

# *Pulse*

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## 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

Pearl/VWJack Daniels  
Broussard's Mortuary  
U-HAUL

Nancy Bamber Bell



Barbara Rogers

## 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

blew it badly  
it so did the Pres.

I get older, I get much older, not much wiser,  
am distressed as I see more and gain less.  
go energized on some days  
in the others I barely go.  
was a very rough time  
when I woke up today  
and now it is even worse.

ading 18 & 21

valuate the government--

Democracy has the same assembly as the others.

Congress is a resolving body.

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

Congress does not introduce the Pres with opinions as they/  
used to.

nce the New Deal the Pres has come up with the ideas that  
form our laws.

ose 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.

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

roll 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.

is ajoke when I take a toke,

and things don't go better with coke.

Shup up idiot.

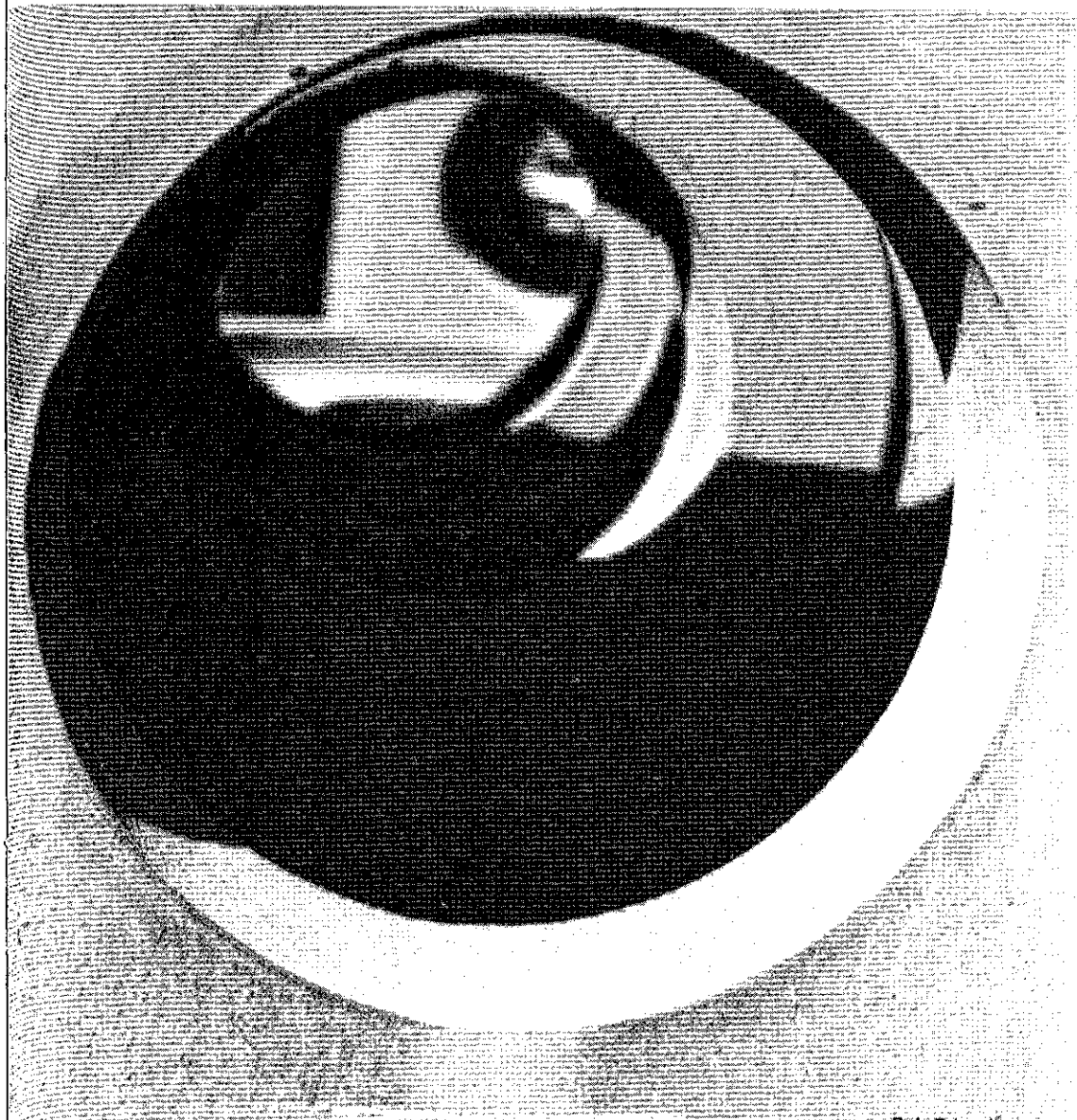
The senators often use a senior-freshman attitude.

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



Bob Friend

## 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 Begg 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."

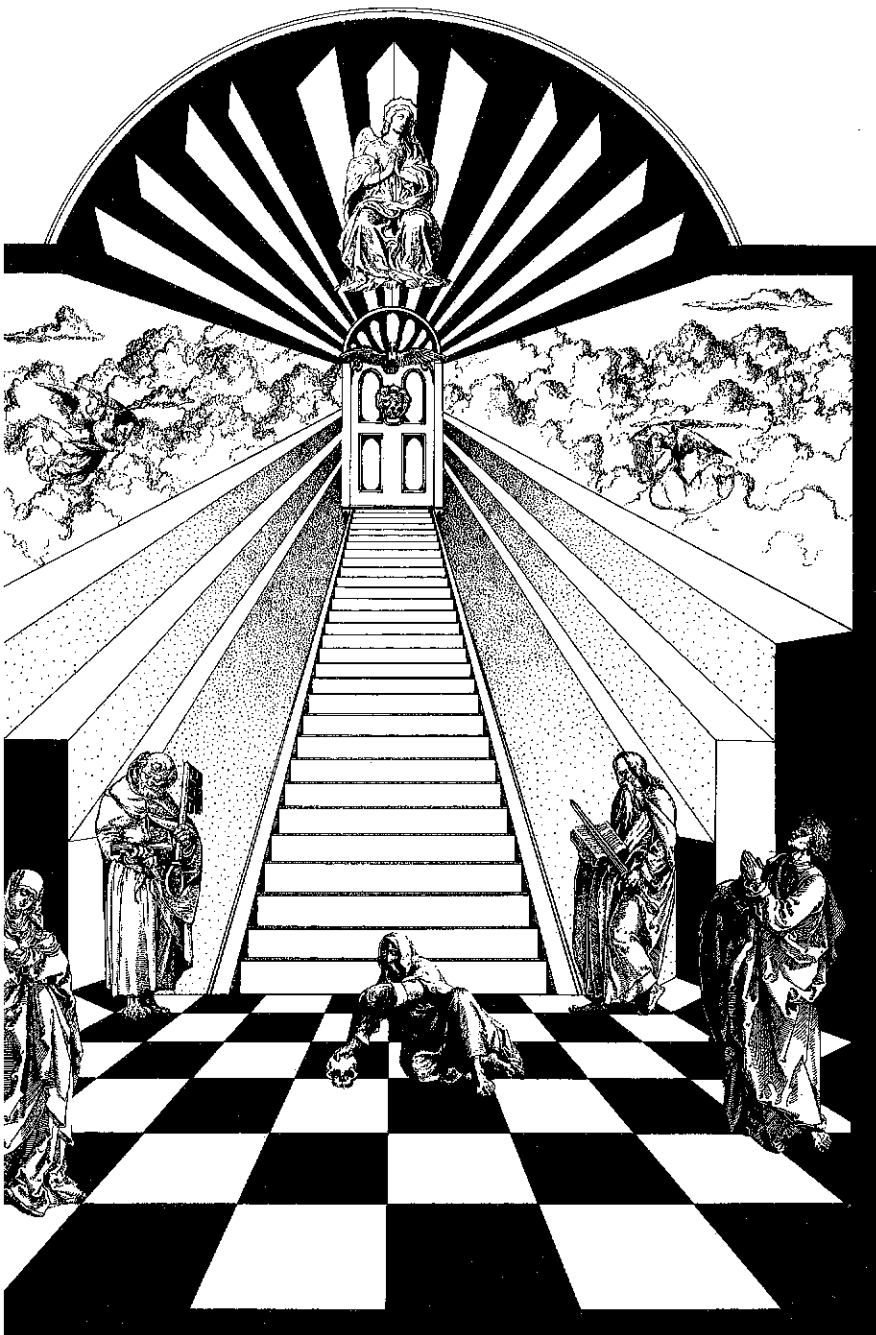
"No," I said.

"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



Mike Clarke

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 the 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.

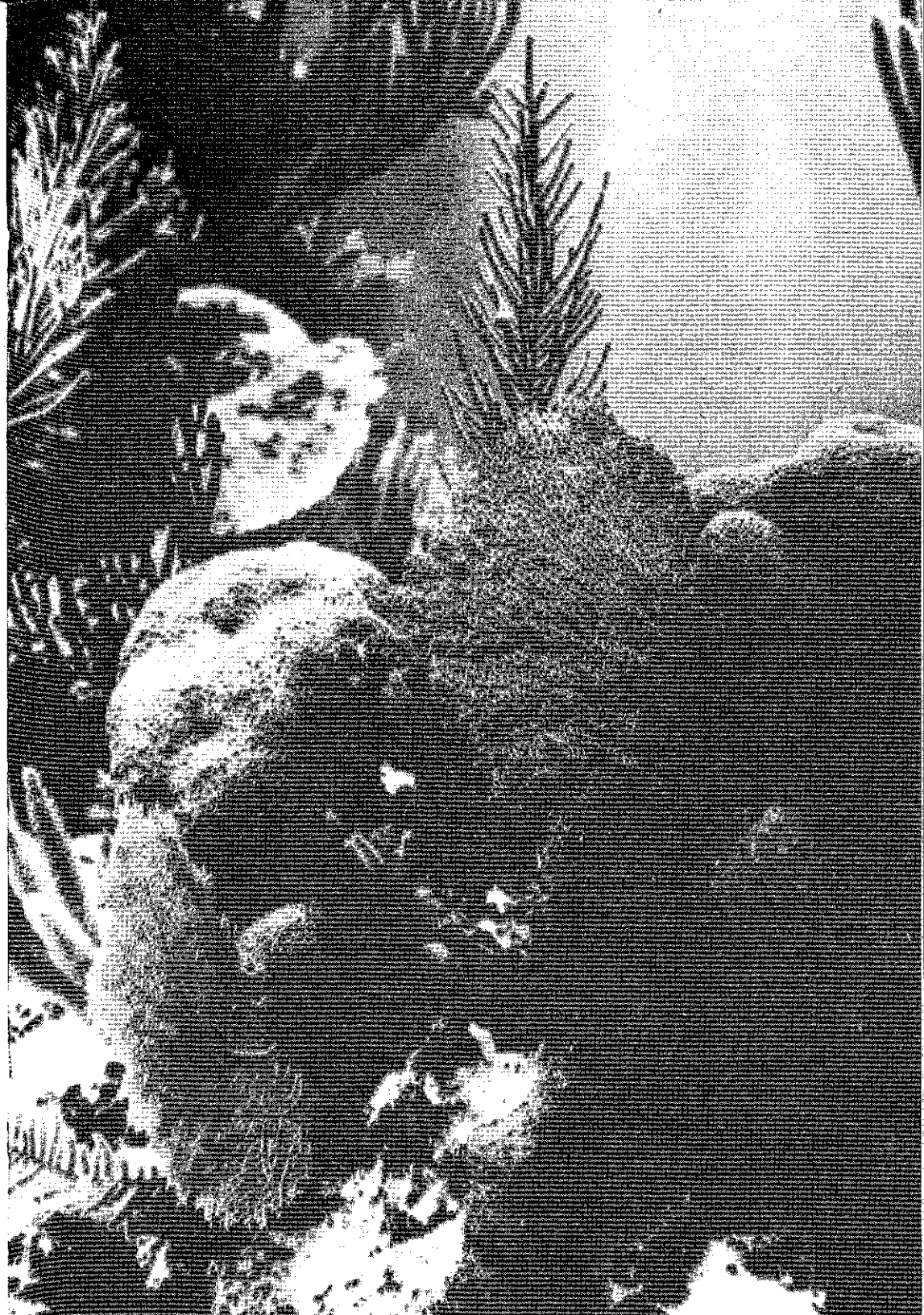
"To bury the bird."

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....

Jamie Paul Kessler

## 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.

## The Silence

in the silence of cold, stone ruins  
where an ancient people worked, loved, and played,  
in the silence of a ghost town street  
with a stagnant water trough that serves algae  
and a mongrel dog outside the old saloon,  
where ghostly 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

A boy sits alone, huddled in a porch;  
around him are the sounds of war,  
the monstrous firing of guns and the shrieks of women.  
They run past, but no one notices him.  
They are men with lost limbs and bloody bandages  
littering the streets, which are littered with rubble  
and corpses.  
In the shelters, soldiers hand out cold soup  
and play cards, while old people cough  
and children sit in pools of urine.  
Now a man sits in his comfortable armchair  
and studies the photograph of a small child  
whose body is mutilated and surrounded by rubble.  
He tosses down the paper, disgusted,  
and goes to eat his Sunday lunch in peace.

Amanda-Nicola Sparks

## Lullaby

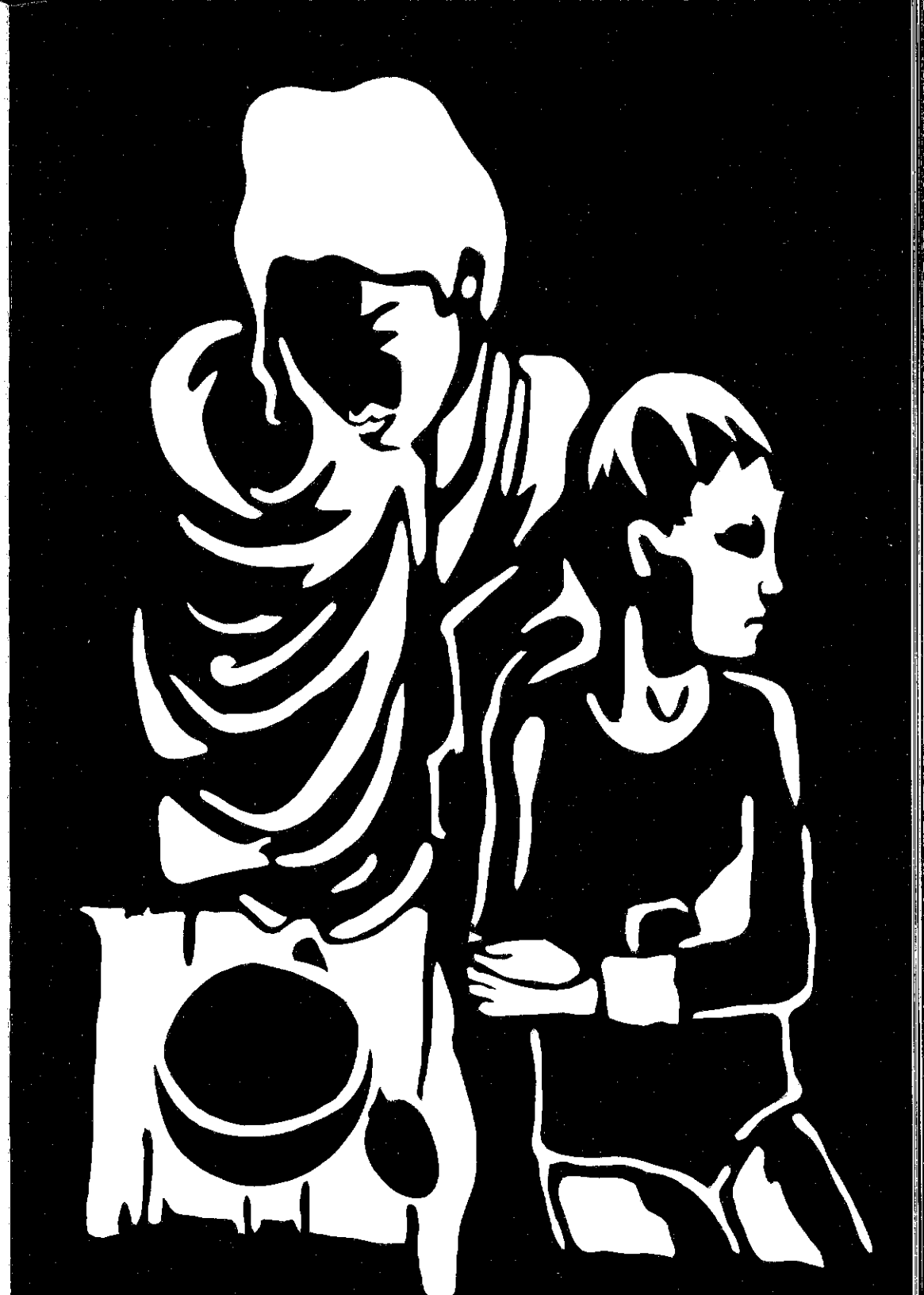
Sleep my sixties child.  
The flowers you wore  
in your hair  
have long since withered  
but the scent remains.  
And your rebel spirit  
no longer flies the skies  
but floats upon  
the stream of  
twentieth-century conformity.  
Sleep my sixties child.

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.

Hal 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 wonderful 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 stalagmites,  
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 dissappear.  
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.....

Clyde A. Drake, Jr.





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