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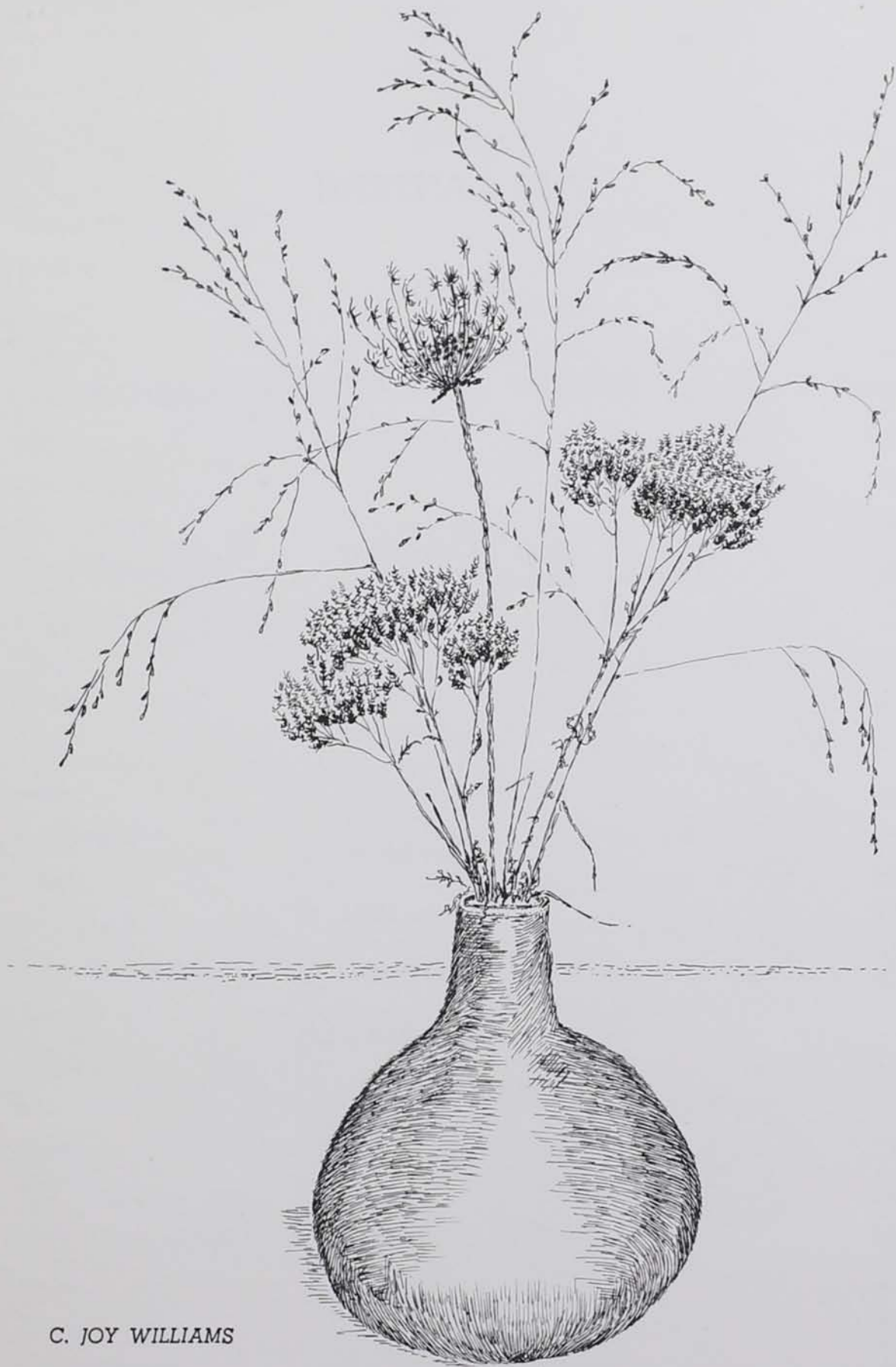
Cheryl Hildebeitel, Jim Sullivan, Morris Cherry, Nina Camiel, John Kenneth Park, Judith Grumet, William Fox, John Kenneth Park, Michael Mittelbrunn, Mary Spink, and Lindsley Cook



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by ROGER N. BALDWIN



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THE LANTERN

1971-1972

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THE LANTERN

WINTER

1971-1972

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Thoughts for Today

Joy is not the absence of sorrow;
For within every sorrow
Are many small joys.
If we only take the time to look.

Love's messenger is man
Through protection, strength, patience, caring.
Love's messenger is woman
Through devotion.
Need she anything more?

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

Love's Trilogy

The Girl of the Golden Dawn

In the morning,
With the brilliance of a new dawn
She rises.
Shedding her golden light of happiness
Over my life.
I turn over and gently kiss her.
Life's beautiful.

The Loneliness of Love About to Die

Miles,
Like the expanse of the universe
Separate us.

Love,
Like a song played too much
Is dying.

And I,
Like a child without a home
Cry.

I Can't Hear the Band Play Anymore

Our love is finally over.
The last flicker of flame tries desperately to linger.
Only to be blown out by the cold wind of your leaving.

No longer do the birds sing.
No longer does the sun shine.
And I can't hear the band play anymore.

JIM SULLIVAN

the green ideas of youth are caught within
 the longing for a wiser imagery.
 and precious symbols, made by repetition
 perfect in familiarity
 are left, without a rhyme, for want
 of truth.

MILLSEY

on ecology:

the sea gives a lachrymose scream
 and spreads itself out
 covering every no deposit - no return.

MILLSEY

Hey — Dandelion —

Sun god

— lazy idler —

Don't be so proud.

You think you're glory;

You think you're glow;

But you're just the sun's reflection —

(You ragged old shag head).

MORRIS CHERRY



COLLEEN GLEASON

He's My Mountain Now

I've walked upon a thousand hills,
each being encircled by the
light of the sun.

A thousand people had
walked here before me;
living, loving, crying,
reaching out and trying
to find a name
for the hill they stood upon.
They didn't find the name,
so they left their hill
nameless.

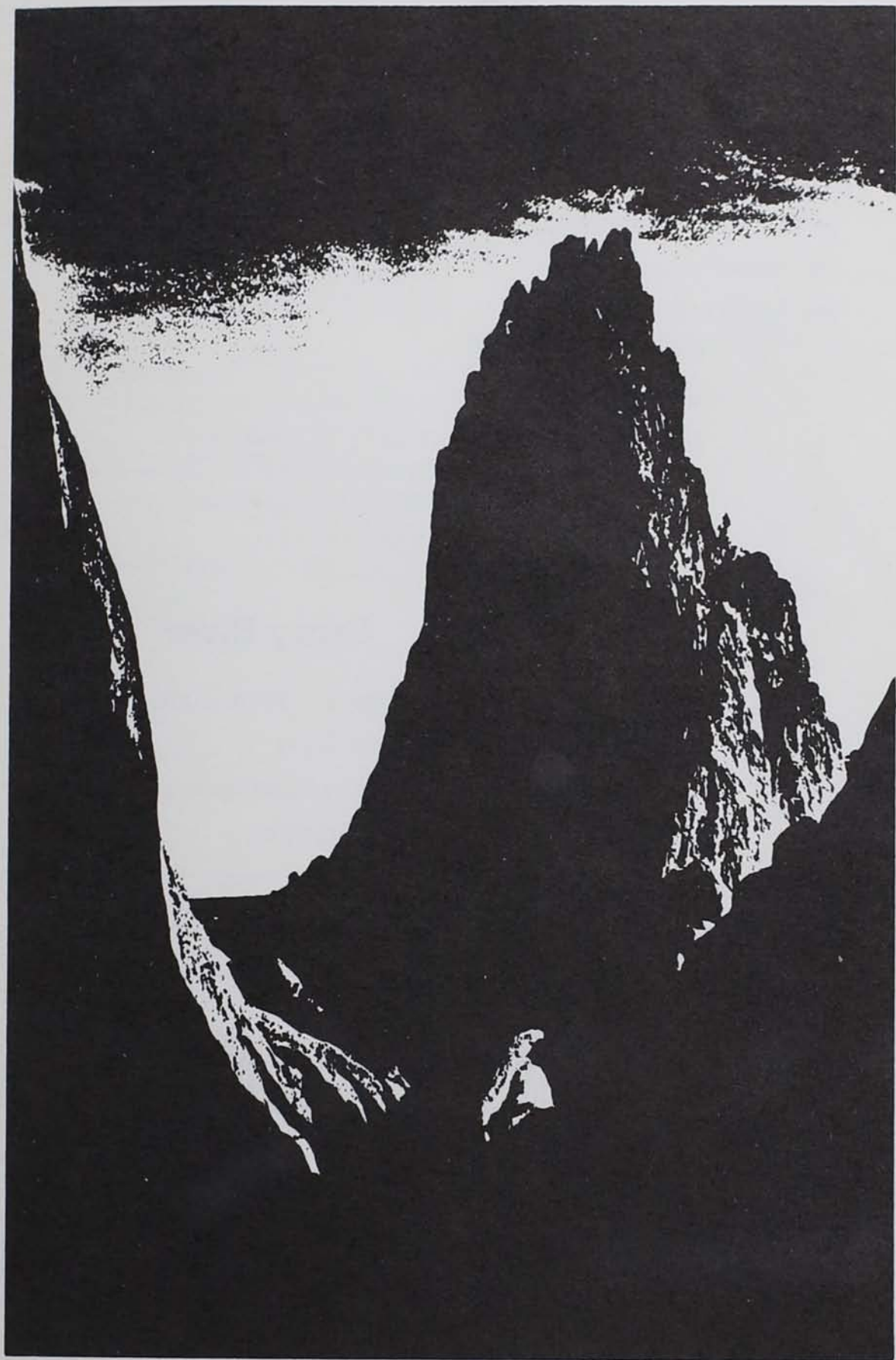
But today I walked
upon this hill;
it was small next to
the mountains
in the distance,
but to me it was
the greatest hill
I've ever seen.

It was a grassy hill,
with one lone flower
waiting for someone
to name it.

I picked the flower,
turned towards the sun
and named this hill
after

you . . . it then became the greatest mountain in the world.

NINA CAMIEL



"COLORADO LANDSCAPE"
from "AN ARIZONA PORTFOLIO"
by ROGER N. BALDWIN

activity

dancing distortions

leap from my windowpane,

as i stand watching

the world scamper by,

it going its way

and me searching

for mine.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

Crazy River

The Big Thompson River runs dizzy —

Crazy River

Swoop and drag flows speed,

sprays power.

Hurl-swirl and gush white foam

jets mad, jets fear.

Who are you, rock, stick, frog?

What's this intrusion?

Dash to you then. Scrape and spin.

Down and down and down and

Down-circling Big Thompson

Thinks it's an ocean —

Crazy River —

Slaps itself on the back

And then roars at the joke.

MORRIS CHERRY

see you soon

maybe tonight I'll pull out all your letters,
I'll memorize them again,
counting the words
(and every "love" twice)
and then perhaps I'll construct my ultimate reply
answering all your questions
arguing all your opinions.
oh, it will be a marvelous speech,
glowing and flowing
in words of a great scholar of yours.
only to be forgotten at the quick wave of your hand.

MILLSEY

Wild Stallion

She is as a stallion,
Running wild and free across the plains.
And I should capture the sunlight,
Before she would be only mine.

But I will try,
Until my life is over.
Because she runs with my soul as her invisible rider.

JIM SULLIVAN



LINDA SMITH

a search

fall started early
 in my life
 this year.
 leaves fell and covered
 my emotions,
 my desires
 my needs
 my memories.
 loneliness started early
 in my life
 this year.
 friends came and tried
 with me,
 to hide
 to ignore
 to understand,
 reality.
 reality started too late
 in my life
 this year.
 it has fallen and covered
 me,
 demanded
 forced
 pushed,
 my mind against
 the gray wall,
 begging me to
 understand
 myself

JOHN KENNETH PARK

the joy of the evening
 weaves a quiet web of happiness
 around the sensations of the night.

the fingers of rain
 tap a quiet symphony
 on my window pane.

the warm darkness
 spreads a loving blanket
 over me.

and the dreams of sleep
 gently close
 over my sweet waking dreams.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

on recognition:

crying alone within
 that stillness of solitary
 with little confidence
 little hope
 much needful modesty, self-criticism
 I dream the dream of wiping tears.

MILLSEY

Nest

Frozen, waiting for morning,
The late-going bird
Waits for warmth.

Precarious, perched on a bare bough,
The solid — feather — skin
Cannot keep outside.

To catch more time at home
He stayed too long, but
Battles inevitable with blood.

Oh let the wings revolve, let him last —
He can fall exhausted to a humid earth
And still soar again.

Frozen, knowing morning will come late —
The late-going bird
Goes.

JUDITH GRUMET

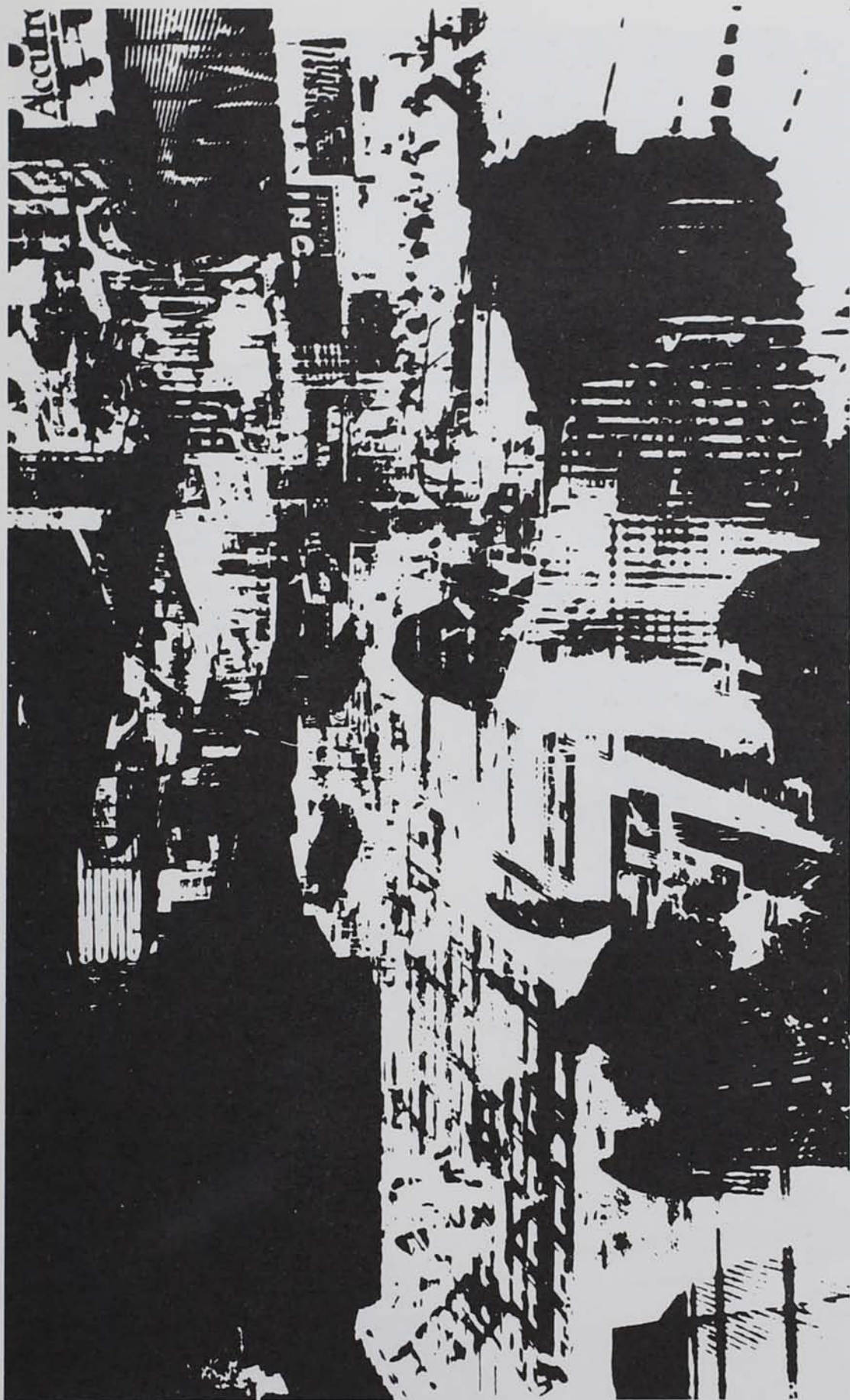
We are born of this earth, of this strange and sorrowful soil,
 But a dried spray of wiry weed
 Speaks more of this existence
 Than the soaring, steel-tiered monoliths
 Of the sin-suckled city.

(Ah, but they strain, and persevere
 through driving rain, and warping winter wind,
 Ah, how impervious, how imperial!)

Heights, to taunt the trembling soul with strange sobs,
 Awesome, alarming, antagonistic arrowheads
 That feed the silent sorrows with bitter fruit.
 Few favors come of our acid dramas,
 Devil dances of ten and ten thousand
 At the zenith of the severe sun,
 And in the dim, dreary marches of the dying afternoon.

Nonsense, screaming nonsense!

Our engines and our envies are the same sardonic sins,
 Abortive Joseph coats, clashing colors of gleaming neon.
 Whirling obscenely, flashing their screaming shadows,
 And drowning silence in a maddened masque,
 Erratic and evil.



"TIMES SQUARE III"

ROGER N. BALDWIN



"BATTERY PARK PORTRAIT"

ROGER N. BALDWIN

Depression

Here I am,
 sitting with
 death in my hands.
 Here I have
 the power
 to end a life
 Or not to.
 Not someone else's
 Just my own.
 Everyone else's life
 Has much more value.
 Why should I
 continue
 when the last
 person I had
 has gone?
 Here I am,
 death is growing
 warmer in
 my hands.

They are trembling,
 I am ready
 to end.
 I say my last words
 to nothing
 hoping that
 someone hears.
 Someone enters
 this room.
 The end to all
 of my grief
 has opened
 the door.
 Too late,
 I've fallen
 to the floor —

I am gone
 . . . But he lives on
 to live my sorrow.

Bait

Bait minnows are much like
The young men turned soldiers.
Recruited from quiet hometown pools,
They chase bread crumbs into
Wire traps and minnow nets.

Crowded into galvanized
Boot Camp buckets,
They're held until ready
For battle in Bass Water.

The best go first,
Hooked through the back
With a number four;
Wriggling three feet below
A Dog Tag bobber,
Easy prey to the Large Mouths.

Some go AWOL,
Slipping through the fingers
Of their superiors before hooked,
Fugitives, they dart beneath
Moss-grown rocks, safe.

When the war is over,
The bass limit caught,
A few remain.
They return, the lucky ones,
To greet their lovers
And eulogize lost comrades.

WILLIAM F. FOX

The Gentle Carpenter

Strong with love,
 easy with love,
 the gentle carpenter pulled agony.

Day-ready and life-ripened,
 the man they crucified was but
 the victim of a fickle hosanna.

Burnt weary with love,
 that tired carpenter
 and much-worn —
 lo, now —

MORRIS CHERRY

an ode to ralph

could not another dimension
 allow us the time . . . the place.
 have not we allowed life to live
 until the walls could
 would crash.
 life has but many ways . . . to walk,
 and many worthless words . . . to talk.
 has not life allowed us to live.
 walk until the smiles . . . return.
 smile until happiness.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

Rain

Open the windows
and listen today
to the sounds
of the rain.

The evening is coming,
passing under the sun
and wrapping itself
around the earth.

The heavy rain has fallen,
but a few remaining drops drip on.

Rain is such a lonely element.

Can't you hear the drops
resounding off all of
the lonely and empty souls in this world?

It's a very noticeable sound
especially when you are sad.

Rain can be very beautiful,
the earth shines and
it's so very quiet
and you can hear
the lonely souls
traveling on to hide
themselves until another storm.

Rain can hide a lot too.

I like to walk in the
rain when I am afraid
for it hides the
fear on my face.
Then people can't tell
if I cry or if it is
just the rain.
I hear the sound of
it falling on a lonely soul.
that of someone
who I long for
but will never see again.
Maybe it is raining
where he goes.
Maybe he can hear
the sound of the rain
on my soul.
Maybe he can feel
the emptiness that
the rain tries to fill,
but is later dried up
by the sun,
leaving a gaping hole.
I'll never know.
I'll never know.
The rain only knows.
The rain knows alone.
The rain knows loneliness.

wading out the storm. watching it fill, form, bury itself
 into everything. dampness is complete — chair seats,
 bed sheets, unspoiled pieces of paper.
 everything sticks, melts.

waves on the front yard.

high tide, high winds, and a visibly rising rain gauge.
 the wind magically throws water through the shut-tight
 windows,

washing down the blinds.

glass and sash conspire against her, yet the wind
 chimes rattle, the shades rock as if the
 eyes were opened.

accompanying her prestidigitation with moans, wails,
 and all those other echoes describing her cry.

her cry, her fury find no recognition

and she moves on

leaving the wet,

an overturned lawn chair

and the dead-fish-smelling air.

MILLSEY

memories

imprints

left in the lawn

and my mind,

make it most

hard to erase

the thought patterns

i want never to

forget.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

Paranoiac Dreaming

Lilith is there,
She sits and stares,
Looking at me
But not through me.
Trying to shatter my schizoid-glass-ego
She's quite unsuccessful
She can't break me down
 and analyze
 analyze
My parts.
I sense her failure
I ask
Prufrock's overwhelming question,
And, as I lie
Secure in my
Artificial womb,
Lilith rejoices!

But what would I do now . . . ?

MICHAEL MITTELBRUNN

The Two Last People on Earth

The two of us
stood
on the empty shore.
The blackness of
the ocean
met
the blackness of
the sky.
It was the noon
of the day
yet the sun failed
to pierce the black clouds
that man had placed
thoughtfully
above our heads.
We stood in
an eternal isolation.
All of our friends,
all of the world
had met
disaster.
Yes, just yesterday
it seems
we ran through the meadow,
laughing at the sun
which we now
never see.
Today,
man
destroyed
himself.
They fought out
their last bitter war

to survive.
There will never be
another war.
Peace
has come
at last!
The peace
of the grave.
There they lie,
escaping what
they left to you and me
to mend.
Yes, love, the whole world
is a grave,
which we stand
upon to give our
last respects.
What do we do now?
You and I are the
only two people
left anywhere.
Should we begin again
the life of man?
and let them
build up and
destroy again?
Will this blackness
slowly disappear
and will the sun
shine again?
Or should we
just embrace
each other,
melt into one
and die
with the rest?

NINA CAMIEL.

Brokedown Blues

Broken hearts and broken dreams,
Are the story of my life.

Loves gone by and loves unknown,
Don't paint the picture bright.

So on my own and all alone,
I spend many a lonely night.
In my room so full of gloom,
To try and set things right.

There I cry,
And wonder why,
I let my life go on.

When all it is,
Is memories,
Of what has come and gone.

JIM SULLIVAN

the wondrous airs of low tide
at full moon
waft through a mosquito-screened window . . .
an odor which, in winter, you often recall yet can't
quite remember.

MILLSEY

My lord,
 It has been long since knowing
 You have gone.
 Night surrounds,
 Finding crevice —
 Falls into my chambre,
 Loneliness enters also.
 Time pulls upon me
 As quicksand,
 I am dragged ever down
 And drowned
 In sadness.
 I know nothing of you
 Or where you may be.
 My longing has not brought you;
 I fear you have for ever
 Gone.
 Yet I await you here,
 Alone.

* * * *

Gray shapes of change
 Tangle
 In my thoughts
 With gray October day
 Flashes of color
 From trees of orange
 Bright memories,
 Thoughts of stability
 Fade
 Into gray
 As life stands still.

* * * *

God-man transcends
 Mystic representation
 Imagination crosses
 Apathy to inspiration
 Time bending all.

MARY SPINK

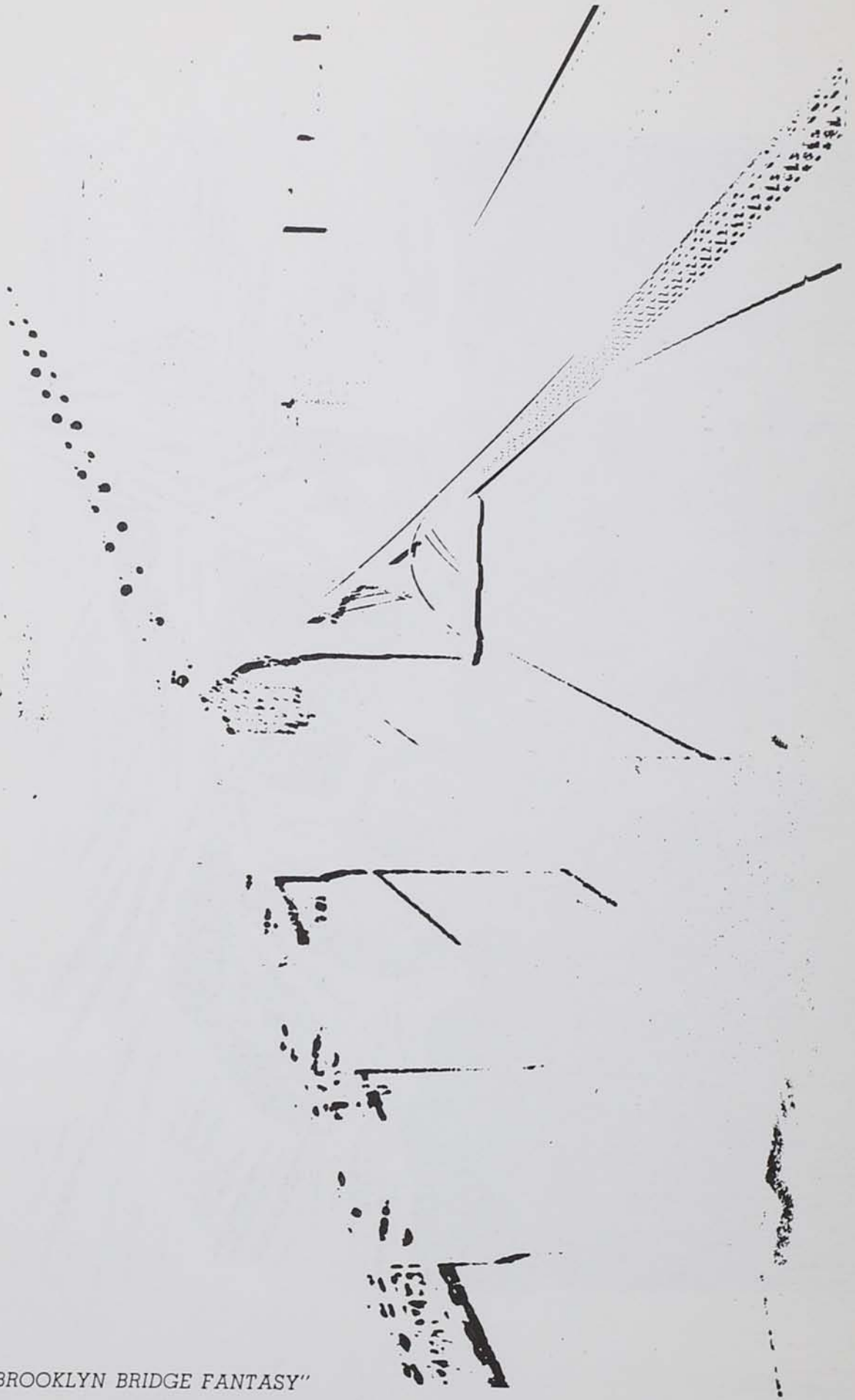
Francis Bacon

Frank
is
one
of
those old dudes
who
tries
to
explain love in
twenty-five pages
when all it takes
is what it is.

LINDSLEY COOK



LINDA SMITH



"BROOKLYN BRIDGE FANTASY"

ROGER N. BALDWIN