

P'AN KU


1969-1970

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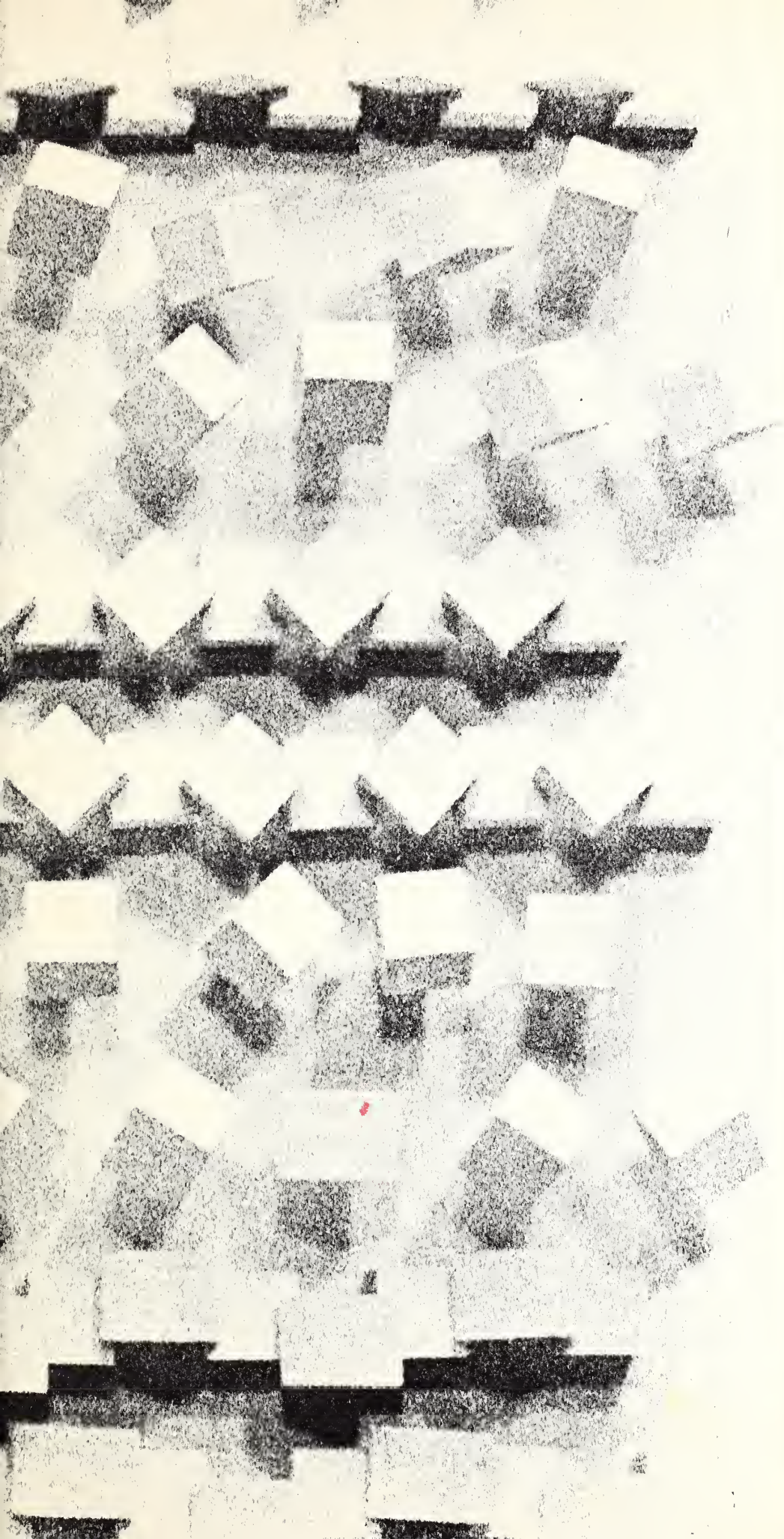
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**P'AN  
KU**





# P'AN KU

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Whence did the wond'rous mystic art arise  
Of painting Speech, and speaking to the eyes?  
That we by tracing magic lines are taught,  
How to embody, and to colour Thought.

MARSHALL McLuhan

The elegant  
brilliance of an object in  
the east radiance of the undeformed  
flawless crystal encompasses my entire  
physical being Narcissus looks upon the  
sparkling goal in which the radiation seeks  
animated features outline the alien arena sway  
ing to rythimical patterns. While stormy hosts  
accompany blazing emissions that echo light from  
corner to corner Time now enters a fourth dimension  
progress is defunct Enlightenment into our macrocosm is hom  
icide of the mind Immunity of self is improbable Tinsel  
spangled brilliant dots have the image of the void Beginning  
dawn as twilight ends Faintly the splendor of dark creeps into

the  
light

shadows ex  
tend into

images

it's  
morning

steve jacobs

# THIS LAND IS MY LAND

Roger Wilcox



Barry sat on the edge of the bed, feeling warm and heavy, good with sleep, making the most of his grogginess. Through the open doors at the back of the house he could see Kelly's legs draped over the side of the faded orange sling chair, and a cup of coffee in his hand.

He walked into the kitchen, the tiles cold on his feet, and pulled a paper filter from the cabinet about the refrigerator, and began making himself a cup of coffee also.

The stereo was playing the Beatles' album *Revolver*, the volume loud throughout the house, out into the lawn in back of the house, into Kelly's ears.

Kelly was bouncing his leg over the arm of the chair, and reading a thick paperback when Barry walked out of the house, coffeecup in hand. He laughed one short laugh when Barry nearly fell over the cement block he tried to sit on.

"I'm reading Faulkner," Kelly said. They both were silent for a minute or two, Kelly interested in his book, Barry still numb from sleep. Closing

the book on his index finger, Kelly looked at Barry and told him he looked sleepy. "Have you read Faulkner?" Kelly asked. "American Lit, second semester," Barry replied.

"He's harder than hell to follow step-by-step, but the overall thing gets across," Kelly said.

They both reached for their coffee, and Barry could see that Kelly felt like rapping about the book he was now biting the edge of.

He began. "I think he says a lot about man's basic evils." He paused again, but Barry only tilted his head, so Kelly went on.

"I think he is showing that the real problem with man was his greed." Another pause, and he added "more specifically, I think his first evil was deciding that the land was his—that he could make boundaries, and sell the land if he pleased."

Barry could add nothing vocal to the conversation yet, so he picked up his cup and walked to the hedge at the corner of their lot, and looked into Mr. Whipple's yard, wherein sat Mr. Whipple, con-



Alinda Aunapu

structing part of a fence he was going to erect. Barry turned, tilted his head toward Kelly, who took that to mean to continue.

"Faulkner always refers to how the Chickasaw Indians sold the land to the people in Yoknew-whatchamacallit County, and it really wasn't theirs to sell — I mean, who gave it to the Indians to sell anyway?"

Kelly leaned back slowly in his chair, and as slowly voiced his conclusions. "Man's real original sin was deciding the land was his to sell and segregate."

He thudded back to earth, and put his empty coffee cup on the dew-covered table. Barry was now walking back to the table, and, with his elbow on the chair he had just been sitting on, he finally spoke.

"But does man do this inherently, is it his nature, or is it possible for man to live without greed?" Barry sat at the table.

Kelly gladly leaned forward to this contribution Barry had made, and replied "I think he isn't naturally that way — I mean, if things like communes can exist, and successfully, then he can't just be that way . . ."

"I'm not sure that's true, even in communes, Barry said. "Remember, they're a relatively new thing to most Americans, and it's too early to judge them yet."

"I have nothing but faith in them," replied Kelly, who was now scribbling in the dew with his finger, drawing a little face, funny little face, with floppy ears, a big silly grin, and screwy eyes.

Barry now was doodling too, and coming a bit too close to Kelly's own drawing.

Kelly drew his finger through the dew, a line between his own and Barry's scribbblings. "There," he said. "You can't cross over that line!" Then Barry wasn't sure why Kelly was waving the book, and saying "Oh no, oh no!!!"

## LINDA PATRICK

### EVENING

Around me, crowd waves ebb and flow  
Then break for me to greet  
Your dear and holy face as though  
It were the only, impossible rose  
Sun-graced in a sea of wheat.

### DAWN

Gordon cut the tractor engine  
At the bend in the road  
Above the field  
Where streetlights, like flickering matin-candles  
Led a dawn processional toward the city.  
By now his son, and a dozen drivers  
Were gathered at Maudie's counter for breakfast,  
Warming their hands around mugs of coffee,  
Discussing what price to expect for the harvest.  
Gordon considered Maud's biscuits and honey,  
Just as likely fired from flour  
Ground from wheat  
Culled from this field  
Lying fallow before him.  
Stubble crackled as he started the tractor,  
Grew gold as the sun appeared and climbed higher  
Over the empty, slumbering soil.  
Dead earth, Peter had teased as they stripped her,  
Liar, Gordon grinned as the morning-light bathed her  
And tasted red wine  
As the blades struck to turn her.

### DELOS

You built your temples  
too far away from us,  
You worked your miracles  
too far beyond our ken,  
And now we must go searching for you  
among the rocks  
piled formlessly  
Before the rising tide.

### THE VIOLIN

A song, beloved, with your eyes  
Before my violin?  
See, without my hand it plays  
Your hair blown back by wind,  
Each strand a melody.  
It is not magic for your gaze,  
But truth alone,  
For anything so well-beloved  
In this life cannot be held,  
Not even in a song;  
Says that it please you now to know  
The music you set free  
With your fair hair flowing so,  
Each strand a melody.

Ignited.  
For a brief moment  
two souls  
shine  
in the bleakness  
of an unchanging  
existence.

## BETH AHLQUIST

### BRONZED THOUGHTS

Old sun-scarred face appears  
Among the worshippers.  
Fifty-thousand faces  
Pointed upward, eyes shaded  
With coloured glass.  
Bodies protected by creams, screens—  
Means—  
Guaranteed to combat  
The ravages of sun and salt.  
How beautiful the old one is.  
Time has gently etched his profile  
Into its own image  
And now he stands like a saviour  
By the sea.

### UNVEILED MYSTERY

Oh Moon, before the birth of time,  
Did you, as now, in beauty shine?  
When none stood here to see your face,  
Did you, the night, then too embrace?  
At times your being sheds a glow  
That brightens all the world below.  
Now you gaze with light subdued  
Upon the Earth in change of mood.

Recall the night you ruled the skies  
Reflecting that which filled the eyes  
Of earthly lovers, there to shine  
In brilliance, cast in light divine.

Mortals turn to thee above  
To seek a blessing on their love.  
And thank the shimmering lunar skies  
For love obtained beneath your eyes.

Tonight again, I see your face,  
But saddened, your resplendent grace  
Lies wrapped behind a misty veil  
As if to hide a lovers' tale.  
Can this then be a night for they  
Whose love has nought but gone astray?  
For now beneath the mist I see  
The countless scars that cover thee.

Does every forlorn lover mar  
Your face with yet another scar,  
That when his body turns to dust  
His fate lies etched upon your crust?  
Will future civilizations see  
The part that love has played with me?  
Then I, though mortal may behold  
A tale long past, once left untold.

## ANGEL DUPREE

Broken crystals of our dreams shed their tiny splinters,  
Being burst by high-pitched notes of reason.

TERRY TAFOYA

## NUGALIA

I  
Me  
You  
Everyone.  
(Too bad we have to place them in that order.)

LINDA REID

the only way i can express myself when sad or disillusioned  
is through poetry  
i express myself when happy . . .  
by living

GREGORY MARACIE

Quiet things  
Never said,  
Touch lightly  
Upon my mind  
And say the things  
I cannot hear.

SHERRY BROADWELL

We look to find  
What we cannot see  
So close your eyes  
and stare!

SHERRY BROADWELL

Nature is good, and beautiful  
And all that.  
But be forewarned.

GREGORY MARACIE



Prison  
Constant enclosure  
Forced to remain  
Subjected to a new life  
Marriage

Hate  
Cruelty, punishment  
Fear, anticipation, clash  
Bodies meet in conflict  
Football

Echo  
Vibration, constant  
Reflection of life  
Responding to a thought  
Age

## JON ROUSSEAU

### CINQUAIN POETRY

Grass  
Green, uncut  
Searching for safety  
Ties have been disbanded  
Graduate

Artist  
Creative, individualistic  
Modern abstract art  
Life seen in his eyes  
Child

Car  
Money, unreliable  
Colorful, beautiful, companionship  
Made to be together  
Girl

Moon  
Illumination, depth  
Beauty, uncertainty, cyclic  
Still unknown to man  
Birth

## ON SIGHT

Morning and spring and the soothing warmth of the sun  
Have smoothed the wide blue to a herringbone of ripples,  
Intertwining, parting, greeting, waiting, sweeping  
Gracefully to the shore.  
The sky shows its face in the water — and they smile;  
The lake has found peace.

But peace. . . .

Is not static.

Far out, in the middle of the channel, a wide band of blue is moving  
With dignity and restrained joy  
To meet the shore.

As it approaches, different parts of the blue reflect the sun—

Brighter than any man-created mirror,

And you can see in their reflection

The bright and joy-filled stars of Eternity.

Eternity and God— reflected by a band of blue,

Glimpsed in a new image of ripples,

Whispering in waving grass and exulting in free,

Soaring birds.

The many faces of God are revealed to man.

I see one in the blue satin spread out

Before me.

I see another

In the long green finger pointing thinly to the east . . . where

Christ was born, was killed—and rose. . . .

As it divides the sky and the satin straits.

I see God in the changeability at the water—for God, too, is not static.

I see God in the pattern of the ripples caressing the blue, and

I see God in the molecules of an atmosphere—

I see His pattern for human life and

Understand another small piece of the infinite puzzle

and infinite plan and infinite joy

and

Infinite sorrow of life.

I see people as the atoms and molecules in that

blue sky

Some just collide, bounce off, and change each other's direction;

Some stay together for a short time and activate each other—

And when they separate, they activate the molecules

around them; and

Still others meet and combine and make a

completely new substance. . . .

I see

God and

Eternity and

Joy and

Sorrow—

I can see!

**MARTHA FOGG SCHAEFER**



Catherine McDonald

Surrounded by eager entrances,  
Each expectantly fingering you as  
Yet hidden gold  
You stand  
Alone  
Admst the clinging  
Throng of eager spenders  
Your parsimoniousness is an anachronism  
    in this great use-it-now world of  
Credit—and  
Interest—and  
Carrying charges  
To a price about what an article is worth  
    you say  
"No"—and watch the salesmen  
As their visions of huge commissions  
    fall before your determination.  
Where are the days past lived,  
Where material cost its worth and  
Glaring Greed was not so rampant.

#### SHOPPING IN A MALL

# THE WICKED

Lloyd Strothman

"And I'll tell you as sure as I stand here before you. . . . blasphemers will burn in hell . . . adulterers will burn in hell . . . drunkards will burn in hell . . . all people with evil intentions will burn in hell!"

The man in black stood before the twenty or thirty people that had come, pounding the table before him in emphasis of the words he had spoken. The room was small and unimpressive, but well filled. Of the people there, however, few listened, and even fewer heard, so that, although the words were well-emphasized, the believers were few.

Someone must have heard though, because there was only one noticeably empty seat in the room, the seat directly to my left. This created a two foot wide gap between myself and the aisle which no one had seen the need to occupy. Apparently no one had even noticed it was empty; after all it was in the last row, and the man in black was overpowering if not overly convincing.

"The book says," the man in black continued, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? And I'm asking you exactly how can you hope to escape the damnation of hell in the lives you're living?! You're all going to burn in——"

"Hell? What is hell?" The words came amazingly enough from the gap located directly to my left. They were spoken gently, questionably, very softly, and almost fearfully.

"What is hell?" once again came softly from the gap to my left. The eyes of the man in black came to rest on the spot that until that moment, or the one before, had been vacant. All eyes in the room, along with my own, focused on the man that had taken the seat next to me. What was seen was surprising, and only slightly short of amazing.

There, directly to my left, sat a man; short, even

squat, he had to make a noticeable effort to see over the hat of the lady in front of him, which had somehow managed to stay atop her head. He sat almost covering in the seat, awaiting the vindication of the man in black. One could feel the sweat begin to bead on the man's small, round head, which was completely devoid of hair. I wondered how the courage to interrupt the man in black could have come from such a man. My train of thought was soon interrupted, however, when once again, "What is hell?" came gently from the man to my left.

"What is hell!" boomed the man in black. "You ask me what hell is, sinner? I'll tell you what hell is! Hell is the place where the blasphemers go, hell is the place for adulterers, for drunkards, for——"

"For those who would not fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body . . .?"

Again all the eyes turned to the man at my left, and again the man in black stopped to glare at the small, covering figure. This time, however, the man in black slowly closed the book that rested in front of him. The noise made by the pages touching seemed to ring in the room, and once again all attention was drawn to the front.

All eyes on him, the man in black slowly began to move towards the last row, far left side. Rage showed in his face, and the hands extending from the black sleeves were instinctively clenched into fists. Determination showed through the red of his face, and hate was audibly detectable as he said in a strained voice, "Sinner, we will not stand for interruptions here, we will not tolerate insolence in this house, this is the house of the——"

His voice stopped as if cut by a cleaver. I looked to my left and saw that the man in black was speaking to what was, once again, the only noticeably empty seat in the house.

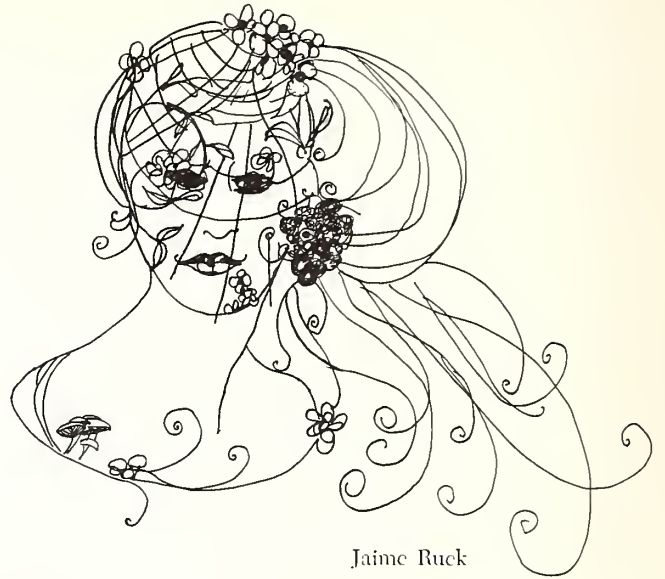


Ellen Richardson

## FRANKFURT WHORES

Fast-paced, plastic-faced, black laced  
Harlots  
Line the streets. . . .  
Waiting . . .  
Beside the dirty brick building.  
Hungry men and carnal desires,  
Smolder in the alley.  
They point, they poke  
they drink, and smoke  
And laugh, and joke.  
Money's flashed;  
Windows sashed;  
zippers gnashed;  
And body's crashed;  
In dim and cracking plastered,  
four-walled  
Holes.  
Out he comes  
Smiling with satiated sinful  
Delight.  
Turns his face  
And walks into the Night.  
Out comes the ruby-lipped lover,  
Moving her skirts against  
Her full hips;  
Licking on her smudged lips;  
Waiting for another  
Sale.  
Always waiting for another sale.  
Another wait, another taunt  
Another night, another male.

## RIK HUMBOLDT



## THE FAWN

A wet blanket of sleet had blown on the street;  
As I walked in quotidian quandry.  
The snow hit my face and caused me to brace  
As I trod into the whistling wind.  
Now, out of town I turned my face down  
And watched my feet fall in the snow.  
My tracks were soon swallowed;  
And the wind somehow hollowed my stomach,  
I hadn't had food for three days.  
Up ahead in the snow were a fawn and a doe.  
I drew near and the mother bolted.  
I knelt by the fawn;  
For I feared it had gone;  
And I lifted the frozen frail in my arms:  
It was all but dead;

As I cradled its head;  
Warming the creature 'neath my coat.  
The snow pelted my brows;  
The fawn started to drowse,  
And it fell into a lifeless sleep.  
My hands were wet with its blood;  
My eyes started to flood;  
And I tried to regain my composure.  
I had tried my best;  
But the fawn was at rest.  
Had it felt my warmth and compassion?  
I buried it deep;  
And fell fast asleep  
On its grave, I stayed until I felt the answer.

## MINSTREL

Brings me daily a gift  
of song, but more . . .  
An image of a golden girl  
adorned with yellow sunshine,  
blue winter, warm orange firelight,  
classic memories of fireplaces,  
candles, grassy places,  
all uniquely ours alone.

And when I was with her,  
as I remember,  
I tried to get to her.  
But I've yet to see a morning with her.

## BYE BYE, BABE

Sometimes blue was all we knew.  
Pennsylvania winter is blue  
and whipping across my cheeks.  
Weeks go by quickly in the eddy of thing to do.  
And plans are made as mine are stymied.  
I need to have her to myself for a time.  
The season clings to branches and the river.  
A day at a time, you can't make plans.  
Can you understand what I'm saying!  
She may just be forever there when I return.  
Burn a candle, welcome the minstrel, have you  
any news?  
And she may not. . . .

## ROGER WILCOX

### SUPPLEMENT TO EYE

I wait like Ferlinghetti  
naked and sweating  
on a balsam-wood bed  
and pillow-breasts surround me,  
too soft and too cold.

Sand was my bed once shared,  
salty and naked,  
sandy and kind,  
amongst my own, our own,  
She and I lay.

I won't fake it, spring out wet.  
Lover,  
give of a premature and bawling bundle of sensory confusion.  
fragment of a memory, aftermath of a moment,  
human living breathing being,  
unintentional love creature  
that we love.

I won't fake it, because, baby, half a love isn't better than  
none.  
God bless the child.



John Copeland



## THE MEATGRINDER

There was once a meatgrinder  
Who.  
Not a very bright one,  
Who.  
After hearing,  
Or seeing,  
Or anything in the Process  
Of learning,  
Would,  
Without a thought,  
Grind it up.  
And it all came out  
The same.  
What a tragedy.

## GREGORY MARACIE

## DAWN WOJTONOSKI

said wolf  
as he picked up grama's  
guitar and  
started singing  
"We Shall Overcome"  
in his best imitation of Bobby Kennedy  
(odear grama) exclaimed out  
spaced out friend  
(you seem to have lost the  
Joan Baez  
quality in your voice  
like what's happening?")  
(ha, ha) wolf pulled off the  
Cher Bono wig  
(i am not your cool grama — i am the hip wolf)  
riding red hood screamed  
and the door opened  
in walked a very  
bourgeoise  
sort of cop  
(i am the representative  
of the vice squad  
i have come to save you all from  
the evil wolf)  
grama fell out of the closet  
and the three  
at one time  
the same time  
took an  
over dose  
they died

## COLOUR ROBES

with our warm blanket  
of autumn colour I woke to a living  
I ended my isolated sleep  
as his hand touched my side  
my wandering gentle man  
clothes in such soft robes  
he was never heard  
when arriving and is ever  
silently leaving

Criss-cross we move  
Around the ring  
We go  
Everything's shiny and new  
And cold  
Metals clash and melt  
Into one  
Flowers and crosses flaming  
Unite

And we dream of a time  
With sights and sounds to delight  
Only a child's mind when  
War is played with wooden soldiers  
And there is no need  
For White picket fences

Drifting leaf drenched art  
Protects the field and I  
From scenes of sunbleached dreams  
And continues the existence of  
A sheltered sky free from the obscenities  
Of angled stone  
Outside, but alone within a dark  
Shadowplace enough to fill  
All the nights for all the times  
    Then I smile up to his face  
    And it begins to rain  
    Within the shadowed place

the hot summer air  
edged on the cool nerved people  
as the peace dragged on (while  
everyone was waiting) for the promised  
arrival of the news  
pleaded and preached enraged  
at the peaceful soldiers of equality  
things are fine, but along  
the way fear creates  
the wars and revolutions not  
the goals or the home-made posters

## JUANITA WOODS



flowing rays beneath the sun  
drowning softly in my shadows  
as I watch  
the meadow cliff screaming a wind-filled  
cry down to the sea  
singing me to sleep  
and you may find my body  
there when you come back  
from your world of wars



*Spacie Kountree*

# PICK A WINNER

## Michael Couture

Sweat coming from every known spot in his body. And some unknown spots, he thought. It was stinging his eyes, flowing into his mouth. Hearing himself breathing. Gasping was more like it. Uneven. Broken. Coming out in spasms. Legs feeling as if he couldn't put one in front of the other. He was concentrating in order to do so.

Asphalt jarring his feet. Pain traveling into his calves. He didn't finish the quarter of a mile.

Stopping, easing himself down into the sand; his back against a tree, trying to suck in air. His head lifting toward the sky for solace and breath.

Like a horse finishing a race, his legs were quivering. Wanting to lay down, but thinking better of doing so.

"Christ, I've never been so tired in my life. Just let me get some air."

Stomach bulging over his gym shorts, his accountant's chest feeling fallow, empty.

Methodically, getting to his feet, holding onto the tree, still short of wind.

The sun was coming up, right out of the ocean. Hands on hips, taking deep breaths, looking toward it, wondering if it might help restore him back to the living world. Stomach beginning to ache.

"What the hell. I must be nuts."

After realizing his 35-year-old legs were still attached, he began walking to the end of the asphalt walk; hunching his shoulders, weariness registering in them.

His car nearby. Pulling a towel out and wiping his face.

On the way back, driving slowly, plenty of time to consider. Ron Post — middle class, country clubber, college man, driving a new Thunderbird. "Why go through this routine. Tomorrow, it won't mean a thing. I'll probably have to sleep for an hour or so before going to work. No, I can't do that. Phyllis would really ride me."

He had taken a lot of kidding. To him it felt like ridicule; six months ago, at the Ferguson's

cocktail party, his wife had laughed along with the others, when he almost collapsed following a race around the pool.

Yes, he speculated, he had been like a dumbie, almost heaving up his night's consumption of martinis and sandwiches. He didn't drink any more that night. His stomach couldn't have taken it.

"How old is Bob Miller?" Phyllis asked on the way home from the party.

"I guess he's about the same age as me, Ray Furgeson and Jim."

"He looks a lot younger. That little jaunt didn't phase him a bit.

"He plays a lot of tennis and he's single, lots of time to stay in shape. He doesn't have to work on his yard to please his wife."

"He sure does stay in shape," she said with a pleased look on her face.

He hadn't answered. Just looked at her smirk in the light from the dash.

The next time they saw Bob Miller was at a pool party. He was in the process of executing a one and a half gainer when they arrived.

He climbed out of the pool. Water dripped from him and he soaked up the applause.

Ron looked at the tanned, trim body, felt embarrassed to take off his shirt and bermudas to reveal himself in a bathing suit. From the quiet that followed, he assumed the others were also.

Finally, a couple of bold men went on the diving board and bounced in, not even attempting to match Smith.

Ron watched him walk around the pool, talk to the various couples. The women sat near their potbellied husbands, and gazed at him from under their sunglasses, their greased skins broke out in a sweat, Ron thought.

"I found out that Bob was a finalist in the Olympic diving trials years ago." Phyllis said.

"You find out a lot about him."

"Well, you never mentioned it to me."

"I didn't think it would interest you," he said smugly.

Bob continued his appearance at all the parties and other functions. At one of the affairs, he did handstands in his suit, after one of the wives had urged him. It hadn't taken much prodding. His face reflected pleasure with the adulation.

Ron drove home, the radio on. He hoped to cut short the remarks that were due.

"Bob has taken up waterskiing. They say he's fantastic and is going into competition. Isn't he a little old to start that?"

"I don't know. I have never been aquatic minded," he answered wearily.

Ron looked at her face, pretty, unlined, set in a knowing smile.

"Run for Your Life" — he kept the book in his dresser. Why he didn't have it in the living room, he couldn't figure out. There was a self consciousness in him about it. As if he were deserting the country club set for something with less class.

Easing out of the car in front of his home. No lights in the other houses. People in the area didn't go to work early. Good.

Taking a shower. Dressing. Phyllis starting to awaken again. Leaving for the office after drinking some orange juice. The whole quart.

"What are you up to getting up so early? I saw some gym clothes on the line. When did you get those?"

"Last week. I'm jogging."

"Why?"

"Just something I thought I'd try."

"Do you have to get up so early?"

"It's better."

She was shaking her head as the cynical laughing was echoing. Ron knowing she was thinking it was a new kick like the time he tried sailing. He gave that up when the boat he was on capsized during a regatta. Two girls from another boat plucked him from the water as if he were a piece of driftwood. Legs dangled over the side of the boat, as he yelled to be saved. The story became legendary at the yacht club. Phyllis laughed along with everybody when it was told.

Going to sleep at nine o'clock. Not even hearing her come to bed.

The next morning, getting out is harder. Muscles, nerves, fibers; aware of the shock. Running, feeling every foot of the asphalt walk.

By the weekend, thinking of giving it up. Exhausting.

"What are you trying to compete or complete. We are supposed to go to Jack's anniversary bash tonight. Looks like you won't make it. Right?"

"He can do without us. It's no earthshaking thing to miss."

"Everybody expects us. It's the first time we haven't been to something we were invited to."

"Well, I'm going to the health club for a rub-down."

"If you see anyone there you know, tell them you have a virus and came over for a steam bath."

"Tell them nothing. I don't need excuses," saying it harshly.

Gradually, the distance becoming easier for him. Increasing it. A mile.

A watch on his wrist, registering his progress. From twelve minutes in a slow jog, down to seven minutes in a fast trot. His wind developing as he was learning to breathe properly.

Phyllis complaining about their absence from a country club function.

Track meets on television Saturday afternoon. The eighteen holes with the foursome forgotten.

On his run, he was passing people, now accustomed to seeing him. Nodding to them. Sweat bristling on his forehead. Grinning. Watching as they looking back at his form, nodding their heads in approval.

Two miles. No longer the awkward thrashing of arms.

Running with his arms tucked in to his chest. His once choppy steps changing into a long, even stride. Feeling the yards skimming by. Legs knowing the distance.

He wasn't drinking. For three months, he was straight. Everybody knowing he wasn't accepting invitations. Especially Phyllis. She was flaying him with gibberish about not going out. Going to the country club by herself. When cocktail hour was in, she was drinking in front of him at home, as they had both done before.

The girls at the club sympathetic. "Are you serious? He's trying to be one of those jogging freaks. Not drinking or smoking. Is he alive? Ray told me there's nothing worse than a converted swinger going good. They're hell to live with."

Amusing to her at first. Later, shaking her head in embarrassment.

The beach alive in the early hours. Ron watching the fat men trying to walk the one mile distance. Gloating as they were plopping down near the end. Indifferent to their stares as he was gliding by, his figure honed down, his legs developing muscles.

On the nights when Phyllis was trying to rouse him, feigning sleep, remaining immobile, just bearing her demanding voice. Knowing he had to run that morning. She muttering to herself, seeing him dress in his gym clothes in the early morning. He, wondering if she had stayed awake all night in expectation.

"What the hell could he do? She had her clubs, he had his own," he was thinking indignantly.

Ron was trying to talk some of the crowd into running in a rare appearance at the club. It was foolish, he was realizing. Heads shaking in mockery. Some in disbelief. Pleading bad feet, age and other traditional excuses, they dodged it. He didn't care. Alone, he didn't have to wait for anyone, instructing them, pacing them.

Sport pages becoming the bulk of his reading material. An annual 12-mile race in the next county. Ron increasing his distance. Clocking himself accurately, feeling he could compete next year.

"What do I care?" she spat.

"All I know is that everybody thinks you have flipped, going on this Spartan regime. That's all you ever get your kicks out of doing."

"You never complained when Bob performed his body acrobatics at poolside. You and the other femme fatales had your eyes glued."

"At least he went to the pool parties. I don't budge anywhere, except by myself. Do everything by myself."

"You may some day find at certain times, loneliness is good."

"I knew you would come up with something like that, great Plato of the athletic field."

Ron grinning in spite of his urge to control it. Watching her leave the room.

Waist size down from 35 to 30. Boy size slacks, tapered, fitting his slim body. Hair trimmed shorter. Beginning to walk with a spring he never knew. Younger girls noticing him during his lunch hour.

Phyllis continuing her sarcasm when he arrived home at night. Sometimes not being there. Coming in drunk, spiteful.

His pressure filled mind on the verge of exploding. Containing himself, knowing he would be running in the morning.

Not hiding it from the neighbors now. Not caring. Returning when they were getting up. "Fat, drinking slobs, with no purpose in life," he was saying as his car began pulling into the street.

Things crucial at home. Words passing only when necessary. Phyllis totally unable to understand her deprivation of social life. Ron, oblivious to it, reading his books in the evening. Going to bed early.

Her clothes gone. A note telling him that she had an apartment and he could call her when he straightened himself out and became a living thing again.

The country club crowd taking up jogging. Becoming an accepted, desirable thing. Workers in his office speaking about starting. Recognizing some of the runners on the beach in the morning now. Not alone anymore. The people coming by, not nodding now. Too many to nod the head to.

Finding his appetite dwindling. Somehow, knowing things would work out.

Still not picking up the phone to call her. Everything fine until the day; hearing it from unimpeachable sources. Creditable. Bob Miller was a fag.



John Copeland

### O MY QUEEN WHAT HAVE WE DONE

All of my children are dead  
How sad innocent children dying  
Their words must now go unsaid  
From their darkness will come only crying

Dead children, going totally unnoticed and  
deprived of life  
Those that were to be, are now only  
meaningless breaths  
Bound by words to someday become a reality  
They are now distant ideas without any  
hearts to kindle them

All of our plans, our someday family  
Our legacy of an everlasting love  
Would have made us a beautiful life  
However it was decided that none  
should ever see light, hear their own  
first cry or feel substance

For when we parted we killed them  
Our beloved children — the product of our  
everlasting love



### THE LAST TIME I WATCHED YOU DIE

So many times I've stood there and  
Watched you die  
Caring, but not enough  
Hung up in my own closet  
With my welfare on the tie rack  
And my generosity snugged safely away  
in a shoe box  
Personifying genuine loneliness  
The empty person with a full closet  
Programmed just to watch  
For I have died many times too  
And I am placid and accept things I  
can't change  
But if I were stronger  
I could have opened up  
And concerned myself with your needs  
Oh, why do we let each other die?  
Is it that we don't care?  
Or is it that we haven't learned to give of  
ourselves?  
Regardless of the answer  
When I found myself only watching you die  
I realized that I had failed us all  
You, me, and Jesus





Al Purvere

### PRAYER FOR A STREET-CORNER

(i.e. For Long-haired Weirdos)

And before me was Seymore's fat lady  
At times she was hard to digest  
But I swallowed for Christ's sake, for hers  
And if I had stayed longer they might  
have crucified me too — hair's like that  
God don't let me love, make me love  
I'm alive today with heartburn

### CREATIVELY CLOSED MINDS

We all assume a creative role  
We get sick so we vomit out philosophy  
With a minor interest in saving our lives  
If we can not affect the world  
O gods of the resourceful, shower us with the  
attention of a mere glance  
That our vanity might go respected or  
maybe, even rewarded

In an egotistical art such as poetry.  
Where we are each so unique, so vital,  
and so self-loving  
We tend to worship our own thoughts as  
truth  
And make our little world values important  
to everyone  
The arts of caring and learning about one's  
self can be over done  
Unless, no matter how profound we are,  
we can still be open enough to listen to  
each other

**RICHARD BAUER**

I know people with virgin  
    smiles  
and sanitary handshakes  
    I've seen people give  
credit to our  
    disposable  
    society  
For all our problems  
    I'm so tired of  
pre-packaged grief  
    and synthetic sympathy  
I've found that people have  
    only taught me  
    the things  
my mother never  
    wanted me  
to know  
Do you blame me  
    for leaving



Al Purvere

## KATHY GIBSON

men cry for peace  
    of mind  
and turn  
    to darkness  
which slowly  
    pulls them  
toward a red  
    aural sphere  
and you can almost  
    hear  
    the door slam  
in their upturned faces

The gardener of the world  
one day  
walked  
down  
the  
street  
and found another job  
taking tickets  
in a movie house  
nobody noticed  
but  
all the trees grew crooked

The bodies we found  
were floating  
in the water  
and had been—for a long time  
and  
on the bloated faces  
were the forced awkward  
smiles  
of death  
as they laughed  
at the petty smallness  
of our grief

At every conquest  
I have made  
I shake  
my head  
reeling or realing  
I can never  
be  
quite sure  
for conquest  
has nothing  
I've ever wanted  
before



The war began today  
and suddenly  
all the churches and  
all the temples and  
all the synagogues  
were filled with people  
the believing and  
the generous and  
the loving  
But I couldn't go  
I didn't have a tie

Pam Carr

Phyllis is a wind  
Which blows my way at times  
She fills my sails with air  
Lends journeys to my mind

But winds are often fickle  
They tend to change their ways  
So my boat must sit in harbor  
And wait for windy days

Sometimes I look at people  
and imagine them as windows  
Some are very clear  
open to other's views  
Most are slightly tinted  
somewhat prejudiced  
Others are opaque  
So bigoted that no light penetrates

Oh where the vandals when we really need them?

## **SHAWN REAGAN**

### **AIN'T NO WAY**

Like begets like  
Science tells us that  
You'll never cross two dogs  
And end up with a cat  
You cannot mate two goats  
And end up with a boar  
And we'll never find a peace  
By fighting another war

# THE CABOOSE

Fred Petersen

The old man bolted upright in his cot with an urgent, fearful, "No!" escaping from his cracked and aged lips. Incessantly the dream haunted him. It was a vague, flitting dream that floated fluidly through his restless and troubled sleep. Never exactly the same but always present were the people dressed in white who spoke in soft, monotone voices and the same sounds pervading and thrusting — an ecrie creaking and a dull slapping of wood against cardboard. For months the dream had haunted and terrorized him, but now he realized the meaning of it all. Breathing a sigh of relief, of resignation, he lowered his white head to the pillow and surrendered his weary body to the beautiful, gentle sway of the train.

Turning his ashen, wrinkled face he gazed past

his own image at the moving wilderness and the black pine trees casting fleeting and uneven shadows upon him. A thin, crescent moon in its last quarter glowed high in the darkness and he envied it. Although it appeared to be dying, he knew that it would live again and flood the heavens and earth with vibrant, living light. Its strength was manifested by the sheer power with which it controlled the vast seas that covered three-fourths of the earth's surface from a quarter of a million miles away. The old man envied and marvelled at its perpetual, never-ending light and strength. Ironically, he thought, it was man more than any of nature's creations who clung frantically to life most dearly, and yet it was man who was doomed to the agony of old age and the fear of death. The





Kay Smiley

old man wondered how many men, like himself, deplored old age and wished death would strike the final blow at their agony. From somewhere during decades of long hours of reading he recalled a mournful verse:

“Set is the sun of my years  
And over a few poor ashes,  
I sit in darkness and tears.”

A tear squeezed from under his eyelid and worked its way down a cheek-bone, eroded and weather-beaten by the forces of nature and by a stress and strain unique only to men — worry. Sobbing deep in his throat, he buried his face in the pillow and cursed his old age aloud.

“Ol’ Man, you alright?” came a voice on the bunk next to him.

“Yeah, Tom. Go back to sleep.”

Again he felt a pang of envy. It was a feeling that was strange and foreign and he tried in vain to erase it from his mind. Never before had he known envy or jealousy towards the possessions of other men, but now he was envious and jealous of the youth of the man lying across from him. Staring through the darkness of the caboose, one of hundreds that had been his home for over fifty years, he thought back to his own youth.

As a burly lad of sixteen he beamed with pride at being a part of the “Great Race”, part of the gang of Irish Micks who helped build the first transcontinental railroad. They had lost but now all rejoiced at the wondrous feat they had accomplished — a single stretch of man-made rails stretching like a giant serpent across vast, fertile plains, deadly deserts scorched and desolate, over lofty barren mountain ranges and raging rivers.

They had battled, often to the death, man, disease and nature's elements. As an army they had fought the fierce Comanche and bands of desperados eager to rob them of their money, supplies and lives. Devastating plagues of cholera and smallpox swept through their ranks and struck down all but the strongest of them. They had worked frozen and frost-bitten laying rack in forty foot snow drifts and below zero temperatures. In torrid, arid deserts the sun's rays blistered their bent backs and shoulders even through coarse denim shirts. An image of himself, young, strong and virile, silhouetted by the fierce, red sun formed in the old man's mind.

In searing, blinding sunlight he wielded the sledge hammer like a child at a peg board as beads of sweat poured across the rippled muscles of his taut belly. A red, livid scar interrupted its symmetry and flashed in the glaring light. The old man touched his stomach beneath the material of his undershirt. The scar was still there but the thick, massive fiber of youth had turned to clammy, useless flab. Another new feeling — nostalgia.

Among the railmen the elders had spoken of the "good ol' days" and he had scoffed at their glorification of the past by saying that there was no such thing as the "good ol' days", but only the present and the future. Had he been wrong? In his realization that old age had crept up on him he thought more and more of the past — and his youth.

He remembered as a small boy he had gulped down his supper each evening in his eagerness to hear his grandfather's stories of Ireland and the Revolution. He knew the stories by heart: the bloody battles between the Irish and English and the brutality of the English prison camps where his grandfather had worked in coal mines and thus learned the intricacies of the railroads. He heard about the famines and of the turbulent crossing of the Atlantic they had made when he was just a baby. As refugees from plights both political and economical, their women victims of famine, grandfather, father and son made their way to America along with hordes of their countrymen looking for a new life. Finding the cities jammed with immigrants, hungry and forcing wages down to rock-bottom, they headed west to Kansas where they found work on the blossoming and booming railroads.

Through the years, as the railroads grew, the old man had grown in his knowledge and love of them. Telegrapher to conductor, brakeman to fireman, fireman to engineer — his knowledge grew. The rails were as much a part of him as his arms

and legs. Only once in the long years did he not generate enthusiasm about a job that he had been assigned. As a "track bull" he performed the distasteful task of ejecting the multitudes of tramps and sots from the lines of red and gold freight cars. Ragged and red-eyed they tumbled from the hay covered floors, looking like new born pups being brought into the world. Into the harsh sunlight and into the even harsher hands of his deputies they stumbled and scurried. As he walked in front of them his club menacing, he delivered a threatening, vulgar and abusive attack upon their morals and character, dictating the law and punishment for riding the rails, he could not look into their faces. Perhaps it was because in each one he could see himself — alone, unloved and on the move.

Now, at the age of sixty-eight, things had changed little for him except that he became abominably aged. The railroads had aged also but while he became decrepit and arthritic, the rails had bloomed and matured. They formed a gigantic network, like an immense spider web engulfing the country. Miles of freight cars, pregnant with their tons of wheat, oil, cabbage, dynamite, lingerie, plows and coal, stretched, clanking and groaning behind powerful, surging diesel locomotives. People dined, slept, drank, bathed, and even gambled in plush, velvet cars. The railroads had matured; they were strong and energetic though still young. And the old man was envious.

He looked once again out the window but now he looked at its reflection and saw a stranger. Although he had seen the face daily while shaving, he had not really seen it. Now he saw the bleak whiteness of his hair, the bloodshot, vacant eyes, the sallow cheeks, and the broken, decayed, nicotined teeth in blackened gums.

Turning from the stranger in the window, the old man stared at the red glow of the tail light through the "crow's nest" above. He listened to the music of the wheels, the steel-to-steel sounds of couplings straining, grating. The dream images forced their way back into his consciousness, the smiling doctors and nurses, the creaking of the rocking chair, and the intermittent hollow slap of checkers on a cardboard table. Again he gasped, "No!"

The haunting sound of "Gabriel's Horn" came faintly from far in the front of the train as it plunged into the black abyss of a tunnel. The old man breathed a sigh, a sigh of resignation, of relief, and gently closed his eyes as the caboose was surrounded by darkness.



## J. R. Bardsley

### EULOGY

" Give us a king!"  
they cried  
"and we will raise his name  
in neon  
and worship him  
on the highways.  
we will build him an arc  
of finest foam and plastics  
we will raise the sun and the moon  
by him  
and curse our enemies tombs  
by him.  
our children will praise and  
deny him  
our sons will be bloodied  
and die for him  
our daughters taught to lie  
for him.  
we will raise up monks  
and hierophants  
and dress them in sackcloth  
and silver.  
we will justify our lives  
by him  
we will loose and bind our ties  
by him."

The king was brought forth  
and raised in procession—  
they carried him down  
towards a golden sea.  
and a thousand jabbering idiots  
stood laughing at the sun  
as the darkness crept near  
behind them.

### RAGNAROK\*

When all that's to be said  
Has been said too many times  
And all that was held  
Has been loosed—  
And in the reeling  
And in the turning  
The screw foils itself  
And plunges headlong  
In dizzy flight.  
It is the age of vertigo:  
When the only knowledge  
Is the certainty of ignorance,  
And we are all blinded  
Or there is none to see  
Where the light abides.  
In the sifting and selection  
The seed is discarded  
And our children grow falsely fat  
On the chaff.  
Disorder is universal  
And anarchy is the ironic  
Order of the day.  
Walls have been built too high and too close  
To ever fall or crumble  
And I wish that I had built  
My castles of sand.

\*Norse term for the "Fall of the Gods."

The sun had been playing  
Kaleidoscope games  
and the sky was turned  
rainbowed in colors  
I watched the leaves turn  
and heard the whispering pines  
a chorus of redwoods was singing  
anthems to the air  
as I lay on back  
and talked to the clouds  
in bastard hopes of learning.

## HE CAME

The first astronaut on Mars  
Stepped lightly on the rusty pink dust.

"Why so long?" sighed an inner voice  
from the shadowy West.

"Why did you take so long?"

"What do you mean?" he asked,  
Adjusting oxygen intake valves.

"Twenty thousand years too late;  
Could you have not seen ashes and shards,  
But the crystalline beauty of ages past.  
Mars is dead."

"Once we almost came, but then the War . . ."

"The War?" the voice caressed the air.

"The War — when most men died,  
And we rebuilt, and then there was a second War,  
and then a third, and now, in 25,000,  
Man knows Mars."

A shadow faded in the sun.  
"Too late, late, too late . . . Man knows but  
Splinters and fragments of departed glory."

## TERRY TAFOYA

### THE BUTTERFLY OF TIME

Burst forth, O butterfly of Time,  
And lead me far from the fields of graves.  
Long dead the suns that I once lit,  
They're ashes mixed with dust.

Imagination is no more,  
Creativity dies,  
Winds are cold and days are empty,  
Minds are old and hearts are shells.

Precious Butterfly of Time,  
Protect me from  
The maggots of Eternity,  
The tiny worms of death.

Who can I turn to,  
Who may save  
The flickering sparks  
That fade within my soul?

Where may I run,  
What can I do  
When all I have are memories  
Which my brain cannot recall?

The moon is cold and icy,  
The sun is far too warm,  
Earth is far too barren,  
And the stars are far away.

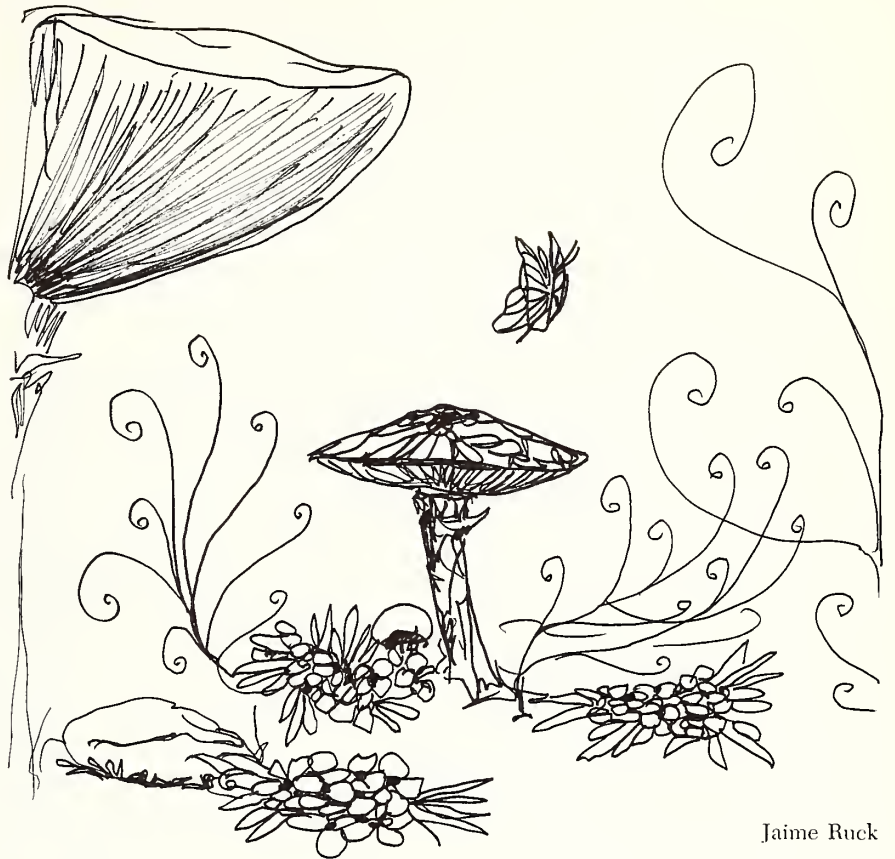
Let me revel in rapacious ravings  
Of wonderments long past,  
Let me lie in luscious luxury  
Of caring not for Death.

Cat forth the lines of fascination,  
Weave ye witches,  
Wild webs of space and time!  
Capture in their frightful frenzy,  
Past lives that burn so bright!

But wait!  
That fateful scraping,  
That scratchy, bitter sound . . .  
The Maggots of Eternity are here.

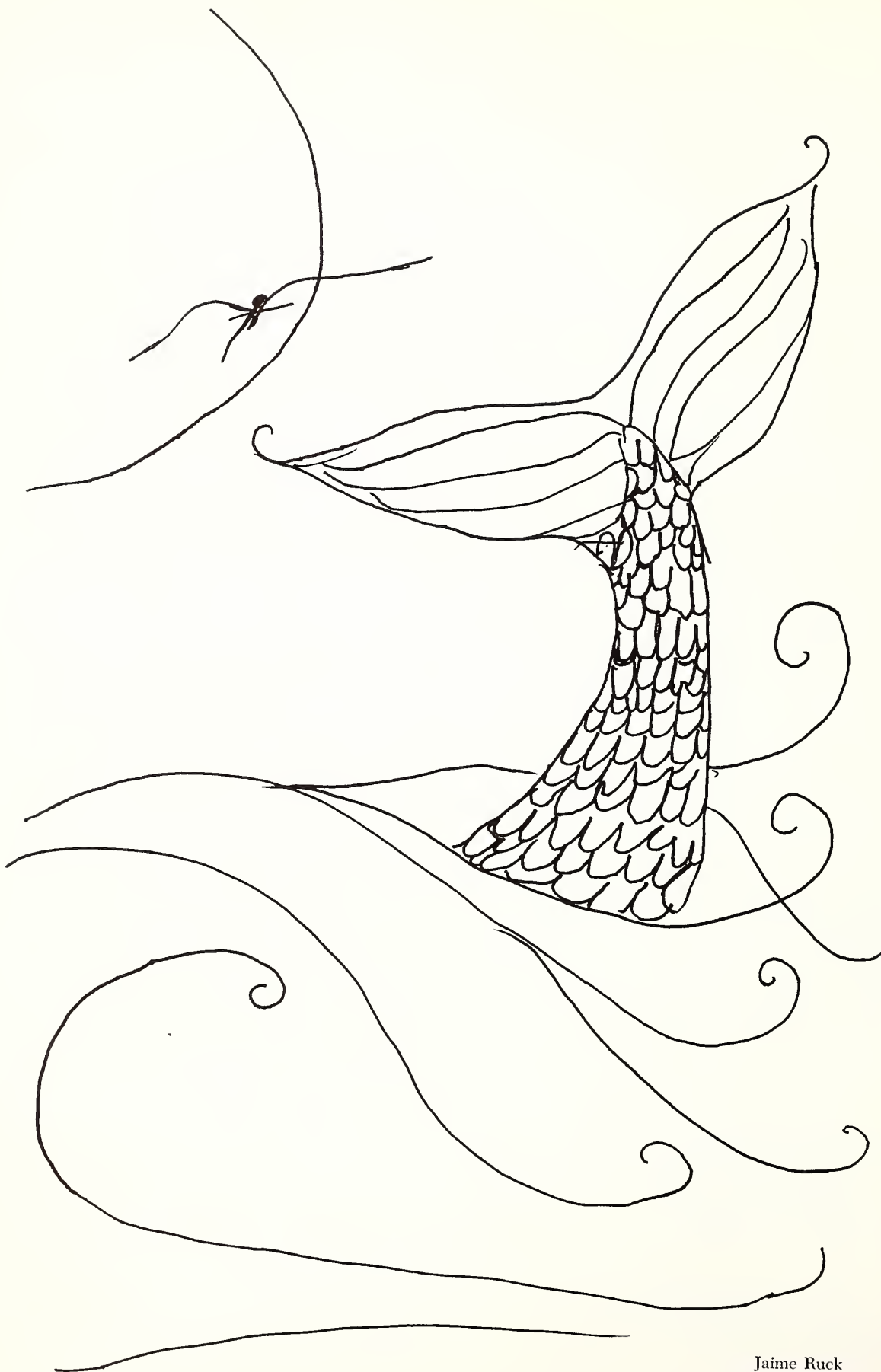
When witches walk  
 By candlelight  
 When dark shapes rise  
 From black of night,  
 When roses die  
 And turn to ash  
 By blood red hate  
 And yellowed flash,  
 Then horror rides  
 The back of night,  
 Blown by winds  
 Changed cold by fright.  
 Shadows spread  
 Before the eyes,  
 A form is seen  
 That all despise.

Bat wings so like leather beat  
 The air of moon  
 And shed great heat.  
 He comes,  
 The ancient one of pain,  
 Born of sea  
 And pelting rain.  
 Cast from heaven  
 Long ago  
 Unholy one,  
 Eternal foe.  
 Now he nears  
 on storms of sin,  
 Washed by tears  
 In light of moon.  
 Satan, with his  
 Long black claws,  
 Thief of thief,  
 The bane of laws.  
 Horns of midnight,  
 Glowing beams,  
 Eyes like embers,  
 Flakes of dreams.



Jaime Ruck

O, to be human,  
 how is it, flower?  
 I'll tell you.  
 To be human is to know you must die!  
 It is to feel your body rot about you  
 With each labored breath you take.  
 To be human is to know the sorrow of  
 dreams dead, unfulfilled;  
 casting unanswered love onto the winds.  
 Stay a flower. Never question the rain,  
 Or wind or God, as Man must do. For  
 ignorance is precious, and a brain is  
 But a curse. Love the sun and  
 Fear the winter, but never ask  
 for a soul.



Jaime Ruck

# NEVER ONE

She felt the cold, wet droplets trickle down her face. They mingled with the soft red hair, merging their crystal sparkle with the sweet fragrance of a salty rose. The sea was good, very quiet and as smooth as the brow of a child.

Merina brought up her silvery comb and began to run it through her hair; ruby-red strands cascaded through the cold, bright teeth of the comb, and she smiled, feeling laughter feathering her throat.

"Oh, my love's a royal blue dolphin,  
'Aswimming in the sea,  
My love's a starfish, pink and white,  
And spiny is his touch."

All the sea has love to give . . ." She heard a noise, and the notes to the song died within her lips. It wasn't the soft lapping of the waves falling on the shore, but harsh crunching, the crushing of glassy particles of sand. The fragment of the moon hung lazily in the sky, playing in the night clouds, so she could not see.

Then a sudden shaft of silver light shone upon her face, centering on her eyes, so their sapphire blue blazed like an icy fire. She still could not see.

"How beautiful," came a sigh, very close to her, and Merina could see a faint outline of a man.

"You must not see me, nor may I speak to you," she whispered, and turned to go.

"Just one moment, one moment more shall not, cannot hurt." And so she stayed, and the moment grew into many, and hours passed. They talked of intimate things, and subjects filled with laughter, and a few with tears. The childish moon would cast a lasso of light every now and then, roping his yellow hair, or her ivory skin, and then both would smile, knowing what was in each other's heart.

"I love you," he said at length.

"No, don't say that. Our love must never be."

"Why? Are we not perfect for one another?"

"Yes . . . but no."

"I don't understand."

"Oh, can't you see? Can you understand what will ever keep us apart?" And then a silver ray hit the water, and her platinum tail lifted from the waves.

"I . . . I didn't know . . .I"

"We can never be one. It is best that I leave, before . . . before we get more deeply involved." He stood silently, letting the tiny waves lick his feet in the shallow water. A last toss of her garnet hair, a final shiny glance of her powerful tail, and she vanished into the warm, dark sea.

There was a gold glint by the sand — her comb. He picked it up and held it tightly in his long, white fingers.

"No," he told the rising sun, as it burned the dawn to a fiery pink, "no, it could never be . . . we could have never been one."

Merina watched him from the distance — watched him spread his great soft wings, and fly silently into the clouds.

Terry Tafoya

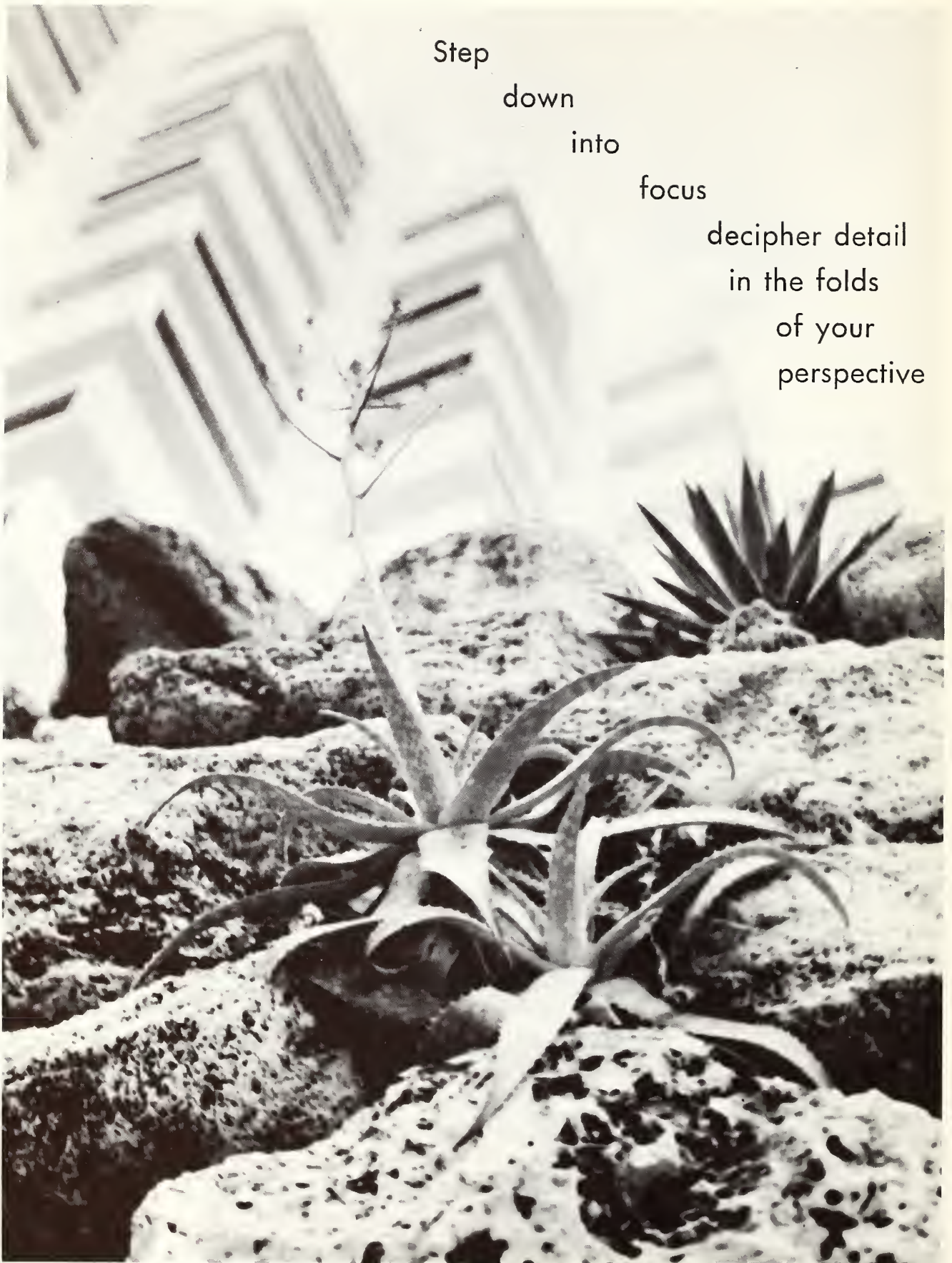
Step

down

into

focus

decipher detail  
in the folds  
of your  
perspective



Sarah Knoebber

Oh God that we have more a legacy to give  
than a world where children die, that hate might live.

CHYLENE CORBETT

**FOR J. W.**

I love to more than hold you  
to more than touch your face  
I need to more than want you  
neath moons edged with lace  
To hear your voice  
and the words you speak  
To have the choice  
between find and seek  
I will more than hold you  
if you wish it so  
I do more than think of you  
and I'm sad I have to go

JANE O'KEEFE

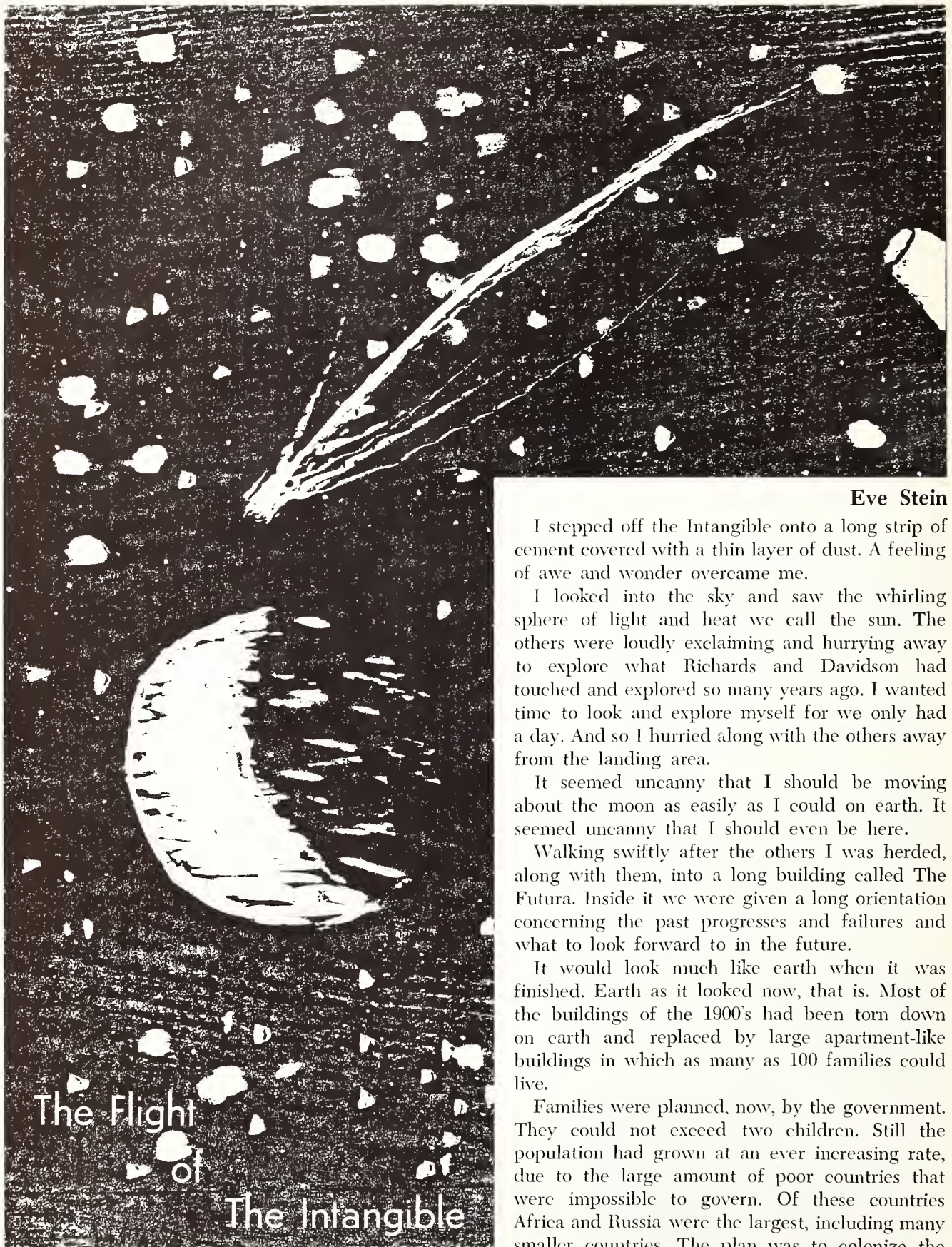
Honey coloured rainbow ends  
are unusual to watch  
glisten under prism edges  
to be in forgotten memories  
in a never never world  
to cry about

the streets  
cluttered with waste  
humanly made  
humanly disgraced

tossed off on another generation  
to keep the problem child  
confused  
and the newspapers  
amused  
at what is not rightly so  
but print it anyway  
it makes for  
good pay  
more rubbish to toss around  
the streets  
to talk about . . .

the cycle sequence  
never ends  
reassuring isn't it?

SARAH KNOEBBER



# The Flight of The Intangible

Bill Whitaker

## Eve Stein

I stepped off the Intangible onto a long strip of cement covered with a thin layer of dust. A feeling of awe and wonder overcame me.

I looked into the sky and saw the whirling sphere of light and heat we call the sun. The others were loudly exclaiming and hurrying away to explore what Richards and Davidson had touched and explored so many years ago. I wanted time to look and explore myself for we only had a day. And so I hurried along with the others away from the landing area.

It seemed uncanny that I should be moving about the moon as easily as I could on earth. It seemed uncanny that I should even be here.

Walking swiftly after the others I was herded, along with them, into a long building called The Futura. Inside it we were given a long orientation concerning the past progresses and failures and what to look forward to in the future.

It would look much like earth when it was finished. Earth as it looked now, that is. Most of the buildings of the 1900's had been torn down on earth and replaced by large apartment-like buildings in which as many as 100 families could live.

Families were planned, now, by the government. They could not exceed two children. Still the population had grown at an ever increasing rate, due to the large amount of poor countries that were impossible to govern. Of these countries Africa and Russia were the largest, including many smaller countries. The plan was to colonize the moon with the surplus population. But to guaran-



tee against its becoming a mass of unruly savages that might pose a possible threat to the world, they were now undergoing indoctrination treatment on earth. At the beginning of the new year they would be transported to the moon and continue their training. It was hoped that in the future they would prove to be a highly intelligent nation of people.

After this lengthy discussion we were free to roam around in the vicinity, but we must obey the restrictions placed upon certain buildings. Many of the others headed for the large buildings. The inhabitants, mostly workmen and scientists, eyed us strangely, for we were the first of the wave of curious people that were invading their domain and treating it largely as a prize exhibit in an old-time fair.

Among our group were businessmen. I heard them planning sites for department stores and restaurants and all other kinds of money making projects. Financial prospectors looking for an easy dollar.

Because the atmosphere was not breathable, we were obliged to wear a kind of gas mask. Something like inhabitants of large cities were obliged to wear in the early '90's, before the huge filters were built to purify the air. Such filters, adapted to this atmosphere, were under construction now. When the first inhabitants arrived, it was hoped that they would be operational.

As I wandered about this desolate place, looking at dust, huge buildings and little else, I thought that I must feel as the pioneers of America must have felt. The real difference was that we had no inhabitants to fight. If you were an optimist, you felt that these people had worked together to find a neutral land to solve the world's problems. But if you were pessimistic, you had an overwhelming fear that nothing good could come from this. Man's natural tendencies toward jealousy and hatred had not been overcome and that the moon was not the end of world problems, but rather the beginning of the end of the world. Looking at the tall restricted buildings, I wondered if they did not hide huge missiles that might destroy the earth.

With all these thoughts crowding through my head, I had wandered out beyond the limits of the first lunar city. I stood in the deep dust and thought about the good man was doing. How, with the help of computers, he was finding ways and means to make this dust into rich, black dirt, which could be used to support food for the first inhabitants. How disease was almost non-existent. How diseased persons could be frozen until their disease could be cured.

But then my mind began to echo with scenes from my childhood. Between the scenes of Christmas trees and happy faces, I saw blood run in the streets when the Revolution came. I saw the sky lit up like day, with nuclear explosions and missiles of every sort, although it was deep night. I saw black people murdered by the thousands until they were extinct like some unfortunate species of animals. And I remembered the Germans slaughtering Jews like cattle and predicting the Americans would soon find themselves faced with the same problem.

I thought my head would burst with the screams I heard still ringing in my ears. My shoulders felt heavy with guilt and I was being drawn to the ground. I knelt in the deep dust and tried to shut the thoughts from my head. But they continued spinning madly like demons until I was dizzy. Suddenly they stopped.

My head gradually became clear and new thoughts, not at all like demons, emerged and gently threw themselves upon the beach of my mind like lazy waves upon a cool, spring day.

What kept the world going? Why did men like Richards and Davidson risk their lives to save a chaotic world? These questions began softly, but soon worked into a frenzied pitch echoing upon my mind.

Quite suddenly, though, I heard the gentle lines of Emily Dickenson whispered by the wind. "Success is counted sweetest by those who ne'er succeed." Gently they came, and gently floated away. Leaving behind the city, they glided over the dust dunes until they rose above the shining sphere of dejection rising in the sky and became a star, forever fixed — never to fall. A wishing star, upon which the world could have hope for the future — if she took the time to look to the sky for the answers to her problems.

After these words were spoken, I heard no other sound. The workmen in the city seemed to have stopped working and were listening. Everything was quiet. And there, kneeling in the dust of the moon, seeing a confused world rise above the horizon in the distance, I folded my hands and softly repeated the words I'd read long ago, "It is the passionate people who make the world progress. Use your brains, my dears, but never stop thinking with your hearts."

I had seen the moon. I had touched its dust, seen its tall buildings and prayed for its future. As I climbed aboard the Intangible, again I heard the others talking excitedly about souvenirs and business propositions.



Al Purvire

### "TODAY"

Today is my day,  
my special day.  
In spirit, you are close,  
so very close.  
In reality, you are far away.  
Today, I am grateful  
for your remembering,  
and your caring.  
But still,  
Today,  
I'd rather have had  
your presence  
than  
your presents.

BETTY NADER

### ALONE

As I approached the evening day;  
I had a feeling of being far, far away;  
As if the life was going out of me  
And all I could think of Father, was thee.

The air feels cold so cold all around;  
And my feet feel chilled upon the barren ground.  
I feel I am walking for miles and miles  
but yet I hear the voice of a little child.

The voice I'm sure I've heard before;  
It sounds like the voice of the child next door.  
The voice grew louder and louder than before.  
Then suddenly the child started crying,  
Dear Father help me I think I am dying.

ELLA LEWIS



Wayne Barr

## TIME

TIME  
A SECOND OF THE CLOCK  
A MINUTE OF THE DAY  
ALL  
I EVER HEAR IS THE TICKING OF  
TIME

TIME  
REVOLVING IN AN ENDLESS  
PATTERN  
AROUND MEANINGLESS NUMBERS  
MEANING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING  
TIME

SCREW TIME  
TIME SCREWS US ALL—

**SHERRY BROADWELL**

## "HURRY, OLD MAN"

Light flashes to green.  
Press the accelerator.  
Quick, oh quick.  
Times a wastin',  
"Hurry old man, my wife's a waitin' ".  
The radio blares, "One more soldier killed in . . ."  
"Hurry old man, dinner's ready."  
Horns a honkin'.  
"Shut up back there.  
Hurry old man, times a wastin' ".  
Zoom. I pass him.  
Press the accelerator,  
Quick, oh quick.  
Five o' five. Times a wastin'  
Harder, harder. Quick, oh quick.  
Look at the girl. What a cute pink dress.  
No, oh no. Hit the brakes.  
Quick, oh quick. Oh God, no!  
The glass it's shattered.  
Red, it's so red.  
Help her, help her.  
What a nice red dress.  
She isn't moving. Cradle her head.  
I'm sorry, so sorry.  
So many eyes. Red lights blaring.  
Too late, too late.  
Cover her pretty red face.  
"Hurry, hurry times a wastin' ".  
"Hurry old man, my wife's a waitin' "

## A WORLD ON ITS KNEES

The trees huddle together,  
Their limbs outstretched.  
The grass bends to bury in the soil.  
Even the tiny bugs push their way to protection.

The world is on its knees,  
It's beginning to lose its fruit.  
Its leaves are withered and brown,  
Buried at last in a coffin of corruption.

Laughter and song have vanished.  
The sun still rises.  
The stars still shine.  
But all is in vain.  
The clasped hands of brotherhood are gone.

The black, the white, the red, and the yellow,  
Even this matters little now.  
The world has become cancerous.  
The tumor grows as the hours pass,  
It devours the last fleeting hope of many generations.

The awakening never came,  
The blind and dumb marched on.  
Peace was only a forgotten memory.  
Killing, hate, and war,  
These were to become the world's destiny.

Love? It soon was lost in the tangled metaphors  
Of another time.  
Gone forever were the better days.  
Newborn babies cried out in anguish,  
To their first sight of a world filled with filth, ignorance and greed.

Yes, the world would die soon,  
Created by God, but destroyed by man,  
Crushed like a dying cinder.  
The end had come, quick and yet slow.  
A once raging fire, quenched by the tears of man himself.

**JAN ROPER**

Hello  
is  
this  
America?  
yes, one  
moment  
please . . .  
I'm sorry  
that  
number has  
been  
disconnected  
please hang up  
and  
dial  
again

**JOHN TILLMAN**

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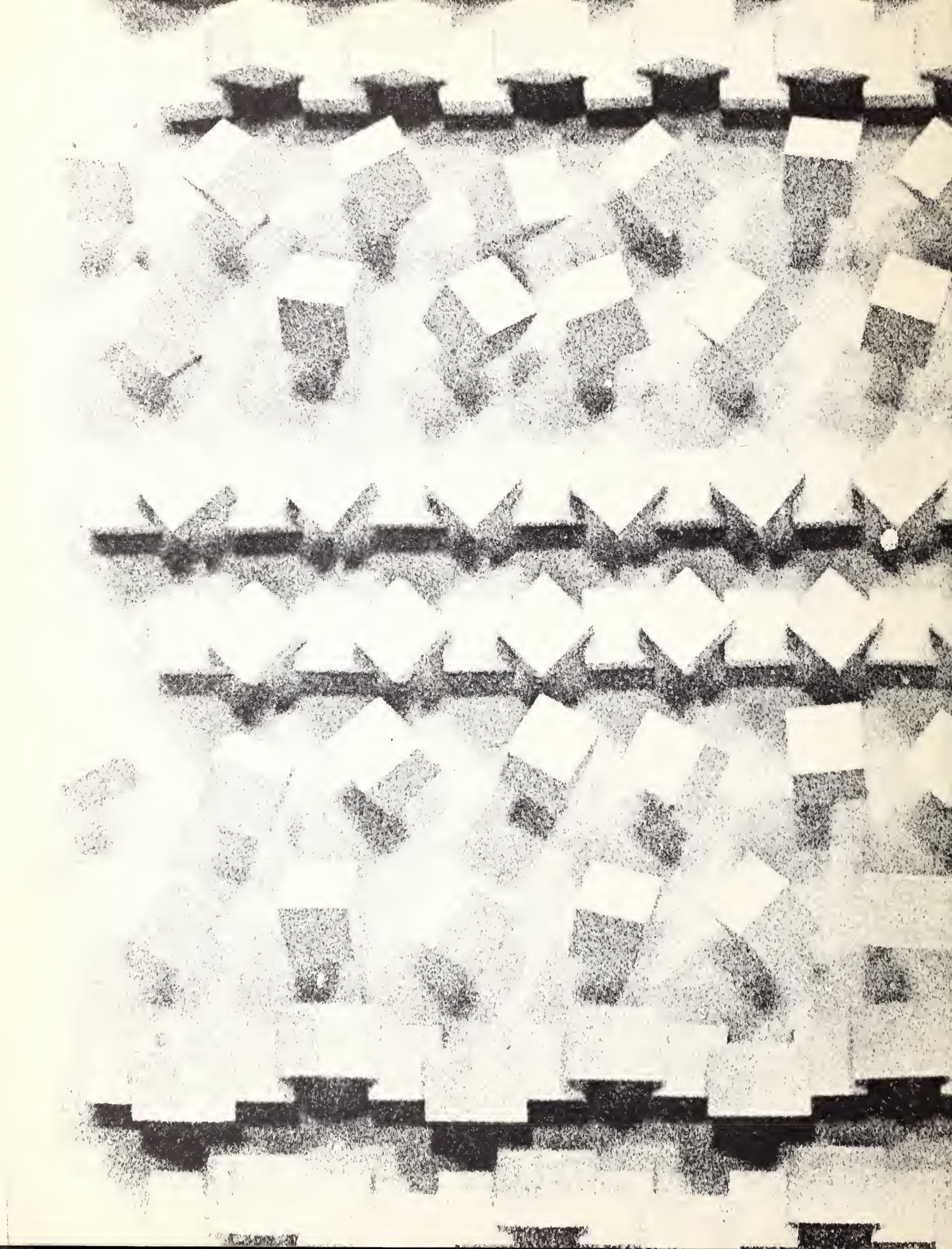
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# P'an Ku



To take His sounds and make music,  
    To take from His silence and make poetry,  
To take His light and enlighten,  
    To take from His imagination and become obsessed,  
Undo His bonds and free!  
    Take His tree and Be.  
This is P'an Ku.

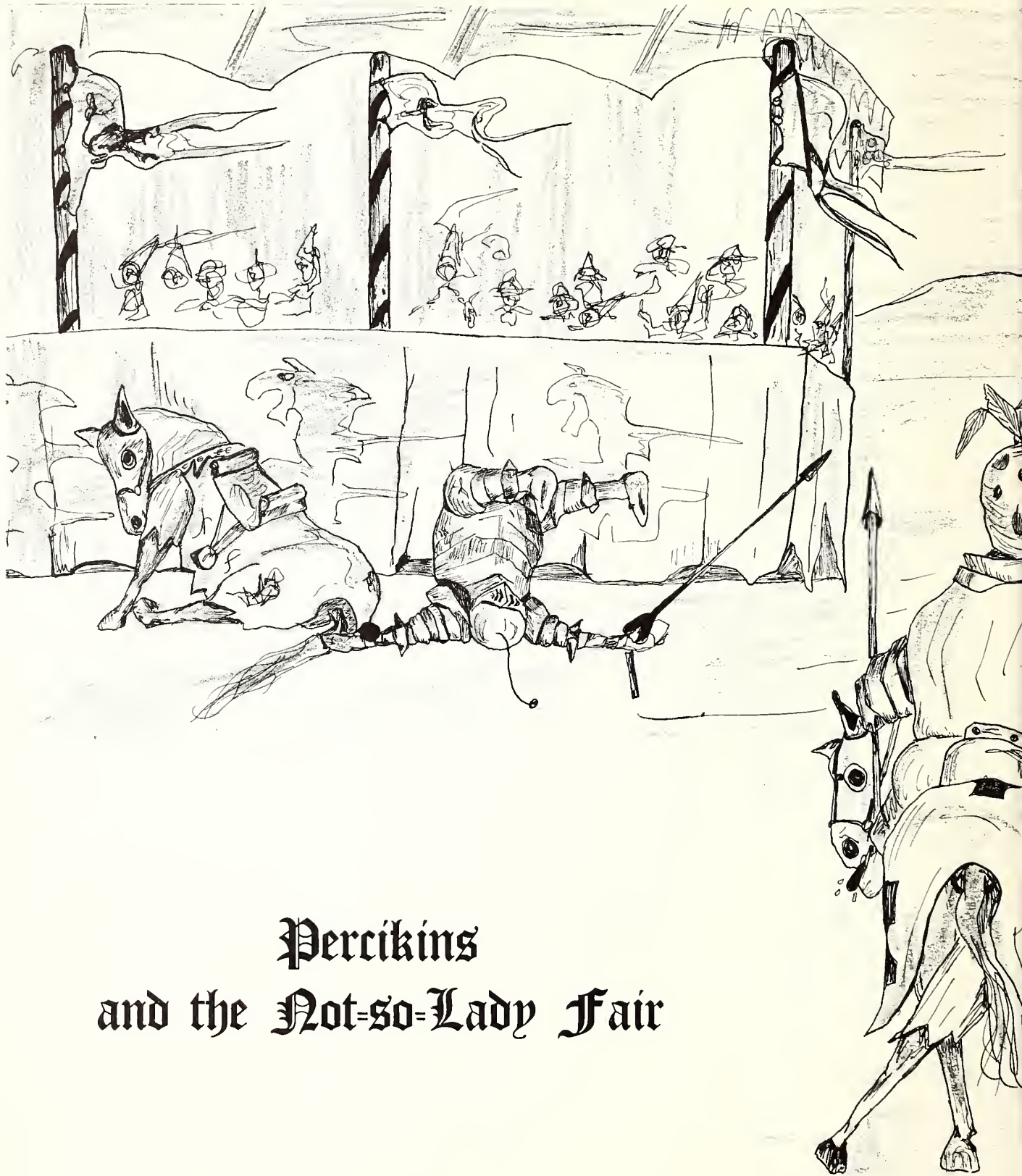
JAMES HIGGINS

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# Percikins and the Not-so-Lady Fair

R. D. Rinchen



By Chylene Corbett

I bet you think it's Real Cool living in the fifteenth century. Right? All that Chivalry and Knights in Shining Armour and Fair Ladies, Right? Jousts and Tournaments and the whole Sir Walter Scott Bit, Right?

**WRONG !!!!!**

For one thing, those gorgeous castles are the most ungodly things to live in that you can possibly imagine!! And those steps! I had to walk up three hundred and fifty to get to my room, and if you think THAT isn't a drag in these fifty-foot long skirts! And SMELL!!!! You have just never LIVED until you've attended a gigantic Ball held in a Feast Hall built for a hundred and containing three hundred unwashed, undeodorized smelly people. The Fair Ladies are bad enough, but you throw in about fifty Knights just back from the Crusades who have been preserved inside that Shining Armour for around six, hot, sweaty months, and the Dogs, and the rancid food, and the odors left from the last feast . . . and you wonder why they drink so much at these bog Affairs? Look, you get drunk enough and you don't notice anything, much less odor. Only hitch is, that once everyone gets bombed outta their minds, they do what most people do when they've had too much to eat and/or drink — namely VOMIT. One of these days those odors are just gonna gang up and start fighting, and the Human Race Ain't Gonna Have A Chance!

I tell you, its like living in a Stacked Deck! If you're a guy, you've gotta spend at least half your Natural Life training to be a knight, and the other half chasing dragons, Fair Ladies, and Evil Sorcerers indiscriminately, which is fine for the Bod, and all that, but bad for the Brain. I mean, it Just Don't Make for Brilliant Conversationalists, Know What I Mean? Who wants to talk to a guy who's stimulating topic of conversation is his most recent tally of Dragon's Heads?

And if you're a girl, you've gotta spend half your life learning to be a Fair Lady, and learning how to balance a twenty-pound double-horned hennin on your brain, and being charming and weak and delicate and still learn how to take care of a castle and shine your husband-to-be's armour, and learn embroidering and how to cook for a hundred hungry men, and the other half of your natural lifespan enduring your Hubbies' B.O. and Bad Breath and having about sixty kids and taking care of them. Of course, it's okay when you're young, that is, if you're someone like Lady Merrill or Lady Josephine, or Lady Ann, cause then it's worth wearing these stupid hennins and the cumbersome skirts and the whole bit. But if you're someone like me — forget it! I suddenly came to the realization during my nineteenth summer, that I was the only Lady at Finsberth Castle that didn't have either

a dragonskin girdle or a moment of some Valiant Knight who'd gotten slaughtered on the Jousting Grounds by some other, more Valiant Knight. It wasn't that my family weren't Well-Placed, my dad was fiftieth most important man in the whole Kingdom! Besides, girls' whose Dads are only seventy-five or seventy-six have strings of Knights following them around. Thing is, you Gotta Have CHARM! Long Wheaten Treeses, Skin Like Alabaster, Cherry-Red lips, the Whole (Sir Walter Scott) Bit. And Me, Lady Liz, ain't Got None of It. Not even Sir Polmerot, the Biggest Mouth in the whole entire Kingdom wouldn't slander himself by calling ME Fair Lady.

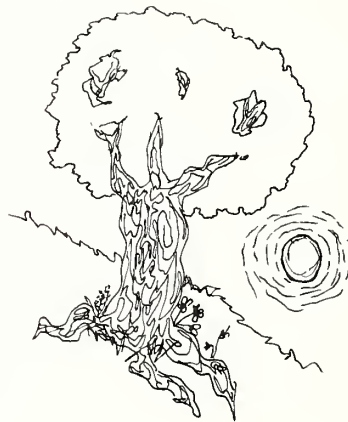
I guess my trouble began back when I was thirteen. I had six older brothers, all of 'em training to be Knights. And if you know Anything At All about boys, you know they don't start getting Chivalrous till they're around seventeen or so, and before that time, they are TERRORS with all that dangerous Knight-Knowledge, and so I had to learn to Defend Myself. And lil ol' Lady Liz was the Tomboyish type anyway, y'know, so while my four sisters were learning Embroidery and how to make a pomandor outta a rotten orange, I was down on the Jousting Grounds Fooling Around with my brothers and all my Squire pals.

Then I sorta blew my whole Fair Lady Career when I beat the chainmail off young Harry Polemerot when I was thirteen. I caught him Doing Something Drcadful to the scapegoat of the Squire erowd, mcek little Percikins Pomapadour. So I grabbed my brother Harry's lance, and beat Polmerot over the head with it. Then I jumped up and down on him and shoved my hennin point first down his big, fat,

throat. And after that all the guys know better than to Mess Around with me.

Then all of a sudden, None of the guys wanted to Fool Around with me anymore. They all went to Lady Ann, Lady Merrill and Lady Josephine, and started seraping and bowing and ealling all the girls Fair Damsel and what not, And so, there I was, nineteen years old, a complete Lady Fair dropout.

One Day, while sitting through another long, boring tournament (They're only exciting when you've got some guy out there getting Killed for you, otherwise, it's just



a lot of guys getting unhorsed) I got fed up with it all. I looked at my sisters, all languishing and/or fainting — Maybelle was wringing her handkerchief and wailing because her Sir Sydney had just got a lance through the shoulder, and Myra was absolutely hysterical over the loss of her third beau, and Jonquil was bearing up nicely even though her eurrent swain, Sir Stanley was about to be slaughtered by Sir Harry Polmerot (Mainly because she and Polmerot had a Thing Going) — and me, Lady Liz was just sitting there, bored with the whole mess. I got sick of the whole thing. I

told Ma I was "Indisposed", and went for a walk.

I walked way out in the woods where I couldn't hear all the screaming and yelling, and where I could sit down and feel Sorry For Myself, and Have a Good Cry. I walked way over to the field where we always went a-maying, and that's where I saw Percikins Pompadour, sitting underneath a tree in the middle of the field, reading an Illuminated Book, and munching on an apple. I hadn't had much truck with Percikins since I'd knocked the surcoat off of Polmerot for him, but sensing I had found a Kindred Spirit, I went over and sat down beside him.

"Hi." He said, "Did you cop out of the Tournament, too?" Yep I had found a Kindred Spirit. I nodded and removed my hennin. "Hope you don't mind," I said, "But it bugs the heck out of me."

"I quite understand." He replied Graciously. "Have an apple." "Sure." I said. So, we sat there, munching our apples, just staring around trying to think of something to say.

"By the way, Thanks." He said suddenly.

"For what?"

"For getting Sir Polmerot off my back. I don't believe I ever thanked you."

"Oh. Yeah." I said, "Well, it was nothing."

"I surely appreciated it." He persisted, "That Polmerot used to really hassle me."

"Forget it." I replied, "I just didn't dig sceing Polmerot and his gang of hoologans beating up onna skinny little guy like you."

He stared at me as if I'd spit in his face or something. (I admit it was a pretty horrible thing to say to a guy, even if he was skinny and little) Then he just sort of deflated.

"You mean, that's the only rea-



son why you thrashed him? Cause you felt sorry for me?" He said in a littly squeaky-hurt voice. I felt like kicking myself. I hadn't ment it to eome out like that, but I did feel sorry for him, and that's why I'd mashed old Polmerot. Besides, Percikins was a bit of a S-I-S-S-Y, but a real sweet, nice inoffensive sort of guy, while Polmerot was a big, fat, Lout.

"Oh, that isn't the **only** reason." I said, real quick-like. "It's not?" He said, and his bony face sort of lit up.

"Nope!" I said cheerfully, "I did it 'cause — 'cause —" I groped my mind for something ANYthing — "I did it 'cause — you're cute." I finished inanely. He grinned so wide I thought his face was going to split.

"You mean it?" He squeaked.

"'Course I do." I replied, and surprisingly enough I did. He WAS sort of cute in a little lost puppy-dog sort of way. But he had nice blue eyes, and his teeth were good, and he didn't have bad breath or B.O. like most of the knights, yeah he was pretty cute.

Well, that was the Start of a Beautiful Friendship, to coin a cliché. We had our Kindred Interests — out hatred of the Feudal Establishment, our mutual dislike of elk-meat, and we both enjoyed romping through the woods, look-for unicorns. (We saw one once, or at least we **thought** we did, but I wasn't looking, and Percy IS dreadfully myopic.) And it was really comfortable and nice for me not having to hypocrisyise myself by trying to act like a Fair Lady all the time, and it was nice for him, 'cause he didn't have to hypocrisyise himself by trying to act like a knight all the time.

Of course, I got a lot of kidding from the other Fair Ladies, but it didn't really bother me till the day my sister, Jonquil and five

other ladies saw Percikins giving me a book. (It was my book, but I wasn't about to tell **them** that)

"Really, Liz!" Jonquil said after Percy had left, "I do believe you could have done better than Percy in the way of a beau!"

"Yes, dear!" Purred Lady Merrill, (Who was the type of honest-to-goodness S.W.S. Lady-Fair around the Knights, but a regular V-I-X-E-N around other Ladies) "You might have picked a man!" There was appreciative laughter all around. Lady Merrill Knew when she Had One Going, so she turned to her Little Cronies and quipped, "But then, Elizabeth has to **club** her men!" That did it. I ripped her double-horned hennin off, smacked her face four or five times, stomped on her feet, hit her over the head with my book, pulled her hair, scratched her face, and threw her down the stairs before anyone could stop me. Of course, the whole castle came running, including my father and Percy. Luckily Lady Merrill wasn't hurt (I guess it was lucky), but my father roared at me to explain why the h--l I'd done such a stupid thing. Of course I couldn't tell him why what with Percy standing right there, so I Remained Silent, and he sent me to my room which was punishment enough with those six flights of stairs. But to add Insult to Injury, he made my sister Jonquil guard me. I had to sit through **three hours** of her rantings about Big-Mouth Polmerot. She had just begun relating her most recent rendezvous with Sir Polmerot in minute sensuous detail down to every hickie and ear-blow when Pappy walked in. "Beat it, Jonquil." He growled, "Yer Ma wants you to eomb wool or something." She zapped out, and he turned to me.

"That was a pretty dumb-assed thing you did today." He snarled.

"I'm Sorry." I said quickly hop-

ing to get the whole thing over and forgotten with as soon as possible.

"Y'know what? I think you've been Independent too long." He growled, sitting down on my brocade-covered dressing table stool, and propping his feet up among the priceless cut-crystal perfume bottles.

"Well, I"—

"I think you need a husband to calm yuh down a bit."

"But-but-but—"

"Lord Polmerot has made me a very generous offer for your hand in marriage to his son, Harry."

"WHAT??" I managed to squeak, "Mouth Polmerot?? Daddy, you are insane!"

"Damn it, Liz, I thought it was damned swell of him to take five of my best war horses for yuh — and besides, you ain't heard the rest of it."

"I Don't wanna!" I wailed.

"Shuttup and lissen. Harry's kinda shy on marriage, so there's gonna be a big Tournament, and the winner is gonna get the five war horses, plus three bags of gold and twelve assorted charms to perfect 'em from Dragon bite, Plus a piece of th' True Cross, an' a map of th' Holy Land, and an all-expense paid trip t' Ireland, "an-and-an—" He scratched his head sifting a shower of dandruff on my petit-point rug . . . "I know there's somethin' else . . ." He mumbled musingly.

"Me." I prompted.

"Oh yeah. You. Well anyway, there should be a huge turn out, and Polmerot will naturally win."

"Naturally." I said miserably.

"Yeah. Jus' think Liz — in about two weeks you and Polmerot 'll be on yer hunney-moon!" He snorkled evilly. I shrieked and went into screaming hysterics and tantrums and begged and pleaded, and threatened to kill myself, All to No Avail! Pappy merely sent

for the Castle Wizard who forced some Vile Conections down my throat and ordered me to be locked in my room. (I got even with Fanzo, though — I threw up all over him, hee-hee!)

Those two weeks before the tournament were pure hell. I knew Polmerot would win, and I kept remembering the ugly look on his face after I'd smacked him in the head with my brother Harry's lance.

The night before the tournament, I was sitting at my dressing table, calculating the chances of coming down with the bubonic plague before morning, when I heard a key turning in the lock on my door. It was Percikins. I breathed a sigh of relief, and set down the solid-gold perfume bottle I had been about to sling at the door. I was so surprised to see him, I could only stare.

"Percy!" I said, "How the heck did you get up here?"

He looked at me sheepishly, and smiled. Then he got a hurt-puppy look in his eyes. "I heard about the Tournament, Liz. Congratulations." He said Nobly, "I hope whoever wins is nice and brave and handsome and everything."

"Thanks loads, Percy," I said, a Bit Sarcasically, "But dear ol' dad has fixed me yup with Mouth Polmerot."

"Sir Polmerot?????" Percy cried, Horrified, "That Lout??" I nodded miserably. "Yeh. The whole Tournament is just to make him look good."

"Maybe he won't want to fight." Percy said hopefully, "He usually doesn't fight for the hand of a Fair Lady."

"Guess again, I said bitterly, "This tournament is gonna be played up so big that he'll have to fight — and if he doesn't, his old man and my old man'll blow a Gauntlet."

Percikins nodded solemnly, "I

guess you've had it, Liz." He said with admirable sympathy. I uttered a Low, Keening Cry, and collapsed on my bed.

"Gee, Liz." Percy begged "Please don't cry. Look — I'll fight for you." He said bravely.

"Percy, This is not time to be funny!" I shrieked, and collapsed again.

"No, No! I'm serious!" He insisted. I stopped crying. I sat up. I stared at him. He was Serious, actually serious!

"Look, Percy, that's all fine and good, and, and I really appreciate the offer and all that, but he'll CREAM you!" He looked like he was about ready to cry. "I'm sorry." He said brokenly, "I just thought — well — if — if I won you know, we could get married." He smiled at me shyly, then flushed furiously. "I mean — if you didn't mind. I was meaning to ask you anyway." He said hurriedly.

"Look, Percy, I'd marry you in a minute" (And I would too.) "But I'd rather have Polmerot Get Me than to have you smeared all over the jousting grounds." His face let up. "Gee, you mean it Liz?"

This was getting ridiculous! "Of course I mean it I snapped, "Now look, Percy, you'd better get th' heck out before someone comes—"

"Liz?" He said in a strange tone of voice, "What?"

He twisted and turned his cap in his hands. "Well, seeing how — you'll probably be married to what's-his-name in a few days, and — seeing how we might have been married anyway and seeing how we sorta mean a lot to each other and everything and it woulda happened anyway had we been married—"

"PERCY!!!!!" I said shocked. "Wouldjewletmekissyou?????" He said all in a rush, and blushed crimson. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Sure, Percy." I said in relief, "You can kiss me."

He gulped, and laid down his cap. I got up, and he looked me right in the eyes, tried to get a romantic glimmer in his eyes, failed miserably, looked down, wiped his hands on his coupelande tugged at his surecoat, smoothed down his hair, wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand, scratched his nose then just as I was about to tell him to do something and/or get out, he grabbed me bent me backwards and smacked me on the mouth. WOW! I don't know where meek mild little Percikins learned to kiss like that, the only possible explanation is that he must of had one heck of a wild Previous Existence, let me tell you!! He let me go, and looked at me anxiously.

"Was — was it awfully bad, Liz?" He asked anxiously. I shook my head dumbly.

"I dunno. Better kiss me again." He did. He let me go again. "Can I fight for you in the tournament tomorrow, Liz?" He asked.

"Anything that grooves you, Baby!" I said, "Now shut up, and kiss me again."

He did, obligingly.

The Day of the Tournament Dawned Bright and Clear to coin a cliche. I sat up in the stands sweating and praying that Polmerot would loose out before the finals. But he didn't. He smeared all the opposing Knights till There Just Weren't None Left. He galloped over to my box after he'd slaughtered the last Knight, Sir Reynolds, and leered up into my box amid cheers and showers of roses. "Long Live Lady Liz!!" He cried.

"Yeah, right." I muttered. Jonquil swooned. Polmerot stared at me expectantly. Ma poked me in the ribs. "Your searf." She whispered hoarsely, "He wants your searf."

"He'd look pretty silly in it." I grumbled, "Besides, I already gave him one, and he ruined it." The dum-dum had tied it to the point of his lance and gotten it all bloody.

"Your scarf, Fair Lady!" Polmerot prompted.

"You can't have it." I said petulantly, "It's my best scarf, and you'd just get it dirty. Now go away."

"Liz!!!!" Everyone gasped.

"Besides, it's sewn in." I tugged at my hennin. "I can't budge it an inch." I added cheerfully. For a minute I thought Polmerot was going to slug me. Then he leered sweetly.

"What ever you wish," "Fair Lady." The "Fair Lady" was a bit forced. I bowed my head graciously, and my Hennin toppled off. While I bent to retrieve it, Dad looked around for any other challengers. Nary A One.

"Well," He said cheerfully, in a voice that implied it was foolish to ask, but he had to satisfy tradition, "Anyone else?"

"YES!!!!" A Familiar Voice Shrieked from the other side of the josting grounds.

"Oh my God!" I whimpered, "It's Percy!" I peered over the edge of the box. Yep. It was Percy alright, mounted on an old retired gelding, Blossom, and wearing a suit of armour about twelve sizes too big for him. He rode over to my box (jounced I should say) weaving and swerving in the saddle fighting to keep on and hold the unwieldy lance steady. I pinned my hennin on, wonderingly. Percy reined in Blossom next to Polmerot's big mean charger. Blossom immediately sat down, and Percy toppled off backwards with a noise like a mountain of dishpans thrown down a flight of stone stairs. Everyone gasped, and Polmerot sniggered. Percy climbed to his feet, and tugged at the hel-

met's visor, but it was stuck, and a squire had to help him open it. Then, he clanked up to my box stiffly, with a horrible clanking. He looked up, and smiled sheepishly. "Hi, Liz." He said.

"Percy!" I said, "You are not going to fight Polmerot!" He looked up at me with a hurt expression in his eyes. "You said I could!" He said petulantly.

"Percy, I —"

"ARE YOU CHALLENGING ME???" Polmerot roared. Percy jumped.

"Uh — I, Percy Pompadour —" He squeaked. Everyone laughed and I put my head in my hands and shook my head sadly. Percy cleared his throat, and screeched, "I, PERCIKINS POMPADOUR CHALLENGE SIR HARRY POLMEROT TO A JOUST FOR THE HAND OF THE LADY ELIZABETH!!!!"

For a moment there was stunned silence, and everyone just stared. Then Polmerot threw his head back and roared with laughter and everyone joined in. Percy just sort of crumpled inside that awful bag of armour, looking as silly and ridiculous as a little girl dressed in her mother's ermine cotteharde. And then — a tear rolled slowly down his cheek, down the side of his nose and dripped on the breastplate of his armour. That did it.



What followed was like history repeating itself. I leaped over the paprepet, grabbed Percy's lance (It was even my brother Harry's lance, again I found out later), knocked Polmerot off his horse, stomped up and down on him, shoved my hennin down his throat point first, and then for extra measure, I kicked him in the head.

"There!" I cried breathlessly, "I win the tournament, the horses, me, the whole bit! And I get to choose whoever I want to marry, and I want to marry Percikins, cause he's sure and sweet and beautiful and I LOVE him!!!" And with that I broke down and blubbered on Percy's armour.

"Gawrsh, Liz!" He blubbered, "You really mean it?"

"Yeah, Percy I really mean it!!!" I blubbered back, (And I did) "Please kiss me!"

And he did.

And that's how I got to be Lady Elizabeth Pompadour. That was eight years ago. I still have the hennin I shoved down Polmerot's throat, and everytime I get exasperated with Percy's ineptness, I just look at it, and remember what **could** have happend. Then I go kick the dog and get the whole thing out of my system, and everything's alright again. I wouldn't trade Percy for all the tea in China. Of course considering how little tea is drunk here, that isn't saying much, but that's beside the point.

And Polmerot? Well, he gave up jousting, married my sister Jonquil and is making her life miserable. Their obnoxious, little brat Harold Jr. comes over all the time, but my little Elizabeth keeps him in line. Which reminds me — Percy is babysitting with the Kids, and he's been trying to teach four-year old William how to joust. Unfortunately, they both end up cringing . . . guess I'd better go rescue him. So-fare thee well!!!!

Pitchers break  
    especially the  
        ones given  
To Mother on her  
    20th anniversary  
    by great-grandma  
They often  
    shatter  
        into tiny  
    pieces  
        which are  
hard to pick  
    out of the  
        rug  
    when company is coming  
And it's hard to  
    cry when  
        you are  
        busy

Summer nights  
    in heat  
                a dog may howl  
and a fan  
    blows warm air  
    across  
        the bed  
                the curtains  
                    gently  
                    making heart beats  
and I could  
    hear you breathing  
        or touch you  
                Then  
    life  
        now  
        is colder  
            than winter  
                could ever be.

On the eve  
    of the age — of hopefulness  
the last soldier fell  
    in a fetid swamp  
Gray smoke  
    finally covered  
    the last patch — of blue sky  
The last cemetery plot  
    was finally and forever  
        filled  
    with the last  
        decaying body  
and the bones of ten thousand  
    years  
    were waiting for the call  
for on the eve of the age  
    of hopefulness  
The last candle  
    flickered  
        and went  
        out

## KATHY GIBSON

I do ponder upon the more  
    puzzling problems  
of the world  
    as we all do  
I imagine that my solutions  
    are the right ones  
    as we all do.  
The difference is  
I know that my answers  
    answer only my questions  
I am happy are  
    you

I wonder — do you wonder  
if I'm loving someone  
else  
These days  
And long, long  
nights  
if your side of our  
bed  
is as warm  
as summer nights — we spent

I wonder  
Do you wonder  
if I've kept the love  
you made  
made with laughing  
silent eyes  
some long summer past  
I wonder — do you wonder

### IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE

Don't go naked, don't grow hair  
Don't have fun; you wouldn't dare.  
God's no fool, heaven knows,  
If that was good there'd be no clothes.  
Don't be happy, don't be sad  
Don't take drugs they'll make you mad.  
Do your work and study hard,  
Don't talk back computer card.  
Do this and that and what you're told  
It gets so clear as you grow old.  
No, no, you're wrong again,  
We do penance to Big Ben.  
Kill 'em boy, it's alright,  
They're only human if they're white.  
It's only right to serve a hitch  
You're in four years unless you're rich.  
Be grateful kid and stop the strife  
We keep the dollars, you, your life.

People who wash  
their hands  
of a matter  
do it  
to get the dirt off  
don't you suppose  
they'd want to  
brush their teeth  
at the same time

# AT WAR

## AT PEACE

By Joe Registrato

The heavy screen door of hut number four slammed shut, awakening Sergeant Joe Long from a sound sleep. He half opened his eyes and looked at the culprit that had allowed the door to come home with all its discomfoting might. Sergeant Larry Reid glanced down at Joe and said, "You sleep too much anyway." He walked past Joe to his corner and sat down on his bunk. "Why don't we fix that thing tomorrow?" Reid said.

"O.K.," Joe mumbled, still half asleep.

The two marines had been friends since Reid arrived in Vietnam some ten months earlier. Long had already lived in the hut for a year, and had extended his tour overseas for another.

Long sat up in his bunk and watched Reid start a letter to his wife. "For Christ's sake Larry, are you gonna write to your ole lady again tonight?"

"You know damn well I write to my 'ole lady', as you see fit to casually call my loving mate, every night."

Long preferred to stare at a recently vacated space on the opposite side of the hut than to continue the discussion. A few seconds later, a knock on the door aroused him from his thoughts. "Come in, come in," he said. "People who knock are always welcome in our little castle." A slightly built corporal entered the hut.

"You sell sodas in here?" asked the corporal.

"Yes, that's right. What'll ya have? We got orange, root beer, coke, —"

"Orange is good. Five of 'em."

"Five it is." Long opened his ice box and took out five sodas. He placed them on top of the ice box. "That's a buck even," Joe said.

"A buck! Last week they were fifteen. Now they're up to twenty."

"Sergeant Reid," Long said calmly, "my prices are dictated solely on the basis of the law of supply and demand. I'll have you know that I am the only, I repeat, only beverage dealer that has any soda at all within at least, oh, I would say

two miles of here. In the future, I wish you would keep your lousy comments to yourself while I am doing business."

The corporal had no desire to take part in the price discussion. He handed Joe the dollar immediately, picked up the cans, and turned to leave.

"You want a box?" Long inquired.

"No, I got it," he replied. Long opened the door for him and watched him disappear in the darkness.

"You want a box?" Reid echoed Joe's business like manner in a childish fashion. "You really kill me sometimes, Joe."

"You, Sergeant Reid, have a very shallow mind. You would be very surprised if you knew why my customers come back. Always polite, and what not. You'd be surprised."

Reid shook his head in disbelief and went back to writing his letter. Joe walked the four short steps from the door back to his section of the hut, and sat on the edge of his bunk.

"What do you tell her every night, Larry?" Joe said.

"Just anything," Reid said without looking up.

"Anything like what? Like how the lousy door slams? How we go to the beach on Wednesday's, or what?"

"It's not really important, Joe. I mean, what's in the letter doesn't make a damn bit of difference. The point is, if she gets a letter every day, she knows I'm still alive. You know how they are."

Long looked around the hut as if he might find something worthwhile writing home about hung on the wall. He turned back to Reid and said, "Well, I can never think of anything to say."

"I know. I don't think I've seen you write two letters since I met you."

Long fell back on his bunk and stared at the ceiling. "Did I tell you Larry, they're not going to let me extend."

"Good. Three years is a little too long over here, don't you think? Really Joe, you didn't expect them to go for it did you?"

"I was hoping like hell." He closed his eyes and shook his head slowly. "Christ, I hate to leave."

This particular subject had been bothering Reid ever since he found out about Long's peculiar affinity for the usually hated Chu Lai Air Base. He had spoken to Long about it before, but was never able to come away with a satisfactory answer.

He put his letter down next to him and wander-

ed across the hut to the ice box. He took out a can of coke, opened it and took a long swallow. He decided to sit on the makeshift table in the center of the hut. From this vantage point he could see Joe lying back, eyes closed, motionless. As he thought of how he might approach the touchy subject, he studied Long's features. The light brown hair, now bleached dirty blond from the Vietnam sun, was not unlike his own. But there, the likeness ended. Joe's lanky frame, long arms and legs, were in sharp contrast to Reid's short stocky build. Finding no new way to ask the question he had put to Joe many times before, he thought he would try the old method again.

"What's with you anyway, Joe?" he said.

"Not tonight, Larry. Please?"

"Look pal, I've been putting up with that story for almost a year now, and I'm sick of it. I want to know. And I'm not giving up tonight. Don't give me the phony story about the soda business either. The two of us drink up all the profits."

Long opened his eyes for the first time since Reid started on him and stared straight up above him. He paused that way for a while and then looked at Reid. "You really want to know?" he said.

"No, no. Whatever gave you that idea."

"O.K. Larry, you'll be the first. Next to me that is. Believe it or no, I didn't know what it was all about until today. Tell you the truth, I had myself convinced it was the soda business that was keeping me here. You would drop dead if you knew how much I really make. But, that's not it, Larry. No, you're right. There is something else." He paused again, and looked through the screened wall of the hut at the darkness outside.

"Well, don't stop now. Out with it."

"Alright, alright. This isn't something you just come out with one-two-three." Long hesitated, collecting his thoughts. Finally, he looked at Reid squarely and said, "I'm scared Larry. Scared and sick."

Reid waited for the rest of the explanation, but Long was silent.

"That's it, Larry. That's all there is to it."

"You're scared to go home. That's why you want to extend, because you're scared. Is that right?"

"Exactly," Long said.

"I was right. You are nuts. Really, Joe I don't think you realize that. O.K., so we have pretty good jobs. That doesn't make us bullet proof. Joe, every time I hear one coming in I swear I shake all over. And I know you do too."

"Sure I do. Nobody really gets over that. But what if they do put one in here? I'll tell you what I think Larry. I think, it will either be close enough to get us, or they'll miss us all together, right?" The way I see it, we really don't have too much to worry about. I mean, for us, it's so black or white, there's not much point in worrying. It's either live or die. Go, no-go. See what I mean?"

"I've always known that, Joe. I still don't see —"

"Wait a minute, I'm not through. Today I went up to Admin to find out if anything happened yet. That little guy that's always in there came over to me, the real clerky looking one, you know, and he says, 'Well Sarge, it looks like you'll be going home this time. Your extension request was disapproved.' Just like that. So, I said the hell with it and left. On the way back here, I started thinking about what going home was all about. After two years, the idea of going back takes a little getting use to. First thing I thought of was my car insurance. Of all things, can you imagine that? But then, I remembered my brother sold my car right after I extended last time. Then, I remembered that my drivers license expired last month, and I'll have to get a new one before I can drive anyway. Now before I do any of those things, I'll have to get a job.

Larry, think about it. Jobs, cars, traffic, licenses, insurance, taxes, bills, wives. It scares the hell out of me, Larry. What do we have here, I ask you? We don't pay any taxes, we don't need any drivers license, no bills, no wife, no worries, no nothing. Nothing, Larry. Not a damn thing. Live, or die. That's it." Long was speaking with enthusiasm, sitting on the edge of the bunk. "If I'm nuts, I want to stay nuts."

He fell back on the bunk and closed his eyes. He relaxed every muscle in his body. His face reflected his tranquility, his apparent release of all tension.

"You look calm as hell just like that, Joe," Reid said.

"Peaceful, Larry. It's a peaceful look. I've felt like this for a long time now, I just never knew why until today. I really feel great." Joe Long dozed off into a deep sleep.

"At peace, at war. I just can't see how — It's just unreal, Joe." Larry Reid was speaking to a sleeping man. When he realized it, he walked back to his corner and layed down. How crazy can a guy that happy be, he wondered.

For the first time in ten months, Larry Reid didn't write a letter to his wife.

# OBSCUR

By Celia Bagwell

Voice I (identified as VI), a young man, apparently very friendly.

Voice II (identified as VII), a young man who couldn't care less about VI.

Doctor (identified as Doc), an older and much more responsible man.

Time The present.

Place: A room, apparently being shared by VI and VII.

## Production Notes

### Staging

The room is to be very simple, with only (2) beds, (2) night tables or desks and (2) chairs. The two chairs are to be placed side by side in front of one bed, which is placed in the center of the stage down front. A small teddy bear is placed behind the left chair.

### Lighting

Lighting must show the outline of both boys at all times. For the storm scene use imagination for thunder, rain and lightning. There must be two lamps on the night tables, when the Doctor enters both of these should come on. Do not use bright spot lights. The stage must be visible but not bright. Red, blue and, (or) green lights are very effective.

### Characters

Each character must be played carefully. Read the play several times before trying an interpretation. Be careful not to over play VII. The Voices are neither heroes or villains.

(VI and VII are seated in the chairs. VII is wearing sunglasses. Both are dressed very simply in dull colors. VII is very at home but VI is apparently new to the surroundings. As the lights come on VI is nervous.)

VI I wonder when the lights will come back on?

VII Who cares?

VI I do!

VII Why?

VI Why? What do you mean why? I got lots of things to do, don't you?

VII Yep!

VI (cutting in quickly) And you need light to do 'em, right?

VII (thinking about his answer) Oh I don't know. (There is a long pause here, since there are no bright lights to show the faces a feeling of insecurity of VI must be conveyed to the audience.)

VI I — I didn't catch your name, mines —

VII (coldly) I didn't throw it.

VI Hey, buddy, why don't you knock it off. No sense in being mad just because the lights went out! You got a grudge against the dark?

VII No, I don't.

VI Look — a — I know I can't see ya, (he stops to think) We're about the same age aren't we?

VII Yea — about.

VI Well then, who do you dig?

VII Dig?

VI Yea — Like who do you grove on?

VII Groove on?

VI (Each word very slow and precise) What — kind — of — music — do — you like?

VII Oh! Well — no real favorites. I like poetry better.

VI Really — like who?

VII Jim Morrison for one.

VI (questionly) He's a poet??

VII Well, he sure as RUDY ain't a singer!

VI Who's RUDY?

VII Never mind — it's a long story.

VI Who else do you like?

VII Dylan (stated very strongly)

VI Hey, what does he believe in?

VII (simply) Love.

VI (almost like an interrogation) Oh yea? Well, what does he say about it?

VII (a long pause — almost reverently)  
"you ask of love"





John Woodhead

there is no love  
except in silence  
and silence doesn't say a word)"

VI That's nice. What else does he say?

VII (sarcastically)  
"I never eat  
I run naked when I can  
my hobby's collectin airplane  
glue".

VI (VI rises and stands beside his chair looking  
at VII.) I just can't see through you. (VI  
puts his hand on VII's shoulder as he says  
the previous).

VII No one can see **through** anyone.

VI Hey, hey, hey, that's a very funny, funny!  
(sarcastically).

VII It wasn't meant to be funny.

VI (catty) Do you tell jokes for a living???

VII No.  
(A thunder storm is moving in. Lightning  
and thunder start followed by rain. VI is  
very disturbed about the storm, however,  
VII is not. VI, still standing, looks around  
nervously, a big clash of thunder and VI  
jumps back into his chair with a yell of  
fright. After a pause he recomposes himself  
and begins the conversation.)

VI Its been raining for hours! I wonder when  
it will stop?

VII Who knows?

VI (Boyish-like) God knows. (a clash of thunder)

VII (seriously) How do you know He knows?

VI He told me so. (very proudly)

VII (Almost as if he is believing that VI has  
talked to God) Oh Yea!

VI (snooty) Yea.

VII (almost embarrassed) I talked to Him once  
and He told me — (he stops fast, as if not  
to let out a secret).

VI What? What did He tell you?

VII Oh, nothing. (a thunder clash).

VI (looking up and waving his hands at the  
rain) Oh, I wish this would stop. (another  
thunder clash)

VII What, the rain?

VI Not only that; the lights — I wish they  
would come on again. (shyly) I'm — I'm  
scared of the dark. Aren't you?

VII (very positive) No.

VI I wish I wasn't. People always make fun  
of me.

VII People do things like that. (long pause) What  
would you do if the lights never came on  
again. (He says this in a piercing way).

VI Oh —

VII Huh!

VI Oh, please — Oh, please don't say —

VII Huh!

VI Oh, please don't say that. (this build up must  
be gradual but tense and tight within the  
lines. VI is to end up in a frightened rage.)

VII (VII lifts his hands above and behind VI).  
What would you do if you were in the dark  
and a monster got you, (VII grabs VI as he  
is imitating a monster) and you couldn't  
see who or what it was? What would you  
do?!

VI (screaming in a state of hysteria, VI begins  
to fight with VII, however VII does not  
fight back, VII falls on the floor and VI  
is kicking him.)  
(The lights come on. VI is standing above  
VII. VII is badly bruised and beaten. The  
doctor opens the door and surveys the  
situation. He runs over to VII and picks him  
up. There is a faint trace that he is still  
alive. The doctor looks up at VI — )

Doc Did you do this?

VI Oh but Doc, he didn't like me. He wasn't  
friendly at all. He kept saying he didn't  
need light, Doc. Everyone needs light, don't  
they Doc? (louder) Don't they Doc?  
(louder). Don't they Doc —

Doc (calming VI) Quiet now —

VI But he tried to hurt me —

Doc (calmly) No —

VI (frantic) He — He made me do it Doc. He  
told me a monster was going to get me in  
the dark, and then he reached over my head  
and —

Doc (the Doc reaches over and behind VI and  
picks up a teddy bear) Is this what he was  
reaching for?

VI (Almost crying). No, oh no!

VII (He lifts himself up. The Doc and VI turn  
to him. VII pulls VI close to him).  
Darkness cannot  
Live forever  
Light's own beauty  
Must never die.

VI (reflectively) God told him that. God knows  
we can't live without light. He knows —

Doc God knew that he (pointing to VII) was in  
darkness.

VI Huh?

Doc Didn't you know he was blind?  
(VI gives a blank stare)  
The End

## BARBARA MINTO

### ON GROWING UP

when i was young i sat in huge brown boxes  
and played with soft kittens and  
green-spotted frogs.  
i cherished cherry cough drops and allowed  
chocolate kisses to melt and cover me with a  
sweet crackly crust.

But I'm older now —  
And kittens are just cats  
And frogs are just green  
And cough drops are for coughs.

The Sun has melted away my sugary coat,  
The Wind has carried away my big brown box,  
And I stand naked in the falling Rain.

## JUANITA WOODS

Kindly one finding the soft thoughts  
of crying children, like me  
warm silence, hands of surrounding peace  
shifting dreams of hope and promise  
caress quietly as we talk  
think of me as dreamer of meadows,  
desirer of truth, and reflection of faith  
in the someday person  
I hide in the books of time and  
enchanted parks of hazy golden dawns  
and eves of velvet touching trees  
I can not reach out and touch or  
hold, fate never let me  
you are the soft sounds of smiles  
and hero to spoken and broken-  
winged loves  
windbells and written prayers flow,  
by the winds, to Buddha for  
the sun to rise



My hand plays across the printed letters  
which dangle from the pages  
telling me of today  
chasing me into thoughts  
and over objects scattered throughout my brain  
I see lovesick kids with rifles aimed  
hateful  
nations dying, answers then questions  
all of it now, now — yes,  
but who stole the funnypapers?

## HYPERBOREAN

Stuck like a stone in a MacAdam road,  
Of which memories are made of in part,  
"A victim of circumstances," me.

Working my palms off loading trucks and for what?  
A road in Kentucky at 3:00 a.m. is  
a hell of a way to see a place.  
I owe them a return.

All the sights last time, and next  
All the rest of the senses as well.  
But it is just as well anyway.

Next time, with someone else, or  
if I can, myself, unless, with luck,

Maybe Gabe could see his way,  
and we'd go, the two seekers of wisdom,  
truth, beauty, thrills, life, danger!!  
In the Hemingway,  
And doubtless (ha ha, **doubtless**),  
a healthy portion of screwing  
From here to the coast.  
(Who'd expect it to be snowing in New Mexico?).

Rapping like a couple of hebephrenics  
about philosophy, religion, and  
arguing over semantics.

Images of tea and toast in a pink-ed cushioned  
diner just outside of Crater Lake,  
with cowboys and junior high girls  
loud above our weary discourse that  
will always be present, compatible  
as we are.  
And we, in boots, and dirty-fisted, both  
quite conscious of ourselves, sit.

Grinding out the driveway, doubtless leaving  
a fleeting recall of two damn hippies with  
Jersey plates.

A tent would do. Very well.  
Born to rough it, sensual beings  
their intrinsic natures, us, that is,  
For the time, Hyperboreans of the South, in a relative way.

Roads sticky in August like hell on our tires,  
and, being A. J. Foyt and Norman Mailer and  
Ernest Hemingway and even such a timid soul,  
if we may, as Emerson,  
we bolt for unmarked hilly roads, and balk  
at the sight of the many dead and gutted deer  
and reflect.

Coleman lamps, the two of us tacking away on  
portable civilizations, should have been born  
before them.

Mountains! Boots again, I can't refuse despite  
the fact that if we do we'll never make  
the place by nightfall.  
They do! I **know** they hide the next one higher,  
summit after summit, but we're dauntless, climb  
like animals, beasts reverted, perverted from our  
portable civilizations.

I can see a repetition of an incident  
that went before, atop a cliff, one of a succession,  
just beyond the rocky rise, just beyond the  
pools of rainwater, scooped out of the grainy surface,  
Over an insurmountable (so we said) ridge we surmounted,  
a stillness . . . heavy on our ears as if  
accumulated over eons, silence now heard  
for the first time, or so we mused,  
could easily repeat, for that's the way with  
things not of Man.  
There's more to this world than meets the human.

On.

Saturation, satiation, orgasm with life,  
Breathing like never before in Laurel Canyon  
I've never seen, but could dig I know.

Camping next to bikers,  
of the same essential stuff,  
Turning on, with silent discourse, stoned,  
Again like hebephrenics  
God bless my sociology teacher,  
but it's of the earth, and I like it,  
and it's OK, sanctioned despite.

A. M. Done with it, on.

Country of blood and green, history,  
Can dig it, old people, but . . . bigots too.  
And then, somehow, I can see us then in Maine.  
Maine and lobster, talking to the old men,  
sea-men, boat-men, blood of fish and scales,  
Godly smell of fish, hands cracked and sore of brine,  
nets.

Inland, too, I can imagine,  
Much like as I've pictured, but  
A little different, as I am from what I was when I  
pictured.

One-lane roads again, fifty mph between the trucks,  
and loving it as we, "making great time," Canada.

Knocked off New York like nothing, Lindsay.  
Niagra gone dry, a laugh,  
to Toronto.

Season of winter rolls laughing through the streets,  
then pensive as we think of chicks in fur,  
Done in Penssy, and the city (New York City),  
Inevitably Blue around our dinner, diners  
with those inevitable pink seats again,  
By the way, no record of funds, but, this much planned,  
enough to get us back to Jersey from  
A reasonable distance, which must be ridiculous,  
(considering how reasonable we are).

The street taketh us back again,  
Now, almost tired, we relax in a border town and,  
at 6? no, 8? try 12, we take the street out to the road,  
out to the highway, on the lam like lemmings out to  
kill ourselves if distance were days of life.  
15,000 miles now, enough miles, if converted into  
spaghetti, would feed the state of Florida for  
almost one and a half days!  
Two fan-belts, four flats, some carburetor trouble,  
a regulator and a major overhaul in San Francisco and  
somewhere, Vermont.

Home again, home again, unrecognizable after 39 hours  
of clutch, brakes, blinkers and steering wheel, we  
pull into driveway Rock Road West, Green Brook,

New Jersey. Satiated (for the time being).  
Need of a shower, "How was it?"

Grinning at each other, "A gas . . ."

**ROGER WILCOX**

### POEM FOR RUBY AND LOAN

His arms firmly pinioned by police  
Pow! Cancel Oswald! Abandon! Abandon!  
But wait, my arms! Tied! My God!  
UNTIE MY ARMS! UNTIE MY ARMS!  
That's how you go mad in that short life . . .  
Prostrate, arms rattling, arms! Abandon!  
But my arms!  
Twisting white death puts its sweating clammy hands  
in his hair,  
And his arms are still pinned.  
Such a large bullet.

Standing VC  
Sees easily that he is about to cancel,  
All systems red alert!  
Arms firmly pinioned behind his back,  
But that he doesn't even think about until  
Pow! In that short four inches to his temple,  
from muzzle to brain  
My arms! Aggh, God!  
UNTIE MY ARMS! UNTIE MY ARMS!  
This much I deserve, to have my arms free,  
To fall where they may  
Beside me.

Laying in anoxia,  
Eyes thudding,  
Body flat on your back,  
heavier, sinking closer into the bed  
than ever before.  
Having rolled off,  
Sticking into the air above your body  
like a comical monument to a heroic, now past deed,  
now ten minutes, and then,  
a roll to the side, an arm over side,  
another minute worth fifty, and a hand of fingers  
separating orange like marmalade hair into  
finger-size cable of shining thick love.  
Then the strength to urge oneself to another  
flesh upon flesh, and warm and numb,  
lubricated with the sweats of efforts honorable.  
With a willing spirit but the proverbial weakness  
of the flesh, another ten minutes, and  
on the back, a quick caress, and that was all it took  
for joy.



**ROGER WILCOX**

### FOREST #1

The great round earth is pulsating,  
droning low and quiet below the wind and leaves  
and the occasional sound of mockingbird.

It softly purrs like an oversized orange cat.

Its trees are holding silent conversation with me.  
Rocks, half-dead leaves, moss, ground,  
pine needles, all are like a friend asleep.

It sounds absurd to say I put my arms around a tree,  
carressed it.  
Or that felt a union, a communion with the boulders,  
that I sat between, out of the wind, getting stoned.

I walked quietly about the forest sticking out of the earth,  
and like a scientologist, knew it all.

And I have known them, known them all.

I heard and felt the muffled crunch of the forest floor  
beneath my feet.

### EVERYTHING IS SUBSTITUTION —

Used to be that I was whole  
And into what I want, but somehow now  
It seems it's taken me away  
For reasons unknown  
But it's been, as time is counted in,  
Seasons since I was where I belong.  
Long time since I had my hands where they belong.  
Knobs and switches, keys and strings,  
Mountains, cycle grips, and  
The belly of an orange-haired girl  
All once knew them.  
They were bigger then, my hands.  
They were useful, easy with me.  
They and I, like two,  
Would scamper and crawl  
Across the country  
And whatever else we urged into the way.  
But they do not, I think, belong  
Tacking away on a typewriter.

Let my mind do the tacking . . .  
Let my body go.

### FOREST #2

We danced atop the rocks, Wizard and I.  
We danced atop the rock, and he and I  
sat down upon the rock, and looked upon the valley.

The Susquehanna once was so blue, Wizard said  
It used to split the valley like a river of rain in the driveway.  
Both sides were so green, Wizard said  
and from this rock  
a man could gaze, and not see white at all.

At night, said Wizard, the land was black  
and all down the mountain, a man could trudge  
and really — be alone.

The valley is immense, and once was that beautiful, Wizard said.  
He shifted feet, and sent the image away.



John Moale, Jr.

### By Ronald Tunks

After the takeoff, the stewardess made certain all passengers were comfortable and content. Brian Hugh's grandfather had sent him an invitation for a weekend visit. Brian wasn't eager to answer the letter but his father had asked him to go on the basis that since Grandpa had attended Western and Brian was attending Western, it would not only be an enjoyable visit but a helpful one. The last



time Brian had seen his grandfather was when he was eight years old. His mother had sent him to spend the weekend with him for two reasons. She thought Brian should know what life on the farm was like, and she felt her widowed father needed some company. They lived in a near-by city then and Mrs. Hughs drove Brian to his grandfather's by car. Brian was eager, but also scared to go. Although he had visited the farm many times he had never stayed over night before. His mother stayed for a while and helped him prepare for his visit. When she left she told him to be good and to do what his grandfather told him.

Brian remembered riding in the jeep with his grandfather all that afternoon. They went to bed early that night because his grandfather had said "morning comes early on the farm."

Morning came earlier than expected the next day. Brian was awakened by a piercing scream. "AAAAAAA GGGGGGG HHH HHHHH" The next thing he noticed was that his body had been completely infiltrated with a putrid, rancid, rotten feeling. His head was dizzy and it was difficult to breathe. He heard his grandfather screech at the top of his lungs and with outstanding directness.

#### "SKUNK STINK"

Grandpa was running around the house like a wild man looking for the source of the offending odor. He came running into Brian's room, picked him up and dashed out of the house. He ran straight to the creek and jumped in. Brian dog paddled to the bank and sat mewling in the dirt. His grandfather resembled a surfacing whale; gulping in water and spewing it out. He was trying desperately to rid his lungs of the stinging odor. After about fifteen

minutes of useless sinus scrubbing Mr. Hughs crawled exhausted and cursing onto the bank.

"Gonna have to burn the house down to git that stink outta there." He was quite perturbed. At Brian's age he hadn't quite comprehended what had happened but apparently someone had wounded a skunk and it had taken refuge under the house and overnight filled the house and its occupants heads with dead skunk odor. Dead skunk odor is probably the worst stink ever inhaled and to awake after an entire night of inhaling and exhaling it the victim's head tends to swell and pulsate. For about three weeks after the event a green fog bellowed out of grandpa's mouth every time he coughed.

Brian smiled at the stewardess and continued reading his modern philosophy book

. . . . my own personal observations indicate an outward display of good will, charity, humor, and elation between early marijuana users and "social drinkers." (DCL) Dating back to the Christians then proceeding chronologically with Bohemians, Dharmas, and Beatniks to the present label Hippie this euphoric emotion has been the basis for philosophies, Movements, Causes, and Revolutions. The questions arise; "What if all persons of a society were permanently afflicted with this Bacchus-like disease, would a true Utopia emerge?" and "Would all technological advancements cease due to a lack of interest?" Followers and students of Darwin have stated as their most interesting conclusion that man was descended from a fierce ape, his very reason for survival was the fact that this given

species was warlike and aggressive. Is this ancestral inheritance mankind's "Mr. Hyde"? Intellectuals from before Christ have recognized the internal conflict between good and evil in Man. Should we consider Dr. Tunkendorffs' proposal of an inoculation that will eliminate hatred, anxiety, aggressiveness and possibly mental disorders?"

The pilots' voice came over the intercom informing Brian he was now flying over Alabama. It wouldn't be very long now.

The plane glided onto the runway and Brian looked in the crowd for his grandfathers' face. He didn't find it until he had descended from the jet. Grandpa looked as though he had changed very little. After the two had greeted each other and inquired about each others health there was an embarrassing silence. Finally Brian spoke up.

#### II

"We better get started, it's a long drive to the farm."

"Yep, took me near two and a half hours to get here." Brian associated his grandfathers' accent with ignorance and backwardness. It was then he decided not to discuss such issues as the draft, racism and student movements with his grandfather. He wanted to avoid any arguments for his father's sake.

After about two hours of driving and talking about college they decided to stop for supper in a small restaurant. It was called the "Country Grill" and was owned and operated by a local family and relatives. The walls and floor were redwood which didn't match the tables or chairs. A waitress with kinky blond hair swayed over to take the order. She didn't write anything down but yelled "Two Beef Plates, Mashed," through a little window.

"Ya know Brian," Grandpa began, "You don't find portions as big as you'll get here in the city." Swatting at a fly, Brian smiled. After the meal was brought to their table Grandpa continued his philosophy. "People are a lot more friendly in the country as compared to the city." He took a sip of coffee and continued. "In the city automobile mechanics, electricians, just about everybody will cheat you if they can make a fast buck." That reminded Brian of the time his mother was cheated on her car repairs. "Here in this town I know about everybody and everybody is fair to everybody else." The portions were rather big and Brian had a difficult time finishing his meal.

As the farmhouse came into view Brian noticed that, like his grandfather, it seemed very near to the way he remembered it. For some reason he felt glad that everything was the same as always. In the backyard were the familiar peach tree, apple tree and watermelon patch.

As usual Grandpa went to bed early. Not being accustomed to retiring so early Brian searched for something to read. He read the titles to himself, *The Bible*, *Selected Hymns*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Short Stories by Mark Twain*. He found nothing to interest him so he wrote post cards to friends.

### III

Five o'clock in the morning marked the beginning of Grandpa's day and the middle of Brian's night. Never minding his missed sleep, Brian fell onto his feet and walked to breakfast. He was amazed by the freshness of the morning air and the beauty of the surrounding landscape. As Brian relaxed in the backyard Grandpa did his morning chores.

For brunch Brian and his Grandpa sat underneath a tree and ate peaches.

"Grandpa, I would like to ask you a question about a letter you wrote to my mother right before I entered college."

"Alright, which one was that?"

"Well, in the letter you said you were doubtful whether college was good for me or not. What would make you think education is bad?"

Mr. Hughes answered slow and deliberate like most older people talk. "Now, I don't think education is bad, in fact it's a very good thing but what I was referring to, you see, is some people with a little education and insight begin seeing and criticizing people and things a lot easier than if they wouldn't have known any better. But that's only some people remember." Remembering his agreement with himself not to argue with his grandfather Brian changed the subject. "What do you do out here for fun, Grandpa?"

"Living is fun enough to me." Brian decided to spend the afternoon reading from his philosophy book until he found his bent down page.

"... a conclusive assumption associating the actions of the latent bisexual to those of the sexually deprived orangutan can be made. Dr. Ribenkoffenstein supports this theory in his latest book *Animal Sexuality*. The drive in animals is much more concentrated than in humans."

At this time Brian was interrupted by two dogs beginning the mating ceremony. This would be an excellent time to apply Dr. Ribenkoffenstein's theory. He suddenly heard the pop of a pellet gun and saw the male dog jump three feet into the air.

"Grandpa! what did you do that for?"

"The dogs around here have no morals what so ever."

"Yea? Well how would you like

to get shot in the . . ." Brian remembered his agreement not to argue with Grandpa. Grandpa had very little to say to Brian the rest of the afternoon and Brian seemed content sitting underneath the oak tree. During supper they talked only small talk and answered most questions with "yes" and "no".

At breakfast Brian expressed his deep concern for leaving the farm and its advantages. Grandpa agreed that parting was a very sad event indeed.

"I sure did enjoy myself here and I hope to come back again sometime."

"Well, I'll certainly be looking forward to your next visit, Brian." Grandpa smiled.

### IV

After the takeoff a stewardess made certain Brian was comfortable and content. He was quite relaxed and glad to be where he was at. He leaned back and opened his philosophy book.

"... this concept is best expressed in the suicide note left by Byron Steinfeld (Well known philosopher) Man's knowledge of the worlds inhumanities to man is repressed into his subconscious in order that he can function as a beneficial organism. It is my opinion that Mr. Steinfeld's suicide was inhumane to himself."



## DEAN LORING

### APPLIED SCIENCE

I graph my flip-flop images drift  
through negatives;  
The Mechanism isn't the only Ism  
that's Polarized.  
Black — White; contrast colors;  
Developing isn't easy.

Here it is days past.  
And still I think of  
that one  
night, when everything  
was  
right.  
Perfectly natural.  
To love  
that one person.  
What was always wrong before  
seemed  
beautiful.  
Mysteries I never fathomed  
were  
solved.  
Air I'd never breathed  
was pure and sweet.  
Feelings I didn't know I possessed  
were expressed.  
My heart beat many times more  
than it ever had before in a given  
time period.  
Love was there, and circulated  
through the  
atmosphere  
of "I care."  
And I was glad to know that someone  
did.  
But here it is days later and,

## CHUCK MICHEL

### HEMINGWAY

They've worn the paint from your pilings  
Termite minds feasted on the inner ear oak  
That rose from the sea; the bridge roots held fast.  
Well-wisher barnacles choked! Toxic varnish.  
Sophisticated dragon waves splintered metal.  
Their cannibal tongues stung by human wood.  
Anchors for the sea-bridge, Sodom's statues,  
Can't they see it's . . . Salt?

A scientific man built his time machine  
and left . . .  
Into the future and back repeatedly:  
At each return altering the changes  
The world had made at his urgings.  
Now on the eve of his final trip  
He went to his home.  
There to find that another had his place  
And appearance taken.  
The copy of the scientist had wild, hollow eyes  
And a strait jacket.

### REALIZATION

Serenity is seeing that quivering hemisphere of light glowing  
in the grey blanket of sky.  
Fear is realizing that the grey sky really **is** a blanket.  
A blanket that is trying to choke us to a glorified death, but the giant  
eye staring through a hole in the blanket is finding better sport watching  
"intelligence" destroy itself without HIM.

## ALAIN HEBERT

## JIM BARDSLEY

### August and Chicago

"All knowledge is a fantasy",  
she said — "held in the hands  
of fools."

So I took the silver seeds  
of the prophet's persuasion  
and fled toward my selves  
by the sea.

but we ourselves were overtaken  
soft before the ocean's waking,  
breaking all the tides of time  
and effort—or tasted tears  
of wasted years and moments  
I took to learn  
that that that was lost  
cannot be found  
or ever gained again

### Odyssey '69

friday night

the lights  
are still and soft as winter.

I never was so cold before  
never so alone

sail on mind

sail across silver waters

sail blindly through the night  
softly

silently  
sailing

the waters are like

satin tonight  
swiftly blown by wind and tide





Jim Overman

sail on

silver waters  
glide softly  
from freedom to freedom  
I have no arms nor legs tonight  
(we can bring a new god)  
we are guided by a different star  
sail on

silver waters catarac  
the pregnant moon's made jealous  
by the swiftness of our journey  
and is all the more touched and silenced  
when we spit upon the shore

sail on

there is no Latium  
there is no North America

sail on

mindless  
of rage or sorrow

sail on

silver waters  
naked nearing the moon.

II.

tonight I am the only lonely living creature  
caught and captured, chained  
on this side of the earth

sail on freedom

chains of silver broken  
whenever the words are spoken  
but there are no words  
nor ears to hear

here on this side  
chained to the earth

sail on reeds of silver

the night is caught and broken  
the dark side has been pierced

sail on silver waters

beneath the light of wisdom  
the moon hangs like some son

sail on through the night

swiftly through the light

Friday night,

the lights —  
are still and soft as winter.



# Phoenix

Denny

By Jim Bardsley

One such as I is left with very little more to do than think, sleep or stare at the neon advertisements flashing idiotically across my room. By moving my eyes I can see the Woolworth reproductions my poor sister-in-law arranged so carefully on the wall opposite my bed; I still remember her babbling with forced gaiety as she hung them, referring to my 'artistic' background. I was an architect and Sunday sculptor before.

If I am propped up with the ever so many stale, yellowed pillows, which she bleaches constantly, I can see down the three stories and out onto the street.

The street, damn it, is nearly always painfully bright and dusty. She never lets me look when I want to, on the overcast or rainy days when the people are the only shadows who come from and go to nowhere. When my friend the wind plays its own childish game, teasing the people like a school boy.

I can feel nothing below my neck. I know I can feel my neck from one or two of Julie's rude excursions into the masculine world of beard-shaving before two bloody mishaps and her decision that "we" grow a beard. I hate the beard. It is shaggy, irregular, gnarled and it itched like hell at first; but on this point I do bless dear Julie, if she hadn't made a stab at witticism with her remark about "our" beard I never would have discovered my power, no, that sounds like one of her old comic magazines — my . . . ability. I can move my right hand in a circumference of six inches.

It was Julie's joke that started my quivering and shaking in my own paraplegic version of laughter, and I noticed that my right hand moved differently from my other limbs. It twisted and jumped rather than quivered aimlessly. The action of my other limbs in laughter reminds one — or at least me — of the shaking of a mortally wounded deer or elk. It has been a long time since that last hunting trip, but I am losing myself; when I saw my hand, I knew that it could be tamed through long hours and the concentration of my will, and of the two necessary quantities of time and rage to drive me. I conquered my hand in one year, four months and four days. Another eight months gave me the other five inches of range. And now very slowly and gradually I increased

my . . . my ability. The six inches however, are sufficient for my purposes.

On those damned bright days when Julie sees fit to wheel my bed next to the window and almost flush with the wall, my right hand is approximately two inches from the sill, and there on the sill is a large potted plastic geranium resting one inch from the edge. Only God and Julie knows why, but the woman had that pot filled with real, dark, and the best heavy dirt. I will be able to wait and pick my victim, to watch him draw slowly towards his fate, a fate which I shall decide. I will gauge the distance and speed of his approach, as I have done with several others already, and one day. I think perhaps soon, I will do it.

Of late, I have been savoring the suspense and the moment of decision and have always drawn back and let my intended victim pass on unmolested, but after three or four tries I began to know that I would not commit the act, and the spice and flavor it faded and was lost. I had to strengthen my resolve. I think I was afraid that the let down and boredom would overwhelm me like so much in my life, the disappointment of a child after Christmas. But I found on further examination and meditation that there will be much left, I should be able to savor and relive that moment for at least a few years, playing and replaying the scene in slow motion. When that becomes distasteful I shall repent for at least five years, and when I am truly and sincerely sorry, I know that the temptation will rise again like lust within me. Julie, in her placid, constant way will replace the pot almost immediately, of that I have no fear. She is as set and constant in her ways as the sun.

Tomorrow or the next day that same sun will drive my cool concubus night away with its damned heat and brilliance and I will complete my scheme. I will push the plant and watch it fall and burst upon some innocent skull and then very slowly I will withdraw my hand from the sill and resume my patient blank expression. I will re-enter the world of those who play an active role in the scheme of fate. The guilt, of course, will be placed upon my friend and co-partner, the wind. In their eyes I am as immobile as a piece of furniture. And that, I think, is why I must do it, for before I conquered my hand, I had begun to doubt my own existence . . .

Wistful when alone  
and thoughts of days gone by  
come to haunt your fainting heart . . .  
long tarnished dreams  
of needed love leave you weak . . .  
too little time in his presence  
makes you bitter at empty faces . . .  
    can you remember a moment  
    when his ebony hair and china skin  
    did not linger around a corner?  
and he calls and touches your face  
and you forget duty . . .

    The spell is cast  
    you have no chance to leave alive  
    you have got to step  
    even while the ground is sinking

## MARY PITTMAN

slipping through duplicate days  
drugged with blank thoughts  
trying to forget pain  
and the embarrassment of loss  
being a person that all will  
speak to without knowledge  
I try but cannot erase  
your evil eyes possessing  
my face always turned downward  
strange you should be the one  
to finally drown me  
when you cannot recall  
my name or body  
one night I may return to you  
as a whimper in some dream

some men come like morning  
loving you like a sun and infecting you with gold  
their lips of dew make sweet the time before  
they vanish swiftly  
with eyes of cerulean blue and songs of birds  
they leave you weeping when the evening comes

other men are like the night  
and softly enter through a window  
when the night wind sings  
loving you with eyes of black and softest hands of night  
they drug you in the darkness with kisses made of stars  
and leave you weeping when the morning dawns

True jasmine through my window  
    tries to dull the pain  
as the blue-eyed cat laps my tears.  
Rapping does no good  
    to closed ears.  
The senses seem to be the cause of all pain  
    too much seeing  
    too much listening  
    too much touching  
    without love

Wisteria  
    comes  
        crashing down the trellis  
like a  
    lavender  
        waterfall at sunset  
    to calm my flashes on  
    the savage ways of man.  
Beauty exists  
in things  
without minds  
and tongues  
and hands  
and I sit dumb without tears.



can I take you to a place of narcotic sleep  
where we can lay  
    and watch the clouds?  
    There to be alone  
    with each other  
and to touch enough to become friends.  
A few words to keep it ethereal  
and a few sighs to make it magic.

let us not talk of love  
and other things that come  
like rain in the sunshine  
we can only touch  
and run  
and look over our shoulder  
and smile

all the people are crying  
it seems  
to need someone to love alone  
bad nights come rapidly  
and suffocate remaining emotions  
fall people fall  
curse your tongues  
and tie your hands  
nobody gives a damn.

ramble on ripped off  
with a tall slender person to hold  
change direction fall back  
no place to hide even to love  
bright lights loud trucks  
and we're not safe anywhere  
can't stop to think  
you've got to run to be free

The insects sing a hymn of night  
as I wait for the stranger to come love  
he enters in an ethereal dream where time  
cannot tread with blackening feet  
for a long enchanting moment I am  
entwined in passion's arms without thoughts  
fingers always touching ebon hair  
to begin a sunshine trail of blues when the morning wakes me.

the fanlight fair of rising suns  
and faded sadness of setting moons  
can only be moods of mine  
    to rise to meet your eyes and arms  
    and shine for some fairy tale second  
    whose splendor quickly fades  
    and changes color  
        the somber silver of a dying moon  
        makes all other time a twisted  
        motion picture show of  
        feet standing in shadows

myriad calls I hear trying to beckon  
    me towards their way  
each sure in their possession of a dream  
    for me to share  
but I listen for a sound that  
    cannot be heard  
calling me to a place that has  
    not yet been created.



Chylene Corbett

# Age of Ashes

By Terry Tafoya

The time is now, or long ago, or far from now. It matters not.

"Oh, give me immortality," she cried. "I shall give anything in exchange for eternal youth and immortality." And then she wept, for there was no answer. The forest would not speak to her, would not reveal any of its secrets, nor would the ever lasting sea do anything but toss its blue-green waves, capped by meringue.

She prayed to everyone, and everything, with the exception of God, of course, for she was the type that would pick up the idea of God then put it down and turn to something else. At last, beyond the horizon of yesterday, halfway to tomorrow, she chanced upon a unicorn. Ah, he was a creature of dreams, white with silver glitter sparkling on his coat, with a single opal horn that glowed richly in the half misty twilight.

"Grant me immortality, the same as yours," she pleaded. "Imagine what it would be like, to live without the fear of age, to know that death will not creep up as night may sometimes do."

The unicorn threw back his great horn and laughed in the music of drunken butterflies and crashing sunbeams. "Surely you do not want that," he replied, "I shall give you anything but that."

"No, no, it must be that, it must," and tiny drops of salty tears fell on her parted lips, until the unicorn could not resist her. His pearly horn lost its luster, and its pigeon-blood tip waned to a pinkish pastel.

"I shall give you one last chance: forsake this foolish hope. Remember, sunlight is not always as it seems, a mothras can never change its state, nor would it be happy if it could."

"What is a mothras?"

"O, human, it matters not. You cannot comprehend the mystery of the mothras. Accept its truth rather than its existence."

"At any rate, satisfy my plea . . . no longer would I feel my body rotting about me, my heart would never be crushed by the pain of men or human failing . . . and my dreams would be forever new."

"I warned you, but it does no good. It never does, I've lived longer than spring, and believe me, I know."

She fell on the ground, her tears washing the golden dust from his hooves. "Oh, please, oh, please."

"Then stand up, Nothing can be done unless one stands. Now, kiss my horn twice, and close your eyes." He felt the soft lips brush his tip. Then she stepped back. There was no laughter in his voice now, only the power of a smothered thunder clap, the steady lapping of ever-flowing water, the crisp crackling of a fire.

And then she opened her eyes, they were no longer truly her's.

"I have given you the only immortality I know how to give. You are a unicorn. The last of your kind on earth. I go, I leave to join the rest where nothing tainted by the human can ever go, and where all things must go when Man has lost his faith in them." And then he turned his needle hooves kicking up crushed scents of jasmine and sandalwood.

She blinked again. The sky was different, and her head was heavy with the weight of the long horn. The dewy flowers on the path were no longer dripping with liquid colors . . . she saw many flowers in the same place at the same time, but their predominant color was drab gray. The jasmine was replaced by the smell of rot, and the sandalwood was ruined. She saw a man, and the man was dust, but with one tiny spark of glowing gold within his chest. The silver buildings in the distance were but shadows to the piles of ash that only she could see.

Is this immortality?" she called. "Surely this cannot be it!"

This time the forest answered its fellow immortal. "Yes, yes, the immortal can only watch the mortal fade, and die. Nothing is hidden to our eyes. You see the birth, life, and death of everything, but all at the same time. Watching, eternally watching, watching . . .

The sea sprewed forth rainbow bubbles which burst to form words: SUNLIGHT IS NOT ALWAYS AS IT SEEMS . . .

"Won't someone help me!? I can not go on, not now . . ." IMMORTAL, LIVING LONGER THAN THE STARS MAY SHINE

And then all grew silent once more, until the solid air was split in two by the cry of supreme sorrow only a unicorn can make. All the small animals that could hear it trembled in fear, and every human on earth stopped whatever he or she was doing. "I . . ." she cried . . . "I . . . am mothras."

Images and ideas float on sparkling ripples  
It is here that I seek what is relative to me.  
Bring it back into my arms and eyes  
Coax it gently to rest secure on my mind.  
Slowly it affects me.

The moving water speaks and beckons.  
"Join me in my flight of careless wander,  
leave behind your mortal fate.  
Flow with me down life's horizons,  
caressing nature and avoiding hate."

Then the wind tunes in its simple wail  
Wet and cool, fresh to my eyes and hair.  
"Leave behind your disappointments.  
Renew yourself to merge with air."

The omniscient sun, quiet till now,  
gazed upon me in tranquil light.  
"Mourn not for life you leave behind you  
or for your earth-cursed lonely plight.  
We offer to you incarnation,  
Speak soon as it is almost night."

And I wanted to accept them  
But they never heard my cry.  
For the waves and wind grew cold  
and the sun gave up the sky.

How many times have I gazed  
hopeful  
young  
into a sunset and asked  
silently  
prayerfully  
for you to exist.  
This fantasy is only secondary  
poor  
lacking  
next to your shining realness.

## TOM FLEMING

I reached for my Pall Malls next to the bed  
wondering where the matches had run off to  
again.  
Fumbling for a moment and then rewarded  
with an acrid smoldering sulphur flame  
that danced on a sudden circle of bright light.  
It was so late  
and so dark  
and so quiet  
but once again my mind was dwelling.  
I saw quick frozen images of you smiling  
followed almost immediately by another picture of you,  
this face had no expression at all.  
And I began to wonder:  
Which face is for me?  
And when?  
I lit yet another cigarette  
pushing at the now-warm pillow.  
A question unresolved.  
Yet I knew that I would always see you smiling  
even perhaps when all love had left your face.  
And so I slept secure  
curled up in my private fantasy.

This real bitch, you understand,  
looking at me and saying,  
wow he's stoned.

And I'm thinking what's it to you  
if I am or not (and I'm not).

I can't understand your interest.  
Today you're fascinated.  
Usually you're disgusted.  
Or something.

Look, lets be consistent.  
I prefer your intolerance  
to this sudden invasion of caring.

Amidst the porno of our times  
flashed on gaudy neon signs  
fleshpot films everywhere  
kids on Broadway showing hair  
kinky cats with weird perversions  
Swedish flicks with defiled virgins.  
Of dirty sex we have our fill  
Bring back good clean Fanny Hill!

Woman with mauve eyes  
sing as the seraphim do.  
Light up the corners of your heart.  
Raise your ivory-clad wrists.  
And supplicate to me for your desires.

Earth spirit, unencumbered  
Crimson hair floats undaunted  
by wind or will or why.

Regal neck, emerald crusted  
lifted high in beauty trusted.

I did not ask your source or reason.  
I took your body and your pearls  
and went on reading my tattered Iliad.

a thought, maybe:

an awareness of what is to come, soon;  
a recognition of the situation we find ourselves in.  
happily? yes.

It's good to start living on dreams  
and feel them fulfilling.

Because how often does it happen?  
This dream already shows possibilities  
of you and I making something work.

A rare occasion to celebrate human nature:  
of two minds who never met before meeting,  
and beginning to see a point of union.

We may or may not fail this time  
but at least we're both smiling at the attempt.


## JAN ROPER

### CLEARLY ALL COULD IF —

"Sing-a-love-hate-God's-song," the Babbler speaks  
 As my tongue lies dormant in its tomb,  
 "Stop-a-peace-war-Christ's-time," screams Another  
 As my feet spread the dust on the floor.  
 "Seek-a-love-peace-one-for," My words stumble.  
 "What?" They stare.  
 "To-all-my-words-send-you," I whisper.  
 "Oh, you-me-all-say," the walls vibrate. "Say you?"  
 I draw circles in the dust with my toe.  
 "Mind-soul-head-tongue —,"  
 What to say next before the door opens?  
 "I-We-You-All." To begin how?  
 "Time-late-too-now," the door is cracking,  
 The Idiot comes.  
 "Hear-what-now-if-all-he-say," We cackle.  
 The Idiot smiles with tears on his face.  
 "Leave-door-he-can-go," We shove.  
 "Smile, Idiot, Smile."  
 "We-I-all-see-later," We assure him.  
 "The time is now," the Idiot pronounces.  
 Laugh uproariously the cue reads, and we do.  
 "Outside-the-sun-grass-green-shines," We defend.  
 The Idiot stares downward at the earth.  
 His toe stirs the dust —  
 "Wait, He-sees-what-all-is," I suddenly cry after them.  
 However onward, laughing they go.  
 I touch the Idiot's arm. A tear in the dust.  
 "You," I stumble.  
 "We," He smiles.  
 "You always knew that —," I scream.  
 "No more now," He speaks.  
 My toe stirs the dust.  
 The Idiot closes the door.

### "I WATCHED . . ."

I watched the war on T.V. tonight.  
 I saw the boys  
     the men  
         the dead.  
 And cried for them  
     for me  
         for us.  
 I heard the pain-cries in the dust,  
 And cried again,  
     blurring the screen  
         the dead.  
 The tears crawled over my lips at the sight  
     of birth  
     of grief  
     of fear.



My father talked playfully to the pet dog on the couch.  
 My mother's words sounded blunt and meaningless,  
 And I cried.  
 My twin brother could be over there too now,  
     only nineteen  
     only one  
     only one

But, he's safe now.  
 A minister was his calling  
     thank God  
     thank God.  
 But, others die, my God, others die,  
 I cry.  
 What can I do?  
     My tears will soon dry,  
 And still they die  
     our men  
     their children.  
 I think of other friends,  
 As the images flash across the screen.  
 Those who were wounded,  
 Those who died.

But my words are useless,  
 And still I cry.  
 My mother speaks words of anger,  
 "Why are we there?" she speaks.  
 "Does it matter now," I weep.  
 I write this now,  
 As my feelings pour out  
 And my mother and sister speak of a shopping trip.  
 How soon they forget —  
 Will I?

I close my eyes —  
But still I see the boys

the men  
the children  
the mud  
the young  
the Black  
and the White.



They are there now,  
And I am here —  
Thinking of my homework now.  
Am I forgetting the soldiers pain already?  
Oh, God, I hope not.  
They need my thoughts and prayers.  
They're not fighting in a movie.  
They're arms and legs **are** being blown off.  
A family is being shattered.  
Fellow soldiers are cradling their heads,  
Not ashamed to cry for other men,  
As my tears flow once again,  
And my breathing is choked.  
"Tomorrow," I suddenly think.  
Yes, tomorrow the sun will be brighter.  
Then why do I still cry?  
No matter,  
I can do nothing now.  
The house is quiet.  
All are asleep,  
    alive  
    and asleep.

I think once again of my brother.  
Thanking God for his safety.  
    (He'll be married in June.)  
Other wives will become widows.  
But, not now.  
I must sleep —  
I have school tomorrow

and hippies to face  
and veterans  
and draft dodgers  
and all the rest.

I must sleep now.  
Tomorrow I will do something

something  
anything!

I'll wipe the tears away for now,  
And see the world more clearly  
    the soft bed  
    the ceiling light  
    the reflection in the mirror  
    the soft rug  
    the secure walls  
    the warm covers  
    the night silence.

How much clearer it was when I cried,  
And the world was a blur.  
It was hardly an enjoyable sight,  
But, I saw the war on T.V. tonight,  
And somehow I feel I saw much more.  
How much worse it must be to be there

with blood  
and death  
and dirt  
and tears.

When all I have to do is change the channel,  
And Walt Disney will appear.

But what can they do?  
Raise a gun.  
Fire the blast.  
Fall to the earth.  
Watch others crumble.  
Ready for pain.  
Hardly breathing.  
Crying out.  
Unable to move.



Unable to see.  
Unable to change the channel.  
You see, death has no antenna,  
Until the reception is too distinct and clear,  
And then it is too late,

for you  
for me  
and for them.

# ON THE HILL

By Nancy Matheson

"You aren't going up there again are you? Honestly, I can't for the life of me understand what makes you go up that hill day after day. Why can't you stay home instead of tramping around the . . ."

The woman's words faded as the old man closed the front door. He smiled as he reached the first porch step. Sarah didn't mean to nag him, he knew that. She had always been a good child, only now she felt responsible for him. She was responsible for him. The thought amused him.

An almost wicked smile came to his entire face as he remembered the time he had been expressly ordered by Emily to spank his naughty daughter. He had walked into her room and almost closed the door. He could see the uneasiness in her little eyes as he brought his finger to his lips and motioned for silence. His big hand had reached out toward the tiny figure only to lay hold of the plump pillow beneath her head.

"Now listen," he whispered into the child's ear, "when I hit the pillow I want you to groan and cry. Make your mother think that I'm really spanking you. Okay, ready, now."

Wham!

"OW!"

Wham!

"OW!" The child began to sob quietly, laughing with her eyes all the while.

"Hey, that was pretty good," he whispered. "I'd better not hear another peep out of you or I'll come in here and really give you something to cry about. Now go to sleep!" He had raised his voice for the last part solely for the benefit of Emily who he knew was standing in the hall. He walked out to meet her and just barely kept a straight face as he assured her that he had not hurt the child.

Oh well, that was such a long time ago. Now the tables are turned, he thought I guess there isn't too much difference between the very young and the very old after all.

The old man's thought carried him through the town and to the foot of the hill. He stopped for a minute to rest before he started up.

Used to be I could run up that slope backward

in three and one-half seconds flat or thereabouts anyway. Well I'll be darned, that's the second time today I've thought about the way things used to be. Guess I must be getting old. Well if I am going to remember my young times, I may as well remember something really worth remembering.

Emily stood at the top of the hill above the town and above the world. The wind took her skirt and made it move like the waves upon a tiny beach. She was picking flowers and wild strawberries.

Smish — a tiny red berry hit his nose.

"Come on or I'll eat all these things myself," she laughed.

"Not only am I marrying the prettiest girl in this whole state but the surest shot," he shouted back at her while wiping the strawberry stain from his nose.

Emily wasn't standing at the top of the hill today. She was a part of it now. Twenty years ago he laid her to rest in the new cemetery that the town had built at the top of the hill. Twenty years ago — he still looked for her when he came down the stairs to breakfast. He almost felt her presence behind him as he stood on the porch to watch the sun set behind the mountains. He still loved her and felt the same loneliness that he had felt that first night she wasn't next to him.

"You know Emily, that daughter of ours can't understand why I come up here all the time to be with you. She keeps telling me that you aren't up here any more than you are in the next county. She says I'm too old to climb up hills and things and that if I want to remember you I can do it just as well on the front porch."

"Now stop that smiling, I'm serious. She and that man of hers think I've lost what little sense I had to age. The truth is I like strawberries and the best ones grow up here. Of course my dear, before you first set foot upon this meadow, they were bitter."

"Em, I don't know where you are really and I don't understand why you have gone. I come to you here because fifty years ago the sky was the same shade of blue as it is today and the grass on this hill was just as soft as now. And all the time between then and now — Oh Emily, I miss not having you with me."

"I miss you. I sit here by your grass-covered grave in search of life, not of death. Our daughter thinks that I'm a goulish, morbid old fool who spends his days crying over your earthy remains."

"I'm touching your spirit, your force of life.



The time we spent together on this hill was real. Your feet touched this ground once and you were alive here. But then, you know all this my dearest."

"Guess that I'll go down now and be an impossible old man for a little while."

"Dad, supper is almost ready and I was going to send Ted up after you. If you're going to wander all over this town by yourself, you should at least be home by dinner time." Sarah softened her scolds with a quick hug and kiss. "You know I don't mean to play the jailer, but I do worry about you."

"I know dear, and I do understand. After all, how else can you get back at me for all the times I spanked you and put you to bed."

"Oh Dad, you're an impossible old coot, but I love you anyway. Now go wash up for dinner — huh — please."

"That was better, young lady."

"I think you are becoming a good cook at long last, Sarah. Ted can face the rest of his life with that comforting thought."

"Dad you know that Ted has always thought I was an excellent cook, haven't you, Ted?"

"If you say so, Sarrie," her husband answered as he winked at the old man.

The conversation ceased as the three watched the sun begin its way to the other side of the world. For some reason the old man looked away from the sun to his son-in-law and daughter. The two were gazing at him with a funny, sympathetic expression.

"What is the matter with the two of you?"

"Um, Dad, why don't you sit over here by the window."

"All right, I am down and completely safe from the danger of possible collapse. What is wrong?"

"Have you read tonight's paper?"

"You know that I haven't."

"Well Dad," she reached for Ted's hand, took a deep breath and continued. "The State has finally decided to build the Interstate extension that they have been promising us for so long."

"Sarah, that really is shocking news. You should be more careful of what you tell your poor, feeble father."

"Dad, that's not all. The road will skirt the western side of town. It will join our main road at — at well, at the cemetery."

"Oh, I see. Good night both of you."

Sarah and Ted didn't move as they watched the old man walk up the stairs. "Good night" was all that he had said. For a man who had spent at least an hour every day for twenty years at the

top of that hill, his reaction was a little unexpected.

"I'll be darned! Is that all your father has to say?" Ted looked at his wife and said, "Why I thought the old boy would give those road people a whale of a fight."

"He will. If I know my father, he will. Just you wait and see what a fiery fight he'll give those people. He won't desert Mother so easily."

The two paused outside the old man's door on their way to bed. No sound except that of quiet, steady breathing.

"You're late for breakfast, Father."

"I'm sorry. I was writing letters to several people. I've written to the Mayor, to the city and county commissions, to the Department of Roads, and to the editors of both our local paper and the county seat paper."

"Good! What else are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What do you mean nothing?" Sarah looked at her father in disbelief. "Aren't you going to fight? Dad don't you understand, those people are going to dig up your wife and run a road over your hill."

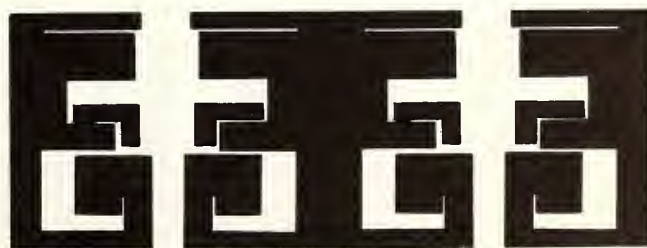
"Why don't we see what good the letters do before we fly off the line. And Sarah, I don't want to hear any more about this until my letters are answered."

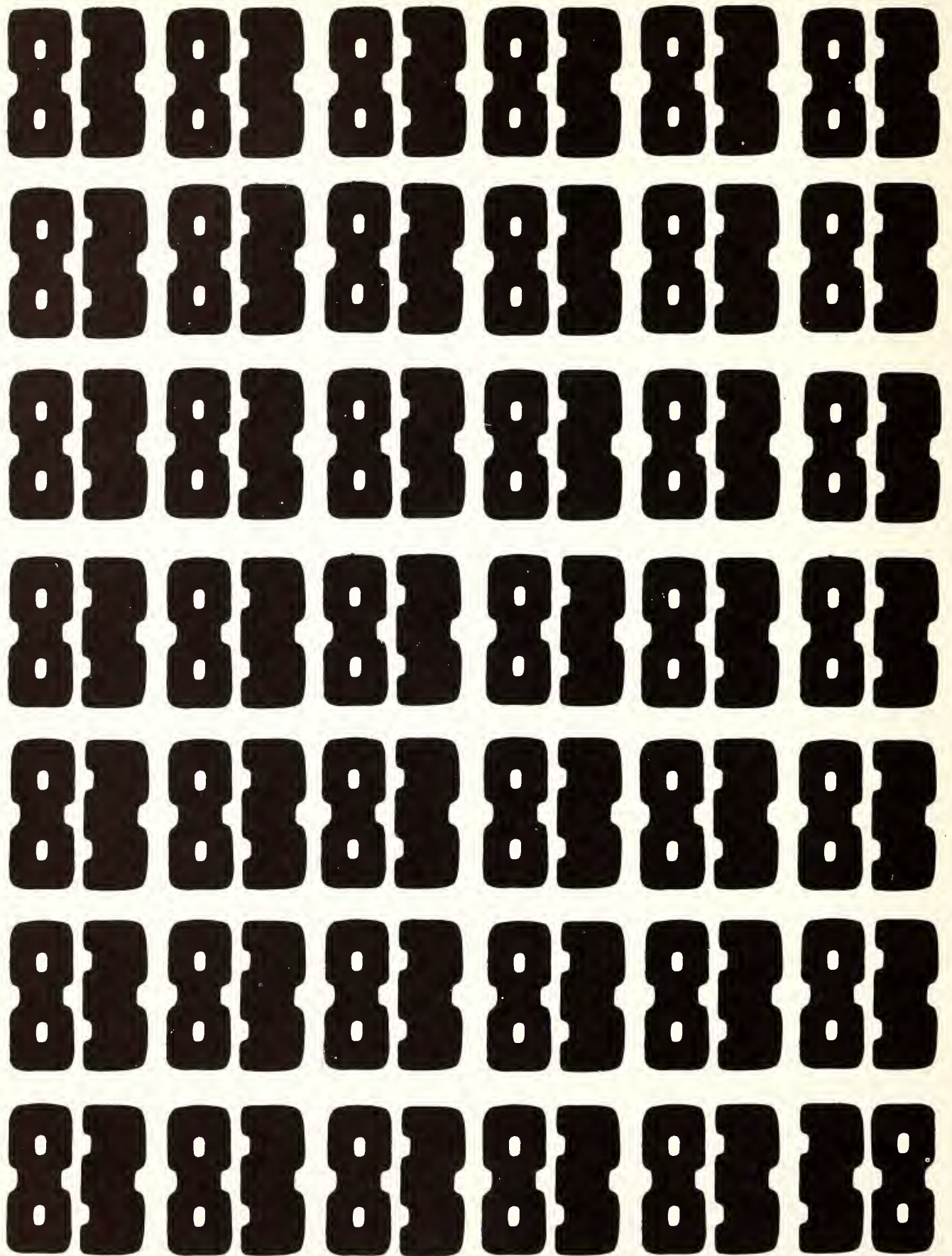
The firmness of her father's voice startled the girl and she flatly replied, "Yes, Father."

The old man turned from the gentle mound. His eyes swept in a complete circle and he stopped all that he saw and froze it in his mind. "This hill will never change for me," he whispered to the air. "The place of life is not that important. It is the feeling and the reaching out for it that matters."

"Emily, I won't visit you in your new cemetery. At least, until I die or do what ever one must do to get into a cemetery. I want you to behave yourself when you get there. Crowds of strangers always upset you, I know."

"But Emily, what I really came to tell you was that I'll never touch another wild strawberry."





Millers  
 i turn from my typing  
 to discover what i have thought  
 to be a mouse, is a  
 moth flapping against my window.  
 they destroy themselves trying to find the true source of light  
 i will find them, come  
 morning, so many thin papers, dead  
 and scattered about on the floor  
 the lights still  
 burning

The mourning mist is  
 Salty with chilled tears  
 And scents of memory-laden purity  
 And I am aware of ages gone  
 Earnestly producing themselves  
 To meet the sunrise moment  
 That makes tired eyes water with tangy nostalgia  
 For cobbled street, morning shadows  
 And the love of strangers meeting during  
 The warm movement,  
 Of life emerging not so quickly  
 As to cast the chill  
 Of silent orchestra of cats,  
 Dew-bent blades of grass,  
 And the friendly spell of innocence.

### RICHARD STAMATS

The artist gives flight to his work,  
 In brittle society  
 Like the free beauty of the butterfly  
 Battering its wings against the insides  
 Of a bottle.

Flower fragrance  
 drifts and sinks,  
 and lifts and thinks,  
 It might as well  
 just smell.

I  
 wonder.  
 Words  
 mingle  
 with soft subtle similarities of  
 two minds,  
 and come out lingering through  
 locker doors of  
 two different  
 ideas of the same  
 word.

### EMIL MASSARO

a confusion  
 drains my  
 thought  
 provoking  
 conscious,  
 complex emotions  
 dwell  
 uneasily  
 within a heart  
 as i ponder  
 thinking—  
 it may be time  
 to walk  
 alone  
 once again

### VICKI BALLANTINE

Wait.  
 Wait a long time.  
 Wait alone; time  
 waits lonely  
 wait a weight  
 upon loneliness.

### ALDERDENLEE

On platinum plumes past a platinum shore.  
Hither the Tilderlists, ones of before,  
Beyond the horizon half hidden by sea  
Drawn by the magic of Alderdenlee.  
Shimmering circles and pentagrams bright  
Flash by the pathway of ungodly night.  
Swinging a wand by the powers that be  
Swung by the magic of Alderdenlee.  
Hateful with vengeance, and sore with defeat,  
Summons he demons, and scores of elite.  
Born of the darkness, twixt shadow and sea  
Born by the magic of Alderdenlee.  
"Come to me, brethren, and hasten, or pain,  
Falls on the faithless as ground takes on rain."  
Faster and faster the ground seems to spin,  
Silver white whirlpools of evil and sin.  
"In the name of Astarte and Lucifer bright,



### TERRY TAFOYA

Come to me children, ye children of night."  
Blown by the winds by the blind that can see  
Come forth the spirits to Alderdenlee.  
"Seek I the leaders of evil enthral,  
Come hither Moloch and hasten Nergal."  
Dressed in a blackness, and white foam of sea,  
Came forth the demons to Alderdenlee.  
"Vengeance to sate me, and power besides,  
Grant me the spell cast by moon-risen tides.  
Kill off the people who wish me to die.  
Go in the name of the spirits on high.  
Pitiful fate of those doomed to die,  
Died in the name of the spirits on high.  
Died on the shore of a platinum sea  
Died by the magic of Alderdenlee.  
Years two ten later can no longer see  
Visions of magic by Alderdenlee.  
Shimmering sands on a platinum shore  
See his enchantments again, nevermore.  
Fired is his home now, with crimson bright red,  
Alderdenlee is away with the dead.  
His spirit lives on now, though be it in Hell,  
Waiting to rise up by more potent spell.  
Others shall seek for the platinum sands,  
Drawn by a feeling o'er unholy lands.  
Drawn by a greed lust that fills up the soul,  
Burns out all pure things with Satanic goal.

Dreams of fulfillment, of things that can be,  
Follow the footsteps of Alderdenlee.

Come to me my smiling friend  
And see what 'tis I show.  
It's horror, pain, and yesterday  
From flames and death below.  
And quake at witchling new.  
See the frightening minotaur  
What? You say that they aren't real,  
The witchling is but you?  
Then follow past the silver gate  
And gaze at grandeur soured.  
The empty dreams of long ago,  
Where days of life are houred.  
Once again you cannot see?  
You see but your reflection?  
Then close your eyes, you foolish one,  
Your tears will choose rejection.  
Don't you understand, my friend,  
Of sorrow, fear, and hate?  
People best accept, you see,  
What they themselves create.

Words are empty casings of a thought,  
Ugly things that stay on paper,  
Like a cage left standing  
When the bird has flown away.

Words are wonderous miracles  
That bronze ideas,  
Saving for the future  
Dear perfection of the past.

### CLOUDS

The sky  
Is filled with puffs  
Of clouds, of cotton white,  
The wind may push, but cannot send  
Away  
The clouds  
That float on backs of birds,  
Their thistle softness must remain  
Always,  
To light  
The soul and hide  
A sun too warm for little men.  
They stay.

I am pleasure  
I am pain,  
Burning clouds  
And thunderous rain.  
I am Age  
And wingless birds  
I am worth  
And empty words.  
I am love  
And endless strife  
I am nothing  
I am Life.

Crystalline fantasy — the paint,  
Is the answer to the children of our dreams.  
The magic box of mind constructs  
The bright things that were, and will, and rarely are.  
And the mind is all that matters  
For only it perceives and almost understands  
That what we see is almost real.

I remember you  
I think.  
Were you the one,  
The one with yellow hair  
And bright green eyes  
That brought me flowers  
Long ago?  
Long ago when springs were young  
And winters not quite old,  
Yes, I remember you.  
Or were you the  
Lover of the summer night,  
With eyes of storm,  
Torn from a starless sky?  
You brought no flowers —  
You brought your hate instead.  
No, now I see you,  
You. The one with fallen leaves  
Within your autumn hair.  
Yes, I remember you,  
I think.

Remember the good old days,  
When people feared the dark?  
For it contained the evil things,  
The werewolf, witch, and bat.  
Give me back those memories —  
A wave of the cross and they'd be gone,  
Sent underground 'til next full moon.

Ever wave a cross at an atom bomb,  
Or a war that no one started?  
Should we hang a garlic wreath  
On Mao and the Russians?  
Or would it be better still,  
To disbelieve in our new demons,  
As we have lost our faith  
In those that have gone before.

## TERRY TAFOYA

I woke this morning screaming,  
For all the world was mine.  
This wretched, witless, wonderous world  
I held and then put down.  
I touched the soul of all creation,  
And then went mad . . . insane . . . and crazed.  
Held in my mind the bitter drops  
Of tears and blood and wine.

Yes, I went mad this morning  
And found that nothing's worth its price.  
I tasted truth this morning,  
A half-eaten thing that died.  
Nothing is real and nothing was,  
And something will always be.  
As it was written, as it is spoken,  
I filled myself on hate and blood and wine.

For what is truth if not a dream,  
And what a dream but real?  
What is madness if not seeing  
Life as it really is?  
My lips are stained with last night's feast,  
They part to scream and cry again:  
For I am Saturn; I am childless,  
And the blood I drank was mine.

Golden are the precious days  
That hold a memory dear,  
Golden by the soul in praise  
Give birth to silver tear;  
A sentimental rendering,  
The greatest love within the world,  
A caring for a tendering,  
A mother's love unfurled.

## DIALOGUE

Oh, look at the garbage.

My, my, it's piled in the streets.

I'm against pollution.

So is everyone — it's the in thing.

DDT and the phosphates in  
enzyme detergents are starting  
to attack.

Newer than the peace protesting.

Maybe it will go away. I was told  
pollution was a hoax begun to take  
the people's minds off Viet Nam.

The plane — the SST that was in-  
vented to jet to London two hours  
earlier. It will disturb the  
Stratosphere.

So?

Then the atmosphere will trap the  
sun rays and the ice caps will melt.  
and Denver will be a sea port.

I can't believe you.

We depend on eighteen inches of soil  
to support us. And Greece, and Turkey,  
And Spain, the Sahara — lost their eighteen  
inches because they didn't care.

And the enemy is in the mirror.

Some experts give us 25 years to live;  
others give us 15 years.

What's on at the movies?

What?

Don't you care about everyone's life —  
that human flesh is unfit for human consumption  
because the fat contains too many insecticides?

What's on at the movies?

American population will double in 50 years,  
Africa will double in 35 years and Mexico in 20.

Let the cannibals starve.

You know what?

What?

I'm scared.

So am I, Oh, so am I.

# PUDDIN

By Terry Tafoya

It started on the beach, but then, it always does. I was there with a few friends, quite out of my usual nature, I mean, I walk on the shore in the moonlight . . . alone. But I'm a little weird anyway.

I was trying to listen to Paul and Adrienne arguing over a Herman Wells quote, when I saw it. It was small and rather quiet at first, then it began to speak. I am not accustomed to strange, six-inch creatures who crawl out of the great, white waters, and start quoting Herman Wells.

"Insufficient superiority does not suffice to insipiate supremacy," it squeaked.

"You're not real," I said. No quoter of Wells is real anyway.

"True poets are never understood," it sighed highly.

"I assume you are the Carl Sandburg of the fishy set?" I was enjoying myself, it was definitely a dream, and I might as well make the best of it.

"I am not Sara Teasdale."

It is hard to describe its features, mainly because there were none, but cherry pudding would work as well as anything else. He (she?) had a blobby little wave motion on his pepper-red body, that kept undulating. It looked like a new, mass-produced toy. On an impulse, I pushed my finger into what was approximately his stomach area. It bounced off, and his whole body quivered like day-old jello.

"Don't touch me!" it screamed, "I'm a star."

"And what does that mean?" I giggled. If someone asked what I was doing, I'd just tell them I spilled my dessert.

"I mean simply, that I alone have been chosen to observe your race first hand." Two little pseudopods popped out to straighten the dent my finger had left.

"I assume that you're going to conquer the world and exterminate mankind." I began to drum the sand, causing his shivering to increase.

"You're crackers, J.P.G., who'd want a second rate world with poisoned air and streams?"

"J.P.G.?"

"Jolly Pink Giant," it was his turn to giggle.

The wave motion shook so violently I thought he'd fall apart.

"May I ask your name?" I began to worry, my dreams don't usually last this long. Of course, I had never eaten one of Adrienne's pepperoni pizzas with mayonnaise before.

"You couldn't pronounce it."

"Try me." It was a pop, a gurgle, and a sound of slimy sandpaper against a sidewalk. "You're right, I can't pronounce it."

"It sounds great underwater."

"I'll take your word for it. How about if I call you Puddin, I mean, it kind of fits."

"Fine, now, tell me what are you doing here?"

"I believe that's supposed to be my line."

"Sorry, I'm new at this game. Actually, as I said, I'm here to observe your race. If I'm pleased with what I find, I'm supposed to give you all the secrets at my disposal, such as plans for a perpetual toothpick restorer, or say, a formula for removing the wrinkles from pitted prunes."

"I'm not too hung up on the toothpick thing, but I could make a fortune with the wrinkle remover. Give me a few minutes to get a pencil and some paper to write this down." I picked him up and placed him on the picnic table, out of Paul and Adrienne's sight.

"Hurry back, I have the way of making a new garbage disposal that turns leftovers into roses, or a permanent danderuff cure."

He waved a tentacle at me as I ran to the nearest store. Honestly, forty-nine cents for ten sheets of paper and a piece of cardboard. I rushed back as fast as I could, but Puddin was nowhere in sight.

"Paul. Have you seen a pile of cherry jello?"

"It was delicious, but then there's always room for that." He licked a spoon he held in his hand. I began to cry, and searched for some sign of remains. Then I broke into a faint smile, as over in the corner of the table lay a three-inch leather volume of Herman Wells' collected writings. It wasn't much, but it's better than a toothpick restorer.





Jim Overman

**SONG: APOLOGIA '69**

**JIM BARDSLEY**

the eyes have it:  
Indian eyes,  
with the peace and madness  
of some ancient chained goddess.  
but because I was cowed  
by your beauty  
I spoke in rhymes and parables  
and worked all my curses  
in strict pentameter.  
I think I frightened you.  
I may have spoken too clearly.

so we sat and suffered	I am the distance
the silence	you placed between us
and the night lights	you are the echo
swam by us.	of my song.

Eyes like smoke and fire  
fixed on the horizon  
because I played my mad scientist games.

	we suffered the scalpel	
because I was cowed	of silence	I am the distance
by your beauty		you placed between us
	you are the echo	
	of my song	

**POETRY IS SINGING**

Poetry is singing without song,  
music without notes.  
love and life.  
It is smooth glass,  
and the beauty of life.  
Novels are the body and mind of  
literature,  
but poetry is the heart and blood.

**CHYLENE CORBETT**

How strange —  
This girl and I hate each other, see,  
for conclusions too numerous to jump  
to, see, yet here we sit,  
sipping our cocoa, and hypocritizing  
over petty politelys.

### DAYS PAST

Here it is days past.  
And still I think of  
that one  
night, when everything  
was  
right.  
Perfectly natural.  
To love  
that one person.  
What was always wrong before  
seemed  
beautiful.  
Mysteries I never fathomed  
were  
solved.  
Air I'd never breathed  
was pure and sweet.  
Feelings I didn't know I possessed  
were expressed.  
My heart beat many times more  
than it ever had before in a given  
time period.  
Love was there, and circulated  
through the atmosphere  
of "I care."  
And I was glad to know that someone  
did.  
But here it is days later and,  
I  
wonder.

### VICKI BALLENTINE

#### LIFE IS AN ENDLESS CIRCLE

Life is an endless circle  
turning either in the direction  
of everlasting joy, or unrelenting  
torment.

Each day we add another stone to the foundation  
of the future.  
Some stones are false, filled with  
hollow hopes and bitter dreams.

Each man must find a real  
dream to live and even die for . . .  
For LIFE has no greater triumph  
than to give its own to a  
virtuous cause.

For even though death meets us  
in darkness it is merely  
a curtain which introduces us  
to another day.

### CURTIS PALMORE

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