

Morehead When the King Went Crazy --Ken Muller

I was there,
in Morehead, when the King went crazy
And tumbled from his marble throne.
I saw the people marching no longer,
And heard them shout in victory,
When the wings of freedom descended in a swooping dive,
and tore the Old One's plans to shreds,
while the jackles of tradition screamed from haunted
mountain peaks,
And lesser men of power than He,
spit their false teeth into the toilet,
along with the rest of their swollen egos.
And though confused,
I began smiling,
and felt my father kiss my forehead,
and say "MY SON, I LOVE YOU."

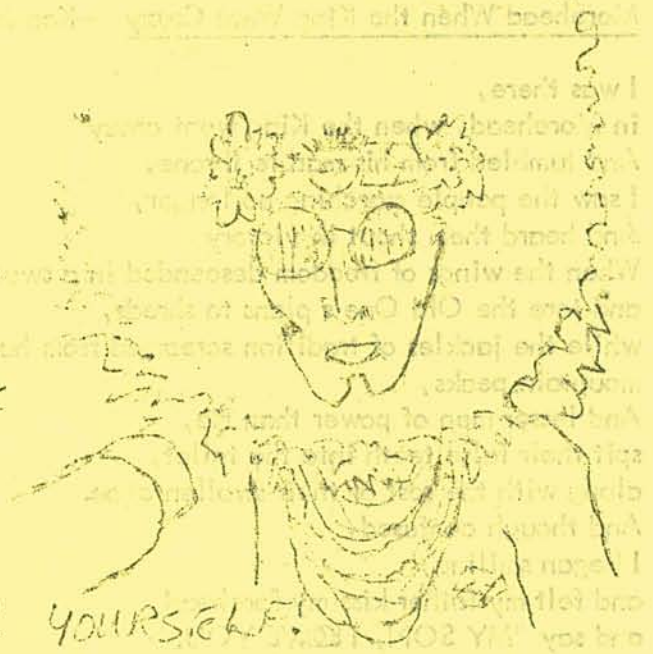
Every door was dashed to nothing,
All the secrets became once known,
And all those who had fretted, (like me), did so no longer,
while those who had slept in tranquility,
began shaking and begging for forgiveness,
From those who had already granted it.
And I saw my mother ~~roved~~ in silks,
waiting for her escort back to the life she had been contented
with,
Long, so very long, ago.

Happiness never was so good,
as when the people joined together,
And no longer bowed their heads to cement,
but lifted them higher,
Higher,
into the Sunlight,
While the roses of youth, and eternal Springtime, ;
sent their fragrance up to meet the Moonbeams,
And even the stern face of God Almighty smiled,
and blew a bit of wisdom into the minds of the unmartyred
Martyrs,
And everyone remembered how to Love,
And Life no longer seemed a joke,
or rather, the dirty joke it had been.
And my sister threw away her crutches,
and we wept as we danced and danced.

The day before had been responsive, to
archiac stimuli;
push--reaction
Push--reaction
Push--reaction
Blindness equaled sight,

But all the silly modes of patterns,
crumbled into dust,
And the Museum relics crashed to pieces;
No more circles around the commas,
no more diet pills for finals,
Knowledge seemed endless,
And I smoked grass in the middle of Main
Street,
And all the countries became united,
(you see it happened there as well),
And Adolf Hitlers ate Bills of Rights until
they became Liberty's epics,
The happy jestors standing on their heads,
And my brother threw me a twelve inch
ruler, and I threw him a used up ribbon
from the typewriter in my room.
And even he could laugh.
The Earth revolved,
around it flew,
And the stars dripped with faith in the
present, And I remember you swimming
past the motionless banks of sometime,
Remember you waved? Yes, and I fell
back And threw my wristwatch away.

IT'S YOUR HEAD.
 DEVELOP IT.
 DON'T BE CONTENT
 WITH PARTIAL KNOW-
 LEDGE! SEEK ALL
 KNOWLEDGE. SEEK
 TRUE KNOWLEDGE.
 SEEK RELEVANT
 KNOWLEDGE. SEEK YOURSELF!



Lament of a Robot --Nora Hall

I am a wind up Robot
 I have no mind, the government owns it,
 but I can think when they want me to
 I accept blindly all things our wise
 leaders choose to do.
 If it means violating my moral beliefs,
 that's ok, because killing is no wrong,
 when King Richard, the one and only, tells
 me it's right.
 I would gladly run up the hill
 killing as many of the enemy as
 possible because I kill for God and
 the Christian world.
 I hate all communists, Jews, Buddhists,
 and others who are a threat to our way
 of life.
 I love all men if they all are white,
 southern, anglosaxon protestants
 I am a wind up robot
 I believe in truth, justice, and
 the American way.....way.....way.....
 * * * * *

War --Marion Jackson

He stiles gently through the underbrush.
 The damp leaves press his face. The boy sighs
 gently. Where is the enemy? Behind that
 bushy plant? Or there, there beside the
 matted tree roots? Slowly, quietly the boy
 shifts his position. Small beads of sweat
 glisten on his lip and forehead. A fly buzzes
 overhead. The rest of the forest has a quiet
 deathly stillness. Anticipation of the battle
 lies like a sticky perfume in the air. Sudden-
 ly sunlight breaks the roof of leaves above.
 The light bounces, dances and glints across
 the boy's gun reflecting the phrase emblazon-
 ed on the butt--Made by Mattel.
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"Why of course the people don't want war.
 Why should some poor slob on a farm want to
 risk his life in a war when the best he can get
 out of it is to come back to his farm in one
 piece?"

"Naturally the common people don't
 want war: neither in Russia, nor in England,
 nor for that matter in Germany. That is under-
 stood. But after all, it is the
 leaders of the country who determine the policy,
 and it is always a simple matter to drag
 the people along, whether it is a democracy,
 or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament,
 or a communist dictatorship....Voice or no
 voice the people can always be brought to
 the bidding of the leaders.

That is easy. All you have to do is to tell
 them they are being attacked, and denounce
 the pacifist for lack of patriotism and
 exposing the country to danger. It works
 the same in every country." HERMAN
 GOERING, HITLER'S DEPUTY FUHRER
 TESTIFYING AT THE NUREMBERG
 TRIALS.

"Mrs. Doran said her teaching at the prisons is much the same as that at the University." from
 the Trail Blazer.