

THE
ANDREAN



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We would especially like to thank Carol Stegeman for all of her help with the layout and printing.



I saw the water lit by the moon this night
dancing a dance of joy and life—



The water dances beautifully
and here I stand (I wonder, is it hard to do?)
Waiting for the moonlight— fill me to the top of my head!
Oh how I tire of standing still.
Never moving. Never out of breath.
That my heart would skip a beat, that my stomach felt weak—
Then I would shout with wonderful surprise—
Can you teach me this dance?
I do not care if I lose my breath,
Quicken my heart— teach it to flutter as well—
I want to be dizzy— light-hearted and light-headed
What must I do?
I will live forever standing still.
Exhaust me with life and dancing
So that one day my knees will buckle
and I will fall.
But, oh! isn't it worth it all.

My body is not strong and I am not stupid
I know I cannot dance forever—
and perhaps if you teach me,
you will find that I do not dance well.
But when I am dancing— light-hearted and light-headed,
I will not know the difference.



THE PEACOCK

As I approach, I miss it in the underbrush.
One, two, three steps closer, suddenly it springs.
It jumps, startling, with all its color psychedelic, lush.
I scream, my heart rushes, my ears ring.

This creature so small, no ascendancy, it makes me wary.
Its plume, bits of brightly colored tapestry, shown warrior-like.
Peacock eyes, glassy, as red as an overripe holly berry.
I step back, it looks sinister, it could lunge, it just might.

I don't like this fowl, it doesn't like me, it keeps its plume raised.
It still stares, but now it moves from foot to foot, flushed.
It creeps to the side, trying to escape my gaze.
Finding me weary, it sneaks sullenly back to the bush.

Jamie Armstrong



RAMBLING

In the quiet and rippling,
the static air buzzes with youth and you.
The twilight hours bring their frocks and ties,
their smiles and warmth,
an even slightly sticky handshake...
little boys in large bodies,
and we big women in small.
And eyes sparkle and "let's be friends" for it
all began that way.

In the chirping of evening with four feet
on the grass...and two in the grass,
and wet feet and wet frocks and ties,
and laughter and breathless wonder
at how we came to know so well
the things we know about each other;
And little giggles and chuckles,
and little bowls and little spoons with chocolate,
creamy and icy and sweet...

and eyes.

Brown and warm and rich like mousse;
And blue, blue, blue and chilly, soft as mint,
yet sharp as ice;
And green and grey of eyes... eyes are all

we see when we gaze longingly at young men
and I at you.

And when you speak, your voice like velvet,
and you touch my arm,
a tingling-tinsel touch, a squeeze;
And when you say things that make me
bubble and glitter and be really happy,
for just a second... well... maybe a minute,
then I look again at all the rest:

The quiet, the rippling,
the static air buzzing with youth;
the twilight hours, the frocks, the ties;
the smiles, the warm, sticky handshakes;
the little boys, we, big women
with sparkling eyes and how it began;
and the chirping in the wet grass,
(the wet frocks and ties);
and the laughingly breathless wonder
of knowing;
the giggles, the bowls, the spoons, the chocolate;
the eyes of mousse brown, blue, blue,
blue, and green and grey;
and your eyes... well... and you.

E.C. Moore

For: J.P.H., R.W.M., B.E.T. and all other ramblings on earth,
known and unknown.





THE TIMES

atTack !
cried April May
upon her older brother
Oh nO !
he screeched
mocking terror
dodging Quick adVances

R.W. Apple, Jr.
"Allied bombings continue
impede
disrupt
in
clear bright weather"

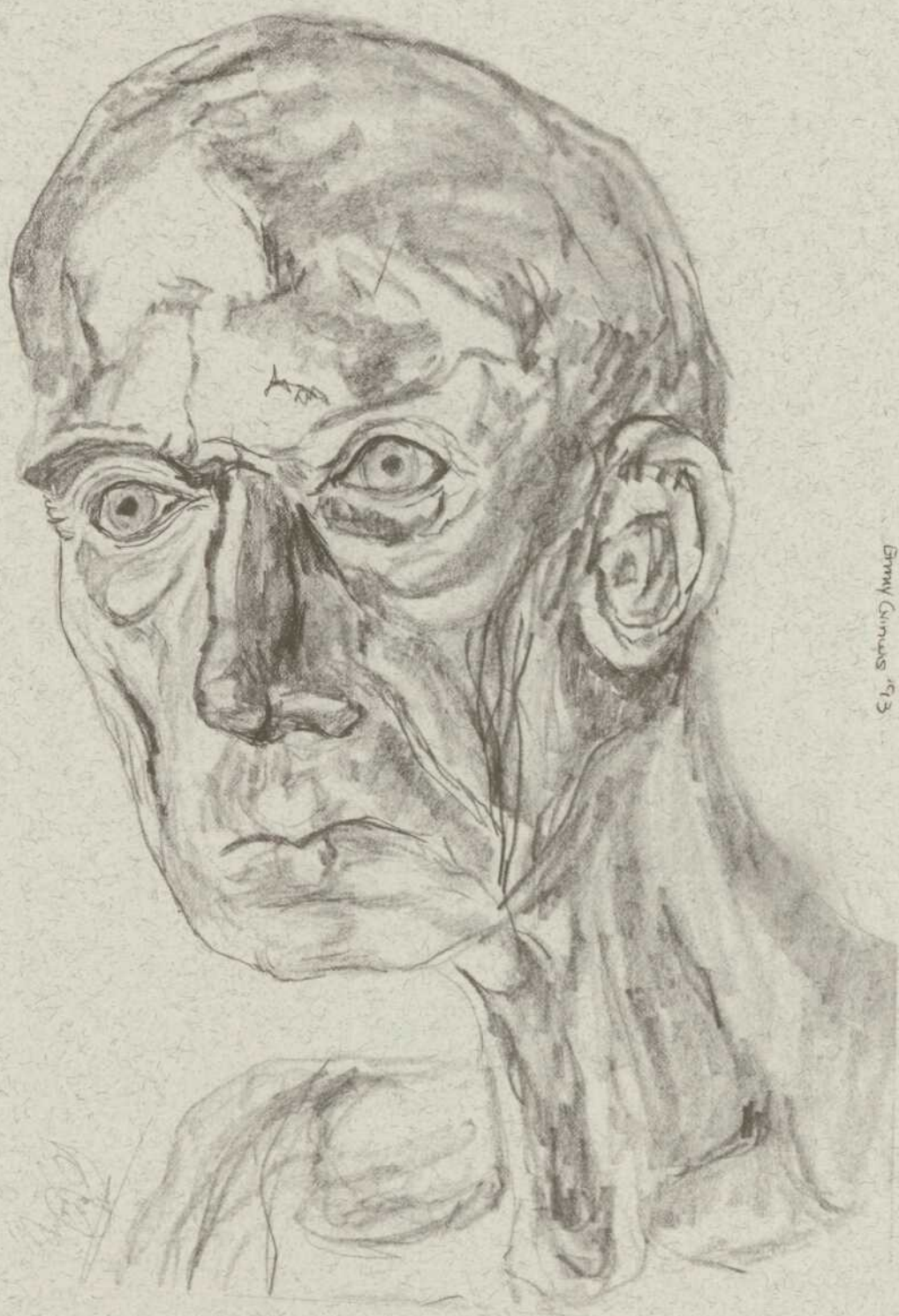
she squealed gleefully
brother beneath her foot
Arms extend in triumPh
the defeat of big brother

"Containment effort
dogfights
officials
speculated
accused
denied"

he brought his long legs
perpendicular to the ground
his attention drawn away
from the game.

"Barriers Fire
Pushed by winds
oil slick
grew RAPIDly
40 miles long and 8 miles wide"

Laura Howe

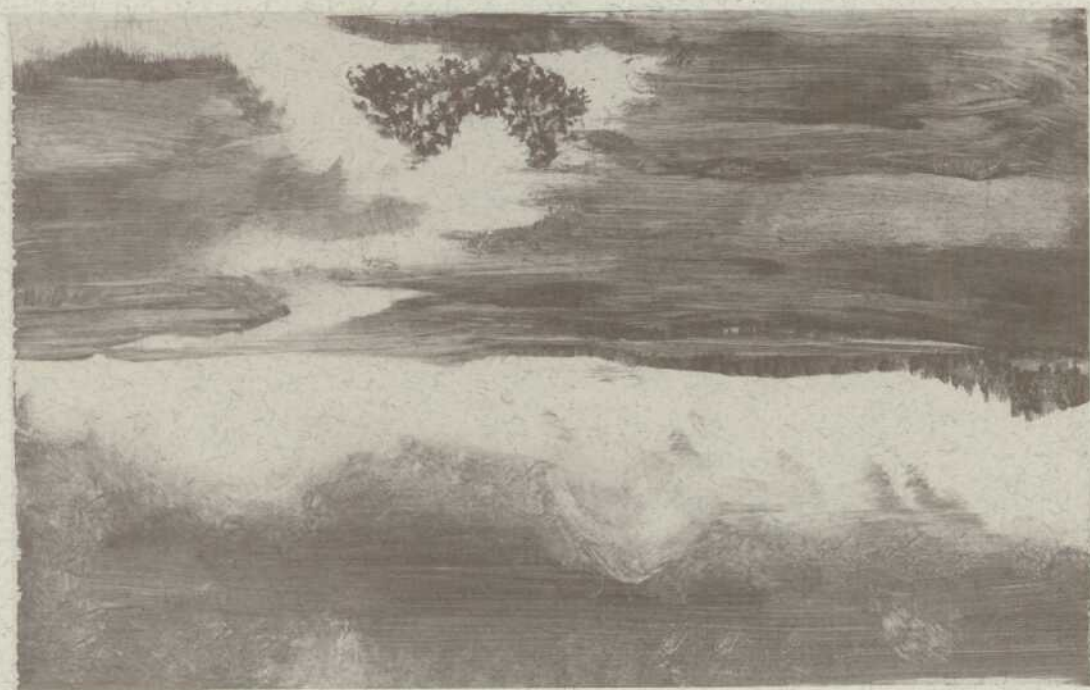


Emily Curious '13

THE TRIP

You can never escape.
Books end, music stops,
The alarm-clock rings.
For a fleeting moment you are gone:
Lost, happy, carefree,
Running through the forest.
But always the branch, the trip,
That sends you falling to the earth.
You hit the ground.
You feel the pain.
For most, fear of pain keeps them on the ground,
Lying flat in the mud,
Afraid.
Not me. Never me.
I hate the stupidity of the pain,
I see the filth of the mud.
So I get up,
And keep on running, fleeing,
Knowing that the branch awaits,
Praying that the next time
I will get up again.

Andrew Butters



L'EVOLUTION D'UNE FEUILLE

C'est le printemps
Je me rappelle les douces couleurs
Les fleurs, la bise gentille et tiède.
Je me rappelle ma mère
Grande et puissante.
Elle me tient dans ses mains.

La chaleur et l'ardeur de l'été
Passent rapidement.
Je me rappelle que j'essayais de quitter
Les mains de ma mère.
Mais elle ne me lâchait pas.
J'étais fâchée

C'est l'automne.
La brise est acérée et froid
Je tombe des mains de ma mère,
Je tombe doucement, et puis
Le vent me capture et
Je deviens confuse, et je commence à avoir peur.

Je suis née.

Laura Howe

THE EVOLUTION OF A LEAF

It is spring time
I remember the soft colors,
The flowers, the soft, warm breeze.
I remember my mother,
Big and powerful.
She holds me in her hands.

The heat and passion of summer
Pass quickly.
I remember when I tried to leave
My mother's hands.
But she didn't let me.
I was angry.

It is autumn.
The breeze is sharp and cold.
I fall from my mother's hands.
I fall slowly and then
The wind captures me, and
I become confused. I begin to be afraid.

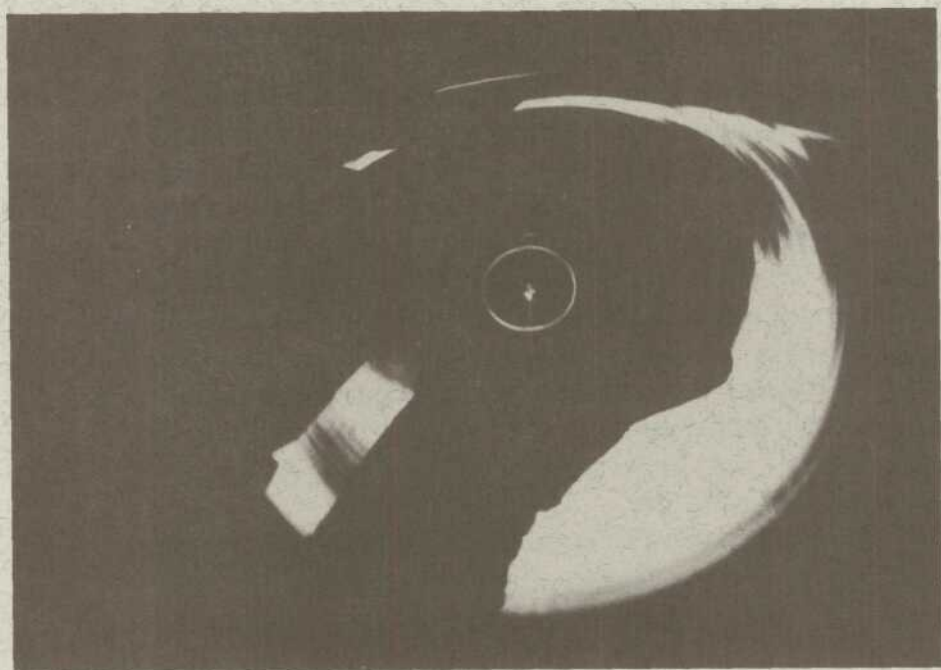
I am born.

Laura Howe



From a different world
Offering new perspective
On what has been
Accepted as ordinary;
Innocence restored
As life is rediscovered

Karen McBride



Sometime during one of the hours my mind tossed in the throes of physics, or speculated within the passion of a poem or calculated in a loop of mathematics, my ears heard the ascension of the g to the b in the second movement of Beethoven's violin concerto. In those few seconds, the feelings and thoughts from years past seemed to surface and arrest immediate reality. The sense of a meaning much larger and much deeper than myself was overwhelming. At the crest of the ascension I seemed to hear what Beethoven heard, what Beethoven saw, to think what Beethoven possibly thought. But the moment left as softly as it came. My soul, for the first time, was touched, and with a power so great that had it persisted it would have blinded as light blinds the eye. In the wake of its sound, I decided to journey through the movement with my own fingers, touch its ascension and understand the meaning that God had placed in Beethoven's hands.

My relationship with Mrs. Girvan, my violin teacher, has spanned nine years. And although Time has been kind to me, it has frowned upon her. To every half inch I was granted, Time stole one inch from her. To every burst of strength I acquired, the same amount was sapped from her. Yet we continued to meet for my violin sessions every summer. When I told her of my intention to learn Beethoven's violin concerto, she did not laugh or frown; instead she glowed at the exciting challenge for both of us. As I gradually developed the movement, the piece began to sound as Beethoven probably imagined it. Every practice and every lesson, I searched for the meaning which had overwhelmed me when I first heard the music, but it continued to elude me.

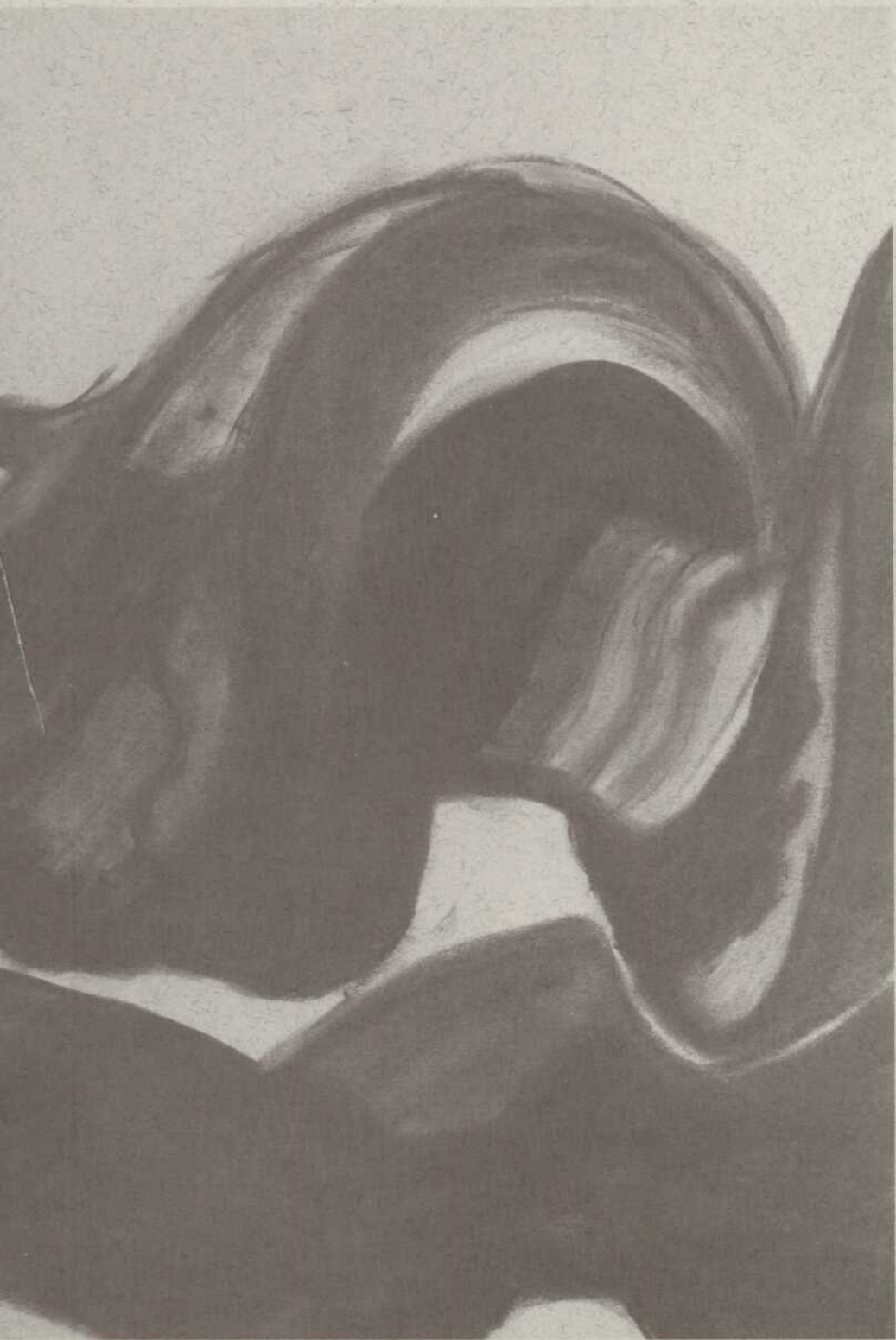
Walking back to the car after finishing my last and finest lesson of the summer, I seemed to hear the faint

sounds of a violin. Turning around, I saw my teacher in the doorway, her silhouette black and frail against the light. Back bent, face weary, smile weak, she still waved. The music I heard in the distance was Beethoven's own, played with an intensity that no man could ever emulate, with an instrument no element of earth could ever produce. My chest felt heavy and my vision blurred. The sad meaning of the ascension found my heart, and, in that brief moment, Beethoven told me what her death would mean to me.

Ruben Amarasingham

Sam Chapman
10-4-90

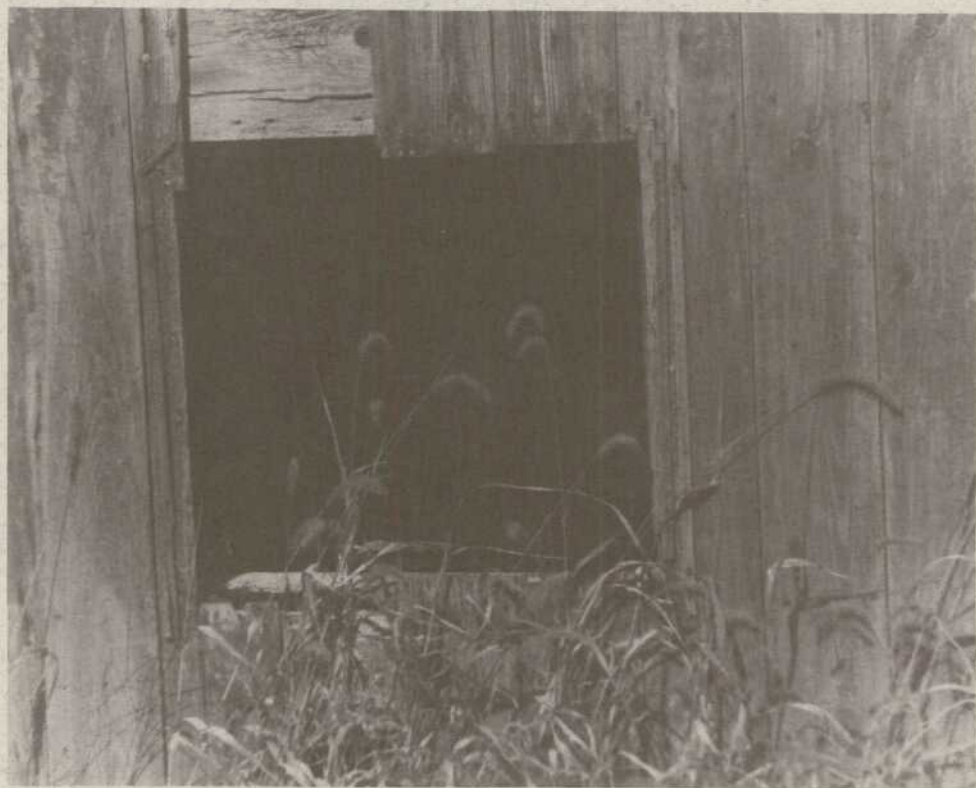




FINESKINDE

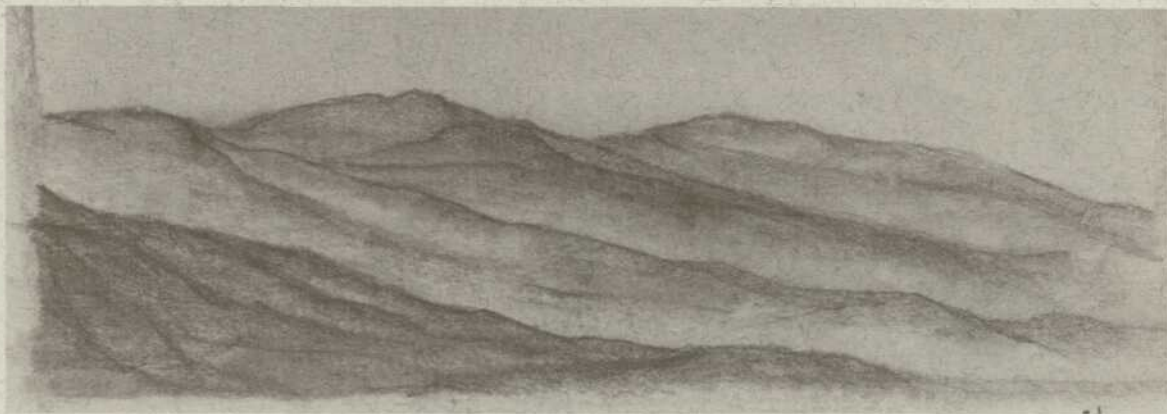
My little chapel
-the entrance to my Parents' old bedroom
If...
I had a blister
a dog died
I had a fight with my sister
a person on T.V. cried
I went there,
thinking dreaming honestly.
Innocence of the world in my tiny chapel.
I left it all behind with my
dreams.

Anonymous









WHY I WANT TO RIDE CROSS-COUNTRY ON A MOTORCYCLE

Just after it's rained,
I take a walk.
Squint my eyes and look around,
Seeing things the way I first saw them: fresh and green.
Then I open my eyes and look with my memory.
Banality comes over me like a yawning, nauseating, Valium.

Every new sensation inebriates my mind.
Hope and pleasure buzz between my ears.
But I am an alcoholic.
I hang on too long, drinking too much of my surroundings,
And wake up in a pool of blood, vomit, and teeth.

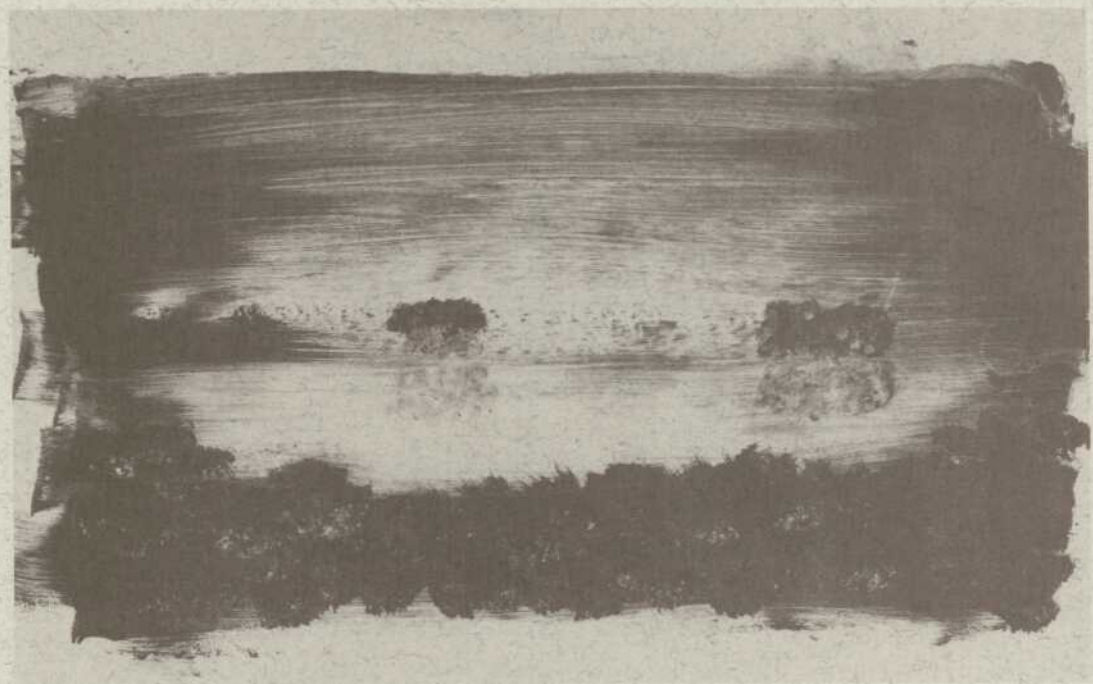
Go to every bar you find.
Have one drink.
Learn what it has to offer.
And never come back.

Andrew Butters

A REVELATION

There is nothing here except these words
I got them from a beggar,
A woman he once heard.
He owned them for years.
He gave them with his heart.
Now I blink, for beggars lives are lonely tears.
On a couch with death-like stare,
I have tried to share his words.
But my listener was too tired.
He did not learn.
I begged but he preferred to sin.
I saw Sodom and Gomorrah,
How the angels came and burned them
With a blow of the wind.
Jesus come! I need you not words.
Steal them from me like a thief in the night.

Reynolds Lockhart



BESTIAL NIGHT

She walked over the red hot pavement, her slippers clacking on the cement. Her hair was long and loose, black as midnight, curls framing her perfect white skin. A loose garment hung in rolls over her delicately muscular frame, the orange halo of light on the soft whiteness of it. The air around her hung with a curious mist; beads of moisture clung to her upper lip and forehead. She stopped once, to stare at nothing and then continued to slink along into the sultry twilight.

Soon she met a man coming the other way. He was tall and fair; his thick, wavy blond hair hung almost to his shoulders in loose curls. He wore a startling white T-shirt, tight against his solid body. He wore short black pants that stopped at the knees to reveal painful bruises and cuts. His face was fixed, his eyes alert with suspicion. Then he saw her and then slow recognition focused in the young man's eyes. It was as if in a dreamlike trance they walked. But it was her! The Girl.

His shocked expression appeared like a wave over his perfect features. He saw she carried a racket and that was all. It was all right then. He proceeded to deliberately step in her path. They bumped and the girl jumped quickly back. Her face turned pink with embarrassment. Then without even a glance, she ran.

She ran for a long time until she felt faint with exhaustion, but by that time she had reached her destination. The high wire fence seemed to stretch up forever, enclosing two perfect, green tennis courts. She knew then who he was. It was as if his face launched a thousand images through her mind. Images that brought back the nightmare of darkness; she stood with her eyes fixed, her hands loosely grasping the wire fence, her chest heaving with fear and pain. The nightmare played like an old rerun in her mind, the characters' motions all in fast forward. It had happened on a hazy night when everybody's tempers were like sticks of dynamite, ready to be set off at any second.

She had been out walking with her boyfriend and his gang. They were laughing and smoking as they made their way through "their" territory. They suddenly came face to face with a black man and his white friend. They didn't like any "niggers" in this section. They had started screaming racial slurs, hurling them like a pitcher throws fastballs.

This had happened before, but she had paid no attention to it. She knew it was wrong, but what could she do about it? She just stood there, watching them, and outsider looking in, until the beating started. The black man's harsh screams woke her out of her trance. His body was pounded and molded by the clubs of the gang, beer bottles, broken pipes, and chains.

She realized then that this was no game.

When they finished battering the black man back and forth, they left him. The pools of blood and the pile of flesh, just trash that should be cleaned up. They then turned on his friend, taunting him with words that had no meaning. She had jumped up then and walked between the young man and the gang. She told her boyfriend to stop it and make the others stop. They looked surprised, but did not continue. They started to shout at the boy to, "Get the hell outta there!", and to never show his face again in this part of town. He knew what happened to him if he did. He started to run away then, but tripped and fell, bloodying his shins and knees, but scrambled quickly up again. He sent one glance back, to her, a gaze that showed the horror and fear that he felt. Then he ran.

She tried to forget this as she stood with her hands twisted with anxiety. But it had happened and she had done nothing!

The police siren came hours later, the haunting moans as they screeched to a stop startled many people to peek out behind dirty and cracked windows to gaze at the scene below. Then came the questions, on and on, "nobody had seen nothin'". She knew nothing and told nothing; that was her motto. It was good to have, living in a neighborhood like this one. So what if she did tell them; it would

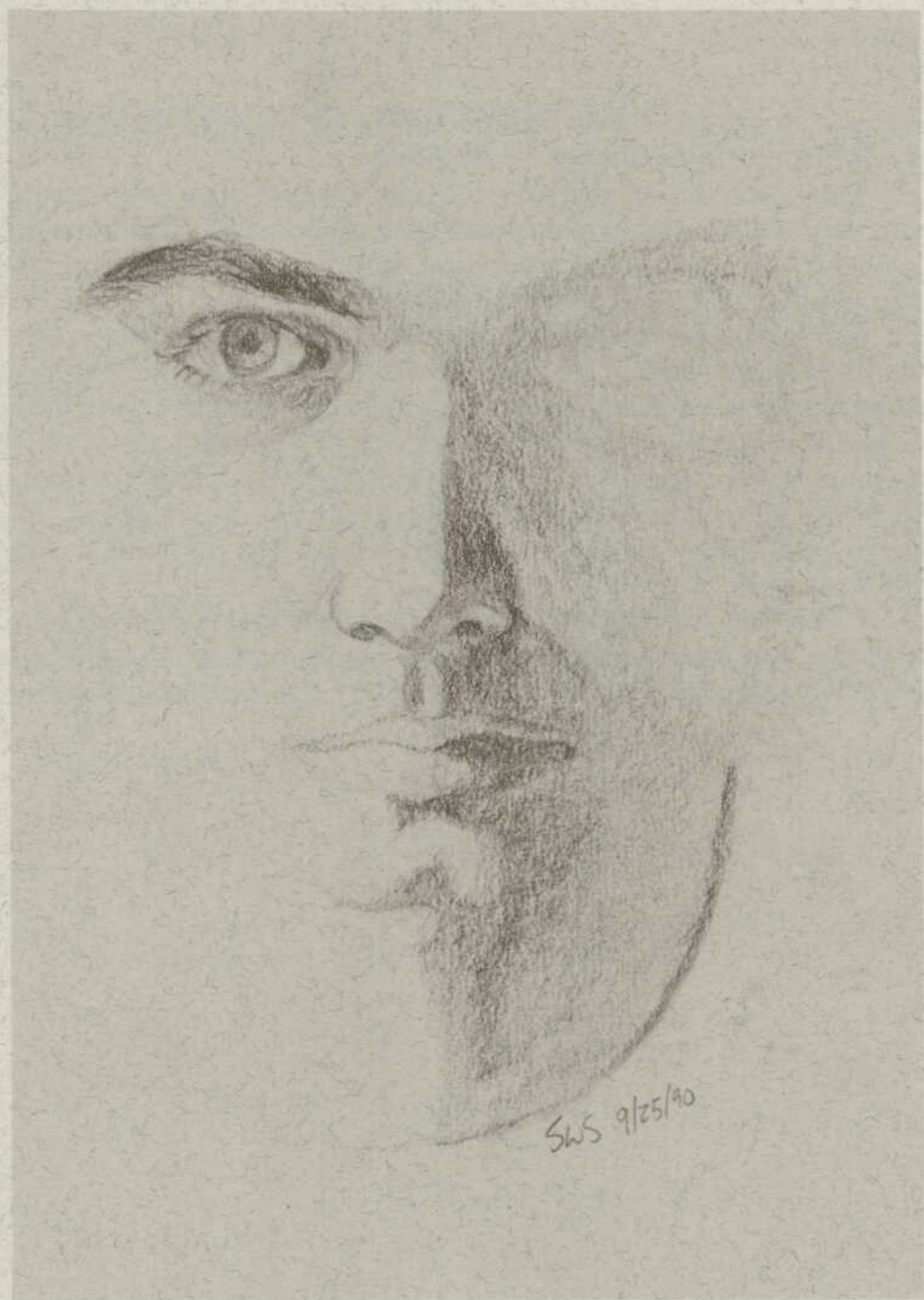
never ease the circle of pain that bound her stomach or the cloud of fear that hung constantly over their heads.

They soon left; it was, after all, only another black boy, beat to death, they would write a report and that would be all. Life would go on, clean like the pavement where the flesh had been piled and taken away. But her life never would be clean.

Soft footsteps behind her made her jump with surprise. She turned to see him again. He must have followed her, she thought as she turned to walk quickly away. But a hand reached out to stop her. She tried to yank away, but only succeeded in tightening the grip. She turned to the man and just stood. His blue eyes were like pieces of ice, frozen with a hundred accusations. He spoke one word...Why? She shrugged helplessly. She had to protect herself and her family. She just simply said, "I'm sorry".

He let her go then, to the cages, the cages that bound her to this way of life, and into the ones that let her smash balls at a green surface, like a soldier shooting bullets in a war. Only this war was different.

Rachel Ruane



MANKIND

If I were to invent a word
to describe the human race
I'm afraid it would be obscene
and written viciously across my face.
For the word that we've picked already
has got us into a bind
and it really doesn't stick
because throughout history, man has not been kind.

Emmy Grinwis

you know me, i am You. i am the part that the other day wanted to tell the world how You felt and resented it i am the part that is always in love but full of hate i am you all was fine before the storm i could not see and i was happy and then the clouds opened up and it rained down upon me and we cried a song of sorrow whose melody is ever changing and i laughed at my tears and was ashamed thought how pitiful it does not matter it does not change. youknowme all too well and thought of how to let me go to release me free, Free of it all, together we gave love recieved pain and aborted the hope harbouring in the body growing living dying and it does not change.

Anonymous



"Life ain't no ride on no pink duck."
We all laughed when she put it on her yearbook page.
I laughed.
You would have laughed too, it was funny.
It is not funny.
When I was younger, I thought I was riding the duck.
But I was curious, and I looked down,
There was nothing.

The pink duck is kinda like Santa Claus,
Once you know he's not there, he never comes back.

The ground hit me like a soft kick in the groin.
Just a tap at first,
But then the dull, cruel pain that feels like it won't ever go away.

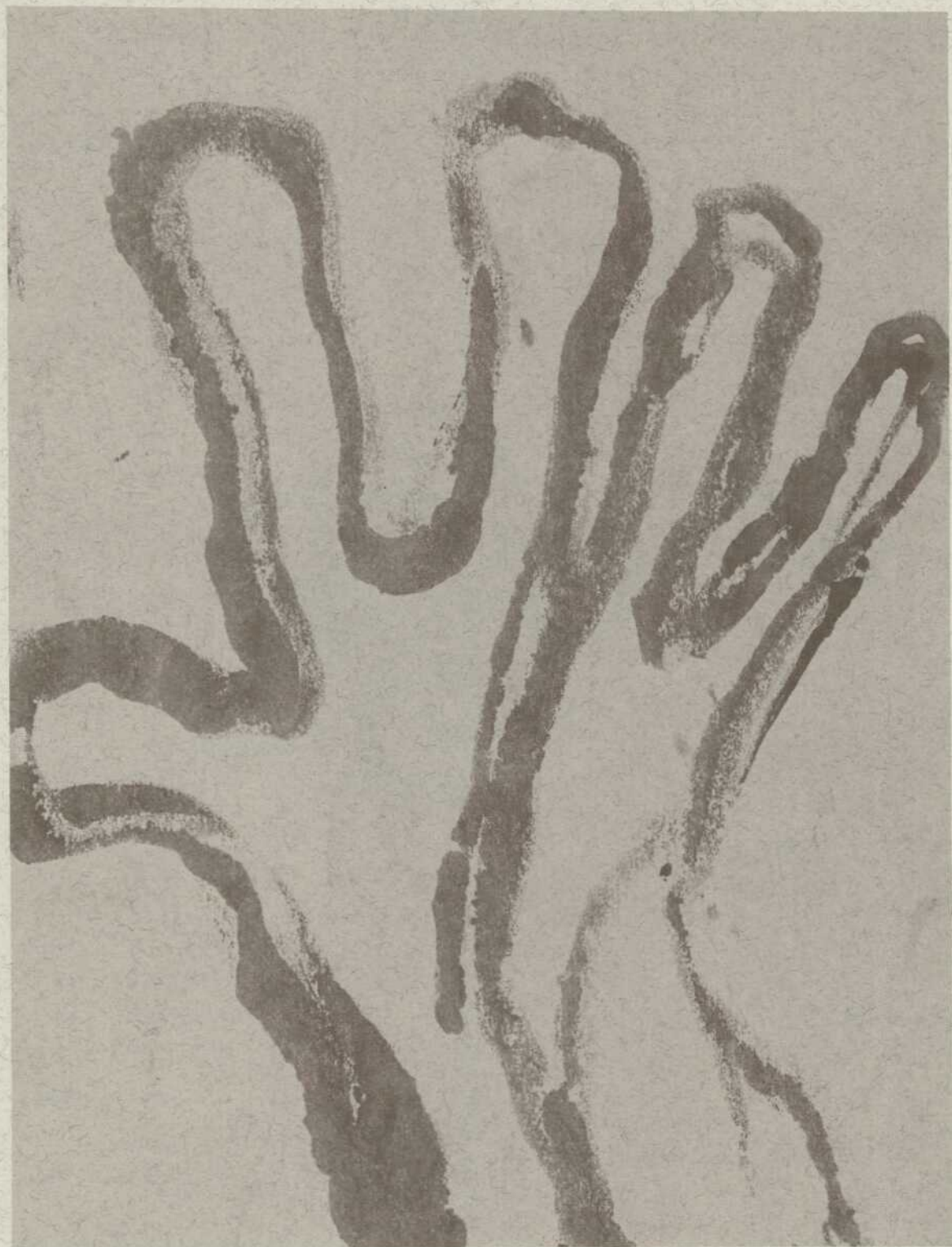
Oh, to be a moron again.

Don't look down.

Andrew Butters



Kate 10/12



PRUDENTLY

a leg dressed in grey wool
a foot bound tightly in brown leather
dropped to the next stair
looking down
at the steps looking up
with the sun's glint

a hand gripped the cold frosted steel rail
the white tendons of the knuckles
surrounded by red skin

have you ever seen me fall? she said
no, he said, i haven't.

Laura Howe

ALL ARTIFICIAL
FLOWERS AND
CONTAINERS
WILL BE REMOVED
30 DAYS
AFTER EACH
HOLIDAY



MONDAY IN THE PARK WITH SAM

I put on my glasses and saw how I wanted life to be:
I want Life to hit me in the face,
slap me around, and shake me.
So that when Life has had its full of fun at my expense
it will drop me
and I
looking up at the blue sky
will smile, laugh, close my eyes, and
sleep, with the knowledge that by doing nothing,
I beat Life to a pulp.

Anonymous

