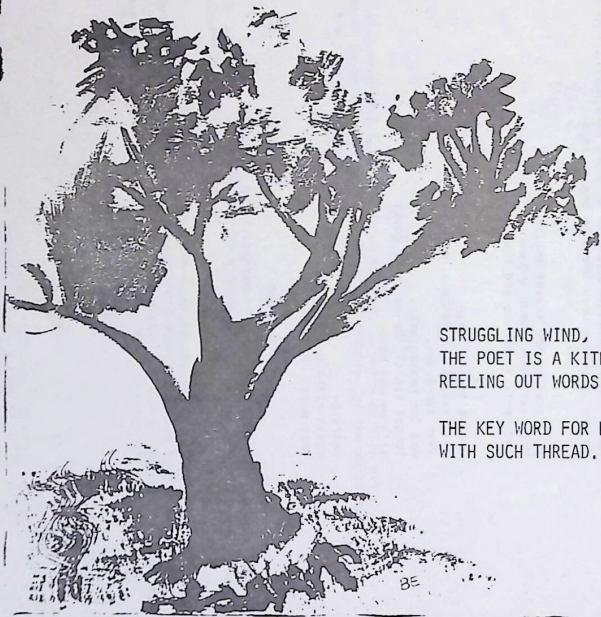


1985

WINTER
MATHS
BOOKS



STRUGGLING WIND,
THE POET IS A KITE FULL OF NOISE
REELING OUT WORDS THAT TAIL INVISIBLE THREAD.

THE KEY WORD FOR LIGHTNING WAS INVENTED
WITH SUCH THREAD.

-Craig Czury

Straightforward Admonitions to Young Poets;
Followed by Some Sound Advice to the Same

I

Never waste a poem.
Never teach a poem to tapdance.
Never let a poem say "arboreal foliage"
If you smell the resurrecting stink of hyacinths.
Never tolerate images who push or shove each other, like boys
In the cloakroom when the snow begins to fall.

II

(The poet is the silent angler
Who casts out crumbs and worms
And reels in loaves and fishes.)

III

Unmask logos. Kiss
His eyelids. Like Leda, marvel;
Then surrender.
And for heavensakes,
Do not expect the earth to move:
It's we who move.

IV

Refrain.
Again refrain.
Once more, refrain.

-Anne Graham

River Time

Where does the river begin -
Where does it end -
The only thing I know for certain
Is the direction of the flow.

Time also in constant motion,
Bringing with it the remnants
Of that part of The River Upstream, the past.

I can experience one small part of River Time,
But can you imagine seeing it all at once
As if riding in a plane, miles above the river,
Being able to trace every curve, every change in motion:

To know where it is headed and how it will end:

-Jennie Gruenloh

Birds In My Arms

I hold beautiful little birds in my arms. I watch as they sit singing
sweet songs. I see all the problems and troubles of the world beneath me.
I try to help, but I'm only a tree.

-Kathy Thomas

I was sitting in my livingroom near our large, multi-colored window.
It was 1:00 a.m. The sky was a dark shade of zebra blue. It was totally
awesome. A full moon was out.

Then it happened. The colors of the sky started flashing like a hot,
burning fire. The iridescent, full moon, which had been hanging in the
sky, had suddenly vanished. Windows shattered, doors flew open, everything
was turned on by itself. I spaced out. Then the clock struck 1:30 a.m.

-Kathy Thomas

MY SPECIAL TREE

There was a tree
in the park
I sat under it
every other week
I looked at the other
trees thinking about
their peaceful solitude
but my special tree
was like a mother
under her I would sit
she protected me
and kept me pale
and dry
Two years later
when the park
became a chemical
dump the trees
died, so now
I sit on the stump
sun burnt,
looking at the real world
slowly rotting,
Like my special stump.

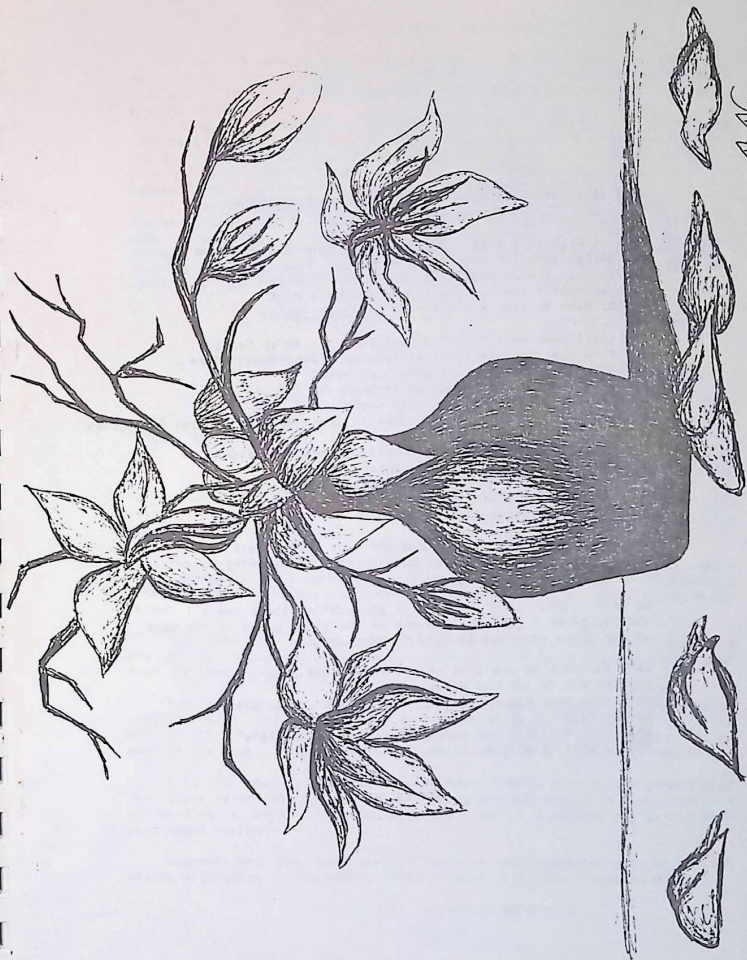
--Fred Holmes

FEELINGS

Feelings, simple and complex
Like a sudden breeze they
Overcome you; they can enlighten,
Exhilarate, and put you
On a high, as well as
Fill you with guilt, anger,
And sarcasm, but they
Can also leave an emptiness
Within the walls of humanity.
Just as quickly as their arrival,
Their disappearance is realized
And is justified.

-Kathy Thomas





WHAT IT'S LIKE LIVING IN WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

here is what it's like: let's say you have just crossed the Market Street Bridge and you are on your way around Public Square in your Toyota because that's the way you get to Coughlin High if you want to stop first for a Citizens' Voice

you start down West Market Street past the three banks you slow down for the light at Pomeroy's Department Store and watch the bag lady put down a raincoat on her bench and you almost go through the red light because you're watching her moon everybody as she lifts her dress to sit down in front of the Sheraton Crossgates

you wind around the buses for Nanticoke and the Heights and pull up to Matus's for the paper and you wonder how many of the Coughlin Kids sitting with the pigeons under the trees on the Square will skip your class today

maybe you get a weird look from the kids getting off the Parsons-Miners Mills bus because they think Matus's isn't your turf

so this is what it's like: as if you want to shock 'em all and you plunk a quarter into one of the video games in the back of the store and play at 7:45 in the morning

well the chances are that you'll forget the paper and the kid in the Van Halen shirt will skip your class and the first person you'll see is the Coughlin principal when you roll into the parking lot ten minutes late that's what it's like living in Wilkes-Barre

-Agnes Cardoni
July 16, 1985

GOING TO SCHOOL FROM NORDEND

You are walking down North Main St. in Wilkes-Barre. You're on your way to Coughlin High School. You've got to hurry because Mr. Corba gets mad if you're late for homeroom, then you've got to get a late slip from Mr. Moran.

You start down North Main St. by St. John's Church. As you quicken your pace you go by many houses. Some are being rebuilt. You cross North St. and almost get run over by some maniac in a blazer. Then you realize it's Mr. Salitt patrolling the streets. As you pass Kings College and Pappas Pizza Parlor you notice you're the only one late.

You cross Main St. and go pass the Factory; an under 21 hangout. You go through Liberty Cleaners' parking lot and run across Union St. But when you get there you only see a few teachers going in the building. It's unusual that there's no one sitting on the wall smoking then you realize that you forgot to turn your watch ahead for Daylight Savings Time and you've got time to kill.

-Lisa Brennan

ASHLEY 18706

Here's what it's like. Let's say that you're leaving Dee's Cafe and you're heading down to Fred's Ice Cream Store because you need a few items for guests coming over tonight.

You head down Main Street and you walk past the American Legion, where they are holding a wedding reception for one of the members. Not being a member, you, of course, would not be allowed to go even though you know the person.

You come up to the town hall where the fire siren starts to wail as you go by. You rush past the building to avoid being hit and break away from the loud noise.

You now come to the bank and notice that there is a long line of people inside and partly outside of the building. You realize it is the 3rd of the month so most senior citizens are cashing their checks. Maybe some of the people are paying bills, or are just in a hurry to get money.

This is what it's like. You approach Ashley Street, the street that the store is on, and you walk down the 2nd busiest street in town. Chances of meeting a person you know here are 1 out of 2 because you get to know just about everyone.

Someone who you have seen at the cafe twenty minutes ago, or someone who is also going to the store. That is what it's like living in Ashley.

-Clido Gardjulis

COMPANY PATCH

I live in Babci's house,
Babci's house, before she died.
"Company Patch." All the coal company homes are there.

Different now.
Before, the porches came to the road that wasn't paved.

Babci's street, as far back as I remember,
There were crumbling, half-dead moss and grass
Growing between the bricks.
Now the porches are higher, with iron railing and further apart.
Most of the homes are remodeled.

I live in Babci's house on "Company Patch,"
Dziadi's parents built themselves.

-Jennie Gruenloh

POP'S HOUSE

The house used to be a cow
house
Not a house where cows lived,
But where hay was stored
to feed the cows.

Different than before,
It's a house now
Made of bricks on the out-
side.
There are rooms and steps.

Not a cow
storage room anymore.
My uncles live there.

Pop's house.
Drain water from a well.
That's how the cows drank.

-Shirley Shotwell

THE TRACKS

I walk the tracks
My Githo had walked
With the other men from the mines.
I can picture them now:
Camouflaged in coal dust,
Crooning songs from the Ukrain.
Perhaps "Hay Tam Na Hoday" now
And "Yaz Na Zodyath" in winter.

I walk where he did,
Over the rusty tracks
And worn, wooden ties.
Coal dust hides in my hair
From my hike and
The only song is that of
The birds who
Build their nests in the breaker now.

-Janine Hyde

"BABO'S HOUSE"

I went to Babo's old house today.
She's gone; my aunt is there now.

There are new carpets on the
old Lardwood floors,
and posh furniture in the livingroom.
Babo's Ukrainian dinner pattern
has been replaced by elegant crystal and china
The simplicity is gone.

The oak doors between the rooms
-- to keep the heat in and the
children out --
have been taken off their hinges,
and then burned in the backyard.

The long, oak railing on the staircase
remains, though, I don't know how.
It's abuse from the sliding of six year olds
isn't visible, surprisingly enough.

And, it's sole companion is the
painting of the Virgin and her Child
which remains on the same wall
In the same place Babo had it.
The only remainder of age in this
refurnished house.
The only remainder of Babo left here.

-Janine Hyde

REMEMBERING

I can't remember much about my grandparents.

When I was three my grandfather died. I was too young to miss him. I didn't know him as my grandfather. I knew him as a friend, an old friend who would place me on his knee and tell me his stories.

He told me how he made his living. He hauled coal for different companies for almost all of his life. He also owned a farm in our neighborhood. I loved to hear his stories of how he would go to the breakers and load the huge truck with shovelfuls of coal. He told me of different mines he worked at, his truck and the people he came in contact with. I was fascinated by stories of his work. I was very proud that he worked in the mines.

He died of emphysema.

My grandfather seemed to me like an ordinary grandfather. He was of average height and build. He had brown hair, brown eyes and a mustache. He wore farm clothes and suspenders.

In time my grandfather became very prosperous. He wore suits at home and green work pants to work. It is hard to remember much about him because I was mainly told by my grandmother.

Grandma and Grandpa were very close. They never had spats or disagreements. Business was for Grandpa and the house was Grandma's; neither interfered in the other's business.

Mainly what grandparents tell you about are hardships. I was told about their worries when coal was no longer King. Grandpa sold his truck to invest in the farm. Their most trying times of money and anguish were when their farm burned. Their three-year old daughter was killed.

What most sticks with me is advice from my grandparents to be a good kid. That advice has stayed with me and I wish my grandfather was here so I could tell him.

-Dave Kingston

BILLY

As you watch the people around the square you see all varieties. As you walk around, you may wander into Billy. Although if he came up to, you you'd probably run. He looks like someone out of some horror flick. His eyes are the first thing you notice. They're in two different directions at once. He has hardly any teeth and the few he does have are rotten. He doesn't work, but his favorite saying is, "Get a job." He seems so happy as I watch him imitate the vaudeville act that is going on. He acts as though he's just a bum with an I.Q. of an ice cube, but he is rather intelligent.

He passes time by playing cards. No one ever sees him lose. Trick cards? No one knows. But he doesn't lose.

The last thing that was said was, "Billy, be good and watch the language." And he went on to once again imitate the people around him and dance to the music from the vaudeville act.

-Lisa Brennan

CIGARETTE

Stiff and brittle I pace in pain
My bones are old
My mind gone

I light up a cigarette
I mind my own business Kids tease me
I'm too old to chase them My mouth
too sore to yell at them

I think I'll watch some youngsters entertain people with their song and dance, their fast tempo music is too fast for me to dance to look at this poor ground it hurts more than me People litter pollute it like I do to my own body. I light a cigarette here comes a bum to get a cigarette out of me I throw mine down quickly he grabs it and leaves

I light up a cigarette
I think I'll leave now

-Clido Gardjulis

LEAVE ME ALONE

As I sit here, I bother no one. Here comes some kid, she sits next to me. She's writing on her tablet, but I can't see what she's writing. She leaves. Alone again.

She's coming again with those two guys from the Recreation Board. They're going to bother me. They always do. Why can't I be left alone? I never did anything to them.

They don't understand me. I try to answer their questions. They ask me why my hair's greasy. My father put Brill cream on it. They laugh. No one takes me seriously.

The police think I'm nuts. They chase me all over public square. Why don't they leave me alone?

They ask me why I don't take showers? If they think for a minute they'd figure it out, I have no home. "Take a shower in the fountain!" they say. Sure they've got all the answers. All I want to know is "Why don't they leave me alone?"

-Lisa Brennan

LIFE UNDER THE BRIDGE

Being the hermit that I am
I sit alone under a bridge
Thinking of how great I am
Knowing that the world above is full of trash
And my domain is ruled by one, over one
If people think that we hermits sit all day
Then let them try to live a life of solitude
Because we think our solitude is a gift
which few possess. We are of our own
special characters. Knowing that quietness
is the key to life a fuller life none of this
noise cranking boxes and M.T.V.
We are a breed of animal alone

-Clido Gardjulis

MARY

Mary how are you doing today I address the cleaning lady at the dorm on every Monday Wednesday and Friday Small person with a sense of humor we all can relate to with her mop in one hand and the bucket in the other she heads to the sink filling the bucket with water and adding soap Struggling to lift the bucket she sets her mop down carries the bucket to the center of the floor goes back and sets her mop Watch you don't fall and hurt yourself she would tell us and then get back to mopping after we left

-Clido Gardjulis

SPEAKING WITHOUT WORDS

I was sitting in a park watching an old man and his dog. The man was dressed like a bum, and he carried a torn grey shopping bag. He clung to it as if all of his belongings were packed neatly into it. His dog was as old if not older. It was tan and also dirty. It wandered slowly around the park, but never stayed away long, and would always return wagging its tail. The man reached into his bag and pulled out a sandwich, wrapped neatly in brown paper. He then folded the paper and put it into his pocket, probably to hold tomorrow's lunch. The man looked malnourished but yet when he had half of his sandwich left he stopped eating, called the dog and gave it to him. This touched me as I was staring at the man, not knowing he was looking at me too. He then smiled as if something was written in my eyes, he got up and walked away with his dog still at his side.

--Cheryl Ogin

MISTAKEN IDENTITY?

"You are my son!" the man screamed at my mother and I as he took a hold of me.

Help me! Help Me! screamed my mother to the passersby. They did not care. They did not even look, yet they knew that someone was in trouble. They didn't stop. It wasn't that scary until he said my name.

"Joe," he began, "come home with me to your real mother," stressing the words real mother.

"Shut Up!" yelled my mother, "or I'm calling the cops!"

"Go ahead. There's a phone right inside that store. Dial 0 and ask the operator for the police," he said sarcastically. Nonetheless, my mother did just that, but upon exiting the store, the man was gone. My father?

-Joe Zukoski

A SATURDAY NIGHT AT MICKEY D'S

You walked in where i work
Today and you looked me in
The eye.
Well, needless to say,
A tear was starting to form
And i had to
Sit down in the back room
For fear that if i didn't
I'd pass out and hit the tiles
And probably wind up with a concussion.

And, while i was wiping up
A strawberry shake which some
New girl had spilled,
You came back to
The counter
Of good, old Mickey D's
And asked me,
"Can I have some salt?"
And i handed a few packs to you
And my hands were actually shaking!
"You look cute in that hat,"
You said.

And, you know the funny part
About it?
You smiled.
When you said it, you actually smiled--
It reminded me of our friendship
Before.

Want to know something?
I felt so much better
After seeing you smile,
I worked so quickly, i got to leave early.

P.S...

--Janine Hyde

WOODS

Sitting on the dike, I can see the woods across the river staring at me -- darkness -- enchantment. Peaceful, yet evil.

Peaceful in the way that the animals run free. Peaceful, when the light shines through the dying trees and looks like someone from the heavens visiting and adding life and light to an otherwise dark place.

But the darkness succumbs once again and danger is waiting for anyone to enter. Someone, such as the derelicts who live in and terrorize the woods, who would grab the unsuspecting child, win it and throw it back to civilization, leaving civilization to deal with it.

-Cheryl Ogin

GONE

It is 3:30 p.m., the dismissal bell has just rung and all the children come running out of their elementary school to play in the playground while waiting for their mothers. The atmosphere is happy and pleasant. Children are running and yelling. Balls are flying. Everyone is together, except for Suzie. Suzie is on the swings by herself. She is shy and quiet. A stranger comes up to her. She asks Suzie if she can sit by her on a swing just to talk. She tells Suzie of her big house and how it is filled with toys, but that she has no children to play with them. Suzie is scared at first, but the lady seems so nice and she finds no reason to go away or call for help. The lady talks more about her house and the toys and how she is lonely to hear a happy child playing. Most of the children have left, but Suzie's mom is late. Suzie is getting bored. Noticing this, the nice lady says that her car is nearby and she can drop Suzie off at her house. Suzie agrees and they leave, side-by-side. No one is there to notice that Suzie is gone.

-Cheryl Ogin

MELT DOWN

We went riding one day, Bob, Les and I. As we sat in the parking lot in front of Mimmo's, Les decided to go pick up some other friends. He took his 71 Olds 442 and pulled out into the intersection. A blue and white Chevy pick-up pulled behind him. Les let an open spot in traffic pass because he was fixing the radio. The pick-up driver was getting mad. He started honking the horn and screaming out the window. Les turned off the 442.

Rich, a cop, pulled through the parking lot. He stopped by Rich and me. Rich asked, "What's going on?" We only said Les' car had stalled. As Les sat through two more open spots, the pick-up crept two more inches behind Les, still blowing the horn.

As Rich, Bob and I sat talking I said, "He'd better be careful. Les will use our Secret Gas Burning Device." Rich didn't understand. All of a sudden Les started his car, 3/4", floored it, and flipped on our SGB. The flames shot out from the duals of Les' car engulfing the front of the pick-up. Flames shot up and on the roof of the truck. Rich stared in amazement.

The man jumped from the truck hitting the asphalt landing on his shoulder. Les pulled out and left. Rich left also, not to arrest Les, but to go eat. The man got up and looked at his truck. The grill was still burning, the paint was removed, his windows were broken from the heat, and melted plastic clung to the road and the truck. The smell was great. He pulled in with a different car and just laughed at him. Later, the same guy got behind Les in another car, realized who it was and left thinking it might happen again. Rich returned from Mister Donut and asked Les and I to fix up his car so it can shoot flames too.

-Joe Simon

SORRY MOM

I had just woken up and dressed for school. The morning was normal as I crammed for my mid-term exams and started out the door. I approached my 71 multi-colored Nova. The car wouldn't start so I gave it a shot of ether in the carburetor and it started. I headed off to school. Made it there in record time.

After exams my friend John and I went to Elby's for our checks, to Mickey D's for food, then to Top Dog. After a while we noticed it started to snow and it wasn't a normal snow. We headed home. On the way the car wasn't holding the road like it should. The playing around stopped. As we entered a set of two bad curves a travelers advisory was heard. A white pick-up was coming around and was hugging the yellow line. I moved out of the way to the shoulder of the road. The car swerved. I remember saying "Looks like we're in a little bit of skid."

The car started to spin; I sat across the road in a dead stop. Then I looked out of the windshield and bolting around the corner was a brown Monza. I could see the terror in her face before impact. It was over in a second. I was dazed, then grasped my senses. I glanced out the windshield and saw my battery smashed, my hood ripped back, my friend lying on the seat bleeding. I killed him. I checked for a breath and pulse. He's alive. Administered First Aid and ran for an ambulance.

I looked at my car and a tear came to my eye as my creation was destroyed. I thought, my insurance! But I looked at the mangled wreck -- engine and transmission ripped off the mounts, drive shaft lying underneath the car, fuel pump smashed, trunk and rear quarter panel twisted beyond belief.

A while later I read her statement on the police report, "I was only going 30 miles per hour."

-Jim Gray

Merry Christmas

Scene: In the hall outside Mr. E's room where the characters are exchanging jovious holiday wishes. December 21st, 7th period has just ended-the day before Christmas vacation.

Cast: Mr. E--teacher
Daryl--senior guy
Jackie--senior gal
Eddie--junior fellow

Daryl exits Mr. E's room and, walking, turns and waves his hand.

Daryl: Merry Christmas, Mr. E.
Mr. E: You too, Daryl.
Jackie (turning): Bye Daryl, Merry Christmas.

Daryl winks at Jackie.

Jackie (leaning forward in ecstasy): He winked at me!
Eddie (sarcastically): Excited?

She glares at Eddie with indignant displeasure.

Eddie: Merry Christmas Mr. E, Jackie.

She murmurs likewise and the two leave together.

Eddie: What if I winked at you?
Jackie (going to other side of hall): Bye Glenn!
The End
-Eddie Lupico

Epilogue

Scene: Third floor main stairwell, January 2nd, the day after Christmas vacation. Homeroom has just ended and students rush joyously to class.

Daryl leans on railing talking to friends. By some freak coincidence, Jackie and Eddie meet and descend together.

Eddie: Hi Jackie!
Jackie: Hi!
Eddie: I wrote a play.
Jackie: What?
Eddie: I wrote a play about you.
Jackie: About me?
Eddie: Yeah, when he (points pen skyward) winked at you, I ran home and wrpte a play.
Jackie: When who winked?

Eddie thrusts his pen upwards conspicuously and slightly aggravated.

Jackie (looking up): Oh! Don't embarrass me!

She laughs.
He laughs.

At the second floor they diverge.
The End
-Eddie Lupico

MAN WITH NO NAME

He sits in a huge room everyday from the time he gets home until the time he goes to sleep. He is a tall, thin man, who has dark eyes. When he looks at himself in the mirror, he puts himself down. This man is lonely because nobody ever talks to him. The little children make fun of him. You see, his parents died when he was just a baby. He was then put in a foster home. No one ever adopted him. He thought that he was a freak because of this.

At the age of 18 he was on his own. He never met anyone who would love him or whom he could love, and he never made any friends. And so, he lived as a hermit most of the day and all of the night.

-Kathy Thomas

"Pigeon Lady"

She sits on the bench, twirling her greasy hair. Just sitting there. Is she braiding her hair? People walk by and she tries to speak to them, but they don't listen. Maybe she's trying to get them to notice her by twirling her hair. I wonder if she does this everyday. A boy and girl walk over to her and say something; she looks so happy. When they leave, she looks after them, as if to say, "Please come back, children." Is that a tear I see in her eye? Talk to the pigeons, lady. they listen.

-Jennie Gruenloh

TEST

You sit there.
I sit here.
Our stares and our glances at one another are not met.
I wish, wait, and wait.
You, do you know what you want?
Me? Him? John Doe?
Can't you see that I really love you?
Are you testing me, trying my patience?
I can play the game and I will win you.
You will want me, not of forced will, but of your own desire.
For now though, the game goes on and
Checkmate is only moves away.

-Clido Gardjulis

ANOTHER VIEW

by Eddie Lupico
& Janine Hyde

You sleep.
Stretched across the floor on your stomach
Like a bear rug.
You look so innocent As a blonde curl
Hangs out of the collar of your jacket.
You breathe softly,
Your lips parted slightly
...your arms folded
Beneath your chin.

And then I see the chain
On your boot, and recognize
The scar on your cheek
And realize you're not
As innocent as you seem.

The landscape of the city is purely fabricated," thought Racine, as she sat pecking pigeons with bread crumbs in the midst of Central Park. She ran her fingers through her raven hair and puffed indignantly on her cigarette. "It's all a charade.

She drew a quarter out of her jacket pocket and strolled out of the park onto Bist Street. Plugging the quarter into a newspaper venderbox, she grabbed a copy of the "Post" and kept on walking...not looking at it or at anything else except her own feet pounding the sidewalk.

Her apartment door opened without a key into a dark room. Only the dim light of a television illuminated the four bleak walls. Mitchell sprawled indifferently on the floor like a bear rug, empty cans and dirty dishes littered the floor around him, while a cigarette lay burning in the ashtray. She stared at him as he lay motionless in sleep, and began to bend over him. She tapped him sharply with her foot, "Are you working tonight, or what?"

He rolled over and glared at her, watching her disappear into the darkness of the bathroom. The door banged shut. He jadedly lifted himself off the stained worn carpet...

She came out after Mitchell had left and flopped on the unmade studio couch. "Crud..." she moaned, and removed Mitchell's jean jacket out from underneath her. "What a grime..." She took another look at the jacket and realized it wasn't Mitchell's. "Crud..." She sat up and looked again. She fumbled curiously through the pockets, removing gum wrappers, miscellaneous paper scraps and their address scribbled on the back of a ticket stub. She flipped the jacket around and found a name on the collar. "Who the ---- is S. Sherman?" she demanded from the empty room.

She sat in the kitchen, the red glow of her cigarette the only light in the apartment. Mitchell closed the door softly behind him and made his way to the bathroom. She knew he'd returned, but was too involved with gathering her thoughts. A moment later he stared at her from the bathroom doorway.

"You're too quiet tonight, what's eatin' you?"

"D'iere," she said clearing her throat. He sighed and trudged into the cramped room.

"What?" he said irritated by the tone of her voice.

"Nice jacket," she said, yanking it out from under the table. "Wanna tell me who S. Sherman is?" She got up and threw the jacket at him. "What's it this time, Sandy or Stanley?"

"What is this, The Grand Inquisition or something?" he erupted.

"I don't need to inquire, Baby... See ya later..." She picked up her bags and walked out. She sat in Central Park, pelting pigeons with bread crumbs, cursing the darkness as it started to rain.

KILLER BEES AND NUCLEAR FALLOUT

Quiet times.
Listening to the cars pass by,
And the wind whistling, yet still
Waiting for the fallout to come -- or the Killer bees, remember them.
Little buggers -- We were doomed.

I was young and scared,
I imagined being stung to death by those little monsters
in their black and yellow costumes of death.
Now I have a nightmare worse than the evil of the insects.
A terrifying dream of death, not by nature -- but by man's own hands,
that could not have to happen.
If I sit and wait doing nothing, I will think some more of it,
And become more afraid.
So I live my life, as we all do, hoping - praying - pretending it will not
happen. So we won't have to think about it.

Instead, I think of
Quiet times,
Listening to the cars pass by,
And the wind whistling.

-Jennie Gruenloh

MELROSE NEAR THE BLACK DIAMOND

You've just cleaned up after a slop-o-lunch at Melrose Group Home for Juvenile Delinquents and you're on your way to the Gateway Cinema with your J.D.'s because yesterday, after professional wrestling on T.V., Applesed and Babba busted up the livingroom furniture -- we all need OUT.

You cross the high weeds under the trestle and up the tracks until you come upon the Black Diamond Bridge crossing the Susquehanna -- that huge old, rotted-out railroad bridge has been the scene of many a fatal falling, even a murder not too long ago. You feel the terror as you foot for the sturdy planks, knowing that the rusty railing -- where there's any railing -- could give way and the river only ankle deep at the most. If you fell from this height you'd break yourself up pretty bad.

There are several teenagers drinking beer under the girders and the sight of them makes you suspect they'll side-up with your J.D.'s and throw you over -- like the Hannon murder that one winter where he threw the Price girl through the ice.

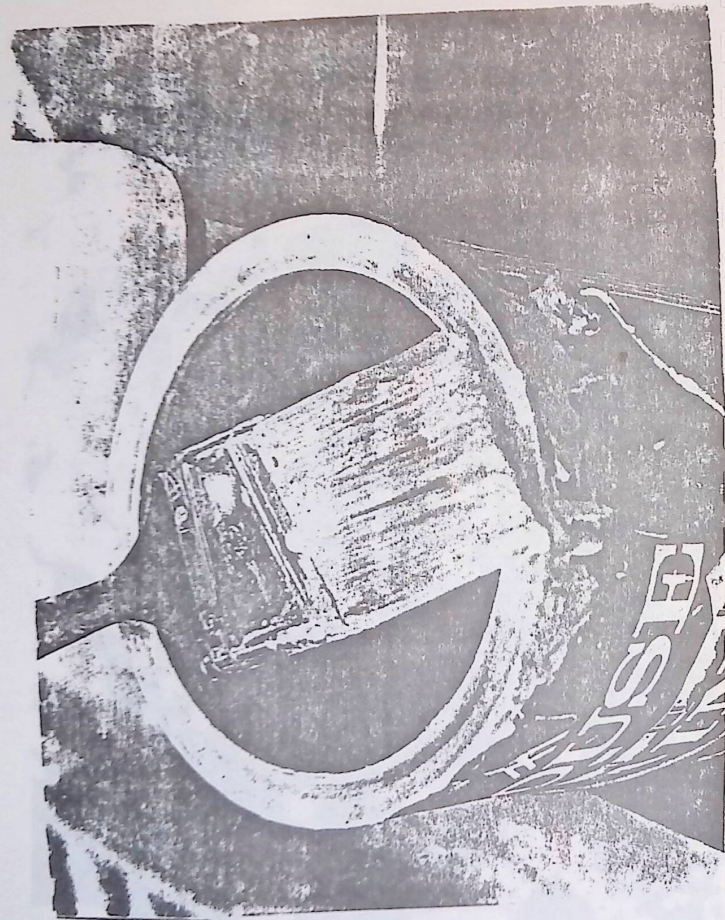
If you're the first one over you can call out to the gang to come on you chickens, and delight in their fear. If you're not the first one over...

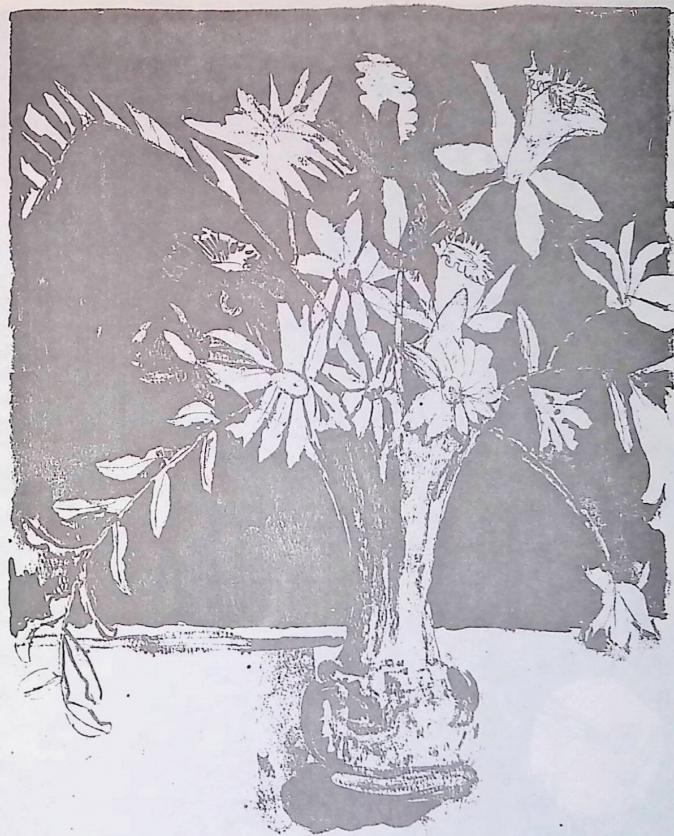
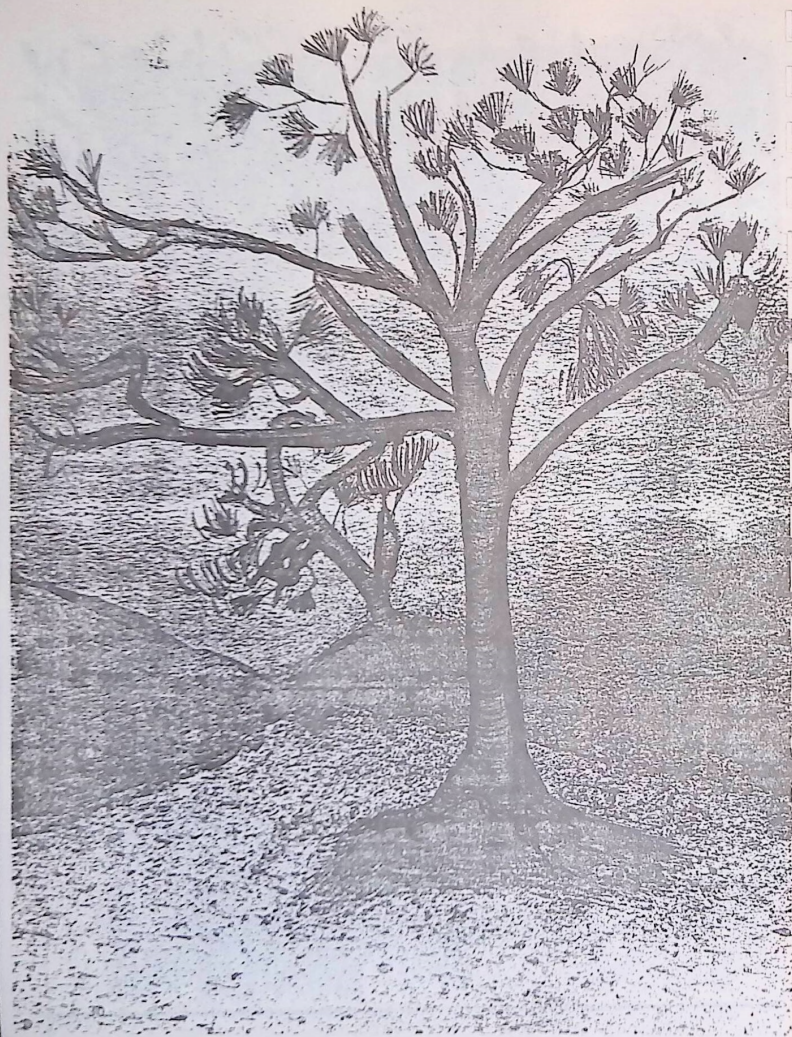
This is what it's like living at Melrose Group Home, near The Black Diamond Bridge.

-Craig Czury
(Thanks to Dick Laurie)



Delbie





Lamprocaris

MY INVISIBLE MIRROR

My invisible mirror is not really me, it's a person inside trying to escape. My invisible mirror is what people really see -- the way I act, dress, and comb my hair. My invisible mirror is a mask, a disguise to hide the real image. The image no one will accept, the image everyone may accept if I give it time.

-Regina Bogumil

UNTITLED

I know myself,
And yet I don't.
I see myself doing things I know aren't right,
And yet I still do them to please others.
I see myself loving and caring,
But deep inside, I loathe and hate.
I see myself having fun with others,
But I really feel lonely and depressed.
It's like one side of me I know really well,
and the other side, I don't know what to think.
I don't know why there are two sides to me,
But maybe someday,
There will be one true me.

-Ann Nguyen

As They Are

I'm inside the mirror, behind the glass.

Don't you see me?

I see your vain face every day.

Where are you going this morning?

Must be someplace very special --

You look nice, except...

Do you know that you have a big ugly

ZIT right on your nose?

You better do something about it,

Because other people won't be as polite as I am.

Did you remember to apply all of your

Artificial cremes, gels, lotions, sweeteners...

So you look your Natural Best? Don't forget.

You know, pretty soon you'll be getting old.

Then you'll have wrinkles to cover

With the latest, greatest, new, improved

Anti-wrinkle cream.

Don't walk away. You know it's true.

People are like that. I know.

Here comes another one.

-Jennie Gruenloh

Look under the leather
and steel
you'll see a human
I got feelings and
a brain under spiked hair

"don't look at the punk
honey he only wants attention."

Like no one notices your
new car it's sleek
and black, like my
jacket.
Your expensive shiny appliances
like my spikes and
studs
and fresh mown lawn
living for show like
my chopped up hair.

As you can see
I'm just like you
but I don't have
social products
only got me.

I don't want these
I want to be me
to live as me.

try to take my
rights
let people see me
see reality on me
and see a lot of
your own ugly life
in my appearance
for I'm the product
of society.

I eat, I feel, I dream
I dream
I dream

And nothin' can
take it away
but yet you jeer
you laugh
and every comment
adds another spike on
my jacket.

'almost filled'

-Fred Holmes

MORNING BEFORE SUN

The morning is as black as midnight. There is a fog hanging over head. A cool breeze blows the dew across the backyard. The silence is so great you feel at any moment something or someone is going to scare you half to death.

--Kathy Thomas

Sitting silently, waiting to roar to life is a beautiful red machine capable of speeds beyond normal autos of its kind, a ship almost capable of flying, hurl men toward the edge of disaster, then bring them home safely. However all the people are not fortunate enough. The machine may lose its stamina and crash into a wall. Not the man loses his life, but the machine, beyond repair, is sent to a scrap yard with only the memory of a galant race.

Another car takes its place and the people cheer as it enters the race. I sit as an observer of sleek, fast machines with a burning desire of climbing into the pilot's seat and flying off with nothing but the road in front of me, the roar of the engine underneath me, and the spirit of driving inside me.

-Jim Gray

Chocolate Covered Peanut Butter Eggs

Scene: April 3rd and Joann stands at her locker. She'd just come from home-ec and has some snacks in her hand-namely three freshly dipped C.C.P.B.E. Eddie approaches.

Eddie: Can I have one?

Joann: I'm not giving them away.

Eddie: I bet if Dan asked you'd give him one.

Joann: No, I'm not giving them to anyone.

Eddie: What if Daryl asked?

Joann (looking down hall at him): I'd say 'do ya want 3?'

Eddie: What if Willie asked?

Joann: I'd go down and make more.

Eddie: And if Neal Schon asked?

Joann turns and laughs in his face.

Le fin.

-Eddie Lupico

It was late. One of those moments when you feel like it's tonite while really it's tomorrow morning. The digital clock spit 12:57 across the room.

Something forbid him from going to bed. Could it be the heat lightning periodically lighting the sky with an eerie flash? As if in answer, a grim glow filled the Southern horizon as he stared from the window. He was alone. The entire planet had been put to sleep like a rabid dog.

No, it was the fact that he was finally, though temporarily, independent. No bedtime. He decided to stay up until he chose to sleep. No one would make him do anything.

He questioned who he was for what seemed like the millionth time. Why couldn't he be more outgoing? Why couldn't he have a lot of friends -- like everyone else? So many times he'd been afraid to meet people he wanted to meet. He loathed his personality for a moment before rationalizing, "You're weird." He smiled as though the thought were tickling his brain. "Why can't you be normal?" came a fatal reply. "This week will go slow," he promised the walls. His hands propped his head upright with a loose grip on his temples. It was too hot. The fan was only on low. At a higher speed it would be too loud and he'd have to raise the volume of his music. Then the noise would be louder and he might wake someone. He recalled being yelled at around 11:30 for playing it too high. At home he couldn't do it either; for a moment, he contemplated disillusioningly.

"Where have all the good times gone?" The things he remembered writing in a journal. Hidden now with thoughts of suicide. Obsessions. No one knew. there was so much no one knew.

There was always something he envied in others. Someone he knew he'd never be lurking in his mind, constantly. "No one's perfect," they'd say to raise his self-confidence. "Yeah," he'd nod, sheltering the truth. They were wrong. He'd found perfection in people who didn't know he existed.

This day had proved too much. They'd ruined everything they had accomplished in the past few days. He refused to repeat the story in his mind another time. All he knew was that he regretted insisting on crossing the street, just to see in the window at an angle. The curtains closed. How would they face them the next day? He was too confused to think. "Just be normal," he reassured himself.

Only the desk lamp was on, the room was dark. He'd controlled every thought, kept himself awake. "Just one," he begged. He shut his eyes. A moment later...

-Eddie Lupico

GOOD-BYE

Why did you leave me? I did not do anything to you? Did I? I barely even got to know you and then you are leaving. Why do you have to go with him? Does God really want and need you? We did not get to spend enough time together. You leave me here in a room full of people crying. They ask me questions; they say it is alright to cry. I just want her back, let her stay for a while. She is so peaceful as she lies there, she looks just as she usually did. They start to close the casket. I whisper, "I love you and I will miss you."

-Chris Zukoski

LOOKING BEHIND

You retreat to ancient catacombs
where long-dead feelings
lie trapped behind walls
Your fingers pry at cracks and
peel plaster chunk
by chunk until
The floor is covered with white dust.

-Eddie Lupico

THINGS WHICH MAKE ME FEEL GOOD

The birds chirping outside
the window; warmth of friends;
delicate, dainty flowers blowing in the cold,
brisk wind; things that fill me with
energy; exhilarating things; life. The sweet
smell of perfume or the freshness of sweet
rolls-fresh baked in the
dawn of the morning light

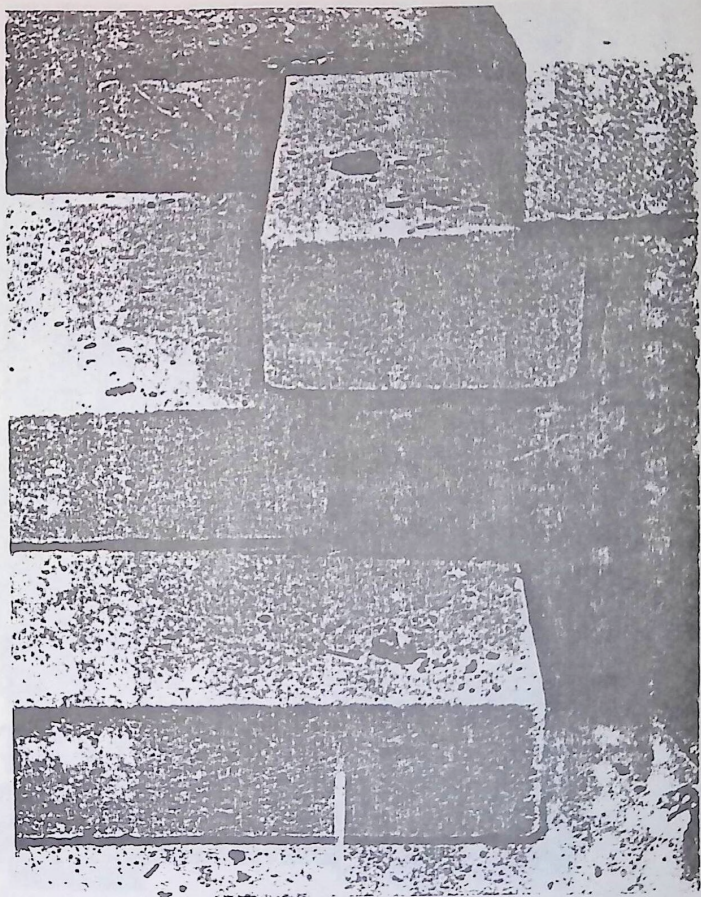
--Kathy Thomas
(Spanish translation by the author)

COSEA CUAL HAGAN ME SENTIRSE BIEN

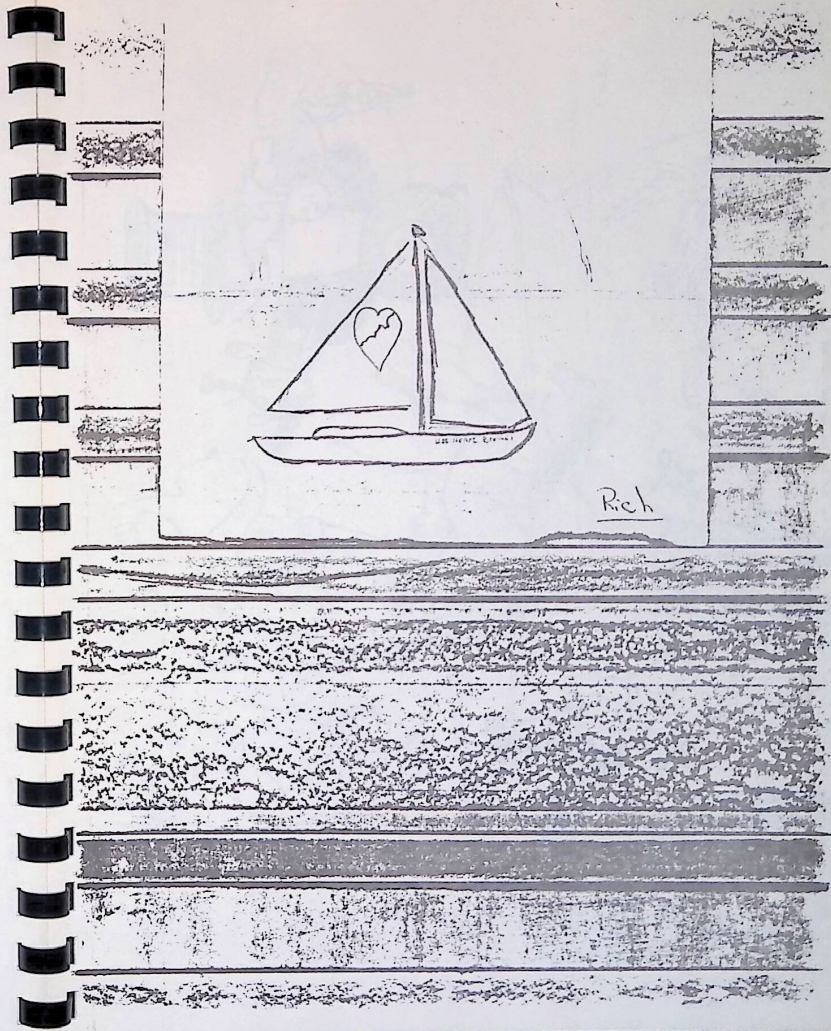
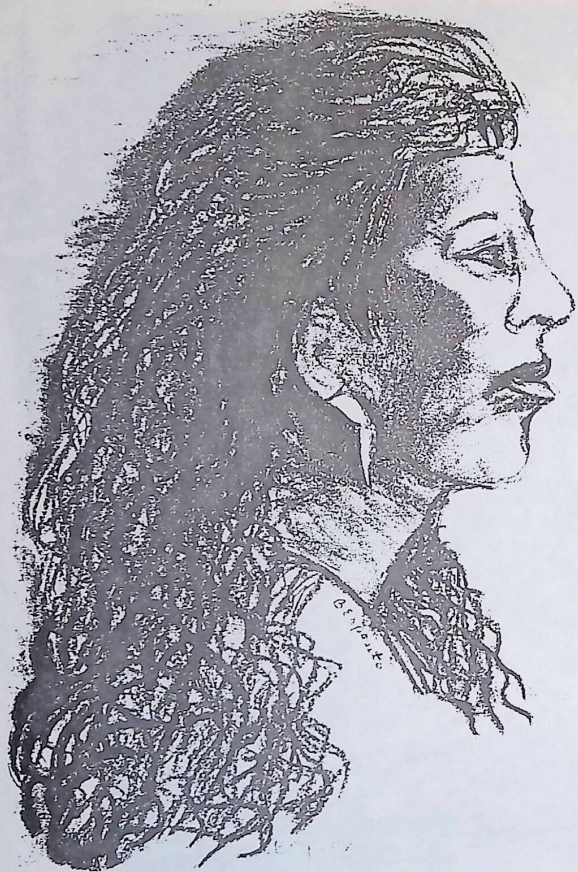
Las aves chirria afuera
La ventana; ek afecti de amigas;
fragil, delicado flores soplo en el helado,
vivo aire; cosas que lleno me con
energia; excitando cosas; vida. La fragante
odor de perfume o la fresca de dulce
bunuelo-fresco horneado en el
amanecer la manana luz.



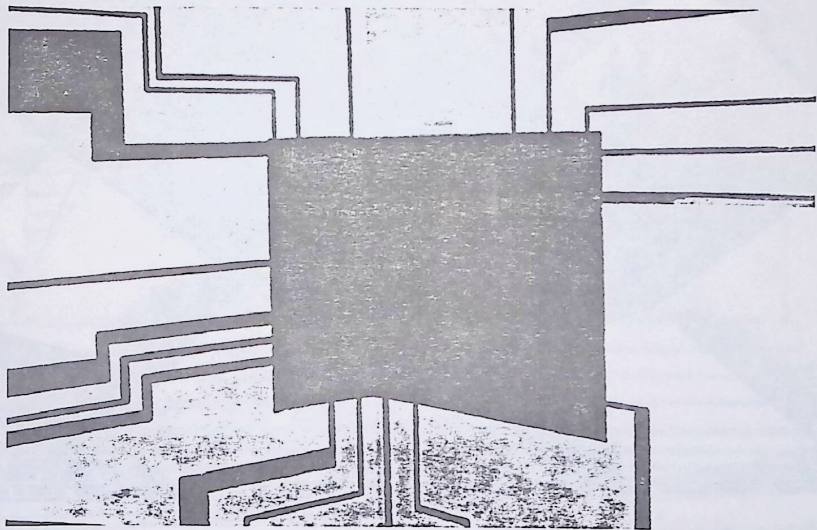
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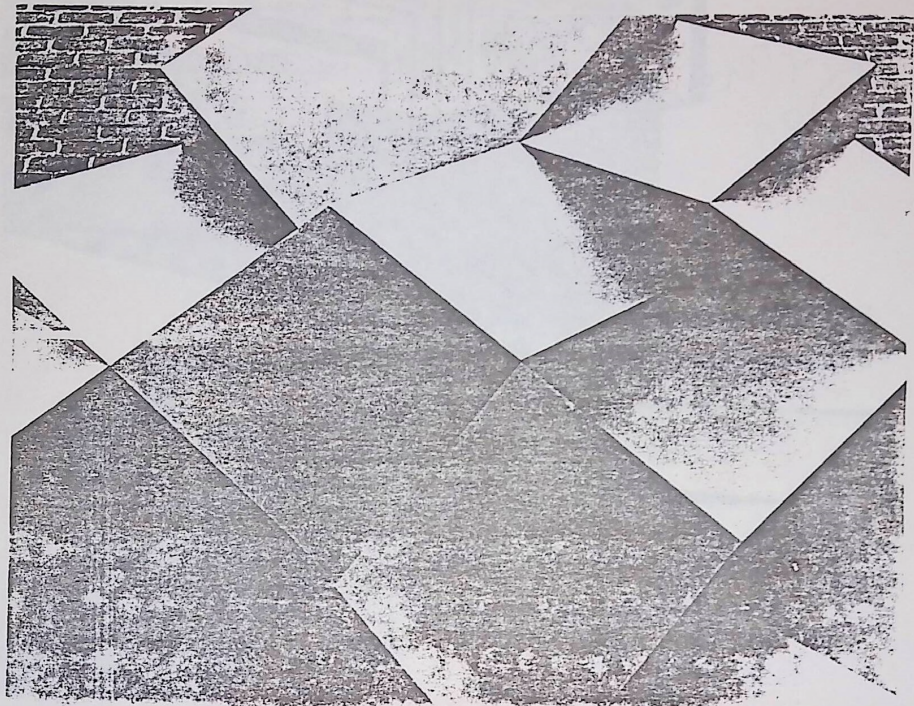
Debbie

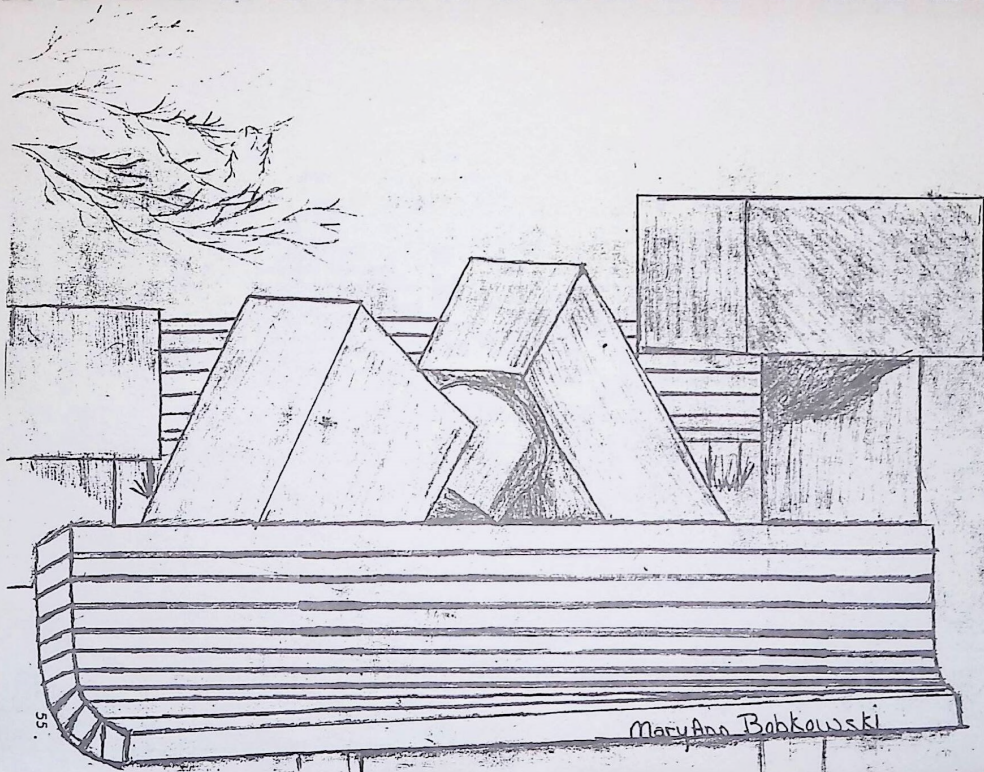


Bob Furson



Bob
Furson





A U T O G
R A P H S . . .

A U T O G
R A P H S . . .

A U T O
G R A P H S . . .

Invisible Mirror
PROJECT UPWARD BOUND
Wilkes College
Summer 1985

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The breeze is cool, and the water washes beneath your feet.
Your head is down, as if you're looking for something you lost.
You bend down, And in bending down you see yourself.

-Chris Kolojechick

1985