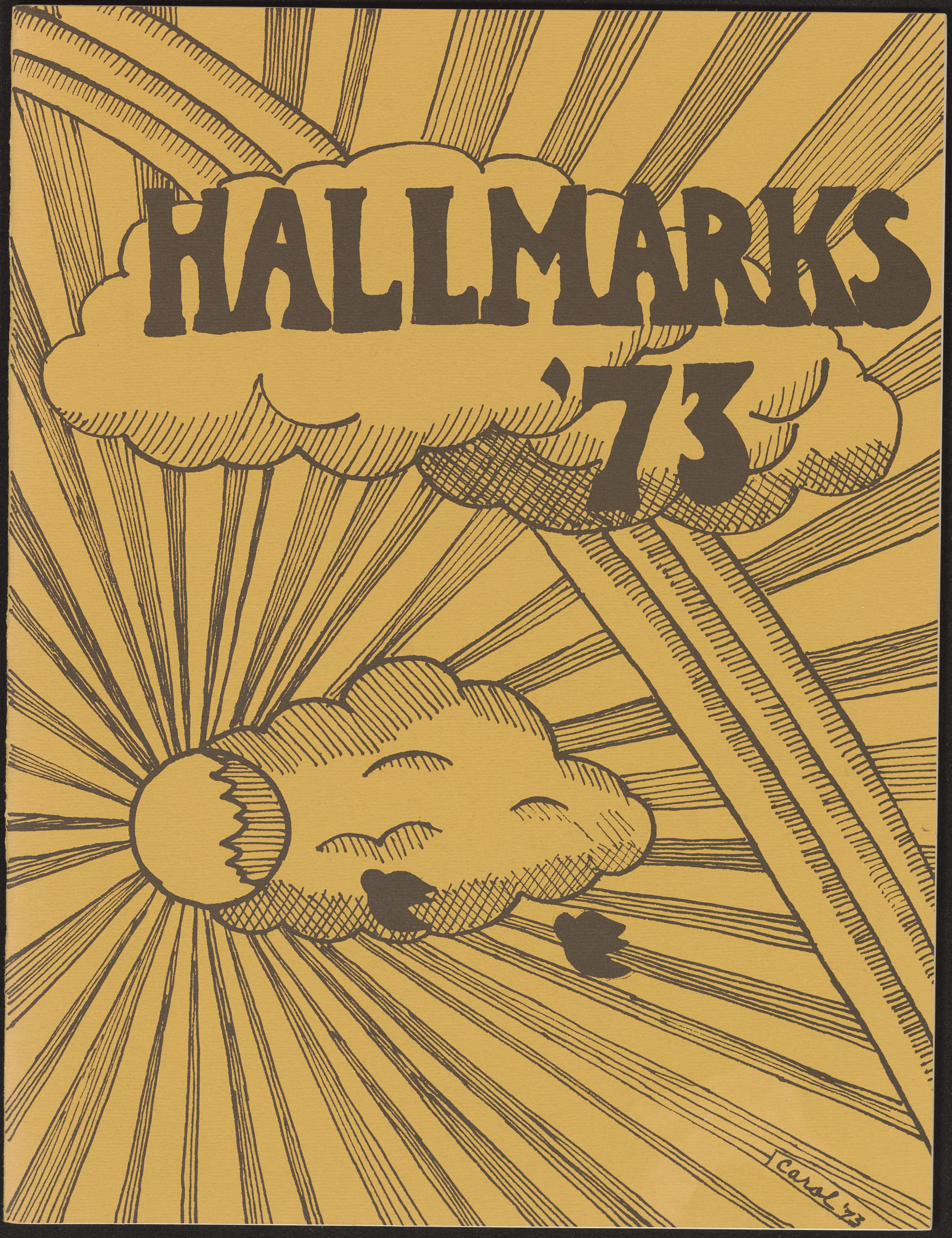

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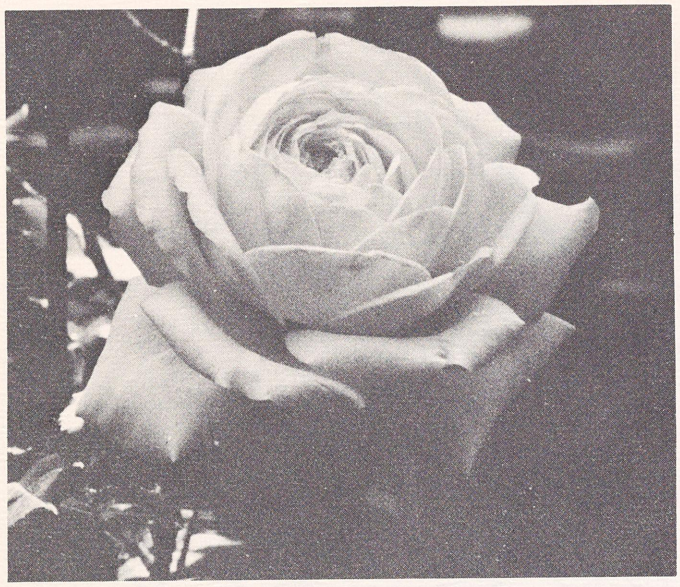
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TRUTH
Emily Schull, '73

The other day I found truth disguised as a golden leaf caught by a bright wind. But I forgot in washing the dishes and listening to cars.

I found truth the other day growing inside a rose, a late rose, browned on the edges, reflecting the truth.

Today I found truth guarded in the eyes of a child dressed in blue. But I forgot in listening to those who thought they knew truth. All I heard and saw was meaningless.

A. Swartzbaugh

I love a man whose mind is open
Whose heart is full - whose hands are strong,
Whose feet search out the road God Gave him,
Whose eyes show a depth of perspective - and
Whose whole self is in love with life,
and me!

IN LOVE OF THE SUN
Chevis Waller, '74

in a gush of golden you say you are leaving
in the hush of black I long to feel your smile
in a rush of rising rays we run to meet
in the coming of the day
in the coming of the day

SONNET
Trish Harrison, '74

Oh, infinite space whose realms are so unknown
That man can only make a cautious move
Toward the void where he must go alone
And where the power of knowledge he can prove.
Who can but dream of mysteries far beyond
The warmth and safety of our sun and skies,
Where Cosmos his black velvet cloak has donned
To hide his figure from our prying eyes?
What magic have the jewels that dance the heights
That makes our longing for possession great?
Is it just the brilliance of their sparkling lights
Or was this dream instilled in Man by Fate?
Someday we'll journey through the tracks of space
And learn of its hidden face.

RAPTURE
Sudy Gibson, '74

I lifted my face to the sun and let its warmth beat down on my complexion. I could almost feel the freckles darkening, but a strange feeling of delirious ecstacy had overcome me. Without heeding the consequences, I wildly snatched my bonnet from its protected perch and flung it to the wind. I fairly leaped from the garden bench where I had lighted and danced through the beds of flowers, my petticoats swishing madly. Somehow the blotches of color (for which I knew no name) seemed brighter and more alive than I had noticed before. Continuing my promenade, I spotted a swing, a wonderful swing suspended by a branch so high I couldn't perceive the top. How inviting it looked! It wasn't long before I was soaring high, so high I felt a bit dizzy. Listening to the songs of the birds, happy spring time tunes, made me . . . but wait! What was that one melodious tune, pitched low and slightly out of key? Immediately my smile vanished and tears welled in my eyes. It had been years since I had heard those notes—long ago, on that fateful day when Will had left me for the Cause, never to return. And now, by some mysterious Power, I was hearing that odd sequence of notes which he so often piped. Turning, the tears running freely, I was once again rejoined with my life—forever entwined, for all eternity.

L'HIVER DU DOGWOOD
Patricia Harrison, '74

La neige d'avril
Est une neige très froide
Qui mord et arrache
Aux arbres fatigués
Les feuilles tremblantes.

Le vent siffle
Une chanson lugubre,
Evoquant le soleil
De son lieu secret
Derrière les nuages.

Mais il ne peut pas apparaitre.
Prisonnier, il reste
Dans son cachot du ciel,
Une étoile isolée,
Un bijou caché des yeux humains.

Mais, le printemps dansera de nouveau;
Les feuilles ne trembleront plus;
Un zèphir caressera la terre;
Et le soleil sera libre pour reigner
Sur son ciel de saphir.

"ROOTS"
A. Swartzbaugh

Here I lay
Hearing the rain tiptoe
across thirsty leaves.

The bird's breath
Is my breath
I am with her song.

The pulse of the sap
Is the pulse of my blood
I drink the rain,
I feel it on my face.

I breathe the air
I smell the fresh
Open my eyes to a
vast dome of grey.

I feel God in the earth
We all spring from
I see a tree without
roots wither in the sun.

UNTITLED
Susan Campbell '75

A forest above and around a river,
The full feeling of child,
Mist slowly moving upward as
Joy and pain share their turns entwined.
Haloes of pale yellow rays break through
As they take the first quivering sweep
across the forest.
Movements of fluttering within
A shimmering glow bursts and rises
Above all with hues of gold and orange.
The crescendo of intense pain floods
And then recedes with sounds of rejoicing
cries following.
Morning is born.
A child is born.

WHAT'S IT LIKE?
Beth Porch, '75

What's it like to go to school, and come home with all A's on your report card? What's it like to finish ten pages of American Literature and understand what you read? What's it like to come home and find out four boys have called you? What's it like to have straight hair? What's it like to go to school with boys? What's it like to sit in study hall without getting in trouble at least once? If you want to find the answers to these questions

DON'T ASK ME!!!

DREAM
Ellen Tosh, '73

Night—
flowing from the sky into my eyes.
Moon—
painting the field in pure light,
cool and sweet as spring water.
Running,
I cross the grass.
Rustling thuds in the dry grass.
Two thuds-
other feet seconds behind me.
I run—
like the winds trying to steal
a small boy's kite.
I rise—
through the mist
and higher still
I am part of the moon.
The sky rains pearls.

ENCHANTED WORLD

Trish Harrison, '74

The emerald jungle calls out to me
Singing a song of mystery.
And the leaves sway in a rhythmic dance
While the winds sigh their ancient chants.

The rain whispers of things to come,
The enchantment is strong; I must succumb.
I enter a world unknown, unseen
And melt into the dark, eternal green.

Nature stands beside me while
I learn the secrets of her smile.
But when her laugh no longer rings,
Her silence warns what anger brings.

The lightning strikes in a blazing flash;
The thunder booms its sudden crash.
The trees burn with icy light;
Then darkness is returned to Night.

Once more sweet Nature hovers near;
The jungle harbors no cowering fear.
It beckons to those few who know
That dreams are where such jungles grow.



BROKEN DREAM

Barbara Counch, '74

I used to be a fragment
Of a distant, shimmering star
That, alone and purely, shone
From space untouched and far.
But to earth I journeyed
Across the vast star-sea
And one day along the way
Lost my heart's purity.

I used to be a ballad
That rose gay and unafraid
To chant with glee, triumphantly
The great steps man had made.
But then I saw the darkness
And, disheartened, turned away.
Truth, it seemed, I had but dreamed
And goodness would not stay.

I used to be a flower
By the heather nestled near.
Fresh and sweet the day I'd greet
Dew drops my only tears.
But one by one my petals
Turned dark, fell all around.
My once-proud head, abject and dead
Drooped lifeless to the ground.

Now I search for pieces
Of truths that life has known.
The good that, broken or unspoken,
From the world has flown.
I hope to put together
A star brilliant and unstained,
Hope in a song that's never wrong,
Immortality attained.

"BLACK PRIDE"

A. Swartzbaugh

Branches whipping like the heads of wild stallions
In the gusty grey night wind
Refusing to yield but their uppermost branches,
Stiff-necked and proud.
Black.

MEMORIES
Celeste Thompson, '73

Memories
and
good times
seem to have just
slipped between my
fingers
like sand.
I can still bring them
back
and
describe each adventure
down
to
the tiniest detail—
but
my mind remembers
each minute
of precious time.
those
cherished moments,
and
one rusted sunset after another.

TO R. D. - IN MEMORIAM
Jan Geny '73

Life—
It flits by so quickly for some,
And some so young
Die
Too soon.
We don't even begin to realize how
beautiful it is,
How much love there is for us—
How much we have to give
—until—
It's too late.

ALIVE
Betty Andrews, '75

To capture in the thread of words
the colors of New England hills
shoutin' "Autumn!"
The crispness of inhaled air
the sensations of cold wind on once-warm hands
and most of all, the spirit of life and freedom
which pervades every crack
explores every hole
and brings forth that essence of
Being
to the world.

A DIFFERENT LOVE POEM
Trish Harrison, '74

I love every man
Between 18 and 50
Who's got looks and appeal;
They really attract me.

My love poem is not
Of spring flowers and rains,
But of bright summer blooms
And dark, misty lanes

Where my dreams can soar high
Or low if you choose,
Where I think not of Heaven
Which I might possibly lose.

I don't care for that line,
"There's just one man for me."
I love 'em all;
They're really my cup o' tea.

LOVE AND HATE
Susie Dicker, '76

The emotions of love and hate have many similarities as well as many differences. Hate is a barrier like the fence that separates two farms. It has the blackness and fear of night and the coldness of a blast of wind. Hatred is darkness, for it frequently blinds and it is aloofness and isolation. Contempt is a dark vision and it settles where the light of love does not glow.

Love may be described as the sister of hate, for no siblings are closer. The clearness of love can also become misty because it can easily take one's sight. Love is as beautiful as the warmth and light of sun during the day. It performs miracles and for many it brings strength, warmth and security. Love and hate have the proximity of day and night. Love becomes dimmer the nearer it gets to hate until love and hate melt together at sundown leaving hate to produce in the growing darkness. During the night, however, there always flickers a ray of hope, for stars of love are seen through the black denseness of hatred and soon the greyness once more becomes light.

Hate is born from a lack of understanding and it can only be lost and love gained by the gift of knowledge.

THE ISLES OF GENERATIONS

Jana Talbot, '74

I sit on my island
And watch time go by.
Sometimes it creeps slowly
And often it flies.
The leaves on the trees of my
Island are green;
The flowers are blooming
Beneath the sun's beams.
Sometimes cold winds blow
Dark clouds over the sun,
And I have to take cover
Until the storm's done.
By bridges I've built,
To others' islands I cross;
And I marvel with sadness
At all that they've lost.
Their trees are all bare,
Or the leaves have turned brown;
Though the sun shines brightly,
Just as bare is the ground.
But they seem to find pleasure
In things like life's fruits,
And they smilingly tell me
Their trees have deep roots.
And when to the safety
Of my isle I return,
I think of the others
And my heart with love burns;
For though they may envy
My island of green,
Where fresh flowers bloom
Beneath the sun's beams,
We've bridged the gap
From their islands to mine
And I can cross when I want,
Taking no heed of time.

UNTITLED

Susan Campbell '75

Cold gray morning like steel
Chilled flesh and icy breath
Millions of white specks covering everything in endless depth
Eerie silence with black trees against a slate sky.
Death has come
with winter.

DECEMBER 26

Sudy Gibson, '74

And so here I lie, disgraced, a piece of garbage, a worthless weed. I—who was once bedecked with glory and the paradigm of angelic beauty. I! who carried the Star of Bethlehem as a constant reminder to all of this most holy time of year. And proper respect did I receive too! Not one child could sight my bountiful boughs without a tender "Ah-!", not one neighbor dared pass my laden limbs without some dutiful praise. For I *was* beautiful. I glistened by day and luminated by night. I sparkled and danced—how they pampered me! I was happy—but then, suddenly, quickly, without warning—I was stripped, shunned, outcast. Not one hint of pity, not one tear was shed for me. No one knows, indeed, no one cares, how the bits of tinsle, they torture me; the large bay window, it mocks me. And I can do nothing, nothing at all, but wait, and weep, and suffer.



VOYAGE INTO THE STARS

Diana Figuers '73

Their crystal azure world - a child's cloudless pure blue sky
Sunlight like youth's bright laughter and sparkling eyes
Filling the garden green and rose-scented wind that blows their hair.

They watch in sunbeam puddles reflections of sunset coming -
A smattering of pink and purple hues and the falling shadow
Of a woman across a rising deep dark lake.

They wait - in the failing light and setting sun
For their stars in silver boats to wish upon,
And crying in each other's arms, embrace the dying day.

The night comes and the moon and stars are left to their rowing
Through the constant gaze of the lover's face where the mist in their eyes
Is the one breath they sigh as they vow ever to be true.

For if this jeweled rooftop should sink
And the stars should lose their oars
Love must find love in the twinkling cluster of sound
Where nights and days are only silent memories of a world gone by
And they a breath within the heart of some soft spirit.

NOVEMBER DAY

Celeste Thompson, '73

The beauty
of
that brisk November day
is
engraved
in my mind . . .
ducks
gliding swiftly
across the lake
over
ripples of water
. . enveloped
in sunbeam
sparkles
and reflections . . .
a scene
so
filled
with the glory
of creation
that
it
touched me
to the soul,
and tears silently
poured
from my eyes

A PUDDLE

Julie Hancock, '74



One small clear puddle of rainwater in the street beside the gutter
A small group of children stared at the wonder
The only puddles they had seen were brown
This one was clear and beautiful
Several pink toes wiggled and squirmed their way into the reflecting, rippling mirror
A piece of broken glass shimmering in the strangely beautiful wonder-pool added to its bright eye-blistering glare
But discouraged the toes from trespassing
Still the children watched
A torn newspaper flew by, then suddenly with a gust leaped; wadded and torn, into the mirror
Dirt and sludge were carelessly spit into the clear puddle by a fleeting car
Now where there had been a lucid piece of water was a dirty, muddy puddle
The children moved away to discover another treasure that wasn't so easily found as lost.

FACES
Chevis Waller '74

faces . . .
so many tales are told by faces
stolen expressions disarmed
by a word or a smile
given in confidence but only for a moment
and then it's gone . . .
the sorrow of a lifetime defined
in the ageless eyes of rhyme
seeing everything, comprehending nothing
in the blindness of yesterday

we are given truth
in an age of lies
we are told to live in reality
only to find nothing is real
and we are taught to have faith
when we have so little left to believe in . . .

#10
Amy Rich, '74

Selfishness is a barred cage. Although we only think of ourselves instead of others, we forget that people are the only things that can, in return, care enough to open our cage.

MASKS
Susie Dicker, '76

Speaking incessantly . . .
And yet always silent.
Listening to the nonsensical words of others . . .
And yet remaining deaf.
Looking directly at the brightly shining moon in an otherwise black sky . . .
And yet blind to the view.
Smiling constantly . . .
And yet forever unhappy.
Showing indifference towards loving people to avoid pain .
And yet continuously caring.
Forever knowing the answer . . .
And yet extremely confused.
Completely surrounded by a world of friendly faces . . .
And yet all alone.

FRIENDS
Frances Roy '74

There are so many doors ahead of me-
Doors I'm scared to open for I know not what lies within.
I know that you are on the other side of one of these doors.
I wish I could remove all of them that keep us separated.
I wish I could share all the love in my heart, giving all that I'm longing to give.
But I can't love you - for love is surrender
And I can't surrender myself to you.
I've been told never to set my affections on things that don't matter-
Oh no, the door is opening and you really do matter.
I'm trying not to walk through that door, trying not to surrender completely.
Now I've done it - I walked through that door and I'm happy.
Why have I let other people control my feelings.
I've been so wound up inside trying to guard those doors from being opened.
Now I am relaxed and life is flowing around me.
I'm opening up to you - telling you about my happiness, telling you about my fears.
I can be myself because you opened the door for me - you let me in.
Now my fears are gone-
I know you must go now - friends come, friends go - like the ripples in a stream.
And we'll be back again - yes, we'll be back again.
Until then I better go open some other doors . . . hoping that soon you'll be behind one of those doors once again.
Yes, hoping that you'll be behind one of those doors once again.

DISCOURAGING OVER TAYLOR PORT
Anne Tuley '74

The lights are dim,
The room's smoke-filled.
Slumped postures all about.
And where has the dream gone?
Where has it gone?
Who can see its vision amid the haste, the smoke, the shadows,

The blaring trumpets of ego,
The petty haggling into the night?
And what remains but energies drained
And the dream—a little more hazy,
withdrawn, lost from our sight?

But here and there a difference—growing with the Spring.
Steaming city sidewalks showered with tree blossoms,
And the quiet redeeming presence of gentle, forgiving people.



DAWN OVER THE MOUNTAINS

Trish Harrison, '74

In the east
Venus rises over the mountains
Which loom darkly
Against a lightening sky.
The morning star smiles gently
On lovers
Who make their way softly homeward.
Gradually, she loses her brilliance
And fades from sight
As the sun climbs his way
Up behind the steep mountain peaks.
The morning sky, blue and white now
With soft gray wisps of clouds
Is ready to greet its guardian.

Closer, closer,
Sending forth a ruby glow
That turns sky to pink
And clouds to blue,
The sun edges his way up the hills.
Now coral rims the clouds
Growing brighter and brighter
Becoming a golden fleece
Until, in a blinding flash
Of white hypnotic light
The sun appears in all his majesty,
Demanding recognition
Forcing his beholders to shield their eyes
From his blinding awesomeness,
The Sun, Emperor of the Skies.

"WWWAVE"

A. Swartzbaugh

The wwave rrrolls up and
crashshes on the shshore and
slslipps slowly into the
ocshean once more.

Ellen Hobbs

I can feel fall coming, as it slowly creeps upon me. The skies are bluer, and even though they are dotted with summer clouds - those clouds will soon blow away, never to return. The wind now, only a breath of air, will gain impetus and take the summer leaves away, the birds will leave me and the warm summer rays will turn to a clear coldness. This one moment has already passed, never to come again. And the fall that I feel approaching will leave me only memories of what has been. It approaches . . .

SONNET OF DARKNESS

Barbara Couch, '74

Deathly dark the night obscure arrives
Inevitably smothering the day
And stealing that from which the world derives
Strength and power, the sun's final ray.
Then following, the cold and chill advance
In rhythm to the wind's slow, mournful beat.
And in the shadows, withered, dry leaves dance
Until, decayed by damp, their death they meet.
Alone, I sit and watch the night grow deep-
Repeat the haunting dirges of the wind.
From time to time tears streak an ashen cheek,
While feeling the dreary gloom that raindrops send.
And, sleepless, I wait through a night so long
I fear to hope the coming of the dawn.

REASSURING

Evalina Cheadle, '74

Remember this, o, timid heart
Danger is restricted
No wound can ever sear the soul,
Unless it's self-inflicted

A DUSKY OBLIVION

Lynn Farrar '74

Yep, a person could tell a lot about another person from a car. A whole lot. Now take this baby for instance, the blue-uniformed man circled it with an appraising glance and a fond pat on the hood, this was a real slick job. It was doubtlessly a girl who drove it; there was something feminine in the sleek lines and the tawny golden color. A brunette, or perhaps an ash blonde, would be the type to drive it - with long slender legs and a figure that challenged the car's. Frosted hair would clash. Yeah, it would have to be a true blonde or a dashing brunette.

Dashing. That was a word he liked. You know, it sort of fit the car - even in its present condition. No, there's no way to really kill beauty.

There was a lot of practicality in that car, though. A school sticker of some sort had smeared on the back window. It must have been a knowing sticker; any sticker old enough to smear had to have been through a lot. But on the front windshield a new auto sticker had been put on. A new sticker and several weeks to spare - she must not have wanted to get in the last-minute courthouse rush. Smart girl.

With another pat on the slightly sprung hood, he turned to the scarred door with a grimace and pried it open. It shrieked as he swung it back on its hinges - screamed as if fighting the very throes of death.

Ummm! Nice interior! Light honey brown, just a shade darker than the tawny - slightly stained of course.



On the whole, though, it was pretty clean inside. There was a pair of yellow sandals slung in the floor of the back. One was tightly wedged under the seat. About a size 7½ with a 2 inch heel; yeah, rather a tall girl. The whole thing was rather paradoxical. Everything about the car was golden, rather sun-like, rather life-like.

The driver was someone who liked to be in control when driving. Most people who drove stick shift were the in-charge type. They liked the feeling that the movement of the vehicle depended on them. Must have been a good driver too - even for a girl; the car was around three years old and the original clutch was still in good condition.

He sighed and opened the glove compartment. First Aid kit and flashlight. The "Be prepared" type. A pencil and car manual. Hummh! Now *that* was strange. No title deed. So this little car wouldn't tell you everything.

He scooted back across the seat and examined the radio in the waning dusk. He knew the FM station. Very few young people liked the slow, soft rock station. He liked it and so did this girl. Or at least, he guessed she did. Nothing in the ash tray but a silver gum wrapper.

She had the window open - probably loved the fresh air. But then again it was that kind of night. A night for freedom. For driving, with the cool air rushing with you, into the sunset and - into oblivion. Yes, a night for freedom.

Yep, it was rather amazing the number of things a car could tell about its owner. Really amazing. Even if it was rather bashed up, it still couldn't really hide its secrets about its owner. No, it seemed awfully hard to kill truth and beauty. And then again, he sighed, it was fairly simple.

The man in blue turned and looked at a fading light sweeping off into the dusk. Yes, sometimes it was fairly simple. Yep, one could tell an awful lot about a person from a car. But no, with a mangled body now it was different.

MY SONG

Bowen Holcomb, '73

Sometimes when the night is long
I try to analyze my song
The words I've sung or yet to bear
I think of these with utmost care.

The songs of youth, so light and free
Fall from my mind to the rest of me.
My choice of words - not always sweet -
To every passerby I meet.

Reflections oft'n help what's ahead,
And now as I lay down my head,
I think of strangers and I'll bet
They're only friends I have not met.

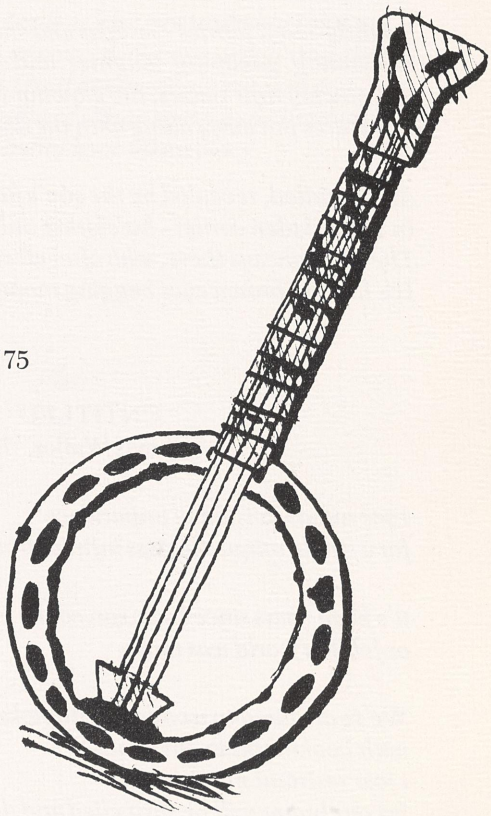
WHAT IS DEATH?

Susan Campbell '75

A child asks, "What is death?"

The mother looks at her sweet young thing and thinks, "She's so young and innocent. She answers her saying, "Well, I guess you just close your eyes, and sleep forever."

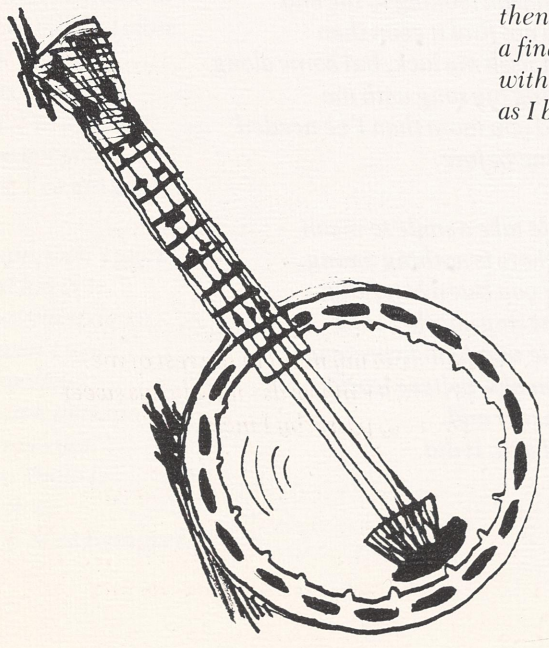
The young girl goes to her room and carefully folds a small plaid quilt up from her doll's bed. She walks outside, through the little path in the field which opens up to a small mound of earth. She then places the quilt on the grave. Her mother, seeing her from the house, comes out and asks her, "Child, what are you doing?" She replies, "Well Momma, I'm just covering up my kitty so he'll be warm while he sleeps."



BANJOS

Betty Andrews, '75

The plunking of banjos
speaks to my soul
an intricate
rhythmic
singing
thoughts
and emotions
lightning fingers
growing into slow tunes
skipping faster,
then so quickly as to be
impossible,
and then some
racing my thoughts
and inflating my emotions
to an unbearable
eternity
of climax
then
a final note
with growing silence
as I breathe thanks into a smile.



54

Julie Hancock, '74

A dark, morbid day
Reflecting my feelings
Of betrayal, of hurt
A cloud passes by, cold and ominous
Reflecting my wishes
To get away from everyone especially you
A raindrop on my forehead
A pool of my hopes
To hide or fall from view
A crash of thunder and a bolt of lightning
Prophesying my future
Black, grim death.

THE BEGGAR
Barbara Couch, '74

Color, confusion - flowers and fruit
Vibrant activity ceaselessly bustles
Onions and chiles - piquant, acute
Scent the background for a new market day.

Brightly-hued fabrics - sarapes and shawls
Bargaining, gossiping, laughter, and smiles
But quickly time passes, the glowing sun falls
The wares put away along with the day.

And huddled, revealed by the sun's final rays
In a filth-laden corner - his clothes only rags -
The child always there, who after all stays
His hungry brown eyes begging money for life.

UNTITLED
Chevis Waller, '74

I see minds twisted in impatience
for a single minute to pass infinite time

it's been years since I saw sun colors bleed
or felt the world was mine

We're all glued to wooden toothpicks
with bookmarks in our heads
i fear restraint much longer
for our brains will be shrivelled and dead

Someone please let me out of this cage
i'm begging to be set free
my thoughts are censored need to be released
are there no human eyes to see.

Can you perceive the thoughts destroyed
in a name of education
and yet a loss of incentive in the process
is ignorant to artistic creation.

DIFFERENCES
Ellen Hobbs

Reaching, pulling, feeling the muscle pulling so it stretches on a path of fire. Trying to touch, trying so hard, aching. So divided are we. And though we pull, the only way we will meet will be if we break off and touch before falling. Trying to bridge the pit between black and white.

PAST AND FUTURE
Susie Dicker '76

Thinking and remembering about what seems like only yesterday
And wondering if the memories are really here to stay.
Pondering on the good times and the bad times there have been
And questioning that peace will ever fill the minds of men.

Laughing and just crying when I think of friends I know
And realizing time is passing with a fast but even flow.
It takes its toll upon the world by making thepast so dear
And yet it brings to many minds the future times to fear.

The future holds the quesions and decisions still to make
And creates a world ill-at-ease, aware of the many things at stake.
The comfort of some people and the happiness of more
Is on the line in time to come with many hopes in store.

These hopes are like a candle with a small and flickering light
And like the stars which sparkle in the black denseness of the night.
But with a breath of wind all the glow will go away
Because soon the future times will be a yesterday.

SMILES SING ANOTHER SONG
Vanessa Draper, '75

Lonely as I'll ever be,
but all the while
Wearing something close to what,
looks like a smile.
Distant ringing in my mind
Looking for something I can't find.
I know it's here somewhere.

I'll keep on looking to the end
I may not find it even then
Don't wish me luck, but come along
and sing my song with me
I need you more than I've needed
Anyone before.

People take a smile to mean
that there is nothing wrong.
But if you listen carefully,
Smiles sing another song
People use them to pretend
their make-believe world
will never end.
But it will. It did.

HAIKU
Anonymous

The ribbon of black
Then the yellow line is crossed
Blue lights in the dark.

HAIKU
Josephine Kelley '73

Peace. What a vague term!
Too easy to talk about,
Too hard to attain.

SPILLED WINE
Judy Andrews '73

I've got you.
Yes, I said
I've got you.
Oh no, don't try that-
Not on me.
Sorry,
I won't leave.
Hiss and spray
Away.
I'm gonna stay.

You didn't have to
Go to that party.
You didn't have to
Hold me that close.
But honey,
You did.
An' I'm a sticker.
I've got you,
Yes, I've got you!

Nope, won't work,
Just lower it,
Yea, put it down.
It won't work.
Hey, hey,
Watch that spray
In my eyes.
You know I
Despise
K2R Spot Remover.

Little Thoughts
Linda Medwedeff, '75

Where do they come from? Who makes them up? Why don't people verbalize those quick darting thoughts that everyone has and nobody talks about? Tuesday, as I was leaning up against the study hall wall after completing one section of my NEDT test, I was overcome by some of those unexpected anonymous thoughts. I was thinking about what everyone else was probably thinking about when I realized my mind had advanced and was wondering about how bad the noise pollution would be if everyone always said anything and everything they thought of. More social and environmental developments would probably have taken place because of normally unspoken ideas; however, there would be fewer friendships due to hard feelings. Wow! The more I thought about it, the more I realized that those mysterious thoughts are better kept a mystery.

DROWSING
Barbara Couch, '74

Drowsing - one enchanted night
Exhausted, yet unable to relax deeper into unconsciousness
My mind, drugged with magic, floating.
Lying, lying listening to the expectant quiet
When - rising above the sparkling stillness-
one shimmering note,
No sooner heard than vanished.
Then - engulfed in a cascade of trembling, glittering
chords,
Sweet in their transience.
Swallowed in a wave of melody,
Piercingly tragic in its unreality.

It is star-filled music - fit for a night of dreams
but faded into nothing
Before dawn comes.

THE FOOD ASYLUM
Anonymous

I wanna live in a box of wild *cherries*
Where whipped cream is not obsolete
And to taste is an incredible treat.

While you can eat on unreality,
You can munch at insanity
And devour fantasy
And still be as none.

Insanity is freedom's free meal
Where the dieter's reality
So may go bananas, even still

And if reality dictates your soul
The whipped cream will melt,
And the cherries will spoil,
And the cherries will be tame.
And the word "wild" is a nonsense name.



L'AUTOMNE
Barbara Couch, '74

L'automne
C'est ici maintenant
Les feuilles sont tombees
Leurs coulours brillantes animent
la terre,
faisant un bruit joyeux sous les pas.
L'air, parfume avec l'odeur
des feuilles brulantes,
est clair et frisquet.
Pour la plupart, c'est un temps heureux.

Mais - quelquefois les arbres isoles sont
traces desolement
contre un ciel lugubre.
Et-quelquefois il fait froid.

Et alors - vous me manquez.

#1
Laurie Thompson, '74

As I reached up to touch the sun
Someone told me it couldn't be done
But, determined, I said I'd try
And I stretched up to reach the sky.

As I tried to catch the wind
I heard a hundred voices blend
"It can't be done" they all cried.
Maybe not, but still I tried.

As I tried to chase a river
I heard those words; they made me shiver.
"It can't be done" they echoed loudly
But still I tried, and strode on devoutly.

As they reached back for a full life
That they had failed to live before
I said to them, "It can't be done;
Yesterday's gone forevermore."

JOURNAL ENTRY
Martha Cole, '75

"But Dad!"
"No Excuses! You're going!"
"But I can't! I'll be so *embarrassed!"*
"You don't have a date, do you?"
"No, but not with him*!"*
"Why not?"
"Everybody knows *him!"*
"So? That's even better!"
"You're kidding! You've got *to be kidding!"*
"I'm not kidding! You want *to go, don't you?"*
"But Dad, my own BROTHER?"



SPRING
Trish Harrison, '74

How young Spring is,
As young as she is old.
An innocent child,
A wise old Woman.

She courts youth and age together.
Her soft moonlight
Tempts lovers into the open;
Her warm sunlight
Calls forth a smile
From the aged.

And always she runs
From hoary Winter
Into the arms
Of blazing Summer.

Nebulous, ephemeral,
She races lightly
Across the days
From silver snows
To emerald grasses.

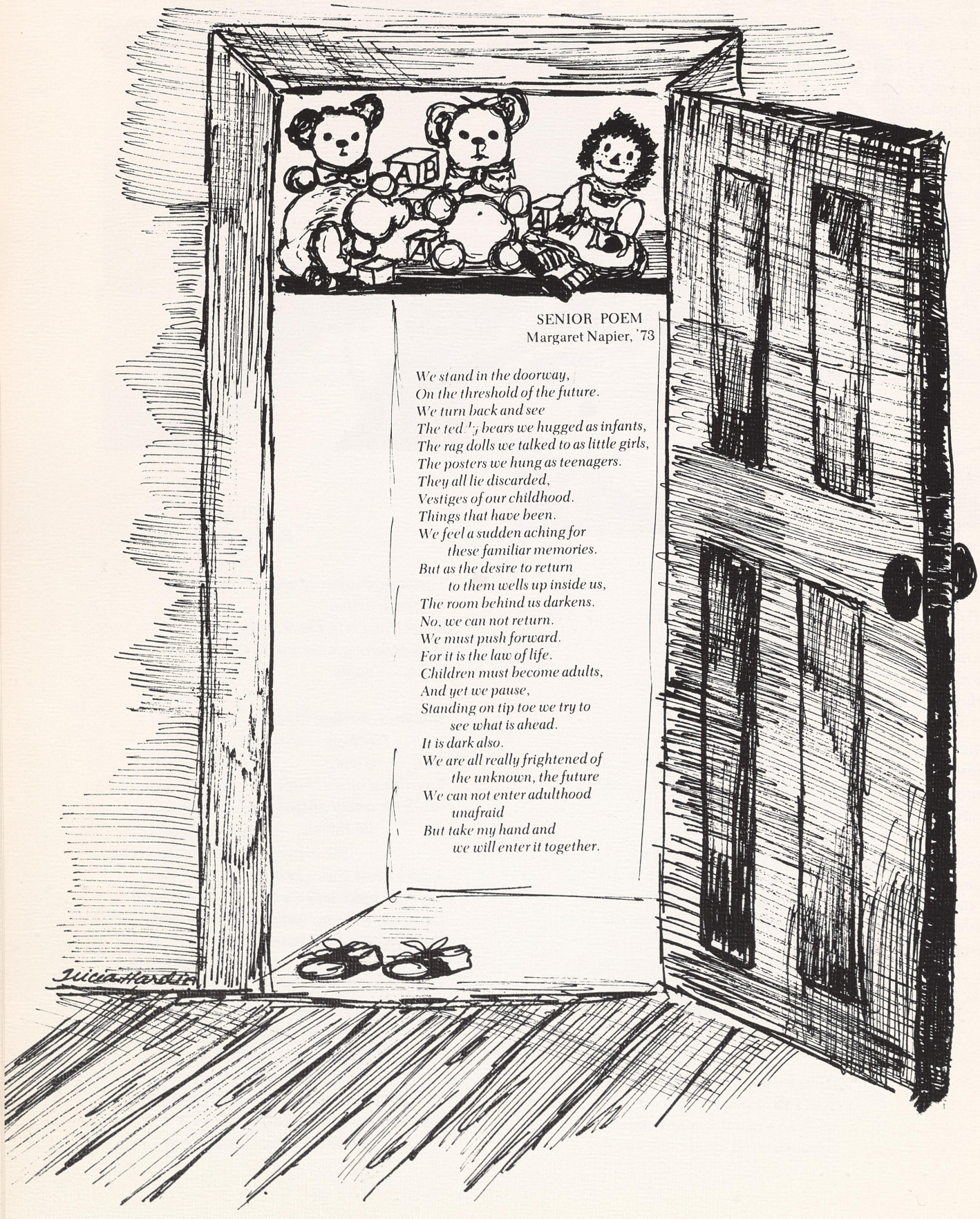
BLACK
Emily Schull, '73

Through shadowy threads
The path drifts.
Black flowers in black beds
Watch through woven iron
gates.

Shadows overlap, break,
mingle
With the stream.
Vanishing into a single
Black cavern of glitter
jet lights.

A dark wind glides gently
Leaving hidden flowers
Dancing in the air quietly
Brushing the formless
night

The pebbles explode in their
own private war
Crashing against the ghost
of flowers
The leaves they tore.
The shadows across the path
to the garden.



SENIOR POEM
Margaret Napier, '73

We stand in the doorway,
On the threshold of the future.
We turn back and see
The ted-dy bears we hugged as infants,
The rag dolls we talked to as little girls,
The posters we hung as teenagers.
They all lie discarded,
Vestiges of our childhood.
Things that have been.
We feel a sudden aching for
these familiar memories.
But as the desire to return
to them wells up inside us,
The room behind us darkens.
No, we can not return.
We must push forward.
For it is the law of life.
Children must become adults,
And yet we pause,
Standing on tip toe we try to
see what is ahead.
It is dark also.
We are all really frightened of
the unknown, the future
We can not enter adulthood
unafraid
But take my hand and
we will enter it together.

VOYAGES OF THE IMAGINATION

Trish Harrison, '74

A daydream is a ship which voyages into the uncharted seas of the mind and returns to port laden with all the treasures of the imagination. Since the ship must carry an infinite amount and variety of wealth, it has to be built to withstand any obstacles set in its way. It is true that each cargo can be used again and again without losing its beauty or value, but people are such that they must always have novelty.

Any good merchant can have his vessel fitted out, though some are capable of building larger and stronger ships. There is no need for a crew because the ship sails where the winds of fancy direct it, and it needs no hands to guide it. However, there is always the possibility that it will not return to port immediately, for it is true that the wind is capricious and will not always allow the vessel to continue on its way. Sometimes a ship will sit and founder for days, weeks, or months before the wind picks up again and carries it to its destination. The fortunate thing about this is that the building material is virtually indestructible and can withstand the wear of time for quite a while. When the ship reaches its destination, it can gather a cargo of great variety. Centuries ago, merchants of commerce coveted gold, jewels, silks, and spices. Now merchants of the imagination send their ships out for inspiration, invention, and beauty. And when the ship arrives at home port, its owner feels great satisfaction at the knowledge that the cargo is stored safely in the accessible reaches of his mind. Every good dream merchant knows that his ship is among the oldest and yet, most advanced forms of transportation known today.

RUMORS

Josephine Kelley '73

Ravenous criminals,
Ready to spring at the throat of a likely victim.
Coming cautiously at first, they scout to find a vulnerable spot
at which to attack.
But once sure of their target, they STRIKE!!!
again and again and again.
A struggle follows . . . finally they remove their pointed claws
and slink away.
The damage is done. Oh sure, the cuts will heal,
But the scars will remain.

UNTITLED

Sudy Gibson, '74

Have you ever tried to reach for something beautiful—like a star on a cool, clear night; or a jewel behind a glass case; or a moonbeam outside your window? It seems so close, so precious and near. And yet, when you try to close your fingers around it, you find it's too far away, or an obstacle rudely obstructs your grasp, or even more disparagingly, it slips right through your hands, while you can only look on and cry. At these times you can feel quite depressed, or even angry and cheated. Something so perfect should not be so unattainable. But after some thought, and a bit of quiet reflection, you come to realize that if this thing—a touch, a moment, a kiss—could be held and locked under bolts and keys, it would no longer be beautiful, but spoiled and ruined by selfish greed. Instead, these things must remain free and untarnished, only to be held in cherished memories and the prisms of your dreams. Otherwise, they could never be enjoyed by others seeking the same feeling of serenity and joy, that can only come from offering yourself— completely and without restraint— to the transient, glorious moments brought on by the dawning of each new day.

Betsy Koonce

I just can't think of a thing to write
all my ideas have taken flight
there's not a single one in sight
all the same, I think I might
forget about this until tonight
putting it off would be allright
except for the Latin, that's my sad plight
I put it off too and time's so tight
And with Chemistry, I still *don't see the light!*

with all this thinking I want a bite
of something and with my appetite
there's just no chance I'll ever be slight
I wish ideas were like parasites
my mind keeps wandering just a mite
I guess I won't be like E. B. White
Because judging from this
I JUST CAN'T
WRITE!

KUDZU

Trish Harrison, '74

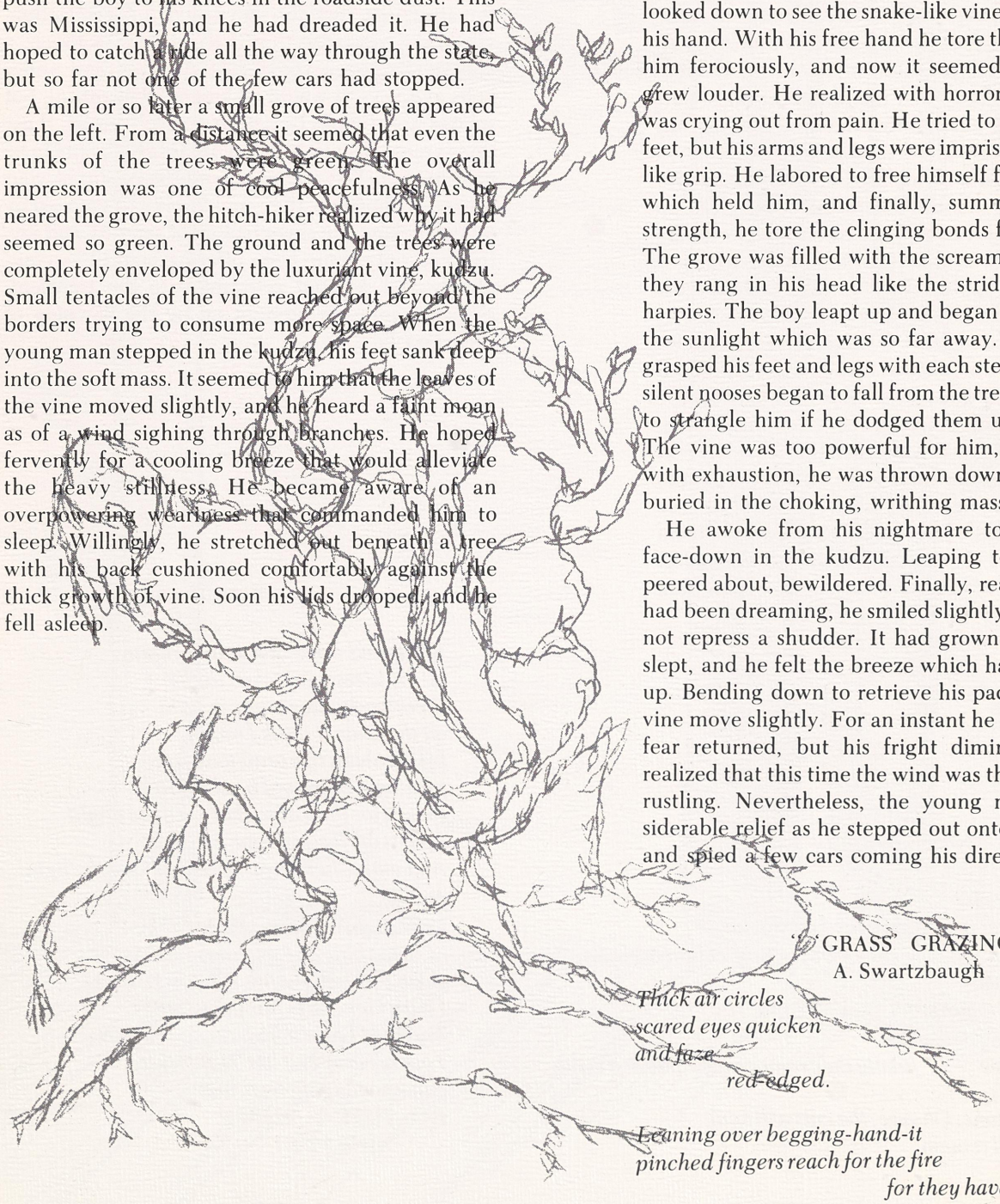
kudzu - a climbing vine of China and Japan having starchy, tuberous roots and stems that yield a useful fiber

The hitch-hiker watched the highway which stretched endlessly and emptily before him. There were no hills to alleviate the monotony of the dirty white ribbon, and the hazy sky above was the cloudless, soiled blue that is always associated with extreme heat and listlessness. The sun seemed possessed of a giant, burning hand which tried to push the boy to his knees in the roadside dust. This was Mississippi, and he had dreaded it. He had hoped to catch a ride all the way through the state, but so far not one of the few cars had stopped.

A mile or so later a small grove of trees appeared on the left. From a distance it seemed that even the trunks of the trees were green. The overall impression was one of cool peacefulness. As he neared the grove, the hitch-hiker realized why it had seemed so green. The ground and the trees were completely enveloped by the luxuriant vine, kudzu. Small tentacles of the vine reached out beyond the borders trying to consume more space. When the young man stepped in the kudzu, his feet sank deep into the soft mass. It seemed to him that the leaves of the vine moved slightly, and he heard a faint moan as of a wind sighing through branches. He hoped fervently for a cooling breeze that would alleviate the heavy stillness. He became aware of an overpowering weariness that commanded him to sleep. Willingly, he stretched out beneath a tree with his back cushioned comfortably against the thick growth of vine. Soon his lids drooped, and he fell asleep.

The boy was wakened by a gentle tickling on his right ankle. He saw that a portion of the kudzu had somehow become entwined around his leg. As he pulled his leg free, the rustling of the leaves and the soft moan permeated the air once more, but he could feel no breeze against his face. As he came more fully awake, he was aware of a subtle difference in the atmosphere. Whereas before, the grove had been shady, now there was a brooding darkness about it, even though the sun shone brightly beyond the trees. Somehow the highway seemed miles away, and a jungle of the creeping vine separated the boy from the sunlight. He became aware of a sliding motion on his wrist and looked down to see the snake-like vine crawling over his hand. With his free hand he tore the kudzu from him ferociously, and now it seemed the moaning grew louder. He realized with horror that the vine was crying out from pain. He tried to struggle to his feet, but his arms and legs were imprisoned in a vice-like grip. He labored to free himself from the terror which held him, and finally, summoning all his strength, he tore the clinging bonds from his body. The grove was filled with the screams of pain, and they rang in his head like the strident shrieks of harpies. The boy leapt up and began to run toward the sunlight which was so far away. But tentacles grasped his feet and legs with each step he took, and silent nooses began to fall from the trees threatening to strangle him if he dodged them unsuccessfully. The vine was too powerful for him, and, panting with exhaustion, he was thrown down with his face buried in the choking, writhing mass.

He awoke from his nightmare to find himself face-down in the kudzu. Leaping to his feet, he peered about, bewildered. Finally, realizing that he had been dreaming, he smiled slightly, but he could not repress a shudder. It had grown late while he slept, and he felt the breeze which had just sprung up. Bending down to retrieve his pack, he saw the vine move slightly. For an instant he froze as all his fear returned, but his fright diminished for he realized that this time the wind was the cause of the rustling. Nevertheless, the young man felt considerable relief as he stepped out onto the highway and spied a few cars coming his direction.



"GRASS" GRAZING"

A. Swartzbaugh

Thick air circles
scared eyes quicken
and faze
red-edged.

Leaning over begging-hand-it
pinched fingers reach for the fire
for they have none of their own.

YOU'RE NOT AN OUTCAST TO HIM

Ellen Hobbs

I sat in my room staring at all the perfume bottles and makeup containers that littered my dresser. I sat in my room staring at a glass of watery coke making a ring on my night stand and the shirt that hung at a neck-breaking angle on the chair. My body and mind were dirty, torn, worn, and stale. I needed something vivid, something true to lunge at and to grab at, and to hold to. But what was it?

I thoughtfully dragged to my closet and tiredly separated a jacket from the leeches of clothes that held onto it. With the jacket on, I somehow pulled myself from the pressing books and bottles and containers to go through the back door, across the yard, to the path that led to the woods. The path was frothy. Yes, I say frothy for the foam of weeds lay upon it. I walked upon the foam and felt the mud squish and curl below my shoes. My eye caught the halo over the hills. All the sky was depressed except for that one halo that hung over the hills like the halo of Christ in the midst of a dark, growling, pressing crowd. The path led to the field, and the field led to a hill that was sprinkled with purple and wild hyacinths. I saw the bloom of the redbud tree, and I saw the crystals that lay on every leaf and twig, the crystals that are seen only after a rain. I grabbed the air with a great breath. And yet neither the air, nor the flowers, nor the trees, nor the weeds transformed the depression of my soul as they often do. I was as much an outcast in the world of the woods as I am in the world of man. The only thing that uplifted my drowning soul was the halo of the hills. For that halo shown down upon me, included me, but never excluded me.

I left the woods with a remembrances of my visit. When I entered the house I put my remembrances in a vase with water and placed it on my night stand next to the watery coke that was making a ring. I also saved the life of the shirt by straightening its neck on a hanger and putting it in my closet. And then, with a sideways glance at the watery coke and flowers, I opened my books.

Chevis Waller

good to talk to you
to who?
are you?

in your eyes I see
mirror images of me.
(that) you can't see
to be free.

BALLOON OF TIME

Karin Coble '74

This is the delicate balloon of time.
It floats on the glimmering silver winds.
Seas softly sweep to this Ancient Rhyme.
The multi-colored sky its beauty lends.

This is the delicate balloon of time.
It briefly lingers on the fallen leaves.
Breathless beauty bestows this Aging Shrine
The lightly lambent sun begins to grieve.

This is the delicate balloon of time.
It lays stale in the listlessness of morn.
Fate's friends forsake the locust's screaming chime.
The despondent day is rudely torn.

What began as endless pleasure not strife
—must end—
The devastation of our finite life.

UNTITLED

Chevis Waller, '74

fire in the howling eyes of glory
fighting ancient battles of the dead
moving east to the spirits of the freeland
not knowing quite where it is you're being led

In the seething jury of the stampeding masses
trying so desperately to comprehend the past
Fail to see that it is just a futile deadlock
the faint horizons of your memory may not last

Mirrors glazing softly to the future
reflecting only images recalled in light
Misty mirages of every homeland
The penetrating solitude of vision withholds all sight

REJECTION

Kit Huey, '75

Rejection is a wound.
Broken open by clashing remarks
Bandaged by smiles,
Healed by acts of friendship
Eventually dismissed from sight
But remaining in our minds forever,
Reminding us how to treat others.

constant: REVELATION
REVALUATION
RESOLUTION
REVOLUTION
that's me.
Lee Ann Thornton, '74

Your actions are amazingly unpredictable; your emotions, bewildering. I am content that I know you and then you immediately confuse me. Perhaps we should sit and talk more often but the vastness of your soul and the complexity of your mind make me dizzy . . . Besides, talking to oneself is frowned upon.

WHO AM I?

I am the bird.

When the sun rises he can be found.
Singing.
And laughing at those who stop to
be entertained by him.

However, one must keep his distance.
He is sensitive about people and those
getting too close may find that they
are the reason he has just
fluttered away.

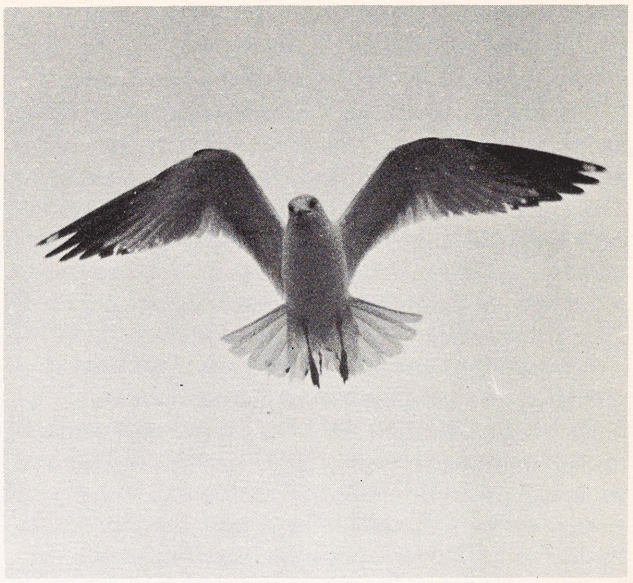
Always striving for the sun.
Occasionally he reaches great altitudes.
(Tail winds are helpful,
Headwinds are a bother.)
The only great limitations he has are those which he puts upon himself:
lack of self-confidence.
fear.
laziness.

He appears to be quite emotionless.
(Have you ever seen a bird cry?)
Balancing on a thin wire surveying
the world below.
He has no time for tears.
His job is to fill the air with song.

Often he spends hours trying to communicate with other types of birds.
They sing a different tune.
They use a different style.
Unable to understand them he settles
with simply harmonizing.

Sometimes he feels terribly talented!
And, oh! So important!
After all . . . he can fly!
And he can sing!

But he's only a bird.



FACES
Jan Geny '73

Basically the same,
With different the frame,
The same old look,
Like gazing in a book.
Simply none there,
Different kinds of hair.
Then there's the child,
He's intensely wild.
When he is waiting,
To have his diapers changed.

Susan Duvier, '73

1.
I'm as fine as a pinecone,
I live on cheese and wine.
Beating rhymes in 4/4 meter
Of the bombs outside my window.

2.
Her see-thru hand trembles
He takes it, smiling without his eyes
Then sits on the farthest boundaries
Of outer church-pew.

3. Lynwood/Tyne
The falling pain
Of black women waiting in the rain
For her dark Cadillac
Has yet to cause me to miss chapel.

SITTING OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPAL'S DOOR

Emily Schull, '73

Little boy sits outside the
door,
Sits and waits, sits and
waits
Vacant eyes - a vacant
lot, trash-filled

Around the tables, the teachers
sit
Watching the coffee stain
the cups
And empty coke bottles in a
glass display
"What did she, did she . . . ?"
"She did, oh my . . . "

Lions and tigers and bears
oh my!
Little boy listens to the
cowardly lion
And watches a paper-tossed room
Noise-filled.

The teachers sit on cracked plastic
sofas
Drinking steam-rising coffee
And talk turns to illness and
sinus
headaches and P.T.A. baking
a cake.

Little boy refused to read
"cake"
"Don't know, know, no"
"Bad boy" cried Teacher
"Go to the door"
And the cowardly lion
whimpers.

"HINDSIGHT"

A. Swartzbaugh

Turn softly, warm with you.
Let's go to a show called
"The noon-light" by moon
and we'll be the Stars.

Blowing dandylions at you,
But if I knew then what I know now,
Hand-grenades would have
been more appropriate.

A SONG TO LIFE

Trish Harrison, '74

Make love to the sun and ride the wind
For winter is approaching.
Savor each drop of fragrant rain,
And live for the moment's joy.

Make life a dance, wild freedom's dance,
A ritual to happiness;
Sing you a song of untold love
And of dreams in a shining eye.

The stars will glide down a moonbeam shaft
To crown your head with fire,
And life will burn like a sacred flame
On the altar of desire.

VANITY

Sudy Gibson, '74

It's vain of me to try, I know,
When you such experts be.
My words to you mean naught at all,
Though intrinsic parts of me.

My hopes, my tears, my secret joys,
All flow straight from my heart.
My thoughts laid down in black and white
Are cruelly torn apart.

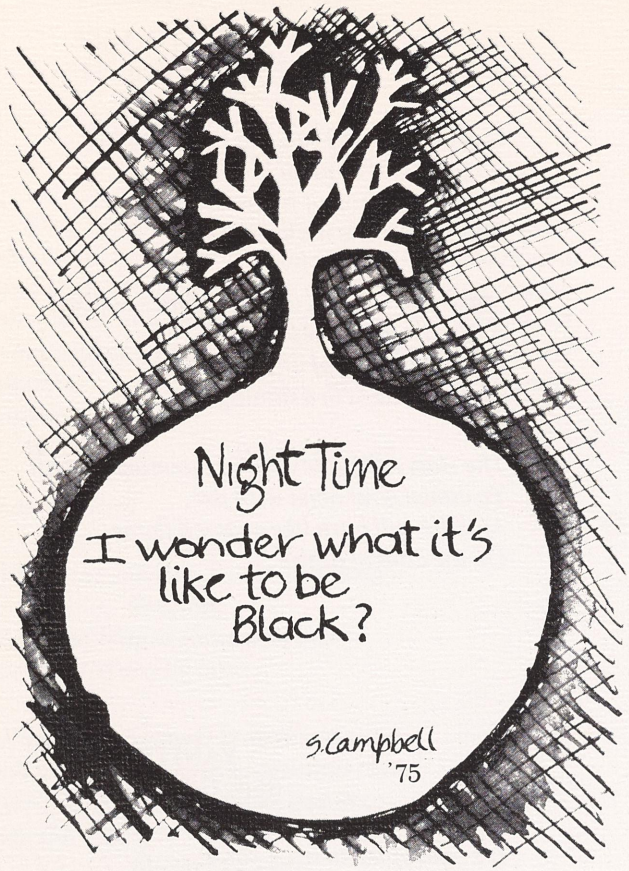
My meter's off, I realize,
My rhyme is less desired.
And yet I envy poets few
Whose works are much admired.

I write for feeling, not for form,
I'm not a Keats or Byron.
Please understand this as you read,
Or else I'll give up tryin!

HAIKU

Barbara Couch, '74

With my mind's fingers
I touch my heart and find that
Something is missing.



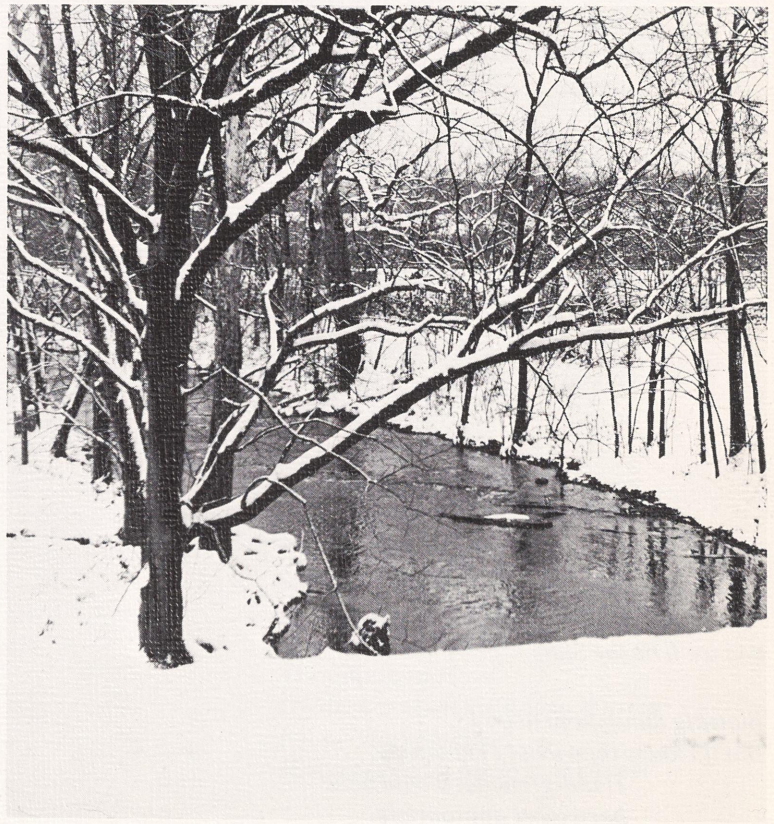
UNTITLED
Delicia Boyte, '75

Spring vacation is coming up and I'd really like to lose a couple of pounds. I think I'll start on a diet tomorrow. But, I am going to the movie, and I always eat popcorn at the movie. I'll start on my diet tomorrow. But I am going to a basketball game, and I'll never be able to sit there and watch all the people around me laughing and eating. I'll start on my diet tomorrow. But I am going out to eat, and I'll never be able to keep myself from eating. I'll start on my diet tomorrow. I keep telling myself that but I know I never will. How can anybody lose weight when all her skinny friends stuff themselves with ice cream covered with gooey chocolate - pecan - strawberry - coconut stuff dripping down on a sugary cone topped with heaps of whipped cream, nuts, and cherries? I just can't stand it any longer!!!!

GREY DAYS
Celeste Thompson, '73

They aren't bright and cheerful,
but . . .
then
they're not meant to be.
grey days let you
take note of
the world around
you-
a raindrop
on a yellow leaf-
or maybe
you don't notice anything
around you-
maybe you-
become aware
of something within.

you know yourself
a little bit better
after a grey day



SEASON OF TROUBLE

A Fable

Diana Figuers '73

'Twas a spring night but 'twas summer
And a harvest moon shone bright.
Only the birds knew their place
And they sang their discontent to the
Spring air and fall moon.
Even the flowers had popped their heads
Under in amazement of the weather
And the fireflies wondered what
Night they were lighting,
For all the creatures of the earth had ceased
Their seasonal duties, and in
Helter, Skelter fashion did what they thought
Best for all times -
Yes, the deepest instinct of the animals
Came to the surface of the earth.

First a growl like a cloudburst of thunder
Was heard throughout the forest
As a tiger came lanking out of the black tall trees
With a snake slithering near his belly, hissing hoarsely
And announcing together they would rule or else
Now the great brown bear eyed them with disdain
For his mind had wandered already to that plan,
And he, being keen, observed the strongest of the forest
Thinking the same.
All knew a storm was brewing between the
Furry-coated growlers of the land.
Nor did the reptiles forget that their place had been stolen
And slithered together like dinosaurs of old
To a clearing in the jungle
Screeching the venomous hatred they foretold.

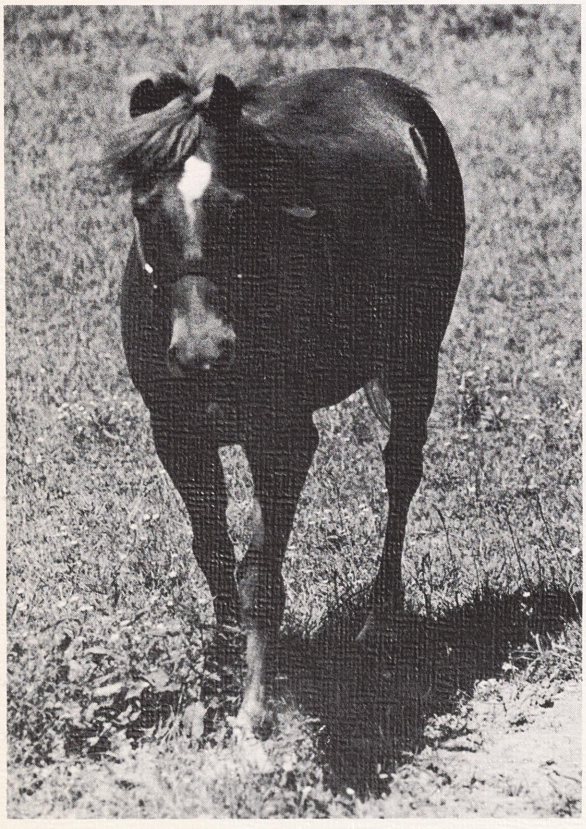
Here they all gathered round with tiger and snake in the middle
Surrounded by their jealous kin.
Tigers taut, ready to spring, and bears prepared to bite
While rattlers rolled their lazer beam eyes and tongues rolled back
To gigantic jaws.
They had their eyes and ears open ready for the first advance
When a rustle of grass and thicket was heard, its quiet footsteps
Traversing the clearing's beaten path, and into the fierce circle
Jumped the unsuspecting fawn - out of the underbrush
Into a hundred drooling jaws and lighted eyes.
They knew not what they had done until the appearance of
The shaken maternal thing - mother deer wailing a cry a thousand times
Louder and more piteous than the devouring beasts.

Then did frothing mouths dry up to see their deed,
Heads quickly hung to see her tears.
But she spoke tenderly to the exhausted group round her
Knowing the pride of the forest, and how the male instinct had wanted to reign.
"Good lords and kings of this jungle,
Bare of love save that of killing and rough game
Can you not feel a deeper desire for love that will live again?

Go now, leave a heartbroken mother to her dead babe
And return to your mates so that they may soothe the sore spirits
Of your pride, and teach you by their understanding
That your hate is your love aggravated to anger by your false cravings."
Then her voice faded and a gentle rain fell -
A summer shower of refreshment, and a melodious note
Drifted from the trees where a half moon hung
Tenderly suspended in the silent forest
Where love had been surrendered.

WAVES
Celeste Thompson, '73

Waves
deep blue
with a lacey, white fringe
rolling to shore
as
alone
I walk, my
feet leaving
their mark
on the
sand.
The surf washes my feet,
and then
draws back,
taking
a part of me
with
it,
pulling at my
feet
beckoning
as it
takes back
sand and shells
again and
again and again





SPRING OR NOT?
Barbara Couch, '74

How gullible we are!
The first breath of spring that's even
the slightest bit warm
and immediately!-
Out come the summer clothes
Simply daring the winter wind
To return in one shrill blast
And shiver our timbers.

OBSERVATION #2
Gayle Dunn, '74

The slim teacher just passed
Examining our work. She moves
Very slowly and cautiously like a snake
That is trying to find a mouse in the grass.
She catches her prey with a stab of her glance.
The prey is me;
I am dead.

MOON SHADOW
Julie Hancock, '74

Tall, black, proud to be a rebel, the Shadow of the Moon skimmed past. Uncaring of human anxieties, he but lived for the lust of daring death to catch him. Careful not to come too close to Man lest he try to capture this wild creation of darkness. But, just once the Shadow came too near. Once was enough. Now the rebellious Moon Shadow was tamed and harnessed, forever being what he disdained, human.

"PAIN"
A. Swartzbaugh

Pain is the zig-zag flashes of light seen
by closed eyes.
Nerves sending, sending, sending rough-edged blades
to the brain
Pain is the numb hurt but seen by eyes
a marred body
That may not heal, or even if it does
there's a scar.

I had forgotten, could not imagine pain
till now
When it won't let me forget it. It won't free me.
After the marr has healed; Oh if it
ever will,
The actual hurt, the sending will be gone . . . .
but memory.

In a sweat I'll awaken, from nightmares
having felt it.
And will reach to assure myself it's
not real.
If pain enables us to feel even
greater joy,
I will await patiently the coming of it,
yet in pain.



MOON MADNESS
Trish Harrison, '74

The moon
Lady of mystery
Cool, distant,
Though not unreachable.
Her smile brings madness.
So the ancients said.
But I long for the madness
As a moth longs for the flame.

I feel she is a part of me
That gentle lady
Softer, more mysterious
Than brilliant Lord Sun.
Lady Moon hints of secrets
Never to be told.

Oh, I want to be enchanted
By her soft spell.
I want to join her
Far above the world
In the coolness
Of the eternal night.
Lady Moon
Let me be your servant.

WANDERING THOUGHTS
Betty Andrews, '75

The bitter aftertaste of coffee
linger on my tongue
as my thoughts wander,
from Caesar's camps
to castles
to chateaus
and France
and the simple wonder
of walking
on a somewhat dusty sidewalk
by a street quietly roaring
with cars
or the occasional swish of a bicycle
in the brisk
yet relaxed
city-town
of Chateauroux.

IMPRESSIONS
Trish Harrison, '74

A feather is a light and airy thing.
It can't be felt;
Its presence must be recognized.
Fingers running through it
Only glide through heavy air.
A feather is little more than an impression.

Clouds drifting gently far above
Are so ethereal
One can only be aware
Of their delicate spirit.
Their only master is the wind,
The one being allowed to touch them.

Thoughts are as the feather and the clouds,
Swift and fleeting.
When thoughts decide to run,
They can't be caught.
Sensitive and fragile,
One can't make contact
For fear of hurting their perfection.
Thoughts are vaporous
And must be handled gently.

CIRCLES
Vanessa Draper, '75

Running around in circles,
Trying to find my way,
Wondering if tomorrow,
Will be a better day.

Falling down and staying down
Darkness surrounds my mind,
Looking, searching, desperately
For answers I can't find.

Shoving away the pieces
Of broken memories
Picking up the pieces
Of long forgotten dreams.

But dreams can't take the place,
Of a friend you used to know.
And circles can never take me
Where I really want to go.

II
Chevis Waller '74

Voices from a crystal sunset, echoing of the past
Are telling me it's true.
Somewhere, sometime before this
My love was once with you.

We are children alone in wonder
Of a world we've come to know.
Get together in an enchanted music land;
You will feel contentment grow.

Or find a fantasy mountain top
Where water pipers play,
And the stars shine on to lead us
In the coming of the day.

Your face is but a memory's shadow
That is thought of with a smile.
So much thinking I am through with,
Got to rest with you awhile.

I am learning to be without
I'm living within;
But if you'll only smile at me
I'll come around again.

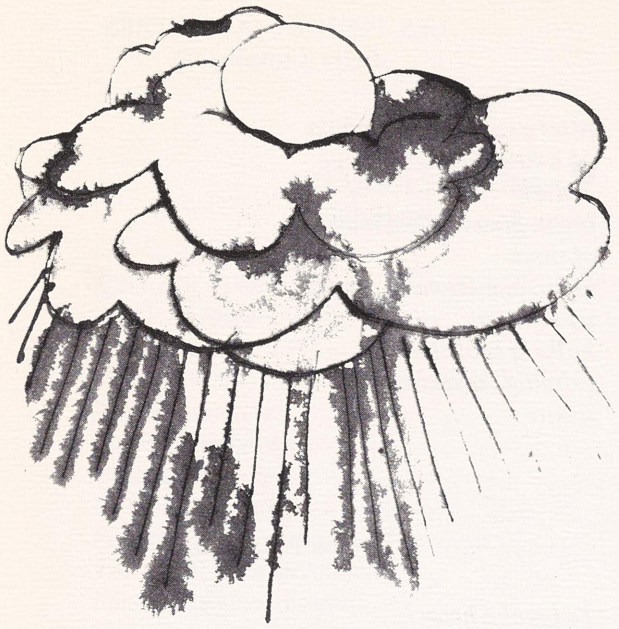
We'll wander to a water fall
Where time arrested the wheel.
In such a winter wonderland
Its loneliness you feel.

Angels in compassion,
Devil has his souls,
We pray for the light when it's needed;
Our sins will pay the toll.

Present restaged as the past;
We're all on guard in advance.
I think it must've been a long long time
Since you've been left with something more than chance.

Only children alone in wonder
Of a world we've come to know;
Get together in an enchanted music land.
You will feel contentment grow.

Or find a fantasy mountaintop
Where waterpipers play,
And the star shines on to lead us
In the coming of the day.



CLOUD SHADOWS
Barbara Couch, '74

They happen when a cloud cuts
a path of sunlight
Obscuring gloomily whatever
lies below.
When the rest of the day is brighter,
the shadows are made deeper.

It is sunny now.

Why am I sad?
Cloud shadows and you.

HAIKUS ON LOVE
Gayle Dunn, '74

The summer's fleeting
Moment passes too quickly
When in love with life.

But once I loved and
Was not loved for my love loved
All others save me.

His love endures all
Things of time and death; behold
His soul as sacred!

ABSENCE
Celeste Thompson, '73

No loving smile,
or tender touch
no warm arms
to hold me close
no strong hands to
safely guide me
no understanding eyes to gaze into;
No
You.

"TO M. COLLINS"
A. Swartzbaugh

Captured sunrises; you walking in them.
Sandcastles built on laughter and silences.
Serious dreams bouncing off the stars,
My heart aching, yours not knowing,
And it all comes back to me now.

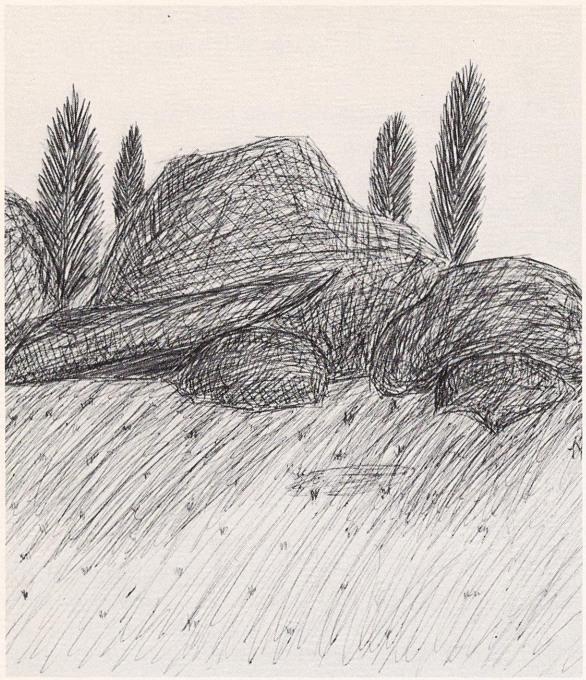
That smile I can see when I close my eyes,
Snatches of conversations, Remembered.
Those tiny shells you found for me
Are nestled in cotton, not your sandy hand.
No, it's been three years since then . . .

Others have filed by, of course, with kisses
Like pebbles before a mountain
Short-passions, short-sighted, died.
But you, you slip back into my mind
So often, making me cry in the night.

UNTITLED
Ellen Hobbs, '75

Here I sit. Yes, you know I want you. You think I will call, don't you? Well this time I won't. Ah, but you say I will. You say I am yours and that I need you. I must show you.

Looking outside I see that the sun has just set, and I know that soon the sky will change hue - first orange, then pink, then blue, and finally black. And I, like the sky, will fall deeper and deeper into that black darkness, for love has changed its color. And it seems so have you.



ANXIETY
Sudy Gibson, '74

Sometimes . . . I feel the need to write something down. Words—rambling through my head, beg to make themselves known on paper. Impossible! I cry. My feelings, my future—such as these cannot be made tangible through ink and pen. And yet still I toss and turn, and finally, pushing all logic aside, creep from my bed. I find the nearest window ledge, and a scrap of paper, and a stream of moonlight. And there I watch, with patience and curiosity, the letters as they form on the lines. The letters transform themselves to words, and I listen to hear what the words say.

Don't be silly! Who are you to know your own fate? You can't possibly predict what you'll do, what you'll say, even one solitary year from this time. You can only hope, and dream, and strive, and wish. Wishing is very important—every falling star, every new penny, every four-leaf clover counts. And then, after all your wishing and wanting, you still don't know the answer because—that's the way the future works. That's what makes it so exciting, so deliriously painful. And that's why you should get up tomorrow morning, and go out to challenge the world.

I noticed the pen had been writing faster and faster. Gradually I controlled its movements and spoke a little sense into my hand. Then I folded the paper and put it away; at least the next morning I would know that *this* was no dream.

LES PIERRES JAUMATRES
Betty Andrews, '75

After a cold and tiring hike
up a steep and leafy slope
at dusk
great, grey curving masses
of stone
loom, monstrous,
six or seven
hulks of cool eternity,
calming the air,
secure

#1
Jana Talbot '74

To break a heart
With painful care
And take a life
Voluntarily
Are no better than
Grinding our faces in the dust-
For that is all
That is left.
And now
We must try
To start anew,
And forget
This sight of a comrade's
Death,
And color tension
And torn friendships-
And remember
There is always
Another beginning.

For of late have I seen darkness
As it enveloped my earth
With heavy silence
And brooding sadness,
Calling nothing, doing nothing
A heavy mist of poisonous power
Pressing out all goodness,
Defying happiness.
Nowhere a small crack
For a ray of sunshine
To filter through.
But then, a flower
Of many brilliant hues
Pushed through the odious blackness,
And the darkness was ashamed
Of all the evil it had made
And the flower needed sunshine
To live—and it lives.

THE JOLLY ROGER

Trish Harrison, '74

Have you wondered how
The Jolly Roger
Got its name?
The grinning Skull and Crossbones
That meant death
To those brave souls
Who dared defy
Its black intent.
Perhaps the only universal flag
The world has ever known,
For men of every nation
Sailed beneath that fluttering threat.

And yet I do not even know
How Roger got his name.
His grin shows that he's jolly,
But Roger, why Roger?
I think perhaps the first
Of all the countless pirates known
Went by the name of Roger
Til he was caught and hanged.
And then perhaps his head
Was stuck upon a pole
Until the skin fell off
And left the grinning face of death
As a warning to the others
Who would walk upon his path.

But the death of their great leader
Only made the pirates' lust
For blood and gold grow stronger
And more wild
Until the world was trembling
Until their dark rule.

All because of one man, Roger,
Who was caught and hanged long ago.
And whose spirit never died
Until the Jolly Roger fell.

REMEMBER THE OLD

Jana Talbot '74

Cries of protest cut the night-
"They don't understand!"
"It isn't right!"
And all the world
Is torn apart
And takes the young generation
Into its heart.
But most of us
Seem to forget
That there are those
Who suffer yet
And never will
Be understood-
For we don't heed them
As we should.
The older generation
Makes the news;
But what of the oldest?
Are they given their due
Amount of love
And respect and care-
Or do we act as if
They are not there?
The treasures
Of now long-passed years
Dwell in their minds,
Bring on their tears.
They would just love
To tell their stories
Of forgotten lovers
And now-dead glories.
If we would read
Between the lines
We'd gain all knowledge
That outlives time.
But somehow we
Just pass them by,
Leave them alone,
Don't heed their cry
To break the monotony
Of old age
And lead them out
Of their lonely maze.



EL PÁJARO
Barbara Couch, '74

Pájaro, porque te riés de mí?
porque te remontas y buceas charlando
en una lengua que no puedo entender y,
del cielo, burlándote de mí?
porque te vuelves una ala irrisoria
y vuelas arriba al cielo dejándóme sola
abajo?

Pero - tal vez no ne ridiculizas-
tal vez simplemente estás nostrando tu alegría-
tal vez tu manera de expresar un jubilo de vivir.
Y-tal vez-puedo volar también al cielo.

Pajarito-no deseo quedarme sola.
Por favor, quiero reir contigo.

SONNET
Blair Scoville, '74

The sun goes down upon a lonely hill
And soon the nighttime dark will cover all
The end of day has come and all is still
The leaves are rustling softly, for 'tis fall.

The birds they chirp and sing a sweet sad song
A chill wind blows the leaves across the ground
The song of time, it just goes on and on
But silent is the song, it has no sound.

The stars descend upon the quiet earth
Asleep in waiting for another day
As if to be renewed as in rebirth
For fall is come and now is here to stay.

One sees that time has passed where there has been
The seasons changing softly with the wind.

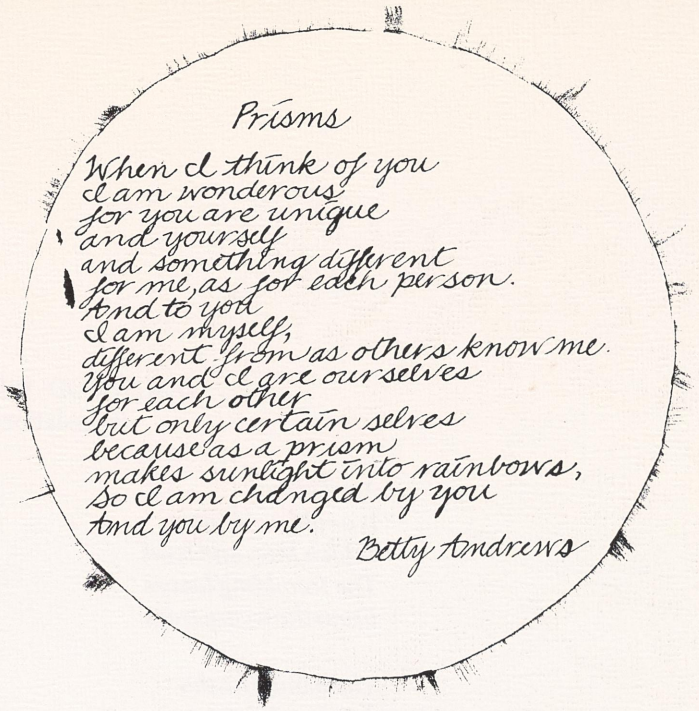
NORSE WINTER
Trish Harrison, '74

The Frost Giant swirls
Across the frozen wastes
Throwing a cloak
Of white velvet and jewels
Over the stark landscape.

The glittering light
Forms a rainbow of gems
Like small sprites of the ice.
They leap from the glaciers
And whirl on the plains
Mocking the mortal
Who falls in the snow.
Jeering and cruel
They continue their way
Through the sparkling snow
And the blinding ice.

Then their laughs change to screams
Of fear and of pain,
And they drop in their tracks.
No more do they mock
The mortals who die
For the sun is their master
And conquers them all.

As the snow melts down,
More puddles appear,
And the ice goblins are gone
Till the Frost Giant swirls
Through the wasteland again.



UNTITLED
Celeste Thompson, '73

You have become a part of me
you float through my mind
like
driftwood on the ocean-
bobbing
and
dipping
yet
always in sight
sometimes
you are out of my grasp
but then
closer
nearer
you drift
until
once again
we are together
in
silence
in happiness
in love

I GOTTA BE FREE
Frances Roy '74

Like the change from the summer's heat to the winter's snow,
This is the kind of difference my life has come to know.
All of a sudden I've gotta be me,
Nothing to tie me down—I've gotta be free.

God's in charge of my life now you see,
He's telling me the kind of person I should try to be.
I can't let others dictate my life for me,
No one to tie me down—I've gotta be free.

All of a sudden life is falling into place,
I'm beginning to see myself face to face.
There's a whole life out there ahead of me.
Oh—God, how I long to stay free!

FEBRUARY FOURTH
Clare Gebert '73

The day came too soon
And even tho' we were expecting it,
it passed all too quickly.
We had just begun to know each other again
and relive what had for so long been only
memories.
Why does life go so strangely?
We begin at the beginning, but the end comes before the middle.
There was so much to do together before that day.
Now there is nothing.

NIGHTBREAK
Judy Andrews '73

Purple-pink of sunset sky
Pulling closed the day
Shadows of the bending oaks
Smile and then away.

DOGWOOD WINTER
(translation)

April snow
Is a cold, cold snow
Which bites and tears
The trembling leaves
From the weary trees.

The wind whistles
A mournful song,
Calling forth the sun
From his secret place
Behind the clouds.

But he can not appear.
A prisoner, he remains
In his prison in the sky,
An isolated star,
A jewel hidden from the eyes of Man.

But, Spring will dance again;
The leaves will tremble no longer;
A zephyr will caress the earth;
And the sun will be free to reign
Over his sapphire sky.