Pulse
### Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Nancy Bamber Bell</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynne Carlisle</td>
<td>7, 10, 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike Clarke</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Conway</td>
<td>12, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clyde Drake</td>
<td>21, 24, 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mike Espinoza</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hal Evans</td>
<td>13, 26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Friend</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Hodgson</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jamie Paul Kessler</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tommy Newton</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara Rogers</td>
<td>6, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cynthia Shields</td>
<td>4, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amanda-Nicola Sparks</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Susan White</td>
<td>11, 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patrick A. Wright</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Awards

**Lynn Carlisle**
- **PULSE Fiction Award - Third** - “Stalemate or Meg Begs the Question”

**Mike Clarke**
- **PULSE Art Award - First**

**Tom Conway**
- **Professor’s Poetry Award - Second** - “The Era of Fear”
- **Professor’s Poetry Award - Third** - “Grey Epistemology”

**Clyde A. Drake, Jr.**
- **Eleanor Poetry Award - Third** - “The Man in the Icebox”
- **PULSE Undergraduate Award - First** - “Fire”

**Hal Evans**
- **Eleanor Poetry Award - First** - “Vidor”
- **Professor’s Poetry Award - First** - “In Your Eyes”

**Jamie Paul Kessler**
- **PULSE Undergraduate Award - Third** - “The Twin Peaks of Two Trees Touch”

**Barbara Rogers**
- **PULSE Art Award - Second**

**Cynthia Shields**
- **Eleanor Poetry Award - Second** - “Frustration”

**Susan White**
- **PULSE Undergraduate Award - Second** - “The Silence”
Frustration
As my sighs
turn to screams
I search
for a paper bag
which I will use
to cover my head
of course
they will still
hear me scream
but they will not
see my face
and thus assume
I am only
afraid of the dark
Cynthia Shields

Found Poem - Interstate 10

Hungry Hobo
next exit- Jack Daniels
8 Days Inn
America’s Choice Branding Iron
Tasty World Restaurant -GAS-

Gateway Americano
Cash Card First Security Bank Beaumont Savings
and Loan
Exxon Texaco Shell

PearlVWJack Daniels
Broussard’s Mortuary
U-HAUL

Nancy Bamber Bell
Solutions

I've got an idea.
Let's plant you and see what happens.
I planted poppies last week,
So I know what I'm doing.

You have to dig a hole
Three times as big as the seed--
That means, in your case, some
Eighteen feet. I won't mind the trouble.

There's something orgasmic about firming
The soil over planted seeds. Patting
The dirt till it's smooth.
Since everything's relative, I could stomp
The dirt over you, to make sure
It is packed solid.

Oh earth, rain, sun! Oh sprouts!

What will you do after a couple of weeks?
I'll water you, for sure, but I might
Run off to India; out of sight,
Out of mind.

Lynne Carlisle
Heads of State

Shup up idiot.
The senators often use a senior-freshman attitude.
And where am I in this club?
I am under a log, under the sky and the rain floats the log away.
I go on the block and get the chop and god knows I am lost.

Patrick A. Wright

blew it badly
but so did the Pres.

I get older, I get much older, not much wiser,
I am distressed as I see more and gain less.

I go energized on some days
than the others I barely go.

was a very rough time
when I woke up today
and now it is even worse.

reading 18 & 21

evaluate the government--

Democracy has the same assembly as the others.
Congress is a resolving body.

I am only average . . . of mind, of body
and then only average with the combination.

Congress does not introduce the Pres with opinions as they/

once the New Deal the Pres has come up with the ideas that

form our laws.

The cohesion between my head and my body is the
neck bridging my gap.

have screwed and misconstrued the ideals and opinions
I thought would lead me along.

is often I feel misled and I am the leader.

set up the rules and fail to enforce them.

punish myself and nobody sees.

omen won't help a loser.

the local party and the national scandal are in the papers.

croll up a new party in a paper that burns so slow.

et my bubbles burst daily as I blow new ones.

and the next day is always the worst.

isajoke when I take a toke,

and things don't go better with coke.
Love Poem

It is against the law.
If I put a knife to your stomach
And force you to be alive,
You have a right to defend yourself.
Don't kill me.

I spend days thinking about murder.

I'd like to cut a little slit between
Two of your ribs and reach in
And handle your lungs. Tickle
Them. I knew someone like you once
Who choked on his own breath.

Lynne Carlisle

Be A Pepper

It's fadness, madness,
A religion--Dr. Pepperism.

We put our lives in the hands of dear old, Dr. Pepper.
We visit him three-four-five times a day.
He keeps his addicts happy with quart bottles
And six-packs, and slogan-ridden T-shirts.
Our favorite and least favorite rock groups sing his tune.
We sing and dance with Dr. Pepper;
We drive and drink with Dr. Pepper;
We eat and sleep with Dr. Pepper,
And make love with Dr. Pepper.
And drink a Dr. Pepper afterwards because
Smoking cigarettes can be hazardous
To your health and shorten your life,
And we want to have a long life with Dr. Pepper.
And when we die, we'll be buried in
All aluminum caskets made of recycled Dr. Pepper cans
And the funeral will be a big Dr. Pepper party
Because everyone knows--
Dr. Pepper can save your soul.

Susan White
Grey Epistemology

if only I could see things "yes" or "no"
its only "in-between" that makes me doubt
the colors and the imagery must go
before I dare to guess what it's about

a most elusive shadow, common grey
black and white deprived of all their power
mediocrity enshrined along the way
waiting in the wings for the final hour

Truth, the elusive metaphor
Hell and Heaven merged to seem as one
beneath the dark recesses of the night
lies a hidden brilliance called the sun.

Tom Conway

Vidor

inside stained-glass straightjackets
you sunday-morning-saved
sit glistening in your pews,

poised like a snake who spits its
venomous "amen" upon the depraved.
your blind mouths spread "good news"?

The only word I hear from you is "nigger".

Hal Evans
Stalemate

or

Meg Begs The Question

"I threw my dope down the john last night," Meg said. It was early. Maybe seven a.m. Meg was rustling leaves as loud as she could as we crossed the campus. There were only a few students around so early.

"Wonder what all these creeps are doing here at the crack of dawn," Meg said. She hadn’t said anything after "hi" when I’d gotten in the car. We just listened to the radio all the way down Parkway Avenue. I didn’t ask her what was wrong. When we turned off Parkway, Peter Frampton came on the radio singing "I Can’t Stand Any More."

"Curly-headed sissy," Meg said and cut off. She rolled down her window. It was the time of year that makes you expect things to happen, but they usually don’t.

When we got to school she still didn’t say anything until that business about her dope. Meg had never bought dope before, and I wasn’t surprised that she threw it away. Dope’s too passive a thrill for someone like her.

"How much was left?" I asked her.

"I don’t know. More than half," she said. "I guess you’re going to ask me why I didn’t give it away."

"No," I said.

"Good."

We got to the cafeteria and slung our book packs onto the table. It’s funny, but one of my favorite parts of going to school, ever since I started, is the sound of book packs hitting the table. After walking half a mile across campus from the parking lot to the old student center, (the one my artist friend describes as decorated in "Early Ricky Ricardo" style), your legs are tingling and your shoulders hurt just enough to make you glad to throw off your book pack and sit down. And there’s always a small group, the early risers, sitting around at the same old tables every day. Nobody ever speaks, but when you see the same people somewhere else, like in a restaurant or a store, you do speak, as if you’ve seen a friend. Just hello, but nice comradely.

"Are you going to eat?" I asked.

"No," Meg said. I knew something was wrong then. Maybe not wrong, but important. Whatever she was thinking about was important. I felt a little excited. Sometimes Meg gets weird and
Salvation Army and see if they’ve got anything good.”

The leaves that had fallen in the morning had been stepped on so much that they no longer rustled. The campus was crowded now, and a bicyclist sped past us so fast from behind that his skin at the back of my neck crawled. I didn’t want to go to the Salvation Army, but I didn’t want to go home either. I wished Meg would take a bath before we went anywhere. She was telling me about the psychology test she’d taken earlier when we got to the car.

“I have no idea how I did,” she said over the hood of the car. When she had reached over and opened my door from inside, I got in and she said, “I could have got all the answers right, but then again I could have made a C or a D. It was one of those objective tests, true or false. Ever since I met Peter I can’t stand those true or false tests. Unless the questions are totally idiotic, I can usually make a case for both answers.” She hadn’t pulled five feet out of the parking space when she slammed on the brakes. “What the hell is that?” she said. On the ground in front of the car was a dead bird.

“It’s a cedar wax-wing.”

“How do you know?” she demanded.

“I just know. I know birds.”

“But, God, it’s dead! It wasn’t there this morning.”

“It might have been. With the mood you were in, you could have easily missed it.”

“Missed it?” she said.

“Let’s go.”

She got quiet again. We drove off, and I figured we wouldn’t make it to the Salvation Army, but we’d still do something together. Meg doesn’t like to be alone when she sees something that makes her sick. When we hit Parkway she lit a cigarette, took a couple of drags on it, then threw it out the window. Abruptly, she made a U-turn in the middle of the street.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“To bury the bird.”

I looked at her for a while, since she didn’t want me to say anything; that was certain.

“Queen to Queen’s rook four. Check,” she said.

“Not mate?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “It’s never mate.”
The Twin Peaks of Two Trees Touch

Our minds
like two spheres
blown from a pipe
when I was a child
in the 50's, in the 60's
and again, now,
with you,
The bubbles bump, and merge
in the wide expanse of sky
over the horizon, which curves
like a string around this planet
over many variations, over
the high-angled mountains
along the low clouds
that cling there,
- dipping below the level of
the sea, in sand and dry air
until the two ends meet
under our feet
like the cycle of
snake mouth and tail,
and our eyes connect, too
making useless any voices
given to this tossing wind
that blows around us
making the twin peaks
of two trees touch, they
touch
they touch again....

Fire

In passionate curling
lithe little tongues
that lick the wounds
and feed the fire
I burn.
I fling my scarlet garments
to the sky,
my glowing cinder spider children
I let float away
on the breeze.
And finally asleep
I pull the black cloak
around my head
peeking out now and then
with chilling eyes
that glow-
In the morning
your touch ignites the flare
and I erupt for one more day-
and I smoulder, waiting,
when you go away...

Clyde A. Drake, Jr.

Jamie Paul Kessler
The Silence

in the silence of cold, stone ruins
there an ancient people worked, loved, and played,
and the silence of a ghost town street
with a stagnant water trough that serves algae
a mongrel dog outside the old saloon,
drinking patrons drink dust from cracked mugs
I walk across the rotting timber floor
which gives way under the tread of some incautious,
living, visitor.

Susan White

WAR

boy sits alone, huddled in a porch;
around him are the sounds of war,
monstrous firing of guns and the shrieks of women.
run past, but no one notices him.
boys with lost limbs and bloody bandages
lie on the streets, which are littered with rubble
and corpses.

in the shelters, soldiers hand out cold soup
and cards, while old people cough
children sit in pools of urine.

a man sits in his comfortable armchair
dies the photograph of a small child
his body is mutilated and surrounded by rubble.

says down the paper, disgusted,
the blood to eat his Sunday lunch in peace.

Amanda Nicola Sparks

Lullaby

Sleep my sixties child.
The flowers you wore
in your hair
have long since withered
but the scent remains.
And your rebel spirit
no longer flies the skies
but floats upon
the stream of
twentieth-century conformity.

Sleep my sixties child.

Cynthia Shields
Thunder

Thunder,
or is it your voice again
coming through dark folds of mist?
The two sound so much the same...
listen her it comes again,
it must be thunder
because I hear rain.
Or are those your tears
making pulpy splashes on hard floors?
You know, I really don’t care anymore
I’m beginning to like the thunder
and rain
the more and more it falls.

Clyde A. Drake, Jr.
In Your Eyes

Your eyes reveal a snow-white dove,
Descending from her realm of white
And blue. Below, the blossoms fill
A valley, springing forth in bursts
Of colour, while the sunset spreads
A haze of light to glaze your hair.
So silent, soft, the seeming sound,
The meadow echoing sweet moan
About its sides, and music there
Seeps through the secret stone-set bed.
I see, then swallow burning thirsts
That in a simple blink soon will
Be gone. Yet, for a moment, I'd
Insist your eyes revealed my love.

He Evans

The Era of Fear

I fear we are afraid to fear today
we count the countless motives of the mind
and add them all together just to say
we dare not try to fathom what we find

I fear we are afraid to think today
beyond mere numbers, atoms and machines.
To ask the questions with which men play
we fear survival locked within our dreams

I fear we are afraid to feel today
The fewer ties the more we remain free
the more we do the less we have to say
we close our eyes pretending that we see

Tom Conway

Apocalypse

Bring forth no more
you've gone too far
from fumbling through trees
to grasping for stars
the last pains of childbirth
signal the way
for the dawn of an era
the end of a day

Tom Conway
The Man In The Icebox

Sleepless-
shaping wonderous crystals
before my eyes.
My hands are blue and stiff,
my lips split and swollen
and the spit lies in frozen blades
at their edges.
Glittering needles dangle loosely
from every eyelash
and tears, still formed, cling to the corners.
I cannot close my eyes.
My vision becomes feathered wands
as the humor freezes over.
My toes
now hard pebbles in my shoes.
And it is blue
in here...
and there is no wind,
just silent cold,
the empty void.
I cannot scream,
I cannot swallow...
my mouth is a beautiful ice cave
of stalagtites,
columns,
and glistening saliva mounds.
The mind is the last to go
and it shall be set spinning,
a frozen globe
twirling into space.
And it shall be found
still electrically sparking
when they open this freezer door.
I am exploding from the inside
Kiss me
and your tongue and lips
will stick to mine,
and frozen
you too shall be trapped in time.
Popsicle man
I come in one color,
one flavor.
I give you no choice,
no rational,
no concern...
i am cold,
love me!
Thaw me out
and I just Dissapear.
i can cool your drink,
your temper,
your life; the weather;
your house.
But truly I cannot last forever.
Hug me now,
give me your warmth-
someone must take my place,
come into my house,
open that freezer door,
come,
come,
come kiss this cactus.
Come,
come,
come kiss this splintered brow-
this desert,
cold, empty,
waiting to be filled,
replaced.
And I am an icy puppet
moving stiff, slack-jawed, silent-
beckoning,
warm me,

warm me,
I am cold,
frozen,
frozen,
a side show.
"Ladies and gentlemen
the blue man in the block of ice."
Watch! one swing of the hammer and he will shatter
into millions of crystals,
tiny mirrors,
who will be the first...one dollar a swing...
It is lonely
being a snowman
so,
so,
so fragile
one wrong move and I will be gone.
I come in winter,
die in summer.
Love me,
hold me,
melt this heart,
I,
I,
I can't go on..........
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