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Evening
Creative Writing

E-310.8

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A Very Honorable Thanks
to
YC Student Senate Department of English
YC Literary Society



PROEM

ESP is a literary effort of the students, by the students, and for the students of York College. The work of twenty-five writers and several artists lies before you. Others have labored behind the scenes. Some of the poems and stories within have won high acclaim in local literary contests; more than three-quarters, however, have never competed in any contest. We hope that you enjoy them all. More contributions stem from this spring's evening class in creative writing than from any other source; the publication was their idea and they gave it impetus and direction. We only regret that space did not permit us to include some very long stories that we much admire.

According to an Oriental tradition recently affirmed by Western philosophers, man's deepest feelings and their artistic counterparts are rooted in the archetypes of the seasons. Thus, we have arranged our poems and stories in the cycle of the year, with apologies to those writers for whom we have miscalculated the season or had to make a difficult choice.

Each of us likes to believe that our perceptions are "extra sensitive." But we are not telepathists and would like to hear what you admire. Please tell us.

Finally, we thank York College for its constant support. The College has an ESP of its own that we have tried to reflect: Extra-special Educational opportunities, Sensitive Service to all of us from the faculty and staff, and Perceptive Participation in the community around us.

Ben McKulik,
editor & faculty adviser

Man In The Mirror Of Nature Is Bent To The Shape Of Himself



s u m m e r h a i k u

THE SUMMER SUNSHINE
SO BRIGHT, SO STRONG, SO RED
BURNING THE GROUND BELOW

sharon myers

PUEBLOS FRY --
SO, SALAMANDER
WHERE SHADE NOW?

micheal c. arnold

ALL WET WITH BIRTH
THEY LAID YOU ON MY BELLY
MY SON, MY FIRSTBORN!

deborah grace

THE FIREFLY LIGHTS
AT TWO-SECOND INTERVALS --
ATTRACTING ITS MATE

su burson

SMALL CHILDREN PLAYING
IN A HARVESTED WHEAT FIELD --
SUMMER IS FADING

cindy greenawald

THE CARNIVAL

THE SUN
STRIPPED HER GARMENTS
AND LET THEM FALL TO THE EARTH
IN A FRENZIED DANCE OF HEAT
AND SENSUAL EXCITEMENT.

THE CALLIOPE
BLARED WITH FERVOR,
AND THE SIDE SHOW GIRLS
SPARKLED LUMINOUSLY
IN THEIR GAUDY BAUBLES OF EMERALD
AND RUBY.

THE CIRCUS HAD COME.
AND WITH IT THE PARTIES, PICNICS, AND BRAVADO BAND CONCERTS
IN A MARRIAGE OF SOUNDS THAT SWELL,
IN A TUMULTUOUS, FLAT, AND DISCORDANT CHORD.
WITH FANFARES OF TRUMPET,
TYMPANI, AND A HAUGHTY OBESE TUBA,
THE SEASON ANNOUNCED ITSELF
AND ITS FRIVOLOUS INTENTIONS--
A MISCHIEVOUS PAN CALLED SUMMER.

micheal c. arnold

BAGELS & ORANGES

SKIPPING LONG STEPS
--YOUR SPECIALTY--
FILLED WITH BAGELS AND ORANGES
AND SPECIAL TEA.

SEND THE RAIN AWAY
TILL YESTERDAY--
WE'RE BUSY, YOU SEE
BEING HAPPY.

BETTY BOOP
IS A GOOD KIND OF HIGH
WE'RE LAUGHIN AND SINGIN
AND NOT CARIN WHY.

THE BEARS WON'T GET US
IF WE'RE CAREFUL IN OUR WALK
THE BLUES WON'T GRAB US
IF WE'RE SMILING.

SO IT'S

BAGELS AND ORANGES
ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON
IT'S A PLEASANT DAY
IN A MILLION WAYS.

KING DAVID AND ME
BEHIND AN ORANGE DCOP
BEING HAPPY.

blanche a. moore

WE WERE KIDS
WITH EACH OTHER
WE WERE FRIENDS
WE WERE LOVERS
WE GAVE
TO EACH OTHER
GIFTS FEW HAVE EVER KNOWN

SUNSETS
AND STARS FROM THE SKY
RAINBOWS
AND BUTTERFLIES

WE WERE KIDS
BUT NOW WE KNOW
OF THIS LOVE
AND HOW IT GROWS
BUT SHOULD IT STOP
WE'LL ALWAYS SHOW
OUR LOVE AS KIDS OF LONG AGO

toni-ann kolt

WHISTFUL VOYAGER
IF I COULD SAIL THE WORLD OF YOU
I'D NEVER REACH A SHORE.

micheal c. arnold

THE THREE-QUARTER BED

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO GRANDMA'S
MY TWO SISTERS AND I.
WHY DO WE HAVE TO GO THERE?
I BEGIN TO CRY.

SHE GIVES US LOTS OF CANDY
SODA POP AND PIE,
BUT SLEEPING OVERNIGHT AGAIN?
I BEGIN TO CRY.

IT'S GETTING KIND OF DARK NOW.
"BEDTIME" I HEAR AND SIGH,
WE GET INTO OUR PJ'S
AND I BEGIN TO CRY.

WE GO INTO THE KITCHEN
AND DRAW OUR STRAWS--I DIE,
CAROL GETS THE PEACEFUL COT,
I BEGIN TO CRY.

THE COT STANDS IN THE CORNER
THE THREE-QUARTER BED NEARBY,
THIS BED IS JUST NOT FIT FOR TWO,
AND I BEGIN TO CRY.

IN OUR SLEEP KIM KICKS,
SHE PUSHES, SHOVS--AND I?
I CLING TO THE SHEETS FOR DEAR LIFE
AS I BEGIN TO CRY.

I GET NO SLEEP AT GRANDMA'S
AND NOW YOU KNOW JUST WHY.
BUT IN WE GO FOR "PLEASANT DREAMS"
AS I BEGIN TO CRY.

sharon dcrmandy

ANOTHER VISIT

Upon entering, he was soon engulfed by a peculiar odor. He sat himself down in an uncomfortable plastic seat. The closest person to him was a girl wearing braces. On the other side of the room was a woman who was constantly reminding her children that this was not a romper room. He noticed that the latest National Geographic was being rummaged through by the kids.

How do I get myself into things like this? They probably wonder what's wrong with me. I must be sweating bullets by now, he thought to himself as he fumbled for something to do with his hands. They don't seem to mind. Look at the girl, how can she smile on a day like today? Maybe if I pick up a magazine I'll loosen up. He walked over to the table topped with Time, The Cooking Digest, How to Train Your Dog in Three Easy Lessons, and of course, Readers Digest; no office, he sighed to himself, could be without that one.

Yeah, I'll look at the Times, one has to keep up. Of course, I would like to see that new National Geographic, but I'll have to wait for that.

He returned to his seat with his July 14th, 1969, edition. Ads, nothing but ads! Look at the way prices have gone up. Talking about prices, this trip could cost me a lot! Maybe I should forget the whole deal and get out of here before it's too late.

Looking up from a full page ad for Ex-Lax, he listened to the shrill noise coming from behind the side wall. It was then that he noticed the girl sitting behind the glass partition. Am I supposed to tell her that I am here, or does she know who I am? I haven't been here in so long I forget. I think I am going to get up and leave. I'm going to be sick, I just know I am going to be sick! Look at the way that little kid keeps looking at me. It's like he knows.

Again he heard the shrill noise from behind the wall. A sudden chill rose from his lower spine to his head. Then he noticed the small fingers returning the Geographic to the table. Reaching over for it, he leaned forward painfully, almost knocking over the lamp.

"Mrs. Kline....?"

He jumped at the girl's voice. He hadn't noticed her leaving her seat to come to the door beside him. The girl smiled down at him as the woman and her toddlers faded through the door.

His smile waned as strange sea creatures rose up before him. He turned the page. Almost breaking the spine of the magazine, he attempted, in vain, to see the right boob of a native dancer. Suddenly he thought, that girl must be the next to go. She was here before me.

She got up and went over to the window. "Am I next?"

"What is your name, please?"

"Nancy Yocum."

"Nancy, Nancy Yocum. No, you're not on the list. Are you sure you made an appointment for today?"

"Not really, I just thought my appointment was today, sometime."

"Let me look. No, your appointment isn't until next Thursday. That's the 25th, at 4:15."

"Can you believe it?" She smiled and stared at him indecently. A cloud of perfume passed his nose as the door hissed shut.

How could she forget something like that? I've been thinking about this trip ever since... Well, she has nothing to worry about like I do. I don't want to think about it. She must be on drugs or something. Sure, all these kids today use drugs so they don't have to face their real world head on. Everything must be fantasized so they can "cope". He turned to another page, Hawaii called.

"Mr. Douglas, follow me, please."

He got up from his seat on death row and put his imagination back on the table.

"Nice day out today."

"Yes, isn't it?" he almost choked on the words.

"Right in here. Would you sit in the chair, please?"

He got into the chair awkwardly. "They sure make these things king size, don't they?"

"I suppose." The nurse put several layers of bib around his neck and announced like a raven glued to a bust of Pallas: "The doctor will be with you in a moment."

Suddenly the room was filled with monstrous machinery. He studied the print of Lu Ku San's cat on the wall, trying to keep his mind suspended. Each time he sensed footsteps pass the door, he closed his eyes hearing nothing but the pounding within him. Then it happened. The door opened and in came Dr. Yank. He moved like a termite, busily collecting neat piles of nothing in particular, but lots of it. O so precisely he placed them on the revolving table.

"Is all that going to go into my mouth?"

"Such a silly question for a grown man! Next you'll be asking me if this is going to hurt."

"Funny you should say that."

"Open."

He opened his mouth and squinted into the light which had been arranged and rearranged to glare directly into his eyes.

I can't stand this much longer. I'm going to have a nervous breakdown. I wonder if he notices anything? Why does he have to keep nodding?

"You're finished."

"I am?"

"You have six," the doctor chuckled.

"Is that all? I mean, I haven't been to the dentist in so long I thought I would have at least a mouthful!"

"Remarkable!"

"What?"

"You had a perfect check-up."

"A what?"

"Amazing, isn't it? You got yourself all excited over nothing. But I do expect to see you for your six-month check-up."

"Oh sure! Do you mind if I ask a favor of you?"

"Go ahead, shoot."

"Could I have your signature on a piece of paper saying I had a perfect check-up?"

"Why certainly, I'd be glad to. Do you mind if I ask why you want this?"

"Let's just say it's to prove I was here."

"I get it. Well, here you go. Now let's get things straightened out at the desk."

"Oh, sure." Together they walked to the receptionist's desk.

"Mr. Douglas, how does December 12th sound?"

"Perfect, Honey, just perfect! Sure is a nice day out today."

He soon found himself back in the familiar world of his car. He looked at his teeth in the rear view mirror and said, "Can you believe it? A perfect check-up. We fooled them again! You'd think Harry would stop betting 200 dollars against these." His hand went into his mouth to remove what had taken him years to perfect--- dentist-proof dentures.

WILD STRAWBERRIES

Darkness still held the farm house as Mattie stood at the open kitchen door, staring through the screen. It was the time of day she liked best, especially in the summer-- that quiet moment just before dawn while the children were still asleep and even the birds hadn't begun their morning songs.

She had dressed quickly this morning and by now the fire in the woodstove was sputtering and the coffeepot and skillet were ready, awaiting the chance to provide the needs for her hungry family. Mary and Jonathan would come tumbling from their beds soon and Will would be wanting his breakfast too, before he headed for the barn and milking the cows. Now Mattie wanted just a little time before the daily routine took over her life.

As a summer breeze blew through the door, Mattie brushed back a wisp of her hair and thought about the day ahead. She awaited this time of year eagerly, when she would climb the hill and spend the morning picking wild strawberries, then spend the afternoon turning the delicious red berries into preserves. Will wouldn't be happy about it. He said he could get strawberries from old Mr. Sanders down the road; then Mattie wouldn't have to wear herself out.

It would be good medicine, Mattie thought, to go to the hill this day. She needed to see the beauty of it and feel the wind in her face. Lately, she had begun to sense a strange detachment in her life, as if part of her was here in this house with her family and another part of her was somewhere else in some other place or time. She thought about Will, sleeping upstairs. She loved him--she was sure of that. He was a good man, kind to her and the children and he always provided so that they never wanted for anything. But, sometimes, Mattie felt an emptiness, a loneliness deep inside her that she couldn't explain.

She had fallen in love with Will early in her youth. They had grown up together in this valley. It didn't take long for Mattie to realize that this big, broad-shouldered man with his dark hair, which had a funny way of falling down on the right side of his forehead, and the ruddy skin turned that way from his days spent in the sun, was the man with whom she wanted to live her life. She was eighteen years old when he proposed and she said yes, without hesitation. Two days before Christmas, in 1899, they were married.

People in the valley always said that Mattie was one of the prettiest girls around and declared she was a beautiful bride. Mattie thought of herself as, perhaps, neat and attractive, but not as particularly pretty. She was tall and slender, with a kind of delicate look, and smooth white skin, accented by the darkness of her hair. She supposed Will thought she was pretty, although he never told her, but she knew that he loved her. Their life together had been full and happy and now they had two beautiful children, lovely four-year-old Mary and that mischievous imp of a two-year-old, Jonathan. Mattie had everything anyone could want or need and yet that gnawing, restless feeling crept over her so often these days.

From a travelling man who came by the house selling all kinds of goods she had bought a book once about places that stretched far from her world. As often as she could, Mattie poured over the pages, thinking what it would be like to be a bird and spread her wings and fly right out of this valley and away to any place in the world. As she gazed through the screen, she could now see the outline of the green hill in the distance and the sun that was just beginning to come up over its rim. At the same moment, it seemed, Mattie heard footsteps overhead and the hiss of the coffee-pot as it boiled over on the stove, and she returned to the reality of a new day awakening.

"You're bent on goin' up there today and wearin' yourself out, are you, Mattie?" Will said. He dipped the last piece of a biscuit in his coffee and looked up at his wife.

"It's a lovely day, Will; besides, it will be a lark for the children."

Mattie watched him as he walked away from the house toward the barn until his large frame became a shadow as he moved into the semi-darkness, his irritation showing in the abruptness of his movements. It occurred to her that a good description of Will would be "constant". Times changed, some people changed, but not Will. He was rather like the hills that surrounded their home--yes, he was constant.

The trio set out on their excursion and the beauty of the day was almost beyond Mattie's comprehension. The sun floated high above like an enormous, gleaming, lemon gum-drop and not a cloud appeared anywhere to mar the vast blue ocean of sky. Mattie herself seemed to float as she and the children made their way along Horse Creek Road.

As they crossed the little creek, Jonathan slipped on a rock and lost his footing. In an attempt to rescue her brother, Mary stumbled and fell toward the water also. Mattie managed to retrieve them both in time to prevent a complete dunking, so that they escaped with not much more than wet shoes and stockings, which they proceeded to remove immediately after landing safely on the creek bank. With toes free and wiggling, the children burst into laughter. No matter, Mattie thought, the shoes will soon dry in the warm sun.

Just ahead she saw the hill waiting for them. Here and there all over the grassy slope were clusters of pale blue forget-me-nots. The children ran ahead, weaving in and out, all around the tiny flowers. Up, up, the hill they went,

chasing the wind. Mattie came right behind, running after them, the strawberry basket swinging on her arm. When they reached the height, they threw their heads back and collapsed in exhaustion and laughter.

Then Mattie saw them. To the front of a clump of trees were the strawberries, growing wild and free as if someone had just strewn them there among the green leaves. For a moment time seemed to turn back and Mattie was a child again, romping and playing on the hill as her mother gathered baskets of strawberries for making preserves. Her mouth watered at the thought of the luscious fruit and her heart felt a twinge at the lovely, long-ago time remembered. Mattie wondered if her children would someday cherish the memory as she did now.

She walked over and gently pulled some of the plump strawberries off the vine and motioned for Mary and Jonathan to come and have a sample. The warm, ripe fruit tasted juicy and sweet and the children excitedly clamored for more. Mattie said no, reluctantly, and insisted they begin gathering berries to fill the basket, reminding them that their father expected them home by noon. She soon saw that Mary and Jonathan ate a few more berries than they contributed to her supply, but she pretended not to notice. Working quietly and happily, Mattie took each berry from the vine with a kind of tenderness she felt for all natural things. Soon the basket was overflowing with the lovely, red strawberries.

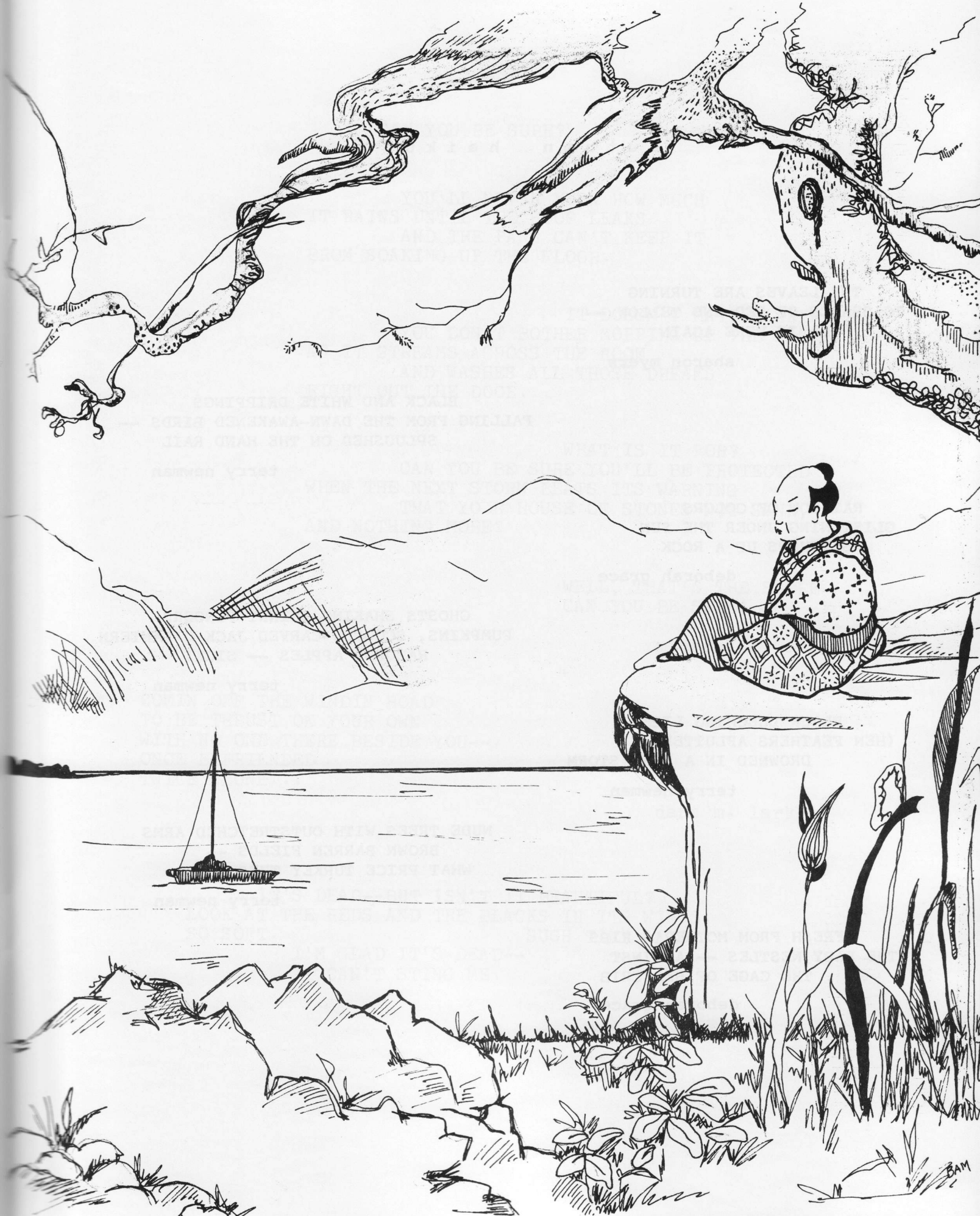
Mattie felt a pleasant tiredness as she sat down on the grassy hillside. For a moment, she stared pensively at the beauty around her, reflecting how much she had always loved this place. Her eyes wandered to the children who were now playing tag and merrily racing after each other. Then, abruptly, Mary stopped the game and walked very slowly toward

one of the low spreading vines. A beautiful monarch butterfly had hesitated there and Mattie could plainly see that Mary intended to have it for herself. The child reached out and the butterfly was within her grasp; but suddenly, in that split-second, it darted away and upward as the children and Mattie watched it go, soaring higher and higher, fluttering beyond the trees and out of sight.

sidney kirk

*Go with me to the seashore
we'll walk along hand in hand
We'll take a blanket thick and soft
and spread it on the sand
We'll lie there in each others' arms
forgetting what has been
Go with me to the seashore
and watch the tide come in.*

t.h.



a u t u m n h a i k u

THE LEAVES ARE TURNING
TO SHADES OF RED AND YELLOW --
FALL IS HERE AGAIN

sharon myers

BLACK AND WHITE DRIPPINGS
FALLING FROM THE DAWN-AWAKENED BIRDS --
SPLUUSHED ON THE HAND RAIL

terry newman

RAINBOW OF COLORS
GLISTENING UNDER THE SUN
SLITHERS UP A ROCK

deborah grace

GHOSTS SHAKING SKINNY FINGERS
PUMPKINS, SCOOPED-CARVED JACK O'LANTERN
RAZORED APPLES -- SICK!

terry newman

BLACK LEECHING LICE
(HEN FEATHERS AFLUTTER)
DROWNED IN A DUST STORM

terry newman

NUDE TREES WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS
BROWN BARREN FIELDS --
WHAT PRICE TURKEY THIS YEAR?

terry newman

FRESH FROM MOTHER'S RIBS
THE BABY NESTLES -- AGAINST
THE CAGE OF HER CRIB

deborah grace

CAN YOU BE SURE?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH
IT RAINS UNTIL THE ROOF LEAKS
AND THE PANS CAN'T KEEP IT
FROM SOAKING UP THE FLOOR.

IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE.
YOU DON'T BOTHER MOPPING UP THE WATER
AS IT STREAMS ACROSS THE ROOM
AND WASHES ALL THOSE DREAMS
RIGHT OUT THE DOOR.

WHAT IS IT FOR?
CAN YOU BE SURE YOU'LL BE PROTECTED
WHEN THE NEXT STORM BEATS ITS WARNING
THAT YOUR HOUSE OF STONES NOT SAND,
AND NOTHING MORE?

WELL, THAT'S THE SCORE.
CAN YOU BE SURE!

micheal c. arnold

COMIN OFF THE WINDIN ROAD
TO BE THRUST ON YOUR OWN
WITH NO ONE THERE BESIDE YOU--
ONCE BEFRIENDED
TWICE ALONE...

dana m. larkin

IT'S DEAD--BUT ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?
LOOK AT THE BEDS AND THE BLACKS IN ITS WINGS.
SO SOFT. SUCH TINY LEGS.
I'M GLAD IT'S DEAD--
IT CAN'T STING ME.

su burson

"GOOD MORNING"

MY COFFEE IS COLD.
I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO COME AND JOIN ME.
LIQUID BROWN STREAMING RELENTLESSLY TOWARD THE DRAIN OF THE SINK.

IT MUST BE COLD OUT.
THE WINDOWS ARE FOGGED.
I LOOK OVER JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE EGG ROLL OFF THE TABLE--
CATCH IT!

su burson

LITERARY LOVING

While browsing in the library
I lost my love I fear
To A. Camus D. Thoreau G. Chaucer and Shakespeare.
She was fascinated by Hesse,
Over Dostoevsky she would toil.
And she would swoon at the mention
of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle!
To get in tune with her new world
I recited Romeo,
But she was busy, in the bedroom,
with Edgar Allan Poe.
I interrupted Evangeline,
or was it Morte D'Arthur.
Hon, I said, or Madame,
Truly my forgiveness I implore,
But as my wife don't you think
you ought to do some household chore?
And she countered with this refrain:
"Quoth the Raven, Nevermore!"

micheal c. arnold

A road covered
With potholes and bumps --
gifts of winter snows,
spring rains,
and studded snow tires.

You have left me like
scattered remains
of a defenseless animal
trampled by a car.

annette keener

ALONE AFTER A STORM

IT'S STRANGELY
SINISTER
HAVING
ONE CANDELABRA
AND BEING
QUITE ALONE.

NOT
A SOUND
CAN BE
HEARD
AND
EMPTY HALLWAYS
ARE
DARK AND
ALMOST DESOLATE.

I AM
NOT
FRIGHTENED
BY
LONELINESS
OR
DARKNESS
I HAVE
FELT THESE THINGS
BEFORE.

YET
THE QUIET
AND
THE MOOD
THAT
I'VE SETTLED
INTO
LEAVE ME
FRIGHTENED
AND FEARFUL
OF
A
LONGER DARKNESS,
WHEN I'LL
BE REACHING FOR
A CANDLE
AND I
WILL NOT HAVE
A
MATCH.

JULIE'S STORY
FROM
THE PLEASANT STREET OPERA

JULIE LIVES IN VELVET
AND SHE MEETS YOU BY THE FOUNTAIN
AND THE WAITERS BRING YOU FLOWERS
AND THE CHILDREN START THE FIRES
THAT LEAVE ALL THE DEEPENING WATERS
WITH ASHES FLOATING ON THEM.

SHE TAKES YOU TO THE GARDEN BRIDGE
WITH LOVERS' SUICIDES SURROUNDING IT
AND WITH HER FACE SHE LOOKS DOWN FROM THE RAIL
AS HER TEARS FALL DOWN FAR UPON HER WAITING FACE
AS YOU WATCH
YOU WATCH HER CRY
FOR NOT HAVING THE STRENGTH TO JOIN HERSELF.

AND THEN SHE BITES HER LIPS WITH YOURS
AS FAVOR'S SMILE DREAMS UPSIDE-DOWN
AND THE GARDEN THORNS SECRETLY CARESS HER HEART
AND THE SUNLIGHT TURNS BLACK ON THE GROUND
AFTER PASSING ITSELF THROUGH HER.
AND YOU LOOK OUTSIDE THE MAN-MADE HEAVY IRON FENCE
AND YOU LOOK TO SEE WHAT IS CAGED THERE
AND YOU SEE THE LOOK
THE LOOK OF MEN STARVING FOR YOUR DREAM
AND YOU LOOK AT JULIE
AND YOU KNOW SHE'S FORSAKEN YOUR DREAM FOR HER OWN.

YOU TAKE HER TO YOUR FATHER'S GATE
AND SHE WALKS BEFORE YOU THROUGH THE APPLE GROVES
AND YOU WANT TO TAKE THE FRUIT SHE DOESN'T OFFER
AND SHE KNOWS AND SHE TAKES YOUR HAND
AND BRINGS YOU BENEATH YOUR FATHER'S KINGDOM
WHERE DOGMA IS TURNED TO WIND,
AND THE FRUIT WASN'T WANTED ANYMORE
AS THE GROWING SHADOWS WERE FILLED WITH COLORS
AND YOUR CLOTHES GREW TOO SMALL FOR YOUR HEARTS
WHILE CANDLES WERE LIT INSIDE GODDESS TEMPLES,
AND SLOWLY THE SHADE RETURNED
BUT ITS TEXTURE CHANGED
AND IT DIDN'T MEAN THE SAME.

AND THE MAIDEN SMILED WHILE SHE LOVED SOMEONE
AND RAN TO A MEADOW TO WAIT FOR YOU
AND YOU WATCHED HER ALONE AND CALLING YOU
AND THIS TIME YOU FOLLOWED TO STAND BESIDE HER
FOR THE MAIDEN WAS JULIE
AND SHE NEEDED YOU MORE THAN THE OTHERS.

AND YOU SAT WITH HER UPON THE TOP OF THE MEADOW'S HILL
AND YOU SAW THE FALCON GLIDING IN BEAUTY
WHILE SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE TO DEVOUR AND KILL,
AND YOUR THOUGHTS ATE THEMSELVES ALIVE
WHILE YOU WERE NEAR HER AND WALKING WITH HER
TAKING HER BACK TO THE COURTYARD WHERE SHE LIVED ALONE.

JULIE STOOD BELOW THE STAIRCASE
AND YOU TOUCHED HER SOFTLY
AND NO-ONE SPOKE WHAT NEEDN'T BE SAID
AND SHE KNEW WHAT WAS MEANT BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHY
AS SHE LEFT YOU ALONE
AS SHE TURNED TO TRY CLIMBING FROM WHAT WAS LEFT
AND YOU SAW THE LAMPLIGHTER COME
AND HE PASSED YOU LEAVING YOU IN THE DARKNESS.

* * * * *

SUELLENE

FROM CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES

SEE SWEET SUELLENE
HER PAWNS CALL HER A QUEEN
THE DOCTORS SAY SHE'S LONELY
THINKING OF HER AGEING DREAMS
WATCHING FLOWERS BLOOMING
WHILE SHE SEES HERSELF FADING
AS THE SUN IS BLINDING IN HER GARDEN
AND SHE
SHE MUST LEAVE THE MIRROR.

SEE LONELY SUELLENE
WHOSE YOUTH WASN'T CRUEL OR MEAN
WHEN IT WAS RAPED BY HUNGRY BEASTS OF LOVE
AS THEY THEN MADE HER THEIR FEAST
AND SHE DIDN'T KNOW
TILL SHE GREW OLD
AND SHE KNEW SHE LOST HER LIFE
AND SHE KNOWS SHE'S JUST A BROKEN PRIZE
AND SHE
SHE MUST HIDE THE MIRROR.

WATCH THE SILENT SUELLENE
AS HER ANCIENT STARS REFUSE TO GLEAM
AND SHE COMBS AND FEELS HER GRAYING HAIR
AND DRESSES IN HER BEST
AND WALKS DOWN THE STAIRS
AND SHE GOES TO THE BRIDGE
AND SHE
SHE BREAKS THE MIRROR.

george goldstein

I've yet to understand why the American Cancer Society hasn't picked up on Margie. I'd lay odds on her becoming the Carrie Nation of the anti-smoking movement. She's tried many methods to get me to quit. There was the time she spent six hours patiently pointing out every cigarette burn I'd ever created, in the carpeting, the car upholstery, the dog, and last but not least, her. Once she tried out sleep teaching on me. Well, she found out I'm no Pavlov dog. That next day I immediately and unconsciously increased my consumption by two packs a day.

Soon after that incident, I finally grew tired of her incessant nagging and moved out to the local YMCA. Unfortunately that didn't last very long. One night, to be exact. That night I managed to catch the entire third floor on fire. It wasn't that bad of a fire, mainly a lot of smoke, but to them it was the towering inferno. That left me with no other choice than to move back home. The YMCA had me blacklisted, so there were no other alternatives. That next night I returned home to find Margie expecting me, with newspaper in hand. A column had been circled with the bold print reading "YMCA BURNS FROM CARELESS SMOKER." She handed it to me, I scanned the print, where in full detail, was the account of last night'siasco. "You really did it this time, didn't you, George?" she asked drolly. "Only on one condition, if you quit smoking. NOW!"

I nodded, and with that fateful agreement I was forced to end my habit of twenty years. Margie quickly snatched the burning cigarette from my lips, curtly saying, "That's it." Reaching into my pocket, she took out a half-finished pack and crushed it under her foot, while a sadistic look of pleasure spread across her face.

After a sleepless night consisting of nothing but incoherent dreams, I crawled out of bed to go to work. My god, I felt terrible. Looking into the mirror I noticed through the grisly reflection that my abstinence was already taking its toll. My once squinting, blood-shot eyes were wide open and clearing. My nicotine-stained teeth seemed suddenly whiter, the cough I'd taken so long to develop had lost its sharp rasping sound. "Margie!" I screamed, "Look what you're doing to me!" Pulling down my putty eyelids, exposing the now clear whites of my eyes, then tugging my lower lip down, I frantically pointed to the teeth that were losing their corn cob yellow hue. "Do you see what's happening to me? I'm losing my character, my trademarks!" "You look fine." she answered curtly. "I want a cigarette!" I screamed beligerently. She than picked up an agreement she had forced me to sign last night stating I would lose all claim to the house, the dog, and any other property we held in common if I picked up another cigarette as long as we were together. "Baby" she said cockily, "If you do have a cigarette, you might as well kiss your butt good-bye." Then chuckling at her little pun.

Those first few months were really hell. Margie contacted everyone I knew and informed them of my vow. Then she put a bounty on my head, a two-hundred dollar reward to any person informing on me. This started a game that to this day hasn't stopped; it's called "the temptation of George." I couldn't and still can't go anywhere without being offered cigarette after cigarette, deliveries of all kinds of smoking material being made to the house day and night. I couldn't go to a party without being accosted by my friends' wives, who would back me into a corner and blow smoke into my face. Do you think my wife would call this little game off? No way, she loved it. She's the one that slept while the phone rang at all hours of the night, people trying to falsely accuse me of breaking the agreement. She really enjoyed dancing with my friends while their wives held me captive.

Are you wondering if all this took its toll on me? Well, it did. My nerves became practically non-existent. I shook so badly, the only way I could drink anything was in a cup with a lid on it, through a straw. I even lost my job as an accountant, because I couldn't keep my figures within the little red and blue lines. I couldn't even concentrate long enough to multiply double digit numbers. My boss got me one of those new calculators, but my hand wasn't steady enough to hit the right buttons.

Soon after, the rest of my life started to fall apart. My dog ran off. The roses around the house stopped blooming and my goldfish died. My wife also ran off, with a dude named Phillip Morris, of all things. From what I understand, he services cigarette vending machines. Good luck to them both.

Now that Margie is gone, things seem to have mellowed a bit. I do smoke occasionally, but not cigarettes. My shrink says it's good for my head. And I have a new job, on a plantation. You guessed it --picking tobacco.

peter adams

EQUALITY

I stood on the hills of
San Francisco
Watching blue waters and
Rolling hills merge with
Rolling, busy, fat
People, who marked their day
With
Breakfast, brunch, lunch . . .
coffee-donut breaks, dinner,
TV snacks, midnight snacks
And then watched them
Waddle off to bed midst rolls
Of lard neath their
PJ's, to dream of
Breakfast . . . lunch . . .

And I sat quietly beside a road
In Old Cathay . . .
We wisely call it China . . .
And its hills were soft green,
Merging into a yellow-blue horizon --
Once more I watched people -- a person --
He crumpled as he passed me by,
Like a discarded candy wrapper.
His young-oldish face was a prune --
His coal-black hair sparse, and
His eyes riveted me to the gnarled tree --
And my tears seemed fat . . .

In another year, when the hills of Earth
Were lush again, I dwelt neath a Sycamore
In Pennsylvania, wrapped in the
Carefree dances of the plump Dutch maidens
Who showered me with the largeness of the green
Earth, until
I was gluttoned --
Then my sky darkened,
The rolling hills were once more half
A world away . . .
A crumpled face seemed to weep tears
Like candy drops . . .

My brother, a world away, died of lack,
I die of plenteousness . . .
Both from Earth
Back to Earth . . .

All men are equal

jeanette moleski hedges

ALAS!

(with apologies to Ovid)

This was a special seed.
Someone had given it to you.
It lived and became a beautiful hyacinth.
It survived on your love.

One day you forgot to nourish it

(I don't know why, perhaps you had
something better to do)

When you realized you had neglected it,
You found it still as beautiful as before.

(This was its mistake, now you thought it would
always stay beautiful)

Four days later you came to it again.

Horrified by its stench you mourned by its side:
As your tears rained upon it

one last flower bloomed for you.
Then, so quickly, it crumbled
to dust at your touch.

SLEEPLESS GUITAR

Strings

notes

chords

A melody of thoughts unheard

Such a babe In a wooden box it lies tonight

to need the caress of a lullaby --

this sleepless guitar

Su Burson

WIND

a mellow epoch . . .

reaches out in the night . . .

The wind answers, quoting and sweeping
ages about me . . .

Wind! Cosmic essence mystery free

I'm the wind can go any where

Even there

Marlene Dermody

BOBBY ONE AND BOBBY TWO

Bobby One woke up almost immediately, leaped out from the grasp of his bed and called out, "Mom! Is he here yet?" But his mother was still sleeping. "No," she groaned. Bobby One was excited because his friend was coming over. Bobby Two and Bobby One hadn't seen each other for over two years. They used to do all sorts of neat things together, like walking down to the small and shaded pond and spearing frogs, but Bobby One was older now. Today he would show Bobby Two the woods and move on further, past the stream to the meadow, where many things went on that no one knew about except Bobby One. Today Bobby Two was going to share his secrets.

"He's here, Bobby," called his mother from the front door. Bobby One juggled the steps under his feet and landed. Bobby Two stood in the doorway. They looked each other over for an instant, then grinned and ran outside.

Bobby One called out, running ahead. "C'mon! I've got things to show you." Bobby Two looked at the expanse of woods and said, "After this, we can go mess around downtown, Okay?" But Bobby One was way ahead.

Bobby Two caught up to find Bobby One looking at a box turtle he had almost stepped on. "Wow," said Bobby Two. "Let's grab some big rocks 'n' smash him!" Bobby One instantly covered the turtle with his hands. "No," he cried, and looked at his friend with horror. Bobby Two just stood there with a look of disbelief on his face. They moved on to the meadow. Bobby Two said, "Hey, let's go back and chuck rocks at cars." Bobby One said, "Wait, a hawk lives up in those big trees. Sometimes I've seen him catch field mice and ... oooh, look! Shhh... See him circling?" They were both silent. The hawk spun lazily in the sky in hypnotic circles. He dropped more swiftly than if he had been plucked out of the sky by a bullet. The children lost him in the high grass. Bobby Two said, "Pretty neat. Hey, let's do something now, lk?" Bobby One looked at him and said, "Naw, let's go get some lunch. Then I have some work to do." But he really didn't.

brenda bernat

ROUND AND ROUND
AND ROUND AND ROUND

She was doing it again. Her voice took on that monotonous know-it-all tone he knew so well. And she was connecting the last words in her sentences in the familiar bitch chant he despised.

He decided not to listen. Instead, he devoted his attention to his new Foghat album playing on the stereo. From his centered position on the living room sofa, he could easily let the full impact of the band's heavy metal blues sway his soul to the rhythm of the music.

. . . "I used to be a dreamer,
can't be that way no more
Time again, time's proved me wrong
can't live on love alone"

"Scott," she was saying now and the music somehow drifted into the background. "All you seem to want to do is spend your time riding on your motorcycle and going there and going here with your friends. Do you think you're being fair to me?"

He knew she didn't want him to answer. She thought she already knew the answer. She kept right on going.

"No, you can't be fair to me and Heather and still have all these outside interests that keep you away from home. How do you expect to build a marriage or a family while you're out there in the hills on your bike doing Your Thing all by yourself? Marriage means sharing interests and you never want to take me"

He hated it when she got this way. She would go on and on, round and round, like some stupid merry-go-round and solve nothing.

The chorus of words began again.

"Sure you're happy here!" She flared out. "You have a life here without me. You can just go anywhere and do anything you want. All you have to worry about is going to work everyday. You don't have to worry about Heather falling on those stairs or cook in an oven that could blow up any minute."

"You don't have to cook in that oven," Scott interrupted her. I told you to call the gas man . . .

She drowned him out. "Sure call the gas man, call the gas man." She talked with her hands, something she always did when she got excited. Her right hand swept the air in front of her. "You don't give me any money to pay him. Do you think I'd make someone come out here and not have the money to pay him?"

"I'll give you the money, don't worry...."

"Sure you say that now, but when he comes out here, you'll pretend I never told you about it and . . .

"I told you I'd give you the money!" Scott pounded the table, hard, with his fists. He was losing control and he had promised himself he wasn't going to do that. "Quit blaming me for all your problems," he shouted at her. "If you're not happy, it's your own fault!"

"Oh really!" Her voice got even louder than his. "In other words, my happiness means nothing to you. You could care less if I was happy or not?"

"I didn't say that."

"Not exactly in the same words, but that's what you meant," she accused. "It's not your job to make your wife happy, right?"

He wasn't going to get caught in her trap. This time she was waiting for an answer.

He said nothing.

"It's not your job to make your wife happy. She has to find what little happiness she can in the four walls of this house and not ask for any money, any free time, or a compliment once in awhile. She's supposed to think happiness is washing dishes, doing laundry, and vacuuming the rugs. I'm not supposed to want an evening out or a day off. You don't want me to have anything that would make my life a little easier, a little pleasanter." She stopped for a moment.

Sometimes when she stopped to pause for breath her green eyes would glare at him, not saying anything, waiting. They reminded him of a cat's eyes somehow and he almost half-expected her to paw out at him.

"A wife doesn't deserve anything, right, Scott? They're just robots who wait on you, cook for you, go to bed with you, smile at you, and shut up, right?" She was waiting for an answer. She looked over at him and he felt the cat-eyes coming. Instead, she broke into frustrated tears.

She had never cried before. It made him feel..... well, uneasy. He didn't know what to do. Was she really that unhappy?

"Hey, Nancy," his arms went around her, slowly, awkwardly. "I don't want you to be unhappy. Really I don't."

The sobs continued and he held her close. After awhile he said, "I love you." He couldn't think of anything else to say.

She sniffed. "Do you really love me?" she asked timidly.

The edge had disappeared from her voice. Perhaps the bitchy mood had been drained out of her now. He breathed easier.

"Of course I do," Scott assured her.

"You never say it anymore," she told him.

"Well, you make it pretty hard sometimes," he said gently.

Nancy thought about that a minute. They sat together on the sofa. His arms were around her and she rested her head on his shoulder. In a little while they would go to bed Then it would be over, he thought. They would both feel better. They would love again.

"We should go someplace together, just the two of us," she suggested, almost gayly. "Maybe we could go for a weekend ride on the bike. That way I could get out of the house and see a little of the world with you. We could do some things together. Be close again."

"We don't need to go away to do that."

"Don't we? We certainly don't seem able to do it here, Scott."

She moved out of his arms. "The only thing you want to do with me is stay home, stay home, stay home. You won't share any of your outside interests with me and you won't let me out of the house long enough to let me have a few of my own," she whined.

She was doing it again. Her voice took on that monotonous know-it-all tone he knew so well. And she was connecting the last words in her sentences in the familiar bitch

deborah grace

"THE SHARPSHOOTER"

6:43. Late. Thirteen minutes late. A single figure crouched precariously on a twisted branch, motionless, peering with expectation, south along the avenue. "He" always came from that direction. Identical picture windows glared the reflected blaze of evening from behind the perched shadow in the old elm.

6:45. "He" was late. The sniper adjusted his scope and seemed frustrated, occasionally aiming at what would appear as just another branch in the lush, dark, ancient arbor in the vacant lot facing 3316 Bennington Drive. "His" house.

The sniper fidgeted, glancing back over his shoulder at the failing source of light, then returning his eyes to their southern fixation.

It had to be tonight. The contract was out. The brotherhood had decreed it so.

"TOMMY!"

The figure jerked eastward, his hands nearly releasing their cargo as he frantically extended his arms in a rope walker's balance.

"Tommy!" It was "Her" calling the brat. "His" brat. The sniper scolded himself at his surprise. It was the same every evening.

He had watched them for some time. Noting idiosyncracies, memorizing routines. At 6:30 P.M. the green Estate Wagon would park along the street rather than in its usual place, the driveway that ran from a pantry door across the yard. At 7:35-43 the green wagon would pull away again. The sniper didn't know its destination. Business meeting perhaps. Nor was it his concern. Variables are not good targets. The most repetitive routines would be at home, 3316.

Just before dusk, "She" would stand in the drive, her arms folded, calling "His" brat. Then would turn in vain to enter the house. The sniper had never seen the kid. Only evidence of one. A bicycle in the drive, a swing in the yard, a basketball hoop without net, rusting on the pantry wall.

6:47. Dusk. The target had not appeared. The sniper slid down the elm with a hasty glance to where the green wagon should have been. Now in deepening shadow.

The advantages of the tree perch melted away with the last desperate beam of the sunset. Vantage was perfect. He could have hit "Him" as "He" left the car. That was hopeless. No excuses. There was the contract.

One other sighting would afford the same opportunities as the tree. The obstacles obvious. 6:51.

The approach was uneventful. The shadow slipped undetected below a neighboring kitchen window, the rustle of the boxwood hedge masked by the clatter of dishes and the blare of an AM radio. Soft-soled shoes noiselessly crept along the drive and through the screen door left ajar into the pantry. The sounds of an automatic washer seemed to vibrate through the floor. Lingered a second by the jam he took full view of the room beyond. The sniper moved silently. His feet seemed barely to touch the floor. He stepped into the kitchen with all the care of a skater testing thin ice.

"Tommy, is that you?" He froze, but his ears followed the voice as if with feet of their own. His body pivoted full circle until his eyes rested on the open stairway leading to the basement below. The automatic washer. He smiled.

"There's a sandwich on the counter if you're hungry. You'll have to wait for dinner. Your father's working late this evening. You can watch TV, but don't get crumbs on the rug. Your father has a long weekend and I spent all day cleaning."

The sniper paused for a moment and tip-toed toward the living room, only to freeze again as the voice continued muffled through the carpeted floor.

"By the way, young man. You start getting in before dark when you're called. . ." He tuned out the voice and crept up the stairs with the sandwich. Tuna fish was his favorite. It was the first bedroom that had the window.

Just after 7:00. The green wagon turned from heading north on Bennington. Six blocks away.

It had almost seemed a lifetime, sitting there in "His" bedroom with the hum of the automatic washer coming from below, and the rattle of the window panes vibrating each time the dryer joined its complement in mechanical duet. The sniper had spent this time preparing, aiming at the spot where he had seen his mark step from the estate wagon night after night after night.

The green wagon hesitated at the stop sign barely a block away. The window sash rose quietly. He reached for the silencer, affixing it with practiced precision. He took one more confident aim at the curb. 7:01. The target came to a stop but 3 feet from the curb, ready to park.

The red parking lights flashed scarlet over the asphalt below. The green wagon lurched backward slowly, end first over the curb and on to the drive.

He sat there gaping. The shock of his mistake too overwhelming to comprehend.

With the sob of an animal, he catapulted down the stairs, tripping, landing in a heap at the bottom. The contract! Tonight!

For a second, the pantry was flooded with the blood of the parking lights as he crept closer to the door. He shielded his eyes, blinded by the glare. It was sometime before he realized there was darkness. The spill light from the kitchen cast his shadow on the wire mesh door that lead to the drive.

The drone of the automatic rumbled beneath his feet. She hadn't heard. He stood a foot behind the door awash in the breeze filtering through the wire mesh. Beyond, blackness. He stood there a foot behind the door, straining to see, straining to hear-nothing.

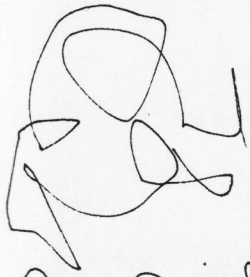
He opened the door in a slow wide arc, tentatively, indecisively, he stepped out, night blind into the dimness.

It happened too fast for him to catch. Peripheral. He hadn't seen it. The movement that lifted him up into the air and dropped him again into a limp heap in the arms of his subduer. He felt the weapon slip from his grasp, crashing against the macadem with a hollow plastic sound.

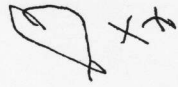
"Oh, Dad! You always win," Tommy said.

7:05. "He" patted the ten-year-old head and together they returned to the house. The hunter and the hunted.

micheal c. arnold



Scribbling



Scribbling is all there is.

there isn't any sense
in forming structures
they only fall apart eventually.

Scribbling makes it for me.

I scribbled better before
but now I'm learning how again.

Free is how it is.

Not right or wrong
or pretty or not

just free.



Blanche
Moore

GRAVITY

When U up set me

My world turned over

...U fell off.

CHISELED

BITS OF POETRY,

VULGARITY,

FORGOTTEN NAMES--

WHO IS THE BACK SEAT OF A CLASSROOM CHAIR

DEDICATED TO?--

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.

su burson



w i n t e r h a i k u

I OPEN MY EARS
TO HEAR TINY FLAKES FALLING
ON MY WINDOWSILL

su burson

SPARROWS FLIT SWIFTLY
WITH THE HOWLING OF WINTER
THROUGH NAKED TREE LIMBS

su burson

THE SMALL BROWN RABBIT
HOPS OVER THE MOUNDS OF SNOW
AS THE COLD WIND BLOWS

sharon myers

FUZZY SNOW ON CHRISTMAS WRAP
EVERGREEN SUSPENDED UPSIDE DOWN
WHERE SHALL I PLACE THE STAR?

terry newman

WINE, LAUGHTER, TALK, DANCE
TIME SQUARE'S RAPTURE
THE BALLOON DROPS

terry newman

TWO MULTI-DOTTED SQUARES
RUNNING ACROSS GREEN VELVET
THEY STARE: CRAPS!

terry newman

WINTER CAME EARLY THIS YEAR

AND CHOKED THE LIFE OF THE ROSE
THAT HAD SECRETLY BLOOMED THROUGH FALL.
HE WHIRLED AND LASHED THE PINE
WITH CRUEL, FRIGID FUROR.
THEN, NOT CONTENT WITH MY GARDEN'S HEART,
HE REACHED FOR MINE.

sidney kirk

STORM

BLOW, WIND!
SLASH, COLD NOVEMBER RAIN!
I FEEL YOUR MOOD.
MORE BRUTAL THAN YOUR WRENCHING
OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES IN ICY TORRENTS
IS THE SCHISM IN MY HEART.
I WELCOME WITH A BITTER SMILE
THE CHILL WHICH NUMBS MY HANDS.

daphne kontanis

DAWN BREATHES

NIGHT BREAKS AWAY
FROM THE EDGE
EXPOSING
PINK STREAMS CIRCLING TREETOPS
ROLLING DOWN HILLSIDES
GATHERING
ON DARK FIELDS
ON HOUSES FULL OF SLEEP
SILENT

thomas trone

DOUBLE STANDARD

THE WORLD HAS ALWAYS PRIZED

ITS TWISTED VISION;
MAN'S PERFECTION IN HIS TOTALITY,
WOMAN'S IN EVERY INCH.

THE CENSORS OF THE AGE

RUN SANDPAPERED FINGERS
OVER LADY'S FACES,
DISSECTING EVERY CREVICE AND EXPOSING IT FOR WHAT
IT'S WORTH.

THE FEMALE MUST CARE

ABOUT HER FACE,
AND BODY: TOES, FINGERS, NAILS, SKIN, BREASTS, WAIST,
HIPS, THIGHS, CALVES, ANKLES, NAVEL;
AND HER WORK.

E. lohss

I WANTED YOU TO KNOW,
I'M SORRY I DON'T FIT YOUR EXPECTATIONS.
YET, IF YOU COULD SEE AS I DO,
YOU WOULD ONLY FIND A DEGRADATION
IN TRYING TO FIT INTO A PATTERN
THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIT.
SO, I GO AND WITH NO RETURN,
LEAVE YOU TO FIND ONE OF LESSER WIT
THAN I.

cindy greenawald

OYSTER

YOU ONCE TOLD ME
YOU SAID

"THE WHOLE WORLD'S YOUR OYSTER"

... SO NO I'VE GOT MY 4.0
AND HEADING FOR ANOTHER DEGREE
I'VE GOT MONEY
AND SUCCESS
AND STYLE
AND ACCEPTANCE, LOTS OF FRIENDS

NOW YOU SAY

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING

EVERYTHING? I ASK
WHILE SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD
SIPPING SHERRY IN THIS VAST EMPTY ROOM...ROOM...ROOM...

dana m. larkin

WHO CARES?

"Be careful!"

That's all they said as I walked
out of their lives.

Did they really think

I would be back?

su burson

KILROY

NAMES AND DATES
MAY LAST ON CITY HALLS
ON MONUMENTS

WEATHER STORM AND NEVER FALL.
BUT WHAT IS SO IMMORTAL AS
GRAFFETTI ON THE WALL.

micheal c. arnold

NURSERY RHYME

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN
SO FREE AND SO FAIR,
WHO DANCE IN THE SUNSHINE
WITH WIND IN THEIR HAIR?

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN
SO BRIGHT AND SO BLACK,
WHO LAUGH AT THEIR SHADOWS
AND NEVER LOOK BACK?

WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN
SO YELLOW, SO RED,
WITH DARING, WILD WISHES
AND DREAMS TO BE FED?

THE CHILDREN ARE HUNGRY
BY MORNING'S FIRST LIGHT,
THE CHILDREN ARE THIRSTY
THEY CRY IN THE NIGHT.

THE CHILDREN ARE LONELY,
SO TIRED AND SO COLD,
THEY ARE BROKEN AND BEATEN
AND NOW THEY GROW OLD.

THE CHILDREN ARE LISTENING,
THEIR FACES ARE DRAWN,
ALL SINGING HAS CEASED NOW,
THE CHILDREN ARE GONE.

sid kirk

IF I IGNORE THE DARKNESS
AND CALL IT LIGHT
I MIGHT NEVER HAVE TO SEE.

micheal c. arnold

X MINUS ONE

FROM HER ISLAND OF GLASS
SHE STARED AT ME,
HER TINY FINGERS TOYED THE WIRES.
CAGED BUT FREE
TO COPE WITH DESTINY --
THE LIGHT FLASHES!

--NOTHING IS WRONG
JUST THE MACHINE
SENSITIVE TO SUCH ACTIVITY.

WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE
THE BLUSTERING BIRTH,
TWINS DRENCHED IN PREMATURITY.
MINUTE AND BLUE
TO BEAT AND BREATHE --
THE LIGHT FLASHES!

-- SOMETHING IS WRONG
SISTER IS ONE
RELINQUISHED MATURITY.

terry newman

ONCE THEN AGAIN

AND NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, THE SPIDERS WEAVE
THEIR WEBS.
THEY SPIN AGAIN IN THE CORNERS WHERE ONCE THEY
HAD THEIR NEST.
ONCE SWEEPED AWAY, THEY DO RETURN,
ONCE GONE IS NOT GONE FOR ALL TIME.
EVEN TEARS, WHICH ONCE FLOWED FREELY
IN TIME RUN DRY . . .
AND RUN AGAIN.

marlene dermody

THOU ART NOT SO

The city was quiet. The cold, silent streets echoed the scratching of Dooley's heavy work shoes. Dooley Morgan shivered and pulled his coat tight as he glanced at the old church tower clock. Midnight. The darkened city of dirty crumbling sidewalks and carelessly thrown garbage seemed to be closing in on him. The silent shadows from the yellowed streetlights danced in grotesque patterns, reaching out, almost trying to grasp Dooley and hold him in an unbreakable deadly grip. He kept his hand against his pocket flap.

Dooley Morgan felt old. His body hurt with a weariness of too much work, too many long dreary days and too many blurred, sleepless nights. As he remembered those ten long years of endless forty-hour weeks, Dooley sighed. Looking back, he couldn't say why he had stayed so long in one place. He had spent most of his spare time drinking or doing whatever he could to escape. Assembling coffins was a job too dull, too dreary.

The realization had come to Dooley slowly, quietly, without any specific incident. All he knew was that he needed something to justify his existing. Now he walked slowly, passing dirty window-fronted stores and putrid garbage cans without seeing them. He could see only ten years gone as though they had never existed, as though he had never existed. Suddenly, he felt someone behind him, with that inner sight that cannot be explained, nor denied.

"Hello, Dooley." The voice bore a deep, grating tone. He turned and saw a form behind him, a tall bulky man wearing a black coat, a narrow-brimmed hat, expensive shoes and leather gloves; a cane. His neatly trimmed hair gray, almost white, his lips curling into a smile self-assured, almost a sneer, the stranger blocked the path.

"Who are you?" Dooley was annoyed. As he contemplated the stranger, he was reminded of an old school master, an arrogant self-centered man who had delighted in tormenting his students with their frailties. Dooley had hated that man with a rage that still burned despite all the years.

"You know me, Dooley. It'll come to you in time."

"Move one," Dooley said, resenting the intrusion into his private world. He turned and started walking away from the stranger at a fast pace. To his surprise, the stranger caught up and maintained Dooley's pace. In spite of himself, Dooley found he was responding to the heavy voice.

"You are unhappy, Dooley. Your past is unpleasant, your future unsure."

"How do you know all this? And what's it to you?" Dooley stopped and faced the stranger. The stranger stared back rigidly.

"You have sought a purpose," the stranger continued after a moment, "have failed to find it, Dooley Morgan. I have come to tell you the meaning of life." He whispered one word in Dooley's ear.

Dooley wasn't sure he had heard the stranger right.

"You heard me, Dooley. Don't look shocked. You could have deduced it yourself. Think it over; from the day you are born, you suffer, feel pain, you bleed, you cry." Dooley noticed for the first time that the stranger's eyes glowed with an orange cast, as from a fire within.

Suddenly he was gone.

Dooley blinked his eyes and wiped his hands over them. Where was he? Dooley blinked again, then wrapped his coat tighter around him. He was shaking, not from the cold, but from an unknown fear within. Looking up, he saw the old church tower. The clock said midnight. But that was impossible! He had been with the stranger for at least an hour. Dooley puzzled. Where did he come from? How had he known so much about Dooley . . . and he had known. He was . . . what? Dooley didn't know.

Once more the street was quiet. Once more Dooley's shoes scuffed on the hard crumbling cement. As he passed the dark grass of the cemetery, his fists tightened. With a fierce resolve, he reached beneath his pocket flap, hurling his revolver far out among the distant gravestones. Violently, Dooley began spitting out the stranger's word upon the pavement; Death . . . Death . . . Death . . . Death . . .

carroll thieme

ERGO SUM

(with apologies to Descartes)

Call me beast,
And I will know my name!
Call me black or white or yellow,
But I will know my name!
Call me the dream of a butterfly,
Still I know my name!
My name is Human,
The rest is inconsequence.

micheal c. arnold



s p r i n g h a i k u

THE CIRCLES GROW WIDE
AS THE RAIN HITS THE WATER --
THE FIRST SPRING SHOWER

sharon myers

THE RAINDROPS OF NIGHT
SHIMMER PETALS AND FLOWERS
IN THE MORNING SUN

cindy greenawald

MID-SPRING AFTERNOON --
RUNNY-NOSED CHILDREN HOP-
SCOTCHING AT RECESS

annette keener

EARLY EASTER MORNING
A DIRTY DOG SLEEPS
AMONG THE DAFFODILS

tina hildebrand

THE MASS OF GOLD FUR
GAVE VOICE WITH JOYOUS BARKING --
HIS GOD HAD RETURNED!

deborah grace

A LONE WOLF'S HOWLS
A MOONLIT DANCING --
COURTING TIME AGAIN

deborah grace

CYCLE

LIKE A RAZOR CUTTING,
THE WIND
THROUGH MY JACKET
AS I PEDAL AND GLIDE.

IN THE EARLY SPRING DAY
MY EARS ACHE
AND REDDEN
AS THE SUN GLEAMS MOCKINGLY.

BREATHING
HEAVY
UP
HILLS

MY LEGS ARE NUMB--
BUT I BREAK OUT,
DEFYING WINTER'S LAST HOLD
ON THE WHEELING WORLD.

sharon dormandy

EROTICA #1

LIKE A NUDE FROM A SHOWER,
MOIST AND EROTTIC,
SPRING SLID INTO MY BED.

SHE WELCOMED ME
TO HER WARMING BREASTS,
AND I FILLED MYSELF WITH HER.

micheal c. arnold

A VERY DIFFERENT MOLD

The light made the fine silky hairs glisten. They grew high, defying the unwieldy gravitational force that pressures all. At the bottom were many blue velvet-like bubbles, dark solid masses above the golden hairs. Among the blue were white and pink gatherings larger than the blue. But all that bulk near the bottom of the bowl couldn't blot out the delicate beauty of the silken strands.

For a long time April gazed at the mold. She thought it much too beautiful to destroy and put it back into the refrigerator. There are other things to do before bedtime, she thought. The empty coffee tins needed to be neatly covered with shiny paper and the leftover vegetable skins thrown into the garden.

The wind moaned and thrashed torrents of rain against the windows. Dampness seeped through the insulation as a chill pervaded the little house. A knock on the door broke the rainy silence. Who in the world could that be on such a night? April opened the door and John Nedley II stood there smiling. Quickly he stepped into the small room and they kissed for a long time. April fondly gazed into his clear brown eyes and slowly embraced his whole face with her loving eyes. He removed his heavy gabardine raincoat exposing a dark tailor-made silk suit. After they had sat down, she noticed that his coat pocket exhibited the family coat of arms, embroidered in heavy silk. "You certainly picked a wet night to visit," April murmured. "I love to drive the Lotus in stormy weather," he replied; "it's all the more exciting. But there's another reason why I'm out tonight," he hesitated. "April, you know I love you. I can give you more than almost any man. Will you spend your life with me? April sat motionless. She was startled. After seeing John for over a year she knew she cared very deeply. But marriage

"Would you like a cup of tea?" she offered, and they both went to the kitchen so she could steep the dark green leaves in hot water. John went to the refrigerator to get cream for the tea but brought back the delicate mold instead. "Hadn't you better discard this?" he frowned. It might contaminate all the good food. April thought of her first glimpse at the mold, and of its delicate unearthly beauty. She thought about the proposal too, and decided beautiful things like molds were much too important to give up for just a marriage.

Largesse

He used to come home laughing,
Leaping the stairs
Two, three at a time.

Jangling loose change
In his pockets,
Whistling.

Restless
Noisy, spend-self eyes
Spill-giving, seeing

Lavish
Being
Alive.

When I am tired of stingy, cardboard faces
Clutching tidy caution tightly
Neatly counting costs--

I like to think of
Him,
And how he'd come home.

lovey johnson

THE ASSIGNMENT

It was a cool, damp Sunday evening, with the rain going slish-slish against the windows. Sharon's parents had gone to a party, her older brother to the movies with a girl, and now the house was deserted. In her basement bedroom Sharon took out her English book, but the book seemed angular and unfriendly and had a cold feel to it. She frowned. At that same moment, the bedroom door creaked open.

She did not turn around. She sat very still in her chair at the desk, feeling a series of small changes come over her face. "Sharon, Sharon," her mother's voice came from upstairs. "Come on up here, will you?" She stumbled out the door and up the stairs to the living room, where she saw her mother under a dripping umbrella outside the door. "My blue pocketbook. In the top of my closet, the top center drawer."

She went into her bedroom and found the pocketbook, opened the living room door and held it out to her. "I was in the exact middle of my English assignment," she said.

"Well, I'm sorry, honey. We were almost on the freeway when your father said, 'Did you remember your pocketbook?' And I knew right away that I had left it in the closet." The next minute she was off, under the umbrella, teetering on her high heels. Sharon heard the car roar. The rain went slish-slish against the windows, a cold sound.

She went back downstairs to her room in the basement, and felt for the light switch. The English book lay on the desk with the assignment pad beside it. Sharon propped her chin on her fist and stared aimlessly at a faded photograph of Lord Byron. The bedroom door creaked open again, and there he was, a dark-haired man, tanned and muscular. She ran to him.

His face was wet, raindrops clung to his broad overcoat. With a quiet smile, he closed the door and took his coat off. He was shivering, wet and cold, yet there was a warm look in his dark eyes. For a moment he ran his finger over Sharon's cheek, and then he led her to the sofa. He threw his arms around her and began to fondle her left cheek with his lips.

Sharon heard footsteps outside her window, and she asked him who it could be. "Them," he said deeply, her lips close to his, his hair damp against her cheek. Sharon got up and moved toward the window, to watch the slish-slish of rain against the panes.

Monday afternoon she sat in her English class next to Mike, the only refugee from last year's excursion into Shakespeare and lesser unknowns. Sharon looked at her loose-leaf notebook and saw that all the assignments were complete, the labor of a weekend. She couldn't even concentrate, couldn't care that "Romanticism was historically" whatever it was. Things that once seemed important, seemed very trivial now.

Later that night she was back at her bedroom desk propped behind her books. One half of her head had been invaded by a dense fog, and along with the fog, something else drifted into the room. Sharon leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. The door must have opened.

She turned around but her eyes took a moment to adjust to the dark. Two candles glowed across the room. She stood up carefully, walking toward the candlelight with a slow stride. A little table had sprung up from nowhere, and on it were candles, a bottle of red wine, and one long-stemmed glass.

He was there, of course, holding the other glass in his hand and drinking, smiling up at her across the table. Then he put the glass down and kissed her. He smelled of a sweet cologne.

"How did you get here?" she breathed, his face buried against her dark hair. "I love you, Sharon," he said. With one arm tightly encircling her waist, he reached the other hand out and lifted the glass to her lips.

She heard a distant cry: "Sharon. Supper! It won't stay hot forever!" She closed the bedroom door and started up the stairs. She was walking fast now. After supper, she would return to her assignment. He would wait.

nancy bigar

EROTICA #2

WE MADE LOVE TODAY,
ON A GRASSY KNOLL BY THE EVERGREENS.
MADE LOVE TODAY
WITH THE WIND RAPING MY BACK
AND THATCHING OUR HAIR.
MADE LOVE
AND I SANG YOU A SONG
THAT THE WIND CARRIED AWAY.

THOUGH A THOUSAND MILES APART,
WE MADE LOVE TODAY.

micheal c. arnold

THE PRESENT

She no longer had to worry about who would die first. For years she prayed it would be her. Her prayers went unanswered. John was dead at sixty-nine.

Forty-one years she had lived with this man, cooking for him, and washing and cleaning. Never had she desired another. Only his lips had been drawn to hers.

Their three sons were long gone, each producing two children of his own, and the great-grandchildren were beginning to arrive.

John's death did not spell the end of the world. For even in this family, life was being created anew. John's death only spelled the end of the world for Sara.

She remembered their spats now. Had she ever been cruel to her husband? No. Her conscience was clear. She remembered the secret moments of their courtship, those special moments which only two can enjoy and only lovers can hold dear. A smile forced its way onto her somber face as fond memories flashed through her mind, then quickly vanished as her thoughts returned to the present. Only a few seconds were necessary to recall the events of a lifetime.

The present. Present, present. Yes. THE present. Color returned to Sara's face as another memory returned to her mind. It was long ago. It was spring, the seventeenth spring of her existence.

Sara Stauffer was alone in the meadow owned by her grandfather. The sun was already beginning to descend, but she had a few hours left. As long as the sun remained above the horizon there would be enough warmth to justify her thin jacket. The air was fresh and the singing of the robins was God's promise fulfilled. Since her mother died giving birth to her stillborn sister, Sara visited the meadow often. Only Sara knew where the pheasant hen had built its nest. Only Sara knew which tree the red squirrels had adopted this year.

Suddenly a rabbit darted across her path and Sara let out a loud laugh as startled fear turned to embarrassed recognition. Inspired by the liveliness of the rabbit, she decided to take off her shoes and feel the earth and grass on her bare feet for the first time that year. Holding her shoes in her right hand and lifting up her long skirt with her left, Sara began to run, first slowly, then as fast as she could without the help of her arms and hands to balance her. Her left foot hit something sharp--a stone, a piece of glass. It didn't matter which. The resulting pain was common to both. She nearly fell, but was able to land on her left heel until she had slowed down enough to hop on her right foot. Finally her forward motion stopped and she sat down, fighting back tears and, for the first time, noticing her blood. As

red as the grass was green or the sky was blue, she wiped the thick liquid away from just below her toes and stared at the long cut.

The walk back to the house was a long one. Much of it was uphill. The going would be slow on one foot and a heel. She put her shoes back on, knowing that the injured foot would probably bleed some more when she tried to walk on it. She had no choice. Or did she?

God had truly been kind to her this day. First, He had given her the beauty of spring. And now. Wasn't that Adam Miller coming toward her on Dusty, the family's old gray plow-horse? He must have taken the short cut from town across her grandfather's land on the way to his father's farm. Surely he would see her predicament and offer Dusty as a solution.

But wait. As the horse and rider advanced toward her she realized the rider was not Adam Miller. He was a stranger, not tall, slender, young. The horse stopped before her.

"Hello," Sara said. "Can you help me? I've cut my foot. Would you help me back to the house? I'm afraid my walking has been greatly hampered."

"This is your farm?" the boy questioned.

"Yes, or rather my grandfather's," Sara answered. "I'm Sara Stauffer." Sara was beginning to forget the pain in her foot. Her other senses became more acute again. She glanced into the boy's blue eyes. She smiled and quickly lowered her gaze to the ground.

"My name is John Miller. I live on Turkey Hill." Turkey Hill, which wasn't much of a hill and housed very few turkeys, was four miles away. "I'm visiting Uncle Adam and Aunt Emma," John continued. "So you've cut your foot." He dismounted. "Is it serious? Is it still bleeding?"

"Oh, it's nothing, really," Sara said bashfully. "It's just that I can't walk on it without feeling pain, and I do have a long walk back to the house. If you could help me I would be most grateful. I really do hate to trouble you, but--"

"--No trouble at all. Old Dusty here would be right honored to carry you on her back. It's not often she gets to carry such a pretty load. I'm afraid I don't make too many heads turn when I ride her. And, well, I love Uncle Adam and Cousin Adam, but, well, God wasn't all that kind to them either. Here, let me help you up. Careful now. Now, slide front. That's a girl. I think Dusty can handle both of us. That is, if you don't mind. I mean, you are a girl and I'm a--"

"--Of course I don't mind," Sara cut in. "I mean, if you don't mind, I don't mind." Sara was astonished by her boldness, but it was only temporary. Her shyness had returned. "I live over there," she pointed. "On top of the hill. Are you sure it's no trouble for you?"

"None. Glad I can help." She sure is a pretty girl, John thought. He tried to think of a girl he knew who was prettier. Laura Turner, maybe. But she had moved from Turkey Hill over a year ago. Sara Stauffer. Yes sir. She was a sight to behold. He started to mount Dusty, then stopped. His eyes had caught an area of grassless earth where a patch of flowers was growing. The yellow daffodils symbolized spring in the country, which symbolized a new beginning, which symbolized an existence different from any he had known before.

He ran to the daffodils and picked one. He reached for another, then thought, "One will be enough. One is all that is ever needed. One conveys the message. The beauty of the individual flower can be lost in the anonymity of a bouquet."

"For you, Miss Stauffer," John said to Sara as he came back toward the horse, the daffodil in his outstretched hand. "One thing bright and beautiful to another."

Sara was blushing, although she did not know it. How does one know she is blushing if she has never blushed before? "Why, thank you, Mr. Miller," Sara managed to utter weakly. Again she looked to the ground. She sniffed the daffodil. It was her favorite of all flowers. In the excitement of her accident she had not even noticed the patch of yellow flowers. And in the excitement of her good fortune in meeting John, she did not realize that even now, as she held the flower in her hands, it was already dying, the stem having been separated from the root. Her thoughts turned to the past. Five years ago. Her mother was alive then. Her mother grew flowers in her garden. The daffodils were always the first to grow there every spring.

"Look how lovely they are," Sara's mother would say. "A single blossom at the end of each stalk."

"Hang on, here we go." Sara returned to the present upon hearing John's voice. She did not notice him climb behind her onto Dusty's back.

The horse moved over the meadow toward Sara's house. John did not talk much during the ride and Sara was glad. Too many confusing thoughts were flying through her brain. Was she sick? Why did she feel funny? Had her cut foot become infected so quickly? Perhaps it was not a cut. Perhaps she had stepped on a copperhead. No, of course not. What was wrong with her? Was she going crazy?

They had arrived at the house. John Dismounted and helped Sara off Dusty's back.

"Do you go to the meadow often?" he asked Sara.

"Yes, often. I'll probably go again tomorrow," she replied.

"I'll be staying with Uncle Adam a few more days," he said "Would you mind if I cam too?"

Sara suddenly pictured her grandfather. The illusion almost made her say, "I'd rather be alone." But her craziness had returned and she said, "No, I don't mind. I'd like that. Will you come after lunch?"

"Will do," John said. His smile was more eager than he had intended. He climbed upon Dusty once again. "Good-bye," he called. "See you tomorrow." He started to leave.

"Thank you so much for helping me. Thank you for the lovely flower. Oh, wait!" Sara remembered her foot. "My foot," she cried. "I won't be able to walk to the meadow tomorrow."

"I think Uncle Adam will let me borrow Dusty again. I can ride over for you if you like."

"Would you?" Sara was pleased. "That would be nice of you. I'll be waiting. Good-bye John."

"So long."

Sara hobbled up the steps, across the porch, and into the house. She found a jar in the kitchen and poured some water into it from the bucket her grandfather had filled at the pump that morning. She placed her daffodil into the jar and went to her room. She set the jar on her bureau, threw herself on her bed, and tried to unravel the mysteries of what had happened to her that day.

For three days John and Sara went to the meadow. For three days the daffodil gasped for life in the water-filled jar. Then John had to return to Turkey Hill.

"I'll come Saturday," he reassured her.

"I can hardly wait," Sara said. She no longer had to look at the ground when she spoke to John. The shyness was gone. They had kissed, sheepishly at first. Just amateurish little pecks on the cheek. Then they gained boldness and expertise. Now their kisses meant something.

John had left--until Saturday. Sara stared at the wilting daffodil. "This I will keep for all time," she thought to herself. She removed the flower from the jar and placed it between

two pieces of paper. She flattened it with her iron, carefully so as not to crumble it. Leaving it between the paper, she placed it inside the huge German Bible left her by her mother.

Four miles, like four armies, is no obstacle for lovers. John and Sara saw one another often, and within a year, were married.

It had been a dream. Sixty-eight-year-old Sara awakened to the singing of robins and the brightness of the sun shining through her window. She had not made it to bed last night. She fell asleep in her rocking chair by the window.

"My daffodil," Sara said aloud. "THE present. The first present John ever gave me."

She hurried from her chair and into her bedroom. She reached for the German Bible on the bottom shelf of her nightstand. Turning through the pages she came upon two badly faded pieces of paper. She carefully removed the top piece of paper, and there was a clump of yellow and brown and green dust. One could still recognize the flower, but it was very brittle.

Sara looked out her bedroom window and saw the beautiful spring day. She looked at the calendar on the wall. April 23. Three months to the day since John had been buried. She put on her thin jacket, and taking the piece of paper holding her precious present, left the house. She walked the block and a half to the cemetery. She knew the way to John's grave well.

Sara stood over her husband's resting place. The ground covering his casket had sunk. The grave would need to be filled in the summer, when the ground settled.

With a smile that said "thank you for forty-one wonderful years" Sara dumped the remains of her daffodil onto her husband's grave.

"It's not much John," she said. "But it's that which I value most."

She glanced to her right and saw another grave, this one containing three baskets of flowers. Momentarily she thought her decayed daffodil unworthy of her John. Then she thought differently.

"One will be enough," she thought. "One is all that is ever needed. One conveys the message."

Sara never dreamed that more than forty years ago those same thoughts had passed through the youthful mind of her beloved John.

phil kieffer

AFTERTHOUGHTS FOR THOSE WHO READ

Some who read climb words like a brain.
At the height of his intention,
The Creator tightens his legs 'round
The interpreter's pen, grips it tight,
Then cuts its throat. And serve it right,
Borrowing Jacob's ladder to climb
And dynamite, with some supposed answers,
The Creator's attempt, cut loose his reins;
As if that's what we read for.

william j. balmer

REPROGRAMED

I feel like ...
It's so ...
The years did that to me.

I'm not ... a late bloomer or slow starter
I have ... blossomed before ... and
I've found ... new blossoms

They were ... partially
This is ... all mine ... words, phrases, ...
fragments ...

I never ... want to be programed again ... yet
I'm still a cluttered computer!

terry newman

ESP EXERCISES

#1 RHYTHM (First pattern: monosyllables create anapests--with a twist. Second pattern: free rhythms with words or phrases.)

In the _____ by the _____
Lived a _____ with a _____
And they _____ and they _____
Through the _____ and the _____.

Came a _____ in the _____
When the _____ and the _____
Met a _____ in the _____
And, as anyone can most obviously deduce,
They just _____.

* * * * *

A ragged _____
_____ along the _____ way
To _____ the _____,
Saw two _____s
_____ -ing the _____
Without a single _____.

#2 SEQUENCE (Seven sentences: copy them onto notecards and shuffle; choose the effect you like best from the 5040 possible combinations. Two of these are illustrated.)

When he bobbed above the surface, his eyes shined like white pearls.

The seagulls circled continually

Nobody on the swift deck of the yacht observed anything

Long empty reaches of water seemed to clutch at the beach

He drowned

The sun threw lines of fire across the waves

I heard a cough and a long gurgling cry

He drowned

Nobody on the swift deck of the yacht observed anything

When he bobbed above the surface, his eyes shined like white pearls.

I heard a cough and a long gurgling cry

Long empty reaches of water seemed to clutch at the beach

The sun threw lines of fire across the waves

The seagulls circled continually

ESP EXERCISES

#3 IMAGERY (By following the suggested patterns of choice,
you can create more than 400 poems.)

When I gaze into { your eyes
 { your mind
 { your mouth

I see ancient { seas
 { puzzles
 { stones

Whose depths whisper of { miraculous voyages
 { love's twistings
 { time's wasting

{ Beyond midnight { tenseless space
 into { daemonic discoveries
 { ever newer day
 starlight { coursing the void
 { orbiting nth galaxies
 { saddling the eternal hippodrome
 the pilot { crouching houses
 lights { truths and churches
 of { kitchens and couches

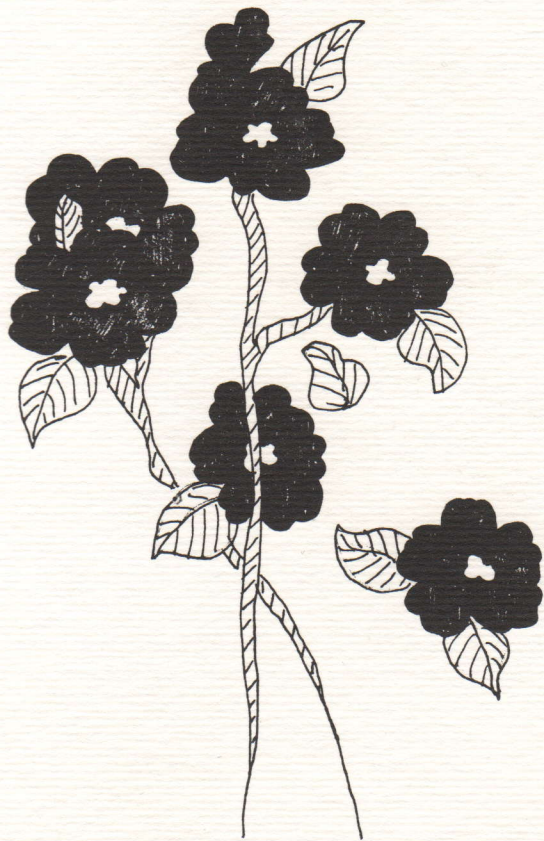
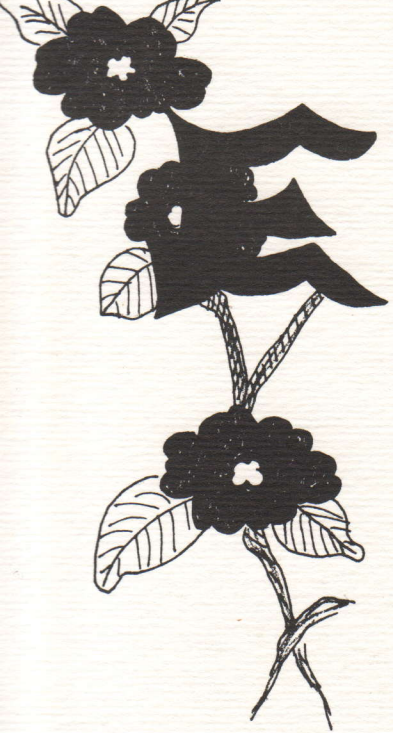
{ Into { the passionate persuasion of trees
 { alleyways new-moon damp
 { fingertip-fire
 arm-light
 the caresses of toes

{ Through man's { cavernous demise
 endless { play on
 play in
 plays ever played over
 chewing the cuds
 of fears and loves.

Write On...

Right On!

x_____



York
College
1975

