

Eastern Illinois University

## The Keep

---

The Vehicle

Student Theses & Publications

---

1-1-1973

### The Vehicle, Fall 1973

Eastern Illinois University Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle>

---

#### Recommended Citation

Eastern Illinois University Students, "The Vehicle, Fall 1973" (1973). *The Vehicle*. 31.  
<https://thekeep.eiu.edu/vehicle/31>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Theses & Publications at The Keep. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Vehicle by an authorized administrator of The Keep. For more information, please contact [tabruns@eiu.edu](mailto:tabruns@eiu.edu).

Archives  
LH  
1  
.V4x  
1973  
Fall

# the VEHICLE

Booth Library  
Eastern Illinois University  
Charleston, Illinois

# the Vehicle

Pringle Edition  
Eastern Illinois University  
Charleston, Illinois 61920

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Jann Briesacher

Associate Editor . . . . . Janet Blauvelt

Adviser . . . . . Mr. Daniel Thornburgh

Autumn 1973

## Table of Contents

Just the Same	by Rick Hobler	p. 4
Gentle Night	by Patricia Christ	p. 5
Baby Makes Two	by Marilyn Becker	p. 5
Stephen	by Marilyn Becker	p. 5
Seventh Alarum	by Keith Fuerst	p. 6
Dallas	by Keith Fuerst	p. 6
An Old Floor Candle	by Peggy Wallace	p. 7
Without Love	by Rod Boehmer	p. 7
No Touch	by Jerilyn Jones	p. 8
A Beginning	by Jerilyn Jones	p. 8
First Frost of the Autumn	by Melvin Zaloudek	p. 9
Trisetrie	by William Utesch	p. 9
Eyes	by Marvintta Woodley	p. 9

## Prizes donated by:

Fabrific Fabric Centers  
606 Jackson  
Charleston, Illinois

Bertram's Studio  
415 Sixth  
Charleston, Illinois

Shafers  
601 Monroe  
Charleston, Illinois

Charlotte's Web  
West Side of the Square  
Charleston, Illinois

Dress Well Shop  
605 Monroe  
Charleston, Illinois

Kenny's Record Shop  
1139 Sixth Street  
Charleston, Illinois

## Financed by:

The Goodie Shop  
407 Lincoln  
Charleston, Illinois

Covalt Drug Store  
604 Jackson  
Charleston, Illinois

Fabrific Fabric Centers  
606 Jackson  
Charleston, Illinois

Dales  
407 Lincoln  
Charleston, Illinois

Cavins and Bayles  
Downtown and Campus  
Charleston, Illinois

W. & W. Photography  
Carroll Stream, Illinois

Belleville Pump Company  
Belleville, Illinois

---

### Special Thanks to:

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Keifer  
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Perino  
Mr. and Mrs. C. Altimeier

and anyone else who swallowed  
heaven knows how many of those  
awful pringles at my parents' parties  
over the summer

and to Mark Wittenborn.

## *Just the Same*

*Look at this man*

*what makes him cry?*

*One way streets of love*

*next exit not in sight.*

*Two I love; neither love me*

*very different, exactly alike,*

*Both my life but neither can see.*

*Country girl  
free and simple  
makes me smile  
without a word  
like a cloud  
different shapes  
far away  
to be seen  
but never reached  
meant for another  
not for me  
just a friend  
she thinks of me  
I pray my god  
I could make her see.*

*City girl  
free and simple  
makes me laugh  
makes me cry  
like an orchid  
too sensitive for life  
in a world  
so real as this  
colored my world  
with hope  
I had her once  
meant for me  
now she's gone  
I pray my god  
bring her back to me.*

*Look at this man*

*what made him die?*

*One way streets of love*

*no exit did he see.*

*Two women he loved*

*but never could find*

*Both were his life*

*but neither would see*

*That they killed him in different ways*

*but he died*

*just the same.*

*by Rick Hobler*

## Gentle Night

*Night lies gently  
Upon the forest  
The moon and stars  
Shine in the dark sky.*

*Moonlit is the path  
In the dark forest  
The night creatures roam  
Upon and across the path.*

*The trees reach upward  
Toward the moon and the stars  
The whippoorwill calls  
Mournfully in the night.*

by Patricia Christ

## Baby Makes Two

One day in June was put aside for us.  
But it passed as all others did—  
With its own share of sunshine and rain.

I was given my own golden band.  
It sat on my hand every minute of the day—  
The ring was not my size, you didn't know.

And now, a child.  
He is mine— he is yours—  
and perhaps, ours at PTA meetings.

My feelings are cruel—granted.  
Yet this is not hate for our bond—  
the marriage of two lovers— two  
insensitive ghosts.

by Marilyn Becker

## Stephen

*The sky was gray  
and I wanted to tell you  
that any day now, I would say  
that— I loved you.*

*But I watched  
the clouds overtake my sky  
and horizons were covered with death  
and I shan't tell you that I love you  
the sunlight was my breath.*

# Seventh Alarm

Grey dawn,  
and my dusty pane collected the droplets  
of an early morning drizzle.

Hours after, as I stirred in my bed,  
the tapping and splashing on my roof,  
the rushing in my downspout,  
the curious wet swishing of passing cars  
had stopped.

April sun finding my face, warming  
my blanket,  
drew the moisture of lazy weather sweat from  
my body.  
Guiltless, I lay in laggard Sunday slumber.

# Dallas

I stand on the terminal roof. You scream  
away through the humidity of dusk.  
Walking along the entry tunnel, did  
you quickly forget, or am I aboard?  
Do clouds billow for me softly? And do  
patches of clear give me views of earth and  
city? Are there rivers of poured glass, cold  
now? Are highways stringing out for me too?

From here, five miles below, you will count for little.  
You are becoming a white line, not even  
visible as a craft, vapor merely, disbursing.  
You are away. You are not you. You have  
detached. I suppose you can be free now.  
I cannot care if you should fall or fly.

by Keith Fuerst

## Without Love

Life without love is very dull  
Nor is it very exciting.  
On the other hand  
It's easy on the nervous system.

by Rod Boehmer

## An Old Floor Candle

by Peggy Wallace

An object sat in the corner unnoticed.  
Every person looked and shrugged  
in passing. It only wanted  
a chance, a chance to be alive.

Many colors and hues, flowers  
of all colors. A bee in the middle  
awaits to go from flower to flower,  
giving and taking, a life beginning.

The candle highlights, dripping shades  
of warmth. Its brilliant glow of radiance,  
with flickers breathing causes, sends  
firelight glowing clear to the base.

A light, a life, a chance to live.  
Someone, light the candle, please,  
feel the warmth at your finger tips. Let  
your light shine. Be more than just in passing.



## No Touch

You touched me as you left with just a press  
of your fingertips against my cheek, but they  
made a faint impression on my skin,  
seering through my flesh like a brand,  
jolted by the pain and afterwards  
the dull empty throb— mere touch,  
but it burned through leaving a wound of fire  
that no amount of salve could ever cool.  
I don't want to feel this heat— I  
want to be cool and running like a creek,  
rippling over rocks, caressing them—  
the wind and earth my only playmates  
Take your fingers of electricity and quench  
them in water— touch me no longer.

by *Jerilyn Jones*

## A Beginning

For a time, in half-morning drowsiness,  
it is warm, nice. Awakening from the night  
of drunkenness and love, we lay softly  
exploring the newness of one another.

You are afraid a little, like a child  
hesitantly reaching his hand out to touch  
the puppy— not sure of what this moving  
ball of fur is, afraid that it may hurt him.

More sure of himself after the puppy responds  
with a wiggle that moves from head to tail  
and a lovable lick, the two can play— a  
friendship has begun. There is no fear.

Like the puppy, I wait, half-shivering  
to see of the touch will be rough,  
something to fear and si discard, or  
gentle and friendly— a playmate, a home.

Don't draw back too quickly. Sometimes  
I bite, simply as a protective measure.

## First Frost of the Autumn

Frost came last night  
 One a route pegged off by trunks of reddened woodbine,  
 Easily followed southward in the dark.

Yes, the frost has come and silenced the insects  
 Whose chorus had helped me sleep at night;  
 Now it is their turn to lie in the dark  
 And the time to sing is mine.

by **Melvin Zaloudek**

## Eyes

The vehicle that sends forth your tears  
 and lets you peep out on me, stares.

You show years of empty plates and unfilled glasses,  
 cryin' sister, fussin' mama, departed dad;

wanted circus go rounds and beaches.

Your sight-seekers one time shut to  
 school books and church hymnals now open  
 to transmit to me why,  
 Stabbing me with sharpened files.

Like path finding headlights you come upon me  
 And never leave my mind.  
 Hallowed tree, abandoned room, bricklaid eyes.

by **Marvinetta Woodley**

## Trisetrie

Why to lose a mind of salt  
 is the love of red so yellow;  
 passive rejections are the lives  
 of today  
 and the piece for tomorrow  
 is mellow.

To eat up a cloud would be tasteless  
 and white,  
 as would the chewing of bedsheets.

by **William E. Utesch**

EASTERN ILL. UNIV. LIBRARY



3 2211 131618809