

1975

Reflections 1975

Wanda Watson

Gerrie Ward

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REFLECTIONS

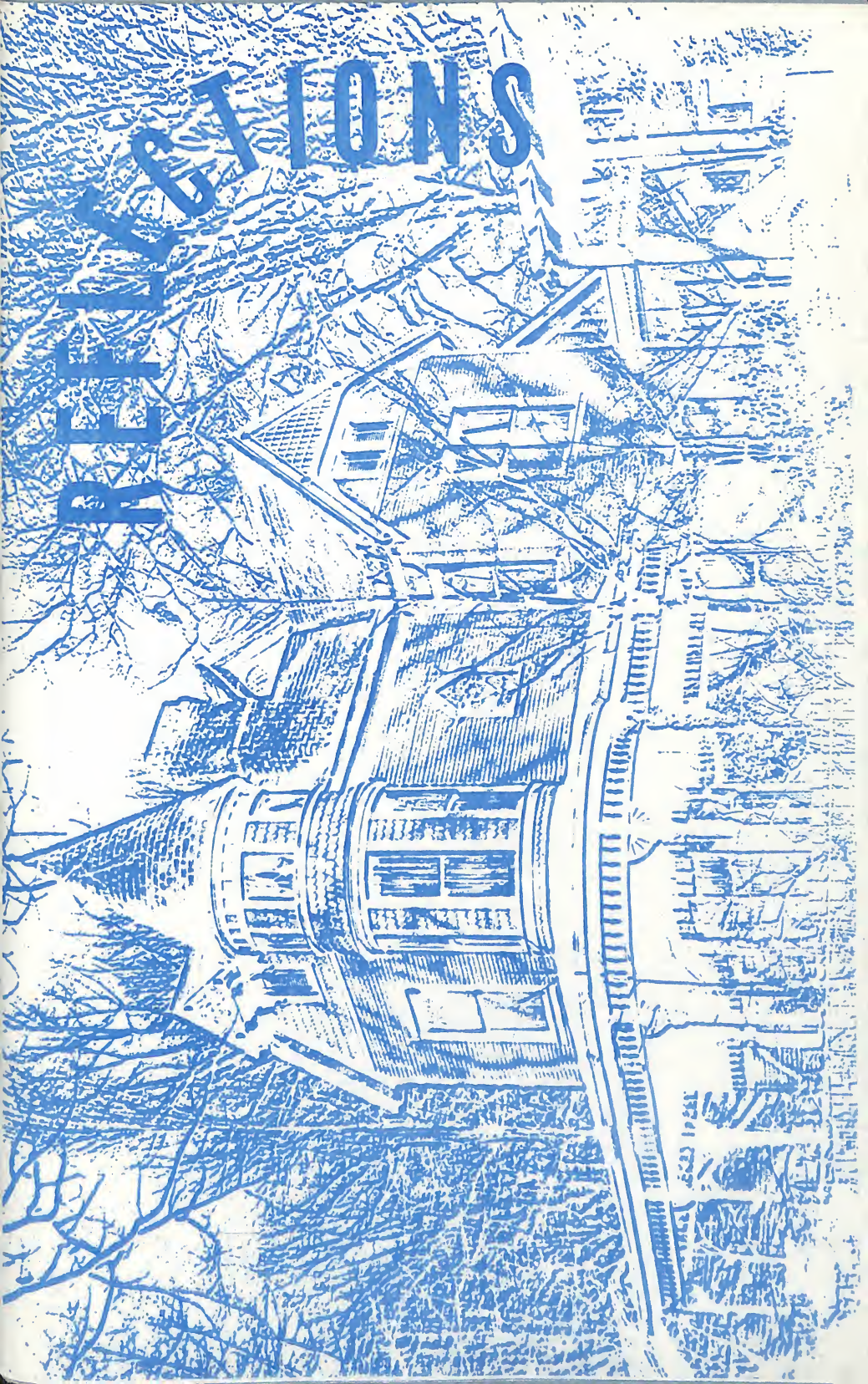


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TO THE PEOPLE OF MARSEILLES
1720 YEAR OF THE PLAGUE

You will say that I betrayed the living. Be-
cause I lie
in a field outside the city. I am not
responsible for leaving, I am respon-
sible for laughing.

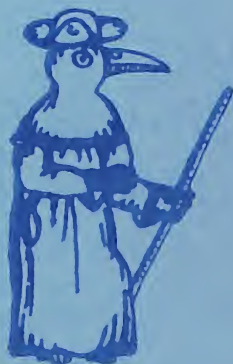
The crows are here too. Smaller ones.

They circle above
me screaming. They taunt me in human voices.
My presence here or my limpness disturbs them.
I would like to move.

But the wind is not so strong as before in
Marseilles,
it rescued me from the huge wingless black-
birds.

They bent over me to bite with
their stuffed beaks. To drag me along the
street

with sudden anger.
But the wind pushed me
carefully to the fields,
without moving
I was brought to
this place where crows
have now abandoned me
and strangely,
I am comforted by
healthy laughter.



-Wayne Blankenship

SPRING SONG OF CYMBA, THE CAT

Today I must plant black cats
around Memorial Drive
so will cower Jake
by the logs
and meet Joanna by the frog pond.

Today I must strut the meadow,
grabbing butterflies,
and consternate birds.

I shall meow
at the earth the way
dogs bark at the moon: someone must
know that I am here.

Today I shall jostle jonquils
on Memorial Drive
as I push to battle, play,
food, home, and mate,
insisting myself into the arms of the universe,
to be counted as one of its children.

Dr. Betty S. Cox

DRAPES

A silver thread drawn taut
to break.
Men cry out to halt
the strain
of a world now
tailor-made,
Ill-designed, misfitting cloak
covers shame
of the needle that pricks
the skin
giving God a false
last name.
The garment falls
apart.

T.F. Philbeck

NOTHING REALLY CHANGES

Ladies wear their bright clothes
On Easter Sunday still.
Black men still stagger up the streets
After the Saturday night of happiness.
Has anything really changed?

I grew older with great expectations,
But people seem just as childish
As my friends and I were when we were young.
Children are born in the usual way
Out of lust not love.
Has anything really changed?

Rednecks let their hair grow
And some even smoke dope.
Speech and action are still the same.
Has anything really changed?

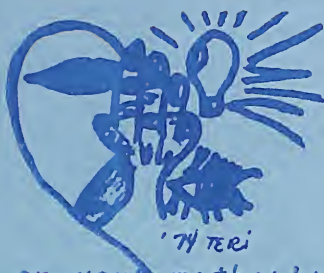
People fall in love with life on their minds
Holding hands and laughing at giants
That walk across the silver screen
That is really made of white paper.
Has anything really changed?

There is the laugh of old men
And the cries of virgins.
Dreams are still in young minds,
Which the old let go many years before.
Has anything really changed?

People are born, people die
People laugh, people cry.
Yesterday is gone
Today lingers on
And tomorrow never comes.
Nothing really changes.

-Jim Hance

FREAK CHILD



Freak Child
Little
tormented face
Eyes ... Blue
as the bruises on your mother's heart
Skin ... Dark
as the shadow of your father's wife
Freak Child
Feature of an unreal race
Alone, unwanted and unloved
Freak Child
Unpure, disgrace
to your father's father
pure clear white
Outcase of your mother's black pride.
Freak Child
Little freak child

-Debbie Pierson

THERE IS HOPE

A generation of fools we were
But such dreams we fools had then.
Do you remember those lofty dreams
Of a new and better world?
Fools but happy in our quest
For change and how to live life.
Those of older generations call us
Insane, crazy, freaks, and fools.
Yes, they called us these.
So we call our children the same
Because we are older now,
But not really much wiser.
For we lost our dreams when we awoke.
Said to see us this way.
Alas, I hope my children never lose their
dreams
In the push for life,
But I know they will as most men do.
There is hope.

-Jim Hance

LISTEN TO THE WIND

Listen to the wind child
Don't it blow so lonely
Ain't no warmth in that wind
Ain't nothin' but cold
 that chill you right down to the bone
O child I sure do wish
I could make you safe from that wind
Just keep you here with me
 Next to the fire
 Warm and safe and happy
Like that little pup there
 a chewin' on the cornbread
I guess I'm just afraid
 that old wind gonna call you
 away from me
But listen to the wind child
Don't it blow so lonely

-Suzette Collins Thompson

(We were lost)

We were lost within ourselves,
Fighting through the cold of winter.
And it soon was ours to discover;
As each day progressed, we grew:
mentally, socially, and spiritually.
Searching for our place in the circle,
Seeing our reflection in a song.
And he came to us and he spoke of love,
And he brought us a dream of tomorrow.
We at last walk towards a new horizon.

-Danny Cook

(Icy hands clench the wheel)

Icy hands clench the wheel,
Knuckles immersed in dust, palms in
fear.

Scenery flows by untouched while eyes pause
only to glance at billboards,
The wheels hum their lethal lullabye as
we
cruise into
nowhere.

-Bobby Setzer

(Gliding, shifting feelings like fleeting sands

Gliding, shifting feelings like fleeting sands
in an hourglass

small grains of love, struggling to be born,
breathe the breath of life.

Seeking across silent reaches of worlds,
To be touched. Not to fall

As the waterfalls which forever

Come crashing down. The gods have driven
my todays away.

I watch my world ending, dying. Reach back
to yesterday.

Clouds roll back. The sun shines through,
Haunting. What was is now. My future.

-Peggy Fox

SAND DOLLARS

In a time of long past remembrance
You and I walked on a shore
To search for sand dollars
We were in love then.
I still have the sand dollars
And none of them are broken

-Suzette Collins Thompson

I REMEMBER YOU

With each minute falling away,
as the leaves on a tree fall,
I think of--and remember you.

When the water flows down its endless path,
as the memories drip from my eyes,
I think of--and remember you.

When each letter is typed by a never-ending
computer,
as words are spoken that are never heard,
I think of--and remember you.

With the falling star, landing on a beach
of dreams
as the thoughts of past years land on my
mind,
I think of--and remember you.

When two innocent children share a simple
smile,
as time reflects our love and many hours,
I think of--and remember you.

-Danny Cook

THOUGHTS UPON YOUR QUESTION TO ME ABOUT DYING

Oh if I could say to you--honestly
Yes--Live
Don't you know that I would

But knowing
The ultimate torture of life
For you
I'd have to say

What beauty life
in tortured moments
that suspend all consciousness
and link together
only when joined
by the honey of
euphoric morphine

You see--I've seen you
cradle yourself
in your father's arms
and in your husband's arms
and take your babies to your breast
And all who you embrace
are gone now
but not to you
in your euphoria

And I'll be your
grandmother
and mother
and friend of a long past childhood
To please you
To comfort you

But I don't know
If I can tell you
To hold on -- to live
Because I want you with me
One moment longer

So now
I write you little eulogies
In my mind

Because your thoughts are now
Little eulogies
Remembrances small and many
Of times when things were good for you
And there was
No pain
No sorrow

-Suzette Collins Thompson

(If)

If
a
love
does
not
vary,
beware
because
it
is
not
a
natural.

After all, my lady,

I
love
you
is a very sharp edge.

-Tom Hutchens

EVERYMAN'S QUESTION

I stand in the shadows of the waning year
and gaze across the multitude of days
and nights that came to me on hurrying feet,
arms piled high with beauty,
dreams, and challenges,
persistent peddlers with exotic merchandise,
and I ask myself what wares I chose,
what did I taste and feel and come to know?
What delights did I distill
for the mind's sure cud,
did I stretch my mind
before the pregnant words
of Socrates, and Paul, and Homer,
and did my soul grow strong
in worship's splendor
and in the sweat of service?
What nectar did I suck and store
from lovely flowering experiences. . .
did the beauty of a sunset flood my soul,
did I rise to the dare of any dream
that floated past, a grey nymph on my stream?
When I turn to the cupboard of my soul
will I bask in the glow of a vintage year
or stand accused,
confronted by the empty shelves.
In all my choosing and my seeking
have I really sought the Kingdom
and His brand of righteousness?

-T. Max Linnens



WE ARE DIFFERENT, YOU AND I
To W.B.Y. and M.G.

I am the poet,
You, the politician

I see in grass the splendor of growing things
life and love and union

You see a common ground for all mankind
a carpet for all nations

-Gerrie Ward

GLIDERS

In the majesty of flight
you and I soared
high above reality
Forgetting that below us
lay the bonds of
human suffering
So high we were
that time mattered not
And life was only
the wings
that bore us on
But being only mortal
we were bound to earth
Yet again we wished to savor
the lovely nectar that we shared
as we were borne
on the winds
of infinity

-Suzette Collins Thompson

("If you plant a seed of affection, water it with)

"If you plant a seed of affection, water it with
warmth and sincerity; it will blossom into a
beautiful cluster of
Love . . ."



-Fred Lacon Eisenhower, III

PSALMS 33 1/3

The Lord is my record player
I shall not be silent.
He makes me resound with sweet music.
With Him in the center
He allows my life to drop
Onto the turntable of His will.
He sets into motion the needle of time
And plays me in the groove
Of fullest stereo.
Though I control my modulation
He rejects my warpedness
And blends the balance
Of my extremes.
Songs have come
And have gone--
And only He knows
How many melodies are left.
But when my time has come
To be placed on the stack
Of those once enjoyed
I shall not be stilled—
For I am released under His label
And my flip side shall endure forever.

-Reg Alexander

LINES WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A GIFT OF PERFUME

Long after this bottle lies empty and forgotten.
And I . . .
It's fragrant ghost will stalk in the night
(Springing at me from behind old memories of how
It rose warm and ardorous from your breasts)
Feigning your essence on every breeze,
Haunting me with the love I refused,
Leaving me breathless and alone
Running wildly
Seeking your shadow in the dark.

-Victor Bradford

A SUMMER PLACE

Gone are the dwellers, south,
that flourished here at
warmer times, the chill has
driven them away, a neighbor
strips the old house bare, the
peeling paint raining down is
quickly whisked away, barren 'til
a warmer day, awaiting a
coat of green.

-T.F. Philbeck



BRIEF OPENINGS

Eyes are often windows into the soul
through which one may glimpse
the sadness and joy and struggles beyond
when the intensity
of the experience
burns opaqueness away.

And when that moment comes for you,
hurry through that open door
and taste the fragrant oneness
with that forced-open soul
in that rare and fleeting moment
of whole-hearted yearning,
and feel the fears, the love, the hope
splash upon your own unprotected soul-shore,
for swift the moment passes,
and you must stand apart again.

But in that one
long moment
of soul-closeness
you may help shore up
a sagging soul
to stand tall again
in the crucible fire
where dross is burned away.

-T. Max Linnens



174 TER

QUESTIONS

If I were fortunate enough
to have a conversation
with Him

I'd probably ask why
someone decided to save my soul
at age ten
and almost drown me
in the baptismal pool
before I really knew who He was
and then

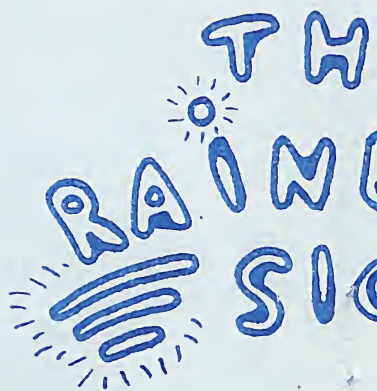
I'd probably ask
all about poverty
and disease
and prejudice
and hatred
and war

and why
He lets them exist
and then

I'd probably ask Him
to describe Hell (if He doesn't mind)
since so many of my fellowmen
have told me to go there
and then

He'd probably ask me why
since I obviously talk so much
He hasn't heard from me before

-Suzette Collins Thompson



A dirty straw-head man
stumbled in and stood next to me on the back row
while they sung the last verse over
and over
he grinned at me and coughed

and we heard the water coming
they could have held on to each other
but their hands pointed up to the sky
so it washed
 them
 clean
away

a straw-head man and me
we saw wet clothes hang on
 like skin-
 our eyes
burned when the little ones went under
and he says
 Jesus what's got into them
the water flowed over our shoes
he looked down
 and shivered

(Author's note: Although this poem is a commentary course, intended as an expression of the author's and in the sacred ordinance of baptism.)



he got choked on something
then kind of sudden the straw-head man says
Save me! and I jumped

he just threw up his hands
and yelled
SAVE . . . ME!

and Jesus you did too
took him right under -
brought him back up
but he was still yelling . . .
and I was yelling
and they says
Jesus's what's got into them
that's all
that's all
that's all . . .

so they turned out the lights and left
me and a straw-head man
to tread water for a while

-Wayne Blankenship

itary on certain aspects of religiosity, it is, of
r's strong belief in the teachings of Christianity

MOBIUS

I want to
Stalk a lion
and
Shoot rapids in a canoe
and
Save a life
and
Affect all mankind
But words are only parts
of desires
And desires implement themselves
in dreams
And dreamers
are always poor
But not in spirit
I want to
Stalk a lion

-Suzette Collins Thompson



STAGNANT HAUNTS RESPOKEN

Throwing back the covers
of his bed and finding
a small balloon resting
on the pillow, as if it had once lived
in Goliath's pocket, reminded
the writer of how his
wife had felt like a balloon
that had been
blown

up
and
had
the
air
let
out
of it twenty-five times
the night before
her death in the Hindenburg crash.

-Tommy Swinney

WELFARE

Finished, full, and fat -- the fox.
Looking, lean, and lithe -- his brother.
Humanitarian fox, guilty yet full
Shoved the scraps and brushed his hands.
From not enough scraps and too much pride
The brother died.
"Ungrateful," sputtered the fox,
Finished, full, and fat.

-Ginger Wright

MOON/CHILD

He appeared-----First
peeping from among the trees
then rose and shone the light
of his full army
conqueror of the land, the sea,
the air----He shone
and reigned over a
quieted populace
Then with the advent of
the sun----he surrendered
his captives
to a more brilliant
lord

-Gerrie Ward

(Smoke)

Smoke
Twisting, curling, hide and
seek among branches,
essence of charred ruins,
ghosts of ancient oaks,
legitimate sky-writing, knowing
no form or bounds except
to the eye.

-T.F. Philbeck

THE COMPROMISE

Ice on a hot sidewalk
Sweating berg of glaring crystals
Frosty teardrops kissed by the sun
Reduced to a lukewarm pool.

-Ginger Wright

THE CHAPTER B4 THE ONE IN WHICH OUR HERO HAS HIS MORNING COFFEE

The last morning there
I pulled myself out
from between
the sheets
like a great unveiling.
(A victim of reflex.) Waking up,
I dress and walk
down to the beach
to say
goodbye to the last Friend
I had
down there.
Waving goodbye, I am surprised
to see that
it waves back

it waves back.

it waves back

-Tommy Swinney

FRUSTRATION

*The worst thing about standing in line is that somebody has to beat the end.

TO DEATH

While sleep o'er hangs this frail encasement
 of sublimity called soul
I call on thee to come sweet death
Release me from life's hold
Let me not taste thy bitter fruit
 in time of psyche waking
Yet lo I lay my wretched form
Before thee for the taking
To suffer not
I know sweet death
I must so call on thee
Yet though I fear
And know thee near
Take me not while I see
Let sleep encompass thus my frame
And take me then in your sweet name

-Suzette Collins Thompson

(Death)

Death

You are gradually
coming to meet me.
I feel You in my breast;
I hear You in the hushed quietness
 of the gentle breeze.
I see You in the falling leaves;
I smell You after the rain has come;
And I taste You with each passing breath.
And I love You.
But I don't want to die,
not yet.

-Brenda Bridges

POINTS, OR OBEDIENCE REWARDED

9/17

Patient Fred Smith stood at attention facing Video Monitor #7, Hall Station. He pressed the address button once and waited. A voice spoke from inside the wall. "Yes, Honor Patient Smith. Speak."

"Sir, I have earned 400 positive points as is required for 15 minutes of ground privileges," he said, looking directly at the lens of the camera. "May I have permission to leave the ward?"

"Please state the duties you have performed," said the voice in the wall.

"I have scrubbed the washroom and cleaned the baseboards in the hall," reported Patient Smith.

"Video Monitor #6, Washroom Station, indicated that at 4:17 P.M., you put Ajax on the tile. While rinsing at 4:21 P.M., you missed the 4th tile up and 3rd tile to the right on the left wall. Return and rinse this tile; then you may have 10 minutes."

"Ten minutes, sir? But I requested permission for 15," responded Patient Smith.

"You are being penalized 100 points of accumulated positives for 'Not obeying directions.' Your directions were to scrub and rinse the entire wash room area. You did not do so as you missed one tile. You are also being penalized an additional 100 points for 'Arguing.' Now you may have only 5 minutes," said the invisible man behind the wall in monotone.

"Yes, sir," said Smith.

A short time later he was ready to leave the ward for the break. As he punched his privilege card into the wall clock that

opened the locked door, the digits read in bright green letters:

TIME: 4:31 P.M. + 5 MINUTES = 4:36 P.M.

That meant that he would have to return to the ward before 4:36. Otherwise, he would be charged 60 points for each minute late and have to drink Sustagen (something like gruel) instead of eating his dinner.

As the door opened to let him out, he could hear the Master Monitor's voice. "Video Monitor #14, Bunk Station, observing Patient Claude Miller picking right nostril with index finger of left hand. You are penalized 40 points for 'Dirty Hygiene.'"

9/18

"Master Monitor, Economy Unit, reporting for Staff conference, 8:59 A.M.," announced the intercom in the wall of the central conference room.

"Look here, Dr. Cyclops," said Dr. Green as he positioned his cigar and glared at Video Monitor #1, Conference Room Station, "this isn't an army camp."

"You are penalized 100 points for 'Sarcasm--Subheading of Name-Calling,'" said the machine. "Pay five dollars before you leave, or your privilege card will not unlock the door."

"I heard you, robot," and he turned to the grinning doctor next to him. "It's not funny, Jim. That confounded monster is following me everywhere. If I so much as sneeze, I hear a voice in a wall telling me I didn't cover my mouth. This year alone I have paid that Economy Unit more money in fines than I have ever had to pay in taxes! We wanted a consistent program that would pay for itself, and we certainly do have that. But this has got to go!"

"200 negatives, Dr. Green, for 'Verbal Antagonism,'" said the wall. "In addition, 500 more for 'Verbal Threat.' Pay an

additional \$35, or your privilege card will not open the door."

"Yes, sir," said Dr. Green, and he remained silent for the duration of the period, allowing the system in the wall to make its statistical reports, compute diagnoses, and program dispositions on 27 chronic patients. At 10:01 A.M., the meeting adjourned and the staff members lined up to punch their way out with their privilege cards. As the last card clicked in the clock and the automatic door locked shut, Green was still at the table counting the bills in his wallet. He finally stood up, walked to the wall, and pressed a button.

"Yes, Dr. Green," said the voice.

"Sir, I have only \$37 in cash, and you will not take credit cards. May I leave the room now and go get the rest of the money? I'll pay you an extra \$10," said the humbled Dr. Green.

"Permission denied," said the machine.

"You are penalized an additional 100 points for 'Attempting to Bribe Master Monitor.' You must perform 4 cleaning duties before you may be allowed to leave the room. You may begin by cleaning the baseboards. You will be given Sustagen for your lunch."

"Yes, sir," said the man with only \$37 in his wallet, and he picked up a rag and a bucket of water.

-Jane Best

MY FIRST LOVE POEM

I've always said that
I didn't believe in Love
And Love couldn't Happen to me
And by golly I was right
Because at that moment
When Love should have Happened
While we sat in an
over-crowded, over-darkened, over-heated
room
And you made Love-like sounds
I felt my pride bristle
And my soul rebel
And I stopped Love
stone cold
by saying
Blue. Really. They're Blue.

-Gerrie Ward

(L oving)

L oving
I n
F ull
E arnest

-Sue Poper

THE LAST HERO PERFORMS: A REQUIEM

Clear the blue eyes
Looked out upon the crowd
Seeing the seethers
 who looked through
 red-veined conveyers
Not really hearing
The truth
Of his much-empassioned song

Oh children
Fish in a darkened bowl
Look out on a world of truth
Life is more than the tides
That wash on the sides
Of your murky microcosm

I'm afraid you'll misunderstand
I'm afraid you'll misunderstand

So I'll just stand here
Dressed in a uniform of complacency
And I'll sing to you
Yes I'll serenade you
And pick on my guitar
And yes oh yes
I will give you something
To writhe to
To rave about
To scream to me
More--More

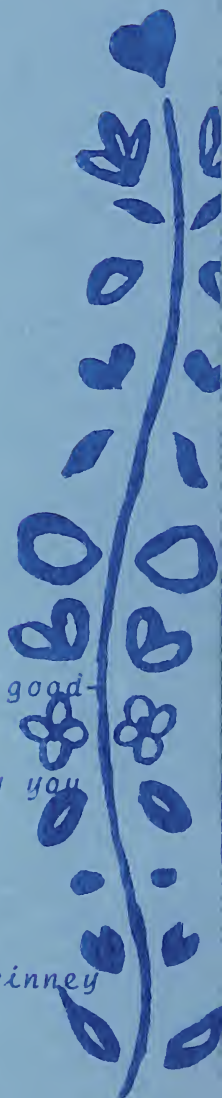
Hoping that sometime
Some one of you
Will look at me
Clear-eyed
And see
But till that time
Let's get it on
"And now brothers, I'm gonna do this one last
 song for you"
"Oh mama, can this really be the end
Am I stuck inside a mobile
With the Memphis blues again"

-Suzette Collins Thompson

CONTINUOUS POEM NO. 34

I like to bury myself
Under half-ghosts of sheets
and remember
that it is dark.
Always ... the thoughts
and memories of her unlock
my back door for a visit while
i am just settling down for
a dinner of sleep.
("Strange. While half
of the world is trying to say 'good-
night
America,'
i lie awake trying to wish only you
a goodnight.")
In closing I'll say,
you are my favorite lullaby.
I sing you often.

-Tommy Swinney



THE POSTMAN

Waiting at a window, gazing,
for a letter, out of fear
never going to check the boxes,
or finding the postcard waiting there,
left before I started watching.

-T.F. Philbeck

DAWN

At the break
of dawn
the last of the moon
touches each leaf
And in the midst
of laughter
and warm-winded sadness
I can see desire

-Debbie Pierson

(Dusk)

Dusk
Placid, ill-lighted
noncommitment.
God's only off-color joke,
a sage old gray-haired
neither, without beginning,
end, a period of wasted
subtleties, designed to give
death some much-needed sleep.

-T.F. Philbeck

I USED TO PLAY HER GUITAR

I used to write songs for her
And she used to sing them in the night
While I played her guitar.
We always said we'd live in Colorado
High on a mountain top
Where the snow is cold and deep,
The sands of time draw us apart
She went her way and I went mine.
I often think of her,
As I daydream here in Colorado.
I still write songs for her,
But she doesn't sing them now
And I guess she never will again.
You know I still have her guitar
And I often play it when I'm alone.
I hope that she'll come back to me
So she'll sing my songs
And I'll play her guitar.

-Jim Hance

(Violence)

Violence
the end product of conflict, of trauma
Results
in the sadistic
Depressive life
That becomes a grey spider
Gnawing and shredding a waterbug
Trapped by a multitude of string.

-Mary Ann Farrell

PAPA

When my Papa
 lay cold and still
at the other side
 of the room
 surrounded by pink and yellow
He spoke to me
 of springtime
 and sowing
 of great clods of dirt
 of great rough uneven ground
He spoke to me
 And my Papa
 lay cold and still
at the other side
 of the room
surrounded by pink and yellow

-Gerrie Ward

(Sitting mournfully)

Sitting mournfully alone on the cold
 wet,
 brick
 steps

He reflects.
Unashamed of the sorrow
He exposes the grief
That grips his heart.

He calls out a name --
Again and again.

 A deathly silence!
No one answers his anguished cries.
And alone in the silence around him
And the emptiness within he weeps.

-Russ Anderson

LOVE IS A LOST STONY EVENING

Love is a lost stony evening
with a prelude in whipped cream
and wine.

Seven chorus girls
swirl by unnoticed. Wasted.

Thrown away in time
by memories that hold a tear
and a smile in the same moment.

The only sounds of the night
that matter
are:

- 1) sigh
- 2) breathing
- 3) "stay longer."

Not the drone
of the fluorescent death lamp,
horns piercing the silence of darkness,
or the moon song dogs sing

-Tommy Swinney



DAWN'S HOPE WILL COME

I woke in the still
night, alone,
and rose to walk
barefoot through the
dewy grass
and down the road
made white
by the light of a
high, pale moon,
over the hill and
down to the beach
where I sat and wept

for the waves that could find no rest--
the waves that beat upon the shore,
and the waves of grief within
that swelled and pounded on the shore of my
soul,
then receded in sobbing soft,
only to mount and pound again.

White gull wings swept the dark away,
and the sun rose up from a watery grave,
then the prophet's promise came alive
and etched its words in a soul sunrise:
"The sun of righteousness shall rise
with healing in his wings."
And I beheld a glittering path
stretch across the sea to my shore,
a bright, bold road toward horizons far,
and hope made bright a kindred path
in the gloom of my grief within.

-T. Max Linnens

Term Paper
Loving Daughter of
Freshman Students

Rushed In Prose

Born: May 14, 1974
2:00 AM

Died: May 15, 1974
8:00 AM

She was truly a scholarly drudge
So filled with heavenly fudge.

Ginger
Wright

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