

APOGEE



A magazine of poetry and photography

'80

APOGEE, No. 18, Spring, 1980

High Point College
High Point, North Carolina

Editor

Greg Norris

Advisor

John Moehlmann

First Reading Committee

Greg Clark

Doug Hall

Robin Henson

Kathy Horvath

Gina Marlette

Second Reading Committee

Karen Pool, High Point Arts Council

Shirley Y. Rawley, Department of English

Greg Norris

Judges for Photography

Raiford Porter

Jane Burton

Karen Reed, High Point Arts Council

CONTENTS

Lisa D'Micci, <i>Photograph</i>	4
James Grose, <i>Mae's Boy</i>	5
Greg Clark, <i>Process Haiku</i>	7
Nancy Rivers, <i>Trains</i>	7
Lisa D'Micci, <i>Pages</i>	8
<i>Writer's Threat</i>	8
<i>Photograph</i>	9
<i>Depot: 2 A.M.</i>	9
<i>Dirge of the Crossbow</i>	10
<i>God Should Ban Umbrellas</i>	10
Greg Norris, <i>Any Questions?</i>	11
Raymond Petrea, <i>The Eternal Lesson</i>	12
Kim Darden, <i>Untitled</i>	13
Edythe Mentasana, <i>Photograph</i>	14
Laura Whitesel, <i>Remnants*</i>	15
<i>Untitled</i>	16
John Moehlmann, <i>Driving into Atlanta at Dusk</i>	17
William Deleeuw, <i>New York Bump and Grind</i>	18
<i>Mrs. Grundy</i>	18
Marion Hodge, <i>Murray on His Third Wife, the Redhead</i>	19
Edythe Mentasana, <i>Photograph</i>	20
Chip Aldridge, <i>Ceremonies of Leaving*</i>	21
<i>Some Women</i>	23
Mirisa Firpi, <i>Photograph</i>	23
Teresa Venuto, <i>Photograph</i>	24
Chip Aldridge, <i>Laurie</i>	25
<i>Apple Slicing</i>	26
<i>Untitled</i>	27
CONTRIBUTORS	28
EDITOR'S NOTE	28

**The Second Reading Committee judged this poem as an Honorable Mention for the Mounts Award.*

AWARD FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCELLENCE



CHARLES EUGENE MOUNTS AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE

Mae's Boy

I.

The hogs aren't eating -
Been raining too much to plow -
Ves Rodgers blew his head off two days ago -

Squirrels have been working overtime -
The bulbs are still underground -
He did it about four in the evening; a note was left -

Ash Wednesday was a week ago -
Our organist excels at Mozart -
They say he thought about it all day over a case of beer -

Undertakers tell barren jokes -
The youth still giggle in the balcony -
Shotgun to the temple's unequivocal -

It'll be warm and dry soon -
The well-bred plan spring parties -
Ves never planned -

Let spring come -
My sin needs turning under -
But a shotgun to the temple's unequivocal -

II.

The store pops and blazes with familiar faces:
that man delivered the sermon at our Christmas campfire bash;
there's the hounddog employee who loves to look at ladies -
he remembers me -

Christmas music plays
 a lovely lady sings off key -
 as she feels for her husband's okay -
 he beats her to it -

I understand things are happening tonight -
 just as they were last year when Ol' Ves Rodgers was here
 to buy a coupla cases -

They threw him in jail that night -
 for walking on his hands -
 he claimed to be looking up dresses -
 I know better -
 anyway he was drunk -

I leave to find Heraclitus' cave -
 Somewhere there's a fire -
 I bet those gypsies are peddling mountain nymphs again -
 Ves said they would -

III.

Circling the barn and looking for fun as Ves Rodgers did -
 Sunday a year back -
 Can you help me out of these briars?
 Ol' Ves, good man, glad you came -
 Give me a lift into the window -
 I'll climb to the second floor and stand lookout -
 Say she was lying on her back under the oak a year ago -
 I bet she's around -
 She must be something -
 Nobody's seen her but you -
 I believe you; don't leave -
 DON'T LEAVE !!!

PROCESS HAIKU

- I. A flame in the sky;
An old stone in the desert
Living a new life.
- II. A mushroom explodes;
A grey mist cloud disperses-
New grey dots in spring.
- III. Leaf falls in water;
Ripples bend light on minnows-
Old fish is looking.

NANCY RIVERS

TRAINS

the handrail's braille is worn smooth
and speechless.
only footsteps wait in the cracks
and chinks of scattered stone steps.

mute neon blinks
a yellow cat, taunting
it chases the shadows.

the coffee-stained grin
nods. the praying does not
stop as our groaning
comes, pushing against the dark.
it swallows the dusk.

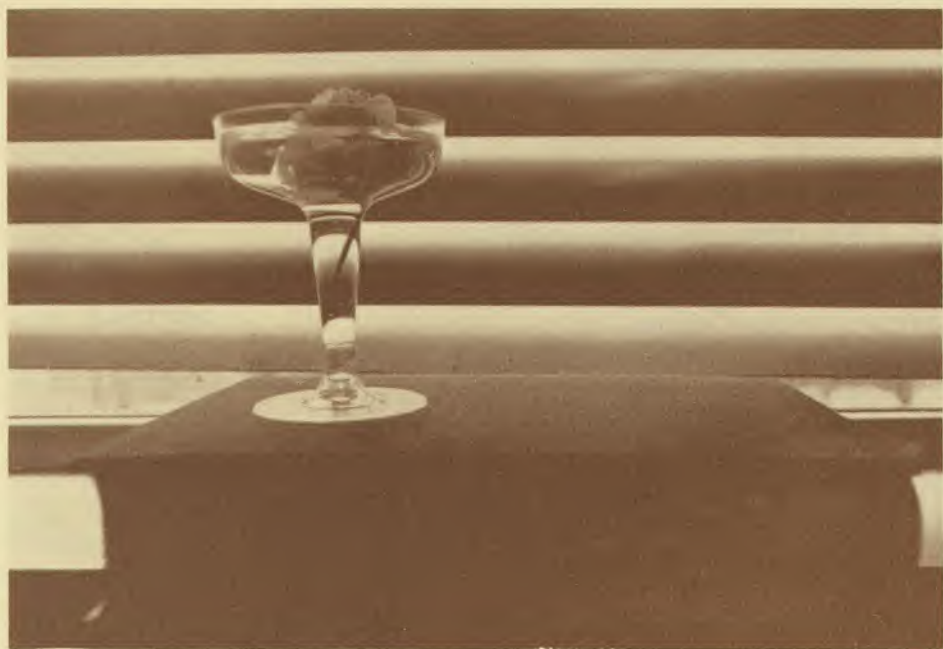
afraid to blink I sleep
listening
counting the cars, the whistle
dims.
the fading wail stains my bed.

PAGES

they found him swinging
above his desk,
feet touching pages
that once filled the notebooks
of a student audience.
the belt around his neck
took him to a self-wished other world,
past the administrative gasps
and student gawkings,
past the echoing lecture hall
and bookfilled study
and beyond that institution of knowledge.
his most important lesson was given that day
without a single enunciation
and everyone listened.

WRITER'S THREAT

stay my friend
and don't anger me,
for i'll get even
not mad,
and burn you on this page,
boil you in my ink,
and reduce you to
an insignificant paragraph
with one sweeping hand.



DEPOT: 2 A. M.

the pinpoint of light
grows into a piercing eye,
resounding somewhere
within a loud WHA-A-A-Ah,
echoing off buildings and walls,
magnifying its presence
while wind blasts
and the chinka-chinka-chinka
of the tracks engulfs the moment.
light, gusts, blasts, clicks-
all gone,
and only a few tittering, twirling
pieces of paper swirl in the dust
as God's organ plays its traveling song
into the darkness.

DIRGE OF THE CROSSBOW

hang down your head
with the weight of the bird.
the knot seems to grow tighter
as the sky presses back
against the wings
that no longer spread
but dangle in lifeless captivity.
prisoner of the arrow
it is said you will reap
and so it may be.
about the neck of the living,
the neck of the dead.
the albatross cries no more.

GOD SHOULD BAN UMBRELLAS

billowing smokestacks
big puffy cloudblacks
raining our deeds
onto our heads.

ANY QUESTIONS? (DEDICATED TO MY FAVORITE PROFESSOR)

Well two plus two
Is four,
Four and four
Is eight . . . ,
Seventy-five and eighty-six
Is two hundred three.
Any questions?

O.K. birds like birds,
Bees like bees.
Mom likes you
And you like me.
Let nature move you
Toward little boys or girls.
Any questions?

The law of physics
Is equal to mitosis.
Coitus is not new,
Nor is it a light switch.
 X^2 is equal to
A full moon.
Any questions?

The lesson was read. The great-grandchild gurgled,
 Not loud, just a little blubber as though
 To nudge our meditation.

Were we about to say she had gone?
 Or, were we seeing how she still lives?
 If we were here to intone her requiem,
 I couldn't tell it.

Her life twinkled in the baby's laugh,
 As we all are woven into eternity's warp,
 With all the children of the Father,
 With the Son and Holy Ghost
 World without end. Amen.

And if someone says her life is done,
 I won't believe it.

KIM DARDEN

Fear nothing so much as

nothingness

As dull, monotonous, mindless

clock-ticking in an empty house

Or the chill when a fire goes out

And the aimless wind whistles through the chimney

like a lost ghost.

Fear nothing so much as

The ashes of a vacant mind.



REMNANTS

Supported by white linen,
wine glasses stood drained
next to four china cups.
None were alike.
Each spotted with blood-drop flowers.
"Coffee?" No thank you.
I'll just drink wine.
Scraping spaghetti sauce from the plates,
the table looked lovely we said.
Our hostess, playing house.
And us--playing company.
Permitted to use the fancy bathroom
Next to the door that leads to the basement.

Subjectless conversation
made us thirsty for more wine
and we drank because the kitchen clock
called obscenities to us.
Our hostess said when she was little
"Her mother used to have parties.
She was always afraid.
She was always serving wine."
Down in the basement
her mother hung herself. Once.
No blood left behind.
Just some odd pieces of china.

*("Remnants" was judged best poem submitted by a
High Point College student at the Phoenix IX
Literary Festival, High Point College, Nov. 16, 1979.)*

UNTITLED

Magical unicorns,
chiming from the wind's impulse,
speak to me in tongues
while I lie in bed.
Do not try to steal him.

Orange thoughts
in candlelight,
with radio songs
played just for me.
Do not try to steal them.

Repulsive grey visions
before I drown in sleep,
of my mind making war
as you sit in a cursed black-leather chair.
Do not try to steal me.

Medieval bird
with paper kite wings
seeks unattainable heights,
still tied instinctively
to an institutionally yellow wall.
Do not try to steal her.

DRIVING INTO ATLANTA AT DUSK

Entering flame

Scarlett's blood

heated and engorged curves

curl into each other as a breast

upon a pillow I pierce

the slowing rhythms

of her belly lit

by a century of women

waiting for wounds

sprawled in love

not in hate are you here

tired and lovely wanting

other arms other soldiers

burning nights in glass shafts

sheets aflame

NEW YORK BUMP AND GRIND

Carnival Lady
Marvelous Shady
flashing eyes of
red for the money
orange for the show
green to get ready and
all let's go
go go-go girls
girls in a row
girls in a show
how does your stardom grow--
with shimey tails
and bosom hails
line up in a row
row row your boat
slinking down the stream
bump and grind bump and grind
life is but a dream. . .
dream. . .dream. . .

MRS. GRUNDY

She scanned the classroom
Like a Nazi periscope
And fired question one.

MURRAY ON HIS THIRD WIFE, THE REDHEAD

Aint seen no other woman
who could do what she could
with a long look out the kitchen window
at the autumn forest,
like she saw somethin' familiar
in the red leaves of the dogwoods,
somethin' like herself, maybe,
a quiet thing rooted to one spot
that still flamed out and made a great show.

But I never said nothin' like that to her,
just watched her lookin' long. . .

And then she'd turn to me
and touch the middle of my forehead
with her forefinger
and run it down to the tip of my nose,
then she'd go off to do somethin'
with both hands stuck in her tore apron pockets,
and I'd just sit there,
pleased with that redheaded woman's smile,
and worried 'bout the way she went into the woods.



CEREMONIES OF LEAVING

I. Affirmation of Night

night pulls dark flannels smoothly across,
seductively, securely.
a bedtime hug followed by a ready-for-sleep sigh
as winds are turned loose again.

in the darkness the winds play --
a sudden wind creaks the house
testing itself against shingles,
saying things through window panes.
a message: "i'm being very kind!"
and "i may one day return,
 angered."

II. Confirmation of Dawn

if more convinced by night's thick flannels,
of the little death i danced,
i might never have awakened
to partake of my rebirth--
as dawn fights that always-battle,
the tug,
and losing pull with day.

then, as such,
i'd miss the ritual.
creed and confirmation set
by some high council
of line sitter-sparrows
always observing and decreeing
when not fulfilling mortal urges
(or what urges sparrows get.)

III. Gloria to Grey

each raiment
mood chosen
liturgically sound.
sky greys
hold most proper solemnity,
right reverence
for a departing.
weather styled for easter morn.
not too bright
for one who's rested tomb-secure
for three days
or more.
not too bright for sleep-stained eyes
or sleep-slow joints.

IV. Anamnesis

lastly the drawing apart.
painful separation.
skin pulls from skin, flesh pulls from flesh.
each step apart a part of the recessional.
pain as could have been predicted in
an-uncalled-for call to worship.

V. Meditation

moving my lonely toothbrush in,
i place it by itself
on its single shelf
kept in solitary order.
where i leave it, it remains
no other hand to bother or touch it.

VI. Nunc Dimittis

the moments themselves say the goodbyes.
those presiding over all this
themselves never leave.
and no further departing words can be said
on the far end of leaving.

SOME WOMEN

some women say the word crap
like shit dripping from their lips,
flipping their complaints and bitching
to the neighbor or the bagboy
like the cigarette riding on their snapping mouth,
and leave great veined kiss prints
on the edges of bitter coffee cups --
trying to brighten the smile that isn't warm.

some women smile for photographs with teeth
clenched tight enough to kill fleas,
and adjust their underwear in public places
for comfort preferred above delicacy --
though they would not dare breathe the word "tit."
some women treat cats like children
and children like dogs
while hoping their husbands will treat them
like something special
and are puzzled when they don't.

MARISA FIRPI





LAURIE: MY FAVORITE STUDY IN SOUTHERN NEUROSIS

she disregards it all
with a turn of her wrist.
from fingers loosely hanging down
to fingers loosely pointing up
(not in defiance - but simple futility)
(not from involvement - but mere inability).
wrist and neck resplendent with lace.
(lace as a guard)
lace she equates
to family protection
extended, intended
in fine southern style
to protect from the unmentionable
(other-side-of-the-track cousins,
crazed maiden aunts,
and old funny uncles)
who were only discussed
at proper and understood
moments which featured
shearings of the seldom-seen darker sheep.
proper and social times,
southern rocking chair dusk times,
white wicker creaking on grey porch boards.
times she didn't have to see faces
just shapes against sunsets
and they didn't see her,
just her sharpe silhouette
intent on the fireflies
(their on and off show)
weaving baskets of light
pale 'cross orchard and hedge
as she disregards whatever displeases
with a turn of her wrist.

APPLE SLICING

take a turn,
out, around, down, under-over.
keds on kids,
charlie browns,
wallabes that can lie
hidden in a father's hand,
many a little brogan
follow, leader led.
soldier, worker, congregation.
games, insane games.
games mocking life.
life full of games.
job leap-frogging job.
worker pinwheeling worker.
one rough denim hand
takes from another.

one printed word tempts another
to pass on the story,
to support the lie,
to wish to die.
one written voice
cries the situation,
cascades the outlook,
fills the ear
feel the fear,
tries to thrill
and often suffocates
the little birds of freedom
with great waves of prediction
in rotting grey-yellow piles
in shiney chrome cages
for dusty housekeepers.

picking to the core
meaningless splurges of jibberish.
skin peeled smoothly from the flesh.
white meat exposed to thirsty air.
staining air, desiring carrion,
hoping for carnage.
sweet dying apple smells
with golden sprays of harvest juice
thrown right and left in archs of crystal droplets
as flashing dimstore stainless steel
cuts thin slice after thin slice to fall
one after the other,
darkening immediately into a rot of hesitation.
under, over.
out, down, around.
following the leader.

UNTITLED

a black horse watches me from a treeless prairie hill
as i chase stormy sunset toward st. francis mission.
slate grey sky topping hills of green rolling after green -
green of wild roses,
and when the roses are gone there are blackberries.
country meant for far better than i.
cliffs of green dropping green upon brown.
blue streams dropping to marshlands of blue-green.
the only nasty gash our lonely asphalt trail
that i lonely follow.
lonely leads lonely
as lonesome night chases lightning behind me.
canvas sky of blue-greys piled on ink-blues
lights with flashes of the colors
that clouds don't show unless inspired by this kind of storm.
firelight lighting the eyes of boys
too full of prairie storm to sleep right now,
or to think of anything like sleeping.
too much upon too much to sleep right now.

CHIP ALDRIDGE, SENIOR CONTRACT STUDENT FROM ELKIN, N.C.
GREG CLARK, SENIOR ENGLISH MAJOR FROM LIBERTY, N.C.
KIM DARDEN, JUNIOR COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
WILLIAM DELEEUW, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
MIRISA FIRPI, FRESHMAN COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM SAN JUAN
JAMES GROSE, JUNIOR ENGLISH MAJOR FROM KERNERSVILLE, N.C.
MARION HODGE, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
EDYTHE MENTESANA, SENIOR COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM DALLAS, TX.
LISA D'MICCI, JUNIOR COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.
JOHN MOEHLMANN, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH
GREG NORRIS, SENIOR BUSINESS MAJOR FROM WILMINGTON, DEL.
RAYMOND PETREA, DIRECTOR OF INFORMATIONAL SERVICES
NANCY RIVERS, SOPHOMORE ENGLISH MAJOR FROM ORLANDO, FLA.
TERESA VENUTO, FRESHMAN COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM MCLEAN, VA.
LAURA WHITESEL, FRESHMAN COMMUNICATIONS MAJOR FROM SPRINGFIELD, VA.

ALL CONTRIBUTORS ARE AFFILIATED WITH HIGH POINT COLLEGE

EDITOR'S NOTE: I am very happy to present this publication to the student body of High Point College. I would like to thank all of those who submitted their works. A special thank-you must go to the following persons: Mr. Raymond Petrea for help with layout; Dr. John Moehlmann for his devoted time, his typing, and his advice; and the High Point Arts Council for allowing two of its staff members to judge submissions and to give advice. *Gregory W. Norris*