

Fear

MARY SUE COOK

I sit here alone in this cold, sterile room, I am alone, even though the room is full of other people. They cannot know how I feel. They are not experiencing the same dread and fear that is engulfing me.

I wait. My hands are clammy and cold. I drop my twisted handkerchief to the floor. As I bend to pick it up, I hear steps coming toward me. Has my time come at last? Is it time for me to go? But no, it is not yet my time.

The clock says only five minutes have elapsed, but it seems as if an eternity has passed me by. Why am I here? I should be out in the bright sunlight enjoying the beauty of life! Only six minutes? Surely it has been more! My stomach seems to be turning to ice and my tongue is parched. The steps are coming near again! Again they pass me by.

I know that they are coming for me. Why do they make me wait in torture and fear?

How many thoughts can pass through one's mind when he feels that he is in danger? I remember my family most of all. Was it only this morning that I left them? I can remember clearly every word that they said to me before I left. The words of comfort are of no use now.

Ten minutes have passed now and my time is near. The door is opening, and I am paralyzed with fear as I look up to meet a frozen smile and the words, "Come right in. The dentist will see you now."

Reality

I see a boy I may not even know
Smile, or move his hands—just so;
And it brings to mind the way
You smiled, or gestured, yesterday.

A nameless voice within a crowd,
Strong shoulders, or a head held
proud;
Wipes out at once reality
And brings you close and warm to
me.

Small things, vague to all around,
Talk, or laughter, mingled sound—
Then a fleeting moment—just by
chance,
Will catch the corner of my glance;
Then you're not a memory—
But my one reality.

—Paddy Wall

A Cycle

The snowflakes fall from out the air
To paint the ground below.
From whence they come I do not
care;
Their fall is nature's show.

Each flake is perfect in its right;
Each falls its separate way;
Yet only as myriads fit tight,
Within a given day,
Will one propose to stay,
Though brief, imposing on man's
sight
The beauty of its ray
Reflect, replete with nature's might.

The snowflakes melt to droplets
clear,
Their beauty now is past;
But trickling to a streamlet near,
Another die is cast.

—Don Kroe

Empty L

Pressed for answers mo
come
To turn blank faces
empty sky.

Confused they stand, etc
ing overhead;

Eternity met only by
little men—

Little men grown big
grown small.

Yet not in the stature o
inflated world

Do they find the obj
searching.

No, it is deeper than th
surface,

Within the man, withi
But they go no further

Theirs it is to hear the w
See the sun, feel the rain

And then grow old;
In death leaving to the y

The problems left to th
No more no less.

What is it they search fo
Do they really know?

Some do not; they mere
Others call it god.

For these there are wise
Who decide what he is

But for all their shaping
ing

He is known little mo
he is:

An implicit definition
they

Do not really know or u
Pressed for answers mo
come

To turn blank faces
empty sky.

Beginning The Second Century

As this the literary edition of the HILLTOP for the centennial year is concluded, attention be focused on the college's past one hundred years. This period has exhibited marks of rapid a steady pace of accomplishment, and improvement. From the HILLTOP vantage point the college has undergone considerable change. Most recent additions to the spreading panorama have been the construction of a library and a men's dormitory. Future viewers may witness an even greater broad perspective. The HILLTOP hopes in the years to come to continue its service as the voice of expression and to retain its value as part of the Mars Hill tradition.

—Peg