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## The Lantern Vol. 48, No. 2, May 1982

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*Ursinus College*

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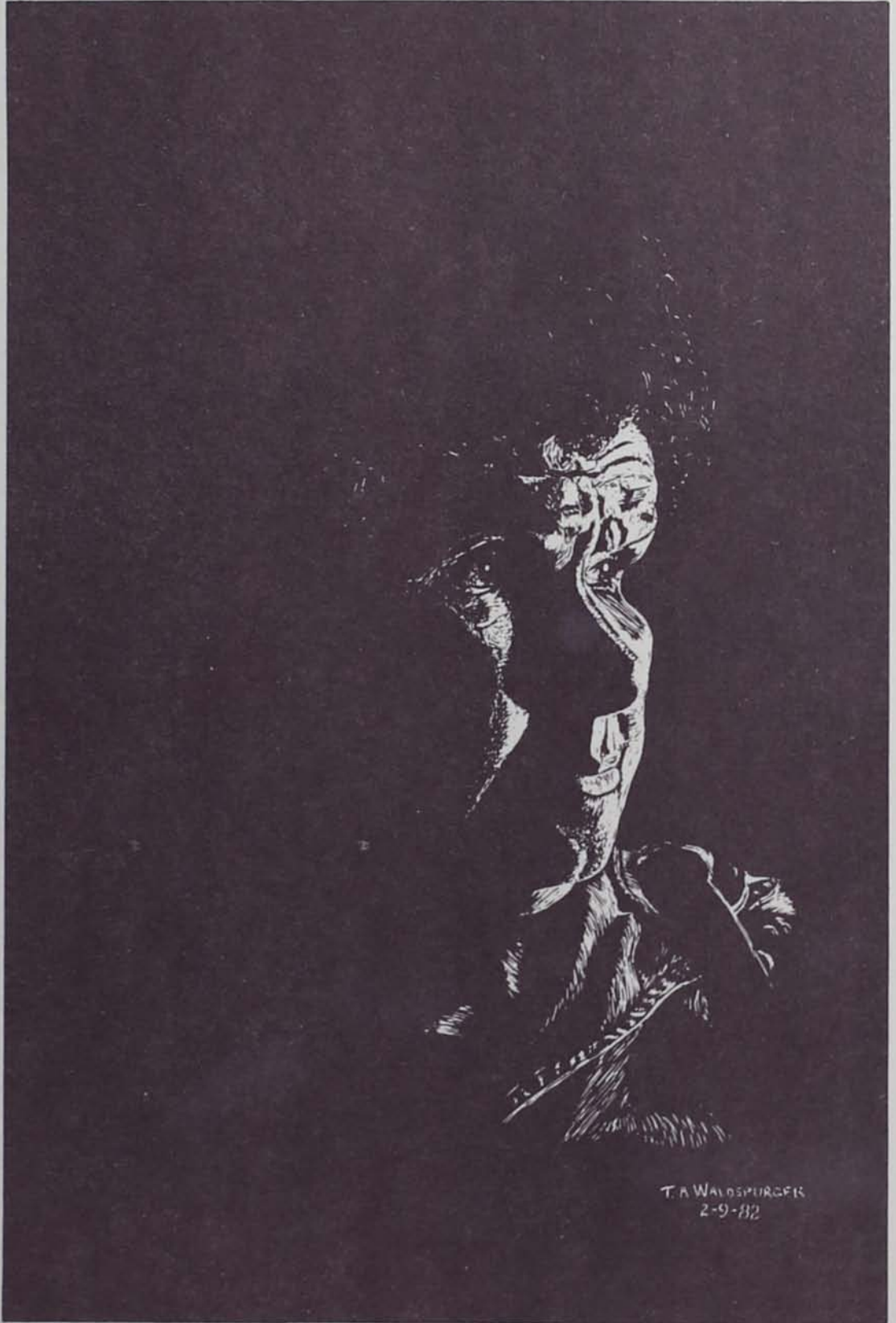
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*the Lantern*

**Vol. XLVIII, No. 2**

**May, 1982**

A collection of Poetry, Prose, Photography and Artwork composed for the Spring Term, 1982, 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.

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## Atonement to the Clown

I love you--as I press against the man I  
sleep with, and wipe the sweat from his forehead.

I love you--a stranger falls asleep, my head  
on his chest, he'll wake and tell me it was good.

I love you--my room, covered in the gifts  
you've given me, is filled with the smell of my other lovers.

I love you-- and yes, the distance between us  
has changed things, but I'll lie to you, and you will have  
the good grace to believe my lies.

I love you--and every other man only magnifies  
my want for you. Still, they enter, they leave. They  
share my stories and my body. There is no love, never  
any love. Who can afford the hurt?

But I love you.

--anonymous

## 5 A.M.

Icy lips of a February morning gobble the warm air as I open the back door.  
It takes more than courage to chase one's breath down a two mile stretch  
of macadam at 5 A.M.

But who philosophizes at this sleepy hour anyway;

So, down I prance,

Each wooden stair yawning under the weight of my being,

Except for the last —

That one I leave to its dreaming.

And with a rhythmic pounding of my JOGGERS,

Treat the neighborhood to its own peculiar (but dependable) . . . Cock-crow.

Charles Brynan

## “Les Moulins à Vent”

The windmills  
groan like cruel, raging  
giants of long, long ago.

I remember you  
and laugh and cry  
for you lived and died.  
Where are you now, sir ——  
alive or dead, sir ——  
laughing or crying?

And the windmills moan on  
like wounded giants of  
long ago.

J.K.C.

Isn't it a bitter cold:  
The first to make me button my heavy coat  
And make the squint and cry  
Isn't it an angry warmth  
That runs before dinner time  
Or forgets to bite the chill off the  
finger tips  
Isn't it a silent day  
When the wind wallows by itself  
And the geese have gone to hide  
Isn't it a bitter day  
That lets the leaves to die.

By Stephen Arnold



Eyes that want  
Brutally handsome  
The air it parts  
Watch him walk by.

Cool and calm  
Inside so young  
He wonders often  
But never asks why.

My eye its corner  
Catches a glimpse  
Dark and sharp  
So strong but shy.

Lethal but lovely  
Ithaca lives on  
Brutally handsome  
Hope he walks by.

Taylor

I am a life saver  
On a candy high  
Floating ——  
Sucking the preservative  
Absorb the plastic - fantastic world  
Becoming, myself, plastic - fantastic  
Becoming preserved.

By Stephen Arnold

## The Death of Chicken Little

Chicken Little cried  
    "The sky is falling,  
    the sky is falling."  
And the people all laughed  
Until one day, a great monster  
    was built in their backyards;  
    Limerick  
    Forked River  
    and Three-Mile Island  
And the people began to get nervous  
They ran in the streets  
Crying at the top of their lungs,  
    "The sky is falling,  
    the sky is falling."  
And the people all died laughing.

Barb Foley

## THE SECRET

The sea herself is not really the enemy.  
The gulls that skip and light upon her  
    shores are only messengers.  
Starfish, eel, and dolphin may be cousins,  
    but they keep the secret.  
Only the winds will tell the truth for  
    those whose ears will hear:  
It is man's own disillusionment with  
    himself that keeps him from the sea.

Charles Brynan

In a little jungle, deep  
Stands a great and wild vine.  
Little beasts, so very strong  
Hide themselves in such deep shade.  
From other little beasts.

Spreads, its leaves and its branches  
For little things to climb on  
Or to play, dine, and dinner  
Deep within its shadow.

And a little boy watches  
From underneath his tree  
Eating his apple, sweet  
In his little jungle deep.

By Stephen Arnold

Night, lit by blue lightning  
Off distant clouds  
Moist-crisp air, in a  
gentle breeze.  
(Racing over broken pavement  
past static cars to stores;  
lights off - bars up.)  
Listen.

By Stephen Arnold

xii

Arms bare and white and smooth, whose gentle yank  
Seduced me from my bachelor's craggy cove  
And sent me in pursuit of fabled love,  
Those arms I loathe. I rode the salt-split plank,  
Beyond the report of the coarsest bank,  
Conveyed by the sea and a westly shove  
To death. The stars were laughing high above  
That sultry August night, that night I sank.

And now a ghost, I guide the ships by night  
And send them on the ringing, windy Troy.  
I urge the younger fighters to the fight,  
To put an end to Alexander's joy,  
Because the peace of death will not begin  
Till Helen dangles lifeless in the wind.

S. Martino

Night was my friend,  
He asked no questions but offered no answers.  
Then I found instead He was instead, a foe.  
He surrounded me and closed in.  
There was nowhere to go, no way to see,  
I hid.  
Then in desperation, I threw up my arms.  
Something caught in my hands,  
It was warm and comforting,  
I felt so safe so I held on.  
When I raised my head I saw the Dawn.

Sandy Smith



## THE LIBRARIAN OF LANGDEN HALL

Harold gave the steering wheel an airy spin, and turned the corner onto the street where his sister lived. He gave the bulky package beside him a small pat, and immediately broke into an enormous grin. The day was here! Finally, after all those years of hard work and late-night studying, after jobs and experience and endless volumes of books and periodicals, he was finished. At lunch his advisor had announced there were no more suggestions or changes to offer. Did Harold have any? No, Harold had been quite sure quite long ago that he was finished. For the first time in a year Dr. Bently agreed. He handed Harold the large pile of papers and told him to have them typed and ready for the printer next Wednesday. Harold had not touched earth since then. He could see, he could practically taste the letters that would soon (hopefully) follow his name: Ph.D.

He gave the steering wheel another airy spin in the opposite direction, and the car bounded up his sister's driveway, coming to an abrupt stop inches from her newly-painted garage door. Blithely, he stepped out with his package firmly in tow, stopping only to snag a fallen sheet that had somehow lodged itself under the front seat.

When he rang the doorbell the peace and quiet of the neighborhood was abruptly shattered by the pounding of three pairs of feet racing to the door and a dog loudly barking.

"It's Uncle Harry!"

"Are you alright, Uncle Harry? Did you see it go? Did it get you?"

"Was it a real big explosion? Were there fire trucks and ambulances and everything?"

Alfred, the border collie, merely added noise.

"Down, Alfred! Kids, move so I can get in. Elly!" yelled Harold as he tried to inch through the assorted bodies blocking his path. "What's going on? Why do the kids think I was blown up?"

Esmerelda gave a sigh of relief as she came into the room. "You are alright! I thought you would be, but I wasn't sure. Jimmy put the news on and they said a major gasline blew up in one of the lecture halls."

"My God! Was anyone hurt?"

"I don't think so, but no one really knows yet. Luckily, it happened at noon, and everyone had been dismissed for lunch. They said about three hundred students had been inside listening to a lecture, and if the gasline had blown just ten minutes earlier . . ." her voice trailed off.

"Whew!" said Harold. "I never heard a thing. Of course, Dr. Bently's office is off-campus until that new building is finished . . . Elly! Is someone trying to sabotage the new building?"

"No, it looked like one of those small, square buldings you can never tell apart. They said which one it was, but just then Jill fell down the stairs and started crying, Jimmy and Tammy were wailing that you were probably dead and they'd never see you again, then the telephone rang . . ." Esmerelda threw up her hands in despair. "I was just going to call Pitt when you walked in."

"What did Dr. Bently have to say?" asked Esmerelda after a long silence.

"Oh, that! Elly, I'm finished! I'm done!" He proudly handed the package to her. "Have it ready for the printer on Wednesday and then it's all up to the committee!"

Esmerelda sighed. "Greater love hath no sister than she giveth up her vacation for her brother's dissertation. It does look long." Her typewriter was ready with a piece of paper set and ready at the proper margins. She had great faith in her little brother's abilities.

While Esmerelda typed away, Harold sat on the floor and played Jacks with his



small nieces. It was such a dull game that he wondered why anyone bothered to play it, but Tammy and Jill loved it.

The typewriter stopped its clatter just as Harold reached his sixies. "Harry." Esmerelda's voice was cold doom. "Where is the page number for your fourth footnote?"

Harold dropped his jacks and got up to look. "Isn't it there? Or on the notecards?" He looked at his paper. The footnote was there, but the page number was not. He checked his notecards. There were page numbers for all but one. All his painstaking research--days and weeks in the library of checking and rechecking his sources--and he had forgotten the one little page number of an obscure little periodical he had only used once.

Harold looked at the title and groaned. The periodical wasn't even in the great Hillman Library with its large expanses of reading materials and crisp, efficient librarians who could find anything anywhere within seconds. It was in the Langden Library. Harold gritted his teeth. He **hated** the Langden Library. So much time he had spent there for so little! The Langden Library was an obscure little library branch in an obscure little building in an obscure little room devoted entirely to obscure little periodicals in Harold's field, and it was Dr. Bently's favorite place on the entire University of Pittsburgh campus. "Good point, Harold, good point," Dr. Bently would say. "Have you researched it in the Langden Library?" "Now Harold, I saw a column on just this problem in the Langden Library yesterday. Did you read it?" And Dr. Bently looked so hurt when Harold had to admit he hadn't, until he got smart and gleaned each periodical in the entire library as it came in. It had been long and tiring, but the snippets he added did bring depth to his dissertation, and the pleasure of being able to anticipate Dr. Bently's advice almost made it worth the effort.

"Ummmmmmmm. Elly, I think it was either page ten or page six. Why don't you pck one and go on and I'll try for my sevenies with the girls," he said, partly wishing it could be that simple and partly to see her reaction.

"WHAT!!!!????!?!?!?!?" shrieked Elly. "Fudge on your dissertation? Are you mad?" She gave him a chilling stare backed by all her years as an executive secretary and the Gospel of Kate L. Turabian. "Until you get me proper documentation for this footnote," she said very slowly and distinctly, "I will not strike another key!"

Holding his notecard, Harold went off to his car. Even at twenty-five, he still enjoyed teasing his big sister.

His good humor began to wear thin on the road. How could he have forgotten one little page number? He could hear his teacher in high school reminding the class to watch for the page numbers on every source to save them grief later. He had always remembered and never forgotten, until now. Until now, on his dissertation! He was supposed to be beyond those petty things now. "Why didn't I make all my mistakes in high school," he muttered.

Traffic in Oakland was always bad, but today there seemed to be more than the usual lunchtime rush. The Pittsburgh Bloodmobile parked near the campus with a long line of white-faced college students waiting outside jolted his memory back to the gasoline explosion. No wonder it was so crowded! Accidents drew people to them like flies to butter.

Harold muttered in exasperation at the crowds of slow-moving traffic and people. Mentally he had estimated that he would have one hundred points by now if he had run over all the jaywalkers that had suddenly dashed in front of him when he truned into the parking lot. It was completely full. Knowing that it was going to be a bad day in spite of the glorious morning, Harold's mutterings began to turn nasty. Suddenly, a People's Natural Gas truck popped out of the lines of parked cars and left a single empty space behind that Harold immediately popped into.



Langden Hall was not far from the parking lot, but the crowds only got larger. Harold didn't know where they were going, and he really didn't care. He had made a foolish mistake, and he wanted it corrected as soon as possible. Langden Hall loomed ahead, so he broke with the crowd and walked in the back door to save time instead of walking all around to the front.

The hall was dimly lit, but he knew his way. The tiny branch library was exactly the same as he had left it last time. The room was quiet and aloof. The librarian and the secretary were busy at their tasks and occasionally murmured to each other, but never loud enough to be heard over the stillness of the room. The obscure little periodicals were lovingly displayed on large racks. The sun streamed in the windows and made patterns on the floor and glinted off the copying machine.

The library was clean and sparkling and bright, yet Harold had a sudden vision of dust--tremendous, billowing clouds full of dust. The beam of sunlight was outlined and clouded instead of the clear, sharp stream of light he had noticed before. His eyes began to water. He sneezed violently, twice.

The librarian looked up in surprise, then gave him a small, shy smile. Harold's heart gave a small flop, and all other memory faded into general embarrassment. Miss Ann Telford, librarian, as her name plate proclaimed was an asset to the Langden Library, but one that Harold never had the courage to take advantage of. Today was not the day to start, either, he thought regretfully. Not with Elly waiting impatiently for his page number. Perhaps after he received his doctorate--a small victory celebration, he mused. I couldn't have done without you--it wasn't quite true, but it was a good line and guaranteed to cut off any refusals. There had been far too many refusals in his social life already...

Harold broke himself out of his daydream and purposefully walked over to the racks to find his obscure little periodical. New issues caught his eye. The force of habit caused him to pick them up and scan the table of contents, paper and pencil ready to take down any interesting tidbits for his dissertation. "I don't have to do this anymore!" The thought permeated into his brain. He firmly pushed the periodical back into its rack, jammed the paper and pencil into his pocket, and walked on.

He sighed when he found the page in his obscure little periodical. Not page ten or page six, but page sixteen. Very firmly and very blackly he carved the page number into the notecard with his pencil.

He was just about to replace the periodical and go home when the sun glinting off the copying machine caught his eye. Elly was in one of her moods and just might not accept a penciled addition to his notecard. A photocopy would quell any accusations of fraud.

Harold dug a dime out of his pocket and again felt the sensation of dust. He placed the periodical on the copying machine. He could feel warm metal, yet empty space under his hand. He blinked. The copying machine was there; he could see it! He dropped in the dime. Instead of clinking its way through gears and machinery, there was only a quiet drop with a faint plink at the end. The copying machine flashed, and Harold picked up his photocopy, which was all he was worried about anyway.

He turned for a last quick look at Miss Telford, but she had her head together with the secretary. The two were giggling silently about something with the air of best friends with a secret, so they never noticed when he walked out.

He folded the photocopy into his hand and quietly walked out the way he came. He opened the back door and . . .

"Hey! You up there! Get away from that building, now!" A burly policeman was yelling at him. Puzzled, Harold walked down the stairs.

"What were you doing in that building?" the policeman demanded. "It's off limits to the public. You are very lucky, mister, that you sneaked in the way you did. The gas people just turned off the gaslines here half an hour ago. Any earlier and we'd be treating you for inhalation. Now what were you doing in there?"

"I went to the library, and . . ."

"The library? The library was smashed flat in the gasoline explosion, mister. It went right through the east wall. We found the librarian and one of the secretaries in the debris. So far they're the only casualties, but we're still sifting through that mess. One of the professors made positive identification . . ."

The photocopy in Harold's hand felt very real and quite insubstantial, and the smell of dust assailed his nostrils.

Dorene Pasekoff

The heart;  
the mind:  
pivoting on the  
fulcrum of reality  
manicly.  
A stable balance  
is impossible  
and the see-  
saw fun  
died with childhood.  
Stability rests  
upon the  
ground  
as reality  
measures the distance.  
They kicked the habit  
away  
and landed  
on a doctor's knee.  
He, pitying them,  
gave them a  
padded, blue one  
so they won't hurt  
their toes  
next time.

J.K.C.



## Daybreak

The long, quiet night  
Filled with the brightness of the moon.  
The soft, gentle breeze  
Almost non existent  
The far off sounds of laughter  
Two lonely people  
Reaching out, from sadness  
Meeting for the need  
Needing the love  
Talking like old friends  
Holding on like frightened children  
Loving like old lovers  
Finding peace from one another  
Giving hope just by listening.

The sky begins to lighten  
The night disappears  
The oranges, pinks and reds filling the sky  
The breeze dies off  
The birds begin to sing and frolic.  
Two complete people  
Who met for the needing  
Needed the love  
Talked like old friends  
Held on like frightened children  
Loved like old lovers  
Holding for the last time  
Leaving like total strangers.

L.A.L.

## City Song

At home in the dark streets  
Walk alone and defy  
The flashes of silver  
The shadow in the night.

You've got you own blade  
Though its use has been slowed  
Now there are uniformed men  
That cover your zone.

A grunt of hello and you pass  
The man by  
And you remember that night  
You swore with your blood

To carry their name  
On your shoulders held high,  
To fight even kill for  
Your boys of the night.

And when the time came  
All gathered at the corner  
Cans aflame, plans given out.  
But you thrust too deep

And as you watch his emptied body  
Swallowed by the East River  
You think to yourself  
A wound would have sufficed.

Now a piece of the gang  
They'll often tell your story  
To the new boys of the night  
Of your first killing glory.

Taylor



## CHANCE

We could have never met  
Just fancy that my love.  
What chance let us permit  
To be there at that particular place.

You say "we were meant for each other,"  
But think of all the chances,  
Coincidences, causes, and occurrences  
For it to happen, for us to fall in love.

Think of the time before we met,  
We lived alone, separated, lost.  
It was long the time and big the world,  
Our paths might have never crossed.

Do you know this mysterious course  
That led us to meet was quite uncertain?  
A caprice, a whim could have caused us  
To be forever apart.

I never told you honestly  
When my eyes saw you first,  
I passed all your charm and beauty  
absent mindedly unnoticed.

It was that one evening,  
In the old theater.  
I helped you to put on your coat  
And you thanked me with a blush.

Remember! It was for a reason,  
The slight hesitation when our eyes met,  
What an elation we experienced  
At such exquisite metamorphosis!

Our love would have never happened,  
The river of life would forever flow,  
But now you and I are not saddened  
That the chance let us feel the deepest mystery of love.

Alan Prague

## COTTON PANELS

Her hand dropped to a glass box on the floor,  
And rose with a find of ancient mystic.  
Unfolding, unveiling, shroud like, the image  
creates:  
An old mansion, a court yard window from which  
to hang the cotton panels.

Criss-crossed like the crust of a cherry pie,  
they had an undelicate beauty.  
More like the trellis that holds the rose.  
“Wouldn’t they be just perfect,” she said?  
She had an instinct for another time.  
Yesterday was painful so she looked past her  
past- and always knew.  
I, was never sure.

Shining early and bright through eastern window,  
much more than warmth, the sun gives to us.  
Now the master of esthetic hue: our carpet  
becomes the forest floor,  
Dappled figures play upon the rocker arm, striped  
cat now make checked.  
How could she’d been so mindful of the artistry?  
The dappling of light and dark, the portrait  
changing hour to hour.  
Was it her youth portrait so dappled with pain  
that lets her see?

I sit amidst the canvas with book resting on knee.  
And mind resting on eye.  
She enters the light filled room and says, “Don’t  
you just love them.”  
And I say...I love you.

Charles Brynan

**“To Phlebas,  
who was once handsome and tall as you.”**

O, Muse!  
conceal your face from us mortals  
for temporal are we in  
breath and understanding.

Your stories  
only haunt the corridors  
of our labyrinth-like minds  
and appear at our command.

Listen now  
to the lesson we have  
forgotten and learn anew  
in every passing shade.

Patience Muse,  
for all is known to you  
of deed and action, but  
deaf are your ears to the heart.

.....\*.....

Sit quietly man of ill-repose  
for movement is painful  
and a heart beat, an effort. Sit  
and worry about your life -- your grave concern.

A common game, a party trick,  
calling upon a spirit  
and giving it voice.  
A game which the mind loses  
and emotions can win it all.

Receptive, you sit as the card is turned  
over in your mind -- a card you saw before  
in the dust covered mirror of the future.

“Harken, Roi de Baton,” wailed Cassandra,  
“harked: a queen awaits you in the past  
who stares transfixed into her  
cup. She is cloaked behind  
L’amoureux, laughing and watching  
and composing her trap for you.  
I see the ten swords of Fate awaiting  
which you must undergo.  
Another queen, of staves she is, is seen  
though not by you as yet. She sits  
supported in a chair of oak  
and is your destined mate.”

“You fear the wheel,  
beware the fool,  
forstall your expectations.  
These are the charges  
to find three cups  
to grasp in your right hand.”



The voice died away, the memory  
fades: a party game, a way  
to kill time, nothing more.

.....\*

A sleep he seeks (as still as night),  
to forget his troubled past.  
He lies down and closes his eyes  
as sleep escapes his grasp.  
He remembers the passing years  
that left him free of companionship.  
He ponders on why they always left.  
He was kind.  
He always listened.  
He gave words of affection.  
They laid together in satin sheets  
quenching each other's desire.

\*

One by one they always left --  
idle words were only show.  
They didn't care or ever could  
but for their private passions.  
he was young  
he was strong  
no man was greater that he  
(no other as patient  
as caring)  
in bed

Yet one by one....  
Virile efforts, not to blame,  
all left with sated desire,  
lifted higher than ever before.  
Are they worth it?  
the time?  
the energy?  
the cost? ...  
the pain?

\*

Lena rose before his clouded mind  
like a succuba rising from the fire:  
she was the last,  
the most callous.  
Feelings of inadequacy,  
of love and tenderness  
he told her.  
"Does 'I love you' come next?"  
she laughs, washing the the point away  
with his hidden tears of sorrow.

.....\*

The thought of her grew inside  
his aching mind recalling the pain  
the suffering  
she never knew was in his heart.

\*

Blood rising, pounding his head, hotness  
screaming  
do it  
kill her  
do it  
kill her  
do it  
kill her  
do it when she is at the park  
walking a bitch, an axe, back, swing  
hit...blood, fall...back, swing, neck,  
twist, crack,...blood, bone...cut.  
The dog watching, whining, sniffs her,  
staining its white little paws  
that washing will never wash away.

\*

Messy, too messy...

\*

A drink: "Tea?"  
"No, the usual..."  
"The stuff is poison."  
"Destroys the liver, I know."  
"Here."

Drinking her favorite drink, sipping  
it down, enjoying the amaretto.  
Watching her breathe, gasping, coughing.  
"That stuff will kill you someday..."

How poetic.

\*

The night closes in and  
cools the blood in his heart.  
Lena was his only love  
and now he realizes he can't do it.  
He wants her more than he admits  
and lets her memory die into the past.  
He will forget her as he did the rest  
except on these long, sleepless nights.

.....\*.....

Looking out the window  
the stars show bright as they swing  
through their paths in the cosmic night.  
There he can see the Plough hung reversed  
as if digging into the heavenly sphere.  
"Are there others watching?"



Is my star crossed with she who  
looks above like me?...  
I shall have my day!"  
cried his heart with tears of pain  
outpouring, "and she will mend  
my ruined heart of its maladies."

\*

He stared forward and watched  
his world of reality pass before  
the embers of his Socratic fire.  
Wearily he recalls the faces  
he saw, forsaking and for-  
getting each in their turn.  
Lena was the last to appear  
but soon rejoined the legions with the others.

.....\*.....

And sleep fell on his world --  
a sleep with its own time and place --  
as he dreamed his ageless dream.  
Deep within a wood of leafy boughs,  
sitting against an aged elm, he  
gazes at all that surrounds him.  
From his right approaches a maiden  
bearing a pitcher and cup, both  
carved of simple oak.  
She comes near and sets them  
beside him. Her green eyes shine  
as she asks if he cares to drink.  
He took the filled cup and drank it:  
the golden liquid regenerated him.  
The second draught gave him an  
understanding that the liquid  
was something he had tasted before.  
The last cup was the sweetest  
of the three and his heart beat  
quietly and his limbs relaxed.  
"You have consumed it all," she smiled.  
"I have consumed it all," he said understanding.  
"It has been consummated," signed Cassandra.

J.K.C.

### Attraction

Was just the corner store:  
Our eyes locked as all eyes do ——  
And then a moment more.

## Fall

This is a season of change  
Beautiful, yes, but also  
    heartbreaking in its own way.  
A season of dying  
    only to be reborn again  
A season of endings  
    Bringing with them hopes for  
        new beginnings.  
A season of weeping  
    For what is lost  
        and also  
A season for drying tears  
    For that which may be  
        gained at some not so  
        distant time in the future.  
A season for goodbyes,  
    Too long put off  
And this is a season  
    Of new beginnings,  
        of new loves,  
            of new hopes, and of  
            new dreams.  
Yes, this is a season of change.

Barb Foley

## Coming Home

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

L.A.L.

## “June”

Morning begins with bright welcoming sunshine.  
The dew feels cool on my dirty bare feet.  
I set the dog free to enjoy the summer day wandering.  
I rescue perplexed frogs from the pool, wondering  
what attracts them to this sterile man-made body of water.

Fresh white sheets sway in the breeze.  
Mother has an early start with the day.  
A glass jar full of water and a tea bag stands in  
a clover patch as the sun's strong rays extract the tea  
from the tiny sack.

The mailman bears news from relatives and friends  
enjoying vacation in another part of the country.

Oodles of strawberries await to be gathered.

While engaging in the harvest, I can't restrain my-  
self from eating more than my share of the sun-filled  
berries.

The afternoon sun is strong.

Everyone brings out his faded swimsuit.

That crystal-blue water escapes in frantic waves  
over the edges of the pool.

A mouth-watering smell of barbecue fills the air.

Cool potato salad, hamburgers and iced tea consti-  
tute a fine menu for dinner.

I peel the bark from a maple twig and prepare a  
true-to-summer dessert of roasted marshmallows.

The sun secretly sets by nine o'clock.

Crickets sing and lightning bugs create a spectacle  
for the eyes.

The screens in the house windows allow the cool  
night air to enter.

Music plays softly in the room across the hall.

The outside world sings of summer.

Inge Karlberg



## breaking free

deep within he takes his form  
and he learns what he is to become

golden eagle  
strong as iron  
freer than all  
soaring high into the sun  
such might such grandeur

growing within: warm sheltered  
anxious expecting all, the freedom

he is confined  
left in darkness  
wanting the light  
and, oh, the freedom outside  
his shrinking egg shell

no more! he cries to the world  
he will no longer remain within

chip chip cra-ack  
push hit twist turn  
almost outside  
the final break -- he's made it  
he is outside, free

the morning light of spring  
reveals a paltry bird -- innocence

the cold harshness  
a mournful shock  
the shattered shell  
he wants to re-enter but  
can only cling-to

J.K.C.



## Mother

The tender gardener  
gently brings her flowers  
into the world  
watching them grow  
and supplying firm stakes when they bend.  
She does not let a single weed threaten them.  
As time goes on,  
the gardener can admire the way the plants  
have grown strong, and  
have firmly rooted themselves into the ground.  
The gardener has supplied good soil,  
has fertilized them well,  
and has planted around them,  
fruits of knowledge.  
These flowers will grow full,  
and unblemished,  
and will display for all,  
the gardener's care.

Sandy Smith

## Ice-Tree

The trees  
Like glass figurines  
Reflect and deflect the sun  
In the colors of the flame  
Through their coats of ice  
On snow, like fine white linen,  
undisturbed.  
Under a sky, crisp with reality is  
beautiful.

Stephen Arnold

## RETURN FROM NHATRANG

She stood tense and erect by the gateway of  
anticipation:

Hands clasped tightly around past, present, and  
future,

Eyes glued tight to the belly of the clouds.

And then it appeared: at first only a ghost-  
like version was visible,

But the great wings of freedom soon brought the  
man-made bird circling

Above her head, above her world, above her dreams.

Perhaps it is her dream, this silvery, gliding  
vessel of hope.

OH, precious cargo, if War is hell then surely its  
end is heaven.

Charles Brynan

What it all comes down to  
is a question of love  
Who and why we love  
is not the point here  
It is, do we love at all?

Jean Morrison

## To Benjamin

Slashes on your arms

I used to do it once myself

Never thought you looked so carefully  
or would learn so well my faults

Have you learned only my angry ways  
to poison yourself instead of others?  
I no longer cut or smash or grieve  
now I only get revenge.

Not much better, huh  
will you someday do the same?

My arms bear scars of former bleeding  
your's are still red, still swollen,  
and I am guilty  
I know it well

When you have healed  
where will we be?

Shall you hate me for the bad lessons I have taught you?  
I hated myself, I know that.

Perhaps we'll join our hands  
our arms with all their etchings locked 'round each other  
I'll give you a kiss  
You'll give me a hug and...

...forgive?

Love, your big sister,  
Ann

## THE LIGHT

I see the Light  
With it  
I see  
Joy  
bubbling, effusive, restrained.  
Truth  
beautiful, exploited, corrupted.  
Life  
discovered, shattered, lost.  
Pity  
real, shallow, superficial.  
Love  
regained, destroyed, disguised.  
Maniacs, Elites, Fools  
all see the Light,  
the same path  
but with different eyes,  
with different footsteps,  
leading to different directions  
but all eventually converging  
at one Light  
from where they were all diverging

Z.H.J.

### Piano Practice

The summer's quiet is broken  
by the sound of the ivory keys.  
The pale dancers move gently over  
the narrow floor,  
as the sound rises in response to their touch.

Sandy Smith





## MOTHER'S SONG TO HER SON

Stay close to me my baby  
The world is cruel and mean  
Don't leave my side sweet baby  
Listen, I know what I've seen.

Man can be rough and heartless  
Women can be coy and cruel  
They only want to hurt you  
And make you seem the fool.

But here by your mother's side  
You will always find love and joy.  
My love for you is ceaseless  
So remember the way home my boy.

I had dreams of changing them  
And making them see they were wrong.  
But they hurt me deeply my son,  
My dreams were not that strong.

The world should not be a sad place  
It should always be at peace.  
Instead of hatred and fighting  
There should be love and feasts.

Maybe you are the answer!  
Maybe you can change their ways.  
I know it takes strong character  
And efforts sometimes aren't repayed.

But I can't see you hurt sweet baby,  
The pain goes deep within  
I want to shield you from cruel people  
And from sickness, storms, and the wind.

Go to sleep now sweet baby,  
My words are the rambling of a fool.  
My dreams are gone from me now,  
But I've passed them on to you.

Regina Ciritella



## SISTER'S SONG

Mother, tell me how to live my life,  
Tell me where to go.  
I am waiting for your answers,  
Please help me to know.

You say you want to shield us  
From sickness, storms, and the wind.  
Please keep your shield around me  
For I feel pain moving in.

Mother you've abandoned me,  
Or is this just "grown-up"?  
Can't you ever take me back?  
Please, I've seen enough.

The world is doomed forever  
We cannot change it now.  
Our dreams are foolish notions.  
People are sinful and foul.

They refuse to believe your rambling  
of love, and feasts, and joy.  
This world is made for evil,  
You should just kill your little boy.

For I predict his misery,  
As I have seen my own.  
And you yourself know just as well as  
There's no such place as home.

Regina Ciritella

# Shopping

They met in the produce aisle when they accidentally touched each other while trying to feel the same head of lettuce. Instantly both of their hands were jerked away; he began to scratch the back of his head and she rearranged the celery and onions in the back of her cart. Because the store had just opened a few minutes before, they were the only two shoppers in the aisle.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled, staring at the lettuce while she glanced at him from the corner of her eye. *Nice going, twit, that's the only decent head here, and if you take it I'll kick you.*

"That's okay," he grinned at her, retrieving the lettuce and tossing it from hand to hand. Finally he threw it into his grocery cart. "There's plenty more where this came from. No wonder, at a dollar nineteen a head." *No way sweetie, this one's mine, and you can just keep your claws off it.*

"You said it," the girl agreed. She pushed her cart ahead of him and stopped to select a cucumber. "I probably can't afford it anyway." *Thanks a lot, jerk off, there goes my salad for the week.*

"Yeah, I was thinking about selling my stock and investing it all in lettuce," he laughed while he pushed his cart up next to hers. *You got a cute ass, honey - I'd like to push your cart around.*

She laughed with him and continued to push her cart down the aisle, rolling her eyes when her back faced him. She stopped to choose a half dozen apples and stuffed them into a plastic bag. "That would probably be a good idea." *Really funny, Jack, but looks aren't everything. Why don't you take your lettuce and wheel on out of here?*

He watched her put the apples in her cart, staying with her as she ripped off another plastic bag and filled it with tomatoes. "Let me help you with that," he offered as she tried unsuccessfully to knot the bag shut. *I'll squeeze your tomatoes any day, cutie, just say the word.*

"That's okay, I can do it," the girl replied, but he had already grabbed the bag and was fumbling with the knot. "Hold it, there you're going to spill th-" The bag ripped and the tomatoes thudded onto the floor, one of the very ripe ones spitting onto her western boots and jeans. *You asshole! Of all the ignorant scumbags around, I had to run into this joker!*

"I'm really sorry," he muttered as he bent down to brush the red slush from her pants. He yelped when she took a step backward and dug the heel of her boot into the back of his hand. *Damn, that hurts! Why don't you watch where you're stepping, bitch? Look at me! One hand crushed and the other full of tomato crap!*

"Just forget it," the girl said, pursing her lips and kicking a tomato out of her way. She tore off another plastic bag. *Ha! Serves you right, you bastard! Now keep you klutzy hands away from me or I'll maim you permanently.*

He pushed his cart along, still keeping up with her, and as he tossed a bag of carrots into his cart without looking at them, he held out his hand to her. "By the way, I'm George Sterling. Pleased to meetcha." *Come on, babe, don't be a snot. Who cares about some stupid tomatoes?*

She hesitated a moment before sticking out her hand. "Sarah Jamison. Nice to meet you." She wiped her hand on the back of her jeans and turned her back to him to scrutinize the cauliflower.

*What's with this guy, anyway? Why didn't I sleep in this morning?*

In an instant he had skirted the carts and stood beside her, thoughtfully studying the lumpy white heads heaped in front of him. "This stuff looks pretty good today, huh?" He threw two of them into his cart, then he pivoted and stood in front of hers,



holding onto the metal bars, facing her. "Sarah...That's an unusual name." *God, do I hate cauliflower! This better be worth it.*

She glanced up at him for a second before turning back to the vegetables. She picked up head after head before she placed one in her cart next to the apples. Ignoring his comment about her name, she replied, "Yeah, it looks okay." *Okay, bud, that's it! Get out of my way or I'll scream rape.*

He stood there smiling down at her, leaning against the increasing pressure she put on the cart. *Go ahead, George, ask her.* He took a step toward his cart. "I was thinking, uh, maybe one night this week-" Suddenly his right leg slipped out from under him and he windmilled, trying to grab the handrail on the aisle. *Shiiiiit!* His hand slapped against the rim of a small wooden box filled with string beans, and they flew up in the air and showered down upon him. His rear end landed squarely on one of the dropped tomatoes, smashing it. *I don't believe this.*

The girl scuttled around the carts, laughing and flattening string beans with her boots. "Are you all right?" she giggled, trying to help him up. *This guy is unbelievable.*

Taking a deep breath, he struggled to his feet and continued speaking. "...if one night this week you would let me cook dinner for you." *Oh my God, I feel like I wet myself.*

She stared at him, her eyes wide, her right eyebrow raised. Her hands were still on his arm, and her lips were pursed together in a half-smile. *This is hysterical. He just gets done destroying the vegetable aisle and wants to cook me dinner.*

He sidled around her to his cart, trying to brush away some of the tomato mush still clinging to his rump. "Come on, I'm a good cook. I'll make whatever you want. How about it?" He swatted the seat of jeans. *Jesus, this would be so funny if it weren't happening to me.*

She dropped her hands, glanced sidelong at the fallen tomato, and slowly walked around behind her cart. "Okay," she said. *What the hell... he has nice buns.*

Theresa A. Waldspurger

## Grandfather

A tattered coat  
balancing  
on a crutch  
with a fishing hat  
on top.  
A finished book  
Losing pages  
one by one  
Slowly sinking into  
darkness.  
And the need for him  
Slips away.

## Closing Statement

As empty bottles sit naked,  
a windmill spins its angry wheel.  
These educational lines,  
They forever surround me with impenetratable circles,  
As the hands of time send Sherman and Peabody  
back.

The anger in beauty runs round me like  
morbid blowfish in a sea of confusion,  
while the hurricane of life  
sweeps up all in its path -  
the juggler, the baker, the candlestick maker!  
They all know the feeling involved.

“I believe in the sanctity of virginity, the unity  
of man and the forgiveness of souls!”

Mugsy and Block

## Dreaming...

Dreaming carries such sweet eloquence.  
Prophetic pictures,  
Sauntering, through the haze of noumena;  
Gently tugging on the the fingers of rationale  
To drown in the passive pools of solace

Tim

## another sunset

One day I walked in fields of sickled wheat  
To watch the sun sink in the western sky.  
I was so far from town and travelled way  
That not a noise of human mode was heard.  
The sun went down in a blazing flourish  
With red, and blue, purple, yellow, and pink.

The sun had vanished  
No star or moon shone  
And the wind stopped short.  
No animal moved:  
They stopped like the wind.  
And I stood alone.

No light,  
No noise,  
No scent  
Upon  
The air:  
I froze.

A  
Voice  
Cried:  
"Let  
It  
Be-"

J.K.C.

Clear, cold and crystal  
Hanging so hazardously  
Dripping in the sun.

Stephen Arnold

## JOG!!!

If the grape does not a jelly make,  
Nor spice the dough in raisin cake,  
If its juice is not the taste of wine,  
The grape will wither on the vine.

Charles Brynan

## Empty Nights

Three days straight and tight  
Hunger fills you. For sleep and food  
Come second.

Small print, wet hands. The  
Shake as you arise. My God  
Do I know it?

Cramming your nerves, Ripping  
Your stomach. You're hot and cold  
And the hour approaches.

Long hours worked hard.  
You're gripped and scared so  
Your head wants to burst.

Two feet from the door  
You lose control and  
Your mind takes over.

You're blank as you finish  
And numb but still pained  
My God, I hope I knew it.

Taylor