The Andrean
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St. Andrew's School
Middletown, Delaware

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Hunger for...

Hunger for the precious pangs,
    Escape these vengeant vices
Hunger for the frozen fangs,
    Unfettered release entices...

Hunger for...
    the lines that never bend
    the dreams that never end
    the silence always blasting
    the darkness everlasting.

It lingers —
    that desire —
    to run and never stop
    to leap and never drop
    to scream and never hear
    to cry and never fear.

Hunger for...
    the drowning lament
    the haunting descent
    the endless thunder
    the Fatal slumber.

Chris Flemer
At Home

At home in Africa
you can hear the drums beating,
but only if you listen.
At home in Asia
you can feel the sun burning,
but only if you wait.
At home in America
you can taste the food,
but only if you eat.
And at home in Paradise
you can filter the sand through your toes —
but only if you walk.

Kibbey
The 20th Century

Imagine,
— if you will —
a place where dreams
go from the unattainable
to the concrete... how industrial!

Kibbey

Tears sidle down my forehead
pooling in my eyebrows
before coursing down the sluice of my hair.
That’s what you get for laughing upside-down.

f. altvater
I point
    a finger up
when
    Billy's strutting
an'
    I'm wonderin'
what rhythm's hiding
    in his hip.
Even when
    we're lying
    naked
on the bed
    an' the sunshine's
pourin'
    fresh squeezed
        orange juice
    in our window,
    I'm wonderin'
who's blowin'
    black birds
outa
    the empty trees
    outside.

MBD
Sir

In summers evenings I once waited,
by an old stone station with green shutters,
beside a red splintered bench,
willing you home at a rapid flutter.

A bike shop stood across the narrow street,
cars passed quickly in the warm evening dew,
the breeze blew quietly in the still night air,
and I stood patiently waiting for you.

A light flickered some moments down the track,
the trees rustled as your train drew near,
you stepped off taking my small hand in yours,
and whistled as we walked through the night air.

I wish I could still be waiting for you,
and I wish you would be there if I was.

Elizabeth Baxter
If the need to
sing should strike
sing
loudly
in honor of life
to the extent of your
exultance
so the ginko trees
— awaiting you —
should succumb
to the
temerity of your
tenet
and applaud
their golden fans
to fawn at your feet
in humble
adulation
of your ardor
for existence.

Teresa Morgan
She only wanted to be home amidst her Fisher-Price castle and people, like Gulliver and the Lilliputians, helping them decide which princess should ride the black horse. The castle was weathered by countless hours of play, and the people were scarred by generations of bored, frustrated teeth. Today the King and Queen had planned a picnic in the meadow, really the green couch, with the princesses and her friends; She was missing the fun. The kingdom was so peaceful and quiet. The only sound would be the muffled laughter of the princes and princesses running through the forest, otherwise called the mahogany chair. There would be dapples of light on the forest floor, the brown rug, and the pungent odor of moist soil and mildew. Here in the car everything was made gray by the smoking and yelling of her mother. Outside, the lost snake of a highway slithered between billboards. She looked down at her little pillow — the ghostly eyes from the image of a panda stared back from the threadbare material. He didn’t know where they were going either.

Alice Duffee
The Human Zoo

Shall I wear this opaque mask?
The lore of death tugs,
I toy with it like a puppet —
We are one,
Just another ingenuous obsession.

Shall I unmask myself and leave my utopia?
For revealing my puppet,
I am thrown into the human zoo,
A torn shirt atop a pile of mending —
We are one,
Just another object to repair.

Shall I ever be free now?
The keeper records my life:
How much I eat, how well I sleep,
How sociable I am, how I brush my hair.
Rage fills me like pressure in a bottle —
We are one,
Just another container to open.

Shall I tell the keeper how I feel?
Festering rage corrodes
My tongue to a needle’s point,
Words catapult from behind taut lips,
Boulders from behind a castle wall —
We are one,
Just another battle to be won.

Shall I face my fellow captives?
Blank stares sift through cigarette clouds
To judge me, determine my crime,
Headlights in a winter fog —
We are one,
Just another vehicle to maneuver.

Shall I don my mask again?
The words the keeper feeds me
Are keys to my cage.
I will repeat the words and I will be free
An arrow to be shot towards the sky,
But now I am alone,
Just another specimen in the human zoo.

Alice Dutfee
A Poem for Children

You mean you didn't see that
little
bird fly by?
Or the purple spotted cheetah
with the one
black
shining eye?
A creature with one horn
flew
by and winked at me, you see,
and crowds of beastly dinosaurs
waved at us because it was a holiday.
And you must believe, I cannot lie,
just
because you blinked your eye!

Kibbey
The Visit

You came to my window one night
when our love was yet new;
you stood in the caressing light
and gentle misting rain.
And I loved you.

You came last night
when all but hope had flown;
I laughed —
you stood dripping and ridiculous.
And I loved you once again.

f. altvater

The Danceman

Piper plays his tunes
And the leaves scuttle along the cobblestones
Waltzing for the danceman
With a macabre shuffle.

f. altvater
Keep pursin' yo lips
an shimmyin' yo hips
an rattlin'
dat pelvis drum
'cause
Honey,
I'm COMIN'
just dabbin'
my lips
with china red
& swingin'
my black pigtail
rope 'gainst my ass
when Ella laughs
so jazzily
I feel like yelpin'
but I gotta keep it COOL
wrappin'
    dese mellon breasts
in
    a purple
    silk
shakin'
down giggles
at
    de thought
of foreplay
an
you
  ain't
  even
  here!
"Almost
  ready!"
steppin'
in
    high
    red heels
pumpin'
tropical
    scent
under
    my plumpin'
    earlobes
makin'
    me sweet
an
candy-delicious
as
    I head hard
down
de
    stairs.
MBD
One — Reflection

I talk to you,
You talk to me,
But nothing gets accomplished.

I look deep inside your eyes,
depth into your soul,
and see no love
reflected.

I smile, I grin, I laugh,
But tears come to my eyes.
I know what was once felt
Will never be known again.

I cry, I weep, all alone.
who will come pick up the pieces?
I know not you.
Don’t worry I will try to make it through.

All alone again
That’s how it’s always been
Try to smile,
Try to grin.
I will always dream
Of what could have been.

Trevor Middleton
The eye of the needle
is . . .
(the thread has slipped and fallen,
lost on the rug)
. . . is the I of the needle.

f. altvater
Jazz

Pushing its way past empty chairs and plank windows,
Solitary jazz saunters under the door and
Down the stairs
Until it captures us —
And we, once again,
Breathe in
Thick clouds of intertwined
hope and despair,
As the dark swallows the violet haze of your cigarette
And the night shapes to fill up the empty room.
We live and die and fear and desire
Simultaneously —
While solitary jazz spills under the door
And the cold concrete step annuls its strength.

MEG
Happiness
explodes among the flowers
as my heart expands
to reach
my fingers
as they grab to touch
what is gone.

AWE

Scared by the Light

Scrunched, pushed, back into the corner
Cutting off the light
The only way out is one given to me
forced, herded, into the light
A light too strong,
Flashing too quickly
Taking the path anyway
Fleeing, running into the light,
Stumbling blind in its brightness
Until by chance shielded from it
Laying behind its protection
Scared by the light
Yet longing to taste it once more

G. S.
Crystal Dreams

It is too late now
already
the words you sweetly whispered in my ear
have been caressed by tears.
You say
you do
you leave... .
If I tell my problems to the wind will they float away?
No.
The dreams I tell her
always come back, but
twisted,
tattered and torn,
by the thorns on the rose as she passes
why do you hurt me?
Does it give you satisfaction to tear away
at my heart?
Body comes to mind as colored triangles
mingle...
jingling in the wind who whispers my
secrets as she floats by
like an idea that blossoms, I kept my dreams
in a crystal vase
up, high
upon the shelf
slightly out of reach...

Until the day they willed
and my vase crashed to the ground

That is where I found myself
among the broken bits of glass.
Calendar

Somewhere in the last few days I lost Fall.
It slid or, more precisely, fluttered
In between the pages
Of viridian summer
And cotton white winter.
The colors browned too fast
And cascaded into ochre heaps
That cower at the base of the trees
Who wrap their nakedness in the grey swath.
The voice of the season is a dead throaty rattle
And the leaves whisper and croak
When once they sang triumphantly.

I saw an early flight of geese
And I wonder now if,
As they flew overhead,
They did not pull Fall away with them,
leaving me, the sleeping earth, and the biting winds behind.

f. altvater
At night this endless sea
shines silver,
rippling and majestic under a sky
Unblemished by artificial light —
Proud, serene existence —
Oblivious to travelers
Who challenge your brutal vitality
With an awareness of your soul's roots —
An unconscious understanding of your moods,
Now peaceful
Brooding
Furious.
Your unending tides control petty, human destiny
Blameless, haughty warrior.
War

breaks out.
as an escape convict
it makes amends
for time lost
LOCKED
in the prison of
subconsciousness.
a persistent parasite
with a tantalizingly cowardly
simple
solution
to the fact that mama’s baby boy
once found a very desirable bauble
in the neighbor’s greener grass.

Teresa Morgan

Dreamwarden plays chess with Insanity

— The chessman sinks to the bottom of the glass
where it has fallen
and the bubbles rise and pop
on the surface of my tepid water
as Insanity checkmates Dreamwarden’s king.

f. altvater
Sunshine

Bang bangbang — it aims
at thinman corn and his family
'til they
    hang
their
    heads
    in
    shame.

It teases tender grass
until the sprouts
    spring
    into
    a
    lawn.

Wobbling arrows
    plunge
    through
    my
    window
swamping
the floor in orange water
lapping at my feet.

Alice Duffee
depression impressions

little wells of depression.
— drowning,
under a shroud of viscous white air —
Black imagination
congealed around a nocturnal dream;
And peering heavenward at a cobbled rim of
gelic tedium. . .
— only gellid whisperings.
Torn hands velveted with blood grope,

but the walls are too slippery. . .

MC

Sneakers

Yesterday walking down a city street,
the wind blew and it smelled.
It smelled like an old white house,
with a twisty gravel drive-way,
and a funny screen porch,
and big worn chairs in the library,
and open windows with floral curtains,
and a little girl in pink sneakers.
And I could smell it.

Elizabeth Baxter
Life

Life is a pair of giant pink fuzzy dice
Hanging from the rear —
view mirror
Of a very old Cadillac with flames
Painted down the sides of it
As it heads southward
On Highway One (1) towards somewhere
South of where it is
Now
Where it will be stolen for parts
Leaving the pink fuzzy giant
Dice cast aside
On a pile of rusty scrap metal
Getting rain on it
When
A bum finds them
Uses them to decorate
The cardboard box he lives in except
When it’s warm
And it doesn’t rain
And the birds that sing find
The fuzzy giant pink dice
Using them
To build their nest
Until the forest
Burns
Down consuming everything in
Its flaming path
The dice are no more.

Bill Sibley
please melt

How is one to justify the falling of the snow?
— An indirect of nature is all that we can know.
And understand the compromise of winter into spring.
The queer but normal change:
a questionable thing.

When is there an answer to propagandic thought,
that color in condition can be traded,
sold or bought?
Snow dominates the pattern,
limiting the change — and yet it survives,
talented, not strange.

Correspond the Color to the season (never season to color);
and prepare a parody on hope.
If only the color melted like the winter into spring.
The rest would be left standing,
colorless of all.

The blinded beast perceives not color,
Only feeling,
Judges not on tone but trying.
How life would sing a merry song
if all the beasts were blind!

Kibbey
Jellybeans in a Jar

Sitting on a shelf.
If I stretch real hard, I can see
the jellybeans in a jar.
I spy
the red, yellow, pink, green, and the best (black) ones.

Standing on a chair.
If I reach with all my might, I can get (almost)
the jellybeans in a jar.
I can grab (almost)
the red, yellow, pink, green, and the best (black) ones.

Climbing on a chair.
If I taste right now, I could eat
the jellybeans in a jar.
I could gobble
the red, yellow, pink, green, and the best (black) ones.

Yelling from the doorway.
If I could, I would escape
with all the jellybeans in a jar
but the scolding dumped
the red, yellow, pink, green, and the best (black) ones.
on the floor with the jar
and I can’t even escape (ouch) the spanking.

f. altvater

Cracking

Building up. . .
Pressure on the dome. . .
Cracking. . .
A drop falls. . .
Destruction. . .
Slow reconstruction. . .
Building again. . .

Jake Townsend
Flowers surge upwards
The oaks now corral the wind
Bright springtime again

New mown grass and green shade trees
Ice cubes clanking in a glass

Tempered steel cools
The chill sword prepares to cut
Falls hateful half moon

Brittle, stiff and frozen branches
shining, silver lined and bright

Light, water, flowing
Harmony, melody, one
speckled, flashing, all.

Ty Martin '87
Kim Egan '88
Smiling Motion

With smiles
And an Electric Stride,
You fill up
Our empty room
until —
Once again,
You billow out
Like a wave —
Driving by with that same
Compounded Energy
That Swept You In.

MEG