



Chrysalis  
85/86



# Chrysalis Magazine

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Ken Ashton

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Karen Carte

Karen Evans

Anne Gervinski

Mike Giambattista

Brian Goings

Andrea LaMont

David Lovegrove

Mary Nash

Denise Nelson

Laurie Minor

Susan Spitz

Wayne Verity

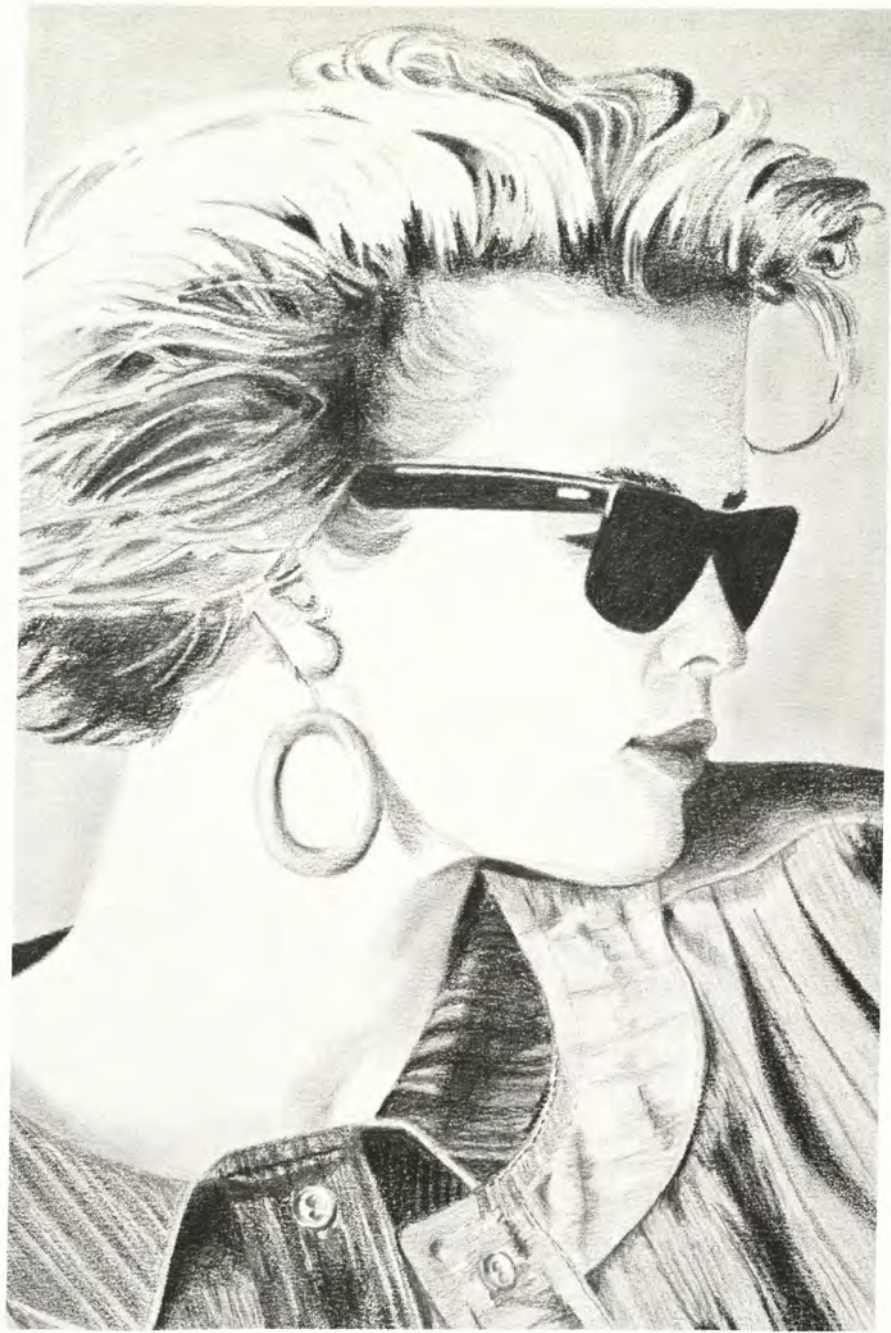




Silverprint / Sue #2 / Anne Gervinski

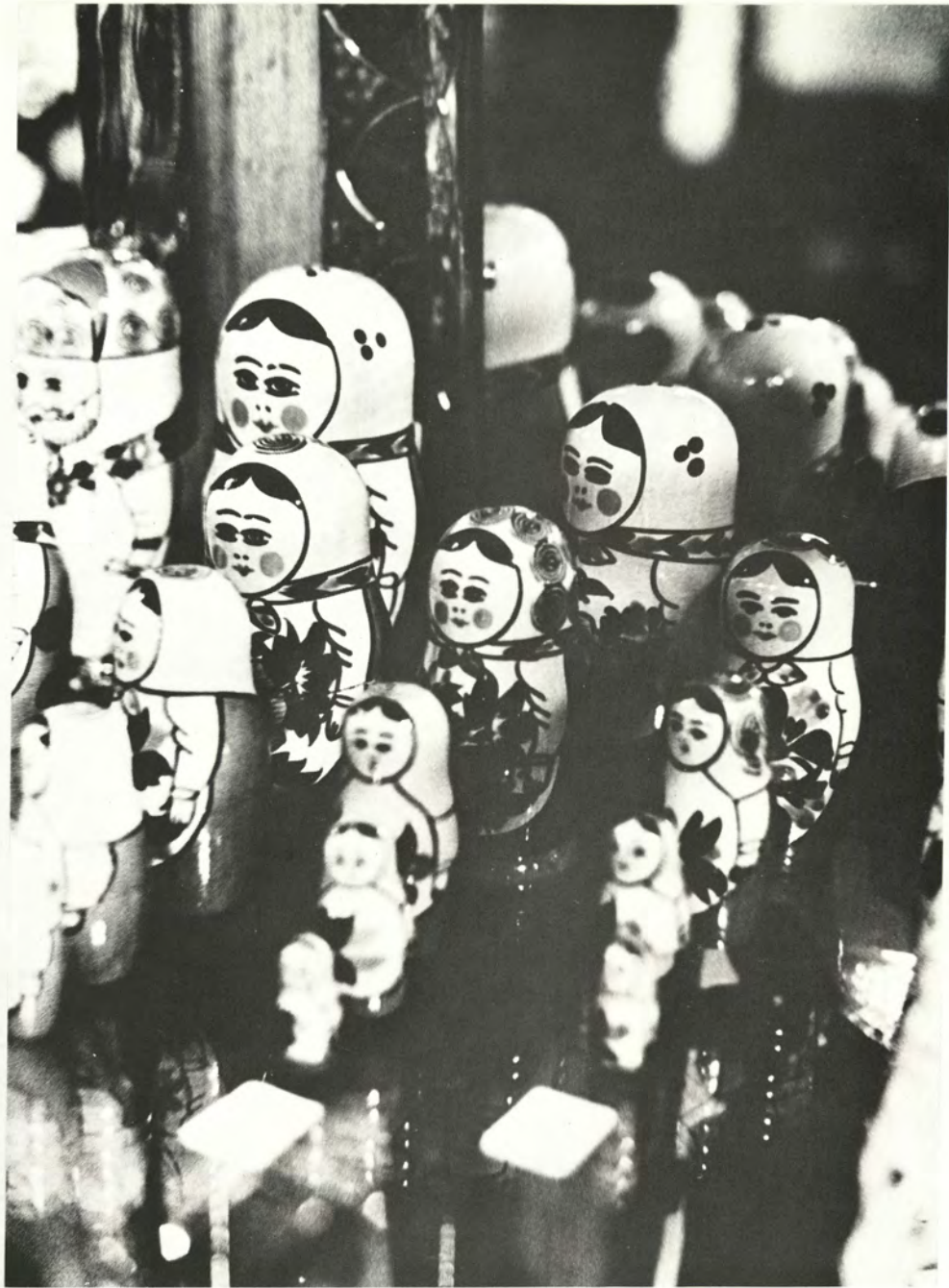






Pencil / *Girl with Black Glasses* / Denise Nelson

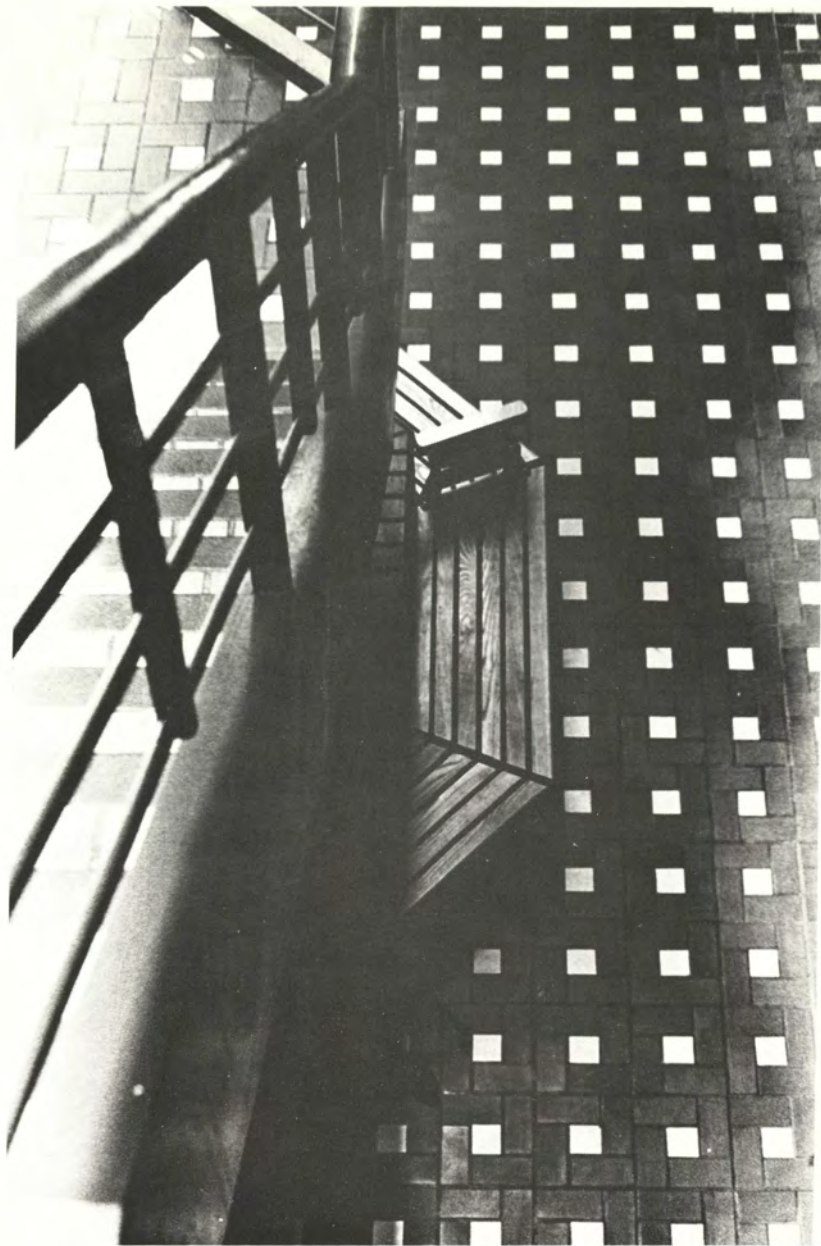




Silverprint / *Reflections* / Karen Evans







Silverprint / untitled / Karen Evans





Silverprint / *Bed Frame* / Laurie Minor







Intaglio / *Changeover-icon* / David Lovegrove

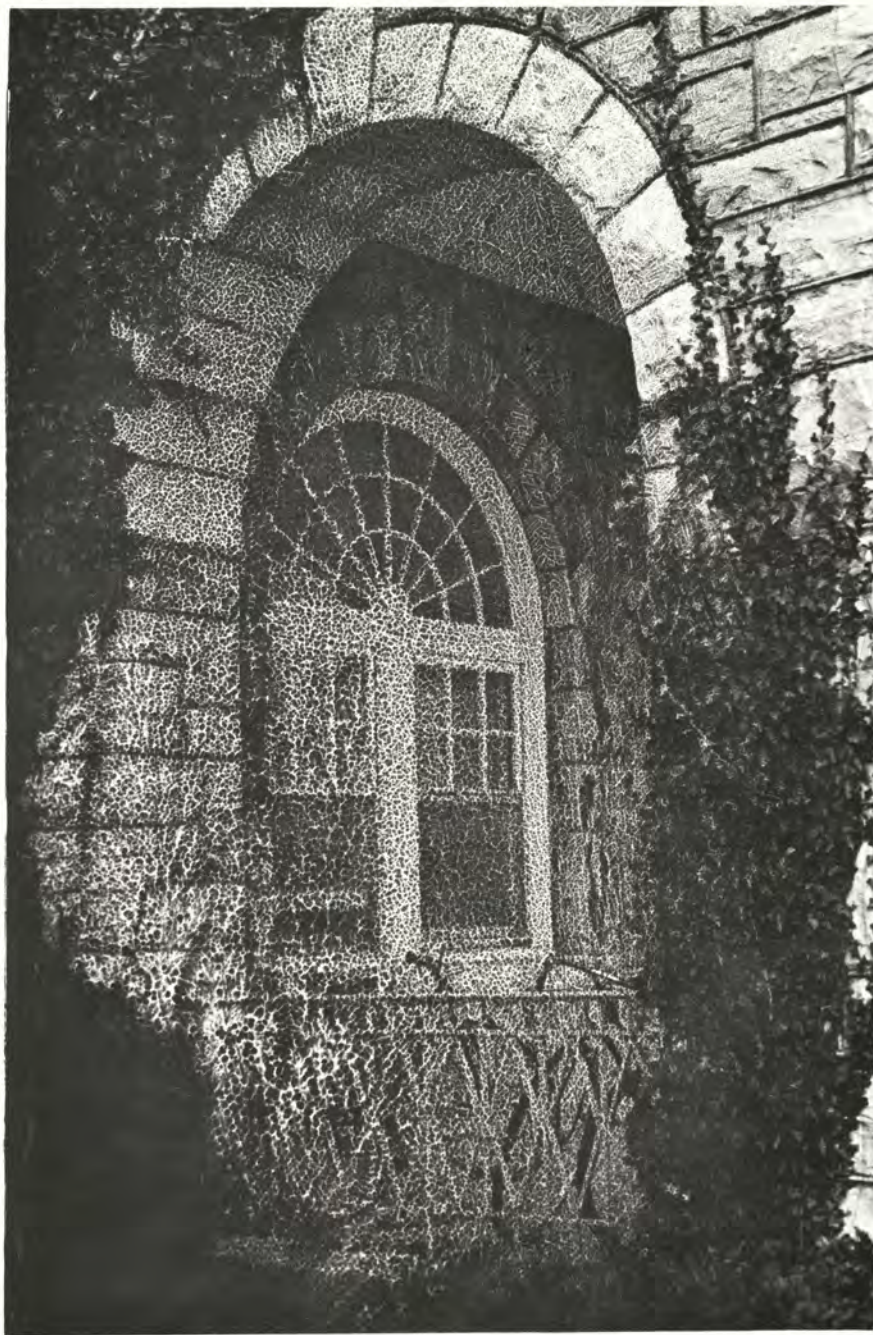




Silverprint / *Exploring* / Mary Nash







Silverprint / *Shattered Bluestone* / Mary Nash







Silverprint / *Lakeside Willows* / Mary Nash

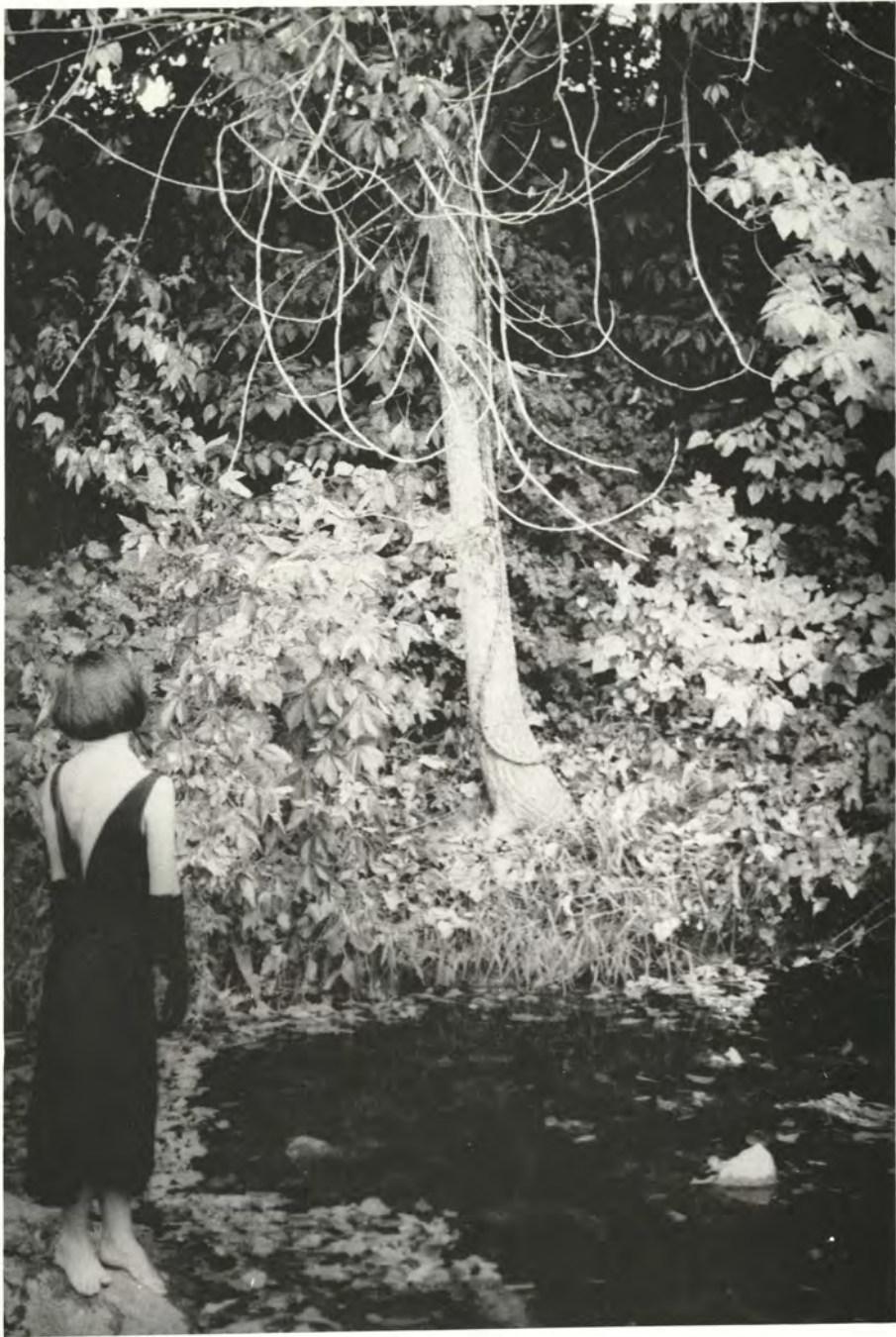






Silverprint / untitled / Karen Carte





Silverprint / untitled / Andrea LaMont







Silverprint / untitled / Andrea Lamont

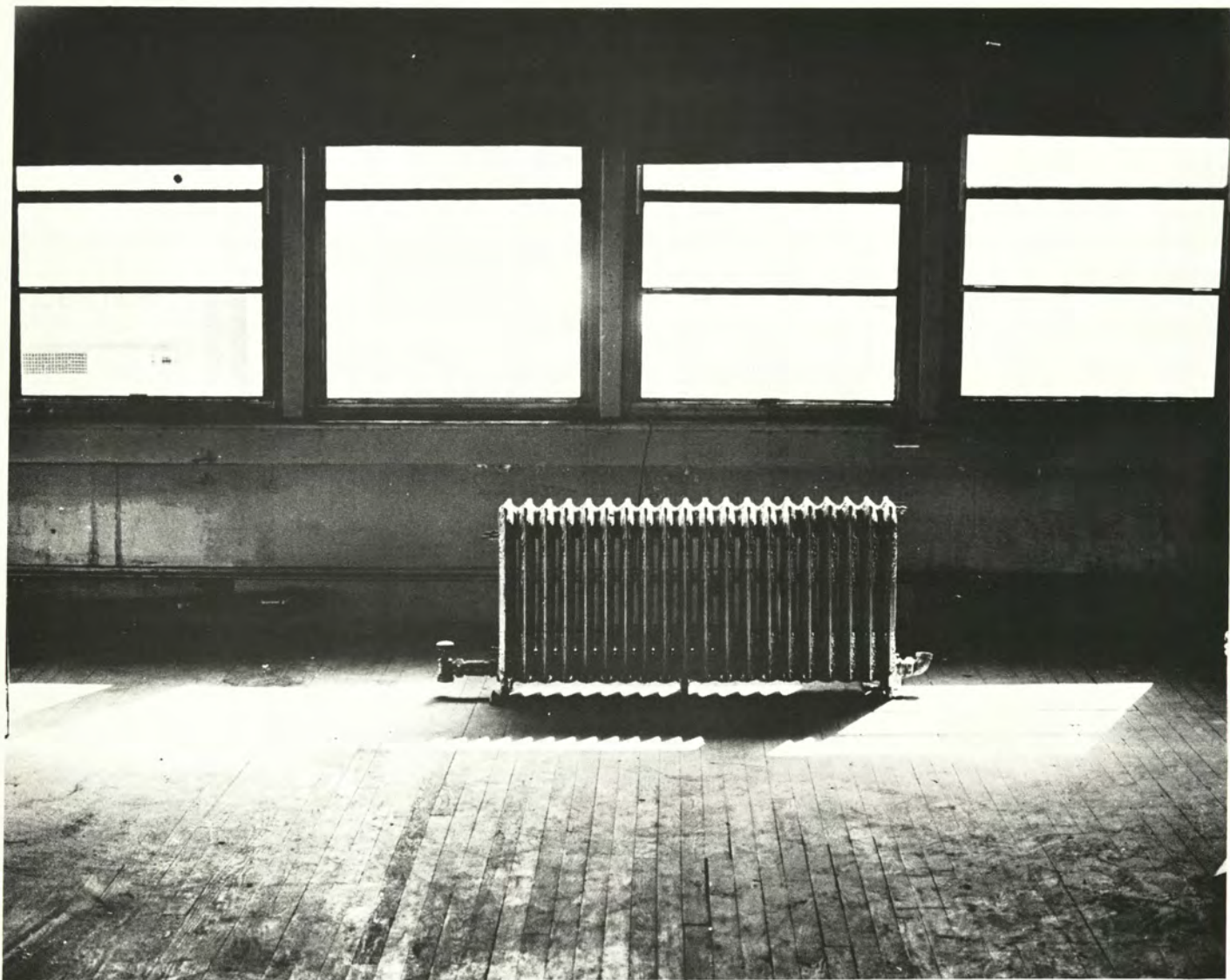




Silverprint / untitled / Karen Carte







Silverprint / 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  / Mike Giambattista





Silverprint / untitled / Andrea LaMont







Silverprint / untitled / Susan Spitz





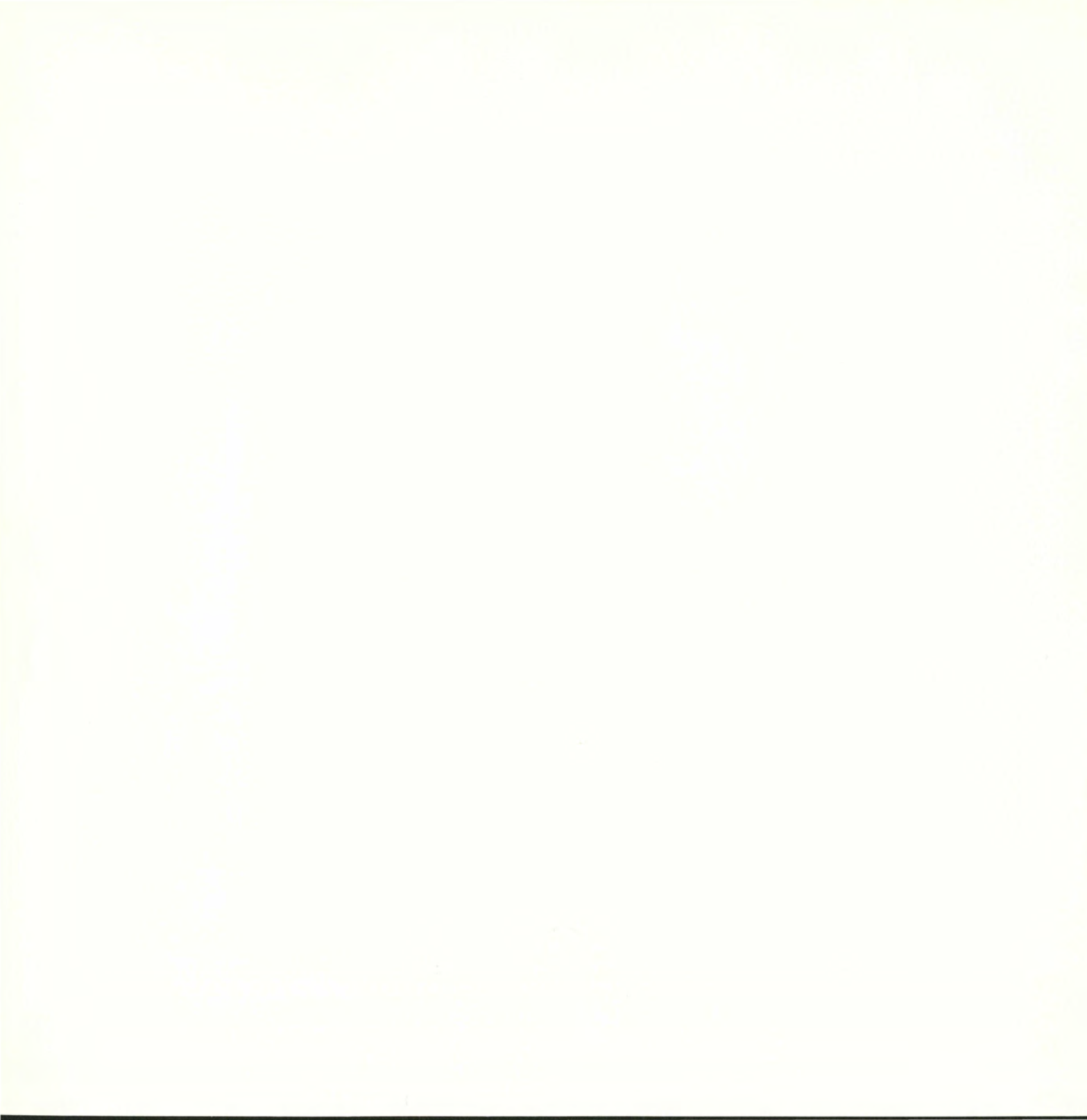
Silverprint / untitled / Ken Ashton

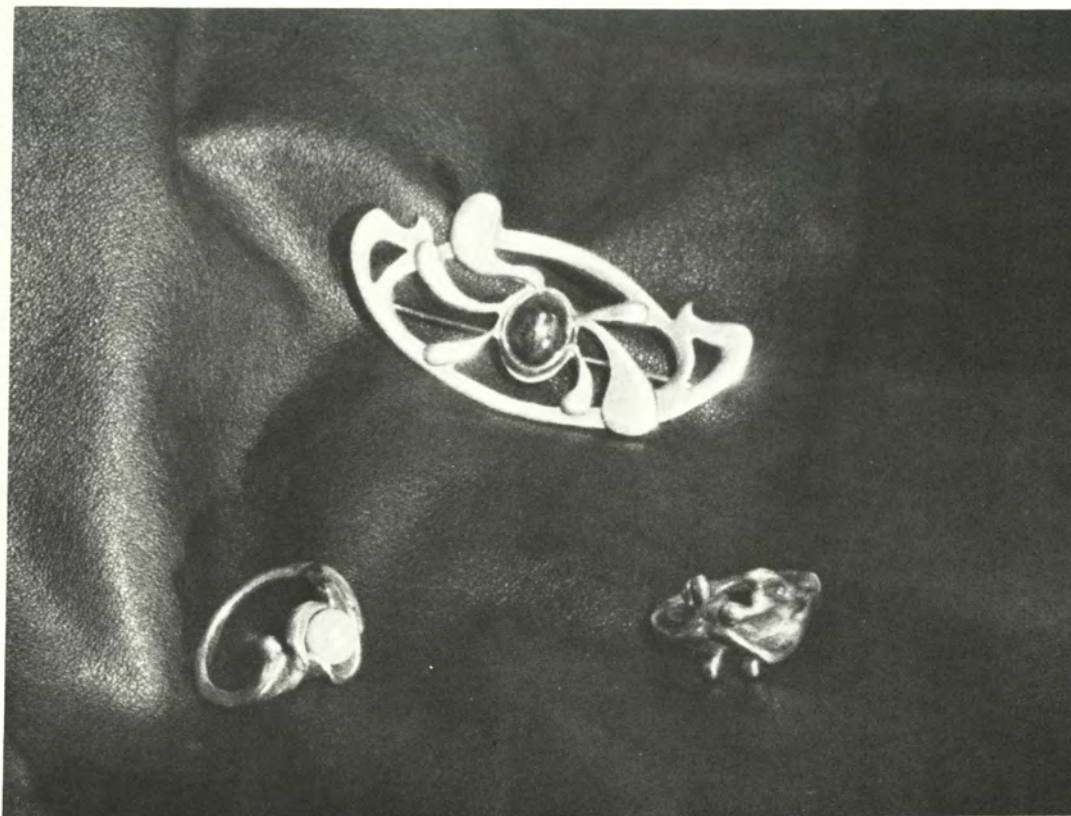






Silverprint / *The Historic Barn #1* / Ken Ashton

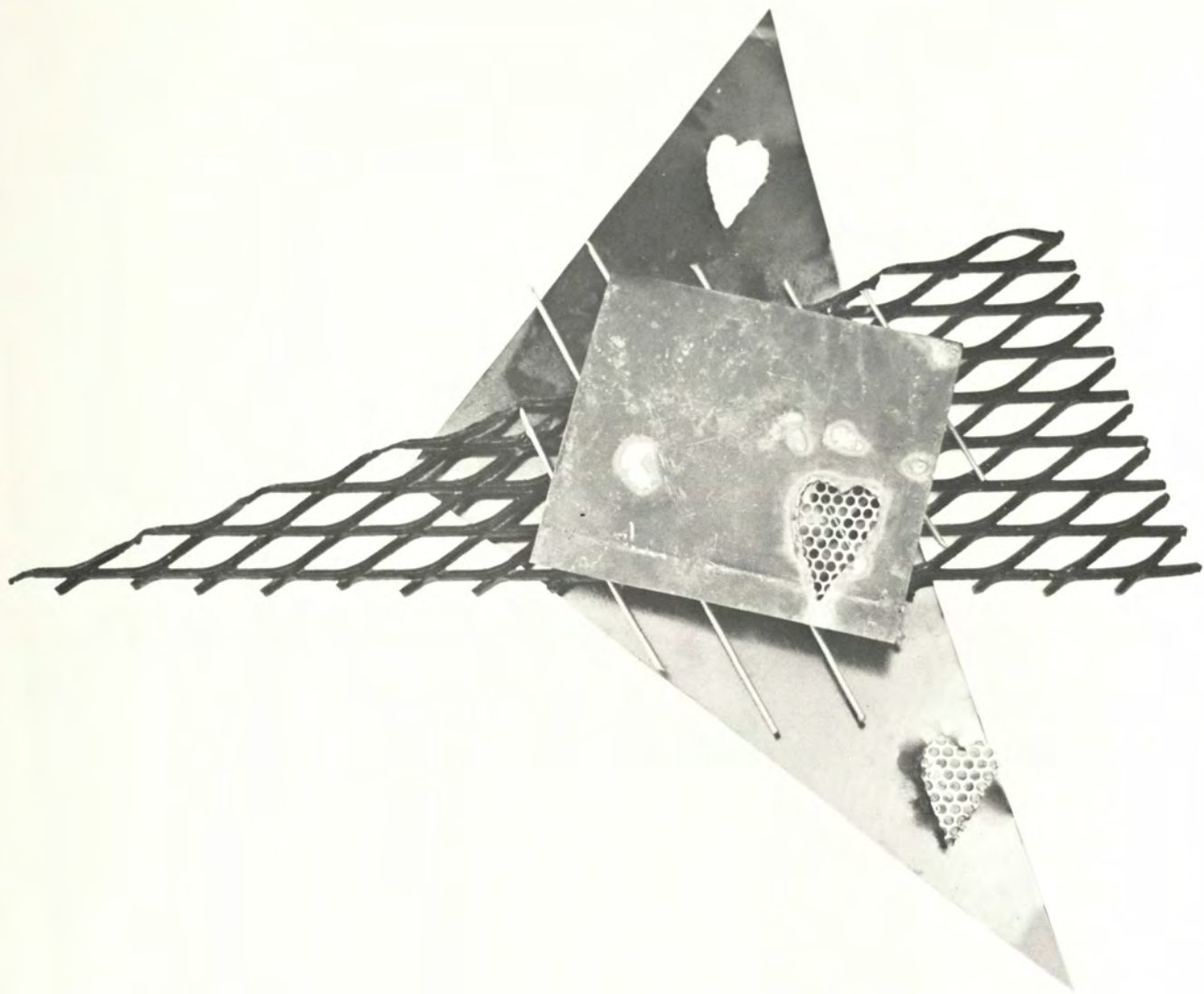




Jewelry / untitled / Susan Spitz

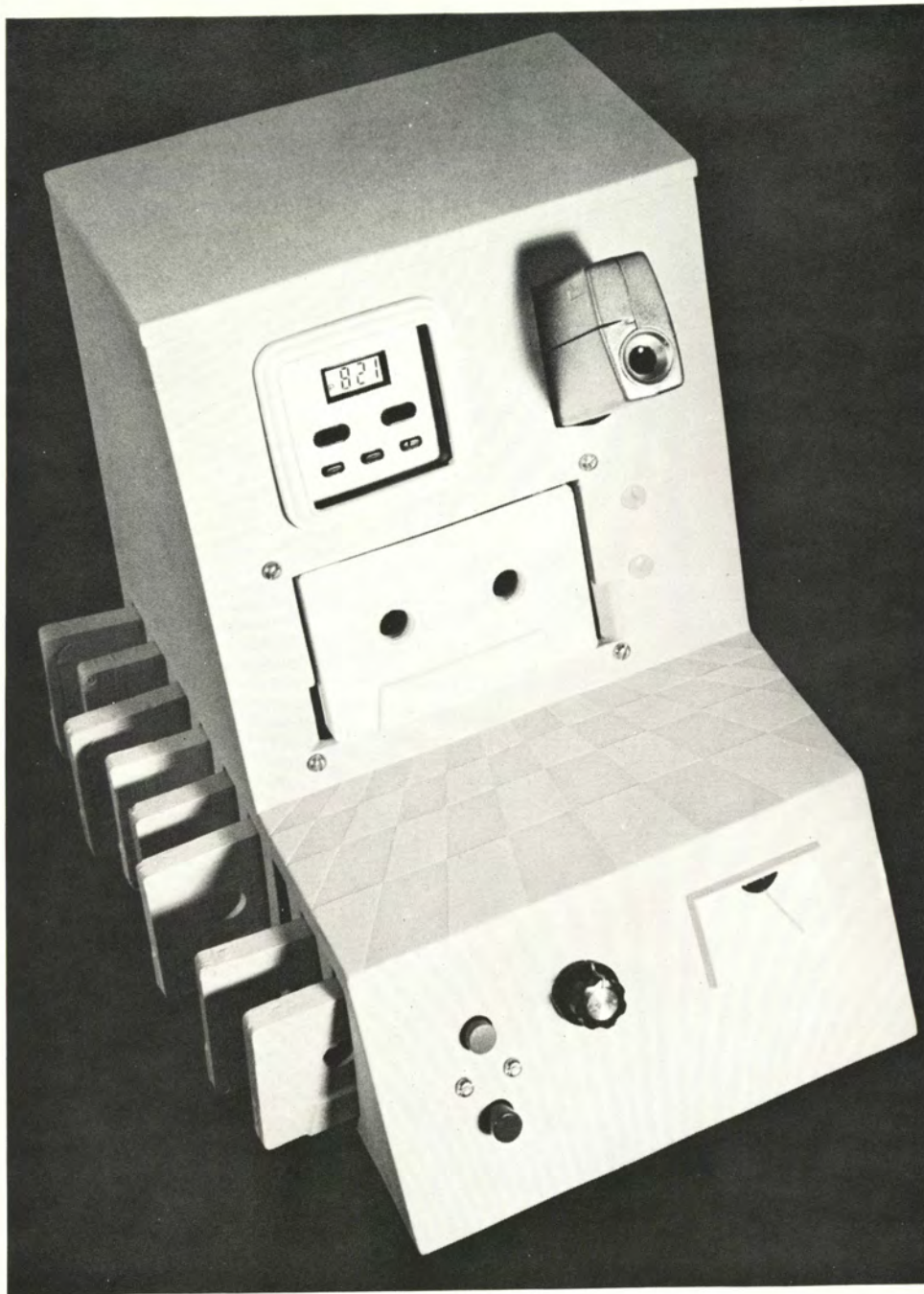






Sculpture / *An Ex-love Ensemble* / Tom Brickman





Ceramics / *The Time Saver* / Wayne Verity





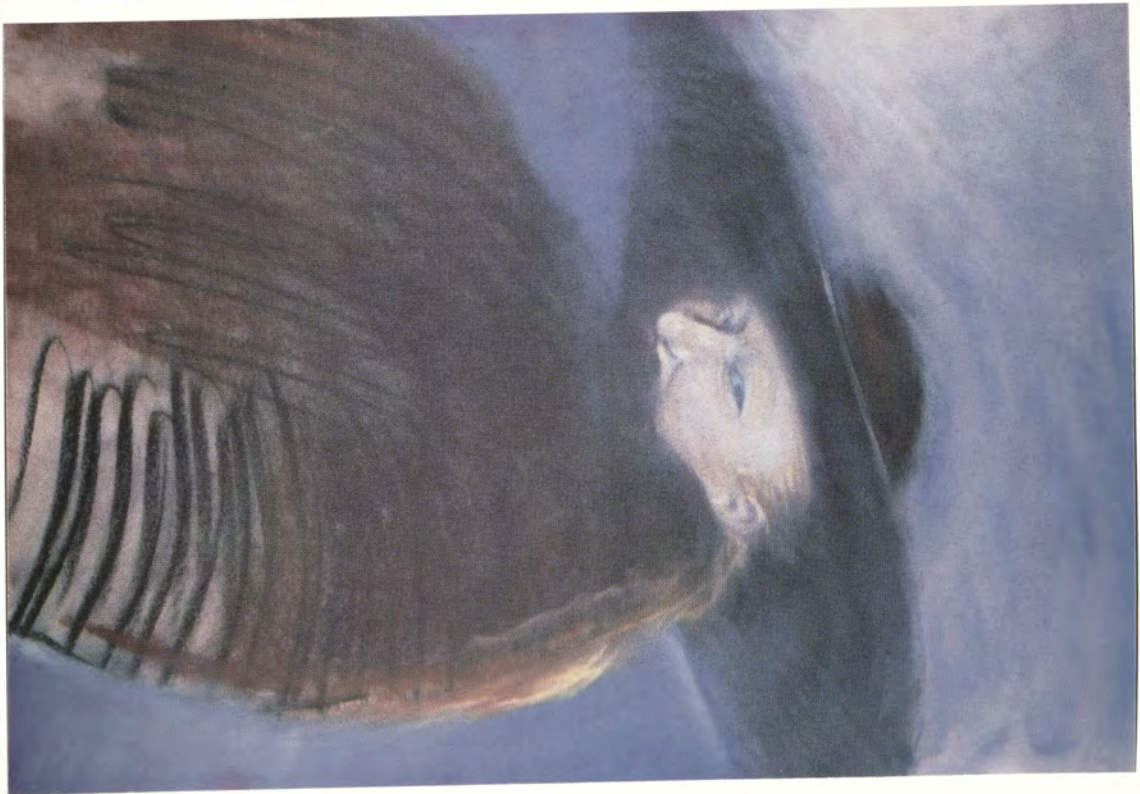
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Lithograph / *Meters* / Brian Goings  
Chrysalis Magazine / James Madison University

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Mixed Media / *Visions in the Night* / Wayne Verity  
Chrysalis Magazine / James Madison University





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Type C / *Two Dimensions* / Laurie Minor  
Chrysalis Magazine / James Madison University

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Pastels / *Louise* / Brian Goings  
Chrysalis Magazine / James Madison University



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Literature '85/'86

# Chrysalis Magazine

Editor-in-Chief:

Karen Evans

Literary Editors:

Denver S. Butson

Tad Fox

Acknowledgements:

Chris Bonney

Chris Coates

Theresa Kilcourse

Kari Nelson

for use of their literary sensibilities

Faculty Advisor:

Mark Facknitz



## Titles and/or First Lines

"My Virginia is brown roads"	Theresa Kilcourse
"Then came a time"	Chris Coates
"The wheat field sways thick"	Kari Nelson
<i>Storm</i>	Jill Shepherd
<i>For An Absinthe Friend</i>	Chris Bonney
<i>BEHIND KEEZELL HALL</i>	Linda A. Taylor
<i>"Porte Saint-Martin Sous la Neige"</i>	Theresa Kilcourse
<i>Seashell</i>	Rebecca Jorns
<i>Prayer: Ronchamp Chapel Arm</i>	Chris Bonney
"I know we're brothers, Imamu,"	Chris Coates
<i>Roadcomber's View</i>	Tad Fox
<i>Tornado</i>	Michael Keller
<i>Celebrate Asylum</i>	Denver S. Butson
"In this sliver of a shadow"	Diane Sullenberger

My Virginia is brown roads  
trenched with age,  
weed fences, curious cattle.  
We lean our bikes against the bank  
and climb the fence, to thud stones  
against their ribs.  
They hesitate till the puffs of dust  
clear, then lumber reluctant apart.

We laugh and ride away  
into a lone avenue of leaves,  
sudden sunless jade.  
A clump of trees stretches over the road,  
air bulged taut into its boughs.  
Our hearts tighten for a moment,  
senses stilled; the only sound  
is the hush of our wheels on the road.  
Then we shoot into the yellow dust again.

Theresa Kilcourse

Then came a time  
when it sounded like we  
were talking in a room of mattresses,  
and like circulatory flashfire  
muted by sleep,  
    all rage was hushed,  
and people we didn't even know  
gathered under the heavy sky,  
    and then  
like underblanket hotbreath conversation,  
we got restless  
    and frantically forgot  
about the time when the night squatted,  
and the snow was sticking.

Chris Coates

The wheat field sways thick;  
Clouds hang bloated with water,  
Blown up like fat balloons.  
I push thin stems aside,  
My shadow disappears  
with the sun behind grey clouds  
filled with hail.  
Thunder bursts, then echoes.  
I gaze at the empty farm house,  
A piece of rain hits my nose.  
I trample across the wheat  
and knock on my front door.  
Thunder rings, rain bends  
wheat to the ground,  
as the door opens.

Kari Nelson



## Storm

### 1

White willows screech  
like violin strings  
Violent wind  
creaks cricket-leg branches  
Crow's talons  
clutch at  
briny grass stems  
Grey-sky wind  
rattles throaty reeds  
High-fire cracklings  
Hollow wind-trees  
splinter lightning

### 2

Water-bounce on riverglass  
mirror curtains  
fold beneath hills  
New river sleeves  
spread wet music  
into spongy roots  
Moaning grass grasps  
for air  
Sunken tree  
struggles  
for green breath

### 3

Cloud shadow passes  
trailing wet blue stains  
Hot orange circle  
hangs  
over damp branches  
Dries its feathers  
in the breeze

For An Absinthe Friend

To know you and know  
the Style and  
Speed  
of one cat-skidding  
Claws first,  
across glassy wood floor.  
Spikey prickle of a tongue  
catching on,  
kissing, palate.  
the drip of each leather footstep,  
the bruised-orchid innocence  
of you childrens'-storied.  
Visionary  
motionary  
you chosen.

Dizzy-hot confusion-  
to crush and shield you-  
English sparrowed-  
or to  
run  
my  
tongue  
head to toe,  
mouth and thigh.  
These absinthe loves run together-  
Vogue and  
Where the Wild Things Are  
and Blue Girls  
the time and the tide for  
these chosen few  
to dance on tables  
and absinthe the lot.

Chris Bonney

## BEHIND KEEZELL HALL

Hands safe in canvas gloves, two gardeners come  
each November to cut the roses back.  
Rumpled in sweatshirt and flannel layers,  
one is a woman ponytailed and rednosed  
among the rosebeds stretched across the lawn.

Her canvas hand steadies a branch,  
clips slowly, eases the blades  
into the stalk to cut a perfect slant.  
One by one, each bush is clipped low-  
a pile of thorny branches grows  
beside the bed.

One bed done, the gardeners cut a trail  
through the second, full of roses  
flowering even this late. Gloves and clippers  
squeeze the summer's growth  
from the harder core,  
lowering rosebuds to stalks  
whose slanted tips jab moist and green  
into gray November air.  
The woman slows only to pick  
unwrapped buds from severed branches  
and stick them in her hair,  
her white breath dancing.

Linda A. Taylor

“Porte Saint-Martin Sous la Neige”

Motion,  
as day blues on the streets of Paris.  
Ladies clench up dark dresses  
in great velvet folds,  
their strolls quicken  
home.

Lamps are finger smudges of gold  
on a dusky sky,  
and I am sitting on the cold wet curb  
watching flickering cafes across the snow.  
Music and voices mingle into  
an uneven peopled profile.

Muffled hoof-fall on blotches of rose blue  
traced with mud from tram wheels,  
emotion,  
an orchestral discord  
tuning up-  
the light dims.

Theresa Kilcourse



## Seashell

Sitting on the beach, grinding sand between my toes, turning the page of a steamy romance, I hear the ocean at my right, the waves stirring, crashing, boys and girls giggling. To my left, I hear the vendor catcalling catchy lines to the half-dressed, half-naive seventeen-year old girls. Overhead comes a noise that rips, roars, stretches across the sky and zooms at the speed of a dream or faster. I look up from my book and squint toward the sun but see no jet. The roar of the engine gives it away and doesn't give it away. It has probably landed safely at base, somewhere beyond the gray horizon of condos and telephone lines. It is not in the sky but still the ripping noise stings my ears and makes them tingle. For a second, there is nothing. Then, the cry of a seagull, the whistle of the lifeguard, the anachronistic sound of my husband, calling me. I look over at him, his shiny red nose against the blueness of the sky -- he's almost patriotic, he's almost looking absurd to me. My ears ring and I do not make sense of his moving white-zinc'd lips. He is the clown, pointing to his wrist, looking at me, silly pantomime; we live like this. If he would pick me up and put me to his ear, could he hear the sounds inside my head, could he understand the roar, the sting, the cry? No. It's 1:15, I say. He wipes his sun-creased forehead and staggers from the chair. I'm going for a dip, he says, and my husband walks down to the waves. He hikes up his trunks around his innertube waist and gets smaller only in my mind. His legs disappear beneath the green froth, his hands cup water and throw it on his back. He keeps walking, wading out to the bigger waves, my husband walks out to sea. I close my eyes. Just sounds again. Sounds that make my head spin, sounds that drown my husband, sounds that drown out everything.

Inside, my body tremors when remembering the noise of a jet scraping through the clouds, of how everything seemed to stop to allow that sound to pass. The waves stopped rolling, the vendor stopped flirting, the lifeguard stopped looking out to sea, my husband stopped talking. And oh, it was wonderful not to hear anything for a minute but a single, hot engine. An engine so hot that it make my husband's voice bubble like the salty head on the edge of a wave. How I wish it could've made that voice burst open and and shatter like pieces of debris far out in the ocean, beyond the periphery of the lifeguard, beyond the boundaries of my own concern. Still, a speck of debris would find its way back to this shore and find me sitting in this chair, no longer lined up with the sun, no longer caring about an even tan. That speck would drift into my ears and plug them up, trapping the sound of a jet within me. Over and over I would hear nothing but the echo of an engine that I only heard one time, and would it be the same -- would it pacify? I would be a seashell, producing only one noise and hearing no other noise. Someone might look at me, listen to me, pick me up, but I would eventually be forgotten and then I would want that noise within to shatter this shell of mine, to shatter me like it did my husband's voice. I would want to die, but not be able to.



I faintly hear my husband beckoning to me. I open my eyes and see him waist-deep in murky water. He is doing it again, pointing to his wrist, looking at me. What fools. It's 1:30, I call to him. He cups his hand to his ear and scrunches up his brow. It's 1:30, I say again. He begins to walk towards me, his body rising from the sea. 1:30! I shout. Anything to keep him from coming closer. He stops, the water swooshing around his feet. 1:30? he asks. Yes, I sigh and sink into the chair. And as if by magic, my husband retreats from me. I open my novel and dig my toes in the sand and wait for another jet to come and join my memory of a shrieking engine. I look at the sand beneath my nails, frown at how wrinkled my hands have gotten. And I wait. I study the lifeguard with the sun-bleached hair, wonder how old he is, wonder if he really loves the freckled who's talking to him. She shades her eyes when she looks up at him. Their mouths smile and promise all sorts of things. He hands her his whistle, she wraps it around her fingers. They laugh. And I wait. I glance down at my magenta toenails poking out from the sand and shake my head -- why did I paint them magenta, why did I paint them at all. Still waiting and no jet. The pilot's probably enjoying a late lunch, or taking a half day off to spend the afternoon with his wife or girlfriend or little boy from an earlier marriage.

My husband and I promised each other forever when we married because then forever was a dream, something to look forward to, and now forever is the anchor holding me here, pinning me to this chair, securing me to that man, it is no dream, it's just infinity. My husband and I, we are not smooth crests on the ocean, we are not steady like the tide, yet we rise and fall, though more erratically, more defensively, at first not giving in and then not giving at all. Here on this beach, I am his sundial, telling him the time; and he is my reminder that time is my nemesis, my foe. How sad that time has turned against me, has dragged me in its undertow, that I have reached the point of no return. I could run from my husband, but still he would find me, like a drifting speck of debris he would find me, and trap me in the memory of a glorious roar until it became an empty, hollow sound. I would have to live that hell, and all for running. Still, my husband has been good to me. I have a ring that shimmers like shards of glass in the sand, it blinds me it is so bright. And I have been good to him, telling him the time; I am the hands on this watch of forever, I even rotate with the sun. Sometimes I wake up with my husband sleeping in my arms, and I let him lie there, remembering the first time I held him, how desperate we were. And so he lies in my arms sometimes and looks embarrassed when he opens his eyes. He moves to his side of the bed but can never get back to sleep, he fidgets so. I fidget when I hear a jet slice through the sky because, like my husband, I too want forever to be different from this. I'd be happy with one single different afternoon. Instead, I dream of pilots, of lifeguards, of men who intrigue me, but when I open my eyes it is still the face of my husband I see, out beyond the breakers with the razor-backed sharks, the spineless octopi, the likes of him and me.

My head has stopped spinning. The sound has crashed, or landed safely, somewhere. My husband's voice breaks through. Almost 2:00, I call back. He wades through the waves and walks a little tipsy when he reaches the sand, adjusting his feet to solid ground again. He stands at my feet, eclipsing the sun, his shadow falling over me. He pinches his eyes shut and dabs the corners with a towel. Salt stings, he explains. His neck is beginning to peel. He is going to slough all over the sheets tonight and kick around the flakes of skin when he swooshes his foot back and forth.

Ready to go? he says. Go? I ask. The game, he says. Of course. I close my romance novel and put it in the canvas bag with the towels and bottle of sunscreen. My husband carries the chairs, and we trudge through the miniature dunes of hot sand to the gritty sidewalk that will lead us to a frigid, air-conditioned apartment on the twelfth floor of a posh hotel some friend of his recommended. We will wipe our feet on the soft shag rug and, before I set down the bag, he will have turned on the television set, adjusted the volume, and then will begin to pick at his sunburned neck, letting the flakes of skin fall to the carpet. But maybe tonight I'll ask him how badly his neck is itching and maybe he'll let me rub some cool Noxema along his throat, along his shoulders. Maybe I should do that for him. Maybe I will.

Rebecca Jorns

Prayer: Ronchamp Chapel Arm

Concerning the artist, Chris Berman, who  
shot himself in the arm. For Art.

Arc and bars go with us, Lord.  
Sinews and skin  
in flaps  
And bone.  
Sculpture in corned beef.  
Tomato aspic portico,  
radius and ulna  
frame and bar mortar's ebb.  
Hear our prayer,  
Lord.

Be our grin in smokey bars,  
Our chortle at funerals,  
At wakes, our column of tears,  
Oh Lord.  
Between watch and elbow  
the sacrilege to every sacred thing.  
In every  
body's temple  
the stain.  
On every breast  
the asp  
and  
Cathedral.  
Amen.

Chris Bonney



I wish some wierd looking animal  
would come along.-- Leroi Jones

I know we're brothers, Imamu,  
even though you want me up  
against the wall,

Motherfucker.

I, too, am sick of the made-up,  
prancing ass, limp dick, dark-suited  
cocktail fucks.

You know, I  
wouldn't mind being chained to a  
Harley-Davidson and dragged  
through the streets of Queens.

My skin don't mean much,  
you Know?

Chris Coates

### Roadcomber's View

Queen Anne's Lace froths at roadside,  
recedes in sapling undertow  
into the forest sea,  
the summertime body of leaves.  
Shore-dumb green waves swell and crash;  
the strongest licks of sky  
bare rain-wet trunks like the masts  
of shipwrecks.  
From the dark understory a waxwing shoots  
like a fish through the surf  
towards a vapor of gnats.  
The sun bakes a trashy wrack,  
bottles, tires, spark plugs, and cans.  
Crows tear at crusts shelled from a greasy box.

Tad Fox

## Tornado

(April 7, 1974-Meadow Bridge, WVA)

Roots ripped from rich black soil  
hang above heads,  
dirt-choked tentacles of  
black walnut and gnarled apple  
quiver in rain.

A black cow with a plank trough its  
gut leans in the ruins of the barn.

Seed potatoes in cracked cellars sprout in dank crates,  
their centers full of glass.

Women pick through the wind-slung rubble of  
tattered houses, like ants snipping  
meat from scattered bones.

Men stack lumber, spit,  
speak of the sky's sudden copper and  
the cricket-still silence before the  
shotgun blast of wind and rain against windows,  
the roar of a freight-train tearing past houses  
sucking them under its wheels.

Micheal Keller

## Celebrate Asylum

- 1 walking down my street  
I wonder where I'll shit today  
without any girls knowing
- 2 on a thin black wire  
an insane bird  
laughs wildly  
at my rising hairline
- 3 I step on every  
sidewalk crack  
to break the backs  
of all motherfuckers  
I know
- 4) I sit  
under a tree  
and chuckle  
as oblivious leaves  
jump on my bandwagon

Denver S. Butson



In this sliver of a shadow  
we fall from heights of angels  
where skyline eclipses  
miles of night fields. No noise  
but the hum of our falling,  
we knock stasis from the skies.

Diane Sullenberger



