





ivy
leaves

anderson college
literary magazine
1981-82



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



ivy
leaves

SPRING 1982

*Ivy Leaves is published annually by
students of Anderson College
Anderson, South Carolina*

Dear Readers,

The ultimate goal of the *Ivy Leaves* staff has been to create a fresh and unbounded outlet for our contributors' imaginations. Our society leans toward individualism of the mind, while it seeks to identify with some idea for comfort, resolution, or humor. It is for this reason we have chosen many types of art, photography, poetry, and prose to make up this collection. As the reader, allow your mind to be open to each work and to the experience and thought that supports it.

Infinite gratitude to Miss Elizabeth Wyatt in return for her ceaseless patience, willingness, and hours of labor. My appreciation is also given to each special student and professor who has added to our fresh and unbounded outlet for creations.

c.d.t.

Co-Editors	Cheryl Thompson Elizabeth Wyatt
Faculty Advisor	Doug Davison
Cover design	Monica Allen

Special thanks to Susan Wooten for her support.



John Liebenrood



Todd Farmer



Mike Massengale

ivy leaves



Derek Hooper

Cover designs were done by Mrs. Susan Wooten's Design class.

Congratulations to Monica Allen for her winning design.

Poetry Contest Winners 81-82

The purpose of the Creative Writing Contest is to stimulate the creative writing process. There is a Creative Writing Workshop scheduled for Tuesday, April 20 and is open to entrants in the contest. Students writers will be in contact with serious adult writers who will point out both strengths and weakness in students' work. The student contest winners are; 1st place, Elizabeth Wyatt, 2nd Sandra Rivers, and 3rd Anne Martin.

1st
Place

Carolina Morning

Cotton, peaches, tobacco

grow across another

Carolina Morning.

Manners, gentleness, hospitality

part of another

Carolina Morning.

Orange. red, blue

across the horizon of another

Carolina Morning.

Elizabeth Wyatt

Playing hard--

make-believe
 cowboys,
 Indians
falling on skinned knees
 mud-fighting
tearing at the wind
things we do when we are young.

Working hard--

would-be-heroes
 dancers,
 actors,
 comedians
steps to climb--success
 --failure
things we do when we are growing
old.

Sitting quietly--

 thinking,
remembering times past
 friends,
 photos,
things we do when we are dying.

Then--

Stillness

1st
Place

Elizabeth Wyatt

Love and End

Watching your moves,
 I fell in love.
Looking into your eyes,
 I fell in love.
Hearing your voice,
 I fell in love.

The moves began to fade,
The eyes began to close
And the voice began to drift away.

What happened?
You didn't tell me
 it was going to end.
You didn't tell me
 it was going to hurt.
You didn't tell me anything.

You could have said goodbye,
Even though you were going to end
 our love.
Even though it was going to hurt,
I would have gotten over it,
 sometime.

Was there hatred?
Was there pain?
Was there even a beginning?

2nd
Place

Sandra Rivers

Battle of Forces

The world divides itself
and concedes frequently to the
differences herein.

Differences of every imaginable
description appear and are either
accepted or exaggerated.

Conflict is produced
because the exaggerated falsely
becomes the popular truth

This falsity could be conquered by
accepting and conquering requires
only a little believing.

The world unites itself
and develops harmony with the
differences herein

The harmonious achievement guided
by God and manifested by mankind.

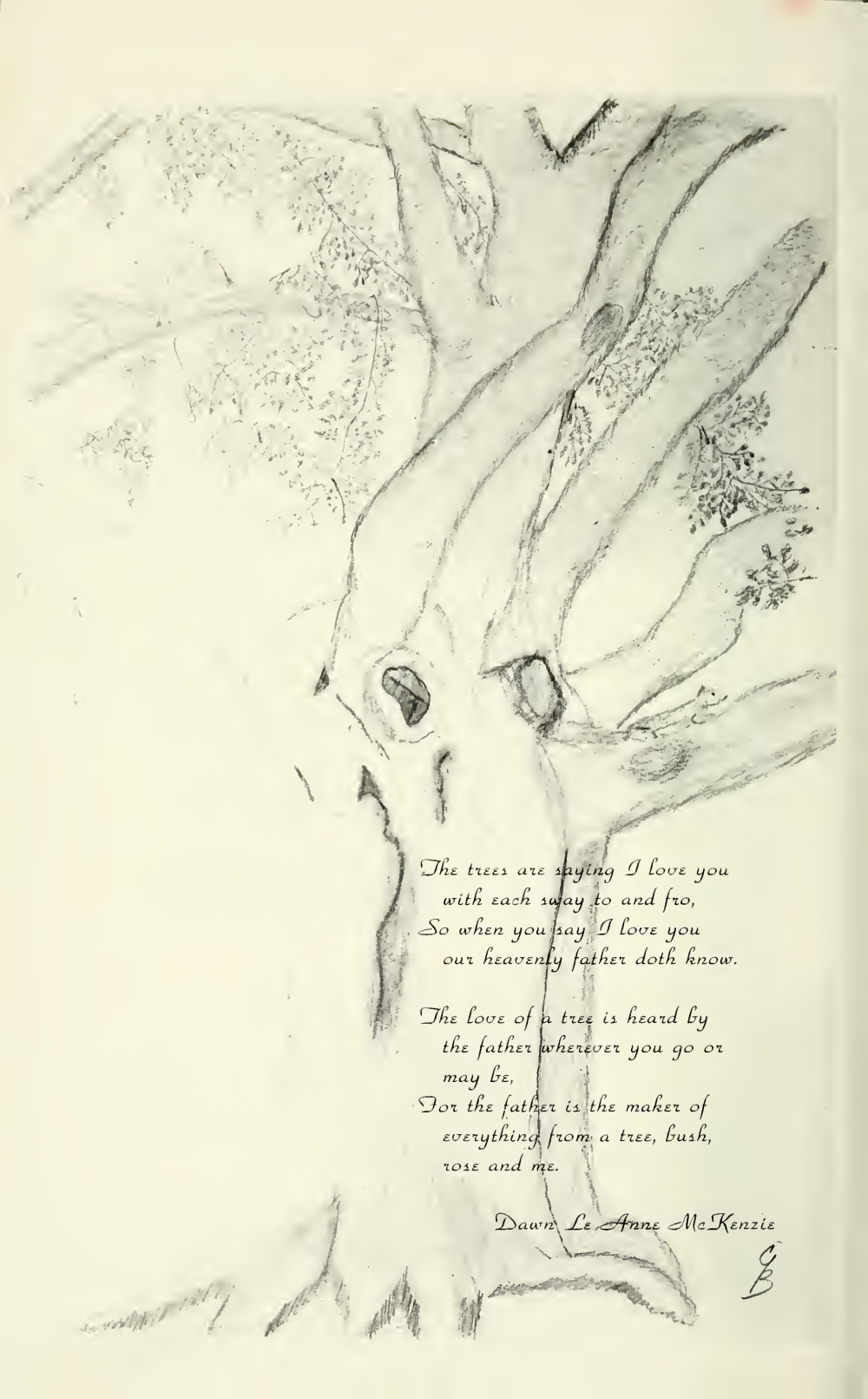
The manifestation of happiness-
wanted-but not diligently worked for.

Labor of giving demands pain, begets
beauty the road to which is
constantly imbalanced.

The world divides itself; the
world unites itself God, guide
our feeble paths.

3rd
Place

Anne Martin



*The trees are saying I love you
with each sway to and fro,
So when you say I love you
our heavenly father doth know.*

*The love of a tree is heard by
the father wherever you go or
may be,
For the father is the maker of
everything from a tree, bush,
rose and me.*

Dawn Le Anne McKenzie

CB

Sunsets, Butterflies, and Rainbows

When I look at the sky
And see one of these three
All the money couldn't buy
The pleasures they give to me

For people that don't believe
It's hard for me to understand
Of how they can conceive
And not see the Creators hand

First there is the sunset
That paints the evening sky
For the greatest painter yet
Could never begin to try

To capture this splendor
That's given to us so free
They see the beautiful color
But it's more than that to me

I'm not to love this material
home
God's word is true in its
confessions
But through this burdened
journey I roam
It's more pleasant with these
three blessings

The pleasure is just a sample
Of our long awaited place
The beauty is another example
That adds joy to our saddened
race

Next there is the butterfly
And his miraculous life
If we give Jesus a try
We'll overcome our grounded
strife

And we know if God takes care
Of a caterpillar with unhuman
features
We know our problems he'll
help bear
When we're transformed into new
creatures

Last there is the rainbow
A symbol of many a thing
A sign that he does show
Of a promise that we can cling

The colors themselves have a tale
To share with everyone
Of promises that won't fail
They only come with trusting the
Son

Red is for the blood
That cleanses all sins
Green is understood
Of how new life begins

Truth is represented by blue
That over lies tries yell
Yellow is for the you
Which are afraid to tell

The rainbow shows pleasure and
pain
This you also need to know
For it takes sunshine and rain
To create a beautiful rainbow

Sunsets, Butterflies, and Rainbows
Which are my favorite three
It's Gods way to let us know
He's truing to reach you and me

The credit should come from us
For the poem didn't come from me
The credit is owed to Jesus
For the things he has helped
me to see.

Tony De Young

Close To My Heart

Certain times I feel like

I really need you.

It is always when you

are the farthest away.

I feel so lost...

I feel like I can't make

it without you.

Then I realize why

I am alone...

or think I am alone.

It is because He has

provided a way for me

to grow closer to

Him

and

When He knows the

time is right,

He will bring us together

to live forever

Under His blessings

and tender care.

Susan Myzell

Christmas 25th

Christmas trees; pretty lights
red balls, jingle bells,
Santa Claus; snowmen, shaking gifts,
exciting calls.

Sending cards, Christmas shopping,
families gather, carolers sing,
but who thinks of Christ being
born on this beautiful crisp
winter's night?

Cathy Seawright

CHRISTMAS

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------|
| | 1. Record for Joan |
| L | 2. socks for Ray |
| I | 3. Shirt for Mary |
| S | 4. Shoes for Randy |
| T | 5. Perfume for Lisa |
| | 6. Puzzle for Jack |
| | 7. Hairdryer for Stacey |
| | 8. Games for Betty |
| | 9. Book for Ron |
| | 10. ? for Jesus |

Cathy Seawright

Cycles of Seasons

Rainbows are made in the wind
as clouds are formed--

by rain.

Rain dances on glass and away.
falling just as autumn leaves
fall.

Leaves fall in autumn and make
a bed for grass--

a leafy bed.

Grass sleeps quietly under the
bed of leaves only to be re-
awakened in the spring when
rain falls and rainbows are made

in

the

wind....

Elizabeth Wyatt

The Pull of the Earring

John G. Castro

It was a cold November day outside Miami General Hospital; a rare cold spell had set in on Florida. The wind was whipping the leaves around the courtyard forming dancing whirlpools. The greyish-white, concrete hospital looked as if it was shuddering, the chilled blasts of air pounding against its proud heights.

As Gwen peered out into the bleary dusk of the evening, off because it was her birthday. It would be all right to accept; she said the other nurses could cover for her. Anyway Kip would be at her house in a couple of hours. When she thought about him promising her a special evening for her birthday, she got a warm feeling that seemed to transcend the miserable weather.

Gwen climbed into her Vette, started the powerful engine, and headed out the back gate. She loved her Corvette; it gave a feeling of security. The big powerful car cheated the wind so well, that even on days like this one it drove as if it were a sunny afternoon in June.

As Gwen drove, she thought about those earrings she had seen in the mall the other day. "They would look so good with my creme dinner dress," she thought. "So what if they're expensive; it's my birthday and I owe it to myself."

To save time, she hit the left turn signal and exited at the Liberty City ramp against

her better judgment. It was a short cut to the mall but everyone had told her to stay away from Liberty City. It was the most dangerous suburb in Miami; she had known better after seeing those blood thirsty police riots of 1980 on the news, but it would waive her precious time before her date with Kip. If he ever knew what she had done Kip would be furious at her for pulling such a dumb stunt. That's probably the words he would use.

The head light reflected off the wet pavement and danced on the dilapidated buildings on either side of the road. Rusty hulls of automobiles could be seen, mixed with the rubble of crumbling concrete. Broken glass and garbage were strewn about; a stray mongrol's green eyes, reflecting from the car's lights caught Gwen's glance and pierced two holes in her soul. The sight of this caused her to press the accelerator as far down as it would possibly go. The tires squeeled in pain against the damp asphalt, as the mighty engine reacted with a thirsty groan. The car rocketed through the heart of Liberty City and Gwen promised herself she would never do this again.

A quarter mile from the city limits the big Corvette coughed, sputtered, died, and drifted to a halt against the curb. Gwen twisted the ignition

switch, but the only response was a hopeless whine from the starter. As she pounded the steering wheel with her petite fists, she swore to herself about forgetting to get gas when she left the hospital "Damn car drinks too much gas, anyway," she justified. She climbed out of the car and slammed the door shut.

As Gwen marched toward the city limits, her anger at her own stupidity mellowed into fear. As she reflected on all the tales she'd heard about this earthly hell, the smell of wet concrete and refuse filled her flaired nostrils. She drew her London Fog overcoat tight around her to shut out the penetrating chill she now felt. As she passed under a street light, she could see the drizzle, piercing its beam, and numbing her cheeks.

The shuffle of heavy footsteps stirred in her ears. They belonged to feet not her own. She shot a sharp glance behind her, toward the street light. The sight she saw almost stopped her heart. It was a huge colored man dressed in jeans, a drab sweatshirt, and a cap. He was the only living thing she had seen in Liberty City other than that green-eyed beast. Her heart leaped in her chest as she quickly picked up her tempo. Her mind raced through why he would be behind her. Would he mug her? Would he rape her?

Would he kill her? Her imagination flashed with thoughts of those muscular cold hands gripping the soft delicate skin around her neck. She drew her hand up against her throat and felt a knot there, as she gulped. She tried to run but her rubbered legs felt as if they weighed a ton each. As she listened to another time when she felt this kind of fear.

When she was fourteen Gwen had thrown a bottle and hit a policeman's car. She remembered the fear she felt when the cop climbed out of his car and walked toward her. How she wished she saw a cop now.

As she quickly trekked by a side alley, she heard two more sets of footsteps padding through the trash. Tears rolled down her frozen cheeks as she spun around to encounter her fate. Two little children came scurrying out of the alley running toward the big man. He was now kneeling with outstretched arms, and his loving hands gathered them tight against his burly chest. "Daddy, Daddy!" They squealed in unison, "You're home!" "Yes, my babies," the man exclaimed, "I'm home. I'm home."

Disturbance of Nature

Birds bathe in the stream that runs behind my house. I often wait, watch, and walk. Strokes of sunlight dance in and out of leaves on trees. Spring has finally arrived. Winter is far behind. The crystal icicles that once hung from trees have been replaced by blossoms of cherry.

I waited for the birds to finish bathing and watched them groom their feathers. Once again I walked the path I had repeated so many times. Crocus, daffodil, and hyacinth painted a picture along the path. I heard animals rustle about. I heard a squirrel running up the big oak; a woodpecker drilling at his home. I saw a fawn drinking down by the stream. I felt the sunlight as it warmed my back.

Aburptly the path ended. The dream stopped. Ahead of me lay endless highway and concrete.

Elizabeth Wyatt

Ah, 'Tis Spring

William McBride

All around the signs of spring are
here.
Birds are singing a joyful sound,
That beckons the end of winter's
sneer.
School children bounce cheerfully on
the schoolground.
Ah'tis spring at last.

All of the signs have made their
cast.
A sense of unexpected release is all
around.
As nature prepares to make its joy-
ful sound.
The dogwood blooms are a sight to
behold.
Their significance during Easter is
told.
It means rebirth and starting anew.
Since God beckons and gives a clue;
Ah 'tis spring at last.

Birds make preparation for their new
arrivals.
Scurrying about making their nests.
Gathering twigs and bits and scraps
for new trials.
And one would guess that the
business will crest,
Since ah 'tis spring at last.
People are busy grooming their
lawns.
And the smell of fresh cut grass
gives a sense of
tranquility;
That grass is being mowed even with
grunts and groans.
Ah 'tis spring at last and the latter
is the harsh reality.

Exhortation

To be, and yet not to grow is
the worst crime of all.
To exist without joy is to waste
existence.
To fail to respect chance and
what it gives is to remain a
fool.

Only with the acceptance of
what is real,
what is given, can one find
peace, and contentment,
and eventual fulfillment.

If one is not willing to work
within the framework of his
existent reality,
He can not change it--it can
only change him.

Dr. Victor H. Matthews

Giving Life A Chance

I've hung around this ole
town too long and I feel
like I gotta travel on.

It's not my style to stay
very long in one place. Some-
times I wonder if I love moving
around so often or if it's that
I'm running from my feelings
that I can't deal with so instead
of trying again, I pack my things
and go the other way. One day,
I won't be able to run. I'll
stay and give life a chance.

Cathy Seawright

Give All You Can Give

Just because you're alone
doesn't mean you're lonely;
and just because you're with
someone does it mean you're
happy?

You go to church weekly,
but are you a Christian;
You give thanks at every meal
but are you truly thankful?

We take what we have so very
much for granted;
but then when we lose it of
course we are not to blame.

Jesus gave his life for us,
would you do the same for
him?
he gives his love so freely,
when did you last return
that love?

Thank the Lord for each and every
day and give forth all that
you can give;
And you'll have no worry of
feeling unloved or lonely
but you'll experience a
peaceful inner feeling of
joy.

Dawn Le Anne McKenzie

Take Time to Tell

We have these feelings
Deep down inside
We expect others to know it
But we fail to confide

We're really very stubborn
Yet we think it's very smart
We cheat ourselves of happiness
Expecting others to make the
start

We'd like for them to hold us
And tell us that they care
But we keep it to ourselves
They never know it's there

Some of us end up sad
While others end up alone
We had the time to say it
Now our chances are all gone

Time is very short
So if these feelings are true
Take a moment to tell them
Hey, I really love you

Tony De Young

When you walk alone as I look on,
I say a little prayer for you,
just because.

When you look into my eyes and
I look into yours,
I say a little prayer for you,
just because.

When I say a prayer for you it's
not for mebut for you.

I just pray because . . . God has
blessed you, yet I pray He bless
you more because . . .
just because I love you.

J
U
S
T

B
E
C
A
U
S
E

Francis Anderson



*Photo By
Dan Snipes*



*Photo Submitted By
Elizabeth D. Wyatt*



*Photo Submitted By
Elizabeth D. Wyatt*



Photo By Dan Snipes

Oh Lord, let me climb in bed
easily tonight; Allow me to slowly
shut my eyes, but not too tight.

Peacefully, may I breathe the air;
Let me smile knowing someone cares.

Please allow me to sigh swiftly,
knowing I've done good;
That throughout the day I did
almost everything as I should.

May I sleep so sound, that when
I awake; I'll know what to give,
and what not to take.

So that whether or not things go
my way; I can feel at least a
touch of contentment at the end
of everyday.

Francis Anderson

Potent Medicine

A few words from a friend
is such potent medicine;
The words that they care
makes you feel worth while.

My illness was loneliness
but my medicine was a hug;
just strong enough to take away
the sorrow and gentle enough to
have regularly.

If ever you get in this loneliness
state goto a friend and ask for
a hug; no matter how deep your
sorrow sinks the love from
someone else will lift it out.

*Dawn Le Anne
McKenzie*

Just For A While

At times the distance seems
to overtake me--

I feel as if we will never
be together again.

But, then a warm, comforting
feeling succumbs my thoughts
and I can feel your
presence.

It is like you are right here
with me, and

I know that if our love
is meant to be it will
be.

Because we have shared so much--
like that misty parting glance;
But then a voice tells me that
goodbyes are not forever,
just for a while...

Susan Myzell

The Pursuer

Randall Wilhelm

Light flashed all around me. I could feel its heat searing my flesh as it soared over my head to destroy the balcony above. I dove head first down a darkened stairwell as the wreckage tumbled down between me and my would be pursuers.

I cleared my head and opened my eyes. I could not discern my whereabouts, yet I had the feeling I sat in the midst of a huge caven-like building which extended high above the surface. The place where I sat was dusty and the stench of the place clogged my nostrils and burned my throat. It was pitch black and I felt that a huge weight was bearing me downward against the cold, cement floor. As I contemplated my next move I suddenly became aware of my predicament. There was no telling what was in this place. It reeked of death. My stomach muscles knotted up and beads of sweat glistened on my forehead. A chill ran down my spine and I quickly fumbled for my light device.

Actually it was a combination of a light and a heating device. By turning the dial to it's maximum, it could produce sufficient heat to keep one warm in cooler climates. It's only fault was that it was quite fragile and could produce some kind of an explosion if broken while heating.

I quickly turned the dial to about halfway to provide

sufficient lighting. Much to my relief, I'd say that I was alone. The place was haggard and obviously been deserted for some time. The place had a clammy wet feel in the air. It reminded me of an old subway station that was used way back in the twentieth century. I saw a flight of steps leading down, so as this seemed to be the only avenue of escaping my pursuers, I cautiously went down them.

The light glowed and threw out its rays on the walls of the ancient staircase. I could feel my nape hairs prickle as I descended further and further into the darkness. I unsnapped my holster and fingered the trigger of my blaster.

I reached the bottom and noticed that my light was either growing dimmer or the blackness was getting heavier.

A repulsive odor struck my nostrils as I squinted in the surrounding darkness. It was a pungent, decaying odor which seemed to get stronger as I progressed down the corridor.

I thought that I heard the faint sound of bare feet flapping across tile up ahead. As I approached, my light grew dimmer. It was nothing more than a slight aura now.

I came to the end of the corridor and I paused. Carefully, I stepped into the adjoining passage. All of a sudden, something knocked my

light to the floor. As it scattered across the floor, I caught a glimpse of my attacker from the strobe-like rays of my light device.

It's face was grotesquely misshapen and my stomach heaved as I unwilling looked upon its countenance. Half of its face was slimy, somewhat resembling a reptile. It wore tattered garments of a New York's Finest Mutant. The thought reverberated through my mind. It was one of those poor unfortunates souls who had been painfully distorted by the holocaust that had destroyed this planet's once proud culture.

I was slapped across the face with a taloned hand. I reeled, clutching the torn side of my face and felt the warm liquid ooze between my fingers.

I frantically pulled my blaster from its holster and fired at the beast. Yet in the subterranean darkness I missed. However, I did manage to graze its shoulder, which was enough for the mutant to emit a hideous roar.

He came at me and I misjudged his speed in the darkness. He knocked the blaster from my hand and fell on me. His talons raked my back as his death grip grew tighter. Clothing and flesh yielding to his powerful claws as they dug deeper and deeper into my back.

My lungs felt as if they would burst. My ribs felt like they would crack and my breathing became nothing but desperate gasps. I opened my eyes to stare death in its face. Just then, I saw the light device glowing faintly on the floor just out of reach.

My arms were pinned to my side in the creature's death embrace so I shot my head into the slimy part of its face. My head went in a full three inches as I felt tiny, worm-like organisms slithering in my hair and on my forehead. The substance which crawled around in my hair was steaming hot and I choked back my impulse to retch.

This desperate move on my part had its rewards as the creature howled with rage and retreated to the other side of the room.

I crumpled to the floor and lurched for my light device. I turned the dial to its maximum. I waited for the diminished light to proceed to the heating effect. This was my last hope.

The beast approached again and I could see the back of his skull where I had destroyed the slimy part of its face.

My heart pounded as the creature readied itself for its final attack. The light device now burned brightly and it was getting hotter by the second. The beast howled and leaped. The device scorched my hand and I tossed it straight at the

beast. It struck the creature in the skull, sticking to what was left of the slimy substance. As it lodged in his head, I slumped to the cold floor and the world around me exploded.

I awoke, many hours later, to find myself alone in the darkness. A shaft of light came down upon the scenario from the ceiling which had been destroyed by the blast. I inspected the body of my assailant, which was now emitting an odor worse than before. Its head was gone and most of its chest was limned in the creature's own blood.

As I turned to leave, something caught my eye. A metal nameplate was still attached to the shreds of his police uniform. A tear ran down my cheek, yet happiness filled my heart. I would rather have him dead than in the living hell that he had become.

The Writer

The eyes that see what others
never saw,
The mind that thinks what
others never thought,
The Writer.

A world so far away,
A life so real,
The Writer.

A lonely person with no reality,
A person so full of imagination,
The Writer.

Describing things to their
fullest extent,
And living in a world so unreal,
The Writer.

Sandra Rivers

Poetry is just one outlet in
which one can discover himself
in someone else.

*Francis
Anderson*

Time to Abide

If only we could find the time
to write, to talk, and to share
thoughts with those we think of.
So much drifts--left unsaid--
How we would be appreciated, how
good we would feel inside...If
we did have the time to abide.

*Francis
Anderson*

Hard Lessons

Cheryl D. Thompson

Memories of my childhood
 dim memories
 of anxiety
 slip into my mind
dragging the stuffed, black bags
filled with trash
across the wet
 morning grass
 careful not to let the
 twist-on tie
undo.
Cans and
bottles
clank together.
 shouts and laughter drift
from surrounding yards
(friends?) - My face is crimson.

The next time, with
 courage and determination,
 ready,
I strive to learn to ride
the
old, used, red bicycle with
 training
wheels. My dad--
 proud of his little
baby.
 The thrill is shattered
as
 I
 fall--
red scratches and gravel on my
 knees and hands.
 (my friends?)
 laughter and shouts
 drift
 from surrounding yards.
The fast pumping of
 my blood is agonizing.
Crying,
 I run
inside.

Memories of my childhood--
 faint moments...
afternoon blues. My
 grandfather's kitchen
cabinets with curious
paraphenalia.

 the excitement of
 hiding the note pad
in my pocket--

 the challenge but
the shameful look from my

 mother

Hot

 tears

 and trembling fingers
return it for forgiveness.

Memories of my childhood
 faint memories
 of anxiety

 slip into my mind

 of, the--silliness of the
 shame;

 those painful childhood lessons
only to be

 passed

 off as

 normal? Yet, now I

 must wonder--does age fade away
 my embarrassment?





"Little Boy Come Home"
Written for the boy in Atlanta

Sandra Rivers

Little boy, you are too young
to die.

You were only a baby yesterday.

Now you are dead. We can only
cry

All because of one man they say.

"Little boy don't talk to
strangers

Please come straight home

Because they only put your life
in danger

And don't ever walk alone."

"Little boy we marched today

Because we love you all.

God will put this man away.

Someday he has to fall."

"Moma, I always had big dreams.

Someday they were going to come
true.

Now my body is lying in a river
stream;

Those dreams are gone too."

"Mama, God said love your enemy.
You just pray it will all stop.
The man is sick you see,
and he just can't stop."

"Little boy they are still looking
for him

Other children are still afraid.

Parents are trying to comfort
them.

But it's you my child, who
lies in the grave.



Knowing that you care--even when
you don't admit it...I know! I
can tell in your eyes...yet that
might just be the reflection of
what my eyes are trying to tell
you.

Francis Anderson

David

In moments,
Unguarded moments,
I am assaulted by you...
I look in a mirror,
Your reflection smiles of me...
At night, alone on my pillow,
The smell of your skin startles me...
Walking in the early morn,
The taste of your mouth makes me run.
I try to avoid you, your memory,
But a hand seems forever on me,
At my thigh or cheek or arm,
It's you, always you,
In those moments,
Unguarded moments.

Aprile Heaton

The Waiting

My mind marathons,
The seed is snowed,
Yesterday remembered,
My chagrin grows,
The heart blackens,
My faith woes,
The eternal moments
Twilights remoteness.
The rainbow remembered
My heart lightens,
My chagrin slows.

Michael L. Tucker

My feelings crushed,
My heart ablaze,
My mind unsure.
I'm racing around going nowhere,
Only creeping ever closer
To the long feared edge of

Insanity

*Benjamin
Hill*

Of Mint Julep and Binding Twine

Often as one drives through the
 countryside,
There the remnants of an age gone
 by still strive.
The stately white columns pay homage
 to the plantation era.
The taste of this past institution
 is dormant, but alive.

Some people will always enjoy an
 easy evening on the
 veranda.

Even if it is only a dream of such
and their mintjulep is mere
 lemonade.

Other people are caught in the day
to day routine of making a
 living.

This is the binding twine that
separates fiction from reality,
 gravel from jade.

The mind often wonders how life must
have been a century and a half
 age.

William McBride

Yesterday...a time to dream dreams.
Today...a time to choose a dream.
Tomorrow...a time to make that
 dream happen.

Francis Anderson

I have nothing...
but I have everything.
I am lonely...
but I'm not alone.
I am tired...
but I'm full of energy.
I am confused...
but I'm content.
I have no great happiness...
but I feel happiness.
I feel sorrow...
but I am full of joy.
I am not exactly who I want to be...
but I am me.

....And within me exists a love
greater than any other-- The LOVE
OF GOD-- and that is why even when
it looks as if I ahve nothing--
I indeed have something.

*Francis
Anderson*

Wind

Wind, wind, wind, going nowhere.

Blowing, blowing, blowing without
a care.

Rustling the leaves, swaying the
trees.

Layering the rain, buzzing like
bees.

Whistling like a train, moaning
like a dog.

Creeping through the cracks,
scattering the fog.

Wind, wind, wind traveling with ease.

Wailing, wailing, wailing; baying
at the trees.

*William
McBride*

Never to be Forgotten

The overwhelming anticipation is
Half the joy of seeing you.
Said the fox to the Little Prince,
"To tame someone for your very own
Is to create bonds never to be
forgotten."
Late, for example, when I stare
Into the heavens, of the glossy
black softness
Of your hair will I be reminded;
Strands glistening from the sun are
the stars.
This bond is eternal,
For those which are temporal
Appreciate only man's theories and
opinions.
Such will disappear into yesterday.
The overwhelming anticipation is
Half the joy of seeing you.

Cheryl D. Thompson

Eyes

Your features silhouette the darkness;
eyes sparkle and glitter in the night;
Dawn comes. and the night before slips
between our fingers.

Smiles are exchanged as another day
begins. Eyes that glittered and sparkled
the night before--

Will they be there again?

Elizabeth D. Wyatt

The last time we looked at each
other I didn't know it would be
the last time I would know the
real you or you would know the
real you.

*Francis
Anderson*

The Man

I can see him clearly from afar.
He's there, spinning endlessly
In the never slowing circle of life.
He's older now, I can see him.
He's turing now, his face is grim.
I can barely see him now,
His image is small.
He's gone now:
Goodbye Old man.

Benjamin Hill

Eulogy

I loved that old man.
 What difference does that
 make now?
But, I loved that old man.
 What did he ever do for you?

He listened, he laughed.
He yelled, he harassed.
 He cried.
 He cared.

I loved that old man.
 Where is he now when you
 need him?
Inside me.

*Dr. Victor H.
Matthews*

The Woman

Benjamin Hill



*Photo
Submitted
By
Elizabeth
D.
Wyatt*

She's beautiful, my gaze can't
leave her.
My mind is spinning in total
reverie;
How does she do this to me?
She's fading away now,
now she's small,
Her smile is gone,
her hair is grey,
She's sad now as life ebbs away.
I can barely see her through the
haze,
She's gone now:
Goodbye Old woman.



Benediction

I'm staying, you're going.

But when you go, you take some of
me with you.

Piece by piece I share myself,
my being is splintered,
scattered among you.

It is your choice to utilize
this gift.

I'm staying, you're going.

Dr. Victor H. Matthews



Contributors

Francis Anderson

Jon Castro

Tony De Young

Aprile Heaton

Benjamin Hill

Anne Martin

Dr. Victor H. Matthews

William McBride

Dawn Le Ann McKenzie

Susan Myzell

Sandra Rivers

Cathy Seawright

Cheryl Thompson

Michael Tucker

Randall Wilhelm

Elizabeth Wyatt

