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The Lantern

April 1980

Margaret Higgins

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A collection of Poetry, Prose, Photography and Artwork composed for the Spring Term, 1980, by the students of Ursinus College.

The Lantern, the literary magazine of Ursinus College, symbolizes the light shed by creative work. It is named after the top structure on Pfahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a lantern.

Patrons

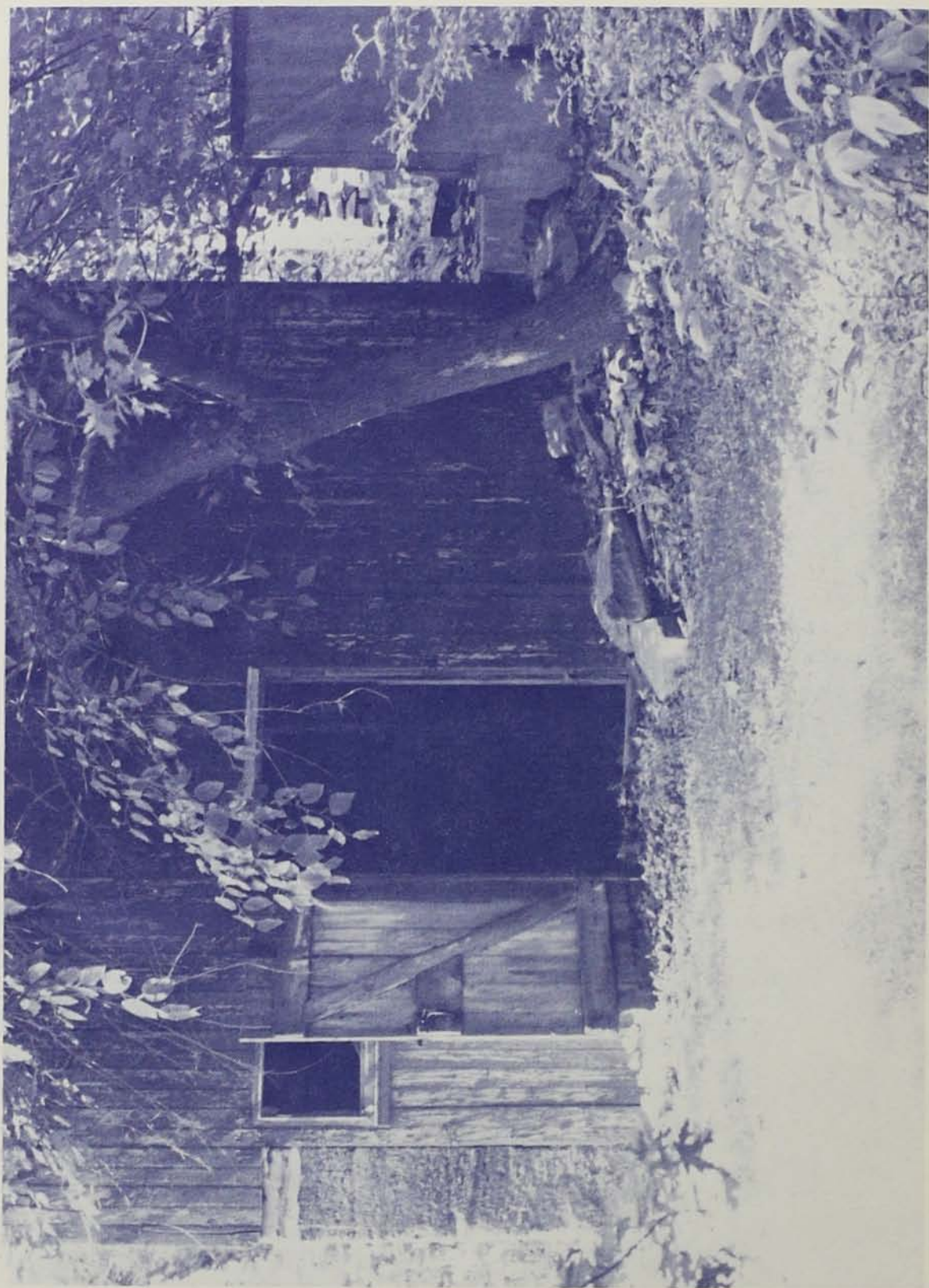
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The Voyage to Man's Destiny

The thundering skies cracked the heavens,
As the waves crashed against the battered hull.
Its crew trapped inside a sinking ship;
Three men, four women, and a white seagull.
The future took control of our senses,
While gale winds swept our ship through rain and hail.
We all stood quiet in contemplative fear,
Like our fathers we prayed, but to no avail.

Our ship ran aground a deserted home,
No one thought it was good for all.
I knew that it was good for some;
Three men, four women, and a white seagull.
We prayed, then cursed the stormy seas,
As the men built our strong, yet unstable homes.
The women ran wild to search and seize
For fruit, fur, and precious stones.

After three weeks, our people turned to shame,
Two thefts, one rape, and some crimes I can't name.
Hatred now ruled our island world,
The white seagull laid dead, all unfurled.
A flood came one day to cleanse our sin,
But fate favored me to survive with my kin.

We knew the future of mankind was up to us now,
Memories of civilization stood motionless in the sand.
And our blood ran cold, rancid blue,
Soured by the soul of modern man.
We wanted to live in a world of goodness and plenty.
All our fears were now in the past; so we set sail
From man's isle of fate, his island of destiny,
Into a storm of men, without thunder, without hail.

The seed of civilization,
Where is its eternal fire?
It grew through years of evolution,
And has its roots in man's desire.

1974

Jack Rosenfeld

If I could keep the times I've spent instead
Of moving on, would I remain to live
Again the joys and sorrows passed? To laugh
At jokes a second time and shed more tears
For like mistakes I've made? I'd never know
What might have been if I had journeyed on.
Please tell of memories that we've shared of life
And loves long lost, of feelings felt that oft
Slip by unnoticed through the years, of friends
And foes both lost or known who made their mark
On me, O small black book that keeps within
All secrets safe for only me to read.

Shannon Emery

Barstool Blues

I didn't know;
I wasn't told.
No one tells the children.
But one night from my bed
I heard them whispering from
around the fire,
and even then
I pretended that I hadn't listened.

Joanne McPhillips

a mumbled lie:
"they're all the same"
try to laugh!
—her laugh, her
chocolaty skin—
manage a smile,
a quarter left
on the bar

Peter

Felonious, friend

There aren't many met
Worth tribute.
But then we're evolving onward
For the progress of man.
Morals just can't compete—
Or so I'm told.

Today if one strays from the norm,
A radical is born
And must an example be made.
Sheep are quickly rewarded by Pavlov's dog
While computers look on
And applaud.
Yet, the weatherman forecalls the demise.

The mighty rivers that once flowed
Have all had their fill of fine silt
And shallow they become—'tis a pity.
Nature cries, "Look in!"
But few alert and less obey.
"It's much too cold out there!"
And so it goes . . .
All for the progress of man.

Though,
One mountain weathers all,
And from the plain
Sends its message clear,
"We shall not fail."
To hell with
The progress of man.
I give it up to you: (A Tribute)
Felonious, friend.

Cool Ride

i revved black-handled horns
while Cupid found magnetic north
over jackhammer jolts
with parachute bat wings

yes, unseen gnats attack my eyes
blink
coils of road snakes writhing
can't be outguessed

but crossing the double
all is yellow

don't steer
lean back
gaze into the rays

It's nice to know the worst is coming
. . . everything's under control.

Mari K. Brown

georgia

in the wet heat
of swamp water,
sleepy-eyed crocodile floats,
mourning the day.
he needs to paddle off
or swim deep.

BD



let us eat and drink

the snow on the ground outside was white,
being made yellow by my leaky dog rover.
it was rare to hold a party on a thursday night;
i decided to have a couple of friends over.

all my pals were there—matt, jim, tom, and pete,
and somebody's kid brother or a cousin;
a few even wandered in off the street
as the group swelled to nearly a dozen.

oh yeah, there was that shifty-eyed dude
whose favorite pastime was smoking pot—
we affectionately called him hey jude;
i grant you, we were an unseemly lot.

we had a barrel of beer and cartons of chips,
two bottles of wine and snacks to munch,
hundreds of pretzels and bowls with dips;
we also had triscuits and some punch.

a bearded stranger seated by the fire
(wearing a crazy spaced-out smile)
kept asking us if we'd desire
to watch the flames with him awhile.

we paid no attention to that stupid fool;
we were already drunk and gettin' stoned on hash
'cause we knew that tomorrow there'd be no school,
and this was gonna be one helluva great bash.

when someone found my hidden crackers and wine,
the fellow watching the fire leaped from his chair
and grabbed the goodies that were originally mine;
i was much too smashed and tired to care.

we were all really beat.
then this hairy guy says that we
should, "take, eat,
and do this for the remembrance of me."

Trevor

In a field
the light flickered
from a moon in a sky in my mind.
I was crying
weeping for I knew the answer

Loneliness watched from the shadows
it came creeping, invited me home
took my mind and led me away.

That night in the field
I stretched my spine
across the sweet green earth
and I was absorbed
into the blindness.

Joanne McPhillips

New Born Foal

Pushed into sudden light,
Blinking confusedly.
Lying on side; heart pounding, ribs heaving.
Rough, warm tongue caressing, drying shiny, black coat.
Head lifting, emitting a shrill neigh.
Rising unsteadily on stilted legs—
Trembling, toppling, trying again . . .
Finally successful.
Small body shuffling to larger one, searching.
Nursing; warm milk strengthening and comforting.
Fuzzy, brown eyes becoming clear and sharp.
Soon romping about sunny meadow,
Exploring.
Then, settling in sweet-smelling clover—
Soon asleep . . .

Terry Waldspurger



Union to Freedom

Heavy leather kicks pressured breath
through cold lifeless chrome
a hand fed hum warms the air
like an awakening groan

Man and machine merge as one
the union of dependence complete
as responsive power grows
and man lifts up his feet

The globed man sitting on power
reaches freedom in total control
leaned curves unwinding bonds
of stagnation's dulling hold

The wind beats rhythmically swifter
after each heightened shift
distance and time lose meaning
in euphoria's natural rift

P. B. Walker

in the woods
the pump
water
runs red first
when it squirts
squirts gushes
out white

never knowing us
someone left
a white bar
of soap
by the pump
we washed
our hands and
faces
water ran

into the
brown ground

under the pump
three big legged
big daddy
long legs live

a squeaking
creaking clanking
pump
pulling up
wet wet ground
water pushing
through a
faucet

Joanne McPhillips



anthropomorphism

lying there so peaceful
only minutes ago you were
 running, excited, unable to be calmed
 as if just to be alive was so important
how can you forget the world so quickly?
 off in a land where who knows what goes on
do you dream in technicolor productions
 like i?
your legs twitch as if chasing an
 imaginary friend
or maybe it's only a reflex
 innate, instinctive
i hate to think that
 the former is much more comforting
curled up by my legs
nothing like seventy pounds of doberman
 on your bed
goodnight pup
sweet dreams

j. e. h.

Runner

The rise and fall of even footprints
across slow mountains which lightly appear
as mere hills to motorized eyes.

Face painted in acid pain,
a fresh wave of sting swells
only to be drowned, nudged aside.

Quick, hungry gasps
and clockwork arms
measure the pace.

And the only things to pass
are shadows and sun moving
the other way in selfish denial.

Once more a permanent moment edges in,
a slowing wave of shuffle and fear.
Its justice looms as large as the myopic horizon.

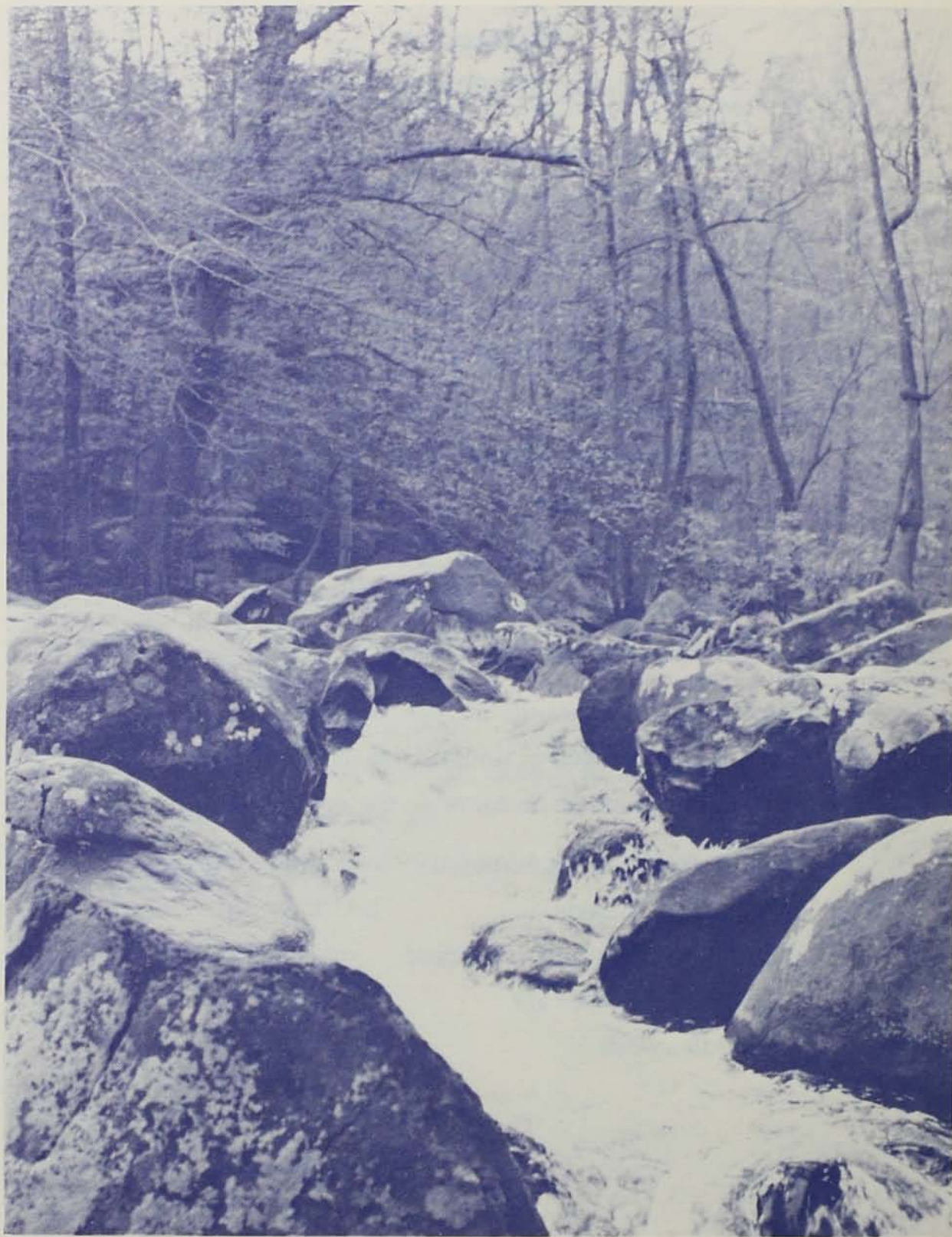
Brain and legs are not judged.

Numbness succeeds.

While the trail is onward forged
without forethought
or afterword

Until the end.

Ambrose



C. C.

I

Dancing down to lakeshore stones—
C. C. picks the roundest smoothest flattest and
whirling schoolboy arm skips it
spinning red

orange

yellow

splishing green

blue

violet

splashing tumble white
sliding feather swift
into cool dark water.

Billy goat proud—

glistening coat sensuous

flying white

hooves beat effortless rhythms

from the lake to the top

up jagged charcoal cliffs—

C. C. king of the mountain

twice like a jackhammer

hoof taps granite

neck muscles menacing

amber horns cool and confident

challenging the sunshine—

C. C. lets go a laugh

falling

back into tall green grass,

clouds rolling cotton

on an endless sky—
even bluejays laughing,
singing to relations
from cherry blossomed branches.

Rhythms and re-
lations—

C. C.

to the clouds
to the lake
to the rocks
to the trees
to the branches
to the songs of skittering bluejays—

C. C.

absorbs all magic and fears nothing, his
open hands sliding

down across his belly and
no hesitation—

ecstatic rhythms colors of
pine needles and
meadow grass reverberate
pulsing across the canyon
in a moment of passion
the sun

Explodes into crystals and showers
cool colorful rain—

Rainbow will be here today—
it's as clear as daybreak.
C. C. knows it's his lucky day.

II

C. C. the warrior
from blue boiling spring—
 skin scrubbed with pumice
 body shaved with seashell
arises glowing and anxious—
mountain breeze drinks dry his steaminess—
 rubs holy herbs deep into his chest
 deerskin tied at his hip
 thick scarlet war-painted eyes—
C. C. brushes his coarse black mane
 straight back
 boar bristle sharp
the blade of his tomahawk honed
 razor smooth strapped to his calf

C. C. takes no chances on Rainbow—
 he must be ready for
 anything.

Through vines and underbrush—
Creeping C. C. silently
along the riverbank
stalking his lover—
 each rippling eddy a clue
 each rustling leaf a signal,
her animal spirit
 on the breeze
to an empty clearing—

A gurgle and
 a splash

upstream—
Leaping C. C.
 behind a cedar trunk—
praying for his life—

Canoe
 rolling
gently
 downstream—
C. C. unlashes his tomahawk tensely
balancing it in
 quivering
 hands
barely
 breathing closer
the canoe
passes before him
 empty—
 SNAP
a twig cracks above his head—
C. C. is done for.

III

Schoolgirl mischief—
laughter leaping Rainbow
down from the tree top
into the canoe
 cat-paw lightly—
This time an Indian Princess
surefooted and wonderful—

Relief of silly laughter—
C. C. jumps joyous and
flings his tomahawk
 into the sky—
it sails right out of this world—
He climbs aboard.

On the musical river
birch bark sliding silver
over water intrepid blades slice
 down in rhythms,
velvet whirlpools are trumpets,
brook trout slither jazz riffs
over the harmony of
 stream bed stones—
Symphonic Rainbow—
 trees sway in time.

Muscles roll under her chocolaty skin,
feathers of blue, gold, and crimson braided
 in the midnight of her
 hair dancing in
creamy yellow sunlight—

They paddle all afternoon.

IV

At dusk an island—
C. C. gathers the driest white wood
and builds a fire

hot and expectant—
the sun slips, away,
tactfully ducking—
Rainbow pulls the braids slowly—
silk waves cascading
from the knots unlacing
effortlessly sliding out of
each moccasin—
the clay of
the riverbank rises
to cool and greet
her peasant feet
planted firmly apart
in soft Louisiana mud
untying a knot
at her waist the white cloth
falls around her
firelight on her breasts and belly—
C. C. watches amazed—
her dark round eyes
her pious shoulders
the slow silhouette
of her hips—
he feels a yearning he doesn't
fully understand—
Rainbow smiles
and touches his lips with her fingers,
then she turns,
walks down to the water,
and is gone.

C. C. catches something in the air—
once his mother

rose early and left him—
the lusty perfume of her
rich and still wrapped around him
in a vast woolen blanket—
that scent comes to him now
in a secret whisper
moving in the trees—
the moon full and assuring—
C. C. and Rainbow
will meet again.

Bruce Dalziel



LAKE ATTEMPT

If we were
smart
when we came
to the lake
we would
have taken
off our
clothes
when we
decided
to swim across
the water.
dawning on
me later
as my shirt
stuck to
my skin
and I sloshed my way
through the forest
in soaking sopping socks
and sneakers.

Joanne McPhillips

A fuzzy blue line
is part of my hand
it moves
and wiggles
like fingers do
when there's something
to say.
I watch the line
as it dances
keeping rhythm
with thoughts,
lost
and fuzzy
and slow
as the thoughts race ahead.

Jill Hadley



Trust me he said while he led her to the closet
Trust me
So he hung her on a hanger
(which puffed out her shoulders)
And forgot he had her
—she didn't look good on him anyway.
Months later he came across her;
Tried her on again
But now her shoulders puffed
She was ruined, sort of
He tried to wash her—several times
To renovate, rejuvenate, revive.
She looked new, sort of
But he still gave her away
—she didn't look good on him anyway.
When her new owner put her on
She fit nicely to his form.
So the other tried to get her back.
She came willingly.
Trust me he said while he led her to the closet
Trust me

Shari Slavin

Haven't We Met Before?

They introduced me to a stately old gent in white.
He quietly stood there watching me,
and
 waiting . . .
waiting until I could reach up and shake his hand,
and
 smiling . . .
Smiling that knowing smile because I'd never shake his hand.
"Hello," I said, "haven't we met before?"

Next, I met a lady veiled in mystery and intrigue
wearing a flowing black dress that covered every inch to be seen.
Seen only through the eyes of those who have known . . .
Known this lonely lady, and have spent time with her.
And I said, "Hello, haven't we met before?"

Suddenly, he arrived whistling a tune that I never heard before.
Dancing around, not caring who was his partner.
Now,
 yesterday,
 tomorrow——he'll never change his tune.
The tune that is heard all the days, and most the nights.
And I said again, "Hello, haven't we met before?"

Now our party is complete.
The people who are never invited have come.
But now, as always,
 someone . . .
 something has come to crash the happiness I've found.
Reality is his name,
And I sit here, wide awake,
knowing we've met before.

Shannon Emery

Rationality

o.k. so maybe we did get carried away
the time of the year, all the pressure
it was bound to get out of hand
but it shouldn't have
wait a minute
think clearly, decisively, rationally
o.k. so we didn't
and now here we are
you've got yours. i've got mine. and suddenly
we've got each other.
unclearly, undecisively, unrationally
but undeniably each other
o.k. now what do you do with an unexpected love
sort of like an unplanned baby
keep it. abort. or give it to someone else.

Jeanne E. Hayes



Drew Procaccino

expecting me
to stoneface sit
 through
yak yak yell at me
sitting calmly
taking in this
 yak yak yak
If I speak
it's disrespect
 you never spoke that way
 to your
but oh
expecting me
to sit stoneface
 is more than
I can take.

Joanne McPhillips

I waited all day for the new Good Humor Man. We didn't used to have a Good Humor Man at all on my street and we had to go up to Edgewood Street with Mike my brother. My Dad said it was okay for me and Joy my sister to walk up with Mike and we always had to tell Mike what we wanted cause Mike can go out in the street. He's in fifth grade. Sometimes Mike and Joy always run too fast and I am glad about the new Good Humor Man for Clark Street.

J.J. told me first about the ice cream man. She always tells me first everything she knows because of the time that me and her only had one Peppermint Pattie and we shared it so slow and long and made it last until it was gone and she told me that it means that we were very best friends in the whole entire world. I believe her because I think that she knows about everything like that.

Today when I was awake I ran over to J.J.'s house right away so I wouldn't miss anything. We went out to sit in the fort first that we made in the bushes near the apple trees and the wood fence. We were going to wait for the Good Humor Man there except when it was getting real hot and going kind of slow. J.J. said maybe we should go under the sprinkler for a while and that was a pretty good thing for us to do for a while. J.J. went over to her house and I went to my house to see Mom and find out if it was okay for me and her to do that.

But Mom told me it was okay with her if it was okay with J.J.'s Mom and to make sure I didn't slip or hurt myself and see if Joy my sister would be a good girl and help me to get on my bathing suit. J.J. doesn't have any brothers and sisters at all because she is an Only Child and J.J. said that Joy is a good sister for me to have so I think that she is okay when she doesn't think that I'm a dumb jerk or something or act like fourth grade is such a great thing. And then when Joy was hooking my bathing suit up she told me that because I had a quarter I could get a Bomb Pop from the Good Humor Man. Joy told me too

that she had one Bomb Pop and she told me it was so good and she even saved her stick in her box with all the good junk she has. When she showed me her stick from it I thought it was exactly what I wanted and maybe I wouldn't even tell J.J. I was going to get a Bomb Pop. She would be surprised because it would really be a good surprise to take back to the fort.

J.J.'s Dad put the sprinkler out where it would be safe and not wreck anymore grass like the other time because J.J. is an Only Child and so her Mom and Dad can do things like set the sprinkler up and take J.J. to feed the ducks. Some times I can go because J.J. told them that I was her very best friend even though she didn't tell them about the Peppermint Pattie. J.J. said she thought a grape popsicle would be what she was going to get. J.J. showed me if you sit on the sprinkler it makes the water shoot all over but too much water went in my eyes so I watched J.J. do it for a while and that was fun. Only after a while I was getting kind of tired of running around for so long. I was pretty glad because J.J.'s Mom said come inside for some lunch girls and make sure we didn't drip on the rug.

I was pretty full and getting kind of hot again and me and J.J. went back out under the sprinkler and it was fun that time too. Joy my sister came over to J.J.'s house to tell me it was almost time and maybe I should put my shorts back on now.

Joy didn't come home to our house with me because I guess she had to go some other place and Mom was kind of looking at all the stuff from the mailman and maybe I would hurry up so fast J.J. would say I was like lightening. It was kind of cold inside my room with no sun. Out the window there was a whole lot of kids that live around on Clark Street near my house. Mike my big brother was down on the curb just sitting and I knew that Mike was there because his hair is so orangy he looks like orange yarn is on top of his head. He's a carrothead.

My dumb stupid bathing suit was getting so hard to take off only because the dumb hook is in the back where it is so hard to reach. My arms hurt bad trying to unhook it like somebody kept hitting them and hitting them. It was taking forever. And I could see Joy out the window too and she didn't even care that everybody was out there waiting for the new Good Humor Man except for me. All dumb old Joy was doing was talking to Johnny Remeck and he's such a stupidhead he threw our new kitten down the sewer one time and my Mom had to go outside in her bathrobe to get Tabby back.

After forever and my arms hurt worse the hook finally was off me. And then I got so mad. I was so mad because all of a sudden I heard the new Good Humor Man ring the bells. The bells were so loud to me and it made me jump and I knew he was coming and I didn't have any clothes on at all.

Out the window I could see there was the big white truck coming down Clark Street and everybody was out there and they were standing up waiting for him to get down by the yellow house next door to mine. I didn't want him to ring those stupid bells because what was I gonna do? If I didn't watch him out the window he might leave and I couldn't believe it because I had my quarter and I even knew exactly what I wanted so Mike wouldn't even have to say to me come on hurry up and think because the first thing I would say is Bomb Pop.

I got on my underwear and my shirt inside out but tough. I was looking for where Joy put those dumb shorts and I knew he was going to go. The most worst thing was J.J. J.J. was outside and she even didn't look up at my window to see if I was trapped or anything. I knew she was just as bad as Mike and Joy because they even didn't even wonder how come I wasn't with everybody else. But dumb dumb dumb J.J. because I would look for J.J.

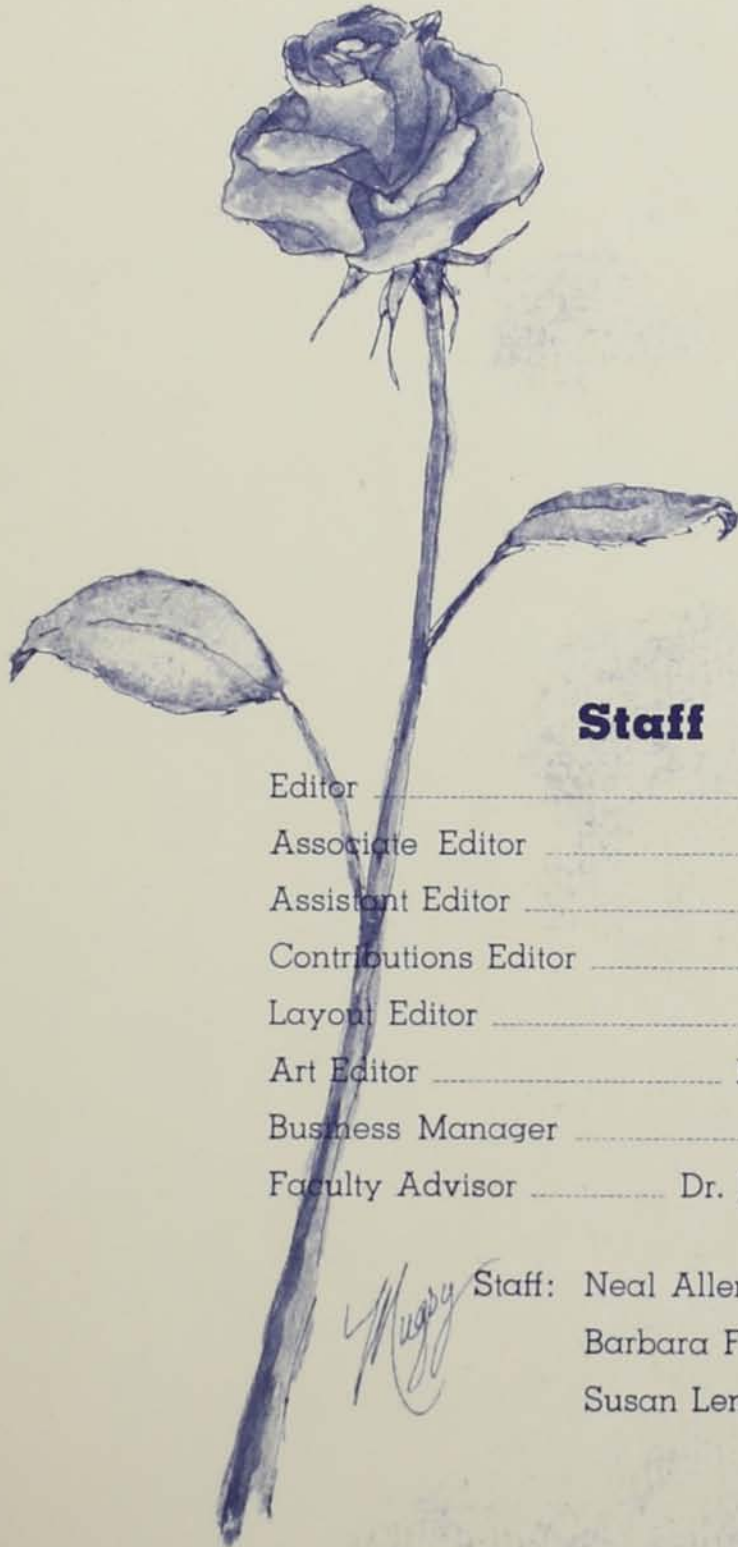
And I got so mad I felt like killing stupid J.J. And I stamped on my foot so hard that it hurt worse than anything and I didn't want to cry only I just

had to. I just had to when it was such a stinky day for me and what a gyp because I had my quarter and everything and J.J. wasn't even my best friend anymore.

I was gonna just sit in my room and maybe just never go out ever and then they'd be sorry. And who wanted to see Mom when she would just tell me they'll be another day for ice cream and I wasn't gonna go out there and watch all those dumb kids eat their Bomb Pops. It wasn't any good to wait for another day because this was the day when everybody was going to say I got ice cream from the new Good Humor Man on Clark Street and so I cried only because I was so mad. And it was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

That was why I didn't know what to do or smile or say hi or thanks or what when J.J. walked in and said that a grape popsicle was a good idea for us to get because every single one was made the perfect size for best friends like me and J.J. to split in halves.

Mary K. Brown



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