Perceptions
**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 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.

**EDITORS:**
Sally Russell, General Editor  
Jim Kline, Managing Editor  
Frankie Abercrombie, Production Editor

**CONTRIBUTORS**

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**COVER BY ROBIN HARRELL**

**Editorial Advisors**
Faculty: Frankie Abercrombie, Heyward Gnann, Jim Kline, Sally Russell, Thomas Tuggle, Bob Westervelt  
Students: Keith Strickland, Gloria Ladanyi
Come in. What time is it? I've been asleep
And can not tell if it is day or night.
I'll draw the drapes. It must have rained today;
Those clouds oppress me in the fading light.

Come have a drink. I've anything you want,
Some wine perhaps, or beer, or maybe Scotch.
As for myself, I drank too much last night.
My clock's stopped running. Do you have a watch?

Come see my rooms. I finished them myself.
The table over here is an antique;
Those abstract prints were done by Austin Gray.
The ceiling beams are French and quite unique.

Outside of my apartment isn't much:
Gray bricks, gray streets, gray people everywhere.
Within these walls I've made through my design
The circle of my world, my private sphere.

And when my husband brought me here
I thought my world had seen its end:
Such dirty walls, such bugs, a stove
That didn't work; I had to tend

To all these things, but still the worst
Of all was this old neighborhood—
The laundry where I washed our clothes,
The market where I bought our food.

I fixed this place the way I like
With art things from the K-Mart store,
Like those brass mermaids on the wall
And that bronze cobra on the floor.

The thing that I like most of all
Is that large fruit bowl by the chair
With all the different kinds of fruit,
The purple grapes, the yellow pear.

Thomas Tuggle
GHOST EMOTIONS

The room I hide my hurt
is an awful place.
Haunting memories of feelings past.
A lingering presence ... always.
Something seems to summon
those ghost emotions.
Maybe it's because the hurt
and the pain never really died.
I guess they want a
decent burial.

C. L. McDonald

MEMORIES

My consciousness chooses
only sweet memories
Because it knows my heart
cannot take the
"still too fresh."

C. L. McDonald

A HUG

One hug
as snug
as a bug
in a rug
can cure
make secure
and lure
i'm sure
to you
love true
companionship ensue
make skies blue
and can do
many things
make bells ring
birds sing
heart bells go ding
make you smile
all the while
like a child
pleasant and mild
with a toy
girl or boy
feeling joy
with nothing to annoy
share one today
and you will say
that's the way
to repay
a tremendous debt
you haven't paid yet
and you know
that you still owe
and it will grow
unless you show
the effects of love
given from Above
from the Holy Dove
show you care
and readily share
the great feeling
that makes you go reeling
then you will be quite smug
and feel really snug
all because a friend
gave you a hug.

Roger Brady
NIGHT IN THE CITY

In the night the streets seemed empty.
Uncomfortable, quiet, the noises of the day did not come.
All was dim, not a car to be found.
The streets, alleys and sidewalks were motionless
Only the distant mumble of thunder made noise.
This peace and quiet could not last long
I thought to myself. I enjoyed the quiet at night
And sometimes I stayed awake
So I wouldn't miss it.

Joel Ladanyi

AN EARLY FEBRUARY MORNING

This special morning brings cool surroundings and damp air,
Dimly lit hillsides and frost-covered grounds,
The soft, quiet motion of the wind,
A yawn from a pitch-dark bedroom,
A clock steadily ticking on the wall in an empty room,
The horizons covered with a bright spectrum of orange,
A single pair of lights on an empty highway,
One morning in that wonderful month, February.

Joel Ladanyi
Walking into the front hall of Northwest High, Richard Mathews could hardly believe where he was. He had not set foot here, let alone even seen his old alma mater in years. After 25 years, Richard Mathews could not wait to see all of his old friends again, especially his three best buddies—Barry Golson, Tony Wayne, and Donald Ross. He could remember the days when he and his buddies had been labelled "The Greatest Hell Raisers of All Time," and the four had been the most popular guys in school. But these thoughts just seemed to fly through Richard Mathews' head as he stood in the main corridor of Northwest High School. Richard decided that an exploration of the school was in order—time enough for registering and mingling and all of that other garbage later. Although it was dark and nobody had bothered to turn on the overhead flourescents, Richard walked briskly down the main corridor. It was as if some newly refound instincts had told him where everything was, and that he wouldn't walk into a wall rounding the corner. Richard came to an intersection of the main hall and a smaller hall, and hung a left. In the dark he could just make out the numbers over the first classroom he came to: 059. Richard remembered those numbers all too well, because he had spent the majority of his high school afternoons in that classroom. That was good ole metal shop! Of the four of the buddies, Richard had been the slowest as far as book brains went. Thus, he had been sentenced to four years of metal shop.

Richard continued up the hall until he came to another intersection. Knowing that he would have to register his name at the desk to be set up in the cafeteria, he decided he would go check out the gym first. He took a left at the intersection and fast walked until he came to a big pair of double doors. A sign over the doors read in big, bold-faced letters: GYM. Richard walked in, suddenly consumed by a wave of nostalgia. Good Lord, all the great times he used to have in that gym! Like the time that Donny Ross had passed him the ball and he made the winning basket in the final seconds of that basketball game against Championship, from which they had returned with the first-place trophy. Good times in this room, indeed.

"Oh, well, enough of this memory lane crap," Richard mumbled to himself as he returned to the main hall and made his way to the cafeteria to check in. As he entered the cafeteria, Richard made a lengthy scan of the area to see if he recognized anybody, but he thought to himself that 25 years does a lot to change a person's outward appearance. His eyes moved over to a small desk, where a fortyish-looking blond woman sat shuffling through a stack of index cards. He walked over to her, thinking of how much of a pain it is always having to mess with paperwork anytime you wanted to have fun.
"I need to register," Richard said.
"Name, please," said the woman at the desk, sounding bored.
"Richard Mathews."
The woman picked up a long list of names and began to scan. After running her fingers almost halfway down the list, the woman suddenly stopped and looked up at Richard with a strange, almost 'frightened' look on her face.
"I'm sorry, sir, but your name isn't on this list," the woman said.
"But it should be, I don't see any reason why it wouldn't," Richard replied.
The woman started to look at the list again, but Richard knew that she wasn't looking for his name—she was looking at the list so she wouldn't have to look at him.
"I'm sorry, sir, but your name isn't on this list. And if it isn't on the list, I can't let you in," the woman said.
Richard had to think about this. Although it peeved him that this woman was giving him a hard time, and threatening his chances to see his buddies, it just sort of seemed right that he should not be allowed in. Realizing this, Richard decided to leave. He promptly thanked the woman for all of her 'valuable' assistance and walked out the cafeteria doors.
As he walked down the main hall and towards the front of the school and the exit, Richard could not help but think how strangely right all of this seemed. Oh, well, Richard thought, such is life.

Valerie Kurtz, the woman who had just waited on Richard Mathews, could not shake the feeling of chill fear that had overcome her when she talked to that man. There was absolutely NO WAY that that man could have been Richard Mathews. Valerie got up from the little desk she was sitting at and walked over to Paul Marnes. Although Paul was Northwest's contribution to nerdedom, Valerie knew that he would listen intently to whatever she had to say, no matter how far-fetched it was.
"Paul, something really weird just happened to me," she said.
"Yes, darling?" Paul stupidly answered.
"Some guy just came to sign in, and he told me his name was Richard Mathews."
After a couple of moments, a glazed look came over Paul's face and he replied, "There's no way that guy could have been Richard Mathews. You know as well as I do that Richard, Barry Golson, Tony Wayne, and Donny Ross were all killed in that car wreck five days before we all graduated."
Saying that, Paul and Valerie could do nothing more than stare at each other, masks of fear and bewilderment covering their faces.

Michael Kleinheinz

UNTITLED

A part of me is not mine but yours
A part of you is mine
The lights that shine blend into one
The love that has been reached has quickened
The Son
Within us the lost chord is found
The harmony is in the heavens
It has always been and will always be
Like Alpha and Omega it is the beginning and the end
Of which there is neither

The true reality is found
The illusion is gone
For in your heart and soul I lie
Between us is the eternal tie of unsurpassed love and completeness

Whether near to me or far
Our love is like the star
the star of at-one-ness
The masterpiece completed
Recorded deep within on both this side and the other

We have reached the Whole Love
Yet we are only a part of that which exists
But through each other we are a completed part of the Eternal Spirit

Ann Stitley
In my family, there is a member that doesn't have our same last name. I am talking about our cook. Her name is Maria, and she is an old woman who has been working for the family since my father was a little boy. However, we don't consider her a maid. Maria has seen all my brothers and me grow, and for each one of us, she is a second mother. Everybody in the family loves the food she prepares. Every day, Maria is the first to get up; then she goes into my room and wakes me to go to school, like she used to do when my brothers weren't married and they still lived at the house. Then, she goes to the kitchen and selects the food for the day; after that, she prepares breakfast while she begins to prepare lunch. Her kitchen is full of food all day. Although Maria is an old woman, she is active and full of good health. Nevertheless, my mother asks her to rest, but she keeps working; she enjoys it, and she works by herself. After dinner she washes the dishes and cleans the kitchen while she listens to the radio. This is Maria's everyday schedule in our home, which is also her home. We love Maria; we love her because she works with her heart and because she is our old sweet mamma.

Rodrigo Avila

HAIKU

Pied fragility
A broken shell proclaims spring
Something in the air

Thomas Tuggle

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Down in the valley,
There is memory in the valley
Down in the valley
There are children in the valley

Down in the valley,
There are neighbours around
Down in the valley
There is unity in the valley.

Down in the valley,
There is love and affection,
Down in the valley,
There is struggling in the valley
Oh! Oh! Oh! Down in the valley
You can hear the children crying
Down in the valley
There is mourning in the valley.

Children struggling in the field
Working hard under the sun
With their mother in the valley of struggle,
Tilling, hoeing, planting,
Waiting for the crops to grow,
Eating only what they've got in the valley.

Becky Ngeve
Purgatory Dream

Walking along the heavenly basin
Searching for neither fortune nor fame
For it was only true love I was chasing
But the Devil declared it a cheap gain

I turned in shock as the guitars appeared
Blaring out fire-breathing, incessant noise
The promiscuity that I feared
Froze weeping and screams as I lost my poise

Red eyes sought me out, watching my every move
Tramps stripped bare, providing temptation
Searing laughter rang forth, I could not approve
Of their herneous means of mocking salvation

In lieu of my objections, I was strapped to a greasy wall
As a businessman labeled me a mere slave
His green breath uttered words of love's eventual fall
That would leave me trapped alive in my own grave

Tears kept flowing, streaking my face
No beauty was allowed, no flower could grow
I was to be tortured until I joined their evil race
Salvageable children were seated for the show

A miracle did not occur, I was not saved
Pleas to heaven remained unanswered
Highway opportunity that was once so clear and paved
Was sadly and unfortunately left untraveled

Perhaps my past decisions must be paid
Through woefulness that has sent me reeling
Too late to turn back, for the groundwork has been laid
I am no longer whole; I am devoid of feeling

Donnie Cockrel

LIFE

Life begins full of hope and desire. As a person matures somewhat, he loses his naive way of looking at the future. He becomes cynical, full of anger and regret as he makes his mistakes and breaks hearts. He somehow learns to accept and put in place the right parts. (Maybe)

Oh! the utter despair of learning to show someone you care before man reaches a state of sweet comfort. He may lose everything he tried to gain. If only we could all be born with the wisdom to love instead of to mourn.

The thing of evolution is a simple thought. But if it were true, men were born for naught. From dust we came and to dust we return. How to contribute more to life's mighty urn?

Joe Ladanyi, Jr.

Synopsis of Life

In all of life there could never be,
love so pure and yet so free.
Hope abounds in sea and air,
tenderness and comfort for all to share.
If in the midst of time I'm lost,
help my heart in grief be naught.
As in all creation's plan,
my whole is in the Father's hand.

Rynae Weaver
As I walked to class, the damp, bone-chilling wind stiffened my tired body. Today's weather was typical of the preceding winter days — sunless, cloudy, cold, and very depressing. I was tired of this monotonous weather; I needed no help in being depressed.

Around me, other teenagers frolicked happily and carelessly. None noticed my envious stares, wishing for fun and companionship. My premier at college had really been an exciting experience. I had made many new and interesting friends. In class we have many laughs and good times. As the clock's hands point to ten of the hour, however, and we express our farewells until the commencement of the next day's class, my friends evaporate into the energetic mob known commonly as college students.

As the end of the morning classes comes, I begin my daily search for a lunch companion — someone, anyone to talk with. Unsuccessful yet again, I unlock my car, noticing the adjacent vehicle being packed until bulging with laughing teens.

I proceed slowly to a local restaurant, where the hostess innocently inquires, "Are you by yourself?" I carry in a newspaper to camouflage my obvious loneliness. As I consume my mid-day nourishment, I pretend to concentrate heavily upon the publication. Scattered about the establishment are people in twos, threes, or sixes — laughing, joking, talking of school or work. Only the small minority is like me — in "ones." Sitting alone and wishing they weren't.

I read once that "Solitude is being alone; loneliness is knowing you're alone." I reflect on this truth as I return to school for an afternoon class. The campus seems to sense my loneliness, and it looks lonely, also. Utterly deserted, no laughter or bustling exists in the afternoon. I notice there are more "ones" wandering about.

After my class, I scan the parking lot for my favorite friend who begins his school day as I end mine. Today is like any other day — he is not there. I get into my car and speed away.

Thus ends the boring daily cycle that would resume tomorrow.

Rae Michaels
A POEM

Stories dance across the page
Filled with love and hate and rage

Across its breadth may waltz a queen
Or swagger a cowboy, tough and lean

Mayhaps a god of old will appear
And peer down to the human race, to him so drear

Or perhaps a normal mortal will be given life and sight
A task to finish, a wrong to right

From its very fiber a person of my own creation may draw breath
Or if it my will be, the model could be lost to death

Given life from ink and pulp of wood, I create beings
Vicariously I live their lives, dream their dreams, feel their feelings

Oh yes, they feel, they laugh, they cry
they love, they hate, some are prone to lie

From mind to paper, through the pen they flow
Ideas of lives, of friends, of foes

Until at last the story ends
I finally finish only to begin again

Beth Long
THE CHILD INSIDE ME

The child inside me
is begging me to stay
the woman that is growing
is pushing her away
the little girl
is hanging on to her ever childish ways
the woman
is forever changing every single day
the little girl teases
the woman taunts
but they will both agree
they know what they want
the little girl fears
the woman fights
both want to win
but who will be the sacrifice
the little girl
will soon have to go away
the woman, will have to decide
when she's going to stay ...

Alice Loudermilk

THE CHILD ON THE ROAD

Why child why?
The loneliness in your life, the
obstacles in your way,
Mingled with sad weeping
Nothing seems to happen.

Forward child, forward!
There is hope ahead,
That maketh life worthy
No matter how hard it may be,
Something will soon happen.

Look child, Look!
The road of salvation is here,
Everything you hoped for is here,
Make a quick dash at it now,
So that you can be known,
Truly something has happened.

Bravo child, Bravo!
It is always good to have patience
and when you work hard, there
is the likelihood that you will succeed.
And when you do succeed, nobody
will trample on your head.

Becky Ngeve
SELF DESCRIPTION

As deep as I am shallow
A man of contradiction
As full as I am hollow
Confusion is my addiction

Capable of love, burdened by hate
Impulsive without practicality
Puzzled by choice, pondering fate
Depression a constant actuality

Needing the Lord, but bored by religion
Clean are my knees
Still believing in his abundant provision
Desperate are my pleas

Ignoring the future, living my past
Suffering and heartbroken
Inside my vigil, how long can I last?
With pain as my only token

Stagnated in growth, yet still nurturing
A craving for romance
Desiring relief from the guilt I am harboring
But reluctant to take a chance

Donnie Cockrel
The time was around 2:00 p.m., I know for a fact, but the exact date has fled my memory, blocked out by my subconscious like a hideous dream. I sat patiently, though every instinct told me to get up and flee. I knew, though, that it was useless to flee, for God, or whatever deity may exist, had predestined my appointment with the chair. And so I sat, like a death-row inmate awaiting the electric chair. Indeed, I was awaiting the chair.

As I sat, another poor soul was ushered into the room to await the chair. I knew in my gut, though, that I would be first because I had been there longer. The new arrival and I sat silently, saying not a word. At that point, there was nothing left to say.

Suddenly, from another room, she came. She was a young, uniformed lady, and any beauty she might have had was long since gone, polluted by the flat white dress she wore. I knew my time had come as she stretched out her hand and, with a trace of pity in her voice, like a priest praying for a death-row inmate, she said, "Gary Arnold? Come with me, please."

My pulse had stopped, and my skin was cold as she led me down a hall and into a room that had walls as white as the young lady's dress. "Sit down there," she said with a finger pointing toward... the chair. All hope gone, I sat.

My life flashed before me as a bright light was shined into my face, blinding me gracefully from sight. Then a mask was placed over my nose and mouth, and I began noticing a difference in the air. It was not long before I had forgotten where I was or why I was so afraid to begin with. I was actually enjoying the chair. Then, well, I cannot say what happened next.

I knew of nothing else until it was all over. The light was extinguished, and as I arose from the chair, the only difference I felt in myself was a dull ache. The young lady once again ushered me out, this time past the room where the other person was waiting.

As I walked out through the big wooden doors of the building I tried to recollect what had happened to me in the chair, but it was useless. I remembered nothing. Then I got in my car and drove away, feeling as whole as when I had entered the chair, save for a dull ache where a tooth used to be.

Gary Arnold
PARENT TO CHILD

To give them hope, to give them love.
Perchance a look at God above.
A little smile, a little touch.
Sometimes they mean so very much.
To give them life and maybe dreams.
To teach the wonder of all these things.
To give a hand to hold to.
To give a shoulder to cry, and then to give yourself the strength to let them say goodbye.

Gloria Ladanyi

SWEETEST REPLY

Being so tired and weary,
just looking across at you
lifted my spirits.
I said:
"It would be so good if
I could just lie down and
have someone hold me while
I slept."
And you replied:
"You know what would
be better than that? It would
be just to hold you while
you sleep."

C. L. McDonald

JONAH REVISITED

The snake was harmless, to humans at least, a hognose hissing and spreading his neck like an adder's, menacing and terrifying, but when we didn't terrify, he flopped over and played dead (an old ruse for getting out of trouble), turning his white belly up as if surrendering his final breath, going slack-jawed and useless, not worth killing, since he was dead already. If we turned him right side up, he flipped back to his dead position (that being his last trick), belly gleaming and vulnerable, jaw hanging. That's when the frog hopped out of his mouth, a creature blanched and slippery, wobbling and staggering but really in pretty good shape (sometimes they come out of the snake throat with bleeding arms and helpless legs), steadying his legs for the critical leap into the haven of swamp grass, trembling but alive, thank God, after lying in the snake throat probably regretting good undone, as any of us do when we're suffocating, but mostly just missing air and light. Still, any hell ought to be an opportunity to learn what life can be worth, and I'll bet that frog'll go back now to spread his word about darkness and no hope and the mystery of delivery. Let us hope someone listens, but more likely he'll come to anger and mourning because he's learned something about life the hard way, and the rest of the world just doesn't hear his message.

Sally Russell
THE CALLING SILENCE

Mist silently flowing o'er the trees
gently moving through the grass.
So quiet, so still. The movement unseen.
A blending of structure, as if they were one.
A tunnel of silence.
I stand in the midst, alone in the vacuum,
yet lost in the crowd.
My heart's steady beating, the only sound.
I touch the tree tops through the extensions
of my fingers.
We are one. I receive and give.
Gently, gently it calls, I follow.

Gloria Ladanyi

DAY AND NIGHT

Day to day watch it come, watch it go.
See the sun rise, see it set.
Watch the clouds fly over head.
The breezes blow a steady breath.
The trees dance stiffly amid the grass.
Little animals scurry into the ground.
The night is coming without a sound.
The moon sends down its chilling beams,
By chance some enter through your dreams,
Leaving you with an awful sense of something
quietly being amiss.
Then in the foggy morning hours, up comes the
sun and with it the flowers
To wash away the unfulfilled, the slowly
dissolving scream inside.
The bright of the day it quickly hides.
Knowing the night has somehow lied.

Gloria Ladanyi
HAPPY VALENTINE'S

From now on I'll take love pages
from Dante and Don Quixote.
They knew there are advantages
to loving far away.
Number one, you can't be refused.
Number two, requirements are few.
And then, a pedestal lover can
scarcely be more stone than
some I've known
of flesh and bone.

Sally Russell

WHEN YOU LEAVE

I won't cry
I won't be blue
I'll just remember
All the fun we had
All the good times
And I'll be happy
You gave me love
Something to live for
So if you leave
The only thing I can say is:
I love you!!
Thank-you!!
Good-bye!!

Jessica Jackson

GOD? ARE YOU THERE?

God? Are you there? How can I word
this and put feeling into my prayer?
I feel so lost and helpless inside,
the hurt is strong and at times I could die.
I know that You sent Your Son to die on the Cross
and without that sacrifice all would be lost.
Give me courage in this cold world
To follow You regardless of the cost
Let my love be a gentle breeze for throughout the
troubles Your child I'll still be.

Rynae Weaver

HUMAN

You are as beautiful as a rose
You have lips which are as red as the petals
You smell divine; as a small bud just budding,
you have a body like the stalk which stands
straight and slim.

If you were a rose, I would pluck
you and keep you close to my heart, but
you are a human

A human who is limited by time to love a person
or be loved by another
I only wish I had the time to pluck you and
keep you close to my heart.
But we have little time to get to know and love
so let us love and stay close to one another
in the time we have left.

Fatha M. Javeed
MY CHILD

I feel for you
Your pain is mine.
When you don't understand,
I ache to help.
When the tears blur your eyes,
I cry inside.
When you feel all alone,
I welcome you in.
I plead for your life,
When you would throw it away.
You hold your tomorrows,
I have your yesterdays.
Let me help you where I can.
You may dream where you may.
Just remember, my darling,
Love came your way.

Gloria Ladanyi
THE SEAMSTRESS

I've got a pounding in my head.
I think I'll try to go to bed.
But no I can't there's things to mend,
like broken dreams and shattered hearts.
And well laid plans gone up in sparks.
I'll use the threads of hope to mend the dreams,
touched with just the right measure of sunshine and moonbeams.
I'll use the threads of love to mend the broken hearts that may break again.
As for the plans they come and go, with a little faith the burns won't show.
And now I think I'll go to bed and ease this aching in my head.

Gloria Ladanyi
TO A DEAD TURTLE

There's a dead turtle in the road
down by the creek.
I hate to speak of death—
Death's so unpopular—
but he's really dead,
could hardly be ignored.
He's more than dead:
He's smashed completely
out of his turtleness.
He's nothing now but
blood, cracked bone and guts
spread out upon the pavement,
a feast for crows and ants
and other things like that.

But I am wrong.
His essential turtleness
lingers still.
For after all I know
it was a turtle
not a frog or wren or possum
smashed to guts and blood
upon the pavement.
His shell,
intricate, time-carved,
his claim to beauty,
though broken too
and smashed,
still identifies
a dead turtle's passing.
Along the roadside tiny, god-sown flowers
sway blue and yellow and white.
I hear the early autumn wind promising
yet-green oak leaves flight
to come, and I wonder—
if I were dead,
smashed out of life—
my shell in fragments—
how long would linger
my essential woman-ness?
How long before I would become
dark loam,
wild flowers,
veins of stone,
and wings of butterflies?

Sally Russell

FORTY

Oh Lordy I'm forty
What will I ever do
I can only hope I won't forget
All I ever knew
"Over the hill" or "Under the bridge"
I've heard this birthday called
Wonder when I look in the mirror
If I'll be going bald
So I'm forty — What the heck
It really doesn't matter
Cause I've got again as far to go
Before I start up Jacob's ladder.

Linda Duncan
ON TURNING FORTY

Forty is, I think
Quite an awkward age,
Like being two in our earliest years
Forty is in the middle stage.

A time for reassessment.
What IS vs what CAN be.
Pitting status quo against the possible.
Facing what I am now
And what I once saw as my destiny.

Do we come to terms
Or break out?
I'm anxious to discern.
Do we settle for less
Or do we simply settle down
And return
To business as usual?

A time yet for choices—
With histories as well as horizons.
At thirty, perhaps less history.
At fifty, perhaps fewer options.
Time marches on.

Thinking of those of ages past
Who left for the New World
And those who stayed behind
To continue with the familiar,
I wonder.

Were those who left brave,
Or only bizarre?
Were those who stayed content,
Or rather just resigned?

Who are the heroes and heroines?
Who the martyrs?
Do we set sail
Or safely remain on shore?
Do we flap our wings and fly
Or stay and quiver in our nests?
I probably won't know for a while.
But to a person in his later years
Say — eighty,
Forty is still quite infantile.

Merry Chandler

PHYSICS

Physics is a science
as hard as it can be
It killed off Isaac Newton
and now it's killing me.

I've tried to gain Momentum
but the Potential Energy isn't there
and the Friction this situation causes
makes my Impulse hard to bear.

The Static Coefficient of my brain
has reached Kinetic heights
So please dear God let me understand my Physics
When I get home tonight.

Linda Duncan'

POESIS INTERRUPTUS

The call of the Muse, you see,
I hear with delight
At odd hours, usually,
In the dead of the night.
She'll shake and beckon
That I take pen and write.
So I fumble to find a page on
Which there is white
Space enough to transcribe
The whispered line from my muse in the night.

Full awake now, pen in hand
Paper spread out and title scanned—
The Witch deserts me! A poet unmanned!

Jim Kline
THIS IS JUST TO SAY

Lying down, I hear a bird
Singing about you in the night.
Ceramic figures watch me
And I gaze into your eyes.
A needle follows the spiralling path
of a black disc. And you
Tell me that you love me.
My body walks about unaccompanied
With my mind and your heart
Following closely behind.

Andy Martin

JUST WITH YOU

Let me walk
with you through the day.
So you will not be alone.

Let me run
with you toward tomorrow.
To help if you should stumble.

Allow me to wake
with you along the roadside
And be glad that you brought me.

C. L. McDonald

THE STAR

You are like a star
with glitter and brilliance,
forever shining and ever lasting

I have tried to take the star
and change its direction,
but I have failed. I have
hurt the bright, beautiful and
glowing star more than I ever
thought I could or would.

I honestly love you for what you are
and not for what you could be.

My intention was never to hurt you
but to have you as a friend, whom I
could care about and love.

I hope the glitter and brilliance
in you never stops.
I hope you look among the other stars
until you find one
one that loves you and
one that you can truly love.

Fatha M. Javeed
THE COMING OF LIGHT

God came out of the darkness of men's minds
From the sight of men the standing stones faded to black
The gods of old are lost in the forest under their holy hills
They watch from hollow sightless eyes
Their rivers have turned another way
Their high places have washed away
Men with hearts of stone who fear nor love no god have strayed
from the paths of old and seek the way out of the forest
And the stones have been thrown down...

Lisa J. Cain