

HALLMARKS



Spring 2003

Hallmarks is a biannual student-produced magazine designed to exhibit the creative work of Harpeth Hall students. Written submissions (in all genres) are evaluated by the staff on an anonymous basis.



Cover images contributed by Camille Grote and Ellen Wheeler

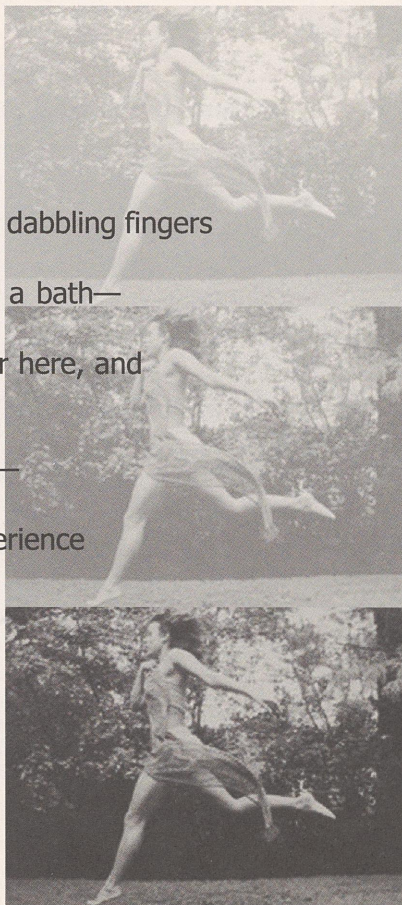
Past Again

capital letters spiral lucidly
running in a stream
we immerse ourselves while dabbling fingers
through the glossy sheen
a fatal baptism—more than a bath—
Eden's apple laughs
at the pool of fools in power here, and
what the headlines rasp

keen irony of the repetition—
what comes back again
running dusty roads of experience
through the mirror's bend

Laura Lee

Abby Sinks



Carnation

A scarlet carnation
Tucked behind the ear insinuating:
Flamenco. Like a wink.
Like a ruffling skirt
Flirting with the summer wind

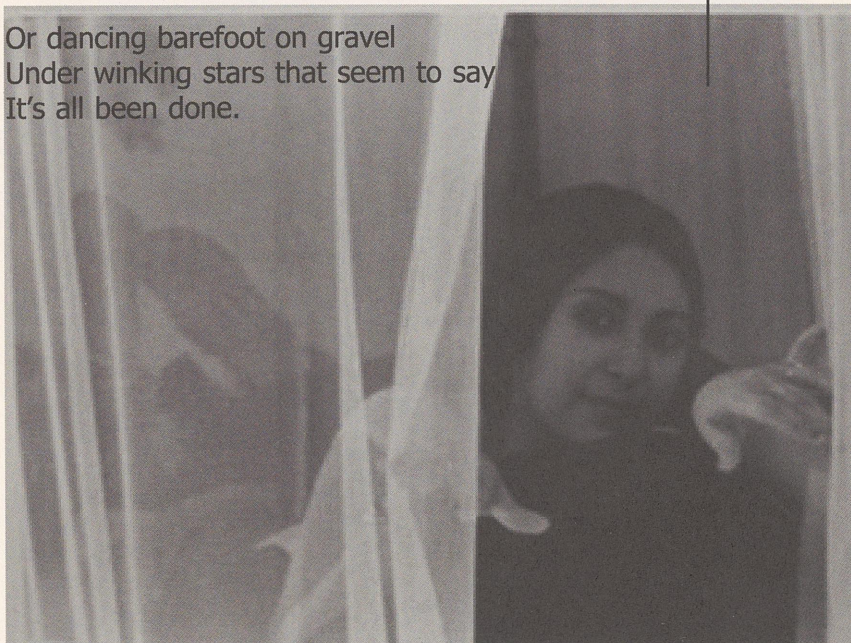
Like urgency, like an answer, constricted mid-throat, or

A longing for a moment now decaying in a glass casket
A longing to feel that moment again
Unwarped by time
Just how it was when you breathed it in -

Like a rash promise or a memory that obstinately refuses
to fade

Or a heart, the moment it ruptures,
And the sorrow splashes and stains what it touches

Or dancing barefoot on gravel
Under winking stars that seem to say
It's all been done.



Claire Berry

Christine Souder

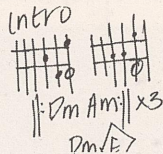
VERSE I

Peacefully sleeping
Sixty Fifth Street
Dreaming of nothing
Cheek to silk sheets
Knee-deep in ignorance
Custom made world
One man remembered
The other forlorn

CHORUS

It's Midnight in Manhattan
Midnight in Manhattan
Just a few more hours 'til there's nowhere to hide
Midnight in Manhattan

Midnight in Manhattan

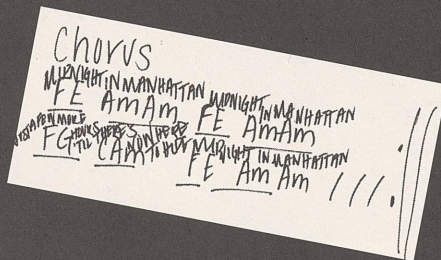


VERSE I

Dm Dm Am Am Dm Dm Am Am
FG CAM Am Am Am D DD DD
KNEE DEEP IN IGNORANCE CUSTOM MADE WORLD THE OTHER FORLORN
ONE MAN REMEMBERED

VERSE II

Last light left burning
Upper East Side
She lies in wait
Fear stricken eyes
His pounding footsteps
Empty beer cans
Breakable silence
As he lifts his hand



CHORUS

BREAK

BRIDGE

Bundle of rags
9-8 and park
Lamp lit silhouette
Internal dark
Unmoving body
Mind at unrest
His only comfort
The heavenly dust

VERSE II

City at standstill
Clouds settle in
Everyone suffers
For everyone's sins

bridge
F⁷F⁷ Am Am F⁷F⁷ Am Am
F⁷F⁷ Am Am F⁷F⁷ Am Am
F⁷F⁷ Em Em || || → *break to* *wtd* *trumpet*
||: Dm Am ||

OUTRO

Midnight in Manhattan
It's Midnight in Manhattan
Just a few more hours 'til there's nowhere to hide
Midnight in Manhattan
Just a few more hours 'til there's nowhere to hide
Midnight in Manhattan (x4)

Lauren Ezell

Bluegrass Unbroken

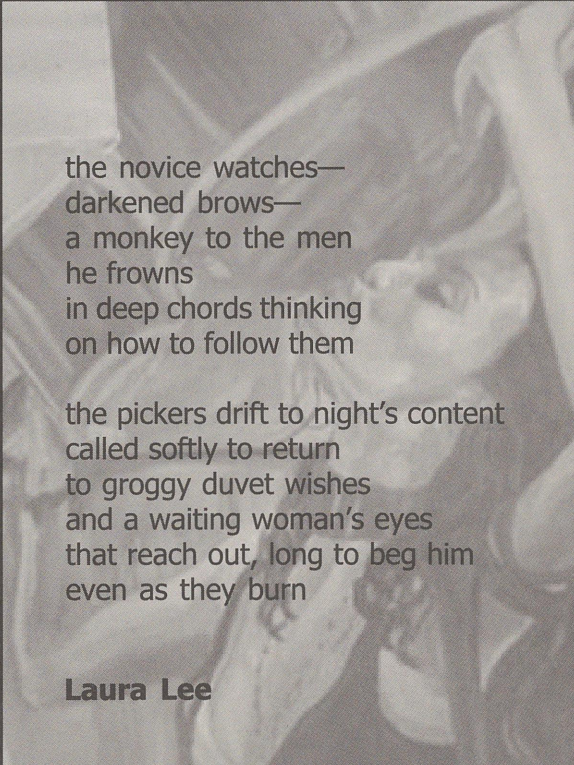
fleeting fingers
softly felt
follow the
cues and keynotes
of quiet farmers,
saints and martyrs

he wags a falling forelock
as scowls will scan
his face but
through the measure
his guitar sings
of some old, lazy Grace

he likes to sing of mountains'
men and years when
sweethearts fell away
touting empty habits' smiles
into a land of
ten thousand lakes



Kimia Ferdowsi



the novice watches—
darkened brows—
a monkey to the men
he frowns
in deep chords thinking
on how to follow them

the pickers drift to night's content
called softly to return
to groggy duvet wishes
and a waiting woman's eyes
that reach out, long to beg him
even as they burn

Laura Lee

Lemonade for the Sun

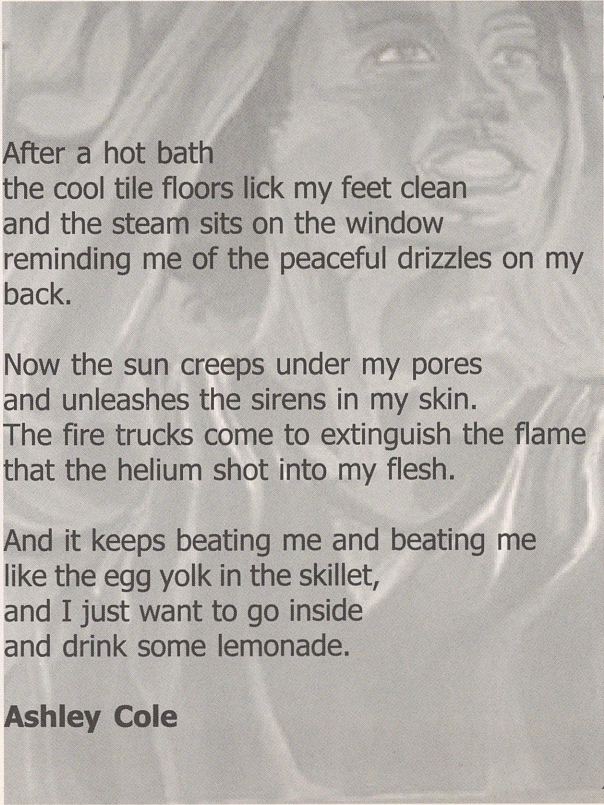


Lauren Ezell

Sometimes the sweat drips down my neck
so fast that it makes my eyes hurt
and I can't find my sunglasses,
so I just squint and glare at the horizon.

I try to make the most of the drenching sun
and pour my heat into my words,
but I just sit and drip
and wonder why the gray shade of the tree

doesn't just keep me cool—
cool like a walk on a glacier,
Cool like the drip in the faucet,
Cool like my toes freed from socks.



After a hot bath
the cool tile floors lick my feet clean
and the steam sits on the window
reminding me of the peaceful drizzles on my
back.

Now the sun creeps under my pores
and unleashes the sirens in my skin.
The fire trucks come to extinguish the flame
that the helium shot into my flesh.

And it keeps beating me and beating me
like the egg yolk in the skillet,
and I just want to go inside
and drink some lemonade.

Ashley Cole

Adrienne Thomas



Camille Grote

As If To Say

I have a particular photograph
It's me, at four or five,
In a dress with yellow smocking,
A feverishly pink plastic Easter egg
Held forward in my hand
As if to say,
This is what I have found:
The wholeness and beauty of things
As if to say,
Take me, crack me open,
See if something grows.

Claire Berry



Driver's Ed



It was not my decision to take driver's ed. And yet on a broiling June morning, just hours after returning from Panama City, I sat in a cramped room with a crowd of teens I would've avoided had I seen them on the street. I doodled swirls onto my tablet of yellow paper until my name was called for a driving lesson.

It was not my decision to be among the first to cruise the streets of Brentwood in ancient compacts with "Driver's Training" painted on every side. My instructor was a chain-smoking limo driver with ratted hair who shamelessly name-dropped the country music celebrities she had ferried. "Get in the driver's seat," she said, handing me the keys.

I obediently opened the door and sat down, buckling my seat belt and tucking a few stray hairs behind my ear. We sat there for a few minutes until she said, "Planning on turning on the car?"

"Ok," I said. I looked at the key in my palm and then at her. "How?"

Her eyes widened, but she demonstrated how to start a car. I knew, of course, that the key went in a slot and was turned, but I was too afraid of doing it incorrectly to attempt it without professional help. "Ever driven?"

"No," I said. "I don't even have my learner's permit."

It was not my decision to stop at a Shell station so she could replenish her cigarette supply. An overlarge truck, its bed full of guys in baseball caps and dirty t-shirts, pulled up next to us. They had a good laugh at the sight of a student driver. I pumped gas while the instructor lit a cigarette without thinking. "Oops," she said, dropping the lit cigarette and rubbing it into the pavement. "I forgot you're not supposed to have these things at gas stations."

It was not my decision to take driver's ed; it was my decision to drive 70 miles per hour down Tyne Boulevard an hour into my first lesson. Monotony had set in as we drove through deserted residential areas. Tyne curved up one hill and down another, and the prospect of a little excitement was irresistible. The posted speed limit was 40, but it was Monday morning and there was no traffic. I didn't intend to reach 70, though I did want to go over the 30 miles per hour I had been doing. I pressed my foot on the accelerator and kept my eyes on the road. A few minutes later the instructor asked, "So, how fast are you going?"

I glanced at the speedometer. "Um, sixty."

"Closer to seventy."

"Really?" I tried to sound surprised. "Is that terribly over the speed limit?"

"Just thirty miles or so. And if you get a speeding ticket, it goes on my record."

It was not my decision to slow down, though I did.

Kate Gregory



Painting by Ashley Cole

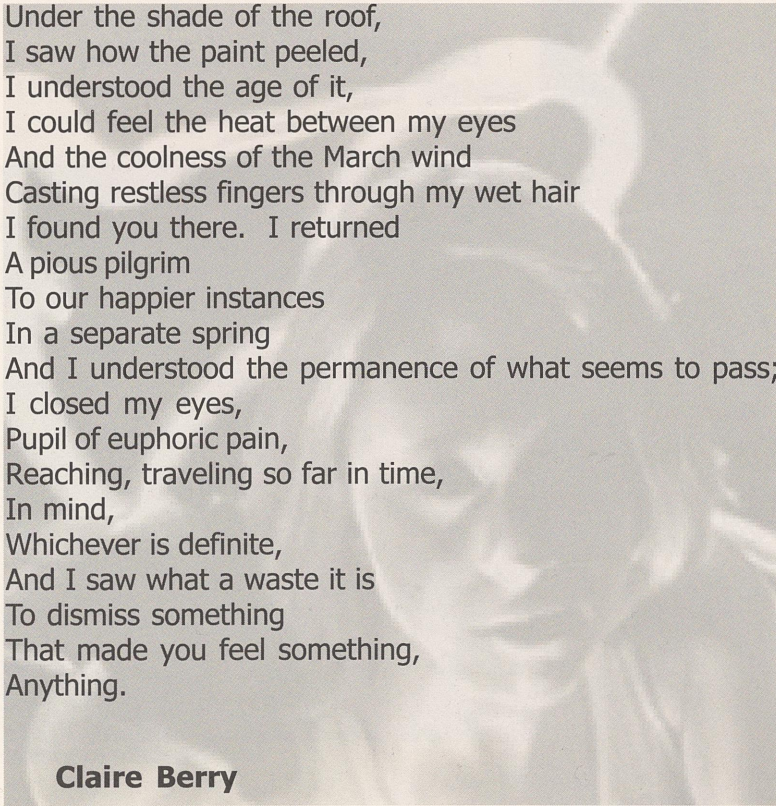
Pilgrimage

A wasted day, one might cluck,
Dismissing it with a flipping wrist,
As if some days were destinations
And the others just tunnels between—
But I'll protest

For while I lay on the wicker bench,



Anna Schwaber



Under the shade of the roof,
I saw how the paint peeled,
I understood the age of it,
I could feel the heat between my eyes
And the coolness of the March wind
Casting restless fingers through my wet hair
I found you there. I returned
A pious pilgrim
To our happier instances
In a separate spring
And I understood the permanence of what seems to pass;
I closed my eyes,
Pupil of euphoric pain,
Reaching, traveling so far in time,
In mind,
Whichever is definite,
And I saw what a waste it is
To dismiss something
That made you feel something,
Anything.

Claire Berry

Degrees of Destruction



Elizabeth Woodson

She consumes without knowing,
Her ignorance blinds,
Through surrounding streets a' glowing.

Washing away a dream with such flames,
She lashes at the smoke bubbling from beneath,
Leaving dust behind from what she claims.

Only memories remain of a past lost,
A life's keepsake's pulverized in moments,
These treasures she tossed.

Beyond this treacherous sight,
Lies the pending existence,
Of the youth inside, lost in the heat.

Unforgiving bonfire,
Quenching the insatiable,
Hear the youthful plea,
And let this one be.

Elizabeth Conrad

Annie Huitt



Devoted

He swings her into his world
using a miter of smells
and bells on her toes ring out
as she slides smoothly, incensed

to the world's congregation
of life's lovers and leavers
who gasp at knuckled rainbows
high-flying across her cheeks

but still she stands sweetly by,
weary of worry and words
that sink from stunned skillets,
fry his sandpaper surface
into cruel wintered softness

not quite a blind artifice—
just soft battered lumps
to flick away pain
religiously

Laura Lee



Annie Huitt

*A Tulip Rose
on
Easter
Sunday*



Hannah Menefee

A tulip was growing,
taking root in vigorous brown tunnels,
where the worms slithered into a dead end.
From the once onion-like bulb,
came a purple blossom, thick with spring.
Perpendicular and reaching—it
rests until the sun flies over,
like the hand of a boy
who thinks the blossom de printemps
should be his mother's.

An annual message grows in the soil.
Easter Sunday is coming
and the ground better cool off
in time for the birth
of the martyr bud.

And my little sister's hat should be straight
with a purple ribbon to match—
its lavender more innocent
than the Christ purple of the altar.

Risen flower, came from the ground,
from a tomb of worms and mulch.
Burial brings forth a savior--
Coming to save our souls from winter
and patent leather shoes,
coming so mothers will buy violet Easter dresses.
Coming crisp, clean, and ready for Christ,
as spring shoots up in the back yard.
Sometimes the tulip rises before Jesus.



Ashley Cole

Hallmarks Spring 2003

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