Spring 2001 imaginative writers

Spring 2001 photographers

Dr. Anita Jones, Chair, Communication and Arts

Tim McGinn, Imaginative Writing Instructor

Victor Chalfant, Photography and Graphic Design Instructor

and thanks to all contributing artist and writers.
**The Perfect Pair**

A maze of branches overhead
shades the ribbon like path,
shadows dart in front
then behind us, never
allowing themselves to be
touched. Father takes tiny steps
matching mine and crinkles his eyes
at my baseball cap turned backward.
The fence in the distance
beckons us to cross over,
to explore, to discover the
oldness, the newness of
past and future generations.
Patches of blue sky peek
through the maze at
this unlikely pair
strolling hand in hand,
eye to eye, and
smile to smile.

---

**Plastic Girl**

Beauty factory trainees
practice to make pretty
on her little plastic head,
rubbing her synthetic hair
into submission.
The factory technician
has bottles and trays
has potions and powders
to assist in covering the gray.
Or does plastic girl gray?
Of course not,
Ageless, dormant: no response
Are the chips in her glossy
enamel
really just age spots?
Tug, twirl her hair,
wrap and pull,
ascension of the fool.
The trends of the times,
fashion, design,
Catch on, catch up,
Preoccupy with make-up,
brushstroke by brushstroke.
No runway princess,
just a plastic girl
for practicing curls.
The Pageant

The old woman leaned heavily on her cane as she slowly made her way forward. Once in a while she looked up apologetically at her family waiting for her. She hated to be so slow but sometimes when she took a step she wasn't sure her legs and feet were going to go with her. Her mind began to wander again, "when had she gotten this way?" She wasn't aware of growing old or when she started forgetting so much. She was getting people mixed up. Sometimes she almost laughed at the funny looks on people's faces when she said strange things. Most of the time she didn't even know what was going to come out of her mouth. Certainly not what she was thinking. Her brain didn't obey her like it should.

Now she couldn't remember if that pretty young girl in the silky flowing pink dress was her granddaughter or her great granddaughter. Well, it no matter anyway. She was here to see her, whoever she was.

The girl came to meet the old woman and took her purse, as she slowly made her way inside. Once there, she could sit through the program without worrying if she could trust her legs.

Soon everything was quiet and the program began. The twelve beautiful girls in the pageant sat on the back row. The old woman looked, yes, there she was, next to last, the prettiest of them all.

They called the old woman's name, and she looked up. The girl in the hot pink dress moved forward, that must be her name, too. She looked closer at the girl. At her light brown, almost blonde hair, her big doe eyes, (only they were green, not brown.) She had on a smidgen of makeup, complimenting her light skin. Her dress was low in the back and scalloped around the shoulders and neck line. Below the waist in the back hung a bow. The full pink skirt swayed gently as she made her way down the aisle. The old woman could felt her excitement and trembling nerves. She remembered feeling and looking like that. Had it been that long ago? How fast the years pass. Wasn't it just yesterday, she had prayed "slow me down, Lord"? Well, He did, and here she was, slowed down permanently. Given the chance, she wasn't sure she would pray that prayer again.

The girl made it to the front and stood in line with the others, by far the most beautiful. The old woman impatiently waited for them to call her name again, to receive the trophy. Of course, she would win. None of the other girls even closely compared to the one who shared her name. But wait, what was happening? She was seeing another girl step forward to receive the award. Surely it was a mistake. The program continued.

The old woman looked closer at the young girl in pink. She had a brave look on her face. Tears sparkled in her eyes, as she looked back at her family.

With courage and determination inherited from her grandmother, Carron walked over to give the winners a hug and congratulations. There would be another time, she silently promised. And next time it will be me.

The old woman rose slowly and made her way to the aisle. The girl would soon be beside her to carry her purse.
The British Invasion

Cleveland, Ohio 1964
The British are coming
The Beatles have invaded
My heart was all a flutter
It was by fate
That I stood at the gate
A letter was brought by the postman
It was delivered on my birthday that year
Congratulations the letter starts out.
You are now eligible to stand in line
To buy your tickets for this wonderful show
A better present I could not imagine
I stood there and watched them
I screamed and I cried
What they sang was inaudible
The crowd drowned them out
It did not matter I did not care
The excitement to me was that I was there!

White Elephant

It was a different time; a different place
I was a young child still lost in freedoms faith
The year was 1960, political vibes were in the air
Down at Eastgate Plaza Tricky Dick was in town
As he stood there inside his topless new Caddy,
The chrome bumpers and trim spit shined in advance
I listened to the political brew
That flowed from his mouth
When he finished he shook my hand
In a crowd of many I turned to my friend
“Did you hear, did you listen to the things that he said?”
“It’s political propaganda before that happens we’ll be dead!”

Pamela Turner
Approaching Winter

I stand along
Deserted shoreline
Staring across
Cold dark water

Empty homes
Locked and boarded
Awaiting the long winter

Leafless trees
And lifeless grass
There is nothing
Left of summer

Lonely geese delay
Their long journey
As I feed them
Their last meal

Wishing I
Could fly away
With them
Into the cloud
Covered sky

The Loft

I was in,
I really was.
I said “I want Mrs. Doster!”
Jake said “everyone does.”
How lucky was I,
as I stood at the door.
I stepped into my world,
room 144.
There it was!
The first thing I saw.
From where I stood,
those pillows looked really tall.
Below the palace
beanbags from blue to pink.
There were so many books,
I could hardly think!
Grey hair and jewelry,
her skin looked so soft.
She lead me to the legacy,
known as the loft.
I grasped the wooden ladder,
with my little hands sweaty.
Wow, I could see the top,
a gigantic, fuzzy teddy!
With one swing of my leg,
I was in a hurry because--
I was in,
I really was!
Spring flowers soon
And I
Lament the winter
Tree.
So--uncluttered.

A. Engeler
The Piano

We went to Grandma's house
Nearly every weekend
She kept the piano
In the parlor

The first chance I found
I would slip away
To the piano
And pretend to play a song

My little fingers
Boldly tapping the keys
To a tune only I knew
Running through my head

Soon mother would come
To investigate
Opening the parlor door
Just an inch

She would shake her head
With a smile
As she watched me play
Oblivious to the outside world

Too soon it was time to leave
And I was always so sad
But mother assured me
The piano
Would always be there

Nettie Mathis
**Snow Soldiers**

Crystalline kingdoms
sentries of ice.
Stiff pleated scarves
snot-frosted noses,
yolk colored mittens
snowsuit, galoshes,
youth-pleasured cheeks
painted crimson and blue.

Tow-headed boys
aged nine and three
berry-stained lips
chapped, cracked
and tasting of blood:
A scuffling tumble
a laughter ball
escaping as vapors
and billowy clouds,
frigid testament
to frolic and fun.

Mama calls that it’s
time to retreat.
Drunken with chill
soaked through with bliss
toes aching icily
teeth prickly-hot:
“We’ll not
know defeat,” we cry.
“There’ll be no
more of this fuss.
We’re gonna stay
out here
forever!”

**Heroic Measures**

Consciousness stains
your wish
for an otherwise
stark white slumber.
Father…
I alone hear thy confessions.
(regretfully)

I am repulsed
beyond all humanity;
your weakness,
the sickness
it empties me,
barren and dry,
it rends my insides
raw.

Daily logs
and
repetitious exercise;
your body,
once robust and healthy
is now so...
beyond
all
purpose.

Hadn’t Cervantes
once
cautioned us,
against
ridiculous acts
and
pointlessness?

Quality of life,
their words
(erasure’s mine).
Now then,
let me introduce you to…
He
who was once my father
and
who is now so …
beyond
all
comprehension.

**C. Washburn**
Birthday Lesson #1

You’re living in their world, girl
so sometimes you gotta use their tools
to live with their rules.
Self Help,
control with wealth,
guilt is for mothers
and all I can see
are bold white men
telling me,
telling me.
Go anorexic,
but don’t deny your lover
cause don’t you know
a cold girl is alone forever.
And didn’t you ever hear
that life is just like
a carnival ride.
If you sit in that
a

Old Shopping Grounds

Landfills above ground
miles of treasures
awaiting discovery
by young, eager shoppers.
Arms and legs sticking out
here and there, reaching
toward needy souls, who
search endlessly for love.
New clothes, just a
tear-here and there,
too big, but never mind
we’ll grow into it.
Feet slide effortlessly into
shoes, with broken straps
and no strings.
Clomp around to the other side,
ah, a cup, I might
eat cereal from, if
we ever get cereal
from the commodities place.
A toy or two, a broken
little red chair, cracked
dishes and rusted pots
are all we find.
A treasure trove of goodies
for children who have none.
The city of other’s junk,
our old shopping grounds.

Sharron McDonald