ONSCAPE



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## INSCAPE

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#### A GARDEN OF TERRORS

From the plundaring fist O, apples. O original hungers O perfect hearts holden servicers audiesa sit of all the happy boyhoods of all the fertile tombs of all the juices shared in the amorous sun in all the ages in all the evers in all the days O diet O deity O balance and affirm O bosom and feast O warm moist taste of our last hely will and kiss C voices before on eacient, sor O woods meny in the singing h O beauties O glery our transure C host

our love to keep.

The peculiar taste of pink lipstick Yards of nylon and ribbon swinging Wrapping around leas in rhythmical stride Lilacs A grinning pagen god Slick and shining Purity Perfumed powder hair dripping Soft rain Soft words Clean windows Mystical worship at midnight One flickering candle White gloves Nature's decorations Spring's celebrations Communion Clean, slick sheets melting all tired parts Into one lackadalsical whole Mind washed with music--drowned accessories Veils Blue essence Love Stained glass windows Woman

<sup>----</sup> Mary Bocook



#### STUDENT

No future does he see
With tired, dull eyes he
Cannot look ahead
And search the farther
Shores of satisfying dreams
He does not look backward either
Past shame might hinder him.
He is static
Suspended, as his pencil,
In smoky air
Between nouns and verbs

-- Mary Bocook



#### INCONGROUS I

Incongrous I
Tracking black snowfields;
Sifting angel wings, broken
By much unneeded flying;
Grappling in no aphoristic groves
Nor yet with a silver-corded love.

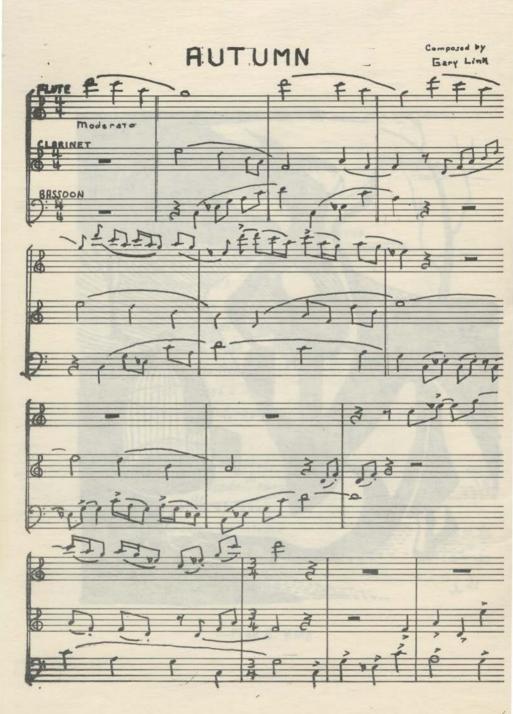
Incongrous I
Singing on key
At newspaper rallies;
Shouting laugh drops
With comedians passe
And always a nod
For upended eggheads.

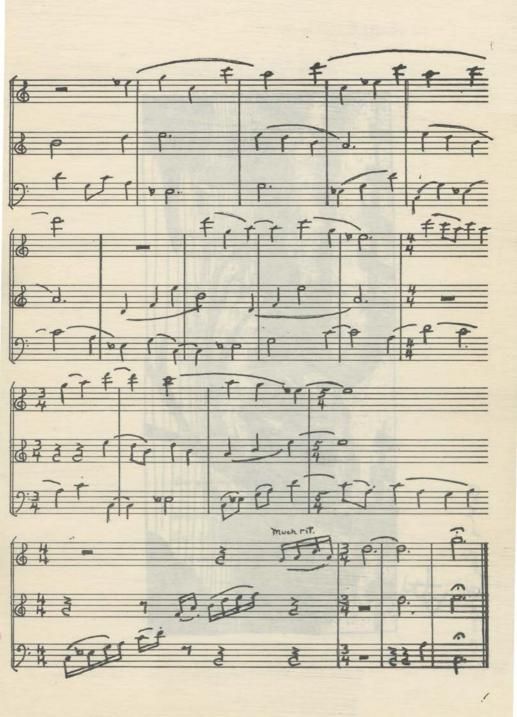
Incongrous I
With pressed lonely words
That disappear, songless,
When you are near;
Searching for futures
Cf longevity pleasures;
Marked "Accepted"--this
Incongrous I.

--- Fred E. Wing

RUTURN







#### I WONDER

Did daisies star the earth
When dinosaur was young?
Was cricket-song a golden rain
In noonday sun?

Did clover's fragrance rise
To blend with light and shade?
Did dinosaur tread under foot
The tender blade?

How old the paradox?

How odd a wrangling race

Breathes summer fields in clover deep

And Queen Anne's lace.

### CENTER WITHIN

The hustlers
hurry like ants
at the foot of the mountain.
The gentle ones
scurry like ants
at the foot of the hill.
Whose compass,
what limit
of speed
will preserve
a center within
that is still?

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#### CHILD WITHOUT FEAR

This is a good world
so far as he knows,
his acquaintance with it,
by my guess, about two years.
Sturdily he stands before
the house where I am parked,
waiting to pick up the graceful
brown girl from across the street.

This is a loved child,
I know, for he waves happily
at me, a stranger.
I am slow to respond,
aware suddenly
of negroid structure
beneath the dusky pallor
of his skin.

But the child keeps on waving until I wave back. Then content, he turns toward the house, where his mother has appeared wordlessly to make sure that all is well.

--- Frances Towne

#### MUSIC IS FROM WITHIN

Thrush containens and and cricket are not hushed by trucks grinding up or cars zooming down our hill. Song is not stopped where grass is lush and trees temper the insistent sun. Thrushes at dusk and day, crickets round the clock, would seem to say that music is from within.

---Frances Towne

#### LIGHTS CUT

When was the last time that you sat And watched the sun do this and that, Until at last it dipped below the line That separates sky and land?

The night waned on, and yet you sat,
Wetching the clouds as they let
The moon and stars shine through now and then
In a monotous sort of blend?

When all of a sudden above the Eastern line
The sun did appear sublime,
Then you felt warm and good inside
After taking your long celestial ride!

---- John Philip Haag

#### A QUESTION

Who knows where the winds blow?
They blow, they blow, they blow,
We met just a while age,
Your name I do not even know
But that is unimportant though
As I gaze out this window.

What do I see you ask of me?
Friend I must reply, I see the sea
The sea, the sea, the sea,
But to all your questions,
I can only offer suggestions,
For answers are no good; like cancers.

Perhaps one day from over a book
You may perchance to take a look
From out this window at the sea:
Ask another who that derelict be;
Then were I not dead I'd answer with glee:
It's me, It's me,

--- John Philip Heag

#### BOY AND APPLES

A small boy

coming from the orchard

exhibited pocketsful of apples.

Said he found them hiding in the grass
and since they were hiding
reckoned they were playing a game,
knowing he would pass.

# BALLAD OF SUICIDE

Hear the bitterness of this end
Tasting sweet upon the tongue;
The green, laughing water
Crowding air from the lungs.

He wanted this cool tomb

Of white sand and fish-smelly;

The minnows playing in clean bones

And sporting through the belly.

He had no gentle impulses;
No blood for death;
Only the sweetness of finality,
The hungry lion's bated breath.

Go auttanovam Whaten Was

# REARRANGEMENT AND ONA YOR

When I found the moon on my lawn,
It was strange.

The dew did not leave,
But seemed queer;
Like suspended jewels
An inch or two above the grass.

And my neighbor, too.

Refused to kiss his wife,

But kissed me

And swore oaths about rearrangement.

Said space existed only between teeth.

# DEATH IN THE YELLOW GRASS

Friends on the about the College The see, Wrow builded theory and

The yellow lioness
Crouching her milking breasts
To the short grass in the tall grass
Catches unaware the fleet gazelle
And snaps its pretty neck.

Death in the yellow grass; fine formal death, Functional to the unwincing vulture Precise in the functional tree.

---Wendell Maynard

## THE LINEAGE OF LOVE, OF HUNGER, OF SNOW

Where the leanness of the wolf
That went screaming down our fathers' brain?

Where the tall man
In blue shirt
Under the sun
Building bricks out of sand?

Where the pioneer
After the red oxen
On the dusty Platte
Tasting sweat and manure?

I don't know.
I don't know at all
The lineage of love,
Of hunger, of snow.

# ABOUT MOUNTAINS AND BONES

About mountains and my bones, I am'no diagram Of odd ends and grave.

The clever cleanness of snow and sun Etching the tall peak Prompts me to say:

Death too, is big. Go suffer poor skull Its spaceless belly.

# GODS, LAWS, AND MEN

You ask me of gods, laws, and men.
I tell you of gods.

The tall walnut tree is a god.

Lean and taut against a hill;

Not giving a damn.

Sticking its teeth into the sky.

Gulping like a raw Indian.

My hound is a god.

A flash of sinew breaking sunlight.

Cold and compelling in the forest;

A baying fury

Startling even my brain.

And don't forget; myself.

Kicking the world in the groin.

Freshness, maybe, the reason,

Or liberties took with manhood.

I tell you of gods
Of laws and men: Speak quiet.
The light formality of birds
Is the worm's undoing.

--- Wendell Maynard

