



enya ch'ablee

Enya ch'ahlee

Spring 1979

Yavapai College

Prescott, Arizona

In the Yavapai language enya ch' ahlee
(pronounced en · yaw · ch · ah · lee)
means "sunrise"
or literally translated, "the sun is
coming out."

Front cover by Glen Jones to
illustrate "Sunset Blessing".

Sunset Blessing

the sky clears
in the dream of my awakening
and i long to go with the windsong

somewhere high
where maybe only sacred
Eagles fly
and little men seem oh so far away
hurting and loving and searching

here is the beginning and maybe here
lies the end
it is the wind that is given birth
God's breath
round and round forever

the windsong returns
to the womb of Creation
and the circle remains unbroken.

Mary Jensen

i remember...then kissed her goodbye

she was younger then
and so was i when
she chased me round the yard
with an oleander branch
she caught me
i was switched on her knee
i remember that

she used to tell
how my dog tied to the trailer barked all night
while i was out having fun and getting drunk
that when i lived with her and really didnt care

i left to travel the country
she wished me a good journey
game me a dill seed sprig
she had painted gold
i put it on the car seat
and the dog crunched it

i remember
when i came back we watched the news
and laughed together when the weatherman said
it hailed the size of golf eggs and goose balls today

she used to tell
of the birth of her ten children
which one gave her pains
while canning corn
on wednesday afternoon

for time alone with her man
she threw peanuts on the lawn
only ninety-nine
a hundred the kids were to find

then she grew older and her heart stopped
they brought her back but she didnt remember anymore
the wheel on the wagon broke and i had to learn to walk

she was seventy when
i went to visit her again
reaching up as i tucked her in bed
with her frail arms
she hugged me
i kissed my Grandma goodbye
i remember that

Kathy Murray

Photograph by Mark Ketring



The fields of fall. . .

Stubbed; Stretching flat forever.
Across them moves a man and dog;
Slowly walking; Solitary figures
Crackling the golden wheatstraw
in a low, late afternoon sun,
as the dog ranges wide on invisible tether,
touching home; then flying out again.

A somewhat warm wind blows.
An inbetween wind.
Not summer; Not winter.
Inbetween.
Like the time.
It presses steadily against their left sides,
ruffles gray hair; and graying fur.

Age dissolves among well-known wanderings-
Fields of fall never change. . .and,
one hearkens back. . .
to when fields and other things
were less well understood.

He stoops to pluck a wheatstalk.
Its time already past, it is brittle in his fingers.
Thinking now of inescapable cycles, he rises,
easing himself up against a stiff back.

The sun is lower now.
The wind is cooler.
The sky is full of mare's tails.
The far-off hills are dusky-grey.

They turn back.

Beneath distant trees--a small, tan-colored home
With golden windows glowing;
and good, warm kitchen smells.
And someone who smiles and waits
for her late-afternoon travelers.

The light is dimmer.
The warm fields have changed.
In grey-blue light
the golden squares beckon.

There was a time when he would have hurried home now.
Fled the facts. . .

But. . .
He now recalls a Sunday morning.
With colored light draping itself over
glistening, tear-stained hands
Clenched
Against a shaking forehead.
And peace came gently. . .as when a Father
rocks his newborn son for the first time.

So, slowly now,
he heads for the golden beacons
shining beneath the tree ahead
and thinks of truth,
and temporary dimming. . .leading to light.

A hand upon the gate latch,
Then upon the doorknob.

Claws tap quickly on linoleum
Warm greetings at the rustle of a coat.

Glenn Galen

THE HIGH COUNTRY

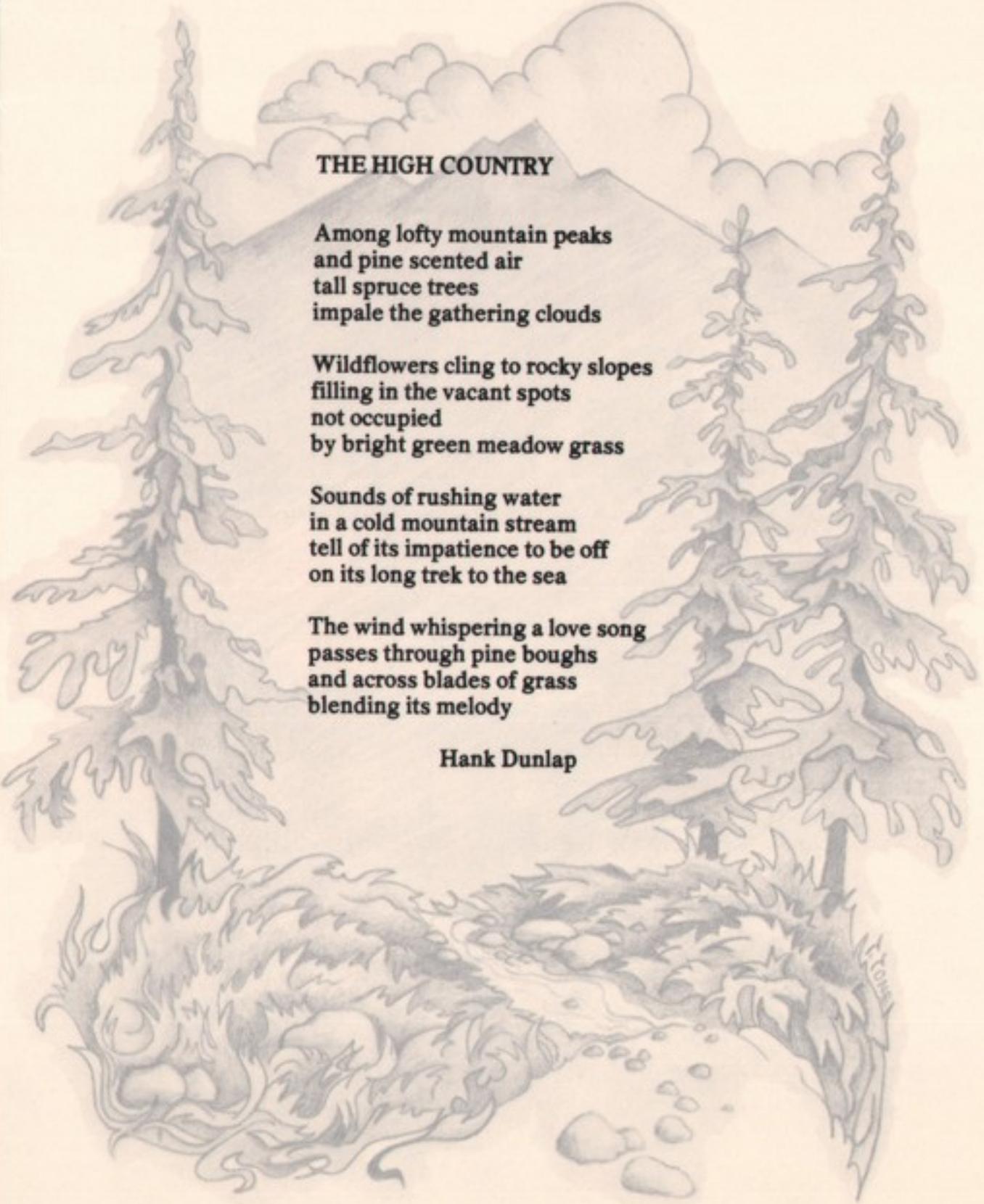
Among lofty mountain peaks
and pine scented air
tall spruce trees
impale the gathering clouds

Wildflowers cling to rocky slopes
filling in the vacant spots
not occupied
by bright green meadow grass

Sounds of rushing water
in a cold mountain stream
tell of its impatience to be off
on its long trek to the sea

The wind whispering a love song
passes through pine boughs
and across blades of grass
blending its melody

Hank Dunlap



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Still water reflects
the pool's surrounding beauty
double exposure

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Discreet old Pinon
drops limbs for kindling my fire
on winter's raw day.

Yvonne Reid

Gnarled cedar tree
with your nest of baby birds
a crown in your hair

Hank Dunlap

Struggling up the hill
tiny overloaded ants
defy gravity

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Illustration by Tami Tone

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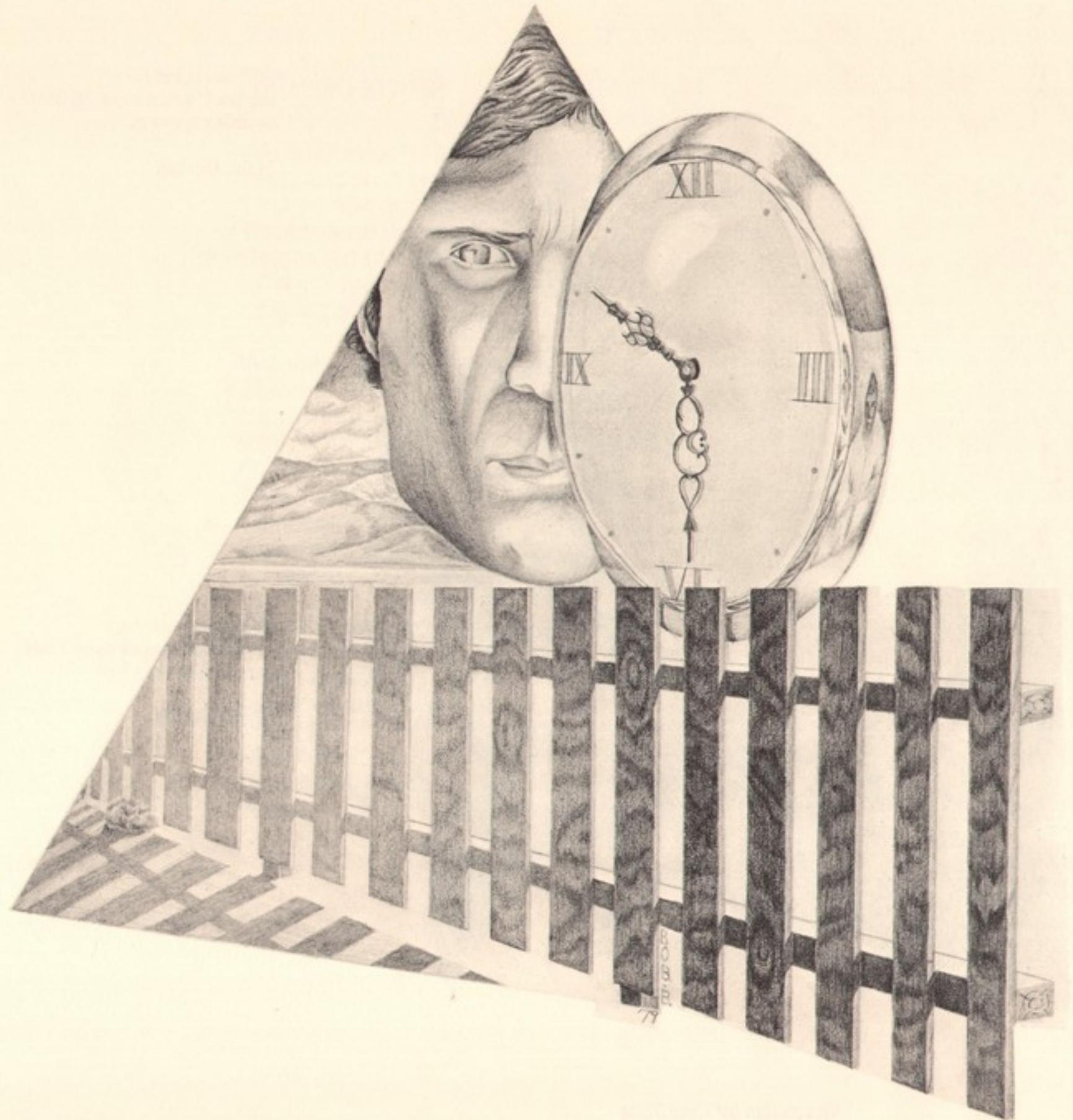
Struggling up the hill
tiny overloaded ants
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TRIANGLE

At a loss
For words,
Love fits,
Love falls
Into place somehow,
Yet it doesn 't
Express it all.
Love
With limitations,
Love
By the clock,
Love
When convenient,
Love
Isn 't the word,
Not really,
Not complete
Unbordered
Ocean love,
Or sky love,
Ours is
Land-locked, fenced, arranged, triangular love
The kind there is
When two people
Aren 't willing
To let go of or hurt each other,
While a new love stands waiting,
Backstage,
The clock on the wall
Counting
Down
The seconds
Till curtain time.

Pat McGahan



EXPOSED

I can see it now,
The light grows
Until all is
Exposed.

I can see it now,
Where you stand
And where you've been
And where I fit
Into your schemes.

I can see it now,
I can look past
Your blue eyes,
Beautiful, bright,
To the real self underneath.

I can separate
What I see
From what is there.



Print by Joe Johnson

I can see you now,
You're a party boy,
Golden loadie,
With an eye for the ladies
And a batch of friends
To shuck and jive with,
To smoke a joint with,
To play music with,
To go home to party with,
To party with,
To party with.

I can see it now,
Talking to you,
While you strike a match
For a puff
Of the best stuff
In town.

The light grows
Until all is
Exposed.

Pat McGahan

"Come walk with me in the woods," you said
And we shall press some leaves."
I wonder what you meant by that?
That we would be bright Autumn's thieves
And keep them for our own,
Or with honor only borrow them,
Then softly steal toward home.

Jean Anne Cooper



Drawing by Beth Jaynes

*The falling rain
on a winter stripped tree
liquid diamonds dripping*

Dorothy Kooker

*The stream heaves up its
polished rocks as offering
for my garden wall.*

Yvonne Reid

*Evening sun setting,
Saturates wrinkled blue skies.
The wind blows color.*

Donna Nelesen

*Resting and waiting
Winter stands in stately silence
For the call of Spring*

Anne Fort

Print by Bill Near

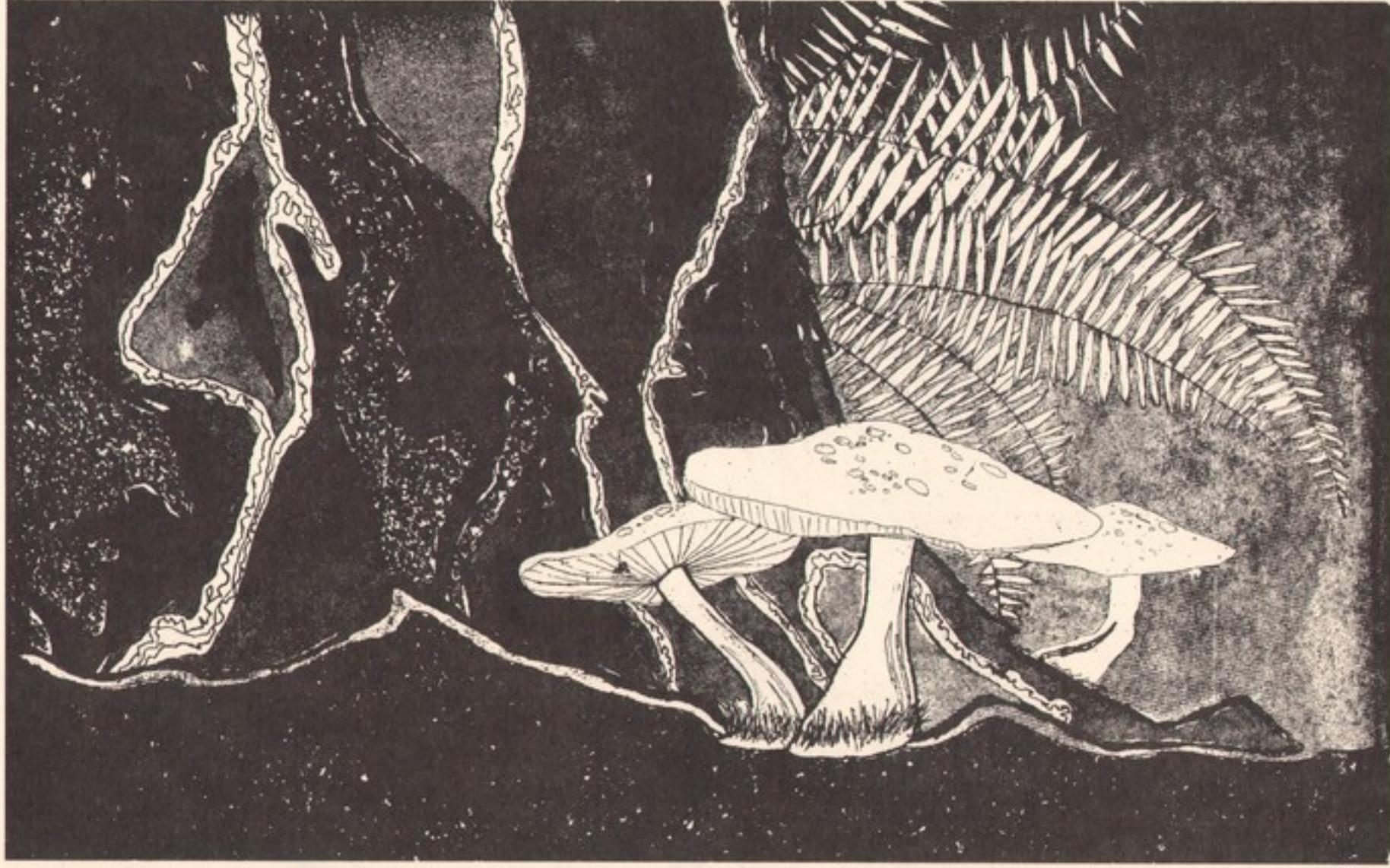


Illustration by Stephan Dogramadjiev

A CREED

I know you never asked for proof-
or a declaration of faith, hope and trust,
something you could believe in,
something solid to stand on
and build from.

But what I didn't know
was that you had already decided
to believe in me
and what I really want you to know
(precise and to the point)
is. . .
I believe in you.

Susan Daigneault



Photograph by Karen Crouch



NIGHTBIRD

I heard its song,
A note of disapproval
One pitch higher than those
Souped-up Chevrolets and
Jive talk street people
On the corner.

It was perched somewhere,
Nightbird,
Unseen,
And even though midnight
Flashed noisily down Main,
I could hear it above
All other sounds.

Sweet bird,
You've made more music
Than all the juke boxes on Main
Ever could.

Pat McGahan



restlessness
my whole being is involved
with restless energy...

something in me is waiting to be touched
and yet, i cannot see what it is...

i am like a seed that has been planted
taking root...
just about to break the soil with its sprouts
to shoot upward with fragile delicacy
with strength to live...

... to survive the new world
... to bend when the wind comes
... to soak up the solar energy for growth
... to drink the sweek drops of nature's wine

only to gain experience in the vast field
of wisdom...
to express the intricate details of the
living, maturing plant...

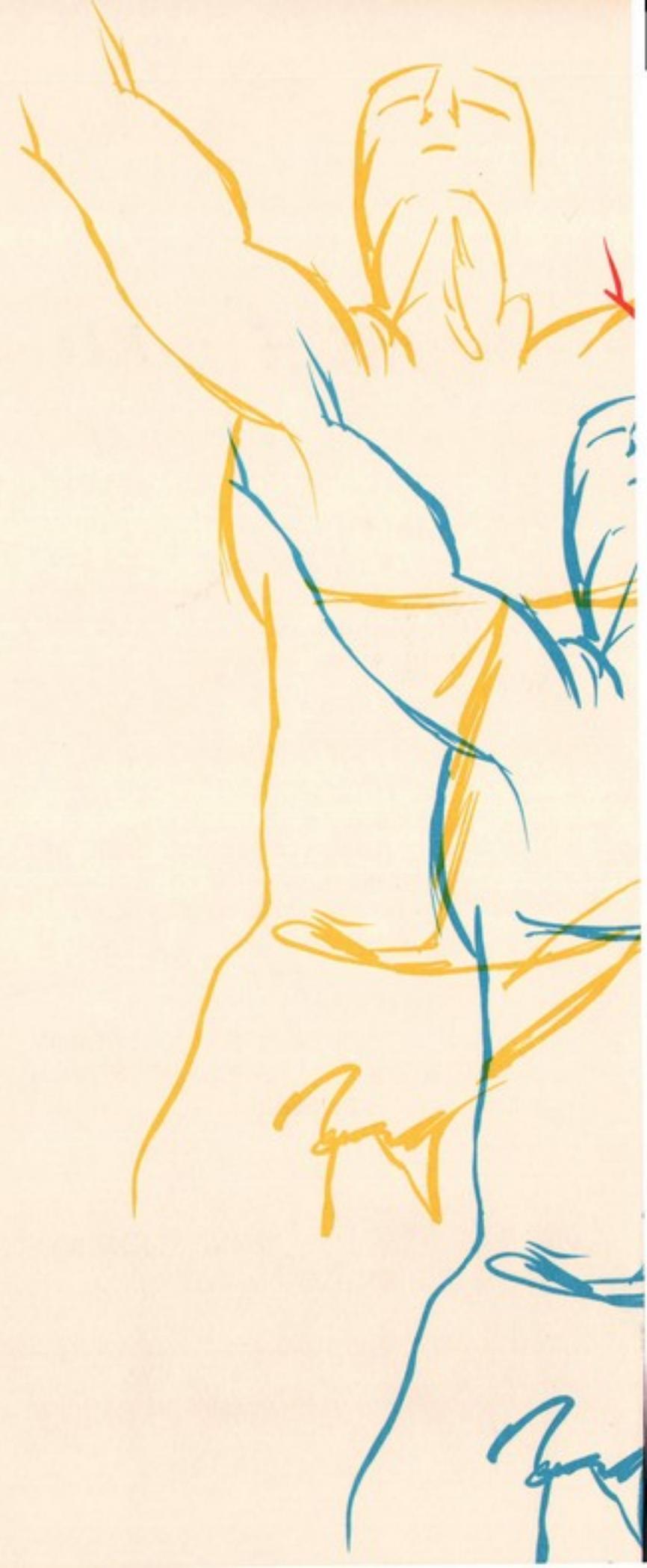
but i am still a seed, struggling
hiding within this shell of captivity

waiting for the right moment to send forth my roots...

and...
the restless energy is my friend...
it will give me strength to crack
this covering of existence...

GROWTH...

Deborah Dux





Drawing By Bob Barra



Drawing By Bob Barra

Seated
Arms-length
Before brushwood
Glowing
Two eyes
Through flames
Staring
Sending silence
In communication
Rising
While detecting
Sensing
Then reacting
With another
Impulse
Growing
Heartbeat posing
As a
Hidden
Soul responding

Fire talking.

FLAME FRIEND

Donna N. Nelesen

Drawing by Beth Jaynes



GIVE IT BACK

Take
This person's smile
And give it back.

Take
The warmth of his hand
And the gentleness of his ways,
And give it back.

Take
What he knows about happiness

Take
His love
And give it back.

Take
All he has to offer
In the time you're together,
And give it back.

Take
His freedom,
Help it grow,
Give it wings,
Let him fly,
And give it back,
give it back.

Pat McGahan



Drawing by Steffi Kern



Photograph by Karen Crouch

MONOPOLY

Relating to you

Was a monotonous round of Monopoly

Played in passionate prosaism

Prolonged past our initial ebullition

Because once begun

It required a proper,

According-to-the-rules ending,

Or so you adamantly professed

From a Race Car podium

Used in your fanatical purchase

Of emotional property

Including me,

The Scottish Terrier,

One of your favorite pets,

Who lingered,

Sniffing at new territories

Discovering,

Much to my consternation,

That there are no trees in Marvin Gardens

Which of course you owned

And built hotels on

While my Boardwalk,

A once firm foundation,

Slipped into the ocean

Like California

Where you inherited

Other feminine treasures

And found

The last Free Parking space

Which only goes to prove

That you were always better

At game-playing than I

Donna Nelesen

Ghost Dance

in the image were bones and wind
an ancient song and lone tree
the remains of a dream? perhaps
a roaming spirit mourns
and can you hear it?
the clouds are scattered
the image was the dream
and the dream was the image
roaming spirit seeks living colors
and i would drain my soul of blood
the wind is roaming spirit
and brings me home.

i long to go
to bones and wind
ancient song and lone tree
the bones are mine
and soon they are dust of earth
wind is roaming spirit
scattering clouds, drying bones
ancient song is mine
is mourning
can you hear it?
lone tree i drain my blood for
i am lone tree
i am the image,
and i am the remains of a Dream.

Mary Jensen



Print by Paula Meeske

LEAVING STAINS

We walk silently through autumn fields,
Wet, and with blackberry thorns
That scrape our skin, expose the blood,
Those same thorns,
Cautioned by our Grandmothers
When picking from purple bushes,
Leaving stains on our fingers.

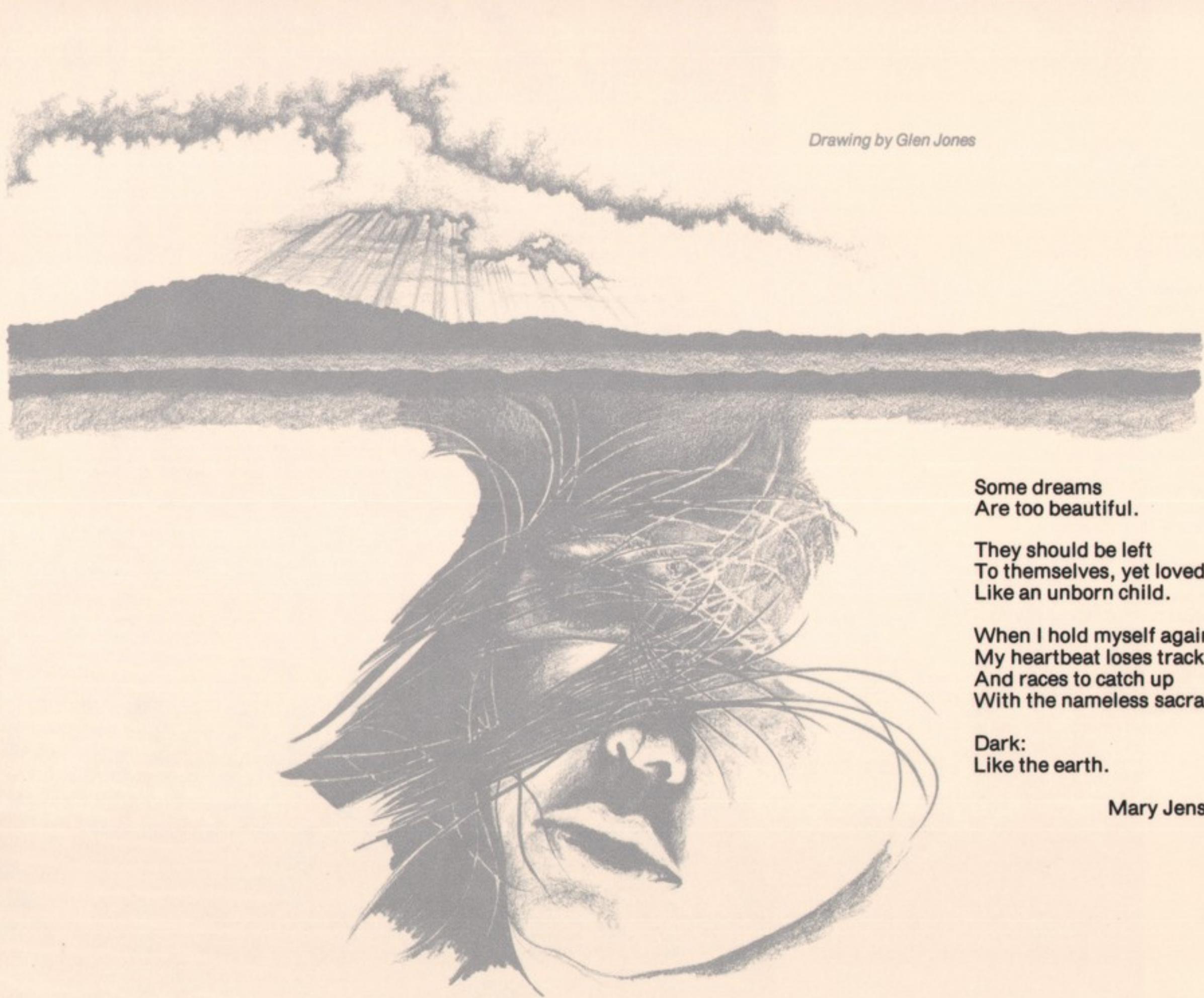
We step lightly
Though the bridge is made of stone
from centuries past.
Wet, with moss grown from recycled water
Of the Aegean Sea.
Slick, without walls on the sides
To keep us from falling.
Balancing on uneven surfaces.
No worm could devour this as wood.

We run, dangerously, desperately,
In the night, in the wind
That teases and lifts us from the earth
Assumed and passing
Close to cliffs with foaming waves below
Now rested, and staring
Remembering days in the Midwest
When it was cornfields we were running through.

Sherri Yeager

Drawing by Glen Jones





Drawing by Glen Jones

Some dreams
Are too beautiful.

They should be left
To themselves, yet loved
Like an unborn child.

When I hold myself against them
My heartbeat loses track of itself
And races to catch up
With the nameless sacrament

Dark:
Like the earth.

Mary Jensen

SUBURBS

*At contrived angles
so not to look like an army,
coffin houses poke up
from a blanket of snow.
A stainless steel throb
at its center torques out
sterile BTU's: safe, efficient, and clean.*

*No hearth nor round-bellied stove.
No ashes or soot to mess up their lives.
No bucket for kindling,
No newspapers stashed always more
interesting than today's L.A. Times.
No reason for someone to yell from
under warm blankets: "What's holding up the fire?"*

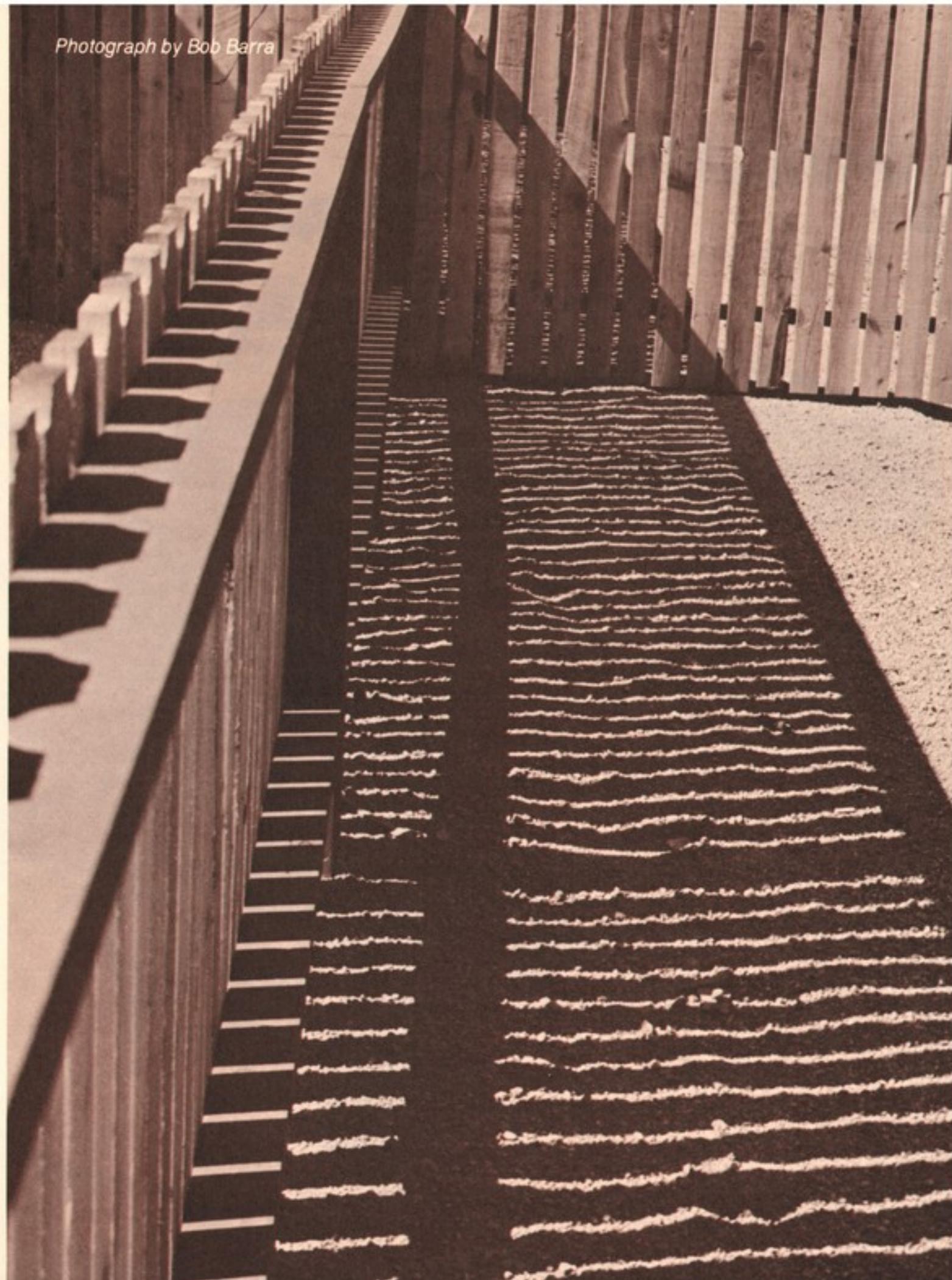
*No smoked antiqued cornices
to gentle the lines of a room,
cast shadow and glow
on warm dinner and wine.
No smoke from their chimneys
to let neighbors know they're alive.*

*Safe, efficient and clean:
inside as out
with their crew-cut lawns,
their well-mannered hydrangea.*

*Houses turn faces
as blank and inane
as a sea of soldiers obeying command:
safe, efficient, and clean.*

Yvonne Reid

Photograph by Bob Barra



Sand Castle

**Sand. Bright, smooth, untouched by human hands
waiting here since all eternity for me to**

**shape
mould
and coax**

**the cool damp secrets from its soul; and so,
magically a thousand grains of sand unite forming**

**walls
turrets
and towers**

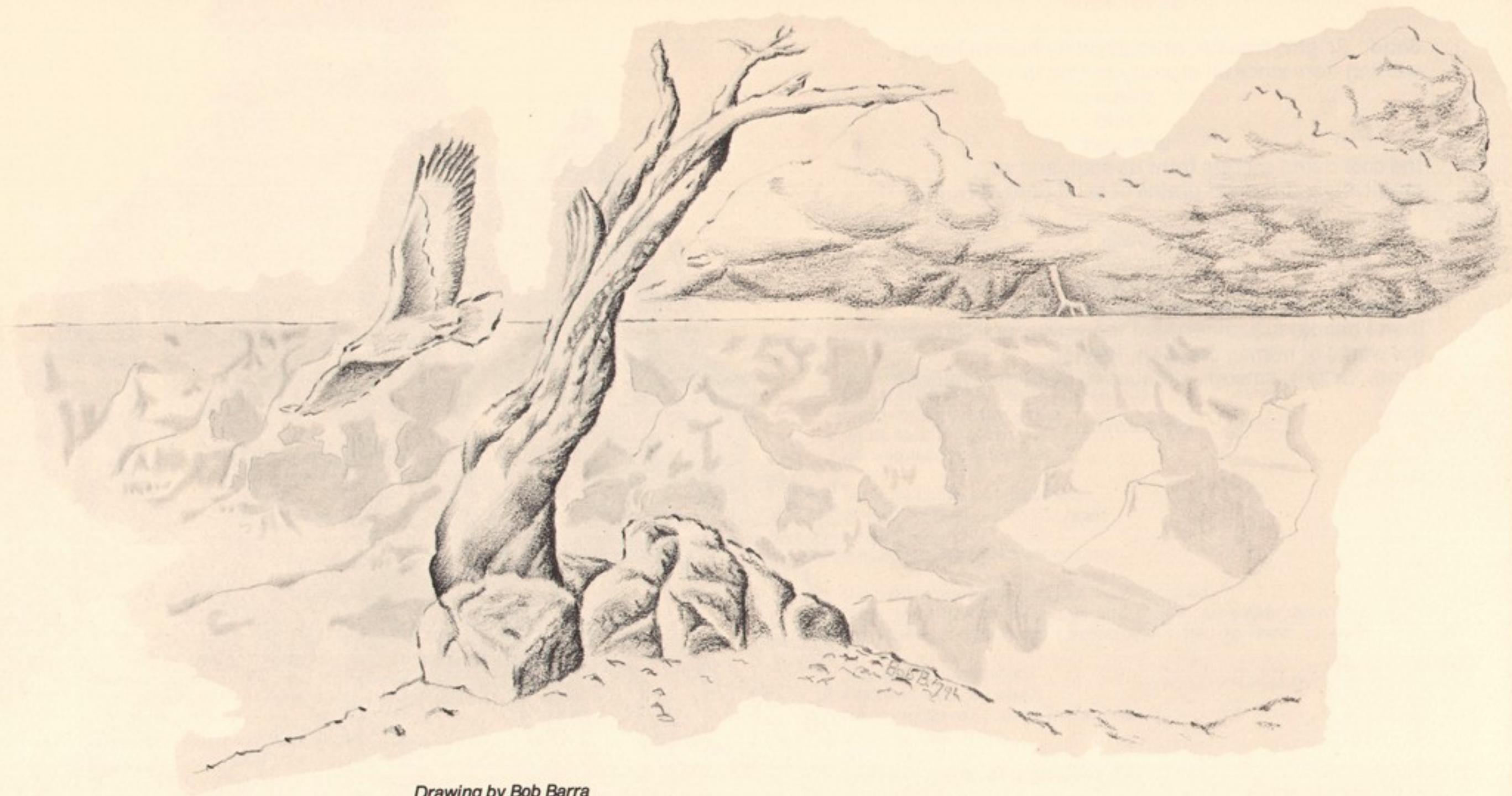
**a residence for miniature seaside royalty,
then I behold in wonderment the waves as they erase
the works of human creation, leaving
Sand. Bright, smooth, untouched by human hands.**

Beth Jaynes



Drawing by Beth Jaynes

Enya ch'ahlee contains poems, photographs, and art work by Yavapai
College students, with layout and design by students in Commercial Art
Design, Production and Illustration classes.



Drawing by Bob Barra

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