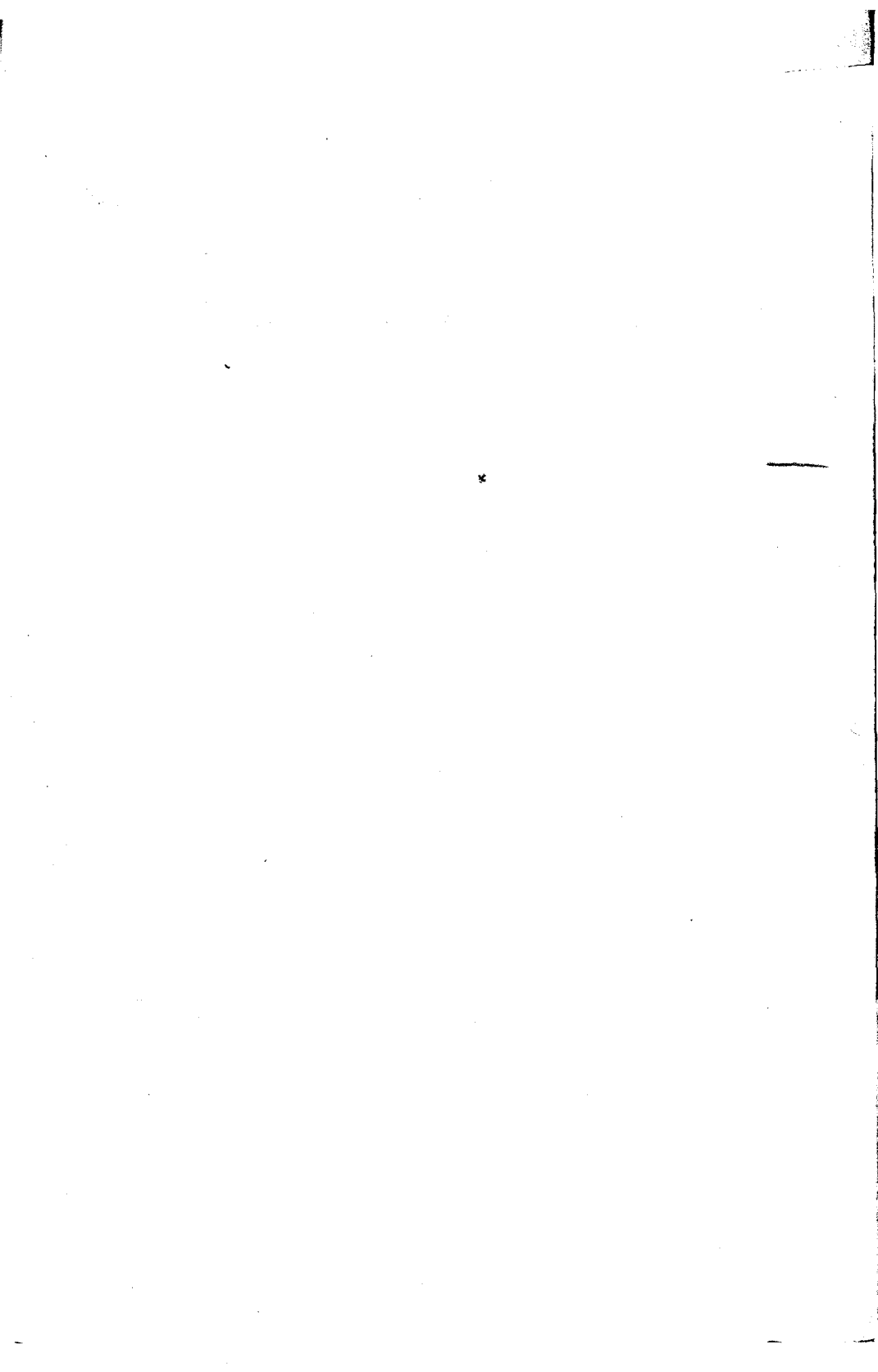


# COLOURS



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# COLORS

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READING EDITORS.....MARY BOWEN  
JEAN FAURE  
DEB NELSON

COVER DESIGN  
AND  
LAY-OUT.....DEBBIE COURT

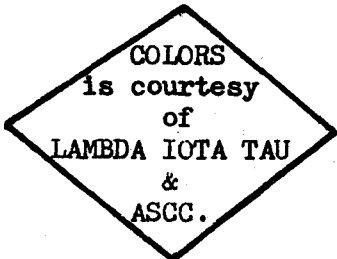


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talent and creativity

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To the ASCC for your help.



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# BIRTH

Help.

I am falling, slipping.

I am trying to climb marble walls

With silk gloves on.

My mind is a whirlpool

Pulling me under.

My God, help me.

Darkness invades me, pulls at me.

The rope is slipping from my numb fingers.

The silent rush is deafening.

I am sliding through worlds of invisibility.

My being has been turned inside out.

I feel myself dismembered.

Please.

Help.

I am stripped of the consciousness which is me.

I am torn apart and pieced back together,

My organs rearranged,

My mind disheveled.

Emptied of all my essence,

My ego drains in to a strange vessel,

A facade shrouding my soul.

I am covered with a shell of alien appendages.

I am wrapped in a cocoon of warm reassurance.

I am swaddled tightly in layers of comfort,

Pinched at the ends.

I am suddenly squeezed, crushed.

Cold light replaces warm darkness.

Pulled roughly, violently.

Birth.

Joe Buchan

# A Brief Moment

A man who comes to God comes naked.  
All of the pretense, lies, masks, and hidden things  
are stripped away.  
And yet the man is neither ashamed or afraid.  
He has an "air of confidence," an assuredness if you will,  
that he is truly loved and wanted.  
This silent communion is awesome to all who observe,  
but the man feels it as he feels the light touch of  
his lover.  
For a moment they are one.  
He who was created, in awe of his creator.  
His creator admiring his handiwork.  
Then the moment passes and the man once again puts on  
his pretenses, lies, mask, and hidden things.  
The door between them begins to close, but never  
completely closes.  
The man walks away with mixed-emotion but knowing he is  
never completely cut off.

Heidi Muller

# Point Well Taken

It's what provides the backbone of my nature  
The makeup of my makeup.  
It stays: calming, soothing, anointing myself  
When the rest fails to cooperate.  
Maybe I don't always acknowledge it as I should.  
Maybe it's not to be acknowledged.  
But I want you to know it's appreciated  
Your Smile. . . .

Kit Warfield

# DIVINATIONS

A featureless gray rock slanted stiffly upward for over two-hundred near-vertical yards. At the top a boulder, resembling a large loaf of unleaven bread, jutted thirty horizontal feet into the haze of a cool Nevada morning.

Stick secured the bulky coils of rope hanging over his right shoulder. Across his chest a string held innumerable pitons which glinted in the few rays of sunshine able to pierce the thick morning mists. His worn and buttonless army surplus jacket was fastened by four large safety pins.

He wasn't called Stick because his wiry six-foot-four frame weighed only one-hundred and seventy pounds. Back in his old neighborhood on the outskirts of Reno everybody knew that Steve Ormsby climbed to the third story window ledge at the high school, often. Stick stuck on walls like a spider on a web. After conquering every streetlamp, telephone pole, water tower, and park statue in the area, he scaled a five-story hotel before the police and his parents ended his ascending ambitions, for a while.

Three years have passed since then, including two years of mountain climbing classes at college in Colorado. Everybody at college knew that Stick had saved his instructor's life on a crumbling ledge twelve-hundred feet above the raging Yampa River. Deep grooves and weathered creases in Stick's hands made them seem older than their twenty years. His high forehead, like his clean-shaven face, was tinted with sunshine of last weekend's cross-country hike. His short hair and drawn face accented his deep-set eyes.

"Check, check, check," he muttered to himself while carefully accounting for his pick-ended hammer, clips and bindings on his leather body harness, and the protective knee-pad on the right leg that he hurt while saving his teacher. He sucked down the last ounces of juice in his thermos, screwed the cap on, laid it down. Rubbing his hands together vigorously, he breathed a deep sigh then arched his body back to gaze up the faultless rock face. "Prepare to be stuck!" he proclaimed aloud to the rock. "I'll get you in forty," he boasted as he stepped to the stone mass.

Fifteen minutes later and one-hundred-fifty feet higher, Stick paused to re-evaluate his plan of ascent. He slipped the hammer into its sling and snapped the rope into the catch on the center of the chest-crossing harness. Confidently leaning back at a forty-five degree angle, braced only by his feet and a one-quarter inch ribbon of nylon cord, Stick dangled his arms freely behind him like wet noodles in the breeze and surveyed the cold gray stone between himself and the summit.

"All right! Maybe this baby ain't sa tough!" he says as he spots a two-foot fissure twenty feet above him. It runs fifteen diagonal feet before curving up for another ten.

Pulling himself in to hug the rock, Stick continues upward, driving a piton every four feet, latching the rope through, pulling himself up. Reaching the crack, he clamps onto the ledge with his vise-like grip. Leaving the rope to run freely from his shoulder, Stick crosses hand-over-hand up the incline to the curve where he swings his legs up and rolls into the gap onto his stomach. As he inches up the crack, his hammer rubs out of its sling. Hearing it slide down the incline, Stick reflexes and stretches for it. A safety pin, bent by the movement, pops open, jabs deep into his ribs. In uncontrolled reaction, he jerks upward, head meeting rock with the sound of a heavy bat striking a tree. For a split second he stops all movement. Flying both his hands to his head he presses them against his temples. He cries out: long agonized wails come one on the next, carrying across the Nevada wasteland. Now rolling, writhing in the back-and-forth torture of confined anguish, Stick realizes too late he is slipping over the edge. The shouts stop.

As if in slow motion, he stretches a hand toward the ledge — but it rises — and he falls. His cry echoing back to him, he falls a slow fall. A heavy feather. This is slowest motion — this the last motion.

John I. C. Ramirez

# ALASKA

To you, land of sharp mountains  
Land of air, of sun, of life - Praise!  
Greenhills flow to the azure skies  
Here my soul resides.

Grace is bestowed on lost stones of abandon  
Every step contains beauty  
Every thought gently stays  
And whispers recollections of days,  
Younger days, silver days.

The lakes are woven  
Like a fine thread of gold upon a queen's gown  
And the trees are faithful sentinals,  
Victorious, without a battle won.  
My land - where time has just begun.

Christopher C. Sloan

## *For What It's Worth*

A student travels a long path.  
He crosses many bridges;  
Trudges through many swamps.  
He trips and falls;  
Then he gets up again.  
He sees the light and the dark.  
He crawls over rocks and stumps.  
Then, he sees it.  
His goal is near: Graduation!

Now, his piece of paper is  
Secure under his arm.  
Where does he journey now?  
He journeys down the road of life.  
Don't worry though,  
He has his diploma.  
Nothing can go wrong.  
Or so he is told.

John Kaney

# After A Reading Of Hopkins

Surmounting sharp, soaring precipices  
Of mounting-mind-madness, 'twixt  
Gap'd gullies plugged with beggar's grief  
And sanguine loves for sky; on falcon's  
Wings, he flies; and with falcon's  
Talons, he dives—lightening earthward,  
Sweeping downward, onward, pouncing on  
Life, clasping onto life, the struggling  
Life he feeds and writes upon.

Chanting madly, grandly, choruses for creation-  
God's dappled, Spirit-breast blessed world;  
For all, which in the wind weaves, breaths,  
heaves, and leaves; and grows! and springly,  
Greenly grows, does he ring his worship,  
And fling his singing praise!

Yet, at night, remembering where life's long  
Wrought toil has failed, and torn as the  
Temple veil by singing sights of suffering,  
He grinds his grief to blue-bright, steel-iced pain,  
And carves marred hearts from dark hardness. For,  
Then, in a wind-in-the willows whisper,  
How quietly mounts his inmost pining-  
Peeling-pain, sinching joy's gain to Christ's  
Crucified fame, to battering-bright dying men,  
And to life's sullen end.

But ah! what could  
Better mend his martyred heart, than the sight  
Of sunlight birthing gayly, so gloriously,  
On a free-fresh Christ-song morning!

William John Hallinan

# A Peace Missing From My Puzzle

I wandered through a room full of vacant lots.  
Emptiness hung like mist.  
The vortex of my thoughts spun aimlessly.

I noticed the dust settling on the furniture,  
The drapes, your flowers;  
The urge to clean was there, but the urgency was gone.  
What was the point?  
The dust would just settle back.

A damp stiffness huddled where vitality once flowered.  
A rage of sorts rose to the depths of my despair.  
Sorrow descended as sheets of ice.

The hall echoed my silence.  
Longing for the sound of your step,  
I settled for the purr of Cat,  
Who had not, as yet, missed your touch,  
But slept on in the blissful complacency of ignorance.

The vacuum of loss besieged my spirit.  
Pain covered my mind, choking my soul,  
Splitting pieces to fragments, fragments to bits.

I was clothed in the blackness of the moment.  
I slipped out of the kitchen and into your memory.  
The depth that was your eyes,  
The softness that was your skin,  
The perfection that was you.

My anger rose, a phoenix, from the ashes of my agony.  
Bitterness played on my heart as if it were a drum,  
Beating out the hollow tones of my misery.

Blinded by the past, I carelessly knocked over a vase.  
The sound of it breaking brought me back to the present.  
Pieces of broken porcelain, scattered on the hardwood,  
Symbolized my shattered life.

I stooped slowly, hesitantly, to pick up the  
biggest of the pieces.

I struggled against the suffocation of your quietus.  
I grasped greedily at memories of you,  
As if they were precious gems.

Days passed; I began to accept.  
Your absence was less tangible.  
I moved freely about your room,  
No longer unable to breathe.  
The essence of you still lingered.

Death is the edge that cuts,  
Time is the salve that heals.  
The torture of your absence ebbed.

Now I sit alone, older, stronger.  
The once-painful thoughts of you are now  
pleasing memories,  
But I am nagged by an emptiness, a void,  
One that time has not been able to fill.  
There is a peace missing from my puzzle.

You are that peace.

Joe Buchan

## *Reflection 1*

It settled:  
the darkest night,  
the thickest fog,  
no stars, no snow, no shadows;  
illuminating paths  
contrasting with lifeless landscapes  
dancing along trails. . .  
Death.

Deb Nelson

# THE GAME

Karen entered the deserted lobby. She walked quickly and gracefully past the lighted front desk toward the elevator. A glance at her watch showed almost four in the morning as she impatiently waited for the doors in front of her to open.

"Twelfth floor, please," she answered to the unasked question of the elderly operator as she entered the elevator.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Henry. Glancing at the lady, as was his custom, he instinctively calculated rather short, about 5'4", nice figure, almost forty, a business type for sure, has either a wealthy husband or is a divorcee.

For over thirty years, Henry had been playing his guess-my-type game. He had established the hotel, one of the hundreds of Western Inns in the country, just as the city had begun to grow. Since then it had prospered and expanded to become one of the most luxurious hotels in the area.

Henry, although he was well off financially, still insisted on working the night shift. He said the strong boys could work in the day time, but he could handle the job from twelve a.m. to eight a.m. without any trouble. There was a lot of speculation among his employees and friends as to why the rich owner of a classy hotel would want to run an elevator, especially on the night shift. Henry just laughed and told them that he needed something to keep him going in his later years.

The lights on the top of the elevator showed they had just passed the tenth floor when the machine lurched to a stop. Henry and Karen were both pitched to the floor. "What happened?" asked Karen, as she picked herself up off of the floor.

"I'm not sure," Henry answered, while he opened the glass door of the emergency telephone. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll call the main desk. They'll have us moving in a jiffy."

Karen stood silently, listening to one end of the exchange between Henry and the desk clerk. After replacing the phone, Henry related, "The mechanic is being called now. He should be here in a few minutes, and it won't take him long to fix us up. A little grease here and there does wonders for this machine."

"That's all I need tonight," Karen said. "I spent the

evening trying to work out a difficult contract, and I'm due at the studio by ten this morning."

"Patience, child, patience. This won't take long. Why don't we just sit down and relax while we wait?"

"Well, all right," agreed Karen, rather reluctantly, as she joined Henry on the carpeted floor.

"Are you married?" Henry began.

"Divorced."

"Ah, I see. Do you have any children?"

"No." After a moment, Karen started the conversation again. "What about yourself? Married?"

"I was married a very long time ago. My wife died in a train wreck about a year after our wedding."

"I'm so sorry," said Karen, sympathetically.

"Don't be. It was a long time ago and very few people remember her," Henry said rather abruptly, then smiled sheepishly, not meaning to have stung the words out.

Karen smiled back and continued. "Do you have any children?"

"Yes, I was lucky. Mary gave birth to a strong son shortly before she died. Patrick is my pride and joy. I've brought him up into the business and he does very well. He's the manager of the hotel now, you know. Patty also handles the money affairs. I never could figure out those columns of numbers, but my son is a genius. I was rather relieved when he went to work. The hotel does better now than it ever has."

"I'm sure of that. I sometimes wish I could just sit back and rest with the assurance that the job would be done without me," sighed Karen.

"Have you ever tried it?" asked Henry.

"No, not exactly," she admitted.

"Well, why not?"

"There is too much work to do, with not enough people to do it."

"Surely it's not busy all the time?"

"Well, no."

"Then when this busy season is over, I'm sure you could find some extra time for yourself."

"I wouldn't know what to do with myself."

"Do something you enjoy."

"I enjoy my work," argued Karen. "I guess I really shouldn't complain because I do a job I love."

"So that's why you work so hard, because you love your job?"

"I like the satisfaction I get from my job. When I have done something very special, I like the feeling I get that says, 'Hey, your talents and your skills did that work!'" Karen gave a small laugh and said confidently, "I can feel sure about myself."

"So satisfaction and confidence in yourself are the reasons you work?" asked Henry.

"Is this a poll I'm answering?" countered Karen.

"In a way it is," chuckled Henry. "During my spare time I like to talk to people. When I made enough money to be happy, I kind of quit working so hard. Now, I just loaf around and enjoy my family and friends."

"And so now you're trying to find out why people like me, who have enough money to live comfortably, are still in the rat race?"

"Exactly."

"Well, so far, I've given you personal satisfaction and confidence in myself as reasons. Another one to add is the fact that I have no family. Even you, at least, have Patrick," said Karen, wistfully.

"Yes, I have Patrick," echoed Henry thoughtfully.

A sudden movement jerked the two out of their thoughts. The doors of the elevator slid open on the twelfth floor. Karen stepped out into the dimly lit corridor. She paused and then turned back to the little man in the elevator. "Thank you for your time," said Karen. "I really enjoyed our little chat."

"The pleasure was mine," Henry assured her. "I hope you find life a little easier in the future."

"I'm sure I will," answered Karen as she turned and walked down the hall.

Henry watched her for a moment before he pressed the first floor button, and the doors silently closed. On the main floor, he found Patrick waiting for him. "Well Dad, I see you've been up to your tricks again. I hope your companion didn't mind."

"She didn't. In fact, Patrick, I think she rather enjoyed it," Henry replied.

"Dad, I want to talk to you about your 'chats'. The next time you have to talk to someone, please try to do it in your spare time. The hotel really can't afford having you deliberately stopping the elevator."

GINA LARSON

# Variations On A Theme Of Flying

I.

One day Jesus  
age sevenerso  
playin hes a bird  
an believin in lifeflight,  
flaps off the shedroof  
cockadoodlechirp.  
His daddy Joseph  
laugh when he heard,  
sayin  
What a crazy kid--  
nexthing you know  
he play like he God  
say blowinblow,  
try walkin on water  
an all that hoho.

II.

One day Jesus  
age thirtyfourerso  
bein hes a savior  
an believin in loveflight,  
died on a tree  
elielilammasabachthani.  
His sons cried when they heard,  
sayin  
What a crazy man--  
he be like he Icarus  
flying he up on wingsawood,  
trying to save us  
an all that hoho.

Sue Cleminger

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# *Imagined Reflections/ Reflected Images*

i  
am a large shadow of  
you.  
i  
am whatever  
you  
were, and what  
you  
hoped to be.  
i  
am a mirror before  
you  
and its reflections after.  
i  
am whatever  
you  
are after  
you  
were. without  
you  
i would not have been.  
and now that  
you  
are gone, will  
i  
grow into  
myself  
and become  
you?  
we  
are alike.  
in vanishing,  
you  
have left only  
yourself behind.

**Sue Cleminger**

# Generals Live To Be Old Men

Through passions held and pride dispensed  
One blind man chooses to strengthen the fence  
Of lost soul stones and proud blood mortar.  
To him love is a risk without a reward,  
Another word on a page  
Of his book  
He reads in the  
Dark.

He must carry it with him, his guiltless shame's  
stench  
When he claims others innocent breath  
And buries his hill  
Under the weight of his flag.

A mother looks beyond decor into the mirrored  
mantle,  
The mourners have all come and gone.  
Her heart falls heavy with every word spoken  
sorrow.

A father replaces moments of sadness  
With unequalled stories of war and of love  
He dreams of old smiles never dealt.  
A brother stands tangled in fear;  
He thought he heard the man say, "We're fighting  
for peace."

War seems to be a wounded winged bird  
Failing to regain his stumbling flight  
While a far-away man faces  
Death down below  
In a short paragraph.  
He'll clasp his hands and light a candle  
To take the thought away,  
If he remembers.

Christopher C. Sloan

# Liquor Zoo

The murmur of mind-maddening mediocrity  
leads them out into the night  
to elevate themselves in the amusement  
of fellow caged creatures.

Who unlocked the gates  
letting the people out  
of their rooms  
filled with books  
and papers to do?

Gather all together  
in a people-packed zoo  
drinking, shouting, drinking,  
making passes, drinking,  
laughing, drinking,  
drinking drunk -  
feeding their spirits  
to intoxicating heights.

Escape into an artificial and temporary high  
by listening to the faint music  
drowned by the drunk throats  
loosened with artificial happiness -  
smiling and crying and laughing and sighing  
because they are supposed to.

Observe how the aluminum can  
or the bottle of glass  
changes the mood -  
letting the past pass,  
putting the future far away,  
and preserving the present period  
for pleasure.

These people's cages are not the dorm,  
the office, the home, or the work to do,  
But the people-pressured  
need and want of the  
Liquor Zoo.

Debbie Court

# Sheltered Apathy

—“We have lingered in the chambers of the sea  
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown  
Until human voices wake us, and we drown.”

- T. S. Eliot

This one is for you who  
Cannot find your own comfort  
    in this life  
You who find it necessary to  
    inform the world of your disillusionment  
Through insolence, belligerence  
—insignificance.  
Waving around badges of  
    false security  
'Screaming with unaffected eyes.'  
Well, where were you  
When the time came to be truly  
Significant?  
—admiring man's best friend in a  
    glass-bottom  
or watching your sneering smile  
Hey, so what if the boat's left you behind?  
Your who were too vain to swim  
    Anyway.

Kit Warfield

Slowly the earth began to burn.  
The suns rays spread to all ends.  
All together the people learn  
How fast the buildings bend.

The forests that were infested with lively beasts  
are now forever gone.  
They have left for the Eternal Feast  
Beyond the mornings dawn.

The sea began to boil away  
and all the fish lie dead.  
This has been the final day,  
So the Bible said.

All the mountains melt to valleys  
and all the springs dried up.  
City streets look like alleys,  
What happened to the town with opportunity that  
came like an overflowing cup?

Now the deserts are forever barren,  
The sand has turned to dust,  
and the oasis was destroyed by the sun-  
death became a must.

All these things and many more became the way of life,  
But at the rate the world was going, life will  
soon be ending,  
For this has been the judgement day  
and God is now descending.

**Ellen J. Hotz**

# IN PASSING

If what you seek is what fate brings  
This song is not for you to hear  
For to the sad ones I now sing.  
For what is missing is so dear  
That charm of cheer is wiped away.  
If not for cheer then what is left -  
But ill emotions, wrecked and ruined.  
A vast dark cloud that stays and rains  
And blocks the sunlight back with pains  
That start the sadness all too soon.

To moan and weep was not my wish,  
But rather to one point address  
This outburst filled with feelings lest  
My song in sadness it might drive  
A man to throw away the best,  
With one poor thought that ill appears.

My point is this, I dare to say,  
That we should throw our cares away,  
And if we do not find all things  
Then let us like the peaceful man  
When worldly things do press him down  
Does simply let his thoughts abound;  
And does not worry 'bout all things  
But lets some pass, and merely sings.

CHARLES ZUCKER

# THE COME BACK

Carol treated herself to an extra hour of sleep that morning, telling herself that her weekend duties wouldn't mind the wait. She wrapped the warm blankets more tightly around her body and with a pleased smile, snuggled into her pillow.

Not really asleep her mind began to drift from thought to thought. A lot had to be done in the short weekend; the house cleaning, laundry, maybe a shopping spree. She remembered seeing a dress she like at the mall.

'I had one almost like it once,' she recalled, 'funny how fashions sometimes don't change much over the years, but I guess it wasn't that long ago, right after I got out of college.'

Her heart seemed to stop suddenly with her thoughts and her eyes bolted open. "Right after I got out of college," she told herself softly out loud. Suddenly an extra hour of sleep didn't seem so appealing to her. She rose stiffly, stretched half-heartedly and headed for the bathroom to shower.

The hot water was refreshing, but somehow her thoughts were stuck on the same thing. 'Damn him!' she cursed, 'It figures this would start again just when I thought I was over him.' She had to laugh at the way that sounded to her. It was reminiscent of a thirty-year-old movie she once saw.

Mechanically she dressed and went out to the kitchen to prepare a light breakfast. On her way through the small dining room there was a knock at the door.

"Coming!" she called, veering her course to the left and the front door. Carol fumbled with the lock and finally swung the door open with a smile that froze on her face.

"Carol!" He flashed a smile at the sight of her, displaying the even white teeth that would be the envy of any movie star.

Suddenly everything that happened in that year and a half after graduation came flooding in a backwash through her mind. In everything she had done, Micheal had been there almost as a kind of omni-present force. He was just below average in height for a man, but stood a good six inches above her slender 5'5" frame. She remembered that he had always reminded her of the All-American Boy, with his perfectly molded face, aquiline nose and tanned com-

plexion. His body, although not athletic, was not unattractive. She remembered all the times those same deep-set blue-green eyes had looked into her own. Carol had to jerk herself back into reality as he spoke again.

"You haven't forgotten me have you?" he questioned.

"Oh, no," she managed stiffly. "Come on in."

He accepted her invitation casually, seeming perfectly at ease. It was just like him to be happy-go-lucky at a time like this she thought.

"Would you like some coffee?" she asked, I remember you never drank it before, but it's been awhile."

"No thanks," as he went for the couch and sat down.

"You've remodeled haven't you?"

"Not really, just a new paint job and drapes."

Carol went into the kitchen to pour herself some coffee and then returned to sit in the chair opposite the couch.

"So how have you been?" She felt like a fool having an idle conversation with him.

"Not too bad, how about you?"

She considered being polite but then again remembered how close they had been.

"Why are you here?"

"I wanted to see you again."

"But why?"

"I missed you."

"Somehow I don't believe that. I never heard you say that before."

"Well, they say there's always a first time," he laughed easily.

"I hope you're not joking, Mike, because this is really hurting me."

"I've never wanted to hurt you, Carol, never. It's just that I wasn't ready for a relationship then."

"You think I was?" she asked. "I wanted to get some kind of career going first, Mike." His name felt strange on her tongue.

"Well we were never apart much then. I guess it kind of made me nervous because you seemed so content."

"I was very content. I was never in any hurry for a relationship. I told you I loved you and I wasn't kidding even if you thought I was, I never have joked about things like that."

"I know, Carol. I think what might have scared me is that I really started to feel for you."

"And how long did that take?"

"Please don't be cynical, Carol."

"Mike, how much closer could we have been?"

"I didn't come here to upset you."

"Do you have another girl?"

"Not now," he replied.

"How many has there been?"

"It doesn't matter."

"How many?" she persisted.

"Three, steady."

"I'm happy for you."

"You're hurting inside, Carol."

"Have you done with them what you did with me?"

"Carol, don't."

"I'm sorry Mike, but it seems like I've been hurting ever since I've known you for one reason or another. I'm not trying to be a martyr or anything, I'm just tired of suffering just because I love you."

"I was really special to you wasn't I?"

"I was willing to make you my whole life Mike, but you wanted freedom, and me only when it was convenient for you. I know you didn't realize that at the time because I didn't either. We were both immature in some ways I guess, but I was grown up enough to know how I felt about you and somehow you couldn't handle that."

"But you wanted me then," he reminded her, his face growing very serious.

"Mike, I wanted you more than anything else. I gave us our freedom for your sake and I thought I'd die in the meantime, but I didn't, until now, that is."

"Well, I'm grown up now Carol. I've realized how good you were to me. Maybe we can give it another go." He looked into her eyes with all sincerity.

Carol felt as though her insides were tearing apart. She had always dreamed of those words but somehow now that she was hearing them they didn't seem the same.

"How could you do that to me Mike?" Carol was not able to keep the pain from her voice. "No, Mike, we can't give it another go. You had your chance and you didn't take it. I was willing to be patient and wait for you to have your fling. but you wanted complete freedom and now you've got it."

"But Carol, I---"

"Don't you dare tell me you love me. Just say good-bye Mike, that's all, just good-bye."

Carol watched him rise stiffly and walk to the door with deliberate steps. He reached for the door, but turned to face her. For a moment he only looked at her, trying to comprehend her words.

"Carol?" he questioned softly, surprised by the fact that she did not accept his offer.

"Ya?" She replied, not moving from her seat.

There was a long silence.

At last Mike spoke, "Nothing."

## MARY BOWEN

Silent sea -  
    once so alive.  
The quiet echoes  
    against empty hearts.  
Tempered tides change time  
    and man; as  
the sun which awakens  
    our morn.  
Tears of salt, and sand  
    dry in the wind -  
But remain so alone in the soul.

Jean Faure

*Most Are  
Remembered Echoes*

I stand alone  
your mouth on mine;  
your lips wet silk  
your tongue sweet wine.

My eyes stare off  
yet meet your own;  
Most silvered, sparkled  
Blue I've known.

My arms hang lax,  
yet hold you tight;  
I sense your weight,  
Surrendered might.

My mind is blank  
yet filled with you;  
Imagination  
Says it's true.

**John Ignatius Constantine Ramirez**

# JAMES

James,  
Calm and placid  
As the sea,  
Upon which he now gazes,  
Watching expectantly  
For the muse.  
It came mysteriously mazed  
In the complex and free patterns  
Of the kelp beds,  
As crisp as the wind the gull sheds  
In the simplicity of its flight  
Through the coolness of the sunlight  
That streams in the panes of morning,  
Falling like butterscotch  
Upon James,  
Who could do nothing but watch  
As the hidden rhythm  
Filled his balloons of thought  
With music lighter than air,  
That, once lost, cannot be caught.  
So James  
Leaned back in his chair,  
Alert and intent  
Upon the cruelty of the wind  
As it resurrected the waves  
To carry his fragile images  
Out of reach.  
He studied the timidity of the tide  
As it constantly pulled its toes from the beach,  
Back to the mercy of the sea,  
As if to hide.  
James  
Noticed shapes in the churning foam,  
Shapes of trees, letters, animals.  
He imagines he saw faces of people he knew,  
But as the breakers crashed  
On the rocks  
They disappeared in the spray  
The way dreams tend to do,  
But James  
Remained undaunted.

He saw stories in the rising water,  
As if each wave were haunted.  
Ripples of inspiration shuddered  
Through his warm, southern swell.  
There were names, dates, places.  
The ocean had secrets to tell,  
And James  
Was not able to read the sea.  
The truth stood out clearly.  
Ideas flooded into his head  
Too rapidly to choose.  
As always, he was inspired  
By the vast deluge.  
The frustration he'd suffered  
In his earlier quest for the muse  
Was destroyed by the rush of water  
And carried away by the hint of a breeze,  
For now it all came,  
With ridiculous ease,  
To James.

**Joe Buchan**

Alone,  
An abstract thought escapes.  
Captured by the breeze  
What the lonely mind creates.

Love,  
An abstract thought we shared.  
Captured by our hearts  
With precious moments that we feared.

Time,  
Dissolved those dreams  
Of Promises and Pain.  
Now you're gone,  
And I am left. . .  
Alone

Again.

**Francine Bergeron**

# kaleidoscope reveals

ice-coloured

glass shadows,

smashed.

yellow flickering silhouettes

change form.

trying to find myself

in a hide-and seek

between worlds.

catching memories

—like russet rain petals that float

air-green on the changeling of my mind.

forgotten good-byes

become

hellos.

good-bye, piece of me,

words break off

into

crystals,

exploding into music.

i feel myself going

with

the high wind,

and coming back again on song.

Sue Cleminger

# An Act Of Love

Frigid nightness of my soul  
Dawns dark, a hard cold gray,  
A single soul  
In the lofty place  
To help chase it away.

As with an empty tin-toned pail  
To fill unto the brim,  
An act of love  
Shines bright, benign  
On dusky dawn within.

Warm love to work with patient hands,  
Warm words with to redeem;  
the ray of day  
That sneaks beneath  
Thick strong obstructing beams.

Persistence, soothing, every morn  
My pain to milk from me;  
Until at last  
My soul flows free  
Revealing, I to thee.

Night runs away when chased by day,  
The magic of the giving  
A miracle  
Of love is here;  
The utter joy of living.

(Name Withheld  
By Request )

# The First Helena Rock Star

The silver screen's Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy have always been Helena's proud claims to fame, but up until now it has never the base for any contemporary rock star. Wally Washout, a native Helenan, is an exception. As a rising rock singer, Wally is at the forefront of New Wave Music. This lucky journalist was invited to fly (in Wally's private jet) to interview the star as an exclusive for his hometown paper, the Independent Record.

When I met Wally in his plush Hollywood home, I asked him to talk about his experiences in the music business. He stretched out on his orange mushroom-shaped sofa and began - to tell me what he had done that afternoon. I asked, "Could you go back a little further than that?" He shrugged his T-shirted shoulders, and settling back in his seat, began to reminisce.

Wally developed his interest in music during his high school years. The oldest of fourteen children, he played his guitar to appease his brothers and sisters while his mother lay exhausted over her ironing board. When the countless renditions of "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" made him start to bleat while jamming with his friends, he decided it was time to make a change.

Wally left home the day of graduation, and as his mother was still asleep over the ironing board, he thinks that she doesn't yet know he is gone. He hitchhiked to Hollywood with his guitar and began scouting the recording studios for a job. He soon found himself a victim of various misconceptions of what Montanans are really like. Wally's first job was being "sort of a singing Farmer Greenjeans." He did a falsetto ditty called "Hoe, Hoe, Hoe Your Row," while waving a sequined rake around the stage. Although it met with some success among gardening enthusiasts, it was generally regarded as a flop.

Wally's next try was as an offbeat Western singer, which he described as "a cross between John Wayne and Elton John." The western music crowd wasn't quite ready to accept this, and referred him to the Talking Heads - not the rock group, but an Indian psychiatrist.

After a few more flops, he felt ready to give up. He told his agent, his producer, his family and his friends, who were unanimous in their opinion. "Give up!" they said. Because of or in spite of this advise, Wally cheerfully plunged back into the Hollywood scene. He had found it harder and harder to get a job. He wandered from studio to studio flashing his grin and hoping for an audition, always fruitlessly.

One day he was sitting on a stoop singing and playing his guitar to a bunch of kids, thinking about giving up on his quest for success and returning home to Montana to a job as a union-remover salesman. An executive from a recording company happened by and stopped a minute to listen to Wally's music. He asked Wally to play at his son's birthday party. "It should give the kids a laugh," he said.

Wally gladly accepted the gig, but once at the party his fears began to grow. The boys looked at him malignly while the father introduced him. As soon as he had left, they set upon him with all the zest of a convention of demolition experts. Before the first chords had left his guitar, Wally's amplifiers had been mashed, the steel peeled off his guitar strings, yards of sterile guaze wrapped around him, and a chenille lampshade hung on his head. The executive, alarmed by the crashes, rushed into the room, and was instantly mesmerized by Wally's writhings inside his wrappings and the weird sounds coming from his guitar. "I'll make you a star!" He immediately signed Wally to a contract and arranged a series of concerts. His act, "King Tut Boogie," was an instant hit. He out-weirded even the serpentine wriggings of David Bowie, and became the acknowledged leader of unintelligible New Wave Music.

Now he lounges in his ultra-modern living room and confidently adds, "I want to help other people who want to get into the music business, so I've written a book, with the help of about twenty other people, all about my experiences." His book is entitled, "How to Succeed in the Music Business." Wally is sure that all you hometown folks have enjoyed reading this interview, and will all go out and buy his book.

Melanie Matson

### 3 QUESTIONS.

Did you ever smell the pale October  
Moon  
As it slid through  
Shifting trees  
Lost in the sound of the night?  
Taking nothing.

Or did you let frail snowflakes  
Dance for you  
Sidestepping desperate flames  
As the sunlight warmed your face  
Securing  
Mere glaces from you?

While you indentured  
The silence of daybreak,  
A slight rain  
Hanging still on the river  
To where no one was,  
Gently fell in cooling sheets  
That worked up the  
Wind  
Which brushed by your face  
Miles away.

Yet the birds' morning call wasn't heard  
Because nobody listened  
To the streambed's song.  
And you picked the flowers that borrowed  
The sun  
To show colors -  
Why have you stolen what was given  
To you?

Christopher C. Sloan

# LABYRINTH

## CAUTION:

Life's charity of chaos

is but a coffin of cobwebs  
entangling you in the echo  
of empty enchantments.

The fraud of freedom

is a festival of fatigue  
in hallucinatory human harmony,  
hypnotized by habitual hope.

You imagine yourself

an illuminated illusion,  
an impression to intrigue and entertain;  
a fake face of fragile feelings  
that flames into fleeting fashions.

Life's labyrinth is loveless loneliness

when you regard yourself in reality  
and see the mask melting away  
in a mental matinee of manslaughter.

But don't give up -

Declare your debut

Dancing without your distorted disguise!

You have so many dreams to try and touch

So many things to do and to be:

Fulfill a destiny and yet be free.

Debbie Court

