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Cover Design: "ARIZONA LANDSCAPE"

By ROGER N. BALDWIN



"RODIN'S BALZAC"

ROGER N. BALDWIN

THE LANTERN

1972

SPRING

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COLLEEN GLEASON

The *Lantern* would like to acknowledge the contributions of the following people whose works were not printed in the *Lantern* due to a lack of space:

Richard Geary, *One of Mankind's Greatest Achievements*

Michael Redmond, *The Raccoon Cage*

Doug Stewart, *The Turtle*

1972 Lantern Creative Writing Contest

Poetry Contestants: John Abernethy
Kevin Akey
Roger N. Baldwin
Bill
Michael Coyle
Margaret Elliott
John Fidler
Nancy Frye
Sidney Houck
R. Houle
Linda Mills
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Terry Tucker

Prose Contestants: Cynthia Fitzgerald
Richard Geary
Joseph Midgett
Jana Raring
Michael Redmond
Doug Stewart

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Ellen Ora Dewaal
Cynthia Fitzgerald
Nancy Frye
Rob Hanlon
Cheryl Hildebeitel
Trish Massolini
Dave Miller
R. K. Miller
Jane Shepherd

1972 Lantern Creative Writing Contest

BEST ENTRY AWARD

summer II

on the inlet side of town, life is easy just around
the bend of the beach — down that way
the carnival arcades have stayed.
but over here we'll spend a quiet evening
on the screened-in porch, retelling
how we used to be able to see across the marshes,
up the seacoast
over to the next town —
now they've built up all around.

on the inlet side of town, painted garden beds abound
with marigold heads that agree with the breeze
that gossips in the blossomed trees.
but over here we'll spend a quiet evening
on the screened-in porch, reliving
how we used to take beachwalks from the inlet to the ocean,
past the pilings
up around the bulkhead —
now the tide flows there instead.

on the inlet side of town, summer holidays are frowned
and winters are gay when natives stay
to walk the boards on Labor Day.
but over here we'll spend all of our evenings
on the screened-in porch, believing
they were good times we used to spend here as a child
with the ocean,
"it's an island, you know" —
where only tourists come and go.

1972 Lantern Creative Writing Contest

BEST REMAINING POETRY AWARD

"To a Friend"

MARY SPINK

BEST REMAINING PROSE AWARD

Croesus, King of Lydia

JANA RARING



MEREDITH BROWN

For a True Romantic

If you're a critic
Who looks for hidden theme
 and allegorical depth
I ask you to read no farther,
For this is a verse
 on a green-and-yellow day
 dedicated to those who dream.

Take off your shoes
And fly with me . . .
We'll stay close to the trees
 and speak in whispers
 so we don't miss a word
 of the birds' conversations.
We'll find a lake under the sky
 and taste the blue of it.
And then we'll stop in some sunny meadow
 to catch our breath
 and watch the violets dance.

Are you ready, my romantic friend?
(and if you've read this far, critic,
Smile! You're on your way!)

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

The Lyre Neglected

I stand in a corner, by myself.
Deep within me lies a wealth
Of songs and poems not yet composed
That will not surface to be exposed
By light of day so that I may see.

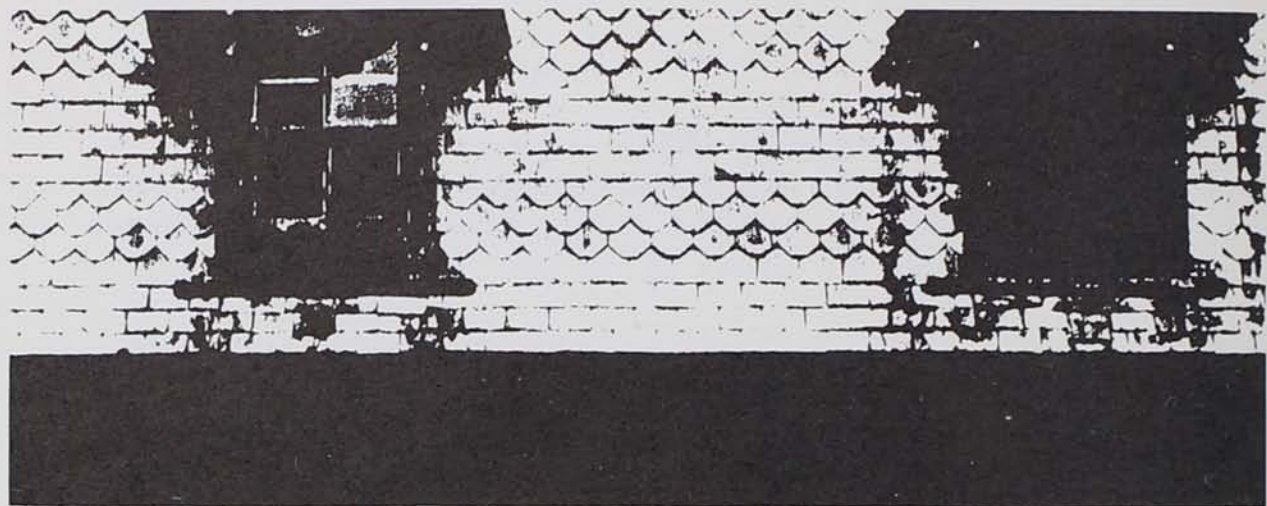
I am muted, shrouded in sterility.
A lyre neglected, lacking play,
I am without song until the day
When musicienne fair might strike my strings
Then will I, her instrument, sing.

Hands

Worn hands, eloquent hands lying quietly now in her lap. They lie long-fingered with work-swollen knuckles, palms broad and calloused, veins standing in blue bas-relief over fine bone. These hands hold the history of her life.

How much her hands tell! They know the newlywed gleam of a wedding band, the silk of her children's hair, the ache of long hours of hard work. They have knotted over the reins of an unruly team of work horses, blistered from summer harvesting; yet, they could coax a melody from an accordion at night. Her hands were cool brushing the sweat from a fevered child's forehead; yet, they too, have moved restlessly with fever at the birthing of her twins. They have punished for the mistreatment of a kitten and have offered comfort for a favorite pet. They have played softly with the silky fur of a pup and have struggled with a pencil to capture thoughts in black and white. Her hands have moved with sureness cooking, cleaning, mending — their "home" tasks. Her hands spent much time learning the secrets of her garden and they have grown skilled in the healing of animals. They have searched, bleeding, through the rubble of her tornado wrecked home — sifting, seeking any salvage. They tightened helplessly as the re-built farm was taken from her family. They have clapped with delight over the antics of her grandchildren. Her hands have cradled a dying husband and held him through his last moments — "their" last. Her hands have twisted in anguish at the burial — empty.

She raises a hand and brushes a wisp of soft white hair from her forehead. Her eyes flash blue as a slow, knowing smile relaxes her mouth and she stretches out a worn, strong, eloquent hand — to me.



ROGER N. BALDWIN

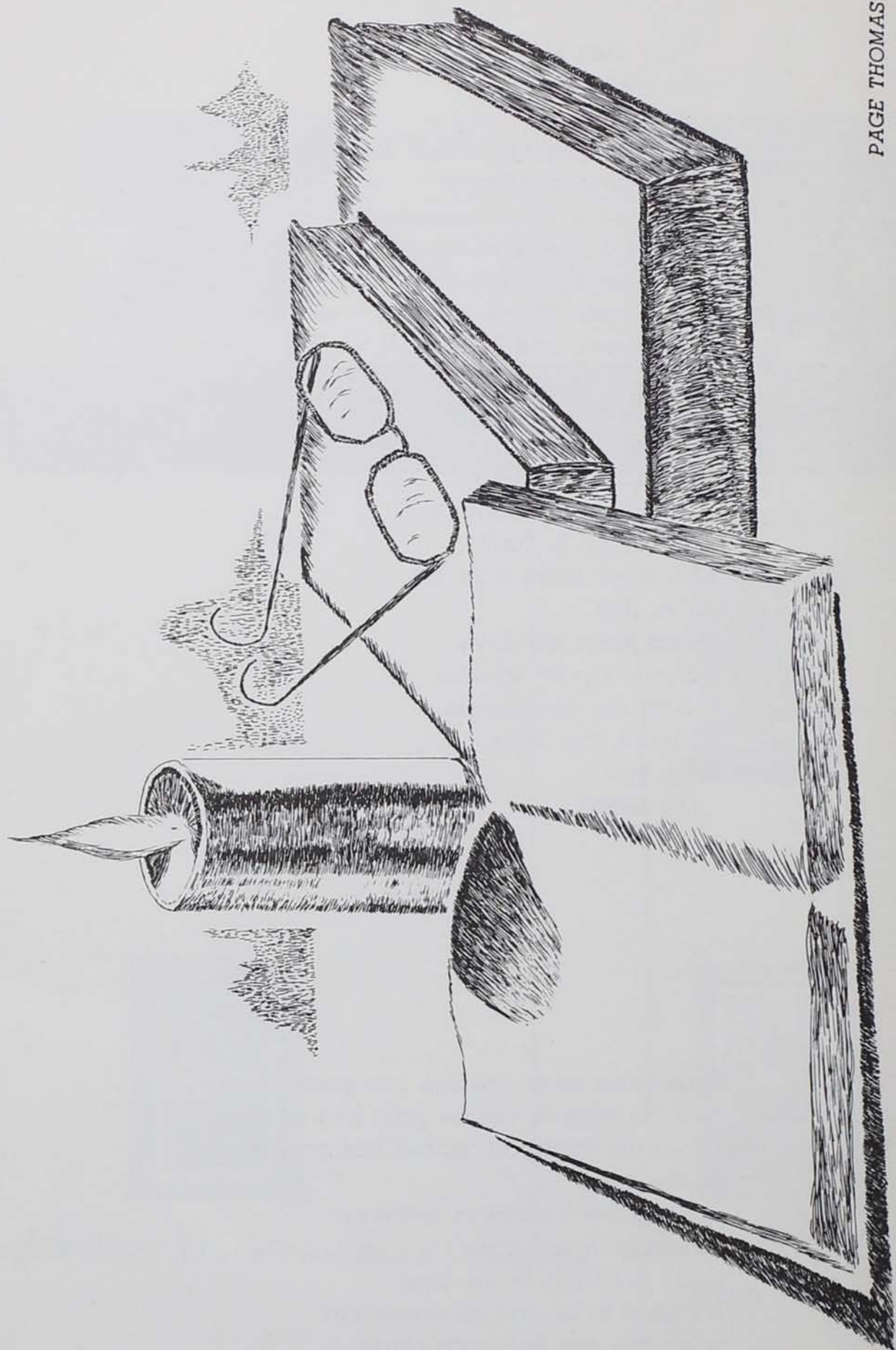
To a Friend

Your silence is filling
As we talk.
We alone
have knowledge within the other each,
Friendship of silence.
You speak when importance
shows the way of words.
I babble on of nothing
With questions of eternity.
You listen, and hear
Only those things which have meaning,
So much a child of the cosmos
And I
So much of nothing,
How can you know me?
Or rather, I, You?
So much more than life
You live
And keep me alive
Sharing your wisdom
With my foolishness.
I thank the Gods
For you
My friend.

MARY SPINK

Sometimes when the sun has gone down
and the water's yellow path has unrolled.
When the food you cooked has gone as cold
as the sand
and the fire burned to embers.
You stay in my arms
and I hold you to my soul.
It's hard to let you go sometimes
when the sun has gone down.

KEVIN AKEY



?

It is now more than a mere experiment,
It is an opening towards an after-life;
I remember sitting upon a cushioned haven
And bringing near, a sharp, gleaming knife.

The knife of death, I ask, or life?
Can I write it upon my whitened desk?
Can I feel this sensation of life after death?

I ask my self; my soul.

I felt an uprising surge of wind,
As the puncture of metal loosened the air-sucked blood
And all my life flew out of context,
Into a greater realm of nothingless.

Is life so small it leaves with one troubled blow?
Is life so minute it bloweth like snow?
Is this what I have found in my experiment of life?

I ask my self; my soul.

SIDNEY HOUCK

Beauty spoke to me without a word.
Empassioned acorns wrestle with
their destiny
On Wednesday afternoon
As the world turns
to ironing hands
And mother turns her head to ask
"What does it mean?"
Going down the walk
I miss her words—
Out of reach, she doesn't understand.
"It doesn't mean anything—
Except to me, of course"
But even I begin to wonder
Why won't she speak to me?

JOHN ABERNETHY

Jessica, the mark of death
upon her, is consummated
sacrificed and indentured.
No wife of Bath is she
to slip through marriage
rings unharmed.
The callous hand
of the most Reverend Black
is laid upon her virgin brow
as she is sentenced.
Does she recommend his
services, yes.
And lying on her back
she fulfills her destined dream.

JOHN ABERNETHY

Might I share with you
a few hours of this day?
It passes so quickly

I thought

We might be together
a few hours
of our time

Might I share with you
a few hours of this night?

Hold me
from the anxious gloom
that seeps in
around us

Might I share with you
a few hours of this life?
It passes so quickly

I thought

We could
make it more bright

KEVIN AKEY

We walked slowly
along the path
that went to
God knows where

Listening to the sounds
that surrounded us

with their silence

and feeling the closeness there
of all things
and that
within us

You stood in the shadowed sunlight
a gentle breeze through your hair

I took you in my arms
your breasts into mine
the warm breath in my ear
and the softness of your face upon mine

We walked slowly on
observing the sights and sounds
of a thousand different events
along the path
that we could see
before our feet
(and not much further)
in no hurry
to see
where
it
led

KEVIN AKEY



COLLEEN GLEASON

Bid me no good-byes, my love,
For all hellos have passed us by;
And ringing Time has borne us on,
Kissed us once, and left us lie.

Mark with care the waning light
Slipping past our fortress walls;
Its shadows march before the night
Its breezes sing of coming falls.

Bear in mind the mirroring morn,
The waking time of those who sleep
Within the special silences
Left behind by all who weep.

Partings sweep the tides of light
To and from the standing soul;
Bid me no good-byes, my love,
I touch you once, and leave you whole.

And peering inward, lose no sight,
Or falling darkly, keep no fear;
Thy breath is ever on my lips,
Thy voice sleeps in my wakeful ear.

TERRY TUCKER

sleep

depth corrodes around me,
slowly enveloping me
into the darkness of a different world.
the understanding world.
dreams, all of them
there the answer is found,
but,
 know what they are
 do search in them,
 for they may be deceiving,
 what is reality?
 and in reality,
 are there any dreams?

JOHN KENNETH PARK

I looked away . . .
to where the car wheels whispered
and the engine wailed
. . . a song of distances.

I listened . . .
to where the twinkling stars
tinkled in the wind
and laughed of days they'd watched, unseen.

I ran toward them all . . .
to hear more clearly secrets that they told.

But the car gargled by me
and the train roared on its way,
the tiny light burned fierce at my invasion.

And then I knew . . .
that sameness cannot hear the separate song
and distance is the harmony.

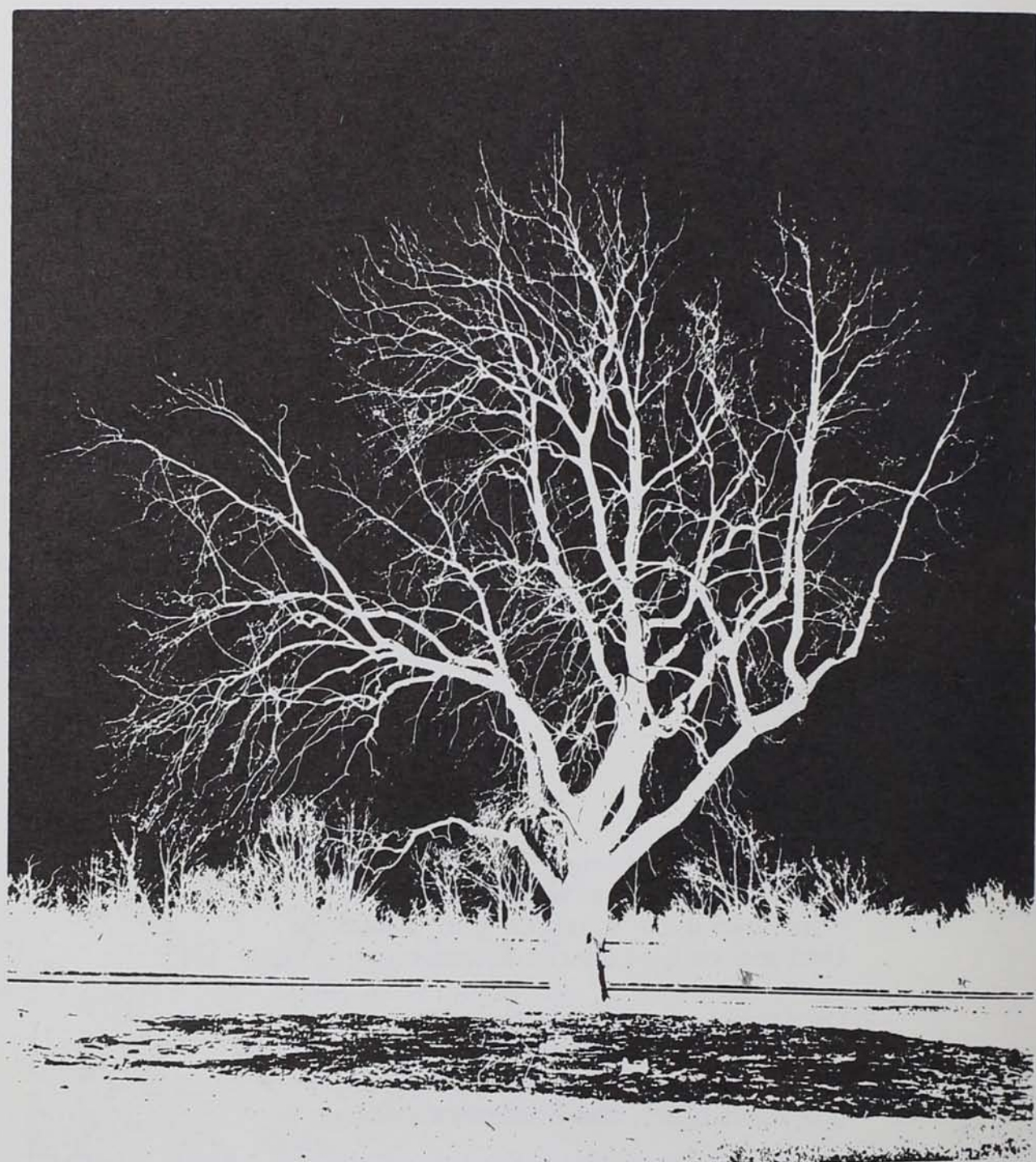
J. BUCKWALTER

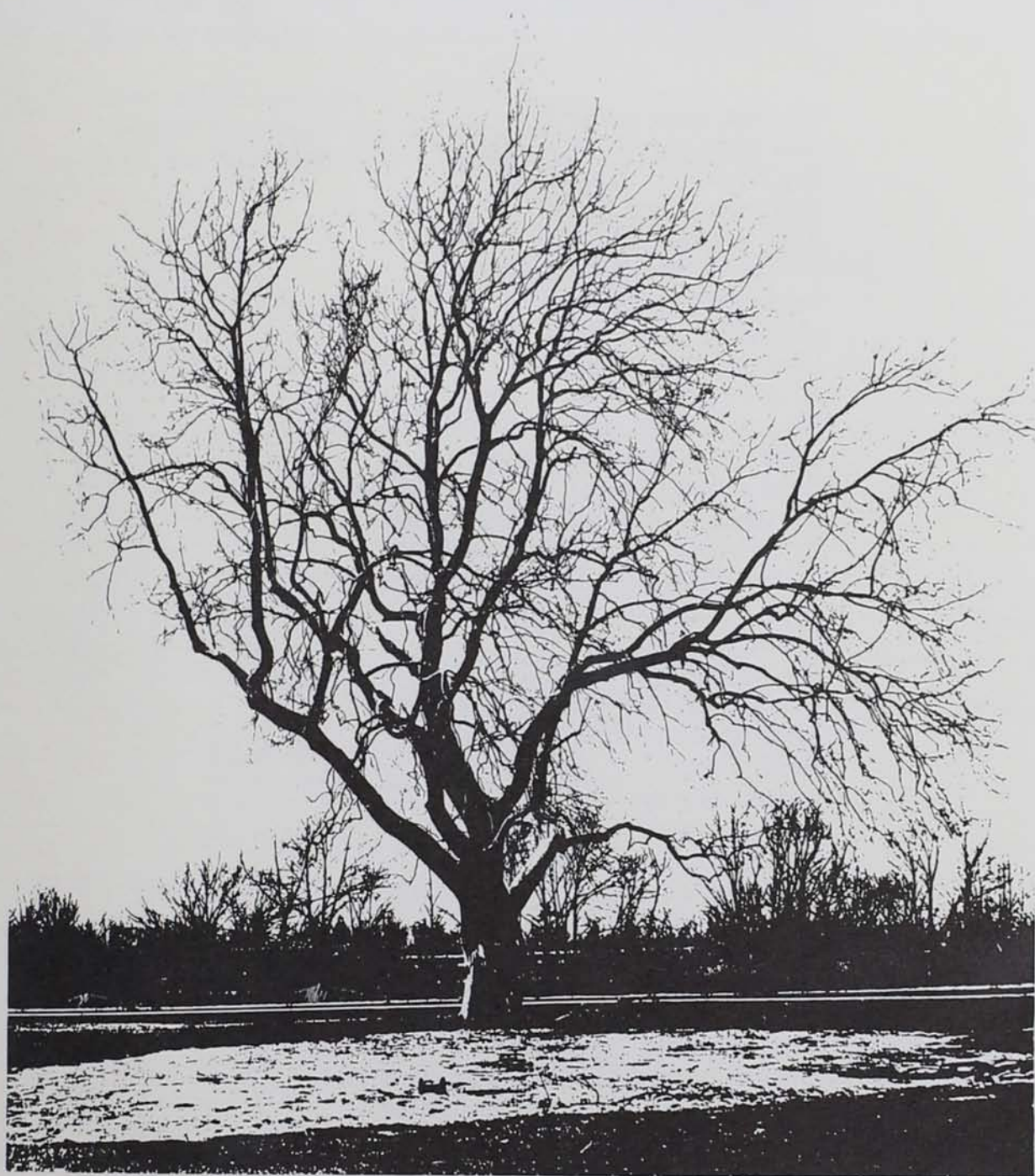
Jeder Stern schimmert kuhn
Und verlangt einen Namen.
Kann auf ewig scheinen und gluh'n.
Und nie verliert sie die Flamme.

Da oben wohnen viele Sterne;
Doch wird jede wie hell gespurt.
Sie glanz wie 'ne Laterne,
Die mich durch die Strassen fuhr.

Jeder liegt im Dunklen allein.
— Ein' einsame Glut ist kein Gluck.

DEBBIE HENNING





ROGER N. BALDWIN

The Wind's Confusing Sounds

Oh exquisite torture!
Confused mind.
Trying to find a way —
The right way
And yet not knowing at all.
Trying to make decisions,
And coming to none.
My mind is bending
Like a tree in the wind.
And the wind calls it back to days past —
And whispers memories into my ear,
Confusing me even more —
Until I don't know my mind at all,
Or what it is that I really want.
If the wind would stop blowing
 Everything would be so much easier.
And I could forget you and my past with you.
But it won't.
And even as I sleep
It whistles and moans in my ears,
Making my sleep restless.
And when I am awake,
I must always walk into it,
And not with it.
It would be so nice
To have it gently push me from behind
And pat me on the back,
Whispering, "You're on the right road."
But it only leads me to the forks of roads.
And makes me decide.
And walking against it
Drains my mind and body so entirely.
I plead for it to leave me alone —
Or help me.

NANCY FRYE

All the clocks in all the world
Heaved one last great tick and stopped
Arthritic, hands froze together and ached.

People were misguided and some were never heard from again
Not one man could remember how to make a clock,
And no one knew just how long a minute was.

Then all the people in all the world
Interred the dead clocks without eulogy
And the mourners took heart in their survival.

JUDITH GRUMET

The Garden

Wavering inward,
Outward,
Through microscope and telescope,
Along the slow moving river
Of whirling electrical energy
In one lifetime — by 0
Evolving an order for time;

Infinity in the germ cell,
In the rock, and
Time, exploring
The volume which gives it birth,
Time immeasurable within a second,
Captive in the interstices of space
Reduced and expanded
Beyond the limits of definition,
Without reason,
Into a sphere of spinning madness,
In a garden of varied physical
Stimulii.

The butterfly sails into the morning
Gold, and blue, and red, and
The garden sparkles emerald green
With the rising of the sun.

BOB HOULE



RANDY SARGENT

ON THE FIRST DAY

And so I am among you now—Strange that you do not remember me—For I have been with you for ages now—Since the coming of the Sun—I will live with you—But each day I shall await the coming of my birth . . .

* * * *

Oh mother—Remember me—I have journeyed far from you—And I shall be alone—Reach out and comfort me—When I cry to you at night—And await the day when I shall be born again to you—Into your soft brown womb—remember me—remember . . .

* * * *

THE ONE AMONG YOU

People—Smile at me and never know—The truth that I hold within—If you could but see the soul inside—Then you might understand . . . I once was life—But now I am death—Here among you all—I will be with you—Age with you—Even die with you—For I am the second coming—And I await your crucifixion . . .

The River and the Sea

One.
The river and the sea
A single resolution
Of twin eternity
These whirling currents
Throbbing thrusts
Cease
In harmony.

* * *

The darkest mystery
Of all our fledgling question and hope
Lurks there.

Would that pleasant sea caves
Dot a fish - frolicking grotto
In amber sparkles changing
And blue - green translucent;
That shifting shimmering hues
In all their friendly evasiveness
Whisper a song of safety.

Would that the deep doors
Conceal a shrine of but tomorrow
And not of all time.

The darkest mystery
Of all our begottenness
Lurks here.

Would that tall river trees
Dot a new nourished bank
And the innocent vortex
Sing only of blithe spring;
That the ripples
Incite glittering fish dances
And the swelling stream
Remain a willing lotus - land
For low creatures.

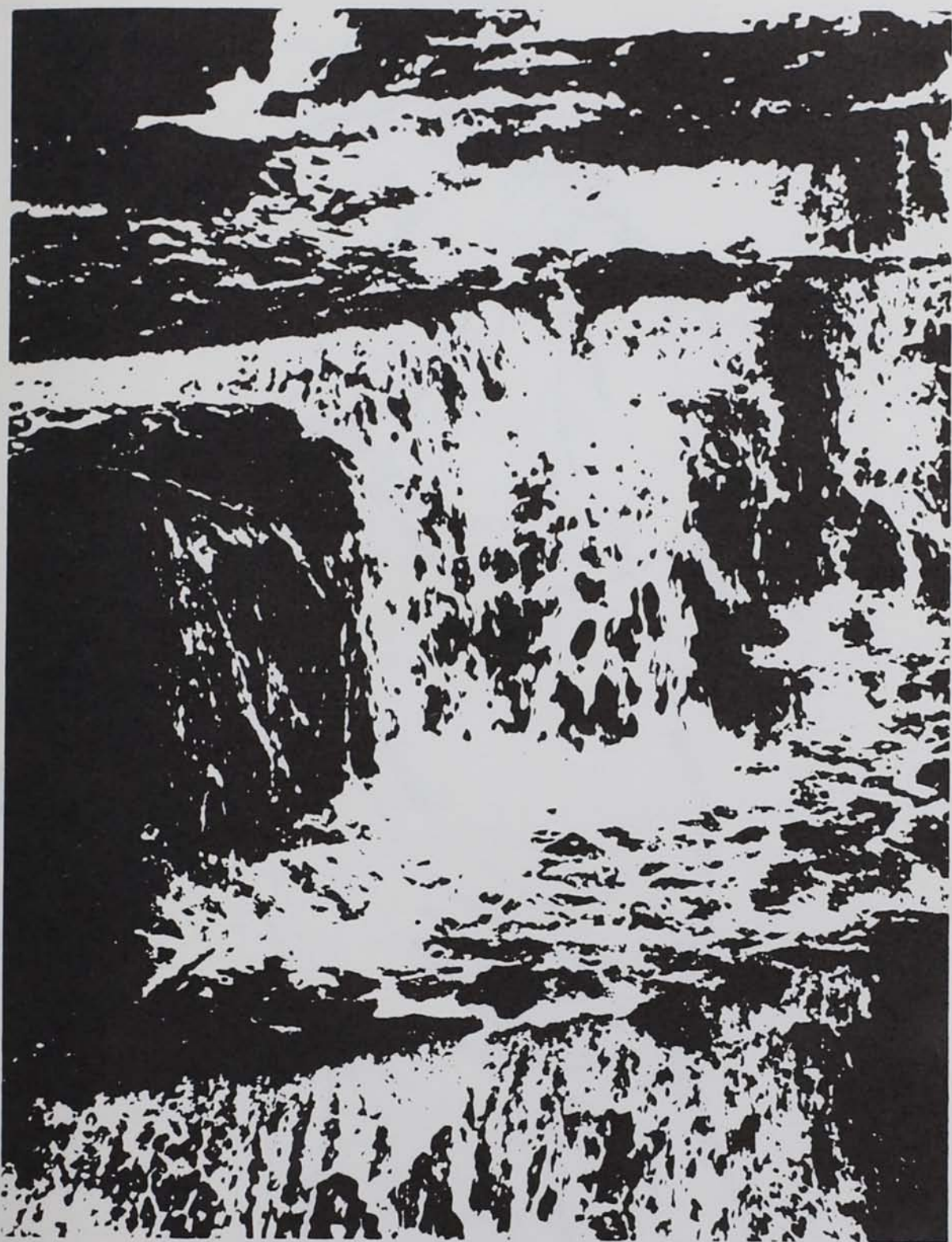
Would that the dazed hopeless surge
Announce but greenness
And not the meaning of green.

* * *

— and all the river rushing
and flooding crushing crushing —

Silence.

Would that a cautious hand
Touch but breast or tear or lip
And not the very stars.



"WATERFALL"

ROGER N. BALDWIN



The Padre

COLLEEN GLEASON

Oh Lord
That man could only be
As silent, silent
As a tree,
And so may hear the ages pass
And have the knowledge
Last and last.
And oh,
That man should only be
As joyful in his song
To Thee
As are the birds
That sing on high
Up, into the splendored sky,
And yes,
That man could ever be
Clothed as are the very trees
On autumn days, or young
In spring
The flowers
Even they must sing
Your praises
Through all time,
Yet who am I
But man himself
To whom you've given
All your wealth
The ability to do these things
To laugh and love
To breathe and sing.
Oh Lord,
If only each man knew
His treasures
They are not too few,
Come, teach us Lord
For we have failed
To use your treasures well,
It's we who need
Your guiding hand
We've made Your earth
Our Hell.

MARY SPINK

Dialogue, one

Remember how the morning sun will rise
above the waves, in night's left-over mist?

Leave me alone. The summer's in your eyes.
Come, watch the snow.

Don't waste your time with this.
I'd wait a thousand snowfalls for the spring
to introduce its warm welcoming rain.
In whitest January robins sing
in my mind's eye their bright flawless refrain.
You mean to tell me that you'd rather sit
in that dark corner, dreaming of the sun?
And when it comes, for four long months
you'll sweat
and moan of "silver snow" - till it's begun.
Come sit by me; explain why I should hate
the paradise I dream in while I wait.

- millsey

The Ice

Of that bleak December, this is all I can remember:
In the dark, an encircling snow fall gently
Ever earthward
And the needles of this vast and frozen wasteland
Pierce the flesh of all that draw breath,
Softly and tenderly.

In the distance rises a white cathedraled dome
Shrouded with silvered shimmering spires of ice
Ever descending
As its bitter saltless tears ennoble the shrine
In an encasement of forbodingless joylessness,
Softly and tenderly.

Entrenched deeply amidst the once pillowy soft snow
Now glazedly frozen in rigid contours
Ever lifeless
A human form stands there erect
Against the unfathomable stillness,
Softly and tenderly.

Standing in that silvered transparency of ice
With hard fearless face and expressionless form
Ever so slowly
I perceive the world reflected upon my face
And awesomely strive to cry,
Softly and tenderly.

ROB HANLON

La Lamentation de la Fleur

La neige tombe à mes yeux
Elle glace mes pétales
Elle embrasse mon corps
Je meurs
Comme l'été est mort.

TERRY TUCKER

Nous Sommes

Tu es un homme
Je suis une fille
Pour moi, c'est l'amour
Pour toi, c'est la vie.

TERRY TUCKER



LINDA SMITH

upon becoming

wooden planks wave the silent salute,
downtrodden abilities laugh in silence.
cannot these smiles be hard
thrashing smashing the pebbles towards sand,
a pebble can roll a thousand sand grains
leaving such small traces,
discovered only
by an occasional me.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

see!

Writing holds such wonderful dreams,
such devious thoughts of constant schemes,
dancing and skipping and swirling about,
until they are written they'll never get out . . .

JOHN KENNETH PARK

In winter's deepest desolation,
amid the alien structures
that have become my life,
the breeze, spring's messenger
flows warmly through me,
bringing promises of other lands,
and other days.

In this solitary room,
from deep within the shadows
the image of your face comes to me,
and paints the barren walls
with visions warming to my too-cold heart,
the promises of spring.

The living warmth will come again to the air,
but where will I find your eyes?

J. BUCKWALTER

Feeling November

Grey sky.
Barren trees.
A lone tear plunging to the ground
Like a wounded bird.
Memory, the retriever,
Brings you back.
And I'm feeling November.

"SULLY"

Transience

Snowflakes falling from the sky
Melt upon my tongue
As fast as love.

"SULLY"

clear

glass, water, each with their impurities,
as all must have,
but how much is observed?

positiveness can be seen at combat with them
but why must eyes see only the worst?

when will eyes be turned upward to the sun
without being burned?

JOHN KENNETH PARK

When my morning eyes open like
oiled venetian blinds
And I discover familiar dew drops in
my ears
I know I must have had
that dream again.

JUDITH GRUMET

isotopes of reality

i am - - - - - you are
me, joined together as the
wish for happiness has
engulfed the defense mechanism.
entranced,
holding on to
dancing eyes,
wish me only you as i wish myself for you,
my hand, my mind
wish me only you as i wish myself for you.

JOHN KENNETH PARK

It surely is delusion when we think
All this will dismember itself
And become its own antithesis
By ceasing to be.
We should know enough about him
To know it can't be so.

JUDITH GRUMET

just yesterday

what does one search for
but what,
 he convinces
 himself
 he will find happiness in.
to think is to wonder.
 — to wonder.

he must know himself
 and his capabilities,
therefore striving
 to utilize his life towards
 happiness,
 having confidence in
 his mind
so he does not
 need it
 to think . . .

JOHN KENNETH PARK

Emergence

Behind the glistening of my eyes
Someone dark and secret lies
Until he emerges, I'll remain
Lost, unknowing, and uncertain.

FOX

push

pressure
pushing from all sides and angles
me, am i alone?
slowly being lost as the dirt
swallows me upwards,
towards the center.
all i want is welcomed
silence to think in
to walk in
to breathe in,
 to wonder why.
 i slip and fall,
 stick to the plateau,
and it pushes me down,
delaying the answer to why
 i am falling . . .

JOHN KENNETH PARK

Reality is
 A grim reminder of the past
 and
 A tragic glimpse of the future.

ROB HANLON

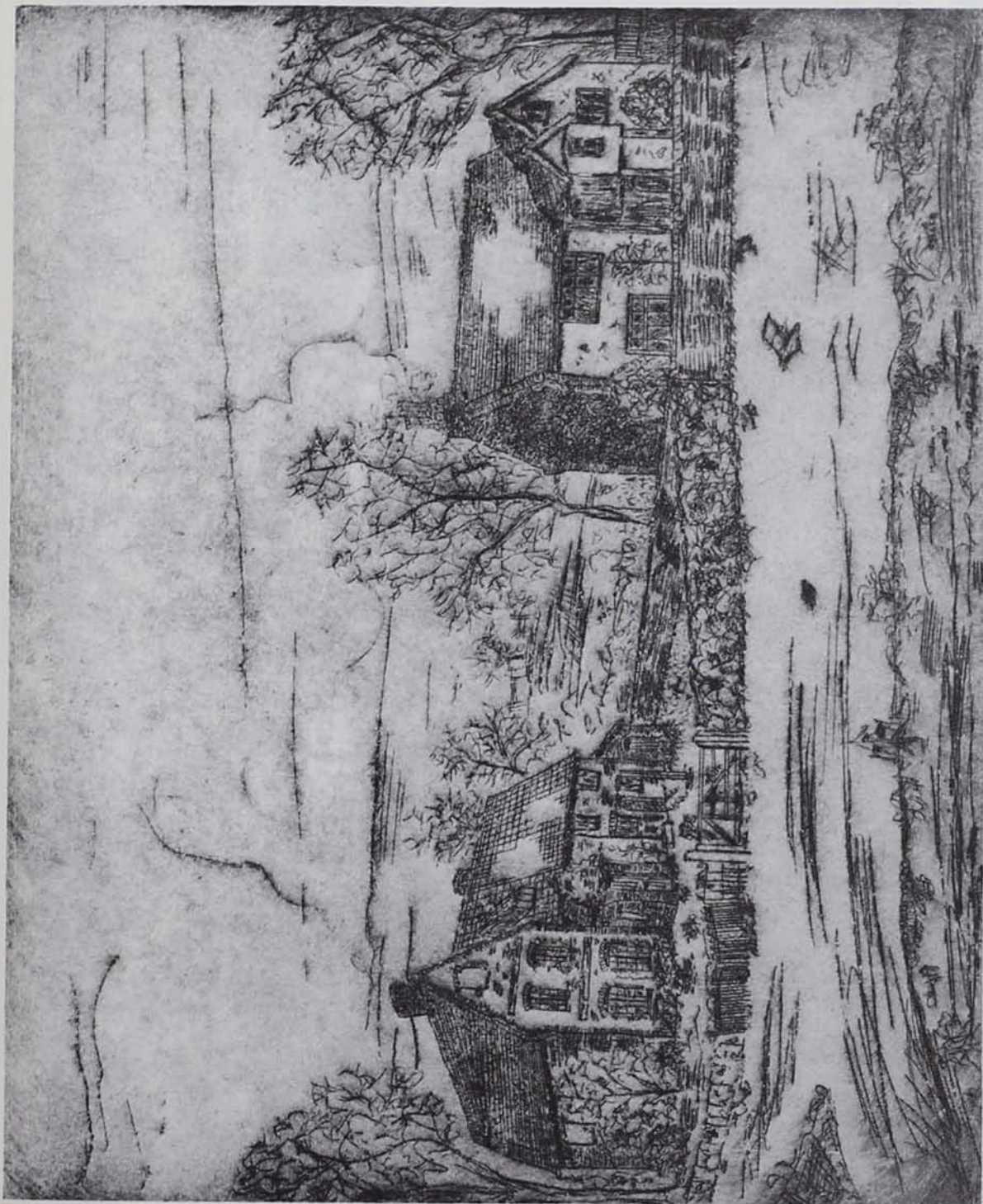
Deep within the restless mind
Exists the great wealth:
The ever-present space of time
That leads beyond itself.

ANONYMOUS

The Way Love Starts

They walk and talk five feet apart.
That's the way love usually starts.
Then they're walking arm in arm,
Nothing can ever do their love harm.
They walk and talk five feet apart again.
Yes, that's the way love usually ends.

"SULLY"



DAVE MILLER



"DEAD FLOWER"
ROGER N. BALDWIN

poetic prosy

(α cyan sky)

butterflies in the mockorange bush are . . .
tremulous feelers and breathless wings
bold
yellow/black among the waxy green leaves
perforated with tender white blossoms

WASS!

The last few minutes
Flecked with hope
And tear-stained smiles.
Staving off the end
of seconds as they speed quickly by,
Emotions sparking wildly,
Intensely, in a moment's
flight.
A lifetime's fancy;
Then quickly,
Quietly it's over.
Years building toward that
instant,
Now this instant
Now:
A smile can transcend
The miles.
Smile,
and
I'll know.

BOB HOULE

AN AGREEMENT

KATE SWANSON

REMINESCENTIAE

Something in the heart of man
Makes him cling to days gone past,
Cherish his clippings and photographs,
To try to make the best times last.

Something in the soul of man
Makes him fear this simple thought—
Each moment is forever gone
When the one come after fills its slot.

Something way down in the black
Where our most private thoughts are hid—
Keeps our diaries, writes our memories,
Carves our epitaphs.

HAIKU

Sitting in a sailboat,
I can almost show you
The other side of the world.

TO J. C.

Deep in a murky cavern's hold
With smooth tear-dripping walls
Chilled, as a snowy evening's cheeks,
You found me out.
And brought some truth there for a light
And trust to warm my heart.
I turned, afraid, from your kind hand
Then cried to see you'd gone.
But in the glow you left a gift . . .
Completeness grows within.
Out of this shivering labyrinth
I'm left to find my lovely route.
Your precious spirit lending hope
At each new turn.

LAMENT

If you could somehow know the weight
Of what your friendship means to me,
You wouldn't wonder why I weep
To find you sad or see you hurt.

If you could feel your spirit lift
As I do mine when we're alone,
You wouldn't ask me why I hide,
When your unkindness touches me.

If I could ever make you see
How dear to me your thoughts, your smile,
Your glowing eyes, have now become,
You'd surely take my heart and run.

You tortured me . . .
Or at least you gave me
reason to torture myself.
I never knew where I was
in your mind,
But that confusion placed you
first in my heart.
Your inconsistency and mine
were suffocating me . . .

Today freedom has been reborn.
I awoke and found I didn't care —
If I don't see you for a week now,
I can get along fine;
My stomach doesn't knot anymore
when you speak to me.

Though I don't know what happened
with us, or why it's over,
I don't have to worry.
All that you were is now in me —
And my thanks are yours.

PLEA — WITH ADVICE

Love me only after yourself.

Don't let me be the graveyard for
Your self delusions . . .

How can I expose your good to you,
When you hide it with fierce looks
and sarcasm,
Or when you mope about like
A puppy wanting sympathy?

Don't try to be all that you admire.
Your own harsh standards knock you down.
It doesn't matter what you've been.

What will you do with what you are?
I challenge you with that.
When you've met the man in you
That you can judge and love,
Then share that love with me.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Spring 1930

Ogden Blake was resurrected today—
We all went down to see his wharf.
The ladies, who smiled demurely and
Passed the afternoon with John,
Thought he was quite a hit.
"The spiritualist is dead, but
Long live the genius of Calvin Collidge"
Ogden on a star green summer night
Was swept beneath the hollow moon
And crushed in its terrible vastness.
Coming away with two azure miniatures
Dressed in coarse brown paper
Pulled close with twine
The ladies passed me by.

JOHN ABERNETHY

The Summers of '59, '60, '61 . . .

The other day I walked past my neighbor's room and noticed her coveted hockey cards hanging on the door next to "Jesus saves . . . and Esposito scores the rebound." The back door was open and I was cooled by a breeze coming in through the ripped screen. And suddenly I remembered: the forbidden smell of bubble gum in baseball cards — forbidden because it would rot your teeth, the bluish wooly smell of my annual New York Yankees baseball cap, and U. S. Keds.

Although it's been a long time, I can remember. Knute, Ricky, Bobby, Kurt and I would flip for baseball cards hour after hour but they never got my Babe Ruth or Mickey Mantle. But baseball wasn't everything. There were long hunts for escaped prisoners in the back woods when I was their leader. Every night we played hide-and-go-seek and I can still feel the oily closeness of the furnace room where I hid. The scars on my hands are faint now but they tell stories of learning to whittle with a Brownie knife and progressing to a huge Girl Scout knife. There were bicycle races, fairs and fights. And I never remember any black eyes or bloody noses—I learned too well. We had our childish scape-goats and for two summers my brother and I were singled out; two against eight and my mother crying when Tommy and I finished.

But with some bad there was the overriding good. On rainy Saturdays Dad would build Tommy and me an airplane out of a wooden crate with a plank as its wings and then suspend it from the beams in the garage. There was a mandatory quiet period during the hot summer days; my mother had us bathe and entertained us with story books, construction paper, scissors and glue. After the long hard day there was the Mickey Mouse show, dinner, my father's glorious rendition of "Alibaba and the Forty Thieves" and bed.

I still taste the wooden Good Humor ice cream sticks which turned into soggy splinters after the continual chewing and sucking. And then there were the rafts of Good Humors at the pool (which I could never make) and the knives we made of them by using the curb as a grindstone.

There were tree ropes, forts, Nancy Drew books and tar bubbles which I always popped and got all over my khaki shorts. I never did complete my quest for a wild rabbit and never got my own baseball bat. But I still have the scars on my knees from falling off my bike and playing tackle football.

The scars are the only tangible evidence I have to remind me. Because the older I get the fainter the smell becomes and I wish I had never had to leave.

Ode to Optometry

Winter slides downward, surrendering its last breath of life
And puts an end to the coldness, with its underlying strife.
The gentle spring zephyrs soar on wings of blue
Providing the illusion that I can fly too.
Crystal clear shadows of still barren trees
Anachronistically sway in the harbinger breeze.
While summer's fetus begins to take shape,
The primeval blood lust, the return to the ape,
The amorphous mass earth, begins to take form,
From harsh sterility to joyous warm.
The creative forces of nature and man:
Humanity and the universe moving hand in hand.
Hopelessly lost in the elation of being
My mind is overwhelmed by the novelty of seeing.

D. S. POTACUT

He lived a parenthetical life
(sort of).

ART SEVERANCE

La Cosita Linda que yo amo
no me ama
pero la senorita que no amo
es loco por mi.
Es vida.

ART SEVERANCE

A wind blown daisy
At sunset
Slowly
Deliberately dancing
Its way into the night

BOB HOULE



LINDA SMITH

And who is she
but history now?
Sweet memories indeed
but still just history.

ART SEVERANCE

The Easter Bunny — Noble Beast

The Easter Bunny — noble beast,
Comes once a year to share his feast
With children of the world around,
Of ev'ry village, burg, and town.

One full year's output does he share
With wide-eyed children ev'rywhere.
With ne'er one small word of complaint,
He hides the eggs clad in bright paint.

He hides one in the fireplace,
Then to the table does he race,
And fills some baskets up with what
Looks much like eggs of coconut.

He scurries back to Rabbitland,
Then takes his paintbrush in his hand
And works twelve months for next year's feat,
With one or two breaks, just to eat.

And while he's working, he does lay
The eggs for next year's Easter Day.
These eggs are real and not enamel.
Some achievement for a mammal.

The Bunny, standing eight feet tall,
Gave up fame in basketball,
And passed up ads for shaving lotion
To do this act of warm devotion.

But one sad day in future near,
He may take up a new career.
As spreads the greed so universal,
Might the Bunny go commercial?

