



Absolute

Absolute is a magazine of original art and literature by the students, faculty, staff, and friends of South Oklahoma City Junior College. It is produced and printed at the college.

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Jet Trail

Like a neon sign gone wild
A jet trail lights up the
Sky Las Vegas style.

Cumulus

Gray clouds link the horizon
Like gigantic pieces of a broken puzzle.

Bette Bieber



the trysting place holds no magic

i choose

the narrow path in the wide spaces

what are you offering me?

a wide place in the path

where the world will grow narrow?

some notions of roots and permanence

drew me to the squatter's life once

you were so clear and direct then

or i deceived myself

you were, perhaps, only an eater

of lies

and therefore full of hope

and me, i've been a lie-eater too

standing in the barn

cows all over the yard standing

silent, backs to the driving rain

perfectly still, they were in their

scattered places and we stood watching

the air cleaning us with that good

rain smell

our thoughts were traveling in

different universes

Maylan Dunn



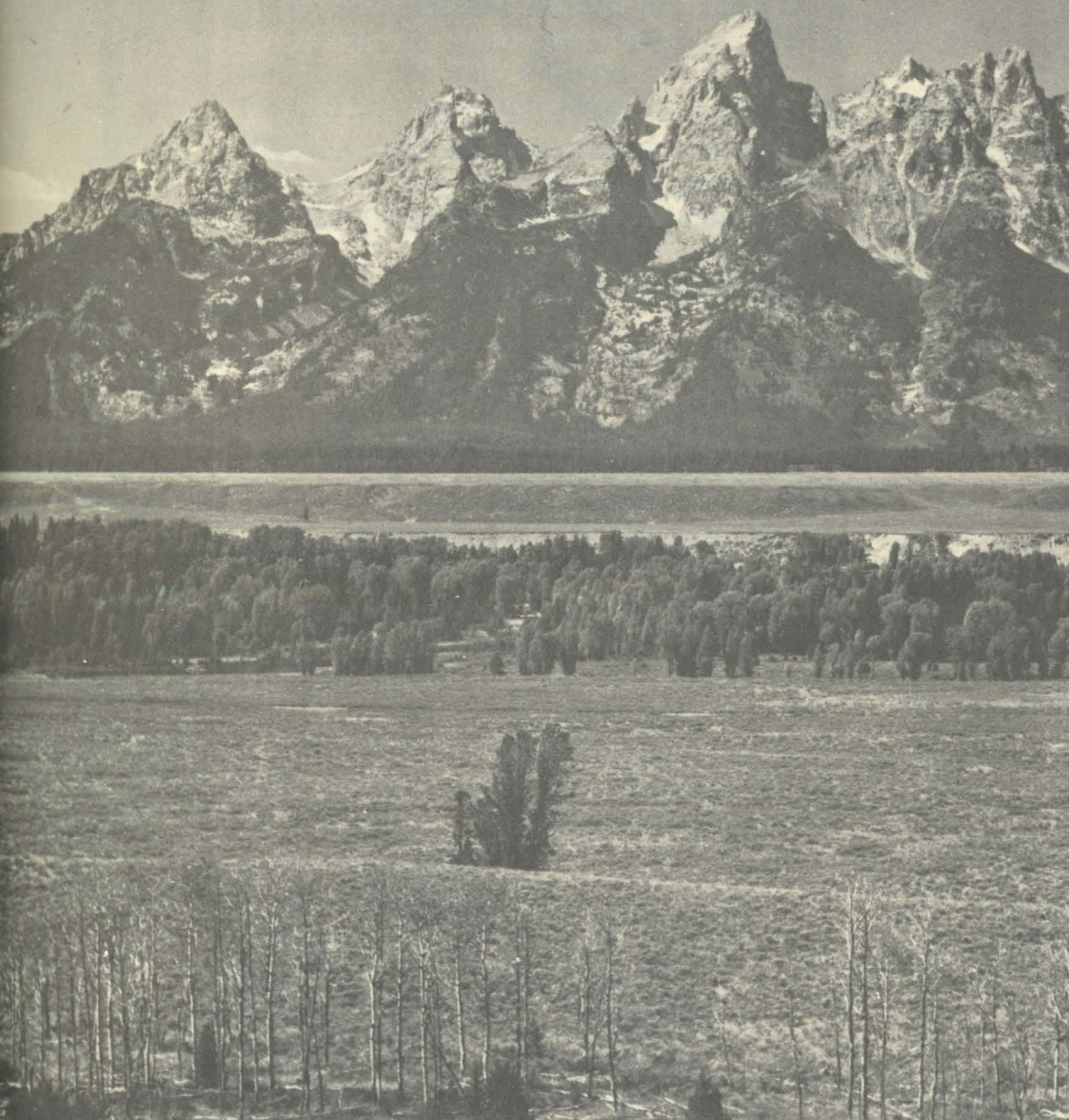
To Ride a White Stallion

He played his music loud
as he opened the corral
and released the White Stallion.
He handled it with care and ease,
gently stroking the soft whiteness.
With no hesitation, he climbed aboard.
With a swift kick, boy and stallion
began to ascend the steep mountain.
They galloped to the top and into the sky.
The boy marveled at the view
as he sat high on the stallion.
Comets and satellites whizzed by the pair,
as they entered the next plane.

The stallion's eyes became wild and crazed.
The boy started to become frightened.
Thunder and lightning enveloped them
when a demoniac whinney
erupted from the stallion's throat
as he tossed wildly his long, white mane.

The boy tightened his grip
as the stallion charged into a sea of fire.
They leapt and fell into an endless darkness.
Screams erupted from the boy's mouth...
The music still plays loud,
The corral is still open,
And the boy lies lifelessly on the floor.

Jo-Ann Swink



Reality

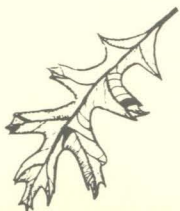
I made a terrible discovery today-
I am no longer in love.
The saddest part about it is
I never will be again.
For there is a certain innocent abandon
in being "in love"... a certain passion
That I can never again allow myself.

Not that I am cynical or bitter,
But merely have accepted that men have flaws
(As humans do)
And to submit to such great expectation,
At this point,
Would be reckless.

Not that I do not love;
I do - with zeal.
My greatest affections have come with
my mellowness.
And I still feel passion;
But it's the passion of conviction, not surrender.

It makes me weep to know the end of
something so beautiful.
Such a pity to be incapable of the giddy
drunkenness
That comes with being in love,
And living the rest of my days
With a part of me lost.

Carlotta Williams Lee

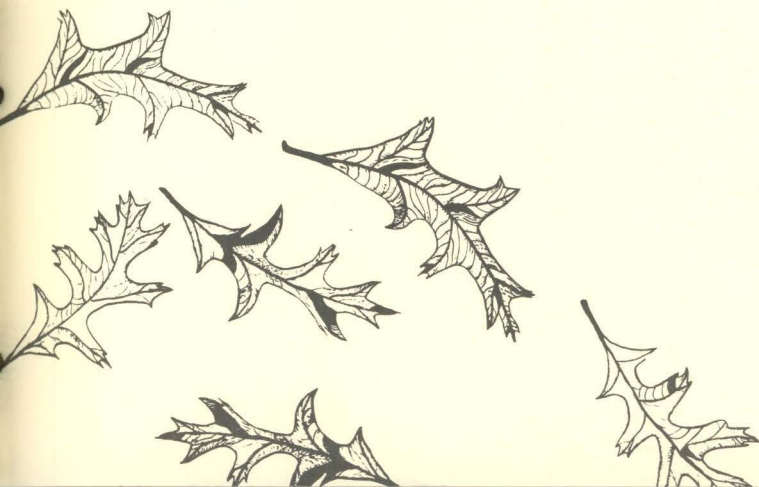


If my pen were wisdom
I would have it write for you
the peace that comes with age.

If my pen were peace
I would have it write for you
Unending flows of whisperings
Between the sea and dawn.

And if my pen were whispers
I would have them transformed
Into lovesongs sung for you
And with you in the golden
Graylight of this autumn morn.

Richard Rouillard



excerpt from: LESSON

Strength is seen

in the fragility

of the Wildflower —

be soft,

but do not yield your petals

willingly...

Wanda Brayton



Rogue

Your eyes revealed
 what your mouth
 would not:
I found the subtle lie.
You are clever,
 without a doubt—
but I have seen
 too many suns set
to be enchanted
 by sunrise now.
Keep your distant intrigues—
 I have no need
 for stars that
 fall
without benefit
 of night.

Wanda Brayton

Isabella

Time has passed
and you have gone
your separate way,
leaving me
to face the rising sun alone.
You walk along the edge
of an ocean
I've never seen . . .
sand between your toes,
water swirls in your footsteps—
in the salt-air distance,
you hear the lone shriek
of a gull
that searches for land.

Wanda Brayton

First Snow

Listen! Its snowing! Can you hear it?
It sounds soft and fluffy...and quiet.

It covers the earth with silence,
But its a silence you can hear.

Listen! You can almost hear each flake
Caress the ground as the earth lays
Bare to receive its silent white lover.

Heard by a Flea

Fluffy snowfake
 Drifts on the wind
 Floats down to earth and
Lands with a BOOM.

Carol Swink





Zoology

Mary Margaret Ferguson McBride is
A personal friend of mine.

She loves anything that's green
And swings that have long ropes.

She likes houses that have no steps.

Mary Margaret Ferguson McBride,
You see, has very short legs.

She also has a voracious appetite.

Yesterday she went in to the kitchen
And ate her mother!

I said, Mary Margaret, you act
As if you were a crocodile!

She shook her head, as she picked her teeth,
And answered, No. They eat their young.

Vida Mathey

white wine and starlight
hands will reach out and stretch across
the universe, but why

is it always the universe?
why can't it be across the
table? or across the bed?
or across someone's chest?
why

must there always be (for me)
the long drawn out savoring
of love making,

instead of the simple
intercourse (clearly defined/
black and white) so many
others settle for each night?

why must the music always be slow,
and turned down low? why
must there always be the sweet aroma
of incense and human musk?
why can't i just lie down with
someone and have no thoughts
at all (nor any concerns whatsoever)
of their feelings or of
tomorrow?

why.

the eternal question,

why?

but there will always be romance
inside of me.

there will always be the
ritual, the tiny
flirtatious glances,
the half-smiles with
lowered eyes, the
tiny tip of the tongue
gliding sensuously
and invitingly across one's lips
or across another's.

and there will always be time
to touch.

to taste.

to smell.

time to feel and
savor

the eternal moment one shares one's
entire being with another's.

i am a prisoner

of my own romance,
a captive of my own

sensuousness.

L.R.

the mountains were dark gray,
jagged,
shooting straight up into the sky.
a gray cloud ran down like a stream of terror
and a part of me became apprehensive.
the electricity crackled and popped
and the
helicopter landed.
the pilot got out and commanded everyone
to seek shelter,
no mention of possible disaster,
just take cover.
i turned in my indecision
and turned again for home,
but it was there,
between me and home.
against the great wind i stood
all alone.
i felt it pulling at my clothes, my hair;
my legs stumbled
trying to resist the building vortex.
i fell on the ground and clutched at the earth,
then i felt myself being sucked slowly
along my stomach,
slowly drawing nearer and nearer to the
end of my time.

please don't let me die.
please don't let all the laughter and love,
all the good times just cease to be.
and as the dream ended,
i found myself so all alone
still struggling.

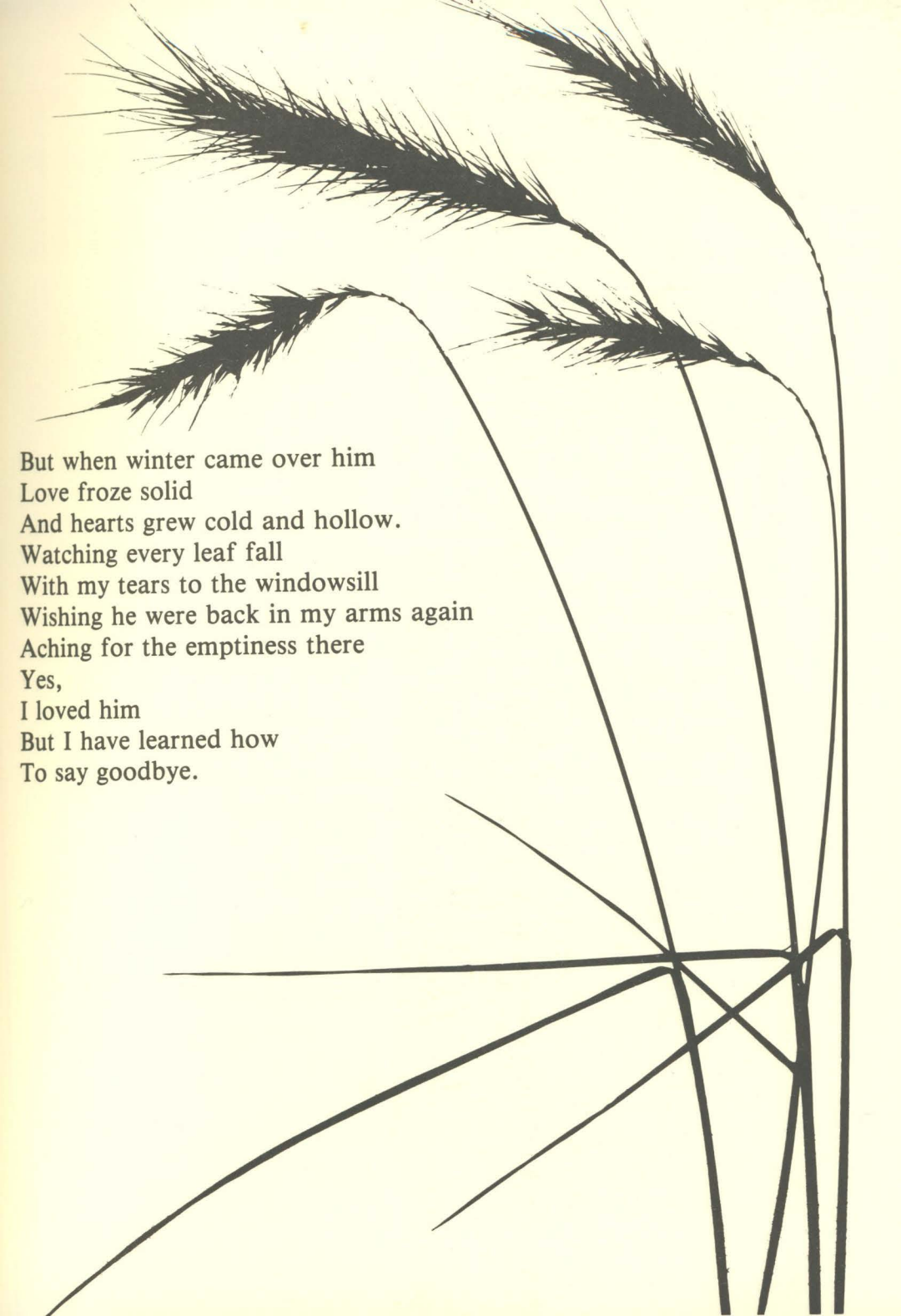
L. R.



Sad Sweet Memory

He made my heart sing
The way he held my hand so gently
And looked inside me
With his deep warm eyes.
And his eyes would speak
his soul to me
When the words ran dry.
And my eyes reflected like mirrors
His love for me.
I will always remember
His touch
His smile
His strong embrace
It was all I had to give
A piece of my heart
To keep
When he kissed me and
Walked out my door
That one last time.

He gave me colors
Where there were only blacks and whites
And those sad, sad greys.
He showed me how
And then
Like all yesterdays
He was gone
Forever
I knew it was forever
When winter came over
The countryside
And ice gathered in
His warm eyes.
He was so like the seasons.
All alive and growing
In summer



But when winter came over him
Love froze solid
And hearts grew cold and hollow.
Watching every leaf fall
With my tears to the windowsill
Wishing he were back in my arms again
Aching for the emptiness there
Yes,
I loved him
But I have learned how
To say goodbye.

Appreciation

I LOVE BLACK MEN!

There's nothing like those honey-, toast-, and
coffee-colored hunks of masculinity.

They've got Style

And Soul

And Sexuality

Out of this world!

Oh, how they sing!

They harmonize and tantalize

With "Georgia On My Mind."

You feel they're singing to only you

As they mellow on down to

"My Girl" and "Special Lady".

And can they ever walk—

Laid-back and slow

Head cocked, body leaned.

A natural cool, not to be imitated,
reflects confidence in every step.

Designer suits...

Nobody wears 'em better

Than those men of mine.

They tease with open-collared shirts

And plenty of ass to fill those jeans

Skin tight.

Thinking, thoughtful, hungry men

Creatively finding ways

To play another man's game.

Thirsting, scrapping for knowledge;

And ever rising up.

Watch 'em dance!
Graceful moves, aggressive moves
That rock you head to toe
As they depict life's passion and excitement
With a titillating beat.

Hear that slick rap!
Jive talk, slang, street language-
Whatever you want to call it-
Admits them to the brotherhood;
Announces their code, their bond.
Because they can relax, they revel in it.

Warm yourself
With these Love Merchants
Who give totally and passionately,
Pridefully and lovingly.
Here, they're at their best.

And finally, share their struggle
To be, to grow, and to surpass
All that was, and is, and shall be...
Those overpowering, lusty, superfine Black Men.

Carlotta Williams Lee



honesty confidence assurance seep into
the face tilted upward eyes anxiously intent
the face turned aside eyes averted
the face up open and eager
the face not always there
the face with mouth open ears partially blocked
teaching is watching the glow emerge

Karen Kamm

Exhibits

The captain stands, his lance beside him.
He's gone, a century or more, to spuming ghosts,
to echoes of sea-thunder.

On museum walls the gaunt face fades,
and harrowing tools are impotent,
set neatly among old seascapes
in which great god-projectiles leap upward,
pierced, soaring, in fuming throes.

And taller than the captain's bones,
or the lankiest topknotted frame in a longboat's crew,
stands, bare-boned too, Leviathan's head.

Joyce Marks



White Poppy

Her face is absence, petals of wrinkled rice tissue,
 sleeping a fever-sleep of wounds
 among bodiless whispers.

On her filament stem, veins fluttering, she swoons.
Dark stamens in her center crouch, like a spider.

Joyce Marks

Gregor Johann Mendel

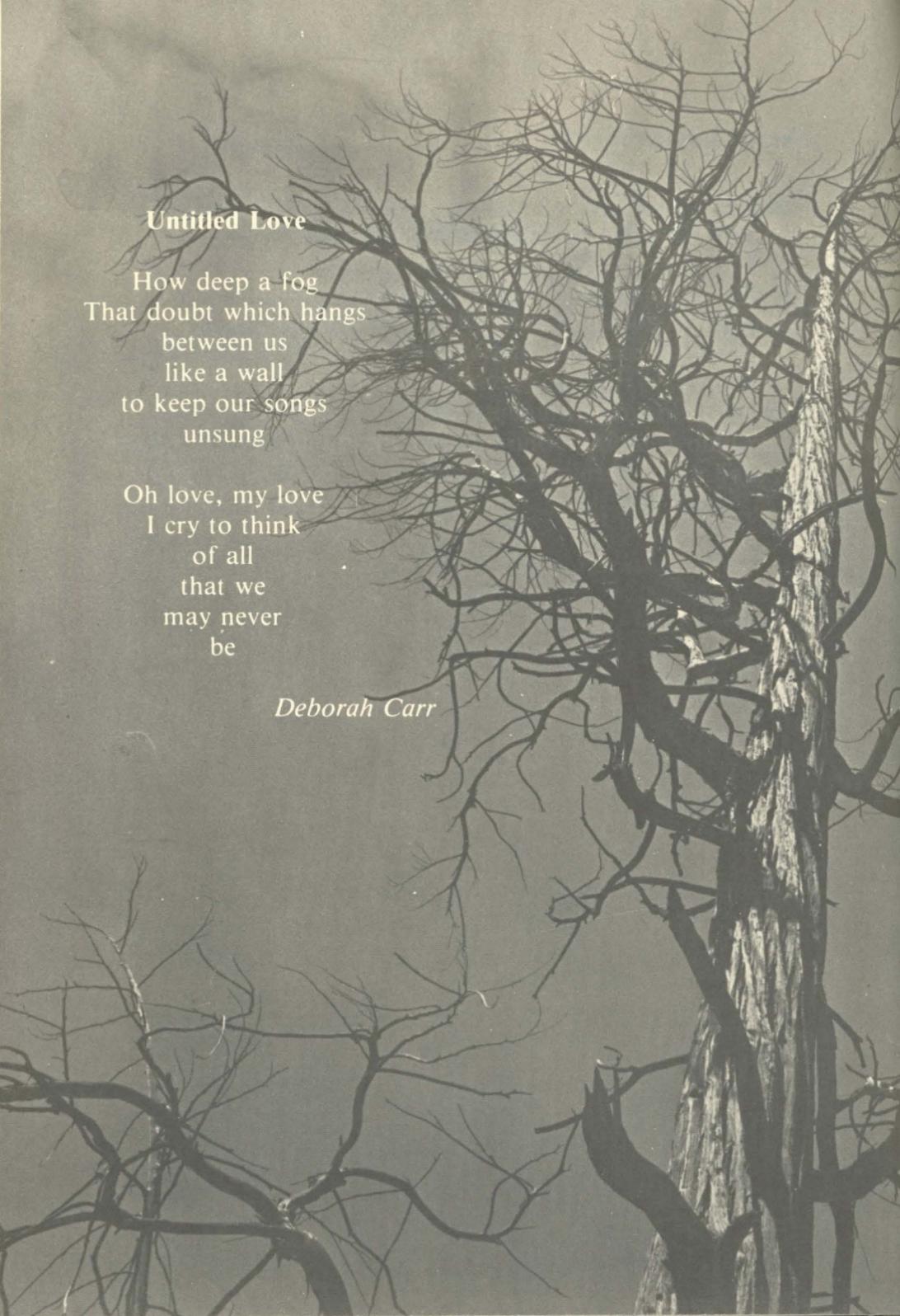
On pleasant days

bees uncurled their tongues deeply into petals
in cloister gardens.

Industrious as they, he disregarded them,
occupied with legumes and blossoms' purity,
choosing with care and purpose the mating partners
according to his wish.

Among the flowers, stigma to stamen dust he'd touch,
and progeny, kind and number, would patiently count,
recording this paternal pleasure in a book,
before evensong.

Joyce Marks



Untitled Love

How deep a fog
That doubt which hangs
 between us
 like a wall
to keep our songs
 unsung

Oh love, my love
I cry to think
 of all
 that we
may never
 be

Deborah Carr

Spirit of Love

Stay. Come here and let me see You
Don't go away; I love You
Most say You are a dream.
Others say I am daft.
But I know You are here!
I have felt the warmth of Your body,
The strength of Your arms.
Your hands are kind and gentle.
Your finger tips have traced the outline of my face tenderly.
I pity them — them that say You are not a reality.
How empty and fruitless their lives must be.
Why the moon surely borrowed part of the light from Your eyes.
The sun even uses Your gift —
The gift of warmth awakening and providing life for
Surely the winds covet Your strength, especially if they are angry.
How jealous they must be!
I know Your peace and tenderness.
The flowers of spring feel it too, when they are kissed by the soft rain.
You taught me.
Oh, You are real and loving; You'll always be.

Jeanne Richardson



D. HATCHER '01

Me

I must take time for me. I must learn those wonderful, sweet tasting words, *me, I, mine*, for somewhere they have been stored away, perhaps with the children's baby books—and my marriage license.

As I drag these words out, one by one, the stale musty odor that covers them reminds me of how much time has been wasted, precious time; like the hand of a clock, my life keeps ticking, ticking, like a time bomb, ready to explode.

Donna Lindsey

Diesel

Funny, crazy cat
With smudgy coat
And golden eyes...
Sits calmly amid turmoil
Only to roll and tumble,
Fighting imaginary foe,
In the quiet dark of night.
Great brown hunter...
Soft gentle lover...
Daring, agile acrobat...
Comic slapstick clown...
Your talents are so many,
Your faults are so few.

Liberty Jo Eben

For Willamae

They say: "Willamae, she done kil' herself
th' other day."

"She was a powerful lotta woman.
Why you 'spose she done that?"

Desperation had her, I 'spect.
Had her wants disconnected from her gets.
Couldn't see her way to the rainbow,
Though Lord knows,
She tried to BE it.

Had to have her sweet stuff.
"Gimme some sugar," she'd say.
cheek pouched to receive
a blob of the sticky stuff.
Collected all she could.

But Lord, there must'a been
a pill of such bitterness stuck
inside her throat,
that no amount of cheek-warmed
sweetness could dissolve or make
go down.

Big-eyed, bright-eyed, sad-eyed,
tired-eyed; heavy-lashed and blond-
bewigged, café au lait-colored, purple-
clad child.

I'm sure gonna miss you.

Cecelia Yoder

Please, I am too tired to talk

Of things that be

And things that might have been.

How long since the words had any meaning?

No need to draw the curtain anymore—

The stage is bare

And I have lost the lines.

Joanyi Cowden