

Magic

Words in a line march across a page:

Images to fall like seeds on your soul,

To sprout in shades of memory and dream.

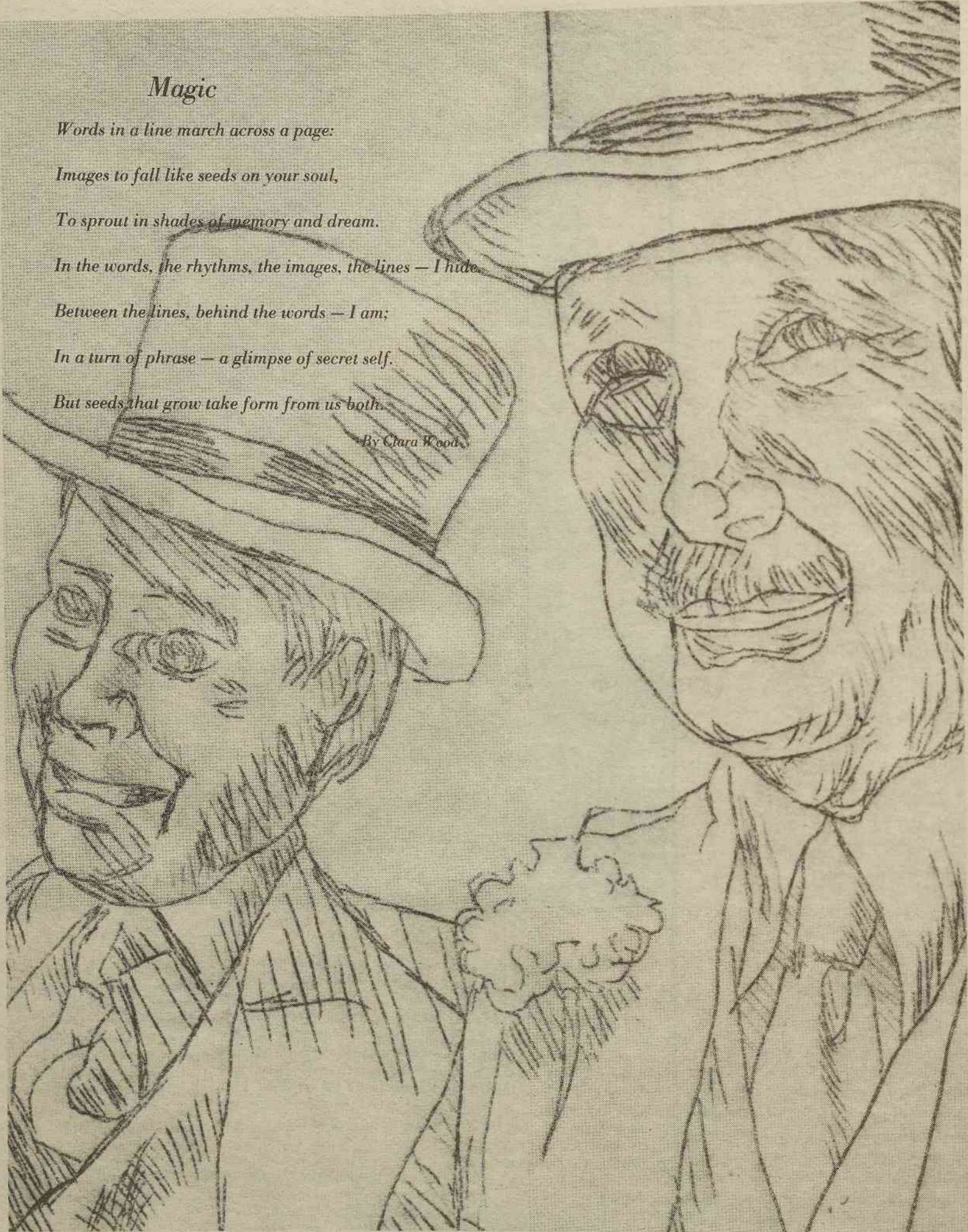
In the words, the rhythms, the images, the lines — I hide

Between the lines, behind the words — I am;

In a turn of phrase — a glimpse of secret self.

But seeds that grow take form from us both.

By Clara Wood.



Print by Sequin Baker

The Lake

The lake lies still this morning,
Dawn tests her colors on the sky above,
And paint drips into the water.
Dew sparkles in the first hints of coming heat.
The lake lies still — mingling dawn
With lingering darkness until sunlight
Spears the trees with slanted shafts
that touch the water and fire it
Gold — quickly-fading gold, for the light
Advances. Along the shore the guard
Changes. Creatures of the night slip away
To hide and sleep; day's denizens arrive:

A morning drink, a hunt for food, a pause
To catch the first of the day.
The lake ripples gently in the whisper
That stirs the needles of the pines.
Land and sky are wed in the water
Of the lake. Trees admire themselves,
Seeing birds on some branches, fish
In others. Fish pierce the clouds.
Faint light becomes full light, and the lake
Accepts it all. But she seems reluctant
To let dawn leave; she keeps the freshness
In her sheltered coves, along overhanging banks,
And deep within her silent heart.

By Clara Wood

Clara "Doc" Wood, Associate Professor of English, teaches American Literature and various freshman English courses at Brevard. She has been accused of an intemperate delight and interest in puns. She received her Ph.D in philosophy at UNC-Chapel Hill.

Sequin Baker enjoys painting, sculpture photography and drawing. She likes to relax while hiking in the beautiful N.C. mountains. Sequin was born in Mississippi and has lived in such places as Colorado, Georgia and Florida. She is a sophomore at Brevard majoring in Art.