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Stephan Stojanovic

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ONE

LITTLE

CANDLE

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One Little Candle would like to recognize last year's campus literary magazine, The Green Scribe, for providing an outlet for campus literary activity, last year's "Brush and Scroll" competition involving poetry, essays, and painting, and the presently existing "Brush and Scroll" campus honorary society for the arts. Contributors to One Little Candle include Gardner-Webb students, faculty members, and community members.

Cover Design Jack Clawson

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COMMUNICATION

The night cried out toward mankind,

But dawn broke in on the first utterance,

Then man cried out into the night,

But again dawn broke on reply,

The spotlight drowned out the stars,

The night became silent,

While man surrendered hope

The nights pushed forward into new generations,

Where the street lamps became aggressive,

And where the fireworks laid them down,

Again the night cried out toward man,

But not a sound was to be heard.

- S. S.

INTRODUCTION

In the confines of this uncharted universe are man and the instruments available to him for the delicate and sometimes harsh purpose of communication. In his search for communicational perfection, he often stumbles into or acquires insight into new means of relating messages to the known and unknown factions of his audience.

One Little Candle is illustrative of man's attempt to communicate with his fellow man, with his God, with any other element of life, abstract or real. One little candle, the desire to communicate, stands tall with the universe as its background, while the flame, man, approaches the wick making contact, which results in a spontaneous overflow of an infinite number of expressions, light. Then man is found continuously manipulating a billow in an effort to agitate the light and increase its brightness.

The aspiration of One Little Candle is to reach into your mind, heart, and soul, and illuminate the need for an unbreakable barrier in the communication between all mankind, without being prepared for an elite few and without having discriminations against any specific field of thought.

One Little Candle is symbolic of man's attempt to unite under a common goal, COMMUNICATION.

- S. S.

Happiness is
the hope that someone
will know you through words.

-Mike Harrelson

ONE LITTLE CANDLE

Gardner-Webb College
Number One

Boiling Springs, North Carolina
Spring, 1969

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THE PARK

by Donna Lowery

I walk as I have walked for what seems endless centuries. The same paths hollowed by my feet yesterday, I tramp again today. And as days before, I walk in silence, not fleetly, not briskly, but not slowly either ... only in silence as I have done for heaven knows how long. The same trees and shrubs whisper their secrets, as in days past, with not even a mention of my presence. Squirrels scatter here and there about my feet in remembrance of days when there was plenty, when I had time to join in their play. But now ... I am old....

Today there is some how an anomaly.... My silence seems to have infected everything else. I hear no whispering. I see no antics of the squirrels. There is a vapid sort of atmosphere around me. I feel closed in as if in a photograph. Yet, I walk on in silence just as before pretending not to notice the change.

My ears seem to have a supersensitivity which is most assuredly a deviation from the usual. I can hear the lonesome clicking, or rather dragging, of my heels on the concrete, echoing as if in a hollow box. My heart! Yes, I can even hear its irregular pattern very clearly now. Still ... I walk on in the same steadfast path--as before, always as before.

Click, click. Click, click. The tragic up and down sounds beg me to concentrate on them.... Click, click. Click, click. Click ... click ... click. It sickens me.... My head is full of nothing but the tell-tale sounds of my pace. And as in days gone by, I weep internally, for I know my present and have lived my past.

Again as in days departed, I find myself stopped by a barren tree.
I feel that it is of me, for I shout to it my woes, and it listens, yet,
cannot or will not speak.

And so, I am alone as alone can be in this photographic world.
Everything has--stopped. And no one can hear. Yes, as before, not one
can hear....

Staring continually at my tree, I trace its wrinkled trunk and bared
limbs and see mirrored there my own rotting body.... Hidden deep in the
blackened body of this old giant is my very soul. I know ... for I left
it there....

I feel inside of me that a great turmoil is about to explode; yet,
I stare intently at the tree as before ... always as before. The
tree, too, seems to shake with intense passion.... I see before me a
spectacle of all spectacles that were ever in recordance. The once naked
tree now bursts into its full spring pageantry and I, simultaneously, do
the same.

Ah, what sounds! Birds sing! All things shout of life full and free.
There is such lucidity in this blessed air that I find myself blinded
by such a vehement desire for delight. I want to run, to jump--to scream
and shout! I want to dance and sing at the joy of being alive at this
moment for surely I will die in the next.

Hello trees! and sky, and sun, and you, too, green, green grass!
Your colors and fragrances are magnificent today! I feel as you, for I
am of you and you of me.

... parks ... trees ... grass ... flowers ... children ... elders ...
I have seen them come, I have seen them go.

To add an even more mystical illusion to my unique experience, from behind the tree that has given me such insight, I hear a nocturne sung in the freshest of all voices. Each note brings such euphonic ecstasies to my ears that I can taste its deliciousness in my mouth.

When at last the bands of sound release me, a child vernaly steps forth. Watching, I can see why God said, "Come to me as little children." This child of voluptuous beauty pauses for a second in front of me gazing into my very soul.... I know ... for the child's stare makes me feel naked and ashamed....

I want to cry ... for I have not youth and if I could wish it back I would not, could not....

This child ... I have great yearnings for. I wish to be as one with....

"They said they found the old girl lying right here on this very spot as dead as you please. Passed away as quietly as a leaf falling off this tree, she did."

Two men stand talking under a tree in a park.

"Can't tell about anyone these days.. They just go falling about. People don't pay no mind any more. Just walk right over them, they do. Yesterdays are the same as todays and tomorrows...."

"Said they found her with the pleasantest smile on her...."

"Everything happens as before ... always as before...."

THE CREATIVE URGE

Every human soul knows the sacred urge
to push out through its flesh cocoon
and flash its wings in graceful flight,
To give bright hope to still-imprisoned souls.

Splash Beauty's dream on thirsty canvas,
To make or sing majestic song,
Hammer striking form from granite hard,
Or polish words in poet's line.
From bulging heart a story spill,
Or speak the straining words through harp or horn.

These are the soul-thrusts
Breaking through the crust of flesh,
That pierce the darkness where men grope for light,
That speak above the noise a lovely sound,
And in the midst of ugliness
A touch of beauty bring,
Soul voices crying out,
"I think, I feel, I love, I hope,
And seek to touch life with my gift."

Sad the soul that soon gives up the struggle
And withers in its flesh cocoon.
Cheated is the waiting world
Of lovely gifts unborn.

--T. Max Linnens

TIME

Time passes--

Slowly
like a caterpillar
creeping up the stem
of a sunflower.

It's almost as if
you could see it
--the time--
meandering like
a brook with
noplacement to go.

You're waiting for
something to happen--
to burst out at you--
but it doesn't,
so you wait
watching the time
float along.

-Carolyn Thomas

DRIFTWOOD

Driftwood--
floating aimlessly,
belonging nowhere,
destined for nothing--
just floating.

Driftwood--
lying bleak and alone
along the sandy water,
desolate from all--
just lying.

Driftwood--
just me.

-Carolyn Thomas

THE SEA

How can we cross the waves so clear
If our lives are not full of sunshine and cheer?
How can we hear the mellow call
If our hearts are blocked by an ugly wall?
How can we find the world's many treasures
If our only desires are petty pleasures?
How can we swim to the mighty shore
If all we do is condemn more and more?
How can we pass these many test---
By giving our all, by giving our best.

-Vickie Lynn Gordon

EARTHBOUND

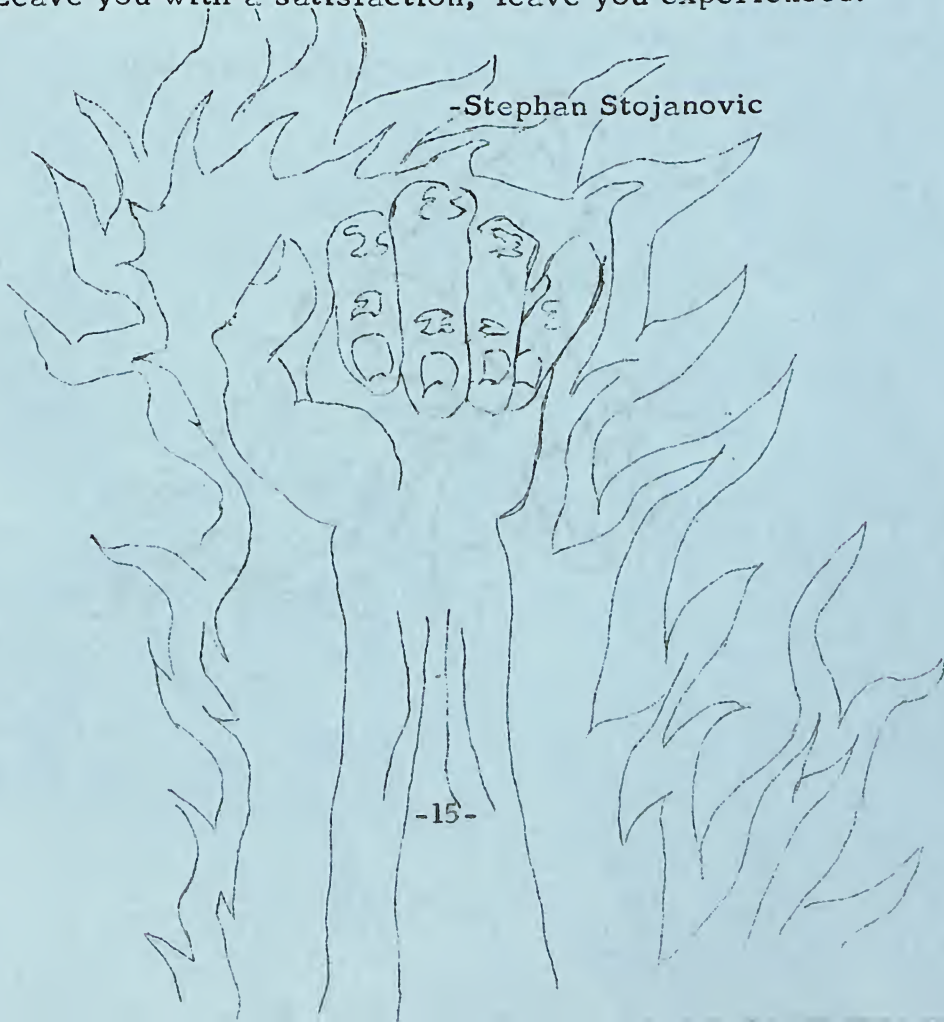
As I look up toward the sky
And see all the clouds floating by,
I lose myself in solemn thought,
And things of earth all come to naught.
A flying bird comes into view,
And I say to myself "I'd change with you."
But change or not, I stand and look
And enjoy myself in the great open book.
I keep looking and seem to expand
Until I can hold more than's in all the land.
Up and out I leap and soar,
And drink 'til I think "I can hold no more."
My mind has gone out of the body's grasp,
But it must return to the same at last.
The body on the ground though lifeless stilled
Begins to grow restless for its form to be filled.
Though I'm roaming now in the wide open space,
I feel that I'm losing my lofty place.
My attention is attracted by a leaf in the wind,
Which toward the earth begins to descend.
The leaf comes down in its flight so fair,
And strikes my hand as I'm standing there.
I close my hand on the leaf quite crisp,
And find that I hold myself in my fist.

-Ernest M. Blankenship

BURNING

Blazing, blazing, a moment, but forever,
Why put it out, it doesn't hurt anymore,
Hardly anything left to fill the grave,
Trapped, nowhere to run or hide,
You know it's coming, the senses can tell,
The mind feels the pressure of the sense,
Torture, torment, no way to relieve it,
Die, die, spare me any further,
Escape from me soul, leave me, I've perished,
Remember the bliss of heat on cold days,
Remember this comfort, and know it in excess,
Erupting suddenly, no time to think, to feel,
What was it like, so quick, did it happen?
Needless to recall, thankful you can't,
So unreal, it seems hardly true, but it is,
Action, result; timeless, with a second of memory,
Just passing on, or to die normally,
How smooth, very easy, but lacking of drama,
Smoke, heat, fire, panic, shock, pain, relief,
Death and Dying true to their names,
Leave you with a satisfaction, leave you experienced.

-Stephan Stojanovic



DELINQUENT THOUGHTS OF A
BIOLOGY TEACHER

It is interesting to know that lysosomes can "digest" cells and transform pupas into adults--

But the most important thing is to enjoy the beauty of graceful, many colored butterflies, feeding on nectar-filled flowers against a blue background of God's universe.

It is becoming more important to know that plants must feed man in the future--

But it is more important to rest on a bed of moss beside a trout stream with forest giants all around you and know that there is Something more powerful than man.

It is good to know that flowers have stamens and pistils and produce seed--

But it is more important to enjoy the happiness of a child when he gives his mother a dandelion.

It is necessary for surgeons to practice on dogs before operating on humans--

But it is more important to have felt the camaraderie of boy and dog.

-Mike Harrelson



THE JESTER

The ambiguous illusive jester.

What is truth? What is real?

All we know is what we see and hear and smell

and taste and feel.

Who is this jester?

Who paints on his face?

Why is he so funny?

Does he know something I do not?

Does he paint on his face?

Why can't I understand?

Why am I sick when I laugh at him too much?

Who is he?

Where does he go when

I cannot see him?

Who sees him then?

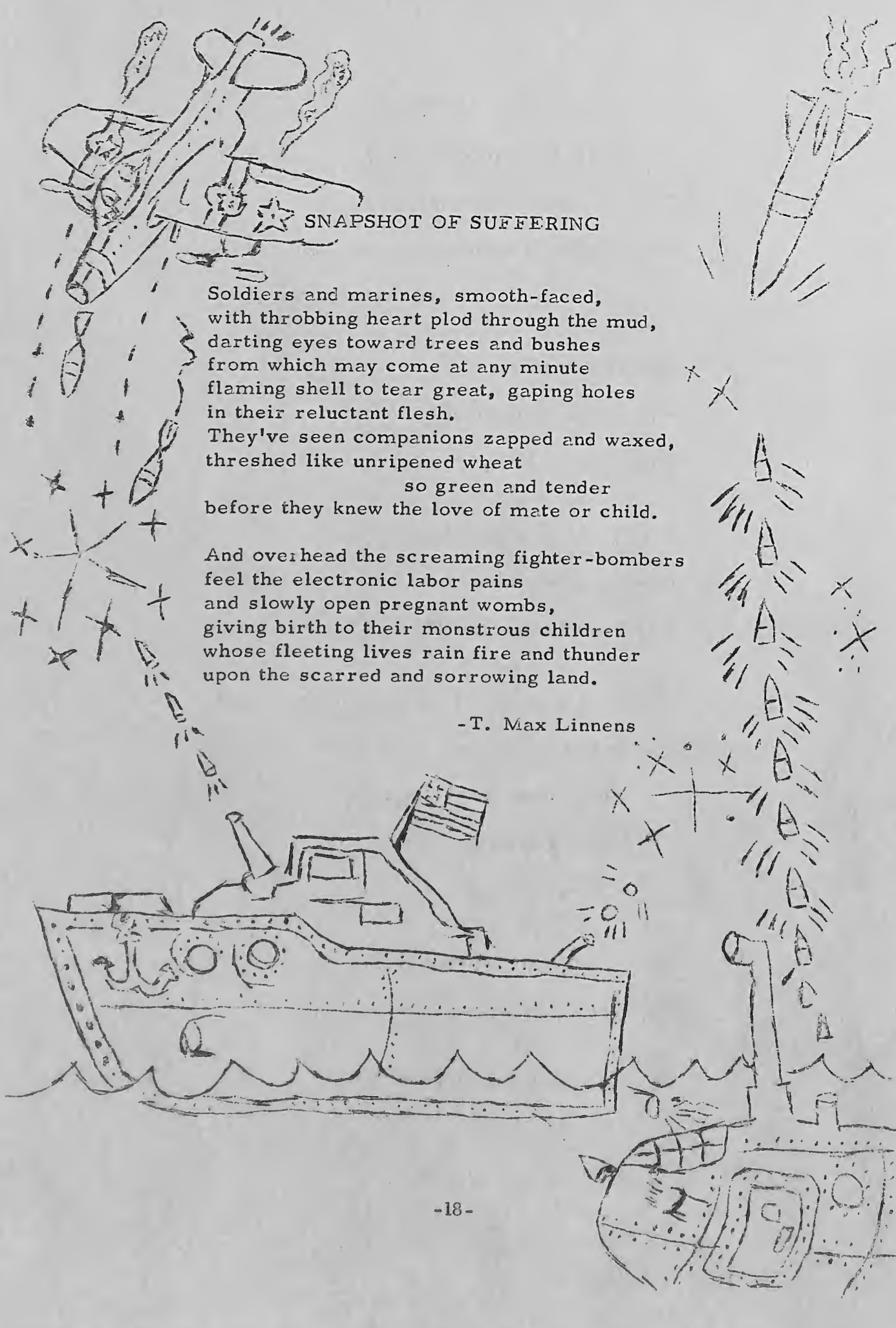
That complicated instrument he plays--

It makes no sound...

Do you know something I do not?

Tell me.

Help me understand.



SNAPSHOT OF SUFFERING

Soldiers and marines, smooth-faced,
with throbbing heart plod through the mud,
darting eyes toward trees and bushes
from which may come at any minute
flaming shell to tear great, gaping holes
in their reluctant flesh.

They've seen companions zapped and waxed,
threshed like unripened wheat

so green and tender
before they knew the love of mate or child.

And overhead the screaming fighter-bombers
feel the electronic labor pains
and slowly open pregnant wombs,
giving birth to their monstrous children
whose fleeting lives rain fire and thunder
upon the scarred and sorrowing land.

-T. Max Linnens

The Educated Man

A man is educated:

when he can associate with scholars and yet retain the simple faith;

when he learns to appreciate small kindnesses of others;

when he has learned to say the appropriate thing to other people;

when he can associate with the wealthy and yet retain the common touch;

when he can accept unkindnesses of others without becoming angry, realizing they are caused by inadequacies, misfortunes, or misunderstandings;

when honor and fame bring tears of appreciation and humility to his eyes, rather than haughtiness to his countenance;

when he can most seriously and understandingly explain the simplest of phenomena;

when he can associate with evil companions and not lose his virtue;

when he is at home both in the world of ideas and the world of practical activities;

when he realizes that other people are to loved and appreciated as ends within themselves and not as means to his own ends;

when he becomes sensitive to the needs of others;

when he can give all of himself to others, and only desire their eternal love.

When a man reaches this point, not only is he educated, but he has found the abundant life.

-Robert Earle Morgan

TASCOM'S WIFE
by Jerry Saunders

"Doc, you got to come quick. My poor wife's a-dyin'."

The aged farmer stood in my doorway, a frantic look on his weatherbeaten face. He made no attempt to come in; he only stood, stooped with years and hard work, holding his battered hat in his gnarled hands.

I immediately got my bag and went outside. He aided me in hitching the horse to the buggy, and then we set out, the horse going at a brisk trot.

As we jounced over the rutted road, it was so dark that I could scarcely see my companion. I heard his feeble, small voice coming out of the blackness. He was introducing himself and apologizing for the late call.

"I'm John Tascom. My farm is--"

I told him that I knew where his farm was located. I had heard of him before, and I knew him by sight. He had once been pointed out to me as "the hardest workin' man in this here valley" by another farmer.

"It's my wife Liddy, Doc. I wouldn't'a called you out so late, but I donno what to do fer her. She's been tossin' on the bed the whole day ... looks to me like she's sinkin' fast..."

I tried to comfort him and instill some measure of hope in him as I whipped the horse on.

The road, which had been bad enough before, now became worse after about a mile. Tall clumps of brush swished around the horse's legs and cracked against the buggy wheels.

The wind sighed in the tall pines beside the trail, and owls hooted high in the bobbing branches overhead. Somewhere in the far distance the mournful howl of a hound arose.

Finally I saw a light ahead, and as we drew closer, I could distinguish the small wooden farmhouse, nestled in a grove. Beyond this grove, I knew, stretched the field where John Tascom labored from sunrise to sunset.

Except for the small, drab house and rocky field, the area was the same as it had been for unnumbered years. The surrounding trees were very old, gnarled and twisted by the weight of the years. The Tascoms, too, were gnarled, scarred by their struggle with the land, a struggle the outcome of which never seemed in doubt. The land was wild, and even though it might be tamed for a short span of years, it would, with all its animal spirit and strength, return at last to claim victory. It would swallow up the fences, the field, the house, even the graves of its two solitary occupants.

Indeed, there was some almost unearthly quality about the region, besides its age. It lay dormant, a part of "civilization," but a part with a spell over it. Land like that is never truly "civilized."

My thoughts of these things were interrupted by our arrival at the door of the house. My companion sprang from the buggy and ran to the door. He opened it wide and we entered.

He conducted me through the kitchen, where the rough table was piled high with dirty dishes, and ushered me into the bedroom.

"Please excuse the looks of things, Doc. I ain't much of a hand at housekeepin' and since Liddy's been low, things has sorta got untidy."

I stepped into the plain room, A wood stove was in the middle, and the old bed was nearby, fitted neatly into a corner.

The bed was spread with patchwork quilts which blazed with color. These had been sewn by Liddy's expert fingers only, since she lived too far from other country women to participate in their quilting bees.

I approached the bed. Now I could see the small, wrinkled face framed by tangled wisps of gray hair. The face was incredibly pale.

As I looked, a moan came from the waxen lips, and suddenly the thin body began to toss violently, flinging the covers aside with clawlike hands.

"It's startin' again," said Tascom. "I donno what it could be. She's been feelin' low for about a week, and now, this evenin', she started this turnin' and tossin'."

I felt the wrist. There was only a flicker of pulse.

"She doesn't have a fever," I said. "She's as cold as ice. When did all this start?"

"Like I said, about a week ago. She's been actin' strange ever since that little picnic we went on last Sunday."

"Where did you go?"

"We just went fer a little walk in the woods, not far."

"What did you have to eat?" I questioned.

"She fried a hen. All we done was eat, and then she seen some kinda flowers in the bushes a piece, and went off to pick 'em fer the house. She always has been fond of little tricks like flowers and such. Me, I laid down and took me a nap. When I woke up she was standin' beside me and sayin' 'let's go t' house.' She ain't been the same since we come back, somehow."

The woman was quiet for a time as I examined her. When I was through, I had to admit to Tascom that I knew no more than I had known when I started.

"Well, will she live, Doc? Liddy's all I got."

"I don't know. I have something here that will keep her quiet. She needs it, on account of conserving her strength."

I reached into my bag and brought out a hypodermic needle and a vial.

"This is a sedative. It'll just calm her. It won't hurt her." I said this as I noticed the way in which he was eyeing the vial.

Just as I was about to make the injection, the patient suddenly opened her eyes for the first time. There was a strange brightness about them as they focused on the needle.

A loud shriek resounded through the room as the wild-eyed woman, now surprisingly strong, grabbed my wrist and threw me backward. Had I not caught the bedpost as I fell back, I would have gone to the floor.

Tascom came around to reassure her, and she fought him too, screaming shrilly as she did. As he extended a hand to her, she grabbed it and bit it savagely. Then she launched herself upon him, clawing at his face.

Somehow, I managed to drag her off him and quickly inject the sedative. As the needle stabbed home and the bluish liquid vanished into her thin arm, she sank to the floor.

"Doc, I--I don't understand! She's gone crazy!" Tascom said this in a pitiful voice as he nursed his hand, from which a thin line of blood flowed.

"Help me tie her to the bed," I gasped. I was shaken, myself. I had been among the sick for years, but violence like this in a patient was disturbingly new to me.

Tascom sat by her bed all night. I paced the floor, wondering what to do.

Toward dawn, I stepped into the kitchen for a bite of food for us. I warned Tascom before I left the room. We had secured her arms and legs with twisted sheets, and I reminded him to keep checking them to make sure the knots stayed tight.

I busied myself in the untidy kitchen. It was hard to find clean utensils. I finally succeeded and was so engrossed in preparing a light breakfast that I was oblivious to what was occurring in the bedroom, until I heard Tascom's strangled cry.

I sped into the bedroom. The first thing I noticed was the twisted sheets which had held the patient's arms and legs. The makeshift bonds had been ripped apart.

The second thing I saw was Tascom quivering in a corner. In front of him stood my patient. She was letting out animal growls, and when I saw her face, I was horrified. What I saw there was no mere madness.

"Watch out, Doc! She--I donno--she--she don't act like my Liddy! She just tried to kill me!"

When he said those words, a realization swept over me. It was incredible, but another look at her face told me I had thought correctly.

"You're right, Tascom. She's not your wife. Look at her eyes! See anything human in them? Stand back! Don't try to stop her--it. I know what it wants to do now."

It headed for the door, as I cautiously edged my way around the room to where Tascom quaked and muttered prayers.

"Come on," I said. "We've got to follow it!"

Day was breaking as we trailed it into the forest. Now and then it paused and looked back at us. As we watched, it lost more and more of the woman shape. The tattered gown finally dropped off and was dragged on the ground. The thing turned to snarl at us one last time, and when Tascom saw its true shape, he gave vent to a terrified cry which rang through the woods.

"It weren't my Liddy at all," he sobbed when the creature had at last been swallowed up by the shadowy trees. "But where is she, and what was that thing I had in my house? I've laid in there, asleep beside it, not knowin'..."

After a search of the surrounding thickets, we found what had become of Liddy. She had evidently gone off in search of flowers that day, and fallen to her death over a precipice.

"Then that thing saw its chance. It assumed your dead wife's shape and came home with you."

"But where'd such a thing come from?"

Then I told him of the legends connected with old forests--legends of strange, non-human creatures which haunt the glades, waiting and watching, and sometimes venturing forth to the world of humans in the dark of night, when they are said to steal human children and leave their hideous offspring in exchange. Then these changelings are free to grow and spread their evil among humans.

The old man had his wife's remains sent to another place far from the valley. He moved away himself.

Now the land is left to the original inhabitants.

TO BE WALKING

To be walking in a green field with
Nothing on but a sheet
Is the most beautiful thing I can think of
Right now.

To be rid of all the accessories of society,
Just to be free.
To feel free to run into Forever
With no eyes judging you for what
You are.

And maybe to have someone running
With you,
Looking at you with gentle eyes
That have love behind them.

To be able to do this would mean so
Much to me.
The pleasure would be beautiful
But the price would be high.

-Katey Duffey

EXPERIENCED BUT WEAK

I've heard the sounds of eternity's cry,

And blushed not at the sight in her eyes.

I've exhaled countless infinities.

I've ridden a color into every time,
And know eternity is history.

I've visited a pharoah in his tomb,
And blew the dust of ancient Egypt.

I've questioned Aphredite's leadership,
And scorned Ares with bitter words.

I saw the earth and felt her pain,
I saw man, but saw no shame.

And hated him without feeling.

I've smelled the night sky,

And eaten many of her stars

I've dreamed and lived, and thought and done,

Yet, my candle flickers before my own breath.

-Stephan Stojanovic

TELEPHONES AND ELEGIES

No, dear, don't fear the ringing of the phone.

No new one of us is dead,

For we are all caught up.

In the past several years we have buried our major
candidates (and some minor ones), and by their torments,
as is the way with men, pillowed our love.

If anybody else dies, he's going out of turn,
and mortality has hit another foul.

(I hope the universe hears.)

It's just me, ringing in friendliness and
loneliness

At one o'clock in the morning

In hopes that when you hear my noon voice

You will respond with like sun.

So sleep peacefully,

take midnights in stride,

and do not groom yourself for old dismay--

for the old alert born of illness and age and expectation,

or the sudden cessation of those who seemed most able,

or the wasting away utterly of the once beautiful,

or the departure of a spirit barely ten and swift

with the grace of the most perfect bird in God's
whole heaven,

or for the sleep of him barely past his xylophone.

For we, this family,

are up to date in accounts.

Indeed,

Somewhere, I think,

A credit should be pushing

against a womb,

or, at some altar, putting on a ring.

- Betty S. Cox

LONELINESS

Loneliness-as bland as a green grassy lawn in summer, freshly mown.

Loneliness-as stark as a solitary oak etched against a twilight heaven.

Loneliness-as sudden as a loud bang of a screen door in stifled stillness.

Loneliness-as mournful as the monotony of catydids crying in trees.

Loneliness-the feeling of enduring a tortorous, numbing pain that is not there.

-Charlsie Griffin

AFTER THE SUN

Love!

Hast thou betrayed me!

I cry in the darkness

and you are not there.

I search in the rafters

and stare into your silence.

Stoic, you have become.

Became you this after the sun.

-Donna Lowery

PLASTIC VISION

Red dog of cotton fur
you sit upon the settee
blearing with one plastic
eye
blaring with the other
across the space of a room
in which people
live
come and go
to desire
and hate
and shock
and touch artificially,
simulating, like you,
life and response.

-Fred Wilkie

NO ONE CARES

I
am
lonely
Who cares for me?
I
am
hungry
Will you give me food?
I
am
cold
Do you care?
Oh
Yes
I am poor and all alone
but
in
this
Cold and selfish world
No
One
Cares
For
Me.

-Lydia Weaver

PALPABLE

God rode in a snowflake on my dog's back,
Shining, changing, fading,
gone.

But Alexander the dog
And I, his mistress,
Know that it was there.

He liked feeling it,
And I liked seeing it.

-Betty S. Cox



HOW MUCH

One spring I'll tell you

how much I love you

As the first daisy climbs above the earth

and sees the sunshine.

One summer I'll show you

how much I love you

As the ocean struggles

to touch the sand.

One autumn you will know

how much I love you

As a scarlet leaf gives

herself to the wind.

Some winter I shall know

how much I love you

When the daisy, the ocean, and the leaf

are under the snow.

-Lawanda Walters

FOLLOW THE FOOL

Who is left with courage or insanity,

Follow the fool, but beware where you go.

My canyon lies ahead of us,

But someone's river is washing its bottom away.

Go follow him, his travel has to be,

Follow me later should you decide,

But leave your shoes,

The ground below is washing away,

Someone's serpent is drowning in someone's river,
in my canyon.

First you should follow the fool,

Or someone's leader, who went blind at the challenge,

The rumor is, he got lost yesterday,

And his mind's eyes left his feet.

Come to my house there, do you see there,

Alone I built it on the ground above the canyon,

Take care to approach it, come only by chariot,

Should you come by car, an endless journey to you,

Yes, better would you be to follow the fool.

Make no sound as you come,

The echo in its embrace pities no one,

Unless your body is deaf.

Bring all that follow you,

Turn and you'll see the train of yourself,

Bring them all and you'll arrive alone.

Should you become hungry someone's serpent will wait

on you with apples,

Don't be disturbed when you see something invisible,

Reality's game will seduce your mind,

You'll know my house when you see the invisible part,

the missing corner stone.

He who approaches with shoes has none,

He who approaches without shoes may enter,

But first you must follow the fool,

First you must follow ten fools, ah! half a fool will do.

-Stephan Stojanovic

UNKNOWN QUANTITIES

If I had followed the advice
I have so often asked
I wonder if it would've
all been different
Would it have lasted?
If I had acted the
way I was told
Would you still have turned
away from me and
let your love grow cold?
If I had never said
"I love you"
Would I be so hurt?
But, would I have felt
so much joy when we
were together?
No, I know I would not have
and I wouldn't take anything
for that joy which causes
this hurt.

-Cyndy Cahill

FROM SPRING COMES SUMMER RAINS

Seasons go to seasons
Tomorrows become todays,
Children become adults--
Time goes by.

In spring life is new. It is
fresh and clear like the waters.
All things renew their spirits, blooming
as never before. Spring is as you are--
warm, vibrant, alive.

From spring comes summer rains
Sparkling in the early morning sun
as you do, clear, fresh, reviving life.

From summer rains come autumn leaves,
from autumn leaves, winter snows appear.
Yet winter thaws becoming Spring and
again life starts anew.
Life as I see it through you--
Beautiful, bountiful, tender.

-Carolyn Thomas

SEARCHING FOR LOVE

Sometimes, my love, I'm almost sure
And other times I'm not
At times a child; at times mature
You've got me in a spot.

My love for you grows more each day
Does yours, my dear, I pray?
My heart desires to find the truth
The simple joys I had in youth.

But why should I cling to this dream
When I'm so unworthy it seems
Did I help you along and show you the light
Or were you left alone in the night?

I want to be good, and try to do right
So that's why I'll follow God's heavenly light
He'll show me the way, and give me love too
Maybe, my darling, that love could be you.

-Vickie Lynn Gordon

THE UNCOMMITTED

Cold is the life
stranger to a glowing passion
springing from obsession's breast,
where lies a noble cause
clutched tightly.

Bored and empty
is the life that feeds on little things,
unstretched mind, constricted soul
never expanded to new horizons
through divine invasion
of something big.

Emptiness that knows deep sorrow
stemming from rejection
of soul's fulfillment.

Lonely is the life
not tied by cords of care to shining
dream whose sobbing begs for day to break
and for the strength so long denied.
Loneliness of living unattached
from larger thing than little self.

Sad is the life
that finds no worthy purpose
amid the myriad causes,
just and real.

no star to guide
no inner voice to heed
no song to sing
no hurt to heal.

Sad, empty, drifting, lonely lives
eking out their days
on dusty flats,

prisoners of their own perversion
who dare not fling themselves
on God's great love and purpose.

Only feet of the committed
turn to paths that lead
toward peaks majestic,
high and holy.

The Answered Prayer

I went into the chapel to pray.

O God,

Please

give me

a lesson

in love

Amen.

I went back to the street.

I saw a tiny mama Chihuahua

squashed under

the wheels

of a car

as she tried

to save

her puppy.

O God,

My prayer

was answered.

Amen.

-Robert Earle Morgan

THE CITY

New York, New York, what a disillusionment you are.

From afar people adore you,

Call you the melting pot of the world, the center of
the universe.

To Them, dreaming, you open your arms to excitement,

To freedom, variety, to life itself.

Yet when people come to you, they find hatred and stupidity,

(Harlem is rampant with riots)

Sadness and despair

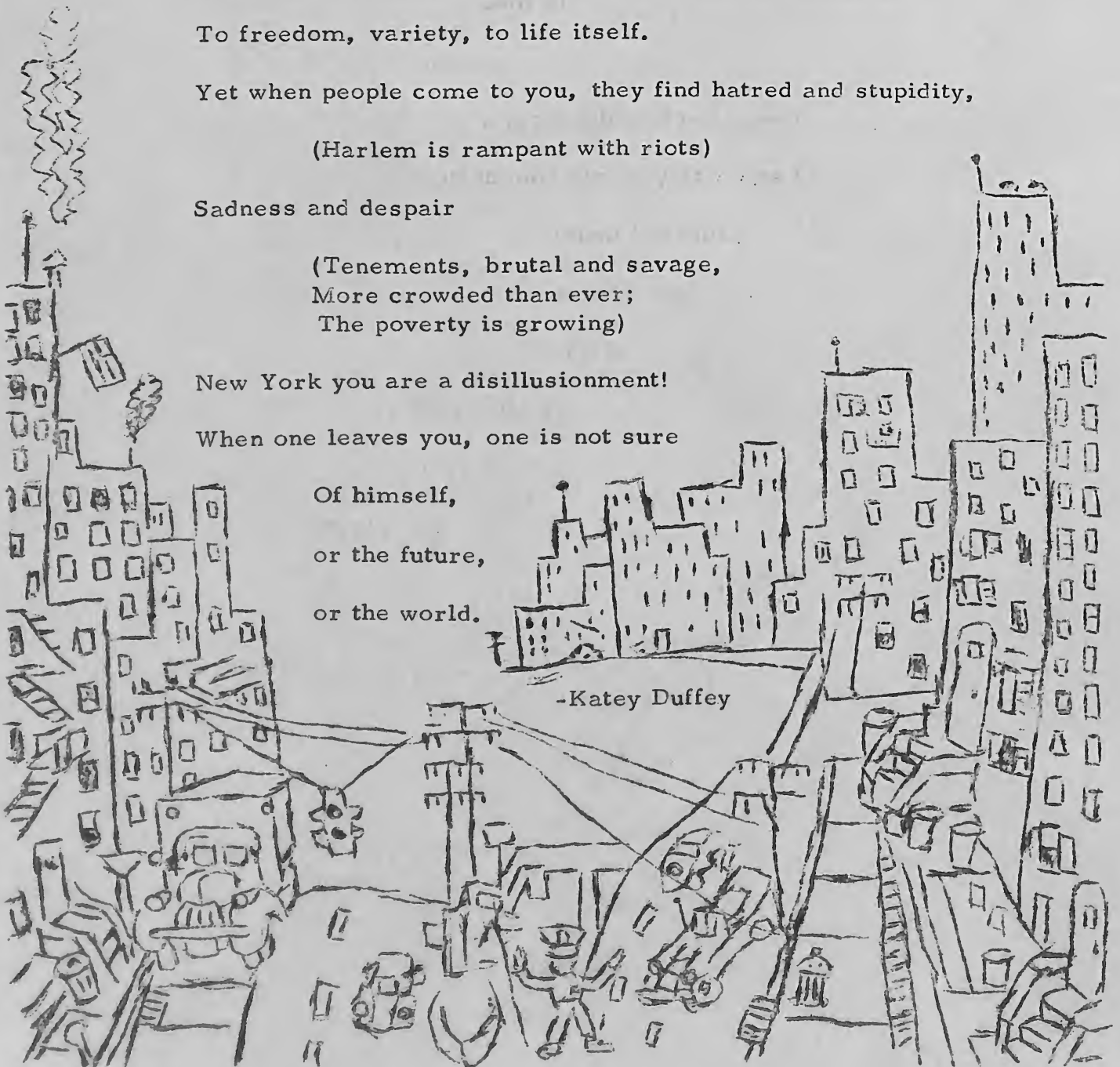
(Tenements, brutal and savage,
More crowded than ever;
The poverty is growing)

New York you are a disillusionment!

When one leaves you, one is not sure

Of himself,
or the future,
or the world.

-Katey Duffey



CXFORD ,MISSISSIPPI, 1967

(For Mr William Faulkner)

We came here, Bill,
to see you.

It was August and the candidates were in town.
August, and the Ole Miss twirlers and cheerleaders practiced.
August, and we had an empty gas tank.
Stopping to have it filled, we asked
where your house was.
The colored man put down the pump,
traced with his old white-nailed finger upon the asphalt
the way to your house.
Your house was white and nearly hidden through the trees.
"Private Property" the sign said,
the great wooden gate posts had a heavy chain and lock
to hold the gate to.
Of course we respected your wishes, Bill.
Your house and grounds are in fine shape, sir.
We were pleased to see them so well.

The courthouse circle was filled with people to hear the candidates.
A former governor haranged, blistering the swelty air with his voice.
In a fold-up chair sat a young brunette woman
with a child in her arms, a rough, heavy, sweat-lathered
husband beside her. He clapped and shouted.
But she was beautiful and calm.
You would have liked seeing her, Bill.

It sure was hot in August wasnt it?
Going out of town and driving south to Greenwood
we opened all the windows for the air to blast us
and still it was hot.
The road was a straight gray ribbon.
Coming into town two ancient colored men
with white hair
rode double on a bareback mule.

Where were you, Bill?

-Fred Wilkie

BAS-RELIEF
(To my caveman ancestor)

Within the cave, upon the wall, in that
flat, dimensionless art,
He projects into the race.

His bones, interred with his tools, and his structures
but hypothesized,
Lie in dead amalgam,
The smoke of his altars, and the sound of the songs
that he raised, all
engrafted on a wind long gone.

But in those strokes upon the wall which
spoke him well, and speak him well to me,

He abuts into my soul,
Echoes, through certitudes of flesh,
That unreasoned and unrecognized necessity.
Past bread,
Past hovel,
Past clothing.

-Betty S. Cox

AVON OF THE NEW WORLD

by Stanley Green

(The below is an extract from an unpublished novel by Stanley Green, local high school counselor, entitled Kinnakeet Adventure. Mr. Green, with inexperience to match his name, launched his career as principal and teacher at Avon, North Carolina, known to natives as Kinnakeet, on the Outer Banks. Fresh from UNC in the trying year of 1930, slim and small in comparison to many of his students in this crude, rough, seafaring town, Mr. Green found a physically disreputable school and a careless attitude toward learning. The extract is the account of the first day, as, sitting inside, he awaits with several students the arrival of others.)

A huge young fellow followed by six admirers approached with arms full of tree branches. My students had seen him, too, and their faces were clearly expectant. The boy swept into the room and thrust the switches into my arms.

"Mr. Green, you'll need something to fight with, so I brought you these. Ought to be enough to start with."

I stood and looked at him, saying nothing while I set the horse whips on the raised platform, fully aware that the switches were a warning of war. And it was then I realized why no adults were on hand to see how things were going or to wish me well: they had all decided that the new principal was doomed before he began.

What is worse, I inwardly agreed. But seeing that my teachers were as bewildered and heartsick as I, I feigned composure. "Enroll your pupils," I instructed, "and find out what books we'll need. We'll talk things over;

after an hour, send them home until tomorrow." They sighed in mixed emotions and left.

One of my youngsters casually presented me with a ship's bell. It could be held in the hand, and he thought I might like to use it during the term. I thanked him, but now that my nerves were so jangled, I wondered how I could stand the noise. Nonetheless, I picked it up, and feeling like a man headed for the block, gave it all I had.

What a boisterous rush! Soon, the loose, squeaky, carved-up seats were filled with squirming boys and girls.

Defeat or victory? It had to be one or the other, and this was the crucial moment. Beads of sweat stood on my face, while my body was covered with goose flesh.

Just why I stood beside the stove with the wooden leg was a mystery. Perhaps I felt kinship with its own precarious condition. Because of the oppressive silence, I became aware of the sound from Cape Hatteras Sea. The youngsters, I realized, were as aware of this moment as I.

How should I begin? What were the right words? Was it better just to give up, even before I started?

But as I stood there, in that remarkable extraction of time, trembling and miserable, trying to fake bravery, something like a miracle occurred. I have never known its source--God or adrenalin?--but it possessed me and held me; and almost mesmerized, I no longer saw the stove with the wooden leg, the shattered glass on the floor, the ragged bits of blackboard, or the spitballs on the loft.

I saw the children! And never before such an eager, bright-eyed bunch. They were wonderful! --and I perceived their wonder. They were full of promise. They were clean and neat; the girls seemed beautiful and the boys handsome. And I thought of the small beginner who had approached me just before I rang the bell to announce proudly, "Mr. Green, honey, I'm big enough to go to school."

Also, before me, I knew, sat the energetic, inquisitive, and daring youth that could either build up or tear down our democracy which, even now, seemed dimly threatened from abroad. Here was young America! The type and amount of education they received would depend on me; it was my responsibility, and the power that was mine charged me with new energy. If I lost control for one minute, the youth potential would explode. Their looks challenged: Here we are! What are you going to do about it?

Love crowded out my fear, and my desire to do something for them burned. If you have ever put up an honest-to-goodness fight for what you believed was right, if you have ever worked or sacrificed to do something for a youngster you loved, you know the incident that happened to me that day was beyond explaining. I saw the children as wholesome, worthwhile future adults, and I determined that I would fight to get them educated.

And with that sublimation of self came an overwhelming desire to serve. Thus, the second miracle occurred. I was no longer Stanley Green, too young and immature to be a principal. Instead, I was a leader.

I am not able now to remember all I said that morning, but I know that ideas flooded my mind which had not ever before occurred to me. All that was

noble, ideals that had always been impressed on me returned then, begging for expression. Actually, it was all those persons who had worked so hard to teach me important values who now spoke through me, even as they had received their heritage from others. The boys and girls of Kinnakeet were not listening to one teacher, but to all those who in the history of man had been inspired and moved by knowledge.

I began softly and firmly.

"For many years I have worked toward this moment, but if anyone told me I would see this, I wouldn't have believed it. Although I cannot read minds or tell character by merely looking, yet your expressions convince me that you are the most ambitious group I have ever known."

Walking to the other side of the rusty stove, I talked slightly louder, telling them it was great to have ambition, for it inspired one to fight for what he wanted. But I added that it was not the fighting itself that was important but what one fought for. "Therein lies the difference between mediocrity and greatness. Some men let their ambition destroy them instead of using it nobly."

Their silence was encouraging.

"I believe this morning truly that you have everything needed for a good fight. In your veins flows the blood of courageous and ambitious men. They fought a heroic battle crossing the wild Atlantic in frail ships, to found a better world. After a long and treacherous voyage, they climaxed their fight in the roaring, destructive waters of a Cape Hatteras Sea. The more daring fought their way ashore, and had it not been for their courage, you would not be here today. It stands to reason that you must have inherited that ambition and the question is--what will you do with it?"

I said that they had an opportunity to fight for a good education, one that made life worth living, stirring the souls of men. Education, I argued, with more fervor than I knew I had, could even deny the forces which might destroy our democratic life.

"Many of our great traditions are at stake. Philosophers overseas are becoming monsters, who, eventually, may reach out over the distance dividing us, to destroy our ways and our principles."

By now I had their complete attention.

"Every human," I continued, "has the right to live and drink deeply from the fountains of life. A man who never puts up a good fight realizes nothing, for he must have knowledge; and the more he has, the more he will fight for what he believes."

Ah, I thought, these Kinnakeeteers might feel they belonged to an isolated world, but never had I felt, as now in this class, so close to all humanity. "From this very room, the whole world parades before us. Only a few miles from here is the greatest highway on earth. All you have to do is open your eyes and look at the ships manned by every creed and color. The route on the outskirts of Hatteras leads to South America. It connects the north and south, and because of the Canal, east and west. Never think of yourselves as isolated! You are company for the world.

"Seafaring men everywhere know the word Hatteras, and your ancestors who landed here from their wrecked ships came not from one country but from many countries."

I reminded the youngsters that they were standing at crossroads. No man was spared having to fight during his life. How would he do it here?

What would he fight for--here?"

I paused, and suddenly and irrelevantly noticed the pile of switches which I had forgotten. Pulling out the biggest one, I scrutinized it as the room remained silent. I broke it across my knee, cramming the pieces into the old stove; I grabbed the remainder and pitched them out a window.

"I refuse to fight you, but if you force me, I will walk out that door and take the next boat out. My business here is to help you. I want to fight, all right, but not alone, which is no fun. We are at the crossroads of an unknown destiny. If the future of our country is to be good, somebody will have to put up many good fights. Your generation must realize that America's importance in the world is increasing. If you would like to know what real living is, and how it feels to be an intelligent person, then you must fight for it.

"If you are ready to fight hard, a good place to begin is on the issue of a school of which Avon can be proud. It depends on you, for students make the school. They can tear it down or build it up, degrade it or elevate it. We've got to work together or not at all. I know nothing of the Cape Hatteras Sea, but I am eager to learn and you can teach me. Through my educational experiences, I can teach you about the world. Since I myself am not one to make hurried decisions, I'll give you until nine o'clock tomorrow to think and to draw your own conclusions."

I was still sweating, but not this time from fear. It was from the heat of known victory. But reasoning that the tide of battle could change, I picked up the ship's bell and announced, "Tomorrow, everyone who plans to aid me in building a high school, please bring notebooks and pencils. We'll improvise until our textbooks arrive." I rang.

A stir in the other rooms told me the others were rushing out into the yard; yet my students sat and stared.

"You are free to go for the rest of the day," I repeated.

They got up and slowly walked outside.

The sense of victory provokes strange things. And surge of the heart, which exceeds restraining reason. For when alone, I measured the blackboard size, though I had no replacement, and counted the broken window panes. When I left, I strode in joy....

That night I ordered the textbooks.

INTIMATE

the veil being closed around Us by a knowing communicable glance,
We journeyed into Our remembered world....

--Remember ... remember when We were young....

--Remember ... remember when We were enchanted....

His hand drew along an uncertain material ... the elements were
with Us ... They sang of Our grace. We became of God ... We became the
nearer....

--Remember the waters ... the enclosing in....

--Remember His tenderness ... His chantry....

mystical embodiment ... liberated actions and reactions seemingly
designed ... yet so natural....

--Remember Our laughter ... the sudden draining of tears, fears.

--Remember the mellowness ... the distinctly bringing in of Us
Three....

the waters became a grateful transcender ... Our mother ... Our
regressed true home. light was intertwining--filtered and soft ...
nothing too harsh....

--Remember the freshness ... the clover and mint....

--Remember the blessing ... Our God had sent....

--but He be here, oh lady, my love ... God be not aparting
Our ceremony: a sin?

--He be Us, following you in ... remaining there in silence but divine
knowledge of Our union....

love be tracing an undiscovered grace ... hands found touching in
Godly chary.

--Remember, my love: entrust me then....

--Yes, Remember, my great: enter me then, for Thou has me ... We
have each other ... be We a part of God....

and God be answering, also, for from the two of Them, becomes Them
unioned--a God of men....
risen in mellowness to the Kingdom ... a visit to see how the other half lives.
love be wanting, a psychological real; love be wanting in physical feels....

- Remember Our expression ... Our Untold cries!
- Remember Our approaches ... Our related ties!

We speak in poetry ... such a way. be love not enclosing a cherished waste.

- Now be the time! Sing Us then!
- Spout Ye, Your wonders! let loose Our cries! God be awaiting to be on Our side.

.....

- Remember Our drawing together....
- Remember Our caring not to go back....

so come forth then ... my lady, my man? ... shout Our caresses ... Our Untold works! Feel as a messenger of the meek ... Untold wonders a lying in the deepness of Your veil You still lie! come forth, We command You! into this day!

.....

- Remember Your pain....
- but oh, it was my grace, to bring into this world a savior of fate....

but, yes, We see ... Your birth broke the understanding. so now Your words are so broken ... You be in such a hurry to bring them out, that They cannot understand Your origin ... or Your former land. They will crucify You, make You forget the joys until You, too, will one day meet that God in the name of "man" or "woman." We hope You will succeed where We have failed. so God be in You and none be lost....

- Remember Our death ... enclosing again....
- Remember Our union ... We knew was not a sin....
- Remember Our portals ... held up to the sky....
- Why could They not have listened....
- Why could We not have died....

-Donna Lowery

NEVER A MEMORY

Marching across the spring covered meadow,
No time to just walk,
Marching as if something were about to be final,
As a final, walking wouldn't do.
Faster, faster, almost out of breath,
The march has almost ended,
The meadow is turning winter.
Snow has replaced the green and living,
The marching feet were cold and sliding,
But strange enough no tracks were left,
And you can't see where he ended,
Nothing is left to show he was here,
It's hard to believe, so why accept it.

-Stephan Stojanovic

I think continually of those who were truly great.
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns,
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit,
.
Near the snow, near the sun, in the highest fields,
See how these names are feted by the waving grass
And by the streamers of white cloud
And whispers of wind in the listening sky.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life,
Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre.
Born of the sun, they travelled a short while toward the sun
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.

-Stephen Spender

In memory of Dwight David Eisenhower,
1890 - 1969, whose great glow expired
as One Little Candle went to press,
and because of whose glow this generation
is permitted to shed its own.

