

1974

Reflections 1974

Becky Sigmon

Henry Harrison Long

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thoughtful

meaningful

bad

opportunities

wisdom

mad

subject matter

desire

great

Realistic style

to be a

DEDICATION

Because the original editor-in-chief, Hank Harrison, was unexpectedly absent in the fall, and his successor, Associate Editor Becky Sigmon, was a senior approaching the block program and graduation, this volume received limited attention through December. The staff is grateful to Becky for assuming the mammoth task suddenly inherited and for all her seminal work. The staff also recognizes that without the return of the original editor in the spring, when Becky could not often actively serve, this magazine would not have fruited: his impetus, energy, and incredible management were so orderly and infectious as, among other things, to inspire the largest staff meeting ever held in a six-year history. Further, when, at his father's request, he left school to accept an executive business position, in loyalty he lingered and returned enough to steer the magazine to near-finality. Because the staff appreciates such contributions and grasps the spirit infusing them, it dedicates this issue to Henry Long Harrison, III, of Greenville, S. C., with the hope that his experience at Gardner-Webb will enrich him as it has enriched us.

R E F L E C T I O N S

GARDNER-WEBB COLLEGE
Literary Magazine

Volume VI
SPRING 1974

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Reflections? What is *Reflections*? Technically, *Reflections* is Gardner-Webb's literary magazine. What is the purpose of the magazine? Is the purpose to review the past? to prophesy the future? to live the present? The purpose of *Reflections* is to fulfill the need of people to express themselves in the past, present, and/or future. Through this magazine students, faculty, and members of the community are able to relate to themselves, others, and the world around them. *Reflections* does not belong to any one particular group of students. This magazine belongs to the contributors and readers of its contents. The *Reflections* staff has only served as the editors of the contributions. Therefore, the *Reflections* staff of 1973-74 wishes to present this magazine to its real creators....the contributors and readers. Congratulations!

Becky Sigmon
Editor-in-chief, 1973-74

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ART:

Jan Hafling	Front cover
Terry Sigmon	p. 15; opposite p. 1
Bruce Stuart	p. 28
Judy Greene	1, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, back cover



IMAGINE ME!

I am grass
the very cloth of nature.
I stretch my slender arms
to the sky
and my perfume is of molten
earth.

I sway with the winds
and sing of time.

With the breath of every
Spring I am
born anew----My green
is the green of God
and
I bask in the yellow of the sun.

I am a carpet of summer
and the cool coverlet of night.

- Gerrie Ward



RAIN

against the
frost-
covered
window,

I watched the raindrops
drizzle
down.

being impressed into the
wet,
red,
earth

made a cold dreary world form in my eyes of
moist
sadness

in the condemning droplets,
jumping,
stomping,
playing

protected by their mothers' love from the world of
cruel
harshness.

My eyes are
cloudy now
with shadows
of rain.

The rain
of my soul
forms showers
of tears with my
realization
that never again
will I feel
the shelter
of my mother's
love.

Puddles of mud

Watching children

- Lynn Clark

LOOKING BACK

A snow-covered lane,
formidable, yet beautiful.

At the end,
caught looking back
in despair, realizing
that somehow
we have defiled it.

- Thomas Philbeck

SONNET

There stand the stately Magnolia trees,
Whose fragile blossoms have turned jaded brown.
I wonder, as I view their blighted leaves,
Why it is they who have to wear this gown.
Their span of life emits a poignant flash
Across the far, inner channels of my mind;
A flame of hope that time cannot enmesh
The once splendid beauty of trees of this kind.
Yet, now, I am aware that all is silent,
Perhaps it is not true that none could care.
As I gaze toward the trees which soar so gallant,
I know that God believes that they are fair.
Who am I to say these trees are quenched and done,
As they tower majestic in the noonday sun.

- Claire Newton

TRILOGY

1. Before You Loved Me, But I Loved You

love too far away to touch...
but too near to forget,
is insomnia 24 hours
a day.

2. In the Summer of Love

elbows and thumbs,
no sleep at all,
waiting - without - patience -
for the sweet emptiness of your
call.

3. Endings

once you and i had a little love,
and we held tightly to its waxen base
guarding the tiny flaming wick
so carefully that neither of us noticed
it burning away....until it singed our
hands; we dropped it in slight pain ---
and it went out.

- Margret Carpenter



ONCE MORE

You are gone.
I am lonely.
I miss you so much.
I wish I could...

see your smile
hear your voice
laugh with you...

...once more.

Why did you go?
Did you not...

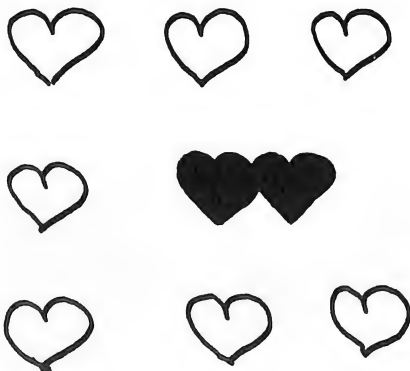
know that I cared?
love me?
hear me calling you?

Did I not...

say that "I cared"?
show my love to you?
call loud enough?

Give me another chance...

- Becky Sigmon





HIDDEN

Can a rose grow if it's
kept hidden?
Will it even blossom without
water?

Can it mature without
the rays of the sun?

Can a love grow if it's
kept hidden?

Will it blossom without
nurture?

Can it develop without
sharing, caring, giving

Until we have given our all?

Wanda Brittain

WLB
3/4/74

A LAVENDER PORCELAIN FLOWER

James stared blankly through a veil of dejection and emptiness, a study in automation, steeling himself to force a thank-you to everyone that came in. Long lines of people with the same solemn faces, repeating almost word for word the same dry phrases of sorrow and condolences.

The family gathered and for a short time were drawn together in a common bond of loss and the need to console one another. There was small talk among the relatives, the ones living at a distance feeling out the local kin for news of marriages, births, and for details of the suffering before... it happened.

A seemingly detached world of soft voices, polite smiles, and uplifted though trembling chins, expressing disbelief over having only talked to her just hours before.....and then she was gone.

James Richardson, sixty-seven years old and ailing, had been a widower for almost two days, and the weight of it all was taking its toll. Left alone with his thoughts for the first time in what seemed an eternity, he held in his hands a few pieces of his late wife's favorite jewelry. The task of picking one out for her to wear for the last time had been left especially for him. His eyelids were drooping slightly, and he was breathing more easily; anyone watching him would have thought that finally he was getting some much-needed rest.

No one could realize that James had slipped back to a time almost a half-century ago, and a lot less painful.

The two o'clock whistle blew and the first shift headed for the main gate and home. James stopped out on the loading dock and picked up the forced-air hose to try and blow some of that damn cotton lint out of his hair before he went home to her.

James was twenty-two and had been married for two weeks. Well, almost two weeks; tomorrow would be their two-week anniversary and did he have a surprise for her! He threw back his head and laughed out loud every time he thought about it. He had seen her looking at it each time they had

gone into Bryson's Store, though of course she didn't think that he'd been watching. No, she'd never expect it.

Last week he had saved fifty cents out of his paycheck and paid old man Bryson to hold it until he could get him the other dollar, and that was today.

James grinned when he thought about how she would pitch a fit over him spending all that money, because ten dollars didn't hardly make it from Friday to Friday any more. No matter; he'd smooth it over with the promise that it was bought with overtime and that would be that. Satisfied with that explanation, he ran on up the hill toward Bryson's.

After picking up his prize in the store, he stopped off down the road toward the house.

He had his hands jammed down in the bottom of his pockets, and was whistling like he'd just stole something when he walked around the curve in the road, and saw her out by the clothesline, one hand hanging the end of a sheet and the other waving like mad so he would know that she saw him coming.

James stopped and fingered the top pocket of his overalls, and the solid bulk of it told him that it was still there. Lord, she was beautiful, and how nice it would look when she wore it to church Sunday; her favorite color too. He set out for the clothesline at a trot.....

"Daddy?" A pause and a gentle shake. "Daddy?" James, startled out of his daydreaming, sat up sharply. "Huh? Oh, ...yes, Lynn, what is it?" "Daddy, there's some more people here and....."

James closed his eyes and sank deeper into the chair. As though at a great distance, he could vaguely hear his daughter making his excuses and thanking everyone for coming.

In a way he was glad that they didn't come in to see him; it would have been hard to explain the happiness and peace now within himself and the smile that was beginning to flicker at the corners of his mouth.

- Thomas Philbeck

ERRATUM: Omitted on p. 9, 4th paragraph, 1st line,
between "stopped" and "off":

"and sat down on the porch outside, took his shoes
off, tied the laces, and threw them over one
shoulder, stuck his socks in his pockets and
started"

UNTITLED

Hi....

y'know

If I were honest,
(and bold enough)
(and maybe secure enough)



I'd ask you a question
that's gotten so heavy in my mind
that it's d

r
o
p
p
e
d



into my heart.

And now that it's in my heart

My mind laughs at me

And says I'm silly....

(sigh)

Anyway,

If I were honest,

(etc.)

(etc.)

I would ask

"DID...

You push me aside?"

I mean,

I wouldn't have mentioned it

except

that

as I was just "there"

An invisible hand

reached from your mind

and pushed me---

just a little bit---

away...

(Don't laugh....

And don't be too puzzled...

You know,

sensitivity

is often mixed



with a little
stupidity).

Well,
that's what I would ask.

And,
If I were honest,
(and bold enough),
(and secure enough)...

I would wait
for your answer.



- Reg Alexander

BEFORE

Before the rain ceased,
I saw the arch of a rainbow.

Before the sky cleared,
I saw the sun's rays.

Before the dew fell,
I saw its dazzling glitter.

Before the snow melted,
I saw the buds of spring.

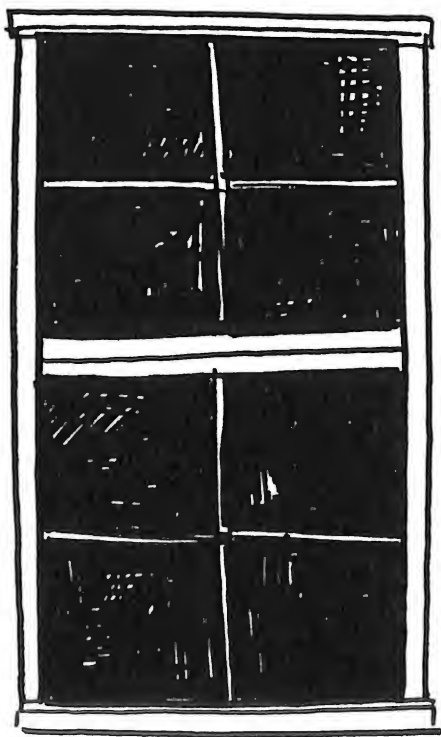
Before I met you,
I knew that you existed.

- Becky Sigmon

HAIKU

You gave me the spring
Framed in the window of time--
Now it is summer.

- Claire Newton



THOUGHTS

Sometimes...

*I wish my arms were long enough to
reach out and caress the whole world.*

*I wish my shoulders were broad enough
to carry everyone's burdens.*

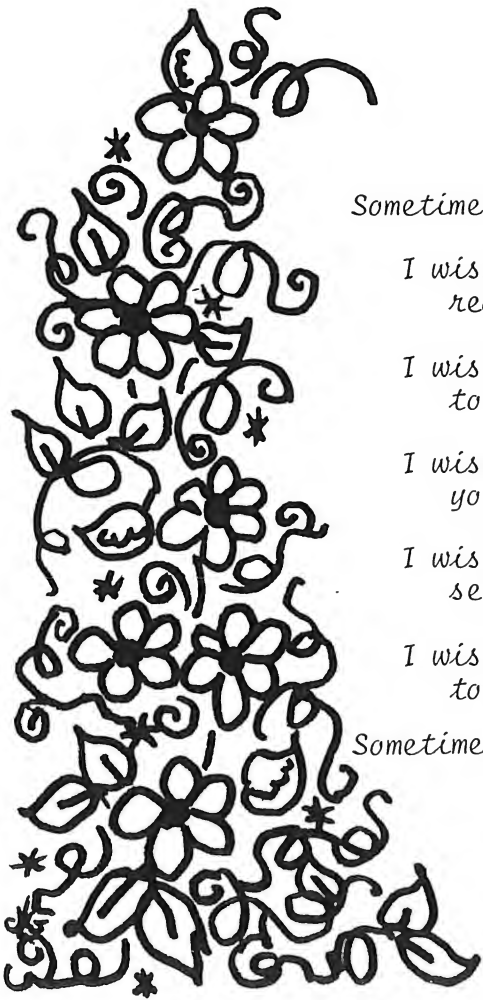
*I wish my heart was big enough so that
you would never hurt again.*

*I wish my eyes were sharp enough to
see everyone's needs.*

*I wish my abilities were varied enough
to meet everyone's needs.*

Sometimes...

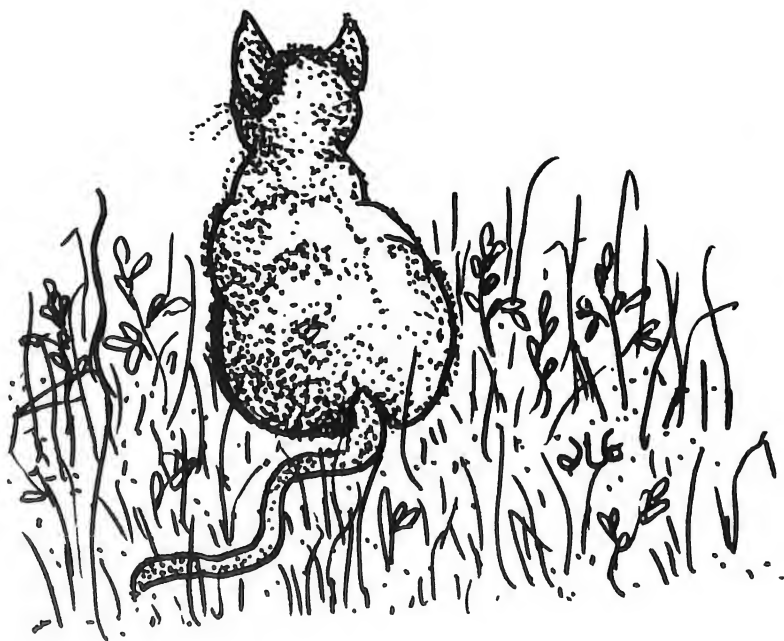
- Becky Sigmon



HAIKU

Stalking quietly,
Chocolate face, legs, and tail,
Loving feline friend

- Kay Hamrick





UNTITLED

Breeze flying

leaves rustled
skin cooler
air fresher

Show us where the breeze has been

Rain falling

flowers blossomed
windows shining
fields watered

Show us where the rain has been

Love enters

hearts warmed
spirits lifted
awareness grown

Let us know where love has been

Christ reigning

soul saved
freelife given
my heart cleansed

Can the world tell where Christ has been?

- Susan Poper

HE...

He gives...
We take.

He cries...
We laugh.

He tries...
We quit.

He reaches out...
We withdraw.

He cares...
We are unconcerned.

He creates...
We destroy.

He unifies...
We divide.

He shares love...
We shout hate.

He dies...
We live.

He says, "Come..."
We turn and walk away.

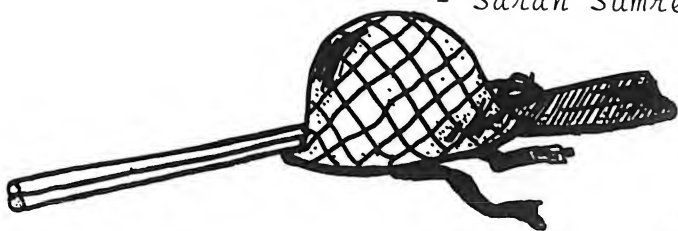
He lives...
We are dying.

- Becky Sigmon

SONNET

Necessity, demanding force to bend
The will of one too stubborn to enroll
His finest qualities he will not lend
Because the battle reaps a heavy toll.
In fearful theater of war, no season
Will halt or slow the onslaught's mighty blow
Because to him there is no valid reason.
Why fight, to kill, to maim, he wants to know.
Oh where? or how can it be deemed as right?
Destruction, devastation--it would not seem
That one would never see again the light
Of one faint ray of hope on him to beam.
Necessity, demanding force to bow
The head that did not need to bow till now.

- Sarah Sumrell



גל
יירא

UNTITLED

Give a dime for the defect, please

A lone cripple limps along
walking a normal gait
tortured by the roar of humanity
frightened by the abuse of man
maddened by the frustrations of life
making of his fellowmen
mental crutches
to bear
his psychological flaws

- Suzette Thompson



TANKA

Many-colored leaves
Floating gently to the ground
Young lovers walking
Sharing their thoughts without words
Lovely autumn afternoon.

- Keith White

HAIKU

Love is a bright leaf
Shining in the open sky
Falling to the ground.

- Hoke White

TANKA

Rosebuds of salmon,
Green and slender stems of joy,
Night-ness brings flowers
And clear dew drops in the sun;
Garden shears snip the beauty.

- Debbie Harris

SILENT DEATH

...upon seeing an old silent film...

Motions....Silence....

The machine projects death upon white.

Over-dramatized, yet so true.

Mother and child, warmth,

The touch of cold....

Winter-cold? Sickened-cold?

Cold death!

Breath of moisture and life,

Outdone by cold.

Nothing stops the call;

The child must go.

Silent tears sound through

Clicking sprockets on the machine.

Mother's blinking eyes project

All mothers' silent deaths.

- Debbie Harris

SILENCE

Silence

earsplitting prelude to noise;
bedlam

of every cemetery.

Unique language

of quiet longings,
deep sighs.

Euphoric picture,

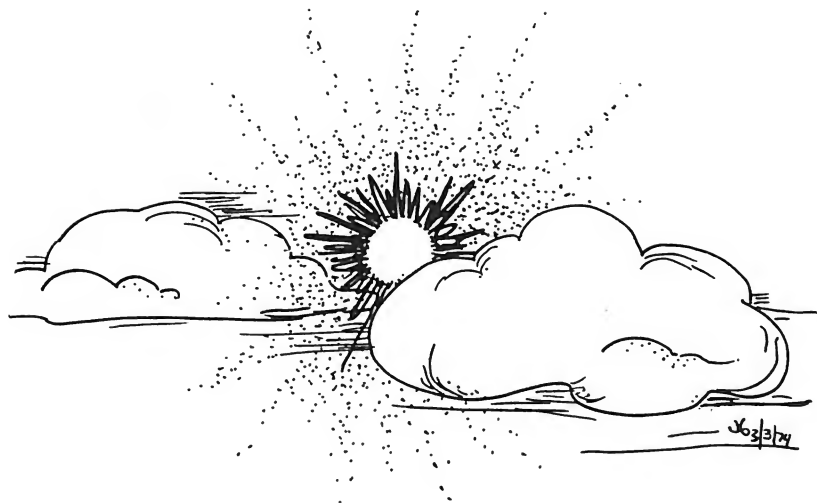
thought, not words;

desire so intense

as to be unspeakable.

- Thomas Philbeck





*Brilliant light of day
Reflects full moon's orange glow
Birds sing--a new dawn!*

- Sarah Sumrell

*Dearest dawn that rolls
To God's oldest rendezvous
Never fails the eyes.*

- Betty S. Cox

*Sun-warming rays,
clouds now are gathering in,
making fellowship.*

- Bruce Stuart

REFLECTIONS ON REVIEWING CHECK STUBS
FOR INCOME TAX

Two tickets to Jesus Christ, the entry said.
And I guess that's what it was....

Crowd, lights, noise.

And when we picked up all the gang, they exulted
in religious pop culture
of seventy-one.

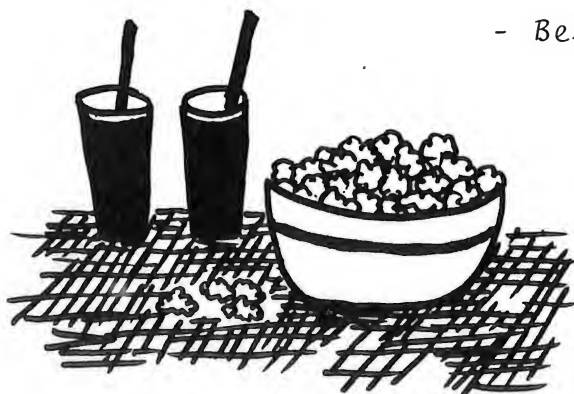
On the way back we talked of Judas,
What a keen guy he was (gone wrong, of course,
but neat and with the natural doubts of any fellow);
and Herod had a swinging song.

Mary was right good; she just didn't know how to
love him.
(We don't know what this means--sounds as if she
means in bed, but then we're over thirty).

The next day
The Coliseum was dark.
We chatted of what we'd do that evening.

I think pinochle won,
and popcorn.

- Betty S. Cox



HAIKU

*Trees green, swishing breeze
Lightning flashing, thunder rolls,
Ground soaked with water.*

- Frances Lattimore

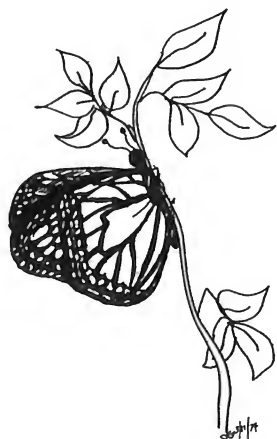


Curious, quiv'ring

In your speckled shell--crack out,

You naked birdling!

- Sarah Sumrell



Awaiting larvae

Cries of silence in the night

Spring and butterflies.

- Debbie Harris

THE MERCURY MIND

The mercury mind
moves pulsingly
over the degrees of thought.
Rising.
Falling.
Missing the normal mark.
Feverishly seeking to know.
Timidly touching the temperature
Of understanding,
Then dropping dangerously,
To begin again the anxious climb.
Wondering if it will break its
Fragile enclosure
And scatter its sphere-shaped particles,
That start their search for cohesion.

- Ann Elliott



HAIKU

Star which shines at night,
Bright white passing over me,
Your light is empty.

- Hoke White

A SONG IN HONOR OF BECKY, AGED THREE,
WHO ARE PLURAL

You're looking for Becky--the one with the smile?
I believe that she's disappeared for a while--

You're looking for Becky--the one with tears?
I believe she's replaced them with shouting and cheers.

Yes, I know that she stands only desk-high,
But today she's dreamed herself far out in the sky,
And no need to identify hair very light,
Since at the moment she's Disney's Snow White.

You want the gentle one baking with me?
Now she's outside climbing a tree.

You see, sir, you're looking for one little tot,
And that is exactly what Becky are not.

She was Music, for instance, when she awoke,
But that was before her baby doll broke;
And the Iron that lasted till nine last night
Melted without even a chemistry fight:
she needed her blanket and needed her milk,
and revealed more of babyness than hair spun of silk.

Yet,
if you haven't seen Becky serve afternoon tea,
You don't know what a Lady three-turning can be...

Guileless as Simon, sly as a fox,
Silent when sewing, raucous with blocks,
Giggling at noon, pouting at one,
Tomboy at play, Camille when it's done,
Giant of strength if some friend cries,
But crumbling to nothing if anything dies,
And the Empress who sweeps by sure in her charms
Reduces to fluff in a fond father's arms.

So would you find Becky?
She's here and she's there,
Like Nature and toys,
Almost anywhere,

And if you'd be sure that it's Becky you find,
She are everything known to Infinite Mind.

✓ - Betty S. Cox

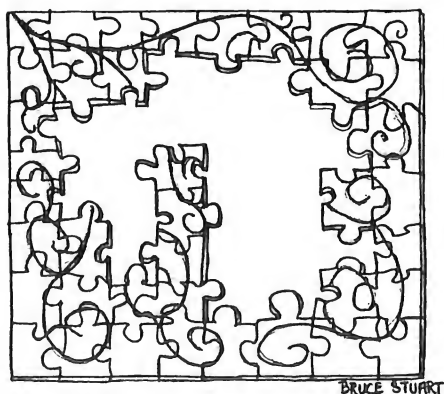


TO TEILHARD DE CHARDIN

paleontologist, evolutionist, priest, who believed
that all mankind is moving toward the "Omega Point,"
his term for utter God/man union....or reunion

Microcosms creeping earth's dark floor
Pyramid from what is there most tiny
Through those one shelf above; then past more
To bold ambivalents who share the briny
With the air. There towns in tulle endear
The earth as bride, with all its sound a song,
Where now, at last, there is no need for fear,
As virginal, again, she turns from wrong.
This is, then, no era to be sad:
For even those that see the sky less blue
Reach out for beauty marching to the glad
Great God, who welcomes what is true.
To Omega comes the Alpha white:
To Dante's, Milton's blinding Groom of Light.

- Betty S. Cox



MOTHER

Hands small and slender
lift folds and replace them
lift folds and replace them
And eyes, once used with
eloquence
Reflect joy and amusement
shadowed now
by memories of pain
and depressing fear,
while her smile, more brilliant
than a thousand lighted
candles and equaled only
by God's, is quick to ignite
and slow to
fade.
And the soul envelops and
Conquers
like the warm lick
of
a
winter's
fire.

- Gerrie Ward



FEAR NO. 5

The essence of fear
smells like excretion
tastes like brass
reacts like caustic acid
on the flesh of humanity
looks like snobbery
runs headlong into cowardice
and
reflects the infirmities of man.

- Suzette Thompson

S T A F F

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Lowndes Jolley