

Rhapsody

A Potpourri of the Arts



Untitled

All of the big ideas
come down to this...
a rose colored morning,
the hill behind my house
dark against that bright sky.
Whatever brought me here is forgotten...
where I go, no longer important.
Nothing profound will come,
no new insight
no answers at all.
What I thought would be death
is, after all,
tis rosey birth
on a November morning in Oregon.

by Claudia O'Driscoll

"Changes"

As I sit here in the school cafeteria smoking a cigarette and drinking a cup of coffee, my mind wanders back thirty years ago when I was the age of the young men and women hurrying about the campus from one class to another.

I remember my first job when I was fourteen years old, and working for a furniture company, twelve hours a day, seven days a week, for twenty-eight dollars a week. Now, thirty years later, you can't get a work permit at the age of fourteen. But, in my opinion, that is good, for there is a time for being an adult with adult responsibilities, and fourteen is not the time.

I remember when you put a quarter in a cigarette machine and received the pack of cigarettes of your choice and four pennies change tucked in the side of the package. That same pack of cigarettes will now cost you \$1.25, and you can forget about any change. Furthermore, I remember buying gasoline for nineteen cents a gallon and my windshield washed free. Today the only thing nineteen cents will buy you is an insult.

There has been, and rightfully so, many contrasts in the last thirty years, or in any thirty year span: girls looking like boys with their very short hair-dos, torn jeans with the zippers in the front, and boys looking like girls with their long hair and earrings. Sometimes, you just don't know whether to kiss them or kick them.

As I look back to my teens I see where my generation had some pretty weird ideas too. Things like boys wearing the scarves of the girl they were going with around their necks, cowboy style. The girls wore dog collars around their left ankle, if they were going with someone, and around their right ankle if they were available.

All freshmen high school boys went through an initiation ritual, that was, to be stripped of all their clothing, have their bodies covered with lipstick stripes, and then to be thrown into the lake. But at least the ritual was considerate, for the ice was broken before you were thrown into the lake. This ritual takes place every year during the winter month of December.

Holding doors open at the stores, opening car doors, and giving up your seat on the bus, so that a woman might have it, are all things I do not see happening any more as it did when I was a youth.

Ten thousand dollars a year wages was to be considered a very good wage. Today, it is considered to be on the poverty level, and thirty thousand dollars a year is not an uncommon wage. In fact, you are not considered a success in New York unless you make three times your age in thousands, per year, as income.

Some things do not change though, like the reproduction of life. However, as I sit here drinking this cup of coffee that I paid thirty-five cents for, I can't help but think about how I could drink coffee all day for a single dime, thirty years ago.

The "GOOD OLD DAYS?" Not really, just days of the past, just as it will be, — thirty years from now.

by Joe A. Smith

"Mapping Our Lives"

The roads we journey
Long and short
Also vary by surface
Paved or dirt
Though we may race or
Stumble and fall
The decision of direction
Is ours last of all
Sometimes misguided or
Just lose our way
We wander still forward
Leaving trust to our feet
To carry us on until
The trails again meet.
Some roads are windy, rocky and
Cause us to walk
While others flatten to let us
Race without stop.
When connected together,
These roads map our lives
From the moment we crawl
To the moment we die.
At times we take out our maps
To retrace our steps,
Wishing, if only we could
journey back
Try it again with only smooth
roads
Erase bad choices and windy
trails that we strode
But to choose only the roads
with fewer bends
Is to discover a map that sooner
will end

by Julia Singer



A Literary Supplement to The Print

