MOUNTAIN LAURELS

a journal of poetry

Spring 1993

Volume I
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**Winners of the First Annual Poetry Contest, North Georgia College**

First Place: Christopher A. McMichael for “Passage” ("I've Heard the Coyote's Gospel")

Second Place: Chip O'Neal for “Nuances”

Third Place: Christopher A. McMichael for “Kimberly's Sunbeam”

**NGC Contest Judges**

- Sandra B. Brim
- Stephen Corey
- Timothy J. Viator

**Winners of Contests Conducted by Sister Chapters**

Winner of the Alpha Alpha Omega Chapter Contest, University of Georgia, Athens: Rachel M. Davis for “Dothan Alabama.”

Winner of the Beta Psi Chapter Contest, Shorter College: Christie Harris for “Role Reversal.”

This is the first year of the NGC POETRY COMPETITION. Future competitions shall be held annually, and all contributors shall be published annually in *Mountain Laurels*. 
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Alpha Beta Epsilon Chapter would like to thank the following groups and individuals for their support, encouragement, and advice: the faculty of the Department of Language, Literature, Speech, and Drama at North Georgia College; the Alpha Alpha Omega and Beta Psi Chapters, particularly for their conducting individual contests of their own and submitting the winning entries to Mountain Laurels; the judges of the NGC Poetry Contest--Sandra Brim, Stephen Corey, and Timothy Viator, who carefully evaluated each anonymous submission; Peggy Collier Inman, who painstakingly typed and re-typed each submission; and the Student Government Association of NGC, which provided generous funding for this project.

Lastly, the Chapter wishes to thank each individual contributor, without whom there would certainly be no Mountain Laurels.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHAPTER

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Participating Members: Marie Bonin
Kimberly Johnston
Ami L. Kirk
Holli Smith Mitchell
Patricia Talton
Kelley Titlow

Faculty Advisor: James R. Sprouse

Typist: Peggy Collier Inman
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*Winners of the various contests.*
PASSION

As I am the rose, you are the rain
Cool liquid glides down the
velvet softness of my petals...
Down the passage to my soul...
I reveal to you the brightness of
imagination, hidden mysteries untold.
The cool strength of you covers
me gently, protectively as the
Avalanche of our emotions combine.
Sensuous turnings of the mind
To know you is to want you
My eyes have become emerald
windows to my soul...

Heather A. Convard
FAIRY TALK

Under the flower petals,
and by the butterfly wings
on whispers of air fairy
messages float.

Behind the mushroom puff
Beyond the shake of a
dandelion, a little twitter
pitter of fairy feet is
heard.

Because beneath the
bumblebee buzz and
the dragonfly’s drum
the fairies meet.

In circles they dance
and the little boys prance
while tiny girls flit
their gossamer wings
to pretend nonchalant.
Peek-a-boo here, surprised
they're there; flitting
under violets on little
pink slippers

They chase one another
in sundance delight.
Quickly, quickly
hardly seen...

Shhhh...keep their secret.
Just a peek of your eye
To catch a glimpse of the
twitter pitter of fairies'
feet in a circle dance.

The evidence is left
with the new morning dew.
A new circle of mushrooms seen
is left just for you.

Heather A. Convard
YOUTH

The dandelions were in bloom.

The honeysuckle sweet.

And we, the children,

played.

Cowboys and indians on

a hot summer day.

I was an indian,

braided hair and

childhood tan.

We charged the hill with

rope from Daddy

sticks tied with strings for bows

the best straightest twigs for arrows

We attacked the cowboy fort.

I captured one of the cowboys

lashed him to the tree

and then

Lisped in earnest, "You’re my prisoner."
so serious

so caught up in my game

I came out of trance only

when the parents

below

in my driveway

giggled in delight

at my young stern face

The game was over, a

moment lost.

Life giggled at me so caught

up in game

and maybe

Fantasy giggled at my young

seriousness.

How we all pretended

when we were young.

Have we stopped?

A. Convard
THE LADY

She held him close
for eight passing moons.

Once, her grip set him free,
for him to return.

His power then strengthened
in her clutches.

Twice the moon observed
their powers explode into,

ONE

Excaliber was hers
The Lady his

Her waters washed over him,
His blade pierced her depths.

Now his cold steel has turned
in her grasp.

Only to cut her waves
of passion.
Deceived, she plunges
within herself.

Only to find herself;
Drowning.

As the moon moves her tides
She no longer moves him.

Kimberly Convard
WON OR LOST?

The harvest moon, the orange delight
commanded this blooming night.
The wind tickled and made nature dance;
A game they played so often.

Tonight the game was different.
more honest, more revealing.
They tossled and turned;
He caressed, She flowered.
Spores flew the wind moaned;
He had won her innocence.

With a watchful eye the stars blinked.
Viewing the entangled pair,
They recognized the enchantment.

As quickly as this mariah had come,
he had blown away.
Nature, left lying.
Only to be guided by the moon;
Homeward.

Kimberly Convard
WINNER, ALPHA ALPHA OMEGA CHAPTER CONTEST

DOTHAN ALABAMA

I sell shrimp and lobster
from styrofoam coolers by your Wal Mart.
In my yellow Chevy Luv pickup,
nearly break my neck getting back from P.C.
to the left turn before the
black folk's Beulah Baptist.
It's field road, quiet, lots of tilled earth,
lotsa light.
You can see things coming for miles.
I am sweating and crawling with sand,
there are mosquitos that sing in my ears, but
with the catch on ice, sleeping with it in the back
I am sick
and I am tired
after catching
catching those clammy blue veins, veins like cables to a streetcar
all those shrimp and lobster.
I put them on ice to kill them.
Ice which is heavy to haul
and cool as a washrag from my mother
beside me, when I sleep.
Tomorrow I will make a lot of money with my fresh seafood.
It is light and honest work.

Rachel M. Davis
DON'T LOSE THE FIRE

How foolish am I to choose to want to help you grow
You, who seem to have lost your desire in a time when desire is the soul that drives the fire of spring into the growth of summer
The hard rains of your spring have dampened your fire and inhibited your growth
You alone allow the rain to beat you
And you alone can rekindle that fire you once felt but allowed to smolder

How uncommon to be wandering this way so early in your summer
Don't wander so that you lose your way
Let your dreams rekindle your fire
Let the wind of hope remove your clouds of shame that only you see and feel
Your only shame would be to lie down before the fight
And your fight has just begun

There are many roads that lead to your dreams
If one road should crumble beneath your feet
    seek another road
If the road should seem too steep
    find a rope and climb
If you feel you haven't the strength to go on
Then reach inside yourself for the strength
And continue the fight

The strength lies within you
    and within your desire
If you lose your desire
    you lose your strength
If you lose your strength
    then you lose the battle
And your dreams melt away in the rain

Catherine D. Emory
ROLE REVERSAL

Antiseptic aromas drift
down the hall to the door
attempting to escape.

The mechanical whir of wheelchairs
and the silence of old age
combine into a dirge for youth.

Bright-eyed withered ladies
search my features for familiarity -
one discovers her daughter,
another her sister
in my face.

Farther down the corridor, a young voice
addresses shriveled children-
"The finger paints are on the table.
Who wants to make me a pretty picture?"

A crippled man stops me as I pass by.
I admire his new cane
with its shining brass handle
and smooth gleaming wood.

Finally I reach my destination
and enter the room
where my Grandmother lies.

The chrome I.V. pole sparkles

in the sunlight

while she fades into

the gray wrinkled sheets.

Her eyes light up with recognition, and

a tear winds down her cheek as I

grasp he delicate hand in mine,

the skin as soft as a baby’s.

I, the grandmother now, comfort

my frightened,

confused grandchild.

Christie Harris
The white foam above the sea
Tossed around by the flowing winds
the rising and setting sun
the full or half moon
Crashes upon the sands, takes from the shore
Pounds its imprint on the rocks
Leaves bits of itself on the beaches.

But it is the current below
Which eternally remains unaffected
strong
steady
Replenishes the foam, gives substance to turmoil
The Great Spirit's finger alone stirs its direction

So my spirit prays
That it is not the blowing name of history
the rising or setting face of time
the full or half memory of many
But the force of history, sure of my direction and impact
Untouched by the sudden winds of violence, change and others.

So when my spirit reaches beyond this place
She will hope that she is worthy of this being said:

This woman was steady in movement
Fair, just, loving to all
The Great Spirit was with her
AND the only breeze that changed her.

Lydia M. Hughes
I would write a love poem but mine just becomes a cliche,
Words have been used so lightly.
I would write a love song but the tunes would be the same,
Tunes have been over exposed.
I would write you a love letter but it has been written before,
Letters have been written and burned.
I would send you flowers but they would die away,
Flowers only stay pretty in the ground.

I would give you the moon but what use would that be,
The moon isn't mine to give.
I would tell you my love is as bright as the sun shine,
The sun would have killed me though.
I would tell you that I set the stars to reflect in your eyes,
The stars would just laugh at me.
I would tell you the rain is my heart when you're away.
The rain would say it's just moisture on its way down.
I would feed you wine and cheese on a blanket under the tree,
The ants would feast on us instead.
I would row you in a canoe around a moon light lake,
But I row really bad and we would never get back to shore.
I would share a soda with you at the ice cream shop,
But I don’t like soda and would rather buy you your own.
I would light a fire and drink champagne in your honor,
But the fire would probably die and you don’t like champagne

So I guess that I am stuck
But I love you, yes, I love you

I will take care of you if you are weary
I will help you if you are harmed
I will stand by you when the tide is against you
I will be calm when you are tormented
I will hold your hand when it shakes..when it doesn’t
I will give all I have and will obtain for you what I don’t
I will be kind when others aren’t
I will not leave.
And I will love you, yes, yes, I will love you.

Lydia M. Hughes
YOU DIDN'T MAKE THE BED. (pause) I TOLD YOU TO MAKE THE BED.

i forgot WHY DIDN'T YOU MAKE THE BED? i forgot

YOU FORGOT (pause) YOU FORGOT (shove exit).

MUMBLE GRUMBLE CRASH GODDAMNIT!!! GRUMBLE.

(enter greatest fear) YOU KNOW (the belt is black) WHAT HAPPENS

WHEN YOU FORGET (the metal buckle makes a soft PLINK).

yes WHAT!!! yes sir

THREE LICKS (shove) BEND OVER (push) NOT THAT WAY (smack).

cry WHY ARE YOU CRYING, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED YOU (pause). yet

EXPLOSION - the floor is hard and cold like death

EVERY TIME YOU MOVE IT IS ONE MORE. DID YOU HEAR ME?

yes WHAT!!! yes sir (sob)

EXPLOSION - god its me EXPLOSION - god EXPLOSION - its me god

EXPLOSION - thats more than three god EXPLOSION - god i think

that i am bleeding EXPLOSION - god im on the floor again

I TOLD YOU WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU MOVED!!!!
oh god (pause) NUCLEAR EXPLOSION

run move under the table BITCH hurry move got to live

oh god the table ran away SHITHEAD the bed its strong under

the bed its wood crawl got to live WHORE oh god the

bed is afraid it moved SLUT MOTHER FUCKING SLUT turn look at

the monster he won't hit your face they would know

got to live

(exit)
THAT HURT ME MORE THAN YOU i wonder IF YOU DIDN'T DO THESE THINGS

how high we are WHY DON'T YOU DO THIS i wonder IF YOU WOULD

JUST BEHAVE if i can fly YOU JUST DON'T THINK are children

allowed LOOK AT ME to die (WHEW, NO MARKS ON HER FACE, BUT SHE

WILL NEED A LONG SLEEVE SHIRT) internal sob (I'VE GOT TO QUIT

USING THAT BUCKLE) internal death

Lydia M. Hughes
MOUNTAIN LAURELS

DEEP WITHIN MY SORROW

My voice is weary.
My heart aches with sorrow.
My mind is far away.

As I sit at my window and wonder away...

I need not cry because it will do no good.

My thoughts are a daze;
my dreams are no longer there.

As I sit at my window and wonder away...

My eyes are a glaze.
My days are so long.

My ears hear nothing.
My words unspoken.

As I sit at my window and wonder away...

I dare not imagine what tomorrow will bring.

As I sit at my window and wonder away...

Michelle Hutsenpiller
MORNING BREAKING

A summer morning
the dawn breaks
across the mountains.

The silent breeze
Tickling the leaves.

The hope of a beautiful day.

The garden beholds
the rose delicately
laced with droplets
of dew.

The beautiful essence
of summer that lasts
for only a moment.

The moment of the
last droplet glistening
in the sun.

Gone until another day.

Michelle Hutsenpiller
I sit quietly in my room pondering the answers of tomorrow.

I silently gaze out of the window finding rise to a beautiful array of colors.

I sign...but still I find no answers.

I gently tip toe across the room.

If only I could remain a permanent fixture in my humble room:

a world of its own,

a beautiful dresser representing generations,

a bookcase full of surprises,

a rocking chair that creaks with each movement.

I sit upon the rocking chair, placing a limp ruffled pillow in my lap.

I gently run my fingers across the antique lace.

I smile to myself as I rock almost motionless,

lost in my thoughts of what it all represents.

The lace on the pillow seems to never end.

If only I could remain here; beyond my door, beyond the window, safe and sound...

but

again I sigh...

Placing the pillow back upon the bed amongst the others.

One again I hesitantly gaze out of the window,

gently touching the cool window pane;

only to realize that I must go.

With a bit of sadness in my heart I turn to leave the room.

I look back as if for the last time.

I smile and know that it will always remain.

And whenever I must seek refuge, I know I can return here with no questions asked.

Hoping to find an answer to

Tomorrow...

Michelle Hutsenpiller
I felt a sudden rage of anger as I marched
    following the colors
Only she didn't seem to wave so boldly
    this stone cold autumn day
I walked to my own cadence, beating violently within my chest
My throat became swollen from the feeling of disappointment
    that filled my thoughts
The crowd stood apathetically along the roadside
Some sat as the colors passed, gossiping aimlessly
    between themselves
Not a person could be seen removing the cap
    which so proudly boasted their favorite athletic team
As the parade came to a halt my anger and disappointment
    turned to sorrow
For I believe, that at this rate
my little girl won't say "The Pledge of Allegiance"
    before class
and if my son and I don't hear "The Star Spangled Banner"
    at the baseball game
it won't be because we arrived an inning too late
If something isn't done, it won't be long
    before this great nation perishes
And the closest our children will come to knowing what
"love of country" means
will be taught to them as a twentieth century term
    in their ninth grade history class

Tombo Jones
Sometimes
At the bottom
Of an empty well
Where no light dares venture
A single, thin beam
May find its way down
To illuminate things believed
Lost to the dark
And gently pull
Them to the surface
Where life and love
Are acted out in endless
Dancing circles.

Christopher A. McMichael
I've heard the Coyote's gospel
And stroked the Raven's wing.
I walked with the Bear god
Through golden morning dew
And sang with the Lizard King
beneath silver skies.
I've screamed with the Eagle's voice
And felt Thunderbird's taloned grasp.
I swam with the Salmon Boy
among crystal rocks
And wiped a shining tear
From the Great Whale's eye.
I've slept with Mother Earth
And the Princess of Night-time.
I stood with the White Wolf
at the battle of day's end
And flew with the Black Bat
through the heart of the sun.
I pulled the arrow from
the Otter Child's breast
And ran with the deer people
under Father Autumn's moon.
Now I paddle an empty canoe
across the bay of whispered silences.
The Grey Man is coming
And the snow falls loudly in his tracks.

Christopher A. McMichael
MOUNTAIN LAURELS

TREE CUTTING

Cold metal plunges into
the strong wooden heart
of a stoic Goliath,
splintering the fibers of life.

Over and over
the hammering blows fall,
guided by the muscle and intent
of a persistent David,
in a repetitious arc of death,
for life’s sake.

Christopher A. McMichael
LOCKS

He got the call on the day he met her.
The same day he saw her as his own
The same day they kissed.
Bad news had always encompassed him,
Made his days miserable
Like a turnip.
Aut that day he saw her
And she him. The day he got the call.
“"We need you over here," commanded the voice,
We being the man with the beard and the finger of choice.
“I need you here,” she whispered in his dreams
In his ear on that day.
Her silky radiance made him heavy with emotion
Unlike the call, this surprised him.
Smiling, he told.
“I knew you’d die,” she said, her heart as fruit decaying.
He shook his head.
No, I’m not dead, but will be.
“I’ve never felt so alive.”
Curl in his grip.
“Let me have this,” he whispered, “this lock.”
A tear met his question, but so did the curl.
He tucked it into his pocket, winked his eye
A marched toward his destiny
His body locked to the land
His heart locked to the lady.
WINNER, SECOND PLACE, 
FIRST ANNUAL NGC POETRY CONTEST

NUANCES

Let them come, plop onto your canvass
Jumbled, raw, in need of life.
Rope them with talent and place them
In your order
Where they should go despite absurdity.
Fir trees, shoelaces, the devil,
All related to one man with the feather and ink
Silent only to physical ears.
His mind hums, his eyes relax to soft focus
His feelings—thin, black curves,
Squiggles.
Scratch you shoulder and strike forward
Catch your public off guard
And challenge them to learn from their mistakes
Plush vineyards of knowledge make men weary
And thirsty.
Your language does the same if woven artfully
But not at first, only with work.
So deal them out, shuffle,
Reshuffle, toss one to each wind
And let them dry to the world’s features.
Chip them off, as he does, and tell me about it.
Have no tongue, apprentice.
Only eyes...and a pen.

Chip O’Neal
UMPIRE'S BREATH

Air-conditioned whisper
Gasping, hushing
Upon dry, childish cheek
Black and white faded to
Cognitive circumcision
From an exotic irony
In America

The wire umpire's fan turns
Its gusty gaze at me

Tan,
Wet hair sloped in reverse on my damp head
Denim clad, nibbles at my white tanker
Sheets rise slow to notice
Quick to whisper

As she approaches, palms
Forward, arms heralding her
Curvy sides
Eyes glazed open, sighs for air
In love, in time

To defend a stony knife's edge
No harmless passion in the summer's
Yearn for a simple truth

She's tan, naked, sliding into me
Chinning the meat of my shoulder
Staring at my overturned photo
Leveled in my grandparents' guest room

Loose sexuality, love, and
Sensuality

Umpire fan's hum and
Breath, to add to the
Tempestuous revisits

Desiring another category
But identical topics.

Chip O'Neal
It seems I’m standing on the edge of the world and as far as my eyes can see,

The mountains span before my sight and stretch to eternity.

It is my special hiding place from all the world’s trouble and woe,

If my spirit could roam anywhere on earth it would be here I know.

It doesn’t matter how many times, this sight my eyes behold,

It always takes my breath away and if the truth were ever told,

It gives me joy and overwhelming peace and longing in my soul,

And when I can’t go to this special place there is in my heart, a hole.

I treasure this picture inside my mind to remember when I’m depressed,

And at times when I’m down and out and sadness steals my rest,

I remember this special place and even then I must confess,

Even though I’m hundreds of miles away, it still leaves me breathless!

Jennifer Phillips
THE FLAME

I sat alone in a dark empty void,

For a bit of light I would be overjoyed.

I say a small candle just a flickering flame,

Still it’s a blessing, it’s light just the same.

Sometimes it flickered but never went out,

I began to wonder what this light was about.

It’s just a small flame, it’s just a tiny fire,

It’s light hurt my eyes and I began to tire.

I heard a voice whisper “Come unto me,

I died on the cross so you could be free.”

I covered my eyes and hung my head in shame,

All my sin and guilt illuminated by one tiny flame.

I cried, “Jesus forgive me if you can.”

And that’s when my life with Jesus began!

Jennifer Phillips
FIRE AND ICE

On a snowy winter's evening I sit watching the fire dancing before my eyes,
And outside the window the snowflakes drift slowly down from clouded skies.
I'm filled with a feeling of wonder and I can't explain the rush, the thrill;
My face glows in the firelight and my eyes reflect the world so still.
Desire burning and coursing through every vein,
Ice around my heart and pounding in my brain.
How can the two coexist with such valiance and power?
A paradox of confusion which can melt or devour.
A thirst for life burns hot to the touch, enthusiasm feeds the flame.
Cynicism chills me to the bone with such raw force it puts me to shame.
The human spirit warms the chilly corners hidden from view.
It melts away the doubt and fear and all the destruction too.
The darkside of humanity douses the fire of human kindness,
It freezes the beauty in our world and leaves nothing but blindness.
On the ground there is snow and ice, but that's only the surface of this
mystery we hide.
Deep within the earth fires burn with intensity and the truth can't be denied.
All people don't radiate with passion, all people don't radiate with desire,
But if you dig down deep enough, you'll surely find the fire.
And if you choose the surface, if this layer for you will suffice,
Then I feel truly sorry for you because all you'll find is ice!

Jennifer Phillips
A DREAM BROKEN.

I have followed a star
When it fell from the sky
I followed it in its descent
And never have asked why
I have wept in a room
And whispered in a hall
Words so moving that I
Have forgotten them all

Would you have me say I'm hurt
And then stand and watch you cry
Would you have me say I'm happy
Please don't force me to lie

I have followed a star
On a backward climb
Vanish in the atmosphere
I've run out of time
I have written a song
Never meant to make a sound
I have sought an honest dream
But a falling star was all I found

Would you have me say I'm hurt
And then watch you walk away
Would you have me tell you a lie
Just so I could convince you to stay

A. W. Rathbone II
EVERYTHING IS RAIN.

Ten years through the plain
Shadows are any man's bane
We all seem to struggle in vain
I see the moon and sun
Do you ever come undone
Isn't it so much fun
Where have you been
I waited for you then
But sometimes we can't win
And the hours that will pass
Come and go like a fickle mass
Green grows brown goes the grass
Do you ever see a face
That just won't leave your mind
Do you ever seek a place
That you just cannot find
Do you ever come and go
Do you ever want to remain
You can see clear skies of blue
But everything is rain
Ten years through the flame
Shadows all look the same
Do you ever lose your name
Walk into the sun
Do you ever come undone
Life isn’t so much fun
Do you ever just rhyme the words
Let the singing be left to the birds
Do they always fly in herds
Everything goes away
Like the sun light of the day
Do you ever wish it would stay
Do you ever see a face
Every time you close your eyes
Do you ever leave a trace
Every time you see the sun rise
Do you ever try so hard
To impress some one time and again
An though it seems the sun is all around
Everything is rain

A. W. Rathbone II
All the days that pass so slowly seem to add up too fast
And the friends of yesterday hold strong but never last
Sometimes there’s just enough between two like you and me
To mean something but so little that we don’t always see
But who knows now that you’re gone perhaps we’ll meet again
Maybe we’ll grow to something better and it’ll be different then
And I would’ve liked to known you if only time’d stood still
But now it seems you’re gone girl so it seems I never will
But a man I am so I must endure somehow still I feel I will prevail
To win is a joy to all who’ve felt it but to grow we all must fail
This I know I’ve grown bravely and I know now more than most
I feel a pride when I look back but only fools take time to boast
This does not mean that I don’t hurt but I give my tears only to the night
I give this song to you to keep instead my heart and soul are my own light
But I would’ve liked to love you if only time stood still
I do not feign complexity I am only a simple man
I will never give you everything lady tell me just how I can
Perhaps to you it’s strange now but the truth often is so
I do not tell the meanings but I’ll reveal sometimes what I know
I loved you I suppose but who’s to say you were so far out of my league
I gave it the best try I could’ve but in the end I suppose we all fatigue
Yes I would’ve liked to known you but time just wouldn’t slow or still
Eventually we all march on like toy soldiers and so it seems now I will

A. W. Rathbone II
APOCALYPSE

Buildings burning and flesh bubbling,
The heat intense, tearing at my soul.
I see them coming,
Coming to kill again.

Everything is dead,
But they still return for reasons unknown.
If destroyed once, how can a soul be ripped twice or thrice.
They chew the flesh.

How long can they do this?
Forever torturing souls and spirits long since dead,
Killing them many times over.
Branding them with cruel indifference.

A sea of lives,
killed and mangled,
sliced and mutilated by hands uncaring.
Torn and ripped until they can’t die again,
But do a thousand times more.

Samuel Smiley
LOVE AND CONFUSION

Something is ripping me.
I feel pain, but I don’t hurt.
I feel so sad,
but I’m happy.

Why me?
Why do I feel this way?
I want it all,
but I can’t have it.

I’m living a fantasy.
Reality is lost.
Maybe reality comes with experience.
Perhaps I don’t have to have it all when she is near.

What if she can provide for me
the love in life I need.
I think I love her.
But can I be sure?

I want to feel so much for her,
but I’m scared.
Will she love me?
Love and confusion go hand in hand.

Samuel Smiley
LOVE LOST, LOVE FOUND

To anyone who will listen:
Life has lost its lust.
I'm down in the dungeon,
with Hell at my feet.

I am lonely and scared.
Hopelessness is my friend.
The air is stale,
The rain is cold.

How long will I be alone?
Will I love again?
When will I find her?
How will I know?

Sitting on a knoll,
I look into the sun.
She enters my realm,
And takes my heart.

Life has found its zeal,
I am reborn to its light.
I am lifted to the mountain top,
And caressed with her glow.

Samuel Smiley
COLOR

I hear that you with your hair slicked far back, laden with dax straightening grease and nu-nile hair slick and your lips pressed so tightly together that when you open your mouth to talk, your thick, ruby red lip liner descends, as the imprints of your teeth can be seen on your lips, don't like my color.

I hear that it offends you immensely—Well, I render no apologies for, your offense is with the maker; and, were I the maker, you would receive none then.

I realize that I, with my thick lips, durable hair, and nocturnal skin, am the epitome of blasphemy and self hatred for you; therein lies the true offense— the embarrassment commences, culminates and ends within.

Fix your lip liner, it’s running now.

MIRACLES

you believe in miracles; i believe in opportunity.
    you believe in waiting; i have no patience.
    you embrace those laughing; i search their eyes for betrayal.
    while you drag your feet; idancethelambada
    ihearthedrumsbeatingisenservolutionandifeelthere
    rhythmsreadingthroughoutMybody--
    You follow the smoke from the fire, blindly.

Suzette Spencer
A single candle lights the room
The shadows dance upon the wall
I sit silently in the corner
As darkness closes in

The cry of the night fills my ears
Pain is filling my heart
A stabbing sensation fills my lungs
I find it harder and harder to breath

Why must pain come in all forms
Misery in all shapes
Despair is spoken in every language
A language understood by all

A single tear falls from my eye
It falls upon my knee
As it sinks in my soul
My life trickles away

Like a broken clock
My gears no longer grind
No longer does my heart keep beat
No breath escapes my lungs

My body decays into nothingness
Dreams are lost in soil
In my memory one thing remains
The dancing shadows of the candle

Michael Thomas Swol
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