

# THE APOGEE

1999



HIGH POINT UNIVERSITY  
SPRING LITERARY MAGAZINE



THE APOGEE

1999



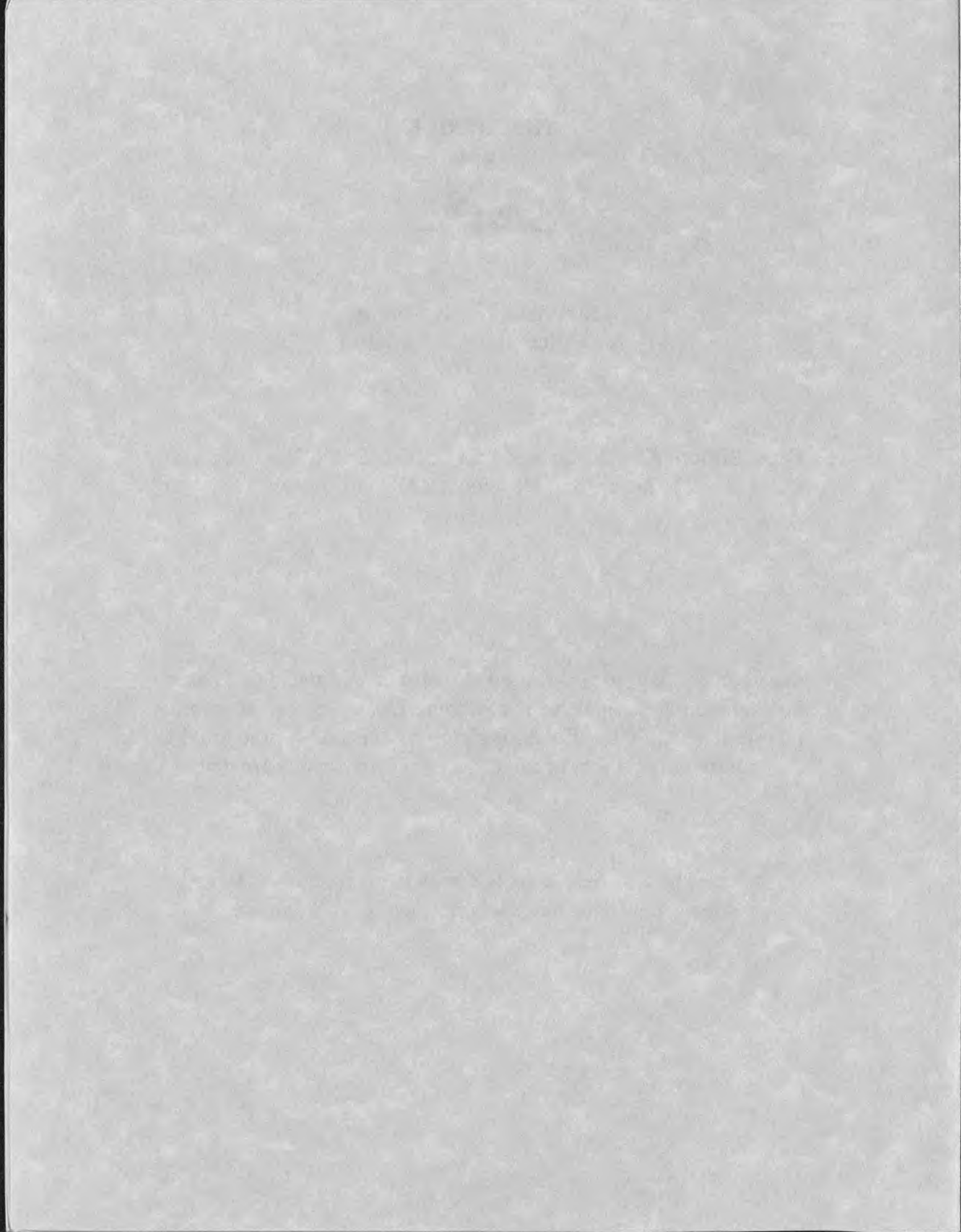
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“Read, every day, something no one else is reading. Think, every day, something no one else is thinking. Do, every day, something no one else would be silly enough to do. It is bad for the mind to continually be part of unanimity.” -*Christopher Morley*

“Everyone has a talent, what is rare is the courage to follow the talent to the dark place where it leads.” -*Erica Jong*

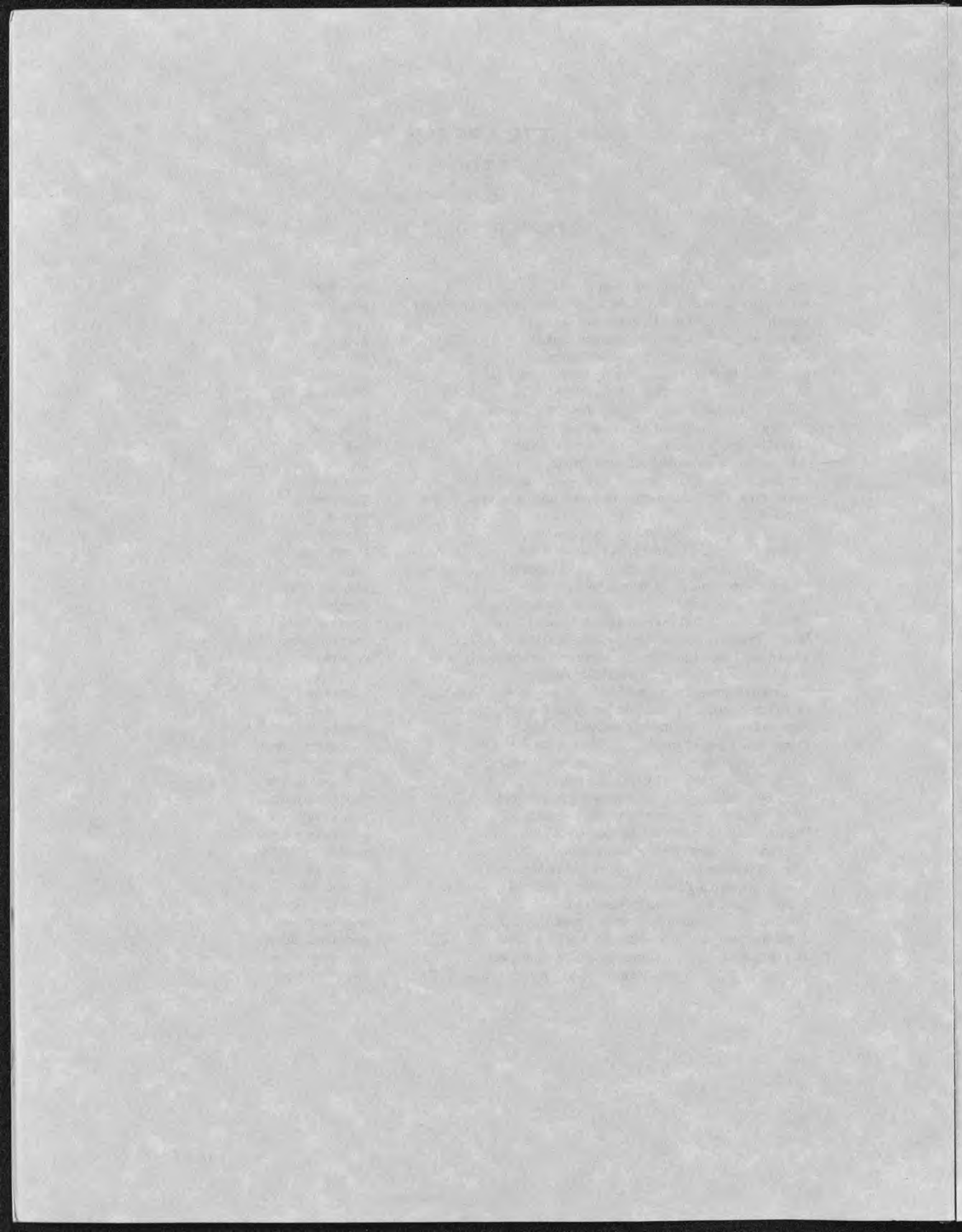


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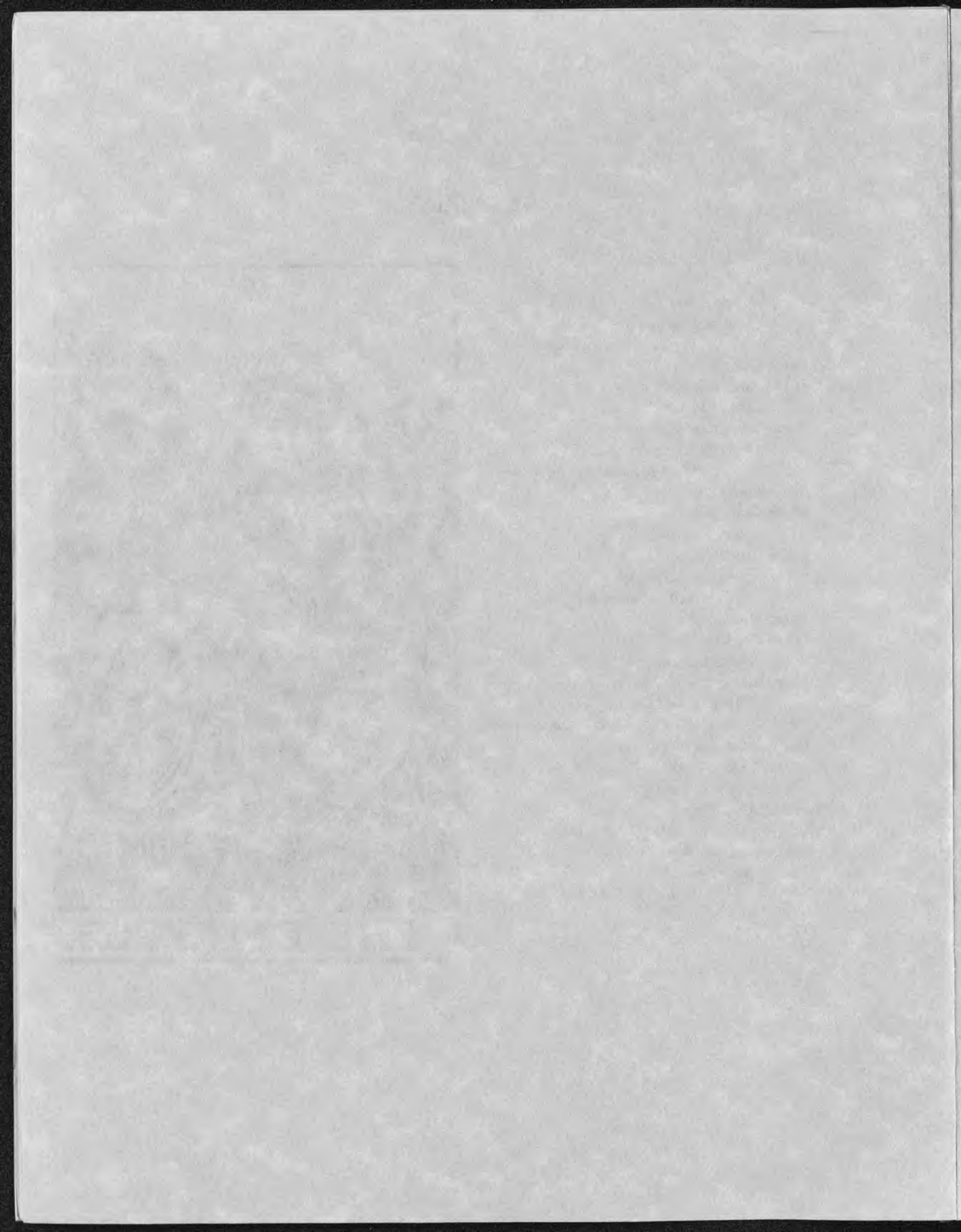
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*Her.....* Vikki Burton

*I awoken from this  
Dream I've had a  
Thousand times before.  
But yet this time  
My feelings are not  
Quite so sure.  
Every other time your touch  
Was oh so soothing  
It made me want you more.  
But yet this time  
My feelings are not  
Quite so sure.  
Every aspect comes to life  
In surround sound  
And Technicolor.  
But yet this time  
My feelings are not  
Quite so sure.  
There was a new character  
This time in my play  
She didn't really want to stay.  
But you see this is why  
My feelings are not  
Quite so sure.  
I realize now this  
Dream I've had is so much more  
Because of this there is  
No we  
Just of you and her.*







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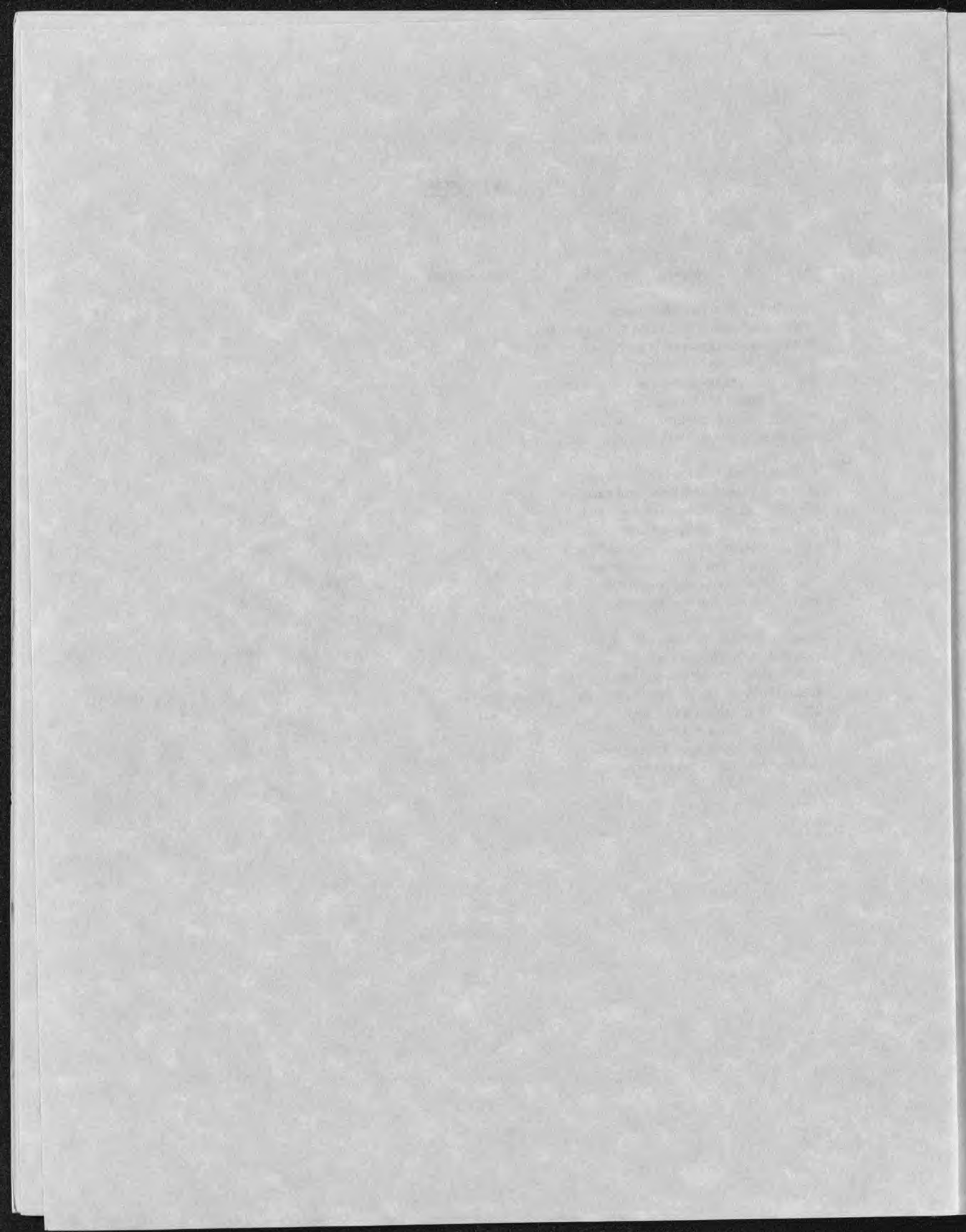
South of Kure Beach at Fort Fisher.....Stephen DeVoid

I've finally reached that point  
where the road won't take me anymore.  
What once was paved is gravel now  
and leads up to the shore.  
Tall dune grass- olive, yellow, brown-  
is bent towards the west  
by gales that blow across the cape  
and waken sea gulls from their rest.

Breezes whistle through the trees  
that the storms left bent and tattered  
They stand half hunched toward the coast;  
in them, gull's nests are scattered.  
Light misty morning rain is falling,  
beating rhythms on the silver roof.  
This old jalopy keeps me dry, though,  
and keeps me searching for the Truth.

I watch the storm roll out to sea  
and listen to the cackling cry  
of the pelican with the golden crown  
that slowly glides just past my eye.  
The book is folded shut now,  
the pen laid down to rest  
and silently I sit and watch  
these birds flutter to their nests.





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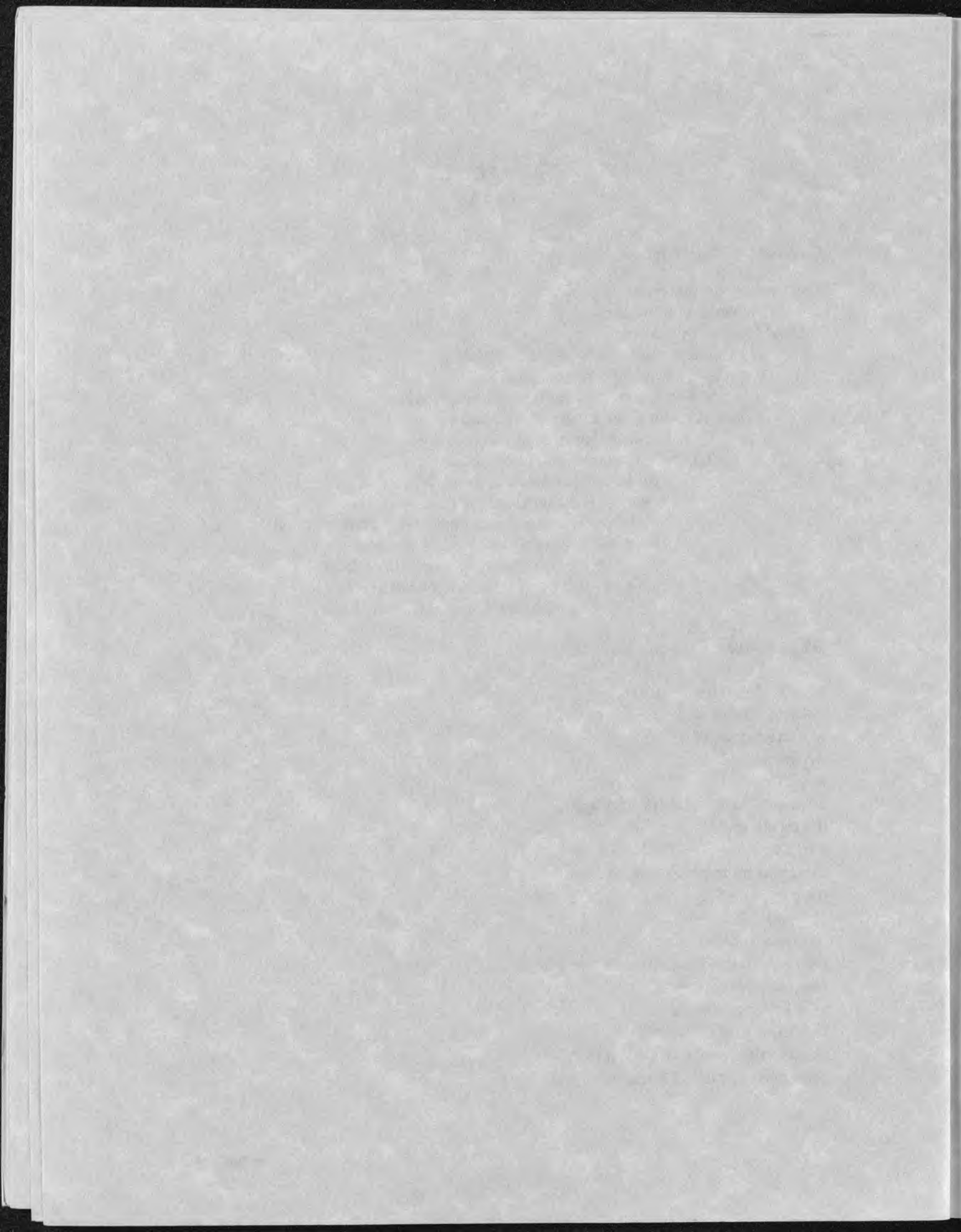
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*Crooked*.....Kate Whitton

And I waited for that reckoning  
that never was to come  
Had I known this earlier  
I would change what's been said and done  
To protect myself from beasts like you  
and let my wound heal through and through  
I would walk down a path less traveled  
and contemplate how this all unraveled  
To have you standing right beside me  
yet feel that distance so intensely  
To wish that you could read my mind  
I thought I found what I have been waiting to find  
But I didn't, I found another of those beasts  
my body cringes with the pain of defeat  
And I still wait for the one who can  
just kiss my nose and hold my hand.

*Oil and Water*.....Amanda Zindorf

why do I do these things,  
cutting off my nose  
to spite my face?  
my heart and head  
at war  
a furious battle of dark and light.  
doors close  
and I forget  
drugged by my worldly desires  
gasping in a fog  
so soon  
so close to the portal,  
two halves cut by a silk curtain  
together yet separate  
will I ever reconcile  
the angel and the devil;  
can I truly ever be of sound mind,  
one spirit of perfect balance?



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*The Biscuit Factory*.....Stephen DeVoid

She jingles her keys  
And fumbles with the knob.  
Good thing in the morn  
She won't have to work a job.

The quilt from on her bed  
Nestled underneath her arm.  
A pillow for her head;  
Her roommate's her alarm

Stumbles through the dark,  
Ends up crashed out on the floor.  
'Tis there she'll rest her bones,  
right outside his bedroom door.

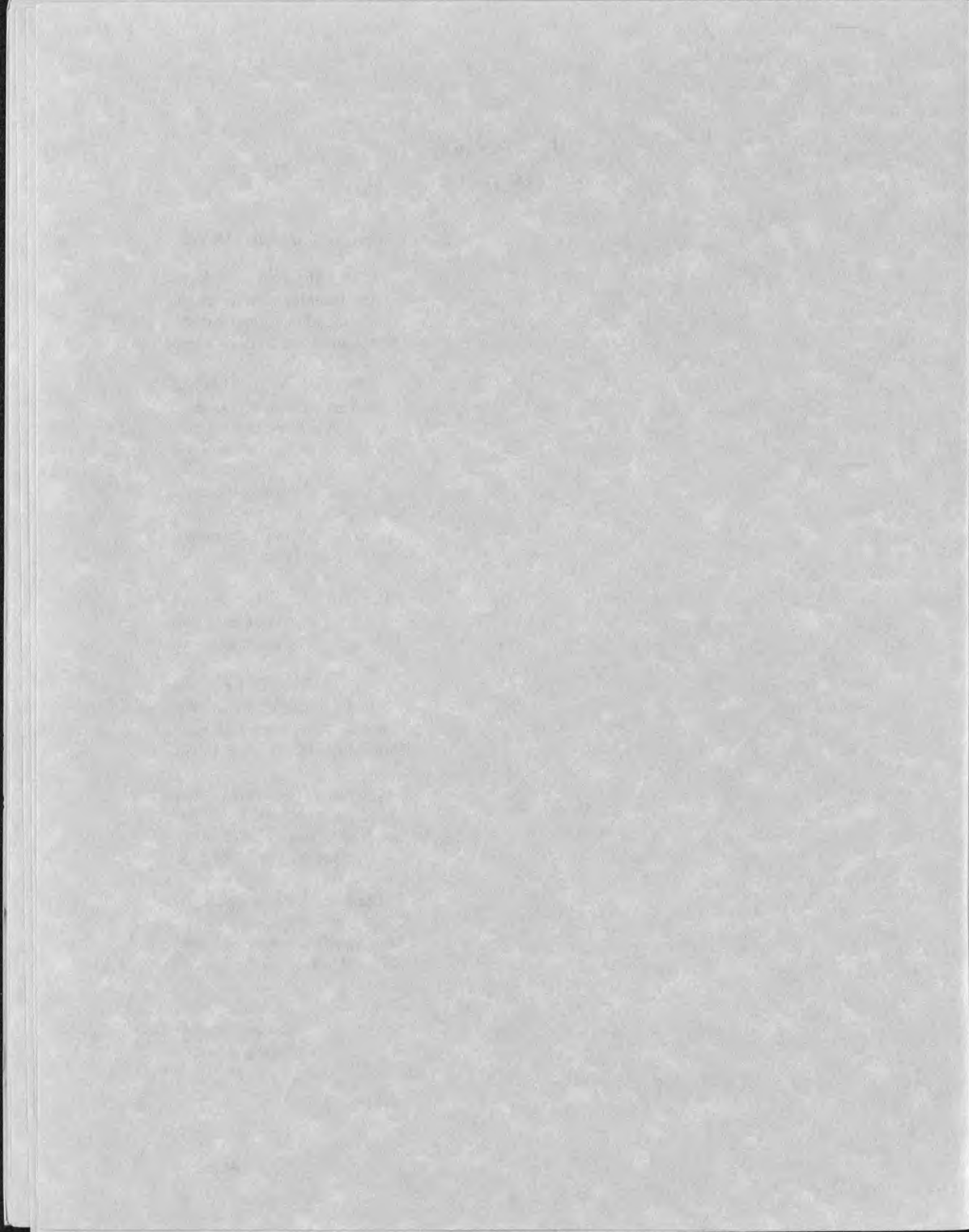
Into the hall  
And on the floor,  
The girl's got heart

Waiting for a ride,  
Some breakfast and a coke.  
He walks towards the shower,  
Thinks this sight is quite a joke.

"Rough night?" he laughs aloud,  
then tiptoes down the hall.  
"A backstage pass, some chardonnay,"  
she giggles and recalls

The show she saw last night:  
"He played 'Suspicious Minds'.  
We danced and drank, all right.  
I left my brain behind."

Under the jacket  
And out the door,  
The girl's got heart.



## THE APOGEE

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*Elizabeth Ann*.....Jim Adams

Blue. Eyes as blue as the sky on a crisp spring morning. That's what I remember most about my daughter, Elizabeth Ann. But then most everything about her was beautiful. At the age of six, she had long blonde hair and was cute as a button. I cherished our Saturdays we used to spend together. I would pick her up from her mother's house as early as I could, and we would spend the day doing fun things together. We would go to the movie theater or the zoo, or whatever the mood struck us to do. The important thing however, was that we were together.

Those were glorious days. Each and every one of them. When those days drew to a close, we were always sad at the fact that we would have to wait a whole week before we would be able to be together again. Little did I know what the future would bring.

On one particular day, Elizabeth Ann and I decided to spend the day in the park. I picked her up at nine, and we headed off complete with the picnic lunch I had prepared for us earlier. It was a warm spring morning, and everything was beginning to come to life after a long cold winter. The birds sang sweetly, and butterflies floated about lazily. The park was filled with people. Everyone was happy to be out, and they were engaged in a myriad of activities. Some played catch with baseballs and mitts, some threw frisbees back and forth. Still others just laid on blankets, enjoying the sunshine.

And then there were the ones with in-line skates. They skated merrily back and forth, playfully chasing each other. I looked down at Elizabeth Ann, and noticed a tear on her cheek.

"Elizabeth, are you crying?"

"No, Daddy." she said.

But I knew she was. I knew every facial expression she had, and I wasn't bad at reading her mind either. I could tell she was longing to join the skaters and have her very own pair.

"Elizabeth Ann, I bet you would like a pair of those skates, wouldn't you?"

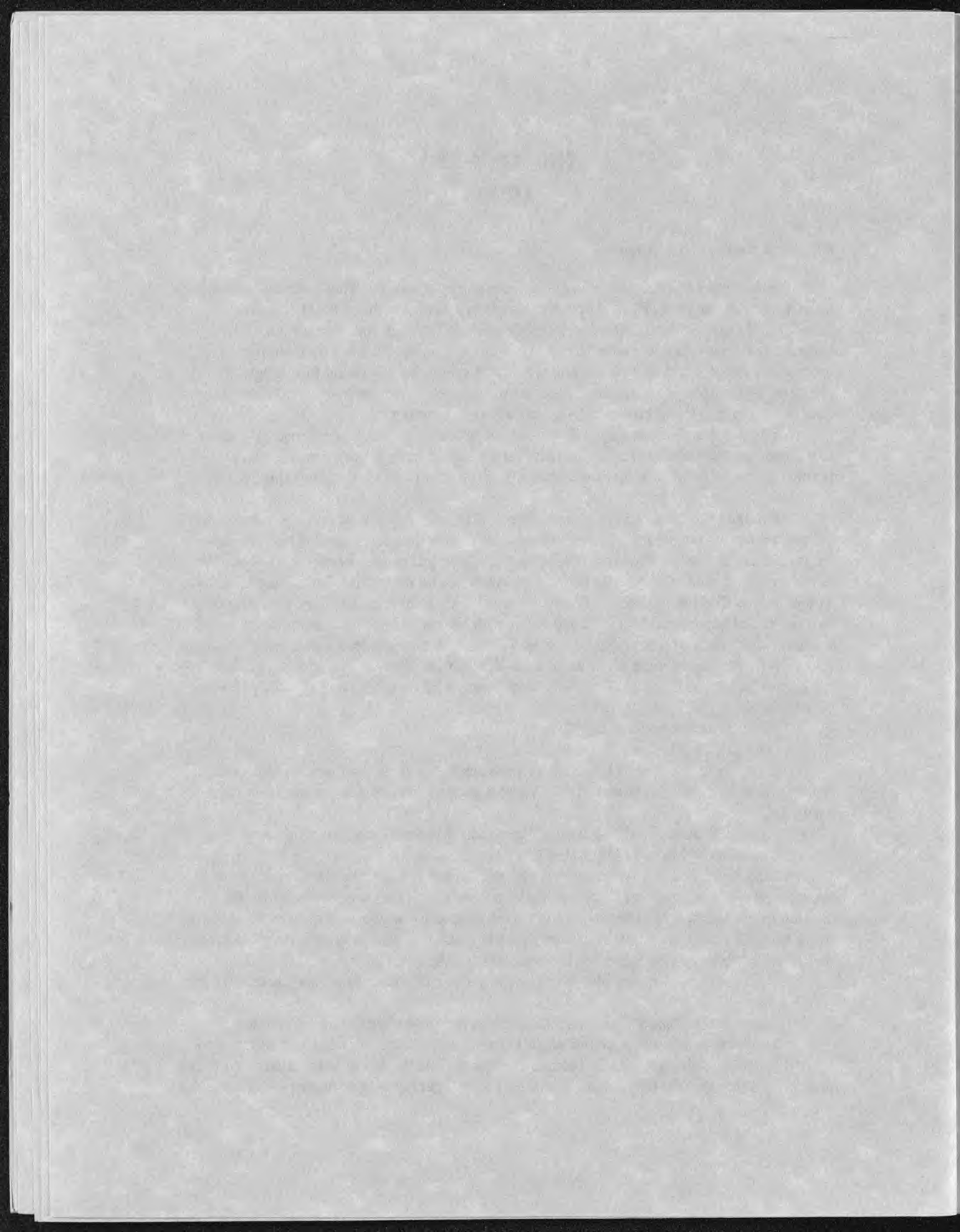
"Yes, Daddy, but it's OK, I don't need any, really."

Elizabeth's mother spent entirely too much time teaching her how to act grown up, and not nearly enough time letting her be a little girl. I had tried many times to explain to her mother, but she was not to be influenced by anyone, let alone me. But one thing was still true. Despite what I thought of her, she was still Elizabeth Ann's mother, and I needed to be respectful to her for Elizabeth's sake.

"Elizabeth, would you like me to get you a pair of those skates so you could have fun like them?"

"Could you, Daddy?" she said sheepishly, her little cheeks turning crimson.

I knew that this was a matter of great importance to her for her to go as far as to ask me for them. The day was at a close, and it was time for me to return Elizabeth to her mother. So we decided that during the week I would get her pair of skates for her and the





following Saturday we could try them out. I hugged her and gave her a kiss on the cheek when I dropped her off, promising to have skates the next Saturday.

During the week, I went to a toy store and bought the skates, complete with elbow pads, knee pads, and a little pink helmet with a little picture of Barbie on the sides. I could hardly wait for the week to end, because I knew how excited my little girl would be.

But Thursday the phone rang. It was Elizabeth Ann, and I could tell she was crying. Instantly I was upset. I did just not allow anything that made my little girl sad, no matter what it was.

"Baby, what's wrong?" I asked, the tears already starting to form in my own eyes.

"Daddy, my mommy said that the reason you wanted to get skates for me was because you are not a good daddy, and you don't care whether I get hurt or not. She said I can't see you anymore."

I could hear the phone being taken from her hands, and I knew who was doing it. The hair on my neck bristled as I thought of what was happening and who was causing it. If only life had dealt me just a little better hand...

I could go into a long dissertation on the legalities and lies that then took place, but it wouldn't change anything. God only knows that if there was anything that I could have done to change things I would have. But the bottom line was that that was the last time I ever saw my precious little Elizabeth Ann. For a long time I cried daily. Still, I think about her constantly. But there was nothing I could do. Nothing.

That was then, this is now. Today, she would be 18. That means I have gone for 12 years without ever being able to see the person in the world that meant more to me than life itself. I continued on with my life, but there was always that feeling of being empty. It haunted me frequently. Times like Christmas were the worst. I would wonder where she was and hope she was happy. I know it is selfish, but I would often wonder whether she was thinking of me.

This particular day being Christmas, was not unlike most other days. I sat in my recliner sipping a cup of coffee. I was alone, as usual. Not by choice exactly, but since I stopped being able to see my little girl, I just wasn't in the mood to be very social. This Christmas was shaping up to be just like all the other ones in recent memory.

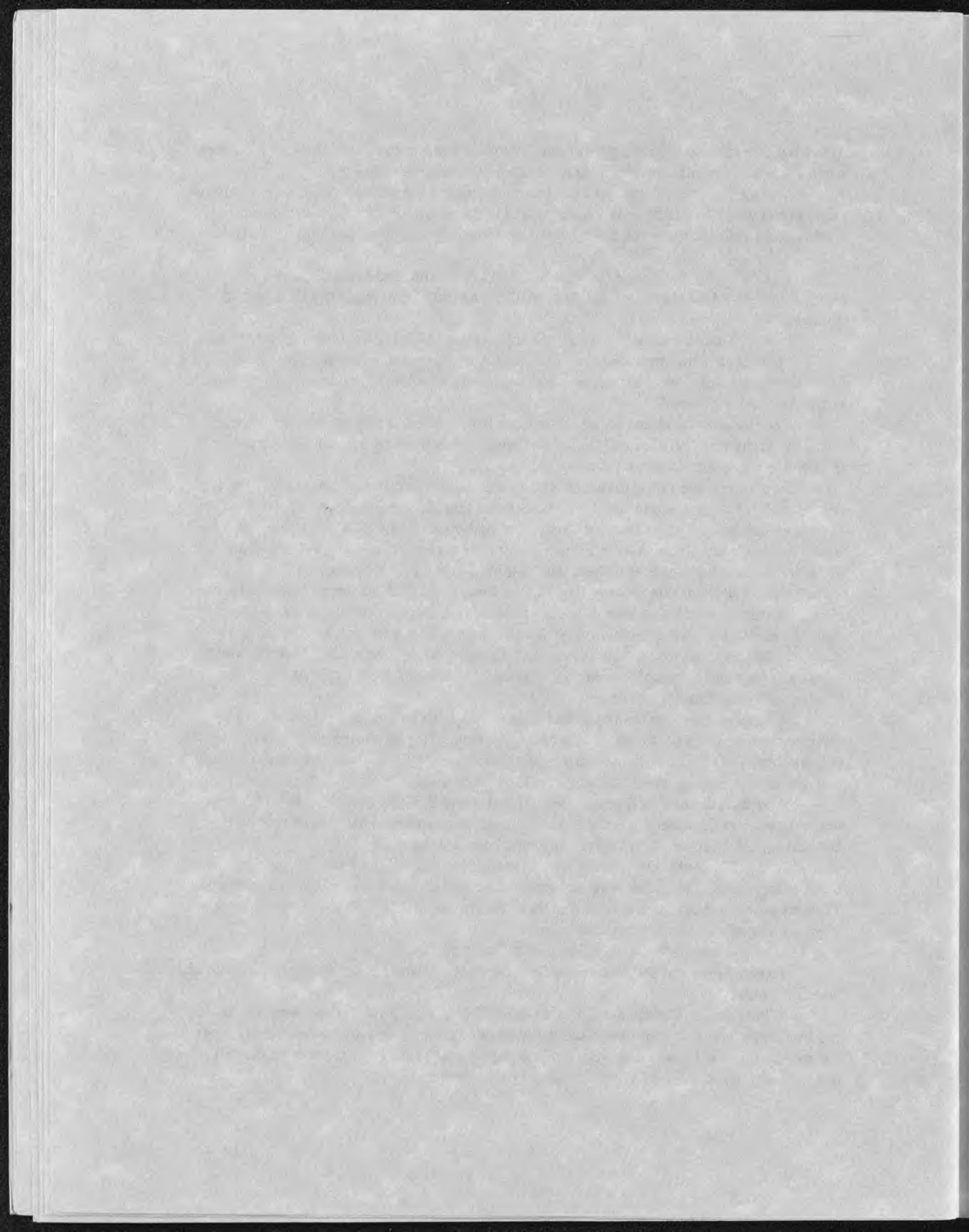
And then the doorbell rang. I wasn't thrilled at the idea of having to be polite to whoever was on the other side of the door. I even contemplated the idea of not even answering, but I decided that I might as well. I opened the door.

It was Elizabeth Ann! Instantly I began crying like a little baby. I couldn't even think of anything to say. She held her arms out to me, and we hugged. As we both cried 12 years worth of tears, we hugged like there was no tomorrow. After a long while, we were both composed enough to speak again.

"Daddy, I brought you and I presents for Christmas."

I looked down at her side to see two identically shaped boxes wrapped in colorful wrapping paper.

"Open yours, Daddy, and I'll open mine." She said, now smiling warmly. Inside the two boxes was a pair of matching in-line roller skates. One pair for her, and one pair for me. Somehow I knew that we would be seeing each other a lot more from now on. I began to cry again, only this time it was from happiness.



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### Old Souls: For Jamie

By Peter Williams

*In life as a whole, things will arise without knowledge.  
They can come to you with a gust of wind or they arise in a dream long since  
forgotten, as the morning sun rises and awakens you.  
In that gust of wind, you have been blown to me. As a friend true of heart and  
virtue.*

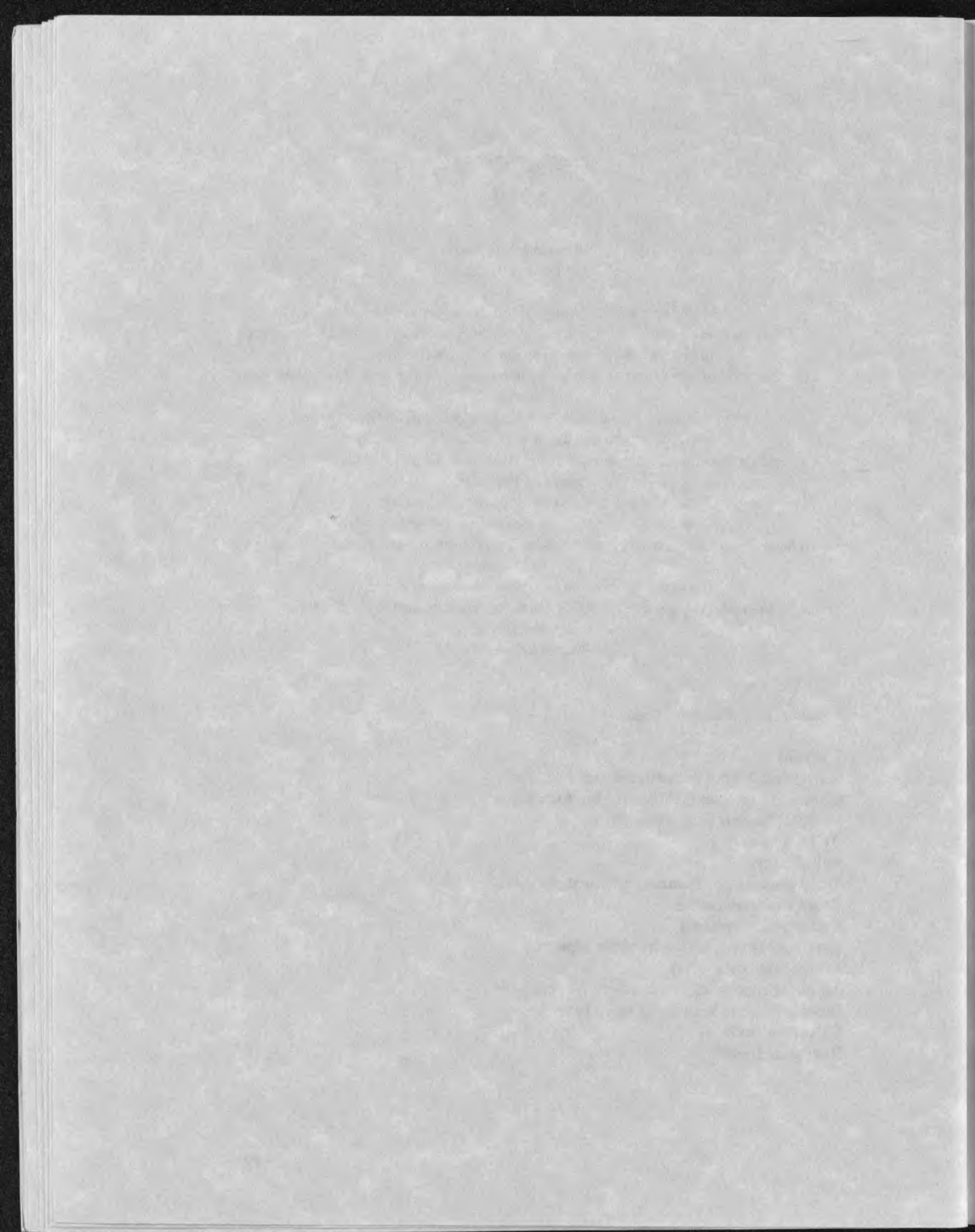
*In my dreams, I now see you clearly without doubt or question.  
I know you are there, a thousand miles away.  
Our spirits, however, have started to intertwine. Like two old souls meeting at the  
gates of Valhalla.*

*They talk to each other of battles and love...  
We however move closer and do not realize why.  
The knowledge of knowing we have come together for one reason or another is  
for now...unsaid.*

*The bond is reforming and our hearts, take it in stride.  
Though the miles are great, it is like a battle of courage and love. To succeed, one has  
to venture further on.  
No matter the loss!*

**January.....Michael Hanson**

**The hills  
Rising and falling beneath the soft oak trees  
Branches bare steadfastly clinging for dear life  
Against the new year's breeze  
Dying grass  
Aging paint  
Front porch steps moaning under my ascent  
Greet with open arms  
And promises unsaid  
Eyes imprisoned on barbiturate hips  
And diaries spoon-fed  
An air of sophistication bordering arrogance  
Incense breezes invade my open lungs  
Shivering curtains  
Run their fingers along my arms**



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Liquid Lament.....Tyler Donaldson

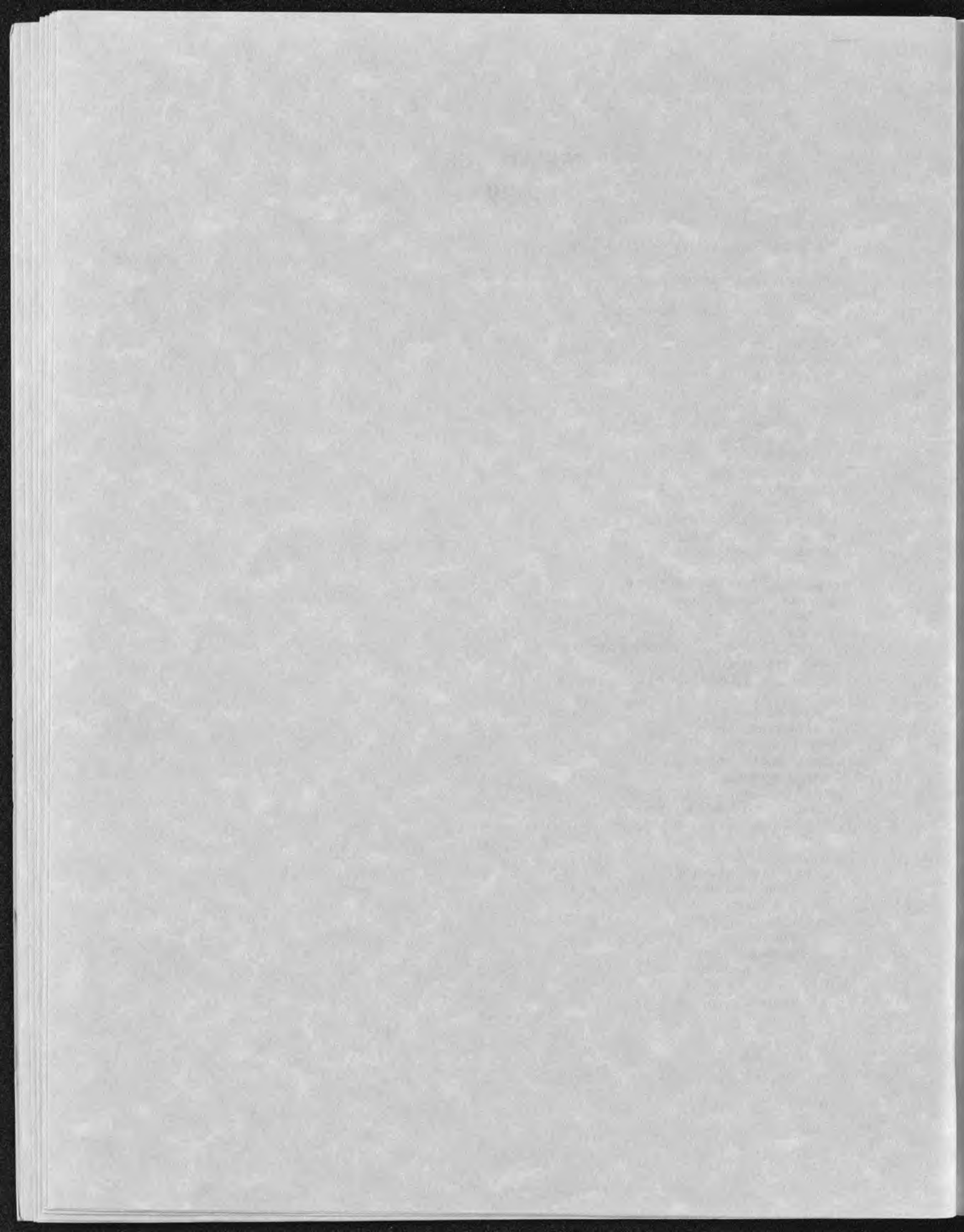
How are you sweet liquid?  
Are you blue,  
and does your conscience bother you?  
Are you green,  
and do you wish to scream?  
Or are you red,  
and dream that you are dead?

Something attracts me to you  
like others are bound to food  
I am bound to you.  
Sweet liquid  
takes my breath away,  
and on any day  
I will follow you.  
From your tributaries in the east,  
or until I conquer the beast,  
My heart is bound to be true.

Sometimes, I have seen you appear  
in a most interesting hue.  
Not blue,  
but black.  
It takes me back to lakes 'round my childhood  
where I've swam.  
But now, sweet liquid takes on a new plan.

Are you out there?  
Why must you hide?  
Everyday I search,  
like a turtle I lurch  
towards your edge.  
But O' me, O' my  
I have sweet liquid on my mind  
and I still can't find an answer why.

Something wild calls me,  
I turn towards the couch  
and see that I fall whenever  
I feel your touch  
and breathe your scent.  
With a hint of flavor in the sky  
you kiss me a lullaby  
and from this existence I perish.  
But you sweet liquid  
will always be cherished.



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Walk On.....Brodie Weitz

They start at the surface  
The skin, the fat  
The pimples, the imperfections  
They see the horrid outside  
They walk on

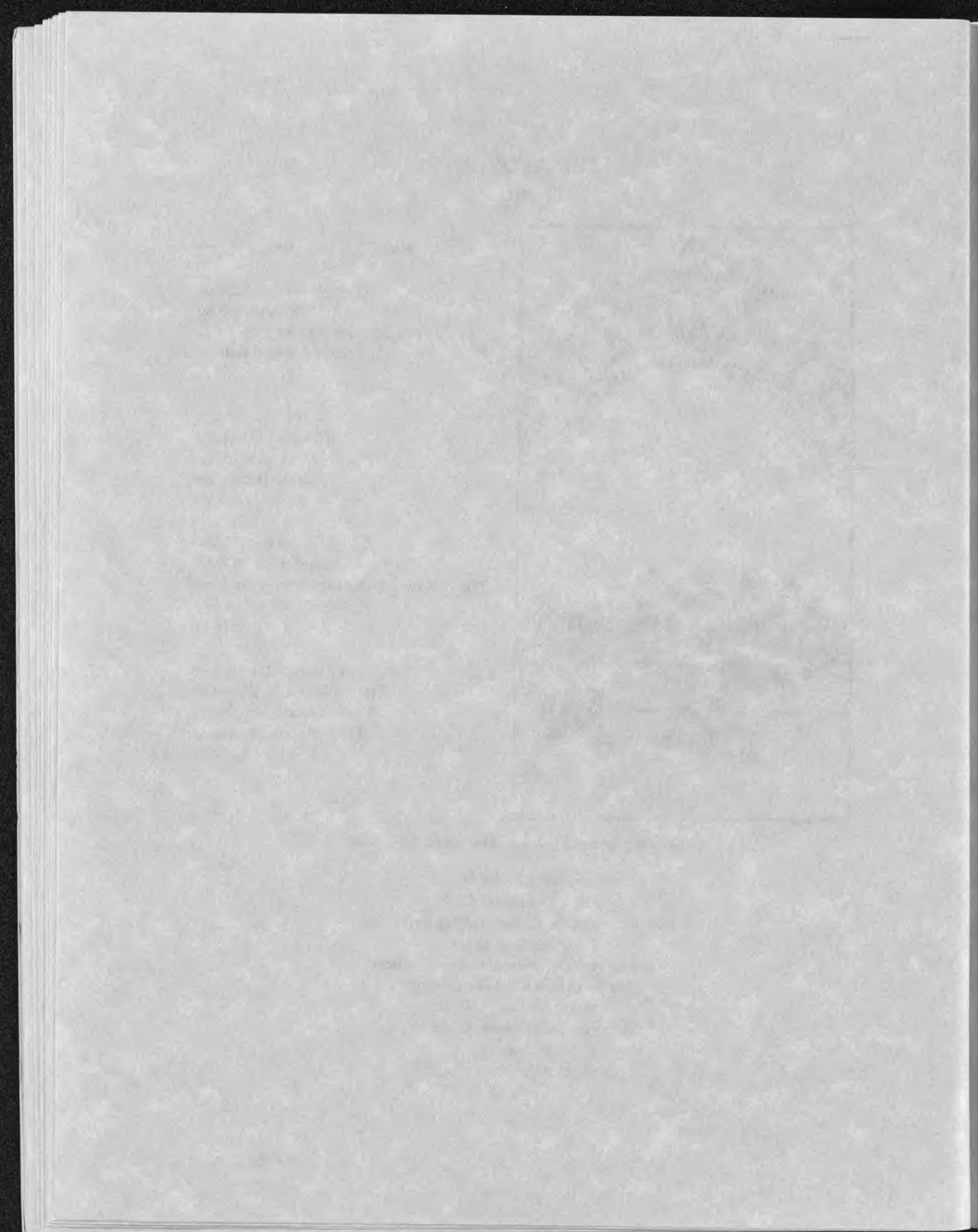
They start at the surface  
The size, the shape  
The coloring, the clothes  
That is all they see  
They walk on

They start at the surface  
My eyes staring back at them  
They know not the pain within my heart  
The heart will never find  
They walk on

They start at the surface  
The truth, reality unknown  
Never to look any deeper  
They stop at the surface  
And they walk on

*Looking to the Sky.....Marisa A. DeSanto*

*Looking to the sky,  
it's so beautiful...  
your face with the orange ceiling overhead,  
shadowing you.  
Golden curtains draped over your face.  
Sea bright eyes shining through,  
-there are miles of you.  
Embracing wraps amongst the clouds,  
in heaven,  
content with your presence  
around.*





## THE APOGEE

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### **Social Studies pt. 1.....Enoch Michael Levi Alexander**

Isn't it hypocritical when the cerebrum of an overwhelming majority of individuals could process such thoughts that are miserable?  
Such a heartless society with heartless views, is it justified to judge someone based on the shoes they use, to make it?

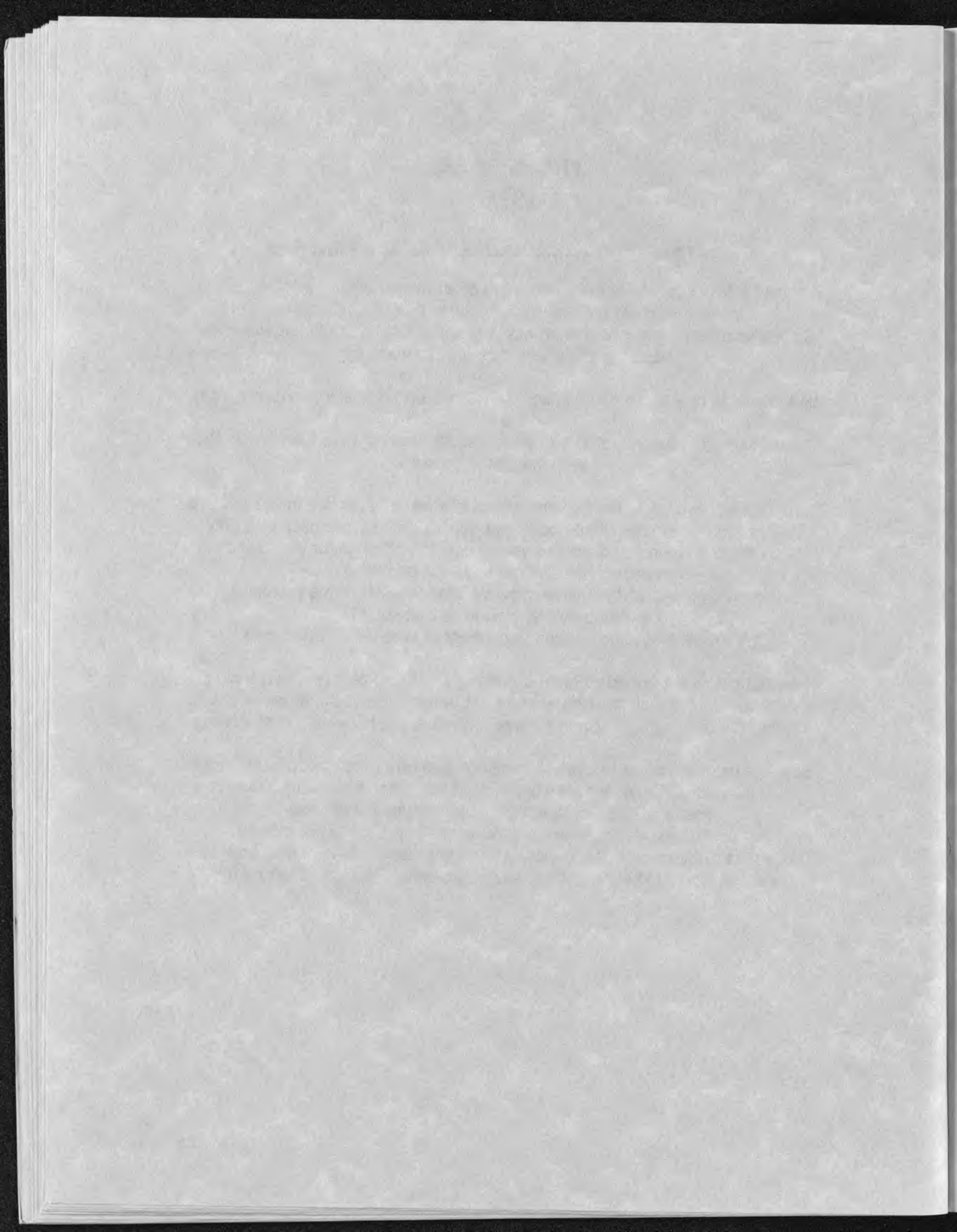
It's a hustle to create a positive image when someone is hustling just as hard to take it.

Blatant hatred!!! Incorporated into our domestication across a free nation and that's what led to Jasper

It's a disaster, waiting to happen embedded images of ignorance in the soul are everlasting. Grab your white hoods and gowns, white supremacy isn't only distributed when you distribute your pamphlets throughout the towns keep spreading hate and all of us will be falling down, keep prejudging and primitive negative images will become profound, worldwide utopia, how does that sound?  
We are all kings and queens, regardless of who wears the crown

So what's with the imperfection in our biology? Mised perceptions a fraction Of our twisted beliefs which is prevalent in our society, the disperse of segregation is a myth, 'cause in each of our minds we know that It still exists

Some of us practice the reverse of socialism with other races with persistence Deny and divide, defy hate from misunderstanding from deep inside create resistance, due mainly to fear, unity is despise our spirits are missing, animosity will eventually lead to our demise. These hectic objective social studies will be the reason that we will collide, you may slip but don't slide, get up, stand tall, uphold the law, don't die!!!







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### *Strange Cries.....Doug Herring*

Strange Cries in the dead of night  
Beings without homes seeking shelter  
Scavengers running from the Light  
Sweetly singing a solemn dirge

A boy stumbles down the corridor  
Curses resound through the hall  
He picks himself up and he struggles onward  
Another victim of the endless fall

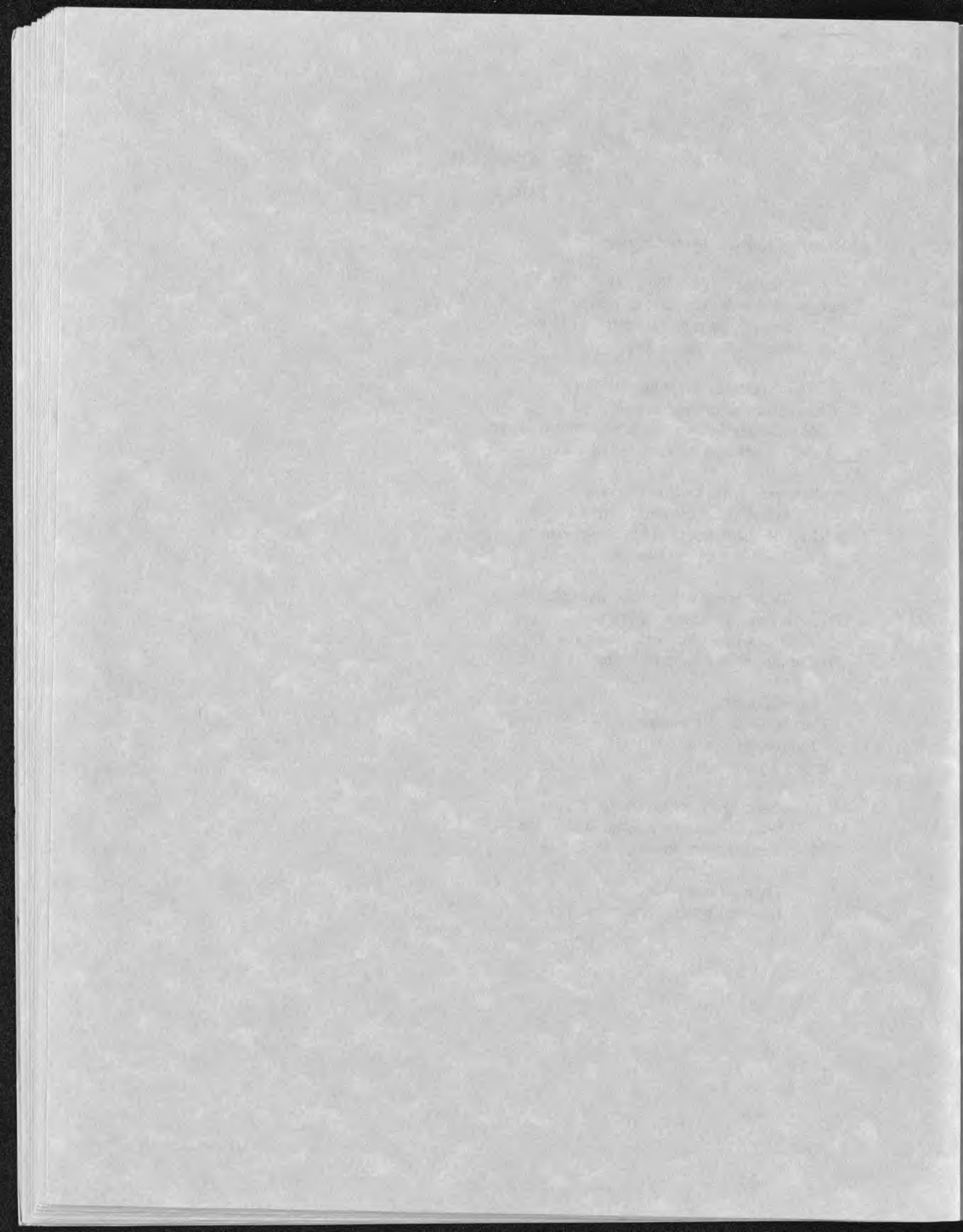
A silent prince has lost his kingdom  
His subjects drowned him in a well  
And in the last moment of his consciousness  
Did his eyes see Heaven or Hell?

Wondering Voices echo through time  
For now time has little meaning  
In a world filled with black and gray  
Ponder aloud the reason for being

Open a door  
There's blood on the floor  
It oozes from a jar  
It won't get you far

Insane chanting from a drunkards rhyme  
Walls erupting with soundless noise  
They profess their wine makes them fine

Fly high into the sky  
Into the swirling, silver sea

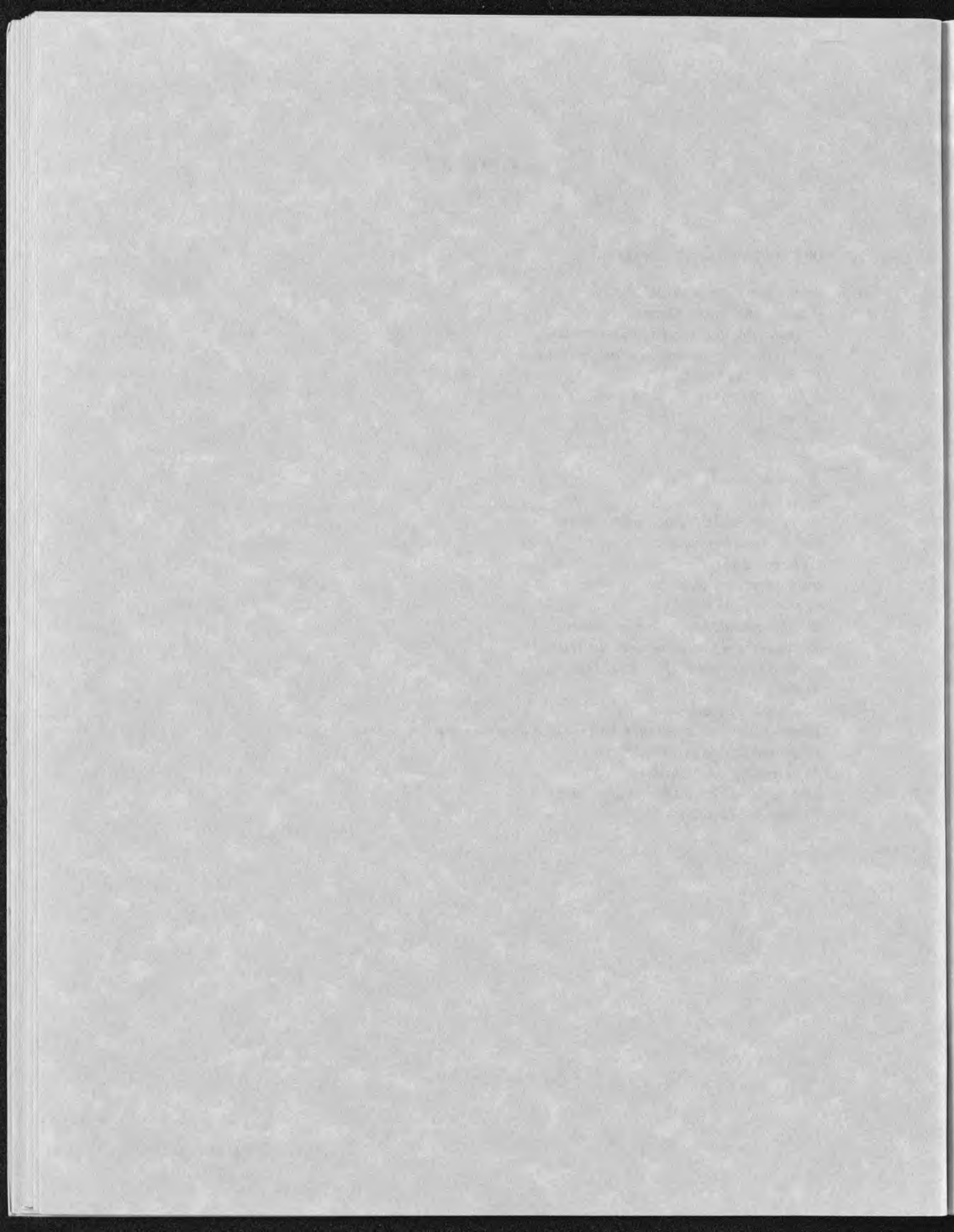


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**be here now.....Kate Mannion**

*As the candle wax drips  
it drops and doesn't bounce back.  
Instead molding, stuck without stickiness  
to that finger print which is all your own.  
Filling in the cracks  
A flame fluttering in the air making way  
Down  
Down  
Down  
A yarned black center.  
Heat eats  
its way toward a lighter environment  
within these four walls.  
So here we stay  
awake but not conscious  
of our surroundings.  
A halo enlightens around our source,  
Above our eyes, and beyond our reach.  
Perhaps daylight will never come...  
At the candles end  
When wax pervades the core  
When drippings drool on furniture and droplings stain the rug  
When the fluttering flitters faster  
Anticipating the candlestick,  
The light will go out but still remain  
Behind our closed eyes.*





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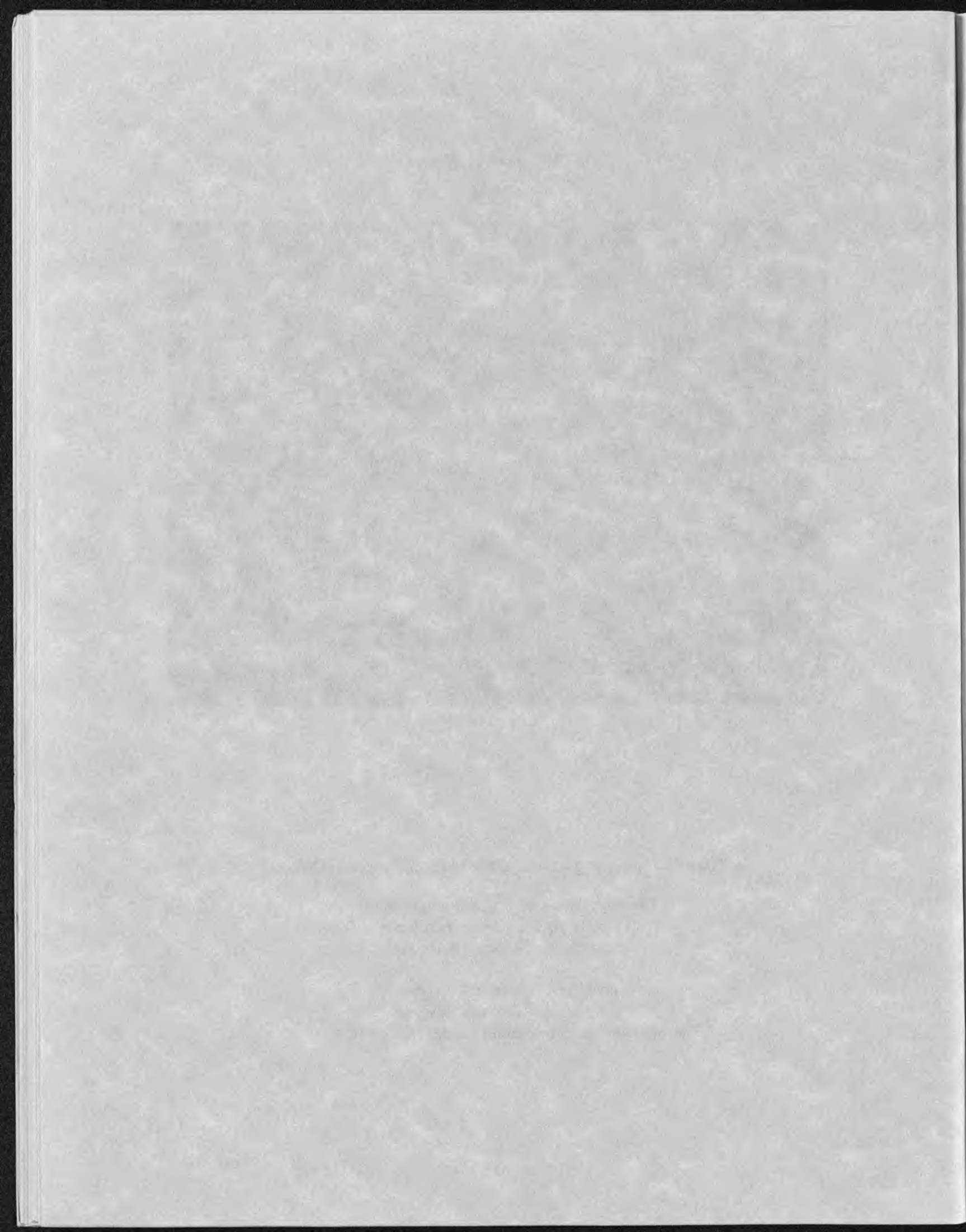
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### **A Tuesday morning in late October.....Stephen DeVoid**

Dreamy mists soften an autumn morning.  
I slowly sip the steaming coffee as  
the pink skies awaken in the east.

Sunshine fills your room at dawn,  
reflecting off the lamp and down the hall.  
The twisted pattern resembles a kaleidoscope of gold.



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*Whatever.....Charmetra Doakes*

*It's the burden of proof  
the fiction of fact it's like  
Once you get started you can  
never turn back*

*It's the secrets told and the spoken  
withheld, it's the love still had  
and the distinction of what is hell  
it's the realization of what is right  
and the figuring of what is wrong*

*But by guessing both ways the  
answer still doesn't come. Have  
your own loss and catch mine as  
it floats by. May the smiles  
keep going and the laughs never  
subside. Its like whenever we  
find out what's wrong I guess  
I can tell your fate.*

*That whatever you learned  
now you learned a little too late.*

Within the Rhythm.....Liz Evans

When I was very small, Grandfather said one version of a chant:  
"Cumulus, stratus, nimbus, cirrus, and Venus-of-the-morning."  
On the immaculate front porch, he sat near me naming:  
"Cumulus, stratus, nimbus, cirrus, and Venus-of-the-morning."  
I waited within the rocker's rhythm for my Source to return by sky  
And take me back to the real place of my belonging.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT

BY

JOHN B. HENNING

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

AND

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE YEAR 1780

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AND

CHICAGO

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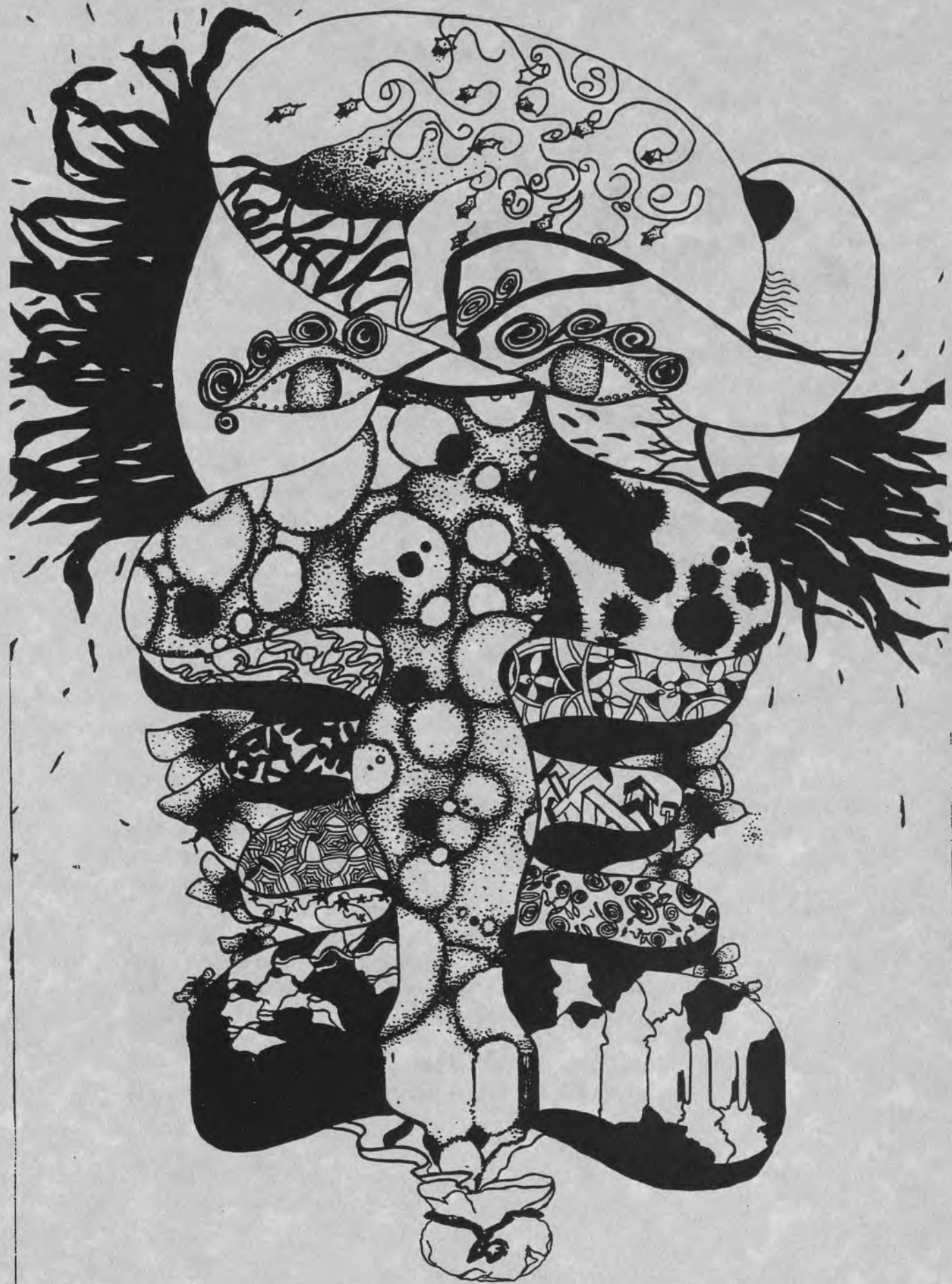
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### What is Love?.....Dolores Craddock

As defined by The Merriam Webster Dictionary, love is strong affection, warm attachment, attraction based on sexual desire, and unselfish loyal and benevolent concern for others. This definition is just that: a definition. A definition that lacks feeling and fails to reveal the true meaning of love.

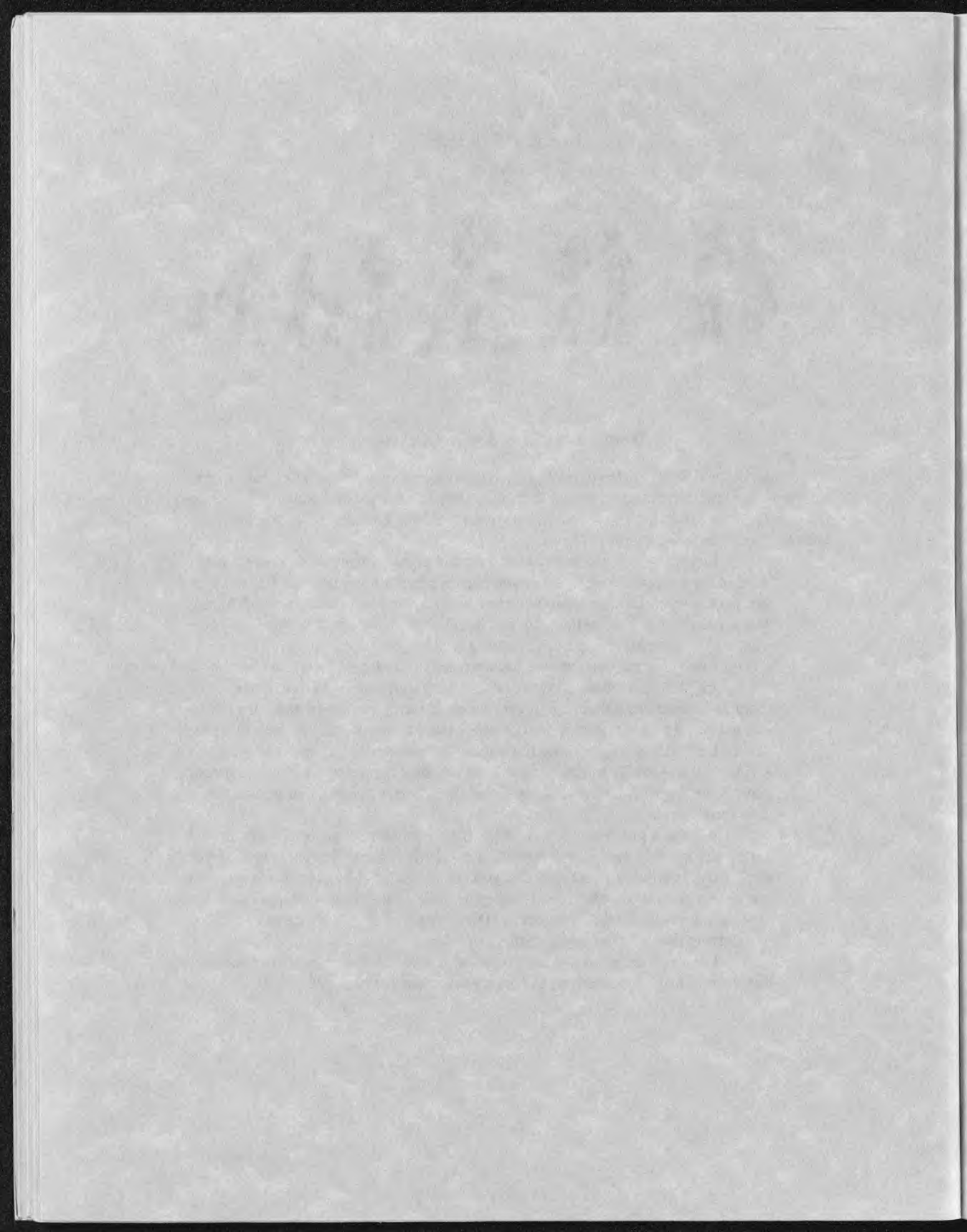
Love is when you think about a certain person twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Love is when you cannot possibly picture your life without that person in it. Love is when you are having a day from Hades and talking to that person makes it all better. Love is being able to complain as much as you want and that person never quits listening to you.

Love is when you can overlook any and all faults of a certain someone and see nothing but perfection. Love is talking to that person and immediately longing to speak with them again very soon. Love is that warm and cozy feeling you get when you are holding that person's hand or nestled in that person's arms.

Love is wanting nothing more than for that certain person to be happy, and giving yourself totally to that person to insure their happiness. Love is respecting that person for who they are, can and will be. Love is helping that person through their tough times.

Love is a gift from God. Love is letting down the cast iron walls around your heart for only one certain person. Love is melting the icy rings around your soul. Love is enjoying every second you spend with that person. Love is getting lost in that person's eyes. Love is being thankful that you have that person. Love is picturing yourself with that person 100 years down the road. Love is transferring that person into everything you do.

Love is wonderful and love is grand. Love fills one's heart and conquers one's soul. Love is something that everyone should experience.





## THE APOGEE

1999

The Game.....Romane' M.L. Outerbridge

### The Beginning

Two people who have never met cross paths in the strangest of places.  
Instantly they connect on levels that they never thought they could with anyone else.  
A game is made up, where one person tries to figure out the other.  
Their game is complex and intriguing, for when one wall is broken down, or one piece of the puzzle is solved, another barrier is put in its place.  
The game ends for a moment, both exhausted and somewhat perturbed because they have not won the game.  
Both are intrigued by the mystery of the other, so a friendship is born.  
Both silently agree that a friendship is safer than becoming enemies.  
However, friendships are not always safe.....

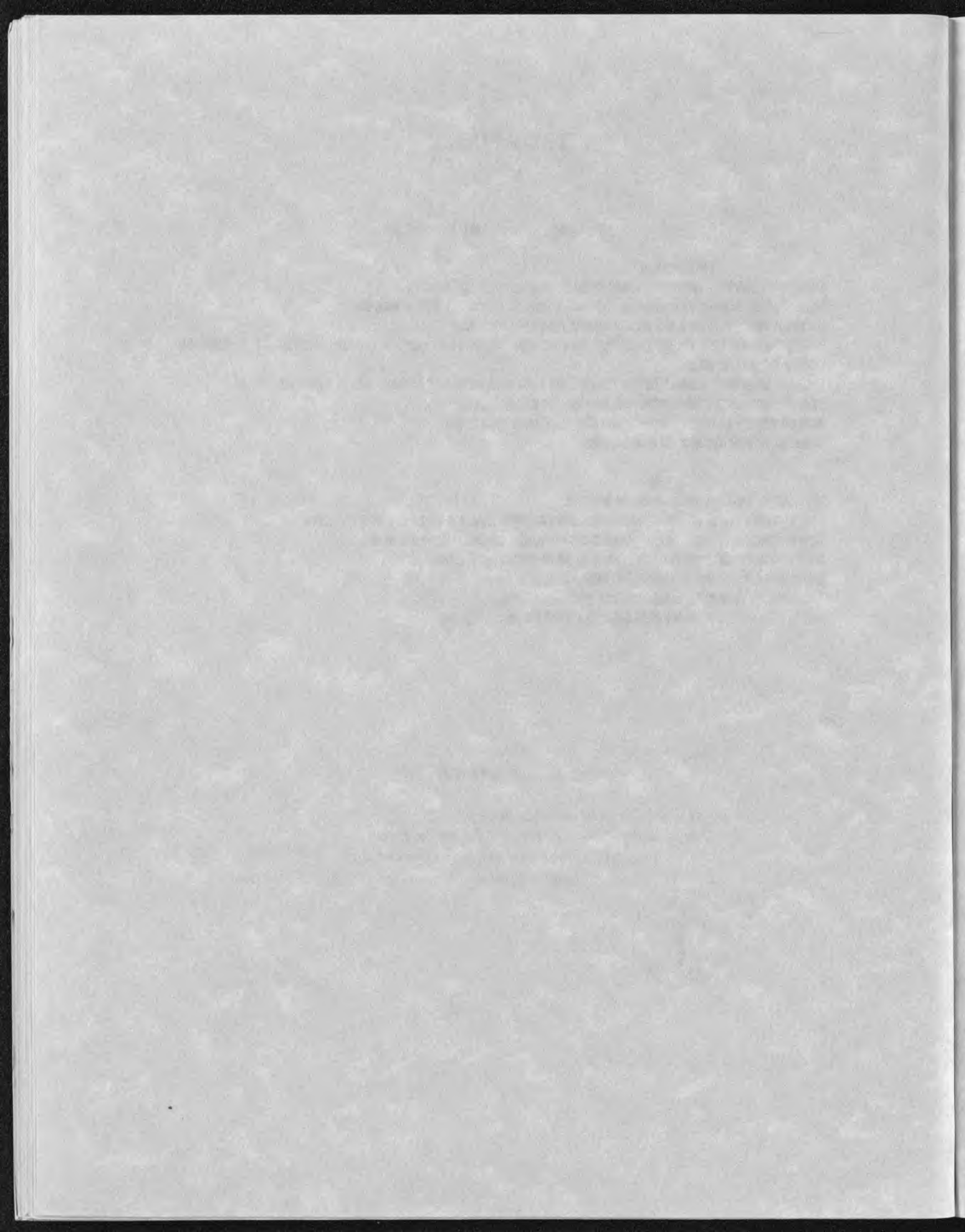
### Life Goes On

Life goes on, and their paths continue to cross.  
They each move on to different things, one to other friendships, the other to a new relationship.  
They continue to attempt to get into each other's minds and the intrigue continues.  
Her relationship ends and she is left alone to ponder what has happened.  
Old emotions resurface and she is left defenseless.  
And when she is showing weakness, her partner returns.  
And like the scenery for any play, the stage is set for another game.

*Innocence.....Merebeth Praml*

*Looking at things without an objective eye  
Can beautify the world beyond the sin on Earth  
Rose glass tints pleasure to the darkest days,  
And white roses smell sweeter to a child than anyone else.*





## THE APOGEE

1999

### *On First Look Toward High St. ....David Howell*

(reflection: 7-10 am)

The airplane's sun mirror wings drove us  
cellophane-shiny and reflecting. The flight made unrest  
and morning lasted eight but twelve hours,  
tiring.

A man with machine-gun stood guard in the London airport. (London?)

Several took rotted coach to Oxford.  
Awe misplaced its brittle plastic seats. Backward highways and  
tree-sparse foot hills were among the new  
nature.

An Englishman said, "See, we have grass just like America...not so many snakes though."

--cracked seat taxi to place in walking  
distance, he said, "Tow quid, sir." Opening my fanny pack,  
I pull. "Got change for a twenty?" He  
drove off

wordless and irritated. "Sorry, I'm American. It's not my fault." I think...

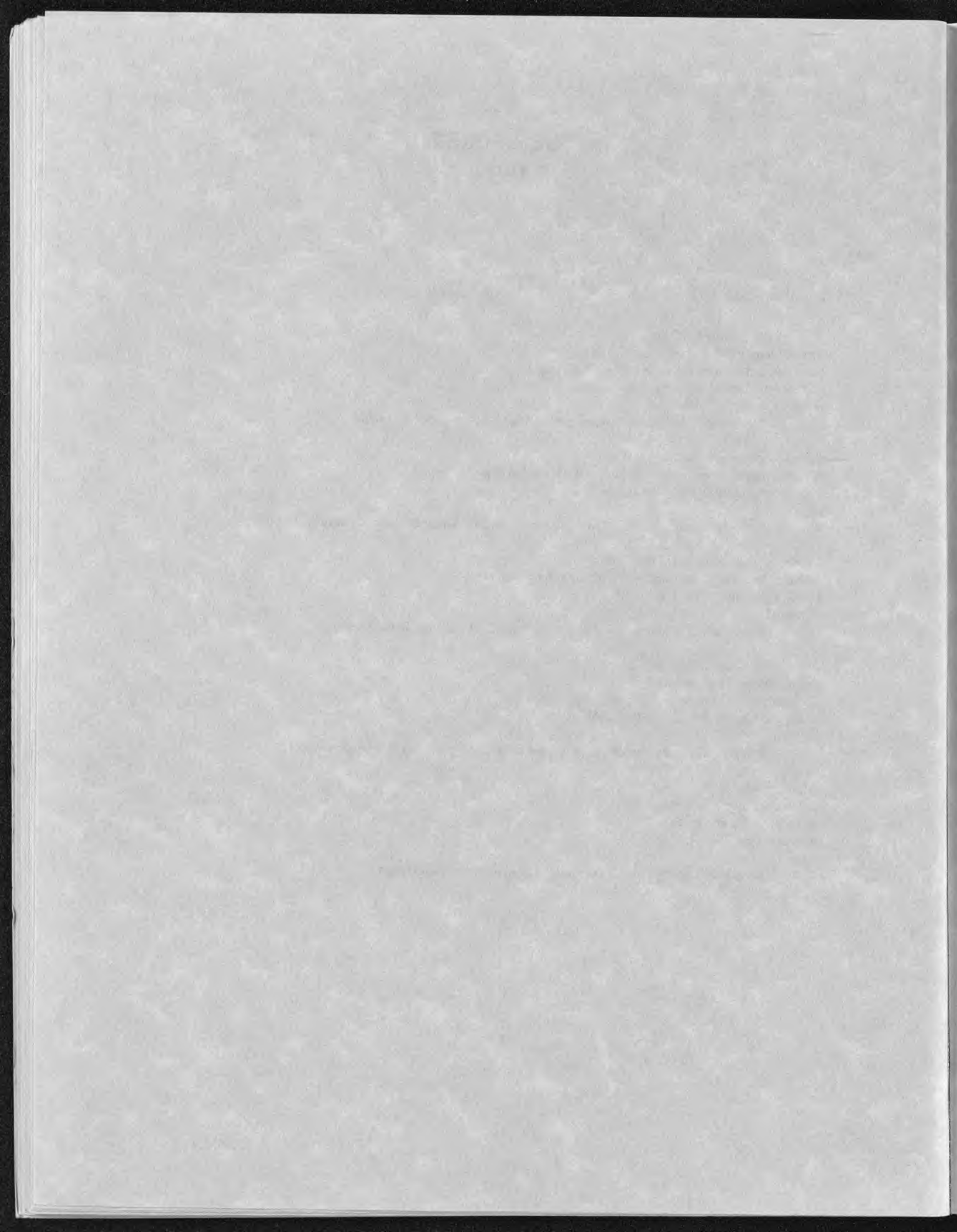
(decision: 10:30am)

I'm toothless baby needing a  
diaper changed. I have 8x10 room and a huge window  
looking down the Broad and Turl to High  
St. There

I sit for two hours copping Eliot's style on tourists and brick and Dante and brick.

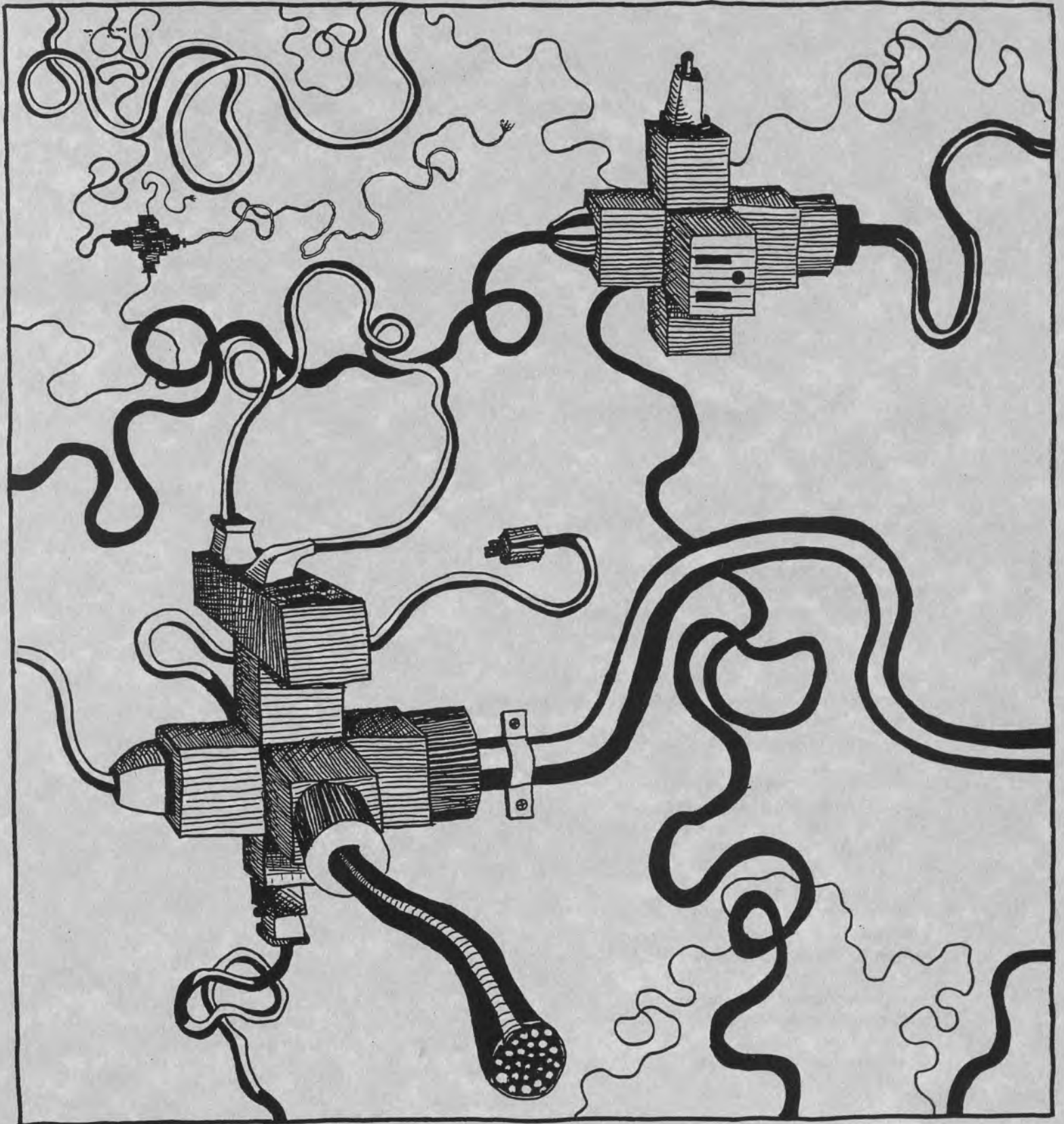
Afraid of what's  
out there, I take a first walk  
down High St. and go to  
root-canal my jail. And I  
know that

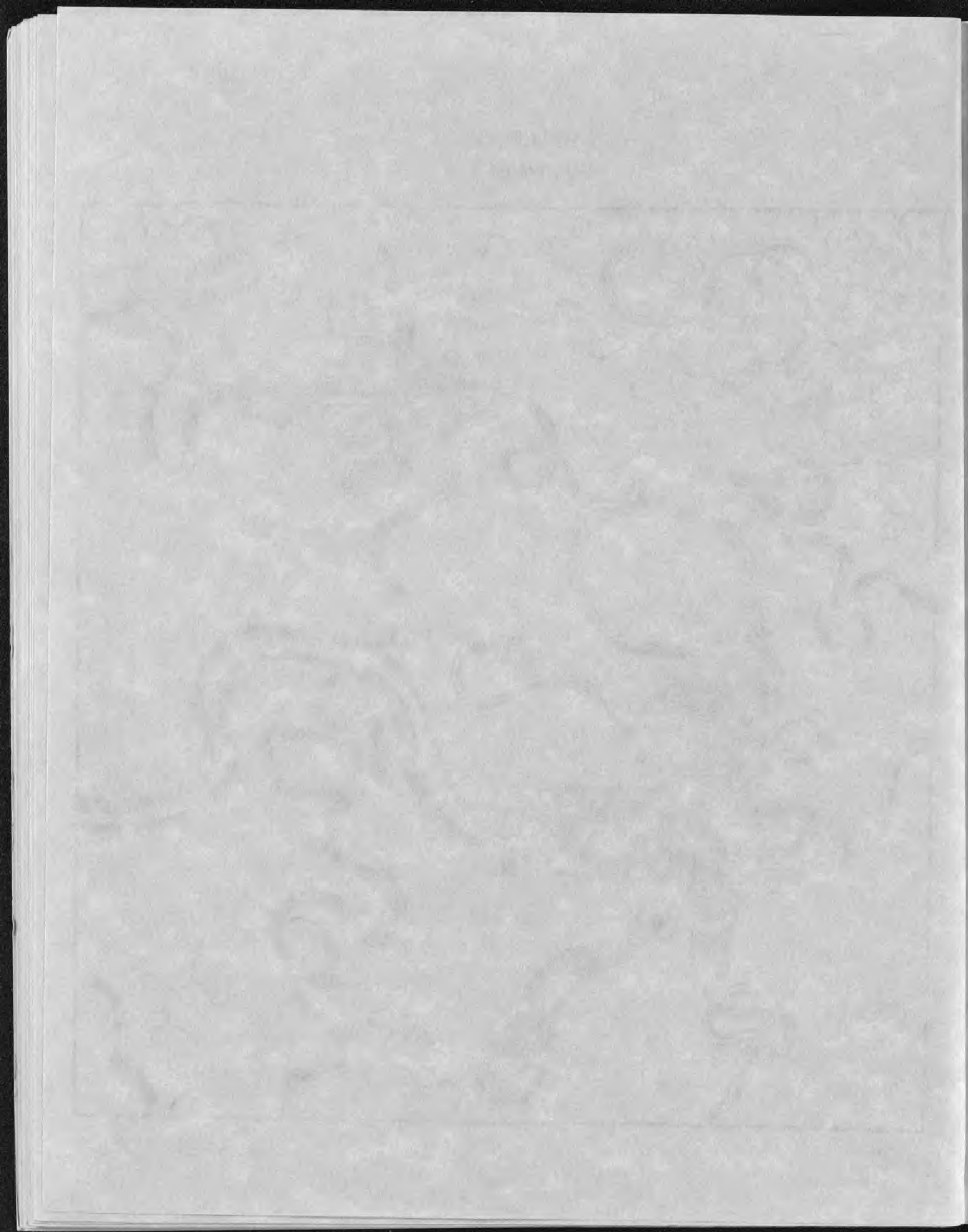
no one will change my diaper, but fill it up and shank and laugh.



THE APOGEE

1999





THE APOGEE  
1999

Anticipation.....Michael Hanson

Oh, how I've dreamt of this moment  
Lingering on long hours each memory blue and strobe-lit  
Craving you in animal ways  
Feigning amid the candle's rays  
Words on fire  
Ultimate desire  
Seducing lips  
Rhythmic hips  
Verboten mists  
Aphrodisia is  
Anesthesia

I stand here on solid ground.....Brodie Weitz

*I stand here on solid ground  
With little bounce or give  
The grass is green, flowers rich with color  
The surface beautiful as always*

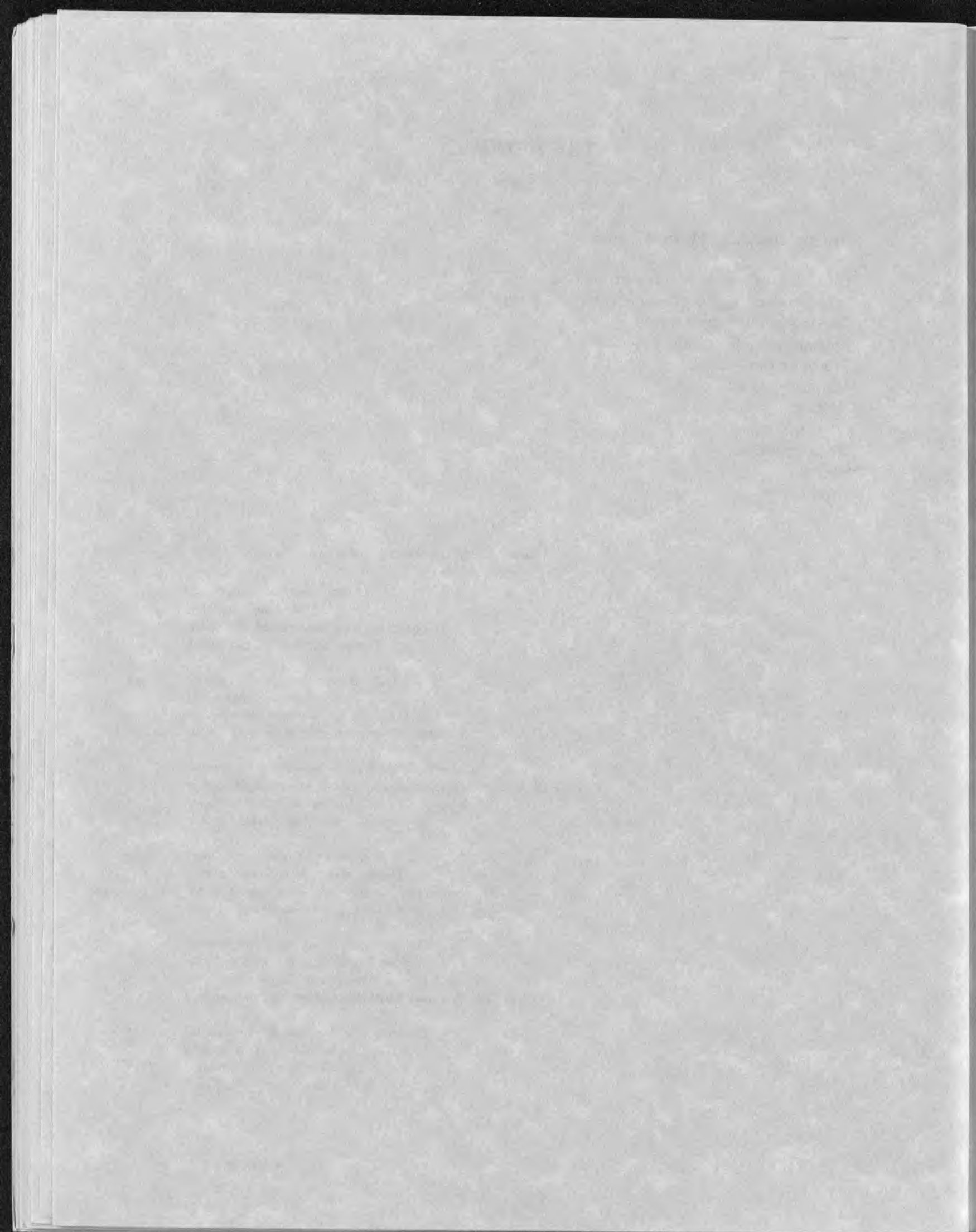
*I talk to the people as they pass by  
In their closed, tunnel world  
We talk of friends, relationships, the weather  
I act interested, humor them, offer them some gossip*

*Satisfied, they walk on, on this hard solid ground  
To the next place where they can unload the same information  
And possibly get some more  
Engage in exchanging worthless words*

*Do these encounters change the world?  
Do they make any difference at all?  
Are they just talk, pointless chatter, a wasted breath  
Flowing in the sea of nothingness*

*I see them walk on, my life unchanged  
Wishing I could have grown and gained  
Yet they leave me with nothing but this poem  
These questions and frustrations of pettiness and surface*

*Can everyone dive beneath the surface?  
Turn inside and look around  
Is everyone aware of the depth they possess?  
Yet are just too scared to find it*





## THE APOGEE

1999



Why the long face?.....Amanda Zindorf

why the long face  
aren't you pleased  
with me?

i've been such a  
good girl  
(531)

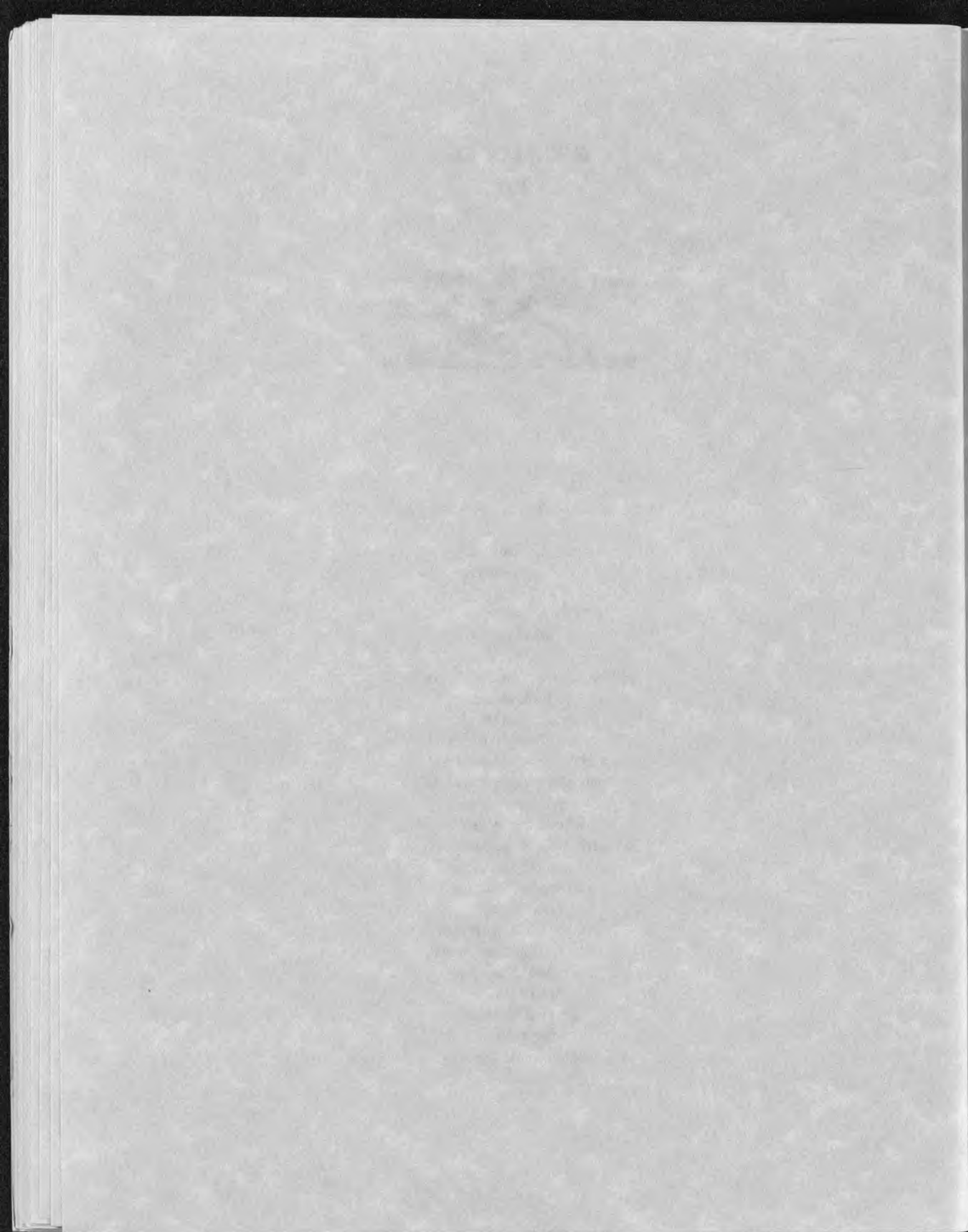
although you wouldn't know it  
to look at me.

i smile and laugh  
at all the right times  
and never show the true  
depth of the other universe.

where do you go  
when you dream?  
perhaps i've passed you  
on the street  
and we never knew.

how funny!  
will you sing with me?  
i don't know the words  
but you'll tell me  
won't you?

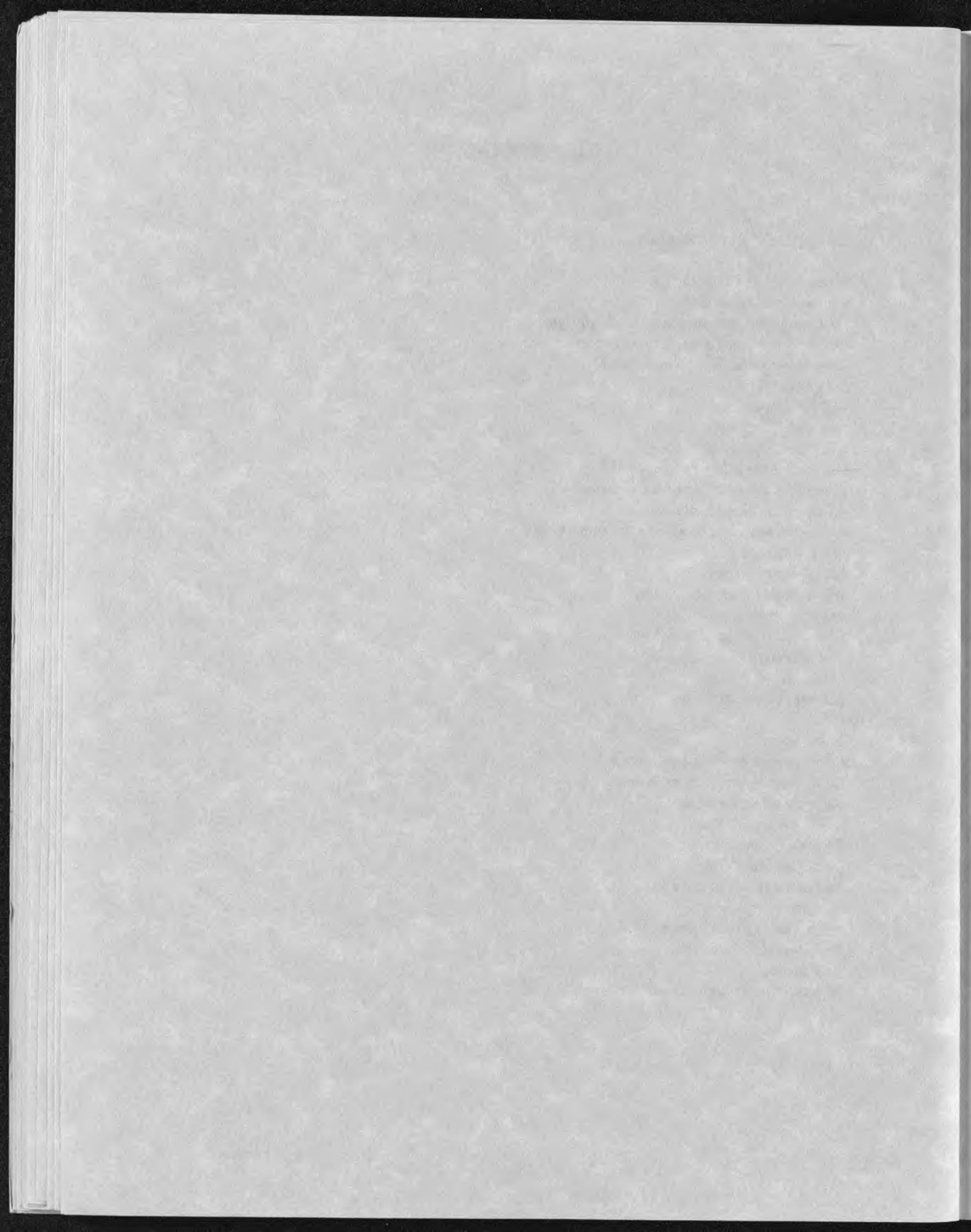
and i'll perform  
the tricks  
just show me the way



THE APOGEE  
1999

*Jacob.....Tyler Donaldson*

*When I step towards the light  
who will embrace me?  
Will my grandparents show me the delights-  
and delights that I search to understand?  
Why is life so hard to comprehend?  
If I grasp GOD's hand  
will he support me,  
and which way will he turn?  
The mind rhymes in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time  
but who is the author of the book?  
From this world all I see is confusion!  
All that manifests is abstract,  
4 dimensional, and simple in the same breath.  
I look at death,  
but it terrorizes my mind!  
When shall I find the answers-  
to my desperate questions?  
I slip into a great depression  
and search for an obsession  
but.....  
I cannot concentrate on one thing!  
Life,  
as it seems  
forms bonds, bridges and rivers  
all to keep the answer from being shown.  
but only when we cease  
will we actually know.  
So for the time remaining  
let me embrace life  
and find the key to the chains  
that are everywhere!  
Allow me to pen my pain  
from the old wood chair.  
And please,  
let me float through the air.*

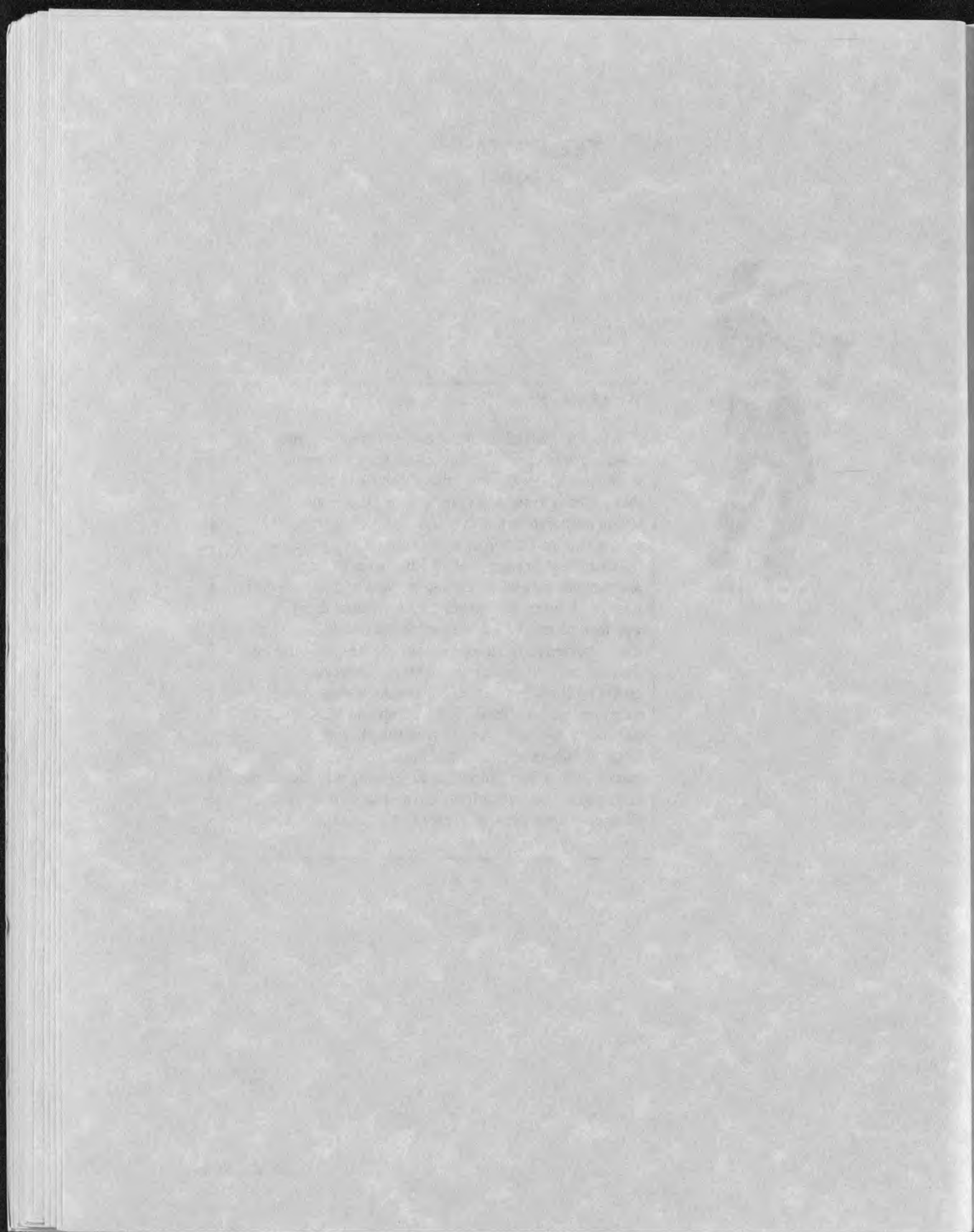


## THE APOGEE 1999



### West Swing Street.....Stephen DeVoid

"I'd like to go back to West Swing Street, sir, please, where, growing from branches on very tall trees, is this golden and stringy-thin-flossy-like cheese that we hang from and spin on like giant trapeze trying desperately not to bang up our knees on the stumps far below as we prance and we tease 'til that silent orange fireball sinks over the seas and our mothers come calling in twos and in threes, take us all home for supper (with nominal fees) and feed us and bathe us to wash off debris that's carried in the house on our clothes from the trees. The cheese often causes all fathers to sneeze, so the mothers must go off in search of these bees to borrow some honey. They pump and they squeeze the sticky sweet mixture to cure this disease (that all fathers acquire from the cheese on the trees their children find fun while they swing and they tease, acting just like some circus clowns atop their trapeze). Please take me back to West Swing Street, Oh, please!"



## THE APOGEE 1999

Transformation.....Shana Dallara

A warm glow of the  
iridescent halo atop the head of  
an innocent cherub.  
But look closely at the clear  
blue eyes of the playful child  
and find the reflection of an evil  
fire of destruction.

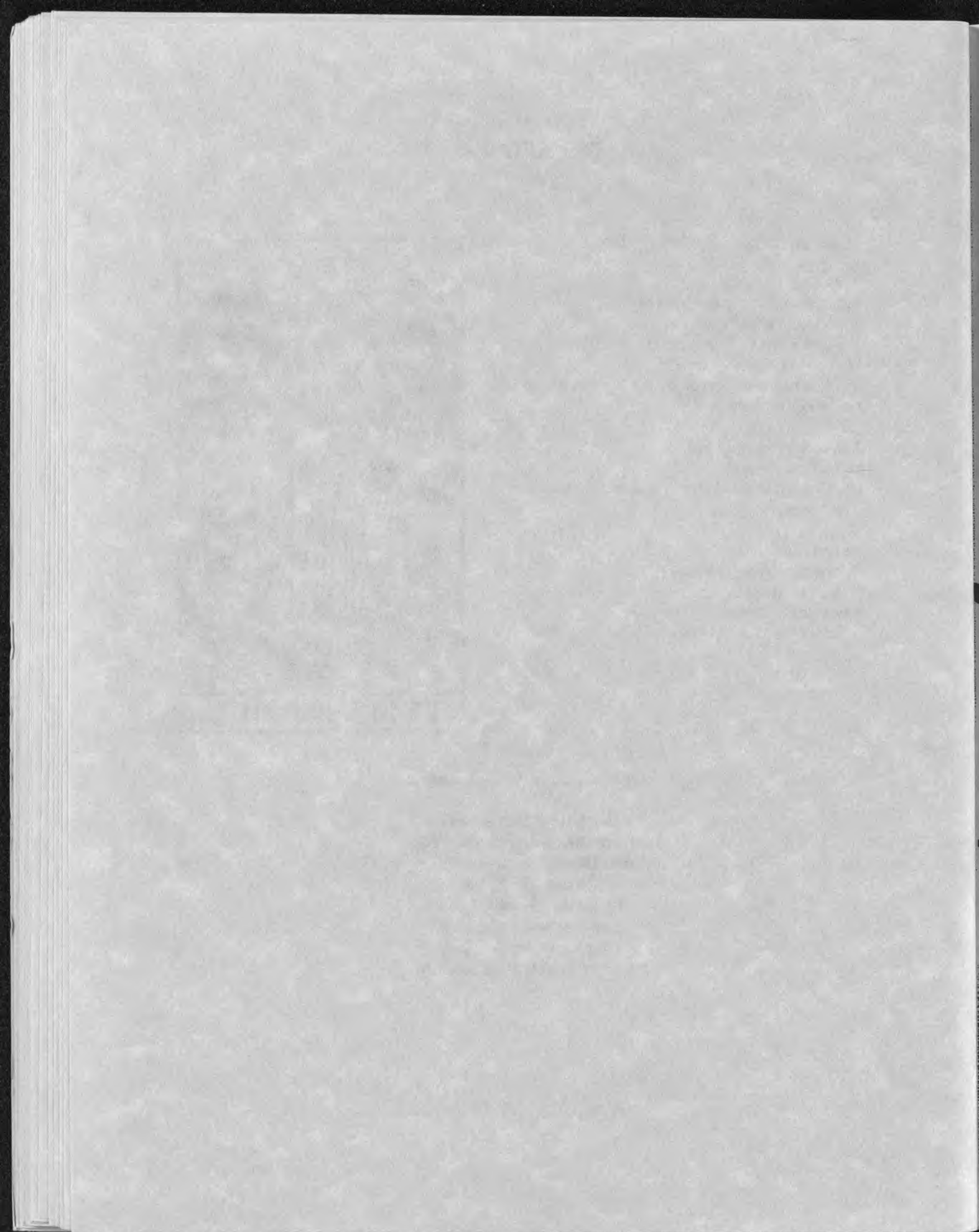
The ominous angel cloaked  
in a soft white light  
transformed in the dark red sinister demon  
that he really is.

At first untainted by love  
not corrupt by experience of life.  
Now, a moment in time  
dramatically changes  
for madness to control him.

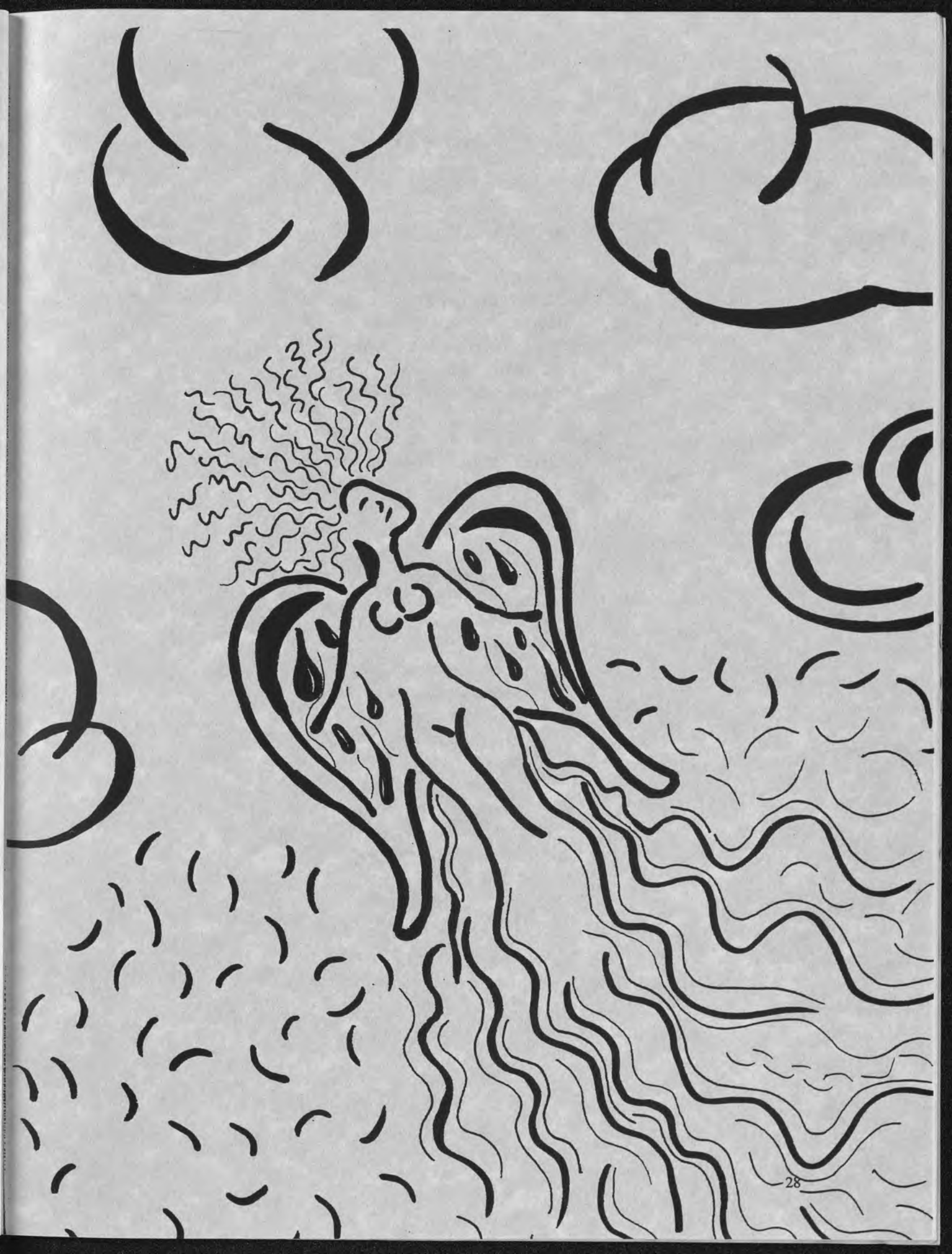


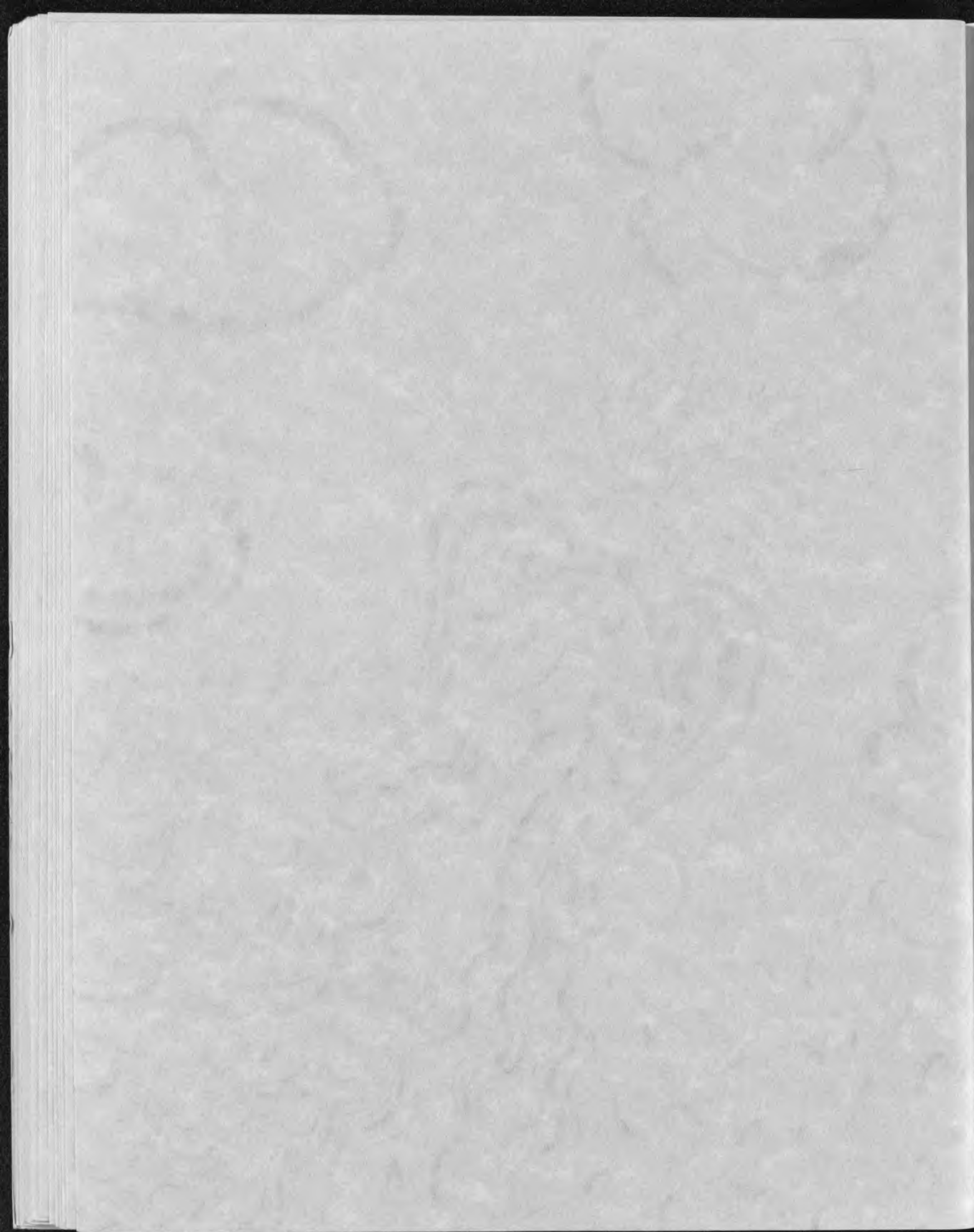
Warmth.....Shannon Larsen

A touch is all that's needed  
to warm the cool, cool, deep fluid  
tumultuous like a river through my veins  
A prick of a finger  
By the thorn that is you  
runs my blood like lava  
chasing down Pompeii  
Blood runs hot, my skin chills









**THE APOGEE**  
**1999**

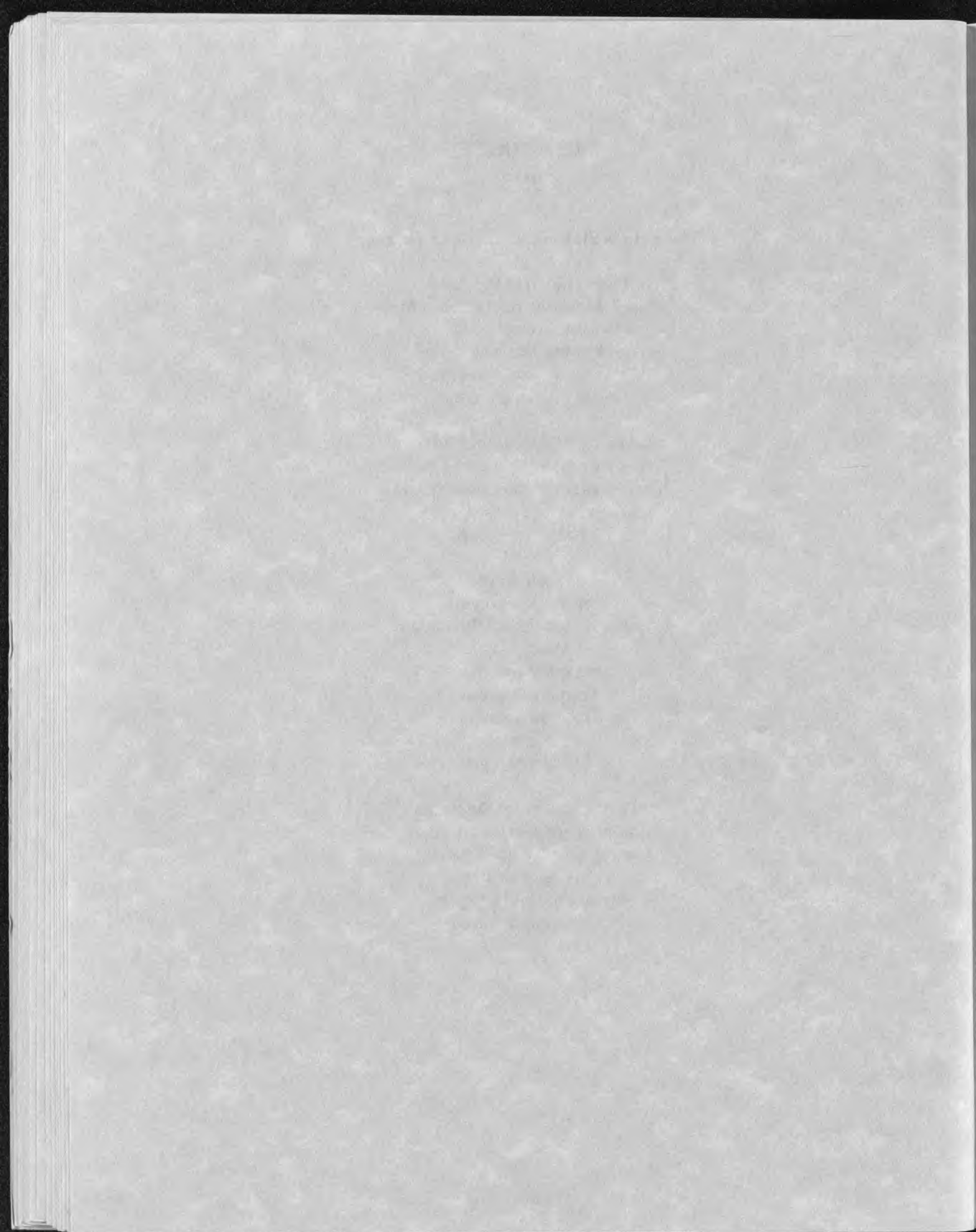
**The Ship is Sinking.....Doug Herring**

I went down to the dock  
And there I witnessed many different signs  
I took them close to heart  
And lost the chance to enjoy  
Myself and who you are  
What you mean to me

And though I'd thought I'd failed  
And lost the only chance I had  
There was something deep inside  
Realizing that what I have  
Is not so bad at all

I can talk to you  
I can walk with you  
I can see things clearer than before  
With you  
I can take your hand  
I can understand  
That you are here  
You never go  
You'll never go

I came back from the dock  
And gave up everything I had  
And read the daily news  
To discover that  
My old life had left port  
And the ship is sinking



## THE APOGEE

1999

### *First Walk Down High St.....David Howell*

First, I

went through filed crowd, girls legged of navy  
blue denim. Gold thread peered out the seam, like an elder's teeth  
never built to smile. There's bags from GAP.

*"Everywhere, all the time, our hand down throats?"* Mostly popular seem the dirt

colored

fabrics. They match the statues bathed by pigeon.

All only see dumb stares and want of blend. They show I'm lost

--never seeing feet but other heads

bouncing. The stone I step on is friendliest, touch minus other sense.

Plenty

clouds cover plenty sunshine. Breezes

are nice. (later I'll write of sundown at 10 o'clock) Now

its 11am and every

great legend (thinker) is one not studied, pointing one more site for us to tour

alone.

Grand Café's waitress had my accent.

"Are you American?" "No, I'm Canadian." I said,

"Pretty busy place, Ay?" And she said

*"All the same, aren't ya'll"* And I wonder why no one speaks to me.

I should

be learning; a sidewalk is a foot

path; a dollar is a pound; walkers are lowest on chain.

But I pinhole my teachers and think

(naps will speed me through hours, cellophane shiny and reflecting

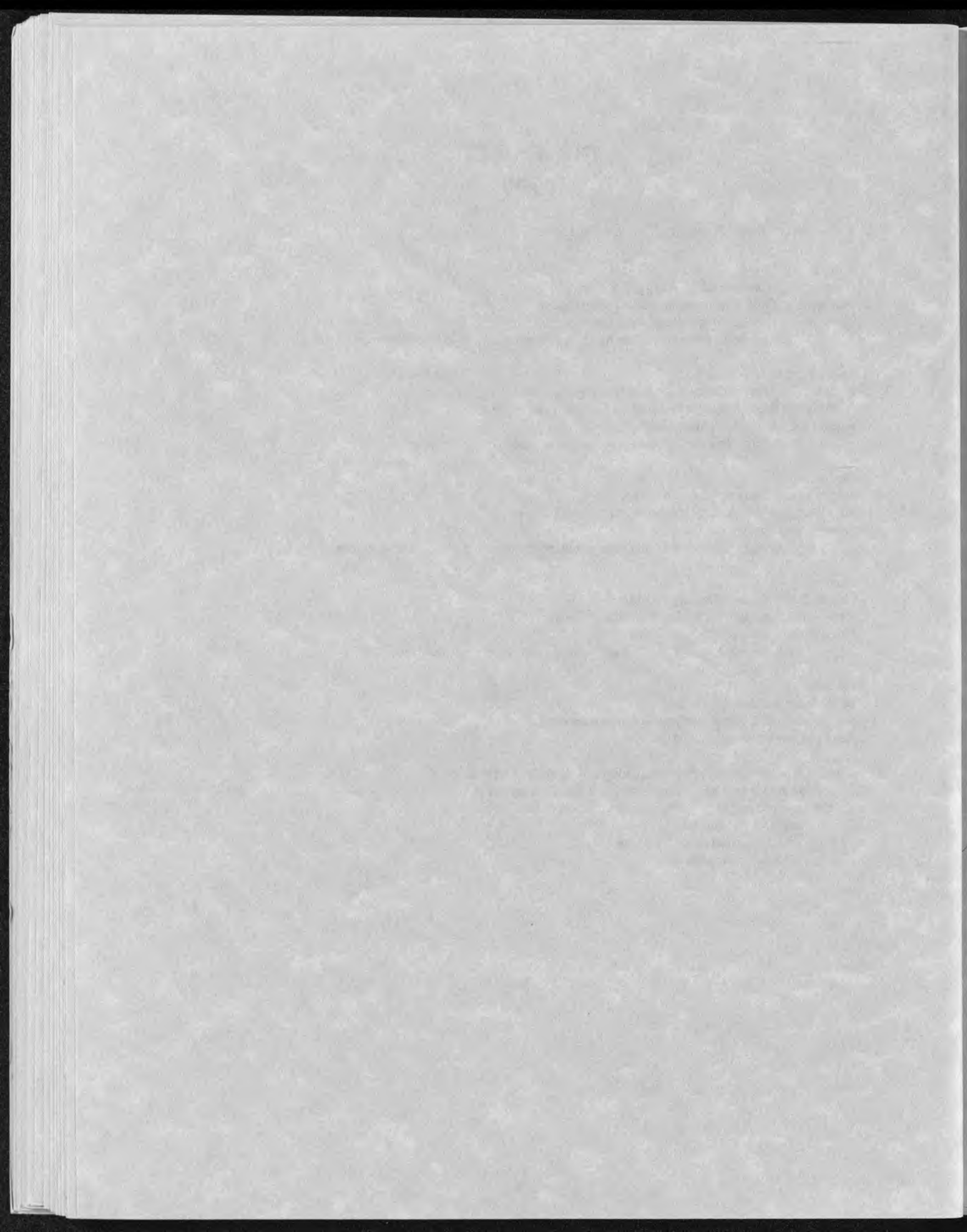
... hope someone will say hello...smile. I'll find dirt, spread it

all over my face and hide in the stone footpath so to touch) while

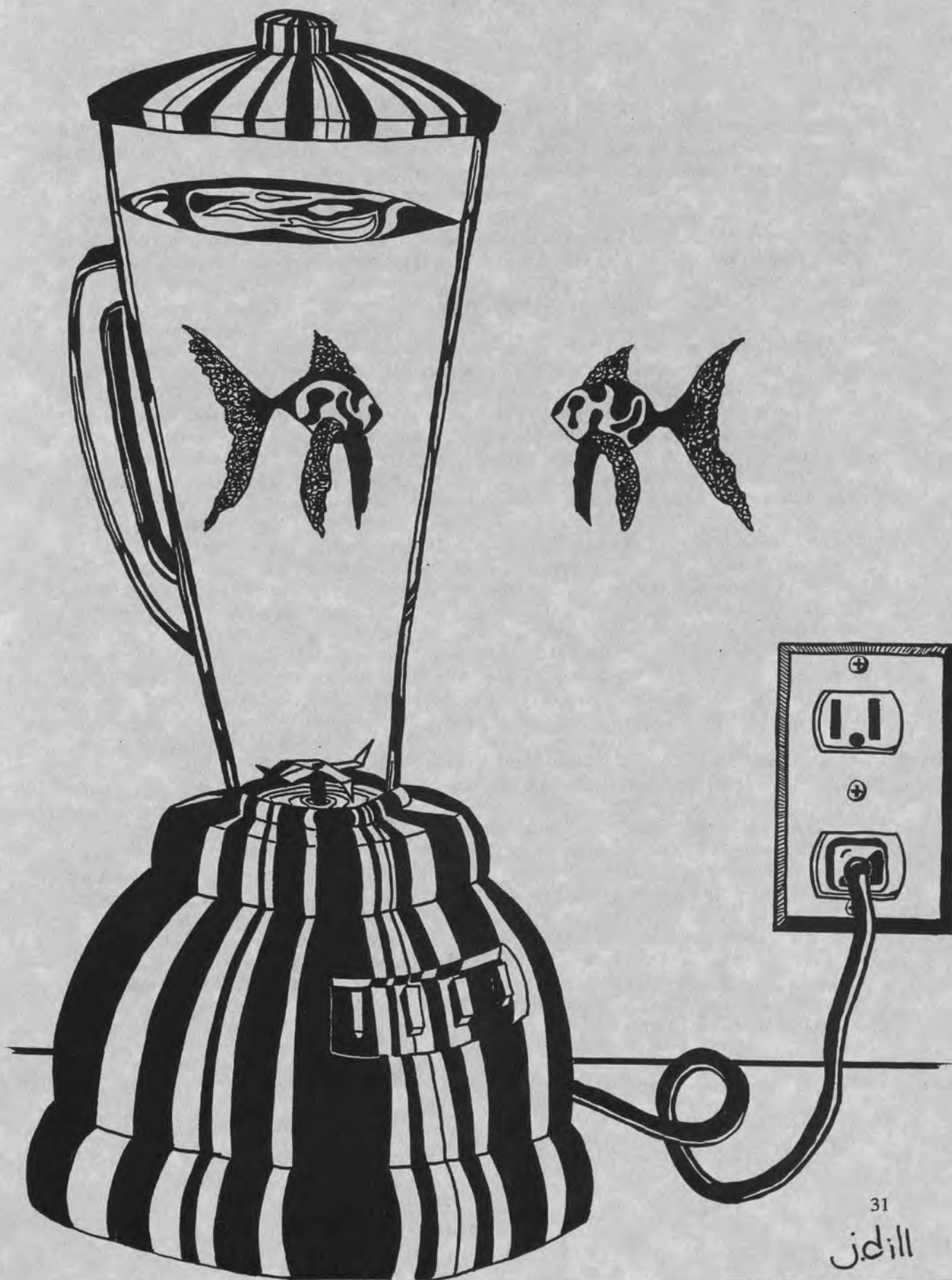
night, following me,

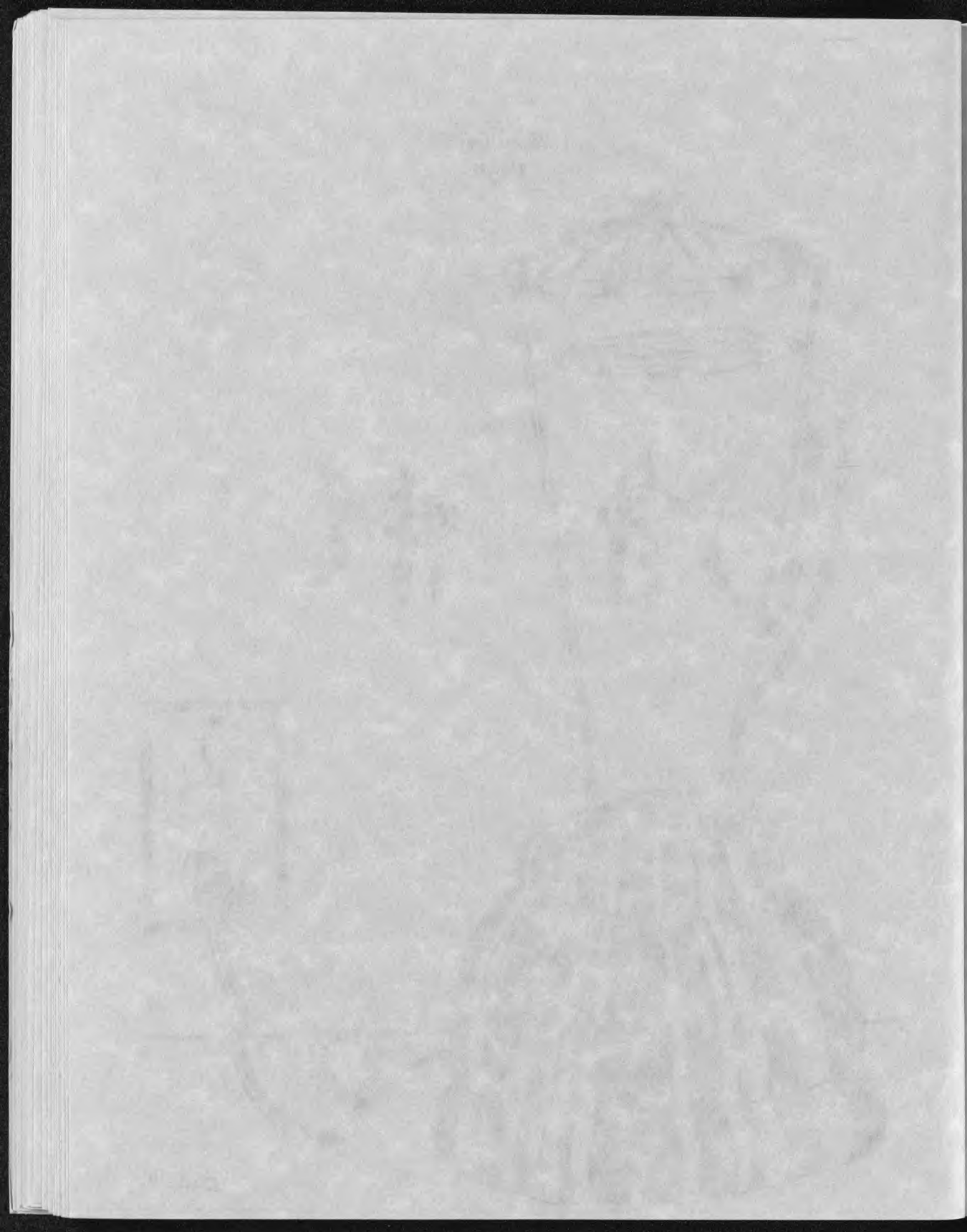
dissolves from around my loved ones,

eight million miles away.



THE APOGEE  
1999







## THE APOGEE

### 1999

#### Untitled.....Jennifer Senigen

I remember the ride to get there. Packing up the cooler, helping with life jackets on my littles, and feeling the stifling heat that had built up inside under the canvas during the morning sunrise. I remember seeing her throw the anchor as I eagerly waited to get up and move. I remember the cool water touching my waist and jumping up and teasing my face and shoulders. The fish gently nipping at my feet and legs while I stood there loving and living. I remember feeling the grit of the sand on every part of me while I built ponds and cities upon the beach. I was always the first one to jump in and embrace the chilly comfort of the water, going under and being alone and being secure that everything would be there when I came up. I remember finding the smooth glass upon the edge where it is neither beach nor bay, and thinking that the water was even able to comfort the sharpness out of the glass. Going under bridges, past buoys, and through the wake of the huge ships, always showing fear, but feeling faith in the olders that nothing would happen to me. Then it happened. Then it happened.

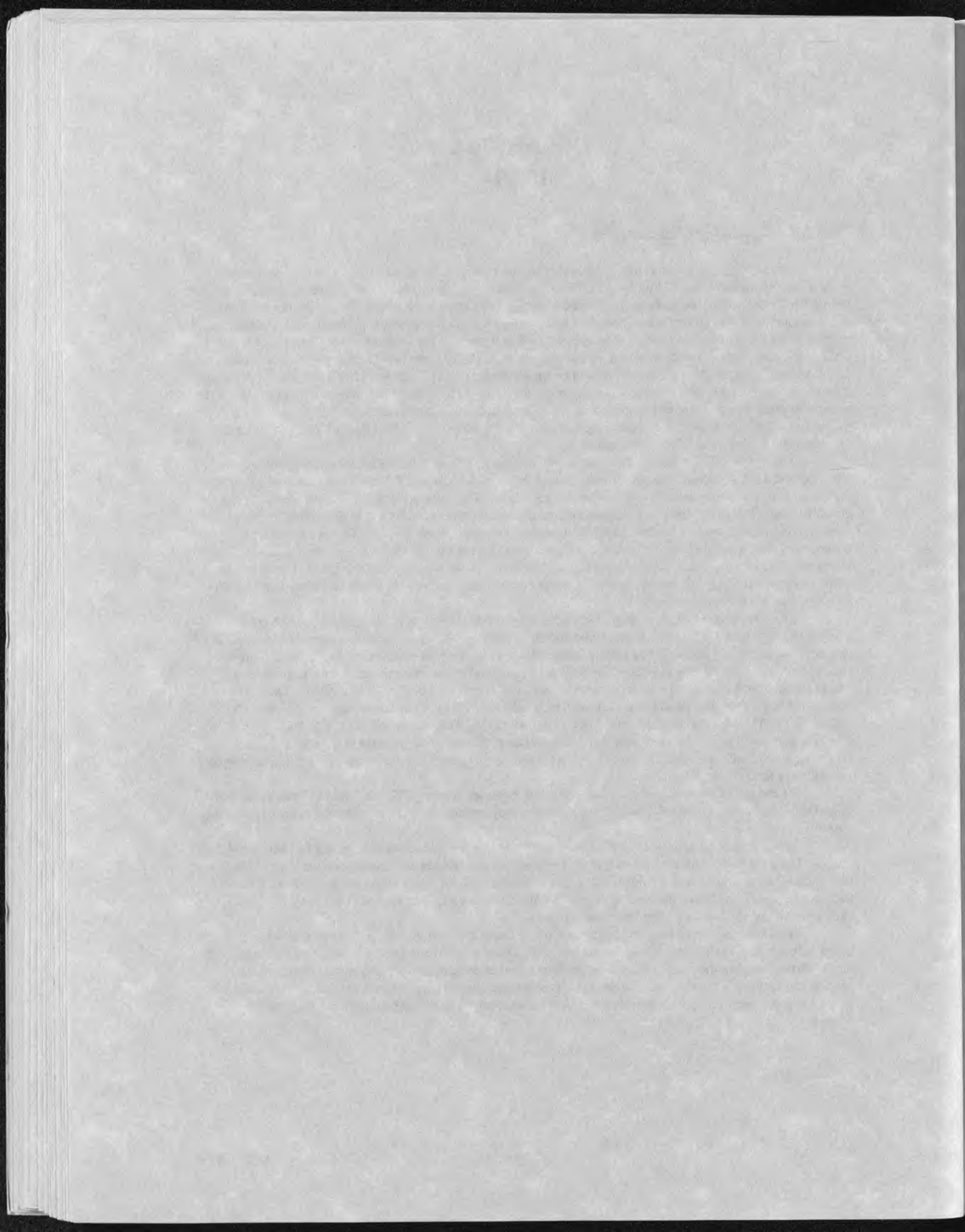
The voices of the olders got sharper as did the glass. On my beach, developed the dead smell of fish that could not be saved. No matter how many I threw back in, none of them would live and nip at my legs and toes. The water became colder and less my friend. The days in the warm sun dwindled, as did my childlike faith. I began to look down instead of up, and there I discovered a whole world that had been kept from me by my own eyes. I realized that below my eyes were the dead, always. The last time that I remember going, I was lost on the beach, my home. I was lost in the life that was my own. I didn't want to be found. I was found and scolded and hurt. Then we left. As we were leaving the beach, I searched it with my eyes, realizing that the details would never be replaced. As we left, I looked for my family there, knowing that I was leaving it there.

The days became cold, as they always did in between. I became colder. They became colder. I had the beach to clutch to, knowing that I had nothing. Then I woke up. She wasn't there and he was. It was summer and I was home. I was calling her motel, and cleaning his wounds, and washing my little's hair, and trying to fix what was broken. Trying to be good and trying to be better. Then he got bad and I had to leave with my littles and all of my self-doubt came with me. I had to leave to them. Their home was on the bay. They had dead crabs on their beach, whose smell could permeate the souls of any who visited there. The water was tainted and could not be swam in. Tainted like my life. I could only cast sidelong glances at my littles, realizing that I failed to be good enough to save them from their pain. Realizing that I could not save them from their pain and that my family was still on the beach, listening to the gulls cry their mournful songs.

At the end of the summer she came back and the littles seemed OK, but I couldn't remember how to be OK. Their voices were still as sharp as glass and they cut and sliced everyone who would listen. And then we moved.

He left and left bitterness in his wake. The boat was for sale. I was angry and sad and alone and empty. The man came with his kids to buy it. I was so sad and jealous and alone. She went on about the dishes and the curtains in it and I was rotting. My littles were down, and I could not help them. I was useless and she did not have the time to support so much and keep us up. He could not notice. I could not save and I could not live. Not like them, so I cried. I cried.

It all faded to a dull ache and failure for me. I could function and try, but never feel the breeze and never help the littles with their life jackets again. Still I wonder, how my family is doing on the beach and are the littles wearing their life jackets to keep them afloat of danger, and did anyone tie their jackets properly. I wonder if the sharpness of the glass is still tamed by the cool waves. I wonder, if I went there, could I still go under and be alone and secure, but I realize now that nothing would ever wait for me to come up.



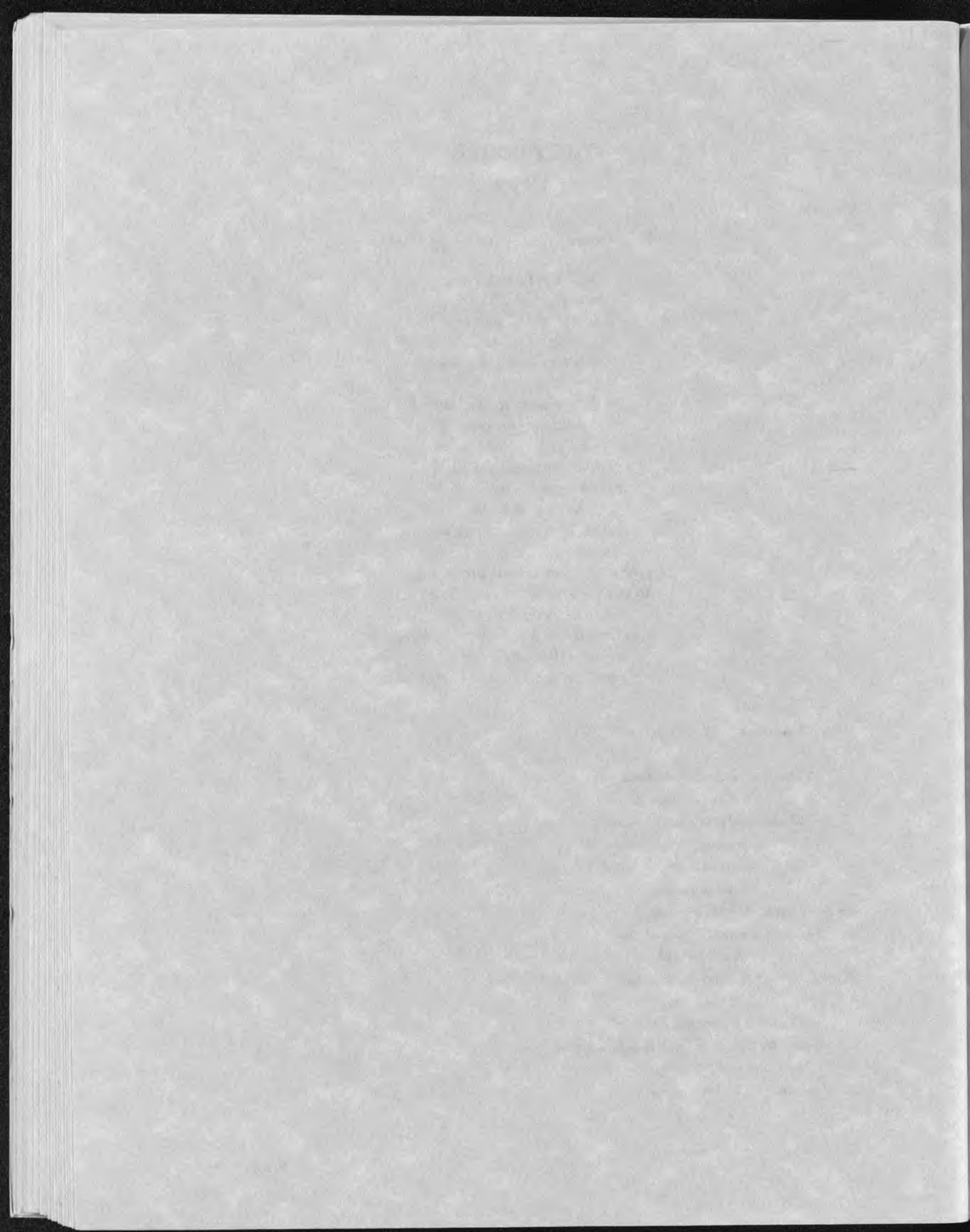
THE APOGEE  
1999

*To Understand.....Charmetra Doakes*

*Confused theories stay  
with a person like me  
I dream of you and who I  
need you to be  
lovely for days and sweet  
for miles  
make me want to shudder  
but hold him for a while  
I think I'm lost in the world.  
I watch my mistakes for the truth  
But nothing hurts me more than  
reality, show me  
what I can and can not do  
I believe in myself my hurt is  
for real I can't speak any words  
so silent glances I constantly steal  
don't be afraid of my bark  
it's much much worse than my bite,  
so just talk to me I can't be  
any more wrong than I am right.*

*A Gift From Above.....Marisa A. DeSanto*

*You blew me away in an image  
believed not possible.  
Dreaming of that special someone,  
yearning to find a true love.  
No one seemed to be perfect in this  
acute community.  
An empty feeling lingered my soul.  
One day I caught myself staring at you.  
Was I falling?  
Months had gone by before our lips met.  
Oh- that kiss.  
My world became complete.  
All questions that once rummaged through my mind,  
were answered.  
Least expecting it, my angel appeared.*



THE APOGEE  
1999

**Lucky.....Gwendolyn Brostrom**

Lucky to feel a love so strong  
The kind of love that never felt wrong

I once had a pretty little ring  
I guess that did not mean a thing

He promised me that I was the one  
Yet, I am not the mother of his son

The way we kissed, the way he smiled  
Thought one day he would father my child

He knew me better than most  
About our love he would brag and boast

He was an angel, heaven sent  
With his love I was confident

I was lucky to have been so close  
Lucky for me, I lost the most

I thought I had closure and could move on  
But now I realize I was so wrong

He has made it hard for me  
He won't know cause he'll never see

Our love I should not regret  
The memories I will never forget

After all, I experienced a feeling so true  
I had only hoped that he did too

I guess it's true, love is blind  
I had only hoped his feelings were genuine

What we had will never be  
Did he know what he meant to me?

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