PERCEPTIONS

VOL. I 1982

HUMANITIES DIVISION
GAINESVILLE JUNIOR COLLEGE

A Unit of the University System of Georgia
PERCEPTIONS

HUMANITIES DIVISION
CANTERVILLE JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOL. 11 1985
PERCEPTIONS 1982

EDITORS
Sally Russell, General Editor
Robert Dodds, Art Editor
Jim Kline, Managing Editor
Frankie Abercrombie, Production Editor

EDITORIAL ADVISORS
Faculty: Frankie Abercrombie, Robert Dodds, Heyward Gnann, Jim Kline, Earl Payne, Sally Russell
Students: James Avery, Merry Chandler, Donnie Cockrel, Martha Coley, Trudy McMillan

CONTRIBUTORS

Kathy Anderson
Lynne Ashe
James H. Avery, II
John Bailey
Todd Bowen (cover)
Janet Buffington
Merry Chandler
Donnie Cockrel
Robert Dodds
Dee Fuller
Heyward Gnann
Cheryl Gravitt
John Hamilton
Krista Haynes

Angela Hemphill
Greg Hendrix
A. J. Kline
Loretta Major
Greg Maynard
Harold McCarty
Trudy McMillan
Ann Morgan
Keith Palmer
Rhonda Pendley
Richard Rose
Sally Russell
Troy Satterfield
John Michael Thorn

Perceptions is a creative arts magazine published by the Humanities Division, Gainesville Junior College, to encourage the arts among students, faculty, and friends of the college. Some of the works published herein are the creative products of art and writing classes; others are contributions from friends of the creative arts. Poems, short fiction, essays, line and charcoal drawings, photographs, musical compositions, and short plays will be accepted for consideration during fall and winter quarters for publication each spring. Submit all written work (in typed form) and all photography, music, and art to the appropriate faculty sponsor.
JENNIFER

With red tights flashing
in the early sunlight
legs scissoring below
your bulky coat,
you trudge earnestly
toward the opening door,
laden and hidden with bookbag and books.
I fear your tiny body will break
beneath the weight of
all you will become.
But abruptly you stop,
turn to me
and
with a brilliance of smile
exploding unexpectedly from beneath
your golden hair
you wave your courage into my heart.

Richard Rose

MATTHEW

Your tiny body crouches into
a gunfighter’s stance,
crumpled hat crushing supportive ears,
gunbelt slung across naked hips,
downy legs emerging from beloved boots.
You try, for an instant, to be
ferocious.
Joyous failure comes as,
eyes first,
the delight of being overwhelms you.
Your exquisite face
crinkles into disarray,
flower hands flutter to ward off your glee,
and you are etched again
into my forever.

Richard Rose
MY GOOD OLD DAYS

I remember the swing sets and Merry-go-rounds that made me sick,
And still I went back for more.

I remember riding a bike without Training wheels for the first time.

I long for one more birthday party With party hats and a clown on the cake.

And then there were the three-in-The morning tummyaches when Mama would stay up all night long Because I ate the candy she told me not to eat.

I remember when we moved, and I thought Santa Claus wouldn’t be able to find our house. Somehow he always knew where we were.

I remember the rides on my Daddy’s shoulders.

He was the only boy I thought I would ever love.

But most of all I remember the Slow pace and love of my childhood, And I long for the peace I felt as a child.

Janet Buffington
MORNING

Morning
is the dew on the grass,
the coldness in the air,
the busy promise of a new day.

Morning
is waiting for daybreak,
for the sun to warm the air,
for the world to be renewed.

Morning
is the smell of bacon and toast,
the hunger of the raised people,
for the fresh new day.

Greg Maynard

TODAY

Starting today I'll live my life and strive for the best.

Starting today I'll live for tomorrow and try to forget some of the sorrow.

Starting today I'll stop and try to remember the past is gone and life must go on.

Starting today I'll smile sincerely and be nicer to the people I love and care for dearly.

Starting today I'll remember there is always hope if I learn new ways to cope.

Cheryl Gravitt
COLONEL PUTNAM'S WOODS

There are flowers in Colonel Putnam's woods,
Jonquils, hyacinths, thrift and violets,
gentle among the crackly winter leaves
in the sunny spring woods. They are
not flowers where once a house lived,
fallen now, or burned; they were
planted by the Colonel and his lady
for the house they hoped to build
some day, travel done, a farm,
a house, apple trees, flowers.
They planted the flowers first.

But Colonel Putnam lost his memory,
lost it day by day, to a creeping
dead enemy no arm could stay.
He lost the War, droning planes,
screaming shells and men
with bloody, mangled souls,
memories well lost, but
daffodils circling dark stumps
slipped away, and he forgot
pink thrift on the creek bank
and thrift pink in the creek.
Day by day and dream by dream
drifted away till he became
a frightened, vacant soul,
shaking his head, muttering,
searching without remembering
that for which he searched.

Sitting stiff at the town window,
listening for the wraith huddled
in a chair behind her in the antiseptic
room, the Colonel's lady watches
sun on pavement and her fingertips
recall leaf-moist earth, jonquils,
hyacinths, thrift and violets.

Women, of course, remember flowers.
Women keep their memories.
They survive sometimes on memories
of flowers and children and heroes,
don't they?

Sally Russell

DUPLICITY

More from pain, I think, than from regret
A man looks forward; a woman doesn't forget.
Doesn't forget a time when love was new,
And fascinating, and perhaps true.

Doesn't forget what he never knew.
A man in cold, callous, careless fashion
Will forget.
Looking forward to new unhappiness to regret.
And having forgotten, seeks new fascination to forget.
A man looks forward; but a woman doesn't forget.

John Bailey

FAMILY

A word for being alone
in the presence of relatives
(relative people living relative lives)
never coinciding with the real cause—
basically because none such exists:
it was all destroyed
when Adam discovered his nakedness.
how we all he naked and vulnerable
in the pools we've made for ourselves,
mine being blood and tears
and never with enough coldness
to kill the bad guys.

Lynne Ash
FROM THE BACK PORCH

as I rock in my cradle of wicker and wood,
Chimney rises and falls,
making love to the evening sky.
cotton-candy clouds dance on the far ridge,
spinning a soft halo of yesterday’s light.
with curled hand and mountain-air megaphone
the falls sound as if they were beneath me,
washing the day’s dust from my sandals
with their newborn iciness.
a single star peeks at me from the blue-grey darkness—
a glimmer of hope flashes from its winking eye.
I pull my towel-shawl closer about me,
shivering in the on-coming fog.
even before I feel the wetness of the rain
or see its glistening drops
I hear it.
it dances in the tops of trees
pirouettes and grands-plies;
with gentle curtsies they gracefully die,
then slowly slip down outstretched limbs
to quench the earth’s thirst
with fresh water tears.

the fog is awakening now
and beginning to rise
from its tousled mountain bed;
groggy fog in the morning
waking up slowly—
not wanting to get up
when the rain begins to dance again;
it’d rather just lie there and listen—
listen to the rain
as it speaks to the earth
singing songs of old friends
reunited in oneness.

Lynne Ashe

Crime and Punishment

An Ode on the Cause of a Sore Throat

THE CRIME:
Wine, Woman, Lyrical Song.
Here lie I, weak, not strong;
Asking often, all day long:
“What went wrong? What went wrong?”
Playful trio, filled with pleasure,
You did of me take due measure,
Robbing me throat of treasure
In a moment filled with leisure.
But who, who is the guilty one
Who’d strike so sly in a moment of fun?
Darken my days and deny me sun?
Would you this do? Look what
you’ve done!

INDICTMENT:
Step forward, flamboyous spirit of Wine!
I indict thee! I charge thee! Do you
decline?
Deny your guilt with Woman and Song;
Confess, confess you’ve done this wrong.

FIRST DEFENSE:
Said wine: I know not this heinous
crime about which you
rage, ho, so blind!

Said I: Know not? Stare me in the
eye!
Tell the truth and not a lie.

Said Wine: Oh, no! Gallows on your
addled mind!
Snap my neck! Never!
Never!
I’ll decline.

Said I: Ease the pain—relieve my
sigh!
Say not a NO—respond an
AYE.

INDICTMENT:
Step forward, amorous spirit Feminine!
I indict thee! I charge thee! Do you
decline?
Deny your guilt with Wine and Song;
Confess, confess you’ve done this wrong.
SECOND DEFENSE: Said Feminine: Be gentle, gentle, with anger ursine; You held my hand, you gave me time.
Said I: Yes, but now's the time not to lie! Tell your guilt! Do Not defy!
Said Feminine: Bark not your charges, hoarse canine; Nine lives have I, a sleek feline.
Said I: Ease the pain—relieve my sigh; Say not a NO—respond an AYE.

INDICTMENT: Step forward, clamorous spirit of Lyric Line; I indict thee! I charge thee! Do you decline? Deny your guilt with Woman and Wine; Confess, Confess your deed in crime.

THIRD DEFENSE: Said Lyric Line: Hum a tune! Ah, so fine! Ring the bells! Strike the chimes!
Said I: Silence your tone; the din's too high! Hear the charge! We must not vie!
Said Lyric Line: Do, Re, Me—continue my rhyme; La, Ti, Do—in three quarter time.
Said I: Ease the pain—relieve my sigh; Say not a NO—respond an AYE.

THE SUMMATION: Wine, Woman, Lyrical Song, Here lie I, weak, not strong Why defy? You've done this wrong! I, the jury, must move along.

THE CONFESSION: Said Wine: Convict me! Indeed, I was there! In spirits squeezed from muscadine!
Said Feminine: Convict me! Indeed, I was there! In my new dress, your valentine!
Said Lyric Line: Convict me! Indeed, I was there! Loud and clear, not saturnine!

THE PUNISHMENT: Wine, Woman, Lyrical Song; To err is human, I was wrong. Let's meet again, when I get strong, And paint the town 'til the dawn.

Heyward Gnann
MAKING A BEAR ACQUAINTANCE

John M. Hamilton

The trail emptied out onto Speuss Field, a treasure of
great high meadow Thunderhead Mountain. No one else was in
sight. My legs were sore and stiff from the five miles of
steep trail I had left behind; I settled down in the lush carpet
of tall grass to survey my buckled surroundings and the area
below. Before long an incredible yawn following a dragged
drink and the peaceful setting spread a drowsy flush across
the whole of my body.

I lay back, pillowing my head against my pack. Even
though I was hungry, I wanted to relax now and put my
lunch later at a special place not far away. I wasn’t aware
that the aroma of my peanut butter sandwich was innocently
waltzing out of my pack and into sensitive nostrils. My
eyelids shut. Periodically, I would open my sleepy eyes and
let their focus drift. This monotonous habit proved a bless-
ing.

Little did I suspect that my silent reverie was soon to be
disrupted as a black bear ambled into view on a rise only
thirty yards away. At first, I was excited to see wildlife. But
the novelty wore thin as he moved in my direction. I blinked
in disbelief; it didn’t work. My underfoot reaction: “Eek!”

Instantly, my mind went into a hornets of controlled
panic. I tried to recall all the rules of etiquette one should
adhere to when approached by a bear. Naturally, I didn’t
want to rudely provoke any bad feelings. This kind of
reasoning automatically canceled out rock throwing (a good
thing since they were near around anyway). “Play dead,” I
thought. “No way,” I replied in serious reconsideration as I
imagined his claws bearing down on my back. “Run,” I
thought, contemplating a halting-dodging scramble across the
woods. Soberly, I recalled reading that rampaging bears
reach speeds in excess of 30 m.p.h. For a passing moment, I
felt like a helpless Christian in a makeshift Roman arena—
“Pit him the sandwich.” Impossible, I just couldn’t tot
trainer on my stomach.

Reasoning my only course of prudent action to be a
cautious retreat, I grabbed the pack and got up. Putting on
a casual front, I strode over to the nearest tree and scaled its
limb as fast and as high as I possibly could. Hopefully, I
had gained safe quarters beyond the clump of my bother-
some acquaintance. However, the tree proved to be no
obstacle at all for this agile pest. He simply rammed over,
bullied through the thudle of rhododendrons at its base and
started to shiny towards me. I tried to check his progress
with nifty insults to no avail. My politics lacked his claim.
Plus, my peanut butter sandwich was advertising a meal
that no bargain hunting bear could resist.

Admittedly, I was getting pretty worried. I knew full well
that the bear was not an adversary per se and harbored no
designs against me. My competition craved only food. Never-theless, I didn’t want my leg mauled by a gory
mistake. Besides, I was too busy hanging on to the tree
trunk and thinking of ways out of this mess to feel for my
sandwich and toss it to him.

Paying my worries no heed, the bear pressed closer. And
if I had any say, the events that followed were some of the
best recall I’ve ever seen, much less participated in. Using the combined weight of my body and his, I tore
the trunk over until I could pluck for what I hoped would be
sturdyitch branches in the tree next to mine. With one
hand, I clenched these freedom handles ferociously. With
the other, I released the tree I had just desired. It toppled
back in attention like a spring-loaded cannon. The bear’s
anchored grip never even slipped an inch while he华北
back and forth like a pesky fly glued to a plushy seat. Forging
my problems, I checked out head.

Remembering my problems, I realized the difficulty of
reaching from this tree to any other. I fell trapped. I
literally unsecured a large branch from its live stumps. Thankfully, my splintered weapon never engaged battle. My
“opponent,” who was probably a harmless sort anyway,
was shaken beyond tolerance. Bewildered, he disturbed
his wooden seat, then, without even a glance backward
his shaggy porch lumbered off into the woods on the northern
slope.

Quickly I made down the hill and stealthily climbed back
to the woods on the northern slope until I overheard the
main trailhead off the mountain and left. My feet only
partially shaved, I remained very mistrusting of my tool
sounds and suspicious hiding places. I was especially wary
of old chestnut stumps covered deep within the damp mulched
woods. Often, they seemed stirred by a strong wind or
forking black heaps. All the same, about a half mile away from the tip, my stomach to give up my peanut but-
ter sandwich paid off once again in a falling experiment.

Angela Hemphill
THAT

I hear voices
Telling me this and that.
I should have said/done this,
Shouldn't have said/done that.
Be fair; put yourself in their shoes,
But don't let 'em walk over you like that.
Listen to all they have to say,
But turn a deaf ear to that.
Look for the good in others,
But close your eyes to that.
Taste the plentiful fruits of life,
But only a fool would swallow that.
So I'm left in a state of quandary
Over what to do about this and that.
But one fact I'm sure of
As I consider this and that.
You'd better be nice to me,
Or you can just take THAT! and THAT! and THAT!

Merry Chandler

Music Is

Harmony of people
Either joyful or sad
Music of many or
Music of few
None could compare
When it comes from the heart of you.

Rhonda Pendley

"I Can't Stop Loving You"
Is probably just a lie,
Picture him with a virus.
That should do it -- give it a try.

Merry Chandler

All you philosophers out there
Tell me if you know,
Why we have to lose/hurt so much
In order for us to grow.

Merry Chandler
CRYSTAL BALL

O you martyrs clothed in satín,
Who eat from silver spoons
And throw your snow-white rosebuds
At knights in shining armour,
Who ride across the sky
On stallions, black and sleek,
Spearing stars to sell
for the price of insanity.

O you princesses of yonder,
Who bathe your lords in rose-water
And dream of castles grand.
Behold! There are no dragons,
And those you fancy witches
Are but a silly taste
Of a strange reality.

O you pearly maidens,
Who cry those crystal tears,
With burdens feather-light,
Awaken! And lift your eyes.
See your past in what’s ahead;
For your rosebuds once snow-white
Must soon be stained with blood,
And your knights in shining armour
Have stolen every star,
And sold the night’s own light
For the price of insanity.

Loretta Major
LULLABY

Return to sleep, dream of a time
When lullabies so lightly rhymed,
Responsibility, a word unlearned,
Waited in the future, not yet discerned,
And images played upon the walls,
Spilling out, skipping down the halls.
Awesome was this giant world,
Mysteries found as days unfurled.
Simplicity sets as does the sun,
That wondrous being, which beneath I run.
Devils chase and witches eat,
The naughty one with the burning seat.

Beneath my bed there lives a beast
Which was never born to be deceased.
It came from where the wild winds blow
And followed me home from the picture show.
Each night it seeks to take me back,
Each night it speaks from blackest black.
Speaking of death, money and bills,
Telling of loneliness, depression and pills.
I always scream-then see the light.
Mommy is there holding me tight.
Of what you have seen, of what you were shown,
Is my world that different from your own?

James H. Avery II
FOR YOU

I've come a long way to tell you this,
So you won't have to wonder anymore.
Yes, clear in my mind, like God's own kiss
Is this priceless metaphor.
I've journeyed fast through time and space
Holding this wisdom high.
Old and sure is my body's case,
Yet, my eyes still reflect the sky.
I battled with beasts in hellish lairs
And was tortured by smoke and by fire.
One by one I vanquished my dares
To bring forth your question's desire.
Please don't rush me nor what I must say.
It is very important you know.
Don't lose your patience if I delay;
You waited this long for the show.
Damn! I'm so happy to bring you the word,
To end suffering for you and your lot.
The absolute truth that I only have heard.
And that I alone have forgot.

James H. Avery II
Man With A Dream, Where Have You Been?

Man with a dream, where have you been?  
We need your words and inspiration  
With a reminder that our racial sins  
have stained the attitudes of our nation.

Is it true that you have departed?  
For I was too young to comprehend  
the aspirations and goals that you started  
and all the time and effort you would spend.

More than a decade has now passed,  
Sandwiched between changing times and segregation.  
A miracle is required for those in every social class  
to fulfill your quest for total equality and integration.

We are now experiencing an unfortunate revitalization  
Affecting the way we think and react  
Promoting hatred, wickedness, and discrimination  
Leading to stereotyped judgments from a crock of absurd  
myths called facts.

Though now exhibiting first hand knowledge,  
I must rely on my eyes to see  
Because I own a car, have my own room, attend college.  
Never having to deal with hunger, poverty, or lack of  
opportunity.

Never facing ridicule and injustice for the color of my  
skin.  
Never being refused when wanting to be served.  
Never praying, wishing, and wondering when all the  
wrong would end.  
Never having hopes and plans twisted and curved.

Man with a dream, up in heaven above,  
Hopefully another like you, the good Lord please send.  
I pray that the children you left behind will continue to  
push and shove  
Never allowing your dream to end......

Donnie Cockrel
FOR GERTRUDA

Came autumn light so clear
that season when you first were gone
that time was place.
Through the slow dissolve of air
and infinite allusiveness of space,
I walked again as child through shafts of light
beneath the silent oaks.
My mother, seeing you across the campus green,
hailed and brought your laugh
and jest to us. Our progress
down the lawn fused then and now,
and light froze into amber wall
whose brick I cannot breach.

Dee Fuller

THE WAITING ROOM

You may know Mr. "L," my friend.
He lives in a nursing home,
And his body will never mend.
Likes to wear funny hats
And sleeps a lot.
At ninety-five,
Still appreciates a pretty girl, though,
Always ready to give her a toothless smile.

You may know Miss "W," my friend.
She lives in a nursing home,
And her body will never mend.
She can't talk
And spends most of her time in a wheelchair
Caressing colorful beads.
She gets angry
And throws her food to the floor now and then.
A single tear travels slowly
From her eye, down her cheek, to her chin.

You may know Mrs. "P," my friend.
She lives in a nursing home,
And her body will never mend.
I polish the nails on her crippled hands
To make her feel good about herself.
The lady is --you see-- prim, and proper, and proud
Of the birth of her great-grandchild,
The first and the last she'll be allowed.

You may know Mr. "W," my friend.
He lives in a nursing home,
And his body will never mend.
He's talked with the funeral director,
Paid for his suit,
Wants to hurry and meet the ferry
To join his mother across the Ohio
Where, fifty years ago, she was buried.

Merry Chandler
CONDEMNERS OF NAZI GENOCIDE

"Oh, say can you see
By the dawn's early light
What so Proudly we hailed..."

donestication supplication
mushroom cloud of love
teardrops fall
mingling with fire...
quicks flash
thunder slowly rolling

how amazing: fireworks in August
screaming children! mercy mercy
smoky peace shrouds the glow
78,150: we won we won
deliver us from evil for
victory: crowds disappear into dust;
ashes to ashes.

smell the roasted meat,
only milliseconds away...
let there be light!
and there was.
AND THE LOVERS' TREE TOO PASSES

The ice storm fell on the lovers' tree
down on Rocky Creek
where it runs swift and lonely,
over moss and stones.

A tree of granite strength,
its roots gnawing the ice,
but the earth where tree leaned out to creek
could not bear the burden, tree and ice,
and so the tree crashed headlong
over the creek,
tearing up its roots in pain,
flinging out its branches to no end.

It lies there now,
the bark peeled, the tree stripped,
the branches stretching higher
than any tree standing still.
And it knows not
that spring is coming on.

Standing, the lovers' tree was one
two lovers could touch reach around,
holding hands,
peeking 'round,
laughing, teasing,
leaving soon that game
of boiling water between.

I used to see those lovers,
red hill farm children,
a boy in faded denim,
a girl in washed-thin cotton print,
whispering low and melancholy
while yellow leaves sighed onto dark pool.

Winter they met
when twilight surrenders to night,
when branches brush stark against the sky,
while yellow leaves sighed onto dark pools.

And all the years since then,
even after my father and mother died,
even after I knew other lovers' songs,
even after I knew other lovers' tales,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' futures,
even after I knew other lovers' deaths,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,
even after I knew other lovers' hearts,
even after I knew other lovers' lives,
even after I knew other lovers' stories,
even after I knew other lovers' dreams,
even after I knew other lovers' desires,
even after I knew other lovers' wishes,

Sally Russell
THE FROG AND THE SNAKE

Said a wide-mouth frog
To a long, narrow snake
While sittin' on a log
In the middle of a lake:
"WHY, HULLO, SLIM,
WIDE MOUTH'S MY NAME,
SITTIN' ON A LOG EATIN' FLYES'S MY GAME.
CMON UP HERE, SON, AND GIMME YO' NAME,
TELL ME WHAT YOU DO FOR FORTUNE AND
FAME."

With a two-tooth grin and a cold-eyed glare
The narrow-assed snake slithered right up there—
Next to the frog—fixed him with a stare—
Said, "Islam Sineisky Smake is my full name, Eatin' wide-mouth frogs has earned me fame."

The frog hunkered down, dry-mouthed with fear,
And in a small voice said, "Do you see any here?"

Adapted from a traditional story
by A. J. Kline

A LIMERODE
(An Odious Limerick)

There was a fat and fortyish prof
Who went on a diet to doff
A neck and a pound
That had gathered around
A middle at which he did scoff.

Although he said he would do it,
He rarely did get around to it.
He just sat on his rear
And guzzled his beer
Until he turned into pure suet.

So if in a pub you descry
This fat and unfortunate guy,
You'll see at a glance,
He gave up his chance.
He'd rather be fat than be dry.

A. J. Kline
STEPPING INTO THE DEN OF NIGHT

A second-rate band crunched out its own brand of noise;
Being inexperienced, ignorance was my plight;
False faced women moved around in their form of poise.

Sipping a glass of thin crown royal
Observing the interactions of the game
Muscle bound bouncers sat on edge as if ready to uncoil.
A band member gazed out at the crowd, realizing he is far from fame.

All the lines flew in different directions —
"Do you come here often honey?"
Ten-gallon hats and gold chains strived for connections —
"Let me buy you a drink, I’ve got plenty of money."

Slightly uncomfortable and bored,
I decided to take an around-the-floor walk
Wanting to make an approach at the risk of being forward.
The volume made it difficult to talk;

A common bond of distorted vision started an easy conversation.
She wasn’t the type for a pickup line,
We did a modern day waltz without reservation,
Understanding that we were mutually killing time.

Middle-aged men performed their last ditch effort in haste
as punk rock led the wee hour’s final song.
I could not label the evening as a total waste.
We were just two people who did not belong.

Donnie Cockrel
LAST DANCE TILL TWILIGHT

Always remember you could be wrong.  
Have you noticed, no lines are straight?  
Nothing’s for sure in this stardust song—  
Life is a flicker at any rate.

Plastic towers in desolate minds  
Act alive; the stage is now set.  
Substance, not in these designs.  
Your status a crutch, your structure a pet.

Return to the savage from which you descend.  
Relish the blood from humanity’s woes.  
Scream for the God to which pilgrims ascend.  
Succumb to be human, Earth’s finest rose.

Tis only foul flesh when stripped of the spirit,  
Our lives only ripples in eternity’s sea.  
We know not of truth, more like children we fear it,  
Never too high to return to our knees.

Embrace the labors of poets’ sweat  
In the shallow breath of a dying light,  
Mourn the passing of what Dante begot  
And dance the dream from midsummer’s night.

James H. Avery II
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Humanities Division is sincerely grateful for the generous donations of the following businesses and individuals to the production of this magazine.

GEORGIA PRINTING COMPANY ............ typesetting
MATTHEWS PRINTING COMPANY ........ photography
STOW GRAPHIC ARTS ......................... line art
J. B. FREEMAN .......................... printing
BEVERLY JOHNSON ................. word processing

DEDICATION

This first issue of PERCEPTIONS

is dedicated to our friend, colleague, and teacher,
Evelyn Mitchell,
on her retirement from Gainesville Junior College.