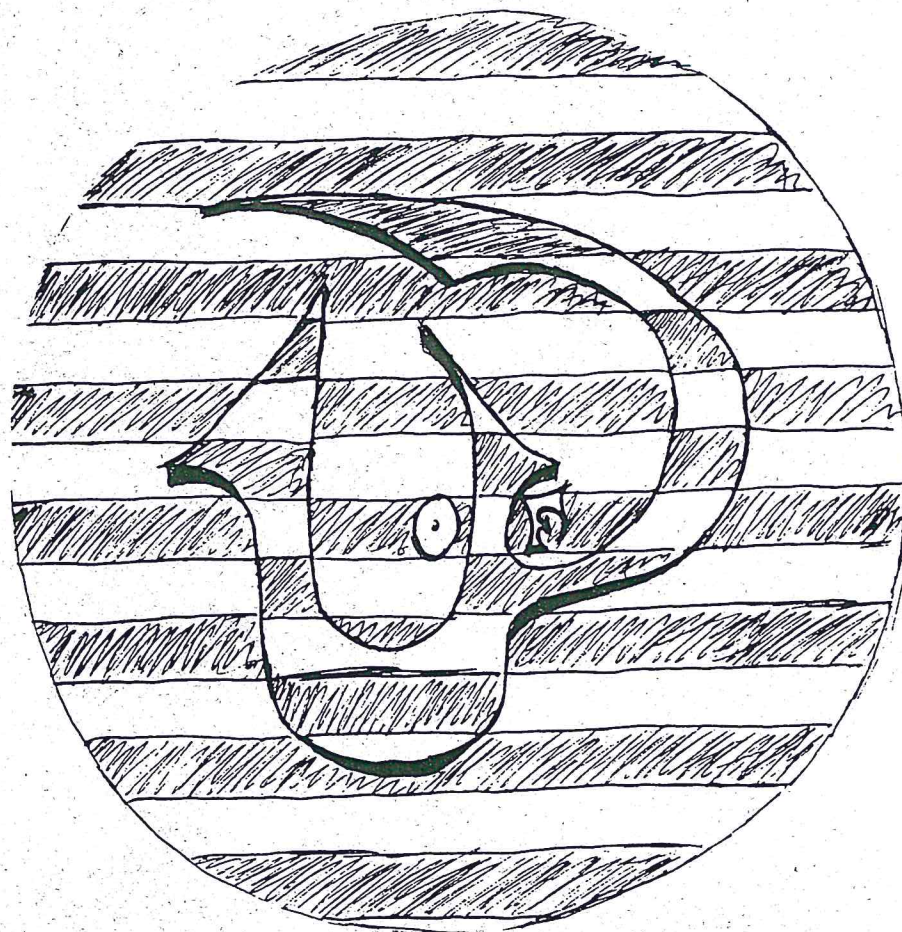


INSCAPE





Inscape

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Smurphy '95

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Live

"Why so depressed?" . . .

Life cannot possibly be that bad.

Cry if you must

But don't come runnin' to me, making a fuss

Unless you have something of some
substance to discuss;

For I'm truly sick of the cryers,

Bitchers and moaners,

I much prefer the uplifters.

You know who I am talking about,

Those who see life for what it is:

Good, not bad,

(Don't get me wrong, there are indeed down sides)

But life is basically good.

So, I come to you with a plea.

Try to be an optimist,

Not a pessimist.

You'll find it much easier to find

The great things in life: happiness,

Joy, success.

And if you come out of the darkness,

For just a minute, maybe you'll find

The best of them all:

Love.

Tom Willis '95



Brian Anderson '97

The prophet returned his words: The story of the Tree.

do you remember that one night?
we sauntered through that complete dark.
we ambled through a relentless fall.
i remember the black sky,
distorted by the hazy house lamps.
the road before us never ended,
it turned and turned back again,
but it never let us down.
it was cracked and pitted
with years of wear on some spots.
the wind had a way of being chilled,
but just chilled enough to think of home.
the houses that surrounded us were
oblivious to our great journey.
most houses stood dark and silent
as we walked past their world.
and the leaves were a dead brown
and lifelessly skipped across our uncharted path.
we went a long way that night, it seems.
we grew older, we saw a world of visions.
i spoke words and you called me prophet.
we took our souls off and stood
naked before each other in an uninterested world.
the world didn't have to be interested.
we were going to change the world.

it was a long time before we found the Tree.
i remember staring at its dark form
silhouetted by a misty pale glow.
the Tree seemed to call out to us.
its dark enchanting beauty held us
close to it for a few hours.
its touch was rough but
not like any other tree.
i remember the tree better than myself.
there was something about the Tree
something that couldn't ever be caught again.
i've seen it since, and it's not the Tree.
it was special for then and now it's gone.
maybe it'll return for us in our old age.
maybe it'll return for some other lost youth.
but until then it's just a tree.

chris davidson '95

Complete Circle

Fall.
Dirt roads.
Rich houses.
Complete circle.
Spirits.
A ghost child.
A prophet and a man.
Disproving Jesus.
All black.
Lone tree on a hill.
A bright light from beyond.
god
The tree casts its dimension.
Down the hill to the road.
The prophet.
me.
Slowly the prophet meets the tree.
Holy Spirit with God's blessing.
He is gone.
I sit.
Cold gravel.
wet.
The prophet returns.
I enter the tree's realm.
Dark.
Cold.
god
I can see.
My hand.
Gone.
I slowly leave the tree.
Dark to light to dark.
Complete Circle.
Rich houses.
Dirt road.
Fall.

Cat's Kill

by Seth Peters '99

The cat walked out of the house and down the steps. It was a crisp, autumn evening - mice hunting time.

A slight wind had picked up, stirring the leaves about. The cat ruffled her fur but ignored it. She had grown accustomed to the change in temperatures. Actually she enjoyed this season. It was fun to chase the leaves that fell, pawing them when they hit the ground. She enjoyed the cozy fires her family had. But she especially enjoyed the mice.

As she neared the door of the barn, the strong scent of mouse reached her nose. A careless child had left the door ajar, and she crept inside. Her eyes dilated so she could see in the pitch blackness. She stealthily climbed the ladder to the haystacks. She heard the mice skittering on their tiny feet, looking for the horse's oats. She heard the rhythmic breaths of the horse sleeping in a stall below her.

Slowly, she crept towards a haystack, and then she saw it. A foolish mouse had come out of its nesting in the hay, hoping to find a morsel of food. It could neither see nor smell her, for she was a gray and black striped cat, and the small wisps of wind coming through the cracks in the barn siding were in her favor. She kept low to the paneling as she inched towards the mouse on all fours. Then, when she felt she was ready, she pounced. The mouse scurried away, quickly hiding. The mouse went down the ladder where she would have better luck.

When she neared the oat bin, she saw mice scurrying back and forth with food, squeaking and sniffing the air. She hid in the shadows, her tail twitching the way cats' tails do when they are in anticipation of a kill.

She watched as a mouse came closer to her. Its whiskers twitched as her tail twitched. Its tail was curled in glee. Its cheeks were stuffed with grains. It had eaten well that night, not suspecting danger. So would the cat.

In one, quick motion, the cat reared up on its hind legs, springing forward. Its claws dug into the mouse's flesh as a terrified squeal was let out and ended quickly once the cat had snapped its neck. The cat picked up its meal, went to a corner, and daintily picked its way around the bones until she was satisfied.

She crept outside into the still, night air and headed towards the house. Little hands scooped her up. "C'mon kitty" said a familiar voice. The cat looked behind her hungrily. Oh well, tomorrow night is another night. Another night for mouse hunting.

Gloves

i am typing with glogves on . .
it's harder than you think. I havew to
think real cxarefuyly so I majke a mistakew
the machine will beep if I am wrong
I did that line resal weoll.
it's a martyrs cross these glovbes of mine
it adds to the effecxt
an artisticl tool of my tradfe.
warm sweaty and patent made
it's animble finghers test.
I do o.kj.,
better than most
at muy litle skill
but my meter is off and the rhyming ids cold
even when ther off
so i'll keeep typing with my glovesd
and labor with this crutch
cuz you wouldn't read thisa shallow cfrap
if I didn't lavbor so much
so if you want a challenging task
and creativity has long gone
try typingh an hour or two
with yer gtloves on.

Joe Casey '95

Why I Love, Respect, and/or Rely on Everyone

I love everyone
Until they lose
Their rooting reflex.

I love everyone
because I feel
So sorry for them.

I love everyone
Yet I do despise
Their knappy coils

I respect everyone
All my teachers, yes,
But not their matching socks

I rely on everyone
To show me how much
I am rational

I help everyone
To be liberated
From the Scape they are In

Trevor Boyer '96

Midnight's Quarry

McGreggor took ride upon his horse,
Advised by the elders to keep his course.
For if he strayed he would be sorry,
And soon become cold Midnight's quarry.
Yet, on his journey he met a stop
Made of broken trees and thorny crop.
So off the path and into the wood,
McGreggor rode forth as best he could.
Then as the sun fell, the forest cleared,
Revealing the sight which he had feared.
For under the moon rode Midnight cloaked
On a black horse with breath that smoked.
So blade unsheathed McGregor would fight,
Knowing he'd die to this dark Midnight.
But before a battle could ensue,
McGreggor stood baffled without a clue;
For Midnight had then removed its cloak,
Revealing a woman with eyes of smoke.
Her hair flowing long was darker than jet
Against a bleached face with lips ruby red.
He was quick under her dark beauty's spell,
Sooner to die than not serve her well.
He then followed her straight into the night,
Riding for miles with no end in sight.
When out of the dark a castle arose,
Higher than God and darker than crows.
Then into the house she beckoned him in,
Calling his heart to join in her sin.
But as she made the black candles bright,
The true face was shown of cold Midnight.
Eyes turned to red and teeth baring fangs,
Skin scaly green with snakes in her bangs,
She lunged at his throat, tearing it out;
Ripping his heart with blood dripping mouth.
McGreggor's loud cries then faded away,
As Midnight lay feasting on her new prey.

Dante Rance '95

Perspectives

Didn't know what I wanted until I lost you.
Didn't know why I wanted until I found you.
Couldn't know what I needed without knowing you.

Even if I was with you all the time it wouldn't
be enough. If you can't understand me it's because
I can't understand me understanding you.

I tell how it is not to be you. You tell me
what you want me to hear. If you still
want to know me, I'd still want to know me too.

Why learn things when I don't know anything about me.
Why worry about what hasn't happened it might not.

Can't find what I'm looking for if I don't
know what that is. When you think about me, know
I'm thinking about you.

Even if I can't have you, could you still lie
to me? Is it hard to not expect the unexpected?

Trust is priceless... should I spend it?
I can't seem to follow you. I can't follow myself.

Crave what you need. Desire only more. I perceive
what I see through my perspective.

Dan Lobring '97



Dante Rance '95

Hope

time goes by
people change
one beauty still remains

i see it naked
i see it cold
but true beauty comes when fully clothed

spreads out wide for me
bends perfectly for my needs
gives me shelter and provides for me

you give me glory to my every day
i would die to defend your life

time goes by
people change
one beauty still remains

some day my body will leave
but your beauty
i hope others do see

Charlie Huber '95

I

A story of coffee and individual liberty

by Arun Rodrigues '97

The dawn broke angrily over the urban plain. Skyscrapers and other temples shattered the rude offenses of the fiery blaze and cast thin slivers upon the tragic scene in The Coffee Exchange.

Ey's large brimmed hat shielded his sun-glassed eyes from the icy glare of his friends.

"You can't do that Ey! I won't allow it. I won't see you gamble your own life this way. It's suicide I tell you! Suicide!" Ey's friend Community Jones pleaded. Community's pleadings fell on listening ears and uncomprehending reason. Beside him stood Tradition Smith who's sense of confusion and lack of thought had knighted him Community's enforcer. Tradition's long arm held Ey back from the counter.

"I shall have it." the words escaped Ey's lips as a simple statement of fact. A simple demand of reality to satisfy his own Will.

The Waiter paused and faltered. Torn by his own confusion, blurred by Community's demands and the Ey's simple order:

One Mother's Little Helper
extra caffeine, 4 espressos, extra cream

The Waiter recoiled. Confusion smashed his abilities.

"Think of your body man! Your kidneys! Your heart! The caffeine and cholesterol! I won't allow it! Never. Its for your own good."

Community opened up with a new onslaught of imposing morality.

"I shall have it. I shall." Ey's eyes burned forth from behind his silverized glasses- the only part of him showing emotion. His brain churned with pure reason. Logic pored through every vein. He spoke:

I Shall Have IT. I fathom the consequences. I recognize the dangers. I

comprehend its inherent pitfalls. I know that it will damage my body and shorten my life.

However, I know the pleasures it contains. The happiness it personifies. The benefits. I see the reality of its existence and I have chosen.

For if there is one thing which individuals should- no, MUST- be allowed to gamble with than that thing is their OWN LIFE! The chains of Community enforced by Tradition cannot deny this essential hazard towards individual Will. This is the inherent right and duty of every thinking being,— to exist or die upon their own merits, judgement, logic, and perception.

Seeing this I know that I Shall Have It!"

Community faltered over the stream of the rational truth which poured forth from Ey's lips. Tradition recoiled from this barrage of wisdom, his arms recoiled from Ey like seat belts from a free man.

The Waiter began the ritual of creation of the Mother's Little Helper. Steam ran through fine coffee beans absorbing caffeine like thought absorbs perception. Cream drenched and blunted the harsh edge of espresso. Chocolate dispersed through the liquid like thinking men in society- dominating by supreme merit, not mass quantity,. All was then smothered by a drenching of whipped cream- containing and solidifying the entire drink. With near holy reverence the Waiter handed Ey the concoction.

Ey seized the container as a Viking would seize the throat of a respected victim. Ey raised the drink to eye level, his mirrored lenses dancing across the pale white cylinder. With a tilt of the hands he poured the liquid down his throat.

Community and Tradition stared upon the figure of Ey. They wished the self-righteous superiority of seeing a man crushed by his own self-worth like crumbs from a year-old toaster.

Ey slowly panned towards them. He was visibly shaken by the experience. His eyes betrayed nothing.

"I have had it. And it is good."

Ey's lips twisted in a slight grin.

☺ ☺ ☺

Whispers in the dark

I heard the stories
In your eyes
About the past.
You can't disguise
What's on your mind.

It seems we can't
Communicate
With words. Though, I know
It's not too late
To save what we had.

We could've tried
Too hard before.
Our laughter died;
It never had the
Chance to soar.

And now I'm left out
In the cold.
I can't find words
To heal my soul
(I love you more than I could ever say.)

What ever happened to you-
Why did our love fade away
Before we knew what we could do
Before I had the chance to say
I love you too...

They say the hardest
Thing to face
Is love that doesn't
Have a place.
I know that's true.

I heard your
Whispers in the dark;
I wished that they
Could start a spark
For me and you.

And now I'm out
In the cold.
Can't find the words
To heal my soul;
(Know that I love you.)

What we had
Was so pure;
I was naive,
I felt secure.
Where did it go?

And when I lie
Awake in bed
And wish that our
Love wasn't dead,
Think of me too.

And now I'm left out
in the cold
Without the words
To heal my soul
(My love is true.)
And I had chances

To say I love you, too.
But I am sure
It won't be soon
That we meet
Under the moon
To damn the past.

We said we would
Always be friends;
I could search the earth
Until it ends.
But none will replace you.

But, if we ever
Have the chance
To look past the
Circumstance,
I'll be here for you.

But you left me
In the cold;
I never learned to
Heal my soul.
(I'm powerless)

Smurphy '95

Outlaw

He walks along the dark, lengthy road
Alone, without a friend, but a chip on his shoulder
And a bag - probably with a brush, a shirt, and a disguise.
Slowly he makes his way to the border;
He'll start all over - new name, new face - and
Easily make new acquaintances along the way.
But in the end it'll all be a trick;
Just another part of his grand deception,
A deception as long as this road
The makeup and the smile can't hide it,
There's no way to escape it.
The past will chase hi to the ends of the earth
And he'll crumble in agonizing defeat
At the hands of his enemy - HIMSELF.

Michael Anderson '95