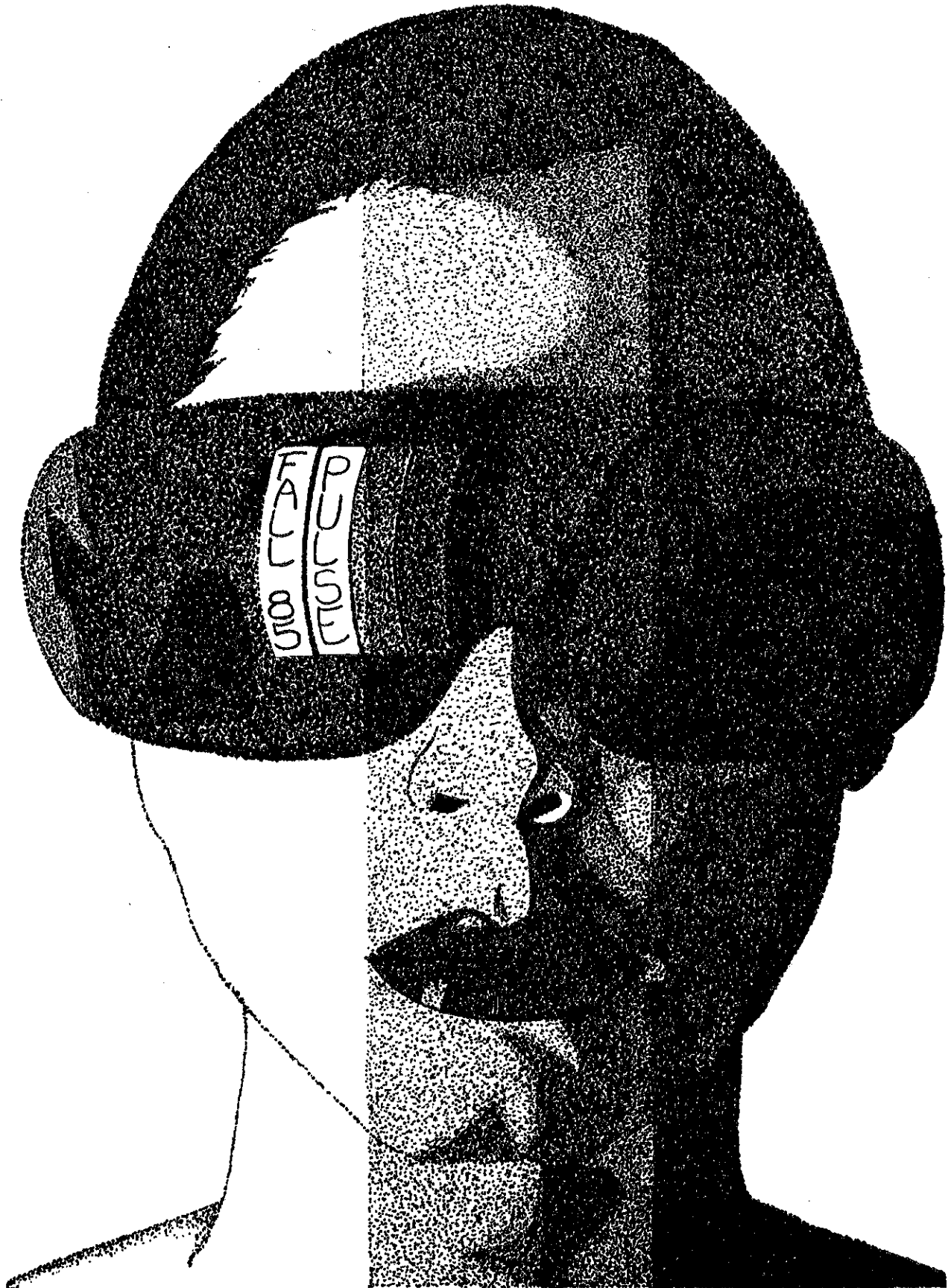


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PULSE and the liberal arts.

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AWARDS

- Eleanor Poetry Award
"London Working Girl: 1840" by Theresa Rene LeBlanc
- PULSE Poetry Award
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- Professor's Poetry Award
"One Life" by Roxie Huffman
- Staff Poetry Award
"Epilogue" and "A Lament For My Friend" by Andrew B. Preslar
- PULSE Essay Award
"A Perspective In the Changing of the Academic Guard"
by Robin M. Latimer
(Due to lack of space, the essay was not printed)
- PULSE Art Award - Cover Design
"Check It Out" by Curtis D. Pryor

JUDGES

POETRY

Mr. Geoffrey Black
Dr. Marianne Loyd
Dr. R. J. Barnes

FICTION

Dr. R. C. Reynolds
Mr. David Kuhne
Dr. Marilyn Georgas

ESSAY

Mr. Henry Hutchings
Dr. Sallye Sheppard

THE WIRE

I hear you beckon,
"Come dance on the wire with me."
Please try to understand,
I know the view is breathtaking.
I pity the sane ones,
who will never see it.

But don't you know
that we shouldn't dance out here?
When you dance on the wire,
one false step is the end.
That false step will happen,
sooner or later,
it's unavoidable.

Then again,
for too long I have lived
in a safe and barren world.
Safe, yes, but so very cold.
Nothing to die from,
nothing to live for, either.

So-
I will come out with you,
and dance on the wire you know so well.
Just promise me that if we stumble,
you will lock your eyes with mine.
For then, as we fall, I will know,
that the view was worth the cost.

by John S. Moye

SPECTRUM

The spectrum contains light
that mortals cannot see.
Stars can burn very fiercely
with this light,
and still
burn in darkness,
unseen,
remaining unknown to men.
You burn so brightly,
but with a special light,
that I cannot always see.
Even then, I can feel
your spirit's gentle glow,
and basking in your warmth,
I can be renewed.

by John S. Moye

Eleanor Poetry Award

LONDON WORKING GIRL: 1840

Struggling with the apparition of desire
I strive to avoid the place to which I'm drawn,
But every time I lose the fight and then
Return to lean against the bridge's railing,
Off to the side where I won't be a bother.
The traffic noise subsides into a murmur,
As I look down beneath my feet and stare
Into the thick brown river, its slow current
Traced by the curling lines of yellow foam.
Lines like tendrils that entwine my thoughts
And gently, steadily pull me with them
Under the bridge and out beyond the city,
Into the country where I lived before.
I fell across the rails of caution into
Love, with a man who was as poor as me.
My parents did not favor him, they warned me.
Their admonitions faded, left me
Pulled by words and looks to follow my lover
And leave my simple, quiet village life
Go to the city where he found another.

Alone I wandered to the river, struck
By how the steady, throbbing of the current
was like the constant movement of machines,
Like those I work from dawn, through day, to dark.
Machines whose heavy streams of clacking hammer
The thoughts out of my head, erode my heart
By tearing out the roots of hope within me.

So many times I've stared into the river,
Wondering as I wonder now why I stay,
To slowly die of hunger and of want
When climbing over the rail and falling down
To let the clawing current draw me - kicking
Reminds me that I'm bearing a new life.

My tears alone can fall into the river.

by Theresa René LeBlanc

PRETTY AS A . . .

Picture

A lovely scene of unspoiled nature,
A purple mountain crowned
By an inevitable triangle of snow,
Posed behind a lake of matchless serenity
Marred only by a single polite wrinkle,
Caused by a tiny plaid fisherman
Casting his line into the depths,
Waiting to catch the trout
(that is pasted on the back of the cardboard).

by Theresa René LeBlanc

MIRRORS

Trying to love me is like
Trying to dive into a glass skinned lake,
Mountains and clouds as real on its surface
As they are in the air.

It is like arcing through the cold
Seeing your arms extended, prayer-handed,
Catching your image briefly,
Smooth face confident until

Feeling your knuckles crushed and cracking
Arms splintered back behind your shoulders
Breaking yourself upon my mirrored surface
You realize that the smiles you saw in my eyes
Were reflections of your own.

By Theresa René LeBlanc

BEING AT THE BOTTOM

The light is dimmer
Here at the bottom of the sea.
It covers all indiscriminately
With faint, swaying patterns.

The surface is rough today,
The wind boils and twists it
Sending brown and green droplets
In a dusty shower upon us

As we sit on our webbed
Patio chairs, the conversation
Rising in unbroken bubbles,
Its lure escaping unbitten.

By Theresa René LeBlanc

COLORED DUCKS

We walked along the riverside at night,
Protected by compressed fluorescent light
From smothering in the murky velvet sky.

Surprise! The air was shifted by a breeze
And we, inspired by mosquito-free space,
Walked beyond the geometric white pools

To fluid boundaries of the river's side.
There among boulders of more modern granite
(also known as crumbled blocks of cement)

We went and came upon two colored ducks,
Reddened by the rosy glow of industry
That burned an edge of sky beyond the trees.

You did not stop to stare at them. Unlike
Myself you were not tempted to stay there.
Instead you wandered to the place where

The sidewalk diffuses into the muddy bank,
Explained to me the meaning of the plant's life.
And I cannot remember hearing you.

I can only remember seeing you,
Your face returning more color and warmth
Than the plant's light was able to give.

Did it alter this fluorescent light?

by Theresa René LeBlanc

STAR WAR

Sunlight is shattered upon the road,
Fragments of it can also be seen on the lawn
The trees have done it violence
They've broken its flow.

The rest of the world
Is not helping either,
Cars and houses alike amputate
Rays that escape the trees.

Sometimes, though, the sun is victor.
Witness the shield discarded in the driveway,
Shot by a stray beam, deromanticized,
A dull-green trashcan lid.

by Theresa René LeBlanc

A REFLECTION

She is a silver outline on the glass,
A floating ghost in front of vibrant colors
All the seasons newest fashions donned by
hairless symbols of herself and others,
Elite beings that gaze through her
Casually forgetting that they have no eyes.
She moves and takes here faded image with her,
Leaving the view of the mannequins clear
Until another shopper takes her place,
Before the permanent plastic trendsetters.

by Theresa René LeBlanc

THE WEB

In early morning mist at dawn
like lace with sequins sewed on,
it hangs awaiting some innocent prey
deceived by its guileful appearance,
lured by its intriguing beauty
and trapped in its relentless grasp.

by Joan E. Afflerbach

VICKY

That little hill we climbed overlooking Avalon
Still echoes--chiming distant hours
That passed like minutes

While sky and sea resolved themselves as one
We looked too deeply at the reflections
We saw in each other's eyes.

Perhaps I should have followed you to Yum Suf street
Instead of putting in your place
That piece of madness from Maryland.

by Ed Sherwood

NATURE'S WILD WEEDS SOWN

Once a thousand faces
caught clear afront
my standing presence
to fill a broken time
of lonely hardened seconds
and measure where
the locks are thrown
when existence becomes
a virtue
and "nowhere" becomes
an understanding of
living in a vacant mockery
of what has never been

by Clinton E. Dearborn

STARDUST

As the morning dew meets the light of day,
a transparent misty green captivates the
audience of assorted beasts, bewildered.
Fossil graveyards blossom as trilobites
scatter in fright.
The dawn of another truly unique day has started.
Primordial Earth has materialized.
Our foster parents, like intellectual skeletons,
have breathed the subliminal essence
of our ethereal beauty.
For in the hearts of stars we are their dust, STAR DUST
Like ancient poetry, we arose in a
burst of light.
Fading echoes of creation still whisper this.

by Curtis Strickland

GOURMET COOKING

The climax comes
when we turn over
a chicken on the pit.

The coal sizzles
and spits anger at
the yard-bird burning.

We watch as it cooks,
it looks half alive,
dripping sauce like blood.

by Mark Lang

S.O.S.

Somewhere out to sea
a ship slips past a horizon,
weaving between the oil rigs
and missing them by miles.

Somewhere out to sea,
beneath an oiled slick surface,
stabbing with mean rhythmic fury,
a drilling bit strikes oil.

Somewhere out to sea
ocean mountains start to tremble,
forcing islands to the surface
despite all that there is.

Somewhere out to sea
a ship has left an island,
leaving port to search the ocean,
not for islands but for oil.

by Mark Lang

ALASKA

Every star needles this meridian,
North, the name of the High Queen of Witches.
Eight shades of white, violet, obsidian,
declined in the forbidden, injudicious
second plan (after the alpha this rebellion),
train the eye to a rigor impervious
to everything but an emblem, a black leaf
stamped in ice, a redfox in relief.

Out here, a wolverine, a wolf
or a bear, a miscalculation
of what to fear is argument
enough for studious patrol.
Here where space and time
visibly rend the frosted word,
one takes the trusted way
devoutly, or, finding the trail
stacatto in the snow, chains
dogs to trees, urged to name them
again or call them, one by one.

Out here,
one goes down by fire,
and lifts his eye
to the one cold crack
left in the hide, saying
"Father, my Father"
to the swaying tip
of a fir.

by Robin M. Latimer



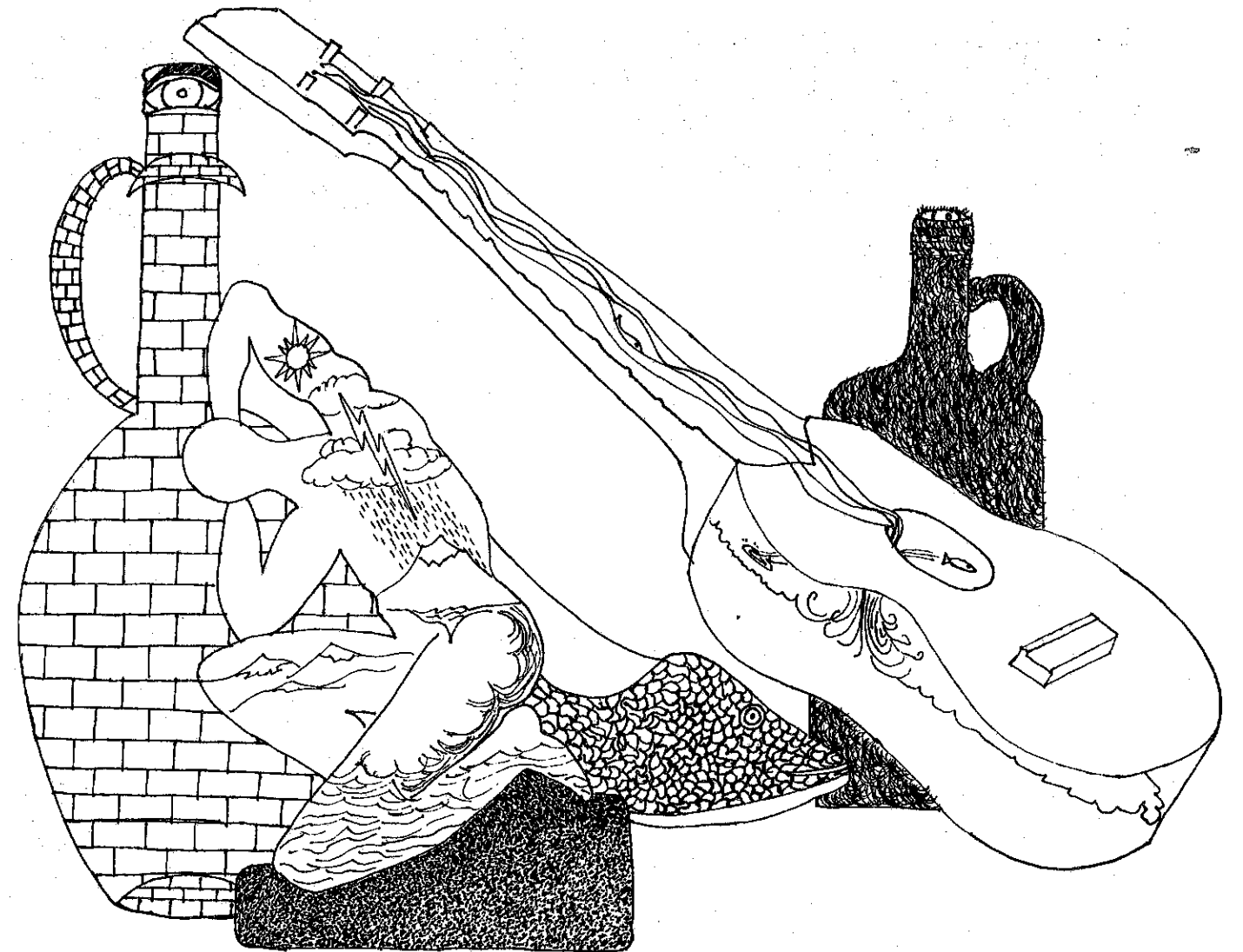
"Wild Man"

by Curtis D. Pryor



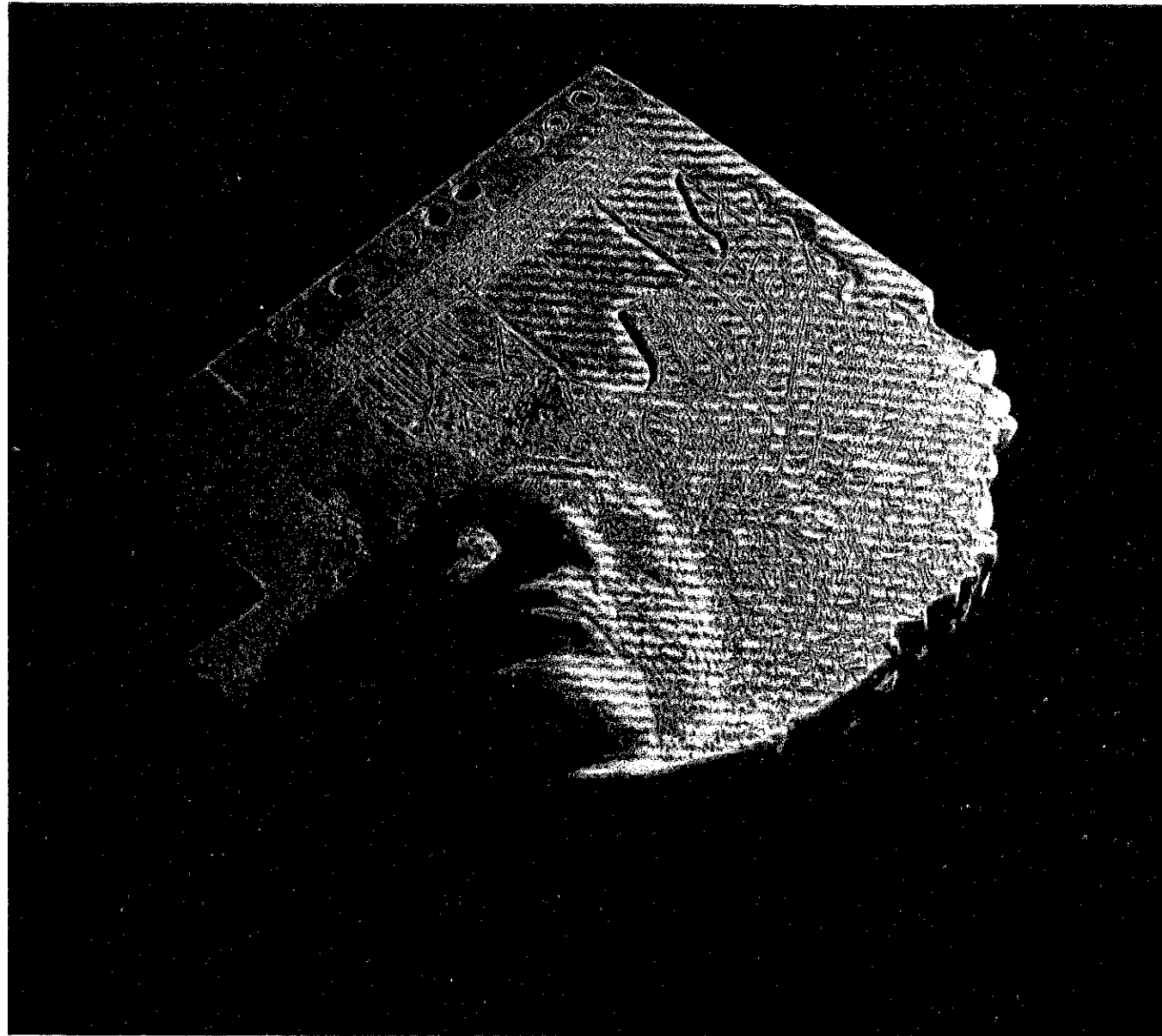
"The Complexity of Life"

by Curtis D. Pryor



"Metamorphosis"

by Curtis D. Pryor



"The Mask"

by Mamie Bogue

Staff Award

EPILOGUE

A coarse and
heavy flower,
blackier than red,
and vein-laced sheets of
thinnest fern,
placed in your
mother's vase
of palest china
sat in the window--

We could see the stem
turgid there through the
porcelain so thin it
quivered in the sun...

wind tangled in the heavy
petals and the thinnest lace of
fern pushed the whole mismatched
affair to the break and how we
cried, I for you, and for myself,
my fingers tangled in the heavy
breath and in the thinnest
sail of hair.

for Ellen

by Andrew B. Preslar

A LAMENT FOR MY FRIEND

A Robin, full-throated,
flung song through the meadow,
harbinger to Ceres:
Persephone comes!
It's the thrill of new sap
and the mad rush of petals;
It's only our nature
that makes her succumb.
Her lover, her helper,
full-chested and strong,
then flew far and left her
with only her song
and a promise from Ceres
that spring is for lovers,
another will come
on the heady March wind,
and he will bring sunbeams
and rumble with thunder
but Robins must take
what the Earth Mother sends.

by Andrew B. Preslar

ASH WEDNESDAY

How quickly Mother Earth reclaims the Dead,
Still hers, to whom she gave her substance, breath,
But only brief release, parole instead
Of freedom granted them, to find that Death
Is not the end but start of our advent,
Of our immortal soul's divine ascent.

In faith, we come to learn that at our point
In Time, we each emerge from this good earth
To walk this sphere which Christos did annoint,
Make Holy for us by His precious birth.
Incarnate Word and arbiter of worth,
He came that Life in Him be ours to share,
To His eternal Kingdom called as heir.

So many times, these last and busy years
Of Ordained service in His Holy Church
Have I been called to reconcile the fears,
And help bereaved in unrelenting search
For Faith, to dry Doubt's Tears that would besmirch
The countenance of God Himself: our Hope
Without Whose grace, with Life we cannot cope.

So now I stand at Holy Altar Place,
Imposing Wednesday's Cross on Earthen Dust.
On this same spot I baptized them in grace;
In holy wedlock here I did entrust
Them to Our Lord, the Hope of all the Just.
I fed them here: the Eucharistic Feast;
From here, in time, their souls shall be released.

by Dow Wynn

JUST ANOTHER LETTER

I wonder, what do you see from your window?
The sun is breaking through the lowering clouds
that have hovered here like hungry birds
waiting for winter feed. I look out,
squinting, not yet used to the brightness
and wonder what you see when you look out.
From here in Texas, you seem as far away
as France, Virginia, Sri Lanka. They're all
places I won't see. The letter pages
are creased from folding and unfolding.
The palm tree in the front yard doubled over
this winter. It makes a pitiful arch.
Birds, coming to build a nest in it,
had to pick up their twigs and move on.
I'm surprised it lasted as long as it did.
Turning, I look out the window and see
two tomcats sparring in the yard.
Winter seems to have lost its hold on us.

by Gwen Whitehead

PULSE Poetry Award

THE FISHERMAN

Endless hours of rope
have caused
his calloused hands.
Exposure to wind and sun
has colored
his face hamp-brown.
His corded arms are strong
from lifting,
pulling, setting nets and doors.
He climbs into the rigging,
his movements
comfortable and sure,
to adjust
the bib line on his baby.
The net lines straightened,
he pauses,
studying the sky.
Gauging wind and clouds, he decides
to leave
instead of dragging once more.
He pull-starts the putt-putt,
his winch
roars to life.
The ropes roll in smoothly,
pulling
the wings of net aboard.
He quickly runs the pelican hook
through
the lazy line.
The pelican hook holds its catch in
its pouch,
and the bag hits the back deck.
His catch stored in the hold,
The nets fold,
the butterfly at rest.

by Pamela Sharrock

WHO CARES WHAT MARIGOLDS SAY

A crescent moon turned over on its back
holds water, my grandmother once told me.
Driving across town tonight I noticed
it was standing upright after two
days on its back. No drops
of rain splattered the windshield.

Grandma told me one late night on her
front porch that stars are really souls
in heaven. I didn't tell her, but I thought
it unfair that souls in hell
don't have a chance to shine.

Working in the garden, I noticed
that aphids were munching my tomato leaves.
I went to the feed store and bought
a packet of flower seeds. Grandma
said that marigolds planted around
the garden keep the bugs out.

I tried it. It didn't work.
The flowers have blossomed around my garden.
The moon is half full now, stars begin to peek
out from behind dark clouds. The faint
light filters through holes in the tomato
leaves and makes tear drop patterns on the ground.

by Gwen Whitehead

Professor's Prize

ONE LIFE

Enjoyed and savored past
as life was meant to be.
Why must I go so fast?

Yet I was meant to cast
a light for you to see
enjoyed and savored past.

Why should I be the mast
of our society?
Why must I go so fast?

As often as I dashed
about, longing to free
enjoyed and savored past.

Achievements often lashed
my personality.
Why must I go so fast?

So slowly, though not passed,
I long for time to be
enjoyed and savored past.
Why must I go so fast?

by Roxie Huffman

LOSING BATTLE

You loved me
In your eyes I caught a glimpse
of your heart
through the pain you came
Unafraid
of what you might have seen
behind the wall
beneath the pain
within the stone heart
 the cold eyes
 the frozen soul
Tell me what it was you saw
 what it was you felt
that made you fight so hard
for one
with nothing more to give
than pain
Stronger men than you have tried
to touch this walled heart
and just like you
have failed
Would it help you to know
that I almost felt you?

by Kerry L. Fare

MAINLAND CHINA

My friends like to
laugh
Like banshees
The sound travels
spreads across the land
like dandelion puffs
floating on the wind
I often think that
when we laugh
in harmony
we can be heard
all the way to
Mainland
China
or at least
to New Orleans

by Kerry L. Fare

REBECCA MEADE

I have seen you only in pictures
before you could walk
the night your mother called to say
you were finally here I canceled my plans
and opened the bottle of champagne that had
been chilling for months in anticipation and
toasted your life until bottle and glass
were empty
I have known you only by a key chain
that reads Aunt Irish and when it broke
and the words were lost I cried for days
on my loss
You were and are the most cherished child
I have ever held in my heart
and although I have never known you
and never will
I just wanted you to know
I love you

by Kerry L. Fare

I HAVE KNOWN YOU IN BRAILLE

I want to see you
Naked in the light
Examine every curve every crevice
Memorize every line of you
To know you with my eyes
Before I learn you in Braille
To hold your blondness in my hands
And reach with my eyes through yours
To discover who we truly are
Why we are
I have a memory of you I cannot grasp
There is a reason for us from some other place
Some other time
And if I could only get past who I am now
I would say to you the other words
The ones held back unlike the tears
Shed from my soul
I cannot tell you why
It was a memory
I have heard you before
I have held you before
I have known you in Braille

by Kerry L. Fare

ECHOES

There is something about
your laugh
that announces the
arrival of another day
such a bright sun filled
laugh
a child's laugh
it floats down the hall
like a shadow
extended in the
setting sun
extending through time
until it exists no more
to the common senses
but is felt only by the heart
Laugh for me.

by Kerry L. Fare

NICE NIGHT

Mist rolls in like a shroud
nice night for a funeral
October always was a good time
for dying things
ghosts haunt best this time of year
on this kind of night
it is a good night
for dying things
things without purpose without reason
shattered idols crashing to the ground
heroes dropping flys and panties
revealing themselves for what they are
dreamers waking up with the startling
realization that they really don't belong
anywhere
to anyone
nice night for a funeral

by Kerry L. Fare

[I STAND HERE]

I stand here
in the tall grass
with my Levi's dragging
at my toes
for I left my shoes
by the roadside
when I decided
to be free.

by Dawn Inman

A PENNY PINCHING SHREWD ECONOMIST

A penny pinching shrewd economist,
with butt in mouth, in hand a shopping list,
he pockets pennies in his Goodwill suit,
pretending that the coins are pirates' loot.
A minute's walk to Thrifty Mart takes hours;
in search of gold in silver cans, he scours.
Salvation Army sneakers on his feet,
(worn out from too much walking on the street),
the penny pinching shrewd economist
records his findings on his shopping list:
an egg mcmuffin, with a pad of butter,
there underfoot, leftover in the gutter;
a Chrysler hubcap, matches, and a dime,
a pocket watch that tells a different time,
a flip-flop, a cough drop, a sewer rat,
a Flintstone comic book to giggle at.
Exploring darkened depths of every alley,
he adds to his collection, keeping tally.

Obese, obnoxious boys sit sucking Slurpees
outside the Thrifty Mart, attracting herpes.
The penny pinching shrewd economist
is sure they're watching - still he can't resist-
The dumpster at the Mart is so appealing,
and taking garbage surely isn't stealing,
so to the snarling boys he pays no mind;
he climbs inside to see what he can find:
expired wise potato chips, a comb,
and popcorn-looking chunks of styrofoam,
a rusty muffler, birth control for roaches,
a Spanish card that wishes "Buenos Noches!"

Emerging from the dumpster with a grin,
he notes the Thrifty Mart and ventures in.
Grown weak from exercises in numerics,
he rogues the aisles, hunting down generics.
A no-name brand of bread gives him the urge
to count his change again, and then to splurge.
As penny pinching shrewd economist,
he double-checks for bargains that he missed.
The check-out punk is tuned to Donahue;
she rings his order, singing Motley Crue.
He leaves when all is crossed off on his list,
a penny pinching shrewd economist.

by Dawn Inman

SARDU'S THEATER MACABRE

The sinful sweat of New York City's streets
helps to disguise the smell of sweat at Sardu's.
The cesspool of savagery he calls art
is sadomasochistic slavery...

"Donations for the actresses...Donations?
My actresses receive no pay...Dona-
Why, thank you for your generosity.
The theater relies on your support.
Donations for actresses...Donations?"

He takes the stage and no one makes a sound.
The eyes of all the curious crowd are fixed
on the wanton wizard of wickedness.
Like witnessing a gruesome accident-
held captive by the bloody scene death-
they make mental notes of the madman's moves
to tell the morbid tale to all their friends...

"Good evening friends, and welcome to the show.
As master of the Theater Macabre,
I'll make your foulest fantasies come true."

"This evening's entertainment will be death
by guillotine - but with a tainted twist-
Now kindly dim the houselights please. Spotlight.
And here you see the instrument of death."

"The blade, awaiting merciless, its drop,
anticipates the bloody ecstasy.
My slave will hold the rope between her teeth,
the rope that holds the blade above her head.

Take pleasure in her agonizing torment,
The strain of holding on is reddening
her tear-drenched face. The slightest cry for help and-

Her supple neck, sliced so hideously-
the opening erupts her blood with spurts.
You couldn't ask for more in one evening's
performance. Have your eyes been playing tricks
on you? Or have your fantasies come true?"

"Donations for the actresses...Donations?
My actresses receive no pay...Dona-
Why, thank you for your generosity.
The theater relies on your support.
Donations for the actresses...Donations?"

by Dawn Inman

STAFF

| | |
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| Department Head | C.T. Summerlin |

STATEMENT OF EDITORIAL POLICY

The editorial staff of PULSE wishes to thank all students who submitted their work for consideration to the magazine this semester. Regrettably, all entries cannot be published. The staff makes every attempt to see that contributions are judged fairly and impartially. In this interest, when submissions are received, the editors immediately remove the cover sheet which bears the author's name. After all submissions are received, the entries are sent to a qualified panel of judges which consists of three or more faculty members from the Department of English and Foreign Languages. At no time do the judges see the cover sheets which identify the individual authors.

The purpose of PULSE is to publish the best of all entries received for consideration. We are very proud of the work which we have printed in this issue and we appreciate the continued support of all students who contributed to and enjoy the magazine.

The Editors.