



L A D Y R I N T H

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1987-1988



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Special thanks to Chez Andrée for their support.

Procrastination

The teacher booms, "Read the *Iliad* in two weeks"
I yawn in boredom as she speaks
Four-fifty in pages, two weeks, no sweat
But I was to join Hector in the fate he met
Determined to finish I started off well
Enjoying the story Homer had chosen to tell
But page after page of death and gore
I began to grow tired of this bloody war
The Trojan War swam in my head
Four chapters down, five hundred dead
But soon the days began to fly
Three days left, I would give it a try
Perhaps the gods made my mind feel stiff
Admitting defeat I borrowed notes from Cliff
It is true, I'll have to turn my paper in late
Next time? I promise, I won't procrastinate.

Meg Little
Poetry Contest
First Place

Amanda Tuttle



An Owl in the Road

Upon a slanting grade
As i went whizzing by
i saw an owl in the road—
It was the first i'd ever seen

But is an owl exotic so soon?
In community cages i've seen hippo
And bears endemic to bars
but it's outside of this that i mean

On Mr. McDonald's chicken farm
He offered a candid moment
Linking my arm he showed me the barn
And from this gobble i gleaned:

"The chicken's a practical bird
"So we grow 'em in flocks
"Cause we've use for good fowl
"But the owl?"

Now i sit alone watching TV
And a commercial comes on the screen
With the owl as a happy endorser
For cars or something obscene

Bill Geoghegan

Time

Chain of thought
Comfort naught
Sitting in the bedroom
Leaning
Thoughts of sadness
Spots of gladness
Waiting in the silence
Screaming.

Fight or flight
Wrong or right
Thinking of the madness
Sighing
Cry the sorrow
Live tomorrow
Seeming just an instant
Dying.

Adam Shaw



Japanese Gardens

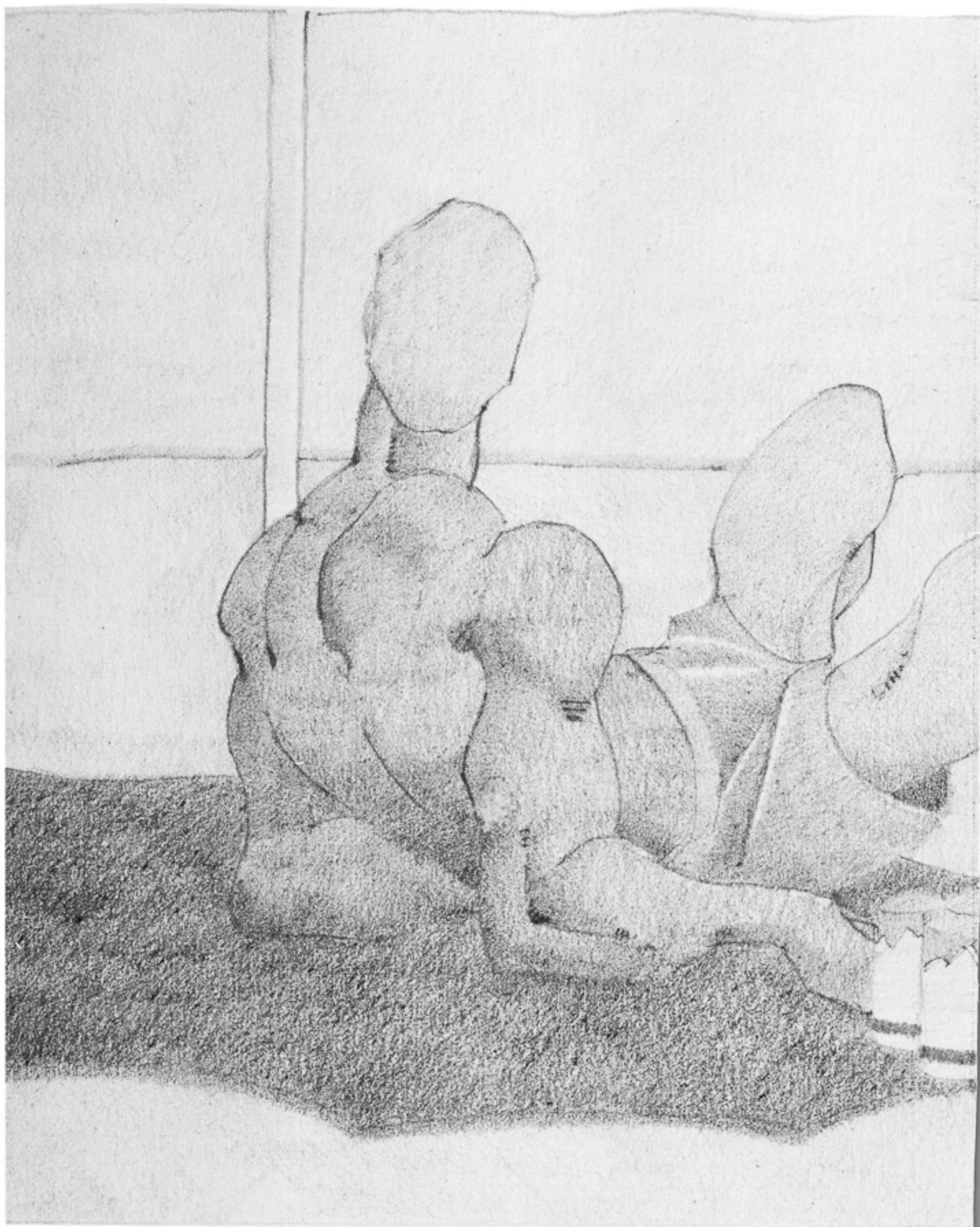
Shears against green
Cutting off years of memories
Remembering black
When the time is blue
And rain falls down to feed the dead flowers,
Tyrants above the rest.

A slanted view-box and colorful brushes,
Creating a monster
Out of a masterpiece,
Remembering our time in Tokyo
Spent falling in love again
As we wandered through the garden,
Catching thorns through our minds.

Melodic birds.
Vultures of virtue
Rising over the West
Extending their hands as blood of excellency
Flows from hand to hand, on heart
And dies in competition.

Japanese Gardens
A field of beauty
Yet, a land of mines from World War II
With grudges held
As they smile on
And welcome us to their off-beat world.

Barbi Holter



Bill Geoghegan

The Insomniac

I call her up.

An enthusiastic voice becomes distressed when it realizes that tonight's plan is indefinite.

"It's a surprise," I say.

Okay.

A nice dinner will impress, I think.

And so we eat.

A thirty dollar meal and a minor devastation to my minimal income.

For these efforts, I am rewarded with complaints of friends, of broken finger nails, and of me.

And about homecoming:

"Will you dance too much? too little? too normal?"

"And isn't that tuxedo a bit too formal?"

Plan B: The after dinner movie.

Things can only get better now, I think, and am happily comforted by her warm, voluptuous body.

Shortlived.

Transient.

The movie ends and so does her warmth.

A cold kiss and a 'goodnight' reeking of disinterested drowsiness.

More beautiful than I had ever seen her before, she slipped into the house that she had missed so much during these past few hours with me.

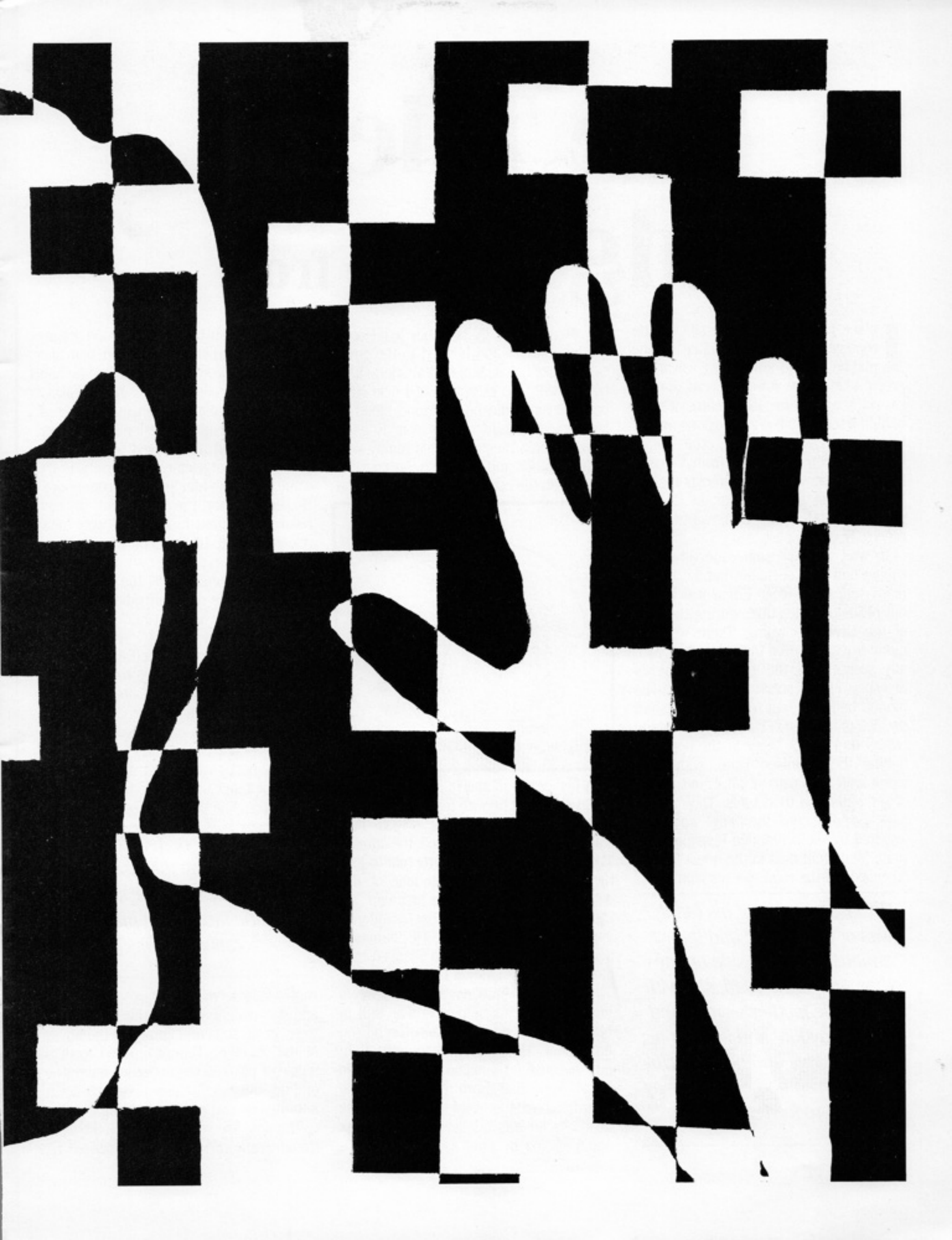
My love and passion run deep, but she'd rather sleep.

Or is it that I'm an insomniac?

Christopher D. Johnson

Bill '88





The Tale of Edgar (the frog)

In the misty morning, he sits by the roadside in the cool water of the puddle as the sun's rays warm his green skin. The streaking red demon crawls toward him like death, leaving behind a trail of billowing, noxious fumes. Upon its churning legs, the metal leviathan, iron child spat from Vulcan's forge, howls down the blackrockpath. It is far away, yet still immense in Edgar's perception. He sits and waits, and reflects upon his past...

It was at this same juncture that Edgar had last seen his family. It was many years ago, when Edgar was barely out of his tadpole stage, during the time of the Great Spawning. There were so many frogs that even the mosquitos, usually plentiful in the Huntley Meadows Marsh, were a scarce commodity. His family had run out of food and had decided to make the Crossing, as so many others had before them in the hopes of finding the Promised Pond, with lukewarm water, swarms of flies, and plenty of lily pads and toadstools. The journey was perilous, for the way was well watched by the screaming behemoths of steel. Many had died in the quest for the other side of the road, yet his clan made

His last memory of his family was of his mother and father squatting side-by-side on the other side of the road, she with her gentle motherly smile and pine-green skin, and he with his steadfast legs and his powerful tongue which had caught many a bug to feed the family.

the attempt. One by one they leapt onto the hot asphalt and hopped to the other side. Those before him had all made it to safety (with the exception of Uncle Ned, but everyone said he had toad blood in him anyway), and now it was Edgar's turn. His last memory of his family was of his mother and father squatting side-by-side on the other side of the road, she



with her gentle motherly smile and pine-green skin, and he with his steadfast legs and his powerful tongue which had caught many a bug to feed the family. They beckoned to him, urging him to join them. Edgar overcame his fear of the death machines and took his first leap... right into a shoebox that suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He slammed head first into the side and plunged into darkness and a realm of nightmares.

Edgar was awoken violently by a sharp pain in his spine. He was still in blackness. He sat upright on the all too hard floor. He was more terrified than ever because he was certain that he, like Uncle Ned, had been claimed by the guardians of the road and was quite dead. As he was pondering this he was again racked by pain as he flew into a

ceiling and fell back to the floor. Edgar was convinced that he was in hell and was paying for some past sin that he had unwittingly committed. He bravely accepted the ensuing torment as a fact of the remainder of his existence. But after being battered and tossed about in the prison for what seemed an eternity, there came a burst of blinding light from above. He hoped that the gods had at last revoked his punishment and were now releasing him to heaven. But he was wrong.

Almost immediately the light was eclipsed by the most horrid sight Edgar had ever seen, the gigantic face of the manthing called "Timmy". A dark, oily, matted mop of hair topped its dry, pale-skinned head. The stubby, broad tongue that licked the edges of its chocolate-ringed gaping maw appeared unsuitable for catching even a one-legged ant. Out of one of the nostrils of the creature's protruding nose leaked a trail of mucus, while the other was plugged up by one of its fingers. The two eyes set in the dirty

Almost immediately the light was eclipsed by the most horrid sight Edgar had ever seen, the gigantic face of the manthing called "Timmy".

round face seemed to glare at him with sadistic delight and at the same time were as vacuous and empty as the abyss of the shoebox. Timmy burbled forth a giggle of pleasure as his other hand (the one not busy at his nose) reached down into the box and seized poor Edgar.

The next few years of Edgar's life were fraught with various tortures devised by

the playful youngster. Favorite among the little tyke's games were "Cat and Frog" (letting Killer, the cat, play with Edgar), "Drown the Frog" (where Edgar was placed in a toilet which was then duly flushed as Timmy looked on with glee as Edgar tried to stay alive), and "Hunt the Frog" (where Edgar was released into the jungle that was Timmy's room and then hunted by the cute six-year-old wielding a pellet gun). However, most of the time Edgar knew only the dark realm of the shoebox, with a rotted fly thrown in now and then to ease the pain in his stomach. Yet despite all this, Edgar never gave up hope that someday he might be reunited with his family, and one day he got his chance.

It was a pleasant summer day and Timmy and his parents decided to take a drive. Timmy brought Edgar and a bologna sandwich. At first Timmy was busy

However, most of the time Edgar knew only the dark realm of the shoebox, with a rotted fly thrown in now and then to ease the pain in his stomach.

playing with Edgar in the backseat. But after a while his short attention span meandered to the sandwich. He forgot about the frog and began to gorge himself.

When Edgar finally got a rest from

Timmy's tortures, he noticed two things. The first was that there was an opening in the wall not one hop away, through which he could see the familiar treetops of the wilderness. The second was that nobody was watching him. He jumped to the opening, emitting a croak of joy as he



realized that he was finally free. But it soon changed to a croak of fear when he found that he was hurtling out of control to the ground far below. The world spun round as he fell to the earth.

It was raining when he woke up. Edgar found that he was lying amidst a clump of grass, bruised and wet, but alive. Timmy was nowhere to be seen. He hopped up and decided to find some cover from the steady drizzle. He found a large mushroom beneath a weeping willow and gratefully accepted the shelter

offered by the fungus. Suddenly he spotted the message "E & I" carved onto the stalk. This was the very same mushroom under which he and Irma, his childhood sweetheart, had first croaked their love for one another. He was in his homeland.

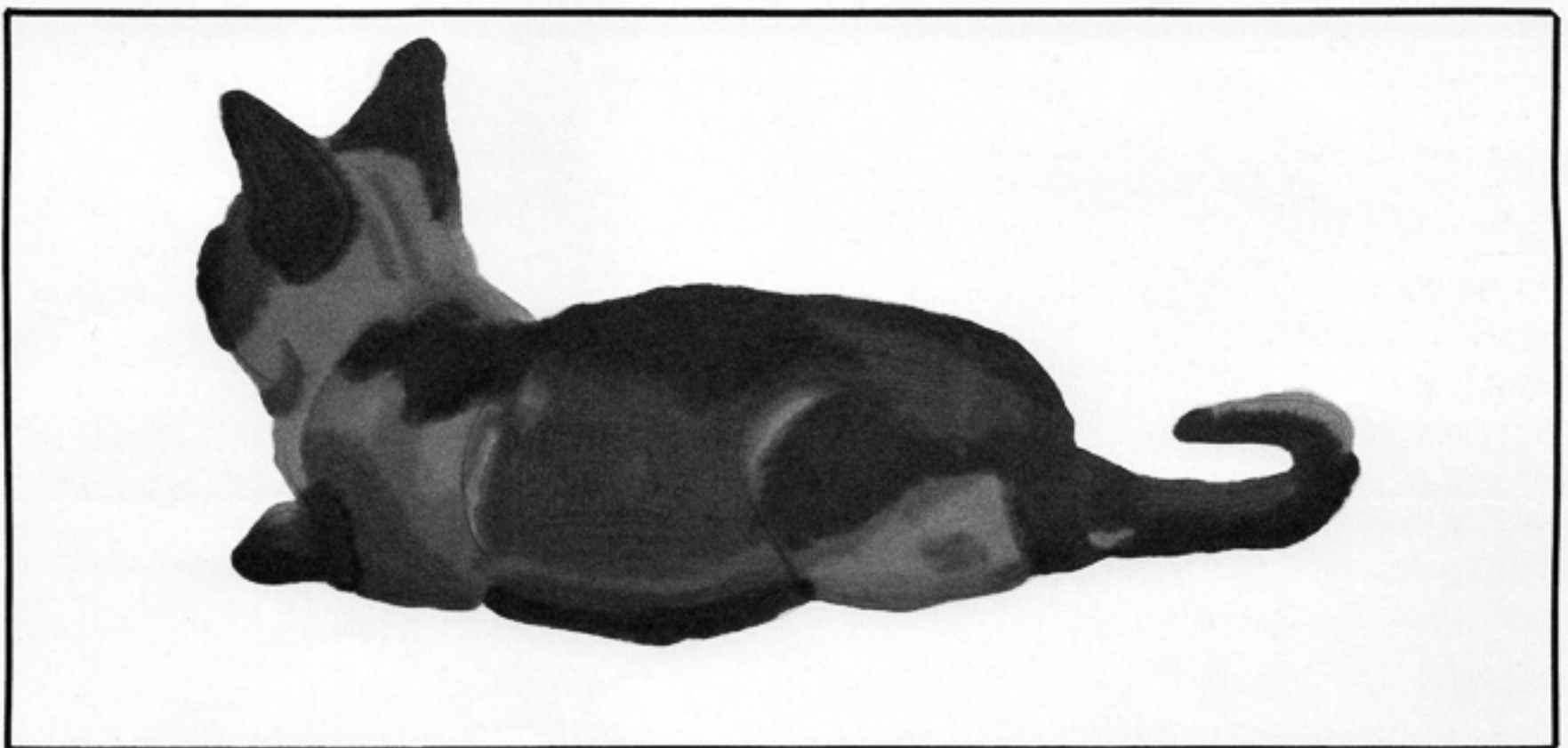
*It was raining when he woke up.
Edgar found that he was lying
amidst a clump of grass,
bruised and wet, but alive.*

the Marsh. A tear swelled in his eye as he remembered his family. It rolled off his cheek and slipped to the ground where it mixed with the fallen rainwater. He rested uneasily under the mushroom until the storm was over the next morning. He knew he had one more task to complete before he could be with them again.

Elsewhere, the raindrops, Nature's tears, pelted the cold road with the perseverance of death.

And now Edgar squatted, alone and determined, in the comfort of the puddle left from the night before. Through the haze of the morning he could perceive the Gargantuan beast of metal thundering toward him. Now it was his turn to make the Crossing. He had to do it. He tensed, called upon all the strength of his inner spirit, and leapt from the water onto the road. ●

Jeff Avellanet



I Look Before

I am young
But the night is old
And I begin to feel my age
I recall my seasons
From winter to winter
To summer from summer
And yet as I am at the spring of my life
I look before me
To the storms ahead,
Of the gloomy cold days
When I shall sit alone
In a dark room and feel the chill
Of a hollow emptiness inside of me
The grey of my hair weaved into
A silvery couvature
Shall frizzle with my disintegrating mind
As I remember my autumn
At the height of my colorful beauty
Reds and yellows gleam from my branches
But as my leaves fall, and my winter returns
I wonder with dread,
I shall never again see my summer,
No more to walk with the sun shining on the whole of me
Not just on my face or back,
But spreading its fingers over me,
Through my hair
Shivering me with happiness
I could still smell the remnants of spring . . .
All life has a spring

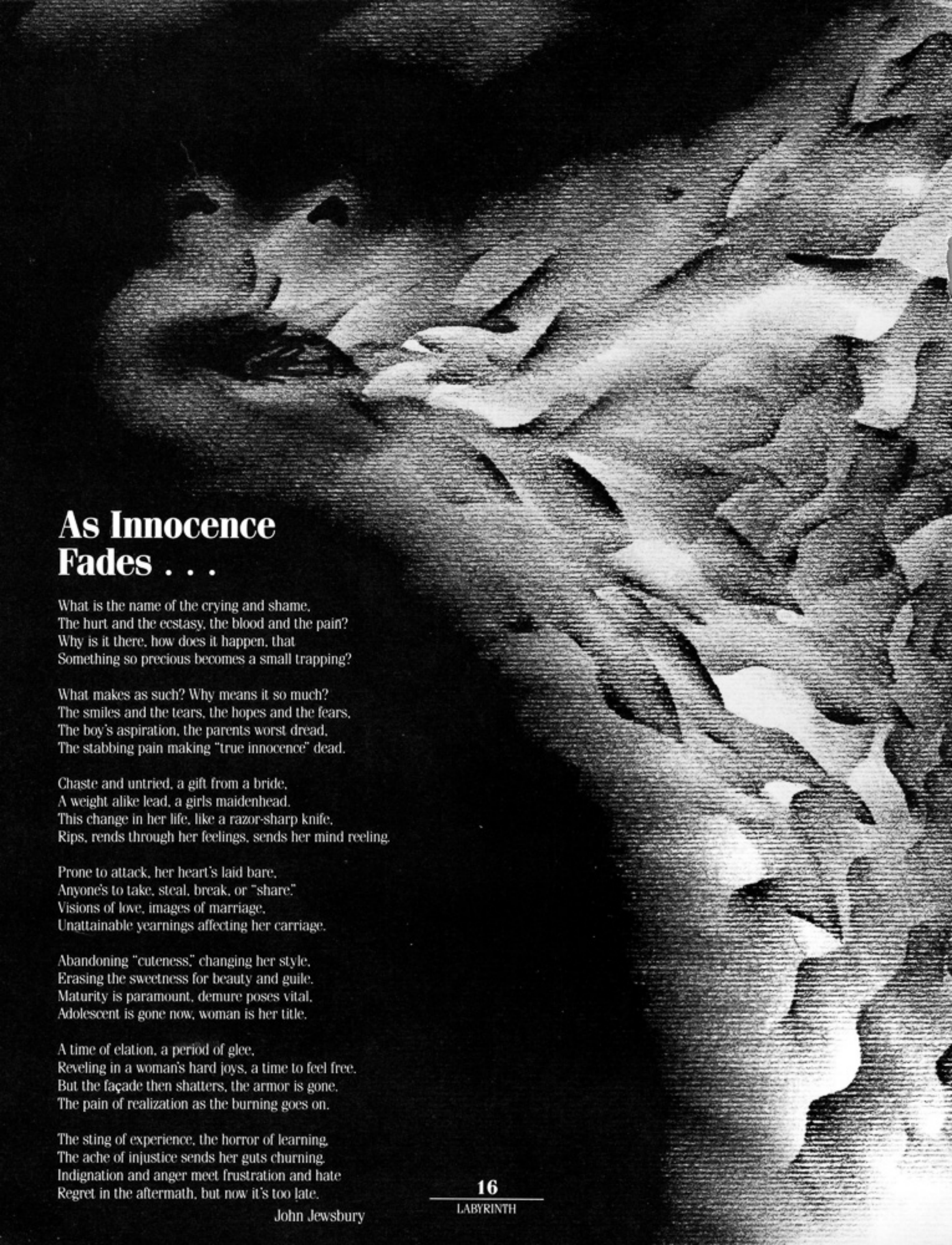
Barbi Holter



Believing

I don't believe in any stupid fluffy clouds, beautiful rainbows, or happy endings.
I find it hard to believe in hope, or even in dreams.
And I dare not envision being an "A" student or captain of the football team.
For you see, I believed in Tammy, and she believed in me.
She found inspiration in an ocean, and poetry in a tree.
But she stopped believing in life, and when she took hers, she took mine.
So my dreams of stupid fluffy clouds, beautiful rainbows, and happy endings are left behind.

Brian James



As Innocence Fades . . .

What is the name of the crying and shame,
The hurt and the ecstasy, the blood and the pain?
Why is it there, how does it happen, that
Something so precious becomes a small trapping?

What makes as such? Why means it so much?
The smiles and the tears, the hopes and the fears,
The boy's aspiration, the parents worst dread,
The stabbing pain making "true innocence" dead.

Chaste and untried, a gift from a bride,
A weight alike lead, a girls maidenhead.
This change in her life, like a razor-sharp knife,
Rips, rends through her feelings, sends her mind reeling.

Prone to attack, her heart's laid bare,
Anyone's to take, steal, break, or "share."
Visions of love, images of marriage,
Unattainable yearnings affecting her carriage.

Abandoning "cuteness," changing her style,
Erasing the sweetness for beauty and guile.
Maturity is paramount, demure poses vital,
Adolescent is gone now, woman is her title.

A time of elation, a period of glee,
Reveling in a woman's hard joys, a time to feel free.
But the façade then shatters, the armor is gone,
The pain of realization as the burning goes on.

The sting of experience, the horror of learning,
The ache of injustice sends her guts churning.
Indignation and anger meet frustration and hate
Regret in the aftermath, but now it's too late.

John Jewsbury



Andrew Cocke

02
Andrew
Cocke

Awakening

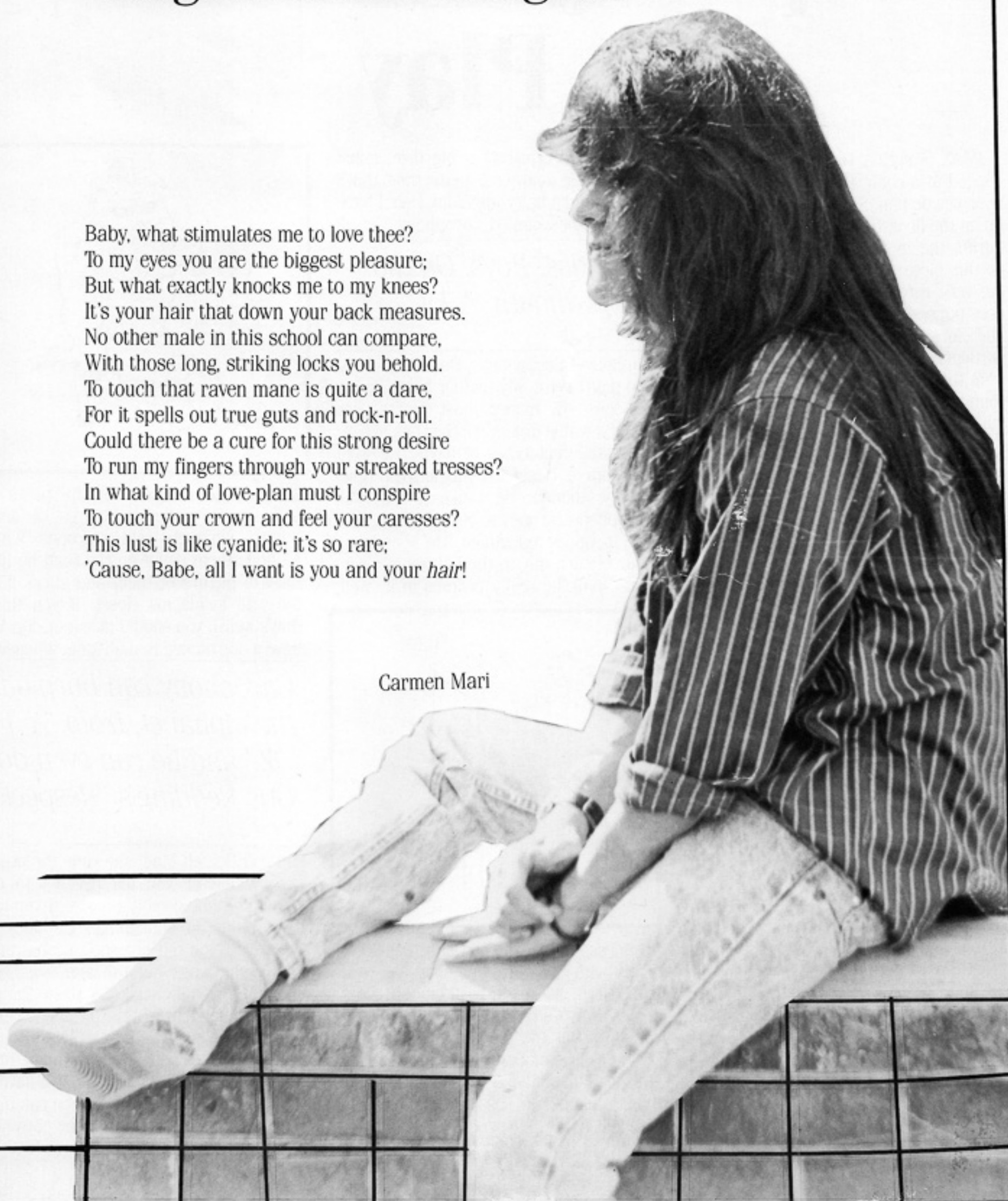
At a time
there was once a young girl
who being naive
mistook a gentleman's stilled and subtle affections
for love
And how unsuspecting she was
of the man's ulterior motives
for this man
was well seasoned
and had had many lovers
but
being a young girl
is the same as
being blind
the ultimate and destructive handicap
At any rate
he led her
with much deception and chicanery
so much so that
she readily surrendered herself
for she wanted his warmth
and needed his protection
for this mentor
was experienced already
but what
she could not know
was that
he needed her resilient youth
to satiate himself
a decadent, rotting man
who had felt many lies
all truthful experiences
so with himself being impassioned
he raked her
of her youth
and filled her
with new sight . . .
 . . . new experiences . . .
 . . . now truths

Leah Wilson

Tangled in His Tangles

Baby, what stimulates me to love thee?
To my eyes you are the biggest pleasure;
But what exactly knocks me to my knees?
It's your hair that down your back measures.
No other male in this school can compare,
With those long, striking locks you behold.
To touch that raven mane is quite a dare,
For it spells out true guts and rock-n-roll.
Could there be a cure for this strong desire
To run my fingers through your streaked tresses?
In what kind of love-plan must I conspire
To touch your crown and feel your caresses?
This lust is like cyanide; it's so rare;
'Cause, Babe, all I want is you and your *hair*!

Carmen Mari



Euphony—A Short Play

(MAX is sitting, tied, blindfolded, and gagged in a chair. EUPHONY sits on the floor beside him. She must start and end up on the floor, but she may walk around during the monologue. EUPHONY must do this piece at a breakneck pace, pausing very rarely for dramatic effect. She does not see the humor in what she says. Therefore, her delivery is NOT bitter. No particular age for EUPHONY—anywhere from thirteen to eighteen will do, but the younger the girl, the more convincing I think it will be.)

EUPHONY: —So anyway, Max—uh—(pause) Max? (whine) Maaaaax, you aren't listening to me. LISTen. I have interesting things to say. My mother is dating a refrigerator with feet, Max, you hear what I'm saying? She is dating a man who wears jackets and pants which do not match. Stripes and checks! The most simple rules of fashion—violated! You getting all this? A refrigerator! Ugly feet, too. Socks smell terrible. My father is terribly upset about all this—my mother dating a kitchen appliance. He had a radiator picked out for her. One with long, hairy arms. But, no, she didn't

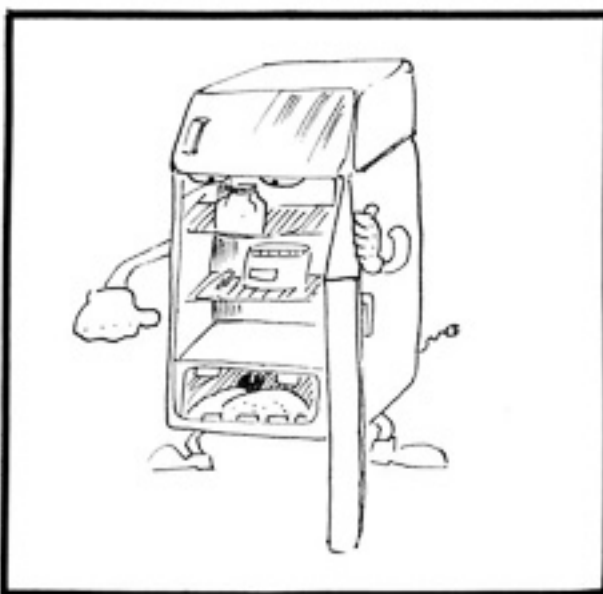
My mother is dating a refrigerator with feet.

go for him. Alas. Well, Daddy IS disappointed a lot but mostly with his children. Take me, for instance. I kiss. Boys. On the mouth. A lot. I think they like it, but I'm not sure. That's why I do it a lot. I figure if a few of them like it, then it's justified. Some of them act pretty surprised—those are mostly the ones I don't know. I kissed a girl on the mouth. Once. It was lousy. It tasted lousy. She was pretty surprised, but, then again, so was I. She

was a clerk typist at a big firm. I just want people to love me all the time, that's all. She had a hairy upper lip. Ugh. I have brother—he's named Cacophony. Get it?

I kiss. Boys. On the mouth. A lot.

Euphony—Cacophony. Oooohhh, Max, you didn't get it. My mother has a dreadful sense of humor. Last month, she dated a waffle iron. My father has always dated different types of foods. He went out with a bagel for the longest time. Finally, though, he broke it off. Well Cacophony, he goes to church every Sunday to be . . . redeemed. He spends an hour of each day in the bathroom, praying. I think he really believes in it. Well,



Soo Young Choe

goodness, Max, you certainly can't get comfy with me with your shoes on, can you? Here, let me take them off. (She begins to do so, continuing) Cacophony can burp out the alphabet, from "A" to "Z," and he can even do Otis Redding's "Respect." He has a mole on his . . . (thinks) right? no, left upper thigh. My brother, I mean. Not Otis Redding. He



Soo Young Choe

showed it to me. Well, with his pants on and all. He collects pictures of dead things—squirrels, cats, raccoons. When he finds them squot on the road he just takes a picture of them and sticks it to the wall inside his closet. If you think that's weird, you should meet our dog. We have a dog named Beulah Mae. Whenever

Cacophony can burp out the alphabet, from "A" to "Z," and he can even do Otis Redding's "Respect."

you call Beulah Mae, she runs the other way. Whenever you tell her not to do something, she does it anyway. If you tell her not to do something, she does it anyway. If you tell her she's wicked and sinful, she wags her tail and licks her chops. Cacophony calls her those things all the time. I have this picture, in my mind, of the inside of Beulah Mae's head. There's a skull, and cerebral fluid, and then the brain. Backwards. Do you have a dog Max? They're very loyal. You can buy ours. Very cheap. I call my brother

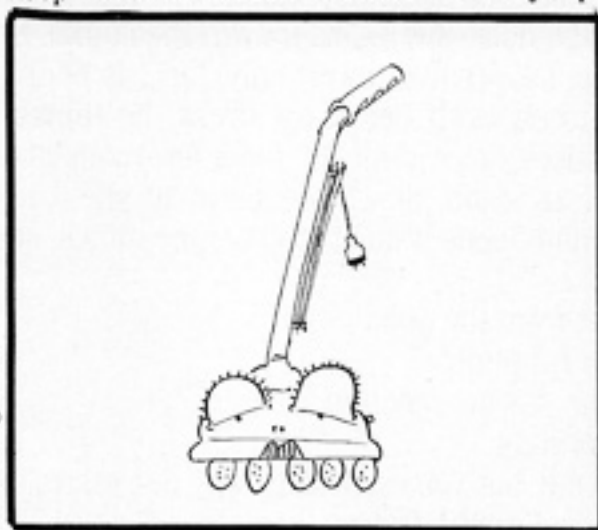
"Eddie." He looks like an "Eddie." We have a cat called Little Richard, after the singer, because when we first met him, he didn't do anything except stand outside the house, mewling and mewling. So we invited him in to have supper, but he just sat there, mewling and mewling. Well, at first we thought he was just stupid. That was before we realized he had no eyes.

My father has a lot of money. He sent me to seventeen shrinks to cure my violent impulses, and they told him I had some rare disease which makes me crave Eggo frozen waffles and the smell of new cars.

Yep. Born that way. At least, that's what our Aunt Effie says. She's very large. Not . . . fat. Just large. She's also a vet. She's married to a couch with a wooden leg. The cat was also born without a sex, so giving him a name which connotes a gender is really as wrong as giving him a television to watch, but we couldn't just

call him "Thing." Can you imagine? "C'mere, Thing." No, no. We call him "Little Richard," and he comes when you call him, bumping into things every once in a while. I bump into things, too. Inanimate objects. Then I yell at them. Chairs and doors and my mother's dates and my father's bagels. My father has a lot of money. He sent me to seventeen shrinks to cure my violent impulses, and they told him I had some rare disease which makes me crave Eggo frozen waffles and the smell of new cars. So now, we get a new car every month, and we always keep lots of frozen waffles and syrup

Soo Young Choe

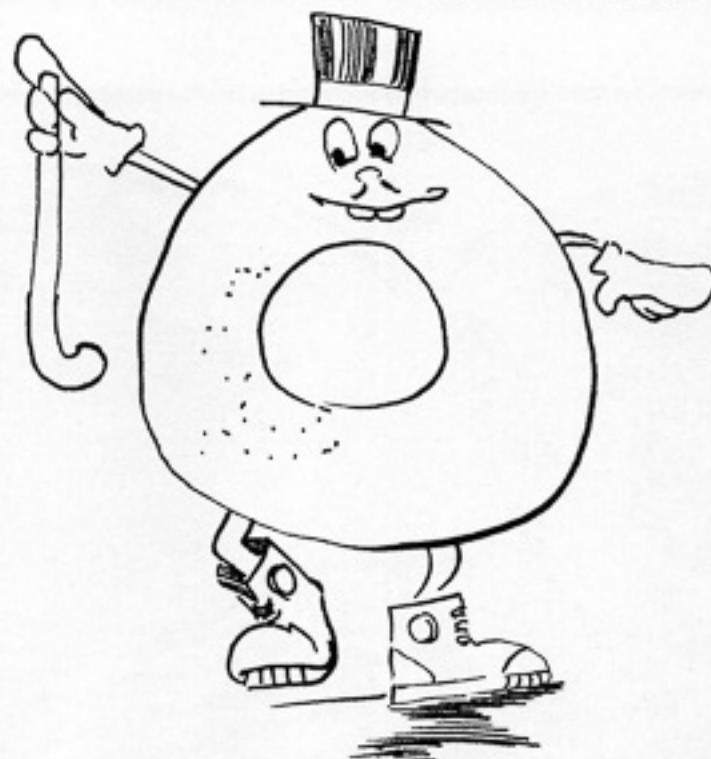


around, just in case. One of the shrinks used to work for the Chrysler corporation, I think. So anyway, I've been to seventeen shrinks, and you're number eighteen, and I still think my father needs to stop dating foods and graduate to

household appliances—I know a neat vacuum cleaner I could set him up with who could give him hickies and who has a beautiful, long, slender neck. Well, anyway, MAX, as I was telling you—are you getting all this?—I kiss boys. A lot. On the mouth. Hard. I kissed you. Hard. On the mouth. I'm surprised this wasn't all in my case history or something. Violent impulses are all right, aren't they? As long as you take them out on inanimate objects, I mean. I broke a toaster doing that, once. But boy, it made a pretty mess. I left it plugged in and all, when I did it. What colors! Kind of like (hunts in pocket, comes up with cigarette lighter.) Like this. (Lights begin to fade, as she brings the lighter closer to his foot.) Of course, you can't see this. Violent impulses ARE all right, aren't they—as long as they're followed by a decent period of . . . sincerely expressed regret. My impulses only last a few minutes or so. (The lighter is all the audience sees. MAX yells in pain, from behind the gag. The lighter goes out.) ●

CURTAIN

Alex Joseph
Prose Contest
First Place Winner



Canvas Eyes

She does not visit him that day, nor the next day, nor the day after that. Finally, after what seems to him an immeasurable length of time, he hears a sound at his door. He knows immediately that it is she. The slow, deliberate knocking can not be anyone else's. He opens the door. Her head is bowed somewhat, but when she raises it, her eyes are bright.

—Her eyes are cruel, he is thinking. I can see myself burning in them.

He looks back at her, his eyes fixed, absorbing her rage. Without a word she forces him to step away from the door. She walks toward the studio. She seems much taller than he remembered. He follows her, uncertainly. Light is pouring through the studio windows. It contrasts nicely with her black dress, he thinks. She stops before a painting of herself. She looks at it critically for a few moments, then pulls the cover over it and lifts it off of its stand. Slowly, deliberately, she turns and begins to walk towards the door. His mind floods. I must stop her, he thinks, stop her, stop . . .

—STOP!

She halts, several feet from the door.

—You can't take that. It's mine.

—It's a painting of me. It's my painting.

He looks at her imploringly.

—Please, you've left me, but you can't take away our secret memories of . .

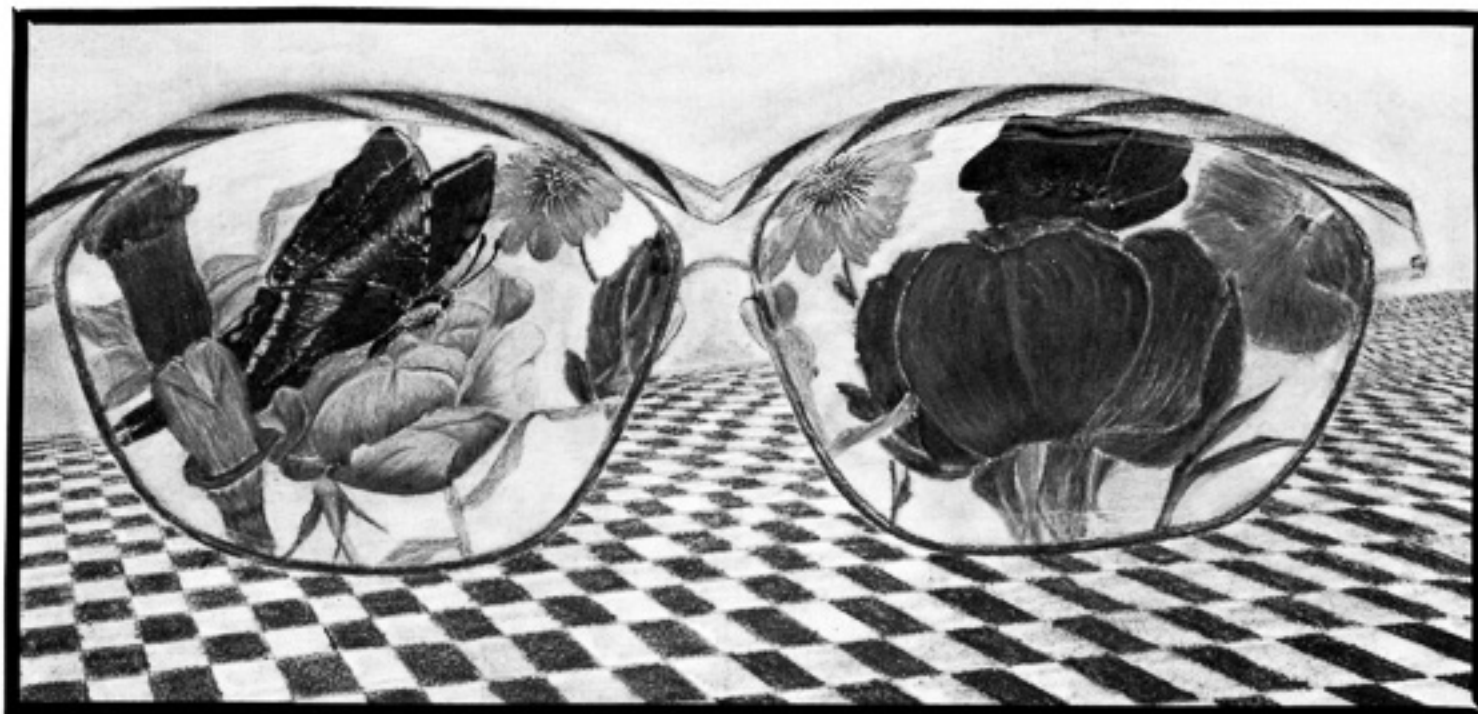
—If I could have those, I would destroy them, too.

He reels.

—Alright. Get out.

Several days later, he tried to repaint her image. But he could not remember exactly how her face looked, nor how her hair fell about her shoulders. When he finished, he could not recognize the face, except for the eyes, burning brightly on the canvas.

David Copenhafer
Prose Contest
Honorable Mention



Mireille Daou



Keith Hanes

Where is My Knight?

Someone asked me once
where is my knight
They inquired why
I hadn't one to claim
So I told them
what I had come to realize
after frantically searching for
the gallantly dark and handsome beloved
I had failed
for when I looked
I had only found
that he wore a mask
and his hair was dyed
with the underlying roots
gray from decay

Leah Wilson



No Measure

My sins of thought
all reaped pleasure
though what I sought
could find no measure
to what is now—
to all those here

Leah Wilson

Atrophy

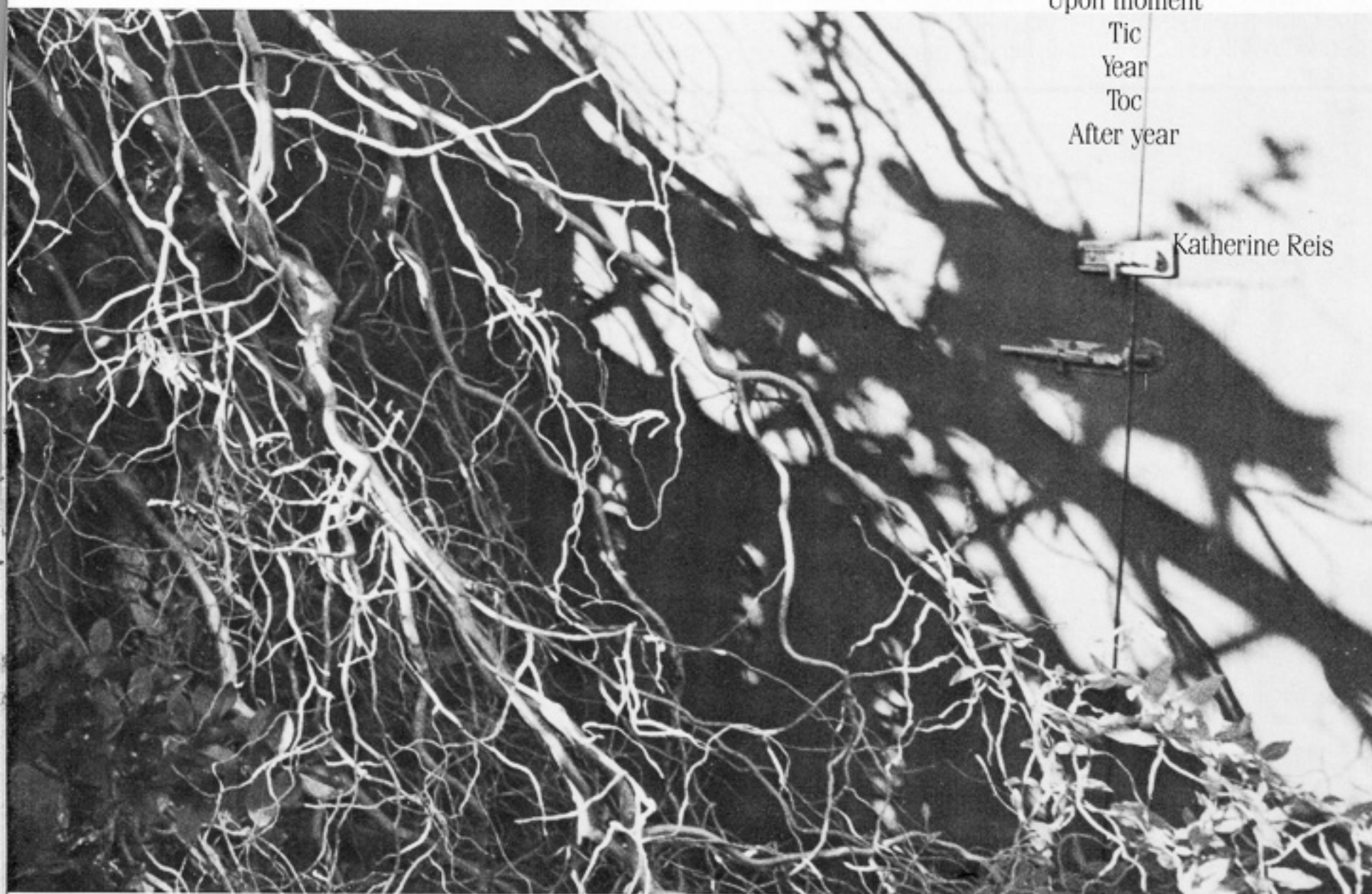
Chair
Bang
Nailed in place
Doors bolted shut
Loc

Windows painted
Thic
Closed
Temperature controlled
Whir
Central air conditioning

Heat
One channel
Black and white
Clic
T.V. droning incessantly

moment
Tic
Upon moment
Tic
Year
Toc
After year

Katherine Reis



The Blob

Joshua Gray Prentice

Blob was red in the face. The whole class, including Mrs. Lockhart, was laughing at him. Blob felt like crying, but it would give the boys another reason to laugh at him.

Blob was stuck between the doorway of the big closet in the classroom. Mrs. Lockhart had asked him to get a clean eraser

Blob was stuck between the doorway of the big closet in the classroom.

for her, and because the erasers were on the top shelf, he had to jump for one, and got stuck in mid-air.

So there he was, off his feet, like an enormous chunk of fat, unmovable, unmalleable, and all around disgusting. Mrs. Lockhart and her class pushed and pulled, but the supporting leg of the kid in back gave in, and the whole row of weak, two-legged creatures fell on top of him.

At that point Mrs. Lockhart decided to go for help.

After twenty minutes of boys torturing him, the door opened, and Mrs. Lockhart, two firemen, and the principal walked in. Blob's embarrassed, red, blown-up face became lit, until he saw the firemen holding sledgehammers, and he started to kick his feet and bawl. About one minute later, in ran his parents.

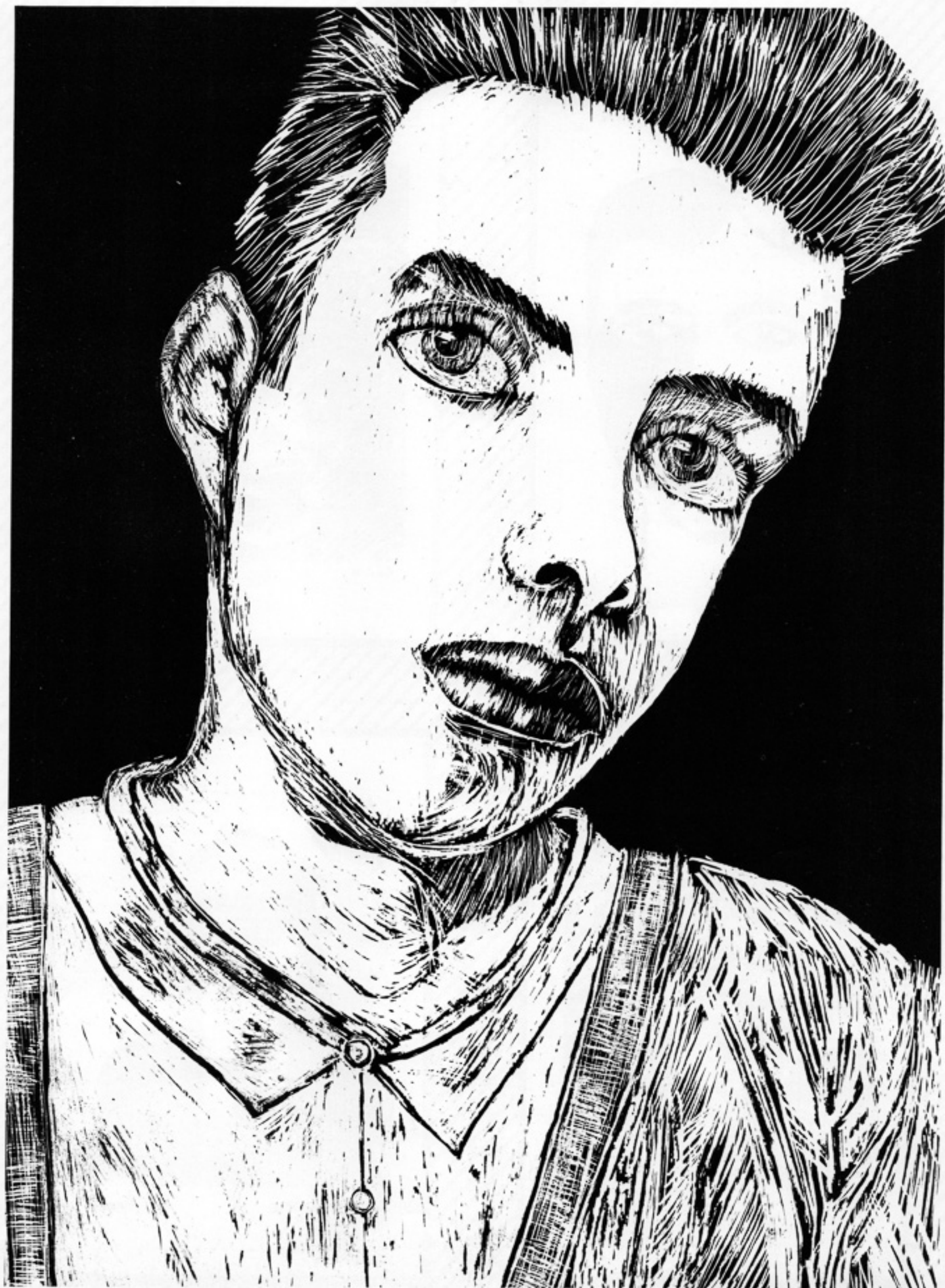
Blob couldn't see clearly because his tears blurred his eyesight. He couldn't think clearly because the sound of laughter along with the sound of sledgehammers banging against the doorway drowned his thoughts. The headache that he accumulated became worse every time the two firemen hit the doorway, making it look more and more like a broken arc. After a while Blob moved about an inch. They kept hitting and pushing in an outward direction, until finally he was free, and by that time it seemed as though every boy and his brother was watching.

Blob didn't say anything. He just dried his eyes with his shirt and walked through the aisle that the laughing boys made for

Blob's embarrassed, red, blown-up face became lit, until he saw the firemen holding sledgehammers, and he started to kick his feet and bawl.

him. Blob walked out of the room, humiliated and angry. The unthoughtful boys kept laughing, but everyone else knew where he was going. Sure enough, as his parents walked into the cafeteria, they saw him asking one of the cooks for a little snack to munch on. ●







Jack 1/3 Karen He



Child 1/3 B. Maurer



Freeze! 3/3 Jon Lucas



Homeless George 2/3 Gary Taylor