



Mangers and heavenly hosts,  
 Shepherd and sage,  
 God and a virgin birth,  
 Worship and rage.

Heaven and Nazareth,  
 Meekness and might,  
 Hatred and love sublime,  
 Darkness and light.

Deserts and multitudes,  
 Doctors and fishermen,

*When muses nightly sport with maids and men.*

*Enlighten dreams, sing songs, inspire the pen.*

*They steal away at the first hint of dawn*

*To their own homes upon Mount Helicon.*

*Oh muse, we your disciples hear your cry:*

*Truth shall not end, God's Beauty cannot die.*

Profit and loss.

Satan and Jesus Christ,  
 Restoration and fall,  
 Time and eternity,  
 God and man's hour.

Twelve and a waiting world,  
 Fire and tears,  
 Closed doors and rushing wind,  
 Gladness and tears.

## GOD'S ENIGMAS

Mangers and heavenly hosts,  
Shepherd and sage,  
God and a virgin birth,  
Worship and rage.

Heaven and Nazareth,  
Meekness and might,  
Hatred and love sublime,  
Darkness and light.

Deserts and multitudes,  
Fasting and feasts,  
Doctors and fishermen,  
Angels and beasts.

Jesus and cursing thieves,  
Fury and fame,  
Thrones and Gethsemane,  
Glory and shame.

Hell and a Father's love,  
Crowns and a cross,  
Heaven and Calvary,  
Profit and loss.

Spears and the rending veil,  
Weakness and power,  
Death and eternal life,  
God and man's hour.

Twelve and a waiting world,  
Fire and fears  
Closed doors and rushing wind  
Gladness and tears.

Heathen and synagogue,  
Desert and town,  
Worship and stoning mobs,  
Praising and frown.

Shipwreck and miracles  
Scholar and slave,  
Palace and dungeon cell,  
Heaven and grave.

Martyr and honored saint,  
Cathedral and moor,  
Gibbet and epitaphs,  
The rich and the poor.

Faith and apostasy,  
Many and few,  
Saints and the antichrist,  
The false and the true.

Silence and trumpet sound,  
The Bride and the Beast.  
Hell and a glad "Well done,"  
Torture and feast,

Satan and Jesus Christ,  
Restoration and fall,  
Time and eternity,  
God—all in all.

—Trudy Tait  
Poetry Winner



Brenda Troyer  
Art Winner

## THE GIFT

I hated Jefferson Memorial Hospital with a passion--for all of its cheerful colors, it was a place where people came to die. I made a trip there every day, coming straight from school to see my mom in the cancer patients' wing. She'd been sick for three years, in and out of this hospital most of that time. I missed the vibrant, energetic person I had known. She'd always been so alive, so beautiful to my nine-year-old's eyes. Now, each visit was a big strain for both of us. She weighed a skeletal 90 lbs. for her 5'9" frame, and her elvish green eyes had lost their glow.

As my shoes squeaked down the quiet hall, the nurses looked up and smiled in recognition. I didn't have to think about where I went; my feet followed that same path every day. I stopped outside the door, but on that day I couldn't paste on another smile and walk in. I knew that inside was a mother that hated being sick, who hadn't lived with her own children for three years while she lay chained to a hospital bed, who had lost her health and seemed to be losing her spirit. I almost turned away that day--I wondered, how can I handle this again--seeing her red hair turned greyish-brown, her laugh lines dissolved into lines of pain? For an aching moment, I saw the woman I had known, and compared it to all that cancer had made her. Before her illness, Mom was the image of what I wanted to be. Everyone she met saw her incredible love of life, her vibrant personality, and her curiosity. Three years ago, Mom was the most beautiful, laughter-filled person in my world. Since then, she had lost the laughter. The light in her eyes seemed blurred, and

her movements took on a slow, painful cast. Every day was a battle that she fought only for our sakes. Standing in that hall, I wanted to scream, to cry out for my mommy... but a pale, thin stranger would have answered my tears. She needed me, though, needed my strength where she had none, so I opened the door.

Instead of the drugged, lethargic creature that had met me each day, I saw Mom--the real Ann, the one I had known and loved all my life. She was curled up on the bed, her hair neatly combed and wearing her favorite red robe over her hospital gown. I loved that robe--it reminded me of evenings spent curled up in front of the fire, talking and reading. The warm velvet added color to her face, and her eyes sparkled in a way I hadn't seen for months. She looked a thousand times stronger! She greeted me with her old, merry grin, but I stumbled over my dazed reply. I knew then, with a rush of hope, that my prayers had been answered. Mommy was getting better! Dropping my books, I sat on the end of her bed, and we *talked*. We chatted about everything that we hadn't spoken of for weeks--my schoolwork, my friends. Neither of us mentioned her illness. Why should we? I reasoned. Mommy was getting better!

Soon, Mom pushed some coins across to me from her bedside table. "Would you do me a favor?" she asked. "It's been so long since I've felt up to reading a paper, and I really want to catch up on the news. There's a newspaper stand downstairs..." See! I knew it! Mommy *was* getting better, or else she wouldn't want to read the paper. I grabbed the money, but on impulse ran back to throw my arms around her neck. As I whispered that I loved her, her arms came up in a surprisingly strong hug. If her

arms were trembling, it must have been from emotion...right?

I danced down the hall as I planned the things Mommy and I would do when she got out of the hospital (surely it wouldn't be long now!) --picnics we would go on, bicycle rides we would again share. Mommy had missed Parent's Day last month at my school, but now she would make it up to me. Her hair would grow back, red as it used to be. She would gain some weight, and go to parties, and dance, and laugh, and sing the way she used to. We'd be a family again.

The nurses glanced up as I passed, and a few smiled at my change in mood. Others, though, looked at me with a touch of... pity? No, it couldn't have been that. Maybe nobody had told them yet--Mommy was getting better! Downstairs, I picked up her favorite newspaper; then, something caught my eye. In the window of the hospital gift shop I saw a little certificate made up for Mother's day next week. It was multi-colored and decorated with swirls and flourishes. It called the recipient the "Best Mommy in the World," and went on to sing her praises. Everything it said reminded me of Mom-- of her loving nature, her intelligence, and her beauty. On impulse, I dug into my pocket for money, bought that gaudy thing and wrote "Ann Webb" on the little blank line.

Armed with the newspaper and certificate, I skipped upstairs again. Mom still looked as vibrant and cheerful as she had a second ago. I gave her the certificate, and she read it with tears in her eyes. Looking up, she laid a hand on my cheek, and told me that she loved me. If her skin seemed dry and papery, her hair only partially grown back from repeated radia-

tion treatments, then I ignored it. I saw only my own hopes and dreams reflected in her eyes. As she opened the paper, I settled into the window seat with my own book. For several minutes, the only sound was the rustling of pages and the soft beeping of her I.V. I was truly happy for the first time in months. Sunlight poured in the window over me and the hospital bed. It was an omen, I felt--summer was here, and Mommy was getting better! A movement caught my eye. I glanced up, not really turning --then froze. Mom's hand was gripping the siderail on the hospital bed, as if she was in a lot of pain. She lay in bed, humming some little tune, and she turned the pages... *of a newspaper that was upside down*. The only signs that everything wasn't all right were that desperate hand and the newspaper, but it was enough to show me the truth. Something, some force, sucked the sunlight out of the room and out of my heart. I knew what she was doing. Mommy wanted to remind me, at least for a little while, of what life had been like before the pain, the radiation treatments, the hospitals. She was trying to make it like it used to be, make me think that she was all right. This act, if it had worked, would have given me good memories-- given us one last happy day together before she inevitably lost this battle.

I stared unseeing at my book for an agonizing half hour more. Then, I gathered my courage and stood up. My performance now had to be better than hers. "Well, I've got to go home now, Mom. Lise will get worried if I walk home alone in the dark! You look so much better today-- I'm glad. I... I love you!" I walked out, trying to remain calm, trying to swallow the lump in my throat. I felt exhausted with my

but then, I realized what *her* effort had cost her. Leaving the hospital at a dead run, I broke into tears. I cried for me, because I'd lost all hope. Mom didn't have a chance. But more than that, I cried for her, because she had stayed so strong for me. I wondered how often she'd played a part to make me feel better, or have hope.

She died less than a week after that fateful day, but she died with dignity. In that time, I had already done a lot of my crying. With the tears, though, came flashes of remarkable insight. I realized the true essence of what she had been. The things I had known before characterized my mother to a point, but her image would not be complete without a sense of her strength, dignity, and pride.

She died eleven years ago, but I still see her today. She is in my life, my spirit, my hopes and dreams. People say I have her smile, but I'd rather they tell me I have her strength.

I love you, Mommy.

--L. Caitlin Reeves  
Prose Winner

# MENTAL PILGRIMAGE

*Silently staring into the distance,  
She recalls those pleasant times:  
Days of running free and playing in the woods,  
Collecting tree frogs in a plastic wheelbarrow,  
Collecting grasshoppers in a glass jar.  
Deep in the woods lay her secret abode;  
Fashioned from the remains of*

*Mother Nature's angry arm.*

*And there she would sit to contemplate her life,  
Just like she is doing now.*

*There is a time when all must return  
To the place from whence it all began.*

--Kyrie L.

# MASK-BROTHER

He's the mask-maker  
Polishing his faces  
For the world to see  
He's the soul-deceiver  
Hiding from himself  
The unmasking draws near  
He's the all-knower  
Peering through the eyeholes  
Creating others' hearts  
He's the forever-liver  
Having, getting, needing  
There'll always be another mask  
He's the mask-wearer  
Covering the boy inside  
The unmasking draws near

--S. Arrow

# OH SUN, BE THOU MY ORBIT

Thou hast created me, a universe complete—  
So vast when viewed by me alone, so infinitesimal  
When seen amidst the galaxies of globes  
Revolving round their sun. And I, sometimes  
I have grown tired of my course  
Spinning just so year after year.  
I feel how more exciting  
It would be to choose an orbit of my own;  
Veer where I would in space, choose my own speed;  
Make my own journey.

Then, when tempted to rebel,  
I realize just how much I need my sun. Without Him  
Naught would grow; life would become extinct;  
All freeze; my glorious ball become a frozen mass.  
And yet how slow my course, how modified my pace  
Compared to shooting meteors who flash their way along.  
Indeed, I notice sometimes, when I faster go,  
I feel that this is life indeed!  
Then why this forced submission to the sun?  
Why need he rule like autocrat supreme?  
And so I spin away, try my own course, but no.  
I cannot do it, cannot move save in that orbit  
Round my sun for further from his pull, I slow;  
My speed declines; I see that energy is but from Him;  
If I must move, I must keep near the source.

O glorious Sun of righteousness,  
In orbit around Thee my world is safe—  
Fruit grows, plants flourish, life abounds.  
But if You turn Your face, withdraw Your heart,  
Your warmth, Your energy one moment, then I cease  
To be an entity at all. Spirit of life, of love,  
Of everything I need, Thank You  
For ruling me, rebellious earth. Now every blade that springs  
And every breath records Thy power.  
Were I the sun I'd scorch my earth, one moment  
Next, I'd freeze its surface or collide;  
Catastrophy not order would result if I would rule.  
But Thou, how wonderful Thy ways, how perfect  
Is Thy plan. How glad I am, dear Lord,  
Thou art the Sun and I, a little earth, Thy man.

--Trudy Tait

## PURPLE

Beyond the countless stars and whirling space,  
 Beyond the endless nights and endless days,  
 A Force runs through us all, through all our ways,  
 Beyond the cloak of disbelief: a Face.  
 Within us all, throughout this daily pace,  
 Within the land, the sea, the sun's fresh rays,  
 There lies a Name which calls us all to praise;  
 Within this world resides a spark of grace.

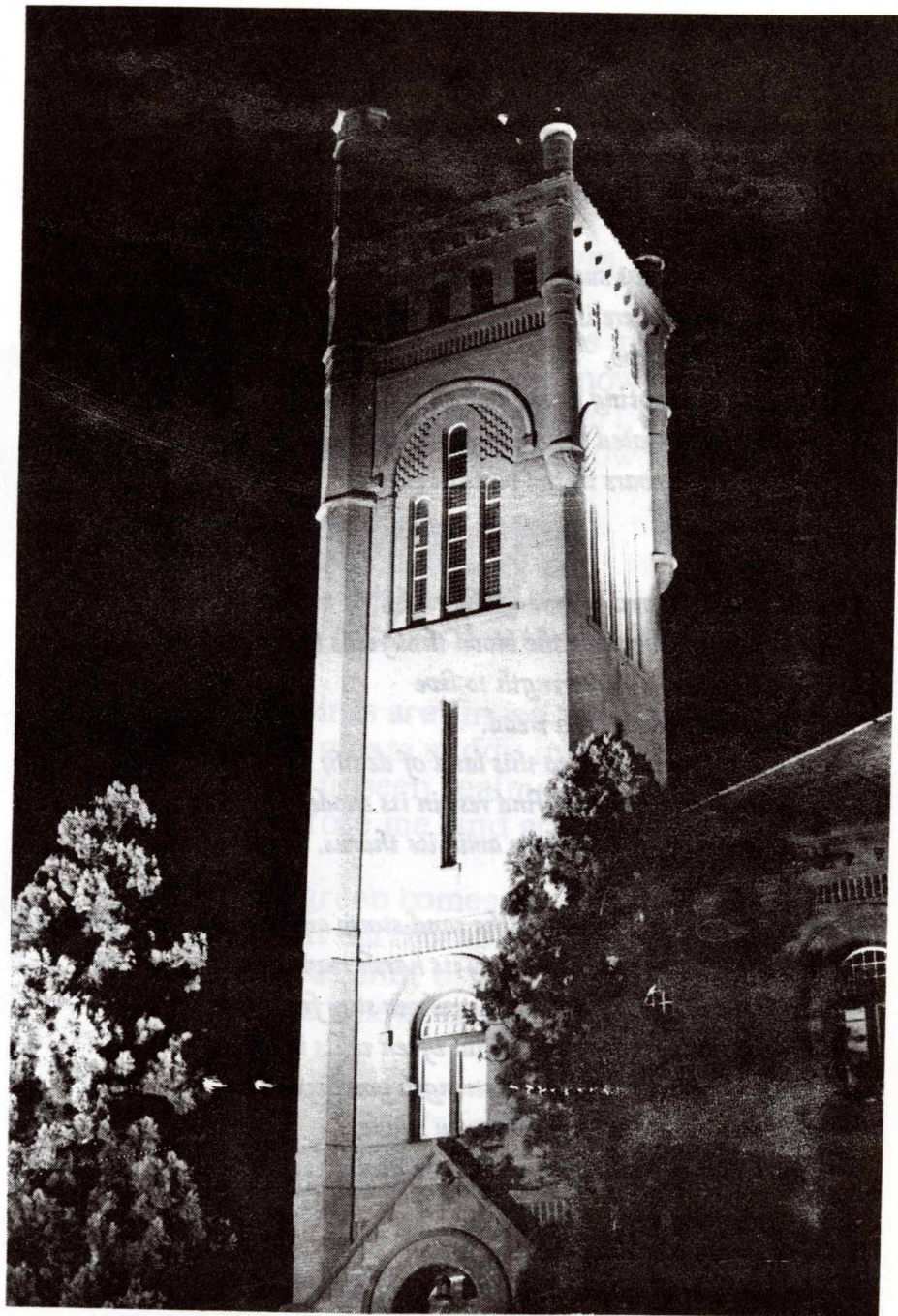
Toward His presence march we day by day—  
 Some crawl, some nearly fly, some try to stand.  
 Toward the One within, beyond us all,  
 Some scream, some cry, some laugh, some try to pray.  
 Toward the throne we lift an outstretched hand;  
 Some understand, some never hear Him call.

—Laura Brumley

## I CAN BE

It's fun to see,  
 What I can be.  
 To imagine a world,  
 That just Suits me.  
 I can be as quiet as a snowflake,  
 Falling to the ground.  
 Or I can be as loud as,  
 The sound balloons make,  
 When they break.  
 I can shout and laugh,  
 Or sit and brood.  
 And change the world,  
 To fit my mood.

--Joseph R. Suits



Kip Lines--Photography Winner

### Desert Rose

*A dawn breaks o'er the desert,  
the sun rises in splendor o'er a barren wasteland.*

*The fierce yet brilliant sun scorches the land;  
all that thrives here is death and famine.  
And yet life is here too,  
meagerly attempting to eke out an existence.  
A few cacti have rooted here; here is the trail of a snake,  
there an eagle soars in the parched sky;  
and a rose.*

*A desert rose is blooming among the rocks,  
with flowers as red as the blood that feeds the sands.  
A flower has found the strength to live  
where most men fear to tread.  
A flower has brought life to this land of death;  
a sparrow and a thrush find rest in its shade,  
a kangaroo rat finds refuge amid its thorns.*

*The rose survives the winds of the sand storm and the continual drought,  
its very existence seems to defy its harsh environment.  
Although the blooms of the rose somehow stay fresh,  
it is the spirit of the flower that often wilts in secret.  
Be strong, O desert rose, for the strength you depend on  
is greater than you and offers you shade;  
your source of nourishment must be divine.*

*A dawn breaks o'er the desert,  
the sun rises in splendor o'er a hopeful graceland.*

--José

### VIEW FROM AN AIRPLANE

*The sharp wings cut the clouds apart;  
The mists fly by like driven snow;  
The sky is pierced as with a dart;  
The world is a white waste below.*

*Around, on every side, extend  
Vast towers and citadels of air.  
White empires without bound or end,  
Unfathomable realms, are there.*

*The far-off spires are tinged with gold;  
White towers gleam ruddy in the sun;  
Each moment unseen realms unfold,  
Flash once before me, and are gone.*

*Beneath, the green comes glinting through,  
The world that earthbound mortals know.  
Then the clouds shut us in anew,  
And the white waste extends below.*

— Edwin Tait

The earth resounds the key of D  
 And dolphins comfort me  
 I cry my tears of salt  
     Contained in one small drop  
     The sea from whence I came  
 Amidst the million grains of salt  
 The orcas see my tears  
 They echo my cries  
     They feel my sorrow  
     They understand  
 Their cry rings out to all the whales  
 It travels through the sea  
 Even the lonely manatee hears  
     And understands  
 Their cry rings back, "What can we do?"  
 It is the manatee who brings hope  
 Upon his request, the orca's rostrum meets my feet  
 She dives--  
     We swim the deepest depths

There comes a point that is too deep  
     That breaks a human's soul  
 Only the spirit of the mermaid can survive  
     That spirit lives inside each whale  
     That spirit lives in me

As deep we went, the human in me did subside  
 Leaving only that which can survive great depths  
 As my spirit swam back up  
 The cry rang out again  
 This time a song of joy  
     Of unity and final peace  
 The mermaid has come home  
 The whales welcome their new sister  
 No longer sorrow in the salt  
 For I at last am home

--Kyrie L.

# A TRUTH-SEEKER'S DILEMMA

Digging, thought-deep in mud, for pearls this century hides! How many more mindfuls of rubbish must I unearth before I find my pearl and add it to my treasure-trove of truth?

"Dig on, Treasure Seeker!" cry the Voices.  
 "Disregard the dirt! Discover your pearl! It is sparkling somewhere down there—its beauty undiminished, its purity untarnished. Dig on!"

But how many tons of garbage must I uncover before I find my gem? Is there no easier way to discover truth? And is this reeking wretch, this stinking self, really me? Yet surely this pollution is only mind-deep and will soon wash off.

Meanwhile, let me find my treasure. Let me. . . Yes! I see it at last! Just as the Voices said it would be! See, how it catches the light? I suppose I must grapple with this refuse in order to make it mine. There, let me untangle it from this obscenity and shake off that perversity; let me apprehend it and make it mine. And it is mine! No one can take it from me. Let me store it safely in my treasure trove, where no thief can invade. Safe in the mind's archives, it will be there—forever!

Yes, I have my pearl, but at what cost! After all, how does one cleanse the mind? I never thought that mental pollution would be so all-pervasive. Will all this filth bleach out, fade out, wash out? I can even empathize with Lady Macbeth. Me? Identify with a murderer? And yet, wait a moment. She turned traitor and murdered a king. I have perjured my purity and murdered my innocence. And all in the search of one small gem of truth. Scrub! Scrub! Scrub! Will I never be clean again?

"Forget the pollution, Treasure-Seeker!" cry the Voices. "Acclimatize yourself to the filth! Ignore the guilt. Is not truth worth the seeking, at any price? And remember, there are more pearls out there, hidden beneath the rotten dung."

Digging, thought-deep in mud for pearls this century hides. How many mindfuls of rubbish must I unearth before I find my gem?

--Trudy Tait



Rachel Powell

## WEATHERED

Softer than a midnight sky  
 Are you to a beating heart  
 Afraid to leave the womb as  
 The wind blows hard  
 To smooth the rock  
 I've made my refuge  
 Only you, O Lord, can find  
 The soul buried miles under the sand  
 As it takes its last breath  
 A soul so tiny the body  
 Can't move save one hand  
 That reaches for your heart  
 To find the perfect rock  
 Whose wind in a midnight sky  
 Will gently weather this soul  
 To fit only inside its own.

—E. Rousse

Emotion -- like broken glass lies at my feet yet the broom  
 Remains. Motionless in the corner unused can you  
 See? how it remembers not its usefulness or  
 Maybe it does not forget. rather it is ignored as the brilliance of a  
 Precious jewel is shattered now destined forever as only a  
 Memory, made not meaningless but  
 Beautiful by time.

--Richard Harrison

## REFLECTIONS

After departing from the security of the old and loving people who raised and nurtured you for nearly two decades, you stepped into a new realm of learning, and growing, and maturing.

The moment you encountered the many anonymous faces on campus, you took a step.

The moment you greeted the intriguing individual with whom you would share half of your dorm room, most of your personal life, and all of your earthly possessions, you took a step.

The moment you awoke one morning and suspiciously wondered where you were and what you were doing here, you took a step.

And the moment you popped a button but couldn't thread the needle, or cut your finger but couldn't peel the Band-Aid with one hand, or sorted your laundry but couldn't operate the washing machine, you took a step.

For you, the steps may have been too rapid, or maybe they were too slow; but regardless of how scared, discouraged, or unprepared you were when you took them, you were miraculously successful in the end.

Your feelings of loneliness and awkwardness began to vanish. Each unknown person became known; each "hello" was returned, usually with a smile; and those "hello's" progressively became the introduction to conversation rather than a mere word of congeniality.

Your social life, which previously consisted of Wal-Mart, Papa John's, and the S.U.B., finally ignited, and your once freshman vocabulary assimilated collegiate words (in their abbreviated forms only) such as P.R.'s, Fe's, and State.

Your academic life may have begun as disastrously as your social life, but you survived.

You discovered that just because you were a human you did not automatically comprehend the concept of humanities.

For you, "matching" and "true and false" were highly acclaimed testing techniques.

For your professors, "matching" was apparel dilemma and "true and false" were longer synonyms for "yes and no."

But your courses revealed themselves to be considerably easier than the upperclassmen convinced you they were.

You learned the right way of studying, taking notes, and budgeting your time wisely.

Through all of the sometimes overwhelming stress, you managed to stay sane.

Probably the most valuable step that you took was when you established new friendships.

You found a certain friend with whom you discussed your dates (or lack of them), your ambitions, and your fears.

You and your friend played tennis together, and ate lunch together, and dreamed together.

You became inseparable.

Your reflections upon your freshman year stirred many thoughts and emotions within you.

Your mind replayed the memorable events, both good and bad, and you came to the conclusion that you learned, you grew, and you matured.

--Wendy Hooker

## FLEETING SPRING

Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky;  
Embrace these brief and passing days of spring,  
For soon in winter all must fade and die.

Rejoice, O trees, and lift your branches high,  
Where song sparrow and robin sweetly sing.  
Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky.

Although the shadows lengthen, do not sigh  
Or weep. Take courage; to the summer cling,  
For soon in winter all must fade and die.

The sun is here now; 'neath its watchful eye  
New life wells up in every living thing.  
Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky.

Ere long your raiment darkens, bids goodbye;  
At winter's bidding birds will all take wing,  
For soon in winter all must fade and die.

Think not upon the frost that's drawing nigh;  
Tomorrow's cares and worries windward fling.  
Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky,  
For soon in winter all must fade and die.

—Laura Brumley

"Love is like a spider web—  
the woman is the spider..."  
didst say one who is wiser than I.  
Whether this be truth,  
I know not;  
though I am disinclined to believe the former.  
Concerning the latter, however ...

I realize that what I say  
is politically incorrect,  
but I am not a politician (and wouldn't care if I were).  
I suppose the woman is not technically a spider,  
but, my good fellow, I can assure you of this:  
they do bite.  
While the web that they weave I do not deem as Love,  
one must keep ware of their  
most treacherous traps.  
Fly! Take heed young man!  
Don't be victim to the venom of their kiss,  
do not drink deep of the hemlock-laced brew of their eyes.  
Recall a crocodile's tears,  
and do not be taken in by that  
reptilian trick,  
Beware of their beauty,  
for has not Nature bestowed the most enchanting garments  
upon her most poisonous creatures?  
Take lesson from others' experiences;  
do not play with a spider, lest you provoke its wrath  
and are bitten.  
And do not get close  
to a spider,  
lest the same.  
If ill fortune should befall you, and you  
receive that poisonous bite,  
take heed lest you be bit twice,  
Even a third time  
by the same spider...  
as have I.  
Why pick up that which has already bitten you?

If you can find a real love,  
if God gives you someone true,  
then I must confess, you are twice blessed.  
But for the rest of you, beware! for  
as didst say one who is wiser than I,  
"...the woman is the spider,  
Draw your own conclusions."

—José.

## FLEETING SPRING

Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky,  
Embrace these brief and passing days of spring,  
For soon in winter all must fade away.

Rejoice, O trees, and lift your branches high,  
Where song sparrows sing their merry songs,  
Reach up, O trees, reach up and kiss the sky.



Rachel Powell  
Photography Winner

—Laura Brumley

## WHO ARE YOU?

You have stood right by my side.  
And stayed there day and night.  
Who are you?  
You have cried with me through my fears,  
And you have cried for me when there were no tears.  
Who are you?  
You have gone the entire distance.  
And you have walked a thousand miles.  
Who are you?  
You lost your regal status.  
And have given up your crown.  
Who are you?  
You became a little child,  
Unable to speak your needs.  
Who are you?  
You've helped me night and day.  
Yet would not help yourself.  
Who are you?  
You saved me from a tragic death.  
Yet allowed death to conquer you.  
Who are you?  
You died the death of a criminal  
And took upon yourself the sins of one  
Whose life you saved  
You are the son of God.  
Some call you the Christ  
Others just Jesus.  
But either way,  
We say you are;  
A friend is what you are.

—Sandy Snyder

—Edwin Tait

### THE TRANSFORMED MANGER

We sing of mangers and glibly dream  
Of soft, sweet smelling hay,  
When a cold, dark cave  
Was all earth gave  
As Christ's welcoming gift that day.

Yet love transformed that earthy cave  
And made it a palace fair;  
It was never the same  
When the Christ-child came  
And left his impress there.

We, too, have a manger to offer Him—  
The cave of our lonely hearts,  
And He comes again,  
This Prince of men,  
And His gift of life imparts.

Then in each heart, transformed by grace,  
Is relived the Christmas story.  
And we join the song  
As it rolls along:  
"To God be all the glory."

—Gertrude Tait

### MIDNIGHT MISTS

Driving along through a moonless night  
The light we know so well  
Barely illuminates  
The calamitous darkness of the road ahead  
And as the fog inches closer  
It taps at my window  
Asking to come in and steal my breath  
While I refuse it this victory  
I still take its hand and dance through the night  
Letting it weave its wispy fingers  
Slowly through my hair  
Braiding love into the unseen mountain  
Stealing a smile from my lips  
So that my very spirit is left unguarded  
Until it slowly slips away  
Leaving me wide-eyed and unable to dance alone  
Immersed in the terror of the darkness

—Anita Cummings

### A WINTER VIEW

The sky is pale and gray above the hills;  
A stark-limbed tree, on which dead leaves yet cling,  
Lifts to the sky, faint, pale, and pitying,  
Its topmost boughs. The air with wonder fills,  
The mountains gape; and, through earth's many ills,  
I hear, beyond the clouds, the angels sing,  
And in the bleak wind hear a seraph's wing,  
And feel God's breath in every breeze that chills.

—Edwin Tait



Kip Lines

## The greatest of all

Is it not interesting that  
when you aren't looking for something  
you find it.

You come to accept that  
God must surely not want you to have something  
and to you he gives it.

Your heart has been freeze-dried and  
a heaven-sent thaw irresistibly  
overcomes you.

Having chosen to avoid and  
you are drawn irresistibly  
toward what (you thought) had forsaken you.

Decided to be happy and  
are given something more, irresistibly  
worth being happy for; given to you.

You give, they take, you are empty  
and you think you fear love;  
you are made full.

Your new fullness defines empty  
and you wonder what is love;  
you are made full.

There is no fear in love  
(you realize with a smile),  
for it is the greatest of all.

-Jose

## BALLAD

Far depths beneath the earth and sky  
In caverns dark and deep  
Lay fair Calysta bound in chains  
Within the dragon's keep.

Kybald the dragon kept his watch  
As nights and days drew past,  
And fair Calysta prayed that soon  
Her love would come at last.

Sir Randall dwelt in distant lands  
His journey long and hard,  
But day by day he nearer drew  
To slay the dragon guard.

Calysta wept by night and day;  
Her fetters flowed with tears.  
They rusted 'til they fell apart--  
Still her love did not appear.

So fair Calysta, giving up  
Her hopes of chivalry,  
Slipped cautiously between the legs  
Of Kybald fast asleep.

But ere she reached the cavern's mouth,  
She felt the piercing eye  
Of Kybald watching every step;  
Calysta heaved a sigh.

"So Randall does not love you?" asked  
The dragon of the maid.  
"I fear he does not," she replied.  
"He came not to my aid."

"But you: you have not eaten me,"  
Calysta said in scorn.  
"Perhaps you're no more brave than he  
Or any man 'twas born."

Then Kybald huffed a gruff reply  
But had no time for more,  
For Randall burst in, grabbed the maid,  
And bolted for the door.

Not many days since their escape  
Calysta heard a sound.  
She watched as Kybald neared their house;  
Sir Randall turned around.

Sir Randall scarce had drawn his sword  
When Kybald smote him down;  
Then Kybald at Calysta's feet  
Knelt there and kissed her gown.

Calysta took his scaly paw  
Into her milk-white hand  
And promised everlasting love  
And all of Randall's land.

So Kybald and Calysta went  
To live as fate had planned,  
And both along the dusky shore  
Went walking hand in hand.

--Laura Brumley

# Helicon Staff

**Editor: Jonathan Huddleston**

**Josh Barron**

**Bernie Bledsoe**

**Heather Murphy**

**Diana Dunagan**

**Karen Nuernberger**

**Beth Fellows**

**Miriam Perkins**

**Beckie Goss**

**Edwin Tait**

**Richard Harrison**

**Lisa Tatlock**

**Sponsor: Pat Magness**

## **Special Thanks to Contest Judges:**

### ***Art and Photography***

**Nick Blosser**

**Karen Brewster**

**Alice Anthony**

### ***Poetry***

**Ann Iles**

**Lee Magness**

### ***Prose***

**Pat Magness**

