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The Vehicle, 1967, Vol. 9 no. 2

Ann Butler

Anthony Griggs

Dianne Cochran

Jim Courter

Adrian Beard

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Archives
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VEHICLE



1967

Vol. 9 No. 2

VEHICLE

EASTERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY
CHARLESTON, ILLINOIS
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THE PUBLICATIONS BOARD

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Table of Contents

Commentary	3
Sketch: <i>Ann Butler</i>	4
I Take A Long-Out-of-Use Book: <i>Anthony Griggs</i>	5
The Leaf Stem: <i>Dianne Cochran</i>	6
The Four Musketeers: <i>Jim Courter</i>	7
Status Quo: <i>Adrian Beard</i>	7
Sketch: <i>Ann Butler</i>	8
Nocturne: <i>Mike Baldwin</i>	9
Oh Impatient Heart: <i>K. H. Shariff</i>	9
Letter to a Fiancee: <i>Maurice Snively</i>	10
Listen!: <i>Bonnie Black</i>	11
The Water's Edge: <i>Stephen W. Gibbs</i>	12
Together: <i>David Reif</i>	13
Sketch: <i>Ann Butler</i>	14
Evening Time: <i>Sharon Nelson</i>	15
Japanese Haiku: <i>Bev Henson</i>	15
Of Love and War: <i>Bruce Czeluscinski</i>	16
Always Alone: <i>Kib Voorhees</i>	17
the end of love: <i>Jackie Bratcher</i>	18
1-20-66: <i>Sharon Nelson</i>	19
Blessed Are We: <i>Bonnie Marie Beck</i>	19
The Time To Live: <i>Neil Tracy</i>	20
Imminent Awakening: <i>Helen Cox</i>	21
The Dead Panther Lair: <i>Molly J. Evans</i>	21
Good Sheep: <i>Mike Tilford</i>	22
The Flame of Life: <i>Jacki Jacques</i>	23
Then Arrives The Day Of Dark: <i>Molly J. Evans</i>	23
Sketch: To love is to remember: <i>Ann Butler</i>	24
Hidden Rivers: <i>Charles J. Mertz</i>	25
Silence: <i>Linda G. Phillips</i>	26
December — 1964: <i>Bonnie Black</i>	26
Love: <i>Hazel Thomas</i>	27
To Praise A Good Man: <i>Neil Tracy</i>	28
Definitions '67: <i>Sharon Nelson</i>	29
To Wish Is a Crime: <i>Bonnie Marie Beck</i>	30
College Madhatter: <i>Maurice Snively</i>	31
No. 8: <i>Sharon Nelson</i>	32
The Open Fire: <i>Susan Williams</i>	32

COMMENTARY . . .

This *Vehicle* was overwhelmed—happily—with contributions. More students are involved. It is our principle to represent every contributor until space is exhausted. Although we expanded this issue from 24 to 32 pages, we still found it impossible to represent all contributors, so we took up the business of critical judgment.

Our panel of three judges chose four authors to receive monetary awards and granted one “honorable mention.” One artist was also chosen to receive an award.

The Winnie Davis Neely award, given annually by Sigma Tau Delta to the student who submits the best manuscript to the *Vehicle*, goes to Anthony Griggs, junior, for “I Take A Long-Out-of-Use Book,” which appeared first in *Vehicle* Vol. 9 No. 1 and is reprinted here.

In a departure from the previous award system involving categories, we asked the judges to choose the three works of greatest literary merit, regardless of genre, to receive *Vehicle* awards, and one sketch to receive the art award.

Winners of the literary awards are: Sharon Nelson, freshman, for “Evening Time;” Mike Baldwin, senior, for “Nocturne;” and Stephen W. Gibbs, senior, for “The Water’s Edge.” Kib Voorhees, junior, won “honorable mention” for “Always Alone.” Ann Butler, senior, won the art award.

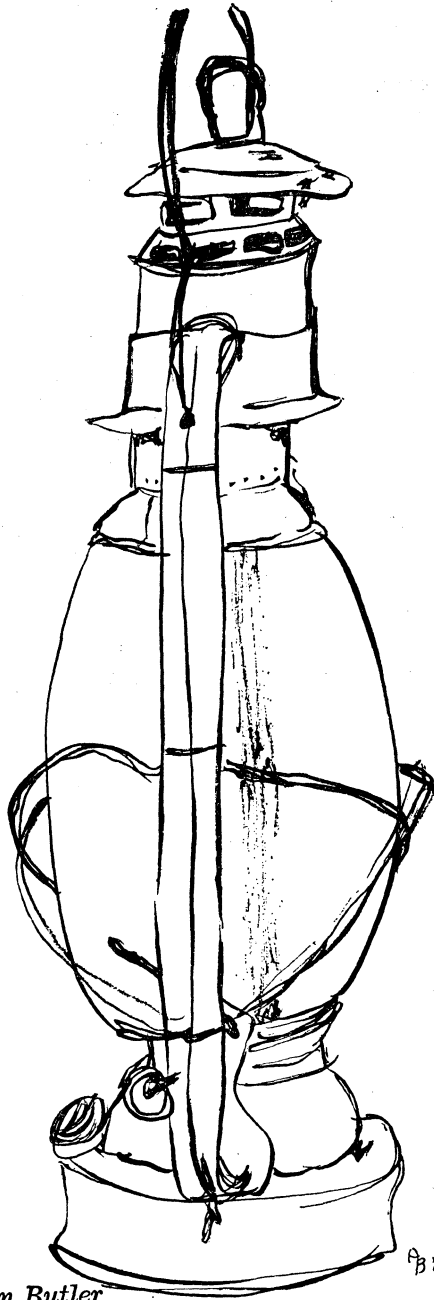
In the first issue of this year’s *Vehicle*, we more than insinuated who its rightful owners are—the students of Eastern—and here in this second issue the claim is staked and established.

Property staked and claimed is only the beginning of its maintenance, however. Instead of carrying this metaphor to its logical (or illogical) conclusion, we should hope the idea is grasped “right off.”

Each year’s editors will be advancing the same principles as those who came before them. How does one keep alive daily that which is reborn yearly?

This is for the students of Eastern to answer. We hope they remember that a claim which isn’t worked soon falls to ruin.

The Editors



Sketch by Ann Butler

AB 27

Reprint --- Winner of
Winnie Davis Neely Award

I Take A Long-Out-of-Use Book

Anthony Griggs

I take a long-out of-use book
From a library rung,
Push it up close, and look;
It runs over me—this bladed axle—
And cuts gutty green gnarled spheres,
Long conceived and rooted
Like Adam's seeded apple,
Now rotary mowed,
Met midway by the
Crossbarred crisscross shears.
I hold it nearer and see:
Age-filed edges on the axletree
Pierce, and I reread
The long entombed passion.
Then from these hemispheres
New life.

The Leaf Stem

Dianne Cochran

On a day not yet used by us
We walked beneath a black bark tree
Of whitened leaves weeping for
Some ghost a hundred years gone.
With hand to hold and road to walk
I looked and did not care to see
A white-leafed, black bark, weeping tree
He bent low and
Broke a stem in half
And closed my hand
Around a purple colored leaf
That had no bloom.
He broke the stem
Before it knew
The weight of flower on its side,
We had no time
To wait till purple flowers bloomed
And felt no guilt for senseless death.
I held the leaf inside my hand
Until I crushed what life it had
And as we wandered on that day
To paved grey streets
And city noise
Past careless, swallowed people
I let the leaf fall somewhere lost
Not noticed where or when it dropped
And laughed at everything we saw
And kissed and ran through rain that day
Not caring that a sun bright sky
Had changed its mind and turned to grey.
Yet he seemed troubled by it all
Asking where I let the leaf stem fall.
He wished that I had saved the leaf.
I knew then I would go alone
To find a whitened tree that weeps
For ghost some hundred seasons gone.

The Four Musketeers

Jim Courter

Ridey down the pathway trundle,
Supposed never got a fear.
Catch a lot and pile a bundle,
We, the brave Four Musketeers.

For King and Queen and Godly country,
We hoop and holler, shouty cheers,
Drop on villains from rugged plum tree.
We, the brave Four Musketeers.

With banner flappy far overhead,
Some think us just a little queer;
We zonk the baddies and fall them dead,
We, the brave Four Musketeers.

Unsheath our swords and clean our muskets,
We drive the grots to grotty tears.
My blade is rusty but I still trust it,
We, the brave Four Musketeers.

So trip the trumble and fall begotten,
And after all the smokely clears,
We're standing there and smelling rotten.
We, the brave Four Musketeers.

Status Quo

Adrian Beard

I found a cat
A real black thing
I called him Different
Because we were the same



Ann Butler 4

Winner, Art Award

Sketch by Ann Butler

Winner, Literary Award

Nocturne

Mike Baldwin

How beautiful the night is:
A nothingness gone black
To form an opaque base
For a sliver etching done in moonlight.
In its solitude
The evening's subtle sounds are framed:
Rustlings and tappings
And cricket calls from the deeper shadows,
All bathed in the chilly silent air.
And a peaceful loneliness whispers,
How beautiful the night.

Oh Impatient Heart

K. H. Shariff

Oh impatient heart—rejoice.
There are stars and there is the moon,
There is beauty and there is youth,
And the life is a success.
The desires are crowding in on me.

Letter to a Fiancee

Maurice Snively

Dear Cheryl,

I have tried to call you three times tonight, but every-time all the long distance lines were busy. I just wanted to say hi—nothing important. Soooooo being that I didn't want this to go all to waste I decided to take a few minutes before retiring for the evening to remind you that the Kid is still alive, still kicking and still very much in love with you.

Pause . . . there's a Lady Bug crawling over my paper—five stories up even. Massacre! I buried her (him) in my ashtray under one-sixth ounce of charred Klompen Kloggen ashes. I wonder how it would be to be a *male* Lady Bug—they must exist—or do they? I don't blame them for not wanting to admit it.

If I sound silly it may be because all-of-a-sudden I feel silly. Who wouldn't feel silly after executing a Lady Bug, not even knowing its own sex. God—that's humiliating! But enough for the Lady Bug whoever he or she is (only God knows and I don't think he cares too much, unless of course, that bug I just squashed was some monk who got wise and was reincarnated to a sexless Lady Bug). I can't quit thinking about that damn bug, I feel like a heel.

Ron just came in from his shower, the water is even soft, don't ask me why I said that, I'm not myself, it's not too often I kill—anyway Ron just said Debbie or rather Dan is going to call Debbie, long distance even. I guess he is to do all this tomorrow night (meaning the day after the death of the reincarnated male-female Lady Bug).

God! Why does he need to call the bug-er-Debbie anyway? You'd think they were in love or something and who could fall in love with a Bug who won't admit its own sex. There might be homosexual tendencies here, but I won't digress to that point.

My roommate just told me how to tell if it's a male or female Lady Bug. I dug he, she, it up just now to see (my curiosity has the best of me). My clever roommate told me

to simply look between its (a term more applicable) legs. I'll have you know I just looked between all four of its legs and besides a few Klompen Kloggen ashes there was nothing there, which according to Ron's expert biological opinion (which now begins to appear lacking in its credibility) means my dear departed friend is sexless.

What a helluva way to go through life!

Which leads me back to my original theory that the Lady Bug was not a real Lady Bug at all, but was instead a reincarnated monk who got wise and was changed (by the use of the backhand undoubtedly) into a sexless insect. Which only goes to prove what I've always said . . . don't bug Him, or He'll bug you.

I just wrote to say hello.

Love,

M.

Listen!

Bonnie Black

The ear of the mind
Questions you
For Life does not Reflect
All That I Hear
So I Fear
For You
And me
And Reality

Winner, Literary Award

The Water's Edge

Stephen W. Gibbs

When I am alone among the night sounds

I am not afraid

the dampness of the sun-gone brings peace,
and I question whether I am man
dreaming he is a butterfly,
or butterfly pretending to be . . .

The night hears my questions as others sleep

The tree smells of locusts nesting

I take in the sound of a bat and smile away fear
I sing aloud to chase away the wind
and search the moon for love.

Day brings strength and hunger,

Spear and I go together for the beast

the brush, the plain, the heat
together for the meat of life
quiet now, waiting — soon shall come my brother
and I shall be fed.

As I killed I loved and smelled the day—

The pain of being victor filled me, and I cried
aloud, aloud and was not hungry
for the lion's meat

Why must I be alone to eat the flesh,
to drink the blood and fear my own hunger
and then to sleep again.

Her arms bring the kisses of orchids.

Once when the ocean came to me in the night
and swallowed me—I lay awake in thought,
the smell of starlight filled me
the sound of surf was green in my ears

And I was prey to the song of the sea
and to the smell of the wave
and the song of being born

She smiled next to me and the moon awoke.

The best hours were spent above the rocks
high upon a scaffold near the ocean
where black birds swooped down and ate fishes
and whales dived to shed their hate;

Those hours looking down were big,
they brought strength, and meaning
to make the sun embrace my leather back
and stroke my loins with warmth
and brought the fire.

Once we were too tired to love and cried instead.

A great burning swept down from the giant hill
and ate animals as it came
the tough-hide beast and the feather beast
ran together as trees fell in redness—

We watched fearing, with our backs to the ocean
and slow beasts burned with the brown of trees
we watched until the very last
waiting the end on the water's edge.

Together

David Reif

Pebble, pebble, stone plus one,
Cling to me so long as I feel,
The light of sea,
The storm of air,
I find myself of death,
A pebble, a pebble, a stone, and me.



Sketch by Ann Butler

Winner, Literary Award

Evening Time

Sharon Nelson

The mammy came at evening time
to smooth and quiet her velvet sands.
Gently lulling, to soothe the shore,
she slowly rocked with blackest hands.
She hushed them with low lullabies
she learned from blowing winds,
and engulfed them in her bosom
until the stars returned again.
Washing away the sea white moths
that came to flit about her light,
she kissed the brow of the sand
and slipped away into the night.

Japanese Haiku

Bev Henson

Youth — —

Littleone,

You must be brave as a plant seedling,
against harsh winds and cold.

Sadness — —

With little wet drops on the grass,
shining in the morning,
tears fall and mix.

Of Love and War

Bruce Czeluscinski

Fords of clear
ripples sing
fill the ear
hearts cling

delights to share
petals so soft
grass felt bare
spirits aloft

dawn comes
dusts form
heart drums
sun is warm.

Fords of red
ripples drag
fill the head
hearts quag

delights bare
petals unseen
grass nowhere
spirits unclean

dawn ends
dusts cold
heart yens
sun is cold.

Honorable Mention

Always Alone

Kib Voorhees

always alone
the little bird waits in the night
keeping watch over starlight
in the moonbeam bonfire
waiting, always waiting
for the sound of death
to come softly through the trees
to steal her sad morning song
from the leaning, wooden towers
and the grassy, gilded fields.
quietly she waits
as waltzes play
and death comes softly,
can you hear it now?
softly,
 softly—
 ever so softly
 in the early morning dawn
 dripping from the leaves.
softly now,
twitching like a tail—
white fangs showing,
and crouching eyes.
softly now
with a fluttering kiss
and a beating moment,
and all is dark and quiet still,
in smokey grey dews.

the end of love

Jackie Bratcher

the end of love is that first time you can
look into his eyes and see nothing,
but his eyes.

the end of love is that first time you
question him with your eyes and he knows
what you are asking,
but looks the other way.

the end of love is that first time he
kisses you, and you know that he is no longer
kissing you,
but another.

the end of love is that first time he
says, "I hate to leave it like this, cause
you're a swell girl,
but . . ."

the end of love is that first time you
watch his back fade away,
and you know he won't be back.

the end of love is that first time you
realize that the end of love is not dramatic,
but a hollow emptiness that hurts too
much to cry.

the end of love is now.

1-20-66

Sharon Nelson

We seem to have a tendency
to crawl from fairy tales
and gaze upon the world.
We lean our heads to see
and brush away the webs.
To find too late in life:
there's another story being read.

Blessed Are We

Bonnie Marie Beck

After the light has begotten its shadow
After the moon has presented its role
Before the roar of the urban city
Before the bell chimes out its toll.

This is the time of essential living
This is presently a time for you and me.
For peace is at its highest, unnoticed
Except for those such as we.

For we are guided by each of the other
For I have found in you, a failure of me
So now we may laugh knowingly together
With the others as blessed as we.

The Time To Live

Neil Tracy

There are many things in life I dread,
And greatest of these is the fearful dawn;
It is light and I rise from bed
To see my lovely peace and solitude gone.

How did this attitude come in its intensity,
And inspire my soul for day to fear?
I must begin with night and its density,
And fill my script with fine points sincere.

Night is not merely when darkness is prevalent
To ooze into one's bones and to create
A malignant sore within one whom is benevolent,
Nor is night mysterious to fear and hate.

First, we must assess the value of solitude,
And conclude the worth of peace for mankind;
There is a decision which must not elude
The minds looking for true comforts to find.

What causes madness of which we are debased,
And anger, sorrow, hate, and even sensations amorous?
It is those troubled hours we have faced,
Which lie between times of thought so glorious.

Now, we find Night, after the poor spirits
Have entered the kingdom of devious thought evasion,
As an enchanting time when the courageous merit
Great rewards from their free and humble expression.

Oh, productive time of the sweet everlasting enlightenment,
If only you could inspire my total aspirations,
And conquer that evil foe with its betrayal,
And reign in our hearts for coming generations.

Imminent Awakening

Helen Cox

Yellow, yellow, mellow light
Of sun upon waking earth.
New life springing
From soil moist—
Souls everywhere flourishing.

The Dead Panther Lair

Molly J. Evans

All the little cups here,
On the table set.
Ash trays full of ashes,
Tables dry and wet.

Noise and laughter gone now.
Thoughts: most good, some bad
All the people gone now.
Left behind, the sad

Empty cups remain still,
Silenter than calm.
All the life has gone now.
Dead, this place. No balm.

Pennies left the palm here;
Thoughts here left the mind.
All the people gone now;
No one left behind.

Just the little cups here,
On the table set.
Ash trays full of ashes;
Tables dry and wet.

Good Sheep

Mike Tilford

As one reaches the point in Life
 when he must decide on his purpose
 for being a man;
It seems that only the predestined paths
of others lay revealed for his choice.

As he ponders the well-worn Ruts
 which will dictate his direction
 for serving society;
It appears that such obedience to history
holds only a shallow fulfillment.

Does one dare to question that which
 has been so carefully, rigidly, and strongly constructed?
 For, it looks that such Challenges are scarce indeed,
and questioners such as this
are chastised for their audacity.

As sharp tongues instill Guilt within him,
 the commands of his environment scream in his mind!—
 Such thoughts should be examined
by more intelligent men
who know more of life.

The Flame of Life

Jacki Jaques

Life is but a drip candle in the dark,
Flickering for brightness, not wanting to park.
Each drip melts to combine with another,
Amounting to experiences that have been uncovered.

Blue is the sadness that is always known,
Happiness is by the red drip shown.
Yellow is the contentedness in life,
Orange is the mistakes made through strife.

As the flame burns on and the drips still fall,
The flickering continues as the wick grows small.
As the candle dimly burns out into the night,
Thus out of life goes the light.

Then Arrives The Day Of Dark

Molly J. Evans

Hope continues flickering
Like a candle's flame,
Fighting off the killing winds,
Calling out God's name.

On, then off; it's gone, returns.
Strength sufficient yet
To withstand the winds that pour
Through protection's net.

Then arrives the day of dark,
Candle's not itself;
Just a blob of wax, a mass
Made by Mischief's elf.



To love
is to
remember...

A
But

Sketch by Ann Butler

Hidden Rivers

Charles J. Mertz

When my hours of emptiness ride
the waves of chronic discontent,
I find the thought of you only
can calm the seas of my torment.
And my tormentor never stops.
My mind is tossed upon the stones of solitude;
and conscience drops.

The separation of our love
only heightens happy days.
The memories of you, your smile,
your laugh, your liquid voice still stays
within my heart and makes my spirit
sing with joy and sheer delight.

I see you yet I cannot reach your hand
to hold it close to me.
I hold you only in my heart;
My arms too weak to cross infinity.

Only hidden rivers of the heart
drawn upon in seasons drear
can replenish me and make my part
of life, when less than near
to you, a grander play—
Because you loved me once
and I remember still.

Silence

Linda G. Phillips

Listen! Hear the silence of the world . . .
It is all around, yet covered with the storm and strife
Of what we wrongly call . . . life.
Can you hear the breezes blowing, flowing cross the land?
Can you feel the silence of the splashing, dashing waves
Upon the sun-kissed sand?
Won't you stop and see the beauty growing, glowing as
The wheat fields sway, golden and silent?
Oh taste the silent toil that swirls about your lips,
As the wind uplifts the soil and sweeps your fingertips.
Smell the silent fragrance of the newly cut grass
And the blossoming daffodils.
Then come, all who hear, feel, see, taste, and smell
The beauty God has given us in silence . . .
Turn your listening ears upward and receive
His heavenly grace.
God's world is in silence . . .
Listen! Hear the silence of His world!

December --- 1964

Bonnie Black

I lived only once
A Short time
A Brief second in existence
A Shallow response
 To a whimsical dream
When all else is gone
As indeed it is
Living once
Can only mean
 Dying a Thousand times

Love

Hazel Thomas

Love means, as the saying goes
"Good people to be with."
Love is communication between
two people
Whether it concerns comic books,
the Bible, the Kinsey Report or
Krynesian Economic Theory.

Love is appreciation of the one
loved
Whether he wears a shaikshi
suit and Bannister shoes
Or whether he wears Levis
and Robert Hall specials;
Whether he can use superbly
Websters Unabridged Dictionary
Or whether he can use only
"Skid Row" slang.
It's pride always and never
shame of the one you call "your man."
Love means sacrifice
whether there is joy or sorrow,
Whether there are millions today
and none tomorrow.

To Praise A Good Man

Dan Neil Tracy

It is daylight, but the citizens
Are still asleep; in fact there
Is hardly a man who can
Remember when he was awake,
But out of this dark and
Still world comes a true soldier,
Who can detect the light of
Day and work among the dead.
This bright star in a heaven
Of stillness and blackness comes forth
To praise his ancestors and to
Remain in the company of the
Living; He is the epitome of
Man or what man should be,
And can only exist when He
Remembers what role He should play,
And what reward He can receive;
He is a wise man and
A good man and a man
For whom the gods bow at
His presence. He thinks sometimes
Of his particular worth and is
Only compensated by merely fulfilling his
Ideals; along with the praise is
He blessed by the dieties, or
Is he wrong and only condemned
For his nonconformity, or will he
Be loved from now until infinity
For his worth as a child
Of God and a representative of
What is left of the lost
Humanity?

So tread on and conform to
No idol of man, my dear
Phenomena, and sow the seeds of
Glory so that you will harvest
Pride and the sweet eternity, and
Leave those seeds of oats to
The condemned who washed the
Lamb's blood from their doors and
Substituted their salvation for the lust
Of Satan and the heat of
His power; and know thy purposes,
And most of all, know love for
Thy fellow man, so they might
Reap those penetrating rays from thy
Hardly perfect, yet very enlightened soul.

Definitions '67

Sharon Nelson

- no. 1 The stars are like the spores
of a mossy moon—
that feed upon clouds
and grow into darkness.
- no. 2 Memories are like the spiders' webs
spun of silver fine,
covertly laced in hidden corners,
heirlooms of the mind.
While with the years they have gathered dust—
and threads have intertwined—
all too soon we realize 'tis the past
that we cannot find.

To Wish Is a Crime

Bonnie Marie Beck

The very first time I saw the sky
I awed at the size of it.
I swung my head back, to look up high
So that I could see *every* bit!

I have seen the sky so many times
And today I'll look at it again
But the moon will seem only as big as a dime
And the stars will only be dim.

The very first time I saw a star
I wanted to wish upon it
I thought and I dreamed, then I wished afar
And somehow that star lit!

I have wished upon that star so many times
And today I'll wish upon it again
But today, to wish is like a crime
That is harassed at by all men!

Today is the very first time that
I noticed my love for you.
But I don't care what the world may think
This love will always *stay* true.

College Madhatter

Maurice Snively

Stop what you're doing . . . listen to me . . . I've got lots to do . . . lots to see. Places to go, people to meet . . . out of my way . . . into the street. Beep beep, bong bong, ring-a-ding jessie.

I've got classes to meet, gotta chop meat . . . gotta get the money to stay in school. Got to help Mom and gotta help Dad . . . Got to obey the Golden Rule. Beep beep, bong, bong, ring-a-ding jessie.

There's work to do . . . lots to say . . . study hard . . . better pray. Army at door . . . dorm wants more . . . hands are sore from writing lore. Beep beep, bong bong, ring-a-ding jessie.

Weekend's here . . . gotta go home . . . gotta have room so I can roam . . . Games to play . . . things to say . . . rings to buy . . . tella lie . . . paper due in week or two . . . haven't started . . . never parted. Beep beep, bong bong, ring-a-ding jessie

Quarter's over . . . year at end . . . another year round the bend . . . rest for summer . . . back for fall . . . that's the way . . . that is all. Beep beep, bong bong, ring-a-ding jessie.

No. 8

Sharon Nelson

We, the people that looked
shallowly into cups
and cast lots.

We, the people that once laughed
over foam that ran down
and turned red.

We, the people that tittered in our tea
that was soon cold
and bloomed white.

We, the people that laughed
bitter sobs
and died.

The Open Fire

Susan Williams

Embers of reds, oranges, yellows
Give out a warmth and glow
Found only before an open fire
When one lies dreaming of memories.

A flame shoots up—a break in solitude
Realization of pain—an interlude
Between contentment and desires
Of past and old friendship ties.

A dream dissolves with understanding
Of the fantasy of passion without loving.
Again with the embers glowing strongly
Future is alive when viewed wisely.

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