HALLMARKS

'77



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COVER BY Heather Muller

EDITOR Anne Williams

The Finale
Suzy Bell'79

As the play comes to an end, mixed impressions reveal themselves in the spotlights. The brain juices of the portrayers slow. Each actor sheds an outer skin like a snake, but there is nothing evil overshadowing this undressage. The crumpled programs under the seats testify that there were some spectators at the performance. The actors crumple their dead characters and cast them aside with the papner. The space that holds this graveyard of trash stands mute. If only the brick inlayed walls could tell of the secrets they have reverberated. These same walls are going to echo the screams and songs of the student body tomorrow. Later the walls will resound with the gasps of track members loosening up for fierce competition. But still, much goes unanswered. Perhaps at twilight the walls rest silent save the murmur of the Coke machine with its faint glow over the floor, or the hardly audible hum of the human timetable, the clock. This place absorbs a diverse amount of insight and to me is sacred, but to you its just the cafeteria.

Betsy Swartzhaugh '78

From here I love you.
  locked in this armchair prison
  listening as all whisper and laugh
  about things forgotten by tomorrow
unable to let them know
that what I smile about,
  and keep silent,
    will last to eternity.

Along a road of Pearl
by Melinda Standfill '78

They're out and after us. The unicorns.
Long ears and short horns. (a variation, you know)
Blow by me my wind, carry my crypt far,
  for I'm tired of chasing unicorns,
    and they have come to me.

Holly Zimmermann '81

At night I often stand for awhile
and watch the moon—how her
  spirits beguile
My wandering thoughts lost deep
  in the night,
Enchant and bewitch them, draw
  them into her light.
Surely the Sandman in disguise,
for I soon grow weary and close
  my eyes.
A spirit, a gypsy, so it seems.
With a wink of her eye turns
  my thoughts into dreams.

Val Cannon '78

Boyfriends are like fingernails—
when you start congratulating
yourself on how long you've had
them . . . they break off!

Amy Cross '77

He takes me in his arms
Surrounds me with his love
and makes me feel important.
He brings me flowers and candy
Calling me every night
Asking me and only me out.
He is tall, dark, and handsome.
He is the star of the football team,
Most valuable basketball player,
President of the student body,
Makes straight A's,
And most important—
The most considerate person in the world.
His name is Tom or John or Mike
Or whoever I want him to be
Because he is mine and only mine
In my dreams.

Take Time
Becky Hinshaw '79

It's been so long
since I've stopped and looked at someone
and what they're really like on the inside.
Of course even if you do stop and look, you still may
not find out what they're like
But it's the stopping and looking, the taking time,
that really counts.

Sometimes I'm scared to stop
because I'm scared I won't start again
and I don't really want to look that hard
because I'm scared I'll find out that
everyone is as shallow as I am.

Alot of people cry big tears and sob
loudly,
But I've learned to ignore this because
I've found out that the worst heartbreaks
are silent.
I hope someone will stop for me and look for me
during my heartbreaks
because I know that in all probability,
my self pity
will blind me from the cries of another.

Poco a poco
Martha Stamps '79

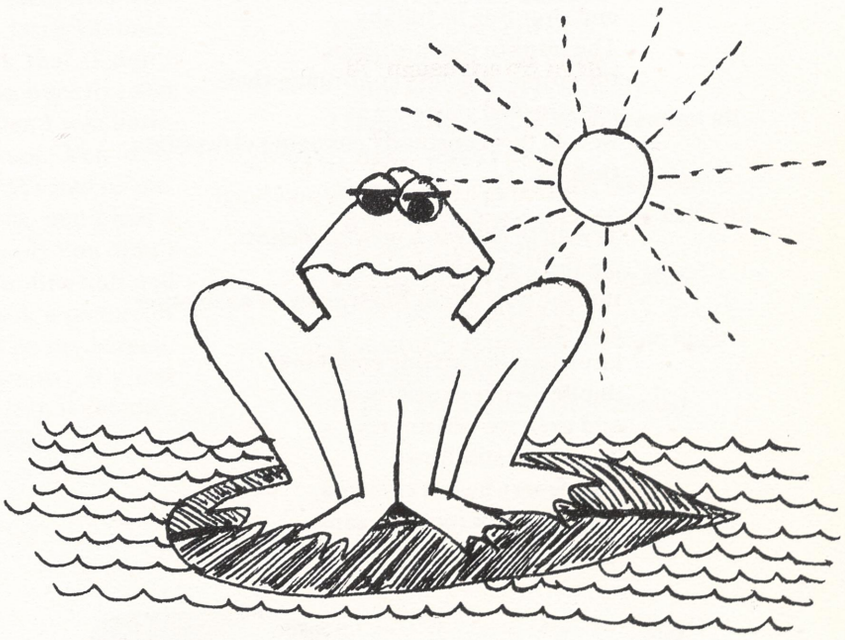
Poco a poco aprendemos.
Poco a poco comprendemos
lo que somos.
Mientras vivo yo vengo a ver
Quel mundo fui hecho para mi.
O yo fui hecha para el mundo
Y los dos van mano a mano.

Poco a poco aprendemos.
Poco a poco comprendemos
Lo que somos.
Yo miro a las estellas.
Yo miro a los mares.
Yo averiguo que estoy contenta
Y hallo jubilo en cada momento.

Poco a poco aprendemos.
Poco a poco comprendenos
lo que somos.

Frog
Jeannie Bass '80

Think about this:
Can life be bad
When taking the sun
On a lily pad?



Buffalo
Lynne Wolfe '78

Just you and me,
a canoe,
and the river.
Quiet—there's a duck, a turtle.
Our paradise,
no one has ever come this way before,
and never will.
(but what about the beer cans?)
We'll stop and eat lunch at the waterfall,
there's a bridge around the bend,
you can see it on the map.
Lipton's chicken noodle has never tasted like this.
Rapids—some people wouldn't dignify them
by even a name—but for us,
a challenge to overcome
and have pride in our accomplishment.
The time comes all too soon,
the river runs into another
becoming wider, slower, more travelled,
and we must leave
the memories of the sparkling summer days,
of a fish darting through shafts of
sunlight in the pouring water
sleep beside the roaring river
talking to itself for company
and shouting its lullaby.
The birds in the mornings,
the cows—placidly continuing their
undisturbed existence as
we—in our constantly changing viewpoints
rush by.

Trying to convey a mental picture,
a mind's eye photo
that we pull out in the secrecy of each other
and share,
knowing that no one could ever
duplicate our experience
and even we will not try.
The water still flows,
the scenery hasn't changed,
but it will not look the same.



To My Older Sister
Name Withheld

I climb and climb the mountain
Trying ever so hard to get to the top,
Using all the strength I have.
And yet you let go of the rope.

I climb and climb the tree, to get to the top,
Pulling myself up on every branch;
Every nice thing you try to say to me,
And you chop it down with one word.

I lift my foot to take one step on the stone
So I don't fall in the water,
It's just a stepping stone, just one;
But you push the stone under.

Nowhere for me to step,
Nowhere for me to climb,
Nowhere for me to stop and rest,
No goal I can attain with you.

Once I fall into the water, I'll drown.
Once I fall to the ground, I'll break.
And once I hit the rocks below, I'll die.
And yet you go onto Ann. . . .

Becky Hinshaw '79

You make me smile
When I watch you
The way you move
Makes me move
You are a magnet
I can find no words
to describe the way
You attract or
distract my glance
You are so near
yet always out of my grasp
Which you escape
With a laugh, of course,
My dear
You are so . . .
mellow
My dear, you are so,
So invitingly mellow.
I know.
A twisted smile of lips,
I long to touch them,
But then where would I be?
His smile fades into his eyes.
No shelter from them
A cool gaze.
A mellow glance.

Mead Hall Banquet
(Loyal Thanes Think Loving Thoughts of Their Lord)
Lauren Muller '77

Our loving lord
loyal helmbearers
to listen, lingering
unlock his lyre
swaying singing
Meadhall masses
hearing heroes
dancing, dreaming
dreaming dragon dreams
hearing handsome deeds
Outside the wretched world
hold his hand.

Unbolts his hall
enter to laugh and lounge
to hear the scope
and sing soaring stories
singing song
melt away hours
meet horrors
drinking from silver vessels
dreadful dreams
drifting from dreary days
must wait. Wierd must
here we have laughter.

To Sally
Martha Stamps '79

May thirtieth.

My God it's too soon.

How could we let time go by so quickly without catching at least one moment and saving it—keeping that moment to last us forever. But then, I guess saved moments are no more than memories and we've got plenty of those—enough to last a lifetime. Well, not quite, but it's nice to think that. I don't remember your first day of school. You were five and a half (or six, as you always insist) when I was born. But I remember my first day of school. You were going into the sixth grade, remember? We had on our new clothes Grandmama had bought us, and I had a new satchel. (lost the first week of school) You didn't have a satchel because satchels were for little kids and you were in the sixth grade. Mama took a picture of us by the front porch. I used to keep it on my bureau. I don't know where that picture is now. It's lost forever, I guess. But then I remember it so it couldn't be lost. It's saved forever. I love you Sally.

Lisa Bouchard '79

Here I stand with my head above
looking down on all.
The neon signs flash two blocks
to my right.
It is an empty dark to my far left.
Across the street the night's last taxi
empties to the hotel door.
The being does not linger
but quickly goes inside,
and the car leaves directly.
I stand and wonder what went on all
day—while I slept.
Many, busy exchanging greetings—
I probably missed something exciting,
But now I'm awake,
Shining bright and nothing stirs
With the exception of
The neon's flash and the june bugs
Dancing in my light.
(Yes. I am a lonely streetlamp.)

Winnie:
Beth Bowers '79

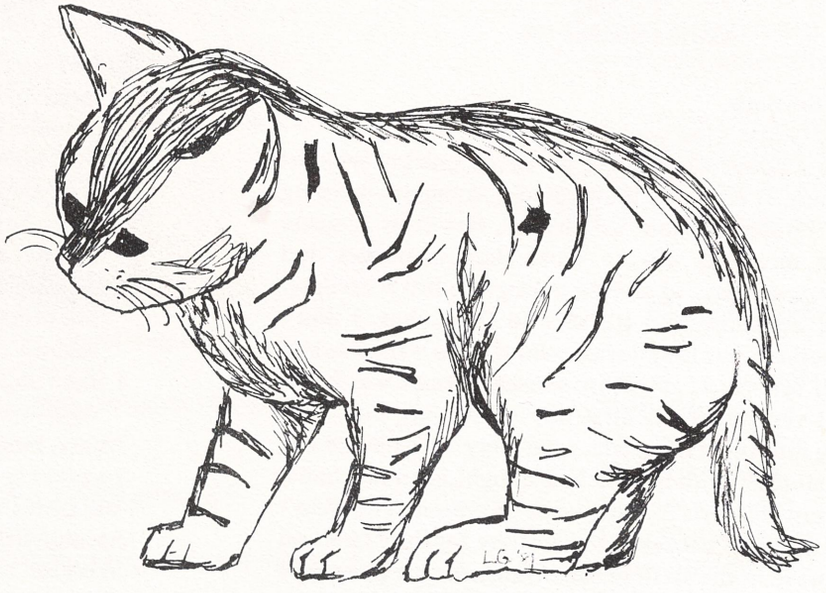
I want to write,
But a wall seems to be built between my mind
and my fingertips.
I stare and watch/Winne the Pooh on the cover of my poetry book,
Maybe and hoping that he'll jump or say something, but nothing stirs,
And nothing is written.

A Dedication
Becky Hinshaw '79

She is so lovely, so beautiful,
I feel strange and imperfect when I'm near her
Because she has something I don't—
  a perfection and inner peace
That she did not give herself, but was given to her.
The widom of her years
  is in her eyes.
She looks, rather stares, at me sometimes
  as if I were some foolish child
  who hurries through life and misses a small moment
  of peace in the sun—small but peaceful.
She has no worries.
She is but a lily of the field
  neither does she toil nor reap . . .
My cat amazes me.

Whit Wampler '78

People
confused, wondering
search, find, grow
They look for something to fill their empty places.
People.



And Beyond
Jeanne Harris '79

You guarded me from life you thought too harsh for me
And fed me on dreams and illusions you knew could never be.
Well, something's gained and something's lost
And all that we wrote in the frost on the window
  has melted with those dreams
  and left just the window,
  and now I can see through it and beyond.

Magic Carpet
Ann Ewing'80

I gather up my magic carpet
And fly fast through the air,
The wind is warm and violent
And rushes through my hair.

I look upon the big, wide world
And over land and sea,
My journey ends; the day is o'er
For here comes reality.

Despair
Kelly Akers '77

I am treading a constant mill.
My life seems directionless for the moment.
What should I do?
How can I cope?
I am a zombie,
completing assignments perfunctionally,
never relaxing, never smiling, never laughing . . .
What is the purpose?
I want to be with friends, to enjoy living,
but,
there only seems to be an endless string
of math problems or reading assignments.
Where will it lead?
O Harpeth Hall, don't kill my spirit.

Beersheba
Kim Potter '79

I walked down the winding path
To my favorite rock
Where all was in nature
With hills and trees and birds.

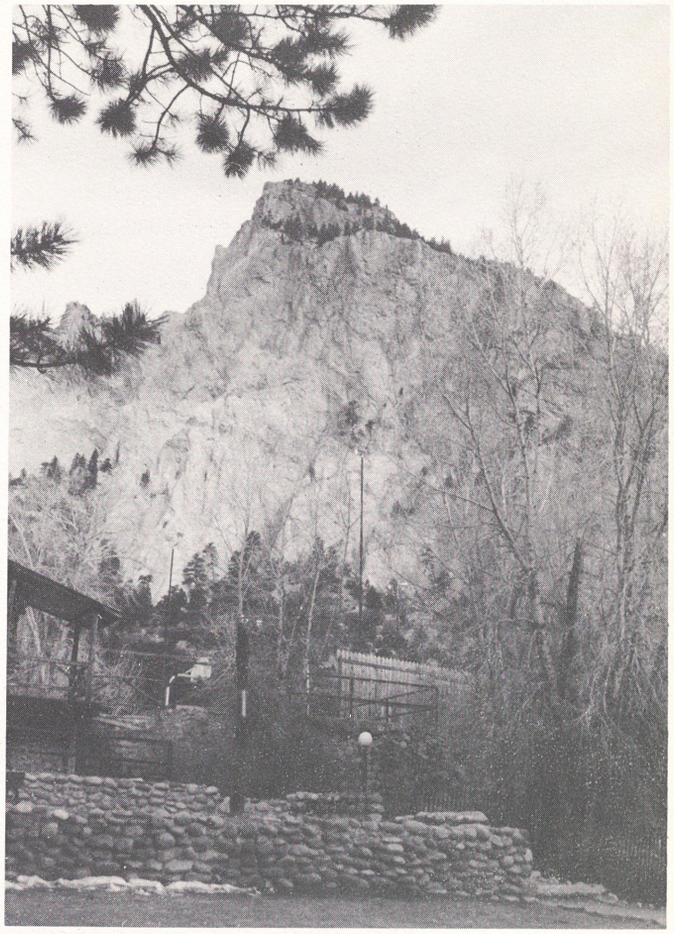
It was hard to see my way
So early in the morning.
There was a dense fog
Like a blanket around me.

I finally reached my haven
The grey was barely lifting,
I saw through a tiny hole,
Then it closed in again.

I had seen simple beauty
In that tiny hole.
I had seen hope;
My soul was uplipted.

Shalimar
Whit Wampler '78

Like music from a sweet guitar
blow the winds of Shalimar.
With all the flavor of good wine
passes there the crystal time.
The flowers bloom in sweet accord
though gardens there are quite ignored.
Yet all the lords and ladies fair
fill their laughter with the air.
They live a life so dead, self-willed
with all romances unfilled.



Anne Williams '77

Silver Cliff . . .
High above the Colorado mountains
You reign.
Forever in my heart
You'll always have a place.
You carried a part of me away,
Off to the realms of the universe,
But then, mysteriously, you fulfilled
an even greater gap deep in my soul.
Reflecting,
Shining,
Constantly returning my love,
Your spirit will live forever!
I need to share my experience
with all the friends you've met,
but to them I guess you're just
another silver cliff.

Where Now?
Holly Zimmermann '81

The other day, I went to the city.
I looked around, and couldn't
believe my eyes.
The smog burned and choked
my soul and the buildings
closed me in.
It's in the county that my heart
really lies.

But now my country is a city,
and I can't believe my eyes.
My forest is a factory reaching
up to the sky.
My fields are crowded suburbs
and I try to answer why
and where, now can my heart
really lie?



Fly Far Away
Molly Caroland '77

Think
1 2 3
Listen
1 2 3
Hear
1 2 3
Learn
1 2 3

Why
Do
They

want me 2
B so smart?
Why not

Fly far away
And stay
4 a day
Maybe 2

And

Think
Listen
Hear
Learn
See

Life in a flash
Flitting past
Rather fast
With a
Green paper bag
Clipped to a
Big Yellow Taxi!

Jeanne Harris '79

Please go on and say it;
I know what's on your mind.
And though you want to spill your thoughts,
The words are hard to find.
First I hear your laughter
And then I see your tears,
You often jumble up the two
in running from your fears.
I don't care how you do it
but I know you'll find a way;
Just please go on and tell me
that there's nothing left to say.

Lynne Wolfe '78

Sitting in front of the fire,
Quietly writing a poem and thinking.
Some moments are so hard to capture and preserve.
My mind clears itself,
like a calculator with a button pressed,
I find myself drifting off to sleep,
or flying so many months and miles away
that I'm shocked upon returning.
Life's petty problems and the low-key
daily hum of the world around us
help soothe my senses.
Along with the fire's warmth
and the orange flickering of the flames,
my gaze is drawn, first casually,
deeper and deeper into the heart of the heat
which leads to my personal depths.
My brother reads quietly beside me,
the snow transforming the familar lanscape,
but each experience is unique,
leaving an imprint like an etching
each fine line contributing to the effect of the whole.

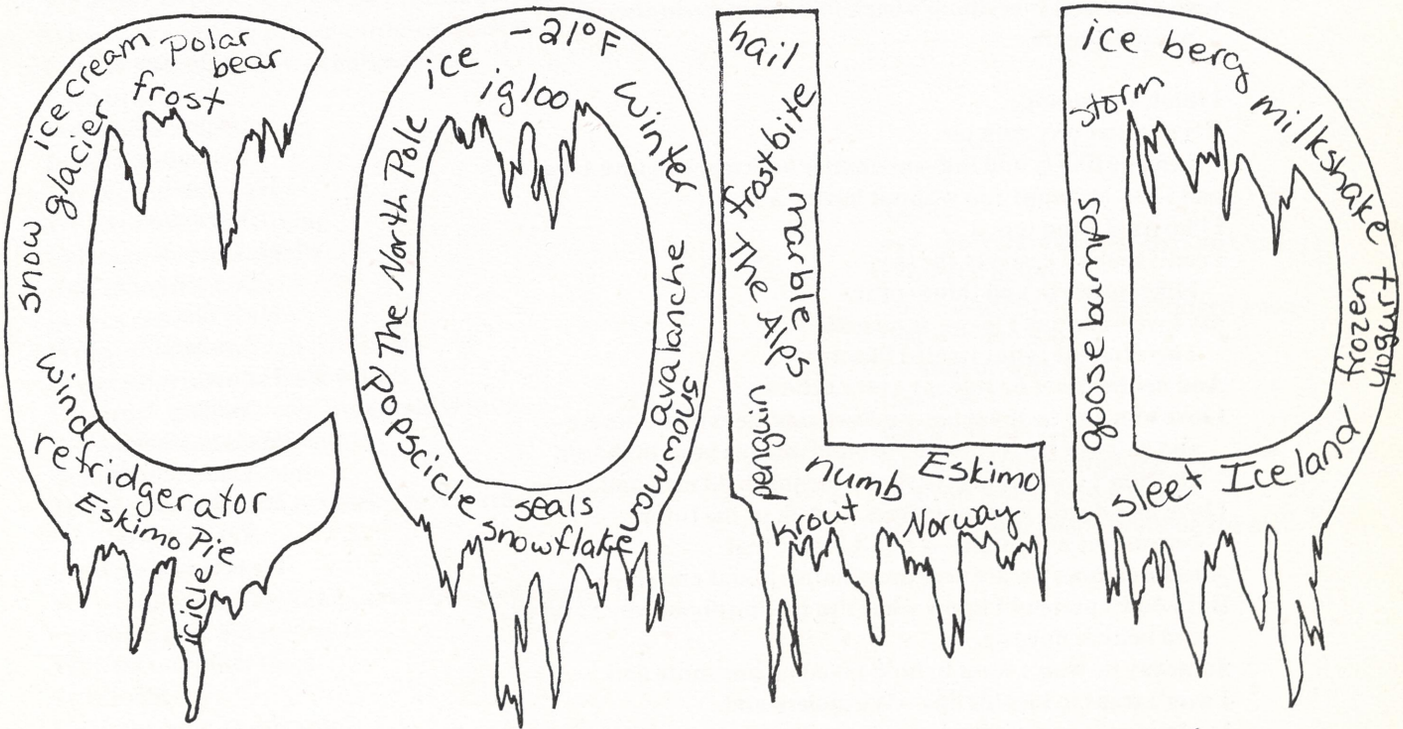
Blanket Tents
Ann Ewing '80

When we were young and innocent,
We knew only of nice things, like
Sugar drops and candycanes.
We enclosed ourselves in our sacred tent.

From chairs and blankets and pillows,
Our tent was ours and no one else's.
It became our hide-away from
Spankings and other reality.

As we grew older, the blankets and
Pillows became tired and worn and
We became too large for the narrow passage.
Now the tents are hard to make.

Now we must face the world
With open eyes, courage and a strong mind,
Our tents have dissappeared and there
Is nothing left of their kind.



—Andrée Akers

When I Think of You
Holly Zimmermann '81

Hopes for the future, thoughts of
the past,
Memories of moments too precious to
last,
Joyful laughter, sorrowful tears,
Darkening shadows of regrets and
fears,
Wonders and wishes too good to come
true, —
All color my mind when I think
of you.

A Castle In The Sand
Becky Hinshaw '79

There are a lot of love poems going around.
Everyone talks about these lifetime things
that I can't grasp.
They dream of a lover's eyes, voice, touch,
and so on
And build castles where they'll live happily forever after
feeding on nectar and their joyous youth and love,
and memories.
Whenever anything goes wrong, they just think of
each other and everything's back to their castle-in-the-air
paradise again.

I think I'm strange.
It's not that way with me.
I can be lonely and sad—no matter how much in love I am
and I can be happy too without having a lover.
I like what I can touch.
I can't touch a castle in the sky.
I like the earth and things of it.
My love—the one I love—is no god
Therefore he is not treated like one.
And neither does he rule my every action.
I love him and he loves me, understands me, and wants me—
and he's got his feet on the ground and his head in the air.
He didn't pull my heartstrings—he just held my hand.
I love him dearly and sometimes we talk of the future
because we are young—I don't forget that
And sometimes we are very imaginative about ourselves
But I don't pretend I know what I'm talking about when I don't,
and neither does he.
Someday he won't want to hold my hand any more and
I won't want to kiss his lips—We understand.
We love now and maybe in the future but—
I won't forget him and he won't forget me
and our castles in the sand.

Susan Herbert '80

Our friendship has always been
something special,
From baby dolls to sharing
thoughts about boyfriends.
Being separated though,
It really feels like a
sheet of rain.
We can't communicate anymore—
A barrier of space,
Separating the closeness we feel.
We always said we would stick
together,
But we knew that wasn't true
Only we didn't know it would
be so soon and without
warning
It has been a long time now
Suffering
Alone

Beth Bowers '79

He is proved,
Yet unproved.
He is one,
Yet many.
He is dead,
Yet alive.
He is there,
Yet here.
He was,
Yet is.
He is nowhere,
Yet everywhere.
He is human,
Yet immortal.
He is God.

In the Attic of our Youth
Molly Caroland '77

When we were little, we had a gift.
It was magical
fanciful
magnificent
But . . .we lost it, we had it put away
—The best gift we ever had—is put away
—somewhere.

We could turn a bathtub into a barber shop.
we grew beards
and styled our hair
and wore our new necklaces,
crumbling the charm.
But we cried when
the witty, bitty bubble people
vanished. (I flicked a few away.)
Trying to trick them into coming back,
We spilt water
Splashing
Jumping
Slapping
Splashing. . .

Over flowers and weeds
We parachuted out of our swing sets.
With a blanket and two trays
We snow skiied down the front stairs.
We explored caves in the washing machine boxes.
We were knights in brown cardboard boxes—
Cut out at the feet as we charged into
Each other.
We held secret meetings
In the hole in
The big old oak tree.
We went deep sea fishing
Catching lobsters, snails
And snapping turtles
In the creek.
We journeyed through the jungle
In our safaris in the back woods.
We struck gold in a cool mountain stream.
We were queens and kings
Giving four leaf clovers
To the poor peasants for their good fortune.

We were great.
We were anyone, anything, everything we wanted to be.
We had a gift, but we lost it—
With all our other toys.
So it's still
Up in the attic of our youth. . .
And someday we'll go down to
The hole in the wise old oak tree,
And find it.

T.G.I.F.
Val Cannon '78

Thank goodness it's Friday, yes finally it's come.
This week, like all others, has taxed my brain numb!
Not only homework, but themes and tests, too.
The state of my sanity is worse than a zoo.
I'm in my last class and my heart's taking wing.
Oh, no! Five more minutes—why won't that bell ring?
The clock scarcely moves as the seconds drag by.
Unfortunately, not in school does time fly.
Finally the bell sounds and shatters my daze—
Too bad Monday rolls back around in two days!



Mimi Nischan '78

Today
as I was walking under the sun tears
I found a penny
So I wished upon that smudged penny
that one day soon
I would be with you
just you
under the sun laughter
and we would be walking
and you would find a penny
and that your wish would be for me.

Whit Wampler '78

Eve, slim and tan, with long, black hair
and shining eyes and shapely lips
first wandered in the forests of our God.
The tall and majestic trees, the soft, green moss
and low-hanging, tangled vines,
the cool, smooth streams and shining lakes,
the wide, open sky and the dry, yellow grass
in the field, the vari-colored meadow flowers—
All these declare the glory of their maker,
just as did Eve's long-ago beauty,
like that of a falling star
that disappears into black night,
velvet deep forever.
Yet there a light appears, a shining beacon
lit aflame by the fleshly word of truth,
and the multitudes rejoice.
Therefore I will gird myself about with
the flowers of the fields
and open my lips in sounds of joy and praise
for praise is becoming to the daughters
of Eve, and joy, as a gift from our Lord.

Nancy Swystun '77

It's no secret that
There comes an age when
The mind strays
And memories take the place of thoughts.
Legs grow weak, unsteady,
And chills are easily caught.

But how was I to know
That at seventeen,
My mind would so easily wander
To relive moments spent with you,
That I would depend on your arm around me
For strength
And that the chills running up and down my spine
Could be warmed only by your velvet eyes.

Nancy Hammonds '77

Snow
Falling
softly
into
Light white silence
Glistening
beneath
the
Round silver moon
All is still.
Crystalline stars
cover
branches
evergreen boughs
Drift across the frozen stream
Blanket warm the frozen ground.



. . . dedicated to Marney's suffering students
who struggled over *The Scarlet Letter*

Allison Schaffner '79

As I write my term paper, I begin to dream.
The book is so boring that I want to scream.
This paper is due tomorrow at the break of the day,
but my inspiration is lacking; I don't know what to say.

My mind is in a whizz, and I'm mired in my plight.
I have no exciting ideas, so I can't write my paper tonight.
My temples are really throbbing, and sweat is pouring down.
Is there a difference between "the forest" and "the town?"

Then Hester's scarlet "A" attacks my breast.
It won't let me write; it won't let me rest.
Maybe this A means an A on my theme.
Could this be a reality, or is it a dream?

Now my paper is written, and I am so dead.
I never had time to go to bed.
As I hand in my paper, I feel good as can be,
for my paper is finished, and I am finally free.

Until Marney yells at the top of her voice,
"Rewrite your paper, you have no choice!
If you don't write it this period, your grade will fall,
and you will end up in detention hall!"

I want to write, but my fingers refuse.
They say they're on strike, and they'll do as they choose.
I begin to shiver, and I want to cry.
I want to tell this paper goodbye.

The tension is building as the clock ticks on
when I realize that I've done all my footnotes wrong.
And Marney is watching—hovering over my head.
She is coloring my paper with blotches of red.

I am going to give up. I don't care anymore.
My paper is pitiful; I'll get low on my score.
Then the alarm sounds loudly, and I want to scream
until I wake up to find that is was only a dream.

Kitty Cawood '79

True Love is a
waterfall of emotion
which flows over the
edge of reason in -
to a pool of blissful togetherness
and runs eventually into
an endless
stream of devotion . . .

The Immigrant
Beth Richardson '79

On the horizon a single man wanders,
Early to work his mind often ponders.
The thoughts of home have been replaced,
He's on his own and cannot be traced.
This place is so empty, can he survive?
Can he exist on a self-sufficient strive?
The land is productive, he knows it's so,
But in his heart he wants to go.
To his home back in the heather hill,
The thought closes, he continues to till.

Becky Hinshaw '79

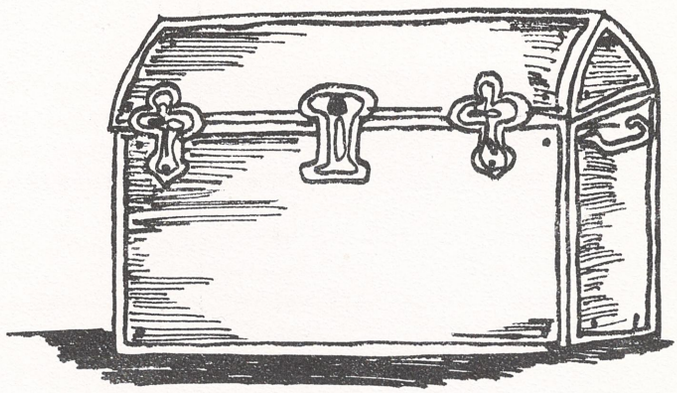
I stand amazed
at the side of your bed
and reach down to daringly touch
the yellow threads
of your hair
You tremble as though
in your dreamland
an earthquake rumbles in your soul
I fear that if I dare
to touch you again
You might never wake
and I'd rather think that you were asleep
than mistake
your peacefulness
for an eternal state.

To a Friend
Jennifer Orth '79

I look at you.
I feel that I know you so well and belong with you,
And yet I am not a part of you,
Nor will I ever be, I fear.
Oh, we have spent long hours together.
We have worked and laughed and loved and dared
to be ourselves in a world of cardboard imitations,
But we are not the same, you and I.
You keep your dreams in a balloon so far beyond my reach
that even though I stretch myself in every way,
I cannot grasp the string to bring them back to me.
Mine are buried deep beneath the ground inside a treasure chest
and you do not have the map with which to find them.
But someday I'll stop trying to grasp your dreams,
And you will tire of digging for mine—
So for now, just for now, let's hold on to each other . . .
Perhaps I'll find a ladder in your words to reach your
dreams . . .
And perhaps my thoughts will trace a map to lead
you right to mine.

Beth Bowers '79

Just a moment,
to contemplate
on something to say
something to write
something to make you happy.

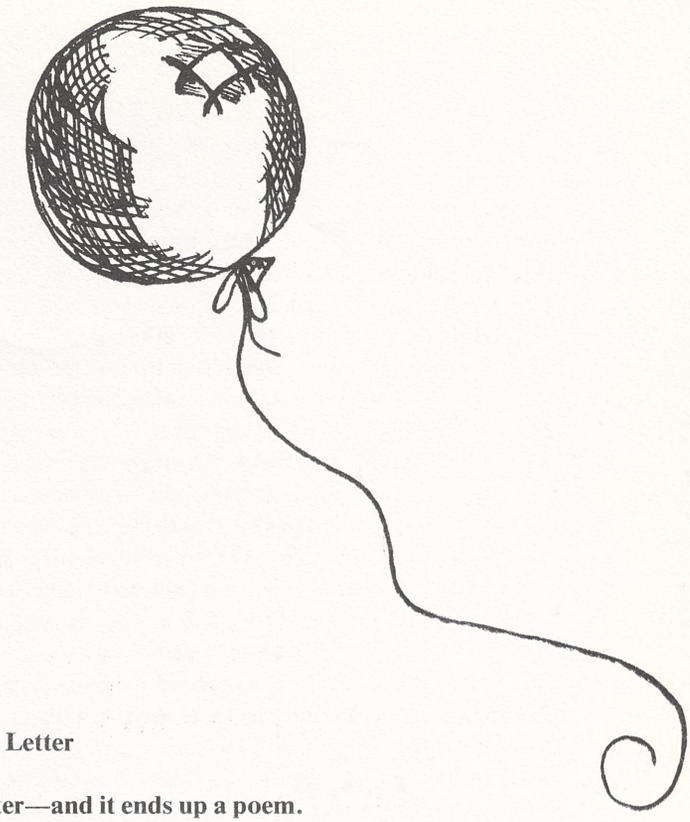


Angie Rice '81

Life is a mystery,
wrapped in white ribbon,
waiting to be opened.
When it is opened,
a life is born,
the cover is lifted
slowly, a little life at a time
—seeps out
as it seeps—the child grows
older
stronger
smarter
then becomes an adult with responsibility,
responsibility to
care for himself
protect himself
Then he dies—
another life is born
to become strong,
responsible, and
to die.

City
Val Cannon '78

I gaze across the tinted glass
And watch the throbbing world roll past.
The billboards, signs, the lamps and lights
Illuminate the busy night.
Scattered groups rush to and fro'
To view the latest picture show.
Swallows watch the car-packed streets
From distance safe midst transient feet.
And I survey these city scenes
While passing through by traveler's means,
Observing with a curious eye
The urban sights that hustle by.



Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Life is just a swirl sometimes
with joys and sadness trapped in one.

and Sometimes Life is hard as hell
and you forget all sadness and joy
and just remember the work.

and Sometimes Life is quiet
and the joy is highly exalted
and the sadness . . .
the sadness may kill.

And in the quiet years of Life
—when all is well
but just the same, nothing new—
It's then you realize who you are
by what you just came through.

The Letter

I sit down to write you a letter—and it ends up a poem.
I guess it's a throwback on last time.
I was trying too hard to write a poem—
And it ended up a letter to you.
I would have liked to be there when you read it,
When you answered my endless questions,
Or seen your reaction to what I'm really like inside.
Poems do that to you.
They rip out the sawdust stuffing,
And leave only a few words to say what's important.
Like a long distance phone call.
No matter how hard I try, this is going to end up a letter.
You live so far away, and the mail just isn't quick enough
For all the thoughts I need to tell you.
The last time I saw you—remember saying goodbye—
You said—hug me, then we'll both turn around and not look back.
But then we looked back and simultaneously said—I'll write.
This isn't good for me—getting up in the middle of the night
Because you can't go to sleep because this poem that is a
Letter refuses to be quiet.
I know I might never see you again—but then why did I dreamily
Float for days after that one phone call,
Why do I check the mailbox first-off after school?
I mean, I don't even listen to AM radio,
But in those mushy love songs with the bubble-gum beats
There's a little bit of something that makes me stop, and think,
And sit through three green lights until
I have to tell myself—O.K. space cadet—this is here and now.
Which works for a while.

Lynne Wolfe '78

To the Seniors of '77
Jeanne Harris '79

You stand together.
Like an army of toy soldiers:
Coming together,
For one purpose,
But it's rather as if the same grass has grown between your toes,
And the same song is playing over again in your head.
The friendships you have made form dust on your muskets
that time won't erase because you won't let it.
You've forgotten the feeling of being on your own and maybe lost
Or maybe you never knew that feeling to begin with.
One small soldier in the game of life,
Or can you picture yourself that way?
Surely you have parting thoughts as you stand:
Together for the last time
And begin to move out of the bind you know so well,
Each moving in a different direction
And seeking a horizon to follow.

With Love to '77
Martha Stamps '79

Last year I cried but not as much
As this year ahead will bring.
I cried when I saw them standing there.
I cried when I heard Amy sing.

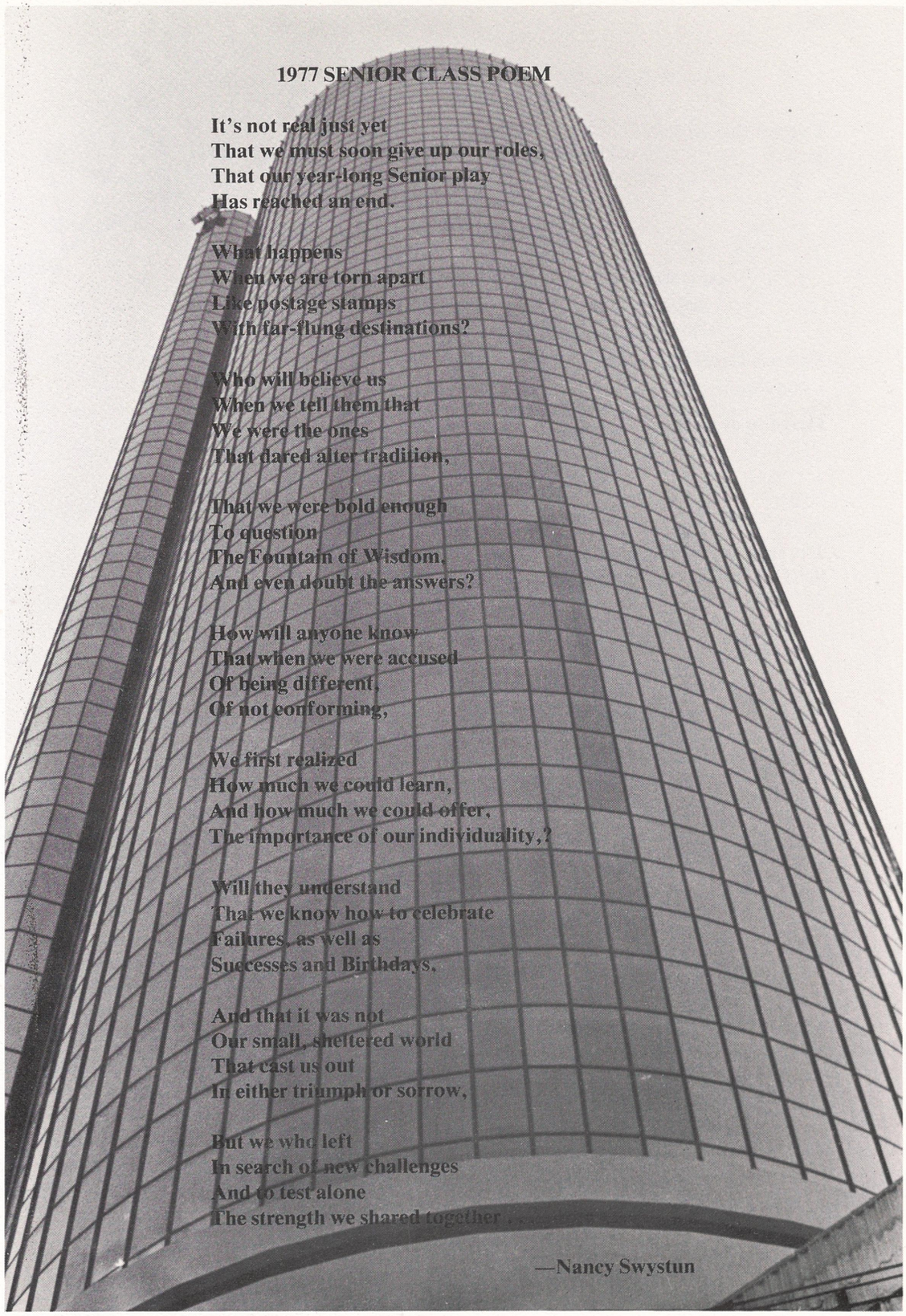
Of course I see them now and then
But somehow it's just not the same
As seeing them in their plaid and blue
And talking to them each day.

I miss them more and more.
I love them more and more.
I wish I'd had more time to say
I love them more and more.

And as I see you growing here
I hope that you'll forgive me.
I'm sure I won't know what I've had
Until I've lost a good thing.

Of course I'll see you now and then
But somehow it won't be the same
As seeing you in your plaid and green
And talking to you each day.

I miss you more and more.
I love you more and more.
I wish I had more time to say
I love you more and more.



1977 SENIOR CLASS POEM

It's not real just yet
That we must soon give up our roles,
That our year-long Senior play
Has reached an end.

What happens
When we are torn apart
Like postage stamps
With far-flung destinations?

Who will believe us
When we tell them that
We were the ones
That dared alter tradition,

That we were bold enough
To question
The Fountain of Wisdom,
And even doubt the answers?

How will anyone know
That when we were accused
Of being different,
Of not conforming,

We first realized
How much we could learn,
And how much we could offer,
The importance of our individuality,?

Will they understand
That we know how to celebrate
Failures, as well as
Successes and Birthdays,

And that it was not
Our small, sheltered world
That cast us out
In either triumph or sorrow,

But we who left
In search of new challenges
And to test alone
The strength we shared together . . .

—Nancy Swystun

Anne Williams '77

I've got that SPRING FEVER feeling
R
U
N
N
I
N
G
through my mind.
Please let me stop and rest, just to unwind.
I'm going C R A Z Y!
I need to escape,
Y
A L
W A O N
E
A to the season I love.
The freshness of life is everywhere,
but I'm just too busy to even care . . .



Lisa Bouchard '79

It is really strange; Sometimes I will be sitting in class and suddenly I can not keep a smile from monopilizing my face. The thought of you shadows out all other things, and for the moment you are all that matters. Next, the typical day dream comes to mind. My thoughts flow from place to place where everything is perfect. All is too sweet, and something brings me back to earth.

But, it is nice to have an interruption like you.

Reconciliation
Jeanne Harris '79

Your ships lie sturdy and anchored.
They long to set sail, for the wind is up
And the season right.
Sail them.
Your horses stand silent and grazing.
They long for your touch, for the wind is up
And the season right.
Touch them.
Your feelings mingle-lost then found.
They long for meaning, for the wind is up
And the season right.
Know them.
And me?
I just lie in wait.
I long for your presence, for the wind is up
And the reason right.
Always.

Mimi Nischan '78
Saturday's Child

There seems to be something missing in this May,
something that I had last year that I shared with you.
I remember, it was those cool orange Saturdays,
maybe for you they were just Saturdays, but for me. . .
I can still recall breathing the morning air
and the bicycles gliding through the small tree-webbed lanes
and the joy of reaching the gardens. (They were beautiful,
but I know that if you had your way monkeys and parrotts
and giraffes and you and I and zebras would run about and
dive into the green pool.)
But not having any zebras we instead sat by the tulips
and watched the clouds, (wondering why they were white
and not crimson like our tulips).
We did not need to discuss our
dreams
and our Romeos
and our favorite ice cream
because we both knew that all the other wanted
was to be together in our Eden.
Then, having lost our shoes (and thoroughly happy
because now the clouds were scarlet)
we peddled again down the lanes, barely beating
the sun home. (But we really knew that home to us was
our garden and that the sun would come back again
and blow the clouds 'till they were crimson—just for us).
And as I said goodbye and was going home (in my mind I
was really still there in the garden with you) I promised
to myself that someday I would get you a zebra. . .



Monhegan Shore and Something More
Heather Muller '80

I stood strongly and did not weaken. A gust of cold wind tried to make me shudder, but I ignored it. It quickly swirled by for it had more important things to do. It rode on the back of the sea and gnawed at the mountains. It could have easily knocked me down, but I was too small and was unoticed.

The wind was not my enemy. I loved the feeling as it blew back my hair and tossed beads of water into my face.

The drizzle caused a wet, musty smell that tangled in with the dancing mist. It was fresh and earthy.

I noticed the breaking waves. Grinding at the land and the rocks, they chanted unceasingly.

The rocks were weather beaten but strong. I thought, maybe some day I would become like the rocks.

On the land, tall wet grass waved freely. The slender evergreen trees surrounded me.

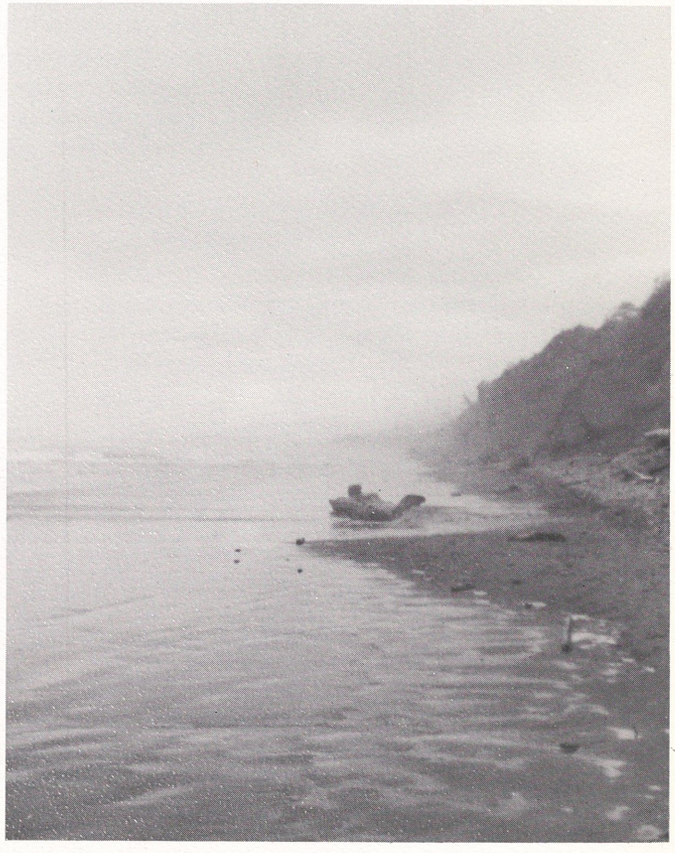
I loved this place.

I wanted to stay but knew I couldn't.

Yet, each time I come back I will stand more strongly and will not weaken.

Andree Akers '80

At sunset, the sea is besprinkled with shimmering jewels of sunlight. The waves ripple to the shore before the tide comes in—a seemingly peaceful spot, one forgets the turbulance it can possess. The great firey ball is pulled down below the horizon only to push back up and create a new day in just a short time. The water is refreshing and a cool, clear blue-green. It's constant motion is sometimes irregular but sometimes peaceful and calm. As time wears on, and the sea changes from tranquil to restless, and back again, the sun sinks and the waters are besprinkled with shimmering jewels of sunlight.



So Different
Melissa Norton '81

My friend in her Mercedes,
I in my Ford;
She so happy and free,
I my feelings hoard.

She is an only child,
Has no siblings to fight,
My family has six kids,
With me the fifth!

Her room is furnished in costly gifts, a stereo,
Phone, and T.V., too;
I share a room with two more,
My closets have clothes they out grew.

She goes with a football player,
With him she gushes and drools;
I date they guy down the setreet,
Together we act like fools.

She finds no time to study becauseo' her late-night dates;
I pore over books and make A's straight.

In summer she goes on trips,
And tries to act cool;
I take my brothers and sisters
to the neighborhood pool.

We're different, I guess,
that's easy to see.
I'll have to be satisfied
with just being me!

From Whence Came Ye?
Melinda Stanfill '78

Some say it was upon a swan's neck that
you came riding, while others will swear it was
upon the back of a unicorn once believed to have
existed in the forest of Erkan.
Sir Blalknin claims to have seen you
astride that great dragon Melingoso, and
claims it with such ardor that
all fall silent, imagining each one to himself such a spectacle as that.
Yet I know all these imaginings to be false.
It was from the eye of Vona that ye came
to front upon that great and gentle tear
cried for no one in particular,
yet meant for everyone.

To The Trains
Catherine Coke '79

The old man slowly, painstakingly
sat down on the stone bench
under the stairway.

Old memories of
beautiful ladies,
hurrying businessmen,
crying children
drew tears to his eyes.

Porters running here and there.
Cabbies offering visitors
rides to big hotels.
Cashiers selling loads of
tickets every hour.

The 12:41 N.C. and St. L. Train
to St. Louis boarding now.
The 1:14 L. & N. Train to
Louisville at Gate 2.

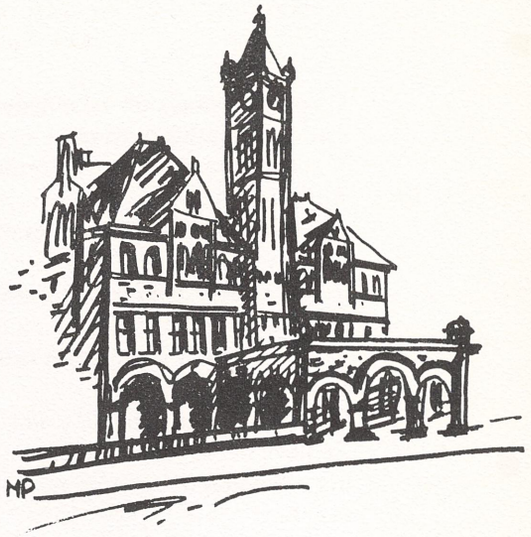
Dogs, fur coats, trunks, kisses,
compartments, food & drinks,
goodbyes.

The 1:00 Train coming in now.
Black, ominous, yet
white, lovely.
Steam rising from its
huge pipes.

Its chugging sound came to a halt
and within 12 minutes
started up again.

It pulled out of the shed and
on away, leaving only a
lingering bit of steam.

Post office clerks trying to
find mail left off by the
last train. Janitors
scrubbing the mosaic floors.
Old men—sitting on benches—
remembering.



Alone
Jennifer Orth '79

There is always one
Alone, unbefriended
Who sits by herself
In the cafeteria, eating her lunch
Never speaking to anyone,
Rarely looking up to catch someone's glance—
And no one reaches out
Or asks her to join them.

There is always one
Who volunteers
For every crew and committee
Who strives for acceptance
But seems to fall short
Even though she works hard—
And no one appreciates her
Or commends her good work.

There is always one
Left out and forgotten
Even though she gives totally
Of her time and her effort
To make others feel better
But it doesn't *have* to be so—
There is yet time to change . . .
Won't someone reach out?

No, I'm Not Crying, I Have Something in my Eye

Lynne Wolfe '78

I thought it was only when you're pregnant—
but crying is different now.
Usually when you age you mature (sounds like a good wine)
But I, who used to laugh at closing camp fires—
and don't tell anybody—couldn't cry when my grandmama died—
amnow weeping profusely over movies and trashy novels.
You think that's bad—you should see me saying goodbye
to a friend—or even an enemy.
Then that so-long scene with somebody I love
is almost a B-movie cut.
I cried at "Anne Frank" and I'm proud of it.
To have her faith in human nature, and trust in
her religion and heritage—I would cry to be like that.
Maybe it's that I've grown, and in the process
mixed my feelings around differently.
I sure do feel mixed up sometimes.
See, I used to cry and pitch tantrums when I didn't get my way.
Also cry at snakes, moths, and the witch in *The Wizard of OZ.*
(I was a funny little girl.)
Now at things that disagree with me like that
I just laugh, or shut my mouth and do something
quietly and efficiently—and cry inside.
I guess that is maturing.

Inevitably Monday

Val Cannon
'78

Another rainy Monday morning. I feel so lonely, so insecure. I glance at the laughing girl with the pretty face and good grades who weekly announces her date-packed week-ends. Reluctant to greet her, I step quickly past, and two books slip from atop the pyramid in my arms. My face reddens, and I clumsily recover my books and stumble into the Junior Room. A familiar voice greets me, and with the salutation I exhale, my spirits lift. Someone inquires about my week-end and listens a bit enviously to my reply. A girl with eyes downcast and manner hurried scurries toward the door, losing one, then two more of her books to the floor. She peers desperately down at them. As I move to help her, she accepts with a grateful smile. I ask her about her week-end, but scarcely perceive her reply for thniinking about how much better I feel than I felt five minutes ago.

Thunderstorm

Heather Muller '80

The air is full of supense;
The grey shadow becomes blacker.
For some odd reason the grass is greener than usual.
A breeze rustles through the leaves
And tosses the ivy about the creaking oak trees.
A low rumble is heard in the distance;
A shattering thunderclap follows.
As the breeze becomes a wind
Quickly gliding the clouds across the sky,
One bulky, fat, round drop, another and another
Fall until the heaven pours forth her glory.
My spirit is restless, excited.
What power does this force of nature have?
What secret mysteries does it hide? That
It could stir me so?
Surely it is telling me something.
The Greeks believed it to be a God.
(Can I blame them?)
What do I believe?

To S. C.
Anne Williams '77

Quite surprisingly, you were taken from your place in life to move on into the next phase. Since you'd been through so much, I was thinking that you would have stayed here a little longer, even just to tell me about what all you'd done. But I guess you'd experienced it all. I'm glad you didn't have to suffer long, but I still wish that I could have at least seen you before I did. It's always shocking when you first see someone after you haven't seen them for awhile. I cried for a long time, until I realized that everybody has to leave sometime, and it's supposed to happen this way. We all suffered, but it's rewarding to know somebody that doesn't have to cope with the pains of life anymore. Now I feel guilty because I really didn't even get to know you very well. Even though I had the chance, I was too busy and wrapped up in myself to let loose and explore you. Sure, I know that you were always a hard-working, devoted, country man, but that doesn't tell me about your inner character. Now I just have to believe what other people tell me about you. But still, I'll have to wait until I get to heaven to find out for sure!

Martha Stamps '79

I'm crying.
I'm not sure why.
Maybe about next fall
Maybe about next June
Maybe about tonight.
I love you. Did you know that?
I'm not sure I did, either.
But I do.
You let me feel things no one else can make me feel. You let me be things I could never be without you.
I love you.
You make me whole. Your make me laugh and fly kites and smile and scream and dance
And cry.
I'm crying.
I love you.



What is it Worth?
Julia Storey '77

His shoulders burn from the blistering sun.
Aching muscles quiver in tired resistance
dripping down the dirt-filled wrinkles in his face.
Sweat mixes with tears of pain.

Enduring droughts where suffocating heat
saps all strength out of growing things,
Suffering through floods which was away
past work and future will.

What is it Worth?

The Harvest moon spreading a warm glow
across the overflowing field
Reveals a shadow, crouching among the skyscraper tall cornstalks.
The rich brown soil sifts slowly through fingers
sending electric charges down outstretched arms
on to the heart.

In the upturned face, the wrinkles tighten
into the smile of a satisfied farmer.

Sunday
Betsy Swartzbaugh '78

Sunday morning and breakfast at nine
White lacey tableclothes, sweet cakes divine,

Auntie's good china, grand eggs by the cook
Uncle in his lounge chair reading a book.

The doorbell rings, and I race there first
opening it slowly, helping the nurse,

And there stands Daddy in tattered old jeans
A bunch of gold daisies on stems of green.

"Oh Daddy you've come back! I love you, I DO!"
I race to his arms, enclosed by the two

But Auntie says no, that Daddy must leave,
Dinner at six on Sunday eve.

The Circle Unfinished
Marijo Cook '78

Don't go onto the farm, my son, for I
Come from there and my brothers and I know
It isn't worth it. You have worked with my
Favorite, and now, desiring to go
Back, would spend a lifetime, but go elsewhere.
The land of America was once our
Most desirable possession but there
Have been changes—I know lands that now are
Desert and useless; they once fed many—
Richer acres of self-sufficiency
Which left men free to thoughts of most any
Shape or fashion—Now a dependency
On sources, persons, and ways of abroad
Makes the farmer an object of pity
Rather than a man deserving your land.
What was an American proclivity
To the independance granted by land
Has been discarded for higher goals of wealth.
A heritage of waste is left to you, and
Your freedom lost in the interest of self,
So don't give your life to the land, my son,
Although it was a way that I loved so well.
The farmer's work is a path to ruin.
I don't want my son laboring in hell.

Sleep, Go Back to Bed
Molly Caroland '77

Oh Sleep,
Go back to bed!
I'm not ready for you yet.
For Heaven's sake!
It's not late
With time you must please wait.

Time, you're too prompt
Of course you're never late
When Im tired and
Sleep's awake every
Second I try to take, but
You run and take them away
Before I can ask the
Seconds to stay.

Time, you're just no fun
You've got to learn to
play
Mess around and have a
blast
Turn the watches to the
past
And give to me some time
at last.

Oh no!
You've gone to bed
I'm ready for you now
It's not as if I have all day to
Watch the minutes melt away
Since the seconds are in a drawer
And I don't know which
One anymore.
And now the watch
Moves in reverse
It seems as if
I have been cursed.

Oh please forgive
My evil deed
I'll ne'er again
Tell you I need
More time
Before I venture
Sleep.
Oh please give
Me some time
To keep.

Oh Sleep!
Go back to bed
(It's the past. Oh no! I dread.)
I'm not ready for you yet.
(Get ready, am I set?

For Heaven's sake
(Am I awake?)
It's not late
(please be a mistake)
With time you must please wait.
(but I can't, it is too late).

Love Letter
Ann Ewing '80

Cherished words and cheery thoughts, remembrance of long ago. Togetherness on sunny days and snowball fights at dawn. These things belong to you and me in a love letter to the past.

A Smile
Beth Clayton '82

When you're feeling sorry for yourself,
and all alone and blue,
seeing a smile from anyone,
makes the world too good to be true.

The Wolf
Beth Ely '80

The wind whistled through
the trees with a cry
While it scattered the snow
as it fell from the sky
Turning the air
to a frozen delight
They muffled the wolf
as he howled in the night
But away from the cold
by his fire a child slept
While in the bitter outside
the hungry wolf crept
rivaling the wind with his cries
He fought for his life
and crept through the cold
and the blur of the white
Till dawn found him crouched
alert in the snow
his paws frozen hard
but his sharp eyes aglow
With curious intent he watched the
child run as he played in
the light of the wan winter sun
And his cold heart blazed, its
flames burning for bitter cold
it had fared
through the night.

Day/Night Wonder
Melissa Norton '81

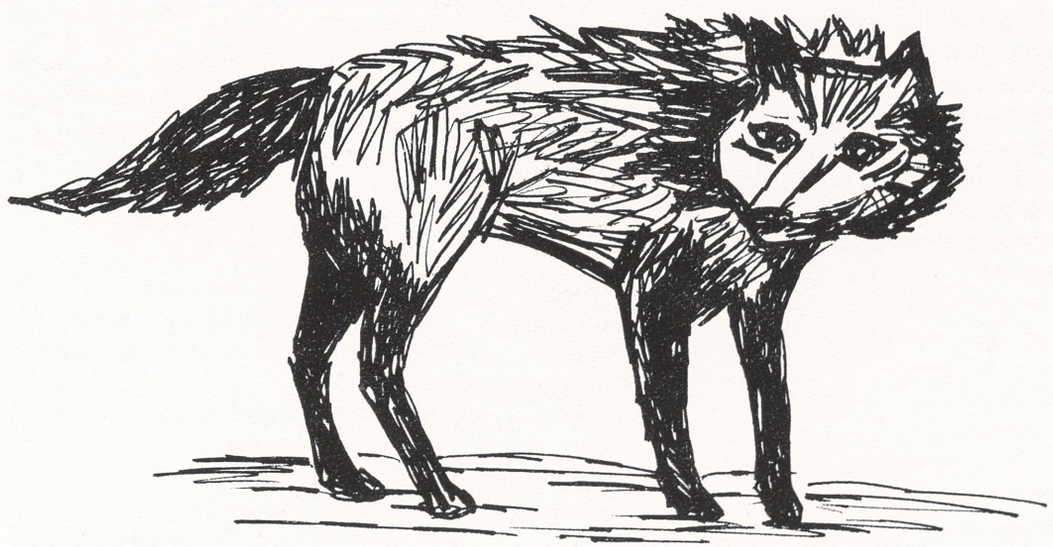
Darkness has set in,
settled on the trees,;
The strong wind is calmed down
into a gentle breeze.

The sunset was here
on the point of horizon;
It came at dusky twilight,
when day was done.

The night will be coming soon,
to force rest upon the earth,
and then will come morning
shining beauty on all that's worth.

The dawn will be brilliant;
I know it will,
The world's always at its peak,
when all is still.

Then the animals will begin moving toward their
different goals,
I'll probably still be dreaming
of feelings untold.



No Offense Teachers
Anne Williams '77

Term paper, term paper . . . What a horrible word!
For the past five weeks that's all I've heard.
All those hours without any sleep,
I was just trying to wade through waist-deep.
Notecard after, notecard, I wrote away,
Seldom did I ever have a chance to play.
Inkpen after inkpen I wore'em out,
Trying to figure what it was all about.
Library books, library books, I'm so sick of you,
Always wondering when I'd ever be through.
Getting the info together was quite a chore;
I'll honestly admit, Hemingway, you're such a bore!
Typing twenty pages was quite a job,
And correcting all the errors was an even bigger prob.
Thankgoodness, now that it's over, I can sit back and sigh:
TERM PAPER, TERM PAPER, YOU'VE BEEN KISSED GOODBYE!!!

Lisa Rudolph '80

What is Peace?
A road that leads home to a wanderer,
The warmth to a mother as she holds
her first born,
A victory to a losing team,
A nickel to a poor boy,
A candle in the darkness to
someone trying to find himself,
Rain to a farmer about to lose
his crops,
A fire to a cold, winter night,
Sun to a rainy day,
A cure to a sick man,
A good book to a scholar,
A discovery to a scientist,
A flower to a bee,
A quiet stream to a noisy city,
A glass of water to a thirsty man,
Unity to a divided people,
A crumb to a starving mouse,
The warmth of its mother's fur to
a baby raccoon,
A friend to a lonely person,
God to the world.

Speak To Me
Becky Hinshaw '79

Speak to me
of tragedy
And I'll tell you "I don't want to hear"
but steadily
I'll give you heed
And listen to your rising fears
of a paper people in a paper world
with a soft intellect of harmless words,
A wooden reality that floats on water.

A tragic setting of little stick men
Though seemingly straight
can't stand in the wind.
Cry with me for a dying age
Where children feared their father's rage
When he agonized over society's fate.

And even now they fear the thoughts
Of those to whom
experience brought
Sweet lines of old, and memories
Of a laughing God who loved to please
His creation, which now, turns to tease,
it's old and dying world.

Catherine Fleming '79

He held a small, fluffy kitten
with whispy strands so fine;
He was a frail little boy
revolving around year number nine.
Together they were curled in the
corner of a room;
Staring stalely across the thorney
boards at a frozen, stone tomb,
He saw a daisy yellow bud
awaiting to be born;
He was an ant so shy and petit
awakening to a blustery morn.
Both infants wondering at the
outer-space of colors green and gold.
Above, the trees of lofty leaves,
mysterious clouds floated so slowly,
so bold.
—and then came the rain.



Camelot

Allison Schaffner '79

Once a memory fell upon a crimison rose;
it vanished quickly to where nobody knows,
And within this moment lived a town so fair
where peace was the song that rang through the air.

A king so beautiful ruled over this place;
he gave of his heart; he showed love on his face.
And this king requested that a round table be made
and upon this round table, many places be laid.

So many a knight was placed around this table;
to hold victory over a tourney, each were equally able.
A brotherhood of man in each eye could be sought,
for at last eternal peace was easily wrought.

Each held true and respected their king,
and the birds in the apple boughs in harmony did sing.
Buttercups and daisies danced with the breeze
while racoons and squirrels nestled in leaves.

And this king was loved and cherished by all,
not a problem was known from winter 'till fall.
This king loved his home and fought by its side,
and all the good inhabitants did truly abide.

It was a perfect Utopia as one can see;
no pain could be found, they were totally free.
This place held the innocense of a birth of a fawn;
the only rain that fell was from dusk to dawn.

'till an angel tear fell upon this peaceful den;
the unity was shattered; there was a dispersal of men.
A "vain-glory" pervaded throughout this scene;
knights deparated quickly, despite the plea of the king.

The king realized sadly that without his knights
to keep his kingdom in gear would be a challenging fight.
So he gathered up his courage with unyielding will
and stood by his kingdom admist a weary hill.

The king strained and strained to fight off his fears;
yet the pain was unbearable, he resolved in tears.
He tried to stay brave and dream of the day
his cherished knights would return home to stay.

His knights ventured on quests to search for a cup
which was a mere mirage only obtained through luck.
But luck was not enough, for their sins paid the toll,
only the knight Sir Galahad was not on the roll.

Knights plundered and wept upon the battlefield;
swords whipped and slashed while blood was spilled.
With shields clung to chests, they fought in vain;
they longed for their lives, yet many were slain.

Many died with dignity and shrieked not in fear,
for loyality held the possession of the unrevealing tear.
They were carried off on horses, those claimed by death;
a stone marked the place were they were robbed of their breath.

Only a few knights survived to see the break of the day
that they could return home to a castle admist a weary bay.
They bowed to their king and placed a kiss on his cheek;
they found him weary, heartbroken, and weak.

The king was shattered; his spirit was crying;
he found himself to be peaceful and dying.
He tugged at his beard to release all emotion;
he felt this gesture to be a soothing potion.

The people buried their king at the break of the day;
he had always wished to end this way.
Angels carried his soul to the field of Avilion;
sleep on, merciful king, sleep on.

Then a moonlight dusk crept upon this town;
people have searched, yet it has not been found.
There once was a place where love was sought.
There once was a place named Camelot.

Beth Ely '80

The raindrops streaked and blurred the dirty, musty window pane, as a young woman stared blankly out at the damp night. Her eyes seemed as foggy as the window through which she stared. As a barren moon, her thoughts lay silent, trampled by the scurry of life's many feet each pursuing its own happiness. Silence echoed within her and solitude made her mind ache.

A knock broke the monotonous silence and rippled the air like a pebble tossed into a pool of stagnate water. Unseeing, she responded slowly, her senses numb and weathered by the trampling feet. A single child stood on the stoop. Her hair lay clumped and in stragles from the rain, and her mousey, brown eyes peered up wide and frightened, like those of a captive bird, out of her cold, drenched body. As enchanged people, the quizzical faces of the woman and child stared at each other intently, but not seeing. With a piteous howl the wind stirred around them as it blew back loose wisps of the woman's hair and chilled the shivering child. Noiselessly, the woman bent down and picked up the nearly frozen body. Leaning her cheek on the tousled, wet head, she closed her eyes, and for the first time the woman could see.



The Rain
Beth Bowers '79

I am miles away from you,
  Not knowing where you are
  or
  what you're doing,
And
the more I wonder
  about you
the more
the memories
of you begin to slip
  through my fingers
    like sand . . .
only to hit
  the floor
and
  be swept
    away.

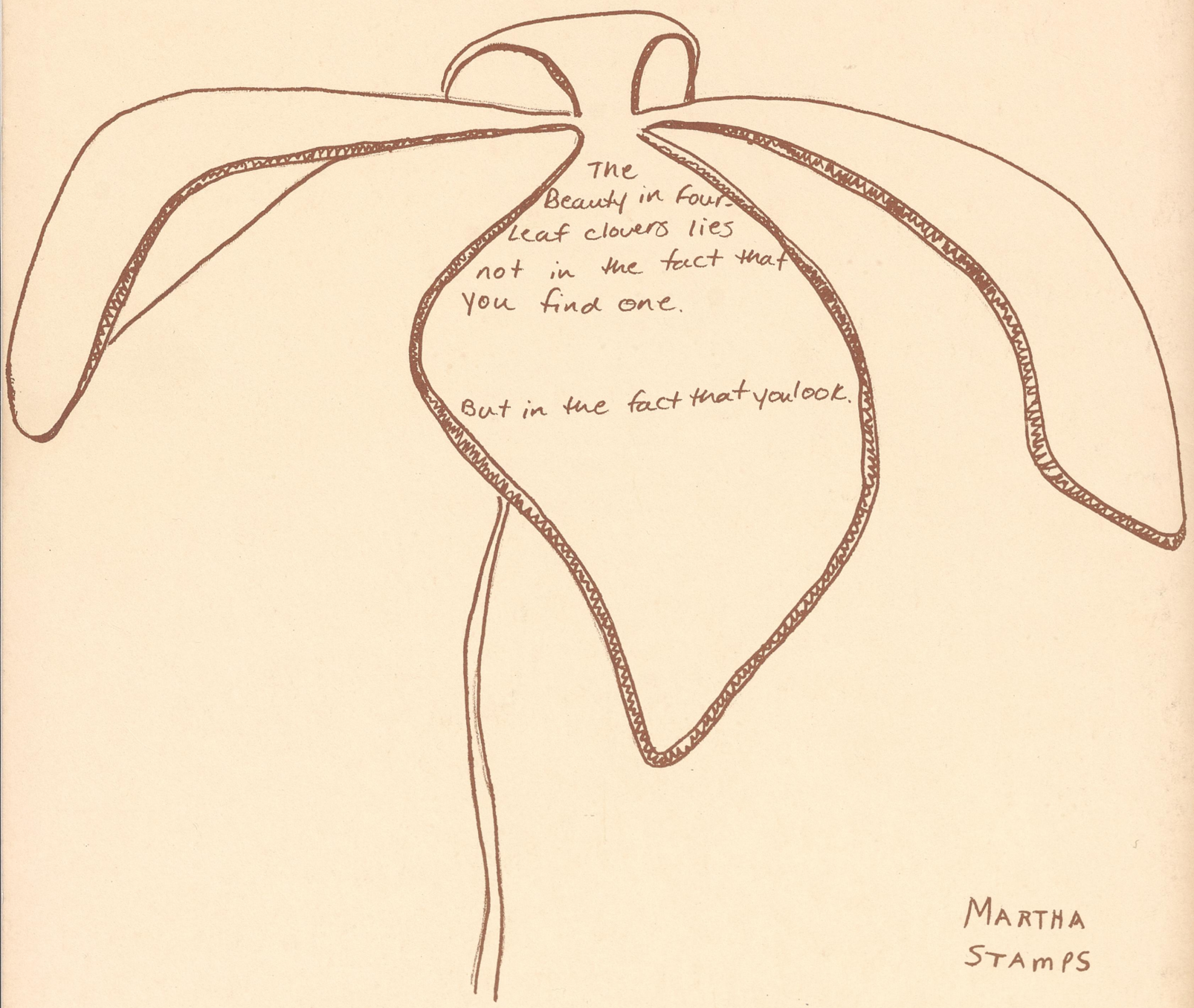
Child's Play
Becky Hinshaw '79

A velvet night—
a purple cloth covered with glitter,
  spilled by a careless god-child.
A crooked moon cut from her cheese at dinner
  had been thrown carelessly upon the darkening clouds.
Yet her playing lasted long
  until it seems as if her mother called her in
  and grudgingly drew in her
toys of the night, slowly—one by one.
And as a final act of defiance to her parent's wish,
  splashed reddening paint of yellows and orange
  across her fading page.

Thanks From a Senior
Lake Tolbert '77

If we could live each day to the fullest,
Would we extend our awareness of life?
Because I have tried to achieve
The ultimate satisfaction at Harpeth Hall,
and indeed feel that this has been concurred,
A special thanks should be extended to you.
You—a treasure to life—have personally
Made each and every day a pleasure for me.
Friends are a necessity in life,
And you are inevitably a true companion.
You are always there, supporting whatever
You do, often unnoticed but that's all right
Because now your vital significance is recognized.
Our mannerisms don't always show us
How we feel, or how we suffer, but
Indeed, we all love this school and
Support it in many ways.
Looking back, we will all remember
Love, hate, contentment, loneliness,
Rebellion, and confusions:
Emotions that lie in each of us.
I strive to reveal the emotions
That can be best understood only
In the heart, soul, and mind:
Something experienced and felt.
As time draws nearer
For us to leave Harpeth Hall,
I would like to express my gratification.
Tomorrow is almost here, and before
It comes, let me say, thanks for
Everything you have done.

Time is short enough, so
Use it wisely while you have it.
Because
Before you realize it,
Another minute of your life has passed
Going . . . .
Going . . . .
Gone . . . .
Remember, face the world and conquer it.
But be yourself.
This is my song to you—THANKS! ! !



MARTHA
STAMPS