



Winter 1970

The Lantern Vol. 36, No. 1, Winter 1970

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Recommended Citation

Holbrook, Sharon; Hildebeitel, Cheryl; Meade, Tina; Houle, Robert; Clarke, Linda; Lancey, Janie; Hale, William; Crist, Karen; Park, John Kenneth; Tierney, Gail; Gold, Alan; Distler, Ken; and Severance, Arthur G., "The Lantern Vol. 36, No. 1, Winter 1970" (1970). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 84.

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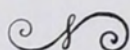
"YOUNG LOVERS"
Robert Houle

THE LANTERN

WINTER 1969-1970

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THE LANTERN

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Cover by Robert Houle

"The works of Mariah both fall into the category of banality for saying things that have been said many times before in much the same way."

(February, 1969—*Ursinus Weekly*)

Reaction

A poem: suspension bridge of art
 Which spans the gorge from mind to heart,
 Provides a byway to the soul
 Whose freedom transcends man's control.
 Some critics seem to shun the span
 But cannot fly, so they must stand
 Afraid to peek beyond the edge,
 Content to criticize instead.
 To follow these critical maps
 May cause the structure to collapse.
 Poems' destinations, it's no doubt,
 Must reach these folks whose bridge is out.
 Though poems may have the same to say,
 They each may take a different way.
 The final bridge is still the same;
 For each big soul, there's just one brain.
 A critic seems to taunt me now.
 I'll never understand just how
 Expressions of a soul can be
 Defined as sheer "banality."
 Man's earned some praise, however small,
 Who tries to build a bridge at all,
 For all who view it need not cross,
 It's no one's gain, and just one's loss.

MARIAH

We talked once and I knew I wanted to know him.
 Why can't we step over the lines between us?
 Now it's "hihowareyou" with full-meaning glances
 The line has grown to a skyscraper of color
 And a smile goes on forever.

* * *

Pebbles of words make you stumble across your conscience
 To fall over the cliff of guilt
 The suicide of your mind isn't worth the agony

 Crawl out of the canyon gorge
 Scratch yourself on the brambles of life, baby
 Claw your way to what you think you want
 To find a better place in your mind.

* * *

I thought of you today
 And I smiled.
 It's strange how memories of people pass
 in mind like broken mosaics
 Perhaps I recall and overemphasize a certain piece
 Or else catch the essence of the momentary beauty long forgotten.

* * *

I am a golden Sunshine cracker.
 Take me out of my fliptop cardboard box
 and my waxpaper wrapping
 I am crisp and fresh
 (crunch crunch)
 Inside I sit and get stale,
 holding down the lid.

* * *

He's gone. I don't know why.
 He never talked much but, perhaps
 felt too much.
 I thought he was happier than usual.
 He seemed so to his friends, and me.
 There must be a reason—a good explanation.
 ". . . found dead this morning . . ."

SHARON HOLBROOK

Offering III

Do you know a butterfly?
Have you ever spoken to the treetops?
Come, my love,

Be a child with me.

Laugh with the squirrels
And sing to the green grass.
Light the fireflies with your smile.
Show me your treasures:
A shiny stone and two white feathers.

Share your secrets with me
So we can be friends.
Come, my love,

Be a child with me.

And we'll spend our afternoons
Drawing pictures of the wind.
I'll learn how to make snowflakes,
And then I'll teach you . . .
If you want to learn.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

to a conglomeration of no one in particular

I love him so much that I
 feel emptied out, tipped over, spilled.
 I offer him all that I have without measure.

The ocean also.
 Does it not continually empty upon the shore
 for endless eternities
 Infinite, unbounded, limitless.

TINA MEADE

Mom's Cookies

Reading letters of long ago,
 that's quite a way to spend
 A love-lost evening in way of kitchen oven warmth,
 While Mom rolls out the cookie tins and bakes for Christmas day.
 I sit and watch but lose myself among those words you wrote
 Not long ago when I was one who cared to live each day.
 I saved those words—though few they were—and cherish them I did.
 I wonder what you'd think of me if you saw me cry right now?
 You thought I cried myself all out those many months ago,
 But it's nights like this and these few words that let me know for sure—
 that one so loved remains to haunt and banish me from smiles.
 So I'll keep in touch and maybe write and say I'm doing fine,
 But that's a lie,
 And — "My Gosh, I love your cookies, Mom."

R. K. H.

October night bids call to me,
And I have yet to heed.
It runs away so quickly now,
And too late comes too soon.
I wish not waste this seldom scene
Amid my books or poems,
They somehow do not measure up to what I'd like right now.
I'd like to walk along the lane
 and gently hold her hand.
I'd like to talk to her as nothing
 comes to mind,
And watch her speak those missing words that make it seem so kind.
But it all seems to pass as if it never was,
And I settle for a poem to write to tell me why it does.

R. K. H.

Sounds of War

(Excerpt from a letter from Viet-Nam)

Well, I got tired of sitting inside in my cube and came out on the balcony with my candle. It's really kind of nice out tonight. Just cool enough to feel comfortable and at this late or should I say early hour no people moving around. The Sounds of War are all that I can really hear. Everybody's gone to bed for some reason or another. A helicopter sounds in the distance like a giant mosquito waiting for its prey. A flare goes up from the perimeter and it gives me an enlightened view of the rice paddies. It's a yellowish-orange color and gives an eerie glow to the field. It looks very cold and still.

I wonder if the enemy is out there?

Waiting, waiting, waiting for a chance to get inside the barbed wire that I'm trying to get out of.

In the deep background the Howitzers are a lowtone boom, boom, boom. Never ending, never ceasing. And I heard the deep rumble that comes after a B-52 drops its payload in a distant valley.

I wonder what it's like getting bombed from above.

Another F-4 takes off, another and another all with their after-burners on. A deep orange shaft out the back of each.

Where are they going? to do what and for whom?

A flare goes up a little to my left. a silhouette of the sentry in a watch tower. Standing there, looking out among the paddies.

I wonder if he is doing a good job.

My life depends on it.

The clouds break through and I can see a good deal of endless stars.

I wonder if there are people up there looking at us?

It's time for my sleep as I can see the first grey parts of dawn.

There are those who,
 with staring eyes and thrust chin,
 Announce most bluntly
 God is Dead.
 They have seen, as you,
 The pride, the crime
 Thriving deep in the heart
 Of earth's prime product: man.
 They have heard with silent ears
 Cries for Freedom breaking the night.
 They have felt the misery of grief
 That floats unchecked and free
 from heart to heart,
 And they, as you,
 Have wondered
 How God
 Could Live.

S. A. M.

Racetrack, August 2

Watching them
 Staggering by,
 With blank stares;
 Some shivering and shaking
 Others lying flat within.
 Jumping and dancing
 Screaming out in ecstasy
 As the lights and sound
 Rolled over like waves
 And gyrating figures in the
 Colored chaos
 Wept

 The flower garden
 Enclosed by orange marigolds
 That shone lightning

ROBERT HOULE

weep
 those of you
 who feel the presence of someone absent
 who can bear the mahogany laughter
 and see the sparkler-like eyes
 and feel the aura of love
 descending and enveloping
 blanket-like with
 warmth

death
 between the mellow coos of a
mourning dove
 leaves only the thundering sound of
 silence
 and the never-ending
 presence of the absent.

LINDA CLARKE

this is the way the sea wakes—
 yawning waves roll over
 in their beds and awaken
 themselves with the shooting spray of
 rock-splintered foam.

sandpipers dart along the
 glistening beach
 tugging at the edges of the sea—
 daring it to catch them in its
 stretching tide.

seagulls dive-bomb
 stealing breakfast from the sea
 which slowly shrugs and
 rolls back in its bed
 acknowledging only itself
 and the rising sun.

LINDA CLARKE

The Rain Pool

The rain has stopped.
Feeling the warmth of the sun
I am alone,
Looking into my reflection
In the mirror of my life
In the rain pool,
And I exist only on the surface
And below lurks reality.

ROBERT HOULE

Flashing,
Splashing color into the dawn
Exploding from the night
Onto the first rays of sunlight
Reaching,
Calling,
Moving over me.
The flower blossoms see the
Birth of the morning.

ROBERT HOULE

It's a blurry breezy feeling,
On nostalgic autumn afternoons,
Droning on to yesterdays
Winding out tomorrows.
When the wind blows
Leaves across the street
And the air is sleepy soft
With a wintery kiss,
When there's nothing left
To do or say,
While moments drag
And hours fly
Leaving me,
Passing me,
In time.

ROBERT HOULE

Eternal Optimist?

I spend my days in dreaming
Of what the future holds,
Anticipating "Later,"
My optimism molds
Events that are just perfect,
Flawless in every way.
There's not a hitch or worry.
It all turns out OK.
But you would be astounded
As things happen to me,
They don't come close to matching
The day I'd hoped they'd be.
I always dream things better
Than how they really are.
The Present doesn't have IT
And can't come up to par.
Yet if I had no daydreams,
My world would just dissolve.
Without a hope of "bright side,"
Why try to live at all?
I must be looking forward
To something that's to come.
The Present asks the question,
"Where to?" never "Where from?"
And though that destination
Was less than what I'd planned,
I, through that very planning,
Had been there before-hand.
And Life is good for saying,
"Well, here's another chance."
I dream another Eden
Within my mind's expanse.
But when my life is hoped-out,
What is there left to do?
Hope one more final dream, but—
Is death a let-down, too?

On the Slipperiness of Summer

In the drowsiness that is summer, summer slipped away.
 In the sand of the light's reflection on the wet sand.
 In the dampness of the night.
 It didn't run, or fly, nor was it even fleeting as is conventional.
 It simply slipped away like some great slimy, shimmering thing and
 rolled itself up in a crust of sand,
 ready for baking in the drowsiness of the heat.

EMILY

What does he think?
 does he feel?
 can he know?
 is he scheming
 to trick me?
 i hope
 that's not
 so.

i stare at his face,
 ears pricked,
 flecked with snow.
 is he planning
 to get me?
 i wish
 i could
 know!

he's cantering straight for me!
 i better
 hop clear.
 i know what
 he is after.
 don't think i'll stay
 here!

JANIE LANCEY

I

The crocus worships
the sun's infant rays
on verdant
moss
carpets
—spring.

II

Humid heat envelops
the drowsing fly
—complacent
—mature
summer

III

The willow sheds its
tears as leaves
—golden brown and
red
sleep,
chill—
autumn

IV

Chill ice-wind
moaning through
dark green limbs of a
pine forest
Cold winter-death.

First Snowfall

Wakening Winter
blew his breath,
startled doves whose
myriad plumes
suspended swirled
round and round
a granite block
that marks the bed
of one without years,
whose memory,
unhidden by snows,
in sharp distinction stays.

WILLIAM HALE

pin
touch
or i float
(at the bot-
tom we talk)

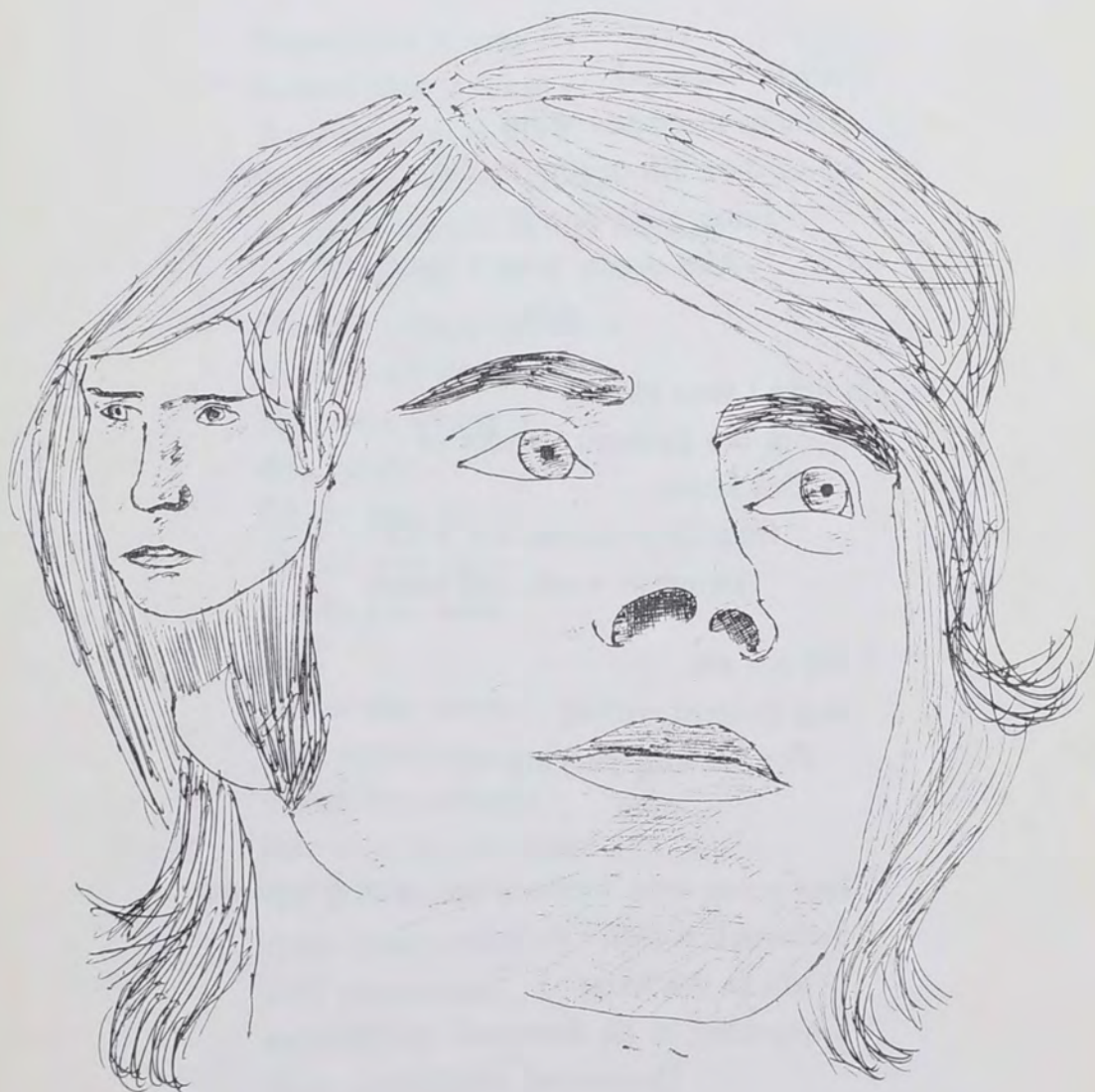
CEE

tree—and beyond

it's not completely unscathed . . .
 some of its branches have fallen
 to ill-er winds,
 and yet it stands . . .
 more majestic in its
 scraggly individuality . . .
 a huge black bronchus with
 filligreed, lace-patterned capillaries . . .
 it has wisdoms
 and great truths
 and whispers sea-tales
 of nor'east days . . .
 God-like, that tree.

and beyond it
 to the sea
 the sun dazzles off a
 billion ripples
 and dashes its brilliancy from
 the cape to the north shore
 and out . . .
 beyond eye-vision or mile-comprehension
 a huge, brushed-gold path
 East into infinity

LINDA CLARKE



Eternal Stone

I lay in the sand
Letting the gusty wind
Gather the grains in the
Palm of its hand
And gently pour it over my
skin

In time I was hidden
From the probing fingers of
The Moon
Reaching across the void
between earth and moon

I did not stir
But instead waited
For the idle playing of
man

Great noise was made when man found me
Although it didn't surprise
Me in the least.
I expected to be drowned in sand,
Uncovered and
Emerge again

KAREN CRIST

Thinking Abstract

Faces and voices
Smiles and frowns
A mass of people
Everyone telling stories
of things they'd like to happen
But never do
No one listens anymore
Everyone's right
No one's wrong
Am I right
Or do you know
Or do you care
Or do you exist
Do I
Never say never
Say sometimes
Never say always
Say most of the time
dot your eyes
cross your tease
And punctuate
everything
Most carefully
If you don't go to college
You'll be lower middle class
all your life
Doomed to mediocre monstrosities

ART SEVERANCE

Once

Peace nestles warm and securely snug
in the grey, lightless hours before Christmas dawn.
Sheltered within the womb of the soul,
the Infant inside me twists and squirms
and buries his head between his hands
to muffle all noise, and soften sounds.
Turning away from world and cold.
I steal back to some silent Womb
and enjoy the sleep as one unborn.

WILLIAM HALE

November

November is a dark mirror, an ebony glass,
reflecting midnight images of our hidden selves.
We catch our hulking forms as they
skulk about beneath our masks,
and stand transfixed, shivering, not from cold,
but from confrontation of what we've lost.
Sickened, in mortal-ego peril,
we turn an inward eye,
shed only a glimmer more light,
and turn away.

WILLIAM HALE

The fog-caped morning is born.
 Sun crystals sparkle from a bouncing ocean.
 Gnarled pines cast spindly shadows on dew-drenched grass.
 The autumn-frosted breath of children spills from their
 chapped lips.
 Brittle leaves in whirlwinds whisper
 over sidewalks not yet busy.
 The day waits,
 Somewhere,
 But not in my physical chemistry class.

ANONYMOUS

lifewreck

'Neath the noxious streams and waters of the open sea,
 In her unmoving depths, untouched by skylight,
 Where hollow hulls and masts of sunken ships lie,
 And the fluid coffins, open, where men have died—
 there I want to be.
 Untouched, undisturbed within
 the pure saline solution, man's mother womb.
 To feel death's cold flow
 to feel life grow,
 Liberated, free, to explore the unexplored far reaches
 in bloom.

HARTMAN

moon travelin

dreamin'
 dreamin'
 dreamin',
 with closed eyes,
 on mystic tides, 'neath
 the ash of fallen stars;
 upon the wild and swirlin, bitter froth
 thru racing shade and light,
 during the high tide of life
 (Illusions of time).

Climb upon my pilgrim ship.
 Your mind awaits departure;
 there is no tariff,
 no crew—
 we are, I am. Will you?

Come, love, take my hand and
 Dream away with me.

no charts or graphs
 we'll take the natural route
 the great arc East
 past the mapped oceans,
 consciousness,
 reality,
 life.

Yes, let's journey to the Holy lands,
 land of the midnight sun,
 the ancient, virgin ruins
 far past computer minds.
 And find the sacred lamp.

HARTMAN

Air-borne

My mind bursts with spun-silk dreams,
 Each a milkweed-seed's parachute
 To carry it where the wind blows,
 And each with its sheathed core,
 A bit of truth, of earth, of immortality,
 To take root wherever it alights.

Isn't dating fun?

Superficial touching lips — I hate the thought of you.
 Like a friend but give her love as if you knew her well.
 Oh, let's play the game to make it fun —
 broadened views sure are worthwhile.
 For how can we know the thoughts of love if we do not experiment?
 One girl here, one girl there,
 It's sure a blast — you know —
 some sex is great.
 If she kissed and did not talk then you're safe to start anew,
 Find someone you do not like and make a fool of them —
 Isn't dating fun?
 Let me kiss you!
 Knowing you is against the rules indeed.
 Let me have a real good "make" —
 And I might say "hi" next week.
 But if we go to bed tonight,
 And you let me "in" for that broadened view,
 I'll never tell — and matter of fact — I'll never again date you.
 Serious thought is sure a sin especially when in bed,
 Because it's great to kiss and screw and not have something said.
 What a date! You drink, you screw, and make it all worthwhile,
 But sorry dear I cannot stay — we must have "broadened views."
 For love is built upon a base of "vast experience,"
 And to stick around till it arrives sure doesn't make much sense.
 Isn't dating fun?

escape

glass bottles lined upon the windowsill
 an old spoon and hypodermic
 lying in a drawer.

the door is open, closing
 behind the belief,
 of purpose.

why

the intricacies of the bleached
 white skull lying in the sun.

a life well lived, well experienced
 lies wasted, rotting as all others do.

#1

depth swelling

choking me screaming
 please don't go, i will drown
 in doubt and possible hate

to let loose felt so good

hate

me

please

the line is so thin

love

hate

me me

do i???????

thoughts for a saturday night

the search into oneself is a never ending
 sea of tranquility, tossing-turning, until
 the nothingness is welded onto the onlooker's
 eyeballs—watered with the life's blood of reality.

* * * *

crawling
 reaching
 absurdity welcoming sight
 into the vision
 so deceptive
 unto motion

* * * *

withdrawing into the darkness of loneliness,
 offering the warmth of depth
 introducing the role of control,
 with possible showers today.

* * * *

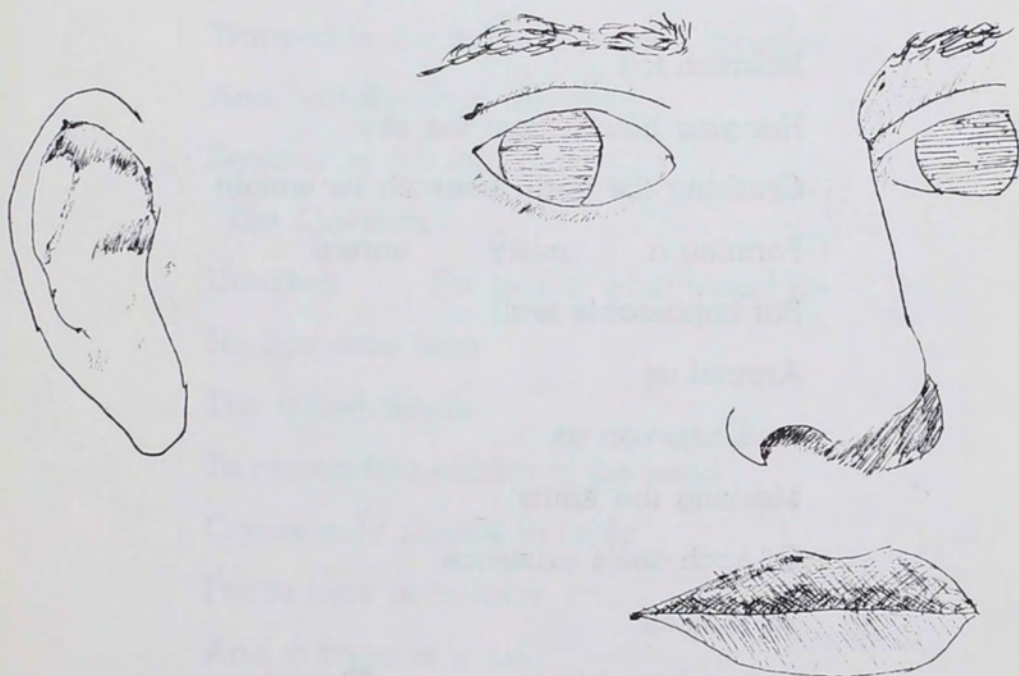
stabbing righteous discrepancies,
 conflicting upon the plane of diverse distance.
 seeking the path towards fantasies,
 and the acceptance of some such standings in the boxscores.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

A non-poem:

Dispossessed of self
Like lightning flashing rivers in my eyes
Hurrying down the magic swirling path
Leading ever more rapidly
Nowhere
Until bursting from the sky
The festival of darkness
Glowing in fiery creation
For the resurrection of the living
An unknown vision of the soul.
To see the universe Inside
Given freely
By the sweet elixir
For those who care to pay the price
Of self-knowledge
Untouched by human mind.

"LENNY"



Where are we?
In the factory.
All lost.

A non-poem:

Isolation fog
Hanging heavy from the sky
Crushing the earth beneath its weight
Forming a misty unreal
But impassable wall
Around us
And between us
Marking the limits
Of each one's existence
To himself
Hiding from view The others
Each like himself
His own prisoner.

"LENNY"

A non-poem:

Alone in the wilderland
Trapped in the maze of tangled thoughts
And half-dreamed dreams
Seeking to answer
"The Question"
Unasked For fear of what would be
No lips dare form
The muted words
To resounding echoes of the mind
Comes only silence in reply
For to hear is to know
And to know is to be
For seeming illusion is not
But all there is
Is the wilderland.

"LENNY"

I run from SOMEONE to no one.
Parasitic jealousies gnaw at my heart,
but divinity's devil will never stop nourishing them.
"Why won't you stop?" I whisper, knowing well why.
SOMEONE'S eyes of melted chocolate boil, boil to become
fiery caldrons of crudeness and lust
in a face I know not.
SOMEONE'S gentle voice now laughs disgustingly
and hurts my ears.
SOMEONE'S fragile touch crushes my shoulder,
tries to crush SOMEONE'S glass menagerie.
"Stop!" Can the answer to my question be so simple?
Divinity's devil can go to hell.
I forgive . . . I love.
Will SOMEONE forgive?
Will SOMEONE love?
I run from no one to SOMEONE.

GAIL TIERNEY

A Trilogy in Haiku

The lady in black
 squirms and twists rosary beads
 in her sweaty palms.

She quivers at night
 As Jesus sneers beside her
 in frigid comfort

She's gone to the feast
 where a lonely minstrel drones
 A widow's lament

SOLOMON

The Poetry of Loving You

It rained, and then it rained
 And hair came all undone
 And make-up began to run
 And smiles had turned to tears
 Remembering all the years
 That we had shared together
 That we had shared apart
 Yes, you began to cry
 And I began to lie
 And then it ended, as it began, with a glance.

I loved you when
 Sunlight danced upon your honey-tinged hair
 And sparkling sparkled from your hazel eyes
 And raindrops flecked your adorable nose
 And even when sadness had conquered your face
 Yes, I loved you when—
 I loved you.

ALAN GOLD

True Blues Project

Kalb is cool . . . stringy, zingy, fingery lead plays he
 Katz is a natz on vocal, a focal point, jointly with
 Kooper . . . super Kooper . . . super-duper Kooper, adding a
 smorganbord on the organbord

Yellow n red n green they use in true blues
 Indigo n blush n slush they use in true blues
 Lotsa beat n heat n true meat

. . . I can't keep from cryin' . . .

Sit back and view the attack, there's no lack of smack

. . . I can't keep from cryin' . . .

Fender, Rickenbacker, Vox knocks n shocks n rocks
 Flute Thing floats freely forward filtered finely
 by Kalbian interludes-moods

. . . Well Momma, she's dead n gone . . .

. . . N I, ya know I'm all alone . . .

The True Blues Project has turned into Bloodsweatntearssuper-
 sessionanddannnykalbsowngroupatthecafeaugogo
 But it will not be forgot . . .

. . . I can't keep from cryin' sometimes . . .

*created, directed and produced
 by KEN DISTLER*

