

The Alchemist Review
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Sangamon State University

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and Martha Robertson
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The contents of this magazine were selected by a student editorial board. The awards in each category reflect the judgment of that board rather than those of the faculty and administration of Sangamon State University.

Cover

“Green Peppers”

Beth Beasley

TRELLIS

Ron Deverman
First place poetry

*from a doorway, facing east,
the scent of you blossoms in night air.
hair strands feather my cheek
as leaf stems thread themselves in the coincidence
of wind. green, and yellow,
toned with orange.*

*fingerbones caress.
a thigh quivers in moonlight.
i anticipate your shadows.*

*tendrils crawl the borders of your
skin. in the long slow rhythm of
pre-dawn you press body
toward what is drawn
to you.*

From a photograph Mother picking raspberries, Age 6

Ron Deverman
First place poetry

*legs and arms brown
hair bowl-cropped
your boyish face drawn
to a thick-lipped pout
you stand, belly pushed
to the skin of swim suit,
right hand clutching a silver pail.*

*mother how is it
you came to be here — feet smoothing
the dirt path where you've walked
your head filled with the
county fair, picnics with relatives
you did not know. the summer nights
strung like lanterns along the woods
of your remembering.
how is it — in years since
you embraced the pulse of my sleep
drawing me out of darkness with
the spark of how little i know.
— and the many nights we passed,
and will pass again, shoulders grazing
in a darkened hallway, never holding each
other or our love.*

*now my fingertips melt
into the silence of this photograph
which is its life, telling me
that i am learning what you learned
a long time before: what to keep
and what not to hold to.*

Don Dorosheff Second place poetry

*Long ago my father
walked us to church
my brothers, sister and I
young legs running,
we listened to Russian poetry
flung from father's waving arms.*

*"Solneishka blastyd
Travka zelenyeh...
And the birds are
flying to us..."*

*Now when we walk,
my father stooped and slow,
his grandchildren can keep up
but they do not
hear the poetry.*

Ron Deverman

hillside

*in late afternoon large
deep clouds drift together
then apart, a door opening
again and again,
accenting farm, pasture,
and wheat stubble with pools
of light.*

*legs and
shoulders the color
of bronze stones speak
of the sun ripening
in your dark hair.
you catch me glancing
at your naked smile as
we gather wild susans
and twin leaf.*

*near the top, i look
down on the distance
we have come, amazed
that we would ever
reach the throat
of this hillside. the moment
unfolding out of itself
taking me to thoughts
when i am a child
fingering the slender wrist
of a bowstring.*

*my eyes call to you
in their belief. you turn
and approach from behind,
your hands on my chest
your breath, like the wind,
wiping cheek and earlobe
as we watch the sun's
clear descent, and wake
to a new touch.*

Ron Deverman

quiet departure

*i go unnoticed, without warning.
i take no name for myself.
final words carry no weight.
i become the faint pleasure, a whisper carried
on the wind, a siren sounding so far away
it appears to sing.
i go at twilight
in search of a face that is my own
then fade into the quiet of that world.
to breathe in warmth,
the smooth pure face of identity
mirrored against the holocaust of ignorance.
i nail my tongue to past misunderstandings
for silence becomes me.
i declare only the confidence of brotherhood,
curl prejudice as easily as a sea breeze curls
a strand of hair.
and i go without cunning, or avarice,
the mouth of hatred locked in a dark scream.
i become the music of Desire, the virile spark,
the honied flame of your love
that neither time nor illusion can remove.
i callous my fear, that you may drift
into perfect isolation
until salts no longer crack in your veins,
that you will go without notice
and you will not stumble.*

Don Dorosheff

*After we made love
and you laugh before
the bathroom mirror
saying a party dress does not
a party make,
I lie under warm bathtub water
watching a string of sperm twist
and curl, gray dying
shadow I see
in that silence
my never-to-exist
child.*