



Apogee 1977



A P O G E E S T A F F

Jenny Spencer, Editor
Ed Grandpre, Assistant Editor

Becky Brown, Art Editor
Dr. James Stitt, Advisor

Dedication

I once said that I believed in the potential creativity on this campus. The poetry, prose, and fiction writers as well as the artists and photographers need an outlet for this potential. I believe the Apogee is not just an outlet; an overwhelming number of contributions demands that quality material be printed.

I would like to thank my staff for such diligent work-- Patti, Bec, and Ed for their help and advice; Dr. Stitt for his unusual determination, support, and involvement; and Mrs. Emily Sullivan and Dr. Jim Helgeson for their time and quality judgment.

Jenny Spencer

First Reading Committee

Patti Posten
Kathy Wolfe
Kendalle Bzdek
Chip Aldridge
Mike Ingram

Second Reading Committee

Mrs. Emily Sullivan, Publications Committee
Dr. Jim Helgeson, High Point Arts Council
Jenny Spencer, Editor

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Charles Mounts Award

"Living an Ordinary Life in an Apartment with Beige Carpeting"

After considerable thought
And thoughtful consideration
I've come to the conclusion
That life is meant to be lived alone
Or, possibly with a large, fluffy cat
That can change its own litter box
And refuse to be petted.
And maybe a couple of teflon frying pans
A small one for eggs
And a large one for when David comes over.

A shelf of books might be nice
As long as they are paperbacks
Nothing one would feel obliged to read.
And let's see,
A bottle of aspirin
And two chairs
A small one for putting clothes on
And a large one for when David comes over.

A six pack of beer
A six pack of coke
And a small black and white T.V.
For when they land on Mars
Or when they shoot somebody more important than a
senator
And maybe even when they show Frenchman's Creek
with Joan Fontaine.

And three glasses
One for me
One to keep pennies in
And one for when David comes over.

A plant might be O.K.
Something small and green
That doesn't need any sun or water
And won't make the cat sick if she eats it.

That's about it.

Except for maybe a roll of paper towels.

Tom Cope

ON THOUSAND CRANES

Michael Ingram

delights waver
on the morning air
sweet are the sounds
the sun makes rising

in the east my bustle
is left behind
i step onto a land of
billions and hear but
the morning sounds.
a single bloom greets
my eyes, and i know
how tired i am, how i
must look.
it doesn't mind,
but floats alone in
a painted bowl
blown from shore to shore
by a garden breeze.
the smell of rain comes
softly from the house
at back, the breeze leaves
me with the fresh salt
and returns with the
faint sickly smell of mold.
somewhere i heard
they have caves over here.

exquisite figures dance
playfully on my cup
grains settle to the bottom
in a pattern of my life.
wise men say
they know over here--

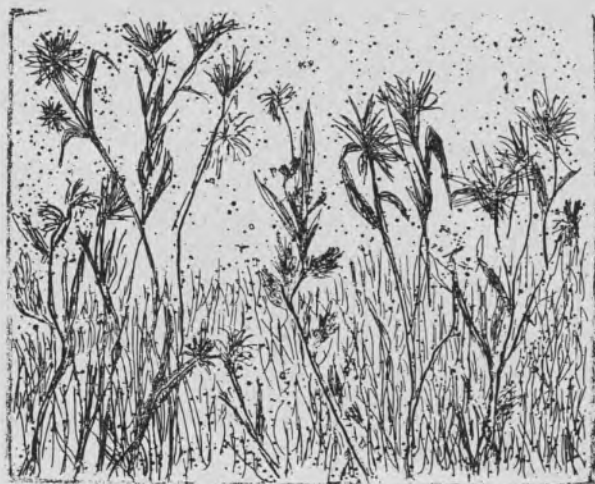
long flowing dresses and
long flowing hair hide
the breasts i long to see.
in modesty
they cover the breasts
white and creamy--
but i can see as she bends
to serve tea
ancestors painted on jars--
ceramic jars very fine
said she, i nod
still looking
at her breasts.

three hundred years
has passed this through
my family
i look at the pot
the ceremony
the mats
the wall
the skin, fair, yet dark
the eyes
the hair, dark, very dark
i knew she was passed down
the image of purity
through the years.
the flower has drifted
to another shore.

we learn from you said i
she bowed her head in
modesty.
it is not good for
a young woman
to be so forward said she

rain fell
on the scented garden
it is late, i must leave
said i
she bowed, as though
i were something.

the rain fell
and strangers ran
horns beeping
and traffic.
paper walls hide more
than we think
i looked back
my house
was there
was gone.



Harold

3/11

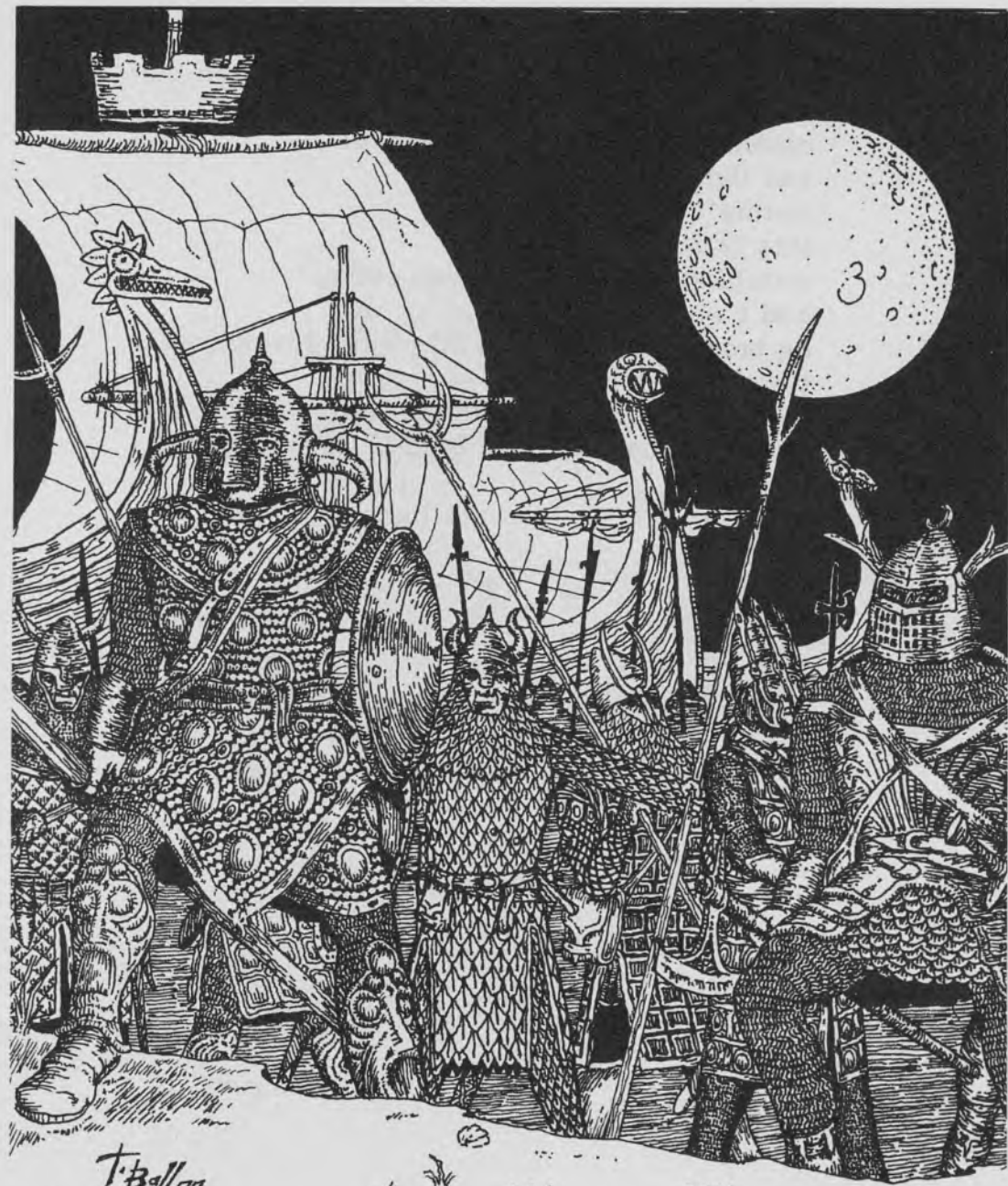
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THE BISHOP
(from "The Chess Set")

The Bishop
cuts across the board,
shouting rosaries
and bible stories,
tossing holy water
onto every square,
so those who dare
to step
will fall.

Cutting across the board again,
saving souls of pawns,
and hearing final confessions
of pieces
that are falling
from the game.

Edward Grandpre



T. Ball 77

LOVE OF A WOOD-NYMPH

cleansing oneself after the meal
and then stopping to occupy
mother's favorite chair...
this is no ordinary cat
watching me with a curious stare
and I watching you
as brown streaks in an otherwise black coat
turn blond--
but for your proud indifferent air
I might trade you in as gold

Michael Ingram



OF OLD AGE AND SUBWAYS

Seated in the blue and green reserved-for-elderly-or-
disabled-person's seat
Was a shrunken body and head,
Of frame once tall.
An unusual (organization)
Colored him of the old order:
Green shirt, tweed green jacket,
Slick green trousers, nylon green socks,
Silky green tie, green green hat.
All matched. Color coordinated.
The subway rattled and shook
 rattled and shook and stopped
And the old man filed his teeth,
Each plate with the other,
Between a low conversation he held with himself.
The bent cane held by his green and brown spotted hands
Bobbled there, there, tiny unconnected jerks,
Up and down at no apparent jostle due to subways.
The metallic-elastic watchband,
Glued to his dwindling wrist,
Was not gold, but green-gold.
Standing to leave,
I dared look in his face
And noticed it, too,
Was turning green.

Sylvia Welborn

MATTHEW 11:28

Come to me
When you have tried your hardest and failed
I will be your strength

Come to me
When you have been misunderstood and deserted
I will be your friend

Come to me
When you are weary and have no shelter
I will be your home

Come to me
When you are dizzy from trying to decide and
cannot choose
I will be your guide

Come to me
When you have done what you should not have
and cannot escape it
I will be your forgiveness

Come to me
When everything has lost its purpose and nothing
seems worthwhile
I will be your life

Rick Brown

Failure inscribed in records civil,
A statistic buried in an avalanche
Of multitudinous others similar and dissimilar,
Exposing fragility --bespeaking shatteredness
born of evil.

O' yez, O' yez, summons to enter,
In session--out,done--undone,
Uncoupling couple, dehumanizing humans,
Cordial on the edges--painful
at the center.

Brief moments terminating interminable years,
Name and status simply stated,
Defendant present dutiful, plaintiff beautiful,
Freedom or debility granted
without celebration--or tears.

Aftermath of silence, nothing spoken,
Nothing more would be, could be,
Finis writ large on hearts once yearning
for something that never was,
Children of innocence--broken.

Dr. Vance Davis



"never the choice"

oh, it's much more
the exception
than it is the general rule

when we start out
playing the clown...
and end up being the fool.

And the winds
that pass
my window,
have all been here before....

But with the changing
people,
it's the wind I ignore.

And the questions left unanswered
would be better left alone
for the answers to your problems
are things
that will never be told.

Sweet soft song of fortune
dry away my tears
and leave me all alone,
to fight the other fears.

I'd rather be the exception
than ever the general rule.
And I've never had the choice between...
playing the clown
and playing the fool.

Chip Aldridge

JANUARY SEVENTEEN

Gary Gilmore died today--
five bullets save one
fired from the guns of anonymous
volunteers--collecting "easy" pay.
Self-righteous among the critics see
perchance a different sin,
if they as wife or kin
knew Bennie Bushnell equally.
Perspectives viewed relatively.

Gary Gilmore died today--
death in lieu of life;
within the limitations of bondage,
thanatos--avenue of freedom's foray.
Whiskey substituted for the Coors intact,
while lover languished in final truth,
Secenol having failed its intended use
of fulfilling love's suicidal pact.
Absurdity strips its legal mask.

Gary Gilmore died today--
the end of existence marred
by vile and bloody deeds wrought
as unsuspecting fellow-prey.
Not the fibre of which saints are made,
or heroes born, or martyrs died;
the murderer of one, of a second untried,
small deserves pious accolade--
A conscience prohibiting charade.

Gary Gilmore died today--
Dominus vobiscum
Et cum spiritu tuo.
intonations exchanged without delay.
Sensitive souls pained at history's repetition;
justice, deterrent, eye-for-eye,
hollow sounds wave good-bye
to the remains of human indignation.
God pity man's imposition.

Dr. Vance Davis



SILENT IS THE NIGHT

Silent is the night.
No human voice speaks
no graveyard spirits groan
So silent is the night
that I wake to the
deafening quiet
Black is the night.
No streetlight glimmers through a curtain
no firefly jets across the undertaker sky
So black is the night
that it pounces upon
me, its prey
Strangling is the night.
No handprints left
no noose discovered
So strangling is the night
that my screams cannot come
Vengeful is the night.
No restraint is given
no pity is shown
So vengeful is the night
that I quickly quiet in
its death-grip, thinking:
"How quiet, peaceful now!
How silent is the..."

Myra Williams

"you wander through my mind"

You wander through my mind

Like the sun behind clouds

Fading in

Fading out

Yet always there

Find somewhere else to wander

This cloud doesn't like the heat

It tarnishes my silver lining

Rebecca Butler

"Desert of dirt"

Crawling through a desert made of dirt, the sunshine never broke through the black haze that hung so heavily above it, and when the hot winds stirred you'd choke on the filthy brown clouds that churned slowly around you.

But some lived there who breathed the dirt. Lean, wild-eyed, clenched fists, bearded traders who'd sell you visions of clear lakes and sunshine in return for your eyes. Old fat peddlers drooling through warped smiles smeared on their grainy faces, who'd shove in your face pictures of women twisted 'round camels at the price of your hands. Hooded, shadowy merchants with serpent quick hands who'd coax you with promise of flying carpets for the loss of your feet.

Into this desert walked the Shepherd, one who neither choked nor breathed the dirt; and the clouds that surrounded him left no mark on him; and the dealers of the desert had nothing to offer him. He found you suffocating and breathed into you his breath of life, opened your eyes, washed your hands, strengthened and directed your feet. The Shepherd guides you through and (the Shepherd) will lead you out, to a land where the sun shines freely, where the waters are clear and real, and where the air is clean and abundant.

Rick Brown



INDIAN PRIDE

LOU PENRY

UPON TAKING THE GRADUATE RECORD EXAM 12/11/76

Sylvia Welborn

Tracing and coloring
Minute flat eggs of lead gray,
Birthed of my brain,
On computer-orange printed paper.

Little flat eggs, side by side
Line by line
Column by column
Become little flat stones,
Laying a path for
Days yet unlived.





