



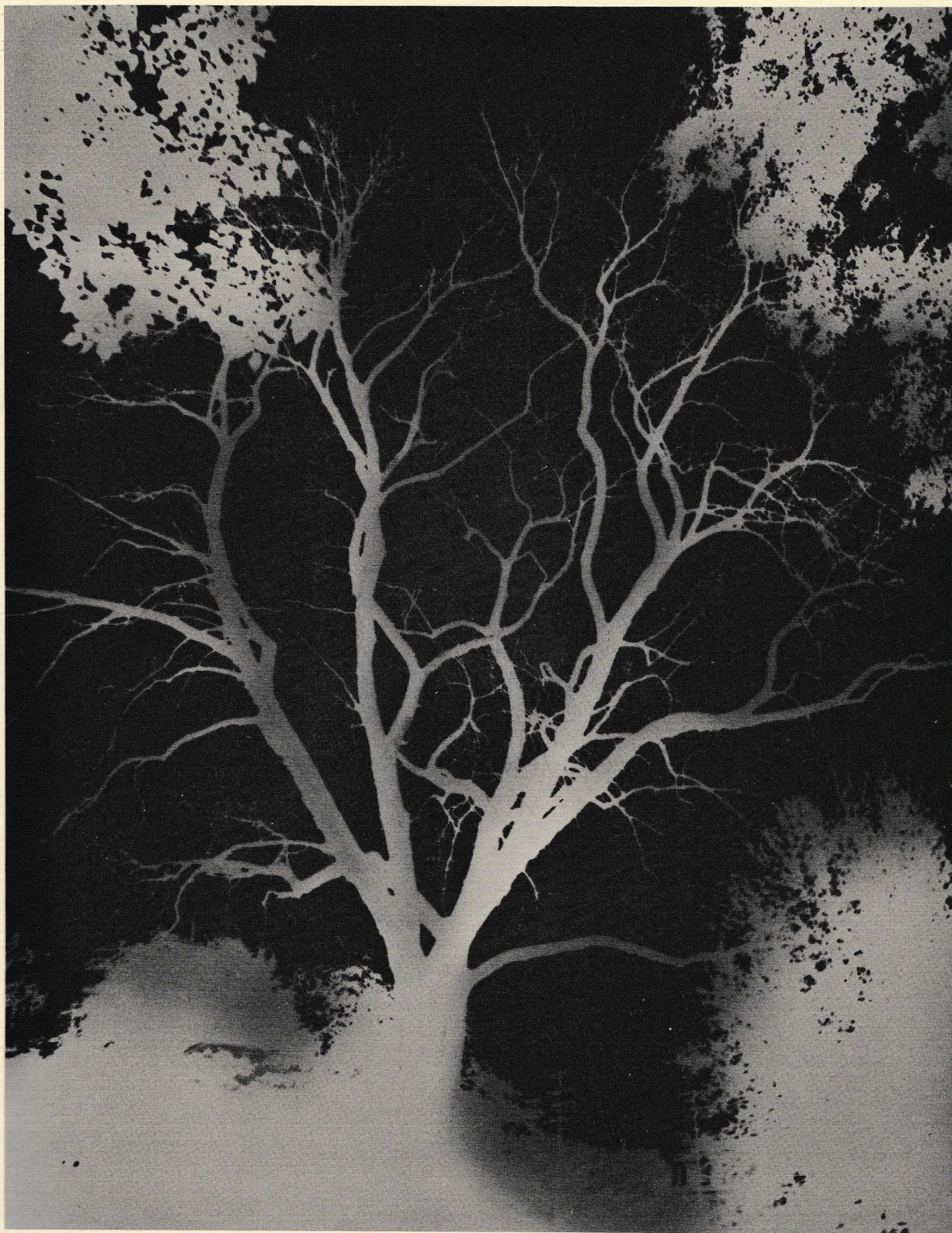
MANUSCRIPT

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WILKES COLLEGE ARCHIVES
Eugene Shedden Farley Library

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Beatrice Hawley, 1979	Back Cover

Mary-Ellen Riley, Sang Van Nguyen and Ellen Krupack won first, second and third prizes respectively in this year's Manuscript Competition. Warren Bush, Bob Husty and Debbie Yatko won first, second and third prizes in the Manuscript Art Competition.



**We've got over
300 good, steady jobs.**



Today's Army wants to join you

Wrong Father

My mother
 writes for him
 on white 3x5 index cards:
"Veterans Hospital"
"Bus to Washington, D.C."
"Where is the toilet?"

At night the dream comes back.
Daddy rolling on the floor.
Mommy taking vomit from his mouth with a tablespoon.
And me clenched unable to move or scream.

In the long white house
with rows of beds,
Daddy would recognize us,
and then he'd get better and come home.

But they gave us the wrong father.
 (He walks funny
 and smells funny.)
I know my father.

I call for him at night
when everyone's asleep
and no one can stuff ritz crackers in my mouth
to keep me from asking questions.

Mary-Ellen Riley

Insights

That day,
my mother woke me
so I could view the eclipse
through a piece of smoked glass
that she gave me.

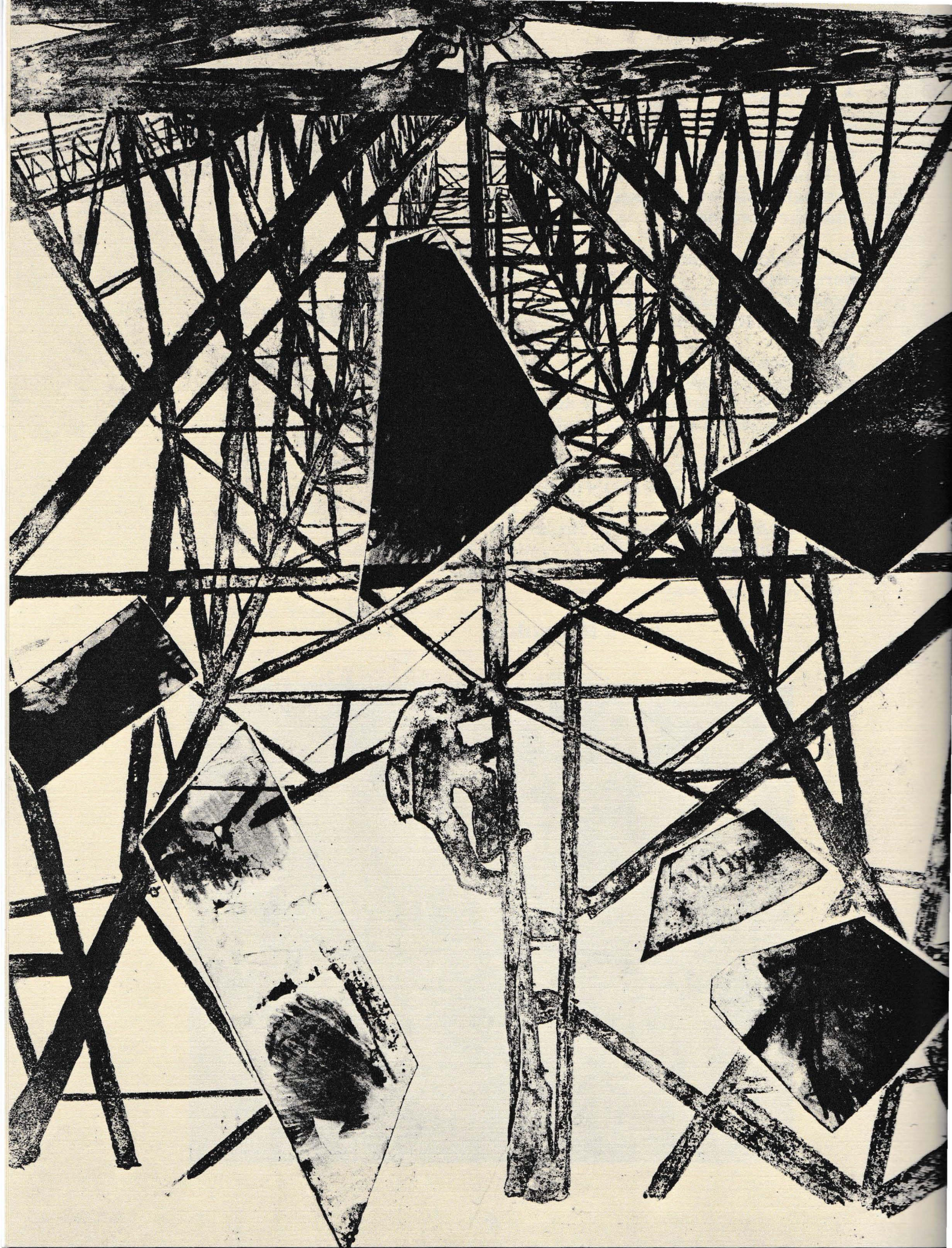
So, I stood outside
barefoot,
wondering what an eclipse
was supposed to be.

I stared in awe
as the creeping shadow
slipped like a sigh across the sun.
For one moment my whole world grew
dimmer, lit
only by the aureole that glowed
from that darkened center's edge.

Now, my headaches grow in intensity,
as the sun had also
when the shadow passed;
I was lucky in a way.

Dave Reynolds





Stranded between buses in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

It was not so long ago
that we met
on the foot-path of the canal,
while the dead leaves fell around us.
Some patterned the ground
while others were caught in-between
the canal's mucky bottom
and the air.

Dave Reynolds



The Moment

Just one short convulsion,
a spinal flinch,
like a rabbit's cringe
in the shadow of the hawk.
But it passed, the moment,
and the bus, and only
the rank fumes remained awhile
because I went home to do the dishes
after all.

Dave Reynolds

the old folks keep dropping like flies, and i still feel nothing.

today

mother was excellent company as we filed everything
neatly away into cardboard boxes.

not once did she mention the windows, or how she
saw god through the dashboard, or how she cried when
she lost her virtue in an absence of passion.

mother

i heard Theresa had another baby.

i can't imagine where she's going to put it.

it looks like we might get some rain this afternoon.

i should have had another baby after your brother was born.

those people breed like rabbits.

be a good girl and pass me that box.

mother

should we rest now? maybe one day i too will have
a baby. maybe one day soon we will be able to sit and
discuss the price of towels, or laugh at those glass-
eyed vultures who have been picking at our bones
for the past eight years. we may even be able to
leave without needing that one final look back.

the bus is just now turning the corner.
your apron is slipping below your hips.
someone may need a story to sleep with
tonight.

Barbara Metroka

The Threat

She could hear the water running. There was an ache in her forehead where she had been pressing it into the moulding, grinding it into the door trying to listen. "Ma, Mom, Are you O.K.?"

She could hear the gush of the faucets, the liquid shatter of the crystal fixture and the suck of the night air off the ocean as it banged the casement endlessly against the brick.

There was a funny smell coming up from the carpet, as she lay there with her head aching. It was a smell not unlike feet, only sweeter, like talc only stranger. A ground-in and forgotten smell. She turned over and lay on her back on the sharp red plush staring at the high white walls, the black wrought iron railings and the victorian what-not with its demented spindly legs.

The door rattled. She sat up, straining to hear sign of life. She began to call her mother's name over and over in a litany of fear, changing it from ma, to mom, to mother, till it had no meaning and became a desperate chant, in which she attempted to gain control and rationality by repetition.

In the middle of this she was hit by a vision so distinct it made her tremble. The woman, her mother, was dead by her own hand. She lay on the floor. Blood was running on the yellow tiles, soon it would come under the door.

Her words grew so thick she could not speak. She hung her head. A small wire of saliva glistened off her lower lip.

Then the fear came again, twining upwards and grabbing her about the chest, until she had to breathe faster and faster and the room itself seemed to distort, to elongate, as she lay on her back, a small girl waiting.

Margo Diesenhouse





4:37 a.m.

I've seen the dancers
after the neon lights go out --
Their faces drawn, streaked with makeup
Black ringed eye mirrors tired beyond reflection
Legs and arm muscles stretched
hovering and shaking.
Costumes and smiles locked away.
And taxi drivers
chainsmoking the dawn, waiting for some
ultimate fare
they lounge -- the styx drivers transferring the
night people:
(the tarts, the lost, the drunks) to oblivion.

Neon goes off before the dawn --
the world is lit by thin lights and cigarettes.
Time sprawls on the sidewalk undisturbed
while cops sit in coffee shops
and even the juke boxes whine slow.

Mary-Ellen Riley

Giving in to the ways of Merope

Yes, you too can screw Adonis.

Just try not to frown as the
man puts his hand far enough between
your legs so as to pinch your thigh.

It only means he likes you.

Barbara Metroka

In the Bedroom

Your mood changes as quickly as fall leaves
A snowball smashed against my ear.

Gary R. Blockus

Untitled

"To those who find their
encouragement and inspiration
in precisely the present
condition of things,
and cherish it with the fondness
and enthusiasm of lovers -"

"So we must meet apart
You there - I - here -
With just the Door ajar"

It's a thin line
- infinite measures -
the Sounds I hear
fill that Breadth -
(no, not thin) - but
Expanse of Ajar
to You there -

Deborah Yakus

A Waltz Without Words

The man, being geometric,
Had heard the metronome
That ticktocked when the Acropolis
Went dancing through the hills
Looking for a partner;
The sounds caught like burrs
In the Euclid places of his body:
Sure that the acoustics were perfected,
He spoke through the mouths of the mask,
Gestured appropriately,
And eventually came to depend upon
The words alone.

The woman, however, had none of these
Certainties;
Since she had been formed
From a rib of Ulysses' ship
And then became the mound in Canterbury
Where the mystery plays were performed,
She was a stationary thing
That slipped into the landscape
Like an ear-shaped shell
Fit into the hand of a little boy
Who had not
Learned to print
His alphabet.

Anne A. Graham



March Woods

Slowly removes the earth
From the clinging roots of a pine
That grows too near the river.

Dave Wasilewski

Window Laughter

See Billy yearn,
Glass guards store products.
Children pinch words in Billy's skin.
See Billy point, pant.
Windows display dimness,
like used bath water.
See Billy think, scratch
with his nails
ee-ee-ee-ee.
Children dare,
Yellow Billy,
bauck, bauck, bauck,
See Billy slap faces---
turn noses on.
Liquid, liquid everywhere.
See Billy gawk.
See Billy swear.
See Billy alone,
chopping the pane,
hidden from eyes,
all of his gains.

And the windows laugh.

Ellen Krupack

The Minstrels

Painted stars in dark eyes,
Leathery hands,
Nods and smiles,
Whistled tunes,
Soaring thoughts,
Blurred visions,
Faces with deeper dreams.

Tara Buckingham

Relativity #1

Einstein spoke to me that morning,
In the kitchen, next to the refrigerator --
at ease and smiling.
"All things are relative,"
he said, using the sugar as energy
and the salt and pepper shakers as matter and light.

I dropped the fork and
for the shortest moment I didn't grow old.

D. A. Harris



You Don't Have To Be A Poet To Be A Poet

I am a needle.
And the dream, the moon, and the spring are magnets.
The wind pulls my soul with a thousand strings;
I sew a bag to restore my flux.

I am a restaurant,
Honey, perfume, apple and mushroom are my sources.
Come to me and leave me, I am not your home
I charge you your tenderness, for my changing self.

I am the eyes,
My wells imprison the blue sky.
The crystal day is sent to me with ultrahigh intensity,
I catch it to energize my memories.

I am a bird,
Without wings, releasing the seeds to four dimensions.
The waterfall invites me to join its potential consonance;
I soar to the garden to build a nest.

I am a current, a transformation, a network;
I am the rain, the neige, the sea.
I am a heart,
Trembling the frequency of a thousand hearts.

Sang Van Nguyen

The Headless Woman

There was a woman in our town who had no head. On hot days the boys would dance around her on the dusty road as she walked unaware, towards the marketplace. When they were drunk, husbands held her up as a model wife. Needless to say, she was the subject of much discussion. She was the object of much suspicion. Things would have been fine had it not been such a poor year for crops. The people grew anxious. "How can she breathe without a mouth?" said a woman. "Is this not a bad sign?" "How can she walk through the province with day and night being the same to her?" said another. "This I find the most terrifying. And not to speak, never to hear a word. How can she pray among us in the temple?"

It was a season of many floods. Rains that scared us witless and left our fields swampy and rotting. The sight of the headless woman in her loose black garment was a growing disturbance. A faint buzzing followed her when she passed, like the sound of several bees. "That's the sound of her heart pumping blood" said a man on the town council. "It's an evil thing in an evil world" said a tired old woman who was shouldering a load of kindling she had been unable to sell.

On the Thursday before Tishah B'Av, our fast day, a hideous storm erupted. The clouds dragged overhead, a bloody purple. We gathered in a ragged group under the Temple awning. "We will starve if the weather stays like this," said the spokesman. "But how can we blame someone who can neither see nor speak. How can she give evidence to clear herself?"

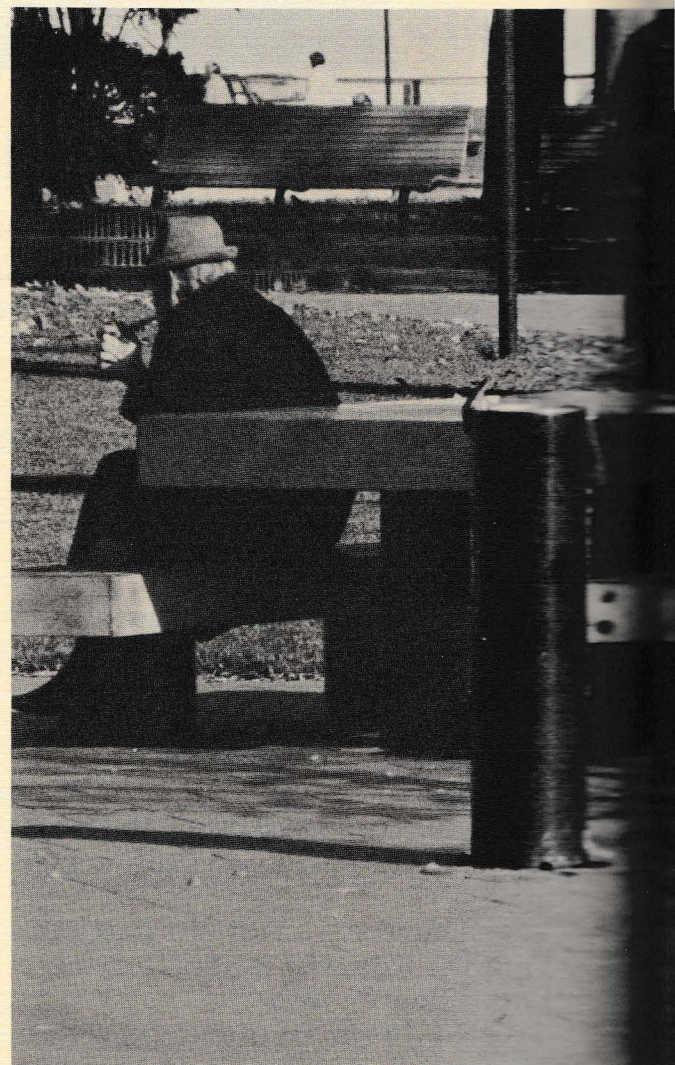
The elder men got out the Torah. They found passages but none saying what was to be done with a woman who has no head. "There are passages dealing with childless women" a small pocked-faced man pointed out, "and chapters dealing with women who wore men's clothing, but nothing about silent women and women without heads". The townspeople shook their heads and went to ready their Sabbath bread.

Meanwhile the headless woman, feeling as light as air, sat on the steps of a ruined building and wondered. She could sense the anger growing around her. Each creature has its own protective mantle. The buzzing noise served her like the whiskers of a cat. She could travel effortlessly in-between the moods of people. How could she convince them of her innocence? She

couldn't speak, having never tried. What could she use to form words having no lips, no mouth of her own? She had never been taught to write, that was for boy children at the cheder, and even if she had gone, how could she have seen to trace the rough and blocky aleph-bet. She gathered the folds of her cape around her long and tired body. She felt an urge to call out, to throw out her soul in an attempt to commune. But what can a headless woman do? Even prayer is alien to her.

On the fifth day of the month of Av, four days before Tishah, the ninth, a storm rocked our village. Livestock drowned in vast puddles. Lakes bloomed where nomadic tents had stood. People feared the destruction of the Temple, since the ninth of Av is a fast day mourning the destruction and exile of the Jewish people.

Tzachi Ben-Sidda called a meeting of the council. In the morning they rose at dawn



and carrying their prayer books they walked solemnly into the Rabbi's study. They remained there for ten hours. We can only imagine the amount of arguing and shouting of passages from the Torah. There was a woman who looked back, a woman who betrayed a king, a woman who slept with no man. There was nothing in the Torah or the commentaries about a woman who had no head. Now it was the Rabbi's decision. He asked them all to leave and return in the morning.

Silence, thought the Reb, was a good thing in woman, was it not? But this was clearly a different case. This woman was not silent by virtue. Perhaps she is a warning from the evil one, perhaps she is a test from god? The people are frightened. She must be proven either guilty or innocent. A headless woman has no designs, no trickery? How is it she could be causing the rain?



In the morning he rose and ran outside, barefoot into the light rain. His congregation stood clumsily, angrily in the warm downfall. "First, let us pray, Shema Yisrael, Adonay elohaynu, Adonay echod" He led them in the simplest prayer of all. A proclamation of the one-ness of god. Then he lied. What else could he do? He told them he had found a tract in the Mishnah Avot, the sayings of the fathers, that dealt with such a case. The woman must be tied to a heavy stone, another rope must be tied around her waist. She must be thrown in a river. In five minutes she must be pulled up. If she lives, she is an angel and innocent. If not, then she is a creature of evil, for without a mouth and nose, what does a headless woman need with air? The Rabbi himself felt sure she would live. He felt as wise as Solomon.

On the road to the nearest city the woman began to feel the buzzing, gaining in intensity. She was snatched by two townsmen and bundled into a wagon. It never occurred to her to fight and she sat, unable to weep, in a dark peace in the rough-bottomed cart.

The sun rose on a grey and wet morning. It reminded me of a still, wet fish. Down near the water the Rabbi stood surrounded by his congregation. The headless woman stood near him, a rock tied around her ankle. When they carried her, she had been lighter than a child. She knew nothing of resistance. The noise of her buzzing droned on and was gaining the painful pitch of a circling finger on the rim of a wine glass. It rung out over the silent lake.

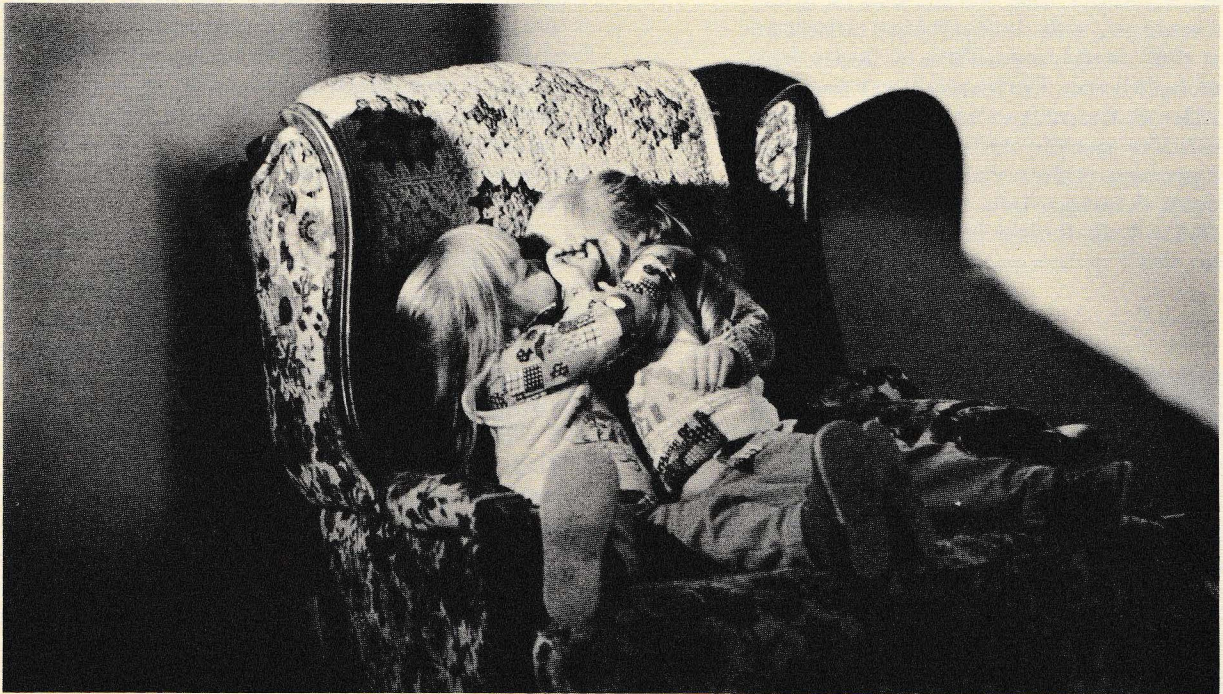
When they lowered her into the water, passive and still, several women cried out. Others would have liked to turn and run but were afraid of turning disfavor upon themselves. We live in a sad little town.

The headless woman felt the coolness of the water and the weightlessness of her body. But where before the world was dry, it was wet; before the world was easy now it was as fire inside her and she began to thrash and kick. In minutes she was dead. The buzzing was terrible to hear.

Israel, the grave-digger came and buried her in the back-woods. The next year a tombstone was erected on her grave.

The Rabbi sits in his study wondering if a headless woman can carry tales into the next world, but nothing has changed. Nothing has been unlearned. God sits in quiet judgment, and the storms of bad seasons pass and are forgotten.

Margo Diefenhouse



If I Were An Artist

How do I keep for you the scent
of the meadow, the sound of the
dry grass as it bows beneath my feet,
the damp earth smell beneath the pine,
the taste of a kiss on the cheek of a
just bathed child?

Helen Zatcoff

Thin Worlds

A thin world
of great distances
milepost'd by cigarettes
and glasses with stale puddles.

Lamplight
on red cloth bindings
fade the titles.
Mark Twain, Herzog
and Dickens
fight the dust.

"The fundamental difference
lies in our view of obscenity:
I say, 'an obese ballerina';
you say, 'Hitler'."

Violins and trombones -
You moan often in your sleep.
I rush forward to brush stray hairs
and listen to your breathing.

We are jagged flesh
Ripped and waiting
To be eaten and to live.

You, the essential romantic
dream of heros, of demons,
of orange, of nothing.

I watch the nightlight
and wonder if it's bad luck
to tear a page from a book.

In Antarctica one needs a strong coat
to walk the distances,
and steady feet
to tread the ice.

The alarm clock gives minutes;
Your breathing out of sync.
You'll awake and find yourself
wrapped in a strange blanket.

I crawl tight behind you,
weave my arm between your shoulders,
my hand underneath your cheeks.
Fall asleep
to the sounds
of ice cracking.

Mary-Ellen Riley





Feeling Of The Fall

Don't you hear
the Fall
beneath the blurred moon
sobbing?

Don't you feel
the sweet intensity
the warrior's image
returning to the wife?

Don't you listen for
the Autumn wood
the weaving of branches
whispering?

And a golden deer
astonished
steps on the yellow withering
leaf.

by Lu Trong Luu
Translated from the Vietnamese by
Sang Van Nguyen
and Paula Murphy

Autumn, Moonstone Beach

The sleepers turn and turn,
Muttering softly in their dreams.
Outside, the air is thick with salt
Floating up in mists from the ocean.
The mists are a muted wail, the sheets
They are wrapped in, nascent memory
To upturned, sleep-ravaged faces . . .

The fishermen rise, swallowing clouds.
Begin the march across a flat grey expanse of sand,
Ending in rock.

I see them, later, hunched across the skyline
On the breachway -- a dark line which divides
Water and sky. I move across the beach toward them,
Slowly; a thick-shelled crustacean feeling its way.

From the rocks, the sky stretches out
Like the mind of one who slips, unnoticed, into sleep.
But the eye is drawn down, instead,
To rows and rows of other-eyes, staring up
Into the wings of white birds, circling.
Eyes that have no lids
To shut out the light of moons,
Gutted and gaping like an open wound . . .

"There's a school of blues running under that current there" --
He gestures with his ear, as if he could almost
Hear the sound of a thousand fins,
Like the rush of wind on rock,
Surging through bright water like a moth-battalion,
Wings flapping blood-rhythm
Against the subtle pull of tides.

They fish well into evening,
Hieroglyphic-faces set hard against the wind.
Beating down incessant ocean
With a movement like time, recurring.

The fishermen cast their lines into the wind;
Their hooks snag on stars.
They are pulling in the night now,
Spattered with fish scales, glittering . . .

They wrap the night in newspapers;
It is carried inside their coats, like a heart,
And then they are returning home.

Paula Murphy

Alba

Light

locked in the windows

and the engines

beginning to turn.

And nothing to do

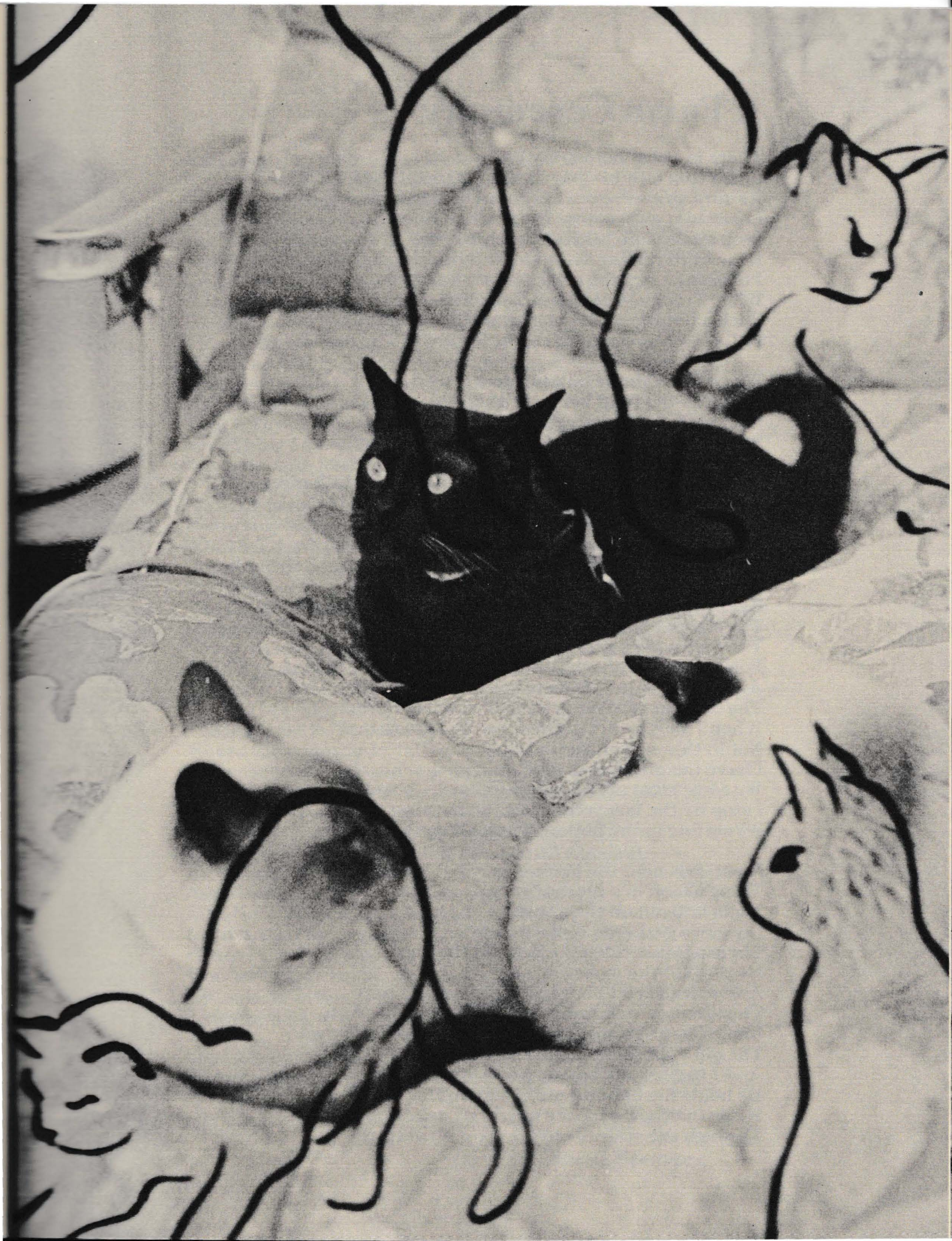
but leave

with nothing

but the smell of your hair.

Ray Klimek





A Farm Ceremony

There is a coat across my knees.
I hear him climbing down the stairs in stocking feet
As sure as ever, even in the early morning.
I hear him pass across the kitchen floor,
Stop and stamp his feet into his boots.
He is at the cellar door; I hear it open, feel it shut.
I imagine I feel the cellar steps shake beneath his weight.
When I reach the bottom, I see him standing
With a bundle under one arm. His free hand
Pulls out a new pair of cowhide gloves. They are for me.

We go through the outside door
And into the field below the house.
Stiff winter grass cracks beneath our feet.
Soon, we are walking through the apple orchard,
Grandfather in the lead.
We are the only moving things on the whole hillside.
Trees, like the frozen grass, are knotted and high,
Braced above and strutted from below
By the morning dark and the cold so close upon us.
There is a waiting spirit that fills these trees,
Keeping the cold close to the ground,
Keeping the mist in the lower woods from rising,
The sleepers in their beds, the darkness,
The tree leaves grey, and stiff as flakes of stone.
Each might be an eye, clinging to these dark limbs
And watching as we pass below.
The old man shifts his tools to the other arm.
When I look back up, there are no leaves,
Not in this season on these trees.
I have imagined everything.
We come clear of the apple orchard.
I stop by the last tree to hear something,
A rustling in the hollow trunk where birds nest.

He stands near the henhouse,
Tying a loop in a piece of rope,
Tools laid out on the ground.
Once, we gathered rocks and piled
Them against the fence around the pen.
He pushed the wheelbarrow
And warned as I bent to lift each one
That snakes stay under stones as large as that.
Inside, hens grumble and strut, the rooster crows.
The old man says something I can't hear
And I tighten my lips and nod my head.
He holds his hands near his mouth for quiet.
We go inside. He moves quickly
Through the stale air to the coop, to his girls,

And they flap up into the air around his head,
Some running back and forth on the perch,
Others standing in the nesting boxes,
Turning their eyes at him.
The light in the peak of the roof turns the air pale yellow
And outside, blue air falls quickly
Like something heavy sinking through deep water.
A low wind crosses the field and catches in pines.
Further down the valley, a dog barks.
The rooster stands in the corner, still.
If it were in the field, we would mistake it for a stone,
Stop near it, and lift it to the wheelbarrow.
It stares as the old man and I realize
That its eye is the stone, daring and expecting,
Something I shouldn't have to see,
But can't stop looking at.
It is a stone you turn up from the bottom of a creek
Flowing through a dark place in the woods where,
If you stay a minute more, something with teeth and fur
Will rush from the undergrowth and pin you to the ground.
The stone will have caused it all.
The eye has caused the stone.
The old man is somewhere in between.
He hands the rooster feet up through the gate and
To me, in my hands, and I take it, the stiff body
Bouncing against my stomach,
And tie it upside down to the tree, over a dark stain on the ground,
Where it twists slowly at the end of the rope.
There are white pinfeathers
Where the wings have fallen open.
A drop of yellow glazed mucus falls from its beak.
The old man is coming across the grass with his shirt open
And behind it, where his chest should be,
There is a tree growing without its bark.
The wood is deep yellow and damp with wood oil.
He is the rooster's eye
And the eye at the end of the rope is empty,
Like the hole a stone leaves when it's gone.
I will hold it by the legs
While he finds a place on the neck for his knife.
In a dark place in the woods,
There is a rooster growing around a stone
Lying in the creek bed.

Late tonight, I'll pick a basketful of apples.
I'll sneak into his house and shut them inside with him.
In the morning
His house will be filled with the smell of his apples.

Brent Spencer

Things to finish Things to start

Dearest Marilyn,

is it your hair,

or just your kind I resent

You are always that wanton flippant blonde that
I with my jealousy can never deny.

You with your scandalous ability to gleam from
men what they would gladly give you without a question,
or a grin, or a nod.

You have never needed to ask.

I have needed.

I have asked.

The humiliation is in the request,
not the desire.

Barbara Metroka

Form and Content

The worm was in the apple, mother eve,
How could you know until you bit and chewed?
Innocence is a tragic thing--like half
A moon--who knows if it will wax or wane?
You touched what was forbidden--else it fall--
For given back unto the tree it made
No sense. What ripens must be picked.

When a man finds a sin without a form
He makes himself a shape to keep it in.

Anne A. Graham



Untitled

She was beautiful
on the cover of Life magazine 1942.
Your mother -
who married at 30
to a man
"not handsome
but a good dancer
and very nice."

Under your bed in a box
you used to hide a photograph
of her in an evening gown -
black with a white silk rose.

Sometimes you'd take it out
and touch it
for luck
or something else.

Your beautiful mother
who left her dress
on the floor;
crawled
into her marriage bed
in a blue kimono.

Whenever you wanted to run away,
you'd hide for hours
in her closet
and sleep on that kimono,
because in the dark
it smelled of strange places.

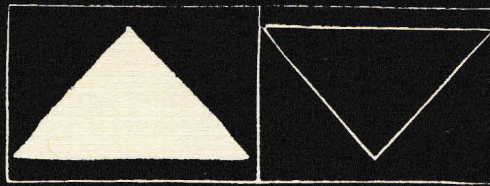
Mary-Ellen Riley

The Lesson

A child's hand absorbs
A feathered blossom
Like a curled, papery
Lemon peel
Clutched in his choked fist.
Wrinkles mar,
Pulled, stretched, torn.
Wide eyes glisten,
Pain trickles.
A sneakered foot mauls
The broken petals.

Ellen Krupack





R. the Worker

the man
lifts his
dry face,
stubbled chin,
restless lips.
weeps successions of pain,
long nerved yelps
silenced in throat flesh.

rotary fingers
play a buttoned register.
wealthy notes flaunted.
he collects money
puts in a tray
rings up no sales
gives items away.

customers:
stiff smoked, perfumed.
perspiration
and other odors
clog his uplifted nostrils.

orders:
"sweep soot on floors
gather the garbage
lock up the doors."

tra la la la la la la
the day is done.

joined with friends,
darkness holds pleasures.
people give good times ---
one night. one jolt.

tinge: vomit and beer spume
spewed forth.

proven strength ---
bent beer cans
and wrecked bitches at parties
embellish the busted hills.
the deep. the dark.

he gathers garbage
soaked, aromatic,
pungent, familiar.

Ellen Krupack

A Husband

For me, a plumber having plied my trade,
the city holds the symbols:
your mother wheeling Donny as a girl,
piano being played by Grace,
my try to prove that I could learn to play as well as she,
her laugh,
your Grandpa Bill, whose attic held his ash,
outrageous séances,
wed to Grace,

speeding cars at night,
waving by dimming lights
until the time when they must come alone,
bearing again the feline eyes
Bill's dad had searching for the perfect black,
framed and hanging in our room for years.

Richard Aston

February Moon

When you make love to me
I am a cathedral,
A space of intersecting spaces
Bound more to sky than earth.
I am a chosen rock
In a dark quarry's belly --
The one only hands can see.

Outside, the frozen birches stand
Like five uniformed schoolboys
In a primitive photograph.
Just to their right,
A bed of crocuses
Curse the weight of snow
And beat their tiny fists
Against the roof of ice.

Our feet touch in the sleep
Of afterlove: it is a signal.
Like a tired mother,
The moon bends low
And kisses each crocus
On the cheek.
Her breasts accidentally brush
The stiff arms of the birches;
After shivering once, they resume their pose.

Then the moon pads back to her dark room
Weaving through the darkness
Like your fingers wander through my hair.

Anne A. Graham



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Afterword

The Manuscript, now in its thirty-second year of publication, represents both the literary and visual artists of Wilkes College. The magazine is published by the Manuscript Society, which also sponsors the Manuscript film series, holds coffee houses and poetry readings throughout the year, and assists the English Department in co-sponsoring the readings of guest writers.

All of the literary and artistic work of any student of Wilkes College is eligible for publication in Manuscript. Address all submissions and correspondence to the Manuscript Society, Wilkes College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18703.

The Manuscript Society wishes to extend its appreciation to those people who have taken the time to contribute their creative efforts.

The Editors

1979

We're learning the beauty secrets again,
and how to dance. Mr. O'Rourke
the dancing instructor has new teeth
he's teaching Sally and Lisa to waltz.

It would all be familiar:
I spread the white cloth
on the grass and set out
the chicken, the wine, the chocolate cake.

It's all so natural you'd recognize
your old shoes on my feet.
On this side of the river
we still have to learn

not to bleed all over the garden
to keep our heads out of ovens.

Beatrice Hawley
Writer-in-Residence