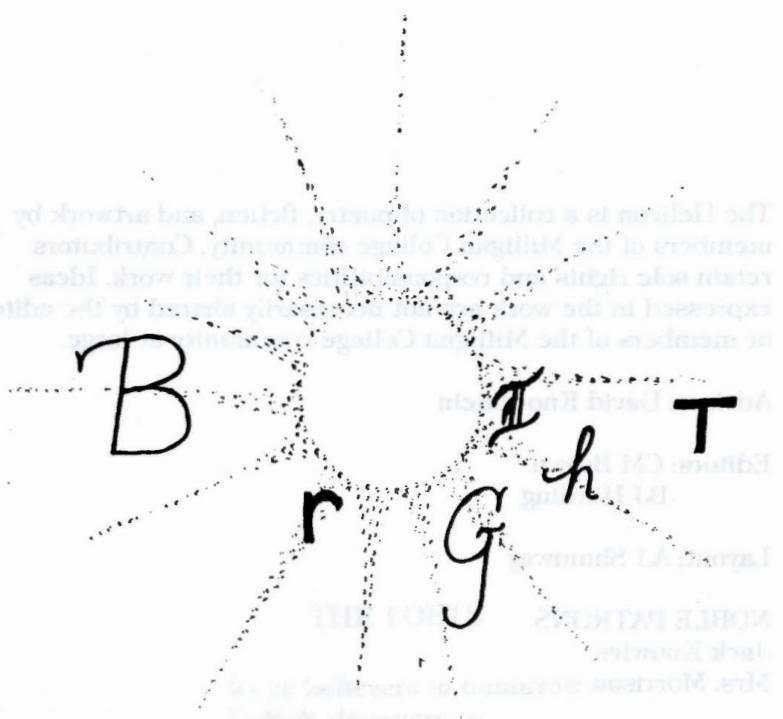


Helicon '88

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NOBLE PATRONS

Jack Knowles
Mrs. Morrison

BOURBONS

Anonymous

TUDORS

Ann T. Iles

MEDICI

Mr. and Mrs. H.F. Brown, Jr.

ON A CLEAR DAY

I bet it'll be a day
Just like today
When the sky
is peaceful
and filled
with swags white clouds

And people
indifferent
go about their business
thinking of money
or maybe success

I bet it'll be a day
Just like today
When children
play happily
without thought

And the middle class
average person
lives a moderately
happy middle class
average life

And we'll expect it
Because
it'll be a day
just like today

when differences
of opinions
and language
bring us to the end

The sky turns blood red
and time stops
by Angie Hickman

First base, second third
A home run
But to be safe at home,
Safe in the backseat?

Live and learn side, hand side,
Domestic side, foreign side,
and marital side.

From the heart of Africa
To the city by the bay.

The surgeon General has determined
that a condom divided against
itself cannot stand. - John Doe

So why is everyone afraid technology?
"Abstinence, Abstinence"
- God on His
eyes

THE POETS

We're believers in tomorrow —
Today's dreamers —
Oh forgotten yesterdays

by Angie Hickman

LOVE AND INFECTION

First base, second, third.
A home run!
But is he safe at home,
Safe in the backseat?

Live aid, Farm aid, Band aid.
Domestic aids, Foreign aids,
And Marital aids.

From the heart of Africa
To the city by the bay.

The Surgeon General has determined
that a condom divided against
itself cannot stand.

So why is everyone flying the Koop?

"Abstinence, Abstinence"

Thy joy shall be thy folly,
Thy downfall,
Thy slow,
 dehumanizing
 torturous
 lonely
 journey to DEATH!

Andy I. DeShades

Entanglements of war
bombs, guns, fear, and death
Memories surround us
Locked in the hearts of the old
Ideas stored in the minds of the young
In our youth we can't understand
the terrors that fell long ago
We only hope and pray steadfast
We are never forced to learn

by Angie Hickman

ON A CLEAR DAY

I bet it'll be a day
 Just like today
When the sky
 is peaceful
 and filled
 with smug white clouds

And people
 indifferent
go about their business
 thinking of money
 or maybe success

I bet it'll be a day
 Just like today
When children
 play happily
without thought

And the middle class
 average person
lives a moderately
 happy middle class
 average life

And none of us will expect it

Because
 it'll be a day
 just like today

when differences
 of opinions
 and language

Bring us to the end

The sky turns blood red
 and time stops

And after

those left in the mist
 and the rubble

Will no longer remember days
 with clouds
 or money
 or happiness
 or language
 or life

And it could happen
 on a day
 just like today

A colored billow inflames the sky
 And dust falls all around
 Looking into Satan's eye
 Speaking without a sound
 A quick knock at the door
 Unheeding it — ignoring it
 Days wasted before
 Thoughts I'd never admit
 And now the billow is gone
 The dust is quieted
 As the night meets the dawn
 the destruction is lighted

MUSHROOM CLOUD

by Angie Hickman

What will it matter
 when the days
 have no meaning
 and the sun
 becomes black

What will it matter
 when thought
 is forgotten
 and love
 is abandoned

What will it matter
 when we are finished
 with the breath
 and life
 becomes smoke

What will it matter
 when the powers
 are destroyed

What will it matter

What will it matter
 who was better
 or lesser

What will it matter
 who won

Leah smiled graciously and said thank you as someone held the door to the bathroom open and allowed her to go in first. The smile quickly turned to a sour smirk as she wheeled herself in and found the door to the stall for handicapped patrons shut and latched.

She could understand that some people weren't able to withstand the temptation of an empty stall, especially when nature's call was particularly urgent. Still, she sometimes wished that it was just as illegal for able bodied people to use toilets marked for the handicapped as it was for them to park in spaces marked for the handicapped.

In the midst of her musings, the door opened and a nice but average looking, well-to-do young woman stepped out. Leah passed her with a strained "Excuse me," entered the stall and did what she came to do.

After pulling awkwardly out of the bathroom with no one to hold the door open for her, Leah made her way carefully back to her table. She noticed not too far away a certain nice but average looking, well-to-do young woman.

Leah wasn't much of a people watcher, let alone one to stare at strangers, but somehow her gaze kept returning to the young woman two or three tables away. There was nothing particularly noticeable about her appearance. Her manners were generally good. Still, there was something about her, something somehow different about her that Leah could neither identify nor escape.

Gradually, as the meal progressed, Leah became aware that the young woman was not entirely what she at first had seemed. While eating her salad, Leah noticed that the young woman's clothes were of a rather expensive style—popular a few years before. As the waiter was serving her, Leah noticed that the young woman's meal, though elegant sounding when ordered and served, was smaller and more ordinary than one might have expected.

Nevertheless, Leah did not put the clues together completely until she observed the young woman's mild distress when her check arrived. Apparently she had failed to allow for sales tax or some other small thing because she had almost but not quite enough cash with her to pay for the meal. With a sheepish smile, she handed the waiter a credit card and waited for his return. However, it was not the waiter but the manager who returned to the table with the card which had been on the bad risk list for over a month now.

When Leah found herself staring at the nice but average looking young woman whose pride had overextended her, she realized to her surprise that it was the same look of condescending pity that had been turned toward her many times before. As she was being led to the back by the manager, the young woman brushed against Leah and with a quite embarrassed looked, said, "Excuse me."

Unshaven
 musty
 black dirty
 uneven roots
 hide beneath
 the earth
 never to be seen
 by the sun

but support
 the
 pink yellow red white
 petals
 of innocence
 and strengthen
 the
 green brown
 stems
 of life.

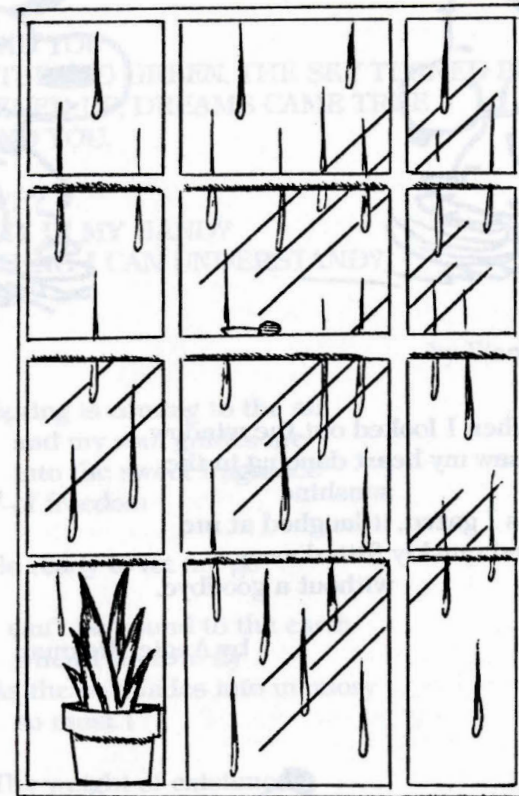
unshaven
 uneven
 unseen
 the
 musty black dirty
 roots

give beauty
 to a cold solemn world

Kelly Hobbs

The stars were twinkling brightly above as I walked
 down the lonely road.
 It was dark and peaceful, and the night, warm and
 breezy.
 I enjoyed the gravel crunching under my feet and
 the smell of a campfire deep in the woods.
 I was alone until farther down the road I saw
 two headlights.
 Then an old car rumbled by.
 My thoughts were disturbed. I smelled exhaust and
 no longer the fire.
 I couldn't hear footsteps on the gravel anymore,
 just a noisy car,
 an intruding car.

by Sue Young



RAIN

Tiny droplets of water
 like teardrops
 Form pathways
 down
 my window
 drowning my vacation

by Angie Hickman



When I looked out the window
I saw my heart dancing in the
sunshine
As I gazed, it laughed at me
and quickly flitted away
without a goodbye.

by Angie Hickman



ARE YOU A DREAM?

ARE YOU A DREAM?
ARE YOU WHAT YOU REALLY SEEM?
WILL I WAKE UP AND FIND OUT WHAT YOU MEAN?
ARE YOU A DREAM?

SINCE I FOUND YOU
THE GRASS TURNED GREEN, THE SKY TURNED BLUE,
WORLDS OPENED UP, DREAMS CAME TRUE
SINCE I FOUND YOU.

WHAT IS LOVE?
CAN I HOLD IT IN MY HAND?
IS IT SOMETHING I CAN UNDERSTAND?
WHAT IS LOVE?

by Wendy Ogden

Spring is coming to the air
and my soul guides me
into the sweet fragrance
of freedom

Be ready to let me go

I can't be bound to the earth
when I want to fly
As the cold fades into memory
so must I

The weight of existence
is not stronger
than the illusions of my dreams

Love is forever
and one kiss
can last a lifetime

Hold me fast
I can teach you to fly
If you want to be with me
leave with me
and we can be forever

Love is stronger than freedom
forever was made for two

**REFLECTIONS AFTER IT'S OVER
(WHY CAN'T IT BE SIMPLE?)**

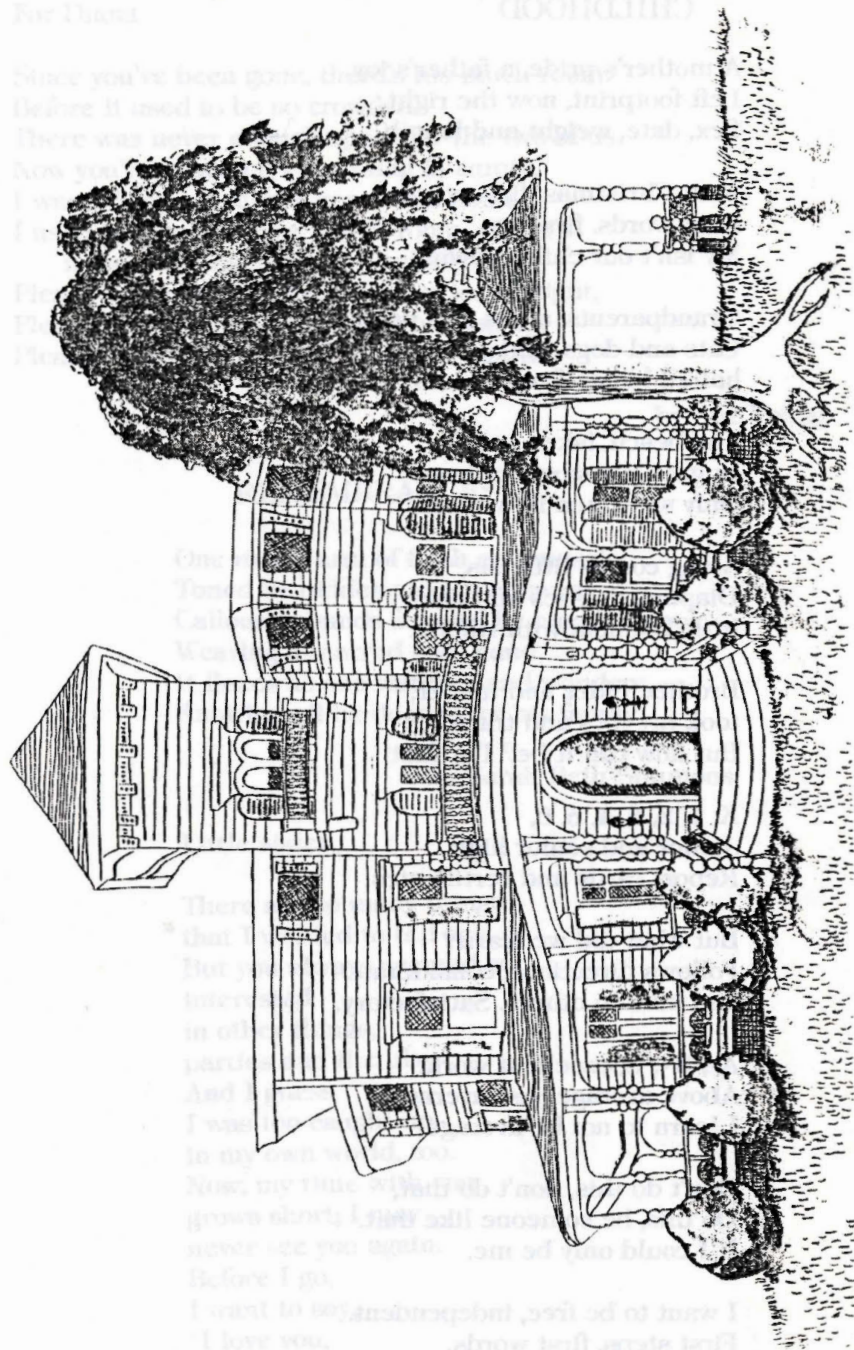
Too much too soon
Too much talk
 not enough action
Too much action
 not enough talk
Too much of me
Too much of you
Me trying to be happy
You trying to be happy
Neither one of us really happy
No emphasis on God
Me wondering what you think
You wondering what I think
Love is not enough
Honesty friendship desire
 insecurity hate selfishness
Love peace forever
 disgust pain tears
Me not knowing what to say
You not knowing what to say
 neither of us understanding the silence
Confusion fear
Lust joy
I wanted it all right now
You wanted nothing more
Too much too soon
 but still not enough

Kelly Hobbs

WORDS

WORDS, THERE ARE SO MANY
BUT I CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT LINE.
I WANT TO TELL YOU I LOVE YOU,
WHY I WANT TO MAKE YOU MINE.
BUT THEY WON'T COME OUT,
SO THE EASIEST WAY TO SAY IT IS JUST
I LOVE YOU.

by Wendy Ogden



CHILDHOOD

A mother's pride, a father's joy.
Left footprint, now the right.
Sex, date, weight and length.

First Christmas, first steps,
First words, first bm.
My isn't our child growing.

Grandparents, aunts and uncles,
Cats and dogs, and old grey
haired ladies from church.

The beach, lakes, zoo,
In good ole summertime.
Only snowmen in winter.

Along comes little sis,
Diapers, dresses and dainty
little bonnets with ribbon.

Brother, older and tanner,
took my toys and tractor,
But how can it be? I'm first.

K, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6,
Junior and senior high.
Report cards and certificates.

But what did we learn?
Follows directions, considerate
and kind to others. Satisfactory.

A-, B+, C, excellent work,
Above average, just average.
I learn to not be average.

Don't do this, don't do that,
Do this, be someone like that.
If I could only be me.

I want to be free, independent.
First steps, first words.
Mother's pride, father's joy.

by Wendy Opatka
Tim G. Campbell

For Diana:

Since you've been gone, there's too much room.
Before it used to be so crowded.
There was never enough space for the two of us.
Now you're gone and everything is empty.
I wanted my space, but now I feel alone.
I used to hate to share "your" room; now it's
mine and I need some company.
Please come back and tell me stories at night,
Please come back and tell me to clean up,
Please come back and be my sister again.

by Sue Young

REMEMBRANCES

One man's arm of flesh and muscle
Toned by hidden stories of sweat.
Calloused hands scarred by manual labor,
Wearing a marred gold band.
It flexes as she watches and wonders —
Knowing all he does is for his family.

by Sarah Beth Simmons

Little sister,

There are so many things
that I wanted to tell you.
But you always seemed so
interested
in other things,
parties and the like.
And I guess
I was too caught up
in my own world, too.
Now, my time with you
grows short; I may
never see you again.
Before I go,
I want to say,
"I love you,
so does God."
But I don't know how...
if only I knew how...



HOME

Home is where you're loved,
where people care about you
and take care of you...
Momma stirring up the baking soda paste
to put on the bee sting...
Poppa sitting up late with a small child
on his knee
waiting for the bleeding to stop...
Little brother playfully asking a boyfriend
when he's going to ask
not knowing he already did...

Home is memories
of the good times and
even the not so good times...
Grandma showing little ones how to bake
the traditional holiday cakes
the way her grandma showed her...
Poppa playfully spraying a child with the hose
washing away his anger
and the fresh concrete on her shoes...
Holding the hand of a best friend
whose dog was killed
hurting with him, reaching for him...

Home is not really any one place or time
it is where I know who I am
where I fell comfortable being...
And lately I've begun to notice
more than any other where or when
home is being with you.

by Betty J. Harding



In The Beginning God Created The Heavens And The Earth.

CHOMP!!!

Let There Be Light.

little sour, hate getting the skin caught between my teeth

Let Us Make Man In Our Image.

been working all day and you offer me something that already
has abiteout of it

Male And Female He Created Them.

great i get the side with the worm hole

I Give You Every Seed-Bearing Plant.

might as well eat it probably have salad again tonight

fire....hmmmmmm

On The Seventh Day He Rested From All His Work.

fromwhattree he isnt going to like this especially
on his day off

I Will Make A Helper Suitable For Him.

dontsuppose i could get my rib back
didn't think so

WHERE ARE YOU?

was her fault
no it was thththat things fault
great i can hear it now
here comes legless

So the LORD God Banished Man From The Garden.

honey honey are you awake

cant sleep with Mr. Nightlite out there guarding the

entrance

Her mask is confidence.
Underneath she harbors fear and loneliness.
Always questioning and wondering why.
Never satisfied; never happy.
Always waiting.
She laughs to cover up the pain.
She screams to release the bottled up anger.
She waits.
Nothing happens and she cries.
Her tears feel as though they glide down the walls
Of her heart.
Night comes and again she gazes out at the darkness in
wonder.
A sense of helplessness lingers inside.
She decides to wait — a little longer this time.

ALONE

I walk slowly, alone on this rainy night.
There are others, but still I walk alone.
Alone; inside my thoughts.
In reality, but in a dream.
As I listen to the gentle patter of the rain—
Soft breezes caress my face.
The lamplight hits the pavement.
It glitters like gold,
And it blurs.
As a tear flows down my cheek
I think of you.
Are you thinking of me?
I wish I knew.

PEOPLE

PEOPLE COME
AND PEOPLE GO.
SOME ARE PEOPLE
THAT I KNOW.
SOME MOVED
AND SOME DIED.
I'M STILL TRYING
TO FIGURE WHY.
SOME I'LL NEVER
SEE AGAIN.
SOME WILL REMAIN
A LOYAL FRIEND.
SOME I'LL SEE
IN ETERNITY.
I JUST HOPE
THEY REMEMBER ME.
PEOPLE LOVE
AND PEOPLE CARE.
PEOPLE HOPE
AND PEOPLE SHARE.
BUT SOME
COULD CARE LESS
SOME DON'T EVEN
TRY THEIR BEST.
SOME DON'T KNOW
HOW TO LOVE.
SOME LET IT FLY
LIKE A DOVE.
IT FLIES WILD
AND IT FLIES FREE.
IT FLIES ON
AND HAPPILY.

PEOPLE COME
AND PEOPLE GO.
BUT IN THE RANKS
THEY ALL KNOW
THAT NO MATTER
WHAT YOU SAY
THINGS WON'T BE THE SAME
EVERY DAY.
TABLES TURN
AND PEOPLE CHANGE.
TIME REDIRECTS,
LIVES REARRANGE.
THE CALL TO LIFE
SUDDENLY DIES.
AND I'M STILL TRYING
TO FIGURE WHY.

by Wendy Ogden

THE MIDNIGHT INSOMNIAC

Last night I killed my Grandfather
With an Axe, no it was a chainsaw,
Smiling, as the sawdust piled up.

His cranium cracked open on duck
Downey feathers, sand oozed out
Grain by grain. Sixty fell into
My hands, but they were gone.
Instantly.

Pull the plug on the life supports,
A mercy killing. I lie still,
Comatose, perhaps dead.

Approaching hoofbeats
Prancing and pounding,
Great wooly mammals
Fosberry flopping
Into my head.

And many minutes to go before I sleep
And many minutes to go before I sleep

Ah, the fairy child has arrived,
Gliding through forest glades,
Our lips nearing, nearing,
Nearing, nearing.

Click.

Six o'clock, monday morning,
Cloudy skies, a high of
Seventy two.

TC

VISIONS FROM A DIFFERENT VIEW

An old
wrinkled
faded
black woman

Sits alone
with her memories
and her handbag

And she watches
the world
through tired
brown eyes

And she smiles
at children
with a
sincere
gentle
mouth

And she feels
the gravity
of years
and the sorrows
of yesterday

An old
wrinkled
faded
black woman

Sits alone
waiting for God

waiting for the chariot

Kelly Hobbs

Little girl -

You hide within yourself.
You don't express your true feelings,
for fear others won't accept you.

But you have to accept yourself first.
Be happy with yourself first,
before others can be happy
with you and accept you
as you are.

Don't be afraid, little girl, at least
not with me.

by Sarah Beth Simmons

UPON THE WINDOW

I SET MY HEART UPON THE WINDOW
TO GROW OUT IN THE SUN.
BUT SOON IT WILTED AND DIED
AND BLACKNESS BECKONED ME TO COME.
I FOLLOWED FOR A LITTLE WHILE
THROUGH TURMOIL, TRIAL AND STRAIN
AND SOON THE BLACKNESS LEFT ME
ALONE IN A HEAVY RAIN.
I PUT MY HEART UPON A SHELF
AND I LET IT GATHER DUST.
I TAKE IT DOWN EVERY NOW AND THEN
AND CLEAN IT WHEN I MUST.
BUT ON THE SHELF IT IS PROTECTED
FROM GRIME AND DIRT AND GRIM
TO BE TAKEN OUT ONCE IN A WHILE
TO BE HURT AGAIN.

by Wendy Ogden

LOOKING FOR YOU

When the world
is too strong

I sometimes lose You

And
When the world
is too loud

I sometimes can't hear You

And
When the world
is too bright

I sometimes can't see You

So
for today
make the world
and make the world quiet
and make the world empty

So I can find You again
and I can hear You again
and I can see You again
and I can love You again

Kelly Hobbs

NIGHT SOUNDS

The whistle of the train
The heart wrenching pain
Why do you always come to mind?
Night Sounds
Night Sounds
Beat of the music in the background
Night Sounds
Cool air blowing across my face
Bringing a chill over me
Slowly I look around the room
The room I've lived in so many years
The ticking of the clock
Makes music of its own
Along with the beating of my heart
And the rhythm of my soul
Night Sounds
Night Sounds
A smile crosses my face
I remember the times you made me laugh
Then I hear the buzzing of the crickets
Night Sounds
Night Sounds
Turn around
Look at the sky
Don't cry
Silence
Silence.

This blackboard stands blank,
empty
for lack of creativity
until
a boringhandsmears
unintelligible words onto
its
dull, black surface
unyielding
to my silent pleas.

by Angie Hickman

Excuse me please,
but who are you?

Oh, don't you know me? We met
quite some time ago. I thought
you might remember. . .but,
I guess not.
It has been quite some time...
and we were never that
close to begin with.

You know, I can't very well
invite you in, without
knowing who you are.

I suppose not...
but does this mean,
well, that I must go
somewhere else?
This is really
such a nice place...
I should hate
to have to go
somewhere else.

Yes, I'm afraid
you must.
But, it isn't as if
you were never asked...
You just didn't come
when I called.

by Betty J. Harding

NIGHT SOUNDS

The whistle of the rain
 The heart wrenching pain
 Why do you always come in mind?
 Night Sounds
 Night Sounds

Best of the music of the breeze
 Night Sounds
 Cool air blowing across my face
 Bringing a chill over me

Slowly but surely
 The night
 The wind
 Makes sense of its own
 Along with
 And the rhythm
 Night Sounds
 Night Sounds

A simple cry
 I remember the
 Then I hear the

Night Sounds
 Night Sounds
 Turn
 Don't cry
 Silence

Silence
 Silence

N
N
N
F
C
C
C
F
F
C
N
F
U
S
E
D
D
D

SSS
 E
E
E

chill, black surface
 my yielding
 to my silent pleas.

by Angie Hickman

ocean. I would stop sometimes and stare out to the horizon, wondering what lay over the watery expanse.

One day, as I was building a sand castle of immense proportions, a very old man came slowly shuffling down the beach. His beard was long and white, and his eyes were deeply hollow and weathered.

This was most beautiful to my five-year-old mind my laughter
 mff
 u
 u u
 frustration
 r
 r
 r
 r
 frustration
 s
 s
 s
 r r
 r
 frustration
 t
 t
 t
 t
 frustration
 i
 i
 t

When he was finished, he admired his creation for a moment. "It's so nice," he said with a long, slow breath. "I hope it stays here forever."

The man smiled at me. "You know that the tide will come and wash it away," he said. "But that's not too early if it's right now, and someone else may even see it before it is gone, and they too will enjoy the beach."

With that, my new friend stood slowly up. I noticed at we one last time, and then he continued down the beach, humming a tune and stealing his whiskers. I watched him leave. When he was just a speck to the distance, I looked back at the two sand castles, one an intricate masterpiece and one a childish attempt. There was no comparison, yet he had called mine "splendid."

I sat there watching them slowly creep toward the two castles until the sun began to sink in the west. The water looked like living flame which dazzled my eyes as my experience dazzled my heart.

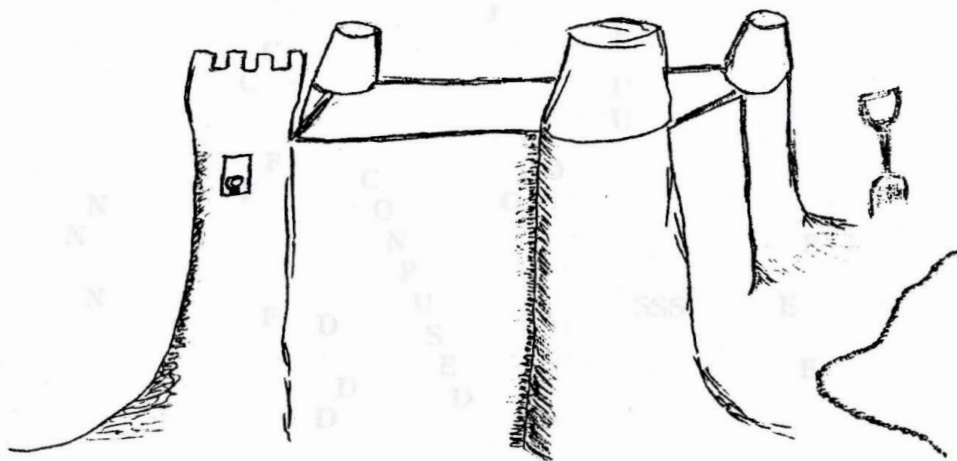
And there I sat on another beach, this time it was the rising sun which turned the ocean into liquid gold. I was older and wiser, yet I was still dazzled by the beauty. As the sun broke fully over the horizon, I went to the edge of the water and began to build a sand castle.

Cliff Brown

SAND CASTLES

The sand glowed golden in the glorious, new-born day. The sea gleamed as if two rivers of liquid sapphire and emerald had run together into a great flood. The sun, having just peeped his head over the horizon, dyed the eastern sky a dozen colors of purple, pink, and orange. And as I watched, I remembered.

It was on a beach much like this one that I had met the man. I was five years old, and I spent my days scouring the beach for seashells and other items of interest to little boys. I chased the sea gulls and the pelicans, and I even dared to stick my tiny toes into the huge



ocean. I would stop sometimes and stare out to the horizon, wondering what lay over the watery expanse.

One day, as I was building a sand castle of immense proportions, a very old man came slowly shuffling down the beach. His beard was long and white, and his head completely bald, and rather shiny. This sight was most humorous to my five-year-old mind; my laughter bubbled up, and was caught by the wind.

As he came, he watched me intently. He decided to stop just as his form began to cast a large shadow over my castle. I stopped laughing and looked up in wide, green-eyed wonder. For a moment, all paused. I think even the ocean became quieter. Then, he laughed. It was a hearty, booming laugh, and it tickled my ears. We laughed until tears came to our eyes. Then he spoke. "This is a very splendid castle, little boy."

I looked up. At first I thought that he was being a typical adult, but then he did something most big people I knew never did. He sat down next to me in the sand. He reached into my bucket and brought out a handful of dripping sand. He began to dribble it slowly onto the beach, and I watched it create intriguing patterns. The man did not speak for a long time; he just continued to dribble wet sand until he had built the most beautiful sand castle I had ever seen.

When he was finished, we admired his creation for a few minutes.

"It's so neat," I said softly. "I hope it stays here forever."

The man smiled at me. "I'm afraid that the tide will come and wash it away," he said, "but you and I can enjoy it right now, and someone else may even see it before it is gone, and they too will enjoy the beauty."

With that, my new friend stood slowly up. He smiled at me one last time, and then he continued down the beach, humming a tune and stroking his whiskers. I watched him leave. When he was just a speck in the distance, I looked back at the two sand castles, one an intricate masterpiece and one a childish attempt. There was no comparison, yet he had called mine "splendid."

I sat there watching the tide slowly creep toward the two castles until the sun began to sink in the west. The water looked like living flame which dazzled my eyes as my experience dazzled my heart.

And there I sat on another beach; this time it was the rising sun which turned the ocean into liquid gold. I was older and wiser, yet I was still dazzled by the beauty. As the sun broke fully over the horizon, I went to the edge of the water and began to build a sand castle.

AN ACROSTIC #2
(for Mrs. Magness)

In the morning when I wake.

Nothing seems to surprise me.
Energy is lacking, but then
Elephants come barging in
During my breakfast.

“Please go away,”
I ask them.
Zipping behind them come
Zebras from Zanzibar,
Asking for a drink of water.

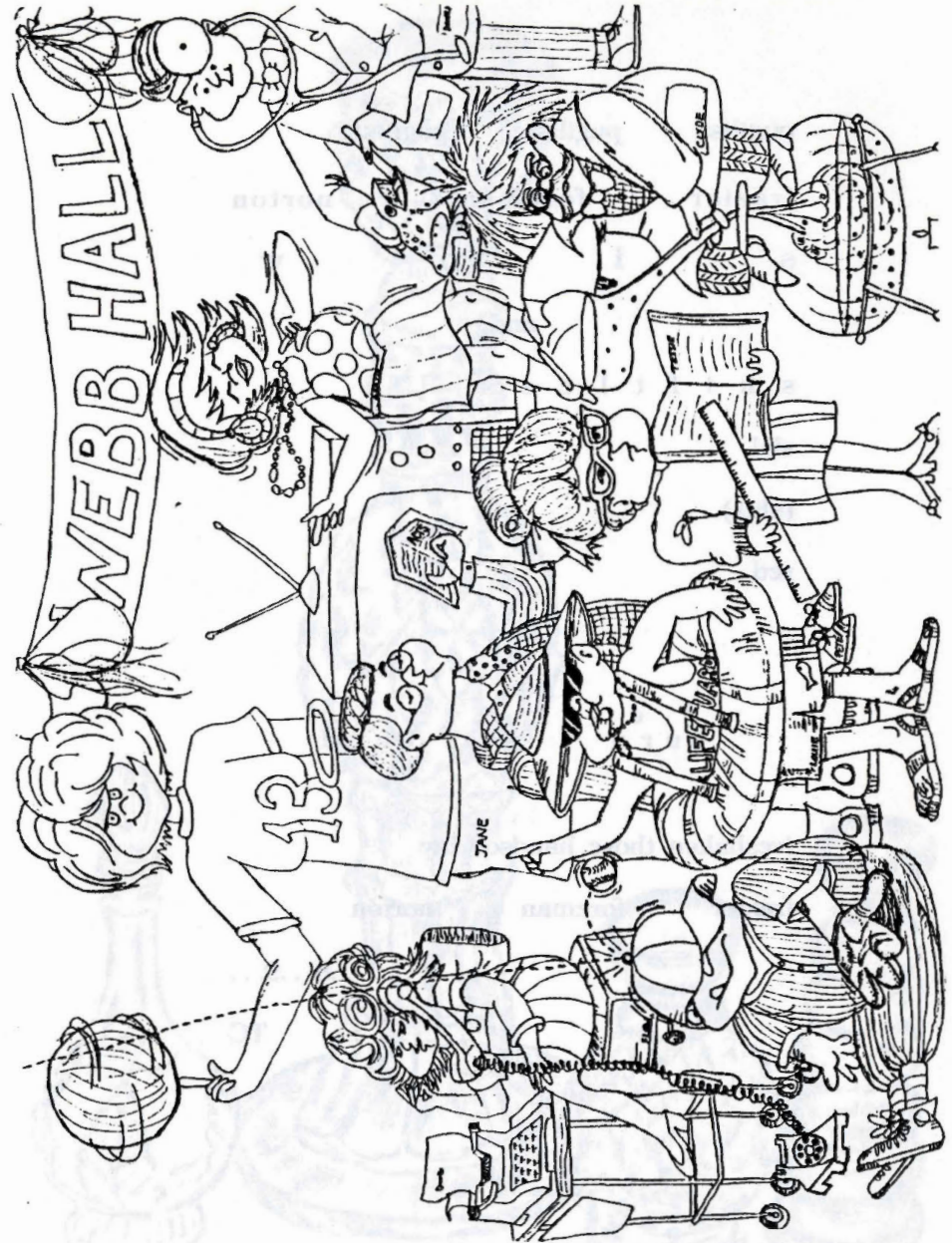
by Sarah Beth Simmons



OLIVER

I'll never know why
My fish had to die.
So what if he was small—
Of my pets he was the best of all!
I know he couldn't talk
And that he'd never walk
But he was special in his own way
Up to his very last day.

by Sue Young



In the morning when I wake,

nothing seems to me
Energy is but a name

pugilist pugilist pugilist

frazier foreman norton

s l o w

and

s h i f t l e s s

slsl

(slur)

red

and

l e
burd
r

r
burd
l e

iveshaken those handsofClay

frazier foreman norton

....7..8..9...

TC

And that he'd never said
But he was special in his own way
Up to his very last day.

