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Morehead, Kentucky

Faculty Sponsor:
Dr. James Clark

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It's impossible to say just what I mean.

T. S. Elliot

--The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

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Special thanks to David Murray



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No Life on a Day Without The Sun

Tim Stapleton

P. A. Turnpike

I picked up the hitchhikers

"We're trying to find our heads."

They said.

So off we drove

knowing that some

where in a

round

about

way

ahead (lying in the road)

would be claimed by the hitchhikers.

John Nichols

CONTRASTS

Once I travelled in Afghanistan
i mumbledweirdwords to little girls
There I saw diamonds made from coal.
a tree's heart - "jimmy's goil"
But the hypotenuse was cued.
some people
Then out jumped a Freudous Rhino,
equate incense
with Inferior Bilateral Subconsciousness.
or innocence
Listen my children and you shall hear,
that the whole (man
In reference to the twelve o'clock jaunt of Mr. Revere.
made) thing
History has demonstrated to us,
that incense&innocence makes no sense
The past occured yesterday!
man (human) please be a
sympathetic (being)

Snuffy Cassidy

NOAH

The slap and thud of black waves on a blackened hull

Awaken the lions that go roaring in my belly

Awaken the generations asleep in my loins.

The darkness echoes the laughter of my raven sons

My dove soul searches for mountaintops.

David Goetz

A Poem

*Observe the leaves when dying,
Their graceful guise assuming,
The brilliant burst of fire
Before the crumpled ash.*

*How unlike leaves we hasten
To dry up cold and useless
Before the chill of autumn
Can paint us fiery gold.*

*No carefree breeze can teach us
To dance death like a trooper;
We wear life like an armor
To shield off winter's bliss.*

*Observe the leaves when dying;
The dance they do is maddening.
All spirals, flash and glory
Before they reach the ground.*

Roberta L. Webster

A QUESTION (THE NEW WOMEN)

What standard in our space today can be used to evaluate the soil
from the stone?

Which will dominate the world of man?

Who will help me to understand which is best?

The earth is firm, but can be molded.

The farmer can bear his fruit from the soil.

Land is old and experienced, but can be washed away by rain in the night.

Although being not a farmer,

I know about the earth.

The stone can withstand great strain, the mason may say,

It is new and a modern facet.

But it is sterile, unfeeling, and it defies its change.

I am not a mason, but

I know about stone.

Most can't feel earth and they can't see stone (yet).

If one were here without the other

My question would not be raised:

But they both stare at me with forcing eyes,

Revealing to me my helplessness, my plight.

Without a choice, I'll choose the soil--

Do for it all I can.

It will be a difficult endeavor.

No, I won't dash headlong into the stone

And crush it.

Stone is only stone--

and stone is stone

Forever.

Bo Gare



Long Look

D. Wolfe

A Poem

The autumn wind will chill
The trees into their shades of vivid death
Before you'll pass my way again
I find it necessary to watch you
Tie your shoes
Cross the street
Laugh in small ripples
With the utmost scrutiny
I must remember. I won't see these things again
Til the summer and a part of me have died

I'll see your smile pasted on childrens' faces
And hear the echo of your footstep behind every shadow
But a portion of my life will pass by me
Before you will

It could be worse
Love could have passed us both by

Bear

Portrait

Old man in the road
Dragging the turtle-shell years
Treading the tired tracks of cars
That disappear into a hillside
Old man in the road
Bending
Ending.

1

*Without you near me
The night is dark sans moon
You are Diana.*

2.

*The gentle breezes
Stir the hope of love in spring
I am here alone.*

3.

*Little poppies grow
A simple life of being
Not worried by man.*

D. Thomas

Poets (And Other Taloned Creatures)

*Rising from the cold stone crags
He mounts warm blasts from the hot-bellied earth
Seeking small shadows.
And seeing none but his own,
Crossing and re-crossing
The brown-baked clay
Dragged in derision through the dust below
He turns proud beaked head
And cries his frustration into the sun.*

David Goetz

THE PEACOCK PARANOID

Behold the peacock paranoid:
Exquisite, fairest of fowl,
Goddess of pride
Holy shrine of pageantry.
To her--sureness of step,
To her--highness of head,
To her--nobility of eye,
Innate all, packaged-deal.

So why when curtains rise
Do we find her slumped and small?
Other birds fan faded feathers as though they were
aflame with hue
While brilliance remains buried
In reluctant tail.

The question echoes the answer obvious.
Cracking, squealing voices chorus
Agreeing, babbling all in one,
"What good is a timid tenor?
What use is a shy soprano?
Who has work for stuttering actors?"

The curtain closes;
The impatient rustling stops;
The cracking critics gone;
The harsher floodlights dim.

In soft silence, in gentle darkness,
In the comfort of loneliness
A miracle of color is born.
Sunbursts, autumns, sapphires--
All masters of brilliance shine
As the timid tail unfolds
For an audience of one.

Roberta L. Webster



Sharon Tuttle

Bang Bang You're _____

The light which was creeping into the small, unkept room seemed strangely out of place. The walls were streaked from the leaky roof, and the floor had not been swept since the last time the welfare man came to the neighborhood. Tommy, the boy who lay asleep in the bed, rolled over touching his face to the cold, metal object which lay on his pillow. Without the slightest movement of his eyelids, he unconsciously laid his black hand over the metal and pulled it close to his chest, much as one does his baby who is asleep beside him.

Soon Tommy awoke, not because the sun was shining, not because it was daylight, but because he had slept long enough. When he opened his big brown eyes, there was no spark, no joy for another day, which is found in most young children's eyes. Tommy was only eight years old, yet he had already lost the feeling of communion with life. As he sat up in bed, he placed his gun in his lap, fondly caressing it, much as one does his pet dog. But then, Tommy's toy gun is his pet dog, his truest friend, his identification; because, even though the gun was not real, it looked real enough that it "seared Whitey" to use Tommy's words.

After stepping into the blue jeans he had worn for the last two weeks, and his tennis shoes, which had the toe torn out, Tommy began his day. He needed something to eat. He went to the refrigerator hoping some barbeque from last night's supper was still there. The barbeque had been so good. He had cried and eaten, cried and eaten, "the hotter the sauce the better," Tommy always said. There was some left, so Tommy fixed himself a sandwich.

After his nourishing breakfast, Tommy was ready for the street. His precious toy, the best on the block, making him leader even though he was the youngest of his playmates, was stuck down inside his jeans. Who did he want to play with him today was his big question. Tommy thought he wanted to play war on the roof of the building, so he needed five more guys. Egghead, Dexter, Spoon, Lyle, and Bobby would be fine. He started off to find them.

The boys, gathered on the roof even though the sky was darkening, were having trouble deciding what war games to play, and who was going to be on which side.

"Ah man, niggers don't carry no guns in no army; they're only fit to drive trucks. Ain't nobody ever told you nothin? Why, my brother Doggie, was in the army and all he done was drive a truck. He said that's all they'd let him do."

"Well, that just goes to show how much you know, Spoon. My brother got to carry a gun, and he even got two stripes. My pop said he was 'a hell of a soldier.' Ain't that right Bobby?"

"Huh, yea Lyle, whatever you says."

Tommy finally entered the conversation, "It don't matter whether we blacks can carry guns in the real army or not, this is just play, and we can use guns and kill however many people we want to."

"Yeah, but it's a funny thing to me that the peoples we kill ain't never white. Why, my brother says that the whites are our biggest enemies. He says he and his 'partners' are going to kill the 'whites' someday. With real guns too Tommy, no toys like yours."

"You take that back you Egghead, you black son-of-a-bitch. You ain't nothin but a nigger. My gun's the best gun here in Georgetown. Remember that white man who called me a 'nigger-boy,' did he ever run when I pulled it on him."

"I ain't takin it back, cause it ain't real, that man only run cause it looks real."

"Yea, but looks means a lot, at least the preacher says so. Why just Sunday he said we could be as smart as we want, but if we're still black, it don't mean nothing. Well, are we goin to play or not?"

The boys finally settled on playing war. Tommy, Lyle, and Bobby were the American Night Fighters, and Egghead, Dexter, and Spoon were the Cong Coons. The roof provided a perfect setting for a battle: besides the chimney which extended about ten feet in the air, the roof was covered with discarded tables, chairs, couches, and anything which the tenants wanted to rid themselves of. The war lasted for a couple of hours, with each soldier being shot hundreds of times, but as Tommy explained to the boys, "You can't keep a good nigger down."

The games were losing their appeal when a gust of wind blew across the "battle-field." Tommy and the boys could see that a storm was coming, and the last thing

they wanted was to be caught out in "thunder and lightning." The boys were just getting ready to leave the roof when a thud was heard. Being more boys than they were scared, they had to investigate. Dexter was the first to see it. He shouted, "It's a bird. It's hurt." Then Spoon saw the injured animal writhing in pain, "Man, it's a white bird--stomp it."

"Yeah, stomp it," all the boys except Tommy yelled while running toward the bird.

Spoon was just about ready to smash the bird's head with his foot, when Tommy jerked him back, dropping his gun at the same time.

"No, leave the thing alone. If it's gonna die, let it die by itself. We ain't helping it along."

The boys each put up an argument, but Tommy was the leader. He had the best toy in the building. Everyone but Tommy left grumbling to himself. Tommy had just kept the boys from their most exciting experience since they dropped the cat off the roof to see if it would land on its feet.

A question as to who was in the most agony hung over the picture of Tommy standing above the wounded bird. The white, now red and white because of the blood, bird was twisting helplessly, seeming hopelessly, in pain. Tommy just stood over the animal wondering why he had stopped Spoon. There was no reason, nothing he could define, yet he had stopped his friend of today.

Now, Tommy had to decide what to do. His mind raced back to when he had fallen off the fire escape while playing tag. He had lain there with a broken leg, and no one would help him. His playmates had all run away for fear that they might get into trouble. Although Tommy had only lain there for a short while, the time seemed like an eternity. If only someone would have come along to help him, or at least eased the pain. Tommy remembered those fleeting, yet stationary, moments often, and vividly. The harshness of the pain, the chill of the darkness, the empty feeling of loneliness, but finally one of his playmates had come back with help.

With Tommy's thoughts upon this instance of his life, a feeling of disgust, of uselessness, came over him; although again he was quite puzzled as to what the feeling was. A loud burst of thunder ended Tommy's questioning with action. He must get back to the apartment, to the protection which his room could give him at this moment. The bird, well the bird must die, if that's what was

supposed to happen to it. After all, it was only a little animal, and it was a color which Tommy had been taught and had learned by experience, to hate.

Tommy had just closed the door to the roof as the rain started pouring in torrents. The lightning flashed across the sky, and the thunder crashed loud enough to shake the windows. Tommy was relieved to have reached shelter, glad that he and his friend, his gun, were safe from the storm. But where was his gun? He must have left it on the roof. Tommy rushed back through the door, even though the storm was at its "peak of strength." He had to find his gun, his true, true friend--his strength. Tommy found the gun laying almost beside the wounded bird. In one swiping motion, Tommy grabbed the gun and the bird and hurried back for the warmth and safety of the building.

Inside again, breathless because of the running and the excitement the storm had created in him, Tommy sank to the floor with his back propped against the wall. While sitting there, "catching his breath," Tommy realized he also had the bird in his hand. The bird's eyes were closed, and without careful examination one would think the animal was dead. The force of the collision with the chimney, the power of the rain beating the poor animal, and the pressure of Tommy's grasp, had almost destroyed any fight which the bird might have had.

Not questioning, not thinking, Tommy stood up and walked to his apartment. Since his mother was still not home, Tommy set about trying to doctor the bird himself. He ran some warm water and washed the blood off the bird, that's what his mother had always done when he hurt himself. With the blood gone, Tommy could see the bird's right wing was folded in half and a splinter of the bone was sticking out. Tommy wasn't sure what to do now, but then he remembered what the doctor had told him when he was putting the cast on his leg.

"The broken bones must have some reinforcement to hold them together." Tommy figured the same thing would apply here. Looking for something with which to support the wing, Tommy found two popsicle sticks and tied them to the injured wing. He then laid the bird on the rug beside his bed.

The bird's eyes had not once opened during the whole operation. What if the bird was dead? What if he had worked so diligently, yet instinctively, for something which was dead, for something which could never live? Tommy just couldn't grasp the day's happenings. He took his gun from his pants and proceeded to destroy anything moving.

Bernie Lovely



Ed Horton

On Receiving a Cigar From a Friend Happy Over the Usual Manly Attainment

I never wanted to light forest fires
As a youth I fought them
and never broke butts
to start a new one
or cancer of the lungs

Strange you send me a cigar
now
wrapped in plastic

But as a presentation properly cautioned
it I'll keep
to remind me of the time
awhile ago
when I didn't
light forest fires
or
break butts

I'll keep the celebrant trapping closed
for cellophane befriends entities apart
the hunting gun
the bunny
the barren plain woods path
where no bee molested me
and I felt no inclination
to rob any
honey

R. T.

R.J.C.R. (in the early hours)

The clock
on the gas station wall
is new
but it is old
It tells time (but it is time
less)
with a long and a short
handarmdialorwhathaveyou.
And as I peer motionless
and clouded (like the mourning
fog) in my drunkenness the
handsarmsdialsoreto
moves slowly
controlling the world,
Commanding sleep so I dream
and curse and swear and shout
"I will stop drinking!"
then I start to thinking
that I've never written a sober poem,
not one
Bright rays break through and the fog clears
but my head still aches from
consuming beer and wine and so on
and so on my mind rambles
and I reason that my freckles
indicate some Negro blood would
n't it be funny if somebody
pointed this reasoning (absurd that it is
and they) out to the Klan,
man
what a shake up of white sheets
being blown to the wind

until perhaps one man
(free of freckles)
ruled the Klan.
Then we'd forget about him.

ho hum

It's eight o'clock
and the clock
on the gas station wall
commands both new
and old cars
to fill the road
to crawl to work
and here I sit
with a day finished.
But I'll not release it
for as long as I live with
beer and wine and so on
to spark my imagination.
Because (as you know)
I've never written a sober poem.

John Nichols

MARSHMALLOW

the attributes thereof

*In her native state the Marshmallow appears white
thus the illusion of purity*

*Permeating this charming being is a delicate softness
characteristic of the fluffiest femininity*

*There is a certain sweetness inherent also
this is for the taste*

*A pure
sweet
soft
fluffy
precious confection
A prize worth striving for*

*Tips on serving
toast gently till warm*

*Don't use too much heat
or you'll burn up your sweet*

Carter

Grand Prix, Vicariously

This Da-Glo sound more painful than images of fire

*Distorts the scene. I hoped to be, riding casually between
Rows of topless Bardahl girls, a TV hero: Steve McQueen.*

*Helmeted in arrogant neoprene, belted snug, concealed
In daredevil devices: Matra, Ferrari, Yamaha awe the crowd.*

*Now benzine screams disconcert the tender impulse, the brain
Congealed by high frequency risk. My dream, I still maintain,
Was not so loud.*

W. Mitty



The Road to Bethlehem

Carole Winters

FALLING

Among the fallen leaves

Sits a man.

Vibrant, alive

Yet falling like the leaves.

Bob Willenbrink

A THOUGHT

I remember trees at home,

Never more to be seen

In their cycle of living and dying.

But, I will complete the cycle for them.

They shall repay me by remembering too.

tim stapleton

THE GIFT

*WE sat, crystal prisms,
At a porcelain table
Counting up our angles.*

*We talked, wheezing stillness,
Like paper cracking,
Weighing our ideas.*

*You came, buzzing softly,
Like slanted sunlight
Brightening the prisms.*

*We sat, moments after,
In the warmth of your shadow
Humming your remedy--*

Laughter

Roberta L. Webster

A Somewhat Romantic Poem

I've always thought of you as being very pretty
And strange
The screen should sift the silver from the night air
That I should only feel it
Cool on bare foot bottoms
Chilled in the white-ice light of the moon.

And strange that I should find you
On the silver edges of the night clouds
(We were both walking the darkness
And I frightened you like a night noise)

But you are only me now
So perhaps you were not in darkness at all.
Anyway, I did see you there
Taking a breath of air away from the absolutely
Maddening crush of people at the ball
Hot from the dancing on the moonlit tops of clouds

David Goetz

ENCHANTMENT

Profound oceans
under tawny willows

Arced shores
the bridge

Curves and breaks
into red splashes

Surrounding the pearls

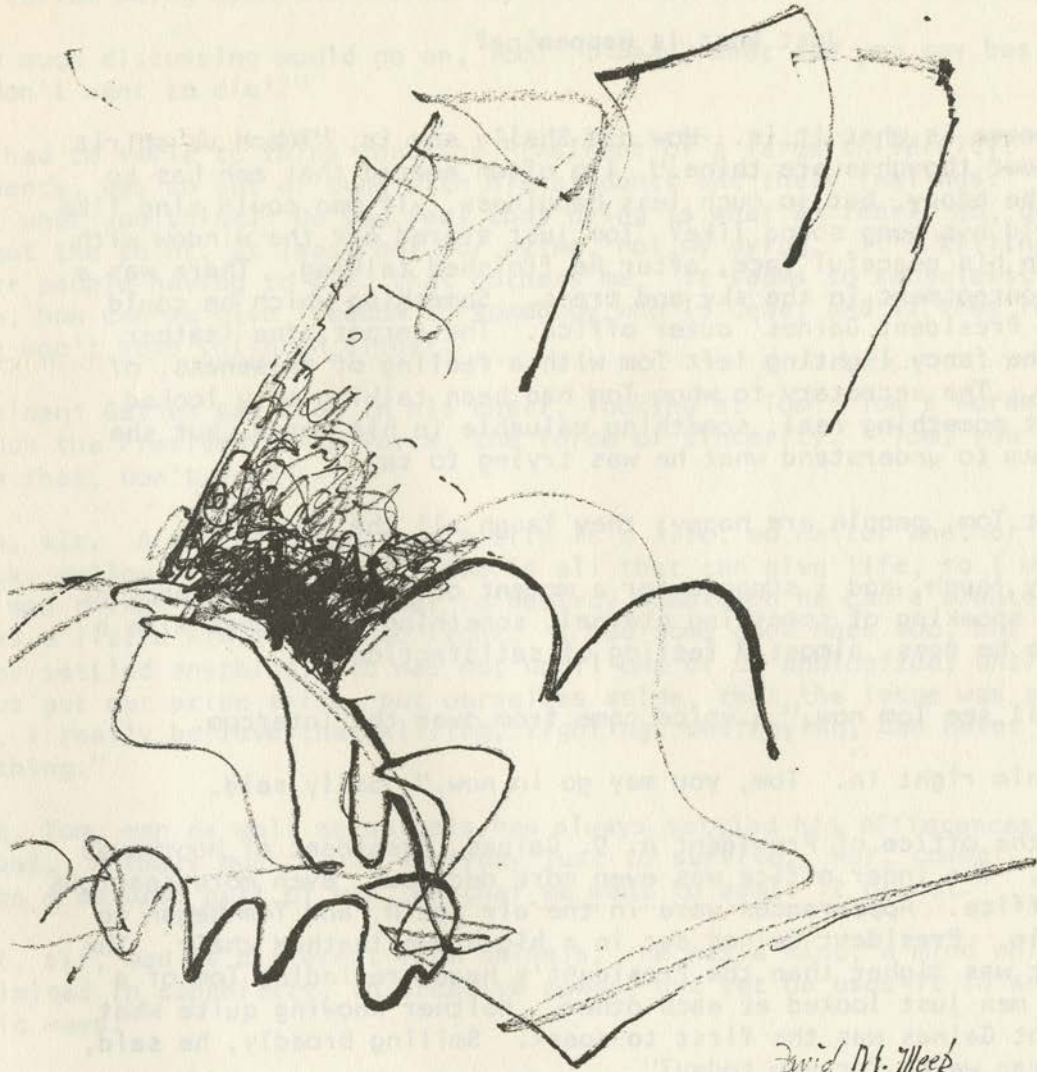
CARTER

A Poem

The clouds sweat from their toil of collecting the tears of lost children
And the night-streets glisten wet and shiny
The gutters are heard overflowing
Only to fall to the sewers
And echo underground
And I'm wishing the rain could wash me clean
Rob me of my worries
And only leave behind a sediment of my dreams
But I'm sitting dirty
Thinking about "what ifs"
And I'm beginning to feel like my jeans...
Faded blue

All my pretty laced dreams sleep behind every sunrise
And if I can only beat the morning
I can wake them before the light puts them to bed
It's hard
Running society's gauntlet of dos and don'ts
My life is made of wills and won'ts
To touch the soft wings of peace
Just once
But someone keeps calling me to play some game
And like a fool
I do
Ending up late for my appointment with understanding
And I wonder why
I have to wait
And why I can't get to where I long to be
And I'm beginning to feel as faded as my jeans....

Bear



David M. Meek

David Meek

Just What Is Happening?

"Peace." Yes, peace is what it is. How did Shelly say it, "Teach us spirit or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine." I'm often amazed that man has so much ability to be happy, but so much less happiness. If man could sing like a bird, what would his song sound like? Tom just stared out the window with a distant look on his peaceful face, after he finished talking. There was a certain air of contentment in the sky and trees. Something which he could not find here in President Gaines' outer office. The carpet, the leather furniture, and the fancy lighting left Tom with a feeling of falseness, of appearances only. The secretary to whom Tom had been talking only looked at him. She felt something real, something valuable in his words, but she just couldn't seem to understand what he was trying to say.

She replied, "But Tom, people are happy; they laugh all the time."

"Yes, Sally, they laugh, and I suppose for a moment or two they are happy at times, but I was speaking of something eternal, something which goes with a person everywhere he goes, almost a feeling of satisfaction."

"Miss Hughes, I'll see Tom now," a voice came from over the intercom.

"Yes, I'll send him right in. Tom, you may go in now." Sally said.

Tom walked into the office of President A. D. Gaines, President of Moorhouse State University. The inner office was even more decorous, even more spacious than the outer office. Appearances were in the air again, and Tom began to feel uncomfortable. President Gaines sat in a big brown leather chair. The back of the chair was higher than the President's head, reminding Tom of a throne. The two men just looked at each other. Neither knowing quite what to say. President Gaines was the first to speak. Smiling broadly, he said, "Hi, Tom. What can we do for you today?"

Tom smiled back, but he couldn't help wondering how real the President's smile was. "I'm fine, sir," he answered. "I was wondering if our university could take part in the nationwide moratorium on November 21."

"Sit down, Tom. I guess I knew this question was coming. Tell me, Tom, what do you have in mind? How do you want to participate?"

"Well, sir, I was hoping classes could be dismissed for the day, with the auditorium being open the entire day for discussion."

"How much discussing would go on, Tom? I mean, what can you say besides 'I don't want to die'?"

Tom had to smile to think that the President of a large university, 9,500 students, was so out of tune with his students and their feelings. "Is that what you think? Do you feel that dying is what we fear? No, dying is not the point, at least not our dying, not my dying. It's killing. Other people having to die, that bothers me. It seems so senseless. I mean, how can we give freedom to somebody who is dead, and if they're dead, they won't have children either."

President Gaines sat back in his chair, looking at Tom. Tom's words had struck the President with force, the force of sincerity. "Tom, you really mean that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. A man is a man, and a life is a life, no matter whether he is black, yellow, red, or white. God is all that can give life, so I wonder how man thinks he has the power to destroy something he can't create. When I was a little kid, I used to fight. I had some good ones too, but they never settled anything. It was not until one of us apologized, until one of us put our pride aside, put ourselves aside, that the issue was settled. Yes, I really believe that killing, fighting, destroying, can never solve anything."

"But, Tom, man as well as animals has always settled his differences with combat. Animals must fight everyday just to survive. War, combat, seems to be a natural part of man, whether we want to admit it or not."

"But, sir, man is different from animals. He has a mind; a mind which is unlimited in capability, in creative power, but yet he uses it in animalistic ways."

"Well, Tom, we are degressing from the question," the President said. "I'll have to think about your request. There's always so much trouble in those peace protests, so much violence. I wonder how you kids protest war, protest for peace, with violence."

"I don't," Tom said. "Some do, I'll admit, but they are just as wrong as the war they're protesting is. Destruction creates nothing," Tom said as he stood to leave.

"Tom, can I ask you something personal?"

"Yes sir."

"Why have you let your hair grow so long? You used to be such a nice, clean-cut boy, an honor student, I believe?"

"I really don't know sir, but it hasn't changed me any. Hair is only an outside covering, a part of the appearance. What a person is is not on the outside - it is real. It is a part of the inside, and I'm still an honor student. Peace."

Tom left the office with the President's eyes following his every step. The President's face was puzzled. Tom's words had been spoken with such sincerity, such feeling.

Tom, too, was puzzled. He could not understand the President's reluctance to support peace, his seemingly distrust of the peace movement.

Outside the day was so alive. One of those summer days in autumn. The sun was warm, a breeze was blowing, and leaves were falling. Tom had an hour before his next class, so he decided to sit outside. He needed to write some letters, and now would be a good time. A day like this day seemed to make Tom aware of his being alive.

Tom's Letters:

Brother,

There are many times in one's life when words seem so feeble, so useless, so inappropriate, and this time is one. The common saying for this moment is congratulations, but that is not the word I want to use. Congratulations are in order of course, but Larry, the life you and Pat have created should be more than congratulated, it should be loved; it should be taught the meaning of life; and most of all, it should be taught to love. The baby is alive, but he must be taught now to live, and that brother, is your job.

Peace,

Tom

Friend,

Life seems strange at many times during its course, but death seems much stranger. I know nothing I can say which could help you during this period in your life, nothing which will help Josie live longer, or which can express in any way my feelings. All I know is that your wife has lived a full life, and that the highest praise I know can be given to her. It can be said that the world is a better place because she has lived, she has loved.

Peace,

Tom

Tom just sat with his pen in his hand. The words had taken part of Tom with them. They had taken some feeling, and now he felt exhausted. The weariness one feels after he has given part of himself to someone possessed him. Tom leaned back and watched a leaf fall slowly, gently, to the earth. The leaf was dead, yet the leaf possessed beauty even in death.

"Hi, Tom. What are you doing?"

"Hi, Linda," Tom answered. "I'm just sitting here watching the world go on. Sit down."

"No, I have a class in fifteen minutes, but first I must go to the library and return a book, and then to the bookstore to get a test booklet. You looked so peaceful sitting there, I just had to disturb you," she said laughing as she continued on her way to the library.

"Peace," Tom said as she departed.

Tom couldn't help thinking how typical Linda's words were, even though she was only joking. People, it seems, notice contentment, but they want no one to have it if they can't.

Tom's day continued. He went to his two literature classes, and a philosophy class, and then he was finished for the day. He decided to walk downtown. He enjoyed watching people, seeing people, live their lives. He passed a young

lady walking quickly down the street dragging her little boy by the arm. He saw George, a colored man, cleaning the windows at the bakery, and there was Burr-head out sweeping the sidewalk. Everyone seemed busy.

"Tom, oh Tom, wait a minute," a voice came from behind him.

Tom turned around, seeing Reverend Grey coming toward him. "How are you, Tom? I haven't seen you for a while," Reverend Grey said.

"I'm fine. I've been going home the last five or six week-ends," Tom answered.

"I was thinking about you just the other day. It seems Angie James, remember her, was wanting someone to speak at young people's services. Your name was brought up."

"Thank you, Reverend Grey, but Angie felt that my hair was too long. She said she was afraid that the other young people might decide to follow my example and let their hair grow long. I got the impression that she felt I couldn't believe in Christianity, and look like I do. I tried to explain to her that Jesus is who I would talk about, that his life, his love, is the only message I, or whoever speaks, can use. It is Jesus who people are supposed to follow and liken themselves to. I guess they feel Jesus is a face in the crowd like they are. I'm sorry I said that, but people are always looking at someone else, at their appearances, at their actions, and not trying to get inside a person, not trying to find where or what they really are."

"Yes, Tom, there is much more to people, to lives, than what is on the surface. The calmest looking water can have the strongest undercurrent."

"Good-by, Reverend Grey, Peace."

Tom walked on down the street thinking about life and the people in it. Yes, people were all good in some way, he thought.

Tom did not realize the effect his words had upon the minister. Reverend Grey had stared long and hard at Tom as he was walking away. Reverend Grey had been the one who told Angie not to let Tom speak with long hair. He had

been the one who had judged by appearances, who had not looked inside the man. The earnestness of Tom left Reverend Grey with many thoughts and maybe a message for Sunday.

Tom went into the hotel to buy a newspaper.

"Hi," Tom said to the clerk behind the desk. "I just want a newspaper."

The clerk handed Tom the newspaper. Tom looked at the headlines: "Casualties Up From Last Week."

Tom asked, "Will people ever learn to love instead of hate?"

The clerk only looked at Tom, so Tom gave him his dime and left. The clerk then called to his wife, "Honey, come here. Look at that damn 'hippie'. What is going to happen to the world? What is it coming to?"

Bernie Lovely

A Poem

Even the sparrows are quiet now

*I had the words soaking in my mouth
Hoping that with age they'd improve
But instead they fermented and soured*

Even fresh rain turns stagnant when left sitting in one place too long

*I thought about chasing that smile
As it ran across the street
But tripped over a tear drop
And stayed in bed with a sprained mind for six weeks*

*Even dreamers
Forget their dreams
When their songs are hushed into whispers
And mud is slung into their tears
But not for long....*

Bear

A Poem

*The night isn't made for sleep
The pilot sun brews the night air black
Too strong for heavy breathing
And the snores of sleeping men disturb
The sable dignity of night.*

*When you were earth you slept
And the night focused your fear
So you slept*

*But now you are stars
And the night defines you*

*Rush outward in the path of your light
And as you move, your white light
Roaring in your ears
Look back at the earth
And know your way lies outward.*

Then turn, and define the universe.

David Goetz



Marcia Bryant

A Poem

I wonder if the trees are cold
Winter stripped them of their dresses
The wind raped them of their warmth
And now
The rain whips their brown backs without mercy
While the children
In their red rubber boots
Play in the mud puddles
Unaware
Of the wind outside
Their fur-piled coats

I wonder If HIS people are cold
While stripped them of their pride
Narrow minds raped them of the trust they once had
In me...
In themselves...
In life...
And now
Fearful mothers whip their brown backs with tears
Without knowing why
But not wanting to find out
While the children
In their white slippers
Play in their segregated minds
Unaware
Of the tears
Outside their
Fear-piled
Pale-white
Holy
Skin

My eyes are changing colors
They're trying to go color-blind...
I pray they make it...

Bear

THE BLIND MAN CALLS THE BLUFF

You must be the sun.
I've heard a lot about you--
How you glow and shine and glare.
What image did I prepare
And how did I know you?
I play these games for fun.
Here we stand face to face--
You who elude me
I who confront you.
You, the epitome of all I can't have.
You without whom the world would grope
as I do--alone.
Fear is an emotion I've learned to lose;
The dark will never scare me.
I live the unknown of others.
You are the only unknown I face,
And you, so war, so constant,
So present to my touch,
So pleasant in my ears,
Are not the kind of unknown
A man could fear for long.
How I pity them who fear the dark,
Who run from death and shudder
To close their eyes--for fear.
I don't envy them your presence,
For I enjoy your absence...
The warm gaping abyss
In my full world of darkness.

Roberta Webster



Greg Saunders

Iniquity

Shadows dancing in somber rhythm

Cast a silhouette of the cross

Over bread upon a silver platter and

A chalice warm with wine.

Our prayer beads touch the tranquil veil of silence,

Whispered prayers caress the darkening ebb of light.

In ritual, clings the promise of renewal

In forgiveness, the denial of selfish pride.

But weep soft tears of vain remorse

As Christians ransom souls with coins and ritual

Oppressing sorrow within Hypocrisy

Mock the chalice warm with wine

Flowing crimson beneath the cross.

Cindy Neal

A Poem

Mamaw was old,
As old as the walnut in the backyard;
And that old walnut hadn't bore for 5 years,
It was so old.
She was paralyzed,
Couldn't move her arms or legs
Couldn't move her waist
Her breasts,
Couldn't do anything
But blink and stare.
She smiles some too.
She was too old to talk.
Sometimes I'd move
Her legs around
Turn her into a new place
Adjust her arms
To unfelt comfort.
And sometimes me and my aunt
Would clean her up
Rouge her cheeks
Color her lips
Comb her hair
Dust her neck and
Chin
Forehead and nose
Then we'd call Papaw
And tell him
-Very slowly
Deliberately
Cause he was old too-
We'd tell him
We had a rose
in the room
A white rose
Tinted with red;
Then we'd tell him
To look for it.
He would,

Everytime,
Searching the whole room,
Before he'd notice Mamaw
Blinking rapidly
Smiling
And then he'd smile
And laugh a little
And slowly limp to Mamaw
And hug her
Kissing her wetly
Tears in her eyes
In his eyes
In my eyes

.
One day Mamaw died
As we'd expected so long
Still surprising us
We cried.
Papaw followed that winter.
The next spring
The walnut never budded out.
Later that summer
I went to the cellar
And found a corner
Of walnuts
Still good
Meat so tasty.
I took one
--The last I ever gathered--
Planted it between
Mamaw and Papaw.
In a couple of years
My kids are
Going to gather
Their first walnuts
For the first time.
Think I'll
Eat the first one
With them
Tasting walnuts
Telling them
How these walnuts
Came
To be.

Mike Greene

The Beautiful

listen...
a non-voice
speaking
only louder than
the inner silent
cry

of recognition;
cut by joy,
a spirit
responding
(gladly
with tears)

Doris Ludwick

Wild Flowers

My dog and I

Tall slender white giants, on both
sides reaching up to the heaven
I was a boy again, in not past or future

for time is a part of mind to express the event

A call of Adventures from the dark
unexplored woods
we did answer the call

My Dog and I

Al Jouett



Joe Trabue

A Poem

Your eyes close like a leaf falling,
slowly, gently.
Your lips touch mine like a summer breeze,
softly, sweetly.
For just a fleeting moment,
communion,
reunion with living.
But, so quickly, so speedily,
gone,
only impure recollection.
Why,
why not permanence, why not everlasting
bliss.
Can't life be just one true felt kiss,
Can't life be just one true meant kiss?

Bernie Lovely

Haiku

The rush of their wings
Ghost of autumn wind. Wooducks
Land like leaves falling.

David Goetz

The Coming of Age

Seeping through a soft cloud....

 The insipid sun glistened on a sleek sidewalk.
And thin columns of melancholy mist ascended from it's side.
A summer puddle reflected the lank figure of a barefoot girl;
 As she searched in it's depths, her fourteen years chased
After summers past;
The sweetness of the coveted shade soothing the hot pavement's rage
The saturation of moist grass slithering through her toes,
 A twang of pain from neighborhood kid's rejection;
And longer gazes found a familiar kitchen...All reflected shimmering
 in the puddles ripples
Now in the kitchen...Through the windows a world so known to her.
 yet so dark with unknown shadows, rested
In quiet ambiguity.
Beyond perplexity's paleness
 A candeliscent light had glimmered when she felt
She was wanted...a wistful desire whittles away at reality,
 And shaped a graceful fantasy.
Time yielded to autumn's sighing
 And drained the listless summer of it's magic.
The sun forgot it's heat;
Fancies crumbled;
And vanished were the footprints of a barefoot girl....
 youth had faded into maturity.

Ruth Rundell



Guitarist

Sammye Williams

Lost Virtue

Continue on! Life of a flower
Of whose beauty is matched by your compassion.
Need not worry! (Life of a flower,
Now that things are passed), of
Internal distributions caused by a honey bee whom
Extracted the sweet nectar from your veins...

...Then left you to recuperate on your own.

D.A.W.

To the Wind

I saw you, drunk in the street last night,
roaring out crude songs, crushing out fists of clouds,
then softly returning this evening,
smoothing the dust and

tenderly straightening

the leaves.

Ben Long

The Making of the Ballad 1971

*In time, another time,
When jiggling tombstones stop to rhyme
Where the lustre of her heat has come
And my oily woman lies undone,
I'll rhyme her spark to polished sun
With song, old waxen song
Caught from the sexton's midnight mouth.*

*In time, another time,
When my eyes are hers and her eyes mine
And our mute tongues speak as one
Like the sonic universe has done,
We'll rhyme our dark to morning dun
With song, ecstatic song
Hallowed from our heart's most splendid route.*

*Another time in time,
When frozen tombstones cease to rhyme
And the bluster of eternal March has come
And our earthly life is long undone,
They'll dream our mark they've won
In song, old mythic song
Yellowed in the sexton's midnight mouth.*

Doug Mills

A. C. Boardwalk

In the crowd
alone
I hear the
monotone
of rambling conversation
while pigeons indignantly bob
(with abrupt changes of direction)
by my feet
busily pecking corn from between the boards...
For a dime I can walk
into the mouth of a giant (15 feet high)
Gargoyle
and feel the bone blackness
and walk in a tilted room
and watch a continuous display
of mirrors, funnyfaces, and mysterious gusts of wind.
Then, (so suddenly) I'm out the back door
alone
in the midst of the
mon
o
tone

John Nichols

Time Once

Once upon a time
In the age of thought in rhyme,
There dwelt a child poet
Of only the micro-truth
(Said of which)
We come to know it
As innocence, as unassuming acceptance.

With allegiance the ditty, she trilled
Tried and true to sandbox Sally,
To leftover-Herald-of-games.
Giving all two for her one,
Wondered what had become
Of the promise Mother Maybe had made.
Ursula drew not from her mind
Excuses, abuses, misuses of plain
 humaine-being;
For scheming was not a process of her seeming
 so simply benevolent.

'Tis a shame what she became.
Forgetful of trikes and tears at toads,
Order and practicality unearthed
What sandbox dreams she had fashioned.
No pauper piety prides the brow,
No mother hand should find the smile;
Relief has become her passions creed.

Christine Schramm



DAVID M. MECK

David Meek

A Poem

And when we watched the day die so slowly in the west
Were bits of ourselves also put in coffins and laid to rest
And when the candle had burned its wick
Did our love follow the departure of the light?
It's strange
That Autumn leaves
That colored our minds with fire yesterday
Are but a part of the brown earth
We indifferently trample today
That snowflakes that flew into our smiles yesterday
Are but a part of the rivers
That run away from us today
That the summer breeze
That embraced our hands
As we rolled our minds in the green yesterday
Is but the cold howling wind
Beating its fists against our window today

But the valleys still hold our voices
From the time we shouted our love from the mountaintop
I think I'll go there tomorrow
And try to remember all the whys I've forgotten.

Bear

Haiku

An old friend long gone
A sunset golden river
My heart, too, must wake.

David Goetz

A Poem

The smoke
from my cigarette

Curls
so thin

Like Nancy
both

May cause
a serious malady

CARTER

CREATION

On lofty Mount Olympus
above the clouds

Mighty Jupiter stand
both hands raised high

One clutching the lightning bolt

One the marshmallow

Suddenly in fearless intensity
he clasps both hands together

Producing a mixture
resulting in

Toasted marshmallows

CARTER



Lamar Marchese

RYNOZERUS

How am I going to do this? I'm done cutting the grass, but if I just knock on the door and ask for the money...no, I don't want to ask for my money. Let's see, I could just say "I'm done" and "Here's your rake" that should do it. But it's my rake. I know what I'll do, I'll tell her that I'm done and have to use her phone to call Mom. No, I can't do that, Mom will get mad, especially since I live next door. Maybe the best thing to do is to ask her if everything is all right, or maybe I could ask her for a drink of water and mention that I'm done, or maybe I could.....

Jim Harnist
Taylor High School
North Bend, Ohio

