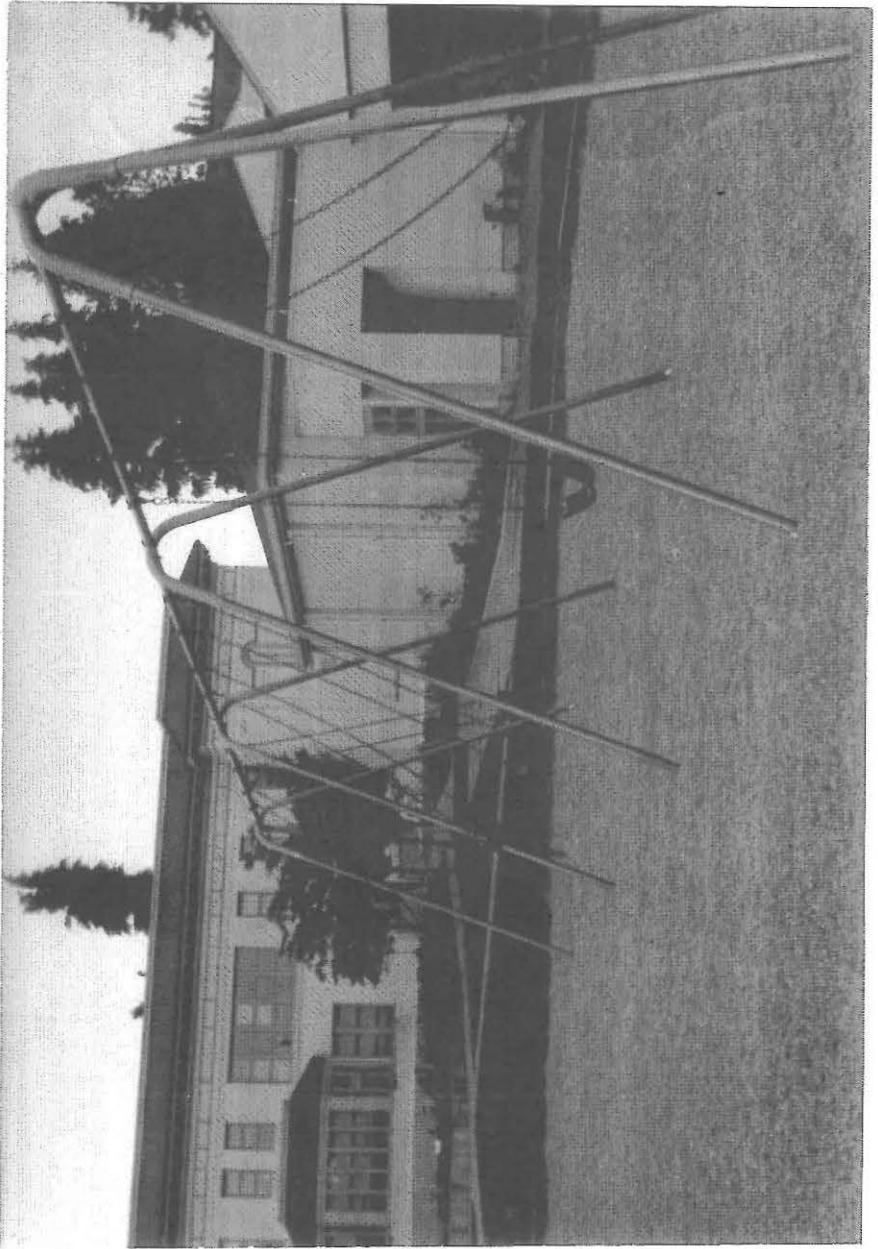


Department: The Promethean, Fall 1999

The Promethean



The Promethean



on the cover

Swingset photograph Don Sunde

this page

Fountain photograph Ayako Watanabe

FALL 1999 STAFF

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Hermit

My thoughts are simple and delicate
Like the petal of a rose,
Yet no one comes near
Because nobody knows.

My life has no complexities
Like a switch for a light,
I am not stupid
But I'm not all that bright.

I live in the shadows
Like a rat in the city,
Scavenging for food
Yet I ask not for your pity.

My thoughts are simple and delicate
Like the petal of a rose,
Yet no one comes near
Because nobody knows.

Chad Vandemark

Edu.

Before, I thought I wondered
What impossible gulf one would encounter?
To reach the land so often promised.
A promise of enlightenment?
Yes, to take me beyond my borders.
I saw the ford as others had,
But there, in a flood of doubt
I drowned.
I pondered.
Courage surged into my soul,
I crossed the flooded tide.
Quivering on the far shore
I couldn't see the promise,
Doubt racked my soul
Laid me waste on the desert's floor.
Distraught I fought to focus.
Crystal vision,
Spirits soared.
Grasping soul revealed
The bondage of seductive ignorance.
Rising, rising clarity,
Coral world in a Caribbean Sea
I longed to succeed. Succeed!
Vastly before me turquoise sea.
Ignorance lost.
I sea. Edu.

Tim Tanner

Song of Gaia

Should you come through the door the light increases,
and should you leave the light does down at noon.
The harmonies I hear change as your presence shifts
from near to far through twelve descending tones.
I love you like the shepherd loves the day.
O, revelations! Mountain peaks at dawn!
My poems document these vast sensations,
but all I can be sure of is your bones.

Your body fills all space, your face exists
in all dimensions. Your lips cannot be touched ...
behind the flesh they move in rhythms strange,
their words are mysteries, handfuls of stones.
Nor does your name give any clue to your true being.
There's blood and laughter, love and pain in you,
but all I can be sure of is your bones.

Stephanie Hopkins Hughes

Danielle

It must be wonderful to be two years old
and know that you're the center of the universe.
My niece, for example, standing next to
Grandma at the kitchen sink, demands attention.
Again comes the imperious command,
that sweet voice just edged with a whine.

The one who is supposed to be an adult
obediently strips off her yellow rubber dish gloves
and lifts the tiny dictator to her shoulder.
The weary child's head drops, her eyelids fall
and her tiny hand gently twists
my mother's left earlobe.

I can only shake my head. "So spoiled," I think
but I will not say so aloud because
I can remember being in a body much smaller
and struggling to find a cool spot
on the crisp pillowcase beneath my feverish cheek.
My mother, then standing much taller

and without a trace of silver in her hair
comes to comfort me. I tell her I'm fine,
but somehow she knows, and kneels
by my bed, stroking my damp hair
with one cool capable hand until I can sleep.

Now I watch them walk to the bedroom,
grandmother and grandchild,
this diminutive tyrant and her loyal vassal
my mother humming a familiar lullaby,
and I smile. Then I don the discarded yellow gloves
to finish the dishes while the water is warm
and while the center of the universe
takes her afternoon nap.

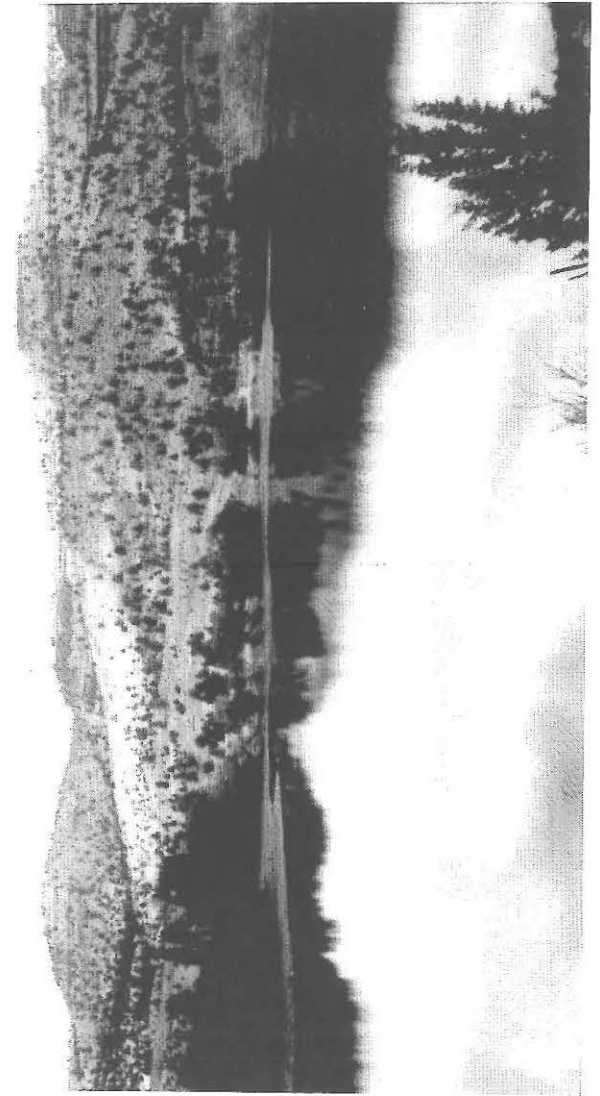
Christine Weiler

Natural Affections

Bright eyes hunger for your velvety lips
Tiger lilies spill glistening dew drips
Yearning ears plead for your rich, handsome voice
Light wind gives glittering snowflakes a hoist
Empty hands long for your confident grasp
Red and gold leaves fall gently from the ash
A woeful heart needs your radiant smiles
Soft, incessant waves smooth the beach for miles
 My entire being needs your soothing touch
 For all of nature fails to heal as much.

Pam Van Den Broek

Clouds in Lake photograph Ayako Watanabe



What Have I

Your touch upon my mind is therapy
I am able to release these doubts inside of me
What have I but you in this world?
Who have I but you for hope?

Therefore my praises ascend
Like the evening sacrifice
Toward your heart does my soul bend
Yet my fingers are bitter cold as ice

I have nothing without you
But I look for everything
Out beyond the fading blue
What have I but me to bring?

I offer this doubt, this pain, these rags
filthy as my righteous acts
But all you ask is what I have
This is all I have

Tim Winterstein

The Dancer

At the heart of my being, I'm a dancer.
I listen to the rhythms of life
Till I've learned them by heart,
Then I dance.
I start very slow,
Testing unrehearsed steps as they come,
Then I fly.
Covering new territory,
Using what I've learned,
I adapt my dance to the new situation.
The dance slows down.
Puzzled, I stop and look around me,
Catching my breath and noticing the changes.
Finding my new steps and a place,
I start again, slowly.
In my mind, everyone's a dancer.

Karen Thompson

2NW

It is where
I move along to the gallery
 of same-sex sandwiches
Corridors with condiments and condemnation
 that entreat me and repeat revulsion
 that makes my eyes water
 from within and without

It is where
I move along to the bemusement
 of the moneychangers
With oily-pompadours and scaly smiles
 who seduce virginal buds of solitary joy
 with Kewpie dolls that weep
 from within and without

It is where
I move along to the carnival
 of barren billets,
Respite from wanton favors and rhyme
 It speaks of the daze of summer
 that makes my heart break
 from within and without

It is where
I glide along the midway
 of freaks and pin-heads
The zealot whispers the walrus song
 The barker offers me one on a stick
 In the land of screams, I must choose
 from within or without

It is where I am
I am trying to move along,
 my head, a Casaba
 My feet, a blacksmith's envy
The stale corridors, sterile hopes and baby soaps
the observed, observer and absurd
to my chagrin and my doubt

Lindsey Grant

*There are two ways of
spreading light:
to be the candle or the mirror
that reflects it.
~Edith Wharton*

Mental Health

With razored claws
It rips my heart,
While it falls out
I fall apart.

With my own limbs
It beats me so,
There's no way out
Nowhere to go.

In this enclosure
I call a cage,
My mind is full
Of peerless rage.

With fading blood stains
Across my chest,
I can't let down
I cannot rest.

I laugh and cry
In a maniacal way,
I must get out
I cannot stay.

I climb the walls
In search of light,
But I always fall down
Try as I might.

The walls are padded
The room is white,
But I'm always pulled down
Try as I might.

Chad Vandemark

The Invasion of Feelings

How many times have you forgotten
At what depth my feelings lie?
I am fully consumed by you
Like a temptation that flowers from sight
An emotion not seen and barely shown
These feelings invade my soul
They take over my senses
They leave a feeling of utter confusion
The immense rush of lust
The passion that will never die
The burning sensation of want, of need
Feelings which words can hardly do justice
I love you
Love is not only a word
It is a state of mind, an instinct
An emotion which can never fade
Can you not detect at all
How I truly feel for you?
Why do you make me feel what I feel?
How can your power be so great over me?
I will ask no more questions of you,
For the answers lie deep within my soul
And when I come to this conclusion
I will fully understand
How the rush of my emotion
Crashes violently on the lonely, waiting sand.

Jillian Meredith Olsen

Sounds of Life

I saw everything
I heard nothing
Life was going fine
Until a machine changed it all
It was small and brown
A woman in a white coat inserted it into my ear
The world became scary
Sounds came out of people's mouths
Kristina ...
Kristina, look at me.
I looked but didn't understand
what is Kristina, I thought
I didn't know I had a name
Rinnnnnnngg!
I dived under the table
Terrified, I didn't move
Riinnnnnnngg!
Never heard a phone before
A familiar face peeked down at me
Blue eyes and a warm smile
Mother was looking at me
RRRRR! Screech! RRrrr! Screech!
I screamed!
A pencil is being sharpened
I grabbed the small machine from my ear

I threw it across the room
-Silence-
Calmness fell over me
Many feet run to the machine
It was picked up
One pair of feet walking towards me
I covered my ears
I cried
Warm tears run down my face
I was held down
Machine of sound was inserted again
I cried even more
-Silence-
Soft humming
I turned to my right
Mother with blue eyes
Smiling at me
Humming I heard
I reached for her
She held me
Hmmmmm ... Hmmmmm ...
I am calmed
Hmmmmm, my mother sang an unfamiliar song
I listened
My World Changed forever
For the better.

Kristina M. Porter

Rockele

Is that you, Rockele? I ask myself
I see your face among a few wandering souls
Suddenly it brightens as you recognize me
We begin toward each other, slowly at first,
then sprint to close the gap between us
As we wrap our arms around each other
and spin until we fall in the dewy grass,
we transform into lighthearted children for a moment.
I am once again reminded that I couldn't find a better friend.

Pam Van Den Broek

The Promise

I was stranded on a gray rock
Paralyzed below my bones by the bloody covenant
Of our flesh and the decrees of creation

Haunted by cruel dirt and dead crosses,
I had unearthed a world of fire and shattered glass,
A place littered with fractured boughs and fallen ladders,
Inhabited by sweaty men with cracked black fingernails
That grasped and puckered our precious new flesh.

You were dancing on a saffron cloud
Swaying and switching to the dreamy pulsing rhythm
Of our flesh and the decrees of creation

Inspired by soft kicks and warm murmurs
You breathlessly straddled the unbroken rainbow
And grappled with the ancient coiled serpent;
You made it lay flat at your feet in disgrace
And held high the crying crux of my redemption.

Surrounded by shrill dirty echoes
And the silent broken shards of circles,
That plastic four-letter word,
That tattered gold and white word,
Is now reborn in the sweat of your labor.

My love,
In the curve of your mouth
And the fecundity of your hips,
In the circumference of your belly
And the fullness of your breasts,
In the contours of your soul
And the finality of your hope,
I have experienced the pulse of you and I
And rediscovered the ripe promise of us.

Brian Blums

A Student's Psalm

This longing in my heart, my soul
My empty head is a vacuum,
a black hole of ignorance
I am humble and in awe
and I hunger for the richness,
the fluidity, the majesty, the glory
that is knowledge

What I know I am slow in accepting
though by this knowledge I am made
complete and whole
I wallow in self-pity and
self-condemnation
and am a scourge to my own soul
for not pressing in

Fill me oh God, my heart, my soul
my every thought of you
Grant me strength to
press into your presence
and the glory of reflecting
your perfection in me

Lindsey Grant

Poetic Sensuality

Devouring poetry,
Naked words
Kiss my lips like
Velvet
Champagne;
Sound and Syntax
Intoxicating my
Senses.

My muse -
The ink-smeared
Pages of
Cream,
Pressed-rose
Loves
And dog-eared
Secrets.

Rhythm and Rhyme
Drift in,
Drift out;
A honey-tongued
Bard
Slips verse
Into my
Soul.

The poets of old
Whisper sweet
Caresses
In my yearning
Ears; their
Songs slowly
Move against my
Skin.

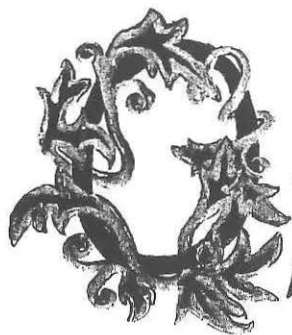
An intimacy
Few experience,
Fewer perfect.
This
Is what these
Wise sages
Have
Shared.

The book
Lies open,
I close my eyes;
With pen
In hand,
I relax,

And . . .

Sigh.

Koty Zelinka



Oh Sweet Gale
your scent awakens
my freshest self
from deep
within

My lungs
embrace your
sweetness

Blood-bought mansions

You're the catharsis to purge my broken soul, bloodied
beyond recognition
You're the balm for all these self-inflicted bruises
You're my peace in this world of never-ending noise
Oh God, my Savior

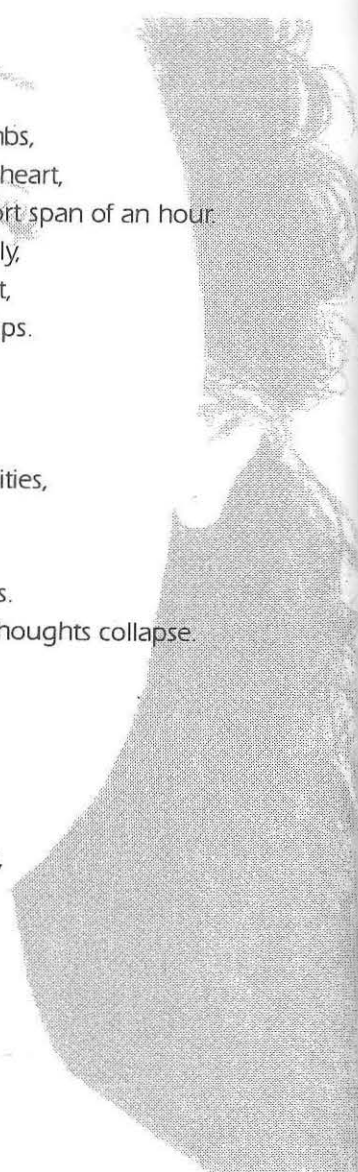
How can it be that I've done anything to serve You?
When all I seem to do is serve myself?
I've got this bullet-riddled tent that I reside in
And all I want to do is pitch a bigger tent
Yet a mansion waits for the poor man
Though he cannot pay the rent

You're my only reason for living
Without You I am dead
My joy, my hope, my all
Come back sweet Jesus, take me home
Everything I love is naught if you leave me alone

Tim Winterstein

Oh Sweet Gale calligraphy Pam Van Den Broek

Inspiration



Goosebumps ripple over my skin,
Power shudders and quakes through my limbs,
The Blues from Mississippi break the stereo's heart,
A mystical world of words unfolds in the short span of an hour.
The yellow ichor of the typeset stares balefully,
Whiskey of the finest sort, clenched in my fist,
A burnt out cigarette dangles from cracked lips.
The guitar continues searching for cracks,
In my consciousness.
Then the whirlwind begins,
My hands become prophets, my fingers.. Deities,
But it dissolves in a moment,
A terrible moment of purity.
The illusion fades, even as I grasp at its edges.
Pulling with all my mind's strength, even as thoughts collapse.
It slips away...
Reality intrudes in its place.
All is not well, except deep down,
Lower than my feet,
Resonating in synch with the earth,
A voice of molten honey soothingly whispers,
"It will return."
So I take another sip and wait,
And wait,
And wait,
For inspiration.

Michael Schultz

Crazed Dreaming

This rage is built upon a chair
Just like a ladder it leads nowhere.
The paint is cracked, the posters torn
The walls fall down, there goes the floor.

The warmth of the bed, all cozy and hot
It lies on a chair, fear it I not.
The smelly fungus, the rusty nails
From almost-dead rats
The clear skin of their tails.

The floorboards creak, the shutters shake
Upon me this whole ball will break.
The bubble pops, I let out a scream
Sitting straight up, I wake from my dream.

Chad Vandemark

Shoot out the Great White Crescent/

/De'us ex Ma'china

swore I heard drum machines
beyond the esoteric gate
typing out bizarre rhythms
synthesized for our new potentate

this new despot came rollin' in;
technology his malignant shadow
the pied piper with his mountain of sound
dragged acoustic timbres to the gallows

long ago the Great White Crescent
was shot out; and it falls forever...
blame was placed on natural music;
but as for a trial there was never

he took office and my guitar was taken
"Burn all the wood and melt all the brass!"
a new night has settled on Earth Town
and all these things I thought quite crass

creativity died wailing in the fires...
the New Age dawned: strobelites and wires...
Woody Guthrie's biography was burned
and his son called villain spawned liar...
while video game music became a source
to inspire?

the leader's speeches were many and strong
never occurring to the people that what he preached
was wrong

looking out windows long into the night
their faces conflagrant with flashing false lights

giving him their money, giving him respect
for assurance that all music would be perfect

silently
Natural Sound and Time wept...

and

the people left in marching droves
but as the colorful mountain closed
I heard him promise them many things
before the baneful screams arose

this computerized music, it pounds within my brain
and one of these days it's bound to drive me insane

Marcus Eads

Σηοοτ οοτ τη Γρεατ Ωηιτε Χρεσχεντ

filthy refreshment

scorching sunlight, sticky skin
except for feet
 in a mud squiggle
spleeeerp gleerp gleep
the dark chocolate ecstasy
 squirming with toes
coolness soothing, spreading,
radiating to every limb
like a glass
 of sour, icecold lemonade

Pam Van Den Broek

The Detective

I went to the movie house tonight
I thought I'd see some old friends
I saw one grinning back as he
handed me my jujubes
A nostalgic prize in every pack

I put my feet up and
waited for the buxom blond to
enter and swoon,
but today her hair is butched out
Gone the seductive smiles
Magnum at her hip,
her heart full of vile

I want my Philip Marlow
Where's my Sam Spade
Can't do without my
Charlie Chan, Man

But he's the anti-hero of today
Bigger than life,
but what kind of life?
All that's left is
the shadow of a genre
A poor celluloid imitation
of the glory Colorization
will never know

So

Just Play it, Sam
You played it for her
You can play it for me
If she can take it, so can I

Lindsey Grant

About the Contributors

Marcus Eads "Last nite I dreamt that while healin' ceilings up in Harlem, I saw Canada ablaze, an nobody knowin' nothin' about it except of course who held the match" (Bob Dylan, 1964).

Lindsey Grant is a self-described Christian poet, screenwriter, ceramic artist, and all-around good listener.

Stephanie Hopkins Hughes is a Concordia student currently studying in Oak Hill College, London.

Sarah Longden is a psychology major who plans to attend law school and work as a child and family advocate. She is originally from Centralia, Washington.

Jillian Meredith Olsen is an English major at Concordia, on staff at the newspaper, and publications director of The Promethean. She looks up to Kurt Vonnegut and Noam Chomsky for their non-conformist nature.

Kristina M. Porter is a deaf Christian woman. She wanted to tell her experience of what it was like to hear sounds for the first time in her life when she was four years old.

Michael Schultz has been a regular contributor to The Promethean.

Tim Tanner is an English major and currently president of Sigma Tau Delta, the English honor society. He plans to return home to Belize after graduating in May 2000.

Karen Thompson is a senior in the elementary education program. She has been writing poems and songs ever since third grade. One of her poems, "Knowing," was published by the National Library of Poetry in Morning Song.

Chad Vandemark is from Shoreline, Washington. He is ASB President, plays varsity soccer, is on the volleyball team, and is a former Promethean 3rd place winner.

Pam Van Den Broek was born and raised in the Land of the Midnight Sun. She plans to return to Alaska to teach high school biology after graduating from Concordia University.

Ayako Watanabe is a Psychology major at Concordia and has been a regular contributor to The Promethean with her photography.

Christine Weiler is a senior majoring in secondary education/language arts. You may have seen her in the writing center, in the theater, or hanging out with those crazy people at the MAD House.

Tim Winterstein is a sophomore in the Pastoral Ministries program. He dedicates his work to God and T.D.P. Habakkuk 2:20.

Koty Zelinka graduated from Concordia in Secondary Education and is currently teaching in Reseda, California.



Mowing the Lawn photograph Ayako Watanabe