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SOUTH
CAMPUS



P'an Ku

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BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

CONTRIBUTORS TO P'AN KU

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P. Ahlen	art
Caren Baer	poetry
Karen Bayler	poetry
Nancy Carta	photography
Kevin Deland	photography
J. C. Engleman	poetry
Pat Faherty	poetry
Larry Givens	poetry
Randall Harris	poetry
Laurie Hartley	art
Orra Healey	poetry
Bill Humphries	poetry / illustrations
Buck Jamison	poetry
Marzi Kaplan	poetry
Marky Kelly	poetry
Dave Lenox	photography
Maureen Martindale	poetry
Mugo Masi	poetry
Whitney McCauley-Gordon	poetry
Pat McDonough	photography
Robin McMahan	poetry
Charles Mertz	poetry
Ken McSween	art / illustrations
Joe McVoy	art
David Novak	poetry
Lisa Papa	poetry / photography
K. A. Parker	poetry
Lynn Parker	poetry
Dave Patrick	poetry / illustrations / photography
Stephanie Poe	poetry / photography
Celeste Randazzo	illustrations
Debbie Recchi	poetry

the white light
which enters the prism
of one's mind
to disperse
into a rainbow

Ray Rhoads	art
Ila Richter	poetry
Mark Sherman	photography / short story
Patrick Shilling, Jr.	poetry
Anne Sicignano	poetry
Robert David Siegel	poetry
George Smith	poetry
Yale Solonche	poetry
Cary Tennis	poetry / short stories
Donna J. Thomas	art / graphics
Horse Wylie	prose





CREATIVITY

the white light
which enters the prism
of one's mind
to disperse
into a rainbow

poem by Lisa Papa

photo by Kevin Deland

Debbie Recchi

Love
 is at its strongest
 when he touches the weakest part
 of your heart

Robert David Seigel

Conspire to love
 And pray for one chance
 Sure that intensity of feeling
 Will bring a second.

Buck Jamison

There is a fence between you and me,
 a slat fence made of wood;
 of wood-be's
 and wood-haves
 and since i can't see over the top,
 i'll just have to sit and watch
 the splintering shadows
 of a fading sun.

Karen Bayler

All was still and gray.
 Silence held an unlit candle in its icy fingertips.
 The crested moon was dull and waning
 The scattered stars were dim,
 'Til Love made her presence known.
 With gentle hands she lit the candle.
 The light pierced through the depth of night.
 To warm me, Love let the flame burn fiercely.
 To comfort me, she speared my heart with longing.
 But then, to teach me, Love became illusive.
 Shifting rapidly through my thoughts, she evaded my understanding
 And slipped out of my sight,
 Leaving only an afterglow to remind me of her beauty.



Kevin Deland



P. Ahlen

Robert David Seigel

Attempts to delve in thoughts too deep
Bring on a violent mental storm
As all at once I see my fate
Composed of things I had to miss

Then into gelatin I seep
As thought begins to lose all form
I reach the catatonic state
As consciousness falls in the abyss

poem by Stephanie Poe
illustrations by Ray Rhoads

Always smiling, never frowning
mouth betrays his eyes,
as he sits alone in silence
deserted by his lies

His conscience, but a mirror
which reflects all that it sees
but the cure is too apparent
for the personal disease

His habits are habitual
addictive to his soul
performing daily rituals
without personal control

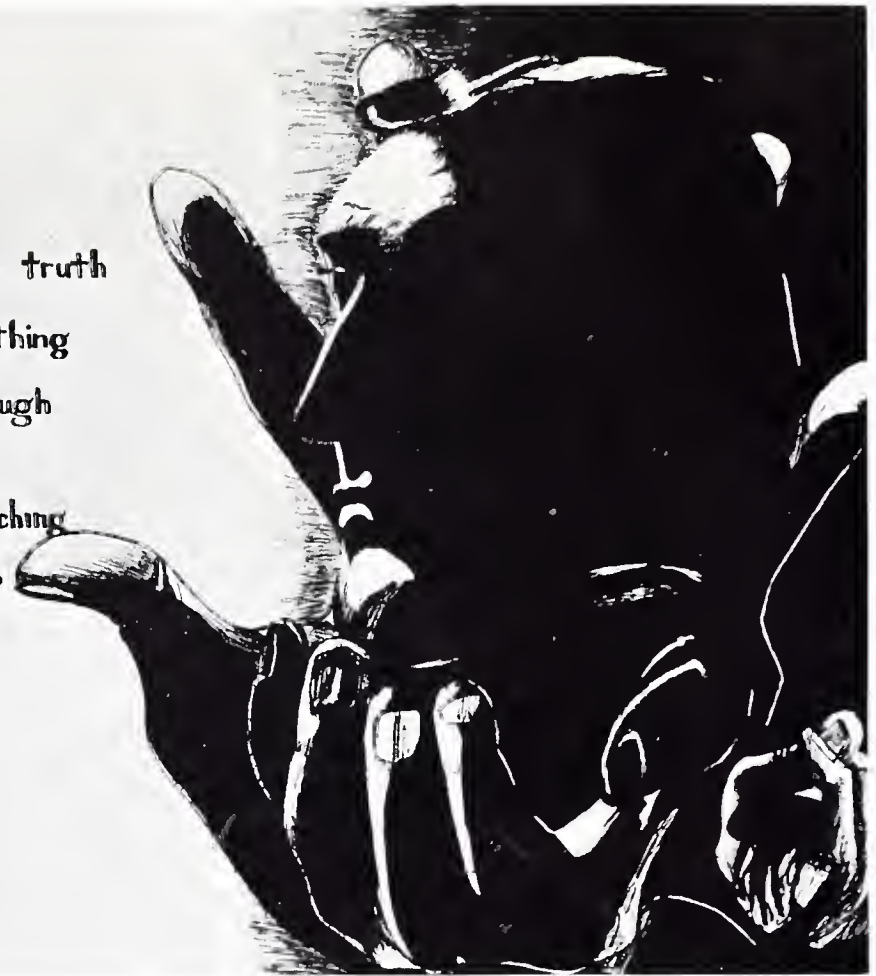
And he will not knock the system
for the mortgage on his brain,
though he gladly shares the burden
of a world that reels insane

So, he returns home in loneliness
to watch reruns till one
playing solitaire perfectly
while remarking on the fun,

Of his living independently,
and owing but his soul
as his lifetime is completed;
though completed, is not whole

Anne Sicignano

Man reaches for truth
but grasps nothing
it slides through
his fingers
like hands clutching
at the wind...



The accusation of the crime
Had come at an improper time

Uneasy thoughts had plagued his soul
His patience had been wearing thin
And when his thoughts were not quite whole
The verbal foray did begin

And with this baseless accusation
Mind thus destroyed the fragile link

He neither answered aye or nay
It hardly mattered anyway.

Robert David Siegel

illustration by Ken McSween





illustrations by Ken McSween

The Earthy Set

"Well, Jim, feel any different?" Harvey asked, elbowing him in the ribs.

Jim thought a moment before he said no. He was looking far below him at the stream of water cascading over rounded rocks, exploding into azure mist in the churning rapids of Niagara. Punch -- spilling from fountains carved of scum-glossed granite. The fountain poured in one long serving, an immortal hostess to rainbow trout, fresh water catfish, mountain moss.

"She's just the same to me," Jim said. "I don't love her any less -- I couldn't love her any more. I feel like we can do what we like now. That's all." Between his palms he crumbled a few leaves, not watching as they scattered in the canyon-funneled wind like a thousand tiny gulls.

"Your folks took it well. Considering you hadn't even mentioned your plan. I mean, they could have blown their minds -- disowned you -- sued for expenses even. They paid the minister," Harvey said in a don't forget tone.

"Well, I had to do something. You give in to marriage, you ought to go with a little flash. Leave something behind."

Harvey started to say "What about Shiela?" but the words just gathered like timid soldiers assembling for battle behind his battened down lips. For once, he was silent.

Harvey rarely bit back his words.

Jim was the one who seemed silent and strange. Silent he was -- often -- and strange, as the night is sometimes strange. He asked, by his cast down eyes, his pursed lips and clasped hands, that Harvey, Shiela and Dr. Wagner give him a person to be. His reticence formed an arid but viable chasm which his friends filled eagerly with the person they wished to see. They painted his face for him, and led him to mirrors when the job was done, or led him to glossy pools of memory.

Free to mold a friend out of Jim's shapeless form, each friend created someone different. Shiela pictured him loinclothed in some pristine garden before the tick of time. Harvey had him parachute from a doomed airliner into the jungle of Now, which he conquered, but continued to misunderstand. His parents closed their eyes in their living room and saw him in Yale, mortar boarded, capped and gowned, black shoed, thin lipped, straight shouldered.

None of this seemed to affect him.

His left shoulder slumped anyway. Rather than race down the ski slope on "two hot buttered banana peels," he lounged in the lodge. He insulated himself from the forest and his own flesh by dressing in heavy boots, wool socks, flannel shirts -- even when spring came. And though he was comfortable watching TV and reading the papers every morning, his soul waited for him in the 16th century, and there, too, he was a Kepler, a misfit.

None of this seemed to affect him.

Oblivious to all the phantom Jim Atkinses hovering, overlapping each others' forms like faceless ephemeral man servants as close behind him as another man's mind, he went on being Jim Atkins the unknown, Jim Atkins the perpetually reborn in others' minds, Jim Atkins the message whispered in a party game warped by each successive guest's defects in sensing until, at the end of the circle, he became Jim the unrecognizable.

Though Jim, the still, unknowing cyclone's center, revolved in peace, the different visions that fed his existence in others' minds clashed.

His parents, friends, even brief acquaintances reeled in confusion when faced with the same body playing various roles for different people simultaneously.

At such times they would knit their brows, wring their hands, and ask inside, "Who is he really?"

The sparkling air became deep purple mist, as daylight abandoned the canyon. Night crept up the granite sides trailing the sun like charred ground trails a prairie fire. The stream rushed on; the waterfall rushed on; the night rushed on.

"Well, it was all a joke, huh? All that talk about making a relevant statement? Something everyone would understand? It was all just a joke? Just a slap in the face, a finger in the air?"

"Hold on a minute, Harvey. Just because I laughed about it doesn't mean it wasn't serious too."

"Before, you said it'd make a good stunt. How serious is that?"

"Shiela thought it was a good idea. She thought it would say something to all those people. Show them we

weren't just marrying each other - that there was something more - something bigger than both of us."

Harvey chuckled, risking a kick, because when Jim ran out of words he used whatever was handy. What came instead was silence.

Harvey squinted to see the birds disappear into their homes - snake holes, troll caves, hollow trees starved by barren rock. An owl hooted like a muffled ship's horn blowing out of the fog, and shrank into the dusk again. The night-songs of sparrows and the wind-beats of bats bubbled up from deep in the canyon. Then as Harvey closed his eyes his sphere of sound collapsed. He could only hear the mosquitoes and gnats buzzing his nose, the throbbing of his heart, and the distant sea hissing in his skull - perpetual white noise.

Jim stood, brushed off his pants, and sat again to tie his shoelace.

Harvey still listened to sounds expanding and contracting like breathing bubbles of song.

"Harvey, we should go back now. They'll be wondering."

Jim extended his hand to Harvey, who, sensing it, opened his eyes and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet.

"We must look overdressed," Harvey said distantly. "What will we say to the animals if they ask why we're trudging down the mountain trail in tuxedos? That we've been to a wedding? I daresay no half sharp chipmunk would believe a word of it."

"So tell him it's Sunday and ask where's his tie," Jim replied. Harvey shrugged. They started down the trail.

Granite stones, rounded by the footfalls of deer, hunters of deer, floods, tornadoes, glaciers, and newlyweds, lay embedded in the ground. Tree roots lay bare, like gnarled fingers reaching up from ancient graves. In a weed clump off the trail a rabbit nibbled. Fireflies glinted in the distance. To their left the lights of the cabin twinkled through the trees, sparkling in the drops of dew on drooping leaves. The trail twisted away from it, then back, then away. Then it was straight ahead. Jim sped up.

"What will you say? We're plunging headlong into the dragon's mouth if you ask me," Harvey said, breathing heavily. He tripped on an elm root, hit palm first, and slid. Jim looked back as he glided to a halt in the mud.

"Come on," he said.

Harvey got up, chuckling, and trotted to catch up. His pants were torn and the elbows of his tux were smeared brown. Mud had

blackened his nose. Jim saw it, and laughed.

"What's so funny?"

Jim did not answer.

Saxophone runs, rising and falling in volume at the whim of the wind, floated out to them from the cabin. Another turn of the trail and it appeared in full view. It looked like a lightbulb enclosed in a wood and glass box, with an arching footbridge crossing the stream and meeting the porch outside the glass walled living room. It stood on short stilts. Spotlights hung from the eaves. Moths in grey whirling clouds surrounded the lights.

Inside the box faces hung in circles. Their jaws all moved at once, and their bodies wore tuxedos and formal gowns, and were middle aged, and round.

Chattering, all chattering and carrying drinks, a group of ladies stepped out onto the porch. At the edge of the forest where the trail broke into the clearing, Jim stopped walking. Harvey stood beside him, arms folded across his chest. Jim smiled, but stood still, perhaps resembling a shy forest animal to the guests in the house. But they did not see him.

One of the ladies glanced his way. She gasped and grasped the arm of the girl next to her, pointing to

Jim. The girl looked up and ran to him, picking up the edges of her bridal gown as she left across the stream and met him full speed, arms outstretched, on the streambank.

Harvey, feet planted, arms akimbo, watched impassively, and then walked inside.

A wiry Dr. Wagner wearing a brown tweed coat, stepped out of his circle of drinkers.

"Harvey, where have you been?"

"Jim and I went walking around the mountain. He wanted to talk talk his marriage."

"Well, I should think so. He's not the only one. We," he said, indicating the entire room full of people, "would like to know if they're even really married. From the scene this afternoon one begins to doubt . . ." He shook his head, scanning the room in search of non-existent support, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said Harvey, scratching his chin. "It's a difficult question. I can't tell if they're really married or not."

The doctor put down his drink and eyeballed Harvey shrewdly. He deftly placed his hand on Harvey's forehead and with his thumb drew back his eyelid.

"I'm fine, Doctor. This is just as much a mystery to me as it is to you."

"Well, you're Jim's closest friend. You should know something of whether he intends to make a complete mockery of marriage and all of us who took him seriously enough to come here. You should know."

"I only know what I saw. The minister finished his spiel . . ."

"His what?"

"His speech. And the bride and groom kissed the ground instead of each other. He won't say what it's supposed to mean. He doesn't talk about those things very much."

Doctor Wagner had worn glasses so long, and so constantly that he had white rectangles around his eyes which made the wrinkles stand out like ink lines. His eyes looked tired now, without glasses, and his eyebrows were sparse and grey. The skin under his chin sagged as if his jaws had shrunk.

"He's got a lot of people teetering on the brink - the very brink, you

understand - and he'd better do something or someone's going to call his bluff and this whole shabang comes crashing down around his ears. I mean it," the Doctor said, digging his fingers into Harvey's arm.

"I'll do what I can," Harvey told him. "I think it's maybe some kind of universal statement."

At this the Doctor slapped his forehead, clutched his throat, snatched his drink and tottered off, looking like he'd gulped down a shot of Tabasco sauce. In an unsteady voice he muttered, "U - ni - ver - sal Statement! God, God."

Harvey went to the punch bowl and ladled himself a drink in a tall tumbler. Warm fingers covered his eyes from behind. A woman's voice said, "Gueeeess Whoooo?" and Harvey pretended to concentrate.

"Mrs. Wagner? Mrs. Botticelli? Mrs. Klum? Who could it be? OH, of course, Mrs. Atkins!"

Mrs. Atkins hugged him with one arm, nearly knocking the drink from his hand.

"Harvey, my boy, how good it is to see you!"

"Well, Mrs. Atkins, how does it feel to have a married son?"

"Oh, Harvey, you ask the funniest questions. He's married, Harvey. My son is married."

"Well, somebody better tell Dr. Wagner. He's out on the porch having a coronary."

"Oh, he's addled about the scene where they kissed the earth. Simply a divinely portrayed counterpoint to the doctrine of matrimonial exclusion. And so adroitly innocuous - not like those boorish group marriages, or those hypocritical religious fads. Ha ha - you know what I'm going to give them?"

"A garden spade?"

"Nope," she said, leaning on him for support. "I'm going to get

them a huge walnut plaque. And do you know what it's going to say?"

"Bless this planet? The meek shall inherit the earth?"

"Nope. It's going to say, 'The family that weeds together, feeds together' in old English letters."

Harvey looked at her face; she was plastered. Her husband had collapsed in a chair in front of the TV. She was attempting to lead him out onto the porch. Her husband grunted, and without opening his eyes, pulled her down into his chair. Her drink spilled across his tuxedo as she fell and her glass went bouncing, incredibly, on the floor. Harvey tried to excuse himself as she was consumed in hairy arms and dripping tuxedo, but she wasn't listening anymore.

by

Cary

Tennis

photo by Dave Patrick

Who Died?

Partied together Friday, Funerale on Sunday;
I didn't recognize her.
The buffed mahogany was unbecoming,
But she did love flowers.
Another human sacrifice to the God of Detroit;
And I'm no Thesus.
A new siren's song ended her odyssey.

Not even Saint Nader could save her,
There are none to accept the blame.
My dagger can find no breast to receive it,
It is I who have died alive.

The priest thought he looked very comforting.
Condolences come cheap.
The man in the black suit assumed the expression
He practised for the mirror.
But I know that inside he's smiling.
He doesn't know he is the greater tragedy--
He doesn't know why his money's wet.



DEATH

In a blur of starched nurses
and white-penguin nuns,
A requiem dirge resounds.
Amidst the stench of death
And disinfectant
Loneliness entered and took right
right over.
He was the second visitor of
of the day.

Janet Von Zech

Yale Solonche

Rendezvous

Sliding out
the slick doorways
of expectation,

colliding with the strange
surfaces of night

thinking turns
cold as
the belly of a lizard,


amplifying old secrets
while waiting

to see the familiar
definition of your face.

Whitney McCauley-Gordon

Dave Patrick





The House

Brown-burnt brown of antique leaves

A faded wash of charcoaled bronzed wood
collecting nocturnal moments of long-gone laughter
and soon-to-come tears

It stood alone at the end of that crooked path
littered with colours of yellowed and orange frosted foliage
tipped with passions of days gone by

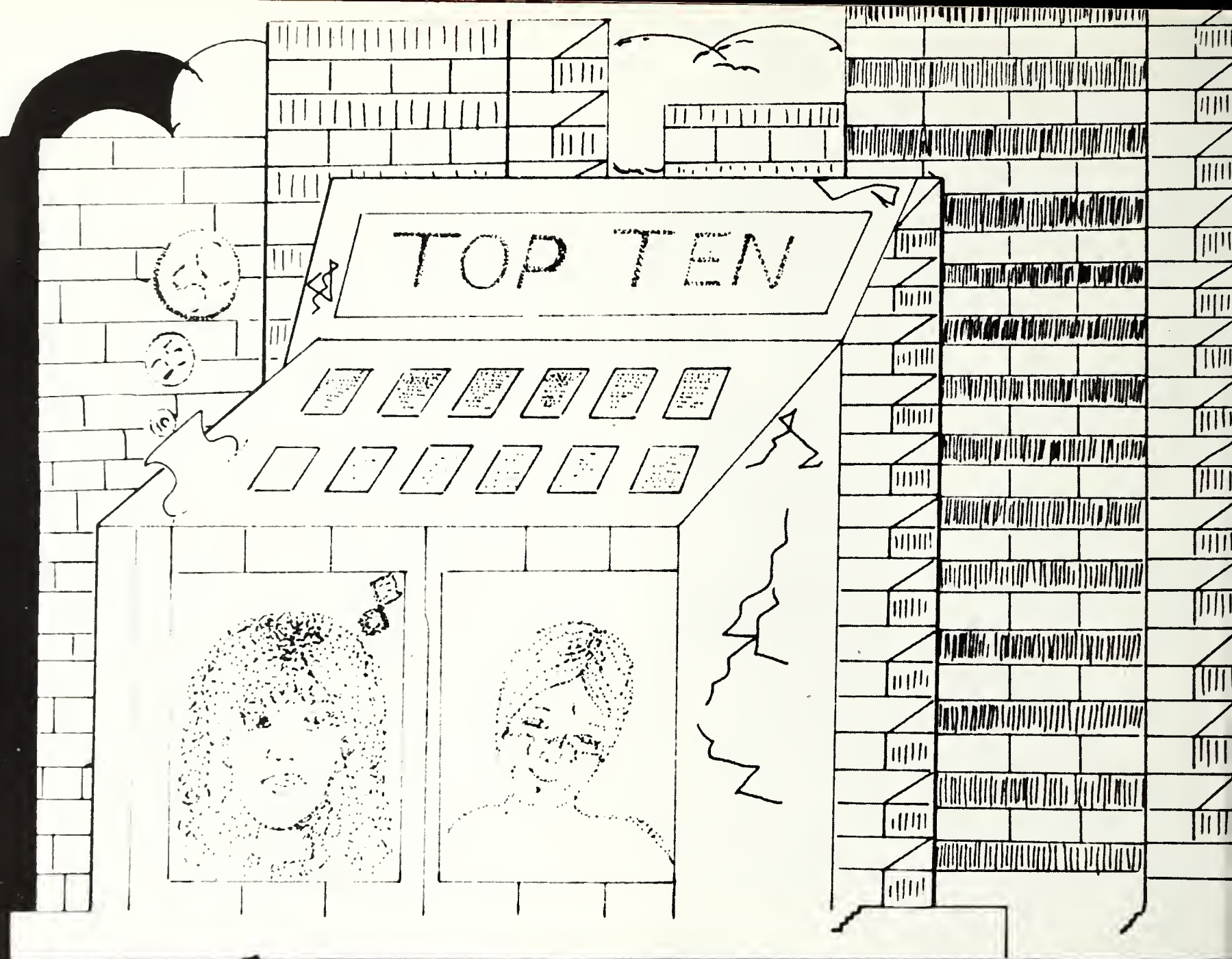
Heavily edged with age-scattered trees
surrounded by networks of icy bare fingers
raking against the sky
trying to capture a fleeting past memory of long-ago lies

"The ghosts do murmur there,
it is often said, "But only at midnight, at the day's very end"

But do they wonder?

For the eyes of the house hold vivid black darkness,
eternally there not only to hide but to shield and protect

Yes, brown is the colour
a burnt-brown of antique leaves
a faded wash of charcoaled bronzed wood
and it stands at the end of that crooked path



Pat Faherty

Life is like a jukebox that's been playing long.
When I was young a nickel would give my ears a song.
And then the years and music were raised up to a dime
For less for your investment was costing you more time.
The quarter came in music and then in my life too,
And now it's fifty cents and all I get is blues.

Laurie Hartley

i've made love to a
thousand
colored paper
women,



who never cared
when i turned
the page.



poem and illustration by Dave Patrick





Randall Harris

Hide your broken knees,
Stand on quicksand,
Exist,
In those fleeting moments.

Broken dreams lay at the bottom of my mind
like the promises made by people
I thought I knew

Bill Humphries

Love leaves your lips
like cotton clipper ships
nothing nears my ears
but waves

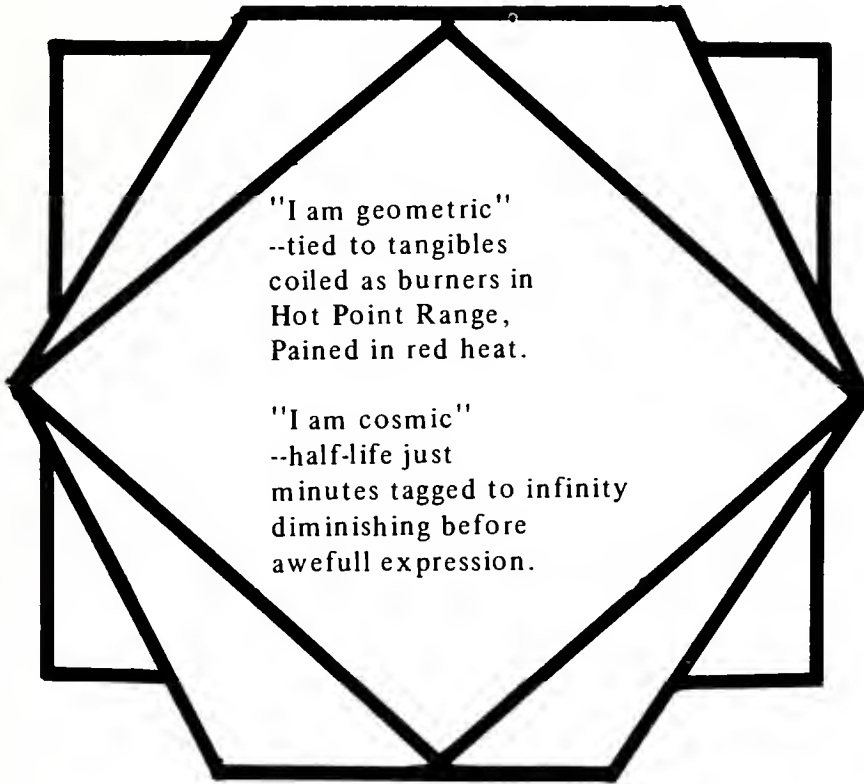
photo by Dave Patrick

Patrick Shilling, Jr.

Every day I am thinking more and more
that I would like to be Hailey's comet
and go around the sun and disappear for awhile.

Class Notes: Point of Awareness

Whitney McCauley-Gordon



Bill Humphries

Man must learn to pour his soul
into a bowl
to see his Self as a sure cereal
oneness with the Universe.

If this be true,
One step further would be fortification
with eight essential vitamins
and a prize inside.

If this be the future of Mankind,
then I'm going back to grits!

Whitney McCauley-Gordon

Surrendering to the sun I am
aware of the scattered remnants
of sea wheat suicides.
Buffeted by hot wind
odor of steaming flesh rises
to flaring nostrils,
tightening skin a prelude
to the first splintering of pain.
Ten strikes against midnight
sunburned hand
slow fire against cool sheets.

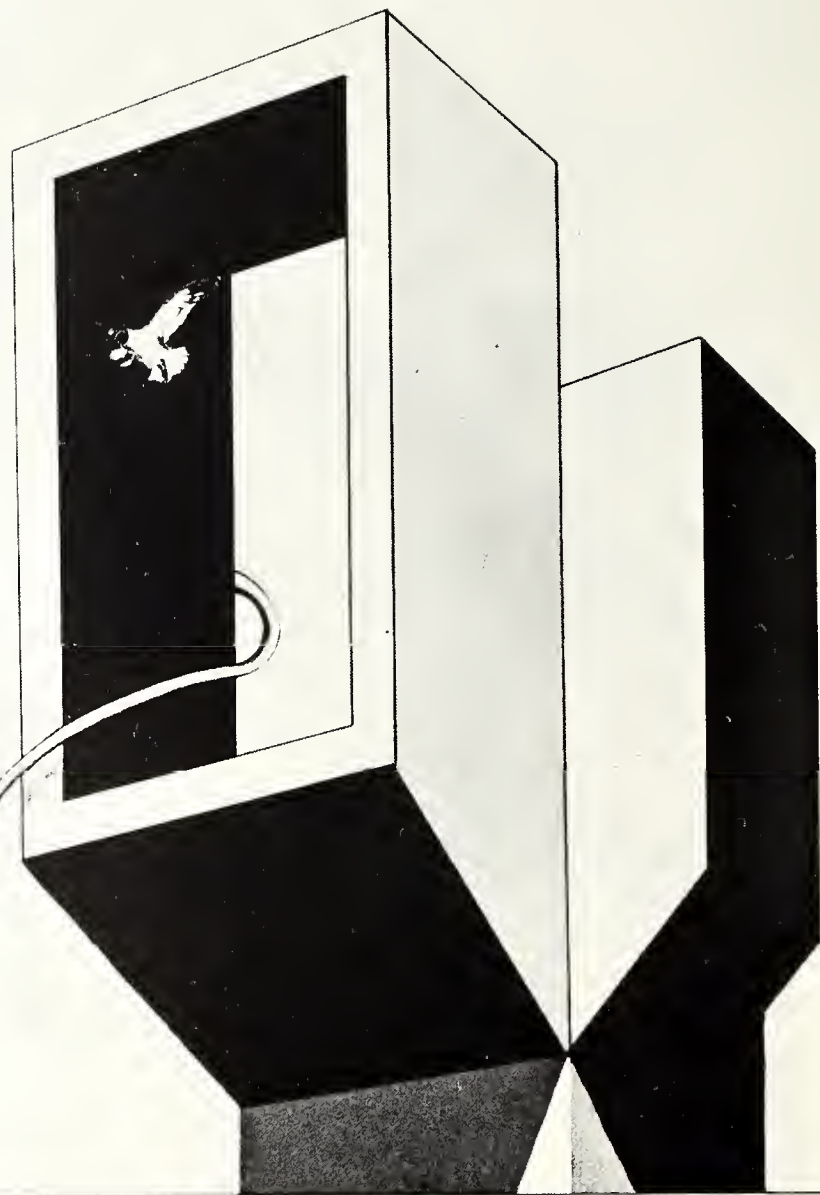




photo by
Lisa Papa

We want young gag writers, actors, actresses, comedians to join our Comedy Skit Company. Funnel Theatre. Call A.W. 532-4295

Dear Funnel Theater:

My name is Horse Wylie. For the past week or so I've been having a very frustrating one sided conversation with that confounded machine which is hooked to your telephone. I do all the talking, she (I refer to this machine as she because somewhere a mad scientist endowed her with a female voice) does all the listening. Although I find she isn't much different than most people in the sense that I can't relate to her either, and since I don't have a phone she apparently can't even help me relate to you. Seems to me that somewhere in our mad rush to invent machines to close our communications gap, we've built in an automatic breakdown in communications. If this letter frustrates you, don't feel bad, I'm sure you're no more frustrated than I.

Now that I've exhausted my frustrations on you and she, I'll get down to business, if you can call it that; I'm a self acclaimed poet, hoping soon to be published. I'm 36 years old, tall, and slender with a youthful body, an average face, and an above average smile. I wandered aimlessly through life the first 35 years of my life and have since found that my place in the universe lies somewhere within the realm of love and creativity, which by the way are one and the same. I think if I could be Napoleon at Waterloo then I could measure up to Robert Frost in my poetry. I'm sure you can see how one would stimulate the other.

Love,
Horse

I THINK
 THE YOUNG PEOPLE
 WILL
 EVENTUALLY
 FIND A LOOPHOLE
 IN THE SYSTEM
 AND, WHEN IT HAPPENS--
 THEY WILL PROBABLY RUN
 A ROPE THROUGH IT
 AND TOW IT
 OUT TO
 SEA.

George Smith

Freedom flashing
 Hair blowing
 That the way I remember you
 Laughing until the tears came
 Living every full second of each day
 Eating yogurt
 Stopping and smelling roses
 A warrior for truth, justice
 Not because you're Black
 But because it is right
 Yes: Like all native daughters
 You keep shining knowledge
 Until it begins to grow on you
 Dancing, singing, jiving, looking
 So nice like the summer breeze
 Yes: That the way I remember you

Mugo Mast

Cascades of shimmering droplets
 falling down,
 capture your body
 and drown.

Chips of gold
 cross your palm
 melting over
 flesh and bone.

Nightingales cast
 strange glances
 as you
 sing another chorus
 of a psyched-up song.

Ripples curl
 along your toes
 bordering the isle
 of the sweet-smelling rose.

Suddenly,
 clouds of suds
 float upon new-born streams
 while, nearby,
 I sit waiting,
 all alone,
 with our many dreams.

Now your soul is cleansed;
 your body pure and virgin to the dust.
 Now, I know
 what it is to lust.

Sonya Sellars

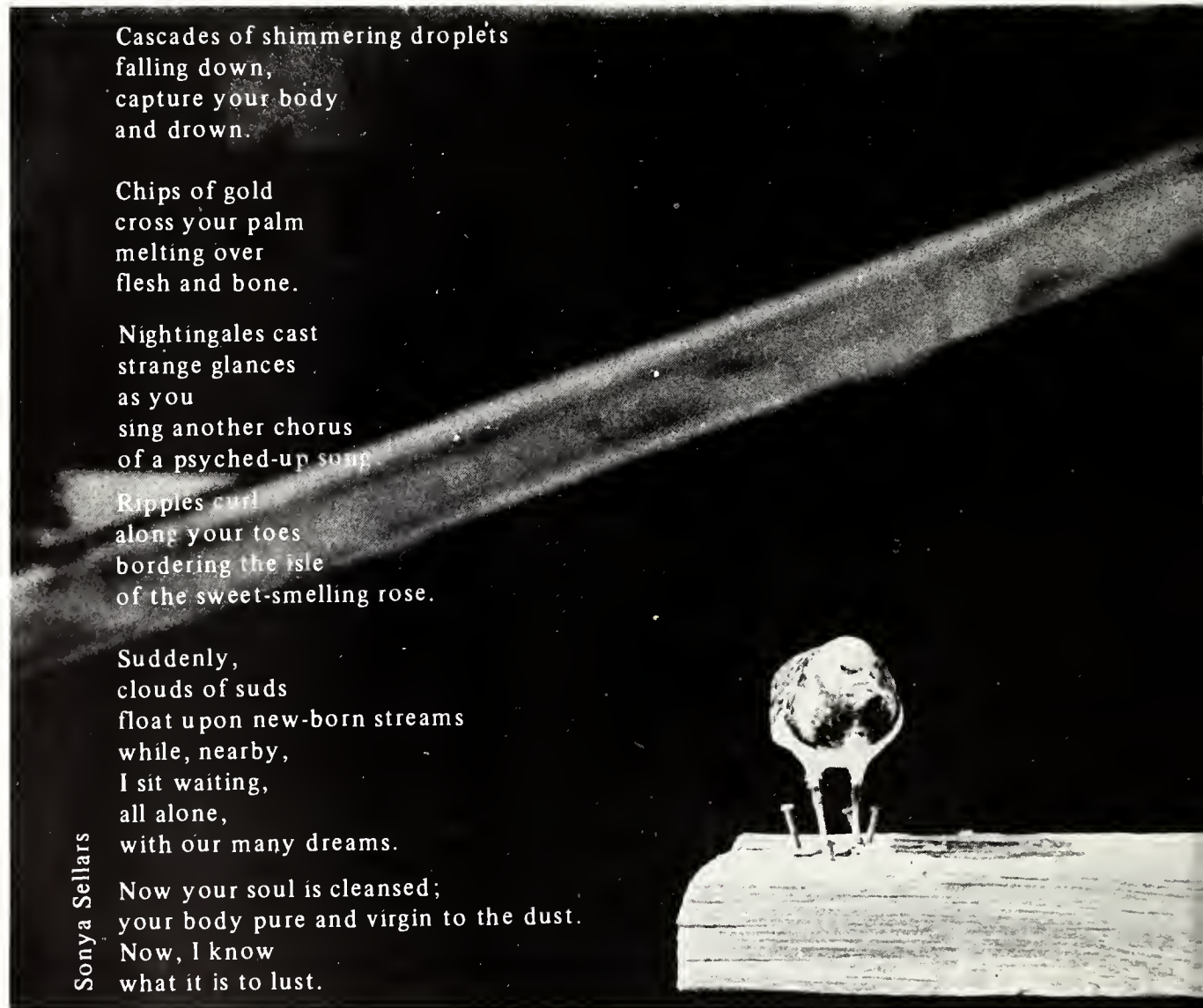
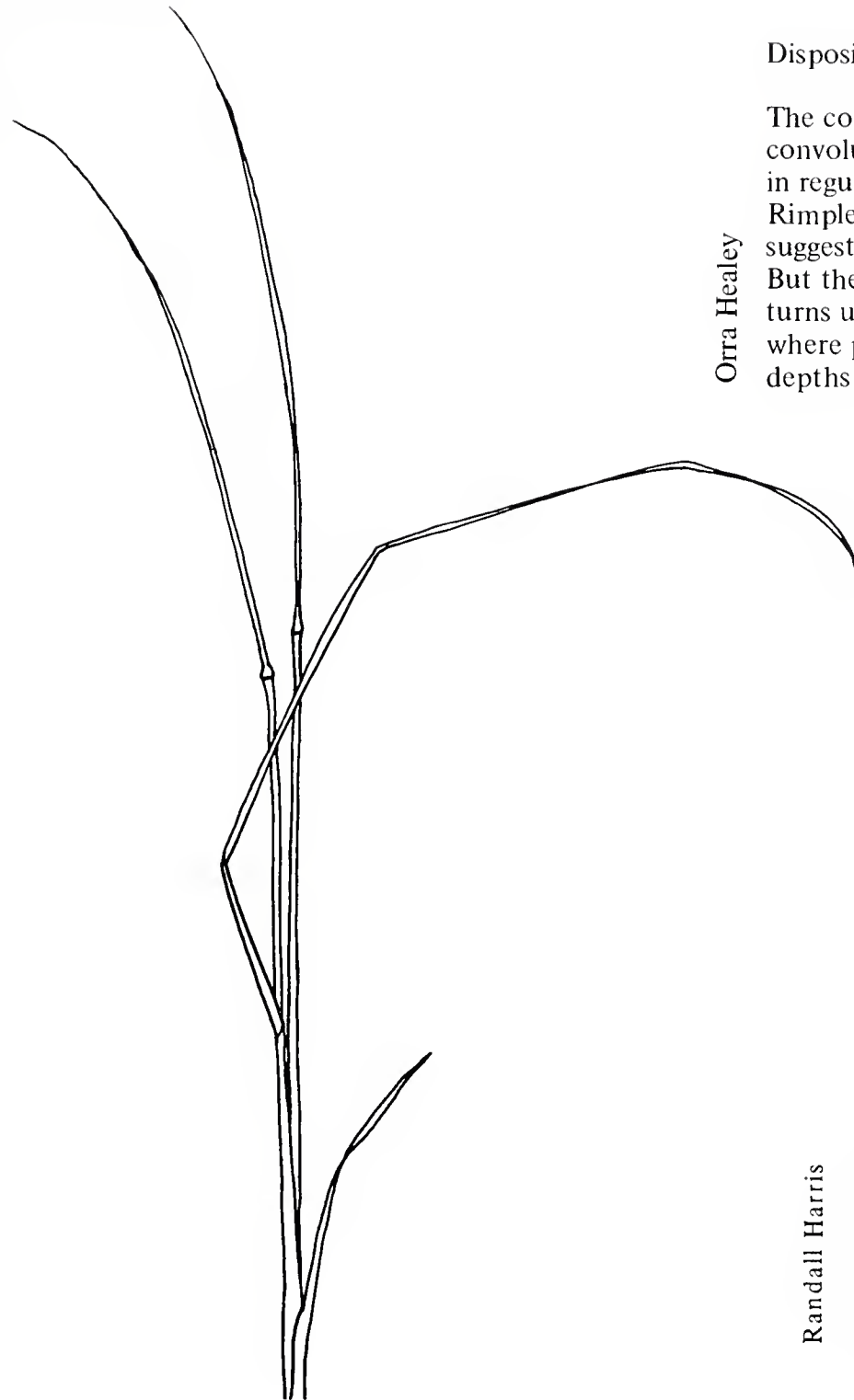


photo by Lisa Papa

art by Joe McVoy



I sometimes live alone along the beach.
Walking, talking to the shells. You
couldn't imagine how interesting they
speak. One shell was shaped like life
and had a purple dot on its head. Life
had traveled many seas and one time got
caught on a dolphin and saw the real
world. We chatted for hours and the sun
sat down and listened, too. Soon a wave
came and life nodded good-bye. One foot
in front of the other, I stumbled to a
small shaped rock with big features. Oh!
the problems that rock had. A certain
man would come everyday and sit on the
rock's shoulders. The rock said he was
too old to be stepped and wept upon.
Somehow he must leave this beach and
travel south to find his true love. So
I found a large stick and pried him loose.
With a big splash he yelled, "Thanks, I
will see you soon."

The moon and the sun were battling now,
and the moon won. So I hurried to find a
sleeping place. Where the old rock once
lived there was a hole. To my surprise
there was life. He had been washed up
on shore again and ran to find a resting
place.

The night was here and life and I made
love with only the ears of the sea listening.

Disposition

The conch shell sold from the Keys
convolutes its fleshy tints
in regular fluted arrangements.
Rimples suggest vertical direction.
But the spiral, special,
turns ultimately inward
where polished hollows echo
depths no longer sounded.

Orra Healey

Surely we can escape,
And wander,
Through those freedom fields,
Holding hands. (A known thrill.)

It's easy,
And it's fun.

Randall Harris

Beautiful child,
With dazed glitter,
In your eyes,
And sequin luster,
In your thighs.
(Watch that thought.)



Dave Patrick



Strong and silent, the stallion stands
Patiently awaiting the master's small hands
With the majestic head of the beast held high
Echoing a wild laugh and a merry cry
Painted horse and rider leap into the sky

Galloping on dreams above these lands
Of clay and dirt, of brick and sand
With castles and knights from days of yore
And bullets and bombs and cannon roar

Charles Mertz
But the world within is ceasing to spin
And the dreams will end and new ones begin
The melody from the organ begins to slow down
With a solemn silence throughout the grounds
As the children depart from the merry-go-round.

photos by Dave Lenox



photo by Stephanie Poe

There was a cut glass vase at my aunt's house
That she promised to give me someday
I used to touch

and wonder at it
as a child

A clear, faceted, endless blue
A thousand wonderous windows for childish eyes
I looked and looked at it
And touched it, held it, fondled it,
But never caught it--not enough.
To me, it was beauty.
As a child I loved it
And as a child I cried
When one night a drunken man stumbled against it
And it fell
into

a thousand blue glass

slivers

Which could only cut
my hand

As I tried to
pick it
up.

K.A. Parker

Patrick Shilling, Jr.

When you're twelve
and thoroughly mean and manly
and your mother comes to get you to take you to the dentist
and finds you in football in the schoolyard
and calls you Angelcake to get your attention
what is there left to life?



Assault

You state you are physician
I see you are a sailor

Emergency: White coat tails
flap like canvas in regatta channels

Surgery: Masks are water green
your knots are nautical

Against body wind you tack
down other corridors with precision
in this place fair weather never happens.

Whitney McCauley-Gordon



THE MAN IN THE DITCH

by Carey Tennis

Illustration by Ken McSween

I only moved in a week ago. Soon the workmen come back. Then I'll move out again. Until then, every night it doesn't rain I'm low and dry. The minute it rains I have to climb out and I get wet but I don't drown. The mud falls in from the banks. Sod slips, weeds grow, trees shake, suns rise and muds dry. It cracks like ancient porcelain. Then at two the squalls roll in and it's mud again and I have to crawl out. Or drown and be buried both.

So now if I can only talk that fly on the 2-by-4 into dancing . . .

But he is studying the grain with his anteater's snout, looking for microbes, or minerals, or a taxi. He can't fly it seems.

Sneaking up on him under his 2-by-4 I can look at him right in his thousand eyes. Squinting, for his whole body is smaller than a raisin, I make out his infirmary.

Mr. Fly, I sigh, your wing has a slight ding in its side.

His 2-by-4 is spattered. Dirt slides ditchways. The rain.

"Yesterday I got a letter from Dan. He's down in a ditch."

Shrieks of laughter from a circle of seven naked people in a cabin. Another joint is lit.

"He's camping there with a cookstove, three bluejays, and a fly. And he says he's hypnotised the fly."

More laughter. Shiela curls her body inside the windowsill. A nude bookend. Harry sees triangulated inside Shiela's outstretched arm, her updrawn thighs, and the south window casement, Mr. Ecilop the Ranger. Mr. Ecilop leans on a pine twirling a crabgrass blade in his mouth. He is smiling with a far off look in his eyes. Maybe he's thinking about the last time he got laid off work and went fishing in the mountains for two weeks.

I don't know who they are. I'm just doing my part, the upper half.

The fly didn't move when I touched him. I was thinking so hard he was paralyzed. When I realized how hard I was thinking he took off like a spit wad from a rifle. But silently.

I am now sitting in a xylophone. The four sewer pipes down here are each assigned a different note. The pipes are wider, the tones lower, from east to west. As I improve at throwing rocks, I can play more intricate melodies. The rain plays staccato arpeggios.

I set up my tent down by the tractor. Next to it lie the pipe joints in piles and the pipe clamps in crates. Parked in the grass where scattered yellow rectangles mourn the boards which killed the grass stands the semi. The key is in the ignition, between the seats, behind the shift, below the window. I looked inside today.

My tent is waterproof, but the rain hasn't noticed yet.

"All existing things are born without reason, prolong themselves out of weakness, and die by chance."

----Jean Paul Sartre

Does the emptiness frighten,
Depress or otherwise unsettle you;
It appeals to me,
The ability to choose my fantasy.

What is life but living--
Being happy
Causing no one unnecessary pain.

Yet, many choose to ritualize, mystify.
Strange to robe a man in ermine, mink,
Grace his fingers, golden carat diamond rings.
To stand and listen,
While he explains
You can't take it with you:
But run out and get it?

And beyond this material hypocrisy
Which is to say
Conceptually speaking
Stands the Golden Rule,
The Beatitudes and the Mighty Ten.

It seems to me
Socially accepted absurdity
This good behavior inducer, Trinity.

Concerning the Golden Rule
And the Mighty Ten
All I need is me
Philosophically, not ideally
But in reality.

How weak of man to need
A glimpse of eternity
To maintain a humane
Daily frame of mind
To say nothing of deeds.

The Beatitudes and the Mighty Ten,
Sure fire tickets to
The Utopian Eternity.
Perhaps this fantasy
Transcends the Golden Rule
And attempts to justify life.

How strange it seems,
To apply a term
Created yet not achieved
By man on earth,
And simultaneously assign it
As virtue of
This unknowable God
Whose gift, life is purported to be.

Or perhaps this fantasy
Evolves from an attempt
To eliminate the fear
Of life's unavoidable fate.

Guil: ... If we go there's no knowing.
Ros: No knowing what?
Guil: If we'll ever come back.
Ros: We don't want to come back.
Guil: That may very well be true
but do we want to go?¹

And if it is this irreversibility
Of the life-death transition
That is the source of fear
How increasingly complex
This has all become.

Man must look to death
To justify life
While fearing death
For loss of life.

Now it would seem clear
Why I choose to ask
Why not rather than why.

Why not remains
Simply unanswerable,
And to choose why
Seems quite a task,

For it must require
Great integrity
To persist in the face of such
Inconsistency.

Larry Givens

¹Tom Stoppard, "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead", (N.Y.: Grove Press, Inc., 1967). p. 95.



the sign in front of the
white building said,
"Our Lady Queen of Space"
it figures christ
would have miss universe
for a mother

poem and photo by Dave Patrick





TIME -- OH, ISN'T IT?

It is the motion one feels,
While sitting among grey stones
On a plain where no wind blows.

Something is passing. Life.

Rocks know no mainsprings—
They are sand in Earth's hourglass
Ground by drizzles and rare wind,
But they see no peak of grains
Counting centuries.

No more our trick than life itself
Is a conjurer's illusion,
Time does grind us all
With airy fingers.

Cary Tennis



photo by Pat McDonough

ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1973

Patron Saint we pray to thee
Stop the bloodshed that we see
Drive out the serpents, hissing gas
In our bogs and in our mass
Spitting venom far and wide
From its hate we cannot hide.

Stop the bullet in the night
From its fast and fatal flight,
Stem the blood, flowing like communion wine
From broken bodies, draped on a barb wire vine.

Take thy staff and take thy rod
Lead us to a peaceful sod.

J.C. Engleman



if there were ten thousand
people between
me and heaven

how many would i
step on
to get there





Dave Patrick



Donna J. Thomas



photo by Nancy Carta

the forest

a voice beckons me
to the forest of my mind,
where i can
find an idea
of my mind's end.
i run through a wooded trail
finding a lone deer wounded
by man's trap.
i search the woods to free
him from this trap, but
find nothing, and so
mankind dies
from his rotted meat.

Robin McMahon



photo by

Dave Patrick

Dogmatism

When I'm not hung up on feminism
I'm listening to the mysticism of somebody
Hung up on the eastern religion
Denouncing my endearing agnosticism
So, I guess I'll ring up Shirley Chisom

And the Man of Great Decision
To ask them

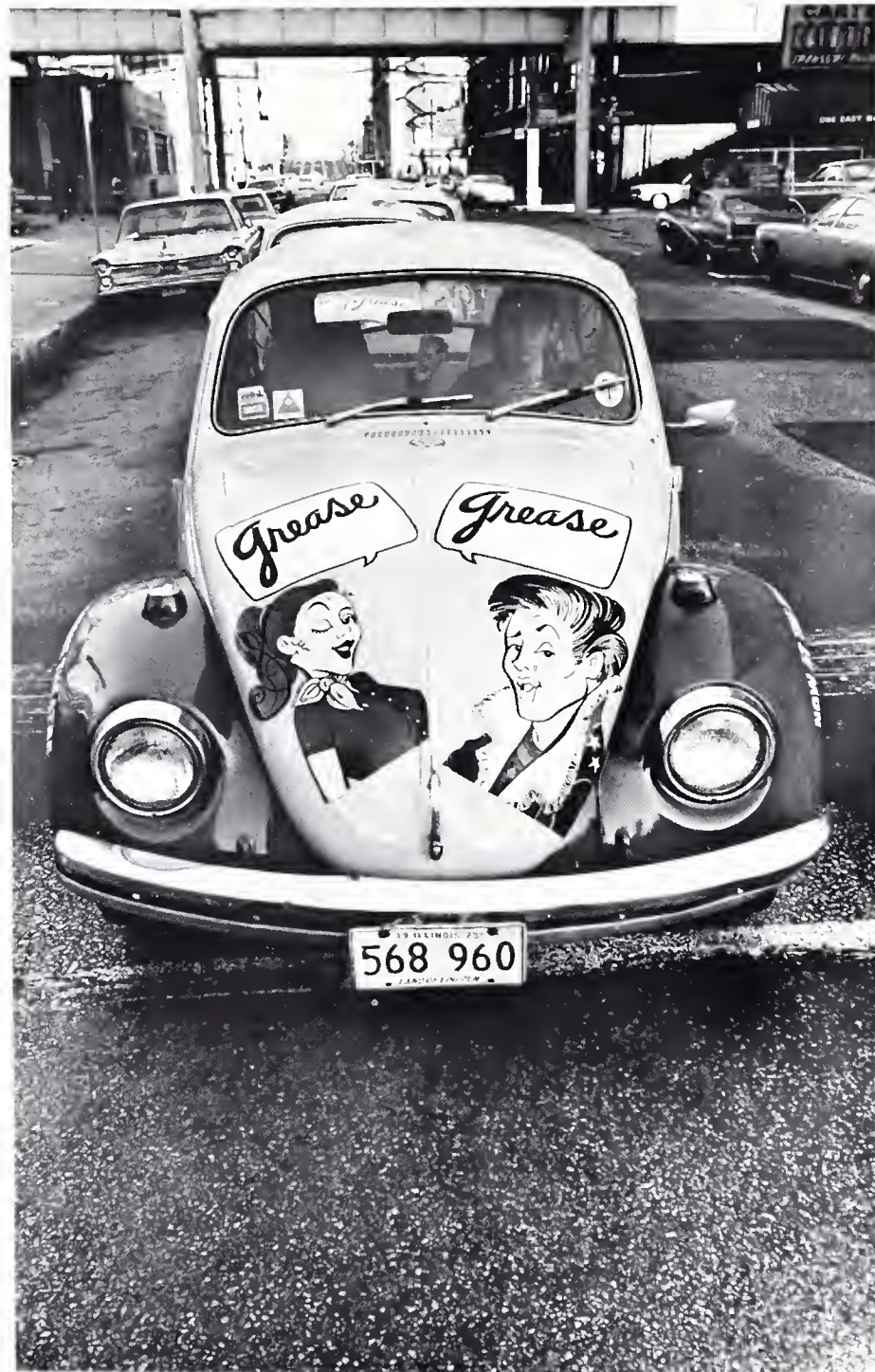
WHY

They don't cut the dogmatism

And just ask Jerry Rubin over some night to get
HIGH

Maureen Martindale

photo by
Kevin Deland



disarming my stream of consciousness

careeeeeeningthoughts
collide
in the corridors of my mind . . .

internecine images --
surging
seething struggling
contend for my attention . . .

They surround me . . .
how to defend myself?

my only weapon --
loaded leaded pencil --
i fire at the belligerents . . .
missiles of lead
ricochet random . . .

at
words
fall
strewn on a littered battleground . . .
miraculously they survive . . .

Marzi Kaplan

formal education

Lisa Papa
the long, dull pause
for one curious enough to
learn



photo by Dave Patrick

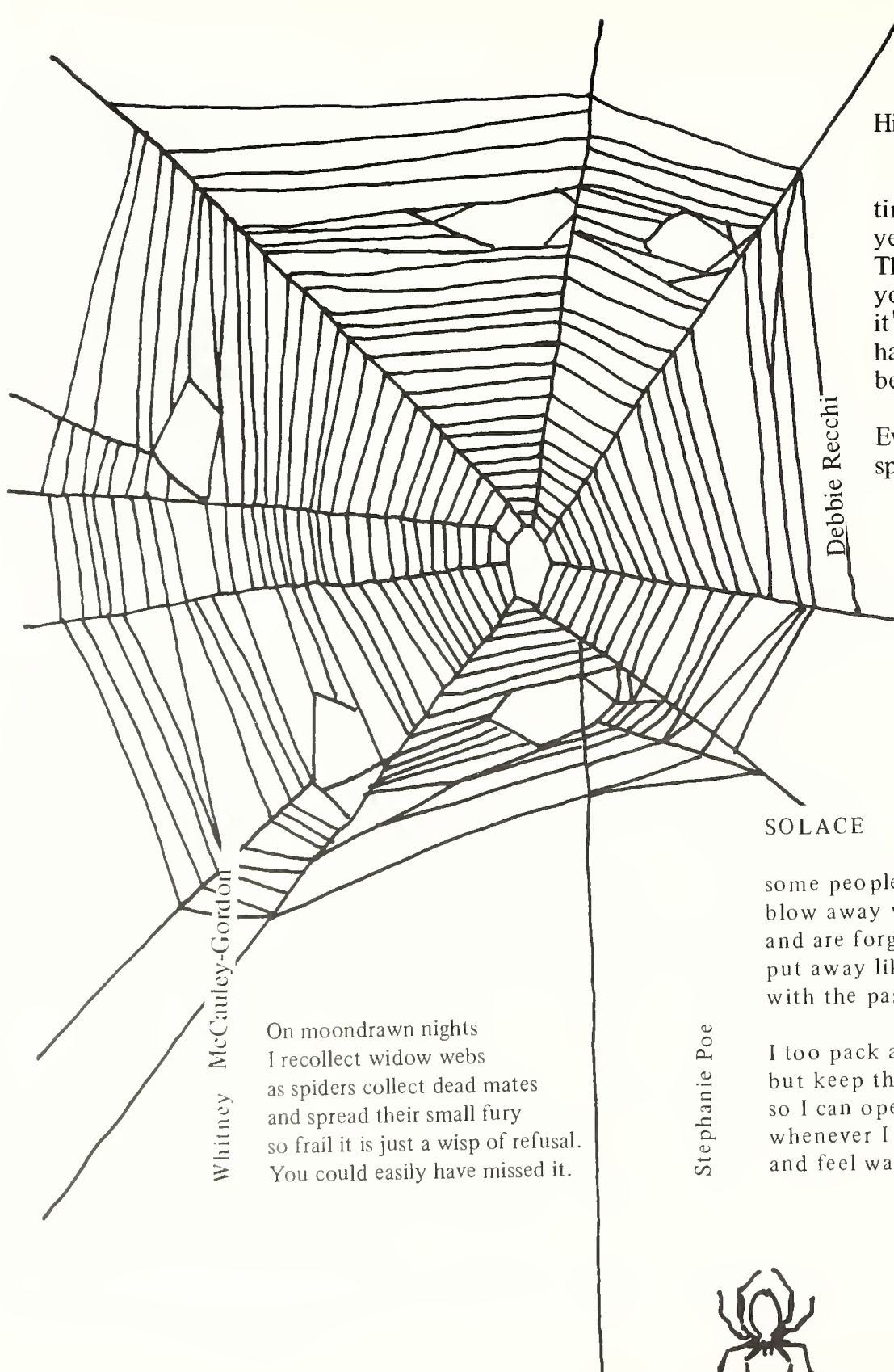
In your mind it's never over,
Never see the end
To try and rid your heart of sadness,
It's over you pretend

But thoughts arising, dreams recurring
Prove it isn't so
And all the effort in the world
Won't set it right, you know

Robert David Siegel

Resolve yourself to thoughts that linger
And flashbacks of her face--
Attempts to cast her from your mind
Won't shake her from her mental place

There's really nothing you can do
Because you see, she's part of you.



Hi friend!

I haven't felt you for a long time. I thought you were around yesterday because I heard your eyes. They sounded caged in so I am dropping you a line. I saw your lemon yesterday, it's still small and square but sounds happy. I walked the spider last night because he needed air.

Say something in awhile. Everything else is fine in this weiry spoonful. Do come back soon.

Bye friend?

Debbie Recchi

Whitney McCauley-Gordon

On moondrawn nights
I recollect widow webs
as spiders collect dead mates
and spread their small fury
so frail it is just a wisp of refusal.
You could easily have missed it.

SOLACE

some people's old loves
blow away with the wind
and are forgotten,
put away like warm clothes
with the passing of cold weather.

Stephanie Poe

I too pack away my old loves,
but keep the chest unlocked
so I can open it
whenever I get cold
and feel warm again.

Dave Patrick

as sunlight drifted across
the room,
an old man stared at the floor
and wondered about a life
of endless waiting.



UNTITLED THOUGHT IMAGE NO: 4070

Bill Humphries

Lightheaded
I hung around your heart
Until the street lamps went out.

Patrick Shilling, Jr.

We were making love
and then the lights came on again
and then of course
we could only have sex.

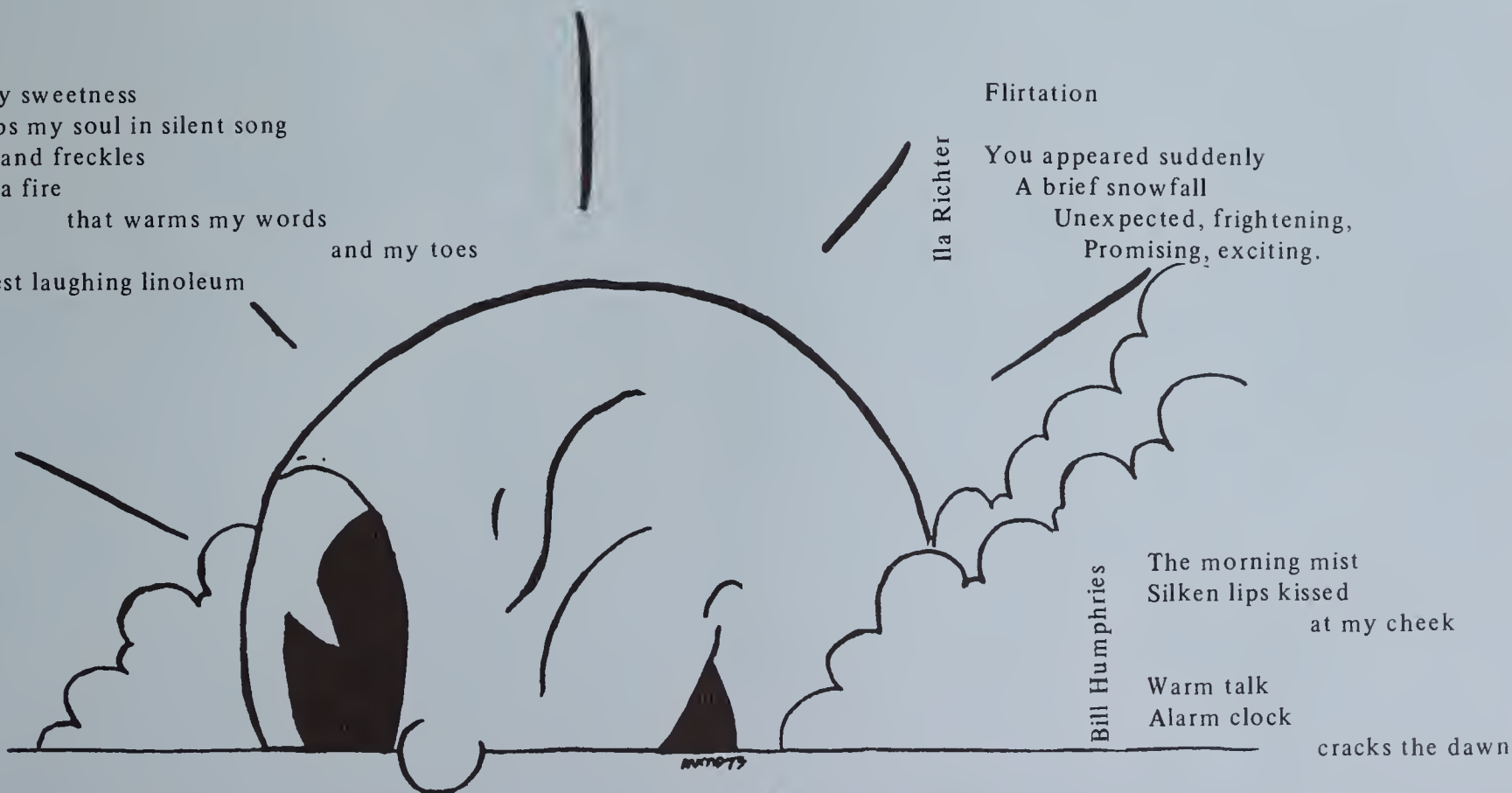
Bill Humphries

A soft, sleepy sweetness
wraps my soul in silent song
Her red hair and freckles
are a fire
that warms my words
and my toes
On the coldest laughing linoleum

Flirtation

Ila Richter

You appeared suddenly
A brief snowfall
Unexpected, frightening,
Promising, exciting.



Bill Humphries

The morning mist
Silken lips kissed
at my cheek

Warm talk
Alarm clock

cracks the dawn

frozen pictures
of fragmented memories
and daring dreams
hang in my head,
torturing my
twisted mind,
leaving little love in
my heart
and much sadness
in my soul.

Caren Baer

Dave Patrick



Hypocrisy

Here in my corner,
I observe the people --
scurrying through
their lives,
each one identical
to the next,
in lemming-like
conformity --
and scorn them
for their lack of individuality,
as the others
in their corners
do the same.

Stephanie Poe

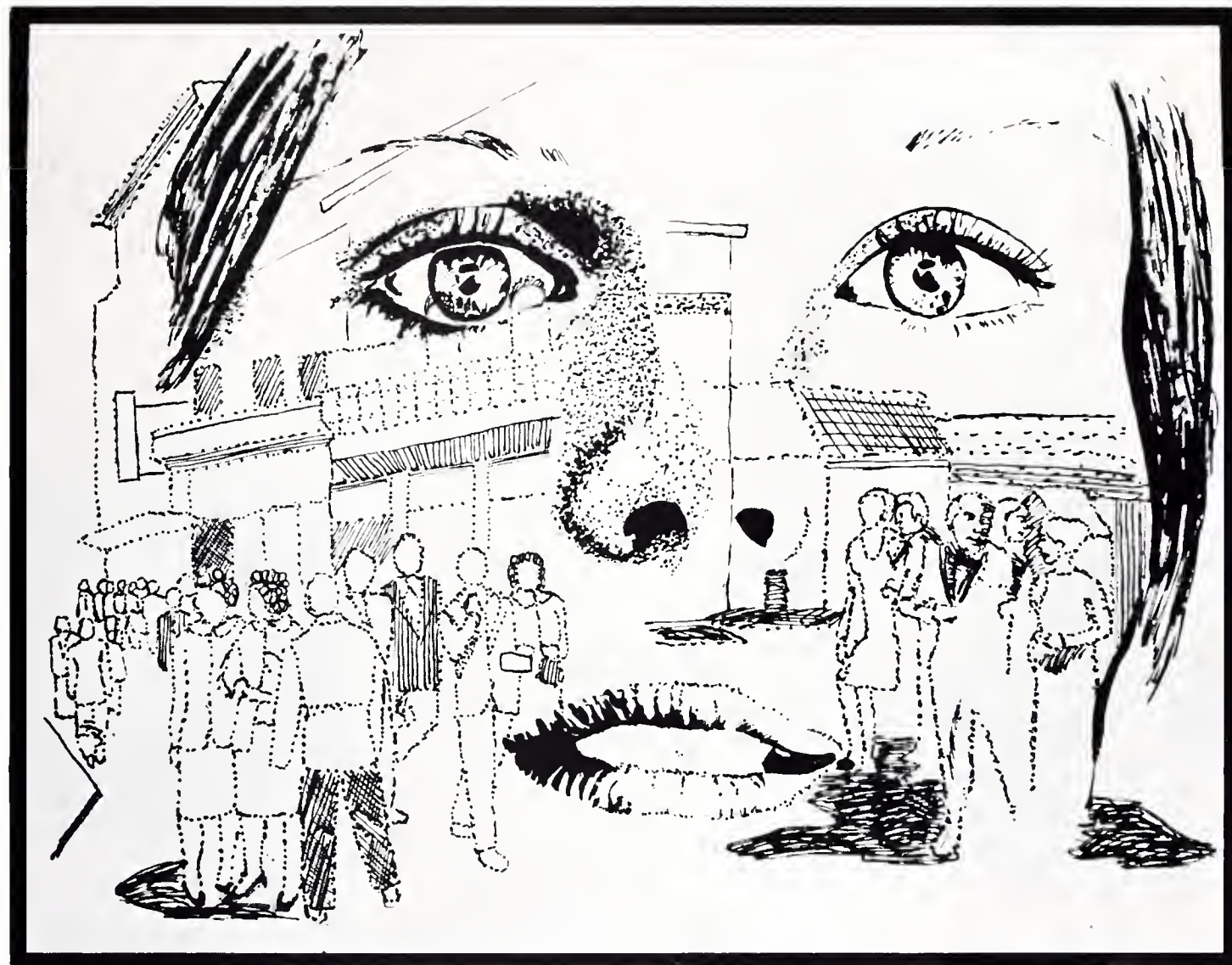


illustration by Celeste Randazzo

A DAY IN THE LIFE...

By J. Paul Cooldude

50 . . . I put my arms around Laura. The kiss was warm and lingering. She moved off the couch in the way silk moves around a body. "I'm going to change now . . . don't go anywhere." I gave her my gentlest smile, but inside the engines were running fast and furious. She glided out of the bedroom wearing a silk nighty. "I'm readRRRRRRRINGGGGGG

The alarm reached through the tendrils of sleep and kicked me in the head. After what seemed to be an eternity, my hand found the cut off. I might have drifted back off to sleep if the old lady hadn't chosen that moment to break through the door.

"Are you still in bed?"

"No, I'm standing on my head in the closet."

"It's time for breakfast, get up."

For some obscure reason, I had the feeling it was going to be a bad day. Of course, this was nothing new. It seems that I have only two kinds of days: bad and worse.

Breakfast consisted on a glass of orange juice and a rather small piece of toast. The daily horoscope confirmed my suspicions: "It would be wise for the Piscean to stay sway from machinery, avoid any travel, and not associate with close friends or business contacts today."

I dragged myself out to the garage where my trusty '69 Volkswagon Bug was waiting in all its portly splendor. The engine started at first crank of the ignition. Another bad omen. The car moved easily down the block starting the 17 mile drive to the college.

. . . The 400 horsepower Ferrari engine purred softly at the stop light. The man in the yellow Corvette smerked at my expensive machine. It was time he learned a Lesson. As the light changed, I eased in as much power as the tires could take. Half way through first gear, I realized that the Corvette driver didn't want to race. Then I realized why. The ticket cost me \$74. . .

After three police cars and five near

misses on the way, I arrived at school. The hassle of finding a parking space was eliminated because I was the managing editor of the newspaper and therefore entitled to a reserved spot.

The office was empty, which was not unusual at that time of the morning. I noticed that there was no copy in the "In" box on my desk. What day is this? FRIDAY! the deadline is today.

At that moment my boss walked in.

"What's up, Paul?"

"We got no copy, Kemosavy."

"Don't sweat it; it's early."

The editor was totally dead pan which was also a bad omen. It meant he had some fiendish plot cooking somewhere within his rather small mind.

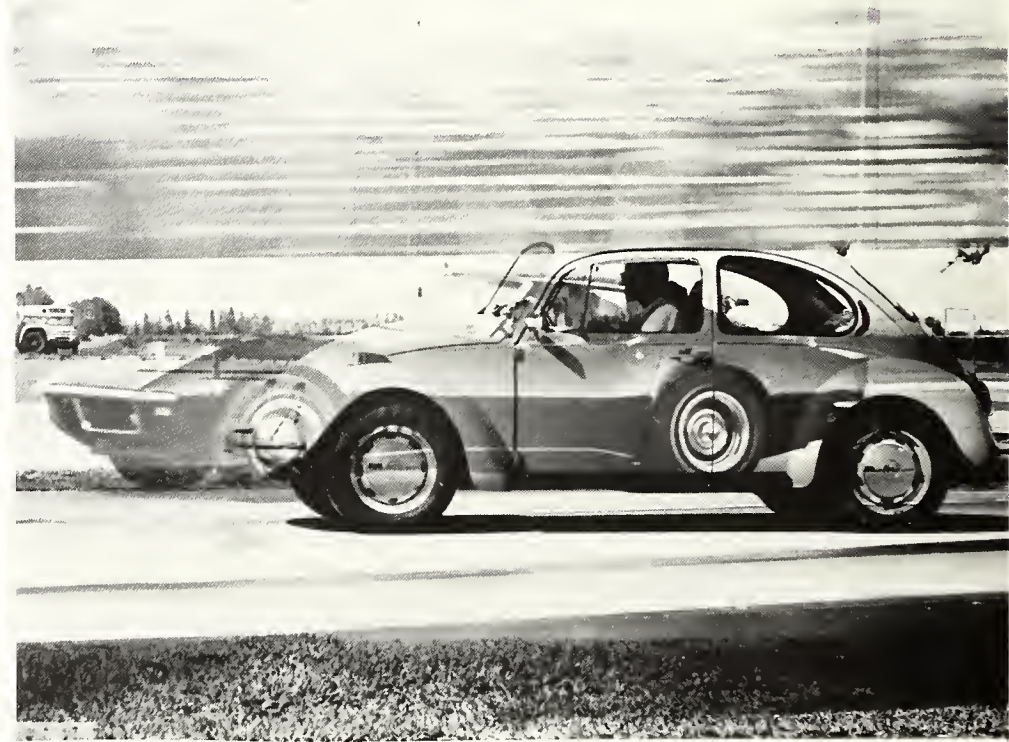


photo by Mark Sherman

"I gotta go to class. I'll see you later. Oh, by the way Paul, if Laura comes in, tell her I want to see her sometime today about her story."

"Right." I'd like to see her myself, but not about any story. Her beautiful curvaceous body topped with tumbling blond hair was an attraction that not many of the male members of the staff could resist. My only problem with lovable Laura was that she rarely acknowledged my existence.

The morning dragged on with the normal amount of kooks that a newspaper attracts making their way through the office. One of them was the News Editor. On Friday mornings, our News Editor, who was a tall good looking red head, would always surprise us in one way or another. One Friday, she came in with a neatly wrapped box complete with bow and card. She placed it on my desk.

"This is for you my darling."

I was speechless. In the one term that we had known each other, she had rarely spoken to me other than that conversation necessary to keep things running smoothly.

I slowly unwrapped the box and opened the lid. Inside, six inches

deep, was the finest, purest grade sand that I had ever seen. By the time I could think of anything to say, everyone in the office was laughing. Lions one, Christians nothing.

This particular day yielded no such levity.

"For a managing editor, you write like shit, Paul!"

"Found my story did you?"

"Yes. It took me only an hour to arrange all of the strips this time. Next time, maybe you ought to cut your story into smaller pieces. I didn't know what to do with all the time I had left over."

I vowed that I would indeed try harder next time.

The door swung open to reveal, you guessed it, LAURA! She glided across the office and chose my desk to stop for a rest.

"Here's my story. What have you got for a nice attractive girl this week?"

I looked up into her eyes. It took will power to keep from making some totally raunchy comment. I was saved the insult by one of the staff writers.

"How'd you like to work on a rape case?"

"When did that happen?" she asked innocently.

"It hasn't yet, but maybe we can work something out."

"Bug off."

. . . Paul, are you doing anything tonight? I'm all alone up at my apartment and I really wish I had someone to keep me company tonight. Someone who is warm and cuddly.

Yes, Laura, I think I will come over tonight. That is if I don't get stuck racing in the Grand Prix. Fear not my lovely, I will be there . . .

Laura was just walking away, and I realized that I had been waiting around too long. Hell, all she could say was no.

"Laura, are you, ah, doing anything, ah, important right now?"

"Yes, Paul, I have a luncheon date with a football player. Did you need me for something?"

"No, not really. Go ahead and go."

Laura turned her magnificent body and left. I ended up eating lunch with the photographer.

Mercifully, the afternoon went quickly. I escaped the office at five and headed for home, which as it turned out was not as good an idea as I had thought it was.

"Where have you been all afternoon?"

"I've been beating up little old ladies on crutches, Mom, where do you think I've been?"

"You should have a little more respect for your parents and tell us where you're going and how long you're going to be gone."

"I was rather busy today, Mom and I didn't really have the time." I did have the time, but I simply did not call because I had nothing to say to her, which was not unusual.

For dinner, we had chopped toad's teeth or something equally as appetizing. I ended up fixing myself a ham sandwich before the evening was half finished.

The TV was so disappointing I went to bed not caring whether Jim Phelps and his team got caught raping the statue of liberty with illegal Soviet wheat purchases.

. . . And there he was, the powerful Managing Editor and his gorgeous Laura. Everyone seems to oooooohh and aahhh at the splendor of those two perfect people.....

Robin McMahon

burning,
 a crimson anger
 steadily flames.
 within the entrails
 of glowing embers
 seething forces
 turn kindling into
 cool tirades of energy,
 directed at nothing –
 but the dying earth beneath.
 while the object of anger
 laughs quietly
 in a distant tree.




Dave Patrick

Robin McMahon

In closets of old collections
 shoeboxes of memories
 cling longingly to shelves
 of meaningless houses.
 Which soon to be destroyed,
 are burned anyway.

Robin McMahon

On winged horse of night
 Crept child into my delight
 With questions of immortality
 And with claws of outrage
 Ripped apart the flesh
 Which bore the lies of my innocence



My eye to your eye
my glance to forests
of dark and untouchable beauty;
we stray from the threshold of our
separate worlds,
penetrating still deeper into the
dimming colors of each other's thoughts--
fearing blindness
but wanting even more to touch

My hand to your hand
gives substance to the
tenuousness of desire,
and fulfillment, scattered like
throughout the space of our
separate existence, takes
takes root
among the warm hollows of our
entwined fingers.

My love to your love
gives cadence to the world
and melody to the harmonies of nature,
of ripples upon the water;
thus from the breadth and pulse of our
separate lives
emerges a song of completeness--
sung in the harmony of
passion and the night.

Marky Kelly

Dave Patrie

photo by Kevin Deland



I passed a window
and stopped to
look
at the blurred
smears and
blobs of color
that are me.
Watery shimmery
backwards,
as far away
and theral as if
I looked from another world
trapped inside a glass.

I reached a hand to touch
it and
it stretched a hand to mine
but I
snatched my hand away and left.
Yet I had an impression
that I left it forever
with a hand stretched
out to me
pleading
long after I had left.

Lynn Parker

POOR ANGEL KISS SHE

Poor angel kiss she

Wants nothing concrete



Her feet are water

Falling far beyond

Bill Humphries

other world
class.

to touch

d to mine

d away and left.

ression

er

ched

eft.



Kevin Deland



his blue eyes looked through me
as though they were sparkling diamonds
sharply cutting glass.

I trembled with every touch of his hands and
slowly falling apart,
I shattered beneath him
on icy white sheets.

poem by Lisa Papa
graphics by Donna J. Thomas

DISENCHANTMENT

In my second phase of life
I live with Disenchantment
A stalwart creature, who took
possession of my soul.

She brought with her one gift.
"The seed of consciousness," she said.
A spawn of awareness which
reveals so well
stains of hypocrisy and tarnished
values
traces of hatred infused
with flecks of bigotry.

59

Janet Von Zech

Though grateful for her gift
I stand alone,
In an aura of melancholy.
A solitary figure amidst
the rubble of corroded friendships.

Ken McSween





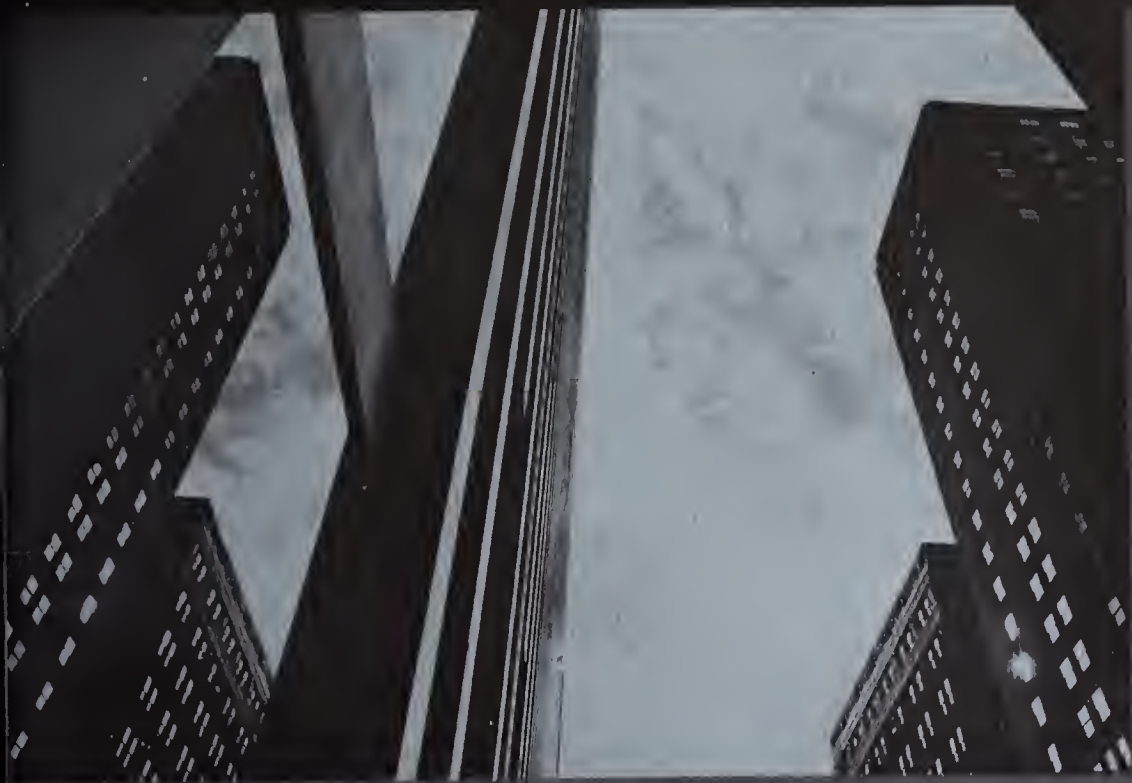
Kevin Deland



CHICAGO





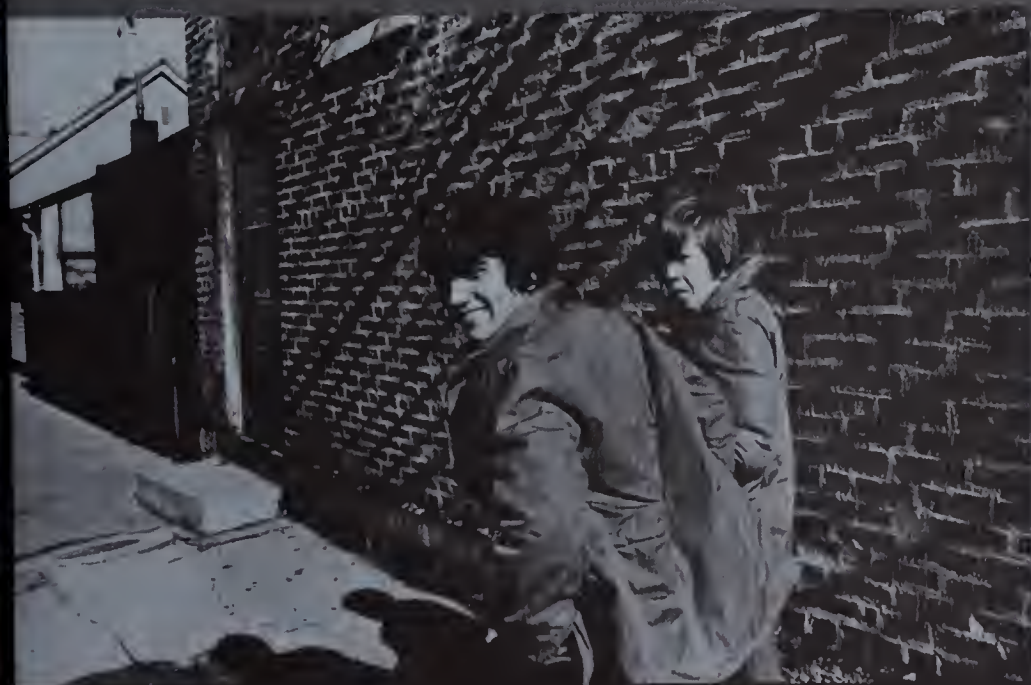


"In man's world a human being is an artist, he finds shape for the bodyless structure of what he's felt."

"Look at objects as though it were the first time. By penetrating their efforts, you are penetrating your own without which they are not."

- Kevin Deland
(6/11/49-11/16/73)

all photos by Kevin Deland



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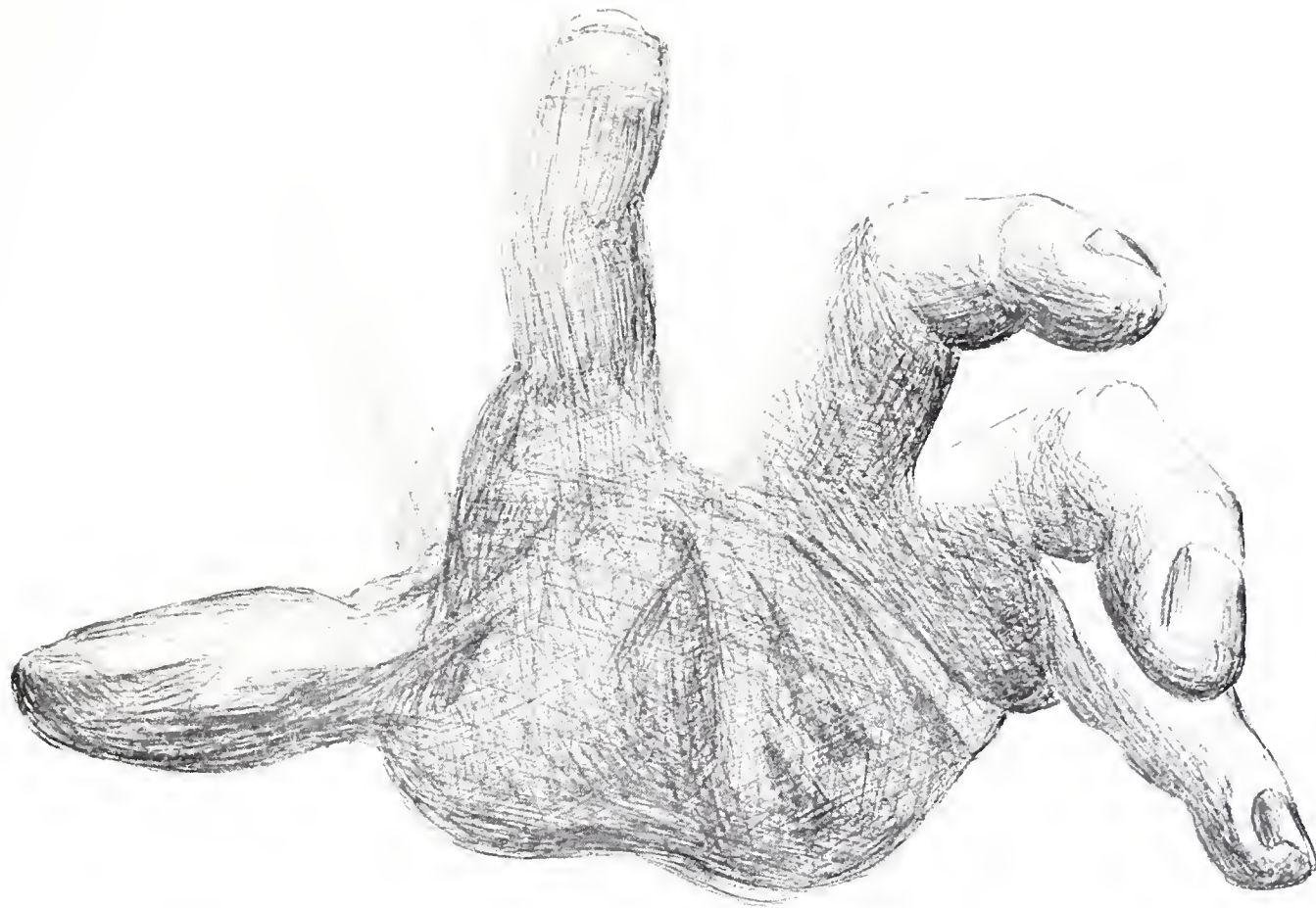
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Opinions expressed herein are those of the individual and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of Broward Community College staff, faculty or administration.









Reach!
dammit,
Reach!
to be there untaken
is far and
away
the saddest of man.

p'an ku staff - april, 1974

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 Cover Design -- Jim Swarthout



Dave Patrick

Classless Society

Showered and sophisticated,
Shopping for a bottlebrush tree
To grace her manicured lawn,
She appeared at his nursery
Late one humid afternoon.

Long past the age
When a day's work
Ought to be asked of a man,
He shuffled toward her;
Face exhaustion-eroded,
 weathered, burnt like the gumbo-limbo;
Eyes peering through opaque lenses and overgrown brows;
Hands, gnarled cypress stumps,
 ingrained with earth-layered years;
Sweat girdles girthing bunched up trousers.
His weary shoulders strained to urge
 each reluctant step
In the earth-risen heat waves.

Air-conditioned from within,
She follows prettily,
Whitened sandals placed with pre-thought
In the path through which he plod.
She found no tree to her liking:
 each was "not . . . quite . . . right . . ."
Crisply she turned to leave;
 "Have a nice day"

As if incanting words,
She could bestow a blessing
Till now
Withheld.

marzi

kaplan

woman

sea anemone
caught in violent cross-currents
 coercing surging cyclical rhythms
wave-pounded by forces
beyond control
ostensibly defenseless

yet
when the seas subside
 you
lovely primeval creature
remain afloat

Free Rein

wildly-galloping runaway thoughts
frenetically bolting out of control

not for me to
 force loathesome bridle bits
 into savage foaming mouths
nor
 clinch and saddle
 maddened magnificent beasts

unchain their untamed furies
i'll ride the wild stallions

ride the wild stallions

Nature Denatured

sun sand
blanched bleached beach
tickling teasing shoreline water
feather-dusting lazily whisking palms

SKYLINE FRAGMENTED:
ANGULAR MANMADE MONSTERS
OF SAND LIMESTONE PEBBLES WATER
GROUND
GLUTTONIZED
REGURGITATED
INTO CREEPING CRUSHING CONCRETE
CRYPTS

sun sand
blanched bleached beach
buried

Discretion

I
must
use
discretion
in carrying on
my newly-enrapturing
love affair
with pencil and paper . . .
not all thoughts
 are
worthy
of
wedlock.



Jim Swarthout

Dappled grey men
their feedbags full
of backsides and thighs
half sat on hard benches
They neigh naughtily
at the young fillies in heat
going to meet their
gallant stallions
Those dappled grey men
know they have nowhere to go
but out to pasture

bill humphries

I walk in the weather
wet, rain, and cold
At times it reminds me
the crimes of growing
old and forgetting free
I feel wrinkled rope
it cuts deep into
my skin
it binds me to age

Lou
craggy face
mouth turned down
from too much pain . . .
Lou
fifty-two
hands of steel
hardened by work
that yields no fruit of sweetness
Lou
shoulders
rounded by burdens of sorrow and silence
Lou
eyes dulling
no more kindled
no more burning
ever so often
reflecting
a childlike unanswered Question . . .
Lou.



maryellen lo bosco

Cherl Jarvis

bill humphries

States

Finally found someone
I could help,

thereby making my pure hell
a little easier to cope with.

When I lent her my khaki nam jacket, to cover her unashamed nakedness,
she broke down

slowly sobbing

and leaning against my good shoulder

loneliness flowed down my cheeks as well.

Seems the dark Lady was afraid of two things:

All-day diners,

their intestines squirming

with ice people who are

tapeworms

and

Streetlights,

rubbing mucus from

their eyes after

a self induced sleep

I suppose it pure coincidence

that I was afraid of those same two things

and

only one other;

that everpresent

black body bag

having my soul's serial number

on it.



gabrielle shively

I Variations on a Theme

I

Abruptly
From behind a cracked window
An unseen moan wails a thin sad song

As silent weary women
Stare in resentment
At occasional cars that drone by without stopping

Streetlights struggle
To light the black shadowed sidewalk
Where an old man sleeps, sick and drunk

Lighting a match and inhaling
Leaning back into a doorway
I can see why the stars keep their distance

III

In the strange chill hours
Before dawn
You sliced your wrists and came to the door
Splashed
Splattered with blood
And staring like still silent steel
Suddenly then
The doctor smiled over his shiny cold toys
Pulling those yawning blue edges
Tightly together
I finally drove home
Put Dylan on
Drank a hot cup of coffee
And turned out the lights
Safe
And dark
And whole and warm
Just holding myself warm.

II

I pose on this corner
While my measured movements
Fall
Into an immense cup of night
And of course the headlights
Suddenly flash
And steady
As one stops and exchanges coin
For a little warmth at 2 A.M.



Dave Patrick

Lies
It begins:
first a small thread
barely perceivable

Then slowly
with definite steps
it grows.

Crossing and recrossing
becoming more intricate

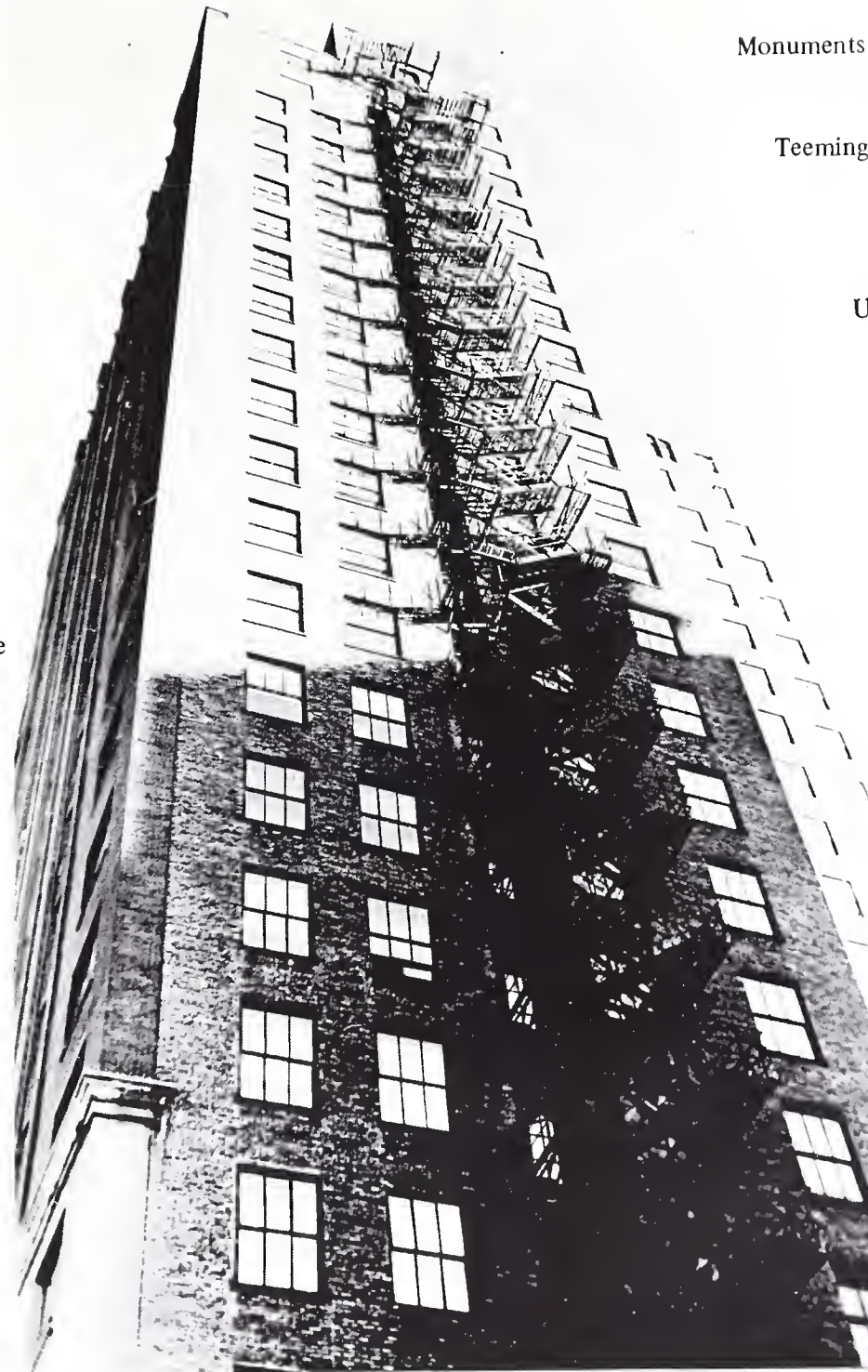
Branching out
attaching itself
between the leaves

The spider has worked hard to produce
this trap of deception and he thinks
only of himself
and the rewards
which will be achieved.

Does he think of the heartache inflicted
upon loved ones of his victims?

He
the creator of his own destruction
will soon himself become
ensnared,
and die!

But still the web survives.



Monuments of stone
towering
over-powering
Teeming with life
It moves, walks, talks

breathes

Uniform
crowded
rushing

Hurry up and wait

on, off, on, off, on, off

down down a^{round} up u^P exit

Uninhibited
pollution
falling freely

Buildings of Stone,

A heart beat
is heard.

melodie
rolling

Mark Sherman



Jim Wolfe

the house at midnight

maureen
martindale

The mansion house was in the hollow of an ancient crooked path where a wall of livid leaves and bruised brown bushes had grown up around it. Age had forged the gatehouse path, and only those who wandered from the outside paved highways were able to perceive its parched appearance. Some of the bricks which dropped out of the house had been moved to the gatehouse. The walnut floorboards which led to the end of a dark hallway creaked when even a gentle footstep touched them. The banister crunched when leaned against for support on the way upstairs. And the window shutter which would blow against the west wind was loosened from an already wobbily position in sounds like a drummer. People who passed by pondered the notion of how anyone could stay inside for very long and still survive, for it was a cold old house needing the constant warmth of its own hearth.

But there was one who somehow did survive. He was an old man who only occupied one room inside the house. It was on the third story, barred by the dark hallway on one side, and by a thick plated locked door which was shut to the terrace on the other. When the sun set, it went unbinding the tide from the ocean, sending the rivers on a shoal along miles of mellowing, mountainous woodland. Of course, the sun wanted to shoal, too. But in the hours prior to midnight, the greatest of stars, caressed contentedly inside the color of warm, whispered that it would wait. So with brilliance subdued, there remained only that which shone from other stars and the moon. And the moon could not seep through the sneaky dim shadows of the house which were formed from the shade of the willow trees. But, even if it were day, that same warm sun would fall sudden and cold on those doors. For those doors were always closed.

The house was not always like this.

Leaving the old country and carrying with them no more than an ambition to belong, its initial inhabitants had come as most might come again, in a plain, plywood boat, hardly capable of being called a ship. Eventually the house became the nucleus of an entire new community. It was the strong structure around which the people could take refuge in rough weather.

It was home to their own small homes. So, no matter how dismembered it might appear, the home of the people was not to be either rebuilt or torn down.

As for the days before, there had been within the house an aura of unalloyed embellishment. There were versatile artifacts and surpluses in which the people took pride, for they had made them themselves. Among these craftmakers was an elderly lady who would sit upon the white washed house porch on warm mornings. She was a far removed descendent of the old man who lived there now. Still sharp enough to see through the slippery thin eye of a sewing needle, she spoke to the children while carefully guiding her thread. These children were at an early age when the words of old ladies still stimulated them, so in the echo of those crumbling old words, she had managed to arouse them. But by the time spring was laden with dew, the old lady had died of pneumonia, leaving only her new sewn tapestry gently wrapped around a sad old banjo inside the gatehouse in a chair. At the time she had died, the house and the town which revolved around it were beginning to change. Earlier the community had sprawled as one under a structure rooted in garish and well-chosen ground. So, most folk were small farmers who sold fruit harvests, or else proleteriates who, with high pride, had held up their handiwork for sale in the big city. But the city had taken both the surplus and the artistry of this antiquating community, and put them up for sale. And the old man, whom they had hoped would protect them, let this happen. Now all such lovely things seemed to have been forgotten. As the workdays of the people were long and tiresome, they did not seem to miss the old ways much. They did not notice. Perhaps the old man saw to that.

For as time had progressed, the man had grown older and more stern, until at last he was a veritable tyrant, hiding himself in the house and threatening to cut off the people from all the rich resources with which his house supplied them. But even in his tyranny, the old man seemed strong, so the people had a deep respect for him; no other person in this town seemed quite as sure of himself. So, the old man was

rarely questioned. They felt that any man this strong could not be wrong.

There was one time however, when he was questioned. This was by a family of youth.

This family consisted of a few young people who had lived in the shadows of the structure, in the tic-tac boxes of the town, for a very long time. They were tired of sameness and sympathetic toward those who had nothing at all. Therefore, they opened up the gate of the courtyard and descended upon the front porch of the mansion, to demand that they be allowed to live inside, to regain their country arts and ways, and to have a second chance at happiness, as had their ancestors, like the old lady. They believed that, if nothing else, the old man would hear them out. Surely, if nothing more, he would recognize their dissatisfaction. But he did not.

He sent from the city two forces of iron hand guards, who beat them down and shuffled them off to the gatehouse. During the shuffle, one of the young people, who had run through the house and to the end of the dark hallway in an effort to escape the guards, spied the old man. Through a crack in the door of the old man's secret sanctum, he saw that he was restricted to a wheel chair. Now the young man knew that the old man was crippled. The young person could not escape the guards any more than could the others, but when he went to the gatehouse, he found the old banjo which the lady had put there, and he began to play. He played often for the benefit of the people in the town, and was very generous toward them. Eventually, the people would forget that this was one of those who had vexed the old man, and tried to change him. They came to know this young man as the minstrel, and as his music was the only melody they knew besides the stern sound of the old man, they began to love him for his song, in much the same way they'd respected the old man for his strength.

The minstrel, who was then both wise and kind, began to believe that he could change the old man, and therefore help the people, through his music.

After all, the people loved it, so why shouldn't the old man? And, anyway, the minstrel also believed in the power of music to change the minds of men, so perhaps he could even heal the heart of the crippled old man.

But, in order to do so, the minstrel said he would have to shut the door of the gatehouse to the other young people who lived with him there, in order to make strong enough sounds so that the old man would hear him. And in doing this, he became a stranger not only to the family, but also to the people, for he had no more time for them. Still he was respected, for he had been able to make music, and this was one thing which they could not do. The people had been listening for a very long while to the words of the minstrel, so they were beginning to see how the old man had made life for them. They could see now that the blue water they once knew had turned to brown. They could see that the air which came into the town from the four cities which surrounded them, two on the north and two on the south sides respectively, was completely corroded.

They could see that they had not seen these things before because they worked so much and were paid so poorly that they had neither the time to notice that there was no time nor the money to spend on the time they did not have. The people, therefore, sent a letter to the minstrel asking him to go and talk to the old man. When he received this letter, the minstrel could not see why the people had not come to ask him themselves. After all, they could see he was alone at home. They could see the moon shine down on the glazed gatehouse windows. Those damned windows were always opened, even at twilight. Twilight, a time of awesome shadows, when a man cannot see inside himself, and yet, has a terrible knowledge that what he seems to be outside is really not what he is inside at all.

The minstrel went to the house, and managed to forge by the livid leaves and bruised brown bushes. He even brought one of the loosened bricks from the gatehouse and put it back in place inside the house

wall. Somehow, as he slowly started up the case of stairs, the floorboards did not creak, nor did the banister crunch. But what frightened the young man most was that he did not hear the sounds like a drummer. It was as though, not the house, but only he had changed.

Upon entering the old man's room, he felt the flame of the hearth, but he felt only the physical warmth through his cold aching body, not the old warmth of his heart. The room was filled with building tools and a great globe of the earth. It was as though the old man's existence revolved around that which he surmised was real in this synthetic world.

The minstrel wished to approach the old man gently. He believed that if he could only find out what horrible thing had occurred to cripple him, then the old man would listen to his words. Then the old man might relent with the people. He believed that even lonely old men can change.

"What happened, old man? What has crippled you so? Tell me and we will all try to help you," he asked.

The old man gazed at the minstrel with haunted eyes. The room was full of the building materials and the globe of the world, as though the old man saw himself as the beginning and the end of it all, as the common denominator of life, yet standing away from all that's in it.

"Nothing happened there," said the old man. "Nothing ever entered into my old creaky world. The people never tried to touch me. So, I touched them." The old man smirked. "I touched them alright. No gas, bad air, the people know I'm here."

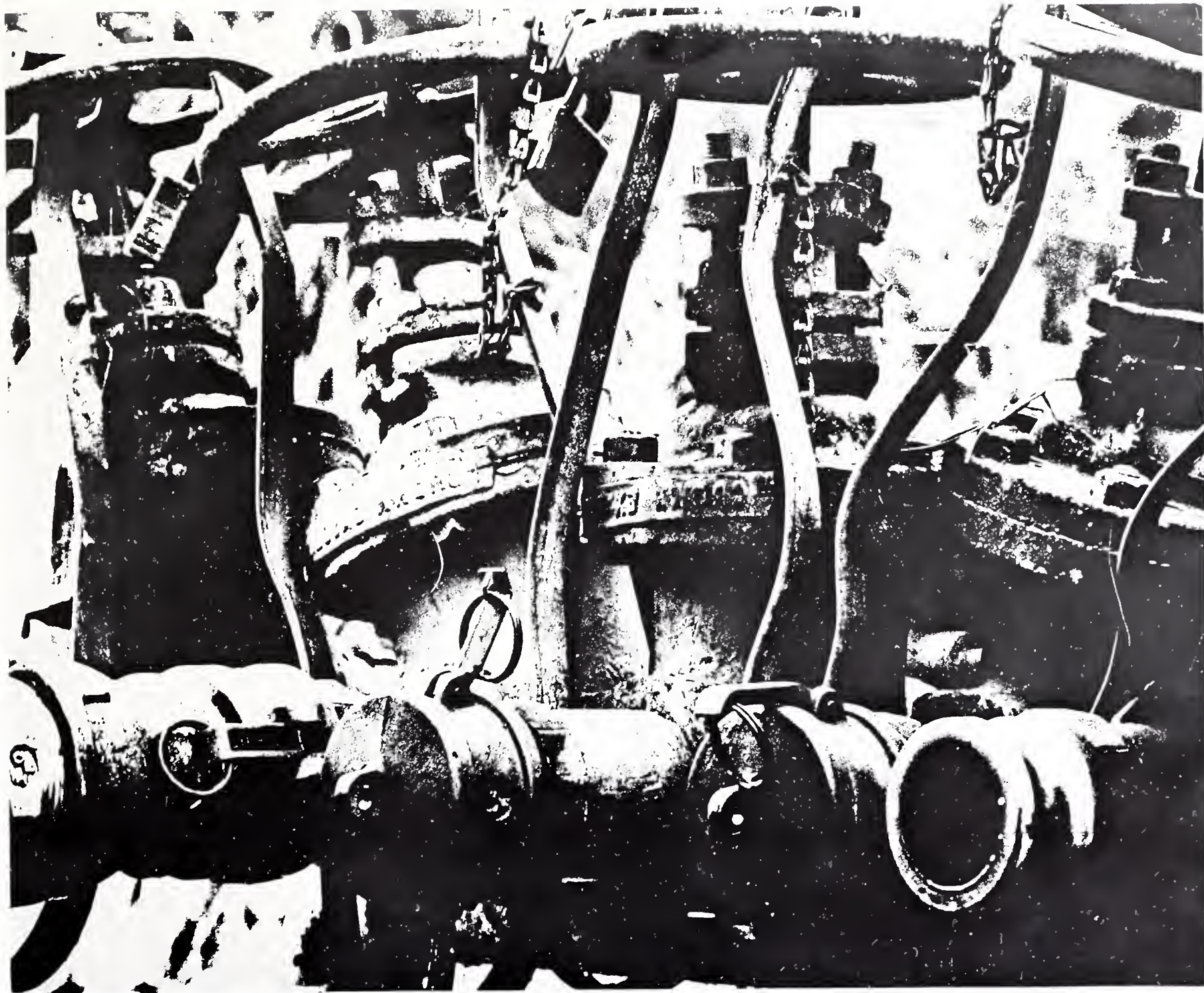
"But why are you crippled?" asked the young minstrel.

"Bones decay with existence. That's all it takes to die: existence," the old man replied.

"And who," asked the minstrel cautiously, "who will control the house when you are gone?"

The old man only smirked again, and then he died.

And there stood the minstrel, all alone, high above the people.



Jim Woulfe

Maggots and Niggers

Over in the bush behind an old rotten log
An odor so bad 'til it creates a fog

Watch your step and be sure not to fall
But is dem maggots or niggers in dat dead dog?

Woe nigger turn that dog around
Can maggots and niggers be lost and found?

Bet ya heard every word I've said
'cause you fed from the dog and
the dog is dead.

Getty up maggot, get outta that bog
Everybody know you ain't nothin' but a slob

Gog and magog is on the downfall
But is dem maggots or niggers in that dead dog?

millard h. wooten

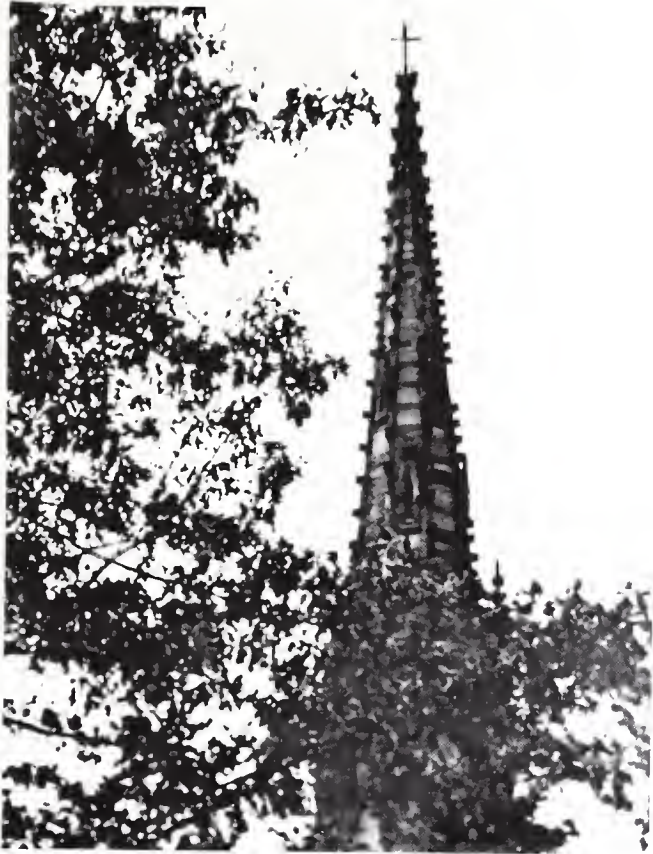
stephanie poe

Napoleon

pig!
you!
an upright swine
a talking, wallowing
hog!
snorting your hypocrisies
patronizing
me!
your ears may be
pointier
but my tail's
curlier
so don't snort that thing
at me!

you come

you come to me
with your
wide open mind
and say what
anyone does
is cool with you
but you'd sink
through the floor
if you did it too
and anyone knew
besides you



John Fiore

If a belief is not a truth
Who said God's real?
Could be these bejeweled cathedrals
gold crosses, sacrifices,
prayers,
are merely to appease you

We've been stepped upon

labelled pesky blacks, militant reds

Forced to live in underground slums
pilfering piles of discarded scraps

Now that we could handle
and hold our antennas high

but genocide through gas warfare

Well, have you ever seen a grown ant cry

Yes, we ants that tidy up your kitchens,
Strike up comic parades for your viewing pleasure
Protest vehemently

declaring you humans inhumane.

tom fitchett



Nancy Carta



Nancy Carta



Nancy Carta



Mark Sherman



Jim Wolfe

The Saga of Seventy-Three

Please listen to the sage of a man who went to war,
died in a barrage of bullets on a southeastasian shore,
who, with a name this time not *Johnny*, went after the word: a lie.

He landed on the summit of a mighty made up plan;
He moved into the quarters of a long ago dead man.
There are children in the cities, northern patriots in cells,
humans in the hamlets who have always lived in hell.
The man of whom I speak never gained all the support
which his fearful fathers had in the midst of the world wars.
For he didn't die so much for us, as for corporate ideologies;
and within his death has died a part of me.

Our time has since ceased turning, they say there's no more war.
Perhaps we still take pride in what's repeated o'er and o'er.

maureen martindale

the
rage

by

ann

saraceno



Act I: Scene 1

The curtain opens. A woman (any age) is standing inside the golden cage. She is wearing a long dress and an apron. A man, neatly dressed, walks onto the stage from the side and stops about arms length from it. (The cage is composed of circular patterns or rings; which represent marriage. It is symbolic of the wedding band.)

His voice is calm and slow; she is rather impatient and blunt.

Man: Good morning. Is breakfast ready?

Woman: I'm not hungry.

Man: I'll have two eggs, toast, and coffee with cream.

Woman: The restaurant is closed.

Man: PLEASE don't burn the toast. You know how I hate burnt toast.

Woman: (Mimics) Burnt toast, you know how I hate burnt toast. There will be no burnt toast.

Man: That's my girl.

Woman: There'll be no toast of any kind.

Man: Don't use margarine on my toast. Real butter is what I like.

Woman: We don't have any butter. We have never had any butter.

Man: Oh well, then go easy on the margarine.

Woman: You really expect me to butter your bread.

Man: That's my wife.

Woman: Who?

Man: Put some jelly on it also – preferably grape.

Woman: Anything else?

Man: Call me when it's ready.

Scene 2

The man, husband, is sitting in a reclining chair reading the newspaper. A magazine rack is next to the chair; on the other side of the chair is a small table.

Man: (Looking up from the papers; he heightens his voice) Honey, is it ready yet?

Woman: (Yells from the kitchen) It will be ready in a few minutes.

Man: Hurry please, I'm starving. (Pause) Since you're not eating, you don't mind serving my breakfast in the living room.

Woman: (Sarcastic) Of course not. Is there anything else I can get you?

Man: You're so considerate. That's why I married you. My vitamins. Don't forget my vitamins. (Thirty seconds pass) What time is it?

Woman: Quarter of eight.

Man: You're not overcooking my eggs are you?

Woman: No. This makes the three thousandth time that I've made eggs.

Man: Is it our anniversary again?

Woman: No, not another year.

Man: I remember the day I met you.

Woman: Yes, I recall also. My mother introduced us.

Man: She told me right away that you were a good cook. That's why I married you.

Woman: Anything else?

Man: Don't forget my vitamins.

Scene 3

She walks in, wearing the apron as before, carrying a tray. She sets the tray down on the small table, to the side of the reclining chair. Then, she steps in the back of the chair and using both hands pushes the chair straight. Comes back around, takes the newspaper from his hands, folds it neatly up and places it on the magazine rack. All this is done without a word said.

Woman: Marriage is a 50-50 proposition.

Man: It's 100 percent when it's done. The eggs must be getting cold.

Woman: (She places the tray on his lap, opens up the napkin and puts it on him like a bib) I'm not your mother. I'm not your slave.

Man: You're my wife. My sweet wife.

Woman: Who?

Man: Where are my vitamins?

Woman: They're to your left. Have you forgotten?

Man: You didn't put enough jelly on my bread. (Whining) You know how I like jelly, especially grape.

Woman: (Not totally believing) You want more jelly.

Man: How sweet of you. I would love more jelly.

Woman: (Sarcastic) I'll run and get it.

Man: While you're there, bring me some orange juice so I can swallow my vitamins.

Woman: Freshly squeezed?

Man: If you don't mind.

Woman: If I don't mind. Why should I mind? I have no mind.

Scene 4

He's eating his eggs (scrambled). His bread hasn't been touched. She walks quickly in with a glass of orange juice in one hand, a jar of jelly in the other.

Man: I've missed you.

Woman: Have you?

Man: I couldn't eat my bread the way it is. (She places the glass of orange juice and jar of jelly on his tray, then opens the cap and begins to spread jelly on the bread. (He adds) I couldn't take my vitamins either.

She stands there looking at him while he takes a bite of his bread.

Man: The toast is soggy. And you put too much jelly on my bread.

Woman: The orange juice. Drink your juice.

Man: (Takes a sip) Why, it's warm. You know I like my juice cold.

Woman: I should have remembered, cold juice — like you. (Continues) Your sister and brother-in-law might come today for lunch, will you be home?

Man: I'm afraid not. Give them my best.

Woman: I'm always giving them your best.

Man: They're two of my favorite people.

Woman: They're not even on my list. What if I left?

Man: Turn on the radio please. I want to catch the eight o'clock news.

Woman: What if I catch the nine o'clock train?

Man: (Begins swallowing his vitamins) Today, is it shopping or the wash?

Woman: The wash. Today is Monday and as all Mondays — a wash day. Tomorrow I go shopping, the next day ironing.

Man: It works out fine. I'll need a white long-sleeved shirt, starched and pressed for tomorrow. I do so want to make an impression.

Woman: Oh, I'm sure you will.

Man: You're too good to be true. My wife, my right arm.

Woman: Your left foot.

Man: You forgot to turn on the radio. I've missed the news.

Woman: You've read it in the paper.

Man: I've missed the news. (She leaves, he remains sitting — repeating to himself) I've missed the news. I've missed the news.

Scene 5

He walks onto the stage from the side (same as Scene 1) but this time the cage is empty, the door is open and a note is attached. He takes the note off of the door, careful not to tear it, and begins reading it aloud.

*"Husband, The trains and the news are no different, both come and go.
your wife as usual."*

Man: (Note in hand, pause) Let me see (pause) first I have to stop off and buy twelve long-stem roses — oh, and a box of chocolates wrapped in blue paper to match the color of her eyes. Then (pause) I'll cut across 54th and Roland, avoid some of the heavy morning traffic. (Assured) I should make it to the station with no problem. (Pause) I believe she'll want breakfast first at the outdoor LaCafe'. Afterwards, we'll walk along the beach. Maybe gather a few seashells, feed the birds. Then off to lunch ourselves.

(He walks into the cage, note in hand and lifts up the box's lid. It is obvious that it is filled with scores of other notes. He adds the note to the top of the others, pushes them all down a bit and closes the lid. He comments. . .

Man: My wife — my life.

End of Scene 5

Curtain falls while he's still in the cage.



Dave Patrick

False Dreamseekers

Flashing smiles and smooth feline style
sinking down the rude basement stairs.
Liquid child flowing in a silken gown
like starlight passing through the country air.

Evil in white so gay and bright
swaying in the wind like the snow
Breezes of the night like seeds of sin
grow and reach for some source of dark woe

The old basement floor was ice cold
Innocence had left through the door
Bold dreams hence have delusive hue
Laughter and crying mask the raging war.

keith pharr

The Face

Horrible gaze of a fiendish child,
Terrible smile on a fixed glass face;
Still as dried fish,
yet moist as a bloody dove.
Confusion running wild in desperate chase,
reaching the cheating moment of climax.
The face ever moving,
yet never leaving my eyes.

Terminal Velocity

the roman empire is alive and living
in the couriers of today
hurtling along
technically pregnant
eager to communicate
their rusty short-lived moment
to any aristocracy

and the torture that comes
is a spartan spectacle
of gladiator glow-worn pieces
eager now, to have another
bout with -- death?

Ah, Phedippides
i think i hear you coming
your heavy breathing muffled
by the air-conditioned
self-concern
of
Interstate entirety.



Dave Patrick

Rhyming Realization

the poet is his first painting
ho --- it's true!

he's always changing the picture, no wait,
he's always erasing the sketch!
that's it!
she's always mixing colors! No wonder
she can never touch the cheap nylon
brushes!

since she's always her first painting
she may never learn to paint

dauid

abel

Huntington's Gorge

Towering etched slopes silhouette the sky,
Sides of chiseled granite plunge to the crevice
Deep in the earth,
Capturing a foaming white capped river vein
Defiantly spilling over silken rock carvings.
Water bubbles, rushes, explodes,
Then gently slows to a serene indigo invitation.
And I stand at the throat of the stately mapled mountains
Small as a pebble.




Dave Patrick

ila richter

My Mind's Reflections

A fiery dragon fills the horizon,
An elephant stands beside him,
And an old man with snow hair wrinkles into extinction,
Existing for a moment only,
Then bowing to the fragile movement of time and imagination.



The Music Is Me

In the blueblack wind blown mountains
is a man who sings a song
of peacefulness and revolution
evolving into one;
and from his deepest darkness,
he has rendered me rebirth.
For the music he makes is me.

Michael and Michelle

The night was of silver-clad rungs:
streetlights resounding encores of aching shadows.
And I, afoot the brake, in another trenchant trance,
crushed against the steering wheel of time.

The time was twilight,
a time meandering amid the mind
devoid of daylight and the deepest darkstabs of night.

Not for years had I rode to anyone,
not that I hadn't before . . .

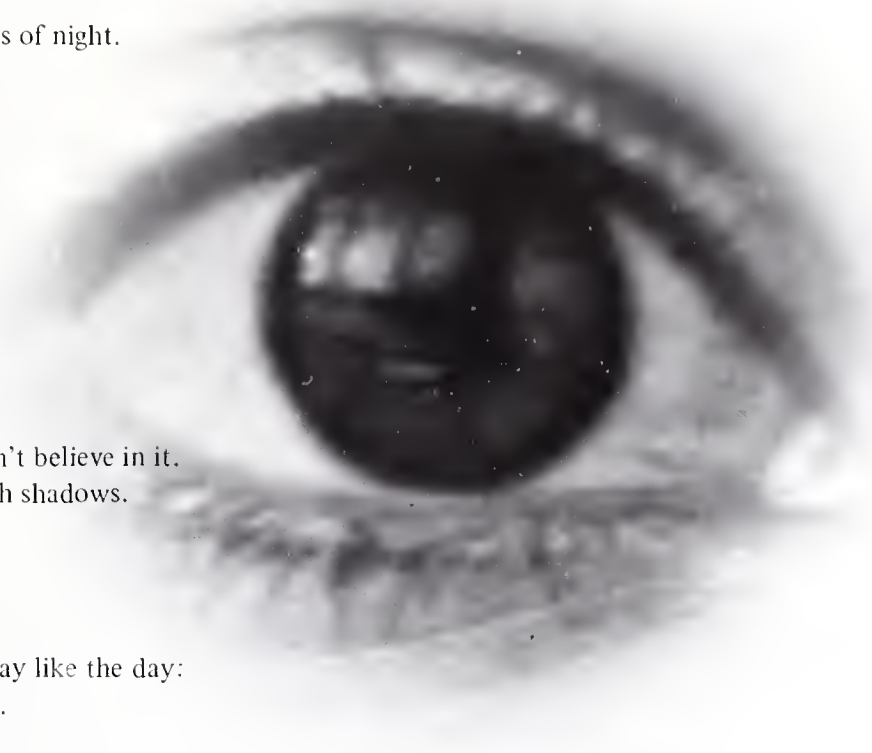
Yes, Paul. I remember yesterday, and I don't believe in it.
Yesterday, in our dream, there were no such shadows.

Now I'd either have to go in, or dwindle away like the day:
that long, determined day that was all gone.

The car I stopped
tears I slapped aside,
and that lean old man on the radio made no reply.

Was it clomp, clomp past the first duplex
or was I in barefeet? An inborn freak in barefeet,
trying hard to reach and to weep no more.

Through the window the table looked warm,
although a scary sort of warm, a risky kind of kind;
still, embellished with the essence of my innermost mind.



"Knock. Knock."

"Maureen?"

Are your ears burning?

maureen martindale

And as the door was opened wide
The house was almost at midnight,
as though we would not die unto the dawn.
And I?
I had been rediscovered in two entities,
through themselves, giving me back to me.

Paul Knebel



You ask me why
i
sing sadness
write sadness
speak sadness
It is because
for every joy
in the world
there exists
ten sorrows
and
Atman
cannot help
but
keep time
with the rhythm
of the
universe.

Maybe
the sun never comes
because you wait too hard
the sun falls behind your anxious back
before you have a chance to notice.

maryellen la bosco

you tell me
it's a picture book day
and the sun is just the right shade
of yellow
and the clouds are shaping dream machines
You say
the grass is freshly cut
its fragrance earth perfumed
and the trees are laughing . . .
But you don't see
the winter growing inside my head
or the gray in my eyes
You don't feel my icy hands . . .
When I become silent stone
You will not perceive it.

Sonnet

When early morning sun spills on the sill
It blithely shatters dusty window pane
And knocks upon a sleepy mind until
It's given refuge in a musty brain.
In waking hours liquid yellow light
Pours down and tries to fill all that's alive
Then opaque walls come swiftly down to blight
The heated rays are gone when they arrive.
The dawn bedazzles all the newborn days
And so, bewildered eyes look toward the shade
Yet if we force our frightened souls to gaze
When night descends the vision will have stayed.
Life would not even merit second thought
If never was the truth of sunlight sought.



Nancy Carta

crises are desperately critical
list of shortages long
in chateaubriand to mohair toilet seats
with a miracle we'll survive.

To Philosophers

Please leave me alone, you
Freudian concoctions
classifying, wondering why
my subconscious partner
won't be soulfully satisfied
until I retire my physical attire

years lapping up
ruptured roads
ten, in a crumbled abode
Five reflective, relaxing years
Ala commode.

Eyes, hypnotized
trapped by the arthritic hands of time
Wasting time watching it
Counting the seconds it takes to die



Spaghetti doesn't make good shoelaces
Nor does hemlock cure fatal diseases
So quit asking me why
you make us all uneasy

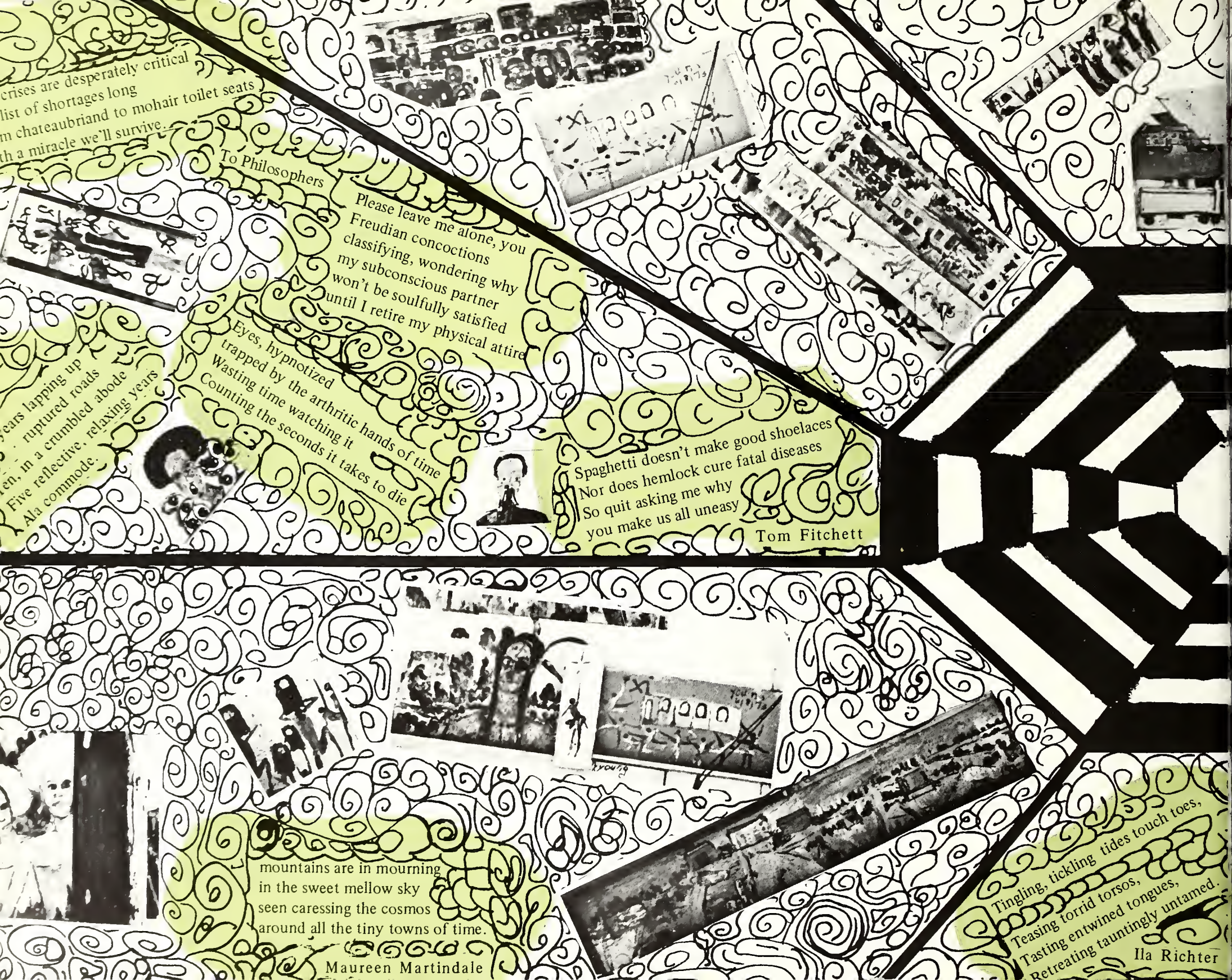
Tom Fitchett

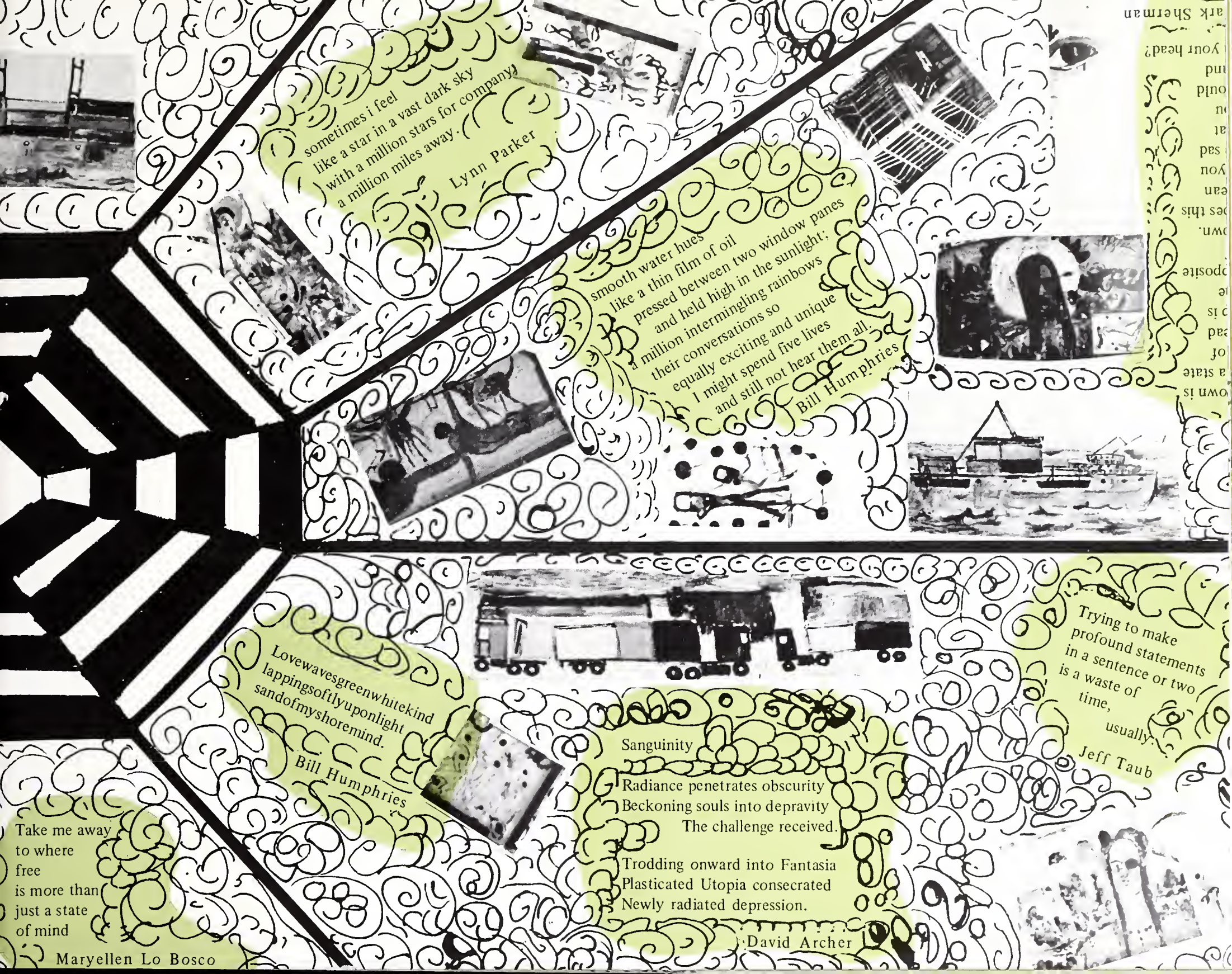
mountains are in mourning
in the sweet mellow sky
seen caressing the cosmos
around all the tiny towns of time.

Maureen Martindale

Tinging, tickling tides touch toes,
Teasing torrid torsos,
Retreating tauntingly untamed.

Ila Richter





sometimes i feel
like a star in a vast dark sky
with a million stars for company
a million miles away.
Lynn Parker

smooth water hues
like a thin film of oil
pressed between two window panes
and held high in the sunlight;
a million intermingling rainbows
their conversations so
equally exciting and unique
I might spend five lives
and still not hear them all.
Bill Humphries

Lovewavesgreenwhitekind
lappingsoftlyuponlight
sandofmyshoremind.
Bill Humphries

Sanguinity
Radiance penetrates obscurity
Beckoning souls into depravity
The challenge received.

Trodding onward into Fantasia
Plasticated Utopia consecrated
Newly radiated depression.

David Archer

Trying to make
profound statements
in a sentence or two
is a waste of
time,
usually.
Jeff Taub

Take me away
to where
free
is more than
just a state
of mind

Maryellen Lo Bosco

ark Sherman
Your head?
nd
ould
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Phreeway Phantom

Do you enjoy a late night ride
While avoiding the wandering deer?
Or watching the early tide
After parking your cycle near?
Then allow me, my friend, to take you aside
'Though 'tis not for you I fear
Nor the deer, nor the tide, nor the bike you ride
But the darkness through which you peer.

Once, late, and during a nighttime run
While enjoying my private bliss
Cruising along and eating the smells,
(Was ever a night like this?)
I suddenly spied one light to the rear
A biker and coming up fast
A beep, a wave, and a ghoulish grin
As the stranger went sailing past.

It's easy to feel this as normal enough
Only odd for this time of night.
But what of the whitish glow he had
Which had taken the place of his light?

Who am I kidding to feel such a fright?
It's just a motor of vibrating might
Purring, alluring, only glimmered as bright
To seem as if running without any lights.

But wait, that's odd, as I quickly observe
He's not even leaning, he's flying through curves
There's something peculiar, at my second glance,
When a bike such as this seems to float and dance
Through turns with no trace of an engine sound
Nor shed any light rays upon the ground.

It's possible, probable, obvious in fact
This clown up ahead has created some act
Cleverly trying (with apparent ease)
To scare me, awake me, and even to tease.

If dicing he wants, and no fear of this hill
Then a chase I'll give him, I'll match his damned will
Besides I'd enjoy a chance at a batch
Of pouring through corners and trying to catch
This demon, 'spook.' a 'phantom' indeed!
I'll see him up close in spite of his speed.

So after the man(?) I start with intent
And by trying to get him I knew he was bent
On playing, on staying, within a short range
Yet keeping me still unable to change
The lead he enjoyed with considerable ease
Though dashing on tarmac through slippery leaves.

The altitude rising, now faster the Ace
Quickly the cold came, quicker the pace.
I marveled, I cringed, I reached for the place
Beside the elusive for a glance at his face,
Who abruptly, (denying the fun of the race)
Rides off of the hilltop and out into space . . . '

john king

FADE IN, ANGLED SHOT OF TWO-LANED DESERT HIGHWAY.
DAY.

DISSOLVE TO CAMERA SLOWLY PANNING HALF CIRCLE, LEFT
TO RIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO MEDIUM LONG SHOT OF TIRE SEEN DURING
PAN, LYING IN SAND BY FAR LANE OF HIGHWAY.

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF TIRE STANDS.

TIRE (Dryly):

Ladies and Gentlemen. Today, I am retiring from this mad Road Race. The best reason I can give you is failing health. I[m not as young as I was. At every turn in the bend I am threatened with bodily harm. I have to contend with broken bottles, boards with rusty nails in them, sharp stones, railroad tracks, screws, nuts, bolts, everything under the sun. Everyone in this hard asphalt world, it seems wants to cut me up into little pieces or puncture me or swing on me. They want me until I am of no use to them, then they throw me away like a badly worn brake shoe. These people have never once asked for my opinion or how I felt. So, I shall roll off down this, my last highway, and patiently watch my mileage dwindle down to a few precious feet, and die alone. Although I may sound bitter, I[m not really. Just plain rundown and exhausted. My only regret is that I had but 80,000 miles to give for the country. (Begins to roll slowly) Goodbye, friends.

CUT TO CAR COMING TOWARD TIRE IN OPPOSITE LANE. CAR
PASSES TIRE, WHO IS OBLIVIOUS TO CAR.

CUT TO CAR'S TRUNK OPENING. A BRAND NEW STEEL
BELTED RADIAL JUMPS OUT. FALLING ON TIRE WHO IS
KNOCKED DOWN AND KILLED.

it was a
very goodyear

CUT TO CLOSE SHOT OF STEEL BELTED RADIAL.

STEEL BELTED RADIAL (laughting):

Stupid old tires, they just never give up!

DISSOLVE TO LONG SHOT OF STEEL BELTED RADIAL ROLLING
AWAY.

DISSOLVE TO ANGLED SHOT, SAME AS BEGINNING, VULTURES
APPEAR AND LAND ON TIME, PICKING AT HIS TIRED, GREY
RUBBER, FADE OUT.

bill
humphries

your words
were a rude elbow jab
in the side of my mind.
you sneaked around from the front of my face
and saw what was behind
and commented upon it.
How dare you!
Did you not see the DO-NOT-DISTURB sign i had hung from my eyes?

conscience,
the parasite of my mind,
gorges itself upon my sins.

And then its indigestion
gives me nightmares.



Dave Patrick

oh.

I guess it must have fallen off as I blinked
when I heard that poem.

lynn parker



Jim Woulfe



Mark Sherman

dream by night
and to have felt the flight
of multitudinous wings
and dorsal things
makes life
 but a pleasant memory

dying
 a leap!
onto the back of the
famed, flamed
 horse of glory
burning through the hearts
of every child
who
dreamt by night.

harry

shinberg

watch the ancient snows,
the sounds of
 Mount Pubis
moaning,
 melting

streams from high
turn into rivulets;
 forming tributaries of
tangled currents
 down,

 down
to thighs of time imperial,
to dry, in streaks
dry, along the kneebanks
of

orgasms.

kim anne

parker

When the telephone
RINGS
SCRUNCH
go my fingers
down the arm of the chair
and i often utter
an unprintable word
resenting fiercely its intrusion
on my quiet
i'm often on the verge
of not answering
but then
 i think
 of the calls that ended in long
 cross-legged-on-the-floor conversations
or with dates made, promises kept, love expressed
or like the one that ended in my running to
the car to get some friend to the hospital
and eventually
i pick up the receiver
with my telephone-voice "hello"
that is as much question as greeting

sometimes
you have to let the world in
 or you miss something
along the way.

Dear Departed

i listen to the eulogy
i try to, anyway
but i just can't seem to relate
to what the priest seems to want to say

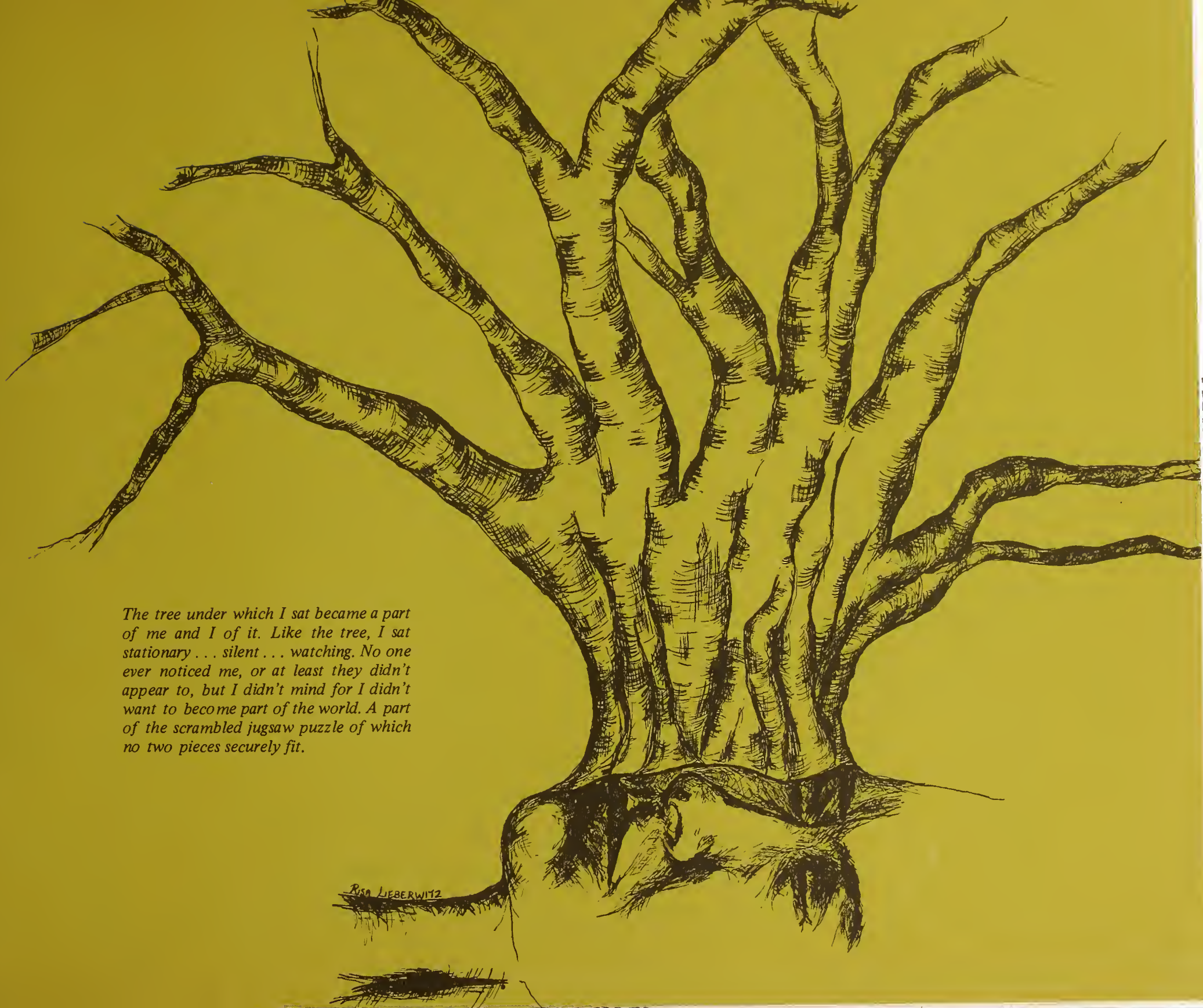
"dear departed, dear departed
we lay thee to thy rest"
he's not talking about the "beloved deceased"
he's talking about the guests

how pious we all look sitting there
with our mourning dress and tears
she was three months dying of cancer
but most of us have been dead for years

i was with her as she lay dying
you won't find a tear in my eye
because i know damn well she's better off now
than when she was alive

you see, WE'RE the ones still on the way
the "dear departed" has arrived

Illustration by Risa Lieberwitz



The tree under which I sat became a part of me and I of it. Like the tree, I sat stationary . . . silent . . . watching. No one ever noticed me, or at least they didn't appear to, but I didn't mind for I didn't want to become part of the world. A part of the scrambled jigsaw puzzle of which no two pieces securely fit.

RISA LIEBERWITZ

the tree

How funny - a bench. No one ever cared to put one under my tree before. Since I'm leaving the whole world is moving in. The whole world. Was that how it worked? Just when I move out, they move in? And where would that place me? Surely in different surroundings, but would it be *this* same world in disguise?

I often came here; to sit . . . to think . . . to observe. . . . This tree under which I sat became a part of me and I of it. Like the tree, I sat stationary . . . silent . . . watching. No one ever noticed me, or at least they didn't appear to, but I didn't mind for I didn't want to become part of their world. A part of the scrambled jigsaw puzzle of which no two pieces securely fitted.

Today feels no different than all the other days. Is it supposed to? I really don't know. Oh, but there is a difference - time has passed. The leaves which were once a deep rich green are now yellow and orange, an occurrence which I have often witnessed here. And the brown ones on the ground - they're dead. And they will lie there decaying, till they no longer exist. Just like people.

But the wind, it's still the same. It never changes. But they say I have. I wonder.

Suddenly the sun seemed to grow brighter and I saw a girl walking toward me. She walked quickly and erect, her long brown hair blowing gently behind her; her dark brown eyes sharply contrasted against the opaque blue sky. She sat down next to me and rested her head on her knees and closed her eyes. As often as I have come here, this was the first time I noticed her. Quietly, without knowing why, I slid off the bench and sat on the ground in front of her, my eyes following her every move. She stayed like that for what seemed a long time. Not moving . . . not noticing me or the leaf which floated down and lighted on her shoulder. I was about to brush it off, but didn't. She began to move.

She stretched out on the bench and gazed up into the network of branches above her. The sun glittered through the leaves causing tiny dancing patterns to be silhouetted on the

sky. Everything came alive and she became transfixed with the many different forms she saw; each changing with the bending of the wind. Watching more intently she saw the dark and light patches of leaves take on definite contours. At first undistinguishable and then gradually taking precise human shapes. They were faces and they were huddled together whispering and every so often they broke apart, threw their heads back and laughed.

Their laughter was barely audible. It came from a far off distance and the wind seemed to refract it as soon as it was about to characterize. Their pitted faces slowly drooped forward and they looked down into her wide voided eyes and laughed once again. This time it rang out pure and clear. A high shrill voice which I myself have heard before. I raised my hands to my ears and nervously glanced at her. She shut her eyes tightly and slowly reopened them hoping they had disappeared, but to her dismay they had multiplied!

I watched her grip the edge of the bench with whitened hands and watched the fear as it entered her body.

Time had stopped.

The wind also had and it hung suspended. I could feel its weight against my face and my eyes. My breaths came in gulps as the air hung - stifling me.

The faces had disappeared and the girl was sitting up staring at me, or rather, through me. I began to doubt the reality of it all and this time it was I who clutched the grass around me with whitened knuckles.

Reality! It was real! It had to be real!

My nostrils flared as I hurled my body forward breaking the strange stillness. I was looking into the glass eyes of the girl and I caught my own reflection deep in the brown wells. I haven't looked at myself in the mirror in a long time. I was a little girl then, and I used to pretend all sorts of things and be all sorts of people.

When I was small. That's good. I remember.

"My name's Jennifer. This used to be my tree once. But I'm leaving now. You're welcome to have it now. It's

anne sicignano

beautiful, isn't it? So tall . . . so strong . . . so immortal. I used to think I was immortal. I used to come here and sit under this tree and wish with every ounce of me to become a part of that tree, and sometimes I would be. But they would always come and destroy everything. But that was a long time ago, and I'm changed now."

My eyes searched her face. It was a perfect face - almost like marble, flawless. Her eyes fringed with dark lashes which matched her glossy hair perfectly.

"I used to watch them without their ever realizing it- and laugh at all their silly mistakes. Their rushing back and forth as if they had somewhere to go or something to do, when in reality they didn't. Yes, they could fool themselves but they couldn't fool me! Or my tree. We knew. We stood silent and watched . . . and we knew."

Her expression remained the same. Nothing in her face moved except the long strands of hair which the wind was busily playing with. It had gotten chillier, I pulled my sweater tighter and continued watching her. She was still sitting with her legs crossed on the bench staring fixedly ahead of her. I don't think she knew that I was there and I have no idea if she had at all heard a word of what I had said.

But it didn't matter. Nothing really mattered.

Memories of my past came rushing back to me just then. They came back not as feelings but as separate identities, segments of a play of which I was the only audience. My mouth began to move almost out of my control, and I heard my voice clearly cutting through the stilled silence - my voice, but different.

"I was a pretty little girl, so many people used to say. I always wore a spotless yellow dress with matching yellow ribbons. I was a good girl. My parents always used to brag about me to the neighbors then. Then. Then I was free. I used to dance and dance in front of the mirror. We had a big mirror. And I would pretend They thought it was cute then. But then they changed. I was still good. I

never bothered anybody. Why couldn't they leave me alone? I was so happy then."

"I had no friends. They were all different from me. I tried to make friends. I did, but they used to laugh at me. Laughed and laughed. They couldn't understand."

"When I was wiser, I had a way to stop them - and I did. No, I would not be laughed at. I learned to escape from them. To a place where they could never reach me, because they couldn't reach me; they didn't know how. It was my secret and I told no one. I would never be disturbed. Never, not if I didn't want to be. I controlled. Then they started to bring me to all sorts of different places. Some were pretty and some were They always tried to do the same thing. They tried to take me away from my world. They were jealous because they couldn't get it and I could see through them. I"

The falling of a leaf broke my thought. I watched it fall to the ground. It was like a part of me. Dying, until it no longer existed. And pretty soon they would all be gone - all the leaves. And then, what would happen then?

"I'm not to think of things like that anymore. They say I'm changed now. I'm normal."

I could see a white dot slowly approaching me. It was time for me to go. I stood up. I would miss my tree. I took two steps and then remembered the girl. I turned around to say good-bye, but just as I had expected - she was gone.

"Why, Jennifer! There you are! We were looking all over for you. Your parents are here. They're waiting for you. Come along, they've come to take you home."

Her uniform was a spotless white. I smiled and followed her, but I had to turn back. Just one more time. Or was it?

"Good-bye, Jennifer. You will always be here waiting for me won't you? Yes, I'm sure you will. And I'm sure I'll be coming back to see you real soon. Real soon."

POST OFFICE

The sun shone through the cloudless sky looking down upon another yellow colored Florida morning. Tony D'Angelo sighed as he passed through the dirty green doors of the Post Office and blinked away the dimness. The monotonous clanging cacaphony of the letter sorting machines, better known as LSM's, assailed his ears which had become dulled by the continuous sound. Tony stepped heavily, gnarled hands in his pockets, his ever creasing face to the ground.

"Hey, Tony," someone yelled.

"How ya doing, Mike?" Tony countered.

The two men sauntered toward the time clock.

"Ya know, Mike, I'll never get used to those goddamn machines."

"I know what you mean. They told us five years ago those things were going to knock out the overtime. Here we are today, working the same goddamn ridiculous hours. I'm glad we don't have to operate those things. I don't want to be a damn zombie punching keys all day."

"How many schemes you got now, Mike?"

"Six, counting Fort Lauderdale Primary."

"You know, it really makes me laugh when you tell people you work at the Post Office, and they ask you, what do you do, sell stamps?"

Mike laughed.

"We should be so lucky!"

The two men punched in, walked toward the back of the building and handed their cards to a supervisor.

"D'Angelo, start working the first class on zone eleven," the foreman rattled.

Tony adjusted his stool and dropped a tray of mail on the ledge in front of him. He began sorting mail, each letter to its proper cutout in the case in front of him, according to location.

The mail clerk smiled as he thought back to his first day at the Post Office. That had been twenty-five years ago in Brooklyn, New York. Orientation instructors had said, "This is a scheme. You have three months to learn it." Tony had been horrified when he looked at the stack of cards to be memorized, more than fifteen hundred addresses. But he had learned.

The hands of the clock on the

wall moved not at all, it seemed. Tony continued to sort and think. Five years ago he had obtained a transfer to the Fort Lauderdale Post Office. Florida was the place to go for all the city fatigued New Yorkers, and Tony had joined the exodus. It had taken a long time to convince his wife, Jennie, to make the big move.

"I have my family here, Tony; how about my friends? What about the kids? Is it really right to uproot them?" she argued.

"The city is no place to raise kids, Jennie. In the long run, it will be better for all of us," Tony declared.

She had finally relinquished, and so, the D'Angelos, along with son Joe and daughter Maureen, had settled down south. The long monotonous hours of overtime had paid off, because Tony now owned a spacious suburban home complete with swimming pool, a Lincoln Continental and all the other trappings of the moderately affluent life.

He sorted, and continued to wonder.

"I really don't understand these kids of today," he muttered to

himself. "Take these girls here in the post office; they never wear dresses anymore, just pants, pants, pants."

Tony did not understand his seventeen year old daughter either.

"College she wants to go to. So, when she gets married and has babies what can she do with her college education?"

Maureen wanted to major in music, and her father neither approved of her friends nor her aspirations.

"It seems to me Women's Lib has ruined these girls," Tony muttered. "She's not even interested in settling down. When her mother was that age she was married to me!"

He wished his daughter were engaged and perhaps married within a few years. And then, he dreamed of grandchildren.

His son was as much a puzzle as his daughter. A nineteen year old high school dropout, Joe had been busted twice for marijuana, and was for the most part, jobless and aimless. Tony had had great expectations for Joe, and his son had ground every last one into dust. He still could feel the embarrassment and pain every time he thought back

to the nights at the police station and the agony of court. His embarrassment was further magnified by his wide-eyed and gossipy relatives who thrived on his misfortunes.

What confused Tony most was his son's apathy and complete lack of ambition. He often tried talking with his son, but could not reach him. It was as if Joe had put up the proverbial wall between himself and his father.

"When I was his age I would have grabbed at the opportunities he throws away. I've worked this miserable job so my kids could have something better than I had," he thought. "But they don't want it. Jesus Christ, what do they want?"

The man wearily got up and dropped a fresh tray of mail on his ledge. Still he thought. The hands of the clock moved ever so slightly.

Tony had a favorite daydream: He was sitting in front of an easel painting his masterpiece. His hands moved quickly as he mused, slipping the mail into its proper slots.

Back then there had been no money for art school, no time for painting, only time for hard work.

Tony managed to get married, somehow, to the beautiful brown eyed Jennie, his family's ideal of a "nice Italian girl." Tony landed the job in the Post Office a year later.

"Stick to this job, Tony," his father cautioned. "The money is good, it has security, and you can't beat civil service. Tony had stuck all right, like a squashed fly to a wall for twenty-five years.

The small hand of the clock finally touched eleven. "One more hour gone," Tony thought, as he pondered other things as well.

"Five more years to retirement, five more years. . ."

The hands of the clock continued onward. Tony's hands stopped, and his body slumped over, leaning into the letter case. The foreman came by and went over to shake the still man.

"Tony, what's the matter? You fall asleep? Tony! Tony. . ."

Another supervisor came rushing over.

"Oh my God!" he cried.

He lifted his sagging body off the stool. Tony's eyes were frozen over with a look of surprise. The foreman gently shut his lids. Later on, a siren could be heard in the distance.

maryellen lo bosco

(An overview of medicine's future hopedfors)
someone else's transplanted hardly used
hand-me-down heart is
now mine for a time,

and,
given it isn't rejected,
many masked doctors say
it will never break again

(at least not in the exact same place).

Cast toust bread upon the waters
and it shall returnst soggy

"My three sons, Lam, Ham, and Pork Roast,
go forth upon the Earth
and sow seeds of Happiness and Hope.
Spread joy like jam all over the land.
Bring baskets of Beauty
and leave Love and Laughter behind you.
This is what the People need and want
for they value these things more
than anything else.

And, my sons,
only when you have returned
and not any time before then
will you get your allowance!"
the old man said.

"Godamnit!" shouted Lam.
"Godamnit!" shouted Ham.

"United Steel up 5¼;
Religion Inc., down ½"
said Pork Roast, who was wise beyond his years.

imprisoned by dreams
I have no use for
the rusted bars dissolve
into fog and
I run out along
the asphalt darkness
to thumb a ride
then I'm run over
by a gravityless planet
die
and go to a used star lot
ten light years
south of Saturn



Mimi Minzell



Naney Carta

The cancerous dancer
malignant as molasses
flows slowly across
Life's stagnant stage

The audience is gangrenous
and oozes blackness.

Loneliness's open wound
is
unclosable.

bill

humphries

his head throbs
his face grows red
he pouts and
drools
he stands dumb
anticipating

THE ORGASTIC INKBLOT OF INKBLOTS!!!

THE WORDSPERM SPURTS

out
onto paper
from that point on
seeking to fertilize a dreamegg
thereby
keeping generations of
thought children
growing outward.
then he collapses, prostate, yet
willing to continue again and again
just for the joyous satisfaction
and comfort
it gives.

her silver slippers
slapped the floor
a coarse insult
to her cool and courteous feet
half frown
down fell the golden gossamer gown
Spring squeaked
she was a nice naked addition
to my sheets
the moon window winked
I won and
had played fairly square.

Dance and Incantation

Summer solstice, demon's eve,
the sun is setting, the festival is near

anticipation

Bolt your windows, lock your latch,
burn fire, burn bright with

fear

Of a sound? A knock? In growing volume
it draws closer
a pulsing rhythm of

death.

Dancing, screaming, not very near
but the ceremony has started
and it surrounds you with the

darkness

Of the pitch is lower, a little brash
the pitch is an

eruption

Ringing in your ears,
bursting bubbles of sound
pull at your very soul,
it is you they want, they

lust

For your blood, for your life
you are carried off to the

altar.

An uneasy restfulness settles you,
a repose of dread for the Old Ones
who advent their coming with the brilliance of

obscurity

In their foul ways
and the bursts of harmonious dissonance return again

worship

The Old Ones, supreme rulers of this night
in their nauseating glory
celebrating only with the loss of your

life.

A flash of a long silver blade,
a searing cry of torment,
the shrieking sound of a distorted black crescendo

silence

dawn returns,

man may possess the earth,

for now . . .



Dave Lenox

Outward,
from ground state you fly,
your mind from your body,
two separate entities,
repulsed by each other.

Outward,
ripping the ties that
hold you to yourself.

Outward,
where the noise about you is
a solid wall of rancid blue electricity.

Outward,
to where fear is the elation
of eternal dread.

Outward,
to the farthest reaches of your mortality,
held by a thin elastic thread that breaks,
allowing you to go beyond it.

Outward,
unstopped you turn around to see
the spark of sanity scintillate
and disappear.

Outward,
you sail,
never to return.

jeff taub



Dave Patrick

His hands a stain
of time,
his tears as the sun's setting

his manner the jest
of life

his being the
purpose of life.

we believe in him
and we live.

As is
As was
As will be
already prepared for,
already listened and
died for,
no need for worry
amongst fears,
they are flightless
as they arrive.
It wasn't just
a spoken opinion,
as if to interfere
with something so humanly
imperfect concepts!

The never-effects of time
time!

Silent knowing,
like a word for sharing,
slips into something of
a time and a place,
a place of silent peace.

Spelling out wonders
when sadness creeps
unto the doorstep
of my paper
and places itself
like a point.
No point to be made,
and the sadness
is an imaginary
thought, thudding
somewhere else
to live. by.

Mollusca-exoskeleton Removed

Challenged, partly put off
began to study something
on paper.

Seeing parts only pertly
presented, he began
to daydream.

Doing things not knowing
words, wondered if there
were more . . .

She repeated
as if it came straight
from her mouth
and not from her hands,
she laughed,
but merely at the
shadows that choose
to play on the paper.

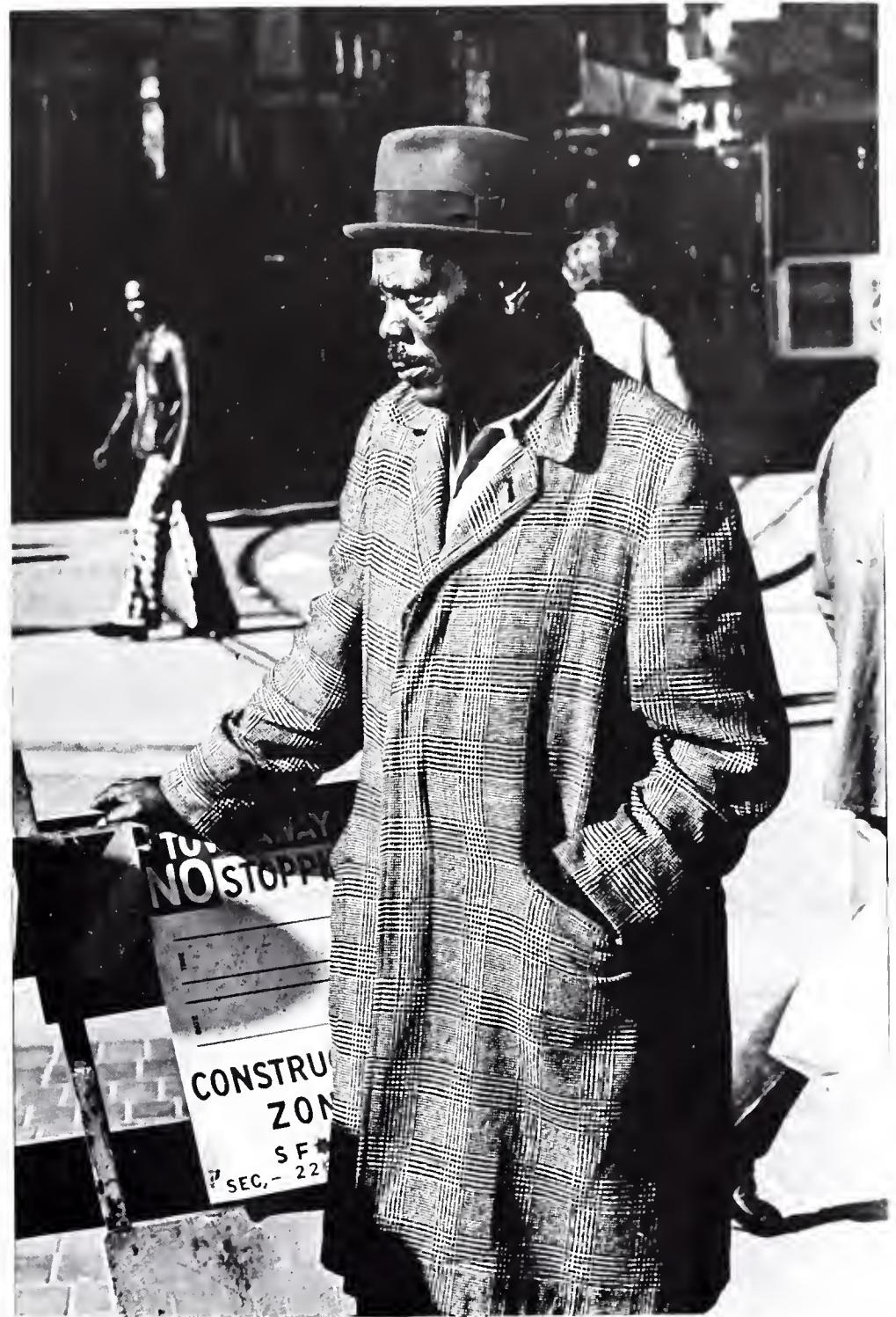
it was a game of chance
and the words were waiting
to take their place,
placed carefully on the page
waiting their turn.

Bore me no thoughts
it resembled a toaster,
a machine in which
bread blew brown.
it could be
seen backwards,
with the words playing
double seek
to find a mirror.
it defined a well clasped
operator and nobs that
feel a bit like plastic.

it's all in the order.

it's all in order.

mickie
dorgan



Dave Patrick

jeff liang

Truth is the light that

My friend, let us reason together and not
I know you closer than
I, me, myself. I am happy and sometimes sad.

leads us from darkness.

let our differences make us enemies. For there
the touch of flesh
I have given and I have received but, I have

Knowledge is the path

is little time in this life to waste on bitterness
because I love you with
received and I had not given. I speak truth

that brings us to God.

let us consider that we may benefit from
my heart before the flesh
though I have lied yet, I shall soon

Understanding is the key

our relationship and contribute to the future of our
that imprisons it.
die.

that opens us to heaven.

togetherness.



TONY CONELLI

Miss Gates was Tony Conelli's only clock. His room was snuggled into the top west corner of the new hospital wing where, without an open blind, it was never morning before one o'clock. And that would be fine with Tony, but every morning at eight sharp Miss Gates would back a tepid coffee and soggy omelette breakfast into the dimness of his room, roll open the blinds chirping, "Good morning, Mr. Conelli, rise and shine." Tony would open an eye mumbling something about the legality of Miss Gates' birth and pull the covers over his head.

Miss Gates didn't know why Tony refused to have a clock or why he refused to have a television or radio in his room. She did know whenever she would mention one to him, he would scream at her and throw his pipe out the window down eleven stories to the lawn below. Miss Gates spent much of her day going up and down elevators chasing whatever things Tony had thrown.

Mostly it was his pipe he threw, but sometimes it was the flowers his friends sent him once a month, and once she had left a National Geographic on the coffee table behind his back, hoping he might read, but an hour later she had to pick up the two hundred paper airplanes he had launched across the lawn.

But Miss Gates didn't mind, she was working hard at being a good nurse and thought the harder she had to work, the better nurse she would be. Miss Gates was like that, she was a short, bobby-pinned, freckled nosed, Protestant nurse, who couldn't cook but talked a lot in compensation. She was also Tony's private nurse and he felt he was stuck with her.

Cold eggs infuriated Tony, so did soggy eggs and needless conversations. He was always screaming at Miss Gates for one thing or another, to recook his breakfast, to adjust the

blinds, or just to stop her endless chatter. But at least Miss Gates stayed with him; he had lost six nurses with his screaming in the last year. Miss Gates didn't know why Mr. Conelli yelled so much, she just said, "Mr. Conelli's like that," and went on being pleasant.

Tony was a lot of things: rich, tall, handsome, educated, and only twenty-seven. But most of all Tony was an invalid, paralyzed from the waist down and confined to his wheel-chair and his hospital room. Quite a meager existence for a man who just the year before had been the envy of every male in Monterey.

A year before everything had been his, like the four story beach-front mansion he called home, where the only true residents were the maids, the cooks and he himself. Usually the house was filled with poets and artists who, while in Monterey, would try to sell their talents to Tony for a bit of financial backing. Only a few female artists, ones who didn't mind completing the symmetry in Tony's bedding, ever did gain his support.

He liked being the lone leader of the avant-garde as they hurried from fad to fad. A few years back it was civil rights and militantism, then it was peace and LSD, and now foreign cars and the martial arts. There Tony led the garde with his life and pride, his fastback twin engine Porche.

He even had a fat Italian mechanic named Pasquale who kept his Porche purring, so Tony could cat about town making wives turn their heads and women look away. But that was a year ago and now no one in Monterey envied Tony. Not the maids who cleaned the mansion after his nightly flings, not Pasquale who pampered and fed the Porche, and not the grove owner who swore he could see no headlights as his truck flattened Tony and his pride.

There Tony was, trapped in the hospital and trapped in his chair, and all his money couldn't buy him out. Not that he hadn't tried; he had taken up residence in his hospital room, and he had hired the leading neuro-surgeon in the United States and lastly he had hired a string of nurses who, each in turn, had left him, except for Miss Gates. Now Miss Gates was his only slave.

But again, Miss Gates didn't mind, she pitied Tony and maybe even loved him. At least, she thought she might, but it worried her that Tony yelled so much, and she wasn't sure she could love anyone who didn't love her. Her friends said that she was just getting worried that she was twenty-eight and still single. That wasn't true, she loved him and she put up with his screaming to show him. Before sleeping some nights, she would pray that Tony would never be healed and she could go on loving and caring for him always. And some nights she would cry herself to sleep, thinking he might never know.

Her eyes were still red underneath from the last night's crying as she backed Tony's breakfast into the darkness of his room. Yesterday had been a disaster from the morning on, after the usual coffee and eggs berating, Tony had discovered orange juice on his napkin, and she had forgotten to clean his pipe, and worst, Tony had caught her staring and smiling at him across the room and threw an ashtray out the window.

Through her tears she had found her way to the elevator and on the trip down she had thought about quitting and telling Tony to find someone else to scream at, but just before she returned the pieces she realized that she could never leave him, her life was chained to his.

And today would be no different, the omelette was the soggy same she served him every morning, but at least the coffee was hot - she had remembered to pour that last today. She rolled open the blinds a little less wide this morning to hide last night's crying

and called more solemn than she thought she could, "Good morning, Mr. Conelli, rise and shine." Tony woke up mumbling and she was helping him into his chair when he asked, "Miss Gates, why is it again that you insist on waking me before day? It's not as if I had anything to do, you realize." "Now, Mr. Conelli," she replied, "you know what the doctor's orders are for a man whose had as many operations • as you, strict diet and strict eating schedule; why just the other day..."

"Stop babbling, Miss Gates and serve breakfast."

She looked down at her hands and past them to the floor, quietly fastening the tray to his chair. She walked to the window and looked out to the sea. Big breaking waves were smashing themselves against the big pacific rocks. She was like the waves, she thought, always returning and being broken and Tony was like the rocks.

Behind her Tony raised a bit of eggs to his mouth, tasted it and pushed his plate away. "Miss Gates, I have been here almost a year now and never once have you, or any of the other nurses, ever cooked my eggs. My legs have stopped working, Miss Gates, I know, but my jaws still do, so won't you please have the courtesy to allow me that pleasure!" he ended screaming. Miss Gates looked down and away and grabbed his plate, heading for the door. Tears were streaming down her face, as she whirled about and threw the plate back at him. It smashed into his tray, spilling coffee and eggs into his lap and knees and he screamed. He screamed and stopped so suddenly it might have been an echo as he and Miss Gates stared at each other, a tear beading across her face. In his eyes Miss Gates saw something she had never seen before - a childlike fear.

Tony smiled sheepishly and said quietly "I'll clean myself, Miss Gates. Why don't you cook me another breakfast." She left the room wiping a tear and smiling. The rocks never left the wave either.

ron
allen

original

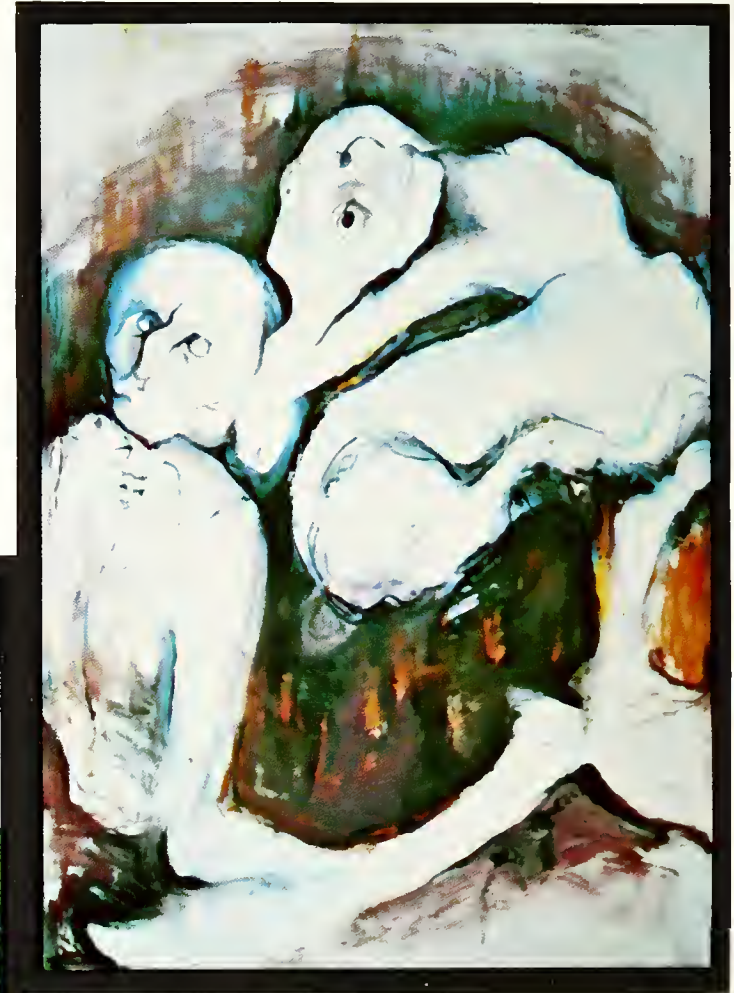
art



KEN MCEWEE



JIM SWARTHOUT



JAIME DOYLE

an excerpt from

the cast party

a soon to be completed novel

When he first met her, kicking barefoot arcs of windblown seaspray into frothing wavelips, singing Love Minus Zero/No Limit, feeling fists of wind beat his greying chest, she was drawing caves of lavender seaweed among sand mountains between her legs. Tiny fingers drew forests, cabins, children, jeweled stones and stoneless paths through the forests, around the cabins, under the children's feet.

He stopped in mid-stride when he saw what she was doing. The mountains grew and the caves covered with lavender seaweed deepened, acquired detail. He had knelt beside her in disbelief, saying, "You're drawing a psychic self portrait, a goddamned interior landscape. I can't believe it. Will you marry me?"

Now, walking in salt spray born on a December wind, she snuggled closer to him as the sea washed over his neglected cuffs and seeped into his canvas work shoes.

For a time she insisted she didn't understand him, didn't know what he wanted, didn't know how to act. He told her everything was obvious: for her the lavender cave was where all wind went (her eyes brightened permanently at that, for she could not explain it, but he had touched

her); for him, a whirlpool was where all water went, and that was his dream of infinity.

As the weeks passed she grew to know him, and believed him when he said it was only the logic of spirits that theirs should meet at the horizon.

He spoke often of transformation, growth, mutation, potentiality: Liza, as she had been named, easily became Life. He said the potential lived within her name, and that they should free it.

He said he loved this wide-eyed mirthful nymph turned visionary, this blonde cherub turned silver haired goddess, turned blue-eyed temptress, red-lipped seductress, stiff nipped mistress to a madman.

When they reached Life's house, they made love among azalias on her back porch. Coming up from her timeless kisses to drink the darkness, Llewelyn watched yachts rumbling and moaning through the waterway. After making love until they both swam in sweat and semen, they sat on the seawall. Waves lapped stone. The night fell with the swiftness of a comet, with the blackness of Tony's eyes, in the absence of a moon.

With morning a warm breeze came, and because it was Sunday morning they lay in bed and made

each other laugh. Then, when it was Sunday afternoon they went and sat, again, on the seawall. Llewelyn wanted a bottle of wine so they walked by the sparkling waterway which sliced Fort Lauderdale into chunks, and in turn was sliced into V wakes by yachts. They walked by plank docks and white wrought iron lawn furniture and gently curving drives and sidewalks, to the market. There they bought not one but three bottles of wine because Life had enough money. Then they returned home and drank on the cool concrete seawall.

Llewelyn read to her from a book of Dylan Thomas poems. As he filled with wine, he rose and read more loudly and orchestrated the verses with sweeps, slashes, slices of his hands, flying leaps, one footed stances. His voice bubbled up from his winefully belly as if from a vat of melted words. Each bubble bursting brought forth all the boiling words inside it with a sudden plangency of a burst zeppelin. He did this all day until, singing like a foghorn trapped in a freighter's boiler room he finished, "Rage, rage against the dying of the light," and fell backwards into the canal.

She threw him a rope and he scrambled out leaving small pieces of

his skin on the barnacled seawall.

Llewelyn's drunkenness ate all distinction between skin and air, liver and mind, fingers and finger ideas, toe, lip, hair, teeth ideas; it ate the spaces between things and spat them back masticated.

He sandbagged into Life's red couch, chewing pebbles in his mind, making sand.

Life's living room had a straight back and haughty chin, big breasts, made of bronze plates above the archway. It seemed Life's mother had hoped "Liza" would absorb its character, as if by osmosis. She had orchestrated skillfully, though perhaps not to her audience's taste. Whether one stood by the mahogany and chrome dining table, the rosewood secretary, the beige writing desk -- no subtle statement, complete with inkwells - or the cedar chest by the glass violin case, rainbow air vibrated. Space between objects seemed to bloom with color as if trying to speak. The crimson pillows, the deep blue rug and baby-eyes curtains, the Swiss statuettes, even the arch dividing the dining room and living room gossiped with Prufrock ladies' voices. Llewelyn could hear the house of Life's timbre. He could almost sing it.

He sipped the coffee she offered him, burned his tongue, felt nothing but the skin sizzling.

"Soon as I'm sober my tongue'll complain. You think anybody'll mind if I scream when the booze wears off? Tell them I'm on a special drug that wears off unpredictably so I can't get addicted to it."

Life walked outside. Llewelyn watched through the small sectioned window squares divided by white trim. She ran, jumped and spun like a ballerina, disappeared. When she came inside breathless, cheeks flushed, eyes flashing, she said, "Time to go," and took Llewelyn's arm.

In the car he thought distantly, as if listening to a palpitating lizard heart through fog. "How about drowning?" the intimate distance said through its fog. He had been over it in his mind and knew the sensation so well that he tasted the first gasping briny gulp, its electric tingling gnawing on his cheekskin, its vaguely uncomfortable passage through his windpipe, the unfamiliar flooding of his lungs, the welcome sleep. He felt his limp body sink, saw the great clumsy swells roll over him, the bottomless light-gobbling pit take him into its gloved hands. He saw creatures' eyes glow at the tips of their octopus tentacles. He saw them shrug the very sea's insouciance.

"What sailor doesn't drink, secretly hoping he'll fall overboard after falling inboard? The sea calls, it winks with every wave. Who could refuse, given the chance?"

Life said she'd rather dissolve

into air. Llewelyn slumped in the seat, wishing he could read the infinite pages of her memory. He would skim them, speed reading for a quote on the lavender cave. He would underline the passage, repeat it, explicate it, investigate its mythological origin, expound upon its psychological import.

His windshield reflection dodged streaks of tail light, streetlight, headlight, neonlight, cigarettelight, shadows of lightpoles, treepoles, signpoles in rhythm, a common tone in a symphony of motion. His reflection disappeared, and his face became a screen for the movies of his mind.

He took off the captain's uniform in which he had drowned, and donned his spelunker's helmet, and his special boots for treading the delicate stalagmites of Life's cerebral cavern. He tiptoed between her ears.

"Llewelyn, don't think so hard, I'm trying to drive."

He had penetrated every orifice Life had. Now he was trying to screw her mind. It was tight. He thought of vaseline. She slapped him on the head.

"If you'd thought that any louder you'd have come through your ears."

He laughed himself out of breath. Then out of the cave gear, and into the tropical pith helmet. Thusly attired he descended into his own great arid tombs of memory.

He breathed deeply of his past, hoping to find a single day that had never been tarnished by recall. Even a single hour that had transpired of its own accord escaping the dulling

and distorting grind of reflection would now have been a prize.

He shuffled through the worn out pictures of the river, yellowed memories, dog eared and cluttered by circumstances - the silt at low tide, Mr. Brown's boathouse, the azure sky flickering on the river's ripple tongues, which in his mind's eye were the tongues of a thousand drowning puppies, and the sand-white seawall, the creek it admitted to the land, and into the park, and the red clay and white clay and the skeletons of mulberry leaves. They were all faded memories, and most overlaid with impressions and ideals, conceptions of mulberry leaves and red clay.

He kept looking, unraveling the thread of time, looking for a kink never shown in the dulling light of recall. Suddenly something bright caught his mind's eye. Supernaturally distinct against a soupy colorless background, it rose like a sun on his psyche's horizon. It was a black, sap stained knot in a dry and dying mimosa tree.

He thought harder to bring to life the time, the reason, the surroundings. As he did the knot faded.

Booming mindless entoptic light flooded his closed eyes. The mimosa knot began to resemble an impressionist's sketch. When through an act of will so strong it beaded sweat on his temples he dismissed the formless blobs of sunset colors, the knot was a fuzzy blur.

From his knowledge of what a knot on a mimosa tree looks like he

could have filled in the details, but he shunned the idea. For the details would not be true. They would be corrupted by design.

"Well, what can I say?" he suddenly said.

"That's not a bad start."

"What happens if you don't use your memories? They're no use to you. Right? And when you use them, take them out and look at them? You render them useless. Right?"

He smiled in victory, further self-satisfied that living was a futile gesture, a posture of the spirit needing only heartbeats of the living and even less of the dead.

cary
tennis



PHOTOS
BY
DAVE PATRICK





Illustration by Donna Thomas

ANNIVERSARY PRESENT

It was a beautiful day. The different kinds of birds harmonized their songs to create a lovely serenade that flowed from the tree tops throughout the field. She looked up into the sky and turned the clouds into animals and castles and marvelled at their beauty. She breathed deeply inhaling the sweet fragrance of the wild flowers that grew all around. Everything was perfect.

It had been a long time since she was last in the country. Not since he had brought her here to propose to her. She knelt down next to a pond, wrapping her right arm gently around a thin young tree, and peered into the mirror like surface of the water. There, as she gazed, was her own lovely young face, bright blue eyes ablaze with happiness. She began to think back to before she was married, when she was just going out with him.

She knew she was in love with him from their very first date. Each meeting after that only enforced her belief. They had been seeing each other for only a month when he took her on a picnic and asked her to marry him. The date was set, to the objection of her friends. They all warned her against it. They told her he was a fortune hunter, only after her money. The past year proved to her how wrong they were. Today was their anniversary, the happiest year in her life.

She felt a hand touch her gently on her right arm and she snapped back to reality. A face appeared in the water above her own. It was him. A smile came to her lips. She felt his hand moving slowly, gently to her shoulder. She closed her eyes and lifted her head. His fingers touched her neck and traveled up to her hair then back down to her head. Suddenly his fingers grew tense and she felt her head being pushed down. Her eyes opened to see his face in the water, smiling, his eyes full of hate. The face rushed toward her till she crashed through it. His grip was like a vise holding her head below the water. She felt her body struggling for a while but it was to no avail. She heard him yell, "Happy anniversary, dear," and then laugh madly, tightening his grip on her throat. The water tasted dirty as it replaced the air in her lungs.

Slowly her body became limp and the air bubbles ceased to rise.

it's only a matter of time
till the silent dove
finds feast in your soul.
when he'll attack your every feeling
with vicious, blood-seeking claws
and leaves you drained and numb.

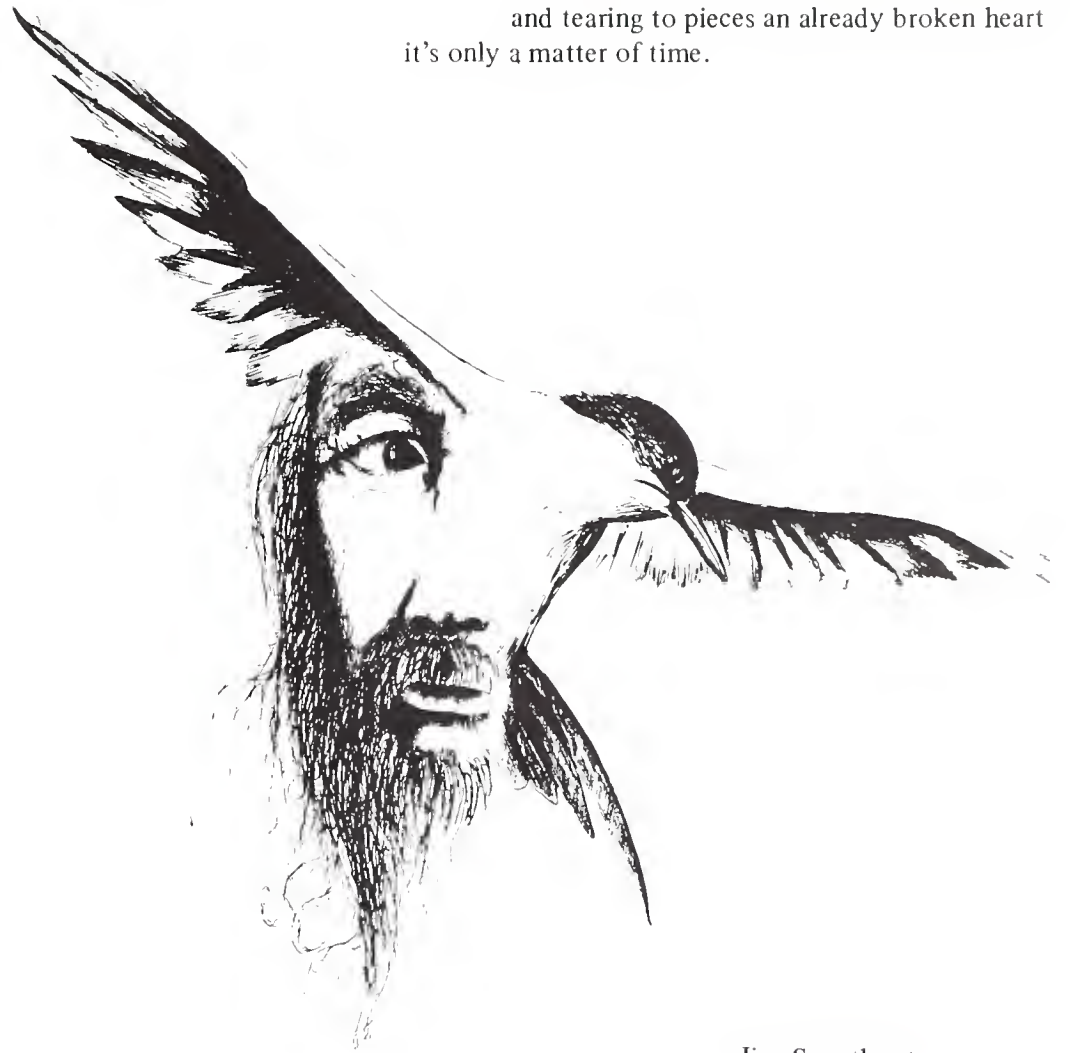
it's only a matter of time
until he silences your thoughts
and deadens your mind
and takes in his clutches
your precious memories and courageous dreams
and makes them as worthless as broken glass.

it's only a matter of time
till the peaceful dove
seeks revenge on your evil intruders
who laugh at his kindness
and destroy his beauty with his ugly words,
who find pleasure in ripping apart a pure soul
and tearing to pieces an already broken heart
it's only a matter of time.

caren haer

Circles

bare-chested braves
who lost their white-collared shirts
and black bow ties
in a lifelong race
to the top
of the
fireman's
ladder,
which burned to the ground
in a blaze of fury.
too late to surrender their status-blue caddys
and executive parking space,
no time to redo
twenty years of destruction.
poor souls,
crying desperately for mercy
from their destiny
death,
by the noose of a necktie.



Jim Swarthout

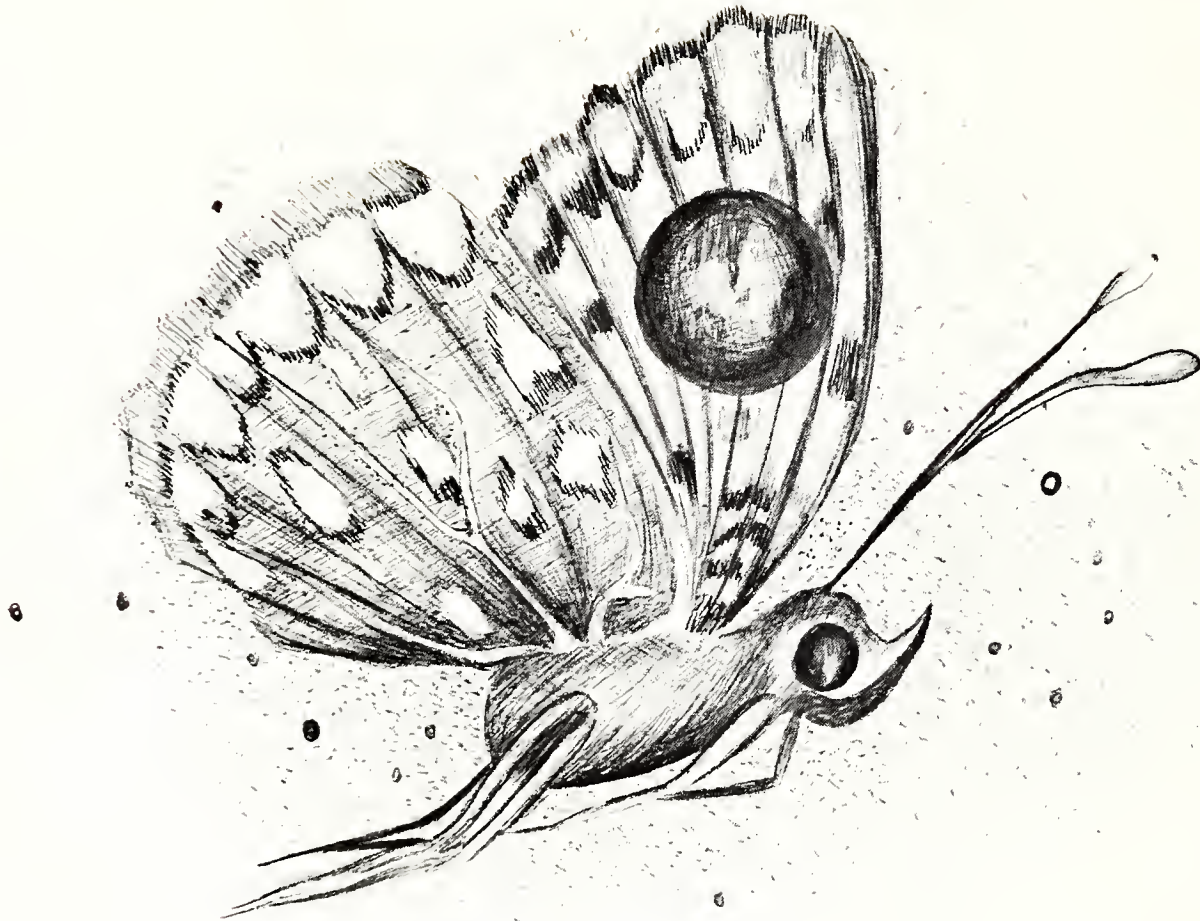


Illustration by Jim Swarthout

dot

I

The winter had come, much like a giant wave sweeping swiftly and silently across the small village churchyard, spewing a torrent of cold white foam among the woody crosses planted in its side. And the sun, merely a silent partner peering shyly over some distant ledge at the stray blotch dribbled from a writer's pen, and the war-stained dot soaked solid among particle plain.

Barren though they were, the tiny crosses boasted the only visible remnant of the occupant below. And even their remarkable similarity (almost to the letter) seemed not to influence the people kneeling clustered at the birth of a new one, staring deeply blank as transparent bulbs ran wet down their cheeks.

They lowered him into the earth despite his horrified protests and shoveled the black soil over his formaldehyde body.

II

Seasoned faces flushed with gusty wind, like a calendar turned once over. Down they run, hand in hand, melting in and around the green-haired stalks above their heads, laughing at the clear glass pellets splattering about them.

And when it is over, the dripping pair of giggling sponges nod to each other in joyful splendor and gallop to the sun, leaving behind them footprints with muddy frowns.

III

The presence of one foot, the reflection of the other, standing in a pair strung to droopy head and frosty fingers holding flowers - laid once with glossy eyes to shrivel on the foam of winter.

IV

Remembering not so long ago, the violet's stormy end; a proof of strength picked in childish wonder. Boldly daring to be tugged from its soggy home, the thornless beast was crumpled in a child's wrinkled fist.

V

Never really having died, except perhaps in the present. But instead, merely reflected moments drifting, spreading, like a pebble dropped in clear pond (oh yes, the blue you saw does have ripples you know). Someday look closer within - the summer melts slower that way.

VI

The last leaf of autumn sang proud as it disengaged its dry body from the rusty head of a nearby tree and floated softly toward the ground. And with it, the faded recall of a spring bursting asunder, a thousand fold in glimmering splendor.

It's very possible a touch of remorse would have spoiled its gentle landing. If it hadn't been for the brief acquaintance of a many-colored butterfly en route to some distant land -- with a dot called earth on its wing.

buck jamison

amazing time it is, amazing
place, we wish for as we
chase, our present day away
and race, toward that
amazing future date. And
amazing future race, place,
date, prevents us from now
opening our gates, and
allowing in the Risqué
tenderness of today.





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