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## The Lantern Vol. 46, No. 1, December 1979

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*Dec. 1979*

# **The Lantern**



**Vol. XLVI, No.1**  
**December 1979**

A collection of Poetry, Prose and Photography composed for the Fall Term, 1979, 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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## **Patrons**

Dr. Gayle Byerly

Mr. J. Douglas Davis

Dr. Joyce Henry

Jack Rosenfeld

Dr. George Storey

Dr. John Wickersham





Drew Procaccino

## Visions in Chains

Why do these words slip away from me?  
Why can't I grasp them and make them sing?  
You can't bind to paper thoughts which run free;  
Meter and rhythm sound a steely ring  
for they're chains.

The songs of the angels couldn't have feet  
Nor steel-clad scansion nor rigid rhyme;  
Those songs from the love of God must flow sweet,  
In patternless paeans of joy out of time  
Where Eternity reigns

But I live in time; my time has an end.  
My words must warm ears of cold, stiff clay;  
Yet with scansion and rhyme, those ears I'll bend  
That's glory enough, until the day  
When I drop my chains  
Where Eternity reigns.

Chris Kile

## The Bean

Beneath the freshly tilled soil,  
Raked smooth by human sweat and expectation,  
Rests the bean seed: a pale white,  
Lifeless object that needs nothing less than magic,  
In order to climb through the earth  
A distance ten times its own size.

Day after day I visit the barren spot,  
Knowing that my role is done  
(At least for now)  
And the force that has given me life  
Will be the same needed for that lowly bean seed.



And then it happens!  
The earth has cracked while my eyes were closed,  
And now a stem, green and limber, has protruded,  
Carrying upon its shoulders a pair of hands.  
The hands, however, are not clenched proudly  
In victory over its success to life,  
But clasped humbly,  
As if in prayer.  
Perhaps the bean knows the real source of its life —  
I search for mine.

Charles W. Brynan III

Who can we watch tonite?  
If we all sit back slyly enough  
Or even through open windows  
If we all glance over styrofoam cups  
I'm sure we can see it all

Better yet,  
We can have something  
To talk about  
For days to come  
For brunch conversation  
Are you still watching?

From here we can  
Formulate  
In our minds  
Drowned with beer  
Who will be with whom  
Why, where, and how many times

Through two hundred times the  
Manipulation  
We realize this is a great party  
What could possibly be  
More entertaining  
Than a show where all the  
Actors  
Prove themselves to be  
Mere amateurs?

Xenia Constantine Polites

## Night Glider

Each night I unfurl my wings  
and travel onward throughout time and destiny.  
I am everything then.  
I am, I create,  
I become my own creations,  
until the shrill song of the daylight awakens me.  
For a moment the memory remains  
I smile happily.  
But the mask must be taken out and repainted.  
The daylight world will never know  
that I am a night glider.

Barbara Foley



Lori Reinhart

## **The Hurricane**

you are sleeping.  
you feed me and  
i eat- i consume your rhythmic breathing  
i watch you- your hands, your mouth,  
your sense of timing;  
of nearness- you stir- i am frightened-  
you turn- we talk- i lie-  
i ache- you are warm.  
we are alone- my knees are lifted-  
i am caressed- i yearn-  
i am you are you will  
you will take me-  
we are talking you consume me-  
you move you are motion  
we are moving we touch  
we are gears churning thrashing  
we are a machine- driving and speeding  
spreading unleashing venomous  
steel hips smashing rhythmically  
shattering plateglass visions splintering spitting  
interwoven limbs grasping clawing  
bleeding steaming pounding iron flesh your eyes  
your mouth open teeth gnashing and slashing  
gnawing emotion screaming seething  
pain in colors wrenching ripping  
you heave-

the sky- it is now  
broken glass- it slashes  
my skin through the window-  
you are panting  
you are turning- slower  
away- slower still  
gears halt  
you are still.  
you are  
turning into gold.  
silence.  
(i am crying- i hurt  
if you had only  
taken my life.  
i am sobbing.  
i am earth.  
i am a whore.  
i am a liar.  
and you- )  
you are sleeping.



crisp new paper— —  
fresh blue lines mapped rhythmically  
across snow white pages— —  
the essence of minimalism;  
the potential of a hurricane.

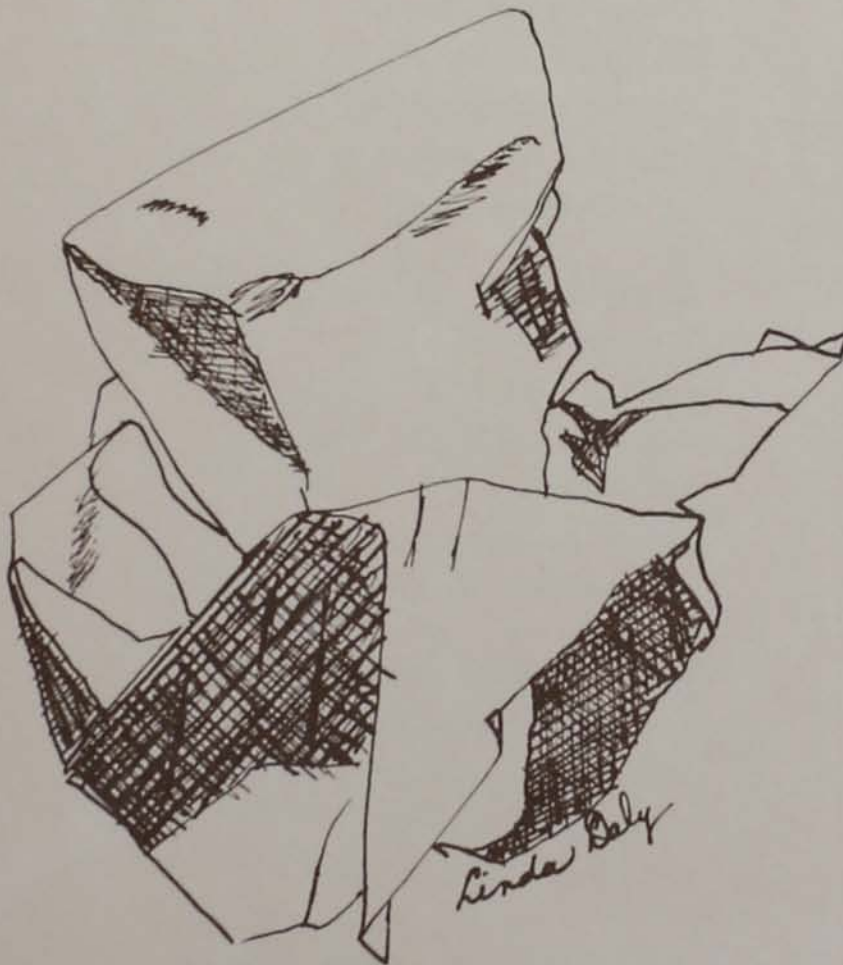
what thoughts will caress the parallel blues?  
multicolored pens inking calculated formulas?  
or scribbled pencil notes of a poetic madman— —  
deep alone in a lost Tibetan cave  
where mushrooms are wildflowers  
and aging candles, like fading dreams,  
afford the only sunlight?

the coloring of images— —  
blue or yellow, truth or lie;  
there is no control in pages.  
leaves and flowers and words grow old;  
fingers grow calloused  
beneath the weight of the passing of ages  
and a quickly dying pen.

the persistent doubts of a dreamer— —  
— the complacent ennui of strangers,  
— the narcotic silence of mirrors,  
— the inevitable passing of pages;  
yet there is hopeful promise  
in crisp new paper.

in the aftermath of a snowstorm,  
a group of children make their way across a frozen field.  
their footprints leave blue shadows in the whiteness.

Bruce Dalziel



Crumpled Paper  
Linda Daly

## Compassion

he dragged  
her here;  
she wore a  
simple black dress  
hoping noone  
would recognize her.

on the dark open dance floor  
Diomedes soars like a  
falcon before the kill:  
circling weightlessly, his eyes  
keen and dangerous, his  
proud feathers flying.

Criseyde shifts nervously in her chair  
Diomedes is drunk and  
reeling, a girl in his arms is  
overwhelmed; Criseyde rolls  
her wedding ring nervously  
around her finger –  
this has happened before.

the dull pounding trance of  
love songs one after another –  
we sit uncomfortably;  
i want to speak to her  
but the room is too loud.

and reflecting on my own secret pain,  
i respect the silence of submission.  
we all destroy the things most precious  
and pretend not to notice.

Bruce Dalziel



## Loneliness

Like a rhino through a bay window,  
A ringing shatters the silence.  
The gloom of my tranquility vanishes.  
The waiting is over.

Excited,  
I grab the receiver.

Dejected,  
I write:  
Gallon of milk  
Loaf of bread  
Jar of crunchy peanut butter.  
"Yes, Dear."

5:00 arrives –  
I flip the sign on the door.  
MAYTAG CLOSED.

The Alien

## 301

Big waisted elephant  
Should not attempt to swim;  
Foolish intelligence  
To make gold out of tin.

Big waisted elephant,  
The feet begin to sink;  
The loss of high values,  
Decadence to the brink.

Big waisted elephant,  
Senseless wasted body;  
Foolish intelligence  
To ignore history.

Scott Fleagle

## Ode To Man

And the Earth was lonely,  
But for the plankton in the sea,  
From which new creatures would arise,  
And eventually take to the skies.

Not all, however, could avoid  
The pull of gravity on this spheroid,  
And so they learned to walk and run,  
And even climb the trees for fun.

Though this life was to be adored,  
The effects of progress could not be ignored.  
Advanced beings on Earth did form,  
Varying from the accepted norm.

They learned to conquer and to feign,  
And finally the entire planet did reign,  
But, as if each to the other was a bother,  
They began to fight amongst one another,

For freedom and democracy was the song,  
To try and set right the others' wrong,  
But as to who and what was right  
Could never be discovered in the others' light,

And so more powerful weapons were created,  
To use against the relations hated,  
Until a bomb, considered a ploy,  
Whose sole purpose was to destroy,

Was activated by one mindless hand  
To achieve its mission and annihilate  
the land.

From thence, half a millenium did pass  
Before the slightest sign of grass,

And the Earth was lonely,  
But for the plankton in the sea. . .

Anonymous



Drew Procaccino



unsteady hands –  
– wrecklessly swaggering –  
the unravelling of a  
fading evening and tie  
as the  
                  one last  
seven and seven  
                  swirls  
around the warming ice  
in a smokey glass.  
real smoke –  
the smoke of a somewhat  
intoxicating silence and  
car doors slam metal as  
keys fall into awaiting doorlocks and  
escorting symbolism threatens  
to knock the glass from  
my hands –  
spilling the contents wetly  
over a deep blood red carpet,  
sinking slowly through the pile  
and that whisper of fright  
that always seems to accompany  
that often unfamiliar scent of  
an evening such as this.  
unsteady hands –  
hands that always manage to betray  
my Frank Sinatra advances.  
hands that would rather sleep alone  
than take a chance on trusting.  
my hands.

Pieta

## The Beachcomber

Along the beach he roams;  
Searching, trying to discover  
His true reality, his reason to be.  
The clouds absorb his gentle footprint,  
Which is indented in the sand.  
The ocean, like sweet water,  
Mellows his soul, a good soul,  
Matured by age, hardened by loneliness.  
A warm breeze retains the odor of empty shells  
And many other fruits of the sea.  
He tastes the spray in the air,  
Fresh and sticky, dreaming of days gone by.  
Of all the men of wit, not one is he.  
In his resting place, far from the knowing world,  
He writes without rhyme or reason,  
He searches for the overwhelming force to be happy,  
Without fear and without reproach.  
The key to the mystery is just beyond  
The horizon.  
As he walks, the cold earth beneath his feet,  
He is tranquil, without difficulty, fearless;  
A spark in the calm air of the night.  
Under the stars, one by one, the swallows  
Fell to his side, seeing the gentle glances,  
He reached for them with cold hands, warm heart.

Jack Rosenfeld



## **The Pounce**

**(for John Berryman)**

Mad midnight Henry,  
Calico cry;  
Unsteady Henry like  
Pounce, cat swing low.

Pantherlike Henry  
Jumps jungle bold;  
Black brush romance whiskers  
Fly Henry, fly!

Hot pulsing scarlet  
Halts Henry high;  
Bloody-mouthed Henry  
Retreats kitten blue.

Two A.M. Henry  
Home cringing cold;  
Comfort climbs calico then  
Pounce! cat is gone.

Bruce Dalziel



## Graveyard Shift

Graveyard shift, the gall loons low,  
tired men come,  
tired men go.

An orange moon watches with hardly a fright  
this strange midnight ritual  
in sodium light.

Sweat stained and soiled, expressionless faces  
take to their stations  
with dead ladened paces.

Belt bearings creak over laboring heads,  
while yellow sparks fly --!  
and burn a deep red.

Melting and smelting til Hates burns foul,  
they pugently fill  
their industrial bowels.

And I, you may say, am a sweeper of sorts,  
I scrub and I polish these  
black souls of soot.

Yet still they drone on amid screech-hissing steam,  
casting and cranking  
with never a dream.

They live by the hour, they die by the clock,  
tomorrow lies waning  
in this house by the dock.

John P.

## **The Houston Refineries, 8:00 P.M., 7-15-74**

I saw the Cities of a Thousand Lights;  
I stopped, stood, stared, listened. . .  
The Cities: many towers, tall, one nearby, others far away,  
Their lights, reflected in the waters of the channel  
Shone green and gold; an occasional torch glowed orange and blue.  
Ships passed by, lit yellow and white.  
The horns of those ships, the lapping of water against the docks:  
Sounds of the endless, ancient ocean surround this work of modern man.

By day, gray concatenations of concrete and steel  
Cracking Civilization's food for digestion –  
The wastes of this process have spread 'cross the land.  
The channel is dead, the air is foul;  
The thoughtless have seen, screamed, "Stop! We must end it!  
We cannot permit this pollution to reach us!"  
And, as far as it goes, this may be true. . .

But a voice came whispering on the evening breeze,  
A voice from the Cities, with this to say:  
    "A mountain is born in the depths of slime.  
    A flower must feed on rot to blossom  
    All babes wallow in self-made filth  
    Before they walk the wide world, free."  
And it seemed that this was also true.

Chris Kile



The eagle. So proud;  
He soars high above us all,  
Mocking our freedom.

K.B.

## **The End of the Game**

The end of the game  
Bodies react;  
The mind is black,  
But the soul's aflame.

A pat on the back  
Leaves startled eyes  
With snarled cries  
That seem to retract.

Happy are the ties  
Since departed,  
But still the dread  
Of short, sad goodbyes.

Let it not be said  
That all is lost  
If pride's cool frost  
Slows the tide's fierce ebb.

A shot hits the post  
The dunk undone,  
The last play's run  
The effort, a ghost.

The clock strikes two, one. . .  
The buzzer sounds  
Of a thousand frowns  
In unison.

Jack Rosenfeld



## A Rose

A rose,  
So easily discarded.  
Forfeiting its existence for a single of your glances  
Or one brush against your skin,  
Or to momentarily fill your room with its odorous  
last cries.  
For the possibility of your attention,  
Paying with its life.  
Not so much sad, as bitterly expensive.

But life is a gift of luxury.  
Unappreciated, it is superfluous.  
Yet, on those rare and rich occasions,  
Where towers stand high below you,  
And stars dance lightly upon your shoulders;  
Life, in its fullest, is priceless.  
Such an extravagant celebration.

Terry Silva



Lori Reinhart

He drove past the train station,  
Speeding through Pixley with reckless abandon.  
The big city was life incarnate  
For his television remained behind.

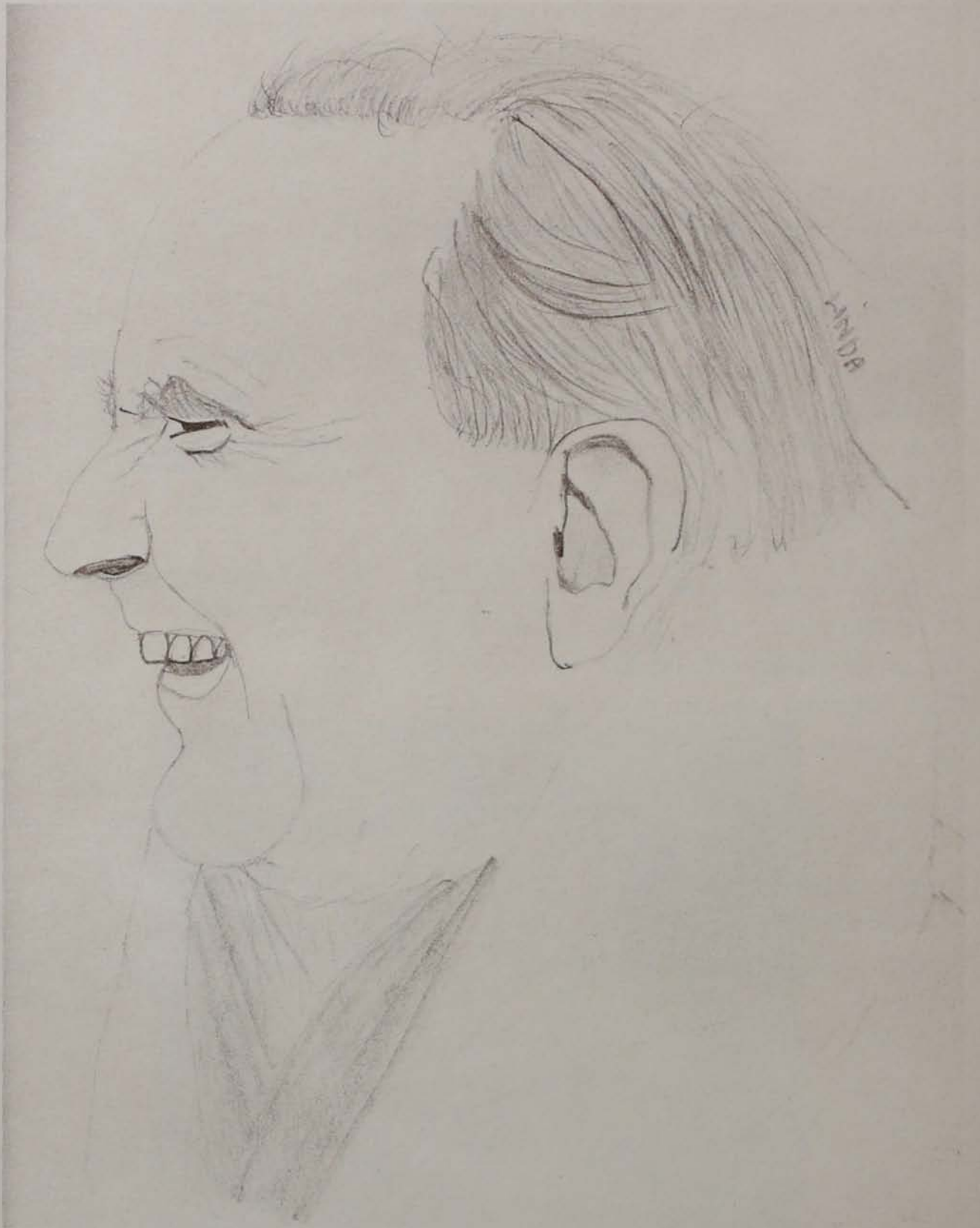
And as he sped from Hooterville  
Peasants yelled, "Stop Pig, Stop Pig!"  
But Arnold spat at the Druckers  
And laughed at the Haneys.  
He'd no need for humanoids.

The bilingual beast added salt to their wounds  
Yelling "No manos, ninos! No manos, ninos!"  
He now left Mr. Smoot in the dirt,  
The Cannonball appeared motionless.  
A.Z. could not be stopped!

But then an agrarian Kimball jeeps onto the scene,  
Exclaiming "Op-Stay Ow-Nay Ig-Pay!"  
The shocked driver lost control  
As his skidding tires sent him into a pole.  
I'm sorry, Fred, No more Green Acres.

## **Ode to a Ziffle**

Snowball



Linda Daly



## **To Carson McCullers** **(and "The Ballad of the Sad Cafe")**

The Quagmire, like thick, cold oatmeal  
is rising as I sink.  
It turtlenecks me with fingers of slime.  
My gaping mouth is gasping to aid  
the slowly filling lungs.  
My mind tears across the facade of  
my life.  
There was a time ----  
An instance ----  
When I could have saved myself.

My adaptations resembled  
a chameleon's.  
I was secure in my surroundings,  
Immobile when necessary,  
Free to crawl always.  
My colors changed for me alone.

Now, before my eyes are covered in murk  
I see you before me.  
You are also in the mire, my friend.  
Young and beautiful --  
You will be bouyant  
Like a floating log.  
or rather  
An ascending God.  
I have learned to be still  
and die slowly.  
I will suffer the pain for you, beloved.

As my shoulder becomes your  
Stepping stone to freedom,  
I submerge.  
The dark clouds will cover me  
Forever.  
My mind is a flurry of sentences,  
Images,  
Yet I know it wasn't always this way  
You know -  
Love.

Mari K. Brown

## **In the May Month** **(Ode to Rhonda)**

In the May month, green replaces white,  
Orange breasted birds bounce across new awakening turf,  
Tulips uncup,  
Flags unfurl,  
And slowly, slowly, love's captured spell's undone.  
Yes, spring has come!

In the May month, ears lean to hear the barking of the geese,  
While eyes search to smell the odor of all newness.  
And yet what give we in return for such gifts from the Light?  
What hold we in our hearts that match this intrinsic beauty?  
Oh God, if we did not have to give of ourselves to life's churning cycle;  
If we could only receive and receive and yet receive again!

Hide, O hide from the May month,  
For in our hearts there is a jewel more precious than all the glistening dew  
    drops that cling to upper boughs,  
More resilient than the morning's first ray,  
More everlasting than time itself!

Hide, hide from the May month our beauteous flower,  
Whose slender stem so supple and new, holds proud her golden spray,  
Whose prophetic eyes and open heart are wise beyond her years.

Be still ye Dragon, Bear and Hound,  
And all creatures from the artist's hand.  
From mind to hand, from hand to canvas,  
From canvas to eye, from eye to heart, and there will her colors dwell forever.

In the May month, green replaces white,  
Newborn wings test warmer air,  
And our precious jewel we did exchange.

We cry unfair! Unfair exchange!  
And yet no answer can give us peace,  
No sweet melody can ease our thoughts,  
No truth can let us rest.  
Except that when the May month comes and comes and comes again,  
To warm us with the sun,  
We'll know that life and death are one.

Charles Brynan



Lori Reinhart



ghostly chanting:  
the wicked ones.  
unable to  
disobey we  
come from the  
underbrush  
and stumble  
to the shoreline.

louder  
and louder:  
the goatskin  
drums, the cry  
of a woman;  
candles flicker,  
the moon  
quivers yellow;

the sky pulses  
lightening and  
scarlet;  
the wicked ones  
skitter and flip  
across the  
water burning  
behind them.

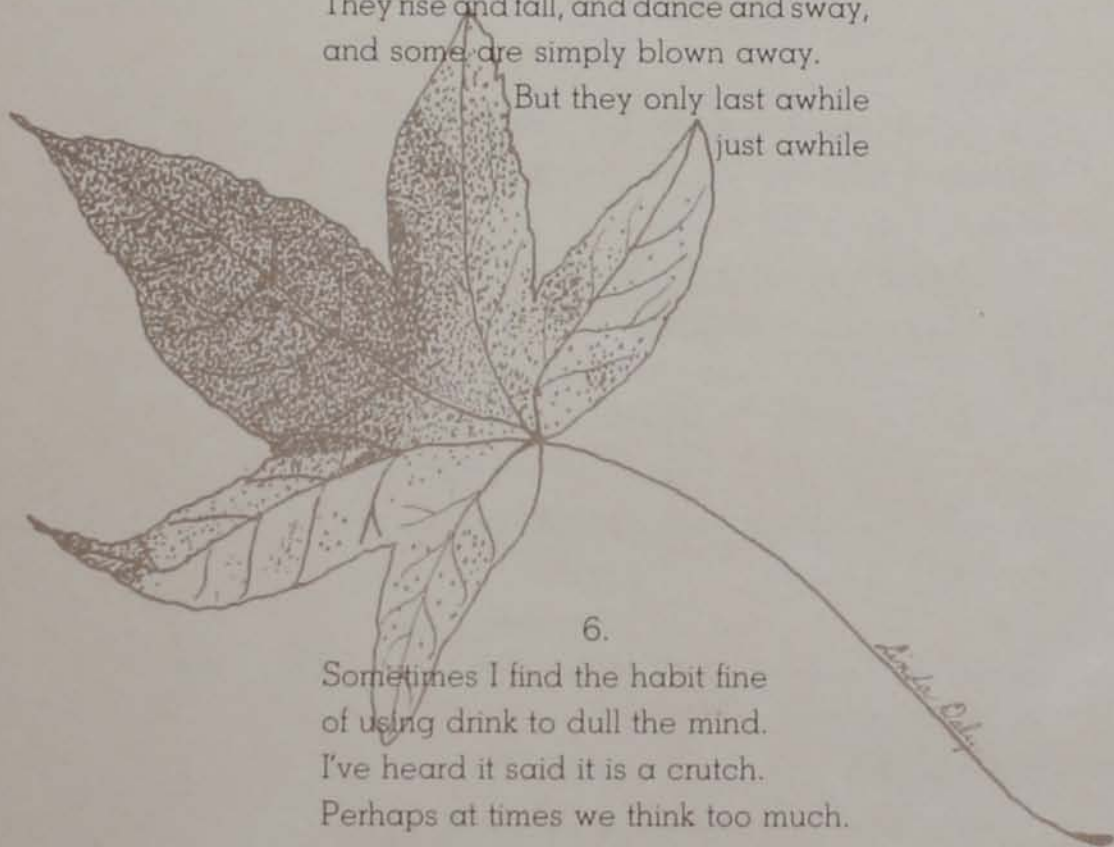
terrified i  
reach for my  
father's hand but  
they have  
taken him,  
screaming,  
roaring on  
downstream.

it is over.  
silently,  
the survivors  
crawl back  
to the underbrush.  
the whispered order:  
"we will hide here  
until next time."

## Travel Excerpts

3.

They blow their bubbles in the air  
to see the little windows there.  
They rise and fall, and dance and sway,  
and some are simply blown away.  
But they only last awhile  
just awhile



6.

Sometimes I find the habit fine  
of using drink to dull the mind.  
I've heard it said it is a crutch.  
Perhaps at times we think too much.

Ed Daly

## Face in the crowd

It's not so much that you're just a  
Face in the crowd, but  
It's just you don't belong there  
With the rest of them. I read  
Your poem and was jealous  
Because I hadn't written it sooner.  
I wish I could talk to you about  
This disease we seem to have -- Understanding.  
Maybe we have met without knowing  
What was there. It's a shame  
That people here are afraid to  
Break down and show a little  
Emotion. I've been afraid to have dreams. They're  
Nice and all, but they get bashed  
and battered with time  
Until you can't recognize them anymore.  
This place can crush you if you  
let down your guard  
And get washed away by the crowd. You never come back.  
No my friend, there is Life here.  
You've proven to me that one just  
has to look for it  
I'll be the one with the  
Searching eyes.

Anonymous





Linda Daly



## Waiting In An Airport

Sleepless nights on a Sunday afternoon,  
knowing I'm not needed  
watching the smoke filled room

And when I think of you kid  
I don't get as nauseous  
as I once did  
Seventy-three and thirty-four  
Seventy-two I count no more

And when that blimp comes down  
I will climb aboard  
for space is endless  
and emptier than your mind.  
Vegetables will make you sick  
especially if they're mixed  
so if you feel happy  
tell your neighbor where he can go.

Words may have meaning,  
and numbers may have value  
but you have neither

And if you see scott fleagle,  
tell him to have a nice day.

Mark Malkames

## **A Taste of Winter's Embrace**

Latent summer's warm aging days  
    fall to cool mature nights.  
Nature's geometric hues abound  
    in aqueous airs of clear blue.  
Geese high above life's changing spectrum  
    playing alphabetical flight patterns in the sky.  
Clouds darkened by their dank burden  
    lightly cry drops of relief.  
Woodland nomads scurry down the hill  
    to the valley's call of the whippoorwill.  
Willow trees bow to the northern winds persuasive blow  
    and curtsy to the fall of the angelic snow.  
Sleeping daffodil fields are dusted crescent white.  
A frozen pond reveals two looking glass worlds.  
All of these things which warn of winter's coming  
    in sights and sounds of harmony.

R.P.M.





Lori Reinhart

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