

Silhouette

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The Shawnee Silhouette

spring 1985

The Shawnee Silhouette is published quarterly by the editorial staff at Shawnee State Community College in Portsmouth, Ohio. Subscriptions are available for \$2.00 a copy or \$5.00 a year. The three issues will be published during Fall, Winter, and Spring Quarters. Submissions are invited in the areas of prose (800 words maximum), poetry, art, and photography.

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Editorial

Along with other members of the poetry circle, I was filled with excitement when I learned of Dr. Wilson's poetry class. I loved writers and liked to be with them. Mechanics of poetry was not new to me, but I was not writing. I felt a need for this class and was delighted when Dr. Wilson welcomed me.

I found a group of enthusiastic students in a class for the sheer joy of learning. Students wanting to learn to record their feelings, ideas, attitudes, and moods in rhythms and imagery.

October's leaves cluttered the campus as we pushed them along looking for a poem. Dr. Wilson assured us they were out there waiting to be captured: in leaves of different shapes, in bricks filled with images, in thirsting flowers, in low-flung clouds, and in cobwebs sprinkled with diamonds. We felt like scavengers as our senses became more acute: observing, tasting, smelling, and listening to autumn rhythms.

Then we wrote poems. Dr. Wilson valued each student's work, helping them sift ideas, feelings, and emotions into coined language of poetry. I saw shy young students develop into poets.

As they gained in confidence, they began mailing their poems to editors of literary journals. Enthusiasm grew each Friday as someone came to class with acceptance letters from editors. By the end of the term, some thirty poems had been published.

The annual Shawnee Hills Poetry Workshop, held the last weekend in April at Greenbo State Park in the Jesse Stuart Lodge developed out of

what was happening with poetry at Shawnee. We hike nature's trails at Greenbo, write, edit, and read poetry. It is a fun weekend, growing in popularity with the Appalachian poets. The first year we had poets from four states. And last year, seven of the poets connected with Dr. Wilson's circle published books of poetry.

We feel poetry should be exposed as we try to create an experience in the reader. Joining local poetry groups, sharing poems, and developing friendships with other poets, we may in time, with patience and persistence, become real poets.

-Lena Nevison

Shattered Love

My heart was like rare crystal
overflowing with love's fine wine.
You shattered the goblet with deceit.
Now jagged glass lies fractured
among spirits of tainted wine.

-Donna Nichols

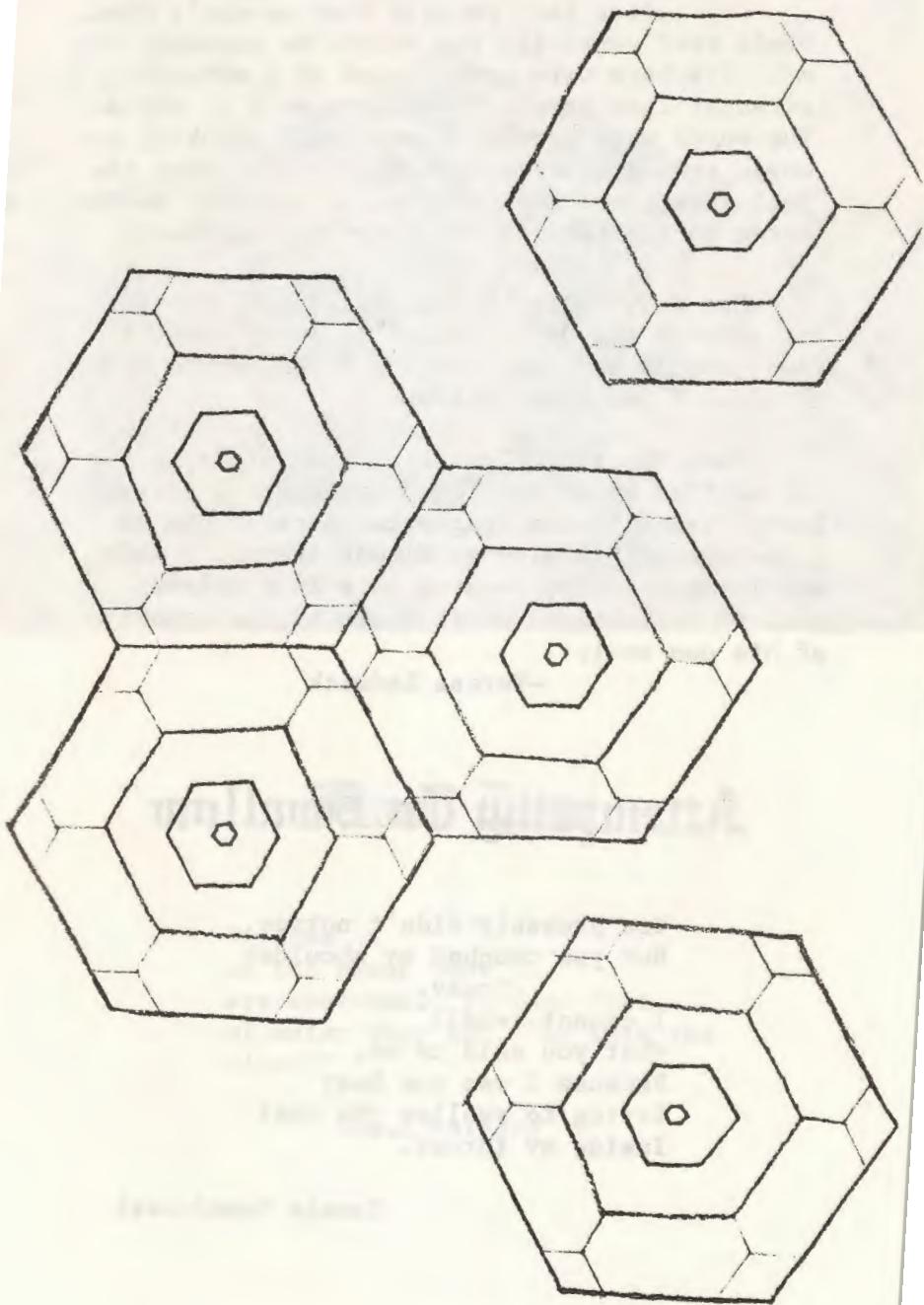
Silhouette Vol. 1985, Iss. 1 [1985], Art. 1 From Time Changes

Yesterday,
Grandma's house was a great place
for coloring eggs,
baking cookies,
making pizzas,
staying nights with girl friends,
birthday parties,
slumber parties
mushrooming small heads
nestled in one bed,
leaving kitchens littered.

Today,
between flashes of a red Trans Am,
Hi, Grandma,
had a great time last night.
We were in this swanky lounge,
danced in a circle,
each taking a turn -
it was so funny.
I'm in a hurry, gotta run.
Kelly's birthday party tonight
at the Ramada beside the pool.
See you.

Grandma sighed
among the clouds.

Lena Nevison



Word Bars

My jailor felt certain that no man's hands would ever penetrate the prison he produced for me. The bars were constructed of a substance stranger than steel. They were made of words. The words were carefully selected, stacked, and woven around other words. Each night when the jailor returned, he would add a few more choice words to the bars to reinforce his handiwork.

One day, quite by accident, as I was sorting through the debris piled up in my mind, I found myself and thus uncovered the key to my prison. I was free at last.

When the jailor returned that night, he was baffled by my new-found freedom. I tossed heavy pieces of the fragmented bars at him as I christened him with my bloody tears. I left him lying upon the severed bars in a crimson pool to be tortured until death by the cruelty of his own soul.

-Teresa Lodwick

Attempting To Swallow

You probably didn't notice,
But you touched my shoulder
Today.
I cannot recall
What you said to me,
Because I was too busy
Trying to swallow the lust
Inside my throat.

Tamela Carmichael



Flood Time

Willows
on the creek bank
are confused. In four feet
of water they ask, "Is this the
river?"

-Paul Salyers

I Can't Get Go

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"Slow down Michael, I say. You're wearing me down. To keep up with you, I'd need a pair of roller-skates."

My three year old son just laughs in that innocent, lamb-like way which always seems to give me a warm feeling.

Michael is a small boy, only twenty-six pounds at our last weighing. His head is covered with baby-fine brown hair with matching eyes which he inherited from his mother. His imaginative mind seems never to have an off-switch. His overwhelming creativity leaves me daydreaming as to what he will grow into-- a talented new composer, shaking the world with a new art, or a young man of inspiring words which could move a nation. Maybe he will see in nature a beauty far beyond the insight we ourselves have. Whatever he decides to venture into, I know it will be nothing less than rewarding.

The sun is shining brilliantly on this third day of July. We are at the community park where we are awaiting my mother, who is to pick us up after an exhausting day. At least it's been tiresome for me. She arrives just in the nick of time; Michael was ready to begin the day anew. We climb in the car and Michael begins telling Mamma -- which he always calls her -- about his day, which he explains ten times as fast as she can listen. "We'll have to stop at the grocery store on the way home," my mother says in her pleasant voice. "We're out of orange juice."

We drive on down the avenue to the neighborhood supermarket.

"Are you going in with us?" my mother and son ask me simultaneously.

"No, I'll wait in the car. I'm a little tired and believe I'll rest while you shop."

Holding hands, they move through the doors into what, in the eyes of a young boy, is a fairyland of excitement -- adventure lurking in every aisle.

An hour has passed, and I am growing restless awaiting their return.

"An hour and a half! Surely it wouldn't take that long!" I am a little disturbed but mostly frustrated for the less-than-comfortable wait in the car. I fling open the door, and my steps lead in the direction of the home of "Rooty, the Root Beer Man," a favorite beverage among the children here.

Once in the store, I scrutinize every counter, then every row. They are nowhere in sight.

"Mrs. Kelly, have you seen my mother and son? They came in your store over an hour and a half ago and didn't return to the car!"

Mrs. Kelly is the elderly, gray-haired lady who manages the store. She has known my mother and our family for a number of years.

"Are you all right? Do you feel well?" she asks with concern.

"Well, yes, I feel fine, but about my mother?"

There is a worried, apprehensive look on her face, and she cannot find words to say. It's as though she has lost her voice and cannot speak.

"Her age must be catching up with her, poor woman," an afterthought to myself. Maybe when I was in the back looking for them, they checked out and are waiting in the car for me. I decided to check.

The parking lot has a number of cars in their spaces, but ours is not among them.

"I can't believe this! I wait all this time, go in looking for them, then I'm left behind to walk home!"

"Well, they probably thought I had grown weary of waiting and went home." I choose to believe this so I can dismiss the disgust.

My hurried pace brings me quickly to the steps of my mother's cottage. With the turn of a key, I open the door to the nightmare of all nightmares. The once secure, lived-in environment is dusty and cold. The sheets covering the furniture look like the snow on a Swiss mountain-top that I have seen many times in the geography book that I teach from. I run from the emptiness of the room into the kitchen where it appears no one has dined for quite some time.

"Mother! ... Michael!" my words echo through an empty framework, "My God, what is going on?" My voice is distraught, frantic rasping coming from my heart.

Out from the cottage, with all the speed I can muster, I move along the street to my sister's nearby home.

"Where has Mother gone? Where is my son! I must be going crazy, Sis! It looked like no one even lived at Mother's!"

Tears fill her eyes as she looked at me. Her concern bewilders me. She holds me so tightly I can hardly free myself.

"What's happened?" I yell at the top of my lungs.

She cannot answer.

Out her door I wander aimlessly, a hundred thoughts rushing wildly through my staggered mind. I don't know which way to turn or what to do. I fall on my face from lack of strength. I lay unconscious from mental exhaustion.

I awake to the sound of people talking. I can't comprehend where I am until I hear the word "Doctor."

"It's hard to explain what caused this trauma. How long has it been since the accident?" I hear an unfamiliar voice ask.

"It's been over a year, Doctor."

That's my sister's voice!

"It's been over a year since our mother and his son were killed in the car accident."

"No-oo-oo!" The final scream from a perishing mind!

There is a thin line between reality and fantasy.

-Rodney Cooper

The Search

I walked a long way today
Sorting out the mind.
Quickly, I grew tired.

Vickie Stacy

Kentucky rain can be cold in late April; I know it was that day. Been raining for about a week, I guess. Everything soaked; the ground saturated. Cattle clumped in bunches beside the interstate as I pressed westward to keep an urgent appointment.

I saw him standing there beside the guardrail, wet and shivering, half-heartedly waving a thumb at the oncoming traffic. I guess he thought no one would stop. So many had passed him by, and no wonder: he did not look like someone you could trust. My first instinct was to go by like the rest, but I had worn those shoes myself; so I slowed to get a closer look. Long hair, soiled clothing, passive expression, cannibus eyes, and so young. I quickly judged that I could handle him if I had to, so I pulled over to get him in the dry.

He said he had been two days on the road, just coming from south Indiana. Had taken a ride a hundred miles out of his way to get in the dry. Slept in a barn last night. Couldn't remember when he had last eaten. On his way to Mississippi. Said his mom was there, but never called it home. Hadn't been able to find work since getting out of the service a few months back. He carried all his belongings in a thin cardboard box, the kind a new suit comes in. He said he had no money.

His voice did not solicit sympathy or understanding. He offered no explanation or excuse, and I got the feeling that he could have been a proud man if things had worked out differently. There was still time.

I dropped him off where he asked so that he could make a southbound connection. I gave him money for a couple of meals and wished him luck. He thanked me in a kind voice and started slowly for the other side of the road. I saw him stop,

turn, and then I heard him ask, "Sir, could you please tell me what day this is?" I said, "It's Monday, and the twenty-second." He said, "Thanks," and moved on.

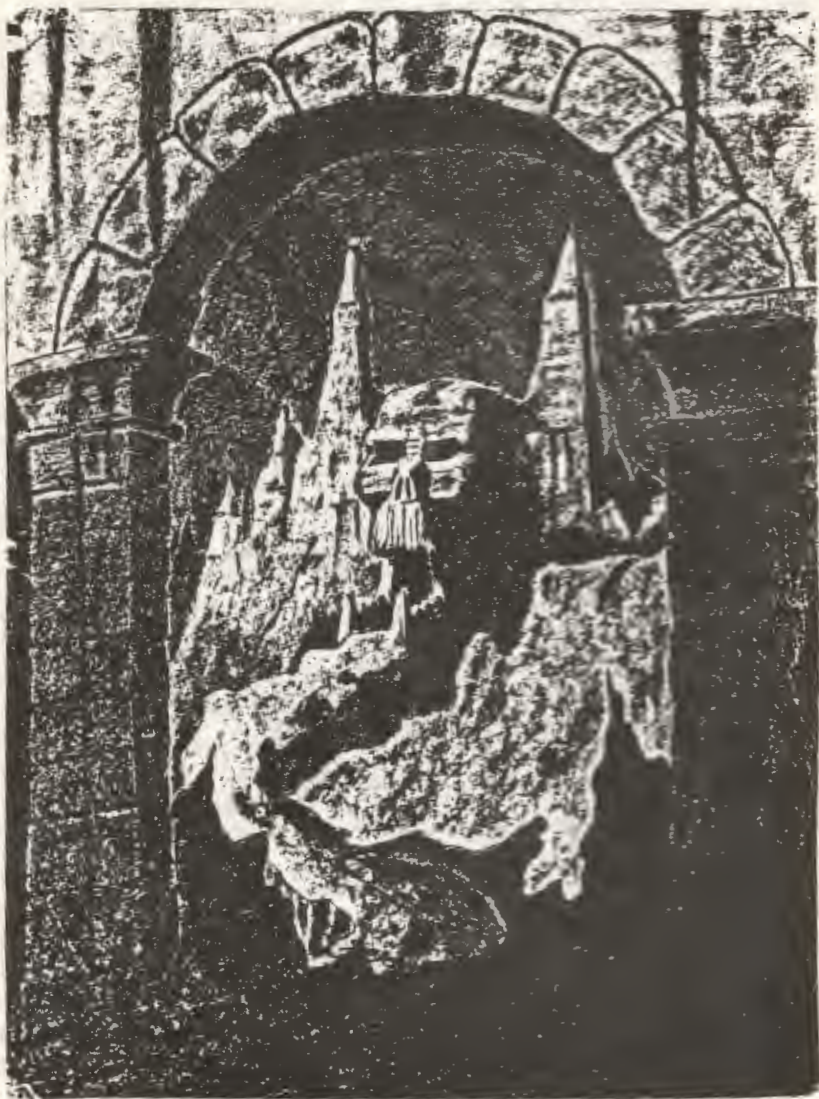
I'd seen young men wasted on drugs before, and it's the saddest thing I know. They almost never come back, but freedom weeps a healing mist into the air over an interstate. I have felt it many times. It puffs and swirls in colorless wisps at the most unlikely turns. As long as he keeps moving, he may yet find his place.

-Charles Whitt

Embers Of Truth

As the embers burst
once more into scarlet,
silhouettes glide silently
through our minds
and canopy our truths.
No fanatasies here,
only rhythmic dances
of desired conclusion.

-Kevin Mershon



David Potts

Prison Bars

© 1985 by Rhonda (Spring 1985)

Behind these prison bars I find
No given love or peace of mind.
Each sunset is the demon's hour
And stalks the night with evil power.

All is quiet; the sleeper rests,
To be awakened by demon pests.
Screaming horrors behind grey walls
Fill the empty silent halls.

Blood is spilled; the vampire sighs
And cares not for her mournful cries.
In fear I wait for dawn to come
And hope I'll see the rising sun.

Mary Jane Wilburn

Your House To Mine

The light from your window
is one welcome beam
as it dances through tunnels of dark,
I wrest it from winds
along our orchard path
and funnel it into my ark.

Paul Salyers



Appalachia - sharon blackburn



et al.: Silhouette (Spring 1985)

At Dusk

The night lay soft
 beyond the sunset
where silent leaves
built cushions for the moon.
As mourning doves
 fanned soothing shadows
that lured the dusk to sleep,
one lone eye
 faded into dreams.

Harding Stedler

Splitting Images

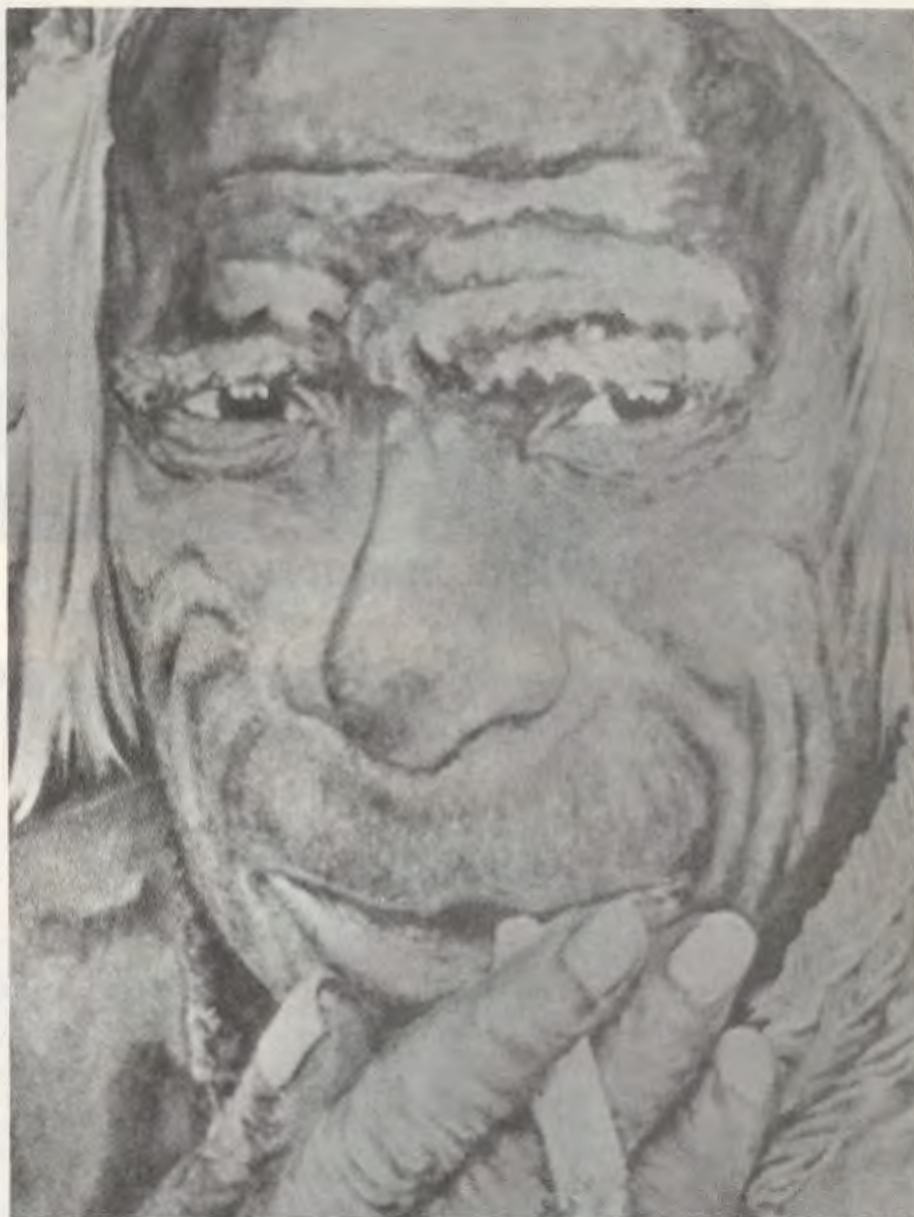
He wears his age and history.
The stolid chopping block sits squat
 Alone
A survivor
Surrounded by a chunky mantle of that
Which he has helped to create and destroy.

Unmoved by either birth or death
He disregards
The cradled ranks of still moist offspring
Of mother-logs
Whom he kisses full on the mouth

As the fast hard steel
Rips their hearts apart.

Gene Beckett

Contemplation



orville ramey

Keep to the Beat, Soldier

et al.: Silhouette (Spring 1985)

in orderly fashion
stay in step
KEEP TO THE BEAT, SOLDIER

1234, 1234

eyes forward
catches the gleam
of spit-shined boots

KEEP TO THE BEAT, SOLDIER

1234, 1234

on parade grounds
uniform designed
in Pentagon's Special
Camouflage

(WILL HELP YOU KEEP ALIVE)

models from Anywhere, USA

in orderly fashion
stay behind me

rain slithers
mud sucks
what once was polished boots

no order, no fashion

INCOMING, INCOMING

run - push - shove
(KEEP TO THE BEAT, SOLDIER)

zero two niner, zero two niner

request help, request help

zero two niner . . .

Empty Expectations

You are silk
 and you are violets
You are stardust
 and you are maple syrup
 and you are empty
 when my arms
 are wrapped
 tightly around you
 and if I didn't have
 last night
 to hold between us
 you wouldn't be
 anything
 at all.

-Teresa Lodwick



T J C

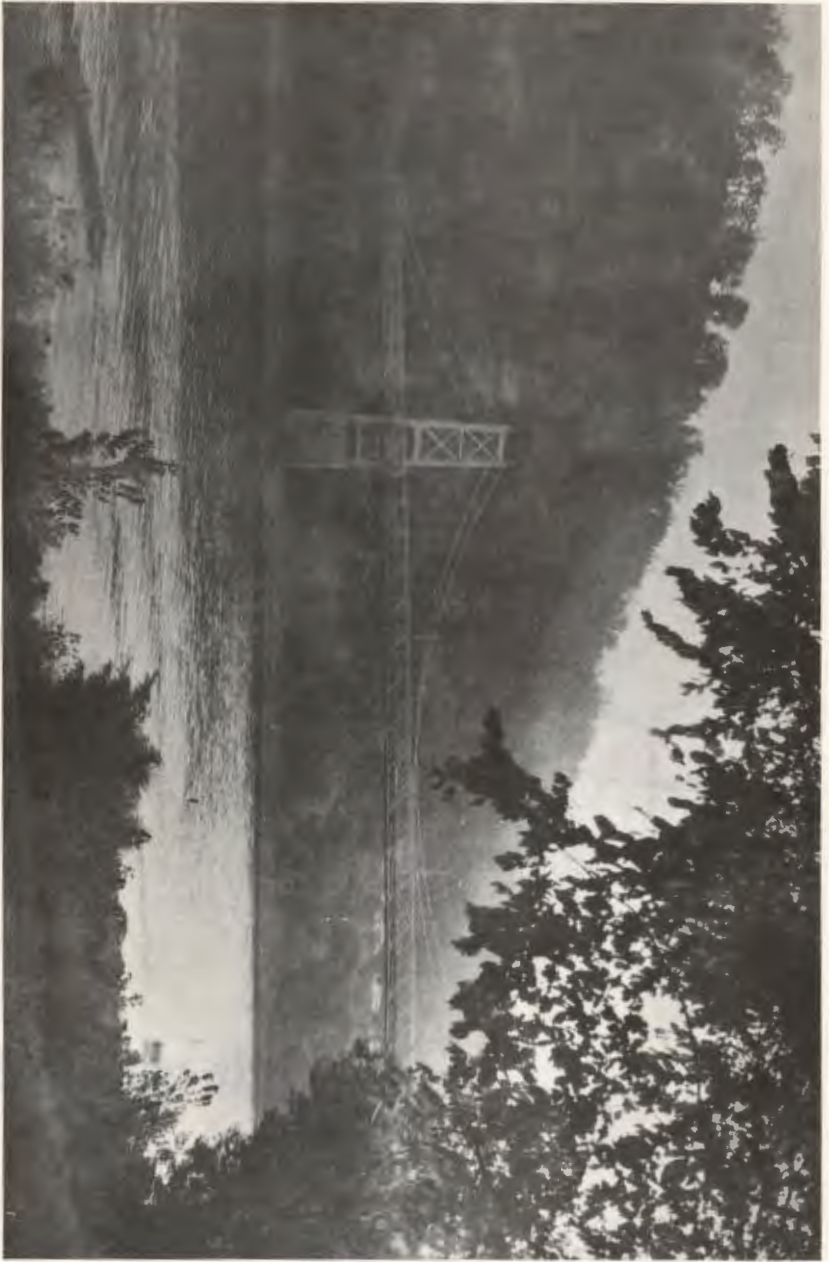
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Winnie May Fetty

winnie may fetty

M. S. Grant Bridge - Sharon Clarkburn



The Dance

He said, "Let's forget
getting acquainted;

Forget the
wining,
and the
dining;

Forget the
candlelight,
and the
courtship."

I said, "Just forget it!"

-Cathy Liddle



Laura had breakfast on the table when Deanna, the oldest of her two stepdaughters, came in, looked over the table and said, "Is that all you know how to cook? I hate that putrid stuff."

The nightmare began as usual when Tammy, her sister, chimed in and asked, "Why did you marry Dad? He doesn't love you; he loved mom."

Laura looked at the two teenagers and sighed. She had taken so much from them.

"You had better be out of here and gone when we get home from school, or you will wish you were," Tammy threatened. She jolted Laura's shoulders as she went out the door.

Laura would have been proud to call them hers, if they would have let her. The strain was overwhelming now that Tim was on the road traveling all the time. She stepped back from the door and said, "I can't understand you girls, fourteen and sixteen years old, and if both your brains were put together, you wouldn't have the I.Q. of an ant."

"So we are ignorant, huh?" blurted Deanna as she pushed Laura aside and started out the door.

"Figured it out by yourself, did you?" Laura asked.

Tammy stuck her head back inside and said, "Just wait until Dad gets home. I'll tell him what you called us. Calling us dummies. You just wait."

Laura winced. Tim would believe anything Tammy told him. After the girls left for school, Laura's defiance melted into uncontrollable tears.

Hot tears that burned her cheeks and seared her heart.

Later that day the phone rang. Laura answered, "Davis residence."

"Mrs. Davis, this is Central Hospital. Your girls have been in an accident."

"I'll be right there." Laura screamed and slammed the phone down.

She rushed through the emergency room door gasping. She asked, "Which room are the Davis girls in?"

Deanna was hurt the worst. Her new blue blouse was soaked with blood. Tammy's leg was strapped to a board and a large gash gaped on her forehead. While they were in surgery, Laura tried to get in touch with Tim, but all the while dreading to contact him. He would blame her for the accident. Finally he answered the phone. "Oh, Tim, thank God you're home. The girls have had an accident."

"Where are they?"

"At Central Hospital."

While she was waiting for Tim, a nurse came up and asked her, "Mrs. Davis, do you know your blood type? The oldest girl has a rare type, and we don't have it here."

Laura shook her head. Fear had taken a firm grip on her and was pushing for control. The nurse looked at her and asked, "Could we check it? The blood is needed now."

Laura walked on sleeping feet as she followed the nurse down the hall. She retraced her steps to

the waiting room and found Tim standing in the middle of the room yelling, "Where are the girls?"

"They are in surgery," Laura answered. Before she could say anything else, the nurse returned and said, "Your blood is perfect. Are you ready to donate."

Laura nodded, then mumbled to Tim, "Go to Tammy. I'll be right back."

When she got back to Tammy's room, she saw Tim standing at her bedside crying. She breathed a quick prayer, entered the room, walked to Tim's side, and put her arms around his shaking body. She stood quietly while her heart fluttered like a dying butterfly. Breathing in short gasps, she prayed silently, "Dear God, please let Deanna appreciate what I have done for her. Just this one time, dear Lord."

The walls suddenly turned sideways; the floor came up and slapped her in the face. When Laura opened her eyes, she was looking up into the face of a bearded doctor.

"What happened?" she mumbled.

"You fainted," the doctor told her. "Probably from the loss of blood and all the excitement. Rest a while; then you go on home."

Home. . . the word sounded so good to Laura, but how long will it be home after Tammy talks to Tim, she thought. Will he still want me?

The next morning when she and Tim entered the girls' room at the hospital, they found them awake but weak.

Laura stood behind Tim as he kissed each of them and told them that he loved them. Laura's tears overflowed and slid down her cheeks as she waited. Deanna looked at her, smiled a weak smile, and said in a low humble voice, "Thanks for the blood. Maybe now I'll be more like you."

Tammy looked across the room and smiled, then asked, "Will I have to spend the rest of my life with two Lauras?"

"Guess so, Sis," Deanna answered.

Tammy held out her arms as Laura walked into them. Tim wiped away a big tear -- a happy one.

-Wilma Horsley

Rain

Rain falls
Clinging
Curving
Caressing
Air's breast, thighs

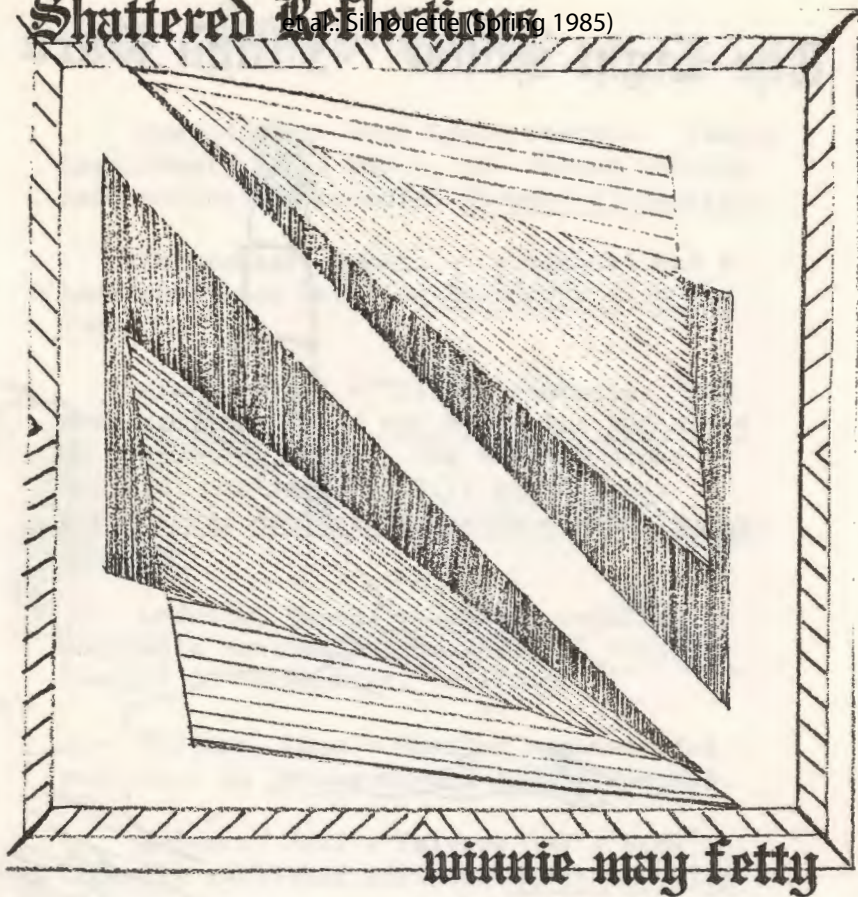
Moist beads
fall
in erotic designs
down
graceful, willowy
backs

Drops
sheathe
invisible lovers...

Claire Esham



Camela Carmichael



winnie may fetty

A Tear

A teardrop smiled at me yesterday.
I was unable to smile back.

-Teresa Lodwick

The Light House Floyd Ward



Haiku

If all streets were sand,
Then all of the ladies' high
Heels would be buried.

-Tamela Carmichael, Hoosier Challenger

et al.: Silhouette (Spring 1985)

Recognitions

Campus View- WPAY Radio Station: Tamela Carmichael, Vicci Hinch, and Teresa Lodwick read poetry and promoted Shawnee Silhouette.

Carmichael, Tamela - Carmichael had a book published entitled Raindrops From The Sun.

Hinch, Vicci - "Life's Fantasies" was accepted into Moods and Mysteries Anthology in Pittsburg, Texas. She has had other material published in Hill And Valley, New Voices, Ashland Independent, and Journal Enquirer.

Lodwick, Teresa - Lodwick received an Honorable Mention in the World of Poetry Contest in Sacramento, California.

Nevison, Lena - Nevison had material published in Parnassus and Jean's Journal.

Salyers, Paul - Salyers had a book recently published entitled North of Olive Hill.

Shawnee Nature Club held a meeting March 19, 1985. Tamela Carmichael, Teresa Lodwick, Mary Elizabeth Schwartz, and Charles Witt gave poetry readings.

Stedler, Harding - Stedler had an article published in English in the Two Year College: A Literary Journal for Teachers.

Teeters, Juanita - Teeters had a story bought by Humpty Dumpty Children's Magazine.

Contributors

- Beckett, Gene - Spanish Instructor at SSCC.
Blackburn, Sharon - Student at SSCC, majoring in
Photography.
Carmichael, Tamela - student at SSCC; numerous
publications.
Cooper, Rodney - Musician, songwriter.
Esham, Claire - Student at Moorehead University.
Fetty, Winnie May - Ohio native, artist
Horsley, Wilma - Kentucky native, Tax consulant,
Writer's Digest School Graduate.
Liddle, Cathy - Student at SSCC, majoring in English
Lodwick, Teresa - Student at SSCC, numerous
literary publications.
Merchon, Kevin - Student at SSCC, photographer
Nevison, Lena - Kentucky native, author of Along
The Way, numerous literary publications.
Nichols, Donna - Student at Ohio University,
numerous literary publications.
Potts, David - Student at SSCC, majoring in
English, artist.
Ramey, Orville - Student at SSCC, majoring in art.
Salyers, Paul - Poet Laureate of Kentucky.
Stedler, Harding - English Professor at SSCC.
Ward, Floyd - Student at SSCC.
Whitt, Charles - Kentucky poet.
Wilburn, Mary Jane - Student at SSCC, Kentucky
native.