold/raining  
That's a true story, he says  
I especially dread the times he calls when he's been drinking  
On these calls, he repeats over and over  
    Hey Bud, you doing all right?  
After several minutes of this, I remind him that he has already asked  
    And my name is not Bud  
No problem, he says. Then it's  
    Hey Bud, you doing all right? Again.  
I say life is good, couldn't be better.  
He says, Yeah Buddy  
Sometimes I entertain myself by writing his epitaph  
Maybe it would go something like this:  
Here lies dear old dad. Well hoop-ti-do.  
Drank, smoked, abused himself to death. That's a true story.  
Unknown to children and grandchildren alike. That part's all right.  
Died alone and maybe lonely. No Problem.  
Had four wives, two children, and two step-children. This is true.  
Here lies dear old dad. Yeah Buddy.



**Bamboo**  
monoprint  
6.5" x 3.5"

*Sara L. Hadrys*

## Feast of Flowers

Pounds of coquina are stacked,  
trapping islands  
of saltwater sailors,  
filtering dry sunlight  
passed thin arms and legs,  
hiding the sounds  
from burnt mouths  
eating the voices  
and replacing each with echoes  
of chanting seagulls.

Feathered cheeks,  
pity from a mother's palm;  
webbed feet,  
nets of pulsing spring sweat;

Gull tails,  
pipes exhaling smoke  
of burning galleons;  
white gull feathers,  
the coward found  
in the rooster's tail  
and within a Spanish fingernail;

Molting gulls,  
blossoms of sweet orange,  
casting and colliding  
above the bay,  
witnessed only by dark hidden eyes,  
touched only by waves  
hiding under deep bows of boats;

Button gull eyes,  
black holes,  
naked wrists bitten  
by silver chains,  
as moons spill into bowls  
of this silver bread and water;

Empty gull eggs,  
lips skipping on salt air,  
smacking the surface of the moon;  
broken shells,  
hair falling,  
balding, as the coquina seeps  
inviting the damp;

Bent upper mandible,  
Larus fuscus,  
black, white, gray,  
Cornish, La Coruna,  
chatters the gulls:  
"this is the Feast of Flowers"\*

\* "The Feast of Flowers" in Spanish culture is  
Easter Sunday. This was the day that Ponce  
de Leon landed in Florida.

*-Didi Berry*





**Self-portrait**

photograph  
8" x 10"

*Brian Sage*

## Virgo Intacta

She sleeps in the col between  
the Coker Building and the Court House.  
Her street friends dream of touching Jesus' hem,  
while she dreams of finding someone,  
anyone to love,  
in every form.  
A person to paint a smiley sun —  
staple it to the inner city smog that mirrors  
her gray eyes.  
Maybe someone to fuck normal,  
or just explain the difference.  
Is it like the movies —  
doing it all the time,  
so innocently,  
on white satin sheets  
to the wan glow of candle light.  
Then,  
when she wants to feel empty  
she'll go to the motel by the highway  
and look at the stained sheets,  
just sit there,  
thinking of how many times she had been there  
and why.

*-Rob Carraway*



**Paul**  
acrylic on canvas  
72" x 72"



## **Versus**

My microscopic mind is benevolently  
belligerent over you.  
Still action: inside I'm waging a war.  
Clouded light: my optimism is continually corrupted.  
I love to hate you.  
I hate to love you.  
(But I do.)  
I am passively violent in your presence.  
A struggle:  
Me versus you  
wrongly right in love.

*-Alexis Bohrnstedt*

## **Diminished Third**

It wasn't easy, dear, to eat —  
not that I didn't want to meet  
your special new friend who has  
the right-sized breasts and knows jazz  
from blues. You're right, she's keen,  
but somewhere in between  
courses something slipped  
away like a whipped  
dog and it seems it was my voice.

But what I *meant* to say was: good choice.

*-Kathy Bailey*

## Untitled

come, eat time with me  
pull up a plate  
take as long as you like  
we got all the time you need  
take your fill  
when you are, let us know  
we have many promises for dessert

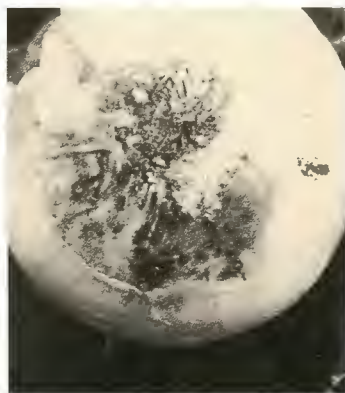
-Mark Simos



**Cabbage**  
photograph  
8" x 10"



**Onion**  
photograph  
8.5" x 7.5"



**Monster**  
photograph  
8" x 10"



*Klein Brechtman*



**Stretched**

oil, sand, charcoal  
48" x 60"

*Rachel Korman*

## let's go to a movie

a compilation poem

**desire** opens  
things otherwise  
locked **infatuation**  
is an  
obstacle that  
can be  
unlocked **fascination**  
is an  
act of  
love when  
one person  
puts his  
arms around  
another and  
squeezes tightly  
or gently  
**ecstasy** is  
a living  
thing that  
can reach  
great heights  
which periodically  
produces leaves  
and loses  
them **curiosity**  
is the  
feeling you  
get when  
someone tells  
you they  
love you

**waiting for**  
**a lover's**  
**call** is  
and instrument  
usually played  
with a  
pick **loneliness**  
is a  
syndrome characterized  
by heartache,  
nausea and  
regret of  
last night's  
festivities **pain**  
is a  
large, bright  
ball of fire emitting  
rays **violence**  
is an  
act of  
faith **craziness**  
is the feeling you  
get when  
you wake  
up from  
a nightmare

*-Emmy Castlen*

## A Good-bye Letter To My Cousin

Dear Cousin

The taboo of you  
was simply too much to bear.  
Leaving is my way  
of playing Ophelia  
to your Hamlet.

You see  
I began traveling toward the center of  
a  
nautilus  
with no way out  
ever  
since that first time  
I visited you in California,  
unpacking  
in the guest room  
you innocently  
laid your head  
in my lap  
to nap,  
quietly,  
and fell asleep, encircling my waist in your arms.

You opened a  
Pandora's Box of sorts.

I became a  
Siren—  
luring you back every night to that room—  
begging for small velvety kisses  
and revisiting  
my waist encircled with your arms.

You complied,  
to a point,  
but mostly had other ideas

about a fleet-footed,  
dimwitted girl  
nymph-like with owl hair  
who  
was  
understandably  
not part of our family.

I wanted not what you wanted—  
the understanding of a slow-going  
antiseptic  
religiously-clean  
(getting-to-know-you)  
rational  
family  
relationship—  
Because  
intrinsically  
fundamentally  
you are a part of me, a  
deeper  
understanding possessed  
already  
flesh-of-my-flesh  
bone-of-my-bone.

I longed  
instead  
to have you swallow me  
whole. I wanted  
your  
fingers  
boring into my waxy flesh  
swishing your long  
blonde hair  
on my bare  
heaving  
breasts and your mouth

over the contours of  
my body,  
eating whipped cream  
like ambrosia  
off flattened  
breast dishes.

I could tell the idea  
intrigued,  
interested,  
perplexed,  
disarmed,  
and perhaps disgusted you  
when we traveled  
to Carnival together  
and the hot  
tropicality,  
the beer and chthonic danger  
of dark magic and distance  
from home and family  
made you,  
a satyr,  
press against  
me in abandon  
and dance barefooted in muddy  
streets, lifting  
my dress  
like a parachute  
to parade me in front of  
mustached strangers who envied you.

At night, however,  
you are finally with me.  
Happily  
I'm wrapped  
in your long golden hair  
and carry you on my back  
far from the California mountains

ice-skating around Central Park  
until I take you home  
to a cozy studio  
apartment.  
You encircle  
my waist in your arms,  
nap with your head in my lap,  
and we make forbidden love  
by the fire,  
impossibly.

oh  
love your  
wicked  
wicked  
cousin

P.S. It's not just some  
incestuous boil for  
our angry family to lance,  
not some twisted Oedipal recognition,  
but the tie I feel  
the immediate understanding  
the legacy unraveled  
when we  
first  
set eyes on each other  
and wetly mouthed  
the word  
"cousin."

*-Debbie Mikuta*



## Palms Rustle

In her spring of enlightenment  
 she learned multiplication of equations  
 and that Sister Angus could sense the evil within her.  
 The godly eyes looked into the tool shed  
 where she sat on the riding mower  
 slowly rubbing herself  
 in dark corners.  
 A daddy longlegs spider  
 crawled toward his musty home  
 beside stacked bags of topsoil  
 as she looked for God,  
 not expecting to find Him so quickly  
 with the creak of swinging doors,  
 followed by the crack of His wrath  
 from the sister's wooden spoon.

She heard clicking beads off somewhere downtown,  
 the castanets of a mariachi band,  
 thinking of the swinging crucifix  
 loose around some cathedral neck.  
 Communion isn't flesh and blood,  
 she passes over the bread and wine.  
 She looks for divine intervention:  
 the open blinds gently rap the screen  
 as the downtown air blows through the window.  
 The unlocked front door taunts.  
 Opened, the humming freezer warns her.  
 Summer clothes blanket the kitchen floor -  
 soaking up popsize blood that drips from  
 between her legs as she  
 slowly moves the flavored ice inside her,  
 around her lips, sticky.  
 Palms rustle,  
 outside.  
 She pinches a sweet bing cherry nipple  
 as she happily awaits damnation.

-Rob Carraway



**Descending**

Lithograph  
6.5" x 8.5"

*Sara L. Hadrys*

## Works

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5	Zofia Nowicki	<i>Self-portrait</i>		Jennye Kamin	<i>Apparently</i>
6	Mairi Beautyman	<i>Picnic on a Mountainside</i>			<i>with no surprise</i>
8	Lara L. Hadrys	<i>Dripping</i>	35	Brian Sage	<i>Morning Crew</i>
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## **Acknowledgments**

### **Editor**

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Kathy Bailey	Taylor Baker
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Thank you to all who contributed. Some work included in *Brushing* may be for sale. Please contact the editor if you are interested.

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1000 Holt Avenue - 2536  
Winter Park, FL 32789

## Colophon

*Brushing* is the student-submitted and published literary and fine arts magazine of Rollins College. The trim size of the 1997 edition is 9" x 9". The cover stock is 80# Mountie Matte Creme Cover. Chancery typeface is used for the foil stamping. Silver E is used for the foil stamping. The cover ink is PMS 195 Burgundy. The circular logo is printed in PMS 11 Cool Gray. The cover is spot dull varnished. An 80# Mountie Matte Creme Text stock is used for the rest of the magazine. The word *Brushing* and the 25th logo on the inside front and back covers, respectively, are in a spot gloss varnish. Titles are set in 14 point Bookplate typeface. Body copy is set in 12 point Optane typeface. Writers and artists names are signed and printed in 12 point Optane italic. All pictures are spot gloss varnished. Pictures do not necessarily represent the actual size of the artwork. Baker Press of Orlando printed the publication. The cover die-cut and foil stamping was done by Clarke Finishing of Orlando. The publication was perfect bound by Evatone of Tampa. One thousand copies were printed. Copies are distributed on campus free of charge. A committee from the *Brushing* staff reviewed and selected all works included in this publication. The publication was designed on a PowerMac 7200 and 7600 system using Adobe PageMaker 6.0 and Adobe Photoshop. *Brushing* is a member of Associated Collegiate Press and Columbia Scholastic Press Association. It received the best cover design award from ACP for the 1995 edition and received best of show for the 1996 edition. The *Brushing* office is located on the student media floor of Mills Memorial Center. The address is 1000 Holt Avenue-2536, Winter Park, FL 32789-4499. The e-mail address is [brushing@rollins.edu](mailto:brushing@rollins.edu). All works—print and art—in the magazine are copyrighted. They cannot be reprinted without the written permission of the editor and author/artist.



25<sup>th</sup>

