

Quill and Ink

Bayes Appointed to Arts Council

by Communications & Marketing

St. Andrews Presbyterian College Writer-In-Residence Ron Bayes has been appointed by Gov. Jim Martin as a new member of the North Carolina Arts Council.

Bayes will work with 29 other committee members to formulate and recommend policies for programs in the fine arts. Bayes will serve as a member of the committee for a three year term.

"Ron Bayes is both an excellent poet and teacher; he has always been one of our brightest lights at St. Andrews," said A.P. Perkinson Jr. "We are glad to be sharing his vast talent with the rest of North Carolina."

Bayes said, "it is particularly exciting to have a chance to serve in this capacity, especially since North Carolina is generally looked upon as one of the three major creative writing communities in the entire United States."

Bayes will be reading in New York City with Japan's leading poet Shuntaro Tanikawa in October. He was one of three Master Teachers selected to conduct the workshop at the Atlantic Center for the Arts held in February 1987 at New Smyrna Beach, Florida.

In August 1987, Bayes was selected as one of three poets to represent the U.S. at the International Cultural Festival in Noto, Japan.

i don't want to get a haircut i
 want my flyaway curls to grow
 grow
 grow
 until they reach the sky and get caught
 in the breeze
 and span the oceans like so many jellyfish
 tendrils that surround jetliners
 and sink battleships
 and tear down the
 telephone lines
 that
 maze
 in a
 criss cross
 zigzag
 across the land
 and all the birds will nest
 in my colossal curls and i will
 sing sweet fucking Sad songs to anyone
 who can find their way through my
 dense locks and make them "weep and cry"
 and send them away when their tears
 subside to make room for anyone else who
 should search for the answer and
 find
 me
 instead

Paul Bullard

untitled

Today my summer love came crashing
 deeper blue.
 Stars like deserts
 quotes from unknown poets
 languidly drizzle.
 We broke through early morning
 (and should've watched the sunrise)
 pointing at far-off planets,
 old lazy dreams, and recalling
 childhood together.
 And as we lay on
 the cracked concrete stair
 holding hands, I knew w/o words:
 Summer blue came crashing
 deeper love.

Man

that cat just sits there
 smoking his cigarette
 and my poems
 hang on the wall
 while he just sits there
 listening to the music
 and the incense
 smoulders in a Coke bottle
 while he just sits there
 brooding over a screwed-up relationship
 and the cool breeze
 blows smoke in his direction
 while he just sits there
 staring at the ceiling
 and
 Man
 let me tell You
 I wish I were in love

Pam Whitfield

Postcard

I am almost glad that you are not here.
 Saturday is much too terse
 from where I sit:
 infinite causewalks stretch to the sand
 and the sea squats, waiting.

I found the brightest star last night,
 its fallen progeny hid in the damp
 under my toes; where I scraped,
 phosphorescence.

You wouldn't understand
 how I feel about the tourists'
 trying to buy a square of beach
 whose waters belch seaweed;
 You'd steal from the tide if you could.

I avoid the sand fiddlers' hole-homes,
 leave the fish their salt,
 and try not to carry
 too much sand home in my shoes.

Matthew Wilson

TODAY???

The mood has struck once again,
 My pen cries out loud, desperate
 To fulfill the world with answers!

We all live in a world where devasta-
 tion
 Is no longer a thought, a possibility
 In the future - but reality!

We live it, we consume it AND
 We've accepted it. What a mistake it
 was
 For us to "develop" to this
 Point!

We possess, at the push of a button,
 The megatons, the nuclear capacity,
 and
 Of course, the STUPIDITY
 To destroy the world in a . . .

But today no one feels threatened by
 all of
 This overwhelming power.
 We've turned our backs on it... Why?
 Something else has taken it's place!
 A virus - How absurd!!!
 Can't humans do without these
 pleasures
 For a while?

Can't our race, one of ultimate
 Intelligence
 And reasoning power, return to a day
 Of MORALITY - yes morality. I
 know
 It hurts to think of it - but is this
 Not where ALL of our answers lie?

I haven't gone beyond the latter.
 It scares me to DEATH.

To think that humans have made a
 race out
 Of the production of goods-
 The production of NUCLEAR
 ARMS of all
 Things!

In the world today we possess the
 Capability to destroy ten planet
 Earths!

God gave us the tools to use and
 we've
 ABUSED! Not his/her fault, Only us
 to
 Blame.

WE'VE GONE MUCH TOO
 FAR THIS TIME!

Our threat now comes from sex; of
 all things! Husbands F--- just to -
 No one thinks anymore, no one
 cares. Infect your wife, kill your
 newborn - Kill us all. It's morals I
 tell you — bring them back and
 Peace
 MAY have a chance to exist within us.
 WE NOW HAVE TWO MAJOR
 THREATS

Paul E. Dinkins
 untitled

This morning
 The grass damp and
 cold between our toes

And the sunrise
 still heavy on our
 shoulders

How peacefully
 violence struggles
 and eyelids open

Trusting
 familiar faces
 to recognize you

