

CASA DE CAFE

MUSIC — ART — POETRY

Supplement to the Highland Herald

McLennan Community College, Waco, Texas, 76708

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About Casa de Cafe

On Nov. 18, 1998, from 10:20 a.m. until 12:30 p.m., the upstairs of the MCC Library will become a coffee house called "Casa de Cafe." Come eat, drink, look at art, and listen to music and poetry provided by the students, faculty, and staff of the MCC community.

Because Casa de Cafe benefits A Storybook Christmas, which buys books for needy children, please bring a \$2 donation as your entry ticket.

Music at Casa de Cafe will be provided by members of the commercial music vocal ensemble and by MCC music faculty members Bill Howard and Beth Ullman.

Her Perfect Ending

Third place
by Jodi Christian

The bluebird sweetly sings,

As she sits listening,
With the breeze blowing gently,
This truly was her Holy christening.

Her tears slowly turned to sobs,
But the sting on her cheek still remained.
He'd hit her hard this time,

But, as always, her cheek would just be bruised and tear stained.

She was certain it wouldn't happen again.
Why had she stayed so long?
She knew, because she loved him, was a lie,
Her feelings were far from that strong.

As she heard his scream from afar,
She knew that day, right there would be her last.
She sat back to soak in the perfectness,
but then, through the sweetness, came a blast.

The bluebird stopped singing,
for she no longer listened.
Even the breeze seemed to stop,
Because now with blood her body was christened.

There's a ... behind the door

First place
by Giselle Rose-Lee Hewitt

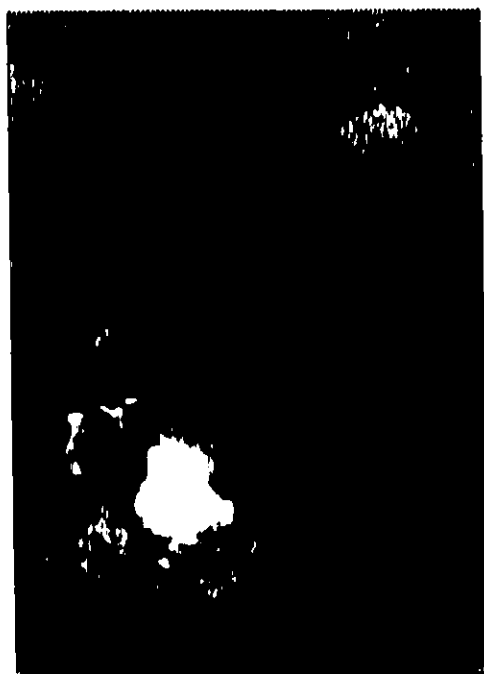
There's a mouse behind the door.
He's listening to the quiet snore ...
As this quiet night,
Brings curious mice to sight.
Coming out behind the closet ...
Rambling through one's scattered belongings,
Tiptoeing in the corner ...
There's a mouse behind the door.
He's coming out to explore ...
Do they know he's there?
Do they feel his stare?
Unfettered and free,
This mouse dares to be.
Running across the room,
Fate shall seal one's doom ...
There's a mouse behind the door.
Would one dare drive him out?
What is the forbidden truth about?
Gliding past the armchair ...
Dancing his last midnight flare.
With a demon of the night ...
How shall one put up this fight?
There's a mouse behind the door.
Those green gleaming eyes,
Peering past what one can disguise.
The purring of one's fancy,
The innocent cry from the unexpected ...
The dash from behind the chair,
The whipping in the air ...
The clashing of this one's paw,
The whipping of his jaw,
To clean his midnight fling.
From cheek to cheek pride grinning.
When all is said and done,
There's really only one ...
There's a cat behind the door.

shadow

Second place
by Amanda Hubik

like everyone else
I have a shadow
mine is dark
but it does not follow me
everyone can see it
but it does not disappear in the
light
my shadow shows itself
on top of my skin
in front of my face
masking who I really am
my shadow smiles
while I cry and wail
she laughs and flirts
while I scream internally
I fight to get out

but my shadow represses me
telling me it's for my own
good
without her, she tells me,
I would be ugly
hateful disgusting
no one would love me
so I let my shadow control
me
until it's just us two alone
then she lets me emerge
to scream and cry and wail
no one can hear me
it's always just me
and my shadow



UNTITLED
Max Vimin
collage

The Borrowed Horse

by Gail Patton Blanpied

I had much to do
when the mountain called me one fall day,
For under the smiling sky,
gifts of a full harvest lay.

Yet, as the screen door slammed behind me
in the pale light next dawn,
My eyes were pulled to the mountain,
and I heard its passionate song.

So, mounting a borrowed horse,
I left the harvest behind.
The horse was a dappled gray,
with legs that were long and fine.

He was a business-like horse,
with eyes and ears alert,
Who knew how to handle himself,
for he was well-used to work.

We headed up an old logging trail,
under the clear blue shield of the autumn sky,
And, as one, we both felt the mountain's call,
the borrowed horse and I.

But though the track led up,
this scar on the mountain's breast
Seemed a mockery, a foolish boast,
untrue to our quest.

So, off the man-made trail
and into the shimmering trees we rode,
Where fallen aspens, long trunks gleaming white,
made the going hard.

I let the gray have free rein,
as slowly now we went,
His long legs picking their way sure-footedly
as he concentrated — his long neck bent.

Finally — into the open sun,
up and out of the tree line we came.
A strong wind blew from the west
and lifted the gray's long mane.

Grazing at open distances,
The horse and I breathed deeply,
All our senses fine-tuned
by the air, cool and sweet.

Then, glancing down, I noticed the gift,
violet juniper berries in an emerald bed
Waiting to be used
against the long, icy days ahead.

Dismounting, I looked at the berries more closely,
for they were different than any I'd seen before,
And I marveled at their perfect fullness and sweet flavor,
Here — where winds were relentless and the soil poor.

I filled my pockets
with stored, unhindered starlight and sun,
A rich gift to help keep good health
in the winter days to come.

And, tired, thankful, thoughtful,
under the first stars in the evening sky,
We made our way down the mountain,
The borrowed horse and I.



UNTITLED
Tracy Gremillion
charcoal



UNTITLED, John Hloks, collage

Child

by Phillip R. Vierke

I AM.
YOUR JOY AND APPREHENSION PROCLAIM IT.
I AM.
CONCEIVED,
BUT ALMOST INCONCEIVABLE.
SOON, I SHALL GROW,
DIVIDE AND MULTIPLY;
AND YOU WILL FEEL MY PRESENCE.

I AM.
THOUGH YOU CANNOT SEE ME.
I AM.
I HAVE TWO EYES,
A NOSE, MOUTH, FINGERS,
AND TOES.
I AM.
SUSPENDED.
A LIFE BEFORE LIFE.
WAITING,
UNCORRUPTED,
TO JOIN THE WORLD.

I AM.
THE PAIN YOU ARE FEELING PROVES IT.
I AM.
PUSHING,
WRITHING,
STRIVING TO BE.
I AM.
SOON, WE WILL EXCLAIM THE TRIUMPH
OF MY EXISTENCE TO THE WORLD,
AND YOU WILL SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME,
THAT
I AM.



UNTITLED
Jeremy Sanders
photograph

pseudo-sex

by Amanda Hubik

how do I describe my orientation?
I am vertical,
horizontal 6-8 hours a day,
not always flat on my back,
with a tune in my mind and
summer's warm promise beckoning me onward.
I live to see life,
to give love,
to get left out right on time,
always late to something crucial
only in time to be crucified.
alone, yes, sometimes.
I just don't have it all together,
with company or without.
my body feels funny when I think of you,
or her,
or if I remember eating too much with him there.
where?
over there.
way to the east.
which has left me going west,
the right way at the wrong time in my zone.
the gear says overdrive, but give me a brake.
I throw in the towel,
now that it is moist from my nervous sweat.
it's the small stuff that scares me.

Let That Cowboy Ride

by Misty Lynn Arnold

I am sitting here beside the man I used to hold.
He loved me then,
I still love him now,
but he couldn't let go of the old.
He has her on his mind for one reason or another.
She stood in my way like no other.
Each night as he laid to sleep by my side
I watched his heart saddle up to dream of her,
and even though it hurt,
I let that cowboy ride.
There were so many times I swore to him my trust.
All the love I held in a bond of steel slowly turned to rust.
The days grew short,
and the nights were no more than sleepless thought.
In-between love and the past that poor cowboy was caught.
He's a man I have known for years.
Together he and I shared many smiles and many tears.
He's the only man in which my true feelings I would confide,
but each time he would doubt my love,
I'd have to let that cowboy ride.
We shared a love I thought no one could destroy.
He promised me a man,
while underneath it all he was no more than a boy.
Our bond was something I was sure no one could take away,
but I lie here all alone,
as for his return I pray.
There are so many promises that have come completely undone.
I hold on to each moment though,
because my heart replays each one.
I sit here and recall each time he held me and lied.
When our love was slowly dying,
I let that cowboy ride.
Every time I close my eyes I see his sweet face.
I know in my heart he will always have a place.
I know I still love him,
and I guess I always will.
He was just afraid of hanging up his hat,
and allowing his heart to feel.
He looked at me and said,
"I always love you."
Then he turned and walked out the door.
He saddled up to sail away,
leaving me upon the shore.
His words ran through my body like the waves of a raging tide,
and with my heart in my hand,
I let my cowboy ride.
There are times I see him and ache to hold him near.
There are a million memories that I still have and hold dear.
There is a certain hunger my heart was left to feed.
He wanted freedom,
a life no promised man could lead.
I remember all the love,
yet I can't love him anymore.
I can't wait for his dark horse to set him free.
I let him go as he sits here by my side,
and as my heart opens it's gate,
I let my cowboy ride.

Epiphany by the Sea

by Cynthia Colleen Kreidel Alaman

I watched the gliding
Seagulls fly easily
Over the barefoot-tracked
Sand and thought of you.
I saw you searching for
The me you once knew

As I watched the
Giant waves roll in
And break at shore;
And as I walked along
The beach at night
Holding hands with a stranger,

I thought of your hands—
That have held my face
For you to kiss—and it
is now that I have
Fully realized. . . how much,
Darling, I loved you.



UNTITLED, Shawn Isbell, photograph



UNTITLED
Melody Bryant

pencil drawing (below) of a photocopy print (above)



When I Must Leave You

by Stephanie Lynn Hallman

When I must leave you
For a little while,
Please do not grieve
And shed wild tears
And hug your sorrow
To you through the years,
But start out bravely
With a gallant smile;
And for my sake
And in my name
Live on and do

All things same,
Feed not your loneliness
On empty days,
Reach out your hand
In comfort and in cheer
And I in turn will comfort you
And hold you near;
And never, never
Be afraid to die,
For I am waiting
For you in the sky!

Untitled

by Erin Minter

I smile and laugh and talk to you,
and admire ...
But to what avail?
Every attempt at snaring you
Just seems to fail.
Ugh.

And I hate the manipulations,
And wish you would just want me
So I could give up
And let go
And let God.
But you won't,
And I can't
... or I don't.

Just want me, please.
Want me so bad you can't hold it in
any longer.

Please want me.
And long to hold me close and not let go.
Write songs to me and love my name
... and my laugh and my face and my nearness.
... and my strangeness.
Be passionate—love me with
Force and intensity.
Just want me.
...Please

Today I'm Drowning ...

By Giselle Rose-Lee Hewitt

The barge is a pretty sight,
To cast away your evils.
Won't you join me, or
Are you scared of the owl in the night?
The unseen ravens knocking in your soul?
Can you hear it? The tides are coming in ...
Grab the blanket on your way out, please ...
It's getting cold in here ...
My fingers numb to the bone,
Can't reach you today,
Today I'm drowning ...
Heaven's sea breeze, buying time ...
My clock, my clock has stopped,
Its hands are frozen at half past nine.
Where are you? You should be here by now ...
The frost is nibbling at my toes,
And my eyes, they're closing ...
I remember the look in your eyes.
"I'm sorry do I trouble you?"
"No, no it's something else ..."
I knew you were lying.
It's always me ... I remember—Oh but I do
That's where you're wrong, I remember ...
Sprouts don't grow far from the seedling, you know?
Oh dear, the waves are rumbling toward me ...
If only I'd remembered my jacket,
I fear I'll catch a cold, Oh no we ...
We wouldn't want that to be the death of me ...
Now, would we? Is that you in the bushes?
You're just in time for the morning fog!
Aren't you coming in? What are you doing?
I see you remembered the blanket ...
"This won't hurt," you say ...
I don't understand ... Wait, not without saying goodbye ...
"help!" What do you mean no one can hear me?
There's a town nearby, isn't there?
This numbing sensation has drilled my brain ...
I can't think ... It's dark in here ...
Why did you turn off the lights? Why ... ?