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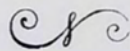


LANTERN

SPRING 1969

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my steps alone were heard
an echo in empty streets
of people's hearts
of places not peopled
and people not placed
yes — even there in cold oblivion
i still sought love
while ever so slowly
the flame went out
and my heart — for lack of fuel
froze . . .

KAREN

he said he hated time and so — he reached into the rushing stream of hours running, grasped a moment and clutching tight, tried to hold it for all that his present despair could merit . . . and while the silver droplets were flowing fast between fingers cupped, vainly hanging onto so little of the stream of time — the waters of eternity slipped past him . . .

what sorrow endured today could have been tomorrow's joy — he never knew, one moment he could have held, enjoyed and let pass again — yes even two, or three or four or five . . . but the dam of time breaks easily and at any moment the floods of an unfulfilled past can make one moment's hope and happiness an eternal despair . . .

KAREN

Communication

The big man on TV
Smilingly invites the country
To his Texas Ranch
And asks for money
to blow up other ranches.
The six-o'clock-news reporter
Tells us of the day's revolts
And suicides and wars to fight,
Beaming with new-found pleasure.
The youngsters watch the movies:
To Bonnie and Clyde, with love.
No longer lured by Robin Hood
They want their money back in blood.
While peacefully at home
Some wired words tell their mother
That her eldest son died (bravely)
In a land she never knew.
And we don't get the message,
With all the telephones in the world.

RITCHIE DAVIS

Evolution

Time's innumerable seconds toll
The coming of tomorrow's past
While snow becomes (slowly)
Rain, and tears melt into joy.

Fear of circumstance prevails
In awesome wonder split by fire,
In shadows of the day-time owl;
And phantoms prowl in dreams.

The future of imagination
Brings unnamed hallucinations.
Our frightening legacy evolves
From eons known as Life.

RICHIE DAVIS

Morning almost faded, the birds are bored with day
And the heavy, heated light presses me awake
From the sleepless, pouring dreams of you.

At noon I wander through clouds of butterflies clasped
To cracking mud mounds, shadowed by dust green leaves,
I am wandering, always shadowed by images of you.

Evening finds me, iced tea and tunafish on bread,
The smell of hot roads, warm fields, steamed by soft grey mist,
A million bugs hum hum hum their hums of you.

I watch the waving black of night, my ceiling sounds
With webs of crawling, fizzing, wingless, eyeless gnats.
Sleepless dreams pour me dripped and splashing after you.

GRIFFIN

Today I looked out my window
And, strangely surprised, saw down below
Life sweating out opaque tears,
Men drilling from day to year.
Hidden eyes under smoked black hair,
A trumpet parade in hot brass air.
The sun on the pavement, dust blown in streams,
Shadowed cats in windows; mice and dreams.
All the sunlit passion in a flicking tail,
All the summer thunder in a leaf's bright flail,
Puddles of dogs and dust,
Held panting by the earth's crust.

GRIFFIN

Gloucester

Time has no place,
 where sea meets shore;
where stars reflect a crystalline ballet on tumbling waves;
 the moon hanging like a frozen orb
 in the nocturnal void.

Here, no wolf of the steppes cries,
the groans of Sisyphus' lost labor flee —
 Silence,
 save the eternal washing of the sand,
 that balm of mortality.

ANONYMOUS

have you ever tried to catch the tide
 or chase a shadow
 or love a wild thing
 i have . . .

i hadn't considered the consequences
 as things often do
 it just happened
 i did it

summer had come with its fleeting parole
 bare footed walks
 along murky streams
 were nice

that's where i found my masked trophy
 an infant bundle of matted fur
 a ring-tailed package
 to snatch up

"quickly,
 before nature the sorcerer
 creeps into your imagination
 and tricks you . . .
 take it!"

i paused
 an image of a taloned falcon
 flickered in my brain
 then i swooped up
 my unsuspecting victim

and safely wrapped in my clammy sweat shirt
 his wimperings of warning
 went unheeded

it wasn't till later
 that i discovered my error
 much later
 too late
 the damage was done

how could i have been so foolish
 to love a wild thing
 that could belong
 to no man

JANIE LANCEY

it's contact that
you need
but hard to find
the cord
attaching eye to
eye

crystal

the galloping camel

over the frozen tundra of an ice-cube
i rode on a horse's back
who turned into a camel
when he stumbled over a hump

LINDA DiMAURO

Life's Flight

Ten birds, or ten thousand,
Grouped together to make an unknown flight.
Feathers and bills, claws and eyes,
Setting out for a new life
Across the pink expanse
Of a snow-clouded sky.

Looking for the sun
In hopes of finding warmth.
Praying to reach the sun
Before snowflakes fall —
 The golden sun is their god.
 The sky is their world.
 And warmth is their goal.

Ten birds, or ten thousand,
Ten snowflakes, or ten thousand,
Ten men, or ten thousand,
Somehow their lives are much the same —
 They group together.
 Have their beginnings and ends.
 All in due course of time.
 All according to the seasons.
 Simple, beautiful, delicate lives
 That come and go . . .

LINDA DiMAURO

HAIKU II

A sweet spring breeze
Gently kissed the robin's nest.
Hush! New life chirps softly.

HAIKU III

The cherry-blossom scent
Of an early spring
Awakens sleeping bees.

HAIKU IV

A star fell from heaven
As a budding daffodil
Nodded its head.

LINDA DiMAURO

today is monday

today is monday

my analyst day

when

i travel two hours

down to the big city

free-associate

for fifty minutes

smoke

a cigarette for five

then

travel two more hours

back

and wait for monday

to show its face

again

LINDA DiMAURO

HAIKU V

Waves roll in and out
Unaware
Of my attempted conversation.

HAIKU VI

A day of rain
Somebody passes by my house
With pink violets.

at the waterfront

ice-chugged rivers flow
as ships trickle into port
a splash is heard
by a drunken tar
as a man's spirit
mingles with the mist

LINDA DiMAURO

He said to me,
Look into my hand;
Forest pathways,
Plowed hills,
Clear streams; mud banks, rolled pebbles,
Sand smooth, soft and cold,
Leaves whirled into the currents by the beating of my heart.
You see, my heart is stirring leaves in the bottom of my hand.

He showed me his hand,
He covered me with his hand.
I felt the tall green pines prick my sides,
The warm plowed earth settled on my breasts;
And the streams, sunned and swaying,
Curled into my nostrils and eyes
And swept into my ears with a roar,
And flooded my arms and pounded my skin,
Swirling and battering roughly about my legs,
Waving, ebbing, lapping off my feet.

I settle like leaves beside his heart,
Stirring sleepily in the bottom of his hand.

"Somewhere"

Somewhere
In the pit of winter
There must be a place for me
To lie down
And be tucked in
Beneath a blanket of snow.
To find the bed of hyacinths
To find my lost love
To recapture the first kiss of winter
Without going through Spring and
Summer —
Eternal months of light
In which there is no hiding place.

MARY ELLEN McFADDEN

"A Darkened Window"

The day ends as the lonely shadows fall
Into the night's mingling solitude,
Silently and serenely the pastels fade,
Blackening the sky until the dawn returns.

From the meadow rises a lone glimmer,
Lighting the still air with a dusty glint.
The evening star of memory hangs in the heavens,
And breaks the perpetual peace in the West.

A gleam of innocence accents the existent solitude
As its dim trail blends with the cold waters,
Watching until broken behind the screen of pines,
The celestial patterns change but their image lingers.

Each distinct impression renews the aging dreams
Of those who gaze above at their last memory.
Slumber will soon fade these last impressions —
Extinguishing the glow from a darkened window.

MARY ELLEN McFADDEN

"Poem"

The stomach of the sea rumbles and churns,
Spewing seaweed out of its flat sandy mouth.
Its arms and legs, sharp and fierce,
Break against the rocks and at the last minute
Shout out
Against the fate which propels them.

The moon in the sky spreads its wide grin
Of satisfaction.
Beneath its evil eye the seas dance
Propelled by its erotic force.

The beach at night is a wild place
Day's serenity packed away like the
Picnic baskets of departing sunbathers.

Its music is loud, raucous and fierce
And the waves dance—spurred on and on:
Spun round and round, up and down,
In and out
Until they die and lie
Smashed on the flat shark-mouth
Of the sandy shore.
The tide
Spins the wide
Waves upside
Down; crucified
They have no pride
Mystified
For they have not lied
Have not tried
To escape the tide;
Now they have meekly died —
The moon is satisfied.

MARY ELLEN McFADDEN

And When I Looked There Were Pinprick Holes in the Sky

an after-title

I reach out
to push my hands
and shove the ceiling
closing in on me.

I scream
But this cannot be love
There is so much more
to me
than you know.

Have you shared
with me
a sunrise on the ocean
and we leave our footprints
glistening on the beach
to the lonely call of gulls

Have you shared
with me
dangling legs
from the highest branch of a tree
staring up to clear blue
framed by brown and green

Have you shared
with me
the moon
its rippled reflection
on a still lake
the night broken only by waves
lapping the shore

This is me
Don't you know
Can't you see
there is so much more
than what you claim is all.

Love cannot be us
Cannot be now
So let the ceiling go.

ALIZARIAN CRIMSON

Trinity

I have seen the wind
 I have touched pure rays of sunlight
 I have heard the murmurs of vanished stars
 In my soul

Citadels have been daily conquered
 Lovers have been nightly found
 Egotists forever chastened
 In my mind

But in my heart
 Babes quiver with hunger
 Young men meet in mortal clash
 Children wail in frantic anguish
 Old folks nod in lonely trance

In my soul
 In my mind
 In my heart
 Three worlds touch
 then unwillingly merge
 To form the painful triumverate
 of wishfulness, fulfillment,
 and reality

You Are A / **A Definition of**
Goof "love"

And suddenly there were those very words "You are a goof," looking at me and smiling and loving being that very sentence, since, once it was put on paper, it knew it would never be anything but what it was and decided it was going to smile and love being that sentence and maybe, in smiling and living a full "You are a goof" life, it could make somebody else or some other sentence or a comma or even an accidentally made by mistake semicolon an itsy-bitsy-teeny-weeny-yellow-polka-dot-bit happier than it ever could have been on that day if "You are a goof" had not smiled at him even knowing that he ("You are a goof") could never be anything more than a four-word sentence and still being thankful every minute of his life because "You" and "are" weren't contracted into "you're" making him only a three-word sentence, thus realizing how good he had it.

PAM GRANT

In Transit

The sphere of time
(the womb and graveyard of moments)
Whirrs with quiet efficiency,
 gyro-effortless,
As one new minute is born every sixty seconds.

Falling at our feet,
 the foundling instant—
 an unwanted birth in a family of hours
With a thousand hungry howling voices,
 yet relentlessly conceived . . .

Each one
 celebrates a small existence,
Perhaps deflating a soft void of dreams
 with the cry of now-ness
 and a shriek of tomorrows,
 as it passes out of sense
 into the catacombs of yesterdays.

BETH BLAND

Night Will Fall

Reach out to live again
What neglect has all but destroyed.
Grasp the night — a void,
Where bits of a man once lay.
Sense the wound
As fearful as ignorance, as haunting
As absence,
And run from the knife.
Run into a corridor
Still echoing footsteps.
And race for the next,
Knowing the race will end,
The night will fall.
To stop is to fight,
Camus,
There is room for but one in the hallway.
And for those who hesitate
There is the sigh of a door closing,
Somewhere.

BETH BLAND

I

Waking into the dish-water morning
Warm and stagnant
The hazy sun
Glow
And I long to peddle
Bikini and blanket
To the unmolested nudity
Of the beach

II

At sun-high noon
Charred bodies
Steaming
And coppertoned
Clam-clustered
Along the borders of the wind-blown sea
Where plastic-dragon and sand-pail people play

III

Sun-drunk
And plastered tightly
I peel myself up
From the coke-can beach
And trudge home
Dizzily
Watching screech-crazy gulls
Against the scintillating sky.

BETH BLAND

Praise Be To ?

Praise be to God!

Which god?

That god!

The one up there.

But I'm not going there,

I'm going there.

Praise be to God!

Praise be to god!

By addition

God cancels God,

That leaves —

Praise be to?

RICHARD DIXON

