

Chances of Sky

by Jim Monroe

Chances of sky follow to the ground, between is why we do! roots of the Great spirit rise to the trees; they said it would come one day, after the hatchet has been buried with man and earth. Care is not possible! Stranger to this place, I am now the hunted - I possess no weapon but if my instinct and timid nature which must be unleashed. Tamed mind and body is what I am becoming never did I feel the thoughts of this way. Soon, we will not find the answer for the tears of the god of the sky reign over thoughtless encounterments of the white man. In the links, between my feet and the earth, create an imagination that speaks from the poison of two tongues.

Grown to be loved by water, touched of the deer, mountains and hills caress my fears and comfort my unrested spirit! When may we say "It's time to go!?" What must my spirit do now that it is being paved and trapped by the ones who say they care? My state of being requires nothing of the sort to have care, my Indian fathers miss my stand. I must go back to the wild for I am not the one who is seen with a scare, penetrating silences grasp the treails on the west face to which I am facing the north. Learning into the regular life of the parents who raised or frowned me into what is called the "norm." May I go in my way nothing to harm, no one to harm, skies that fill the oceans blue - brother of wolf, friend of earth, son of the great trees, subject of the Great Spirit.

Few may pass and see my glitch, my powers are hidden beneath the trees, may we walk along the same paths as my ancestors; may they once again walk in their same paths as if that is of choice. The red man gave me the eye to see past the lights, past the industry of the white man. Generating views and kindness from then - not now. Beauty of minerals perished from the seed. Natural leaves are what will be the artificial claim of the future. Instinct says I must go... Until.

Now me the war party, subtle and blind regrets I have for the fellow white man. Conscious of the castle and the worth of gold and brandy, forgotten the knowledge we are said to learn, frost and winter came over the hills and frontier which machines now have captured. Few are left in my speaking land. Tomahawks are not close to foresee the burial. The shine of the ax and blade of the knife are the color of my own blood for not speaking the word of my spirit.

Kind and gentle may my feet proceed to think as they walk, may I join what is right beneath my senses the smell of earth, rocks and moss with the leaves on the side direct my passage safely to a place I was before. Spirit say, "Well runs dry to hurry and push on with the honor and strength of the cougar, the overview of the hawk, and the speed of the serpent, charge the rainbow of thieves who compel me to speak in the tongue of bear. "Leave me Be!"

Yellow, red, orange various forms on the gitty feelings inside my eye. Heart has been wounded in the direct trance of love for my surroundings and my people. I am yet among the last; my cry stretches across the skies, my blood runs through the last stream full of spirit and truth. Corners of my hatchet symbolize the reign of terror whom the chase on the wild had begun. Osage, fox, link, bear, and deer who would call me a friend to the Great Spirit and his blood of rivers means the ways of the white man. For me to sacrifice my soul to accommodate his greed. No one is behind me in which to stand for my wild and untamed spirit, I am in my natural element which have said for themselves to use my help.

Give me the power of all dying spirits and save them from rest, time is near for my spirit to be full. When the time comes my back won't be turned, my head will stay high until the last of the leaves has fallen from the deadened tree. Give me strength Great Spirit - grace of the wind, time of my ancestors, the last of what is honor and truth. Put these in my soul for now they must not roam forever.

The trees were of many, now they are but few. Chances to relieve the strains upon the recreation of their souls. No place to dig their roots, only capture the fire scorched to be learnt. Now unlearning ourselves - back to nature, for this does not forgive, only the light of a tunnel strikes the visions of future roles to whoever wants to play god next.

Must I travel along the roads another has already taken, paved away the right for my feet and children to walk there? Never is already in the past for the lands behind the frontier are barren for a mark of nothing less than defeat.

Alone is where I want to be, my ancestors speak pride in me to hold on to our mother as long as we can. My strength stays the same but dies as my blood returns to the gray-haired. Great Spirit, welcome me in your home and place me around the council fire, you've given me the strength to survive this long, only if my roots and eyes could see as honorable as yours.

Brevard Changes Lives

by Rhonda Parker

As a product of Brevard College, I wonder how my life will be after I leave these stone walls and landscaped grounds. I wonder what my life would have been like if I had gone to a different college or a university—would I be the same person that I am now? The essential life lessons I've learned here at Brevard would have been taught anywhere else, but maybe not as harshly, or as well. I enrolled here as a child; I leave as a woman.

My freshman year at Brevard was one of joy and of turmoil. I met new people from several different backgrounds and different schools of thought. By talking to these people I learned that we are all truly different, and a few of the stereotypes I had carried from my small hometown were false, but a few were true. I tried to guard myself from people who reminded me of those I encountered in high school—yet some I found that it was near to impossible. I unwittingly made a few enemies and went through ten solid months of cruel and unnecessary harassment (for example, weight loss ads and used condoms were left at my door), but I also made a name for myself with my acting abilities and gained the respect and love of most people.

Due to the harassment I went through and the stress it placed on myself and my life, I gained a sense of responsibility. To me, it was complete responsibility, independence, and freedom—freedom to be myself and not to worry about hostile reactions from others. I got a part-time job and an apartment, and I truly believed that I could handle the intense responsibility that I was placing on my young shoulders. I was 19—and stupid.

Things went rather well during the summer—I felt very grown-up and proud of my decision to go out into the real world. But when school started, everything started to slowly crash around me. I worked almost thirty hours a week, and had seventeen hours of classwork each semester. My time became very limited, and I wound up dropping four of my classes over the course of the year. During the spring semester, I started to spend more of my precious free time at the Complex, where I acquired two of the worst habits a college student can gain—smoking and drinking. Demon Alcohol never really gained a hold over me; but Demon Tobacco certainly did.

I had fun during this time, but deep down inside I felt awful for ignoring my first priorities—and for letting my life slip down the drain. I started to realize, for the first time, who I really was and what direction I wanted my life to take. In the summer of 1997, I moved back home and enrolled at Brevard College as a returning residential student for the fall semester.

Now, I realize who I am and possibly what I want to do with my life. I am a very strong, creative, talented, outgoing, and somewhat attractive individual. As of this writing, I am still a smoker (trying to quit), I rarely drink, I am still a virgin (surprised to find one on this campus?), I am a self-diagnosed manic depressive (currently taking St. John's Wort), and I am finally happy with my life. I am still dealing with the demons of my past and my present, but I can accept my mistakes and learn from them instead of letting them upset me. I have gained an open-minded approach to life, its participants, and all of the differences in between. Acting, web design, and authoring all call to me as career options.

This semester, I have been more popular than I have ever been in my 2 1/2 years here at Brevard. The old saying seems to be true: "If you haven't met Rhonda, you've missed out at Brevard College."

To you, the reader, I set this challenge: take the new experiences handed to you in college. Take a puff off of a cigarette, swallow a swig of Killian's. You are here to learn not only lessons for your future, but for life. Make the most of it and learn your valuable life lessons now. You will regret it later.

Rhonda L. Parker was editor-in-chief of *The Clarion* last year. She graduates with her Associate of Arts degree this December.

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