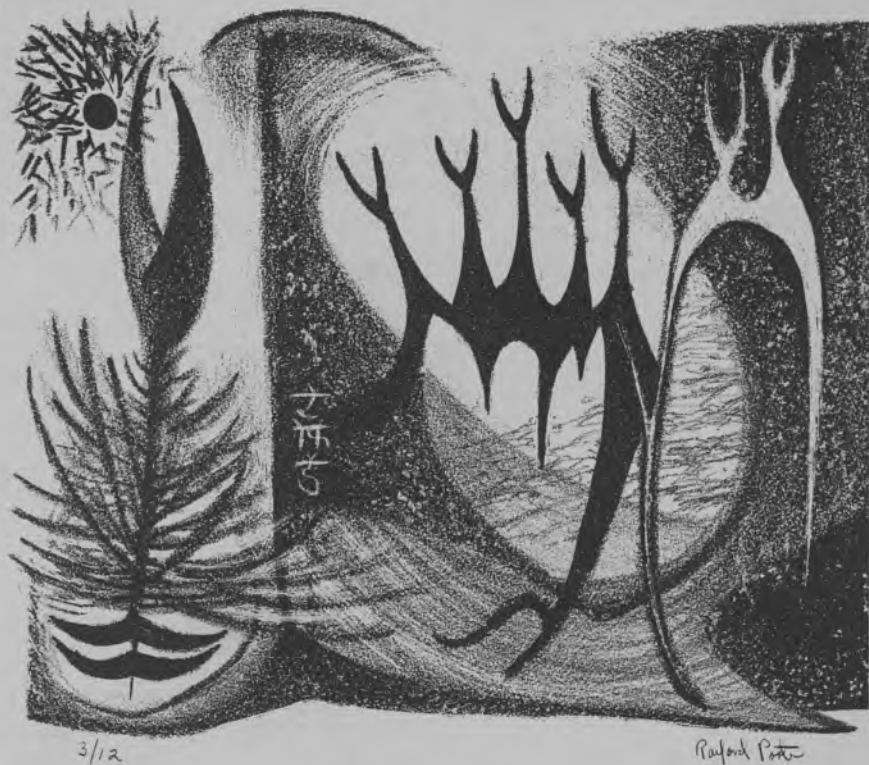


APOGEE



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A magazine of poetry and visual art

'81

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High Point, North Carolina

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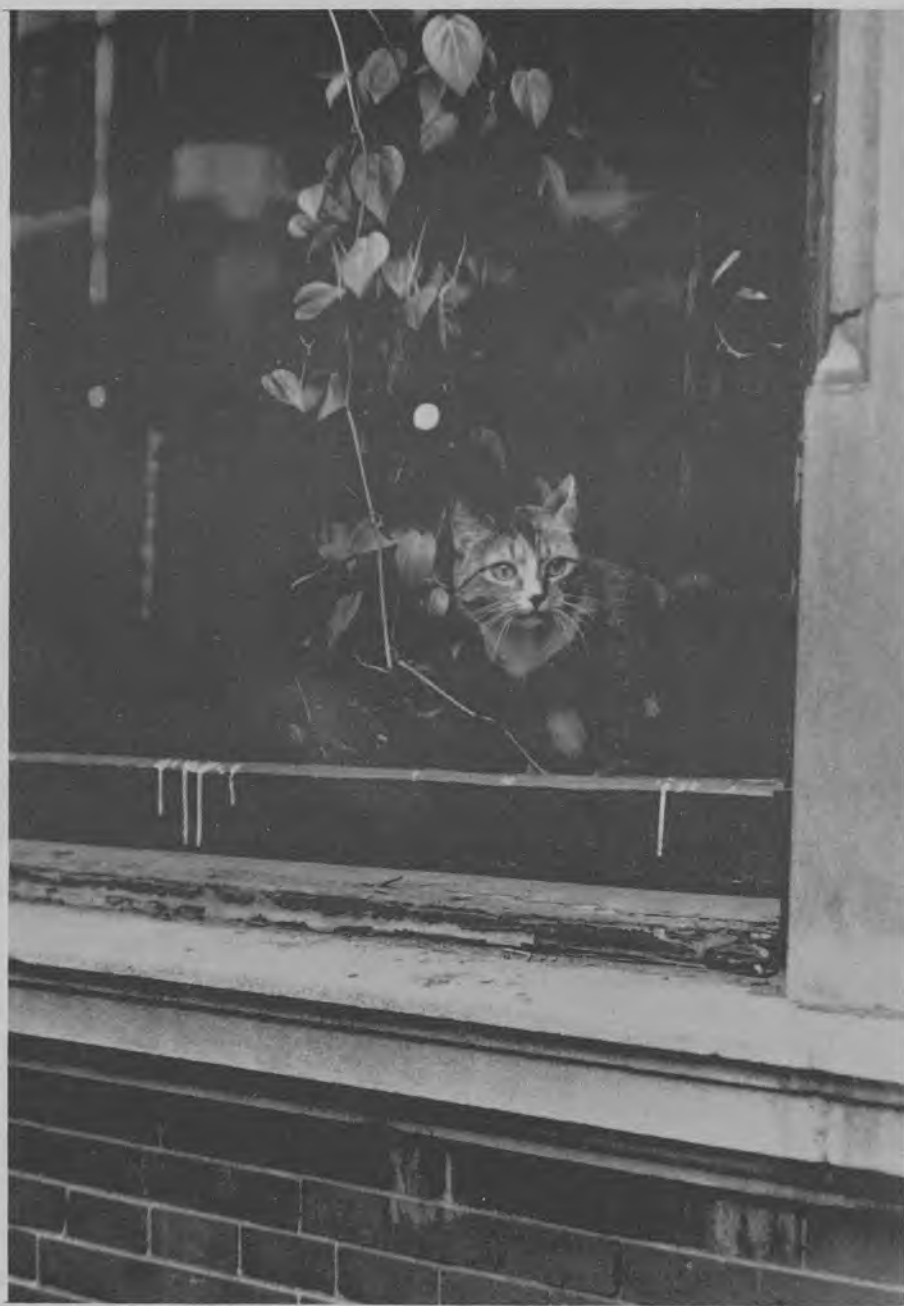
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AWARD FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCELLENCE



-lisa d'micci

CHARLES EUGENE MOUNTS AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE

PARADOXES

When you think of a warm summer's eve
On a secluded shore
Do you glimpse a sun setting
Over the rippling waves-
Or envision a sea
Setting in a sun of ripples?

Answer me, blind man, do you?
When you are near to the world
Do you hear the rainbow of flowers?
Or taste the approaching dawn?

Breathe to me, child
In the mother's womb,
Do you know that the sea swells red
Or the fire flames green?
Even if you did, infant-to-be,
What would it mean?

And you, senile graybeard,
Do you see darkness in the day,
Or warmth in ice?
Do you believe that God is evil?
That Satan shows grace?

God,
Since the wind is your breath,
And rain your tears,
Utter to me Lord-
What do you fear?

-David Patrick Connelly III

FROM WORSHIPING A TREE

Turf altar,
Sacrifice the warmth of your skin
like lamb's blood.
To the age, to the thirst
of the ground.

Dig your thoughts beneath
the roots
and you become the minerals
of its growth,
and you become the minerals
of its strength.

In the psalms of the future
when you are no longer
a part of this--
for you will soon belong
to the woods,
your desire to travel the mountains will cease.
You will be content in all seasons.

Anciently growing,
On the slope of a mountain's hill.

-Laura Whitesel

IN A HALL SOMEWHERE

Echoes made from whispers
that are weaved from sorrows.
Hollow.
Ammonia vapors are polished commercials,
hiding like secrets
on polished floors.

Dancing, dancing. Laughing.
Dragging your clubfoot behind
and dancing further,
further down the hall.
Until our hands fall off.

And we have to embrace each other
with shadows from our eyelashes.
And we lost our hands!
They fell when our memories fell.
Echoes. Hollow echoes
rising from the vapors.
Dancing.
I cannot open the door
with a shadow from an eyelash.

-Laura Whitesel

SERVITUDE

I served him poetry and coffee
at breakfast--Yes, it is
a long time
before it will be dark.

But he said he was scared.
He would not let me promise
to leave a light on at night.
I just brought him more coffee.

And left him to finish.
He always prefers
drinking poetry and coffee
alone.

-Laura Whitesel

OPEN SEASON

Did I ever tell you about
My-Son-Who-Died?
No?
He was young,
A child home alone
And a Hunter shot him.
Stray shot still brutal still dead.
I miss my boy sometimes I miss
The child he was but mostly
Like now
I miss the man he would've been.

Yep.
Ol' E. P.
Just hung his balls
On the wall a trophy for the Hunter.

-Sallie E. Dunlap

BEHOLD

The runner
Sleek racer
Lean and bronze like a god
How well you move
Graceful, agile, muscle rippling into muscle
Young lion with full mane
Buck of eight-point antlers
Proud and mighty
Head held back and high
We meet in an instant, our eyes touching
You move on, thinking I'm left behind
But I go with you
In your stride
Muscle to muscle we move
Gliding sinew
Caressing itself
Thigh to thigh
Till at last you sprint out of sight
And are gone
You disappear
But still you are here
The image of your beauty
Remains with me
And I am pleased
To view it
Again
And again
And again

-Sallie E. Dunlap

DIRTY KITCHEN

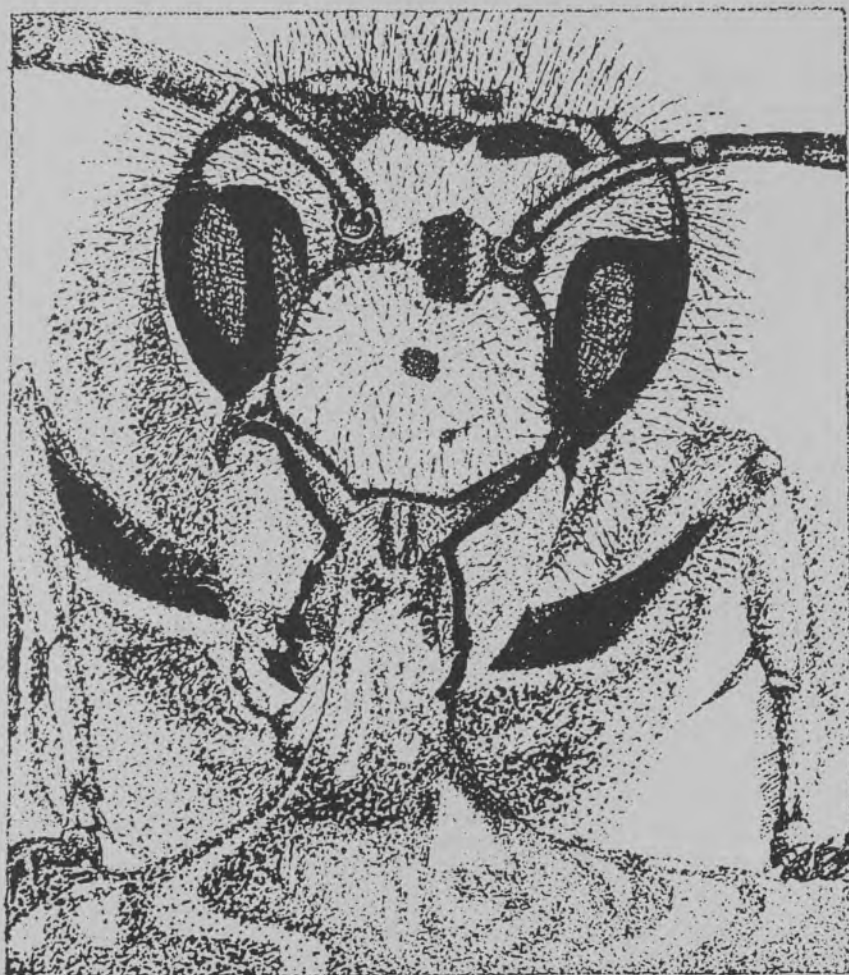
Piles of single saucers have lost their masters.
Their useless cups are chipped and melted to dust.
Plates are left hugging a T.V. set, fused with drugging scum.
Trapping antennae legs wrap around their sexless wastes
While plastic spoons suck food from the fading picture tube.
A blunt knife struggles like a black ant with a crumb
But falls into a drip-stained sink and cracks.
Splashing dirt swirls in the wrinkling water to the
Open drain and a dizzy descent on a dark flume ride.
Yearly rolls of rusty razors are killers;
Brittle brown delicate bones are dying.
They slit the edge of a broken down medicine box.
Empty bottles abused with drips of wick infested wax
That were too soon sent groping.
All vibrates from the plop of a dropping newspaper
And settles with the clank of a departing bicycle.

-Curt Ewing

the cat
softly struts
into the room
 owning it
king over his domain

finding his spot in the sun
he curls
and sleeps
with dreams of tigers
in tall grass
 meow

-Martha E. Vink



-Susan Brown

RAINDROPS BY HAND

my fingers are nearing the edge
sweat
sweet, damp, ephemeral
once you made me cling to you
i needed to hold on to you
or something
but soon your soul was drenched
by too many nights in a storm
or tears
lost somewhere along your highway
and my fingers could no longer grasp your spirit
or open the cage you made specially for me.

even when you carelessly left the key within my reach
i did not fly
i was younger then
my fingers were dry

they're wet now with age
or thoughts or love
with water i can't understand
it doesn't fall from the sky
instead on my head
i'm sorry you feel like an ocean
but raindrops are hard to gather by hand.

-Lisa Davido

THE HOMEMAKING GAME

faded Sunday dress on the floor
beside patent leather
shoes never used or
needed
ribbons strewn about and wrapped
around an old brown bag that used
to be the gathering place for her toy
face
mirror cracked years ago-

baby sits on the dirty floor
somehow,
they always planned to be better at
the homemaking game
but then,
Suzi Homemaker could never compare with Betty Crocker.

her knees are open
and broken
her hair is a mess
even a brand new store-bought dress
won't change her stupid stare.

her house sits above her
it invites her up for tea but
of course she never listened when told how to pour it
perfectly.

-Lisa Davido

MENTAL PURSUIT

lit his cigarette and said
"it's like all the time now, you know
man?"
and i could tell he was a rookie
cause the smoke got in his eye
he flicked bits of logic into the ashtray.
"we live in a world of surrealism, sir"
a modern movement. . .
tough decisions of which brands
deep incisions by shaky hands
slashes of the surgeons from the burgeoning world of. . .
survivorship-
a boat of fools from suburbia
mentally pursuing metal
smiling at little black babies knowing all the time
they must remain little black men
to be smiled at and invited to posh parties as tokens
of esteem and appreciation for one
hundred and
seventy-five years of
service
deception-
mental passive reception merely.

-Lisa Davido

RUMMAGE SALES SHOULD BE NONEXISTENT

Ever really RUMMAGE at an all-too-familiar Rummage Sale?
Digging and searching through a box chock-full of memories.
"Find anything you like, ma'am?"
"Just looking, thanks," comes the reply.
To you it's just junk--or is it?!

there's a rag doll, with no eyes, blind to her high society
tea-party peers,
and a little toy soldier, stripped of his gun, naked, no
longer needed,
the dinner jacket, out of style now, not suitable for
entertaining society,
and the saddle shoes that no longer become your designer
jeans and outfits.

So, you part with the treasures at a very discount price--
But you find the dollars made the sale no easier.
And you know you would trade a year's worth of tomorrows
For one yesterday of a younger, more simple way of life,
complete with the crated, boxed memories, valued dearly
--until now--
Rummage Sales should be banned!

-Kathy Horvath

ANGRY LOVE

Snackbar scene
Out the window
Up the hill
Across the way
Zoom in
Fly on the wall
Back from
Out to lunch
Talking
Meaningless Drive
Tension
Hands in pockets
Maintain distance
Respectable type
Sit on the steps
Opposite sides
Distanced
Respectably
Stand up
Open the door
Go in
Flashback-----

--You make me wish I weren't married

--I know

--You're the best thing that's ever come into my life

--I know

Tension

Hands in pockets

Maintain distance

Respectable type

Cold bitch

Cool smile

Teasing tongue

Calculating eyes

Make him squirm

--Oh God! I want you

--I know

--You're beautiful

--I know

Tension
Clumsy hands
Get dressed
Hurry
Angry bitch
Cruel smile
Cursing tongue
Fiery eyes
Make him hurt
--You used me
--You let me
--I loved you
--I know-----

Come out the door
Get in the car
Drive away
Back across
Down the hill
Through the window
Snackbar scene
Flashback blues

-Sallie E. Dunlap



-Marisa Firpi

CASTLES IN THE SKY

The medieval castle just floats on a
cloud up in the sky
Shades of gray mist cling to its ruined
walls
Where outcasts from the universe dance
to a song no one else can hear

They dance--garbed in white flowing gowns
crowned with lilies flowing through their
golden hair--showing to the sky their light
The people below can't see the beauty and
honesty of the ritual
They live in the mud that creeps through
blackened walls of imprisoned lies
that are freed in a moment of hurt
They live in a different sphere
never trying for the castle in the sky
afraid of its majestic walls

-Judi Williams

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

chrome and glass table
sitting in the sun,
collecting rays
and throwing jagged light
across the room.
no oak.
no mahogany.
chrome and glass,
taking over a soul
that discovers the pleasures
of cement mountains and hurrying streets,
and shoppers and trains and confusion.
a moon gone for neon,
a romantic dying
in modern purge
while thumping non-melodies
call like a mother.
chrome and glass
and you wipe my face
only to see
your own reflection.

-lisa d'micci



CITY IMAGES

I

sun goes behind clouds
shadows lose contrast

II

large woman passes,
girdle swishes by,
breathing so heavy,
fourth piece of pie.

III

sidewalk canine
poops in church courtyard
haunches jerking
bowel disembodiment.

IV

the south--
fried food, sweat,
few horns downtown,
hellos on sidewalk.

V

from the twentieth floor
i am a small dot.
on the sidewalk i am
a passer-by.
in the office i am a desk.
i have learned my insignificance.

-lisa d'micci

DEDICATED TO THE FISH AND WILDLIFE BOYS

I fell into a vortex and got vortexed - Slick Perkins thought a fishing trip would be timely indeed - I agreed -

Beach balls hid on the trip down - We talked King Mackerel - Schlitz beer - Winston smokes -

When we reached Cape Fear - Slick cursed his wife - I said - Man your woman's driving you into the raging deep - He nodded and thought we should eat some fish indeed - I agreed -

At midnight Slick wanted his wife - He said - Let's go to a lounge and talk to women - I looked into his eyes and most certainly agreed -

I agreed to head to where they'd been rumored to strike - But we had no luck - I said - Let's head to where three boats sunk mysteriously - Heck - Fish ain't biting none - nobody'll think nothing of us voyaging into the deep -

Slick agreed but thought we should chug a few beers - indeed - indeed - I agreed - With a Winston hanging from my mouth - I agreed -

Only one came home from the fishing trip - The preacher thought it was bad indeed - I agreed -

I bet ol' Slick's still laughing and laughing and laughing - I bet he's still laughing indeed -

-J. C. Grose III

5th ANNUAL BABER'S MOUNTAIN POETRY FESTIVAL

I took time away
from my son and daughter.
Drove to Richwood, West Virginia,
past Canvas, and Nettie, and Fenwick
to Greenbriar County, the roads narrowing
and narrowing until the high grass
at Baber's farm stopped me.

I photographed for them
drunken poets bobbing for words
in fields of goldenrod,
barefoot girls in red and green tee-shirts,
a pony-tailed banjo picker grinning
through tobacco spit beside them.
Pictures, I thought, of union for reunion.

Toward evening Duke Willis
focused dull eyes on me.
"Back when my daddy sold
his min'ral rights for a sewin' machine
thirteen of twenty-three was still at home.
After grammar school I got my
first hot meal in prison."

Carrie Simpson angled a broken
jaw at me from the shadows.
"Mountaineers ain't always free,"
she said. "The struggle's still here."

When the sky's black cool
pitched down on my arms
I knew no roads led off
Baber's mountain.
I am still here
exposing negatives
and whimpering like a child
in the fatherless dark.

-John Moehlmann

BIRTHPLACE DISCOVERED

They always said it was under the water tank
In a little frame house old when it was new
Standing on a nameless Piedmont street in all
Its expression simplicity

Of being merely a house
With no inside plumbing except a kitchen spigot
That ran cold water into an uncabineted sink
Where clothes and babies and dishes were all washed
By a rheumatic mother.

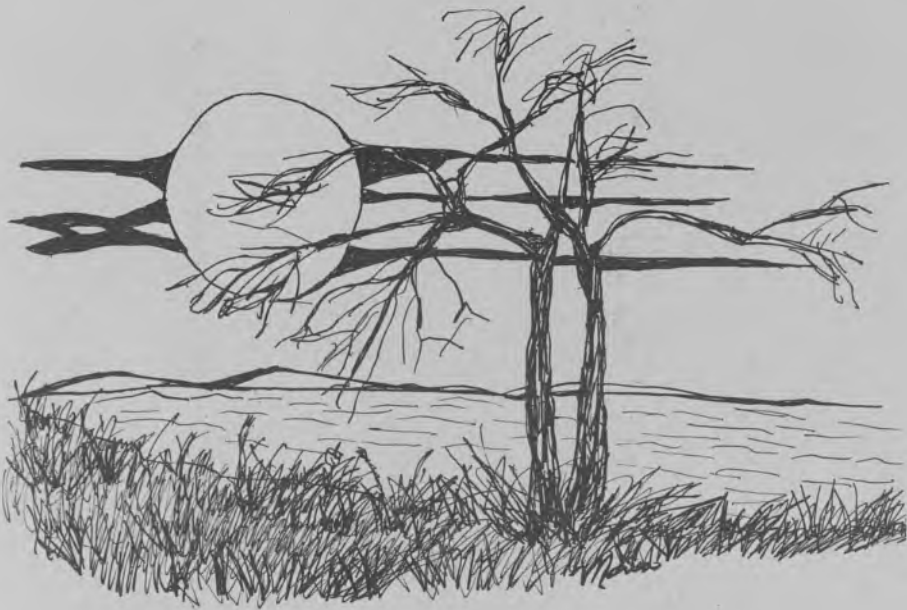
No tree, no grass, no shrub relieved
The poverty of white weatherboard and plain roof
Raised without hope of being more than a shelter
Where workers stopped

Between production shifts.

It stood there in all its monotony to condemn
The one who crippled by his Depression birth
Thought to live with rugs on floors
And insulated walls.

Restless men on virgin shores seek hills unknown.
But we only sat there in the Chrysler -- AC, AT, PB, PS,
My father saying this is where you were born.
We communed but a moment with the monument
And wrote finis finally on the screens of our minds
By turning away in silence
From a poor worn house
Under the High Point water tank.

-Raymond A. Petrea



-Marisa Firpi

CREEK WATER REFLECTION

Time was when the air was green
as light shown through a forest canopy lid,
and I was innocent in my being.
Young and ignorant into life I slid
like a turtle down a mud stinking bank
into the cold water of the unknown.
The shock at first touch I drank
till accustomed to the cold, I'd grown
indifferent to its sharp edge.
And this I called knowledge.

-Fred Yeats

TEACHING

In passages loosely rhymed
and flowing in easy time
my ego's fulfilled and I chime
to all who must listen
my thoughts on matters
of nature and matters
of discrete intellectual chatters
which innocent novitiates must christen.

-Fred Yeats

MY SONG

A song played
through the stereo headphones
and stirred me,
waking me
from sleep it left me
shivering
in fear
with an unshared rapture.
Reverberating through time
and my being,
I'm sure now
it was a plagiarism
of songs gone before.
Sharing notes
and timing,
in tune
with the music I am,
it became a part
of me,
as it was a part
of whoever was before me.

-Fred Yeats

ROCK COLLECTING

(In a brief Lecture, the Rock Hound Tells the Novice How)

To begin, learn well the Love-Laws:
"Never move a rock, and never break one."

No turning and rolling, please;
those rocks were not strewn by some unconcerned hand;
no boy carelessly threw these things away;
each rock was placed where it belongs on the hill--
each is a tabernacle in a holy grove ringed by sacred spirits.
You know how to see all sides at once;
you know how to come up from underneath and look with earth-eyes.

You do not need a hammer;
you know what is inside the rock--squeeze in there--
don't shoulder the gods aside; enthrall them with a graceful
pirouette.

Now, you may note color and texture,
and if it is, at last, too close, too confining in there,
slip between the molecules, dive between the atoms:
then you will be where you are now,
in the midst of the Stone, searching for Stones
(see those stars and planets--how far apart they are?)

-Marion C. Hodge

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