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Fall 1965

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v. 50

FLAMINGO
FALL
1965



Fall, 1965

Volume 50

The *Flamingo* is the Rollins College literary magazine
and is published three times during the academic year.

Flamingo

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PREFACE

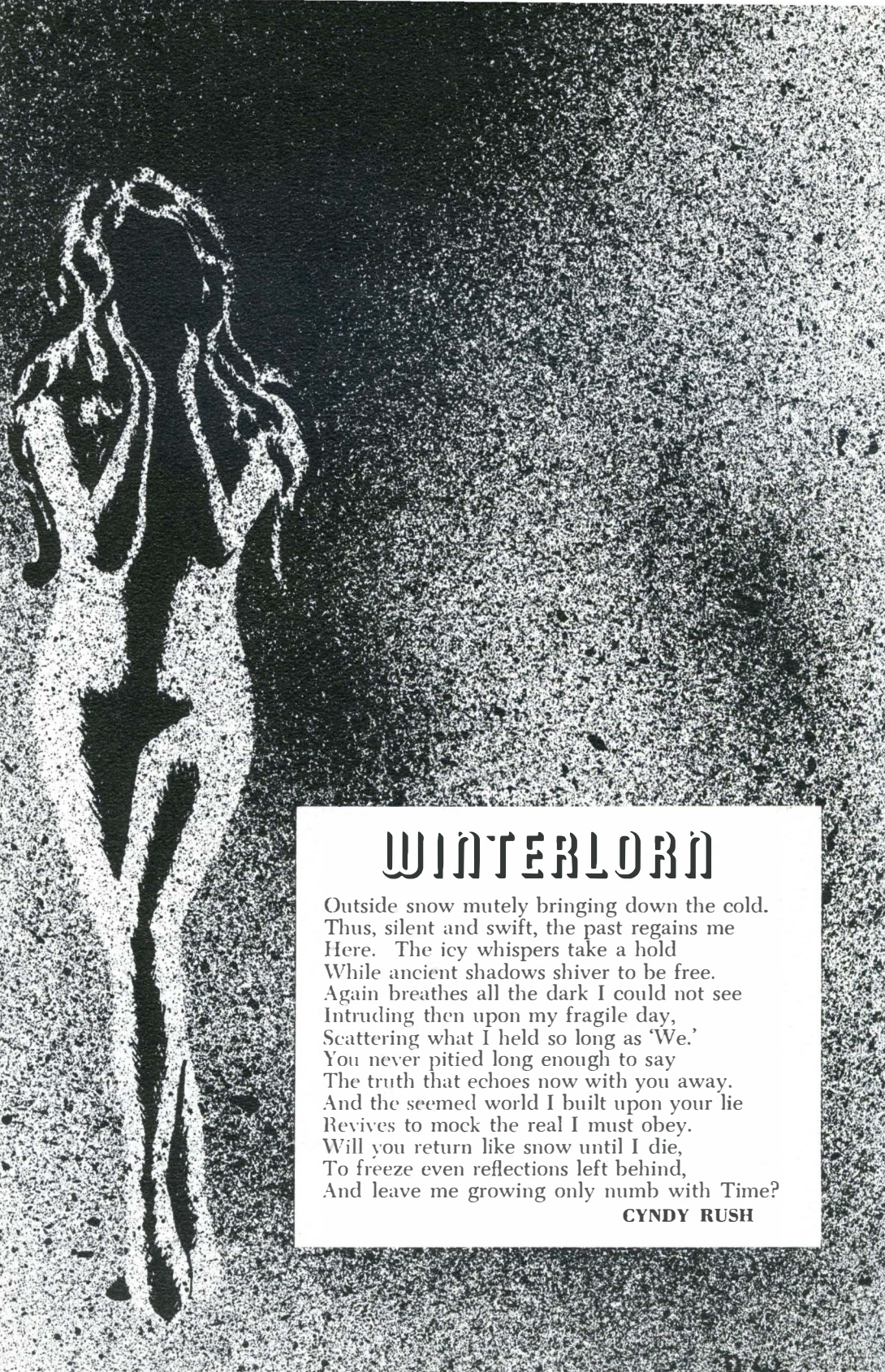
In this, the 50th volume of the FLAMINGO, we would like to reiterate its original motto:

*“A magazine for the younger generation.”
In doing so, we also voice its latest goal:*

*“. . . Creativity of High Merit.”
The works on these pages attempt to reach both objectives.*

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WINTERLORN

Outside snow mutely bringing down the cold.
Thus, silent and swift, the past regains me
Here. The icy whispers take a hold
While ancient shadows shiver to be free.
Again breathes all the dark I could not see
Intruding then upon my fragile day,
Scattering what I held so long as 'We.'
You never pitied long enough to say
The truth that echoes now with you away.
And the seemed world I built upon your lie
Revives to mock the real I must obey.
Will you return like snow until I die,
To freeze even reflections left behind,
And leave me growing only numb with Time?

CYNDY RUSH

AUGUST HUNGER

The August morning hovered quietly
Over our breakfast and the suitcases.
I wanted to pretend and not to be
Already altering to memories
Everything. But I could do nothing else
As Summer, the guest, crept out and left
Only scraps on the table between us.
And I watched silently, knowing the deft
Thief's cunning from before. The loss would be no less

Than always. When will I learn to leave you
Well? Learn to leave with only the last glance,
And learn that hoarding moments warm with you,
Drains dry the moment and its trace? I glean
Then, when alone, merely the memory
Of a memory. And I will be too
Hungry in the winter's lean nights to feed
Upon a past already dry. Why do
I help Summer steal what soon enough I'll lose?

CYNDY RUSH



From Father With Hauteur

Your monthly letter sits
Before me on the desk. Your
Paragraph of words hunched in
The middle of the long, white page.
You ask me how I am, then say
You hope my work is going well.
Again, I wonder why you
Choose to use this stationery,
When its size exposes all you do
Not have to say. Now, far from you,
And long away, memories of dark
Recede in other light. Now, I only
Disdain. What life lies twisted now,
Wonder why a man should choose

Because you thought it righteous
To withdraw? Was your shroud wound
Fast before I felt its chill,
Or did you know, perhaps, a few
Warm moments then. Was there a time
Once, when she could touch you and be
Understood — That night could you slough
The darkness in her arms, or even then
Did you merely deign to plant cold seed?

CBR

And so it sat over there and I sat over here.
I suppose we thought about each other,
but it was not noticeable.
And then this painted lady came up
and asked me for a cigarette.
I handed her one, she smiled, and as she walked away,
I heard her laugh.
The telephone in the corner began to ring and
I rose to answer it. I tripped on the lady's dress
and fell down.
Lying on the marble floor and counting the patterns,
I looked around for someone to help me gather the 50,000
note cards that I had dropped all over the stone work.
There was one little child
In a white bath robe,
Being pushed by the crowd of older people up against the
meshwork of the gate.
The child was crying
So I went to it and tried to open the gate.
The wind had begun to scatter my cards

And a large dog was sniffing at them and smerching their contents.
The gate opened and the crowd threw the child and me down,
the child on top of me.
The others passed on over us for a long time
and then there was silence.
Holding the child close and feeling its warmth,
I realized that it no longer clung to me,
uttering cries, but was limp in my arms.
Rising, I examined its tear- and blood-stained face and with my shirt,
wiped the dirt away.
“It’s a big old world and there’s just you and me.”
I mused that the small body smiled.
The great marble square was empty.
There were arms and legs lying about,
and an occasional Christmas card,
But only the dead child and I survived.
My note cards, forgotten, were smashed and torn.
I looked for the painted lady, but found
only her dress.
The dead child put its hands around my shoulders and
I sang, softly, rocking my arms.
Together we went through giant arches,
Past great stone buildings, and on through more noble streets,
to our small home.
There, I removed the white bathrobe
and laid the child in its coffin.
Now alone, seeing nothing,
“There is nothing in this world
but to learn to die.”
The child cries to me from the earth.
Then going to the new made grave,
I, with my hands, dug the fresh earth from the cardboard box,
And pulled the crying form to me.
Now, in a large field, with the stars out,
we lie side by side
and talk about the tall grass,
the old tree,
and the small, white bathrobe.
The dew, young on our bodies,
cools us.
Forgotten is everything but the painted lady,
Laughing as she took my last cigarette.
But there is no world
for me,
but what the small child dictates.
We climb in the rocks,
we swim,
we slowly die,
and the matted brush,
nurturing itself on our bodies,
Laughs, softly.

FRANK WEDDELL



got a job in the library.

so,
 she collects overdue fines and stamps books
 and HARRY peels potatoes.
 some day they will get back together again,
 because last night on television
 there was this guy, see,
 and he was in the army and his girl worked in the library
 and I thought mabie,
 i mean if everything was nifty keen,
 and there weren't too many commercials about skin cream,
 well,
 I thought they could live
 happily ever after.
 honestly,

I think someone should,
 (besides

L
 A
 S
 S
 I
 E)

FRANK WEDDELL

THE DOUBLE CLUTCH

Man,
 When allowed a knee,
 (And because he *is* a *man*)
 Suddenly leaps ahead to grab
 A thigh.

GLORIA GILES

Sedative

Love:
 Two cups of coffee;
 Four hands across the table;
 A rhythmic downbeat in the background;
 And you.

Blackmail:
 Two cups of coffee;
 Four hands across the table;
 A rhythmic downbeat in the background;
 And you.

GLORIA GILES



Kevin,

Where
Do You
Go?

KEVIN, WHERE DID YOU GO?

My brother has run away from home. Yesterday was his tenth birthday, and sometime during the night he just . . . disappeared. He must have put on his much-beloved blue jeans, flannel shirt, and new loafers. They're the only clothes missing, and he took only his baseball, one of his own little drawings, and a book I gave him two years ago.

My parents are sick with worry. We have no idea what made him do it. The police have been notified that Kevin Peter Clark is missing from his home, and we've taken turns driving around looking for him and waiting by the phone for some word. Daddy is over at the Thompsons' house now, trying to get some clue from Kevin's playmate, Chuck. There's really nothing mother and I can do, except to wait for the telephone to ring.

Of course, Kevin has run away before. When he was six and I was thirteen, we lived in a neighborhood where there were no other children his age. He used to get bored and take off to find someone. He could always amuse himself when he felt like it, especially after he learned to read; but he usually preferred to play outdoor games with other kids. After we moved here, he and Chuck used to ride their bikes way over to where the expressway was being built and stay for hours, eating ice-cream sandwiches for lunch and coming home sunburned, but happy. Mother always bawled him out and took his bike away—one week the first time, then two weeks, then three. But he hadn't run away for quite a while, and never at night.

I keep trying to think what made him do it, trying to remember what my little brother is really like. I guess all children are sort of mysterious. Somewhere around the age of fourteen or so, you begin to ignore all the things that were so important a few years ago—all the things you believed in . . . just because. Almost before you know it, though it must actually take several years to make the change, you've forgotten how a child's mind works, and children have become another race in another world. I wish I'd tried harder to stay interested in my brother, to understand him. But I was so eager to grow up, and he was just a little kid—sometimes annoying, but basically likeable. I suppose I stopped really looking at and listening to him. Maybe I never had.

I do remember some things though. Just little things that stick in my mind for some reason. I always have to call my brother for dinner. There's a park a couple of blocks away, and one end of it is sort of wooded. The kids play hide and seek, cops and robbers—games like that—and they climb trees. Kevin has always been crazy about tree-climbing. I used to love it too, but he really took chances, climbing higher than anyone else. He's rather small for his age. Maybe that's why he's always climbed so high and ridden his bike so fast. Besides, he has a natural enthusiasm, almost an intensity about everything he does. It's a miracle he hasn't hurt himself seriously. I never thought about that before, but it's true. He's gotten a few bumps and bruises, but even when he practically wrecked his bike he didn't get cut up or anything. Actually, I don't think I've ever seen him bleed. Anyway, I remember one particular time when I went to get him home from the park. I called him when I got to the edge of the trees and heard him answer from high up.

"You get down here and come home. Dinner's ready." I yelled as I walked in the direction of his voice. Then I was under the tree and I looked up. Kevin had stood up on a frighteningly small branch very close to the top of the tall oak. Fear squeezed my stomach and I said, much more quietly, "Be careful. Climb down slowly."

"I don't have to," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I could jump. I can't get hurt."

"Kevin, that's not something to fool around about. Now come down carefully."

There was a slight pause. I could swear he was just standing there, not even holding onto another branch. I couldn't see his face, but it was as if he were deciding whether to jump or climb down—as if he were perfectly serious—and for an instant I thought maybe he could jump without hurting himself. Then he said "Okay," began climbing down, and soon he was on solid ground, walking home, and I was calling him crazy and threatening to tell mother. I've always threatened to tell mother.

That reminds me of the time I found him playing a make-believe game and he asked me not to tell mom. It was about this time last year. I think it was his birthday as a matter of fact, because I'd gotten up early to help my girl friend clean up her house for a Halloween party that night. I always told Kevin he was lucky to have his birthday on Halloween. Anyway, I went out the back door to cut across to Pat's house and there was Kevin, sitting cross-legged on the grass with his back to me. He was sitting inside a rather large, neatly arranged circle of string. He hadn't noticed me, but I heard him say, "It's good to see you again."

I smiled and walked towards him. "Who are you talking to?"

His expression, as he turned to me was startled—almost afraid. "My... friends," he said, and added quickly, "Cathy, don't tell Mommy."

"I won't," I said. I messed up his hair and started to go on, but something in his tone made me turn and ask curiously, "What's the string for?"

"So they'll know it's safe."

"Oh, I see." He was looking at me in a strange, defensive way. I was interrupting something and he waited for me to leave. So I did, but it took me a moment to stop believing that Kevin's "friends" were watching me go. Then I smiled as I realized what he was doing. It was a fairy ring. He just didn't want anyone to know he believed in fairies. He was afraid they'd laugh at him.

Sharing his little secret made me feel very affectionate towards him, and closer than usual. I suppose that's why I remember it. I heard him murmuring in his sleep that night as I passed his bedroom, so I looked in on him. He seemed so small, his features delicate and almost beautiful. He's really a good-looking little guy, but you don't notice it till he's asleep.

I really can't stand this waiting. It seems as though there must be some clue in his room—in the things he took, or something he left. The window is still tightly shut. That's the really peculiar thing. We can't understand how he got out. Both doors were still locked from the inside, and none of the windows seemed to have been tampered with. It's spooky. The whole thing is just weird. Over twelve hours since he was reported missing, and still not a word. They've checked all the buses and trains, even though Kevin's bank hadn't been touched.

There's an empty space above the desk where his drawing of the family, carefully labeled MOMMY, DADDY, and CATHY, had been taped to the wall. He took that, and the baseball, and the book.

I gave him the book mainly because I liked it myself. It was a collection of fairy tales with the most beautiful illustrations I've ever seen. They made the world of the stories seem real.

I was glad he liked them so much. I remember he especially loved one big colored picture of a clearing in the forest. It was a tea party scene—a group of perfect, not at all ridiculous, beautiful little people with wings. They sat in a circle, cross-legged on the grass. I can see it so clearly . . .

My parents are terrified that Kevin has been kidnapped, but why would any criminal snatch my brother? Why not a rich kid? It doesn't make sense, and the more I remember, the more I think—impossible things. It's ridiculous; I don't believe in . . . But I can't sit still. I can't rub the goosebumps away, can't even breathe properly. The room has already been searched, but . . . the closet, the desk, the bed . . . maybe under the bed . . . a flashlight maybe . . . See, I keep thinking if he ran away he'd leave us a note, but we couldn't find one . . . There's something, against the side of the headboard; it must have fallen behind the bed.

In his still unformed handwriting are the words:

Thank you Mommy and Daddy and Cathy
I have to go back now

love,
Kevin

I can't . . . can't stop shivering. O Kevin, where did you go?
Kevin? Where did you come from?

MATTER OF FACT

A mule,
Wearing blinders,
Harnessed,
Fed,
Walking round his circle
Milling corn,
Is happy.

A man,
Not bothering to look,
Not trying to excel,
Fed,
Living his own narrow life
Doing nothing,
Is happy?

CARTER DANIELS

A
Prime
Knight
For
Viewing

Sir Boderung came riding over the Arthurian plain,
Riding his ivory stallion he came,
With his silver sword jumping at his side—
The sword by which so many men had died;
The morning sun did not pierce his armoured form
As it rose in the Orient-red sky,
But merely played upon his metal'd shield,
Glancing from battle dent to battle dent
As if laughing at this knight's only scars;
Nay, this encas'd body had ne'er felt
The prick of Mars' warring shafts, nor the pain
Of seared flesh being cleft from mortal bones;
The sweat-matted hair under his helmet
Had never been caked with his own blood:
Knighthood had placed the only weight upon
The cerebral form of Boderung;
His face was traced with Spenserian lines,
Furrowed on his brow like river beds of
Worry which often mar such fleshy plains;
His vein'd hand grasped the embroidered reins
In a pacifist strength of confidence,
Whilst the other supported a white lance
That would hold Olympian gods at bay:
This is how he came to Oiltown, U. S. A.

SCOTT GIFFORD

PARTHIAN SHOT

She was not old, so you'd have half expected it.
I'd only said, "Morning, Sister," as I passed her on the street,
And she nodded, smiling.
Then when I looked around at her our eyes met.

She was not old,
And nobody saw us anyway.

SCOTT KASS

The green, murky lake water
Lays the body down in soft sand,
As seaweed, green and brown,
Tucks it in for the long night.
Only minnows watch, darting by.

SCOTT KASS



I was balancing
on my big toe
on top of a mountain
When a flock of birds, while flying by,
stopped
laughed
and went on flying —
As I kept balancing
on the toe
on the mountain

About a hundred years later
one bird, while flying by,
stopped
smiled
and went on flying —
As I tumbled
in slow motion
down the mountain.

NONA GANDLEMAN

GIRL NUMBER SEVENTY-THREE

yes, i am the one who sent you
the message and
yes, i am the one who thought
country thoughts
on your account.

is the conflict a sacred necessity?
must there always be a delicate,
boorish, frightening introduction
to the inevitable?
must you declare yourself a monster?

and though you have a lovely
appearance, surely i will find
neither importance nor unimportance
from you who eats
steak and french fries in every dreary
restaurant you chance to enter.

and though i am the one who sent you
the message, and am the one who thought
country thoughts on your account,

you are hereby forgotten.

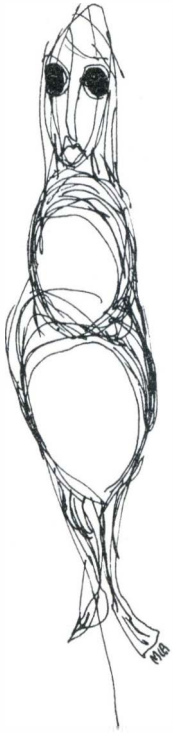
JFC

3 SEPT.

the poetry of aloneness is an eternal thing.
the boy painfully enjoys his new body. he
loves and hates himself) as one and the
other burst forth in hostile unity.

how true that people and things ask
nothing better than to play. oh
how i would love to play! forever
fingers finding new places. in the
touch lies the ultimate reality. the total
admission of unity and separation.

JFC



THE MEETING OF PETER AND THE VESTIGIAL VIRGIN

he: Sex is the only thing in this world that makes sense.

she: Well, I don't know.

he: Of course you don't know; but regardless of your intelligence, sex remains an animal reaction to life.

she: But that's not true! Animals are incomplete. You, as a human being are fortunate enough to have the power of reason.

he: I want to be a dog.

she: O, that's just a state of mind.

he: Or unmind or doyoumind.

she: O, how empty life must be for you; you're missing the most beautiful thing there is in life. Can't you see that sex exists only to express love?

he: Rape.

she: Sex is the sole means of procreating, of giving life to a child through love.

he: Of creating a mirror reflection of your own ego and rationalizing your animal being by sending it to college.

she: Why, I don't believe a word you've said, and I don't think you do either.

he: Of course you don't, you still have your clothes on.

she: I beg your pardon! Sex is part of love.

he: Human beings have intelligence and the power to question; they therefore have lost the ability to love. Sex exists as a thing sufficient unto itself.

she: No! Sex is part of *love*! Why, I could never sleep with a man unless I loved him.

he: Do you love me?

she: Why, I just met you.

he: I didn't ask you that.

she: I'm tired of thinking. Let's lie down.

peter miguel

Prothalamion For Carol's Wedding

*Dark eyed,
O woman of my dreams,*

— Pound

the glimmer on the plaster walls
and shadow on the wilted flowers
mix in melancholy discord.
the still heat hangs in sacred halls
upon the crowded nuptial hours
where time awaits the bride's award.

the organ whines a song of love
under prod of aged fingers,
and maidens in fluorescent blue
tred the red rug; no other moves.
the smell of hair oil lingers;
the bride comes bearing virgin's dew.

the heat of the silence grows tight;
the walls and groom's socks, in dying light,
and bride's frills are all deathly white.

ROBERT YOUNG

In The School for Young Ladies

The naked trees beside the icy wall
Raise rigid silhouettes on the pale sky.
I linger with the evening, wondering why,
Beneath the high spiked gate, where shadows fall
Still colder. Under winter's listless pall
I watch where silver glints of twilight lie
Like dreams, seen only from a distance, and sigh
With each crumpled leaf of winter in my soul.

The firelight was gentle to your face;
It seemed I touched the perfume in the air
Of the drawing room beside a shadowed vase,
While the minutes flickered out in calm despair . . . .
Why leave an April scent of hope to thrill me?
Winter has indeed set in, so tell me.

ROBERT YOUNG

DUET FOR A LONELY MORNING

DUET FOR A LONELY MORNING

Sometimes at dawn a lone bird sings; his song
Often unheard, is sweeter for its clear
Uncluttered singleness. Under his long
Hypnotic spell the world stands still. A year
Of sadness is a single night, and he
Has come to mark the day. And so I turn
To you to come, and speak, and make me see
That day is here. I took me long to learn
That day comes only from the night, that for
A bird to sing at sunrise one must die
At dusk. It is for this that men pursue
A song together. Thus, forever more,
I treasure that you live; — it is why
I hear the bird at dawn, and think of you.

Somewhere at dawn that bird still sings, and I
Awake to miss his song. The morning here
Is silent now, the sound of dawn a sigh
And not a call. That song I held so dear
I cannot sing alone, and so the day
Drifts on without me. Now at last I learn
That night comes always after day, the way
My darkness came, and as once more I turn
To you, I know the bird that sings at dawn
Is that which dies at dusk. I know it from
The lonely things, the rain, the morning chill,
And nights that are a year because you've gone.
I need you as I need that bird to come
To sing the dawn and make the world stand still.

MARY SUE STONEROCK

