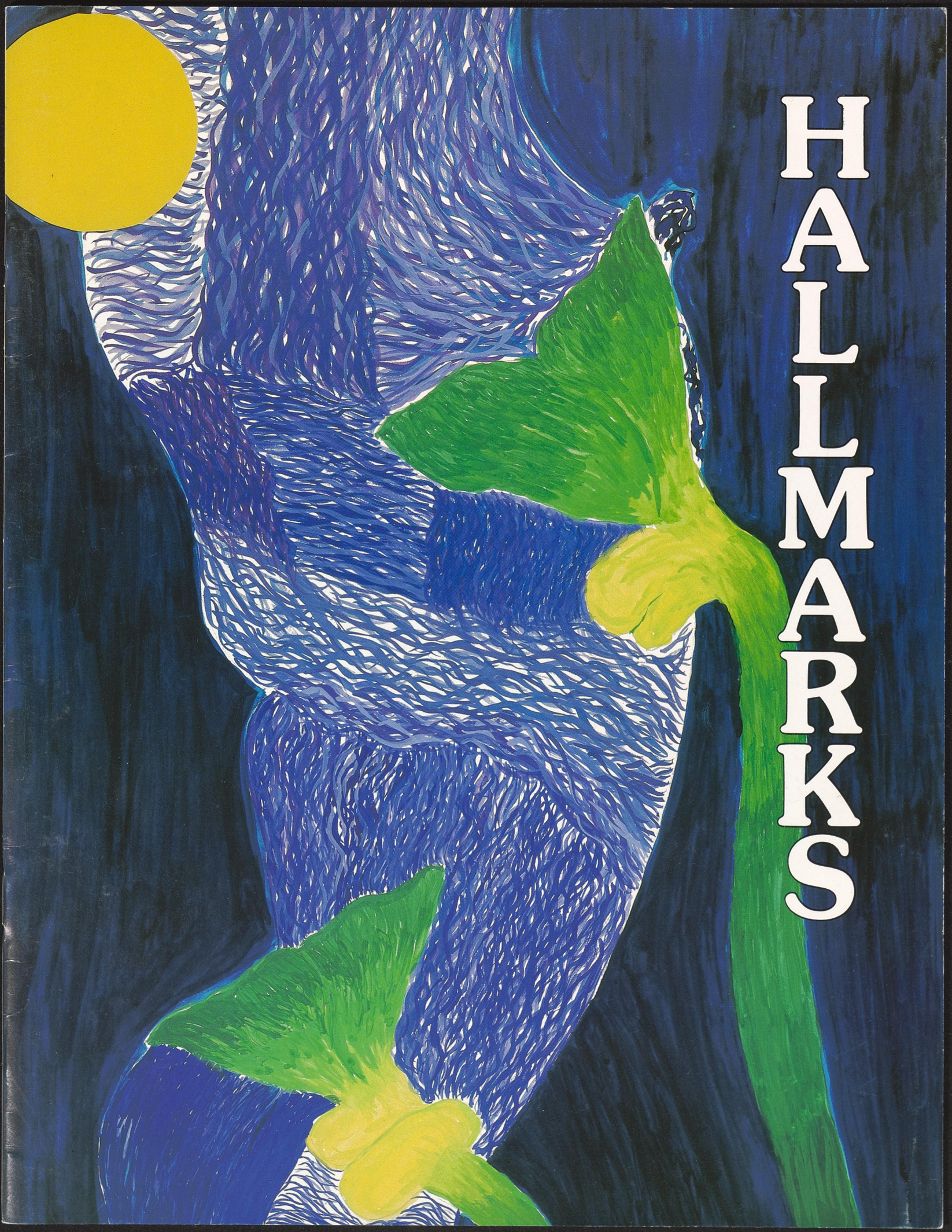

HALLMARKS

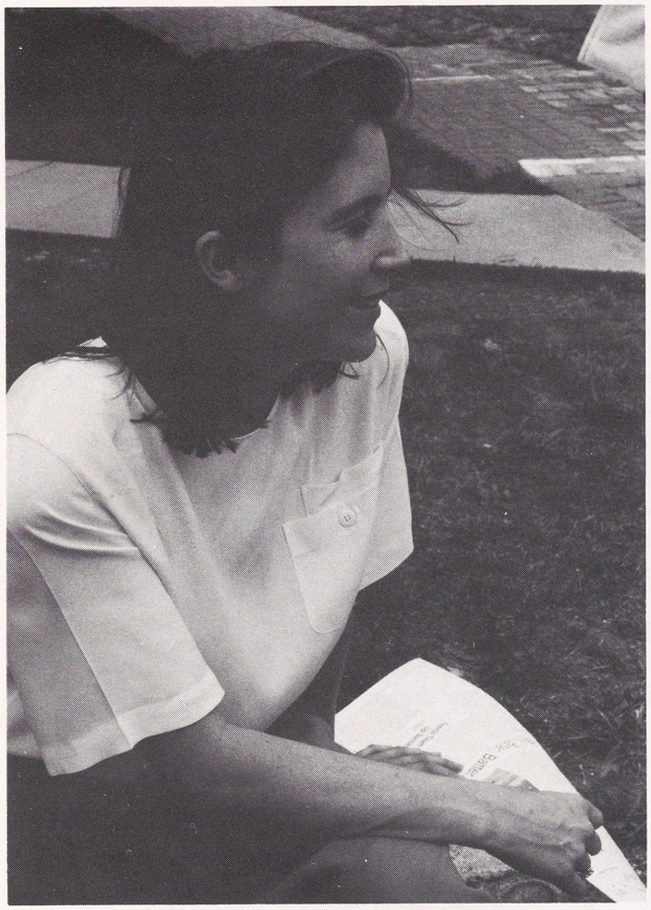
HALLMARKS 1989

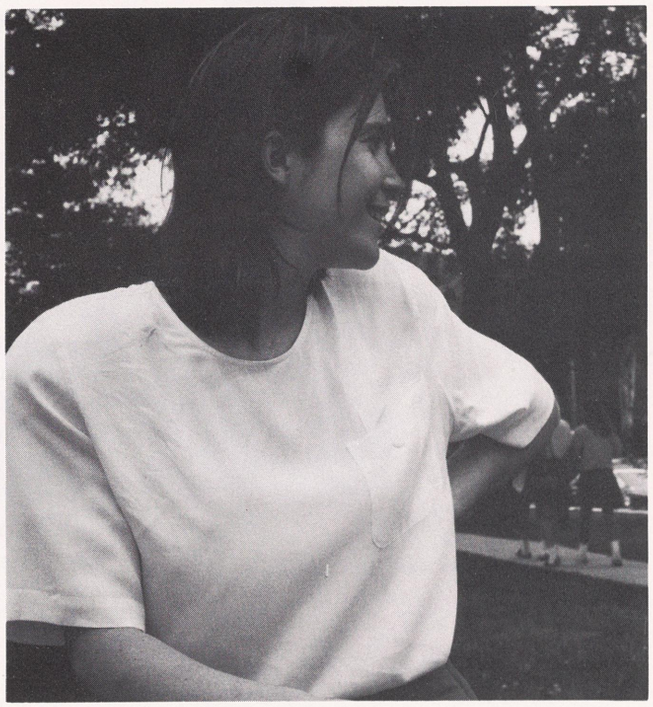


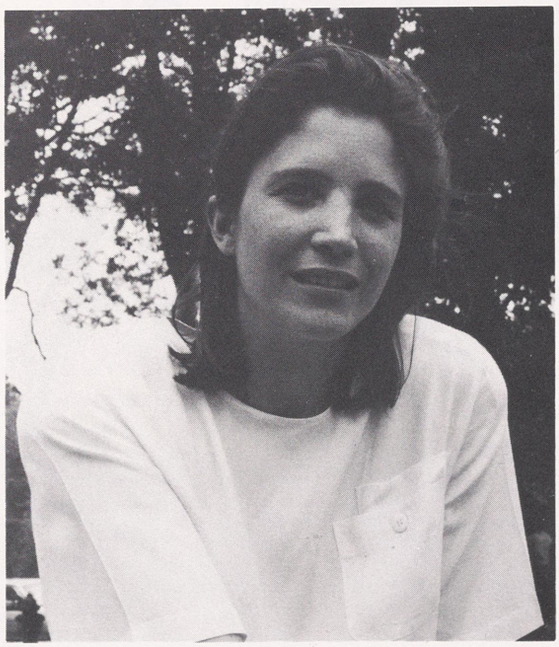
Betsy Maddin

EDITOR—Ginger Pickard
ART EDITOR—Lihbin Shiao
PRESIDENT—Suzanne Stockard
SPONSOR—Ms. Derah Myers
COVER—Samantha DeFrance

HALLMARKS
1989







IN DEDICATION TO MEGAN O'BRIEN
Ashley Brooks

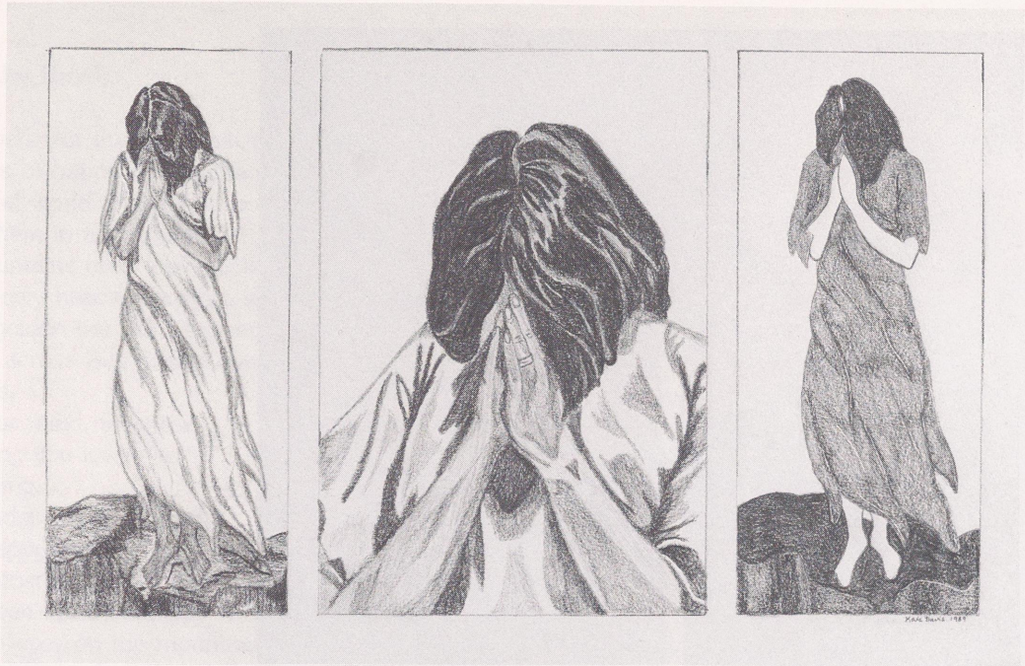
I never meant for something of this sort.
I never meant for her to depart in such an array.
Only the ones who mean
    find the true meaning of their mean.
Now we will walk through fields of snow and fire.
And be led by the light of Hell
Without the guidance and the friendship and the love
Of one simple person.
But I fear not this
For the power of the heart shatters the power of evil into
Ten thousand little pieces which bountifully fertilize
The soil of the gardens of Evil which never grows.
If love remains within the heart of the journeyer,
Then evil does strain.

Kelly May

The girl looked on from a distance
She wanted to join them, she truly did.
But she felt uneasy as she always did
People thought of her as the different one, the strange one,
Or they thought of her not at all.
But they didn't understand her,
    They never did; they didn't even try
Their idea of understanding didn't include HER;
    It never had
All they ever did was fit her into a box
Well, she thought defiantly, I don't need them
I have enough — ME . . . and my dreams
And with that she turned from those
Condescending looks and walked away
But she knew, this girl, that what she had
    wasn't enough
Because, she still felt the desire to be with
The same people who ridiculed her,
    because THEY were her dream.



Michael Maxwell



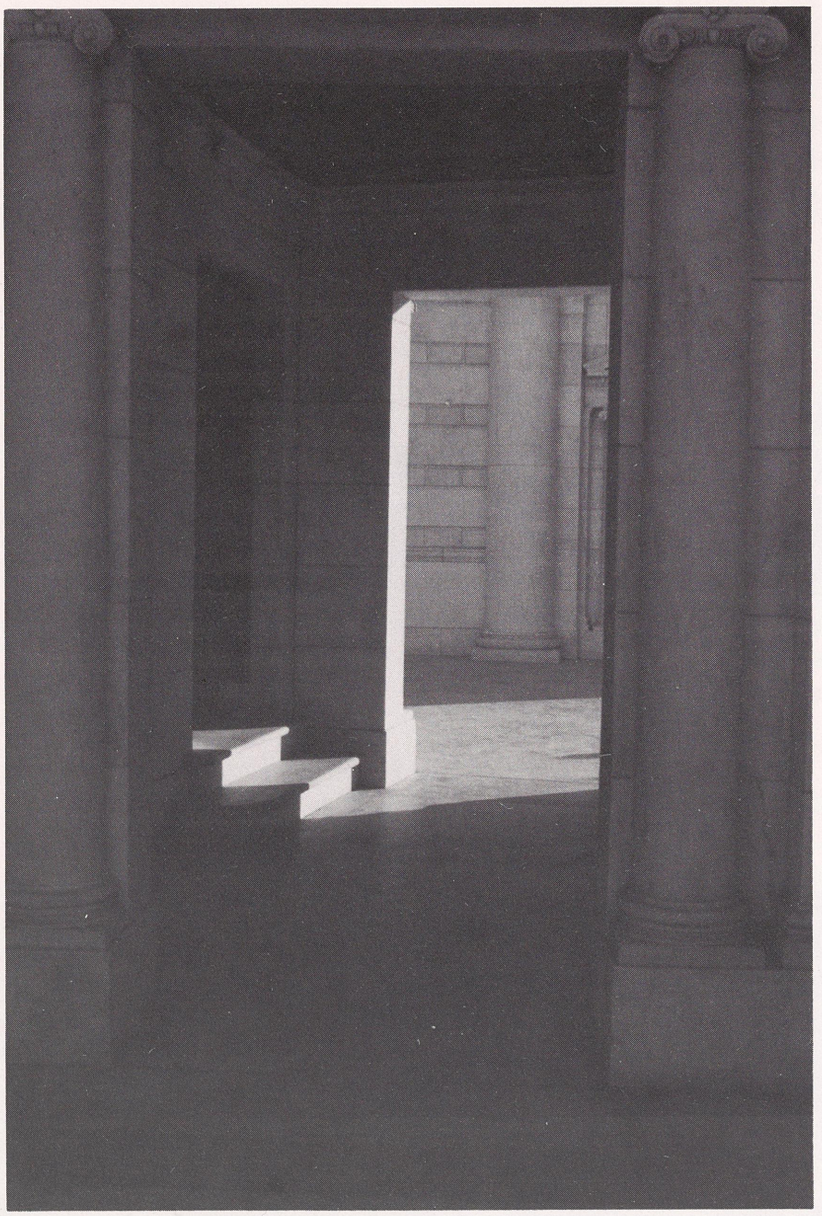
Kate Davis

DANNY
Lihbin Shiao

"carry it in."
"Can we go out that door?"
"It certainly looks like it. Can we go out that door?"
"i don't know. can you? . . .
"I think it's locked . . ."
"to my understanding i don't think so
but that is my understanding . . ."
Exiting
". . . what you don't understand is that that
is a way of introduction . . . if you stuck around
you might learn something about yourself . . .
that is what you don't understand. mutter . . .
mutter, mutter . . .
mutter."
Exit.

Jessie Abram

Timid hellos
led to tearful farewells
At the start, we were a
huge group of strangers
Trying hard not to seem
strange to one another.
As each day passed, this
group of unfamiliar
faces slowly turned
into a family.
Through each meal,
meeting, trip, song or
expedition we seemed to
become closer than
anyone thought we
would, and the days
flew by in a flurry of
excitement and new experiences.
Before we knew it—the
last day arrived
It doesn't seem possible
that the end could be
here so soon.
We must all leave now
and face the
reality of home once again.
But as we return to our families,
we leave behind a whole new family,
one that will remain close
in heart although separated by
vast distances.



Eleanor Clay

Genny Frazer

Through my life
I find myself walking through a long, intricate
hall filled with doors.
Each day I go from door to door
looking for the right room to enter.
At first all doors are open
and I venture through rooms and rooms
full of experience.
But soon I find locked doors
that I am unable to open.
Gradually I am frightened
to try and open any doors,
For fear of what is inside,
or to find that it is locked.

After passing many doors
I can see the end of the Hall.
Consumed with Fear
I take as much time as possible
to reach the end.
Frantically I try and open other doors
and fail.
Eventually I reach the end.
I turn back and see the long hall of doors
through which I had just passed,
And I realize
that it was I,
who all along,
had the key.

Ashley Brooks

Wildflowers dot the mountain field
Like eyes of happy Arikondrians in their
Wonderful world and a soft, cool wind
Sways them in a sleepy way.
The mountains even look gentle with
Their snowy heads evergreen shoes
With a golden tint from the morning sunlight.
Walking across this field is completely
Effortless,
With your mind being the
Only thing you know is
Functioning,
You wonder why you aren't
Really happy here—
It's the most beautiful place
You've seen—and suddenly
You run—eyes on the mountain
That shows no sign of sunlight,
Trees, or snow.
Just a huge mound of gray.
Something lifts you at great speed to the
Top—then you halt and stare
At the sight of only brown and yellow
Machines grinding away at the Earth.

Michael Maxwell

Today's I'm not quite sure who I am . . .
Maybe I'll know tomorrow—when I
    know my needs
I could be anyone today
I don't like not knowing myself—
    I have already accumulated too many
    strangers.
I want to find myself,
I want to know what is really in that
    shell I see when I look in the mirror.
Do I really have a soul?
A soul is millions of tiny reflections of
    experiences in the past.
    . . . but if I'm never sure of my past,
and can't encounter my future, then
I have no soul—and without a soul I
could not possibly be an individual.
But I want to know myself—
and if I can't know myself today
then maybe yesterday's reflections
are strong enough to build a soul
that can explain a person that has
been lost for 16 years.



Jennifer Corbett

WISHFUL THINKING
Sarah E. Ruccio

Always wishing
for what you don't have
will only take you
in circles.
A puppy
chasing his tail.
If he thought,
the absurd act
he would see
ridiculous.
But he barks and snaps
and traces the same leaps,
until exhausted and
dumbfounded
he wishes for better things
to chase.

Emily Cassebury

Thunder rolls from far away
A breeze stirs the tall grass
Small creatures scurry to their hiding places
And quiver at their peeping-hole
The dust in the distance wavers
The heat catching it in waves as it rises
Figures hang on the sun-parched horizon
At first still, but closer now.
The forms become clearer
They are running.
Running as if all their hopes and dreams
Lay somewhere beyond the blood red sun
Horses—
Brown sinewy-shiny muscle
Eyes bright with a fiery light
Ears flat, nostrils gulping the air,
They charge the future
Will they catch it?
Now they disappear once more
The prairie dog perched on his prairie dog skyscraper
Longs to run after.
He sees their mountain magnificent,
Hears their picollo peace
Grasps for their fragile freedom.



Ashlie Brooks



Clark Elam

Shawn Coker

The dank grey walls surround me and I am trapped. The setting sun makes a grid on the wall which quickly passes as the walls grow dark. Night is here. Empty voices fill empty halls, metal grates against metal. The burning ember of my cigarette falls to the ground silently, causing a flash of crimson sparks. My hand makes a rasping noise as it touches my beard. My hand quivers.
(with guilt?)
I am alone, though many surround me. But they don't know me. Just as I don't know them. I sit in my cell and think about why I am here
(you're guilty)
and the answer is simple enough. I am here because I'm guilty. Oh, I'm not a murderer—
(Oh yes you are)
my brother is the murderer.
(no you are and you better face up to it because—)
—But I, also, have murdered because now my brother is dead.
(thank god)
The force that killed him is now killing me—that is, the immobility and confinement of my position. I find no enjoyment of life any more.
(when did you ever?)
They say that if I tell of my innocence then I will be freed,
(but you're not innocent)
but they don't understand that this is where I belong—I deserve this hell.
They are the enemy now.
(no you are the enemy and they better watch out because you're crazy)
They say I killed her, but it wasn't murder
(oh yes it was, you know it was, you killed her in cold blood)
—she provoked me but I didn't mean to murder her—it was an accident
(no you've wanted to kill her forever.)
I must stand trial and I'm scared
(because you're guilty)
—not because I'm guilty . . . just because.
(you *are* guilty and crazy too, crazier than crazy, INSANE is what you are you—)
I'm not crazy either. And I won't give in to them. I didn't kill her

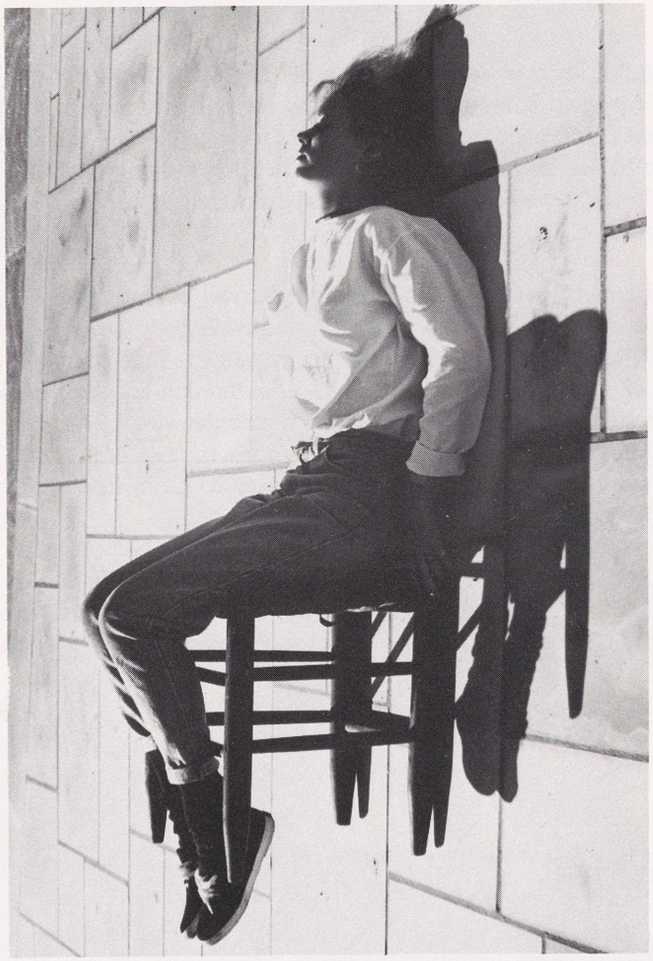
(don't lie to yourself)
he did, and I know that. I guess that's all that matters.
(Oh no it's not, you wish that's all that mattered)
He's the killer, but he's my brother and he's dead and
(but didn't you want that, too?)
I loved him so much . . . maybe I should take the blame so his name can be cleared
(you are guilty, not he)
and so he can rest in peace
(he already is)
(you wouldn't do this if you were innocent would you)
—That's it. I will take the blame and live in this cell
(but you rather like it)
though my life here is living hell. I am noble and I will rebel against the injustice I face.
(it's not injustice, you're just crazy)
—And I'm not crazy. Tomorrow I will be silent and take the punishment that is rightfully my brother's.
(guilty)

I take the last drag on my cigarette and then stomp out the feeble light it produces. The room is completely dark and smells faintly moldy. I can hear the rats as they begin their nocturnal activities. And the rats have gotten bold. They do not fear me. I have felt them in my bed at night. I have awakened to a scuttling near my head and the quick whip of a hairless pink tail. They are not afraid, and in actuality it is I who fear them. But I've gotten good with a shoe. Even in the dark I can hit a rat across the room. I keep my shoes by my bed. Just in case. But still they come. In all truth, killing rats gives me an unexplainable pleasure.
(like killing a young girl?)
Goodnight.

The morning sun shines through the barred window producing a grid-like pattern on the opposite wall. The sheets produce a white light in the sunlight as they twist and turn. The body is also bathed in the light of the morning sun. The feet of the body are just barely above the ground.
(see, you were guilty)
And it looks as if a rat has begun to gnaw on the big toe.



Karen Dismukes



Michael Maxwell

DISSATISFIED
Sarah E. Ruccio

the crystal sands
of history's deserts
could be yours
for miles
to the stars.
your clumsy swiftness
not to run away
but to move forward
and enhance
the strength of your being.
the freedom to drink
the sights
the sands and textures—
it's not enough.
perhaps the exposure
is only too heavy
because your delicate crown
is so callowly buried
hiding from yourself
time will still fly,
but you can't dear ostrich
because you won't try.

EXPLOSION
Becky Burke

At first his hands were shaking, and then he broke into deeper convulsions. He shook like an earthquake. I noticed the needle that lay beside him. How I wanted to run and get help, but I was frozen. All I could do was watch this pathetic sight. He screamed for someone to help him, but I couldn't hear a sound. I just stood there watching. Then his brain exploded and turned to jello. It oozed from his eyes and dripped to the ground. He fell backwards and shook even harder. Then with one last kick he lay there motionless. I walked over to where he lay. The stench of brain was in the air, at least, I think that's what I smelled. Finally, after I could bear to see this sight no longer, I turned and ran away from this thing. And even today, I am still running.

THE HUNTERS
Ashley Brooks

I sat crouched on a rock watching the most powerful looking lion I'd ever seen protecting his family. Its mane looked almost as if it was groomed, unlike mine, which caused me to start trying to smooth it out with my hand. Every now and then it would show its icy white teeth in a warning that anything that came near would be veal for the young. I was within a safe distance on my side of a hill, just watching them. It was rare to see a whole family of lions in such a picture perfect situation. The mother sat with her eyes closed, resting while the bounding little cubs leaped and snickered at each other creating a playful, peaceful, and aggressive outlook on the whole scene.

For a minute my eyes jerked around to a familiar smell, yet I couldn't make it out because the smell of the tropical fruits blended too greatly. This smell somehow signaled danger into my open subconsciousness, and at last—it was familiar enough for me to recognize, so I leapt up from my altar and drew out a loud, shrill cry, but it was too late. My cries were drowned out by the deafening, rumbling sound of a .44 caliber safari rifle. In only two seconds, the lion lay dead while a frantic, crazy lioness rampaged around screaming with blood streaming from her side from a hole the size of her eye until she finally resigned from life and left two small cubs whimpering in the brush. One cub ran to his mother and it was killed the second he brushed her dead paw, while the other remained in hiding. The hunters ran in glee to claim their sick prizes.

I stood and stared in horror, unmoving. One of the hunters caught sight of me which he kept for a few seconds then turned away, hopefully ashamed. I remembered the one surviving cub and started to sneak around the bloody field in order to save it. I caught a glimpse of it and it swiveled its heavy, small head slowly around to me until his tear-filled eyes met mine. "Come here. Come this way. Here! Here!" I whispered as softly yet loudly as I could, and we disappeared into the brush soundlessly.



Sarah Roberts



Beth Trabue

RICH AND GRAY
Sarah E. Ruccio

I cannot see gray in you,
though you may see yourself
lacking color
losing life.
but still there is life in gray.
Yet
You can see yourself in gray,
contemplating wealth:
selling morals
trading souls.
No immortal should have felt.
but
Human can you only be
as rich as you are now?
Remember gray
hold on to life;
don't leave me unknown to hell
gray as you are now.

SPLIT
Kimberly Shawn Hodde

I am one,
Yet I see both sides.

I'm not indifferent,
But I don't really have an opinion.

I know what is right,
But it would be easier to be wrong.

I realize the pain it would cause later,
Yet it would be more comfortable now.

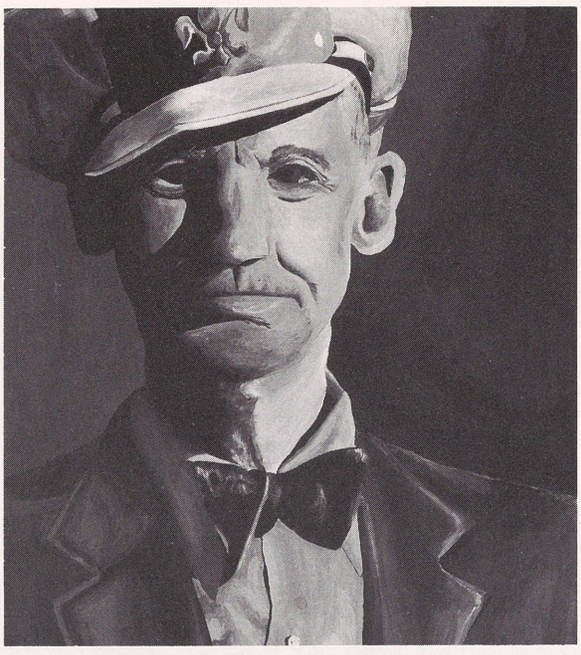
The wrong decision is always more appealing,
But I don't want to suffer its consequences.

It is more convenient to ask for forgiveness
than permission,
Yet I really should do what is right.

But who is to say what is "right."
I am not the only one who is split.



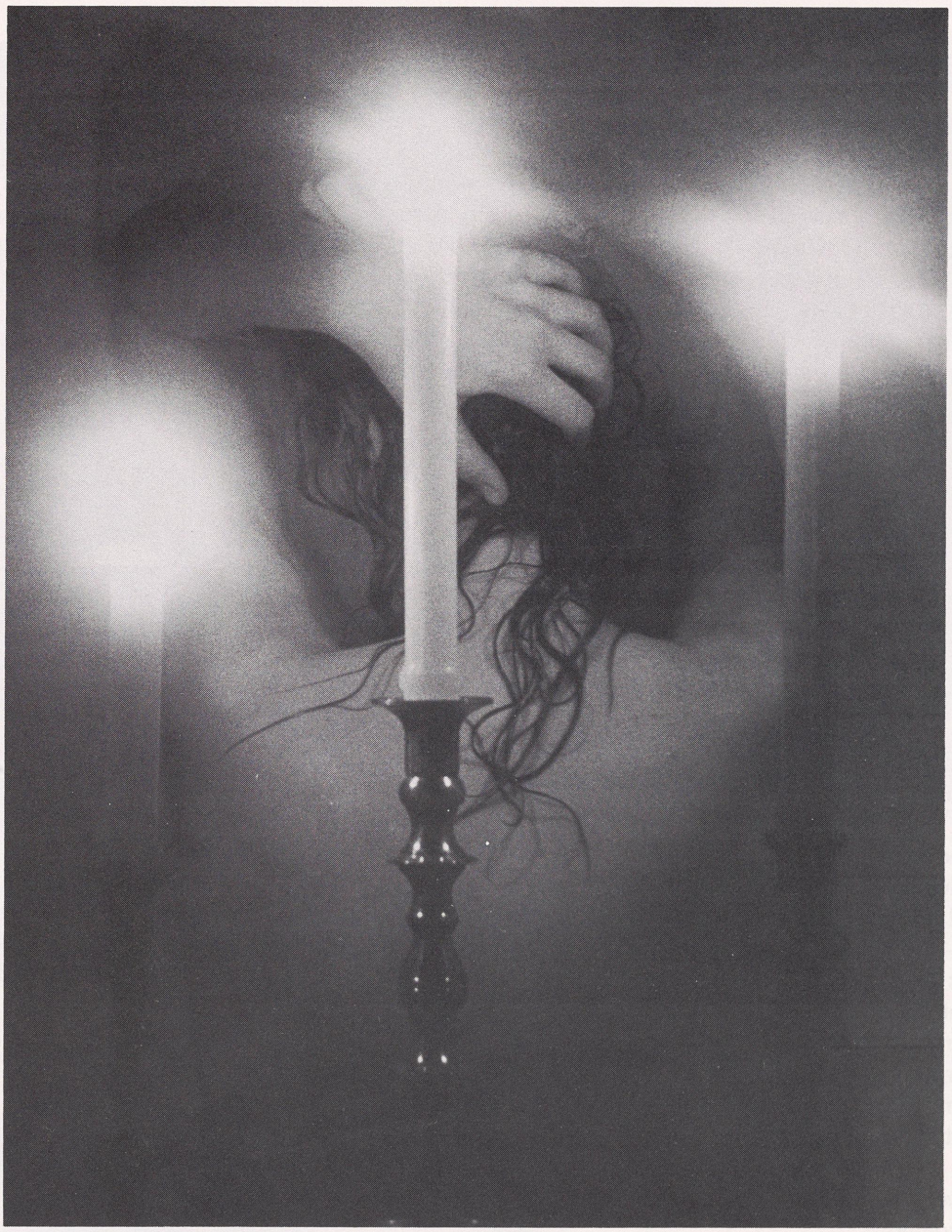
Lihbin Shiao



Carrie Smith

THAT LIE
Lihbin Shiao

Descending white like,
this mass of chaos was really grey,
but much lighter than the black gulf surrounding this world.
The last page,
realized too late,
that world ends
suddenly at this realization—that the cap is falling
to close this adventure, this conflict of souls.
She hates;
He hates;
all is consuming so far that her mind is blocked from all
separate from this conflict save that
which is necessary and that which necessitates a voyage
away.
I wonder though if that escape will be true.
Will she speak in hate constantly of him?
Or will she enjoy this time away?
Perhaps her hate fills that gap in her life
which has been existent for the 20 years
in which they have been found.
That gap produced by a culture which separates
in competition so far that nothing else matters;
yet when that goal is reached,
the marriage made as secondary
during the struggle
is suddenly realized as a worthless symbol
just as the fight was.
All that grounded black
eventually flies away in white or various shades of grey.
Nothing living will ever remain.



Michael Maxwell

DANCING TO SILENCE
Ann Baughman

I am in a dark room with no windows and no way out. I cannot see anything around me clearly. I know there are people on the outside, but they are distant and also hardened to my sadness due to the fact that they don't even care. I hear them laughing and talking, but never to me. I see them crying and sad and feel for them, although they never felt for me.

Everyone is distant, cold, harsh; and they don't even realize it. There is no way to change the way things are, and it is nobody's fault that they became so. I am completely alone and will forever remain so isolated. They can't even hear me, God, how could I have expected them to understand me?

Soon I shall forget about them, only because I harden myself to them. I will never again be hurt because though I live in constant pain, I can no longer feel it.

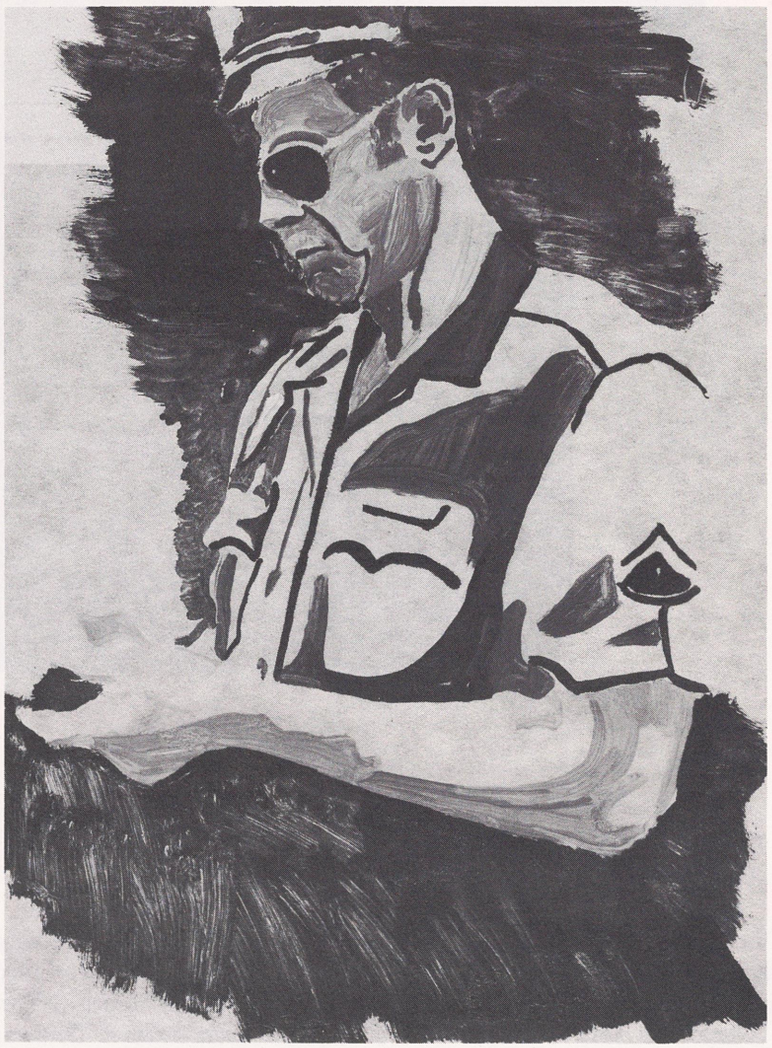
I am now dead—or is it just that I wish I were, and so it surely will become so? I will be soon enough, not that it really matters. Either way, things remain the same. For emotions this real cannot and will not be affected by a mere dream like life.

TROY
Ashley Brooks

The night air was still and heavy, and nothing moved but one man. He was sitting on the railroad tracks panting and saying to his stuffed animal friend, Troy, "I . . . s . . . sorry Trway. I . . . I . . . ddidint mean . . . to hurt . . . yyou. Do you unndestan? Unnerstan? I so sorry!" The man bent over his friend and allowed the tears of his swollen red eyes to bathe it in a salty wet coat. He lifted his head, sniffed, and started a small squeal which ended in an outburst of noise and streams of red hot tears. He lifted himself and his friend, in pieces, up and along the tracks in hope of going nowhere. The laughter in the background grew louder and shriller. Men and boys gathered 'round the man, yelling remarks and throwing rotten vegetables which stung his eyes. "Stop it! It's stinging my eyes!" he yelled among the wild clamor. "Please go away. Troy is crying too! Troy can feel! He feels!" Still the group grew closer to him and the man began to get anxious and ragingly attacked all the ones who dared to stay near. Some blood was shed and then the night was quiet and the man lay on the tracks, unable to lift himself up, watching the men take Troy to a distance he would never reach.

THE ARTIST
Sarah E. Ruccio

Don't speak to me
intimately;
don't tell me about your
friends—
the ones you paint
black and blue,
always from behind.
Then draw your own
sweet smile
as they turn
on you
just as you do.
Candy coated
twisted tongue
golden honey smooth;
tempting words,
eyes as bright
but I can't see you
through the glitter.



Carrington Nelson



Clark Elam

REFLECTIONS ON PROM NIGHT
Jessica Gutow

It was fun while it lasted
Which was not very long
But I looked good, at least,
Unlike my dinner
Splattered all over the stairs, the lawn, the floor, my
Best friend's bathroom.
For the love of a dress.
My dress.
It was certainly not for the love of my date
Who was nice and awfullly considerate,
Considering . . .
It was all for the love of a dress.
No one else even liked it.
Quite vivacious, said my date
My brother began coughing when he saw his
Sister surrounded by large, mutant flowers.
I love it
Even though I popped the buttons when I tried to sit
On the bathroom floor
In a sea of white purses that matched
My complexion at the time.
Purely for the love of a dress
And the shoes, of course,
That I lost during my convalescence
From Prom.



Beth Trabue

NEVER WALK BY YOURSELF

Shadows are cast by the night security lights:
permanent ones—
and seemingly permanent ones.
The black night is divided
into strips reminiscent of a jail cell's
dark strong bars.
And within these bars
these shadows lurk.
Eyes looking for nothing,
unconcerned, detect—nothing—
not the darting movement of two other pairs
of spying eyes—double shadows
hidden within other permanent shadows
which serve as accomplices
of the future crime.

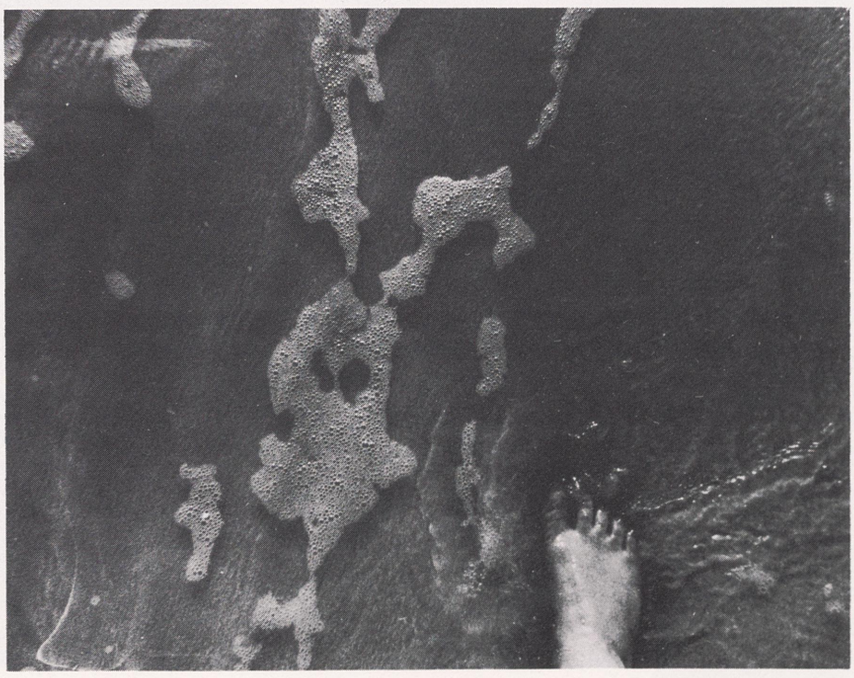
They approach, steadily at first,
then much more quickly
as lines stretch embracing violently
the one man, alone.
He is found the next day and says nothing.
One would think the dark
would hide the color of his skin,
its slightly different pallor.
But instead it is the night
which reveals hate
while the day conceals the criminal's faces.
All serves them—even the bars disappear.
Take care.
And never walk by yourself,
not even when it's light.

NUCLEAR SUICIDE
Virginia Kelley

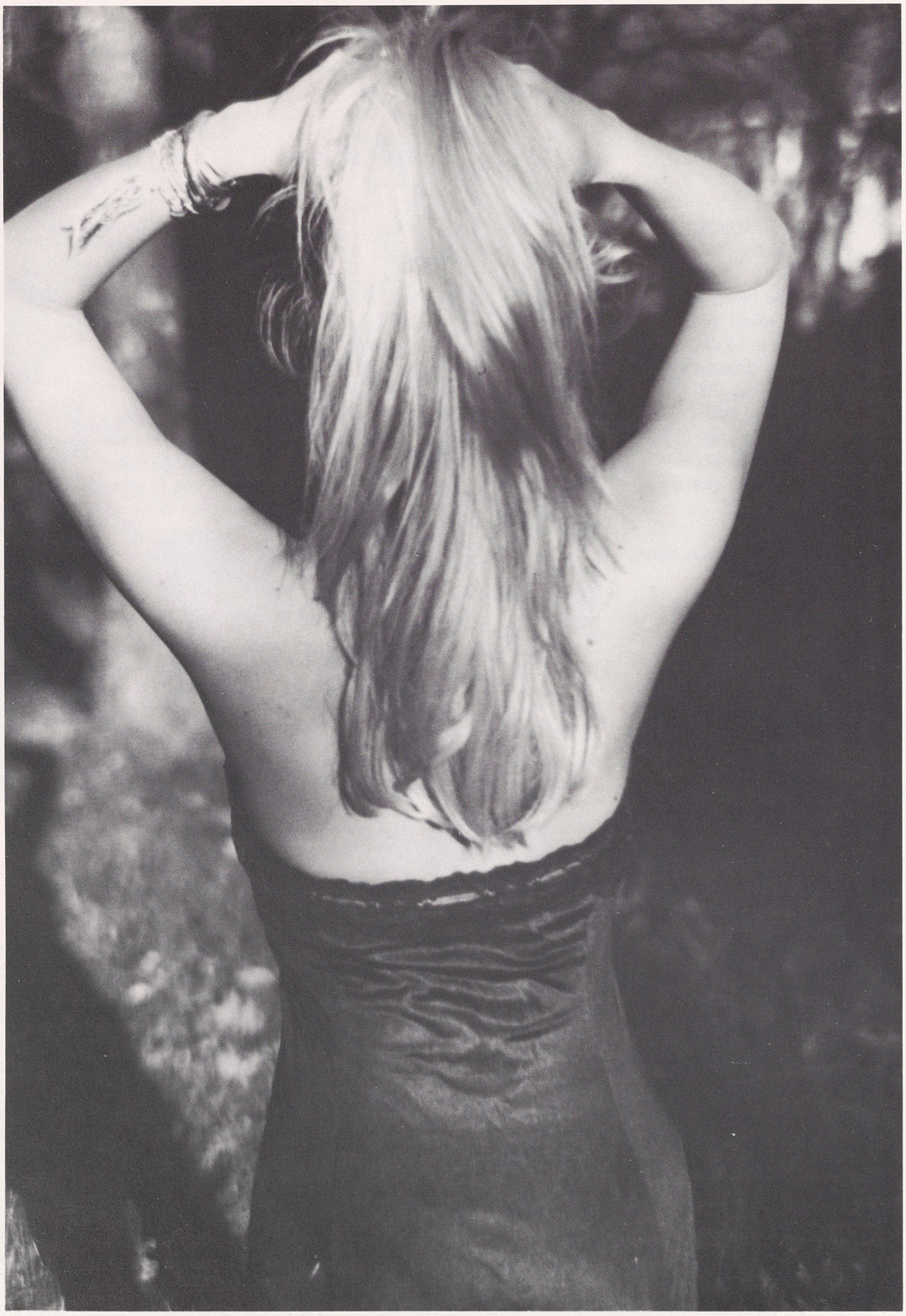
Shaved off and bleeding
The world is naked, dead.
Dirt is floating in blood
The bombs are dropping
the skin is scraping off
And the trees are falling
While grass grows only in lungs
only dirt floating in blood
dust blowing across nothing
The razor is dull
And there is silence
except for the last bomb hitting
the earth
except for the skull hitting
the floor.

SHILLANDILLC
Ashley Brooks

I saw the rocket carry its cloudy white trail into the sky.
It wasn't beautiful.
It painted a stripe that would soon diminish . . .
But it would not.
It would invisibly poison us and it is not alone; many more will follow.
He who believes there is peace now, we are crazy.
Peace would not require speed to get us from one place to another.
Why does speed and strength need importance anyway?
She would not even think of destroying things what bombs, atoms,
And Einsteins would do.
She wouldn't care who can kill beasts.
For we need no meat .
She wouldn't care who believed in what,
For beliefs would be a personal matter not a social one.
She would allow the simple to be simple,
And she would teach the children to create, to watch, to learn
The important things,
And to eat and to sleep.
They would be ignorant of war, stress, grief, and pain,
While we must step over the old tires and stop to smell the toxic roses
To go to the good places that still exist
And thank whoever your belief lies upon for it,
And draw no boundaries,
Build no fences,
Live simply,
Happily.



Marla Connelly



Karen Dismukes

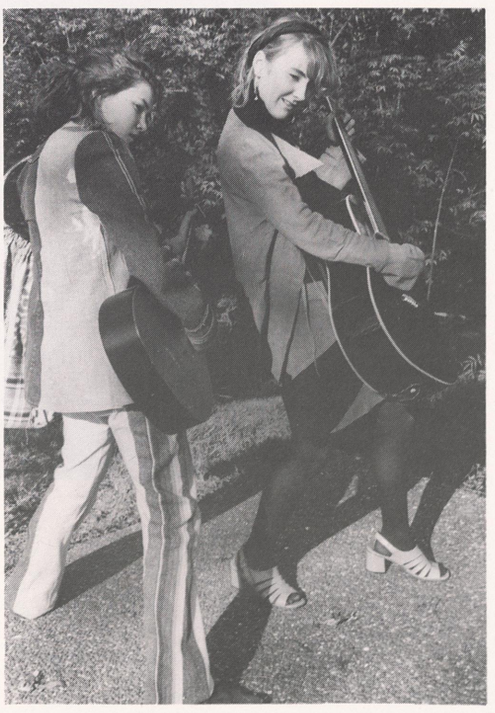
INDEX

Poetry

Jessie Abram
Untitled (5)
Ann Baughman
Dancing to Silence (15)
Ashley Brooks
In Dedication to Megan O'Brien (3)
Untitled (7)
The Hunters (12)
Troy (16)
Shillandillc (19)
Becky Burk
Explosion (11)
Emily Casselbury
Untitled (8)
Shawn Coker
Untitled (9,10)
Genny Frazer
Untitled (6)
Jessica Gutow
Reflections on Prom Night (17)
Shawn Hodde
Split (13)
Virginia Kelley
Nuclear Suicide (19)
Michael Maxwell
Untitled (7)
Kelly May
Untitled (4)
Sarah Ruccio
Wishful Thinking (8)
Dissatisfied (11)
Rich and Grey (13)
The Artist (16)
Lihbin Shiao
Danny (5)
That Lie (14)

Art

Ashley Brooks 8
Eleanor Clay 6
Marla Connelly 19
Jennifer Corbet 7
Kate Davis 5
Karen Dismukes 10,20
Clark Elam 9,17
Betsy Maddin 1
Michael Maxwell 4,11,15
Carrington Nelson 16
Sarah Roberts 12
Lihbin Shaio 14
Carrie Smith 14
Beth Trabue 13,18
Amantha Walden 21



Amantha Walden

In gratitude for his kindness to us all, the members of Penstaff have established the Fred Tindal Collection, to which books may be donated. A formal portrait of Fred will hang on the library wall, but this is the way we shall always remember him.

