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1979-1980 Quiz & Quill Magazine

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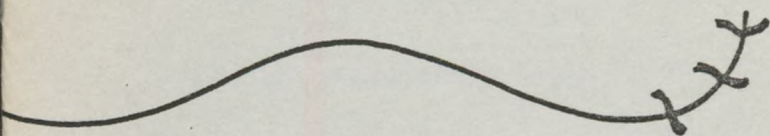
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QUIZ & QUILL

Poetry Contest Winners

1979-1980



QUIZ AND QUILL STAFF

1979-1980

President..... Emilie Stewart

Treasurer..... Steve Spangler

Secretary..... Kelly Spence

Pamphlet compiled by Kelly Spence

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

1980

First prize - Barbara Anne Martin - 1980
Second prize - John Schafer - 1982
Third prize - Eric Costine - 1980
Honorable Mention - Jill Britton - 1980

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First prize - not given
Second prize - David Yaussy - 1980
Third prize - Emilie Caldwell Stewart - 1980
Honorable Mention - John Schafer - 1982

Quiz and Quill Short Story Contest

First prize - Lois McCullen - 1980
Second prize - Eric Costine - 1980
Third prize - Sue Shipe - 1981

Roy Burkhart Religious Poetry Contest

First prize - Steve Spangler - 1980
Second prize - David Yaussy - 1980
Third prize - Emilie Caldwell Stewart - 1980

IMAGES

She touches the piano keys lightly, lovingly—
the next moment pounds them.
She gazes into her darkened image in the music rack
a reflection of this clear-eyed woman
who loves music.

Well into the first movement she frowns
that the blurred reflection is not portraying her joy—
which is her essence.
In the music rack a pianist, and only a pianist,
plays a quiet phrase of Bach's.

Still sitting on the piano bench
is an intense woman, who loves Bach,
who has come for this hour to express her love.
She is not a pianist,
and she would interpret Bach less skillfully than she does
if all she brought to the piano bench
was the woman in the music rack.

Barbara Anne Martin

THE NIGHT PERSON

The constant, continuous, unrelenting, invading
Buzzing.

My alarm clock flies across the room.

Mornings,
the dreaded invention of the devil.

The first spurt of water,
always ice cold
forces me to open my eyes.

Yesterday filters down the drain.

Wash my face
Brush my teeth
start a new day.

I stare at my inviting bed and
force myself from its arms.

Bumping into walls
I begin my morning routine.

The radio invades the silence.

The smell of brewing coffee mingles with
the stench of last night's ashtray.

The sun peaks over the trees,
rubbing out the sleep.

Birds begin their chorus,
a distant barking,
a door slams.

Drying my hair drowns out the
morning top ten.

Locking my door, I stumble,
half awake, off to class.

John Schafer

LITTLE GIRL, LITTLE BOY

little girl, little boy
standing before the wise mirror-soul
looking, looking as if into the future
"what will I be?" says the girl to the boy
"what do you see?" says the boy to the girl
questions are all they speak
little lambs are all they see
a smile, a wink, a little kiss, an honest feeling of guilt

and the lonely mirror drinks the real
and when the lights and nights go down
the mirror sleeps and remembers

man and woman
asleep in bed—far apart from the other-soul
the wiser mirror watching them breathe
(one day maybe it will breathe too)
two dying tygers; knowing, but dying
learning is already dead
looking backwards is possible but only painful
pain is all they know—it is all they need to know to be

and the lonely mirror tastes the real
and when the lights and nights fall
the mirror dies and remembers with pain

Eric Costine

SHADOWS

(trans. from the French poem "ombres" by Paul Eluard)

The two of us warmed ourselves at the same fire
Filled with love like lead like feathers
In pain and in joy we were not more than one
Same color same odor same savor
Same passions same ease same balance

Our gestures our voices unwound together
The gold of our memory was of the same vein
And our kisses followed a similar route
I kissed you you kissed me I kissed myself
You kissed yourself without knowing who we really were

You trembled all over between my trembling hands
We went down the same slope toward the fire
From presence and absence toward the fire
Toward its delight and toward its ashes toward the end
Of our union the end of man with woman

How could we have thought that we were separated
We who threaded out our days and nights in dreaming
Lovers of a common time lovers of twin flesh
Nothing changed in meaning or in accent for the two of us
In the folds of our sheets we believed we were good for each other

And in the folds of the streets we were not in vain
We struggled without question for fraternal life
We made our bodies one with the wind with the sail
With the endless hope of unhappy men
They are at the end of everything and sing of their birth

But you are quite dead and I am quite alone
I am badly severed I'm sick I'm cold I live
In spite of nothingness I live in renunciation
And if it weren't for you who lived
Like a perfect being like I should have been

I wouldn't even be able to respect our shadows...

Jill Britton

SACCHARIN AND SALT

Stand in awe of the salt of Masada,
in the wasteland: desolate, barren, and obscure.
Where the animal life is mostly reptile,
and the salt of the Dead Sea eats life as rust corrodes metal,
but alas, like a desert mirage, the spirit proved fertile.
For rather than live a life of Godless slavery,
the Zealots of Masada took the bliss of saintly bravery.
Ah yes, the salt.

Look with sickness at the saccharin of Jonestown.
The tropical Wasteland: plants, animals, and life abundant.
"Such as heaven is this town," cried Jones,
but alas, like a tropical storm, the spirit proved barren.
They lived a Godless reality,
and died for an allusive totality.
The Wasteland's carrion,
ah yes, the saccharin.

The saccharin stops the hither and thither,
the hurry and scurry;
"the lawyer the skydiver, the skydiver the lawyer."
Now I know what I am in,
it is the saccharin.

Sweet the taste, sick the core,
that feeds upon the poor.
Technically rich, is this bitch,
that makes the moral whore.
To worship the human, is within,
to become as saccharin.

Sugar sweet, better to eat;
I love you, you love me;
I'm O.K., you're O.K.
"We're all the same, below Dad,"
We will feed the belly, cry the injustice,
and deny the spirit.
Great am I, just am I.

God made one and man the other.
Man once knew the spiritual virtue of the salt
and dared not try another.
Gone is that great age of salt,
self-worship is the greatest fault
that drives spiritual vision as narrow as a pin,
and makes our age the age of saccharin.

We serve no one but our God,
said Eleanor, the great Zealot.
"It is a favor God hath granted us,
that it is still in our power to die bravely."
Sweet the meat that is given this salt,
for this is not a superficial cult.

God is punishing us for our sins.
The Romans build only the sand for our tomb,
but they cannot make us part of their loom.
For like a spider weaves his web,
the Roman strives to make the spirit dead.
But Yahweh is whom we exalt;
that is why we are the salt.

Steve Spangler

JOURNEYS

I've lost the God I had at eight
Abiding child's protectorate
The man who played with mankind's fate
No longer plays within my soul.

But now, oh Lord, who takes control,
Comes in and plays the Father's role?
I miss that part, the guides and goals.
I need a calm hand clenching mine.

So I seek some heavenly sign
Mystic touch that says all's fine.
Instead of love that closely binds,
I feel the fear close in like night.

God's still there, lost in plain sight
Watching me and my lowly fight
To see the truth, to know the right
And feel my faith and rightness grow.

I'm in a fog in Jordan's flow
Cast adrift, no way to row.
Desiring the guiding watchword, lo,
Christ is Savior, God is Great.

David Yaussy

MORNING PRAYER

Sun, like a peacock
spread your fan
across the horizon
and parade your beauty

Protect me from the darkness
where many seek shelter
in times of need

Sun, give me your color
so that I may live each day
in the beauty
you give the world

Emilie Caldwell Stewart

