The fields planted.
Tractors. Wooden clothespins rising
Rainbow. It ends or begins or starts
Is it walking or is it skipping?
It rides above the fence
If I dig a hole will I find a poem?
A pot of unicorns?
A herd of leprechauns?
The rainbow has already moved.
Seven miles in the soft light.
A field filled with cows
The hurricane approaches.
There are tunnels filled with butterflies.
Dust that is the rain
The wind walking.
Phosphorous. The rain.
The noiseless. Wind. Explodes.
I am ying in the sun only there is none
I am being blown away only
The moon rises which
Is the sun? Evening.
Hurricane. Hurricane.
My name has been blown away
O name poor name
Will the rain care for you as I have cared for you?
Will the wind devour you
Knock your head against a tree
Already I have forgotten.
Can I young man named
Live happily in a hurricane?
Will its house and woman and poems blow away?
Once they have blown away. Twice. Already.
That the house and the woman and the man
Named hurricane
And mad
Have their tongues in one another's mouths
Can they go on like that?
Funnel stars butterfly
Wind. The noiseless
Yes. They can.

Robert Sward
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"WAYNE'S LIFT"

"You want?"
Wayne held up two swaying fingers to signal me which process he had to go through. It was the more difficult one. And the first time since he'd arrived at Camp Pittlander for the adult session.
"Can you wait?"
"Aah-uh," he groaned and his head moved either up and down or back and forth.
"You can?" I knew better. "You're sure it has to be now?"
"Ah-ah," and his head jerked back and he grinned through one side of his mouth. With it open. We'd communicated.

Fortunately, I'd already finished feeding Wayne and with few mishaps this time. I always tried to beware of mistaking spoons. The day I'd absent-mindedly eaten his soup with his spoon he'd laughed and jerked so hard that he nearly threw himself out of the wheelchair and through the window behind us. But this morning his meal had been stuck by no such needled—until those two fingers had knocked the sleepers from my eyes. It was good of him to let me finish my breakfast before telling me.

I squeezed up and into the small space between Wayne's wheelchair, my chair, and the wall, untied his plastic apron and threw it upon the table. Not much cereal on it this morning. Must have aimed the spoon well. I'm sure I groaned something aloud in a cheerful manner, but only in manner, as I looked down our table to see how many wheelchairs would have to be moved to get him to the door. Some other counselors helped. I don't know where we moved them all to in the crowded dining hall. We probably lined them up against the wall. For all I know we may have piled them on top of one another. If Wayne was in that much of a hurry—he would even sacrifice the morning devotional—I was determined it wasn't going to happen in the dining hall.

The chair now tilted back on two wheels, I shoved it through the lodge doors and into the dry, cold morning. We glanced at the windows of the lodge as we headed off down the rust and rut obstacle trail. "Don't fall out, Wayne," as if he had anything to do with it.

"Aah waaah," as if he had anything to do with it. And he jumped, drawing his right arm up under his chin, and grinned.

The other counselors were probably trying to figure out which campers went where at our table. Someone would have to clean the table for me too. This wasn't going to be so bad after all.

Then we hit the swinging bridge—one, twice, many times a day. Many times a day. We ricocheted from side to side like a ball bearing. We'd built up too much momentum to maneuver the bridge well. It hung tightly across the ravine next to the nurse's cabin. I guess the year before a wheelchair had been left near the edge, the locks unlocked. The camper must have been completely helpless. With a counselor to catch. Not serious though.

The bridge was a foot or so wider than a wheelchair and one of the first things that I should have learned was not to treat it like a super highway. At least, this time, there wasn't anyone coming from the other end.

Wayne was being plugged in by all this excitement. Reactions were limber as a mechanical toy. But we were getting close to back camp, and remembering the "wheelchair in the ravine stunt," I decided to take more care. Just over the blacktopped CP Gardens (Camp Pittlander, also Cerebral Palsy which many of my campers had) and down the stone road and we arrived at the back latrine. There, outside the shower area, was the machine that was going to be used for the first time.

Spastic people have difficulty in going to the "john" that is, it takes them a long time to get the job done. Wayne could be expected to be on the stool for a half hour to forty-five minutes and then he might not be able to accomplish much. Having such little control over his body movements he was apt to spring from the stool and possibly hurt himself. There had to be a simpler way of handling Wayne than holding him on the stool for a half hour. There was.

On the opening day of camp Wayne's parents took me aside and explained the problem to me. Nice of them as it turned out. They even had the solution. Moving to the rear of the car, the trunk was raised to reveal a mass of iron tubing.
"This is Wayne's hydraulic lift."
"Is it assembled?" Not wishing to sound too dumb.
"No," they went on to explain how it was used and how useful it could be.
"Gary," I yelled to the director. He came over.
"Sure, we can use that. His hands in his pockets, looking as important as he could in a sweatshirt and checkered shorts.
"It'll be a great help." I had received nerves to commit myself.

So Wayne's hydraulic lift would make its first camp performance. The standard was a U-shaped fork, with wheels, open on one end. On the end where it joined there was a sturdy, vertical iron pole. A bar reached forward from the top of that, about the height of a man. And a sling and harness dangled from the top.

"Well, let's get to it. Can you arch?" Wayne curved his back and dropped his pants. He dropped back into the chair.
"Hmmm." I never had figured out how he fit into the harness. It didn't take long to find that one strap fit around his back and the other underneath his thighs. He was thus bent into a "V" with his butt hanging down in the middle, swinging back and forth on the chains. Push him into the stall, crank him up, crank him down onto the stool.
"Is that alright?"
"Aah-uh." He was hanging too high, still partly swinging. A few more cranks did it. There he was, partly suspended, partly sitting, and comfortable.
"I'll check on you every now and then. Call out if anything happens." I walked out to the wash basin. The others were just returning from breakfast.

"Hi Jeff!"
"I wanna see it," an expectant look in his eyes as he brushed past me and poked his head around the corner of the stall.
"Darnedest looking thing," he came out all teeth with a slightly bitter curve downwards at the lips.
"You all set in there?" I called out to Wayne, just to let Jeff know I was on the job, so to speak.
"Aah-uh," bounced off the stall partitions and into my ears.
"Did you do anything yet?" I don't know why I asked that.

"Uhh," came back.
"It wasn't hard," looking indifferently back to Jeff. "Just dropped his pants and set him in the sling. Cranked him up and onto the seat." I went through the motions with my hands. Still grinning, his hands on his hips, shaking his head, and stirring the dust with sandalled feet.
"That sure will come in handy..."
"Yeah, he could swing there all day. Just might!"
"I guess so..."
"Any of you other guys can use his lift if you need to. It isn't hard."

"Sure might come in handy, Yup!"
"You alright Wayne?"
"Aah-uh, again. Jeff had headed up toward cabin 7 to help his campers prepare for inspection. I didn't like inspection. Jeff's cabin always won. I guess he did like inspection. My cabin had won a couple of weeks before but in order to do so we had to hide things under pillows and blankets. That seemed a sight ridiculous. Too much work for counsellors too. So my motto became "Clean enough to live in." Not so original I suppose.

"Doom," for Tom. Oh oh! I was there. "Anything wrong?"
"Are you done?"
"Aah-uh."
My hands on hips, I started to lean against the wall but then remembered where I was. "Are you looking forward to the dance we're having?"
He jerked and grinned. "Aah-uh."
"You ain't?" "That couldn't be it."
"Aah-uh. Th-dth-dh-het!"
"D'. Dance! Oh! Date. You have a date!"
"Aah-uh, he squealed.
"With who?"
"Aa-ne."
"Anne?"
"Aah-uh! Ae-ne!" Louder.

"Nancy?"
"Table," knowing that was it. "Table? You have a date with a table?"
Wayne laughed and bounced. The lift held. It had proved itself. "Aah-uh!"
"Oh, I see. She sits at our table."
"Aah-ah."
I didn't want to tell him I didn't know the names of any of the girls at our table.
"Brn halo, broth."
"She has short brown hair." I knew which one she was. She always gave me a hard time. But in a good sort of way. I liked it. She fed Wayne one evening.
"Aah-ah. Ae-ne."
"Sandy?"
"Aaaaah! Aow bow tah't?"
"How about that?" We'll get you all duded up. You can use some of my cologne," Changing the tone, "Have you done anything yet?"
"Aah-uh!"
"Are you going to?"
"Aah-uh-ah!"
"Well, we'll leave you on for a while yet." Turning and strolling out the door to see if the other counselors were back yet. Manfred, one of the Job Corps "pushers," was headed toward me with another chair, full of camper. I moved. He hustled into the latrine and situated the camper in the stall next to Wayne.
"Aei Dawew."
Wayne greeted Darrell.
"Haa-ah," he responded in sounds--brisk, hoarse and unintelligible. "Quai ah catra shuh ya hah ebre."
"Wayne didn't respond. He probably didn't understand.
"Aaw wo d-th. Dth-ebu-shuhah?"
Darrell swayed back and forth on the stool. "Hah ah ya dthoon?"
"Fahn! Aow bow oo?"
"Fa!"
Manfred had walked over by me. He was lighting a cigarette.
"How are you doin?"
"Fine! How about you?"
"Fine!"
"Quite a handy thing, your lift. Huh?"
"It's not mine.
"Well, I mean the lift, Wayne's lift."
"Oh!"
Several other counselors had taken the opportunity to clean up during inspection period. There was little chance to do so any other time of day. Five of us were at the back latrine.
"Daaw."
"Are you finished?" Glanced at my watch.
"Aah-ah," he quivered. Just thirty-four minutes.

Cranked him up, pulled the lift out a little ways, yanked a long piece of toilet paper and folded it four times. "Darrn." I'd forgotten the plastic glove. Good thing to have. They were on top of the water heater.

"Now we're ready."
"Yaaah!" Wayne hung there like a mobile, swinging back and forth, nothing between him and the floor but three feet of disinfector smell and my gloved hand. I t swayed to Wayne's directions. I moved in.
"There!" But I'd have to do it again. More than once. It became sort of fun. Still glad to finally flush the toilet.

The other counselors were watching, four sets of teeth stamped to the corner of the latrine wall. I maneuvered to Wayne's other side, between the lift and the stool. Grabbed him by the armpits to lift him. He weighed more than I did.

"Can you arch Wayne? One of you guys pull up his pants while--" Wayne had arched; he was trying to help; I'd asked him to. But he'd kicked off the floor in doing so, with those trip-action legs of his.

The stool seat was hard, at least not cold, when I did a back flip onto it. With Wayne on top of me. Glad I caught him. With the lift on top of us. With four sets of teeth stamped on the wall, now making noises. Jeff had partially caught the lift. That could have been bad.

Wayne laughed, "Aoooh! Ghh! Ghh! Ghh! It was funny. It was damn funny. Not funny enough to repeat. Damn glad I caught Wayne.

"Don't know how you put up with it all, Wayne."

Thomas H. Tressler
TO ELSE

i know now what Ginsberg said
and your dear monkeyface swims
into tall hollow steel spires
and an empty blue sky raped by the
false promises of an iron arm bearing
the flame of unfriendly eyes.

Leaving the rugged watery shores of
green Finland braving the grayness of barren
América
tagged like blood beef cattle
with mouths open to suck in
the yellow vomit of a hollow nation.
Else Mattson, none so brave
to cross the ocean as human
baggage
flotsam on inhospitable shores
as you
old now, yet young
were brave.
You smile your toothless grin
and in that toothless, biteless
mouth is more wisdom

and beauty

that can be seen or touched or fell

or learned

in all the carved ice hearts

of sterile America

now I know
too late
to learn

T. Noel Jouiler

ON THE BULLETIN BOARD

the lesser evil grasped me
sharp wit bites down with awful cynicism
i have bitten off my tongue
and can no longer taste compassion

Pam S. Ecker

LOAN ME A FINE THIGH, PAUL

I'm sitting here over an account book that won't balance. Over a battered and marred desk. Over a tattered carpet. Over a dingy, damp basement where my son is lifting weights. CLANK. Disgusted with wondering where all that money went, I lean back and light a cigarette. Through the smoke of that welcome first drag I see my old Army company. Fourth from the right end that's Paul Yates.

That damn Paul. I wish I had his money worries. CLANK. Paul's the kind of guy that'll buy French fried onions when French fried potatoes will do just as well. One of those guys that'll go a little bit extra, you know? I went out to lunch with him a couple months back. Tremendous. Stepping out of my appliance store and slipping into that low, erotic, wine-red coupe. Snuggled in all that Italian leather while Paul slashed his way through the noonday traffic. Saying things like, "six dual throat 50 millimeter Weber carburetors", "collatil five-speed gearbox", "articulates strut suspension." Then, arriving there, a brisk walk to a Chalet-fronted restaurant where waiters said things like "very good sir", and Paul said things like "advertising executive", "yes, still single", "society girls have flat stomachs", "Jamaica", "tailor-made suits with buttons on the sleeve that really work", and "career girls have nice thighs from all that walking." Then a 20% tip and another head-turning ride back to the shop which looked so drab. CLANK. "Frank?"

Searing heat at my lips. CLANK. Damn! That cigarette burned all the way to the filter while I was thinking rich. Jesus Christ on horseback! Look at that, burned all the way past where it says Tareyton. I ought to get a Plum Kaywoodie like Paul's, then that wouldn't happen. Yeah, I could lock distinguished like he does too. Yeah. CLANK. Maybe I'll do that.

"Frank!"

I wonder whether Paul's seeing a flat stomach or tight thighs tonight. Ah yes. A Beefeater martini and into the sack. Pow! Girl saying "very good sir." Paul smiling virilly on the way home. His V-12 moaning through its four exhaust pipes as he slams a hard shift into fifth and blaste past a string of just plain folks who can do nothing but watch his sleek steed scream by from the midst of their mediocrity.
"Frank!"
Ah, yes. My TV dinner wife. As desirable as hemorrhoids.

"Frank, you come right now and look at that crack over the stairway. The plaster is starting to CLANK peel and." (Oh Paul, just for one night loan me a fine thigh) "Honestly, the way you let this house go to" (a flat stomach, with maybe a crease down the middle) "I'm ashamed to hang company's coats in that closet at the CLANK foot of the stairs because of it. They look up and" (your Maserati, Paul) "step you never fixed. That squeaking step" (hell Paul, your Kaywoodle, Anything) "CLANK CLANK. Now I'm looking at the crack. It's really not all that Gawd-awful you know. The click of a door shutting. My son in swim trunks, a towel wrapped around his shoulders. I have to admit all that grunting and groanin' with the weights is paying off.

"And Frank? Frank! Now look how it's beginning to spread." My son slips between us quietly, hoping that the old bawd is occupied enough with me to let him pass. He starts up the steps taking them two at a time. Gawd, he's built like a golf tee. The muscles in his back look like a mountain range. Leg muscles rippling. All that power. Coordination. I did that. I made him. He sprang from my loins. So to speak. Yeah, a son.

"And Frank, that step, now it wouldn't take all that much to" (a son, Gee) "and you know how it a squeaks. All it would take (strong, wow. It's amazing how all that could start with a little load. Well, it wasn't all that little a load.) "and that'd be all it would take Frank. But, while you're at it" (a son) "and the way it's dripping, it's wearin' right through the enamel. I'm embarrassed to let company take a crap because when they go to wash their hands" (a son. Wow!) "where the faucet dripped" (my son) "Now all it would take would be a..."

"I may drive a Biscayne wagon, but my name will live on."
"Frank!"
"And my dear, you're not really all that bad in bed." "Frank?"

Steve Senne

WHAT GOOD
What good to love the sunshine
when it dies on you at 5:30.

what good to plant a seedling
when you must bury it in fall.

what good to love a body
when the body doesn't realise
when you were the sunshine
that you were the seedling
dead at 5:30
burst in fall
through some great misunderstanding.
what good.

Terry Ryan
MEMO TO HARRY

dear harry,
i wanted to have said.
Why me?
Not my eyes being more needy
nor the shape of my arm bending
as i hushed my scotch.

but dear god harry, What did i offer?
no one night stand.
no stand at all, i was already offered and taken
and dear harrys,
what do you see of my clocks
and my chimes?
and where is my mainspring,
to wind when i run down.
the black prince knows, harry,
and the black prince never tells.
and even because i wanted to
call you in crystal words i could not speak

my lizard tongue darted
but no words,
no venom to kill. And where was the black
king,
and where the princess,
ah, and harry,
where the fool!

Brandfass
ENCOUNTER


* * * *

In three years all of this had been forgotten. Everything blended, shaded. Mixed together. Stained itself until it became one color: Solid steady black. A void black. A cavern black. You. and I. became We. But three years destroys all differences... in words. Their dreams were ink and paper. Scrawled during seasonal spring aspiring. Intensified by lengthy, expensive phone calls.

There were questions. Probing "your" mind, and "my" mind, and "our" mind. Trying in some way to understand why the cloth, which had frayed them apart, had now been re-woven. True: the pattern was strange. The texture, rough, knotty. But it promised to wear a long time.

* * * *

She remembered the flight. Sunbird Special. With swamp lands below. With cobweb clouds above. The precision, right-on-schedule landing. Then meeting after three years of obscurity. Each of them scanned the faces around. Seeking a clue. A signal.

She noticed him first: Small-built. Thin. But he's thinner than I remember. And his hair was never that curly... was it? His nose is longer. His mouth smaller, weaker. Not quite as attractive as I thought. But, what do I expect after three years? But the eyes. They're the same. In fact, that's all I could remember about him. Brown eyes... I wonder if he'll recognize me? He should. After all, I recognized him. And He'll probably marvel at how long my hair is. Still, I wish I hadn't worn these stockings. He probably won't like them. I can't remember what his tastes were like.

And he saw her: Also thin. With long hair. It's longer than it used to be. And darker. I always thought she was sort of blonde. Maybe she hasn't been in the sun very much. Her eyes are gray. Funny, they used to be green... didn't they? And she's wearing yellow stockings! Oh, Christ. She used to be unobtrusive. What happened? She looks so young. After three years how could she get younger? Still, she's smiling. I guess I'd better say something.

"Lynn?"
"Oh, Allen, I sat next to the strangest man on the plane. He kept asking the stewardess if the plane were going to crash. And then he'd take out a prayer book and start praying out loud! Everyone was getting nervous, so finally the stewardess let him talk to the pilot---" she broke off to smile at him.
"Did you have a good flight?"
"It was beautiful. Everything was toy-like and checkerboard. All the farms were different colors. And when we got further South, all the orange trees were in little rows. Just like tiny soldiers."
"Yes. Well, I'll get the car while you get your luggage. All right? Then we'll go to the apartment."
"All right. But one question: do I look the same? Are you disappointed? I wore these awful yellow stockings without thinking, and, well..."
"No, I'm not disappointed... I just remembered you as being blonde. Did you dye your hair?"
"I don't think so. Maybe it looks darker because it's long-
"Maybe. Well, I'll get the car."


"Do you like rum?"
"What?"
"I said--do you like rum?"
"Oh, Yes, I love it."
"Good."
"Can I have some when we get there?"
"Get where?"
"The apartment."
"Oh... some what?"
"Rum."
"But I don't have any."
"Then why did you ask me?"
"Ask you what?"
"If I liked rum?"
"Just curious."

She shrugged. Settled back onto the window frame. Continuing to absorb. He smiled. Turned on the radio. Continuing to stare.

Arriving at the apartment. They stumbled into the elevator. Ascending to the third floor. Turned the corner. He inserted the key. Inside: everything cool. Dim. The setting--a mixture of unrelated pieces and parts. Somehow co-ordinated. He took the luggage into the bedroom.

"The drawers on the left are yours. The ones on the right are mine and you are not to go into them. As for your clothes--well, my closet is filled. If you want to hang anything up, there's a closet in the bathroom."

"All right," she answered, but the prospect of standing on cold tile while dressing made her shiver, as he continued his tour.

"This is the den. The picture on the wall I call 'ugliness'--it's a picture of my mother."
"Oh Allen, don't say that."
"In the kitchen the pots and pans are above the stove. Dishes, above the sink. Spoons, forks, and knives, in the middle drawer. And oh yes, be sure to run water when using the garbage disposal."
"Allen, it's good to see you again."
"It's nice seeing you again, too."
"I feel so foolish. All I can do is stare at you amazed. I mean, after I came back home, I used to wait for your letters all the time."
"I don't like to write."
"No. But I used to wait anyway. And even after you stopped writing. Little things, or people I'd meet would make me remember. And I always wonder how you were. I was determined to come back here to see you. To see what had happened."
"And now you're here."
"Yes. I guess I am."

"Well, I've changed. I don't like to go out very much. I imagine you'll find that very boring. Mostly I just sit here. Play records or the radio and read. That's why I sold the house. So I could be alone. Not bothered by all those people coming in and out. Calling all the time. Christ, there was never any time to think.... Now, I'm almost a hermit. I even disconnect the phone when I want to. See those books? I read all of them last week. I've got a stack over there I'm going to read next week."

She looked from stack to stack. And back at him. Then she noticed a book on the table across the room. "Who's reading this?"

"Which?"
"This here, Exodus."
"I am, why?"
"How can you stand it? When I read it, I nearly got sick. It was so badly constructed. The characterization, plot, everything was just--"
"It was a best seller, you know. And the critics liked it. So what right have you to criticize it."
"All right, if you think it's good just because it's a best seller. I'm not--"
"I don't think it's good. Just because it's a best seller."
"Allen, I didn't come here to argue with you. I wanted to see you. I wanted to talk with you. To exchange ideas. To share with you. To--"
"Yes, I know... let's eat dinner. Then maybe we'll both feel better."

"Okay. Just give me about a half-hour to get ready. That should be enough time, no? Or do you have to shave? And what do you want me to wear?"
"What do you mean?"
"Well, if it's some place fancy, I'll have to dress fancier, no?"
"What do you mean "dress fancier"? I thought we'd eat here."
"Oh."
"I thought you'd make dinner, and afterward we'd have a few drinks..."
"You know I can't cook."
"I do."
"I couldn't cook when I met you, and I told you quite clearly in one of my letters that I still couldn't."
"Well, I guess you'll have to learn if we're going to eat tonight, no?"
She looked at him, got up. Walked into the kitchen.
"The pots and pans are above the stove," he shouted.
"I know, and I'll bet the dishes are above the sink."
"You're learning already."

The pots and pans, she discovered, consisted of one pan minus lid. Foodstuffs, in the freezer-refrigerator, were two packages of frozen vegetables, and three hot dogs, plus the cold bread he kept on the egg rack.

"Is this all the food you have?"
"What's wrong with it?"
"Nothing."

She prepared the simple meal easily, even for her. Her only problem was keeping the hot dogs warm while the vegetables cooked. But she succeeded. Brought the food into the living room. And they ate it, balancing the dishes on their knees.

"Is it good? I mean, I realize that it isn't filet mignon, or beef stroganoff, or anything, but is it all right?"
"Just fine."
"I'm glad. Tomorrow, if you want, I'll make a cake or something--I can at least do that."
"That's fine. Because I have some business to do at the bank. They still owe me some money from the house. Then I have to buy a car for my mother. So I'll be gone most of the day. And that'll give you something to do."
"But you promised to take me to the beach."

"There's a pool in the courtyard, if you want to swim. I'll give you my key to the gate."
"I don't want to swim in the pool. I want to go to the beach."

"Well, I'll be too busy. Besides, I don't like the beach. It's too messy. All that sand getting in the car and everything. All those whining, dirty kids."
"You said in your letters, you loved the ocean and swimming."
"I do. But separately; not together."

"Well, never mind then. I guess I can go some other time." She gathered up the dishes. Took them into the kitchen; scraped the greens into the sink. Remembering to run water when using the garbage disposal.

After the dishes were washed. Put neatly into the cupboard. She went into the living room. He gave her a drink. They were silent for awhile. She standing on the courtyard-facing balcony. Inhaling the air, slightly tainted with salt. He put on his reading glasses, laboring over the latest issue of Time.

"It's a nice night. Although it looks like it might storm."
"Maybe."
"Let's go for a walk. We've been in this air conditioned apartment all day. I want to breathe the real thing."
"I opened the door to the balcony for you. Why don't you go out there? Besides, I don't like to walk."
"You said in your letters that you love to walk. You said that's how you stayed in shape. And the wind isn't blowing this way anyway. Please come walking with me."
"No, I want to read. You can go alone if you want. If not, there are records in the den and there's the radio. Sorry there isn't a television. But I told you I was almost a hermit. I warned you I didn't like to go places. That you'd probably be bored."

"But I didn't come here to do things by myself."

He didn't answer; just reached for another cigarette. Lit it. Went back to his magazine. She pouted for awhile. Ripped the leaves from the plant on the balcony. Watched them down to the blue-bottomed pool. Finally, she sighed. Walked into the den to rummage through the recordings and books. The recordings, she had no interest in. Several Ferrante and Teicher albums, a Victory at Sea, the Great Masterpieces in Music series. The books too, were disappointing to her. The Way of Zen, Plato's Complete Works, and a copy of The Wasteland, with college lecture notes scribbled all over it. She sat back on her heels, looking at the room. She stayed there for an hour. Studying all the curiosities. Memorizing the setting: the white leather bar. The assortment of glassware. Even his old fraternity mug cast in well-kept pewter. And his degree from Georgetown on the wall. Carefully framed.

Then she got up, went into the bathroom. Swallowed a tranquilizer. Gathered her dresses from the closet and walked into the bedroom. She opened her suitcase, laid the dresses carefully in it. He heard her rustling and called in to her:

"Lynn, what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

He went into the bedroom and saw the dresses in the suitcase. Saw her standing by the bureau removing the rest of her things from the drawers.

"I hope you don't mind, I used the phone in here to call a cab."

"No, I don't mind."

"Will you check in the living room to make sure I haven't forgotten anything?"

"Of course."

He walked out as she shut her suitcase. She scanned the room once more. Picked up her coat and luggage. He was sitting on the couch when she entered the room.

"There's nothing here that belongs to you."

"No. There isn't."

They heard the taxi blowing its horn.

"I'm sorry I have to go."

"Yes. So am I."

Just before she closed the door, she turned to say something else. But by then, he had picked up his copy of Exodus, and turned to the marked page.

*****

Where I am: In the Winter there are flowers. Our poinsettias are never imported. In Summer and Fall, rain comes in short bursts. Each drop sizzles on the steamy asphalt. And in Spring—palm's drop coconuts onto the sand.

But you are: Where the only winter flowers are flake's of snow. With scouring winds to herald it. Your Spring is mudy, damp. Thaw-timing: never certain. And in Summer, long dreary rainstorms and sudden cold scar the season. Fall is cluttered with dead refuse from the trees.

I see: The pink flamingo with long neck, arced. Small speckled stingrays lying in the quiet pools of evening tide. Horsecrabs and clams burrow in the sand, after each receding wave. Dolphin and shark break water to taste the air for an instant. Then splash back into the ocean.

But you see: The drab sparrow, pecking at litter. Gray-brown squirrels writhing across the late-Autumn lawn. Your perch and base float upside-down. Glass-eyed and floated, because your rivers are polluted.

Leann Plute
REALIZATION

Now the sunny coolness
Comes to warm us with orange and yellow feelings
And we know the closeness
Of moist earth and what we are made of
Standing in the smoky clear air of autumn
We are chilidren of the moment
Trying not to break the spell

Cheryl Hummel

UPON SEEING BERGMAN’S "VIRGIN SPRING"

It was when spoiled Karin,
maiden, they say, of the northern woods,
spoiled, nipple fed, unsooled Karin—
but pure Karin of a hundred flowers,
purer than her own land,
purer than the spring that
followed her pale, fallen head
upward from the ground;
when pure striking Karin,
one-time virgin, glanced up
at the hard-breathing shepherds,
the two violators, the younger brother,
nothing pure from their eyes;
when, bloodied, she looked up,
her body no longer her own,
her life no longer her own,
soil and blood upon that
floating hair that never
was made for soiling or matting;
in that upward look
before looking down, down
to the stream running below
all that was, or is worthwhile,
there a stain reflected sky
though never deeper and wider
and the forest and creatures,
all nature wanting to live.

It was then that all I knew
of man flew away from me
and I was set to traveling
in the forest of Karin’s death
to cover the telling body,
to challenge the immortal Why;
the Why of every language;
the Why of every soul;
the Why of every pure Karin

James E. Terman
POEM FOR A RED HAIRED GIRL

I

She is there on the table, raised.
The door is pushed open
into the hallway where we all must wait.
Outside, it is death wch I fear, that death
wch is mine only.
O God help
us all in those hours, make it easier.
Satisfy the red monkey.

II

I am naked & I am in darkness. O
midwife are you to blame?
The door is pushed open or we are pulled.
But she is on the table & the force comes. I
see light there, tinted with red.
(is it the sun
or simply red flowers?) Quickly now,
it is time to throw me, slime covered.

III

The black casket hurts, floating
on the sea of lime. The sun grows heavy
( & O God is it red)
I can see the leaves of Autumn, most
beautiful of seasons, in the changing
trees; all red
into black branches, black snow against
white night. It is a force uncool for fire.

IV

Is it the sun or simply the red flowers
falling? I have come to love my sime,
it is my last defense.

All pain precedes the act; I am here
forever, and then am gone.

Opening the door to the hallway,
she is on the bed, her legs spread like oak.
In all her redness I find my joy.

tom cadwell

BRANCUSI'S "BIRD IN SPACE"

For a moment constrained,
The bird sweeps through the confines of the shape.
A freewheeling companion to a frozen form.

Margaret King

APHRODITY

best of all baby
it was you&me

biting the apple
to the core

behind the house beneath
the sycamore

with no serpents
or heavenly fathers poking around

anywheres

Harald Wyndham
A SMALL DOSE OF SUNSET

I stepped down from the coach and looked about for my welcome. A man about forty-two inches high stood looking at me. He wore leather knee-breeches and matching waistcoat over a soft camel-colored blouse. His stockings were of a dark color and his thick shoes were black. He was pudgy and soft with light brown eyes and cocoa-browned hair which lay about his head in curls. He advanced toward me and held out his hand.

"I am Gnome," said he. "I shall be your guide and protector. You are quite welcome." So saying, he led me a few steps from the road, then stopped. "Are you tired? But of course you aren't. You won't be for a few hours yet. Was there any particular place you wanted to start?" I indicated that there wasn't, and asked him to take me where he thought best. "Well then," he said, "we will begin, as does everything, with the sea." We walked several miles and in a few minutes were standing upon a giant ledge overlooking a placid grey sea. I stood looking at it for several minutes, then turned to Gnome. "What now?" I asked. He looked from me to the sea then, sighing his disappointment, sat down upon the ledge. "We wait," said he. I sank beside him and looked again at the sea. When I had tired of staring downward, I turned my gaze upward. Above us I saw a huge dome-shaped mirror. In it were the reflection of the sea, the rocks, and Gnome and me. My reflection smiled and waved. She looked down at the sea then back at me with wide, fascinated eyes. I quickly sought what she had seen, and noticed on the horizon a speck of white, moving slowly closer. The sea began to sway restlessly. Waves began to form, higher and higher. I looked up at my reflection in time to see a giant wave wash the mirror where she was, and my reflection slid screaming down one side of the dome. When she had reached the horizon, she was no more than a molten wisp.

I turned quickly to Gnome to see if he had noticed, but his eyes were riveted to the figure on the sea. The figure was a woman; she stood upon the waves, clothed in white with white hair which blew about the fragility which was her face. She spread wide her arms and lifted her face upward. Her eyelids, encrusted with tiny pearls, stooped to cover her ruby eyes. She
waited.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and, still looking upward, cried, "Take me, O Song!" Then from the sea, from the mirror, from the rock on which I sat, from the air, there came a gentle siren, a golden aria. It seemed to grow and grow until it became space itself.

"What is it?" I asked Gnome. "It is O Song," he said, "Watch now; watch as she takes her victim."

As O Song grew, the woman of the ruby eyes began to move in rhythm with O Song. She danced madly, with the waves crashing, and tumbling, and falling at her feet. She danced, her eyes flashing shafts of red, her hair flying. Her snowy, flowing robes became a hindrance and she flung them from her. The sea swallowed them eagerly. Woman danced, on, on—her marble body flashing white as death, while O Song grew and threw herself about feverishly. Then Woman sank to her knees and lay upon the sea. The waves covered her and I saw her no more. O Song began to croon, low and sad; she seemed abated. Her hunger had been satisfied.

"Where is she?" I whispered to Gnome, who sat watching the spot where Woman had disappeared.

"She is dead," he said tonelessly, "and you are tired. Come."

It was true; I was tired. I followed Gnome to an immense willow whose branches brushed the ground. He parted the rustling curtain and beckoned me to enter. Though it had been foot-black outside, the hazy warmth of twilight lay within the willow. Near the trunk of the tree there was a moss-covered stone the size of a bed. Gnome pulled back the verdant coverlet. "You will be quite safe here at Willowchamber," he said. "I will call for you here tomorrow morning. O Song will be with you tonight."

I whirled to speak, but he had anticipated my fear. "No," he said, "she shall not make you her victim. May your sleep be dreamless." He smiled softly and, with a short bow, left.

I lay down upon the rock and pulled the quilt of moss to my chin. I had not lain there long before O Song entered and circled the chamber, hailing soft and sweet. Her warm breath brushed my cheek, and I closed my eyes.

I was awakened by O Song. She was weavling in and out of the willow curtain, trilling the joy of morning. I arose and prepared to leave, but as I drew back the curtain, Gnome stepped in. "Fair o'morn," he said, bowing easily. "I have here for you an invitation." He held out a piece of red paper, then slipped it back into the pocket of his vest when I reached for it.

"It is from Witch, and she wishes you for tea this afternoon at two. You will go," he turned and beckoned me to follow him.

"Where are we going now?" I asked.

"I thought you might like to make a sunset. This is a good day for it and I think you could do it, if you were careful. Here is the meadow."

I looked about me to find that I did indeed stand in a meadow. Daisies, violets, and forget-me-nots mingled freely with grasses as green as I could wish them. Sunshine fell laughing from the sky and splashed luridly onto the ground. O Song gilded happily over the meadow, humming lightly. I longed to go with her—swimming in the sunshine, holding hands and running with the wind.

"Where will she go?" I asked Gnome.

"Everywhere," he said. "Would you like to go with her?"

Delighted, I ran forward. "O please, O Song! Please take me with you!" O Song hesitated, then swept down and gently lifted me up. Then we were off, soaring high above the meadow, splashing in the sunshine, and racing the wind. O Song carried me high over the clouds. She sang ecstatically, swaying joyously to the music of herself. I was held captive by her and dumby, with realization, began to sing with her.

Suddenly O Song shrieked and let me fall, terrified, through the molten air. I could see below me a cloud and felt the sudden presence of cold as I entered. I kept falling ever downward, twirling, drooping—like a severed leaf. I clutched convulsively
at the air, noticed a glimpse of silver, and grabbed it. It was a silver lining—a curtain of smooth, even silk. Grasping the silver cloth desperately, I climbed into its folds and lay there exhausted by my struggle. Suddenly there was solidity beneath me. I tentatively put out a hand and felt cold grass. The cloud had lowered to the ground. I unwound the silver silk wrapped about me and stood up. I called to Gnome through the fog. There was no answer and I sat down afraid. The fog lifted quickly and I could see Gnome walking in his quick, short gait toward me. I ran to tell him of the cloud, but he stopped me, pointing toward the sky. Back of me, I turned to look but saw nothing. "What is it?" I asked.

"Scratch the sky," he said. I looked at him, puzzled. "Scratch the sky," he said again, a trifle impatiently.

I slowly lifted my hand to attempt touching the sky directly overhead. "Not there," Gnome interrupted. "There. Just above the horizon." I again lifted my arm and, with trembling fingers, reached up to scratch the sky. I felt my fingernail rending through nylon and drew back horrified when I saw blood oozing from the giant scar I had made. I watched fascinated as the blood dribbled toward the horizon and spread out along the horizon. The last drop from the scar was a bright, luminous orange which dropped down behind the bloody horizon. Its luminous shine through the blood, turning it to shades of purple and pink. I stared steadily as the wonder built up in me and threatened to overflow.

Gnome held out to me a silver spoon and, nodding toward the sunset, said, "Taste it." I reached out and scraped off a small dose of sunset. I put the spoon to my lips and with my tongue drew the purplepink substance into my mouth. It tasted sweet without being sugary, winey without being bitter. I felt orange rising slowly within me. My veins swayed as my nerves sang excitedly. The orange crept up to my neck and into my face till filled my eyes and exploded into my head. I laughed joyously until tears began to wash away the orange. When the orange was all gone I felt happy and weak. I looked at Gnome expectantly.

"It is time for tea," he said. "Come!" He led me across meadows, hills of heather and powdery-soft dirt roads to a small round white house, the entirety of which was made of ivory. As we neared the bridge, I could see that the stream beneath it was of blood.

"Where did all this blood come from?" I asked.

"From yesterday's sunsets," Here Gnome turned to leave. "Aren't you going with me?" I cried.

"No," he said. "No, I'm not. Goodbye." And he left.

I turned to survey the ivory house and with halting steps crossed the ivory bridge. "Come in." The voice was toneless but commanding. I entered a room of black silken curtains and wind chimes. O Song circled about, playing with the chimes and murmuring softly. The silk curtains, hanging everywhere and in every direction, rustled as she passed by them.

"Sit down." Again the voice commanded and I sat down upon an ivory chair. Across the table (ivory, of course) was a woman in red. Her face was in the shadows and I could not see her features. "Drink your tea," she commanded.

I drank the tea and found it tasted great deal like the sunset had. I felt the eyes of Witch on me all the while. O Song hummed impatiently. Finally Witch rose and beckoned me to follow her. As we walked through the dark-curtained room, a shaft of light fell from somewhere and, as we passed through it, I could see Witch's face. It was the face of my mother. She led me to a small room which was curtained like the rest of the house. She handed me a robe of white and gave me orders to put it on. She parted the curtain to leave and I could hear O Song outside, laughing gleefully.

When I had finished donning the robe, I stepped out. Witch was there waiting for me; O Song had gone. The witch led me to what was obviously an exit. She parted the black silk hanging over the open space and, pointing outward, said, "Go."

I stepped out onto grey waters which placidly licked my feet. I walked for hours then instinctively stopped. My eyelids fell heavy and I closed them. I opened them again to look at the sky A white-robed figure with ruby eyes stared back at me from the mirrored dome. I closed my eyes and began to sway as O Song wrapped herself about me.

Edie Scalf
10,001
a point in time
this place
I'll stay
here
(being basically insecure
& more in need of permanence)
and you
will
stride out
Ego intact
to all
points
on all
planes
& learn the world
mingling
with varying degrees of
pain & pleasure
instigating orgies
searching out 10,000
loveable peoples

but at the hour agreed on
return
to this point
this place
and teach me the world

Kay Geary

THANKSGIVING'S DIVORCE

There have never been children in our house
to drown the color on-off tube reflected
in Daddy's blank corneas always.

Only perennial grandma sloshing
dry gibbons staining carpets in wide circles
giggling over worn jokes.

Today we entertain alcoholic outsiders
childless also
a comparison we give thanks.

Yet, a new name after so many years
is difficult and
who do I thank for it.

Miriam and I have been old since birth
saying green onions is the fault
when ceilings leak
making mud of the business.

Our avocado unpeels a leaf at every meal.

We ate the last tonight.

Heather Dodge

Overleaf: R. Kim Finley
A. M.
bittersweet morning walked
out of rosy evening past
light was dim
all that was clear
were clouds
liquid turned to dust
dew became earth
children splashed in puddles
running into dreams
scattered, the ripples on the water glowing
golden as their faces
in the bittersweet morning

Pam S. Ecker
LEAF BURNING

time for leaf burning
and
the red, wool hats
skitter recklessly
through the yard.
leaf burning.
and
the air is
prickly-spiced.
the tall
rake-proped man
smiles.
going to
the leaf-burner,
early.
beside the house,
hunch together,
the pale shadows
of November are
whispering;
even the sun
is smoking.
whispering,
and
there red, wool hats
burning.

David Adams

GOD BLESS AMERICA

the fires are still burning low even though its a warm night.
i have to laugh even though it doesn't seem proper at this sort
of time. everyone seems so solemn. there's a long haired girl
over to my right thats crying, almost continually. i can't seem
to remember when i haven't seen her crying since we've been
here.

"Do you have an extra cigarette?" the question seems to
be asked numbly. that's a phrase i picked up in my senior class
in english. miles of time ago.

"yeah, sure." my cigs in their uncrushable box, the only
thing that hasn't been killed and reborn in the last few days.
his smiling at me with that sort of grin that doesn't ask for
any response. it knows strangely enough what the reaction
would be. we all know. burns his finger with the match.

"shut!" i smile sympathy. he accepts it as an invitation
to sit with me and does so. "where were you when it started last
night?"

i consider the question as if stumped for an answer. he
isn't looking at me. he's just staring up in the air, making
pictures with the ringlets of smoke? no, probably considering
some teeny homecoming queen that he went with for three
years and never got to sleep with. the great american dream.
"old town."

"ahhh." oh for christ's sake, don't play philosopher with
me. if there is one thing i can't stand its that "ahh." my old
man used to do that all the time when i was trying to explain
something to him. he didn't know and he didn't care to know.
just ahhh. ahh. ahh. ahh. i bend over from the waist
up and part my hair to show him my purple heart caked with
dry blood.

"...and from hence on you will be known as sir Thomas." we
both laugh. it's so pathetically funny. he starts going
through a repetition of last night. or what he thought it was
for me. reminds me of samuel beckett, no words, just those
horrifying puppet movements. how could he know? he prob-
ably doesn't. i imagine it was like that for just about every-
one. the scene finally ends and he lays back down. i feel
closer to him now. we have shared something. neither of us
saw the other's encounter but we were both there.
"They're still there," he comments without looking. I look tiredly in that direction, rest my chin on the palm of my hand, they are still there. All around us in a big circle, tall, solid arms crossed. the nothing faces holding the big sticks, I'll see them after this. every night perhaps. two of them for every minute of sleep. But sir? I love you. no, I don't love them. that was some insane concept dreamed up by a p.r. man on the west coast. I hate them. It's a stronger emotion. one that can be felt easier.

A rock band is getting set up with all the necessary show that must accompany them to make them effective. and cool. my comrade stared at me. his eyes are pregnant with stories of Jean Dixon. does he know what I'm thinking? maybe this is just the midwest version of charades.

We both stand up now. The music is starting to blare and its hurting my head. sporadic dancing here and there. he looks across the street to the building.

"Up there on the fourth floor. A good friend of mine." "Oh yeah?"

He half smiles, half cries. "He got it yelling 'The whole world is watching!'" we continue walking towards the bandstand i smile at friendly faces. a lot of hands in the air shooting up here and over there giving the v sign the sign is more than a sign. its the key you must use to open my mind to your words.

Its an idea, a way of life. I'm starting to feel warm now. I'm staring at the girl singing. he notices.

"Girlfriend?"

"Home, thank god." I remember her at the station. my suede jacket. wrapped against the elements in our uppermiddleclass love. her lips are brushing mine again. brusquely. I shake myself out of my thoughts. a boy with an agitated face and a deep blue shirt is coming toward us.

"Did you hear?" we both reply no without speaking. "Humphrey has the nomination." he turns and walks away. the new breezes over the crowd like a foul air. someone by the statue begins singing: "My kind of town

Chicago is
my kind of town..."

It's almost morning. the sun is jabbing through the smoke and the clouds. to the east you can see the sombre silhouettes of the national guardmen's jeeps. one more look up to the sky. "God. Let the sun shine down on kids."—tom reninger

ASPHALT BLUES

Long road lay flat over
hills
lay dead in valleys
lay pickled by seas
skunk-backed road sees
what we are/knows about
air pollution and love, beer cans and
contraceptives
sees the man behind the bushes
who hopes no one is watching.

Long road gonna write a autobiog-
graphy
of us,
give or take 6,000 miles.

Brandfass

Overleaf: Myra Van Camp
THE POSTER

Today I return to Ernest

crawl through that filtered beard
to his khaki framed neck
and hide
they all motorize past
seldom sweep his eyes
never peek between the hairs
three days a week pass
I'm missed
under the stove between
cracks dust is shuffled
not in the record jackets
the beard relocates
the wind
it grows from my elbows
nose
eyes
I am deaf or
they have ended their search.

Heather Dodge
GRANDMA

our father, who art...
thy name...
give
this day
the sun, it seems...
the room, cold and
dark and
cold
and
why--they shuffle,
stare
and cold and
ringing...
can't
hear when
they talk
give
our bread...
our father, hallowed by
thy...
trespasses,
give us,
give us
bugs crawl,
my arms...
think
it's crazy,
stare, don't see,
and

COLD SUN

I stare mindlessly through wrinkled
Panes. Leaking sills seduce chilling
Breezes that pierce my once-aglow skin.
My mind strays to last night.
Winter couldn't touch us at night.
Why must the mornings be so cold?

Susan Kannel

Greg Morris
THE TIDE

The old man slept and the surf chased itself along the beach and the birds circled hungry and they walked along the sand silently knowing love. He ran to the water hoping she'd follow, knowing she would—with her long red hair dancing around her head and her face drawn in worry over his moodiness and her need for him. She did follow and he was happy knowing her presence was all he would ever need. The surf surrounded their feet as they kissed and they fell to the wet sand enjoying each other and then they rested together on the sand.

"Hey, Mack! You! Wake up!"

"Huh? Oh excuse officer, I must've dozed off for a second."

"Yea, sure. Well get moving. You can't sleep down here."

"Okay officer, just give me a minute."

"An old guy like you sousing it up like this. I can't figure out why we have to pay all these taxes to keep old guys like you healthy when all you do is drink it up. I ought to throw you in the can but you aren't worth it so just get moving before I change my mind."

"Okay officer, sorry if I bothered you."

"Just don't let me catch you down here sleeping again."

"You won't."

"Allright then, goodnight Pops."

"Goodnight."

The old man walked slowly down the street and he smiled as he remembered his dream. The sun was almost coming up and he thought of the day and what he would do with it and he decided to do nothing. He had nothing to do anyway—go down to the park and let the sun warm him to sleep and maybe he would dream. Then he remembered his wife and he went home.

"Where have you been?"

"I stayed out last night."

"Don't you think I know you did? Didn't I sit up half the night sick with worry? And wake our son from a sound sleep? And almost call the Police?"

"I'm sorry, guess I should've called. But you shouldn't worry."

"Why shouldn't I worry? I am married to a man who acts like a teenager and he tells me not to worry. What did you do, drink up our Social Security?"

"I just don't have anything to do anymore."

--the old man walked into the bedroom and his wife followed--

"Why can't you stay home and talk to your wife God forbid? Or we could visit the grandchildren or go to the shore."
-- the old man took a towel from
the closet --

"I don't know."

"Well you had better stop ac-
ting like this."

"You should keep your voice down
at this hour. You've given me a
headache already."

"Where are you going with
that towel?"

"I'll be back in a while,"

"It's a fine thing going out
one day and coming back the
next only long enough to..."

The old man walked along the sand and he saw the younger
people and heard their music and felt their stares. He saw a
young boy walk away from a girl at the water's edge and he wanted
to tell her to follow and she did anyway and the old man
smiled.

Suddenly the old man ran towards the water and his breath
cought in his chest and he stumbled to the sand.

A crowd gathered around him and someone said get a doctor
and someone else said he's dead and the surf chased itself along
the beach and the old man slept.

Dick Tannenbaum
ALLEN IN THE STORE

big reds and greens
harse throughout
like willow nets
where the wet-tramping ends,
but wet-tramping in comes Allen
at the most knowledgeable age of twelve.
up on the elevator to the fourth floor
to be collar-ridden off the blue bike.
he walked until the wetness began
to burn on him
more than the blue bike
and he stopped to lean on the glass
where he always does.
his red nose itched as he watched
old women in blue serve
older women
in assorted pale shades
"a pound of black walnut fudge."
a pound so much,
four Allens would eat a pound,
and have,
but only in the shadow
of a cold wall
under a cot
where all the secrets are.

David Adams

Cry,
Sarah Jane,
it's been
coming for days,
you
can no longer stop
Sob
and writhe
about
All those things
you
tried so hard to make
Watch
not matter,
yourself grow slowly
until
from hurt to rage
Even sugar
spilled on
yesterday's
floor
floor
is a crime
against you.
later
You can rise
at the bedpost
and gaze
through
Tear-blurred eyes
knowing you
will go on
wishing
You wouldn't.

Carol L. Kersey
UPON FIRST SEEING COPPER EDGES
AN APOLOGY TO F. D. R.

We're sorry, Mr. Roosevelt,
We didn't mean it that way,
We thought it was a great honor,
And we didn't know
They would
Stuff your face down public metal vaginas
Glutted by
pinball nymphs,
slot machine abortionists,
television rapists.

And we did think
They would
Hijack your Presidential nod
To
O.K., those too big to crawl
underneath the door,
help E Pluribus Unum decide who
should empty the garbage,
prevent disease only.

We're sorry Mr. Roosevelt,
We thought it was a great honor.

Dick Paterson

APPPOINTMENT

3:15 monday and who the hell are you?
are you God. no one told me you were coming
and it's 3:15 already.
you'll have to excuse the carpet,
it was laid yesterday about 3:15.
you must have come about the Time.
well, we were going to set the clocks again
but we especially like 3:15 monday.

have you come to spend the day with us?
not much Time left, you know, by 3:15.

hey, are you sure you're God.

it's only 3:15 monday
and I had you down
for sunday
at noon.

Terry Ryan
MISS. TAYLOR

I close my eyes
and still envision clearly.
I see you, MISS. TAYLOR

The golden click of
silver dormitory
doors
are heard like
your voice's
silent,
i love you

even though concrete
blocks
separate
our touch
I feel your warmth
miss taylor

Thomas H. Lambert
A SPACE IN TIME
(twelve scenes)

I.
Just about the time
i got to blowin'
my bugle
rea. strong and
my nose was bent
to the grindstone ——
Just about the time
i was
about to make
a real
* splash *
on the canvas
of the world,

II.
they cratered me up
in a box and
sent me off
to a desert
'cept

(Stage Direction)

in the desert
where they sent me
there was
lots of water
layin round in
swamps
tasting kinda
foul-like and
all the time
oozing up
rubbish
of onesort
or another

III.
and,
1 didn't want to go
really
but i #emed to have
no choice
no chance to speak
When first
they took me
from my nest
my tongue was tied
by a million years
(plus ten)
of hearing
that it was my
duty --
RED
WHITE
AND
Oh!
the day
i kissed goodbye
the tittnipple
of her breast
i was
oh yes
i was so
BLUE
IV.
Well,
like i said before

i got caught
and boxed
and crated
and sent off
to blow a
different horn
and ring a
bell they'd given me
that went
* BANG *
and carried in
it's clapper --
seeds
(I think I heard somewhere
something said about the
seeds of destruction)
carried in
it's clapper --
seeds.

V.
So,
when we reached
the desert wet
this guy
who's wearing
blue and
gold and medals
says to me
--listen you
you're gonna steer
this crate that's right
you're gonna drive
this box all up and down
this map here on the wall and gonna keep on steerin
this floatin box
71.
and, while you do
we're gonna pull out

these here popguns and aim'em at this here part of the map over here where you see there's marked a town, but don't worry none 'cause it don't matter what we hit -- they're all enemy and they're all gonna get you if you don't get them first the dirty comm...!! BOOM !!

(see the battlefield see the trenches see the soldiers all dressed up what a beautiful field battle)
what a beautiful cause Smell the dead bodies rotting)
VII.
I kept steerin
like as if
there wasn't anything
better
to do and then
I started groovin
with the music
soundin 'cross
the air
cause
the music
built up itself
and the pitch
got higher
until
I was floating
with it
'til
I was moved along
by it
shouting

VIII.
'til
I was lying
on my belly
in a hole
a very shallow hole
made by a farmer
(see the work
of stephen crane
who understood
the drive of pain)
and
to play with and
to make music with
like forty strings
and then
this guy I knew
was lying down
beside me
was lying down

(Today,
said the president,
it gives me
magnitudinous
glorious honour
to bestow upon this
brave soldier
the highest medal
of the land...
...posthumously)
beside me real
life-like
blowing a flute
of his own
and then
a Ra-ti-ta-ti-tat
and he
broke his flute
or rather
had it broken
for him.
IX.
I hated real good then.
X.
for a while --
A-rat-ti-tat-ti-tat
hating
and throwing darts
at the trees
at the trees
at the trees
that were not trees
that were not trees
at all

(Macbeth --
Act V)

XI.
and
tHERE they found me
shaking
a big stick
and they
took me away
and put me in
a soft room
made out of
nails
woven finely
together
(if I remember correctly)
and they soothed
my soggy mind
with promises
of
(he slapped the man
in the face
with his glove
the duel is set for
Sunday)

(Act this scene out
with no warmth
no love, no understanding
in an empty cathedral)
---it's all right
it had to be

and

---it's all right
it has to be
it has to be
it has to be
it has to be.

XII.

Then,

hearing that
i got real sick
and puked
and didn't know why
exactly
(than)

but i puked
for a long time
and puked
some more
after that and

(sitting along a quiet
peaceful stream the
players picking violets
making love comes an
amiral telling of the
enemy of the system who
is coming up the stream
with a force of 1000
ships to conquer all
As the actors begin to
laugh flash across the
stage pictures of macmillan

after that and
i'm still puking
some
though i've tried
to stop
and would,
to stop
and would stop
if they'd stop
and will stop
the day
they finally
stop!

munich lindberg garbo etc
and then watch as the actors
stone the admiral and in
turn are conquered by the
enemy notice though that
the actors still love that
the enemy begins to love
and the only one who hates
is the nottabletolehimself
getstoned admiral)

wbs fitzian

overleaf: larry rasmussen
SOME SPRING

Some spring when the sun stares
Holes through quilts of snow
Then presses its point like a boy
Who, using glass, makes smoke appear
Till even ice-belted patches
Lose their hold and blend in earth
Making moist ground heavy
With the throb of promised life,
Then in my own thick pulse
I'd search for bodies, deep and hot,
Whose fires unquenched by winter's wait
Would raise their flames from ember beds
And melting down the frigid crust
Would bathe the seeds of seasons past.

Margaret King
CONTEMPO
it seems/
not unusual/
to mourn/
those past/
more guided/
ages/
carefully preserved/
in chests/
of rotting/
velvet, taffeta, lace, satin, etc. /
seeming somehow /
infinitely/
more secure /
than the vinyl-covered /
coathanger /
in the closet /

Robert H. Ziegler

IN RETROSPECT
Lydia Moss received a song--
Read it, liked it, and forgot it.
A hundred years later she remembered it,
(But not its author)

which reminds me: --
Turds plopped on muddy steppes
by Napoleon's moving armies
were ground in -- obliterated --
and some time later people kinda wondered
why flowers grew better in one place than another,
but they couldn't find out --
since shit can't talk, and
the shitters died in Moscow.

Wes Evans
MOVIES

laugh,
cry,
love, die;
flicker flicker
  
gone;
awaiting reality(‘s)

bright
despair

Robert H. Ziegler

STAFF 1969

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