



Fall 1984

The Lantern Vol. 51, No. 1, Fall 1984

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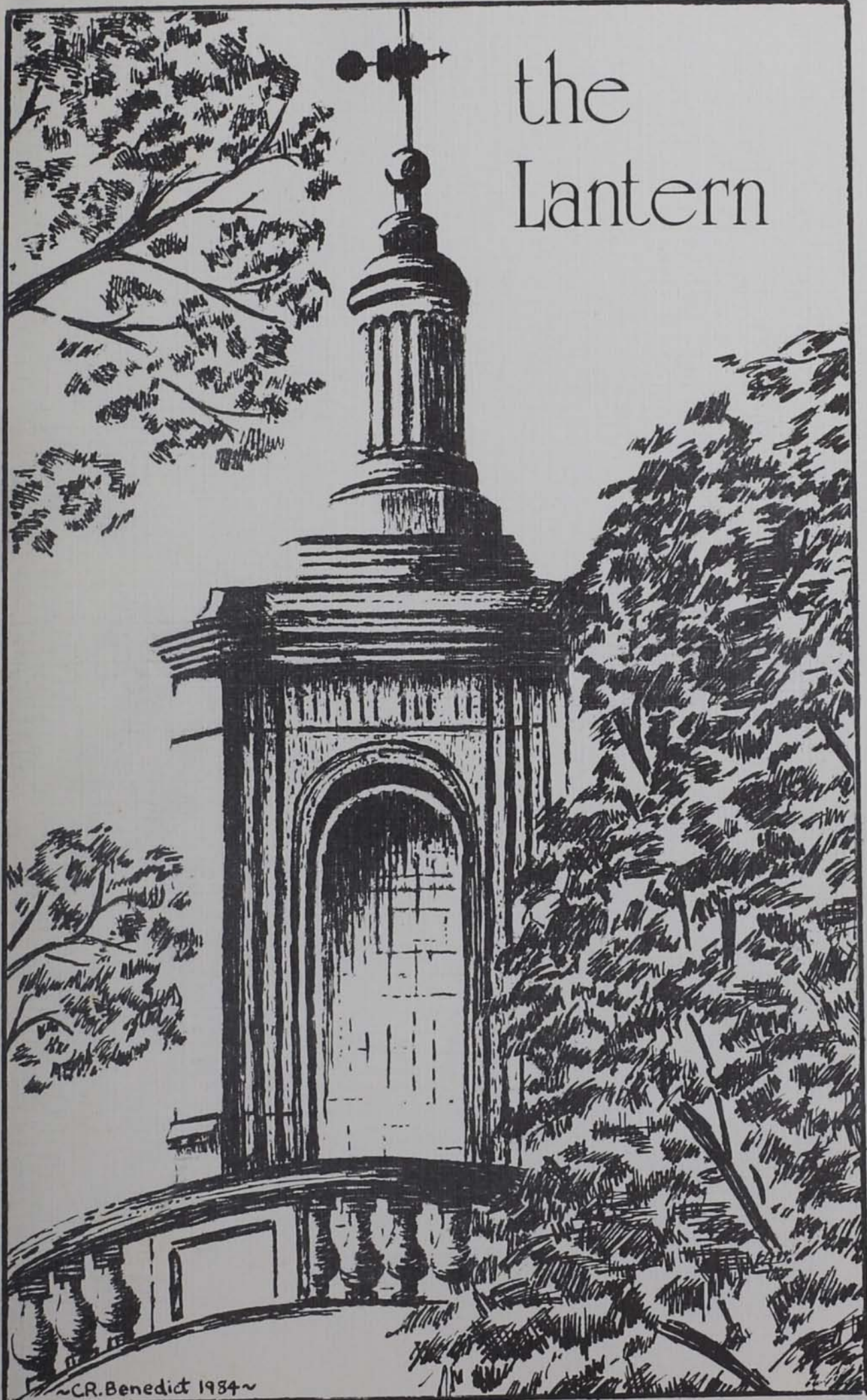
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the
Lantern



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Vol. LI, No. 1

Fall 1984

A collection of poetry, prose, photography, and artwork composed for the Fall Term, 1984, 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 structure on Pfahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a lantern.

sky eyes

Upon the summit of a cliff,
Light of small town is seen.
There looms life, inspiration;
A world all its own.
Motions mere specks of dust.
Colors brighten, then fade,
Becoming one.
Nature's beauty abounds.
Greenery sways in the wind
Flower aroma exists.
World at peace, at last.

Joseph F. Pirro

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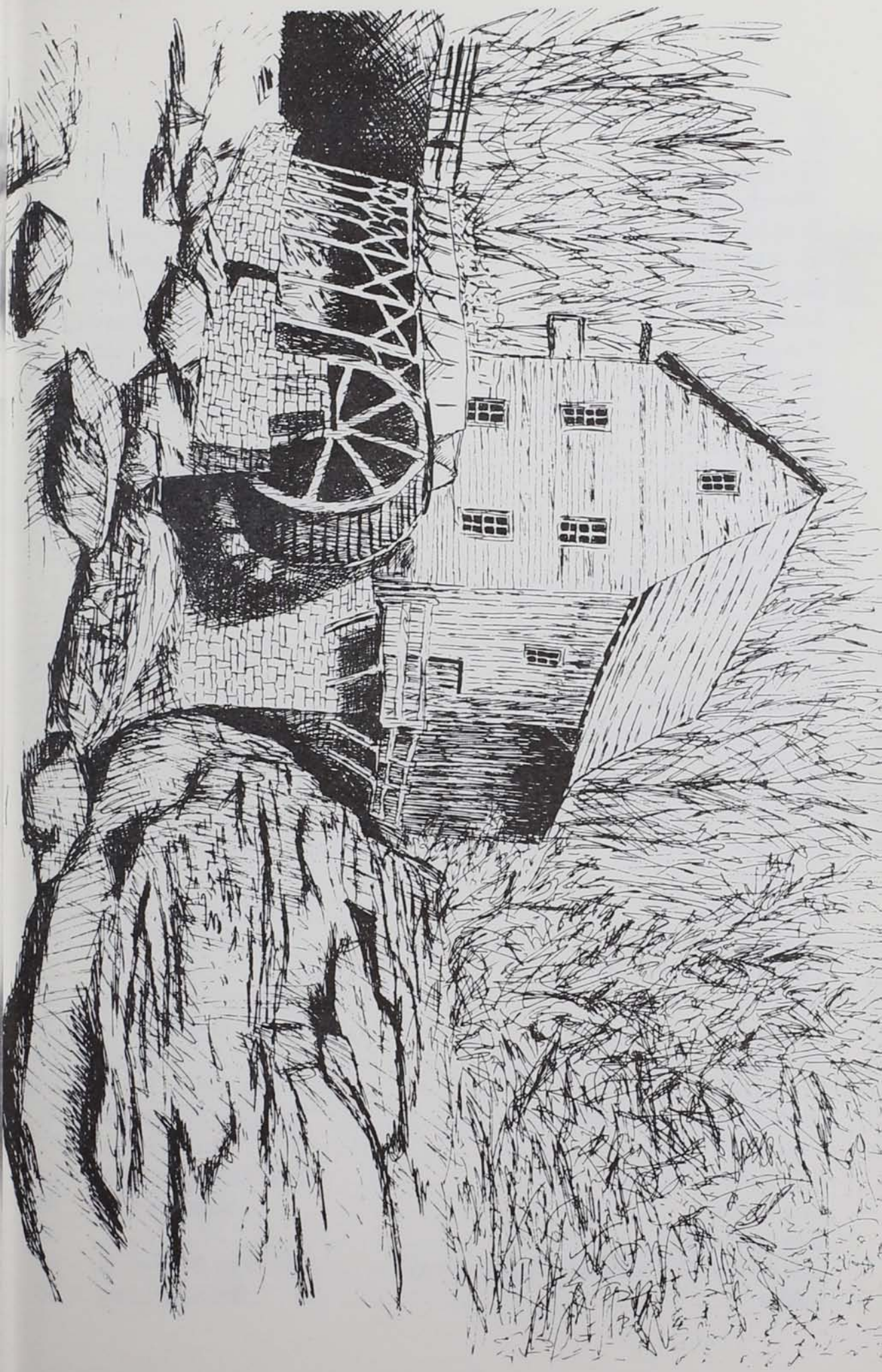


TABLE OF CONTENTS

Sky Eyes	Joseph F. Pirro	1
Sketch	Alison Graf	3
Editorial	Jerome F. Frasier III	6
Flowerwait	Richard P. Richter	7
Haiku	Sara D. Seese	7
Sunwatch	Richard P. Richter	7
Untitled	Lisa Talarico	8
Epitaph of A Tale	Jeff Jacobson	9
How Do You Tell A Child	D. Grace Fries	10
Vineyard Wind	L.A.W.	10
By The Sea	Joseph F. Pirro	11
Photo	Kurt R. Richter	12
Untitled	Roxolana Telepko	12, 13
The Wanderer	Susan Reilly	14
In back of the Real Supermarket in Collegeville ..	Jeff Jacobson	14
Mitosis	Ted Galena	15
Photo	Kurt R. Richter	16
Untitled	A. M. Salas	17
Smoke Dreams	Susan Reilly	18
On Humankind Today - A Message	Timothy S. Weible	19
Dragon	Beth A. Long	20
The Lull	Table II	21
Photo	Kurt R. Richter	22
Finale	Joanne E. Kohler	23
Untitled	Jeff Jacobson	24
Untitled Sketch	Marjorie Angstadt	25
The Sun	Susan Reilly	26
Three Steps in Life	Susan Reilly	27
Seaside	Joanne E. Kohler	27
To Mark	D. Grace Fries	28
Untitled	A. M. Salas	29
To Father	D. Grace Fries	30
Berk Hollow, Vermont	Marjorie Angstadt	31
Untitled	A. M. Salas	32,33
Yesterday - Today	Timothy S. Weible	34
The Stars	Susan Reilly	35
The Journey	L. A. L.	36
Our Shared Experience, Miles Away	Timothy S. Weible	37
Haiku	Beth A. Long	38

Photo	Regina R. Landis	38
Coming Home	L. A. L.	39
Untitled	Lisa Talarico	40
Photo	Kurt R. Richter	41
Blossom	Timothy S. Weible	42
Untitled	Beth A. Long	43
Life as The Teacher	Joseph F. Pirro	44
Midnight Stroll in February	Timothy S. Weible	45
Untitled	Beth A. Long	46
Untitled	Lisa Talarico	46
Untitled	Sara D. Seese	47
Untitled	L. A. W.	48
Eyes (Karen's Poem)	Timothy S. Weible	48
Your Love	Susan Reilly	49
Untitled	Beth A. Long	50
Same Welcome as Odysseus	Matthew Fagan	51
Racoon	Alison Graf	52
Europa	Sara D. Seese	53
Sinn Fein	Table II	54
Untitled	A. M. Salas	54
Idle Dreams	Sara D. Seese	55
I Can Take A Hint	D. Grace Fries	55
In Retrospect	Joanne E. Kohler	56
Photo	Regina R. Landis	56
Rest	Susan Reilly	57
China and Porcelain are One in The Same	D. Grace Fries	58
Haiku	Sara D. Seese	59
Moment	Jeff Jacobson	59
Untitled	Beth A. Long	60

Editorial

In the short time that I have been a student at Ursinus College I have seen much exciting progression which seems to be overlooked or put by the way-side; one example in particular is **The Lantern**, our literary magazine. The past editor-in-chief, Dorene Pasekoff, sparked the publication just two years ago after an unfortunate lull in participation. Steady increase has been made each semester. You hold in your hands an issue selected from a record one-hundred-forty contributions. Naturally, with this increase our staff could become more selective in its rating process. I hope you are as proud of this issue as we are.

As you browse through the table of contents make a special note of the authors and artists of the material. Within those names there may be future Eschers or J. D. Salingers. I especially bring this to your attention in this issue because of the higher level of competition among entries. All the people listed should feel a strong sense of accomplishment for an admirable job.

On behalf of **The Lantern** staff, I sincerely hope that you have as much enjoyment reading the issue as we had putting it together. Let's make the Spring Edition even better and carry on our tradition of progress!

Jerome F. Frasier III
Editor-in-Chief

FLOWERWAIT

I wait for flowers--

the age of days,
the rage of sun
undone in hours
and gone.

I wait for flowers--

Richard P. Richter

HAIKU

Grey clouds drift above,
Jettison raindrops, then weigh
Anchor for the sun.

Sara D. Seese

Sunwatch

I watch the sun,
unbroken one,
carafe that pours
me light—a pool
of gold.

I pot the sun.

Richard P. Richter

Why are you crying?
Life isn't so bad
Just lift your head
Brush the tear from
Your cheek
And push forward
Through life.

Don't let the fireballs
Deter you.
Throw water upon them
And watch them extinguish
Watch the smoke vanish
Into the grey air
The warm, sweet air.

Colossal mounds
Of iced blue sky
Dark tree branches
Silhouettes in the wind
And your silver tears
Run slowly down them.

The world is hushed
As a silent cry
Isn't heard past midnight
Ticking time
Is passing by
Quickly—lethal.

Hail from hell
Red and hot
Tortures you
So run—run far away
But eventually
Turn back to fact it.

It will befriend you
Give it your soul
Believe in it and know it
Learn its secrets and keep them
Then know yourself
And stop crying.

Lisa Talarico

Epitaph of a Tale

He sat back in his overstuffed leather armchair and inhaled deeply on his cigarette. He relaxed, sighed. It was late in the evening. He was relaxed. No, he corrected himself, he was drained. He had too many characters dancing in his mind, too many soap opera plotlines to write.

He flipped through the volumes of papers that made up his grand story. His morbid humor filled the pages, but his pathetic characters only made him sigh again. They were his children, and with every paragraph he wrote, he tried to develop them, like a father trying to make a better person of his son. It seemed as he read that his pen had had a mind of its own; the son would always stray.

He was a writer, but his mind was drawing a blank. As his story progressed, it took turns of its own, and he could no longer deny it. He could no longer draw the story out to fill more pages. He had grown so fond of the universe he had created in his mind.

He picked up his pen and let his mind wander; the pen danced further across the page. He reread what he had just written and was appalled. He wanted so much to have a happy ending. Was he getting too cynical in his old age?

He could deny his pen no longer. The stars were no longer there to keep him company. It was very late. He released his pen to fill the final pages in the book. There, it was finished. He knew it was the only plausible ending for his story, but even now he regretted it. He read over the last page. He felt disgusted.

Suddenly, with one immense reflex of all his muscles, he threw the book into the fireplace. And then, almost absent-mindedly, he tossed his cigarette in there after it. The book burst into flames. He closed his eyes. He knew there was no one to read his works anyway. He had to get some sleep now. Tomorrow, very early, he would start again. And as he dozed off, and as images of new universes filled his head, the book consumed itself and then went out.

Jeff Jacobson

How Do You Tell A Child?

How do you tell a child, "No way!
You cannot run once again today;
In fact, you never can run again-
When you're older, you'll understand then"?

How do you tell him soon he won't walk
When not long ago he learned to talk?
How do you make him not play but rest
When the doctor says it's for the best?

"You can't do that!" is so hard to say
To someone who likes to get his way.
It's hard to say, "I love you my dear.
There's nothing wrong. You've nothing to fear."

How do you tell him his life will change
With so little life to rearrange?
How do you tell him he can't play ball
And to be careful he doesn't fall?

How do you tell him, "Play in the sun,
But don't walk too fast and don't dare run"?
How do you help him to understand
Life has dealt him this arthritic hand?

D. Grace Fries

‡ Vineyard Wind ‡

A salty breeze
races the railing
down the length of the porch
making the leaves applaud.

Martha's soul sighing.

L. A. W.

By the Sea

It was a long, long time ago.
We were down by the deep, blue sea.
The water reflected the sun from above.
All alone, were my brother and me.

He was fishing, while I was watching.
The sea was angry and it did run.
He slipped and fell into the sea.
Though I tried to help, the water won.

He shrieked and yelled for his redemption.
I was the only one who heard.
He sank never to be seen again.
I didn't say anything, not even a word.

My brother was gone forever.
That day by the sea was done,
And now I would go and tell.
Though I tried to help, the water won.

Joseph F. Pirro



white crested beaches, satin sand
breaking waves lapping across the land
sea air so fresh and salty, breezes
fish smells delicate mist teases

waves gently rolling, calm quiet, hush
sea birds calling coo, ahh and lush
fizzle of sea drenched sand, and shells
gathered foam in whirl wind swells

pitter and mist, soft touch the skin
sticky fingers, sand dried in
coconut oil in the air,
sun and tans - a very fine pair

sun rays bake the sand, sifting
moon beams light the sea, drifting
warm sunny winds through the senses
wearing down all winter's defenses

the constant hum of swirling water
swimming flowing farther, farther
cleansing air passing through the body
clear new young, pulling oddly, boldly

open space, far expanses, mindless folding of the sea
green and blue, dark brown and grey,
sitting, watching - you and me
peaceful thoughts hold, don't stay

days of resolution, days of answers
problems questions, grace of dancers
ideas thoughts cast adrift on the sea
wishing, hoping waiting to be free

oceans un-harnessed, power un-chained
childhoods shed, adulthood pained
All return to the waters of beginning
all prepared for the final inning

mist lapping breaking swallowing soaking returning
forming foaming building falling turning
no innocence to steal, no aging to tend to
waters rise and fall and still continue

Roxolana Telepko

The Wanderer

King of the mountains, dark with pine!
Queen of the fields of smoking snow!
Grant to this roaming heart of mine,
A path of wood where my feet may go.
And a roofless world to my journey end,
And a cask of wind for my cup of wine.
With yellow gold of the sun to spend.
And at night the stars in endless line.
And after it all, the hand of a friend-
The hand of a roaming friend of mine.

Susan Reilly

In Back of the Real Supermarket in Collegeville

Which way does your poetry point tonight
Allen Ginsberg? To the far off corners of
pomposity to take such demands of us students
as to assume that you're actually writing poetry?

And what famous poet do you see tonight Allen
Ginsberg, as you walk through the crowded market-
places in a drug induced euphoria, brushing against
people and making lame excuses?

And how much money did you draw in, Allen Ginsberg,
from all those students who had to buy your works
because you were presumptuous to call yourself
a poet nonconforming to the standards?

How many people did you fool, Allen Ginsberg,
into believing you were good because you were so
absurd in your style as to make people not
question your work for fear of looking foolish?

Jeff Jacobson

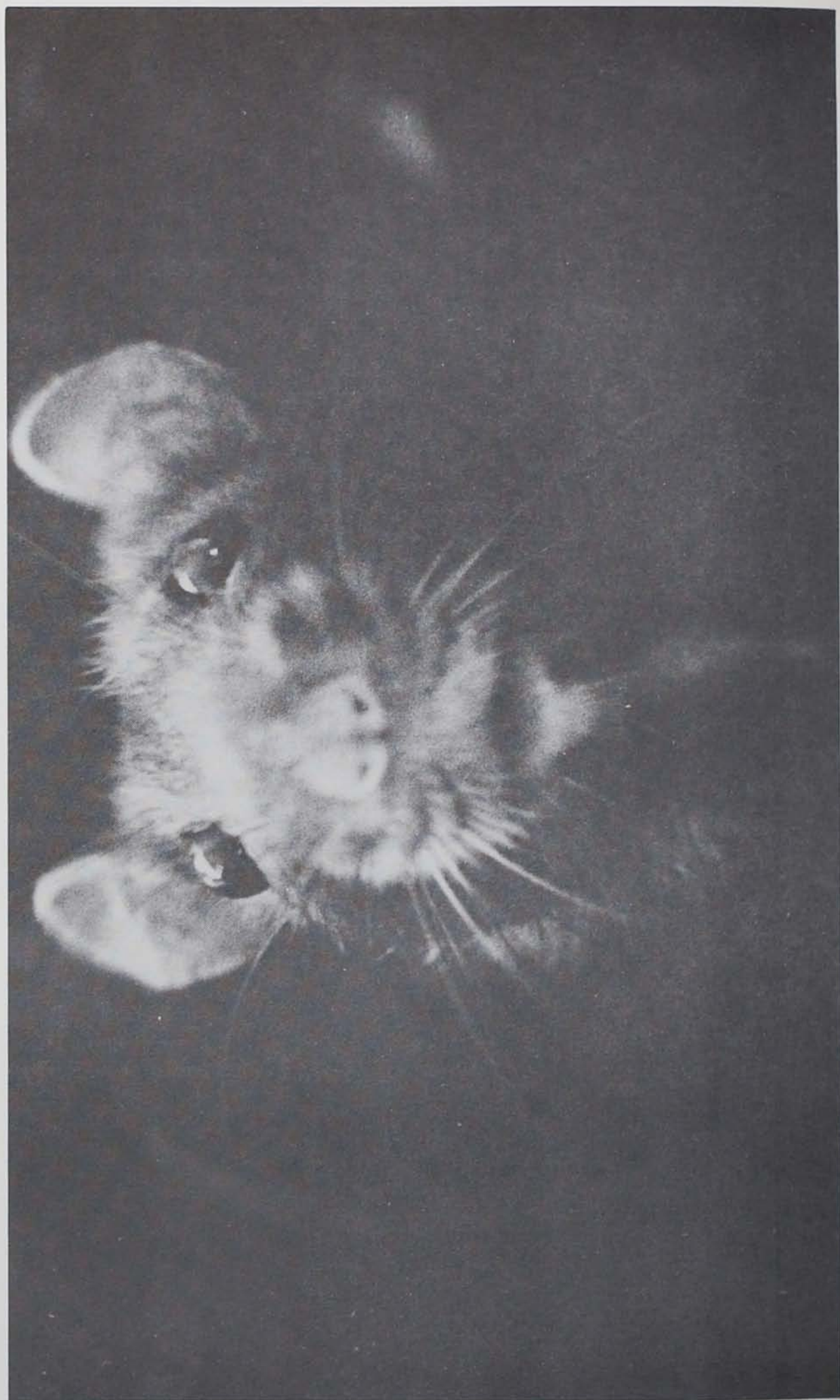
Mitosis

Constant duplication
one cell becomes two
two become four
four become eight
eight become sixteen
Don't you tire as you approach infinity?

Your DNA coagulates and
nuclear membrane disappears.
- Prophase complete
You desparately try to maintain control
as you align your chromosomes
along you equator

along your equator.
- Metaphase mastered
What pain is felt as your chromatids are
pulled apart - as your innerds are
ripped in two and forced to
opposite ends.
- Anaphase is hard
As your sides collapse and
your body collapses
your schizophrenia is complete
- Telophase terminated
Your stomach settles and
you go about your way
peace at last - enjoy it
interphase while you can
for all good things must come
to an end.

Ted Galena



Words

strung together in an odd fashion
like this
do not constitute poetry
or any new artform
an oxymoron
It is all pretense
silly, sodden waste
preening of inadequate gifts
butchering of language
really rather insulting
pathetically amusing
this is not art
but trash/ self-indulgence
and pseudo-authors sit about and grasp for Deep Hidden Meaning
are laughed at
Thank you for your time
Do you see what I mean?

A. M. Salas

Smoke Dreams

Give him a pipe and a cozy chair
And a warm hearth burning bright,
And a dog that will lie with it's
 toes turned out
To the glowing embers light.

And give him a book of long ago
From the pen of some ancient sage,
And leave him alone in his world
 of dreams
With the elves of the printed page.

And then as smoke rings upward curl
Fond memories come and go,
And he closes the book and lazily drifts
To the realms of long ago.

Thru' a haze of blue he journeys back
To friends and scenes of yore,
The dead past seems to walk and breathe
And live again once more.

But soon these visions dim and fade
The smoke wreaths thin is air.
And he awakes from dreams to find
A book, a pipe, a chair.

Susan Reilly

On Humankind Today - A Message

Slowly she approaches.
On a belly smooth as ice
She steals her way
Among an innocent people.

She saps their innocence,
Proffers the breast of illusion,
And distorts their sense of
Self-denial and outward respect

'Til they strike out in a spurt
Of passion at a passer by.
She stings and so deposits a
Corruptive venom in their veins.

Peace and justice, unity and trust-
All is made vague by a mist unnatural,
Undetectable through the
Self- disillusionment she instills.

She is sublime and painfully strong-
Strong in her deceptive prowess.
She is mistaken life on whom too
Many have grown dependent.

She is evil in her way, though
Innocent also. She is called Time,
a coffin of existence, a lender of life.
She is not Christian.

Timothy S. Weible

Dragon

Held within
-controlled
He rages futilely;
Ripping and tearing
at the inner fibers of my being
with his razor-sharp claws-
Beating at the rancid air
of his prison
with the desperate strength born of frustration-
He feeds on his fury, never tiring
-enduring.

The harsh sound
of his hot, putrid breath
washes over me-
flames lick at my body.
I stagger backwards blindly
with the onslaught
of his attack.
The hard wall behind me
prevents a retreat-
Cringing, I whimper softly
in my terror and pain.

From deep within me
comes a rage to equal his-
I stand on legs
trembling with effort.
I force my head back, my mouth open-
a gargled sound emerges from my throat.
A moment passes
and the noise is transformed.

Rolling easily through the air,
my laughter
is his waterloo.
He recoils,
his bellows receding
as fright replaces fury.
He fades away-
cool air refreshes my body,
the music of the winds in the trees
reaches my ears.
Once more, I see.
Once more, I am.
I break into long-forgotten song.

Far away,
the once mighty cry of a defeated beast
echoes through the hills,
no longer threatening.

Beth A. Long

The L U L L

Ten soldiers
five from each side
meeting in the open
fear exists, but why?
the encounter begins
and the fear subsides

They fight on black
and are bounded by white
but this is the only reflection
of our sad life

The rules are written
but no one has a copy
their goals are known though
perfect representatives of our society

The burning feet
don't have to run
pounding here is all in fun
competitiveness has found no higher peak
but unity has been achieved

The world should take a lesson
from these ten soldiers
who have seized society
and killed its greatest flaw

The encounter ends
the world is at war again
until the encounter begins again

Table II



‡‡ *Finale* ‡‡

The masters of the world of men
Shall one day doom confront;
Perchance laid low before them
By hand of fiendish runt.

In terror thick shall wade their thought,
Their panic'd pulses move,
Appalled at what man's hand has wrought
In armegeddon's groove.

The earth shall flare beneath a cloud
And thunder rail the sky,
And millions there shall cry aloud
And curse what they deny.

The smouldering of the molten mass
At length shall come to cease,
Its misting, cooling, silent gas
Foretelling peace.

Then soft and white the specks shall fall,
A sickly, silent snow.
An ashen cloak, extinction's shawl,
O'er those alive below.

In dark and gloom of buried life,
Half-men shall oft' recall
A time before their age of strife
When prudence governed all.

When Nature followed Nature's course,
Supreme in all her power.
Her season's cycled strong in force,
Assuring each new hour.

But barren now, and stripped of worth,
She 'waits the trumpets call;
Behold the glory of the earth
That man has conquered all.

Joanne E. Kohler

My socks. Damn it, they're going to notice my socks. I knew it! Wouldn't it figure, of all the days, this day I did not have a pair of matching socks. I just felt it in my bones. I said, "Jeff, you know that if you go out without matching socks, someone's going to notice, and you're going to be really embarrassed."

Jesus Christ, will you get the whole blood, stat!

It was really turning out to be such a nice day, too. I love autumn. Temperature just right, a crispness to the air...

B.P. falling.

Just spending my lunchtime flirting with the pretty secretaries. It almost made me forget about this morning, about not even having a matching pair of socks. I don't think this being a bachelor is for me. It's just not my speed. But I really don't know who I would ever want to settle down with. I do kind of like my freedom.

I'm not getting a pulse.

Mom always told me about keeping up with my wash. I wouldn't be in this embarrassing predicament in the first place. Why of all days... You know, I think that I have all the luck, and all of it bad. It figures, doesn't it?

Get the adrenaline!

They really are being quite nice, making all this fuss. What was I just doing, crossing the street? What's happened to my memory? It has really been a weird day, no matching socks and all.

We're losing him!

They've really been quite nice, you know? not mentioning my mismatched socks and all that. Or did they even notice? That's the problem with this world, no one takes the time to notice the little things...

Jeff Jacobson



— THE SUN —

The sun comes forth;-each mountain height
Glow with a tinge of rosy light,
And flowers that slumbered through the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold;
A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast reflects a sky
Of crimson and of gold.

Oh! thou art glorious, orb of day!
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay,
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.

Yet must thou fade;-when earth and heaven
By fire and tempest shall be riven,
Thou, from thy spheres of radiance driven,
Oh sun! must fall at last;
Another heaven, another earth,
For other glory shall have birth
When all we see is past.

But he, gave the word of might,
"Let there be light" - and there was light,
Who bade thee chase the gloom of night,
And beam, the world to bless;-
For ever bright, for ever pure,
Alone unchanging shall endure,
The Sun of righteousness!

Susan Reilly

Three Steps in Life

The roses climb the garden wall,
They scent the summer air.
The blue sky beams down over all-
Birds sing without a care.
The flowers reach up toward the sun,
And brighten till the day is done,
O, life! thou art so fair.

The shadows lengthen down the walk,
And down my life as well.
I hear but sorrow's morning talk-
She loves her grief to tell.
I scarce do know- I scarce do know,
If skies are blue or flowers grow,
Or birds pipe in the dell.

The black night droppeth- hangeth low,
But through the rifts I see,
The stars like rifts I see,
The stars like beacon fires, do glow
And flash their lights to me.
I know, I know, full well some day
The black dread night will roll away-
The dawning I shall see.

Susan Reilly

SEASIDE

A thousand grains of sand--
Lapped, lifted, shifted
By the ocean's might--
Billow'd and blown, together, alone;
Scattered on winds of night.

The shallows of the deep--
Spilled rumbling, tumbling--
Sound upon the beach.
Sea and shore, now hush, now roar
In softly subtle speech.

Moonbeams pierce the clouds,
Gleam, glimmer, shimmer
Cross the frothing sea.
Sand pipers race, breakers in chase,
Then vanish, a mystery.

Joanne E. Kohler

To Mark:

You are the wall on which I lean,
Behind which I've hidden quite unseen.
With bricks and mortar firmly in place,
The image seen is a child's face.

Your quick laughter and childish cheers
Took away many potential tears.
Your unknowing way of being strong
Has helped me hide from love for so long.

Your tiny fingers so close at hand
And all of your innocent demands
Kept me busy and far from alone.
Caring for you kept me safe at home.

I knew someday, after you had grown,
The wall would fall and I'd be alone-
Yet still I didn't quite understand-
'Til someone's fingers proved closer at hand.

D. Grace Fries

L.L. Beans is open all night
Sanctuary from brooding darkness
And cloying fog
Bright neon and florescent bulbs
Create respite from evil
Run to your hobbled brother
In him lies your soul
The only way to avoid Darkness
We die
An empty shell abandoned too early
In the loose, free-floating
lack of spirit
Souls in suspension
Apollo/Dionysis
An end to tortured light
Raping the darkness
Darkness still wins
Go gently
into that evil night
Limping

A. M. Salas

To Father

I can remember waiting by the door
For you to return from work once more.
I remember crawling into your lap
And snuggling so close and taking a nap.

I remember days spent in the park
And times you calmed my fear of the dark.
I remember picnics in the cool breeze
And how you were there to fix my scraped knees.

I remember how wonderful life had seemed
At the time of these carefree scenes.
A child's worries are not of the past,
Or of the future, or how long life lasts.

Sometimes I wish I were snug and secure
Back in your lap or beside the door.
I long for parks or even a scraped knee
To bring back the life of "Daddy and me."

Now I stand by the same door and wait,
But not for you, Father, for my date.
I go to the park- but to be alone-
And I'll never again shout, "Daddy's home!"

I can't ever crawl back in your lap,
Or bridge the wide "generation gap."
I now favor darkness over the light-
It's **you** who waits for **my** return at night.

It hurts you to watch your children grow.
I've hurt you quite often, that I know.
It hurts me too to grow up and away
From those who have loved me since my first day.

Sometimes I wish I were snug and secure
Back in your lap or beside the door.
I long for parks or even a scraped knee
To bring back the life of "Daddy and me."

'Though life is harder to understand,
When I'm in need, you offer your hand.
My problems aren't easy like, "tie my shoe,"
But, dear old Dad, I can depend on you.

D. Grace Fries



Time, time, stretching out interminably. Not just minutes, but hours, stretching into days and extending into weeks, months and years. Just how many years? She might stay alive well beyond her hundredth birthday. Alive, but not living.

The prospect of such an existence, devoid of stimulation, respite, the nine to five drudgery, collapsing before the flickering images on the television screen, falling into slumber and awakening to repeat the process sent cold waves of claustrophobic panic over her.

Exton was a small, choked town, and her destiny within the town had been charted, wrested from her large, red-knuckled hands. Only days earlier, she had been prepared for her escape. She would attend college, then make her niche in the outside world. She would never return to the anachronistic town, not even for school holidays.

It had all been arranged. She had almost done it. The tuition to U.Mass. had been paid, with money earned babysitting for four years. Her living arrangements had been secured. It had seemed perfect. The town she so often longed to tear down, brick by ivy-encrusted brick was almost behind her.

Almost...

At the last possible moment, her mother (out of what secret malice?) wrapped her car around a telephone pole. The woman spent forty-five minutes pinned between the engine block and seat of her dirty white Saab before two policemen managed to extricate her. She remained conscious, yet silent throughout the ordeal.

She was then, of course, a cripple. She was not disabled, nor was she handicapped. She was a cripple. Now she and both her younger children were dependent upon the girl. Everyone knew she would never walk again, and that she had the use of only one arm.

The situation did not strike the girl as tragic, merely as symptomatic of life in general. Some people were not meant for happiness. Some people were meant to be left behind, to be weighted down. She was not naive enough to believe that she could ever return to academia. Once she picked up the load, it would be her's forever. She would have to find a job, and, unless she married money, would have to keep that job, or one like it until she was old and doddering. She would exist and die in Exton, as would her mother, and had her father. Seven generations of her family had been born, procreated and died in Exton. She would comprise the eighth generation. Her children would be the ninth.

She determined that she would grow sour and ancient, become a crone preaching her limitations to anyone who would listen. Or else she would be a stoic, grow silent and let her silence be her scream. She would twist and mar her offspring—unless she avoided that ... problem.

She secured a job with little effort, selling shoes at Belk's department store for one dollar above minimum wage. She kept her family solvent, as she was expected to do.

Every morning she arose, carefully avoiding her flat eyes in the mirror. She fed her sisters and attended to her mother. Then to her job. Boxes upon boxes of shoes and an endless array of fat women with thick ankles week after week...

And she fell asleep before the flickering images on the television screen, awakening to repeat the process... Her mind grew empty, her heart constrained and her immortal soul shriveled. People commented that her face, even with the passage of the years remained as unlined as a child's. They wondered about her secret, but never asked her. Anyone who really knew her (and who really knew her?) would know that the reason was that she never smiled.

She met a man. There was no happiness—but they wed. "Fornication" gave her no joy, childbirth only pain. One October, the apple-cheeked stock boy she had married ran away with the High School's art instructor. Subsequently, all the students who had been scheduled to study art that year were reassigned to Auto Shop. She didn't seem to notice his absence ... she had never really noticed his presence.

She did become a crone. She became a dour, stoic old hag. Her twins, both apple-cheeked, broad-shouldered young men, remained with their mother. At the age of forty, both men possessed faces as clear and unlined as children's. Nothing much went on in their minds, and they never smiled.

She expired at the age of sixty. She'd never lived, so she had nothing of the fleeting, mortal clinging to life that others might. The mercy of cancer aborted her daily, yearly disintegration. Her spirit had crumbled long before her body ... the body which was placed underground in the cool, dark silence-in its element.

Ah, but its a beautiful life.

A. M. Salas

Yesterday - Today

Tw'as evening in a little wood;
A robin hopped from ground to branch.
Silently staring, alone I stood
As robin hopped from branch to branch.

Then something of the sun's last rays
which caught upon the robin's breast
Reminded me of other days,
Most happy days but not the best.

And I could feel the peace of mind
Which as a child was granted me:
The warming sun, the love of God,
The healing of a band-aid knee.

Just as suddenly, they left me-
The blue skied heavens of yesterday;
Yet still I watched the little bird
And thought upon the current day.

My hurt is gone, but not God's love
Or the peace of mind that makes life run;
And I have found her who I hope
Will share with me a younger sun.

Timothy S. Weible

The Stars

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high,
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, like a gem of heaven afar!

Child of the earth! Oh! lift thy glance
To you bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak in every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence?
Seest thou not there th' Almighty name,
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night!
Behold them! - can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendour meet thy gaze,
Each is a world by Him sustained,
Who from eternity hath reigned.

Each, shining not for earth alone,
Hath suns and planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From him, th' all-powered King of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, nor tear of woe!
But raising still the' adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art thou, Oh child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not! the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee, a Father care!

Be thou at peace! - th' all-seeing eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still, in mercy, turned on thee.

Susan Reilly

The Journey

The millions of
Bright, glorious stars -
Lighting the way
Of two weary travelers.
The night is warm,
Adding to their mood.
Their words are few
Yet enough to remind
Each of the other
They continue on and on
And wonder if their journeys
Will ever end,
If either will find peace.
They talk, and find they
Have much in common.
They both hurt and find
Comfort in the others words.
They continue to talk and
Voice their pain and
Their weariness lessens and
Finally disappears.
Their eyes focus and
They look up -
Seeing for the first time,
The true beauty
Of the clustered, shining sky.

L. A. L.

Our Shared Experience, Miles Away

I took a walk alone tonight
Under a well lit sky
I felt the futile silver and
I could not help but cry.

Somewhere far across the heavens
I know my woman is calling me
And my soul is there, as hers is here,
Bound one to one for eternity.

Then in the night shot wide a star
The most majestic I've ever known-
Brighter than bright and longer than long,
Surely the best that's ever flown.

And I fancy that my woman,
Who is all alone tonight,
Was also outside walking
And saw the streaming light.

So I kissed my hand and blew it
At the beauty from above
And fancied that she did the same,
My true, eternal Love.

Timothy S. Weible

Haiku

When you are lonely
I will come and ease your pain
We are always one.

Beth A. Long



Coming Home

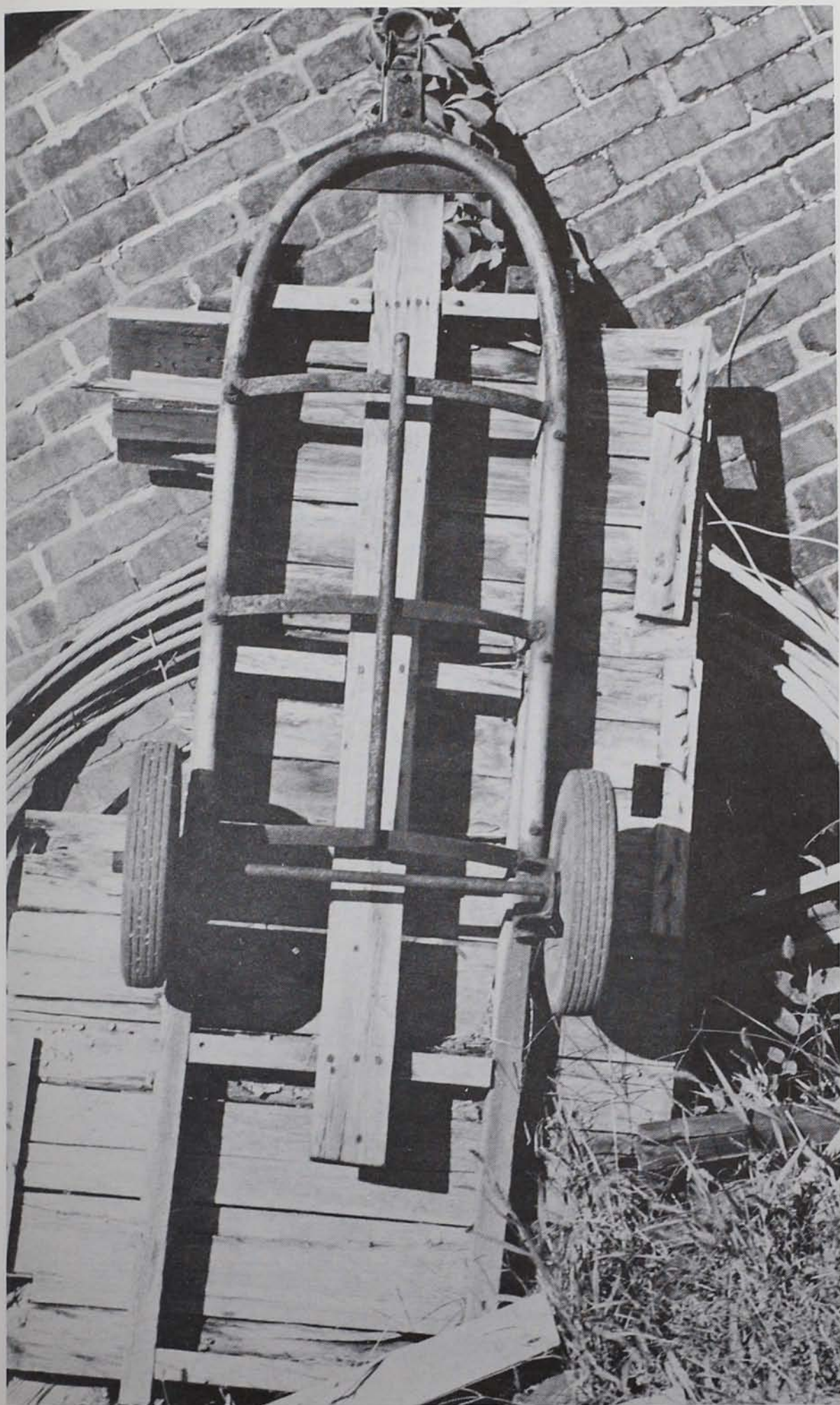
They both stand
Apart from the crowd,
Each holding the other's hand.
The mother in her Sunday dress,
The father also in Sunday best.
They seem ill at ease,
Waiting for the trains appearance.
Standing there so stiffly,
Staring down the distant tracks.
Only months before
They sent their son off to war,
And now he was coming home.
They received the letter
And cried because of the news;
Their son was coming home.
Suddenly the train appears,
Their hands squeeze tighter.
He's coming home to stay.
Not soon enough, the train stops
And the passengers disembark.
The soldiers then come out.
As she sees them,
A tear appears
And silently creeps down
Her old worn face.
The honor guards salute
As the coffin is carried out.
Their little boy has come home.

L. A. L.

Saddened romance
Feels the pain
Of a love far away.
The earth shatters
With despair
As the torrent
Of wind
Rips through
The mist
And the gloomy
Grey woods
Cast shadows
In the rain.
The passion
Of her heart
Is splintered
And the tiny slivers
Are sent
To tangle themselves
In the threads
Of her silk
White
Dress.

The death of love
Leaves her
In anguish
As the blood red roses
Crumple
Inside themselves.
The black coffin
Lies open
Awaiting the one
Who dares
To say goodbye.
The last cry
Has brought no hope
And the struggle
Remains futile—
As love is lost
And the lid
Is closed.

Lisa Talarico



Blossom

Hey Blossom, hi there!
The day's overflowing
With sunshine and blueness
The day's overflowing
With sunshine and blueness
And love you are showing.

Hi there, Miss Blossom,
Miss Karen Lynn Kime,
I reach out and touch you
This instant in rhyme.

And hope you will know
Of the depth of my care,
Know of its richness
And all the love there.

For we are the seed
And God gives us light,
Love is the soil,
Hope lends us might.

So, Blossom, draw near,
Let us each join our light;
Let us make a new rainbow
Eternally bright.

Timothy S. Weible

One
To the stars
And their Infinity-
Celebrate
Their Music and their Dance
To the gods
And their Antiquity-
Of Power... Majesty
To the earth
And her Life and her Breath-
In search of
All of her Secret Strength
To children
And all their Beginnings-
In need of
Their Wisdom... Compassion

Two

Balance the crux
Stand at the edge of the cliff
Watch the rain fall
Witness the motion on the tide
Commune with the air...

Walk the earth
Dream of the moon
Ride the sky
Cross the barriers between mankind and humanity
Touch the petals of the rose...

then

Tell me you have learned.
then
teach.

Beth A. Long

Life is the Teacher

When we grew up, our plans were set.
And when we were gray, we remembered the challenges we met.
Childhood was so simple. We were free to dream.
And little did we know the path of the trembling beam.
We gayly sat in nursery school yards.
But then some foreign force shuffled the cards.

In high school, the times were great for all.
Maybe they were too good for us to see the fall.
The dances and friends were always about,
And the certainty of our futures was never in doubt.
Recollection tells that there was still much to learn,
But still we studied and played without much concern.

Time passes quickly and we all moved ahead.
Perhaps by now the tarot cards had been read.
Now was the time to be our own men,
And unto the world we went equipped with hand and pen.
Then began the search to see if we were fit,
But for my plans and dreams, the candle was not lit.

Oh why did I plan so very much!
And now I'm lost, not knowing what to clutch.
The things last were planned seem so far out of reach.
Perhaps it is my mission to teach.
There were so many worthwhile times at school,
But it was just my turn to play the fool.

If desired we can hold regrets and resentment of the past.
Just remember the last shall be first, and the first shall be last.
For life is the teacher, and to us it may give
Something superior by which we shall live.
So take what we are given, and probe for more,
For never shall He close the golden door.

Joseph F. Pirro

Midnight stroll in February

When nature excercises force,
When midnight's frozen wind does blow,
Far fuller would it make your course
Of life to know such show.

When all the ground is frozen, barren,
When the sky of man is free and
Filled by twinkling eyes on high,
Do Grace and Humbleance visit me.

The dark and season--deadened night
Frees us from our world so narrow.
Freezing blast you can not prevent
From chilling in every bone its marrow.

Then comes to me on crisp of air-
Invisible jaws that knash and tear
Through woolen clothes and into flesh-
A solitude most vital and rare.

So in the open arms of night
When my soul within runs free,
Leaps up high and takes its flight-
I thank the Lord for choosing me

So long ago when on the cross
Christ suffered, bled and died for us.

Timothy S. Weible

When the
harsh winter Winds
Descend
Upon the Earth,
Nature
Veils herself
with a lacy gown of
pure
white
Snow
and hides
her face in the
bosom of
the Night Sky.

Beth A. Long

Ending
The beginning
Of nothingness
As the stars
Scream for light
In the dismal
Atmosphere
Where black
Space
Envelopes
Anyone who
Dares
To challenge
It
Where peace
Is known
Only as a
Fantasy
And where
Hell
Is perceived
As a
Beginning.

Lisa Talarico

Untitled

Sometimes
the rain falls
pounding the ground
tempestuous and angry
yet leaving the air
clear and refreshed

Sometimes
the rain falls
caressing the ground
soft and soothing
yet saturating the air
with haze and stuffiness.

Tears are like the rain;
The ones that trickle down
Are the ones that reveal
A wound still sore,
A memory still painful.

Its a pity
That our society frowns
On the person who lets all emotion go,
And gives the silent mourner
A brisk "There, there, dear:
Everything's all right."

Such a society
is due for a hurricane.

Sara D. Seese

The close humid fog
of an early spring night
obscured the full moon
to a fuzzy glow.
A fresh breeze
blew gently across
the porch with the
laziness that comes at
that certain late hour.
The dimming light
flickered with
shadows of mothwings-
the only distraction
in the silence
of our conversation.

L. A. W.

Eyes (Karen's poem)

There was a time, and not so long ago,
That being younger, full of divine energy,
There was not a part of me necessary.
'Til now! - I would not want to be
Blind or without my eyes to see.

For in she came, not so deliberately
As to find herself a human friend,
And being who I am left wide the door
Only to find the once solid bend,
know my beginning, neglect my end.

And though the others are heard to say,
"Build not on what you see but feel!"
I crave only to view her,
Am full only on my eyesight meal,
From all around to her recognition steal.

So if I should someday soon
Loose my eyes, forget to cry,
And darkness fill every room,
Know not life if she should die,
Shall preserve my love for you
In my mind and through its eye.

Timothy S. Weible

Your Love

Words are so golden when they tumble out
Warms from the lips of lovers, but when
Love
Is constant in the changing skies of
life,
Shining in every corner, every Strife
Seems worth it, and there is an end
to doubt.
Love is a searchlight falling from
above.

Sometimes I walk in darkness for so
long
That I forget Love has such healing
power.
Then far ahead as in a tunnel's
night,
There shines a little golden beam of
light.
I glimpse your love again, and glad
thoughts throng
Like happy birds of spring across the
hours.

My love for you is such a perfect
part
Or life that if we never more should
stand
Together as we do, there still would
be
In your warm soul, a little part of
me,
As you will dwell forever in my
heart
No matter who goes first to that far
land.

Susan Reilly

Flowing-
Surging as the seas
Balanced
music...
Dancing harmonies-
silky
enticing
Beat!

 syncopation
 brassy notes-
primitive...
 clear tones-
classic...
 metallic sounds
 moving sharp as crystal
shattering!
 soft...ivory
 smooth...ebony
Answering song within.
Enter-
filling engulfing-
Bringing a smile
tears...
created
Music
takes you to yourself.
 soft...ivory
 smooth...ebony

 music
Music.

Beth A. Long

Same Welcome as Odysseus

I Surprise

How do you think Mrs. Odysseus reacted when
After twenty years the hubby returned home?
Was she like me when the wave in reaction
To the earthquake hit the unsuspecting town
Deluging the citizens with stifled emotion?
Was everything really in slow motion when
The mind saw the carnage come-overwhelmed
By a myriad of thoughts—disbelief, pounding
Tear, eyes, hate lust, fears and hollowness.

II Bye

No I long to under your gaze where
I used to melt into nothing. there is
This desire to be fused onto your body
Know your origin of thoughts-personally
To be shrunk onto a contact
Then placed in your eye
Where I'd never have to leave the gaze
The spot light of the Ziegfeld
Where this actor longs to play.

Matthew Fagan



EUROPA

I sometimes wonder
What thoughts ran through Europa's mind
As the Great Bull swam off
Carrying her far away from her home.

Did she know
That a continent would be named for her,
That her name would live forever,
That her story would be told a thousand times?

Or did she wonder
Why she had been taken,
And not another, equally desirable Greek maiden?
Or did she laugh
That she was merely going to another land,
Rather than the Dark Underworld
Like Demeter's daughter?

Did she plan
Her new home and new life
With hope and happiness?
Or did she wonder
About her parents, brothers, sisters, and pets
Back at home?

Or did she sit
Astride the Bull's back
Wet, cold, and uncaring
Save that the journey be ended
And the anticipated denouement occur,
And she could pretend
It never had happened?

Sara D. Seese

Sinn Fein

Those who try
but do not succeed
are not remembered
in our society

Quick moving status pushers
control our lives
no time to ponder
we have to proceed

Don't dare think
or take a stand
because fads change
and so should you

Keep the ball rolling
gather no moss
no hurt comes from constant change
nothing to attach to
nothing to break away from

Pour souls, empty souls
so much to feed on
yet you still hunger

God Bless: Bobby, Francis,
Raymond, Patrick, Joseph,
Martin, Kevin, Kieran,
Thomas and Michael

Well fed souls all
How good are we?

Table II

And when I learn how good it is to feel
I'll wonder why I chose to miss so much
Never mind. Mortals cannot comprehend
The depth and timbre of true emotion
If they could, all would choose infinite death
Where all feelings are heightened and changed
However man does not know how to act
When slapped in the face by mortal constraints

A. M. Salas

Idle Dreams

I dreamed I spread giant wings
And flew into the sky...
Then I looked down
And my feet were still on the ground
I dreamed I stretched my legs
And outran the fastest racers in the land...
Then I looked ahead
And saw I'd run off the track
I dreamed I stood at the tiller
Of a swift, powerful speedboat...
Then I looked behind
And the boat was still moored to the pier
I dreamed I was in the presence
Of the one who made my life complete...
Then I reached out
And you weren't there.

Sara D. Seese

-I can take a Hint-

I can take a hint that says goodbye,
'Though I'll spend my life questioning why
The love I thought we had isn't there
And you couldn't just say you don't care.

I can take a hint that says goodbye'
'Though I shall not promise not to cry.
There are other ways than not to write
That tell someone for you it's not right.

At first you were an excellent friend,
But I know this hurt now will not mend.
You gave me life then took it away
By sending love then turning away.

You wanted me for worse or better,
But you can't even send a letter.
To build a relationship on care
There must be communication there.

If goodbye is what your silence means,
'Though it hurts, I'll let go of my dreams
With deepest love and a tearful eye,
For I can take a hint that says goodbye.

D. Grace Fries

IN RETROSPECT

In wild passion, lovers oft' forset
That frenzied flames leave ashes of regret;
And lying loose within a last embrace,
Recall they never saw their lover's face—
So rapt were they in unrestrained desire,
So focused on the quenching of their fire—
And in that realization, do lament
Their energies in reckless fervor spent.
They grieve the vacancy within their heart,
Still unfulfilled, unsatisfied in part.
Estranged from each, they fade in lover's sleep;
Conceal their empty tears in slumbers deep
And dream of finer feelings found in less,
Those slow and patient moves of tenderness,
Where loving's bliss surrounds throughout the night
Two memories meshed in sharing's sweet delight.

Joanne E. Kohler



REST

Rest to thy pillow rest!
I watch beside thee;
No care shall wring thy breast,
No ill betide thee.

Love, guard thy pillow
Love the unrepining;
Heaven's moon is bright above,
Heaven's stars are shining.

Peace, peace, forget, forgive,
And be forgiven.
That all who love and live
May wake in Heaven.

Dream of thy dear one, dream.
The past retracing,
Thy native valley's stream,
Thy love's embracing.

No sound shall mar thy sleep,
No fear perplex thee;
Angels their virgils keep,
My love protects thee.

Peace, peace, forget, forgive,
And be forgiven,
That all who love and live
May wake in Heaven.

China and Porcelain are One in the Same

On the bureau, a china horse lies,
Looking quite real, except for the eyes.
This hand-made gem of paint and of stone
Is fragile and better left alone.

An inanimate appearing warm
Because its shape is a living form;
Nonetheless, it's so cold to the touch
And never responds to very much.

It plays the role of a living horse,
But can not stand up or run a course.
It doesn't have bones, or blood, or skin;
And can shatter-for the china's thin.

By the stairs a young handsome man stands
Folding and unfolding his strong hands.
His looks make him appear quite wise-
Except for the dullness in his eyes.

He waits for her with no thoughts in mind.
His cold, fragile heart is hard to find.
He plays his role as only he can-
A china horse, a porcelain man.

D. Grace Fries

HAIKU

Fog drifts in gently
Decks the trees with cloudy jewels,
Shyly vanishes.

Sara D. Seese

M O M E N T

The gray light and the gray darkness,
Mergence,
Eclipse,
Of thought,
Of light,
Of life.

The warm touch envelopes around,
Mild breeze,
Cool ground,
Pleasant,
Mindless,
Serene.

Thoughts of mortal struggles exit,
Placid,
Peaceful,
Silent,
Control,
Content.

Jeff Jacobson

Come and laugh!
voices crying far away-
The sun bumms through the night
Have you seen the day?

Hear the song of the stars...
dark world-
The rain falls onto the walks
Have you ever heard the message?

Now
Colors gone-
Just black and white.
Glorious stars!
Cosmic design!
Intricate patterns flow one to another.

still and cool...
crystal clear...
crystal sharp...
tingle in my skin

Feel...

Feel small.
Feel insignificance.

Names are meaningless.
Meaning is nameless.
All is.
All will be-

Endless time
Neverending infinite space
Everlasting...

Beauty.

Beth A. Long

