



12-1981

## The Lantern Vol. 48, No. 1, December 1981

Lori W. Wilson  
*Ursinus College*

Mary Alice Cullinan  
*Ursinus College*

Duncan C. Atkins  
*Ursinus College*

Steve Martino  
*Ursinus College*

Richard P. Richter  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

**Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

### Recommended Citation

Wilson, Lori W.; Cullinan, Mary Alice; Atkins, Duncan C.; Martino, Steve; Richter, Richard P.; Pasekoff, Dorene M.; Arnold, Stephen; Morrison, Jean; and Barrett, Alison P, "The Lantern Vol. 48, No. 1, December 1981" (1981). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 120.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/120>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

---

**Authors**

Lori W. Wilson, Mary Alice Cullinan, Duncan C. Atkins, Steve Martino, Richard P. Richter, Dorene M. Pasekoff, Stephen Arnold, Jean Morrison, and Alison P. Barrett



*the Lantern*

Vol. XLVIII, No. 1

December 1981

A collection of Poetry and Prose composed for  
the Fall Term, 1981, by the students of  
Ursinus College.

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

# Table of Contents

While Sipping Scotch and Soda	T.J.M.	1
I Remember . . .	Lori W. Wilson	2
The Apology	T.J.M.	3
Growing. Growing	Mary Alice Cullinan	4
It Seems like Time . . .	Christopher R. II	5
Zimmerman Encounters Pessimism	Duncan C. Atkins	6
Deliverer	T.J.M.	8
Genus Sublime	S. Martino	9
Yours, Still . . .	M.(Y.O.)	11
The Rising Sun . . .	J.K.C.	12
Person, Valley, Things	Richard P. Richter	12
It Lay Motionless . . .	Anonymous I	13
Les Parques	M.	14
Opportunity	Dorene M. Pasekoff	15
The Park — I, II	Richard P. Richter	18
Another Dimension	Mary Alice Cullinan	20
Grand Mal	Mary Alice Cullinan	21
Moments Later	Mary Alice Cullinan	22
Look Into A Pond . . .	Stephen Arnold	23
Trust and Dependency	Jean Morrison	23
From <i>Foundlings</i>	S. Martino	24
Drought	Richard P. Richter	26
Girl at Fence	Richard P. Richter	26
Campus	Richard P. Richter	27
Clocking Time	P.A.B.	28
A Letter From Clarence	Duncan C. Atkins	29
When Flat Lines	Anonymous I	31
Every Now and Then	Jean Morrison	32
Loneliness	D.J.E.	32
Emotion No. 2	Pear	34
You're Walking	Anonymous	34
Battle Cries . . .	Pear	35
The Ultimate Feudal Lord	Anonymous	36
Monologue From A Farther Room	Alison P. Barrett	37

# Patrons

R. P. Richter

Dr. P. Perreten

M. J. Higgins

Dr. Byerly

C. Broadbent

Mrs. Staiger

P. Alderfer

J. Fryer

Mr. Jamison

Dr. Bozorth

Dr. Dolman

Dr. Doughty

Dr. Parsons

# \*Staff

EDITOR.....	Margaret J. Higgins
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....	Lynn Brumley
ASSISTANT EDITOR AND LAYOUT EDITOR.....	Steve Martino
CONTRIBUTIONS EDITOR AND LAYOUT ASSISTANT ...	Nancy E. Altmann
BUSINESS EDITOR.....	Diane Shaffer
FACULTY ADVISOR.....	Dr. Peter Perreten
STAFF .....	Stephen Arnold
	Jean Morrison
	Dorene M. Pasekoff
	Jennie Reichert

\*SPECIAL THANKS to Monsieur S. and ABSNance, perfectionist et tappeur extraordinaires!



## While Sipping Scotch and Soda

Hearts are torn on nights like these.  
Sweat and smoke sift through the air,  
Amidst the dragging bodies;  
Paired — two by two.  
Exchanging vows of flattery.  
Breath stale with last night's wine . . .  
I see you are not laughing.  
Could it be that last night's caller  
Did not leave you any mail?  
Love is cheap here.  
Simply call the tune,  
The band will surely play.  
Quick, call the tune.  
Love is cheap here.  
Ice cubes clatter sweaty glasses,  
Harmony to the din of laughter  
Which permeates this steamy stall.  
Dressed in Xeon lights,  
And saused in scents of nuance.  
Laughter, laughter . . .  
I see you are not laughing.  
Does smoke sting your eyes,  
Or can your eyes see all too clearly?  
This band does not play your song.

TJM

I remember the grave radio announcements:  
"Sadat has been shot. Details unknown."

Details unknown . . . details obscured.  
Death or life? The facts are blurred.  
Is it my eyes or my television window?  
I look out of it, but I see only the flow  
Of groomed newscasters unknowing  
Or unwilling to reveal. Sheepishly they fling  
Out videos of Mirage-birds with plumes  
Of purple, red, yellow. It seems their fumes  
Could put dark warriors into murderous euphoria,  
Beneath the brazen Egyptian sun.

Panic has taken the initiative in Cairo, but  
Larger slashes of reaction are felt by a world cut  
In pieces. These harbingers of bad news are smug  
And cagey — they know, but don't say. They've dug  
His grave already. Impromptu eulogies begin.  
So does the long wait for true news, that stretches in  
A strip of barren desert ahead of us all. Minutes crawl  
Like dying men lost, there in the sands. The pall  
Of time settles in comfortably for a long sleep.  
Speculations made by those who know. They bet cheap.

At last, confirmation official. Sadat is gone.  
Killed instantly, not long after the dawn  
Of the day in the East of the Western world  
Now we are smothered with some breathless facts, hurled  
At us as if in sulky apology for our trouble.

(cont.)



First the sounds of screams, and shouts which stubble  
The forever sound of machine gunfire. Who said that  
Hell is not a dense continuity? A voice comes back flat  
— The newscaster's, when the metallic sound dies.  
Next, the flourish of a not-yet-seen videotape.

Piles of chairs, like piles of rocks reshuffled after  
An earthquake. A corpse in a fetus-like ball doesn't deter  
The cameraman. A man cradles his shattered arm —  
Raw veins show, yet he looks childlike, even calm.  
A focus on a bloody hand grasping a chair  
Desperate in life, veering towards death with an unresigned air.  
The hawk-faced general stands erect and does not speak;  
He is oblivious to the blood criss-crossing his cheek.  
Mercifully, the tape ends, but it is paraded out again,  
Until the networks deem it time to resume a stunned normalcy.

Lori W. Wilson

## **The Apology**

Take the time to find the love you're needing,  
I'm not conceding to a time when I grew weak.  
Looking in your eyes I see the sorrow.  
There's no tomorrow,  
If there's nothing left to seek.

TJM

**Growing. Growing  
Growing Growing Growing**

I get the feeling I'm expected to produce.  
I have given it my all.  
But the method of infusing within my staggering sluice gate  
Capsules of energy,  
That conjure up pictures of astronauts downing Tang,  
Has criminally assaulted the rites of simple form.  
I grow. I was planted. A little seed was I.  
A step away from being held within my father's palm.  
Only. Just. Girlish, gigglish, foolish crouching.  
Then shoved into the fertile soil and tamped.  
Blushing, budding bride, branched out,  
Nourished, didn't/couldn't kill the sprout.  
And imitated well her mother in that ecstasy.  
And I never got back there to thank them;  
Those two people with two people each  
To misshape them.  
Once I was out of the area, guess I got tangled up  
In my own problems of opening.

Mary Alice Cullinan

## **It Seems Like Time Has Stood Still . . .**

the hour — cut; the minute — divided;  
(the second atomically split)  
and time stands; still.

adrift in length and width and height;  
floundering, treading, learning slowly,  
swimming in shark cold water  
and time stands; still.

eat memories for food;  
drink down stagnant thoughts, abound;  
i see i touch i hear i taste  
i can't exist, i sink.

and i stand: waiting.

Christopher R. II



# Zimmerman Encounters Pessimism

A knock on the door.

"Yo Zimmerman, you in there?"

"Yeah, Mac Gregor, I'm studying. Go away."

"Let me in for just a minute. I just want to borrow *Who's Next*."

"Why don't you make a copy of the damn album? You listen to it every night."

"Okay."

"Okay, what?"

"Okay, open the door, let me borrow the album and I'll go copy it."

Zimmerman mumbled to himself, got up and opened the door. Mac Gregor walked in and headed for the box of albums underneath the stereo.

"So Zimmerman, whatcha' studying?"

"Physics."

"Oh man, that's some really boring stuff. Lotta memorization, huh?"

"Yeah."

"I hate memorizing things. It bores me. Where's the album, Zimmerman?"

"Should be right next to *Quadrophenia*."

"It's not. Oh wait a minute, here it is." Mac Gregor sat down on a couch behind Zimmerman's desk and started humming "Baba O'Reilly" while looking at the back of the album.

"Uh, Mac Gregor, listen. I kinda' got this test in the morning, and I need to concentrate, so why don't you, uh, get the hell out of here."

"Yeah, sure. Listen Zimmerman, I wish I had your discipline. I hate studying. It bores me. How can you study so much?"

"I gotta have a hell of a good cum if I wanna' make it to med school. So listen, I'll see ya later."

"What's so important about med school? I mean, why do you want to be a doctor?"

Zimmerman was quiet for a minute. He turned around and looked at Mac Gregor. "Come on . . . I mean, everyone's got to find his place in life. And, well, a doctor makes good money, lives well and so does his family."

"You're already thinking about a family?"

"Yeah, sure. I mean, everybody's gonna get married. Aren't you concerned about how you're going to support a wife?"

"Hell no. I have enough trouble asking a girl for a date. Marriage is the last thing on my mind."

"Don't you have any goals for your life?"

"No, not really."

"Well then, what the hell are you doing in college?"

"I don't know. My parents made me come here. Actually, I wanted to take this job working in a racing stable, but my dad wouldn't let me. He said, 'No son of mine is gonna' spend his life scooping horse manure.'" Mac Gregor laughed at this.

"Man, you're twenty years old," Zimmerman said irritably. "You better get your act together and start thinking about what you want to do after college."

"Why? What the hell difference does it make?"

"It makes a hell of a difference. Jesus, Mac Gregor, you gotta' give your life some direction."

"I don't know, Zimmerman. It just seems so damn futile to me. I mean, here you are busting your balls for four years to get into med school.

"Let's say you get into Harvard Med or something and you complete the program and then on the day you graduate you get run over by a car. Then you've wasted eight years of your life."

"That's the most ridiculous damn thing I've ever heard of—"

"Okay, okay. Let's say you get out of Harvard Med and start a practice in suburban New York. Bergen County, New Jersey or something. And you marry some girl and have children and here's what happens: Everyday you work your balls off mending broken arms and removing tonsils and going to the hospital at three in the morning. And what for? So your wife can take the kids, put them in the Mercedes, and drive them to Bloomingdale's once a month and buy them those ridiculously obnoxious shirts by Ralph Lauren with those damn polo ponies over the left breast: And then you send the kids to some exclusive private school and your wife joins some stupid neighborhood poetry club and they meet once a week and read poetry that means absolutely nothing to them while they show off their new clothes and brag about how great their children are, when really the kids are spending their allowance on dope and doing shots of your Chevas Regal while you're out with your wife, who's dragging you Lord knows where to spend more of your money. And all of this goes on for a few years, until it's time for the kids to go to college and you have to deliver more babies and remove more tonsils so that your kids can go to Harvard and order \$45 sweaters from L.L. Bean and get drunk every weekend with one of the Kennedy children. And then about twenty years later you keel over from a heart attack and your family cries for a day and then buries you and then starts fighting over your damn will." Mac Gregor paused for a moment. "If that's your idea of a good life you can have it."

Zimmerman chewed nervously, even reflectively on his pencil for a moment. "That's ridiculous, Mac Gregor. I mean, with that kind of an attitude you're never gonna' do anything."

"Whoa, whoa," Mac Gregor interrupted. "What's this attitude crap? Attitude doesn't have a damn thing to do with anything. I'm talking about the way life really is. I mean, maybe I overstated a few things, but everything I said is true."

"Sure it's true, but I mean, you have to overlook the bad things. You can't let them control your life. If you do, you'll never do anything worthwhile. You gotta' at least try to do something worthwhile."

Mac Gregor reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a cigarette and a lighter and was prepared to light up until he remembered Zimmerman didn't like smoke in his room.

"I don't know, Zimmerman," Mac Gregor said, looking at the cover of *Who's Next*. "How can you overlook the way life really is? There's too many variables, too many unknowns. The world's so damn full of b.s. I don't know. All I want to do is show horses." He got up and walked towards the door. "Well listen, thanks for the album. I'll make a copy of it somewhere and bring it back."

"Yeah . . . sure. I think, uh, Jay next door can make a cassette for you."

"Okay, thanks, Zimmerman. Later."

"Yeah. Later."

Zimmerman went back to studying physics and forced everything that Mac Gregor had said from his mind. Doubt, he knew, no matter how well-founded, was ambition's greatest enemy.

Duncan C. Atkins



## Deliverer

I could never play your song.  
Each melody was filed fine,  
Polished, shined; and cast along  
Amongst the throng that wait in line.  
Plodding, in a sad progression.  
Holding hearts of burnt aggression.  
Simply echos:  
Beating sounds in vaults of stone  
That never heard the songs of spring.  
Tawdry bits of monotone.  
Soggy lines that lost their sting.  
But isn't that what sells these days?  
Molded tongues, and minds of clay.  
Simply echos?  
The eyes are turned on you,  
They think you're something new.

TJM

## Genus Sublime

When choosing a pet one must think and consider.  
Conscientiousness calls to peruse every litter.  
One must stop to ask questions and even keep logs,  
But one must never consider the keeping of dogs.

A fish as a pet is a tedious sort.  
A lap of the backstroke's the range of its sport.  
But give it its due, at least it stays quiet.  
Compared to a dog I would eagerly buy it.

Gerbils and hamsters are nothing but rodents.  
Let snakes remain coiled, let turtles stay coated.  
But I'd rather a hamster or cancerous frog  
Than to live in a house with a boisterous dog.

A bird is so brainless, so crass and annoying.  
Who wants to tidy its endless deploying?  
But you can live with a bird if you cope with the smell.  
A year with a dog is a sentence in hell.

Its bad to keep rabbits,  
Still worse to keep bees.  
But desist from the habbit  
Of keeping dogs, please!

San Bernardos are homely, Great Danes are outrageous.  
The ten best Chihuahuas are not worth their cages.  
What could be worse than poodle or shepherd?  
I'd sooner take up with a scabby old leper.

But the one dog disgracing the whole worthless kennel,  
Whose mere sight is more loathed than instruments dental,  
The canine whose rival is ne'er to be found —  
The pathetically pitiful basset-type hound.

No, even a dog of superlative breeding,  
If fairly assessed, is not worth the feeding.  
And yet if a pet you are certain you're needing,  
Read along further and attend to my heeding.

Of every beast, minute or obese,  
Of every creature, in feathers or fleece,  
There lives but one genus completely sublime,  
And that, patient reader, is the genus feline.

So coolly, so calmly, he pitters and patters,  
Casually pondering national matters.  
He rarely gets angry, he deigns when he speaks,  
He's fond of Beethoven, cream and antiques.

He sleeps when he wants, gets up when he pleases,  
To contemplate Keats or to sample some cheeses.  
A scholar indeed, but he's also athletic.  
What discriminant leaps! What discretion kinetic!

Alas, dearest reader, I am sad to report,  
The world is bepeopled with a credulous sort.  
There are misguided lassies and uninformed lads  
Who think canines are dukes and felines are cad.

Such lads and such lassies are blind to the facts,  
That the worst Persian has what the best Huskie lacks,  
That a dog's boorish crudeness, its "ruf" and its "arf"  
Are enough to make even an alley cat cringe.

Give a dog a command and he'll slobber and drool.  
A cat will not even respond to the fool.  
For he is sedate, composed and staid.  
A dog ought be valued the farther he's strayed.

Canines love scratches and kisses and fondles.  
They have no decorum, those bitches and mongrels.  
Cats, in their poise, will eschew human reach.  
They expressly forbid so intrusive a breach.

To compare dogs to cats is a matter of illness,  
Or at least a display of cerebral stillness.  
To think of a cat as a gross philistine!  
Why, the very suggestion's an insult supreme.



## Your's Still . . .

Tomorrow I'll capture the essence, once within me unexploited.  
Its petals stealing out to gently entwine thorns unseen,  
Now burning yet never consuming, like acid  
Honeyed forever in life.

Now the brush holds no life, no force of passage.  
That sacred link has been broken.  
My testaments have not been common,  
The soul pains at the loss with each stroke.  
Years of unbidden hesitation have passed.  
Perhaps I knew yours would be  
The Masterpiece.

I have studied my inspiration well, my love.  
Yours will be no moment, but hold all time.  
What canvas holds such emotion but to its maker,  
Who can yet never be satisfied and so at peace.  
Understand that I may never part with it,  
For though it be yours forever, I cannot survive  
The loss of my own.

You will always be my Art, my Soul,  
Though I must transfer back to a lesser dimension.  
But oh, how the artist has grown!  
What was once just colour and form now holds depth  
And a vague need — a restless urgency for time,  
And what?

Faith — in time and love: dimensions will remesh.  
Belief — in thorns, St. Jude, the blessed curse.  
I have only one heart, and that not mine.  
I cannot ask it back, nor want it.  
It grows where it will, a potent tiger-lily.  
No cloistered rose; but unshackled  
Through beauty and will.  
So rare to capture and hold, yet always there  
To bloom again in the same soil.  
Eternally.

M (Y.O)





It lay motionless, harmless,  
but full of magical potential.  
I wanted to reach out and touch it,  
to feel it within me. But I was afraid.  
I was afraid you might notice and stop me.  
I held off, for a while. Gradually,  
slowly, I succumbed to my fate  
when resistance weakened within me.  
I felt it carefully, stroking it,  
knowing I must have it —  
so round, so hard, so  
smooth to the touch that  
desire burned so hot inside me, that  
it felt cold in my sweating hand.  
All my inhibitions cried aloud  
but were consumed by the fire of  
my desire and my desperation.  
I slipped it carefully into my mouth —  
so round, so hard, so smooth.  
I was told once how to do it:  
slowly, rhythmically, thoughtfully.  
I had done it a hundred times  
in my mind since I first saw it.  
It was in and the time was right.  
My hand felt its way to the base  
and I squeezed softly, slowly, coaxingly.  
With a blast it suddenly came.  
I felt the warmth in my mouth,  
the vibrations of my moan, the  
ecstatic moment of a lifetime.  
Its heat burned through my brain  
as the bullet passed through the skull.

Anonymous I

## Les Parques

Our causes somewhere tied before our lips.  
Ethereal instinct; pure intent.  
Whoever drew that thread, drew it smooth, silent,  
Tight to the knot.

Not satisfied by sips,  
We soaked our souls in deep rich blood of hearts.  
Naïve trust; young bravado.  
Whoever poured that wine poured it smooth, silent,  
Full to the rim.

Not satisfied by days,  
We searched those further opaque parts.  
Dark mist; blind sight.  
Whoever called the eve, called it smooth, silent,  
Close to the stars.

Yet still not satisfied,  
We pulled, drunk, and forgot the night.  
    Who cut that thread?  
    Who spilled the wine  
    Who brought this dawn?

M.

# Opportunity

Jeremy shuffled down the empty hall, his old skateboard under his arm. After twenty minutes of spinning and speeding in a rushing breeze under a clear, blue sky and blazing sun, the hall was downright unbearable. The pale fibrous "permanent" walls with evenly-spaced openings that led into windowless, box-like rooms closed in around him. Sure, it bothered him. Not like Peggotty, who on the first day of school promptly fainted from claustrophobia upon walking into the narrow, enclosed area that was her homeroom. It was more like having only the tip of your nose barely above the water in a vast sea and fearing that even that might not last. At times like these, he would do anything for a window.

Jeremy stamped the old, dry piece of gum into the stubby rug fibers so that the cleaning ladies would not be able to remove it. Since every room within the huge school was exactly the same and not all the signs were up, he used it as a marker to find his locker. He found his locker and tossed the skateboard in. He really preferred his new one, but he wasn't risking the chance that it might be stolen.

A flat tone vibrated through the area. From the ramp came the rumblings of the thundering horde returning from lunch. Jeremy kicked the locker shut. It was time to go to study hall. At least Kyra and Peggotty would be there.

In a school this large, one clung to friends already made and made new ones only by sheerest chance. On the hectic first day, Kyra had been the only one who had noticed that Peggotty had fainted. The two girls had become fast friends. On reaching their study hall late, they found only one small table empty except for a battered black notebook. When Jeremy returned from the water fountain, he found two strange girls at his table and his notebook tossed in the corner.

For some reason, even though they did not share his all-consuming interest in skateboards, the three of them became best of friends.

Peggotty's real name was Margaret, but upon reading *David Copperfield* in English, Kyra had immediately changed it. Jeremy wasn't sure if the name fit or not. He had gathered enough information to pass the test listening to them wail about it. Peggotty read a lot and she knew a lot, too. Not that such things seemed to bother Kyra. She had named some girl with round glasses Wol, after the owl in *Winnie-the-Pooh*. Personally, Jeremy thought she looked more like a scared rabbit. Yet, like everyone else, he called the girl Wol, and Peggotty Peggotty. Even though you might disagree with her and be not quite sure something fit, for some mysterious reason when Kyra named something, the name stuck.

Kyra and Peggotty were already there when Jeremy came in and soon the three of them were chattering away like everyone else in the room. The teachers, mainly from elementary schools, were unused to eighth-graders with study halls and so were at a loss as to what to do. The rigid alphabetical seating and quiet were nonexistent here.

"My gosh, I don't believe this school!" said Kyra.

"The mercury is going to come shooting out of the thermometers. In Team A it was 87°! Where is the air conditioning they kept telling us about?"

"Ha!" said Peggotty, "We should be so lucky. It was 90° in most of our classes. Everyone was lying across their desks and panting".

"Ekland was having fits again," said Jeremy. "Then she sent me down to complain to the janitor. Man, I hate that. He never notices anything. It's cold down there, I can see my breath. So I say, 'The thermometer is 90° and Ekland wants to know how come?' and he says, 'What do you want me to do? Does it feel hot here? What do you think I am anyway?' That's if I can find him. Sometimes he's not there and I either take forever down there looking for him in that creepy cellar or go back up, and either way Ekland screams at me cause it's still hot and what took me so long?"



"If you didn't throw spitballs at Maria all the time, did your homework once in a while and just generally behaved, she wouldn't do it," said Peggotty. "She's trying to get rid of you. Honestly, what gets into you in that class? You don't act that way in French!"

"I like French," said Jeremy. "I don't like . . ."

"Oh stop it!" said Kyra. "We haven't got all period. Peggotty did you bring that book with the dragon? I want to copy it for Art."

Peggotty brought out a book with a man sitting on a dragon across the cover.

"That doesn't look very typical," said Jeremy.

"It isn't. It's a Pern dragon."

"Oh. How did the man get there, discover the planet or live there always?"

"The usual," said Peggotty. "His ancestors discovered it, but he's always lived there. When you get older, heroes don't just drop through a gap to a different time or place and then somehow drift back to the present. They know too much and can change too much, I suppose."

"Space travel is too far into the future and I've been born here," said Kyra with a sigh. "The old days of the right door opening, a special wishing place, or a time-fault are said to be fantasies to put behind us."

"I would settle for a large hole in the road, made by dragons, elves or UFOs" said Peggotty, watching the pale walls around her. "I am beyond caring." Most of the time, Peggotty kept her claustrophobia in check by imagining a large window behind her, but this device was beginning to wear thin.

"Suppose it was possible," said Kyra, hopefully. "What sort of land would we want? Who peoples it?" Both she and Jeremy looked toward Peggotty.

"Dragons and unicorns," she said. "Swords and sorcery. Green elf-meadows, rolling fertile hills, and craggy, treacherous, seacoasts. Impossible journeys over hill and dale, ever searching for the hidden and unattainable, yet at last finding it where you least expect it. Roaring fires during great feasts in noble castles and shivering in a drafty cave during a cloudburst. Ruined abbeys, buried treasure, books of precious, forgotten lore, gold and cold iron. Witches, elves, dwarves, kings, and humble peasant folk. Magic that burns as a cold blue flame in the dark of night. A siege, a battle, flaming arrows in an arc, swords running thick with blood, and suddenly, evil is vanquished. The sun shines bright in the open air again."

"HMMMMMMMMMMMM," said Kyra, contentedly. "No smerlaide"

"Agreed," said Jeremy. "But how can you get there? Dark, gloomy houses with cobwebs and ghosts in every corner. Moon-lit glades in the woods, weird old ladies, mysterious keys, rich uncles that die suddenly with great estates, formal gardens gone to seed with mazes in the middle — this is where you say all the great things happen, not in—" he struck a pose "an innovative and stimulating educational environment within a contemporary structure. In other words, a prison with no windows."

"True," said Kyra, regretfully.

"But it would be nice . . ." said Peggotty.

The flat tones squashed their dreams.

The next day started as bleak as any other and rapidly turned bleaker. Some wise-guy had switched hall signs and since all the corridors looked alike, it wasn't until Jeremy was half-way down that he realized he was in the wrong place. Then to bleaken his day even more he saw Mark coming up the hall.

Mark was the fattest boy in school. He was alternately a hypersensitive weeping bundle of blubber or a raging bully. From the first time the boys had met, the sparks of mutual hatred had been stuck.

Mark sneered something at Jeremy who sneered something just as nasty back. What it was didn't really matter. Within a matter of minutes, the two were at it again. Books were left to their fate in the hall. Jeremy was tall and thin and didn't have a chance. By sheer size and



weight, Mark could overpower anything. Soon Jeremy was in the familiar position of being banged against the wall with two ham-like hands trying to bend his throat out of shape. Jeremy struck back as best he could, and by sheer ferocity was gaining some ground, but the pale wall creaked ominously under the blows. At least it didn't hurt so much to get bounced off these walls.

The fight had attracted relatively little attention. However, it did attract the attention of one person.

"Mark, cut that out! Keep it up, and that wall is going to come crashing down. They might look cheap, but they aren't! Move it, Mark!" Peggotty gave him a shove to back up words with action. Always the coward at heart, Mark decided to leave.

Jeremy was mad and embarrassed. Mad because he hadn't flattened Mark and embarrassed because Peggotty always caught him. Couldn't she let him finish a fight alone?

"You are going to be nothing but a grease spot on that wall if this keeps up," said Peggotty as they headed for Miss Ekland's area, "Can't you just ignore him?"

Peggotty . . ."

"Well, at least, will you stop depending so much on your fists? Honestly, the both of you just stand there as if you were up to your knees in mud! Kick him, for goodness sake!"

Jeremy was really flaming now. "Will you stop telling me how to fight? You don't know anything about it!"

Peggotty slammed her books on the wide-armed chair. "Ha! From watching you, I certainly know what NOT to do!"

"Oh, yeah? Well . . ."

"Margaret, you will refrain from making an unnecessary disturbance when entering the room. Jeremy, I believe your seat is on the other side of the room. Thank you. Class, we will begin on page 73 in the blue book". Miss Ekland had begun class.

In the quiet, the oppressive heat became more noticeable. Everyone's mind was wandering, trying to find relief, but meeting only stubborn pale walls. Many heads slumped forward to rest on arms. Finally, even Miss Ekland began to notice it. She stalked over to the thermometer with compressed lips.

"98 exactly." she reported. There were moans from all sides.

"Open a window," groaned one, obviously delirious in the heat.

"There isn't one," Miss Ekland said crisply, looking ready to murder the architect if he should be so fool-hardy as to enter the building. Her eyes scanned the class. Jeremy was very carefully not throwing spitballs at Maria, although the stuck-up twit deserved it. Miss Ekland found him anyway.

"Jeremy Jones," she said. "You will go to the basement and inform the janitor of the situation. I cannot teach a class at body temperature. We were promised air-conditioning, and I expect it, pronto!"

Jeremy tramped down the ramp to the first floor, crossed the cafeteria, and passed the gym. Ekland always picked him! That cellar gave him the creeps. His feet slapped angrily against the tiles and echoed along the walls in a way they did not in the carpeted classrooms. He opened the insignificant door and thumped down the metal stairs into the depths of the basement.

The modernistic decor abruptly broke off here. A school basement as gloomy and grimy as any other loomed around him. Great pipes rose from the walls, ran across the ceiling and disappeared. Machinery hummed and throbbed in the depths, while the incinerator glowed redly behind him.

Jeremy threaded his way through overflowing baskets of trash, counting the look-alike storeroom doors until he came to the janitor's office. Unlike the rest of the building, there was a definite chill to the air.

Three, four, five, this was the door. Jeremy knocked, hoping that the janitor was in and he wouldn't have to search all over the gloomy depths for him. There was no answer. He tried the knob. The door swung open easily.

A brilliant orange sun flashed in a pale green sky, its light causing Jeremy to throw up a hand to his eyes. A soft warm breeze, heavy with unknown and exotic aromas, enveloped him.

Jeremy peeked through his fingers at the floor. His scruffy sneakers rested on the hard gray concrete, but bright green grass sprinkled with tiny yellow flowers spilled over the doorway. A thin



black line, like that between pieces of a puzzle, was drawn between the grass and concrete floor. There was a coldness and supreme emptiness about it, an endless void that would be perilous and final if one fell into it.

Jeremy wrenched his eyes away from that troubling sight and looked upon the fair land beyond the storeroom door. Great trees strange in any other setting save this, rose out of the grass, under which a ruin of white stones lay crumpled. A sword to shame Excalibur lay in the grass before him, gleaming in the sunlight. Far in the distance, a great shape could be seen faintly, that of a flaming dragon.

The warm sun shone down upon him, the air shimmered before him, the sword glittered invitingly, and the dragon looked properly frightening, hovering on the far horizon. Everything about the land before him seemed to reach out and call to him, beckoning him to take up the sword and follow whatever adventure would come his way. Everything was calling, calling, beckoning, beckoning . . .

"Yipes!" screamed Jeremy, and he slammed the door.

Dorene M. Pasekoff

## The Park — I

They became the park

They rolled their yellowed hills  
They caught their pickers  
in their shady isles of wild  
Their bleak trees tossed  
bare branches back and forth  
in the winter wind  
and they became the wind

They lifted leaves  
and hurtled them across their downs  
and lodged them in their fences  
to wait for snows

They tolled their bell

They found the girl and boy in their weeds  
and kissed them with their bell  
and they became their lovers

They are lying in their park  
complete with knowing  
snows will soon be coming  
and will cover them

And they will become their snows

## The Park — II

They became the park

They rolled their yellowed hills  
They caught their pickers  
in their shady isles of wild  
Their bleak trees tossed  
bare branches back and forth  
in the winter wind  
and they became the wind

They lifted leaves  
and hurtled them across their downs  
and lodged them in their fences  
to wait for sparrows

They rang their chimes

They found the girl and boy in their woods  
and kissed them with their chimes  
and they became their lovers

They are loving in their park  
complete with knowing  
sparrows will soon be coming  
and will cheep to them

And they will become their sparrows

Richard P. Richter

## Another Dimension

A rocky drop.  
Fast moving water  
Rushing, dashing,  
Curling over the smooth spaces,  
Letting out in elegant manoeuvres,  
Arching over the crags.  
The water seeming to edge  
Back from the brink  
To the bank -  
Unsure, unbrave.  
The wind blows a jet  
Of cold drops in my face.  
The hot sun plays in chance design  
On the surface of the stream.  
I watch the ripples  
And the shadows of their ridges  
Deepen and shift,  
Drawing me nearer  
Losing me in their  
Film - flickering motion.  
In a submerged carnival mirror  
I glimpse:  
A siren, a sorceress, a hag.  
I'm beckoned but  
Is it the promise of power that's lost  
In that ominous roar?  
Upon retreat there's an opening,  
A closing,  
An energy pass,  
Another dimension's breach,  
A chance of fusing.  
I shudder.  
The water hurls itself  
Like a fitful child  
Over the stony falls,  
Past a few stranded boulders,  
And a dead tree,  
Eventually passing under  
The ancient limestone bridge.



## Grand Mal

I recovered slowly,  
It was as if someone had  
Drained my electricity with ground wire.  
I came to with little more than buzzing  
Traveling around in my skin.  
From the recesses of smell and touch, I crouched  
Behind the big picture tubes that looked out  
In blue grassiness on the bending, attending forms  
Of white white people around me,  
Studying my pulse and pressure and volume.  
Reading their instruments that lay on my skin  
Like a barometer and, satisfied  
Or not, they floated in among each other,  
Interchanging themselves, Others desolving,  
And letting on nothing to their subject.  
I lay so still, I listened for my breathing,  
Perhaps I was an experimental cadaver,  
Or a sawdust dummy by now,  
But no, there is my tongue throbbing  
With the shreds my teeth have made of it,  
Rolling thickly against my cheek,  
Blood droplets drizzle smartly down my throat.  
And my stomach twists inward, dejectedly,  
Like a glove that has been turned inside out.

Mary Alice Cullinan

## Moments Later

The dawn is cheerless.  
Chilly I withdraw and refrain  
From pressing the other cheek  
Like thin ice upon a creek  
Against the window pane.  
The motion humorless.

I drop the curtain sash  
Has it been moments only  
And round and round with deft  
I wrap my clingy arms just empty  
Like the trash?

Here it's quiet as a chapel  
Where he practiced his seclusion-  
A monk's novitiate  
Bright and self-sufficient.  
I would clear the room's confusion  
An effort to feel useful.

Christ, how I stumble  
Down this worn carpet  
Past these haunted hollow shelves  
Their dust holds traces of ourselves  
But to be spineless, such a mat . . .  
I know how people crumble.

Such a failure  
I can not take me.  
Can only take me round  
On my tedious rounds  
Of empty rooms to see  
Saucer eyes in the bathroom mirror  
He gave me the door key  
And I wonder shall I outgrow  
These as in my tender moments  
I swelled in peak unfoldment  
Or assume the searching widow's pose  
My clothing slightly baggy.



Look into a pond and spit  
For I do not want her as hollow as me.

Look forth for a mind,  
The body will wane with time.  
With a will of her own  
And some left to guide me.  
Make her not dull but with a subtle wit.  
Open enough to understand my madness  
And strong enough to withstand it  
But not so strong that I will be smashed.  
Forgiving - but remembering  
So I will not forget too often.

A figure - showing nature's beauty in youth.  
A heart strong enough to outlive me,  
For when I find her I do not want  
To be left behind.

Stephen Arnold

### **Trust and Dependency**

Trust and dependency are  
not difficult for me to give,  
thus my love radiates freely.  
But for you that same  
trust and dependency isn't so easy.  
Perhaps you must fight yourself,  
deciding if it is safe to give.  
I realize that,  
I'll wait for the trust and  
the dependency to come.  
For when these come  
I know love is not far behind.  
And in waiting for love  
Eternity is but a few seconds.

Jean Morrison

## From Foundlings

### ii

If love is selfless, then I love you not,  
For never will my bones be broke for you,  
And I'm stingy with what little blood I've got.  
I hold quite dear "To thine own self be true."  
I'll spend a coin or two, but little more;  
I'll write you if I have some extra time;  
I'll kiss your hand, I'll gladly hold your door,  
But your happiness is not so held as mine.  
Take light the fools who vow that for your sake  
They'd die; a breeze is all they have to give.  
They'll hold you dearer if by chance they wake  
To the fact that love's but greed reflexive.  
I love you not; I want you greedily,  
And want for you to greed so after me.

### vi

Enough summer. Enough breezy sunsets.  
Give up the temperate tropic isle,  
The laden, half-termed trees set mile on mile.  
Forget the way the summer shower wets  
The summer grass. Forget the happy fetes,  
The happy nights, the happy summer style.  
Enough summer. Forgo your summer smile.  
Think of fall and of all the summer debts.  
It's easy love when soothing breezes call;  
Not so beneath the ripping winter wind,  
Nor beneath the sobering chill of fall,  
When thoughts of summer, lost and gone, begin  
To ask if winter love is love at all.  
The spring will come. Come share the winter things.

*viii*

A conscientious Paris ponders this:  
By virtue of her station Hera knows  
Of love and its attendant flights and throes,  
Of its hot anger and tingly bliss.  
And Athena knows it too. The empress  
Of wisdom knows of love and how it grows  
And why it doesn't work and what it owes.  
They know it well, these livid goddesses.

And any honest Paris knows they're right,  
And knows it when he does of Olympus' duty.  
And any honest Paris goes by sight,  
For neither love nor wisdom equals beauty.  
Whenever Paris, pressed to judge, decides,  
Venus, lusty and voluptuous, presides.

*xii*

My tree has roots in heaven, hell and here.  
Massive tree, ubiquitous. A sticky  
Syrum, cold and thick, possesses it merely.  
Crass organic fact, ashen and sickly.  
This is autumn, a sterile time and dry.  
Winds blow and blow. The upper twigs are shredded,  
The lower ones are shredding. Foliage, rye  
And ochre, shrivels brittle and unwedded.  
This is autumn, a time of black, black wind,  
A time for strickening and not for healing.  
Wasted autumn, repentance can't recind.  
This a time for fated Fenris reeling.  
Infernal autumn, cut and chafe and scrape.  
Beatrice is dead. There is no escape.

S. Martino



## Drought

The dry bed of the stream,  
laid out in the bleaching sunlight,  
spread willing for the rape of rain  
that would not come.

It was too late for spring  
To accomplish what it might have done:  
summer had consumed the green,  
the green rain that might have come.

It was all sunlight, then, dry,  
and drying the bed's shrunk skin  
until it hardened  
and cracked in cubist luxury:

the luxury of the structural,  
the richness of bones bleached  
away from what they moved within,  
the skin become the skeleton.

In perfect sunlight, then,  
all things reduced to all other things,  
the within to the without,  
the dry stream to its lewd imagining.

Richard P. Richter

## Girl At Fence

The wooden rails of the sheep fence  
kept her from the spread rush of stream,  
feeding, even in February,  
long green meadow grass  
where it ran, green rippled smears  
under glass.

She jumped to climb across, to splash,  
break her boots up to the knee,  
a silly sudden cub wolf's tumble.

But she was stopped, a boot on a rail,  
and blinked, and became content watching  
the water growing green  
under glass.



## Campus

The great elm in splints  
Thinning leaves in still summer  
Ambulance siren

Bomberger entrance  
Cave mouth in grey-blue mountain  
Back-packer passing

Scarred grand piano  
Hero of many battles  
Generals still scheme

Pink sugar bon-bons  
Plumped in the path by a tree:  
Mimosa flowers

Fruit of mountain ash  
Bends toward Life Science Building  
Dissecting knives flash

Cicadas crying  
August night enfolding them  
Quiet friends— laughing

Stones of walls: unearthed  
Dressed for domestic duty  
Entrapped wild faces

Ocean of wind sings  
Branches waving in green light  
Student eyes— staring

Wet pachysandra  
Captured by beaded cobwebs  
Girl's morning shadow

Campus grass: green jade  
Gently sculptured set in blue  
In class: calculus

## Clocking Time

Once an old man told me:  
"The world works in mysterious ways"  
"Horsefeathers" was my reply  
For the world is hollow  
And I have touched the sky

Then I went to College  
It seemed to me like Hell  
To learn some lacking Knowledge  
Taught wisely if not well

Many people daily did I meet  
From different walks of life  
All experts in one field or other  
And to myself it seemed so odd  
With others they did not bother

They seemed to speak forever  
Did they know? I could not tell  
I snarled at their words however  
Spoken wisely if not well

Through the campus did I walk  
With need to clean my soul  
Down to Failure Hall  
Where others in my footsteps  
Found no dismay at all

Happiness - have I found it?  
The changing times will tell  
I glean my knowledge bit by bit  
Learned wisely if not well

Though time and the tide have passed me by  
The years move quicker still  
My place 'ere long will be reversed  
And in the great Pfahler Hall  
I'll give lectures well rehearsed

Then I went to College  
It seemed to me like Hell  
To teach some lacking Knowledge  
Lectured wisely if not well



# A Letter From Clarence

To The Reader-

I realize the contribution of a letter (especially a letter as highly personal and as deeply revealing as the one that follows) to the pages of a literary magazine is at best a questionable act. Yet if we all agree that the purpose of literature is to illustrate the plight of mankind, then surely no enlightened reader of this periodical will be prejudiced against the inclusion of this somewhat less than fictional work.

I received this letter in early September. At that time Mr. Borman was a student at Luther College, an institution of higher learning surprisingly similar to Ursinus in location, size and attitude. Since that time Mr. Borman has dropped out of Luther and is now living at his great uncle's farm in New Hampshire. In addition to learning the hardships of New England farming, he is reading a great deal of philosophy as well as trying to write some of his own.

The Contributor

Dear Duncan-

I hope that your summer in Texas wasn't too terribly boring. I'm sorry I never answered your letter in June, but I was away in Nova Scotia for most of the summer and I didn't get back until the week before school started. Nova Scotia is a really beautiful place. I'm thinking of dropping out of college and working as a fisherman up there. My dad would shit. He's trying to talk me into getting a position with his brokerage after college. F that. I guess my old man's trying to look out for me, but I'm simply not prepared to live life in a two piece suit from Brook's Brothers. There's more to this world than reading the annual report of some mineral mining company in Wyoming. I'm not sure what I'll spend my life doing.

You wrote me at some length about some girl who lived up in New York. It sounded like you were really into her. I hope everything worked out okay, and that she came to visit you and all. Good luck pal. I've ended up with more broken-hearts than I care to remember. To tell the truth, its a little scary to be twenty years old and never have gone out with a girl on more than one date. My parents are really starting to get on me about it. They keep wondering why I don't go out more. I think they're beginning to think I'm gay or something. I don't know Dunc, there's just something about girls that scares me shitless. It seems like whenever I meet a girl that I really like, the more I end up liking her, the less I think I should be going out with her. I usually end up fixing them up with some other guy. My new roommate thinks I should go to see a shrink. He's a psychology major (as well as a jerk). He says my whole problem is that I have negative self identification. This all started one night when we were watching television and this commercial came on. I'm sure you've seen it. There's this high school girl who's really nice looking. And then there's this guy, Sam Stud or whatever, and they keep trying to meet each other. Finally ol' Sam gives her a bottle of soda and they fall in love. Well there's this one scene where the guy's about to grab a seat next to the girl in class and at the last minute this real nerd sits down next to her and the girl gets this real depressed and disgusted look on her face. The guy's a perfect nerd. Skinny, pimply and intelligent looking in a very stupid way. So anyways, I made the mistake of telling my roommate that I identified with the nerd. In high school that kind of stuff was always happening to me. It seemed like anytime I'd sit next to a decent looking girl, she'd grunt or stick her tongue out or something. It hasn't happened too much in college. (If nothing else, the girls in college are much more polite.) Well as soon as I said that I identified with the nerd, my roommate jumped all over me. He told me I was crazy. He said I have negative self identification. According to him normal people should identify themselves with the stud. I told him I don't care who I'm supposed to identify with. The fact of the matter is that I feel I have a lot more in common with



the nerd than with ol' Mr. America or whatever his name is. So my roommate wants me to go to a shrink so that the guy can discover the root of my negative self identification. Hell, Dunc, I know what my problem is. I'm honest with myself. If I think I have more in common with some nerd on a T.V. commercial, I'll admit it. And I really just don't think I'm good enough to go out with the kind of girls I like. I want a girl who's beautiful and gentle there just aren't that many around. And when I meet a girl like that, (and believe it or not, I have met a few) I just feel like she could do better than me. I guess maybe it's a little crazy. But let's face it, the only way you can be sane in the eyes of a shrink is to be one hell of a liar. You have to tell yourself you're good enough for a Lady Diana, even if you're the sorriest bastard around.

I hope all of this self-flagellation isn't boring you, but I need to talk to somebody about this, even if it is in a letter. If I ever tried to talk to my mom or dad about this they'd just look at me with this blank expression and say, "well we never felt like that when we were your age." No one was ever honest with themselves in the fifties. My parents live in one hell of a dream world.

Oh listen Dunc, I recently made a great philosophical discovery. I'm sure I've told you about a million times that I thought something, something very basic, was wrong with the Christian religion. Well the other day it finally hit me. I went to the park in town. You know, just to get away from all the B.S. on campus for awhile. Anyway, while I was there, this group of kindergarten kids came out to the park. Their teacher gave 'em these cards with pictures of different animals on them. You know, animals that you'd see in a park; birds, squirrels, chameleons and the like. And the kids were supposed to go through the park and find as many of the animals on the card as they could. Well what I'm getting at, Dunc, is that while I was watching these kids running through the park, smiling and laughing, I realized the whole Christian concept of paradise after death was probably wrong. Paradise for humans exists only in the innocent ignorance of childhood. I mean those kids were so incredibly happy running through this park looking for "wildlife". You should have seen this one kid. He was in absolute ecstasy because he had seen an English Sparrow. Jesus, I'd forgotten it was possible to be that happy. The whole thing is that kids can be made happy by finding an English Sparrow or whatever until they lose this innocent ignorance. I mean I think I was like that until I was twelve and I went through puberty or whatever that terrible time's called. Now a kid who grows up in a ghetto and his father gets murdered when he's four—well then the kid will lose this wonderful bliss and turn out to be a miserable street-wise kid. Anyways what I'm trying to say is that after childhood ends, (whenever that is) life goes steadily downhill until one day you find yourself alone and unwanted in some old folks home. And then with any luck you die. And that's it. The way I see it you've already had your time in paradise, however short it may have seemed. I guess most people would consider that a damn depressing outlook on life. But it's true. The truth always seems to make people depressed, doesn't it?

Well, Dunc, I hope that all of this hasn't been too much of a drag for you. But like I said, you're about the only person I know that just might understand what I'm talking about. Take care, and maybe we can get together one night for a few beers, or something.

Keep in Touch,  
Clarence

Duncan C. Atkins



When flat lines  
curve,  
and universes  
silently,  
harmlessly  
collide  
in ethereal plateaux of  
understatement,  
a man will rise  
and judiciously  
address  
the letter

Y.

Then  
the curved lines  
will straighten,  
the universes  
explode,  
and a man  
will laugh  
us into  
oblivion.

Anonymous I

## Every Now and Then

Every now and then,  
(5 or 6 times a day),  
a song comes on the radio  
that makes me think of you  
and how much I miss you.  
I wonder what you're doing  
and what you're thinking and feeling.  
Then I wonder if you miss me  
as much as I miss you.  
Finally I try to figure out  
whose utmost brilliant plan  
it is that makes us have to  
spend so much of our time  
away from the ones we love.

Jean Morrison

## Loneliness

- Loneliness is a knot in your stomach which won't go away.  
It's wanting someone to hold, someone to be there  
to talk to, someone who cares.
- Loneliness is sitting under a tree and watching the leaves fall  
all around you, knowing that you are helpless to  
stop them.
- Loneliness is the feeling that comes in the night when you wake  
and think of your favorite person.  
It's the sound of the wind in the trees.
- Loneliness is talking to yourself because no one else will listen.  
It's a person, a piano, an empty room, and a sad song.
- Loneliness is sitting in the dark and thinking about home.  
It's staring out the window at yourself looking back  
inside.

(cont.)

- Loneliness is calling your girlfriend, and the sound of the phone as it rings with no answer.  
It's going to a movie by yourself and finding out that it's a love story.
- Loneliness is the sound of a train whistle on a cold, clear night.  
It's watching the stars through the clouds in January.
- Loneliness is celebrating Christmas by yourself.  
It's staring into a fire and seeing your best friend's face.
- Loneliness is the top of a mountain at night.  
It's an hour, from 11:01 to 11:02 on Friday night.
- Loneliness is a candle; watching the flickering flame and seeing the hot wax as it pours down the sides, forming little rivers as the candle slowly destroys itself.
- Loneliness is snow; pure, silent, soft, and all inclusive as it covers the world with its white blanket.  
It's a single rose in bud, that at the next morning's light has bloomed into a beautiful flower.
- Loneliness is watching a faucet drip and the sound of the drops as they fall into the sink.  
It's a new shirt and no one to show it to.
- Loneliness is listening to Christmas carols alone.  
It's waiting and wanting.
- Loneliness is standing in the rain and not caring.  
It's watching a waterfall in its unending babble as the stream meanders throughout the countryside.
- Loneliness is the sun coming up on a spring morning.  
It's the western sky streaked with orange as the setting sun sends its last dying rays of light over the horizon.

D.J.E.



## Emotion No. 2

Do you ever feel locked inside  
And the walls are closing in?  
You want to run, you want to hide,  
But your feet won't let you begin.  
And now you hear each heart-beat.  
And now you fear each face you meet.  
And your mind tells you to scream.  
And your praying it's all a dream.

Are you ever haunted by tattered scenes?  
Stalked each day by constant doubts?  
Blinded by the highway beams  
'Till your soul silently shouts?  
Then you try to find a way out.  
Then your terror is more devout  
When you know there is no true care.  
Then you've stumbled upon despair

Despair is there on a rainy night  
On a cold and empty street.  
Fear is nearby that lonely sight  
When a little child cries himself to sleep.  
When a wounded heart has to weep  
With a fervor at a loss so deep.  
As a dark cloud drowns out the song  
Of hope, of faith, and all is gone.



You're walking along a winding path  
At a leisurely pace  
With the sun beating warmly on your skin.  
The sky is a brilliant blue  
Only sparsely interrupted by a puff of white.  
Time is standing still  
And you're glad to be alive for this moment.  
A rush of cool air and the sunlight is blocked.  
The hovering shadow of impending doom  
Descends upon you as you helplessly  
Await the interminable pressure,  
And without so much as a thought,  
Your moment in the sun has ended.

So ends the life on an ant.



\* \*

Battle cries, with conviction sound  
and sleek, dark Danger reports  
in fine, full battle regalia:  
as proud Ambition slight Fear courts:  
its dilated, horror-struck eyes  
masked by cool, defiant stare,  
as Panic submits to Honor,  
is hidden Now and nostrils flare.

Caution raises a feeble hand,  
He first warns 'Wait,' then yields,  
far too timid to take a stand,  
as peer-pressured Courage reveals  
a strong, firm jaw; and now in stress  
does timely, true, real Strength come -  
The hesitant are Failure's guest,  
Bravery's vest on those who won.

Now Victory so jubilant  
shows superficial smile,  
while Defeat with weighted burden  
must hang his head awhile.  
But common friend in shadows hides  
(though war will have its cost).  
Relief arrives for both these sides  
and all is never lost.

Such is the game of war, of sports,  
with rules sometimes not just.  
How does emotion minds distort -  
'We fight because we must.'  
Our aim is not to vanquish  
or eliminate our foe.  
We fight the fear inside ourselves,  
and run where we dare not go.



## The Ultimate Feudal Lord

The start of his reign, (when it was no one knows)  
Marked complete subjugation of His subjects-to-be.  
To His every whim and will, no one failed to bow,  
For there was never dishonor in Loyalty.  
and His force permeated the Land- He, the Ultimate  
Feudal Lord.

From the Minds of the people His realm did spread,  
And more Souls were entrusted to His care.  
They believed in the Virtues His Followers led.  
“So be it”, then entered His entrusting lair.  
The Country, the Subject of the Ultimate  
Feudal Lord.

There were outbursts of indignation by a few  
Claiming captivity not of the Body but of the Spirit.  
Dissidents, the disciples of the Lord ardently slew  
Through inner excommunication, as was fit.  
Unconquered and almighty over all Mankind, the Ultimate  
Feudal Lord.

Unto this day His boundaries are limitless,  
And all are being watched from within.  
His domain is beyond Conception, to confess,  
For who is able to conceive the mind but Him?  
The World remains in bondage by the Ultimate  
Feudal Lord.

The Land feels His force; the Country is His Subject;  
The people are His pawns and the World of Faith enslaved.  
The Belief in something tangible has its basis in fact;  
Loyalty in a Vacuum leaves the Mind depraved.  
And so He is—unseen, unheard, inconceivable—  
The Ultimate Feudal Lord.

Anonymous

## Monologue From A Farther Room

Clean the room  
but not too clean  
(lest he think me too pristine)  
and douche the neck with thin perfume  
and dab unbuttoned breasts.  
Leave an opened book upon the desk,  
books being our pretext.  
Nothing dirty about books.  
The rubber inserts in the top drawer  
and I won't make  
the same mistake  
I made before . . .  
before, before when I was young and clean  
and - thank Sunday school - unsure.  
But now I'm sure,  
I'm sure.

Knock knock knock

Prufrock's  
here. Come in.  
Be seated and let's talk. Drink?  
You know, I'm glad, I think,  
you've come. Bad week.  
I've felt fast and slow  
and weak and here's your drink.  
You got here slow drink fast and have another.  
Your week in Upper Hell,  
I trust, went well,  
I trust, and here's your other.  
Me I don't worry much  
when weeks don't go so well.  
There'll always be another,  
more or less.  
Progress, regress, toogress, undergress -  
it's all really quite the same,  
all really quite a bore.  
Don't you think? Another drink?  
Ah, have just one more.



(cont.)

It's time, I think.  
I'll just undo this - there.  
. . . Well?  
You can, you know,  
I want you to, you can.  
Right now quick, right now quick  
I want you to I want you to  
You be a lover now! Be a lover, you!  
No, you say? Not just now, you say?  
Say you've drunk too much?  
You can't feel this when you touch?  
Say you feel like hot syrup,  
burning but too thick to move,  
wanting but too dead to love?  
Hell, that's tough.  
Maybe you can flatter me by talking?  
No, I don't feel much like talking either.  
Talking's tough. It's sad.  
Maybe . . . maybe we can just be sleepers  
and go to separate worlds of sleep,  
you to yours and me to mine,  
and then tomorrow we can meet  
and oh, things will be just fine,  
more or less,  
be fine be fine be fine

Alison P. Barrett