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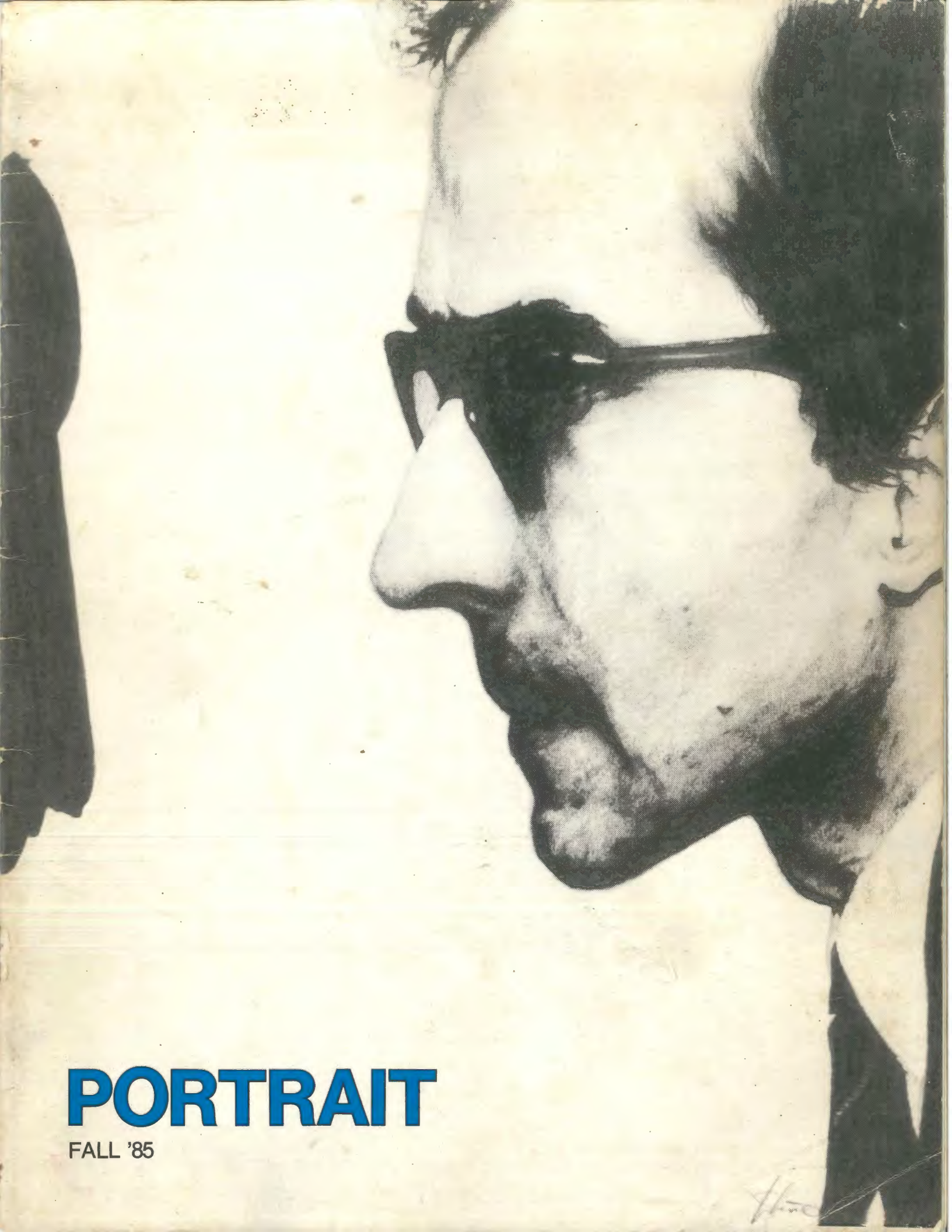
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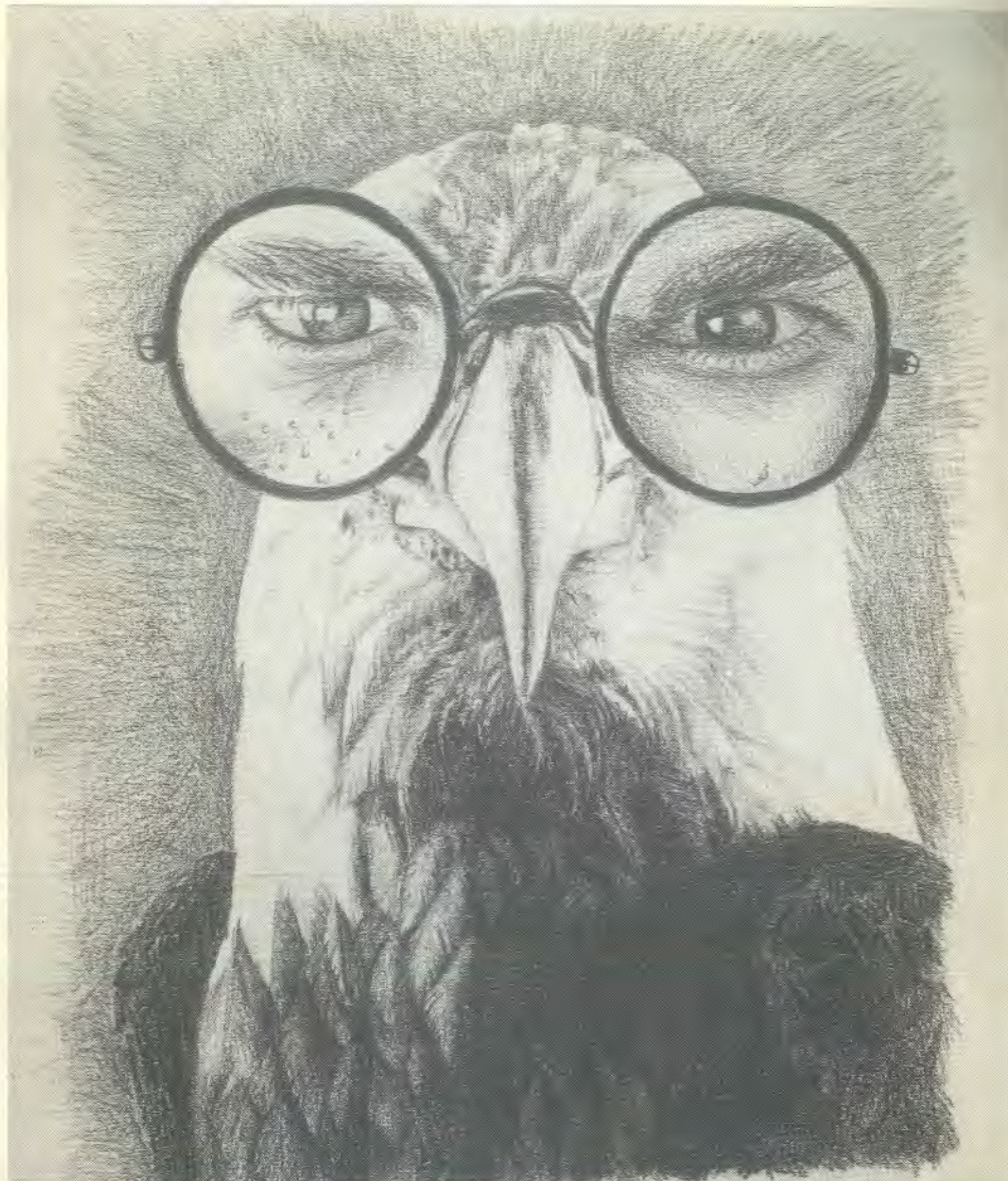


# PORTRAIT

FALL '85

*Handwritten signature or mark*





And when it's all over and done with you are alone, sitting with your memories, as if sharing a table in a restaurant with a stranger.

Blind Owl

# P O R T R A I T

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Elizabeth Hatchett

## CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Jackie Holzer  
Kate Naylon  
Liz Hatchett  
Steve Dudek  
Vikki Razak  
Laurence MacSheain  
Rich Maiola  
Tammy Craig

## FACULTY CONTRIBUTORS

Dr. Keith E. Baird  
Dr. David Karnath  
Dr. David Landrey  
Mr. Laurence MacSheain  
Dr. Zan Robinson  
Dr. George Vid Tomashevich  
Dr. James O. Grunebaum  
"Blind Owl"  
Dr. Mark Littlefield

## STAFF:

Pauline Armstrong  
Kevin Jacob  
Sandy Faiella  
Kim Brown  
Jennifer Newman  
Martha Peterson  
Tammy Craig

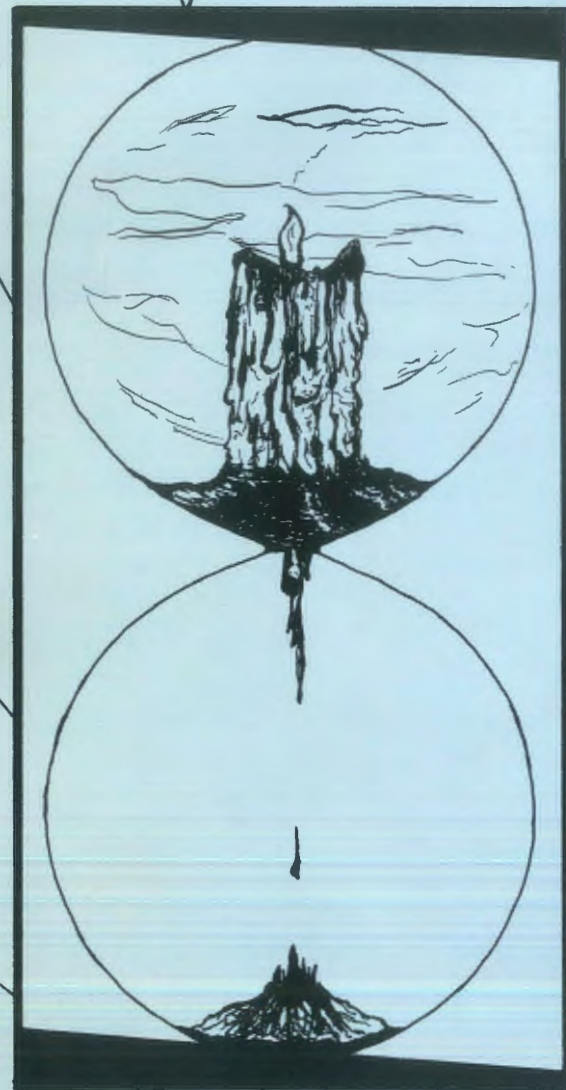
## CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Sandy Faiella  
Rachel Zipporah Balowitz  
Joseph M. Sparacio  
Curtis R. Fessler  
Kevin Jacob  
Ton Santa Lucia  
Bruno Stampone  
Paul Porto  
Anne Meisenzahl  
David Redmond  
Rich Maiola  
Bernard J. Bruenn  
E. Granditsch  
Carolyn Hughes  
Jeanne M. Zellner  
Greg Pershyn  
Steven Flemming  
Catherine Armitage  
Adam Frederick Gearing

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Thank You Dave and Vicky





Morning sun melted  
and the flick spitty spit  
of its drops in cool water  
made ripples of sound  
pinch far air

the warmth wake of their stinging heat  
broke at my feet

it spun first like yarn  
it wound itself in  
then relaxing it bled yellow gold tears  
til noon.

Catherine Emily Armitage

Rich Maiola

## UNDER IN THE NIGHT

Under in the night of a vio-  
let sea  
my fingers fan apart  
these nets you've thrown it is

sad how my heart di-  
vides  
the nets with  
fall whispering  
to the shy shallows of  
your honey  
suckling breasts

sweetly rounded  
on the sun

your soul wakens  
remaining to lie here and the  
nets  
fall on my tired cars.

It is sad I did  
once leave

and suddenly i had to face the void within  
alone

Now  
your  
nets have  
gathered me back into your boat

the fish lie  
wet on the boards

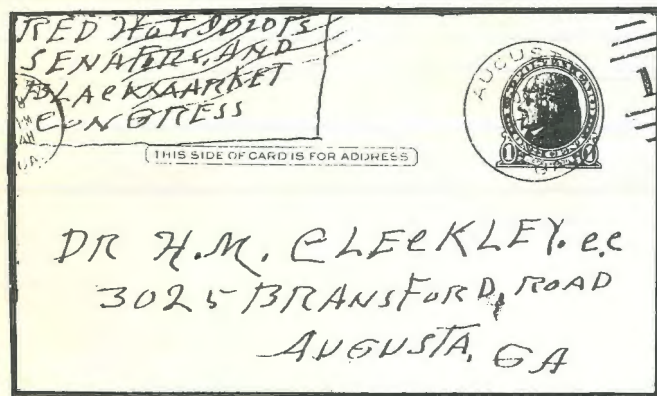
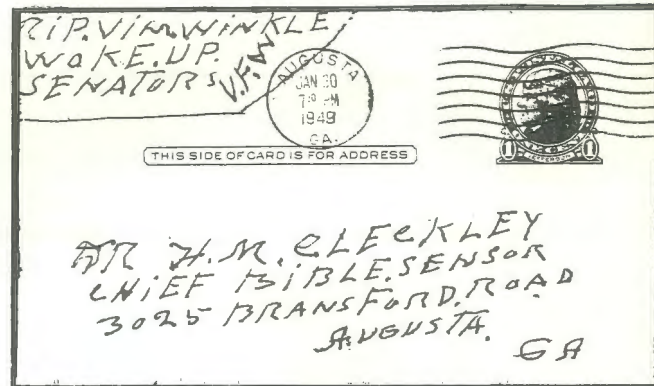
green folding  
birds again....

Kevin Jacob



SOVIET CITY 010/0  
 SEARCHLIGHT SHOW  
 FAR JAW BONE  
 MAD DOG SENATOR  
 UNION CLOSED DOOR  
 HIGH COURT  
 LINE UP PURGE  
 CLASS WARS  
 BARKING WATER  
 DOGS, SAMSONS  
 JACKASS DEMOCRATS  
 JAW BONE FIGHTERS  
 SENATORS GETS  
 HIS PROPHECIE  
 TOLD BY THE  
 FAIRFIELD  
 RECORDING  
 ARE ANGELS, DO  
 SENATORS, DIE  
 INSANE CRAZY, AT  
 HIS, END OF TIME

CRAZY KING OF BIBLE VISIONS FOR



DEAR DOCTOR  
 EAR EYE DOCTOR  
 DIAGNOSING HIS  
 SENATORS, IMAGE  
 WITH A DOTTED EYE  
 A LONG LONG DAY  
 BALANCEING THE  
 BUDGET ON THE  
 END OF HIS NOSE  
 BRIGHT LIGHT  
 REPUBLICANS +  
 DIMER LIGHT  
 DEMOCRAT SERIOUS  
 SENATORS, LITTLE  
 STRAIN LITTL  
 EARLY RISERS  
 CONSOLIDATING  
 ARCH-DECEIVERS  
 SCANDAL LIGHT  
 PARTY, DOUBLE DAY  
 LONDON, MEDIEVAL  
 AGES SUNDAY &  
 FAIRFACE SENATORS

GIVEN ME A DATE

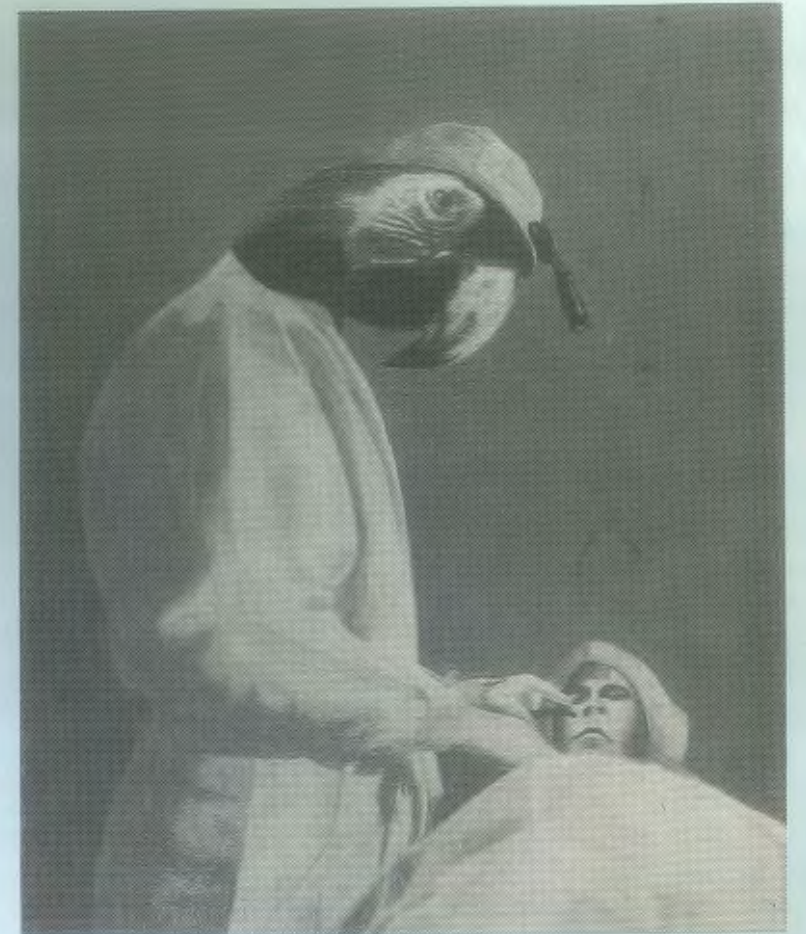
### Arms To The Poor

(or at least heat)

Rooms rendered rent  
 and a landlord sent  
 tax forms  
 to an absentee government  
 While renters slept in ruins  
 and moaned terror tunes  
 beside the gaseous, breathless flame  
 of an oven  
 The state department stewed  
 in its usual brew  
 of percentages, averages and interest  
 As ovens  
 in vain duress  
 cooked passive maliciousness  
 enslaved by a foreign feast's  
 deliciousness

The corporate ownership stood  
 beneath the sufficient hood  
 of laws and legal legacies  
 As renters froze to death  
 unable to catch their breath  
 When cold war boiled  
 their flame expired

C.E. Armitage



### Chapter II NOTES

1. The concept of legitimate use will be explained later.
2. The question of intersystem legitimacy will be discussed later.
3. Joseph Raz, *The Concept of a Legal System*, second ed., Oxford University Press, (Oxford: 1980) p. 176.
4. Raz, p. 176.
5. Raz, p. 177.
6. In trusts the owner, or his legal guardian, designates the trustee.
7. A.M. Honore, "Ownership," p. 112.
8. John Locke, sec., 36.
9. Lawrence Becker, "The Moral Basis of Property Rights," J. Roland Pennock and John W. Chapman, ed., *Property, NOMOS XX11*, New York University Press, (New York, 1980), p. 187.
10. R.M. Hare, *Freedom and Reason*, Oxford University Press, (Oxford: 1963), Ch. 3.

James O. Grunebaum





*Kevin Jacob*

## ONE GENERATION DEEP

We are fool in youth  
a gracious naivety  
I thought the world to  
have begun in England and  
Adam and Eve to  
have spoken English

then at the age called 10 I realized  
that they spoke Jewish

and before the hinges of  
13 my father, off  
to boat on the lakes  
and I hardly understand  
at all

We are fool in youth  
when south and west burn inside  
a fragility  
brought up only in glass school prose  
that questions every thought

and with far too many hours neglected, my  
youth questioned no more

i decided to leave this  
home to him who could  
not see my young heart  
and he hardly understood  
at all

and one generation deep filled  
with glass prose and thick dull  
weeds  
that roamed beneath it

We are fooled in years  
when i see those years are gone  
now i think the world to  
have its rest in Eden and  
Adam and Eve to  
have spoken spirits

now my father and i have both held  
mortal hours at hand

and once when he thought lifes les-  
son passing, ending  
this world, it was then  
when he decided to  
tell me  
that he loved me, and always had  
and one generation deep filled  
with snow forgetting the hard  
stiff ground that roamed beneath it

and i hardly understand at all

## In the fear of losing one from life

i lean against  
the fattened bunk  
of this tree  
its wings dark and feeble  
and the unwinding wind  
grows hard into  
the wood of this  
old strong weathercock.

Kevin Jacob

## THE GARDEN OF IMPS

Rachel Zipporah Balowitz

An imp, when used to describe a human,  
means naughty. Actual imps, the inhuman  
kind, are very serious and never naughty.  
They simply are short. Adults tend to  
associate shortness with children and children  
with naughtiness. Henceforth, the adjective  
impish, which means naughty.

As I have said, imps are serious and short.  
They rather resemble Yeshiva boys. They are  
always reading texts and are born at the age  
of forty. They love to sit in gardens,  
preferably ones overrun with ivy, and read  
their large texts.

Once there was an imp named Oxford. He  
had heard humans talking about a renowned  
university by that name and decided, since he  
loved learning, to adopt it. Being forty, he  
could choose his own name.

His garden belonged to a duke. Oxford  
found it lovely because it had a fountain and  
a nice fresh earth scent. He would sit on a  
toadstool and read all day.

On a particularly damp Monday, Oxford  
was almost finished reading "The Decline  
and Fall of the Roman Empire" when a fairy,  
tittering to herself, came dancing by. Oxford  
paid no attention. To imps, fairies were silly  
and extravagant. This fairy was named  
Caviar because she once heard a woman say-  
ing they needed the best of it or their party  
would flop. To Caviar the fairy, that sounded  
fitting and elegant.

Fairies are born at sixteen and stay that  
way forever. They live in woods but Caviar,  
who had gotten drunk at an all-nighter Sun-  
day, found herself in a garden in the morn-  
ing. As she neared Oxford, she let out a giggle  
and said, "Imp, aren't you ever going to do  
anything but read in your life?" Oxford look-  
ed up, scratched his balding head, and  
answered, "There is more to life than staying  
up too late, singing till dawn, drinking ale  
and dancing."

At the mention of ale, Caviar became con-  
scious of her hangover and said grumpily,  
"Well, there's more to life than those silly  
books. You don't get any excitement. What's  
your name, anyway?" "Oxford." Caviar grin-  
ned. "How boring, my name's Caviar." She  
beamed at the pretty sound and was very sur-  
prised when Oxford giggled. "What, may I  
ask, is so funny?" Oxford, who was laughing  
for the first time and finding it pleasant, took  
a while to answer. "Well," said the impatient  
fairy, "What's so funny?" Uncovering his  
mouth, he said, "Fish eggs," and giggled un-  
controllably.

"Have you gone mad?" asked Caviar.  
"Your name," gasped Oxford, means fish-  
hee-hee eggs-hee-hee." While Oxford lay  
wriggling and giggling on the ground, Caviar  
contemplated this. To her, fish meant ugly  
and eggs meant common. Ugly and common  
didn't suit her (or so she thought) so she ask-  
ed, "What should I be called now?" "How  
should I know?", said Oxford. "How did  
you know what Caviar meant?", asked the  
nameless fairy. "I read dictionaries," replied  
Oxford.

The fairy pondered this. Perhaps the imp  
wasn't wasting his time. He did know a lot  
and he also didn't have hangovers. At the  
same time, Oxford was wondering why he  
loved laughing like a fairy. Imps were sup-  
posed to find that sort of thing embarrassing

and boorish. And just imagine, thought Ox-  
ford, it was a fairy that had made him laugh.

"Oxford," said the fairy, "Will you lend  
me a book, one I can really sink my teeth in-  
to?" "I'll give you "Moby Dick", replied  
Oxford, "if you tell me a joke." So the fairy  
told the one about a troll who got caught half  
way into his home when the sun came out.  
The troll's hind end turned into stone and it  
still stands today (with moss growing on it).  
Oxford didn't find this funny, but then he  
remembered the fairy's old name and he  
couldn't stop laughing. The fairy got her  
copy of "Moby Dick" and went under a leaf  
to read.

Oxford became restless with his books.  
One night he went walking. When he reached

the woods, he came across a fairy party that  
was really swinging. At first, he just stood on  
the fringes, but a fairy named Alfredo hand-  
ed him some punch and after his third cup he  
was dancing and fraternizing. After his eighth  
cup, he was singing dirty songs and telling  
bad jokes. At one point, he asked where  
Caviar was. No one knew whom he meant  
because he kept calling her Pate. Finally,  
Alfredo said, "Oh, she was such a dear thing,  
the real life of a party. Now all she does is  
read "Moby Dick" and tell us her name isn't  
Caviar."

Here Alfredo sighed and dropped a tear.  
Oxford was too happy to care and awoke the  
next day to find himself in the woods with a  
hangover.



*Rachel Zipporah Balowitz*



I was sent to "the Nam" just before the "Tet Offensive" in January of 1968. I arrived in time for the all out simultaneous attacks launched by the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong units on every major Allied installation in the South. I wasn't worried, though. No, not me. After spending a year stateside receiving superb training from jump school to commando tactics, I felt confident I could handle anything "they" could throw at me. I had always been a lucky sort of individual, besides, I truly felt blessed.

My impressions of the country were favorable. The cities, though antiquated, held a simple provincial charm with the hustle and bustle of people going about their daily lives. The countryside was awe inspiring. From the air one could see the neat intricacy of the rice paddies give way to the intrusive tropical jungle. With the temperature surprisingly comfortable even at 115 degrees, it looked as peaceful as mythical paradise. The child-like features and stature of the oriental inhabitants gave one the impression that the whole populace was on the verge of puberty.

Having been a child of the "Fifties", I had been brought up watching a lot of heroic Audie Murphie-type war epics on television. I was a believer in "Mom, Apple Pie, and the American Way". I had been led to believe that "to serve one's country" was an "honorable profession". My Father "served his country during the Second World War and having a brother "serving his country" in the Navy, it seemed only natural that I, too, go and do my part. Such were the idealistic values that motivated many young men.

Twelve months and numerous intimate encounters with death later, while riding in a helicopter on my way back to Saigon to catch my "Freedom Bird" to the "World", my thoughts drift back to that time when I truly felt blessed. When I was blessed with ignorance of man's inhumanity to man, back to the time when I was naive to the horror of war...

The countryside was no longer awe inspiring. I could no longer see the beauty of the jungle, instead I saw "a pock-marked moonscape" defoliated by chemicals to deny the enemy staging area and possible food sources. The little "babysan" riding the waterbuffalo across the rice paddies below was now a potential enemy, no longer to be trusted. Coming in over the Cholon district of Saigon, I saw the bombed-out rubble which was all that remained of that antiquated area. It no longer had that simple provincial charm I had once seen. The heat, once surprisingly comfortable, now felt oppressive. This land below me now held little resemblance to that mythical paradise I had once had a glimpse of, for I now know it was not peaceful.

A member of my family once asked me why had I volunteered and returned for a second and yet, a third tour in that war-torn land. I recall my reply as having something to do with a feeling of obligation to duty. But perhaps I was only hoping for just one more glimpse of that peaceful, mythical paradise I believe I had once seen. I may have been sear-



ching, trying to recapture the lost spirit of that idealistic young man that had gone off to war blessed with ignorance and naivety.

I survived and made it back from the war. But had I really survived? I often wonder whatever had become of that idealistic young man I felt I had known so well.

Although I didn't have to make the ultimate sacrifice for my country, my idealistic values and dreams of a peaceful paradise here on earth, have become fatalities of the war.

## "In Retrospection"

Curtis R. Fessler

Can you recall ever hearing these phrases?  
*"Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country."*  
 or *"Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to ensure the survival and success of liberty."*

The first time I heard those stirring phrases, I had just passed my eleventh birthday and the four-foot mark on our refrigerator. Even then as young as I was, I recall feeling a sense of history while listening to President John F. Kennedy deliver his inauguration address. Decades of years and countless tears have passed since those stirring phrases were first spoken, but few people knew what was written between the lines.

After spending ten years in the service of my country, including three combat tours in the Republic of South Viet Nam, I recall the times those phrases sustained me when my sense of purpose seemed vague. I have since learned the malfeasance of political rhetoric. I have learned to read between the lines now.

I did not ask what my country could do for me, instead I asked what I could do for my country. My country answered, go to Viet Nam and help make it safe for democracy. I went to Viet Nam with that in mind. Although we didn't actually make Viet Nam safe for democracy, we really did accomplish our true mission, which was to eliminate many people that didn't agree with our ideas as we possibly could. We also helped perfect new weapons systems, aircraft, ordinance tactics and various new types of equipment fresh off the drawing boards of many major U.S. corporations. The chemical companies gained a wealth of knowledge on the effects of numerous insecticides and defoliants which they had been prohibited from marketing in the United States itself. Medical science also benefited handsomely. Through trial and error they perfected the triage system of medical care, where by disregarding the Hypocratic oath, the doctors bypassed the severely wounded that would probably die anyway in order to treat the less severely wounded that would most likely survive.

The second phrase also deserves deep scrutiny. The first part is addressed to every nation, whether it wishes us well or ill, but the following segments are directed towards our own lower and middle class, telling them that they shall pay any price, that they shall bear any burden, that they shall meet any hardship, if they are not influential enough to secure a draft deferment.

Among the troops we had a saying that was as close to reality as we could think of. It went like this:

*"We, the unwilling, being lead by the unqualified, to do the unnecessary, for the ungrateful."*

That just about sums it up.

*Curtis R. Fessler is a 35-year-old single, medically retired, disabled veteran of ten years service in the United States Army. He is presently attending Buffalo State College where he is majoring in social work. The author is also Vice President of the Veterans Club on campus.*

## THE WORLD AS I SEE IT

(Inspired by the music of Heitor Villa-Lobos)

### I NATURE

Forests are steaming, as if just boiled,  
 The poisoned river lazily flows,  
 Nature is throbbing raped and despoiled,  
 Its secret anguish God only knows.

Copper and yellow, as if well oiled,  
 In blazing sunlight's basking embrace,  
 Snakes are convulsing twisted and coiled  
 Through tangled foliage keeping their pace.

Crocodiles, hippos and other beasts  
 Emerge a little and dive anew,  
 Species eat species, relish their feasts,  
 And many perish to feed a few.

Insects are buzzing pursued by birds  
 While termites enter a hollow trunk,  
 Tigers and cougars pounce upon herds,  
 My mind is reeling, my senses drunk.

Jungle-woods echo with cries and calls,  
 Piranhas quickly finish their prey,  
 Rhythmic'ly heaving rises and falls  
 The raspy rattle both night and day.

Ocean tide splashes the sandy shore  
 And moonlight dwindles, the dark is near,  
 Concert tunes follow the ones before,  
 Their haunting music fills me with fear.

### II CULTURE

Culture is bloodred "in tooth and claw"  
 To savage nature grossly reduced,  
 Prejudice racial, sexual, raw,  
 And hatred mindless blindly induced.

Hovering mushrooms cover the world,  
 Distortion, venom govern the news,  
 Many years after the pledge was hurled  
 Mephisto gathers his dev'lish dues.

Everywhere terror, corruption, greed,  
 In sordid commerce faith is abused,  
 Wastefulness, riches, 'midst want and need,  
 By bankrupt doctrines man is confused.

Rightists and leftists torture the truth  
 By twisting language to suit their scheme,  
 Brainwashing children, innocent youth,  
 To tell them sweetly what they should dream.

Cynical humor with morbid vies,  
 Religion, science, both warrant gloom,  
 Blasphemous rubbish assails the skies  
 To please the drooling prophets of doom.

Tyranny, hunger, pollution, drought,  
 Deception, madness, disease and dope,  
 Freedom to question, believe or doubt  
 Is crushed by peddlers of fading hope.

George Vid Tomashevich

## How does death feel?

I feel like the tongue in the life of gob.  
 The sepulchers slip and the cold signs  
 chill me rising, unuttered.  
 I was once a dental certainty  
 that farmed the articulate dust.  
 But I found this other hole.  
 Exhalation of hearth.

Now I reach for perfect sibilence,  
 for the whistle your dog will never hear.

Laurence MacSheain



The note read:  
 How little can one be part of one's time?  
 How far sighted can one be among the myopic?  
 How certain can one be in the midst of hypocrisy?

The next thought might have contained  
 the answer,  
 The next moment might have revealed the  
 truth.  
 Suspended in an instant preceeded only by  
 a certain metallic taste on the tongue  
 and the perspiration of a finger on the trigger.

Blind Owl



### Tentative Fingers

Tentative fingers--  
almost too close to touch  
Hesitant, fearful:  
feeling too much  
Like the first thrilling thrill that will lead to  
and such

And what if and how come and why not and why  
Am I feeling so nervous and silly and shy

Tentative fingers --  
not quite knowing how  
Too rigid, too awkward:  
too much like a stiff bow  
To everything that could possibly be leading up to  
this leading to now

Where everything might yet be perfect and calm  
When my hand reaches to rest in your palm

Tentative fingers--  
not quite knowing why  
Cautious, and childish:  
like touching a fly  
Until the wings slowly open  
and reach for the sky

Without ever asking about any what was  
Just flying upwards in the grips of because

Tentative fingers--  
that reach from the heart  
Tender, and careful:  
just a wavering start  
To all that could happen  
and we'll never part

Just inches away from nothing so why  
But firm and secure in this not knowing why

Tentative fingers--  
touch, but not quite  
Pausing expectantly:  
feeling so slight  
Till the still moment passes  
and everything's right

And maybe it'll come to me that I'll realize  
I'll soon be caressing your face and kissing your eyes

Tentative fingers--  
just inches away  
Hesitant, pleading:  
with too much to say  
So much that might happen  
if only you don't go away

The way you might tremble then might tell me so much:  
I'll know if you love me from the very first touch

Tom Santa Lucia



### From DIVORCE POEMS

Across the great pathed field  
of childhood ignorance never thinking  
I would one day watch others  
play as I and my son, my father  
watched me just when I was sure  
that no one knew my loneliness  
how I tamped the trodden earth  
and knew crevasses deep and wide  
as worms and rivulets could make  
in each new season wet and running  
wild with joy and free or  
so I thought: I tore from contact  
with the world just there and near  
my inmost heartlong keenfelt love of  
every tiny leaf and blade that earth affords.

What did I fear what  
do we all? What do I still,  
what seizes on my spirit  
until all I claim as objects  
of my love and subjects of my will  
to know just why we share  
this frame and care for one another  
fall behind the train that rushes past  
the field and path and  
for just now evacuate  
my memory and concern?

Who hears me and who sees the head  
bob up from clover, weed, and bed  
of spider? and who shares the dread  
of losing all that's dear  
yet vibrates with the thrill  
of casting off and nestling back  
and never knows that she is seen?

David W. Landrey





### SKAT

Open up  
the front page  
second column  
in the southern sun  
line five katch  
that dooey Mississippi  
rolls out past its inky lungs  
before the daily page  
was done,

my salted stoic  
wide brim tie  
that swat down flies  
with splits and feet  
in high dawn spats  
that flipped to dips by  
banjo brains  
who banged out staffs  
and chat that skat

pearl dishes spin, ovals cry  
and diamond boys do promenade  
like marmalade.

my maltese mahma  
likes a good name  
and Devil Hopper  
has an itch so high  
like tin types spinning  
out of frame  
ten pictures couldn't  
flimflam that skat  
the same,

yah oval lips fly  
swing the swing  
swank that swivelled  
arm chair thing as  
parquet buicks go floating by  
stuffed with thin,  
chesterfields, panama  
and myomy  
those waving ruby eyes.

dishes spin, ovals cry  
and the diamond boys do promenade  
like marmalade  
and panama, he still denies  
that his swimming slip  
was out there swatting flies.

Kevin Jacob

### DOS Y DOS

Gentlemen, trade places. Turn your partner  
once just once. And the opposite lady also.  
Gents go backwards. Literally.

Now swing first couple, just the first couple.  
Face the new couple. Both hands perfect  
threequarters around. Bounce right now bar-  
rump bump.

And the ladies change. That's critical. Join  
hands in the middle turnsy turn gents tighten  
up but the ladies go first. Change right back.

Just the first couple. Bounce right now.  
Change your partners. Face the new couple.  
Circle. Threequarters. Bounce.

I rode on a tractor  
to the fair at Ballinasloe  
with the spit in my fist  
and a hundred pounds to blow.

And the opposite lady also. And the ladies  
change.



Gentlemen, trade places. Turn your partner  
once all the way around. Look her in the eye.  
And the opposite lady also.

Ladies change. Two hand turn is all it is.  
Change right back again.

Just the first couple. Change partners. Face  
the new couple. Face the music. Join hands  
and circle round. Threequarters around and  
bounce in the middle.

Twohand turn your partners twohand turn.  
And the opposite lady also. Ladies change  
cross. Change right back. Just the first couple  
now. Bounce and swing your partner. Face  
the new couple.

If I had a wife  
the plague of my life  
I tell you what I would do.  
I'd buy her a boat  
and put her afloat  
and paddle my own canoe.



Gentlemen, trade places. Turn your partners.  
Look your partner in the eye. And the op-  
posite lady also.

Just the first couple chain. That's all, sir,  
hey, hey, swing. Face the new couple.  
Bounce.

Alligator brogues and the bears were clothes.  
You in the leopard! Button your spots.

And the ladies chain across the middle. Chain  
back. Right hands in the middle turnsy turns.  
Right hands in the middle turnsy turn swing,  
first couple. Just the first couple. Face the  
new couple. Face the music.

Went to Paddy Feekery's house,  
he's no consolation.  
He just turned his back  
and spat  
and notified the station.  
Wallpaper wallpaper growing up the wall.  
Stay in your stocks  
and you'll never fall.

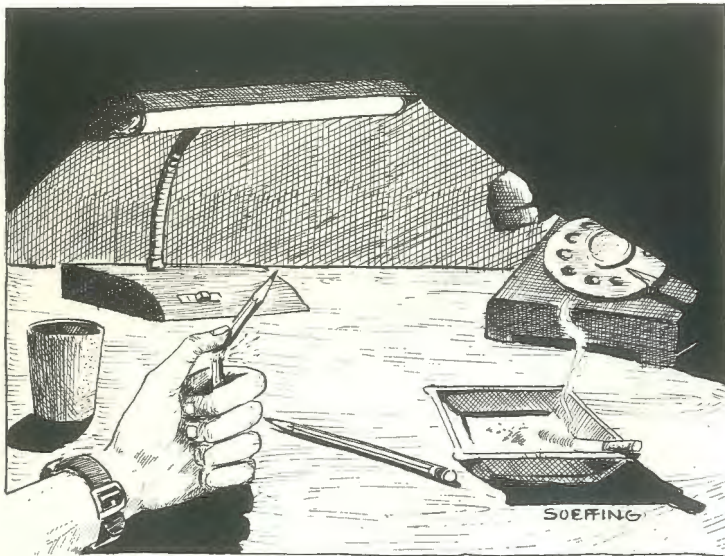
The lady in chains drops.

Hey, what happened to the jack?

Sorry about the technology here.

Laurence MacSheain





## STRAY BULLETS

Sandy Faiella

Well, I was about to give up. I had come to the point where my frustration had nearly overwhelmed my desire. There was little left in the vault. Even now as I write, my thoughts drift from this page through a maze of shadowed glimpses, all emanating from her pristine silhouette. It was more than I needed or cared to deal with. I stood on the corner searching my pockets for my last roach, tilting my wide brimmed hat, till the air started playing 'As Time Goes By' and decided I would take a vacation at that very moment...

I knew he would be there. I had sifted every clue for the last six months and knew his mind. That's why after my extensive research I threw a dart at the city map and decided that was a good place to start. I was even more sure of my genius when I discovered the exact spot; eight feet from a man hole cover, half a block from a foreign moviehouse and right across the street from Fazoul's deli.

I couldn't sleep for two weeks, my ambition so relentless. After seventeen days on the same corner I took a shower so as not to be arrested for vagrancy. I waited and watched like a maniacal hawk, but a strange thing occurred. After three weeks I forgot the demon's name and in succeeding days, I forgot his looks, size, wife's name, favorite drink, favorite book, worst movie, and all the other relevant clues I had dug up about him. I was just about to drop the case when it occurred to me I was about to humble myself. I then decided I would stay at that corner and hoped that his face would bring back all the reasons for doing what I was doing.

After four weeks I decided to go to the foreign movie house for some popcorn, and perhaps a flick. I sat through the feature three times so as to give myself enough time to eat five tubs of popcorn. The usher tried to kick me out but grew sympathetic when he saw that I still had three tubs left to eat and not enough hands to carry them out of the show. After the show, I made a most tragic mistake. I inexplicably made a left when I should have made a right out of the theater. It took me nearly three days to realize my arch villain had not rearranged things.

I knew I was going stale on this case and even though my repeated calls to the N.Y.P.D. were rebuked, I still held out a glimmer of hope I could keep the case alive. After what must have been about my 50th call to police headquarters, they finally gave me the lead I needed to break the case. It seemed the person I was chasing was suspected of being at a local infirmary. They worked out this elaborate plan whereby I would pose as a patient. I was smuggled in wearing this strange convoluted white body suit, pretending my arms were somewhat tragically attached to my body. What a stroke of genius. Being the detective out in the open. Let his sense of adventure bring him to me. I would slay him in his own arena.

I almost fell in love with the place right away. I thought the clientele somewhat odd, but I think they must have been part of his fiendish plot to distort my chase. I began to feel his scent, I knew he was near. I requested janitorial services. I wanted to be as close as possible to the floors and walls of this criminal's den.

One day a rather harmless guy came up to me and turned himself in. The whole thing was farcical, this man had a criminal record. I quickly humored his sense of dramatics and told him to get back to me after he had found himself a lawyer.

I must have been there four months when I saw him. Somehow he had distorted his figure. He actually looked like a five hundred

stroke, it had to be him. I was never so impressed with this devil's mind. Two days later he threw a guard off the fifth floor balcony. I reluctantly came to the conclusion that my nemesis would never be so obvious.

At some point things started getting strangely discombobulated. I actually forgot my name. I forgot my mission, I forgot. Only after a few days when the third floor orderly, (or was it the second floor), called me Sherlock did the pieces start fitting again. Apparently a Mr. Doyle had chronicled my exploits, an extremely wise move in view of present circumstances. I realized I need only wait for my good friend Dr. Watson to arrive and the chase would once again be on.

Naturally it wasn't long before I started feeling restless, and due to the fragility of this case, I could no longer wait. Besides things were getting desperate. The news still failed to pick up this story. It was becoming increasingly obvious that it was me against the world. Now more than ever I couldn't afford to crack. I knew this demon of demons had concocted this whole affair, and finally I made my much awaited, and direly needed move. The next day I cut off my left index finger and mailed it to the local stations along with this note,

'You have run long, hard, and fast, but this you should know. No matter where you hide tonight be aware, I have put the finger on you.'

That night the stations ran it. Why did they say these were the actions of a lunatic? The police must have an angle, those bungling fools. Am I beyond their realm of understanding? Can I come to grips with this existential crux? Of course I had to. This was my only salvation.

I began to feel this fiendish emasculation of a man had run off, surely he was running scared and fast. One night after the late show, (some typically wonderful Jean Arthur movie), I decided to steal away into the night. I knew I was hot on his trail once again. I acquired a city map from a gas station garbage can and robbed an egg from a market. This time I had a most ingenious idea. Wherever the egg splattered would be my target area. Wherever the yolk ran would be possible escape routes. From eight feet away I missed the map. Aha! He left the city. I wasn't sure if I should revel in the fact that I had chased this monster from the city I love, or if indeed the chase should continue.

I needed some popcorn to deliberate the situation. I was broke. I knew my cause was noble enough and that nothing should deter my quest. I did the only thing I could. I held up the popcorn stand at the foreign movie house. I dragged the popcorn machine to the original dart mark, eight feet from the manhole cover, across the street from the deli. Three hours later, justice was slandered. I WAS ARRESTED! As the police car drove me away, I glanced in the rear view mirror. A man crawled out of the man hole cover walked over to the popcorn machine, grabbed a tubful, and walked into the moviehouse. I started screaming like a raving maniac, I felt a thud on my head, lights out...

The brim of my hat fell over my eyes jolting my attention. It was wonderfully vigorous twilight. A tired sun fading into eternity. I felt a tug on my coat, it was a child quizzically looking up at me: "Excuse me sir, is this yours?" In his hand he held a left index finger, bathed in blood.

## IT AMUSES ME

It amuses me to put on vacant eyes  
and watch them gut me like a catfish  
they don't know I'm not inside  
but before the knife is wiped  
I sneak up from behind to  
kiss their dripping hands  
then walk away  
picking my teeth

E. Granditsch

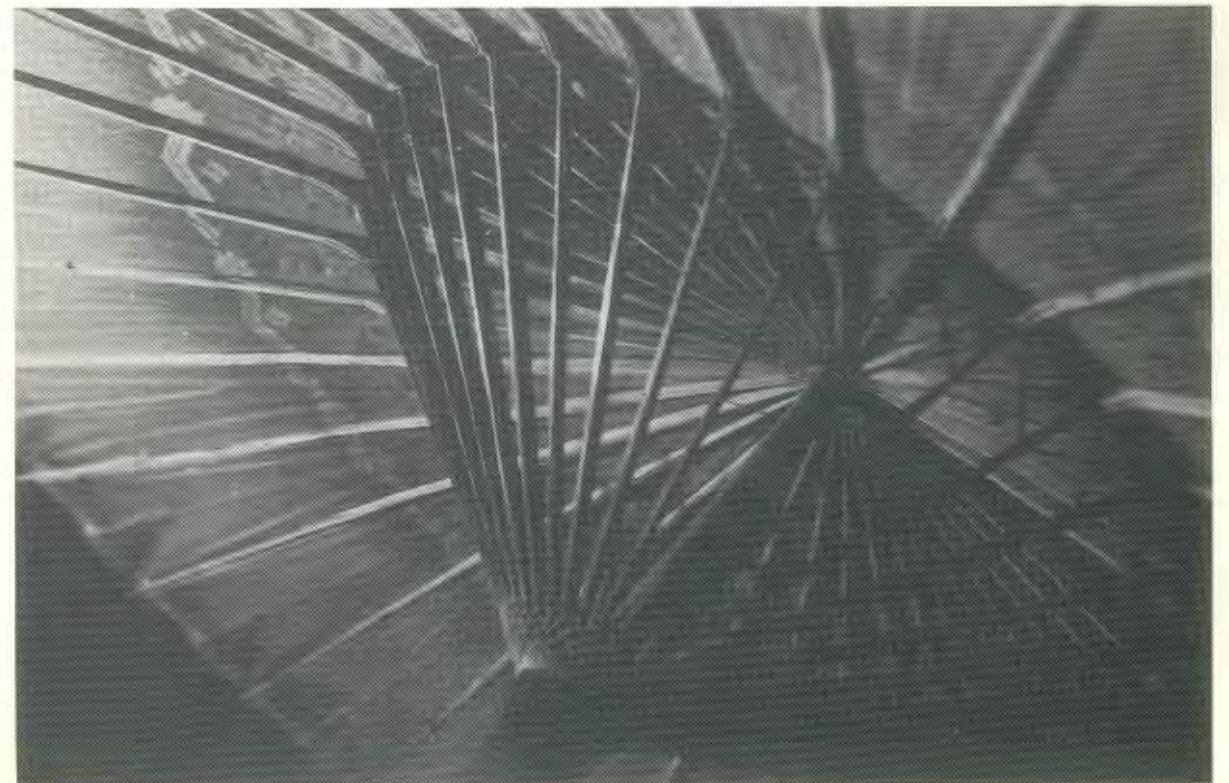
## I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings

I know why the caged bird sings  
and why the Church bell rings tolling  
an intermittent hope  
The occasion for gladness amidst the sadness.

I know why the caged bird sings,  
a sweet song from behind bars.  
The fluttering heart cries  
When the sun shines and the songs of others  
fill the skies.

An open window  
Autumn and bird song  
mellow, fading rays of sun,  
shimmering evening just begun.  
The small song of a captive, fluttering  
with restless joy  
While the glowing sunset turns the cage  
bars gold,  
soft breezes ruffle the tiny feathers and  
the callous leaves in the street.  
A hopping solo of expectation.  
Loss of flight  
The caged bird's plight.

Greg Pershyn



## ET SEMPER ERIT

In time all things begin all things end in time,  
Then was now is then and will be now.  
As it is in the beginning, shall be now and ever was,  
Amen.

Rose that blooms today  
Let me not grieve because I do not grasp you,  
Clasp you, though wanting to;  
The perfumes that you shed, spread,  
Hauntingly, along bright avenues and through  
Dim corridors of endless time, before and after,  
Your insubstantial substance will metamorphose  
Bright rose: the formedness will pass, but not the form...  
Not the form, caught in vision now and held in memory for all time,  
Not the fragrance, sensed today and henceforward forever in  
all things beautiful  
As fresh as time's first dawn -- if time began.

Keith E. Baird

## NO HATS, NO PICTURES

You have to look like him if you want to  
play the game. No T-shirts here, no hats  
allowed. You have to wear a collar if to join  
the crowd. You have to look like him or him  
or him. That's right, you see there's no room  
for us. Whatever happened to individuality.  
Hey you - camera in your hands, take it out  
the door; management wouldn't have a photo  
of the store. It's not hats or collars of photos  
anymore, It's the price you pay for the  
American way... and the pursuit of hap-  
piness... and truth... and justice for those  
who wear collars and ties and short hair, with  
no holes.



OCTOBER 1985

It will fall on the Adironcacks next  
chilling my daughter, this thin rain.  
We've been under it since Oswego.

Baroque warm-front rain.

Orange dashlights creep alongside,  
a tire wobbles on one of the semis  
going the other way --  
shreds of languages, shreds of rain.  
After the lighted edge of Rochester  
a crossing jet banks in the pattern;  
is it set for Buffalo bit it slides  
off the horizon toward Toronto.

The fish stayed in the river this time.  
Hips against the current we dragged  
spinners across the shock  
of their tails, slapping upstream.  
They ran the gauntlet.  
By evening the water flecks were in shadow,  
only the next bend and the treetops  
sunlit, and my son working the bend.

We dropped him off, and now this road.  
Let the fish in the top pools be  
as weary as we  
for whom things reassemble like  
a bright slippage of words.  
Soon enough we leave those squares  
floating and drifting over the road noise,  
the houses of our people.  
In love one should leave them in love  
having never reserved a passport.  
Sometimes the automobile lights  
white and red  
can be just remembered as they were.

All things have the grace of their being;  
the brink of sleep makes the millenium.  
Hung in the crux of this peace  
I agitate nothing.  
All is hung in the crux of this peace.

Bless my son among the salmon  
nor did I think I would sleep  
in my own bed tonight.  
Had there been another day on the stream.

David Karnath

The Choreography of Morning

If clouds were made of clay  
And we were shaped from wheat,  
The stones beneath our feet  
would sprout like ferns in May.  
The altars of our days  
Flew backwards through the streets.  
If clouds were made of clay  
And we were shaped from wheat,  
The meadows where we lay  
Would cover us like sheets  
Of linen prayers where angels meet.  
Our ghosts would dance away  
If clouds were made of clay.

David Redmond



Meanstreet, Softstreet

A lioness mane hangs from pole and hook,  
it seems to laugh. A smooth sharp songstress sows  
her sound in a tight leather skin black toga.  
Skies dark themselves when the drunkmen impale  
their minds on stakes where the onionces grow.  
I cry. These things I saw while walking meanstreet.

Black robins fly, circle the church for lunchtime  
festivity. They'll never see a drop.  
Red hearts on pink coats coast along the blacktop.  
Unsexed man and unsmoked cigar lay nude.  
Sunglass supplies sunlight on the gray days.  
I sigh. These things I saw while walking softstreet.

Paul Porto

Swiftly, Like the Sky

There's a road in West Virginia  
and the green-ocean hills of N. Dakota  
and the strings of Montana

We shared the same school  
brown-eyed Ann 'n me

There are owls in Pennsylvania  
and a storm in Wyoming  
and a muddy place where the railroad tracks cross

She thought I was drunk every time we met

There are rocks and trees everywhere  
and a badger in the road  
and big green signs in the sun

But no, I was only calling long distance  
from the strange giddy camp of the dispossessed

There's a phone booth in Monterey  
with a book on the shelf  
and maps on the floor

It was she who called me back  
in the slow way of dreams

There's radio station that blows through four states  
and the smell of diesel fuel  
and coffee in a cup

I arrived and watched her  
through the back porch screen

There's a music store that stays open late  
with a rusty car against the twilight

Walking away

I would take her there

- Last night I dreamt that Ann and me  
were down by the Niagara River  
"Look, baby" I said, "The rain that fell  
last week in Minnesota is flowing past".

David Redmond

TO VICKIE

You sleep. Soft. Peace  
descends, hovers near your  
face, caresses you --  
the soft smooth hands and arms  
Silent music in the room  
When you awake, your  
warm and lovely words  
will be just shadows  
to the deeper splendor  
of your radiant silence.

Strange, the first evening without you.  
The stiff cold of my room  
and my body, hollow and fragile.  
Loneliness had been my lover once.  
I turn on the electrical heater --  
I had not noticed it was November outside.

Mark Littlefield



## ORIENTAL ANGEL

I wonder does she  
kiss you like  
peroxide  
rubbed in open  
wounds I left to heal  
or say your  
name and make it rhyme  
with promises of  
something more than sleep  
She must be full of  
spearmint eyes  
fresh apple cheeks  
and rice  
I think that in  
your moonlit room  
she sways  
and weaves herself  
throughout your gentle  
frame  
I asleep have seen  
her straight hair leave  
a black trail  
down your chest  
her oriental fingers  
read your face  
but still old  
crosses scratch  
through days of March  
and beg for  
promised sweetness of  
our June

Jeanne M. Zellner



## YARD SALE

My...what a grabbing piece!...  
Where did you get...oh really!...  
At one of those... hmmm, how could someone  
Just not reminisce from that...  
Anymore?  
Well I sure do from its'...presence...  
Unbelievable...such a glow...  
Acquired at a--pardon me?--yes, I should browse  
About for...one of those...clearance days  
Of a person's altered view of...  
"It's seen it's days"----  
Sure, and it will tell you of them...  
...in a y..a..r..d.....s..a..l..e.....  
(SOLD).....

Rich Maiola

## Phidian's Wake

Luxurious visions  
of wet draped women  
Walking out of marble  
asking for their arms back  
There is no reach  
but yet I grasp  
want destroys the dream

Sandy Faiella

## HEIROGLYPHICS

I don't need a rosetta stone  
To discover the unknown...

Heiroglyphics - words that have meaning  
Symbols and codes - signs that make sense  
Don't bother me - I might be dreaming  
I don't want no evidence

Fascination - mystery  
A deep expression on your face  
Eyes of wonder - speak to me  
What's going on - what's taking place

Heaven sent - innocent  
Or is it something more?  
Fantasy? Destiny?  
Words not said before

Decipher it - inspire it  
It's gone without a flash  
Enigmatic - not static  
That is what will last

And you won't find written there  
Words like holiness, or love  
Those words are written on the air  
Those words are whispered from above

Tom Santa Lucia

## DIDO'S CRY

A trojan warrior wandering  
An African Carthage Queen

Clairvoyant was the immigrant  
And yet still fettered

Enthroned to an Empress  
In her timeless youthfulness

Augers tale telling curse  
Fates cumbersome maelstrom  
Called to Tiber's mouth

Dido tried a cry  
Ships still set sail swift  
Pyre set not wanting to burn  
Still disgraced and shunned  
Her heart burning hot  
Crawling among the glowing coals

Bernard J. Bruenn

## EVENTIDE, KUMASI

How suddenly the evening falls  
At the end of the sun's theophany!  
Here where splendour calls to splendour  
In myriad modalities of colour, shade and tone  
To celebrate the wonder that is Africa  
'Tis fitting that evenfall be sudden,  
Sudden like the curtain that in its ruffling closure  
Marks the finale, sends the spectators home...  
In Africa the evening falls  
Almost silently, like a benediction.

Keith E. Baird



## Icarus and a Slave Woman in a Small Boat

I am cold, mother  
Can we go home now?  
Are we running away?  
Rafts are so slow  
Until then what shall I do?  
Shall I dream?

Take this blanket  
How shall I tell you?  
Eagles are not made for chains  
Soon the shore will find us  
Embrace the winds of sleep  
Albatross, they are your wings

David Redmond







### THE LIBRARY

I went for a visit  
to a sort of lending library  
of a cemetery  
where one can take home the departed  
to read like a book  
and then return, when understood.

"Jones is a common name  
---this will take some time"  
explained the librarian servicing me,  
and I thought he must  
have worked there for a very long time  
as he looked nearly dead himself,  
with cobweb skin and all  
the information about where  
one could find this or that.

The old librarian relegated  
librarian number two  
to dig up my tomb for me.  
He was a novice librarian  
not so tall as number one  
nor nearly so dead.

Killing time, Mr. Boss Librarian  
asked "Are you a family member?"  
"A brother," I lied "I am a brother."  
as if a nephew were not enough.  
"Have you ever taken out  
this particular corpse before?" he asked.  
"I have been away for a very long time."  
I explained, wishing I'd never lied.  
Those cemetery people knew  
what they were doing, putting this  
experienced veteran librarian at the desk.

"As this body has been dead  
for a longish time" he rolled on  
"and the subject of shameful disuse  
it may be no good for dissecting."  
In biology I could barely cut  
a well preserved worm  
that slipped through my fingers,  
and not even with pins  
through his worm head and tail  
could I open that mummy,  
so no amount of wormy intestines  
would help me.  
"No," I replied, "I just want him  
to look at."

"I understand, I understand!"  
chimed the lesser librarian  
---Mr. Eager To Please---  
wheeling in the dusty volume  
like a used car salesman, and  
trying to open the casket door  
held on by four thumbtacks  
where three would have done.

One---the upper left I think---  
flew out like a busy fly.  
"Oh, he's as good as if  
he were buried only yesterday!"  
announced the amateur, looking in  
at the potato white skin.  
"An excellent conversation piece!"  
declared the little man,  
as if there weren't already  
enough to talk about.

"Of course the clothes are ancient  
---look at those lapels!  
But they did this one so well  
you could probably cut right in."  
he sold on, squeezing the skin  
like good bread dough.  
"Or you could just set him up  
on your fireplace, like a stuffed monkey."

"I don't want to buy him." I said,  
but it made no difference.  
"We do not sell the dead here,"  
replied number one "we loan them out."  
It made no difference.  
"I don't want a stuffed monkey,  
I don't want a meal  
---he's not even my brother!  
I don't want to take him out!"

There would be no reading the dead.

Joseph M. Sparacio



### COLD-SIDE-OUT

from cold-side-out where  
night is kept  
I enter through steel and stained-glass door  
into  
Your Host  
and await the coffee  
carried by Ceil  
both flowing together without  
end amen  
my time is read by other faces than mine  
with teeth black as the Java  
they suck  
in  
Your Host  
the troubled receive their peace  
of what the hungry are fooled to the brim by  
as homeless are sheltered  
(til asked to leave)  
minutes and gas pass  
swiftly loudly  
there  
I pay the Ceil and leave a dime  
to cross into night and Metro-inbound  
bruised  
by cold-side-out  
with Time plus change  
in hand

Steven Flemming

### BACK TO BUFFALO

A hundred times I've been there  
and back again, and I'm still returning.  
I'm still counting:  
two hundred twenty seven garden Creek  
feta lettuce tomato pita pocket  
sandwiches oozing oil,  
one hundred fifty three laps  
around the 1.8 mile park,  
thirty three serious snow storms  
and five hundred familiar faces.

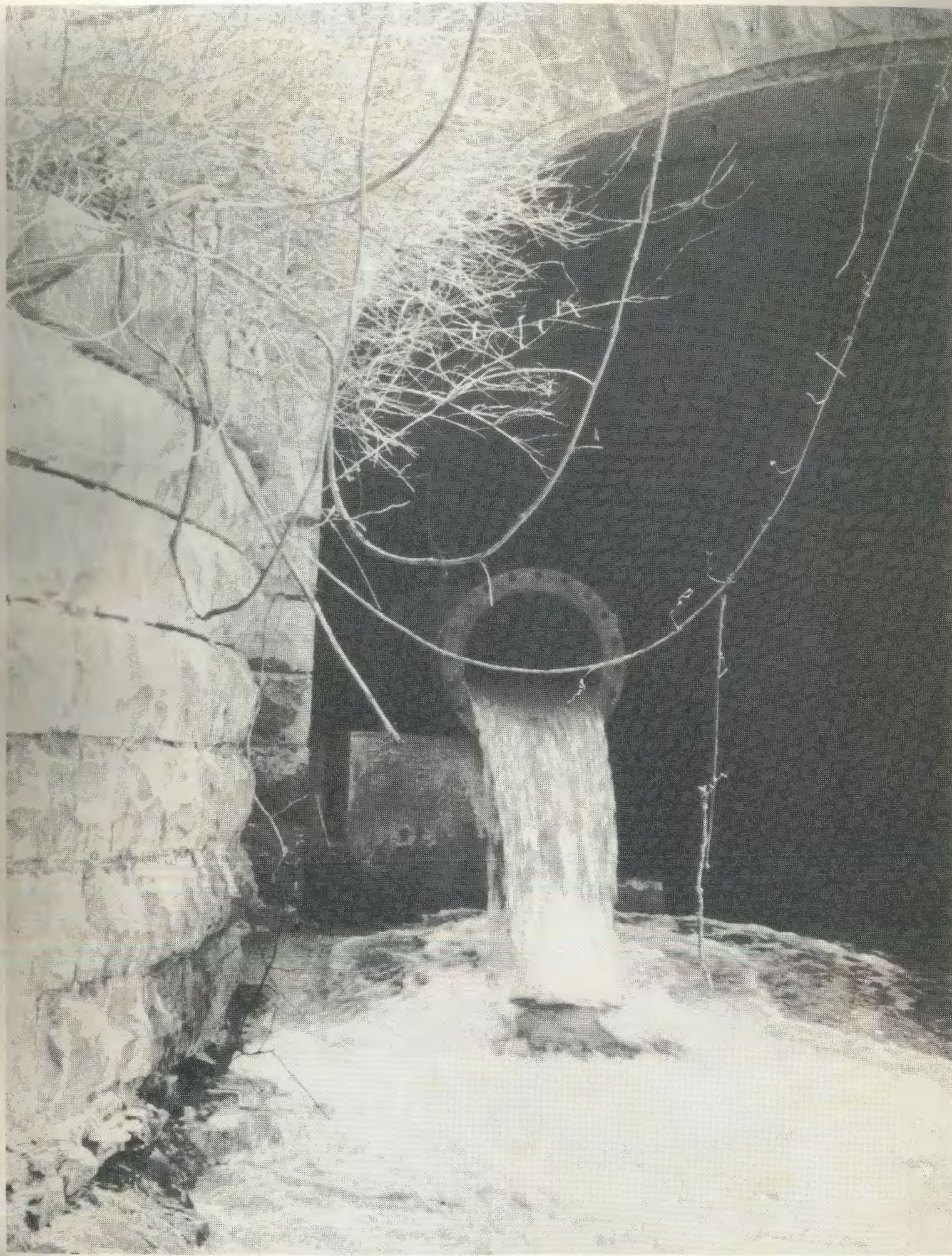
The Great Lake licks the shore  
like a lover; the jealous river  
crashes into it, head-on,  
beneath the peaceful bridge  
at midnight.  
The smell of steel rises  
and floats in the air,  
sticks to streets and bricks,  
inside of my nostrils and  
on the back of my tongue.  
My cars collect a fine black dust.  
Muscle moles burrow  
through the sub-  
terranean depths,  
happy to be working,  
happy to be digging up the city  
of someone else's dreams.  
This grey-blue city waits and worries  
and works, wishes it were not so  
icy, so unfinished, so possible,  
so unsure.

I keep hiking mountains to breathe  
clear blue air; I keep flying  
to more glamorous cities. And  
I keep coming back to this  
tired, old dog of a city  
that rubs its matted coat against me  
and rests its head in my lap.

Anne Meisenzahl







**Aches Too Old**

A slippery poem  
by Adam Frederick Gearing

This liquid stew world  
trees and people like chunks  
of vegetables and meat  
in a cold broth  
It very slowly melts  
away my automobile

I feel the shudder  
of its decay  
Is this water  
the crux of....



