

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**

**APOGEE**



The Apogee 1988  
Spring Issue  
No. 26  
High Point College



THE APOGEE

The Literary Magazine of High Point College

Spring, 1988

Editor

Terry Collins

Advisor

Dr. John Moehlmann

## Table of Contents

### Poetry

The Cave in the Kitchen	Marion Hodge	4
Twice	John Smith	7
BLUE LIGHT ANNIE	Rich Mullins	12
Bursting into the Atmosphere . . .	Judie Perry	15
Just an Idea While Listening to the Smiths	jt	16
Making Out	John Moehlmann	21
If I Never Thought About It	John Smith/Ian	22
Wind Break	Marion Hodge	23
Flying Over	AMM	26
LODESTAR	Seema Qubein	30

### Essay

It's the End of The World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)	Terry Collins	27
--	---------------	----

### Fiction

Sunday Lunch	Christopher Horrigan	5
Sending in the Clowns	Jake Bryant	13
Simon Says	Alice Sink	24

### Play

Death Sits	Andy Miller	18
------------	-------------	----

### Comics

Sky Way	written by: Terry Collins	
	drawn by: Brian Hodges	8

### Photographs

"Jennifer's Knees"	Cover Photo
"Shoe Tree"	17
"Cat and the Dresser"	20
"Green on Broad Street"	26

Terry Collins

## **A Note From The Editor**

Welcome to a new Spring, and a new year of the Apogee. I would like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to all of this year's contributors, without whom we would have no magazine.

I would also like to thank Dr. John Moehlmann for his patience, and his trust in me. His advice and good humor have made working on The Apogee a pleasure.

Due to rising printing costs and a personal desire to keeping the work submitted to The Apogee from being part of a contest, the awards program has been retired this year. Everyone I spoke with agreed that the money could be better used on production values for the magazine. While I'm on the subject of production, let me also give a quick tip of the hat to Robin Owens of Pioneer Printing — for her help and answers to all of my questions.

This year, there has been an attempt to present a diverse collection of work, ranging from essays and plays — to short fiction and comic art. I hope the attempt has been a successful one. Please let me know if you have enjoyed the work within, and if you have any comments or criticism for next year's Apogee, feel free to express them. After all, that is what writing is all about.

Thank you,

Terry Collins

men were building a house  
on the edge of the woods  
and the harder they worked,  
thinking it was April,  
the closer the woods crept

carpenters rolled up their sleeves  
and the woods slipped close to their arms

tiger lilies climbed sawhorse legs

the couple who contracted the house  
thought it was April, too  
but when they came to see it  
they found the forest

in the living room lay a black bear  
in the kitchen fell a cave

when they looked for a roof they laughed and held hands

The drive through the Yorkshire countryside to his girlfriend's home was only about twenty miles but offered enough time for him to think about his predicament, and get nervous. This was to be his first meeting with Sarah's parents and there was no reason for jubilation. Since meeting her eight weeks ago a strong relationship had blossomed and casual talk had inevitably led to disclosures about their backgrounds. Mike came from a lower-middle-class area of town and hard-working but simple parents. Sarah from the upper-class, well-bred country folk. Mike knew all too well parents like Sarah's, and did not dislike them, but had an inevitable disdain for them in this class-conscious region.

He made the turn into the private drive leading up to the large country home. As he parked the car next to Sarah's MG he made two vows to himself; don't cuss and don't break anything.

"Oh, I'm so glad you made it," Sarah yelled as she bounded down the steps. "I was afraid you'd back out."

"The thought crossed my mind but I couldn't go a day without seeing you."

They hugged and she led him up the steps into the house.

The aroma of roastbeef and Yorkshire pudding permeated the room. The traditional Sunday lunch would also be served here at the Clearys, thought Mike, trying to calm himself.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mike. Sarah has told us so much about you," the large man said as he strode into the room.

"Thank you for the invitation, sir," Mike said.

Sarah pranced into the room pulling her mother as Mrs. Cleary adjusted her apron.

"Meet Mums, Mike."

"Hello, Mrs. Cleary. The meal smells wonderful."

"Oh, I hope you enjoy it," she said as they shook hands.

"Would you like a drink? A beer or something?" Mr. Cleary seemed kind enough.

"Yes sir, a beer would be fine," answered Mike as his nerves began to settle.

"Why don't you sit down by the fire here and relax while the girls finish in the kitchen."

As the family left the room Mike adjusted himself in the large armchair and sighed. So far so good.

## *Sunday Lunch* (continued)

He glanced around the large den and admired the hunting trophies hung on the wall and listened to excited chatter coming from the women in the kitchen. The roaring, open fire warmed his legs and made him feel relaxed.

"I have some company for you to keep you busy while we finish cooking." Sarah came in the room carrying a bird cage.

"It's my mother's prize budgie. I hope you don't mind if it flies around a little. We let it out as long as the doors and windows are shut."

"I love birds," Mike said.

"It won't bother you." Sarah muttered as she let the bird fly out of the cage.

Mike sat back, sipped on his beer and thought about the future and what it would bring. He really enjoyed Sarah and began to feel good about himself. Shifting further back in the chair he swung his legs up on the footrest, connected solidly with the low flying bird and sent the budgie like a slingshot into the roaring flames. The bird disintegrated.

Mike stared at the flames. He immediately broke out in cold sweat. He rose and strode towards the giggling in the kitchen.

Mrs. Cleary and Sarah turned and smiled at him.

"I've killed the budgie. I'm going home."



Fleeting

Glimpses of the past

Why

Do I find myself

Looking back

Is it to predict what the future holds

Time

Spent thinking of the past

Knowing

The future couldn't hold the same

Look back and laugh or cry

For it will never

Change

Etched in history

Is the time you took to read this

But

Never forget

Days gone by

Lest you make the same mistakes

Twice

# SKY WAY

collins • hodes

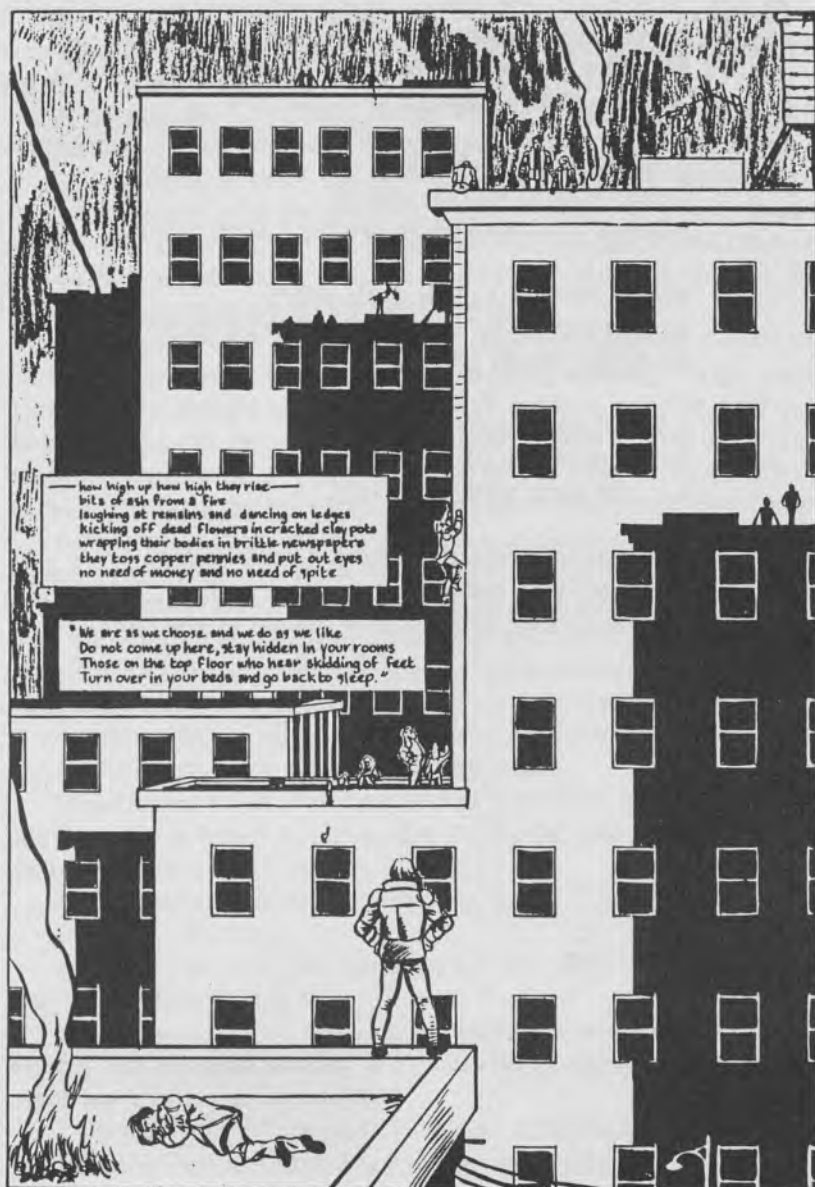
IN THE CITY...  
THE YOUNG ONES LIVE ON SLEET-COVERED ROOF TOPS.  
EYES ICING SHUT,  
BREATH FORMING INTO PALE WHITE WISPS,  
THE SALIVA IN THEIR MOUTHS IS ALWAYS COLD.





## Sky Way





—how high up how high they rise—  
bits of ash from a fire  
laughing at remains and dancing on ledges  
kicking off dead flowers in cracked clay pots  
wrapping their bodies in brittle newspapers  
they toss copper pennies and put out eyes  
no need of money and no need of spite

"We are as we choose, and we do as we like.  
Do not come up here, stay hidden in your rooms.  
Those on the top floor who hear skidding of feet  
Turn over in your beds and go back to sleep."

Bound in blasphemy of January Blue  
Midnight hues of burning bulbs  
Blithely ignite a Rosary's eyes.

Tender azure amoeba light  
Echoes blue as blue on blue as  
Monday's breezes believe evening's stark darkness.

Frozen Window's chills deftly edged  
By a votive candle's saturated, flattering flickering  
Fluttering silently sillside.

Loomed wide, woven, wool wraps  
Bring warmth to rushed returns to  
Lay and learn rhythmical lyrics.

Listening to dreadfully glittering, deadly effects  
Of naked dawn and graying morning daylight,  
Wearily hearing buttoned blue reasons to stay late.

Me? No, death doesn't bother me, Lloyd thought as he carried Claudia through the woods. No, death just doesn't bother me. A branch scratched his cheek.

A six-year-old Lloyd had laughed when his mother told him his aunt Miriam had just passed away. "What's so funny?" his mother asked.

"I was thinking about the clowns at the circus," he answered, only remotely aware of why she was mad. "One of them was playing dead and another one put a skunk on him. He smelled it and jumped up and ran away." His mother turned sharply and left the room, and he stood there alone, wondering why Mommy didn't like the clowns.

The shovel made a grainy, squishing noise as it sank into the soft earth. Lloyd tried to whistle a few notes of a cheery song he knew. His lips quivered spasmodically, and the tune became a weak, toneless sigh. He tried to start the tune again, but the muscles of his mouth wouldn't move just right. He began shoveling faster. It wouldn't have to be that deep, he thought. Besides, no one's going to notice it way out here anyway. He pushed the shovel in again.

A 16-year-old Lloyd stood watching his grandfather die in a hospital bed, while his grandmother sat in the waiting room taking names for the "survived by" list in the obituary. He looked at all the tubes and wires that seemed to grow out from his grandfather, and listened to the thick, vile gurgling of the phlegm in the old man's pneumonic lungs. His grandfather was saying all the sentimental things Lloyd expected people on their deathbeds always wanted to say before they go. Fleeting images of clowns came and went. A corner of Lloyd's mouth lifted into an absent half-smile.

Lloyd leaned on his shovel and looked at the hole. Not your standard six feet deep, but it would do. He looked at Claudia, who was sitting with her back resting on a small ash tree.

"You just can't let death bother you, honey," he told her.

She didn't respond.

He offered an apologetic smile and a small shrug. "Let's finish up," he said, and walked toward her.

A 26-year-old Lloyd drove his wife Claudia home from her mother's funeral. Her incessant sobbing in the car was getting on his nerves, and he could feel a migraine coming on.

"Claudia, stop it," he said slowly and deliberately.

"Stop it? Just like that? It's just that easy!" She started a fresh round of wailing.



## *Sending in the Clowns* (continued)

"Honey, be quiet. Claudia, shut up — Claudia, please! Dammit, Claudia, shut UP!" He punctuated this last command with a punch to her left cheek. Her voice rose like a screeching siren and her fists fell on him, beating and scratching. He raised one arm to defend himself and tried to steer with the other. But this was starting to really hurt, and it wasn't helping his migraine at all. She was pushing him to the limit, a boundary he'd never even been close to before. In one fluid motion, he screwed his eyes shut, braked hard, and began beating her with both fists.

It may have been five minutes or five hours, Lloyd wasn't sure, but when he opened his eyes, Claudia was slumped in the passenger seat. He sat her upright and started the car . . . .

Which brought him here. He used the shovel to pat the loose earth down around the grave. He pulled a leafy twig from a sapling and stood it upright in the dirt. Maybe he could make a proper marker someday when he had more time. He stopped and looked at the grave once more

(death doesn't bother me Claudia just think about the clowns) then turned and walked toward the car, picking the dirt from under his fingernails.

(I was thinking about the clowns at the circus one of them was playing dead)

He stopped. Death was beginning to upset him a little.

(but death doesn't bother me just think)

And this time he didn't see clowns.



Bursting into the atmosphere.

Working out our problems.

See me in my new blue suit.

Don't you like the topic?

Maybe it's not really our fault.

Maybe the air is our guise.

We're wrapped in an azure sky avoiding the big  
lie.

The sky comes falling down on me,  
acid rain.

My geranium died last week.

Have you read my latest book?

Just an idea while listening to the Smiths  
L, P, & H (but maybe in the next world)

Hidden away far back in the forest  
life survives where man dares not test  
where civilizations grow at the edge of uncharted depths  
the landscape thrives as each new entity steps

Where the star light melts the water off the trees  
feeding the maggots that eat on the dead leaves  
that rest in the grave of an eerie dark shade  
in another of the unmarked spots in the world man made

Yet between these rocks the cavemen played  
with only stones our past they made  
our eyes study them like explorers from space  
picking at their bones not to leave any trace

They died in the sand and the mud  
their days were black passed in blood  
gassed by clouds poisoned by rain  
their bodies tossed back as panic filled the drains

They looked to the future with an uncreative brain  
they dreamed of peace through death and pain  
through change they looked not at the flesh or soul  
but a revolution for the obese with power the goal

They reached the sky but many wouldn't advance  
they loved their technology their future had no chance  
their inventions their missiles they worshipped like gods  
they polluted the sea and filled the air with dead pods

So we built our own ships and took our own space  
leaving the planet before there was no trace  
before the atoms of man were all mixed out of place  
before the chemicals were split and we became the last of our race

## *Just An Idea . . .* (continued)

The clouds they came up and pushed all life away  
we then looked to tomorrow and to the space where we would stay  
and planned a new beginning for the land we called home  
waiting through years of sorrow for something to rise from the foam

Our children now run the world from above  
a world full of harmony peace and love  
peace from conflict lies and deceit  
letting the world be without the weight of man's feet.



*“Shoe Tree”*

Characters:           MAN  
                          DEATH

*Scene: Almost any will do — a room (living or bedroom) with a couch in the middle. All other details are moot except that there must be an entrance stage right. Curtains open on a MAN sitting on the couch reading some paper. Sits for a couple of minutes, turning pages etc. Dressed normally — jeans etc.*

*Enter DEATH stage right. MAN looks up (surprised). DEATH is dressed in robes with face in darkness. He drags his scythe and plops down on the couch, leaning the scythe against couch with a sigh.*

MAN : Omigod! You're . . . . your're — Death.

*(DEATH looks over at MAN for the first time)*

DEATH : Yep.

*(Pause)*

MAN : Are you here for me?

DEATH : Nope — can I borrow the funnies? *(Reaches over and takes part of MAN's paper)* Thanks. *(starts to read funnies)*

MAN : You're not here to take me?

DEATH : *(still reading paper)* No.

MAN : *(looking around)* Then who are you here to take?

DEATH : *(Still reading)* Nobody.

MAN : *(Excitedly)* Then why are you here?

DEATH : *(continues reading)* Everybody's got to be somewhere — I'm here.

MAN : But why-?

DEATH : *(looking up)* Does everything have to have a reason?

*(slowly)* Get this — There-is-no-reason. I've got no place better to be — next appointment isn't for two hours — and you have the funnies. *(Pause — looks back to paper)* You got a sports page in there?

## *Death Sits* (continued)

- MAN : Wait a minute — let me get this straight. (*DEATH looks up*) You're here for no reason. (*DEATH nods*) Because you have no place better to be (*DEATH nods*) and because I have the funnies. (*DEATH nods*) I still don't get it.
- DEATH : (*to himself*) Christ! (*to MAN*) OK — listen. I *am* here for a reason.
- MAN : Good I think. (*DEATH goes back to looking at funnies*) Who you gonna take?
- DEATH : What?
- MAN : Why are you here? Which one are you going to take?
- DEATH : (*looking up*) Shit. You really want to know? (*pause*) OK — um — I'm here to warn you never to back talk to death. (*taps his scythe*) or else.
- MAN : Oh — OK. (*pause — DEATH goes back to funnies*) Is that all? I mean — am I really deserving of such a fate — and getting a warning?
- DEATH : No.
- MAN : Then why are you here?
- DEATH : Shit! Right back where we started. OK, look (*getting angry*) if you don't want me here — I'll leave —
- MAN : Oh no — that's not it. I'd just like to know —
- DEATH : (*interrupts*) "why I'm here." Forget it. I'll leave — sorry I made you uncomfortable. (*stands*) I guess the least you could do is be *civil* for God's sake. I guess manners don't count out here anymore. (*leaving — still talking*) I guess there are just some people who are like that. Jeez, you'd think a guy could read the funnies in peace.
- MAN : (*calling after DEATH*) Sorry — don't go away mad. (*pause as man looks around room*) Oh well. (*Goes back to reading paper*).

BLACKOUT

*“Cat and the Dresser”*



Somewhere in the hills of Tennessee  
we looked for a river. An old man  
in overalls and new teeth said, "Go  
two miles, turn right onto a dirt  
road you'll probly miss."  
(Cartographers all these old men.)

Three boys playing tag football  
beside a cornfield confessed,  
"Bob'll know. Find his grocery  
at the second left beyond Benfield's barn.  
(Biographers only these young boys.)

Bending about crooked pastures  
where Holsteins find themselves  
lost in a blurr of fall sycamore and maple  
we were swerved suddenly onto Bailey's bridge.

On the bank of that river at evening  
I wondered if our skuttled noises  
were directions only to the present  
and when wonder would pass from our lives.

The clock will not stop making noise  
It reminds me of all the time I've lost  
My mind will not settle down  
It reminds me of what my  
Conscience has brought  
I did my shopping alone this year  
It reveals my loneliness  
My mouth keeps shouting out  
It reveals my bitterness

If I never thought about it  
I would not be here today

Can't stand rejection  
It makes me feel inferior  
I always strain for lesson  
for fear that life means nothing

Tied up in thoughts  
Of what to do  
With the body  
When the engine rots.



we cannot be kind

hear the stoop of that hawk  
watch the roots of that red oak  
(growth is deep digging)  
smell the scarlet of that sunset

there is so much  
all of it can be sacrificed

masses of tenderness are squashed  
it rains flesh and blood

accept the poison — someone will live  
welcome the wound — someone will be healed

the whip-poor-will  
will find a windbreak  
at your gravestone

Mrs. Irene Corbin struggled to squeeze her old black coat over flannel shirt, Mr. Corbin's purple v-necked sale sweater he could not be cajoled into wearing, holey sagging undergarments — the elastic long ago retired, and thermal this and that. After rinsing her square hands in a generous treatment of White House Apple Cider vinegar, she began her Monday morning pilgrimage to the clothesline.

"Vinegar don't do nothing but burn," she silently cursed her neighbor Gertie, who had insisted in her know-it-all chirp that a little vinegar dabbed on each hand prevented chapping. "Chaffing," Gert had said, pronouncing it with typical upper Monroe County come-uppance.

Irene puffed as she plowed on towards the clothesline, and with religious fervor pulled, shook, pinned, and rearranged each piece of wet wash. She sensed a dull thump . . . . clang . . . . rattle as her tobogganed head tried to concentrate on the loveliness of the red and green oversized plastic clothespins. She clipped sheet after towel after dishrag with a sense of accomplishment and self-fulfillment, stopping only long enough to stand back and admire her progress. Oh, those giant clothespins looked so pretty — kind of like the butterfly hairclips she'd seen the dry cleaning woman wear. Or those bangle bracelets she'd never allow to jingle on *her* wrists.

"What the...? Oh, it's just you, Gert," Irene said, peering over her shoulder at the contraption Gertie kept stomping up and down on the frozen ground. What's that thing you got there?" Irene's eyes widened, then narrowed.

"My pecan picker-upper," Gertie announced proudly in singsong rhythm as she plucked. "Got it at K-Mart on sale...\$9.95." Thump . . . clang . . . rattle. "Saves me from stooping. Faster, too." Thump . . . clang . . . rattle.

Exercise'd do you good," Irene declared, executing a wide bend to the ground each time she rescued another wet sock from the basket. "What you need that gadget for, anyhow? And quit stealing my pecans. You ought to be out here hanging up your laundry instead of letting some new-fangled machine dry your clothes for you." Thump . . . . clang . . . . rattle.

“Oh, goodness-sakes, Irene,” Gertie squeaked. “I could never give up my Speedqueen.” Gertie unloaded the contents of the pecan picker hopper into Irene’s now empty laundry basket. “Here’s your pecans. See how fast that was? I’ll have mine up and in the house and shelled before noon.” She plucked her way towards the hedge separating their yards.

Irene gathered her clothespin sack, laundry basket, and pecans and hurried into the house. Twenty minutes later she was taking the long route to the K-Mart so she wouldn’t have to drive past Gertie’s house.

Flying over the Garden State Arts Center  
on a clear day  
it is better to drive past it  
I think with  
James Taylor on the  
radio and the doors of the  
car turning into wings.  
Because a person can fly on  
the Garden State Parkway and  
never actually leave the ground.



*"Green on Broad Street"*

# *It's the End of The World As We Know It* *(And I Feel Fine)*

Terry Collins

I'm sitting outside and the air is crisp. Fall has arrived and the nights are cool and clear, so clear that every object — from the trees in front of me, to the bulbs in the outdoor lamps — are in sharp focus. I shiver from both the chill in the air and the delicious feeling of *deja vu* that passes through my body.

I've been here before. This same September night was spent lying on the endlessly long hood of my 1967 Plymouth Fury. The metal bars of the balcony my feet are resting on are cold, just as the steel of my beloved first car felt icy on my back. Tonight I'm walking through the sets of my past; they have rolled down from the rafters and fell into place behind my eyes. The snatches of conversation floating from open windows sound like recordings of yesterday, and the radio below is playing the same song over and over. I realize I must look strange to people who walk by — a big, hairy guy in shorts scribbling on a notebook in the dark. That thought triggers another, and makes me re-live the old fantasies of hoping that girls would see me writing, come up, and actually be curious enough to wonder what I was putting on the paper.

It is rare times like these that I feel truly alive and in control of my life. I can exist in the past and present at the same time. So much of our lives are wasted in a self-centered fog of complacency, being content to let things happen without ever really comprehending them. Love and hate, good and evil, hopes and dreams — so much time spent worrying about myself and what others think of me.

At times, I bother myself. I get fed up with my own apathy. My body is overweight, but my mind has grown lean from lack of use. Mental exercise adds bulk to the skeleton of the brain. I've always been a lazy person, but only recently has the laziness spread to my thinking process. I grow bored easily, but at the same time I will suddenly snap awake, and find myself staring at garbage like "Divorce Court" on television. I've caught myself putting off books I want to read for fear of having to concentrate. And writing? Brief ideas scribbled in spiral-bound notebooks, with no flesh to animate them — no soul to give them life.

If a man is to claim being a member of the human race, then he needs to be aware of the things going on around him. There are too many of the dead ones already, pushing their shopping carts along the cluttered aisles of American consumerism, browsing for the latest opinion or idea. If things are going ideally, every new day should present something to shake up the cranium and whisper dangerous thoughts into clogged ears.

Thinking is dreaming. When I was a child, my sixth grade English teacher wrote my parents a note telling them that I was a good student, but at times seemed to be "alone in my own little world." I fantasized a lot as a boy, and I still do. Daydreaming is the best example of mental exercise, because it gives the mind an outlet to escape boredom.

Mental exercise. What is right and wrong? Good and evil? Love and hate? They are merely ideas to enable us to discover meaning in our lives. Humans want answers, so they create the means to satisfy the questions. Good is superior to evil because God is good. Right will win over wrong by the same reasoning. There is a thin line between love and hate. How many times have we hated a former lover after the relationship has ended? Nothing we say or do can have any effect unless we choose to let it do so.

Murder is wrong. It says so in *The Bible*. Our culture says to kill a man is punishable by a life-sentence in prison, or by death. In times of war, a soldier is expected to kill and is rewarded for doing so. What we do is governed by what society expects, and what God expects, and since society created God, then our movements are set in cement before us. Guilt plays such a large role in what we do — is something wrong because we feel bad about it? Is it right when we feel good?

When I was a child I happened upon a book called *The Late Great Planet Earth* by Hal Lindsey. In this book, Mr. Lindsey revealed that the end of the world would soon be upon us . . . and he had proof from the book of God. *The Bible* revealed these facts to anyone intelligent enough to read between the lines.

My discovery of this fact concurred with the Easter holidays. My mood was one of great depression. I saw no reason to go on with anything if the world was going to end in the next twenty years, because my life would be over before I wanted it to. My mother noticed my mopeiness so I told her what was bothering me. She said that people read what they want to into things, and even if the world was to end in my lifetime, I could not spend a lifetime worrying about it. "Stop being silly", she said.

What she related to me made perfect sense, and I've tried to always keep her words close at hand. No sane person wants to die, yet we live to die. It is a paradox, and a grand joke to be "intelligent" enough to worry about dying. Man fears death because he does not understand it. Worrying about living takes enough time.

But, on a night as fine as this one dying seems very far away. I live in two different times, both as the young man lying on a cold car looking at the stars, and as a man feeling the presence of years gone by and anticipating the ones to come. My bare feet are cold in the night air, but it feels right.

This laughing, crumbling place I have come to,  
this slope of lawn, dampening with oak leaves,  
I don't want to leave.  
We play tug-of-war here, sneakers and sweaters . . .  
laughter stomps, romps, tumbles over  
us and this singing stinging autumn air.

I don't want to leave  
this place, this whirling glinting  
stonehenge of embraces.  
We pause  
at night here,  
granite, greying,  
these chill wind-whistling  
gaps between us . . .  
we pause post-and-lintel,  
our granite cudgel-arms  
cold  
across each other's necks.

On the island in the river  
the wind was still,  
the sun was faithful,  
and the water flowed simply,  
but oh these dampening questions on the grass!  
These glimmering megaliths.



## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

JAKE BRYANT is not his real name — and yet, it is. Think about it. ANDY MILLER: “When do you need this by — this afternoon?” SEEMA QUBEIN’s box number is 3344. Write her a letter sometime. MARION HODGE tried, but failed. CHRIS HERRIGAN thinks that the real things in life are the funniest. It has a really cool radio show on WWIH. ALICE SINK forgot to give the editor of these notes anything to put after her name. TERRY COLLINS is chronically late, but has learned to live with it — too bad no one else has. BRIAN HODGES watches too much public television. JOHN SMITH says: “Everything counts in large amounts — Take responsibility for your actions.” RICH MULLINS blew the deadline for submissions by about a month, but I forgive him for it. JOHN MOEHLMANN thinks that what the world needs is a perfect pipe wrench. JUDIE PERRY would like it to be known that things aren’t always what they seem in this place.

You can spot the bad critic when he  
starts by discussing the poet and  
not the poem.

Ezra Pound

When I leave home to walk to school,  
Dad always says to me,  
"Marco, keep your eyelids up  
And see what you can see."

Dr. Seuss

Serious as a heart attack  
Makes me feel this way  
No device to measure  
No words can define  
I mean, what I'm trying to say is . . .  
How can I express —  
Let alone possess?

The Minutemen



apo • gee    n 1: the point in the orbit of a satellite of the earth that is at the greatest distance from the center of the earth; also: the point farthest from a planet or a satellite (as the moon) reached by an object orbiting it. 2: the farthest or highest point: CULMINATION