The Apogee

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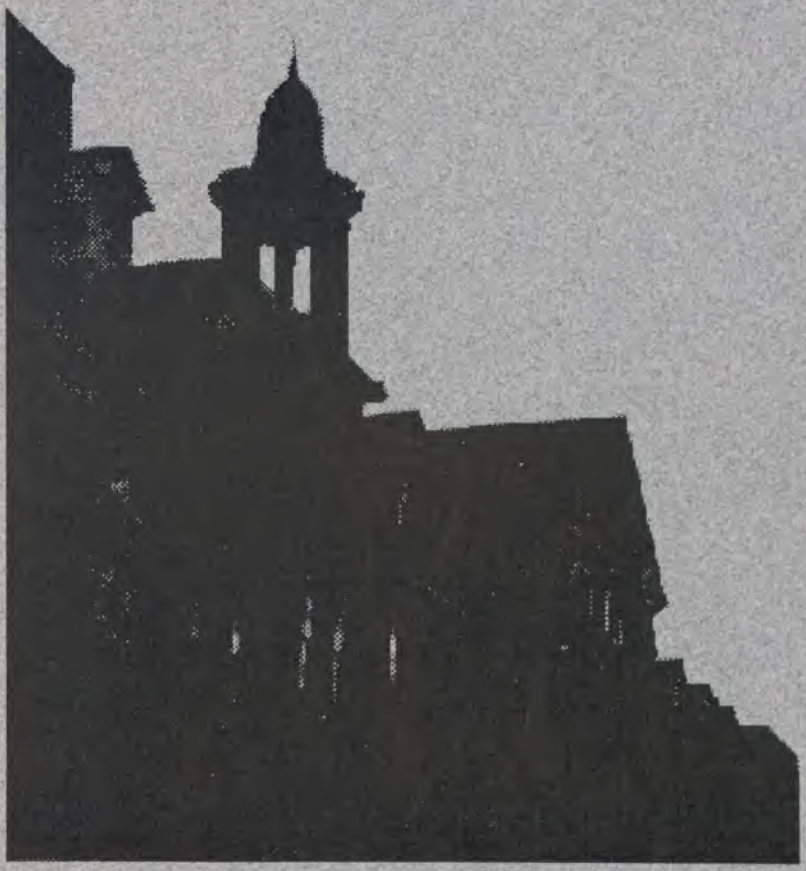

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Table of Contents

Silhouetteon cover taken from photograph on title page by Wayne Schrader.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who contributed to the magazine, as well as the faculty members who urged students to submit. Also, I would like to thank Dr. John Moehlman for his patience and suggestions. Finally, a special thanks is extended to Robin Owens of Pioneer Printing for her assistance.

Michael J. Duez
Editor

This magazine was layed out on a Macintosh Quadra 660AV
using Aldus PageMaker 4.2 and an Apple OneScanner.

Paper Bark

Upon the floor lies a
Seemingly insignificant
Piece of college-ruled
Paper.
As more footprints
Mar the lined surface
Of the paper, it reflects
On greener times
Back home.
The foliage there was
Lush and chatoyant,
Brown Pygmy ants crawled
Its colossal gnarled trunk
Until an inorganic
Yellow John Deere
Jarringly established
A new relationship.

Eden Brown

1979

I turned the page the other day
because the same words had been
repeated too many times in a gray
semi-empty parking lot. Too bad
your words are always so short and
poorly chosen. Sad that you bought
your love at the A&P a Friday night
special until 3 a.m. where I always
get the blues and end up with a
no sale ticket.

Steve Willis

Blyville, Ohio

There is a place amid the
rolling hills and trees where
there is a town of decent size and scope.

Two hospitals, factories, a mall,
traffic lights, and the like.
There are churches and shops.
Supermarkets and a big sign
at the corporation limit that
reads, "Welcome to the Heartland."

For that is what it is.
A small town in the Midwest.
A town where children grow up
and couples grow old and
idle their time in front of
the house on the front porch swing.

Waving at neighbors passing by.
Everyone knows most everyone.
Welcome to Blyville, Ohio.
A perfect little town with
perfect people in the heartland.

Chad Morrow

Stray Cat

Daytona 6/20/93

I prance by paws
in proud procession
across your tender foot,
and smear my jaw 'round your ankle poised
my fangs in sight to put.

Though I maintain your eye
and am persuaded by stroke to stay,
at your depart
my sojourn is nigh
and again I am astray.

Wayne Schrader

Reality

Sex.

Communism.

Breakfast.

Horseradish.

Thursday.

Reality is what you can get away with.

Ian Lohr

Spring Break at Mother Fletcher's

It's ladies' night
So they assume we are ladies
and let us in
Free!
Me, Mindy, and Melissa
Jason pays 7 dollars.
It's black
The floor, walls, ceiling, tables, chairs, bar
all painted black
The lights shake the dance floor
in strobe form
And above the bar lit just enough
so tenders can see to make
$1.75 vodka drinks
There are red flashing lights pinned
to the boobs of waitresses
It says something that I can't read
Not that I even tried to
We dance!
We drink!
There is a 29-year-old man buying Mindy
vodka sours at the bar
She's drunk now
Already fell twice
My own three vodka sours
have made me very happy.

Portia Pettus

To Holly

Old Tree,
with thoughts of her I come to thee
and rather should have then,
perchance to have seen her
jailed in the golden bars of your lee.

Wayne Schrader

Run Little Kittens, Run

The flags on the brown cardboard box folded together just enough to leave a tiny crack so that the contents of the package were seen. A warm wet nose nudged through the opening to my cold hand. I fought physically and emotionally to keep the helpless kittens in the box. A small gray paw emerged from within, but I quickly shoved it back inside. The normally short ride down the road had now been elongated into a torturous journey. A tightening knot grew inside of my throat. I tried to keep my eyes focused straight ahead, but they seemed to be magnetically drawn to the package. A little blue-gray eye met mine and it pleaded with me to set it free. But, I was forced to look away. An anger consumed me, and I was almost compelled to throw the box out the window, to get that box of death out of my sight. Who assigned me to be God for a day? I had not asked for it, and at this point, I definitely did not want it. I knew the inevitable ending, and I could feel that the four kittens also knew. I mean, how many animals that go into that horrible mortuary ever come out alive?

As I approached the building, the door flew open and out bounded a kid with a sickening big smile and a playful puppy. Maybe adoption was possible. The knot shrank somewhat. But death seemed to be circling around me.

As I entered with my package, everyone stopped and stared at me. I felt as if I had just been caught throwing the kittens out on the side of the road, the lowest of immoral acts. For a brief moment I felt like running out the door and doing just that. At least I would not have to face my accusers, and the kittens might have some chance at life. A nice family might find them and give them a nice home. My thoughts of escape were interrupted by a clerk with warm eyes, wearing a pale green doctor-like jacket sitting behind the desk.

"Can I help you with something?" he asked pleasantly. I swallowed hard and took a heavy step forward.

"Yes," I whispered, trying not to draw any more attention

to us than I already had. I dropped the box in front of the clerk, and without my eyes losing sight of the package, I explained the overpopulation of cats at my grandmother's house. And why she chose to get rid of the cutest four kittens instead of the menacing ugly Toms, I did not know. And the grays were definitely the prettiest of them all, but she sent the grays instead of the yellows. And why in the world had she chosen me to make the death run instead of her favorite grandsons, I also could not answer. And as I rambled on and on, and realizing that I was rambling on and on, I also realized I was stalling. In my own way, I was pleading with God to send me some miracle angel to float through the door and save these poor little things.

"Well, let's take a look at them," he said with a smile. I felt he was much too happy to work in such a slaughter house. And, I was just about to ask him what their chances of adoption were, when he said, "Oh. They're sick."

Is that bad?" I asked naively.

"Yes, that's bad."

I looked at him blankly, as if I did not understand, although I knew the ending of this journey before I had started it.

"See their eyes, how they're matted. That means they have upper respiratory infection. That means they won't be put up for adoption." He spoke as if he were talking to an elementary school child.

My mind began to race with angry thoughts. Oh great. I come all this way and have to experience all this pain and anguish. Only to be told that these cute, adorable kittens won't get a chance to be adopted because they have a little cold. I bet you've had a cold before, sir. But, I bet they didn't send you straight to the gas chamber because of it. My only shred of hope was the slim chance that they might get lucky and be adopted by some loving family that would give them the home they deserve. But, oh no! What do you do? You go and shoot holes all through that chance. Why don't you just stuff me in that box and send me with them down that dark road to death.

Instead, I feebly said, "Are they all sick?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so. If one is sick, they all are."

By this time, my fingers were tightly gripping the box. I felt as if I had taken part in a bad deal and I was on the losing end. I just wanted out of there. I would take the kittens and find them a nice home somwhere. And, if no one wanted them, then I would just take them to my house. My mom would understand. Just because we already have four cats of our own does not mean we cannot have four more. And, soon we would be overpopulated with cats too. And we would try to find nice homes for them. But, nobody wants scraggly kittens with colds. And, then I would wind up back at this hellhole making another deal with the devil. I quickly signed my name. The deal was done.

"Would you like to keep the box?" he asked staring at my eyes which were still watching the box.

My frustration was growing. This was not the way it was supposed to be. "No," I blurted out, "I don't want any part of it. Take it all. I didn't want any part of any of this anyway."

"Well, thank you," he said politely.

I could not even force a smile. Thank you!? I thought. What kind of response is that? Thank you for bringing us these cute little kittens so we can gas 'em to death. Be sure and come back again. What a murderous idiotic jerk!

I watched as he took the box of life to the back. Then I turned and hurried out the door.

As I drove home, I thought of how cute the kittens were. Each time I grabbed one and placed it in the box, another one would jump out. Life was a game to them. But, why had they made it so easy for me? Why couldn't they have run and hid? I should have just dumped them all out of that box and said, "Run, run, little kitties. Run for your lives." But, no, I just shoved them in that box and closed the flaps on them.

Melissa C. Hedgecock

Kindred Spirits

What is it about you
that makes me smile when you are near;
And why is it that my spirit feels so light?

Maybe the secret is in your eyes,
your smile,
your voice,
the things you wear,
But you are so much more
than you appear to be.

I believe there's something deeper
in your heart,
your soul.

There **is** a sparkle in your eyes
that's greater than the sun.
It hints to me of treasures
kept within.

Each time we talk you spill some out
on purpose,
I think.
Or maybe you don't realize what you've done,
how you've touched me.

We are linked somehow
in a place beyond friendship,
A world where kindred spirits laugh
and give each other gifts:
Portions of themselves.

Suzanne Gessner

Intertextuality

There are 2 versions of *Deliverance*:
in the novel a suburbanite commits
murder
(the weighted body sinks into a lake)
and commits
a lie called getting away with it
in the film the director commits
another story
(the body bobs to the surface)
and commits
a lie called justice

Marion Hodge

Haiku

The grass remains green
But is sprinkled sparsely with
brown, crisp, crunchy leaves.

Indian summer
Lingers on while autumn waits
Patiently outside.

I am sad for you
Naked trees, left colorless,
Alone -- without leaves.

Bare feet burn against
The hot griddle-like pavement
Of the gray-black road.

Steve Willis

Party Slang

At the party there was
mad people there,
Everyone just chillin'
in the souped up crib,
Lunchin' off a fat one,
sipping on 40's,
Skeezas and hoofas shaking all around the
dance floor.
Guys trying to kick it
to the fly honeys.
Getting dissed
left and right.

What's up with the
dj playing that sorry music?
I wanna hear some funky shit.
Girlfriend just got busted
freaking on somebody
else's man.
She is too big for them Daisy Dukes
with that bubble-gum butt of hers.
And homeboy is kickin' like a
Whopper with onions.
Maybe if he would
stop
dancing so hard
he could get his feel ons
And you is <u>really</u> trippin' if you
think I would butterfly with you.

Just stop the madness!
Two people in the bathroom getting it on, doin'
the wild thang.
Wanna know the scoop?

. . . Too late,
I'm out.
Check ya' later!

Alisa Hamler

There's No Place Like Holmes

My fingers brushed against the old familiar creases. The leather binder was old and worn, much like its owner, but was still able to bring a flock of goosebumps to my wrinkled hand. I turned it over and for the hundreth time read the gold-embossed title: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*. My prized possession.

I didn't need to open the book, for I had read all the Holmes stories dozens of times each. Instead, I closed my eyes while clutching the treasured book, and once again travelled there, to 221B Baker Street, to my safe haven. I had been there many times before, so nothing really took me by surprise. Nevertheless, I allowed myself to re-experience all of the sensations of this apartment all over again. They were too much a part of the event to simply ignore.

I gave myself completely to my imagination, and allowed Doyle to dominate. I assumed my usual role as Watson, and took everything in. The apartment was small, but not tiny, with plenty of room for the simple pleasures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Right off, the scent of a freshly-lit pipe charged up my nostrils, and clouded the room in a thought-provoking wisp of smoke. I inhaled deeply, embracing the scent. I could have easily traded that haze for oxygen itself.

It wasn't especially cold in the room, but it wasn't noticeably warm either. The room had a shadowy, brownish quality upon it, that I had grown to love. This was my retreat, my hideaway, from the cares of the world. Instead of listening to a heart monitor, which fractionally decreasing in cadence daily, I would always return here, and watch Holmes perpetually astound me, the police, and anyone else who happened by him.

The rug I stood on, which covered much of the ancient floor, had once been a soft, wondrous cushion for tired feet. But hours of Holmes' incessant pacing, while working out the specifics of a case, had changed that. This distasteful carpet was as flat and stiff as the hardwood floor itself, as if Holmes had drained all of his inspiration and deduction from that rug, and left it to wither away. This was my secret theory, but Holmes would have been insulted had I asked him about it.

There was a grandfather clock somewhere in the room; however, it was not heard until I consciously listened to it. Often,

while Holmes needed silence for concentration, I would stand and watch Baker Street from the upstairs window. There I could both hear and see the rhythmic clicking of horse-drawn carriages riding by, their clomping hooves out of sync with the old grandfather clock.

The general ambience of the room was one of classy professionalism. There was a certain "look don't touch" feel to the place, as if everything in the room had been placed in a certain location by Holmes, and was therefore concrete, sacred, and immovable, except by Holmes himself. There was also an air of knowledge and wisdom throughout the room, as books were lined neatly on shelves stretching all four directions of the room. Charts, diagrams, maps, and newspaper snippets were laid out in all available space, each one representing either a vital part of a current case, or some unique triviality, which had, for some reason or another, caught the eye of the master sleuth.

Holmes collected many trinkets and items of specific interest to him, and him alone. Many of them had been given as gifts from special clients or wealthy dignitaries. Each had an interesting story behind it, but he would rarely tell me about any of them. Of course, my favorite item in the room was the famous Holmes violin. If I was lucky, I occasionally caught a taste of Holmes' masterful style, perchance he was in the mood to play.

The images and sensations began to slow. My imagination grew weary, as did all of my life functions, Unwilling to let go of the fantasy, I carefully bridged the gap between the real world and my imaginary one, existing simultaneously in both. My eyes remained closed, as I allowed Holmes' sweet, stringed musical stylings to play my lullaby into oblivion.

Robin Parrish

Borrowed Notes

Debbie, Don't call me a hypocrite when you see me cry

I mean well

Glimpses of your blonde hair still haunt me and I
still see the lost look in your Prozac eyes

I compared and contrasted you
pointed and laughed,
but I was also frightened and confused

Why didn't you speak
or hear
or attend class
or explain yourself?

The rain fell gently the day after I recalled
your intermittent life

Were those your tears
falling on me as I
walked in disbelief?
Were you trying to cleanse me?
You must have seen the filth
clinging to me

Maybe Will cried,
Maybe Dr. Gleaton,
Maybe Casey,
not me though,
at least
not yet

Debbie, You're dead . . .

I've nothing else left to say

Peter Romanov

Broken.

sluggish. yet ready to put a hand through.
a window. at any interval. so I can see the.
pretty moonlight outside. let it shine on
my blood covered. disheveled hand. while
I'm sleeping. random. very very random.
I'll try. stop the bleeding. turning my
white sheets. crimson. there's a draft.
my room is as cold as I am. sit in
a corner. next to him. try to stop the
bleeding.

Melanie Minor

To JoAnna

She retreats
now, in this pale hour
from these wintry shadows
to the grey maze of the streets.

I can press my palm
to the cruel concrete,
and watch the same moon.

Wayne Schrader

Roberts Hall Wayne Schrader

disguise

and the clock strikes twelve
more time has left my side
far away and dark as before
not to lose sight — not to look back
but water drops below on the floor

behind the door hides a light
can't quite catch it -
grab it -
understand it -
but it feels — it feels

another one sits beside and stares
not really another — all are left behind
but yet she knows -
how many times have you died?
once, maybe twice - i guess it shows

she left
she found her answer

i am left to my breathing
and reminded once again of waterfalls -
my eyes have become the springs
and my body is the ocean
an impossible space in between —

and the clock strikes twelve once more

Dan Smith

Mary F. Hall
(A dormitory)

I remember a room,
a room with
five and a half walls
that supported

the feeble hopes
of two young men
who taped them there
with care.

A room with a tiled, hopelessly dusty floor
that made for a
damn nice floor,

when it wasn't covered
with articles of clothing
or piles of discarded papers,

and if you didn't mind how easily
the ritualistic practice
of a wanna-be FBI agent
on his drum kit
came through on Thursdays.

The furniture,
free, or as the case
was for one piece,
forty-eight cents short of being so,

was fair.
A couch and two matching chairs,
and a third chair
that refused such tacky dress

as its countrymen wore
rested well on the floor, and
stayed there as it should.

It was good furniture.
Not good furniture like
mom's dining room chairs,

and living room couch,
but furniture that did its job
adequately enough for two
young men who
ate pizza
alone
on Saturday nights.

Michael Jason Duez

Contributors

Eden Brown -	Freshman English Major
Michael Duez -	Junior English Major
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Alisa Hamler -	Junior Theatre Major
Melissa Hedgecock -	Junior
Marion Hodge -	Professor of English
Ian Lohr -	Sophomore
Melanie Minior -	Freshman
Chad Morrow -	Junior English Major
Robin Parrish-	Freshman
Portia Pettus -	Senior English Major
Peter Romanov -	Junior English Major
Wayne Schrader -	Junior English/History Major
Dan Smith -	Junior English Major
Steve Willis -	Adjunct Professor of Theatre