



Spring 1975

The Lantern Vol. 41, No. 2, Spring 1975

Jill Leauber
Ursinus College

Rebecca J. Henry
Ursinus College

Cindy Poots
Ursinus College

S. L. Welles
Ursinus College

Alan M. Taren
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Leauber, Jill; Henry, Rebecca J.; Poots, Cindy; Welles, S. L.; Taren, Alan M.; Vincent, Barbara Ann; Roeder, Nina; Simon, Robert; Roberts, David K.; Rosato, Thomas M.; Dearden, Stu; and Wagner, Scott, "The Lantern Vol. 41, No. 2, Spring 1975" (1975). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 105.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/105>

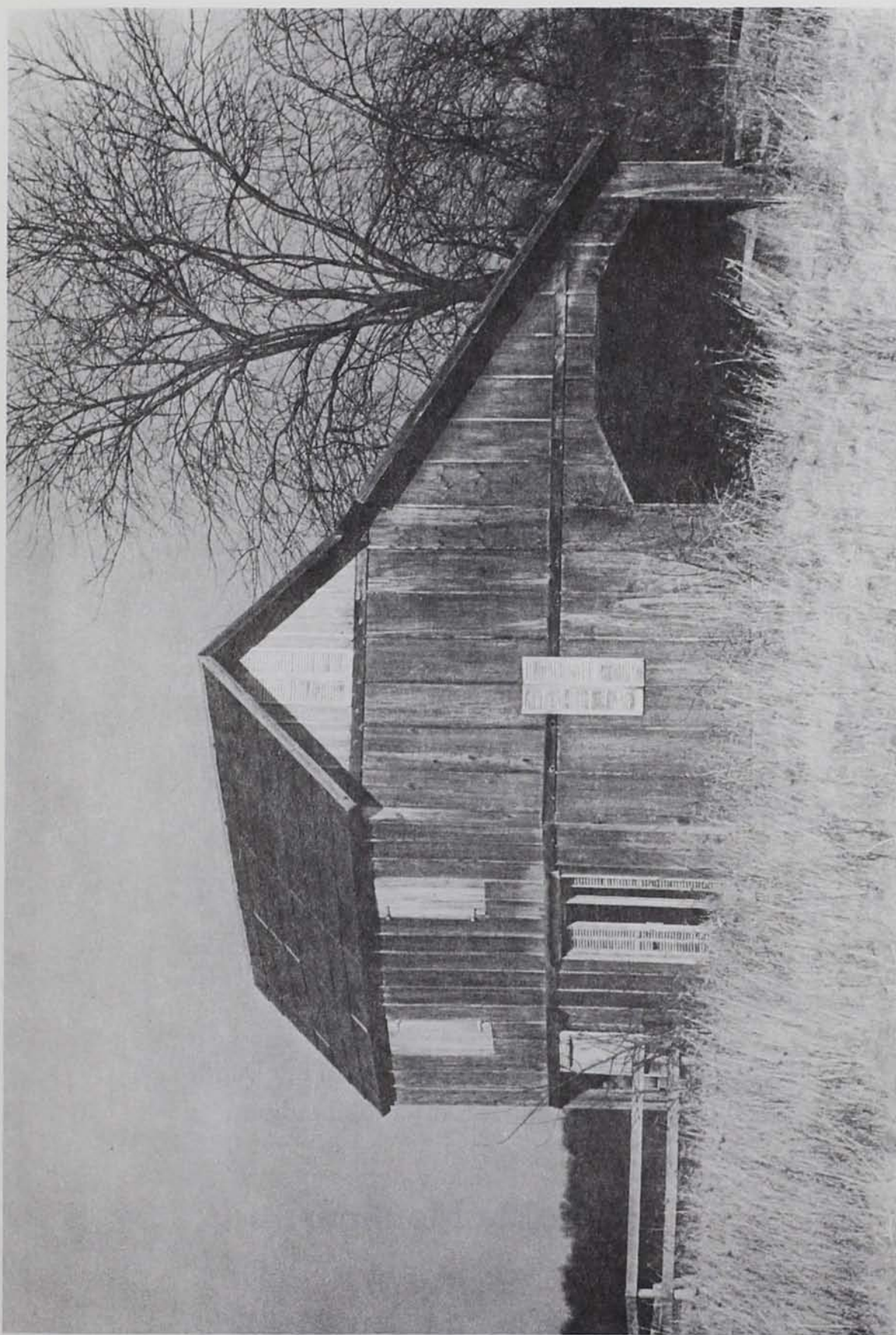
This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact aprock@ursinus.edu.

Authors

Jill Leuber, Rebecca J. Henry, Cindy Poots, S. L. Welles, Alan M. Taren, Barbara Ann Vincent, Nina Roeder, Robert Simon, David K. Roberts, Thomas M. Rosato, Stu Dearden, and Scott Wagner

The Lantern





BOB CARTY

THE LANTERN

1975

SPRING

Editor: Thomas P. Loughran, Jr.
Assistant Editor: George Bause
Art Editor: Brian Fegely
Staff: Clint Edson
 Robert Harwick
 Philip Henry
 John Knudsen, III
 Jill Leauber
 Thomas Murray
 Larry Person
 Cindy Poots
Faculty Advisor: Dr. Peter F. Perreten

Contest Awards:

Art: Drawings—Brian Fegely
 Photography—Bob Carty
Poetry: S. L. Welles for "While Awaiting Death"
Short Story: Alan M. Taren for "Limpidland"

Honorable Mentions:

Art: Photography—Tom Murray
Poetry: Jill Leauber for "The Ink of Nightfall"
Short Story: Scott Wagner for "Date with Destiny"

PATRONS

MRS. MARY ANNE CLAUSEN
DR. ROBIN A. CLOUSER
DR. ROBERT V. COGGER
DR. ESTHER S. COPE
DR. LOUIS A. DeCATUR
THE DEPARTMENT OF BIOLOGY
DEAN RUTH R. HARRIS
MR. DERQ HOWLETT
DR. CHARLES L. LEVESQUE
MR. ELMER A. LISSFELT
DR. EUGENE H. MILLER
MR. JOSEPH P. OLSON
DR. PETER F. PERRETEN
PRESIDENT WILLIAM S. PETTIT
DR. MARVIN E. REED
DR. ALBERT L. REINER
MR. RICHARD P. RICHTER
DR. GEORGE G. STOREY
REV. WILLIAM B. WILLIAMSON
DR. CALVIN D. YOST, JR.

Awakening

She rises slowly every morning;
And creeps up over the hill
To spy on the lazy world,
 Still hushed
By the past night's darkness.
Quietly
She walks on tip-toe,
And with buttery fingers
Melts lightly down upon
The earth's nodding head.
Whispering,
"Awaken."
As nature rubs its tired eyes
To focus on another morning of beauty;
 Another morning with Dawn.

JILL LEAUBER

10:27

When our timeless minds strike
 simultaneous
 minutes and watch-words;
 silence a bridge makes,
 instead of a chasm,
 and all the world ticks to a
 nether
 rhythm—

I (with your pardon, do make bold to)
 love
 your wise and gentle smile.

While my nether self flees,
 flings me scrabbling at Walls,

 Topside, serene, I am
 watchful. I
 toe the rug, lift my glass,
 laugh at my own prattle, ever
 immersed in and merging with you.

—Hear my confession: confusion, for fear
 That despite present union,
 a chasm appear.

REBECCA J. HENRY

The Box

I'm hiding here, in my bone box,
With small holes cut out to see and breathe,
And sometimes to hear.
No one can get at me, to hurt or touch me.
I can crouch in the darkness, alone,
Without feeling; painless.
It's cool in here, and the dark is velvety soft,
And quiet, when I close the holes up.
In here I can think what I want,
Feel however and whatever I choose.
I don't even have to think, if it hurts.
There's no dictation of how I must act.
No cruel love in here, no friends; just me.
I can't let you in, there's too little room.
We might bump and push each other,
And bruise ourselves in the dark.
No, there's only space for one.
But perhaps someday, when I feel able to open up the holes,
I will come out, and you can take my place,
And you may live here, till you're ready to go.
Then I'll want to crawl back in,
Close the shades and lock up the holes,
And think my thoughts in the sweet darkness,
Hiding, in my own little bone box.

CINDY POOTS

God's Children

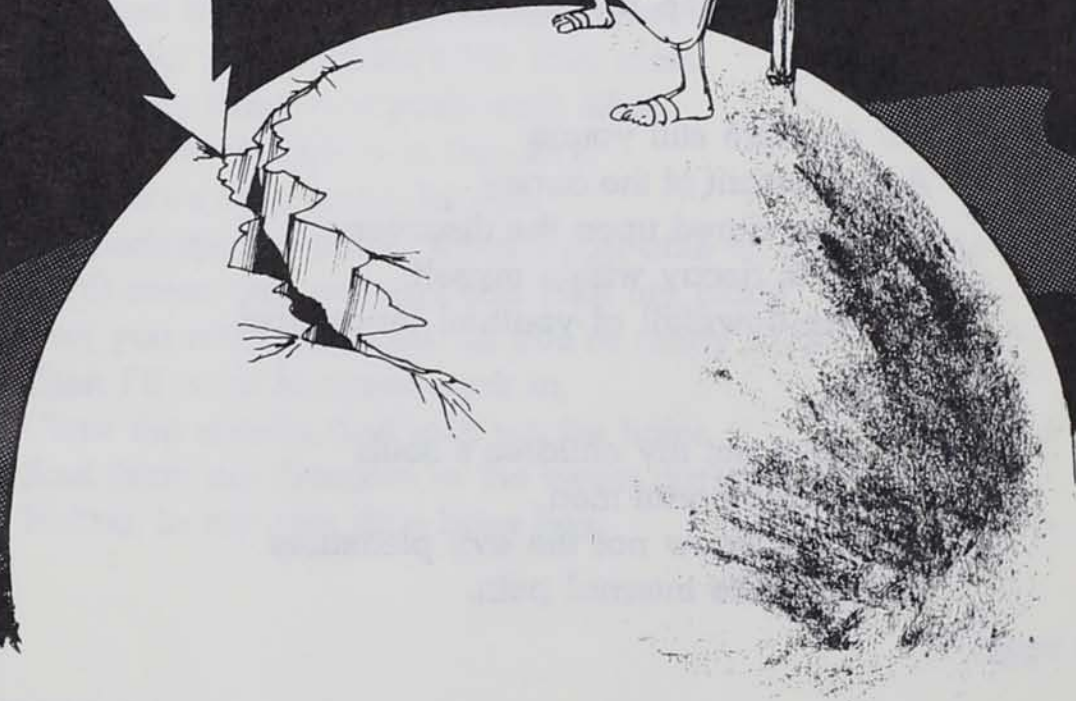
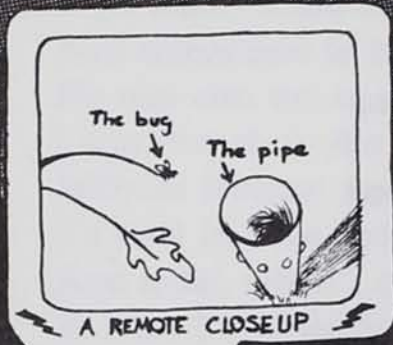
As is a loving father's duty,
I freely give of myself
To my children.
Expecting no gift in return,
Not even an exchange of affection,
I thrive on their curiosity
And their simple joys of childhood.

My actions—
So altruistic they seem at first,
Until my true motives are made known.
I live with the selfish desire and plan
To forever keep my children at home.

For they are still young
And ignorant of the agony
I once endured upon the discovery
Of moral decay within myself.
Oh, the downfall of youthful innocence!

If I share not my children's souls
With other mortal men,
They will know not the evil pleasures
Which cause internal pain.

S. L. WELLES



FEG
1989

THE BLASPHEMOUS BEAN BEETLE LEVELS LIMPIDLAND

A Serious Account of the Near-Peeling of the World

It was sunny and warm and the Bug on the Branch and the Yellow Pipe stared blankly at each other from across the Limpid Path. All day long the Limpids travelled the narrow, winding path going this way and the other thru the airy woods, and when two Limpids met on the slender pathway, coming from opposite directions, the smaller would stumble backwards over the twigs and rocks until the larger got off.

The Yellow Pipe lived along the path and was sticking up bent over a little just like a bent over pipe. The Limpids skipped and hopped and strolled and trudged past the Yellow Pipe without so much as a "Good morning, Master Pipe," because everyone knows that pipes can't talk. But the Yellow Pipe could talk a blue streak and no one would listen. The Limpids just breezed by, throwing candy wrappers and other crap down the Yellow Pipe while passing by.

The Bug on the Branch was kind of new in the neighborhood and, bugs being friendly by nature, pittered around on the branch and once settled down creaked out, "Hey, Pipe. Any action around here?" And the Yellow Pipe, glad to be talked to but sad nonetheless, replied, "Lookit that crack!" Quite puzzled by such a strange remark, bugs being curious by nature, the Bug (for short) asked, "Where?" "Up there in the blue sky, look!" the Yellow Pipe whispered, shaking a bit.

The Bug on the Branch looked up, mostly just to be nice, for bugs are courteous by nature, and "Uh oh," the Bug (for short) said to himself, "Lookit the crackin-the-sky." Sure enough, there was a big mother-

crackin-the-sky and it really looked like the World was gonna peel for good. All this time the Limpids buzzed this way and the other along the path, not listening when the Yellow Pipe and the Bug (for short) harmonized in yelling to them to look up at the crack. But none of them would listen and when the World peeled they'd really be surprised.

Together at night the Bug (for short) and the Yellow Pipe would sit and stand respectively and wonder if Whatshisname was on the ball anymore and if He was even around. Maybe He just got tired of the World and moved away. Maybe He was just made up. So finally the Bug (for short) and the Yellow Pipe decided to become partners and give up on Whatshisname as just an old worn out story.

Meanwhile, Whatshisname Himself had problems. He was worried about the crack, too, because it wasn't His and someone else was playing around with His World. He had always thought He was the only one around. So Whatshisname, being the Universe, packed up all His camping stuff and set out on a long search inside Himself looking for the Supreme Bean who cracked His world. And wouldn't you know, Whatshisname, being infinite, got lost.

Now, a World without Whatshisname cannot work, according to firm Limpid doctrine. None of them knew much about Limpid doctrine, but things like order and creation were just plain facts when it came to Whatshisname. One of these plain facts was the reason why they stuck on the ground instead of floating around in the air with their toes in the clouds. So, when Whatshisname took off in search of the Supreme Bean, all the Limpids, naturally, went flying ass upwards right up through the crackin-the-sky and poured out into the Universe meeting horrible squeaking deaths in boiling seas and endless blue-black pits.

The Bug (for short) and the Yellow Pipe, not believing Limpid doctrine, stayed right where they were and didn't pour out into the

Universe. And the Bug (for short) said to the Yellow Pipe, "Ain't that amazin?" to which the Yellow Pipe thoughtfully answered in a somber voice, "Yeah." Then the Bug (for short) climbed up inside the Yellow Pipe and pulled out all the candy bar wrappers and other crap. Afterwards, the pipe noticed he hadn't been able to think so clearly in years.

All the pressure being let out and everything, the crack kind of just blew away with the gusty wind in the Uppersphere and all that was left was the Yellow Pipe and the Bug on the Branch and all the animals and trees and plants and oceans. And Whatshisname was having a great time being lost and looking, and everything everywhere was peachy until the Supreme Bean found a crack in the Universe that wasn't His.

ALAN M. TAREN

before the others
humpbacked
she shuffles in
cane clicking,
it's a quarter to the hour

for the poor
she slots a dime

in the pew
on crow knees
she kneels
and pleads
with eyes like beads
and waits expectantly

she closes her eyes to see
the box is draped and empty
He will come and be with her
He will come; take her soon

her plot secured
the stone is gravely carved
but for the second date

without fear
just joy in her heart
no fear; just praise
Jesus comes.

the others begin
to come in
snickering at her deformity
digging for dollars and beads

she smiles as life passes by
she smiles
they not knowing why.

BARBARA ANN VINCENT

First Flight

Mother sloping seaward
wears her black velvet
and all her jewels.
Her sleeve a cascade of urban blur;
and all a napped
unmapped expanse,
her skirt winks up its
random sequin eyes;

And we - floating
placid,
amazing high
above the teeming swarming—
Encapsulated gods:
a mote on Mother's
dress of lights.

REBECCA J. HENRY



Felgaitly

In April

Spring, the Renaissance, has artfully created
 a revolution in my heart, which must, however,
 remain imprisoned until the end of its term.

By then it will most surely be too late:

Spring will have skipped merrily forth
 to spend her vacation with Summer.

I will be released, having had to forego
 the festivities—the celebration of the
 winged and floral homecomings.

NINA ROEDER

Butterfly

Butterfly:
 A freedom vehicle;
 Confined in a cocoon
 And set loose
 By his own power,
 Unleashed to enjoy
 What we all would,
 Could we be butterflies, too.

NINA ROEDER

piners and firs mutter to themselves
with every breath of dusk, —
the clouds change from violet to black
as they slowly move across the sky to oblivion.

I don't come here often,
it vaguely depresses me.
Perhaps it is the shrivelled clumps of onion grass,
felled by an unexpected frost;
Perhaps the wind as it tears at my face and hands
from across the field;
Perhaps the agony of a pheasant
screaming desolation to a universe that can neither hear nor
respond;
Perhaps nothing at all.

Voices of birds and children fade:
Mothers calling, screen doors slamming,
finally, all is silence.

A mourning dove punctuates the day and intones
the elegy of november.

ROBERT SIMON

Skyborne streak of silver
 like a dream suspended in
 levelling sunlight —

A dream in the soul
 of a lover of spaces:
 a man who would fly.

Earthbound a woman
 embraces in his absence
 a hope for his dream;

And dreams of his eyes.

REBECCA J. HENRY

The ink of nightfall
 Spills
 Onto the world's tablet.
 Slowly down in trickles
 Then splatters
 across each page.
 Into blotches
 which blacken out
 the daylight's graceful script.
 And here will these stains remain
 Until the morning dew
 rinses them away
 And begins with a new sheet of white.

JILL LEAUBER

The Emperor's Pond

Water sparkling from sunlight, your reflection returned,
yet more is visible:

Images of two worlds exist as one.

A streak of golden-orange floats by
gliding through weeds and water,
disappearing into the depths of the emperor's pond.

THOMAS M. ROSATO

The Mob

I have always loved roses,
their delightful fragrance,
their delicate satin petals,
and deep royal red shade
always in infinite variety.

One night a dream fell upon me.
I was in a field of heavenly roses,
each the most perfect I had ever seen,
and they surrounded me, everywhere,
entangling me with their vines
and pricking me with their thorns
until my deep royal red blood
showered their delicate satin petals.

THOMAS M. ROSATO

DATE WITH DESTINY

The sign on the office door read "Randolph Klein, President." Alfred James Lewis tightly gripped the handle on his briefcase and opened the door. A former nobody, he was destined to become a millionaire in a very short while.

He presented his card to Klein's secretary. She pushed a button on the intercom. "Mr. Klein, Mr. Lewis of the Global Insurance Company is here to see you now."

"Send him in," crackled the voice at the other end.

Opening the door, Lewis entered a large, plush office. At one end of the room was a large desk where an elderly man sat. He rose and they shook hands. "How nice of you to come, Mr. Lewis," wheezed the old gentleman. He seemed to have difficulty breathing, but he continued. "Please step over here. These are my latest jewelry purchases, over two million dollars worth, and naturally I would like them insured."

Perspiring, Lewis nervously reached into his pocket. "I suppose if one owned these, one would be very rich. A millionaire, in fact!"

"Naturally!" chortled the fat, little man. "But what about the insurance?"

"You won't be needing any, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean?"

"This!" Producing a small pistol equipped with a silencer, Lewis fired twice. Klein stood there a moment, looking surprised, and then crumpled to the floor. Lewis opened his briefcase and began to scrape in the jewels.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the secretary entered. "Mr. Klein, I . . ." She never finished her sentence, for Lewis wheeled and fired. Gasping, the secretary clawed at her left eye, staggered backwards, and fell. She groped for the telephone, but another bullet hit her in the

back of the head. Lewis pocketed the pistol, picked up his briefcase, and left the office.

He entered the elevator at the end of the hallway. "Down please," he said.

The elevator operator looked at Lewis. A sort of smile flashed across his face for just an instant. Then he spoke. "How do you like the hot weather we've been having?"

"Yeah." Lewis toyed nervously with the handle on his briefcase. He smiled sickly.

"You know, I like it hot. Don't know why. Hotter it is, the better I like it!" The elevator operator grinned at Lewis. "What the heck's the matter with you? You look as if you've seen the Devil himself!"

Lewis laughed uneasily. "The Devil? The Devil. I don't believe in HIM." Somehow this made him feel a little better.

"You don't? I do. Boy, I get the jitters every time I do something wrong. I figger he's everywhere, watchin', ready to grab your soul if you do wrong. Take murder f'rinstance. I could never murder anyone. Probably give me a heart attack, waitin' for the Devil to grab my soul and. . . ."

"Don't say that!" shouted Lewis. "I . . . say, does it seem warmer in here to you?"

"Could be," answered the operator. "As I was saying, I could never murder like you just did." He smiled.

"How the hell do you know?" gasped Lewis.

"You guessed it," laughed the operator. It began to get hotter in the car. A strange look appeared on the elevator operator's face. An evil look.

Lewis grabbed his pistol and fired three times. The man just laughed. "You guessed it, Mr. Lewis. Hell is how I did know. That was a very bad thing you did up there. You could go to the hell for that, you know, Mr. Lewis."

Lewis crouched in the corner of the car. The heat was oppressive, and he began to choke on sulfurous fumes. Fearfully, he gazed up at his tormentor, who continued.

"Getting too hot for you, Mr. Lewis? You'll get used to it. Isn't this idea clever? I thought it up myself, the elevator and all that. Going Down, Mr. Lewis? Down?" Hideous laughter filled the car. "Ground floor, Mr. Lewis!" The doors slid open. Flames and smoke filled the car. The form of the elevator operator changed now. It reached toward Lewis' chest. Lewis felt a searing pain, and screamed as he felt his soul torn from his body.

* * *

In the lobby, the elevator doors slid open. A woman screamed. In the corner of the car was a charred, lifeless form. The blackened face had a look of extreme horror frozen into it. What was now no more than a burnt piece of meat had once been Alfred James Lewis, millionaire.



SKETCH: BRIAN FEGELY
PHOTOGRAPH: KIM TILLEY
PRINT: JACK ALVAREZ

While Awaiting Death

Swaying stark trees and dry leaves sigh
With the knowledge of forthcoming anguish
As the living will grieve for the dead's lost life.
Under the clay the dead will vanish
Forever from our reality
Forever from our cracked hardened lip
And forever from the hearths of our ginger snap dreams.
Adieu.

Next year's robin eggs are cracked I am sure,
As sure as my Aunt Grace peels grapes
And devours the sour fruit mixed with tears
That it is not she to be planted among the weeds;
So weary from a century's worth of years,
So weary of praying before Jesus' creche,
So weary of endless emotional scars,
So tired of waiting and loneliness
She weeps.

As if in the midst of a Gloucester storm,
Swollen clouds flee over parched fields,
Moving towards the sea where they lose their form,
And men feed their pain in retrospect memory.

S. L. WELLES

Sweet Jane

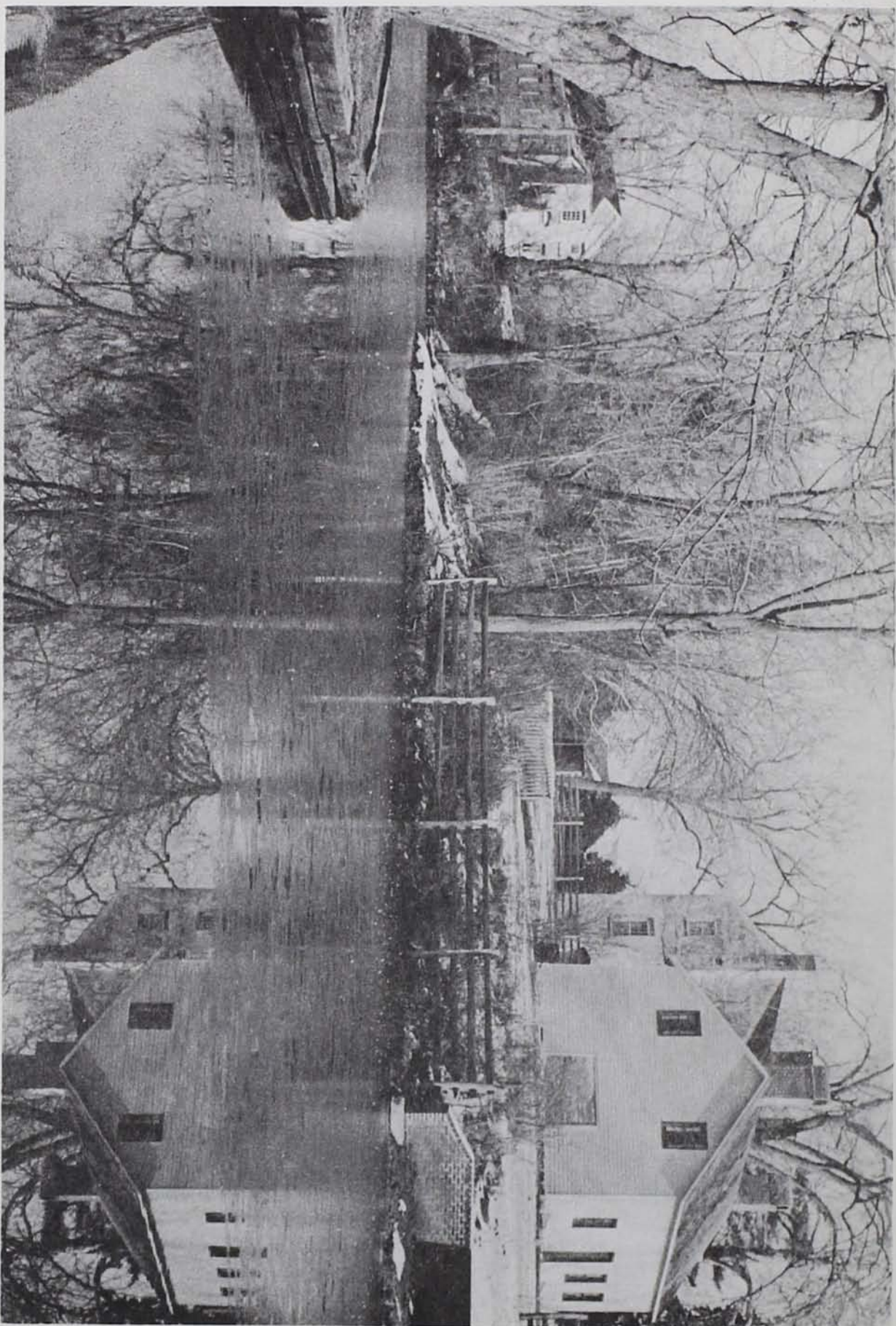
Sitting at a station,
Waiting for a train,
I do believe that I've been here before.
I've ridden the tracks,
I've walked through the cars.
The passengers change,
They're never the same,
But the train always is—
And always will be.
I sit back and wait,
Trying to look ahead,
Wondering who I'll meet —
And what they'll do to me.
I try to avoid the past,
To forget what's been done,
But I can't—
For the train runs in circles,
And I'll be here again.

STU DEARDEN

Final Thoughts

Clouds in your eyes that were once clear brown,
Shades across the past.
Can't see clearly the way you feel,
And I know I'm fading fast
From your heart and life, and what to do?
I can't force myself to run.
Like a bad dream, I'm frozen here,
Just waiting for the gun
That puts dumb creatures out of pain,
Their misery finally through.
But nonetheless as I close my eyes,
I still see nothing but you.

CINDY POOTS



BOB CARTY

