

PROMETHIA 86

An independent literary edition of *The Oracle*

Oral Roberts University

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Red Banner
ation
DEGAS

LIBRARY 1986

"Can one person make a difference?" I scribbled the question across the top of John's English Literature notes beside his entry for John Keats. John added another line to our dot game, initialed it and jotted down a word or two about Shelley before he answered. As the professor looked away, John began to write names down the margin of my paper. "Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Paul..." Next to these he wrote his name and mine. "If you want to" was the end of his answer. He paused a moment to ponder the dots and then began to write again, "Hitler, Stalin, Nero... It's up to you what kind of difference you make."

It is with the hope of "Making a difference" that the staff of this Promethia has compiled the following collection of student literature. It isn't meant to gather dust on the shelves of elite literary libraries; although, we hope it will be appreciated by scholars. It isn't meant to sit unopened on the coffee table in a

country home; although we hope it finds its way to many family reading tables. Promethia 1986 was written to make an individual difference in the life of every person who takes time to read it—be they academia or seventh grader.

Though the form of some of the poems we have chosen to include may be simple, reading a good literary magazine is not something that can be done with ease. Each artist and writer has taken time to instill a part of his life in every piece we have selected. By the same token, each reader must take the time to discover for himself the value of each work. While good literature should not need an interpreter, an author should not be blamed for the confusion or apathy of a reader who is not willing to take the time to discover for himself the jewel in the masterpiece.

Within this Promethia we have sought to challenge, to amuse to question, and sometimes to answer; however, not all of

the question raised within these pages are answered here. I remember as a child asking my father, "Daddy, when will I know all of the answers?" My father laughed and wisely replied, "When you have lived all of the questions." None of us at 18, 19, or even 25 years of age proportion to have lived all of life's questions, and so many of the answers we reach for agilely elude our grasp.

Perhaps our probing will prompt someone, somewhere to rechallenge the questions they face, and the answers they thought they had established. Maybe someone will even take time to reanswer those questions. If so, then the Promethia will have begun to reach the goal for which it was printed. For by inspiring someone to take life in hand and to challenge the questions and answers they face, Promethia will have begun to make a difference.

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VIGNETTES FROM A HOT JANUARY

I

Glorious Gold
 Sandwiched between
 fleeting night and
 day kissed hills
 flood my soul
 with thy rich
 color which shall
 soon break into
 perfect day

II

Blue Sky Blue blue and
 faintly cloud swept
 Burning with heat of
 Glorious Sun
 Cover the warm wind
 like an
 expansive shelter.

What I can feel what I
 can see blends into a
 beautiful warm whole:
 Blue warmth burning with
 Spots of gold

III

Weeping Willow
 Weeps today over the
 glassy waters of
 the lake
 and sheltered midst
 the streams of tears
 three ducks
 take a quiet siesta
 This scene tragedied, however
 by an errant shopping
 cart which lies mostly
 drowned

Ophelia's shopping cart
 which survives as a
 memorial to her on this
 Shimmering day of
 Winter Summer

IV

Can I ever possess the joy that
 Surprises me at dawn?
 The joy of pure colors untainted by
 smog or harsh light
 The green, the gold, the blue
 which burns into my soul
 I sit and stare— and seize the
 Moment— but the time urges me from my
 heaven and I leave it
 to live and work and to be
 surprised again by nature's choice
 morning jewels.

lynette bowen

FOG ON A POND

Misty swans glide
 shrouded ghosts on
 a silver—struck pond,
 Necks of soft pearl
 bow and dance,
 rising and falling to the slow
 careful cadence
 of the moon's soft, breezy light

Then,
 the winds whisper
 silent echoes
 they melt away
 and
 rising again with new partners
 swirl and dance across
 the smooth, black, glassy water.

jeannie l. burns

BLUE SKIER

Soaring,
 Slicing,
 Spraying,
 Blue—white crystals of frozen magic
 Over Winter's gown of icy diamond lace.
 Biting,
 Cutting,
 Numbing,
 Breath—snatching cold
 Stinging bare face.
 Challenging,
 Daring,
 Dashing,
 Plummeting through bottomless white
 Master of winter ecstasy.

peter smith
WALDEN

I knew it all along
 You needn't inform me
 With news of the sunset
 And so this is fresh air;
 What did you expect
 In a place like this?
 Sure the trees bud.
 That's what I predicted last winter.
 Just listen to me,
 I'll tell you what's coming:
 Those leaves will fall off in a while,
 So don't get excited
 When you see them turn color
 You can count on it happening
 Don't be so surprised all of the time.

In the garden of...Walden?

cathleen g. cuppett

today
 I fought
 against Myself
 and
 against I
 Myself won
 and
 lost to Me
 the

Black and White

and
 gained
 the

grey Become

diana heil

So it's said
 "To Thine own self be true"
 For if you are your own enemy
 Who can be friend?

Yet how can one be true to
 The insecurities, lies, and misrepresentations?
 How can one be true to "Thine own self"
 When one's real self is distorted by the self?

And who knows whether to be true to Me
 Whole self or merely to the conformed self,
 and pass the rest out to be trampled on
 by the pressing mobs.

 jeannie l. burns

Fly
 Fly free
 on the wings of the smallest bird
 Here
 Locked in a prison of
 silence
 I wane away
 Why can't I speak
 and be heard
 and
 understood.

Only stumbling silence
 Guarded by bars of fear
 and cold grey walls of
 loneliness
 proclaim my existence

 noreen m. klinger

Reason.
 A pendulum.
 Swaying to
 And fro.
 Continuing
 Duration.
 Equal portions
 Always show
 There can be
 No crossing.
 Instinctive pull,
 No stay.
 Driven.
 To keep us,
 Ever trapped
 In endless sway.

 k.e.g.

Experience cannot be condensed,
 it must be lived out hour by hour,
 second by second.

LONGING

Longing
 For a quiet place to stop and rest.
 An escape,
 Not from life,
 But from what living has become—
 Strife.

Longing
 For a moment of silence amidst the chaos of doing,
 The incessant shuffle of papers,
 The endless blurr of facts and words,
 The mindless cramming of useless information—
 "Education."

Longing
 For understanding, not the knowledge of the ancient Greeks
 Or modern computer magazines;
 Consummate penetration,
 Grasping—
 The human soul.

Longing
 For strong loving arms embracing a child.
 A place of security,
 Of acceptance,
 Of contentment with—
 Myself.

Lost
 In the last heat of the proverbial rat race,
 Ever longing,
 Never finding;
 Seeking,
 To climb,
 To achieve,
 To extend—
 Over—extended.

Longing
 For a refuge—
 A finish line.

michelle lowi-teng

When I was in prison, God
 Dropped some honey on my
 hard crust. . . then He
 became my bread.

 brad bauer


 john bean

Was it cold that night?
That night in Jerusalem
Under the full moon-
did the scent of snow
fill the air
that spring night?

Warmed by the wine
did they lie under the
light
did they sleep
as the chill wind stroked
their beards?
Dinner lay heavy
in their bellies
words of change
worked sorrow
and wine blurred foresight of hope.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
on my Brothers.

...
Break the skin
scorpion straps
break the flesh
draw out the rich royal blood.

 k.e.g.

Prayers answered
Soon forgotten.
Anxious moments
Until. . .
Prayers answered
Soon forgotten.
Anxious moments
Until. . .

TEDDY BEAR

john m. echols

score by lora doncea

chorus

Teddy Bear, will you listen to me one more time?

Teddy Bear, why have all the po-ems ceased to rhyme?

why do summers always come to an end?

Teddy Bear, where are you? I need me a friend.

verse

Mo - ther read sto - ries to Ted - dy and me, Sto - ries of great men who did good deeds.

Why do those sto - ries never come to be?

Where is the he - ro who can res - cue me?

Where are the kingdoms I once built with my heart?

As this child grows, why must pain play a part?

Chords: A MAJ 7, D MAJ 7, A MAJ 7, D MAJ 7, A MAJ 7, D MAJ 7, A MAJ 7, D MAJ 7, C# min 7, B min 7, E 7, D, A, E, A, D, A, D MAJ 7, A, D, A, B min, A, B min, A, A min, G, A min, G, E, D, E, E 7.



sharon schalla

verse

In comes the Summer, and Teddy and me
would play 'neath the blue roof on our house
of green,

But soon comes Sir Autumn, turning green
to gold.

Colors start fading; sunshine turns cold.
Autumn to Winter, nothing gold can stay.
Seasons of my life; they all fade away.

Just like the seasons and the stories of old.
All of my heart's friends are hard to hold.
They slip through my fingers like sifting sand.
I say, "Oh, please don't leave me. Stay.
Hold my hand."

chorus

Teddy Bear, you have listened to me all these times.
Teddy Bear, I find poems have begun to rhyme.
Teddy Bear, even Winter must come to an end.
Teddy Bear I still love you, but I've found me a real friend

brad bauer



"GIVE IT BACK! (WHIMPER. WHIMPER.)
GIVE ME MY SUBMISSION BACK!"



IT COULD HAVE BEEN IN PROMETHIA!

diana heil

TIME UPON A FIRE

Time upon a fire
Corruptible melts away
Tongues of words flash red, orange, purple,
Others reveal the hidden.

Warmth provides a comfort
Smoke burns the eyes.
It can create —or destroy
It can save from frozen state.
Or char to unrepairable crisp.
While in use — it provides joy
But when it burns out
it leaves behind a black chill.

cathleen g. cuppett

EULOGY OF HUMANISM

"Many are the wonders of this world
None so wonderful as man"

Man, Wonderful Man

"Creating God in his own image"
Evolving into the god He has created
Evolving into Auschwitz
Afghanistan
Armageddon

Man, Wonderful man

"Man the measure of all things"
Measuring all things by himSelf
Building his greatest monuments
Honoring his greatest failures
Failures at Vienna
Versailles
Vietnam

Man, wonderful man

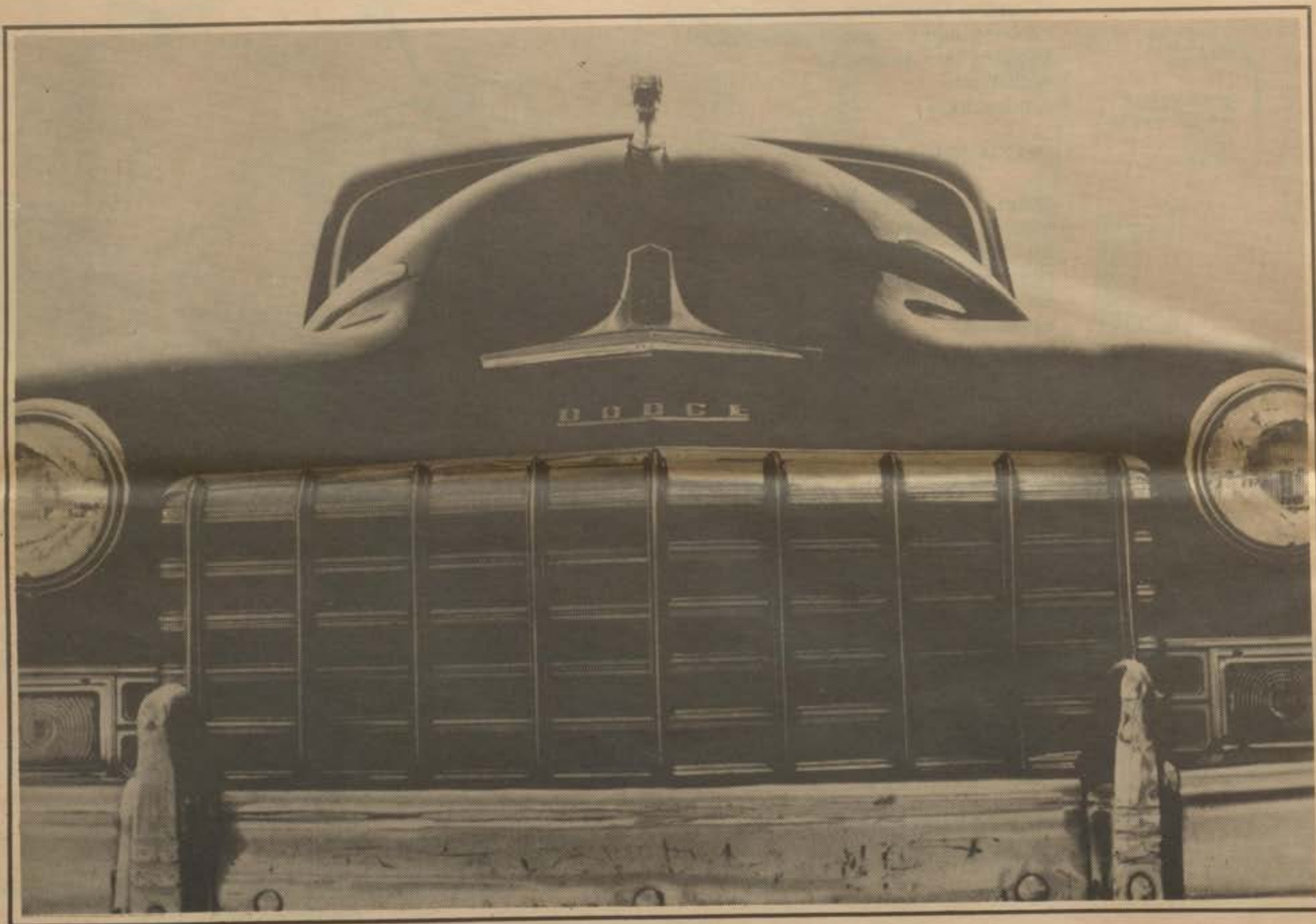
"Ever learning
Never coming to the Truth"
Thinkfully being on the edge of insanity
One hangnail can send him
Toppling over the brink
Like so many dominoes

man, wonderful man

h. celeste turner

NATURAL SPIRIT

Almighty, invisible
God only wise
Glory unchanging
Seen through our eyes.
Sorrows, joys
Love and prayer,
Deny the truth yet
Go on we dare.
Given to insolence
Hyprocrisy rules,
Earthsome judgment
We live as fools.
Cast down thine eyes
Hearts confess,
Desires run rampant
For humble holiness.



North wind rushes in
Bends trees and grass and signposts
and

g
o
o
d
y
r
t
e
p o

Turn the dial on the radio
"Only \$9.95 this week only. . ."

Turn the dial on the radio.
"You must be RENEWED in your
mind. Amen?"

Turn the dial on the radio.
". . .with a high of 65 today. . ."

Turn the dial on the radio.
(Mozart)

Turn the dial on the radio.
"But if we continue to support the
contras. . ."

Turn the dial on the radio.
"Five people died in the plane crash"

Turn the dial on the radio
"Ooh baby, baby, I love you
Baby. . ."

Turn the dial on the radio
"I'm not through cheatin' yet,
darlin'. . ."

Turn off the radio.

What's so lovely
about
an old pick
up truck
punched with acci
dents
in the gray
junkyard?

'Twas with dread
that I read
The Iliad

Hemingway trims off the
fat with his sharp knife of good
judgement before serving his
literary entrees.

Concerning Poe,
I found him quite clever
I didn't get much sleep that night, however

ANTI-CLICHES

"It's raining bats and frogs"

"Another day, another doll house"

Books on the shelf
millions of worlds sitting
idle, utterly useless
until they escape once more
to the mind of a reader.

k.e.g.

EVERYMORNING U.S.A.

Polyester—suited men
Briefcases in hand
Kiss wife and kids goodbye
Jump into new station wagons
Turn on radios
Honk horns and curse
Run through the door
Commuter cup in hand
Sprinting against the revolving hands
That dictate their lives.

k.e.g.

UNEMPLOYMENT LINE

Frozen faces
Piles of papers
Typewriters clicking
Clock ticking
Hope slipping
With every tick

peter smith

PIGGIES

This little piggy went to market
The exotic street shop signs
"Value!" "Save now."
"Save now." "Save now."
Banish last years styles.

This little piggy stayed at home
With the wife and the two kids
Built-in pool, talking car
IBM, VCR
and cruise-control-diesel-fueled lawn mower.

This little piggy had roast beef
As part of a balanced diet
Of three meals a day
Ten snacks in between
To avoid the unthinkable starving pang

This little piggy had none
Of the essentials of life
No garage door opener
No garage door
No garage
No car to put in it
No house beside it
No food in the house

This little piggy looked at his Rolex
(five o'clock!) picked up his briefcase
And went
Me, Me, Me, Me, Me, Me
All the way home

noreen m. klinger

CONTEMPLATIONS OF A TREE

The tree stands
 off from its brothers; tall, noble, and serene. . .
 yet alone. At its base, only young saplings, some bushes
 here and there, and a solitary baby pine. Perhaps long ago, the giant was among many like itself, but now,
 only it remains, a proud remnant
 of yesteryear. The tree has a solidity of purpose though, and an aura of permanence
 despite its weather—beaten trunk. Oh, from afar, the trunk may appear smooth with gentle,
 undulating patterns of light and dark; but on looking closer, one sees the rough, rugged surface
 overlayed with old and new. Its twisting and turning upward, like that of tendons for the sky.
 The massiveness is broken only by a branching off here and there. Then its beauty shown, the task is
 remembered, and the journey continued onward to the sky. Limbs shorn through time keep the goal
 heavenward, so that gradually massiveness yields to a more sharpened, slimmer arm reaching
 . . . 'til at last, there is no more to reach. Thus, it ends in a profusion of greenery to
 delight the heavens in which it now dwells.
 Perhaps, life is like such: a never—ending
 winding effort to make our massiveness
 reach the heavens. Reaching out to
 others along the way, only
 to once again take hold
 of that heavenward
 struggle, but instead
 with sharpened vision,
 dropping the weight
 that does so easily beset.
 Pruned here and there of that
 unprofitable, and ascending the narrow way
 to the sky. To, in our final breath, leave a profusion of
 greenery to delight the heavens where we have sojourned to, and now finally dwell.

anne nga

HE WAITS FOR ME

He waits for me
 beneath the oak
 stripped by early winds.
 A lone figure
 against the stark whiteness
 of passing autumn
 A yellow base ball cap
 pushed back atop thick red hair;
 Beneath the brim
 smile worn blue eyes
 flecked with yellow.
 That tender look of love,
 gently penetrating,
 carefully enveloping,
 sweeping away fears
 An open hand,
 A beckoning gesture. . .
 He waits with patience,
 he waits for me

lynette bowen

WALLS OF GLASS

My heart was in a room of glass
 I could see you, so close— close
 enough that all I had to do was
 stretch out my hand
 to run my fingers down the
 fuzzy warmth of your black
 and red plaid flannel shirt
 But, as I reached
 my touch met only a flat reflection
 the phantom glare of
 a masked illusion
 painted on a wall of glass

jeannie l. burns

SONG OF THE DOE

My lover is like a strong mountain roe,
 Young prince of the wood and ridges above;
 Wild gentle passion robed in amber snow,
 Too free to be tamed by soft tender love.
 He runs like the wind, racing Summer's breeze,
 Agilely eluding keen Cupid's sight,
 Leaping across Love's jagged heights with ease;
 His blood pulsing hot in smooth fleeting flight.
 Pausing he posed, to challenge Cupid's dart,
 Laughing in scorn as the steel arrow flew;
 Too late did he dodge, peirced to the heart—
 Gold—ivory point shot by Jove's marksman true.

He calls for me, and we run together;
 Bounding, two as one, springtime forever.

ron bracken

I GOT YOU DIAMONDS

I got you diamonds from atar
 And pearls from oceans deep;
 I gave you furs, a brand new car
 And golden coins to keep.

I buy you gifts of every kind
 And yet you still want more,
 If love is rich, keep this in mind—
 Your love has made me poor.

k.e.g.

"I love you, and that's from the bottom of my wart"

ron bracken



SILENT DESTRUCTION

And on this day the people prayed
As skies turned black as coal,
And trepidation filled the hearts
And minds of every soul.

For on this day there was no sun
Or stars to fill the sky.
There was no moon, and people knew
That all of them would die.

The legacies that came to pass
Had all but disappeared;
And memories of life were gone,
Or so the people feared.

And then a light from high above
Shewed down upon the land
As all ascended toward the sky—
All walking hand in hand.

And when the person last in line
Had reached the very top,
The light was gone, and down below
All sound and movement stopped.

For now across this land once filled
With people great and small,
Was nothingness—no life, no light—
A world unfit for all.

And years from now if ever this land
Should thrive with life once more,
And all the plants and animals
Grow stronger than before,

And man discovers memories
That once made up the past,
Perhaps he'll find the secrets to
What makes a nation last.

If not, he might discover that
Upon the darkest night,
His land just might fall victim to
That blinding ray of light.

artist unknown

k.e.g.

War and Peace
Is really quite short
If growing old is your favorite sport

THE CASE AGAINST MEN

(Why I Hate Men)

It all began the other night when my dad called to wish me a happy birthday. After a cheering wish and a discussion of the weather at home, Dad turned to his favorite subject—my love life.

"Have you found anyone you're interested in?" he asked hopefully.

"No, Dad..."

"Not much to choose from, eh?" I could almost see him wink as he asked it.

"I'm just not interested, Dad."

As always the conversation came to an abrupt end with... "Torrie, Why do you hate men?" Although I vehemently denied it, the accusation bothered me. Later, as I sat and threw darts at my roommate's Tom Selleck poster, I contemplated my contempt for the male gender. Perhaps, it did border on hate.

"After all, Dad," I heard myself saying as I poised a dart, "what's there to like?" Since no answer came readily to mind, I reapproached the question and released the dart...

Probably the most irritating thing about men is the way they introduce themselves. Due to some unspoken agreement among them, they all use one of three predictable lines: "Don't I know you from somewhere?" (*No!*); "You know, the funniest thing happened..." (*I'm not laughing.*); "Hi, my name is—(*Any male name will do.*)". What's yours?"

Those who use the last line instantly exhaust their conversation ability and proceed to stare at you as soon as the words are uttered.

They are no more adept at handling a phone call. After the initial "Hello," their only intelligible sentence is, "So, what are you doing?" After which they lapse into morgue-like silence and wait for you to carry the conversation. Those few exceptions to the rule don't know the meaning of silence and rattle on incessantly.

Dating is worse. After one date, he falls madly in

love and thinks you're his steady—practically engaged to be married. It is then assumed that you will be available for every event thereafter, and he never thinks to ask or give more than a day's notice. And heaven help you if you glance at or (Horror upon horrors!) dare to speak to another man. Any girl who chances to do so or who happens to be busy when asked out, instantly becomes the image of cold, cruel female vindictiveness.

Men and boys have but one endeavor in life—to "impress" the girls. Boys pull hair, throw pine cones, and fling spit balls. Men are a bit more subtle, but no less ridiculous. They flex, pose, wink, grin, talk about engines, aerodynamics, and previous dates. Somehow, I am always amazed that following a discussion on internal combustion, they can never find the problem with the engine when it "stalls."

Most men either consider themselves Joe Athlete and spare nothing to let you know it, or they cower at the thought of playing any sport for fear of being beaten. If they think they're a jock, they flaunt it. If not, you can't get them out of long sleeves.

They shave when they feel like it, have no concept of how an iron works, and can rarely keep a washing machine from turning everything pink, powder blue, or lilac. The art of letter writing is a mystery to them, and children are nice to look at. They think their wives buy babies at the hospital. They can build high-rises, engineer bridges, and drive trucks, but they can't thread a needle. They complain about backseat drivers as they give cooking lessons from the dining room! And they work hard all day so they can come home and tell their wives they did so...

At this point my thoughts were interrupted, as a well aimed dart hit Tom squarely on the nose. To my great satisfaction, it stuck fast.

"Yep," I said once again to my absent father, "Men are too much trouble!"

k.e.g.

Poetic inspiration eludes
me on swift, snickering feet
