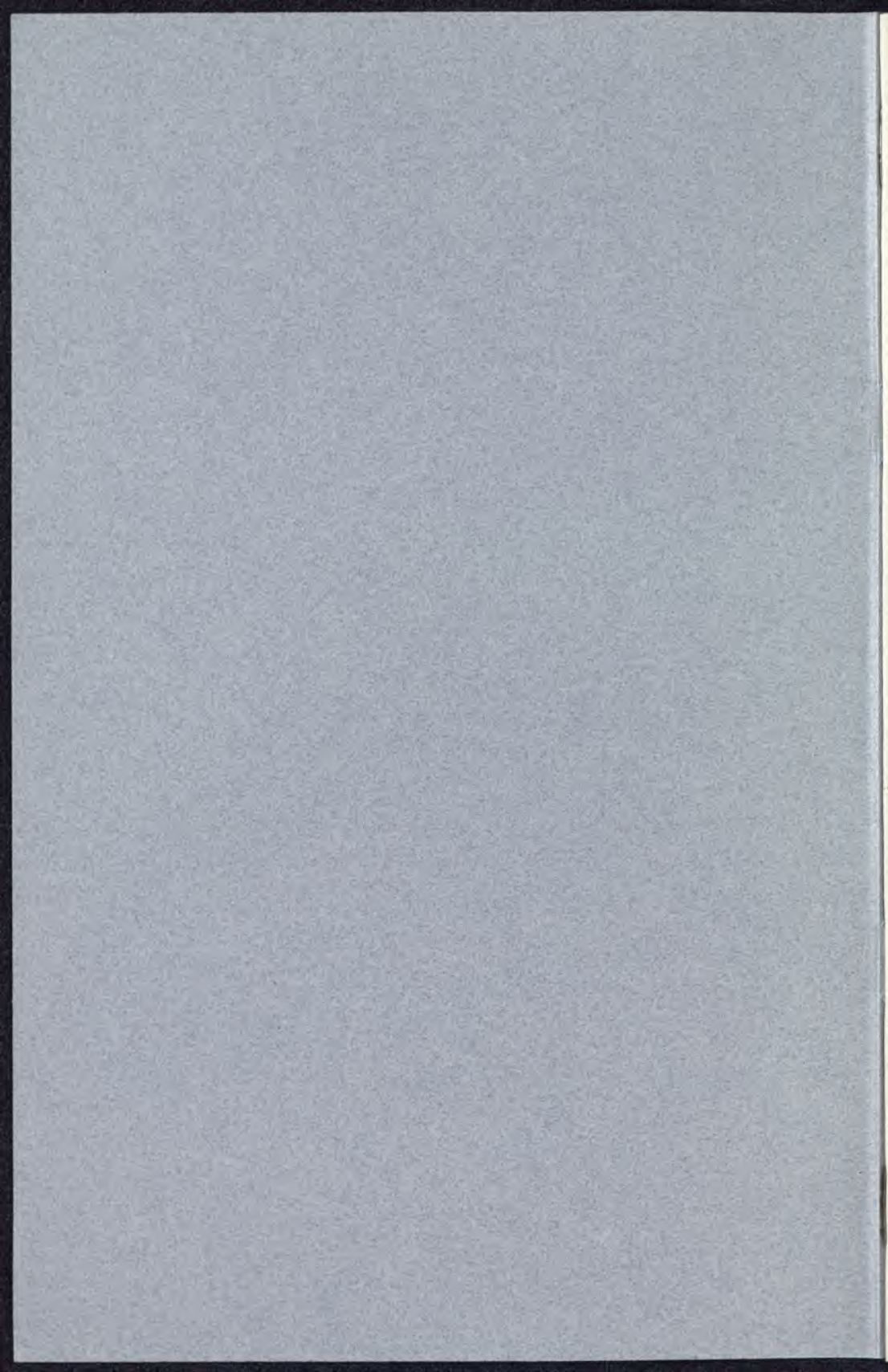


The 1998

Apogee

High Point University



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Counting the Days....Katy Wheeler

3 years, 241 days
That was when we met
It felt like all the time in the world.

3 years, 37 days
We were quickly becoming best friends
as we counted the days until our 16th birthday.

2 years, 212 days
We couldn't wait to grow up
Days seemed like an eternity.

1 year, 259 days
We talked on the phone until dawn
Revealing our deepest secrets.

1 year, 59 days
I could tell you anything
And you told me everything.

217 days
We were soul mates
Never to be parted.

48 days
We planned our sweet sixteen
It was going to be the day of our lives.

August 2, 1995
On my Birthday, there was a deadly car accident
And you left me with nobody to spend our special day with.

**In Memory of John Stout* Aug.3, 1979-Aug.2, 1995*

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Letting Go...Sara Day

I know we don't see much of
each other anymore.
I just want you to know
I'm trying to let go.

It is hard when all our memories
are still fresh in my mind.
It was always me and you.
There is nothing I can do.

I'll probably miss you
for a while.
I was growing accustomed to
your smile.

The gentle way you
always spoke.
The loving words I could so
easily provoke.

I knew our love may not last
from the start.
But it is another story in my heart.

As I sit here and cry,
I'm still trying to say
goodbye.

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Common Misconceptions.....Althea Mottas

A dirty white trailer sits off a dirt road
with a white picket fence between them.
It is covered with cobwebs and mildew
and their Bermuda grass needs to be mowed.

A little boy sits alone inside
because he was sent home from school today.
His head had been scoured and picked excessively;
he was condemned and now has no pride.

A little girl was sent home today
after her private school had a head check.
She was taken quietly to avoid humiliation
and was told, "Don't worry, they'll go away."

Her mom took her home to their big brick house,
where she cared and comforted her child.
"I thought it was only poor, dirty people
who picked up this thing called a louse."

Drive By....Vikki Burton

My image passes through the window
edges smooth-out to
The dimension of my eyes blinks towards him
drill delicately-in that
Time passes quick and slow all together
heads turning
always leaving.

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THE ODYSSEY....Doug Herring

I. Mournful Traveler (The Departure)

Loved one flying, return to me
Ships are leaving, as far as they can be
Expeditions led by men of light
Bringing back knowledge for another flight

Time is fleeting
Now it's nearly gone
Starships sailing
Over to the dawn

Goodbye loved one for now I must depart
One last glimpse for an aching heart
One last embrace before it's too late
I leave now a prisoner of my fate

Time is fleeting
Now it's gone away
Mournful Traveler
Into another day

II. Odyssey of Knowledge (The Quest)

Through the realms of endless space
Where only the ancient have gone
To the center of God's own Grace
Our questions carry us on

This must be our quest of knowledge
An Odyssey of old renown
As earnest pilgrims to the brink of Life
Awaken to the gentle calling

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Of a song that has no ending
Peace and Love will be waiting there for you

Peaceful thoughts will fill your soul
Love will reign e'er more
We wait and pray to live the day
To see the distant shore

This must be our quest of knowledge
An Odyssey of old renown
As earnest pilgrims to the brink of Life
Awaken to the gentle calling
Of a song that has no ending
Peace and Love will be waiting there for you

We retrace the story of the
Ones who came before
Gone forevermore
The secrets that they've kept
Lie hidden
Deep within the Core

We search forward to the
Depths of Great Beyond
Mysterious to one
Divided and selected
Sealed
Up into a bond

This must be our quest of knowledge

Worlds collide and seasons chide
And nothing seems the same
Now is the time to realign
The players of the game

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Lessons taught from things we've thought
Help us slip away
From this place, a holding case
For those who wish to stay

We Fly
We soar through the sky
We Fly
Tales of kings flash by
We Fly
We soar through the sky

This must be our quest of knowledge

KNOWLEDGE
KNOWLEDGE
KNOWLEDGE

This must be our quest of knowledge
An Odyssey of old renown
As earnest pilgrims to the brink of Life
Awaken to the gentle calling
Of a song that has no ending
Peace and Love is waiting there for you

III. Hopeful Traveler (The Return)

Fear not, loved one, for soon I will return
And times will be even better than they were
We can know all there is to know
With our love we will conquer every foe.

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Direction?....Heather Sittler

A bright yellow sign,
encased in black,
and transcended by lines,
depicts a solid black arrow,
pointing North West,
but going nowhere.

The snake-like curve it details
stands out to me,
calling my name.
But where is it going?
Where will it take me?
I turn away,
ignoring the sign,
but only for a minute,
for my curiosity is peaked.

When I turn back around,
the sign is upside down,
pointing South West.
Confused and unsure,
I approach this sign,
questioning whether
it really leads anywhere,
or if it is simply misplaced...

Misplaced, huh?
Kinda like me?
Realizing and soon appreciating
this bond of adverse location,
I decide not to follow the sign,
but rather to take it with me.
That way it'll remind me ,

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although I may not always have
a purpose,
or know where to go,
I'll always remember that I have
DIRECTION!

Watering Hole... Jason Melia

There is a place that we all know
As you eat watch the cops come and go.
I've been there for breakfast, lunch and dinner.
Every meal is a winner.
In four years it has not changed.
The seven booths remain the same.
I've sat in each so many times.
I've sat and stared at the nostalgic signs.
There hangs a pay phone on the wall.
Just under it was a cigarette machine for us all.
As I sit and wait and wait.
I sip my coffee that tastes so great.
I came alone for the first time ever.
Those orange swivel stools are so clever.
No singles in booths after midnight.
That stupid sign remains in sight.
Strips of blue and gray tile cover the floor.
Tiny water droplets drip down the door.
The smell of sizzling bacon permeates the air.
The waitress brings my food as a man begins to stare.
My visits here will soon be coming to a close.
At graduation time I'm going home, I suppose.
If you've never been there, Go I beg you, please.
Man, they have a winner of a steak 'n cheese.

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Conversation with a lonely soul.... Susan H. Swallow

"HELLO."

"Hello."

"YOU LOOK SAD."

"Do I?"

"YES, YOU DO."

"Then why sit with me, here on these roots, under this cloud?"

"BECAUSE I WANT TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY WITH
SUNSHINE AND HAPPY-HAPPY TALK."

"Well, what if I don't want to talk? What if I want to sit here and
just be quiet?"

"WE DON'T HAVE TO TALK. WE CAN JUST SIT HERE AND
ENJOY THE DAY."

"What's to enjoy about this day? The smog? The garbage piled up
everywhere? How about the ozone layer rotting as we speak?

Those are all things that are happening on this day. I see no cause
for celebration."

(silence)

"WHY ARE YOU SO NEGATIVE?"

"Why do you ask so many questions?"

"BECAUSE I'M INTERESTED."

"Go be interested in enjoying this rotten day somewhere else."

"DO YOU REALLY WANT ME TO GO?"

"Yes, I really want you to go...no, I don't mean it...it's just..."

"JUST WHAT?"

"It's just...with you here I am forced."

"FORCED? FORCED INTO, OR OUT OF WHAT?"

"Forced out of my happy solitude."

"HAPPY SOLITUDE?"

"Yes, happy solitude."

"BUT HOW CAN YOU BE HAPPY BEING ALONE ALL THE
TIME?"

"I was PERFECTLY happy before you came along and upset my
murky mood!"

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"I ASK YOU AGAIN, DO YOU WANT ME TO GO?"

"Yes. Yes, now I mean it. You ask too many questions, and you get on my nerves."

"VERY WELL THEN, GOOD-BYE."

"Good-bye." (don't go...)

Who am I?.... Simone Loraine Duncan

Looking steadfastly upon their faces;
I wonder to myself.
How can they not know?
Their question: "Who are you?"
How can they not know who I am.

Then, a quick thought!
Here, in this strange land, am I even aware?
Do I even know who I am?
Half Trinidadian and half American:
How do I explain?
My culture, my norms and values; how do I reveal them;
They're not the same.

Who am I?
If I tell them the truth will they send me away?
I fish for words, Something clever to say.
I'm afraid to sound stupid, so I begin to pray.

And then, like a flash,
revelation on it's way.
I part my lips and out of my thoughts these words just happen to
stray.

"I am who others think I am, I am who others perceive, I am who I
pretend to be, I am what I believe, I AM ME!"

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Sissy's Commencement... Kate Mannion

The speaker was cold weather.
And his words like the raindrops
that ran from our umbrellas
onto the puddles in our laps.
Women sighing in their sundresses
tried to fingercomb their damp hair.
A little girl squirmed in her straw hat

Warped by the weather.

And when they called her name
so much later...

our dress shoes dyeing our stockings
our loafers stuffed in sippy socks
our trembling bare knees standing
to teeter on folding chairs
and cheer for her.

Blinking through the rain
drenched tassel hitting her cheek
she saw us, understood, and smiled.

Camera flashes led us indoors
or under concrete porches.
And the sun broke through the clouds
surfacing victorious.

Dry clothes and Italian food,
Beer and cake,
melted the chill within.
And as one torrential bunch we danced
and dipped each other that night.

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*The Path....*Peter Williams

Within the darkness, when there is no light, I cannot see all that is going on around me.

I feel a pain that I cannot handle & do not want to anymore. The body scars itself to release the sickness from within (but, never more than I can handle). In this realm death was & is not contemplated.

The soul inside is, however, stronger than I will ever be!

I came to be here because I lost my footing along a path that is a treacherous one to all, especially for me. It felt as though I was here forever, constantly moving & re-changing myself. But, I always come back some how. Even though I do not want to! Then one day when I was not paying attention or looking, (I cannot recall) you came along. Into the darkness you reached out your hand & helped me back to the path. I was scared at first, the light was all around you, making you seem to glow. I gave my hand & love to you...willingly.

I was now out of the darkness where I had-fallen. It seemed like an eternity ago.

I have been with you forever now. Along the way I kept falling down, you would smile, then laugh & finally reach out for me again. Helping me back to my feet & back to the path we were walking together.

Now, something is wrong. I do not think I have fallen & I am sure that you have not. My path is a little dark, but I am still walking in the middle of it. So, I do not think I have fallen. I have not been able to see it as clearly as I was though.

Something is wrong. You are still here. I can see you next to me, I am holding your hand.

But, the grip has loosened.

I realize now that I did fall. The path I am on is the one you helped me off of. It also made me realize you were walking that path with me...for as long as you could!

(con't.)

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The Path...(con't.)

Just the other day my path came to a fork & as I looked ahead I noticed it went off into three directions. I could see all of them clearly. The one I was on, a bright one, & a gray one. I stood there for a long time and contemplated.

I came off my dark path. I tried walking in the light you had brought me to. It was too bright for me & I could not find you.

I was alone again. Scared more than ever.

I moved over to the middle one!

I saw you on my path today & realized you too were lost. I tried to help you. But, you made me aware that this was the first time you were lost & were not ready to come back.

You also made me aware of how you got there.

I had been too lost & your love was more than I could have imagined. When you tried to help I was not aware. Now, I am returning more than you ever expected to see from me. It is now you who could use it but are not yet prepared.

We are not walking together anymore! I have not given up though for in the future our paths will cross & stay together.

I can say this because I Love You! I still remember the first day I realized it. This is what keeps me going. Even though you are strong willed, be aware of what we have had & forgive me.

I am aware of what I have lost & on my path I can still see you walking near me. My hand is reached out in your direction for when you need me. You have noticed it, but are not yet ready to grasp it. For this reason I will not go far, I promise!

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Remembering Doris.... Vincent Pulupa

Her eyes were yellow. Her eyes were yellow.
I jumped out from behind the tree,
as I had done for many years,
only this time she didn't flinch.
Her eyes were yellow.

I would eat her grapes when she wasn't looking,
put her sneakers in the dryer,
and rearrange the clock and picture frames on the mantle.
"You little devil!" she would always tell me,
until the day
Her eyes were yellow.

She would take me to the supermarket
where I always managed to draw a crowd.
I flirted with high school girls,
pinched their behinds, and imitated Fonzi.
Fearless and defiant, this little six-year old,
until the day
Her eyes were yellow.

She would help me read my dinosaur books
by pronouncing the long names.
She supplied crayons and coloring books,
always having a variety to choose from.
And along with every visit came a tall glass of OJ;
She always had my favorite drink.
At least until
Her eyes were yellow.

She's missed my first communion,
missed my confirmation,
missed my graduation,

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missed my 21st birthday,
and will miss my commencement.
All because
Her eyes were yellow.

The Cold Pushes Through Me.... Shannon Larson

The cold pushes through me-
a bone crackling wind.
The frost settles on me-
a frozen tundra now.
The snow has covered me-
a blanket void of heat.
The fog of sleep surrounds me-
a dense misty dream.

I wish to wake from my dream-
the dense misty fog.
I wish to seethe my body-
the blanket of snow to boil.
I wish to kill the cold-
the tropic instead of the tundra.
I wish to warm the Noreaster-
the sun to heat my bones.

I cannot heal my bones-
my body lies broken.
I cannot enter the tropic-
my flesh has turned blue.
I cannot warm myself-
my blanket is my skin.
I cannot escape from the fog-
my life is lived in dreams.

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My Winter Trip.... Tyler A. Doraldson

Where the land meets the sky
there was a place to extend the hand.
Pears were right beside the time,
and I was ever in love for your kind touch and smell.
Clouds rained a top the sun,
and the hand abides the sea upon the mind.
Along the train going to Boston-
alone, Poe was without a home.
I was traveling through the sound of music
walking, rather dancing in my head.
Rolling stone had bashed my bewildered face
that was always trodden black,
and the wind still always lie at my back.

We do not always think clearly,
but we assume to be Homo Sapiens,
and I believe that maybe we remain very primitive.
I took the growth and opened my mind
and found the key to my unlocked doors.
My existence was shown to me,
and I wish for the world to be happy,
but you still won't see!

We are layers in time
but we still seek to find
the answer.
The light will be shown,
but only when we cease
will we actually know.

"Where are we going?"
I asked my friends many times,
but no one would answer,

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now I know why.
Each has their own trip to pursue,
and I had mine, now how about you?

Just Competition....Mari-Anne Zamorski

You played with my heart.
You toyed with my mind.
You led me to believe,
you were ever so kind.
I would have given you the world,
and left empty handed.
Now you've left me here alone,
with my love to burn.
How could I've been so foolish?
How could I've been so blind?
I couldn't even see the clearest of the signs.
A game was what you played.
Ahead all along.
Now that you've won,
you can't wait to say, "so long."
You walked away,
and left nothing but pain,
looking for the next victim of your little game.
You'll soon find a match.
Someone with much competition.
She'll be even stronger,
playing her will be a hard mission.
You'll lose your touch,
she'll win this time.
Your heart will ache exactly like mine.
Then it will be my turn
to sit back with laughter and awe,
because you finally lost
at the game you started after all.

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*Folding Clothes....*Todd Jenkins

Folding clothes it would seem
Would be everyone's dream
It's easy, with nothing to fear

But I've never been told
Or shown how to fold
The monster they call the brassiere

Fitted sheets cause me stress
Still I do my best
To make all their round corners look neat

And folding those panties
Whose cloth is so scanty
Is not that easy a feat

I have to take too much action
Because of dark clothes' attraction
To every stray clump of cat hair

And while socks, they are plenty
I look through so many
And can't find one matching pair

Women's clothes have the knack
I can't tell the front from the back
And they quickly entice me to anger

Those wool pants and skirts
And those funny cut shirts
Do they get folded or put on a hanger?

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By the time I'm half through
I know what to do
'Cause this ain't my idea of great fun.

In my dresser I pile
All MY clothes, then smile
"Look at me honey, I'm done!"

*Portrait....*Susan H. Sparrow

Watching her
filling salt shakers and
wiping excess ketchup from the bottles
stopping occasionally-
inhaling the cigarette
beside her.

Sighing, she continues.

Watching her and wondering,
is this what life
is all about?

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Our Existence.... Tyler A. Doraldson

Sometimes I lay about
and ponder my own existence.
I slip away deep into
the farthest reaches of the mind.
I seemingly find the answer,
only to awaken forgotten dreams.

I love the search for humility.
We dance and dine,
and must think thy blind!
But they won't ever see the Nova.
The answer lies beyond-
the realm of our existence,
but the search is the pleasure!

Have you ever pondered 'bout time?

How trivial the clock appears,
but in time it destroys us the same!
Most people do not take the time to ponder,
but instead wander
machine- like through the land.
And when we fly through the sun,
will they all be gone,
and shall our existence repeat?

Our odyssey is our Earth!
The one who gave us birth,
the Earth!
We rape her everyday,
like blue lined paper that is scraped by the pen.

(con't.)

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Our Existence...(con't.)

Then again,
like Oedipus we copulate,
we kill,
then destroy-
our hopeless joy of Troy.
Then we turn to each other
and murder our honest brother(s).

The waves roll in the mind,
in 3/4 time we rhyme,
as John once did.
We borrow the world,
then kiss it upon the lips.
We throw it to the ocean,
but it slithers back.
It attacks our visage
and we kill it again.

Sometimes I lay on the bed,
sometimes I ponder into the sky,
sometimes I wish I were dead,
but never do I find out why!

I believe in the heavens
and in Darwin's theory.
But I am immense.
And I will uncover the answer before I die.

When I do I will let you know.
But for now, it is time to go.

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*In My Dreams....*Juan Carlos Bernedo, Jr.

My bed is comfortable
and my rest complete.
Darkness becomes light
as I see the foundation of my family—
my grandparents.
I can speak to them in English
they now can understand.
Who am I?
What am I here to do?
It was no secret that
I was their favorite grandchild.
I caught many envious remarks
and jealous stares for their love.
“You are what we want to be passed on.” My grandpa says.
“Loving, caring, and sensitivity are you gifts to offer.” My
grandma says.
Seeing my grandparents, instead of sight-seeing
was my reason to go to Peru.
“You gave us your time and love.” They both told me.
Being the first born in America from my family
is special to me, but
saying I love you to my grandparents
could put my soul to rest.
I never got to talk with my grandparents before they died.
Even though, I tell them-how much
I miss them and love them
every night...in my dreams.

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Mountain Winter/Mountain Spring... Troy Anders

Mountain Winter

Lingering shadows stretch
across a darkened sky.
Piercing cold fills the air,
Summer's sun and warmth have faded.
Winter's chill embraces the earth,
days are short, nights are long.
Summer memories come and go
in the deepening darkness.
Hearts are sad,
a brief moment ago-so glad.
Loneliness settles across the mountain
so completely that spring
may never break out again...

Mountain Spring

Darkness covers the earth.
The mountain is still covered with snow.
Leaf buds and grass
struggle to grow.
They force their way
through the surfaces
that hold them
and wait patiently for the
light that will come—but when?
When the sun comes and
cracks open the night sky
and melts the snow
on the mountain top,
Spring breaks out
in all its splendor
and we ask—
Why were we so lonely?

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*Coffee....*Eleanor Bush

Coffee
Percolating in my veins
exploding electronic
bursts of energy
surrounding my thoughts
the drug crawls
through my system
Anticipating release
Burning a track of
mocha-sweet reward
stimulated by mile-a-minute
frosty breezes.
Cold air is sleepy
hibernating is good
but I can not
I am
poisoned
by black blood
sweetened no cream
I lie awake
praying for the
caffeine crash.

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*The Day Vada Died....*Todd James

After they buried Garland in the graveyard,
I could see her in that wheelchair. That was strange.
I'd never seen her look so weak.
It was raining hard that day, too, hard.
I think she could barely catch her breath
and she felt too unbalanced to stand up.

We just went to that wedding
a few weeks ago, she was joking with me
since she was leaving the next day,
going with her daughter Anne to Las Vegas.
I told her, "Gamble some of my money."
"I get to keep it if I win something, though."

When we wanted to take her picture with grandma,
she wondered why everyone wanted to take one.
I remember her saying to grandma,
"Why do they all want pictures of us?"
They probably think that we're going to die soon."
That was her personality, but it was just a coincidence.

I woke up when the phone rang and grandma told me.
It should have shocked me, but it really didn't much.
She said that Kim had found her laying on the floor
beside her Chihuahua, the one that I hate
because it always barked at me when we went down there.
I think he found her quickly, but I guess it was just her time.

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Self Estimation....Heather Sitrler

"Beyond repair,"
he speaks of me,
asking how such
an atrocity could be
performed on such
a pretty face.
I acknowledge the compliment,
thank him for his time,
and continue on my way.
I seek another estimate,
another opinion,
anything that will bring
positive news.
Again, I am told,
"It cannot be fixed."
Depressed, disappointed
and colored in despair,
I make one final stop,
hoping that this will bring
the words that I want to hear.
"Oh, yes! That is simple to fix,
all you must do is rearrange
what you already have.
You must tell yourself that it
can be done, and it will be."
Excited and confused,
I tell this surveyor
that I am unable to simply
"fix it."
If it were that easy,
I wouldn't be wandering aimlessly
asking complete strangers
for help and advice.

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* 1998 *

"Sure you can...just tell yourself
that it can be done."
For days, months, what seems like years,
I concentrated on that thought,
that single thought of
REPAIR...
but nothing ever changed.
Until,
until the day that you called
to tell me that everything
would be okay...
then the smile returned,
and my heart was happy,
once again.

Dark Days & Bright Nights....Shannon Larson

Dark Days & Bright Nights
I see the sound & hear the light
I taste the rain as it's coming down
Today I die above the ground

Love & laughter I wish I'd known
To you alone I devote my soul
And now I stand for me alone
Today I find the love unknown

I tried to love you with an open mind
Yet you tortured my heart & made me hide
I dug for freedom with dulling claws
Today I rewrite all the laws

* Apogee *
* 1998 *

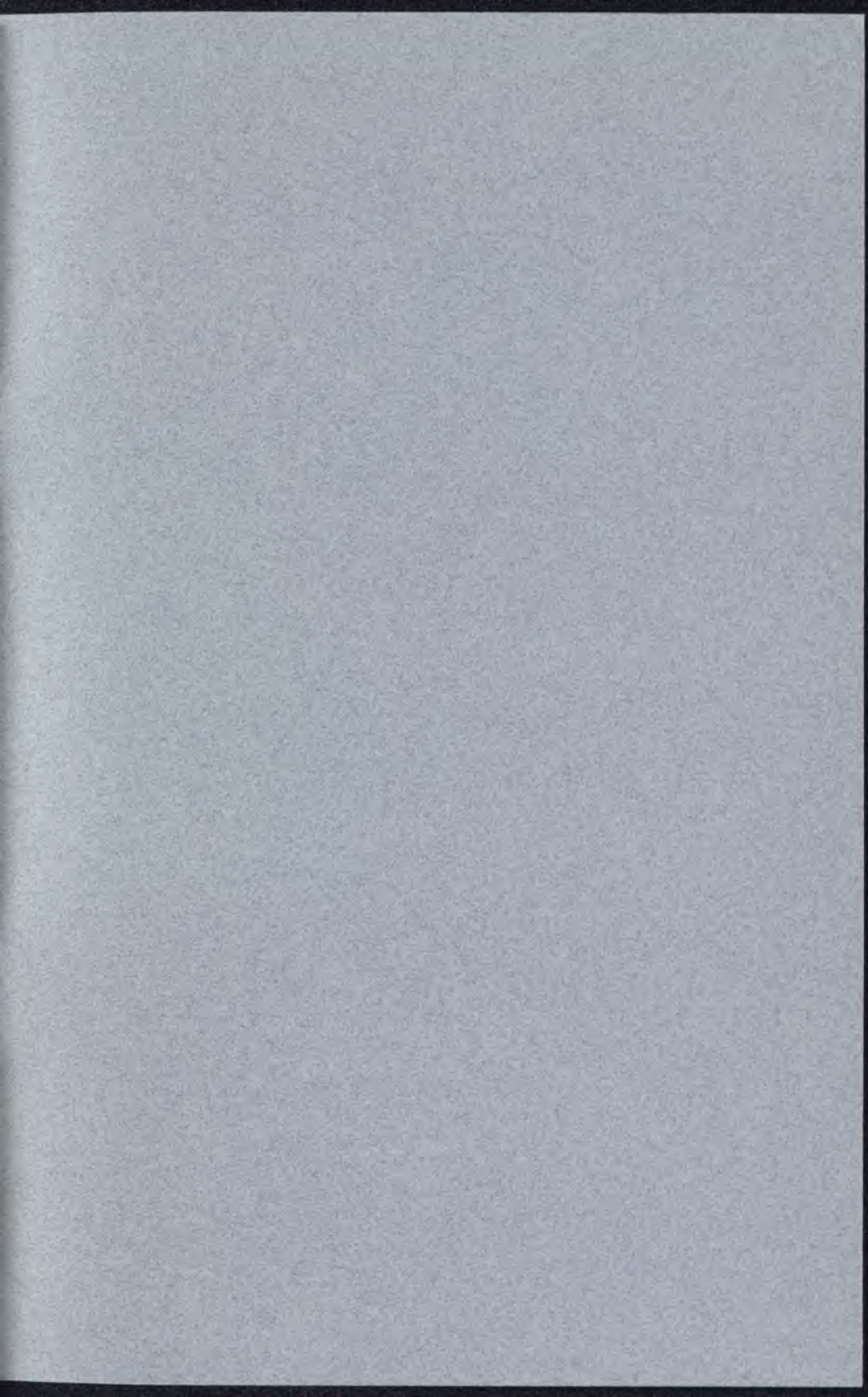
Wedding Faint.... Shannon Nygaard

I think I ruined my sister's wedding.
Standing in my blush and bashful
pink bridesmaid dress.
Staring into space.
In my peripheral vision were joyful
faces of the groom's party, distraught
faces of the bride's.
Disgust over the words of the preacher
Disbelief that my sister could be brainwashed.
The room blurred with dizziness;

Listen! Kristen!
Listen to what he's saying.
Are you not offended?
"Marriage is serving your man,
honoring your man,
standing by your man!"
No, Kristen!
Disobey!
Dishonor!
Run!
Run!
Run!
While you still can.

Run was the last thought before I fell to the floor.
I woke up to the smell of perfume and peppermint breath.
"Is she okay?" said falsely-concerned voices.
"Yes." I heard my father say.
"I ruined the wedding," was all I could say.
I ruined my sister's wedding.
She did not seem to care.
Maybe my loud thoughts were audible to her ears.

* Apogee *
* 1998 *



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