



Apogée 75

1882

THE 1975 EDITION OF APOGEE IS DEDICATED. . .

T O S A N D R A

Well, Sandra, I made it!

You taught me to learn,
love, think, hope and
strive for far-placed goals.

Dedication was shown in
many ways which maybe I
have learned.

You shared your life and
dreams willingly--
Love of theatre and reality.

Remember the good times--
for the bad are forgotten and
Make for unpleasantness.

For your time, friendship
Mean much and I thank-you
And give you my love.
always, Bucky



Man labors quite hard to create many different things in his lifetime. When the final product is achieved, he is both satisfied and somewhat ecstatic. Often what he created is acclaimed, but more often, it is merely accepted. It is the many acceptances that make the acclamations even more gratifying.

The magazine you now read is the creation of many hard working, dedicated people. We cannot help but feel both satisfied and ecstatic. Whether or not what we have done will be only accepted or, hopefully, acclaimed by our readers will be determined by time.

It is not a question of acceptance, however, that concerns us. Our reward will be seeing you holding our creation, reading its contents, and seeing a smile on your face. Our hope for you is that a moment of peace and happiness can be found within the cover of the 1975 APOGEE.

Bucky Hooker
Editor-In-Chief



PAPHIENICAE

1871

CHARLES EUGENE MOUNTS AWARD

FOR

LITERARY EXCELLENCE

Youth

The whims and idols of today
are so different from my dreams
Youth's nectar is Pepsi
and their song thunders hard rock
Their heady wine is Boone's Farm
and their ecstasy of life
reeks of pot.

Their goals and ambitions
are to have an everlasting high
And their only nostalgia
comes when they're straight
Looking back to the abundant days
of grass speed and pills.

Oh, give me the simple days
filled with sweet music
Where the only grass is found in fields
and the nectar is clear water
running through the field
Give me a strong body and keen mind
not to be contaminated
by false inspirations.
Give me a healthy disposition, free from apathy.

Let me have my own dreams
and do not persecute me for them,
Even if they are different from yours.

- Karen Adams

You

You are the thistle
burst forth from
thorns to mauve at morn,

the unfolding butterfly
of spring in
spread of new-found wings,

and the sundown
of youthful hopes unreal.



--poem, Linda K. Weeks
art, Jim Millis

EDITOR'S AWARD
Literary Excellence

Silence Prevails

And yet not silence

At all . . .

The sounds of

the night shatter

The crystal quiet

And for one brief moment

I hold the answers,

The answers to

the questions that

most bother my soul.

And then the feeling is gone,

lost to the prevailing confusion

of my world.

--Michael Ingram

The early colors of the evening serenade me
As I walk alone and ponder our fusion.
Once two separate people,
We are now one.
I don't recall the hour or the day,
But somewhere in the furthest corners of my being,
I remember it happening.
I took a chance and won.

The sovereignty of your life has made you a creature
Of love and loneliness.
I want to help fill that void of loneliness.
Please let me.

I try to be two people for you.
Your lover and your friend.
They are two hard roles to play
And do justice to both.
I have tried to say "I love you,"
But as yet, I don't know if I do.
Sometimes I want to so badly
I cringe with the pain.

The night air draws the infinite sky closer
And I begin to feel so lost.
I want you with me,
Knowing that it can never be.
I want to say I love you.



--Linda Weeks

--David Turner

BENEDICTION

Liberated life, yet insecure hopes, dreams dimmed and blurred--what's the end of it all? Is the end clearer than our perception of it? Have the gods decreed and left us unable to penetrate their damnable mystery? If so, cursed be both the gods and their decree. Cursed be the gods and may the slender cord that holds our dangling lives orbit us into the abyss where love makes no difference and life has no premium attached to it.

--Vance Davis



--art, Jim Millis

I gaze at the universe floating before me
Where does one fit in
to a pattern so huge
that one cannot see it all
with the naked eye?
One must piece it together slowly
day by day
Time unravels some more
but still I cannot solve
the complete puzzle.
Life is a jigsaw puzzle
so huge and magnificent
that it takes a lifetime
and more
to assemble one simple
fragment.
The desire to know more, but also
the knowledge that all was not meant
to be seen.
Contentment must come with only
a part.
and I must make that part
grow and develop
for me -
my
life.

- Cathey Calloway

Words and Children

Words run across the page like little lost children.

They beg for rules, rhyme, reason,

Truth and time to be.

In a loud expulsion of breath,

They are named, read, and forgotten.

So on they wander in the Land of Obscurity,

'Till another soul picks them up,

Breathes into them.

And gives them life.

--Sylvia Petrea

Happy Valentine's Day

Candy, flowers, cards

Are not Love --

Not even for a day.

- Gail Collins



--Marty Adams

The mind is a wonderful thing
You can create such fantasies
that you actually believe them

Until the realization hits you

The realization that life is not
a fantasy
and
You are not a living being
in this fantasy world
You are merely observing
Not participating
You are not living -- merely existing

Because you are a living being
in a living world
You must live

To live you must
deal with reality

- Rebecca Butler

Today
is a mirage of yesteryear,
the reality of the present,
and the dreams of tomorrow.

--Cathey Calloway

SNOW

Rain

Sifting softly

Barely noticeable

All around

The shadow of a ghost

Yet all at once

I'm

Snowbound

Drenched

Engulfed

Snow

Rain

Like

the

Love

of

God

--Jim Coble



--Bonny Mendenhall

WINTER'S QUIET

O silent winter crouching behind autumn's multi-colored dress.
Quietly edging across the countryside leaving a tapestry of
white over the land and crystal chandeliers of ice on the naked
branches of the trees.

Winter shades the land with a carpet of pure white, touched by
rays of moonlight that explode in all directions, elevating the
spirit.

O, foe of summer fun, and beachy sun, where will you paint your
poetic drifts and erect your temples of ice?

Winter blows smoothly across the water and like a magician changes
its flowing face into a mirror reflecting the deep blue of a snow
cooled sky.

--Paul Hildreth

Currents

Tattered leaves danced in the gallant breeze;
Across the water, the ducks suffered the choppy lake.
My gaze fixed on something not there,
I wonder.

My mind a mass of confused and endless currents.
I ponder the hopelessness of my existence.
I love you . . . but you run from it -
I hate you . . . and you wallow in it -
I hold you and you won't let go.

Endless currents -

Somewhere I remember warm and endless nights -
Somehow I think they will be again;
Sometime in another life, perhaps . . .

Endless currents -

Actors on a stage;
Playing Act I of Life.
No one wishing to speak the last line,
No one daring to pull the curtain.

Existence --- Isolated. Useless. Meaningless.

Currents.
Weaving in and out
Around and over,
Catching my fragmented memories by
Their tattered ends.

My continual downpouring of unheard cries -
Where do they go?

To the ducks and to the leaves . . .

My gaze distracted by an unseen fowl
I scan the emptiness of my peninsula -

Alone again

Currents endless currents end.



--Marty Adams

SLIPPED AN AFTERNOON AWAY

From the third floor of the campus center they could see the administration and main classroom building off to the left, a practice gym straight ahead and one of the men's dorms beyond that. The main drag ran just in front of the center, a narrow road with yellow lines on the sides beaming, "no parking". They were watching a blue police car, unmarked, streetside backdoor open, a student in the backseat talking with an officer.

"Jesus, man," Floyd Rogers stared at the guy's shoulders through the back window, his left foot patting rhythmically against the open door. "That's number three in two days."

"Makes you wonder, huh?" Dave Gordon looked away from the window at the pool table nearby. A cue ball cracked into a rack sending fifteen colored spheres flying wildly.

"It makes me wonder who you can trust." Floyd leaned against the window, a huge plate glass window so pool sharks could watch the clouds go by. His athletic frame was accented by the afternoon light pouring in around him. His arms were crossed, head tilted slightly forward, legs crossed at the knees. Waiting for a free table slipped an afternoon away.

"Did you ever think they'd get this close? Right here in the middle of campus?" Dave stepped over and leaned against the window beside him. They talked quietly and looked at their shadow on the floor. Dave was thinner, taller; he cut a long contrast to his friend.

"Somebody slipped and sold to a cop. That's all. They picked him up and he gave out some names for a suspended sentence," Floyd muttered scratching the side of his face and following one of the shots on the pool table. Cue ball hit the seven which hit the five into the side pocket.

"You think maybe they talked about you?" Dave raised one of his black eyebrows and pressed his palms against the window sill.

"I'm too small time. Besides I only sell to seven regular customers and I trust all of them. My supplier is off campus, 'way off campus. No sweat." He reached down, scratched his knee and grinned at Dave, "But it makes you wonder."

"Trust is such a strange thing. You'd think no dealer would be dumb enough to trust a stranger, but obviously some do," Dave said softly. The cue hit a bumper went around a ball and knocked the thirteen into a corner pocket.

"I've never sold to a stranger. Never."

"Yeah, but who's a stranger? I guess a lot of people trusted Benedict Arnold," Dave sighed, "and Judas."

"You've got to rely on a few things for security, my man. That's how systems work. People find out they can't put security in one thing and they go to something else. People need each other, you know. It all seems pretty simple to me."

"Yeah but the big system is breaking down, Floyd. The Man is upset by all these dealers running around, not paying any taxes, breaking the drug laws, running an underground market place." Dave shifted, glanced out the window. "They got him." Floyd looked in time to see the police car leaving.

"It's depressing. It makes no sense. They're protecting everybody from nobody. But what does make sense, my man? Do those pool balls knocking around make any sense? I always wonder why about a lot of crap and get nothing back, just keep moving."

They were quiet for a long while. The sounds of pool balls cracking, pin ball machines ringing, ping pong balls knocking back and forth filled the room. Bodies shifted in a kind of game room ballet, slow as old men at cattle shows.

"Damn," Floyd spat the word. From the window he watched four squad cars pull into the street from both directions. "Jesus, Dave, it looks like a convention."

Dave watched the pool table. Only two balls remained, the cue and the eight, the black and the white. The guy shot and missed.

"Get outta' here, Floyd."

"What?"

They both looked up as the door down by the pin ball machines opened. Two cops walked over to a guy who'd just put in a quarter. They informed him of his rights and left with him. The clown on the pin ball machine smiled; his eyes blinked on and off. Two free games for the next man to come along.

"Run."

"Where in the hell?"

The guy shot the eight ball and watched it roll slowly toward a corner pocket. As he did, he slipped a badge from his hip pocket. The ball fell.

"Floyd Rogers, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be used against you in court. You have the right to attorney. I'm placing you under arrest for the sale of marijuana."

They stood there. Floyd, Dave, the cop, and on the table was a white cue ball, alone.

--Pat Jobe

Flames flowing over logs
Like thoughts over a problem;
The fire consumes the logs
And thoughts consume problems.

Your eyes can not travel from the fire;
As the mind can not run away from problems.

You close your eyes and you can still see the fire.
You think of other things yet the problem is always there.

The fire consumes the logs until there is no more to consume.
But the mind is not so lucky;
It consumes the problems until the problems consume it.

The fire is finished and
in a sense
so is the mind.

- Rebecca Butler

untitled

a poem
ground out of the dust
that covers the earth
taken from the breeze
that fills the sky
stolen from the waves
that crash upon the shore
sought from the soul
that longs to cry
out for a meaning

- Cathey Calloway

"Ha! A flower forthwith!"

Forth from where?

With what?

What about a fifth with?

whiff?

?

Women vibrate their feet when sitting

When not, they don't.

Foreign Affairs

Foreign Aff hairs

For hind affairs

Alien affairs

or hairs

in a pond

(s)?

ponds.

pools.

They twist their fingers too.

Curve spinally re-posed

supposed

supple hosed

Wonderfullness willfully cleft.

Didn't I know you once?

- Ray Harris



I learned Love. . .and saw hate,
I loved Peace. . .and saw lands go to pieces,
I walked the land. . .and saw it wasted,
I acted. . .and heard only talk of action,
I told the truth. . .and heard lectures of lies,
I found peace of mind. . .and saw minds go to pieces,
I helped put them back together. . .

and hoped Man would do the same for itself.

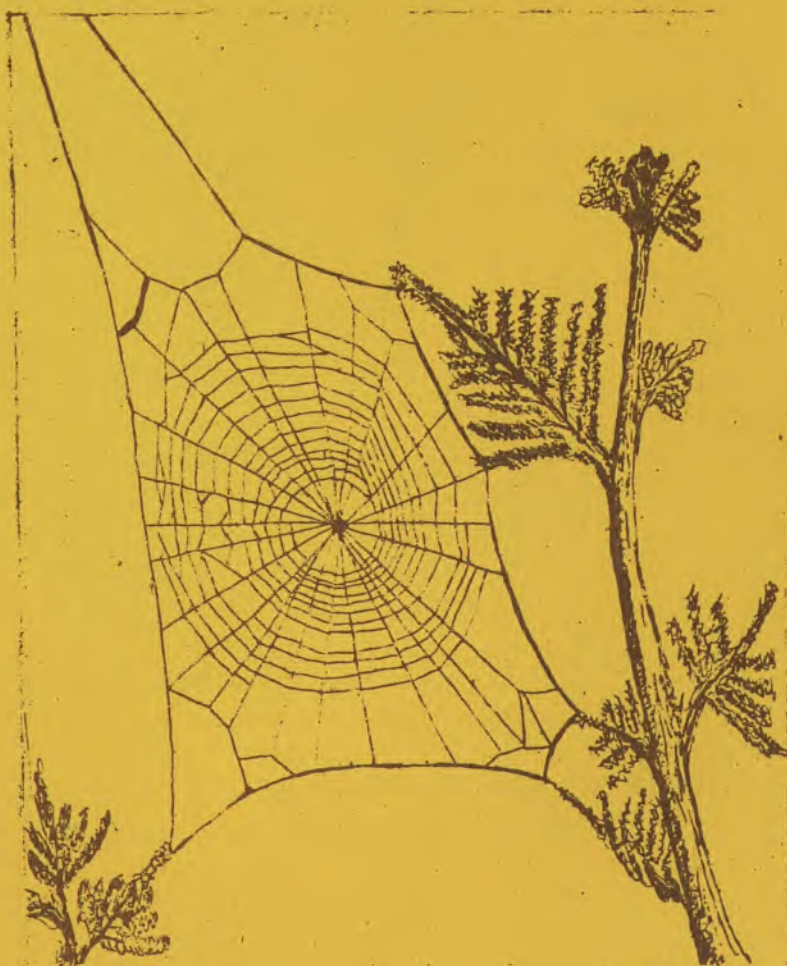
. . .If it would only be God's will,
that I should have the skill,
to help them o'er Life's hill.

--Woody Olson

FATE

Dave was the little boy who smiled all the time.
Amy was the beauty of them all
Stan shot rubber bands at me
The athlete was Paul.
Conny cut one of Cathy's hair braids off
So she walked around with one
Life was simple, gay, carefree
And fun.
We could never have guessed then
How it would be
And that the only one left
Would be me.
Viet Nam got Dave
I visit his grave
And recall our happy moments
The moments to be saved.
Amy's not so pretty now
For she married the wrong man
Who killed her in a drunken brawl
Ended up like Stan
Paul tried pills
His life was the cost.
Wanted to win all the games
But he lost.
I hear the ambulance siren
Cathy, couldn't wait?
If you'd only slowed down
But now it's too late
No more games
Reality replaced dreams.
We became acquainted with life
But no wiser it seems.

--Angelyn Marlette



STYLES

EVENING AT THE STREAM

The golden leaves fall quietly into the slow moving stream, hardly making a ripple. The cloud dotted skies seem at ease, as the hum of an airplane bounces from cloud to cloud. The wind seems to hurry winter along as it rushes through the trees knocking off their dress of leaves. The stream's mirror-like surface is covered from bank to bank with the sad leaves whose faces once were summer's green and autumn's reddish-gold, now look so brown and cold.

The stream rushes merrily along as though the seasons did not exist. Shadows begin to edge across the woods as the sun dissolves into the treeline of a western hill. The crickets begin to play their lonely music as squirrels crunch hungrily on their dinner of acorns.

I see a frog digging on the stream's sandy bottom, probably making a bed for the winter. The rock I sit upon is cold and hard, but comfortable to the mind. I could not ask for a better point of view, from whence my spirit fills itself with peaceful untouched beauty.

- Paul Hildreth

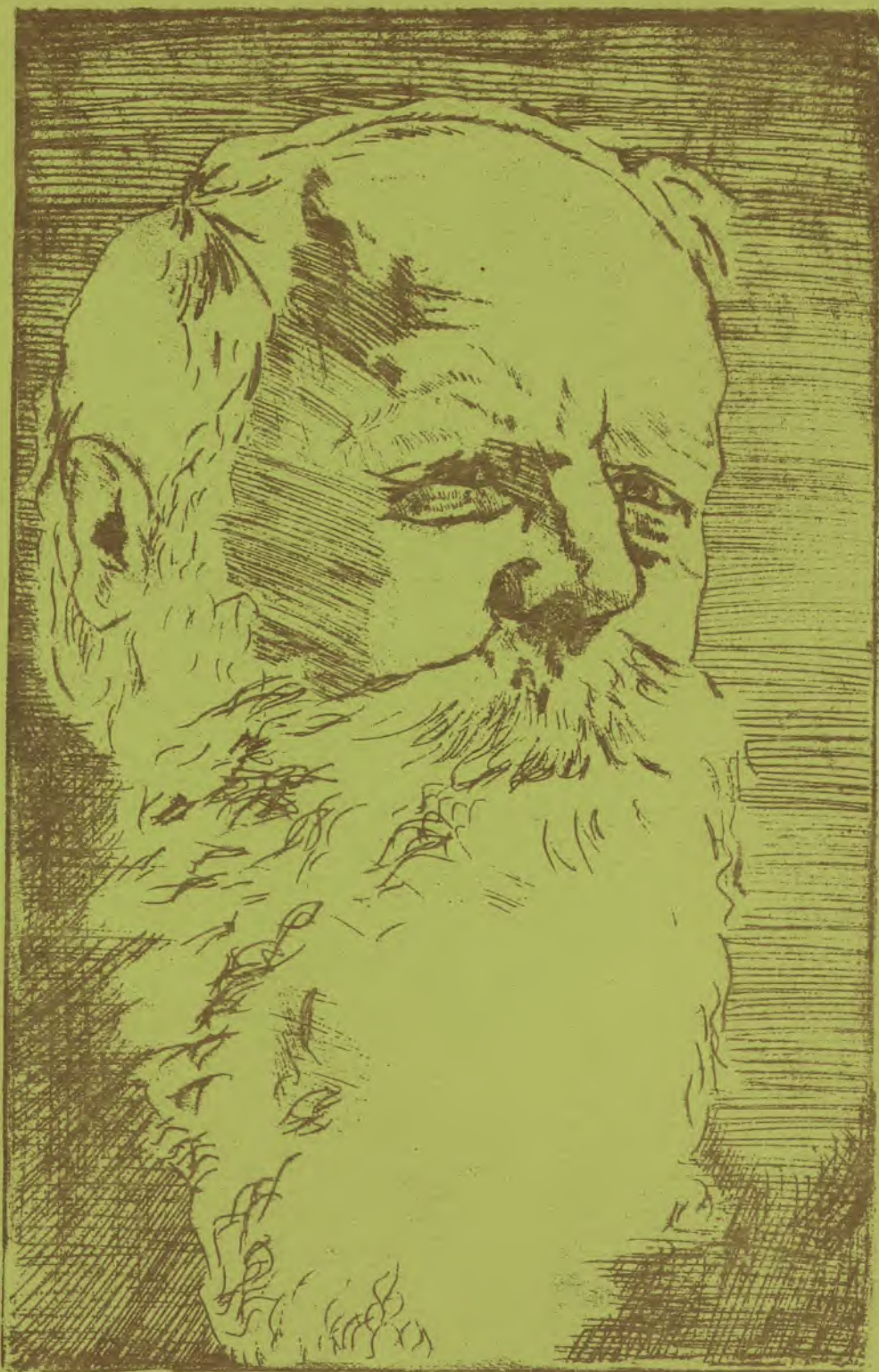
PAINTED OF ME

Life and people all mixed in fabulous arrays of strife,
Everyone trying to be different, so much alike each one loses time
Never stopping to listen, yet talking 'till they have to breathe.
They talk all the same and give their philosophy of life,
Philosophy, and I, I am trying to determine mine.

I go through the practices of modern man unaware
Not seeing, uncaring that God is there, forgetting by raising erections
Of steel and concrete, temples to the sun where no one worships.
They hate the temples, they only worship materials
And it's sorrowful, they never find new paths, new directions.

Habits, practices maybe I can find an escape.
Perhaps, perhaps not, maybe I can create something beautiful of my own,
Of thoughts and words of wild birdshells and nests, things that I worship
Things I love to feel to say, they are perhaps an escape.
Something painted of me, never shown to anyone but me.

--Gary Green



JOHN

--Brooks Gear

NEW YEAR'S FIREWORKS

And they whirled and dizzied
 In fiery array
Each separately busied
 In finding their way

Like men, each one bent on its own will, spent

And they sparkled and zoomed
 Up into the space
And they fizzled and boomed
 With beautiful grace

Like men, each one bent on its own will, spent

- Gary Green

Before sleep
I watch the world on the ceiling.
Reflections of the fire
I dream of Plato's Cave and wonder
Can I be the one to escape?

- Gail Collins

Haiku

Christmas season and
Santa Claus in every store
Confused children.

- Cathey Calloway

THIS POEM HAS NO TITLE

Seek deep into introspect that is not intellect.

Consider the tree called me.

Discover if there is more than just my cover.

Beauty will happen if it is allowed.

A beauty that causes tears.

Look beneath my cover and discover

There is more than a bark and leaves blowing.

--Hal Hughes

Beneath every clown's makeup

is a melancholy madness.

Tears ripple like laughter

down rainbow cheeks

to the pulsing applause

of a single heartbeat.

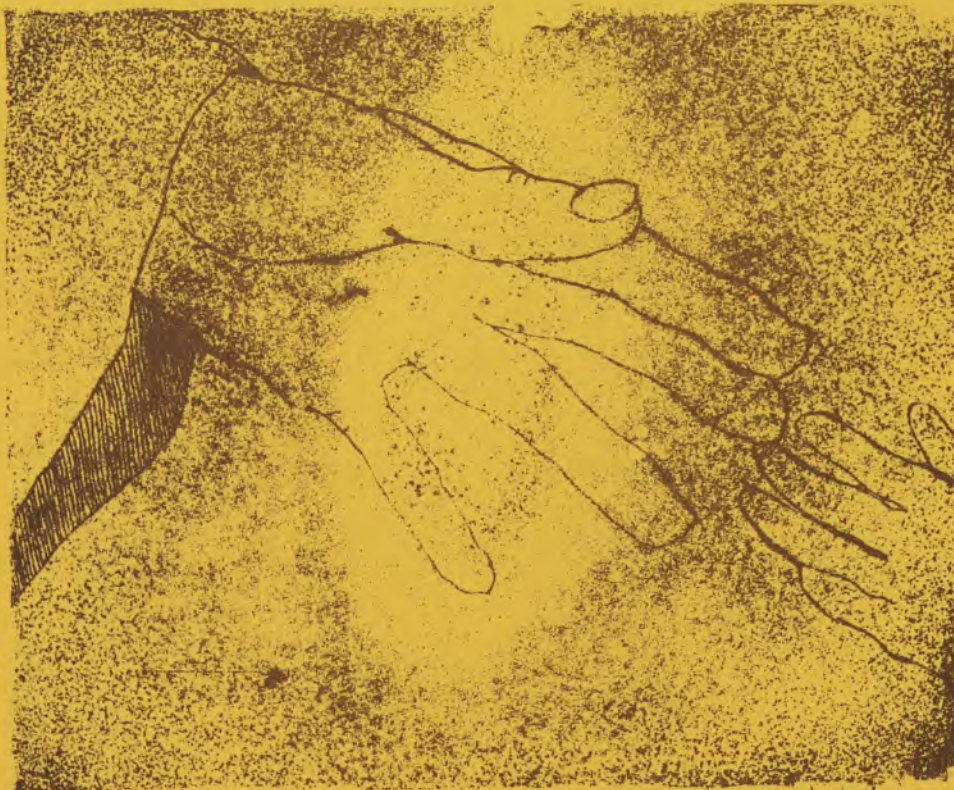
--Linda Weeks

Everything is real
And nothing is real.

Not you nor I
No, we're not real.
Merely plastic figures
To be pushed, shoved, used
Then thrown away.

Since we are plastic
We don't feel anything
Not pain, hurt, love, or anything.
Isn't that nice!
When we're cut we don't bleed;
But burn us and we melt
Slowly
into
Oblivion.

- Rebecca Butler



Life

--Bonny Mendenhall

THE VOICES OF FOUR WALLS

A closed mind is
Four walls that slowly
Inch forward until
They meet each other
 in destruction.

This distinction is present
In good minds, cruel minds, and
 selfish minds alike.
It's hard to destroy, and even
 harder to fight.

The power of the mind is
 reflected on itself
As it calmly, timelessly,
Echoes through the years
Until it becomes deaf to voices
Of thought--even its own.

--Kathy Martin

TOUCH

Touch,
But touch carefully.
I break easily.
And each time-
It is harder
 To put the pieces
 Back
 together.

--Gail Collins

THE REALITY OF DEATH

There is her door. No! Wait! Don't go in there. I can't do her any good, she's dying. I can't heal her. Will she expect me to? What will I say to her? What words will I use when I pray with her? Hey, stupid! Pull yourself together. You're here to comfort her and to show her you care.

Oh! My God! There she is. She's nothing but skin and bones. How in the world is she still living? Oh! No! She is reaching out her hand to me. Do I take it? Will I get cancer? How can I show her I care if I don't meet her request? Her hand, it's beginning to shake. What's that awful smell? What's that oozing out of her hand? And her arm? Let me out of here. Make up any excuse, just get out. The car is parked in the wrong place? Yeah! That's it! That meeting I can't miss. Hurry! Get out! Get out! Get out!

Did she believe me? Oh! I hope so. Lord, I didn't mean to lie, but I couldn't take it any longer. I hope she believed me. Help me, Lord.

Where can I go? Who can I turn to for help? Hello, Dad! What should I do? Sir! Sir! What is required of me? Maybe that book will tell. Maybe this one, or will this one tell? This One should? Dog-gone-it Luke, your English is terrible. Let's see, what did He do? Oh! Hell! He brought them back to life. I can't do that. Am I supposed to? He healed them. I can't do that either. Can I? Don't be silly. I'm not getting anywhere. Somebody! Help me! I wish somebody would put it down in black and white what we are supposed to do. Lord, are you sure you wanted me to be a minister? Is it that late already? My, how time flies when you're having fun. Ha! Ha! How did that minister the other day stay so calm and sure? I wonder, does he have that hot-line everybody is talking about? Maybe I'll find something tomorrow that will help. Tomorrow will go a lot better with some sleep.

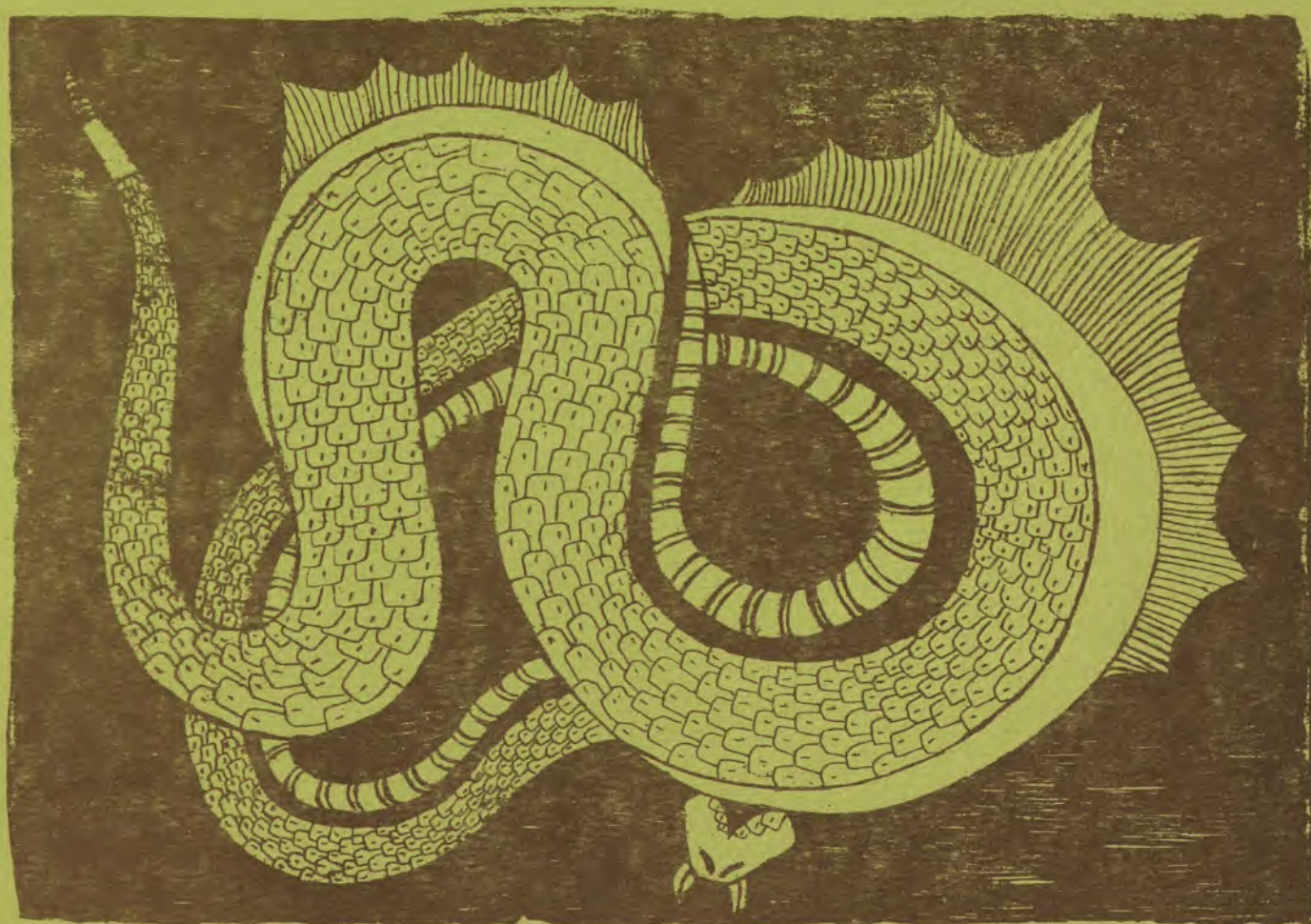
I hope beds feel this good in heaven. Good-night honey, sorry I stayed up so late; don't wake her. I've got to get some sleep. Sleep! Sleep! Ah! That's right, sleep. What's that noise? Oh! No! It couldn't be? It is! Hello! "Come quickly, she is dying." Oh! My God! Not now! I'm not ready yet. It's not fair. It couldn't be happening now, it's not real. What will I do, it's too late for help? Why did I ever go into the ministry? Lord, will you help me? I'm a rookie, Lord. You've got to show me how to help this lady. Don't let me fail her forever. I beg you, Lord. Help me, please! Watch out! That car is turning. Lord, are you there? Can you hear me, Lord? Oh!

My God! I'm at the hospital. Lord, are you asleep? "My son, I called you to go. Have no fear, I'll be with you."

This room is so dark and quiet. She has suffered so long. Bessie, your suffering is just about over. Bessie, do you remember that part of the twenty-third Psalm that goes, "Yea thought I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with Me."? Well, Bessie I couldn't comfort you, but my Friend here can. Bessie, He said he had come to take you home. Can you see Him? Are you ready? Bessie, here, take his hand. Good-bye Bessie. Thank you, Lord.

Hello! "Come quickly, he is dying." Oh! No! Not again!

--Steve Martin



--Brooks Gear

ANCIENT WORDS

Written somewhere hidden,
Tombs, long buried,
Their reason forgotten,
emotions that died.

But the spirit lives on though given
To another realm,
To another universe to another death

Romantic words bidden,
To be monuments
Covered by time's dark winds
now misunderstood.

Porsha venichem, anroli sterah
Ancient Unknown
In another universe, In another realm.

- Gary Green



--Brooks Gear

The fresh crispness of the autumn air
chills me, as I wander
aimlessly through the
blazing trees.

I see your eyes in the distance
above. I yearn for your warmth,
and the security you offer.

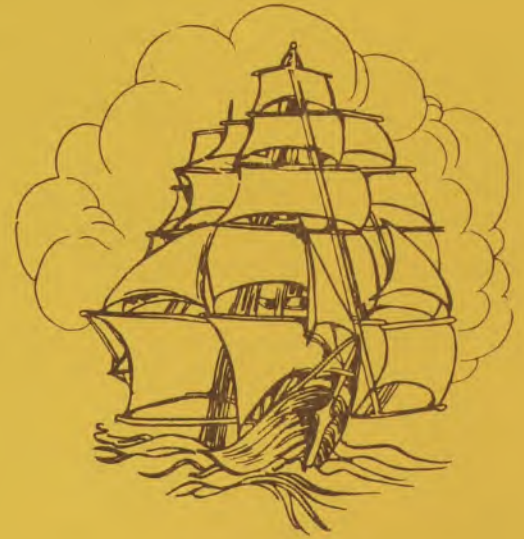
As my breath materializes,
I remember daisies and hemlock.

The atlantic and the lake.

I remember your face with
its sun-touched brow;
the texture of your hair.

I remember.

I hope you do.



- David Turner

Waking Up After An Ice Storm

Ice everywhere
The trees bend low
From the beauty
Wires sag
Their power gone
But the coldness of your heart
Makes the weather outside
Almost Summer.

- Gail Collins



I walk the lonely shores

the silent waves
call out to me
singing their songs of eternity

the silken sand
trickles around my feet
whispering a soft caress

the sea gulls
fly above my head
winging their secrets of flight

the serene sky
surrounds my soul
offering precious love to me

I walk the lonely shores ,
but I do not feel alone.

- Cathey Calloway

Mirages , shadows drift on by
Arouse me from my sleep.
Sifting slowly in my slumber
Thoughts I want to keep.
Dream of little schooners sailing
On a sky blue bay.
Dream of little children playing
in sweet smelling hay.
But sooner or later I must wake
Asleep I cannot stay.
Morning calls and I must rise
And face another day.



--Bonny Mendenhall

- Cathey Calloway

The world traveled;
So did I.
Flowers crazily close.
To touch the iris of the eye
The color/scent of the song.

"Please, don't."

Always the overt fear;
Maskly disguising.
I sing the high winds
I am the high winds;
O vault of the Heavens,
Thou canst not mock me;
I kiss the face and press full
Against the bodies of those below.

And the sign said
Closely metal fencing
There is the pain that I read
Breed
Bleed
Wincing
Never too late to wonder
Searching for the mystic mark to try
To touch the iris of the eye.

--Ray Harris



--Marty Adams

Shit.

sun, go back into hiding.
i don't want to see your ugly face today.
no. please. go away today.
i want my rainy day man.
please sky.

rain on earth.

rain like hell.

damn you sunshine!

put your stupid nose back in the clouds.

i'm sick of being lonely

and the rain brings love.

it washes love down

washes love down, all around me.

please. rain.

pour.

rain like hell, sky.

just for today.

just for me.

--Betsy Hallberg

crammed
pushed
shoved
into a mold
struggling
trying to escape
unable to breathe
i slowly inwardly die
a thousand deaths
because i cannot be
myself

- Cathey Calloway



--Dean Styles

Seeing only two sparkling gems in a sea of radiance,
I find myself lost in your eyes.

Secure in your arms,
I am sure there is no other world.

Our times are few.
Our hopes are many.

Each time you leave,
I find a void that I vainly try to fill
With words like these.

I dream of tomorrow
And of yesterday.
I cherish the present.

Again,
Words.

I don't remember what to say.
I had it all thought out.

Maybe next time.

This time,
I'll remember you.

- David Turner



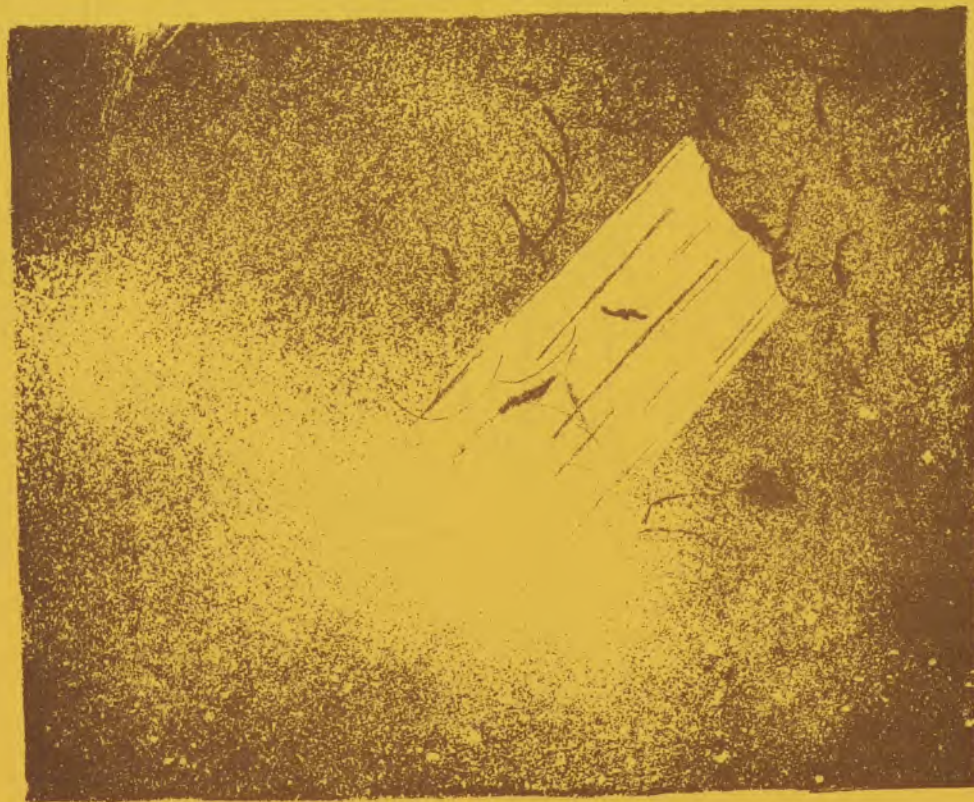
--Dean Styles

THE NEW MAN-AT WORSHIP

Confession (Manly made)

Lord, we mess around too much with life, sometimes being chained by it, sometimes wandering from it irresponsibly, sometimes playing games with it. In the process we like ourselves too much or too little either way putting the other down too often. Not looking at ourselves honestly, we easily perceive what's wrong with the guy across the hall. Wanting the other to praise our accomplishments, we take offense at her insight into our failure. Turning our heads when others get spilled on, or wiped out, we complain bitterly when no one notices our misfortune. God, forgive us and free us. Free us to accept ourselves, allow the other to be another, and for Christ's sake, let you be you. Liberate us for life.

--Vance Davis



--Bonny Mendenhall

Our time has come and gone.
We shared our lives with each other
And now we say good-bye.
Suddenly I find that very hard.
I never really thought I would.
Funny how you grow used to something when
You can have it anytime you want.

- David Turner

untitled

Stillness, silence
reflects in your eyes
Shadows rippling
in a deep, dark pool
Slowly, softly
the surface gently breaks
A single tear
begins to trickle down.

- Cathey Calloway

Changes
I read a book.
I read a life.
To glance beyond the cover,
Or even to work into the binding

Waxing extremely lyrical
Poor boy but half satirical
Loses what small he had.

To more profanely feign
To follow the knowing same
When all of the feel is mad.

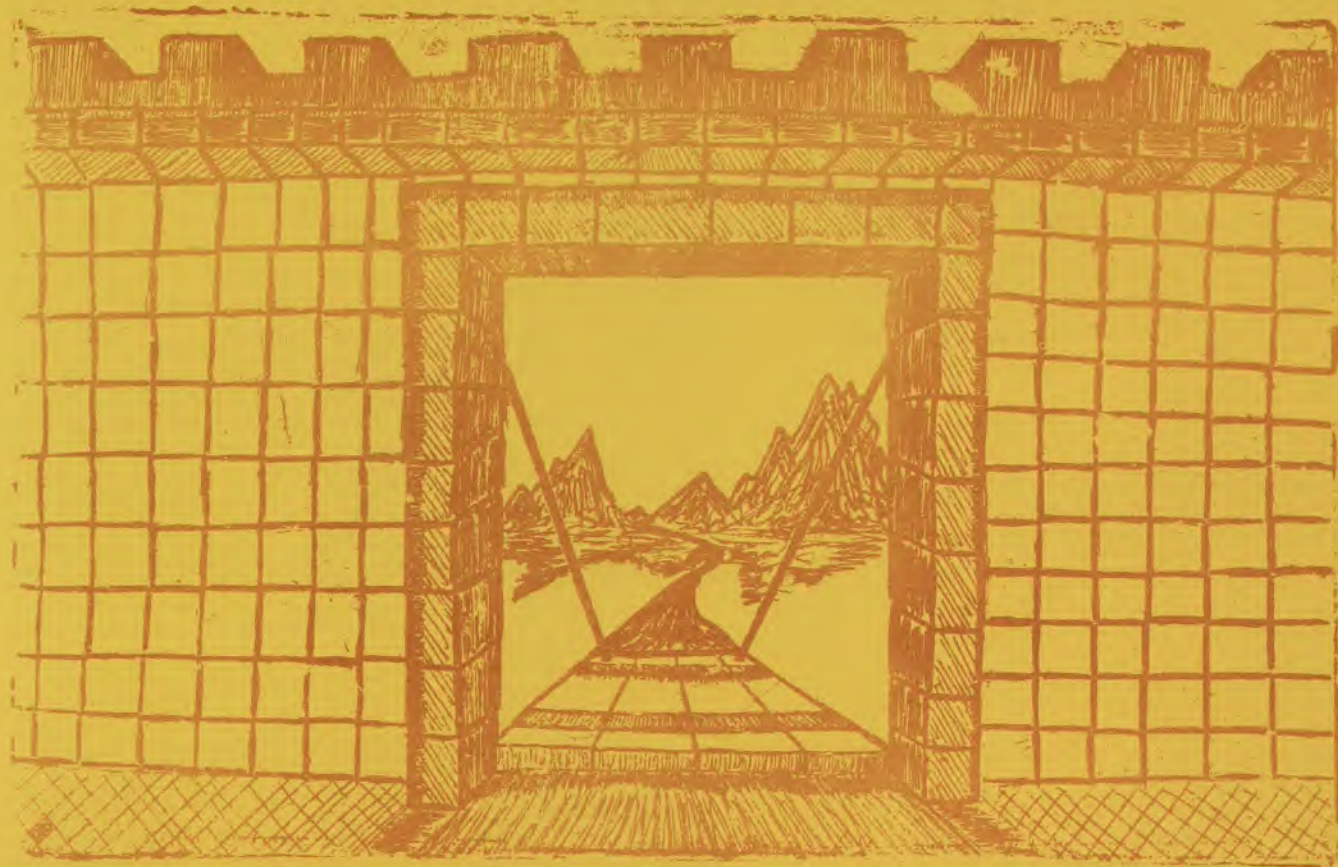
I rode a horse once when I was a kid
Around the rumpled ring we went
Poor beast with his head below his knees -
Must be old and ready to die, I heard
They do that on a cowboy movie
But we went out and down the traveled path,
And I led him, 'cause he was so tired
And he stopped to eat a dandelion.

I didn't know horses did that.
There was a tick in his ear, but I didn't tell
him that, 'cause he wanted so much to have
dignity.

He'd learned the vices of man
And now he couldn't be wild again.
So I just loved him.

We walked back and our feet clomped on stone.

--Ray Harris



GATEWAY

--Dean Styles

HAPPINESS

The gift that I do give freely away,
I never shall receive.
It seems the die of fortune planned
To give me no reprieve. . . .
And, upon this lonely road,
I must take my stand
And carry my own brow creased load,
Without a friendly helping hand.
Cold Hope! My lonely sky is gray;
Be it damned to stay this way?

--Woody Olson



Bonny Mendenhall



John Haislip

NATURE

Nature where can I find your essence and touch your beautiful face?
You change your face from summer's pure green into the multi-colored
complexion of autumn, which gives way to black bark and weeping limbs,
all bending and breaking under the cold breath of winter.

O, Mother of earth, I perceive your being and just as I reach out to
touch your face, you are gone. Your spirit encircles everything, and
quietly paints pictures of peace on the walls of my soul.

Nature, are you my mother? Am I your seed? Did you cast me into my
mother's womb? Nature, are we one?

I ponder your artistry with my eyes, I listen to you rush around the
corners of the sky, and smell your sweet perfume as morning glories
awake and kiss the dew.

Nature, whose face I feel is my own, whose spirit is embodied within
me? How also can I explain why you elevate me so?

O, Nature, I cannot perceive you completely, for I cannot completely
perceive myself.

--Paul Hildreth

someone swims

slowly, surely

surreptitiously, snake-like

Sea shores suspect some subtle something.

--Bucky Hooker



--Marty Adams

THAT WHICH REMAINS HIDDEN

Why do you disturb us so?
Have we not done as you would have?
Have we not preached and proclaimed?
Have we not loved, and forgiven?

You said your yoke was easy,
And your burden light.
Yet we have found it,
As a burden not for us alone.

Where are our crosses,
That we were to bear.
Have we not left them in temples,
So cold and empty?

Thou art light and truth,
Yet our eyes seem blind.
Blinded by the darkness of our hearts,
Longing to see Thee, yet, without.

These doors we knock upon,
Seem not thine own.
But those of our making,
Those of our own,

Yet we would,
To be released,
From this tormented place,
We have found.

But by thee O Lord,
Can we see.
Yet our hands fall open,
Only to lose that which you give.

You have said to love. . .
Yet we know you not.
To lay down our life. . .
Yet too proud.

You call us your friends,
Yet we know you not.
We fail to see what has been brought,
For we only sit and watch.

Between the coming and going we try,
But in vain. . .
For when we stand, we stand alone,
Forsaking thee, dismissed as thine own.

The fruit of our trees,
Seems never to be born.
When in anguish we fail,
To believe. . .

Where are the mountains,
That we are to move.
We seem never to decide,
Far too busy to take the time.

The body and blood,
That you did give.
Becomes but lost and spilled,
Upon the altars we build.

You disturb us Lord,
For in want and need,
We can find no reason
For Thy choice.

Though we try in vain,
To erect great schemes,
This acceptance, not deserved,
We fail to see Thy choosing us.



For a moment Lord we see Thy choice,
Only to find it lost again,
Beneath the shadow,
Of Thy most holy cross.

--George R. Sinclair



--Margaret Myers

SUN'S GOING DOWN

Day's end; seeing afternoon pulling the shade of darkness after it.
The sun takes the coolness of day in hand and walks it into the
corners of noon.

The feeling of summer seems to cling to the earth, holding onto the
light of day, not wanting the bright colors to fade into shadows.
The yearning of the heart for the untouched scenes of beauty, to
touch them with its calm love and grasp the moment forever.

The cloudy corners of the sky display the deepest of pinks and mellow
oranges, as colored shafts of light pierce the fluffy face of the clouds.
The hawk flies and dives in the quiet solitude of the sea blue sky.
Shimmering waters twinkle as the last rays of sunlight float across
its cool surface.

The hush of twilight time makes me speechless.

I stand in awe of the passing beauty.

My spirit mounts wings and follows the dreams of yesterday into
the mist filled valleys of moonlight.

- Paul Hildreth

art, Jim Millis



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Volume XIII
Spring 1975

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