



The Final Draft

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*The
Final Draft*

The Final Draft
is the literary magazine of
Durham Technical Community College
1637 Lawson Street, 318-F Phillips Building
Durham, North Carolina 27703

This issue of *The Final Draft* is dedicated, with love, to Barbara Wolf-Pearce and Tanya Ellison, who both serve as inspirations and are examples of how dedicated and resilient we all should become.

Thank you to . . .

The DTCC Faculty, for encouraging submissions
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DTCC Print Shop

And a very special thanks to:

All those who submitted material for this issue. All of the submissions were excellent. Please continue to submit your material for future issues.

Yours,

Barry Smith-McCauley

** A Special Note:*

The Final Draft will continue to accept submissions for its '95-'96 issue until October 31, 1995, as the magazine will be published in the Winter Quarter.

Barry Smith-McCauley, *Editor*
Dr. Frances Kerr, *Faculty Advisor*
Barbara Wolf-Pearce, *Faculty Advisor*



..... What is a poet?

What is a poet?
I can not tell
someone who paints a picture
with the brush of pain, and love
from the heart.

– *Jessie S. McClain*

Hark

O' sweet, sweet morn'
Humming hives of honeybees-
Stark trapezoids.

Bright Shadows.
Merging, bubbles ascend:
Dawn.

Delicately dancing dames;
clothespins.

"Chop that wood, you laborman!"

Choirs and chores:
a parrot squawks;
a raven hastens.
Gossip resumes, tainting reputations.

Scarcely loud silence.
Peace.
Fields crowd the
lullaby of wind.

Hark.

- *Barry Smith-McCauley*

A Blaze of Glory

I hate you. You hate me.
My heart's wrapped in a chain
sending poison to my brain,
driving me insane.
I'm already living in insanity;
that's why I shout profanity.
Emotions going wild
I'm not a child.
You've got sex, friends, money,
happiness and love.
I'm alone and have a need to
hurt, fight, push and shove.
Because, to me, what you have is
just a part of fantasia,
maybe I'll take a trip into
euthanasia.
Life is so grand. Is this God's plan?
Count them all and you'll see
everybody's high except for me.
So care about you, why should I?
Do you care about me when I lay
alone and cry?
If I had what you have I would be tame,
but I can't because you're kings and queens
and I'm just a pawn in the game.
All I want is to exist in the Purple Paradise,
but I'm chasing a dream and that won't suffice.
You've got reality, and I've got an illusion
trapping
me in confusion.
So here's the end of my story
I guess I'm going out in –
A blaze of glory.

wondering

sitting alone, i seem to have a thousand questions floating around in my head. who am i? why am i fat as an elephant? why is my skin light like clouds on a clear and blue day? why do i feel stupid like a dummy compared to others? why do i always feel the need to compare myself to others? why don't things come easy for me? why couldn't i have been born with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a thin body? why were children cruel to me when they called me "white nigger" and "fat cow"? who is god? can you see him? is he real? if he is real, why do you think he lets atrocious things happen to our world and to ourselves? where will i be in 10 years? will i be alive? dead? married? single? or happy? to other people, these questions sound sad, pathetic, or familiar. i sit. i think. i wonder. to me, they are my thoughts, nothing more.

– *Vanessa Bass*

..... An Address

The black man is a fortress.

A beauty.

A thread – a great
wide thread –
in the kente
of our species.

A minority
within this weave of myriad threads.

Challenged
condescended to
dared
intimidated
ignored
angry.

It is difficult to laugh –
a pressure is always there –
especially after having heard,
or read about
our struggles.

It chills when you write it,
horrifies when you say it,
rivets when you think it,
whips when you deny it,
suppresses while you live it.

Yet I live.

I live.

Racism. Separation. Difference.
Indifference?

Black man,
you've used it
to be different.

Convinced yourself
that difference isn't bad.

Rather, it is imperative.

It is life.

Life.

Colored boy,
your education bestows upon you
your choices.

You spawn,
spawn wisely
and rise.

Help me to be terrible,
convincing, consistent,
daring

brazen, resilient,
lustful, resolute,
respectful,

hungry,
thirsty for learning
like you.

Can you help me, black brother?
Black sister? Please
don't be distant.

Allow me to draw from your resources.

Cover me with the expanse
of the grapevine
of your supreme wisdom.

Enlighten me, so I can
lend a helping hand to our brother
who is less aware

to teach him
using my experiences
and your devices –

to let him utilize
the tapestry of my experiences,
the mosaic of my culture
to form his own
dialogue.

Thus, the loom
forming our kente cloth
continues its quiet mission.

Shhhhhhhhh...listen to it.

Teach me
about the loom.

How can I,
as an individual,
operate it?

I hear a tennis shoe
is worth a youth's life nowadays.

I hear a jacket, or a color
is worth a teenager's dreams.

Then isn't this pen
worth my time?

For I can create a dream,
an inspiration,
a medium
with this pen.

I can be dignified
in my prose.

I can influence,
empower,
intimidate.

I can captivate,
communicate.
And change.

– Barry Smith-McCauley

..... **Our Love**

our love

You said it would be forever,
But you know that's a lie.
No matter how hard I try, you
 Still make me cry.
I try to turn my back, but my
 life seems so black
And my friends tell me to turn
 away.
And your friends say the same,
But to give up such a love is a
 shame.
I try to walk away but my
 heart makes me stay.
I just want to know where your
 heart went astray.
You know the love we had was
 so real.
No one can make me feel the way
 you make me feel.
And some things are worth fighting
 for.
Some feelings never die.
I am asking for just one more
 chance and you may never
 understand why.
But if you should wish to deny
 this one final cry,
Then I guess maybe it's time for
 the love to die.

– Tanya Ellison

Grief

A fat, wet, angry teardrop perches precariously on the tip of the nose. It is ready to descend cruelly on an unsuspecting prey. Suddenly, it can be restrained no more. It plunges downward quickly, gracelessly, unflatteringly on a piece of paper lying comfortably alone. Molested, the paper shifts, recoiling under the brutal attack. Wounded at its fiber, unable to move or defend itself against the surprising impact, it lies angrily, waiting for the rape to be over. Eventually, the malicious tear begins to draw into itself, retracting its fluid edges, now more a confusing blob than definable shape. Slowly, unsteadily, imperceptibly, it begins to dry. It is less threatening to the paper it has imposed, and now superimposed itself upon. The paper absorbs fully the tear with only the slightest buckle in fiber, the barest stain. Dried up and diminished, the tear is still not quite gone. No longer plain, the paper now has character, but it is even more so than before - alone.

– Nicole Moore

..... **In the wind**

In the wind, I smell you.
Fragrances of yesterday calling out your name.
Only hollow smells of days are gone by.
I wish I could keep the wind to smell you
forever.
Having you in a time capsule to hold forever
only letting go when you come again
to stay.

– *Jessie S. McClain*

Commercialism

Commercialism is a mutant kudzu. All encompassing, it creeps and multiplies, choking the vitality out of everything in its path. It is vulgar and intriguing. Sneaking its way into our veins, then our brains, it takes up residence, and makes us hum catchy jingles all the way to the grocery store. It tantalizes, caresses, teases, not unlike an old lover who always *did* know just what to say. Its strength lies in its genuine love of manipulation, and its prey seldom realizes that it has been snared. It is to intellect what Cheetos are to health food. And, in spite of this, it has become the ruler of free trade, its gaudy crown available with any purchase from Burger King. It does not fear mutiny, for the loyal subjects of this kingdom are too busy tuning in to *Bay Watch*. Should the masses become suddenly aware of their plight, a terrifying revolution of free thought would occur; however, Commercialism isn't worried at all.

– Joey Burroughs

Frustration

Ye gads!! The study of biology has given birth to agonizing, debilitating emotions and clothed the word "frustration" with new meanings that cause me to question my sanity in reaching for the goal of ADN. I feel like a flower garden thoroughly trampled by a herd of buffalo. Frustration crushes hope into hopelessness. Expectations and preparations are sucked down the drain. Focus awry, questions loom: "What am I doing here? Why can't I grasp these particles of atoms?" Frustration forces panic and defeat to scream, "You're a failure!!" Nerves shattered, I sleep fitfully; therefore, friends prompt, "Try Shaklee B-Complex." Daylight breaks and the simple but elusive answer shines through, dispelling the darkness within. Drop biology!! — aaah, relief. Sweet peace, even giddiness.

— *Linda Teasley*

Some Kind of Magic

It must be some kind of magic –
can you show me the way?
You do it so well.
Wherever you go I will follow
You got the power –
The power to love.

It must be some kind of magic –
Can you show me the way?
You do it so well.
I don't know you so well.
But you got all of me.
You got the power
The power to love.

I can see it in your eyes
Where is the world?
You got the power –
One look from you gets me.
It must be some kind of magic –
Can you show me the way?
You do it so well.
Wherever you go I will follow
You got the power
The power to love
I can see it in your eyes.

– *Tanya Ellison*

..... **Thank you, Mama**

Thank you, Mama

She breathed life into me, but she didn't have to.

Thank you, Mama.

She taught me the alphabet. She taught me how to talk, to crawl, and to walk, all by her speech, her encouragement, and her actions.

Thank you, Mama.

She taught me right from wrong.

She spanked me when I slapped my sister in the back because I wanted to play with her doll. (Yes, it hurt like hell but after that spanking I knew I'd better not do it again.) She scolded me when she caught me playing make believe with her clothes and make-up. (Yet, she nodded her head and laughed at me with her brilliant hazel eyes.)

Thank you, Mama.

She kissed and bandaged me up when I fell off my bike.

She said, "There, there baby, it will be all right," when I was sick with the chicken pox. She made it all better.

Thank you, Mama.

She gave me advice when I had a problem. She said "great job" and "I'm proud of you" when I graduated from high school.

She let me cry on her shoulder after my first real relationship ended, and I thought my whole world was destroyed. When I am depressed or sad, she listens and offers advice.

Thank you, Mama.

She taught me how to love, how to laugh, how to feel, and how to enjoy life.

Thank you, Mama.

Thank you, Mama, for being my friend, my doctor, my teacher, my consultant, but most importantly, thank you for being my Mama.

– Vanessa Bass

..... **Change**

Change

Change can be a painful thing,
or change can make you grow.
You can't tell 'til it happens, baby
You have to wait to know –
It might take time or it might
 happen overnight.
You just can't tell 'til it happens.

– *Tanya Ellison*

.....**Some Dreams**

Some dreams I pick up
and carry on my shoulder.

Some dreams I throw out
into the sea.

And some dreams I sow upon
the softness of heart.

Hope 'til one day some
dreams become.
One day that big dream
becomes reality.

'Cause in the midst of
the year
sadness eats away that dream.

– *Jessie S. McClain*

Let Yourself

Dreams left unattended
soon wither on the vine.
A heart left all unwanted
Is the saddest thing you'll find.
A love left unaccepted
Soon hides behind a wall.
A wish left still unspoken
Can't do anything but fall.
So if you have a dream
And maybe a wish or two
Fill your heart with love
So they'll all come true for you.
For dreams are made for dreaming
And wishes can be real.
Don't hide – but let yourself be loved
And then your heart will heal.

– *Tanya Ellison*

Fin.

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