Pegasus
Volume Two

A Collection of Poetry, Fiction, Art and Design
Faculty Editors
Judith deGraffenried
Rick Eriksen
Christine Ruggiero
Matt Weber

Layout & Design
Pattraporn Likhitlerdrat

Submission Readers
Katerina Baitinger
Donna Bontatibus
Joan Donati
Dale Griffith
Shawna Housefield
Carmen Melillo
Dawn Piscitelli
Christine Ruggiero

Special Thanks
The Faculty Editors wish to thank Student Senate for its continuous funding which supports Pegasus and the students who generously devoted their time to be a part of selecting the works that appear in this volume: Shawna Housefield, Carmen Melillo, and Dawn Piscitelli. Also, we would like to mention a special thanks to Pattraporn Likhitlerdrat and Pat Rasch for working tirelessly on the layout and design.
Poetry
Melissa Anderson
Jim Feldhouse
Debbie Hunter
Kristina L. Jones
Cynthia Sauter Paduch
Dana Pedersen
Jessica Pistilli
Robin Wade
Danielle Belair
Mark Blicharz
Holly Bouchard
Richard Bradley
Ashley Cheeseman
Catherine Clark
Carol Conklin
Catina Cricco
Joe Cunningham
Charlotte Epright
Kyllikki French
Julie Goodwin
Christina Hartman
Sharon Kallin
Andrea Koran
Dan Landrie
Edward Lee
Pattraporn Likhitlerdrat
Diane Lindsay
Jacqueline Lux
Joseph Lux
Eileen McVicar
Sam Neely
Caleb Prue
Agnieszka Pyszczak
Barbara Suplat

Fiction
Melissa Anderson
Buddy Toth

Artwork
Patty Alves
Fred Antonio
Trisha Bakula
This second volume of Pegasus more closely reflects the vision that we faculty editors shared for the journal since its conception in 2005. We have been fortunate, with this edition, to not only print in full-color, allowing us to uphold the integrity of the art work, but also to change to a landscape format which adds yet another layer of artistic value.

While our first volume of Pegasus was generated by faculty only, this second edition is particularly special because of the students who graciously collaborated with faculty in the process of publishing. Working along side faculty submission readers, students Shawna Housefield, Carmen Melillo, and Dawn Piscitelli represented the student voice in determining the poetry and fiction selections. In addition, with faculty input and some guidance, Pattaraporn Likhitlerdrat worked on the layout and design. She worked tirelessly, and we would have been hard pressed to reach our publication goal without her efforts.

Student contributors too have broadened. Although the writing in this issue was submitted mostly by students in a Creative Writing course in Spring 2006, there are a few entries by students outside of this particular course, and we enthusiastically encourage students who write creatively to submit for publication consideration. The art in this volume was chosen by the editors from works completed during the 2005-2007 academic year.

We hope the new design and format of this second edition of Pegasus, which was not possible without the support of the Student Senate, invites you to turn the pages to the inspiring showcase of writing and art by our students.
Autumn
Robin Wade

A hint of morning dew
Glistens in the sun,
Fascinates, if only for a moment.

A deer and her fawn
Graze aimlessly on the sparse plain,
Knowing food will soon be scarce.

A hummingbird, weightless in mid-air,
Flutters its wings,
Sucks its last few drops of nectar.

But the scent of clean cotton which lingers nearby
Fills my senses,
Causing me to smile.

Late blooming wild poppies
Bursting with red, standing straight,
Get tired by day’s end.

Leaves of red, green, and brown
Fall helplessly to the ground,
Leave bare limbs behind.

The quiet gentle flow of a stream
Caresses smooth pebbles,
Before the water freezes.
The Clay of Innocence

Debbie Hunter

The Sculptor begins to mold
His clay of innocence:
a budding tree or gentle lamb,
untouched by another’s hands.

Carefully carved and caressed,
molded with love and tenderness,
His work of art begins to take shape,
emulating his image.

Nourished and nurtured,
and guided by His disciples,
the sculpture flourishes and flowers
like the daffodils in spring.

Reshaped and refined
by those who care for her,
she is unveiled to world,
like the works of Van Gogh.

As fall folds into winter,
and the clay begins to dry and crack,
she leaves her legacy,
and the Sculptor begins anew.
Still

Cynthia Sauter Paduch

Still
Dark
5:30
Early
Dawn,
How
Small
Oneself is
With the
Brilliant
Twinkle
Of far
Away
Light.
To Wonder
Is one
Smiling
Brightly
At
Oneself?
The Pitiful Progression of A Worthless Love
Jim Feldhouse

You care about me
You are nice to me
You are a good friend
You do the little things that mean so much
You make my days less dim
I like you

You help me stick to my beliefs
You reassure me
You love me when I don’t
You tell me I’m perfect when I feel flawed
You brighten my life
I love you

You take my freedom away
You restrain me
You contradict me
You keep the truth from me
You cast a shadow on my tranquility
I hate you

You tied me down
You controlled me
You fought against me constantly
You made me feel worthless
You made my life so dark
That’s why I had to kill you
Get Young
Dana Pedersen

Damn it I am tired of the “kids today” crap,  
“She spoiled kids with their evil internet and scantily clad camera phones”  
For one thing the iPod is an improvement on society,  
Maybe they should stick their heads under my headphones,  
There is no way you can put down a whole generation after listening to my iPod,  
The technology isn’t changing people; people are changing the technology,  
Ever heard of the Civil Rights Movement,  
It wouldn’t have been much of a movement without a few law diving kids like Bob Dylan and John Lennon,  
At least now the message is being sent through a portable high fidelity white envelope,  
Maybe one day the old farts will get it,  
I am confident we will soon realize that all those good ideas keep coming from those raging hormones,  
One of the best American presidents was a giant manically depressed poet,  
It seems like the good presidents get shot or have other problems, my favorite had both,  
Salvation will come soon when we elect my generation’s ADD stricken president,  
Oh boy! Maybe he’ll get shot,  
My generation is inadvertently saving fossil fuels with the computer in too many ways to count,  
Imagine the possibilities of a diplomatic AIM upgrade,  
BULLSHIT2000: Hey Saddam cool pic on myspace where did u get those weapons of mass destruction  
SoDamnInsane: don’t ask don’t tell ;w)  
We are going somewhere as a human race  
So you can stay with the monkeys if you want,  
But the past won’t remember you only the future will,  
So if you don’t have anything new to say, don’t say anything at all.
**Instead**
*Cynthia Sauter Paduch*

As I walk the beach
Instead of
Enjoying the beautiful beach grass;
Instead of
Smelling the sweet pink beach roses;
Instead of
Feeling the sand between my toes;
Instead of
Hearing the waves hit the shore;
Instead of
Picking up and looking at shells;
   I Saw
Bright colored empty plastic cups;
   I smelled
Yesterday’s leftover tuna sandwich;
   I felt
Paper at my toes;
   I heard
Crumpled chips bags in the breeze;
   And I picked up some trash.
The Elephant In
The Living Room
Melissa Anderson

The elephant in the living room,
As tall as a cathedral ceiling,
As wide as a generation of silence,
But as silent as can be.

Afraid to wake the sleeping giant,
We walk around it, tip-toeing,
Pushing echoes of our past footsteps
Further into the soft carpet.

It wasn’t always so intrusive;
We used to step over it like a stain.
But it grew taller with every secret,
Wider with every lie.

And still we build it bigger
As we creep along the edges of today,
Still playing hide and seek,
Still circling the truth.

And while the elephant remains silent,
Its command is deafening,
And so with every cowering move,
We try not to wake our elephant.
The Long War

Melissa Anderson

Children, pick up your guns.
This fight is not yet done.
For we fight the good fight.
We fight the terrors of another country,
We protect the weak that cannot help themselves,
We banish the force that seeks to dominate us,
We fight the Long War.

Children, put down your guns.
You fight for a leader’s ignorance,
You fight for a country’s lie.
That duty is done.

Fight the war of ignorance,
Of bigotry and hate,
Fight the battles on our home front,
Fight for those who cannot defend themselves.

The Long War is at home.
It is the black man beaten down.
It is the woman who was raped.
It is the child starving in the street,
It is the addict pushing the needle,
And the family with no house to call a home.
Your enemy is no longer foreign.
Slow Children Playing

Melissa Anderson

A yellow sports car traveled down a side street in a small New England village, winding along the curves as the road followed the ocean’s shore. In short bursts, he noticed the vibrant colors of the fall leaves as they transformed in steady progression towards their amber shades. On a small street on the outskirts of a town which seemed to have been untouched by the industrial era, the young male driver yielded to a sign that read: SLOW CHILDREN PLAYING. He arrived at the end in front of a lonely house that had once been known for its grandeur but now was in desperate need of repair. He turned off the car and walked along the sidewalk that was barely visible through the tall grass. He rang the doorbell once and waited. Moments later, a woman whose streaks of gray betrayed her middle age opened the door with trepidation.

“May I help you?”

“Yes, I’m here because of an ad you placed in the paper. You were looking for a tenant to help with the upkeep of the estate. Is the position still open?”

“Why, yes it is. Please come in.”

She held the door open for the man to enter and gazed at his muscular back showing beneath his thin t-shirt as he walked to the center of the foyer. A teenage girl peered down at them from her spot, crouched in front of the railing at the top of the stairs. The stranger looked up and, upon meeting her innocent eyes, smiled. She quickly drew back and then slowly emerged to watch.

“I guess first things first, what’s your name?” the woman asked as she faced him.

“James.”

She waited, expecting him to finish. When he continued to gaze at her, she asked, “Do you have a last name?”
“Yes,” he answered slowly. He looked around the room until his eyes fell upon a vase of tulips. “James Tulip.”

“Tulip? That’s quite strange.”

“It’s a family name.” She gazed at him and forced a smile.

“My name is Kristina Hepburn. Please follow me.” Ms. Hepburn led James through the house to the backyard. They crossed it and ascended the outdoor staircase to an apartment above the garage.

“This is where you’ll be staying. Please join my daughter and I for dinner at six in the formal dining room. You’ll find it off to the left side of the foyer. Please feel free to make yourself at home. I expect you would like to unpack, so I’ll leave you until dinner.”

As James entered the room, he noticed how empty the full-sized table looked with only Ms. Hepburn and her daughter. He sat down to the left of Ms. Hepburn, directly across from the young girl he’d seen earlier.

“This is my daughter, Lindsey,” Ms. Hepburn said, motioning at her only child. The man smiled at the young girl.

“Good evening! Very nice to meet you,” James said. Lindsey stared back blankly at him. “The food looks delicious.”

“Why, thank you James.”

Lindsey continued to stare at James until her mother reprimanded her. Then, in an almost apologetic way, she turned to James and said, “Although she looks like a perfectly normal seventeen year-old, Lindsey is a little, err, slow.”

“Hard to imagine someone as beautiful as her could be anything less than perfect,” James said as he gazed at Ms. Hepburn and noticed the smile that spread across both women’s faces.

“Yes, she is quite wonderful.”

As the winter months progressed, James and Lindsey became friends, and he often found himself playing with her, making up imaginary games.
One day, in early February, they sat next to each other on a bench outside regardless of the frigid temperature.

“Where should we go? We can drive anywhere we want!” James said to Lindsey. Lindsey’s speech was very garbled, but James was able to make out “Anywhere!”

“How about if we go west? To Texas? I’ve never been there.”

“Me neither!” James smiled at her as he pretended to turn on the imaginary car. He shifted the car into drive, and as they traveled to the farthest parts of their imaginations, James slowly leaned over and kissed Lindsey, encouraging their innocent friendship to grow into a more complicated relationship.

Late in the afternoon, on a day early in spring, when the first warm breeze coaxed Ms. Hepburn to open the windows, she sat in the living room. She sprawled out on the couch, reading a novel she had picked up from the table nearby. James entered and watched her expressions change as she became thoroughly engrossed in the lives of the fictional characters so different from her own existence.

“What are you reading?” he asked quietly, hesitant to disrupt her.

She looked up at him, her eyes betraying the shock at the unexpected interruption and uttered, “Just a novel,” in a voice just barely above a whisper.

“What is it about?”

“A stranger who comes to a town and falls in love with a lonely woman.”

“Fiction, eh? Things like that don’t happen in real life.”

“Don’t they?” James crossed the room towards her and overtook her on the couch.

Lindsey sat outside, staring in disbelief at what she saw. She had been watching her mother through the window. As she continued to watch, she became outraged. She went to James’ car that sat in the circular driveway directly in front of the house. The keys were still laid out on the seat and the engine was still warm from James’ recent trip into town. After fumbling with the keys for several minutes, she was able to insert the key into the ignition. Slowly, she turned the key the way James
had during their game of make-believe. Lindsey put the car into drive with three clicks.

James emerged from the house as soon as he heard his engine start. He called out to Lindsey as he fumbled to put his shirt back on, but she couldn't hear him over the growl of the motor as she slammed her foot down on the gas pedal. She turned the wheel in the direction of grass, heading straight for James who, in a state of shock, didn't seem to realize she was trying to hit him. He came farther out on the lawn, calling frantically to Lindsey, smiling at her audacious behavior. She watched as he got closer within her sight. As his smile turned into a look of terror, his body crashed against the grill of the car and was dragged under. Lindsey braked and accelerated as she drove around her driveway. She smiled as the car's wheels rolled again and again over the crushed bones.

Ms. Hepburn, who'd been watching from the window in horror at the actions of her daughter, ran from the house onto the lawn. Lindsey stopped the car.

"Lindsey, honey, turn off the car. You don't know what you're doing. Come to mother."

Lindsey's foot pushed down hard upon the gas pedal and barreled straight at her mother. Her mother turned around in an attempt to flee.

Lindsey turned on the windshield wipers to clear the crimson blood off the windshield. She turned onto another street, one that she hadn't seen since she was a little girl. As the sun rested behind the new spring-green trees in front of her, she passed a sign that read: Houston 1500 miles.
Her Reply to The Energetic Lover

Kristina L. Jones

We have world enough, and time;
This energy, lover, is no crime;
You promise a night of ecstasy;
But I really want to catch up on my mysteries.
You say you’re thinking about having an affair,
Well go ahead, it’s Wednesday night, and I have to wash my hair.
It is hard for me to pretend to be sultry
When you’re considering committing adultery.
While you want passion,
I want to go shopping for the latest fashion.
You say now is the time for desire;
I think we will have more time when we retire.
Instead of being seductive
I just want to be productive.
“We should spice up our nights with whips and restraints?”
Well, what about the bathroom you still need to paint?
Strawberry, grape, I’m the flavor that’s delicious?
“Why don’t you try a steak or something that’s nutritious?”
During the night you’re sexy and frisky,
Can’t you watch football and have a shot of whiskey?
We’ll have one-hundred years to stimulate,
Tonight I just want to rejuvenate.
Two-hundred years to adore each breast;
So now I think I deserve a rest!
Men are from Mars and tend to be wilder
While the women from Venus are more refined and milder.
April
Melissa Anderson

Fields turn bright spring green
Spotted with purple lilacs
Rain brings a new life.

Patraporn Likhitlerdrat
Digital Image
Rollerblades and Dominoes

Buddy Toth

“You’re gonna kill yourself?” shouted Michael.

“Yeah, but I might not,” yelled his grandfather as he shakily stood himself up on his grandson’s rollerblades. The old man grabbed tightly the end of the dog’s leash with the other end fastened to the family dog.

“Who’s the girl, Mike? Aren’t you gonna introduce us?”

“She’s my new girlfriend, Lilly, but probably not for long judging by this fantastic first impression.”

“Lilly, my name’s Bob, I’m Michael’s grandfather. It’s a pleasure to meet you, we’ll have to go dog-blading sometime.”

“Mush!” shouted the old man at the golden retriever as he took off down the driveway. The two teenagers were left standing outside the house that Michael’s family shared with is grandfather.

“Is he going to be all right?” asked Lilly.

“Probably not” replied Michael, “but I’m pretty much numb to this sort of thing by now.”

“So, he does this often, with the dog and the rollerblades?” she asked.

“Actually this one’s new, but more often than not he’s up to something equally outrageous. I don’t know what his problem is. One time I came home and he had been on the roof waiting for me just so he could pummel me with water balloons as soon as I got out of my car. Anyways, this is pretty embarrassing, why don’t we go inside.”

Later that night, Michael and his mother, father, and grandfather were gathered around the dinner table.
“You should have seen it!” shouted Bob. “When I hit those bushes, I swear, thirty people must have rushed over! Their faces were absolutely priceless, I bet they never could have imagined how I’d gotten myself into such a scenario!”

“I just thank God you’re alive, Dad,” said Michael’s mother. “You really can’t be doing these things at your age.”

“Hey, most people don’t even make it to my age, so why not have a little fun while I’m still here? I bet Mike’s girlfriend, Tilly, thought it was interesting, eh Mike?”

“It’s Lilly Gramp, and yeah, I’d say interesting pretty much sums it up.”

“Either way, I hope you kept the receipt for the groceries, Meredith. This is by far the worst apple juice I’ve ever tasted.”

“It’s chardonnay, Pop.”

“Eck! You trying to kill me?”

That night Michael had just finished brushing his teeth when his grandfather called him to his room.

“Michael! Come here! Slowly! I finally finished it! It took me all afternoon but it’s done!”

“What is it gramp?” sighed Michael as he walked into his grandpa’s bedroom to find rows and rows of Dominoes set up all throughout the room.

“Gramp, what are you doing?”

“I just set the last one down. You wanna knock the first one over? Wait til’ you see when it hits the matchbox car, it’s pretty amazing!”

“Gramp, why are you always doing things like this?”

“Things like what, Mike?”

“Like... like this, with the dominoes, or today with the rollerblades, why can’t you just do normal Grandpa things like fish, and play Bingo and stuff like that? It’s just not a normal lifestyle.”

“Well Michael, what exactly is a normal lifestyle?”
“I don’t know, go to college, get a job, get married, buy a house, and raise a family.”

“And then what comes after that Michael? Die? Sounds pretty boring to me. Mike, your grandmother died five years ago, God rest her soul, and I’ll most likely be gone in the next five. I’ve come to terms with that. So why should I slow down now, just because it’s not the normal lifestyle? Michael, I didn’t go to college, but here I am seventy-five years old with a roof over my head, three squares a day, and seventy-three channels of cable to watch whenever I want, I guess I did all right without college, eh? What do you need college for anyways, to pay $30,000 just to prove you read a biology book?”

“So why are you so outrageous all the time? You know you could have died pulling a stunt like that today, and you do stuff like that almost once a week!”

“So what if I had died Michael? I’m seventy-five, that’s as good a time as any to go. Mike, life isn’t about having a great job and being successful, the word successful is merely a matter of opinion. Do you remember when you were about fifteen or sixteen and I had that llama?”

“Yeah, it got taken away because you didn’t have a license for it.”

“Regardless, everyone who saw me riding it around downtown that weekend is going to remember that for the rest of their lives and will probably tell their kids about it someday. Michael, when I was a young kid, about thirteen or so, I attended the funeral of the grandfather of one of my buddy’s, and as I walked around the cemetery, I saw a stone with the name John Parkerton inscribed on it. Do you know who John Parkerton was?”

“No idea,” answered Michael.

“Of course not!” replied his grandfather, “No one does! The only proof that he ever existed is that very stone, which, by now, is probably so faded you couldn’t even read it if you tried! Now I may not be famous for anything, but at least people will remember that time they saw the old man with rollerblades go
headfirst into the bushes. They probably thought I mixed up my medications or something.”

“Gramp, you don’t even take any pills.”

“Exactly. Take your grandmother for example. She painted pictures that hang all around this house. There’s even one of hers that still hangs in the town hall today. That was her legacy, something that she can be remembered by now that she’s gone. Now, I’m by no means an artist, I just take advantage of what the laws of physics allow me to do. I’m sure you’ll learn all about that at college though, and not just in a plain old book like this one.” Bob tossed Michael a book from his bookshelf.

*Einstein’s Theories of Relativity; Special and General*, read Michael out loud.

“Where did you get this?” he asked.

“I bought it at a bookstore, go figure. Believe it or not, learning isn’t just limited to college students. My point is this, Michael, I know what makes me happy and I do it, to me that is success. Think about it this way, if the world were to end tomorrow, I could say I’ve swam with penguins. Could you say that?”

“It was at the zoo and you were arrested.”

“Mike, I think you’re missing the point.”

“I’m going to bed, Gramps, goodnight.” And with that Michael closed the door to his grandfather’s room only to hear the sound of hundreds of dominoes, followed by a matchbox car rolling on the hardwood floor, followed by more dominoes.

“Mike!” “You missed it!”
Doll Face
Jessica Pistilli

Dolly – alone in the bedroom,
Stares blankly into the dark,
Her body stuffed and limbs askew.
Her painted face cold to human touch.
Filthy hands pick her up when wanted.
Throw her aside when not.
Dressed and undressed for pleasure.
Her stitching stretched to exposure.
Dolly’s worn from play.
The Day I Flew Away
Jim Feldhouse

I was stuck
Down in a hole,
An un-risen phoenix,
A charred and flightless bird
Beaten down by life.
Broken spirit,
Broken mind,
Broken heart
When the anger
Gurgled within me
And I soared
Above the memories
Of my cage,
Watching the flames rise up
From the love letters burned.
Smoke filled the air,
As I took my flight,
And my wings cut through
The smoky haze.
Years have winged me
Far from the nest,
But my feathers still reek
Of the smoke
From the day I left.
The Day He Died
Debbie Hunter

On the day he died,
Your words comforted me,
Like no others could,
And for that I am thankful.

I think of him now and I smile,
I remember that death is not cruel,
I’m sure that he knows a peace eternal,
And I will not mourn for the one who dies.

As a tribute to you,
Agnes Carr,
I will not mourn him.
Mark Bliczarz
Oil
Submission Guidelines

Writing will be accepted through Spring semester.

Poetry: three poems or two pages.
Fiction: maximum five pages (double-spaced).
Creative non-fiction: maximum five pages (double-spaced).

Format:
Work must be typed and submitted both electronically and on paper copy. Cover sheet with writer’s name, address, telephone number and e-mail should be attached to submission. For more information, contact Christine Ruggiero at cruggiero@mxcc.commnet.edu