

The Phoenix
2006

Editor: Abby Conley

Co-Editors: Lori Deel
Devin Johnson

Staff: Megan Bowser
Lucas Gregory
Amber Saferight

Faculty Advisors:
Dr. Ruth McDowell Cook
Dr. Pat Magness

Cover Design by Megan Bowser

serVant

By Austin Turner

Isn't it obvious?
See the jars
Filling the house
Feeding the hungry
No more

Empty, Empty, Empty
Zerephath's widow suffers
Suddenly oil flows
Flooding every vessel
Gladly into her heart
I pour my happy store

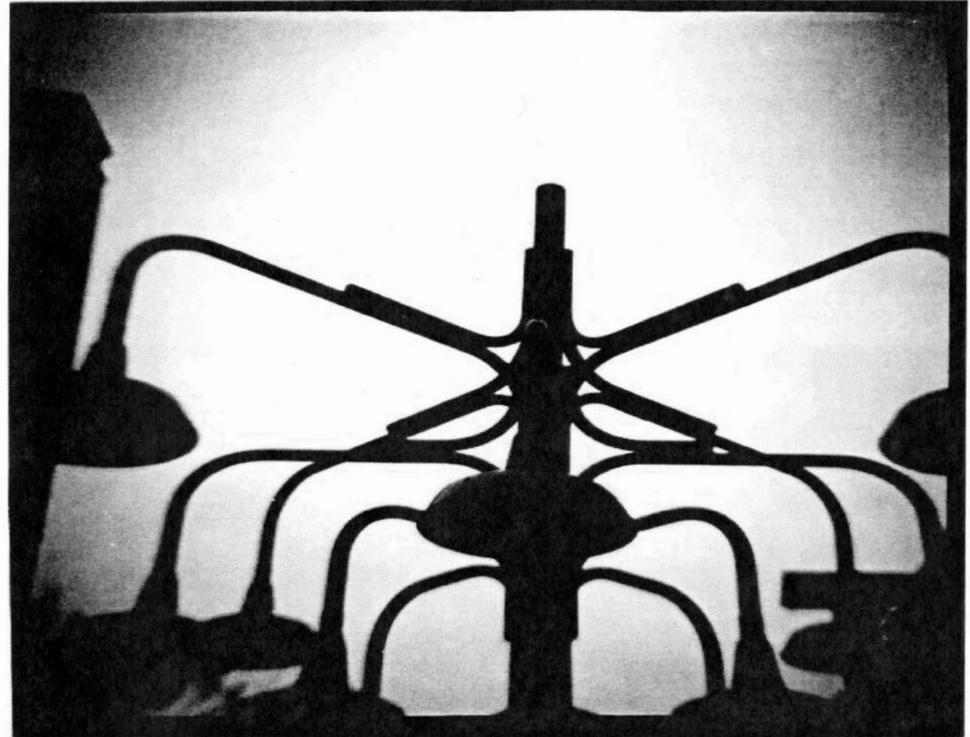
And I pour and pour
Until my soul, poor,
Cracks with the fierce heat
Of Emptiness
And lies useless on the floor

Oh widow, remember your nourishment
Remember your need
See mine?
These shards have sustained you.
Do you now abandon them
To lavish my sacrifice on another
Only to return
Empty?

Sculptor of shards
Great Cumulonimbus
Must I endure again the kiln?
Must these arid bones bear marrow?
Snatch this cup
And let me fly as a gazelle
To Your whispering mountain.

No?

Then blessed once more with precious oil
I remain the widow's loyal
serVant



Lamp post

By Andy Frost

spin

By Hannah Bader

the washer door never shuts properly i've got
a knot in my right shoulder and
life is
strange

sometimes

the way theres only 1 windowpane where there
should

be three the way this room smells of
wet paint

new wood

clean clothes emptiness
and dead leaves tracked in with

the wind

.the dogs snoring

at my feet

and it seems it will never warm up
down here.

maybe i should say

out loud

i'm not satisfied.

that i'm locked down,

pressed in, suffocating

from wondering

Why it is that

life is so strange

sometimes

the way the washer door won't shut
no matter how hard i slam and

the way music can sometimes become breath stop me
in my tracks and my rants like

this song

i'm thinking of MOANIN' greatsong

the trumpet's moanin

and the sax's

squeaking trying hard to moan all the while

taking my heart by its tail and stroking

its back so you see what i'm trying to

get you

to see?

maybe not but don't you think too

(at times)

that life is strange?



The Waters of San Sebastian

By David Lichte

"Untitled"

By Emily Banks

strip this skin from my body
and leave me a skeleton,
i will look the same as you,
my friend
we, two people,
different in mind, perhaps,
but still the same
still muscles, bones, eyes, etc.
the difference between us
is superficiality,
a mask behind which governments can
sin
race is a lie
created by ourselves in our most
selfish state
pick the meat off my bones
until there is nothing left
then we can laugh at the mistakes
and lies of the past
gouge out my eyes,
and i will gouge yours,
so that we can no longer see
what isn't really different

(intense teal with the) clap and roar

By Megan Bowser

I am unedited paragraphs;
hidden in ink, in run on sentences, in sliding
glances
if only we lacked reputations
however half-way maintained
our combination on sheets, white sheets of paper,
dear.

we'd be explosive:
passionately
with ink stains
the scratching of pencils;
sharpened hearts
puncture me
with shifting glances
with the lines our bodies create
leaning over your notebook paper.

(part two) aftershock

write clichés

write anything; I'll be unsatis-

fied

say say (with your knees)

"girl, you should be active "

(this is invisible, covert

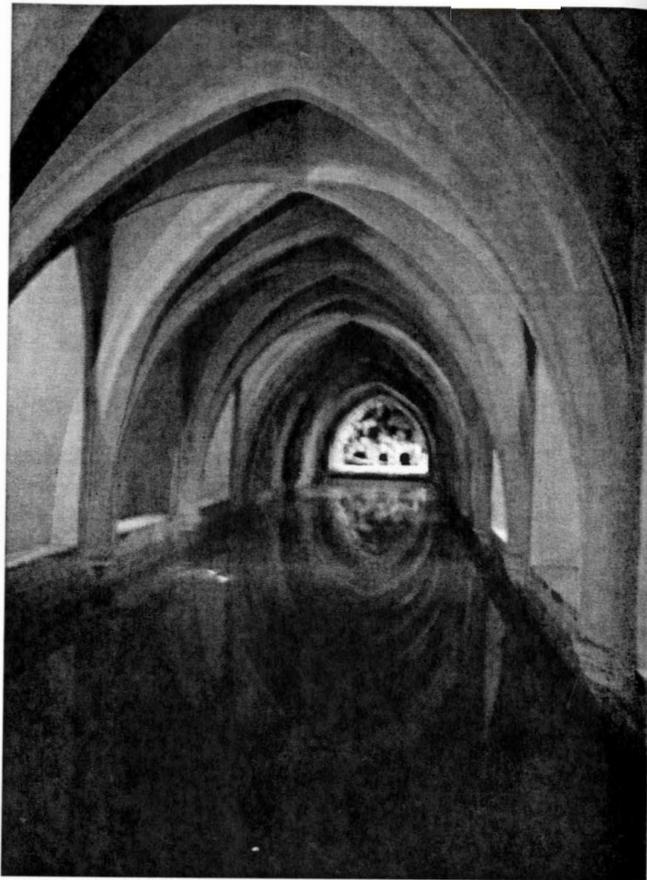
a dream -only mildly compelling but)

I am without feeling. listless.

Watery Halls

By

David
Lichte



the number four (with a smile)

By Hannah Bader

if only
i could photograph this
biting wind
tonight
so as never ever
to forget its curl and
its sneer.

i'd frame it and name it
'change' set it on
the shelf,

let it fade
and watch it crack.

Darkness

By Amanda Moore

The time has changed, but still I'm haunted by
those events.

The years have passed, but my mind remains in
bondage.

I pray for these dreams to leave me and return
never again.

But still they come, every night like clockwork.

It's as if the moon brings all the bad, forgot-
ten, ill deeds,

Deeds done in a different lifetime, to a differ-
ent person.

By day I am mended and whole,

By night I am tormented and scorned.

In the light of day all things are holy and
just,

But it's the dark night that has power over my
dreams.

The Stranger

By Sharon Pridemore

Now and then I catch a glimpse
Of a woman as she pauses, primps,
And pleads with her unruly hair,
And, though I m careful not to stare,
She demonstrates a meager grace
As she studies, too, my puzzled face.
To catch her with a smile is rare;
Her expression indicates despair.
Her eyes look sad, as if I d caught
Her deep within some troubled thought.
Her measured movements, made in haste,
Suggest she has no time to waste
As she dashes through an open door
To see to some awaiting chore.
It seems she s someone I should know
From somewhere, sometime long ago.
Her eyes are so like eyes I ve seen--
My mother s mossy shade of green;
She has my father s pointed chin
And matching shades of hair and skin.
In fact, I think, to some degree
This woman may resemble me,
Or the woman that I could become
If too much burden leaves me numb;
But that will be some future time
When I, like her, have passed my prime.
For now, I hurry on my way
To all that must be done today
And leave the stranger, still unknown,
To face her worries all alone,
And leave unsolved the mystery
Of her unknown identity.
But it s how this stranger, mother or ghost,
Has entered my mirror that puzzles me most.



An Open Invitation

By Ashley Bryant

.....
self-release

By Kim Cochran

medicated with masturbation:
we seek to rub out the momentary
gratification of only ourselves.
tell me:
what color do you love in?
if you saw me through the window,
if you caught me at an in between moment,
would you still recognize me?
time is a paradox
and directions are vague
but longing cannot be extinguished with these
passing instants,
it can merely be suppressed and smothered.
this cannot be escaped.

For a feeling

By Megan Bowser

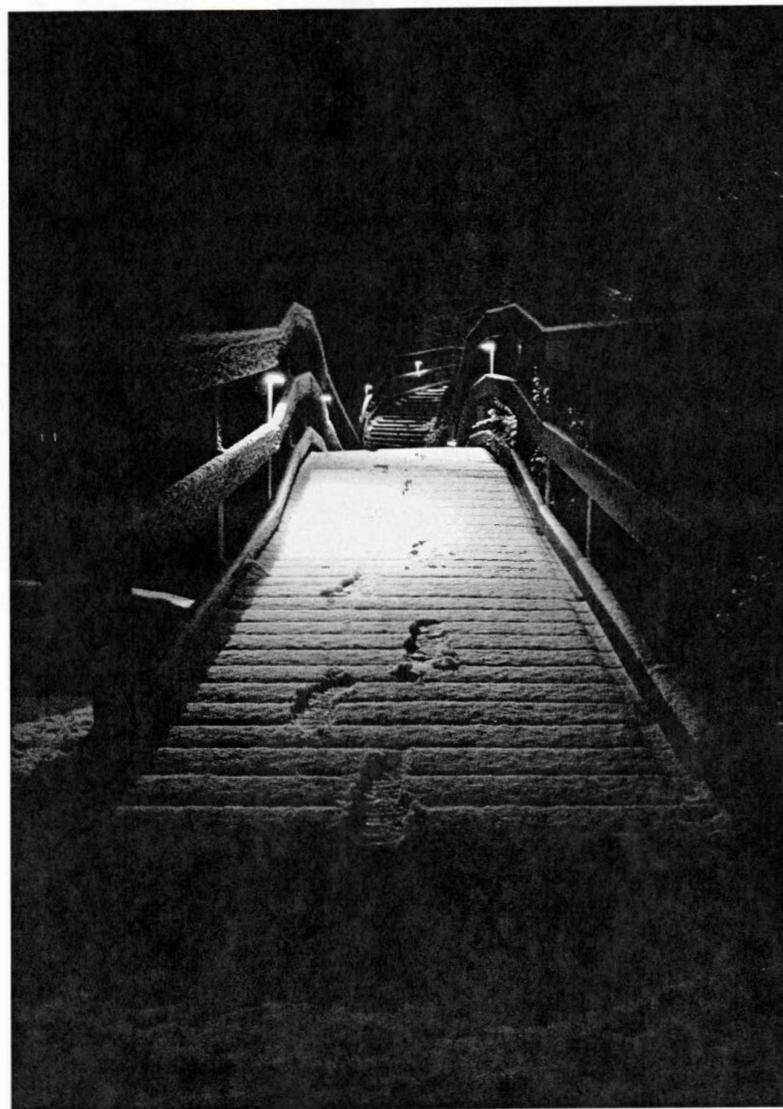
Dry; cracked like a desert floor that hasn't
seen rain for decades.
Soft; a transformation as intertwining becomes
more than just a feeling

These hands make haste
and with time
are taken away to a place where all roads lead
Becoming wrinkled,
swollen like weathered skin covering aged eyes-
while sleep overcomes each moment
or as all light, and once brilliant color, dims

"When you close your eyes do you still see?"

"It's only distance that makes us reach."

.....



Light to my Path

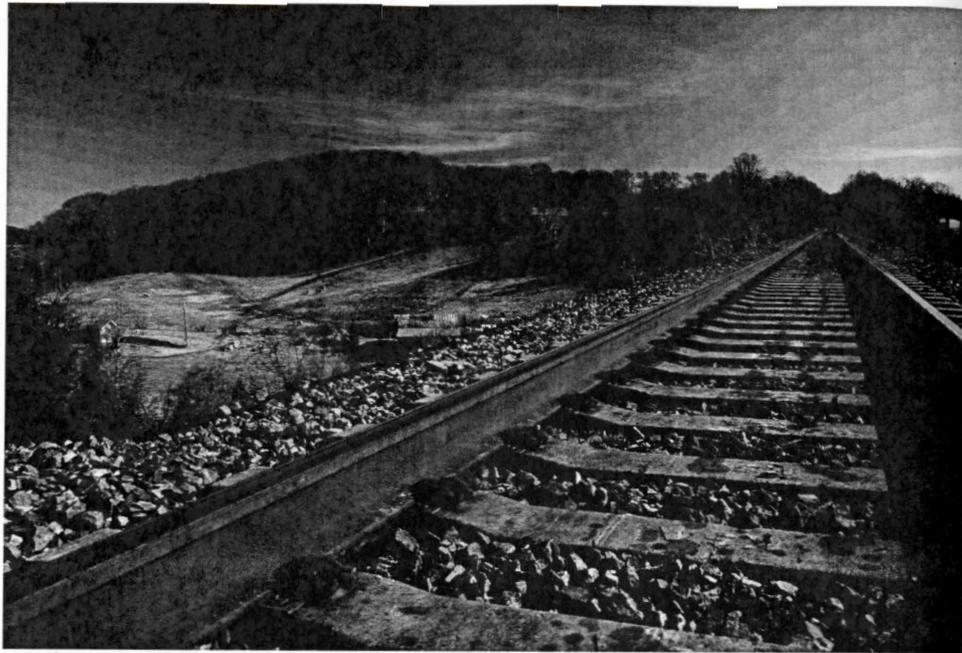
(Above)

By Ryan C. Harris

Sydney, Australia

(Left)

By Kaci Campbell



Boones Creek Railroad

By Ryan C. Harris

.....

WAR

By Karen Tolliver

JAGGED EDGES
TEARING FLESH
DEEP, TWISTING

BLOOD
POURING, FLOWING
STEAMING

NO BREATHE
SCREAMS ECHOING
SILENTLY

POUNDING
HEARTBEATS, ARTILLERY
EARS

DENIAL
ANGER, RAGE
SUDDEN, REAL

HAUNTING SHADOWS
FACELESS CORPSES
FOR REAL, FOREVER

HOT
PULSING, COLD
NUMB

Drifters Flying Kites

By Lucas R. Gregory

I'll peel off the coastal strand
wrapped 'round the African continent,
draping it proudly over the branches of my
Christmas tree
singing songs of Drifters' Holiday, Drifters'
carols sung
from the first of breath to the last of
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow -
but no, we don't creep at petty pace,
poor players blind by empty spotlight . . .
but dance, we dance the dance on stage,
and Audience of One
with ocean's breeze carrying us to tomorrow's
celebration,
a festival of sorrow pain and poverty
our tears fallen on dry dirt, ending the drought,
bringing existential relevance to desert storms;
onward searching for the next thrill
the next obstacle
the next gust of wind to
carry us to
the next destination
the next valley of thickened darkness
with empty souls empty stomachs and empty eyes
staring at empty hopes and unforgiving hopelessness
and here we're home
our house built with bricks of uncertain futures,
a ceiling of open skies
filled with our hearts flying like kites.

so goes the Drifters' Melody.

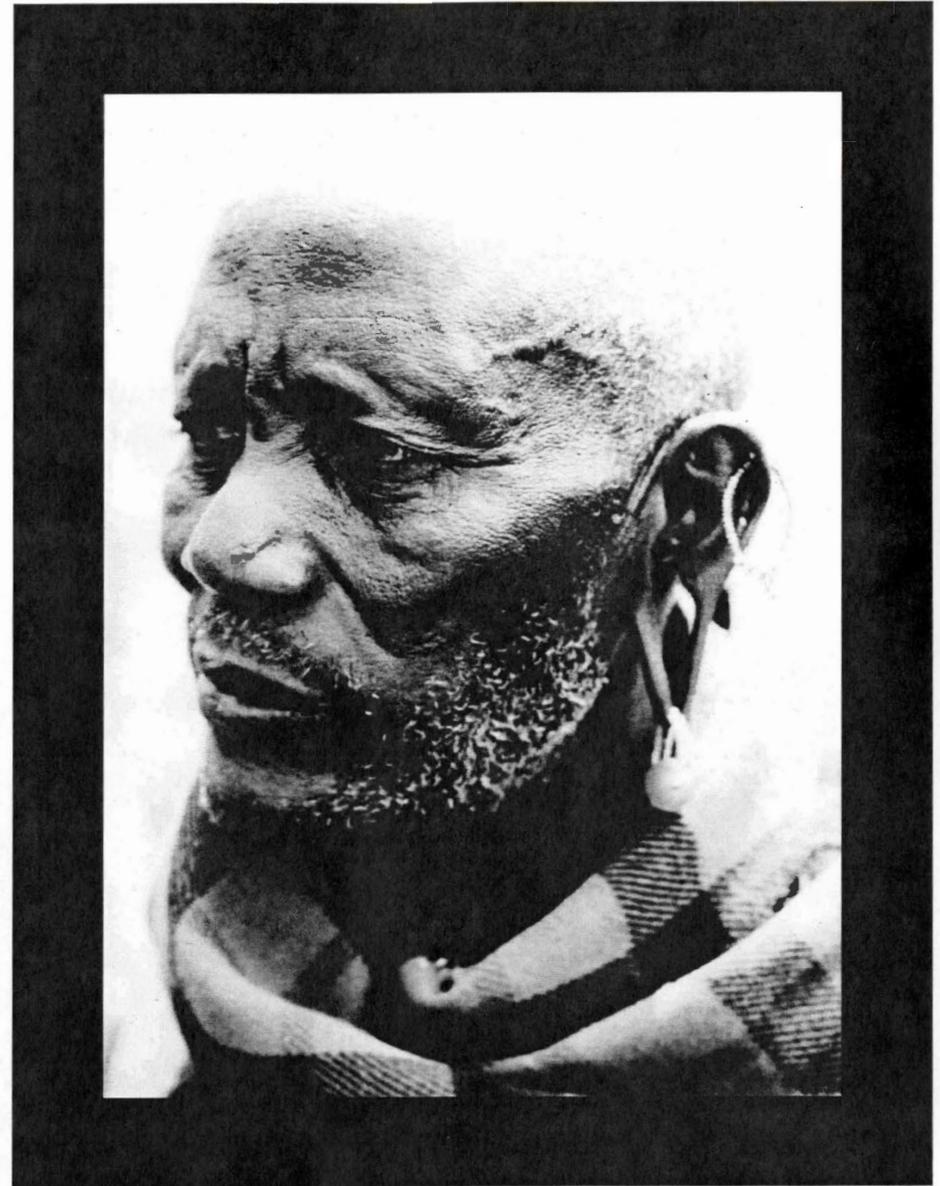
Africa

By K.A.F.

Africa!, where is your identity?
Once known as the land of gold,
But now you are synonym to poverty,
Once acquainted with distinguished,
Culture and tradition,
But now your identity is an ant in
the
Midst of elephants.

Africa, what has come out you?
You were once the trumpeter that
Blew at sunrise, but why
Are you sleeping while
The sun is shining bright?

Africa! What are you now?
Are you alive or dead?
Africa, where are you now?
Africa, when will you wake up
And toot your trumpet?
Africa! Africa! Africa,
Arise onto your feet,
For tomorrow shall bring
A new sun to your home.



Searching

By Don Price

Untitled
By K.A.F.

A knot in the middle
Of a loose string
Holding together the west
and east

A noiseless whisper in
A dark silence.
Soothing souls with
A voice that
Brings light to the eyes.



Dark Barn
By Ryan C. Harris

Distance
By Jaime McConnell

Distance - what is it?
Is it Webster's "extent of space
between two objects"
Or is it state of mind?
Can you measure distance between to
hearts?
Two minds?
Two laughs?
Two hurts?
How far is the other side of the
world?

plain mechanics
By Kim Cochran

i like plain mechanics
i will lick my finger and
wipe your face clean.
i like comfortable silences and
adequate eye contact,
sunny days with lots of awkward limbs.
i see you on occasion and
i wave hello
because we should never be forced
to say goodbye.

we really shouldn't.



Bridge
By
Sarah
Cooper

Fairy Tale: a Haiku
By Meredith McKinney

once upon a time
boy meets girl
they lived happily ever after

The Pricey Sounds of a Failed Relationship
By Amber Peace

The beginning was
pit pat, pit pat.
Conversation -
rati tat rati tat tat.
Optimistic hope
kept rap rap rapping.
But you took my hope;
and with some scritch scritch, scratching
ripped it, and the rest of me
went thuthump

.....

Today Nature cloaked in green let
her hair streaming blue
flow
A continuous ebb
Time's white streaks
running into an endless sea of
new life and spring

Her aura, the air, smelling
of cut grass and her smiling
sun face

Reflects
reincarnation of season
Winter Bear in hibernation
flowered breath, tufts of lavender
fields
earth arising
to bird's spirituals

By Sarah Black

Hello Phoenix,

I would like to say that I understand it you do not want to print the following poem due to its R-rated inappropriate word use. I wrote this poem out of hate for this person because at that time I could not and did not WANT to let any encouraging words come out. However, I am also admitting that this hate is not the best way to go. I am a Christian and I am a hater. There is surely something wrong with that. Many Christians, however, hold grudges and I am being just plain blunt and transparent about my emotion. I am admitting that I am far from the ideal of "Love is patient, love is kind.." but I am hoping that the process will not stop there, but I will be able to let go of my grudge. I hope some readers will be able to identify. Thank you.

The Queen of All Bitches

By Jana Dobesova

I crown you with curses, the queen of all bitches,
I bow to you in despise.
I wish I could weld your lips
So your words would fade away with dawn
like the darkness before sunrise through my fingertips.
Since you've won your scepter
Get out now off my face
Reign in someone else's life
I would wave farewell with a smile.

Oh good God in the Heavens
Why have you forsaken me?
Why are you convinced that I need to learn this
lesson so desperately?
Why did you let them cross, the paths of this
bitch and me?

I'm taking my armor off, giving the good fight
up.
Like a foolish soldier, I'm trespassing onto the
enemy's ground.
Barefoot,
With a dull sword.

I know what I was taught a zillion times,
But the words of blessing are spare in the battlefield.
Try making juice from a squeezed-out orange peel.
I'm sorry I can't feel.

One last time I beg you, God,
Change my heart and help me see
that behind every bitch's face is a hurting soul
and remedy.
Somehow I got accustomed to hearing only one
radio frequency.
Unable to perceive selflessly outside of me, I
love so conditionally
In spite of what I believe.

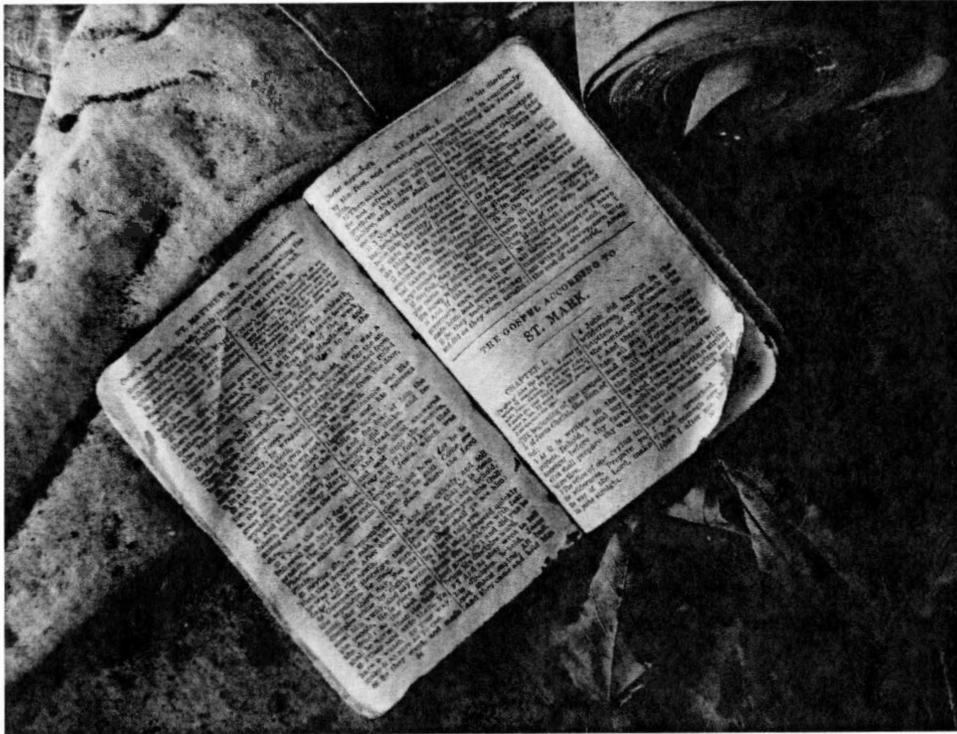
The queen of all bitches
Say it out loud
What would you crown me as?
Let's throw our stones now.

May 24, 2005

By Emily Banks

a day of mediocrity
a day spent alone
like so many days now.
...I fade into routine
and continue in a mediocre existence

I come from the land of the
clock-watchers,
where time is spent like paychecks.



I send my messenger. . .

By Ashley Bryant

The dark prayer chapel

By Amber Saferight

I looked, I knew it was there,
Waiting for me. Waiting for me to come
To this abandoned, forgotten room.
To remember my God,
To remember my purpose.
I feel for the light switch.
The darkened stained glass windows are unwelcom-
ing,
And I can't find a light.
A bare room, with a few pews awaiting a worship-
per.
A painting stored, a copy of Common Prayer.
I don't stay long. I feel, well,
Hopeless in this place.
So much for that, I think.

The season of Lent,
Where I give up a big portion of myself,
And I have no idea where to turn
To find who that I'm supposed to be.



Lilypads

By Jan Mitchell

INDEPENDENCE

by Joseph Eastridge

Penicillin of the human spirit-
the light at the end of the tunnel
the beacon in the light-
house
Of a far-distant shore.

Where can it be found?
Is it just a mirage?

Or is it hiding away,
eluding anyone who seeks it
For themselves and no one else?

Perhaps it is tucked away under a rock,
Only found outside civilization.

Maybe it is buried in the recesses
Of the hollow shell of society.

Where is this hallowed jewel
that drives men to madness

to follow their dreams
or twist them into night-
mares?

We still seek it
to no avail.

Is it gone forever...
Or only misplaced?

Found Under Rocks the Oceans Vast

By Lucas R. Gregory

If I could photocopy a spider-web

I'd make a hundred sheets, and post them
everywhere distracting

So I,

So we'd not forget to notice the way

lines on a wooden table spin a maze
leading everywhere to the end of right now and
then again

but only mice get the chance to run through
mazes;

men are too busy setting mouse traps with

cheese processed by milk squeezed from cows
feeding on the grass I feel between my toes;

my palm stretched out and covered by rain
drops quench the thirst of roots anchored deep
in soil

my fingers bury deep with the dirt between
my

nails cross paths with the earthworm

and we make friends to the changing seasons
changing leaves, one

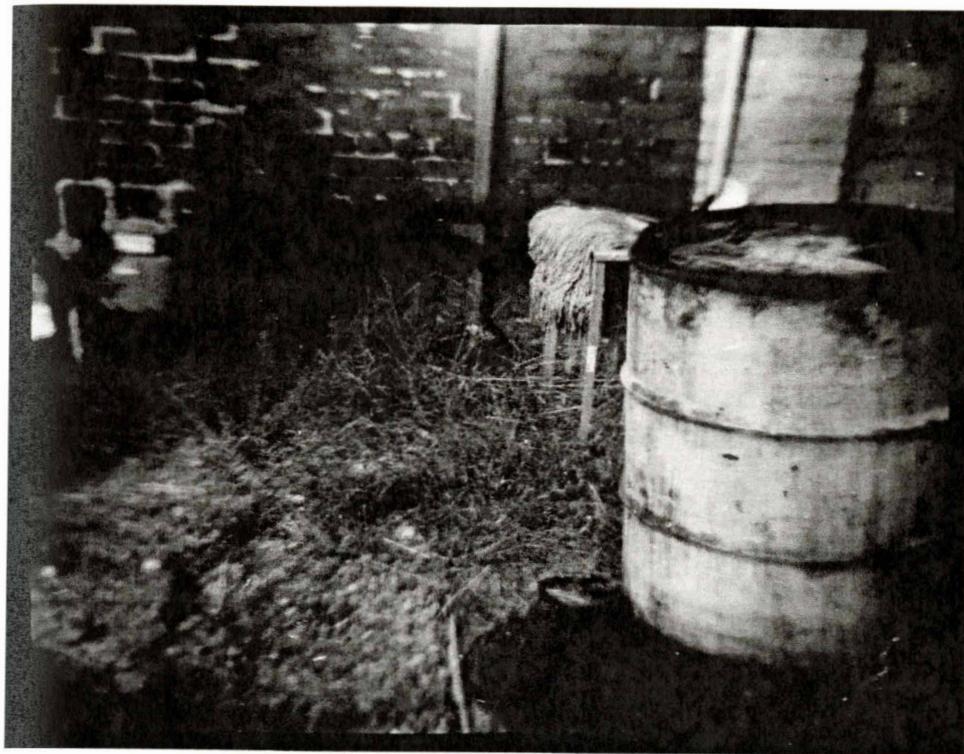
falling

drifting

down

finding rest, resting peace, sleeping here in a
spider-web

to the lullabies of Autumn



Barrel and Mop

By Andy Frost

Song of Steven

By Marvin Glover

All heads bow.
All knees bend.
The King is in our midst.
The King passes.

All heads bow.
All knees bend.
The King surveys His kingdom.
The King surveys His realm.

All heads bow.
All knees bend.
The King observes His servant.
The King approves.

Come home.
Come home.

Now , Lord?
Just now, Lord?
But what of things undertaken?
But what of things yet done?

Come home.
Come home.

But now Lord?
But now?
It is Spring.
The frost abates.

Come home.
Come home.

But what of those beloved?
But what of those to love?

Come home.
Come home.
But now, Lord?

But now?

Look at the fields.

Ripe, Lord. Ripe.
Come home.
Come home.

Now, Lord?
Are you sure?
Now?
Lord?

Now, my son.
Now.
Come home.

Yes, Lord.
Now.
But, comfort ye my people?
Lord?

Yes, my son.
Yes.
Welcome home.

All heads bow.
All knees bend.
The King passes.
The servant attends his King.

Take comfort.
The servant attends his King.

Open Dorms

By Bethany Barton

Minutes passing too slowly-
The Herd is already at the gates-
Ready to attack their prey-
The War Paint is on!
Every Hair is in place.
Armed with a variety of weapons,
they wait.

Minutes passing by too slowly for them,
They are ready-
Seven- The Doors burst open-
The prey is in sight-

One by One they pair off-
Into couples-And hide themselves from the rest-
Some are lucky to have a mate- Some are not-

Fighting over the last of the prey-
They group together-Druggers flying-
Over-can you believe they wore that outfit-

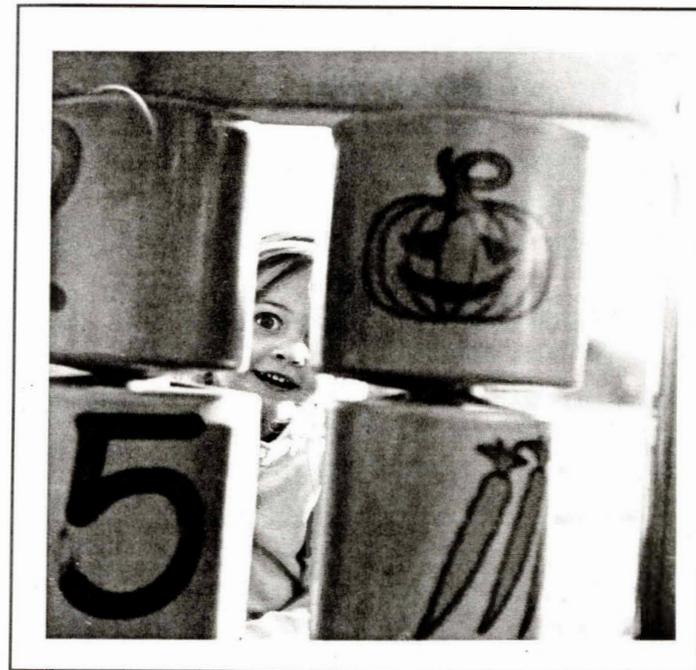
The mating call has begun again-
And I- I humbly sit alone in the corner-
Waiting for a mate to find me-
Not the other-I have sat in this spot every sea-
son-
None will approach me-I am not like the others-

I do not have war paint-
My hair is not perfect-
I do not speak evils about the oth-
ers-
I am different-

I wait for my turn to be the chosen
one-
Will I ever? I am invisible-Again-
Time has come for the Herd to leave-
Couples walking out together-I walked
out a long time ago-

Walked out and looked at the stars-
Someone will find me one day-there-
I sit alone-Waiting for my time to
come-
I don't think it ever will.

ME



Peeking
By Kim
Cochran

The End of My Life is Here

By Jana Dobesova

I am pushing my ice-cream cart up the hill,
today like any day.
Step by step I try so hard and the next day over
again.

On my journey to the mount Olympus
I hope that gods will smile on me.
I will feel the clouds slip through my fingers
and ride on eagle's wings.

"Please come get my ice-cream"
I will tell joyfully everyone I'll meet.
But in the room full of mirrors
angels don't sing easily.

On my journey to the mount Olympus
a little bird sat on my shoulder and sang me a
melody:
"You try hard so purposelessly, you ice-cream
lady wanna-be"

Like a bomb falling on my little private
Hiroshima,
Like a broken-down tone of a hopeful harp,
Like six thousand light bulbs of Edison,
No bite of ice-cream has ever tasted so bitter.

How do I know I should press on?
How do I know when to let go,
release my grip
and watch my life----rush down the hill
with the ice-cream cart and disappear?

