



Student Art and Poetry: Windows of the Soul

Each year Adventist colleges publish the best of student poetry and art in short anthologies with names like *Contours*, *Gadfly*, *Montage*, *Parnassus*, and *Quicksilver*. Hail the bards and artists!

Growing, Beliefs, Santa, God

Sometimes my little friends would question me
On my belief in Santa Claus, just like
The adults in my life would question me
On my belief in Jesus Christ. A hike
Into autonomy, where I'd be free,
Was fraught with danger for a little tyke.
But I was smart and learned just what to say:
"There is no Santa; Christ's the only way."

The adults in my life were pleased to hear
Me talk like them, and showed me off in church,
Where I could learn that Christ's return was near
And real and needing Biblical research,
Where pastors cried, "The final eve is here!
For God and all his angels do approach!"
But I was smart and learned just what to say:
"The world could end today, so we should pray."

Eventually I reached autonomy,
Amid the praise of parents and peers.
And now sometimes I ask myself, a free
And thinking man, if the world as it appears
Is soon to end, and when Christ comes, will we
See more than I did see of Santa's deer?
Although I'm smart, I don't know what to say,
And realize that is why I need to pray.

David Sturtevant
Andrews University
Parnassus 1990

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In a flickering blue-black glow
Lies a little lost soul.
Starved white ghosts drift by,
Busily haunting others.
He waits quietly for his turn,
Staring at the blue-black glow.
Finally tiring of his faithful vigil
He reaches across the darkness
For a human voice and touches zero.
Three floors below the little lost soul
Two operators sit in a blue-white glow.
"What was that?" asked one to the other.
"Oh," said the other, "A little boy in
432 bed 1 wants a t.v. guide."

Susan Montgomery
Pacific Union College
Quicksilver 1990

A Saturday Afternoon at the Art Gallery (a study of the form and volume of mind space)

I went yesterday
to see the worlds ep-
itaph in Tole-

do, Ohio. It
was a searing day
in February

and the world lay boxed
within four walls and
covered under with

a floor—the way most
of its dreary, dull
inhabitants like

it. They were all stand-
ing within their pond-
erous, trivial,

five-sided volumes
of thought, fancying
themselves critic gods,

hierarchically
dealing death blows or
breathlessly breathing

benevolence as
they stared into the
windows of other

minds—at a safe dis-
tance—religiously
never touching nerves . . .

They all can be found
at the apex—odd—
and the rest of them

(who?) make up the base,
and they all fit nice-
ly into the form,

established and sanc-
tified, thought to be
Grace, and Him person-

ified. They are all
two-dimensional
versions of the form;

their reflections show
squares with a corner
shaved off—balancing

on edge. But they all
turn their heads at just
the right angle to

witness—level—the
fall.

Yvonne Terry
Andrews University
Parnassus 1990



Robert Silvertorn
Atlantic Union College



Richard James
Walla Walla College

Untitled

excuse me if this face
is unkempt
but i was in a hurry this morning
and when i looked
in the mirror there were so many faces
i didn't have time to shave them all.

Steve Dunston
Walla Walla College
Gadfly 1990

A Prayer

L(ower as I sink
'neath the pew of P.M.C.
drowsy and hummm b)ord

Al(l his words pass by
my ears indolent mono
tonously yawn)mighty

O (God,) save us (from
this redundant exercise)
and lift our poor souls

(back to my seat, please)
into the higher realm of
your holy presence

(however wooden
that would be) forgive us from
our wretched sins and

deliver us from
(my seven-syllable yawns)
the world (an . . . zzz . . .

Juhyeok Nam
Andrews University
Parnassus 1990

After the Storm

The earth was packed tight by the last shovel
Packed into submission by the caked arms
that swung and swung again until the wife
grabbed hold and stopped the angry motion.

It's over, she said
And she was right
The last cellar was bone dry
The last splinter removed from sight
In the courtyard behind the church
the fresh ground baked beneath the sun
and warmed the marble slats that faced the river.

It's over, she said again
more to convince herself than the man
He laid the shovel down and moved toward the car.

The world was gray and brown
cold, and growing colder
As they reached the city limits
something hit the windshield and slid
glistening brightly, only to disappear
beneath the hood.

He slammed on the brakes and slid
twenty feet before stopping
He turned to the woman
his face white, voice flat
What did you say? he demanded.

Ken Coleman
Columbia Union College
Montage 1988-1990



Richard James
Walla Walla College

Summer, 1989 C. E. . . . Umeiri

[We dug down, and as we did
we discovered what the past was like
because we discovered ourselves.]

I have wrested the past
from her resting place
I have brought back
the spindle whorl
that had done spinning

The juglet
that had done pouring
The millstone
that had done grinding
The bones of the children
and of old men
that had done living
and done dying

And they did not seem so very long done
And they did not seem so different

I have placed my thumb
in the thumbprint
of the Iron Age potter
I have grasped my hands
about the handles
of the Bronze Age storage jar
I have clasped my fingers
about the figure
of the clay fertility goddess
And it felt familiar
It all felt very familiar

So how should I go on?
how should I have known?
And how should we presume
to exhume the lives lived in another time?—
we have our own to understand instead
So how should I go home
and follow out my own?
And how should I resume?



Dale Chapman
Walla Walla College

And the years, oh!
The years pile up and are overthrown

I have spit watermelon seeds
among the thistles and the weeds
I have laughed among the silent ruins
and they did not seem so somber
I have looked into my future here
and it did not seem so novel, not so strange
to need to change, to rearrange, exchange . . .

I have loved a woman's beauty here
talked close with her and laughed together
of home and hopes for future years
and the ever cloudless weather
(I knew exactly what she was talking about
yes, she knew exactly what I was talking about)
And it all seemed familiar to me
It all seemed to be very familiar

And the years, oh!
The years pile up and are overblown

I have stood at night upon Umeiri
and seen the distant townlights and streetlights
and watched the passing cars and moonlight passing
And it seemed familiar

It all seemed very familiar there
"It has all happened
It has all happened here before
It has already happened"

And time goes on and passes us by
Three dimensions come together before us
and we can all but sense fourth
where place and time combine
in the very placeness of the place

"It was there
And then there
And still there"
And there will be time for more times there
same place, some time
and for all the years, Oh!
The years pile up and are overgrown

I have lived a little time at old Umeiri
and it seemed familiar
It all seemed very familiar to me

Thomas J. Wehtje
Atlantic Union College
Contours 1990