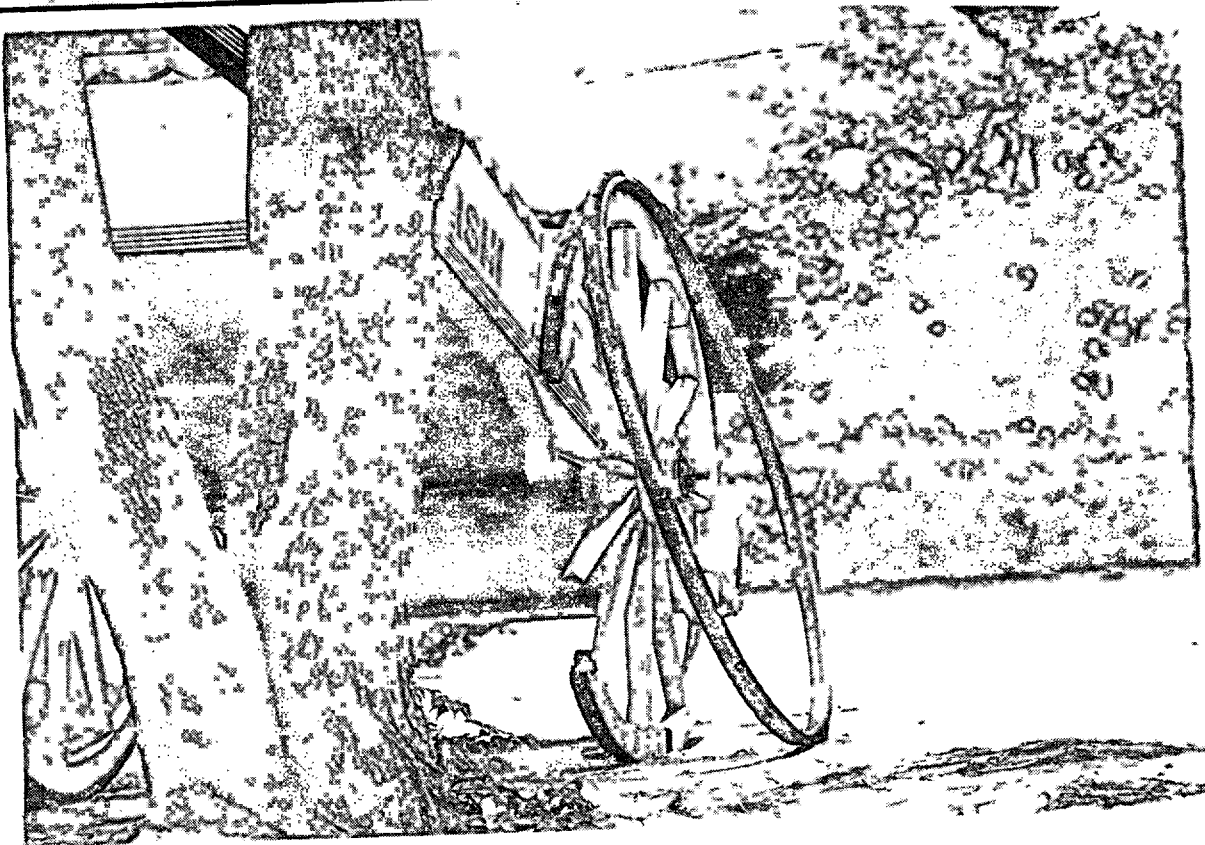




ROMY

Peter Savernise



Sudeep Sen

Of Sundays Gone, Of Sundays to Come . . .  
(for Jerrilyn W.)

the sound of the church bells in the distant,  
of Sundays gone,  
of Sundays to come, and  
of the things that transpired in between,  
echoed that beauty which exists everywhere.  
the uniqueness which flowered  
all of a sudden, spontaneously,  
amidst MTVs, sport magazines and snatched conversations  
makes one wonder whether  
it is real;  
but then it is.

such a lot has been said,  
yet so much held back  
like the falling leaf which disengaged itself  
sometime back  
but froze in the mid-air.  
and while the butterflies flitted around  
and the rock stood still,  
the green plant in the room inspired poetry  
and the photographs on the board  
reminded us  
of Sundays gone,  
of Sundays to come, and  
of the intense immensity in between.

the diary which recorded the present,  
and the clock which recorded 'time'  
strengthened the very basis; of  
sincerity and honesty, of  
truth and permanence,  
and  
love.

of Sundays gone, of Sundays to come, and . . .!

Sunday September 21, 1986  
Sudeep Sen  
International Student  
India

## Intensity

The intensity of my race propels me through a dimensionless tunnel. Sight, sound, pain, and reality fade together around me. I must strive. I must reach out. I must find strength from deep within the oneness of my being. I stretch toward my goal, to conquer my lifelessness, to restore my senses.

I empty my mind, yet the numbness is short-lived. Each individual muscle, every movement, and all thoughts are centered upon the realization and self-actualization of the finish. Yet there is a valley of pain I must run through, and the terrain is rough to my mountainous victory path. Here, doubt, fear, and lack of preparation make this journey difficult. Still, onward I run, ever onward. My trance-like state pushes me along the path to oblivion, that which is guided by an intense, painful awareness now manifested in each step. This motion is fact and furiously insane, yet seems to be grinding backwards through a slow-moving extension of time itself. I am poised expectantly in this absurd reality, weary in flight, yet belief in the possible sustains me . . .

I must question my capacity for achievement, my ability to be better than myself. My desire is to utilize all strength and energy I possess, shedding the excess baggage of my weaknesses, challenging the physical limitations placed upon me. I want to have nothing left, to test the limits which bind me, to break free, to push beyond, to fall to my knees in the joyous agony of enduring the journey to the end and back.

At long last, my race has ended. I gulp in air that is sweet refreshment to my gasping, thirsty lungs. My head pounds loudly, emphasizing, with each new rush of blood, the completion of another trial. The intensity of battle is far removed now, and only the contented afterglow of my race through the tunnel remains.

Wendy Dunn '90

## Editor's Box

Inside Art is here! Finally a forum for Davidson's creative edge! Published bi-weekly as a four page insert in *The Davidsonian*, Inside Art depends on the submissions of the student community for its very survival. In other words, we need your poems, short stories, creative essays, photographs, drawings or anything serious, humorous, or pedestrian that you feel reflects your own creativity. This three page preview gives you the sense of our publication. We seek to represent, not exclude, the literary and visual art of the campus in an exciting, immediate format. Leave your submissions in the ART Box at the Union desk, at *The Davidsonian* office, or contact me at -0662. We need and expect your continued support and input.

Lee Eichelberger  
Inside Art Editor