

1996

Reflections 1996

Mandy Moonyham

Kevin Binfield

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Reflections 1996

A Literary Journal of Gardner-Webb University



Reflections

Volume 28
1996

Cover Art

untitled

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Sabrina Hoffman

Marlene Wheeler

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Special thanks to:

Susan Carlisle Bell, Director of Art Contest

Ted Vaughan, Director of Photography Contest

Wilson Brooks and Amy Camper, Graphic Design Artists

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Literary Awards

Each year, the English Department of Gardner-Webb University sponsors a poetry contest for undergraduate student submissions in conjunction with the publication of *Reflections*. All works are judged anonymously. This year's poetry judges were Professors Joyce Brown, June Hobbs, Janet Land, and Matt Theado.

Poetry Awards

First Place:	Living	Aubrey Moore
Second Place:	Last night when it rained	Jason McIntosh
Third Place:	Autumn	Nicole Hartis

Honorable Mention

The Bagger/The Cashier	Karen Brower
windows	Sabrina Hoffman
One to Grow On	Cheryl Moose

Art Contest

This year, the Art Department has sponsored a contest for undergraduate student submissions. All works were judged anonymously. The art judges were Professor Susan Carlisle Bell and Nancy O'Dell Keim.

Art Awards

First Place (tie):	untitled	Jodi Baughn
First Place (tie):	Hidden Emotions	Emily Johnson
Second Place:	Young Artist at Work	Tiffany Faircloth
Third Place:	The Art in Me	Robbie Freeman

Photography Contest

This year, the Communications Department has sponsored a contest for undergraduate student submissions of photography. All photographs were judged anonymously. The photography judges were Professors Susan Carlisle Bell and Ted Vaughan.

Photography Awards

First Place:	untitled	Amanda Williams
Second Place:	untitled	Karen Brower
Third Place:	Rule of Thirds	Heidi Gardner
Honorable Mention:	Motion Control	Karen Brower

First Place Photograph



Untitled Photograph

Amanda Williams

Living

I love to sit and talk with you my friend
In the profound silence
Swinging beneath the gentle oak
As the midnight sun shines above
In the azure where answers are found.
Each of us in our separate peace or torment
Making silly rhymes of consequence
And humming the songs of life.
Reaching out in friendship found with so few
Knowing that life is short but the living is long.
Conflicting soft dreams with harsh reality
Looking to the future
Daring to release the past
Harmonizing in silent and deafening tones
The way it is
was
should be
could be
will never be

Words to live by

Aubrey Moore

windows

windows
looking in
looking out
red birds fly in serenity
functions, digits create icons and chaos
trickling brooks, fields covered with snow
highways, internet, wp , microsoft
man made windows vs. GOD made sights
man made options and man made mistakes
looking out
looking in
windows

Sabrina Hoffman

Victory

Once upon
A time a
Dragon was
Slain by a
Lamb named:
Emmanuel, Alpha, Omega,
Messiah, King, Savior--
Jesus whose blood will
Justify
Sanctify
Cleanse
Redeem
Reconcile
Forever

Cheryl Moose

Goodnight

Sleep envelops
Like a silent tomb.
It murders sight, sound, smell,
 and thought.
It surrounds its prey
Waiting for the right time to pounce.
Victims are dragged down
Into a mindless bog.
Only by sheer willpower
Can they shake free
Of its constricting grip.

Brandie Brand

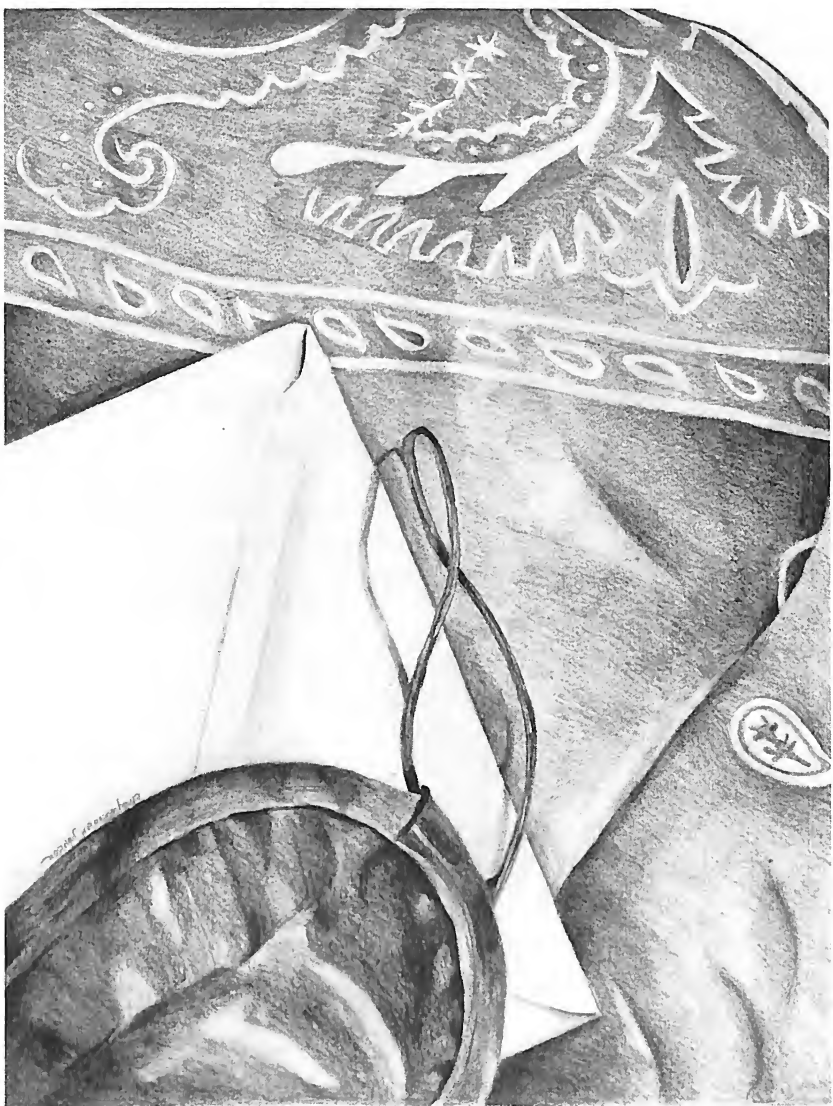
Water Velocity

Collective moisture;
shooting, plunging,
tumbling, gaining,
jetting forward.

Frozen crystals;
twirling, floating,
drifting, teetering,
silently landing.

Amy Parkert

First Place Art



Hidden Emotions

Emily Johnson

The Bagger/The Cashier

I saw the bagger one hot, sultry day;
But I simply smiled, too shy to say hey.
I saw the bagger the next summer day;
We said hello, and a spark passed my way.

I thought to myself, I won't see him past June;
But I just kept on going, each afternoon.
I thought to myself, I won't see him again;
But each time I went, I was drawn back again.

August arrived, and distressed as I was.
I saw not the bagger that entire month.
Until once at school, when we passed in the hall;
We stopped to say hey, and I thought, the world's small.

We started to talk, the bagger and I,
And as we did, I saw a twinkle in his eye.
We started to date, the bagger and I,
And for quite some time, I had always a smile.

But then came a change, as fall turned to cold;
The trees became barren, his care became old.
Time drifted on; we drifted apart;
I realized with him, he had taken my heart.

The promotion repeated itself in my head;
"More work, less time," or so always he said.
I knew then and there that he would not be here,
My dear, sweet bagger had become a cashier.

Time drifted on, and winter turned to spring,
An occasional "Hi" in the hall, how it stings.
I'd see him with others, with those I knew not,
I'd see him alone, as the weather grew hot.

One sweet afternoon, I saw the cashier,
Told me he was sorry he'd brought me a tear.
He asked me if he could then call me sometime,
The feelings rushed back as I told him "That's fine."

Here I am again, so alone and confused,
Feeling the same as I did back in June.
I want to go back to his arms, this is true;
But it's the bagger I want, the cashier - we're through.

Karen Brower

1941

leaves, once green, now red and yellow
guided on the wings of wind
ride over the cold and silent
earth
you with your gray hair and weakened
limbs grow weary with the thought
of another northern winter
I think you have seen everything
with your stoic eyes, you are wise
in your spirit
Your heart has wept more tears
than a wandering generation
I acquaint you with grief and
sorrow and unconditional love
in these faces of rejection
When you are laid in the cold and silent
earth
your children will be as the red and
yellow leaves guided on the wings
of wind

Jason McIntosh

Lottie

The woman in the picture
Is haunting me again. .
Her eyes, her all-seeing eyes,
Follow me across the room,
Holding me captive, forcing
Me to think of her,
Reminding
Me of life's brevity.

Her portrait has watched me
Since before I was born.
In her round, young face I see Glimpses of my
grandmother,
And deeply hidden in her
Mournful gaze,
I see myself.

I want to free her
From the frame that holds her,
Give life back to there,
Make her breathe, talk, laugh,
Make her real.
I want her to be more
Than just
The woman in the picture.

Natalie Grace Beam

Second Place Photograph



Untitled
Karen Brower

To the Heros of Old

Where are you?
Where have you gone?
You left your name to carry on?
Those who knew you, knew you well.
Those who didn't, I can never tell.
I wish I knew you.
But my years are so few.
Legends in your time,
as rare as vintage wines.
To taste the flavor of your tones,
and experience the sadness of the moans.
Some were brought to tears.
While others brought back the years.
Thank you, thank you so much!
I love your music, your trumpets and such!
Thank you for the memories.
Keep playing the sweet melodies.
Say hello to God, my Father and Savior!
Play for the angels and the heavenly choir!

In memory of Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis
Rest in Peace

Marlene Wheeler

The Dream

The calmness of the darkness chokes me as I try to fall asleep
One last glimpse at the moon tells me it is full
Its light illuminates the surroundings around me
I take one last look at the scenery before giving up the fight
And falling asleep.

Suddenly, I feel hair upon my skin
Rough, long hair growing from my pores
The clothes which I wear are ripped off me
Long, sharp teeth fill my mouth
The longing taste for flesh overwhelms me
In a desperate rage I rush out of my apartment window
Upon the terrace, jumping many feet to the ground below
With all the strength I have
I run through the street in search for prey.

Suddenly a human is spotted in the distance
In a matter of seconds I am upon the body
Ripping the skin apart, tasting the young, fresh blood
A scream echoes through the night
I tear the tissues within the human
Savoring the strong muscles within
In only seconds I have torn the throat apart in a desperate surge
Finally the human gives up the fight, and dies.
My taste has been satisfied
Leaving behind a mingled, unrecognizable corpse
I wonder through the forest the stillness of the night around me
A howl is heard, only to realize it is me

The sun's light awakens me from my dream
Yet again I am in my bed
Sweat pouring down my naked, hot body
My ripped clothes lay beside me
A deep sigh of relief as another nightmare is over
And once again the mystery unsolved.

Mandy Mooneyham

One To Grow On

Two years ago
Her tiny frame
Did not exist in this
Enormous world.

But now she fits
So perfectly
That I don't remember
Life without her.

I look into her
Curious brown eyes
Reflecting her innocence;
They know no violence.

This little person is
An explorer, scouting
New grounds, and a tester,
Trying fresh boundaries.

To her there are
No hands on a clock
Or numbers on
A calendar;

She only knows
Bedtime, feeding time,
Daddy's home time, and
Teddy bear tea time.

To her
"l-m-n-o-p" is only
One letter of the alphabet
Instead of five,

And no matter what--
If it's round, it's an apple
If it's grey-headed, it's Papaw,
If it's purple, it's a dinosaur.

I will always
Want to walk
In her shadow
To keep her safe;

She will sometimes
Want to walk
In mine
For my experience;

But as we walk,
I hope I will remember
To let her
Also teach me.

Cheryl Moose

Second Place Art



Young Artist at Work
Tiffany Faircloth

Mindless Peace

The body lay across the bed,
no longer fearing fear itself.

The husband glanced
 -a lonely woman-
He slowly shook his head and said,
"Poor thing" and walked away from death.

His failing mind rejects reason.
He turns and asks
 "Has the dead one left?"

He feels the pain as others do
but the memory fades in and out.

Her death is mentioned later; he,
confused, defends his wife as living.

No pain he feels
 -the hurt is gone-
if only life could be so fair.

Janet Marsh

the dog ate a bone. a
funny bone it was. the dog
ate a bone and laughed
and laughed. the
dog ate a bone and
ran home. the dog
was my dog.he was,
he was.the dog was
big.he was strong.
he never barked but
bite he did.he liked
to run. he played a
lot. he like to eat
especially bones.the
dog ate a bone with
one bite.the dog ate
a bone. a big bone it
was.the dog ate a bone.it hurt
and hurt. the dog ate a bone.the
bone was my bone.it was, was.

Mandy Mooneyham

May He Find Me on My Knees

When days are never ending
and friends have let me down.
When the sea of life is stormy
and I begin to drown.
May He find me on my knees.

When the road of life becomes too long
and any sign of hope is gone.
When my time on the mountain is done
and I fall into life's valleys.
May He find me on my knees.

When I begin to go astray
and try to do things my own way.
When I realize that I alone
do not have the strength to get things done.
May He find me on my knees.

When I feel I can't go on
I will stop and pray.
I know that God will hear me
and give me strength for that day.
May He find me on my knees.

If anyone I know is sick
or having trouble in their life;
When those around me have a need
and they are reaching out to me.
May He find me on my knees.

No matter what the problems may be
I know God is always there for me.
I can go to Him in prayer;
For I know He listens and He cares.
May He find me on my knees.

And on that glorious day
when Jesus returns to take me away.
When He comes down from Heaven to call His children home.
I will be ready in my heart and in my soul.
May my life from all sin be free.

And may He find me on my knees.

Belinda Ayers

To Become God

I trembled to think of the price that I'll pay
if my wish comes true on this stormy day
I push on, turn on, and wait for the light
that brings life from the dead on a dark stormy
night
a flash! at last from out of the dark
a moment, the wait, is that a small spark?
the finger it moved I saw it contract
the voltage increases, the body reacts
its working! Keep working!
there's no turning back!
a flash! more light - even more power!
I've become god in this dark stormy hour!
the arms, the legs, oh god now the eyes
his heart is now beating as life has arrived
my life, my creation,
it's alive, it's alive!

Daniel E. Woolston

The Silence is Profound

Men lie on their backs, faces;
Stretched out in sun that falls ever so gracefully
Upon quiet souls
The sky opens with brilliance, bragging about
Its mighty vastness, its unknown mysteries,
Laughing at comparisons to the sea.

Dust gently falls to where it came
Covering bodies that will not go on, faded pictures,
Of lover and child, letters of precocious plans
Shiny rings that crows will come to take.

Boot prints in mud, red mud stained with
The juice of life, the color of love, fire, rage.
The last mark in life; as a grave in mud
The burning of a cigarette continues beside the
Hand that carried it, screaming hysterically in
Laughter at the irony of death.

I pull myself up to the crest of a hill,
Dragging my heavy feet over wild flowers
Covering the soft white petals with the
Red mud, straining to see an impossible sight
A view of freedom.

The wind blows across the field
I can see my heart, it beats so slowly
My head it rests upon a hill, I see
Spirits in the clouds, spirits dancing. . .
And the silence is profound.

Matthew Norman

Ocean tides draw me to them
The moon hangs in the heavens and admonishes
me
I have been away too long
The sandpiper and horseshoe crab fear me, they do
not remember me
Waves draw me
and I lay upon the cool night sand and listen.
There are voices in the water
alive, independent, uncontrolled.

I too lift my sad, prodigal voice.
In unison we sing and I remember
I am remembered
Salt and sand taste in my mouth

Caress me O troubled sea
for I too am disturbed
Often have I longed for you, to feel the cool night
sand
Wet upon my warm skin

The seabirds, gull and pelican
climb the dark sky and kiss the moonlit ocean
I am forgiven, and lose regret
This time too should not be forever

Jason McIntosh

Honorable Mention Photograph



Motion Control
Karen Brower

Autumn

Everywhere it is fall-red and gold
Gracefully the leaves
Spill onto the ground

Apple trees line the road
While baskets full of apples
Hide in the shadows

Barefoot children climb
Among the high branches
While others dangle from them

Daylight fades
Apples are collected
Little hands reach for a warming fire

Nicole Hartis

Melting Pot

night and day
two extreme opposites
one dark, one light
twelve hours apart yet they compromise
dawn and dusk

food and drink
somewhat opposite
one dry, one wet
spoonfuls and gulps apart
yet they complement each other
soup and milkshakes

life and death
sometimes the same
one vibrant, one bleak
a lifetime apart
yet as one begins
so does the other

black and white
more similar than you think
one beautifully dark, one purely light
spectra apart
yet in the crayola box
they make gray

why can't we just realize
that life is a box of crayons
full of vibrant, beautiful colors
colors which never would have been possible
without that daring someone
who discovered
(that yellow and blue make green
and yellow and red make orange
and blue and red make purple
and yellow and blue and red make brown)
that our lives are crayons
the more they are blended together
the more fulfilling colors they produce

Karen Brower

Last night when it rained on my window
I slept with a heavy heart for some loss,
it rained the sun away.
In dreams of black discontent you were there,
death was in your room and I could smell
him lurking strange within the blackness that
became your walls
I heard pain overwhelming sadness
and knew they had come to watch with me
Cold like the window rain your skin
was growing
Under so many tears your face was hidden
and I cried aloud for fear I could not remember
you.
Beating rain or heart, I wake to no rain.

Jason McIntosh

My Last Visit: A Response to the Duke

I went to wrap it up,
He asked me to come and sup.
He talked of nothing till he jumped,
And laid down a trump.
He pulled a cord to show me
His last wife, all before tea.
I had heard tales.
And in him, I saw it was true tales.
He told of the cherries,
And especially of the smiles that tarried.
He was a jealous fool,
He acted as if death was a common tool.
I became quite frightened
For my master's bright
And beautiful daughter's spirit.
To the duke, it was just a lyric.
His past wife merely had good manners.
But they sent her to the tanners.
She made him rage,
And twas made worse by her age.
The poor child had no chance,
Her life was brief as a dance.
I couldn't wait to leave;
To slip through this sieve.

Amy Parker

Second Place Photograph



Rule of Thirds
Heidi Gardner

If Only By My Acts

If only by my acts alone I go,
Refusing to my aid your hand of help;
Then yeah to me this present life I know
Be like the one possessed by those in Hell.
As one who longs, who seeks to live by right.
A boy that journeys off to serve the best;
So to, alone, I sought to bring me light,
And as result, alone, found living death.
But as the one who watches o'er his son,
And as the sun is promised to the night,
You brought me close though far I had not gone;
Restored in me, by grace, Your holy might.
Now by this gift, a lasting one, I'll share;
And place this life into Your hands of care.

Robert Blair

The Heavens' Gift

Time stood still for a brief moment
And all the beauty of the heavenly bodies was captured to form an
Earthly one.

As the heavens had been set spinning
So had she, adorned with reds and whites and browns.
And deep within her eyes was placed all the
Mystery and beauty and wonder that belongs to the majestic night
sky.

And when this creation reached perfection, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment
This time I met the daughter of the stars,
The creation whose beauty rivals that of the sun
slowly slipping above the eastern shores.
And when we had made our introductions, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment
And all the thoughts my mind contained were immediately shaken
As she pulled me close and answered my questions with a kiss.
And as I was kissed by the very stars themselves,
All memory of the world's existence vanished.
And when I could walk again, time continued.

Time stood still for a brief moment
And when she kissed me again, although more playful than the
first,
It had the same effect.
And even though my mind was capable of functioning normally,
My heart was filled with questions and it sought to understand
motives
And as I tossed my coat over my shoulder, time continued.

Jeremy Kerr



Untitled artwork
Susan Carlisle Bell

Beaches

Do not give me the beach
of the long lank
muscle-bound brown boy
with bikini-pointed butt
and leaky throb of tinny rock noise beads
oozing an aura of sound
propelling the jive walk display
of well-oiled testosterone
seeking to mingle in rhythm
with smooth-bodied
thong-donned estrogen.

Do not give me the beach
of yesterday's beauties
moving to yesterday's beat
of yesterday's boys
in shagging gelatinous undulation
of slackard muscles and
full-bodied attire
bravely supporting pendulous boobs and
folding bellies and
hairy sworled navels
of those seeking to move through time
to the glories of taut-bodied splendor.

Give me the beach
of squabby-legged couples holding hands
as polyester jackets billow bright in the breeze and
toes curl tentatively within the swirling froth
and big and little fingers filter sand
to feel the mole crabs squirm
to the steady rhythm of
yesterday's wave and
that of today and
that of tomorrow
while circling gulls

whine eternally of the dearth
of good rank crab meat and soda crackers
and pale fat girls sprawl alone
on ocean-soaked Mickey-Mouse towels
and look to the glory of the blue-white cloud-fat sky
Where waddling pelicans now
soar in swooping order
dipping to the sea
in admiring undulation and ravenous need
of the silver flash
while in the sandy ocean mist
pearly rainbow donax turn
on shells' end to burrow
from appetite's keen sight
and ghost crabs
pump white claws
to the soothing tune of the sea
while eyes pivot in bulbous wonder
awaiting the appointed tide.

Joyce Brown

To Kaye Gibbons

I will not give up my hell,
For it is all I have.

A fragile soul, you yield your pain in prose
That sweeps through the gilded Tivoli Hall.
Your gift that is given to those who suffer
Moves the witnesses to silence.
You remove your heavy shroud layer by layer
Until you stand naked before us
Revealing every scar.
A powerful small apparition, death
Snatched away, you radiate a desolate beauty.

You abide the darkness of life
Through lines gleaned from loneliness
That touch your disciples.
Is it that all beauty comes from agony,
As an infant tears from its mother in birth,
A gift from God?

A bold veneer of arrogant intellect
Is reduced to child-like coveting
Of your gift, but not of your pain.
We rise and shower our accolades
Wishing we could summon something more.
Then, you drift away to suffer, to write,
To live.

For this moment I will share your pain,
Forever, I will receive your gift.

Les Brown

Waste Not

Some people
Are given
The end of life
All in a saucer
Like milk
So they can see
How little
Is left
as Time
Laps up each day
With its rough, pink tongue.

Others
Lose life
Before they notice
They have it,
Never seeing or
Hearing the
Shadowy form
Leap from the bushes,
Grab it and
Gulp it down
Whole.

Still others
Remain infants
Suckling
At life's breast
With half-closed eyes,
Indolently dreaming
While half
their nourishment
Dribbles down
Their careless
Chins.

Stop!
Pay attention!
Quit
Spilling
Life
And then crying.
Everyone knows
There's no point in
Crying over
Spilt
Milk.

Gayle Bolt Price

At Times I Wonder Why

At times I wonder why...
Is there a height to the sky?
Why must it look so blue?
Why are races of different hues?

Could white be black
And black be the other?
Can one read too much
Or not even bother?

At times I wonder why...
Loved ones say goodbye
I feel sad when I am low
I feel glee when I am high

At times I wonder why...
Things are just so
Do we come when we leave?
Do we follow when we go?

Could an A be an F?
Could your right be your left?
Can the world be at peace?
Will our troubles ever cease?

At times I wonder why...
There is a thing called love
How can one achieve it?
And where did it come from?

Say I find an answer
Shall I not then search for proof?
No harm in finding an answer--
As long as it is the truth

Derwin Green

Carolina Foothills High School Poets Awards

This year, *Reflections* accepted submissions of poetry from regional high school students. Having judged over 150 submissions, the *Reflections* staff is delighted to announce the following winners. Congratulations.

First Place:	Headlights shined	Courtney Norris
Second Place:	Just about Me	Alisa Agosto
Third Place:	Half Past Three	Jackie Groves

Headlights shined to the cafe
like the dawn of morning.
a colorful social
in a fog of cigarette smoke
(a somewhat familiar air to
everywhere I go)
an absurdity of hugs and insincere
affection
a bright aura of hypocrisy glowed with
the neon "open" sign
the reality of it all sang in a sweet melody
of fortunes and truths--
if they would have listened, they would have
heard.
Behind the eyelids of the strummer
in a different place
she sang "sweet heaven"

Courtney Norris
Ashbrook High School
Gastonia, North Carolina
Mary Layton, Teacher

Just about Me

I was a Thanksgiving gift for my parents;
ironic how eight years later I would brawl with a turkey.
I won.
I've seen the tears in my brother's eyes,
and heard the shrill of fear in his voice.
My fault,
I could have been a nicer big sister.
I took my first rollercoaster ride down our basement stairs,
I was only eight years old.
The boys in elementary school like me;
I was the only girl that would play their games all the time.

I've seen a whale sleeping,
swam in the Cape,
and once was attacked by seaweed.
I've been a rebel
ever since I jumped in the shallow end.
I've been a friend,
and lost some too.
I once saw a rainbow;
there was no pot of gold.
We swung on a rope swing,
even though we were not allowed to;
the skinned knees gave us away.
Scared by the dark at one time,
later on from a speeding car--
they hit my side;
I had no pain, but the car did.

Strawberries are my favorite,
autumn days take second.
I killed to fish,
I have had eight.
My parents don't always see things my way.
But then their way's always wrong?
I have soared with the birds
while watching porpoise play below me.

Seen embarrassment,
took it with no tears.
I met a man,
although I wasn't sure who he was.
I have enjoyed many years of happiness;
hope they don't come to a short end.

Alisa Agosto

Riverside High School
Greer, South Carolina
Carolyn York Ramey, Teacher

Half Past Three

Half past three, it's getting late.
Things fly by and I have this funny feeling that tonight
while the moon is full,
and desires wail,
My head isn't on straight.
As my tea gets cold, I begin to wonder.
Why? . . . the colors that swim behind my eyes, so blurred
and mixed together like a dream that was thrown in a box
and
shook till it bled.
Sleep beckons to me from some vast corner of my mind,
I don't think much of it for five cups of tea have awakened
my senses.
As my cat beside me purrs,
I look at my finished work and sigh.
. . . the wonder of the tea that keeps me up
and broadens my vision
At half past three.

Jackie Groves
RS Central High School
Rutherfordton, North Carolina
Jason Lineberger, Teacher



The Art in Me
Robbie Freeman