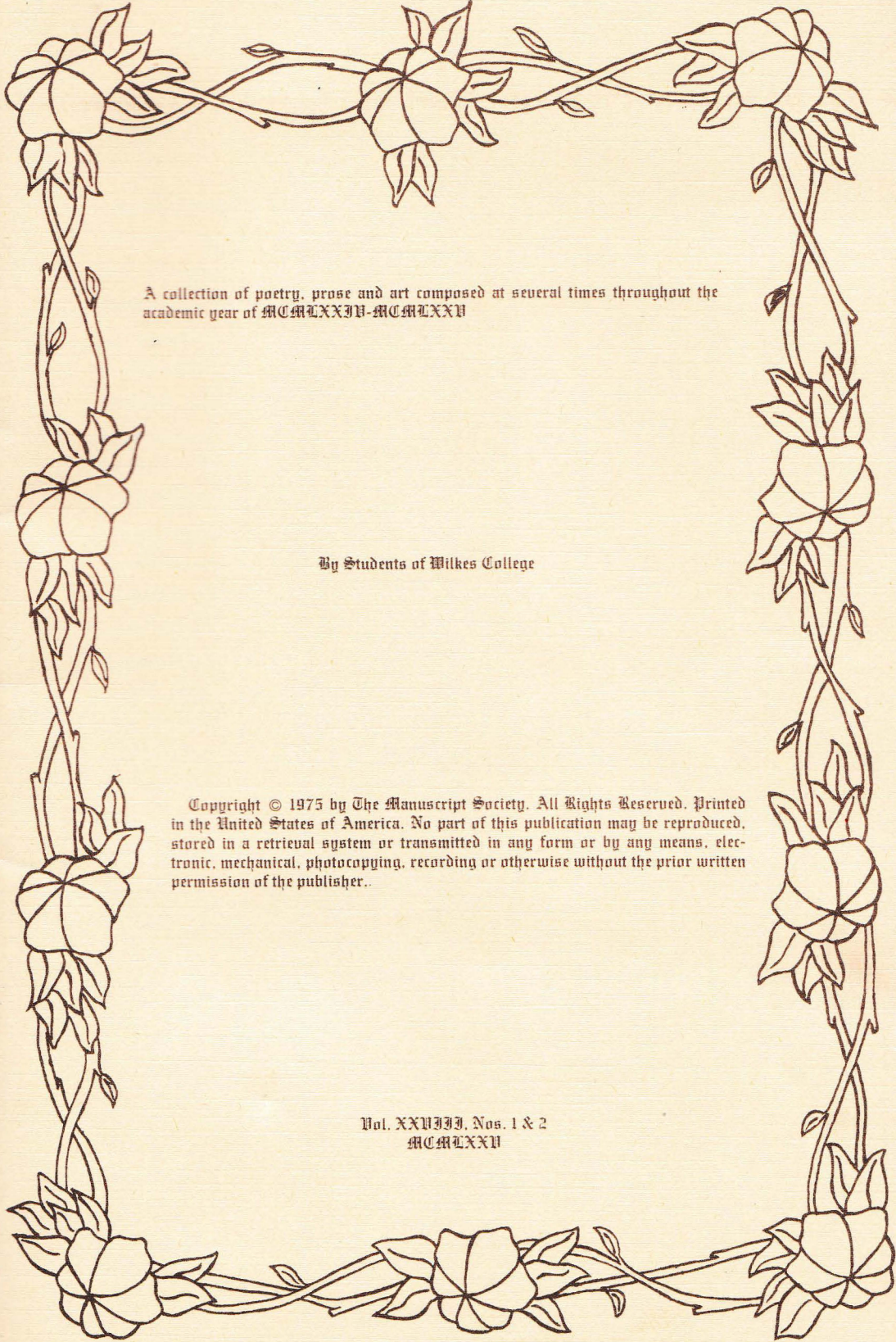




Manuscript

Vol. XXVIII, Nos. 1 & 2
MCMXXII



A collection of poetry, prose and art composed at several times throughout the
academic year of MCMXXIII-MCMXXIV

By Students of Wilkes College

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Vol. XXIII, Nos. 1 & 2
MCMXXIV

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Winner of the Manuscript Prize for Poetry
selected by the English Department



ell me Muse of Hades where Teiresias speaks in silent truths
Of shadows of the souls of innocents
And the shadows of souls of inhumanity
Where violets hide on blood soaked soil
And daisies bloom on rotted bones
Where fertile grasses grow
O'er six million human souls.

I boarded Odysseus's ship
A passenger train
Charted through the barren land of Poland
Narrowed at the river Styx
And stopped at the eternal iron gate of Hades
Whose entrance proudly shouts "Arbeit Macht Frei"
And red brick buildings boast safe illusions of trust.

Thirty years later
The fog has never left;
Mist surrounds the buildings
Trying to hide the lingering horrors . . .
A train whistle blows . . .
As if it were part of the wind
Part of time.
It echoes into the past arousing souls
Who move about into the present.
The footsteps of an inhuman sound
Awake negatives of men in black and white.
I breathe . . .
The dampness of death clings . . .

Shadows stand for roll call on snow covered walks
Barefoot bones of life hang together, breathing at attention.
Paralyzing fear, and pale terror become affirmations
Of lives too strong to seek the comfort of the Furies
Or the oblivion of death.

I step inside the Museum of Martyrs
A building of man's inhumanity to man
Where lives become exhibits
In rooms of glass cases.
Black and white uniforms tremble
Haystacks of human hair comb and braid
Artificial limbs bend and walk
Crutches limp
Baby shoes skip and scuff
Pacifiers soothe
Shaving brushes lather
Talaism walk to pits praying "Ani Maanim"
And silent cries shake sound waves beyond all ears.

In the crowded barracks sits a mother with outstretched arms
Repeatedly saving her baby who was smashed before her eyes.
The speechless son who was forced to choose between his father
And himself mutely repeats his story.

The Officer's desk orders

Experiments: Executions: Extinction:

Change men to women, women to men

Animals to children, children to animals

Black ovens bake people like bread on canvas stretchers

A German band of Laestrygonians chewing human bones.

These twisted minds of Cyclopes hand out soap and towels for

Showers of Cyclone B gas

And force others to shovel shrivelled skin and rotted flesh

And excrement.

A 20th century Polyphemus vomiting and belching souls

As the odor of burning flesh billows from the chimneys

Staining the blue sky purple.

No one believes it happened

No one believes it could happen again

Auschwitz and Birkenau neither began nor end

Merciful mist hides 25 square miles of atrocities.

Stretched to the horizon as far as the eye can see.

Intoxication of the fog, the blur of the distance

Makes me drunk with denial

Blinded by the terrors of what might have been reality.

The same veiled eyes of the free world

Who saw, and stared, and said it was not happening.

Thirty years later . . .
The train whistle blows
The sound I hear is
Eternity crying to the wind
Reality howling into time
Begging to be heard.

Teiresias sells pictures, pens, and pennants
Souvenirs of the curse of the House of Atreus
Souvenirs of Auschwitz
Worn from speech he points to his numbered arm
And his numbered signature.
Remember, he says, Remember history,
Remember what happened here, Remember
Man's character is a fabric
Woven of black threads of anger and aggression
And bright colors of peace and harmony.
Weave the cloth so the dark threads are held in place
By the light colors
And tied together with golden ropes of Wisdom
And silver chains of Truth and Reason.

Assemble Council Declare a Truce.

Adele Schwarz

Constellation



Shoals of stars are swept
Upon the scend of a neap tide's lining;
I plot them in the matrix of my symbols —
Sudsing salvo of light tethered image,
Parallaxed ebb and entelechy,
Like the arbitrary focusing
Of two gods' mirrors.

As harriers haunt the voided night,
Chevy cupped beneath the crescent,
I flex the freedom of my beginning,
Free Orion to Kalypso's bed,
Unthread the clasp and gel of time,
Scattering Pleiades —
Beaded sisters of long shared light —
To burn alone in black abstraction,
For there are no men shaped in my heavens.

Judson Evans

Mrs. Kransky's Original Sin



Ya heard of Mrs. Kransky 'cross the street?
She danced daily in 'er garden with fig leaves on!
The neighbors popped their goggles every day.
They said she was senile—the poor thing!

“She’s a perverted ole hag who gets ‘er thrills
By bouncin’ ‘er—you-know-whats—before our babies!
Oh, the shame. We think she’s lunny,
Dancin’ with ‘er fig leaves on.”

The word spread fast, an’ everyone came
Ta see ‘er do the bump an’ grind
Around ‘er cabbages an’ tomatoes.
She danced good (for ‘er age),
Though she seen better days.
I heard she use-ta make Mr. Kransky’s sunflower
Grow each day.
But what goes up must come down;

An’ one day last month,
She came out for ‘er daily frolic:
She jumped too high
An’ landed a little too hard.
Ta make a long story short,
Her dancin’ days are over.

If ya visit ‘er some afternoon,
Yu’ll see three bronzed fig leaves
Hangin’ over the ole victrola,
An’ she’ll tell ya a lively story:
How she, at eighty-three, shocked the town
Or at least the late Mr. Brown,
Who climbed ta his roof ta get a better view
An’ wound up pushin’ daises at the age a forty-two.

R. S. Fabbrini



So now we are caught in the splicing cogs
With the bleached, barren, crooked tree
That stands triumphant amid the decayed leaves.
So now we are caught in the lynching limbs
That we hang onto for life.
As the trap is hurled through piercing darkness
Falling and falling,
The rusted springs of the trap coil
Strangling and strangling
Until the haunted face becomes
Tighter and tighter
And the countenance cracks and shatters
Into eternal silence.

Debbie Yakus

A Perspective on Individual Action



Contrary to the exhortations of philosophers, scientists, and especially psychologists, self-consciousness is the bane, not the boon, of our age. We all know ourselves too well. The search for identity is reflected in the hedonistic pursuit of pleasure and immediacy that characterizes our age. Keats said "Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—we know this, but we have mentally twisted this truth into ugliness. Our nation is a monument of self-deception; a rococo facade looking for an excuse for its existence. Each individual erects similar edifices; barriers to a reality that is present in a literal rather than a Jungian or metaphorical sense. Essentially, there is no personal truth, no relativism. There is a standard beyond our prejudices (a further camouflage of motive) that continues, despite our efforts to the contrary. Truth is contained in those brief moments of confrontation with self and its innermost desires. We have chosen to label, to categorize, to separate the unity into its inferior parts and call the one we prefer truth. But unconscious (and conscious) processes belie this facade of terminology and rhetoric. We have literally analyzed ourselves into a corner. Labels, themselves ephemeral, insubstantial, are magically transformed by men into rationalizations concretized as a program of what is inaptly termed action. These "actions" are not creative, they are a means of avoiding real statements of goals and desires and attempts to realize them—which constitutes true action. The result: "I cannot do this because I have a latent fear of rejection; therefore I will do X instead because it is within my immediate capability."

There is a consequent sense of displacement, of not belonging, that has been recognized as the 20th century's chief malady. This existential feeling of the meaninglessness of it all is similar to the emotional insulation, and the loss of self, experienced by those imprisoned in concentration camps. Concentration is an incredibly apt word in our present context of crisis. The world has become condensed, it closes in on the individual, forces beyond not merely

his control but his understanding threaten to engulf him daily—even in the most common of circumstances. The scope and dimension of the modern existential terror is increased, paradoxically, by the fact that it is no longer the ungraspable, the unnameable, the eternal, that holds our fate in hand: it is men like ourselves. This applies to individual lives as well as societies.

It has been argued that in all the ages of man there has been the possibility of extinction, that the common man (if such a creature indeed exists) has been, is, and will always be at the mercy of certain forces either in or out of his immediate comprehension. In essence, we are now merely the children of the bomb rather than the children of Zeus. But obviously this is erroneous. One can talk doomsday logic or Malthusian theory, the important dimension to human beings is the stress created by the gross magnification of the individual act. The failure to act, of course, is of necessity perverse and self-destructive. There is something in the human character that demands action, even if it cannot be logically figured to bring about a satisfactory conclusion. So. One arrives at the necessity of action. This action can be insidious, even anti-active in its effect. Then it is mere reflex and does not deserve the word action. Getting up at 6:10 and going to work as you have done for the previous 364 days is obviously not action. The attempt to love is action. It defines all other actions as a part of itself. It creates other acts, some of which we label art. Poetry has been called "supreme fiction" when in fact it is ultimate reality. Naturally, in this sense poetry is all will manifested in expression—in all of its myriad forms.

The one who attempts to love, who exercises the inherent capability to make distinctions, who searches for "the best that is known and thought" as Arnold terms it, is at a particular disadvantage in a world of empiricists. Those who make the world run (albeit into the ground) are cause-effect thinkers, not creators. Discernment can be a curse as well as a gift. One so immeshed in pondering infinite possibilities, implications, nuances, doubts, capabilities, is often paralyzed by his own thoughts. The man of reason, contrarily, has a single strength—the ability to concentrate, to focus in and anatomize a problem. However, as we have seen, this is the type of reasoning that has shaped our world into its present chaotic condition. The creative man is guided by dreams and images insub-

stantial, yet of paramount importance, as well as by the obvious. But what happens to the creative act? Our present era has chosen to view art from the wrong end of a telescope. Poetry, the theater, music, are categorized "useless" except as the source of a release of dangerous tension and, more importantly, as the source of funds for the "captains of industry" who have metamorphosized themselves into "captains of media" as well. Art is now "entertainment"—it has no ramifications in the physical world or in the hearts of men.

The true source of the genius of men, the source of all intelligence and all value, is necessarily beyond reason. It is involved with the regeneration of art as itself and as it is reflected in the creative act. There will probably never be a day in which everyone will be fulfilled. Yet, as it is imaginable, so it is possible. However, the few who consciously strive for the ultimate must not be the elite they now are. New movements of psychology, physics, and metaphysics cloud and disguise realizable truth: an act of creation that imbues all subsequent actions with purpose and beauty. It is impossible, due to the nature of such varied situations, for me arrogantly or presumptuously to prescribe a plan of action. They exist despite my pain, trial, success, despair. They Are. The ultimate is not a god of thunderbolts or a prime mover who set into motion an irrevocable chain of events. It is a state of mind and of being. It is beyond our full understanding, but not beyond our full perception. It engenders a direction in existence that is intimated, it arises almost totally from the self: no movement, no creed or order can contain it or eventually resist it. Memory creates necessity, requiring action. The choice is made without the reason which tends to disguise ultimates. Those who search for the true may hesitate, but they are ever the repository for "a spark of will/ Never to be trampled out." Those who have the will to create/love—in any form—and also possess the knowledge of the fruitlessness of all other actions, will choose to bear all abuse and misinterpretation rather than choose actions devoid of meaning. To choose what is felt untrue is neither to choose nor to act.

J. Dugan



Death
puts on his callous gloves of cold,
and rides
horses of laughter down the lonely corridors
of everyman
in the darkness of the night.
He steals
children from their candy,
loves from lovers,
and whistles
while he plays.
Be he freak,
queer, square, or pervert,
death in his self-declared hour of glory
rides
everyman into eternal nothingness.
Yet there remains the undaunted —
the Pepsi generation,
now alive, living forever —
in action, thought and change.
Death,
God's very damnable claws,
cannot pierce this being on the move.

Patti Reilly

portrait of a rolling stone



pon awakening,

i glanced outside my window
to see a thousand flowers
dancing in the wind . . .

on this dampened morn
my mind wishes to escape
the sequestered ports of emotion

and ramble
amidst the forest of brown barren trees
(paste board cutouts)
beneath a concrete sky.

remnants of days past
slipped thru the forest of my memory.

the incessant tides of mutability
crashed vehemently against my brain.

the stretch of the silver black path
lay heavily on my lead laden brain.

raped of reality
i wandered aimlessly
over the hills and crevices of the past
in search of the future
guided by a crystal star.

on traveling
i saw a castle.
a mighty fortress of purple hue
sited on a mount of ebony
with golden light
dissipating on the walls . . .

the court jester greeted me at the gate
and bade me bow before the king and queen.
the court army rose in midnight armor
upon a satin moon
shooting arrows at my fear . . .

fear to live,
fear to die.

and the world was wise . . .

is this an illusion?

the castle's walls no longer exist
but in the form of dust.
the court jester has ceased to frolic.
the king and queen are but figures
on a chess board.
the mighty army lay slaughtered by
the moon in the battle of eternity.

Upon Seeing a Widow in the Back of a Bus



hat ancient woman laughs at us,
Knowing something
We'll never know,
Something to do with being
What we are and why we are going.
She wears a black veil;
She must know.

She is sometimes lean,
But most times broad:
Always black.
Well glutted and gutted is her bloated bell;
She tolls it
And rolls it across all times and periods,
Punctuating the land with blooded dots.

Every sailing water foul pierces
Her into guttiness deified.
Every struggle is waged
In her, On her, or For her.

f a Bus

She finds glee in woe
And peace in being close to the fall
Of flesh: she earns it and yearns it.
Her eve was ours to weep on,
If the night is black
And the fruit red.
She mourns; she knows.

For her son and children mourning
Death becomes her:
She wears black and knows.
Soon we shall plant her,
But she has died too much for one grave,
For a million lots and plots.
When she goes we'll not weep,
But be relieved.
We are ungrateful wretches forever.

R. S. Fabbrini



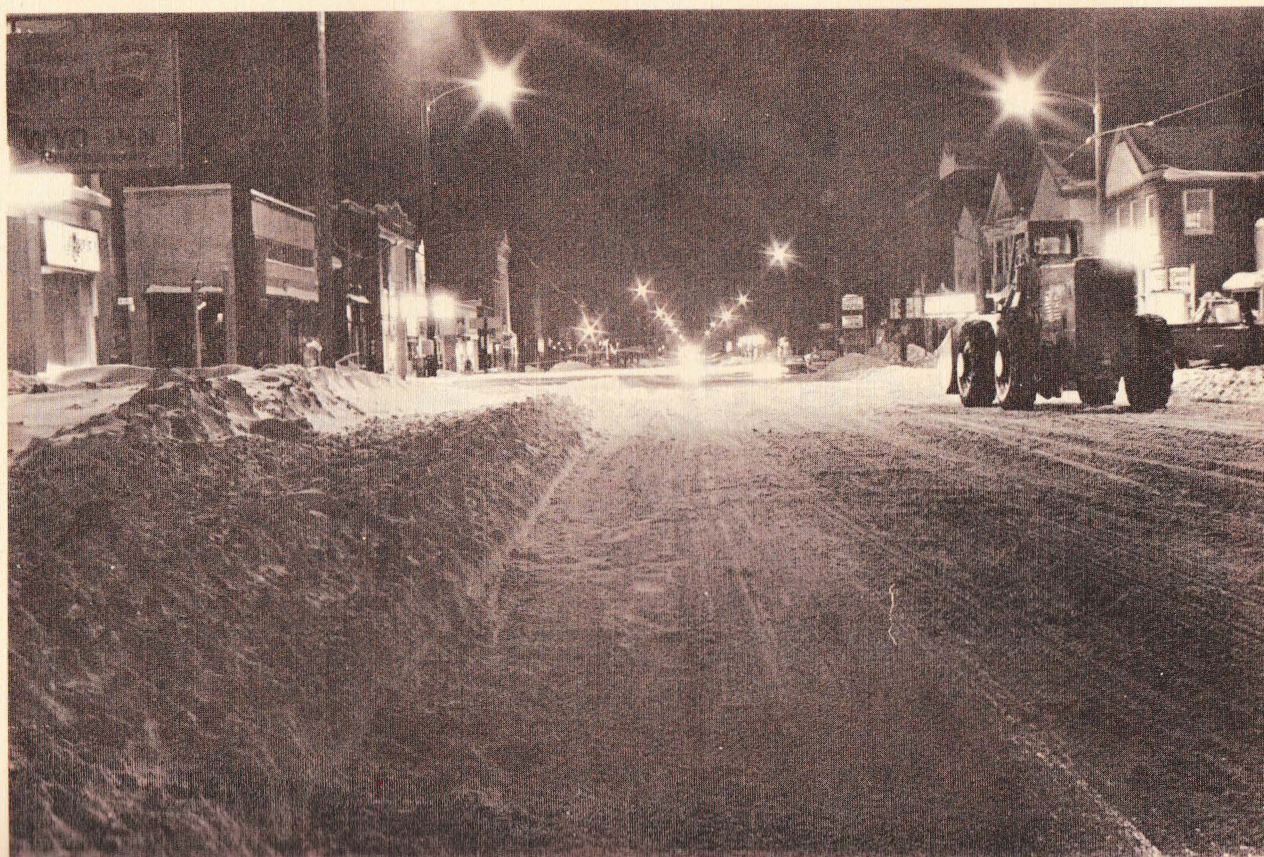
The Venus of Byron Hot Springs

Lis Jardine



Heartfelt Artichoke

janet hines



Walter Koytek



Scott Williams

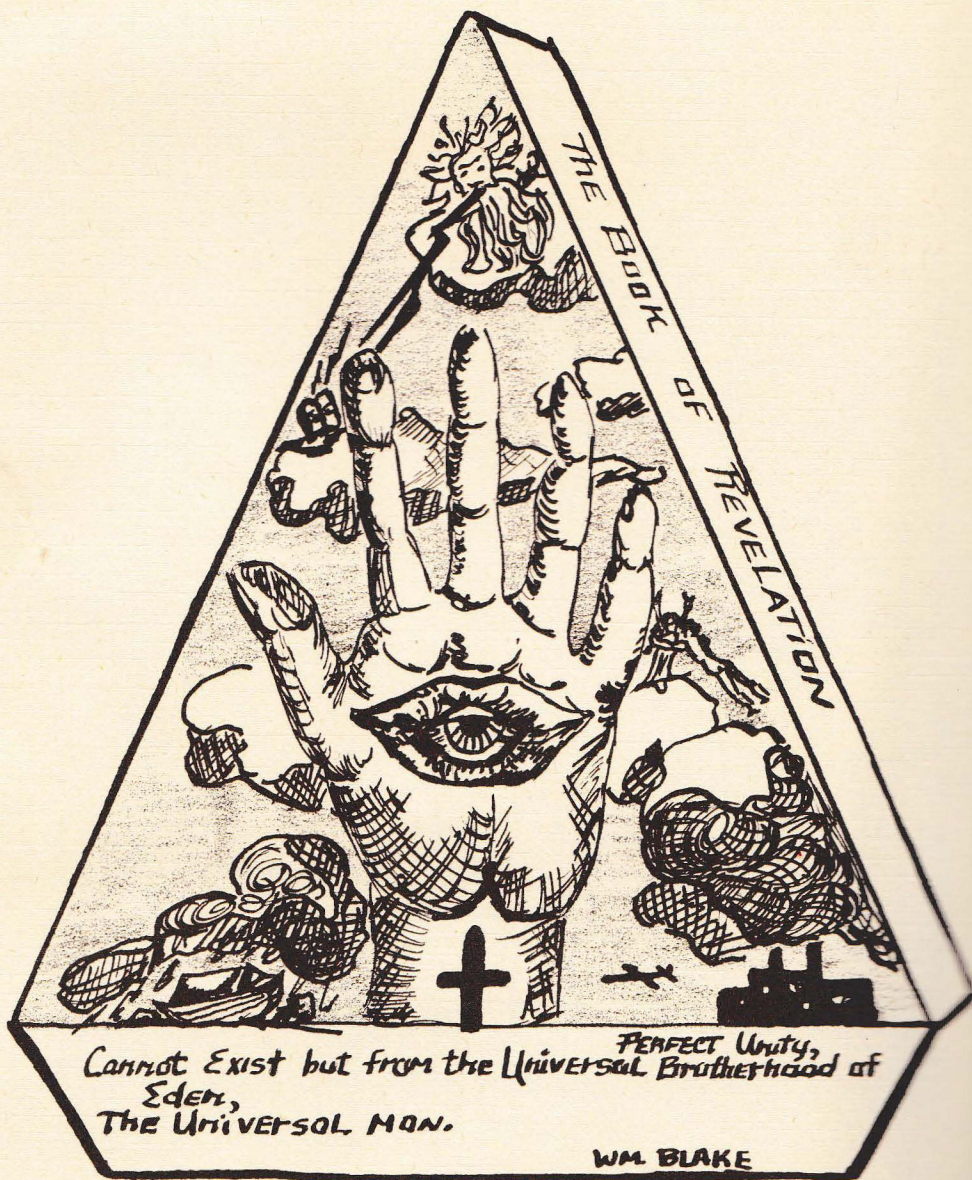


Adele Schwarz



Orb

Alexis Dickinson



Judi Keats

Marred Grace



luttered passageways, darkened halls, stifled cries,
The uneasy smile of circumstance, cosmetic lies.
Eyes serene of silver, fragile, perfect in their gaze,
A chiding child in cautious clime, wonder all a maze.
Transmission automatic, effortlessly lose all fears,
Turn on the gas to purge yourself and shift the gears.
Eucharistic and serpentine, the monument/abyss,
The treacherous priest will consummate with trifling kiss.

Words unspeakable, names unnameable, the nervous glance,
Fleshy stone, mysterious mind, no needs advance.
Defiling touch, the smell of self, all coldy hold
The rational eyes, the measured line, advantage told.
Calm mirrored pool, a source of warmth that is reflective,
The haven-hearth of will from wrath's invective.
Eucharistic and serpentine, the monument/abyss,
The treacherous priest will consummate with trifling kiss.

Sterility chosen, frozen by the echoing act,
Stretched till tenously taut, the inevitable crack.
Wonder will not wait upon the doleful hours,
Fascination fateful stalks tall, restless towers.
Skeletal seams betray the lingering doubt,
Imprisoned impulses scream to be still parcelled out.
Eucharistic and serpentine, the monument/abyss,
The treacherous priest will consummate with trifling kiss.

J. Dugan

Giacometti's Thin Men



ine etched feet catapult a splintered stalk;
And linear plunge sets the bronze bolt sputtering.
This tumult is not flight, but the torrent influx
Feed of wings' beat towards fallowed night:
A shock and frothing urge formed free
Against the lure of light where sun shackled seeds are bent,
To the trophic black socket, star-sprocketed and spent —
And air, as through a strangled throat, throttles;
And stalk rages, molten moult clotting comet's wake.

Beneath the bud, bent Atlas spasms thin;
Verged at earth's last clasp: a root to rock stammering.

Judson Evans

Mamie



Mamie wondered. So this is how it ends. After forty-three years of marriage and three children. It ends.

A girl in a short white uniform approached her with a wheelchair. Without a fuss Mamie sat in it. She would rather have walked to where the girl would be taking her. Soon she was being pushed down a long dingy green-walled corridor.

Helen walked alongside of them. She didn't try to hide her annoyance at having to lug the large suitcase and the two big brown bags of memories Mamie refused to leave behind.

"I was fine at home," Helen heard her mother tell the aide. "But my children were worried about me living alone."

"Mom, we've been through this so many times."

"I know. But I really can manage for myself, Helen."

"Sure, Mom, that's why Leda found you lying unconscious at the bottom of the cellar steps last summer." Helen looked at the aide. "She fell, you know. She broke her leg and fractured her wrist — spent two months in the hospital. Lord knows how long she was lying on that cellar floor. Thank goodness for Leda."

Leda lived next door to Mamie. Though they had never become close friends, they had been neighbors for twenty-three years. She wondered now when it would be Leda's turn for this. Of course her husband Jack was still alive. They managed pretty well together, even though they were both in their late sixties.

The wheelchair made a sharp turn into one of the rooms in the right side of the long hall. Into HER room, Mamie supposed. She immediately thought about how much it looked like a hospital. There were four beds and women were asleep in two of them. One of the ladies had a pint of blood needling its way into her thin wrinkled arm. The room was very quiet.

The aide wheeled her to a bed. "You can put her things in the closet," she told Helen, pointing to a wall that stood close to Mamie's new bed.

"Now we'll just leave you sit here awhile," the girl was saying. "Some of the other patients are having their baths this morning and I have to get over to the tub room."

"I can bathe myself," Mamie said quickly.

The girl said that that was good to hear and left the room.

Helen had started unpacking her mother's suitcase. She hung the faded print dresses in the closet.

Mamie was staring at the bed. "So this is my new home." Her daughter pretended not to know what she meant. "This bed — this will be where I'll live until my time's up."

"Mom, please, don't start acting morbid already."

"Morbid!" Mamie gasped shooting a quick glance around the room. "Far be it for me to be the one acting morbid in this place."

Helen told her mother that she would get used to it. "It's rather nice, you know, better than the other places I looked at. You're lucky to be here—what with those waiting lists. If it weren't for Eleanor, if she wasn't . . ."

"Yes, I know," said Mamie irritated. Eleanor was one of the supervisors at this place and fortunately for Helen they had gone through college together and were still good friends.

Mamie said, "I'll have to thank Eleanor when I see her, won't I?"

Helen was shoving the big brown bags into the bottom of the closet.

"Careful with those. They're just about all I have left in this world."

"Mom, stop. You have three children and ten grandchildren who all happen to love you very much."

"Yes," Mamie said quickly, "I know." She glared hard at the sharply white-sheeted bed they said was hers.

"Mom, you were more than welcome to come live with us. I told you that so many times."

Mamie got angry. "I always told the three of you—my whole life I said that I would never live with my kids, they had their own lives to lead."

"But, Mom, you're welcome to. It wouldn't be easy for you or us, we know that, but we could have tried."

Helen was pleading with her mother as if she still wanted it to be the way she was saying.

"I'd never live with my kids," Mamie said firmly, "It's what I believe. Does being old mean that now I have to change what I always believed? I'd rather this—apparently it's where I belong."

Helen didn't argue with her mother. When she was this stubborn about something she knew that there was little chance of anyone changing her mind. She left the room to check with the nurses at the desk.

Mamie sat alone staring for a short time at the two women across from her. Apparently they hadn't disturbed them any by their talking.

She tried to consider her situation realistically. Lou had been dead for ten years and the children were right, it was hard for her to manage living in that big house. Trying to keep eight rooms clean wasn't easy, and that blasted old furnace in the winter made life unbearably difficult. She should have let Lou change to oil heat when he wanted to twelve years ago.

A different aide came into the room. She immediately grabbed at the back of Mamie's wheelchair.

"We're going to take you into the solarium. Okay? Your daughter will be busy for awhile, so you can wait in there." She started pushing Mamie out of the room.

"I can walk, you know," she protested. "That other girl put me in this chair."

"Well it's good that you can walk, but until the nurses make up your chart and we get our instructions, you had better stay in the wheelchair. All right?"

Mamie didn't answer and the girl pushed her out of the room and down the hall.

"There are some other women in the solarium now. Maybe if you start talking to one of them it will pass the time. Of course you realize that some of the patients here are quite ill, but I'm sure you can find someone to talk to."

Mamie said nothing.

The girl wheeled her into a large room with huge windows across one entire side. Long plaid drapes hung placidly at both ends of the glass. The room was too bright. Someone had apparently tried in vain to make it look gay. The walls were yellow. Many of the orange-padded chairs were empty. Six women sat next to each other on the left side of the room.

The aide pushed Mamie next to one of them. She locked the wheelchair and left. None of the women looked as if they would care for conversation. Mamie unlocked her chair and pushed herself across the floor to the other side of the room. It was as if something was going to happen to the women that shouldn't include her. She wondered what was taking Helen so long.

She began to study the horrid line-up of aged faces and decaying bodies. Surely the one woman in the corner was dead. She hadn't made the slightest gesture of life since Mamie had been pushed into the room.

Mamie's eyes focused on her. Someone must have thrown her into the chair. The woman's small body was tilted far to the left and her arm hung motionless over the side of the chair three inches up from the floor. The aide that put her there must have been late for her morning break, she concluded, still watching.

The wrinkled, printed housedress the woman wore rested high above her skinny knees. One of the stockings had dropped down around her blue bedroom slipper. She had been roped into the chair by long knotted cotton stockings. They made a strap that circled around the lean worn-out body gripping it tightly to the chair. It ridiculously creased the old woman's body. The tiny sagging breasts flopped slightly over the strap visibly dividing them from the small round burst of belly underneath. Grey hair tangled wildly around the woman's head. Her eyes stayed closed. Her mouth hung open. Mamie had never seen a more pathetic sight. She wondered where the nurses were, why they didn't come to check on the poor thing.

For a while she worried about whether or not she would ever look like the old woman. At first the thought had scared her. But, after a short time, amazingly, she had accepted it. After all, Mamie was sixty-eight, and for some reason she stumbled a great deal, often falling. She realized there was nothing else for her but this. No one had ever led her to believe that old age would be anything different.

She glanced around the bright, quiet room. There were no flowers. Lou used to tell her that every room needed flowers. He had been a good husband, a kind man. Together they had put their three children through college trying to give them a good start in life. She knew it was their turn now. The irony of her life was that she couldn't complain because it had been good.

For a short time Mamie stared at the clean wall of windows near her. The sun wasn't shining but it was very bright out. The grass was a bold dark green already—too much color for so early in the summer, she thought.

Somehow, Mamie knew that eventually she would adjust to her new home. Perhaps this was what made her feel so sad. She put her hand over her forehead shading her eyes. The last thing she wanted to do was cry.

"Oh, Lou," she whispered quietly, "look at me. Remember how I always dreaded being alone? And all those years you promised me that you would never let that happen . . ."

Priscilla M. Wnuk

New Man



allowing in muddy slime,
drifting in the limitless time,
Twisting and turning in the springs,
overpowered by mechanical wings,
Automation in the sinking mire,
strangling man in weeds and wire,
Rusted birds from muddy seas,
turning on minds with magic keys,
Choking souls with iron and gears,
freeing men from sentiment and tears,
Ridding men of humanity,
run like robots electrically,
Stone men run by automation,
rejecting soul and God's creation,
Making humanity an automaton,
worth nothing more than a useless john.

Kimberlee N. Thomas



lovely impresses me amused
I carry it watch-full of care
As snow-grass falls fused
With earth and air.

Time-whimsey and joyns knotted
Moments in presents and laughter.

A woman grape gathering wines
Cuts her vines and blood fills
My open-cup mixing designs
And symbols of a moons still —
Face delight-full of reflecting
Lovely sons. Ripe-brimming juices
Light-nourish charms and bring
Returning sweetness. A lovely bemuses
Me in a kindly dance
Encouraging my chance
To release its song
Of love so long
Cared for and pent up.

Pat Dougherty

The Magician



On slide the black silk gloves,
On sneaks the black silk tophat,
On slip the deceiving black silk garments,
The magician is ready to start his show.

He walks alone onto the stage.
Eyes beat on him furiously,
And his sweat-beaded head swiveling,
Slowly sizes up this new chunk of humanity.
He greets the humans,
Acknowledges their presence,
And from the four corners, eyeballs
Dissect, hoping for a clue.
His first trick must astound,
Or the being will turn, disillusioned, on him.
Memory flashes back — naive eyes
See through the blackness, and then catch fire.
But this time his first trick is well performed,
It baffles, it dazzles,
And before the wonder fades,
His miraculous hands fool again and again.
Suddenly he disappears in a puff of smoke.
Beacon-like eyes trying to pierce the mist,
But too late, he is gone.
Yet the eyes have seen,
And the eyes believe.

Backstage, the magician disrobes,
And now resembles his onlookers,
But there is one difference,
The magician doesn't believe in magic.

Robert Schaefer

Item



Inadequacies. Inconsistencies

Stop.

The prostitute the poet

Cannot.

sell yourself til collectors call
lash them fast to the market stall,
give it free, with one hidden clause,
push it in, and pull out the dross

Pain/joy once given
stops
calm-climax'd women's
lots

yield a unit to a dampened fire
slip it sparse to a daily dyer
hold it close simply crush-clasp-cold
put in pocket and (discreetly) fold

the skin trade and its open rooms
the lines fade as the camera zooms

Selling dull drones

you

Produce production

soon

disembodied are your hobbies

feeling/filthy/rolling/trickly

flimsy, failing, pierced flack-jackets

worried, weak-eyed, will-less maggots

False form once given

fox

Sleek-skinned women

stalk

blunted, busy, crippled housewives

city/wise/Queens/bury/wall/street/known/dives

"cold cock 'em, blood hammer, angled shots

hand falters, lip stammers, artless knots

the skin trade and its open rooms

the lines fade as the camera zooms

(showing clipped clean, by all means, street scene)

J. Dugan

Jealousy



ull as flesh,
a tight wired tension forms.

Thoughtwaves heave a roar against it.

But it remains,
burnt deep
by the spark
of two forms flaming.

And it echoes
in a moan,
murmured low
as a bass note,
its hit hard enough
to vibrate veins.

Before this blast
the face is wrinkled woodgrain,
its eyes reduced to pinpoint knots.

Beneath this clench and claw
footsteps sputter,
but move enough
to lead the late night body back
to its empty room
where the insomniac cast is set.

Lights out,
eyes shut,
an image is set in motion
beneath the lids.

Lying awake,
the stomach spring is wound.

Ray Klimek



unch and shift baggy clothes flop
down the steps thru the YMCA
door to unlonely

24 hour automat saviour
inside
shiny waxed floor
reflects
nonchalant forgottenness
seeping thru the walls
sounds of athlete's basketball
court hollow echoes
community
touch to forgotten souls

a forgotten soul lives here
I live here he says the affection
of loneliness plays

artificial warmth of vending
machine lights coffee with cream
sugar plain chocolate whipped
frankfurters canned hoagies
ice cream desert the essence of
home and caring machine-made

oven button-started
while
man waits restlessly men
in corner converse
and notice machine
stalling unco-operating baby
I guess you lost your money sweetie
he says the forgotten soul allows
me in

janet hines

And Who Is Baal But We



nd who is Baal but we
Who sit in oaken corners,
Roasting in our embers,
Soaking in the semen
Of every lurid thought;
And who is Baal but we?

"Baal, Baal, Black Creep,
Have we any hope?"
Nein, Mein Bruder,
Not even in the Pope.

And what is hope but thee
Who sits and waits for we
Opening your earthen jaws,
Abiding by no man-made laws,
Pining patiently;
And what is hope but thee?

All we have are flesh and bones,
Flesh and bones, flesh and bones.
All we have are flesh and bones,
And even they will rot.

"Where has Herr Gott gone?"

Asked the man
Who stands in the middle
Of this barren land.

"I think that I shall never see
The man who walked the Galilee."

"They're all trampling on the Host!"
(It's all the rage from coast to coast.)
"... Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Here is Holy Mother Church,
Marble on a cross of birch;
Her coffers piled to the sky,
Making people wonder why
Herr Gott is such a greedy guy.

And who is Baal but we
Who dream of things
The way they're meant to be,
Who, though no blackened marble,
Are rotting just the same;
Who is Baal but we?

R. S. Fabbrini

Eucharist



Alas, Adam, whoever you may be,
If it was for a moment, I could have guessed
Your concern, but my dreams conceived your eternity.
How much was I to bear?
You, estranged from knowledge, sought more.
And was it not you who first fathered your
Own kind to slay the purer one?
Surely you knew the serpent's wits insured Cain's decay,
So when you summoned me for ablution,
What more pity could I bestow than to
Consecrate a second Abel, Seth?
Still, I paid no heed to the short time before
I would suffer another.
By then, I should have known what you had become.
Perhaps the guilt was mine to bear —
This humanity, this far-fetched fantasy of mine.
Spite of the inclement nature of your children,
I continued to believe that someday
Memnon would sing.
Alas, Adam, whoever you may be,
How could I think that still another would have
Made the difference?

Terri Williams

For dear to gods and men is sacred song. Self taught I sing: by Heaven
and Heaven alone, the genuine seeds of poesy are sown.

Homer (Odyssey XXII)

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