

The Chiaroscuro

Old Age

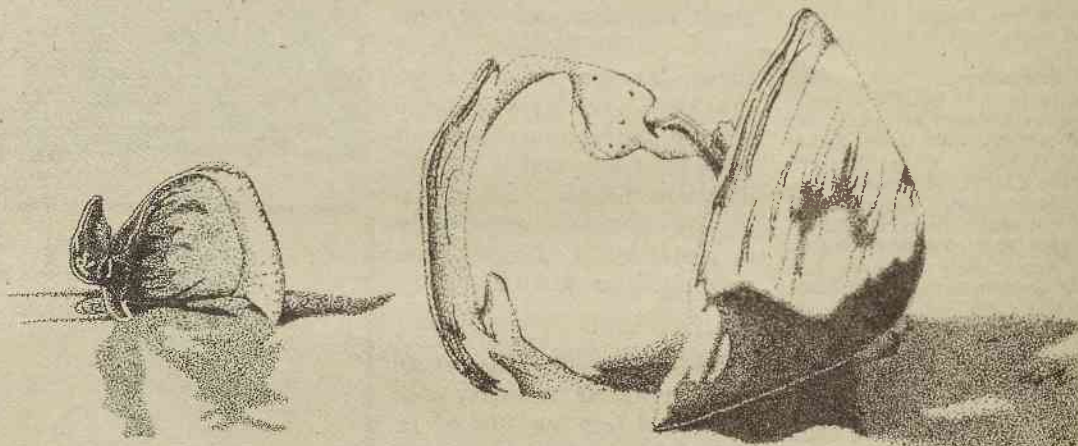
He walked through the confetti-covered streets,
 The crowd was gone now,
 The parade was over,
 It was almost dark,
 Cold, too.
 Maybe his life could have been different
 It didn't matter,
 He was old now,
 And tired,
 He walked over to the lamp-post
 And stared at the moonrise.

by Jeff Sullivan

The Stillness of the Mountains

The mountains rose above the horizon.
 Their majesty revealed by the soft rays of the sinking sun.
 Their peaks were as steeples, tall snowy white, and rugged as the
 cross.
 Their peaks reached from the sky as if pleading for Christ to
 return.
 Now only shadows remain as darkness falls evenly onto the
 mountain's realm.
 Peace and silence, the stillness of the night has come to this
 earthly palace.
 Christ has certainly returned.

by Robert Parker



Jacqui Poole

The Chiaroscuro Staff

Stephen Mickey - Literary Editor

Fred Wise - Art Editor

Sarah Barnhill - Advisor

Mary Kay Dulin Cheryl Hampton

Carol Miles Laura Stevens

Jeff Sullivan Denise Walker

Desert Speech

His speech came naturally and easy,
 Like words from a forgotten song,
 He proclaimed aloud his existence and reason for being,
 Yet nothing but the boulders and desert air listened,
 His voice resounded as he spoke energetically and beautifully,
 His eyes never moved,
 He began to radiate an image of wisdom and knowing,
 He had become enlightened,
 Yet he was lonely,
 And upon realizing so he quit talking,
 He knew his speech was just much wasted breath,
 For wisdom is useless there is someone to help,
 He wondered why he had taken the time,
 To deliver his unheard speech alone in the desert,
 Disgusted, he got up and flew away.

by Jeff Sullivan

OVER

Flaming desire in my darkest hour
 I know I am all alone,
 Burning needs and unfinished deeds
 The armies have all gone home.

But the fight has just begun
 and the battles you thought were won
 are long from over.

Your generation started the war
 Mine must face the gun,
 In the fading light of tomorrow
 There will be no where left to run.

And the changes you thought were real
 were but a weary world's appeal
 to smooth you over.

Yesterday's heroes have all sold out
 Packed up and went their ways,
 Tired of the fight and the fighting,
 Grown old before their day.

But the truth is still from sight
 hidden behind a wall of power and might
 which must be pulled over.

by Todd Murphy