







(The word 'HELCON' is written in large, bold, white letters on the left side of the wall.)



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## *The Legend of Helicon*

The Muses, nine lovely daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the Goddess of Memory, were the queens of learning and poetry in Greek Mythology. They chose to retreat from the feasts of the Immortals on Olympus to their high mountain home, Helicon, in Boetia. On its slopes were found fragrant plants which possessed powers of healing. Other delights were numerous springs of wonderful freshness. The most celebrated spring was Hippocrene, which had the power to bestow poetic inspiration on those who had drunk thereof. The fount had been given birth by a kick from the winged horse, Pegasus. On the beautiful slopes which bordered this fountain, the Muses would perform a graceful dance accompanied by the harmony of their joyful voices. When night fell, they would leave the heights of Helicon and, enclosed in a thick mist, would draw near the homes of mortals, so that men might receive the gift of the Muses. According to Hesiod, the Muses bring from their home, Helicon, this holy gift to men. "He is happy whom the Muses love. For though a man has sorrow and grief in his soul, yet when the servant of the Muses sings, at once he forgets his dark thought and remembers not his troubles."

Not here, O Apollo!  
Are haunts meet for thee.  
But, where Helicon breaks down  
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets  
Send far their light voice  
Up the still vale of Thisbe,  
O speed, and rejoice!

--Excerpt from  
Matthew Arnold's  
Empedocles on Etna

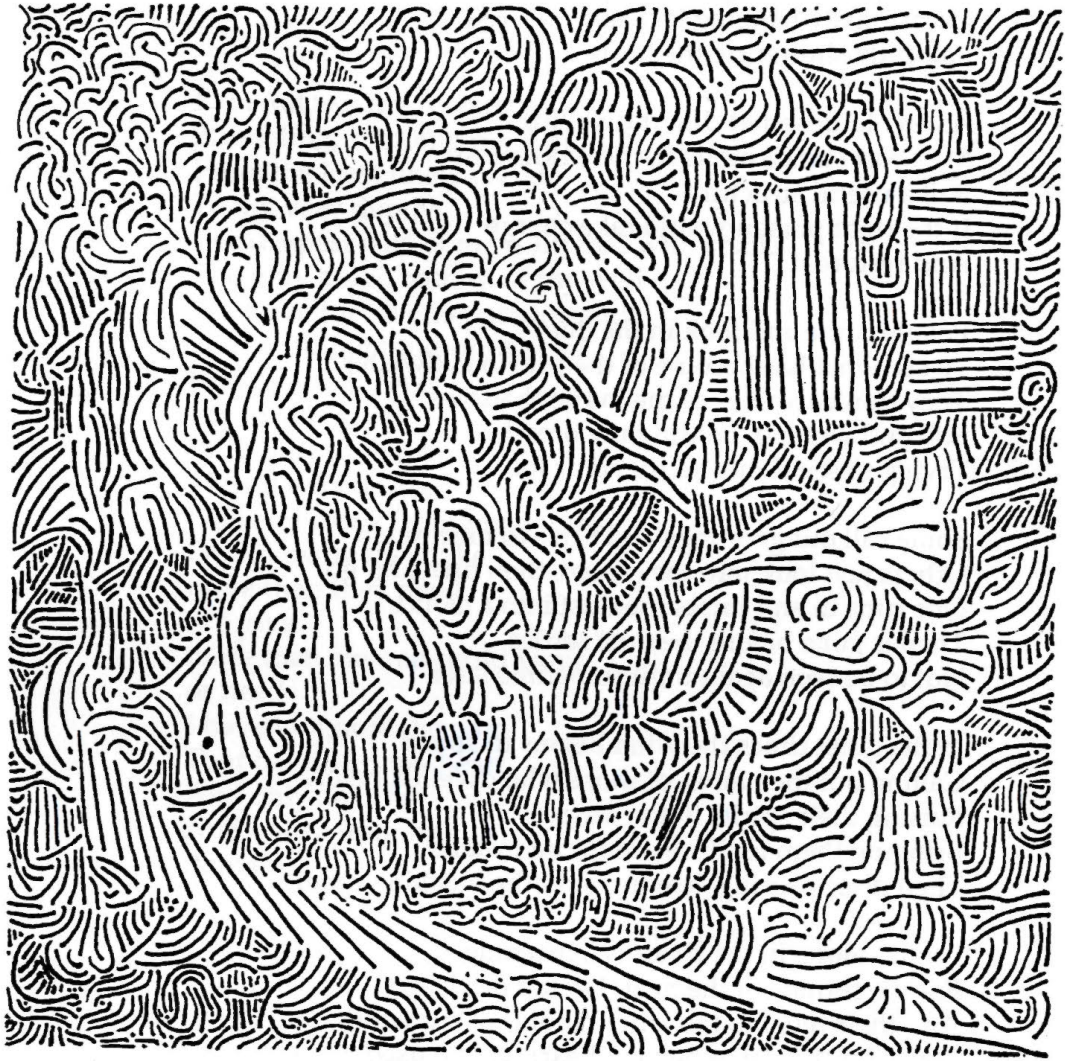


*July 28, 1988*

My hand shakes  
My soul quakes  
My fear grows  
My heart slows  
The room spins  
Remembering begins  
My eyes sting  
My ears ring  
A flash of memory  
Of a night oh so scary  
I grab my head  
"Memory be dead"  
Yet it lives on  
Will it ever be gone

Two in the morning  
Hospitals are boring  
Tell me it's a bad dream  
A crazy man screams  
Life's such a scare  
Help me I can't hear  
This ringing in my head  
They strap the man in bed  
He screams like hell  
But they leave his cell  
Don't care if they're done  
Want to leave - run  
I don't have to answer you  
Only what I want to  
Let me be  
At last I'm free  
I'm sick when I awake  
No, they can't call me back  
I'm sick on the way  
And curse the blasted day  
Vomit is all over me  
Get away with that iv  
No you can't admit me  
Wait don't leave me  
I don't need 3 doctors  
What's with all the monitors  
I can't see out my window  
There's no T.V. what do I do  
I ain't talking to no one  
(I'd have done better with a gun)  
Two days so alone  
Let me go home  
When there's no one looking I cry  
I'm not sure why  
Don't stare at me  
Haven't you ever seen someone unhappy  
All day I sleep  
Why can't I eat  
Finally they release me--  
On a promise I'll never keep







The door to my heart stands open  
The breeze from the rush of life  
Causing it to swing back and forth  
Occasionally banging it closed  
Painfully shuttering the heart

As an old deserted desert dwelling  
My heart stands alone in the wilderness  
Still a useful structure  
If the right person would take charge  
And restore it

People come and look in the door  
To see what has become of the previous dweller  
They don't always see me in the shadows  
Still and waiting, holding my breath  
Trying to see if they're friend or foe

Some call out greetings and I rise to meet them  
Others just look into the gloom, then turn and go  
One runs in and raises the dust into a cloud  
Then is gone before the dust settles  
Not to be seen again until sometime later

In the quiet times the wind begins to speak  
Calling out the names of those who dwelled before  
Raising their spirits in the dust  
Bringing them to life again for an instant  
Then disappearing, leaving only the mocking quiet

I stand alone in the shadows, listening  
For the sounds of the next dweller or visitor  
And their relief to the lonely sound of the wind  
I pray for the day when the heart will be used  
By the one who will live there forever

--FEO2Y



## *Pain*

Pain follows my footsteps  
Stumbling, Tripping my way  
From the least likely places  
To my very depths  
The deepest part of me is littered with cracks.  
The gray at the bottom of my well  
Is a sieve for love to pass through  
So the stifling mud of pain  
Can cover all I see  
My love is given  
With little in return  
I let all who desire  
Dip, and drink from my depths  
Occasionally they take  
more than they need  
or i give  
more than anyone could want  
or need  
I have to ignore the pain  
That has taken my heart  
And only an ache  
And only a longing  
Remains

--Brian West



## *Z. B. Life*

And the searching moves . . .  
The journey turns  
Upon your decision  
Your decision lies  
Just beyond Right Now  
Right Now waits for you  
Outside your eyes  
And inside your mind

Your soul lies without  
The world waits within  
Open your eyes  
To see yourself  
In what you watch  
And this you feel  
Until you know  
Life is Eternal

It flows between  
Your soul and you  
Within and out  
Into and From  
Accept and Live  
Receive and Love  
Return and See  
The search becomes . . .  
A part of you  
And all you know  
And all you see  
What you feel  
What I know  
And it IS  
And you . . .

Live.

--Brian West



Shadows of a fallen soul  
Pursued by night, no one foretold  
Guilt filled the breathless air  
Forever lived his soul's despair.

--Joanie Morford

The pain that I feel  
will not subside  
It flips my emotions  
like a roller coaster ride

twisting and churning  
turning upside down  
laughing at me  
like a circus clown

I want to cry  
Alligator tears  
let go of my hurts  
get rid of my fears

But there are no tears left  
I am all cried out  
So i'll have to take  
the fatal route.



To feel complete apathy  
to not feel  
to be empty to all  
that is said  
all that is done  
To not hurt  
to never cry  
But  
Also never laugh  
or feel joy  
to not care about others  
to not love  
in essence  
to not live.

The intensity of the moment  
surrounds me  
the alienation of my feelings  
go deep  
deep enough for the presence  
of no one around me  
to understand my silence or  
relate on my level of  
defiance  
An explosion takes place in my  
mind  
thoughts, like rabbits, multiply  
I silently scream  
I look to the sky  
A need to escape overrules my sense of reality

--Jack Harris



Your feelings are of  
the moment  
the anger you feel not pure

All is over?  
Not in the real world

In thought you lose contact  
with everyone you lose touch  
go ahead  
hide in some small obscure hutch

All is over  
Not in the real world

Enclosed you'll find a scattered mind  
violated beyond return  
For in this mind you'll leave behind  
thoughts,  
the desire to burn

All is over  
Not in the real world

Some day you will learn

--Jack Harris

## *A Personal Psalm of Praise*

Oh Lord, how great You are.

You are greater than Your  
handiwork.

You have sought me out and called  
me by name to be Your adopted  
child. I know I can never be  
worthy.

It is only through Your grace  
I am saved. Your hand ever  
leads me, although in what  
direction I can never be  
sure of. You demand  
my faith and love in every  
moment of every day, not  
in the future.

Oh Lord, grant me that  
I may be able to say in every  
situation, 'Not my will but  
Your will be done.'

There is a deep burden within  
my heart to openly tell  
You and show that

I love You, Lord.

O Lord, my soul longs  
for you.

--Bob Boutell



*Bob Boutell*  
✍



## *The Value of Life*

Life is a precious, God-given gift  
That should always be handled with care.  
Let joy always outweigh the sorrow.  
Let ecstasy exceed the despair.  
Life is too valuable to be thrown away  
By the ignorance of one's own hand.  
Life is passing us by so quickly  
Like fading footprints in the warm sand.

Death is a permanent solution  
To the temporary problems of today  
And it only causes grief for all.  
If you think dying is the answer  
To anything, you are mistaken.  
Death does not solve anything, large or small.

--Tonya M. Laws

Now  
As I give my life  
to you LORD  
I  
Ask you to handle  
it with care.  
Please  
do not play with it,  
and break it.  
Don't crumble it up to  
throw away  
Please  
Keep it safe with you  
forever.

Amen.

## *The Flower*

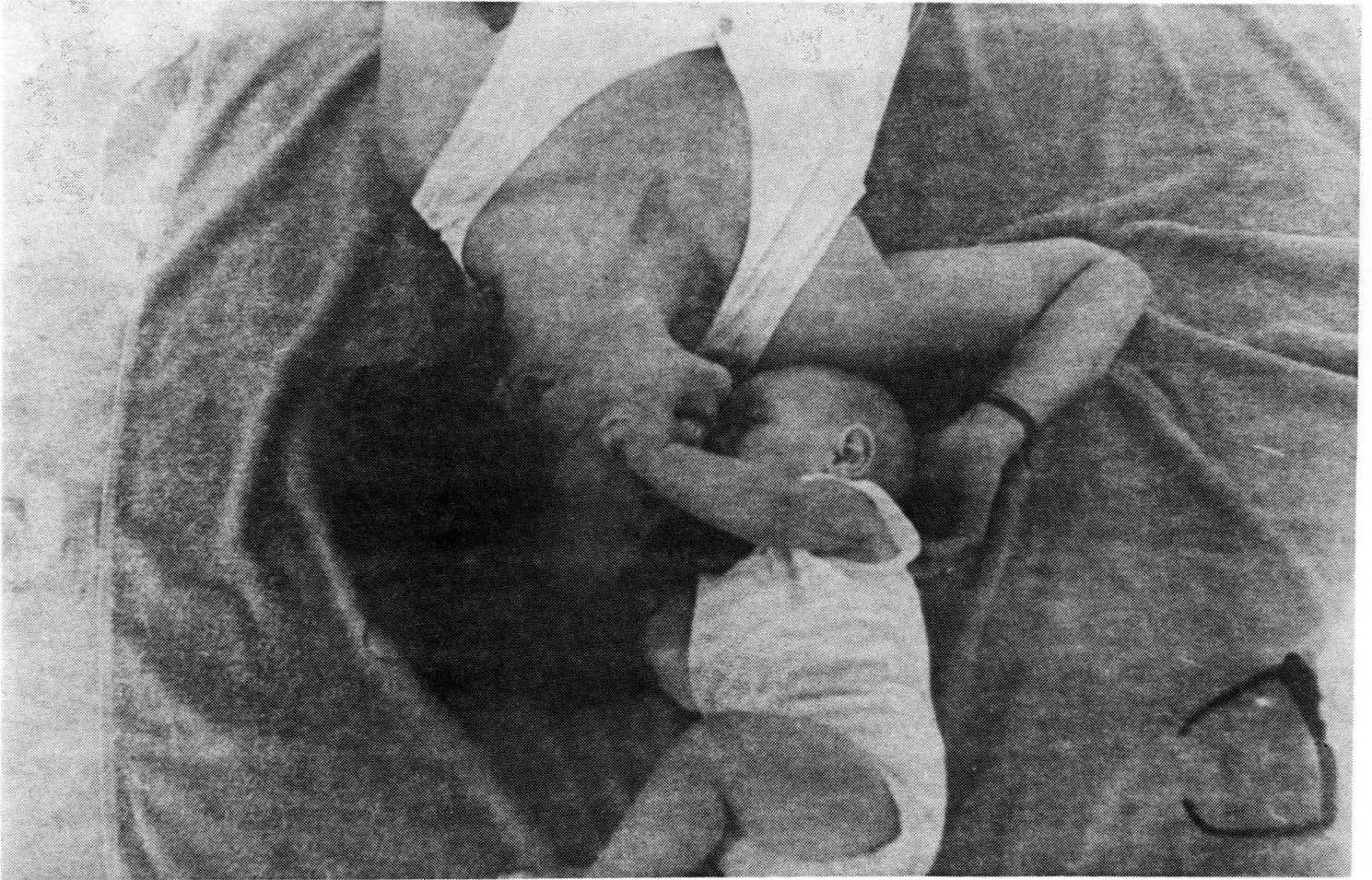
A special seed planted  
planted out of season.  
Finally it sprouted  
sprouted from the soil.  
Time passed as it grew  
it grew slowly at first.  
Seasons passed as it was  
growing  
growing taller and greener.  
The seed became a flower  
a flower so beautiful.  
Growing towards the sun  
the sun giving it strength.  
What a sight to behold  
Behold, it is still growing.

--Dawn Turton



## Missing You

That's the way it is  
I can't seem to find  
A way to get you back  
A better goodbye  
As we learned first



Something that can

Not be explained, this thing

That some people choose and some lose

Oh love



## *Missing You*

What good does it do  
To hold a pen to paper  
When the words won't flow?  
When all that's flowing  
Are my tears.  
A betrayed confidence  
An undermined trust  
A shattered dream  
A broken heart.  
And you're gone.  
You can't be here  
To see my hurt,  
To soothe my pain.  
Life is only worth living  
For the thought  
Of seeing you again.  
Only then  
Can the sunshine  
Once more fall  
On my heavy heart.

--S. Arrow

It is

Something that can

Not be explained, this thing

That some people choose and some lose;

Oh love.

--sdk



## *January*

Sifting through memories  
Digging up lost hours  
Reaching for all that's missing  
Wading in the confusion  
Looking for a reason  
    an answer  
Trying to end the anger  
Closing the lengthy chapter  
    yet still  
    those dreams  
    persistant  
wandering through my mind  
    blue

-- K. Hubbard

Electric shocks have dissipated  
No longer am I slave  
to an incessantly pounding heart  
I tremble no more as you pass  
and I'm free  
Your iron grip has loosened its hold  
Now I walk away quietly  
completely blind to you  
You tremble, you call out  
but I'm free

--Angie Hickman

Milligan students have always been concerned with the society in which they live; thus, social comment is a common topic in the *Helicon*. The *Helicon* staff has selected a few of the best pieces from past issues of the *Helicon* to reprint. We hope you appreciate them as much as we do.



You torment me night and day,  
Will the memories never go away?  
I try to understand  
Why you hurt me with your hand,  
But my mind cannot explain  
Why you caused such mental pain.  
I try to accept that the same God who  
Made me made you.  
I struggle and struggle I really try,  
But if He did I can't understand why.  
I try to forgive you but I can't!

You took something I didn't want to give,  
And you crushed my desire to live.  
You could have killed me  
And a part of me you did--can't you see?  
How can you be so ruthless and be human?  
In my eyes you'll never be a man--  
Just a slimy, slithering snake--  
A heart with a stake!  
Your time for punishment will come  
When this world is done.  
Though I try to forgive you I can't.

My little girl was crying  
as if her heart would break  
between her tears  
the words she spoke  
were more than I could take.

“Why don't the kids at school like me?  
what have I done wrong?”

They stare and laugh and point at me--  
why I cannot see.

Oh won't you please tell me  
why are children cruel?

I used to laugh and play and sing  
and I liked my other school.

But ever since they bussed me here  
I don't like school any more.

I try so hard to make some friends  
but no one wants me here.

I wish my school would take me back  
I can't help it if I'm black.”

Now I'm a teacher at our school  
and today when I walked in  
I saw another side of it  
here is what happened then.

A little girl was crying  
as she climbed upon my knee  
I held her close and cuddled her  
here's what she said to me,

“Why don't the kids at school like me?  
what have I done wrong?”

They stare and laugh and point at me--  
why I cannot see.

Oh won't you please tell me  
why are children cruel?

I used to laugh and play and sing  
and I liked my other school.

But ever since they bussed me here  
I don't like school any more.

I try so hard to make some friends  
but no one wants me here.

All we do is fuss and fight  
I can't help it if I'm white.”

--Lexie Dillon



*Children Learn What They  
Live*

"The tattered child in the corner--  
The one with the matted brown hair  
And lifeless eyes  
With black and blue rings,  
Has she been here long?"

"We found her downtown.  
In an alley she sat.  
She was holding a kitten--  
Afraid to let go, she was.  
And singing 'Rock-a-Bye-Baby.'  
You know that song.

When we started toward her,  
She did a most peculiar thing.  
Though the kitten scratched and clawed her,  
She hit it, and cut it and killed it  
With an old can lid she'd found.  
When the kitten lay motionless,  
She lay down next to it,  
And she hasn't spoken a word since."

--Sharon Lequieu  
*Helicon '81*

The music stopped  
Laughter diminished  
The silence occurred too quickly  
Someone entered the room--I could feel their  
    presence  
"Who was it" I asked  
No one answered  
Again I called, "Who was there?"  
It was as if no one heard me -- or could  
    they speak?  
The being was evil, I knew  
Where did he come from?  
What did he want?  
I could feel his power as I sensed his  
    movement throughout the room  
The scent of metal filled the air  
What did he have?  
The scent was familiar . . .  
Wood -- when Father used to chop wood, I  
    smelled this  
But the scent then was of an axe!  
It couldn't be the same  
Oh God . . .  
He was drawing nearer and . . . Unhh . . .  
Something hard and cold slapped against my  
    cheek  
Oh no . . . it was the same scent  
His arm grew tight around my neck  
I could hardly breathe  
For once I was thankful that I was blind  
To see that much evil in a man's eyes  
    would cause a more painful death than  
    the one I faced  
It would bring back too many memories  
    of my father.

--Joanie Morford



## *Faith Without Doubt*

Quickly  
The innocence is falling  
Down-  
Experience, the Law  
Is the only Rule around

Upward  
Along the rising rocky  
Path-  
Slowly, and with pain  
Now we have to start again

A simple child out on emotion  
Becoming day by day more potent  
His stumbling footsteps lead him on  
His eyes can read the Sacred Song  
When he was young, he knew the Way  
It's getting dimmer every day

Faith without doubt  
Cannot be  
The only way Out

Strongly  
He questions his Amazement-  
Why?  
His genius stops his feet  
But there's Someone he must meet

Slowly  
The power turns him inside  
Out  
He realizes truth  
But there's something left to do

His knowledge leads him just so far  
His logic makes belief so hard  
He knows the choice he has to make  
He knows the chance he has to take  
Before he gets the chance to leave  
He has to let himself believe

Faith without doubt  
cannot be  
The only way out

Surely  
He still accepts his senses'  
Worth  
Although he still can see,  
He's not where he wants to be

Truly  
He must suspend his doubting  
Thoughts  
Now he knows what he must do  
He'll believe without a clue

He knows his muted destiny  
He'll close his eyes so he can see  
He'll use his mind to help accept  
The faith he'd easily reject  
He joins his mind and soul to go  
The Holy way he has been shown

Faith without doubt  
Cannot be  
The only way out

--Brian West

## *The Mirage*

I saw an oasis in the midst of the sand,  
a vision of beauty in this barren land.  
So cool was the water, so fresh were the trees;  
I opened my eyes and got off of my knees.  
I stumbled onward for hours and hours,  
following the scent of the beautiful flowers,  
mesmerized by what was to come,  
Ignoring the path I'd been traveling on.  
My insides were baking in the heat of the day,  
but I followed the mirage all of the way.  
The sun finally set, the oasis was gone.  
So I sat in the darkness, and waited for dawn.

--Alli Glore

The colors of life are seldom RED.  
The hungry children are seldom FED.  
The poems that are often writ,  
The readers hearts' seldom hit.  
The colors splattered on the page,  
Can hardly explain the confusion and RAGE.

--sdk

### *Came Upon . . . And Went Away*

I came upon a blind man and he asked me what I saw.  
I told him nothing much and then went on my way.

I came upon a deaf man and he asked me what I heard.  
I told him very little and then went on my way.

I came upon a simple man and he asked me what I thought.  
I told him hardly anything and then went on my way.

I came upon a cripple man and he asked me where I went.  
I told him no where in particular and then went on my way.

And then I came upon a dead man and his eyes seemed to say,  
    Son what do you live for?  
And I had no answer for that man and then went on my way.

--Pete Purvis  
Helicon '76



## *Do You Race By?*

Can't they hear me  
Silently screaming?  
Can't they hear me  
Softly cry?

Can't they see my  
Sore soul heaving?  
Can't they see me  
Slowly die?

People rushing past me  
Something shiny's caught their eye.  
Each and every person  
Racing carelessly by.

No time to stop and listen,  
Nor reason enough to try.  
No one seems to notice  
My pensive joyless sign.

Can't you hear me  
Silently screaming?  
Can't you hear me  
Softly cry?

Can't you see me  
Slowly dying?  
Or do you, as they,  
Race by?

--Helicon '89

## *Pouring Fears*

It's raining in the darkness and there's no one  
around to warn us of the night.  
The loneliness surrounds us as we lie here with  
no one who even cares.  
No one really cares.  
The cries fill the night  
The pounding of our hearts drowns the pouring  
rain  
Tell me why am I alone?  
See the sorrow, feel the pain  
Do you hear the calling rain?  
My words are muffled, as in disguise.  
No one can be seen in this pouring rain of  
dreams  
Are they dreams, are they real feelings, or are  
they lies?  
The pain is too great to bare alone -- too confus-  
ing to explain, if anyone would even listen  
Do they listen, can't they hear?  
Can't they hear the pouring rain?  
It's calling your name.

--Joanie Morford

The sun rises over the city again  
The immortal orb framed in its accent  
By the steel and concrete masses  
Erected to protect man from the elements.  
The light brings warmth to the cold edges  
Of metal and stone that were designed  
To make him more comfortable and safe,  
Providing him with artificial illumination  
And electric heat to improve his life.  
The day begins with artificial sweetner, decaf,  
And eggs from frozen cartons placed in  
The microwave to speed the consumption  
Process while sound-bites form the opinions  
Of a nation and we try to boldly  
Go where no man has gone before.  
The orb follows the course of the ages  
As man scurries to make the most  
Of the time he has before the day ends  
And he must sleep, waiting for the  
Glowing orb to rise again in the sky  
Like the Phoenix to bring another  
Chance to cram as much of life  
As possible into the daylight hours.  
For man knows that one day he  
Won't see that orb rise in the sky  
Sleep won't be interrupted, the light will never  
Reach his eyes again while the sun continues  
Its process but man becomes the dust  
That the solar winds push around the planet  
And blow into oblivion.

--FEO2Y



## *Someone Died Tonight*

"Someone died tonight,"  
A faceless voice cut thru the misty air,  
"Yes, someone died tonight,"  
Laughed the youth without a thought or care.  
It must have improved his day, I thought  
As I passed through the wet evening.  
His laughing joy seemed to cloy  
My senses with its ringing.  
Someone died tonight,  
And yet this voice was singing,  
A party to go to in evening  
Of some light entertainment, no worry,  
But somewhere in the moist darkness  
Sorrow and Death lurk in the quiet  
Wringing human hearts and building human coffins.

A life challenged the awful odds  
Raging against an overwhelming force,  
Suffering bolder the sea of fiery pain  
And knowing of its malicious scorch,  
Silently, slowly altering the inward forms  
To malignant evil shadows  
That spread their sinister favor,  
And a darkened veil is drawn.  
The candle goes dim . . . then out.  
And the smoke rises curling.  
Shades are drawn over the empty hollows.  
Hands relax and fold as in reverent awe.  
A silent cry, a prayer ascend  
With the soundless whisper of a soul.

Someone died tonight.  
The empty rage is gone and quiet enters.  
A void of calm dispels the heavy gray mists  
And silently opens up to a single ray  
Of golden light that shines from the heavens  
And grows into the musical strains  
Of joy and life returning.

--Jim Potter  
*Helicon '86*







We the empty  
sit and fill  
our shallow appetites  
with some new pill  
the trends we follow  
the masses so blind  
the media has us in a terrible bind.  
The intelligence they insult  
the mind they twist  
How we could feel if everything we missed.  
To conform we must  
or so we feel.  
Thought for ourselves, what an appeal  
Yet with subconscious actions  
we go and do

Can It Be That You Aren't Truly You

--Jack Harris



Dripping, slipping, occasionally stripping growth from rocks  
Your young waters spawned tadpoles, trout, turtles.  
Many were the horses and holsteins that quenched itchy throats  
with your special ade.  
The city was a good ten-mile off.

A subdivision rolled in on Jack Durrett's Cats.  
A now bankrupt discount store and a six-lane rechristened  
your tailwaters "Southern Ditch after slight modifications."  
Fish in the headwaters couldn't compete with the septic tanks.  
Like Ol' Lady Robb you'll soon be dead.

--John Ray  
*Helicon '75*

### *God Bless America?*

It means nothing  
this much praised thing.  
We put it on altars,  
treat it as King.  
In shallow quests  
we go forward  
Only to find  
with much surprise  
we go with blinded eyes.

--Jack Harris

## *Already Understood*

The Wordiness of nations  
Leaves much to be desired.  
The talk of Negotiation,  
    Compromise,  
    Peace  
At any cost, the phrases, so  
Empty and Meaningless need  
Not be stated, for the Meaninglessness  
Is already  
Understood.

--john hall  
*Helicon '84*

## *PTSD*

Guns rattle,  
    He wakes--covered in sweat.  
The nightmare continues--  
    The few, the proud,  
    The unemployed.  
The pain, the denials, Dow Chemical.

Stolen youth,  
    Defiled innocence.

Always '69,  
    Unending,  
    Meaningless,  
    Empty.

--CM Brown  
(Revision of *The Vet: Helicon '87*)

No, I never knew you, men  
But you could have been my father,  
my teachers,  
my friends.

Thinking of you brings tears  
You fought, you wept, you died.

And I don't understand.

You didn't understand.

Taken from your families, friends  
While you were told, "Containment"  
"Win the War"  
"Kill the Gooks!"

Thinking of you brings tears  
You fought, you wept, you died.

And I don't understand.

You didn't understand.

I never knew you, men  
I did not know your fear,  
your hate,  
your loss.

Thinking of you brings tears  
You fought, you wept, you died.

And I don't understand.

You didn't understand.

I never knew you you, men,  
You should have been my father,  
my teachers,  
my friends.

--Anita Shumway  
*Helicon '89*



## Thought One

The man on the radio today said that bombs were exploded in Ethiopia and Ireland. I don't know how many people were killed or injured. But I realized something.

I don't care.

Because I don't understand.

Think about it. I did all of a sudden. I thought about the horror of knowing, for God's sake, that the air has turned to fire and the floor and walls and ceiling around you, once so solid and reassuring, have in an instant become fragmented, airborne and lethal and that there is nothing--absolutely nothing--that you can do to get out of the way.

Sixteen-year-old Dejean Replogle of Jacksonville, Florida, on a Christmas pilgrimage to Bethlehem, got her leg blown off in a bus bombed by Palestinian guerrillas. She is reported in good spirits and doing as well as can be expected of a 16-year-old girl lying helpless in a foreign hospital.

It could happen. Anytime, anywhere, to anybody.

Even me.

I suppose I am just like most people. There are those who, in their smug way, would label me "aware" and "concerned", just because I know the right cliches.

When I was in high school we had endless bomb scares, where everybody was trooped outside to stand at an unconcerned distance while police searched the buildings. As far as I know, none of us thought for a moment that we might hear a sudden roar and see brick, stone, masonry, and perhaps even people crumble, sear and disintegrate before our eyes. And yet to some, this is an everyday occurrence.

I am very small, foolish, and ignorant.

I won't change because of this. But maybe from now on I will feel a bit of pain when I hear that somebody has been bombed out of existence. Why? Because maybe I won't always be spared.

It could happen.

--Chris Russell  
Helicon '75

## *Little Girls-Big Girls*

Yeah, we were real cool--bell bottomed jeans that barely escaped being trampled by our worn-out blue suede clogs. Our wide collared shirts were spotted with roller skate appliques with real laces. We went to Galaxy Skate Inn on Saturday afternoons sitting along the edge of the rink hoping in our young hearts that some scraggly-headed prepubescent would humbly ask us to couple skate. Eventually one would approach our giggling cluster of blushing faces and eager bodies. By five o'clock we'd be huddled in some dark corner with our prospective young suitors exploring each other's bodies like unskated territory. Six o'clock--our mothers pick us up in the family trucksters and we trudge out the doors tired and disheveled. They would probingly ask us what we did. "Did we have fun?" "Yes," we'd mumble, keeping our secrets, feeling devious, anticipating the meat market at the mall later. The night would end in similar fashion. We crawled into our comfortable beds--crisp sheets--tucked in by Dad--Mom read a story. In the morning we would eat Captain Crunch and watch cartoons. Nothing happened. Nothing mattered.

Yeah, we're still cool. Our tight black dresses, slinky black hose, and high heeled pumps array us--making us feel somewhat older and less frightened of the cold bitter world we've come to accept. Saturday afternoons we linger over long lunches and croissant sandwiches and wine a bit too expensive for our incomes. We saunter to the restrooms after lunch, primping, discussing office politics and sex (lately, the two seem to go hand in hand). Several long hours later we hit the clubs--sweat beads up on our chests as we gyrate seductively to some imbecillic dance tunes. Then men are eagerly staking out their prey from among us--taking in our legs, our breasts, our hips--least of all our faces. We flip our hair, our drunken states increasing our laughter--our stupidity. No one knows we're scared. No one knows the evening ends too quickly for us. We select our young, glistening, dark-hearted men and carry them home in our gleaming automobiles, bought by Daddy, who still tucks us in--if only in our childhood reveries. We spend ourselves on a night of cheap passion--too brave of our destinies--too drunk to care. In the morning they crawl from our beds, leaving us with our grape-nuts--less fattening than Captain Crunch. We throw up during the cartoons. Too much happened. Everything counts.

Yeah, we're real cool.

--Angie Hickman

*\*The above story does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the author.*

## *Friends*

Its my birthday today. Mommas friends came over. They ate and laughed but I dont think their jokes are funny. Momma bought me a doll again. I wanted a new bike. Maybe for Christmas. I did have a nice cake. Mommas friend Josh brought it. I blew out all seven candles at once but nobody noticed.

The big people are no fun so I went to my room to visit my secret friends. Tonight my friends gave me a party. I didnt even know they were gong to. We had cake--even bigger than Uncle Joshes--and ice cream and lots of presents. Susie even got me a bear. Momma told me to be quiet once. She never talks to my friends, I guess she doesnt notice them either. She told me to be quiet because everyone clapped a lot when I blew out my candles. We talked and laughed but our jokes are funnier than old peoples.

My friends went home a little bit ago. Its time for bed even though the grown-ups are loud. Me and my friends are going to the zoo tomorrow.

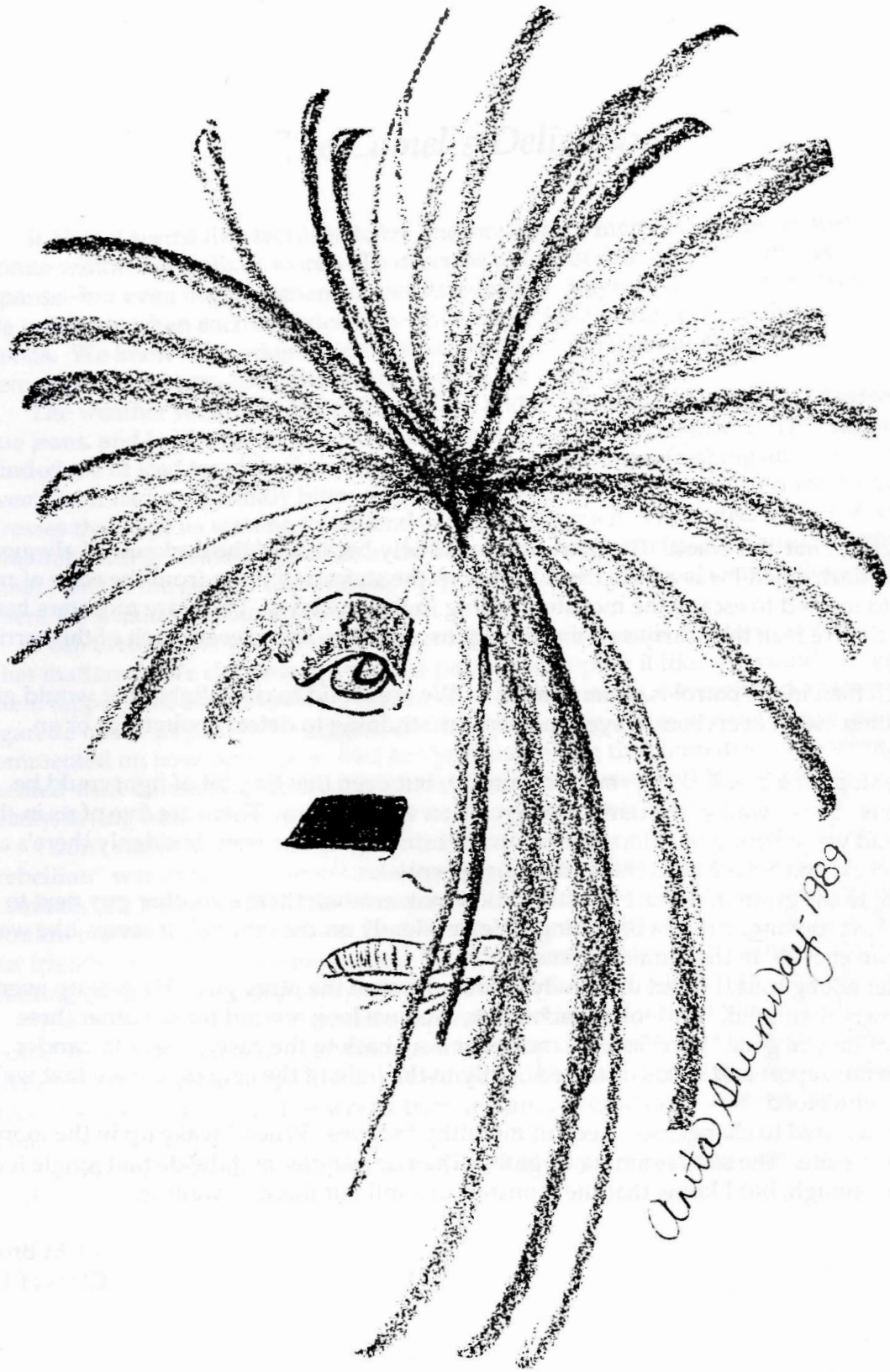
--Anita Shumway



## *Black*

The music was loud as usual and it seemed to pass through her as if she were not there. It was Friday night and responsibility was far away. At least it seemed to be with each beer she consumed. All the regulars were scattered around the room talking and laughing and drinking and drinking and drinking. What a wonderful place this used to be, she thought as she finished the warm remains of her cup. The band began to play and everyone was happy. Music for this crowd was medicine for lonely heart. Of course the beer did its part. People were getting wrapped up in the sound of the chords and soon the dance floor was decorated with dancing bodies in black. Black hair, black clothes, black hearts, black. She did not want to analyze these people and what brought them here night after night. Their faces were painted happy but their eyes were empty and searching. There was a time when she herself was dancing and painted and black; a time not long ago when she was a regular and lost herself in drunken conversations. She watched the crowd and realized how detached she had become. She was relieved. Her thoughts were wild and colorful. She turned around to check the time. It seemed like forever since she last saw him. He, who wore stone washed jeans, listened to heavy metal, and dipped skoal; things she hated in men, but not him. She loved him like no other and gave to him what she gave to no other. He was beautiful. The darkness in the room haunted her and was only relieved by her two constant companions. It was so odd how they, the three of them, grew together in the blackness. For the three of them that time was gone and they mourned for the others who could not escape its evil clutch. She loved them because they made it and she was not alone. Again, her thoughts returned to him; he would be here soon. The band was tired, the bodies were tired, but the tap, the tap was awake and flowing and flowing. A sudden breeze from the door blew through her hair and turning to the cold she saw him. She smiled and waited for him to buy a beer and return to her with a kiss. He could never understand how much she loved him so she sat blissful and silent. Her words could never describe her feelings for him and she herself could not understand why she loved him or why she needed him. All she knew was that she did. He returned to her with the long awaited kiss and the two began to play with each other's bodies under the table like children discovering the difference between "boys" and "girls." The two laughed and drank and kissed and soon it was time to leave. Into the night the two left always together until the break of day. She loved him and he loved her and the darkness was gone.

—Tracy Cosgrove



*Arta Shumway - 1989*



## *Night Patrol*

Night. . . hot and black. The patrol moves slowly because of the darkness. I always hated the dark when I was a kid. I would run up the stairs and jump from the edge of my room into my bed to escape the monsters hiding in the shadows. There are monsters here too, but they're real; they carry sub-machine guns, and they know every inch of this territory.

Each man in the patrol is super-sensitive. We are afraid to use a light; that would give our position away; everybody's eyes and ears are straining to detect boobytraps or an ambush.

We stop for a break. I'm dying for a smoke, but even that tiny bit of light could be dangerous. So we wait in the dark, silently. Then we move on. There are five of us in the patrol, and we're strung out along the trail. I'm bringing up the rear. Suddenly there's a distinct click, and before I can think, the jungle explodes.

I fall to the ground, unhurt but stunned. I look around; there's another guy next to me. He isn't moving, but he's breathing. We lie silently on the ground. It seems like we wait for an eternity in the humid darkness.

After a long time, I stand up slowly. I look down at the other guy. He gets up even more slowly than I did. We look at each other, then we look around for the other three guys, but they're gone. Terrified, we make our way back to the base. The commander listens to our report and sends us to bed. Only in the light of the camp do we see that we're covered with blood.

I'm too tired to change, so I sleep in my filthy fatigues. When I wake up in the morning, I go outside. The sun is shining brightly. The rice paddies and the distant jungle look harmless enough, but I know that the monsters are still out there. . . waiting.

--CM Brown  
Class of 1988



## *The Camel's Deliverance*

It almost seems like sacrilege to try and imprison a moment so free, so real, and so infinite within the walls of words. To describe it, I must diminish its reality and limit its expanse--but even imprisonment serves its purpose. Anyway, it was one of those incredible moments when each experiences within himself but shares intimately with his best friends. We knew each other inside and out and still cared about each other. I guess we were more like sisters--love, that's what bound us.

The weather was right, the place perfect, and even the attire of black turtlenecks, worn blue jeans, and bobby socks seemed to be in agreement with the mood. That night reminded me of iced tea--less than cold, more than warm, but refreshing and clear. It was not sweet but it had a pleasantly bitter aftertaste. The slight breeze came and went with teasing caresses that kept us waiting impatiently for its next touch. We ended up in a strangely romantic setting--romantic, that is, in the sense that we were close to nature, slightly emotional. Under the gazebo roof with its open breezy walls and cool cement floor--this is where we would vent our secret rebellion.

I can't remember who lit up first, but I don't think it really matters. We all did; that's what mattered. We clumsily opened the pack unwrapping it like we would a pack of gum. Then, tapping the bottom as we'd seen it done in the movies, we each slid a clean white cigarette out of its place. We giggled childishly enjoying our new level of maturity. We commented on how right we looked holding and toking the cigarettes. As we experimented with different postures, we became more comfortable with the new props. And finally, laying back on the cool cement, we enjoyed the peace we felt.

I don't really think it was the rebellion that made our moment so special, in fact the "rebellion" was only a matter of cultural expectations. The moment was almost spiritual. It sounds like a justification, but I really believe God was with us under that gazebo. It wouldn't have surprised us to see God laying back with His own camel in hand enjoying our friendships' special moment under the stars. Embracing our contentment and not wanting the moment to slip away, we smoked another and relished the feeling.

It seemed like we alone existed suspended in time. If it hadn't have had to end it would've been perfect, but everything is limited by time--even our moment. The cool breeze would stop blowing. The night would fade to day. Showers would wash away the trace of smoke. The cigarettes would burn out and, eventually, the memories of our moment would fade.

As we stubbed out our cigarettes and walked away, we left our special moment behind.

--Andria Smith

