



TYGR

J o g R
a l i t e r a r y m a g a z i n e



1996

Production Staff

Executive Editor	Joyanna Wilson
Content Editors	
Poetry	Alison Gregory
Prose	Stefan Benoit
Faculty	Professor Juliene Forrestal Dr. Stephen Fountain
Poetry Committee	Amy Brubaker Vera Dillard Jane Dunshee Nichol Pittman Jeff Snowbarger Janell Waid Charity Willard Barb York
Prose Committee	Laura Archer Margie Greene Becky Young
Copy Editors	Laura Crisp Heather Kinzinger Dr. Shirlee A. McGuire Dr. Sue Williams
Faculty Advisor	Dr. Sue Williams
Design and Layout	Laura Archer Alison Gregory
Cover Art: <i>The Baths</i>	Elisa Archer

Table of Contents

William Blake	The Tyger	5
Bryan Keen	Ear	7
Laura Archer	The Red-Haired Servant	8
Julia F. Roat	Future	9
Alison Gregory	Usher Falling	10
Scott Armstrong	1863	12
Nyla Crum	Fallen	13
Jared C. Miller	Communion	14
Julia F. Roat	Rain	15
Mark D. Rice	Sandbox	16
Shannon Swilley	With No Thought of Tomorrow	17
Laura Archer	Winter Begins	18
Jared C. Miller	Winter: A Valediction	20
Laura Archer	Rubbing Noses	23
Amy Patlan	July 1991	24
Alison Gregory	Nerve Brushes	25
Mark D. Rice	My Hands	26
Aimee Copley	But I Do Need Ya'll	27
Laura Crisp	The Ghost of Kingdoms Past	28
Amanda Richey	Beautiful?	30
Laura Archer	[graceful]	31
Paul Schwada	Untitled	32
Alison Gregory	'Gevity	34
Laura Archer	[So if I let it be empowered by <i>you</i> ,]	36
Jared C. Miller	Andrew Wyeth: A Meditation on an Exhibition	37
Bryan Keen	Baby Through Hole	42
William Blake	The Lamb	43

The Tyger
William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who make the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Whoever controls the language, the images, controls the race.
ALLEN GINSBERG



The Red-Haired Servant

Laura Archer

Deaf and dumb
Blankness on her face
And you sit drowning in laughter
And she speaks
Nasally and loud
But you wouldn't hear
And I wouldn't either
If it weren't my problem.

FUTURE

Julia F. Roat

Only sea
in my vision
really
Oceans of blue-green submission
entails the
overwhelming urge
to plunge
and to
fail.

USHER FALLING

Alison Gregory

CLONE SLOT
SHARP GAVOTTE
AMBROSCIOUS PULPIT MIME
SYNCOATED CHURCH BELLS
COMMERCIAL MARKET CHIME.

RUE-BE-HEAD SEIZE
DEAD EUTHENISMS
PATENT QUOTE
LOVE REMOTE
OUSTED FALSTAFF "ISMS"

CAUTIOUS FRINGE
AUTOPSY-CRINGER
EASTER BUNNY MISSION
JUXTAPOSE CONFRONTING TOES
LOCKED APPENDAGE- PRISON.

RIGID GROWN
FRIGID DRONE
HUMMING INCANDESCENCE
BUZZWORD QUIPS
FREUDIAN SLIPS
BUMBLING WHITE PUTRESCENCE

HUMBLING TRAPS
DARING SAPS
SINGES VIRGIN TONGUES
CAFFEINE EYE
NERVELESS LIE
FRACTURED MIRROR HUNG

KNELLING NIGHT
DROWNING SIGHT
MONTRESSOR/MACBETH
SACCHARINE QUILT
SHREDDING GUILT
MAD-DOLINNED

TO DEATH.

WHISPERING DRUM
PENDULUM
DRAGGING DAMP WITH FATE
SITTING QUACKS
FORTRESS CRACKS
"SCREAMING . . .
KATE CAN . . . WAIT."

1863

Scott Armstrong

I thought I was a man today
Until I heard the General say,
"Today the rebels have to pay--
So shoot like mad when you see gray.
We'll watch their bloodied heads decay
And make the cusses run away!"

What could I do besides obey?
We soldiers filed with array
Into the baking dawn of May
The Union charged with no delay.
All I could see was crimson spray
Of truest blue becoming prey.

My comrades now in disarray
A bullet found my chest in way
Then my face hit the sun-cracked clay
And hazy fear beside me lay,
My final thoughts in parched dismay--
"I hope I was a man today."

Fallen
Nyla Crum

we have
f
a
l
l
e
n
from the days of yearning
to be together, to a
plateau where being
in love is
monotonous
no longer a
desire that fills
the very depths of our
souls
and reaches into the
inner part of our minds
taking hold of us
grasping, capturing, owning
when did it loosen its grip
and let us
f
a
l
l
back into the routine again?

COMMUNION

Jared C. Miller

The time is near,
so hear my valediction,
a slow, humble resignation
 to Heaven's happy stores.
 So turn down the lights.
 and let us discuss the sacred lore
 and the holy rites
 as we have the nights before.

For I have found
the sound of conversation
to be suitable orchestration
 for Sleep's slow score.

And I will sleep
in deep sublimation
by the venerable foundation
 of Death's dark door.

RAIN
Julia F. Roat

She's crying because he's gone
Not coming back
so she's buried her face in the Earth and wept.
It holds its quiet shoulder
to her tears for comfort
And waits to give them back.

Sandbox

Mark D. Rice

The Sandbox

With riches untold
Tiny, shifting diamonds
Spilling from the folds
Of your hands
Those precious grains of sand

Look here

A sparkling castle standing
Like those in storybooks
Yet it vanishes when the wind is commanding
It falls
Nevermore protected by its sparkling walls

Will you

Please join me
Here, now, at this place
Where we'll be quite happy
With new foundations on which to stand
Here in my box of sand

With No Thought of Tomorrow

Shannon Swilley

Candy kisses on a Sunny day, Merry-go-rounds and rainbows, purple dogs, and pink elephants, a clown with a big red nose. Cookies and Lemonade, while you and me relaxed in the shade. Bike rides with the boys when we forgot about toys. The clubhouse, the baseball games nobody ever won. Back when every action had the motive of only good fun. You and me we was tight like that. Through thick and thin. You had my back and I had yours. Together we tore down the doors. The 34 trips in one day to three different stores. The Kool-Aid stands, and we cain't forget our own rap band. The 20th posse in effect, I don't think we been beat yet. The times we went girl huntin' and always turned up with nuttin', when we shoveled the courts so we could play ball and said forget the rest of y'all, the cross-street brawls, the rock fights and the torches we lit in the alleys at night, and the water fights "My mama said I cain't get wet." Yeah, Those were the days. You and me, man. I ain't gave up on you yet.

**Dedicated to Coris Ashbord*

Winter Begins

Laura Archer

Fly with me.
Rough throat
Gasping for air,
Not caring if I die.

Pleased that no one is holding ropes around my wrists.
Pleased that the burns on my cheeks are from the wind
And your chapped kisses.

Feel with me
Dizzy Soul.

Filled full of the night
The loudness of my step,
The shout of my voice,
Combined with a steady beat for you to follow.

Well...

Forever IS a long time.
The eternity of crunching ice,
Slipping away.
And I'm falling down
Into my molds on the ground.

Forever is a long time,
Too bad it hasn't started yet.
There's a hum and I hear it,
There are bells beneath the frozen grass.
Angels view us from above,
Laughing at our silly game of
Breathless Pain.
Stooping as low as they are allowed
For suddenly...
The realm in which we run is better.
The white of our snow is whiter than their robes.
The exhaust that puffs from our mouths is
Softer than
The Clouds
We are released, if just for a moment,
To make the angels
Jealous.
Until forever begins.

WINTER: A VALEDICTION
"EXORCISE THE GHOST OF SLEEP IMPRISONED IN YOUR SIGHS,
AND SPRING BEYOND THESE QUIET DEEP DAYDREAMING LULLABIES."

for Cynthia
Jared C. Miller

Look!

Memory's fire burns,
distant and cold,
the sparks have ceased to dance.
It is winding down,
with a faint, whimpering, stumbling sound

Listen!

The harmony of silence
The melody of stillness
echoes through our bones.

The slow, long
winter song
weeping its final tone.

Listen!

Can't you hear?
There--in the distance
Spring is singing as it draws near.

Look!

Even though
the snow is shining its smiling light,
and the earth sleeps in sheets of white,
tomorrow it may melt away,
The earth soon unveiling its own majesty
prepares itself today.

Even so,
the time has come for us to rise
to knock the dreams from off our eyes
and leave the comfort that we know
to stand there shivering alone anxiously
before an open window.

The future is not a mystery.

Look!
History's wheel turns
and we behold
Rebirth! Spring's second chance.

Look! Can't you see,
the bountiful beauty of spring approaching?

Listen!
The ice is cracking,
and the snow is melting,
it's dripping
from the glistening bough.

Look! There!
In the garden where you sweat blood,
your tears have turned the earth to mud.
There arose from the wet ground,
amidst the thick of thorns a crown
of golden petals
and forbidden apples.

Listen!

From the Tree the birds are singing
a Song of Songs, for you darling,
turning mourning into dance.

In the Flood a second chance.

The sex of history

within your misery.

For you,

for God's sake

beautifully ache.

Arise! my darling. Awake!

and Go!

Go! Climb upon the golden bough, it will not break.

Rubbing Noses

Laura Archer

It's Christmas,

So...

Rub noses with your brother.

Reach out and

Feel the hardness of his shoulders,

Squeeze them for a long while.

Remember how they compare to other shoulders

That you will hug this Christmas.

When your brother dies

You'll be able to close your eyes

And send him

Gently.

Recalling the strange strength

That was held within those shoulders

For nobody could remember so confidently

If only once a year.

July 1991
Amy Patlan

18 July 1991

Well someday

Chet

Tell me about your father

How he has filled your life,

your mother's,

your sisters',

your brother's,

with pain. I

Feel for you

now

Because you've had to deal

With so many things in chaos, in love, in the night, in painting

your pain.

Glad for you

though

That you have found someone

And she makes you feel so good, you deserve that, you really do, you need passion,
not pain.

Glad for you

that

You've rid yourself

of Christine, of

your pain.

Going a

way

Today to a wake in Lombard, for Chet

Christine

threw herself

in front of a train

the other day

and now I feel

his pain.

NERVE BRUSHES

Alison Gregory

NERVE BRUSHES NERVE RUSHES
KISSING LIVING WIRES
SKIN PRICKLES SKIN TICKLES
EYES HEAR LYRIC LIES
BRAIN PINCHES BRAIN CLINCHES
TONGUE SMELLS A RAT
TOE GRIPS TOE SLIPS
TRIPPING LIPS GONE FLAT

FINGERS BITE FINGERS FIGHT
ELBOWS OFFERING HOPE
FEET SWINGING FEET SINGING
EARLOBE TRELLIS BROKE
FEAR KNOW FEAR NOSE
DREAMS BITE THE TART
MEMBER ME MEMBER BE
NAILS EMBRACE THE START

My Hands

Mark D. Rice

My hands
are cold
there is no friction,
rage, or anger found
within them
There is
no energy
empowering them to hurt
or destroy
 Only
resolute peace

But I Do Need Ya'll

--letters from Na-Na and the Messers

Aimee Copley

*anyway that's why I'm sending this letter and
hope you pick up your mail.*

you know that we miss you and haven't forgot you

Hope you are having a good time doing
your thing whatever it is.

P.S. By the way altar is spelled with an "A" (Altar).

Glad to know you are learning how to pray with kids.

we are to find out today about the ultrasound made.
it was my 45th class reunion.

it seems as you get older something always happens.

Fran is leading the youth

be sweet and enjoy all you are doing
the kids really like him. they say he's cool.

as you get older you'll be slower

THEY seemed to feel we were too old

when our age you don't enjoy things as much.

*these folk wanted a mature pastor and
they sure seem to love US.*

but you have a long life to enjoy
so enjoy it as you go.

Then on the 28th is our 54th year together.

And I hope we'll have lots more
years together . . .

*Your mom keeps me informed
about you. -Play -boys etc.*

We love you very much and pray for you.

the ghost of kingdoms past

Laura Crisp

A warm summer breeze blowing through my hair,
the glorious odors of May. The air
is filled with the perfume of lilacs and
lilies. The sprightly birds strike up their band
to serenade us. Julie is seven;
I am five. The world is ours. A heaven.
Here we are queens. Or angels, like a god.
The sun offers us life. We accept. Bold,
untamed, unjaded, filled with wonder, joy.
We are auburn-tressed fairies. We employ
the magic of youth.

Dandelion seeds
we throw as confetti among weeds
and grass. Before, a field; now as a dream--
winter-white puffs cover the land and stream
through the air when the wind blows.

Our kingdom
we jointly rule.

The plum trees, our throne from
which we declare the majesty of life,
the grandeur of sisterly love. Sad strife,
melancholy, anger, hate . . . exiled!
Declaration . . . we--forever--a child!

Julie is twenty-three, I twenty-one.
She goes to an office, I a desk. Done
with the blissful freedom of youth.
Our kingdom--gone. Reality and *truth*
plowed our puffs, the plumbtreethrone with a knife
cut down. Burned in the fire of time, life,
experience. Oh, to be young and free.

But it is not time which denies us the

regal freedom once ours, now mystery.
Not time but distance. Separation hides
once all-consuming power. How the tides
of life have led us apart. The miles
conquer by division.

Apart, trials
reign victorious. United, Julie
and I, we are gods again! Joined in the
communion of sisterly love. Our land
we rule is not around us held in hand,
seen by eye. Not what is around but in.
Not what we have but what we share within
the bounds of love and relation. She my
sister, advisor, confidant, friend. This
the source of our authority. The bliss
of knowing that the kingdom under whose
jurisdiction we fall is not of those
we know, work with, and live around
but those with whom our love abounds.

Beautiful?

Amanda Richey

It's another day
to look natural.
Take extreme action,
because nothing gets remembered like
DIFFERENT.

Do you want
that super tan?
That party dress?
That platinum smile?

Well, say hello to Lung cancer,
'cause you've come a long way,
BABY.

Take control of your future, now.
And feel...
INVISIBLE.

Untitled

Laura Archer

nonsense. graceful.

Elegance is a falsehood.

Beauty

is often unconventional;
unexpectedly found in the dirty,
the ignorant,
the unmannered fool.

Ugliness

is prevalent in
the plastered faces of eye-filling
prudes,
those that color their tongues
purple velvet.

Untitled

One-Syllable Composition

Paul Schwada

When God looked at the world and said, "It is good," I think I know just what it was He saw.

It was not just the high place. It was not just the tall trees. It was not just the vast seas. Yes, God saw all of these, but more. I think God looked at His fresh, new earth from our view.

I think God took watch when the sky was still black, while the stars and the moon still ruled the night. But then, oh the sight that He saw...

He saw the first, faint flush of light in the east. Most of the stars soon took their leave, and the white orb of the moon grew grey but did not budge. More light came, and more, 'til the sky had the whole range of blue from the dark in the west to the light in the east. Then just on the seats of the clouds in the east, came a glow of pink, and God knew what was to come.

A few more streaks of clouds on high were the lone props in the sky--a stage of light. To the west, a still, soft blue watched the light stride forth. On high, the vast depth of sky still showed a hint of the same. In the east, it was not blue, nor black, nor white, nor red. Just light and air, with clouds that blocked the sky down low.

Then the stage was set, and it was time. Shafts of pink light shot up through the space in the clouds. They came to be more bold and grew in size. The small moon now gave way while the rest of the sky sat still and watched. The line of clouds down low grew bright with white light. The line grew 'til it was a slice so bright one would have sworn a blind man could see it burst forth.

And the sun rose, one inch at a time.

It did not speed but did not creep. Each new piece of the blaze shone with twice the strength. Not a blade of

grass moved as the new sun came to life. It came to be a whole, round ball of fire.

And there it sat for one . . . soft . . . tick of the watch, full and bright and strong.

Then it burned through the small, lone bank of low clouds and the deed was done. The sun had come and would come fresh each day from that time on.

I have seen that same rise of the sun, the one God saw that first new day. I have seen it twice at least. I have seen it in the Deep South as I sat in a car full of friends--I, the lone one not deep in sleep. I was on a broad stretch of road, and it came as I drove past a still, green swamp.

I have seen it here in this place too. I watched through a pane of glass steamed with my breath. I stood on a chair in the warm room to catch the full show, for a brick roof blocked my view.

It was worth it.

'GEVITY

Alison Gregory

ITCH OF
SHIFT OF
LUBRICANT
CONCEPT
DRIZZLE-DRIPPED
RAKE TO
THE WIND OF

PERCEPTION
LEAKING
DREAMS
WHISPER
FALLING

ORGANS
SIGHT

WRIGGLING
OF CANVAS

SLICK
CLEAN

HOT WITH
THE MEAT
STRIPPED
COLD

TONGUE
OF
CONVULSION

IRIS
CONSUMES
SOUL
WITH A

BRUSHING
THE HAND
SMEARING ON
MY
TRUTH
HOPE
RIGID

REBUKE
THAT
PACE-
SMACKS
RIPPLES

FOR
SEEKS
THE BLUE OF
MAKER
HEAVY
THIN
POOLS

BENEATH A

TREMBLING
PULSATING
OF FINGERS
SCULPTING
FROM
MARBLE DREAMS

STRETCH

GRANITE LIFE

TO A

FINGER SONG-

MELODY	A	SKINNY
	KISSING THEE UNSTARCHED	POLKA

SWIMMING IN HARVEST WHILE FINGERS	TIDE	LIGHT
CLASP FANTASY FOR LIFE	TIRED WITH EXPERIENCE FIERCE TO HOLD WHAT DOESN'T REACH.	THE LONGING

Untitled

Laura Archer

So if I let it be empowered by *you*,

It produces work.

or joy,

or idiocy,

Yet,

It produces signs of *you*.

Therefore,

Encourage incessant taps.

ANDREW WYETH: A MEDITATION ON AN EXHIBITION

Jared C. Miller

IT'S A LONG, LONELY DRIVE TO MAINE.

On the way to a funeral,
the wheat shuddered.

I saw it,
I could feel it.

And you were there,
like Christina, like a ghost,
staring back through the dust and the dirt
The wind was sweeping the wheat and the leaves,
onto the charcoal highway.
Cars crawling toward strings of light,
where cities slept.

Over invisible silver airwaves
a folk singer sighed.
I shuddered.

IT MUST LOOK AND FEEL LIKE NOVEMBER IN MAINE.

The sun bleeds through ragged clouds
bleaching barn walls and docked fishing boats.

Weary nets drape the coast,
hang like the shadows of masts.

Gravel roads lurch over the ocean,
over smooth rocks echoing tired dreams.

And the tides yawn,
they creep slowly in,
like the people stumble home.

In town, splintering, crooked porches
implore folk to stay, talk.

The negroes, well, they look sleepy.
Tom just lies there like a scarecrow.
He's already asleep.

THE DAYS MUST BE SHORT AND COLD IN MAINE.

I remember a glimpse of spring,

 Helga standing motionless
as the sunlight shimmered around her.

On scratched, faded billboards

I can see your wife,

 drifting through dreams,

She was picking berries

 now, skeptically, beautifully,

she rests.

 You can see her breath as it seeps
 from underneath her straw hat.

 The radio crackles,
 the static gasps.

 I shivered.

WINTERS MUST BE LONG AND HARSH IN MAINE.

The foggy windows blur,

the broad strokes of snow swirling
 in front of the old house.

N.C. died there many winters back,
 that first winter.

The snow still smothers the ground.

 Along the gate

 winter wheat grows up

between the grey grass.

 Leonard Cohen stalks on an A.M. station,
 his voice, like smoke,
 like the snow,

 spirals,

 lingers.

IT MUST BE LONELY IN MAINE.

You're here with me.

 You're tired though.

 You saw it all,

 You felt it all.

Wood, Benton, N.C.

 they saw it too.

They're out there asleep

underneath all that grass

Wood, Benton, N.C., Christina, Helga, Mom...

They're all there,

 out there, in there,

somewhere.

 The mile markers still click by.

 Ten more miles to a rest stop.

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
from "My heart leaps up"



The Lamb
William Blake

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child;
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.

Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.