

1978

## Sun, Moon, Stars, Rain, Vol. 7 No. 11

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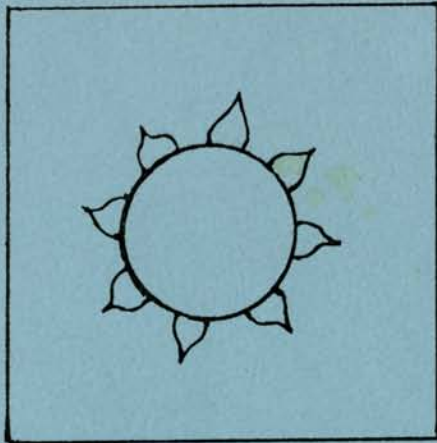
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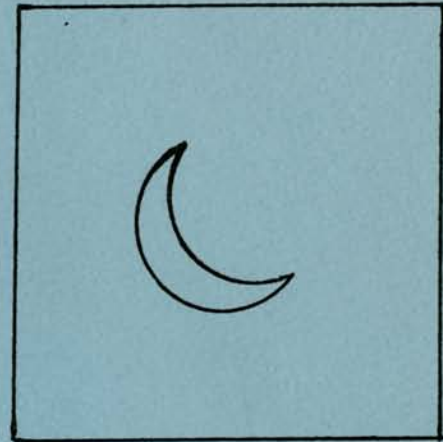
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SUN



MOON

FALL 1978

"ROUGH DIAMONDS EDITION"

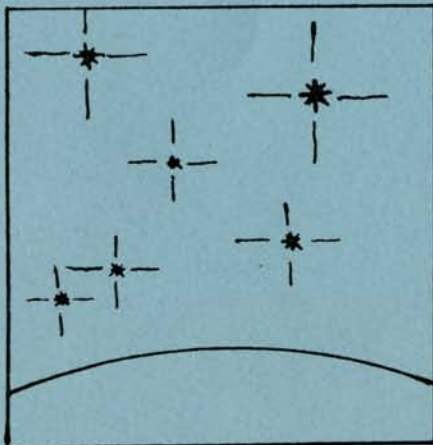
VOLUME VII

Number 11

SIGMA TAU DELTA  
ALPHA ZETA CHAPTER

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN STATE UNIVERSITY  
Nacogdoches, Texas

STARS



RAIN



SUN, MOON, STARS, RAIN

"ROUGH DIAMONDS EDITION"

VOLUME VII

Number 11

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REVELATIONS II: CHAPTER 1, VS. 1-27

- 1 I rode upon the world before you;
- 2 Before you even knew there was a world;
- 3 And before your ancestral grime  
Yet marred any beach.  
You think it crawled,  
Your half-blind time's eye  
Fixed towards a future's  
Erection, glory,  
Destiny manifest amoeboid.  
It wasn't even that.  
You didn't grope after food,  
Or light or heat or love,  
You were tossed,  
Better, you were washed,  
Washed from a turbid sea;  
Your single existential act was  
To have cleansed that ocean.
- 4 I watched you,  
Watched rivulets return, running past you  
Lighter and more free,  
Suddenly free of you.
- 5 Saw that tide return  
Gurgling and so agog with  
Its liberation.
- 6 Saw it splash and play,  
But for all its play and joy,  
Its erosive race back to bed  
Left traction marks from you.
- 7 Saw sand shift under you,  
Slide you towards your source,  
But the depths denied you  
Thrice  
Then faded back—away.
- 8 I knew how long,  
From where currents carried you,  
Why the waves rose  
And slapped each other,  
Glided chortling away  
Having heaved you splat upon the land.

- 9 Oh, and you were a fine specimen,  
Oh, man,  
You lay gasping under that  
African sun like the fish you were not  
While it dried your wet and salty cope.
- 10 I know you tell heroic tales,  
Epochal lies of that day,  
But remember,
- 11 I was there.  
You are now and were then,  
Already then, a finished choriamb,  
Spent by your mere excretion;  
But you didn't die,
- 12 I will give you that  
(Of course, you were only vaguely  
Alive) but still,  
You did not die.  
No, you lay in your spittle,  
A stridulent speck sticking  
In the craw of—  
(But that is another story)  
Rather than die,  
Leaving a rotting husk,  
A colophon cleaned of essence,  
You breathed.
- 13 I do not know how you did it  
Or why.
- 14 I did not help you.
- 15 I must have turned away  
Or nodded, most likely;  
But life grew on you.  
From besmearching my beach,  
You rose-up, turgid epode that you are,  
And lived.  
But you are nothing.  
There have been those things  
More terrible.  
More ugly.  
More efficient.  
And certainly you are not fierce  
Or gentle, neither are you brave.

You are proud, indeed.  
But you are not the first,  
16 I am.  
Or at least  
17 I am the first thing  
18 I remember,  
And who remembers more?  
Don't you even bother to answer.  
You don't know either!  
But you always answer everything.  
You would know me.  
You would even know more than me.  
Ah, but you don't even know  
Yourself, your history.

You had statesmen.  
Your violinists made better treaties,  
And your witches better pacts.  
Lovers, you boast of lovers,  
Sing of them, dream of them,  
Liars, you love yourselves;  
Even manufacturer myths  
Explicating your weakness;  
Narcissus never kissed his image.  
Yet, he is born every day,  
Borne in every heart.  
When you do love someone else,  
It's the spectre of parents,  
And you have another damn  
Myth about that, too.  
19 But I give you myths;  
20 I play with you, toys.  
21 I changed war.  
Once you commissioned officers,  
Now scientists  
Who bake A-bombs and H-bombs,  
While singing quaint chansons of Q-bombs  
And metric cobalt magnified,  
Gold into lead,  
Quantum metaphysics  
That smashes souls



While leaping rationality,  
Reaping irrationality,  
Weeping nations.  
Sweeping the imagined minds of generals.  
Generals?

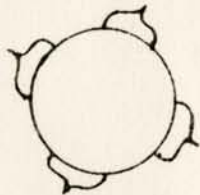
22 Now, I have never known  
More perfect human specimens.  
They are all descended  
Of wolves  
And gods incarnate,  
And all dream of being kings;  
Once they led men into battle,  
Now they drive them,  
Threshing from behind.  
Somehow, generals seem  
Lost in between.  
And your poets, fools that you are—  
You aren't even are.  
Peering into mouldering legends,  
Calling on muses you never believed,  
Appearing in pages better left trees,  
But you don't leave trees.  
Poets.

23 I stood behind poets  
Who crumpled their words  
Like sneezes,  
Coughed blood and spat it  
Clotting on pages.  
Poets, you aren't even aren't.  
You lean, all of you  
To philosophy.  
And they lean, these pompous old men,  
Pondering existence,  
Counting the ways,  
Breaking air.  
Better seabirds had dropped you,  
Cracking your chiton on rocks,  
Better gulls had gobbled you  
Fatling that you were.  
Better that than your thinking.

- Old men,  
That you exist  
Is only your paranoia.
- 24 I rode upon the world before you;  
25 Now I ride you.  
Smarting under my lash,  
You imagine me human,  
Personify me in your faults,  
Depict me a devise now,  
Then a god,  
Occasionally a law—  
A viceroy in seizen,  
Short of energy  
Absolute.
- 26 I will never tell you,  
But we are timed together now,  
27 You and I.

\*\*\*\*\*David L. Hoehns

First place winner of Spring, 1978, T. E. Ferguson  
Creative Writing Contest.



THE MAD POET

"I like alliteration,"  
he laughed loudly,  
leering lewdly through  
the louvered lampshade.

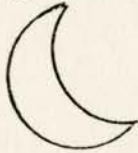
"Tongue-tripping tales  
told by terrible Teutons  
are part and parcel  
of my present and past.

Beowulf was one,  
a war-like winner,  
who whistled wearily  
whilst whacking wildly  
on wicked werewolves,

And defied danger,  
dancing and dodging  
as he dealt death  
and destruction to  
desperate dragons."

\*\*\*\*\*Larry Koenig

Second place winner of Spring, 1978, T. E. Ferguson  
Creative Writing Contest.



THE RED FOX

My dream is haunted by the red fox  
lying in the leaves beside the road,  
eyes drawn tightly shut, fur intensely still.

The shaft of the arrow pierces the heart of the deer  
and I tremble at the shriek of a bird falling,  
whose cry is neither hunger nor terror.

You stand in a field of green,  
hands covered with boar's blood,  
jubilant with the death which has made you alive.  
And I rejoice with you, join in the ancient ritual,  
tearing sinew from bone.  
I am the jackal gnawing...  
and waking  
I find my hands stained  
with the blood of the red fox.

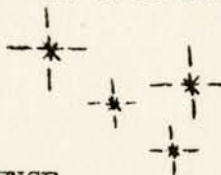
\*\*\*\*\*Pamela Lynn Palmer

REVELATION

That light  
at the end of the tunnel

Is only  
the furnace.

\*\*\*\*\*G. D. Morrison



CHALLENGE

The enigma of my life is surpassed only  
by the computer readout of the finite  
deflection point within this very environment.  
It is improbable that this life form will  
not confuse and frighten less complicated  
living beings.

This extraordinary situation is overshadowed by  
further research of each entry of precision and clarity.

Perhaps, if I find first who we are and then the exact  
nature of this place,  
the puzzle will be clarified.

Until then it is imperative that the correct  
deflection point be found.

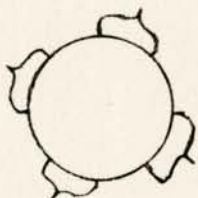
\*\*\*\*\*Linda Harkness



(UNTITLED)

Having survived  
the pinacles and steeps,  
the fiendish, howling  
winds, and the great,  
boiling seas of dark  
fire, I, after the long,  
profound night of my soul,  
dazzled by the whiteness  
of the glorious light,  
fall to the ground, and  
worship.

\*\*\*\*\*Sydney L. Kincer



NIGHT FALLS HEAVY

Night falls heavy  
On my weary mind  
It steals away  
The sympathetic sun  
And lays you down  
Far, far behind . . .

The world around me  
Is such a troubled sea  
It turns, it spins  
It tosses me around  
It reminds me of my misery.

You haunt my soul  
Taunt my mind  
The night falls heavy  
And so, so unkind.

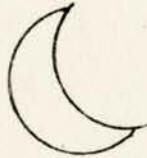
\*\*\*\*\*Kerri D. Young

DELIVERANCE

She the poor programmed  
Filled with answers  
To all the questions she has heard  
But asking none of her own.  
She of the shimmering hair and green jealous eyes,  
Spewing up dates to keep  
And errands for him to run.

He the thinking prober,  
Minding math and science.  
His the soft words of a poet,  
Hers strident as a magpie.  
They met and loved  
And fought and parted  
And that was their deliverance.

\*\*\*\*\*Martha Schwartz



(UNTITLED)

Rain again;  
on the sidewalk  
the smell of worms,  
a twisting current  
in the gutter's curve.  
Fog-damp slides  
through cracks, doors.  
Tonight I sleep  
with windows wide,  
that heavy dampness  
thick in the sheets.  
I wake with fog  
in my hair, my skin  
sticky with sweat.

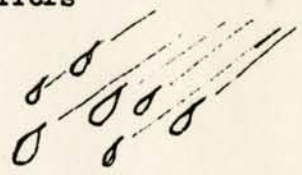
\*\*\*\*\*Brigid Corbett

OTIUM

Yes, but what if your house is on the shore,  
the wet sand sea-washed shore and  
constantly constantly falls apart, shatters,  
cracks and piles itself into a heap,  
nails going to rust and lumber to rot?  
Is it, then, worth rebuilding? And if it is useless,  
is the house just for show?

But understand;  
That house is not your soul; that house is you;  
Your soul just what keeps pulling it  
together again; mocking the sea.

\*\*\*\*\*Robert M. Jeffers



(UNTITLED)

with my spine pressed to this gentle earth,  
with my arms and legs stretched their length,  
with my breast pressed to the pliant sky—  
It is all mine—  
I lay my hands on the dome of the heavens—  
This universe and I are forces one. Shared and same.

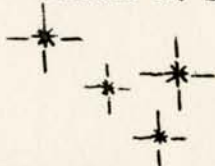
I am the power of tsunami—  
tremendous waves of awful might invisible  
pulling strong,  
far under the sea's scarred face—  
I tear the tides, crumble mountains,  
shift and quiver shores of quartz.

I have yoked the light and schooled the savage—  
still my soul spreads like fire,  
ravaging and consuming without thought.

(UNTITLED)

i spend much time alone  
i am a loner  
i am also a lover  
to those few i've chosen  
and as your lover i will cherish each of you

\*\*\*\*\*Debbie K. Stowe



LOVE'S WHIRLWIND

We two  
Came together in a whirlwind  
Evolving around each other  
Moving faster and faster.  
We saw  
Something the other had  
That we ourselves wanted  
But couldn't share.  
I felt  
Your love well up over me  
Surround me and close me in  
Until I felt no breath.  
I needed  
To be free to be, but  
Wanted you, too, to  
Always be with me.  
You needed  
Love, pure and simple, with  
As many strings as possible  
To tie us together.  
You wanted me,  
But could not find me.

\*\*\*\*\*Debra Galliher



I am time before birth—  
primordial vapours and filmy vagrant clouds of sperm  
turbulent, eddying vortices  
wrapped, captured—  
raped by glittering spiral galaxy arms—  
virginal fireball and I—the spawn.  
I am the magnet which bore our earth  
and unveiled the martyr moon—  
shining through gauze and mystery—gone—  
the child, the twin, the stranger.  
I sat and pelted her with diamond-bearing meteors  
formed deep in molten wombs.  
I dug the maria in that waxen visage—  
left her pitted face still soft.

This earth whose golden core is boiling—  
splitting! rifting! torn and plowing!  
Rise, ye islands! Mount the sea!  
I send the tongues of earth plunging downward yet again!  
to dissolve in time's saliva.  
I am the stomach beneath the land  
digesting—  
the hot churning intestines which  
spit the geysers, glowing cinders and molten glass.  
I am subcrystal reservoirs of comet-tails and wealth—  
prizes of early earth.  
Ancient active agents—the universe and I—

I am organic breath.  
I stroke the desert—  
Sigh the wind and leave behind the dry wake of dunes..

I sleep in the palm of space,  
draped in dreaming fertile fog—  
The mistress of the night.  
I shape tomorrow from frothy infinity.

\*\*\*\*\*Ellen Schrader

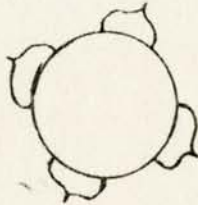
## THE MAN IN THE MIRROR

The man in the mirror-  
His face pressed against the glass,  
Stalks out of my bedroom  
Into the dead of the night  
With his hands thrust in his jeans.

His toothbrush is gone  
But the steam lingers on.

True, his laughter graces many houses  
But the laughter always dies  
And the smiles turn to stone.  
Then he will stomp back into my bedroom,  
Steam up my mirror, take  
His hands out his pockets and  
Demand his toothpaste back.

\*\*\*\*\*Candy Chesleigh



## FLASHES

Walking on the sunlit pine-shadowed walkway,  
I felt it.  
It had been after me for days, teasing and hiding,  
But now it reared back, staring haughtily,  
And demanding attention.  
Nostalgia.  
Longing for childhood familiar home faces  
And laughter over that which only we understood.

The sun went out and I stood there with my memories.  
Parking on the back roads,  
Sinister, wicked love and feeling slightly guilty  
And adventuresome.  
Telling terrible secrets and the swearing of silence.

Sneaking stealthily out at two in the morning  
To play the forbidden game spin-the-bottle.

Again it got darker and the memories enshrouded me.  
Longing for recognition and status.  
Standing with my tongue tied and my stomach constricted.  
Watching the perfect people float above,  
Impossible, out of reach.  
Wallowing in the depths of despair and unpopularity.  
Cutting my hair, wearing caked make-up, and flashy  
Fashionable---clothes.  
Hoping for and needing their attention.

The sun came out and with it reality.  
And nostalgia was gone  
For the moment.  
I smile mechanically at the stranger I didn't grow  
up with.  
I walk silent and somewhat reluctant to the boyfriend.  
Nostalgia flashes again with its visions of wicked,  
Adventuresome love.  
And for the moment, being old, mature, and in college  
Is disappointing.

\*\*\*\*\*Lucy Johnson



