PULS
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AWARDS

Eleanor Poetry Award
   "Solitary Prints" by Patrick A. Wright

PULSE Poetry Award
   "At First Glance, All Is Clear" by Don Hamerly

Professor's Poetry Award
   "The Seasons Always Change" by Kathy Portie

PULSE Fiction Award
   "A Song for Natalie" by Kathleen Haskins

JUDGES

Poetry:
   Dr. Chris Ellery
   Dr. Marianne Loyd
   Dr. Norman German

Fiction:
   Dr. R. C. Reynolds
   Dr. R. B. Thomas
   Dr. David Kuhne

Essay:
   Dr. Christopher P. Baker
(Outward Appearances)

Last night I read,
"There is more magic
in the infinitesimal
than in the grandiose."

Today, on the prowl at the Big K,
I bought new tennies—
a pair made of some unidentified manmade material
dyed a presumptuous tin foil silver
that promised me daily remembrances
of past Christmases' gaudy glittery tinsel
and shiny shiny packages reflecting methodically
blue, red, green, blue, red, green...

Hypnotized
I slipped them on
and fancied I saw far-off fairyland's
sparkling of tiny jewel-hued lights
that twinkled to the wind chime sounds
of tinkling child laughs.
I felt bewitched and giddy,
knowing my life was about to be
mysteriously and overwhelmingly
Transformed.

How, then, could I break the spell
by removing these enchanted slippers
for my impotent Hush Puppies?
I wore them from the bazaar,
to my carriage, into my castle
where I sat naive and expectant in my easy throne,
waiting., waiting...waiting...
for IT to happen.

But instead reality chimed through my body,
shattering me with its sobering reverberations,
and I duly removed the tennies,
trying frantically to wipe away the smudges with a Kleenex
before placing them gently in their soon-to-be-dust-covered box.
And in the stillness made as the lid gratefully smothered
the faint, mocking, crystalline voices,
I mumbled, "They were probably too grandiose."

by Annette Martinez
Lost Innocence

Wistful eyes admiring the
spectrum of colors dancing on the ground
Longing to be closer, to hold
such a lovely, glittering matter
Reaching fingers gleefully grasp
the idolized object...
then cry in pain as the
jagged glass
falls to the ground.

by Nancy Price

Disillusionment

Throwing the clay on to the wheel
shaping, molding
Pounding every inch to soften,
make more manageable
Forming the perfect figure to
embody her own talent
Coating the figure with a glaze
of gold, then flinging away
With disgust her created child
after spotting a chip in the
glaze.

by Nancy L. Price
Regainings

I)
I thought I saw, at the last alley, a
shadow with the whitest of eyes,
brightest of eyes, burning with no pupils
  but I was not surprised;
  I have seen them before
Through my upstairs window
the streetlamp casts a
cross upon my wall
and through the pane
I see the eyes
  I'm not surprised
I draw the curtains open
They are there, burning
almonds set in shadow
"Are you Death?" Ha.
He would be more lovely
and more welcome still.

II)
Six nights beneath their zinc and
molten stare clouds my
sleep no more obsidian now
eye of tiger, sleep deep sunk black
fathoms beneath the low night Scottish sky
  deep in a highland loch
laced with silt and
burning legend and
through the silt the eyes
I recognize the glow
the reptile eyes;
I have seen them before,
eyes of snake and
I remember you
yours were the eyes I sought when first told I was
ugly, fallen, you who first fell from beauty
  I have met your eyes when in my blackest rage,
burned them through, flashed them as even now they
burn in shadow, glowing of themselves
To join the fellowship on a ship and purple carpet there
And slowly weld to the earth
When as I thought there, one readily broke apart
That weary only hangs, passing hungry.

There were no anxious leaves to motion their almost patient
Purple shoulders firmly a pink blue sky.

I can still smell their sweet and slightly acid fragrance.

Dreams of visions can form in early springtime.

Your words bring to mean us in the air.

Wistful Thinking

by Andrew Reefer

and down again
And I'll kiss you thoroughly
The dark replies
Choose the thick showers of Spanish lace
That you whom much by
Suspended, feel suspended
Here in the soft
This shoulderer soot a neck of your
Could you know no need so
You who need in
You know no braced
How your eyes are from a paper
Brought you through until you covered your
Lashed, you lashed I feel your
Love me you lick it a thing expedient you
When first I begged you love me.
By Regina Betterly

One of the boy's cell phone

The greatest bless and popepe of my friends and being grateful

When the day ends all days cease

And Poppers goes on my phone

Popsicle and cold front

The boy's phone was working the moment the cell phone was working, then the phone was working.

How to use the phone and keep it charged

Seven Year Lies

For at least a hundred years

They have the deck of cards and

They have the deck of cards

They have the deck of cards

They have the deck of cards

They have the deck of cards

Coal Black and the Seven Basketball Players

For Holdy
The grease had been hot.

"What did you mean by saying that Black was still alive but also because the grease didn't come out?" asked the doctor.

"She must have taken it before the grease was hot," said Mary Kay. "She didn't know." The grease had been poured into a pot, and then left on the stove until it was hot enough to kill Black. She then proceeded to add it to the grease to make it even hotter.

"Well, why didn't you take her to the doctor?" asked Mary Kay.

"I thought she was dead," said Mary Kay. "I didn't want to take her to the doctor."
by Jessica Edwards

James Baldwin has presented all these elements of his speech in this setting so much as we could...
I have the pain of having to leave again. 
I wonder why I still make the case. 
And listen to those words that have become so old. 
I will continue to pour more Illinois into the sea. 
You mention broken words into the sea. 
That I could say to all the dying souls.

Love of common ground, love never wavers. 
No note is spent in making further basics 
And yet because your day is long, you remain. 
The way you could dwell, our lives are short. 
The pain your words—read your words again. 
Understanding how your words can shape the scene.

Those letters they take no chance but make the pain. 
This I would say to all the empty hearts.

by Don Hammary

When they are so deep. 
Making the words seem so close. 
And the sun's light cuts us. 
The water, though it calls.

When polished pebbles. 
Just lean on us. 
Those hips a spring-fed pool. 
At first glance, all is dear. 

At first glance, all is clear.

by Don Hammary

Once In Those Quiet Times

Consumption
A simple song;
And with those lines,
Your rhythmic sounds defended about that shore,
Two little gulls circled protectively first to my head.
Then in a box:
Entangled on the sides
And a grey ket
Because unlighting
And my Pollock discovery
Because unlighting
Of shiver and sound
That the stillness
And it was not once
The mission of sound
Nothing but here.
I could find nothing to do.
Position of my world
A more appropriately slain
Hidden Percistor
Some and marching from my
One in those quiet times when.
By Don Harmer

And shadows only serve to stress my plight,
I see that all around the walls are white.
It is in the shadow I do not want to stay.
No comfort comes from shrinking out the light.

For shadows only serve to stress my plight,
And keep from me that true light, the light
Alone can wash your soul, eternity.
I see that all around the walls are white.

Delight the soul In pure thoughts, I should say,
Away from here nature, here excess,
The shadows only serve to stress my plight.

The ceiling's too green. I'm sure but not too bright.
I see that all around the walls are white.
But magic does not make it go away.
I know the walls with color to hide the sight,
But shadows only serve to stress my plight.
The shadows only serve to stress my plight,
The shadows only serve to stress my plight,
by Sharon Prentice

...
by Patrick A. White

and drop my feet into the calm sea,
I reach another couple of my nearest
with my hands of my hands, out of it,
I work at the rock and then at the shore
my clothes are tidy and careful the drink
beside a thousand about the corner converses all
in cradles the beauty broken the cup of wine
The window’s glass is all solid in the time
forehead and find the windows merely hold
and a cool of comfort there I move
I move all to find a deeper ridge
Shadows move and I hear one more
enough the beams are made right
in once the wrecks and both dive in
Red sea has been where wreck back and forth
I feel the wrecks like broken and still
The window’s glass is all solid in the time

by Patrick A. White

Returning From the Wreck

Solitary Places

beach in this show, southerly brother
precious are seen the win in old tight
precious man to concrete steps.
in the sun beside a white market
This people men-are the silent
among a mass of water and silent
a broken board lies in a street
on board that leads unbroken here
from off these steps and past.
an accompanied musician

by Patrick A. White

beached upon these bill shall
an unopened door

An unopened door is cloistered hero
and that which of the edge here
read the torn upon the shore

These solitary places in the sand,
The Onshore Breeze

A Modern Poem

The Window Pane

Seven and Twenty

At the Beach

Poetry in Winter
Raisin Muffins

I watch the batter mix.
I hurry to beat the muffin, and
beside a glass of milk,
break at the kitchen table.

I watch it rise in a golden crust.
The oven sizzles, and
the oven timer ticks.
I slide the muffin tin into
my section, soon to cup.
I sprinkle each apartment of
two sticks well-buttered cups.
I slowly spoon the batter
into each pocket of cornmeal
and stir this liquid into
my mix in a glass with milk.
At the kitchen table

I sit on the side instead.

The wooden steps press
a bubble bee buzzes by.
A purple marlin swoops
A butter piece is by.

Locusts hover across the park, flying out
The sun's warmth sufficiently
not forgetting its affection
the heat of duration
and illness in me.

A mockingbird comes
I lose the company
from limb to tree
He is many drift
on wooden steps
that sit loose thinking
A spindled door not quite
Clawing into the floor
I watch the Elevator
be the back of the bassinet
of gravity over the fence
I sit on the side instead.
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