

# Quill and Ink

## GROWING UP

Thinking back to the past.  
Something we all do,  
Yet somehow mine is different.  
Looking back on life before college,  
As if a different person was there.  
I have entered the past,  
To try to change what I have done.  
Extra knowledge is of no help-  
For all mistakes rectified are  
Replaced by more intelligent ones.

ROB McLEAN

## THE PATH IS GONE, THE WAY IS LOST

The world is crashing down as if it were a  
damned bowling ball cracking pins.  
The sky, our ceiling, has sprung a leak and  
pestilence is coming through.  
The unicorn has fled from this;  
Rainbows are not to be found, at all.  
They say you must laugh to stay sane,  
But how can you laugh in a world in which  
you  
can't find happiness?  
Sanity?  
What is that? ...  
Something which is far away.  
The unicorn knew to run; his bridge was the  
rainbow.  
The rainbows knew; they followed the uni-  
corns.  
Can I follow the Unicorns?  
Can my soul find its way along the path  
without a guide?  
My way is lost.  
My childhood is gone.

JAMEY DONALDSON

## IN GHOST'S COMPANY

There is a ghost that walks St. Andrews  
(ghosts walk everywhere)  
You know  
You have seen him standing  
Where a leaf stands in mid-air  
Before he lets it fall  
Yes, you have heard  
Him, also,  
Running past  
A bush to catch up with  
Nothing  
No thing waits for him  
Feel him,  
Also,  
Walking through you  
He pushes up goose-bumps on your arm  
While he mingles with  
Your soul

JAMES KRISTIAN DEAL

## TO A.L.S.

You are not a dry  
memory hidden in  
a drawer, like  
the dry shell a  
locust leaves behind,  
but rather, fresh and  
substantial, like  
an ice-cube or a  
rose.

RIZWAN

## UNTITLED

I think of her often,  
[Blue stars tonight dance behind the  
cover of rain] looking away  
(from whatever could have been there)  
into the other direction.  
The course changed & the pools became  
part of the stream that took away the  
banks. (While)  
Summer passed by in the forgotten  
that stirs (us) in our sleep.  
A languid song from the background  
spirals into the distant.  
[The hot rain fell] & as  
the jazz fell through,  
it broke right back,  
(leaving behind whole shapes  
of color)

PAUL BULLARD

## SUMMER ON STONE MOUNTAIN

A circle is cast around us in salt  
With a lock of hair  
and words to the Goddess,  
the Moon descends and joins  
our souls.

In the cool mountain air  
we breathe as one. We stand united;  
grounded with energy rising from the  
Earth below.

Together we gaze upon the moon,  
letting her will entwine our hearts.  
Our destiny in this life molds  
and is realized.

Once again we are together my  
Lady of the Lake. We stand beneath the  
Moon, our beings as one.

The wind blows cold through the  
trees,

The stars twinkle,  
and we are content.

MICHAEL K. CHAMPION

## UNTITLED

Long ago my mind was simple and wild  
Vigorous to the thrill of crime and  
killing and dreaming of suicide  
Myself to die, a better way for the  
world to understand my life  
Thank God, his kind hand, the heart  
of Jesus Christ, always within me  
I have realized the joy of living-  
The ecstasy of life just a whisper t  
hat we must shout... I am alive!

PAUL E. DINKINS

## ALMOST HEAVEN

...hand of babies  
Ancestors summer  
Breath of blacklung  
Hands of steel  
Night echo of banjo and slide  
Rivers motion marks the year  
Courthouse whittlers up DeAngelo  
Roads ribbon to memories untold  
Slag burns  
Mail pouch barns  
Hard is good  
Shine helps  
Right...  
Right

CHAD HADDIX

## UNTITLED

Great big gobs of marshmallows  
in my basement  
that's already full of other nonsensi-  
cal stuff  
given to me by transitory boy-  
friends  
who smoke entirely too much  
dope  
when picking out presents

NORAMAH BURCH

## CAN YOU EVER FIND SOMETHING YOU NEVER LOST?

Names,  
Evoking memories,  
Of a long time ago,  
But never forgotten.

Never forgotten,  
But never found.  
We can never find our futures,  
By looking in the past.

ROB McLEAN

## THE WORLD JUST MADE ME CRY

Have you ever cried and won-  
dered why,  
it's happened to me and I never tried.  
Tears they roll all down my face,  
kiss  
my cheek and fall to grace.  
I ask again why am I crying, could  
it be my happiness dying.  
It's hard to tell, it's hard to seize,  
but the tears that flow bring me ease.  
I wipe them away and then I  
laugh,  
shedding my tears isn't so bad.  
I sit and wonder just asking why,  
What in the world just made me cry.

DEVO

## MY SON

I never thought he would do it  
Strong facial features and a proud smile  
My friend was a rational individual.  
A bit of a logician.  
Here before me, on this day a year ago, sat  
a broken man.  
Behind his strong sad face lay a limp mind  
Exhausted by his internal struggle to find  
What he could have done to make his father  
Feel this way about him.  
"Friend," he said to me in a calm voice.  
"I have loved you all my life.  
My achievements have made you a proud  
man.  
Last night, on the eve of my seventeenth  
birthday,  
I became your lover,  
My Friend,  
My Father,  
My Lover.  
Why do I feel guilty about who I am and  
what I've done?"  
I could say nothing.  
I saw my son crushed by my action.  
My once proud friend had become a vege-  
table,  
The result of my morbid revolt against his  
manhood.  
A stream of useless tears fall from my eyes  
The flow is broken by a struggling voice.  
"Cry not my father.  
This is who I am.  
Death calls me to pay my debt for my guilt."  
A year has passed since I've witnessed,  
through a wall of  
Tears,  
My friend put a knife through his heart.  
Pride is but a mere word to me now.  
I struggle with the reality that incest.  
Is my reward and mental tattoo for loving  
my son.  
I long to touch my young friend,  
But I feel my heart pinch when I imagine  
My son crying at every touch of my hand.  
My tears  
My son  
My friend  
My lo...  
My loss.

SUBMITTED FOR RELATIONSHIP  
VIOLENCE AWARENESS WEEK OC-  
TOBER 25-28.