

Ouachita Baptist University

## Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita

---

Honors Theses

Carl Goodson Honors Program

---

1972

### "Graffiti": OBU's Literary Magazine

Susan Moss

*Ouachita Baptist University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/honors\\_theses](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/honors_theses)



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Moss, Susan, "'Graffiti': OBU's Literary Magazine" (1972). *Honors Theses*. 518.

[https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/honors\\_theses/518](https://scholarlycommons.obu.edu/honors_theses/518)

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Carl Goodson Honors Program at Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. It has been accepted for inclusion in Honors Theses by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons @ Ouachita. For more information, please contact [mortensona@obu.edu](mailto:mortensona@obu.edu).

Susan Moss

2 hrs Honors Project  
under  
Mrs Jane Quick

"Graffiti"  
OBU's literary magazine

May 3, 1972

My project this semester (Spring '72) has been the compiling & editing of the school's literary magazine. Sigma Tau Delta, honorary English fraternity, was appointed by the school for this job, but due to break down in the club (many members practice-teaching, living off-campus, etc.) I, as president of this organization, took the responsibility upon myself.

The material was largely solicited. It was voted by the club to follow a "Graffiti" theme. The print shop here at school did the printing & I did the stapling.

Quite frankly, I am disappointed in the book — because I feel Ouachita has every potential for a really good literary magazine... But I am encouraged — I feel like next year will produce a quality book — "Graffiti", for all that it's worth, has inspired some people to look ahead to next year.

GRAFFITI



Quachita Baptist  
University

1972

this book was compiled by  
members of  
Sigma Tau Delta

Graffitti are words scribbled on a wall—  
or some other public area. For some  
reason they dominate rest room walls &  
for some reason they are usually a  
little crude. Well—now that I think  
about it—they are usually quite crude.  
But none the less, Graffitti are thoughts—  
feelings of a person—put where the  
whole world can read it. Eloquence is  
not important. It's the ideas & feelings  
that are important. That's why we've  
named this book Graffitti—It's a  
gathering of the thoughts of a group of  
people who aren't embarrassed to let  
other people know how they feel.

*Sigma Tau Delta*

I'd Like to sit in silence with you...

Sometimes,

And communicate in spirit.

I'd Like to hear your spirit

I bet your soul  
is beautiful

But you always say talk.

Must our communication always be words?

At times unrestrained

I've touched you  
saying a thousand words.

Does your heart have ears?

Debbie Strickland

IN TIMES OF SELF DEPRESSION  
SMILE!

THERE ARE THOSE WHO CARE.

FEELING BLUE?

THINK OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE  
WHO HAVE WORSE PROBLEMS.

THAN YOU.

CHEER UP!

THERE ARE THOSE WHO CARE!

I do.

Kathy Virving



Who Am I?

ON A HILL stood a MAN, isolated AND ALONE,  
shouting "Who Am I?"

His pleading cry echoed across the hills & valleys  
of the world, relayed by other men,  
standing on similar hills

shouting, "Who Am I?"

THE MEN different in stature, & color  
and culture

But the cry remains the same

"Who Am I?"

Michael Beatty

food for thought

the foolish man examines what was light  
that scratched his skies in childhood's storms  
and finding all the colors to be white  
he throws them down to guide soul-searching worms

Danny Long

---

I lift my eyes to the sky and long to see the sun  
The lonely trees stand cold and stark  
against the bleak grayness  
of dusk.

I walk slowly through the silent stillness.  
The wind brushes through my hair  
as your hand once did.  
I miss you.  
ME

## Loneliness Like a Shadow

Loneliness like a shadow adheres to me wherever I go,  
From the desolate mountain pinnacle to the crowded city streets.  
A part of my being, it questions the very destiny of my soul.  
The intrinsic factors of me, without loneliness could not be.

My comrade through life's tribulations it stands with me,  
Marking and sizing the depth of my character,  
Always there to judge me in the days & the nights of my life.  
So when the end comes it will be there to extinguish my life.

Steve Siebert

Ginny left the other day.

She went away and  
left her body on the kitchen floor.

## THE NORMAL ROUTINE

Daylight breaks the darkness.

THE earth begins to stir in the new light.

Yesterday's tomorrow has arrived.

THE world begins its daily routine.

A soldier is found dead.

THE MORNING PAPERS ARE looked OVER.

THE last drop of coffee is gulped down.

Automobiles are started.

People venture onto the streets.

A young man opens his mail.

THE Sun begins to warm the day.

THE hours tick by.

People take their mid-day break.

They talk about how rough things ARE.

A young man kisses his loved ones Goodbye.

The light begins to leave the Day.

People head for their homes.

They fill their stomachs.

They rest in the darkness.

A young man dressed in green, leaves  
for a far off LAND.

Daylight breaks the Darkness.

THE Earth begins to stir in the new light.

Yesterday's tomorrow has Arrived.

THE World begins it's daily routine.

A soldier is found dead.

Don Couch

Christ could care less  
whether we dance or  
whether we function.  
When we allow ourselves  
to become hungry eyes or  
demanties because of  
a meaningless, petty routine  
instead of a living  
vibration, we have defeted  
our purpose and might as  
well join the Lions Club.  
found on the  
men's room wall  
in Johnson Hall

---

And if you're not just  
a little fearful  
just a bit afraid—

What price have you paid  
in daring to become  
my friend?

Care a lifetime,

Care with courage,

For it is the paying of a price,

Aware of the cost,

Which enables the birth of

Friendship

Martha Nobles

## Dearest Marjorie

Marjorie Killigrew had black hair  
AND lots of zits AND A SCAR ON  
HER chin that WAS A QUARTER OF AN inch thick.  
She took A WALK EVERY SUNDAY  
EVENING, WASHED her hair every  
Thursday almost, AND Got A  
DISEASE ONCE ON A VACATION TO  
Perth Amboy.

SHE WAS A Nice Enough person, BUT SHE  
did SORT OF STINK OF BEN HUR Cologne  
AND GARLIC Crackers. SHE died  
WHEN she WAS 26 YEARS old. THREE  
PEOPLE CAME to HER FUNERAL. BUT  
ONE OF THOSE WAS Her Mother. She  
CRIED when the ORGANIST played  
"FACE TO FACE." SHE got OVER it, tho.

Bernie Hargis

I felt in love with a jar  
of Vicks Vapor Rub  
THE LAST NIGHT OF PLEDGE WEEK.  
It had a warm air about it THAT  
BROUGHT OUT THE BEST IN ME.

Bogán Morgan



Bear sits on my bed  
with his fuzz gone  
and both eyes shut.

HE got smaller every year until

I got full grown

and now

HE's the same.

HE's the only thing in my life that is consistent.

## Wishful Revelation

When bright-painted leaves fall  
May they crush man's self-desires

When the cold north wind blows  
May it blow away man's hate

When white, blanketing snow falls  
May it whiten the blackness of man's soul

When the dazzling sunshine shines upon it  
May it bleach man's impure mind beneath it

When a blue sky reveals all heavens  
May it mirror man's inhumanity, to man.

JH&

## Spirit

It is his spirit

that wrestles with my sleepy mind.  
He doesn't even know my name.

How could he guess

When my eyes-alap-won't tell he's in  
How could I? I couldn't. ever

JH&

something  
about the quiet  
of your eyes,  
cloaked in stillness,  
looking beyond silence  
into peace—

Touches my shyness  
without reaching,  
soothes my  
uncertainty

so I dare

come near—

to be warmed

by your

hush

Grandy Royston

I am the same as any man  
Made of sod - to return to  
Sod

Blow as Dust in wind and  
Flow as silt in Rivers  
To some far away  
Overthere

And make a mountain  
For my son to Climb

Grandy Royston.

Yesterdays - - -

Become little back rooms

Of the mind -

Enclosed by walls

of fantasy -

Papered with "ifs"

And "might-have-beens" -

Barred by a door

of forgetfulness -

Opened with hints,

Reminders, and clues -

Inhabited by orphaned emotions

And postponed dreams - across the street

"Faith" and her child,

Patiently watch the neighbors

move in -

and out

Grandy Rouston

#2

If all I needed from you  
was a dime a dozen  
type of love,

A phoney security of someone  
to turn to

I could leave —

never ever saying goodbye  
and return to the world  
I used to know.

But please forgive me

if in our parting

I must tuck my head

shed a few tears

and whisper good-bye —

for in admitting real love and  
real need

I also admitted that

when you leave

my world

can never

no never

be the same.

Pat Westbrook

#1

So many days ago  
yet not so many  
There were times when I  
needed you.  
You came to my side  
with a sigh, a touch,  
a soft word.  
Everytime I needed you  
you were there.

And then —

I needed you no more.  
I thought I had found  
in someone else,  
the sigh,  
the touch,  
the warmth of love.

In the depth of darkness  
Last night I became confused.

I reached out  
and I groped for your hand.  
You were there!

— And the heart that knew  
I didn't need you  
suddenly knew I did.

Pat Westbrook

Oh!  
My Fair Weather Friend,  
So Again when  
things ARE DOWN for ME  
You'RE GONE.

FOR A LONG TIME  
I CURSED YOUR VERY  
NAME FOR LOVING  
ME ONLY WHEN I HAD  
SOMETHING TO OFFER YOU.  
NEVER AGAIN!

I'VE TAKEN THE CUE  
I HOPE SOME ONE NEEDS YOU  
MORE THAN ME.

So Long.

Anne Verser



LOVE is SAYING Silly Things  
Suddenly, without Thought,  
Just to BE with her A moment  
LONGER.

Mike Beaty

the edge of mayhem

so here we are at the edge of mayhem  
disorderly orderlies looking for orders  
receiving all and believing none  
living out our laughs in diagrams  
and cutting off each other's heads  
one would be led to believe  
that ice cream and cake are birthday parties  
and that insights outside the inside of all  
as we go breathing every word  
screaming reading writing and arithmetic  
from the four corners of our square globe  
christopher columbuses minus maria  
full of wild mountains and strawberry hills...  
we are such now now brown cows

Danny Gong

## HUMANIZATION

WE FOUND OURSELVES HERE  
TOGETHER — ALONE.

SO MANY DIFFERENT NAMES  
AND FACES WERE  
OUR BACKGROUNDS

I GUESS WE WERE PRETTY  
SCARED OF EACH OTHER,

OUR NEWLY ACQUIRED INDEPENDENCE,  
AND THE IDEA OF MAKING

OUR HOMES OF A DORM FLOOR.

BUT WE WENT THROUGH IT ALL — TOGETHER.

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF EACH OTHER

SORT OF FADED FROM THE FOREGROUND,

AND WE WERE FRIENDS.

WE SUPPLEMENTED OUR FORMAL EDUCATION  
WITH GETTING ACQUAINTED,

AND INVOLVED,

AS PEOPLE LEARNING TO TREAT EACH OTHER  
LIKE PEOPLE.

JAG

## Paper People

There are several people I know  
Who are content to fit an obsequious mold.

They are like billowing clouds in the sky  
Elegant and polished to the eye.

But as the winds of time blow by  
Their elegance soon begins to languish and die.

So the sky with a red allure  
Deceives and strips the abysmal blue.

Objective to overcome subjective  
What does one do to admonish

A poor soul from being enthralled  
By one of these paper frauds?

Steve Siebert

# CHILD LIKE LOVE

LOVE

AS A SMALL CHILD LOVES

TRUSTING

NOT DOUBTING WHETHER  
YOU ARE GIVING TOO MUCH OF YOURSELF  
OR IF YOU ARE GETTING ENOUGH IN RETURN.

SINCERELY,

GENUINELY BEING YOURSELF,

NOT PLANNING EACH WORD IN ADVANCE TO  
MAKE SURE THE RIGHT THINGS ARE SAID  
IN THE RIGHT WAY.

YOU SEE, A CHILD GIVES ALL HIS LOVE  
TO SOMEONE HE LOVES.

HE DOESN'T HESITATE,

ALTHOUGH SHYNESS MAY SLOW THE BEGINNING.  
HE'S SO HONEST —

ANNE VERSEY

A Compliment

Today in Hell, Jean Harlow held out  
her hand to Marilyn Monroe and said,

"Hey, kid, I hear you had a really great  
scene once in Bus Stop. You know,

the one where you sing That Old  
Black Magic a little bit off-key?"

I'll bet it was swell. U D  
"Congratulations."

BETTY HARTS

#1

What can I say to explain the depth of  
feeling inside

the depth I see in your eyes

I understand and you understand

Sometimes we see only what we look for

selectively we gaze

seeing only what we want in others

instead of seeing what they are

Why do we lie to ourselves

We all seek to find

but we forget what we are looking for

deceived as we are in protecting

ourselves from each other.

But at this very moment

I am seeing you

you are seeing me

Not with the eyes, but with the heart and mind

for they see even when the eyes

are blinded.

Instinctively we want to run and hide

from knowing,

but the bond that binds us together hold

us in the arms of understanding.

Michael Beatty

DON'T ASK ME  
WHY  
I HURT YOU SO-  
I'VE YET  
TO ASK MYSELF-  
UNBORN ADULTS  
ARE  
LIKE THAT

Grandy Royston



## An Open Letter to G.C.

I heard today that Mr. Jones was running around on Mrs. Jones  
and I asked why?

I also heard that Mrs. Jones was running around on Mr. Jones  
and I asked why?

I sat and listened as a fellow student talked about, telling  
a girl he loved her just to get what he wanted,  
and I asked why?

I watched as the popular girl in school manipulated one  
guy after the other just to achieve a little more  
popularity and I hung my head and asked why?

I looked at life  
and cried why?

I saw hatred in peoples eyes that I didn't even know  
and cried why?

I watched the blood run from the white & black

bodies as they fought each other simply because  
of the color of their skin and angrily I cried why?  
I cringed as the people spoke of Christ like love & then  
turned around and hated someone, whom they  
didn't even know, and I sobbed why?

I heard people tell of their fantastic experience with  
Jesus Christ and then sit back and watch as  
the world around them went to Hell  
and I sobbed why?

I read in this book about people that have been  
touched by this man called Jesus and it says  
that these people care about their fellow man  
and will help him when he is down.

I was down, & all I saw was an empty room  
and I sobbed why?

I looked to this man, Jesus Christ, who was perfect in  
every way and never harmed anyone, and taught  
us to love one another, but in this book

I am reading it says that mankind nailed him  
to a tree. and I sobbed with bitter tears why?

Then I stopped and leaned my head against cold window  
I shook with the tears for all mankind.

But all of a sudden this thought hit me,

I'm a man: I am a man. I am a part of this mankind!

Oh my God,

I manipulate people,

I hate,

I leave my friends in  
need staying at an empty room!

Christ, I spit upon you,

I drove the spear into your side,

Christ, I was the one

that took the hammer & drove the nails into your hands & feet.

Jesus, do you hurt when I hate?

Jesus, do you cry when I cringe?

Jesus, do you love when I no longer can?

Lord, where is the answer,

Where is the answer to the why

Is the answer in you?

Anyone who says the answer is in man's wisdom is a fool.

Lord, do you hold the answers to life in the palm of your hand?  
and if you don't then who does?

Lord, I don't know what made me write this letter except  
the beautiful love you have shown for me.

I will end this letter with this prayer:

Lord God I am a part of mankind and that's  
where you have put me.

All I ask is that you strengthen me  
where I'm weak, love where

I'm prejudiced, and show your  
wisdom where I'm foolish.

Above all Lord, show your life instead  
of mine.

PS- I looked into  
the arms of Jesus Christ and  
shouted why not?!!

In Jesus Name I ask  
Amen

Del Medlin

# Reflections

sherry

bloulin

## God

I took a chance.  
I could not see Him.  
I could not hear Him.  
Did I feel Him?  
I reached out  
And He was there.

## Self

In my tomorrows  
There will always be  
The same  
Sun  
earth  
moon  
sky  
The same surroundings  
But always a difference I me.

## LOVE

The minutes  
hours  
days  
years  
pass

I wait  
hope  
anticipate....

Love is patient.

sunset

nearly night

the day watchman closes shop

shuts the last windows

and walks over

the hill

Danny Long

Salvation

find yourself & lose a friend  
in the beginning of the end

Danny Long



ALICE  
+  
?