



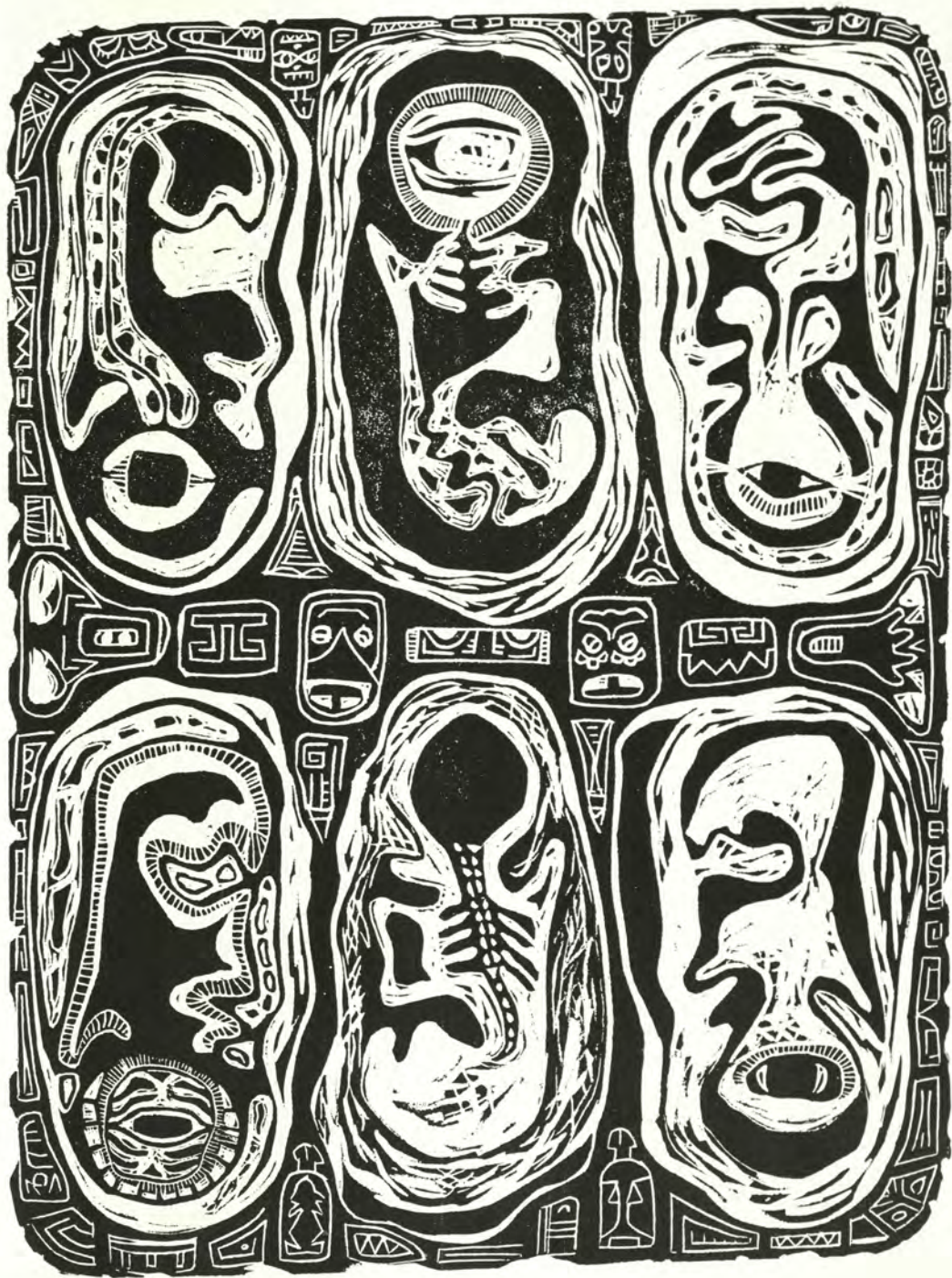
# CHRYSALIS

***A Literary and Art Endeavor  
of Madison College***



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leary  
as i take another step  
afraid to take  
another breath  
or step on the cracks  
and break someone's back.

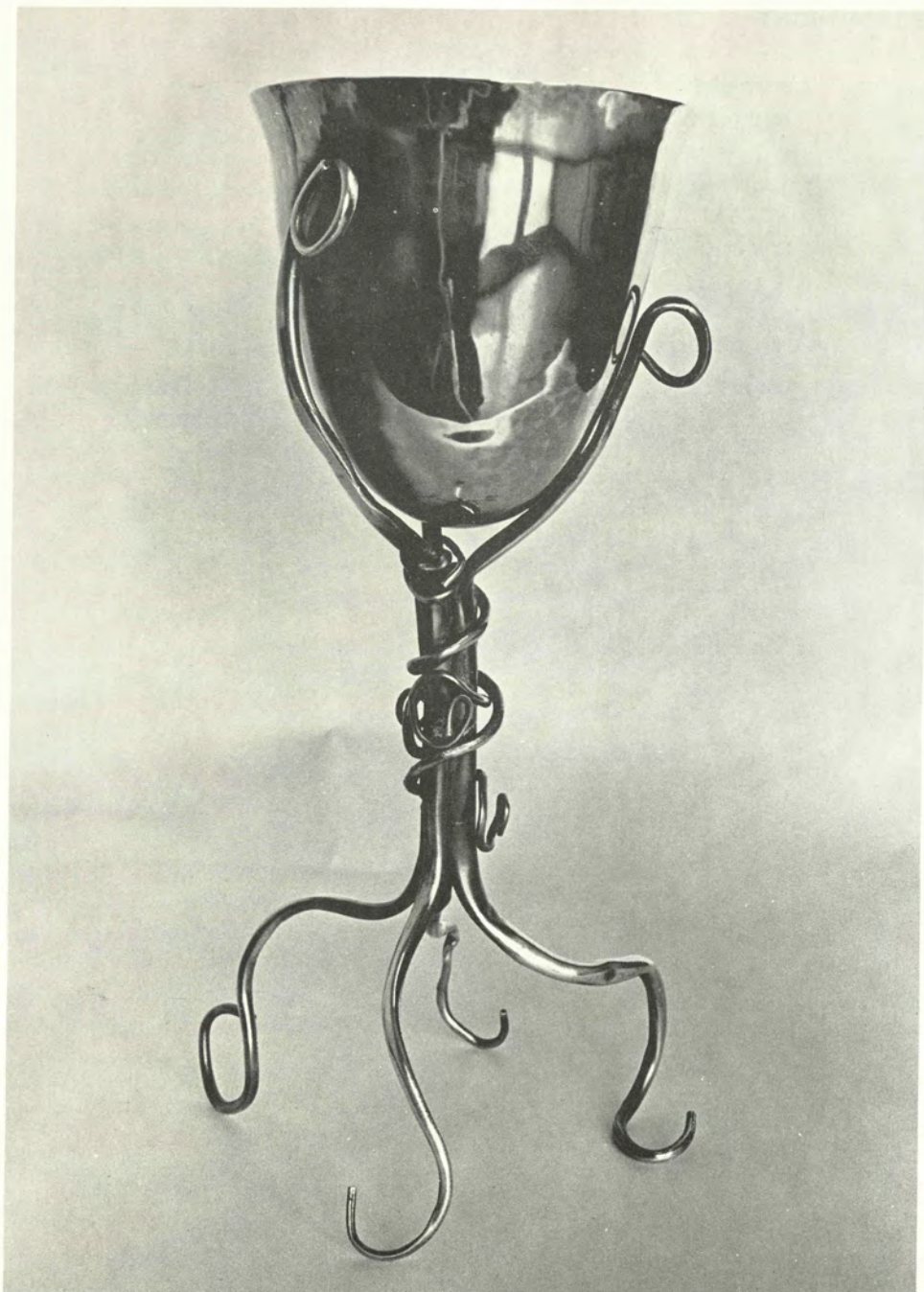
the insight i recall  
each and every time i fall  
brings back a smile  
of moments lost  
and glory gone  
and mellow songs.  
and friendships fade  
memories bloom  
surrounded by my "happy gloom"  
i miss the faces  
that once made me (smile), laugh  
come home.  
Come quick  
the magic stick  
high heeled shoes and  
half slips  
warm as toast

fires burning  
Daddy DEAR  
the lap i treasure  
when you WERE near  
and i was young  
but not at heart  
wooden spoon -  
my "happy gloom."  
the knight i built him up to be  
the one and only made just for me  
oh, yes he loved me  
but not so very much.  
And now i miss  
his tender touch. Although  
i never felt his arms,  
when i was in them  
away from harm . . .

caught in bed  
missing piece  
i hate you  
arranged in greens and blues  
with grey along to touch

Well it's a shame  
but i'm to blame  
for all that goes unsaid  
push on  
now move along  
sweet insight  
i recall  
— Donna Cedar

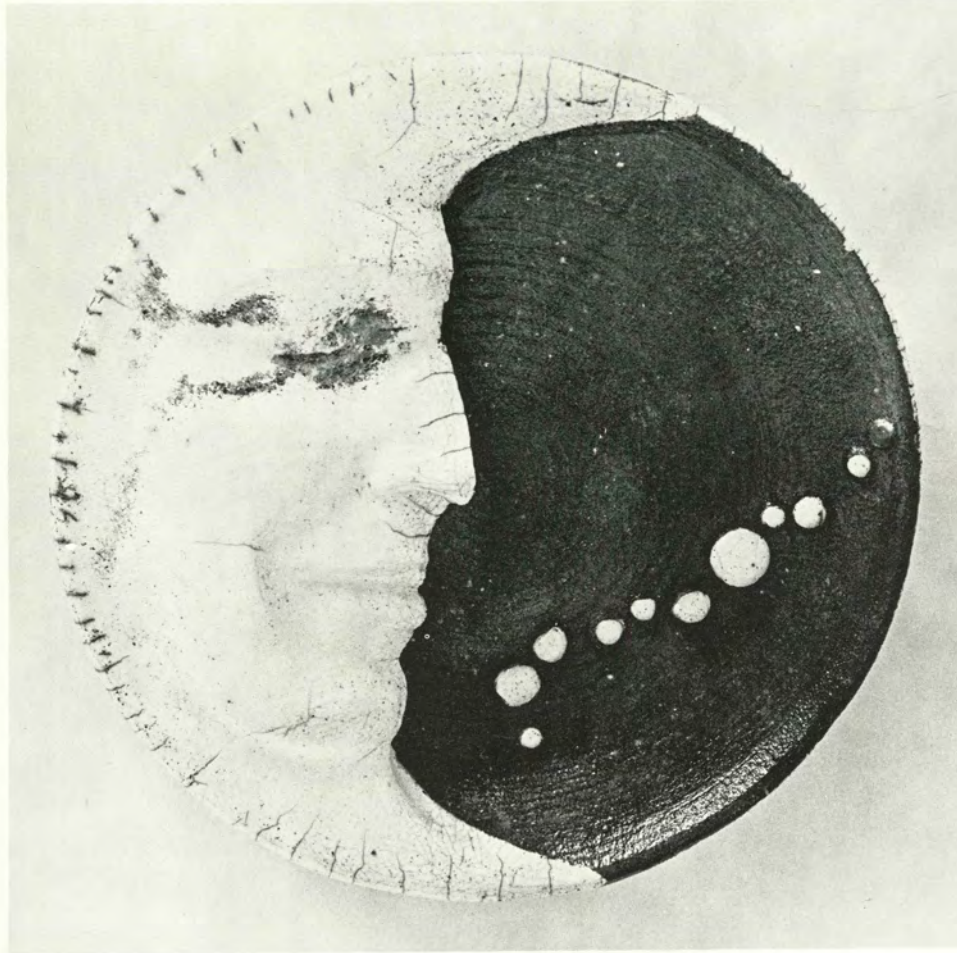




## LATE LAST NIGHT

Last night  
late night walk  
through the town  
life was so quiet  
quite like death  
the empty street  
through dark  
window signs  
sparked of life  
at night with  
street lights  
illuminating the  
telephone line  
against the sky  
was cloudy hiding  
the stars slept  
silently shining never  
seen by stop lights  
the billboards boring  
the locked door  
closed sign of  
the corner grocery  
store closed til  
it opens 7 to 9  
except on Sunday  
someday that  
night would  
mean more to  
me you see  
I saw the ring  
around the moon  
fade into the  
night light  
signs blink off  
and if you  
listen to the mechanical  
heart beat you'll  
wonder why you  
never heard it  
in the day light  
light life

—Michael D. Holliday





## THE ROCK

I looked upon the scene of a field,  
A lonely sea of withered grass  
and waves of pebbles and dust.

A solitary Rock stood amidst  
the strangling grass  
and choking dust ---  
Rough and broken,  
but a rose among thorns.

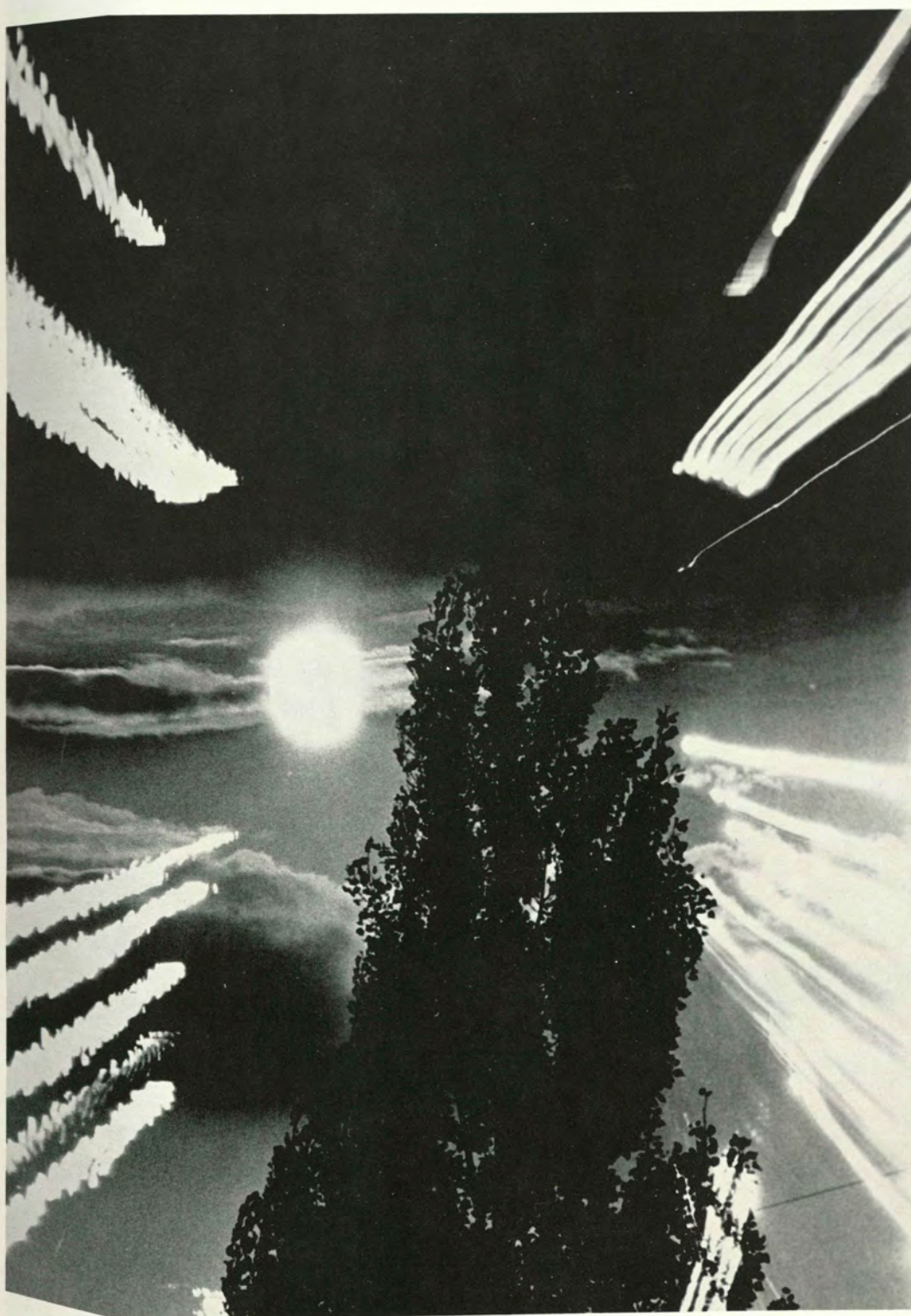
Its surface was rough,  
worn by the weathering elements  
and the erosion of time.  
Broken glass lay scattered at its feet --  
glass flung against its surface  
in an attempt to mar its beauty,  
failing and crashing  
to ruin.

Across its craggly face were written  
words of blasphemy and shame,  
yet even these faded away,  
dominated by its wisdom.  
Someone had tried to fill with putty  
the cracks  
that trophied its existence and survival.

The Rock withstood the violent waves  
and eroding sands of time.  
Though marred and worn,  
beaten and defaced,  
Its testimony lives on.  
Not a crumbling pile of pebbles and dust,  
But a solid Rock, a refuge for all.

—Tim Williams











## BARCELONA

There is a pipe dream here  
of limestone walls and cold blue lights,  
and triangle windows with stained-glass hearts.  
Anchored in summer, one among many,  
a gay-colored season of industrial skies  
and tentacles roasting,  
redheaded bargirls with smoke-yellow eyes,  
a kiss for a drink  
and some change for a song.

The Ramblas will swallow you,  
like a stainless steel dream;  
the barrio chino will open its arms,  
the night with sharp fingers that  
flex and caress,  
and wait like pretenders  
to some ghostly throne.  
You've spoken of things too real to pronounce,  
of church guards like statues,  
armed to the bone,  
with porcelain teeth and bayonet eyes,  
and souls on a spit that  
hiss as they burn; of ladies that lean  
on unpainted walls,  
lined up like headlines in dogeared brochures;  
of goatskin curtains in crumbling halls,  
and blocked-shaped tenements  
baked by the sun; you've told of  
old men in shadowy places,  
blind caballeros with beards and red faces,  
cards dealt in basements  
without names or numbers,  
change for a song  
and the stakes keep on rising.

Down the dark stairway, a bloodless four walls,  
and hollowfaced patrons  
with fourteen day shadows, work-coats and shawls,  
with beer on their breaths and pigiron bellies,  
not withstanding, the workday is done;  
lining them up, not hearing their voices,  
reviewing the troops with a razor salute;  
lining them up by class and vocation,  
responsible only to god and the nation.

—T. J. Henderson





## FROM MY RED VELVET DIVAN

Paolo! Oh, Paolo! Now where is that boy . . . oh! oh my, why you startled me! How did you get in here? You must be one of Paolo's friends. They are in and out, in and out all of the time; some days I must stumble over them literally to get to another room. Yes, I find his friends all the time but Paolo? never! The danger in hiring a servant who merely looks good is that is precisely all they do. The first week he was here I had to show him how to do everything, everything! Instead of a houseboy I hired a child, a very handsome virile child. Completely useless! and harder to catch than fog with your fingers. Still he is nice to look on, very nice to look on . . . oh but you'll have to do! Sit down and talk to me. I sit over here on the divan by the window. I like to watch the people stroll by especially young couples. The young! some of us never quite get the knack of being young until we're too old like the Belgian lace the moths got into. Oh I'm so sorry, you don't know that story. My aunt Edwina once brought back some of the finest Belgian lace you've ever seen. She would never use it; she kept saying it would be made into her wedding dress. She'd open the boxes and look it over and finger it ever so gently. One day she left the boxes open and the moths got in and destroyed it. A half a million dollars worth of lace all destroyed but it's just as well, she never married anyway. She developed some sort of brain fever and died soon after. She left me her dresses and I used to dress up and attend parties with my sisters. Parties and picnics and all kinds of outings, all kinds of outings but I never go out anymore, the city has changed so and there are so few people of my generation left, not that I'm old mind you, it's just my friends were all artists and writers and they burned themselves out so quickly. I remember them all so well especially Carl, dear sweet Carl. Here! Hand me my jewel box. No, not that, there it is on the dressing table. Rather beaten and worn, I know, but even the best cases give way in time. Yes, this is it, my jewel box. Rosewood with mother-of-pearl inserts. Carl gave it to me soon after we met. He said it was his mother's, one of the few things of value he had, that and his love. And I accepted both, gladly, after all I was young and when a tall, beautiful, yes he was beautiful with blue streams for eyes and skin that mirrored the sun, offers you his love what can you do? See this locket? That's Carl and that's myself. He was wearing it when he died, during the war. I was so much younger then even though time has been more than kind in giving me my looks for so long. I was quite a beauty in my younger days and turned quite a few heads; quite a few heads . . . Look Here! this was from Reid, dear dear Reid, my first love. I was only nineteen. I'd just left home for the university when I met him, like a puppy but a puppy with a definite mean streak. He married some nice girl who shot him in the head when she found him in bed with another man. Poor Reid, he could never outlive his past. Poor poor Reid, I told him countless times that women were not for him. He gave me this bauble, worthless imitation junk but it means so much to me he being my first lover and I his. Virgin lovers, how romantic! And this, and this was given to me by Jerry dear darling Jerry. Now he was no virgin lover! I wonder what ever became of him? He was so dreamily romantic with curly brown hair and eyes that seemed to pierce your mind . . . and your clothing. I wonder what did ever become of him? This thing? I don't rightly remember where it came from; there were so many you know. One can never have too many lovers. Love is precious, more precious than gold they say. Maybe that's why men give so little love if they give any at all. And I needed a whole love of my own so I took enough parts from enough lovers until I had my entire whole love. That was unfortunately the only way I could obtain the love I needed, group effort. Ah! my little mouse! Now here was an exception. There are three things that I'll never forget about the man who gave me this:



he was a real gentleman; he lived in a first class hotel, the doorman was most friendly to me. Second, he was kind to me, we lived together for three years. And he gave me this mouse, the eyes are real rubies, and this red velvet divan. I kept them both. Two out of three isn't bad. The velvet's worn thin in places, I'll grant you that, but the memory is as fresh as tomorrow. He left me early one fall. The leaves had just turned. We went walking through the park. We stopped by a little Italian restaurant and picked up some food and a bottle of wine. We had a picnic in the park and played in the leaves. And in the middle of the playing I hugged him and told him: 'Don't ever leave me.' But he was looking another way. He left me three days later, a note was pinned to the back of the divan: "I may come back tomorrow, I may not. I need time to decide if I want this to be permanent or not. Don't wait for me." Three years and he was worried about permanence. I didn't cry, not then. But I did have the divan moved by the window just in case he walked by, I could see him. He never walked by. I heard later that he had settled down, at least as much as one such as Paul could. I hear he's lost his looks, too much booze I guess. But I keep the divan here by the window; habits are hard to break, I suppose . . . The view is good though. Some nights I like to look out and remember what it was like when I made those night lights burn. Some nights I like to remember and wish and think and dream; all from this: my red velvet divan.

—Wayne Tucker

I didn't know he died  
Until today.  
I knew he was sick.  
Believe me, I meant to visit him.  
I can't even say I was close to him.  
I looked forward to seeing him,  
More than the other customers.  
I remember once he almost ran out of gas  
But passed four stations to come to me.  
He said he wanted a pretty girl to give it to him.  
He always asked if I had my guitar with me  
But he only heard me play once.  
Today was the first rainy day we've had in a month -  
Converting the road into a 30-mile-an-hour hell.  
It'll be raining for a long time.  
It's a fitting requiem.

—Lori Magai











Moving --  
shuffling of boxes  
pounding of nails  
    building of lofts, hanging pictures  
taping up posters  
connecting wires  
    music, stereos, lights  
    hair dryers, fans, clocks  
discovering last year's memoirs  
anticipating  
    a good year with good beginnings  
greeting old friends  
    meeting new ones  
long lines  
    waiting  
finally classes  
    parties  
    drinking beer  
College.

-SRB

The Granite Garden Gates  
    are rusted open in their closing  
and the honeysuckle grows  
    sweet tombstones 'round plastic flowers

See the pretty morning glory  
    fading in the evening light  
they can rest the night and  
    in the morning bloom again to die

Through man's mind the  
    Sun has set and  
through him, in the morning  
    shall be resurrected with the Moon

Caskets made of Silk and Gold  
    filled with formaline and cold  
waiting in the Granite Garden  
    rusting, not to dust, just rusting

—Michael D. Holliday





## THE WOODS COLT

Before the war there was a child born named Jenny Dillon. She was born dead, and she was damned from the start because Mr. Hawkson the preacher said that if she was dead to start with then she hadn't done penance and so was unholy in the eyes of the Lord. And not only that, but she was a woods colt besides, which is to say had not been bargained for by her mother, who was my aunt Sarah, who never got married. Jenny Dillon was all blue and full of wrinkles, and her color never changed; she never moved on her own, and she never let loose a cry. But they said that made no difference. My mother grabbed me by the hand and pulled me along to Aunt Sarah's house to see the price we pay for sin, and she pushed me to my knees and said I must look, and I looked at her - a dark, mangled lump of dead flesh that was stowed in a crate and stinking and she said that's your cousin, born in sin and damned to hell. I mumbled a prayer she taught me and turned my eyes away.

They buried her in Harlan County, on the other side of the fence that ran around our land. It was dark and maybe it would rain. Mr. Hawkson said some words over the grave and warned Jenny Dillon not to come back and roam among the living. He held a cross in his hairy fist, suspended it over the grave, and he trembled. He told us to leave, and we did, and he followed close behind.

I dreamed that night I saw Aunt Sarah torn apart by wolves, and her remains scattered here and there like blossoms of the gaywings. And out of her corpse there grew a fiery azalea that burst into flames - flames that flew apart, sparking against the dry pine fence, creeping like a vine through the rhododendron and and the woodfern, burning up the whole land. I knew that if I waked up the whole world would be charred and black.

In the morning there was a spider web in the window. Father said that meant we'd been visited by the dark spirits that fell down with the rain, but to me the web was beautiful, spinning around in a wispy circle and closing into a shimmering white star. I wanted to touch it just to see how it felt, but Father said no because it was evil and if I touched it or even looked at it for too long I would die and be just like Jenny Dillon.

Father worked cutting down trees and sending them down the river to the factory towns near the coast. He was out early and busy at work. I went off on my own into the fresh world of the morning, ran through the quiet fields and my feet got soaking wet and bone cold from the dew. Nothing was burnt, but everything seemed new and alive. I tripped along the old fence until I came to the spot where Jenny Dillon was buried. Suddenly a cold fear gripped me and shook me like a leaf, they were digging in the earth at the spot where Jenny Dillon was. The red dirt was spattered about. I ran to them, crossed the fence, and was crying, what were they doing to her? They were big, brutish, dirty men with blue pants and suspenders, loose gray shirts and scruffy beards. They scowled when I came near and one of them hit me with a shovel. I felt the thin blood on my face, stinging in my eyes and salty on my lips, and then everything went black.

Then there was Father's face above me like a dream, and his voice was louder than anything, saying who did this to you, and who dug up Jenny Dillon? It was dusk. There were other people around me who were dark and faceless, towering like trees in the moonlit sky. Across the fence was the broken crate, and by it the rotting corpse of Jenny Dillon. Put her back, I tried to say, put her back into the earth. I imagined some wild animal coming and taking her away into the dark wood, but Father said it was okay, and I was to tell him everything that happened. I tried to tell him about the scruffy men with the blue pants, but I couldn't keep my eyes from drifting over to the corpse. She was squenched up like a snail. Her hands were almost praying.

I was telling them what had happened, but as soon as I said "blue pants" they knew that it must be work of the Union soldiers, who were bad men that were for the North during the Big War. We were for the South, but I don't why. I just know we have an enemy, and always will.

In a couple of weeks I felt okay again. The gash on my head was healed up pretty much, but I still got dizzy sometimes. When I did Father would hit me and say I must be a man and overcome the spells. But I couldn't help it, they grew more and more frequent, and sometimes the pain would come back and start throbbing like fire and I would start to cry, and then Father would hit me and hit me until I couldn't see anymore.



Then one day Father told me to come along with him, we were going for a walk. We walked through the darkest part of the wood. Two other men were with us, and they all carried guns and wore gray, which was the color of the South. We crossed the fence. We went along the river for several miles. The river was blue and flowing. Just to watch it rolling over the smooth stones made my head feel better. I was watching it, and sometimes I would trip on a root or a stone, and Father would hit me and tell me to act like a man.

Then we walked away from the river. We saw a doe in a clearing and I hoped we wouldn't scare her. She turned to look at us with her big eyes that sparkled like the river, but she quickly turned and ran away, disappearing into a thicket.

We came upon a clearing where there was a tiny cabin. Smoke was rising in its midst and it smelled wonderful. I got hungry, but I didn't say anything. Father grabbed my collar and pointed to a man who was chopping wood in front of the cabin and asked me if he was the one who hit me. I said no, but he was with them. Then Father pushed me to the ground and told me to stay there, and he would be back.

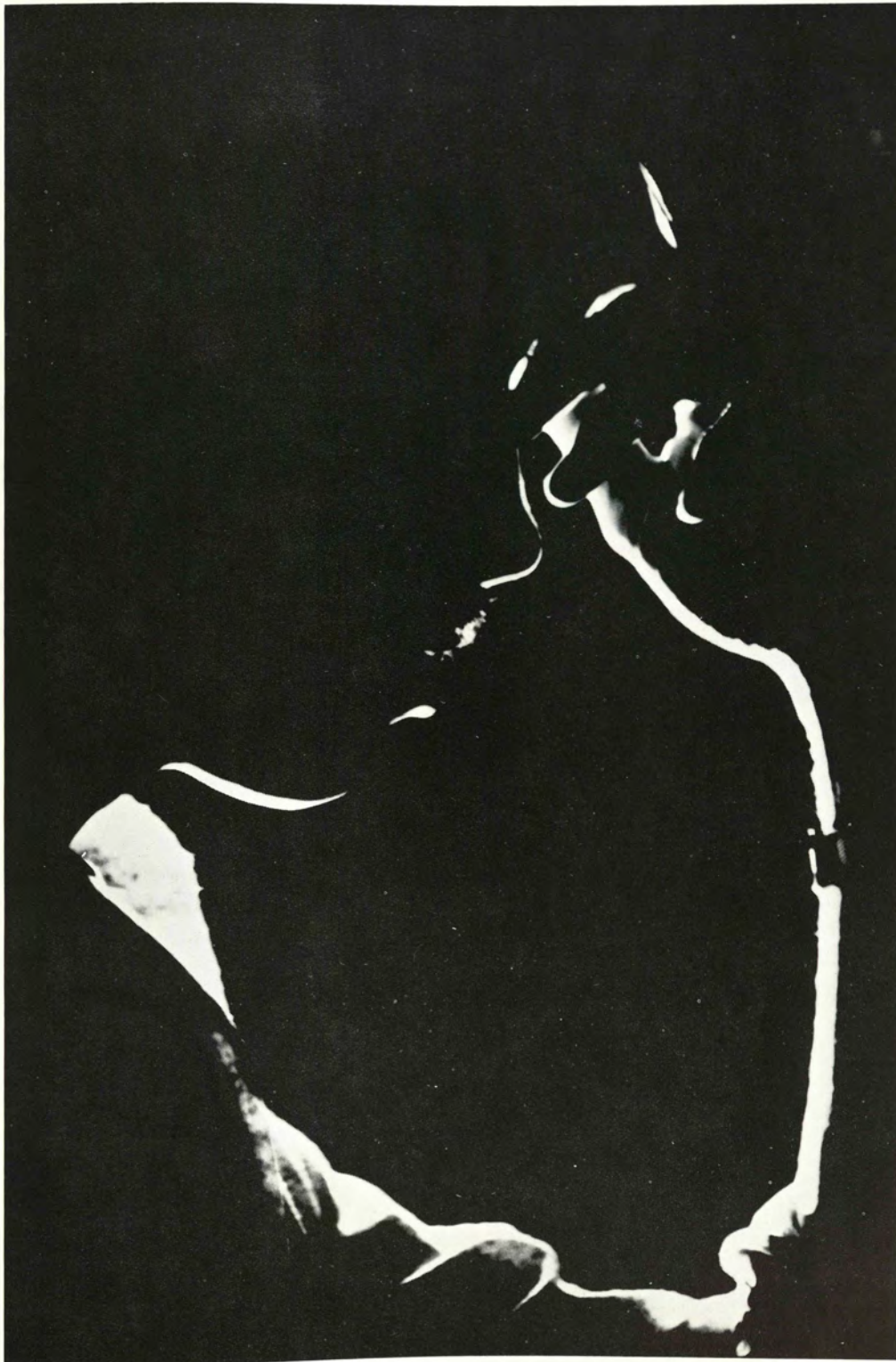
They circled around the clearing until they were behind the man who was chopping wood. They walked up behind him stealthily with their guns leveled at his back, and then said drop the ax and turn around slow. A commotion started inside the cabin. The door flew open and a gray-haired woman with a kindly face stepped out. One of the men jumped. He turned and shot her through the belly. She didn't make a sound, she just folded in half like paper and bolted backwards, slamming the cabin door with the force of her weight. The man became hysterical. He picked up the ax and went for the one who shot the woman, but Father grabbed him and wrestled the ax away. There was a raucous bawling sound from inside the house, and the man was screaming something about the young ones, but they gagged him and tied him to a tree. Father came and got me, led me by the hand to the place where the man was tied, and then he asked if I was sure he was the one, and I'd better be sure because if I told a lie I would go to hell like Jenny Dillon.

There were faces in the cabin window - small, red faces, screaming. I looked from them to the tree where the man was tied. The man was crying. His face was twisted like an oak root. I wanted to run, but where would I go? I didn't say anything. Father kicked me with the bottom of his boot and I fell backwards into the woodpile. Father asked the man if he'd bothered Jenny Dillon's grave. The man looked at me, and there was a strong sadness in his eyes. Then he picked up his head and told Father he'd had no right to bury nothing dead on Union land anyhow. Father turned a furious red color. He brought the ax up with his whole arm, and then he brought it down, burying the blade in the old man's head. The man cried out and his eyes and nose were spuming and his whole body was shaking. Father struck him again. The man's eyes grew wild and his face got twisted. He tried to scream, but couldn't find his voice. Then his body erupted in a final shudder, and he went limp. His torso was sliding down the ropes that still held him fast to the tree, and his head was bowed. His hair was scarlet and dripping.

Father walked toward the cabin, now joined by the other two men. They went inside, and the world was quiet again. The sky had faded. I started to run in the direction of the river. I could not stop, but kept going as fast as my legs would churn. My feet felt raw against the pine-needle bed, and the dangling branches whipped my face till it was red and crossed with scars, but still I ran. I could smell smoke from behind me. The cabin was burning. I stopped for a moment by the riverbank, and turned to see the gray cloud billowing skyward. I didn't know where to run. It was growing dark, and the throbbing in my head had started again. I crossed the river. The water cooled my feet, but the sharp stones and lichen cut them. I turned again to see the smoke rising like the fire pink and azalea blooming in the night sky. Scavenger birds were careening above the fiery space. I couldn't stand the way they swooped and called. I covered my ears so I wouldn't have to hear their crying.

— T. J. Henderson





## THE FOUR DAY PURGE

FOR D. B.

He had hopes like a spider web, intricate and fragile. On misty mornings they would echo the light waves; on cracked egg shell days a belching wind would shatter the pattern leaving stray pieces to probe like blind antennae for a fellow strand. And, like a spider web, his hopes could grab, could hold, could trap, until the little creature inside him came out to swallow, to devour, to absorb whatever a hard working hope had caught.

He sat in his jaundiced room with his stretched out hopes and a pint of whiskey. An escaped ice cube was melting from lack of attention. He watched, as drop by drop, the water slid over the edge and was absorbed into the cracks of the floor. His eyes, in senseless pilgrimage, followed the crack of the floor to the seam in the wallpaper. Up the wall he travelled until his eyes walked through the window out into the other world, the world of travelogues and dime romances.

He poured a drink dropping another ice cube and spilling a little water on the pictures arranged like a place setting on his desk. He picked up the photograph with the water on it and wiped it on his jeans. The water left a small warp in the paper, a birthmark on the face.

Four days ago he had made an attempt in weaving hopes. Four days ago they had been one-hour lovers, not physically but emotionally, something new for both -- perhaps. He found himself trying to add new designs to the pattern. The design became warped and distorted, going from delicate lacelike swirls to tow ropes of chaos. He spun a cathedral of hopes; every time a thread broke or was cut he created a new one but the style was always different. It became a portrait with an El Greco head, Monet torso, and Klee feet.

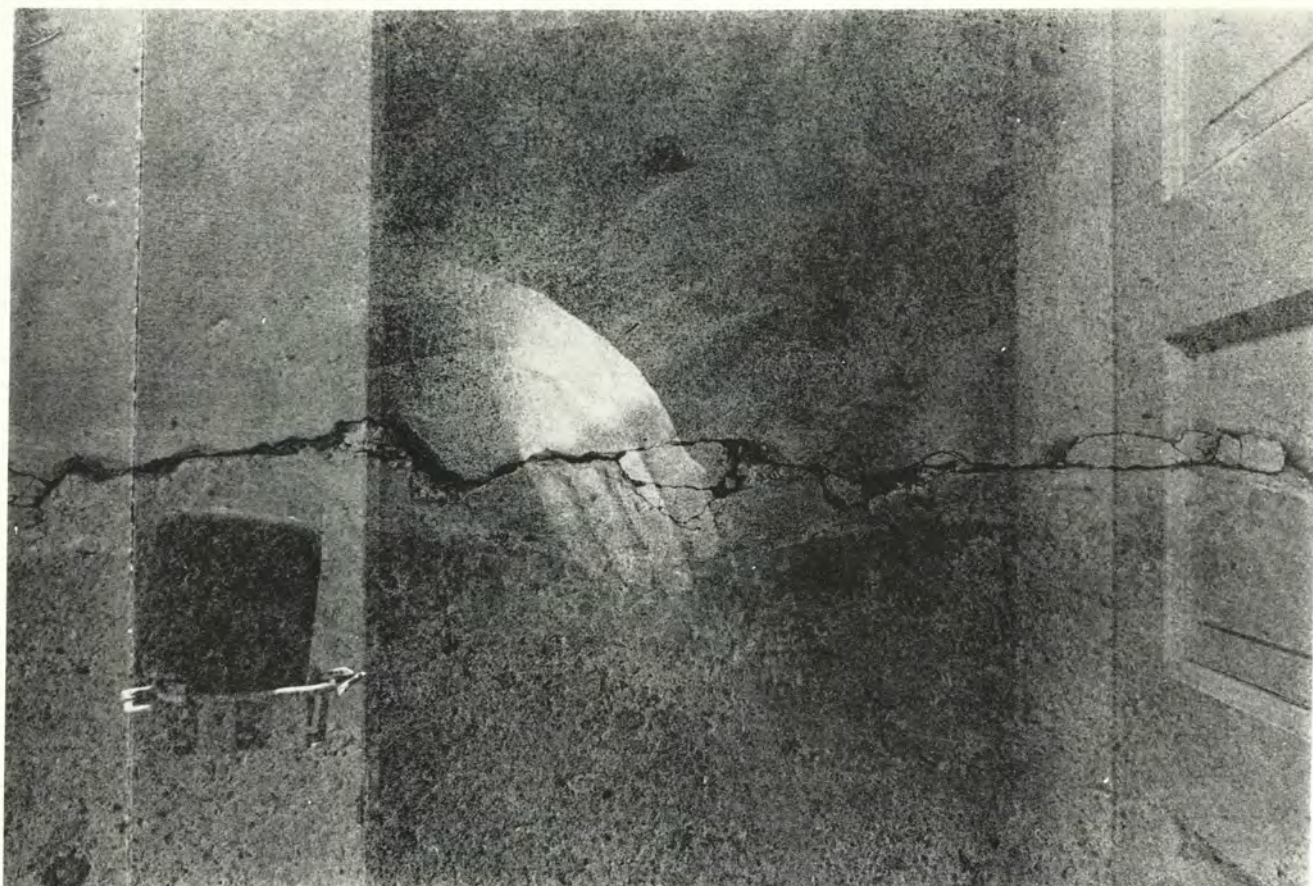
Three days he spun, three September sad days he created pattern after pattern until he had run out of all that was in him. He collapsed and fell backwards breaking his own hopes as all the others who also spin looked on with a certainty that comes only from experience.

Sometimes even spiders get trapped in their own webs and sometimes even spiders are devoured by their own intentions.

— Wayne Tucker







Fog Days  
Washington D.C. - 1974

I used to love to see the fog,  
The misty tree-tops lost in swirls,  
A magic transformed Elven world,  
The vapor rise in tendril curls.  
But now I'm changed, or else the fog,  
Its blanket makes it hard to see.  
I'm blind and lost, and sad to think,  
That somewhere in that soup is me.

-Lori Magai



# IMAGINATION

*Tell me everything. Leave  
Nothing to my imagination;  
It is a treacherous thing,  
Waiting to be released at the  
Drop of an unguarded phrase.*

*A phrase; a word; a stray  
Sentence, not even directed  
My way, can set  
My mind to work, feverishly  
Dredging dead thoughts up  
From its depths.  
Thoughts so terrible  
They never surfaced before.*

*But  
Now, when my emotions are  
Whipped raw with realization, they are.  
I can't stop them. I can  
Believe anything. Small snatches  
Of hushed conversations  
Scandalous topics now become  
Possible, not merely rumors.*

*I can believe anything  
Now that I know the partial  
Truth. Only you can set  
Straight the torturous inroads  
Of my mind by leaving  
Nothing for my imagination  
To dwell on. Tell me all,  
Or I will forever imagine.*

—Robin Jackson

## Good Friend

*I thought you might be up  
Sippin' on a warm glass of beer  
Watchin' the TV  
Slippin' away, drift into a better day.*

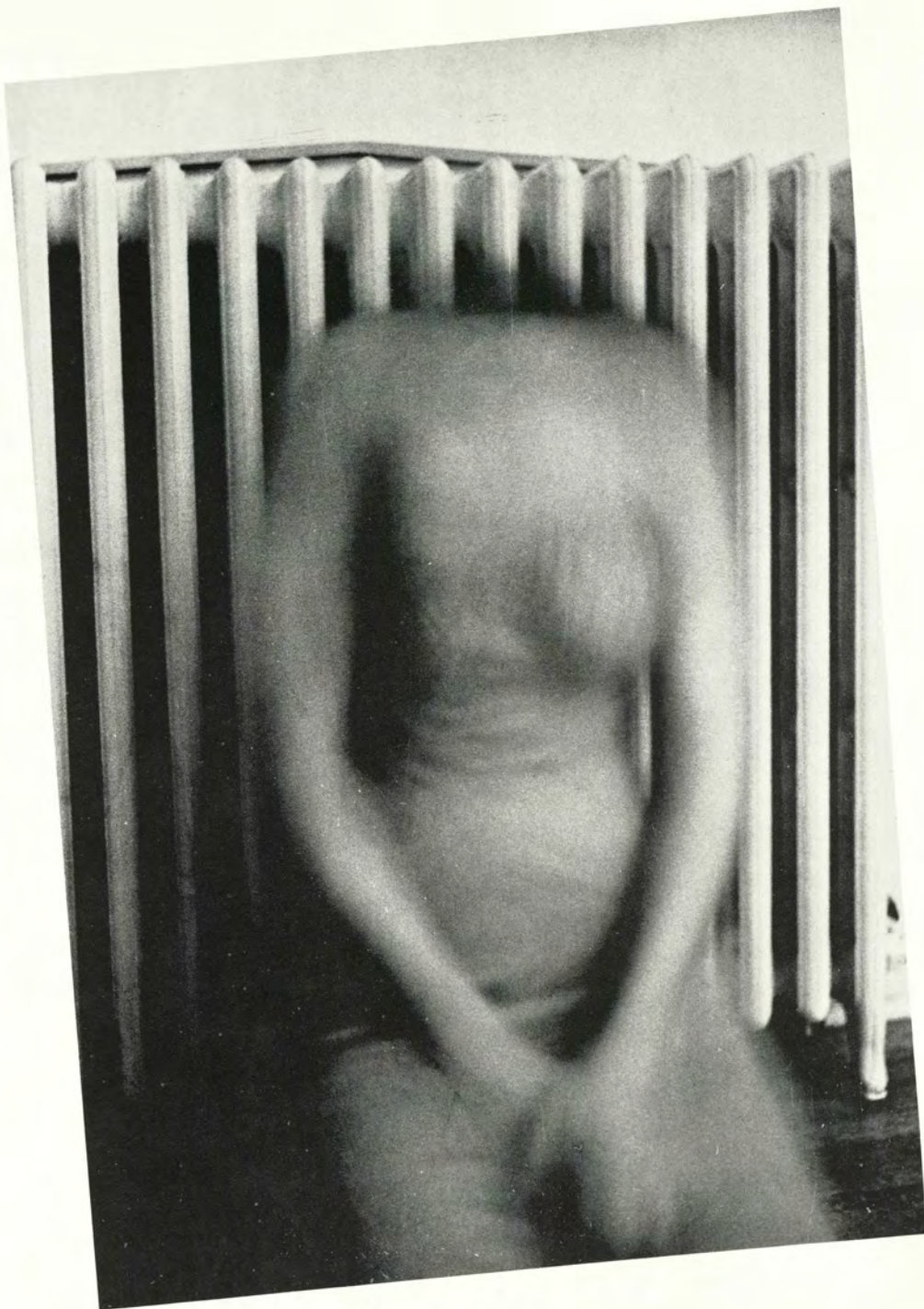
*So I knocked on your door  
Sure enough you came  
Slowly but surely  
'Cept you forgot my name  
Like wow I just dropped by  
To blow a joint or two  
And while away the end of the night  
Like we ain't got nothin' to do*

*Hey man did I tell you  
My world ended yesterday  
Yes that's right, it just collapsed  
I'm sure you know the feeling  
Hey did I tell you 'bout the fire on your rug  
What's that you say?  
You heard that one too*

*Do you got a beer in the fridge  
Let me help myself  
Go ahead and rest your eyes  
I'll tell you when I leave  
Hey I thought you might be up  
Sippin' on a warm glass of beer  
Watchin' the TV, slippin' away  
Drift into a better year.*

—Peter Addams







## **DARKNESS TO DAWN**

**Torch-like candles, medieval flames  
Legends, and cloudless shadows  
Shattered carnivals rout the streets  
Curtains erase the show  
Kiss the sky and surrender the morning glow**

**—Al Young**

## **RAIN THOUGHTS**

A quiet calm creeps innocently into the morning.  
No breezes steal their whispering breaths across the silent fields.  
Calling birds cease their chirps and find cozy roosts in secret.  
The sun, in hiding, hushes the heat-adoring insects.  
Furry balls of life travel to their wooded dens and wait.

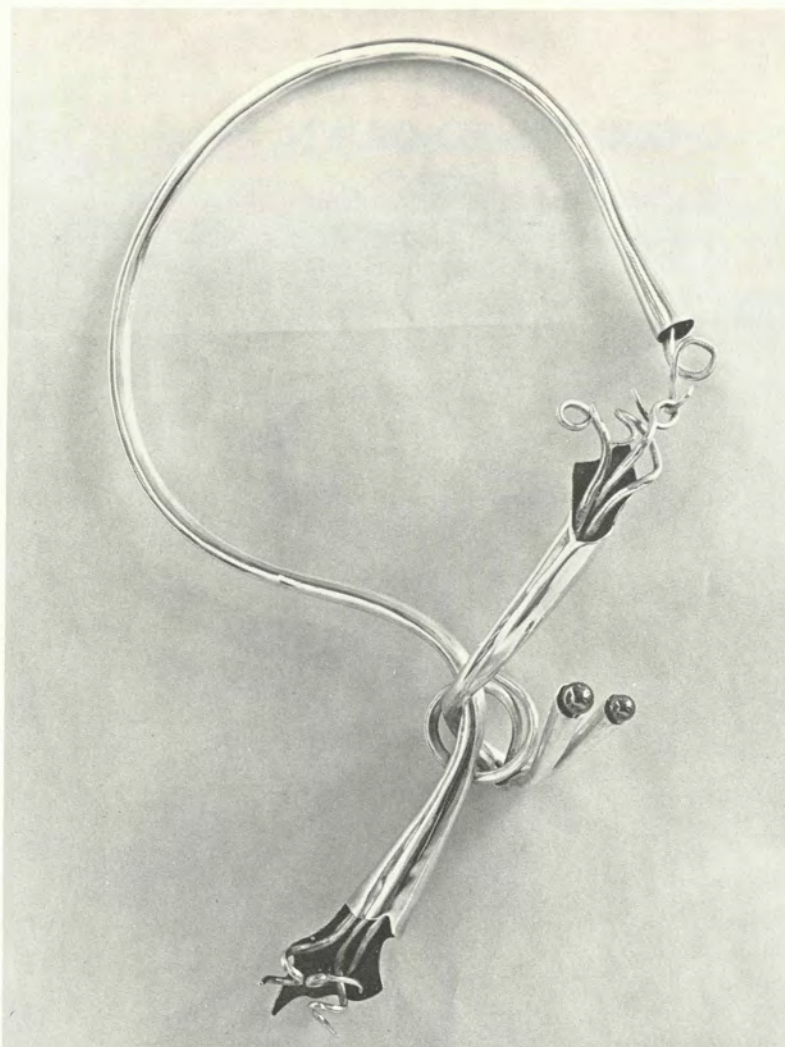
Then it comes, softly at first to give a quiet warning.  
Gradually, it falls harder as all grows expectant.  
It ceases for a minute as if taking a deep breath.  
When all is ready, the clouds exhale the bottled-up rain,  
And it is ready to continue steadily all day.

The earth welcomes the rain as a long forgotten friend.  
The breezes begin blowing to urge the rain along,  
And the chirping birds leave their hideouts to look for wet worms.  
Insects dip easily in bark and ground made soft by rain,  
And animals scamper spongily over damp forest floors.

Breezes reblown, crops and paunches satisfied, fur freshly clean --  
Life sleeps peacefully that night, refreshed by the day long rain.

-Rita Inge



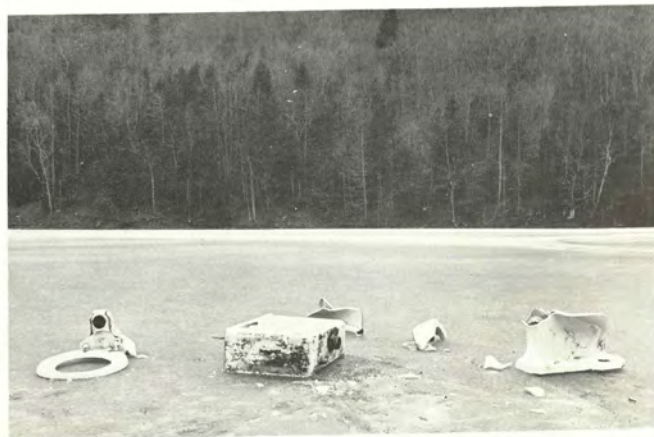
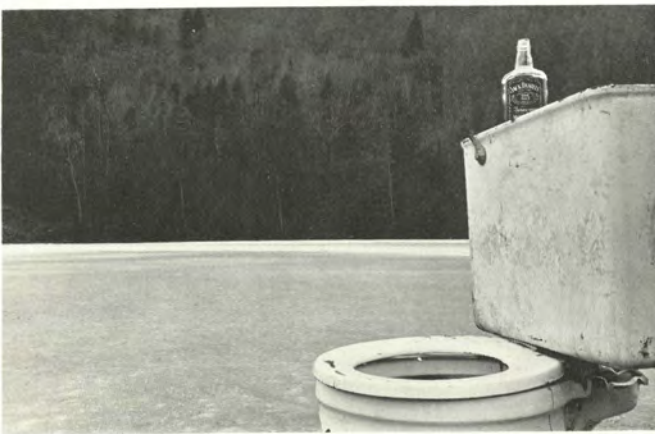
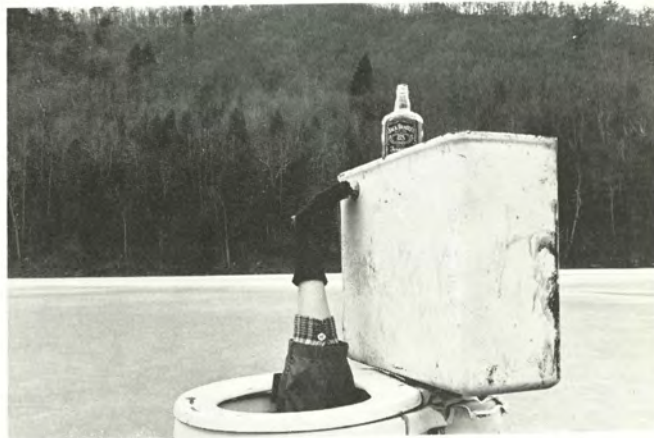


### Question

Must love always come in colours?  
Rose red lips and milk white skin  
True blue affection, golden days  
Yellow candlelight, the aura of the afterglow  
The fading pastels of a lingering relationship  
Lips paling, the skin a jaundiced hollow tint  
From navy to sky blue, skies whose sun has long been eclipsed  
Candles burned out, there is wax on the table  
A sullen lump preserving a broken rainbow  
Purple faucet dripping malice with  
Jagged magenta cuts highlighted by  
Flashes of green lightning  
And the black moon when you are gone. (4.14.76)

-Anonymous







## Hangman

The bell ring breaks the morning  
While sunrise dances on the window  
And the world comes back to life  
You slowly begin your death  
Birds sing songs of happiness  
While cocks begin to crow  
The animals they are innocent  
There is no way they could know  
You've begun your last day on Earth  
Enjoy it for all that it's worth  
The hangman waits for you my son  
His work is always done  
This will be the end  
No more living, no more fun  
No more women to be won  
No dancing, no drinking  
No fightin' or cussin'  
What the hell can a damn man do  
If he can't goddamn cuss, I swear

The hangman waits for you  
There is nothing you can do  
Walk slowly towards the gallows  
The crowd is a bunch of shadows  
Silent and staring  
But not really caring  
The preacher has his good word  
The hangman grins at you  
He knows he'll soon be through  
Walk slowly up the steps  
Let me put this around your neck  
Maybe you'd like a blindfold  
Ah what the heck  
You probably won't need it  
Say what do you want on your tombstone  
Rot in Peace?  
Well say goodbye  
And listen for a crack  
It will then be over  
Take one last breath  
Before I plunge you to your death

**CRACK!**

—Peter Addams



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## Awards

ART  
First Place  
Alexis Petroff (front cover)  
and  
Ron Dutton (p. 7)

LITERARY  
First Place  
T. J. Henderson (p. 17-18)  
  
Second Place  
Wayne Tucker (p. 11-12)

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