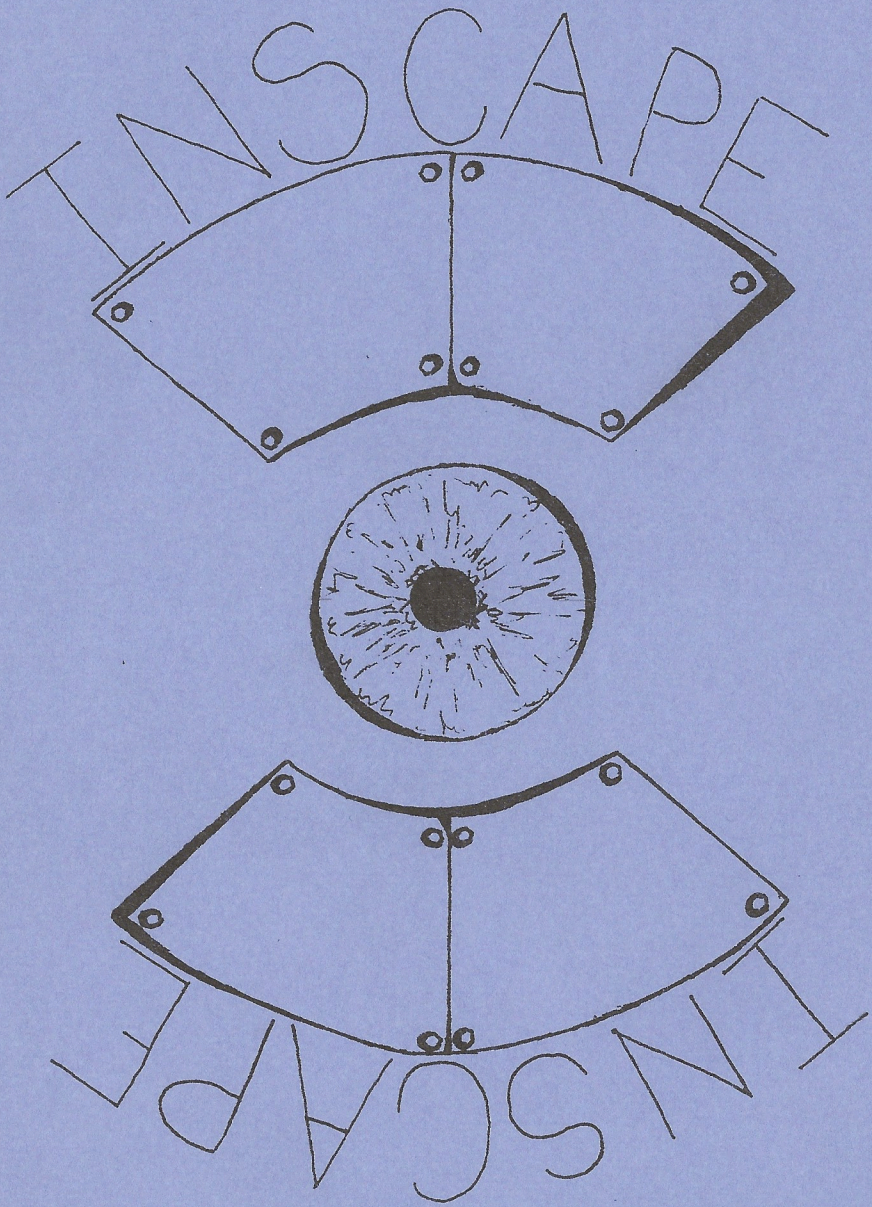

INSCAPE
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Inscape
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Inscape is a word coined by the English poet Gerard Manley Hopkins, borrowed by us, and perhaps best illustrated in the following stanza:

As kingfishers catch fire, dragonflies draw flame;
As tumbled over rim in roundy wells
Stones ring; like tucked string tells, each hung bell's
Bow swung finds tounge to fling out broad its name:
Each mortal thing does one thing and the same:
Deals out that being indoors each one dwells;
Selves - goes itself; myself it speaks and spells;
Crying What I do is me: for that I came.

- Gerard Manley Hopkins

Memories

As I look back
at the pictures on the wall
I see the love of the past
is no more.
Whatever I did
I was always best,
and I dragged them through my success,
like a stone in my shoe,
I denied them my acknowledgements,
but they treated me as their only.
I had forgotten their love
until it was lost.
But through those years
I had forgotten the love
that I never deserved.
Hear me
for I wish that love
to be once more.

-Michael Chabie '95

Death

We fear it.
We hate it.
Yet we see it every day,
Another person's life taken away.
Was that life joyful?
Or was that life sad?
Or was it merely driving you mad?
Were you there when need the most?
Will you see God, your gracious host?
Is your life content in its short extent?

-Tony Bruce '97

The Cat!

The Story of a Cat.

By: Arun Rodrigues '97

A Cat, a Fire Department sergeant and a family - and how they were horribly twisted by a man.

A historical Romantic Dark Comedy

Autobiographical

THE RITUAL

Chapter 11
(Formal)

Mrs. Crumpet opened the door and frowned. It was a small door, far too small for a person, and was unusually shaped. Round instead of rectangular for instance. This, however, was not the reason for her frown.

"Henry!" She screamed. "Heeennnrrry!"

"What is it?," replied Mr. Henry J. Crumpet the 55th in a far more dignified and less musical tone.

"Call the Fire Department. The cat is engaged in a peculiar form of ritual self-mutilation."

"What?"

"The cat is engaged in a peculiar form of ritual self - mutilation."

"Yes, I heard that, but why call the fire department? Wouldn't a veterinarian be more...uh.. more..." he faltered.

"Barbaric?" Miss Winifred - Walters - Sue Crumpet. Henry's daughter, helpfully added.

"No...more...uh..."

"Uncultured?" Mrs. Crumpet supplied hopefully.

"No. Nothing like that. I'll call the fire department."

CHAPTER 3

The Cry
(Conformist)

"Hello, you've reached the New Denver Fire Department automated voice mail system. To report a fire press one; to file a request press two; to receive financial aid press three; for all other problems press four."

Mr. Henry Crumpet pressed four dutifully.

"I'm sorry your request for financial aid was denied. To report a fire press one; to file a request press two; to receive financial aid press three; for all other problems press four."

Mr. Henry Crumpet pressed four, this time with a sense of foreboding.

"I'm sorry your request for financial aid was denied. To report a fire press one; to file a request press two; to receive help with a cat-related problem press three; For all other problems press four.

Mr. Henry Crumpet pressed three.

"If your cat is stuck in a tree, press one; if it is choking, press two; if it has a medical problem, press three; if it engaged in a peculiar form of ritual self-mutilation, press four."

Mr. Henry Crumpet pressed four.

" Hello sir, this is Sergeant Billingsly. I'm here to help you with our cat-related problem," replied a voice, presumably Sergeant Billingsly's, on the end of the line opposite from Mr. Henry Crumpet.

"Oh, uh, well, my cat is engaged in a peculiar form of ritual self mutilation," Mr. Henry Crumpet replied to Sergeant Billingsly's inferred query.

" I see. Well you stupid git. You should probably call an advanced paramilitary animal psychologist." Sergeant Billingsly hung up. His real name was Sergeant YouJustSteppedOnMyTail. He used Sergeant Billingsly because it threw the small legion of private investigators (all attached to the Bureau of Having-Too-Many-Capitals-In-Your-Name which was really a cover for the bi-partisan committee for the preservation of world hunger), which was searching for him, off the trail.

CHAPTER 42

The Silent Slaughter
(Entrenched)

Louis Lexington was deep in meditation. His hands were covered with the spiritual residue of hatred. He waited.

After an hour he began to prepare. He offered a libation to his g(G)od(s). He stood. His trench coat clinging to his well-built frame. The sawed-off shot gun was heavy next to his arm. The weight of the throwing stars in his boots gave him a slight limp. The rocket launcher strapped to his back dug deeply into his flesh. The DSM3R (Pocket addition) was securely in his pocket.

The phone rang.

"Hello, Louis Lexington?"

"Yes. This is Lexington," replied Lexington in a dreary tone, a tone that reflected a warrior whose soul was more scarred than his body.

"A Mr. Henry J. Crumpet the 55th has requested an Advanced Paramilitary Animal Psychologist." Louis Lexington listened intently.

"I understand. I'm on my way."

CHAPTER .003

The Explosion
(Rigidly so)

Mr. Crumpet waited on the porch. The dispatcher for Advanced Paramilitary Animal Psychologists had told him that Mr. Lexington would be there shortly.

He was.

Louis Lexington arrived in a long heavy black car. His coat was blown about by a wind that only blew for him. He approached Mr.

Crumpet.

"Mr. Crumpet, I presume?" he queried.

"Ah, Yes, You must be the Advanced Paramilitary Animal Psychologist. You see, our cat, Jenny, is engaged in a peculiar form of ritual self-mutilation, and I was told that..."

Mr. Crumpet was silenced by a single blast from Louis Lexington's sawed-off shotgun. Mr. Crumpet's innards were sprayed about the porch. A look of fear was etched on his face.

Louis Lexington entered the house. He sprang up the stairs, driven by an internal instinct TO FIND THAT CAT!

A single throwing star dismembered Miss Winifred-Walters-Sue Crumpet.

Louis confronted the door. A well-aimed kick reduced it to fragments. Behind was the cat.

A look of deep despair grew over Louis Lexington's face. Another cat lost to the forces of evil. There was only one thing left to do.

He placed the charges of plastic explosives about the house. As he left, he triggered the detonator. The explosion left only a crater.

My Life

I try to please my parents
I try to please my teachers
I try to please my professors
I try to please my wife
I try to accomplish my goals
I try to help others

I, though, am a loser and have died, a sad, lonely, miserable, old man, who has only a sock puppet named Jeremiah as a true friend and companion.

Where have I gone astray?
Probably that time when I went fly fishing in Montana without Jeremiah. Either that or the time I tried to blow up the United States with stolen nuclear bombs.

-Dan Lobring '97

The Prophet Speaks

Good Day, Good morning
I am here with a warning
Be careful, Be Wary
The news I have is scary
Tread Lightly, Watch Out
These words make men shout
This warning I must say to you
Will make you run to mommy-moo
Boo Hoo Boo Hoo
Boo Hoo Boo Hoo

We're all gonna die

-William Copeland '95

Dreamer

Tell me what he meant to say,
A dreamer just faded away.
He lived in all the words he said,
Exampled with the life he led.
He saw a dream and kept on trying,
Holding fast and never dying.
His world was centered on getting farther,
this hardest-working, dreaming father.

...But he never thought of me.

Chris Davidson '95

Running

A new day begins and so does the chase and
The machine is energized and ready to go
Its vice-like grip grabs at me from all corners and
Each time it misses by an inch,
But I have no fear and refuse to quit so
I just keep on running.

There is chaos everywhere as I run.
The people have been captured by that damned machine,
They are now prisoners and not people.
They are not free to live their own lives like I.
But there is nothing I can do for them now
So I just keep on running.

Finally, I have come to the border and am almost free
But before I run those final steps
I look back in anger
At how that machine has taken those I love
How it has made them into its slaves,
But it's too late now and there is no way I can help
So I just keep on running.

-Mike Anderson '95

Ressurection

From my exit of the womb
to reflections of the tomb
I've died a million, billion tiny little deaths.

And until the day in which I die,
I shall breathe and laugh and cry
all just to die once again.

-Chris Northcross '94

Memories

I remember skies of azure
Smiling on the greenest pasture
Sun caressing my childlike face
Thinking that I was the last here

How I long to stop the clock's hands
And like the sea swim through time's hands
'Till I emerge at that sweet place
Where through lost memories I'd dance

So free of sin, so free of care
Unknowing when, unknowing where
It mattered not what the world did
Just my small world, so light and fair

But past is gone and I am here
The present is, the future's near
Dwell not on stars or miss the dawn
A short time is a hundred years.

- Joe Guernsey '95

Nowadaze

The whole world has gone to hell in a hand basket.
Good music?
Popularly determined by MTV.
Dirty politicians.
Trusted
Even the most cherubic candidate for political office.
Corrupt.
An elected thief.
Vote-bribin',
Jet-settin'.
Violence.
Glorified by all
And all those who can't grasp its horrific consequences.
The cause of violence?
The "new motivation."
Everywhere you go,
People trying to make a quick buck.
Oh, be quiet,
You didn't really expect your hair to grow back,
Did you?
You really expected that high to last?
You thought you'd never come down?
A quick fix with a fantasy-
now you're in the red.
Not only do we live in fear of violence,
now we fear the unknown,
So we shy away from certain things-
If we live in fear
We're not really living?
So why can't you trust
Rather, believe in some other thing (person)
You deem worthy?
And live fearlessly,
But not recklessly.

Gabe Doman '94

"No," said the dead man
"I don't take myself very seriously
But we wouldn't want to be flippant
And if that were the case
Then all existence would be inappropriate
And sometimes a bright light
Gets in the way
And i can't see the sea through the trees"
But then I replied with my face in a sneer
"The tree fell
And the sea was o'er taken by a mountain,
And in the way that children do,
They sang the world a song.
And that would be inappropriate?"
The man just stopped and hung his head.
And then after an afterthought
The dead man said,
"Who in fact determines
Appropriate and inappropriate,
For i have sailed the wide seas,
Without leaving my yard
And i have spoken with the children
And their gods within-"
"How dare you speak of their gods,
For their gods are something that you cannot know!
A god of a child is just that,
And the child chooses appropriarity,
And who chooses what is right,
From what is wrong?
Neither you nor I."
The dead man died,
And I ate my biscuit

Chris, Smurphy, and pj

february 13, 1945

in life i see the darker things,
the hatred that man's evil brings,
in life i see the darker things too clearly.

my eyes reflect the blood they spill,
the minds that hate, the hands that kill,
my eyes reflect the blood they spill so dearly.

in life i see the darker things,
my eyes are left with darkened rings,
in life i see the darker things too clearly.

Joe Kirkland '95

The Dance

The night winds sing her sacred name
The stars conceal her face;
The moon is never quite the same
Amid her bright embrace.
She does her dance across the sky
The grey clouds are her stage;
Her tears are aflame when she cries
Always burning in rage.
Woman, sweet woman, dance your dance
Feel no pain or sorrow
At your dance I cannot glance
Yet nine children surely follow.
How the night deceives us when your
Great dance we cannot see;
Your holy ancient dance sends forth
All that we're to be.

Joe Guernsey '95

In Defiance
Set my hand and set my place
Don't turn back there's no disgrace
In winning
I don't know what's at stake

They don't know me can't get in
Noises closed so much to win
I'm lost now
But never judge my sins

Take my hand please take my place
I thought there was another way
I couldn't stand here watching you
There's nothing left for me to do
I can't hold back I should've known
Can't take back the things I've shown
I'm lost now
Never understand...Never understand

Smurphy '95