



Agora

"Birthplace of Democracy, the Agora dozes at the foot of the Acropolis. Athenians thronged here to discuss, harangue, litigate, philosophize."

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* Recipient of the Jean S. Moore Award

Nora Fleming

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Dana Crist

Jean S. Moore Award

The Jean S. Moore Award was established in 1998 in memory of the late Jean S. Moore, an Abbey English professor. Each year the recipient receives publication in Agora and a cash prize of fifty dollars. This year's award was received by Cindie Campbell for her poem, "Fireflies." This award represents top submission as judged by the editorial staff and is based on creativity and originality.

Fireflies Cindie Campbell

Fireflies dance on the grass; swift, sure-footed ballerinas on their natural stage.

Swooping high and low, tumbling acrobats; delicate spies; eluding the glass cage; not wanting to be on display.

Their best performance not on a stage, but gracefully turning, spinning on their leaves of grass forever content in their dramatic event.



Cow Fence Teresa Lopes

1692 Br. Boniface Hamilton

A cold spirit crosses the dark Atlantic devils arise amidst the breaking waves, spraying a cool mist on warm, sweaty faces.

Black rain nourishes the waterless ground —
winter passing in Salem Village.
Young women and girls listen
to the colorful legends of Tituba
and gather cereal —
Hobgoblins appear above the sweet grain —
curved, misshapen bodies;
violet skin and odious scent.

Playful rituals turn to dread and nervous stimulation.

And
witches arise from sleep.

God-fearing gentlemen listen
to the hysterical cries of young girls —
"There is a flock of yellow birds around her head" —
nineteen bodies sway on taut ropes.

Blood curdles like goats' milk in the summer
heat.

October Moon silenced the grieved children and the pollution of men were purified through forgiveness.





Ominous Arches Miranda Lockey

Establishing the Text (Punctuation Blues) Dean de la Motte

- "Life they claim is merely a train of senseless events."
 - "Which carries us down the dull rails of despair, doesn't it?"
 - "Force us to choose?"
 - "Between?"
 - "Despair and hope."
 - "Lies!"
 - "A small point."
 - "The separation of order."
 - "And?"
 - "Chaos."
- II. "Life," they claim, "is merely a train of senseless events, which carries us down the dull rails of despair."

Doesn't it force us to choose? Between despair and hope lies a small point, the separation of order and chaos.



Wily Trespassers Miranda Lockey



My Weakness Cindie Campbell

(from "The Weakness in Me" by Joan Armatrading)

Why do you come here? You know I have troubles; commitments are broken, like dropped jewelry boxes and all around my heart are thorns. Still you come.

Why do you call me?
You know I can't make this decision;
confusion wells up inside
and I am so afraid
the dam will burst
and all my careful concealment
will be washed away in these baptismal waters.
Still you call.

Why are you so strong? Is all the weakness in me?

I feel you in everything; your smile, your laugh, your ability to see through me. The way you smell of sweet, soft pears that crumble in your mouth. You're in my hair; your caressing whispers in my ear, peppermint breezes in my plush pillow lilting me to sleep.

Why are you so strong? Is all the weakness in me?

I need you!
Like a baby bird consuming food,
it is never enough.
You know this, as you know me,
resilient and frail at the same time.
But I can't surrender and lay my heart
on this altar to be sacrificed now.



I will never fail you Sara Jordan

When the waters move across the sky
And the earth begins to fall away
I will never fail you.
When trust can't hold you anymore
And when reason opens the darkest doors
I will never fail you.
Although we all pass and decay
I will always show you the way
Through the rest, past the remainder.
Step here, quietly through this door.
It will all be there, and far more.

Silent, I know . . .
It feels you've been here before.
Truth be known
This is the very core.
You've left them all behind now,
Loved and unloved, known and forgotten.
Don't cry for them; they will pass as well,
Each soul within the breadth of a nail.

Resistance is futile Erin Walker

Resistance is futile break me into seven times seventy unrecognizable pieces; hold me, wholly enfold me, mold me and make me your own. Make my eyes your eyes so I can know you and all that you see A poem to my poet Mary Ellen Weir

I.

Although you had a mind so expansive,
you couldn't see it. You just knew the slow
strangle of sadness
and you prayed and flayed
days, nights,
and you were miserable.

And so, always in solitude and always attentive to the call of those joyed spots on clear, slow moon nights, you would slip the novitiate so late and so dark to watch the swallows sweep the barn.

II.

When I came to find you there, the barn was gone.

But I felt you in those green woods with me
and I knew you asked
from a stone, a pinecone—
and finally from your tender trees.

We walked on, you showing me the field of cows; the sky your minion rode.

Your question could keep me silent no longer and the rightness snapped: Why do you stay? leave! that angularity cannot hold the inscape you are!

This unorthodoxy staggered you. You went back.

III.
And so the stone buildings and the tightness ached you to desperate bits until you cried: I can no more!

The worst: Dublin. Till finally the only way you knew to leave, never realizing you had to leave, fluttered you a touch.

You muttered your happiness and flamed off to the Windhover, never knowing what we later would know: that all would be well, even when they, unknowing, tossed your poems in the fire later that day.

Experience of Thought Lougene Webber

In the quietness of stimulation Tides ebb and flow. Often stopping; one at a time To receive their recognition.

Recognized at times as chimera; Some placed on the shelves, Labeled according to their use. Others placed in the chasm for future recognition.

Presuming all are of some purpose; Desultory becomes choice. Skimming through and few taking hold. Semantics become much clearer.

Conjugation of these brief tides Leads to higher learning. Conscious led by unconscious spirit, United; their path is clear.



In all the silent Mary Ellen Weir

In all the silent that vegetables give were the elderly couple.

His face white, with a shine that charged as deep as space, her face practical and wearing life. She signed to him a decision about the lettuce.

Then off they glided, further into the grocery's concentrated noise. They: shimmering silent midst the golding fruit, the green stalks.

They: like light feelering its way, sounding smooth spring leaves to summer.



Ah... Summer Miranda Lockey Fan Mail for Icarus Dean de la Motte

You're misunderstood, my friend. They don't see your triumph, only its necessary end. As if falling meant failed! Would they rather you had landed in Sicily, there to be chased by a bloodthirsty king?

No. O, to have your wings, your sun, your sea!

Icarus, most of us fall without having soared.

(1983)

Icarus Replies Dean de la Motte

Oh for Zeus' sake, haven't you seen Breughel's painting, or read Auden's gloss?* No one gave a damn! Do you think I could tear them from the plows, or ship's compasses, or rambling carts of moldering vegetables?

No. But here's irony for you: thanks to Breughel and Auden I've landed a permanent spot on the lecture circuit, not to mention a recurring role on "The Hubris Chronicles."

Syndication is in the air,

(2002)

"Pieter Breughel's painting, "The Fall of Icarus," inspired these lines in W.H. Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts" (1940):

In Breughel's learus, for instance: how everything turns away.

Quite leisurely from the disaster, the ploughman may.

Have heard the spiash, the forsaken cry,

But for him it was not an important failure; the sun shone.

As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green.

Water, and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen.

Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky.

Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

God Has Watered Our Barren Land Sr. Jane Russell

After threatening for hours, the sky in cosmic humor held the rain until we gathered at the river (more precisely, Kangaroo Lake) to purge our sins and pain in "non-traditional but holy" reconciliation rite.

The leaders lit a fire, lined path to lake with lumenarias, bid us come. "Bring nothing for the journey but a walking stick," the theme of our retreat. They threw in shakers, maracas, other tools of folk percussion so we could play along with tapes of aboriginal song. Clad in wild sarong, Stella led the bonfire circle in joyous dance. brandished bead-strung staff, gonged the singing bowl, scattered bright confetti in the sand. They had just begun to send us on stardust path to the end of the pier (pitcher and stacks of towels portending something) when first drops fell. Before you could say, "Bless me, Father." the rain of God was falling like mercy. dousing would be penitents making a dash for the house.

"So are we forgiven or not?" one wailed wistfully. No answer came.

Neither did lightning strike, wherefore bolder souls returned to play in the downpour, counting God's answer resounding Yes. In primal sign earth was renewed; we were too.



Little War Michael Lillard

Rise up from the pitch Soiled, bruised, and tired. The call to battle Still lingers on. Prepare to attack, Exploit your foe's weakness.

Pride and manhood Are locked in this fight.

> Dreamer Dana Crist

Pity the flightless dreamers, he said.

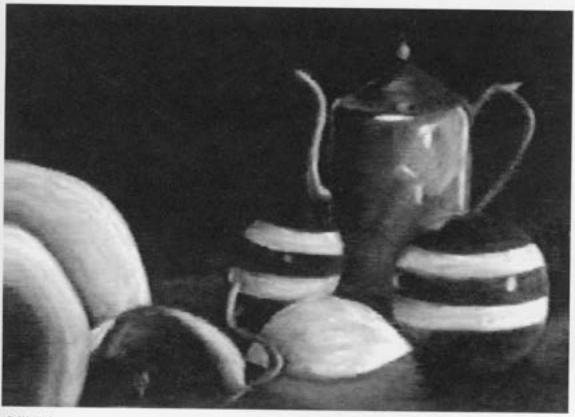
He who had never felt the sky
Felt no wind except her sigh.

She longed to kiss his soul, then,
And to keep a part of it for herself,
Like a pressed flower in a keepsake.

But to deny him
would be a sin.

She gave him a feather instead.

As his fingers closed around it,
She wondered if he would feel its softness,
Soft like a border around a dream;
She wondered if her smile would give her away.



Still Life Teresa Lopes

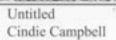


Be Wary Russell Fowler

Search for those who might confirm your delight, but be wary. There are many creatures in the Big Woods whose pleasures are unlike your own. The meek ones who feed in the first bathing light are quietly afire with sheer life, but wary. Eyes made wide, they are being compacted into body, a state of momentary completeness beyond joy, or truth, or opinion, proof that death and dismay are but accompaniments, and jealous in that, so be wary. The old bear passes matter of factly, neither anxious nor lonely, though his place in the run of things is long past. All his attention is focused and made fast to that which lies before him, he moves as if motion were breath. Unafraid of disappointment, or malice, or regret, his eyes regard only the quick and the dead, but he is wary.



Omen Miranda Lockey



I come here often, just to collect my thoughts. I sit here on this little wooden bench with wrought iron legs, feet, and armrests and watch the people who are here.

On this particular day in October the leaves have just started changing. The colors are so brilliant, orange and red, still mostly green though. They mesh together forming a colorful canopy above my head, the sun piercing through in spots and warming my cheek and the back of my neck.

I observe a girl, fair in complexion, sitting on the bench a few yards down from me and see something familiar in her face.

She is dressed in vintage clothing, most likely from Kim's Closet. Kim's Closet is a quaint little shop about a block from here. The owner, Jill, is a friend of mine. She goes to flea markets and thrift shops looking for these outlandish clothes from all eras. She says that it is exciting to transform yourself into another time. I wouldn't know anything about that. I am usually quite conservative.

The girl looks as if she is eighteen or nineteen. She has long chestnut hair and beautiful green eyes. She is sitting there in her barefeet, her shoes tossed on the ground beside the bench. They are paint spattered so that you cannot see the color of the original shoe. The paint is all different colors and seems random when you first glance at them, but if you examine the paint more carefully you see that it all fits and looks as if meticulously planned. She is wearing a turquoise, lime green and yellow striped scarf, but no coat. It isn't cold enough for coats right now. On her arm is a quote that I can hardly make out. I study this harder and see that it says, "Sometimes it is only in looking back that you realize the reasons and understand why something happens." This seems quite odd to me. She is only eighteen or nineteen. Has she lived enough to know this? What has happened in her life that she needs to look back upon and understand why?

She has a sketchbook with her and is drawing with pastels. I squint to see what she is drawing. It looks like it is the lake on the hill behind the other row of benches.

I gaze over at the lake. It has an enormous willow tree that arches out over the water. The breeze sways the branches so that they just graze the surface, making little ripples that grow into bigger ones as they travel to the center of the lake.

I remember Moira, a girl with whom I went to high school. She was fun and lively, very opinionated and artsy. This girl reminds me so much of her. Moira was an artist and a philosopher, even at the age of seventeen. We spoke of books and art. She loved The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath. She told me once that I should read more.



"I do read," I interjected. "Maybe just not as much as you think that I should."

"You know what you should read. You should read Charlotte Perkins Gilman. She writes of the oppression of women. 'The Cult of Domesticity,'" she said.

"What is 'The Cult of Domesticity'?" I asked

She then informed me that it meant that a woman's place is in the home and how distasteful and horrible it was for women.

She said that "Women were thought of as just being there to take care of the house and their families. They were not allowed to have careers or anything like that."

Moira was very adamant about this subject. She was never going to have anyone tell her she couldn't have what she wanted. She was going to be an artist and write a littel also. She was always so ambitious.

She lived with her grandmother, an eccentric old woman. She had her hair dyed this copper color and always danced around the house with wooden spoons pretending she had a microphone and singing Billy Holiday songs. She had a little dog, which she treated like a person and even let it eat at the table with her. She played bridge every Wednesday and went out dancing every Friday. She fascinated me so much, because I couldn't imagine my grandmother acting like that.

I remember her at our graduation wearing her favorite crocheted hat with the appliqued flowers, her copper hair falling at her shoulders and the dog yapping whenever we clapped for someone getting their diploma.

Moira couldn't wait for the ceremony to be over, so she could escape. She was going to Berkeley and was so excited to get out of our old "stuffy" town in Iowa. That was actually the last time that I saw her, standing by her car after graduation and wishing her good luck.

I come out of my daze and there is the girl who had been sitting on the bench. She is standing right in front of me with a quizzical look on her face.

"Mom," she says, "what are you doing here? You should be at work now. Have you had another one of your episodes? You really have to remember to take your medication."

"Oh, hello. I was just remembering someone who you remind me of. What is your name?"



the funny part Erin Walker

the funny part
is
I was stopped
in the middle of life
by a passing funeral procession
and I found myself

envying the ever-resting, happy victim of sleep surrounded by flowers and wasted tears



Antique Gate Miranda Lockey

Via Dolorosa Br. Boniface Hamilton

Springtime.

Oval leaves — a lusterless green — surrounded by a crowd of yellow flowers.

A lonely road of ancient stone — cool and damp — cries for mercy.

The anger of ancient men prune pink fire; divine blood drips from their hands.

Their whips thrash sweaty flesh -

a rippled body slumps over — tired, bleeding, shaking. Tears flow down forgiving eyes.

God is clothed in royal garments, spat upon, beaten and smashed into the stone ground.

A crude beam is strapped to his broken back, the screams of Golgotha echo beneath unsettled earth.

Climbing atop the sacred mound, an innocent man is mocked and scorned.

His shattered body is thrown to the polluted ground and stripped of his royal garments.

Dry earth embraces his bleeding face.

Ruthless men, hammer in hand, drive iniquitous nails into trembling flesh; twisted carpus adheres to scarlet wood, knotted feet nailed to the upper stake.

God's naked body — swathed in putrid sweat and curdled blood — hangs on a decaying tree. Hunger, thirst, suffocation. The Son of Man raises his weakening head, crying out "Eli, Eli, lema sabachthani?"

Irrespective of the pain, the agony, the fear, the uncertainty of his humanity, of his divinity, he entrusts his spirit to his Father.

A mighty lion rips through his hallowed side. Sanguine fluid cleanses tainted ground.



The sun slips behind the moon.
Lightning whips across the angry sky.
Raging clouds discharge black rain — angels mourn their Creator.



Cathedral

Miranda Lockey

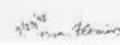
Toast John Withers

I eat when I'm hungry, I sleep when I'm tired, And I drink when I'm sober.

To all I raise my glass;
Each could be the last —
Eros Turannos!
Put everything else aside.
Eros Medici!
Who should try to hide.
Eros Lachryma!
Tears will water the side.
To all I raise my glass;
Each will be my last.

I starve when I hunger, I won't wake if I tire, And I drown if I'm sober.

Out the Car Window Nora Fleming



The Earth Stood Still Deanna Breakfield

No wind was blowing, no sun to shine No more light, no more time The Earth stood still.

The moon did go, the stars did cease No more war, no more peace The Earth stood still.

No leaves, no roses, nothing to grow All heaven moved, where did it go? The Earth stood still.

What could have happened, what brought this to pass There's no one to care, there's nothing that lasts The Earth stood still.

There's no love now, it's gone with the wind No love at all was our greatest sin And because we forgot to love with our hearts The Earth is now empty, as it was at the start. Now the Earth stands still.



Fire in the Sky Br. Boniface Hamilton

Two angry birds — a disturbed nest with torn flesh and sad memories. Hope, courage, and confidence swathed in black smoke.

Red dragons descend, belching hot steel and concrete. Two towers, the symbol of America's ascendancy, collapse.

The earth crumbles into a deep firestorm of lost aspirations and certainty.

Suffocation — horrifying intensity — creeping shadows of death.

Dante trembles in the abyss — screaming — echoes of gray skeletons tortured by two flaming horns.

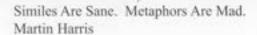
Heroes clad in golden bands proudly raise the lustrous icon of liberty amidst the rubble of broken hearts and the innocent children of God.

A silent nation — candles flicker — undaunted spirits in the unpredictable darkness — a radiating light of justice and peace — the tears of angels descending on flag-draped coffins of fallen champions.

What do we advise our children?
In the midst of smoldering ash of hatred, of
cruelty, of black angels with wings dipped in blood — silver quills controlled
by an evil and cunning hand — how are we to teach them peace within a tumultuous
world, justice within an iniquitous humanity?

Be patient, unwearied.

The ways of God are mysterious, akin to the resplendent creatures of the ocean, like the intricate flowers of the sea holly — brilliant sapphires glistening in the sweet rays of the sun — a daring sentry against the cold poison of the viper.



Similes are sane. Metaphors are mad. Similes acknowledge, like a knowing glance or a winsome wink, a shrug showing there's nothing to hide, no one to be had.

In other words, a simile is like a failed magician who tends to ruin tricks with explanations, wants to clue in, to reveal, to shed light, and not to psych

out. Similes have nothing up their sleeves. Admittedly, they sometimes might surprise or shock; however, they never tell lies or by design do something that deceives.

If similes want to be liked, the same cannot be said for metaphors, who will turn right in front of you with no signal and without feeling the least bit of shame. Metaphors are mute, inscrutable, pay no heed to custom, seem oblivious to courtesy or what the rest of us regard as polite or at least okay.

Overbearing, metaphors will carry their jokes too far, induce anxiety. Without concern for impropriety, they assume intimacy. They marry

without sending out invitations. Such unpredictability unhinges the best of us, causes furrows, cringes, sighs, signs of the struggle to stay in touch.

Metaphors are mad. Similes are sane. Between the two, the former is, for me, too much to bear. No, I prefer to be more understood, though thought to be more plain. Putt Putt John Withers IV

Dramatis Personae

Bob - Basic white collar drone. Simple. Plain. No frills.

Boss - Overly expensive shoes.

Parking Attendant - Part-time slob, but follows the rules.

Fire Extinguisher - Puts out fires. Stopping. Snuffing.

Exuent al tasso

C-H - Emphasis on the rush. Losing time. Running behind.

1-K — Time suspended. Timelessness.

O-Q - Slow motion. Putt putt putt.

- A) Bob's driving on a small scooter as quickly (but still slowly) as possible.
- B) Looking over his shoulder. Looking back.
- C) Cut back to earlier that morning.
- D) Late to work, again.
- E) In a rush in the parking deck. Bob drops his parking validation ticket. Loses its No time.
- F) Rushes late to a meeting.
- G) Boss ushers him back out. Immediately. Never sat down.
- H) Fired.
- 1) Cleans out desk. Ponders pointless personal mementos.
- J) Trudges back to car.
- K) Can't get out of parking deck no ticket.
- L) Leaves his car & box of office supplies.
- M) Gets a fire extinguisher out of his car. From under the seat.
- N) Beats parking attendant unconscious.
- O) Steals parking attendant's scooter.
- Q) The anti-high speed chase putt putt putt putt.



Please say there is more Erin Walker

Please say there is more
than what these blatant theives
have to offer.
Please say there is more
to hope for
than what I have been seeking.
Please say hope is not
a futile struggle, an empty thing;
say I am worthy of your promise . . .
sincerely.

These four walls cannot keep the fear out; they will not keep death away. So, if you are who you say, make these demons disappear and fill me with nothing but yourself.

Give me the strength to stay the night and ask that this cup might pass over. When the desert's grown immeasurable, make me hope without reason, look without fear. Quest Russell Fowler

If you say this is inconceivable, that
Is conception nonetheless, the winnowing
of chaff, the undeniable impossibility of a rose.
That which you deny therefore lives
In your denial, grows stronger in the struggle
To suppress mere possibility, the circus ox
Pirouetting on one tiny jeweled hoof,
The lamb lying down with the lion
At last, the thought of simple, hopeless peace.
I will make this my standard, held firmly
If not high above the heads of those
Who would deny hope itself, the
Perfect, precious notion of my guest.



Pasture Gate Teresa Lopes

Spring Recital Sr. Jane Russell

The snow fusillade of blooms begins. If I knew the names of more, my walks would be richer for it. I stutter the few that I know, a faltering anthem of daffodil, narcissus, hyacinth, stars-in-the-grass (now I'm making them up).

on the cusp from winter cool into sun's caress, blurs on trees come to focus as blossom buds, to open before the end of this balmy day.

Birds, undeterred by lack of words, trill their hearts out in praise of unforeseen grace, the ever-amazing annual re-creation of spring.





Debutante Nora Fleming



I'm sure the butterfly sees beauty in the spider's web As she nestles in the petals of a nearby marigold, Sipping and pondering. I'm sure the early sun catches her eye As it glistens, reflected in A hundred tiny drops of dew Lined up for inspection in midair. Surely she marvels at the care taken to preserve the delicate sculpture And the ease with which the artist flows through his own creation. Perhaps she feels something like admiration. Perhaps she purposely chooses her yellow-petaled flower Because it allows her to indulge herself. Silently watching as the spider toils meticulously With spun perfection. Perhaps the butterfly couldn't help falling in love, Much the same as I fell in love with you.

> Ice Floe Sr. Jane Russell

Only Southern trust in gentle winters lets a fountain run all year. Even when sub-freezing temperatures build three-tiered sculptures, water trickles free.

Sure enough, sweet sun returns next day and beams till graceful arcs of crystal melt away. Deanna Breakfield is the Administrative Assistant and Visit Coordinator for the Admission Office at BAC. She will have been married for 38 years in April and has four children and eight grandchildren.

Cindie Campbell is a junior at BAC. She is currently majoring in psychology and minoring in English. She plans to earn her doctorate in psychology, but literature and writing are her passions.

Dana Crist is a senior at BAC, a CIS major in the Adult Degree Program, who lives in Charlotte. Her time is primarily spent doing assignments for Professor Myers and playing with computer databases, but she occasionally finds the time to write a poem here and there.

Dean de la Motte is Academic Dean and Associate Professor of Literature at Belmont Abbey College. He usually writes about nineteenth-century French literature and culture, and this is his first foray into creative writing in nearly twenty years. He lives in Gastonia with his wife Karen, daughter Maria, son William, and hound dog Eleanor of Aquitaine (Ellie).

Nora Fleming is a junior at BAC, majoring in history. She is an Abbey Student Ambassador, and is active in the Abbey Chorus, SGA, and the Pen Pal Program. Her hobbies include sailing, fishing, boating, and sketching.

Russell Fowler is a Professor of English at BAC. He chairs the English department.

Br. Boniface Hamilton is a BAC graduate with a degree in history. He entered the monastery on January 9, 2000.

Martin Harris is an Assistant Professor of English at BAC.

Sara Jordan is a junior at BAC, majoring in English and minoring in philosophy. She formerly attended Gaston Christian School. She attributes all her work (that can be considered worthy) to Christ.

Miranda Lockey is a BAC graduate with a degree in English. She currently lives and works in Charlotte.



Michael Lillard attended BAC in 1990-91, then transferred to UNC-Greensboro where he graduated in 1993. He currently lives in Westchester County, NY, where he works at the Business Library at Columbia University and is the drummer for the band Tortuga.

Miranda Lockey is a BAC graduate with a degree in English. She currently lives and works in Charlotte.

Teresa Lopes attended BAC in the fall of 2002. Her career goal is to become a fashion designer.

Sr. Jane Russell is an Assistant Professor of Theology at BAC.

Erin Walker is a senior at BAC, majoring in English. She looks forward to continuing her education after graduation, though knows that her experience with the Abbey family can never be equaled — or forgotten.

Lougene Webber is a sophomore at BAC, majoring in psychology. She has been an LPN for 24 years, and works as a private duty nurse. She lives in Gastonia, as do her four children and four grandchildren. She plans to pursue a Master's degree in psychology, though her greatest aspriation is to become a writer.

Mary Ellen Weir is an Associate Professor of English at BAC.

John Withers IV is a senior at BAC. A transfer student from Gaston College, John plans on pursuing a Masters in Fine Art from Queens College. John is a published poet, essayist, and editorialist, and his play My Room was staged by the Abbey Players during the spring of 2003. He would like to say "Tree" to that special someone.



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Agora is published by students every spring at Belmont Abbey College. Next year, submissions of fiction, non-fiction, poetry, plays, photos, and pen-and-ink drawings can be submitted during the year or during the submission round in November.

Submitted literary works must be typed in duplicate. A cover sheet containing a name, address, telephone number, and a brief biographical profile, along with the titles of submissions must be included. Copies and/or photographs should be attached with submitted photographs and drawings. Submissions not meeting these requirements will not be accepted.

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Annually, the Jean S. Moore Award will be awarded by the editorial board to the top literary submission. The winning entry will receive a cash prize of fifty dollars and be recognized in Agora. Notification will be in April.

To submit work or ask for further detail, write to: Agora Editor Belmont Abbey College Belmont, NC 28012

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