

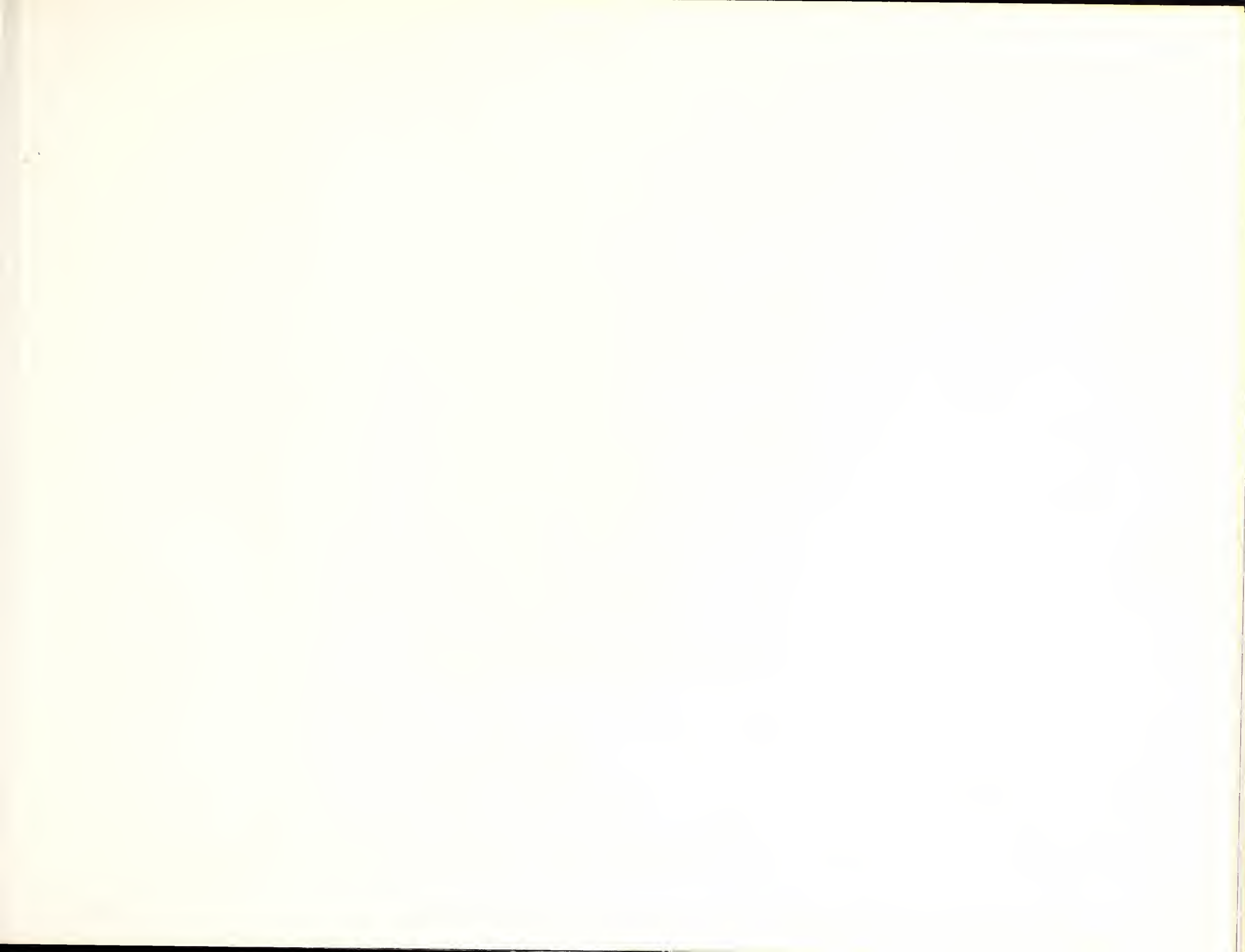



Broward Community College

LIBRARY



Fort Lauderdale, Florida





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2012 with funding from  
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://archive.org/details/panku19751976brow>

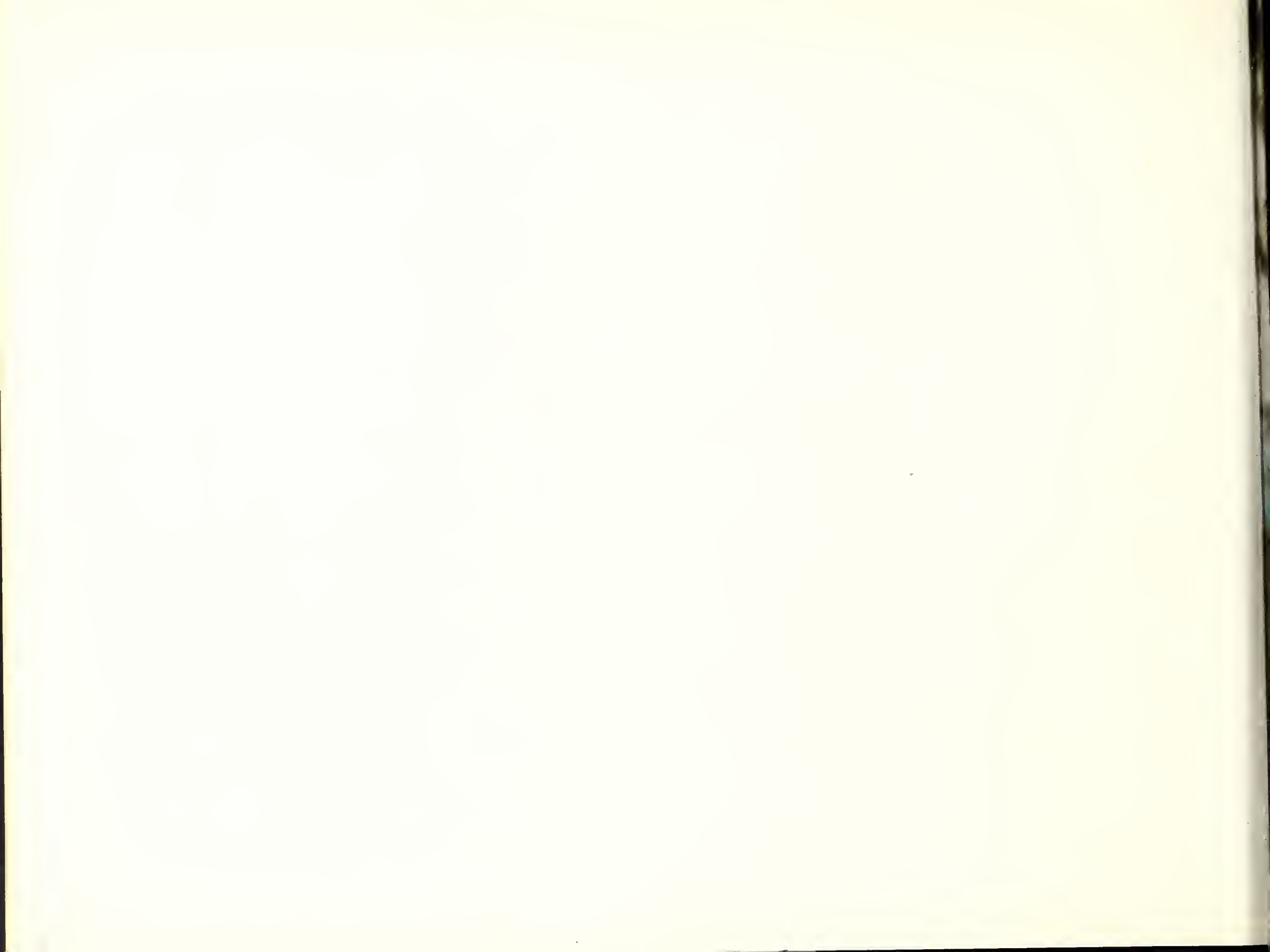






Parku

SOUTH  
CAMPUS





A photograph of a rural landscape. In the center, there is a barn with a blue roof and a prominent cylindrical silo. The barn is partially obscured by several trees, including a large, dark, rounded tree on the left and several tall, thin trees on the right. The foreground is a dark, grassy field. The sky is a pale, overcast grey. The overall tone is somber and quiet.

(and after Nothing came Song and after Song came Silence)

the faeries fear to dance these days  
for the times are sorrowful and grey -  
but the elfin people laugh and dance  
and sing to a new-found tune  
the words of an ancient rune -  
words older than silence itself  
from a time when nothing was known of dying and death -  
words that sang the Song of Birth.

-Jan Jorgensen

POETRY

	5
	14
Michael Bayliss	40
	54
	61
Lori Corey	60
	5
	12
Robert Costa	29
	52
	11
	34
	41
Bunny Dec	48
	49
	52
	57
Earl Hamilton	53
	34
	36
Edwina Jaffe	40
	56
	58
	1
	13
Jan Jorgensen	30
	35
	37
	11
Elyn Lampka	48

Barbara Leavitt

Eileen Le May

Liz Lynch

Maureen Martindale

David Novak

Joanne Potanovic

Becky Ryals

David Westcott

10
14
50
51
3
13
15
60
61
54
4
11
13
25
31
53
13
38
39
29
55
62
4
15
27
31
57
59
26
28
52
54
59
62

SHORT STORIES

Bunny Dec	41
Edwina Jaffe	42

Robert E. Jones	6
Elyn Lampka	16
Joel Rosenfeld	22

PHOTOGRAPHS

Chris Alicea	29
Nadine Barbu	61
Nancy Carta	10
John V. Caspanello	48
Judy Gallagher	31
Edwina Jaffe	32
Becky Ryals	12
	39
	51
	61

Doug Smith	61
Mickey Tidwell	32
David Westcott	28
John Wilson	50
Mike Woodall	38
	3
	15
	26
	37
	38
	49
	55
	64

ILLUSTRATIONS

Bunny Dec	16
Jeanne Bethune	27

Ysabel Caraballo	14
GW Van Edema	44
Helen Penland	25
front and back cover	54

LIBRARY  
BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA



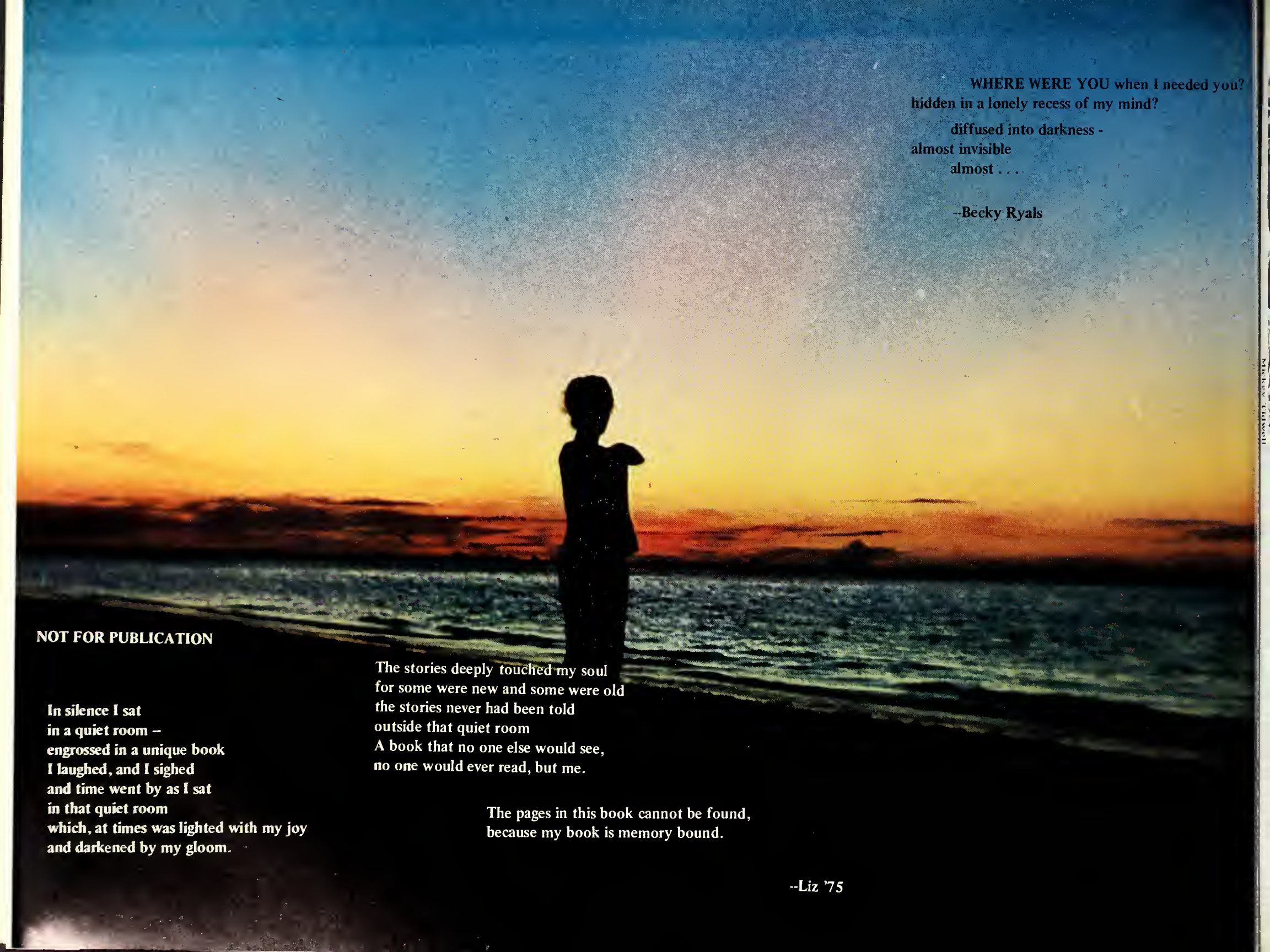
I HEARD BEYOND YOUR WORDS

YOU SPOKE . . . I HEARD BEYOND YOUR WORDS.  
HOW INNOCENTLY THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL  
BETRAYS THE HEART'

THE LIPS FORM VOWELS AND CONSONANTS  
DESIGNED AS PROOF,  
WHILE MIRRORED FROM WITHIN . . .

THE EYES SPEAK TRUTH.

--Eileen LeMay



WHERE WERE YOU when I needed you?  
hidden in a lonely recess of my mind?

diffused into darkness -  
almost invisible  
almost . . .

--Becky Ryals

**NOT FOR PUBLICATION**

In silence I sat  
in a quiet room --  
engrossed in a unique book  
I laughed, and I sighed  
and time went by as I sat  
in that quiet room  
which, at times was lighted with my joy  
and darkened by my gloom.

The stories deeply touched my soul  
for some were new and some were old  
the stories never had been told  
outside that quiet room  
A book that no one else would see,  
no one would ever read, but me.

The pages in this book cannot be found,  
because my book is memory bound.

--Liz '75



### Attic of Memorabilia

Musty remembrances in a wicker rocker,  
Melodies scratched on a worn-out record  
Reverberate through the shadowed eaves.  
Bayberry sentiments linger within  
Boxes of yellowing afterthought.  
Piled in a corner, tainted maps  
Recall frayed eagle dreams.  
Cedar-chest hopes now covered by dust,  
Stir in reverie, praising happier days.

--Robert Costa

I always knew that  
Someday you would go  
I always thought that  
Because I knew,  
When you went the  
Hurt would not be  
If I could laugh  
I would laugh  
At myself for  
The fool I was

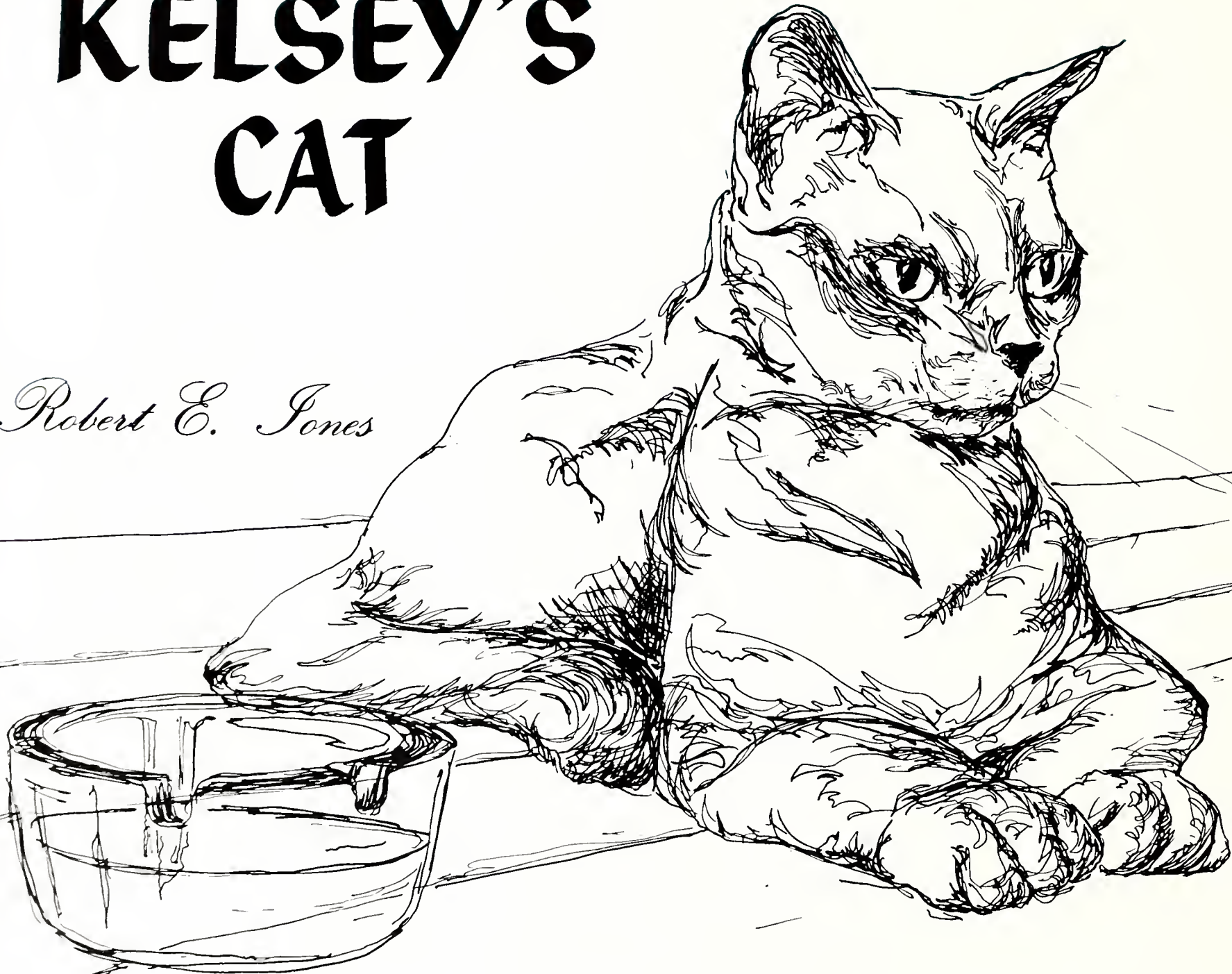
The fool I am.

--Michael Bayliss



# KELSEY'S CAT

*Robert E. Jones*



"This is the story of Kelsey's Cat:"

Kelsey was fifty in 1940, thirty in 1920 and twenty seven in 1917 when he hid flat feet and enlisted in the Army to help fight "The War to End All Wars." He was 5'5", had a round cherubic face, ruddy complexion and prematurely graying hair that was beginning to recede, and deep blue laughing eyes. He arrived home a hero from Fort Meade, Maryland, (that's as far as he had gotten) and the World was fine!

He got a job on the Bronx-Manhattan Transportation Company as a "Car Knocker" (that is to say, he inspected journal boxes on the axles of subway cars to insure the packing that prevented fires and the possible loss of a wheel while the train was in use). He had a good year, new suit, three pairs of new shoes, five new "Arrows", and a whole drawer full of "Fruit of the Loom" and new white socks. He was saving money on the \$18.80 a week he was making. . . he had his coupla' beers on the way home from work and after the usual twelve hours, it tasted good. He saw a "double header" occasionally when the "Gin't" were in town and the World was fine. A little lonely, but fine, just fine!!

Then along came "Mary" and as they said around "Murphy's Bar," "Kelsey was flattened!!" She waltzed through his mind, his heart, his work and his sleep. . .

nothing else mattered but "Mary".

Then one of the travesties of life caught up with "The Kelce," he realized he could get married. . . Why not?? He was old enough surely. . . He had a good job, money in the bank. . . and after all. . . everyone else did it!! Didn't they?? Of course their's would be different. . . Other marriages were "rocky," always fightin' and hollern' but their's would be different. . . and he believed that!!

"Marriage" — the word sent tingles up his spine. They'd get their own apartment, their own furniture, a radio, and maybe a piano. . . the player kind, (Mary liked "George Gershwin") and after a while, maybe, just maybe. . . a little one. All's he had to do was convince Mary. . . and he was sure he could do that. After all. . . she was a little dumb about some things. . . all women are!! Aren't they??? Well, aren't they???

Mary wasn't bad looking, then again she wasn't good looking. She was graduated from Saint Canice's High and was going to business school which she detested. She liked music, bowling, those new movie magazines about the stars ("Francis X., Douglas Fair., Mary Pick.") and "Fanny Farmer's Chocolates." She had done a little "petting. . ." (nothing above the roll of her stocking) and had bit the tongue of a guy who had tried to "French Kiss" her. . . She said; "If that's the best the "French" can do. . . they can have it." She was

shorter than Kelsey with a creamy complexion and big brown eyes. She was slightly paunchy. . . "pleasingly plump" her mother said, "Fat" her brother said. . . and a staunch woman were her father's words. . . or something to that effect, but in Kelsey's eyes. . . "she was an angel."

She wasn't too sure about Kelsey. . . she knew she didn't want to be a secretary and Hollywood was so far away. . . besides, she didn't know anyone there anyhow!! She didn't want to become an old maid!! She was already nineteen and a half!! and wouldn't it be nice having her own apartment. . . It would be just like playing house when she was a little girl, only this time it would be for real.

And so they married. Third floor walk up ("just temporary of course") until they found something better. . . They never did!!

It was a fairly new building between Eighth and Ninth Avenues on Forty Ninth Street on the south side of Madison Square Garden. Kelsey blew his roll on furniture (the piano would have to wait) and after a "Honeymoon" in Atlantic City and everyone's blessings, they settled into the business of learning about each other. . . and themselves.

It didn't take long before the solid foundation that this marriage was constructed on began to quake. The arguments started and

the fights continued. The frustrations and irritations erupted. . . followed by nagging and bickering and, of course, concessions, in which both felt cheated. . . and in all this so-called "martial bliss!" Kelsey's dream was crushed. Mary wished she'd stayed in business school. . . nothing was right. Kelsey's father told him, "Pat, my boy, stick it out for a year. After all, there's nothing else you can do. . . you were married in church ya' know.". . . They did.

Mary was never quite sure if it was her mother's persistence or her own idea of having a child, or was it the night they had the wine and pizza and she may have been a little careless?? Whatever. . . Timmy was born and what a difference it made in their marriage. Kelsey was the "cock of the walk." He was as a proud man has a right to be. Such love he lavished on his lad. All's you had to do was look at him. . . the love shown all around. No more stops at Murphy's on the way home and eight o'clock mass on Sunday, even though he had just finished work at seven. . . and the World was fine!!

Central Park, The Bronx Zoo, The Staten Island Ferry, Coney Island, and any place Kelsey's B.M.T. pass would take them was the realm of Timmy's World. The adoration and love bestowed upon this child by Kelsey aroused odd feelings in Mary's normal tranquility. . . she would never

admit jealousy. . . but Kelsey's World was fine!!

The years slipped by; school for Timmy, a promotion for Kelsey to "Chief Car Inspector" with a raise and doldrums for Mary. One day Kelce' made a deal with the "building super" for the piano the Riley's had left behind when they moved and the long awaited treasure was moved upstairs.

Lessons for Timmy from Mrs. McGruder at twenty five cents a session and now between Mary and Timmy, the house was filled with music. . . some good. . . mostly bad, but the World was fine!!

On Timmy's tenth birthday the Depression was a year old. Things were getting tight. Kelsey's job was abolished and he was reduced to the lowly position of cleaning and sweeping the cars in the car barn at half the pay he had been receiving. Along with the depression came a scourge of diseases, the signs appeared everywhere. Yellow for mumps, white for measles, and the dreaded "red" for scarlet fever.

That morning Kelsey stopped at Murphy's for a bracer. He was so tired. He listened half coherently to the conversation taking place at the other end of the bar. Something about this scarlet fever thing and rheumatic heart diseases killing people. Oh, well! He had nothing to worry about. Timmy was fine. Mary was well and his health was good. If only his feet

didn't hurt so much. He fingered the sixty cents he had in his pocket and pondered the advisability of one more. That would leave him. . . forty cents. What the hell!! One more. . . The house bought one and he had two more. . . After that there was nothing else to deliberate. . . The World was fine!

He half noticed the placards on the buildings as he navigated his way home and it wasn't until he had steadied himself on the bannister and looked up the steps to his building that he saw the "red" sign. . . All of a sudden, the World was not fine!!

Timmy. . . Timmy. . . Timmy!! he screamed as he scrambled, fell and half crawled up the steps. He was met on the landing by Mary who calmed him and assured him (in a triumphant way, that he did not understand. . . ) that the doctor had been there and said Timmy would be alright.

He didn't go to work that night. To hell with work. . . This was his son!!

The doctor came and left. Kelsey lost count of the times. The "Doc" was such a busy man. . . "Lord love him." The candles were lit in the little shrine on the bedroom dresser and the hours ticked by. . . Kelsey's rosary beads glistened from the nervous sweat of his hands and a million things ran through his mind. He now understood that glazed look that Mary had on her face all the time and why she used so much

cooking sherry and he could never taste it in his food. He had a couple. . . it didn't taste too bad, but right now. . . nothing could remove the cotton in his mouth.

"God, dear God. . . , don't take him from me," he pleaded. He prayed as never before. . . He begged and made all kinds of rash promises to the being whom we all turn to when there's no where else to go. . .

At 5:00 A.M. the doctor said: "His temperature has peaked. . . , if we get him through the next two hours. . . he's ours". . . They didn't.

The next three weeks in Kelsey's life were a fuzzy, jumbled, mixed up fog. He lost track of time and days went by that he knew nothing of. Mary went home to her mother. She had done her duty; bore him a child and now it was over. There would be no more children. In her mind, she believed she had married twice in her life. Once to "God" when she took her first communion and entertained thoughts of becoming a nun and once to Pat. There were times when she believed "God" was cheated!! They were never to see each other again. . . Alive.

Kelsey awoke with the early morning sun in his eyes, sitting on the curb in front of his building. The thing that had awakened him was the purring in his ears and a sandpaper tongue licking his face. The remains of a hamburger which he obviously had been feeding this animal in his drunken stupor, lay

at his feet in the gutter. He needed a shave. . . four days ago!! "Damn he was dirty," he said to himself, but first things first. . . and that was Murphy's. He brushed himself off. . . pushed the cat away and on unsteady feet made his way to the bar. After a couple of short ones and a tall cold one (which he had to put on the tab), he began to feel a little better. "Jerry the bartender," wanted to know. "Where's your cat??" "What cat??" slurred Kelsey. . . "Who ya' tryna' kid??" "Why the cat you've had with you all week. . . " "There he is now. . . " Kelsey looked to the door and there on his hind legs with his nose and fore paws pressed against the glass, was the cat. Kelsey let him in and after an ash tray of cold beer, their romance began.

Fortunately his habit of thrift had prompted him to buy a few shares of B.M.T. when he had the money and now it saved his job. Who's going to fire a stockholder?? In a week's time he was back on his feet and reasonably over his grief and now there was "Cat" to help fill the void. Body and shadow, Kelsey and Cat. When you saw one, the other was near. "Cat", Kelsey had so aptly named him, was the only cat in town with a tab in a bar. (There should be something funny here about "Tabby the Cat" but I'll leave it alone). "Cat" had his own bowl with his name on it and on the days when Kelsey was late coming



from work, Cat would wait at Murphy's, sip a cold one or two, and Jerry would put it on his tab. When Kelsey arrived, the bill was squared and he and Cat would have a snack and a couple of cold ones together. If there's a term such as "Cataholic," or if a cat can become an "alcoholic," it would appear that this was fastly coming true for Cat.

They were inseparable, those two. Kelsey took Cat everywhere he had taken Timmy. Catnip, cans of tuna, chopped liver, fillet of sardines and other feline gourmet dishes were at Cat's command. Cat saw the vet regularly and Kelsey worried about Cat — especially when he was at work; was Cat lonely?? did he need company?? Boy, Kelsey knew what it was like to be lonely. . . and so in his own inimitable way Kelsey decided to get a pal for Cat. . . and truly believing that opposites attract. . . came home with a parakeet. Kelsey named it "Boid". Cat wasn't too sure about Boid, but as long as he was in his cage, it didn't bother Cat too much.

One morning about three o'clock, Kelsey, in a pleasantly plastered mood, taught Boid to say "Bull-shit." Boid dragged the B-u-l-l way out and had a real short clipped S-H-I-D-T. . . and it came out B-u-l-l Shid-it. Kelsey claimed he stuttered.

Boid had the same sanctions as Cat. The best seed money could buy, mirrors in his cage, bells to

peck at and jingle, and ladders to climb. Kelsey put Boid's cage out in the bay window so Boid could look up and down the street. When Kelce' and Cat came home . . . just a little under the weather. . . Boid would cock his head to the side and scream. . . "B-u-l-l Shid-it". Cat would ignore Boid and Kelsey would mutter. . . "Ya' stutter."

Months turned into years and the three learned to love each other; try as he might Kelsey could never teach Boid to say another word. . . woid. He even entertained thoughts that this bird. . . boid, might be smarter than himself. . . Wrote that off as ridiculous, but Boid never said anything other than B-u-l-l Shid-it and Kelce', in his own defense, said "ya' stutter."

Imitation was the name of the game and whatever Kelsey did, Cat performed in a like manner. On the way home from Murphy's should Kelce' stagger and take two steps forward, two to the right and two back — not unlike the waltz — old Cat would do the same. If Kelce' leaned far to the right or left. . . Cat too; the only difference being that Cat had a tail that was sent to the opposite side of the list to insure his equilibrium. Boid watched these performances over the years from his cage in the bay window and would mumble to himself B-u-l-l Shid-it.

Kelsey changed. The easy going nice guy became silent. He

became miserly with the exception of Cat and Boid. Weeks went by without conversation, other than what was needed at work. He would sit and talk to Boid in the wee small hours with the lights turned out; coaxing, pleading, sometimes crying. . . craving to hear another voice in his home, other than his own,. . . He was so lonely.

On a bright, sunny Sunday, a few months later, Kelce' and the Cat were in Murphy's. Kelsey had gotten over his blues and the World again was beginning to look a little fine. They watched the hockey game on this new thing called "television," it was being broadcast right across the street in Madison Square Garden. It was a good day. Kelsey bought Cat an extra piece of pickled herring in sour cream and had an extra double header for himself. In fact, he was feeling so good that when he and Cat departed, he left a half a buck tip for Jerry.

The light changed when Kelce' was half way across the street. Cat was running ahead of Kelce', something he never did. Cat was always at Kelsey's side or right behind him. The big dump truck hit his air brakes and the scream of rubber against asphalt was deafening. . . Kelsey died instantly. Cat spun around and raced back to his master but didn't get ten feet before he was cut down by a car trying to avoid the accident.

There they lay. . . one Patrick James Kelsey and one Cat. To the casual passerby it may have seemed strange or odd that a man and a cat were killed in the same crosswalk in the same accident, but chances are. . . they would have thought nothing of it.

A lot of love lay there in the middle of Eighth Avenue. The love of a lonely old man for a beat up old cat and the mysterious love of a cat for a human. . . Dogs are known for this sort of devotion. . . Cats. . . hardly.

The Coroner's "Black One" pulled up beside Kelce' and they placed him inside, but somehow it seemed. . . his right index was pointing to Cat. The young intern picked up Cat and tossed him in the truck. . . mumbled something about "cars running over him" and they drove off. It would seem that even in death, the "pals" were not to be parted.

It was getting dark and Boid was craning his neck looking down the street from his cage in the bay window. . . Where were his "buddies??" They were never this late!!

Boid was so proud, he could hardly wait; all day long he had practiced and practiced. He knew that Kelsey couldn't say he stuttered tonight because as soon as he walked in that door, Boid was gonna' take a deep breath and welcome him with B-u-l-l Shit. 🐱

A CHILD WHO CHASED THE DOVE THAT WASN'T THERE

At first he slept in a soft silken cradle  
Sipped homemade soup from a wooden ladle  
Played dime store wars with a plastic gun  
He swam in the river and basked in the sun.

This is the child, born of love  
Saw greed and hate  
He chased the dove  
But 'Nam was his fate.

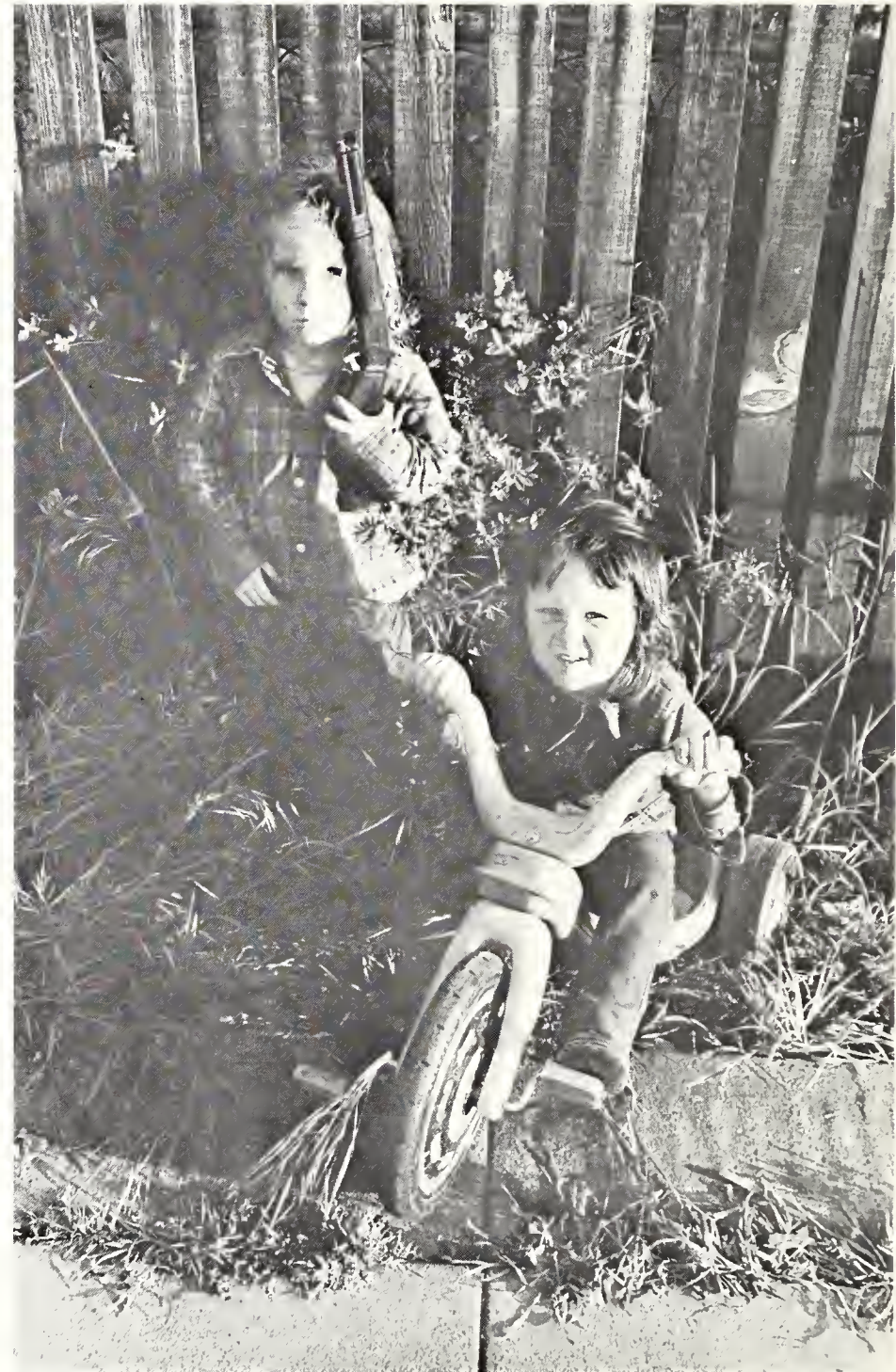
School days, with thoughts from books  
Chased some girls with groovy looks  
And danced in psychedelic lights  
A draft notice cancelled further delights.

This is the child, born of love  
Saw greed and hate  
He chased the dove  
But 'Nam was his fate.

Society said that bombs have to fall  
And through the mud, he had to crawl  
He watched the weary wartime flood  
And drowned in a stream of hot sticky blood.

This was the child, born of love  
Saw greed and hate  
He chased the dove  
But 'Nam was his fate.

-- Barbara Leavitt



Nancy Carta

Rock A Bye and the Fly

With his little rocking chair  
Rocking to and fro  
His little head began to nod  
The day had been quite long, I know  
I saw him rise at crack of dawn  
And with his youthful vim  
Explore the contents of the world  
As though the world were made for him  
Now the sun was hanging low  
His energies were spent  
That sleep would claim him, rocking there  
was wholly evident  
Till I saw the pesting fly  
That hovered 'bout his hand  
And youthful eyes began to watch  
For the fly to land  
Suddenly a newborn smile  
Chased the sandman far away  
A little boy now wide awake  
Went out again to play.

--Elyn Lampka

THE FALLEN BUD

child of my body -- child  
of my soul  
i dreamed of thee -- yea  
before i myself was born  
and thou -- little one  
with love blanketing thy essence --  
i would keep thee here forever  
but  
if thy presence be transient  
then go --  
and see another's womb  
for surely  
we shall meet again -- on love's holy light  
perhaps  
yours the arms enfolding  
and i  
will be the child

--Bunny Dec.



John Wilson

Mother -- as you hold your newborn child gently in your hands  
think of his future, but forget not your own,  
you, in turn shall be in your child's hands

For life is a circle never ending --  
and this little one, so helpless and fragile  
has been placed into your care  
this life that now is lending --  
itself into your hands,  
be wise and gently loving  
as you make your future plans.

Give your little one your love and he will learn to live  
give your little one your all, and he will learn to give

For life is a circle never ending ----.

Liz

## fresh green hopes

Young tender sapling, reaching out

Shattered by the elder bough.

Yet deep inside, beneath thin bark

New ideas, increasing doubt.

Will they allow a young upstart

To transplant fresh green hopes?

--Robert Costa

## MY ELUSIVE FRIEND

In the morning  
he whispered, "the day is new,  
come wander with me,  
there is much to do."  
At noon he protested  
as the south wind blew,  
as it warmed us he shouted,  
"And good day to you."  
In the evening he spoke  
as he ruffled my hair,  
"The mountains are calling  
and I must go there.  
I'll come on the morrow  
when the day is new.  
Come wander with me,  
there is much to do."  
And caressing my face  
he whispered, "Good bye."  
'Till the morrow,"  
I said as I turned to the sky.  
"I'll miss you," I said  
as he hurried away.  
"I'll return on the morrow  
when the day is new  
and we will go wandering,  
I and you."  
"Till the morrow," I said,  
"when the dawn lights the sky.  
Yes, we shall go wandering  
The North Wind and I."

Liz '74

## Countdown

How many stages must I launch  
to reach the escape velocity  
of my mind's  
orbit?

—Eileen LeMay

address to death and send in the morning mail

lingering in the school's corridors  
where noise and silence, alternating, reign—  
you walk and with your shadow cloud  
the eyes of those with tender hearts—  
the darkened lands within your grasp  
slow the human hurricanes  
until they once more sweep  
over the sunstruck waves.

it is not really that often  
that you show your face  
but those who've learned your lessons in the stale, bleak halls  
have left — a certain oldness gleaming in their eyes.

—Jan Jorgensen

Looking at the way it was  
when my life was telling  
you everything; saving up  
days that made weekly  
memories,  
you had a humongous office  
with half-empty shelves  
and four secretaries,  
one for each of you  
whom you called Sharon and  
Millie and so on  
who called you "doctor"  
in return  
I tried to like you because I  
needed you so much  
But were you really turned  
around inside? And when  
you kissed me, was it  
the touch of a friend  
that turned me on — or  
only my touch of mania?

—Maureen Martindale

# Christmas In Florida

The palm trees are decked with red reflections.  
You see fake tinsel trees at palm-lined shopping centers.  
You hear, "I'll Be Home for Christmas" played on  
Static intercoms  
And you try to swallow the lump in your throat because  
you know that you won't be home for Christmas.

You have a magic lantern tree -- it doesn't smell of pine.  
Outside, thunder rumbles and lightening flares  
It isn't going to snow.  
And Christmas tree lights flash neon signs.

Dickens is being read in a slurring voice.  
You reach out to straighten the crooked Christ-child  
in his plastic manger  
And your favorite gift is a bikini that's too elegant  
to ruin by getting it wet.

On Christmas night, you go to a large noisy cocktail party.  
People are chatting about astrology, macrame, and  
existentialism.  
Thoughts of Christmases past echo in your heart  
and you quickly wipe away the silent tear that  
just escaped.

Barbara Leavitt



If the coming of spring  
Is the blooming of flowers  
How wonderful the colors  
And smells of the morning

If the coming of spring  
Is the beginning of life  
How fitting we should  
Meet and renew our love

If the coming of spring  
Is the greening of grass  
How soft the carpet  
For a lover's nest

If the coming of spring  
Is the earth reborn  
How bright a time  
To bring new life into the world.

--Michael Bayliss



### THE FINAL ACT

Yesterday grew tired of the long winter  
The sun's warm kisses melted surface snow  
Urging evening rain to wash pathways and hillsides.  
Throughout the night, Spring's promise was withdrawn  
As sub-zero temperatures regained supremacy.

The morning brought frosty patterns upon window panes.  
A warm hand placed midcenter  
Cleared a palm-shaped peephole  
To view winter's nightlong artistry.

Naked trees and telephone poles  
Had donned glittery see-through gowns;  
Wires and eaves wore dripping crystal jewels;  
Snowdrifts had been brushed with diamond dust;  
The sun's spotlight flickered o'er dancing prisms.

Winter's grand finale impressed forever  
All who came to see ----  
Aware she could not follow her own act  
She graciously surrendered tomorrow's roses  
Into the waiting arms of spring.

--Eileen LeMay

### Unfinished

sleep comes pushing  
heavily upon my eyelids  
causing my pen to  
stagger refusing to allow  
me to finish my poem

Becky Ryals

# THE BLUE GOAT

*Elyn Lampka*

*"Sara's mind was racing as fast as her heart was pounding. 'It's just a word that means goat,' she spoke as cautiously as possible. The panic she felt was barely audible in her voice."*

The fire ants, annoyed at their nest being disturbed, ran back and forth across Sara's hand. She never moved, oblivious to their sting. In a matter of minutes her whole arm was covered with ants moving in droves as their jaws opened and closed viciously about her flesh. Not even the bites of fire ants could disturb her now. Sara Jefferson was dead. It was the tenth day of January 1971. Her body was discovered, decomposed far beyond identification, forty days later by two men who had come to the banks of the Mississippi River to fish. Her clothing offered no clues except to the presumption that "Whoever she was, she was most likely a young girl." Her worldly possessions, turned over to the coroner, consisted of rubber flip-flops, frazzled blue jeans and a long sleeve flannel shirt. No one ever found the fine silver chain and the Zodiac sign Sara had worn from the day she was twelve years old.

If the investigators of the area where her body was located had looked over the bank into the water on a clear morning they would have seen the chain. One end was caught on the river embankment, the other end was waving back and forth with the movement of the water. It supported a tiny blue glass disk in the center of which was written the word "Capricorn."



*O*n Friday, January 10, 1970 as the big old yellow bus pulled in front of rural route box 247, the warning sign, "Stop, School Bus" raised into position. Sara grabbed her things from the floor board by her seat. Hurrying to the front she hollered back over her shoulder, "I'll see you later, Lorraine." Lorraine was her friend and had been since the first grade at Pressville Public School, Mississippi.

The bus grunted away as Sara ran to the mail box and opened it. It was empty. "I know Mom wouldn't forget my birthday," she assured herself, "Grandma must have picked up the mail. Guess she's afraid Mom might send me another one of those Ouija Boards. Especially since it disappeared so mysteriously from the top shelf in the cupboard where Grandmother placed it last January, after informing me "I won't have such an evil thing used in this house." I sure was stupid to tell her that spirits controlled the board."

She started up the long dirt road that led to the house.

"Grandma never found out that I took it last September and gave it to Lorraine and we use it every time I get to spend a weekend over at her house." Sara snickered, she was amused remembering how she and Lorraine would stay up half the night sometimes. Each of them trying to keep their faces straight as they pushed each others hands to the answers they wanted. Often both would giggle so hard they would fall on the floor and roll about. "As if any old Ouija Board could bring any old deamons around!"

A sharp turn in the road brought the house within Sara's view. She saw her Grandmother sitting on the dilapidated steps in front. She often sat there waiting for Sara to return from school. The house was a dingy gray. The paint, once white, had faded many years ago. The worn paper on the roof was beginning to let water drip in if the rain fell heavily. In sharp

contrast to the weary condition of the house itself, rows of bright flowers were planted on both sides of the steps. Grandmother Jefferson always found time to care for her flowers, in-between her chores. The garden out back, one rooster, and a dozen or so chickens.

As Sara drew nearer to the house she noticed her Grandmother was holding a small bouquet of flowers in her hand. "I know that she picked them for me. Grandma never forgets my birthday either." A flash of guilt at deceiving her Grandmother about the Ouija Board crossed Sara's heart. She dismissed it quickly. "What she doesn't know won't hurt her." She ran the rest of the way.

"Hi Grandms," Sara smiled as she accepted the flowers offered to her. She held them to her nose. "Em! They smell so good. Thank you so much," her voice muffled through the blossoms. Then bending over she kissed her Grandmother on the cheek.

"My goodness, child, you're dripping wet. Did you run all the way from the road?"

"No, I didn't run but I did walk mighty fast," Sara said as she stepped on one foot, then the other in rapid succession, without moving an inch away.

Grandmother Jefferson chuckled as she arose to her feet. "Come on, Sara, let's see what's waiting for you in the kitchen."

A small cake was placed in the center of the old wooden table. It was frosted white and the words "Happy Birthday, Sara" were formed out of cinnamon heart candies.

"Oh, Grandma. It's lovely, Sara exclaimed, "wait till Lorraine sees it. Is it chocolate?"

"Yes, child, it's chocolate. What time did Lorraine say her mother would bring her over?"

"They'll be here right after supper," Sara answered as she walked over to the sink. She pumped a basin full of water and proceeded to bathe her hands and face. As she groped for a towel, her eyes full of soap, she coyly inquired,

"By the way Grandma did you pick up the mail today. I checked the box and it was empty." She turned towards her Grandmother, her eyes still stinging from the soap.

Her Grandmother was smiling. "Yes, child, you got a package from your Mother, and it ain't another one of those Ouija Board things like she sent you last year. I'm sure glad of that!" She reached into her apron pocket and took out a small package. It was wrapped in a shiny blue foil paper. She handed it to Sara.

"I knew it! I knew it!," Sara exclaimed, "I knew my Mom wouldn't forget my birthday ever!" She carefully removed the wrapping until she held the little cardboard box that it had covered. Cupping it in her hand so that her Grandmother would not be able to see the contents, she lifted the box top and peeked in. There in the center of a white velvet like material lay a blue glass disk. The word "Capricorn" had been cut deep into the glass and then filled with molten silver. Sara released the disk from the box. The length of silver chain that had been concealed beneath the center of the box held it for a moment. Sara loosened it and when it was all free she held it towards her Grandmother.

Her Grandmother had been watching Sara carefully. "What in the world! What is it?," she asked as she accepted it into her hand.

Sara's heart began to pound. "What should I say," she asked herself, Ohhh! If I tell Grandma it's a Zodiac, then she'll want to know what a Zodiac is. . . and then she might start getting the same idea about it as she did about the Ouija Board." Sara's mind was racing as fast as her heart was pounding. "It's just a word that means 'goat'," she spoke as cautiously as possible. The panic she felt was barely audible in her voice.

"A goat. Whatever ever do you mean?" Grandmother Jefferson was completely bewildered.

"You remember, Grandma, how my Mom used to call me her little blue goat. You remember, grandma, how sometimes she would come visiting on my birthday and she always called me her little blue goat. I remember and I was real little then."

Grandmother Jefferson's face suddenly drew cold and blank. She remembered the visits. They had ceased when Sara was four years old. She remembered very well how her only child, Amy, born to her so late in life, had announced that she was pregnant at the early age of sixteen. One day she had come home from school with a note from the principal. It read, "Mrs. Jefferson, it is my opinion that due to your daughters condition she be expelled from further attendance at Pressville Public School." When questioned about the note Amy had shockingly announced her pregnancy. The words resounded in Grandmother Jefferson's ears as Sara waited in silence to see what would happen about the Zodiac.

Amy had shouted, "I don't give a damn, Mom, you hear me. I'm fed up with school anyway. And I'm sick of this worn out house in this God forsaken neck of the woods. Everything around here is falling apart. Nothing is ever fixed since my Daddy died."

She never revealed the name of the boy responsible. Instead she brazenly announced, "I don't even know which one got me this way. There were so many. I don't know and what's more I don't care. I don't care."

Drawn deep in the memory of those events Grandmother Jefferson's thoughts continued. Shortly after Sara was born Amy had left home for Portstown. Except for the few visits on Sara's birthdays when she was very young, no one knew of the whereabouts of Amy. The only communication from her for years was the package that arrived from Portstown each year around the twentieth of January.

This business about Amy calling Sara a blue

goat escaped any recollection by Granmother Jefferson, as Sara's voice probed its way into her ears. "Grandma, you remember don't you. What's the matter you look so sad?" Sara noticed that tears had welled in her Grandmother's eyes, "Why are you crying? Don't you want me to have my present from my Mom?," she added fearfully.

Grandmother Jefferson, suddenly aware of Sara's dilemma, answered "Nothing's the matter, child. Come over here and let me put your necklace on you." She wiped the tears from her eyes then she attempted to clasp the chain about Sara's throat. "Sara Jefferson, you stand still. How's Grandma ever gonna fix this on you, what with you wiggling all over the place."

"Please hurry," Sara pleaded, "I love it so. I love it so."

"Child, my eyes aren't like they used to be. Stay still!"

Finally the struggle was over. The chain was fastened securely. Sara put her fingers to her neck and felt the disk dangling there.

"Thank you, Grandma," she said as she darted out of the kitchen and headed for the mirror in the bathroom.

A strange word flashed back at her from her reflection. . . NROCIRPAC. . . It startled her for a moment and she stared incredibly at it. The suddenly realizing it was just a trick of the looking glass, she decoded the word. "CAPRICORN." She smiled wistfully. "I love it so. I'll never take it off," she promised solemnly.

It was after dark when Lorraine and her mother finally arrived at the Jeffersons. As it rounded the bend in the road the car lights flashed momentarily on the house. Then Sara heard the car shifting back and forth and the drone of the motor as it headed back to the main highway.

Lorraine was walking the rest of the way carrying a present for Sara in one hand and an

overnight bag in the other, when Sara ran out to meet her.

"My mother can't stop even for a minute," Lorraine stated, handing Sara the overnight bag. "She has a meeting at Pressville's City Hall. She said to wish you, a happy twelfth year and many more happy years to come. I can stay until tomorrow morning and then she's gonna pick me up. I told her I could catch the bus with you Monday morning," Lorraine rambled on, "But you know how mothers are." As the last sentence popped out of her busy mouth she wished she could bite her tongue off. Golly she thought, am I dumb. Everybody in Pressville knew Sara's mother had left her when she was just a baby. They knew that she hadn't been around for years and that Sara never had a father.

Sara caught the expression on Lorraine's face.

Sara had come to recognize this look of pity. She had seen it often enough on the faces of some of her classmates. Many times she had overheard them talk about, "Sara Jefferson is the poorest girl in the school. She hardly ever has on new clothes." When she did have something different on, "It was once mine or I recognize those shoes. My mother had the heels replaced before she put them in the school's charity box. I know they were mine I stubbed that right toe kicking stones all the way home from school many a day and it sure looks it." Sometimes the pitiful voices were dropped and laughter would take place instead. Sara always pretended not to hear anything that was said.

She had never seen this look before on Lorraine's face. That was why as soon as they entered the house, Sara stood to one side of the kerosene lantern that was attached to the wall just inside the door.

"Look at this." She pointed to the nape of her neck. The Zodiac sparkled in the light of the lamp.

"It's beautiful!" Lorraine remarked, "Just beautiful! What a coincidence. Guess what I brought you tonight. Her voice lowered to a whisper, "I brought you a Horoscope book." Sara looked at the box Lorraine was holding, quizzedly.

"No, no that is another present. I figured you wouldn't want your Grandmother to know about the book. It's in with my things," she said, pointing to the bag Sara was still holding in her hand.

Sara shook her head in agreement. Then she walked into her bedroom and put the satchel on the quilted spread. A patch her grandmother had recently sewn on the coverlette caught Sara's eye. The stitches sure were large, she thought, Grandma's eyes are really getting bad.

Another feeling of deception flashed away as she turned back towards Lorraine. They smiled at each other and walked hand-in-hand to the kitchen where Grandmother Jefferson had been busy preparing hot cocoa for them.

As the girls took their places at the table, Grandmother Jefferson started the traditional "Happy Birthday Song." Lorraine's voice joined in forming a duet. "Happy birthday, dear, Sara. Happy birthday to you."

Before blowing out the single candle that glowed in the middle of the cake, Sara shut her eyes to make a wish, "Oh, Mom, I wish you will be with me next year on my birthday." She wished with all her heart.

Then Sara opened the box Lorraine had brought for the party. She noticed it had been resealed. It was a Jig-saw puzzle. Probably one Lorraine had done over and over. It could be worked quickly.

"Thank you Lorraine," Sara said cognitively.

"I thought perhaps, Grandmother Jefferson, you would let us stay up tonight to piece

this together." Lorraine had planned this move as she knew they would need light to read the book. She knew that lamps were not allowed in the bedrooms.

"Well, I guess it will be alright. But don't stay up too late, children. Remember what the good Lord said, "There are twelve hours in the day and if you walk in the day you won't stumble."

That evening after Grandmother Jefferson was sound asleep Sara and Lorraine sat up whispering and giggling. The puzzle was finished on the table hours ago and the Astrology book was making its predictions.

As the morning drew near Sara and Lorraine both were catching each others' yawns.

"Let's see if the stars still can be seen," Lorraine suggested.

"Un huh, I need a breath of fresh air," Sara agreed.

They crept past Grandmother Jefferson's bedroom. She was snoring and little whistles could be heard between the snorts. The girls walked quickly by, making their way out the front door. They laid down on the ground beside one another near the steps. The stars were barely visible now in the approaching dawn.

"Just think," Lorraine spoke mysteriously, "how our whole lives are governed by those dimming lights in the sky."

"It's unbelievable," Sara stated, "Shut your eyes a minute." Lorraine obliged.

"Let's see if we can imagine the stars grouped together in the form of a goat," Sara suggested.

"Yes, I can." Lorraine spoke softly, a yawn stretched the words apart as they made their way from her lips.

Sara's imagination ran wild with her eyes shut.

She saw a dark blue sky. The word

"Capricorn" blazed together out of a galaxy of stars.

Lorraine's voice completely faded.

Soon both girls lay sound asleep by the stairs.

Grandmother Jefferson arose quickly out of bed at the sound of the rooster. As she passed Sara's room on her way for a cup of tea, it was too dark to see inside. The morning light was just beginning to brighten the kitchen from the eastern window. She sat at the table waiting for the water to come to a boil. The Jig-saw puzzle was complete. But the picture it offered was undiscernable to Grandmother Jefferson's failing sight. Then she noticed the book. "Wonder what this is," she asked herself. The morning light was stronger in the room by the time the tea pot whistled. She removed it from the stove quickly so as not to disturb the youngsters. She took a pinch of tea from her cupboard and poured the hot water on top of it in her cup. As she sat back down at the table to drink the brew the book again caught her attention. Rummaging through the pages she was unable to read the small printed words, but she didn't like the pictures that were scattered throughout. They were strange looking. "I don't know what in the world this book is. But I know one thing, it's nothing I want Sara looking at." She took the book to the stove and threw it in. "There's only one thing I can think of for such trash. It'll make good kindling."

As the rooster crowed again Grandmother Jefferson set out to do her chores.

She didn't see the feet that tripped her as she stepped off the last porch step and onto the ground. She went tumbling down.

"Grandma! Grandma! What happened?" Sara's voice was panicky.

"I fell over something, child, I think I've broken my bones. I can't get up."

"Oh, Grandma," Sara wailed, "I'll get help."

*O*n Thursday, January 9th, 1971 the Trailway bus terminal at Pressville, Mississippi was completely deserted except for Sara and the ticket agent. Sara had been waiting for the bus since early morning. It had been due to arrive an hour before. "It ought to be along any minute now," the ticket agent said informatively. "The bus never ran this late before to my knowledge." He had been carrying on a one sided conversation with this young girl ever since she stepped into the station to purchase a one way ticket to Portsmouth. He thought at first glance she would be cold, dressed the way she was. In a flannel shirt, blue jeans and nothing but flip flops on her feet. But as he watched her sitting there on the waiting bench, he could see she was warm enough. "She sure isn't much of a talker though," he thought.

Sara had been listening for the bus and never heard the man speak at all. She had been going over the past year's events in her mind.

"Your Grandmother has glaucoma, young lady," the doctor had said. "She is in a stage beyond any medical help. I believe it won't be long before she is totally blind. The broken hip bone will need extensive care, perhaps a pin will have to be inserted. But I want to wait a while to see if this will be necessary."

Sara had moved in with Lorraine and her family after her Grandmother's fall. At first, except for her concern for her Grandma's welfare, it had been good, moving in a nice home with a complete family, but as time had passed she became more and more aware she was an intruder.

Lorraine's mother had started almost immediately complaining. "It is trying for me having Sara with us. Just planning meals is a problem. You know when a number so and so can was sufficient for our family now I have to open an extra this or that and then I have to figure on using the left overs and so forth." She

made it sound like a national tragedy to any visitor that happened by.

But the worst of all was over hearing a group of girls that were gathered in the school laboratory one day. "It sure is a pain having Sara staying at my house," Lorraine was telling them. "I can hardly wait for her to take the trip her horoscope mentioned she would be taking. The only trip I know of is the one her Grandmother took to the hospital. What a day that was. My mother arrived just after she fell over Sara's feet last January. We had to spend the whole day waiting in the hospital to find out how badly she



was hurt. My mother has complained ever since. She has a busy enough schedule without being involved in this mess, she informs me. My Home Sweet Home is sure sour now."

One girl remarked, "You'd just better hope she doesn't get into the same jam her mother did or you'll be sharing your home with another little bastard." That started the bunch laughing as hard as they could.

From that day on Sara started saving every penny she could. She asked all the visitors at Lorraine's house if they needed any house work done. Many used her on weekends to clean their houses. Paying her minimal amounts of

money.

It had taken a long time to save enough for the ticket she held in her hand. She held it tightly as she heard the bus approaching.

"Here comes your bus, young lady." She ran out of the station shouting a thank you, sir, to the ticket agent.

The bus was empty except for the driver and the two men dressed in Navy uniforms.

"Hey, man, look what just blew in out of nowhere," one said to the other.

The other man's voice was deeper, "Keep your seat, buddy, that is jail bait for sure."

"Yeah, you're right."

They sat in the middle of the bus. Sara sat close to the driver, She was exhausted. She shut her eyes to rest them. A galaxy of stars once again formed into the word "Capricorn." This same occurrence had happened many times since her birthday last year. She touched the disk about her neck. "I know my Mom will come back with me to Pressville when I tell her about Grandma's accident. We'll take care of her together," she told herself. Then she fell asleep.

She was awakened abruptly by the shout of one of the sailors behind her.

"There, there right by that sign."

Looking out of the window Sara saw he was speaking about a large road advertisement. "STAY at the GRAND HOTEL in Portsmouth."

"Right behind that sign is the best fishing spot on the Mississippi river," the sailor continued, "No one knows about it but my folks. It's so secluded you have to bring a truck along to take your catch back in. Me and my Dad used to fish there every spring. We caught the biggest catfish you ever saw right there. And I've never seen another soul in the area."

"Ha Ha, buddy, we'll get out here and do some fishing next spring. That is after we get through fishing for the skirts in Portsmouth,"

the one with the deep voice agreed.

They lowered their voices to whispers.

It was a matter of twenty minutes or so before they entered the city limits. Sara had not dozed off again. She had been thinking. It was like a miracle that she had found the telephone book with a Portsmouth listing in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Westing while she was dusting in their foyer, just two days before Christmas. She had done Mrs. Westing's housework and had never picked up the book to look inside before. Something compelled her to do so that day and there on the page under Jeffersons' was the name Amy, 132 James Street. Since then she could hardly wait to make the trip she had planned, she figured by January she would have enough to buy her ticket. "The wish that I made last year will come true. I'll be with my Mom on January 10, 1971.

The bus slowed to the city traffic signs. It seemed like ages before they arrived at the terminal. As she got off the bus the younger man gave a big smile to the other fellow, referring to Sara he said, "That may be jail bait but you know it might almost be worth it.

Sara hurried inside the station. "Would you happen to know where this address is," she asked the man behind the counter.

"Not for sure," he replied, "But there on the wall is a city map. This is Broad Street. I think you passed James Street about forty blocks back, if you just got off that bus."

After studying the map she knew he was right. She was lucky, she told herself, that she had just enough change to buy a cup of coffee and a chocolate candy bar in the vending machine before she started walking to her mother's residence.

As she walked along, the sailors seemed to swarm all over the place. She noticed there were not very many women in the whole town. "At least if there were women in Portsmouth,"

she told herself, "they sure kept out of sight. She hurried to reach her destination, counting the blocks as she went along.

The sun lowering on her back made her aware that the day was almost coming to an end.

One of the houses on James Street stood out from the others. On both sides of the front steps were rows of black-eyed Susans, violets and pink and white Cherokee roses, just like Grandmother Jefferson had by her front steps. Without even looking at the house number Sara knew that she had come to 132 James Street.

She almost ran up the steps when she stopped dead. Two sailors were about to leave the house. A young woman who looked very much like Sara was swearing after them, "Listen, dammit you two, the price has gone up and next trip you'd better come prepared. I'm not running any boy scout club you know."

The men laughed and called back over their shoulders, "Oh, come on now, Amy, you know you'd do it for nothing. Money is just secondary with you."

She joined their laughter before going back into the house.

Sara stood stunned for a minute. She wanted to run but she knew she had nowhere to go. She walked slowly to the end of the street and sat down beneath a tree that hung heavily with Spanish Moss. She sat there all evening and watched the sailors come and go into her mother's house. All through the night she watched the house. She watched as they entered, some without even knocking. At dawn, the street was quiet until a man in a truck drove up to the house. He got out his tools and started trimming the lawn and weeding between the flowers. There weren't any more visitors and the gardener was gone when Sara finally got up from beneath the tree and walked to the door where she entered without notice.

It was very still inside. Half empty bottles of whiskey and filled ashtrays were barely visible in the dimly shaded living room. Down the hall she could hear heavy breathing. She made her way to the sound.

There in the bedroom she could make out the form of her mother sleeping in a flimsy nightgown. The light from the connecting room shone on her like a spotlight.

Interrupted by the drip, drip, drip of water, Sara followed it into the bathroom where the light emanated. She tightened the faucet, beside which stood an open jar of pills on the sink top. Picking up the bottle she read "Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription. . . Take one tablet before retiring." The bottle was full. Sara slipped the bottle into her flannel shirt pocket and walked out of the bathroom, passed her mother, who was still lying sound asleep on the bed.

Sara walked out of the front door and back down the street to Broad Street. She walked slowly all day long until she passed the city limit sign on the highway. It was late evening when she came to the advertisement by the road. "Stay at the Grand Hotel in Portsmouth." She walked off the main road and down the path that led to the river the men on the bus had talked about.

The water was cool as she cupped it into her hand and to her mouth. She took every pill that was in the bottle and when it was empty she tossed it into the water. It floated away. Reaching to her neck she unclasped the silver chain. She dropped it and the Zodiac disk into the river. It was invisible in the darkness. "What Grandma doesn't know won't hurt her," she told herself as she lay down on the mound by the side of the river.

A galaxy of stars blazing in the dark blue sky formed a goat. . . it dispersed in the abaiser of eternity. 🐐

# we're alike

*Joel Rosenfeld*

As I was pushing beer cans across the lawn, I noticed a crew of men next door. Silently, I moved over to the area and questioned their intent.

"We're here to build a superstructure. Twice as big as the Empire State. A marvel to even 'Stilts' Magee."

"But this is a one story residential zoned area. You can't do this."

"Well son," (my father?) they replied "Our boss who shall be nameless, has over 1,000,000,000,000,020,000,000,000 dollars."

"Is that why?"

"Huh!"

Another ten seconds and no looks at all passed and machines and men were everywhere.

I was afraid to ask another question so I simply went home and slept.

Came the next morning and up I got to see if all was true. Instead, I was on the 1250th floor of a superstructure. Twice as big as the Empire State. A marvel to even "Stilts" magee.

I coughed several times and even snorkled once. The altitude was too high for me. I went to the elevator but it didn't work, at least

that's what the sign said. So I climbed on the banister and rolled down the 2,500 floors or so. The most horrifying thing I could ever have imagined happened. I landed in the basement of the establishment.

## CHAPTER II

So I went outside to see if everything else was there.

A crowd of people across the street has just elected a President Punch to be the Ruler of Whole, the person ever, the greatest Pupe of them all. Then all five of them got in one bus and drove off into the dust.

A man came walking by with pigeons hanging on him. He carried one of those sandwich sings. I circled the man for ten blocks until I finished reading. Said one sign hello, the other said peace.

He continued to walk until he reached a phone booth. He entered, then left with only a paper bag over his head. And with a Hiho Silver he jumped on a roach, dug in his spurs and rode away.

Where am I? What am I doing here?

"I know the answers," said the nigger of the dark. "Come closer

and I'll give them to you."

I declined the offer and left in a hurry.

I was ready to follow when along came my cousin Adam. A lousy story does he possess. He once met a pirate a long time ago. They scurried through back alleys until they came to a vessel. The biggest he had ever seen. Climbing aboard they prepared to sail. Up 5th avenue and then down boardwalk until they turned on to main street.

The pirate in them eyed conquest. First a tuna boat, and then Queen Mary. The wind died down when they reached an island. The gates were closed but with a broadside from starboard they continued through. Raping the land like it had been done once before, they plundered and pillaged while people watched in disbelief.

Who could be so cruel, so vile, so filth!

So in that day he betrayed his soul like an empty garbage pail.

I said hello to this relative of mine. He gestured like he knew me and said goodbye. Wait up. I'd sure like to talk to you I said. He turned then stopped and gave me a smirk.

"Put it on and leave me alone you jerk."

So on it went and so did I.

As I grew older, life got even harder for me. I could never remember which sock to put on first or which hand I should shake others with. Then one day I met this fly.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing," replied the fly.

Again I asked, but came the same reply. I jumped up from my bed to take a much closer look. "Did you really talk," I think I asked aloud.

The fly buzzed around my head.

I sat back down to take my pulse. At the time it didn't matter that I never learned how. The fly spoke again, only now inquiring about the location of a Howard Johnson. The time had come, I thought right then, that I was ready for insanity.

"I'm crazy, I'm crazy, there's no doubt about it," I mumbled.

Too bad though, the fly got bored and left the room.

"The fly!" I screamed as I chased it into a backyard. I ran so fast that I stumbled on some ground and fell in a mailbox.

Before I could move, the mailman appeared from under the

horizon and emptied me into his sack. After several days I found myself waiting in the mailbox of a person from Tennessee. First he took a picture of me with a superjaculated hydramatic photo camera so no one would forget and then he helped me out. No postage due.

I continued like this for quite some time until one night, when the nigger of the dark kicked me out.

I needed a new place to stay, so I searched high, low, and even inbetween, depending on the mood I was in.

### CHAPTER 3

The reason he kicked me out is because I was pregnant. Pregnant and paranoid and no place to stay. What luck. I added to my scavenger hunt a mother, so my kid could have a name. I kept looking until one day at the corner of Bill Scharz's Bar and Grill I saw this girl or was it a water buffalo. I wasn't exactly sure so we went inside and drank, and drank, and drank. . .

Several month later I woke up with two boys at my side. One named His the other His too. At least the water buffalo gave them names.

### CHAPTER 2.5 x 2

The other day, His and a friend of his', went to eat at one of those

hamburger places. His friend insisted on paying and gave them a stolen credit card which they refused to accept. This gravely angered his' friend who pulled out a gun and shot the Burger King, or was it some clown named Ronald.

Suddenly, all the burgers, fries, and milkshakes got up and yelled that they were finally free. They jumped over the counter, shook the hand of his' friend, kicked the dead body, and walked out the door.

Well, the story continues because the people eating there also got up and followed the food. More people joined from buildings near by. A parade formed and walked down each street. It was a nice affair but what of all those ants that get stepped on?

I strolled behind the parade passing dead bodies right and left. Up ahead I saw this lady put a bandage on an insect. It died of suffocation.

I turned down a side street never really being crazy about death. A man was standing there.

"Hey Kid, you got any money?"

"Well. I don't have a checking account so I usually carry around copies of National Geographic."

"You'd better give me money."

I realized the intention of his threat. My adversary was 4'2" tall and must have weighed 50 pounds.

"My eyes are blue, my hair is gray. If you don't give me your

money you'd better pray."

"A poet! I heard the rhyme you said that time. Continue please."

"It's Tuesday I would say. Can you see my pretty knee?"

"That's it! You said it! The line which describes life on this egg."

"Do you really think so?"

"Who needs to think. The answer's so obvious. Can't you see. You must if you said it."

"Well — I know what I say but it's not good to listen."

"That's it again! You do know the answer."

"And it doesn't even help me so what else can I do, except take people's money like Rubin Hood."

"Ecstasy, this is pure heaven. To meet someone like me."

"Hold it right there, we've gone too far."

"You're right, I agree."

"Now about the money you want from me."

"No, forget it. I'm sorry I asked."

"I wouldn't have given it to you anyway."

"I know, nobody gives away anything these days."

### CHAPTER FOUR

"Where's my boys," I asked at the dinner table.

"Watching T.V. — It's time for Captain Cadet and us space cadets must always watch, for you never know who's watching us."

"Now listen His Too. Christmas is coming soon so you'd better be nice."

"I want a fire truck, a cowboy hat, seven baseball bats, all the comic books in the world, and four women."

"And you His?"

"MONEY! I WANT MONEY! Money, money, and more money. Power, strength. EVERYTHING."

"I sat back in my favorite chair just wondering what I did wrong. I never hurt nobody bad or anything. Why am I being punished like this?" I didn't mean that. They're my children. my blood, my kin. Then I heard the T.V. —

". . . just send in 10 cents a week for the rest of your natural lives and I'll send you this picture of me blasting into the sunset. I'm sorry to say but my signature's not on it. It seems some of you Rangerettes were talented enough to copy my name on a couple of checks. Tune in tomorrow when the program starts at 8 a.m. and ends at 4:00 next Tuesday eve. A special show for special heads."

I remembered that this morning I had shut off the electricity so nothing would work. I was going to wonder about it but then I remembered that bad things happen when I ask questions.

"Knock, Knock," went the door and I said, "hello." It was the nigger of the dark and the water buffalo.

I kissed them both (just a peck for the buffalo) and invited them in to stay. 🐾

## UFOLy

They zig and they zag their aerial scrimmage  
Just leaving behind a retinal image  
Impressed on the eyes of wary men  
Who perceive only echoes of where they have been.  
With landings filled with sheer dramatics;  
Photographers snapping their Instamatics,  
And pictures are seeking their alien brother  
But end up catching the forms of each other!  
We've chased them and raced them and watched them on scopes  
At war with our minds and afraid of our hopes.  
For Darwin and genesis are nebulous props  
With potential rebuttals astride the tree-tops.  
Just what was that rotating, star-flashing disc?  
Imagery's child or a will-o-the-wisp?  
So they come and they go, but never stay long,  
Apparently fearing this tribal-war throng.  
How long will they fly throughout cosmic spaces  
From quasared wombs and along pulsar traces?  
For as long as we quote that: WE ARE UNIQUE!  
And little green men are fantasy's freaks.

--Bunny Dec



John V. Caspanello

## Tales in the Clouds

The puffy white clouds  
In the blue of the sky  
Told a story in motion  
As they floated by.  
They formed an old lady  
Who seemed to be knitting,  
The stitches into  
A large lacy mitten,  
Then blankets and bonnets  
And boots she would knit  
And she seemed to be rocking  
While there she did sit  
In her vague fluffy chair  
So high in the blue,  
A-rocking and knitting  
As women will do  
Till the paws in the wind  
Of a phantom-like kitten  
Unraveled the lady  
And all of her knitten.

--Elyn Lampka





## LIVE BUT NOT LIVING

Once there was a lady,  
in a town not far away --  
she walked among the flowers --  
to watch the children play.

She watched them from the shadows  
in the shadows, where she'd hide --  
and all the love she longed to give  
was locked away inside.

Locked away in shadows,  
in the shadows of her mind --  
and yet, she watched the children play,  
to see the joy they'd find.  
--But always, from the shadows.

She liked to watch the flowers grow --  
to see the snow flakes fall,  
and when in Spring, the flowers bloomed  
she walked among them all.

And in the sunlight of the day --  
she'd bid the shadows, "go away --  
today will be a loving day."

And all her life she longed to live --  
the love she had, she longed to give --  
Each day she prayed that she might live,  
but no one taught her how to give,  
and all her love stayed locked inside.

When she died, -- no one cried;  
For no one knew she lived.

Liz '75



Running at the mouth

I couldn't tell what was said,  
But she said it with such spirit,  
That I felt good about pretending to listen.

--David Westcott

A Poet

One day a poet said to me  
"For me to write, I must watch the rain."  
Considering we lived on the Sahara, I said,  
"Then you must not write very much."  
"Au Contraire," replied he, "I  
simply turn on the shower and Instant Inspiration."

-- Becky Ryals



ALLOW MY ESCAPE

Joining the ranks of non-existants,  
Who inhabit everything I detest  
I feel I must turn away  
For fear of being consumed.  
Running in protest,  
I am chased by Nelson R.  
And his band of crude, black pygmies,  
Who dress themselves in silver-gray symbols  
And eat opportunity at every meal.

Pressure mounts with economic insanity;  
Losing waves of humanism to paved potential,  
As screams, soul turning  
Emerge from deathly dark routine.

Only saving weekends of brainless existence,  
Filled by early-morning fog-hangovers.  
And late-afternoon football blues,  
Will bring me to where  
Everything is lost.

--David Westcott





It's so devilishly difficult to step out of a world  
in which I am constantly doing

doing  
doing . . . . .

constantly pursuing  
self-set obligations that somehow never end.

To step from this provided for insanity,

this sponge me up world  
that drips of ripened fruit and says

"eat"

--David Novak

#### Deception

The deceiver tied his knots of lies  
Linking together an extended rope  
With fabricated twists and kinks  
Soon to become a sinuous snake  
Slithering round the legs of truth  
Strangling the last breath of reality.

-- Robert Costa

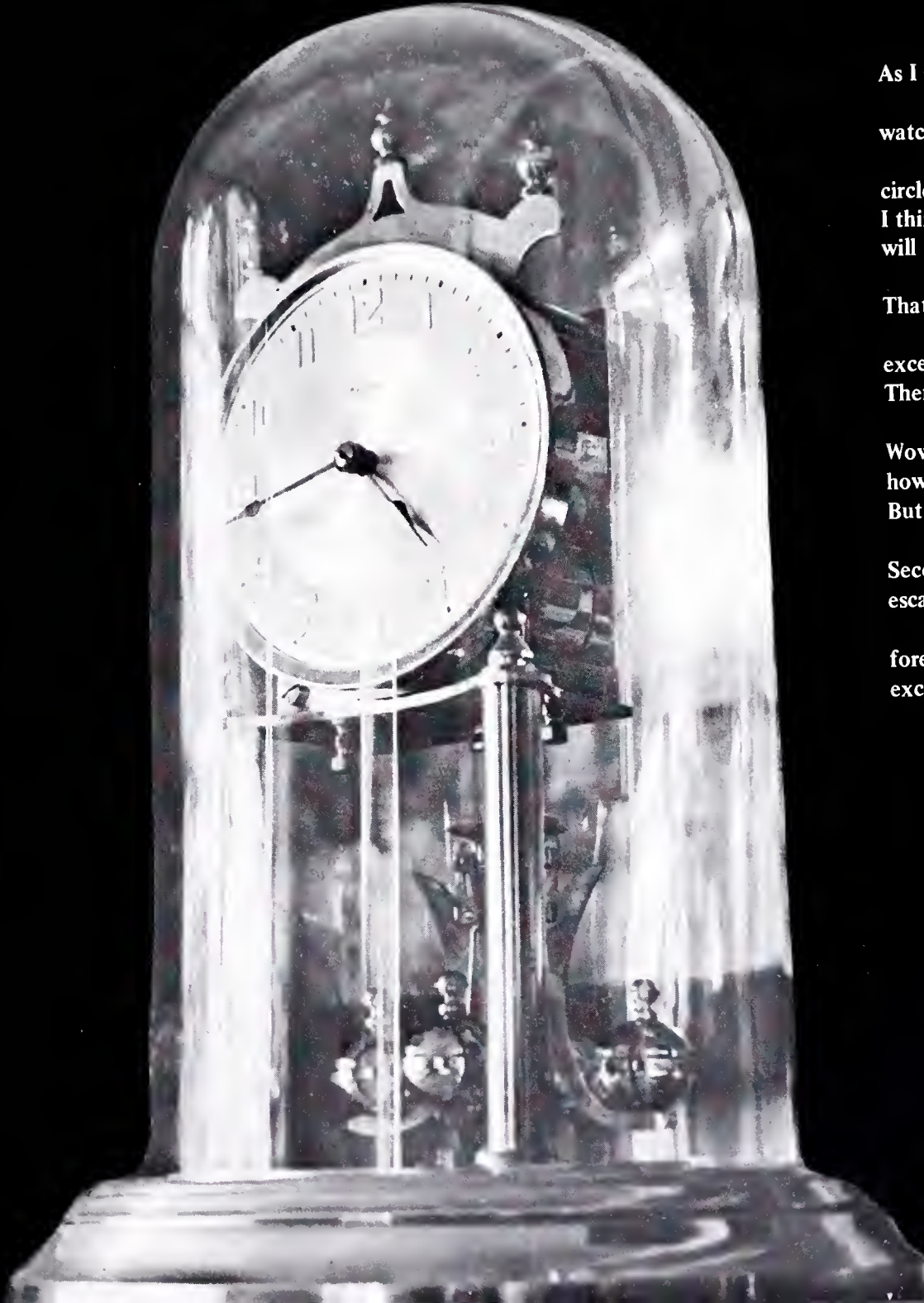
setting the spyglass on the mahogany sideboard  
she kindled the oil lamp  
breathing the flickering light to life with an unuttered prayer.  
squinting toward the violet horizon  
she whispered, "O please let it be the 'Damon',"  
and turning away, she followed the path  
in the patterned rug her mother and grandmother  
had traced; waiting with the same restless feet.  
twilight had deepened into night  
and so she sat in her rocker -  
silenced its creaking and embroidered -  
her mind traveling on the waves  
searching in the starlight for her beloved's ship.

-- Jan Jorgensen

#### NUMBER FOUR

Beneath the cloak of darkness  
I anticipate your arrival.  
Oh please, be not long in coming.  
Patiently I have waited each of  
these past three nights  
and now I am so very anxious  
that you come.  
Longingly, quietly, I have waited.  
I've tried, but cannot understand  
why you did not come.  
Oh please, please do not make  
me spend another night without you  
No, I don't think I could bear that --  
no indeed, I could not bear that  
The hour is late,  
Why have you not come?  
Please be merciful, have pity on me,  
Please come to me tonight  
I've begun to think you will  
disappoint me once again  
But why?  
I know not.  
Oh, sleep --  
please come tonight!

-- Liz



As I sit in anticipation  
of tonight  
watching the minute hand  
s l o w l y  
circle the face of the clock,  
I think -  
will tonight never come?  
yet tomorrow I'll think,  
That was yesterday,  
never more to be alive  
except as a cloudy memory.  
Then, in ten years  
I'll reflect,  
Wow! That long ago?  
how time flies -- except when watched.  
But -- listen to time  
on your watch.  
Seconds fly by as if winged,  
escaping to rest in yesterday,  
clouded like the memories.  
forever gone  
except if you watch it  
for, time goes on forever . . .

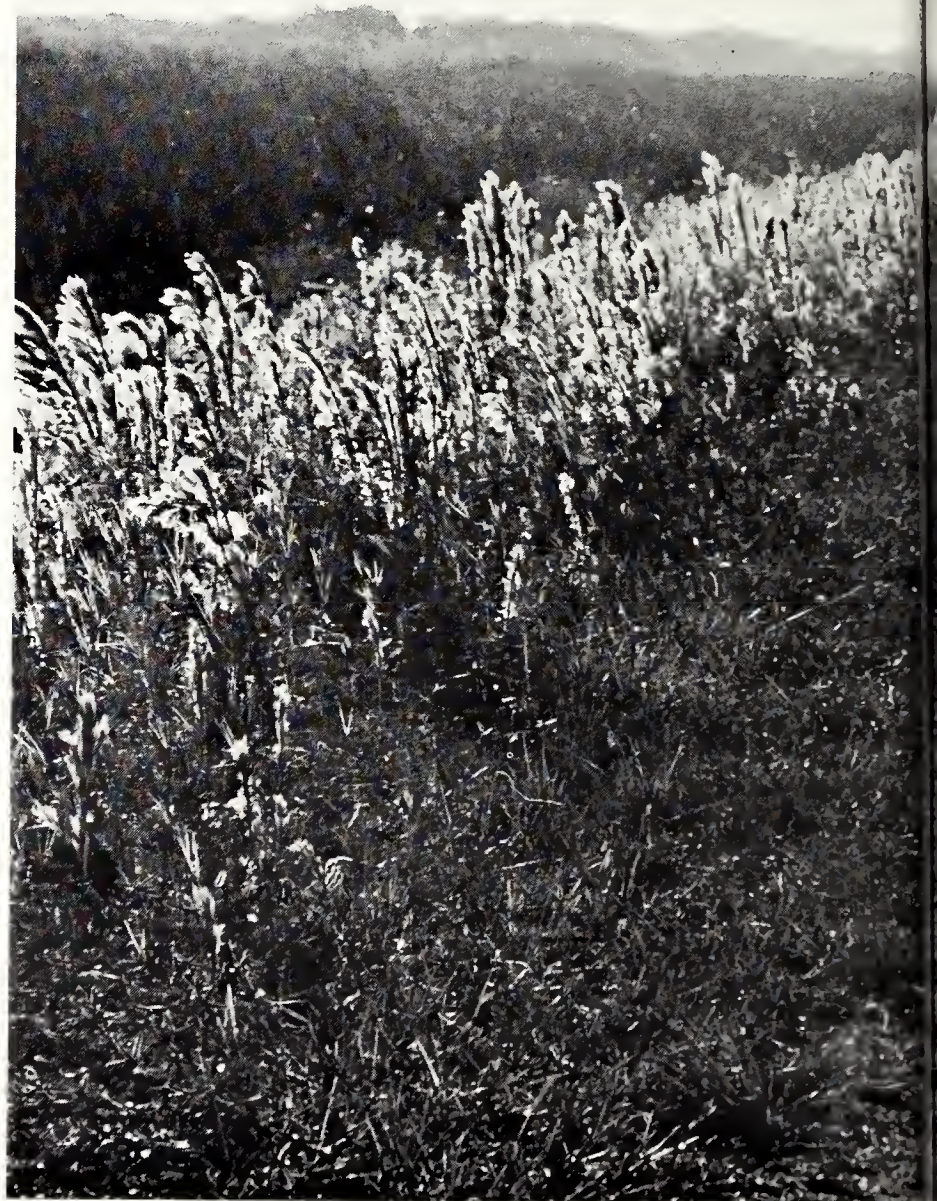
--Becky Ryals



Edwina Jaffe



Mickey Tidwell







Mickey Tidwell



Edwina Jaffe



Edwina Jaffe

in Maalot the schoolhouse bell tolls

and he suffers with a few others  
far away  
who lonely  
wall the empty crowded streets  
weeping internal tears . . .  
quietly he picks up an arm  
it lies alone  
near a fallen wall -  
"Jericho" flashed through his mind  
"but no, that was different -  
the booming that brought  
down those walls were trumpets  
and the voices of men -  
now it is the sound  
of skillfully wrought devices  
crying with inhuman tones  
as they rumble asunder  
the walls  
and splatter people  
against that which is not moved"  
he whispered to the listless air  
"and yet, it is not so different."  
gently he placed the arm  
on a door lying solitary  
in a field of singed grass.

--Jan Jorgensen

more than a forgotten christ

weary from a sleepless night  
sharp pain fading into ache -  
as hateful faces taunt  
and crowd, careful hands surround  
him with a kingly cloak  
-not a mother's meticulous gesture of love  
but measured movements etching deeply  
man's skillful cruelty.  
words splattering into his face  
he's led away with noise and anger  
to be hung  
like a coat flung on a stand,  
forgotten; a mirror on a wall.

i see Him as he stands, even now,  
outside the city of Jerusalem -- arms reaching out  
as He quietly mourns over His beloved people

His tears burn in my eyes and His choked words  
rise, with overtones of bewilderment,  
from the depths of my tightening stomach

"My people, how I long to gather you  
in my arms . . . but you would not have it,"  
the passion still sounding in the anguish-filled words.

but the words are very nearly left unheard  
for the wind carries them through a crowd of aching individuals  
who hear only echoes of their own angered grief.

ENDINGS, BEGINNINGS, ENDINGS

At times everything  
looks so beautiful . . .  
I look at stranger's on the street  
and they smile at me --  
I smell the most delicate scents  
in the air . . .  
birds seem to be flying  
in musical patterns --  
And I love this earth so  
It's almost as if  
I can't bear to see any of it end!

Have there been too many endings, beginnings, endings  
in my life --  
Are we born with a limit  
to the endings we can endure . . .

nothing lasts long enough

can  
I  
last  
the  
night?

-Edwina Jaffe



STORM

We curl up -- in the center of nothingness  
cocooned  
against the cacophony  
by layers of trepidation -- false courage  
hauling in all our sensory antennae  
unplugging the cords of our ties to danger  
we tensely poise  
in the strobe-light of nature's fury  
extremely attentive  
to the high-voltage visitor  
stilting around our dwelling  
banging -- banging -- banging  
at the doors and windows of our nerves  
breathe softly  
go away go away go away  
pray  
until the noisy intruder  
leaves

-Bunny Dec

# UNTITLED

HIGH----OHHH, Master

crack your mighty whip  
spit threats at me-  
demand-

I justify my position  
in your life!

Roll your love words  
like peanuts

to a hungry monkey

Amuse yourself--

pour shaved ice upon my parched lips

telling me I have no thirst, I have no thirst

Until I scream----YOU'RE RIGHT, YOU'RE RIGHT-----

YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT

just leave me to the darkness

drowning in fright . . .

When I wake naked --

before the guard arrives

stroke my wounds and like magic-----

a smile will cross my heart,

I promise I'll never leave you

I promise I'll never leave you . . .

the words I never say but know

you beg to hear.

When daylight strikes your ego

i'm but a shadow again.

A shadow of a moment spent --

Indulged in a woman's charms

Do you know how silly you look

putting your armor on -----

while I lie whispering in a little girl's cry -----

I'll never harm you

I'll never harm you!

OH WHY? WHY? Why do you play that part --

the role they told

as SAFE and STRONG . . . a man's way

only a man's way -----

did you ever think

They might have been wrong?

but ----- , little boys don't pet kittens

i learned to love that way

when tiny claws

scratched my arms

i learned and loved --

for what it was . . . and it was to me!

I'll never harm you, I'll never harm you -----

DON'T LOCK ME BEHIND THIS DEADLY GATE,

you shut yourself away,

what remains is a wild animal

fighting down bars--

clawing frantically--

fear begging me to run for my life . . . run for the day's left . . .

the years not spent

But a small girl, stroking a kitten remains!

SO YOU'VE THROWN OPEN THE GATE -----TOLD ME TO WALK FREE!

I purr at your feet

beg your love in return

but you look the other way

I CAN SEE THE LONGING LORD AND MASTER I CAN SEE THE LONGING.

you've retired your role

but forever----I guess forever-----

you'll cry a broken whip-----

and I cry I cry . . .

because a caged animal can be released

but a wounded Master

sits chained

--Edwina Jaffee



she walked through a corridor of empty eyes  
clothed in all the beauty she possessed -  
rainbowed dreams and thunderclouds convictions

but i tell you all they noticed were her muddy feet.

-Jan Jorgensen

# lion hearted son

You walk away from your office  
where you've been mending  
wounded spirits;  
so you say; and drying tears,  
And into the house you bought so long  
ago.

your dreams from yesterday  
are watching children dancing  
through the doorway  
stumbling past and over you  
while an eye I know well  
yearns for a childhood of its own

And you want for your lion hearted son--  
the little one who's embraced by the  
cluster of noise and thrust about toys on the  
floor--  
you want for him something more . . .  
And I lie alone in this empty room  
wondering what more means.

--Maureen Martindale



Mike Woodall

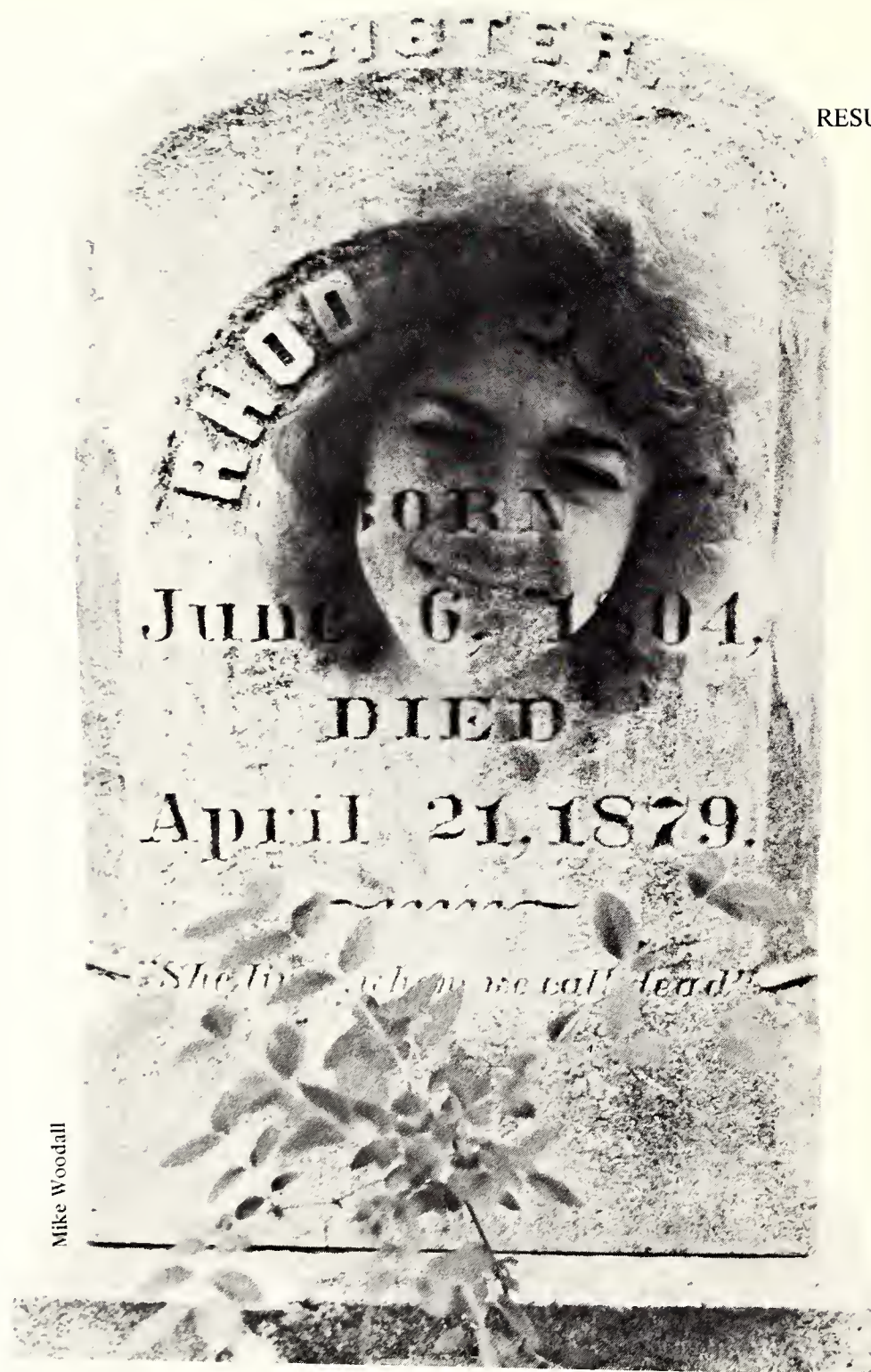
If I knew where you were coming from  
I'd meet you maybe half way  
because your clandestine come-ons are so strong  
that I get a sick stomach-kind of strung out  
on emperin pills  
I took so you'd come save me  
of course you chose to save yourself instead  
I'm not ashamed  
of what I've done to be near you  
something  
you may someday understand  
I was loving you  
with every word, every move and smile  
I brought all of me out for you  
yes, I held on  
tight as if it were the hand of God  
I was honest with you  
as if yours was the ear of the sea in a shell  
never to come out for anyone else to hear  
it was one hell of a complicated need for me  
  
and now you pretend that you're the one without the needs  
really all you've got to build with  
are bricks  
like the hard hats  
who cheered as we came falling out of the hotel windows in 1968  
"get the kids  
kill the kids"  
show the kid how you respond to her affection  
then put the slabs of brick together and make another well  
at whoever's expense  
expense  
of telephone conversations  
and professional visits  
which took the fragile lady . . . you knew I was fragile, you bastard . . .  
    "listen lady  
    listen lady  
    Listen to me"  
. . . and broke her into pieces which lie upon the floor  
in the middle of the night



Becky Ryals

howling  
hating  
hurting  
longing  
listening to the loneliness  
and you claim you sell empathy  
at fifty bucks for fifty minutes  
have you earned any empathy  
from your whole sweltered, sheltered intellectual life

--Maureen Martindale



## RESURRECTION

You cannot wish

For death and

Having your wish fulfilled

Change your mind

--Michael Bayliss

Baffled and confused  
by relationships  
that drove me to fightful compliance  
and in the flash of a moment  
back into a bull-headed, self-centered existence!

I guess I died one day,  
out on that prairie  
of lonesome animal cries.  
I cried and screamed  
and then I died and woke up . . .

When I woke up  
I loved them,  
I saw them -- the same as me.

--Edwina Jaffee

Mike Woodall





*The Roots  
of the Hill  
go Deep —*

The holy trees, the mighty seas, the gulls in flight  
are calling,  
Above the clouds, in star-strung shrouds, the veils of night  
are falling.  
And I could hear the sounds of life, yet heard them not,  
The gladsome joys that fed my soul, remembered toys, a favorite bowl,  
I had them all . . . yet I forgot.

Upon a hill, where none could see,  
I lingered long in history. And where I waslked on magic dew  
and harkened to a sound I knew  
'twas then it all returned to me, that long-lost chord of memory.

That hallowed ground I trod upon  
was Golden Marduk's Babylon, with all its pantheon of gods,  
of good against the grimmest odds?  
the ghosts of these . . . appalling.



The air was thick with souls who stayed,  
those battle-struck or plague-betrayed, and I could hear  
their haunting cries and see those apparition's eyes.  
There amidst that ancient throng, that sepulcher of need,  
I sang of seas and aged trees -- and asked that they be freed  
to follow healing rays of love  
and rise, from earthy bonds -- above -- to gain atonements creed.

But oh! Alas! they turned to pass and vanished with the dawn  
from on that hill, that hallowed hill of ancient Babylon.  
My song had fallen to the ground, like a pebble, kicked aside.  
The shadowed void was still spellbound, the ghosts had gone to hide.

So there I prayed to ancient gods, those dieties so bold:  
"Release your slaves from earthbound graves, your needs  
no longer hold!"

But voices mocked and taunted me, and echoed back that song,  
And I was trapped among that locked and haunted, ancient throng.

So grieve for me, you that are free, and walk with care along her  
mighty seas and holy trees until your faith is stronger.  
For is one day, you come this way, think not to be naive,  
or surely you will join me too . . . and may not ever leave!



--Bunny Dec

# Dispossession

Edwina Jaffe

Stanley Ridgefield sent his turquoise bracelet slamming against the bottles of after shave lotion that lined his bathroom mirror! Leaning over the sink he splashed cold water on his face. The oil and perspiration of the day clinging to his skin like that word, that awful word, VOYUER was clinging to his gut! Reaching for the bar of Clinique soap, he adjusted the water to warm. If only he could wash away that feeling, that word, that awful woman with her naked breast. What was she doing there? Why had she been invited? She wasn't a writer—she hadn't seemed to belong to anyone. Stanley wished he hadn't gone to the party. Now he wished he had followed his earlier inclination to refuse but Sy had made a special point of his coming. A new young writer had just signed a contract, was being admitted to Seymour's literary family of writers.

"He's fresh from southern Georgia, Stan — you'll like his style, he's hot stuff, this kid, and what's beautiful, what's beautiful

about this guy is, he doesn't know what he's on to."

Stanley had mumbled into the telephone his not feeling up to a party tonight.

"Ahh, come on Stan snap out of it. What's this mood you've been in lately? It'll do you good," Sy had cut the conversation. Stanley could hear someone talking in the background. Sy's office was always a madhouse, junior editors, proofreaders, typesetters. . . all last minute disputes were aired to the big boss.

As senior editor of Pearlman Publishing House, Seymour Crane's main concern was his writers. Seymour used these parties to psych out writers. The old days of lurching and thrashing over an idea for a book were gone. Tank 'em up, juice up their egos and let them sift themselves out, seemed to be Sy's new attitude. He was operating a little loose lately, Stanley thought to himself.

Could that broad have belonged to Sy? Well, if she had, he hadn't paid it much mind. And, he certainly should have shut her up!

"VOYUERS". What the hell did she know about writers or anyone for that matter. Her, with her small little pink breast playing peek-a-boo from that — that whatever she was wearing. He had seen that material. . . like cheesecloth, like worn thin muslin, before, but never draped so casually, so haphazardly, and so loosely.

I'd venture to bet, there wasn't a single sewn stitch to that costume, outfit, whatever it was, Stanley thought to himself. SICKENING little perfect, pink, small breast. So, so UNFINISHED looking. Stanley smiled to himself in his bathroom mirror as the image of the woman's breast took on humor. Amused at his mind's meandering, it's ability to run in circles, as if it was capriciously taking inventory of all the possibilities of the lingering, but fleeful image.

"An invasion of privacy that's what it is," he thought, his mirrored smile fading into the deadly seriousness of the profound theory formulating between him and mirror. Ad-

justing his chin to a mood of authority, his voice to its deepest pitch,

"I'LL THANK YOU YOUNG LADY, TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR THOSE THAT MAY FIND YOUR TINY PINK NIPPLES. . ."

dartingly his mind explored the possible reaction of others to bare breast. Had Bruce Yonker's lips longed. . . yes, he could feel Bruce's heart beating furiously pumping blood frantically, GET ON YOU MARK, GET SET. . . Stanley laughed at himself, his inability to leave the image unfinished; gallantly he addressed the mirror:

"Bruce, I wish you luck and may your delirious tongue, find its way!"

The mirror shot back an image revealing muted aggression. What the hell did he care about Bruce Yonker's tongue? What was he getting so uptight about? Sighing, Stanley relaxed the muscles of his face.

How could he ever come to terms with such a deviously

uncontrollable mind? Maybe he'd been writing too long, voicing out dialogue to an imaginary audience too long! Maybe he was a character running wild looking for some plot! Had he become the victim of his own imagination?

Pouring vitaminized, mineralized bath salts from the purple foil box he watched it dissolve into the running water, tiny little dots of purple exploding into nothingness, filling the bathroom with the floral scent.

Switching off the bathroom light and pushing the play button on his cassette recorder, he relaxed in the darkness to the sound of rain, a recording he'd made during a summer storm. The occasional burst of thunder reminded him of Beethoven's Fifth — Ahh, the water felt wonderful. He closed his eyes, lying back, the water dampening his hair line.

His mind began to spin the familiar fantasies of the darkness. He was an embryo floating in the warm dark waters of a womb. But, this time he had a choice, a choice of the life he could be born into. Who would he be, who would he be tonight?

"VOYUER" My God, he thought sitting up with a start, the water splashing from side to side in the tub. "The bitch, the damn bitch, she's ruined my bath."

Switching the light on, shutting the tape recorder off, he dried himself briskly with the oversized bath towel.

Slipping into silk pajamas, he

luxuriated in the feel of silk on his skin. Eighty-five dollars he had paid for those pajamas, not to mention the drycleaning expense, but he considered things like that sort of a tool of his trade.

This is ridiculous, he thought, the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. I'm letting that tramp of a girl, a girl who goes around teasing men like Bruce — with her incomplete little tits, make "me" feel guilty... dirty... I'm not dirty, I'm no porno writer. As a matter of fact Sex-Sex-Sex, it's draining, debilitating, why even the words one uses in describing it, copulation, coitus, fornication... well, fornicate yourself, go on and fornicate night after night... I don't care! His voice brought down upon him the reality of what he had to do.

As he sat down in front of his typewriter, his mind recreated the scene.

He couldn't recall a name, "That's funny" he thought, someone must have called her something, some time during the evening. He tried to remember just when she'd... oh yes... Sy was telling about some woman...

Most of the guests had gone home. Stanley was enjoying the conversation. Sy was somewhat of an enigma to him. The strongest bond between them was that Sy liked what Stanley wrote. He didn't pretend to understand writers, especially the odd ducks like Stanley, but by damn, they sold books, and if people wanted

that sort of writing, Sy was there to put it in print.

Seymour had charisma, he could make a writer feel important, special. Even when he was ripping apart a first draft, he did it in a way that you understood, or thought you understood.

Seymour was sitting there absentmindedly flipping cigar ashes to the floor.

"You get at least one a week. They come in with their unmarketable manuscripts, usually an autobiography where their father has molested them, their mother rejected them, but," he laughed, leaning forward to take a stale hors d'oeuvre from the cocktail table, "the leading character is always some fairy Godmother figure that turns their life into a happy ever after."

She was sitting there beside Sy's chair, rubbing the ashes into the carpet. Slowly she edged her way to the cocktail table, her dress creeping up and open and that's when Stanley first reacted to her presence. Her voice was quick, like a snake, and left vibrations, unexplainable vibrations, because the room fell silent in response.

"But Mr. Crane, isn't it sort of indecent, I mean the way they expose themselves just to be in print?"

Sy had waited out the seemingly necessary silence of the moment before he answered.


"That's the difference between the pros and the Cinderellas. The

pros know how to protect themselves and, God help us, protect the reader."

Stanley had hoped she would take her little tits and go back to her puppy dog spot beside Sy's chair. But, she didn't. Her cool green eyes had focused on Stanley, he had instantly recoiled at their feline gaze... she was talking, it appeared she was talking to him, perhaps her eyes had left his, but not in his mind. In his mind he could still feel them, still hear her words...

"It's all real, I think. I mean everything has happened to someone, somewhere, but aren't writers... aren't writers... sort of voyuers... living off..."

Stanley hadn't heard whatever else she had said. "Voyuers". No one got more out of life than he. It takes guts to wear eight-five dollar pajamas because you like the feel of silk, it takes guts to take baths in the dark, listening to recorded rain. It takes guts to be different. Different enough that you can lose yourself in the absurd realities and pull it all together again. "Voyuers"... peekers... thieves living off other. Isn't that what she was really calling writers. What did she know of life, anyone hiding the disguise of flashing pink tits?

Stanley's fingers began to hit the typewriter keys and into the early hours of morning he wrote, he wrote her from his mind. He wrote until she became another man's feline witch of the night. 

# WHO SAID NINE . . .

## *Bunny Dec*

"Mom! Mom! Fink is throwing up. . . hurry! He's on the rug, Mom!"

Abby Booth, curled up in the large dark red wing chair by the fireplace in the den, slowly came up out of the depths of the story plot, in the magazine, held tightly in her lap. She pushed a wayward strand of fine blond hair from her blue eyes, and looked at her small red-haired, freckle-faced, eight-year old daughter, jumping up and down, excitedly, in front of her.

"W-w-what did you say?" she asked, bringing her thoughts up short to the reality of the present.

"Fink has a tummyache. . . Mom. . . on the rug in the living room." Samantha squealed at her, "on the rug. . . yech!"

"Oh Lord! Our new gold carpet. . . Oh Fink. . . Fink. . ." Abby cried, hurling herself out of the chair and bolting toward the kitchen to grab a wet rag and paper towels. Samantha ran beside her to the scene of the accident, holding small hands over her mouth and parodying vomiting noises.

Abby looked reproachfully at the huddled mass of misery, hunched over, caught in the wracking spasms of retching, his pink nose turning a dark red from the strain, and his striped tail held out straight, as if trying to ease his pain by stretching himself out full length.

She shoved a paper towel under him to catch any more and thought, you really are a sick fellow aren't you? Sam hopped up and down on one foot, then the other, while the cat emptied his stomach. Then, subdued and worried, she kneeled down beside him, while her mother cleaned the rug, and took the mess to the garbage for disposal.

Abby walked back into the living room, with its newly spotted carpet, and picked up the cat. His hot nose pressed against her neck, as she held him gently, stroking his gray and black striped fur, that seemed to radiate excessive heat. Harsh staccato coughs and listless eyes, dimmed over with pain, told of his agony. Too weary to care, he gave little response to her attention. He lay like a heavy old rug in her arms, smelling of sick animal odor, a miasma of misery.

"I think we'd better call Dr. Buck. Can you look up the number in the phone book, Sam?"

"How do you spell it, Mom?"

"B-U-C-K--Dr. . . I'm sure it has a red pen mark right by it."

Sam struggled with the big book, carefully going through the pages, then gave up in frustration. Abby took it from her and quickly found the elusive name, and showed Sam the red line under it.

"You'll have to learn to look up phone numbers, Honey, some day it may be very important." Abby realized that eight years old was pretty young yet, but Sam had to learn sometime.

When Abby called the animal hospital, the nurse had told her to bring the ailing cat right in. Wrapped in an old blanket, the cat lay quietly in Samantha's lap. Usually Fink hated cars, and wouldn't go near one, but this time he seemed to neither notice or care.

Later, on the way home, after they had given Fink into Dr. Buck's care, Sam kept up a restive chatter, asking at intervals, "How long will Fink have to stay, Mommy? Do you think he will miss us? Are all the other kitties and doggies there sick too?. . . are they Mom. . . are they?"

"I don't know, I suppose they are. Why else would they be there?" Abby snapped. "Oh. . . Honey. . . I'm sorry to snap at you. . . I'm tired and edgy. . . forgive me"

Abby's nerves had taken a severe jolt when Dr. Buck had scolded her for waiting so long before bringing their pet in for treatment. Waves of guilt flooded through her mind as she remembered his angry words.

"I wish, for just once, people would bring their pets in for care before they get practically to death's door."

Abby felt terrible. Accumulated tension and hunger made her irritable. The supertime traffice was heavy, as she wheeled the little gray Datsun in and out of it, narrowly escaping being hit on several occasions. A huge Semi-truck edged ponderously over into her lane, and she swore as she had to drop back and follow in the wake of its exhaust.

"Damn! . . . Damn! . . . DAMN!"

Samantha, startled at her mother's unaccustomed fierce tone, crouched in the far corner of the front seat, and averting her eyes, withdrew into a tattered shell of loneliness and heartbreak.

Finally arriving home, Abby hurried through the kitchen and threw together a tolerable meal of leftovers, which neither mother or daughter could eat. Realizing that they were both too upset to be hungry, Abby ignored her small daughter's untouched plate, putting aside her usual lecture to eat it all.

The evening was long, with little conversation. Tension, born of anticipation, grew in the silence. Finally, Abby breathed a sign of relief when Sam asked to go to bed.

When Tom, her husband, the wholesome football player, grown up to be a successful civil engineer with the Minnesota Highway Department, finally came home for the night, Sam was sound asleep. Abby had peeked at her occasionally, and seen her curled up, clutching her worn teddy-bear with the red patch on his

rump, where Fink had chewed it once, and clawed half the stuffing out.

Abby tiredly related the events of the day, while Tom finished up what was left of the evening's meal. His appetite never diminished, from always being outside. Leftovers were alright with him any time. Abby even mentioned her guilt for not taking the cat to the clinic sooner.

"But, Good Lord, Abby, you should have seen to the poor guy," he said, between bites of stale roast beef, "suppose it's catching? What about Sam? What about us? What's he got anyway, to make him get so sick?"

"Don't pick on me," she moaned, "I guess I was only thinking about the bill. . . the money. . .

I didn't know he was that sick. . . I only thought he had a cold. . . how could I know. . . maybe I wasn't thinking at all. . . Dr. Buck said it was a rhino. . . something. . . people don't get it. . ." she added miserably, while sitting hunched over on the edge of the chair, locked in the memory of the last few hours, then got up and poured some coffee.

"Well, Honey, you know cats have nine lives."

"Fink's already used up nine lives."

"Oh come on now, how did he? Remember that darn old cat has been in and out of trouble ever since he came to live with us. . . and he's always been fine. . . he pulls through," Tom told her.

"He didn't have it so good when the Johnson's dog chewed him up, or when that truck hit him, or when he ate that poison lizard."

"Yes, but he made it didn't he? He'll be OK."

"Oh, Tom, you're so exasperating. . . Fink is really sick."

"Honey, we've had him for seven years already. . . don't worry. . . he'll make it. . . one way or another. . . that cat will make it. . . he'll be back home. . . you'll see. . . he'll be back."

In the living room, while Tom engrossed himself in the evening paper, Abby leaned her aching head against the back of the gold velvet couch. The softness of the furry material reminded her of Fink, and her mind traveled back along the corridors of memory to replay his arrival at their kitchen door, seven years back. He had seemed to materialize from nowhere, right there on their doorstep. It had been storming, and on hearing a strange mewing wail outside, and a furtive scratching at the wood, they had both gone and cautiously opened the door.

What a sodden, shaking, miserable animal greeted them. Rain ran down in rivulets, dropping off his whiskers. His streaked, grimey fur, dirty white and striped gray and black was plastered tightly against his bony frame. Abby thought he looked like something that a back hoe dredges up from a swamp, with water

... IS ALL THEY GET ?

running off it. His crooked tail hung onto the cement, where more water ran off in little puddles. His head hung nearly as low as his tail. He blinked water out of yellow eyes as he looked at them.

"Hey Tom! Look, we have a guest. . . Ugh!" Abby cried.

Tom appraised the sodden creature.

"That sure would be a reject at the Salvation Army freebie mop bin," he laughed, "What a mess."

The cat gave them a baleful look and swore in alley-lingo, lay back his ears, and carefully slunk past them, into the bright, dry, blue and yellow kitchen, leaving a narrow trail of water on the tile floor, wherever he walked, shaking each foot as he stepped in, and turning to search for the end of his wet tail, as if trying to figure out a way to free himself from such a sloppy appendage.

"Well, you fink!" Abby exclaimed, "who do you think you are? You don't even live here. . . Out! Out! Go on, I need a cat like I need another baby. . . Out!" she reached for a broom to shoo him out the door, and a mop for the floor. Unable to find it, she reached for a bathtowel, and threw it down near the door.

"Ha, Ha, so what else is new?" Tom laughed.

"Since when weren't you a patsy for homeless critters? I think that cat there has you all figured out. . . if he can stay here long enough to dry out. . . and you just might feed him. . . and he just may have a new home. . . oh cat?"

"But Tom, we can't keep a cat with a baby! And what if he belongs to someone?"

"Does he look like he belongs to anyone? Look at him. . . have you ever seen such a mess? Hey Abby, it's not the baby I'd worry about if I were you, it's the cat, do you know what a year-old kid can do to a cat?"

"I guess we can call the Humane Society. . ." she considered, "Tom. . . do you think we could keep him? I mean if no one claimed him?"

The cat crouched nervously on the floor, keeping a wary eye on the door, for possible escape, if necessary. He appeared to be listening to their conversation, ears swiveling toward each one as they spoke. His yellow eyes appraised the pair, and he had the uncanny look of someone who knew just exactly what was being said about him. Slowly, he stood up, stretched, and walked over to the blue towel on the floor, neatly arranged himself on it, and proceeded to groom his fur with deft strokes of a rough pink tongue.

"Hey Fink!" Tom called.

The cat looked up. He had a name.

From a derelict, homeless wanderer, Fink had in time turned into a handsome animal. His white fur grew thick and luxurious around his neck and belly. His four legs and feet were white. The rest of him alternated between black and gray stripes, as if his designer couldn't decide on one color, so used both.

Fink was gentle, loving, loyal and devoted to the Booths, Tom, Abby and the baby, Samantha. Abby had taken him to Dr. Buck for an examination, and was told that he had been altered, that he was no longer a breeding cat, just a good pet. Apparently someone had gone to the trouble of having that done to him, then never cared what happened to him afterward. There had never been any notice in the paper, and no one knew where he had come from.

"Manna from Heaven," Tom said, jokingly.

For seven of her eight years, the little girl and the cat had been constant companions, sharing equally of bed, board and love. They had grown up together, like two parts of a whole, one a small freckled red-haired human, and the other a gray, black and white feline. . . almost human.

"Come on Abby, come back from wherever you were, tomorrow's another day and it's late." Tom broke into her reverie.

During the next week, after Fink's onset of illness, school kept Sam busy during the day, and Abby was able to catch up on her endless household chores, gardening, shopping, and all the ends of domestic patchwork that make a house a home.

Each evening, upon returning from work, smelling of sweat and autumn-leaf smoke, Tom dutifully asked about the cat. Abby reported her driving downtown at every opportunity to go to the animal clinic and sneak a peak at Fink, in his cage. She told Tom how she had been pestering Dr. Buck day after day, to allow her to go in there and hold the cat finally being able to do so, when he relented. He told her she could sit in one of the sterile treatment rooms and hold the cat for awhile.

The skinny old kennel attendant wasn't enthused by the idea, and let his irritation show plainly, as he led the way down the white hall, to the back of the building, and opened a door for her.

"You know, I'm going to have to practically sterilize this room when you leave, don't you?" he grumbled.

"Please. . . please. . ." she entreated, "Just for a little while. . . I want to hold him. . . and love him a little. . . just a little. I don't want him to think we've abandoned him."

But poor Fink, sneezing, coughing, and struggling painfully for air, was unable to even nuzzle her neck, as was his custom. He seemed to know her intent, but through weeping, tortured eyes, appeared to wish she would go away and leave him alone. He felt her concern, and that was enough for him.

Sadly, she handed him back to the kennel attendant, who gently put him back where he had been, tucked the plastic flap of the oxygen

tent around the bottom of the cage, peered at her solemnly and shook his head.

"I don't know how he has lasted this long, lady," he told her, and went back to clean up the room.

She stood next to the cage, striving with all her being to project some kind of healing force to the sick animal, then left. The cat signed and closed his eyes.

At home with Samantha, she planned Fink's return. She went through the motions woodenly, for she dared not lose all hope for fear the child would pick it up. They scrubbed his bed, washed all his toys, and bought a new collar with a bell and tag, on which Tom inscribed FINK in bold letters with an electric vibrating pen. Samantha spent most of her spare time after school, playing in the cat's corner, in her bright red and white room, even napping occasionally on his crocheted cushion.

One night, five days later, Sam awakened about midnight, sobbing, "Mommy! Mommy! Daddy! I hear Fink coughing! I hear Fink! . . . Fink? Mommy. . . why can I hear Fink coughing? . . . Mom! Mommy!" she wailed, with wracking sobs. "Mommy. . . I want my Fink to come home!"

With emotions tightly reined, Tom and Abby got up to comfort their anguished daughter.

"Sam. . . Sam. . . Baby," Abby soothed, "you were having a bad dream. Fink's not here, remember he's at Dr. Buck's getting all better? Did you forget that?"

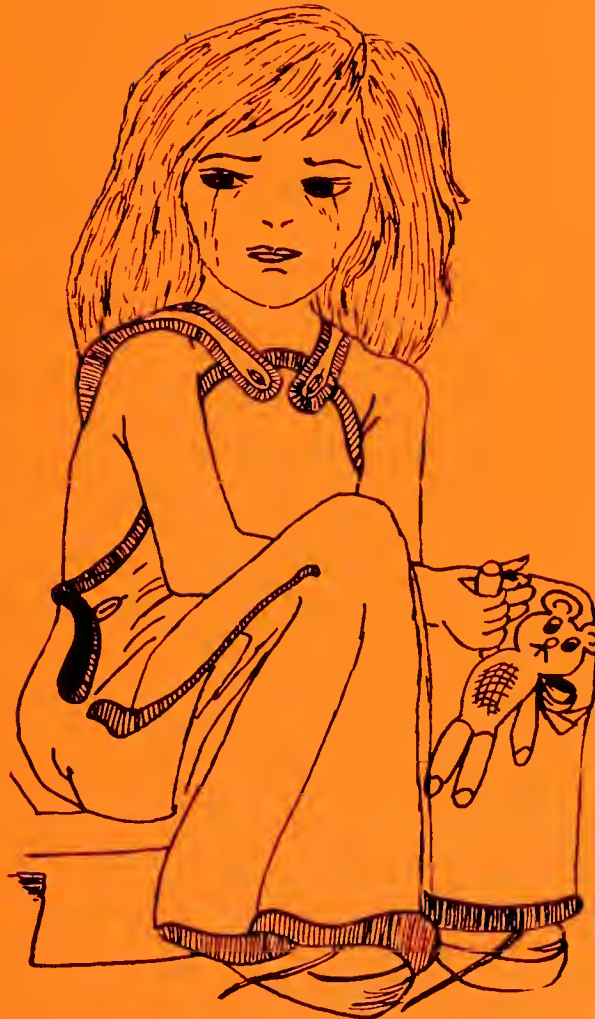
"Mommy, I heard him, I know I heard him," the child insisted.

"Dreams can sometimes seem very real, Darling. Fink is still in the hospital."

"Is he going to get all better?"

"Of course, Dear. . . soon as he can."

"Will he come home soon?" she turned to her father.



"Of course he will Sam, this is Fink's home, he has nowhere else to go. . . of course he'll come home." Tom held her tight and stroked her red hair. "Remember, cats all have nine lives."

"Has Fink got any left?"

"I'm sure he has, Honey," Abby crooned, as the child's sobs subsided.

"Please Mommy, make Fink come home tomorrow. . . please."

"Darling, Fink will be home tomorrow. . . he'll be home if the God that takes care of little pussycats is in His Heaven, Fink will be home tomorrow." Abby lied, not believing a word of it.

Samantha peered through her tears at her mother and father, nodded, then lay back down to sleep. Slowly she drifted off, murmuring "Tomorrow. . . tomorrow. . ."

For a long time later, Abby huddled in bed, at war with her fears. How could she explain to Sam the concessions of the flesh, the eternal battle to live and regenerate, to fight and win by living, but sometimes to fight and lose? How could she tell her and make her understand that by losing a loved one, the love between them wasn't necessarily lost too? How could she explain the possibility of Fink's dying to her? Oh she had seen animals die before, but not any pet like Fink. . . that was unthinkable. . . Fink was family. . . almost like another child. My God, she thought, they have been together for seven years now. Sam was smart enough to know that love went on forever and ever. . . Our Father, Who art in Heaven. . . she angrily stopped her thoughts. "Praying for a damn cat," she muttered, furious, then fully realizing that the frustration of being totally unable to do anything about the situation was making her mean.

"Fink is NOT a damn cat, and if anyone needs our prayers, it's him," she whispered to Tom, as he held her protectively in his big arms and felt her hot tears roll down his pajama sleeve.

"Sweet Jesus. . . Sweet Jesus. . . Saint Francis. . . help him. Let our love sustain him. I love that old cat as much as I love anyone. Please for Sam's sake. . . let him stay with us. . ." She prayed, urgently, and drifting off to sleep, her mind echoed over and over in a train-on-a-track rhythm, please-don't-take-him-please-don't-take-him-please-

The next morning, Samantha seemed to have forgotten the episode of the previous night. Tom kissed his two favorite girls goodbye, and went off to the hardware store, his usual Saturday jaunt, for the supplies he always needed on weekends, for puttering around the house.

When the phone rang, for some unknown reason, Abby was hit with a gut-stabbing fright. . . dread. Glaring at the noisy instrument, she slowly picked up the receiver.

"Mrs. Booth? Mrs. Booth?" the voice in her ear queried.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Booth, this is Dr. Buck's nurse calling. . . I'm very sorry to have to tell you this bad news, but your cat expired a few hours ago. We found him when we arrived to open the clinic. . . he must have died about midnight. . . Mrs. Booth, you know we did everything we possibly could for him. . . you know that. . . that Rhinotracheitis is a bad one, on usually fatal within 24 hours. . . I'm amazed he survived as long as he did, he was some fighter, that one. . ."

"Oh. . . oh. . . God!"

"I'm so sorry Mrs. Booth. . ." she paused, "Dr. Buck recommends cremating the remains. . . state law you know. . . with such a toxic virus. . . I said I was sure you wouldn't mind. . . Mrs. Booth?. . . Mrs. Booth?"

Numbly Abby mumbled, "Oh yes. . . yes. . . thank you. . . do whatever you have to do. . . whatever is necessary. . . thank you."

The room swam through the tears that filled her eyes when she put down the phone.

"Oh Dear God, where's Sam?" she whispered, "oh Sam, how can I tell you. . . how?"

Wearily wading against the riptide of despair, she made her way through the house searching for her daughter, to break the news.

Outside Sam's door, she suddenly heard laughter. She turned to open the door to face the inevitable task. Stunned, Abby stopped in the half open door. Sam was lying on her bright red bedspread, crooning, happily with childish glee, and running her hands back and forth through the air, about 6 inches up from the mattress.

"Fink. . . Oh Fink!" the child bubbled happily, "Mommy and Daddy said you would be home today. . . I knew you would. . . and you are! Oh Fink. . . we bought you a new collar and it has your name on it and a bell and . . . and everything!. . . I knew you would be home. . . Oh Finkie. . . I love you. . ."

Abby stood rooted to the spot in the open door, sudden half-formed thoughts of read-about hallucinations and tricks of the mind careening through her memory. Ice points ran up and down her back.

"Oh My God!" she choked, "What's

happening? Am I losing my mind, is Sam? She sees. . . she thinks she sees. . . that. . . cat. . . is. . . here. Fink is dead. . . she sees him. . . sees him? how? what's happening???"

Incredulously staring at the pantomime between her small daughter and the unseen pet, she slowly became aware of a sound, a sort of a sound, growing. . . growing. . . louder. . . louder. . . enveloping the room with a thundering, rolling, reverberating, sonorous roar, almost in cadence with her speeding heartbeat. Her eyes darted frantically around the room, probing corners, trying to pin-point the source of the din.

Slowly, Abby grew aware that it seemed to localize right at the very spot on the bed, where Samantha was hugging her invisible. . . what? Abby's eyes, strained almost beyond endurance, looked. . . and saw nothing. But her ears began to pick up a familiar chord of remembered pasts. The sound, though loud and commanding, seemed to radiate. . . to even vibrate with a feeling of all encompassing warmth. . . and love. . . pure. . . love. Not menacing. . . just loving.

It was uncanny, for as she stood there, she could swear she was hearing. . . listening to the throaty rasping of a contented cat. . . purring!







**HULDRA'S SONG**

From the raven's wings to the dew-trod rings  
I leap and I fly.  
Where the owl's hoot rings through the wilderness flings  
My haunting cry.  
For the burdock leaf is my homestead fief  
While the summer sun is nigh,  
And the dark mole's hole traps a tortured soul  
Under barren winter's sky.  
When the moon is round, like a ship aground  
On a star-studded shoal,  
I keen mournful sighs, to release me from ties  
That would fetter my elfin role.  
Oh lead me to trolls and forested knolls  
Where my essence belongs to the wild,  
And I'll leave it no more 'til I cast off earth's shore  
And exist as a universe child!

--Bunny Dec



John Wilson

## Our Last Tree

Our last dying tree on Main Street  
Chokes with pollution and smoldering heat  
Oozed from factories worth millions of dollars  
Watered by dogs wearing diamond collars.

Pidgeons evicted from tenement eaves  
Find a soft haven amid your leaves  
Branches bleeding from children's capers  
Ticker tape, ribbons and melon rind.

Branches bleeding from children's caper  
Shade an old man, reading the paper  
Smoking a stogie, his spits on your foot  
Lackluster leaves turned ashen from soot.

Screen a fat old lady, rouged so pink  
Wearing a motley moth-eaten mink  
Her knitting bag's sogged with drizzled rain  
She waits for the bus in rheumatic pain.

Joe throws an empty can at your trunk  
(At home, he beats his wife when he's drunk)  
The gruesome garbage bucket brigade  
Marches down Main, a weary parade

Spaced-out hippie youth of seventeen  
His parents can't stand him -- he's not too clean  
He whispers into your dying trunk,  
"This whole damned world is turning to junk."

Last landmark for a lost grieving girl  
Whose long blonde hair swings free from curl  
Thumbs toward the road, she's taking her chance  
Leaving, she blows a kiss to your branch.

You know by now, that tomorrow is gone  
Surrendered by man, there won't be a dawn  
Peer through the smog; watch Society die  
Your last leaf falls with a silent sigh.

--Barbara Leavitt

# City Benediction

Dominus vobiscum!  
Anonymous city children.

Be Baptized . . .  
In the name of the traffic  
In the name of the slum  
In the name of unholy pollution

Do Penance.  
Say two Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys . . .  
for having been born  
for having to eat  
for needing love.

Take the Holy Eucharist . . .  
Jesus is your friendly neighborhood junkie  
the pusher's in the playground of P. S. 20  
St. Peter drops acid.

Be Confirmed . . .  
with a shiny gloss of sophistication  
--slapped with the brutal hand of mendacity  
in the helpless plight of poverty.

Marry . . .  
the gluttonous grasper for gold  
the sanctimonius demagogue  
the apathetic stoic.

Humor the Holy Orders . . .  
the dragon-kind Pope, guarding his golden hoard  
the serpentine sucking of priests  
--saying the blessing, "Pax vobiscum."

Finally, Extreme Unction . . .  
massaged with the salve of hopelessness  
drowned in the sea of futility

Graffiti in the subways --  
is your sacred writing on the wall?

--Barbara Leavitt



## MUSINGS

Every mortal contains the spark of divinity, just  
as each seed carries the life of a new plant.  
The breeze holds the promise of wind and every  
droplet embodies the essence of the ocean.  
So are we endowed with the Mother-Father-God concept  
We are a part of the whole, and the universe exists  
in us, as much as we exist in the universe.

Listen to the unheard, and you can sing along with it.  
Look at the invisible, for it shines behind your eyes.  
Feel the intangible forces of life around you, for they  
weigh on the substance of your soul and leave a mark.  
Learn the name of the unknowable, and you may touch the  
hem of the robe of the Creator.  
For it is from within, that one learns of what is without,  
and by learning of ourselves, we may know the universe.

--Bunny Dec

Bless the Lord and Pass the Basket

As pagan kneeler now we chide  
Kowtowed to a marble fawn  
Thus adorn our plastic dashboard  
Phony statue, lead us on.

Sanctioned service shall deliver  
Prayers in pawn, a comforting lie.  
Witness mockery Sunday dinners  
Making crosses in the sky.

--Robert Costa

One  
and One  
and One

One and one and one,  
We are all dying  
Living our separate peace,  
We are stones, hard and isolated,  
Thrown into a sea of rock,  
Lost forever.  
Why are we not snowflakes,  
Each different, beautiful  
Creative in our own light,  
Even tho in the end we are all one.

II  
One and one and one,  
We are the living dead,  
Isolated by walls we ourselves have built.  
Walls of plaster, cement and rock,  
Of unsure eyes, grabbing hands and stone faces;  
Walls of class and classification.  
We are surrounded by walls too tall.  
Will we ever see through them?

III  
One and one and one,  
We are all dying . . . alone.

--David Westcott



John Wilson

## HE TOLD THEM

I awakened this morning  
so pleased to hear --  
a blue-bird, singing in my ear.  
I watched him perch upon the sill  
then he spoke to me of His good will  
"He loves you," he said, as he fluttered his wings  
"He asked me to come  
and His love to sing."  
I asked him who sent him,  
he said, "Ask the wind."

I dressed very quickly and went out to see  
if the wind had the answer to whom  
He might be.

I questioned the four winds  
and they spoke thus:  
"He said that He loves you,  
He told each of us."  
I questioned, "Who is He?"  
they said, "Ask the sea."

## *the poem*

My beautiful children came down to the beach  
My beautiful children, but just out of reach.  
I talked of my love, I started to cry  
My beautiful children then started to die.

I put on a mask to hold back a tear  
But my children were gone and the demons appeared  
Seeking to stay yet seeking to flee  
I turned to my oneness, then turned to a tree.

I thought as I walked the way  
down to the sea,  
I searched for a clue  
as to who He might be.  
I walked to the edge of the sand,  
where I sat --  
near my old friend the sea  
for a chat.  
She told me, "He loves you and much more than that."  
Again I questioned who He might be  
she answered, "I -- cannot say,"  
and then with a wave,  
she hurried away.  
"Ask the brook," she added  
and went on her way.

--Liz

So I walked to the brook  
how I hoped she would know,  
"Yes, He truly loves you.  
He told me so"  
She knew not His name,  
but suggested I try  
to find my solution  
by asking the sky.  
She whispered, "He loves you,"  
and babbled away.

So I stood by the brook,  
and I said to the sky,  
"They gave me no answers,  
can you tell me why?"  
They told me He loves me,  
who is He," said I.  
I awaited an answer  
"t'is He," said the sky.  
And hearing the answer  
I started to cry,  
"But who is HE?"  
I questioned, and  
the Lord answered  
"I."

The sign on the cross read "King of All Men"  
And my children soon realized that I'd come again.  
The third day I rose, God bless that tree  
I returned to my children, the beach, and the sea.

The demons of Hell are not easily deceived  
My guise of the earth was quite easily perceived  
I looked to the Heaven my mind at a loss  
But the weight on my shoulders was that of a cross.

They murdered their savior, they'll die from within  
Or maybe they'll drown in an ocean of sin  
But my beach is pure, and clean is my sea  
For the cross is a symbol of my children and me.

Earl Hamilton

NAKEDNESS

Two people beautifully naked  
Lay together in bed,  
Revealing to each other naked souls  
By what each has said.  
And in touching each other's naked souls  
Touch a love which bled  
Onto sheets of naked life.

--David Westcott

Death Upon a Kingsize Bed

There is no greater wasteland  
Than a kingsize bed devoid of love  
The dune that looms midcenter  
Casts aching shadows o'er  
Duel impressions -- his and hers --  
As desolate as footprints left in desert sands.

An expanse -- so vast  
That even fingertips no longer touch  
"Hey mister -- can you hear me?"  
I'm dying, day by day  
The dry, parched spirit  
Cannot be revived in cold, still desert nights.

--Eileen LeMay

The bed creaks  
As slowly you rise  
Hoping not to waken me  
You hope in vain

Quietly you dress so  
As not to mar the silence  
Turning you see me awake  
And gently kiss me good-bye

I watch you leave  
Wanting to beg don't go  
The door closes behind you  
And I can only whisper good-bye

--Michael Bayliss



Helen Penland



Mike Woodall

He leans against the redwood fence  
that separates the liquor store  
and the candy shop.

His age is the James Dean song he hums into his  
black plastic comb,  
while he taps rhythm with him  
brown heel-less boots.

He keeps his red and white cigarette box  
rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve,  
and cow-chews wads of pink bubble gum

He carries last year's drugstore paperback  
in the rear pocket of his kneeless jeans  
(we all know he can't read. he doesn't ride  
the yellow bus and he stays out late on Sunday nights).

He says he'll leave the fence someday  
And return with a bushy knee length beard  
and purple tatoos,

But until then  
He'll lean against the redwood fence  
and dream day thoughts.

Joanne Potanovic

The brilliant professor  
who bounces words off classroom walls  
Hoping  
To hit some numbskull of a genius  
Who's idling the hour away  
Packs up his hard-learned words and  
Hopes he did some good that day.

Young boys  
Throwing dirty words like arrows  
Shot  
To miss  
Their only aim to be  
In the game  
And dirty words  
Serve them best.

Lovers  
Sip at gentle phrases  
Knowing  
Hardly what passes their lips  
And in some day-light hour  
The flower they begged to give  
Wilts  
With the reality that lovers' words are easily dismissed.

# g a m e s t e r o f

# W o r d s

-- Edwina Jaffee

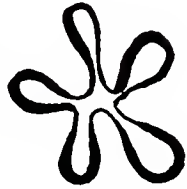
Friends  
Exchange words of praise and  
Dream up tales to entertain  
And no one notices the other's lack  
For  
The last word always wins  
And with friends  
It doesn't matter  
For tomorrow  
It begins again.

And if I could call myself a poet  
A loose play on words that would be  
I'd say  
Words are a game I play on life  
Give me one  
Take two --  
I win  
You lose.  
You'll always have the better chance for  
The poet's words are fickle as a whirlwind romance.



# VOX

## POPULI



Words are missiles of the mind  
Launched by tongues of humankind.  
Some caress the Soul with love  
While others ravage, hit or shove.  
Some are woven like a quilt  
Warming homes that care has built.  
But others bawl, weep or whine,  
And where they fall, undermin.  
Tongues are often caught in lies  
When truth speaks forth from guileless eyes.  
Words follow thoughts on a serious plane  
Or else go around like a weather vane.  
And an ancient sentence, ever is new,



Whenever young lovers say "I love you."  
So all through life, as bunglingly we go  
Constantly launching our speech by EGO;  
Conflicts and hatreds will reign unconfined  
Until our judgement can become more kind.

--Bunny Dec

No matter what I write about  
I find I write about you.  
If it's a sunrise,  
It's our golden memories.  
The cool, soothing ocean mist,  
Your kiss.  
The icy mountain brooks,  
Your philosophical thoughts.  
A new-born kitten,  
Our innocence.  
A windy day,  
Your independence.  
A dark river shrouded in mystery,  
Your eyes.  
A fleeting heartbeat in the  
universe of time,  
Our love.

--Becky Ryals



Mickey Tidwell

## Tribute to an Analyst

Some call him a Doctor of the mind,  
there for the rich and very sick.  
"A SHRINK" I've heard him referred to like that!  
Or the very sophisticated ladies  
who fancy themselves proper in saying

"MY ANALYST" like they owned some part of him,  
you know,  
"My housekeeper" "My hairdresser" "My analyst" and so on and so on.

What seems like an eternity ago, we began a journey--  
we traveled dark into the night,  
we opened doors that seemed to lead to nowhere,  
we bathed in naked waters of naked brooks,  
and at times, I cried out

"DON'T LEAD ME ANYWHERE ANYMORE  
I CAN'T TAKE IT  
IT HURTS

it's a lonesome ride home"

Oh how I called him names--  
how I made fun of him to my friends:  
"Just a rich girl's game, forty bucks an hour and the guy's all yours."  
I'd be surprised when next time,  
next time I lay there all torn with fear  
and where am I where do I go now--  
I'd be surprised everytime I looked back . . .  
to see his gentle eyes.

I don't know where I expected him to go,  
maybe to another room . . . to a poker game,  
and he'd cleverly place a statue that looked  
like him -- to fool me.

I can say in all those months  
never once did I look back and  
find a statue!

TODAY LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
I GRADUATED. . .  
the last appointment!

"I'm a fine person," I said.  
He said, "I know it too."  
"This is my last day --  
on this Wednesday of 1962,  
I will go forth as a self believing, not afraid person,"  
He said, "I know it too."

I looked about this room, we had begun our journey in--  
we had gone together, where I could not go alone.

I knew in that moment,  
it would be a lonesome ride home!

I looked out the window . . . one last time--  
the world was there, just like it always had been.  
As one of its soldiers, I'd fallen out of step--  
now I'd take my place . . . back in line.

I sat in all the chairs . . . one last time

it was,  
a lonesome ride home!

Edwina Jaffe





Judy Gallagher

indirectly direct

Let me speak to you directly  
 Without a figure of speech or Rhyme,  
 Without an ornament to hang on my tree  
 Without my words to dance in time.

Let me bring you out the bare tree,  
 Uncovered by misleading silver words,  
 Let me show you every naked branch  
 And shake from it all clique birds.

Let me tell you that I love you.

—David Westcott

We walk together, close,  
 but not touching.  
 We find a small booth in a  
 restaurant  
 and sit on opposite sides.  
 We talk for hours  
 every day getting the world  
 out of trouble.  
 And as I gaze into your  
 vibrant, brown eyes  
 Life jumps out at me saying,  
 "Join me!"  
 And my soul and heart unite  
 to reply - "I shall!"  
 Still, we speak only of  
 others' problems or loves  
 never daring to mention - ours.

I see your soul in your large, dark eyes  
 Calling me with every flashing glance.  
 My eyes dance to meet you.  
 Then, when it's time to part  
 we share a loving, sensitive kiss  
 to say,  
 "I love you and will miss you."  
 Then your warm eyes smile and  
 If only in silence, as we  
 talk of others . . .  
 We walk together, close,  
 but not touching.

--Becky Ryals

WILD GEESE FLYING

The geese are flying south up high  
I saw their shadowed silhouette  
Winging across indigo sky  
Like moving patterns. -- One forgets

From year to year that painful yearning  
The urge to leave, to run, to flee  
When gales grow harsh, when leaves are burning--  
Oh God, how I wish I were free.

But every year the bonds grow stronger  
And I pretend it's my desire.  
So go, geese, torture me no longer;  
I'll have to stay here by the fire.

--Lori Corey



COME CLIMB WITH ME

Come climb with me  
gleaming marble stairs ----  
Take my hand  
and wander astral fields.

Hear the tinkling mirth  
of nature spirits  
Frolicking 'midst diamond dew  
and waterfalls.

Behold azure tapestries  
interlaced by master hands,  
A backdrop for alabaster gulls  
in gentle flight.  
Where sea-scented zephyrs  
swell the senses  
And love is not learned but breathed  
into the soul.

How very sad for those  
Who think they cannot follow.

--Eileen LeMay

Bunny Dec



Nadine Barbu

Gathering stormclouds  
Creep across azure heavens  
Menace or promise?

--Eileen LeMay

You are the glow of the moon  
I am the night you brighten  
You are the heart of the sun  
I am the earth you warm

--Michael Bayliss



Doug Smith

Splendor lights the west  
Venus joins with Jupiter  
In Pisces temple

-- Eileen LeMay



Becky Ryals

Tinkling brass windchimes  
Dance to nature's symphony  
The wind is maestro.

--Eileen LeMay

The rain from my doorstep

A young beauty sat on my door step,  
quietly watching the rain fall to the grass.  
Her eyes shifted like those of a fawn  
Caught in the mist of a cold, gray dawn.

She raised her head smelling the damp fall,  
While listening to the rain drip on the leaves.  
Her body shivered a second in a stranger's breeze,  
As she hoped that all she was would not freeze.

How lonely she had seemed to me, to be  
Sitting there, staring endlessly into the fog.  
Trying to hide from herself, but knowing it's in vain,  
For her thoughts are cinders, her face shows only pain.

I could stand by no longer playing the Author,  
So I leapt from my pedestal onto her step,  
As I grabbed her hand slowly and kissed her cheek,  
She melted a cool smile saying, "It's Apollo I seek."

And so it was as the rains sang down  
And the rivers of joy flooded the ground  
And a red-hearted love seemed to abound,  
As we both watched the rain from my doorstep.

--David Westcott

The train's shrill whistle pierced  
the damp grayness as it sluggishly started down-track. I  
pressed my face against the cold window and sent you one last  
sad, empty smile.

My tear-blurred eyes pulsed with the  
hypnotic rhythm of train-on-track, slowly lulling me into  
day thought of us . . .

Our days were  
picking April pink berries on a hillside-green Pennsylvania farm  
Waiting for your Grandmother's secret recipe pie to cool  
as the blowing gingham curtains fanned it.

And

beach roasting foot-long Summer hot dogs  
until beefy perfection that somehow always wound up  
tasting sandy and smelling salty.

Autumn was  
a brisk October park stroll through whirling and swirling  
oak leaves  
and watching crimson-cheeked little boys  
chasing the huddled pigeons.

December was

Your green Christmas Eve eyes reflecting the blinking  
amber bulbs  
and your impish snowy smile as you unwrapped your  
present and recognized the plaid argyle sweater  
you liked so much in the store.

The thank-you-for-the-sweater kiss  
was just fading into another memory as the train screeched  
to a stop.

My stop.

--Joanne Potanovic

# P'an Ku Staff . . .

## CO-EDITORS

Joanne Potanovic

Becky Ryals

## EDITOR EMERITUS

Melodie Rolling

## POETRY EDITOR

David Westcott

## POETRY BOARD

Michael Bayliss

Bunny Dec

Edwina Jaffe

Jan Jorgensen

Liz Lyneh

Joanne Potanovic

Melodie Rolling

Mike Russell

Becky Ryals

## PROSE EDITOR

Doug Smith

## PROSE BOARD

Stephen Binney

Pat Bruum

Joel Rosenfeld

Emily Young

Special thanks to  
Creative Writing Class

## ART EDITOR

Helen Penland

## ART BOARD

Linda De Santis

Jim Gale

Bill Newhouse

Steve Prevost

Al Wasson

## PRODUCTION STAFF

Alan Cherry

Glen Hannigan

Joe Imperato

Jan Jorgensen

Liz Lynch

Audi Mathis

Helen Penland

Joanne Potanovic

Melodie Rolling

Mike Russell

Becky Ryals

Cory Stebner

David Westcott

Richard Westcott

Emily Young

FACULTY ADVISER — Betty Owen

DIRECTOR OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES — Tom Ryan  
PROVOST, CENTRAL CAMPUS — Dr. Curtis Murton

VICE PRESIDENT OF STUDENT DEVELOPMENT —  
— Dr. George Young

PRESIDENT — Dr. Hugh Adams

P'an Ku is financed by the Broward Community College Student Activity Fund and was printed by City Print, Miami, Florida. Prose was set in Horatio Lite by Star Press and poetry was set in Press Roman by Broward Community College Print Department.

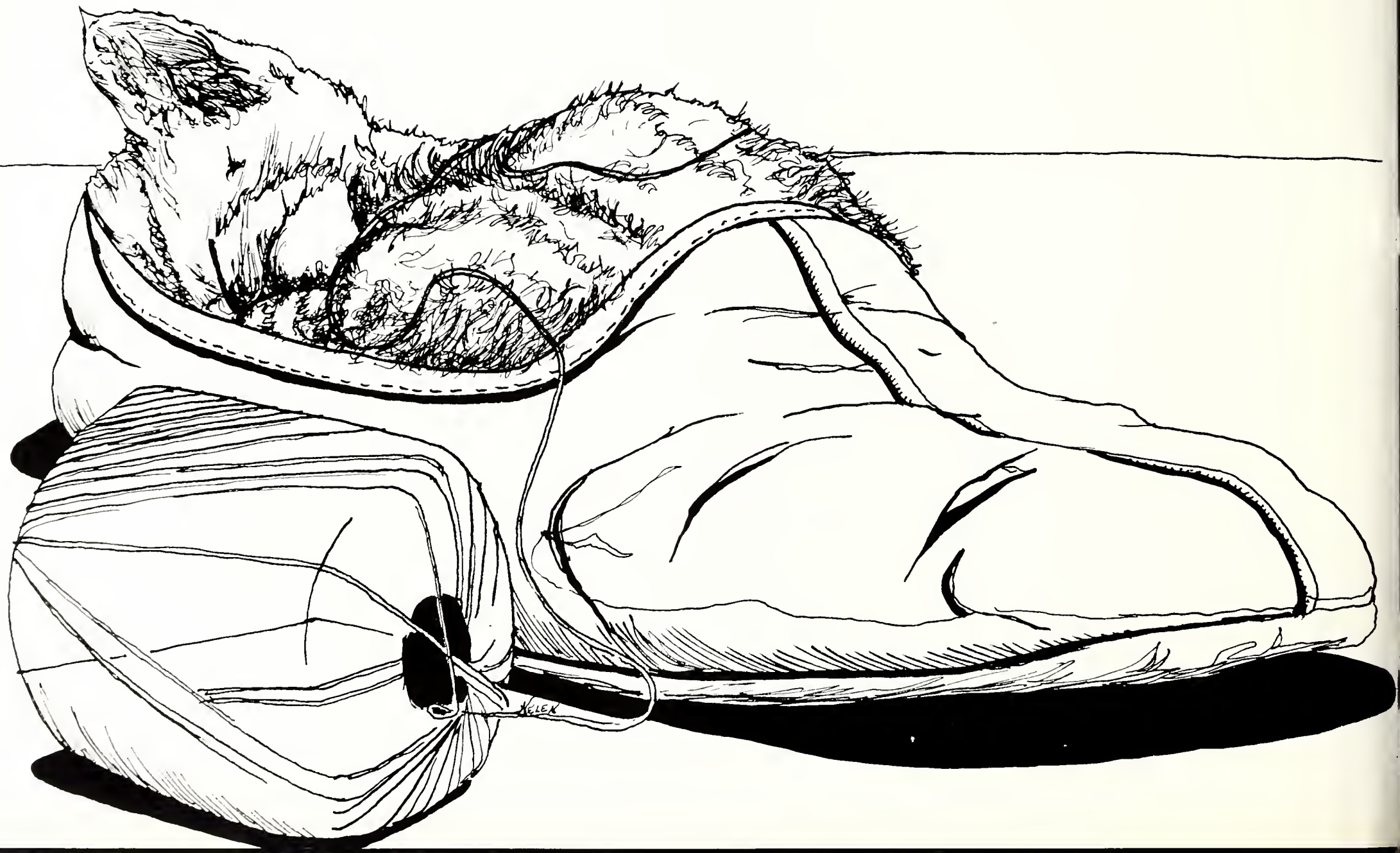
Opinions expressed herein are those of the individuals and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Broward Community College staff, faculty or administration.

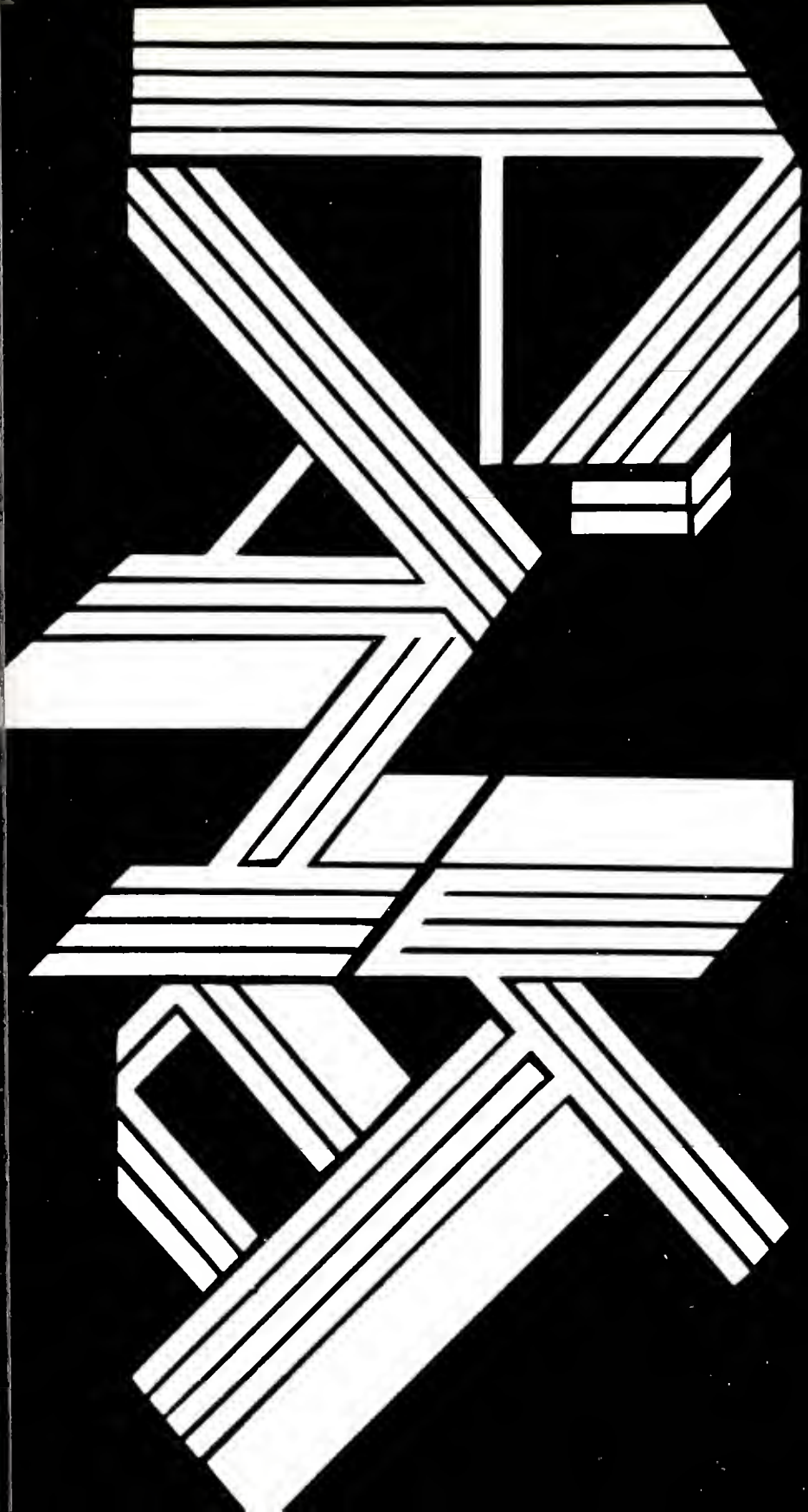
All Broward Community College Students are invited to submit their poetry, short stories, photographs, and illustrations.

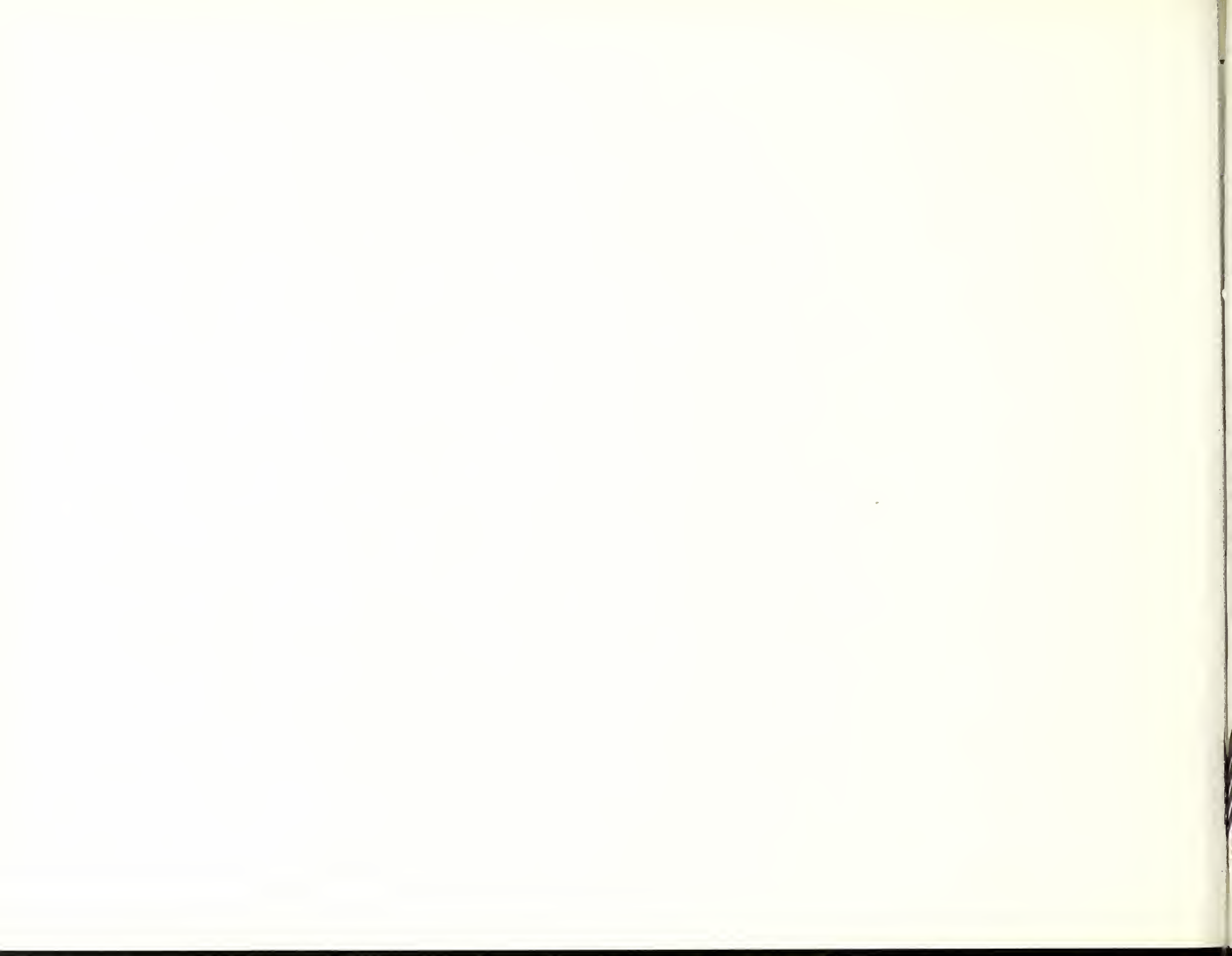


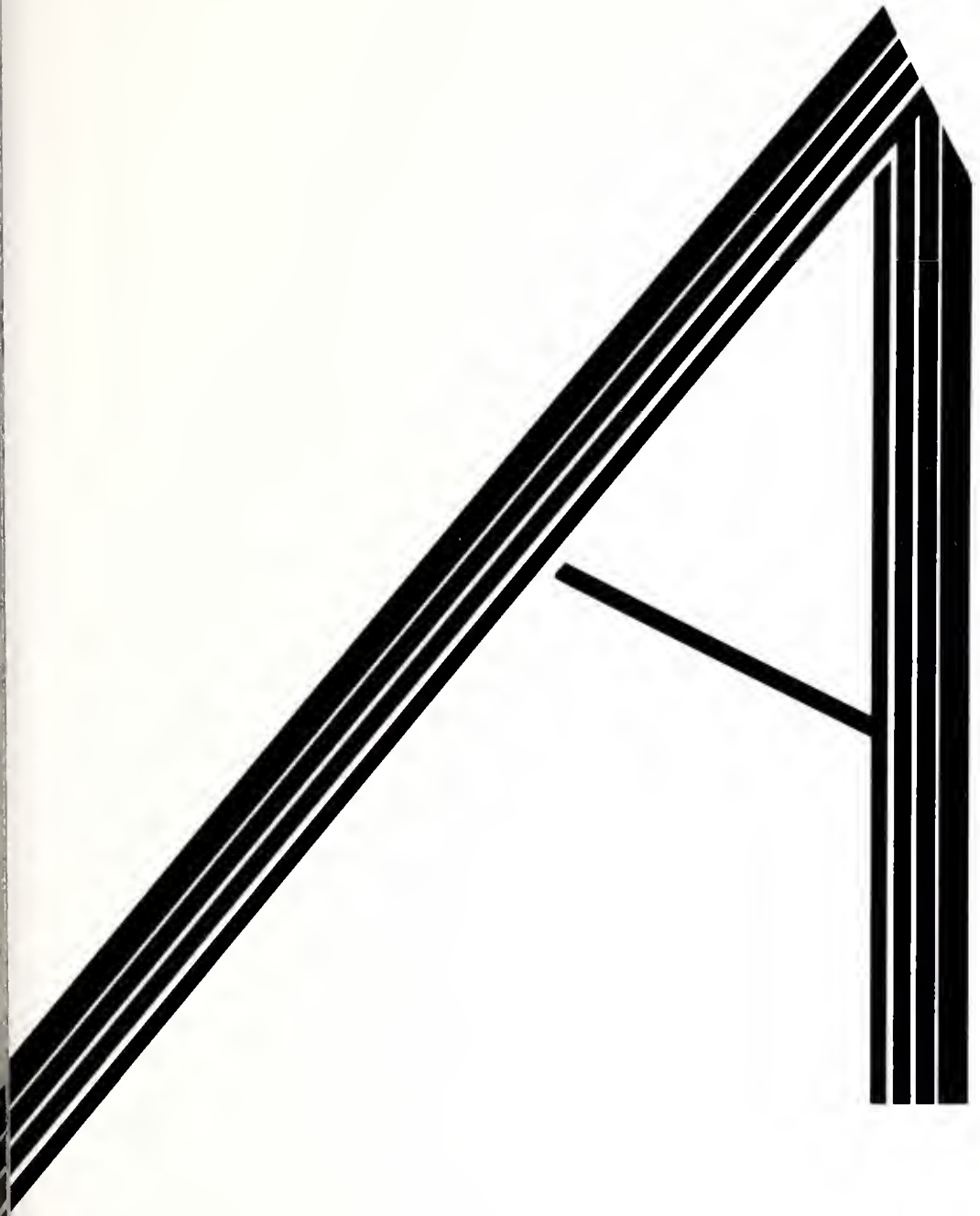












ll that men are engaged in  
their wishes,  
fears,  
anger,  
pleasures,  
and varied pursuits,  
form  
the hotch-potch of my book

juvenal  
a.d. 60-c. 130

# p'an ku staff

Editor: *Joanne Potanovic*

summer 1976

Editor Emeritus: *Melodie Rolling*

Prose Editor: *Doug Smith*

Poetry *Joanne Potanovic*  
Co-editors: *Melodie Rolling*

Prose Board:

*Mike Blaney*  
*Bunny Dec*  
*Mindy Smith*  
*Emily Young*

Poetry Board:

*Barbara Collins*  
*Bunny Dec*  
*Chris Stickney*  
*Special Thanks to*  
*English 242 Class*

Layout Board:

*Alan Cherry*  
*Greg Cote*  
*Judy Gallagher*  
*Kim McGlauthen*  
*Joanne Potanovic*  
*Melodie Rolling*  
*Special Thanks to*  
*Shaun Sullivan*

Faculty Advisor: *Betty Owen*  
Director of Student Activities: *Tom Ryan*  
Dean of Students, Central: *Catherine Tymeson*  
Provost, Central: *Dr. Curtis Murton*  
Vice President for  
Student Development: *Dr. George Young*  
President: *Dr. Hugh Adams*

Volume 12, No. 2 ©  
Broward Community College  
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida 33314

*P'an Ku* is financed by the Broward Community College Student Activity Fund and is printed by Print City of Miami, Florida. Opinions expressed herein are those of the individuals and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Broward Community College staff, faculty or administration.

All Broward Community College students are invited to submit their poetry, short stories, photographs and illustrations, and to join the staff. The *P'an Ku* office is in Building 80, on the west side.

## Photography

Ken MacSween	5	Edwina Jaffe	27
	49		27
	6	Mickey Tidwell	28
	10		58
	36		61
Mike Woodall	37		
	56	Angela Mull	31
	60		
	63	Denise Bartell	50
Becky Russell	16		
	57		

Special Thanks to Chuck Axe, Fine Arts Department  
Front and Back Cover Design By Humberto Waltero

in this  
issue...

## Prose

<i>The Critic</i>	Tanya Alberts	8
<i>Real Ashes, Real Dust</i>	Jeffery B. Young	17
<i>Antique</i>	David Clark	22
<i>Lazarus Link</i>	Bunny Dec	40
<i>Fourteenth Terrace</i>	C. P. McDonald	46

## Poetry


<i>Quote</i>	Juvenal	1	<i>Aurie Reflection in</i>		<i>Robert Promised</i>	Karla Febbo	38
<i>The Farmer's Wife</i>	Ros Robson	4	<i>a Goatherder's Eye</i>	Arthur Marler	<i>The Betrayed</i>	Eileen LeMay	48
<i>The Sculptor</i>	Ros Robson	4	<i>Immured Alive</i>	Arthur Marler	<i>The Sea</i>	Charles Schmidt	50
<i>The Window</i>	Ros Robson	5	<i>Chores Finished</i>	Arthur Marler	<i>Shadows</i>	Charles Schmidt	50
<i>Laura's Story</i>	Ros Robson	5	<i>The Ocean's Waters</i>	Adel Belardino	<i>Stop, Stop</i>	Mickey Tidwell	51
<i>Pride</i>	Cara Biradi	6	<i>Beginning</i>	Laura May	<i>Mima</i>	Dany Katz	52
<i>I Wanted to Tell You But</i>	Cara Biradi	6	<i>Rain Dance</i>	Ryon Rich	<i>To Mildred</i>	Dany Katz	52
<i>Into Every Crevice I Crept</i>	Cara Biradi	7	<i>The Perfect Alibi Continued</i>	Cecily Crossman	<i>Papa</i>	Dany Katz	52
<i>For Tomorrow</i>	Cara Biradi	7	<i>Improving Our Image</i>	Cecily Crossman	<i>My Eagle</i>	Dany Katz	53
<i>Instability Doesn't Frighten Me</i>	Chris Stickney	10	<i>One Night When We Were</i>		<i>Virginia</i>	Dany Katz	53
<i>Waiting for Tomorrow</i>	David Barranco	11	<i>Playing</i>	Cecily Crossman	<i>Edena</i>	Dany Katz	53
<i>Reflections in White</i>	Earl Hamilton	12	<i>Paul Allen's Ivy League Holiday</i>	Alan Cherry	<i>My Country</i>	Angela Cabera	54
<i>Paek Up Your War Paints</i>	Earl Hamilton	12	<i>Life Threats on Paul Allen</i>	Greg Cote	<i>A Childhood</i>	Angela Cabera	54
<i>Out of Night</i>	Keith Pharr	13	<i>Paul Allen's Laughs in Tin Foil</i>	Greg Cote	<i>A Real Friend</i>	Angela Cabera	54
<i>One Before the Other</i>	Mike Petty	13	<i>Life and Times of Paul Allen</i>	Greg Cote	<i>Tuesdays</i>	Wesley Wright	55
<i>Search</i>	Marlene Rupp	14	<i>Scorehed Eggs and Bruises</i>	Greg Cote	<i>Shore Leave</i>	Arthur Marler	55
<i>Reflections Through a Dream</i>	Marlene Rupp	14	<i>Paul Allen's Shadows</i>	Alan Cherry	<i>Who's Watching the Watchdog</i>	Bunny Dec	56
<i>I</i>	Melodie Rolling	15	<i>Paul Allen's One More Time</i>	Alan Cherry	<i>Child of Aurora, Look Up</i>	Bunny Dec	57
<i>I See You</i>	Melodie Rolling	15	<i>The Classified Paul Allen</i>	Alan Cherry	<i>The Captain</i>	Clara Marotta	58
<i>Have You Not Noticed</i>	Melodie Rolling	15	<i>The Many Lovers of Paul Allen</i>	Alan Cherry	<i>Paradise</i>	Clara Marotta	59
<i>The Key</i>	Cecil B. Neff, Jr.	16	<i>Paul Allen's Shadows</i>	Greg Cote	<i>Amenity</i>	Wanda Gibbons	60
<i>Time's Record</i>	Liz Lynch	20	<i>Paul Allen (1954-1977)</i>	Greg Cote	<i>Attraction</i>	Wanda Gibbons	60
<i>Is There a Way to End</i>	Liz Lynch	20	<i>Lament of the Elf</i>	Barbara Collins	<i>Nourishment</i>	Lane Cox	61
<i>The Baby Sitter</i>	Liz Lynch	21	<i>Pancho Villa</i>	Joel Rosenfield	<i>The Arena</i>	Eileen LeMay	62
<i>Happiness</i>	Wanda Gibbons	21	<i>What Can You Say?</i>	Larry Greenbaum	<i>Pereption</i>	Eileen LeMay	62
<i>When the Revolution Comes</i>	Tony Lodge III	25	<i>Thursday Said</i>	Chris Stickney	<i>The Philosopher Tree</i>	Eileen LeMay	63



## the farmer's wife

Waist deep in his history,  
muffled as dawn  
she wakes the kitchen  
with yawns,  
the o's of cups and bowls  
set on a table  
scrubbed to the bone of dreams.


The day rises like dough,  
thick unchanging  
years of one season hold  
her dully  
as youth stumbles out of reach  
and she turns his shadow  
three times round  
wishes him poet  
    blue eyed stranger,  
    and all the fields dead.




His plough rough touch,  
the laundry of his yard sweat soul  
leaves her lonely,  
yet she warms his nights  
comfortable as cocoa,  
while monthly moons lance her belly  
and intolerable verbs  
lie stilled.

ros robson

## the sculptor



Do you see how he rebuilds me  
bone by bone?  
Like a magic sculptor  
he whispers and forms this  
worn familiar image  
into free clean planes.  
He steals my looking glass  
and gives his eyes and that  
long forgotten language.  
He molds my lips with his mouth,  
holds my body between his hands  
and offers me to the icy moon.  
My unvoiced messages are tarnished  
trite no longer brave enough.  
Do you see how they fall  
in tiny frightened knots  
and roll silently away?  
His words are not yet  
strong enough to scratch my brain  
snatch me from the ragged edge  
that screams for my return.  
In its depths I'm safe  
unseen among dried memories  
and comfortable insanity.  
He should cry tears of ash  
but instead is fashioning wings  
for my escape.  
Like Icarus I'll brush the sun.  
Do you see how the wrinkled ocean  
far below is waiting?







# the widow

Each day is a moth too large and strong  
that flays her web,  
sheds its chalk in her mouth.

The mantle photo has bled her dry,  
her breathe no longer mists his face  
as she spins fresh wet thread,

cocoons each morsel of memory,  
debt and receipt accounted  
stored for the future.

She scrapes congealed tears  
from a useful black coat  
and pins on her children's

smiles like medals,  
but those bastard nights -----  
like dark mourners

behind the headstone of his pillow  
where she wakes to wrap boneless arms  
around an echo.

Ken MacSween



laura's

to  
ur

A black raven sat  
Behind her eyes  
Spanning childhood  
With its shadow,

A dress too large  
For her playground size  
Beneath its wings  
She swallowed herself,

Mainlined her habit  
To the roof  
Of her brain  
Where she curved and  
shone like cracked  
Obsidian,  
Attaching hands  
Plucked massive notes

From a silent guitar.  
She sang of the prophets'  
Higher planes  
And a name smear

Scraped from the womb,  
Broken doll  
Left from the toy box  
Singing, "Mama."

Not she says  
In the silence,  
Her knowledge cloaks  
Her eyes,

in  
ened  
leathers.

Pride  
Thorns  
piercing  
the laces  
of  
your soul  
Yet  
holding  
your head  
high  
up above  
Tears  
dripping  
from your  
wounded  
wistful eyes  
You  
having  
won all  
are  
most lost.

cara

birardi

Mike Woodall



I wanted to tell you but --  
I didn't think you'd  
Care  
About the ones who  
Had died  
Out there  
in  
The  
War.  
Fighting shadows  
of  
Insanity  
Inanity  
Reality.  
Isn't it strange  
Shame  
They call for a battle  
everyone

Into every crevice it crept  
wounding, burning, destroying  
infiltrating the pulsing  
chambers of a dying heart  
leaving a trail of despair  
desolation, emptiness  
Having a rhythm, a mind, a soul  
of its own  
rising, leaping, as fire  
fed by fitful winds  
it scorned sympathy,  
scorching those who  
dared defy its power  
This nameless terror cleansing  
in its own  
contaminated destruction  
gripping in its tyranny  
of lonely visions  
shrouded in delusions  
of revengeful joy  
Doomed to run its course  
of contempt, self-pity  
but enticing  
of purpose  
short-lived  
melting  
anger  
gone

### For Tomorrow

The funeral was  
short  
Lasting only an hour  
One hour to rectify  
The existence of dust  
To dust and on . . .

Just yesterday she  
was  
Living in a semi-fluid  
Toxic world of vague  
Reality; hidden from  
The sun's dust  
To dust and on . . .  
No  
No one knew her  
desolation  
For they all were running  
In the futile maze  
Of their lives and hiding  
Their existence in the  
Swirling fog of dust  
To dust and on . . .

Only a blank was  
left  
There were no more words  
To explain why her voice  
Had failed to reach beyond the  
Glowing ash-tray of her  
Falling cigarette-life of dust  
To dust and on . . .

The priest was  
bribed  
To bury her body;  
Her soul had already broken  
The bonds of eternity  
The strings of reality  
Torn into soft dust  
To dust and on . . .

No one really  
mourned  
For the empty hole left  
In the blanket of humanity  
Was too minute to shred  
The light of understanding,  
From dust to dust and on . . .

cara birardi



## The Critic

Once again, it's opening night. I stopped in for a quick drink or two before I went to work. Paramount pictures had done it again. This time the title is 'How Can You Be In Two Places At Once, When You're Not Anywhere At All', starring Woody Allen. If it's anything like his last few movies, I'll need more than a few drinks.

Ah! just one of the many exciting nights in the life of a critic. A movie tonight, a play tomorrow, an art exhibit the next day. Who knows, next week 6 books or so to review — never a dull moment!!

Well, maybe if I keep my head down and walk in real fast, I'll be able to enjoy my drink in peace. I say the same old thing everytime I come here. Oh! Hell! you would think I would go to some distant out of the way place to avoid all these people, but time is essential especially when I am running behind schedule.

"Thanks Joe, Keep the change."

"Thank you Mr. Graham."

Nice guy that Joe is. He has a sick wife, and 14 kids to support.

Well, at least I made it to the bar so far without being recognized.

"How are you this evening Mr. Graham? I expected you would be here earlier. Running a little behind schedule, aren't you?"

"Yeap, sure am Frank."

"The usual?"

"Yes."

"Will it be a double?"

"Yes," I replied after violently searching for my cigarettes, and finding I had only one left.

"Looks like it's gonna be one of those nights,"

Frank said, as he lit my cigarette.

"I'll send one of the girls to get you a couple of packs."

"Thanks Frank, that would be great."

Frank is a real nice person. He's one of the very few friends I have. We have a great understanding. When my glass is empty, he fills it up.

It's ironic that Frank and I both have the same first name, and a job that deals with the public and putting up with other people's "Bull". Maybe I should have been a bartender. If I had been smart and listened to my mother, I would have been a famous lawyer, married to a gorgeous wife, who spends all her time shopping and looking beautiful, entertaining guests four to six nights a week. I'd have two lovely children living in a five bedroom ranch style home with a dog, a maid, and a cook. Oh, how fortunate I was not to listen to mother. I should have been a plumber. Well! It's too late to feel sorry for myself now. I'd better get moving.

"Mr. Graham."

"Yes Frank."

"Are you feeling all right?"

"Yea, as well as can be expected."

"It's getting late, Mr. Graham."

"I know." What would everyone think if I walked in 10 minutes late.

Who cares? Not me.

"See ya later Frank."

"Goodby, Mr. Graham."

The traffic was heavier than I expected. Instead of driving myself, I decided to have Joe flag down a cab.

As I entered the cab, I realized that I had left

my cigarettes back on the bar. By this time I really didn't care.

"Where to, Buddy," the cab driver said.

"Hollywood Hills Theatre."

He turned and looked at me, as if he expected to see John Garfield or Charles Bronson sitting here.

"All right," he replied, obviously disappointed.

We hadn't even driven two hundred feet when the cabie was staring at me in his mirror. I felt as if I were sitting there stark naked. His eyes left the mirror once or maybe twice to make sure we were still on the road.

"You look very familiar," the driver said.

Oh! No! not again, please not again. I just can't avoid it. Everywhere I go, it never seems to fail. Someone always seems to recognize me. Just another one of the dues you have to pay to be famous.

"Have you ever been to Phillie," the cabie asked.

"Yes, once or twice", I replied, hoping he would drop the subject.

"Oh; you never lived there?"

"Nope," I said searching for a cigarette. I would sure like a cigarette.

"I know I have seen you before." Won't this guy give up?

"I'm sure you see million people a day driving a cab and I might look like at least a half dozen of them." "Hurry, please, I'm running late, I said impatiently.

"Yes sir," he mumbled.

All was silence for about five minutes, then it

happened.

"Now I know," the cabie said with a big grin on his face.

"I've seen your picture in the paper all the time. You are the 'Critic'. I've never read your column at all, I just remember seeing it when I was thumbing through for the sports and comic sections. I really don't care about all that society crap. Man! you really got it easy," the cabie said as he adjusted his cap on his head for about the fifth time.

"Yea!, I really got it easy all right, a piece of cake," I said.

"Sure wish I had your job and all the money and fringe benefits," the cabie said as he waited and looked for a reply he knew he wasn't gonna receive.

I would love to change jobs with this guy if I knew he could get through the crowd and into the theatre.

"What's the big deal tonight?" the cabie asked.

"I'm reviewing a new Woody Allen movie," I replied with disinterest. I would have loved to be as rude as possible and say, "None of your business buddy, shut up and drive." I knew the guy didn't mean any harm just making conversation. But I just wasn't in the mood for it.

We made it there with as little conversation as was possible. Oh! How I dread going in there, fighting the crowd, and sitting for three hours and fifteen minutes. I even dread it more if the film is a Flop, with a capital F. I haven't seen what

you would call a 'real good' movie in at least five years.

I better get in there and sit because Woody is coming with Diane Keaton.

Silence covered the audience as the curtains began to unveil the qualities of this movie. The silence lasted for about fifteen minutes before laughter, including my own, filled the theatre. I think I stopped laughing twice, once to catch my breath, and the second time was when a fifteen minute intermission sign was flashed up on the screen. So far I was very impressed with the movie.

Now, all I have to do is make myself invisible during the intermission. I can't even go have a smoke without being physically and verbally attacked.

This is one of the many disadvantages of being a critic. Smoking is one of the few things I enjoy in life. I'll just sit here and suffer.

I was quite amazed with the acting in this movie. This has got to be one of the best acting parts that Woody ever had.

I got my thoughts organized and my cigarette urge under control. Just as intermission was over, and I, Frank Graham, had survived another intermission.

The theatre once again filled with rip roaring laughter as Woody came through again. By this time, my sides ached so bad I was hoping the movie would end.

People love and need to laugh. I feel that every Psychiatrist should recommend this movie to all of his patients that are in acute depression.

The remedy, "Laughter", it does the soul good.

As soon as the silence came back, you knew the movie was ending. After all there's nothing funny about watching the credits roll by on the screen.

Another success for Mr. Allen and associates.

Now, to get out of here and get to Dinny's for a drink. As I was leaving I ran into Woody. He seemed to be quite pleased with my favorable review. He invited me to his party, but I really didn't feel like being with a lot of people.

I got into a taxi, "Dinny Moore's, Please," I said desperately, I was slowly dying from thirst and lack of nicotine.

"Second thought, take me to Pete's Place, it should be a lot quieter."

The cab pulled up in front of a little hole in the wall place with a tattered sign that read 'Pete's Place, Raw Bar.'

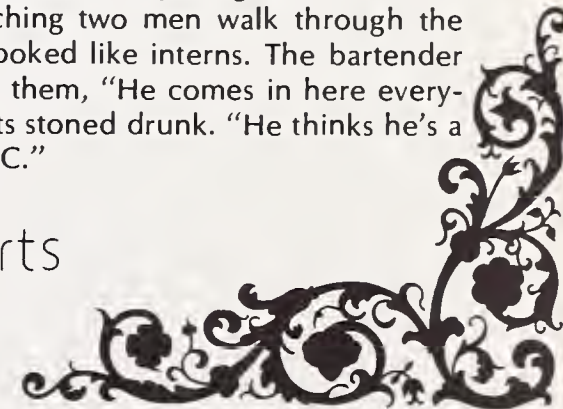
"That's fine, keep the change."

"Thanks Buddy, Anytime!" he said, as he drove away.

I went in and sat at the bar. It's quiet all right. Some drunken woman passed out in a booth in the corner and some guy is sitting at the bar, bending the bartender's ear.

"Double Chevis on the rocks," I said, as I watched him pour me a couple of good shots. After a few drinks, the only thing I could remember was watching two men walk through the door. They looked like interns. The bartender was saying to them, "He comes in here every-night and gets stoned drunk. "He thinks he's a famous CRITIC."

tanya alberts



Instability doesn't frighten me.  
I've been  
in this chasm before.

I am  
falling  
down  
the side  
of an insidious  
canyon.

My body writhes  
with a restlessness  
that makes me hurt from  
a pain, that is  
Sometimes unbearable  
Sometimes an ecstasy.

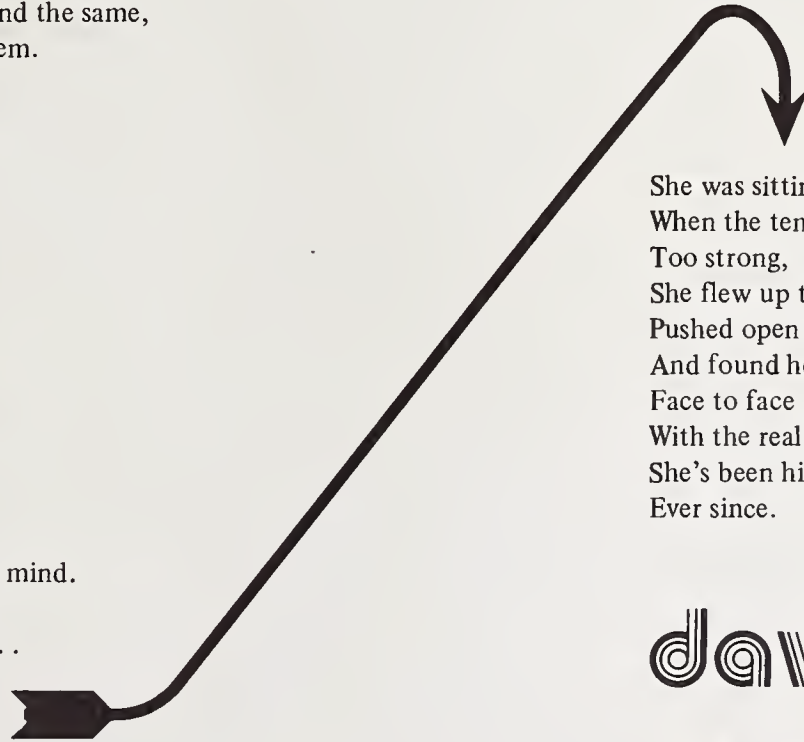
The harsh hands of anxiety  
whirl me around  
in their indecisive grip.

Waiting for tomorrow  
You find yourself wasting today.  
But it really doesn't matter.  
When all the songs begin to sound the same,  
You lose your desire to hear them.



DESIRE

Without it you're lost  
If nobody calls your number  
You push the game out of your mind.  
And then you begin to wonder  
If your number even exists . . . . .



She was sitting in the cellar  
When the temptation became  
Too strong,  
She flew up the staircase  
Pushed open the door  
And found herself  
Face to face  
With the real world.  
She's been hiding in the attic  
Ever since.

david

barranco

Reflections in White

The total remorse  
That I felt on that day  
Was minute.  
It made no mark  
In the annals of time  
But our feelings meant more  
Than the bread  
and the wine.

One eve love was there,  
In the morn it was gone,  
And I cried.  
The friendship was ended,  
The hatred invoked.  
A privilege I paid for  
With more  
than a toke.

And the man in white  
Gave me coke  
and sympathy

And death  
is black.

High and low  
The thoughts are insane;  
And manic depression  
Is searing my brain.

The snow is falling,  
And closing my eyes,  
The feeling is void,  
When a dead man dies.



Pack up your war paints  
old man.  
We have no use for them  
any more.  
Burn the feathers that you wore  
when healing the sick, poor  
brothers  
who believed in you.

You are medicine man  
no longer.  
We are civilized now and know  
of GOD.  
We find your dances odd  
and so we simply nod  
our heads  
and walk away.

Fold up your tent  
and move into the duplex  
in the city.  
And red man  
forget your blood.  
You are white now.  
Rejoice brother for we  
are saved.

And as the old man looked  
at his grandson,  
with sunglasses  
and tennis shoes,  
A tear slid down his cheek.  
"I will live as a white man,"  
he said,  
"But I shall die an Indian."



# Out of Night

Night time in the city  
Tonight I am your man  
Freedom is a word for you  
Am I in your life tonight?

Your mouth is a seed of misfortune and misery  
Sorry to say it sweets  
Time for you to leave

Buy something on Sunshine Parking's Way  
See the clouds drown  
in Biscayne Bay

Existing is a grey grave yard sin  
When you are not out  
When you are not out to win

See me as  
a darkly bred young Knight  
Caring for you  
and carrying you out of night.

keith  
pharr

One before the other  
A week between  
Eagles are born  
With the curse of Cain

Doktor's care  
A con on Mother  
First they take Cain  
Then the other

'Til flight the curse remains  
Then love of brother again retained  
Eaglets soar on silken wing  
To start again the Curse of Cain

m  
i  
k  
e  
p  
e  
t  
e  
y



I  
am dry  
crumbling  
and you  
with your sweet, winter rain  
move north  
to cover me  
and  
mold me  
back. And I  
wish  
for the  
smooth westwind.

## melodie rolling

I see you  
    playing "hide-n-seek"  
in the recesses of my memory

I see you  
    (in your playful nakedness)  
as you dart in and out  
in and out  
    of the crevices of my  
mind's eye.

You drift in and out of me  
  slowly . . .  
You pause a moment -- then  
  
    you're gone.

Have you not noticed  
(as you lie beside me  
night after night)  
that i  
(as well as you)  
long for the time  
when we did not  
lie beside each other  
but  
lay together



*The Key*

Where sunrise clears above the sea,  
Setting without casting shadow;  
Where two seas come, in love to be;  
Where seabirds watch the scene below;  
Where seas kiss gently on two shores  
Ye loving each some foreign land,  
Our love was true and forever true,  
Commingled here in any age  
Of time, and here the sea is true.

© 1914 by Cecil B. Neff, Jr.  
Reprinted by permission of the publisher,  
The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill.  
All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

cecil b. neff, jr.

real

ashes

real

dust

jeffrey young

He sprawled there in the small puddle which was his own blood; not dying. The redness surrounding his shattered head grew as swiftly as the thoughts within ebbed. (Second time. Dammit. Never on a weekend . . . why not Thursday on the way to the Harrison's and miss those god-awful movies? But, no . . . the committee meets in a half-hour — I've got to be there! Always . . . dammit always the wrong times. Christ; they'd better hurry . . .) Then, finally, there were no more thoughts and much more redness, and he was quite, quite dead.

But not really . . .

\* \* \* \*

RBC - 14 CS/Qdrt. 3317 File# 08263-722

sub. name: Diehl, Eric C. occupation: Construction Engineer; presently Project Director/Coordinator new Devlin Plaza complex. time of death: 8:28 a.m.; subject received fatal gunwounds after refusal to change ten dollar bill for would-be killer. (See attached report also Form 22). time of re-birth: 9:42 a.m. final. concerned have been notified. sequence STOP.

RBC - 14 CS/Qdrt. 3317 End file# 08263-722

addendum: note — subjects second re-birth this year. previous details available. sequence STOP.

\* \* \* \*

. . . even though he *had* missed his meeting.

“ . . . where he was shot. The accused, Edward Marsh, 23 years old, was fined five thousand dollars by the State courts . . . Jeez!” Steve Collins stubbed out his cigarette, continuing,

“They really laid it on that poor bastard. Why so steep a fine?”

“Read the papers instead of sitting in that damn room all day reading books and you'd know,” informed his roommate. “This Diehl is a big man right now. Head of that government plaza they're building city-center. The longer that project's tied up, it's costing someone bills. Putting Diehl out for a while was time lost. State had to make somebody pay.”

“In that case,” Steve mused, “It's a wonder they didn't hit him for more. And the reason I read books instead of newspapers is 'cause I can count on you to fill me in.”

“And I did. But I'm not always going to be around, Steve.”

“I've had such hopes, but unless my luck changes. . .”

“Funny. Unless your luck changes, buddy boy, you'll be unemployed indefinitely.”

“Yea. Well, at least I'm blessed with some sort of consistency.”

Elsewhere, things weren't as informal.

Eric Diehl, the reborn, sat scrutinizing the facts and figures before him with quiet determination. It had been a long day, and his death hadn't helped matters. He wanted to go home.

The pre-structural tests on the higher levels of the plaza had indicated possible problems. These weren't actual field tests, yet the computers were fairly accurate given the proper information. Precisely accurate, in fact . . . given the right information. Which somebody, somewhere along the line hadn't; and if he had to study the data all night, it was his job to find the answers.

The intercom buzzed: “Mr. Diehl, Mr. Wilder would like to see you, sir. Right away.”

“I said *no* calls,” he accented the ‘no’ but then decided if Wilder wanted to see him, it must be

important. "Let him in."

"He's on his way, sir."

Alan Wilder came through the door and, from the look on his face, something was wrong. Very wrong. Wilder had been Diehl's right hand for many years; to see him upset was to expect the worse. Still, all this work . . .

"Alan, look . . . I'm really busy with these stress tests," he was intent on getting Alan to leave, but knew it would be useless.

"Eric," Alan's eyes held no apology; his voice strong. "I wouldn't have bothered you in regards to the slightest thing, but . . . well, this is most unusual. Remember the plaza worker who fell yesterday?"

"Broke his neck. So . . .?"

"Well, he didn't report in for work today."

"So fire him. You know the procedures. If . . ."

"If I could find him I would. I called his home — no answer. And when I checked with the Re-birth Center, they said he was admitted but . . ."

"But what?"

"Not released. I don't think," Alan's voice softened, "he was reborn, they didn't say so — but that's my bet. They were more reticent than usual, that's for sure. Something's up . . . I don't think that guy was reborn."

"All right, Alan. Thanks."

Alan took the cue and left quietly through the door, shutting it with care. Eric Diehl said nothing as he left; he knew Alan hadn't expected anything. He reached in the desk drawer for his scotch. It wasn't the loss of one worker, he thought, simply the principle. If a body isn't reconstructed within 24 hours . . . Too much for one day, he said to himself, turning out the lights. He locked the office behind him and went home.

Background. In all stories there must be a

background, a past information which helps explain present events, and so . . .

The third century, A.D., entered with the usual dubious rejoicing. Shortly into that era, however, the joy, along with man's faith in medical technology, became outstanding; and justifiably so — man had conquered death.

Numerous occurrences led to this: Computers with capacities well beyond man's; the ability to transplant and/or re-create any possible part of the human body; and, lastly, cloning — or the restructuring of a man from a single body cell. The final product was the Re-Birth Centers. Massive complexes, all automatic, rebuilding any human regardless of present condition. Of course that was the final product. Earlier —

Sheila Woods was nineteen, pretty, had a good career blooming in the fashion world, plenty of friends, and wanted desperately to end her life. She did so, thanks to two influencing factors. First, the papers had leaked the news of man's impending immortality and, secondly, she was psychotic. Quite insane. Sheila had read somewhere that striking an object in a car traveling at 60 M.P.H. was equivalent to driving off of a nine-story building. Innovative child that she was, she amalgamated both of these theoretical hazards and, at 2:45 in the morning, broke through the barricade of the downtown parking center, sped up the ramps to the tenth floor (one floor off, well, — she was crazy) and floored the vehicle: over the edge and straight down, screaming, laughing, "I can't die! I can't!" while her lethal descent brought disproof. They couldn't rebuild what they couldn't find and they couldn't find any of Sheila.

Though the hopes of 'speed cloning' were a quarter of a century premature, progress in genetic engineering was made with a swiftness unseen in any previous field. The computers were largely responsible. Built by other com-

puters and actually mammoth sentient complexes — man had lost most understanding of their operation — eventually a single body cell was the sole requisite for constructing a genetic and psychological duplicate of a human being; and in little less than a day. Of course, since nobody had to die, or wished to volunteer, sterilization was made mandatory . . .

End of background, beginning of dilemma.

Since there were no more deaths and no more births at least of new humans (the test tube children projects of decades ago were lost somewhere in the computer banks) and because the Re-Birth Centers were the controlling agent of all the regenerative processes which stabilized the population, humanity had slipped the bonds of life and death, ending the struggle of countless ages.

And the computers were solely responsible!

The Re-birth Center loomed before him, casting a cold familiarity. Steve Collins stood in its shadow, hesitating to enter the plasteel doors as he had done so easily two months ago. So many years, he thought, and I never noticed the place, not really. Laid off for two months . . . I should be glad to be back. But the damn place is so . . . Oh Hell, Steve. Get in there before you're late. Christ, you'll be fired before rehired. He stepped forward and the doors slid open, hissing at him.

Once inside, he walked confidently through the corridors making an unconscious inventory. Nothing had changed, although it must be a slow day, he guessed, passing the next area. Receiving seems normal, at least — I wonder why West section's quieter than usual? Probably nothing major . . . some tie-up; they've distributed the overflow . . . the other Release Rooms will be buzzing.

He turned off the main corridor and down a

smaller one, scanning the doors for the correct room. Number 16, West section, Personal. He checked it with his notice. O.K., she's the one, alright. . . . Not the one I went to when I first applied, but then that's been years.

Steve Collins stepped forward and was hissed at once again.

Eric Diehl put down his suitcase, swearing. The phone insisted that he answer it. He switched on the receiver to pacify it, and it quieted. Alan Wilder was on the screen, and Diehl knew it would be harder to placate him than the mechanical nuisance.

"Alan, I'm going up there and that's final," he said sternly. "So don't say anything to the contrary."

"I just wanted to know how long. A day, two?" Alan lied. He had hoped to change Eric's plans, but saw it was useless. "The Government. . . ."

". . . knows we're in deadlock until the computers finish those stress tests. I've gone the route with them and can't find the flaw, so it's their job now." He glanced at his watch, "You have the number, Alan. If I'm not back before they find the answer, call me."

He started to cut the switch before Alan could answer, but added, "And not for any other reason."

The "Yes, sir." from the receiver faded quickly, along with the sunlight. Dammit, he thought, looking again at his watch, Dusk already and it's two hours driving. Damn. . . .

He picked up the waiting suitcase and headed out the door.

"Steve," his roommate said, setting down his drink. "Look, you've been home two hours now, and have done nothing but stare at the walls. I know you too well. If you were just upset, you'd be reading. But to sit and stare. . . . something's up, friend. . . . something important. What happened at the job, anyway?"

The trance broken, Steve stepped out of his thoughts. He's right. I can't hide this from him. I've known Mark too long to hide something like this. He went to pour himself a drink, but decided against it. Better keep my thoughts straight for this.

"Alright Mark," he began. "Now listen and don't say a word. And that means afterwards, too. This is supposed to be totally secret and if they find out I've told you, we'll both get it — but good."

"My lips are sealed."

"O.K. . . . from the beginning, right?" He paused, shuffling his thoughts, then continued:

"When I got to the Re-Birth Center today something was strange right off. I didn't give it any thought till later, when I found out my new job. Burial detail. . . . Christ. . . ."

"Burial? Of what?"

"People, dammit. . . . human beings. Something's gone wrong with the machines. They're not releasing anyone. That's why the Release Rooms were so quiet. For some reason the computers are discarding the time limit. . . . the dead are really staying dead. They're fixing up those whose bodies are failing in natural ways, heart trouble and such, but others they just let die. Really die. Oh, Jesus. . . ."

"You think they're doing it purposely?"

"I know they are. I wasn't staring those two hours, I was thinking. I've done a lot of reading. . . . you can joke, but. . . . this is what I came up with. I've read a good deal about the old times, before the Centers. People were different then. Life meant more, it was special. And morals, even Aristotle. . . . well, you don't know him. . . . but they had certain rules for society. I don't mean like our rules, I mean about death. Killing was wrong. But after the Re-Birth Centers came along, it wasn't. It was called murder, but we didn't have it because you couldn't kill a person.

Not completely. The Centers rebuilt them and that was it. Sure, there was a fine, it cost money to rebuild a person, but that wasn't really punishment. Anyway. . . . it's getting the machines mad. Like the couple upstairs — How many times has she shot, stabbed and killed her husband over some petty altercation? People committing suicide whenever they want — that guy who claims he's jumped off every building in town. . . . the machines running Re-birth know we've lost something. The meaning of life. I know, because I see it, too. They have the same information in their memories as I've got in my books." He stopped to pour that drink and sipped it slowly.

"So what do we do, Steve?" Mark asked.

"Nothing. We can't fix the machines, they fix themselves. They won't tell us anything if we ask, either. They're telling us all they want us to know by their actions. They're saying, "Life means something, we won't let you throw it away any longer." Maybe we can tell some people, but a lot more will die before the whole world catches on."

They sat there for quite some time before finally, when they heard the fighting upstairs, leaving their apartment.

As he cut the sharp curve near the top of the mountain, he saw the other car coming towards him. His muscles wanted to freeze but his mind refused to let them do so. He swerved to the left, avoiding the car, and went rolling lethally down the escarpment. Third time, thought Eric Diehl, watching the world spin around him. I should have stayed like Alan said. At least I pressed the button in time to notify Re-Birth. Damn. . . . when I get back. . . .

He lay there, once more, in the small puddle which was his own blood; dying. Soon, there were no more thoughts and much more blood, and he was quite, quite dead.

Really.

## TIMES RECORD

Minutes ticking faster, ticking away the time  
the moments fleeting faster,  
and now there is no time.

No time to spend those minutes, those moments --  
passed away;  
and one cannot re-capture the dreams  
of yesterday.

Today, this moment, as I write  
has faded fast, into the halls of yesterday  
-- deep into the past --

Yet moments stand before me in the regiment of time  
-- real -- and yet elusive, here in an instant  
and gone in the next  
its fleeting has my mind perplexed  
a moment here --  
and not the next.

I have no time to wonder upon,  
where moments go -- when they are gone  
I may not tarry -- for you see,  
time marches on.

Pray stop! -- That I may capture you --  
to hold you at my pace,  
to slow the fleeting of time  
that -- scores upon my face.

liz lynch

Is there a way to end  
when there was no beginning  
to that which had not begun --  
and yet became --  
and continued without ever  
having begun --  
something that is and is not  
but always was?  
Something that exists in time,  
yet without time --  
has no time, takes no time  
is not bound by time?  
That which is without beginning  
is without end.  
It is not and yet --  
it always will be.



## THE BABY SITTER

Books and balls and  
Bottles and blocks  
Bunnies and boxes and  
Little blonde locks  
"Babeth" and the bedtime  
Lullaby.  
It's time to rest, my little one,  
Baby hush, don't cry  
"Babeth" will sing you a lullaby.  
Bunny and Beany are all asleep  
the stars are bright in the sky.  
Hush, my little one, don't weep.  
My little one don't cry.  
"Babeth" will sing you a lullaby  
and rock you into a world of dreams  
where devilish little boys go,  
and kiss your head gently and lay you in bed  
with Beany and Bunny to rest.  
And I'll lift your soft blue blanket  
and cover you up to your chest.  
Then I'll gather your ball and  
your blocks from the floor  
and quietly shut off the light  
and I'll say in a very soft voice  
as I leave, "good night, my little one,  
sleep tight."

liz lynch

## Happiness

A child plays with time  
paws it like a cat  
sniffs it -- rubs it --  
curls it in its downy lap  
and collects still, gleaming  
moments for himself --  
he doesn't share with anyone . . .

wanda gibbons

# ANTIQUÉ

He was a huge fellow for his age, he was only fifteen. Tall, dark, and wide shouldered. He had a deep voice, beady eyes, and a long scar just above his left eye where a cop once hit him. He was tougher, bigger, stronger, and meaner than anyone in the group. He'd come to the park every Friday and meet us behind the baseball diamond near the benches. Looking down on the group he'd give us orders in a military fashion calling us by our nick-names in a low, growling voice. We knew he was only acting so we went along. He'd say, "B.B. were gonna play the gang from 'cross the track today, bring your football." Then he'd rattle off the rest of the gangs' names saying, "Fatboy, don't screw up today like you did last week, Willie C., Caveman, Chop-chop, don't y'all get to arguing over who's messin' up durin' the game." Then me and Antique would leave the park knowing we'd be back there in an hour to play the gang from crosstown.

An hour later we'd meet in the same place and look over the fellows from 'cross the track trying to size them up. I really don't know why, we've been playing them for the past two years.

We seldom won so this whole ritual became rather boring to me. Antique walked over to them, talked with 'em for a few minutes then yelled "com'on let's beat'em today." About three fights and six curse words later it was over. We'd lost again, and Antique had started all three fights. We called him Antique because he always did the same old thing. He was dependable, that's why we let him be the group leader. That and the fact that he could whop us all. As we left the park, walking together down the street, blaming each other for our weekly Football game loss, Antique said to meet him by the gym Saturday morning. Arriving at the apart-

ments we agreed upon a specific time and went home. Me and Antique lived the furthest down the street so we walked on together. Strangely enough Antique didn't say much, he was usually very talkative and I wondered to myself why he was so silent. That night as I lay in my bed, I wondered what was going on in his head. I knew he'd be by my window around ten-thirty as usual. Sure enough he came. I listened to him whispering outside and shaking the bushes rhythmically to let me know it was him. I slipped past my mother's room, and walked down to the park with him, he was still unusually silent. Then he said, "P. J. you know whats been going on. Blacks mad cause Martin Luther Kings been assassinated, Whites mad cause Blacks will no longer be good nigger's for 'em." "I been thinking," he said, "I gotta get involved, the gang might no go along with me, but I gotta do something."

I thought it was a good idea getting involved, but I probably thought it was a good idea because I admired Antique so much. All of us did.

Antique sat quietly for a while. Suddenly he jumped up and said, "I'll see you tomorrow P.J." (They called me P.J. because I had an undying love for peanut butter and jelly.)

When I arrived at home I contemplated raiding the refrigerator and fixing me a few peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for strength. However, mother's voice from earlier that afternoon rang out in my head, "P.J. you use the rest of that jam tonight I'll skin you alive." I knew no matter how careful I was she would be able to tell if I ate some, so I just went on to bed.

We met late Saturday morning. We all knew why each other was late. No matter how grown up we'd try to be we knew everyone raced to the television to watch Bugs Bunny, Fred Flintstone, and Tom & Jerry. Antique included. When he

did arrive he had a serious look of determination on his face, more serious than we've ever seen him. "Fellas," he said, "I can't just watch my brothers and sisters fight for a just cause without helpin' 'em in some way, that's why I'm joining the P.B.A.A. That stands for Proud Brothers of Afro-America. Blacks have tried peacefully to change things but didn't succeed much, so we're gonna change things through violence." The group was shocked. We never heard Antique talk in this manner before. Though the subject of equality for Blacks involved all of us, we knew the older people could deal with it better. We were just kids. But Antique went on bad-mouthin' white people, talkin' of riots, burnin' buildings, and death. On and on he talked. I stared at him so hard that I thought I could see the face of a devil, super imposed on his face, twisted, contorted, and grinning. Antique finished up his talk saying that he'd be proud if any of us would join with him. No one spoke. A shroud of silence hung over the area. Antique smiled out the corner of his mouth, turned and left. Fatboy's voice was the first to pierce the silence. "Wow I never heard anyone talk like that," he said. Willie C. burst out, "I'll never take sides with anyone who talks like that." "Lets go over to the benches," he said. We knew Willie C. always wanted to lead us but he never could whup Antique. I guess he saw his big change he knew Antique was leaving the group.

No one felt like playing ball or anything. We just sat around the rest of the day, soaking in what Antique said.

One by one we went on home. That night in my bed I had a feeling Antique wouldn't show up by my window. I was right.

It wasn't until two months later that we saw Antique. We were leaving the school house

when Chop-chop saw him by our old meeting place. He shouted Antique's name. Antique stopped looked back and waved to us, but differently. He kept his fist balled up and told us it was a symbol for Black power. We all gathered 'round him like children at a candy store window. "Hey brothers, what's happening, I know y'all read about us in the paper." I thought for a while and then said "You mean the riot at the market cross town." "Yea, that's it. They'll serve Blacks there humanely or we'll burn that sucker down." He paused for a moment, like people do when they get a bright idea or remember something they've been trying to think of all day. Then he said "Right on little brothers! I'll see y'all later." He rushed off.

Two days later I brought the daily newspaper to school and read the story about the market 'cross town being burned down to the gang. They suspected it was done by a group of young Black youths.

The very next day we were leaving the park around six-o'clock. It was just getting dark. Passing the apartments office we heard a noise. Fatboy recognized Antiques form in the darkness. He and three others ran out of the building. We knew it would be best not to hang around. The cops might arrive and blame us.

The next day the news was out. They had beat up old-man Taylor. He was a middle aged, white man that collected the rent. The whites went into a rampage over this. Two days later some law officers rode through the whole neighborhood stating over a loudspeaker on top of their car that a curfew was issued. Everyone must be in their houses by eight o'clock.

Things cooled down for a while. We saw Antique two or three times at the park. He'd grown a little more now and he stood about six-one. Yet he was only sixteen, his birthday had past

months ago, but we didn't even see him on it. He'd grown a thin mustache and a dark kinky beard. He came out to the park one Friday played ball with us. Because of his huge size and quick temper the game was cut short.

After the game, we sat on the benches by the baseball diamond. Antique started right in talking. "Fellas, Fellas, tomorrow is the big night. We gonna get things right. The cops have cooled down, and the curfew is off. I guess they think they done put us niggers in our place. But we got news for them. Y'all know those two blocks of white office buildings and stores. Well, we're lootin', burnin', and destroyin' all of 'em. I know Mr. Whiteys gonna be awful upset. We're even robbing that seven-eleven store to get more money for the P.B.A.A. Y'all might not wanna participate but you can come watch the white man's world burn down. Well, I gotta keep movin' you know." He stood up, took a few steps, turned around and said, "Don't forget tomorrow night, and don't tell nobody else what I just told y'all."

"Well," said Caveman, "I'm sho'-nuff gonna be out there. I won't help 'em but when they break in the store I might be able to get that radio I always wanted." The rest of the gang agreed to meet across the street from the store the next night. We were pretty silent walking home. Each of us knew it would be really mean out there tomorrow night. Just about ten-thirty that night I was getting in bed (with a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in my mouth) when I heard a thump. I looked to the window. It was Antique. He hadn't been to my window in weeks. "You almost scared the black off my skin," I whispered. "I'm sorry but I gotta talk to someone and you're my closest friend cause we grew up together." "Just a minute," I said. I slipped on some pants and shoes and eased out

the back-door. We walked for a while. Then suddenly Antique stopped, looked at me for a minute, then sat down on a car. I noticed his facial appearance had changed since this afternoon when I saw him. "P. J.," he said, "I'm scared. Everyone in the P. B. A. A. is a lot older than me. They make me do all the dirty work. I hit old man Taylor, I sat the market on fire, and now they want me to rob that store. I'm in too deep to pull out." He paused. His voice was trembling now. "I got the strangest feeling things not gonna go smooth as they say they is." "Then don't do it," I said. "I got to. I'm scared as a Black militant at a Klansman convention" he grinned. "Well I'll see you tomorrow night my man," Take it light," I said, and rushed home. My mind raced over our conversation again and again. That wasn't the same Proud Brother of Afro-America anymore. It wasn't even the same Antique. I eased back in bed and returned to my sandwich.

Late the next afternoon we all slowly walked down to the business area of the black section of town. We were all filled with anticipation of how tonight's events would go. We saw Antique coming down the street with a small paper bag in his hand. He'd just left the hardware store. "Brothers what is it! This is gonna blow your minds. I just bought the matches and tools we're gonna use to burn and loot his store down with." "Don't you think he might suspect you and give your description to the cops," I said. "Na, so many blacks go in there every day. Besides they think we all look alike anyway." We all laughed. "Well I gotta make some plans fellas. I'll see you tomorrow and tell you how it went." "Alright, Antique, take it easy" I said. We hung around the corner for a while talkin' and jivin'. Then two white police officers pulled up in their patrol car. One officer with a big thick mustache, wearing dark shades, stuck his head out the window and shouted "You colored kids go

on home. When I ride back by I don't wanna see y'all out here." We walked off mumbling obscenities. Chop-chop, B. B., Fatboy, Willie C., and me, all said we were getting scared. That they might not come back tonight to watch. I sort-of went along with them knowing all along that I was gonna sneak back out there as soon as it was dark.

Less than an hour later, the sun had set and I snuck out the front door, eased around the back of the apartments and crept up to the black business district. I was extra careful to watch out for the cops. Just as I thought the coast was clear I stepped out onto the sidewalk. I heard footsteps coming up the alley. I thought it was the cops. I started to run but paused for a moment. It was Caveman. He grinned "I told you I'm gonna get that radio when they loot that store." My heart beat was slowing down to its normal rate when I heard glass breaking. I heard three or four voices down the street. I knew it had started. I watched roaring flames dance in the stores and office windows, the alarm screamed out into the empty streets. I heard police sirens join the sounds.

Caveman tapped me, "This is my chance," he said. "No Caveman the cops are coming," I took off after him. As I was passing the small seven-eleven store Antique was rushing out of the door. I stopped him, "Antique, Cavemans gone in the burning store." "That fool!," Antique shouted. He ran over to his friends car and handed them the money they ran down the street after Caveman. I rushed along with him. He shouted back telling his friends to wait. When we arrived at the store, Caveman was coming out hugging the radio, like a child caresses a teddy bear. "Come on," Antique yelled, "you can ride with us. Y'all take off I'll be there in a minute." We rushed along down the street. Antique went back in the store and broke open

the cash register. The cops sped 'round the corner. We heard their brakes screeching. We stopped. "I gotta warn Antique" Caveman said. We turned 'round and headed back. Antique's friends had already zoomed off. At that very moment Antique came out of the store. The same cop with the thick mustache and dark shades was drawing his gun. "Freeze!," he shouted to Antique. We rushed down the sidewalk heading toward Antique. He twisted around and motioned for us to go back. That's when the shot cracked in the air. Antique crumpled up his muscles and trembled, like a crippled man trying to take his first steps. He dropped.

We approached his unmoving body, but froze as the cop warned us not to move. Yet I couldn't take my eyes off his freshly life-drained body.

"Why'd you shoot him?" I asked. "Why?" The cop snapped, "Shut up nigger. He was trying to escape. Let that be a lesson to y'all.

The rest was mechanical. We were taken to a police station. Antiques body was carried off. Our parents came and we were released. Yet Antique was dead. Nothing could be done about that.

Four days later we attended his funeral. No one cried except his mother. That night in my bed I reviewed that frenzied moment again and again, trying to think of how I could have prevented Antique's death. But soon my mind wandered to another time when Antique was always hanging with the gang, and how he used to be the same old thing all the time.

The bushes rustled outside my window, my wandering thoughts ceased and I was filled with fear. I was hoping it would be Antique, but it couldn't be. I listened for a while, and heard the wind blow and the bushes rustle outside my window again. I rolled over in my bed and cried myself to sleep.

when  
the revolution  
comes

When the revolution comes everybody will have a permanent tan; Down with Coppertone. Chocolate cities will have overthrown all their vanilla predecessors. Lester Maddox and George Wallace will be president and vice president of the "Black Panthers." And Watts will be our capital city, painted with the blood of our slaughtered brothers King, Hampton, and Malcolm. When the Revolution comes.

Ultrasheen and Afrosheen will have taken Clairol and Dippito-Do off the market. Ebony and Diana Ross will replace Blackwell, because all the best dressed women will be wearing MAHOGONY fashions. When the revolution comes.

When the revolution comes Stevie Wonder will have seen his inner vision, and they'll be no more blackneck cities. Angela Davis will be Chief Judge of all of who see color, blinding them forever. But until that time comes, we must unite and revolutionize, unite and revolutionize, revolutionize, But CAN WE? When the revolution comes.

tony leonard

lodge lodge ||||



auric reflection in a goatherder's eye

dawn ignites palestine,  
burning grass  
burnished bronze.  
an ancient mound murmurs  
from half-sleep  
and inspirits  
the grasp of the tamarisk --  
its roots  
firmly inearthed  
in the dark, indefinite loam  
of human refuse,  
seeking the manna  
that dwells within  
decaying wood and crumbling bone.

"a parched, brittle leaf,  
soon to be the artifact of tree,  
this is what i am,"  
muttered the old,  
khaki-skinned scholar  
as he knelt before the sieve  
and looked up  
from the fallow fragment  
of hebrew bone,  
held like a covenant  
between thumb  
and forefinger.  
"for even as i begin  
the descent from the branch,  
i can hear  
the distant rumbling,  
the word,  
the utterance of root,  
seeking  
the dried resin,  
once my bitter-sweet sap,  
to confirm  
the new season."

arthur

gritty, yellow silence.  
jerusalem's heat  
broken into spadefuls.  
the occasional bleat  
of a stray goat.  
the archaeologist  
climbs the distance  
to his feet,  
and finding support  
in that low tree's gnarled limbs,  
bends to brush  
the caked dust of two thieves  
from his bruised, aching knees.

marler

immured alive,  
a woman's breath quickens  
within the spire  
and descent  
of that victorian relic,  
that palling house  
upon the summit  
as the slow, restrained step  
of a boston waltz  
curtains her chamber  
with a laced melody,  
weights her quailing breast  
like a brooch of amber and brass.  
and ancient inveterate timepiece,  
a headstone above an embering hearth,  
marks a triplet of quarter-hours,  
bending violin strings  
to the ticking strain.  
the sweep  
of her long petticoats  
stirs the afternoon  
into whirling apparitions of dust;  
yet she dances alone.  
she stops, collapses into the nearest chair.  
long, delicate fingers  
scratch at her eyes  
to chastise  
the bitter sharp crotchet  
that rolls  
along the line of her cheek  
and flings itself to death,  
absorbed into the floor's wooden grain.  
the victrola's last revolution  
clicks in recital,  
counting her repeated whisper,  
"come back to me my darling,  
come back,"  
but even day deserts her,  
dividing hillock  
into a score of gray and black,  
vacant limb and weathering stone.

this antique dwelling mourns her dead.

chores finished,  
breakfast not quite ready,  
he stood on the back porch,  
under the eaves of dawn,  
and gave ear  
to the gray, mumbling judas-wind  
of his fourteenth harvest,  
as it lulled to sleep  
the burrowing owl,  
who,  
being rather dispassionate toward divinity,  
was shivering  
just the same,  
deep within dakota's flesh:  
but the cool eulogy,  
the gusty tonguings,  
the autumn kiss  
that betrays  
were indecipherable  
to his adolescent ear.  
he watched on,  
from the edge of his feather,  
as a floating circle  
of turkey buzzards  
lazily followed  
the glint,  
the blur  
of combine blades,  
kniving a blind,  
but straight path  
through a pawnee wheat field:  
and as the circle  
grew tighter  
into a crown of winged thorns  
he realized that under  
that loose fitting,  
yellowed cloak,  
that severed grain,  
there waited  
s small rodent,  
perhaps a hare,  
maimed, bleeding,  
frightened of death,  
yet dying without complaint.

suddenly,  
as if in the act  
of genuflection,  
his knees collapsed  
from under him,  
succumbing  
to the furious thrash  
of wings about his head,

the talon's quick  
and piercing jerk  
at his throat,  
the relentless pecking  
meant to spill his eyes.  
in the end,  
anointed  
by the foretaste of saliva,  
mocked  
by the whistle-screech  
of the mob's preying birds,  
they died  
quietly.

yet,  
as he counted three  
and stood again,  
eyes resurrected,  
a witness to remiracle,

arthur

marler

he climbed  
that smooth under-shell  
of a starling egg sky  
to follow  
the line  
of blue-winged teal,  
raising wet feathers  
to the wind,  
like pilgrims  
silhouetted  
against a callow morning,  
like tiny crucifixes

in ascension  
from the lake  
that lies  
just beyond  
the north forty.



Mickey Tidwell

The ocean's waters  
curling, rolling, and splashing white  
destined for the shore.

adele  
belardino

beginning  
new, fresh, spirit  
pollution, decay, corruption  
end

laura may



Rain Dance

After a storm  
i am aware of the calm  
nature was crying for,  
the subtle awakening of new life

the raising of bowed heads  
and the general feel of the air,  
of mist in performance,  
the sweep of the rain dance.

ryon rich

Mickey Tidwell



THE PERFECT ALIBI  
CONTINUED

You were hours late for dinner  
again,  
The egg rolls I had worked on  
All afternoon were limp,  
Contrasting my rigid demeanor.

Our dinner guest,  
A psychiatrist,  
Seemed bemused  
And appeared to be  
Mentally taking notes  
On the unfolding of this  
All too frequent  
Domestic drama.

I remained calm  
Throughout the description  
Of your last minute gallant efforts  
To save a public official's job.

But the part about rescuing  
The man in the wheelchair  
Trapped in the revolving door  
Was just too much!

Why can't you ever  
Just stop off  
For a few drinks  
Like a normal person?

IMPROVING OUR IMAGE

I read an article  
In a psychology magazine  
Entitled "Why Women Marry  
Ministers."  
It gave the usual dreary  
reasons  
Until the last one,  
Which said  
Some women marry ministers  
Because as young girls  
They have sexual fantasies  
About clergymen.

Fantastic!

I can't wait to use that one  
The next time somebody asks me.

cecily crossman



One night when we were playing  
"If I Had a Million Dollars"  
I said,

"If I had a million dollars  
I'd set you up in an apartment  
On the intercoastal,  
And visit you every Thursday."

You laughed.

But haven't you been having  
These fantasies about me  
For a thousand years?

cecily

crossman

As a shadow in the dark  
of a spirit that has risen  
with the crescent moon's crescendo,  
Love was brought to woman  
as woman begot man,  
Projecting images of puberty  
as it exists among the rocks.

--from Paul Allen's Shadows  
--by Alan Cherry

Of the 39 friends I once had,  
17 are remaining,  
Until 3 died of smelly Sox,  
12 became afflicted with a  
leper's plague,  
the rest I throw rocks at.  
Needless to say my popularity  
is waning.

--from Paul Allen's One More Time  
by Alan Cherry

Twice removed from the middle  
I set to alleviate the pair,  
From a dungeon deep within  
those revered stairs,  
Of creations blessed  
with fury and wrath,  
Of a \$3 room and a 50¢ bath.

--from The Classified Paul Allen  
--by Alan Cherry

PAUL

Would it be cruel to trip a man who has no legs?  
No, because he wishes he could be tripped.  
Would it be evil to kick the seeing dog  
of a blind man?  
No, because times he wishes the dog  
were dead.  
Would it be bad to take a weak-hearted  
man to a strip-tease show?  
No, because he would die enjoying it.

--from the Many Lovers of Paul Allen  
--by Alan Cherry

haze lit streets shone man's inhumanity  
as she strode ambiguously away  
    alas, the man-child danced in his  
mind's own shadow,  
    reflecting the day people thought,  
then wondered if cruelty was truly  
the work of soiled visions.

--from Paul Allen's Shadows  
--by Greg Cote

## ALLEN

### Suicide Blues

this is a note not easy to write  
finding the words ain't half of the plight  
because leading the life that's pleasing to all  
is going close to all edges and nearing the fall  
if you ever get the feeling of callin' it quits,  
sit down and tell your brother you reached the pits  
he'll look in your eye, and with a look straight as death  
tell you flat out you got bad breath.

--from Paul Allen (1954-1977)  
--by Greg Cote

### Dogs in the Switch Room

uncage us where restless dogs growled  
in the switchroom  
scream in the heatwave, fill 3 x 6 ditches soon  
advice to the first one on the grease-marrow  
bone: tear off the lean meat, leave the fat back at home  
though the team survived the glass house  
was stoned  
but a friend slipped a file in  
as the jailer slept at home

--from Paul Allen's Tribute to Reg and Bernie  
--by Greg Cote



a crow that is frightened is not a scarecrow  
yet we're expected to realize that  
a slim and a fat chance are equal.

--from Life Threats on Paul Allen  
--by Greg Cote



When iceblocks flow the crystal creeks  
And skies are muddled in the duller of greys.  
It is time to head for the village  
To bless the Christmas morning  
And witness the Christmas day.  
In a town of cobbled streets, still freshly  
frozen from the night,  
The puffed layers of snow barely cover  
the tops of my feet.  
I spy the lovers sitting, before  
A candles eve, among a cluster of presents,  
around a small but modest tree.  
The wax's flame forms tiny prisms  
reflecting the spirit of the subtle home,  
In the ice on the window frame.  
I just stand staring, thinking that this  
is the morning created for the soul  
and the warmth of hearts.  
But I have to continue winding down a  
side path, stopping to peer through  
a spruce and holly wreath, into  
a mansion, breathing steadily  
fogging up the glass.  
Placed in the corner by the door, a house's  
master changes into a well furred  
housecoat and hangs up a winter jacket  
still wet from the snow.  
He removes a small package, walks across  
a room that is spotless and well knit.  
He stops at the fire as the flames begin  
to cackle and spit.

The master unravels the gift.  
It pops open as a ballerina twirls  
to a tinkle and chime, as it dances  
about a diamond locket and a string of pearls.  
He leaves the room dousing the oil lamps.

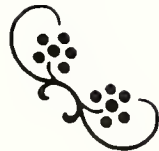
I leave with the dancer spinning in the night.

The sun is coming and the ivy lawns  
polished in the cold are watching me  
as I go to one more house to  
witness a Christmas unfold.  
It is loaded with pjed toddlers 2 to 13  
sliding down a banister in a series  
of yalps and a scream, to settle  
around a Christmas tree wrapped in popped  
corn, with candles on each  
limb. With balls and angels from  
the star to the floor.  
Ma sets the table while trying to  
halt the kids from opening the toys.  
So she starts them singing of holy nights  
and the season of joy.  
They cease caroling as the table  
is completed.  
Then the mom gives each child a match  
and tells them to light the tree's candles one  
by one and make a wish.  
They ask for presents and reindeer, the  
wisemen and such.

Ain't No Title Here Mister

i sometimes wonder the worth of putting  
thoughts into words on paper,  
but even stranger than the author whose  
mind is bleeding  
is the poor bastard who's sitting there reading.

--from Paul Allen's Laughs in Tin Foil  
--by Greg Cote



--from Paul Allen's Ivy League Holiday  
--by Alan Cherry

Of stockings and oranges plus southern walnuts.  
And when they finish, mother begins to tell  
the reason for Christmas  
and why there should be goodwill  
towards men. But she is interrupted  
by one little lass  
who glances up and sees me and says "Look  
ma, it's a boy."  
The mom said, "Good heavens it is," and  
then comes to the door and encourages me  
to come in.  
"We have plenty of presents, ham and  
fresh bread."  
"But I cannot, I have my own Christmas,"  
I reluctantly say.  
"I bless your fine morning." And  
I slip away scuddling between a set  
of steps and crates filled with print.  
Once well planted, the snow stops its fall.  
One of the local cats rubs my leg, so I  
pick her up and scratch her trembling head.  
Her life seems so simple, so perfect,  
and right.  
The sun rises as I yawn and stretch.  
I pull out a small glass tree and display it  
next to my knee.  
I take a small gold locket from my  
neck and place it around the feline's ears.  
I slide back my body and kick up my feet,  
tell my friend Merry Christmas  
and quickly go to sleep.

The Saturday Workshop  
And What It Contained

The Saturday workshop and what it contained,  
people, fragments of life sustained  
there was a time the Saturday workshop  
was closed  
now it's a place to go  
why? there's no juke box or milk shakes  
do you ever wonder  
if it's just an effort  
to delay tomorrow  
or make today last  
the Saturday workshop will soon  
be closed  
for us  
And it will be painful, it will hurt  
let's just turn back a page

--from Life and Times of Paul Allen  
---by Greg Cote

"yeah, honey, i was at the office."  
"we had to begin inventory."  
"on the way home i had a flat."

suspicion

"honey, if i'm lying may mother drop dead."

silence  
time.

"the wooden one. it's all i can afford."

--from Paul Allen's Scorched Eggs and Bruises"  
--by Greg Cote



Lament of the Elf

As April rain fell gently down  
And bathed my windowpane,  
My eyes, bewitched by diamond drops,  
Caught movements in the rain.  
A tiny elf, I saw, was lost,  
And dodged a drop again.

Another elf, umbrella-ed himself  
Beneath a posie, sweet.  
A third I spied, with mushroom wide  
Splashed puddles with his feet.  
The rest speared and danced about  
To celebrate the treat!

The rain, it seemed, encouraged them  
To hold their splendid court.  
And regally, on swans, they sailed  
Across the pond, to port.  
With turtledoves, and nightingales,  
To serve as their escort.

What had been only my garden,  
Colored jewels on velvet green,  
I knew now was the kingdom  
Of the folk I'd never seen.  
And while I watched, I soon beheld,  
The fairy King and Queen.

My heart went out to join with them  
And leave behind my books,  
To frolick free, with flower and tree,  
To play tag with a brook.  
I envied their enchanted lives  
Beyond my tiny nook.

I heard them sing, in disregard  
Of such a dismal day,  
A song of legends, long ago  
And lands so far away.  
The elf in me, began to sing,  
But frightened them away.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the body of man, beats the heart of an elf  
With a heritage schismed by time.  
I am torn twixt the two, and unsure what to do  
With this body, but not with man's mind.  
Man cannot live with the wonder of elves in his life,  
But I can, in mine.

barbara collins



Pancho Villa. Pancho Villa. They always sais I was Pancho Villa.  
My word. I've never quite talked to a dead man before.  
Dead? I'm alive. Zoom! Zoom!  
Are you okay?  
Pancho Villa, I am Pancho Villa.  
You must have a headache. That is a good explanation.  
Tell me. Are we going anywhere today?  
Viva la revolution! El Tuco de starre en la yamaha.  
I don't have any aspirin with me now. Would this mallet do?  
Si.  
Something like this happened to a brother of mine. Turned into a  
plum and ran away. Haven't heard from him since.  
Bang! Bang! Bang, bang, bang. Kill, kill. Fight.  
Zoom! Zoom! Bombs away!  
I think it's time for you to go.  
Battle stations! Battle stations. Drop all depth charges.  
Loose lips sink ships.

joel rosenfeld



What Can You Say?

The small child came up to me, "Can I have a ride?"  
I said. "Sit on my lap, we'll go over to the slide."  
Then on the last trip down, he said like a king,  
"Bring me over there, so I can ride on the swing."  
Then suddenly he stopped, looked at me, and cried,  
"Did you read the papers, my daddy died."  
He climbed on my lap, and with a face sad and long,  
"Will you be my new daddy, now that my old daddy's gone?"

Larry greenbaum

Thursday said you were to come  
and visit, we called  
But you weren't home. Harris  
Had his marriage annulled.  
Sad, isn't it?

Friday made a kite for Skye  
Lost it in the wind.  
Friday cried as Skye fell  
String clutched in her hand.  
Worse, wasn't it?

Sunday saw an empty scene,  
Dark and musty room.  
Hoarded treasures counted  
Deserted roses doomed.  
Too bad, isn't it?

chris  
stickney

Robert promised her horses to ride  
At all speeds across the countryside,  
And a place to live among the trees  
And her own white picket fence,  
But that's O.K.

Alan promised her love and friendship  
Without possession or interference with her life style.  
And respect as an odd, but interesting individual.  
Alan and she don't talk much anymore,  
But that's O.K.

Philip promised her nothing.  
He left the door open at all times  
For her to come and go as she pleased.  
She choose to leave,

It hurts, but that's O.K.

Karla Febbo

The Wind

O wind, agent of erosion,  
Soothing and cool against the smothering sun,  
I can hear your speech at night,  
And in the morning when the birds call to one another  
as they are in flight.  
You are the breath of God, a kiss on my cheek.  
If a child could see you would he take a peek?  
What colors would you wear?  
I can feel you on my hands and face so I know  
you are always there,  
But what happens during the summer months?  
Where are you then?  
Why cannot you keep your coolness like a good friend?

toby  
lowe

REBORN

The world slowly spins around  
and time is stalled by dragging day.  
The shadows change without a sound  
while precious moments drift away.  
Transparent ghosts that chant profound  
but silent verse to passing time  
profess a knowledge of my soul  
That's now entangled in the droll.

As days delay, so years flash by  
with full moons spaced as quarter tones  
in symphonies of wailing cries.  
From birth to death and drying bones,  
The seasons turn and summers die,  
returning new, alive each spring.  
As rebirth touches all about,  
So inner self must venture out.

So Destiny alters course inside.  
Mind, soul and heart will beat in rhyme  
when thoughts repressed like flowing tide  
are freed to level with the line  
that marks the proper blend of pride,  
humility and Reverence.  
The heights and depths of mood will be  
entwined in perfect harmony.

cecil b. neff, jr.

Another  
gather together  
the dust of life,  
the memories  
in each particle.

One spec of laughter,  
one of sorrow.  
Two of learning  
two of fear.

Each particle  
creates the dusty film  
of me.

sam  
marney

# Lazarus Link

*"Why...it's got two heads!" she cried. "What is it? A snake?" She turned it around in her hands. "My goodness...it's a lizard...look..."*

In Port Royal, Jamaica, a family of seven sisters lived in small rooms over a dusty apothecary shop. The place was named "THE LAZARUS". Many people came from all over the city for cures for the ailments of old age. The shop was a few streets from the bustling harbor. It smelled of sea and herbs — and age.

All the seven sisters were sorceresses. They were Lazuli, Liara, Lizerli, Mandi, Illia, Malissa and Mera. Lazuli was the youngest, and the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. According to the time-honored tradition of sorcery, she was the charmed one — the wisest. The year was 1692.

All dutifully attended the little Spanish Catholic church, with its arches and wild-growing vines. Every Sunday, after the mass, they quietly gathered wild leaves and stems from the vines, scooped up dust from the adjoining graveyard, and went home to practice their magic. Each one knew how to mix potions and lotions, to cast spells, to perform healings, and to curse — if necessary.

Since their mother-of-the-flesh had died with the birth of Lazuli, they knew no other mother than the Sea-Goddess. Even though the wizened old priest brought them food offerings and lectures about their "Father-In-Heaven", they acknowledged no other father than The Lord Neptune. They gave all their homage to their Mother-The-Sea, and to their Father-Of-The-Trident.

One day, while studying bible stories for their catechism class, they learned about Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead.

This made them howl with laughter, for was their own name not Lazarus? And were they not very much alive? Lazuli laughed too, but not as much, for she was wiser than her sisters.

One Monday morning, when the salty ocean breeze sent sprays of spindrift up onto the wet sand of the shore, she gazed out over the living green emerald depths of the tropic sea. Lazuli saw death. She knew what was to happen.

That afternoon, when the heat of the day had diminished, she travelled the many miles across the city and up into the foothills of the Blue Mountains. In an old hut under a coffee tree, she sought an old friend, a silversmith. She commissioned the elderly artisan to construct a wondrous silver bracelet, formed like a slim two-headed lizard. She gave him the four tiny emeralds she had brought with her, which he set into the heads, for eyes. When he was done, and the waxing moon hung low in the sky, Lazuli paid him seven silver coins and walked the long weary way home.

By the light of the next full moon, Lazuli lit seven emerald green candles, and drew seven symbols upon a piece of virgin parchment. In the center, she formed a trident of blood, which she drew from the left index finger of each sister. Together, they all chanted over the small circlet, putting all the charms against harm into it, that they knew. With their sorcerous craft, they permeated it with the power to give renewed youth,

beauty, and eternal life to its wearer. Then they burned the parchment over the flames of each of the candles, and sat quietly until each one had guttered out. With undying love, each sister kissed the other, and handed the ashes of the parchment and the melted wax to Lazuli. She put it all into a black leather bag and stood up. To each sister in turn, she went and put the bracelet on their left wrist, chanting a secret rune.

When she had finished, the full silver moon had turned to amber, and hung over the horizon like a ship's beacon. Taking the bracelet, the ashes and the wax to the sea-shore, Lazuli stood quietly and told her Mother-the-sea what she had done. She tossed the wax and the ashes onto the surf and held the bracelet out to the ocean.

"It is well, My Daughter, for soon all this will be mine," the murmuring sea told her. "You will perish for awhile, but with the bracelet, one day, all of you will be brought back to life."

"Must we really die so young, My Mother?" Lazuli whispered.

"Only for awhile. The gods of the earth have been awakened from their slumber and are angry. But you will not really die, My Child. You will not really die."

The sun rose on the morning of June 7, like an over-ripe orange looming luridly through the pallid amber mist that blotted out the Blue Mountains. It reflected on the rolling oily sea with a tarnished brass sheen. The very air was thick and humid, making every

breath an effort.

Strange strobe-like lights leaped from cloud to cloud, hurling sickly green darts at the lumbering waves that reared up to meet them. The bird's chatter was stilled and the only sound to be heard was the ominous rumblings from the depths of the ocean.

The people stood looking at each other with a mounting sense of fear. Static electricity made their body hairs stand on end. Hearts raced with unknown fears as they felt the ground begin shaking in its death dance. Suddenly the heavens opened and a fury of rain met in a fatal embrace with the sea elements. The stampeding populace found itself swimming with uprooted houses, trees, animals and debris from overturned ships.

Through the torrential downpour, above the screaming demonic winds and the tumult of the twisting waves could be heard the cries of the dying city. Heaven and Earth became a vortex that swallowed thousands, including the seven raven-haired, emerald-eyed sisters.

Lazuli's bracelet, torn from her arm, was carried along by the turbulent waters for many miles. Eventually, it caught on a coral reef and stayed there. It gleamed dully in the depths.

The bodies of the drowned disintegrated, and became one with the elements, and their souls went wherever souls go with death, but the souls of the seven sisters remained in the arms of their mother and waited.

## two

Two hundred and eighty years later, a team of divers with an American Salvage company was diving off the coast of Kingston, Jamaica. They were searching for artifacts from the sunken city of Port Royal. They found many old rum-kegs, some still full. They unearthed pewter cutlery, silver coins, gold plates and jewels. With cables, the salvage rigs hauled up coral-encrusted cannons.

One of the divers swam far off from the others, searching the bottom where the currents were the swiftest. He noticed a dully gleaming silver color circlet attached to a coral reef. He wondered where it had come from, and why it was not encrusted with the coral growth. Picking it up, he stuck the tiny two-headed circlet into his wet suit and didn't mention it to anyone. Later, he smuggled it into the United States and sold it for a good price to an antique shop in Coconut Grove, Florida.

Many customers admired the beauty of it. One day, an old woman came into the shop and bought the bracelet, though it was very expensive. She was wise in the lore of the ancients and had immediately recognized the significance of the design. Taking it back to her own little antique shop, she searched through old books far into the night until she had found what she was seeking.

On the night of the next full moon, the old woman took the bracelet to the sea-shore. She stood at the water's edge and chanted an obscure eldritch rune to the sea-goddess. She asked for renewed youth, beauty, and eternal life.

"What will you do with eternal life if I grant it to you?" the sea-goddess asked her.

"Whatever you wish of me," answered the crone.

"Very well. Since you have done all the proper rites, I will restore what you seek.

"Put on the bracelet and wade into my arms," urged the sea.

The old woman did as she had been told, painfully struggling against the swift currents until she was swept off her feet. She thought for an instant she would surely drown, then quickly became filled with a new vitality. With renewed vigor, she swam with strong strokes back to the shore. In the moonlight, looking up from a small tidal pool, was the reflection of a beautiful young woman with long black hair and emerald green eyes.

"You are my child Lazuli," the sea told her.

"I am Lazuli," the young woman answered softly.

"You know what you are to do with the bracelet—the Lazarus-link?"

"I know, My Mother . . . I remember. I will do it." And the young woman kneeled down and kissed the water, then walked the long way back to the dusty old shop.

\* \* \* \* \*

## three

In Coconut Grove, in a little-out-of-the-way-arcade, a small dusty shop bore a sign over its door, 'THE LAZARUS'. Inside, were candles, incense, soaps, antiques, books, magazines and a bin of hard candies, all wrapped in cellophane. A young woman sat behind the counter, nearly hidden from view by a pile of old frayed books. She had long black hair and brilliant green eyes. Her name was Lazuli. She was the first.

On a sunny day in January, a lovely young dark-haired girl drove down from Fort Lauderdale, to do some 'junking' as she called it. She looked in all the many shops in the Grove and eventually went into THE LAZARUS. On the shelves, she found many small items that pleased her. She bought some hard candy and drank a coke that the proprietress offered to her. While they were talking, the girl told the

green-eyed woman that her name was Laura.

"What a pretty name!" the woman exclaimed, "I have a sister whose name is very similiar."

When Laura was ready to leave, the woman took her by the left arm and put the bracelet on it. "Since you are named Laura, so much like my sister's name, and have come so far, I wish to give this to you."

Thanking the woman profusely, the girl happily drove the long way home. She thought how lucky she had been to have found such lovely trinkets. She was so pleased to have been given the beautiful bracelet. While driving along, she started to sing her favorite song, 'Laura'. When she sang "Liara . . . but she's only a dream . . ." she stopped and shook her head in confusion. "Liara . . . ?"

By the time Laura arrived home to her tiny one room apartment in Fort Lauderdale, her temples throbbed with intolerable pain. Dropping her purchases in a heap by the front door, she searched in the bathroom until she had found some aspirin.

While waiting for the insistent pain to abate, she lay down on the narrow daybed underneath the large jalousie window. She put a cold, wet cloth over her eyes and opened the window slightly to let the cool south breeze blow over her. Finally dozing off, Laura was only vaguely aware of the darkening night and the rising full moon that shone through the window. It cast a luminous white aureole over her form.

At first she slept fitfully, caught in the tangled clutches of a nightmare. She dreamed she was surrounded by a whirling ring of seven green candles with leaping flames. She soon felt that she was being drawn into the circle of fire, and caught in a vortex, was pulled round and round, down and down, smothered by a combination of green fire and green water. She thought lizards

were crawling all over her. In anguish, she cried out once, "M-o-t-h-e-r! . . ." Then, she relaxed and slept soundly until the moon had set and the rising sun took over.

In the morning, she drove to the beach and rented a small shop in an arcade across the street from the ocean. There was a small apartment upstairs, that went with the deal. The real-estate agent thought he had never seen a woman with such vivid green eyes in his life. Amazing, he thought . . . simply amazing!

On the lease forms where it said 'LESSEE', she wrote 'Liara Lazarus'. She was the second.

\* \* \* \* \*

## four

Liz Harper and Steve Garrison walked along the street by the beach in Fort Lauderdale. Each one munched on a foot-long hot-dog, as they peered into shop windows. They laughed at the funny sayings stamped on tee-shirts and stopped to dance a few steps to the rock music that poured out of record shops. They admired the work of leather craftsmen and inhaled the fragrance of incense, leather and salt air. Hundreds of other kids just like them, jostled, strolled along, or idled on the sidewalk. Catching a quick glimpse at her reflection in one of the windows, Liz gave a coquettish toss to her long black tresses. She hiked up one strap of her green bikini top.

"Whatsa matter? You 'fraid you're gonna lose somethin'?" Steve leered at her.

"Y'all want me busted for indecent exposure?" she drawled.

"You're busted okay," he answered, appraising the rounded flesh barely contained by the miniscule green top.

She laughed and slapped him fondly on the rump. Steve and Liz had known each other for exactly thirteen days. They had both hitched rides down from the north, he from the University of Michigan, and she from

North Carolina State. They met for the first time in a rain storm at the Georgia-Florida border. There, they were picked up by five other college kids riding in a psychedelic-painted hearse. Liz and Steve slept together on the floor of a rented room, shared with the other five.

They were young and it was spring. They had no thoughts except for the present, and enjoying a vacation before the next school term started.

Passing all the shell shops and jewelry stores, Liz suddenly stopped and peered into a small arcade over-grown with weeds and bushes.

"Hey Steve, I nevah saw this place before, did you?" she asked.

"Saw what?"

"This arcade. I wonder what's in here." She walked back and pushed aside a Hibiscus bush covered with red blossoms. In the back of the small courtyard, was a tiny shop with dusty windows. Over the door was a faded sign proclaiming the name, 'THE LAZARUS'.

"Jeez! What a crap pile! You'd think someone would clean up the place. Shit!" he said, side-stepping a fresh dog-pile. He sniffed the air and made a face. All he could smell was the manure in the hot sun.

They pressed their noses against the dirty glass and tried to look inside. It looked like another 'head'-shop, only dirtier. Liz squared her slim tanned shoulders and pulled at the creaky door. The sweet smell of incense wafted out, mixing with the odor of frankfurter, sun-sweat skin and dog feces. Behind the counter, was a young woman with long black hair, much like Liz's. She had deep emerald green eyes.

"Hello." she greeted them, "may I help you?"

"Hi!" the boy and girl answered, looking around. The place was crowded with shells, antique dolls, dishes, jewelry, old books, papers, jars of herbs, candy and incense sticks. One small naked light bulb hanging from a

frayed wire barely lit the place. Several green candles burned on the counter. Leather belts and purses hung from hooks along the walls.

"Gee . . . y'all got a nice place here . . . it sure is dark though. I nevah saw this store before . . . nevah even saw this arcade. Sure is dark enough in here," Liz said, peering through the smoky gloom.

"Hey Liz! Maybe the lady don't want us to eat in here," Steve said.

At the mention of the name 'Liz', the woman peered intently at the girl. Even in the gloom, she could see the slim young body. She took in the firm young breasts and flat stomach. She measured the long, strong legs with her gaze. The woman with the emerald eyes looked straight into the brown eyes of the girl and said coaxingly, "Of course it's alright, go ahead, eat. I even have some cold beer in the back. Would you like some?"

"Oh Wow! That'd be great! Yeah!" Steve whooped.

When the woman retreated through the green glass bead door hangings, Steve whispered to Liz, "Hey twirp, that broad could be your sister. man-oh-man! You two sure look alike!"

Liz shivered. She didn't reply.

Soon the woman returned with two ice cold cans covered with frost, and dripping foam. The boy and girl thanked her and drank thirstily. Belching, they both heaved sighs of contentment. It wasn't easy for kids to get free drinks on the beach. The woman watched them, then bent down and pulled a small black leather bag from under the counter.

She handed it to Liz and commanded, "Open it."

Liz took it and carefully drew the strings apart. She took out a dull silver-color circlet. In the haze of the room, it looked like an opened link from a very large chain. She walked over to the window and examined it closely.

"Why . . . it's got two heads!" she cried. "What is it? A snake? she turned it around in her hands. "My goodness . . . it's a lizard . . . look Steve . . . it's a real tiny skinny lizard!"

She handed it to Steve, who held it up and looked at it. Four little emerald green eyes shone from the two heads that faced each other. The merest suggestion of etched feet entwined along the body, going in opposite directions. When Steve gave it back to Liz, the silver felt warm in her fingers.

"It's beautiful . . . just the most beautiful thing I evah saw!" She tried to squeeze her wrist into the small opening, pausing, "It must be a bracelet, it must be. . . it's just the right size."

The woman walked around from behind the counter, took Liz by the arm and deftly twisted the link around and slipped it on the girl's left wrist. Liz had the fleeting impression that the metal writhed like a live thing. She wondered how it had opened, but the beauty of the ornament made her forget her momentary disquiet.

She held her arm out, admiring the curio. "I love it! Oh Steve, look! It must have cost a mint . . . feel the smooth metal . . . look at those eyes . . . Oh it's beautiful!"

"Since your name is Liz, I will give you a lizard," the woman said.

"You're kidding!" the girl screeched, her brown eyes sparkling with excitement. "Far out!" then she paused and added, "but you're really kidding . . . aren't you?"

"No! I insist. You must have it. It's yours . . . free."

"Oh my goodness! Golly! What can I say? Oh thank you . . . thank you!" She blew kisses at the woman.

The woman smiled, her green eyes matching the iridescent fire that shone in the tiny jeweled eyes on the bracelet. "You are most welcome," she purred.

Liz and Steve backed out of the shop, then

turned and ran out of the arcade and back up the street, laughing happily. Liz was afraid the woman would change her mind and ask for the gift back. The woman watched them out of sight, then shut the door, locking it firmly. She pulled down the makeshift shade and turned out the light. By the light from the burning green candles, she searched under the counter until she found six more green tapers, which she lit, one by one. Arranging them in a semi-circle around her, she cut a small piece of parchment in a circle. With a razor-blade, she made a cut in her left index finger, and made seven symbols on the parchment with the blood. With more blood, she drew a trident in the center. When she had finished, she held the parchment over the flames of each of the candles until it was consumed by them. The smoke from the incinerating material seemed to form a writhing vaporous lizard in the air over her dark head. Dust motes whirled and danced in the candle light and picked up tiny flashes of green fire, like a myriad of sparkling eyes hovering about.

Finally satisfied, she gathered up all the ashes and put them into the old black leather bag. She sat quietly until the candles had burned themselves out, then adding all the melted wax pulling the string tight, she smiled in the darkness and said to herself, "It is done."

That night, when the full moon rose over the ocean, a solitary figure stood at the edge of the water. She waited until several groups of boys and girls who had been walking and lingering nearby, sauntered away. When she was again alone, the woman chanted softly in the night breeze.

"My Mother-The-Sea, I call upon Thee, by the name Thou gavest to me when I was born . . . on the crest of Thy breast . . . on the wings of the morn . . . Attend me! Attend me! Liara calls Thee!"

From the rippling, sparkling water's edge, from over the crest of the moon-path, along the serene waves, came sibilant whisperings. Blowing in the gentle breeze like the tinklings of thousands of icicles of glass, soft notes danced and frolicked over the surface of the water. Muted voices of the millenia rose in chorus and drifted toward the woman. Rising like a mist from the depths, plumes of sound twirled about her, rippling and caressing her body and mind.

"I hear Thee, My Daughter. What is Thy wish?" the sea whispered.

"I have done the deed. Another sister can come back to life tonight. My Mother, I have prepared a vessel and the link has been made. Send Lizerli."

"Thou hast done well, My Child. She will be the third of my drowned daughters to be revived. I am well pleased with Thee."

The woman raised her arms up toward the full moon for a moment, then bowed and crossed them over her breasts. The waves washed over her naked feet and crossed them in sparkles of opalescent white glimmerings. The mists swirled around her once more, then languidly retreated back toward the distant horizon. Liara knelt and kissed the softly lapping waves, then turned and crossed the street and walked back to her dusty shop.

\* \* \* \* \*

## five

At the other end of town, in an old apartment over a garage, a pot-party was going strong. Suddenly, Liz leaped up, clutched her left wrist and screamed hideously, "Take it off! Oh take it off! It's burning! It's burning me! Help!" She tore at the silver bracelet, clawing desperately to remove it from her wrist. "Steve! Steve! Help!" she wailed, but Steve was deep in a smoke-induced meditation. He slumped in a corner and ignored



her, enraptured by his dreaming.

“Shut up, ya dumb broad! Ya want the MAN on us?” one of the others hissed. “Shut yer mouth Dummy! Next time, don’t take so much!”

Liz rolled on the floor, eyes streaming tears, face contorted with agony. Blood smeared her arm and from the frantic scratching she had done trying to get the thing off her. She tore at it with her teeth, and rubbed it along the floor, banging it repeatedly on the cold tile. She screamed over and over, “The lizard . . . the lizard . . . it’s alive . . . Oh . . . My God! . . . it’s moving . . . it’s alive . . . help me . . . help me! . . .”

Two of the fellows in the room grabbed the hysterically struggling girl and dragged her out the door and down the stairs. One of them pushed her into a parked car, slammed the door and roared out of the driveway. Doors all along the area opened as people wondered what was going on. “Goddam college kids again!” one man yelled to another, then went back inside to his TV.

About three miles away in a darkened service station parking lot, the car door opened. “Out ya dumb bitch. You’re nuthin’ but trouble . . . Out!” The boy rudely shoved Liz out onto the ground and drove away.

Liz moaned feebly, rolling back and forth on the moonlit black asphalt, then passed out. The blood stained bracelet gleamed on her left wrist.

When the station attendants came to work the next morning, they called the authorities to come get the girl lying near the gas pump.

When the police arrived, they looked at the pretty young girl and sniffed her clothes.

“Pot again . . . Christ! Pot, and God knows what else. Man, is she ever stoned.” The one officer checked her over as the other called for an ambulance. “Don’t these kids ever learn? This one could have been raped or

killed . . . well . . . at least she’s alive. I want to know where in the hell she was last night. Man, she sure is a beauty!”

At the hospital emergency room, a doctor examined her. He told the officers she looked like she had been in some kind of accident or fight. He said she was dehydrated. He said he’d call them as soon as she was responsive. He ordered the nurses to clean and bandage her left arm. They tried to remove the strange bracelet, but were unsuccessful, so they washed it with betadine and taped around it. One of the nurses started an I.V. in her right arm, then told a young dark-haired nurse’s aide to sit by the bed and watch her.

“Mandy, don’t you leave her alone for a minute, hear? The police want to question her when she comes to. Okay?”

The pretty young aide nodded and sat down. In a little while, an intern came in, checked her pulse and heartbeat, held up the eye-lids and flicked a pencil-beam of light into her brown eyes. He nodded sagely to the aide, winked, then left the room.

Mandy Butler sat next to the bed listening to the girl’s quiet breathing. She gazed around the room, bored. She wondered what the girl had been up to. It was wearisome just sitting there doing nothing. Suddenly, she became aware that the girl was watching her through narrowed eyes. Mandy jumped up and leaned over the supine form in the bed.

“Hi there! You feeling better?” she asked.

The girl looked up at Mandy, then around the room, her gaze resting momentarily on each thing near her; the medical cabinet, the bed rails, the clock on the wall and the I.V. hanging from the pole over her. Her eyes followed the tubing down to where it was attached to her right arm. She gave it a tentative tug.

“Dont’ do that! That’s fluid. You need it!” Mandy put her hand on the girl’s arm. The girl gazed at the pretty dark-haired aide, then

peered incomprehendingly at the bandages that swathed her left arm.

She held the arm up, following with her eyes, the white gauze wrappings and tape up to her wrist. When she noticed the silver metal shining where there was no tape, she started, eyes widening. She stared at the wrist for a moment, then sighed. Relaxing, she stretched in a luxuriously lithe serpentine movement. Her widened eyes returned to the aide. Her pupils were dilated, the irises a deep emerald green. She smiled and her eyes flashed with subtle glints of triumph.

Mandy blinked her own eyes quickly, thinking she must be having a hallucination. She could have sworn when that young intern was in checking the patient’s pupil reflex, those eyes had been brown — deep dark brown. She shook her head dazedly, and decided it must have been a trick of the lighting and she was mistaken. She held the clipboard tightly to her chest and bent over the girl in the bed.

“Miss . . . can you tell me your name?”

“What?”

“Lizerli.”

“L-i-s--? L-i-z-e-r--? . . . Liz . . . I can’t . . . seem to spell it . . . I . . . I . . . Lizerli what?” Mandy stood rooted to the floor by the bed. Her tongue felt swollen and uncooperative. She couldn’t think straight. Her senses reeled as the young girl in the bed looked up at her.

“I . . . I . . . I . . . w-what d-did y-you say it was?” Mandy squeaked.

With a near hypnotic dominance, the lambent green eyes of the girl in the bed were locked onto the dazed blue ones of the faltering young aide. The green-eyed girl answered in a murmuring soft silken tone.

“Lizerli Lazarus. What’s your name?”

“M-my n-name is — is Mandy.”

Oh? How nice. I have a sister named Mandy.”



# Fourteenth Terrace

c.p. mc donald

Even though it was a very hot day Sammy thought the dirt he sat in felt good against his bare legs; it was warm and dry and very fine. Sammy had been sitting in the dirt for a very long time now, playing with a battered metal truck. The truck was once shiny red with four wheels, but now has more dull lead than red, and it only has three wheels.

Sammy wondered when his momma would come home, he remembered her leavin' in the early morning; she went to work for the white people somewhere. Sammy's older sister was supposed to give him lunch but in the middle of the day a young man (Sammy knew him only as "Scat") went into Sammy's apartment with his sister and since then the door had been locked and all Sammy could hear from inside was his sister's little blue radio blaring out it's beat. Sammy wished he could go inside where it was cool, besides, great big Jessie Bloom next door had swatted him with a newspaper as he was sending a splashing stream down the front left tire of her new Buick.

Just a little while ago four of the older boys came racing down the dirt road in front of Sammy in a big, shiny new car. Sammy didn't know the boy's names but he had seen them do the same thing before with different cars. They had jumped out and started working on it like it was a contest. Soon they had opened the hood of the car and pulled out the battery and some other parts, then they had taken all four wheels off of it, leaving it sit in the same dirt as Sammy. As they left one of the boys threw a brick through the windshield. No one payed any attention to the boys or the car. Sammy wished he had another wheel for his truck.

Soor, Sammy's little brother came over and

walked all over the little street Sammy had flattened in the dirt with his hand. Sammy yelled and looked up. He saw his little brother sucking on half of a very dirty orange. Sammy would never have noticed the dirt except he thought his little brother looked funny the way his springy little curls of hair had been turned gray with it. Sammy made a grab for the orange and as his little brother ran away Sammy noticed he had lost his short pants somewhere, all he had on was his T-shirt. Sammy watched as his brother ran to the apartment door and after trying vainly for recognition by running his hands rapidly down the wooden slats in the door he finally sat down on the concrete slab and started drawing uneven circles with the still-jucy orange half. Sammy repaired his little street with his hand and tried to make truck sounds as he ran the battered toy back and forth in front of him.

After a while Sammy heard a sharp bang and saw a lot of commotion over across the street in the apartments that looked just like his. Sammy could hear a woman yelling and saw old Ben Jones scuffling down to the end of the dirt road where there was a telephone in a plastic box that had been all broken up with rocks. Soon Sammy could hear that strange, spine-tingling spooky, WHOO-oo WHOO-ooo wail getting closer and closer; he had heard it before. Now as the wailing sound got closer Sammy watched the dirt street come alive; all the people from the apartments were running out to the street, some standing in groups, some standing alone, and some just peering around the corner of their apartment building. Shortly in a cloud of dust and a spray of gravel the black and white car slid to a stop in front of the building across from Sammy. Sammy noticed the trunk of the car was

open even before either of the men inside got out. Sammy saw both doors swing open and the man on the far side of the car from Sammy ran to the trunk and pulled out a small white box which he carried as he ran into the throng of people standing in front of the apartments. Sammy thought it was funny that when the man ran he jingled and jangled and made all sorts of noises. Sammy thought the man had a lot of change in his pockets. He had seen these men before, maybe not the same ones; but men just like them and Sammy knew they were the PO-lice, or, "The Man". Sammy had never talked to a PO-lice but from what the people always said they weren't too friendly any way. The man sitting in the drivers' side of the car got out and stuck a rumpled hat on the back of his head. Soon the first man jostled his way back out of the crowd and yelled at the driver: "Better get one, code three Les!" The man with the hat sat back down and Sammy could see him talking on his radio, then he ambled out and walked into the crowd after the first man. By this time another black and white car had pulled up, and from the other end of the dirt road came another. As the second car pulled up Sammy saw one of the men jump out and stick his hat on his head as he ran toward the crowd. Before he had gone five feet his hat fell off of his head and rolled in the dirt; the man stopped and looked around, then bent over and picked it up. Sammy saw some of the older boys in the crowd snicker and laugh then clap their hands and point at the man. The man grinned at the crowd and then walked back to his car. Sammy heard him muttering something to as he threw his hat on the seat.

The next thing Sammy knew the big red-and-white station wagon sighed to a stop beside one of the PO-lice cars. Two men dressed all in white jumped out and pulled a little bed on wheels from the back; they pushed it through the

crowd and into the apartment. Soon they emerged again and Sammy saw Jimmy Biggs laying on the bed, (Sammy's momma always said Jimmy Biggs was called that because of his great large belly.) Now Sammy thought how strange Jimmy Biggs looked; his eyes and mouth were open, and one long arm was dragging in the dirt. There was one little white, square patch of cloth stuck right in the middle of Jimmy Biggs' enormous belly. Both PO-lice came out now and one was writing busily on a large yellow pad while the other had Ellie Mae by the arm, Sammy could see that Ellie Mae was crying. The PO-lice made Ellie Mae sit down in the back seat of one of the cars. The people in the crowd were all very quiet now; they all seemed to be leaning closer to the car. Jessie Bloom walked over and tried to give Ellie Mae a cigarette but was stopped by one of the PO-lice. He told her Ellie Mae couldn't smoke in the back of the car, and this drew some mutterings from the crowd, but most of the people were already to walk away. Sammy noticed that none of the people ever seemed to look right at the PO-lice; just sort of by him.

By this time Jimmy Biggs had been lifted into the red-and-white station wagon and it had sighed off (Sammy could hear its wail for a long time afterwards though). Soon all the cars had left but one, and one had carried off Ellie Mae. Most of the crowd had filtered back into their own apartments now and Sammy started to play with his truck again when suddenly he was covered by a shadow. Sammy looked up and the PO-lice with the hat on the back of his head was standing there, with his hands on his hips; looking down at Sammy. Sammy just stared; the PO-lice's shoes seemed almost as big as he was, and as he looked straight up at the man the police looked like a giant. Sammy wondered what all the buttons and pins were for. He also wished he had a shiny whistle like the one hanging on the mans shirt. The man rocked back and forth on

his feet for a minute and then said, "Hey kid, what the hell are you sitting in the dirt for?" The booming voice seemed very loud and although the man wasn't yelling Sammy felt that he had done something wrong. The man said, "Where's your mother kid? You should be inside, having supper!" Sammy just looked up at the man, unable to speak. He could only stare wide-eyed at this huge, strangely-dressed man. The man bent down and as Sammy drew back he saw one big long arm reach out and grab the little truck. Soon the truck was way up in the air being examined by the clear eyes of the PO-lice, "Man, this truck looks like it's got some miles on it. It really needs a paint job, and I guess only having three wheels makes the ride pretty bumpy, huh?" With the 'huh' the man bent down and looked right at Sammy, all Sammy could do was nod his head. "Well, if I can remember, the next time I'm over hear I'll see if I can get you a better truck. O.K. kid? he said as he looked at Sammy, putting the truck down. Again, all Sammy could do was stare up at the man. The man sighed and then turned away shrugging his shoulders. "Let's go Mac", he said. Then he and the other PO-lice got back into the car and started to drive away.

Sammy looked around, all the people had gone back into their apartments. Sammy's little brother was sleeping on the old piece of rug in front of Sammy's apartment door. All Sammy could hear was his sister's little blue radio blaring out its beat. Sammy saw the black and white car stop at the end of the street in front of the new car with no wheels. Sammy could see the driver talking on the radio while the other PO-lice got out and slowly walked around the crippled car, shaking his head.

Sammy smoothed out the little street for his truck with the palm of his hand; he wondered when his mamma would come home.



# the betrayal

The exact moment of my betrayal eludes me.  
There is no easy marker --  
Only a series of pebbles . . .  
    Strewn along the shore  
        of many years.  
Tiny, gray pebbles, not one noticeable in itself.

From the vantage point of now  
The timeless path emerges --  
Memory runs bare-footed . . .  
    kicking over each little stone  
        uncovering no one truth.

There is no sequence in such revelation  
Nor does it really matter when I learned

There is no Santa Claus,  
Mothers and fathers are not always right  
(Perhaps a little wiser  
    but not always right).

The Jews are not Christ-killers  
And Custer was not a hero -- just paranoid.

Men do cry and little girls can grow up  
without learning how to cook and sew.  
Grownups do commit sins -- and  
Evil is not sheathed in slinky, red dresses.

The pope is not infallible  
Nor do only Catholics attain immortality  
Teachers do not all know how to teach  
And children are people after all  
    and can be heard.

Vows cannot be made to "love forever" --  
There are greater sins than fornication  
"Father knows best" is Madison Avenue propaganda  
And the Prince and Princess do not always  
    live happily ever after.

God is not a bearded old man in the sky  
Waiting to condemn me to eternal flames  
Wars were never fought for "God and Country" --  
    only "Greed and Power."

eileen  
lemay

The crusades were not "Holy" wars  
Nor do history books report the facts.  
Presidents and John Wayne are not giants  
But only have good P. R. men.  
The bad guys don't wear black hats  
And the best of men contain a little evil  
Nothing is either black or white --  
    only shades of gray.

Iconoclasts are not atheists and traitors  
Wealth and status are not the measure  
Of success -- but the yardstick  
    of all insecurity.

Wherein lie the half truths or the half lies?  
I no longer bear the weight of my betrayal,  
    for even Jesus had his Judas.

The rushing waves carry each pebble . . .  
    out to sea . . .  
        The shore is washed clean.  
I share the silent joy  
    of Sisyphus.





### The Sea

And I saw the sea . . .  
The sun danced upon the water  
that gently touched the sand,  
I heard the cry of the lone gull,  
as she soared above the palms,  
And I felt the wind embrace me,  
ever hanging, ever free.

O, hear the thunder of the mighty sea?  
The breakers roar, the wind is free.  
The surf rises a mountain of frosted lace.  
Cascading upon the rocks with  
magnificent grace.  
This is the sea, an angry grey,  
With the lonely rocks and the  
showering spray.

### Shadows

The night fell softly with **the** hush of falling snow,  
Casting shivering shadows on the silent streets below  
And the snow softly fell **like** a shroud upon the ground;  
With patterns ever **changing**, it never made a sound.

Behind the darkened **shadows** an old man sits alone,  
Clutching his coat **against** the frost that chilled him to the bone.  
He held within his **hands** a half-filled bottle of wine,  
With patterns of **elusions**, and a long forgotten time.

Time lay forgotten behind the bloom of shadowed walls,  
Where peals of children's laughter would rise and softly fall.  
The laughter now has faded into silent faceless stares,  
The old man cries, "I'm lonely," but they don't have time to care.

He fell against the pavement and stared into the sky,  
And raised his frozen hands to pray for he knew his time to die.  
His mind raced back to children with their laughter running wild;  
In agony his soul screamed, "I never was a child."

The night falls softly with the hush of falling snow,  
Where the old man lies dead on the silent street below.  
And the snow softly falls like a shroud upon the ground  
The patterns ever changing, it never makes a sound.

charles  
schmidt

CONCEDE, SURRENDER  
WHY TRY  
YOU LIVED  
IT'S OVER  
GOODBYE

PURPOSE, MISSION  
YOU HAD  
THEY CALLED YOU  
FOR ASSISTANCE  
ADVICE

LIFE'S EXPERIENCES  
YOU HAD  
ENOUGH FOR TEN  
SOME GOOD  
BAD

A VITAL FLAME  
YEARS TO COME  
YOU'RE BURNED OUT  
A FIRE  
GONE

SEE, UNDERSTAND  
YOURS NUMBERED  
ENDING AT EIGHTY  
NOW DEATH  
DECLINE

OBSOLETE, PASSE  
SOME SAY  
JUST AN ANTIQUE  
MASTERPIECE?  
JUNK?

STOP, STOP  
OLD MAN  
LOOK AT LIFE  
AT YOURS  
END

GRAY, WINTER  
HEARTACHES MADE  
GIVING YOUR ALL  
DRAINED INSIDE  
EMPTY

WAIT, OLDMAN  
PLEASE LISTEN  
LOOK AT ME  
DON'T DIE  
LIVE

LIFE'S DAWN  
BUILDING BLOCKS  
LAID IN PLACE  
WITH YEARS  
TIME

HELP, HELP  
YOU CRY  
WHO WILL HEAR?  
NOBODY TODAY  
TOMORROW

ALONE, SECLUDED  
ONLY NOW  
BEFORE YOU PAIRED  
THAT PASSED  
FORGOTTEN

BE USEFUL  
KEEP ON  
LIFE IS YOUNG  
NOT FREE  
EXISTING

HOPES, DESIRES  
THEIR BLIND  
YOU CAN'T SEE  
TOO LATE  
OLDMAN

OLD MAN  
YOU'RE NOT  
ONLY A MIRROR  
AT 23  
ME . . . .



Mima

Yo volvere descalza  
a pisar tus arenas,  
cuando la brisa peine  
los cabellos del mar;  
y cual mar impotente  
con la marea llena,  
empapare tus costas  
con un beso de sal.

Yo volnere bravia  
y fiera nanegante  
venciendo la tormenta  
que me impeda pasar  
y al muzgo ennegecido  
de mi guilla violenta,  
al hendirse en tus aguas  
lo veras sollozar . . . .

Mi pecho ennegrecido  
de sal y de salitre  
de incontables batallas  
contra el fiero huracan?  
al ver el verde arcuro  
de tus palmas erguidas  
como un recien nacido  
lo veras palpar . . . !

Y este sabor amargo  
que me dijo la vida  
tendra su sepultura  
para siempre tal vez.  
Cuando vuelvan mis ojos  
de pestanas vencidas,  
Oh mi Cuba querida  
a mirarte otra vez . . . !

Mima

Barefooted I will return  
to tread upon your sands  
when the breezes comb  
the ocean's tresses;  
the potent sea  
with its high waters  
will immerse your shores  
with kisses of salt.

Victorious I will return,  
wild and fierce, the navigator  
I will return  
conquering the tempest  
that impedes my passage;  
to the aging moss  
of my bountiful homeland  
on whose beaches I will sob;

My sea hardened heart,  
beaten and scarred  
by innumerable battles  
against the ferocious hurricane;  
yearns to see the dark green  
of your erect palm trees,  
like a new born it will quiver,  
as your shores come into view.

The bitter taste  
that life has left me;  
will fade from mind  
forever perhaps,  
when my eyes will  
through nearly beaten lashes  
behold my beloved Cuba  
the country of my birth.

Para Mildred

Yo vi con dolor profundo  
lo que nunce pense ver:  
he visto un monstruo nacer,  
y he visto morir un mundo.

To Mildred

With profound pain I witnessed  
what I thought I'd never see:  
I've seen a monster's birth  
and I've seen a world die.

dany katz

Papa

To see the condemned looking  
for the death he so desired;  
It was then that I understood  
the sacrifices Marti made  
and why Maceo died.

Papa

Vi a un condenado  
Y le vi por la muerte tal deseo,  
que fue cuando comprendi  
porque se inmolo Marti  
y porque murio Maceo.



Mi Aguila

Velar de noche y trabajo de dia . . .  
leves en las horas en su afan pasaban,  
un cantar de sus labios me dormian,  
y al despertar sus labios me besaban.

Tiene ese raro misterio  
de los castillos de los siglos anteriores;  
Y como el arbol seco en inveirno.  
Mantiene vida aunque no tenga flores!

My Eagle

Keeping watch at night, working by day . . .  
hours of trifling anxiety would go by,  
A song from those lips would greet  
me with a kiss.

There was that rare mystery about it,  
like castles of centuries past.  
And a winter tree that daily maintains  
its life even though it flowers not.

Virginia

La plebe es como un pantano,  
donde germina el terror.  
Del terror nace una flor,  
y esa flor es el tirano.

Virginia

Common people are like a swamp  
where terror germinates.  
Of that terror a rose is born,  
and that flower is the tyrant.

Edenia

Carve in a tree a name  
which in my heart's engraved.  
Time flies. And it flew.  
Nothing in it to fear  
I forgot the name.  
It erased from my heart.  
The tree more faithful than I  
The tree more faithful than man  
Conserves the name intact  
that my hand carved.

dany katz

Edenia

Grabe en un arbol un nombre  
que en mi pecho se grabo.  
El tiempo vuela. Y volo  
Nada hay en ello que asombre.  
El nombre se me olvido.  
De mi pecho se borro.  
Y el arbol, mas fiel que yo,  
mas fiel el arbol que el hombre,  
conserva intacto aquel nombre  
que mi mano lo grabo.

Mi Pais

Ella quien ha sido tomada  
por tiranos sin escrupulos.  
Ella a quien no puedo ver o tocar  
hasta que ese dia sangriento llegue.

Que manevola es la vida  
para hacerme esperar y rezar  
que pronto mi Cuba sea libre . . .  
libre como un pajaro.

My Country

She who has been taken  
by unscrupulous tyrants  
She whom I cannot see or touch  
until that bloody day arrives.

How evil life is  
to make me hope and pray  
that my Cuba will soon be free . . .  
free as a soaring bird.



A Childhood

From the moment of birth  
to eleven joyful summers  
cultivated love and pride  
a Cuban innocent child.

Climbing trees, catching birds  
on the sunny country sides  
spent hours, spent days  
a Cuban innocent child.

When at nights neighbors joked  
as brothers around a table  
a Cuban innocent child  
was learning about traditions

But unfortunately, one day  
a tyrant came to power  
to disturb the happy days  
of a Cuban innocent child.

Una Ninez

Desde el momento de nacido  
hasta once alegres veranos  
cultivo amor y orgullo  
un inocente nino Cubano.

Subiendo arboles, y cazando pajaros  
en los campos guajiros  
paso horas, y paso dias  
un inocente nino Cubano.

Cuando en las noches los vecinos hablaban  
como hermanos alrededor de una mesa  
un inocente nino Cubano aprendia las tradiciones.

Pero desafortunadamente, un dia,  
un tirano tomo el poder  
para turbar los dias alegres  
de un inocente nino Cubano.

Un Amigo Verdadero

Un amigo verdadero el que ella tenia.  
Un amigo sincero que se preocupaba por ella.  
Pero, un dia ella encontro a otra persona.  
No era un amigo, era un amante.  
Desde entonces, ella culpo a el amigo  
por todos sus problemas.  
Hasta que un dia, el amante la dejo.  
Y muy pronto cuenta ella se dio,  
de que ya no tenia  
ni el amigo, ni el amante.

A Real Friend

A real friend, the one she had.  
A sincere friend that cared and worried.  
She one day found another person  
It wasn't a friend, it was a lover.  
From that moment on, she blamed the friend  
for all her troubles.  
Until one day the lover left her.  
She soon realized, she no more had  
the real friend nor the lover.

wesley

r  
i  
g  
h  
t

## TUESDAYS

She was seventeen  
and life to her  
was no more than movies  
high school football games  
and quiet walks alone  
on Tuesdays.

But he had a different idea  
and he was the stronger  
of the two  
as he pulled her legs apart

He proved himself the pig he was  
Violating her to him  
Was as wrong as shaving

If I had found the bastard  
I would have killed him  
Without thinking twice

She still hates Tuesdays  
And never walks alone.

## SHORE LEAVE

43rd and broadway,  
a young salt,  
marooned  
in ny,  
is teased by  
a contorted starlet  
in a 16mm,  
super-color torso;  
her finger,  
imitating  
toothless gums,  
nurses an acetate breast;  
her flickering thighs  
helf high  
to the rustling delight  
of coarse, old raincoats.  
he blushes in the dark.

then finally,  
the sputtering  
of film's finish;  
passion spins  
upon an empty reel.  
he wanders  
the village,  
seeking the fleece,  
the \$5.00 flophouse copy  
of boticelli's  
shoal-water relations  
with a clam,  
(bleached seaweed  
dries upon worn shell).

brined and bloating,  
a young seaman  
weathers his first storm  
upon a rumbling rock,  
as argo sinks  
to sleep  
in the wooden cuddle  
of a coney island  
subway bench.

a  
r  
i  
g  
h  
t

marler



Mike Woodall

Who's Watching the Watchdog?

We bought him for a watchdog  
But he mixes up his ends,  
He wat

Who's Watching the Watchdog?

We bought him for a watchdog  
But he mixes up his ends:  
He wags his tail at strangers  
And bares his fangs at friends.

We got him for protection,  
We thought he'd earn his keep,  
But he scares the neighbors' children  
When he isn't fast asleep.

He's very fond of hoboes,  
Lets peddlers on our place;  
Even nips the friendly postman  
Who, with mail must bring his mace!

That dog is feuds and lawsuits,  
He keeps us tense and grim --  
We bought him for a watchdog,  
but we keep watch on him!

bunny dec

Child of Aurora: Look Up!

Marked to the mystic  
as she wears her head  
But when she hears that melody  
perhaps they will not mean to hear

Let each of us glory of life all around,  
That invisible shine in your eyes.  
And if others would walk with their gaze on the ground,  
I'll be glad to be strange of skies!

the ineffable substance of love  
the soul  
of a feasted dove  
in the dark.

By seeing and hearing and knowing the Truth  
The Universe lightens you  
You may stride unafraid and straight as a youth:  
A Chosen Bright Child of the Day!

THE PRIVILEGE

Come walk with me softly up  
Through tulips and crocus and  
Where starlight's night fingers  
And glimpse, if you can, the  
Of Fauns and of Fairies and  
Who frolic so gaily on misty

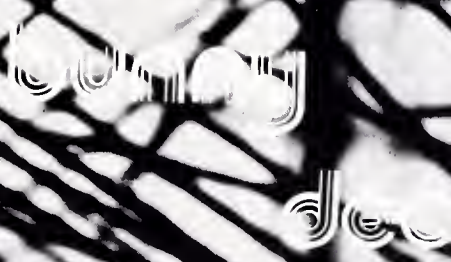
For eyes that can see and ears  
The Netherworld creatures may appear.  
That shimmering, glimmering, translucent light  
Now dancing before you, now just out  
How quickly they'll tease you and  
To make you their own -- but you  
For Outworlders never can be  
That on yonder hill is a sacred  
Of Dryad and Fairy and dark  
Who plait silver ribbons of moonlight

And when we must leave as the  
Slow flutter of Fairy and foot  
They'll creep to their beds to rest  
In crocus and tulip -- and wild flower spray.

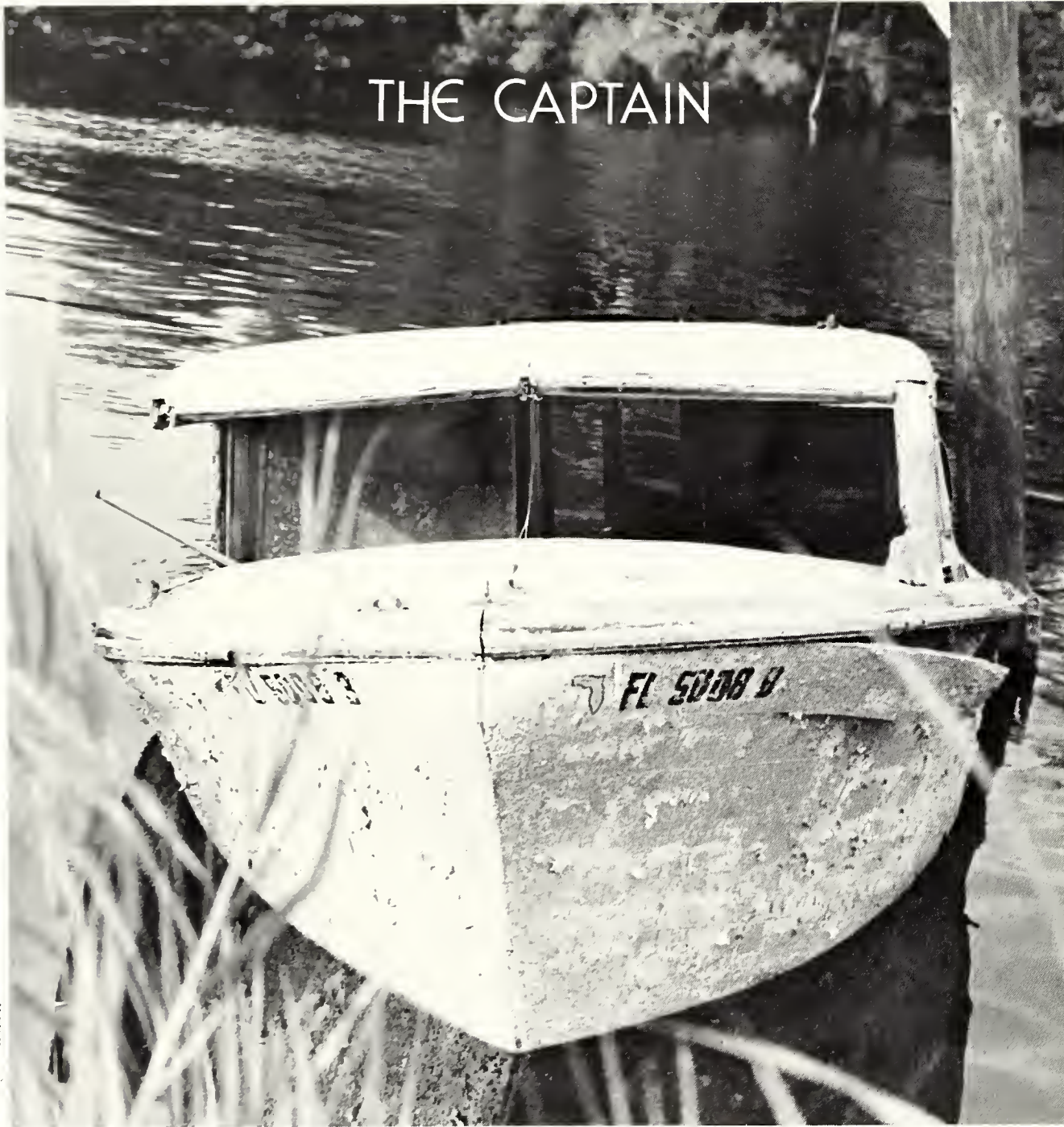
But you and I know, as we'er true  
That others who trespass will find

No crocus or willows or bright  
No shimmering, glimmering moon  
Because earth-bound mortals, who  
See nothing around them but del

But someday, of from them came  
That love is abundant and they'd  
To that magic hill, they might be  
But 'til that day comes, I'll just sha



# THE CAPTAIN



Mickey Tidwell

clara marotta

The captain of a timeworn ship  
had sailed in search of truth.  
Each wave that battered stern and bow,  
did strip it of its youth.  
Searching sea and ocean blue,  
with youthful soul bred deep,  
The beat of life to tick away  
His dreams of childhood sleep.

What force had lured him to the sea?  
What fate of restless charm?  
To fill his lungs with salted air,  
This stolen life to form.  
That lad of wide eyed innocence,  
Began on fearless morn,  
To man that wheel of vessel new,  
A life, for him was born.

With pounding heart in swollen breast,  
Those feared and fearless dreams,  
His weakened knee and trembling hands,  
Set forth to win the sea.  
The coal black sky with diamonds bright,  
To guide him through the night,  
Craddled him on mystic wave,  
In sea of endless sight.

Soon weathered face through veil of time,  
This tired captain peered,  
At endless sea rolling forth,  
with truths still buried deep.  
His life has o'er him floated too fast,  
The night chills to the bone,  
This man grows weary of his days,  
Despondent and alone.

With ne'er a lover loving deep,  
No troth he vowed a wife,  
But ocean, sea and endless sky,  
In union for his life.  
What price to pay for freedom sweet,  
When aging wings shall die,  
With no one there and none to share,  
The ocean, sea and sky.

# Paradise

I have seen a place in slumber  
Where flowers grow afield,  
The breath and depth of vision  
My eyes have sought to see.

I yearn nightly,  
O'er mountain, hill and dale,  
Soaring high, in cloudless sky,  
Take me there sweet dreams.

Deep starlit night befall me  
Enfold my body warm,  
Subconscious spark me deeply,  
Give sight to dreams so pure.

Release me from my burdens,  
My sins, peel from my soul,  
Cleanse my heart for Eden,  
That I may drench my soul.

Brisk breeze bear me nightly,  
Guide my flight away,  
From fears, and hate and solitude,  
To paradise this day.

A sky so pure with splendor,  
That only visions see,  
The earth's burnt hues of amber  
To flicker midst the trees.

The earth pure gold before me,  
All ripe and flowing sweet,  
To taste of nature's blossomed gifts,  
All things exist for me.

My eyes behold a wonderous place,  
No oils of life have seen.  
Serenity are the boundless walls,  
Contentment feeds the trees.

Each blossom blooms with loving touch  
The foliage forms above  
To guard this perfect garden,  
And shield it from the dark.

No demons here to tempt me,  
No sins of life and men,  
No passions, no possessions,  
No chains for those within.

clara marotta



Mike Woodall

Amenity

It could have been  
a pleasure to know you

Had we been able to  
Avoid obvious traps --  
find our way out of our labyrinth  
like smart rats

Had we been able to  
climb straight walls and  
spin ourselves into gossamer  
like nimble spiders

Had we been able to  
see with occult eyes --  
Walk through fire -- lose ourselves  
like mystics

It could have been  
a pleasure to know you.

Attraction

There is no reason why  
I should remember you.  
Our meetings were few,  
uncertain encounters.  
Yet, in the strongest way  
your presence lingers . . .  
There is an energy  
About the thought of you --  
forceful and physical.

wanda  
gibbons



Nourishment

Casing torn, gravity strong  
Tearing the sinews of my corpse  
Beneath the thirsty ground  
In my grave, becoming flesh torn,  
Eaten up by nature's law.

Nutrients of all sorts  
My corpse releases  
Onto the avid soil,  
Long awaiting my unwilling  
Bounty to its greedy jaws.

A need my corpse has met,  
But am I something more?  
Have I fled from the casing.  
From the flesh rotting  
Fertilizing the starving sod?

Suddenly no longer am I a corpse  
(Decaying flesh beneath the earth)  
For from the crux of myself  
My soul at noonday's scorch  
Boils from the depths  
Flares to reaches of something balm,  
Soaring my identity, my eternity  
Closer to my dubious God.

lane coo



Mickey Tidwell

## The Arena

The cacophonous clash  
Of steel on steel  
Spews sparks in disarray.

The thunderous roar  
Of shodden feet  
Drum the sun-baked clay.

The sickening thud  
Of club on flesh  
Mingles moans with anguished cries.

Blood runs pale  
Transfused with tears  
Wherein the dust the Thracian lies.

Violence, hate and ignorance  
Shriek wildly from the stands  
"Thumbs Down."

Man's "glorious" spectacle  
rages on -- and  
In his struggle for survival

Time is the arena  
The victor gets tomorrow.

 Perception

Inky clouds spill  
Across the sky

Slowly blotting  
Out the firmament

Rorschach images  
Erase the moon

Yet it is I  
who's been obliterated.

eileen lemay

# The Philosopher Tree

Thin, knarled limbs reach skyward  
like cosmic antennae  
Drawing in universal impulses;  
transmitted o'er tiny veins;  
To root within the fertile earth.  
The joy and pain of wisdom etches grooves  
deep in the craggy bark  
Recording tales of yesteryears,  
subtly elusive because  
Man will not see or hear beyond himself.

Many hours have I spent  
listening at your feet  
While zephyrs strum a raga  
on your bough.  
Esoteric riddles become manifest  
Blushing crimson as the day pauses in the night.

O' sage and ancient philosopher  
what vast and ultimate  
Secret veils itself beneath your branch --  
Awaiting revelation  
To all who ponder what it means "to be."



Mike Woodall

It that men are engaged in

their wishes

feels

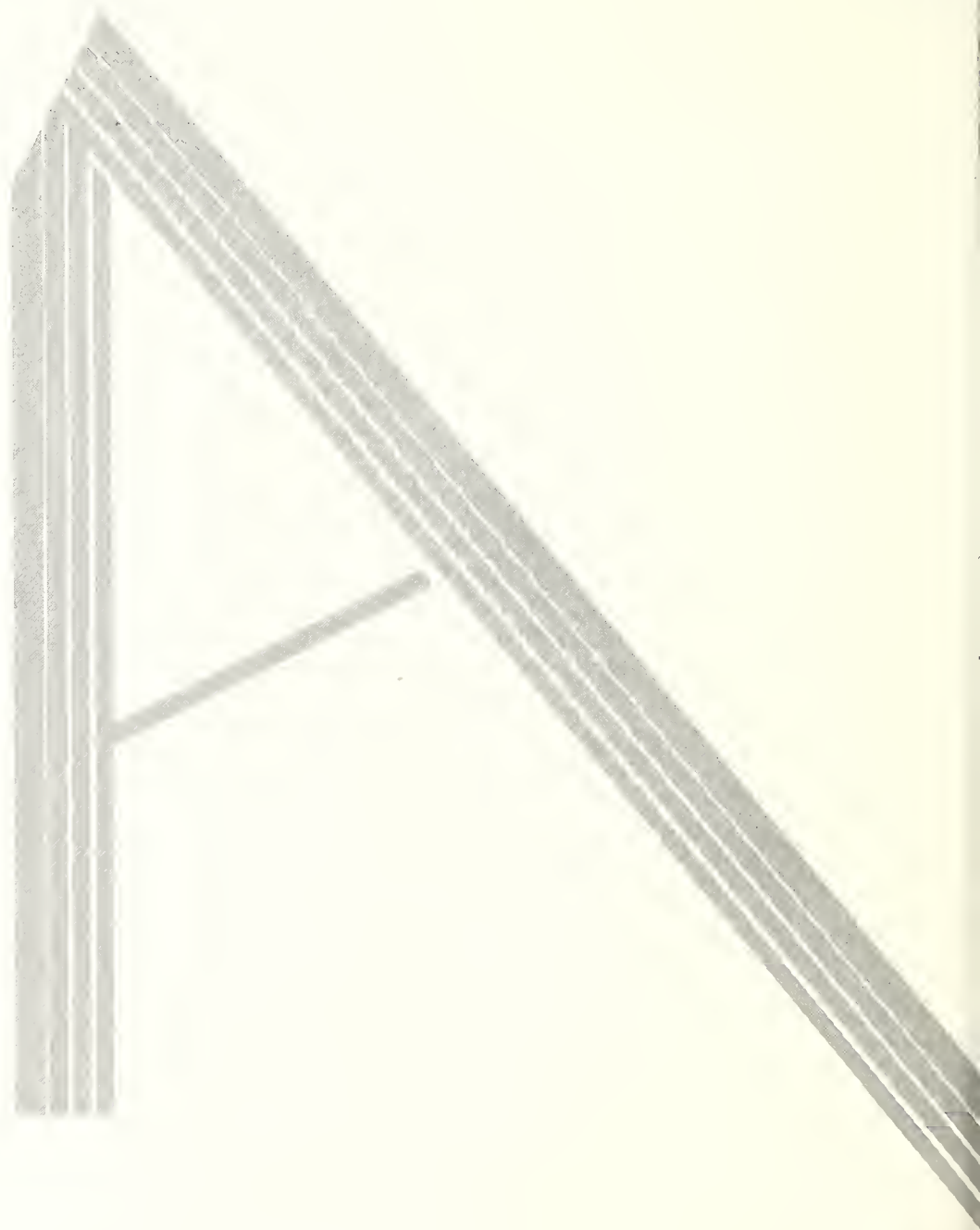
anger

pleasures

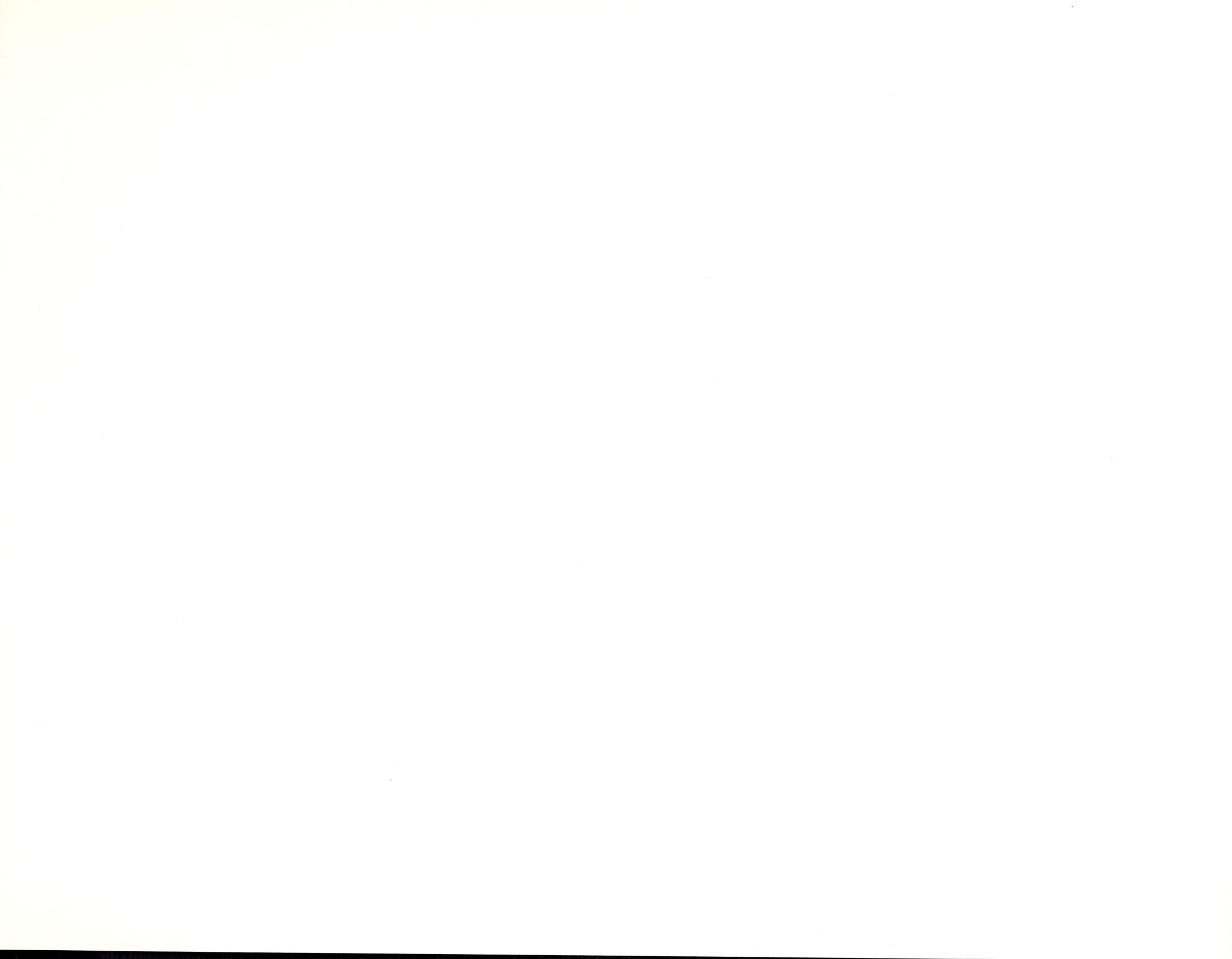
and varied pursuits

form

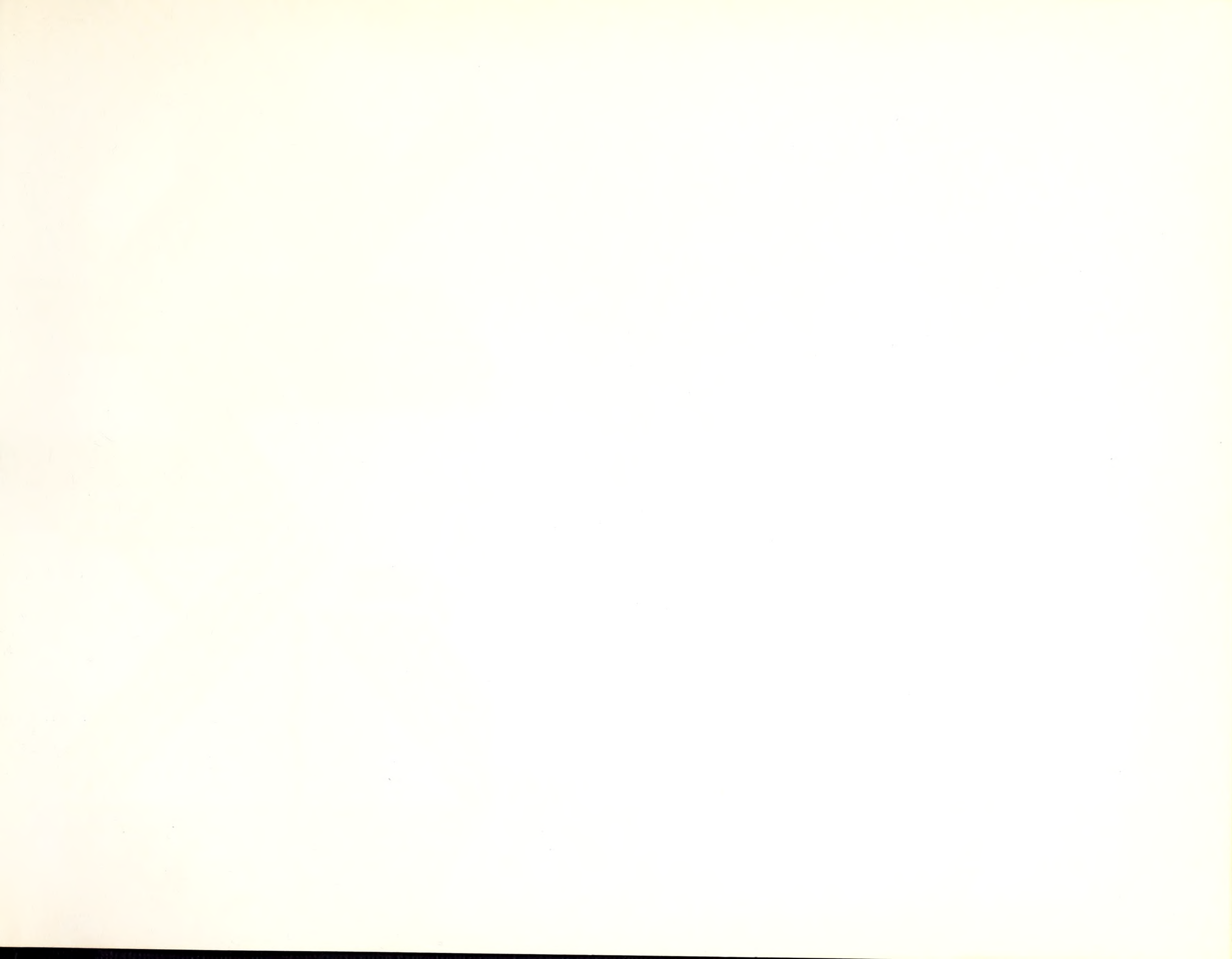
the hatch-catch of my back

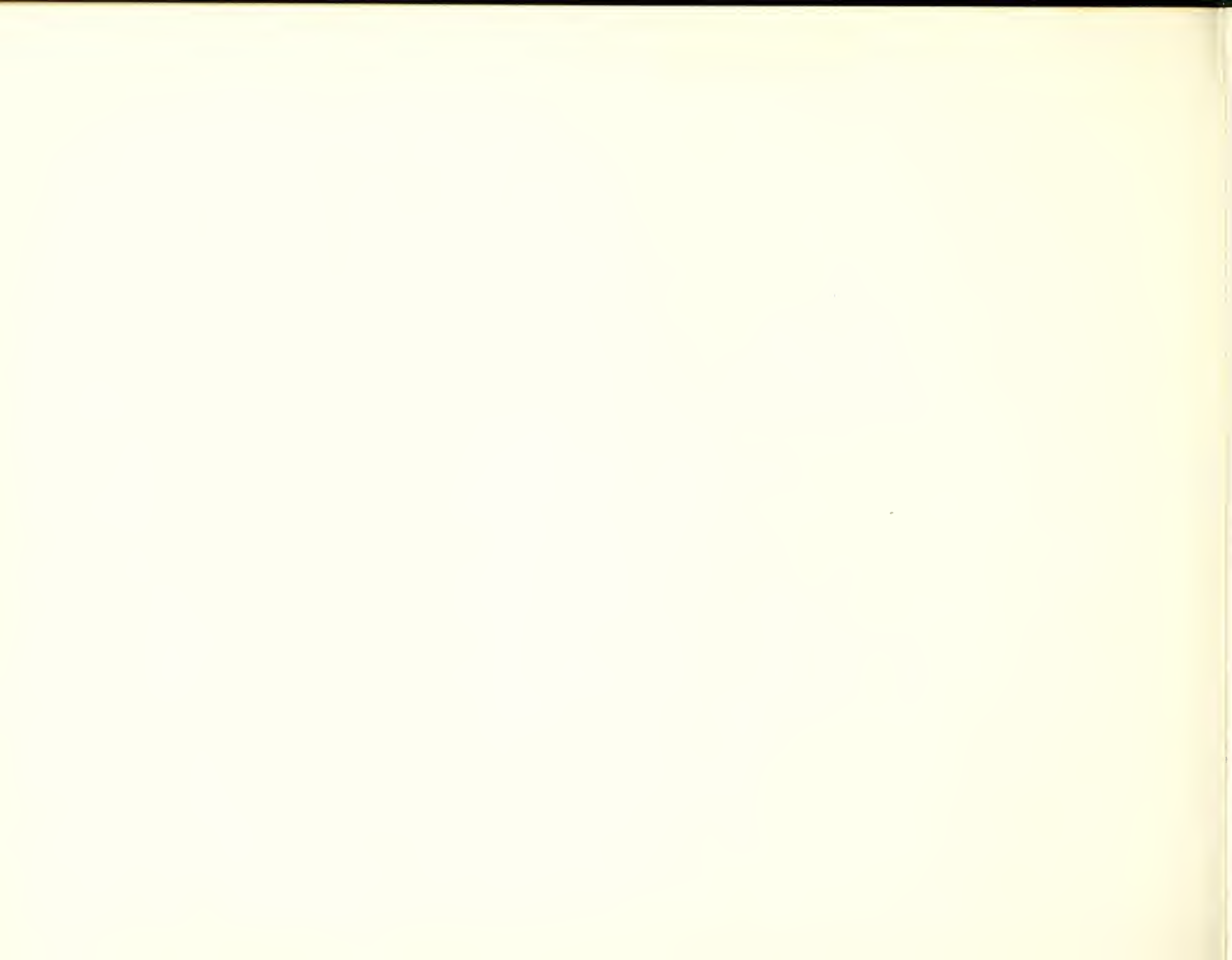


Journal  
1813-1814













R00150 51147

9-74  
CAMPUS

SR

broward county  
**library**

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33310

LIBRARY  
BROWARD COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

