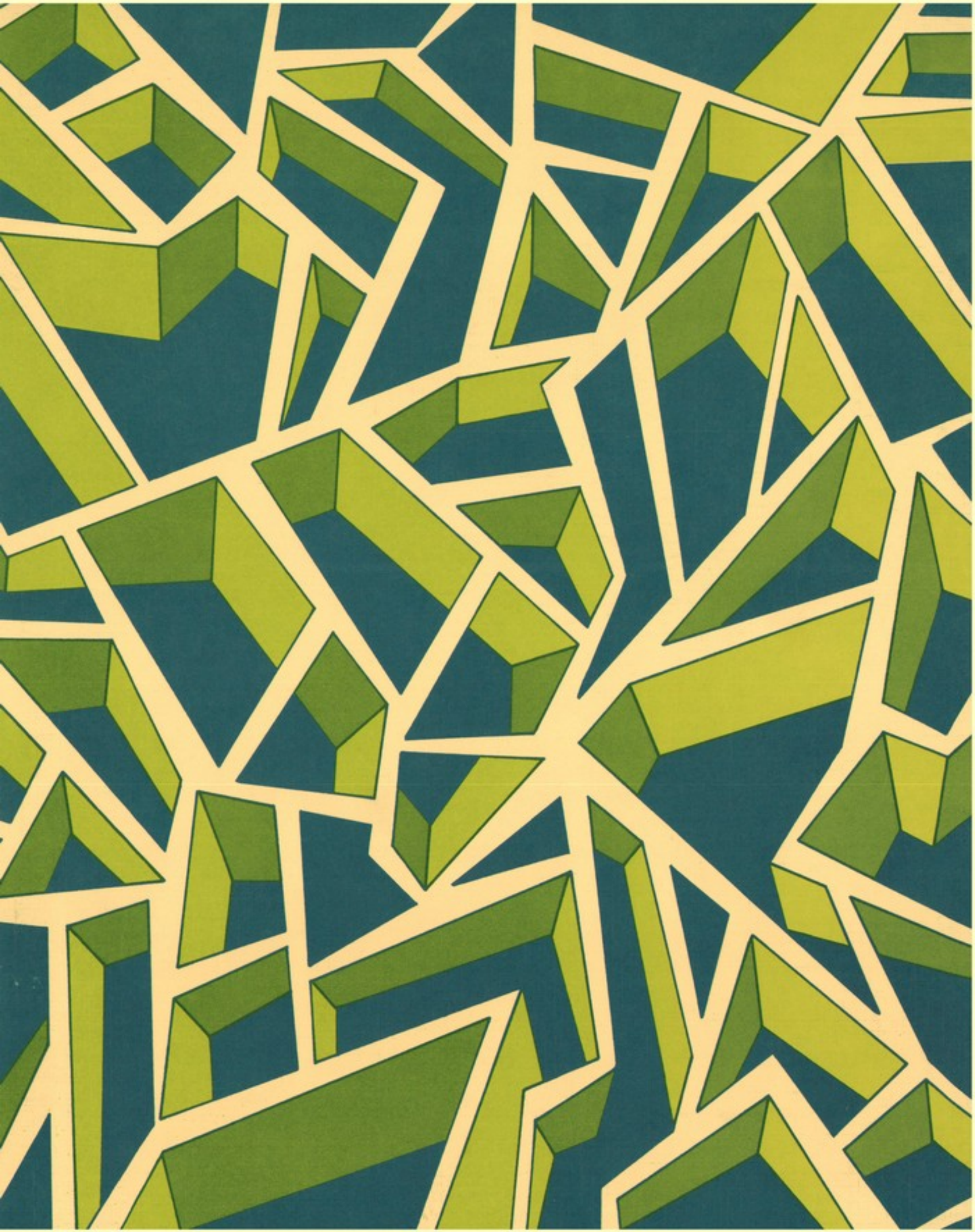


The Second Annual Creative Arts Magazine contains poems, stories, photographs and art works by Yavapai College students, with layout and design by students in Commercial Art Design, Production and Illustration classes.

Spring 1980

Yavapai College

Prescott, Arizona

Cover design by Larry Foster

The silvery footpaths
glowing with reflected life
chastise the impatient

Rick Knocke

Drawing by Paula Haseltine

Photograph by C. L. Clark

Rocks fly
Across sky
Migrating south for winter.
I will harvest them when the moon is full
I will scrape from them orange and green moss
While through the air we will toss
The South's gain shall be the North's loss
As rocks fill my woven basket.
Come and dance in the sky with me
We shall drink moss and lichen tea
And feast upon rocks.

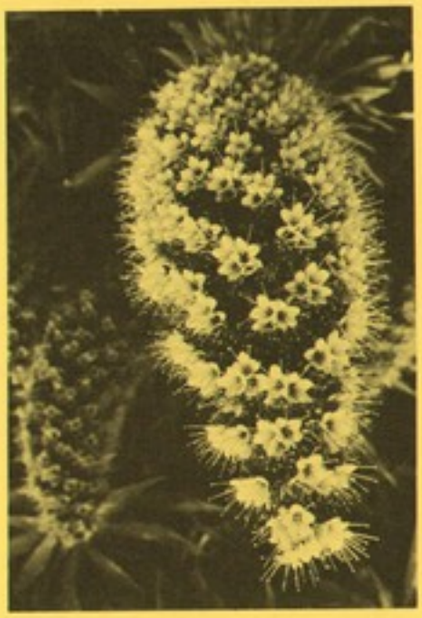
Jill Gilbert

The storm fled, her white
mantle left spread for the moon
to illuminate.

Terry Leibold

Golden dust gathers
on the dry withered prairie
creating mountains.

Renee Ashby



Trees in silence march
upon the towering mountain
like wooden soldiers

Elliott Owen

Photograph by Roger Haseltine

I kiss you good-bye
Silver moon high in the sky
Famous final scene.

Carol Durden

Photograph by Gary Apolinar

remembering San Francisco

the fog so chill clears my mind
clouded by indoor vapors
and stale conversation
I walk endlessly up and down
back streets lined by
cracked sidewalks
clicking mind and camera
when inner instincts
direct
capturing patterns of life
reflected in outdoor pipes
sagging balconies and forgotten wash
hoping to communicate
to someone sometime
my concept of existence

Betty Chatwood

AN OLD INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

An isolated silence shrouds this hill
and pieces of your presence
lie here still,

Where patient hands hued arrowheads
leaving mirror chips
of their edge.

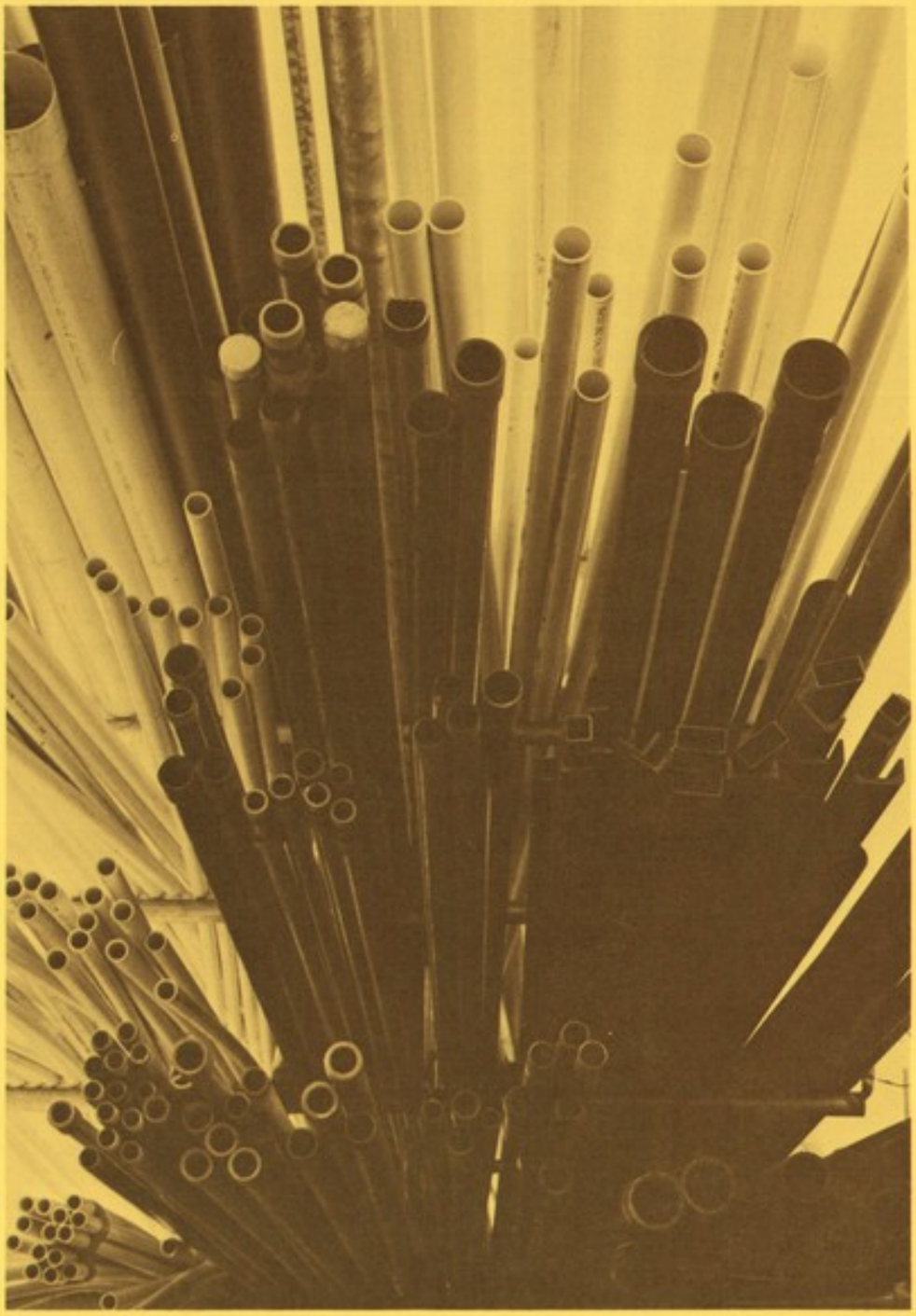
And pots whose wholeness held your harvest
are shattered, scattered remnants
of the past.

Stone tools, sprinkled on the sand,
borrowed implements returning
to the land.

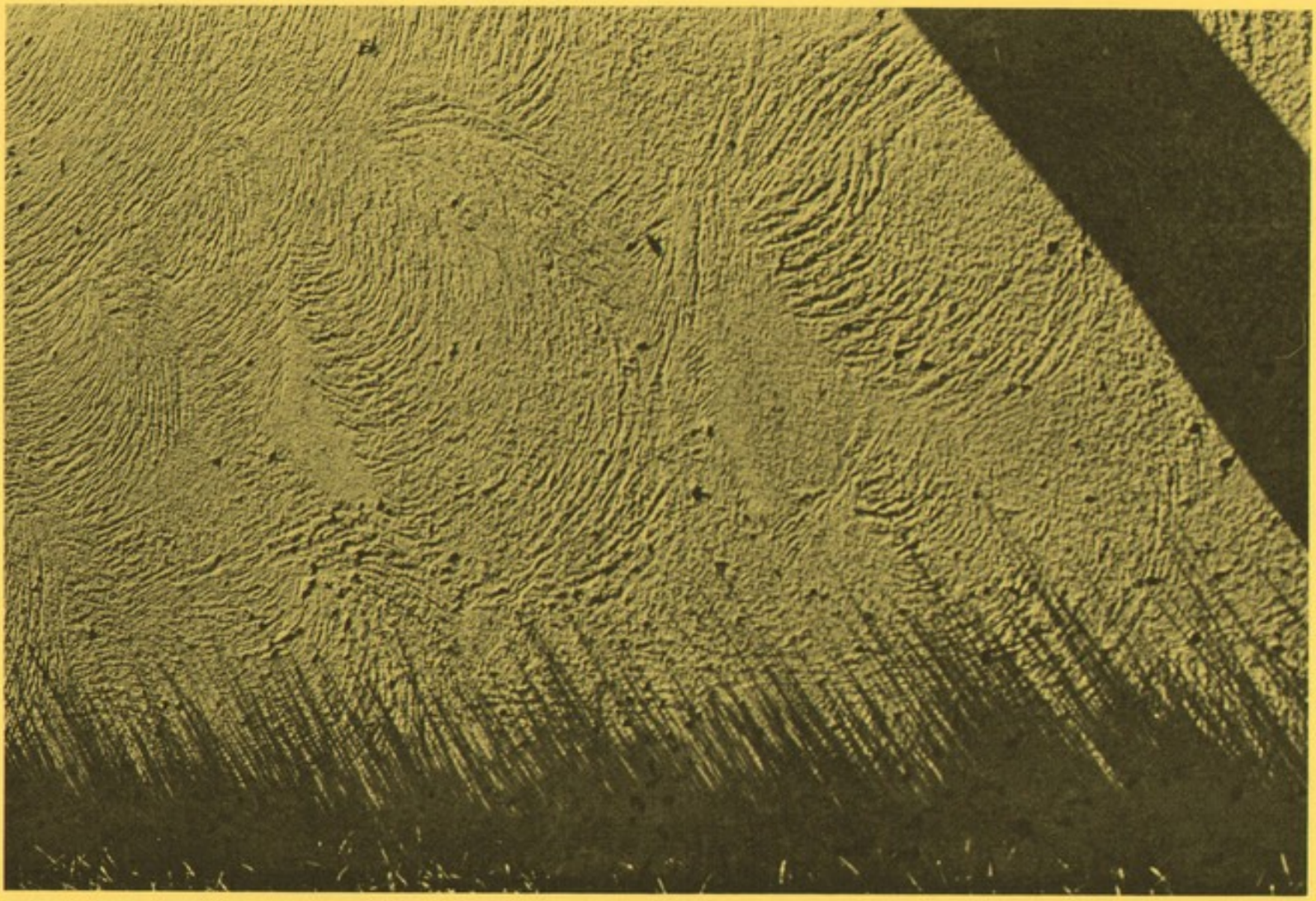
Today, only the wind grinds time away
on your broken metates
And whispers to me of the yesteryears
before you marched The Trail of Tears.

Terry Leibold

Drawing by Mary Severtson



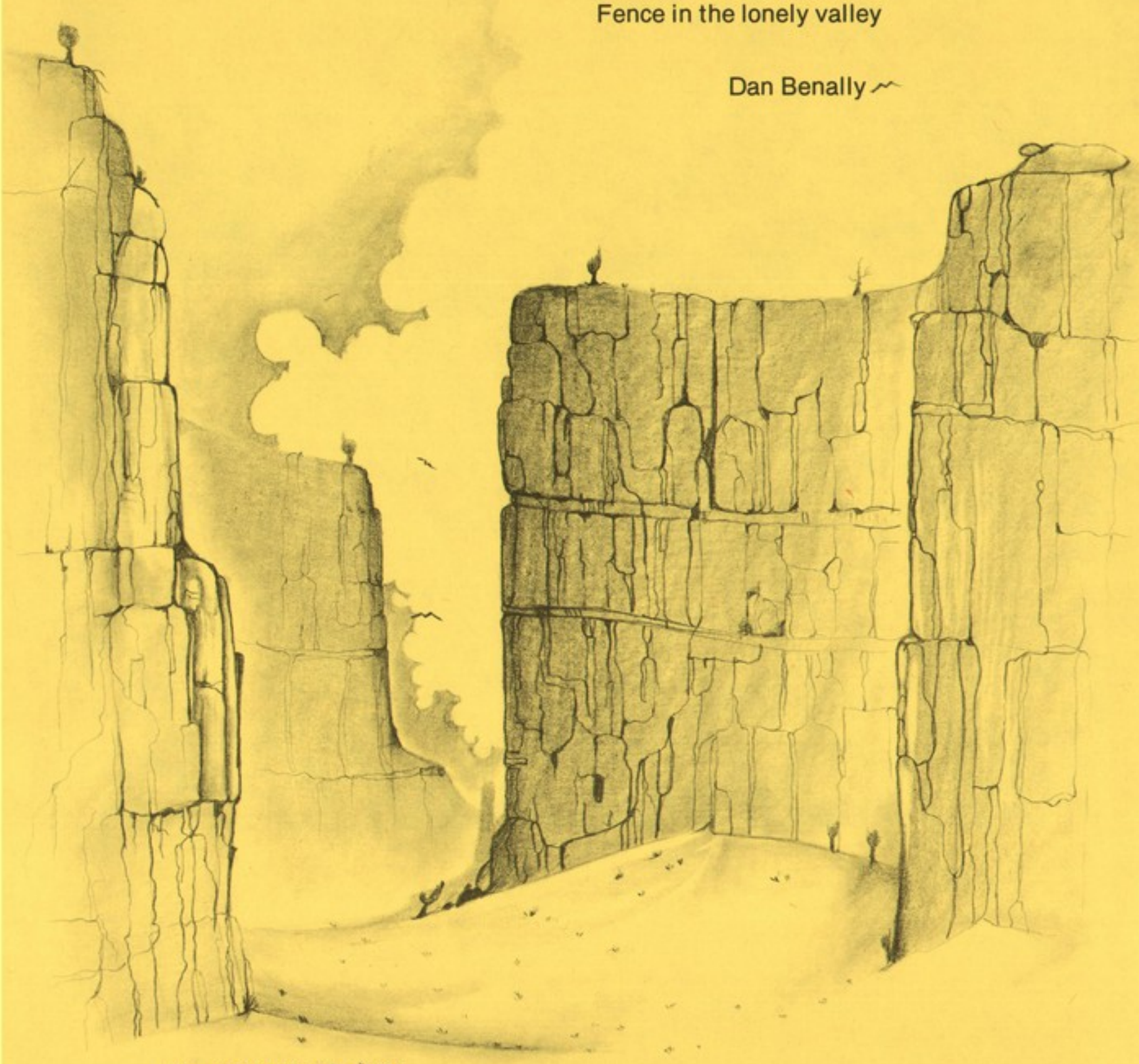
Photograph by Joann Fiewler



Photograph by Lorna Sides

The high jagged walls
reaching to the sky
Fence in the lonely valley

Dan Benally



Drawing by Dan Benally

WEATHER, FROM THE HILL

That solitary cloud looms low across the western sky.
But look, great brothers follow him from California coast.
A moment's inattention let them cover farther hills;
Old Granite's gone from sight, our little valley dark.
Rain begins; no gentle shower, rainbow after, but deluge.
This means to cover us, and Williamson, and Chino Valley,
And has the look of days and days of captive gloom.
Black heaviness moves over open thirsty valley,
Pouring to fill and satisfy at last.
This show of violent horizontal rain is new, and awesome.
We saw rain fall decently vertical, between vertical walls.
Now all life across our valley is lost from imagining
Lost in walls of water moving north, smothering our neighbor hills.
Our ninety-nine mile view has shrunk to timbered walls of home
And population falls to only two, spellbound, incommunicado,
Exulting in the storm and our own company.
We are the whole world.

Polly Howard

Drawing by Julie Murphy

Drawing by Teresa Dux

DREAMING

Vividly my dreams dance upon my silent slumber
pieces of memories echo through my withering mind.
Melancholy whispers over sands of uncertainty
a spectrum of royal hues paint my scenes.
Hollow voices chanting mysterious songs
sometimes awakening me from my sleep.
Though my eyes are blind, I still can see
what a blind man may never see.

My dreams begin to vaporize
into faded images

As my mind and soul begin to clear all previous predictions
my mind and soul awake to the music of reality.

Carol Durden

Photogram by Christie Fonce

BACK TO SCHOOL

At the edge of the sea I pause
Black night
and waters giving cause
to fear the crossing.

In the waters' dark mirror
I stand revealed,
Naked truths my mind concealed.
Delusion's Stone, quickly thrown, shatter candor.
Too late
For I have seen my hesitance, felt my greed
and sown the seed of discontent.

No longer
This mire can I share
with ghosts of ignorance
Empty sockets
and wooden mouths, speaking
words that wilt in the wind

Leaving Doubt
cowering in the sand. I dive,
and strive toward a new dawn.

Rick Knocke

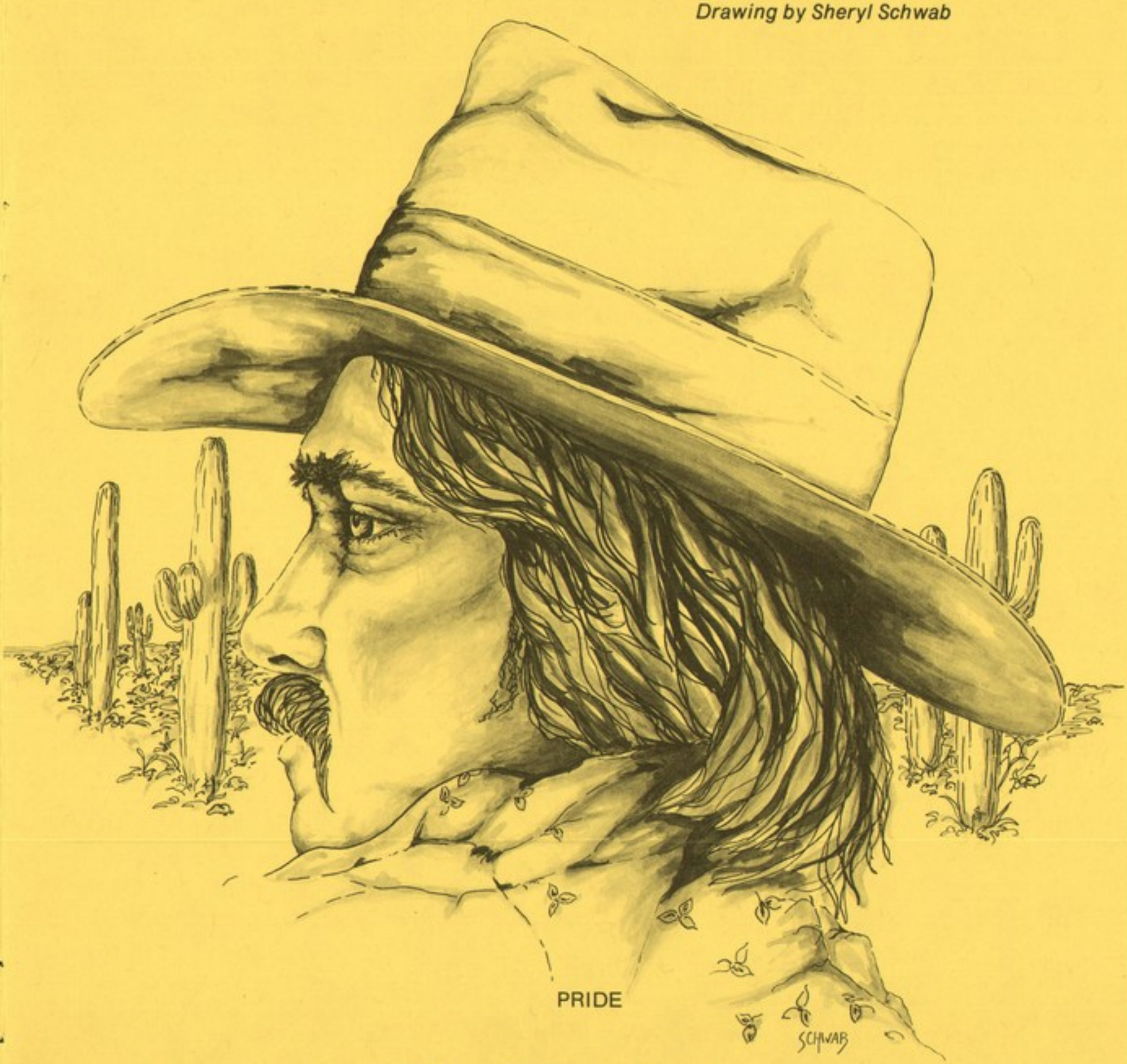
Drawing by Mary Atkinson

reflections
tremble across the lake
painting a second dimension of color and form
black greens - volatile yellows reach down into the depths
pastel cloud patterns form and repeat
their complimentary messages of power and peace

the wind crinkles the satin depths
and curls a wave around my feet
the colors blur
my image shudders

Val Smith

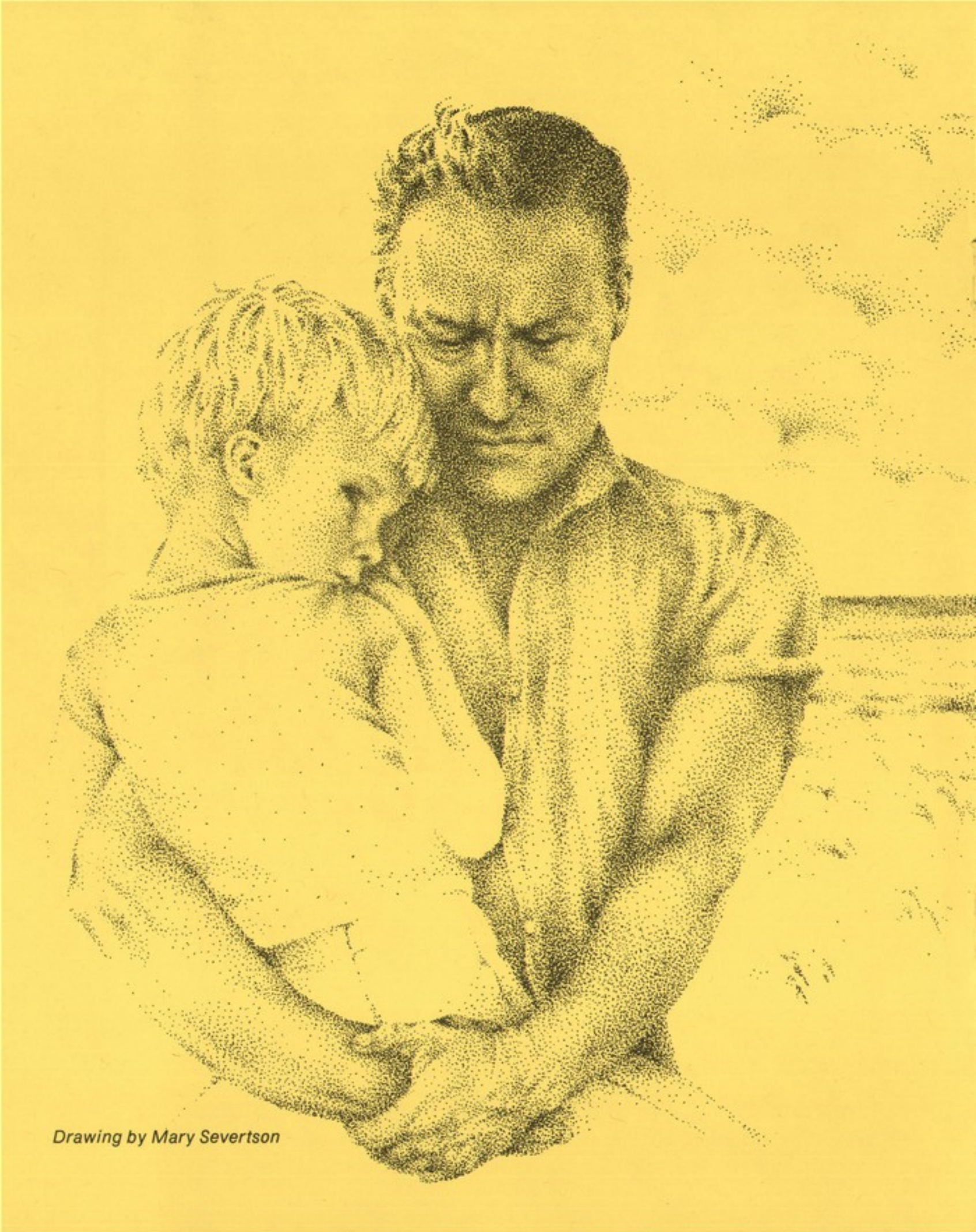
Drawing by Sheryl Schwab



PRIDE

I think there's nothing more inconstant
Than Pride; it's there when you don't want it
And when you really need it most
There's nothing but a silent ghost.

Catherine Van Skiver



Drawing by Mary Severtson

Ode To Our Children

If to suffer is to temper man's soul
We should be strong as the finest drawn steel
But there has been a greater catalyst
We have also had love

Growing learning sharing help each other
Brothers sisters parents no bond of blood
Forming ties together as strongly bound
Welded with bands of love

The pod swells bursts scatters seeds to the wind
The cub leaves its mother the bird its nest
Nature's way but not the nature of man
Tied with strands of love

Children burst the bond and leave the circle
Each one must find his own separate way
But elastic ties of family are
When held by cords of love

Though there are miles and mountains between us
I know as I walk in the still cold air
Time wracked distance will be defeated
As again we share love

Robert Harrison

Drawing by Teresa Dux

UNLOCKING DOORS

Terra

Thursday morning, my day off, I rolled out of bed, stepped on Sasha's tail, looked at the clock, and realized I was already ten minutes late for my session with Dr. Shelps. He says I'm a typical example of something called The Lateness Syndrome.

I decided to skip the session altogether and go to the zoo for the day. As I was headed for the door, the phone rang. Now I'm not psychic or anything, but I just knew, given the way my day had begun, that I should just keep on walking out the door. But, because of what Dr. Shelps refers to as my curious nature, I paused, turned and picked up the phone. I should have paid more attention to my initial response. It was Philip, my father. The conversation went like this:

"Hello, Peggy?"

"Yes?"

"This is Philip. I'll be arriving in Buffalo at 2:30 this afternoon for a minute. Appreciate you picking me up."

"Well, . . ."

"Good, I'll meet you at the baggage claim. So long." Click. As usual, Philip hadn't asked, simply announced. He's always so sure of his grip.

It was only 10:30, so I figured I'd just have time to tidy up a bit before leaving on the two hour drive to the airport. Dr. Shelps says I'm compulsive about cleanliness. But I think he's wrong about that. After all, cleanliness is next to Godliness. Right?

After I finished straightening out the closet, I took a shower and dressed myself in an appropriate fashion to meet Philip. Our first meeting in three years.

Traffic was backed up on the main and only thru-way to Buffalo. I just knew my day had to improve, but how could it, when Philip was an hour away?

Dr. Shelps says my main problems stem from the relationship between Philip and me. He could be right about that. Philip and I have never had a typical, loving parent child relationship. Philip is one of "them". I don't know if you're aware of this, but there really are only two types of people: "Them" and "Us". They make up the answers and sometimes, I think, even the questions. It's like they have the master key and we, on the other hand, get a safety pin. We follow their plan, accept their roadblocks, and sometimes even get squeezed out. Like in the child's game of musical chairs. There's just never enough chairs. Oh, we had plenty of chairs. Philip provided plenty of material consolations but little involvement, and no emotion.

Philip is a controller, a planner. He controlled my mother until she died, when I was eight. After that, Philip took care of everything. He hired me a suitable English nanny, whose main interest in the job was the free food. She was a stout, worldly matron, who taught me to dress appropriately and the value of an

immaculate window sill. A bundle of warmth she was not. But then by the age of thirteen I had a genuine fur coat for warmth.

Philip is a score keeper, never forgetting any infraction of the rules. It could be that everyone is. It really could be like that, you know, it really could. Life may simply be a test with each encounter scored and corrected, with bright red ink. They have the definitive answers and no variations are accepted.

I'd always lived out of Philip's structured life plan. I knew who I was supposed to be, but never who I really was. Up until three years ago, that is. Three years ago on a stormy January night Sasha had kittens. I sat up and encouraged her all night. Though she really didn't need my help, I felt as though we had accomplished something outstanding together. The next morning when I went to check on her and the kittens, I only found eight; there should have been nine. After a frantic search, I found the ninth, underneath Sasha. She had smothered one of her babies to death. The cold dead little kitten would never have a chance to live its own life; Sasha had seen to that. I knew then I had to get away and live my own life, or be smothered.

I packed my clothes and moved here, to Pennsylvania. After a few weeks of looking, I found a job as a veterinarian's assistant. This is the happiest I've been my entire life. Philip, of course, thinks it ridiculous for me to be working and living on my own. We've had only limited contact through letters in the last three years. But now a business meeting was bringing him to me.

After waiting out the traffic jam, I pulled into the airport parking lot, twenty minutes late for his flight's arrival. Steeling myself, I walked over to the baggage claim, but saw no one resembling Philip. As I checked with the arrival desk and found the flight had arrived on time, I was beginning to get nervous. What if he had decided I wasn't coming and took a cab? Or what if he was sick and missed his flight altogether? I waited for fifteen minutes, then walked back over to the baggage counter to ask the attendant if he had seen anyone fitting Philip's description. He asked me my name, then handed me a neatly folded slip of paper. Cautiously, I opened the note. It read: "Sorry I'll have to miss our visit. I was called back to Dallas for an emergency board meeting. See you next time out, Philip." Not Sincerely, Philip, or Love, Philip; just "Philip." As I was standing in the crowded airport terminal I realized that at times "they" become "us". They still have the master key but slowly our safety pins are unlocking more and more doors. The trick is to become a "me". Slightly relieved, I slowly walk back to my car in the lot. As I pulled onto the thruway, I decided to sleep in next Thursday, too.

Drawing by Becky Pinkley

I saw her
working down at the shore
I know her
she wears her hair
to her waist
and doesn't count
the hours in the sun

past sundown
and she has gone leaving
no footprints
my mother warns me
not to follow ghosts
or listen to the soft moan
of the water

As if she doesn't know
I have already followed
I have always listened...

Mary Jensen

Drawing by Mary Severtson

Drawing by Jill Gilbert

Yei Bicheis are dancing free
Wind songs soughing through the tree
The song is mine, the song is me
Wind song sing and let me see.

Judith E. Banks

RAIN

The first welcome drops
seem like delicate little
beads across the windows.
Everyone felt it was a good
thing; it brings life to all
it touches; that was at first.
after several days and no
relief in sight people were
apprehensive.
Still it comes, not just rain -
but too much rain; days and
days of rain.
The streets were flooding,
the lakes were full to capacity,
the dams were over flowing.
Still it comes with increasing
destruction, not just rain -
but too much rain, days and
days and days of rain.

T.A.M.H.

Photograph by Lorna Sides

Drawing by Jim Lane

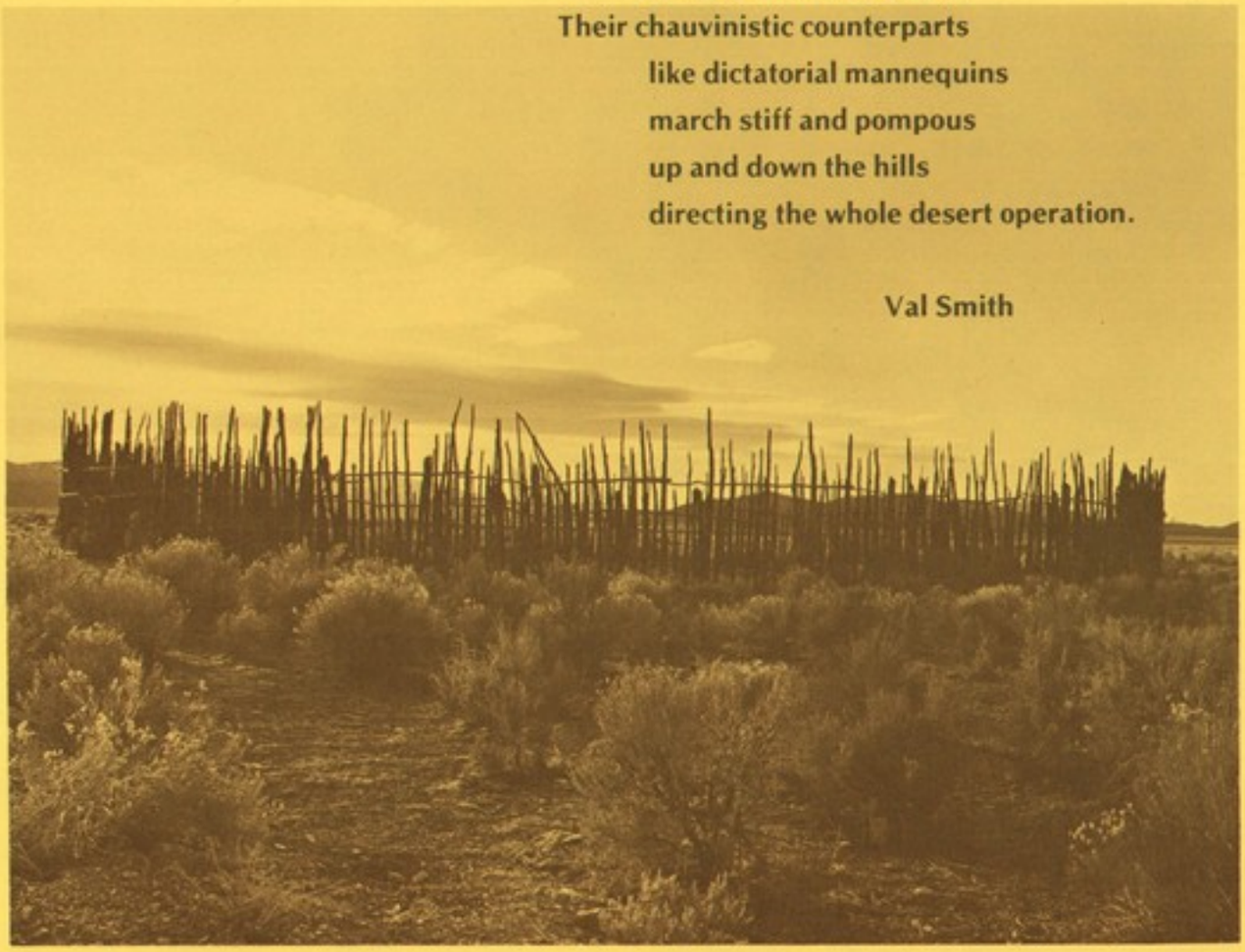
The past is past
and yet
The mind doesn't know
and yet
The body goes on
and yet
The years are stones in
the heart

Betty Chatwood

DESERT PEOPLE

In comfortable communal groups
Saguaro matriarchs pose
showing off their coiffures
crowned with white blossom tiaras.
Well-bred restraint bids them ignore
the pock-mark blemishes
that mar their ample arms.
They sigh and tolerate
the noisy nestings of
midget wrens and owls.
Their chauvinistic counterparts
like dictatorial mannequins
march stiff and pompous
up and down the hills
directing the whole desert operation.

Val Smith



Photograph by Michael Mueller

Drawing by Sheryl Schwab

Antilocapra
Americana,
Pronghorn

These many miles of valley cattle ranch
Must be your range and parkway too
Obviously no longer shared with supple fellows.
Where are they? Lost by famine or the hunt?
Poverty of range lies emphasized by your lone vigil.
Long past, the herd flowed smooth as water
Over slopes in waves, as one great creature
Choreographed in speed to startle and amaze.
I am in awe of you. You stare in lonely curiosity
At us, so wild a herd of animals
A bus-load racing by on wheels
A flash-flood interruption of your day.

Polly Howard

MEMO

waking

eating

driving

phoning

add $ divide %

why are you late?

where is it filed?

what is your number?

buzzing

blinking

where am I going?

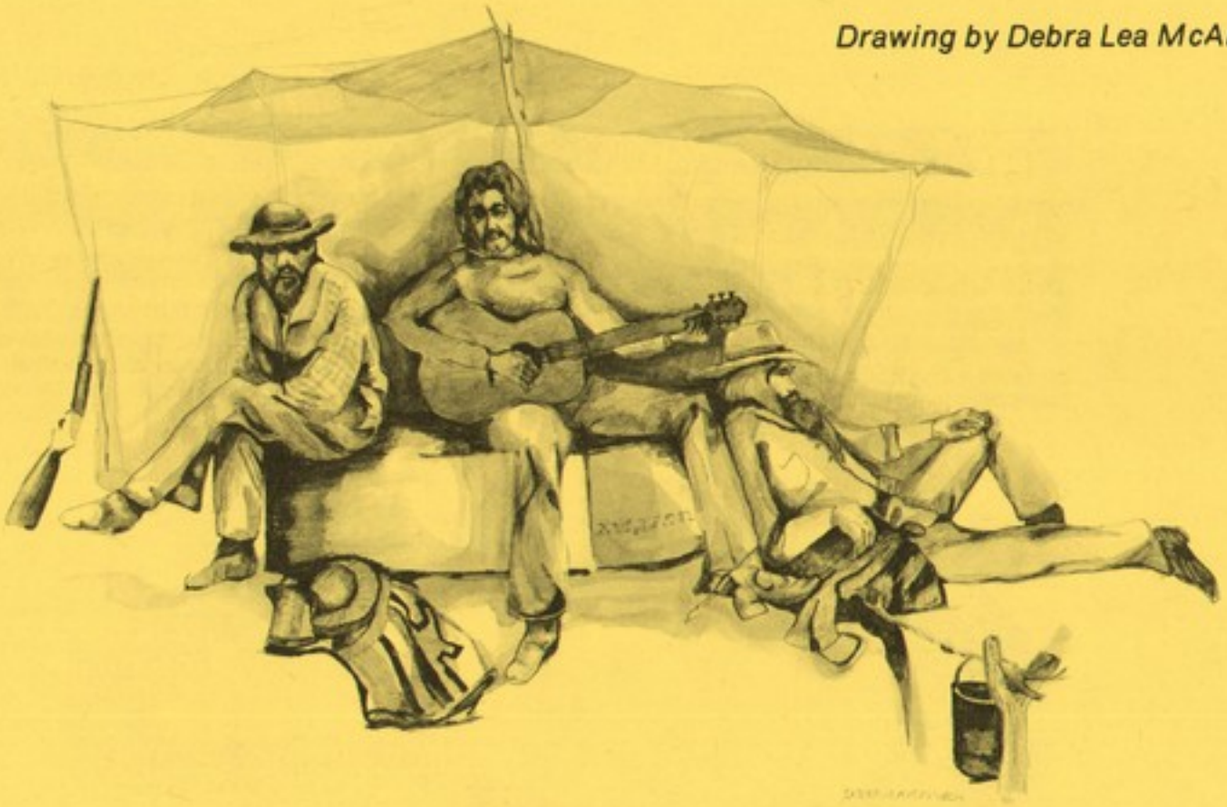
turn off the noise

I've forgotten why

Val Smith

Photograph by Lorna Sides

Drawing by Debra Lea McAninch



VOSSON, SMITH AND McGEE

Gentle was the breeze that rustled the frosted
but still-hanging leaves.
Soft moccasin-clad feet on wet grass made no sound
that man could hear.
Poised and alert, the deer heard not the familiar
rustling sound, but the vibrating ground
and long before the hunter got near
The deer had vanished like a feather in the breeze.

Up wind the hunter silently crept,
not hearing what stalked him from the rear.
But the hunted deer heard both the grizzly
and man before they got near.
By the long cold winter the secret was kept.

At the lodge that night, there should have been three
Vosson, Smith and McGee.
Down by the creek they looked, but fresh snow
had covered all
And of the grizzly deed, Smith and McGee were
accused by law.

Twenty years later, and in the name of progress
a steam shovel dug up Vosson's leather vest
his Remington and his hunting knife too.
But to dig up Smith and McGee just wouldn't do
for the law had buried those two.

John Morgan

Drawing by Dale Abbott

MISUNDERSTANDING

When I speak
My words are taken by the wind
It is as though I'm walking on dry ground
With every step I take
The dry soil crumbles beneath me
How can I tell someone
Tell them what I mean
I try like the softness of falling snow
But the snow has a sound of thunder

At times when I speak
My mouth gets dry as the desert wind
I want the rain to make it wet
My words to someone
Make them sound like a whirlwind
Then he will look at me
Then he will look at me
His eyes will turn red
His smile will fade
He will stand straight
Straight as a board
How can I make two ends meet

How can I make two ends meet
When the thunder has calmed in the soft fallen snow
And the desert wind is moistened by the rain
Only then can we be on the same side
Only then can we be on the same side.

Daniel Yazza

The Delicate Trap

A spider, nature's dazzling artist,
Spins her swaying web
In intricate designs
Like ancient symbols and writings.

Tempests damage
Wind's fingers loosen threads,
Ends flutter.
The broken web hangs threatened.

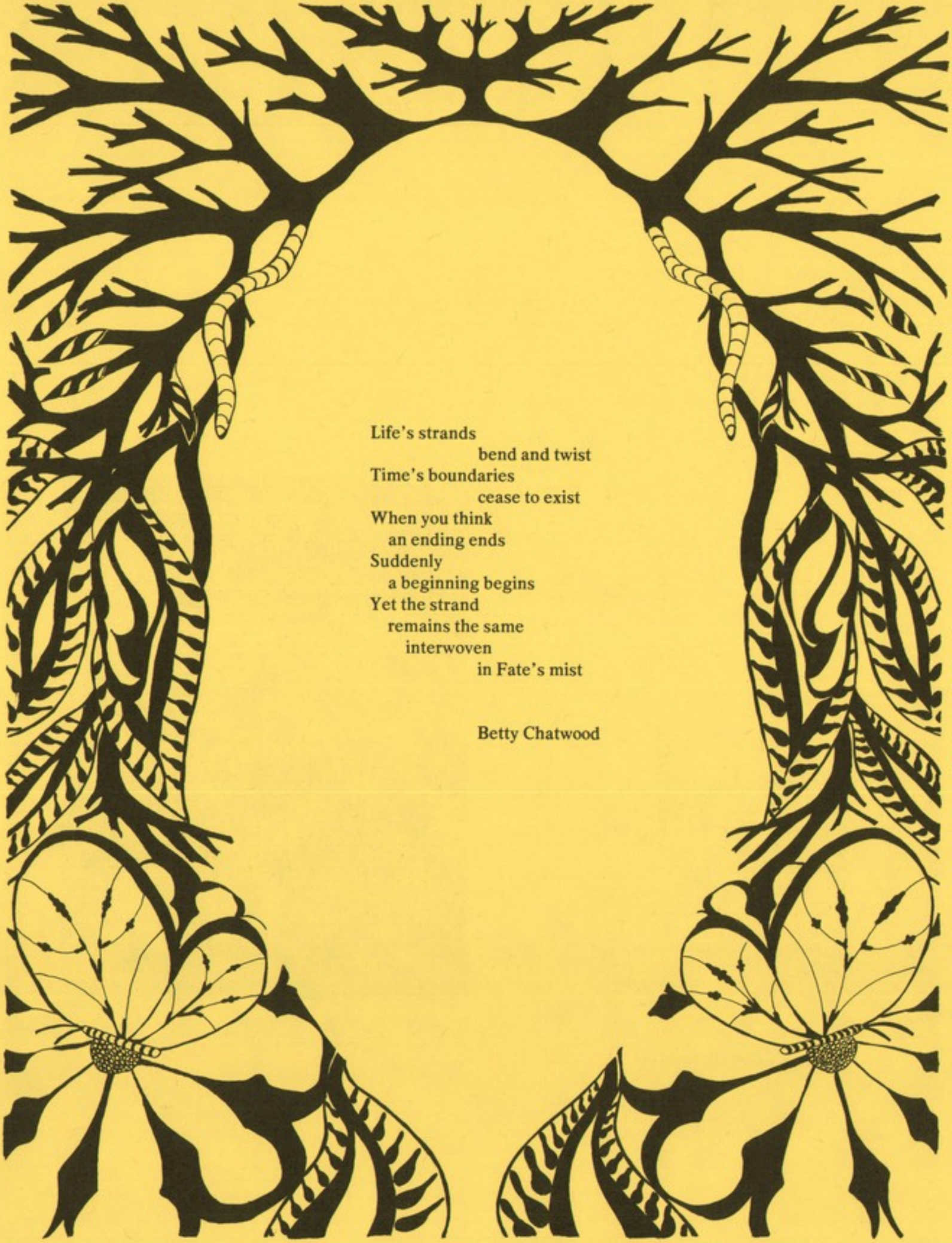
Breezes serve
The spider in her silken swing.
In silent symphony of motion,
Like a harpist
Plucking without sound,
She repairs
The runways of no escape.

An acrobat, on gentle air
She floats,
Climbs and drops to float again.
Agile motions loop and
Secure new-made strands.
A cunning trap.
Tomorrow's cupboard.

An insect, careless and fluttering,
Moves unknowing
Into threads that grasp,
Entangle the feet.
Spider darts from hiding.
Embalmer born
She gloriously wraps the insect
In silk
To await her hunger.

Laura Ostrom

Drawing by Bess Wilkins



Life's strands
bend and twist
Time's boundaries
cease to exist
When you think
an ending ends
Suddenly
a beginning begins
Yet the strand
remains the same
interwoven
in Fate's mist

Betty Chatwood

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Sharon Hadley
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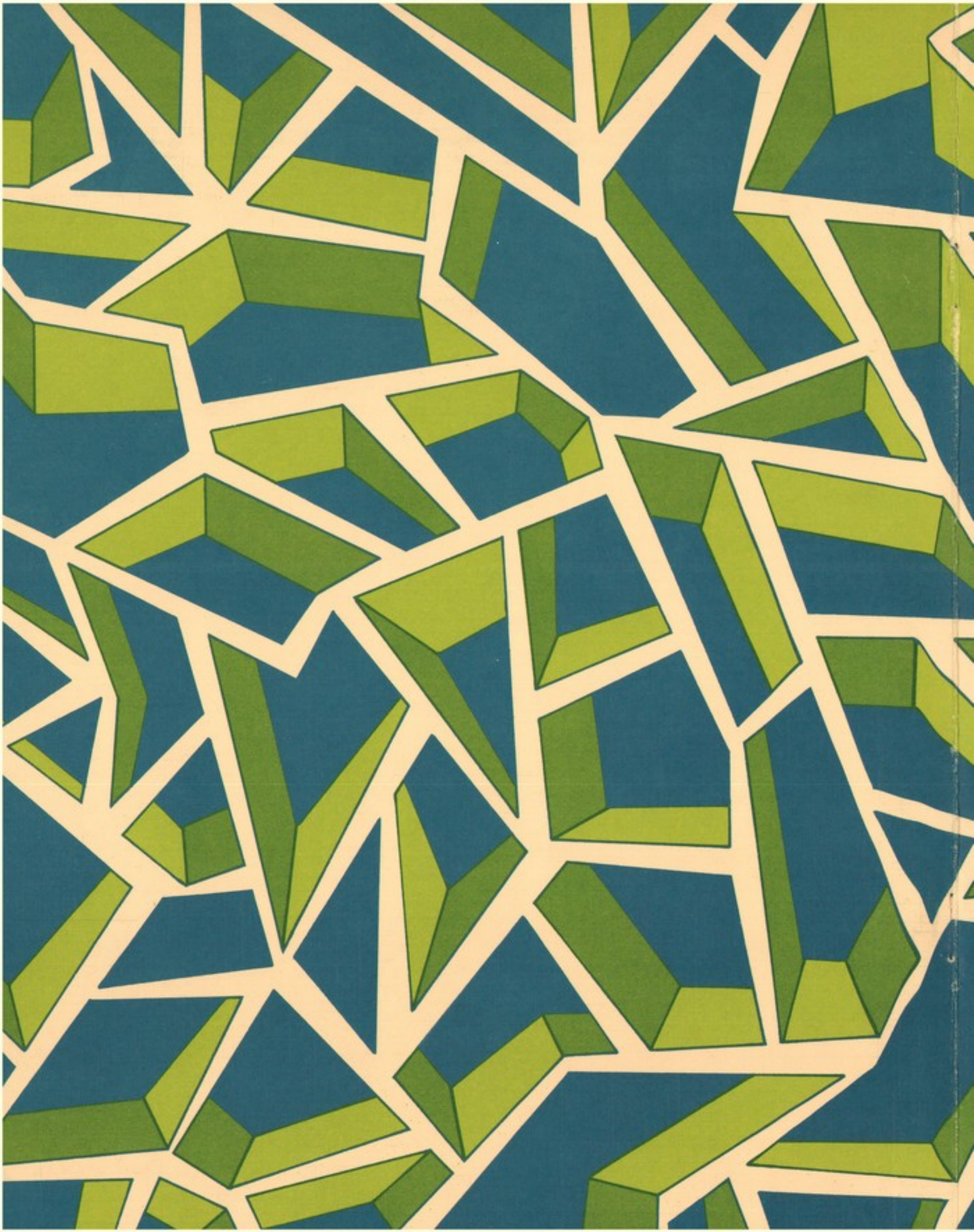
Drawing by Sharon Hadley