

# ERRAT 50













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## Editor's Note

### Erato 2020 50th Anniversary Edition

*"When you reach the end of what you should know, you will be at the beginning of what you should sense." - Sand and Foam by Kahlil Gibran*

Dear Reader,

This edition of Erato celebrates fifty years of glorious artists and writers who have walked down your streets, slept in your dorms, and studied in your classrooms. Did they share your hopes and dreams, your fears and anxieties, your triumphs and anguish? Maybe a student laid on hot summer grass or slouched on breezy steps and emptied her soul on some paper, and maybe fifty years later, you do this too.

I hope the following pages provide you with a sense of Georgia Tech's past creative minds and help you create connections between the ideas and emotions living on this campus over time.

Sabrina Wilson  
Editor-in-Chief



## Letter to a Love

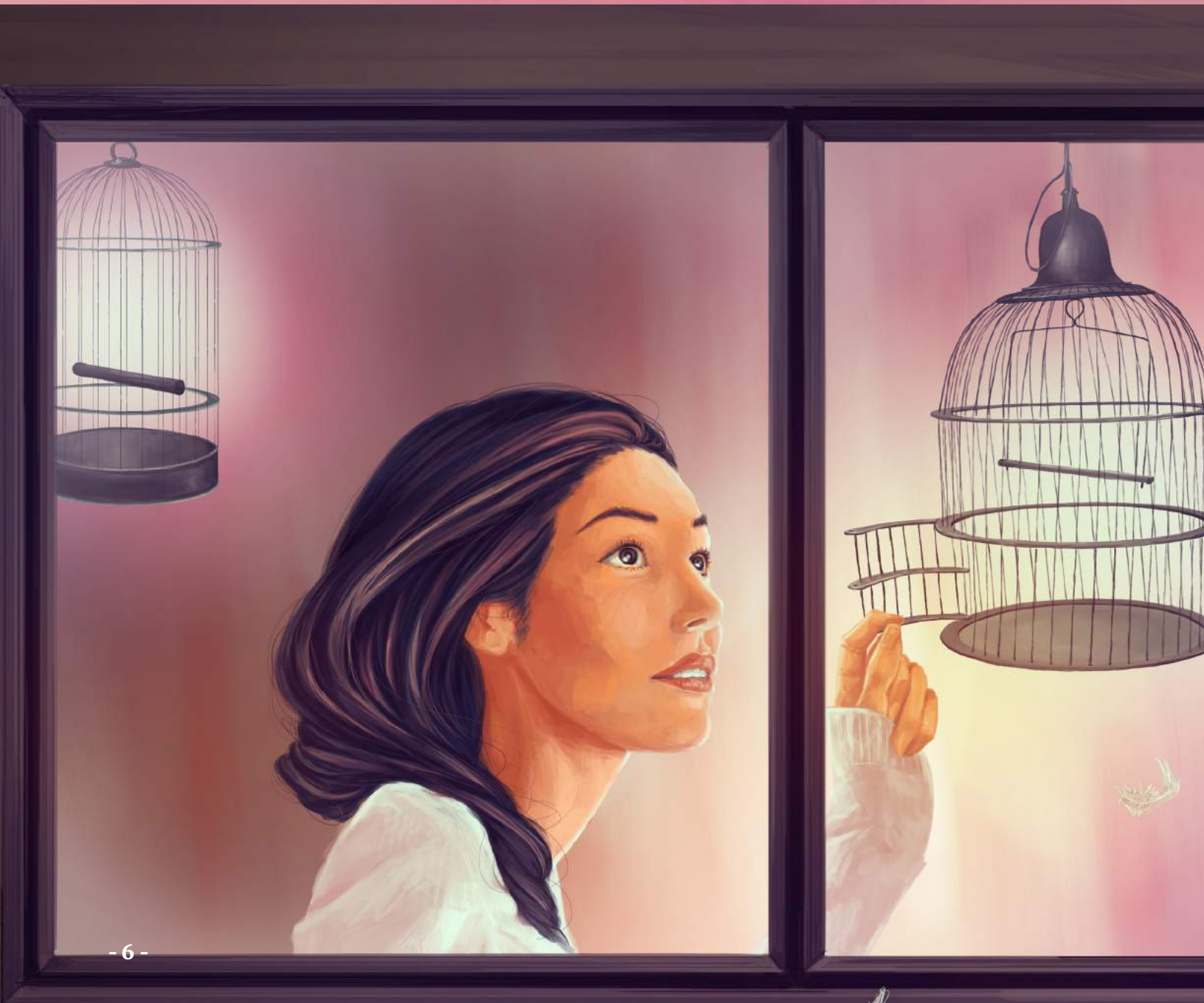
WJ Tranmer  
2001

Paper's sitting on the table  
Crumpled with a thought inside.  
Innocent lines, all twenty-four,  
Shaped in curves and edges  
Formations of a former time  
All spent to make an answer:  
I don't know. Why?

## Freedom

Priscilla Pun  
2016

Time to meet a new sheet with the desk;  
New letters are waiting to be born.  
And they won't be written alone—  
Many hands are dipped in this ink.  
And there's plenty room for more  
So let's spread it out and see what forms.





Here I hear the smallest things of all;  
I can hear the hoary house mouse roar.  
The ticking tocking clock, the settling door,  
A muffled convulsion: the lamp-moth's fluttering pall—  
All these things are louder now, alone,  
Stark in the lonely hush, amplified.  
I've dimly lit the room to wake the shadows,  
A sign of life: the darkness grows in rows.  
These objects keep me company in the quiet.

## Meditation in a Quiet House

Christopher Bradshaw

2002

My pulse—it shakes the body, gives a clue—  
Truly I am alive—I exist  
Apart from all these things, this grocery list,  
Outside of position, outside of space, alone,  
Apart from human love and human rages,  
With only one other to give me a name—He pages.  
In calling, He makes me real: I am, too.





## the idolatry of art and life: an ode to Fuerbach

phaedrus  
1998

the image of god is an altar and a pyre  
where we consecrate our creation  
before we reduce him to ashes

the life of a poet is a parallel plot  
we admire her ability to express  
yet we secretly resent her vision

christ is born immaculate perhaps  
lives no doubt divine  
we thank him with woods and nails

the poet is born, gives birth to herself  
shares humanity with us  
adoration hides our scorn

a savior is created  
who lived and died for our sins  
our inability to live the life he showed us

the poet is praised  
who gave us a glimpse of beauty  
we forgive her, only after she is dead

however  
do we ever see what she saw  
do we ever live how he lived

thus  
how can we claim to worship  
those who we create only to kill

## The Death of a Poet

Rosario D'Souza  
1995

When I was just a lad of ten,  
My father said to me:  
"Engineers make the finest men,  
And that's what you must be."

"But dad," said I, in boyish tear,  
"I have no intellect;  
Competition makes me fear,  
They'll string my scrawny neck!"

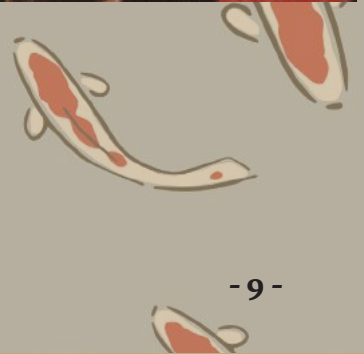
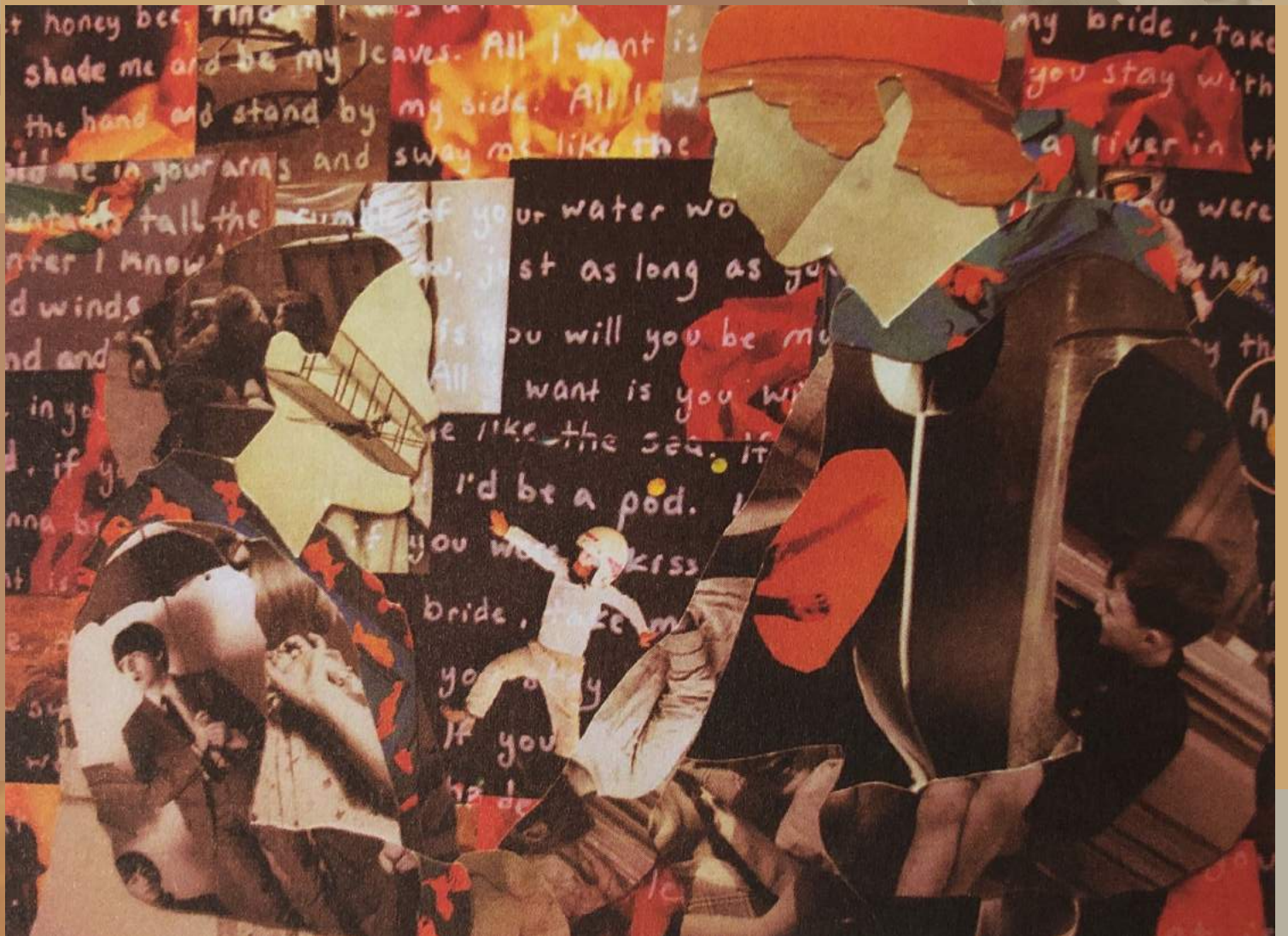
"Aw, c'mon son, you ain't the guy,  
To chicken out this way;  
Just take my word, and don't ask why;  
Or you'll regret someday."

Many years have since passed by,  
And graduation's near;  
You soon will see a poet die,  
And laud an engineer.


## Juno

Joshua Dunn  
2010









**Lucia**

Martina Lo  
2018





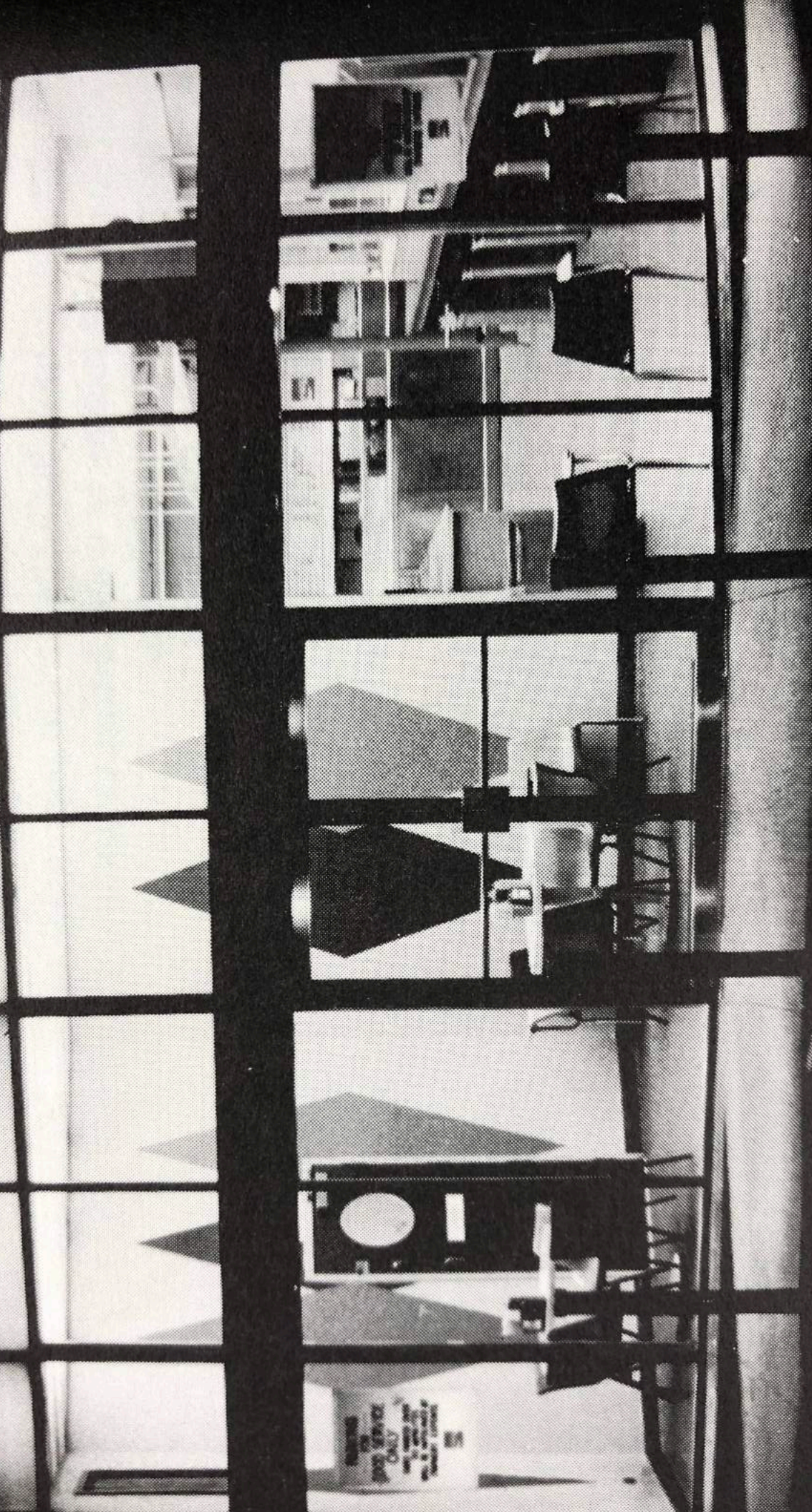
## Exciting Jeans

Anne Turner  
1990

Exciting jeans suck  
the life from legs  
with blue and red threads  
that run to the hip.  
They squeeze and push  
and constrict  
the life from a feather haired wearer.  
They pull themselves  
around the hip,  
bite at the ankle,  
suffocate the stomach,  
and divide the crotch.  
Threatening to tear the knees  
they show the pantyline  
of the proud wearer  
who is excited  
to wear her jeans.  
Does she know  
she is too tightly bound?  
Does she know  
she cannot move?  
Does she know  
she is being suffocated  
by a need to wear  
by a need to fit into  
a need to belong to  
those too tight jeans?



# THE VARSITY





## Varsity

Bruce Macurda

1985

## Please

Paul J. Kotronis

2010

Please, do not touch the thermostat.  
Our comfort is held quite dear.  
If you find the temperature unpleasant,  
no one is holding you here.

Please, do not brighten the Lights.  
Our spirit is most grave.  
Just sit and watch the shadows,  
that flit about this cave.

Please, do not open the windows.  
We filter all of our air.  
Breathe what you want, but please, do not flaunt,  
For Truth is truly unfair.

Please, do not talk to loudly,  
Silence is golden, we feel.  
Any noise above a whisper,  
will be heard as misguided zeal.

Thanks for the Booklet you gave us,  
about the hazards of the life that we've led.  
We quickly took effective action,  
by deciding to forget what we'd read.

Please, do not create a wake,  
unless it gently rocks our boat.  
For our sleep is deep and sure to keep,  
our sunken raft afloat.



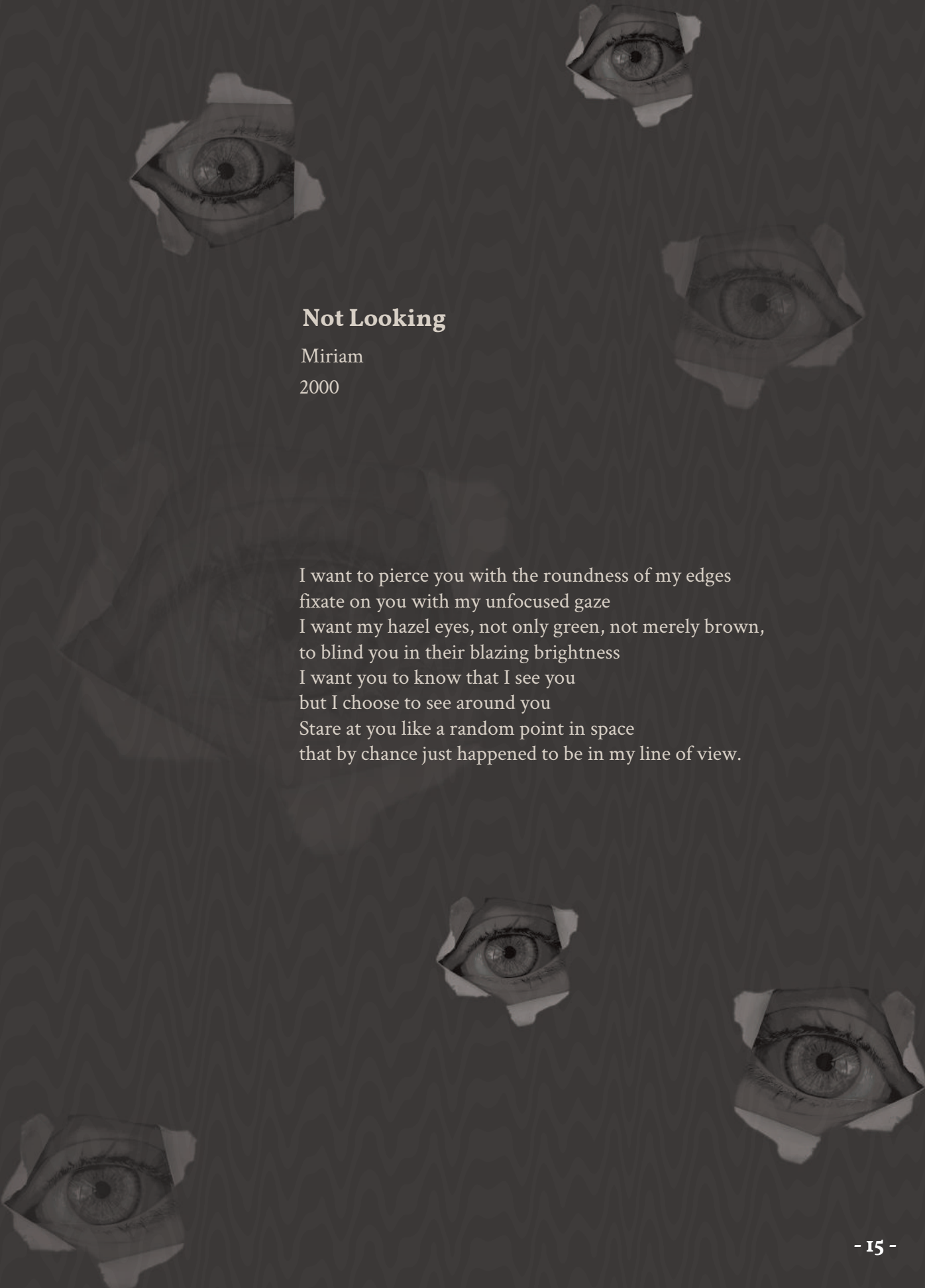
**Untitled**

Anonymous

1998







## Not Looking

Miriam

2000

I want to pierce you with the roundness of my edges  
fixate on you with my unfocused gaze  
I want my hazel eyes, not only green, not merely brown,  
to blind you in their blazing brightness  
I want you to know that I see you  
but I choose to see around you  
Stare at you like a random point in space  
that by chance just happened to be in my line of view.



Someone once said that the greatest uniting cause is a common enemy. It's no wonder that students graduate from Tech and feel that their friends made at Tech are the closest friends they'll have all their life. And the reason for this is that they have stuck together and struggled through Tech for four or five of the hardest years of their life to get a degree. Likewise, people who go into the military form some very close friendships. Sit down and talk with anyone just out of the army and he'll talk about the good times he had with some of the "craziest damn guys in the whole service."

On April 24, 1971, between three hundred and five hundred thousand long-hairs, veterans, and mothers marched on the Capitol in Washington in what was the biggest peace march to date. Even though there was no immediate response from the establishment, the unusually large size of the march and the news coverage proved it to be a true victory for the peace-niks over their enemy.

After the march, about five to ten thousand of the hardier demonstrators camped on a side of the Washington Monument, patiently awaiting the bands promised by the empty stage at the bottom of the hill. That night the victorious marchers listened to the bands, drank wine, and smoked a large amount of drugs. With the possible exception of the drug usage, this victory celebration was reminiscent of ancient warriors celebrating their capture of a city.

Besides the unity of the peace march and besides the physical unity of several thousand bodies packed together in rock festival style, there was a third element which made everyone feel strongly bonded to each other. That was marihuana. Everyone who smoked grass that night committed a crime. Yes, right in the middle of our nation's capitol thousands of people assembled and broke a national law. And the men who enforce our country's laws couldn't or wouldn't do anything about it. The irony of the situation was awesome. As the marchers lay on their backs looking up at the sky, the Washington Monument rose into the sky like a gigantic square joint. To the stoned marchers who realized this, the irony was beautiful.

There are many sociological angles from which one may view marihuana smoking. One of these aspects is very simple: any person can be categorized as being either straight or cool. When someone offers you a joint, you will either turn it down or take a hit. This is the social generalization which was developed by marihuana smokers. The "cool" people are defined by only one norm: they smoke grass. No matter how long your hair

is, regardless of how many concerts or peace rallies you attend, if you do not like to get stoned, then you are straight. Probably the most unusual thing about this split is that only one side is acutely aware that it exists. That side is the cool people, and they're glad they tried.

This brings us to two common situations in which the marihuana smoker often finds himself. The first is that in which he wants to turn on a friend who has never smoked before. It often seems very difficult to get a novice stoned since it usually takes more than one session of smoking. However, once you've gotten him stoned, the last barrier has been broken for a very close friendship. Chances are that you will get stoned together many more times and have lots of pleasant memories to cherish of common experiences under the influence of marihuana.

The second situation is that in which you want to get stoned with a new acquaintance, but you're not sure if he approves of marihuana. Not knowing the person very well, you might be afraid to ask him because he might think lowly of you because you use drugs. However, by some roundabout method of conversation you can establish if a person is cool, often at the cost of blowing yours. Once you both realize that you have a common hidden interest, you eventually go get stoned together.

Depending upon your relationship with your friend, smoking may be just another stoned evening or a real barrier-breaking experience. Suppose you have a blind date with a very straight-looking girl. You both go to a movie, act very polite, and have a mediocre time. After the movie, you manage to get on the subject of grass. The conversation might begin on the topic of people you know who smoke. Then it might drift to places you have seen a lot of people smoking, and then things that would be fun to do if you were stoned. Finally one person will begin a sentence with "Usually when we get stoned..." or "One time when I was smoking..." or something to that effect. Then it's all out in the open.

Now that the barrier is broken there is plenty to talk about. There are plenty of stories to trade, common acquaintances to discuss, comparisons to be made and all of these in relation to marihuana. And, of course, sometime that evening you'll get stoned together. Even if you never have another date with each other, you'll at least feel like closer friends than before because you've shared a secret with each other. Some people who smoke marihuana may never feel any sort of union with other smokers. In fact, when



they are stoned, they might feel like they are in a bubble isolated from the entire world. However, most pot smokers feel some type of strong connection with other people who smoke, whether it be a small circle of friends they smoke with, thousands of freaks at a concert, or millions of dope smokers across the nation. If marihuana is ever legalized, the cool people will not be quite the individuals they were before: the thrill of committing a crime over and over again will be gone. But until then, the group solidarity afforded to marihuana users will be one of the strongest of all social groups.

## **Marihuana: A New American Brotherhood**

Dwayne McCarty  
1972

## **Fleeting Thoughts**

Savanna Jones  
2016







## The Moon

JiaYi Zhang

2018



Moonlight's spilled itself  
On my nice pants again.  
My only white shirt  
Narrowly  
Avoided being hit by  
That clumsy fool's cup.  
Look!  
My shoes too!  
Isn't it horrible?  
Look, darling.  
Look down here at what  
The moon...

Excuse me—  
I'm sorry—  
What?

Yes.  
Yes, I believe  
You can help.  
A little seltzer water  
And a little time  
And if you  
Kiss it—  
It might get better...

What?!

Don't smile at me that way.  
It's unnerving.  
Alright. Fine.  
Go right ahead.  
Keep doing that.  
I might forget  
You've got the most  
Beautiful eyes this side of moonlight.  
I'm warning you.  
Stop smiling.  
Ha!  
You know it's all your fault.  
I might have avoided  
Tonight  
If it weren't for you.  
Now. Come here.  
Help me clean  
This mess.

## Chimera

David Boatwright  
1977

A synthesis of melancholies and loves  
blends in white water distortion.  
Along black eddies in the twilight of passion  
glide two swans-bizarrely sublime.  
(foreshadowing senseless inspiration)  
I am so elegantly dominated  
by agitated allegories  
And a curious vision of the arabesque.  
Suffer me the carnal contingencies of life.

## Moonlight

William Tranmer  
1998







## IO

Ted Puntanen  
2003

She is a moon of God  
Self-proclaimed  
In-seer, palm reeder, soothsayer  
Knows secrets and desires  
Reading future and pasts  
From folding chairs and storefronts  
Once a gift  
Now a curse  
Her scorn flows like lava  
All her possessions in one shopping cart  
Set apart  
'Anniversaries hurt', she says  
To no one in particular  
'They jump you from behind', like Zeus  
He used her  
Then called her a cow  
'Love is a painkiller', he said, to seduce  
This bag lady in rags gets on crying jags  
This is not allowed  
There's work to be done  
It's movement that matters  
'If you have an address,  
Then they can find you', she says  
What's left?  
Her occupation to cling to  
Stay back  
She's in orbit  
Definitely in orbit

## Aeronautica

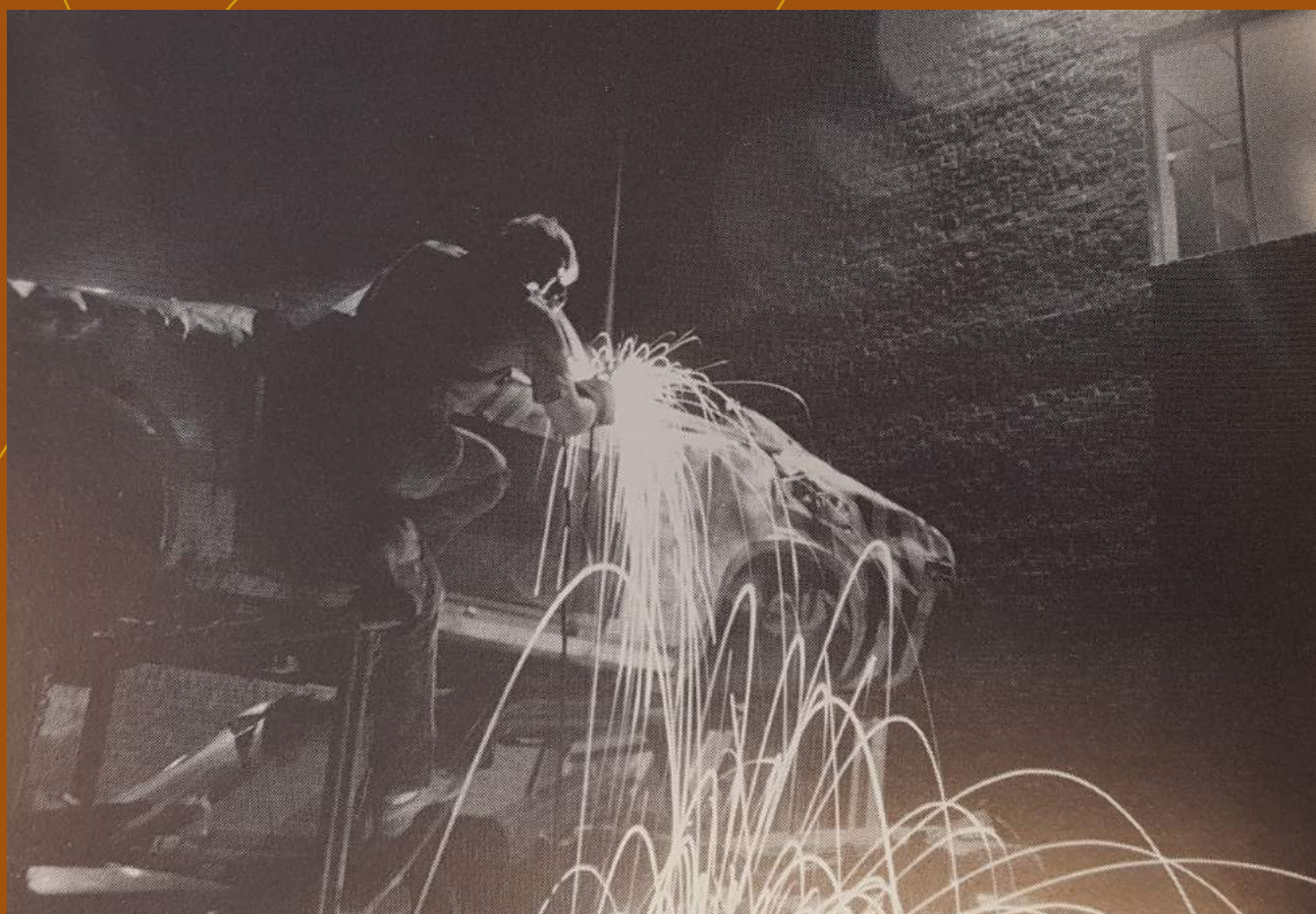
Zu Puayen Tan  
2016



# Untitled

Samuel D. Staatz

1989





## **My Language**

Leah Church

2003

Words are like water,  
Dripping from my mouth  
To your ear.

My stories roll like thunder  
Across your chest.

The great silent sea  
Hears the sound  
Of the words  
Of my heart  
And with its stillness  
Harnesses the storm  
And teaches it to sing.

## **dreaming in an empty room**

JD Hollis

2004

morning light comes  
exposing last night's dreams,  
hollowing them,  
scattering their empty husks  
across the wet grass  
for hesitant dragonflies  
to collect, consume,  
and then disappear into  
afternoon



## Cold

Blayne Kortman

2018

## Tenshi Nage

Monica Linh Huynh

2010

The three tenets of being thrown: relax, relax, relax,  
but—the fist gripping the collar,  
the scratchy feel of the gi against the neck,  
the thought of flying headfirst into the ground..  
drenched the heart in adrenaline, quickened the breath, prickled the  
    hair on puckered skin;  
a sudden turn of the hip (don't hold your breath)—  
    then air (don't tense up, don't tense up),  
        the room flying up (tuck your head),  
            the thunderclap as flesh hit the mat and a mental bright flash  
            of white (breathe).







## A Broken Machine

Andrew Seckers

2011

An unbalanced mind, off a gear or two.  
A bleeding heart, skipping beats at false starts.  
Weak knees, stiff back, at something new.  
Butterflies in stomach, soon replaced with darts.

Glistening eyes, brimming with maybes, till they leak.  
Lungs that run low, suck in, gasp and heave.  
A burnt motivator, sometimes bold, mostly weak.  
All held together with hope, like duct tape weave.

I am a biological machine, full yet broken  
Input: love. Overload, correction: output: pain.  
Based upon luck, coin machine with your last token.  
I want, it is a gravitational force, yet as fleeting as rain.

Everything aches, no math can total the sum,  
derived from a feelings, infinity, as the bound.  
I want to love, but its not me, but by some  
odds and ends, beating my heart: soundless sound.

Why do I try to move when I am spent.  
Outdated before release, towed by love, my rope.  
I am but a broken machine, nature's dent.  
The only spark behind my glassy eyes, is hope.

## Computer Images

Mark Lutz

1989







## On The Seashore

Sarah Stewart  
1998



## Mourning

Kaitlin Burke  
2016

## Care Package

J.L. Milam  
2012

I feel guilty  
eating  
the chocolates  
you sent me.  
You should have  
filled them  
with poison—  
if only  
you'd known  
I was leaving you.  
They are delicious,  
expensive.  
Bittersweet.

## Chessnut Wine

George Smith  
1977

I went to the game  
alone last night;  
And watched the plastic  
cheerleaders with  
their stick-on smiles  
scream their little  
fiberglass hearts out;  
Then I went home  
and drank a bottle  
of Chessnut Wine.

I wish I didn't love you.







## Shades of Grey

Ken Costilow

1985

Ideas intermediate,  
Dispassionate ideals,  
No longer have a place to stay  
In the scheme of things, in Shades of Grey.

Not right, nor even wrong adhere  
To individuals;  
At least it used to be that way,  
but now it's just lost Shades of Grey.

Neutral colors, neutral thought,  
Where have the neutrals gone?  
The medium might want to say  
"What happened to my Shades of Grey?"

White ignores them, black deplors them  
(No room for no opinion).  
They could return at any day,  
Those friends of mine, those Shades of Grey.

The churches will not have it, no,  
Who's next to join their ranks?  
The unbiased are the ones who pay  
For no in between, for no Shades of Grey.

In a future time, at a future place,  
Both good and bad will war;  
And in between the two extremes  
Lost Shades of Grey will reign.

**Seoulmates**

Wesley Samples

2017







## Remember War

CT Anderson

1990

I remember from elementary school  
Pictures of older wars  
With men full of themselves  
Standing tall  
In open fields  
Marching toward enemy lines  
Able to see the muskets ahead  
While picnicking women and children  
Sit on nearby hills to watch  
And parasols keep their pale complexions  
From the hot sun

We children laugh at their foolishness

I remember from high school  
Pictures of modern wars  
With men full of fear  
Lying low  
In dark jungles  
Crawling toward enemy lines  
Unable to see what may wait ahead  
While screaming women and children  
Run down nearby roads to escape  
And nothing keeps their naked flesh  
From the hot flames

We children cried for their foolishness

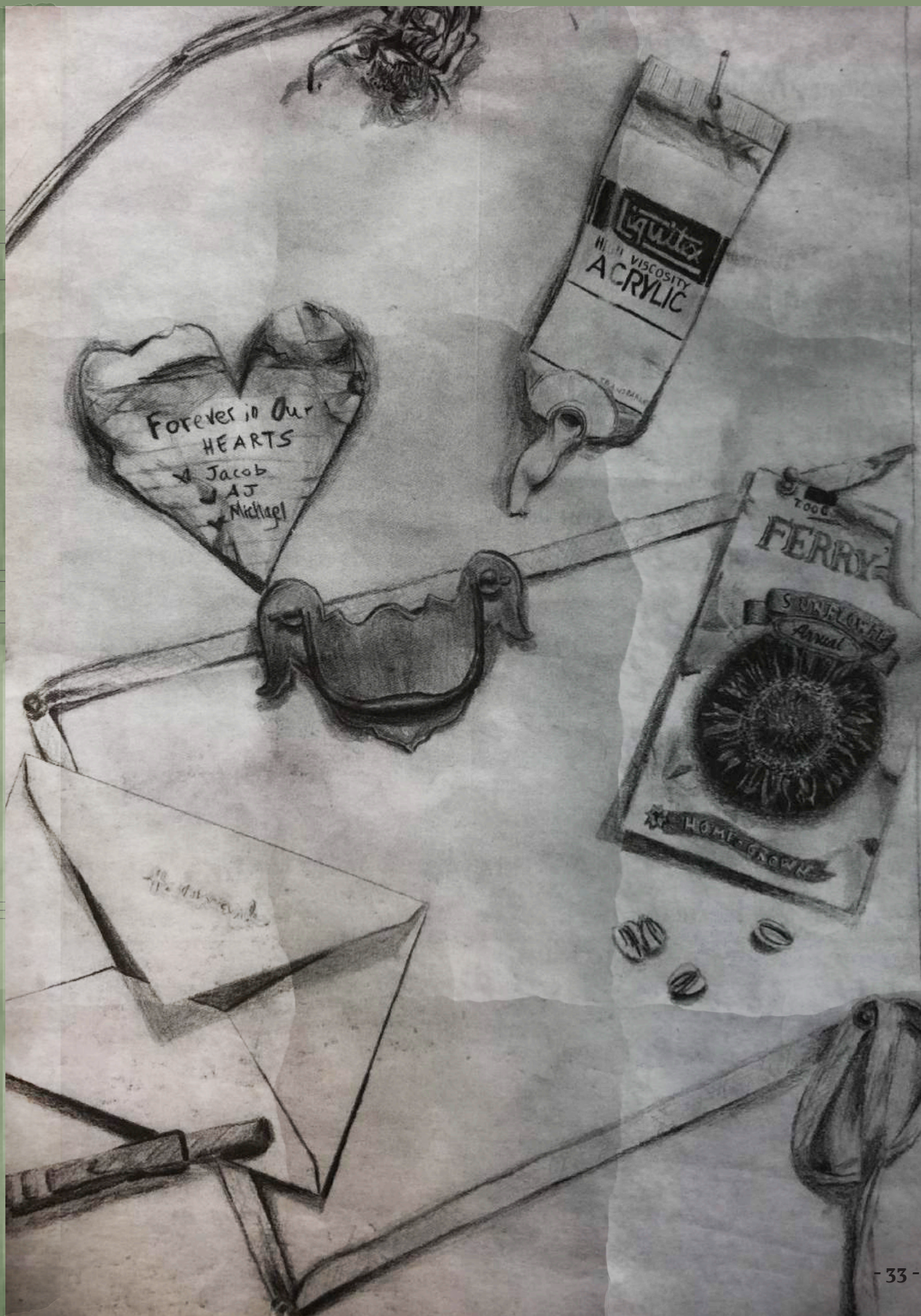
## Hallmark Occasion

Ali Perry

2010







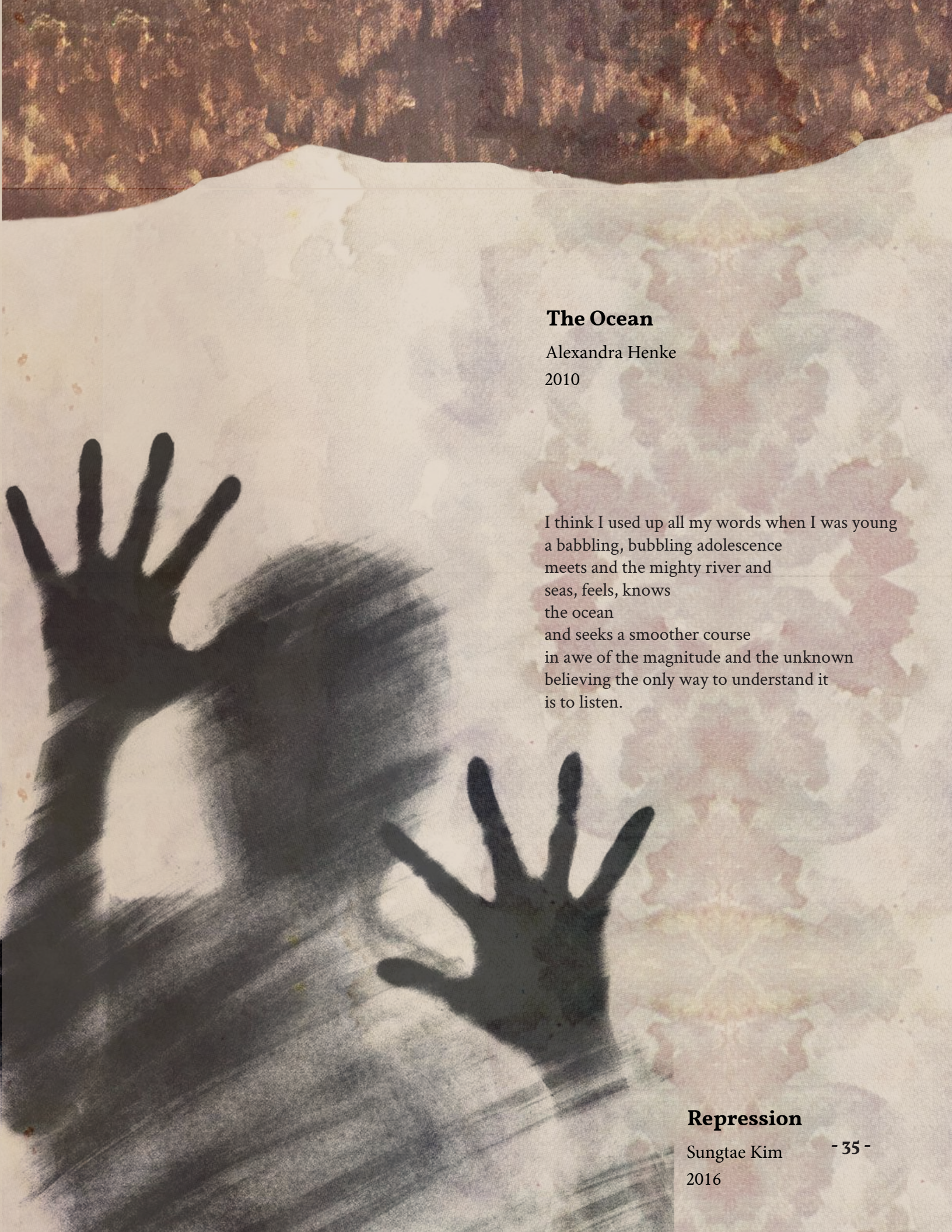




## **Axis Chemicals**

Jason Young  
1990





## **The Ocean**

Alexandra Henke

2010

I think I used up all my words when I was young  
a babbling, bubbling adolescence  
meets and the mighty river and  
seas, feels, knows  
the ocean  
and seeks a smoother course  
in awe of the magnitude and the unknown  
believing the only way to understand it  
is to listen.

## **Repression**

Sungtae Kim

2016



## ontology and authorship

phaedrus

1998

although  
descartes sa\_d  
\_ th\_nk therefore \_ am  
compos\_t\_on of the self  
L\_ES  
\_n the \_llus\_on of vo\_ce  
thus  
\_ am present  
though  
\_ appear absent  
yet  
\_ d\_d not wr\_te th\_s poem  
because \_ am  
NOT  
unt\_l \_ am wr\_tten  
\_n  
the act of  
read\_ng

**Untitled**

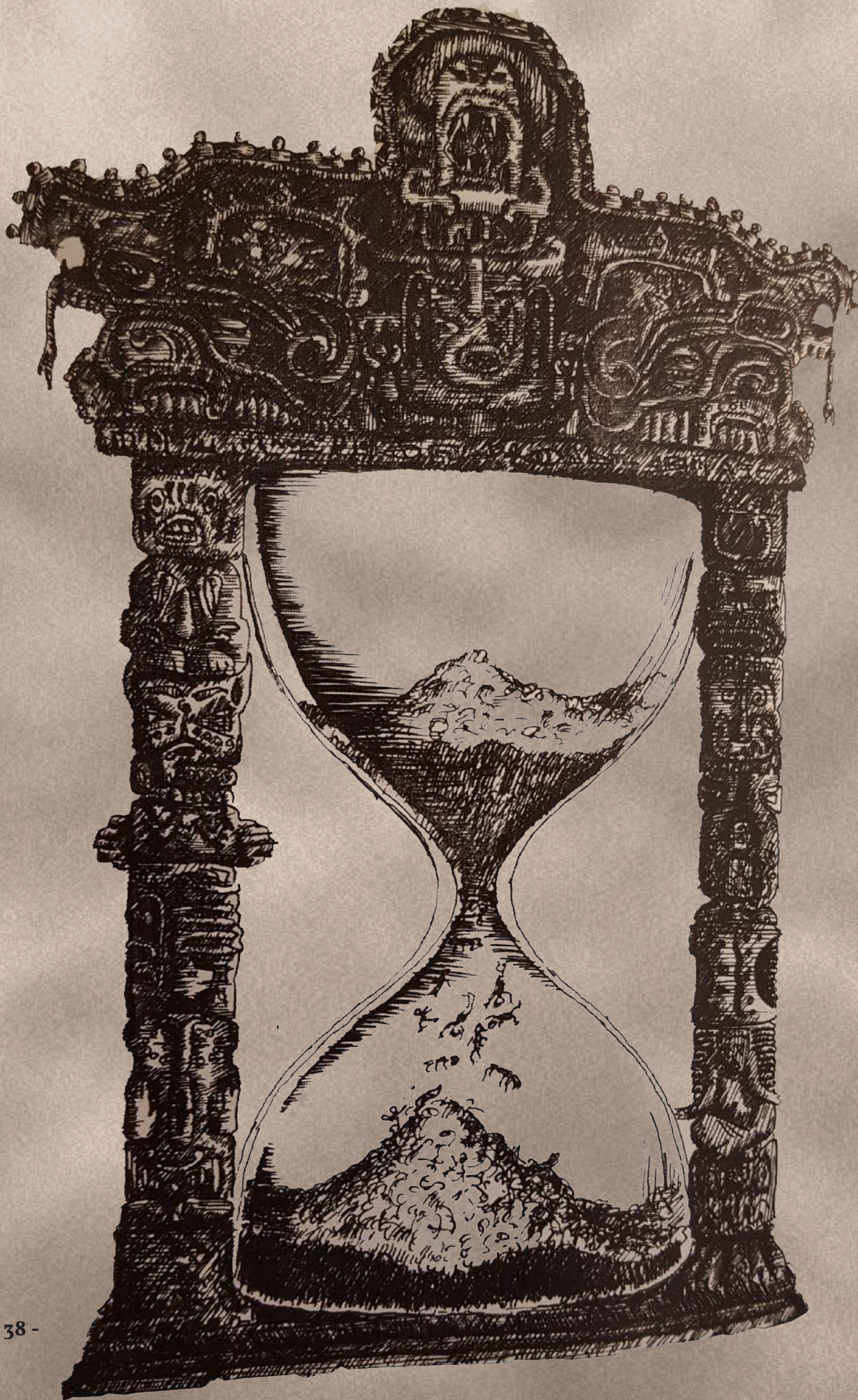
Patrick Ballington

1998











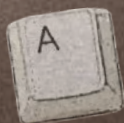


## Contemplation of a Computer Keyboard

William Petrosky

1990

The world between G and H is a dusty  
Place between two slabs of plastic.  
Grimy with hair and dust and flakes of  
Dead skin in a potpourri of gray shades,  
Food for the mites that live thereof.  
All at my fingertips waiting for the day  
The chance rag comes to clear the musty  
Detritus before it decides to stick.



## Sands of Life

Filipp Vyryanov

1998



## Happiness

Robert Robinson

1997

If happiness were a drink,  
I'd pour you a cup of mine to share.  
I have enough to spare,  
at least for now I think.  
Besides, when you spread joy around,  
it's not like you have to give away your own.  
Indeed, crazy as it sounds,  
spreading cheer helps your happiness grow.  
So if joy is a seed,  
and I am a tree,  
let me drop my seeds,  
to build a forest of happiness around me.

## Seven Letters

Carter Green

1997



10	L <sub>1</sub>	D <sub>2</sub>	T <sub>1</sub>	A <sub>1</sub>
R <sub>1</sub>			U <sub>1</sub>	V <sub>4</sub>
	TRIPLE LETTER SCORE	A <sub>1</sub>	R <sub>1</sub>	S <sub>1</sub>
		DOUBLE LETTER SCORE	C <sub>3</sub>	DOUBLE LETTER SCORE
O <sub>1</sub>		T <sub>1</sub>	H <sub>4</sub>	
	DOUBLE LETTER SCORE			DOUBLE LETTER SCORE
		E <sub>1</sub>	D <sub>2</sub>	
		T <sub>1</sub>	O <sub>1</sub>	K <sub>5</sub>
		A <sub>1</sub>	H <sub>4</sub>	C <sub>3</sub>

14	27
60	14
21	14
27	
122	55
12	20
45	45
9	34
188	154
9	21
28	34
225	209
38	28
263	237
16	28
279	257
12	15
11	14
8	14
8	30
318	
2	
2	
322	



MAC  
2881



## Dormitory

James Rose

1990

smell of popcorn mingled  
with carpet deodorant  
pushing back the nose-curdling  
smack of Ben's unwashed clothes  
and spilled Aqua Velva  
twin cans of soda, empty  
perched on desk's edge  
catching dust  
they've been there a week

sealing a four page letter  
written on yellow pad paper  
long overdue, shoves homework aside  
sometimes friends come first  
or at least during a study break  
stereo spitting nonsense  
disrupting  
i cannot do my work without it  
but i can do without Led Zeppelin at 3 a.m.

little refrigerator humming in a corner  
concealing a fire hazard (\$50 fine)  
fluorescent lights sizzling and glinting  
cool white rapid start  
made in USA  
telephone bill waits to be paid  
after last month's disaster it can wait  
check book unbalanced  
on a stack of laundry quarters

sunlight feeds my cactus  
water when thoroughly dry  
i haven't watered it in three months  
but it is still alive  
and its spines are bent  
the chair is uncomfortable  
but it came with the room  
it squeaks loudly and i smile when it wakes Ben  
my voice is apologetic

notice board is full  
calendar scribbled all over  
silly dates about tests and meetings  
maybe i won't go, maybe i will  
more than likely

Ben tells me the cactus is dead  
i yell at him to go away  
he eats pizza (fourth time this week, Wednesday)  
while i throw out the cactus  
and replace the plastic trash can liner

## Tech Tower

Sterling DeSantis

2016









## **Escape From Darkness**

Stephen Schmidt

2011



## Untitled

Sarah E. Neel

1989

I'm a college dropout  
but baby it feels good  
I'm running away  
to the North Georgia mountains  
to plant my feet in the ground  
and grow like a pine tree  
and have a hundred and fifty babies  
bye

## true story

Pat Ortman

1989

i know a guy, you know?  
all he ever does is walk the halls  
slurping cans of 'franco american' spaghetti  
-cold  
he's there until about 5 o'clock  
in the morning, you know?

he says it keeps him busy, but i really wonder  
if he has ever taken a shower.



## Country Line Road

Shelly Reed

2002

*"Perfection is terrible, it cannot have children"—Sylvia Plath*

Linear sunlight claws at the 7am Iowa humidity;  
it is thick like sap from an Indian Cigar tree.  
I think of her scrambling from bed  
like an egg dancing in the skillet.  
When she licks her lips she will taste  
really raisin lipstick,  
but this does not constitute breakfast  
for the cappuchino-colored  
twelve year-old with almond eyes.  
Like a Pella tulip, she sits tall and straight,  
placing a crumble napkin in her lap.  
During a half cup of soggy cereal  
she contemplates algebra  
and the price of used pointe shoes.  
Across the table, two cats anticipate leftover milk.  
Her lithe legs dangle feet too big for her thin frame  
while she taps out a tune no one is present to hear.

**SPIN**

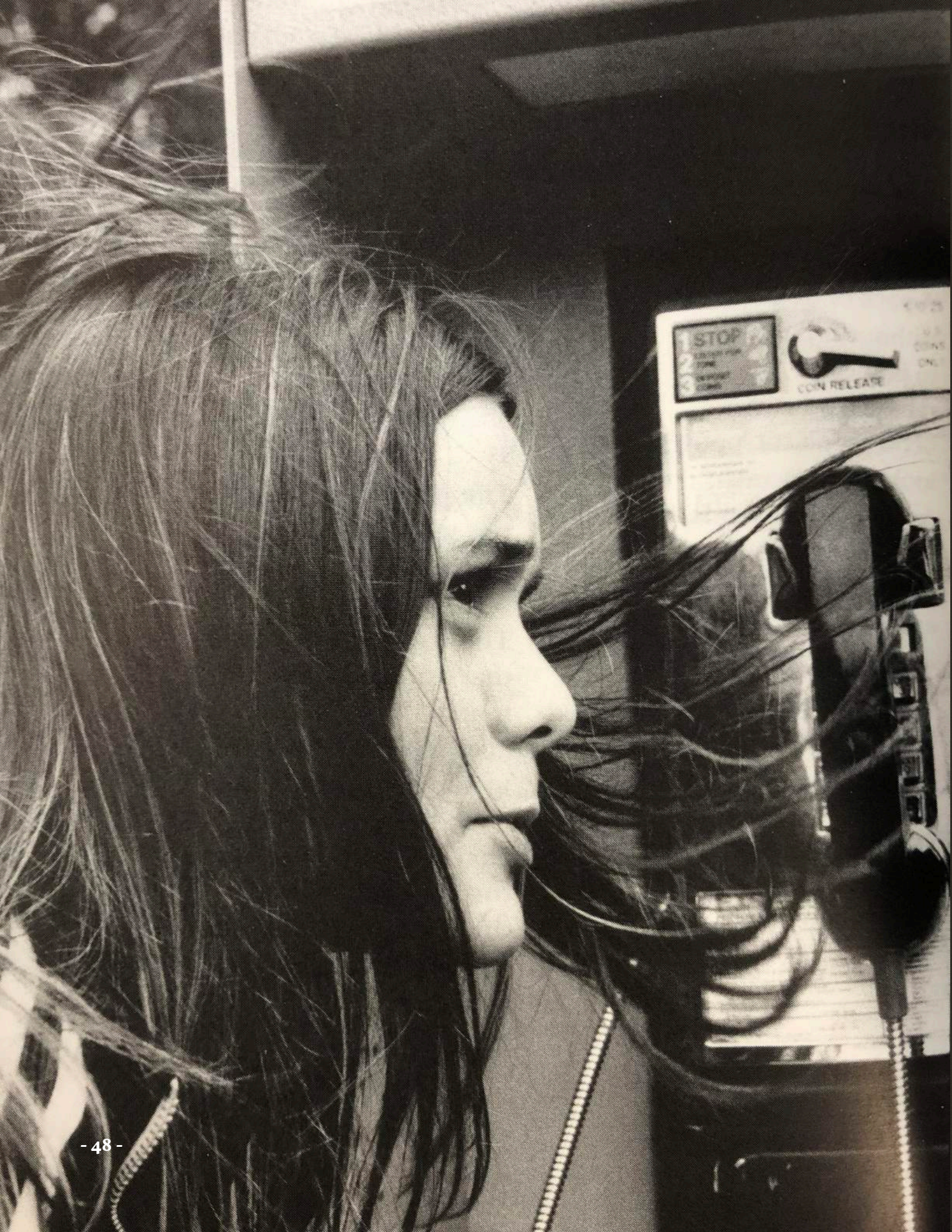
Kenny Tyler

1990











## **All This And The Apocalypse Too**

Edward L. Neal

1985

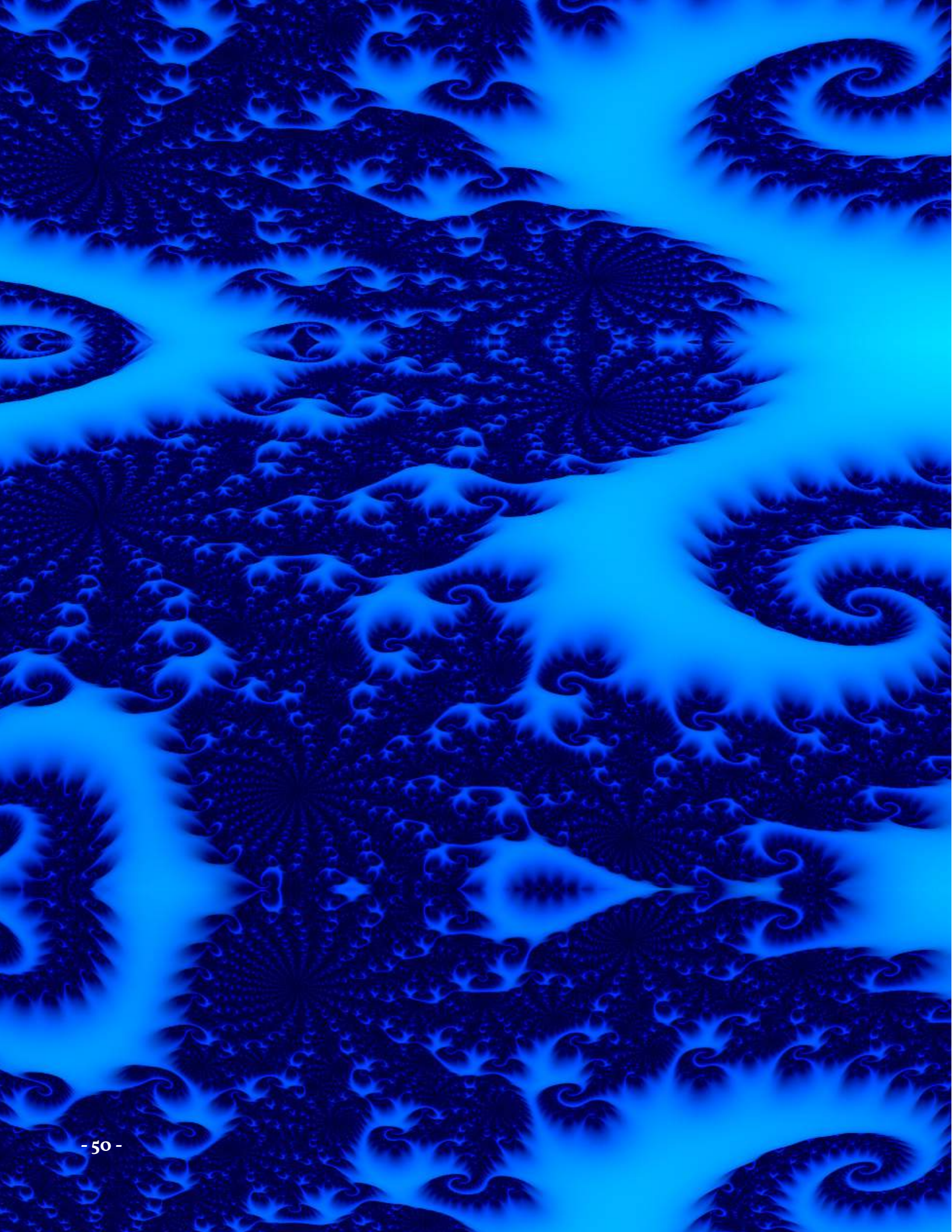
Sitting in Arbies on a hot spring day  
eating beef & cheddar and fries and  
thinking about politics (or was it sex?) when  
two preppy guys and two preppy girls  
stroll in with a preppy flourish and  
they eye my faded, torn jeans and my  
springsteen t-shirt with disdain and  
they continue to discuss sailing and  
clothes and fraternities and what a  
totally awesome time they had spring vacation  
in the Bahamas and I felt kind of funny  
staring at the gash on my hand I had  
suffered unloading that damn hardware during  
MY spring vacation  
when all of a sudden a small insignificant drop of  
ketchup from one of the preppy's sandwiches falls  
on a khaki pant leg and suddenly  
his whole world collapses and there is a wailing and a  
gnashing of teeth among his friends as they stare at him  
in horror  
and the Muzak stops playing  
and their sailboats sink  
and their tans fade  
and they stumble out, crumbled, smoldering, defeated  
wrecks and  
I feel pretty good sitting there  
in my faded jeans and springsteen t-shirt

## **Alisha Faile**

Robert Vicktor Hill

2002







## **Gears**

Dustin Watts

2010

Grind and wind away, but  
Move me only forward.  
For the past is done;  
The present is for reaping,  
Never weeping.  
Grief is not a thing  
Worth keeping.  
Progress, though it be a labyrinth  
Is filled with halls of grandeur—  
Many paths to pander.  
Follow intuition down its every road and  
Chase all that you may to bitter end  
To find what's truly sweet.  
For what then is the present  
If we know the future?  
What is forward on this Sphere?  
Forward is what led me here.

## **John Lennon**

Filipp Vyryanov

1998



## **Blue Swirls**

Chris Pollard

2016



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