

LABYRINTH

Cover by Beth Yancey

LABYRINTH

Spring 1981

T.C. Williams High School
Alexandria, Virginia

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Theresa Wescott
'81

On the Radio

"All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance"

"When Johnny comes marching home again, Hurrah . . ."

News Flash! Austria's Archduke Ferdinand and his wife have just been killed. Austria is blaming Serbia for the murder and is gathering together its alliances. This could culminate in the largest war the world has ever known. Such a war will certainly be a war to end all wars.

"Over there! Over there! Send the word, send the word to beware . . ."

Exclusive Bulletin! The Japanese have just attacked Pearl Harbor! All America is devastated by this violent and unwarranted attack on our neutral territory. It is now official! Congress has declared war on Japan and its allies. American men everywhere are rushing to enlist for the cause.

"From the halls of Montezuma, to the shores of Tripoli . . ."

This report just in! Communist intervention in Vietnam's free territory has come to a climax. The French are slowly losing the South Vietnamese Territory to the Communists. The President has decided to provide aid to the South Vietnamese so that freedom can be upheld in these poverty-stricken lands. Ammunition and equipment worth millions of dollars have already been sent over.

"Where have all the flowers gone . . .
When will we ever learn?
When will we ever learn?"

Michael Payne

(a Painted Poem)

How arduous for painted poems, it seems,
To illustrate my heartfelt love for you,
And equi-difficult for words so true
To paint depictions of my vivid dreams.
For dreams, like love, fit all the color schemes
From those of ardent red, or frigid blue,
Or yellow warm, to those of any hue
Of love from which reflected sunlight streams.
True love has no emotional restraint,
Since nothing on this brownish earth can taint
This love so pure, so beautiful, and real,
Whose lucid dreams have not an image faint.
One thousand words cannot such passion paint
Nor painted poems portray the same appeal.

Michael Peyton

Early Morn

At the summit, my eye was caught
By the blazing plain below;
Red shadows rippled like slithering snakes,
Giving texture to the glow.

Bits of gold slowly clustered,
In an ever-growing mass,
Overpowering the reddish hue
And dissolving it in brass.

I began to make my swift descent,
Toward the river's shore,
But the aging day had lost its flare
As Apollo climbed still more.

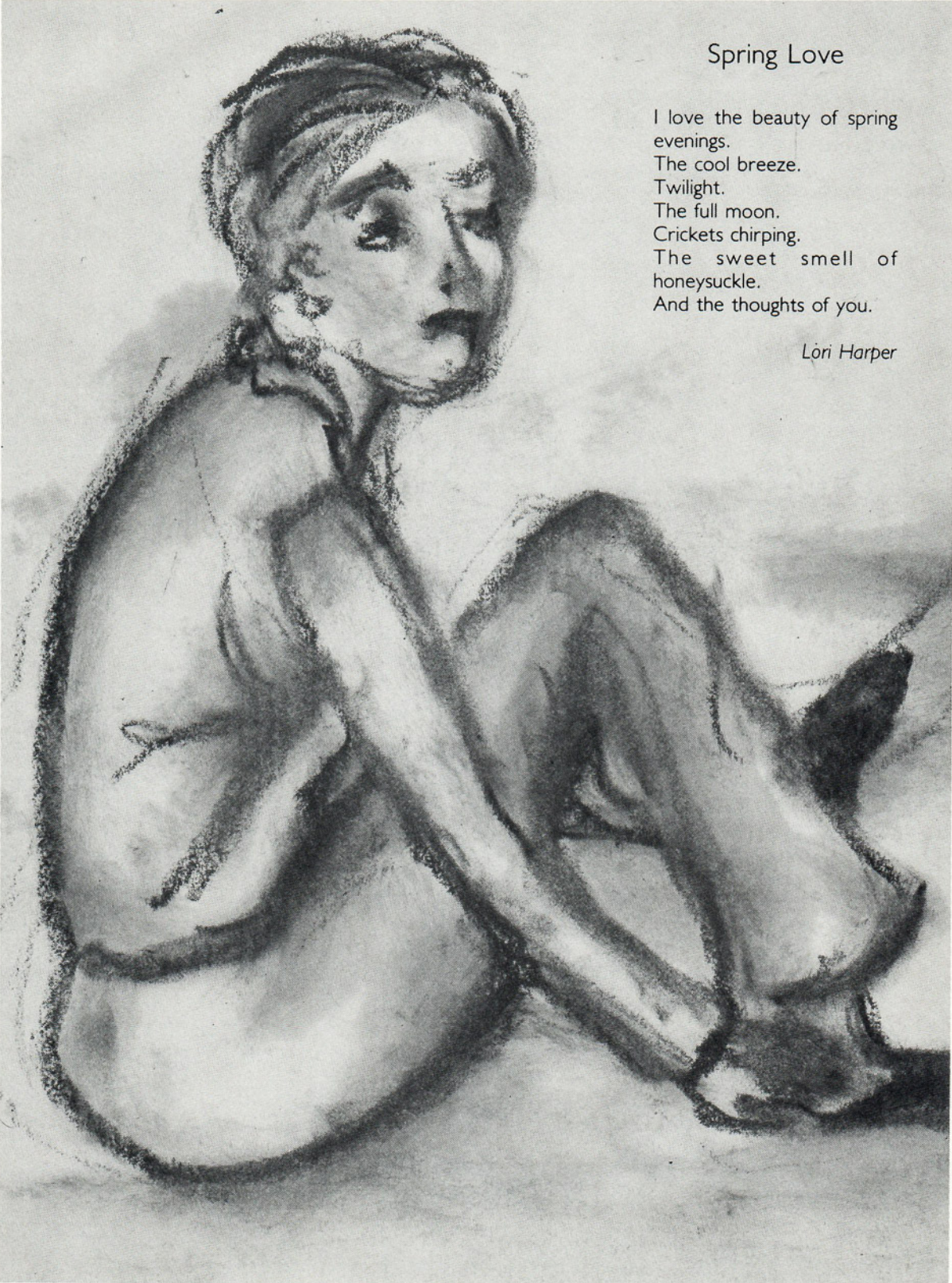
Elise Miller

You Made Flowers of My Hours

You made flowers of my hours
And each day was a bouquet.
I couldn't tell you the way
I felt, fear of desertion, I guess.
It was love, not infatuation
My, how love is a magical thing —
Now you see it, now you don't.

Julie Flowers





Spring Love

I love the beauty of spring
evenings.
The cool breeze.
Twilight.
The full moon.
Crickets chirping.
The sweet smell of
honeysuckle.
And the thoughts of you.

Lori Harper

The Passage of School Children

They met at the traffic light,
side by side in the morning.
One, a young silver whale on fresh white-walled tires,
its belly filled with the elders.
The other, an old yellow beast with ancient radials,
overflowing with those to be.

The elders shift uneasily,
those yet to be gaze in,
the sixes, sevens, eights and nines
with noses to the glass.

Beaded, steamy breath prints grow
where eager stares are pressed.

The elders feel the young eyes watch —
they are a hunted race.
For someday those to be will be . . .
and those who are — no more.

Laura Bergheim



"Chuckie"

Looking down the thirty flights, he could almost see the neighborhood where he grew and the school where he sat and listened. The people on the sidewalks directly below moved in grey currents. Nothing was very clear and the river from this height was a black strip winding through the concrete yet in a condition of stasis.

He swiveled back to his desk and leaned the black leather chair forward. The long dark desk was clean except for the sheets of paper that rested in the middle. He picked up the pen which lay beside the stack. Dashing off his initials on the bottom of the worded sheets, he reached to the corner of the desk and pressed the red button. He leaned the chair back and waited as his secretary came through the double black doors. She picked up the papers and exited. He swiveled back to the window and followed a yellow taxi across the bridge til it was out of his sight behind the trees in the park.

He knew he had made a mistake in coming back. But it was a mistake he could live with. He would have to live with it; he knew he could never go back.

Life was structured in the city. He took the same route to work and went the exact path home every day. The job had not become a hardship; it was rather pleasing. His leisure time was now spent in conventional modes. He dined out on weekends and was involved in the football pools. He even watched a match or two of cricket, on occasion, with his fellow employees. He was investing money and was paying on a life insurance policy and that could not all be left behind.

He leaned the chair forward and his head rested on the large grey tinted plastic window. On the corner he knew was a travel agency. He could imagine the large cut out posters of white beaches and dark tanned couples by pools with drinks in their hands that stood in the street window. Jamaica was not like that. But the name Jamaica caused him to doubt that he had made the right decision in returning to the city.

The gold signet ring that encircled his pale translucent finger tapped on the arm of the black leather chair. He had grown pale in the sunless atmosphere of the city. The money invested in that ring would have bought twenty pounds of ganja or five hours of recording time in a Shanty Town recording studio in Kingston. He was a "Chuckie." He was a rich white man. His hair no longer hung in mock dreads but was cut in a traditional style. When he was in Jamaica he had been a "Chuckie. He was white and though he had lived on Windward Road in Kingston for three years he still could not walk through the heart of Shanty Town without an escort. But

in Jamaica he could work at what he pleased. He would not be sitting thirty stories up and he would not be pushing papers through the accepted channels.

He would be sitting in a recording studio in one of the worst ghettos in the world. He would be "giving breaks" to young musicians who could not write, could not read and had spent half of their lives in jail.

Very few of the musicians he produced ever "made it." Most of them ended up on death row in a Jamaican prison or had been killed in battles on the streets of Kingston. But he had given them a chance. He had been doing something he enjoyed.

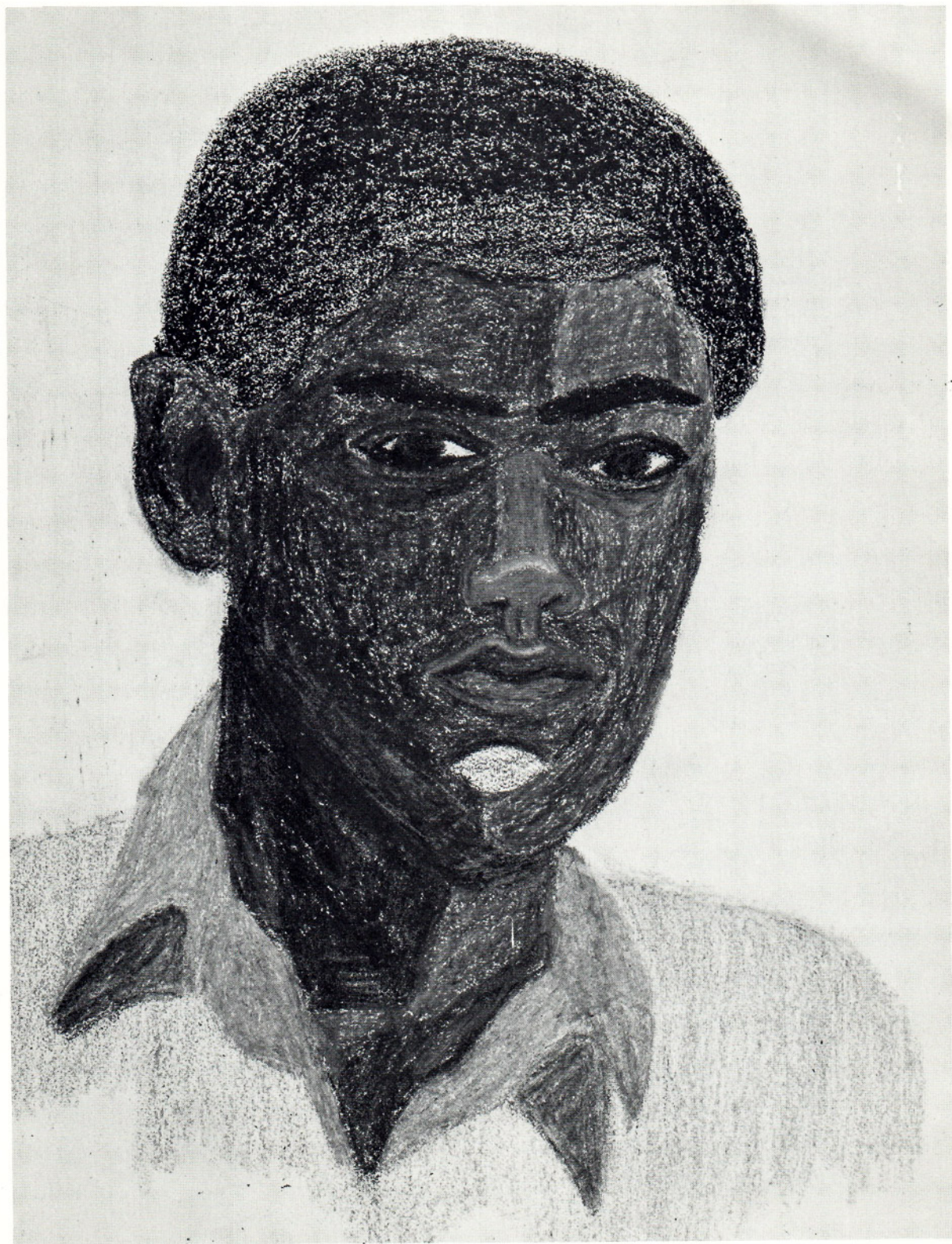
He watched the 4:45 bus as it came along the street below and stopped at the corner. In the city there was routine. He went to work. He broke for lunch. He went home. He visited his parents every fourth weekend.

In Jamaica there was no routine. The studio was open when there was a need. He slept all day and recorded at night. When money was involved he would go and harvest ganja in the mountains for a few days. There were no parents. In a country that had a seventy percent rate of illegitimate births, most of his friends had been sent "to grow wid de granny." There were no responsibilities except to himself and to the studio. But he was white and came from a different background; he could never be trusted by those trying to "make it" with reggae.

He was raised and he belonged back in the city.

The grey sky was growing black. He swiveled the chair over to the desk. Glancing at his watch, he reached to the corner of the desk and pressed the red button. He leaned the black leather chair back and waited for his secretary to come through the double black doors.

Carrie Beyer



Darrell Wright

To Bob Dylan, Robert Frost, The Brady Bunch,
William Shakespeare, Francis Drake, The Byrds,
Bruce Springsteen, John Wayne and Jim Rockford

I stand confused and jostled.
About me are people hurrying —
They scurry to a destination.
I wander with nowhere to go.
Of the many roads not taken,
Why can't I find the intersection?
Why am I different?
Why do I dream?

There is no animal on my shirt —
I could go to sea and live with Drake
There bounding on the waves,
I could chart some unknown isles —
But I hate seafood.

Why was I born with eyes to see through the folly of life?
I am surrounded by actors,
Am I a snob,
Or is the pain I see in others really my own?
I looked in the wind but no answers did I find.
Thanks Bob.
I lay me down to sleep, but wake remembering promises I had to keep,
so miles I go . . .

I have a sense of responsibility that pains my soul with guilt,
And all the King says is that I'm a boy —
Well, Mister, I ain't no boy —
No, I'm a man.

How does it feel
to be on your own?
I wouldn't know —
Like a sinking stone
I go to the bottom.
I'm afraid of swimming alone.

Everything is turning, turning, but me.
Shall I be a scholar and go to college?
I failed Trigonometry.
I could write on how I have lived and loved —
I have loved too well
But not wisely,
Nor in public.

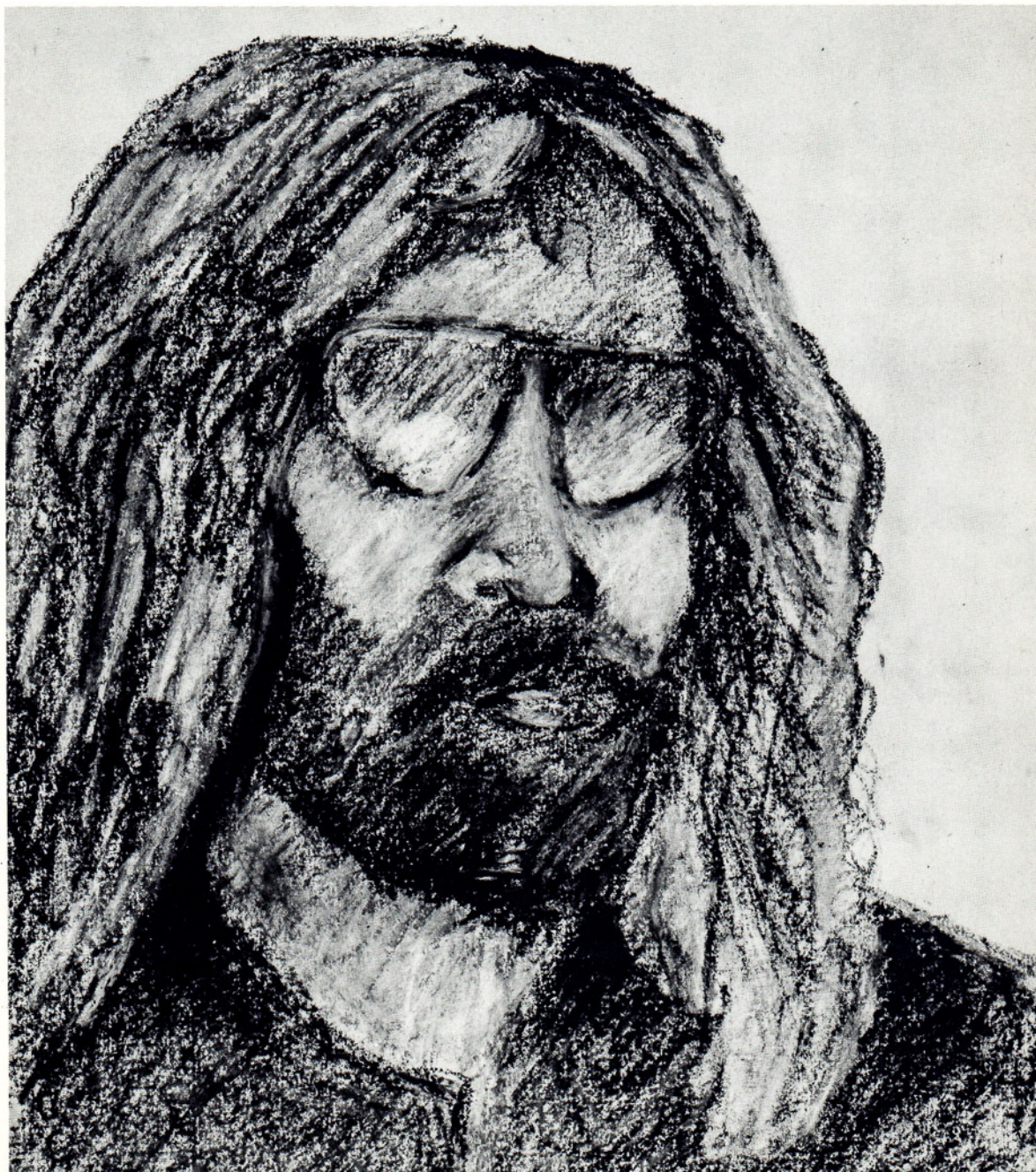
I see a little of her in all women;
I just want to know if love is wild,
I want to know if love is real —
There is no name on my ass.
Red heads are my favorites . . .

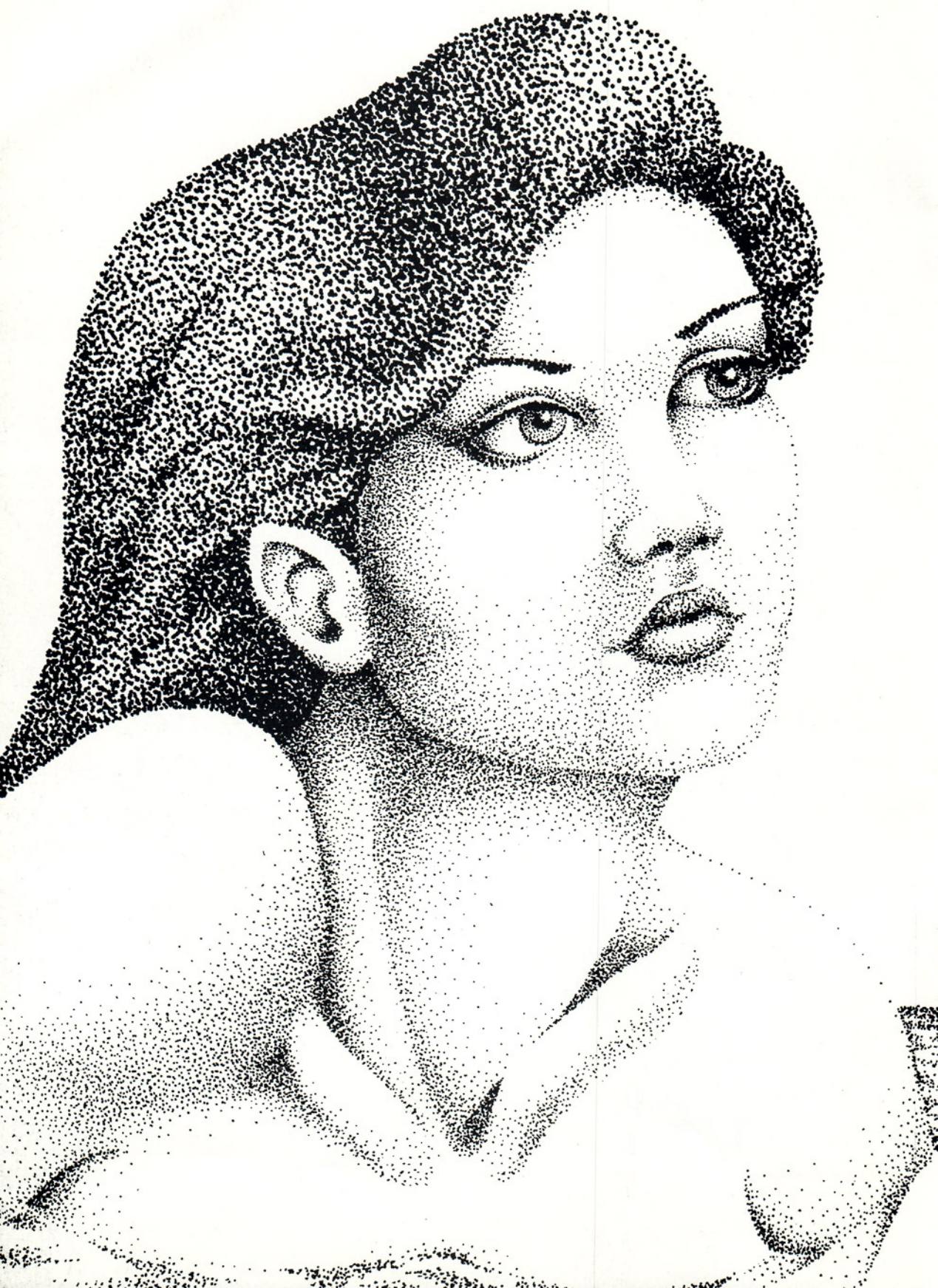
Maybe, like a detective who lives in a trailer,
I could track her down to tell her of my pain.
Like all my dreams, reality only leads to worse pain.

In my life the grass is always greener . . .
All I need to know is,
If I'm James Bond,
Or Joe Schmoe,
Tell Will to take thee to a nunnery,
And take me to myself.
The answers I seek are here in my own backyard —
And I didn't have to go all the way to OZ to find 'em.

Andy Cook

Maria Moon







An Elizabethan Sonnet
(untitled)

O welcome not the night which lies ahead
The force that soon removes us from this world
The pow'r that leaves all cold and stiff and dead
Into whose gaping mouth our best are hurled.
Through many years your weary bones have aged,
Hail not cold death as your approaching ship;
Against great Pluto battle should be waged
Or 'fore your time to Hades you will slip.
O people of this world live on and learn,
Life from death's icy fingers to defend,
Sweet life to its exhausted last should burn
Protect the splendid flame up 'til the end.
For on this Earth but meager years have we,
The dark beyond is all eternity.

John P. Sullivan



The Argument Against

I know now that he is an excellence,
A paragon of elegance and form:
Immune to mundane winter's hectic storm
And summer's scorching passion's punishments.

As quiet and as flawless as a rose
when taken at its high and handsome prime,
But, not touched by the slow chapped power of time,
As he matures, his beauty only grows.

And why should such a peerless rose as this
Be plucked, and wither to an early death?
If captured, to adorn some lonely wreath,
He knows no more his self-sufficient bliss.

In fact, how dare the words here be so bold?
He stands, as yet he will as he grows old.

Meredith Meade





Echoes from the Past

It was a quick burial.
To those who knew,
much was a mystery.
Those of us who didn't know
wondered, shook our heads,
and awakened nights.


After the ordeal
the issue was dismissed from thought.

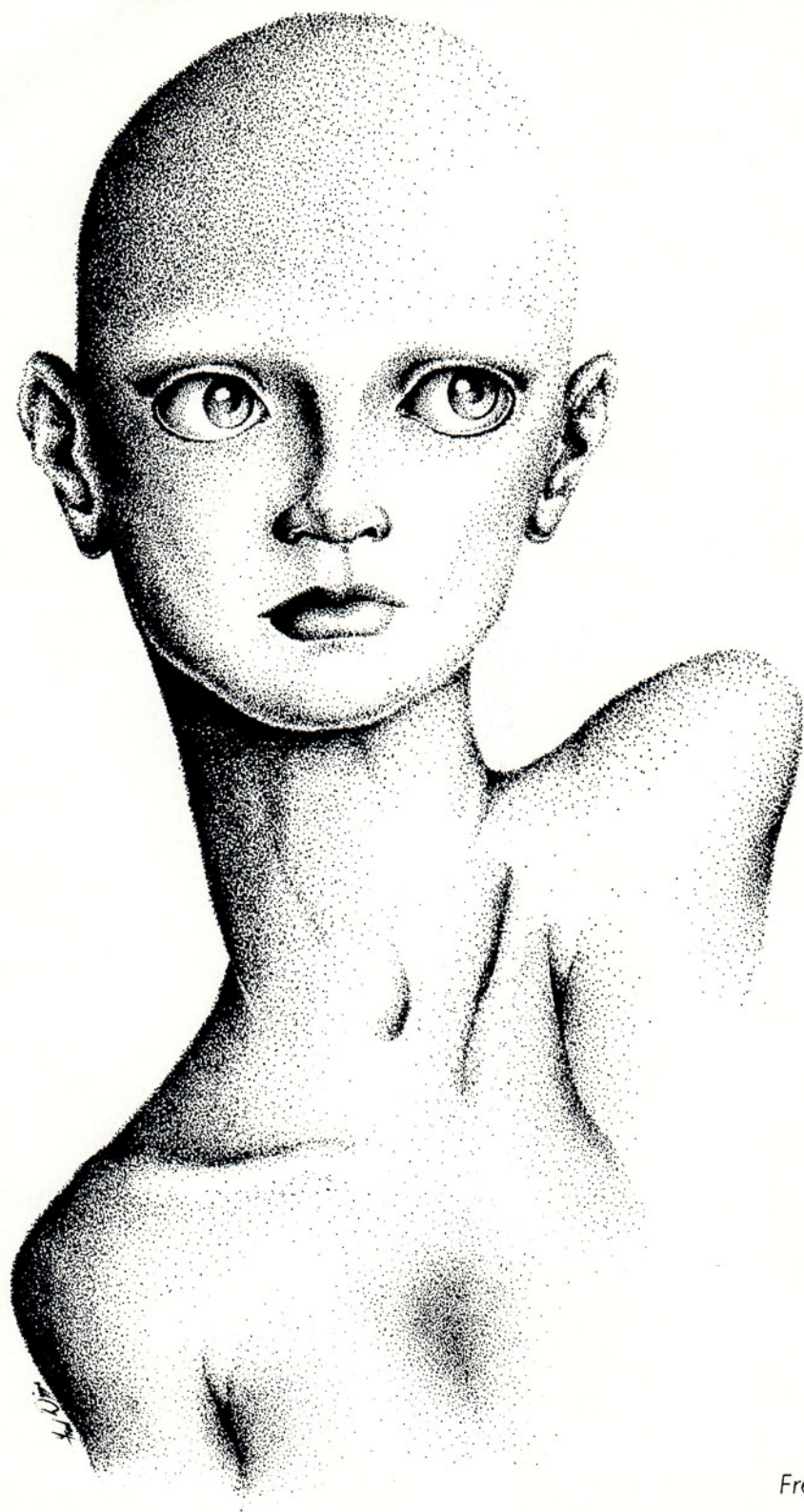
The funeral day
was rainy and dismal.
Drenched figures
with plastered hair
sloshed through the muddy earth
to the open grave.
Many broken sentences
and muttered sighs
seeped into the ground.

Today, it is bright again,
it seems we will forget.
I have begun to think
of summer . . .
and moving East.

Occasionally, I hear his name,
sounds of the street,
echoes from the past.

Taki Sidley





Fred Diggs

Innocence

Summers ago
at the beach
I stretched out on the sand
under the stars
and was happy.
Fairy tale romances and
marriages were eternal,
we all lived
happily ever after
riding off into the sunset
at the end of the day,
and I was only a child . . .
summers ago
at the beach.

Michele Arington

Twilight

A violet hue, a setting sun,
The evening curtain falls.
The quiet world, a tranquil place,
The nightingale calls.

The world at peace,
 how strange a thought,
 so hard to comprehend.
Yet all is calm,
 except the wind,
 and trees which softly bend.

As colors fade out silently,
The light of day burns down.
And nature sets upon the earth,
Her darkened royal crown.

Suzy Apperson

Writing and Friendship

In writing the first word is the most difficult, and in friendship the first touch is the hardest. You discover your fears of giving a part of yourself to another.

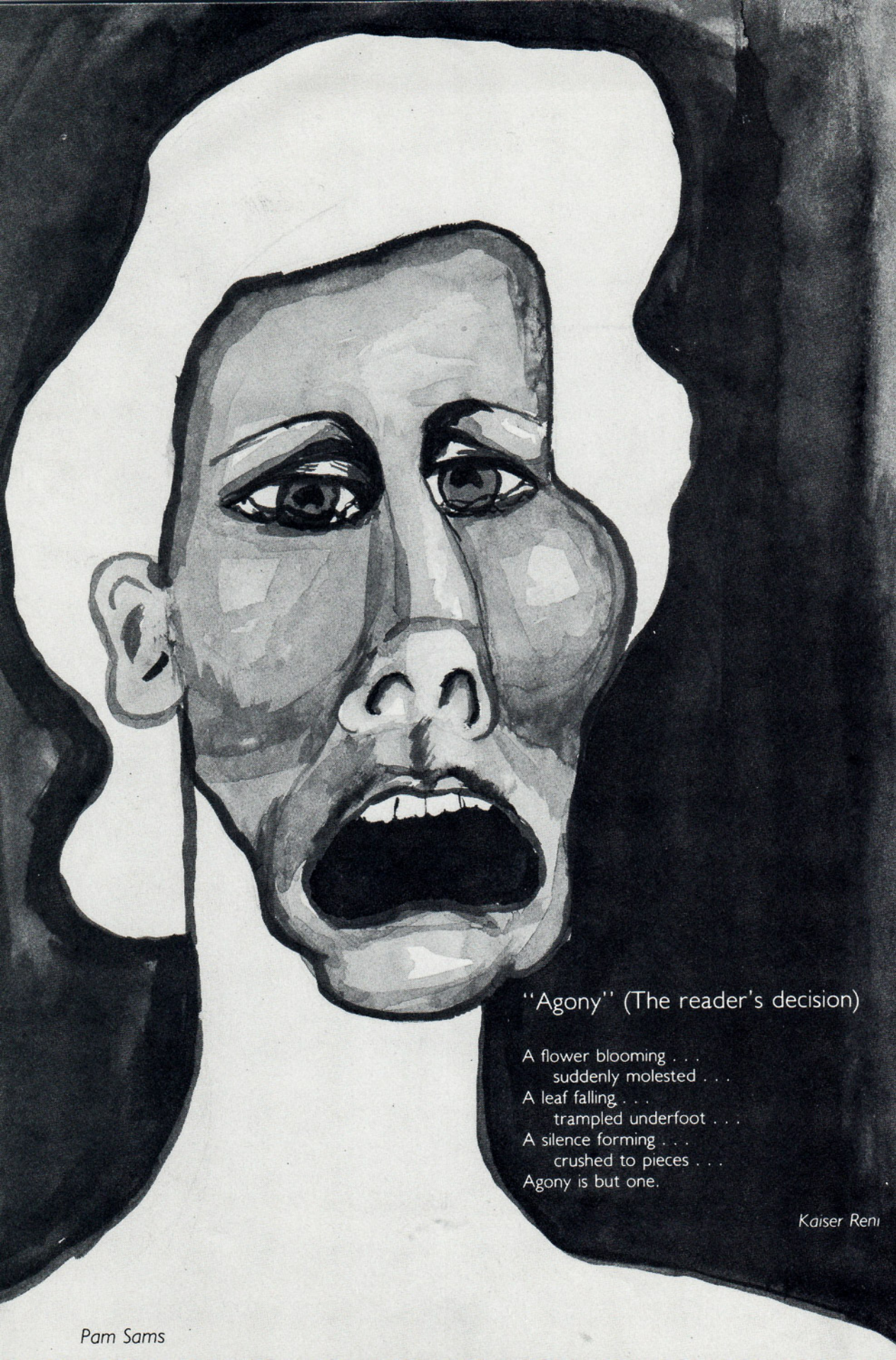
In any friendship, either with the pen or with a friend, sincerity is the most important thing. Breaking a small part of the thick shell which is made up of all the things "we ought to do" and releasing just a little of your insides produces something memorable.

The greatest writers are the most courageous people. They fear that their feelings are unique — like we all do — but the writer overcomes his inhibitions and offers something to the world. In a true friendship, you don't give your entire self to another — only a part. As the relationship grows and the shell crumbles more, the friendship changes into a complete love. It is a slow process because society has taught us never to risk being hurt. So we take it slowly and we learn to trust each other with our souls.

The greatest happiness can only be derived from the greatest pain. The first crack of the shell is always the hardest. Yet, when we break our outer covering it chips away easily.

Andrew Geczy





"Agony" (The reader's decision)

A flower blooming . . .
suddenly molested . . .
A leaf falling . . .
trampled underfoot . . .
A silence forming . . .
crushed to pieces . . .
Agony is but one.

Kaiser Reni



Jerrell Darkow

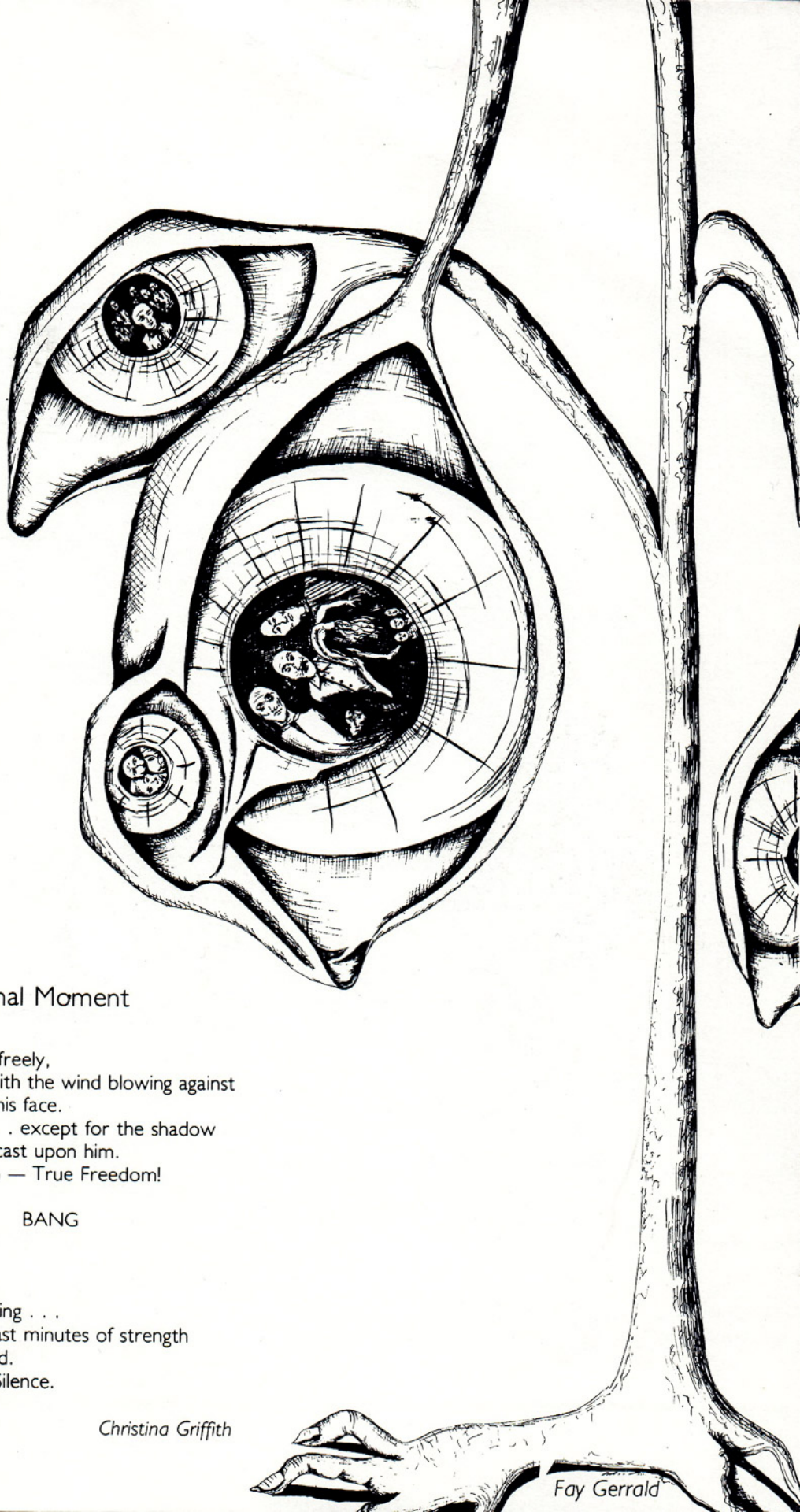
The Stranger

I have a stranger in my house,
I don't know her very well.
I know her name and then her face,
All the rest I cannot tell.
I never know just what she wants,
I really wish I did.
I looked for her on every day,
And every day she hid.
Do you know your stranger?
Do you know who it could be?
I wish I knew who mine was —
I wonder if she's me . . .

Stephanie Schaertel



Maureen Neary.



Final Moment

Running freely,
Racing with the wind blowing against
his face.
naked . . . except for the shadow
cast upon him.
Freedom — True Freedom!

BANG

Falling

falling

falling . . .

Pain — last minutes of strength
expressed.

Silence.

Christina Griffith

Fay Gerrald

Footholds

I climbed a hill, today.
Searching and scanning.
Finding footholds.

I stopped — not quite reaching the top.
Feeling very secure.

I turned to look around.
Then, I was being pulled downward.

Faster and faster I went.
Old, brown finger-like twigs and dead leaves reached to pull.

I reached.
Grabbed. Searched.
For a secure foothold.

Straddling large straight trees.
Falling. Falling.
Faster. Faster.

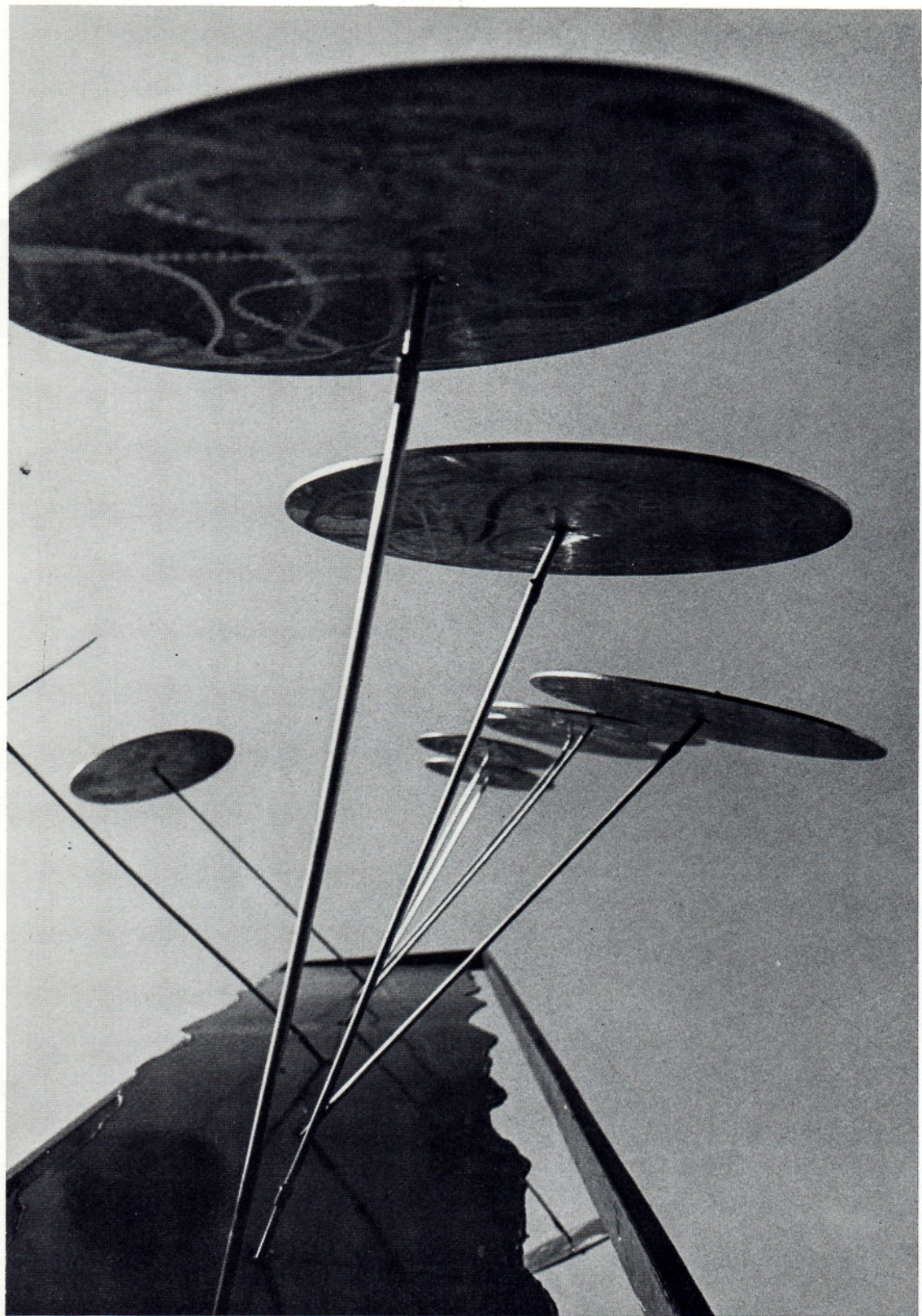
I sank further.

I saw you —
Small, thin, frail,
You bent to cradle me.

You gave me a foothold.

I climbed a hill, today,
And you were there . . .

Andrew Geczy



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