

1992

Southwinds - Spring 1992

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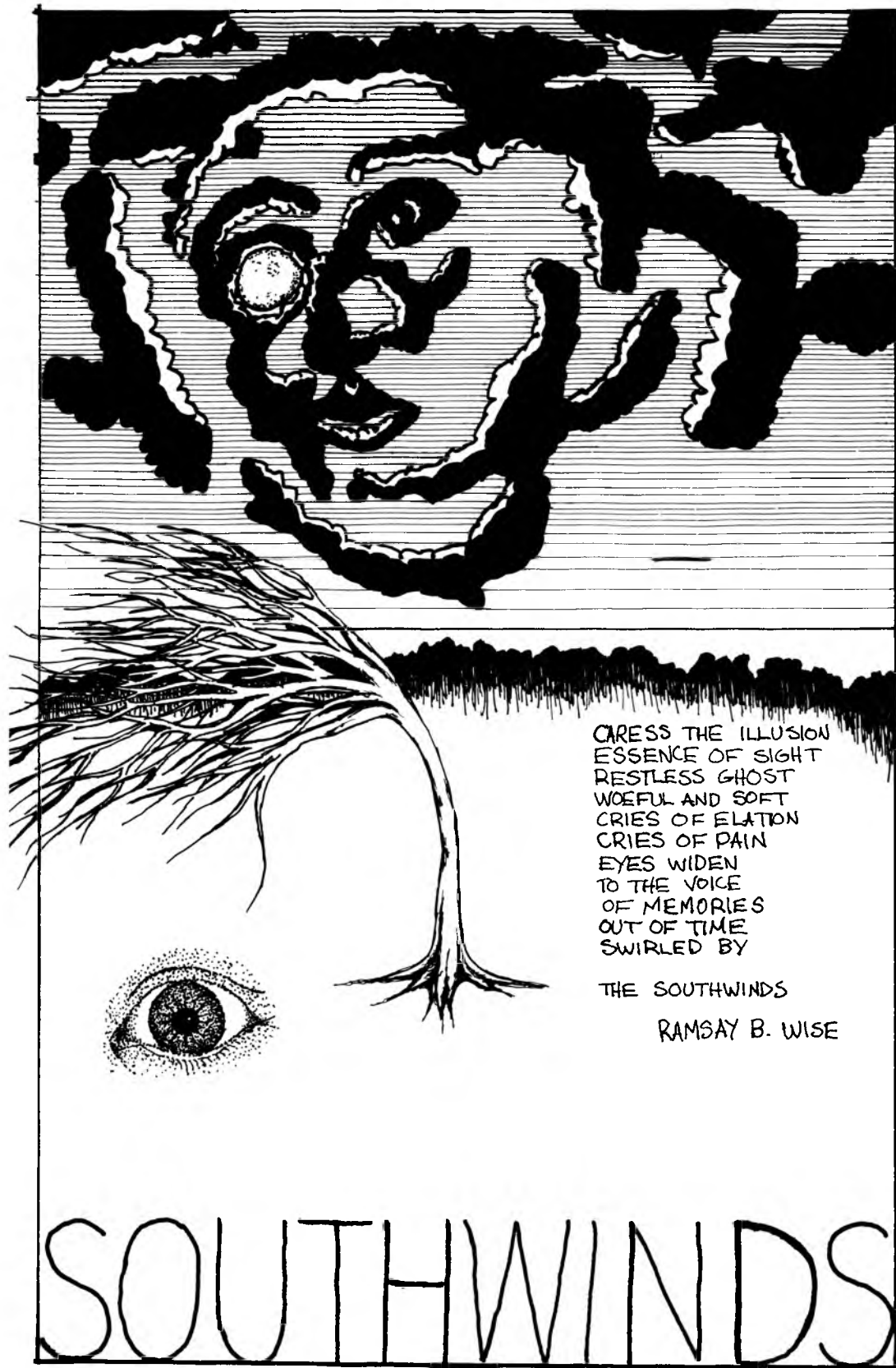
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CARESS THE ILLUSION
ESSENCE OF SIGHT
RESTLESS GHOST
WOEFUL AND SOFT
CRIES OF ELATION
CRIES OF PAIN
EYES WIDEN
TO THE VOICE
OF MEMORIES
OUT OF TIME
SWIRLED BY

THE SOUTHWINDS

RAMSAY B. WISE

SOUTHWINDS

Southwinds

Volume XX
1992

Southwinds Literary Magazine is produced by the Southwinds
Club of Rolla, Missouri.
Southwinds is produced entirely
by and for the students of
the University of Missouri -- Rolla.

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In Recognition:

The Southwinds Club thanks all members of the UMR community who submitted works for this year's Southwinds Magazine. This year, like none before it, saw many changes in the world around us and some of these saw their way into the works we present here. Art, as it is often cited, is the reflection of the world in which it is created. Presented here are reflections of hope and fear, love and hatred -- views of a world at a crossroads.

We would also like to thank our faculty advisor, Gene Doty, for helping us build a firm foundation for our group and for this, the final product of a year of hard work and dedication. We would have been lost in a mire of submissions without any concept of how to get through it all if it hadn't been for his direction.

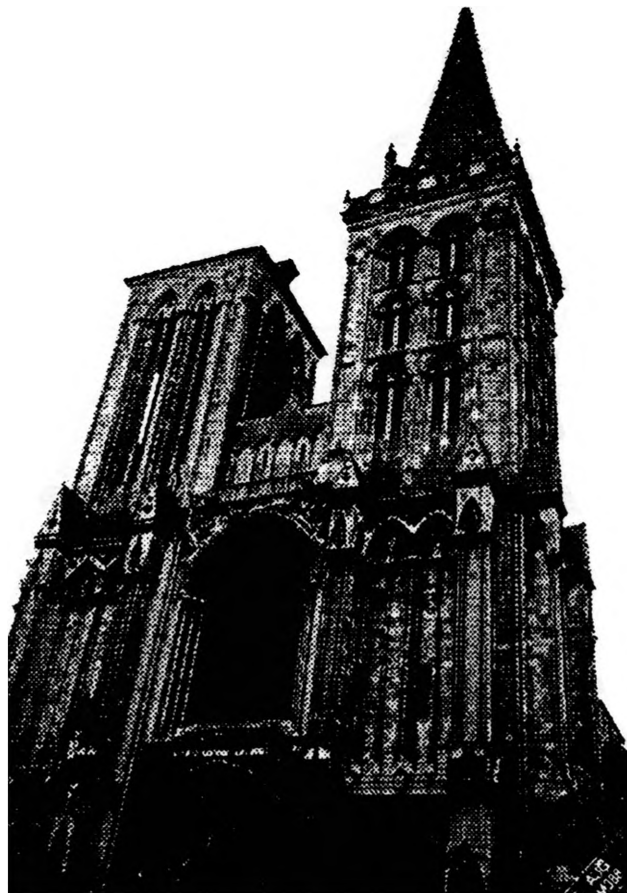
Thanks also to Daphne Norton, who transcribed all of the text you'll see in this magazine, and Matthew Zion, the layout artist who fought through crowds of Macintosh users and seas of lost disks in order to bring you this final product.

And let's not forget the officers of Southwinds 1992, whose dedication is continually appreciated: Jane Ritterbusch, President; Matthew Zion, Vice President; Ramsay B. Wise, Secretary; Melanie Wainwright, Treasurer; and Beth Simmons, Public Relations Officer.

Without further ado, on with our show!

-- Southwinds Club 1992

Oh, by the way, I thought that, since I'm doing the layout work, I'd slip in a short little note proclaiming in small print the debt I owe to Ms. Maryfrances Wagner and Mrs. Davidson of Raytown High School for getting me to take a year of journalism during my senior year. If it wasn't for the two of them, I'd never have been able to do all of the work you'll see during the rest of this magazine. I guess it's exemplary of the fact that all you have to do is force a kid to learn a software package and then attempt to teach his teachers how to use it so that he can go off to college and do layout for a collegiate literary magazine! Well, here's to you -- you have my invitation to buy as many copies of this magazine as you want so that you can display this little footnote in your classes. =>
- MDZ Class of '90 RHS



"the marriage of true minds...."

William Shakespeare

When Shakespeare spoke of the nature of love, he separated true love from infatuation and created a veritable "Occam's Razor" of man's deepest emotion. Do we find true love in the way a beautiful woman seems to take a man's eye for her own, or rather a shaded semblance of the real thing? Does a man's touch turn a woman's heart? Can love make an "ever-fixed mark" upon a soul?

Untitled work
by Jon Steltenpohl

It looked like you
 The face I saw in my dreams
 It was beauty incarnate
You radiate
 Your body cannot contain the beauty of your soul
 Your soul makes mine glow
It can only be love.

Amber by James Barnes

I want to make the girl with the amber hair
 Stop and stare,
 Eyes of blue burn holes in my head,
 Set me on fire and turn me on.
I want to make the girl with the amber hair,
 But do I dare,
Her body seems to beckon me, call me to it,
I think about the girl with the amber hair.
Her face is etched into my mind's eye like
 A blackened rose.
The way she smiles when she looks around
 The way she talks without a sound,
I want to make the girl with the amber hair
 All mine.

Untitled work by Jon Steltenpohl

You spend your life looking for the girl who fell in love with the clown. That girl, the one who didn't care for the show of the lion tamer or the strength and agility of the trapeze artist. No, you look for the girl who loved the clown. He could make her laugh whether his painted-on face was a smile or a frown. She knew that behind the paint was a man. No more. No less. She knew that when the clown went home, he didn't need his painted face. He could be himself. She loved that. A clown like me looks for that girl. Whether I have a happy face or a sad face, she knows that when the show's over, and she finally sees me face to face, that the man she sees is all of me. Love is like that. Loving a person for what's under the makeup.

Just As by Jane Ritterbusch

Sunlight warms my body —
Just as his kisses warmed my body.

Children's laughter lifts my spirits —
Just as his laughter lifted my spirits.

A friend's smile touches my soul —
Just as his smile touched my soul.

A kitten's quizzical meow makes me wonder —
Just as his questions made me wonder.

A stranger's beautiful face breaks my heart —
Just as his broke my heart.

Only In Dreams by Beth Simmons

If dreams could come true
I'd be there with you
Holding you close in my arms.
I would hug you and kiss you, never to miss you,
Keeping you near to my heart.
The love that I hold inside of me is as deep as the bluest sea.
It thrives and it grows like a wild rose,
Never to die, but to last for an eternity.
But dreams are just visions of what can never be;
A shadow made of glass, just a menagerie, so I will be content with
Thinking of the times that I have spent holding you close in my mind.
If I would go to sleep, never to return, my body would burn like
Fire, forever fueled by the love that I dreamed would come true.

Beth Simmons

Untitled work by Jon Steltenpohl

I had a dream.
She said I was
Kinda cute.
I wish I
Lived my dreams.

.....

FORTRAN SONNET by Daphne Norton

IMPLICIT in this relationship are **NONE**
Of the things one would **NORMally EXpect**.

Our love hardly seems **REAL** — it's too **COMPLEX** for that,
And certainly not **LOGICAL**.

IF love were a sensible thing, of course, **THEN**
 We wouldn't have these problems, or
ELSE we could resolve them more easily.
(**ANDIF** that happened, we'd probably tire of each other...)

DO I see what is happening? Do you?
 It's becoming rather difficult to
CONTINUE.

IF, however, you think we can do it, I'd like to try.
Please tell me that our love will never ever
END

.....

Lincoln Logs: Two Works

The following two works, apparently composed by the authors with no foreknowledge of the other, fit so well together and are so relevant to each other that they deserved no less than to be set aside in a section of their own. Each deals with a different view of one of America's most famous and most influential presidents -- one view from the position of a Union soldier at the Battle of Gettysburg, the other from the viewpoint of an omnipotent witness to the assassination of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth. Each reveals a side of the Revolutionary War rarely seen in the textbook, but here eloquently detailed for the mind's eye.

July 1, 1863 by Robert Hobart

We marched into Gettysburg
in the heat of a summer morning
with the 6th Wisconsin's terrible band in front
trying to play something recognizable

was it "The Girl I Left Behind Me"?

We are the Iron Brigade
the First Brigade
of the First Division
of the First Army Corps
of the Army of the Potomac
if the whole army were ever lined up
we would stand on the extreme right
which we consider cause for pride

We walk with a swing in our step
and wear our black hats jauntily slouched
for we are the best
Beloved McClellan named us, when we rolled up South Mountain
he stood upon his black horse
and cried
"Those men must be made of iron!"

That was after we had already lost a third
at Bull Run
when the 2nd Wisconsin took 55 percent casualties
none of them captured

The crackle of musketry reaches us
floating down from the ridges west of the sleepy town
and General Reynolds
handsome and brave
rides back to speak with 1st Division's Doubleday
Abner swings us up into the woods

stands upright on his horse and tells us
"This position is the key to the whole line
and it must be held to the last extremity!"

We shout back at him
"If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?"

The 2nd Wisconsin goes into line
and beside it the 7th
 whose Sergeant Daniel McDermott has carried the flag
 in every engagement
and the 19th Indiana works around the flank
along with the 24th Michigan
 who were falsely rumored bounty men
 with county judge Morrow for Colonel
 and county sherrif Flannigan for Lt Colonel
 and ceremonial swords for every officer
and they take the Rebels in the flank

while the 6th Wisconsin goes north of the railroad cut
to support Lysander Cutler's Second Brigade

Brigadier Meridith rides along our line
 he's an Influential Citizen
 not a soldier
 he got his commision from old Joe Hooker
but it doesn't matter who commands us
we know our work

The rebs cry to each other
"Here are them damned black-hat fellers agin!"
while we break in their lines
 Private Patrick Maloney of the 2nd Wisconsin captures
 Confederate General Archer by hauling him off his horse
and Colonel Fairchild sends two hundred prisoners to the rear

The 6th Wisconsin charges a railroad cut
with two New York regiments alongside
and the color-bearer ahead

Colonel Dawes shouting
"Align on the colors! Close up on that color!"
and they cut apart the Rebels in the ditch
hundreds surrender
Dawes collects six officer's swords
and Cutler's 147th New York is rescued
after losing two-thirds of its men

But there are many more Rebels here than us
and General Reynolds
handsome and brave
takes a sniper's bullet in the brain
Doubleday takes command
leaving Wadsworth over us
And the Rebs come on again
and again
and again

We are attacked on three sides
and fall back to a last barricade at a seminary
Brigadier Meridith's horse is shot and falls on him
Colonel Fairchild takes a bullet in the arm
and Private Patrick Maloney is killed

The hot sun beats down; it is past noon
and here in the middle is the 24th Michigan
who were falsely rumored bounty men
with county judge Morrow for Colonel
and county sheriff Flannigan for Lt Colonel
and ceremonial swords for every officer
holding the line in the smoking woods
three times Morrow reports the position untenable
three times Wadsworth tells him to hold on anyway
the color-bearer is killed
Morrow takes the flag
then two others take it and die in turn
and Morrow takes it again and a bullet creases his skull
and the Rebels charge straight into the breastworks

The 7th Wisconsin puts in a smashing volley at point-blank
and beside us Battery B of the 4th Regulars
with Lt James Stewart facing the enemy
because his horse once had its tail cut by shrapnel
hits the Rebs in the flank
and for the moment we hold

But this is the last extremity
and we cannot hold much longer
we are facing a whole Confederate division

The Minie balls whicker through the leaves
the dead fall in their silent rows
and the wounded scream and groan
as their limbs are smashed and their guts torn
and the grass turns slippery with blood

The rest of the Union line is gone
broken and fleeing
Cutler's men have departed
leaving 1000 dead and wounded behind
only we remain
crouched around the seminary
with the enemy closing in on us

At last we too must leave
running the gauntlet as the Rebels try to trap us
the 7th Wisconsin loses more men on this retreat
than in the rest of the day

A few of us
make it to the hill on the far side of town
the 7th's Sergeant McDermott is wounded, his flagstaff broken
and he rides a caisson up the hill
waving the foreshortened flag
and the sun sets on a day of slaughter

There were two more days of fighting
but they did not concern us
save for one evening skirmish

and on the 5th of July we slogged out of town in the rain
and that is all there is to say, except:

We went in with 1800, and came out with 600

The 2nd Wisconsin came out of the woods with 69 men
it lost a greater percentage through the war
than any other regiment

But the worst of that day fell on the 24th Michigan
who were falsely rumored bounty men
and had county judge Morrow for Colonel
and county sheriff Flannigan for Lt Colonel
and ceremonial swords for every officer
they lost 399 of 496 men

Eighty percent

And what was it all for?

Why did we have to die in that hot smokey wood?

The civilians built a pretty military cemetery
and Mr. Everett spoke at length

of Pericles and Athens

and of other matters of which we knew and cared nothing

And nothing was any different than it had been before

Until the tall man with the black stovepipe hat

stood alone in the autumn breeze

and spoke the words

few and simple

from two small sheets of paper

We heard

and were content

Booth by Steve Reis

Buck'ling knees ascending wooden
Stairs for such a timely meeting
Killer, leader intertwined, a
Bullet fired their only greeting.

Stealing silent in the shadows
Fumbling with the pistol's trigger
Views his quarry through the booth-hole
"Medd'ling fool that freed the nigger."

Words immortal and unusual
"Sockdol'gizing old man trap" are
Thrust away; a fatal gunblast
Just behind that precious left ear.

Thunder drove his thoughts into the
Past to visions filled with blood;
The Rebel flag both cov'ring friends and
Brothers fallen — fearlessly dead.

Rugged hands — they seize his wrist and
Jolt his thoughts out from the former
Back into the now. He thrusts the
Knife at hands that hold him prisoner.

Vaulting from the booth in terror
Soaring high above the silent
Crowd who wonders anxiously just
Seeing it as entertainment.

Flying vulture and assassin
Grasping for a hold — the Union
Flag tears from the booth, the vulture
Landing hard — a bone is broken.

To the wall of Mary, Booth shouts
"Sic semper tyrannis" meaning
"Shall it ever be so to tyrants"
Also, those assassinating.

Fleeing from the shattered room he
Leaves behind a martyr fallen
One shot heard around the world now
Ushers in a brave new Union.

Loss and Living

In living, we often find that what shapes us the most is not only what we have and cherish, but what we have lost. In reflecting on the losses of our lives, we may find ourselves brave or bitter, learning to live or wanting to let go. The following poems exemplify the spirit of this on many different planes. Each, though, gives us a window into the sadness and allows us to share in it so that, in the end, we are not alone in our loss.

Duty by **Melanie Kay Wainwright**

"Must you go?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I must
fulfill the task which
I swore to do."

The taxi driver yelled.

"Will I see you again?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "In your thoughts
daily and in your dreams each
night."

"Will you return to me?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "In spirit
until I can return
physically."

"War is madness!" she cried.

"Yes," he said. "But we must
try to do that which
is right."

They said good-bye.

She cried. He waved,
entered the taxi, and
sent a prayer to the sky.

Every day and every night,
for one month, she could
only see him in her dreams
and mind's eye.

The letter then came.

"Killed in Action," it said.
She wept. This war was to blame
for taking him away.

When they're gone

by Jane Ritterbusch

We never listen when they're here.
But we hear them when they're gone.

Never enough time to visit them —
But we miss them when they're gone.

Never told them how much we care —
Didn't realize how much we cared
until they're gone.

Too Late....

by Melanie Kay Wainwright

"I love you more than life itself."
She said to him as they were
sitting by the fire.
He gently laughed, but said nothing.

"I couldn't go on if it weren't for you."
She said to him as they were
lying by the lake.
He softly chuckled, but said nothing.

"I can't imagine life without you."
She said to him as they were
walking on the beach.
He deeply sighed, but said nothing.

All these thoughts ran through
his mind as he was standing
by her coffin.

He wept, and thought,
but said nothing.

At a glance....
by Ramsay Wise

At a glance all the
clouds perform a dance
and sing away what troubles

In the trees the leaves
flicker at the moon and
mutter hopes — dreams

At the hill above
a lonely soul waits
for what will never be

Evermore
my lost love my only
and I wash away

Twilight in the Wilderness

by Jay Meyers

The warming sun slips away
as to gracefully complete another day,

and all the while the clouds drift by,
brightly colored a fluorescent dye.

The air is silent, calm are the hills
the entire land is peaceful and still,

But even then the clouds flow by,
slowly driven by a breeze up high.

I never say a scene so wide,
Everything open — nothing to hide.

My mind drifts away
like the clouds scoot by
Slowly, calmly, up into the sky.

Looking In

By Melanie Kay Wainwright

I saw him standing
outside my window,
quietly standing there
looking in.

At first I was scared
but soon realized
he was simply,
looking in.

I went to the door
and asked if I could help,
for I saw him
looking in.

He said with a tear,
not with a grin,
he was homeless and was just
looking in.

I asked him to come in
and stay for a bit.
He said no; he was satisfied
looking in.

He thanked me and left.
I never saw him again,
outside my window,
looking in.

CONTROL

a short story by Michael Higgins

BOOM!

Pieces of brown glass fragmented, tinkling off the concrete trestle. Another Michelob Light gone to Heaven.

BOOM!

The kick from the long rifle rocked the blond youth's slight frame. He was 200 yards from the bridge where the bottles were stacked, lying across the hood of a black Mustang. He was surrounded by Michelob empties — and darkness. The sleek blue barrel of the 30-30 wavered between shots, but when it became time to fire, the aim steadied with tight control.

BOOM!

A large chunk of bottle spun crazily through the air; streetlights above striking sparks of light from the bits of glass clinging to the red and silver label. The deep shadow around the illuminated circle abruptly swallowed it, and only echoes remained, reflecting off of the high ridges on either side of the narrow river bottom.

Click.

The young man slid backwards off of the fender and stood unsteadily next to the thick rubber tire as the empty ammo clip fell soundlessly onto the well-kept city park grass at his feet. He weaved there for a moment, uncertain. Two stumbling steps brought him up hard against the driver's side door and slammed the stock of the rifle into the door mirror. It shattered. He looked down over the door frame at the ruined object and shook his head.

I must need another beer... his lips mumbled as he slid around the open door and sat heavily into the worn leather seat. A dim glow from the equalizer revealed a passenger seat strewn with bullets, the apparent contents of one of the eight cartridge boxes stacked neatly against the seat back. The floorboard was littered with the remains of three Michelob 12-packs, and rummaging

through the tattered cardboard produced a lone, capped brown bottle. He leaned back against the headrest and stared blearily out through the immaculate windshield. The beer rested loosely in his hand, unopened.

How did it ever get so bad? Alcohol and fatigue combined to make thoughts move lazily about in the theatre of his mind like bits of glass with photographs on them. They floated around slowly, each one spinning and glittering in the pale light. A picture sprang into motion as his glance crossed it, and the fragment and its photo began to move towards him. It was a fair-haired woman, leggy and attractive, and she smiled as she gestured for him to come closer.

Come on Dave, give us a kiss. she said quietly, and a mischievous glint flickered across her widely set eyes. She was so soft and inviting, and he loved her. He stepped forward. As the glass swept towards him it turned, revealing its outer side. Here stood the same woman, looking tired and disheveled in a wrinkled nightgown. She stood partially concealed by a half open door and her tear-streaked face held a strained expression.

I'm not ready for this! You want too much from me. I... I can't handle that kind of commitment with you! Please leave me alone... just leave me alone! The door slammed shut. As the scene spun ever closer, David raised the rifle and fired.

BOOM!

The glass and its memory shattered into a thousand sparkling shards that rained down on him, slashing deeply into his unprotected body as he writhed in silent agony.

A shadowy arc came into focus. It was the silhouette of the steering wheel, back-lighted by the soft green glow of the radio dial. He shook his head again and opened the beer. The warm liquid slid bitterly down his throat, but he kept pouring until there was no more. He was in control. The bottle felt cool and solid in his hand; he could almost read the raised glass letters with his touch. He was in **control**. She couldn't take that from him. His fingers turned the empty bottle slowly in the eerie light as his stony brown eyes studied the reflections.

BOOM!

The windshield shattered as he rammed the bottle into it, his arm shaking from the force of the blow. The bottle remained whole.

BOOM!

BOOM!

Over and over it struck, starting new cracks that blended together into a tangled spiderweb of broken lines.

BOOM!

Against the dash.

BOOM!

Against the radio. The dial went blank as the bottle flew from his grip, whistling as it spun between the seats and into the blackened depths of the hatchback. Somewhere in that darkness it landed with an audible but soft thud, still intact. Dave felt the blood begin to ooze from the crushed places on his right hand and the sting where his class ring had gouged into the ring finger.

A look of wild terror flashed across his features, instantly replaced by a hard, dead calm. His left hand grasped the still warm rifle that was leaning into the door while his right hand flicked the lever to move the seat back.

Ch-clack.

A round slid smoothly into the chamber. He spun the weapon around and slid the butt through the spokes of the wheel, where it lodged firmly. As he leaned forward, he placed his lips gently around the mouth of the barrel. It tasted warm and metallic, with a sharp sulfurous flavor, as he inhaled. His right hand reached out and adjusted the rearview mirror to where he could see his face. The reflection tilted its head slightly. The gun must be at a precise 45 degree angle to be certain of the path! Once more his eyes studied the reflection. As his left hand moved softly, carefully towards the trigger, the reflection seemed to smile grimly from around the dark barrel. **He was in control.**

BOOM!

Restless Summer

by Ramsay Wise

Restless summer
Soft and sensual
My only friend

Painted across the moon
All the freedom and wonder
All the resemblances of a dream

Desperate summer
Of loss and despair
My only friend

Scattered across the clouds
All the freedom and wonder
All the resemblances of a dream

Untitled work by Omar

Life's impenetrable questions
haunt us thru existence

There's no one to listen
to the thought of being

Dreams, love, death
Junction of minds & worlds

Shadows of black and gray
as the storm rages
on the hemispheres of my brain

The lights meet with a dull clash
and blackness
of the
mind

He Whispers....

by Jane Ritterbusch

He whispers...

Eyes caught across the room.
Paths cross unaccidentally,
He whispers, "I'd like to get to know you."

Candlelight dinner, quiet music,
Blush wine, and
He whispers, "I really like you."

Movies, dinners, dancing,
Walks in the park.
He whispers, "I'm falling in love with you."

Hands caressing, hearts pounding
Bodies entwined —
He whispers, "I love you."

Roses and a ring,
Kneeling
He whispers, "I'd like you to be my wife."

Nervous waiting, phone rings
A voice — not his
Whispers, "There's been an accident."

Sirens, ambulances, nurses.
The doctor —
He whispers, "I'm sorry, we couldn't save him."

An Impossible Death

by Jeff Schroeder

An oppressive haze hung above the city of Los Angeles, creating a thin halo around the sun. The pollutants of decades mixed and swirled high above the sprawling metropolis, an ever-present reminder of technology's progress. On the streets below, a million automobiles moved slowly along, coughing their wastes into the stale air. The occasional honk of a horn penetrated the steady noise of rattling engines and impatient curses.

Bernard Gabris trudged along a sidewalk, the foul stench of city air filling his nostrils. He hated Los Angeles: the crowds, the noise, the dirtiness, the sheer size of it all. It was one of mankind's busiest cities, the pride of a twentieth-century world gone mad.

A small group of people pushed past the slow-moving man, their eyes perpetually glancing at their watches while they mentally calculated times of arrival and departure, meetings and lunches, business and pleasure. To their minds, the world operated on a strict time schedule, and thus they had to as well. A flash of pity crossed Bernard's face as he watched the receding group.

His face, to a casual observer, appeared to be that of an average, fairly handsome forty-year-old man. A hint of grey peeked through his raven-black hair, and a few lines creased his skin, hinting at the inevitable work of time, but his slightly tanned skin and well-muscled frame bespoke a man of strength and purpose. His eyes, however, were perhaps his most startling feature. They seemed to peer out of indeterminable depths, reluctantly yielding a quick glance into the inner soul of a man whose life was filled with sorrows and troubles. His penetrating pupils held wisdom mingled with sadness, the latter because he had a strange problem.

"Sir," moaned a voice, "could you spare some change?"

Gabris turned to his right, peering into the gloom of a narrow alley. He could see the tumbled remains of several stacks of crates littering the filthy pavement, and atop one of them, hunched over, was a man. His face was unshaven, and his unkempt hair drooped over his eyes. Reaching into his pocket, Bernard fished for some money as he approached the man.

He walked fifteen feet into the alley and stood in front of the beggar. "Here you go," he said, stretching out his palm, which contained a few dollar bills.

The man took the money and stood up with surprising quickness, startling Bernard. The stringy hair fell away from his face, revealing dark eyes that burned with hate. A black pistol seemingly appeared from nowhere, its barrel leveled menacingly at Gabris' chest.

"Why don't you jus' gimme your wallet, old timer," growled the man.

Bernard's look of surprise gradually gave way to unflinching resolution. "Not a chance."

Now it was the robber's turn to be surprised. "What?"

"I said I'm not giving you my wallet. You'll have to kill me for it."

The other man's eyes narrowed. "What're you, crazy?"

A crooked smile crossed Gabris' face. "Could be."

"I've got a gun!" protested the bandit, his amazement turning to anger. "I'll shoot you!"

"Go ahead."

"I'm not kiddin', man. Jus' gimme your wallet an' I'll let you go."

"Have you ever shot someone, kid?"

The derogatory term further inflamed the man's wrath. "Lotsa times. An' I'll shoot you if you don't fork over your cash." He raised the gun so that it pointed directly at Bernard's forehead. Only a few inches separated the two.

"I don't think so, punk," retorted the older man. "You street thugs are all the same. All talk, and no action. You scare people with your little toys, and they give you their money because they actually think you're serious. Well, I don't. And that gives you a problem, pal, because you'll have to kill me to get my money. Are you willing to do that?"

"Don't test me!" yelled the thief, his finger tightening on the trigger.

"Come on," wailed Bernard impatiently. "Shoot me! Take my money, if you want it so badly!"

The barrel of the gun trembled ever so slightly, but the hoodlum reached his decision, straightened the deadly weapon, and pulled the trigger.

Something clicked.

Gabris smiled slowly. "What's wrong, junior?" he mocked. "Is your toy broken?"

The crook pulled the trigger again, but the gun refused to fire. Deep within its intricate workings, something had jammed. The lethal bullet in its chamber would not budge.

"You know, that's too bad," continued Bernard, "because that means you won't get my money."

The brigand threw down the weapon in disgust, his teeth gritted in fury. His arm swung around, but before his fist could connect with his adversary's

face, Gabris had lashed out with his knee, smashing it into the felon's groin. Screaming in pain, the man doubled over and fell to his knees. Bernard delivered a swift kick to the man's face, causing him to arch backwards and collide with the crate he had been sitting on. Blood gushed from his broken nose as he moaned softly.

Bernard Gabris bent down, gathered the bills he had given to the man, and on an impulse retrieved the robber's pistol. He tucked it beneath his shirt, stuffed the money into his pocket, and with a final glance at the injured man, walked out of the alley.

Twenty minutes later, a double door hissed open and Bernard Gabris walked into the emergency wing of the Los Angeles Medical Center. He was met by the peacefully pastel walls, fluorescent lights, and annoyingly generic paintings that seem to grace all hospitals. Nurses, clad in their neatly pressed whites, hurried up and down hallways, clipboards or medications in their hands.

Gabris moved past a group of people talking in hushed voices and stood before a door marked "Emergency." Taking a deep breath, he pushed through the swinging door and entered one of several emergency rooms in the giant hospital. Two orderlies were putting away surgical instruments while a doctor sat down heavily on a chair in the corner. White sheets covered the body of a patient whose wounds were beyond repair.

Without a word Bernard crossed over to the corpse and lifted the sheet that concealed the dead person's face. It was the soft face of a woman, and she seemed strangely calm. The slightest hint of a smile was imprinted forever on her deceased lips. Sighing softly, Gabris replaced the sheet just as the doctor looked up and noticed the intruder.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said quietly, "but there was nothing we could do."

Bernard shook his head. "I'm not a friend of the patient."

The doctor stood up, his nametag flashed in the harsh white light. It read "R. J. Price" in the bold blue letters beside a fuzzy picture of the man. "Then what are you doing here?" demanded the doctor, moving swiftly toward Bernard.

"I need your help, Doctor Price."

"What's wrong? You look fine to me."

"I am," answered Gabris slowly. "And that's the problem."

R. J. Price, who had already had a hard day, was in no mood for jokes or smartmouthed responses. His frown deepened, and he blurted, "What?"

"Please? It's very important."

"Very well, explain."

"I'd rather do so in private, Doctor," was the reply as he glanced at the orderlies.

Price removed the thin spectacles that perched atop his nose. He rubbed his heavy-lidded eyes and said exhaustedly, "Yes, of course. Come to my office." He passed in front of Gabris and stepped out of the emergency room. As the two passed a nurses' station, he informed one of the women that he would be in his office for a little while and was not to be disturbed.

"All right," said Dr. Price after they had seated themselves in his cramped office. "Who are you? And what is it you need?"

"My name is Bernard Gabris, though I have several other identities by necessity." Seeing the sudden alarm on the face of the doctor, he hastily added, "Don't worry, I'm not a criminal or a secret agent. After I explain my problem, you'll understand."

"Go on," urged R. J.

"My problem, Doctor, is that I want to die."

There was utter silence in the room for a brief moment, and then Price leaned forward and stared hard at the man before him. "So you're suicidal, hmm? What makes you think that I can help you?"

"Because no one else can," was the simple answer. "Believe me, I've tried. For many years I've been working to find a way to die, but nothing works."

"It is my job as a doctor to save lives, not take them. If you are looking for lethal drugs or something of that nature from me, I absolutely refuse to—"

"Lethal drugs are not lethal for me," interrupted Gabris softly.

"Pardon me?"

"Doctor Price, I cannot die."

The doctor's eyes narrowed as he privately assessed Bernard. Something was definitely wrong with the man's mind. There was a frighteningly real possibility that he was not only suicidal, but homicidal as well. Price's eyes roved the room quickly, scanning for anything that could serve as a weapon if self-defense became necessary.

"I am immortal, Doctor."

"Mister Gabris," said Price at length, "my time is very valuable. If you have nothing of importance to say, I would appreciate it if you would leave."

"Please," begged Bernard, "you must believe me."

R. J. rose from his chair. "If you do not leave immediately, sir, I will have to call hospital security."

Gabris stood up slowly, calmly. "I can prove to you that what I say is true." He reached under his shirt and extracted the pistol.

The doctor's heartbeat practically doubled as he watched Gabris look over the gun. Without any weapons close at hand, the only chance he had of escaping from this deadly man was to bolt for the door and hope to find help quickly. His terrified eyes checked to make sure that Bernard was busy, but his mind stopped whirling when he saw what the man was doing.

He was emptying the gun.

The clip slid out of the butt of the pistol, and two brass bullets fell out and rolled across the desktop. Gabris reached out and picked them up, then cocked the gun and emptied the chamber. He stretched out his hand, showing Price the three bullets he now held.

"Do these bullets look real to you, Doctor?" he asked.

"Y..Yes," stammered Price.

"They are. And so is this gun. I stole it from a man who tried to rob me twenty minutes ago. I'd like to show you something. Please pick two of the bullets."

"What?"

"Choose two bullets out of these three."

His hand trembling, Dr. Price pointed to two of the brass capsules. Bernard nodded and placed the unchosen bullet back into the clip. He then held one bullet in each hand and said, "Pick one."

"The left."

Nodding again, Gabris took the bullet from his left hand and loaded it into the gun. Before the doctor could stop him, he aimed the gun at a small marble statue and pulled the trigger. Chips of stone flew in all directions as the metal projectile slammed into the statue at supersonic speed. The pungent smell of gunpowder filled the room.

"As you can see, Doctor, this gun is fully functional. But now comes the interesting part."

Gabris took the second bullet, loaded it, and pointed the gun directly at his head.

He pulled the trigger.

The gun clicked.

As Price gaped, Bernard smiled. He tried to shoot again, but the jammed gun would not operate. Suddenly he shifted his aim, and when he pulled the trigger, the gun fired and the bullet obliterated the remains of the statue.

"Do you understand, Doctor?" he asked sharply.

R. J. Price managed to shake his head negatively.

To the relief of the doctor, Gabris replaced the gun and clip beneath his shirt. He then began to speak slowly and carefully, as if he were instructing a class of ignorant students.

"I told you that I'm immortal. This is so because I am, quite literally, the luckiest man alive. Anything that has potentially lethal consequences for me will simply not happen. You saw just now that the gun was completely operational until it could do damage to me. Then it ceased to work. When I again pointed it at the statue, it was fine. That's only one example of thousands."

Price cautiously sat down again, motioning for Gabris to do the same. "Are you saying that the gun jammed because it could have hurt you?"

"Precisely."

The doctor squinted suspiciously. "That is a simple trick, Mister Gabris. You have a mechanism which prevents the gun from firing, and you engage it when it is pointed at you. If you think that I will believe—"

"Then try something else," urged Bernard. "Pick something from this room that you could hurt me with, and see what happens."

"You must be kidding."

In answer, Gabris retrieved the gun and slapped the clip into its butt with an ominous click. He leveled its barrel at the doctor and said quietly, "Defend yourself, Doctor."

R. J. catapulted out of his chair and seized a heavy plaster cast of a skull. With a front, he hurled it at the man. His aim was perfect but something happened to the skull in midair. It seemed to curve sideways, missing Bernard's head by a wide margin. The plaster exploded into powder against the far wall of the office.

Aghast, the doctor lifted a nearby textbook and threw it. It, too, swerved crazily and missed the smiling man. Becoming desperate, Price finally grabbed a thin aluminum crutch which leaned against the wall. His lip curled menacingly as he advanced on his motionless visitor.

Price swung the crutch with all of his strength.

It hissed through the air, destined for Bernard Gabris' head, but an instant before it would have surely crushed the man's skull, it slipped out of the doctor's hands and spun through the air, smashing into a bookshelf and causing a miniature avalanche of papers.

The two men faced each other, one breathing heavily for exertion and fear, the other quietly waiting. After a long moment, R. J. slumped back into his chair, and Bernard pocketed the pistol.

"Now do you believe me?"

Price gave a nearly imperceptible nod.

Gabris sighed. "Doctor Price, I understand your position completely. But try to understand mine. I have been alive for over twenty-seven hundred years. In that time, I have watched as mankind progressed from chariots to space stations, from a population of a few million to one of billions. History has unfolded before me, but now there is nothing more that I wish to see."

"Would that I were immortal, for then I could see all things." The doctor smiled. "Jacob Alexander wrote that."

"Jacob Alexander didn't know what he was talking about," retorted Gabris. "He, like all mortal men, cannot even comprehend such a timespan."

"The earth has been around for five billion years," remarked Price. "Two thousand isn't that long."

"You lie!" Bernard slammed his palm on the desk. "How can you, whose eyes have only seen forty years of life, say that? Your mind cannot even conceive of such a thing!"

Price shook his head slowly. "Bernard, if you have already lived for twenty-seven hundred years, then why do you want to give up now? If it were me, I think I would want to go on living, just to see what happens in the next hundred. This is a very important time in history, you know."

Gabris grunted. "I have lied through many 'important' times in history, Doctor Price. Times like the Dark Ages, the Black Plague, the Crusades, the Napoleonic Wars, the Holocaust. Why would I want to see more of such things?"

"You dwell only on the bad. What about the good things that happened in your life?"

"Like what?"

"Well, your friends, for instance. Surely you've had a great number of them."

"Indeed I have," murmured Gabris, a shadow crossing his face. "Hundreds, perhaps thousands of people have been my friends. But they are all dead now. I had to watch as each and every one of them died, while I continued to live." His voice grew louder, more bitter. "Can you imagine such a thing, Doctor? To love everyone... everyone in your life who meant something? To actually be afraid to befriend someone, because you know that someday they will die and you will still have to go on?"

Price gave no answer.

After a pause, Bernard continued softly, "I even had a wife one, back in the seventeenth century. The day she died was the hardest of my life. She knew my secret, of course, and she knew something of my suffering, but there

was nothing she could do about it. She grew old as I stayed young, and she died as I lived.”

“I’m sorry,” replied R. J. quietly.

Gabris looked into the doctor’s eyes for a moment, then shrugged. “Mere words. I have heard them then thousand times from ten thousand people. They mean nothing to me any more. Now I have only memories.”

A lengthy silence settled on the room.

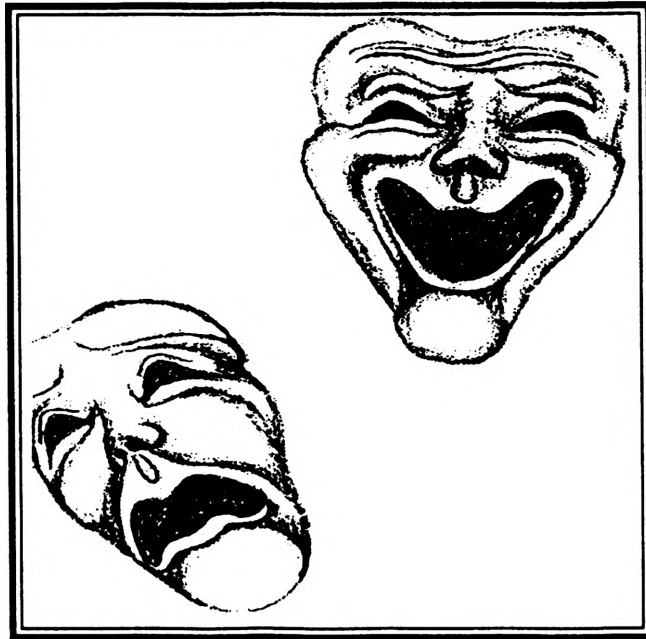
Finally R. J. Price spoke. “I think I understand your problem now, Bernard. I’d like to help you; I really would. But I say again that there is nothing I can do. Medical technology can only do so much. It cannot resurrect the dead, nor can it kill the immortal. You ask for a miracle which is not mine to grant.”

Bernard regarded the doctor through his dark eyes, with their eerie reflections of the accumulated knowledge of two and a half millennia, and sighed. “I knew that would be your answer,” he murmured. “But I had to try anyway.” He stood up slowly and extended his hand to Price. “Thank you, Doctor.”

Price clasped the offered hand, and he could feel Gabris trembling.

The door closed quietly behind Bernard as he left the office. Several minutes later, Doctor R. J. Price looked out of his window and saw a lone figure trudging along the sidewalk six stories below. His shoulders slumped, his eyes watching the ground, he was the portrait of a defeated man.

Bernard Gabris wanted to die, but had to live.



Into the Realm....

The realm of literature doesn't always mirror the world in which others see us; sometimes it only reflects our own, private cosmos. The pastoral scenes of our minds may swiftly shift into places bordering on the surreal, just as a written Hell may, through the author's eye, transform itself into Heaven, or Valhalla, or a planet near Alpha Centauri. Who of us is to say which world is any more proper; the reader who imposes his eye on the word, or the author who imposes his word on the minds' eye?

White lands
Stretch through the breeze
Trembling images wave and vanish

soft sound of trampling strife
ascribed a false testimony
enforced robbery and violence —
a tribute to misery
brought less to days and ways

This shaman gave a cure
with ritual and poem
and passed along his generation
eyes full of preservation
mind of spirit and gospel...

"We've ridden across the sun's morn
And rested in the shadows born
'Midst the Indian shores
Kindred spirit soul
Streams of pleasure's views
Soft fragrant muse

"We've carved changeful worlds from Her stone
Eyes painted curious — alone
'Midst the Indian shores
Kindred spirit soul
Her soft perfection gems
Glowing never to end."

Ramsay Wise

Morning's Spell

by Cori Lynn Stanley

A purple morning mist
Settled over the valley.
The air glistened
As the sunlight
Struck each
Tiny
Little
Drop.

Every tree,
And flower,
And every blade of grass
Was silent,
And still,
As they drank the
Cool,
Shimmering,
Dew
Drops.

Then out of the silence,
One tiny bird
Broke forth in song,
Hailing the coming
Of
The
Spring.

Words like feathers fall upon my page,
Breathing a life of their own.
Best not try to catch them.
Or they'll drift away...

Daphne A. Norton

The Artist's Apolgie
by Brian E. Broekemeier

*Dreaming, I
Gazed through the portals
To another world,
And beheld an "Architect's Dream."*

*Reclining atop my lofty
Seat,
I viewed a creation that is
Of me alone.
Conceived within my soul,
A land beyond time.*

*The glories of Alexander, the
Caesar, and the Pharaohs are here,
and just Charlemagne's prayers
Rising to Heaven.*

*Neither possible future nor
True past is this.
Rather, my escape:
My Impossible Dream.*

*This land beyond the reach of time
Never has, nor ever shall
Feel conqueror's sword or
Barbarian's flame.*

*Here, unveiled for all,
Is my Avalon, where
The greatest works of
Man are spirited beyond the
Crushing clutches of the old
Adam.*

*All beauty and art are here,
In a land conceived within
My mind.
A land beyond time
where mortals never have,
nor shall in this life, tread.*

Mom... and Me

by Janey Blue

Mom stands at the sink
hands in dirty water
Dreams... out the window

Mom at canner
perspiration on brow
Dad... under shade tree

Bobber hits water
rings appear...
anticipation

Motionless in road
awaiting cousins
...gravel crunches

Breaks squeal
yellow door opens
small feet dismount toward Mom

"I'm the teacher
you're Nancy Snow"
Sister... in control

I climb in bed
Mom melts in chair
another day comes to an end

Sodden leaves lying on the yellowing grass.
Bare tree limbs scraping against a grey sky.
The winter is like a tired old man
Who has all but forgotten how to dream.

Daphne A. Norton

It's night
and the stars are laughing at the moon
and the moon is crying
because she doesn't look like all the stars

And yet —
once the sun comes up
who can see the difference?

Daphne A. Norton

Of Whispers and Woes

by Ramsay Wise

Tonight my muse is a soft cry
Whispering wind
To a winter moon
A wilful
Wondrous surprise

The sleet has gilded these
The slumbering trees
Lifeless as they loom
Numbness
Strikes my bitten cheeks

Weight upon the woeful yew
Crippled limbs of snow
These green hills
Under a December shroud
Beauteous to view

Granny

by **Janey Blue**

Granny's growing shorter with time,
A childlike girl once more.
She remembers her mother's stories
at her bedside at age four...

She cannot remember yesterday
when her granddaughter dropped by.
She begins to write a letter...
but cannot remember why.

Granny's lived a few years;
Eighty-five... and a few more.
There are many childhood memories
of Granny which I have stored.

She read aloud from the bookcase.
She memorized every line.
She lived within the tattered pages;
We escaped together... her imagination and mine.

I woke to the smell of pancakes.
She always aimed to please.
Strips of bacon on the side,
and biscuits made with ease.

I now read from the bookcase,
while she listens to the words with care.
I now prepare her breakfast
after all... that's only fair.

Mighty Breezes

by Beth Simmons

The raw winds blow through me like I was a fence, numbing my senses, making me easy prey to their great force. I try to fight back with my mortal weapons, apparel of fabric and thread, only to realize how vulnerable I really am.

Yet I don't dislike this element of nature, for when it is warm, it billows soft breezes which cool and comfort me. It enables the birds to fly into the sunsets; this fills me with peace and draws my thoughts to happiness past and the joys that will come. It carries the future generations of tomorrow's plants, bringing beauty and colors unlimited, fragrance unimagined and always welcomed. No, I cannot hate such a wondrous and powerful thing, a giving, yet unasking, miracle. I can only be thankful for the endless pleasures it creates.

Sky Song

by Daphne A. Norton

A spiral of colors, a swirl of notes, and a surface the texture of a labyrinth. The world rotates, and shapes move in and out of focus. Colors — redorangeyellowgreenblueviolet — are in slowing motion — turquoise, black, sky-grey, pink.

A tunnel opens, a path. Motion and fleeting sounds. The stars dance across the universe with the atoms.

(Somewhere, in all of this, is meaning.)

Clouds of color shift and splash droplets. Mists cover the waters, the lands.

(Somewhere, in all of this, someone is crying.

And others laugh.)

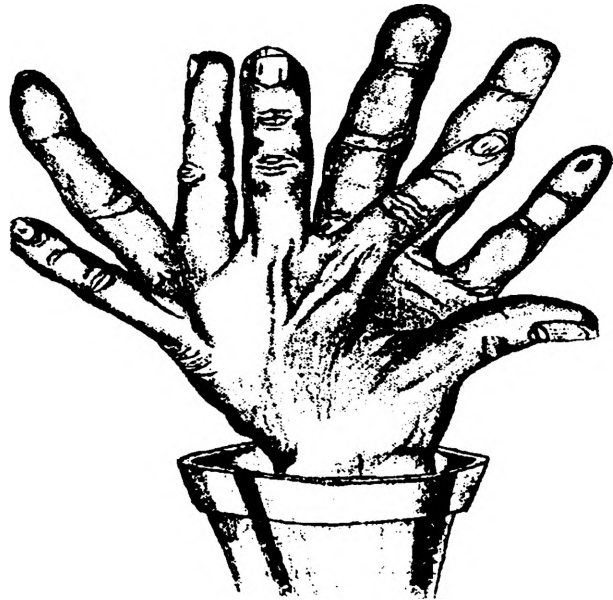
A song drifts across the vacuum of space, brown and purple and white. Ultraviolet rays trill and harmonize with the suns as the galaxies swing about in graceful counterpoint.

(But why?)

Dreams leap across the midnight sky... and awaken.

Violent jerks
A time lapse
A reality rushes on
I don't know what to do
it seems but so complex
what is really simple

Omar



Touch... your friends, your lover, a stranger; then they are a stranger no more. Hold them, feel the beauty of their skin, their face, their hair... as you would touch the delicate petals of a carnation. Place your hand in a gentle stream or feel the sand beneath your feet or climb upon the rocks and crags of the shoreline.

Listen... to their words, their breathing, their heartbeat, their footsteps on the carpet of leaves as they walk near you... as you would listen to the rain or the deer running through the forest or the sounds of a new-born kitten. Hear the cascading of a waterfall low in the valley or the sound of a tiny breeze.

See... the expressions on their faces, their different moods. See in their eyes the longing for love, companionship, and a meaningful purpose to their lives. See their bodies move, uniting themselves with life. See their hands create their being... as you would see a tidepool, the splash of a wave, a new portrait created by falling snow. See the landscape of a valley or the changing colors of a sunset.

Speak... to them of love, of the harmony of nature, of the quiet understanding among mankind. Speak of the simple things in life in which one can find peace and truth... as you would speak to God.

Beth Simmons

The Warbird -- Patriarch

A Romulan Allegory by Matthew Zion

Perched patriarch, sharp eyes seeking
Muscles flex, intent and waiting
Feathers flutter, reconfigure
Sense the approach, airborne foe

Powerful wings pummel the air
Talons tucked tight, prepared for flight
Guide feathers move into place
Vision tracks the winged attacker

Flight to battle, no flight away
The oppressor, fast and young
Swoops right and down, talons strike
A graze, the patriarch's left eye burns

Angered, blood burning, becomes resolve
A vision of the brood, the nest
Family dominated by the calculating
The striker will be struck

Feathers will fly....

Locked in sight, the other diving
Diving, too, he finds his mark
Talons flash into winged flesh
Green blood spills from broken body

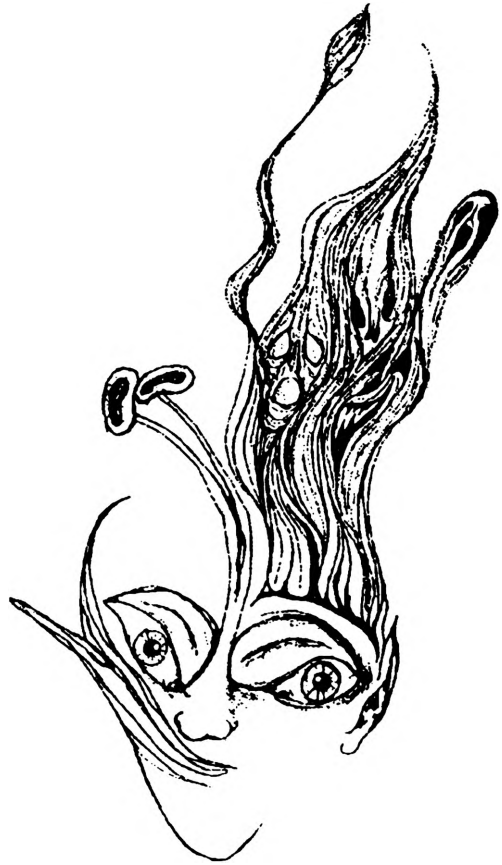
No feast tonight, small kills only
Better this than life oppressed
Patriarch straightens his feathers
Watches his brood, eyes on the sky

No others come this night to try
The patriarch, eyes sharp and seeking,
Watches the sky for other wings
Protected by the other's fears

A Disease Called Man

by Carl Mullen

As the wind swayed her children,
back, to and fro,
their beautiful, delicate colors,
bright-red, dark-green, and yellow-gold,
she thought of a time,
in which all that was seen,
was her vibrant, awesome beauty,
it was then like a dream,
but now the birth of her destruction,
the death of that dream,
was fast and permanently upon her,
It was the cancer of all disease,
for in It there was a craving,
that she could never restore,
the craving of want and greed,
the craving for more and more,
It now rode on horseback,
across that once virgin land,
looking at the destruction It has done,
that cursed disease called Man,
cutting, stomping, and thrashing,
at Its own will,
the horrid instinct in It,
the instinct of to kill,
but now it was time for vengeance,
to release some anger and pain,
on this disease called Man,
to try and stop his gain,
the wind began to blow,
over the mountain the thunder roared,
the few, light drops of rain,
now began to pour,
the last few rays of hope for It,
slowly began to fade,
as enveloped in the dark, evil clouds,



was the power of her unstoppable
rage,
It raced for shelter and safety,
upon Its great black horse,
but indeed this is insufficient,
to stop nature and her course,
yet she knows it is not necessary,
for her to stop Man,
he has decided his own fate,
he has derived his own death plan,
It is truly a parasite,
the parasite of all things,
It lives not only on the surroundings,
But also on Its inter-being,
the greed and terrible want,
the want for more and more,
this disease has a disease,
for It is the one It would destroy.

Drift

Leave your corpse behind and trip into your mind.
You'd be amazed at what you find. It's not so bad
to be glad and enjoy being mad. Let's go together
and you and I.

Darrin J. Wood

Oath of the Warrior

by Matthew Zion

With sadness we leave her behind
Vulcan, her red sands stirring
Left in the hands of the weak
Held in the lap of her foolish children

We wander the heavens, searching
Hoping there's a new home for us
Somewhere, beyond shrouds of darkness
Beyond lightyears full of pain

The logical ones, the foolish ones
They send us to this, this isle
Misery-bound, longing for the lust
Hands dripping fresh green blood

One day we will return
We will seek our vengeance
In the name of the Warbird
That gives us life

Thankyou....

We would be remiss if we were to leave out a healthy "Thanks!" to all of you who sat down and read our magazine, for our effort would not have been complete without you. We hope that you have enjoyed this year's Southwinds as much as we have enjoyed presenting it to you. And remember to look for us next year, when we promise to bring you more of the best of UMR's brightest literary talent.

And...

If you want your work to be published, watch for the Southwinds fliers, which will be posted on bulletin boards across campus. We accept all major genres and publish the best in our annual literary magazine. Or, if you wish to be a part of Southwinds, please contact the English Department on the third floor of the Humanities/ Social Sciences Building.