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Sun, Moon, Stars, Rain, Vol. 7 No. 11

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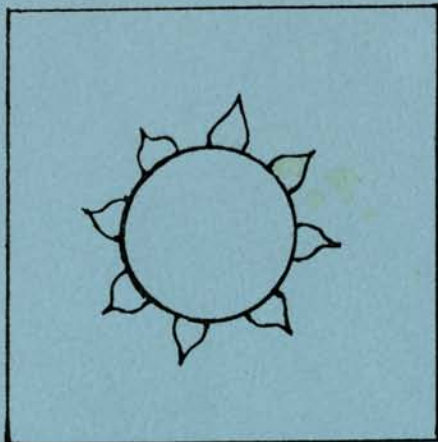
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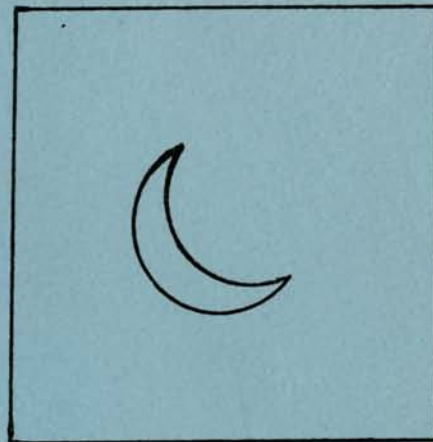
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SUN



MOON

FALL 1978

"ROUGH DIAMONDS EDITION"

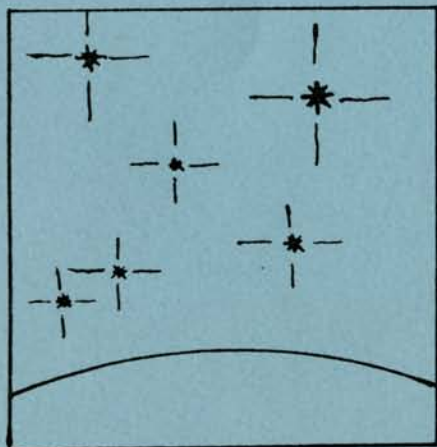
VOLUME VII

Number 11

SIGMA TAU DELTA
ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE UNIVERSITY
Nacogdoches, Texas

STARS



RAIN



SUN, MOON, STARS, RAIN

"ROUGH DIAMONDS EDITION"

VOLUME VII

Number 11

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REVELATIONS II: CHAPTER 1, VS. 1-27

- 1 I rode upon the world before you;
- 2 Before you even knew there was a world;
- 3 And before your ancestral grime
Yet marred any beach.
You think it crawled,
Your half-blind time's eye
Fixed towards a future's
Erection, glory,
Destiny manifest amoeboid.
It wasn't even that.
You didn't grope after food,
Or light or heat or love,
You were tossed,
Better, you were washed,
Washed from a turbid sea;
Your single existential act was
To have cleansed that ocean.
- 4 I watched you,
Watched rivulets return, running past you
Lighter and more free,
Suddenly free of you.
- 5 Saw that tide return
Gurgling and so agog with
Its liberation.
- 6 Saw it splash and play,
But for all its play and joy,
Its erosive race back to bed
Left traction marks from you.
- 7 Saw sand shift under you,
Slide you towards your source,
But the depths denied you
Thrice
Then faded back—away.
- 8 I knew how long,
From where currents carried you,
Why the waves rose
And slapped each other,
Glided chortling away
Having heaved you splat upon the land.

- 9 Oh, and you were a fine specimen,
Oh, man,
You lay gasping under that
African sun like the fish you were not
While it dried your wet and salty cope.
- 10 I know you tell heroic tales,
Epochal lies of that day,
But remember,
- 11 I was there.
You are now and were then,
Already then, a finished choriamb,
Spent by your mere excretion;
But you didn't die,
- 12 I will give you that
(Of course, you were only vaguely
Alive) but still,
You did not die.
No, you lay in your spittle,
A strident speck sticking
In the craw of—
(But that is another story)
Rather than die,
Leaving a rotting husk,
A colophon cleaned of essence,
You breathed.
- 13 I do not know how you did it
Or why.
- 14 I did not help you.
- 15 I must have turned away
Or nodded, most likely;
But life grew on you.
From besmearching my beach,
You rose-up, turgid epode that you are,
And lived.
But you are nothing.
There have been those things
More terrible.
More ugly.
More efficient.
And certainly you are not fierce
Or gentle, neither are you brave.

You are proud, indeed.
But you are not the first,
16 I am.
Or at least
17 I am the first thing
18 I remember,
And who remembers more?
Don't you even bother to answer.
You don't know either!
But you always answer everything.
You would know me.
You would even know more than me.
Ah, but you don't even know
Yourself, your history.

You had statesmen.
Your violinists made better treaties,
And your witches better pacts.
Lovers, you boast of lovers,
Sing of them, dream of them,
Liars, you love yourselves;
Even manufactor myths
Explicating your weakness;
Narcissus never kissed his image.
Yet, he is born every day,
Borne in every heart.
When you do love someone else,
It's the spectre of parents,
And you have another damn
Myth about that, too.

19 But I give you myths;
20 I play with you, toys.
21 I changed war.
Once you commissioned officers,
Now scientists
Who bake A-bombs and H-bombs,
While singing quaint chansons of Q-bombs
And metric cobalt magnified,
Gold into lead,
Quantum metaphysics
That smashes souls

While leaping rationality,
Reaping irrationality,
Weeping nations.
Sweeping the imagined minds of generals.
Generals?

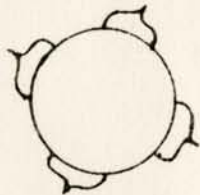
22 Now, I have never known
More perfect human specimens.
They are all descended
Of wolves
And gods incarnate,
And all dream of being kings;
Once they led men into battle,
Now they drive them,
Threshing from behind.
Somehow, generals seem
Lost in between.
And your poets, fools that you are—
You aren't even are.
Peering into mouldering legends,
Calling on muses you never believed,
Appearing in pages better left trees,
But you don't leave trees.
Poets.

23 I stood behind poets
Who crumpled their words
Like sneezes,
Coughed blood and spat it
Clotting on pages.
Poets, you aren't even aren't.
You lean, all of you
To philosophy.
And they lean, these pompous old men,
Pondering existence,
Counting the ways,
Breaking air.
Better seabirds had dropped you,
Cracking your chiton on rocks,
Better gulls had gobbled you
Fatling that you were.
Better that than your thinking.

- Old men,
That you exist
Is only your paranoia.
- 24 I rode upon the world before you;
25 Now I ride you.
Smarting under my lash,
You imagine me human,
Personify me in your faults,
Depict me a devise now,
Then a god,
Occasionally a law—
A viceroy in seizen,
Short of energy
Absolute.
- 26 I will never tell you,
But we are timed together now,
27 You and I.

*****David L. Hoehns

First place winner of Spring, 1978, T. E. Ferguson
Creative Writing Contest.



THE MAD POET

"I like alliteration,"
he laughed loudly,
leering lewdly through
the louvered lampshade.

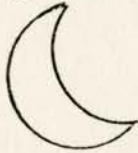
"Tongue-tripping tales
told by terrible Teutons
are part and parcel
of my present and past.

Beowulf was one,
a war-like winner,
who whistled wearily
whilst whacking wildly
on wicked werewolves,

And defied danger,
dancing and dodging
as he dealt death
and destruction to
desperate dragons."

*****Larry Koenig

Second place winner of Spring, 1978, T. E. Ferguson
Creative Writing Contest.



THE RED FOX

My dream is haunted by the red fox
lying in the leaves beside the road,
eyes drawn tightly shut, fur intensely still.

The shaft of the arrow pierces the heart of the deer
and I tremble at the shriek of a bird falling,
whose cry is neither hunger nor terror.

You stand in a field of green,
hands covered with boar's blood,
jubilant with the death which has made you alive.
And I rejoice with you, join in the ancient ritual,
tearing sinew from bone.
I am the jackal gnawing...
and waking
I find my hands stained
with the blood of the red fox.

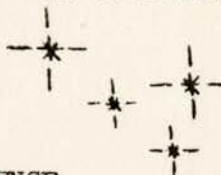
*****Pamela Lynn Palmer

REVELATION

That light
at the end of the tunnel

Is only
the furnace.

*****G. D. Morrison



CHALLENGE

The enigma of my life is surpassed only
by the computer readout of the finite
deflection point within this very environment.
It is improbable that this life form will
not confuse and frighten less complicated
living beings.

This extraordinary situation is overshadowed by
further research of each entry of precision and clarity.

Perhaps, if I find first who we are and then the exact
nature of this place,
the puzzle will be clarified.

Until then it is imperative that the correct
deflection point be found.

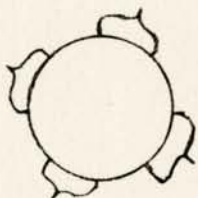
*****Linda Harkness



(UNTITLED)

Having survived
the pinacles and steeps,
the fiendish, howling
winds, and the great,
boiling seas of dark
fire, I, after the long,
profound night of my soul,
dazzled by the whiteness
of the glorious light,
fall to the ground, and
worship.

*****Sydney L. Kincer



NIGHT FALLS HEAVY

Night falls heavy
On my weary mind
It steals away
The sympathetic sun
And lays you down
Far, far behind . . .

The world around me
Is such a troubled sea
It turns, it spins
It tosses me around
It reminds me of my misery.

You haunt my soul
Taunt my mind
The night falls heavy
And so, so unkind.

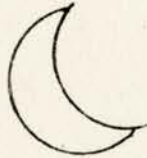
*****Kerri D. Young

DELIVERANCE

She the poor programmed
Filled with answers
To all the questions she has heard
But asking none of her own.
She of the shimmering hair and green jealous eyes,
Spewing up dates to keep
And errands for him to run.

He the thinking prober,
Minding math and science.
His the soft words of a poet,
Hers strident as a magpie.
They met and loved
And fought and parted
And that was their deliverance.

*****Martha Schwartz



(UNTITLED)

Rain again;
on the sidewalk
the smell of worms,
a twisting current
in the gutter's curve.
Fog-damp slides
through cracks, doors.
Tonight I sleep
with windows wide,
that heavy dampness
thick in the sheets.
I wake with fog
in my hair, my skin
sticky with sweat.

*****Brigid Corbett

OTIUM

Yes, but what if your house is on the shore,
the wet sand sea-washed shore and
constantly constantly falls apart, shatters,
cracks and piles itself into a heap,
nails going to rust and lumber to rot?
Is it, then, worth rebuilding? And if it is useless,
is the house just for show?

But understand;
That house is not your soul; that house is you;
Your soul just what keeps pulling it
together again; mocking the sea.

*****Robert M. Jeffers



(UNTITLED)

with my spine pressed to this gentle earth,
with my arms and legs stretched their length,
with my breast pressed to the pliant sky—
It is all mine—
I lay my hands on the dome of the heavens—
This universe and I are forces one. Shared and same.

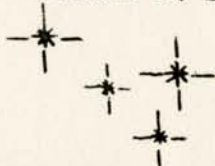
I am the power of tsunami—
tremendous waves of awful might invisible
pulling strong,
far under the sea's scarred face—
I tear the tides, crumble mountains,
shift and quiver shores of quartz.

I have yoked the light and schooled the savage—
still my soul spreads like fire,
ravaging and consuming without thought.

(UNTITLED)

i spend much time alone
i am a loner
i am also a lover
to those few i've chosen
and as your lover i will cherish each of you

*****Debbie K. Stowe



LOVE'S WHIRLWIND

We two
Came together in a whirlwind
Evolving around each other
Moving faster and faster.
We saw
Something the other had
That we ourselves wanted
But couldn't share.
I felt
Your love well up over me
Surround me and close me in
Until I felt no breath.
I needed
To be free to be, but
Wanted you, too, to
Always be with me.
You needed
Love, pure and simple, with
As many strings as possible
To tie us together.
You wanted me,
But could not find me.

*****Debra Galliher

I am time before birth—
primordial vapours and filmy vagrant clouds of sperm
turbulent, eddying vortices
wrapped, captured—
raped by glittering spiral galaxy arms—
virginal fireball and I—the spawn.
I am the magnet which bore our earth
and unveiled the martyr moon—
shining through gauze and mystery—gone—
the child, the twin, the stranger.
I sat and pelted her with diamond-bearing meteors
formed deep in molten wombs.
I dug the maria in that waxen visage—
left her pitted face still soft.

This earth whose golden core is boiling—
splitting! rifting! torn and plowing!
Rise, ye islands! Mount the sea!
I send the tongues of earth plunging downward yet again!
to dissolve in time's saliva.
I am the stomach beneath the land
digesting—
the hot churning intestines which
spit the geysers, glowing cinders and molten glass.
I am subcrystal reservoirs of comet-tails and wealth—
prizes of early earth.
Ancient active agents—the universe and I—

I am organic breath.
I stroke the desert—
Sigh the wind and leave behind the dry wake of dunes..

I sleep in the palm of space,
draped in dreaming fertile fog—
The mistress of the night.
I shape tomorrow from frothy infinity.

*****Ellen Schrader

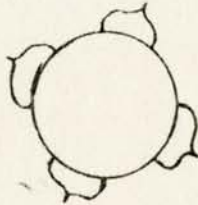
THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

The man in the mirror-
His face pressed against the glass,
Stalks out of my bedroom
Into the dead of the night
With his hands thrust in his jeans.

His toothbrush is gone
But the steam lingers on.

True, his laughter graces many houses
But the laughter always dies
And the smiles turn to stone.
Then he will stomp back into my bedroom,
Steam up my mirror, take
His hands out his pockets and
Demand his toothpaste back.

*****Candy Chesleigh



FLASHES

Walking on the sunlit pine-shadowed walkway,
I felt it.
It had been after me for days, teasing and hiding,
But now it reared back, staring haughtily,
And demanding attention.
Nostalgia.
Longing for childhood familiar home faces
And laughter over that which only we understood.

The sun went out and I stood there with my memories.
Parking on the back roads,
Sinister, wicked love and feeling slightly guilty
And adventuresome.
Telling terrible secrets and the swearing of silence.

Sneaking stealthily out at two in the morning
To play the forbidden game spin-the-bottle.

Again it got darker and the memories enshrouded me.
Longing for recognition and status.
Standing with my tongue tied and my stomach constricted.
Watching the perfect people float above,
Impossible, out of reach.
Wallowing in the depths of despair and unpopularity.
Cutting my hair, wearing caked make-up, and flashy
Fashionable---clothes.
Hoping for and needing their attention.

The sun came out and with it reality.
And nostalgia was gone
For the moment.
I smile mechanically at the stranger I didn't grow
up with.
I walk silent and somewhat reluctant to the boyfriend.
Nostalgia flashes again with its visions of wicked,
Adventuresome love.
And for the moment, being old, mature, and in college
Is disappointing.

*****Lucy Johnson

