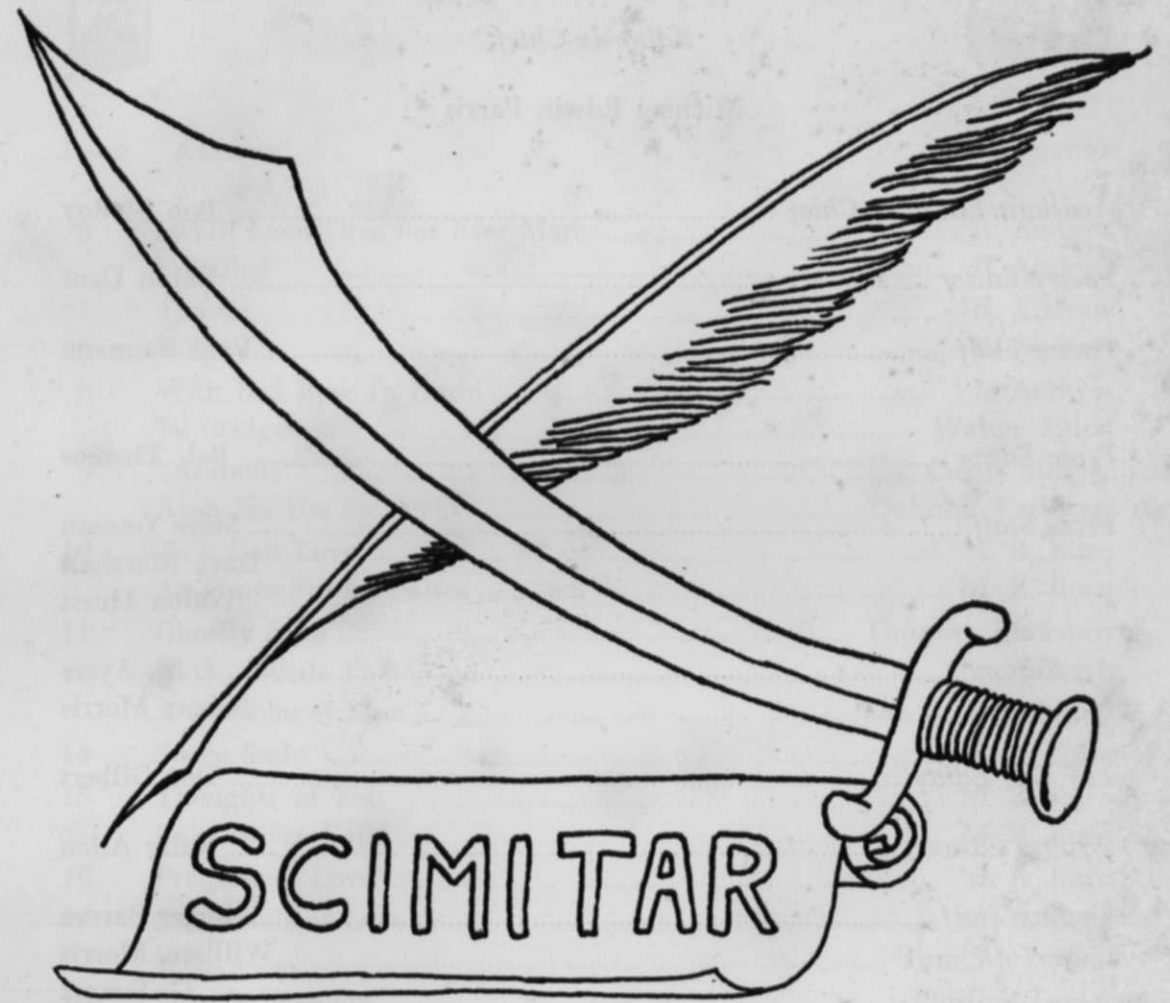


S r i m i t a r





SPRING 1971 EDITION

A TRI-YEARLY MAGAZINE BY THE CADETS
OF THE STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

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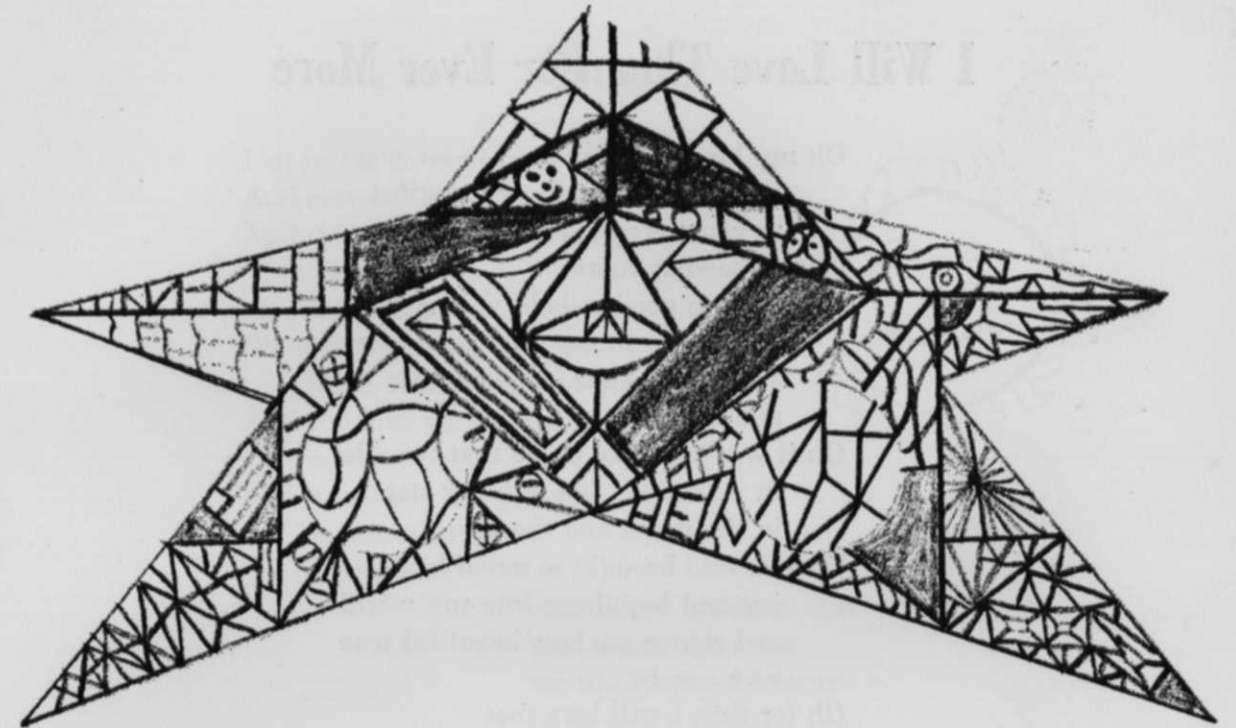
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The Song of The Semi-star

Let all the beauty roam,
Throughout the minds of man,
And carry their thoughts so distant, so far,
To sing the song of the Semi-star.

Planets will live and die,
But man can explore only in the mind,
And the good with the evil will always twist,
Into the mystic song of the Semi-star.

Let Sister and Brother live in solemn peace,
While they explore the voids of the mind.
Let man call man his companion,
While together they sing the song of the Semi-star.

Lost & Burn

We,
The Editors and Staff, have chosen
To call this issue the Semi-star,
In honor of the Universal Poets,
Whoever they are, and wherever they may be.

I Will Love Thee For Ever More

Oh my love it was so good to see you
again, you are still as beautiful
as you were before and I believe
somewhat more.

Oh it felt so good to hold you again
to feel you in my arms once more
and to kiss your lips so tender
and sweet.

Oh it was so lovely to see that twinkle
in your eyes, like shining stars
in the moon and the sky.

Oh you who brought so much love,
joy and happiness into my world
and shown me how beautiful true
love can be.

Oh for this, I will love thee
forever more.

R. Andrew

Fulfilled

God has blessed me,
The Angels, they sing,
For alas, true love,
I have found.
A truer love, I could never
hope for,
Then that which I have now.

R. Andrew

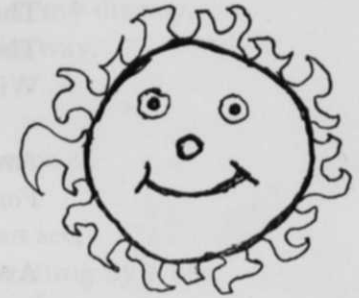
Thanks

I sit in the corner of my room
And cast my eyes upon the wall
And think the thoughts of my
mind.

And find they're all of you.
Oh such beautiful thoughts
filled with visions of you,
And the love we shared
together

The happiness we give to
one another

Oh so very true.



And I bow my head now
and thank the Lord
for the love and beauty
he gave me through you.


R. Andrew

Why

I spied a little
butterfly high
up in the sky
I wondered
how it got up
there,
So high up in
the sky.
And so I faced
My Lord
And asked him ...
... why can't I?

R. Andrew

With Red Rose in Hand



There she stands
There she stands awaiting
With red rose in hand
 she does stand awaiting
Awaiting . . . Awaiting . . .
For his arrival that is soon
 to come.
Awaiting . . . Awaiting . . .

Hopefully she stands
So lonely she stands
With red rose in hand
 she does stand.
And prays to her God
A mysterious man,
to guide her love
home safely.

R. Andrew

To Bridget

What can I do about her?
I sit and wonder
And ponder
And try to create
Something out of my past

Something I tried to say to her
Long, long ago
But that
Was when
We were both young and foolish.

I seem so right, somehow
to say again
The words
I love you
To a returned love.

Walter Hurst

"Animals"

I was walking through the woods, and much to my dismay,
I came upon a tiny little goose, that had lost its way.

I sat there thinking; wondering what to do,
When all of a sudden, a fat cow gave forth a moo.

I stood up quickly, for I was startled as you can see,
when along came a buzzing; and my nose was stung by a bee.

All of a sudden, there was produced a most hideous growl,
Then I turned around to see a bear devour some unlucky fowl.

I thought I should leave, and began to scam,
when all of a sudden, BAM!!!—I'd run over a little lamb.

I'll never go back to those woods, with all those ugly creatures,
I've decided to join the ever increasing ranks of preachers.

Curtis Morvec

Ain't No Use In Tryin'

For I live to be a someone's lover,
But what have I to offer.
'cept things which are small and gentle.
I have no rings or turtle doves.
I walk alone, how long?
And what have I to offer?

Quimby Farkwart

To a Lost Love

Walking slowly down the hill,
My thoughts for you are done.
Sadness with tears begin to fill

empty spaces,

And I have just seen the Sun.
No shadow or breath from me will stay
For Life is shortened with every day,
And the music from gravestones to church bells
Come and go as we know well.

Don't remember past ideas or games,
But believe that they never will end,
And soon your life has more aims,
For it is never hard to find a friend.
And to you lost one, love I lend,
For it replaces the love I send.

Amen.

M. R. Burn

As Times Future Passes

You and I, side by side,
Will walk this road of sand,
And as times future passes, by, by and by,
I'll always hold your hand.
The Road of Life, a long, long road,
Will lead us to a happy land,
Any many revolutions of time will have died.

Soon off of that road, age of old,
There is something for us to live by,
And having no hot or cold,
Life will kindly lie . . .
And so we are told,
Of stories that never seem to die,
But you and I together,
Will pass the time by.

M. R. Burn

Ghostly Song

I hear a lost soul cry out,
when I answer,
only a cold stone hears me weep.
Songs rise and fall in my head,
like the rushing and pausing
of waves on a barren shore.
A ghost sings softly, but sweetly
in my ear,
but the words are lost,
covered by the crickets chatter,
and spread by the winds of the night.

If a song is born,
and comes to you by the wind,
catch it!
For it may be the song of a lost soul.
Don't pass it by,
for then one of the meanings
of life is lost.
Be thoughtful,
as life goes on . . .

Quimby Farkwart



Space Sight

Where has this lonely starship been?
 What marvels has it seen?
 What songs gone by its revered walls
 Of blue and verdant green?
 What has its honored crew been taught,
 In generations past?
 Will they survive their many faults?
 Will the starship last?

This crew has been too long aboard.
 The magic, they no longer see.
 Of thought amid a starry void . . .
 of life and all that it may be.
 They quarrel through their petty lives
 and rape the precious, sacred land.
 Willingly would they destroy
 What they don't even understand!

Rich Little

Thoughts of You

Thoughts of you seem to,
 Make me love a life of
 Nature.

With silver clouds,
 Shattering my dreams.

A soft touch from you,
 Or a sweet sound from
 Your lips,
 Carry me into a silver cloud,
 With silver mist covering my
 eyes.

A mist of silver tears,
 And a love of you.

M. R. Burn

Rain Never Falls

People cry about their dooms,
 People find only empty rooms.
 And within each they all assume,
 That their lives to them will soon succumb.
 But Mirrors have colors on and off.
 They smile, cry and sometimes laugh.
 And with all their faces it would sometimes seen,
 As if its own it may someday redeem.
 Individual lovers often hold,
 Onto small big letters, always twice fold,
 Although heated flames will soon be cold,
 For something is new, forget the old.
 And the
 Rain never falls, but is always there,
 Laying on doorsteps and on the lifeless hair,
 Except for the cheeks that have falling tears,
 And yet, never on the faceful mirrors,
 Are they seen or felt with the fears
 Of Love.

M. R. Burn

The Progress of Love

Catching little tears,
Falling from her cheek,
She has so many fears,
So she tells me,
My love is for her to seek.

When I say it isn't,
Her eyes tell me that it is,
I feel so very different,
Hearing her say "mine is his."

Cloudy days lie ahead,
For both of us.
But we don't cry but say instead,
"Our love never does."

Warm fire within our cabin,
So lonely and far away.
We sit together whispering,
That were both here to stay.

The wind outside knocks at our door,
We laugh as it blows away,
And throughout the night it knocks some more
But we are the only ones here to stay.

M. R. Burn

Soft Petals of Love . . .

So far away,
Laying in the lonely meadow,
We watch the last of the Sun go.

And the warm breeze carries,
Soft petals from blossomed apple trees.

Her brown hair brushes my face,
As she gently leans over me, her love I chase,
And her smile makes me reach for her,
As the soft petals land about and cover
The both of us,
Together . . .

M. R. Burn

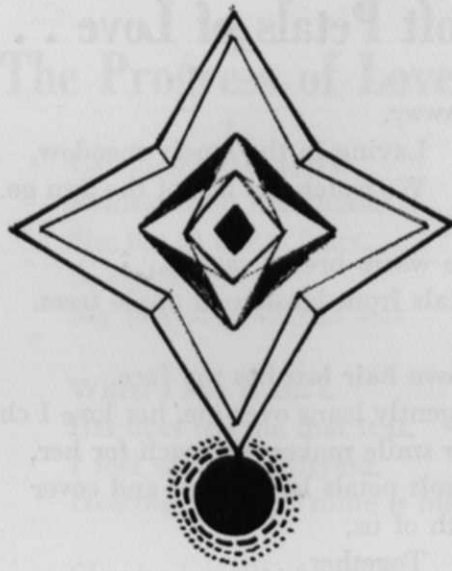
Why

Why is there war,
Why is there hate,
Why is there differences
On religion and race?

Man is not perfect
In any respect,
When man cannot see,
And cannot agree,
The only thing left,
Is the surge for supremacy.

Yet through all the war,
And through all the hate,
There soars a bird—The dove,
It is the dove of peace
And the dove of love.

Tom McTernan



Love is Freedom

I walk through the wood
No sound do I hear
Only you and me are here
Yet I know He is near

I've followed God
He's followed me
He created the world
He made you and me

We live together
In this small world
For me not to love you
would be absurd

I love you
YOU love ME
Only through love
Can man really be free

Phillips Taylor

Burning Hell

I open the door and he says, "Come in,"
And he gives that awful grin
That makes my blood go cold!

He says, "Come here, sit in this chair,"
And then he gives that awful glare,
As the motorized switchblade begins.

He cuts me once, he cuts me twice,
By now my blood has turned to ice.
And then he says, "that's all, pay up."

Of all the things I've had to take,
This one really takes the cake,
It's like going through a "Burning Hell"
When you get a haircut from O'dell!!

J. Ross Scarbrough



The Incredible Dust Bowl

My floor is dirty,
There is dust between the tiles;
The harder I sweep,
the more bristles break off.

Dust flies and settles again.
Coughing, I have swept up the broom.
I, calmly, balance
the broomstick on my nose,
and say;

Fudge, I didn't wanta sweep the durn floor anyway . . .

Quimby Farkwart

Match Covers

Do they ever really care
 What they give us?
 Are they willing to share
 Their knowledge with us?
 Go get on the bus
 Don't give me no fuss or pester,
 Or you'll be here three semesters!!!

They fill us with the stuff
 That maw's and dad's have told them,
 Don't care what we think
 Don't listen, just scold them!!

There is no time in life,
 To collect your match covers.
 There is no time in life,
 To do unto others.
 You're here for one life,
 Forget your do's and your drother's,
 And go raise hell,
 Why you still have time!!!

Quimby Farkwart

How Much Longer?

My socks returned with gaping holes,
 I'll be marching beat till midnight tolls.
 The food made me sick,
 have to answer two sticks.
 How many more days?

They get me to hurry,
 and say not to worry,
 For soon I'll be free.
 How many more hours?

My Government is poor,
 My English Barbaric,
 Just might be here this summer.
 How many more seconds?

But, it's spring outside
 and I guess the rest
 doesn't make much difference.

Quimby Farkwart

Poem ?

I love her, and i wish she
 could love me too. If she could see
 herself through my eyes . . .
 i'd give the gates of Heaven
 but they're not mine to give—
 so hard to live—
 knowing that it's not right,
 and that a piece of the puzzle
 of life is missing . . .
 But i love her, and i wish
 she could love me too . . . maybe she does,
 now that i'm gone.

Edwin Lost

Woes of Many

The sea hath many sands,
 The sun hath motes as many;
 The sky is full of stars, and Love
 As full of woes as any.

Vicroy

Gift of One

Yet of my night I give to you the stars,
 And of my sorrow here the sweetest gains,
 And out of hell, beyond its iron bars,
 My scorn of all its pain.

Vicroy

On The Brink of Death

Was life as important,
when you were healthy and gay?

The doctors say that death is close.
You weren't aware this would happen.
The life goes quickly,
past the sight of your mind.
Finding good things,
which make you want to live.
Don't want to give up . . .
The joys and pleasures you remember.

Knowing some things you did were foolish,
Making vows to live a better life,
if only you had the chance . . .
Asking God for an extension,
on your calendar of life.

Wanting to live,
Willing to give,
everything for some more of the beauty of life . . .
Hoping,
Dreaming,
Praying,
Tilting,
on the brink of death.

Edwin Lost

Cry

To hold inside,
What one does feel,
May only chill thy teachings of nature.
But to express one's inner face with doubt unknown
Will bring thee fire of nature's goals.

Vicroy

Fork in the Road

Companions—walk weary roads
Separated by a wall of misunderstanding.

Friends crying,
people sighing,
willows weeping,
Humans seeking the light and the warmth.

Fellow travelers on the road of life
living in strife
it's not nice
but that's life . . .

Edwin Lost

After Death

For him no more will the fire burn,
nor will the winter turn to spring,
nor will he yearn for the things we do,
but maybe he . . .
is better off than me.

For him no more will the bells ring,
nor will the birds sing their happy song,
we try to be strong
maybe he,
is happier now.

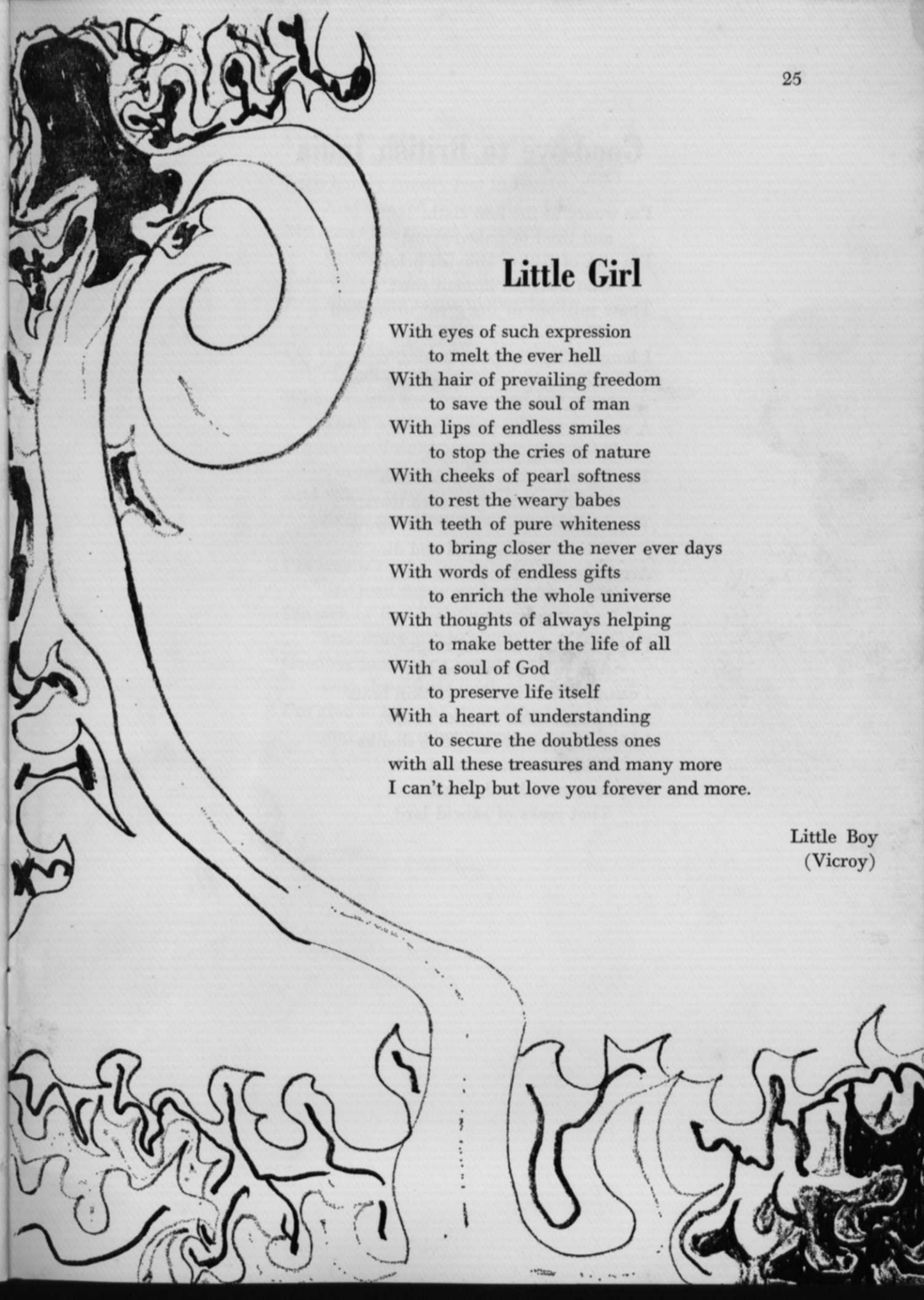
We know not what he has found:
His body now sleeps within the ground,
but his soul is traveling . . .
through the stars and the skies.
We know not why, but it has been done,
Thank God,
For letting me know him as I did.

Edwin Lost

Little Girl

With eyes of such expression
to melt the ever hell
With hair of prevailing freedom
to save the soul of man
With lips of endless smiles
to stop the cries of nature
With cheeks of pearl softness
to rest the weary babes
With teeth of pure whiteness
to bring closer the never ever days
With words of endless gifts
to enrich the whole universe
With thoughts of always helping
to make better the life of all
With a soul of God
to preserve life itself
With a heart of understanding
to secure the doubtless ones
with all these treasures and many more
I can't help but love you forever and more.

Little Boy
(Vicroy)



Good-bye to British India

I'm weary of the loin cloth,
 and tired of naked skins;
 I'm sick of filthy, knavish priests
 who trade in human sins;
 These millions of the great unwashed
 offend both eye and nose;
 I long for legs in pantaloons
 and feet concealed in hose.

A wail of human misery
 Is ringing in my ears,
 The sight of utter wretchedness
 Has filled my eyes with tears;
 The myriad huts of mud and straw
 Where millions toil and die
 Are blots upon this fertile land
 Beneath an Orient sky.

I'm weary of the nasal rings
 And juice discolored lips;
 I cannot bear these brown skin brats
 Astride their mother's hips;
 I loath the spindling native shanks
 With dirt encrusted hard;
 I'm nauseated by the hair
 That reeks of rancid lard.

I'll ride no more in little cabs
 That serve as railway cars
 Each barely twenty feet in length
 And swayed by countless jars,
 My bones are racked by traveling
 In India's jerky way;
 For better weeks in Pullman cars
 Than one night in Bombay!

I'm sick at heart (and stomach too)
 of India's vile hotels
 Whose rooms are dustier and less clean
 Than western prison cells;
 Where servants swarm like cockroaches
 Yet nothing can be
 And where your private "boy" alone
 Keeps you from going mad.

I'm weary of the sun-helmets too
 like toad stools made of pith;
 I'm sick of Buddha's "sacred tooth"
 and every other myth
 Goodbye to whining mendicants
 who show their loathsome sores!
 I'm glad to take the steamer now,
 and sail to other shores.

T. P.

Screaming Warriors

Warriors, of all ages,
 Dreaming, through the night . . .
 Of the victories of the morrow.
 Dreaming, of what may come . . .
 When they get the new word.
 Waking and anticipating,
 The times of the attack:
 Walking dazedly,
 In a thought laden stupor:
 The warriors hack thoughtlessly
 through breakfast, and hope:
 Following the hordes,
 Towards the place of worship.
 The guard appears,
 A scrawny gray-haired little man,
 Who struggles to hold the gates closed.
 When the time is right!
 The gates are flung wide!

Wave after wave
 Of screaming warriors,
 Filled with lust and desire,
 Over-power the meager guard,
 And surge into the temple!

walking with hands in pockets,
 eyes to the floor,
 as if beaten 10,000 blows
 by 100 warriors . . .
 They, are beaten—— . . .

No mail today? Well, I guess I'll just head on
 down to the canteen and see what Malcum's doin' . . .

Quimby Farkwart