SIROCCO
AN ANTHOLOGY OF
CREATIVE WRITING

Division of English and Humanities
Georgia Southwestern College

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MY EVERY SYLLABLE

I was a word which had no meaning
Until you defined and articulated me,
Translated me into your language.

You and you alone pronounce properly
My every syllable,
And understand my deepest hidden meanings.

You express me eloquently
And know me intimately—
Even when I am beyond utterance.

Kathryn Addy

LONELINESS

loneliness settles
like the dust in the attic
drifting from the rafters
coating old magazines and boxes
it gets deeper
till all seems smothered
a breath of wind stirs
the sun shines in
dancing and gliding about
the dust turns silver
hope is restored
loneliness leaves

Dona (Don) Downer
TRUTH
Today we sit among
Ivy, pine needles,
And P.B.R. cans
Preparing ourselves to
Get in positions to
Prepare others to
Finish doing a job
On a world already
Dying for someplace to
Stop
and
Breathe.

Frank Wiley

"THE SEA"
Salty, she kisses the sleeping sands,
cressing them endlessly, tenderly,
Her foam-crested body never resting,
Ever moving.
Rousing the King of Fire
From his briny bed
In a brilliant burst
Of crimson radiance—
Erupting in myriads of dancing golden beams.
Touching tenderly her beaches—
Warmed from the chill of night
By her wayward Sun.
And softly sighing: listens
to her mate, the singing moon.
As the stars twinkle their applause.

Mary Elizabeth Aiston
DISAPPOINTMENT
My disappointment when I heard
That you would not be there
Wore such a look of agony
I told it not to care,
I steeped it in a bath of balm,
Wrapped it in woolly fleece,
And placed it on a bed of down—
It still gives me no peace.

This Present Age

VETERAN'S PARK
Laughing, we throw ourselves against the breeze.
The cold thin beach stirs uneasily under our feet.
The dead of winter. We revel in the solitude
of the silent park.
If we fling ourselves into a bank of leaves
or chose to walk on water,
there would be no witnesses to frown or disbelieve.

The pier trembles warningly. But ignore it.
Nothing dares disturb this day, this happiness.
Enchanted worlds are transient, yes.
Outside the roadside gate
wait wars, ulcers, car wrecks, and much blood.
Yet for one crystalline moment,
we escape untouched,

There is more to life than love poems.
I acknowledge this fact. But let there be
green shining days in winter
when we seek the sand, even under booted feet,
and taste the wind and laugh.

Sam Davis

3
THE BIG APPLE

Sex originated in the Garden of Eden when Adam tasted the forbidden fruit; however, sex as we know and love it today really began in the early 19th century. The evolution of sex to its modern state of affairs can be divided into three distinct periods: Pre-Apple, Apple, and Post-Apple.

There have always been apples, so the term Pre-Apple Days is actually a misnomer. The term is applied to the time between losing of the first apple by Eve until its "discovery" by Julius Caesar. The first sex act occurred when Eve offered the first apple to Adam. Adam tasted of the forbidden fruit, swooned immediately, and fell to the ground, dropping the apple. Eve exclaimed, "Aah, nuts," and kicked the apple away, losing it for centuries but creating the game of soccer. Men searched thousands of years for the apple, considered to be the cause of Adam's swooning.

Finally, around 52 B.C., Julius Caesar returned to Rome from Gaul shouting, "Veni, vidi, vici." Obviously, he had found the forbidden fruit. Caesar was a very wise man and decided to plant the seeds of the apple in order that future generations might reap the ripe pleasures of the fruit. This act made him very popular in history, but it also made him a very despised person in the eyes of some of the citizens of Rome. After the planting of the seeds, several of the elder male citizens realized that they would never live to taste the first apples from the tree, and so on the Ides of March they killed Caesar out of vengeance. When the trees finally blossomed, men everywhere attempted to emulate Adam in his "conquest" of the forbidden fruit. Men roamed the countryside ravishing apple orchards, overturning fruit carts, and following fruit flies wherever they flew. Men continued in this ignorant bliss for eighteen hundred years. Later, this bliss became sorrow.

In 1820, every known apple seed disappeared from the east coast of the United States. A man named John Chapman abandoned with every apple from Bangor to Savannah and traveled westward, sowing the seeds as he went. Today, he is referred to by westerners and midwesterners as Johnny Appleseed; however, on the east coast, he is called Johnny DeSade, not only for making away with all the apples but also for the manner in which he treated them. Chapman is credited with being the inventor of apple juice and applesauce.
In the eastern United States, Man, having no apple to fondle, turned to the next best thing: Woman. As long as Man had the apple, he had been content to let Woman do what she had wanted, even though he had considered some of those things "kinky" and would not allow the apple in the same room. Now Man began to "discover" Woman. He took her to the theatre, the movies, the opera, and the hockey games: to all of the places he had taken his apple before.

Man became aware of Woman's function and discovered that she was like Apple, only softer. The battle rages today on the question of happiness in modern relationships. One side says that Man and Woman were really meant to be together. Their opponents say that this is totally false and justify their stand by pointing to the divorce figures in recent years of Man and Woman. These people claim that nowhere is there any record of Man divorcing Apple, so they must be compatible. I agree.

Bruce Long

"ANOTHER ONE"

It has been said: 'nothing ventured, nothing gained'. Have you ever known the emptiness of the outstretched hand—Untouched?

Mary Elizabeth Atleon
CARELESS WORDS IN THE PAST
LEAVE THE FUTURE TO BE DOUBTED

Clouds gather on the starless black,
While children play down in the meadow.
The air is crisp as babies' screams aloud,
Their fathers are fighting far below.

The old man takes his place in the order,
Daring not to disturb the universe,
He watches the world take on a new light,
To him the affair seems kind of perverse.

Trees whistle and moan and bend in the wind,
Leaning in the direction dependent upon force.
Like wisdom belonging only to the wise men,
Leaves flutter downward in their predetermined course.

Horseless men roam the countryside in search,
For that new life the good book sings about.
Failing in their missions of futuristic hunts,
The bold warriors return home full of doubt.

Singing songs around the warm campfire,
Legends abound of marvelous tales of fate.
Women rejoice upon the sounds of yesterdays,
While men remember the enemies with hate.

No one can recall, however, the mystics,
No one can quite remember their names.
It would surprise them to discover that
They are all involved in the future games.

Elders write and talk of previous memories,
Which no one else cares to discuss.
Ancient knowledge becomes silent testimonies,
Hoping to gain the fruits of someone's trust.

Children grow into minuscule replicas of past,
Living their ancestor's tales in the present.
But having their doubts they move on to other,
Leaving behind memories belonging to the peasants.

Jim Littlefield, Jr.

6
Swing out,
You backzipped slickslash
Stand before a full length
Mirror
Glow with goodness,
Glisten,
Swirl, to the sound of the
Fancy flute;
For you
Are a new softique snowwhite
Risen,
From deep within the daisies of
Your tumble dry
And Perma-iron sheets
While the clouds
Are tinged with pink,
Go dig holes deep in the frost drifts.
This is only a temporary stopping place
And quality is out fashioned.
Ignore
Your new fashionable make-up guides,
Your toiletries and
Exquisite fragrances,
Because soon, your sparkler man
Is to present you with a package
Perforated
All with holes.
Hurry, with your new, wide long-life
Elastic waistband,
Soon you will find that getting to the
Center is only
Half
The fun
And you,
The cream of pales, are
For your innocent aires,
Only
Faint blushes of
Beige.

* * *

Jack Lewis
WE THE LIVING

We are forever left to hear the words,
the ultimate negation of a sorrowful truth.
The legacy of the brilliant-eyed,
the tremulous—they sigh
a dying refrain.
Through the oppression and the ache,
through the darkening air,
the final whisper—
"No pain, no pain."

Pam Davis

EN AVANCE

Understanding of subtler things
than can be spoken in mouths or seen—
Necessed now, that we might, in that intangible reality
higher than sensible sound and sight,
Traverse awake the Stream we are borne into.
In patient degrees perceiving the unlogical!
We might progress to the newer realm of thought:
Evolved only through its energies and none of ours—
for our knowledge has no strength like a dream's.
You are more than what your words can say to me, your
Actions come from far beyond their stage;
And it is at their source I find the rest
That soothes and reflects the light we must have
to be companions through this present place.

Kim Wingfield
The muddy road of dark, red clay separated the short picket line of buildings from a sparse grove of litchi trees bordering the railroad tracks. Standing in front of the only occupied edifice in the midst of the other long-deserted and forlorn buildings, I could see a small flame flickering inside the remaining unboarded window. Through the dust-covered panes, the color of the shabby, spattered curtains could not be identified. The lower of the two steps leading to the plank porch was broken in two equal parts, both pointing jaggedly into the sticky Georgia clay. The oak boards still squeaked their anger at each footstep, no matter how softly placed or retrieved. A massive teakwood door with a discolored glass knob separated the older doorjamb and kept them from knocking their knotted heads together. The heavy, stained, imported sentinel guarded against unwanted visitors and today protected the inhabitants of the house from the early arrival of Boreas.

The door squatted grudgingly at the pressure of my hand upon the lock and opened into the anteroom. Directly in front of the doorway, some twenty paces ahead, rose a great mahogany staircase. Here and there before the first step were dark stains left by vintage Bordeaux, spilt from ancient crystal glasses, held by ancient, gnarled hands. The runner on the stairs once was the same color as the carpet on the floor, but hurried, anxious footsteps over the years had left huge, worn spots on each step. Two large vases on either side of the staircase held rotting plants—aspidistra, once, but now simply the spawning ground for flies who had failed to leave when the others first did and now cannot.

The doorway to the right opened into what once had been a large boudoir but now served as a sitting room. In the room were three antediluvian couches and one large, over-stuffed armchair. On two of the couches, hidden by the shadows since the small, gasping candle provided the only light, sat three 'black women of inde-terminate age. My eyes were drawn to the figure sitting in the armchair in the middle of the room directly beneath a glass chandelier. Opulent she was, with great jowls of fat which practically kept her eyes wide open with their weight. Two blank, bony eyes stared straight ahead unblinking. Wraps of sparse grey hair amounted her otherwise bald head, and a crocheted blanket pinned to her dress covered her from toe to chin. She scarcely started when I asked, "Miss Watling, Miss Belle Watling?"

Bruce Long
WARNING:
The Surgeon General, a learned man indeed,
has devoted much time to studying:
cars
spray cans
color TV's
-cigarettes
and war.
And after hours of work and contemplation,
he has determined, and our experts back him up,
that living is dangerous to your heath.
Jerald Baxter

STRANGER
Loose, unattached,
I gazed wistfully into the water.
It cast no reflection;
I am, indeed, a stranger.
Bill Cockran
Night has fallen,  
And the sun has left the stage.  
All the acts have gone home.  
A new curtain rises, but for whom?  
The true story now, my dear,  
For now I am alone with you.

Bill Cochran

While lying          While lying          What is  
In bed              In bed,           The difference  
I turned            I turned my head  What is  
My head.            A smile           The key,  
A tear              Did show         That I  
Drop fell,          And I           Could die  
And I was dead.     Did live.        And then  
                         be?

Bill Cochran

11
There are those who say that the wilderness
Has vanished like the buffalo,
But there is a vast, unexplored stretch of wilderness
A man carries within himself
And reveals to no one.

Synchronized, mechanized, zombie-like,
The parade of human-kind
Marches to the beat of computer tunes;
Melted into get ahead schemes,
Falling into pits of broken dreams.

Gazing down from afar,
Bewildered at the madness below,
There stands a man, a vanishing breed——
Syncopated with the rhythm of the woods,
Facelessless as the language of a stream,

Facsimile of none but himself,
The embodied spirit of some departed mountain king:
A homespun, earth-hued tapestry
Woven of the same threads
From which America was made.

Kathryn Adams
The sudden flash of a Ballet queen
in a broken night with broken dreams
Then lift a pen from where I’ve been
While Love Lay Lines Away.

Romantic words in a soft slow song
Convince me that a day is too long
Then it’s into the car to right my wrong
While Love Lay Wheels Away.

Candlelight in a silent night
tucked away in a diner under moon-star bright
Then it’s out to the runway to get the next flight
While Love Lay Wings Away.

A waltz, at a ball, in a Royal Hall
Embracing before a castle wall
Then it’s out to the ocean before morning falls
While Love Lay Waves Away.

Bill Davis
WALDEN III

I am going into the city,
I am hollowing my place in the wilderness.

I will place plants on my window sill
and iceberg lettuce in the
efficiency refrigerator.
I will watch the city hurry
and listen to it hum.

I will visit laundromats and bars.
I will look in alleys
and observe, quietly.
(I will be vicarious.)
I will get a job.

I will paint and write and read
and keep late hours.
I will think, contemplate,
speculate, ponder,
and smoke long cigarettes.

And I will live to tell my tale.
I will tell the strange and true story
of how I lost myself and
didn’t even miss me.

Pam Farris

14
The human is a sad thing. He wonders what he would do with a surfeit of happiness, but most importantly, how to make it through the day. He dreams the dream of self-sacrifice, and hopes that he can pay the rent. He plots, schemes, plans, and stirs a dying ember in the evening fire. If he pulled his finger from the dike, would the world bleed?

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**NO MATTER HOW SHALLOW**

In the past, The impassioned identification, With its own technical mastery, Of its material, Marred by the certain knowledge, Improvement is a commercial ploy, I don't get the feeling That compulsive sex is mechanical. Devoid of feeling or even eccentricity, The civilized is inoffensive, We have become desperate for original intelligence, No matter how shallow.

---

*Jim Littlefield, Jr.*
"TWO ROSES"

On a bleak winter's day
when the rain and grayness melt into solid loneliness—
I received two roses,
Two roses from him.
Two roses—
one red
    one white—to fill my loneliness and erase my pain.
One red rose for his passion—
One white rose for our love.
Two roses.
Now it is a winter's day like before.
The rain and grayness melt into solid loneliness.
I look at two roses—
one red—
one white—
dead and faded, and I weep
Like the rain and grayness
Melting into solid loneliness.

Mary Elizabeth Aiston
From here the road looks long and rough
The trees tall, leaves golden-brown red
Falling on the remains of last season's leaves
The "No Dumping" sign stands high
Above the beer cans, yesterday's news, and washing machines
Which slopes down the rushing waters
Flowing swiftly over ageless boulders
Eroded by nature's union with time
The deer at the stream senses me
And cautiously drinks.
The sound of gunfire beyond the hill
Snaps him to attention provoking fear
And memories of a friend now gone
And mounted, and I understand his plight
And his fight for his life, it is my life, too
A life of fear and memories
Of friends gone and mounted
in 6' by 6' graves
and 8' by 12' cubicles
Of middle-class success---
From here the road . .
Stands high above . .
Middle-class success . .
I understand his plight . .
It is my life, too.

Frank Wiley
THE UNDERTAKER

To live next door to an undertaker is a terrifying experience. And to be friends with an undertaker is as impossible as to be the crony of a crocodile.

An undertaker is an ill-willer to the human race. He is by profession an enemy to his species, and can no more look kindly at his fellows than the sheriff's office can. He has little sympathy with his kind, small pity for the poor, and least of all for the widows and the orphans whom he regards.

As a neighbor he is to be avoided. To live opposite him is to fall under the evil eye. Like the witch that forespeaks other cattle, he would rate you at once as look at you, if it could be done at a glance. But that magic being out of date, he contents himself with choosing the very spot on the house which shall serve as your hutchment. He watches your going out and your coming in; your rising up and your lying down, hoping you will never get up again. Also he knows your age to the years, and your height to an inch, and your ponderosity to a pound, for he has measured you with his eyes for a coffin.

He is by trade a hypocrite. He drinks to your good health, but hopes secretly it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty—as to be crippled by a stroke; and he rejoices to see you so stout—with a short neck. He compliments your complexion when it is blue or yellow. He wishes you good day, but means everlasting night; and commends his respects to your father and mother—but hopes you do not honor them. His good wishes are treacherous; his inquiries are suspicious; and his civilities are dangerous.

He is a person of ill presage to the house of life. To meet him is ominous. His looks are sinister, his drets are mournful, his speech is prophetic, and his touch is mortal. Be advised—never live next door to an undertaker.

Jeremiah Jones

18
FLIGHT FROM SEDUCTION

A silver swan,
Far from home
Stumbles into the
World of man
Draws
Back
From this diminished
Shore
Bends down
And listens to lichens
Whispering in
Silence.

Jack Levis

NEW GROUND

I heard Augustus pause beside the door
To scrape the wine-red clay from well-worn shoes.
He had remembered not to track the floor
And gratefully I smiled and asked for news.
"I made up ground today," he said with pride.
"Next I'll be clearing Devil's grass
And Nematodes." "Aren't you defied?"
I asked. "Even God took six. Mine the mass
Of iron in this rich clay, but make new earth?"
"I can't expect a city girl to know,"
He scoffed, "that land left fallow has rebirth
And I have cleared new ground so plants can grow."
This city girl knows hearts left fallow heal
And gaily sings the promise you reseal.

Edna St. Vincent Millay
THE POET'S WILL

My eyes grow dim
as my time grows short on this,
a beautiful land.
My few possessions shall.
When I have passed,
be passed themselves to
the things that kept me young
and my soul alive.

To the earth I bequeath my
mortal flesh, to hold until
I am the earth and the earth is
me; A universal togetherness
that joins me in its depth with those
who passed before me.

The earth which I tilled and sowed,
the earth which in turn fed me of
its richness. As I planted the roots
Of my fond, I planted my roots in the
good earth.

And the wind shall have my soul
To float freely,
And be at peace with the breeze,
to be a part of the gust.

The wind who whispered silent
wisdom rhymes in my ears,
the gentle, the powerful, the cleansing
wind.

I feel the air reaching out to my
soul. At last they shall be as one.

My dreams, my thoughts, my memories.
These shall go to silence,
for they exist only in the moments
when voices of ignorance have ceased.

My thoughts evolved from my dreams,
And each dream was fulfilled
It became a memory.

I respect silence, not as a
soundless moment,
but instead as a precious time
when a dream is expressed without
a voice.

Bell Dews

20
DOOM

O Semele, how well you knew your fate
Was meaningless without your heart's desire.
I think you made request because the mate
Of Jupiter could never be mere fire.
Of love, mere earthling shade of Juno. Dire
Destruction was foredoomed for those who dared
To look upon divinity. A pyre
Inflamed by heaven's splendor flared;
You were consumed by lightning, but had shared
Your lover's glory. Think you that you lost
Too much? I wonder if you were prepared
To save forlorn. I, too, have weighed that cost;
Love's blazing glory might enshrine this room:
A Calvinistic conscience is my doom!

Iris Stewart Argo

POT POURRI

My friend sent me a bright nasegay.
I made a pot pourri
And sealed the fragrance for a day
When tasks would leave me free.

Today I broke the urn's gay seal
And quick the essence spread,
Then sought my friend to share my weal:
"Ah, yes?" a stranger said.

Iris Stewart Argo
GOING, GOING, GONE

Sliding past
  gone
  but goes on
  never relenting
  constantly ticking
time,
  a name for eternity.

Iles Liripy

SIN

Black,
  absence of light,
  night——
  swallowing a neon civilization,
  creeps over the days of man.

Iles Liripy
FLEET

The birds rise up in pattern,
and winged,
fly upward, curved, and
right
in perfect wave—
Disperse
and dive,
individually.
I saw them!
Again
their movement pulls
from the hill
And mounting to the top
and straightened in the road,
They were beside me.
A hundred squeaking birds,
in the later afternoon.

Ken Wingfield

I STANDS ALONE

I
is a word.
Not a very long one,
but a word just the same.
And I stands alone
far from the maddening crowds
And far from the warmth of friends.
Above all,
I
stands alone.

Jerald Baxter
"I think that there is something in the attic. Last night I heard a constant scratching up there, as if some small animal were trying to escape through the woodwork. I'm afraid to go up there myself and explore. When James gets here, I'll send him up to check."

Anna listened to her mother's reply. "Yes, mother, I promise. I'll wait for James. Goodbye, now." Replacing the receiver, she stood quietly a moment, her face tense, her lean shoulders rigid, as if she were listening for some noise almost below the threshold of sound. Then she sprang once again into motion, as she began to clear away her breakfast dishes and prepare herself for the day's writing.

The study window sparkled with early sunlight as Anna seated herself at her spartan desk. She placed a clean sheet of paper in the typewriter. For several minutes she stared at it, while a part of her mind listened to the steady cry of a swallow; another part listened to the silence of the house.

The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy hen. The quick, "Oh, God. What is the matter with me?" Anna's voice trembled, and quickly she began to touch the keys again, hoping that she might, by serendipidity if nothing else, find herself somewhere in the midst of a story idea.

After fifteen minutes of composing disjointed sentences, Anna rose and went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Seating herself at the table, she stretched her back, willing herself to relax. As she arched her head back, her eye was caught by a strange shadow on the ceiling. The coffee cup tinkled softly in her hand as she stood up to examine the spot more closely. Brown and damp, it had seeped across several feet of the ceiling.

"Damn. The attic is leaking," Anna told herself. But something about the shape of the spot, perhaps, bothered her. And then she remembered that it had not rained in weeks.

She hurried from the kitchen, deciding at the same time to cut off her morning's writing. An insidious headache had crept upon her, and all she wanted was the comfort of her bed.

Stretched out between cool covers, Anna became more oppressed by the silence of the house. Not understanding why she was compelled to do so, she opened the curtains wider and turned on the radio beside her bed. Soon she fell into a doze.

24
"What? Who is it?" She struggled from sleep and sat up, wondering what had wakened her. Some tremor above her, some faint vibration? She strained her ears in vain; the only sound was the hoarse voice of a country singer on the radio. And perhaps—the faintest hum. Abruptly she switched off the radio. Silence.

Anna glanced out the window and found the flood of sunlight somehow reassuring. It was an ideal day to do some gardening, she thought. Yes, that was what she would do. Gathering her gardening tools and sun hat, she did not bother to analyze the inexplicable relief she felt at the thought of escaping the house.

The garden earth felt good between Anna's fingers as she laid meticulous rows of young plants in the soil. Leaning back on her heels a moment to rest, she raised her face to meet the sunlight. For this moment, the uneasiness that had hung over her was lifted, and she was young again and happy and everything was going to be all right.

Then unwillingly, unerringly, she turned her eyes to the attic window above her. Swallows continued their balmc cries, a soft breeze still flitted with the garden greenery, and the sun beat down in golden benignity. Yet Anna was aware only of the flicker of something in the window. Painfully she stood up and approached the house. Surely it was only sunlight playing against the panes? Or was there something else—something that defied the summer tranquility of the day, something that waited?

When James arrived at seven o'clock that evening, he found Anna seated on the garden bench, her tools fallen in disarray about her. At his approach she looked up with dark, frightened eyes.

"I'm lucky I found you out here," James said, breaking the evening hush, which was almost palpably suspended over the garden. "I rang the doorbell several times."

"I'm sorry," Anna said simply, rousing herself. "Here, sit down beside me." James did as she asked. She quickly took his hand and looked deeply into his face. For several minutes, they sat without words in the twilight stillness. At last Anna spoke.

"Well, have you decided?"

"Yes, Anna, I have," James answered, knowing to what she referred, and realizing that the false magic of a summer evening's garden could not erase the need of the words to be spoken.
"I am going away," he continued. "I've thought about what you said, and considered everything carefully." He touched her cheek with a familiar hand.

"But, Anna, I'm still going. The children..." He looked at her face, trying to measure the understanding she had of his words, but her head was averted. She was looking upward, perhaps at the stars or a swaying tree branch.

"Anna." She turned toward him then, and the lines of her gentle, tired face seemed set in fixed planes of resolution. The crickets sang a rising Gloria to the ebbing day, and fireflies answered in bursts of phosphorescence. Something stirred in silence about the house.

"James, before you go. Please do one favor. Just check something for me. There seems to be something in the attic."

The crickets' noise rose to a cacophonous peak, then ceased suddenly as James entered the house.

Pam Davis

26
since entering college
I've learned so many facts (things) —

the color of the early evening sky
is approximately equal in color to
starch being digested by cow enzyme
in a test tube.

no matter what I write,
if it contains a comma splice
it's not correct

chocolate pudding is green
without the aid of Red Dye No. 2

and that eating my soyburger
off blue vinyl eagles
is celebrating the bicentennial

But one thing I've learned
that isn't in the core —

faces are mirrors
certainly

the reflection is backwards.

Vaughan McIlroy
FLORIDA

A gatsby scene
so cool
So modern
Bored.
The rain chases everyone inside,
with sprinklers taking care of the growth.
Turf
a track
Where the participants
refrain from running.

Vaughan Mealy

ROBERT

Your life among us
or should I say
ours with you
passed much too soon.
You were like warm breath
upon cold morning windows—
the vapor quickly fades,
and is gone.
You were one of those few flames—
and we were a gathering of moths.

Vaughan Mealy

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