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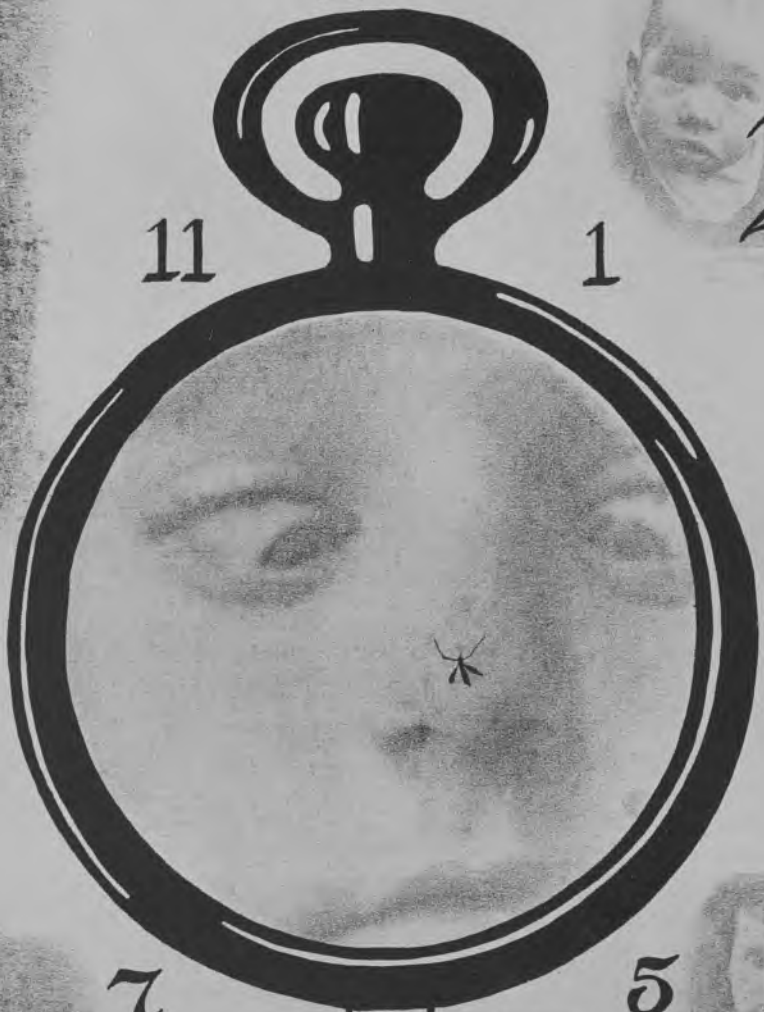
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APOGÉE

HIGH POINT COLLEGE  
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Volume IX

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*by Stu Penn*

## *Hourglass*

Ancient symbol of Time,  
each grain signifying Life  
—ignoring Man, who has  
raped the earth  
and prostituted himself . . .  
Your sand drops steadily, slowly,  
measuring quietly,  
(never in numbers)

While we run  
faster  
Faster  
FASTER

Sometimes pausing . . . .  
then  
Speeding  
in order to catch up with Time  
who can never be captured  
yet always seems just ahead.  
(muddleheaded mechanistic man)  
You are a timepiece  
presenting the passage of Time  
without pointing  
to Past, Future, or Present—  
Never pointing

constantly  
sliding  
slipping  
slithering,  
as Time trickles away.  
When your hour  
reaches its destiny  
you turn over and begin  
a new one, your Sand  
never rushing, always moving.

They say that for  
those who Love  
Time does not exist—  
Let us not measure our  
Life with coffee spoons.

How sweet:  
To measure our Timeless love  
with hour-Sifting Sand.

*Sally Hill*

a speck of dew  
tells the secret  
of the world  
in that moment  
when sunshine's  
heat pierces,  
illuminating a  
crystal on the  
blade, and  
then falls in  
a single drop  
to the earth.

*Miriam Golf*



*Albert Camus*

He had no right,  
No earthly right  
To rob the sky  
And fill tired minds  
With stolen, glistening draughts  
Of iridescent liquids,  
Giving life  
To improverished, empty shells.

He had no right,  
No human right  
To magnify, glorify,  
Or emblazon each stolen glint  
With soulful worship  
And sacred carvings,  
As if a god  
Impregnating a sacrament.

He had no right,  
No, no divine right  
To make an altar  
For his stolen nectar  
Or to forge the golden vessel,  
Less he, too, in turn  
Could drink the final dregs  
Of black and bitter gall.

Yet, who would dare say  
He had not the right  
To rob the sky  
And encase his stolen shrine  
Within a soul-less realm,  
Giving light to the infernal darkness?  
There is no sun without shadows,  
And shadows mirror the breath of life.

*Emily B. Sullivan*

*Morning Feeling*

morning light,  
bright spring,  
green things,  
a living sight,  
to  
behold  
but the  
churning  
and  
grinding  
of  
my  
bowels and  
heart  
go on.

Transitional confusion

*Wiley Garrett*



*by Linda Jones*

*rain queen*

the sun light  
    spreads  
        softly  
    upon the morn  
    in waves of white

and the rain queen  
    greet the dawn  
    and touches the dewy earth  
        with a tear of sadness  
        a tear of joy

                                tears of love

now  
    she briskly  
        comes chilly  
    and the winds whistle  
        their tunes with her  
    as the reeds dance wavey

the brows of her forehead  
    darken  
    and swiftly race across the sky  
    in dark array

    and she loosens  
        her rivers  
and flows to flowers  
    beckoning the blossoms  
        to smile

and the rain queen  
    glides on with

        her cloak  
    to the driving winds  
as the fish  
        rise to watch the  
    ringlets from the queen's  
        gladness

*Leni Selvaggio*

## *The School Mum's Goodbye*

Last days are bitterly cold  
And the road is always  
Longer than the time before.

But the large brown woman  
Smiled on them all,  
Looking bright to their future.

Rewards come in short moments,  
Too fleeting to count  
Though one is remembered best.

Along, the tow-haired princess  
Turned her big blue eyes  
And blew kisses with mitten-covered hands.

Sweet Ernestine,  
You are in my heart.

*Miriam Golff*

*Egomania*

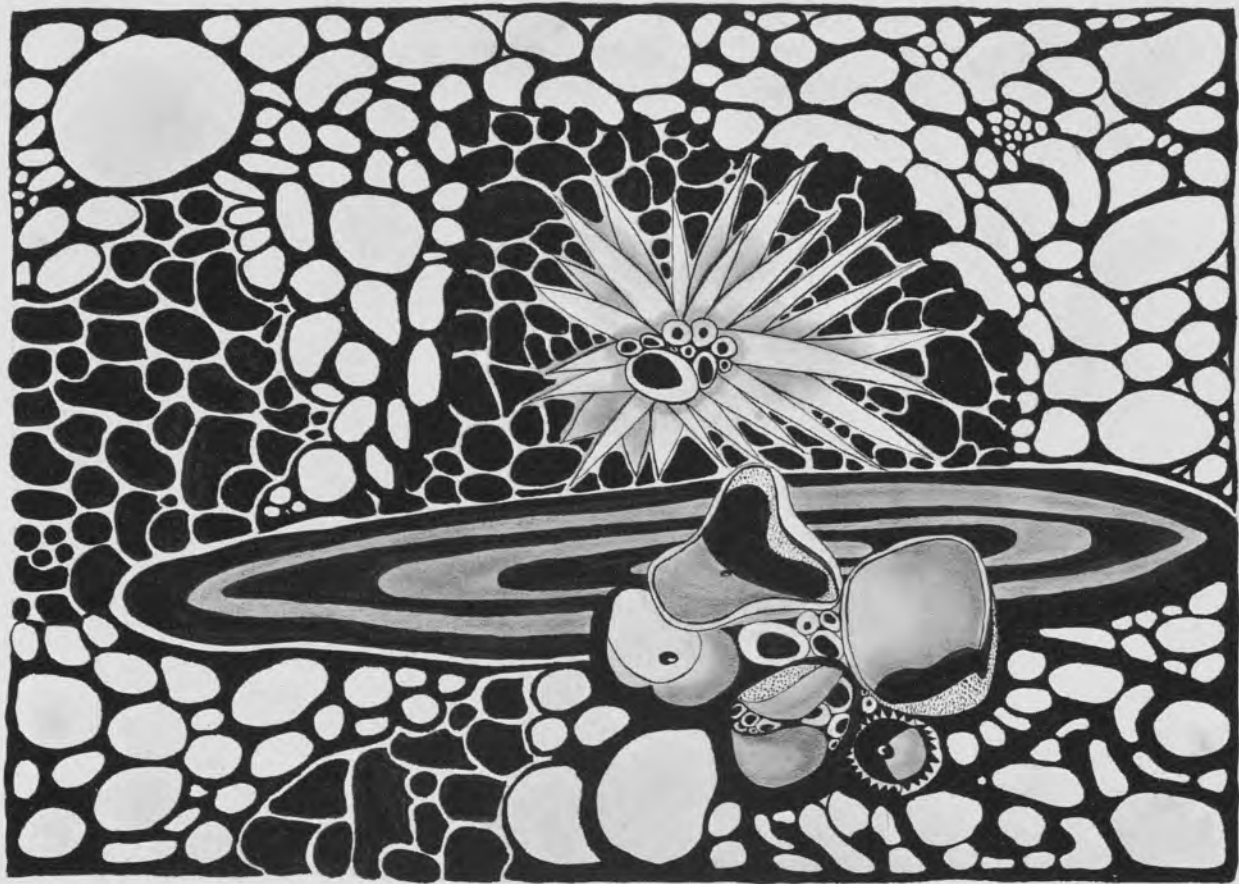
The pressure  
Of exorcising  
My own demons  
Has driven me  
Into a selfish labyrinth  
Of involuted  
Questioning.  
One escape only,  
But one forging  
Of feathered flight—  
The forgetting  
Of myself.

*Susan Wright*

## *Running*

To run harder,  
harder, harder—  
Away from brothers,  
from man—  
Never stop, trade,  
talk, barter—  
Reject mothers' breast,  
brothers' hand.  
Run, run, faster,  
harder, blindly—  
Trample the weak  
or kindly—  
Freedom's ahead—  
or perhaps insanity.

*David H. Baird, Jr.*



"Lily Pads" by Carol Myrick



## *Brook Flower: A Sestina*

Vanished are yesternight's castles, those by the moonbeam  
Embellished, vanished like dew from the meadow  
Ere prime in sultry midsummer. Yet sighing  
Nor weeping escape her, crouched by the brookside,  
Poor pitiful lady, lovely and slender. Whose longing  
More futile than hers, more unendurable sorrow?

The brook burbles on in its bed, unheeding her sorrow.  
One tear solitarily falls, is caught by a moonbeam,  
Flashes like dew and is gone. Whether longing  
Be bitter or sweet, she is lovely there in the meadow,  
This little, lithe lady crouched by the brookside,  
Where, stirred by night-winds, the pine trees are sighing.

Can it be that she too is audibly sighing,  
Frail maiden in white, overwhelmed by her sorrow?  
Let all whispers be hushed, let us steal to the brookside,  
And gaze on the maiden there, bathed by the moonbeam,  
By the moonbeam caressed in this wide, lovely meadow:  
Let us learn what we may of her yearning and longing.

In her nocturnal vigil does she murmur of longing  
For lover long dead? For whom is she sighing  
And dropping bright tears to the brook and the meadow,  
Making for meadow and brook sweet dirges of sorrow?  
Her white and green raiment gleams fair in the moonbeam,  
Fairest lady that leans and nods by a brookside.

So have I seen a young child by a brookside,  
Peering into the depths with the uttermost longing,  
Desiring the pebbles enjeweled by the moonbeam;  
Reaching, it discovers dull stones, and with sighing  
Refrains, relinquishing treasure with sorrow.  
Can the like be her plight who sighs in the meadow?

Whether for lover she languishes there in the meadow—  
Happiness dreamed, unattempted, and lost by the brookside  
Where this nocturnal tryst she still keeps with her sorrow—  
Unrevealed must remain the lorn lady's longing,  
Whereas silent she leans where the pine trees are sighing,  
As hushed in her mood as the flight of a moonbeam.

Soft as the moonbeam shed on a dewy meadow,  
Soft as the sighing of pines by the brookside,  
Muted her whisper of longing, muted her sorrow.

*Dr. Charles Eugene Mounts*

O lady in rose  
    come softly to my night.  
As a candle burns and the winds heave  
    let me gather into my soul.  
In the dark undressing,  
    the wool of day  
        falls  
            in  
                a  
                    rustle  
                        to  
                            the  
                                floor.  
Softly now  
    come warmly to my arms,  
    in silk array.

*Billy Dunn*

*Sweet Belly*

belly laughs  
are  
for  
belly dancers  
who  
have  
belly buttons  
full of green ice cream  
that like to float  
on blueberry lakes  
coated with  
red  
whipped cream.

Giddy teen

*Wiley Garrett*

And I rose from the candle of my birth  
Twisting, spiraling, ever towards the darkness above  
And then upon the wind of your breath  
I became as a child, filling the room, surrounding all within.  
Then once again I collected myself into my former thread-like cylinder of  
smoke that is my shell  
And rose to even greater heights for I had felt and tasted and experienced  
life within that room.  
And I owe what I am now to your breath.  
So be not absent from my candle home of flames for very long  
Because your life's breath brought me to this greater existence  
Yet let me warn you of the dangers of staying too long at the side of my  
mother candle  
For her flame is hypnotizing while you watch her dance and glow in the  
walls of darkness  
Because I am growing as she burns.  
And I will expand in my depths of darkness that you will not notice  
Then in my selfish and lustful jealousy for your attention,  
Will fill you to the edges of your soul and being  
And here inside you will squeeze the very air that brings you life.  
As you breathe I grow stronger, and soon the air that once kindled my  
mother's flame and gave you heart beats will be gone  
And then I alone will travel in the far reaches of space free from all ties,  
void of all boundaries!  
For I am the smoke, the combination of all things that in air are powerful  
and deadly  
And I long to be free to travel alone in my evil world.  
So beware and take heed of my presence.  
For even when you douse the flame, my mother, I rise unharmed  
And I have but all eternity to wait for you to return.

*Leonard C. Fitzgerald*



*"Close-up of a Leaf" by Susan Stockbridge*

*The Diurnal Pantomimist*

each morning i wash  
the tear-stained eyes  
and streaked cheek,  
i brush the bitter residue  
of night's anguished cries  
from my teeth  
and comb tantrum-tossed hair  
to respectability,  
i don my mask of humanity  
and clothe myself  
with the cloak of sanity,  
only then am i ready  
to face any,  
for how can a clown  
be a tragic figure?

*David Springer*

### *The Chimp*

In a bow tie and short pants,  
Nature's true trapeze artist  
Circles the center ring  
On a bicycle,  
As overhead  
His furless brother  
Swings unnaturally  
Through blue, red, green,  
And purple space.

### *The Bear*

Wearing a clown's hat  
And an orange neck ruffle,  
The fierce monarch  
Of the mountain forest  
Lumbers dumbly  
Through the steps of a foxtrot  
And wins a condescending  
Round of applause.

*Susan Wright*

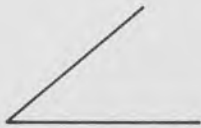
## *The Straight Story (A fabled Hollywood Tale)*

Once upon a time there was a line called Edgar, who looks like this,  
\_\_\_\_\_ Edgar worked with a comic circle called

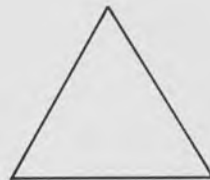


Simon in a nightclub act. Edgar of course was the straight man.

Now Edgar was eager to be a star in Hollywood, so he got another line called George to be his agent. They got together and George said "he saw an angle"



but they would need a publicity man to try it. George knew just the man, a line called Frank. So Frank joined them and it became a three-way partnership to try the angle.





But Frank was a cautious fellow and he hired a line called Herman as an accountant to make sure every one got a square deal.



Then Herman suggested a business manager. So they got a line called Harrison, who was good at that sort of thing. Harrison took over and re-arranged things a bit, and that is how stars are made.



Next week we bring you the tragic story of Carrie Curve, a fan of Edgar's who fell for a line.

*David Springer*

*Alone Together*

Finding our separate joys  
In different ways,  
We share a common world  
Of isolation;  
And yet within each  
Solitary sphere  
Love, flickering, perseveres,  
Scattering small  
Yet painful  
Shadows of worry  
For each other.  
Through some  
Harmonious rift  
The two must join  
Or die away.

*Susan Wright*

earth-muddied, stagnant, an  
    intractable malady at times—  
at others  
    sporadic moments of bliss  
raindrop pure sparkling smiles  
    and age—  
an ivory white breath blew  
with ocean turbulence heart's  
leaves aside  
    allowing a love seed to carom  
downward and nestle itself  
    beside an all ready yearn for life,  
and to be.  
an oak today in summer, synonymy  
of strength, fragility, love, hate and  
    peace  
towers above the more docile.  
and the day two redwoods at winter  
    after-loom hopefully, entwined  
above a burgeoning brown eyed spirite  
in the lea beneath.

*C. A. Golff*

## The Eulogy

Shut up, Preacher Elliott, you old hypocrite! If you gotta say a few last words over my bones as I lie here all dolled up in this box midst these smelly petunias, at least tell it like it was.

Eh? What's the matter, Preacher? You're lookin' kind of sweaty. Is that part 'bout Harrison Nottingham's being a good husband stickin' in your craw? You old fool, I was better than you were. Least I never took 'vantage of the women folks; never had them sayin' their prayers at my knees, weepin' and moanin' and gettin' all worked up; never huggin' and comfortin' them in the name of the Lord, as you always put it. Least the women and I didn't beat 'round the bush as to whom or what we were rejoicin'!

I always said it just hain't natural like for a man to have just one woman. Now take my wife Ora—a good woman, I always did say. But after nine kids—well, she just didn't have 'nough of herself left over for me. There shore was plenty of me to go 'round, though; and I never was known in these parts for my stinginess. Take Lottie down there at the Bellemont Hotel. Ah! I always did like to touch up my hair with a little black shoe polish and go pay my respects on a Saturday night. You know, Ora never did understand that, never could see that had nuttin' to do with her and me. I mean, after nine younguns, surely Ora couldn't say I hadn't given her plenty of my bountiful self, couldn't say I hadn't spent *some* time with her!

Speak up, Preacher! What'd you say? Something 'bout folks will never forget me? Hell, I bet they won't—probably skeered I'll come back to life. Take old Hank McConnell, I bet he'll 'member me. Hey you, Hank, sitting out there so somber and sober in your Sears Roebuck duds, do you 'member that day when we were blacksmihts down at New River Works? You sneaked in my lunch pail and put that old piece of leather in my sandwich. 'Member come noon when I took a big gnaw of that sandwich? I never raised an eyebrow, did I, Hank? No siree! Just kept right on chewin'. Ha! I guess I taught you the next day, you old cuss. 'Member how you came tearin' in as usual, grabbed up your lunch pail, and kept right on runnin' to your eatin' spot? You were halfway 'cross the shop 'fore you found you were totin' only the handle. Hank, that shore was a whipped look you had when you finally found the rest of the pail bolted to the floor.

What'd you say there, Preacher? Something 'bout my promisin' on my deathbed to give my life to the Lord? Ha! The Lord always had it. How could I give it to Him? He just let me hold the reins for a spell. I always

said that it hain't how you roll your eyeballs toward heaven, sing those hymns, and puff up with them thar good works, but how you really live that counts. I shore didn't skimp on a minute of that livin', either. God, I shore 'nough did have a right pleasurable time. I thank You for bearin' with me. I hope You don't think too harshly of my cussin' a few churchgoers. But, God, that's all they were—just goers. You and I know where they'll end up goin' too. God, I really loved those children, though. I always wondered why they took to me so. We just seemed to understand each other without puttin' on a big front.

Who's that sittin' out there on the front pew weepin' and carryin' on and shoutin' amen? Why, it's old Mrs. Spillers from down in the holler. She's never cried for anyone but herself, that old two-facer! Look at her puttin' on that act. I'll bet Preacher Elliott will have to comfort her this evening. Those two birds never missed a camp meetin'. I still can't figure out why they all had to go troopin' off into the woods for two weeks every summer to praise the Lord. The Lord and I just talked any old place.

Take for instance that morning I overslept. Jasper, the shop foreman, had warned me he was goin' to give me the boot the next time I was late. Well, like I said, I overslept, had five minutes to get to work. I called loudly, "Lord, help me!" as I slapped on my breeches and tore out the door. Down through the neighbors' yards I scrambled, out into the street I raced, and smack dab into an oncomin' car I crashed. But I just yelled a little more loudly, "Lord, help me!" and kept right on runnin'. He heard me. In fact, I got to work one minute early. The Lord never was picky 'bout my gettin' dressed up and gettin' down on my knees when I had need of a chat with Him.

Hey you, pious Preacher Elliott, standin' up there enjoyin' the sound of your own voice, would you please turn off that mournful music? That gives me the creeps. You know I've always been a little partial to the banjo and fiddle. If I'd known you'd go and have such bad taste, I'd have asked Clarence down at Alf's Cafe to take Charge of the music for this affair. He had some right perky numbers on that nickelodeon.

Hush, Preacher! I believe I heard God callin'. What'd you say there, God? You're tryin' to call the roll? Yes, sir! Nottingham present!

*Cynthia Stanley*



*by Mike Reese*

## RED:

When loneliness bleeds from the back of your jaw  
And pieces of glass  
                                  books and shoes  
                                  are thrown against walls;  
When madness grips country boys' minds for no reason  
And yesterday's joblessness is no longer meaningful;  
When wandering has gone far too long without rest  
And longside  
A roadside  
Or riverside  
                                  sliding  
You find yourself biding  
Your time without reason  
Until there is no spot on your soul left unpainted;  
The wielding of brushes from ten thousand paint cans  
                                  or spray guns  
                                  with powerful bullets of scorn  
Have covered your being with bleeding red curtains  
                                  you find that you never have travelled  
  at all.

*Hartson Poland*

*Jumpin' Joy*

she was  
five and a half feet  
of green-eyed  
smother me  
love  
and  
she  
fixed my soul  
with bewitching  
words  
and  
became  
my five  
and a half  
foot  
world.

Life long love

*Willey Garrett*





## *Our Next Hero*

Oh, how we loved the refinement of his golden mind . . .  
The fluid product of wisdom beyond his years.  
    From lips that spoke diamond truth,  
We gleaned the life that was for us divine.  
    Yes, and the beauty of his silvered heart . . .  
Loyalty that was without peer, the essence of his heart.  
    And did we not, from his thighs of brass and  
Legs of iron, draw strength for our own feeble lives?  
    It was to be expected, I suppose, that he  
        proved to be too human . . .  
    Feet of clay, you know.  
    And so we judged him,  
    From the height of our superior mediocrity . . .  
Unforgiveable . . . On to our next hero.

*Rev. Roland Mullinix*

*Watching A Three-Year-Old*

When I can  
Without detection  
Watch him play,  
The sight of wispy  
Brown pencil marks  
Of eyebrows,  
Flicked upward  
At the ends  
Above blue innocence,  
Gives me a delight  
Equaled only  
By my joy  
In his small lips  
Parting to permit  
A pinkly pointed tongue  
To explore the lipline.

*Susan Wright*

## *Visions*

I have  
Visions of ethereal  
In smoke and fairies' wisps.  
A dream's dream and  
Mystic's misty mystique,  
Tempting senses with  
Tantalizing frustrations of otherness;  
Lost even before gained,  
A tragic existence of elsewhen and where,  
More even than Xanadu.  
A never-never-land of promise, hope, and heaven.  
A bubble that pops at being sighted.  
A film of mirage, gone.  
The glimpse from the corner of the eye sets ripples  
To banish the reflection of magic,  
A child's eye is slightly quicker, but then,  
The world grew up and died long ago,  
And now a universe of perverse ghosts  
Plays games to tax the mental facilities of  
God.

*David Springer*

## *Haiku in Sequence*

Imagine the world  
In seventeen dabs of paint  
Put on one canvas.

From flute or viol  
Just seventeen notes to sound  
A whole symphony.

Infinity squeezed  
Till seventeen syllables  
Tell all that there is.

*Charles Eugene Mounts*

## *Ward of the Living Dead*

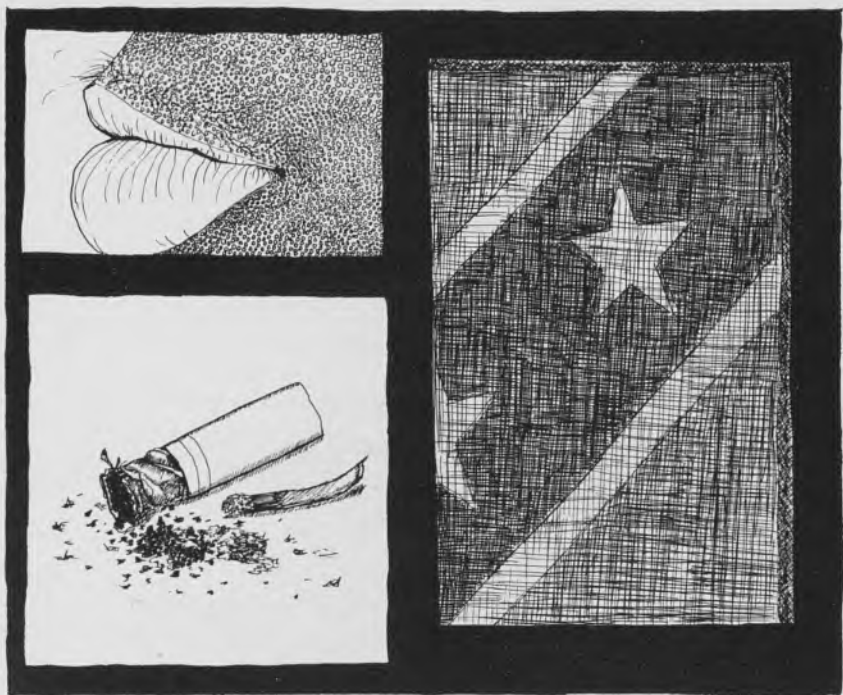
I'm not afraid of death.  
I'm young and not afraid of death.  
But here in this Ward of the Living Dead,  
I see Dantean visions,  
That scare me to my very soul.

I am surrounded by old men  
Who whisper and gasp  
And foul their beds,  
And for some reason won't die.  
Their minds are twenty years dead,  
But their bodies still cling to life.  
They have not the courage to die,  
Nor the strength.

Dylan Thomas is all very well;  
But at least the light was dying,  
And he did love his father.  
I find no pity for these ancients,  
Who in their hospital cribs,  
Have nurses and orderlies for tombstones,  
And flowers to cover their smell,  
For the early wake of visitors.

Yes, I am frightened.  
Old men in white sheets are more scary,  
Than children at Halloween,  
Old men are the real thing.  
And I'll follow Hemingway's way,  
Before I'm like them.

*David Springer*



"Dead Flame" by *Bill Donald*

i just barely had time  
to close my eyes and  
roll over  
before you tugged and  
persuaded me into waking  
as i glance at you  
with your sleepy eyes and  
ruffled hair  
to match your mood—  
i begin to laugh inside  
you make fun of me in  
the morningtime.

*Jeanne McCauley*



*sleep*

sleekly, swiftly, we stroke side by side  
thru the silent waters of the night

stony shores we spy,  
silent shores,  
with small sailboats  
bobbing up and down

silvery does the moon shine on our skins  
suddenly all seems to slow,  
and the sunlight inside us shimmers

still  
time  
slips  
on

*K. Lee*



"Project" by Linda Jones

*Dreams of a Promise Almost Seen*

During the passing of time and of substance,  
    while encountering realities within the  
Lost spectrum of our own self illusion,  
    there comes within the eternal inkling of  
An instant a longing to reach out, to touch  
    the love of life, to love her.  
And loving her, dreams soaring, you'll crash  
    to the lowest ebb of your disbelieving mind,  
While you search for strength to carry on:  
    and of giving without measure,  
To finally seize the illusive dreams of a  
    promise almost seen, you'll search endlessly  
For her presence and for the love she once  
    gave you, and for a time you know will  
Surely come when she turns in hushed melody,  
    "I could have loved you."

*David H. Baird, Jr.*

running wildly  
    in summers green  
your smile warms  
    the fields  
and your cloak of golden  
    meadows  
caresses my neck  
    and groin  
growing glowing  
your warmth pressing mine  
    our blood flows  
more than warm  
and words cease  
    to the rocking wind of  
    our depths

*Leni Selvaggio*

## *Smaze*

The Mist hangs.  
The sun is suspended  
like a pale orange falling  
from its lofty security,  
destined to float beneath  
and above our own fruit's curvature.

The orange seeds bury in the loam.  
A new orange is born.  
A heavier Mist prevails.

The orange falls further.

The embryonic seeds strive upward.  
Their hands and souls stretch to  
be enveloped by the sun's arm's.

The seed's slender shoots are smothered  
by the Mist's asphyxiating intolerance.

The seed's failure is the Mist's success.  
The Cave's population is renewed.

*Tom Blevins*



"I kiss your hand, Madame" by *Bill Hegland*



*Almost Over*

old wrinkles  
old age  
old times  
when the  
sun soaks  
into  
cracked bones  
soon to be dust  
but still  
breathing  
till  
souls  
need  
nothing  
from  
this  
side  
of  
the  
clouds.

Near the end of life

*Wiley Garrett*



*Be Still and Know*

A steady Hand upon my arm,  
    "Slow down, My frantic child.  
Breathe deeply of this stirring life,  
    The breeze so warm, so mild."

A gentle Touch against my lips,  
    "Be still, My anxious man.  
Behold the crocus just reborn  
    Unfolds My wondrous plan."

*Cynthia Stanley*



*by Stu Penn*



