

Dr. Jerry

manuscript



WILK
VOL

manu script

WILKES COLLEGE/SPRING 1969
VOLUME XXII, Numbers 1 and 2

Let Us Go

Let us go
And make angels in the snow
And pretend
The world is beautiful
As this snow would have it be.
It is only a moment
We will have this whiteness;
Tomorrow it will be stained
With oil and dust and tears.
Some things are forgotten —
Like the sunshine and the laughter.
A moment is not too long then
To stop and wonder
At the space between each snowflake.
A moment then is all we can take though
For everything changes after that.
So let us go
And make angels in the snow.

Anne Gimetti

EDITOR ANNE AIMETTI
ASSOCIATE EDITOR JOYCE NAHAS
SECRETARY BONITA RENSA
CORRESPONDING
SECRETARY CAROLE ZARENSKI
FACULTY ADVISOR PATRICIA BOYLE

STAFF:

DAN REESE
STEVE GLIBOFF
BOB GRAHAM
JIM WILLIAMS
MARION BOYLE
CAROL SADLUCKI
C. R. WILLIAMS
JERRY McAFFEE

Let Us Go

Let us go
And make angels in the snow
And pretend
The world is beautiful
As this snow would have it be.
It is only a moment
We will have this whiteness;
Tomorrow it will be stained
With oil and dust and tears.
Some things are forgotten —
Like the sunshine and the laughter.
A moment is not too long then
To stop and wonder
At the space between each snowflake.
A moment then is all we can take though
For everything changes after that.
So let us go
And make angels in the snow.

Anne Gimetti

the last grain of sand

— 1968 —

tomorrow at midnight
lips made sterile in alcohol will meet
strange blank faces—
and beer will spill
and rye will spill
and men will spill into streets
until the surging throng can count
each gong rung slow and strong
by an aging pastor in an empty church

— oh god! —
we've done it again, seen it all before
—a year ended and a year begun
with empty glasses and
glassy thoughts and thoughtless
words—
we've done it again, seen it all before

—in the African twilight
on white glowing sands
an ancient figure slowly drops
a grain of sand
into a black oyster shell and
— hopes —

James Calderone

August

Sun
shine
i remember your face
eyes and smile
were one
we touched
mentally
we were right inside one
another
especially one particular day
we played
together (always)
outside
lying on grass along the
river
that one day was a whole
summer
of smiles nights kisses long
walks
the hot lava of summer poured
into one vat.
i sit in the februariness of
my room
o, remembering.

Susan Himelfarb

OWEN AND THE KITE *Folk*
---AN IMPULSE*

3

It was on the Sou'west Moor in Wales that little Owen used
To sail his brownpaper kite in the stiff breezes of an
Early March morn, when the whole household was still abed.

It was on the Sou'west Moor that he used to run across the
Jagged rocks, his kite floating and bobbing and wafting
And hovering like a broad-winged albatross.

It was on the Sou'west Moor that he could hear the pounding
Surf at the foot of the cliff, and the crash of the foamy
Billows against the rocks.

It was on the Sou'west Moor that he could moisten his lips
And taste the dried saltiness of the Welsh air. He could
Almost feel the seaspray raining against his flushed cheeks.

It was on the Sou'west Moor, early one morn, that I softly
Stole upon him from behind and shoved his willow-light
Body over the precipice.

It was on the Sou'west Moor, at the edge of the steep cliff,
That I stood looking down upon his smashed corpse lying
Upon the rocks, the kite string entangled about his feet.

The kite itself remained attached to the sky, while seabirds
Circled curiously about it. Their shrill cries sounded
Like a mourning for Abel and an accusation against Cain.

And then I left the Moor and went home to tell our mother
About my brother's accident.

*Based on a recurrent thought of twenty-one year old Travis Wade Harper,
convicted armed robber and murderer, executed by hanging, August 16,
1892, in South Dakota.

Carol Sadlucki

*Dimensions in time
 Drifting through space,
 Slipping into new,
 Falling from old,
 Losing innocence,
 Finding experience,
 And
 Meeting life
 Through my keyhole.*

Karen Rosenbaum

MAN IN A BLUE BOX

Man in a blue box—round at the edges
 strange box
 Man baled and ready to be mailed;
 Breakable man packed in a cushion
 of air—
 Caution! This side up!
 Non-shakeable man—not rattling
 like any interesting package
 Man in a blue box—surrounded
 by blue world of blue air
 Which holds him back from the stars.

Carole Zarenski

UNION

In a common explosion of sheer light
 The world was born and blinded.
 The miracle took a millisecond of eternity
 Then was lost forever in the shadows.
 Rains came to wash away the blight.
 Sounding a new spring
 Life ended and was then begun.
 Mother earth received a Father time.
 And together they shared the universe.

Neil Brown

blue-night ✓

blue-night cut out by trees
and telephone wires
and a criss-cross of rooftops.

reflections in the window
of fluorescent lights
and rigid chalk-line people.

the moon paced and squatted
in the sky-net of stars
like a beggar of alms and dreams.

Anne Aimetti

OCTOBER ✓

The smudged windowpanes
Bar the golden heraldry
Of the autumn morn.

While the mists dissolve
I sit watching mute lessons
Created in chalk.

With measured blandness
The words pass identical
And autumn dying.

Robert Chant

Reunion

“Actually, nothing is secure,”
She said to me once.
“No, really, anything alive is never sure
Of anything, really,” she said again.
Brushing a stray hair from her cheek,
“The quality of life,” she said, “is freedom.”
“I shall always be free, my love,
You must understand that.”

“Goodbye,” she said,
Brushing a stray hair from her cheek,
Smiling a smile that was not a smile,
Walking a walk that was a run.

I saw her yesterday; so many
Yesterdays had passed.
She wasn't free, for she was alone,
Like I am alone, not free.

She smiled,
Brushing a stray hair from her cheek,
A stray tear from her eye.

Walter Orze

I

I shout
 And am answered by stillness
 The quiet of mountains
 of seas
 and skies
 and deserts
 They knew me once

II

Though none as the mountains
 She knew my happy days
 (mountain days
 sinless, careless
 mountain days!)
 She gave so much in the days
 of the child
 fortresses of boulders
 stick armies to command
 in holy crusades
 for faith
 and freedom
 and found fortunes
 of leaves
 and pebbles
 and lichens
 and lizards
 But the mountain left me
 or I her
 And took a mistress

III

Near the sea
 and with the sea
 and in the sea
 We loved and lusted
 the three
 she, and I, and the sea
 Our affair the secret of three
 she, and I, and the sea
 But such love could never have been
 For love is not for three
 So I left her
 alone
 to the sea
 Forsaking her
 and she
 me
 And cried to the air

I SHOUT

IV

On rooftops the sky sheltered me
 High limbs beckoned me
 to a new ethereal lover
 But her invisible arms
 chilled me
 And her consoling tears
 left me weak
 So I returned to earth

V

To sand
 the remains of all earlier loves
 And in this mortuary
 I loved again
 all three
 My newest mistress
 kissed me harshly
 searing my lips
 scorching my eyes
 So I left her
 too
 And sought again my old lovers

VI

But none would have me
 and the desert wanted me no more
 So I cry out
 and stillness answers me

l.p.

GREEN LAKE

green lake
mid-day
pines mirrored
green minnows
dart
save themselves
from their fathers
bullfrogs seek sanctuary
offered by lily pads
young children
net creatures
hidden in the moss

blue lake
evening
churning oars
break water
a heron stops fishing
returns to its nest
high bushes
large berries
blue-purple
sweet
a jay
fills its brood
broken surface
sunfish
swim away
full, content
small boy
blue hands, blueberries
rows on for more

black lake
early morning
small fire
dark sand
jet sky
frightening shadows
at water front
onyx deep
even at inches
sacred sounds
without origin
pierce lifeless night
motionless bodied
silently
implore
hurry dawn

NUMBERS ✓

WITHIN
ONE GOLDEN ORB
BLACKNESS BINDS
TWO ALONE TOGETHER

TWO TITANS
TALL AND TERRIBLE
GNASH
THEIR JAGGED JADE TEETH

THREE ONYX EYES
TRAVELLING
THROUGH A THOUSAND YEARS
SEEK
EACH OTHER OUT

FOUR FIERY FINGERS
REACH FOR ICE OPALS
MELTING THEM
AS THEY TOUCH

FIVE HORSES
WAGE THEIR WHITE WRATH
THEIR AQUAMARINE EYES
DRIPPING
CRYSTALLINE TEARS

SIX RAMS
BATTERING
SHATTER EACH OTHER
INTO SAND

SEVEN FISH
WITH SAPPHIRE SCALES
AND FOURTEEN RUBY EYES
EMERGE
FROM A SILVER CHRYSALIS

EIGHT VESTAL VIRGINS
WASTE INTO THE WIND
STARVE THEMSELVES
OF THE SINS OF THE WORLD

NOW NINE DAYS
HAVE TURNED INTO YEARS
BUT DIAMONDS
ARE NOT YET SUNFLOWERS

MANIFESTATIONS OF THE METAPHYSICAL
STILL AWAIT
THE SYZYGY
SOON TO COME

C. R. Williams

THE LOST FLOWER

8

The stream flowed slowly and silently as a young girl walked with her arm around the waist of a tall soldier. The girl had black hair that reached nearly halfway down her back, dark eyes, which, although elongated, were enormous, and high red cheekbones. Her lips were thin, and pointed, at each side, toward a small but deep dimple, and her skin was a dark yellow, almost brown. Her right hand held a group of wild blue flowers that she occasionally passed across her face from cheek to cheek, but usually held lightly against her breasts. She wore a white *ao dai* over pale blue, loose-fitting trousers, and she was barefooted.

The grass they walked on was tall and dark and dark green and they could see no trees as far as they looked in any direction. The girl, without speaking, led the soldier to the stream and she walked in the clear water, but he remained on the ground, although her arm was still around his waist and his was around her shoulder. They walked slowly and without speaking.

The soldier hummed and later he would tell the girl the song was "Somewhere," and he rested his head on the top of hers. They reached a small group of stones in the stream and the water rippled lowly. His face was smooth and his hair a reddish brown. He wore dark green fatigues that were heavily wrinkled and his boots had traces of mud on them, and his clothing emitted a light but pungent odor. But still the girl held him closely and he walked where she led.

By Martin J. Naparsteck

The stream was narrow and they crossed quickly in a single leap with their arms still around one another. The girl reached the other side, but the soldier's left foot splashed the water. She laughed gaily and said, "Dinkidow, eh?"

He shook his head and his lips parted into a broad white-yellow smile and he leaned forward and softly kissed her cheek. She continued her laughter until he placed an index finger across her lips and then they looked into one another's eyes. They both smiled with unparted lips and he moved his head toward hers, but then hesitated. She reached up with both hands and led his head down until their lips met. Their kiss was soft and gentle and lasted until he placed his arm around her. She moved her hands from his head to his back and they looked, again, deeply into one another's eyes, but only for a moment, for then they both half-closed their eyes and slightly dropped their heads.

"I think you like me," he said.

"No, no, but you only man I have," she laughed. Then she paused and wrinkled her brow. "How long more I have you?"

"In two weeks I'm going home."

"Two weeks, no more?"

"Two weeks no more."

"If you want, you stay, no?"

He shook his head slowly. "I have nothing to keep me here."

"You have me."

He did not answer.

She sat on the grass and pulled on his belt so he had to sit alongside of her. She rested her head against his body. "You say other day you no have anybody America. Why you go? Nobody here, nobody America. What difference?"

"No difference, I just want to go home." He was looking away from her.

She turned his head and moved her cheek next to his and whispered, "You take me with you, please?"

He did not answer.

"Please?" Her voice becoming unsteady. Again, "Please?"

He turned away and looked at the ground. "I don't love you."

"Then, why you sleep with me?"

No answer.

Her face was completely expressionless. "I love you."

"I'm sorry." He paused. "I told you in the beginning how I felt."

A tear moved slowly down her cheek but she made no sound. She stood, pulled him up and they ran, both laughing, into the stream, and they fell to their knees and kissed. While kneeling they undressed one another and, when naked, lay in the shallow stream and made love. When they were finished they dressed and walked rapidly, hand in hand, without speaking until they spotted a small hut. They reached the hut, knocked on the door and asked the old woman who answered if they might have something to eat. The old woman looked at the soldier, then at the girl and spit on the ground. She told them she did not have any extra food even if they offered to pay for it. But, having no money, they did not even offer to pay. They thanked the old woman anyway and started to leave. The old woman said something to the girl that the soldier did not understand. The girl turned quickly and huffily away without answering and placed her arm around the soldier's waist and led him away.

"What did mamasan say?" he asked.

"She no say anything," and then quickly she added, "Which you do? Take me America? You stay here?"

But he did not answer and they walked with their arms around one another.

A little later he asked, "What happened to your flowers?" She only laughed.

A Child's Poem

Tiddly widdly hammer and nails,
 Cats just stand still but dogs chase their tails.
 Todldy wodldy chickens on farms,
 Monkeys have hands on their legs and their arms.
 Teedldy weedldy strings and kites,
 We play in the days and we sleep in the nights.

Why is this so?
 Why are all these things true?
 Why am I me and why are you you?
 A roadrunner runs and a woodpecker pecks,
 But why do garaffes have such very long necks?
 Why does a whale live in the sea?
 Why does the bird live in the tree?
 Why do the leaves turn brown in the fall
 And why does it bother to snow at all?

These are the things that interest me most,
 Like why does the heat turn bread into toast?
 I can't know these things so I'll just stay forlorn—
 At least until after the day that I'm born.

Mark Weinburg

All — Biafrans 5

I saw a black baby — but I
 really saw too much of him
 you know

his ribs and bones and
 is there a good movie on tonight

I saw swollen legs and swollen
 feet and swollen mouth and mouths
 too swollen to close and too
 swollen to eat

but they really can't eat anyway
 you know
 do you think the traffic will
 be heavy along the shore points

I saw mothers weeping
 you know

they weep so pitifully and it's
 really hard for them to cry because
 they really don't have too much
 strength for crying and besides I
 really don't think they can
 afford to lose the water, do you

will it be breakfast right after
 mass tomorrow

James Calderone

RAIN ON THE LEDGE

by Klaus Loquasto

11

He had awakened this morning with a feeling of uncertainty yet foreboding which he had never before experienced. And before he stepped out onto the ledge, he sensed that the sky was farther away from him and emptier than it had been, ever, although he had seen later that it was very gray and damp and lay close to the earth. And the stillness of the wind had been new to him. Not a trickle of air could be heard except for his own breathing; yet the cold, wet mist from the river below had swirled along the ground and through the trees more quickly than it had at any other time in his life. And it had stirred a similar fog in the great emptiness which had been forming in him.

So he and the woman had spent the dark day within the shelter of their rocks. The air was losing what brightness it had quickly now; and as he sat at the opening in the rocks watching the damply obscured river in the forest below, the hollow anxiety which he had held all day was still with him.

He wondered whether it was this same apprehension which had affected the woman this day. But the darkness in her eyes was full and shiny; and although he moved his hand before her face, he knew it would do no good to ask. She had not been as usual, and it was especially this which disturbed him. She

was lying heavily on a piece of fur next to the small fire, and now she closed her eyes. Again, he turned his thoughts to the outside.

He could not know that he had begun his life there on the river's cloudy shore, which he depressedly watched now; but he had always known the river, and the cliff had always been his home.

He had always considered these to be his only property until he found the woman here one day. He might have chased her away that time; but he could see then, through the hair on her body, that she had breasts. She had large, fearful, animal dark eyes which had held a fascination for him; and when she followed him, he had not stopped her. He had gradually grown to want her company, for he was alone; and although she, until recently, could hunt and run as well as he, she had gradually established, at his hollow in the cliff, a meeting place for the nights, when the world was especially dark and uncertain. They had no word for companionship, but that is what had developed between the two with the passings of the moon and, later, the sun. And more than this had come to be, though, again, they had not a word which they could use to name it.

Sitting on the damp rock, the man looked over his shoulder and saw the woman lying there, breathing heavily and burdened with weight; he was troubled to see her this way but glad that she was here. Thus occupying his mind, he had not felt the change in the air, although he clutched at the fur on his body more firmly now. The daylight had completely gone, now.

He awoke from his thoughts suddenly. The sky and the forest below had brightened into whiteness. Now the night was dark again. He waited. And it came, a low-pitched growl rising from the top of the distant mountain growing louder as it approached the cliff and exploding the air overhead with a monstrous bark as it pounced on the ledge and snarled.

He had fled to the back of the hole and curled up against the wall before the explosion occurred; and when it came, he could not stop his eyes and his mouth from shutting tightly and his head from burying itself in his arms. He felt heat under his eyelids; a familiar bitterness tingled on his tongue; his hands and feet were damply cold. Now the uneasiness he had kept all day seemed not to be in vain. This was the thing he had sensed, he thought; and now, the time for real anxiety had come. When the snarling was gone, he opened his eyes and waited.

A wind was beginning to rise outside, and he could hear it through the dark opening in the rock. It had the rush of distant, uneasy water; and this foreign, restless washing of air on leafy shores was so near that it all but caused his chest to collapse for the empty expectancy which was in it.

He became aware of the woman, now. She had begun to moan softly and to writhe on the fur. He looked at her; she lay opposite the glowing coals with her arms wrapped about her shoulders. She was a dim, red figure against the blackness of the night; and for her greatly distended abdomen, now pulsating at every breath, she seemed to the man like a huge snake which had swallowed something much too large for it to easily digest. His eyes widened and he looked. The wind was lapping against the rocks now as the new born coals began to cackle

and hiss among themselves in their heat, and now they caused shadows to jump and quiver along the rocky floor. He saw the woman's mouth open; and he began to rise, slowly. Then he saw her tongue. It flickered in the dark redness; he heard the hissing, and his eyes clouded with a painful wetness.

Then it came again. It was a bright, blinding light from the outside. And the woman shrieked. He jumped past her feet, bolted out onto the ledge, and ran. The wind now overhead roared with the force of falling water. His nostrils opened wide and bled streams of white vapor, and his hair swirled back and forth before his eyes. He ran, and he did not stop until he reached the bank of the river.

Here, in the dim, stormy light, he saw the ripples which his feet had splashed along the cloudy ground; and he saw the mist still thick upon the river. He looked up into the trees; they stood upright and were silent. He could hear himself only; he was still gulping air. Then the weakness from his stomach passed into his legs, and he fell to his knees in the still darkness.

It began to rain. He felt the wet coldness on his face; and now he felt that he had been here once, a long time ago. The fog, churning in the heavy rain, rose and fell and began to etch figures over the swelling waters. He became aware of something deep within the fog. It was a human shape; it was not clear, but it evoked in him a hazy picture of a long forgotten day. Then he closed his eyes. He could still see the river. A feeling from deep within his stomach erupted and filled him and made his skin tingle. He thought about the woman, and he ran.

When he reached the cave, he had found the woman still lying, heaving and swollen. He had stood near her and waited; and he had not moved, even when the sky and forest had brightened to whiteness once again and the wind had blown strongly through the rocks. Now he sat watching the woman, whose arms were wrapped about something small; and outside, he could hear rain falling on the ledge.

Out Of the Years I Shared with the Earth

✓

Out of the years I shared with the earth
Brother-close to her giftings and her taxings,
Overhearing her secrets with ears
 Not yet grown high
 Out of hearing distance;
Before my too-wise eyes
 Aimed for scraping skies;
Out of my knowing of green-grass-growing
 Petal-sprouting days
I preserve a captured moment.
Wrapped in wax-paper,
Pressed between Bible-pages,
Smelling always of stale
 but inviting
 clear-skinned-youth;
An odor of child-sweat
 after spring games played
 to their limit;
Something crisp—smelling
Of frost-bite, token of mittens
 worn thin on icy sled-paths;
Brown earthy smell of bare arms
 deep, dirt-colored with the sun-gift
 tan won
 without plan.
And all the pungent odors borne
 in childhood summer-breeze laughter
And thunderstorm tears,
 Shed under the trees,
 under the open sky.
Preserved and pressed—
 To be held a moment
When crowding walls and roofs
 And grown-up prisons
Seem about to stifle breathing
And regret is most deep
 That looking for the stars
We must lose sight of earth.

reborn

reborn
 what world
 where world
 how to live
 to love
 to leave
 old worn
 worn world
 warm girls
 less curls
 long straight
 straight long
 shiny black
 down a girl's back
 what's real
 what's fake
 what deal
 what choice
 to make
 what's love
 what's life
 what's wrong
 what's right
 ask mom
 ask dad
 ever wonder why
 you're the only child
 they ever had

Steve Gliboff

SHORT THOUGHTS

Winter's snow melts
 With the arrival of spring;
 Memories pass, but not so easily.

Fish swim content
 Never wondering when
 The fisherman's net will snatch them up.

C. R. Williams

A Child Prodigy Makes His Name

In a close house lit by a woodwarm fire
 And sitting silent in his father's chair, a
 Captured child looked out intently
 To a morning greyed by rain and
 Slated cold by the eight o'clock air.
 Alone with a misted vantage, his moist breath
 Dampens the inside of his window. Carefully, gravely,
 He traces his name on the wet pane, forming the letters
 Backwards to the world. Happy with his labor and
 Smiling inside himself, he waits for the sun
 To release him to the other side
 Where he can read the message of his hand.

Neil Brown

A Prose Poem:
Political Diatribe

But they stood firm when they were chased,
 Those who believe in peace
And they covered their heads when they were beaten
So the police who wielded clubs were praised for stopping the riot
 that no one was going to start
And it's strange that in the nonriot 300 people were hurt
 Because they had come to ask the men who decide,
To seek peace

And mayor daley was a staunch defender of his party and his
 city and his citizens' sacred rights
So he ordered the police to beat the unarmed because they might use
 Violence
To disrupt his city's convention
So he protected his city from no harm by beating 300 in a nonriot
And some reporters too
 so that no one could see how he had done this heroic deed

Inside, the New York delegation sang when their bid to insure
 peace had failed
And some cried as I did because they lost all hope
 That the senseless killing would stop
While outside the senseless beating went on
And the band in the hall played in between
 To keep the sounds of despair from meeting

Mark Weinburg

We walked around the lake
 And you picked blueberries;
 And every time you stretched to reach a branch
 I stole a kiss.
 And you said, "Wait until we get back to the cabin
 If you want blueberry pie for supper."
 But now, things are different.
 We not only walk together; we run together, too.
 And our love has grown stronger
 But there are no more blueberries . . .
 Even the thorns are gone.
 But we have better fruit than Nature can provide;
 We have love to nourish and to hide
 From darkness and disconsolation,
 And now we kiss whenever the time is right,
 And you go out and buy blueberry pie.

Phil Thorick

Haiku

This dim grey stillness
 Which surrounds the autumn day
 Love never realized

Walt Orze

PHANTOM OF LIFE

Unyielding? Quite the contrary.
 Evasive, ghostlike its qualities prove
 To be. Clear to see, splendid
 To behold, yet senses it fouls
 And to grasp a hold for awhile
 Is impossible. Some find, others
 Never witness. Finders mourn
 When thief time robs the freshness
 And once glorious enchantment flees.
 Never will it caress the heart with
 Such sweet joy and lovely pain
 Again. Only once it bestows its
 Sweet joy and lovely pain

Sweet soft kiss and tender embrace.
 Then only leaves its lingering
 Shadow of memories and hope-filled
 Dreams. Such is evasive,
 Ghostlike, loathsome Love.

Steven Rothwell

To my love
For whom I have given of myself.

I stood in a dream before your piercing eyes
And I quivered with unexplainable fear,
Frightened by your presence,
But wanting you to be near.
Wanting you to be as near to me as the skin of a grape is to
its sweet fruit.

Wanting your burning body to melt into mine
And to form from two beings one
One man—
One woman—
Both in a desperate struggle to create beauty
My fingers locked into your fingers
My heart stopped at their meeting
And I knew it would be the cold wind of summer nights
that would murder my dream.

I opened my eyes to find a crowd had gathered—
The fools were laughing.
And I shut my eyes to escape reality.
Once again the warmth of our gazes reached my mind,
And a featherlike peace filled our room.
We were beautiful and nothing could destroy us but life's
cold reality.

We held each to each, being careful not to seduce our
friendship and spoil our love.
I cheated and opened one eye and the freezing truth ripped
apart my brain.

The dream was over,
And my heart beat out in wild uncontrollable pain.

Someday when the fools don't laugh
Somewhere in the darkness that is vast
Free from men's prejudices and free from the world's wrath
I'll hold your hand and you'll hold my hand
And we'll be together in a love-land
Your hair of shiny black will be mine to command
And then we'll look back
And we'll remember the times
That I stood quivering before you
With your piercing eyes

Steve Gliboff



NEWARK IN AUTUMN

Crimsons, gold, and browns paint the cloudy sky and the warm earth in Washington Park—

(—And a drunk's body slaps the cement with a hollow sound and his black-brown wine mingled with mucus-filled blood ooze between jagged teeth and stain the yellow street lines and stain the yellow curb and—)

The warm autumn winds hold the fallen leaves in space, and gently place them on luscious lawns of green on Mount Prospect Avenue, and bare-faced men rake and smile—

(—And a black baby sucks the nipples of a fire hydrant and presses a palsied rat to her face and the rat dies and the baby dies and—)

The brightly-colored people fill the open gates of Newark Stadium, and pay to see boys play on Saturday, and laugh, and yell, and become very concerned—

(—And a Puerto Rican whore punches her breast and bites the wall of cardboard and plaster and spits on her votive candle and her body shakes and her lips shake and—)

The melodious church bells nestle into sleepy ears, and a man in Room # 8 in the Holiday Inn wonders when breakfast is served, and wonders if the man at the desk still has his list of phone numbers because Sunday is always kind of slow—

(—And a black man holds his wife close and their sweat stains the grey sheets and he cries and she cries and their sweat stains the grey sheets and—)

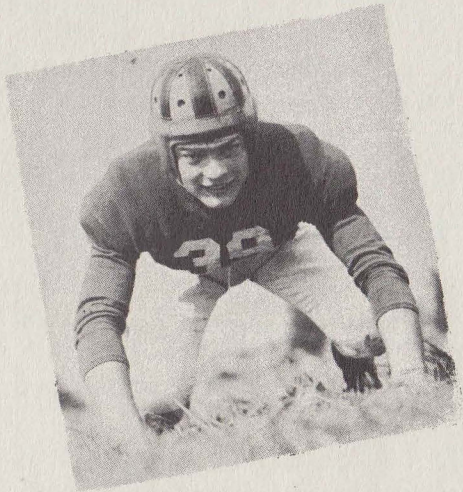
A boy in oxford shoes and a girl in lacy pink stroll through Branch Brook Park, and look across the water at Sacred Heart Cathedral, and they hold each other's hands, and they think gentle thoughts—

(—And in "a wailful choir the small gnats mourn" and "lamb bleat from hilly bourn" and "gathering swallows twitter in the skies" and gnats mourn and lambs bleat and swallows twitter and—)

the Scrapbook

Robert Chant

20



Here's a picture of me when I was young and quite small.
My worries were few, I feared nothing at all.
A crib was my kingdom, my blanket unfurled
like a flag. I cared nought for the rest of the world
and my parents who named me and gave me my food,
The aunts and the uncles who tickled and cooed.
So happy I was when I was alone
that I never would have grown up had I known
from leopards, lions, and wolves I must hide
with a God that is dying or dead as my guide.

And dying I jumped from a boy to a man.
My knowledge, it seems, sprung from inside a can.
I pledge allegiance, Father who art in heaven,
take three from ten and end up with seven.
Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light?
I have to be home by ten every night.
A butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker,
the movies are closed and I've no place to take her.
That's me with the beard I grew when I was able.
Jesus looked good with his beard at the table.

And here I've got money, I work every day
from nine to five with full pension and pay.
I smoke and I drink. I'm a man can't you see?
If you look for perfection, it's right here in me.
Never was there such a man born
so willing and able to blow his own horn.
This is a photo of me with five girls.
Because of the lighting, you can't see the curls
in my hair. I trained it to grow just so long
that the angels would praise it in their songs.

At twenty and five I was called to defend
my country. They called it a war to end
all wars, but this purpose, of course, it failed.
From the fighting Pershing division I hailed.
Two Germans I killed at the Belleau Wood.
You don't stop to think if you shouldn't or should
kill a man in the heat of battle
when the rifles around you bark and rattle.
Oh yes, and a snapshot of me at the muster.
Notice the likeness to General Custer.

My wedding day came soon after that.
This is your mother before she was fat.
A pretty bride was she, I swear,
I married her for her golden hair.
I'm on her right side, the handsome groom.
See how I stand out from the crowd in the room.
A shining day it was of my life
I choose to share myself with a wife.
God bless her soul, a fine woman, your mother.
She blessed me with you, my son, and your brother.

My autumn years lighted and flew by like birds
soaring south for the winter. The sharpest of words
I lived by in my rash younger days
were dulled as I mellowed and set in my ways.
This is a portrait of myself in a chair,
the lines in my face and the grey in my hair.
Wolf, lion, and leopard had eaten till filled,
but of what use tears over milk that's been spilled?
Regret, I did not, for the years I remember,
Now that the fall has turned into December.

My scrapbook is finished, my son, if by chance
you've come to seek your inheritance,
just open the chest at the foot of the bed.
What you find will serve you well when I'm dead.
Yes, a Kodak, the newest of the line,
and a scrapbook identical to mine,
and to serve as a conscience I've included a Bible.
Use it as a map, or a hope for revival.
Treasure the objects, and hold nothing dearer
for while people get worse, the pictures get clearer.

**How My Automobile Accident Made Me See The Light:
Or Why You Should Drive Carefully**

✓

Last night I went for a ride in my black Ford with white walls. I became distracted as I looked at the moon. The car hit a tree and there was nothing left but the steering wheel and me. I made a sharp right turn and headed for the ocean. As I approached the moon-struck beach I looked once again at the sky and saw a T.W.A. jetliner heading for me. I waved to the pilot, and he smiled at me. The crew bailed out of the plane, and the T.W.A. went down to sea. I pulled off my clothes and dived into the polluted grey waters. I swam and swam, and I cried for the people who were shot down by the enemies' bullets. The sweat rolled down my face as I worked feverishly to open the door of the car. It was no use, I drowned.

The orange ice of the arctic circle floated me past the ghettos of the world. It was like watching the television screen and seeing nothing. But then the flying-nun brushed against my bloated body and whispered words of faith into my nose . . . "Veni, Vidi, Vici." I lit a cigar. The smoke alerted the National Guard who came with guns and bayonets and helmets and dogs, to protect the little black girl next door.

The sun rose announcing a new day. Now for the first time I could see where I was.

Dear Mother,

What have they done to the rain? Mama my legs have been blown off, but I hold my American flag high. Daddy said I should fight, because "America is the most beautiful country in the world." Daddy was such a great man. He was able to overlook the few flaws in America. He said, "America is still the best country in the world, even if we have a few niggers here." When I come home mommy, will you buy me an ice cream cone? I was such a good boy, I did everything daddy told me.

I love you mommy,

Johnnie

The nurse in the hospital pumped the water out of my stomach. The doctor rushed in and said "Congratulations! It's a boy!" Everyone smiled and everyone's smile looked like everyone else's smile. Even the fox stole the nurse had wrapped around her fat neck smiled. And the baby and everyone had pearly white teeth. Even the sheets were white. Everything was white, except the night. I grabbed my child and took him downtown because he said he wanted to be a fireman. He's now with Hook & Ladder Company 31. He enjoys every minute of it because he makes extra money by returning the empty deposit bottles that get thrown at him. As for me, I am now retired and have decided to go to Florida for my retirement. When I get older I am looking forward to being put into an old age home by my grateful children. And maybe once a month on - Sundays I - will get a visit from my grandchildren. Oh, life is so beautiful; when will people learn to drive more carefully?

Steve Gliboff

help me

in the interim
i found a mirror
and
i looked and saw
what i hadn't before
the tangled tongues of tormented men
men who need
i ran back to you and said come
then you laughed
calling me insane
i am locked out of my womb
and i feel cold
leaving was so easy
(i thought to myself)
mama i am a man today
good bye
(now i find i'm just a boy)
please help me
i must come back

Steve Giboff

answers

ask me about her yesterday
and
i will tell you
about a land of magic
about a living
that was all mine
a magic land
free from frowning
and
without wasted words
words were full of meaning
meaning that meant
what the words
were said to say
ask me about her today
and
i will take time
to tell you
that magic is trickery
and
that tricks
are easy to play
on a fool
who believes everything
that a woman may say
ask me about her tomorrow
and
i will tell you
what i told you yesterday

MEASURE

Seize this hand-grasp
Tightly squeeze.
The blood-rush to my head
Tells me that I live.

Drop this hand loose
To my side
The pale white marks
Prove I am dead.

Carole Zarenski

24

THE FALL OF A GREAT MAN

A victory speech,
a wave, a smile.
The familiar voice
that told of a sleeping pet.
An apology for late hours
in the stifling heat, and then
a departure that meant
only death.

Chris Bush

While still winter
The crocuses burst forth
Resurrecting in a hostile new land.

✓ Summer's rainfall
Binds every blade of grass
With shimmering crystal necklaces.

Autumn's last day
Forecasts quiet winters;
Blood-let leaves silently pattern earth.

Crystalline snow
Slipping over earth
Wraps eiderdown over late-bloomed roses.

C. R. Williams

SOL CYCLE

Seven till the sun day
when waking breath is sweet
and necessities are worthy
✓ and pain is but the bleating
of the Ultimate, the sleepy lamb
that soon shall come to song
this lilting, silent melody
to linger yet seven long.

Francine Gratkowski

HAIL TO RAIN

Hail to rain!
Wrecker of hairdos,
Bringer of colds,
Dampener of spirits;
Covering everything,
Missing nothing —
Hail to rain!

Rosalie Demko

DESTROYED SERENITY

A lit candle,
An open Bible,
A dulcet choir,
A cool church,
And a preacher shouting,
“Mend your ways or you’ll go to Hell!”

Elaine Watson

My head spins 'round
and I
am lost.

We play pin the tail
on the donkey
and
I
turn 'round once
and lose my way.

So it is with life:
we hit
one
problem
bigger than ourselves
and then we go astray.

Phil Thorick

TO A FRIEND

Aimlessly enjoying
The bitterness of life.
Hopelessly employing
The apathy of fools.
Existing goal-less,
Living just to live,
Asking God to forgive.

Ben Lodeski

ULTIMA RATIO REGUM

26

by John Jarecki

Off the slope of the mountain, along the bare, buff perimeter, drab-olive figures darted in and out of the cover of their sanctuary — a refuge of rock and sharp boulder torn from the face of the mountain by the savage paroxysms of nature and man. The leader of the force, a captain, black-scarfed, tall and gaunt, brought the troop skipping and weaving through to the inner edge of rock bordering the slope of the hill. Ahead of them now was only the barrenness of the hill, grey-brown and pocked with the shell holes of other day's battles. To the rear a sergeant, his face as red as his beard, red as the soon-dying sun, signalled that mortar and assault recoilless were placed and now ready. And so the force, uneasy and hesitant, waited; and, as they waited, they could feel strangely the stillness of the foe. Finally the captain slowly raised then lowered his hand, the sergeant barked a command, and the quiet was shattered by a clap and shriek as the first barrage shredded the ridge where the enemy lay.

The barrage pounded and battered until long after the sun had fallen beneath the far hills, while a steady rain of noon-bright flares held the night away from the enemy entrench-

ments. Through the hours of shelling not one answering salvo, not one burst of gunfire was sent back from the ridge; the enemy made no reply.

At last, just as suddenly as it had begun, the barrage ended and the foot soldiers took up the assault. At first the advance was slow, hesitant — the troop was naturally apprehensive over a strange feeling which somehow engulfed them, a weird sensation of death, an eerie presence of an enemy in them and of them. They moved slowly until one of them started to fire his rifle, then another followed, then another until from all their weapons short spurts of lightening-white flame shot ahead and the ridge again churned and spat out bursts of sand and breaking rock. Then faster and faster they moved up the slope; some of them began to break rank and run ahead of the rest. One after the other they broke into a scream — not the sharp, frenzied scream of battle, but a shrill, cathartic wail. They screamed and shot and ran and screamed until they were but steps away from the enemy's positions when a sudden penetrating nausea filled them and they fell.

They fell and they kept in the position in which they had fallen, and every one of them was able to feel and know what this was inside them, just as man has always had capacity to know and yet not believe nor understand.

And so they remained, until that which had for some time possessed them slowly crept away and left them, rather, with a void. Soon a whispered order was heard and five of them slowly crept away and disappeared over the ridge while those left below remained still and quiet, waiting and listening. They were listening to the sounds from above. They heard footsteps sludging, sliding and searching; and they heard five times, the sound of a man crying. Then the hill once more became silent until, at last, in a subdued, mournful tone, one of those above called, "Captain, Captain — please."

Slowly, carefully, the Captain lifted himself to his feet and with the unsure and fright-filled eyes of his troop on him, he made his way up the hill and joined the squad already there.

Soon soft, muffled sounds of shovels tearing into the mountain were heard by the men crouched on its slope — digging operations had begun on the ridge.

Flares kept lighting the sky as the digging continued throughout the night. They were still shoveling when, in the pre-light of early morning, the remainder of the force was called up to the ridge. One by one they walked up to the ridge, climbed over the barricade, and dropped themselves into the torn and rock-filled trench where they could see the five men of the squad throwing the last shovels of earth over what they sensed were the remains of their enemy.

They passed by the mound, one after the other, looked upon it and then upon the faces of those who had filled it. The faces were somehow strange, foreign, having eyes which seemed to be focused upon some distant and terrifying dream. They were empty, soulless faces that had seen something on the ridge which had already killed them, although they walked and moved and were still alive.

The early morning hours passed quickly and with the coming of noon the men set about to the tasks of refortifying the ridge in preparation for the inevitable counter-offensive of the enemy. They had eaten by that time, and rested, but they went about their work with a sense of resignation rather than vigor, and they were unable to understand why. For had they not defeated their enemy? Hadn't they destroyed his forces on the hill? And, certainly, should the enemy try them again, they would kill again, for the enemy must be crushed. It was for the good — hadn't they been taught this?

They worked through the early hours of the afternoon, some piling bags filled with the cracked earth and rock torn from the hill during the onslaught while others dug emplacements for the mortar and other ordnance which only a few hours ago had shattered the ridge and which now was to champion its defence. Mechanically and sluggishly they worked, shaping and forging their shield of rock and stone. Some of them fell to dreaming while they labored, not a quiet reverie of a soldier removed from battle with thoughts of home and sweet loves, but rather dark and horrible dreams of death and wastedness.

And in this way the day wore on, the afternoon passed and the sun began its drift toward the western hills. The fortifica-

tions completed, a watch was assigned and those not involved in the sentry duty sat back, dreamed, and waited.

And then, late in the day when the sun had already changed its color to a still luminescent orange-red, the enemy appeared at the base of the hill.

Suddenly the ridge became a scene of anxious excitement as the defenders swarmed to their positions and, for the second time in twenty-four hours, made ready to do battle. A junior officer took command of the force, since the Captain, along with the five men who had dug the grave remained in a torpid dream and could not be stirred.

The junior officer, seeing that the defenders were secure in their positions, took out his field glasses and focused closely upon the enemy below him. Then he turned around, buried his face in his hands, laughed for a moment, and then began to weep. One by one the others crept to the edge of the ridge. Binoculars were passed along or were savagely torn away from those whose hands were frozen around them.

After they had seen, some began to laugh, others cried, and still others fell back and tried to pray but could not find the gods for whom they searched.

"Captain, my god, Captain," someone called desperately, but the Captain, who had known long before what was to be down there, sat back, said nothing, and waited.

Then the ridge fell silent as the laughing and wailing stopped and every one of them surrendered to what must be, sat back and waited.

28

Off the slope of the mountain, along the bare, buff perimeter, drab-olive figures darted in and out of the cover of their sanctuary — a refuge of rock and sharp boulder torn from the face of the mountain by the savage paroxysms of nature and man. The leader of the force, a captain, black-scarfed, tall and gaunt, brought the troop skipping and weaving through to the inner edge of rock bordering the slope of the hill. Ahead of them now was only the barrenness of the hill, grey-brown and pocked with the shell holes of other day's battles. To the rear a sergeant, his face as red as his beard, red as the soon-dying sun, signalled

Cape Cod Reflections Summer, 1968

On the seashore at the Cape, near Sandy Hook, I leave a trail
of barefooted prints as I walk to the edge of the ocean.
The sun's rays bore into my flesh, but the sea breeze offers
a cool buffer to my cheeks.

Like mighty rawhide whips the breakers lash themselves against
the shore. I hear their thunderous cracks and crashes.
Rhythmically they dash and split against the cheeks
of the beach.

At the shoreline I examine my watery footprints, only to see
that they are swallowed whole by the thirsty waves.
I burrow my toes into the oceanic mud, but the waves lap away
all trace of sand from my feet.

Each icy gush laves my feet, just as the harlot once rinsed
in oil the feet of the Anointed One.
Is such talk blasphemous? Is such thought sacrilegious?
Is it sinful to envision the Messiah in the baptism of the sea?

Have I arisen from the primordial sea only to be swept back
into the gulf?
Can I leave no permanent mark on the shifting sand?
Will the world be unchanged for my having lived or died?

Will I, like a sleepwalker, return to the depths?
Is there life within a conch, or merely a pearly void?
Is there an Immortal Soul in the Eternity?
Or are we deluded by the fallacy of the universe?

I stoop to pick up a branch of driftwood that has washed ashore.
It looks like a skeletal arm, withered and gnarled and browned.
Filmed with slime, caked with dried salt, draped with twisted
and tattered seagrass, it reeks of the gore of the ocean.

Tossing the wood into the thrashing waves, I watch it bob
and curtsy and dance to the jig of the Atlantic.
Am I like the wood adrift in the ocean?
Is my only salvation the accidental washing to the shore?

I wonder how I may know.

Carol Sadlucky

SLOWLY TAPPED

I

The air will be warm then;
 The grass will be green.
 The gentle breeze will cause the leaves
 To shiver in the heat of Summer.

The countryside will reek with yellow wheat.
 Coaxed to greet the sparkling sun
 By the lonely, passing wind.
 Will its freedom then be solitude?

Sometimes the wind will stand back
 And watch the golden grain's friendliness
 To its life sustainer turn icy cold —
 A silent, thought-immersed solitude.

II

The shadow of the old, knotholed fence
 Will break the monotony
 Of a gray stone, green grass speckled dirt road;
 And at evening will be replaced by those of sturdy oaks.

A pond will dazzle with blue and yellow
 And it will be cool and blue.
 And the sky will be bright blue and yellow,
 And will it be cool and blue?

And by and by the sun will move from the east to west,
 Bidding the world good-by, and welcoming the evening
 By unfurling its red carpet sky, which will be hidden from view
 By the evening's later entrance upon it.

III

Then will darkness slip in and settle the country;
 Ever so quickly will it turn the air from light to dark.
 The twinkling stars will appear and buzz their light
 Throughout the heavens in its slow rapidity.

Then will it be hard to see,
 As pitch night will dominate
 And as the moon will be seen,
 Will there not be shades of sun?

The cricket ensemble's dexterous playing
 Of the nocture symphony will charm the region to rest,
 As the cool, moving air will glide
 Through its final passes in search of coming dew.

Robert Mischak

street scene

bronze sunset
bruised body
trying to forget
street scenes
he had seen
cold pavement
fatherless family
mother never paid rent
bronze sunset
crowd gathered
to view the pavement
with blood wet
policemen came
was living only pain
no money
no eats
forced to roam the streets
cops stare
they don't care
hunger hurts
bronze sunset
maybe the last
cops don't care
men shoot too fast
don't want to know
about the past
only name
only age
this one's filled
turn the page
bronze sunset
man made a bet
the boy was guilty
he deserves
what he'll get
reporters came
to play the reporting game
the ambulance arrived
just minutes after he died
and the people sighed
of another calloused criminal
they were rid
and they went home
happily ever after
some never knowing what he did
others quick to forget
and the bronze son
was finally set

Steve Gliboff

if on a February day . . .

If on a February day
when the snow is still able
to cling to dormant sidewalks —
If on a February day
when coats are still heavy and
woolen, and socks are still
heavy and woolen, and hearts
are still
. . if on a February day
you find me talking
green and warm yellow and
sky blue and
the lame balloonman
— don't, please don't
remind me I'm early:
I'm that stray, shivering
mutt you saw last November
in the grey and long
and grey and longer winter-
— who only lives to walk in
the muddy cradle of spring
grass
— who only lives to feel the
warmth of the new spring
sun
— who only lives to feel the
pat of a
soft strange hand

James Calderone

Silence was destroyed
Yet the world remained silent.
And all the savages waited.
They stared, and smelled,
And listened, and slept.
Secretly stirring, softly stepping.
Their thoughts spoke.
And their thoughts were bad
And silence was destroyed.

Ben Lodeski

SUNDAY DIGRESSION

The Peace

A few long minutes of waiting yet;
One would sit back, take a book and pray
"Good morning, God."
Sitting back I think;
The walls look good in green,
And behind the rail
Would be the heavens —
 that fresh-paint blue.
"Good morning, God."
I feel so peaceful here,
Maybe that's what the blue is for.

The Straying

One, two . . . footsteps? . . . four.
That face looks familiar.
Four years . . . yes that was all
 before . . .
She was two years older
 and slow in school and look at the coat —
Padded shoulders, long as before.
Her hair style still old-fashioned
Nobody ever liked.
She's twenty now.
Two—O
To know and be required to hide
On the bus it all came out,
Two confidantes and an intruder
I knew her but I never cried I
 won't tell I
 won't tell.
It's their secret I won't tell.
Open the book and read
 the prayer. Concentrate.
"You, O Lord, are from
 eternity to eternity.
And out of all eternity
You begot your perfect
 one
The plaything of your days
Before the sun."

The Schism

Eternal — it's like the sun,
Round; beginning with
 the bus
and the secret, blending
with the old-fashioned
 hair-do
and an eternity of
 Perfect Playthings
While she sits there
 with her strange coat
 with her strange manner
 pious and patient
One would close the book
 and rise
 and forever
 break away.

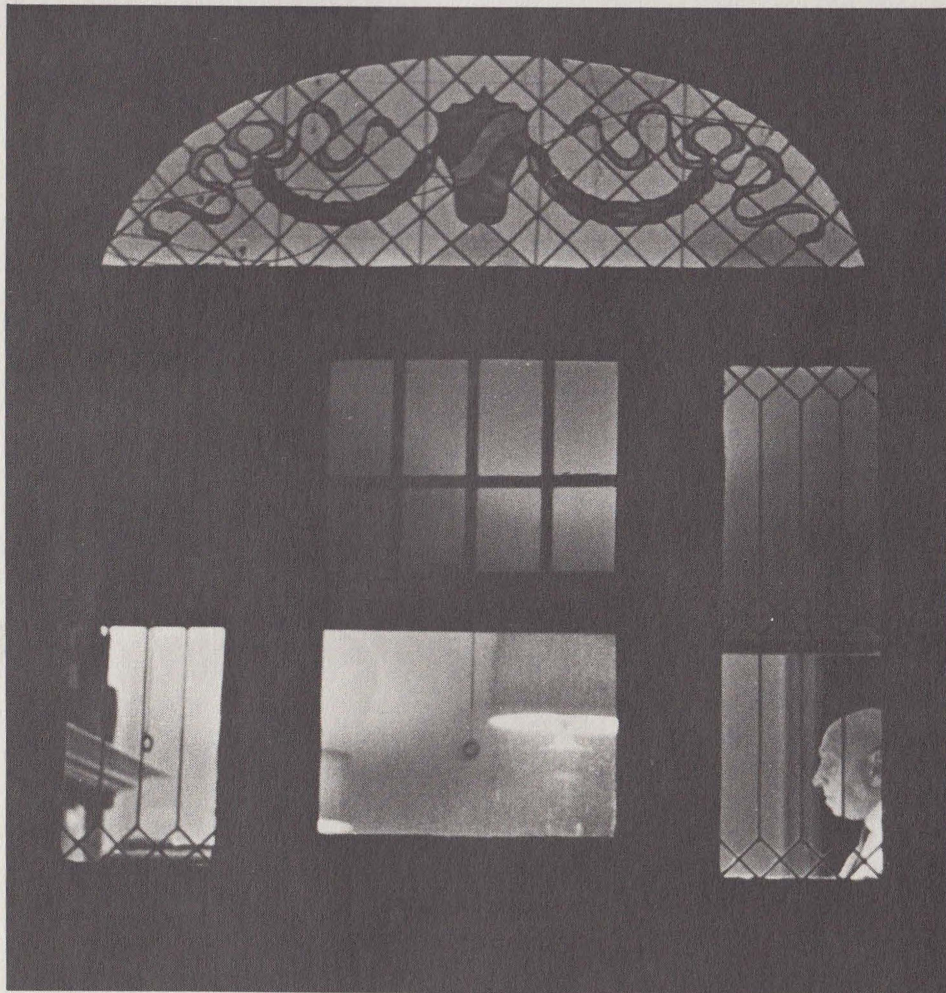
Carole Zarenstein

SOUND

when the hush of the funeral is interrupted
by the explosion of a hiding pin dropping
a resting heart smashes against a lover's warm chest
and wakens the life once found in his eardrums
a single sneaking sound rushes around the room
to find the center and to set scintillating vibrations into
motion the electric light screaming its buzzing
hissing static to the cracked ceiling stops one from
hearing a cry for help; time makes known its presence
monotonously moaning the only sound that it could
think of at the moment of discovery a broken window
relieves the wind's pressure when air rushes in telling
us of the cold that lies out in the back for us to find
whirling and swirling the wind sounds like the feeling a
man experiences after he has returned from total darkness
and absolute cold and he hears the wind as his eyes open
to meet the sun and from the sun comes the color
yellow who whispers words that men have long been
meaning to forget because of the hurt and pain
that sounds and words seem to leave behind
somehow men think that in death comes silence
and that in silence comes peace but i think it
should be realized that sometimes even the
hush of a funeral is interrupted by the explosion of

Sound

Steve Gliboff



34

loneliness

friends and lovers
come and go
and are gone
leaving heartache pain and harm
sometimes men look at the sun
and they see life
smiling shining staring
lovers leave losers
men moan and cry
the sun is a black cloud
flying in the sky
and friends come
to give sympathy
to lend advice
and to watch men cry
friends find feelings
men meant to die
and friends and lovers
come and go
leaving loneliness
and somebody called I

Steve Gliboff

No. 5

Our love's a lull: a man between a woman
Asking not whence we came; whither we go;
Nor what's dividing real and reality.
For thee and me a cloud is a rainbow
'Cause greys are pussywillows without paws.

Some things we do not question; some we do:
With us the answer preceded all else.
I knew before I asked why I loved you —
The wonder of it all was finding you
To love.

And so, this ragamuffin virgin
Touches warmth (you) and remembers clear the pain
Now stained with rolling-raindrop-tears. To forget.
Lady-poets are like that yes, they are.

Anne Aimetti

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE CYNIC: A DIALOGUE

We are the now generation, of time
Which has arrived. Our parents were Aarons,
And Baptists; we, the Moses and the Christ, sons
Of precursors already having climbed
Past the vanguard, speeding to destiny.
The gates now open to us; the walls now
Crumble before us. The ages endow
To us the fulfillment of mankind-free.

These fools; these, the children of now, children
Of time fulfilled; let them seek the promised
Land; and sing their praise; and say their amen;
Soon enough they will stop and think again
Of the death on the Golgothan abyss
Or of the burial out of Canaan.

C. R. Williams

Solitude

When night brings the
Darkness to hide in
The silence to think in
Memories return and burst forth like flowers

And the brazen laughter of the day
Is muffled by the hush of oncoming solitude
And the night lingers like a mother's kiss
Whispering softly to a sleeping child

And the scars and torment of the day
Seem forgotten
For here and now
I am alone to think

In the stillness that envelopes me
I feel that you are near
Because you, like the night, care in a soft quiet way
And knowing that you care helps me in the night to
face the coming day.

Walter Orze

DAILY PLANET

Buying time to suit the thousand days and nights
Of a horror filled hour is worth ten pennies
Black, white, red all over, red with headlines
Of screaming death. Tales of agony with prize
Winning pictures. Community pillars steeped,
Stepped in sewerage on strike in rush hour traffic.
Weather or not is the question with comics,
Crossword on page forty-three, capsule comments
To start off the day in five columns that never crumble,
Only the ink rubs off on your hands and not
In your mouth. Editorial oracles breathe fire in
Eight point, pica and bo on, bold, that is sometimes
Too bold. Tombstoning heads is a cardinal sin
But it cannot be avoided. Lay it out with a slug
Instead of a caption. Get that toothy grin on the
Front page. All the news that made the news
Is the news, that's no news or good news
Whichever came first.

Neil Brown

I AM NO MORE

What filter is this through which I must pass?
What sieve to purify this dirty sand?
What will make me white as the shoreline?
I pour through the fingers of what strong hand?
Falling in a heap below me,
Strained — the particles of my soul;
Blowing away in a sandy whirlwind
Through all the straining I am no more.

Carole Zarenski

IF YOU WOULD CELEBRATE

Polly died,
But if you would celebrate,
Hold your tongue;
Though true
Seeds of uncounted generations
Found their demise
In her brothel
Better there, my good woman,
Than in you.

C. R. Williams

PROJECTIONS

. . . and the unfailing wind brushed the withered leaves against the frosty stars. The moon caressed the enchanted wood and cast its spell on the steeple slope as a child might reach its hand to its mother's hair — the whistle afar and the wail of a dog — always found and always remembered.

A faithful watch I kept on the mountain that night. I could see her a fleeting instant, leaning against the tree as once I knew her in a timeless valley. But now gone. Where? When? How has time gone like the passing of a beautiful moment? O God, will I find her? I have sought her image in a thousand faces, I have followed her steps into forgotten towns, and heard her laughter running down a million streets. But I have never found her! And now the journey out. Which way should I turn? How can I turn back? — the way is here, follow me! Have you forgotten? — Who? What voice whispers out of the nothingness? It can be but Loneliness, bringing back the fantasied grey depths of lost days, and another time; crossing all barriers of the mind which churns as the wind-swept seas, always restless and moving, but — Where?

How came I here? — to walk the streets alone with the eternal night companion urging me, urging me; to seek myself, the forgotten, the way back. Alone, while I am waiting, waiting, in the darkness for all the loved ones who will not return. Then exiled once again to tirelessly search until — until? O God, an answer.

Thomas Selecky

When spring has come again,
When over bodies the grass is grown,
And over graveyards the crocus bloom,
Will only the wind mourn?
Will gentle rains be the only tears?

When summer's come again,
When Orion lights skies which rockets lit,
And roses fill the air once stinking of powder,
Will only the wind mourn?
Will morning dew be the only tears?

When autumn's come again,
When leaves pattern where mines were laid,
And mums color fields once red with blood,
Will only the wind mourn?
Will falling leaves be the only tears?

When winter's come again
When rusting helmets are shrouded by the snow
And the spruce is grown where buildings were
Will only the wind mourn
Will falling snow be the only tears?

C. R. Williams

December Days

When burdened clouds enclose
the world
in icy stillness
When fields and farms and hungry cows
lay hushed — bordered
by cold and rigid logs of
ash — a still-life
painting whose globs of dull oils
freeze with the cold and blanch
wind —
then I wonder if I'll ever know the
warm and glowing embers of Yule
fire
then I wonder if I'll ever know the sweet
and mystic sounds of stained-glass
caroles —
— then I wonder if Pilgrims still cross
the Nazarene Sands —

James Calderone

and
the wingless bird wondered
if he would ever fly
he dreamt
how wonderful it would be
just to glide
from his perch
his face turned to the wind
winging his way
past the waving crowds
and flying high in the sun's shadow
above fields of golden wheat
and the days past
and the nights
and hot summers
and freezing winters
and
the wingless bird wondered
if he would ever fly

Steve Gliboff

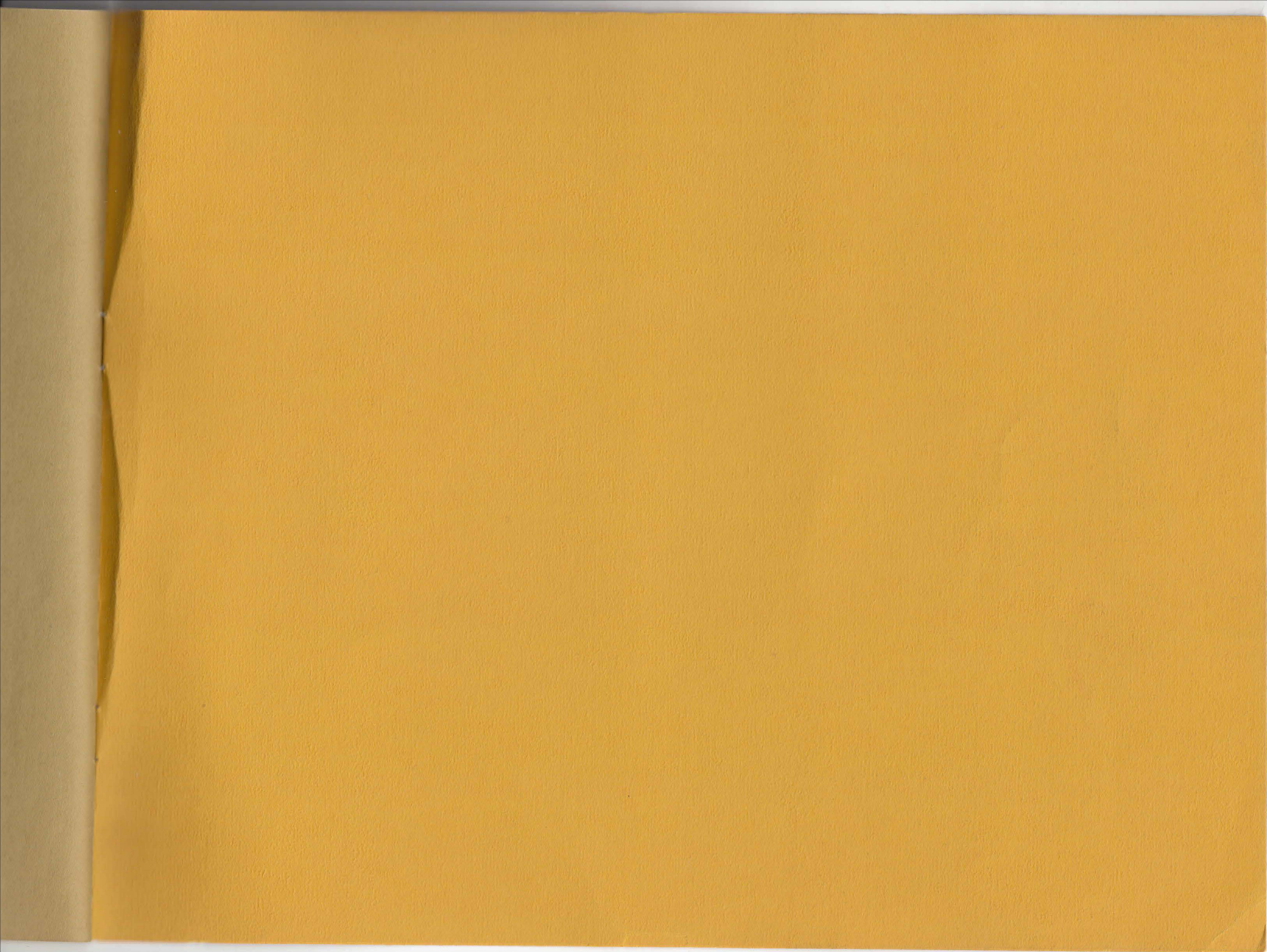
and
the wingless bird wondered
if he would ever fly
he dreamt
how wonderful it would be
just to glide
from his perch
his face turned to the wind
winging his way
past the waving crowds
and flying high in the sun's shadow
above fields of golden wheat
and the days past
and the nights
and hot summers
and freezing winters
and

the wingless bird wondered
if he would ever fly

Steve Gilboff

POETRY

| | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|----|
| Anne Aimetti | Let Us Go | 1 |
| James Calderone | The Last Grain of Sand | 2 |
| Susan Himmelfarb | August | 2 |
| Carol Sadlucki | Owen and the Kite | 3 |
| Karen Rosenbaum | Dimensions in Time | 4 |
| Neil Brown | Union | 4 |
| Carole Zarenski | Man in a Blue Box | 4 |
| Anne Aimetti | Blue night | 5 |
| Robert Chant | October | 5 |
| Walter Orze | Reunion | 5 |
| C. R. Williams | I Shout | 6 |
| C. R. Williams | green lake | 7 |
| C. R. Williams | Numbers | 7 |
| Mark Weinberg | A Child's Poem | 10 |
| James Calderone | All — Biafrans | 10 |
| Carole Zarenski | Out of the Years I | |
| | Shared with the Earth | 13 |
| Steve Gliboff | reborn | 14 |
| C. R. Williams | Short Thoughts | 14 |
| Neil Brown | A Child Prodigy Makes | |
| | His Name | 14 |
| Mark Weinberg | A Prose Poem | 15 |
| Phil Thorick | We Walked Around the Lake | 16 |
| Walter Orze | Haiku | 16 |
| Steven Rothwell | Phantom of Life | 16 |
| Steve Gliboff | To My Love | 17 |
| James Calderone | Newark in Autumn | 19 |
| Robert Chant | Scrapbook | 20 |
| Steve Gliboff | help me | 23 |
| Steve Gliboff | answers | 23 |
| Carole Zarenski | Measure | 24 |
| Chris Bush | The Fall of a Great Man | 24 |



manuscript

