# THRESHOLD

YAVAPAI COLLEGE CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE • 1982

*The Fourth 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.*

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*Yavapai College*
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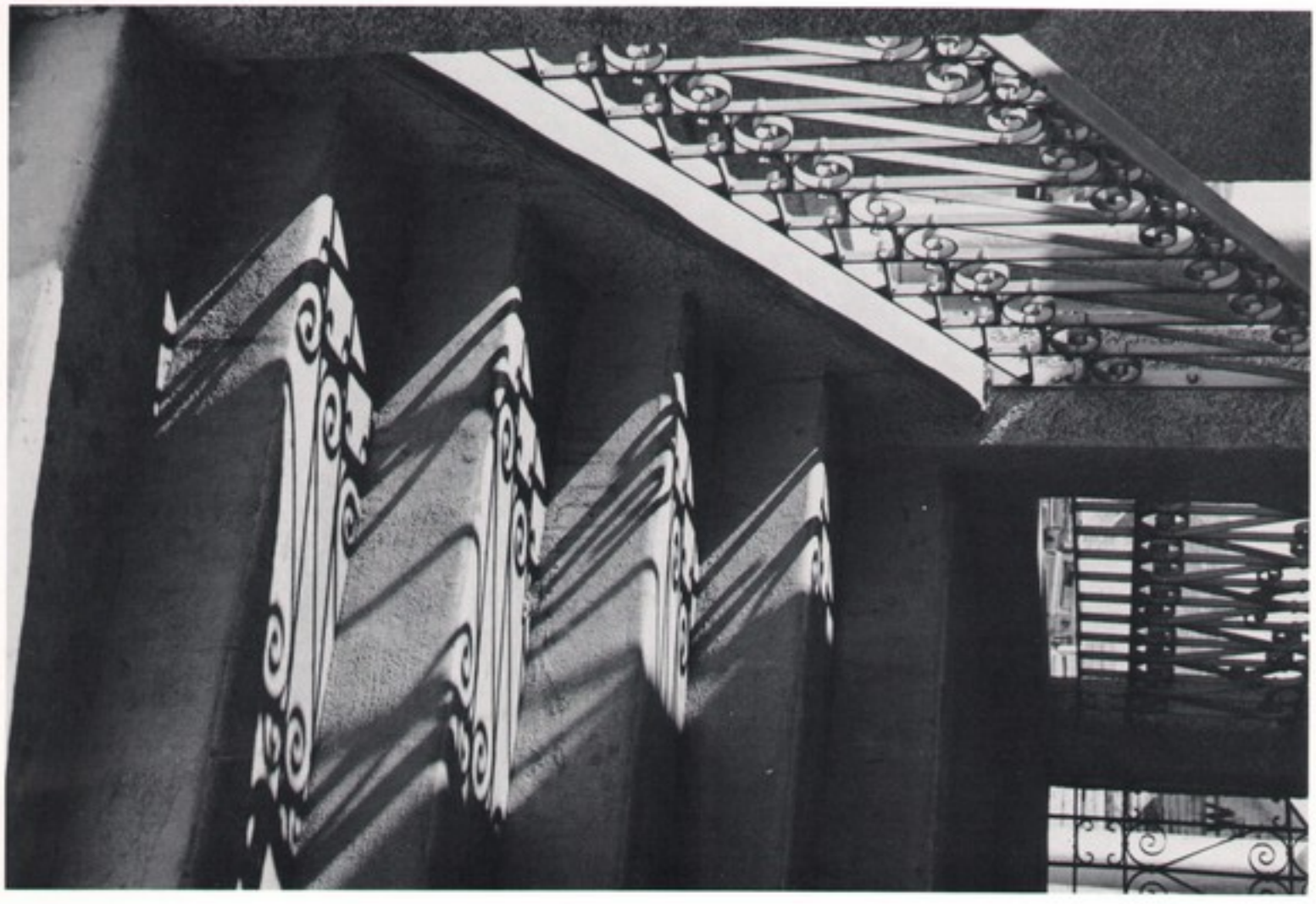
*Cover Design by Carey Chandler*

*Photograph by Sara Van Orsdol*



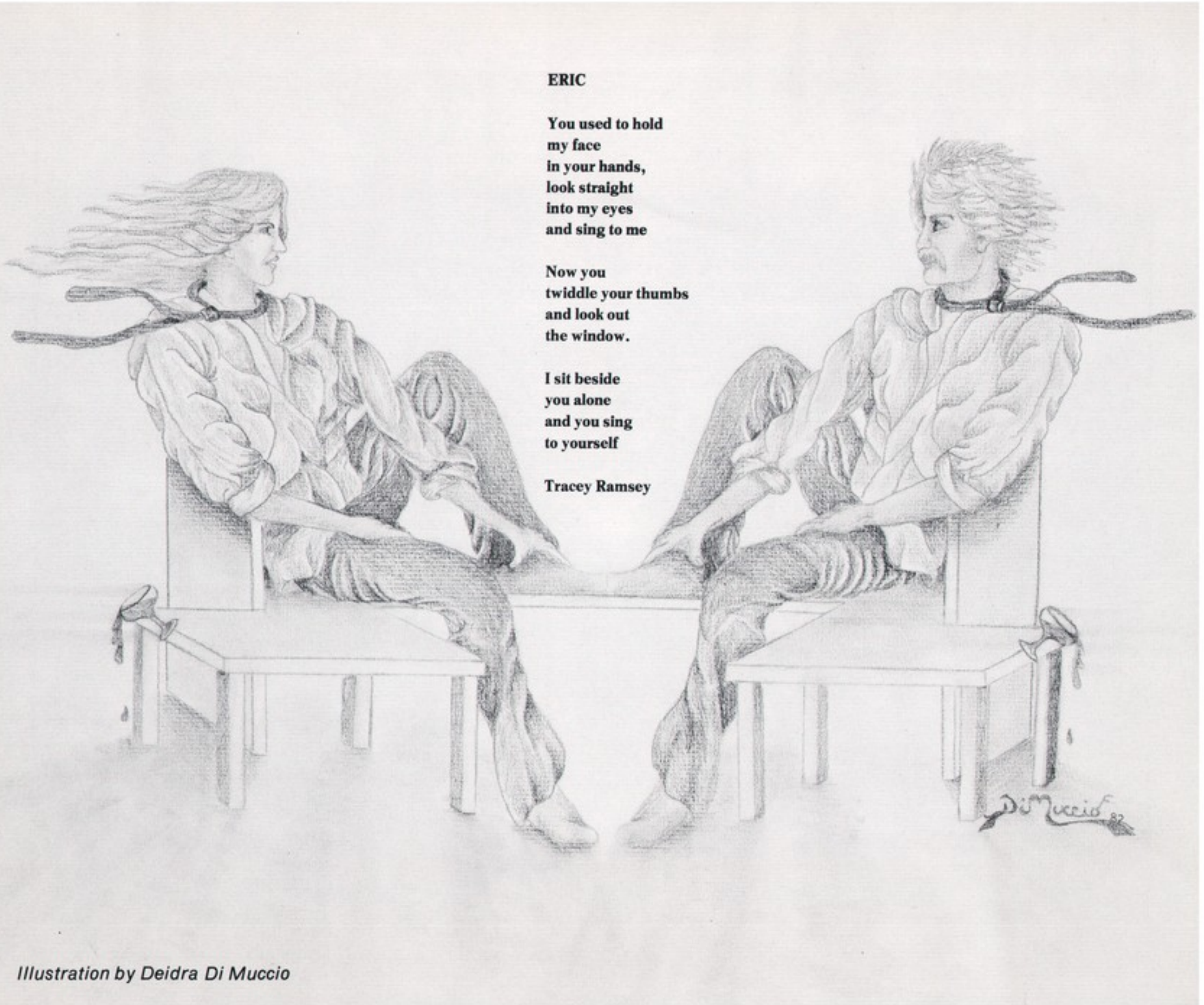
i have a secret drawer
where i alone am allowed to go
that's filled with typewritten dreams
and the sound of children laughing
and the sun setting gently on some desert scene
angry oceans
and wind torn skies
people running madly for shelter
and your sweet arms
and cigarette ash
and imported corks
extracted from bottles of wine
that came from questionable sources
and countries i have only read of

& on nights when the darkness is too surrounding
and the silence too intense
i often return to you
open you gently
and reach inside

lover's eyes stare wantingly
as the odor of spring floats mystically
from your dark recess
and i am lost in pages of black and white
as i watch time dance across a piece of paper
& a lady i have nearly forgotten
rises majestically from my dreams
takes my hand
and leads me to a secluded beach
we listen to water wearing slowly against stone
and she takes me
back
to a land where i once bravely traveled
and feared no one

Bob Ackerman

*Illustration by Karin McCleve*



**ERIC**

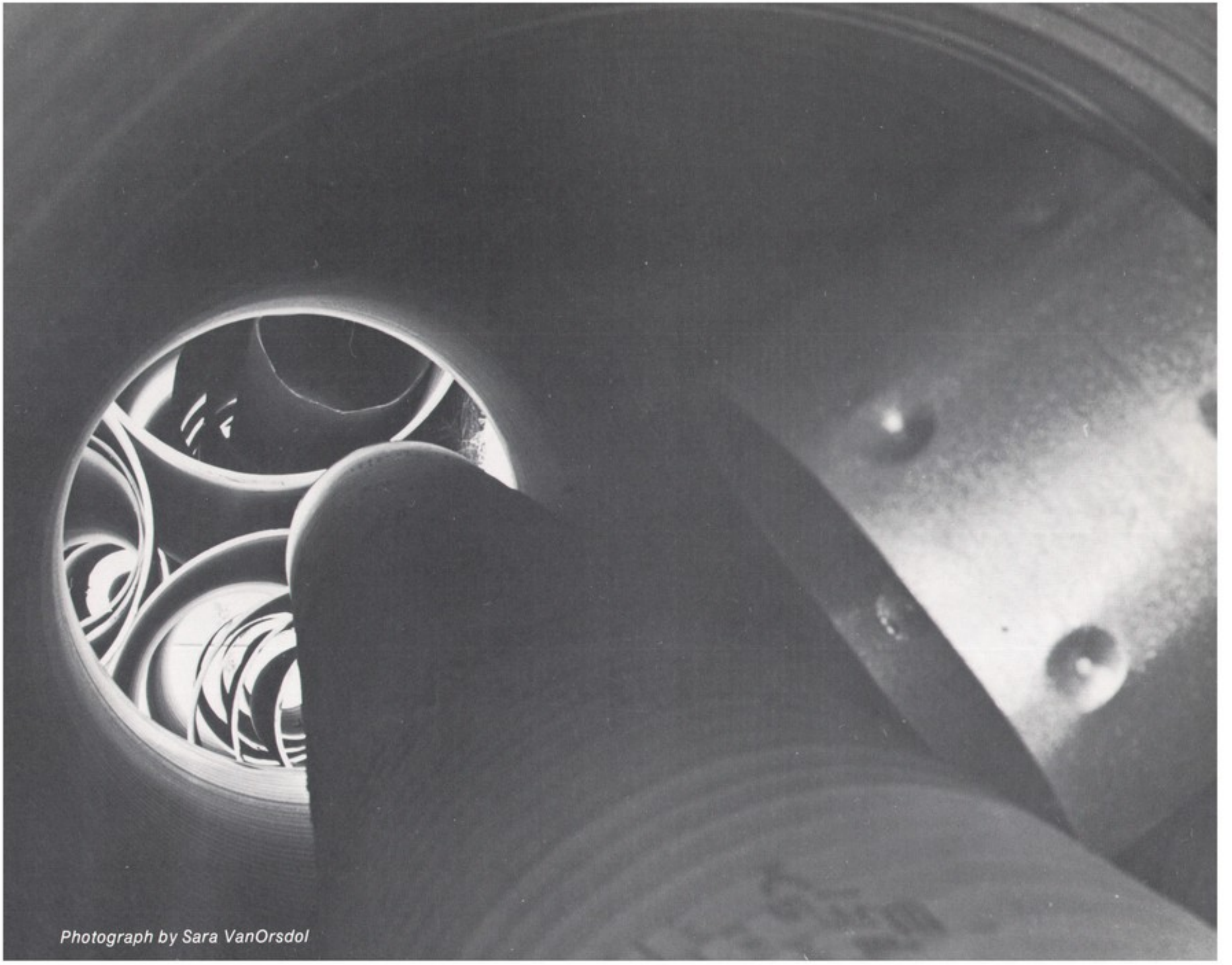
**You used to hold**
**my face**
**in your hands,**
**look straight**
**into my eyes**
**and sing to me**

**Now you**
**twiddle your thumbs**
**and look out**
**the window.**

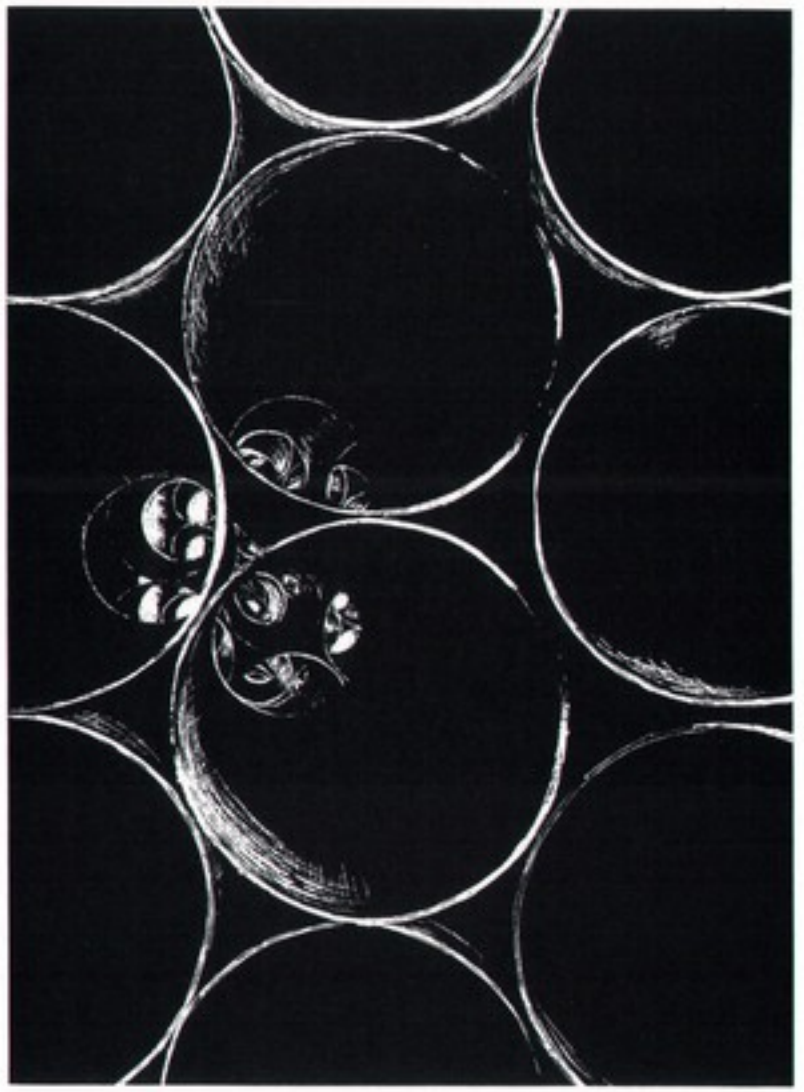
**I sit beside**
**you alone**
**and you sing**
**to yourself**

**Tracey Ramsey**

*Illustration by Deidra Di Muccio*



Photograph by Sara VanOrsdol



*Drawing by Linda Schmitz*

## POWER AND MIGHT

Sword and shield were the tools of
conquest when good strode against
evil on the fields of battle

Dearly purchased were the conquests
and the songs of the day when blood
and death were ever-present companions
of the hero

Sword clenched in a fist of stone,
a graven image of terror on the
victor's face as his gaze was drawn
in fetid heat toward the slain enemy
head cloven from its armour-clad body
a cold hand desperately clenching the
broken shard of a blood-stained axe

The old ways of life and death were
hard and cruel life and death were
but the moment's spread between the
crashing blows of the cold cruel steel
against the tender sorrowful flesh,
one winner takes all in the games of
conquest; who was the good and who was
the evil? No one can ever be sure.

Mike Holmes

## The Way of the Moon with the Sea

Drawing by Carey Chandler

The moon is a siren. She caresses the sea.
The sleepy tide stretches, quintessence shaken.
He deepens and widens to scoop up the sand.
With ripples and gurgles his waters awaken.

Small breakers gather and race toward the land.
Then, leaving their footprints, they rush out again.
High now the frothy tide foaming rolls over and sweeps
Up the beach. In climatic crescendo his kettle drums roar.
With seething seas smashing, leaping and crashing
Lashing and dashing, the waves pound the shore.

But fickle, the moon has kissed other tides.
Softly she steals from the raging commotion
Leaving a heaving and passionate sea to subside
The thunder and booming grows fainter and dimmer.

Ravished waves sink to the lap of the ocean
While hungry gulls flap in a fine rainbow shimmer.
Swooping and dipping, they fish in the shallows.
A breeze soothes the feverish brow of the sea.
The beach bares her breast to the sandpipers' bills
While a scramble of children run out to seek shells.

Trudy Dutcher

*Drawing by Alied Van Doren*

## Desert Deceit

How can you be so deceitful?

At a glance,
a barren place where water and straight thinking beasts abstain.
where wrens gingerly skip across your parched skin,
and the gila hides in one of your pores.

then moisture.

At a glance,
the 'rise and 'set tint your boulders in colors from dreams,
hues dusted by your beauty.
Little flowers spreckle your face, and the gila frolicks on your gruff surface
Where the eye can roam forever and fantasy tag along.

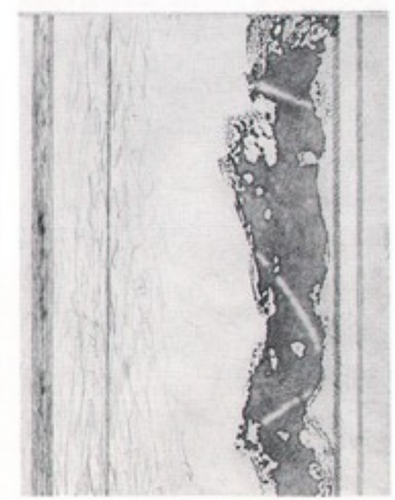
At a glance,
You stand tall, strong. Powering up, defying a barren birthplace,
reaching, extending, so all can see your fork-like, prickly proud glory. You've endured.

Then I know. There's no deceit in change--

Charles Moss

*Drawing by Madeleine Heroux*

*Painting by Joze Caruso*



*Print by Robert Kostuck*

Drawing by Mena Lloyd

## Morning in Benares

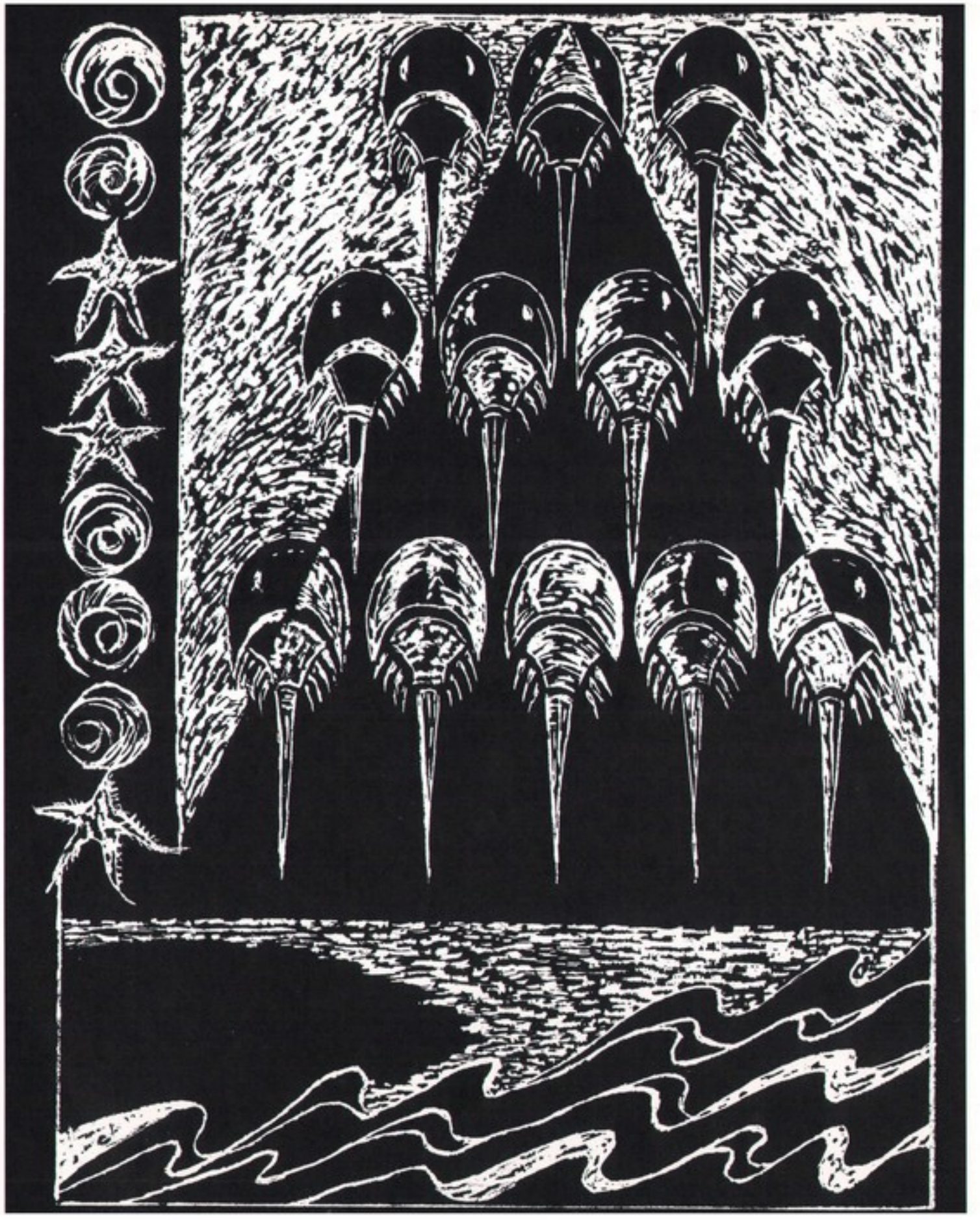
*Just before dawn,*
*the river, still sleepy, drifts by like syrup*
*unhurried, and with the sure wisdom*
*of a thousand mornings of motion*
*a million mornings on this shore.*

*Just before dawn,*
*a hazy orange spreads its warm shawl across the bank.*
*Vapors and mists, translucent as gauze*
*lift themsleves gracefully and*
*picking up their skirts*
*tiptoe over the land.*

*Just before dawn,*
*a timeless rustling begins.*
*Firepots, lit for tea,*
*twinkle and glimmer in the twilight.*
*Turbaned men stretching their arms to the sky*
*cry out chants to every known god.*
*The women gathering at the waters edge to bathe*
*chatter and chuckle*
*the music of their laughter*
*swirling over their heads and then*
*dispersing like puffs of fog.*

*Just before dawn,*
*one lone pilgrim reaches the end of his journey.*
*Peaceful at last,*
*his soul enters the laughter,*
*his heart joins the mists,*
*and his bones and ashes drift off down the river*
*to the sea.*

*Kay Ginger*



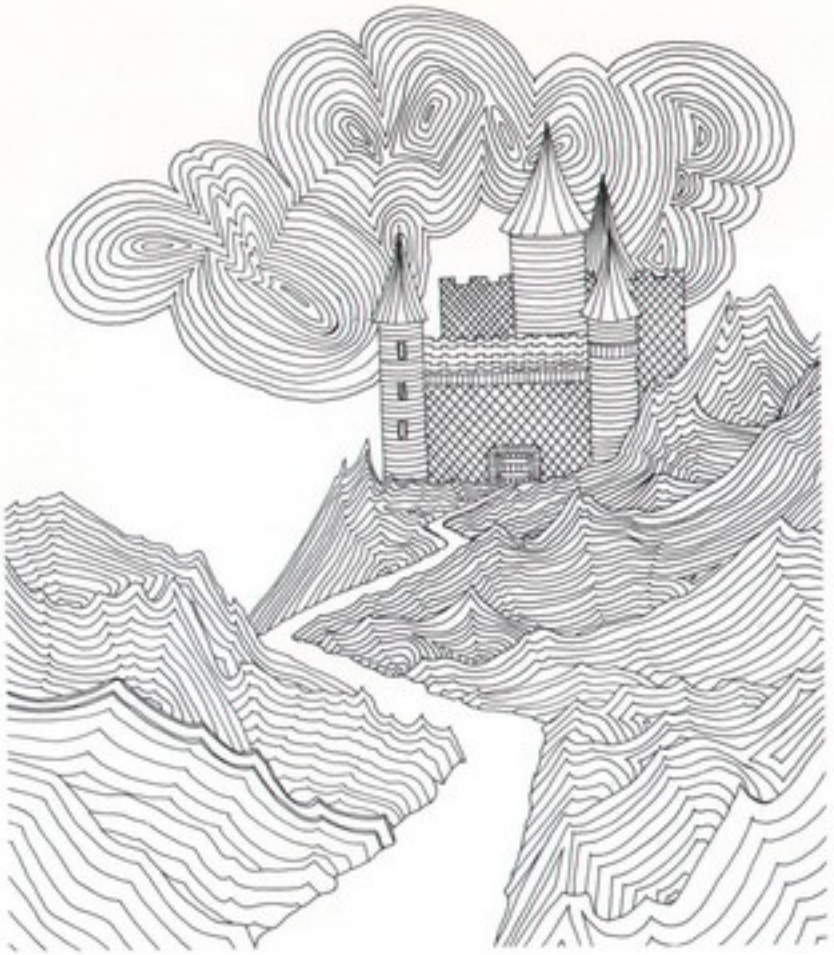
*Drawing by*
*Jean Trembley*

## SMOULDER

Southwest winter delayed till mid-November
The cold fills the house, slowly
The bedroom fireplace crackles with light and warmth
as we drift off to sleep.
Hopeful in our connection with one another only
our fingers touch as we say goodnight.
I wake to the still black sky.
It is not the cold air but the cold edge of question
that probes and rouses my mind.
How to reconcile these nights and mornings? Love housed in
the person but not in the place that it wants to be.
This western mode of thought etched through life's birth and on...
the either or, this or that
searching for the resolution and answer.
Sometimes I long to have been born Japanese
my mind accepting ends of the spectrum and points between.
Instead I have these sleepless nights--this blanket and beautiful
body asleep next to me offer nothing but
warmth when what I want is assurance.
All those years I've thought love was
the answer. Now here I am, fully
completely and for moments magically in love.
What I find in love is yet more question.
How to join these inner heart songs that rage and
sing at the joy of our connection, how to bring them
out into the world, into our work, what floor to lay
in the kitchen, is your background too monied for us...
The thing about going away somewhere is that you always end up
taking yourself along.

Alison Marshall

*Print by Beth Jaynes*



Drawing by Madeleine Heroux

## THE MAN WHO COULD NOT BE HEARD

Once upon a time in a far away land lived a man who could not be heard. That is not to say, of course, that he could not speak--only that he could not be heard. The land in which he lived was one of magnificence. Its wealth was overwhelming, the splendor of its cities astounding. It had been richly blessed and testified to a prosperous people. But this man did not live in the city, for no one there could hear him and surely he could not live happily under such a condition. He chose to live on the top of the hill where he could look down on the hectic motion of the people of his country as they raced busily about their business.

What he saw saddened him, for the people of this country could not see. That is not to say, of course, that they were blind--only that they could not see. He watched them as they collided with one another busily building their hovels into houses, houses into castles and castles into kingdoms.

One day, the man who could not be heard left his mountain and came down to relate information to the elders of the people who could not see. They were recognized as the chief non-seers.

"News from a far off place recently brought to me is that great fires rage and can not be tamed," he said. "The fields burn and the crops are destroyed. People's homes are taken from them and their businesses are being wiped out. Many starve and the crying can be heard for miles. Children are dying and destruction is upon the whole of the place."

The elders huddled and considered respectfully for a time. "We find no smoke in the sky, and our crops are the most bountiful ever recorded. Our homes are warm and safe and our businesses prosper. There is no hunger in our bellies and our children sleep restfully. The only noise to be heard is the laughter of a secure people. You are mistaken as to this information. Go back to the mountain and reconsider these things."

This he did, for he was only one voice and what was the need of his speaking of such things to a people who could not see? He returned to his mountain. It was a high steep place and the path was winding and narrow. Few came by this way, for the journey was difficult and effort of their labors was tiring. Other paths did not provide the view of the mountaintop but made for easier passage. Truly, to a people who can not see, a view is not important.

As he reached the peak of the mountain, a strange thing lay before him. Smoke rose from the valley below. He stood silently and watched as the crops of the neighboring country burned, and the black curled skyward and hung ominously. Houses could be seen, or at least their foundations, where the flames had reduced them to cinders. Factories smouldered, and without straining he could hear the sounds of people crying; he could see the bodies of children strewn about and perceived that destruction was upon the whole of the place.

He turned from what he saw and ran back to the place of the elders. "I returned, as you said, to the mountain to discover that the flames have spread to the fields of our neighboring country. Their crops are destroyed and their houses lie in rubble. Their businesses have been wiped out. Many can be heard crying and the bodies of their children are strewn about. Destruction is most certainly upon the whole of the place."

The elders huddled once again to decide what should be done. Their conversations were lengthy and intense but their decision was foregone. "The smoke that you speak of has been sensed and most certainly attests to the industrial advances of our neighbors. They have benefited greatly from our association and now prosper as we do. Their fields are most surely being stripped to provide for more businesses that can occupy the creativity of greater numbers of people, and the bodies you see are those drunk with happiness over these circumstances."

"Come to the mountain with me that you may see these things for yourself," the man who could not be heard said to the chief non-seers. "Surely, if you could witness for yourselves you would know that these things I have told you are of substance."

The elders huddled once again and this time returned to him quickly. "The mountain you speak of is steep and the path is winding and narrow. Few go by that way for the journey is difficult and the effort is tiring. We are a pleasantly opulent people learned in many things and see no need for undertaking such an unpleasant endeavor."

The man who could not be heard was afraid for the people who could not see, but as always his voice was not received. He left the elders and went from door to door advising people of the flames, but they were not receptive. All they could hear was his lips moving. They could not see the things he said. Finally, he was jailed by the elders.

"You have become an embarrassment to us," said the elders. "You are surely a crazy person bent on unnerving the people by the things we do not hear you say!" With this they left him in prison knowing that there no one could see what he said.

The flames came and the crops were destroyed. Houses burned like twigs and the businesses were gone in an instant. People starved and the crying could be heard to the mountaintops. Children died and destruction was upon the whole of the place.

When people remembered the things he had said, the man who could not be heard was brought from his cell. He was placed before a tribunal of people who could not see. After arguing his defense, he was taken to his mountaintop and hanged. The conclusion of the courts was that although he had truly been dutiful and accurate in his reporting of the flames, he had failed to mention which way the wind was blowing.

Ken Jones

*Photograph by Sara Van Orsdol*

## TO A WATER WORN AFRICAN GREEN TOURMALINE CRYSTAL

*Drawing by Gloria Ogden*

Lots of people who wax lyrical
Over sunsets and roses
Sneer at gemstones
And turn up their noses
Because they prefer nature
The natural way.
Let me tell you
Smog makes a sunset unbelievable,
And modern roses have no scent
That is conceivable.
But I held 51 carats of green fire
In my hand today.

Jane C. Raymer

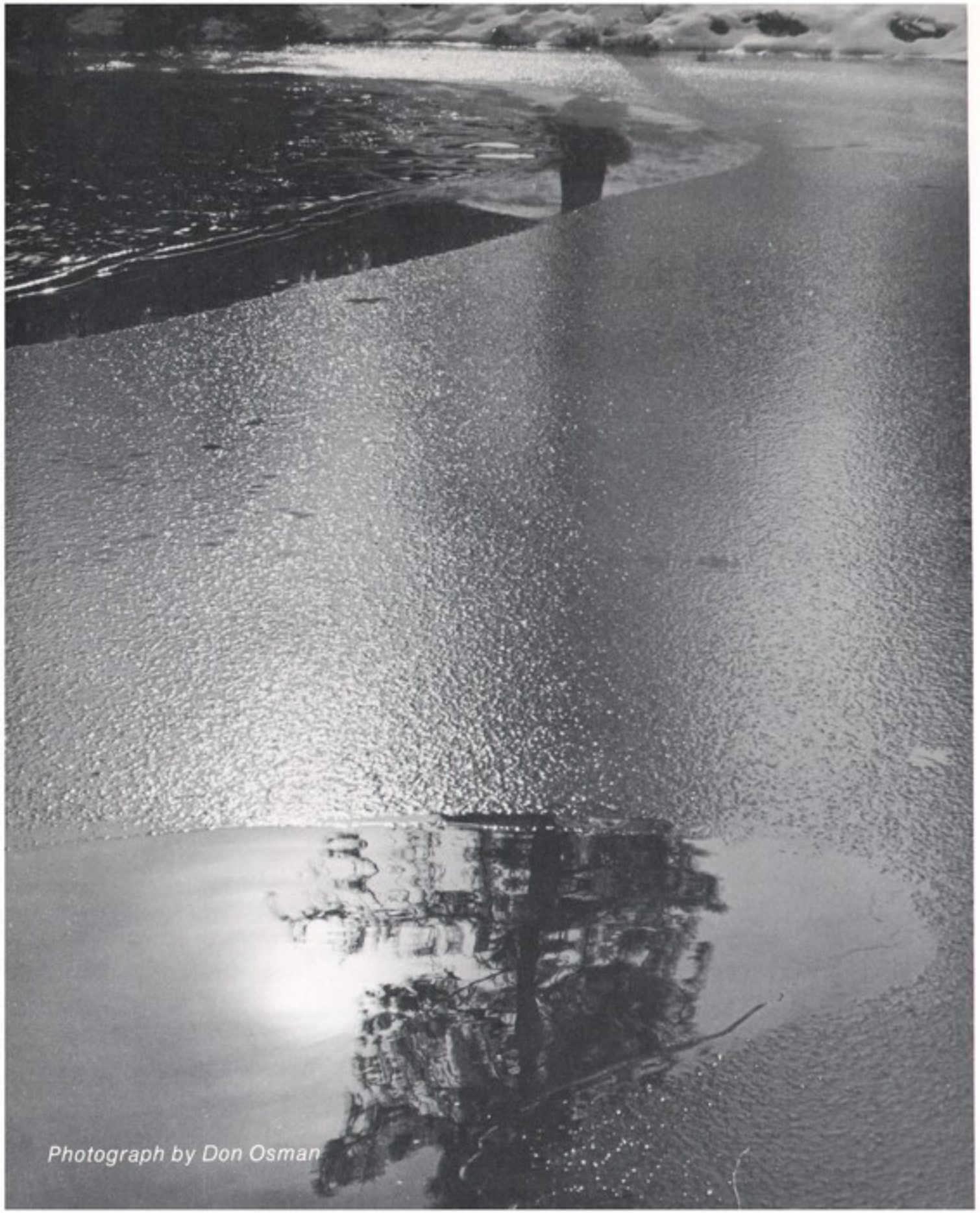
*Painting by Jill Gilbert*

THE STURDY STAGE

The sturdy stage
like a diamond set
to bear
the weight of thundering drums
to embrace guitars
amplified in rapturous sound
displaying
miniature string-controlled puppets
performing
to buoyant, gladsome, spirited throngs

The sturdy stage
dark like night
alone
amidst the clutter of broken glass
and stench of stale
smoke filled air
comforted, caressed
by weary minstrels
anticipating
the illumination of this domain
again
to vex the sturdy stage

Pat Heron



Photograph by Don Osman

## As If I Had Thought

High noon I rode out
to the water hole
and sat awhile
waiting for what would come
to quench its thirst.

awhile I sat
patient, as the sun slithered
down towards the earth

then it was you
or so I thought
kneeling down to drink,
on your knees you were

as if supplicating
the spirit of the water
to satiate your thirst

how much easier it is now
knowing even you
must beg.
As if I had thought
you were something more
than human.

Mary Jensen

*Drawing by Pauline Schmitz*

# Dunes

Fine mounds of salted sand
rise upward
from tide-worn pebbles
Gentle hills are home
for wind-waved wildflowers
for tall tufts of sea grass
Roots with resolution
cling to hold on to
the fragile, the erasable—

Joanne Field

Calligraphy by Joseph Davidson

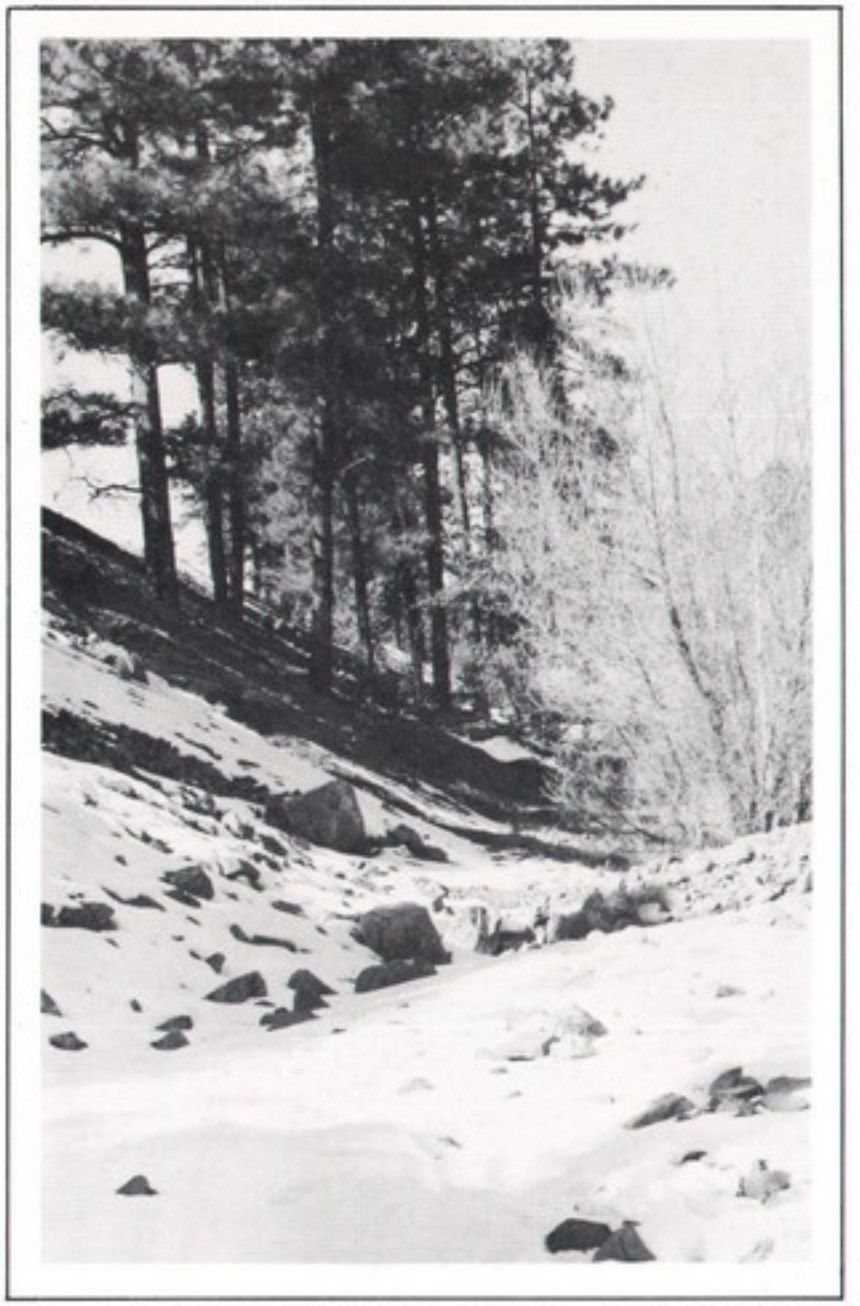
*Photograph by Pam Rose*

ECHOES

You ask me why he left.
I say
A winter white dove came
and called him away.
To the land of the tundra
and late night sun,
where acres remain
for elk to run.
The need for adventure
is strong, I am told.
His desire to wander
is not so cold.
The beat of his Syrian drum
echoes still
in time with the patter
of rain on my sill.

Pam Andrews

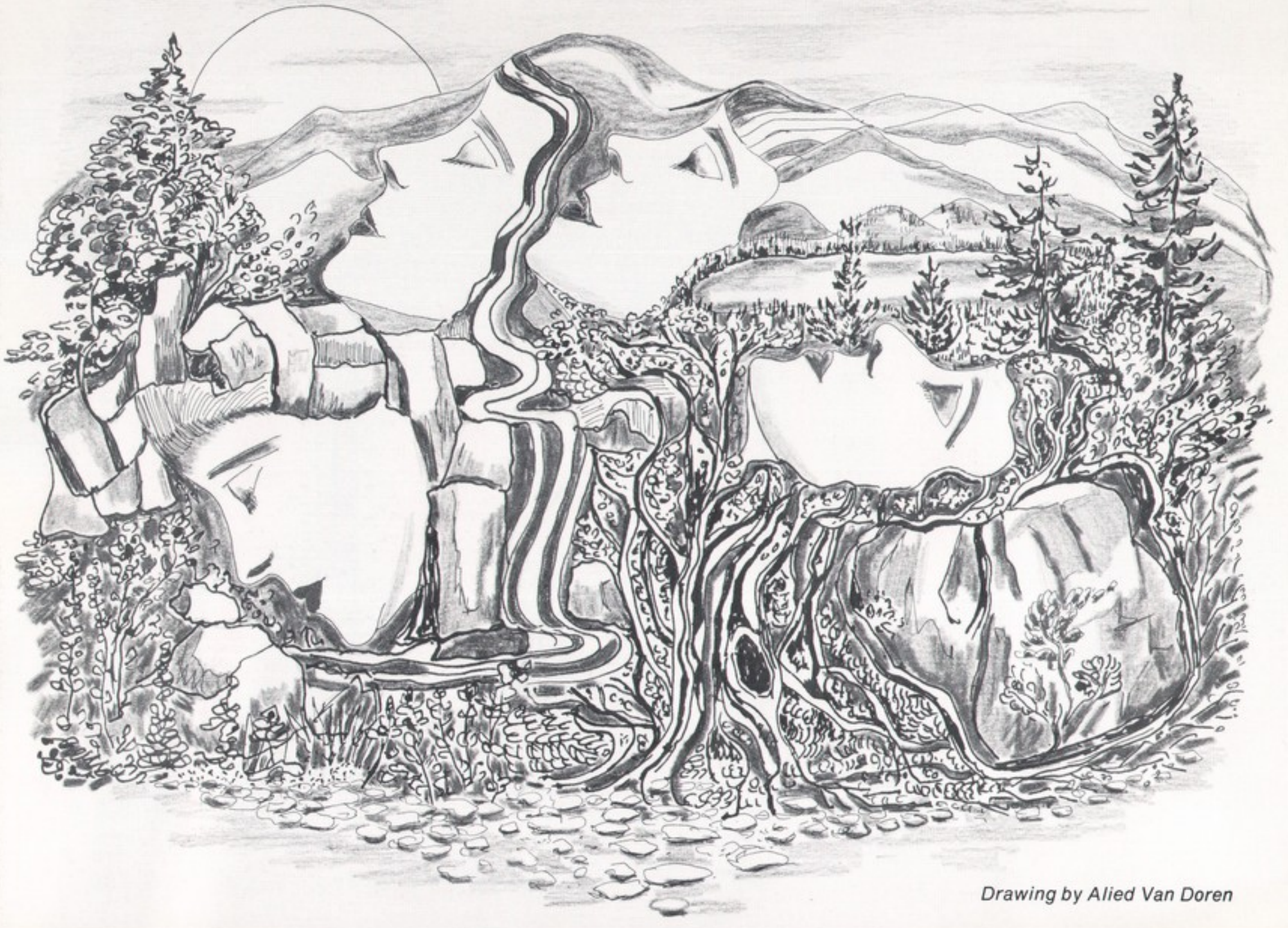
*Photograph by Don Osman*



When I reached the summit of the great mountain
I found the Ancient One sitting upon his rocky throne
just as the legend had said.
And I asked him, "What is the meaning of life?"
He said to me, "One so young and innocent should
not begin to wonder of the natures of the universe
nor of the intentions of the Gods."
He bade me to return to my peoples and gain more
wisdom and knowledge before returning to him.
I returned to my people and I gained much worldly
wisdom and knowledge as the years went by.
Again I climbed the great mountain to ask the Ancient One
my questions on the meaning of life.
Reaching the rocky throne of the Ancient One I was
surprised to see that he was no longer there.
The Ancient One had died...
Never to reveal his secrets to me.

Mike Gabrielson

*Drawing by Keith Nelson*



*Drawing by Alied Van Doren*

## I'm Tired of Being A Peasant

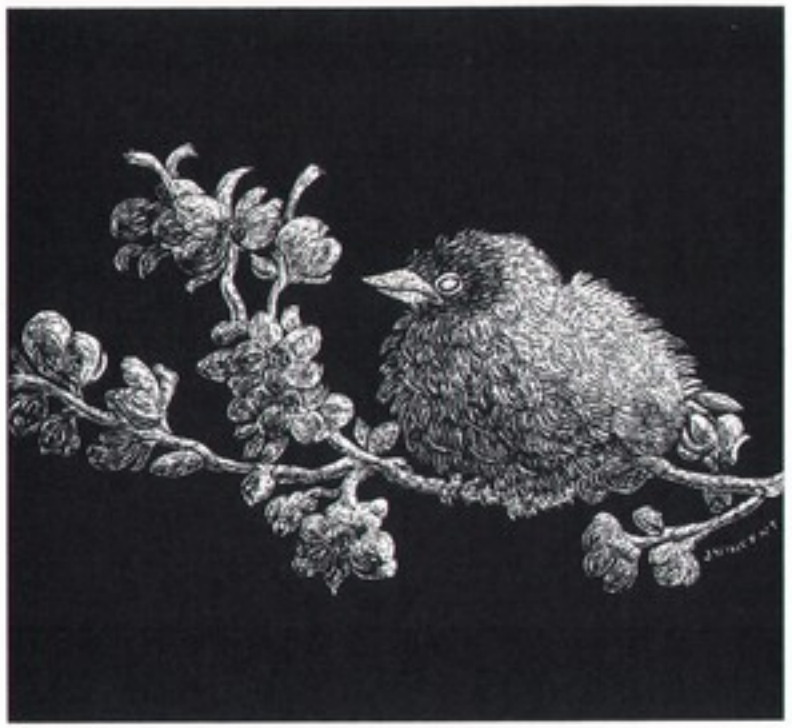
i'm tired of being a peasant
constantly dreaming of your love
as your cart parades slowly through the dusty streets
i sit quietly at the well
watching your non-caring donkey
and the angle of your wrist
as you straighten desert wind-blown midnight hair
and smile at children
gathered about your well-browned feet

i'm tired of egyptians
who bring you worthy gifts
of silk and jewels that bedazzle the sun
who stare with saliva in their beards
and dreams they know can never be

i'm tired of your fertile field of love
your eyes that defy reality
and beckon fantasy
your smile in which i'm lost
the precious stones i could never touch

i am the patient gleaner of your love
time goes by
the fall comes again
and i stand in the ravaged remains
of what was once your priceless fruits
searching for only
a softly spoken word
a slight touch of your hand
or your fading smile
among the scattered grain

Bob Ackerman



*Drawing by Jeanette Vincent*

## The Warrior

I feel the pale of innocence,
Where I fear none exists.
I've tipped my cup to life's good times
and relished the run through reality's
twists and turns and laughed
when the coaster came to a stop,
And stooped again to retrieve the gauntlet
as the ride begins again
With me pressed to a circumstance I can not control.

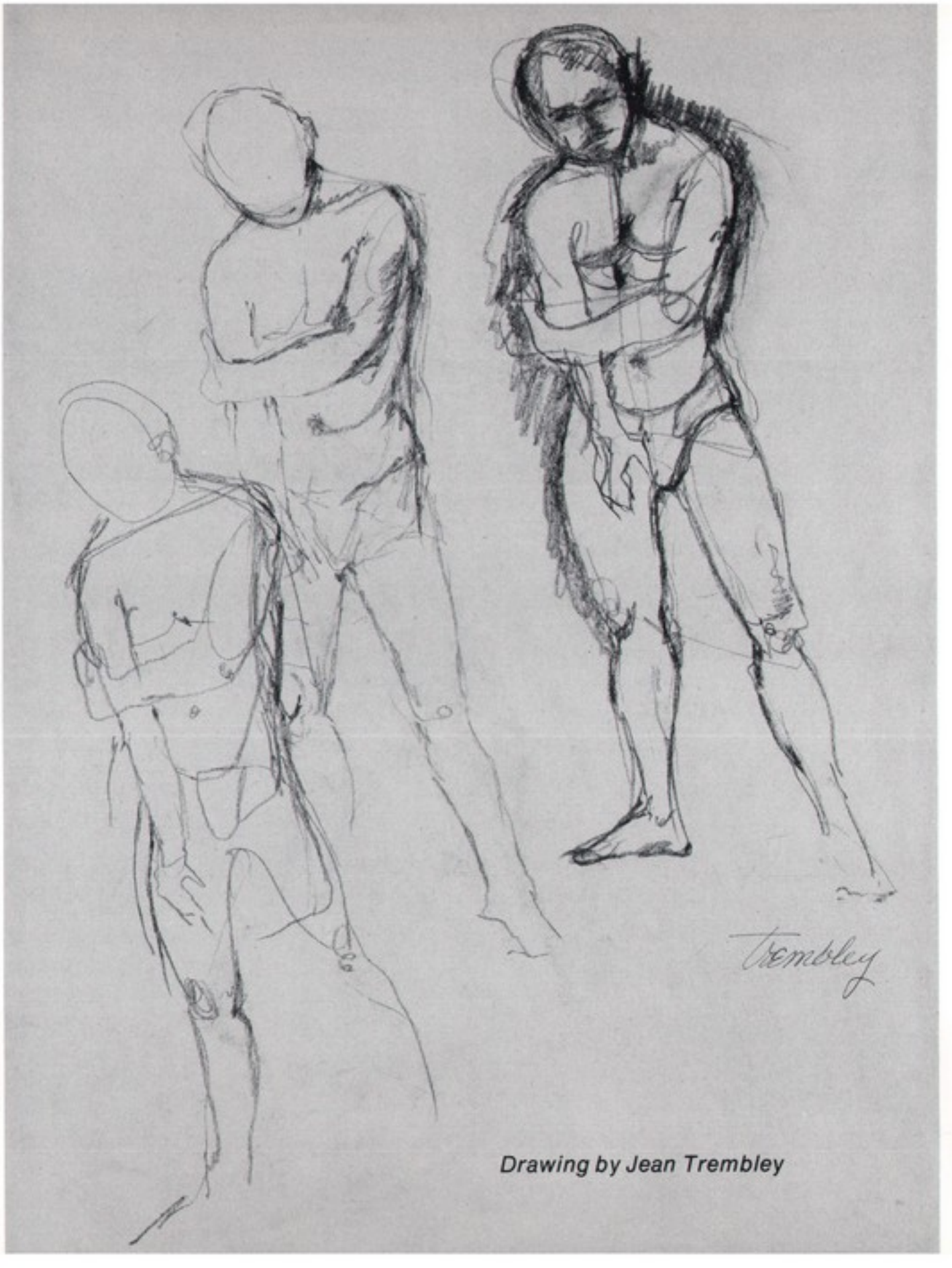
Ken Jones

## *Past*

*Autumn embraces me*
*With the gentle arms of a lover*
*As I lie sad but content*
*On her mattress of fiery leaves.*
*Memories float by me*
*On the sweet scented wind...*
*Old friends I loved so well*
*Now nameless faces...*
*All the years I left behind--*
*The best years of my life*
*Are so far gone from me...*
*As far behind as the rocking horse*
*Or the rag doll*
*Of my childhood.*
*My life is a piece of music*
*Beautifully written by a master*
*But never once played.*

*Jeanne Ackerman*

*Drawing by Karin McCleve*




*Drawing by Jean Trembley*

## Free

freed of restraints
leaves scatter and dance
to the road and ground
as they whirl about the
path I drive
never disturbing
their performance
gone is the spectrum
of colors which
defy the envious
rainbow's supremacy
in spring the birds
will return to
their work of
conspiring with nature
to invest in the future
for now the trees
stand naked and proud
freed of restraints

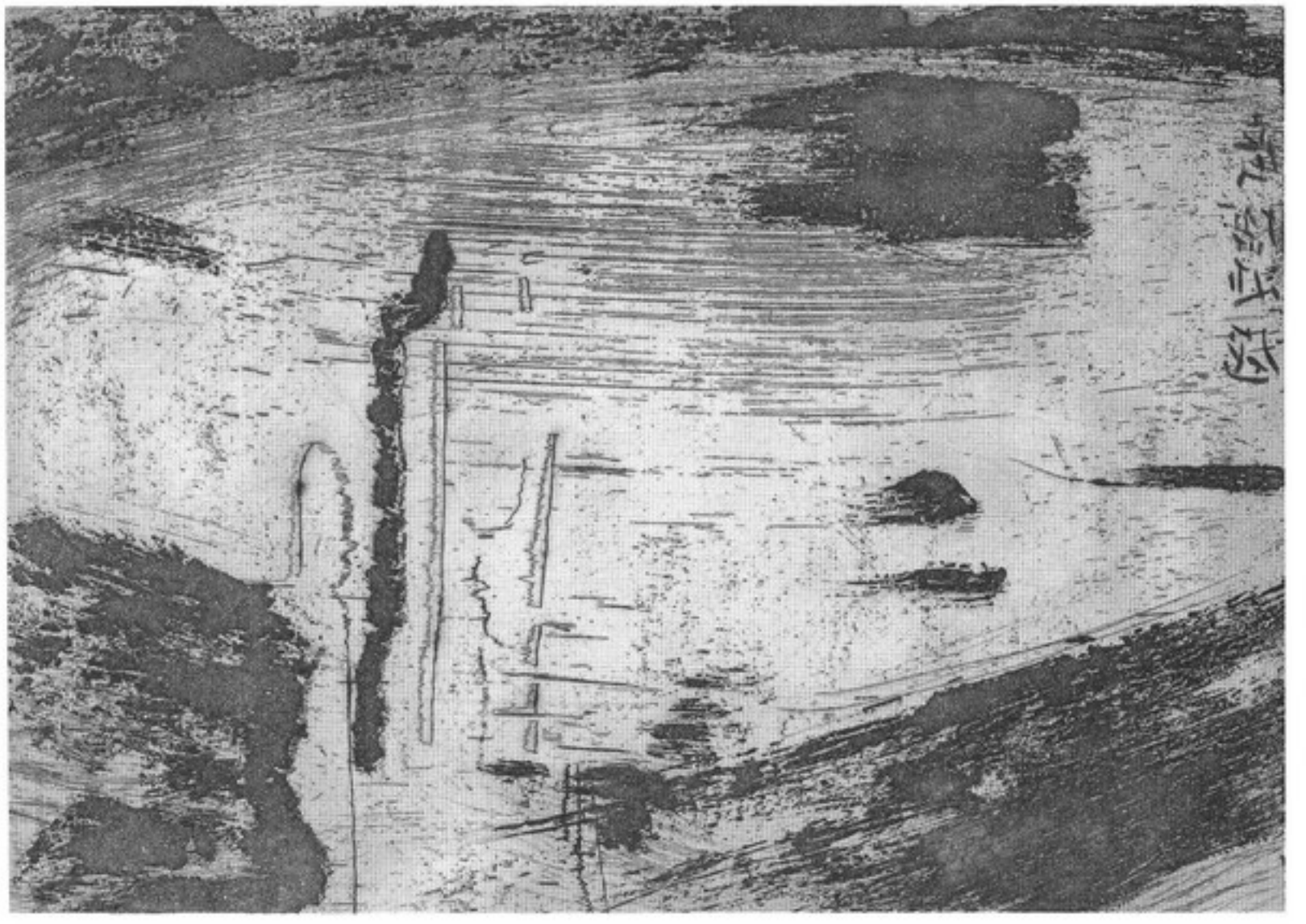
T. Huff

*Illustration by Alied Van Doren*

**Fallout**

**The water in the brook**
**turned to stone**
**and I noticed**
**birds of prey**
**had gathered to ponder**
**the darkness.**

**Mary Jensen**



*Print by Robert Kostuck*

*Drawing by Gerry Whitley*

## ALL IN TIME

The cadence we step in or out of like poetry
or prose is measured in the universe by
the light years a planet glows.

The composer strives to rest a bar and
emphasize a note; if the stanza fails
to flow along the metronome is lost.

The warden has no leisure who issues no parole;
the bounty of existence is built inside
the prison's wall.

The banker keeps no records for the prosperous
or poor, no deposits, checks or overdrafts--
any balance belongs to the bank.

The same that shaped the elements and holds us
in its hands lives in the heart beat of
a clock.

Joyce Bunch

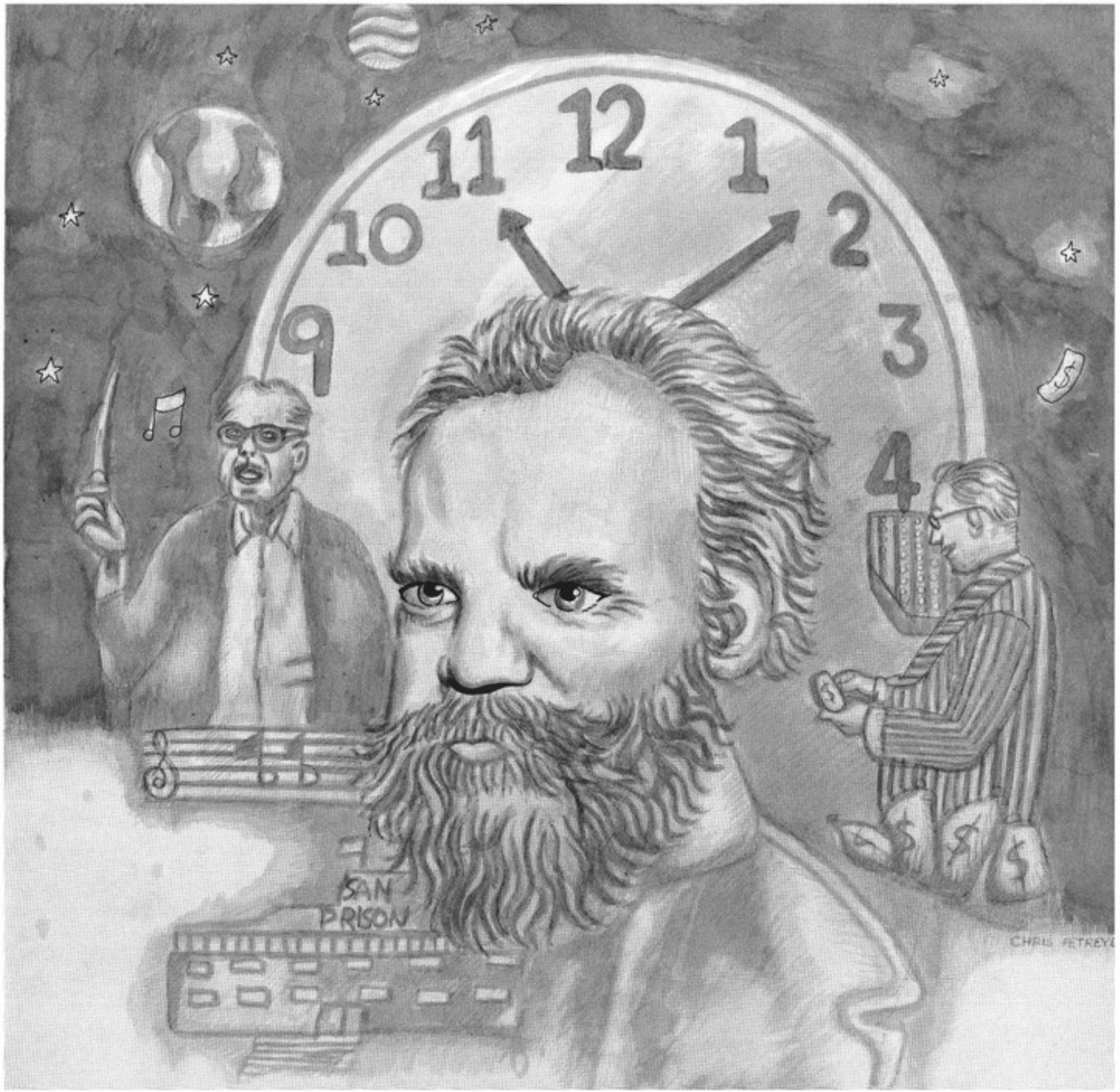



*Illustration by Chris Petreye*

*Photograph by Dave Oliveria*

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