



Bonnie G. Hannah

APOGEE '85

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Editors:

Lisa Mann
Susan Warrick

Staff:

Dan Metivier

Advisor:

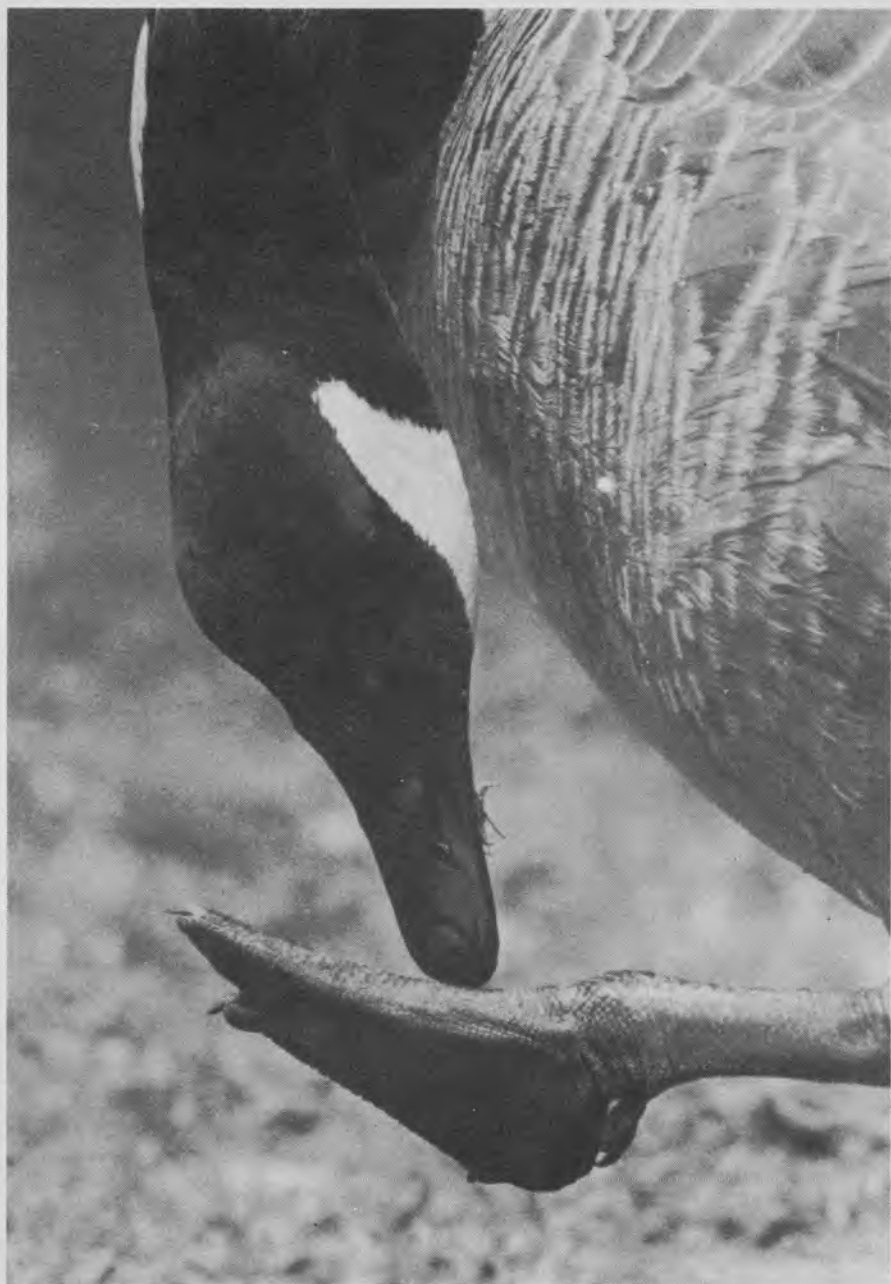
John Moehlmann

Cover Sketch by:

Bonnie Hannah, Winner of Award for Artistic Excellence

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Award For Photographic Excellence

All American Caroline Hitchcock

Where are they going, those brave ones
Who believe graffiti and knuckle under
to steel and granite dreams,
Who have known joy for ten seconds before
Their moon-ringed reveries
are sawn asunder?

They thought they'd be heroes
Mom said,
But one out of five tried Captain Video
And had to find out that guy
Wasn't nothing but dead
Wood in a burned out forest.

Well then, I'll dig in that
Gold lined box and find a
Rubber raft with no holes
Said the one
Whose soccerball and tennis racket
Got lost on the freeway
Of blurred and worn-out roles,

I'll drift on down to Sammy's Pawnshop
For some cold blue powder in
a silver nugget so I
Can play cowboys and indians with
me
As the good guy who comes up on top.

But everybody's gone to the Superbowl
Looking for Joe Namath and the Galloping
Ghost,
Some even went to Paris in plastic
airplanes and found a heavenly
host,
Who looked like a cross
Between St. Peter and Mickey Mouse.

It's you and me kid he said to
The mirror that had cracked
into thirty-two pairs of friendly eyes
That shouted rah-rah and told him
You really are a hero,
So,
How's about a game of Russian roulette?

The Juggler
Mike Keller

So
you're caught again
teasing
playing
juggling my heart
Can't play long
you were bound
tied
ready to be found
juggling with others
just playing the game
to win
or lose
but still it's no use
you'll always fail
always be found
be caught
juggling my heart
juggling others
juggling life
someday
you'll learn

Miss Emma
Tony Baity

In an upstairs project room, a room lit with gray,
waits a woman for empty veins,
veins empty of all but pain,
Her frail body
bought and sold,
A slave in
the city-

In an upstairs project room, a starving woman eats,
A feast bought with a welfare check
of powdered eggs and milk.
Spoonfed from a foil bowl
into a black syringe-

In an upstairs project room, in a mirror on the wall,
Cast in glass, a woman's weak reflection,
Dusty, cracked, promises-lies of the past.
But in clear view are her eyes
and Miss Emma's face,
of craggy
white
cranium
and
veins
filled
with
the
city's
crushed
bones.

Futility
Dan Metivier

An old man passed away today
and no one even cares-
A kind old man-battered and torn,
worn out by all the years.

He used to walk the streets all day
with a black, toothless smile-
wearing a hold-punched overcoat,
twenty years out of style.
Gray and inlaid with aging wrinkles-
eyes which saw no light;
hardened joints barely moved-
he shuffled on through life.
Fifth and Prospect was his home,
he slept on a wooden bench;
a *New York Times*, if the wind blew strong,
(or a bag to protect his head).
He saw four wars, and fought in two,
his walk was his only proof;
a purple heart, dull and damp-
a cane to help him move.

A poor old man died today
and no one even cares-
he'll go on to a better life...
he'll get his just deserts.



Untitled
Lisa Mann

Alone she sits on bench
Slouching as if years remove dignity
Shoulders covered in faded blankets
Feet hidden inside used shopping bag
Valuables held close--moth-eaten mittens,
bent umbrella, chipped mug
Birds welcome scattered crumbs
Flying off as pocket empties
Alone, she sits

Untitled
Susan Warrick

Back when
you could buy
a Pepsi-cola
and a sure-to-crack-your-teeth gumball
for a nickel...

we used to gather around the radio
and watch Silver and Tonto fight the Germans
for the man
we never saw.

the men with the T-cars
and the big-bellies
said the war would be over soon
and we could eat something
besides potatoes
and biscuits.

we stayed in the fields
until our hands bled
wheat and cotton
but the masked man who owned the land
said wheat was too expensive
for our mouths
and the cotton would scratch
our backs.

Maybe someday
when the war's over
and we can eat again
they'll cut down the wheatfields
and feed them to the man
with the cotton underwear.

Jurisprudence
William DeLeeuw

She should reign,
above all,
above all

So no one or
no mind
dare act
nor,
above all,
mind
anyone
claiming the rain
as justice
or the verdict
of the sun
as wisdom.



The Fair
Mary Gagner

Cotton Candy

Bubble gum bubbles

soaking

into

the

skin.

Upside down smiling screams

sitting up

deep

drawn

breaths of air.



The Ballet *Terry Schroth*

The lights blink and then dim, the curtains quiver and rise
the music engulfs you, the present slides by.
You drift into a world of beauty and grace
where words go unspoken as dancers take their place.

From a deep fairy mist the dancers appear
gliding about as the mist starts to clear.
The story unfolds, expectations rise,
the dancers ignite and the music complies.

As bright clouds of netting spin in front of your eyes,
a smile breaks your face and you hear yourself sigh.
You forget where you are, you lose track of time,
you're enveloped in color, music, and mime.

Excitement, sorrow, and love are portrayed
by plie, jete, and pas do boure.
Years of training are put to the test
so that you and I can see only the best.

All of a sudden, a dancer takes flight.
You gasp in awe, overwhelmed by the sight
of a single figure suspended in time,
whose human nature is briefly divine.

You're swept into an aura of electric air,
emotions surround you, you're bound to your chair.
The colors change, the music grows bold,
the plot unravels, and the story is told.

The grand finale seizes the stage.
The conductor whips the air in rage.
Energy abounds, colors unite,
you and I are transfixed with delight.

We applaude until our hands are sore,
shout excitedly, "Encore! Encore!",
throw roses at the feet of dreams...
and return to the world of dull routines.

The Last Druid, rhyming
John Savas

Drippy Druid, kinky Celt,
Shroud in vermin-eaten pelt
With bag of runes on sisal belt,
He swoons in moonbeams he has felt.

He talks to trees: The Ash, The Birch;
In them he sees his pagan church;
And from a lofty, leafy perch,
He scans the land--a futile search.

Incantations--Merlin's craft;
Silver chalice--witchy draft;
Hallucinations--is he daft
This drippy druid on his raft?

He claims to know the Ancient Lore,
That from his cave he can explore
The World! The Stars! Forever More!
--Then why is he an awful bore?

Shadows left by fiends from Hell
Dissolve in light that melts the spell;
At Dawn we ring the steeple bell
To celebrate this last farewell.

A peaceful night will bring us dreams
Of joyful days by quiet streams,
No more distressing anguished screams
From druids dripped in putrid creams.

In northern gloom he'll seek more room
And wander dumbly--to his doom.

(The Druid's gone; so let us pray
He finds forgiveness on the way.)

The Good Side of Town *Marion Hodge*

There was hope they might live near the conclusion of the play. The first acts were so boring! And shabby. About the most exciting thing in the beginning of the play was when the ne'er-do-well prince showed up in the muddy streets and taverns. Slumming. And those stupid Expositors! So glum, and secretive in their strange, loud way. They whispered to each other, but everybody could hear what they said.

But the end. Ah, there was real life: palaces, castles, duels, murder, blood. And lots of hotsy-totsies. Gold, brocade, tapestries.

So they continued to save their money, hoping they'd be able to live there someday, near the conclusion of the play where all the loose ends would be tied up. By somebody. Noble, tall, riding a horse in from the mysterious wings. A man of peace brandishing a sword.

Who Is Mary Hogarth?

Alice E. Sink

This thing has been bothering me for over four months. I should be busy now instead of pouring over this little thin green book with her portrait by Phiz. There she is. The caption reads "Mary Hogarth." Below is the epitaph composed by Charles Dickens for her tombstone at Kensal Green. I have taken the booklet from my plastic tote and laid it on the coffee table.

Today as I cook blackeyed peas and turnip greens for New Year's supper, I find myself sneaking back into the living room to look at the photo while the black iron pan heats to brown our cornbread. I make two butter-splotched pies from a pumpkin someone had given me at Halloween.

I go again to look at the picture. This is ridiculous, I tell myself. Forget it. But I cannot. I need to get my mind off that stupid picture and the Saturday afternoon at 48 Doughty Street.

As soon as I rang the bell and was admitted by a Dicken's scholar, I felt that old Oh-My-God-I've-Been-Here-Before sensation. But, I really had been there, and it has taken four months to sort out when and why and how. Oh, I knew immediately who I had been--the maid, Mary Hogarth's maid.

I had to have been the maid. I carried the wash tubs up those narrow regency stairs to Miss Mary's room on the second floor and helped her comb her dark hair, piling it into a bundle at the nape of her neck. I cannot remember her death, although she lived only six weeks after the family moved to Doughty Street. Where was I when she died? Why don't I remember anything about her death and can only partially recall the day Mary Hogarth moved into the house on Doughty Street?

It was in March, 1837. The other servants and I had been sent ahead and were already situated on the fourth floor of the house. We had been there a week or so to ready everything and prepare for the family's arrival. Mrs. Dickens had given birth only a few weeks before, and she and the baby would not be coming until everything was completely settled in the new house.

"Don't you be tarrying at your dusting too long, Sally," Melinda said to me as she polished the tea service in the basement kitchen. "Mr. Charles is bringing Miss Mary and his young brother, Master Fred, this day. And he expects everything to be readied."

I had heard that Mrs. Catherine's sister was moving to the new house, but I had never seen her. "What's Miss Mary like?" I asked Melinda as I arranged blue dishes in the newly-washed cabinets.

"What do you mean, 'What's Miss Mary like?' " Melinda asked, spinning around to scold me. "What's it to a young slip like yourself what's she like or what she's not like? Mr. Dickens's sister-in-law, that is what she's to be like, and the young Mister Fred, his own brother. A part of their family, that's what they are to be."

I closed the doors of the china cabinet and polished the glass insets. "I hear she's a young lady, no older than meself," I informed Melinda.

"Now aren't you a nosy one," she said. "You'll learn your place soon enough, methinks. What does it matter if she be a young one or not so young?"

"It matters not so much," I admitted rather cocky to my superior, "except Mr. Dickens informed me yesterday when he stopped over--he asked me to be personal maid to his sister-in-law."

Melinda opened the pantry and motioned for me to wash the rough boards. "And with that in your empty little head, I suppose you think scrubbing these shelves is too much above your station. You'll see."

Melinda was right. I did not like the scrubbing and polishing we had been involved in for the past week. I was beginning to be tired of climbing all those stairs and arranging furniture and dipping my hands in lye soap kettles until the skin on my fingers was red and cracked. And then Mr. Dickens had told me I was to be Miss Mary Hogarth's personal maid.

"Let me be warning you about one thing, for sure," Melinda said, standing with her hands resting on her puffy hips, her mouth screwed into a small circle, "Just because you and Mr. Dicken's sister-in-law are both seventeen-year-old girls, you keep to your place. Be assured you are not hired as her companion or her friend--but her maid. Do not say I did not warn you."



I smiled at Melinda and stood erect. Tucking stray curls beneath my gathered bonnet and straightening my starched apron, I courtesied politely in mock respect. "Yes, mum. As you say, mum. Thank you kindly, mum."

Melinda picked up the newly-washed teaset and sacheted toward the door. "Finish dusting in here and take care you put more coal on the fire. I'll be in the still-room or wash house if you need me. And if you see Albert, tell him I will soon need the copper pot for boiling clothes in the wash house."

I mended the fire and went upstairs, flicking the duster on the dark banister. We had done a good job readying the house for the Dickens family. Melinda bossed me, but she told everyone what to do. Even Albert, her husband, was ready to move furniture or hang mirrors when Melinda clapped her hands. The upstairs floors shone from Albert's waxing and polishing. I went into Morning Room. Mr. Dickens had given me my special instructions in that room only one day earlier. He had been seated in his armchair.

"Well, Sally," he had said, glancing at me and then focusing a stare outside the window, "I think this shall probably be my favorite room in this house."

"Why, Sir?" I had asked. "Because it looks into the little garden?"

"The garden. Yes, that and the morning sun. Look, child, do you see-straight across the way--the trees will be beautiful and full before long." He had pointed his finger at the lines of stark trunks and branches. "Soon," he had said, "they will be full and green."

"You like your new house, then?" I had asked, proud of the way Melinda, Albert, and I had worked. Shoving my red cracked hands into my apron pockets, I attempted to hide any earlier regret and resentment for having to work so diligently.

He leaned his head back onto the chair cushion. The morning sun speckled his wavy hair. He closed his eyes, and for a moment, he did not speak. Then he said, "I anticipate..." and his voice grew softer-- "I anticipate a joyous new beginning." His eyes opened quickly, he smoothed his cravat and collar, and then he spoke again: "Well, young one, you have caught me in my daydreams, I am afraid." A warm curve at his thin lips lifted his cheek bones upward, and he smiled.

I had enjoyed watching him inhale the newness of his home. I thought of how Melinda would chide me if she knew I was doing nothing but watching the morning sun play on Mr. Dickens's cleanly-shaven face and thick dark brows. Such a handsome man. And there was something about him--something that put me at ease. Then he arose slowly from his chair and poked at the coals in the fire--grate. I could hear the hall clock ticking.

He spoke again: "I shall be bringing my sister-in-law Mary and my brother Fred late tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Dickens and the baby will stay another day or two at Devonshire Terrace. Do you have Mary's room readied for her arrival?"

"Oh, I do, sir," I had replied with eagerness. "I have just to light the fire before I know of her arrival time." I was proud of the care with which I had prepared Miss Mary's bedchambers; although I had never seen her, I sensed she must be a very special member of the Dickens's family.

"Mary is with her grandfather now," he said. "I shall ride out to fetch her, and we should arrive back here tomorrow in time for tea."

Just as he had promised, Mr. Dickens returned with Mary Hogarth. Fred was not with them. I had been waiting at the dining room window for over a quarter of an hour. The guards, at the end of Doughty Street, in their braided uniforms, ushered Mr. Dickens directly to the house.

"Melinda, Melinda," I called down the stairs to the kitchen. "They have arrived. Come let them in."

Melinda stepped lightly up the stairs, not holding to the banisters. "Are ye' such a ninny as 'ye can't open the door by yourself?" she scolded, stopping to flick dust from the base of the hall clock.

The door flew open, and Mr. Dickens ushered Miss Mary Hogarth into the front hallway. The first thing I noticed was her beauty. My second thought concerned the gentleness and care with which Mr. Dickens escorted her into the house. He introduced us, concluding with: "And my fair maid, Sally, will see to your wants and desires." And to me: "Take care of this delicate child, for she is a dear and welcomed member of our family. Mr. Fred will join us in a few days--as will Mrs. Dickens and the baby," Mr. Dickens informed us. "My brother has contacted a dreadful cold, and he was afraid traveling would only cause a setback. Now, Sally, would you show Mary to her room," he said, as he stepped back, relinquishing Miss Hogarth's arm. "Albert will bring her things up directly."

Later, I took a pitcher of water to the upstairs bedroom, assisted Miss Mary in her bathing, and helped her change her gown. While she sat on the edge of a straight-back chair, I brushed her long hair, dividing and twisting the dark strands into a coil at the nape of her neck. She joined Mr. Dickens downstairs for dinner in the mirrored dining room. Melinda kept me busy for hours, washing pots and polishing silver in the basement kitchen.

"Melinda," I told her, "I'm supposed to be with Miss Mary--help her retire."

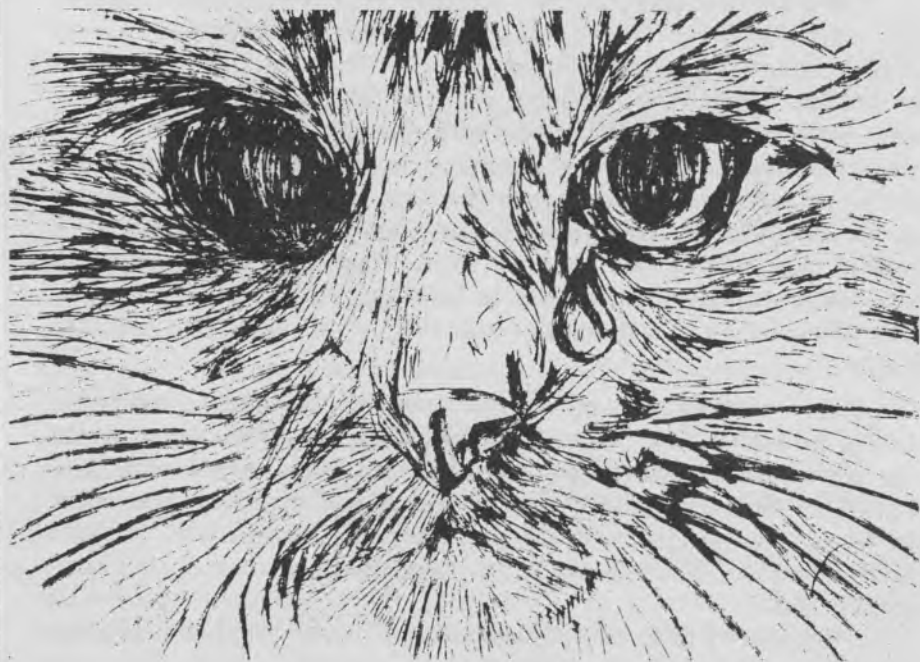
"Oh, she's been a-bed an hour or more," Melinda assured me. "She was very weary from the journey. You'll hear no more from her until morning." Melinda handed me two wet tea towels.

"And Mr. Dickens?" I asked. "Has he also retired?"

"He's probably in his room writing," Albert said. "It's his practice to make diary entries every night before going to bed."

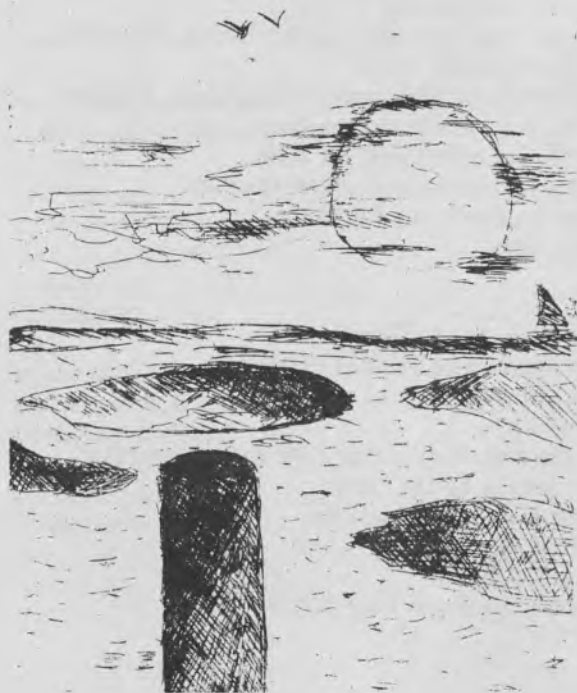
I took the wet towels to the wash room and spread them over the wooden drying rack and that is all I remember about being Sally, Mary Hogarth's maid. Did I leave the washroom that night, go back up the regency staircase, and listen at Miss Mary's door? Did I hear Mr. Dickens's voice? Was I caught eavesdropping and relieved of my duties in Doughty Street house? Was I banished to the country? What?

Missing puzzle pieces upset me. After I load the last of the pots into the dishwasher, add powders, and slam the door hard to make it stick, I go into the den, where the noise of the ballgame on T.V. will drown the stillness of Mary Hogarth's portrait on the living room coffee table.



Lifelapse
Amy Hora

Handheld hopeless
 darkness gropeless
Rocking humming
 starch coats coming
 lines
 of suture
 tears
 a future
 drug tossed deep despair
Breathing ceasing
 cold increasing
Wings, a halo
 golden hair.



That Story *Lee Morris*

That story;
you know the one I mean,
about the bag lady who refuses to leave her cardboard box,
despite the sub-zero weather.
(afraid of someone breaking in, perhaps)
Next morning she's discovered;
lips drawn back,
eyes turned upward,
the squirrels scurrying over her frozen belly with crinkling
cellophane sounds.

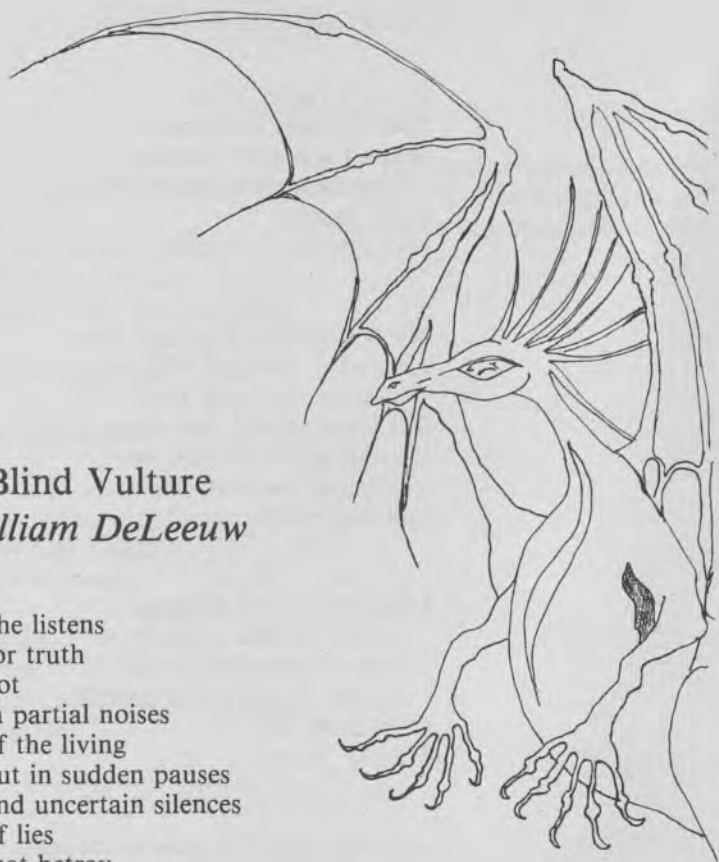
Someone once told me I look Jewish.
How Kafkaesque...

Or how about the bludgeoned playwright?
(and just who was the ruffian on the stair?)
Look:
you can have your primitive rites.
Keep your lids down, see if I care.
Keep your breath held.
Keep your scalp and your gut and your groin clean.
Just keep walking,
head down, with synchopated hoofbeats, cloppity.
Wired to your realworld machine...
Someone had better pull the plug.
Someone had better commit euthanasia.
(no, that's against my faith)
Murder, then.

Hey;
I don't mean to seem abrasive.
I don't mean to scare your children,
or even eat them, either.
But after all,
this is the twentieth century (or so I've heard)
and it's got us by the balls.
Running headlong, headlong
in howling silence.
Don't lie to me.
You don't not know how it feels.
Right?

Blind Vulture
William DeLeeuw

She listens
for truth
not
in partial noises
of the living
but in sudden pauses
and uncertain silences
of lies
that betray
an impartial
feast of carrion
to carry on
her fleshed wings
not
to the blue sky
but to perch proud
with curved claws
so perfect
that even Euclid
would have declared
his circle a square.



ML

Swine Wine*
Caroline Hitchcock

It was a funny thing
That brought us together.
When I was that whimsical
 veneration you had to bring,
I was caught
Like a bird in a window reflection.

We thought we'd go and hang
Around in the East Village
 and be wise and cool,
But I was scared, and you,
You became a lot like the
 pictures on your canvas-
Still and pastel.

I sat in the park wishing
 I was like one of those
Lucky pigeons that could
 nibble popcorn and peanuts,
Or at least, fly.
Mama. Mama.

One day when the subway stopped
 in the dangerous smell of
 urine,
I struck out for the E. 42nd,
Back through a maze
Of bottled sorrow.

Many ages passed between us and
You wandered through the
 Milky Way and other galaxies,
But I still mourn
For you, and leave flowers in
 the path of your grave
 struggle.

Sheet Music
John Moehlmann

--The central law of organic
life is that each organism is
intrinsicly isolate and single
in itself.

Consider the spaces
between notes of love songs.

It's the space

you understand

the white wide
terror which if children
knew they would
slit birththroats.

Dustrags
overrun
landfills.
Mountains
fill
out
like
young
women.
Cultures
change
gods.

And we
in our nightbed's
rhythm measure
out the old
tune our fingers
moist with knowing
the bars of singers and songs.

Sisters
Seema Qubein

Leena
Gaily
Grinning
And slinging
Her long hair back,
Her slender face
Tanned
Like her nature.
Turtle-me
Trying to look like her!
How can I, when
My kite has no tail
And my windows are all blinkered
And up near the attic?



Teddy
Lisa Mann

Alone and lonely I came
Hugging you close to my chest,
Pressing your soft fur against my cheek.
You listened to child-like fantasies,
Made spankings quit hurting, ghosts disappear.

Now stuffed in a trunk
Among faded blankets and sheets,
Chocolate stained belly, escaping insides.
One more thing to tell you-
I've never forgotten.

To Leaving
Amy Hora

Freeways nestled in
November snow
 Twoleaves
Clingto New England

Pristine vapors
Seal glasstainedpains
OneLeaves
Spring to New England

Blue River Red
Aileen Lynch

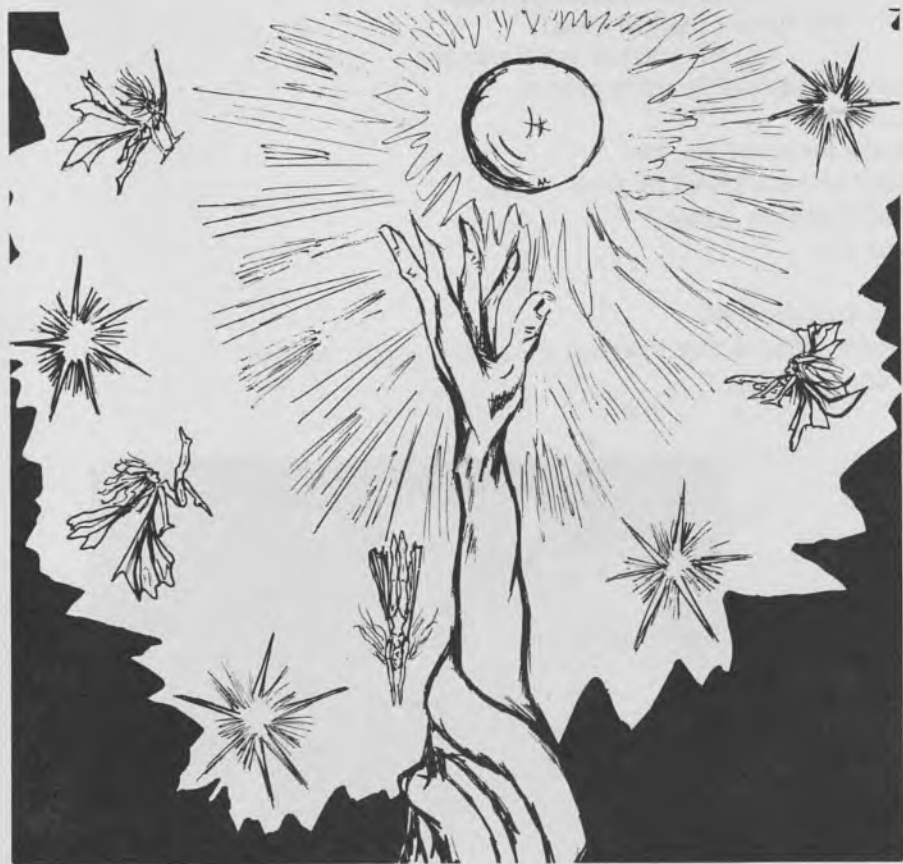
Andrew Blue
holds
magic
in
his
hand
and
he
calls
it
"escape" dance a coke straight
e n i l
cross
the
Blue
river
left

(with no regard to currents)
till
the
river
rushes
red.

One Last Kiss
Mary Gagner

There are many kisses in life;
It is death's kiss I crave.
 Mother's mature leading kisses
 her irrevocable love gone
 My friend's playful affection
 interterminal buddies we were
 My lover's painted kisses
 but left scars of spent passion
And Daddy's little girl is grown.
Left now
is the nectar of one kiss
for I've been kissed by fools
and fooled by kisses
and now
I
will fool them all.
Death: it is to thee I say
I do.





My Valentine
Aileen Lynch

Apogee, '85, page 28

You kiss me quick-
 like Daddy always kissed Mommy
Say goodbye-
 Daddy said it once too often
 Mommy said it once with meaning,
 and married another man.
You say we'll be friends-
 Momma hopes and prays
 but Daddy says she's "dead"
 and to him, she is,
 and to her...
Let's be friends?
You wave, almost ashamed
 so am I,
 That I'm glad you're going,
 I feel free.
 She's with you while I'm finally with me.
 That Mommy dreams of Daddy,
 wakes up screaming
 in
 dark,
 stark,
 terror-
 and Papa has to shake'r
 to wake'r
and my sisters cried from beatings
 I wasn't there to help,
 While my momma earned five lives
 Daddy sat on the couch-
 with a paper in his hands that he rolled
 that sent shivers,
 dark,
 stark,
 terror-
 and years later we couldn't remember
 except when a paper came flying through the air,
 from a boy on a bike-rolled up, at my feet-
 and I cried one tear in anger-
 that I can't cry for you cause nothing makes
 me mad like that anymore- 'cept Momma when she's
 crying and I know it's cause of him...
Thank God you're going now-
 I don't want that to happen to me.

I Hate Corvettes
Susan Warrick

I watch you
As you sit there in your red Corvette
And laugh
Because you can't imagine life without money.

You see me watching you
Call me over
Touch my hand...open the car door
Hand me a \$20 bill
And smile
Waiting to sink you green teeth
into my back.

I open my pocket book
And see
That your blood
Is not black
like your eyes
But red
like your car.

The Babe

Jim Scott

I lay, feet to the troubled sea, stretched upon the evening-chilled tufts of shell-mottled Bradenton sand. The silver paint of moonlight streaked out to the flat horizon, the gleaming path jagged here and there from the tugs of the drifting tide. The daily flocks of beach-combing seabirds had returned home, leaving behind a single member at the shoreline, teasing the greeting hand of the ever-lapping surf.

She came to me, then, this quiet vision, stepping from the carbon folds of the curtains of my mind. She flashed like the moonlight from pools of lonely thought, then, like the seabird, teased my conscious grasp of her. She would curiously stare at me from behind my open eyes, then would float away when I tried to look in at her. I lay there for several moments, trying to capture this shy vision fully in a direct glimpse of my mind's eye, until the night grew cold and damp.

When I rose and shook myself of the dewy sand that stained my sun-burned skin, she fled like the final seabird, startled, perhaps, by my sudden animation, back to her cerebral nest...to watch the world through my open eyes, and spare a glance towards me.

PALM SUNDAY: Southern Style
Alice E. Sink

Five hundred souls gather at respective churches;
Watches are synchronized.
At exactly 11:30 each man, woman, and child
Is given a palm leaf
And gently pushed from the sanctuary
For a three-minute walk to the Square
Where a woman plays a pump organ
Elevated by two-by-fours
In the bed of a pick-up Ford.
Three fellows from junior high mimic
Trumpet atop a make-shift scaffold attached
To the Old Court House.
The Shuford sisters, dressed in pink chiffon,
Their beehives tied with sequined nets
Present an original rendition of "Were You There?"
Next the Drama Club leads a responsive reading, and
All Christians frantically respond
By waving palm leaves and chanting,
"Crucify Him."
All the while, the Confederate soldier stands frozen
In the Faulknerian square
Remembering other Lusters and Benjys
Getting confused and excited another Eastetime
Long ago.
There is a slight smile on his
Marble lips and an almost inaudible chuckle
From the soldier's
Stone throat
As he witnesses the epitome of Southern theatrical
Self-love.



First Meal
Marion Hodge

as blue as the world's shadow
in the belly of a whale.

and then light, and land.
continent. the far country.

when I bite through an apple
I bite through the ball of your shoulder
(in pine needles)
I bite through the core of the earth.

the grave is an apple
a shoulder
a world.

I fall there, thought you
to the other side.

fat, sassy, full.
food.

This Time A Butterfly
Dan Metivier

A warm breeze
 (baby dragon's breath)
 blows in my butterfly:
It touches down-
 a three point landing
 on a runaway in my palm.
I look at her
 with Sunday morning patience-
I talk to her
 (faeryfolk can do that)
 with whispering confidence-
She cries
 a cascade of sadness-
I tell her lies
 from Pep's cobwebbed movies
 (she calls them
 Butterfly Promises
 and
 Autumn Truths)-
I try this scheme:
 Unicorn tears
 and Paper-doll stability;
 give me an Oscar-
 it worked-
No!-
 sandwich time
 and damn she's hungry;
"Runway clear,
 Flight 001 departing for anywhere"-
 so much for butterflies
 next time I'll catch a snail.



Tony Baity, Junior, Communications Major
Thomasville, North Carolina

William DeLeeuw, Assoc. Professor of English
High Point College

Cheryl Dougherty, Sophomore, English Major
High Point, North Carolina

Mary Gagnor, Senior, Communications Major
Jacksonville, Florida

Bonnie Hannah, Sophomore, Art Major
South Plainfield, New Jersey

Caroline Hitchcock, CAEP (HPC)
High Point, North Carolina

Marion Hodge, Assoc. Professor of English
High Point College

Amy Hora, Junior, English Major
Hendersonville, North Carolina

Mike Keller, CAEP (HPC)
High Point, North Carolina

Aileen Lynch, Sophomore, Theatre Major
Reston, Virginia

Lisa Mann, Junior, English Major
Honolulu, Hawaii

Dan Metivier, Sophomore, Pre-Med/Communications Major
High Point, North Carolina

John Moehlmann, Assoc. Professor of English
High Point College

Lee Morris, Junior, Theatre Major
Fairview, North Carolina

Mark Parsons, Junior, Communications Major
Kernersville, North Carolina

Seema Qubein, Freshman, Undecided
Amman, Jordon

John Savas, CAEP (HPC)
High Point, North Carolina

Terry Schroth, Sophomore, Communications Major
Lakeland, Florida

Jim Scott, Senior, English Major
Rockville, Maryland

Alice E. Sink, Assist. Professor of English
High Point College

Lisa Swing, Senior, Art Major
Lexington, North Carolina

Susan Warrick, Junior, English Major
Kernersville, North Carolina

