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THE THING ITSELF '80

Donna Flieller, St. Mary's

THE THING ITSELF STAFF 1979-1980

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This poem speaks of:
the beauty of sunshine,
the loveliness of rosebuds,
the joy of laughing children
and wonders of love.

This poem does not speak of:
the sensuous feeling of a sun warmed bodies,
the virginal qualities of an unopened rosebud,
the child like innocence of a virgin,
the ecstasy of passionate love.

This poem has no hidden meanings.

Sheila Dunn, IWC

Faintly in the distance, far, far, away
a fragment of a dream appears.
So faint the reverie, it's features
scarcely discernible. A blurred vision,
much like the mirages of the desert.

Strained eyes, strain even more to focus.
Slowly, but ever so slowly, the image forms.
Features begin to sharpen. Distinct now,
the loveliness so long sought appears.

Tears, tears run down the cheeks below the eyes
wanting to believe the lovely sight.
Yet afraid, afraid to believe it is real.
But yes, yes it is you!

Years, so many years spent in that desert of
loneliness.
Years of searching, ever searching for you.
Years spent in search of that life giving oasis -
your love.

Fear, of yes, the fear only because of constant
mirages appearing before me, like the sirens of
ancient Mythology.
Only to offer false hope and useless death.

Winds of despair blowing and tearing upon me,
as I sought the warmth and comfort of peace.
Hot and searing rays from the sun bearing
down upon me,
their intensity magnifying my inner passions.

Mirages, constant mirages, only to fade away
like the shifting, wondering sands of the desert.

Now, weakly I reach out to you, my finger tips
extended.

I see your hands reach out to me and I struggle
even harder to reach yours.

For now, the mirages have faded and the sight
before me is no longer a false image,
but at long last a reality.

Our finger tips touch and soon we are in a warm
embrace, only to fade away together like the
desert sight called - mirage.

Roy Rolando Marmolejo, OLLU



SOLITUDE Lena Morin, OLLU

THE LAST BOOK

Enyaw first heard of the temple of covered papers from Kiro, eldest of the elders and head of the Laropmet tribe. Kiro said it was across Tanak creek, in the north forest, two days travel as the sun sets from the crack in the path of stone. But even Kiro was not certain.

He had heard of it only from Mara, the old woman who as a young girl lost from the village, came upon the place. It was the place of the ancients, and held the secrets to the power of the before-time. It was legend to exist, but only Mara had been there. All know she had been there for she was found one morning many years ago in unwanted sleep, her body worn by the hardships of her lost journey, her arms holding a covered paper to her breasts. All the tribe saw the covered papers; but then Mara hid it, and wouldn't tell where, and no one could find it, though many tried.

Since Mara, many have searched for the temple. All either returned with nothing, or never returned. Now Enyaw will try; but first he seeks Mara, to ask of the temple, to ask of her visit there.

Walking beyond the village he comes to the hut visited now by few. Little by little, season after leafless season, Mara had frightened the tribes-people away. But all know Mara had been to the place. All know she has quietly changed. Now Enyaw will try.

It was a silent hut, the same as most others, yet somehow different. It stood alone, defiant of its surroundings, with no need of tree, brook, bush or brush. Knocking on the door, Enyaw heard a voice call him to enter. The hinges creaked as the dark, shadowed interior brightened from the onrushing sunlight. The inside matched the outside—silent, defiant.

Standing at the doorway, Enyaw stared into the room, then at the old woman, who was kneeling next to a pit fire, heating the day's meal. When the two pairs of eyes met, the minds touched, and without words, each knew the role the other was to play.

"This one is different," she thought. "He comes not for power, not for control, but to know."

"She's been there," he thought. "She has seen. She knows."

Enyaw spoke. "I seek to learn of. . ."

"I know why you are here," Mara interrupted, "I know what you want."

The old woman stood and walked to the doorway. The boy stepped aside, letting her pass unhindered to the outside. He followed, and was led to the forest beyond the back of the hut. There the two walked a path which cut through the trees, down a hillside, across the waters of the Adjap, up another hill, and finally poured out into a clearing.

To one side of the clearing were three stones set in a manner strange to Enyaw. Two stones were directly across from one another, the third was above and between the other two.

Mara rolled away the stone nearest her to reveal a large wooden box buried deep within the ground. Seeing that the wood was well-rotted, Enyaw knew it had been long since sunlight last shone on it.

"Lift the box," she told him.

With great effort he raised the box and placed it on the ground next to the hole. Opening it, Mara removed an object which, though Enyaw had never seen, he recognized. It was the covered papers! Mara placed the papers in Enyaw's hands. Carefully examining it, he wondered at the strange symbols on its outside. He looked questioningly at the old woman. "The lesson begins," she said.

II

It was a clear, bright day when Enyaw returned to Mara's hut, as he had everyday since she first led him to the covered papers. Of course, there was the time Mara not long ago, went away for a short time and Enyaw couldn't go to the hut. But that was just once. Each time he returned, the old woman and the papers made him a little stronger, but this time was to be different. Entering the hut, Enyaw found himself alone. The covered papers, always open before, was closed; and the working tablet was nowhere to be seen.

Mara walked in from the outside with two large goatskin bags filled with water.

"You are early Enyaw."

"No, Mara. You are late." For the first time, Enyaw corrected Mara. His reply confirmed her belief. The time had come.

"Enyaw," she began, placing the bags down by the fire, "do you remember the first time you came to me? You sought to know of the temple, of my visit there. By the covered papers it's been two years since that first visit; and in that time I've told you of many things—but nothing of the temple. All the while you kept your word and told no one what you learned here. Now you will learn two last things.

Walking to a wooden stand at the other side of the room, Mara lifted the covered papers resting upon it, walked back to Enyaw, and placed the papers before his eyes.

"What does this say?" she asked, gesturing to the letters on the paper's outside.

"Duden's Pictorial Dictionary," he replied. "But you know I know this. Why did you ask?"

"This, Enyaw, is a 'book.' That is what the ancients called it and that is what you will call it. Covered papers, Enyaw, are books. The place I shall tell you of is not a temple. It is a 'library,' a place of many books."

Hearing these words, Enyaw knew he had learned a great and important thing, but he also knew he did not fully understand this newfound knowledge. Most important of all, for the first time he felt a true link to the before-time, a link with the ancients.

"The library, the place so many have searched for and never found, is two days journey from the crack in the path of stone. Traveling from the crack into the midmorning sun, you will come to a field in which two large trees cover a boulder. From the boulder travel as the sun sets till you reach a river. Follow the waters downward to the place they divide. The library is a short distance from there as the sun sets." She stood quietly a moment and stared liquidly into the youth's eyes. "The time has come Enyaw. There is nothing more I and the book can do. The rest you must learn for yourself. Go now."

Seeing in her eyes what her lips could not say, Enyaw stood, kissed the old woman softly on her wrinkled forehead, then silently walked out of the hut.

III

With bits of dried rabbit meat and shunta in his pouch, Enyaw stole away from the village early the next day. He left before sunrise, careful not to be seen or followed.

Once a safe distance from the village he relaxed and began to wonder. "In all these years why hasn't Mara told anyone where the library is? And why was she so insistent that I not tell anyone what I learned?" Having no answers to these questions, Enyaw dismissed them and began thinking about the library. "A place of many books. How many? A hundred? A thousand?" Enyaw couldn't imagine a place with a thousand books all like the dictionary. "Why, it would have to be the size of twenty or thirty huts at least!"

He decided to leave his mind open to anything. After all, he'd heard legends of great and wondrous things done by the ancients and seen many great and wondrous things in the dictionary. Perhaps the library would be wondrous, too.

Pausing under a tree, he sat and ate shunta. It was midday. He still had another half-day's travel before reaching the path of stone. Closing his eyes he thought of the last two years, of the old woman, of the wonders of the book. He thought of how much he had learned and of how much more

he wanted to learn. He wanted to know the world and everything in it. Most of all, he thought of the changes within himself, of the hurt he felt inside from remaining silent while his heart and mind cried out to be heard. But the people couldn't suspect. He promised Mara. And though some were curious, most thought the young man was merely working to gain the old woman's trust, so she would tell her secrets. No, none were wise.

Rested, he got up and continued on his way. He reached the path of stone in time to witness its broken white lines aglow with the brilliance of sunset.

"The ancients travelled this path once," Enyaw thought. "I wonder how far it goes - to the end of the earth?"

Indeed the path continued in both directions for as far as the eye could see. The forest was gradually reclaiming its stolen land, however, and brush enclosed both sides. Soon the path of stone would be lost to the forest. Here, somewhere along this place of lost memories, he slept for the night.

The next day Enyaw continued his journey, leaving the path behind him and travelling towards the mid-morning sun. By late afternoon he reached the field with the tree-covered boulder. He stopped to look at the oddity. His thoughts turned to Mara and how, many years ago, she tread these same steps. Now he felt almost guided by her. He continued toward the setting sun until night's blackness inundated him. Where he slept he did not know--nor did he care. The rest was welcomed.

The final day came early. Enyaw was up before dawn, eager to reach the library. Too excited to eat he started the last leg of his journey with renewed energy. By mid-morning he reached the river of which Mara had spoken. He followed it downstream to the place it divided, then traveled in the direction the sun would set. The woods reclaimed him as he left the river's banks.

His steps grew quicker as the forest grew denser. Soon he came to a steep hill. Pausing, he looked around, and became suddenly aware of the green that surrounded him--thick, dark, rich green. For the first time since starting the journey, he felt terribly alone.

"I could die at this place," he thought, "and no one, not even Mara, would know where I was or what had happened to me."

In an attempt to quell the hot panic evoked by that thought, he started climbing the hill furiously. Once over top's edge he immediately collapsed, his right cheek striking the soft, mossy earth. He could smell the moist soil pressed against his warm flesh, and turned his head slightly, blankly gazing at the bush next to him.

It was then Enyaw realized he was in the shadow of something the size of which he'd never known. Still weary from the pace of the climb, he

pushed himself up slowly as he raised his head to see what he had stumbled upon. Dwarfing him was a structure so awesome to his primitive eyes, he stood frozen, staring at it and saying aloud, "It truly is wonderous. This must be seen by all Laropmets."

Less than a stone-throw away lay a massive structure centered at two large wooden doors, which stood as guardians to the entryway. In front and at either side of the doors were two huge white pillars, each tenfold a man's height. Outside either pillar was another pillar, making a total of four columns that supported a jutting, triangular roof.

Below the roof were the walls, blood-red in color, with some sort of clay wedged between the stones. Years of ivy covered the place, blending it well with the forest surroundings.

As Enyaw approached the doors he noticed a glittering from some of the openings along the walls. Walking to the opening nearest him he reached out and touched. It was the first time he's ever felt glass. He tried looking inside, but the glass was far too grimy to see through, so he walked on to the doors.

There he noticed the intricate carvings in the heavy wood and began running his thin fingers along the deep grooves, finally resting his hand on one door's handle, now greened with age. He pushed. It opened only after much force, and gave way so abruptly that Enyaw found himself thrust inside.

There he was totally unprepared for what he saw. In front of him, to either side of him, behind him, all around him were books! Thousands of them, either on shelves or stacked two persons high on the floor. Books of all different sizes and colors housed within a huge room, magnificent in its grand simplicity.

At the center of the room two large semicircular stairways descended so as to almost meet at the floor below. Beside each stairway were two sets of double doors, all closed. On the walls paintings of fantastic color and detail hung, waiting to speak after so many years of silence. Covering everything was a heavy dust, a testament to a life long since past.

Enyaw picked up the book nearest him. "The Rivers of Babylon." He opened it. It was very different from the dictionary. There were no pictures. All the words had letters larger than the ones in the dictionary. He leafed through the pages then laid the book aside, deciding to look around while the interior was still bathed in sunlight.

He climbed one of the stairways to the level above. Midway he stopped to rub the railing with his forearm. The dust changed to deep, rich wood. Enyaw could only marvel at the minds whose hands had made this.

On the upper level, Enyaw found himself surrounded by books in every room. Some of the rooms were ornate, others simple, all were fur-

nished. But except for an occasional desk, no room was furnished for reading or writing. There were no shelves. The books seemed as if they were stacked rather hurriedly on the floor, around the furniture. No, these rooms had not lived as places for books. And Enyaw's brain began to speculate.

After inspecting the rooms above he returned to the entryroom. By this time he had concluded that Mara was wrong. The place was not a library, but a dwelling for ancients. But did all ancients' dwelling places have books scattered all about like this one? Why?

At that moment Enyaw heard a "thud" and a "whish" from the room beside him. He cautiously walked toward it. He could feel the veins in his throat throb as his heart began pounding. Placing both hands on the knob, he slowly turned it and pushed the door open. Peering into the room he saw one of the door-windows flapping back and forth. A gust of wind had flung it open.

Looking around the room, Enyaw sensed something odd. He somehow knew that from it radiated the strange energy he felt all through the place. Shelves that seemed specially made into the walls, a place for a fire, and very comfortable places to sit—this must have been the original room for books. But if this dwelling place had a room for books, why were there also books strewn about in all the other rooms?

Dusk had begun and soon there wouldn't be enough light by which to see. Through the door-windows bright orange was filling the room. Enyaw walked over to close the open door-window. As he did he noticed the sunlight striking one corner of the room especially brightly. In that corner was but one table upon which a single book rested. "That's odd," he thought. "Nowhere else in the place is there one book by itself."

He walked over to the table to look more closely at this book. It had no letters on the outside. Just a hard, green cover engraved with an elaborate gold pattern. He opened it. Instead of printing there was handwriting, and only four sheets had been written upon. It was difficult for Enyaw to understand the script. The only writing he had ever seen was his own, Mara's, and the samples in the dictionary. But read he did, and as he did his eyes grew wide. It was an account of what had passed in the before time, the time when the ancients had lived on the earth.

Enyaw read slowly, not missing a letter. He read to the end, and when he had finished he understood so much of what he couldn't understand before. For on the last sheet was written:

Tread lightly you who reads this. Know that within these walls the spirit of man rests. Emotions, thoughts, history, morality, philosophy—they are all here. They had transformed man, and freed him from his bodily chains. But like wheat left in the field during a heavy storm, freedom was rotted by the rain of greed. Man began using his spirit to

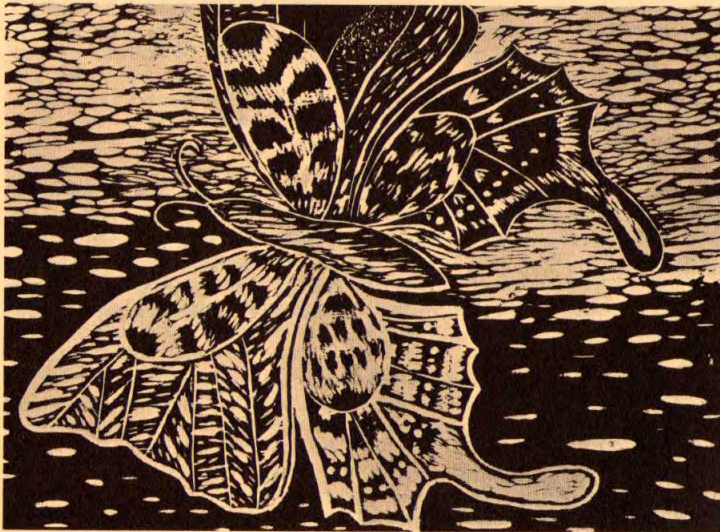
control others. Words were twisted, ideas were used to mean things never intended. The weeds of self-interest and greed flowered, choking the tree of humankind. Evil men ascended and in their quest for power the holocaust came. Never again must the power housed here be used to control. Never again must men twist words in order to lie, confuse or control others. The spirit of the past has been preserved with hope for the future; but better to destroy the past and remain enslaved to the unknown, than abuse it and become enslaved to man. The past must not be repeated.

Enyaw placed the book back on the table. "That's why Mara never told anyone. Why she made me promise not to tell anyone. She's been here again. She put this book here for me to see."

The sun had completely set and light faded from the room. Enyaw had now been there, he had now seen. He too knows. But as one question is answered another is asked. What to do with the power now before him?

"That," he said to himself, "I'll decide with the dawn."

Wayne Malouf, St. Mary's
First Place, Prose



NEW LIFE Sarah Isabel H. Murillo, OLLU

Monarch

Loneliness
Just a state of being
A temporary affair.
Or maybe that's the trouble,
Too many temporary affairs.

It will pass
Seconds to minutes,
Hours to days.

Just a state of being
Lonely, or is it alone?
Oh well, who cares?

I don't
And I'm the only one here
In this damned state of being
Where I am queen, court, peasant and alone.

Sheila Dunn, IWC

ENCUENTRO

En cada sonrisa	mi alegría boba,
veo tu rostro,	En cada amistad
En cada llanto	encuentro la nuestra
tu herida profunda,	Y en cada poema,
En tu música	escribí tu amor.

Cesar Ferreira, St. Mary's
First Place, Spanish

EN EL MUNDO

En el mundo
nacen
flores y memorias
con sonrisas,
con sabor de abena
se van
como pájaros
en el invierno
regresando
algún día

Carmen T. Garza, St. Mary's

Proverb Number One

Love is like trying
To get a taxi,
In New York City,
On a rainy day.

If you find it
Life is amazing.
If you don't
It's typical.

Sheila Dunn, IWC

EVENTIDE PARCHMENT

How dreadfully thirsty I am!
O Sun of my Soul,
Do not leave me--
High and dry,
Beside myself,
Or floating in the depths
Of an azure mirage.
Quench not!
O Depth of Mercy,
Drench me--
Until my being fills,
Streaming forth
To gently flood
Even distant Venusian valleys.

Carolyn V. Atkins, OLLU

HAIKU

The silent sun flows gently,
the leaves capture it
and mark the grass below them.

Mary Bernadette Hayes, St. Mary's

My Mimosa tree never grew,
I call it the Mimosa bush.
Every Spring it bravely blooms.

Eleanor J. Bash, St. Mary's

Kids in the ghetto
play tag with the sprinkler.
What are flute lessons?

Beth Wickenhoefer, OLLU

I

You left me for the last time
on a flight beyond the stars
I waved goodbye, though you
never saw and I kissed your lips
though you never knew.
Your eyes were glazed
with crystals like salt;
One tear bade you farewell
and all my sobs died with you
in that empty hall of abysmal
silence.

Two roses covered my eyes
when you left and withered
before you disappeared.
Journey lady with no fear,
your heart is pure.

Raul C. Solis, St. Mary's

Inspiration From

Aretha And Joni

II

I eat cinnamon rolls
with hot chocolate;
taking out the raisins
the sugar falls off
onto my lap and I
remember that you
don't waste sugar.
It is difficult
enough to live alone
without having to thread
through these thoughts
long gone stale that
linger despite your
absence; with no will
to leave, they stay.

Summer Song

Summer song

A song with out a note
Not heard nor conveyed
By string nor throat
But rather a pageant
Of these days of long
And all thàt passes in its time
This is the summer song.

Summer song

Sweet is your tune
Filling the day with sun of white
The eve with pearly moon
Spring frailty has passed away
The green is thick and strong
Assured of more warm days
This is the summer song.

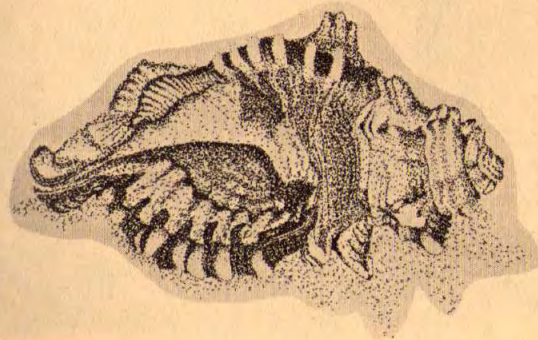
A view from the hill top
My eyes are pulled to the horizon's edge
From where I stand to there
Green with tree and hedge
But too, corn and crops
And fields where cattle graze
Quilt the land with fence as stitch
Crowded wheat returning golden ray.

A passing parade
Of towering white
Glide in friendly silence
Appearing ominous
By moon lit night
At times they turn
Ingulfing blue in black ash and pot
Bombing water round and heavy
Turning hot cement to polka dot.

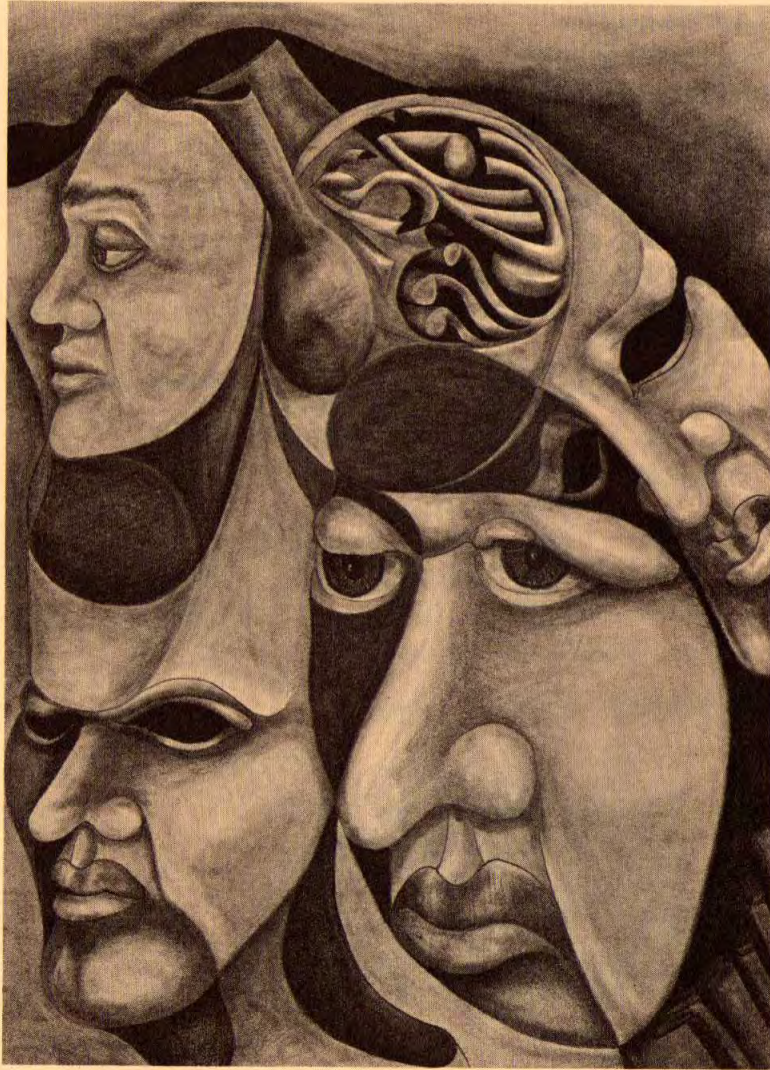
Summer song

I will carry you in my heart
Long past when green goes red
And seasons pickle tart
On gray bitter days
When I have felt winters sting
I will look out my window past the gray
And the summer song I will sing.

Christopher Franke, IWC



WASHED UP Raymond Brown, St. Mary's



OUR DESTINY Roberto Sifuentes, OLLU
First Place, Art

A crouching protohuman scratching febrilely, struggles to save the last remaining threads of a sunfall and strangle them in swirls on the sand. The indifferent sun burns into a furnace, the trees turn to ashes at land's end. The tenebrific rotation of the earth turns the sun under. Embers are strewn in an effluence of light that pierces the leviathan clouds; drifting in shoals and caverns of light they slumber. Flowing like the polyphonic sounds of whales, the colors convolute and fill the sky's expanse with a field of aurum. Then the hues sublime into albescence and the aeolian clouds evanesce. They fade grey into blueness, blue into darkness like long chords stretching into silence. The unity of that tapestry woven with luminous thread, the constant change of hue by the ebbing sun, and the disassembling of forms into tenuous filaments by the wind flood the sentient capacities. Energy traverses the tingling nerves; images, colors, and light waves fall within the eye; impulses leap the synapses-the image is transformed and mirrored within.

As the bow turns outward, light vanishing with the sky opening to space, glistening waters gather in the desert soul. The galaxy pulses out in nocturnal blackness, plummeting intense gradations. The stars constellate across the deep like vertebrae. Though planted sessile on the earth, the beauty of these perceptions transcends the senses and intersects the spirit, the sabi, the soul. The night blooms out in swelling sails, while the spirit presses outward in a breath of contemplation.

Breaching its bounds, the white horse strains to mount the infinite. His heart tears upward with love. His eyes do not see the enduring adamantines of the black, they are only cast on that other world, the world to which he aspires to return.

Denise Brown, OLLU
First Place, Prose

WHAT SAINTLY CLOTH?

Was he really

stripping his dyed-in-the-wool capitalist crusader
stuffed inside and out
misery encrusted role and status

Was he really

merchant become mendicant
jostling chivalrous equestrian
turned penitent prostrate trav'ler

Never pedestrian yet always
breaking common bread
treading common ground
cast-off bits of sunshine
guiding wherever he roamed
flights of fancy
flowering into inspiration

Or was he really

simply and humanly himself

Francis of Assisi

Carolyn V. Atkins, OLLU



SERENITY Cristina André, OLLU

THE END OF BILLY

I knew this fella oncet, name a' Billy. Ol' Billy, he run hisself a porno shop down on Galveston Island. That was before I met him, though. I got to know ol' Billy in Chicago, back in, oh, it musta been '73. I remember it was then cuz I was fresh outa jail and glad to have that \$8.65 in my pocket, and the the hundred and thirty besides that was sittin' in my room at the Wilson Men's Hotel, waitin' for me. I liked to stay at that place. It was cleaner then than it is now. You could go there, pay your week's wortha rent and no questions. It was like stayin' at Th' Salvation Army, 'cept Billings, that desk clerk with the busted teeth, he wasn't out t' save yer soul he just gave you yer room key.

Anyway, there I was, not broke at the time, and lookin' forward to about three weeksa hard drinkin' 'fore I got picked up again, or hadta go t' onea them temporary job places t' pay for th' hootch. Worst institution thought up by man for the torture a' man, them agencies. They'd pay you pretty good, about eight dollars a day back then, but they'd work th' devil outa you. It was them that had th' absentee contract with th' highway department. They'd ship ya out t' some stretcha highway, then leave ya there t' be scratchin' in th' dirt all day, an' whatta ya think they'd give ya for lunch? Some dry bologna sandwiches, without even salad dressin' on 'em or nothin', that's what, an' a glassa some kinda watery punch, if you was lucky. Like as not, though, all you'd get was some water. They hadta do that much, on accounta all the men was practically on th' edgea malnutrition and they didn't want anyone droppin' in th' heat an' them havin' t' run you over t' the hospital, and all. I tell you, it was many the time I digured I woulda been better off stayin' a dirt farmer like my daddy, back in them Piney Woods, than workin' out there in th' sun like some stinkin' guy on a chain gang. That's about all we was, anyway.

Well, like I was sayin', I met up with Billy on that Tuesday, and I was beatin' it to th' grocery store. I'd been eatin' that jail slop, and I thought I'd get that taste outa my mouth before I took t' th' corner. It didn't do t' get there too early, on accounta them cops come along and pick up all the panhandlers about four-thirty, so they wouldn't disturb th' businessmen comin' home on th' trains. I didn't wanta get picked up f' that. Hell, what'd happen t' my hundred and thirty, then? I tell you what. Into Billings' pocket, that's what. An' nothin' but a toothless grin f' me.

So, I got to th' store and was kinda hangin' around, not in any real hurry and feelin' pretty important, knowin' I could get me some pretty good chow and a bottle besides. Then I hear this voice behind me.

"Don't touch them chickens. They's rotten."

So, I turned around, and what's standin' behind me but the most ugly man I ever seed in m' life. Short and scraggly, lookin' like he'd just crawled up from th' bottoma th' lake. Almost bald, too, and that salt-and-pepper hair a' his was cut so short you couldn' hardly tell if his head was on right or not, both top and bottom lookin' so nearly th' same. I tell you, it fair took m'

breath away t' see how ugly that man was.

"Man," I said, screwin' up m' face like I was thinkin' real hard, "you are the ugliest son-of-a-bitch I have ever seen. How'd you get t' be so ugly?"

"Practise, I 'spec. Or maybe I been takin' lessons from you."

Then I knew for sure. That bastard had to be from Texas. "Where you hail from?"

"Galveston."

"No shit. Nacagdoches."

"Shit! That ain't nothin' but a little ol' hole in th' ground." He spat on the linoleum.

I slapped him on th' back. "Man, you're a welcome sight in this Windy City, ugly as you are. How'd you get here?"

"Oh," and here he shrugged as if he couldn' remember no more an' didn' much care, "driftin'."

"Yeah," and here I spat, too. "Like everybody else."

Well, that's how I met ol' Billy and I have to tell ya right here that he's the only man I ever met that had the gumption t' try and panhandle another drunk. But he knew I had the stuff, that's th' thing. I don't know how he knew, but he did. We got ourselves some bread, and some tripe, and a big bottlea burgundy, a whole gallon, to celebrate my gettin' sprung, and had ourselves a night.

That's how me an' Billy met, and as time went on we got to know each other pretty well. He told me all about hisself, bit by bit. Told me all about the porno shop, too, and how he'd been doin' a pretty good business 'till he got burned out by somea them civic-minded people on Galveston. Half of 'em'd been his customers, too. You know, I don't think there's hardly a man alive that's not on Wilson Street here, or someplace like it, that ain't a hypocrite. That's the good thing about a drunk. He's a bum and he knows it and he lets you know he knows it.

About that fire, Billy was bitter about that, bitter 'till the day he died. I remember one night we was sittin' in my room at the Wilson Men's Hotel, sittin' at the kitchenette table. Billy'd grabbed ahold a' the necka that big bottle an' started cryin' soft-like. He started talkin' under his breath, like he was talkin' t' hisself, tryin' t' figure it all out.

"Goddamn moral doctors," he whispered. "Not like I wasn't doin' them a community favor. I was providin' a service, wasn't I? Hell, yes. If they didn' want me there, they shoudn'a bought th' stuff from me. Hell, I'da took th' hint. But, no. Fuckin' doctors had t' go an' burn th' place down. I can still hear them cats screamin'. Screamin' with their last breath t' get out." He looked t' me with shiny eyes. "Them cats was in th' basement. They couldn'a got out if they'da wanted to. Them son-of-a-bitch doctors killed 'em. Killed 'em all."

He stopped there, I remember, cuz he couldn' go on. The way he'd said it, I thought it was somethin' he'd never told another soul before. But after that, just about every time ol' Billy and me got drunk, he talked about them cats. God so's I didn' want ta get near him with a bottle cuz I'd have t' hear about them cats screamin' all over again. He'd had seven of 'em when it happened, and I swear, when he talked about it, you could hear every onea them seven cat a-screamin' an' a-clawin' t' get out. It weren't never no use, though.

It's kinda funny that ol' Billy used t' tell that story, cuz that was the way he went, too. I knowed that ol' cuss about, oh, maybe a year, maybe more, and botha us was dead broke at th' time. Billy got this idea we could make us some money if we was t' hire ourselves out as night watchmen. We wouldn' haveta do nothin', just show up, punch a card, and after a montha that, we'd be sittin' right on topa Easy Street, drinkin' champagne an' burbon all th' time. Well, I didn' take t' that idea too well. Guess th' give me too much sense for it. I just cain't figure how gettin' shot tryin' t' defend someone else's money is a easy way t' make a livin'. But I reckon I don't think like everybody. Maybe I had some kinda feelin', like I knew what was goin' t' happen, somehow. But that cain't be right, cuz if I knew it was goin' t' happen, why would I a' let Billy go and do it? I guess I won't never know why, but that's the way it happened. Why did Billy escape that fire on Galveston and all them cats die, that he loved like they was his own children? There's some questions in this life that cain't no one answer. We just ain't supposed t' know.

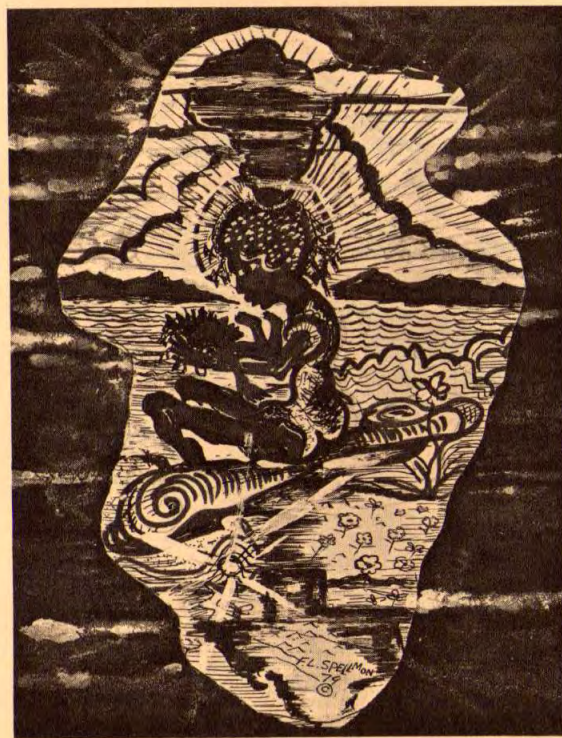
Well, like I was sayin', Billy got this here job workin' as a night watchman at a glass factory. Now, that's pretty unusual, a glass factory in Chicago, let me tell you, but I guess they was makin' money on it, or else why would theya kept it open? Well, he went t' this job, and things went OK for a week or so. He was doin' all right, didn' have no problems with th' boss or nothin'. You know, I don't think there's any problem in this world worse'n that between a man and his boss. If it's yer wife or kids, well, you can make 'em see yer way, an' if they don't, you can belt 'em one. If it's yer dog, a kick usually clears up th' problem. If it's a preacher or the mayor, somethin' like that, why, you can just ignore 'em. But you cain't do nothin' with yer boss. You cain't hit him, an' you cain't walk away, cuz that don't take carea th' problem. You cain't do nothin' but shake yer head an' say, "Yessur." An' th' way I digure it, you ain't no better'n just a ignorant nigger if you take it like that. So, I wouldn' never do nothin' like Billy done. I wouldn' let 'em walk on me like he done.

So, he'd been goin' inta that glass works for about a week. He told me it was pretty dark in there, but Billy didn' much care about that. Hell, even if he was reformed, he wasn't conscientious, I can tell you that. He just showed up, punched his card and waved to th' cop about three o'clock. He spent th' reats th' time with is bottle, in a corner somewhere. I reckon that darkness came in handy t' ol' Billy.

Now, I seen in th' papers that th' night Billy died there was four other fires out there on th' west side, where he was. Some people say it was arson and some say it was done by ol' Billy hisself. But I'm here t' tell you that ol' cuss didn' even smoke at th' time, so how could hea started that fire? He'd give up cigarettes when he took that job, to show how steady and dependable he was. No, it wasn't no kids and it wasn't no professionals and it sure as hell wasn't Billy. It was just a freaka nature. Just a acta God sent Billy up in a blaze a' burnt glass.

But I been thinkin' about it a lot lately. Turnin' it over in m' mind. At that last moment, I just bet you anything, he heard them cats callin' t' him from th' other side.

Sarah E. Toombs, IWC



FROM AFRICA TO TEXAS Doc Spellmon, St. Mary's

the words i wanted to say were not real enough
though i tried to make them express
what i was feeling
i couldn't do it . . . i couldn't go on playing games with you
but how could i tell you that . . . you never understood.
you took my words and twisted them, bent them,
conformed them into
what you wanted to hear. . .
and then, if you liked them,
you were happy with me
and if you didn't you became angry
and the angrier you became, the more you
entwined my words with your thoughts.
you tossed them around a while
chopped them up . . .
put them back together your way
and threw them back at me.

my words--your thoughts
my thoughts--your words
became
my--your
our end

Beren Gaule, OLLU



CONTINUOUS CLOWN Donna Flieller, St. Mary's

Germany
with Beethoven's symphonies
ancient gothic castles
laughter, Heineken, and sausages.

Germany
with one surviving Jew
chanting prayers to the six million who never made it
Kippah and tallit reminding of
invisible numbers with yellow stars
marching nowhere
nourishing the now blossoming roses.

Germany
burned scrolls and synagogues
timeworn Yiddish newspapers
ashes, ashes, ashes

Germany
aged deteriorating railroads
echoing cattlepacked trains
to Dachau and Buchenwald

Germany
Kafka's "Metamorphosis"

Carmen T. Garza, St. Mary's

Omar Khayyam
so young in the beginning of life
probing, questioning
the riddles of life and death
"sans wine, sans song, sans Singer, and--sans End!"
I, too,
a thousand years later
young and absorbed
by the mystery of each day
craving for the jewels in the sand
wondering
why tia Clara died this morning
why I didn't cry
but only felt an emptiness inside
why my heart meets his
like a butterfly meets an azalea
never quitting
till life quits on me.

Carmen T. Garza, St. Mary's
Second Place, Poetry

Detenerse en el tiempo y estocar la mirada en el horizonte; construir en la mente una jungla y en ella encontrar ríos de angustiosa soledad. En el arribo de la noche dejar escapar un grito de desesperación que se ahoga y desaparece entre la maleza. Luego evocar una inexistible mano salvadora para luego borrarla y destruirla. Pensar tener la seguridad de la soledad y amarla, y enorgullecerse de ella y luego odiarla y volverla amar. Con ojos desorbitados contemplar la miseria del alma ya desilusionada de no encontrar la libertad y la alegría. Y ser devorada por los recuerdos eternos que lastiman el alma. Y al amanecer encontrar un claro en esa jungla, y al correr hacia el desvanecerse. Y vivir un día más con la ilusión de estar en la luz. Y de nuevo, al atardecer, encontrarse perdido entre la maleza y llorar y gritar silenciosamente, y dentro del mutismo desnudar la falsa calma y retornar y postrarse ante la soledad y sonar que en una destocada volvemos a la realidad.

Reposar sobre el dorado manto de las hojas de un otoño agonizante, y en la pupila de unos ojos tristes beber la luz de un cielo ensangrentado por un sol ya moribundo. Ansiar conocer el sendero oscuro evocando la ausencia de la muerte. Envidiar a los que ya al polvo han vuelto y no compartir con ellos la paz eterna. Mas, sin embargo, tener que soportar la corrupción y la falsedad mundana. Anorar el desconocido origen de un nacimiento que ahora parece indeseable e imposible de llevar su marcha. Desesperadamente tratar de formar la imagen de un futuro incierto e ignorar la hora en la cual nuestra alma encontrará su eterno reposo y nuestro cuerpo volverá al polvo.

Al contemplarme en el espejo me di cuenta de que este no embebía mi imagen y no sabía por qué. No me veía. No me encontraba. Tal vez había sufrido la desaparición de mi espíritu mas tampoco sabía el por qué. En ese momento me di cuenta de que había despertado de una muerte parcial. Una muerte que me hacía caminar por el mundo sin ser vista y sin ver lo que en el existía. Y no sabía por qué. Tal vez por cerrar mis ojos a la realidad. Después palpé el aire y en un instante vi lo que me rodeaba y mi alma se desvaneció al ver tantas cosas raras. Volví a morir por un instante y al resucitar contemple la miseria que revoloteaba a mi alrededor como un mar atormentado. Entonces supe que no encontraría una salida, que existía, y que no era más que otra criatura, víctima de una miserable existencia a la cual, al abrir de nuevo los ojos, vi que mi cuerpo reflejaba ya la imagen antes perdida en aquel espejo.

Maria Francisca Gonzales, OLLU
First Place, Spanish



Doc Spellmon, St. Mary's

Lorna

Me dejaste con la boca abierta,
you told us of your heritage
with your voice that echoes
the sentiments de nuestros padres,
but your words were not
what left me disturbed;
before we even talked, our eyes
had met for a second and revealed
to me the life of my many-faced sister.

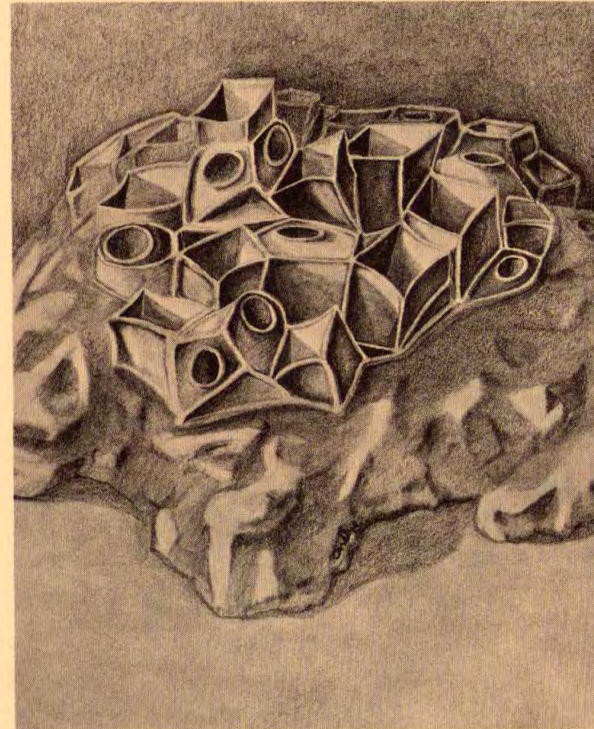
The image remains of your hands
almost clawing at the stone faces
of our other brothers as your words
opened our minds to new horizons.
My mind never returned, todavia
my naivete lies exposed, shameless.

In the night on the way to your little
room, te dije del medio que senti
at seeing a peer invade my territory
and you, with surprise in your indian face
laughed and said you were also afraid.

You were lost you said aqui
en las calles de esta frontera,
but the keys finally fit as did
the brick pieces that led to your room.

I did not realize that this familiar
place was a stranger to me as well;
my feet know at which corners to turn,
but now with my mind left ajar like this
I must use my hands to keep the sun
from burning my brains.

Raul C. Solis, St. Mary's
First Place, Poetry



WHAT IS IT? Cristina André, OLLU

FELLOWSHIP

Flame burning on the countertop
Old ghosts come from the past to haunt us,
To remind us that they are still alive.
A deepness,
 an eeriness,
 so pensive and silent. . .

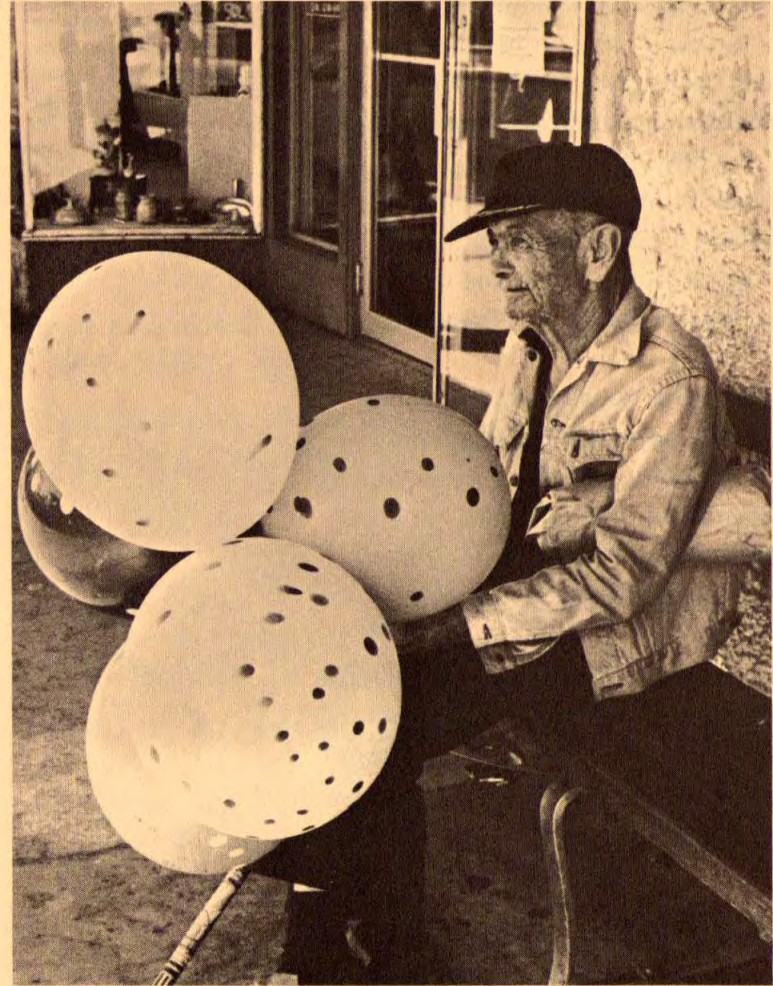
Gregorian chant, gray faced, sunken-eyed monk
In black flowing robes
Stained glass windows
Of velvety-faced people
Eyes peering from inside a drawer
Letters crinkling, mumbling, begging to be read again
The past reverberating, trembling, rocking
Locked doors to escape.
Endless laughter
Light the candles in their memory

Oh, I can see the graveyard in bright summer sun
Peering at the names with morbid curiosity
"Hos did you die?"

"Don't step on the grave! You'll disturb them!"

(Don't be afraid, for we have bright summer sun)
We even dare to laugh in that hallowed place,
Just to prove,
"I'm not afraid"
Then, I turn my back,
Dusk is upon us,
And bright summer sun is gone.
I laugh at them, for they are trapped,
And I am Free,
And am leaving them behind. . .

In the deepest, darkest part of night,
I can hear my own laughter come to me,
Then, they join in chorus.
They laugh at me,
For I am trapped,
And They are Free. . .



Stephanie McDowell, St. Mary's

BALLOON MAN Cristina André, OLLU

THE HIDDEN DRAGON--EXCERPTS FROM A DIARY

December 1970 (Prologue)

The Student Commons was charged with silence. The tables were all surrounded and groups stood or leaned against the walls, waiting for the radio to be patched into the PA system. The usual talk, banter, and random movement had been suspended by an unspoken consensus. Suddenly, the voice of the radio announcer fell from the speakers embedded in the ceiling. The voice was almost monotone. No involvement in the dates and numbers being read could be detected, as if they had no significance, merely a memorized litany to be recited. The birthdate was announced and assigned priority in the order drawn: September 14 would be drafted first, June 8, if drafted at all, could rest easy until three hundred sixty-sixth.

It has been a year since that first Selective Service lottery of the Vietnam era. Sacrifice would be inevitable for those with priority numbers below one hundred twenty-two. Only severe medical problems would free one from his fate. The philosophical debates that have spilled into the streets of the country have made everyone aware that many civilians are fighting an unpopular war

My roommate sat next to me, tensely thumbing a styrofoam cup. "May tenth, sixteenth." Damn! The sacrifice was to be mine. We waited. Two hundred forty-four birthdates had been drawn; my roommate was free. His anxiety melted away. Resigned, suppressed anger at his fortune and my fate settled in.

January 1971

The sun has set on the cold, Missouri winter hills. I am not alone, but silence prevails. As the bus pulls up to a building at Fort Leonard Wood, darkness engulfs us. Foreboding tales, told by those who have entered this alien world before us, bring anxiety to a peak. The next two months will be an initiation, a preparation for the sacrificial rites of a nation gone to way.

February 1971

We stand at attention with rifles held at full extension above our heads, a favorite form of basic training discipline. The M-16, fairly light weight compared to rifles of past wars, becomes unbearably heavy when held in this position for any length of time. It is not an unreasonable discipline as the rifle will have to be carried above the head for long periods of time while wading through swamp or river, but the point of the discipline is not inherently evident while standing at attention in basic training.

My head falls back, fatigue mounting in my shoulders. The drill sergeant kicks the rocks next to my boot and roars, "Get that rifle over your head! Troop!" My eyes open and for a brief instant all I can see is the rifle uplifted against the blue sky as in some grotesque religious offering. Deep inside, my soul cries out, "My God, What have I done?"

March 1971

The mud makes movement difficult. Step, pivot, thrust, "Kill!" "You sound like a bunch of girl scouts on a picnic! I want the clowns on the next hill to hear you! Ready, Step!" Step, pivot, thrust, "Kill!!!" Bayonets are fixed. We all move in unison, choreographed in a sacrificial dance of death. If the enemy penetrates the line, there will be no time to think about movement. Ste, pivot, thrust, "Kill!!!" It has to be reflex. The mind numbs; it is merely a dance. Step, pivot, thrust, "Kill!!!"

God, how I wish the One-Who-Created would release the dragon hidden in my soul from gnawing at my innards, and return him to whatever dark hole in the Universe he came from.

April 1971 (Epilogue)

Medical Training Center, Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Mission: to conserve fighting strength.

This afternoon I pause to watch the helicopters come into the hospital helipad. The medics transfer the wounded to ambulances with routine precision. Just another dance, well choreographed, to be repeated day after numbing day.

Donald H. Ewers, IWC



Michael Kienbusch, St. Mary's

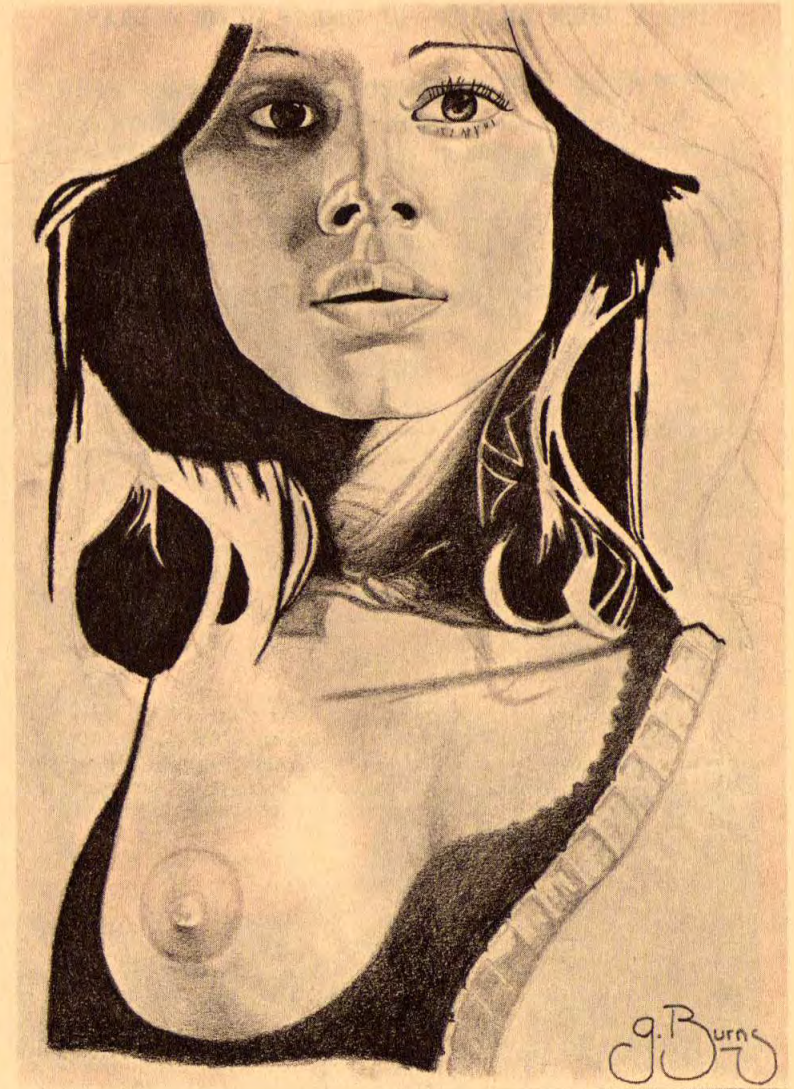
PERDITION

Trivia trespasses onto the hallowed terrain of silence,
Disquieting and displacing the indwelling spirit.
Memoranda choke the humming concourses of existence,
Cluttering them with soggy refusals to listen.

PARDON

Private gutters transport all those precious non-essentials downstream,
Eventually emptying into the groundswell.
Rag-Tag forget-me-nots tap into the dream,
Needing not to utter a sound.

Carolyn V. Atkins, OLLU



George Burns, St. Mary's
First Place, Art

"ABUELITO, ABUELITO"

I remember my grandfather, the man who, with silky hair, round gold-rimmed glasses and the hands of a laborer would teach me quietly and simply about life.

Together, we would make a pitcher of lemonade and walk outside. I would always take the thin metal glasses and he much stronger than I, a mere four year old at the time, would carry the large glass pitcher.

It was mid-June, the trees, although not very tall, were covered with green leaves, typically pecan. The soft, summer breeze gently swayed the branches above my head as I sat in my small chair, facing him.

"Abuelito, el primer dia de julio completo los cinco anos." I glanced at him, admiring the way he stirred the lemonade, never spilling it, as I often did. "Abuelito: Como naci yo?"

"Tu, hijita, naciste del amor de tu mama y tu papa. Cuando ellos se besaron bajo las estrellas de la noche, la luna se sonreio con ellos. La union de los dos corazones eras tu."

I watched him carefully as I always did when he explained in his own special way.

"Cuando tu naciste, hijita, yo era el abuelito mas gustoso en todo el hospital porque tu eras la muchachita mas bonita de todo el mundo. Tu tenias el pelo, el color de la noche." He motioned to the sky.

"Tus ojos, dos estrellas brillantes, brillantes como el sol." His eyes spoke the story.

"Tu piel, color de la luna. La luna que sonreio esa noche." He smiled ever so gently.

"Asi nacistes tu Dianita."

I understood the entire essence of what he told me. No longer wanting the glass of lemonade I held in my small hands, I placed it on the table next to my grandfather. I climbed on his lap preferring him to the little chair.

Holding me with one hand, he used the other to lift the lemonade glass to his lips, draining the last bit of sweet lemonade.

"¿ Abuelito por que tienes arrugas en la cara y el cabello el color de las nubes?"

I ran my chubby fingers through his white hair, awaiting a reply.

"Yo he vivido una vida muy dificil, hija. El sol me ha quemado la espalda. La nieve me ha helado los pies y el viento me ha pigado los ojos.

"Pero cuando tu naciste, Diana, jugabas con los animalitos de la tierra. Platicabas con los pajaritos y dabas gracias por un dia bonito. Por estas cosas buenas la Mama Tierra te hizo un regalo."

"¿ Regalo Abuelito? ¿ Cual?" I questioned from the place in his lap where I could hear his heart beat, a strong steady beat.

"Tu, mi hijita tienes el regalo de juventud que tu aquardaras aqui en tus manitas." He held his strong hands around my tender fingers.

"¿Y que pasa cuando se me acaba el regalo de la juventud?"

"Entonces, hija mia, es tiempo de morir. Ya cuando has vivido la vida mas buena possible y has dado de tu alma a todos alrededor de ti, tienes aseguranza de que Diosito te admita al cielo. A ese tiempo Dios abre las manos poderosas y tu corazon vuela de tu cuerpo."

"Pero que pasa al cuerpo sin el alma abuelito?"

"El cuerpo se vuelve hacer el mundo mas bello. El cuerpo ayuda la Mama Tierra hacer las nubes mas blancas, el cielo mas azul, los arboles mas grandes."

He rocked me slowly, back and forth and I slept in his arms.

When I awoke today, my birthday, the pecan trees were much larger. The July breeze swept the now whiter clouds to the other side of the heavens where the bluer sky awaited them. The sky my grandfather had helped make blue and the clouds he had whitened.

Diana Marie Arzola, St. Mary's
Second Place, Prose



AZ MAN TA TOU*

The wind was blowing
and dispersed your fragrance
everywhere.

The rain was falling
and your presence permeated
every drop.

The river was flowing
and cleansed me of every thought
except of you.

The thunder was reverberating
and I hearkened to
your voice.

The earthquake was rumbling and
as it broke my heart
you came forth!

The baby cried --
I remembered your true speech:
"You are near me
beside me
in me!

My thoughts and memories
span the miles
From me
to you!"

*Farsi for "From Me to You"

Farzaneh Hadian, OLLU



George Burns, St. Mary's

A ruby snake coils
around my legs
and they conjoin, growing under one skin.
I am breathing water
and wishing I could press myself
smaller, smaller
into a shell
inanimate
wall, hall, bed, tree
press into me

I can not personify anymore
this loneliness, this awareness
the deceit of touch is gone.
All the vespertine birds black
swirl the vortices
bearing more black
Black.

I bathe in darkness
in the waters of mercury
and sinking, sinking
swirl into the heat of hell.



Denise Brown, OLLU
First Place, Poetry

JULIE'S TREE Doc Spellmon, St. Mary's



Anthony Neira, St. Mary's

THE MISTAKEN IDENTIFY

Out on a walk in the heart of winter
I stumbled through the weeds as best I could
Down a cobbled stream bed beside the wood
When up leapt a sparrow like a splinter
From an arrowhead stone when struck too hard.
He flew to the far side of a shallow
Pool and looked back with eyes that seemed to hallow
Where I stood, into a deeper regard.
It was the kind of double-taken glance
Someone would give a long lost high school friend,
But sought more kinship than I brought to bear.
He held me careful in his little trance.
Of cognition I could not comprehend.
He knew. I did not. So he left me there.

George Fillingham, IWC

to m.e.t. -- anyway

i keep trying
to write about
 what you do to me
but i cannot.
i fear that if i do you won't understand
and you will be angry with me
so the feelings stay locked-up inside
like a timebomb. . .
set at an unknown hour.

i see you silhouetted against the evening sky.
i am confused.
as the twilight darkens
and the fog creeps in,
 i feel the links of the chain weaken
 and you slowly drift away.

i am crushed.

i cannot call you back
you won't listen anyway.
it'll always be my fault, anyway.
you don't care (anyway)

Beren Gaule, OLLU

JURAMENTO

Dices que me quieres
Dices que me amas
¿ Que yo te de mi vida?, Si!
Pero mi alma . . . Jamas!

Dices que ante un altar
Juraras tu amor hacia mi.
Que en mi dedo pondras un anillo de oro
Es por eso de gusto lloro.

Cuando me vez con tus ojos llenos de flamas
Inocente e inconciente me llamas
Pero por ser el caballero galan que eres, lo niegas y lo ocultas
Por respeto a las damas
Y para no sentir que me insultas.

Por el gran amor, a mi padre le pidaras en vano
permiso para corresponderte y mi mano
Y hasta entonces te dare mi vida entera, completa, y sin reservaciones
Luego tu me diras, "Eres mia, completa y sin ningunas condiciones.
Tendremos hijos y siempre cumpliremos con nuestras obligaciones."

Las monedas que se usaran como arras
Son para representar que no hay que ver caras
Para mantener de el amor el calor
Que de una relacion es todo el valor.

Te veo y me contestas con sonrisas a todos nuestros planes
Y piensas que nuestra vida sera un mundo de jardines
Con gardenias perfumadas y golondrinas que del carozon brotan miel.
Y para mantener esta mundo tendras que ser siempre fiel.

Pides que entregue mi vida total a ti
Y ante un altar te dire que si
Pero mi alma, mi alma, no te lo doy
Ni para manana, ni ayer, ni hoy
Porque tu seras el que moldaras mi conciencia
Con tu conducta y tu correspondencia.

Para entrar al cielo
le ofrescare a mi Dios
Lo que a ti te negaba
Si mi vida - le entregare mi alma
Y quizas con la ultima despedida tuya
Dios me dira, "Eternidad es suya!"

María Belen P. Escobedo, St. Mary's

GREENROOM EVASION

Marji looked up from her powder and her paints, her eyes flashing with mischief. "Late again, ay? You're goin' to get it this time, luv. I've 'eard word that Keeney fancied trashin' you if 'e caught you comin' in after six-thirty." She looked to the battered alarm clock before her on the vanity, then mocked surprise. "Coo, five to seven! That's cheek, that is."

"Couldn't 'elp it, that's all," breathed Jillia, throwing her parcels on the floor in a heap.

"I'll bet. Should be ashamed to show your face, you should."

"Well, 'e didn't catch me, anyway." She began digging in her makeup case. "Didn't catch me this time, and won't, either, I fancy." She paused, throwing creams and colored pencils on the shelf before her. "At least, I 'ope not."

"Well, all I can say is, watch it, ducks. Gettin' pretty foxy, is that scum. Want some tai?"

"No, luv, thanks all the same. Not much time, you know, curtain and all that." She slapped cream on her face.

"Well, I don't mind if I 'ave some meself." Marji bent to the teapot, then, pouring her cuppa, remarked philosophically, "Can't meet a good night's work without a little 'spiritual sustenance,' as me mum used to say."

"Puttin' in a dropper?"

"Well, since you mention, I won't say no."

Of course you wouldn't, thought Jillia. She looked into the mirror, outlining her eyes. She'd have to hurry to make the curtain. Bleedin' lush. And Marji's the best of the lot, too. Not a moral one in the bunch, and make no mistake. A rotten business, this. The harpy's voice of her mother came to her: "I might be an old snipe, right enough, but you just listen to me, girl! The day may come when you'll wish you had yer old mum t' give yer advice such as this! Why, yer might as well be on the streets as workin' at that place. Nothin' but tramps and Johnnies around, and you with your trainin' and all. Just you don't bother comin' back 'ere tonight if that's where you're off to! What you'd want to be doin' in a filthy place like that is beyond the sight of such as me. . ."

"What was it this time, Jillia?"

"What's that, Marji?"

"I said, what was it made you late this time?" She looked up from her tea as she poured in something from a hip flask. "Not that old bit about the sick relative, now. Tell it to me straight."

"I couldn't 'elp it, really. I . . . I missed the bus at Twick'nam Street and had to walk clear 'round the other side of Picadilly to catch the Tube . . ." She stopped, made a face into the mirror, and poised her lipstick brush in midair.

"And that made you 'alf an hour late? Oh, blood . . . can't you think up anything better'n that?"

Jillia threw down her brush. "Well, all right, then, I stayed 'ome to nurse me own sick mother, what's pining away with grief at 'er poor girl workin' in a music 'all. Stick that in your 'at if you like it better!"

"Right! And I suppose she got up from the grave to oblige you bein' conveniently sick?"

"Yes, well, she's a very accommodating sort, my mother."

"Right."

"Just don't cross-examine me, then!"

"Touchy, ain't we? Coo, I didn't think you'd care which story it was tonight, seein' you got one to fit every day of the week. Well," and here she patted Jillia maternally on the knee, "I can pretty well guess what it's all about, right enough."

"Oh, stuff it, Marji, why don't you, and leave me alone!"

"Thanks very much." Marji turned to the mirror, half talking to her own image, half to Jillia. She even looked a bit like Phaedra, the other girl thought, with that suffering face on her. "And after all the trouble I took to lie to Keeney for you. Said you was in already. Well, miss, from now on, you can bleedin' well practise your stories on Keeney himself. I've 'ad it!"

Now I've done it, thought Jillia. And just when I need this flippin' job. "Look Marji . . . I didn't mean to dodge you. But it's . . . well, it's just delicate-like, you know?"

She looked up sullenly. "I'm sure it is. And next time you see 'im, kiss 'im wonce for me."

"Thanks." Somehow, Jillia managed a blush. "'E's . . . real sharp, you know? Class. It's just that . . . well, 'e might not understand-me workin' 'ere, and all."

"Well, 'oo is it then? The bleedin' Prince of Wales?"

They laughed together. Jillia squeezed out a quick reference to "Johnny," as she called him, then began to apply her rouge with a scrutiny she did not feel. She talked about him, just enough, to satisfy Marji's curiosity, but not enough that she'd get trapped by it later.

"So, mum's the word, ay, Marji? At least for now."

"Right, kid, Wouldn't mess it up for you, would I? Chance to get out and all that."

"Thanks."

"Don' mention."

Sarah E. Toombs, IWC
First Place, Prose



Doc Spellmon, St. Mary's

Through the interstices between the leaves,
the waters of the sun glisten
moving into the orifice of sight
an opening vision
of hills and trees splayed by light
and then more light.

In a web of melted gold
seen through the thorny trees
it grows full circle
like Jesus becoming the light
in His twilight,
in our darkness.

The eyes are cut—
patterned interstices
pulsing with sun-spotted cells
and
bird voices come from the trees—
sprouting choruses of spontaneous sound.

Upon the unfolding shafts of sunlight
they dive off their perches
and arch against the sky
in a stream of flurrying wings
flung against the sun.

O Risen One
called Jesus
Open your goldwhite arms to me!
I'm coming
I'm coming unto you
on wings of faith

And in my black, now decaying eyes
glistens a Love
that can find no speech, no voice
in which to sing.

Denise Brown, OLLU

A Life's Perspective

It's a good kind of fun,
Being very young,
When a small field can
become an entire world,
And one lone tree
holds an infinite mystery.

But awareness extends
Beyond the fence line's end,
When the small field is
seen as a mere part of the world,
And the gnarled, old tree
takes on utility.

How will it have been
As life nears its end;
Will the field have
returned preeminent to the world,
And that ancient tree
reclaimed its dignity?

Donald H. Ewers, IWC
First Place, Poetry

My Room

A pearl grey ceiling,
Dusk blue walls, and
A golden carpet
Makes my room, my life.

Two seagull silhouettes
Adorn my wall,
And a big yellow clock
Tells me the time.

In my room I have
A brown sofa to lay on,
And a gold bean bag chair
For me to sit on
And a blue lap robe to keep me warm.

When the lap robe falls away
And bones grow chilled
I get up and leave
My room,
My life,
The beach
And I go to my house.





DANCE FOR THE QUEEN Sarah Isabel H. Murillo, OLLU